

MUSIC: OPENING THEME.....

NILES: And now for our weekly visit with our neighbors, the Bumsteads of Shady Lane Avenue!
(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: BLONDIE THEME.....

NILES: Well, it's a warm summer night tonight and Blondie and Dagwood are sitting in the living room, reading. Alexander should be some place between the corner mailbox and home walking slowly, but instead....

(POUNING FOOTSTEPS OFF.....)

(DOOR SLAMS.....)

BLONDIE: Oh, heavens!

DAGWOOD: ^{My}What was that? / ^{Hey}What was that?

ALEXANDER: (OFF) Holy smoke -- I made it!

BLONDIE: Alexander Bumstead, how many times have I told you not to slam the door?

ALEXANDER: This month, or do you want me to give you the total for the year?

Dagwood: *Now see here, young man.*
(SWATTING SOUND.....)

ALEXANDER: (NOT HURT, BUT HE YELLS) Yeow! Hey, Pop -- that hurt!

DAGWOOD: ^{Will you}Show a little more respect for your mother and cut out the comedy answers...If anyone's going to be funny around here. I'll be funny. (LAUGHS)

ALEXANDER: (NOT AMUSED) ~~Heh-heh-heh~~ *Yuck. Yuck. Yuck.*

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Dagwood: Now listen Alexander, 6/28/44

BLONDIE: Now Alexander, what was the idea?

ALEXANDER: I can give you my answer in one word -- spooks.

DAGWOOD: What do you mean, spooks?

ALEXANDER: You know -- (QUIVERLY SHADOW LAUGH) Like that.

BLONDIE: Why, Alexander -- you don't believe in spooks, do you?

ALEXANDER: ^{John} No, not during the day, but I do at night!... ^{Say do you} You know the old Montrose Mansion, don't you?

BLONDIE: ^{Montrose Mansion} That's that old house on the other side of the river, isn't it? The one that's all by itself.

ALEXANDER: Yep, that's the one. Well, you can just see it from the corner by the mailbox, and I'm pretty sure I saw spooky lights pass by the windows. It sorta of made me shu-shu-shu-shudder.

DAGWOOD: But ^{Alexander} that was a long way off. What did you come home in such a hurry for?

ALEXANDER: I always feel uncomfortable when there's a ghost in back of me.

DAGWOOD: ~~Now~~ look, Alexander--that's a lot of nonsense! There's no such thing as a ghost and you know that as well as I do.

ALEXANDER: Sure I do, but when you see a ghost, you get scared too.

DAGWOOD: How can you get scared of something that there isn't any such thing of... I mean, how can you get scared of something that doesn't ^{doesn't} exist? *either? too?*

BLONDIE: I've always wanted to ask you the same question, Dagwood. Why are you always afraid to go downstairs at night and scare off the burglars who aren't there anyway?

DAGWOOD: Er--uh--one thing at a time, Blondie.

ALEXANDER: Pop, I'll be glad to wait while you answer Mom's question.

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DAGWOOD: Never mind, ^{never mind} young man!

ALEXANDER: Pop, let me ask you a question, will you?

DAGWOOD: ^{sure} Go right ahead.

ALEXANDER: Would you be afraid to go to the old Montrose Mansion tonight and walk around inside ~~it~~ ^{all} alone?

DAGWOOD: A Bumstead is afraid of noth --- alone?

ALEXANDER: Yeah, Pop. All alone. Just you and the bats.

DAGWOOD: Toooh. (CHANGING THE SUBJECT) You know, I caught a bat once, and uh--

ALEXANDER: Answer my question ^{Pop} -- Would you be afraid, ~~Pop~~?

BLONDIE: Of course he wouldn't be afraid, Alexander.

DAGWOOD: Blondie, let me answer him myself, ^{will you please.}

BLONDIE: But I know your answer. ^{True} A Bumstead is afraid of nothing.

DAGWOOD: Don't be too sure... You know, there are exceptions to all Bumsteads.

ALEXANDER: Well, Pop -- are you willing to go there tonight, or will you admit that there are ghosts?

DAGWOOD: I'll never admit there's such a thing as a ghost.

ALEXANDER: Will you admit that there's such a thing as a gruefulspogliac?

DAGWOOD: What's that?

ALEXANDER: The same thing as a ghost only twice as horrible and three times as speedy. ^{Dagwood: oh Alexander} That's what I think is haunting the old Montrose Mansion. ^{Dagwood: oh my my, I'd just like to} Are you going over there, Pop?

BLONDIE: Of course he is! ^{Oh, oh, oh!} He's going to prove to you once and for ever that there's no such thing as a ghost!

DAGWOOD: Blondie--stop pushing me!

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go over there and alone you.

BLONDIE: Alexander, your father is an absolutely fearless man!
~~And he isn't going to be frightened by something that~~
~~doesn't even exist!~~ We're going to go over there right
now and your father is going to scare the daylights out
of those ghosts tonight!

DAGWOOD: Bloooooondie! What are you saying!?

MUSIC: MYSTERIOSO...

(CRICKETS....)

ALEXANDER: Well, Pop, there it is. Sort of dark, spooky, and horrible
isn't it?

BLONDIE: Yes, Dagwood -- there's the old Montrose Mansion. *Sy: yeah I see it* Now you
just walk in through the gate, and fool around inside the
house for a while, and then come back again -- if they'll
let you go.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, but Blondie, I don't wah-wah-wah-wah -- if who'll
let me go??

BLONDIE: (EERILY) You know whoooo.

DAGWOOD: Oh, cut it out! You're not going to scare me.

ALEXANDER: Okay, Pop. Go on in there and prove to me there aren't any
such things as ghosts.

DAGWOOD: *I know, I know* Well, I'll see if I can get the gate open.

(RATTLE OF GATE... THEN THE GATE CREAKS OPEN --
INNER SANCTUM.....)

ALEXANDER: They must have stolen that from Inner Sanctum,

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood *Sy: oh what* -- before you go in there....

DAGWOOD: Yeah?

BLONDIE: Is your life insurance paid up?

DAGWOOD: Yeah, sure, but what's that got to do with -- to do with --
to do with -- Blondie! You're just trying to make me
nervous, and boy, are you succeeding!

ALEXANDER: I guess I'd better go part of the way with Pop to make
sure he really goes inside the house. Gosh, it sure is

DAGWOOD: *dark....Come on, Pop. (Dagwood): I'm coming don't rush me
you just wait in the car and*
I'll be right back, Blondie.

BLONDIE: I hope so, dear.

DAGWOOD: I don't like the way she said that....*Alexander, wait
for me* Hey Alexander --
listen!

ALEXANDER: What is it, Pop?

DAGWOOD: Sh-h-h! I think I hear someone pounding on a bass drum...
Oh, no, that's just my heart.

ALEXANDER: *Yeah* I can hear it too. It's got sort of a boogie beat to it...

Well, I think I'll leave you here. You can go right on
up the path by yourself... (FADING)

DAGWOOD: Hey, *now where are you going Alexander,*
Alexander -- come back here.

ALEXANDER: (OFF) *oh my my* I can't hear you, Pop.

DAGWOOD: Well, I guess I can't look like a scairdy cat in front of
my son, can I? *or can I?* No, I can't.

MARTHA: (MANIACAL LAUGH -- OFF MIKE)

DAGWOOD: Alexander, *now* cut that out!

ALEXANDER: (OFF) I didn't do that, Pop!

DAGWOOD: You didn't?

ALEXANDER: No!

BLONDIE: (OFF) Neither did I!

DAGWOOD: Toooooh!

MARTHA: (THE LAUGH AGAIN)
DAGWOOD: Holy smoke! Who did that!!!?
JOHN: (DEEP VOICE --CLOSE) I did.
DAGWOOD: Oh, ^{well then} that's okay then...Whoooooa! Who said that? Where are you? I'll give you one second to answer me or else -- or else I'll leave...Your second is up and I'm leaving! Out of my way -- here I come! ~~Look out!~~ *Goodbye.*
(WHIZZ WHISTLE.....) (*Door Slam*)
MARTHA: (THE LAUGH)

MUSIC:

(DOOR CLOSES....)

BLONDIE: Dagwoooooood! Are you home, Dagwoooooooood?
ALEXANDER: Hey, Pop! Come out, come out, wherever you are!
BLONDIE: (AFTER A PAUSE) *Alexander* Well, I guess ~~he's~~ *your father's* not home yet.
ALEXANDER: Well, he ought to be here. After all, Pop ran home and we only drove back.
BLONDIE: And when your father runs all anyone can see is just a blur with a bowtie on it.
ALEXANDER: Gee, you know, I thought Pop really wasn't scared of anything. I was just teasing him about being afraid of the ghosts, but he was afraid all right. At least I think he was.
BLONDIE: Well, your father always says a true Bumstead is afraid of nothing.
ALEXANDER: Well, maybe Pop isn't a true Bumstead.
(DOOR BEEL RINGS....)
BLONDIE: I guess that's ~~his~~ *your father* now.
(DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: Oh -- hello, Mr. Niles.

NILES: Hello, Blondie. May I come in and sit down? I've had quite a shock.

BLONDIE: why, yes, but what's the trouble?

NILES: I think I just got buzzed by the new jet propulsion plane. I was walking along the street about five minutes ago when suddenly -- (MAKES SOUND OF PLANE) right past me!

ALEXANDER: That was no plane -- that way my pop!

BLONDIE: We can't seem to find him anywhere.

NILES: I wonder if he could be...

BLONDIE: Yes? Yes?

NILES: I wonder if he was just in a hurry to try a Camel in his T-Zone. That's T for taste and throat -- everyone's own proving ground for Camel's rich extra flavor and smooth extra mildness.

BLONDIE: Well, I don't know, Mr. Niles.

NILES: Well, it'll be easy to find him if he's in the house. That wonderful aroma of Camels superb blend of costlier tobaccos, will lure him out of his hiding place.....^{Just a} ~~one~~ moment, ^{now} please -- I'll light a Camel.

(STRIKE MATCH...)

NILES: Ah-h-h-h-h-h. This'll get him, Blondie.

BLONDIE: You really think so?

NILES: Sure. He won't be able to resist...I'll blow some smoke around...You see, Camels cigarettes have more flavor, and more flavor helps Camels to hold up, pack after pack, helps Camels to keep from going flat no matter how many you smoke.

DAGWOOD: (MUFFLED...IN CLOSER) Ah-h-h-h-h.

ALEXANDER: Hey, ^{hey} I thought I heard Pop.

NILES: I think you did. He can't stay away from a Camel. Because they're ^{so} cool, ^{so} mild, ~~and kind to~~ ~~the throat~~ -- and the flavor's rich and full.

(CLOSET DOOR OPENS...)

^{By:} BLONDIE: ^{Hello folksies} Dagwood -- you were in that ~~closet~~ ^{clothes closet}.

DAGWOOD: Where's that Camel? Ken -- give me a Camel and stop teasing my T-Zone!

NILES: ^{All right} Here you are, Dagwood.....And here's a light.

ALEXANDER: Pop, what were you doing in that closet?

DAGWOOD: ~~I got chased all the way home by a gho--I was~~ ^{just} looking for ^{my my my} ~~an old pair of galoshes~~ (Alex): ^{Try galoshes}

NILES: Well, I think I'll be running right along now.

(DOOR OPENS..)

ALEXANDER: Oh, Mr. Niles -- before you go. ^{Hear me} / Do you believe in ghosts?

NILES: Well, certainly.

DAGWOOD: You do?

NILES: Well, everybody knows there are special ghosts that watch over old houses and sort of guard them.

DAGWOOD: There are?

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(Margaret): you'd thank you for my galoshes I was sure!

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NILES: *Why* Certainly! Don't tell me you've never heard of the
Ghost guard! (SO IT SOUNDS LIKE COAST GUARD) Goodbye ~~now~~
(DOOR SLAMS....)

ALEXANDER: (DISAPPOINTED IN HIS FATHER) Gee, Pop -- you got scared
even before you got into the house, didn't you?

DAGWOOD: Well, no, I just suddenly decided I'd like to do a little
sprinting so I sprinted. (WEAK LAUGH)

ALEXANDER: Yeah, you sure did.

BLONDIE: Alexander, it's time for you to go to bed now. *Go on*
Run
upstairs.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, Alexander -- goodnight.

ALEXANDER: Well, goodnight, Mom.

BLONDIE: Goodnight, Alexander. I'll be up later.

DAGWOOD: Goodnight, Alexander.

ALEXANDER: Okay, Pop. (*Door closes*)

DAGWOOD: (TO BLONDIE) I guess I didn't do so well tonight did I?

BLONDIE: *No*
I guess not. Alexander expected a lot from you. He told
me he expected you to walk into that old house and throw the
the ghosts out the windows like so much ~~dirty~~ laundry....
Besides, I thought a true Bumstead was afraid of nothing.

DAGWOOD: That's right. But ghosts don't exist, so they're nothing,
and that's what a true Bumstead is afraid of.

BLONDIE: Well, Dagwood, you'd better figure out someway of building
yourself up in the eyes of your son. *again* I'm afraid he lost a
lot of faith in you tonight.

DAGWOOD: Oh, my, Well, doggone it, I'm going to show my son I'm not afraid. I'm going back to that old Montrose Mansion!

BLONDIE: Tonight?

DAGWOOD: Well -- maybe tomorrow night.

BLONDIE: Tomorrow night!

DAGWOOD: Well maybe the day after tomorrow night.

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood, you can't let your sown down like that.

DAGWOOD: All right, ^{all right} tomorrow night but it's going to take me all day tomorrow to get my courage up.

MUSIC:

DITHERS: Bumstead! I thought you told me you wanted me to come over here on business?

DAGWOOD: well, I said it was about a house, but I forgot to tell you it was ^{about} a haunted house.

DITHERS: Haunted! Oh, nonsense.....!!

BLONDIE: Well, are you ghost busters all ready to leave for the old Montrose Mansion?

DAGWOOD: ^{Well we've} ~~we've~~ got all night ~~Blondie~~

DITHERS: I'm in no particular hurry.

ALEXANDER: I'd advise both of you to be out of that house when the clock strikes midnight.

DITHERS: What for?

ALEXANDER: Well, that's the witching hour and the spirits might put a spell on you.

BLONDIE: ^{ph} Now, Alexander, don't talk that way or you'll scare your father and Mr. Dithers.

DAGWOOD: What do you mean, he'll scare us?

DITHERS: What's there to be afraid of?

ALEXANDER: I guess you haven't heard why the old Montrose Mansion is haunted -- not all the horrible details.

BLONDIE: Now, Alexander, that's what I didn't want you to tell them.

DAGWOOD: ^{Blondie} Stop trying to protect us, Blondie. We want to know all we ought to know about the place.

DITHERS: What are the horrible details?

ALEXANDER: You're right, Mom--I'd better not tell them.

BLONDIE: I should say not. If you did, when they get inside the house tonight they'd be sure to think they saw the body hanging from the rafters and swinging in the window.

DAGWOOD: I'm glad you didn't tell us.

ALEXANDER: Well, at least they don't know that the house used to be lived in by a mad scientist.

DITHERS: Are you kidding us, or do we really look that stupid?

ALEXANDER: Well-l-l-l-l-l-l. *Dithers: Don't answer that!*

BLONDIE: Anyway, Alexander, don't ^{sure} tell them that no one ever saw the mad scientist and his two-headed assistant leave the house.

DAGWOOD: What happened to them?

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DITHERS: They probably fell ^{down} ~~into~~ the ^{well} ~~pit~~ and are still under water, holding their breaths.

DAGWOOD: I think that's all a lot of hokum.

BLONDIE: You're right, Dagwood. And ^{you know} I don't believe that story about a gorilla living there, either.

ALEXANDER: I heard it was a boa-constrictor.

BLONDIE: Well, are you already to go now? ^{Probably some little old garter snake or a worm.}

DITHERS: Sure, I'm tired of living anyway....By the way, why are we sacrificing ourselves?

DAGWOOD: We're just going to prove to Alexander that there are no such things as ghosts.

DITHERS: Alexander, couldn't you just take our word for it?

ALEXANDER: Nope.

DAGWOOD: ^{You see Mr. Dithers} It's a very skeptical generation.

ALEXANDER: No, sir, Mom and I want to see you two go into the old Montrose Mansion and stay there for a little while. Then we'll believe there are no such things as ghosts.

BLONDIE: Well, let's go Dagwood and Mr. Dithers. My goodness -- I'll bet you two are paler than the ghosts you're going to meet.

MUSIC:

(CRICKETS....)

(WALKING ON GRAVEL....)

DITHERS: Bumstead, doesn't it seem silly to you that two grown men are walking up the ~~path~~ ^{path} broken down, cobwebby, bat infested old house just to prove to a grade school kid that there are no such things as ghosts?

DAGWOOD: ^{Yeah} It's worse than silly, it's down right dangerous. But we
do know there aren't ghosts, don't we? J.C.?
DITHERS: Ask me that after we come out... Boy, is this place creepy!
DAGWOOD: It would turn Dracula's hair white!... Well, ^{Come on} let's go up
on the porch.

(GOING UP THE PORCH STEPS... MAKE THEM CREAK A LITTLE IF
POSSIBLE.)

DITHERS: Well, so far so good.
DAGWOOD: Yeah/ ^{h J.C.} -- let's rest a minute before we go in.
DITHERS: A wonderful idea.

(DOOR CREAKS OPEN A LITTLE...)

DITHERS: Is that the door swinging open?
DAGWOOD: How should I know? I've got my eyes closed?
DITHERS: Well, open them! I can't see -- I've got my eyes closed,
too!

DAGWOOD: ^{Oh yes, yes} ~~Yeah~~ -- it's the door, J.C. Do you suppose it's ^{could be it may might} g-g-g-ghosts?

(DOOR CREAKS FURTHER OPEN...)

DITHERS: D-d-d-do you see any bedsheets fluttering around the door?
DAGWOOD: No.
DITHERS: It's not ghosts.

(CAT MEOWS...)

DAGWOOD: Oh, it was just a cat looking for ^{some} mice.
DITHERS: ^{Mice, where?} Imagine that. And we were scared. (LAUGHS)

(CAT MEOWS...)

DAGWOOD: Just a cute little black cat.
DITHERS: (WHO HAS BEEN LAUGHING, KILLS THE LAUGH ON THIS) ^{A black cat!}
DAGWOOD: Oh, that's all right. ^{so} Just ~~as~~ long as it doesn't
fly away on a broomstick... Shall we go in?

DITHERS: Oh, I suppose so..Go right ahead.

DAGWOOD: No, after you. *J.C.*

DITHERS: No, it's your honor. *Oh, no...d...d...d...* Oh, we'll both go in. Keep your flashlight on.

DAGWOOD: Hey, Mr. Dithers -- look out for that loose board inside here.

DITHERS: Stop pushing, Bumstead, or I'll push you right back!

DAGWOOD: Look out, hey, there goes the flashlight! Whoooooaaa!

(CRASH AS THEY FALL..)

MARTHA: (WILD LAUGH OFF MIKE)

DAGWOOD: (GROANS) What was that? Where am I?

DITHERS: we're both on the floor in the old Montrose Mansion.

DAGWOOD: Gee, I was hoping I was dead...What was that horrible scream?

DITHERS: Probably just the cat, I'm hoping and praying...I'll bet I'm covered with dust.

(CLAPPING CLOTHES...CONTINUES)

DAGWOOD: Yeah, I know the floor's dusty.

DITHERS: Bumstead, I appreciate your brushing the dust off my clothes, but don't try to brush my clothes off me.

DAGWOOD: *Mr. Dithers* I haven't touched you. I'm brushing my own clothes off.

DITHERS: Good grief! Either there's someone else in this room or I've suddenly sprouted two extra arms...
Who's there?

DAGWOOD: (HOLLOW VOICE) I'm here.

DITHERS: Wh-who-who-who are you?

DAGWOOD: I'm Dagwood Bumstead. (LAUGHS)

DITHERS: Bumstead! Don't *you dare* ever do that again!

DAGWOOD: (SUDDENLY FRIGHTENED) Mr. Dithers! Mr. Dithers!

DITHERS: what is it?

DAGWOOD: I feel a clammy hand on my face! (THEN HE YELLS)

DITHERS: Bumstead, what's the matter?

DAGWOOD: It was my own clammy hand.

DITHERS: But what did you yell for??

DAGWOOD: I just sunk my teeth into it.

DITHERS: That's what I call biting the hand that feeds you.
(LAUGHS) *Not bad! (laughs)*

DAGWOOD: Hey, that's pretty funny. (LAUGHS)

JOHN: (LAUGHS)

DITHERS: Oh, Bumstead, ~~what~~ you cut that out. You sound like ~~Frankenstein~~ ^{Frankenstein} with his head in a ~~gun barrel~~ ^{funnel}.

DAGWOOD: *Now now, Mr. Dithers* You can't fool me, ~~Mr. Dithers~~. You did that.

DITHERS: No, I didn't. You did it, didn't you -- Please?

DAGWOOD: No. *I didn't do it.*

DITHERS: Neither did I.

JOHN: Neither did I.

DAGWOOD: One of the three of us is lying!...Hey ^{wait a minute} there's only two of us. ^{Now let's see here} There's just me.

DITHERS: And me.

JOHN: And me.

DAGWOOD: Please don't do that Mr. Dithers. It makes me nervous..
Hey oh boy Gee, it's ^{dark} dark in here. I can't see you.

DITHERS: I can't see you.

JOHN: But I can see you.

DAGWOOD: Gee, you must be able to see in the da-da-da-da-- who said that?

DITHERS: ^{Now} ~~Mr.~~ Bumstead -- stop trying to scare me with that phoney voice.

DAGWOOD: But that wasn't me!

JOHN: He means to say, that wasn't I.

DITHERS: Yes, watch your grammar, Bumstead. You're getting ~~very~~
slop-----great suffering humanity! Who was that?

DAGWOOD: That's the spirit, Mr. Dithers! I mean, that's the spirit,
Mr. Dithers. (LOOK AT SCRIPT AND SHAKE HEAD)

DITHERS: Who-- who-- who--who--

JOHN: (CALMING HIM) Come now -- don't be nervous.

DITHERS: Who are you?

JOHN: I'm not anybody at all.

DAGWOOD: But why not?

JOHN: Because I ain't got nobody. (DEEP LAUGH) Not bad, eh?

DAGWOOD: Very funny. (NERVOUS HIGH GIGGLE)

DITHERS: Very amusing. (HYSTERICAL GIGGLE)

DAGWOOD: Well, it's been nice meeting you we better be running along
and I do mean running.

JOHN: Oh, don't ^{go} /go. I don't get a chance to meet very many
live people.... Wait, I'll call my wife.. (~~HORRIBLE LAUGH~~ *chloe*)

MARTHA: (OFF A BIT -- ALSO AN AWFUL LAUGH)

~~JOHN: *By*: Lovely voice, hasn't she?.. Come here, dear.~~

~~MARTHA: Are those bodies alive or are they in their usual condition~~

~~JOHN: They're alive -- at the moment.~~

DAGWOOD: I think we'd better be running along, *Mr. Dithers*

DITHERS: Yes, it's been ghastly meeting you.

MARTHA: (QUAVERING VOICE) You're not going anywhere. Close the
door. *Close the door!*

(DOOR SQUEAKS SHUT...)

DAGWOOD: Tooooooh!

DITHERS: W-w-w-w-won't you let us out?

JOHN: You haven't got a ghost of a chance. (LAUGHS)

MARTHA: You're so clever, darling. (LAUGHS)

DAGWOOD: (YELLS) Blooooooondie!

MUSIC: QUICK MUSIC BRIDGE...

BLONDIE: Well, that yell came from somewhere inside this house....

Come on, Alexander.

ALEXANDER: But Mom -- what about the-- you know -- the ghosts?

BLONDIE: I've got to find your father first and I'll take care of the ghosts later. Besides, I don't believe in ghosts, either.

~~ALEXANDER: Do you believe in banshees?~~

~~BLONDIE: (IRISH) Sure, and why shouldn't I?~~

ALEXANDER: (~~LAUGHS~~) Gee, Mom, I guess you're not afraid of anything, are you?

BLONDIE: Well, sometimes I am and sometimes I'm not, and right now I'm not...We'll go in this side door.

(DOOR CREAKS OPEN...NOT TOO LOUD...)

ALEXANDER: (LOW FROM NOW ON) Keep the flash-light on, Mom.

BLONDIE: (LOW FROM NOW ON) Well, I don't want to use it all the time. / ^{now you} Just hold onto my hand.

JOHN &
MARTHA: (GHOSTLY LAUGHTER FROM OFF)

ALEXANDER: Great leaping Lucifer! What was that?

BLONDIE: I/suppose those were the ghosts.

ALEXANDER: Mom. Mom, my knees are banging together. What should I do?

BLONDIE: Walk bowlegged.

ALEXANDER: What are we going to do, Mom? You know, you can't catch a ghost -- you ~~can~~ walk right through them like ^{like} smoke!

BLONDIE: Like smoke. Hmmm--Alexander, I think I know just what to do. You and I are going to haunt those ghosts. We'll scare them absolutely silly.

ALEXANDER: How is that possible?

BLONDIE: ^{By: I think we'd better leave Mr. Dithers.} Sh-h-h! I think I hear your father's voice coming from the next room.

DAGWOOD: (OFF) Yes, yes, we'll promise never to come back here again, *thank you. (Dithers): me too.*

DITHERS: (OFF) We wouldn't think of it!

ALEXANDER: What do we do now, Mom?

BLONDIE: I'm going to blow some smoke from my Camel through the keyhole into the next room and make them think it's a ghost. Sh-h-h! (MAKES A GHOST LAUGH OR GOES "WOOOOOO")

DAGWOOD: (OFF) Yeow! What's that?

DITHERS: (OFF) Are you ^{two ghosts} expecting a visit from any ghost relatives?

JOHN: (OFF) Who is that, dear?

MARTHA: I don't know-o-o-o-o-o.

BLONDIE: I'm coming through the keyhole. You can see me coming through the keyhole. (BLOWS SOFTLY)

DAGWOOD: ^{repeat} It's another ^{ghost} ^{ghost's another} ghost! (YELLS) Blooooooondie!

JOHN: Martha! Do you see what I see?

MARTHA: Why -- why, John it looks like a spirit or something!

DAGWOOD: Hey, I thought you ^{two} were ghosts!

DITHERS: ^{hey} Wait a ~~minute~~! (SNIFFS) I recognize that wonderful fresh aroma of a Camel!

BLONDIE: Well, that's that.

(DOOR OPENS...)

BLONDIE: Now what in the world has been going on in here?

Alexander and I demand an explanation.

ALEXANDER: What were you yelling about? And who are these people?

DAGWOOD: Oh, Blondie ^{Blondie} - I am I glad to see you!

DITHERS: Same here!... Say, what were you people doing here? You nearly scared ^{Dagwood} ~~us~~ to death.

MARTHA: Please! Don't shine that light in my eyes.

DAGWOOD: My heart jumped into my throat and for the last fifteen minutes I've been nibbling on it.

JOHN: Well, I work at the Zilch Machine Tool, Die, and Stamping Company. My wife and I couldn't find a house or an apartment anywhere so we moved in here. --- We ^{just} wanted to frighten you away.

BLONDIE: Well, for heavens sakes!

MARTHA: It's a little drafty, but it's home.

DITHERS: Good grief! The Dithers Company will help you fix ~~this~~ ^{it} up ^{in no time.} ~~a little if you'd like us to.~~

JOHN: That would be very nice.

BLONDIE: Dagwood could remodel it so it would be very comfortable.

JOHN: Well, it's sort of comfortable now. There's only one thing I don't like about it.

BLONDIE: What's that -- no running water?

JOHN: No. Personally, I think this house is haunted, ~~and I'm~~ ^{because} every night at 12:00 a clock strikes (SOUND): ^{clock strikes} ~~afraid of ghosts!~~ (Alexander) ^{about a clock striking it} ~~at the witching hour.~~ (Dag) ^{What's so strange} (John): We've never been able to find the clock (Dag) ^{Blondie}

MUSIC: (TAG CURTAIN)
(APPLAUSE)

NILES: Ah, ah, ah, ah -- Don't go away, folks. The
Bumsteeds will be back in just a moment.

MUSIC: (QUICK FANFARE)

MCGEEHAN: Thanks to the Yanks of the Week! Tonight we salute
Paratrooper William Pruck, of New York City. Landing
on the Cherbourg peninsula, behind the Atlantic Wall,
he and his partners ran into a German ammunition
dump. After a vicious fight in which they were
outnumbered, they killed six Nazis, captured the
rest-- and captured the dump. In your honor,
Paratrooper William Pruck and your companions, the
makers of Camels are sending to our fighting men
overseas ^{four} ~~three~~ hundred thousand Camel cigarettes!

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

(APPLAUSE)

BLONDIE -2-3 -23-
6/26/44

NILES: Each of the three Camel radio shows honors a Yank of the week, sends four hundred thousand Camel cigarettes overseas...a total of more than a million Camels sent free each week.

NILES: In this country the traveling Camel Caravans have thanked audiences of almost four million Yanks with free shows and free Camels!

NILES: Camel broadcasts go out to the United States ^{three} ~~four~~ times a week, are shortwaved to our men overseas and to South America.
Listen Thursday to Harry Savoy. Friday to Garry Moore and Jimmy Durante.

MUSIC: (BLONDIE...THEME...FADE FOR AND OUT)

(APPLAUSE)

NILES: And now I think Blondie and Dagwood have something they want to tell you.

DAGWOOD: You ^{go ahead} tell them, Blondie.

BLONDIE: No, you tell them, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: No, you tell them, Blondie.

BLONDIE: All right, I'll tell them.

DAGWOOD: No, I'll tell them.

BLONDIE: Dagwood, stop being difficult... What we want to tell you is that this is our last broadcast for Camel cigarettes. We've been on the air for five years for Camels and it's been a very happy association. We've been proud to work for such a fine product and for such fine people.

DAGWOOD: (STAGE WHISPER) Blondie, tell them about you know what.

BLONDIE: You tell them, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Well, we're going off the air for a few weeks vacation, but we'll be back on again with a new sponsor Friday, *night* July twenty-first, on another network.

BLONDIE: Remember -- Friday, *night* July twenty-first on another network.

~~We'll be seeing you then.~~ *We hope you'll all be listening*
Blondie
DAGWOOD: } (S) So long, We'll be seeing you.

MUSIC:

(APPLAUSE)

NILES: Bob Hawk took a walk. Left Saturday -- be back Monday. Yes, next Monday at this same time -- on this same station -- laugh with Bob Hawk in "Thanks to the Yanks." It's a riotous half hour of fun with that famous master of quip and quiz. Remember. Next Monday and every Monday -- at this same time -- Bob Hawk.

NILES: ~~Blondie is played by Penny Singleton and Dagwood by
Arthur Lake. The musical score is composed and
conducted by William Artzt.~~

NILES: And remember - get Camels, the cigarette that's first
in the service. See if your throat and your taste don't
make Camel a first with you too. Find out for yourself.

NILES: This is Ken Niles saying Goodnight from Hollywood.

MUSIC: (THEME AND APPLAUSE)

(GEORGE WASHINGTON HITCH HIKE)

SHIELDS: You know, very often saving money is a bore. You scrimp. you try to be satisfied with something not as good as what you want..well, it's just no fun at all. But here's money-saving that is a pleasure..a real smoking pleasure. Mild, grand-tasting George Washington Smoking Tobacco...a big two and a quarter ounce package for only ten cents..which means that your dime buys you an extra dozen pipefuls. Buy yourself a big blue package of George Washington.....right now!

This is CBS...the COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM