

"BLONDIE"
Produced by
WILLIAM ESTY AND COMPANY
For Camel Cigarettes
R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Winston Salem, N.C.

(REPLACEMENT SCRIPT)

"As broadcast"

"BLONDIE PRODUCES THE EVIDENCE"

MONDAY, JULY 19, 1943
CBS STUDIO "C"

Broadcast 4:30 - 5:00 P.M.PWT
Repeat 7:30 - 8:00 P.M.PWT

Written by John L. Greene

Directed by: Don Bernard

CAST

BLONDIE.....PENNY SINGLETON

DAGWOOD.....ARTHUR LAKE

J.C. DITHERS.....HANLEY STAFFORD
SKINK.....MEL BLANC
COOKIE.....LEONE LEDOUX
SAWYER.....~~HANE CONRTEB~~ *Eddie Moran*
LILLIAN.....VIOLA VONN
JUDGE.....EARL ROSS
ANNOUNCER.....KEN NILES
CONDUCTOR.....BILLY ARTZT
COMMERCIAL..(Salute)..PAT MCGREHAN
G.W. HITCH HIKE.....FRED SHIELDS

SOUND: EFFECTS

House Door
Phone
Bang Bangs (and smack
smack) of newspaper
Man slips and falls.
Crash of flower vase
Closet door
Gavel
Temple block
Body fall

(REVISED)

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, JULY ¹⁹~~26~~, 1943

4:30 - 5:00 PM, PWT.
7:30 - 8:00 PM, PWT.

NILES: Ah -- ah -- ah -- Don't touch that dial -- listen to
"Blondie" ... presented by Camel....

MUSIC: (BAND SINGS) C-A-M-E-L-S

NILES: Today, somewhere on a dry and dusty battlefield, American tank corps men will take it easy for a minute and open a fresh pack of Camel cigarettes -- Camels that took months to get there, that may have spent weeks and months in bone-dry air. Yet they were fresh and here's why. Because Camels are first with men in all the services, according to actual sales records, we knew we'd have to pack Camels to go around the world, and we developed a new moisture proof inner wrapping. Today this overseas method of packing is used in every package of Camels -- yes, the one you buy down at the corner, too. That means your Camel Cigarettes will stay fresh, will stay cool and slow burning, will keep their rich extra flavor and smooth extra mildness; will preserve the extra goodness of Camel's costlier tobaccos.

CHORUS: C-A-M-E-L-S!

NILES: Camels! Fresh -- because they're packed to go around the world!

MUSIC: (OPENING CURTAIN) (HOLD FOR)

NILES: And now for our weekly visit with our neighbors,
the Bumsteads of Shady Lane Avenue.

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: (BLONDIE THEME) (FADE TO BACKGROUND FOR:)

NILES: Well, it's a warm morning at the J.C. Dithers,
Construction Company, and Blondie has just dropped in to
see Dagwood. ~~He and Mr. Dithers are in Mr. Dithers'~~
~~office. Blondie opens the door.~~

(DOOR OPENS)

~~Dagwood and Mr. Dithers are tiptoeing around the room.~~

(DOOR CLOSING)

~~BLONDIE: Hello, Dagwood... Hello, Mr. Dithers.~~

~~DAGWOOD: Sh-h-h! Don't make a sound, Blondie.~~

~~DITHERS: Don't move! It's in the corner of the room. Dagwood, I'll
attack on the right flank and you attack on the left
flank.~~

~~DAGWOOD: Right.~~

~~DITHERS: No, left.~~

~~DAGWOOD: Right!~~

~~DITHERS: Oh, fiddle-diddle. Roll up your newspaper like mine.~~

~~DAGWOOD: Left! I mean, right! I mean, Roger!~~

~~DITHERS: Zero hour coming up in exactly eight seconds.~~

~~I'll count them. Eight, seven, six, five, four, three,
two, one, fire!~~

(BANG, BANG, SMACK, SMACK OF NEWSPAPERS...)

~~DAGWOOD: Easy, F. O., objective destroyed!~~

DITHERS: Good show, Bumstead!

BLONDIE: What in the world was all that about?

~~DAGWOOD: Blondie, when I, G. and I go after a fly, we annihilate it!~~

BLONDIE: The idea! Two grown-up men attacking a poor little defenseless fly.

~~DITHERS: Defenseless? Dagwood and I have each been staked five~~

~~times~~
Dagwood: Hello Blondie

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood -- uh -- I've ^{going} been shopping today and --
uh --

DITHERS: Would five dollars be enough, Blondie?

BLONDIE: Just right, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Give it to her, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Hanh?... Oh, yeah -- there you are, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Thank you, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: That's all right, Blondie. Dagwood was glad to do it.

DAGWOOD: A fine thing! My five dollars, and you take all the credit!

DITHERS: Well, that's life for you.

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

DITHERS: Come in!

(DOOR OPENS...)

SKINK: (OFF) Hello, Mr. Dithers!

DITHERS: Get out of here!

SKINK: (OFF) Hello, Mr. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: Goodbye, *you*

BLONDIE: Who is this popular man?

DITHERS: This is Mr. Skink. He sells inferior cement.

SKINK: (OFF) How do you do, Mrs. Bumstead.

BLONDIE: I'll hold the door open for you.

SKINK: There's nothing wrong with that cement I sold you.

DAGWOOD: No, it's swell cement, only it won't cement anything.

SKINK: (WALK IN) Cement's getting hard to buy, Mr. Dithers, but just for old time's sake, I'm going to let you buy a carload ~~that~~ ---

DITHERS: You'll let me buy a carload? Get out of here, Skink -- you skunk!

DAGWOOD: Yeah ^{go ahead} skink, Skink!

SKINK: I'm warning you, Mr. Dithers, you won't be able to get any cement ~~it~~ --

DITHERS: Get out of here before I throw you out!

SKINK: You throw me out? (NASTY LAUGH)

DITHERS: Skink, I've seen more of you than I can take! You're going out -- and fast!

SKINK: Let go of me! You can't do this to me!

DITHERS: I can try!...Hold the door open, Blondie! ^{Blondie: yes, m.p.} ~~Dagwood~~

^{Dagwood} put your foot out to break his fall!

DAGWOOD: Right!

DITHERS: Goodbye, Skink! My target for today is the seat of your pants. (GRUNTS)

SKINK: Look ou-u-u-u-t! Hellp!

(CRASH AS HE HITS THE FLOOR...)

DAGWOOD: Good show, Dithers!

DITHERS: Thank you!

SKINK: (SCREAMING) Help! Call a cop! I'm dying! My back!
I'm crippled for life! Dithers, I'm going to sue you
for every cent you've got in the world! When I get
through with you in court, there won't be any
Dithers Company!

MUSIC:

BLONDIE: Now, Cookie ---

COOKIE: Yes, Mommie?

BLONDIE: For heavens' sakes -- and for mine, too - please sit
down in that chair and look at your picture book.

DAGWOOD: Do as mother says, now, Cookie.

COOKIE: Yes, Daddy.

BLONDIE: And don't ~~pull the flowers out of the vase,~~ or empty
the ash-trays on the floor, or draw pictures on the wall
paper, or pull Daisy's tail, or yank the books out of
the bookcase, ~~or try to eat the fire tongs, or unplug~~
~~the lamps,~~ or hammer on the coffee table, ~~or tear up the~~
~~rugs, or rip the cushions out of the new magazine,~~
or pull the curtains down, or poke holes in the window
screens, Do you think I've covered everything, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: Yes, everything but what she'll eventually break.

BLONDIE: Yes, I suppose I'm just wasting my breath...

Anyway, Cookie -- don't!

COOKIE: Yes, Mommie.

~~BLONDIE:~~ (LAUGHS)

~~DAGWOOD:~~ What's funny?

~~BLONDIE:~~ Oh, ~~I was just thinking of an old saying. It's that~~
~~"Little children should be put in a barrel and fed through~~
~~the bung until they're seven years old."~~ Of course it's
just a joke, but I often think ~~---~~ (SIGHS) Oh, well.

(CRASH OF FLOWER VASE ON FLOOR)

DAGWOOD: (STARTLED) What was that???

BLONDIE: ^{Well} I forgot to mention the flower vase....Oh, Cookie.

COOKIE: You didn't tell me, Mommie.

DAGWOOD: ^{Cookie} You're a bad girl.

COOKIE: Bad...bad...bad.

BLONDIE: Cookie, you ought to be punished.

COOKIE: Kiss me, Mommie.

BLONDIE: Now I'm not going to do any such -- (RELENTS) oh, dear,
what's happened to my will power. All right. (KISS) Now
don't do it again.

COOKIE: Okay, Mommie.

(KNOCK ON DOOR. VERY FAST...DOOR OPENS..)

DITHERS: (OFF) Can I come in?

DAGWOOD: Apparently.

BLONDIE: Why, hello, Mr. Dithers!

(DOOR CLOSSES)

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

DITHERS: (COMING IN) Skink's lawyer has been trailing me all over
town. I think he wants to slap a subpoena on me.

DAGWOOD: why don't you let him. If he slaps it on you hard
enough, you could sue him.

DITHERS: Oh, Bumstead! I don't expect him to bruise me with it.

BLONDIE: Did he follow you here, Mr. Dithers?

DITHERS: I'm not sure. I think I *g*ave him the slip a couple of blocks from here.

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

DITHERS: And then again, maybe I didn't...Quick! You've got to hide me! How about the coat closet?

BLONDIE: It's pretty small, Mr. Dithers.

DAGWOOD: It's so small you can't tremble in it without rattling the door. *I know*

DITHERS: Oh, fiddle-diddle! I'll *hide* ~~hide~~ in it so I can hear what he has to say. Don't let him stick around. I'll see you later.

(CLOSET DOOR CLOSSES)

BLONDIE: Well, I guess we'd better see if it is that lawyer.

DAGWOOD: I suppose so.

(DOOR OPENS)

SAWYER: Good evening, Mr. and Mrs. Bumstead, my name's Sawyer, Thomas. *Sawyer*

DAGWOOD: Any relation to Huckleberry Finn?

SAWYER: No. I'm a lawyer.

BLONDIE: Oh, yes. I've seen your sign. "Sawyer, the lawyer, will draw your will, or sue your friends with equal skill.

SAWYER: Yes. May I talk to Mr. Dithers, please?

BLONDIE: Mr. Dithers?

DAGWOOD: What Mr. Dithers is that?

SAWYER: Mr. J. C. Dithers, president of the J.C. Dithers Construction Company and your employer.

DAGWOOD: Oh, that Mr. Dithers.

SAWYER: Yes. I have been retained by Mr. Skink ~~that~~ with explicit instructions to sue the pants off Mr. Dithers... You haven't seen Mr. Dithers?

BLONDIE: We saw him this morning.

DAGWOOD: He was looking fine, too.

COOKIE: (COMING UP) I've seen Mr. Dithers.

BLONDIE: Cookie, what has mother told you about speaking to strange ~~men~~.

COOKIE: Okay, Mommie.

SAWYER: Do you mind if I come in for a moment and talk to you about twhat happened this morning at the Dithers Company?

BLONDIE: Well, I don't think --

SAWYER: Thank you.

DAGWOOD: Hanh?

SAWYER: Nice little house you have here. Looks like there's lots of closet space, ~~too~~...I like plenty of closet space.

BLONDIE: So does Mr. Dithers.

(CLOSET RATTLES)

BLONDIE: I mean, when the Dithers Company builds a house, they put in plenty of closets. (WEAK LAUGH)

DAGWOOD: Yeah. (WEAK LAUGH) What was it you wanted to know, Mr. Sawyer?

SAWYER: ^{Well} I believe you were both present when Mr. Dithers willfully, forcibly, maliciously, and with intent to do bodily harm did violently eject the plaintiff from the defendant's office thereby causing him to suffer grievous and painful bodily injuries, great mental anguish, and embarrassment among his friends and business associates... In other words, you saw him get tossed out.

BLONDIE: Yes, we saw it.

SAWYER: I'll expect you both to be witnesses against Mr. Dithers.

(CLOSET RATTLES)

COOKIE: Mommie -- The closet's rattling.

DAGWOOD: Never mind, Cookie.

COOKIE: I think there's someone in there.

SAWYER: Who do you think's in there, little girl?

COOKIE: The boogey man.

SAWYER: ~~Hummer...~~ *Oh*, Mr. Bumstead -- perhaps you would tell me about how much the Dithers Company is worth.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, and then again, perhaps I wouldn't.

SAWYER: Well, I'll find out else where then. I just want to know so we can decide how many hundred thousand we should sue for.

(CLOSET RATTLES)

COOKIE: Listen to the closet rattle.

BLONDIE: *Conch* Look at your picture book, dear.

COOKIE: Do you want me to see what's making the closet rattle?

DAGWOOD: No. It's probably just the wind. *maybe it's the hot air stirring inside.*

SAWYER: *That's funny* There's not a breath of air stirring outside...I wonder what is making that closet door shake like that?

BLONDIE: I'll tell you, Mr. Sawyer.

DAGWOOD: No, no, Blondie!

BLONDIE: Every family has a skeleton in the closet, and that's ours.

DAGWOOD: Oh...Yeah...that's right. It isn't the hot weather. It's just that ~~he~~ *the skeleton* doesn't like being shut up in the closet.

BLONDIE: Yes -- it's not the heat -- it's the humility.

SAWYER: Well, I'll have to run along. By the way, Mr. Bumstead .

DAGWOOD: Hanh?

SAWYER: I'd start looking around for another job if I were you.
After ~~the~~ ^{this} case is settled in court, the
Dithers Construction Company won't be able to construct
anything bigger than bird houses.

DAGWOOD: Whooooaaa!

(DOOR OPENS)

SAWYER: And if you see Mr. Dithers, tell him we're suing ^{him}
for five hundred thousand dollars, roughly.

DAGWOOD: Roughly? How much is that when you smooth it out?

SAWYER: A half a million dollars...Goodbye, Mr. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, goodbye, Mr. Sawyer.

SAWYER: Goodbye, Mrs. Bumstead.

BLONDIE: Goodbye, Mr. Sawyer.

SAWYER: Goodbye, Miss Bumstead.

COOKIE: Goodbye, Mr. Sawyer.

DAGWOOD: Hey! Get away from that closet!

(CLOSET DOOR OPENS)

SAWYER: Goodbye, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Goodbye, Mr. Saw---get out of here!

SAWYER: ^{See} See you all in court!

(DOOR CLOSES)

DITHERS: Good grief! Five hundred thousand dollars! While THEY
were at it, why didn't they make it five billion dollars?

DAGWOOD: Yeah, that's a nice round figure.

BLONDIE: That's not a figure -- that's an appropriation.

DAGWOOD: ^{Mr. Dithers,} ~~See~~, you don't think Skink can really sue you and get
a lot of money, do you?

DITHERS: I don't know. He'll probably have certificates from a half a dozen doctors saying he's in horrible shape, and in hot weather like this, the jury'll give him the money just get out of the jury room and ~~get~~^{go} home...I've got to stall.

BLONDIE: I thought he was going to give you a subpoena or something *like that*

DITHERS: I guess he didn't have it, but he'll have someone trying to hand me one by tomorrow. Dagwood -- under no circumstances are you to tell anyone who I am tomorrow.

DAGWOOD: Hahh?

DITHERS: If anyone asks you to identify me, tell them I'm not J. C. Dithers.

DAGWOOD: Okay. *You're not m. Dithers.*

DITHERS: If you don't, we're both going to find ourselves out of a job!

MUSIC:

(KNOCK ON DOOR...IT'S A LIGHT KNOCK)

DAGWOOD: *M.P.* ~~J.C.~~ there's someone knocking on your office door.

DITHERS: It may be a man with the subpoena. Remember, Bumstead -- under no condition are you to say I'm J. C. Dithers.

DAGWOOD: *M.P.* ~~J.C.~~, have I ever let you down before?

DITHERS: Frequently...But don't this time...Come in!

(DOOR OPENS)

LILLIAN: (THE BUSINESS) Hello-o-o-o.

DITHERS:)
DAGWOOD:) (ADMIRING WHISTLES)

LILLIAN: Thank you...Uh -- I'm Lillian Russell.

DAGWOOD: GEE, I thought Lillian Russell was dead, but you look very -- (GULP) -- healthy.

LILLIAN: Unh-hunh -- I am.

DAGWOOD: (SWALLOWS) Yeah.

DITHERS: She's not the Lillian Russell,,but she'll do-woo-woo-woo-woo.

LILLIAN: A friend of mine told me the Dithers Company might need a secretary with big brown eyes, yes?

DITHERS: Oh, we do-woo-woo-woo-woo. I can't seem to stop myself...Yes, I could use a secretary. (DEEP SIGH)
And how.

LILLIAN: Oh, that would be heavenly.

DITHERS: Oh, go on...You're just saying that.

DAGWOOD: ^{mm} ^B But you've already got two secretaries.

DITHERS: Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: Yes, sir.

DITHERS: We can always create a vacancy...Especially when the vacancy's going to be filled by someone so - uh - so - uh...

DAGWOOD: I ^{see} know what you mean.

LILLIAN: Are you Mr. Dithers?

DITHERS: (GIGGLING) Uh-huh...

DAGWOOD: No, he's not Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Bumstead!!

DAGWOOD: But you're not Mr. Dithers, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: I am, too!

LILLIAN: If he isn't Mr. Dithers, who is he?
DAGWOOD: He's just the man who sweeps the place out.
DITHERS: Oh, fiddle-diddle!
LILLIAN: You're awfully cute. I'm just crazy about tall, handsome, distinguished looking men.
DITHERS: You are?
LILLIAN: Uh-hunh.
DITHERS: You'll like me then.
DAGWOOD: Hey ^{Mr. D} think of your high blood pressure!
DITHERS: Never mind my high blood pressure. I like it that way!
LILLIAN: Are you really Mr. Dithers?
DITHERS: Certainly I am.
DAGWOOD: No, he's not. He's not Mr. Dithers at all.
DITHERS: Bumstead!!! Forget what I told you and tell her I am Mr. Dithers!
BUMSTEAD: But you're not! ^{Mr. D}
DITHERS: I see I'm going to have to choke the truth out of you...
(SWEETLY) Excuse me, Miss Russell.
LILLIAN: Of course I will.
DITHERS: Now then, Bumstead --
DAGWOOD: Get your hands off my throat! (CHOKING SOUNDS)
Help! Cut it out!
DITHERS: Tell her who I am, Bumstead! Tell her!
DAGWOOD: Help! I surrender!
DITHERS: Unconditionally!
DAGWOOD: Anything you say!
DITHERS: Okay...Now tell her.
DAGWOOD: (COUGHS) He's really Mr. Dithers.

LILLIAN: And ~~so~~ masculine too.
DITHERS: You're so right!
LILLIAN: You're really and truly Mr. Dithers?
DITHERS: Uh-hunh, but you can call me Julius.
DAGWOOD: This is certainly getting mushy.
LILLIAN: (TEASING) Well -- uh -- Julius -- I've got something for you.
DITHERS: Have you -- Lillian? What is it?
LILLIAN: This subpoena! Goodbye! *Now*
DITHERS: Taaaaaaaaah!

MUSIC:

(GAVEL)

JUDGE: Stop! I want order in this court, do you understand?
Order! O ~~FF-EE-R~~.
DITHERS: But your honor -- this is ridiculous! The nerve of Skink ^{look at him} coming ^{to court} ~~in here~~ to testify on a 'stretcher.
SKINK: (QUAVERING VOICE) I'm a very sick man. I may die any moment.
DITHERS: It would do you a world of good.

(GAVEL)

JUDGE: Mr. Dithers!
SAWYER: Your Honor, my client, who was so violently attacked by Mr. Dithers --
SKINK: (GROANS LOUDLY) I'm a very sick man.
SAWYER: There, there, Mr. Skink -- justice will be done.

Mr. Sawyer

SKINK: Oh, I hope so, I hope so.

JUDGE: Justice will be done in my court.

SKINK: (BRIGHTLY) Five, hundred thousand dollars worth? *Judge*

DITHERS: You notice ~~he~~ *Skink* didn't groan when he said that... He's not hurt! If a ~~five dollar bill~~ *quarter called* blew past him *right now* he'd be out of that stretcher like a flash!

JUDGE: (SWEETLY -- SINGS IT) Oh, Mr. Dithers --

DITHERS: Yes, your Honor?

JUDGE: The next time you disturb this courtroom, I'm going to rap for order on the top of your thick skull!

SAWYER: Your Honor, my client, Mr. Skink, is too tired to continue with his testimony.

SKINK: (GROANS) I'm a very sick man.

JUDGE: Well, I'll listen to the other testimony then.

SAWYER: Call Kenneth Niles...Don't worry, Mr. Skink justice will be done -- and we can both retire -- Take Mr. Skink away, and be very careful with him...Take the stand, Mr. Niles.... (FADING)

BLONDIE: (FADING IN) Gee, Dagwood -- things aren't going too well for Mr. Dithers, are they?

DAGWOOD: I'll say not...There's nothing wrong with Skink, but he's playing this for everything he's got. Maybe Ken's testimony will help.

SAWYER: Mr. Niles, do you know the defendant, Mr. J. C. Dithers?

NILES: Very well.

SAWYER: Would you say he had an ungovernable temper?

NILES: Yes, it's a beaut!

DITHERS: Oh, Ken.

SAWYER: Has he ever done you any bodily harm?
NILES: No, never.
DITHERS: That's better.
NILES: That's mainly because he's never been able to catch me.
DITCHERS: Niles.

(GAVEL)

JUDGE: Mr. Dithers, if you don't pipe down, I'll hammer your head so flat you'll be able to carry a tea tray on the top of it, ...Proceed, Mr. Sawyer.
SAWYER: Mr. Niles, in what exact words would you describe the defendant's nature?
NILES: Cool and slow burning.
SAWYER: Mr. Dithers is cool and slow burning?
NILES: Oh, not Dithers. I was speaking of Camels, the cigarette that's cool and slow burning because Camels are expertly blended of costlier tobaccos.
JUDGE: Mr. Niles, I'll have to remind you that you are testifying.
NILES: Your honor, if you test a fine pack of Camel Cigarettes in your T Zone --"T" for taste and throat -- well, I think you'll get all the answers about Camels rich, extra flavor and smooth, extra mildness.
SAWYER: That's all Mr. Niles.
NILES: I thought you wanted to know about Mr. Dithers.
SAWYER: We do.
NILES: Well, I happen to know that Mr. Dithers is a reasonable, smart, intelligent man. I know that because he smokes Camels. You see, Camels do have more flavor, and that the very thing that helps 'em to hold up, keep from going flat, no matter how many you smoke.

JUDGE: Mr. Niles, did you ever see a man rapped on the head with a gavel?

NILES: Wrapped! Your honor, have you seen Camels new moisture proof inner wrapping? That's why Camels stay fresh! Because they're packed to go around the world.

That's all

SAWYER: (YELLS) ~~Stop~~ down, Mr. Niles.

Niles: Oh, gladly, gladly, *Mr. Sawyer.*

SAWYER: The next witness is Mrs. Dagwood Bumstead.

BLONDIE: Oh, dear.

DAGWOOD: Now, Blondie -- don't get excited or worried *about* or anything. Just tell the truth, and take it easy on Mr. Dithers. Think of my job.

BLONDIE: I'm not nervous, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: You've got to be calm like me. Remember, this is a crucial moment... I mean, a motional crument...
~~I mean a crucial moment.~~ *it's a thing --*

BLONDIE: You mean a crucial moment.

DAGWOOD: That's what I said.

BLONDIE: Be calm like you, hunh?

SAWYER: Mrs. Bumstead, if you please.

BLONDIE: I'm coming.

SAWYER: Take the stand, please... Now, Mrs. Bumstead, you were present when Mr. Dithers forcibly ejected Mr. Skink from his office, were you not?

BLONDIE: Yes.

SAWYER: Please tell the court in your own words exactly what happened.

BLONDIE: Well, as soon as Mr. Skink walked into the office, Mr. Dithers asked him to leave.

SAWYER: Just how did Mr. Dithers put it?

BLONDIE: He said, "Get out!"

SAWYER: Is that asking him to leave?

BLONDIE: It isn't inviting him in.

SAWYER: Go on.

BLONDIE: Well, then Mr. Skink started to try to sell Mr. Dithers some cement and Mr. Dithers invited him again to leave before he threw him out. He didn't and Mr. Dithers did.

SAWYER: And how did Mr. Skink act all through this?

BLONDIE: Obnoxiously...He spent most of the time sneering.

SAWYER: That's enough, Mrs. Bumstead. You may step down now.

BLONDIE: But I'm not through.

SAWYER: Oh, yes, you are...~~step down.~~ *That's all*

BLONDIE: Even before I tell about how Mr. Skink practically dared Mr. Dithers to throw him out?

SAWYER: (YELLS) ~~Step down!~~ *That's all!*

BLONDIE: Oh, I'm all through now, thank you...And you don't need to gnash your teeth at me, either *you all gnashed*

DITHERS: That's the old fight, Blondie! Laugh that off, Sawyer.

(GAVEL)

JUDGE: Mr. Dithers. If you don't stop popping off, ~~in here~~
~~I am going to give you so many lumps~~ your head will *have*
more lumps than a victory mattress.
~~look like a hand grenade.~~

DITHERS: Sorry, Your Honor.

JUDGE: Proceed! Who's the next witness, Mr. Sawyer?

SAWYER: Dagwood Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: (OFF A BIT) Present.

SAWYER: Take the stand, Mr. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: Okay, Mr. Sawyer, but just a minute --

SAWYER: What are you looking for?

DAGWOOD: I just wanted to make sure you ~~hadn't~~ *didn't* a tack on ~~the~~ *this*
witness chair...Okay.

SAWYER: Mr. Bumstead, when the subpoena was served on Mr. Dithers for this case, didn't he choke you? Remember, you're under oath.

DAGWOOD: Er -- uh -- well, he had his fingers around my neck.

SAWYER: He certainly wasn't making love to you, was he?

DAGWOOD: No, but he didn't mean anything by it. He was just

Judge
SAWYER: *ORDER / ORDER /*
I see...And what were you doing at the time?

DAGWOOD: Gasping for breath *like this (gasps)*

SAWYER: Ah -- and why did he do that to you?

DAGWOOD: Well, we were having *just* a little argument and he was trying to persuade me to see his side of it.

SAWYER: And you did see his side of it?

DAGWOOD: As soon as I felt his fingers on my throat.

DITHERS: Bumstead!!!

DAGWOOD: But *Mr. D*, I've got to tell the truth!

DITHERS: Well, don't overdo it!

(GAVEL)

JUDGE: This is my last warning, Mr. Dithers. ~~My last, I A S T~~
PROCEED.

SAWYER: Mr. Bumstead, how many times in the last month has Mr. Dithers laid his hands on you violently or threatened you?

DAGWOOD: *Should I count the time he stuck my fingers*
I refuse to answer that question. *in the pencil sharpeners*

SAWYER: On what grounds?

DAGWOOD: On the grounds that Mr. Dithers might disable me ~~permanently.~~

JUDGE: (PAUSE) Quiet, Mr. Dithers!

DITHERS: I didn't say anything!

JUDGE: You were going to!...And as soon as you do, I'm going to take this gavel and hammer you right through the floor of the courtroom...Witness will answer the question.

DAGWOOD: Well, let's see. (COUNTING ON FINGERS) One...two...three...

SAWYER: He only threatened you three times?

DAGWOOD: No, thirty times. I'm counting in tens.

DITHERS: Bumstead! You idiot! You traitor! You're crucifying me! You can't do this to ~~me~~

JUDGE: (OVER DITHERS) All right, Mr. Dithers -- I warned you!

(TEMPLE BLOCK)

DITHERS: Taaaaaaaah!

(GAVEL)

JUDGE: This court and Mr. Dithers are both adjourned!

MUSIC:

DITHERS: And you certainly didn't help any, Dagwood. ~~Bumstead~~ Bumstead

DAGWOOD: I had to tell the truth, ~~S.O.~~ Mr. D

BLONDIE: Mr. Dithers, your lawyer wasn't much help, either. He didn't say a word in court today. He didn't even object to anything.

DITHERS: I know. I found out what wrong. He uses a hearing aid and his battery ran down.

BLONDIE: Oh, dear...Well, I've had Alexander doing a little detective work around Mr. Skink's house. I was hoping we could catch him working in his garden or something like that so we could take pictures of him and prove he was faking.

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DITHERS: Say, that's a great idea.

BLONDIE: Yes, but that's all it is so far -- just an idea.

(PHONE RINGS)

BLONDIE: I'll get it.

DAGWOOD: Okay, honey.

(PHONE OFF HOOK)

BLONDIE: Hello?...Yes, ~~Operative No. 9~~...Oh, not yet, eh?...

What?...Oh. All right, ~~Operative No. 9~~...Thank you.

Goodbye.

(HANGS UP)

BLONDIE: That was Alexander. Nothing's happened yet, but he says Mr. Skink is alone in the house. Mrs. Skink just went out.

DITHERS: I've got a good notion to go over there and choke the truth out of him.

BLONDIE: Ah-ah-ah-ah, Mr. Dithers...Wait a minute! I think I've got just the thing!

DAGWOOD: That's the stuff, Blondie!

BLONDIE: Dagwood, you and Mr. Dithers go over to the Judge's house and get him to wait with you down the street a little from where Mr. Skink lives. In exactly twenty minutes something interesting is going to happen -- I hope.

MUSIC:

JUDGE: (ANNOYED) What's this all about? What are we waiting

~~here for?~~

Secret Agent A 9.4 dash 21

Secret Agent A 9 dash 21

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here on the street for?

DAGWOOD: It's something very important, your honor. My wife has an idea.

JUDGE: So what? My wife gets one occasionally, too...I won't wait another minute.

DITHERS: You've got to!

JUDGE: Who says I've g -- get your hands away from my throat, Dithers!

DAGWOOD: Wait! It's exactly twenty minutes now. Keep your eye on Mr. Skink's house.

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES WITH A BANG)

JUDGE: Great Scott! Skink just came running out his front door!

DAGWOOD: Here he comes now!

DITHERS: And he's making time too!

(SWISH...S SKINK GOES BY)

JUDGE: (YELLS) Skink! Come back here!...He went by so fast I don't think he saw us.

DITHERS: Isn't that an amazing recovery?

JUDGE: Miraculous!

DAGWOOD: Well, what are you going to do about the case now, Your Honor?

JUDGE: Justice will be done! When Skink comes into ^{my} court tomorrow, I'm going to hit him over the head with his own stretcher!!!

DAGWOOD: It'll do him a world of good.

DITHERS: You're so right!

MUSIC:

DAGWOOD: Come on now, Blondie -- tell us how you did it?
DITHERS: You really produced the evidence. If it hadn't been for you, I don't know what would have happened to me and the Dithers Company, thanks to Dagwood's testimony. Bumstead, I ought to --

BLONDIE: Mr. Dithers! Do you want Dagwood to sue you?

DITHERS: I'm sorry... Tell us now -- how did you get Skink to come whizzing out of his house. Did you tell him someone was sprinkling diamonds around on the street corner?

BLONDIE: Better than that. I called up, said I was the butcher shop, and told him the O.P.A. had just given me a special permission.

DAGWOOD: Special permission for what?

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) ^{him} To sell a whole side of beef without any coupons, ~~and if he wanted any, he'd better hurry down right away.~~ *I told him to hurry down right away quick -- we could sell him a whole side of beef without any coupons.*

MUSIC: (CURTAIN)
(APPLAUSE)

NEWS: Tonight again we send our thanks to the Yanks of the Week, Americans who have distinguished themselves for heroism in the battle area.

MUSIC (VALENTINE)

MR. GERMAN: (ISOLATION BOOTH)

To twenty-two year old Lieutenant Charles B. Hall, of Brazil, Indiana, the first American negro fighter pilot to destroy a German plane in aerial combat.

Lieutenant Hall, member of an All-Negro fighter squadron, flying over Sicily, sighted more than twenty Focke-Wulfs and Messerschmitts attacking a formation of American Billy Mitchell bombers. Throwing his Warhawk between the enemy and our bombers, he riddled a Focke Wulf with machine gun fire and saw it crash to earth. We salute you and your squadron, Lieutenant Charles Hall, and in your honor the makers of Camels are sending to our men in North Africa four hundred thousand Camel Cigarettes.

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC (VALENTINE)

NILES: On each of the three Camel shows we'll salute another Yank of the Week, and ~~one~~ each of them send four hundred thousand Camels to men in his battle area...a total of more than a million Camels sent free each week.

.....

NILES: Since nineteen forty-one, Camels have thanked audiences of nearly three million Yanks in this country with the traveling Camel Caravans, which have given free Camels and more than two thousand free performances in more than five hundred different camps.

.....

NILES: Also folks, be sure to listen to each of the three Camel Radio shows each week -- Thursday, Garry Moore and Jimmy Durante -- Friday, Bob Hawk *who has moved to a new home on Friday* in The Comedy Quiz Thanks to the Yanks" and next Monday -- "Blondie"

MUSIC: BLONDIE THEME...FADE FOR)

NILES:

NILES:

And, oh yes,
~~Oh Blondie --~~ ~~Just a minute.~~ Blondie, you said you had something you wanted to say to the women listening.

BLONDIE:

Yes, Mr. Niles, I have. I just wondered how many women would be interested in a free four-weeks trip to New York City, with all travel expenses paid, plus two hundred dollars worth of clothes -- free-- plus all living expenses -- plus spending money of from fifty to a hundred thirty-eight dollars a month. Yes, and even more important -- a chance to serve your country in a time of great need. ~~Of course,~~ I'm talking about joining the WAVES. That four-weeks trip to New York is for Training School, after which you'll be sent to active duty or specialized training at a Naval Air Station, Naval Hospital, or one of many colleges, in all parts of the country.

NILES:

American citizens between twenty and thirty-six, single or married with no children under eighteen, with at least two years of high school or business school are wanted. War workers will not be considered. Apply today at any Navy Recruiting Station or Office of Naval Officer Procurement -- or write to Navy Recruiting, White Plains, New York. That's Navy Recruiting, White Plains, New York.

NILES: Next week the Bumsteeds try their hand at magic. Now that's our tip-off for a half hour of fun for you and your family. People will appear and also disappear, next week, when "Blondie Tries Black Magic." Don't miss it!

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NILES: Blondie is played by Penny Singleton and Dagwood is Arthur Lake. The musical score is composed and conducted by William Artzt. Be sure to follow "Blondie", America's leading comic strip, in your local newspaper.

.....

NILES: Remember, if you want a fresh cigarette, get Camels -- they stay fresh because Camels are packed to go around the world!

This is Ken Niles, saying goodnight for Camels Cigarettes.

First in the Service!

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC (BLONDIE THEME)

(GEORGE WASHINGTON HITCH-HIKE)

SHIELDS: (ISOLATION BOOTH)

Mister pipe smoker, look at the blue revenue stamp on top of the pocket package of tobacco you smoke. How many ounces does it say? Compare your brand with the big blue two and a quarter ounce package of George Washington Smoking Tobacco. Compare George Washington's ten cent price, too, and then fill up your pipe and compare George Washington's mild, mellow taste, yessir, extra good right down through the last puff at the bottom of the bowl. Get a big blue package of George Washington tomorrow! It's America's biggest value in smoking pleasure! This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.