

"BLONDIE"

OK *Irma* 11/6/39
4:30 - ~~5:00 P.M.~~
7:30 - 8:00 P.M.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1939

GOODWIN: OUT OF THE FUNNIES INTO YOUR HOMES --- AND WE HOPE YOUR HEARTS, TOO, THE MAKERS OF CAMEL CIGARETTES BRING YOU "BLONDIE."

ORCHESTRA: (THEME...EIGHT BARS...THEN UNDER FOR:)

GOODWIN: BEFORE WE DROP OVER TO THE BUMSTEAD HOUSE TO VISIT CHIC YOUNG'S FAMOUS CHARACTERS, "BLONDIE" AND "DAGWOOD," A WORD FROM THE MAKERS OF CAMEL CIGARETTES.

ONE OF THE THINGS THAT MAKES CAMEL CIGARETTES SO DIFFERENT IS THAT CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS ARE SLOWER-BURNING. RECENT SCIENTIFIC TESTS CONFIRM IT. BUT YOU DON'T NEED A STOP-WATCH TO TELL YOU THAT CAMELS ARE SLOWER-BURNING. YOU'VE GOT A BETTER WAY OF KNOWING. YOU'LL FIND THAT CAMELS ARE COOLER, Milder. BETTER-TASTING, TOO, BECAUSE THAT SLOW-BURNING FEATURE OF CAMELS LETS THE FLAVOR AND FRAGRANT AROMA COME THROUGH TO YOU. YOUR THROAT, TOO, WILL APPRECIATE THE GENTLENESS OF SLOW-BURNING CAMELS. AND, OF COURSE, A CIGARETTE THAT BURNS SLOWER IS GOING TO GIVE YOU MORE ACTUAL SMOKING. BY BURNING TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT SLOWER THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE FIFTEEN OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED -- SLOWER THAN ANY OF THEM --- CAMELS GIVE A SMOKING PLUS EQUAL TO FIVE EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK. SO FOR EXTRA SMOKING, AND EXTRA PLEASURE, SMOKE THE SLOW-BURNING CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS...CAMEL.

ORCHESTRA: (UP FOR CURTAIN)

GOODWIN: AND NOW WE'RE READY FOR OUR WEEKLY DATE WITH THE BUMSTEADS. THIS TIME WE FIND DAGWOOD -- WITH HIS EMPLOYER J.C. DITHERS -- STANDING IN THE LIVING ROOM OF AN ATTRACTIVE LITTLE BUNGALOW WHICH HAS RECENTLY BEEN COMPLETED BY THE J.C. DITHERS CONSTRUCTION COMPANY. DAGWOOD IS LOOKING AROUND THE ROOM, AND DITHERS IS LOOKING AT DAGWOOD. *HEWLEY CONSTRUCTION COMPANY* LISTEN.

DITHERS: WELL, BUMSTEAD!

DAGWOOD: YEA. YES, SIR. IT CERTAINLY IS!

DITHERS: EH? IS WHAT?

DAGWOOD: IT'S COMPLETE IN EVERY DETAIL. JUST LIKE YOU SAID MR. DITHERS.

DITHERS: LISTEN, BUMSTEAD -- I DIDN'T DRIVE YOU ALL THE WAY OVER HERE TO TELL ME WHAT I SAID. I WANT TO KNOW WHAT YOU THINK. IS THIS A TYPICAL DITHERS "DREAM HOME" OR ISN'T IT?

DAGWOOD: OH, SURE....SURE.

DITHERS: DOES THAT FIREPLACE LOOK LIKE THE KIND WHERE A YOUNG COUPLE COULD SIT, --"GAZING AT FLICKERING FLAMES"-- OR NOT

DAGWOOD: YES SIR. WHY THAT'S OUR REGULAR NUMBER FOUR THIRTEEN.

DITHERS: FOUR THIRTEEN A, BUMSTEAD. "THE HEARTH OF A LIFELONG HONEYMOON." TWELVE DOLLARS EIGHTY-FIVE EXTRA. AND WHAT ABOUT THE FURNITURE, BUMSTEAD?

DAGWOOD: IT'S OKAY.

DITHERS: YOU MEAN IT "BREATHES CONTENTMENT" DON'T YOU? IF IT DOESN'T, THAT DECORATOR OVERCHARGED ME!

DAGWOOD: ARE YOU GOING TO FURNISH ALL THE HOUSES YOU BUILD NOW MR. DITHERS?

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DITHERS: NOT BY A LONG SHOT, I'M NOT! I WAS CRAZY TO FURNISH
THIS ONE.

DAGWOOD: YES, SIR.

DITHERS: WHAT?

DAGWOOD: I MEAN...ER...WHY DID YOU FURNISH THIS ONE?

DITHERS: TO PLEASE LOCHINVAR STIPPLE. STIPPLE IS AN OLD BACHELOR
WITH A BARREL OF MONEY AND A LOT OF ROMANTIC IDEAS ABOUT
MARRIAGE AND LOVE IN A COTTAGE. HE KEEPS TALKING ABOUT
LAMPLIT WINDOWS IN AN IDEAL HOME FOR TWO.

DAGWOOD: UHUH.

DITHERS: SO HE WANTS TO PLAY CUPID BY PROVIDING DREAM HOMES FOR
HONEYMOON COUPLES. EASY TERMS AND NO DOWN PAYMENT IF HE
CAN JUST PUT THE RIGHT PEOPLE IN THE RIGHT HOUSES. CLAIMS
HE DOESN'T WANT TO MAKE A CENT!

DAGWOOD: I WISH I'D MET HIM WHEN I FIRST MARRIED BLONDIE.

DITHERS: IF YOU'D WAITED FOR HIM TO PROVIDE A HOME, YOU'D BE
LIVING ON A VACANT LOT TODAY, BUMSTEAD.

DAGWOOD: WHY?

DITHERS: BECAUSE HE CAN'T SEEM TO FIND A PLACE THAT LIVES UP TO
HIS IDEAS. I STARTED SHOWING HIM NEW HOUSES AND HE SAID
THEY ALL LOOKED TOO EMPTY --- THEN I FURNISHED THIS ONE
AND HE STILL DIDN'T LIKE IT. HE SEEMS TO EXPECT TO FIND
HIS HONEYMOONERS ALL MOVED IN AND HOLDING HANDS IN FRONT
OF THE FIRE.

DAGWOOD: SAY! THAT'S A GOOD IDEA! YOU KNOW WHAT EDDIE GUEST SAID --- "IT TAKES A HEAP OF LIVIN' IN A HOUSE TO MAKE IT HOME." WHY DON'T YOU FURNISH SOME PEOPLE TOO?

DITHERS: AND BY THE TIME A "HEAP OF LIVIN'" HAS GONE ON IN THE HOUSE, IT'S DEPRECIATED IN VALUE TOO! I CAN'T AGE HOUSES TO ORDER FOR STIPPLE!

DAGWOOD: OH, I DON'T MEAN HAVE THEM LIVE IN IT VERY LONG. JUST A DAY OR SO 'TIL STIPPLE COULD SEE IT --- WITH THEM IN IT.

DITHERS: WELL, BUMSTEAD...I'M GLAD YOU MENTIONED THAT. I HAD THE SAME IDEA.

DAGWOOD: YOU DID?

DITHERS: YEA. ONLY I'M NOT GOING TO TURN THIS NEW FURNITURE OVER TO STRANGERS. I WANT SOMEONE I CAN HOLD RESPONSIBLE.

DAGWOOD: OH, SURE...RESPONSIBLE PEOPLE IS WHAT YOU WANT. DON'T GET ANYONE WHO WOULD COME IN AND START THROWING PARTIES FOR THEIR FRIENDS AND RELATIVES. GET SOMEONE WHO WOULD KINDA MOVE IN AND THEN RELAX.

DITHERS: WELL, BUMSTEAD --- YOU RELAX EASIER THAN ANY MAN I'VE EVER MET. HOW ABOUT YOU AND BLONDIE MOVING IN HERE FOR A WHILE?

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) AW! NO, MR. DITHERS...IT'S A NICE PLACE...BUT --- ALL THIS NEW FURNITURE AND ALL.

DITHERS: WHY YOU TWO COULD MAKE BELIEVE YOU WERE JUST STARTING ON YOUR HONEYMOON.

DAGWOOD: WELL --- WHO WOULD WE MAKE BELIEVE BABY DUMPLING WAS?

DITHERS: EH? OH, YOU COULD LEAVE BABY DUMPLING WITH THE FUDDLES... GET A COMPLETE CHANGE.

DAGWOOD: I DUNNO. BLONDIE AND I ARE KINDA USED TO BABY DUMPLING NOW...AND DAISY THE DOG WOULD MISS US.

DITHERS: NONSENSE! I --- I'D MAKE IT WORTH YOUR WHILE, BUMSTEAD!

DAGWOOD: NO. LOOK -- I GOT A BETTER IDEA, MR. DITHERS. I KNOW SOME REAL HONEYMOONERS. NICE STEADY PEOPLE TOO. BLONDIE'S AUNT BESSIE AND HER HUSBAND, MR. SNEEVIL.

DITHERS: THEY DON'T SOUND VERY ROMANTIC TO ME. STIPPLE WANTS ROMANCE.

DAGWOOD: OH, YOU OUGHT TO SEE THEM. LIKE KIDS. BLONDIE AND I BROUGHT THEM TOGETHER AND I BET THEY'D BE GLAD TO DO US A FAVOR.

DITHERS: BUT I WANTED TO SETTLE THE DEAL WITH STIPPLE THIS WEEK-END. IF I CAN DO THAT --- I CAN SELL HIM A LOT OF HOMES AND...

DAGWOOD: I COULD WIRE AUNT BESSIE...

DITHERS: WELL....IT'S AGAINST MY BETTER JUDGMENT, BUMSTEAD. ANYTIME I LEAVE ANYTHING TO YOU, SOMETHING GOES SOUR. BUT I'LL SETTLE FOR AUNT BESSIE AND WEEVIL...

DAGWOOD: SNEEVIL.

DITHERS: WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE? I'LL SETTLE FOR THEM ON ONE CONDITION....YOU AND BLONDIE COME IN HERE FIRST. AND LET BLONDIE SORT OF WARM THE PLACE UP. SHE HAS A KNACK AROUND A HOUSE. THEN IF HER AUNT BESSIE DOESN'T COME, YOU TWO WILL HAVE TO GO THROUGH WITH ~~TH~~....I'M NOT GOING TO TAKE CHANCES WITH A BANK ACCOUNT LIKE LOCHINVAR. STIPPLES...AND IF I INVITE HIM TO THIS HOUSE TO SEE THE PEOPLE...HE'S GOT TO SEE PEOPLE!

DAGWOOD: WELL, I'LL ASK BLONDIE...AND IF SHE'S GAME...I AM.

DITHERS: IT'S A DEAL, BUMSTEAD, NOW WHEN I BRING STIPPLE, BE SURE THERE'S A FIRE IN THE GRATE, AND SOFT LAMPS GLOWING ALL OVER THE PLACE!... (FADES) REMEMBER HE'S STRONG ON LIGHTED WINDOWS.

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC IN FOR INTERLUDE)

(BLONDIE IS HEARD HUMMING "JUST A LOVE NEST")

DAGWOOD: (OFF) BLONDIE! OPEN THE DOOR WILL YOU?

BLONDIE: (BREAKS OFF HUMMING) DAGWOOD? (DOOR OPENS) MY GOODNESS WHAT'S THAT?

DAGWOOD: OUR TRUNK. (PANTS) HOLD THE DOOR OPEN 'TIL I GET IT IN!

BLONDIE: BUT -- DAGWOOD! WE WON'T NEED A TRUNK WILL WE? (THUMPS) GOODNESS WE MAY NOT EVEN STAY OVER NIGHT IF AUNT BESSIE AND GIDEON GET HERE IN TIME! (THUMPS) AND IF WE DID NEED ANYTHING EXTRA TO WEAR WE COULD RUN OVER TO THE HOUSE FOR IT. (TERRIFIC THUMP)

DAGWOOD: (WINDED) I -- I -- BROUGHT OVER SOME NICK-KNACKS.

BLONDIE: NICK-KNACKS?

DAGWOOD: YEA. STUFF TO SCATTER AROUND...MAKE THE PLACE HOMEY.

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD! THERE ARE TOO MANY THINGS IN THIS HOUSE NOW. I'VE BEEN CHANGING THE FURNITURE AROUND AND PUTTING THINGS AWAY ALL AFTERNOON. WELL -- JUST LET THE TRUNK STAND IN THE HALLWAY THERE FOR NOW.

DAGWOOD: SAY....IT'S PRETTY DARK IN HERE. WHY DON'T YOU LIGHT UP THE LAMPS? DITHERS SAYS MR. STIPPLE IS STRONG ON LOTS OF WARM LIGHTS AND STUFF.

BLONDIE: THEN, MR. DITHERS SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT TO HAVE THE ELECTRICITY TURNED ON!

DAGWOOD: ISN'T IT ON?

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BLONDIE: NO, DAGWOOD --- NO ELECTRICITY -- GAS --- OR PHONE...
AND NO HEAT YET...EXCEPT THE FIREPLACE...

DAGWOOD: THAT ISN'T BURNING UP VERY WELL IS IT?

BLONDIE: NO...THE WOOD IS SORT OF GREEN I THINK. IT SMOKES.

DAGWOOD: I DON'T THINK THIS IS GOING TO BE WHAT DITHERS WANTS
STIPPLE TO SEE.

BLONDIE: WELL --- WE'LL DO THE BEST WE CAN. I RAN OVER TO THE
NEIGHBORS AND PHONED EVERYBODY TO TURN EVERYTHING ON AND
THEY SAID THEY WOULD. BUT THEY WOULDN'T SAY JUST WHEN:

DAGWOOD: SAY! I SMELL KEROSENE!

BLONDIE: IT'S THIS OIL LANTERN I BORROWED. ~~OH~~--- SUCKER!

DAGWOOD: IT DOESN'T GIVE OUT MUCH LIGHT EITHER.

BLONDIE: OH, DEAR...I DID WANT THE PLACE TO LOOK COZY FOR MR.
STIPPLE!...I THINK HIS IDEA IS LOVELY --- FURNISHING
LITTLE HONEYMOON PLACES FOR PEOPLE.

DAGWOOD: WELL --- MAYBE THE LIGHTS WILL COME ON BEFORE HE GETS HERE
AND THE FIREWOOD MAY DRY OUT AND BURN. SAY! WHEN ARE
AUNT BESSIE AND GIDEON DUE?

BLONDIE: ANY MINUTE I THINK. I GOT A FUNNY WIRE FROM HER...
IT SAID.

SOUND: CHIMES

DAGWOOD: HEY! WHAT'S THAT?
BLONDIE: THE FRONT DOOR... (DOOR OPENS) OH... IT'S AUNT BESSIE!
AUNT: IS THAT YOU, BLONDIE BUMSTEAD?
BLONDIE: OF COURSE. OH, I'M SO GLAD TO SEE YOU, AUNT BESSIE.
HERE, DAGWOOD -- HELP WITH HER BAGS. COME RIGHT IN.
AUNT: I LIKE TO HAVE GONE RIGHT ON BY, WHAT WITH NO LIGHTS OR
ANYTHING. WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THE LIGHTS?
BLONDIE: THEY'LL BE TURNED ON SOON... LOOK OUT FOR THAT TRUNK. PUT
HER BAGS BY THE TRUNK, DAGWOOD -- JUST FOR NOW! COME IN,
DEAR!
DAGWOOD: GOSH... SIX BAGS... (LAUGHS) LOOKS LIKE YOU LEFT HOME FOR
GOOD, AUNT BESSIE.
AUNT: AND SO I HAVE, TOO!
BLONDIE: WHAT?
AUNT: I SAY, AND SO I HAVE LEFT HOME! NOT THAT I'D CALL THAT
UGLY BIG BARN OF A HOUSE HOME. IT WAS BAD ENOUGH WHEN I
LIVED WITH MY FAMILY AND THEY USED TO SIT AROUND LIKE IT
WAS A WAKE -- WAITIN' FOR GIDEON SNEEVIL TO COME AND CLAIM
ME. THIRTEEN YEARS I WAITED -- AS YOU WELL KNOW, BLONDIE
-- AND IF I'D A KNOWN WHAT WAS IN STORE FOR ME, I'D A
WAITED TILL DOOMSDAY BEFORE I'D A TRUSTED MY LIFE TO THAT
MAN!
DAGWOOD: YOU -- YOU MEAN UNCLE GIDEON?
AUNT: THAT'S WHO I MARRIED AIN'T IT? FOR BETTER OR WORSE I TOOK
HIM... AND HOW WAS I TO KNOW HOW MUCH WORSE IT WOULD TURN
OUT TO BE?
BLONDIE: OH, DEAR -- YOU -- YOU'VE QUARRELED WITH MR. SNEEVIL!
DAGWOOD: WHY, I THOUGHT YOU HAD JUST COME BACK FROM YOUR HONEYMOON.

AUNT: AND SO WE HAD. BUT WHEN A MAN DESERTS HIS BRIDE...THE HONEYMOON IS OVER.

BLONDIE: UNCLE GIDEON DESERTED YOU?

AUNT: WELL -- HE'S OFF ON ANOTHER TRIP -- PACKED UP HIS SAMPLES OF ANCHORS AND ~~SHEEP~~DIP AND LET OUT! AND GOOD RIDDANCE TO RUBBISH, TOO!

BLONDIE: MAYBE IT'S JUST A BUSINESS TRIP...

AUNT: I DON'T CARE WHAT IT IS...HE WON'T FIND ME WAITIN' WHEN HE GETS BACK. I WAS MIGHTY GLAD TO GET YOUR WIRE INVITIN' ME HERE.

DAGWOOD: YEA -- BUT WE -- KINDA WANTED YOU AND GIDEON BOTH...

AUNT: WELL, OF COURSE, IF I'M NOT WELCOME...

BLONDIE: NOW, AUNT BESSIE! DAGWOOD, DOESN'T MEAN THAT AT ALL! IT WAS JUST THAT WE THOUGHT YOU AND UNCLE GIDEON BOTH BEING HERE, WOULD MAKE THIS A REAL HONEYMOON COTTAGE OH, DEAR! WHAT MADE UNCLE GIDEON LEAVE HOME?

AUNT: HE LAID IT TO HORACE AND SYLVESTER. YOU KNOW -- AUNT GRACIE'S BOYS.

BLONDIE: OH, YES -- WHERE DID HE MEET THEM?

AUNT: OH, THEY DROPPED PAST THE HOUSE FOR A LITTLE VISIT... AND AT FIRST, BUTTER WOULDN'T MELT IN GIDEON'S MOUTH... HE WAS THAT POLITE! THE BOYS TOOK TO HIM SO WELL, THEY DECIDED TO STAY A SPELL.

DAGWOOD: YOU MEAN THEY MOVED IN WITH YOU?

AUNT: WELL, IT AIN'T AS IF IT WAS A SMALL HOUSE. THERE'S EIGHT BEDROOMS IN THAT PLACE OF SNEEVIL'S -- AND THAT I POINTED OUT TO HIM WHEN HE BEGAN HIS GRUMBLING. BUT HE SAYS TO ME "WHY CAN'T SYLVESTER SLEEP IN A BEDROOM THEN -- INSTEAD OF MY FAVORITE CHAIR" HE SAYS.

BLONDIE: I SEE. WHAT ELSE DID SYLVESTER DO?

AUNT: NOT A BLESSED THING! I GUESS THAT WAS WHY SNEEVIL DIDN'T TAKE SO KINDLY TO HIM AFTER A WHILE. SYLVESTER DOES A LOT OF THINKING AND HE CAN'T DO IT SO GOOD UNLESS HE'S LYIN' DOWN.

DAGWOOD: WHAT DOES HE THINK ABOUT?

AUNT: ABOUT WHAT HE'S GOIN' TO BE IN LIFE. HE SAYS IT'S A SERIOUS THING TO PICK OUT A CAREER. HE'S BEEN THINKIN' ABOUT IT EVER SINCE HE WAS TWENTY-ONE AND HE CAN'T MAKE UP HIS MIND YET.

BLONDIE: THAT'S QUITE A LONG WHILE, AUNT BESSIE.

AUNT: WELL, SYLVESTER'S JUST TURNED FORTY-FIVE.

DAGWOOD: HE CERTAINLY GAVE IT CAREFUL CONSIDERATION.

AUNT: POOR BOY. HE'S ALL WORE OUT FROM THE THINKIN' AND THE WORRYIN'. AND THAT SNEEVIL NEVER WOULD LET HIM BE. WHY, WHEN SNEEVIL WENT OFF TO WORK MORNIN'S HE'D COMPLAIN THAT SYLVESTER WAS A SNORIN' ON THE LIVIN' ROOM COUCH AND WHEN HE COME HOME TO LUNCH -- HE'D MAKE HIM GET UP AND COME TO THE TABLE...AND WHEN HE COME HOME AT NIGHTS, HE'D COMPLAIN THAT SYLVESTER WAS TAKIN' HIS AFTERNOON NAP IN HIS CHAIR...NEVER GIVE THE BOY A MINUTES PEACE.

DAGWOOD: WELL...MAYBE IF SYLVESTER HAD SHOWN A LITTLE MORE ENERGY..

AUNT: DON'T YOU BELIEVE IT! HORACE HAD ENERGY AND TO SPAKE -- AND SNEEVIL GOT MAD AT HORACE, TOO.

BLONDIE: WHAT DID HORACE DO?

AUNT: JES TRIED TO BE HELPFUL IS ALL. HE FIXED GIDEON'S CAR FOR HIM...AT LEAST HE TRIED TO.

DAGWOOD: WHAT WENT WRONG?

AUNT: WELL, SEEMS LIKE THE GEARS ON THE CAR WAS MAKIN' A NOISE!
SO HORACE UP AND TOOK 'EM OUT AND PUTTERED AROUND, AND
PUT 'EM BACK. WORKED LIKE A BEAVER ON IT. BUT GIDEON
SNEEVIL COMPLAINED THAT WHEN HE WAS THROUGH, THE CAR
WOULDN'T RUN NO WAY BUT BACKWARDS. HE BACKED IT OUT --
AND BACKED IT AROUND THE BLOCK -- AND BACKED IT BACK
INTO THE GARAGE AND HIS LANGUAGE WAS A CAUTION TO HEAR!
THAT'S WHY HE PACKED UP AND LIT OUT ON A TRAIN!

DAGWOOD: GOSH...THAT'S TOO BAD. WELL -- YOU CAN STAY HERE TONIGHT,
ANYWAY...AND THEN GO VISIT YOUR OWN FOLKS A WHILE...AND...

AUNT: AND LET THEM SAY TO MY FACE THAT AFTER WAITIN' FOR A MAN
FOR THIRTEEN YEARS -- I UP AND MADE A FIZZLE OF MY
MARRIAGE? I'LL DIE BEFORE EVER I GO HOME...

BLONDIE: DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT TONIGHT, AUNT BESSIE...YOU CAN STAY
HERE AND REST.

DAGWOOD: FOR A WHILE SHE CAN -- BUT THIS ISN'T OUR HOUSE BLONDIE...
IT'S DITHERS AND...

BLONDIE: PLEASE, DAGWOOD -- NOT NOW.

AUNT: OH, LET HIM GO ON! (SNIFFS) I KNOW I AIN'T WANTED --
HERE NOR NOWHERE --

BLONDIE: NOW, AUNT BESSIE...

AUNT: (WEEPING) FAMILY COULDN'T WAIT TO GET ME OFF THEIR
HANDS --- GIDEON AS MUCH AS TURNED ME OUT OF DOORS...AND
NOW YOU...HINTIN' ABOUT MY GOIN' BEFORE I EVEN TOOK OFF
MY HAT. (SOBS) NOBODY WANTS A LONE WOMAN -- THAT'S HOW
IT IS. (BAWLS)

BLONDIE: NOW -- NOW THAT ISN'T TRUE A BIT! YOU COME ON UPSTAIRS
WITH ME AND LIE DOWN.

AUNT: JUST A BURDEN TO ONE AND ALL... THAT'S WHAT I AM.

DAGWOOD: NO, NO. YOU'RE WELCOME WITH US, AUNT BESSIE.

BLONDIE: OF COURSE, YOU ARE. (FADING) COME ON NOW... WOULD YOU LIKE A NICE CUP OF TEA?

AUNT: (OFF) DON'T GO TO NO TROUBLE FOR ME...

BLONDIE: (OFF) IT WON'T TAKE A MINUTE TO MAKE...

DAGWOOD: NOT AFTER THE GAS GETS TURNED ON!

AUNT: (OFF) NO GAS? (BAWLS LOUDLY)

BLONDIE: PLEASE, AUNT BESSIE... PLEASE! (FADING OUT OF HEARING)
COME ON UPSTAIRS AND LIE DOWN. MY GOODNESS... YOU'RE ALL UPSET.
(AUNT BESSIE'S BAWLING FADES DOWN AND OUT)

DAGWOOD: RELATIVES! TSK TSK TSK. (DOOR CHIMES) / OH, GOLLY! I HOPE THAT ISN'T DITHERS. (DOOR OPENS QUIETLY) | WHO IS THAT? WAIT TILL I TURN UP THE LANTERN.

GIDEON: PSSST, BUMSTEAD. WHERE IS SHE?

DAGWOOD: EH? WHO... WHY, IT'S MR. SNEEVIL!

GIDEON: SHHHH. WHERE'S BESSIE? NOW DON'T TELL ME SHE AIN'T HERE, BUMSTEAD, I FOUND THIS ON THE DOORSTEP!

DAGWOOD: A BIRD CAGE.

GIDEON: WITH HER LOVE BIRDS IN IT! OF COURSE, SHE LEFT THE PARROT FOR ME TO FEED!

DAGWOOD: I GUESS I FORGOT TO BRING THAT CAGE IN WITH HER BAGS.

GIDEON: WHAT IS ALL THIS STUFF IN THE HALL?

DAGWOOD: OH... A TRUNK AND STUFF... COME ON IN, MR. SNEEVIL.

GIDEON: WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THE LIGHTS?

DAGWOOD: THEY'RE GOING TO TURN THEM ON PRETTY SOON -- I THINK.

GIDEON: I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THIS, BUMSTEAD... WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH BESSIE?

DAGWOOD: I HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING WITH HER. SHE JUST WENT UPSTAIRS WITH BLONDIE. SHE'S PRETTY MAD AT YOU!

GIDEON: WELL, I'VE COME TO HAVE IT OUT WITH HER ONCE AND FOR ALL. A PRETTY KETTLE OF FISH THIS IS! WHERE'LL I PUT THIS ANCHOR?

DAGWOOD: ANCHOR -- OH! ONE OF YOUR SAMPLES?

GIDEON: CERTAINLY IT'S A SAMPLE. I BROUGHT IT TO PROVE IT WAS A BUSINESS TRIP I WAS ON...~~I GOT MY SHEEPDIP SAMPLES IN~~ THIS BAG, TOO.

DAGWOOD: WELL, PUT 'EM HERE IN THE HALL WITH THE OTHER STUFF!

(A CLANK AND A THUMP OF VERY HEAVY METAL...RATTLE OF STRONG CHAIN FALLING) THAT MUST BE HEAVY TO LUG AROUND.

GIDEON: NOT AS HEAVY AS MY HEART, BUMSTEAD. THERE I WAS -- A HAPPY MARRIED MAN...WHEN A SNAKE CREPT INTO MY EDEN!...
TWO SNAKES! SYLVESTER AND HORACE!

BLONDIE: (AWAY) DAGWOOD! WHAT'S GOING ON DOWN THERE?

GIDEON: SSSSSSH! DON'T SAY I'M HERE YET! I WANT TO CONFRONT BESSIE.

DAGWOOD: WHAT GOOD WILL THAT DO?

GIDEON: MAYBE IF I TAKE HER BY SURPRISE I CAN GET IN A WORD OR TWO BEFORE SHE STARTS TALKING!

DAGWOOD: SHE WAS CRYING WHEN SHE WENT UPSTAIRS.

GIDEON: SHE ALWAYS DOES WHEN SHE RUNS OUT OF TALK. SHE KNOWS I CAN'T STAND IT.

BLONDIE: (AWAY) DAGWOOOOOOOD! WHY DON'T YOU ANSWER ME?

BESSIE: (AWAY BUT LOUD) MAYBE HE CAN'T SPEAK! HE'S UNCONCIOUS DOWN THERE IN THE DARK! I FELT IN MY BONES SOMETHING WAS GOING TO HAPPEN!

GIDEON: SHE GOT HER VOICE BACK.

DAGWOOD: YEA. YOU SURE YOU WANT TO STAY? THEY'LL BE DOWN IN A MINUTE.

GIDEON: I'LL JUST STAND BACK HERE IN THE SHADOWS...BACK OF THE COUCH!

BLONDIE: (COMING IN) DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD! WHO WAS THAT AT THE DOOR?
(FOOT STRIKES CHAIN)) WHY, WHAT'S THIS ANCHOR DOING HERE?

DAGWOOD: ER...JUST LYING THERE.

AUNT: (COMING IN) AN ANCHOR! THAT MEANS SNEEVIL! HE'S FOLLOWED ME! DON'T LET HIM TAKE ME, BLONDIE!

BLONDIE: NOW, AUNT BESSIE. MAYBE HE'S COME TO MAKE UP WITH YOU.

AUNT: THEN HE'S WASTIN' TIME. I GIVE HIM THE BEST YEARS OF MY LIFE.

GIDEON: (AWAY) OH IS THAT SO?

AUNT: (SCREAM) LOOK. THERE HE IS...EAVESDROPPIN'!

GIDEON: NOW BESSIE, LISTEN...

AUNT: LURKIN' IN THE SHADOWS!

GIDEON: SURE...STOP - LURK - AND LISTEN - THAT'S MY MOTTO. NOW LETS BE SENSIBLE.

AUNT: DON'T COME NO NEARER, GIDEON SNEEVIL! STOP HIM, BLONDIE.

BLONDIE: NOW, AUNT BESSIE -- NO ONE IS GOING TO HARM YOU. WHY NOT LISTEN AND HEAR WHY MR. SNEEVIL HAS COME HERE.

DAGWOOD: SURE, AUNT BESSIE...BE REASONABLE.

AUNT: OH I'M UNREASONABLE, AM I? BECAUSE I STOP MY EAR AGAINST HIS SMOOTH TONGUE. WELL LET ME TELL YOU THAT I'VE BEEN LISTENIN' FOR YEARS...AND I BELIEVED HIM TOO...I WAS JUST FOOL ENOUGH TO THINK HE MEANT IT WHEN HE SAID HE'D GIVE ME A GOOD HOME.

GIDEON: I DID GIVE YOU A GOOD HOME. BUT I DIDN'T PROMISE A HOME FOR YOUR WHOLE FAMILY...ESPECIALLY SYLVESTER AND HORACE! THOSE TERMITES!

AUNT: DON'T MAKE IT ANY WORSE BY CURSIN', GIDEON SNEEVIL!

BLONDIE: ISN'T THERE ANY WAY OF PATCHING THIS UP?

DAGWOOD: YEA -- IF THOSE FELLERS WOULD LEAVE...

GIDEON: LEAVE? SYLVESTER WOULDN'T GET OFF THAT COUCH IF THE HOUSE WAS ON FIRE...I TRIED IT!

AUNT: YES...HE FRIGHTENED ME OUT OF MY WITS...HOLLERIN' FIRE ONE MORNIN'.

GIDEON: YES...AND ALL SYLVESTER SAID WAS "WHICH ROOM," AND I SAID THE KITCHEN WAS IN FLAMES. AND SYLVESTER SAID "WELL, WHEN IT GETS CLOSE TO HERE, CALL HORACE AND ASK HIM TO CARRY ME OUT."

AUNT: I WON'T SIT HERE AND LISTEN TO NO MORE LIES! I'LL GO -- OUT INTO THE NIGHT AGAIN!

BLONDIE: NOW AUNT BESSIE...

GIDEON: SHE WON'T HAVE TO GO -- I'LL GO! HAND ME THAT ANCHOR AND THOSE LOVE BIRDS.

AUNT: DON'T LAY SO MUCH AS A FINGER ON THOSE BIRDS. THEY'RE MINE!

GIDEON: WHO PAID FOR 'EM, I'D LIKE TO KNOW...

AUNT: THERE HE GOES. THROWIN' HIS MONEY IN MY FACE...OOOOOH! WHERE'S MY HAT?

BLONDIE: UPSTAIRS...BUT...

AUNT: LET ME BE, BLONDIE (GOING) THIS IS WHAT I GET FOR MARRYING BENEATH ME. I WAS TOO YOUNG TO KNOW WHAT I WAS DOING.

GIDEON: (YELLS) YOU MEAN YOU WERE TOO OLD TO CARE!

AUNT: (AWAY) (SCREAMS) OH! IT'S FALSE, GIDEON SNEEVIL! AS FALSE AS YOUR...AS YOUR SECOND BEST TEETH!

GIDEON: (ROARS) YOU LEAVE MY TEETH OUT OF THIS...

AUNT: (FADES) KEEP HIM AWAY FROM ME...DON'T LET HIM TOUCH ME...

DAGWOOD: HEY...SNEEVIL. WAIT!

GIDEON: (YELLING AS FADES) NO WIFE OF MINE CAN TALK THAT WAY ABOUT MY TEETH! WHAT ABOUT THAT TRANSFORMATION SHE WEARS? (DOOR CHIMES)

BLONDIE: (LOUD) LOCK THE FRONT DOOR, DAGWOOD -- DON'T LET ANYONE IN...

DAGWOOD: YOU BETTER NOT GO UP THERE, BLONDIE...

BLONDIE: (GOING) I'VE GOT TO, DAGWOOD...AND KEEP THEM QUIET... GOODNESS, THAT MAY BE MR. DITHERS AT THE DOOR...

DAGWOOD: OH NO --- I HOPE NOT. (DOOR OPEN) (OOOOOOOOOH! IT IS!)

DITHERS: BUMSTEAD!

DAGWOOD: YESSIR...ER -- WELCOME TO -- ER -- HONEYMOON COTTAGE!

DITHERS: WHAT WAS ALL THAT YELLING I HEARD?

DAGWOOD: THE HONEYMOONERS!

DITHERS: WHAT?

DAGWOOD: IT'S AUNT BESSIE AND UNCLE GIDEON. THEY HAD A LITTLE MISUNDERSTANDING.

DITHERS: NOW LISTEN TO ME, BUMSTEAD. (TRIPS OVER ANCHOR CHAIN)
OOOOOH MY FOOT! WHAT'S THAT I FELL OVER?

DAGWOOD: JUST AN ANCHOR!

DITHERS: AN ANCHOR! WHAT'S THAT DOING IN THE HALL? WHAT'S THIS TRUNK HERE FOR, AND ALL THIS LUGGAGE? WHY DON'T YOU TURN ON SOME LIGHTS?

DAGWOOD: THEY'LL BE ON ANY MINUTE NOW, I THINK!!!

DITHERS: I DISTINCTLY TOLD YOU, BUMSTEAD, THAT STIPPLE WANTED WARM
SOFT LIGHTS STREAMING FROM THE WINDOWS -- AND I FIND THE
HOUSE DARK AS A SMUGGLER'S CAVE! I TOLD YOU HE LIKED
ROMANCE...AND I FIND THE HALL FULL OF LUGGAGE AS IF
SOMEONE WAS BEING EVICTED! I SAID STIPPLE WANTED TO SEE
A HAPPY COUPLE SITTING IN CONTENTMENT BEFORE THEIR OWN
FIRESIDE -- AND I FIND THE PLACE FULL OF YOUR
RELATIVES -- MAKING THE NIGHT HIDEOUS WITH THEIR UPROAR.

DAGWOOD: OH, THEY'LL QUIET DOWN. (BESSIE SCREAMS AWAY) (GLASS
CRASH) T-OOOOOH!

DITHERS: LISTEN TO THAT! NOW GET THOSE PEOPLE OUT OF HERE,
BUMSTEAD...BEFORE I TURN IN A RIOT CALL!

DAGWOOD: YESSIR, BUT -- LET ME EXPLAIN...

DITHERS: YOU CAN EXPLAIN THAT IN THE MORNING! STIPPLE IS COMING
TONIGHT! AND IT WILL LOOK FISHY IF I'M HERE -- OR TRY TO
HEAD HIM OFF. HE'LL BE HERE ANY MINUTE -- AND IF HE
STUMBLES INTO THIS SHAMBLES IT'LL CURE HIM OF ROMANCE
FOREVER...AND LOSE ME A GOOD CUSTOMER AND CAUSE YOU A
BAD HEADACHE, BUMSTEAD!

DAGWOOD: I GOT A LITTLE HEADACHE, NOW.

DITHERS: WELL, YOU PRACTICE GETTING USED TO THAT ONE, BUMSTEAD
(DOOR OPENS) BECAUSE UNLESS YOU GET ME OUT OF THIS QUICKER
THAN YOU GOT ME INTO IT...TOMORROW, YOU'RE GOING TO BE A
STRETCHERCASE! (DOOR SLAMS)

DAGWOOD: HEY! WAIT! OH GOLLY...HEY! BLOOOONDIE!!!

MUSIC: (IN AND SEGUE TO THEME FOR:)

(CENTRAL COMMERCIAL)

"BLONDIE" 17-A
11/6/39

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

GOODWIN:

THOUSANDS OF SMOKERS HAVE SWITCHED TO CAMEL CIGARETTES AND FOUND EXTRA MILDNESS, COOLNESS AND FINER FLAVOR IN CAMEL'S SLOWER-BURNING COSTLIER TOBACCOS! BUT CAMELS ALSO GIVE YOU A GENEROUS BONUS OF EXTRA SMOKING PER PACK. BY BURNING TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT SLOWER THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE FIFTEEN OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED -- SLOWER THAN ANY OF THEM -- CAMELS GIVE A SMOKING PLUS EQUAL TO FIVE EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK. SMOKERS WHO LIVE IN COMMUNITIES WHERE CERTAIN STATE CIGARETTE TAXES ARE IN EFFECT CAN SAVE THE COST OF THE TAX -- AND IN SOME INSTANCES, MORE -- THROUGH SMOKING CAMELS. IF YOU LIVE IN A COMMUNITY WHERE THERE ARE NO ADDED TAXES ON CIGARETTES, THE SAVINGS ARE ALL YOURS. SO TURN TO CAMELS. YOUR SENSE OF TASTE -- YOUR SENSE OF VALUE WILL QUICKLY TELL YOU THAT PENNY FOR PENNY, CAMELS ARE YOUR BEST CIGARETTE BUY!

DAGWOOD: BLONDIE...HURRY UP WILL YOU?

BLONDIE: (COMING IN) YES DEAR -- HERE I AM. OH, DID MR. DITHERS GO? SO SOON?

DAGWOOD: HE DIDN'T GO ANY TOO SOON FOR ME. HE WAS PRETTY MAD, BLONDIE...HE SAID MR. STIPPLE WOULD JUST BE RAMBLING ONTO A STUMBLES -- ER -- STUMBLING INTO A RAMBLES...I MEAN! OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT.

BLONDIE: OH DEAR...DID HE HEAR BESSIE AND GIDEON?

DAGWOOD: HOW COULD HE HELP IT? WHAT WAS THAT CRASH? WHO THREW WHAT AT WHO?

BLONDIE: OH...THAT WASN'T ANYTHING...I JUST DROPPED A BOTTLE OF COLOGNE I WAS BATHING AUNT BESSIE'S FOREHEAD WITH. SHE HAS A BAD HEADACHE.

DAGWOOD: YOU MEAN SHE IS A HEADACHE.

BLONDIE: NOW DAGWOOD -- IT'S JUST THAT THEY'RE GETTING ADJUSTED TO MARRIAGE AFTER LIVING ALONE SO MANY YEARS. I FEEL SORRY FOR THEM BOTH RIGHT NOW.

DAGWOOD: MAYBE I'D FEEL SORRY FOR THEM IF I HAD TIME -- BUT, STIPPLE WILL BE HERE ANY MINUTE LOOKING FOR A ROMANTIC HONEYMOON COUPLE SITTING BY THE HEARTH, AND WE HAVEN'T GOT ONE.

BLONDIE: I DON'T SUPPOSE WE'D DO, WOULD WE DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: SURE...ONLY HE'D MEET ME LATER ON SOME DITHERS JOB, AND FIND OUT OUR HONEYMOON HAPPENED SEVEN YEARS AGO. WE'VE GOT TO THINK OF SOMETHING, BLONDIE. DITHERS SAID I GOT HIM INTO THIS AND I'D HAVE TO GET HIM OUT...

BLONDIE: I KNOW -- AND I FEEL RESPONSIBLE BECAUSE IT'S MY AUNT BESSIE -- OH LOOK, DAGWOOD...THE LITTLE HALL LIGHT IS BURNING. THE ELECTRICITY MUST BE ON...AT LAST.

DAGWOOD: TURN IT OUT! IF STIPPLE SEES A LOT OF LIGHTED WINDOWS -- HE'LL BE HERE LIKE A SHOT. HE'S CRAZY ABOUT...HEY WHO'S THAT STANDING IN THE HALL?

BLONDIE: UNCLE GIDEON!

DAGWOOD: EAVESDROPPING AGAIN!

GIDEON: I'M AFRAID I WAS. ER -- DO I UNDERSTAND THAT MY -- ER -- DISAGREEMENT WITH BESSIE HAS EMBARRASSED YOU YOUNG PEOPLE?

DAGWOOD: I'LL SAY.

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD!

DAGWOOD: WELL, IT HAS. MY WHOLE JOB DEPENDS ON IT MAYBE. SEE -- THERE'S A FELLER COMING WHO THINKS MARRIAGE IS A FINE THING.

GIDEON: A BACHELOR, EH?

BLONDIE: WELL -- YES. BUT HE HAS A LOVELY IDEA, UNCLE GIDEON. HE WANTS TO PROVIDE LOW COST HOMES FOR COUPLES -- WHERE THEY CAN FIND PEACE AND CONTENTMENT...LITTLE HOUSES LIKE THIS -- JUST FOR TWO!

GIDEON: JUST FOR TWO? -- A GOOD IDEA. MY MARRIAGE MIGHT NOT BE THE WRECK IT IS IF I'D HAD A GUEST-PROOF HOME...IF I COULD HELP IN ANY WAY...

DAGWOOD: WELL, YOU COULD -- BY BEING THE EXAMPLE OF A HAPPY MARRIED COUPLE...ONLY YOU NEED AUNT BESSIE TOO...

GIDEON: THEN IT'S HOPELESS MY BOY...

AUNT: OH IS THAT SO? WHY, MAY I ASK?

BLONDIE: AUNT BESSIE! YOU WERE LISTENING TOO!

AUNT: YES, I WAS...AND...IF I WERE SPEAKING TO MISTER SNEEVIL I WOULD TELL HIM THAT I WAS JUST AS ABLE TO COOPERATE WITH MY NEPHEW AS HE IS.

DAGWOOD: DID YOU HEAR THAT, UNCLE GIDEON? SHE SAID...

GIDEON: I HEARD HER! AND YOU MAY TELL MRS. SNEEVIL, THAT I FOR ONE WOULD BE WILLING TO IMPERSONATE A HAPPILY MARRIED MAN -- FOR THE PERIOD OF THE EMERGENCY.

BLONDIE: AUNT BESSIE...UNCLE GIDEON SAYS...

AUNT: I HEARD HIM. I CAN HIDE MY FEELINGS TOO...WHILE THE COMPANY WAS HERE.

BLONDIE: I THINK THAT'S VERY NICE OF YOU BOTH, NOW WHILE I'M TURNING ON THE LAMPS, WOULD YOU SIT TOGETHER -- OVER BY THE FIRE?

DAGWOOD: RIGHT OVER HERE! LOOK BLONDIE! THE FIRE'S BURNING TOO!

BLONDIE: UHUH, EVERYTHING'S LOOKING A LITTLE BRIGHTER! SIT DOWN, AUNT BESSIE.

DAGWOOD: YEA! NOW YOU SIT NEXT TO HER, UNCLE GIDEON. NOW! HOW DOES THAT LOOK, BLONDIE?

BLONDIE: WEEEELL. IT WOULD LOOK A LITTLE MORE HONEYMOONEY, IF THEY WOULDN'T SIT UP QUITE SO STRAIGHT!

DAGWOOD: AND THERE'S TOO MUCH SPACE BETWEEN THEM! GET TOGETHER... GET TOGETHER!

GIDEON: WELL, IF YOU'LL BE GOOD ENOUGH TO TELL MRS. SNEEVIL THAT I DON'T WANT TO FORCE MY ATTENTIONS ON HER...I WILL MEET HER HALF WAY.

DAGWOOD: LISTEN AUNT BESSIE...HE SAYS...

AUNT: I HEARD HIM! AND YOU TELL MISTER SNEEVIL, THAT HE CAN JUST SIT AS CLOSE AS HE LIKES -- I'LL JUST MAKE OUT TO MYSELF I'M ON A HAY RIDE WITH A STRANGER!

BLONDIE: OH NO, AUNT BESSIE. PRETEND YOU'RE STILL IN LOVE...

AUNT: DON'T BE CHILDISH! (DOOR CHIMES)

DAGWOOD: LISTEN...THAT'S HIM! THAT'S STIPPLE NOW...

BLONDIE: IT'S NOW OR NEVER, AUNT BESSIE! PLEASE HELP US! GIVE GIDEON YOUR HAND.

AUNT: FOR YOU, BLONDIE...THERE.

BLONDIE: GOOD...NOW LOOK HAPPY.

DAGWOOD: YEA...LOOK AT THE FIRE AND SMILE OR SOMETHING. I'VE GOT TO OPEN THIS DOOR.

BLONDIE: GO AHEAD, DAGWOOD! (DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: HELLO, MR. STIPPLE -- YOU'RE JUST IN TIME! I MEAN...

STIPPLE: YOU -- YOU KNOW ME?

DAGWOOD: SURE...MR. DITHERS SAID...

STIPPLE: AH YES...SUCH A KINDLY CHARACTER -- MR. DITHERS.

DAGWOOD: IS THAT SO? I MEAN -- SURE -- SURE! COME RIGHT IN.
(DOOR CLOSES)

STIPPLE: ARE YOU SURE I WON'T BE INTRUDING INTO YOUR HAPPY CIRCLE?

BLONDIE: NO INDEED...WE'VE HEARD SO MUCH ABOUT YOU...I FEEL AS IF YOU WERE AN OLD FRIEND ALREADY.

STIPPLE: AH! YOU ARE VERY KIND! NOW I FEEL WELCOME! BUT I MUSTN'T STAY...IT IS ENOUGH THAT I HAVE SEEN THIS HAPPY HOME...BEEN ALLOWED FOR JUST A MOMENT TO CROSS ITS MAGIC THRESHOLD...STEP INTO A WORLD OF CONTENT.

DAGWOOD: OH DON'T RUN AWAY RIGHT OFF. WHY YOU HAVEN'T SEEN THE PLACE YET. LOOK -- OVER BY THE FIRE...(WHISPERS)
HONEYMOONERS!

BLONDIE: AND THEY WANT TO MEET YOU! WE ALL DO! I'M BLONDIE, AND THIS IS MY HUSBAND, DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD...AND THIS IS AUNT BESSIE AND UNCLE GIDEON SNEEVIL.

SNEEVIL: GOOD EVENING.

GIDEON: HOW DO YOU DO.

BESSIE: PLEASED...I'M SURE.

BLONDIE: NOW...WOUL'D YOU SIT WITH US BY THE FIRE?

STIPPLE: OH I MUSTN'T DISTURB THE HAPPY COUPLE -- THEY WERE SEEING CASTLES IN SPAIN IN THE EMBERS...I'M SURE. DREAMING OF THEIR FUTURE TOGETHER...

DAGWOOD: WELL,...I...

BLONDIE: SSSH, DAGWOOD. MAYBE MR. STIPPLE IS RIGHT...AND THE REST OF US WRONG.

STIPPLE: I BEG PARDON?

BLONDIE: I MEAN --- WELL, -- YOU'VE NEVER HAD A HOME OF YOUR OWN, HAVE YOU, MR. STIPPLE? A REAL HOME I MEAN...WITH A WIFE AND...

STIPPLE: NO I -- I NEVER HAVE.

BLONDIE: BUT PERHAPS YOU KNOW MORE ABOUT WHAT A HOME MEANS, THAN PEOPLE WHO DO HAVE ONE.

STIPPLE: YOU UNDERSTAND SO WELL, LITTLE LADY.

DAGWOOD: BLONDIE'S GREAT AT UNDERSTANDING PEOPLE.

BLONDIE: JUST THE SAME I -- I THINK IT MIGHT BE A GOOD THING IF MR. STIPPLE TOLD US WHAT HE THINKS A HOME SHOULD BE.

STIPPLE: WELL I --- IT SEEMS TO ME THAT A HOME NEED NOT BE A LARGE PLACE...NEVER ANY LARGER THAN JUST BIG ENOUGH TO HOLD THE PEOPLE IN IT CLOSE TOGETHER. ITS WALLS SHUT OUT THE WORLD AND ITS TROUBLES. THE FIRE ON ITS HEARTH -- NO MATTER HOW TINY A BLAZE -- KEEPS OUT THE COLD AND WARMS THE HEARTS AROUND IT! A REAL HOME IS A PLACE WHERE A MAN AND A WOMAN FACE LIFE TOGETHER -- FACE IT UNAFRAID -- LAUGHING AT MISUNDERSTANDING -- INVITING CONTENTMENT -- FINDING BEAUTY IN THE SIMPLE ACT OF LIVING DAY BY DAY... (PAUSE...SIGHS) BUT I MUSTN'T TAKE UP ANY MORE OF YOUR TIME.

BLONDIE: I THINK YOU'VE GIVEN US MORE THAN YOU'VE TAKEN...

STIPPLE: (CHEERFULLY) OH, BUT YOU ALL KNOW -- BETTER THAN I, WHAT I'VE BEEN TRYING TO SAY. YOU ALL HAVE A HOME... WHILE I...JUST PEEER IN AT THE LIGHTED WINDOW -- AND WISH YOU HAPPINESS. DEAR ME, IT'S QUITE LATE...I REALLY MUST GO. / (CHIMES) / AH -- ANOTHER WAYFARER ATTRACTED BY THE GLEAM OF YOUR FIRE! / (DOOR OPENS)

DITHERS: BUMSTEAD!

DAGWOOD: IT'S MR. DITHERS!

DITHERS: (COMING IN) WHAT MAKES IT SO QUIET IN HERE?

BLONDIE: WHY, MR. STIPPLE WAS JUST TELLING US...

DITHERS: MR. STIPPLE! WELL -- WELL -- WELL! YOU GOT HERE I SEE!

STIPPLE: I AM MOST HAPPY TO SAY THAT I DID. I'VE MET THE MOST CHARMING PEOPLE.

DITHERS: EH? THE BUMSTEADS YOU MEAN?

STIPPLE: AND THEIR RELATIVES...ER AUNT BESSIE AND UNCLE GIDEON...

DITHERS: BUMSTEAD! WHERE ARE THEY?

DAGWOOD: RIGHT OVER THERE...THE ONES HOLDING HANDS.

DITHERS: THOSE TWO?...BY THE FIRE?

STIPPLE: PERHAPS YOU ARE SURPRISED TO FIND A HONEYMOON COUPLE WHO ARE NOT -- ER -- YOUNG PEOPLE. BUT THEY ARE ALL THE HAPPIER TO FIND EACH OTHER LATER IN LIFE. IT'S NOT ONLY FOR THE YOUNG I WANT TO BUILD MY LITTLE HOMES, MR. DITHERS.

DITHERS: YOU -- ER -- HAVE DECIDED TO GO AHEAD WITH YOUR IDEA?

STIPPLE: OH YES INDEED. THIS HOUSE IS WHAT I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR ALL ALONG. IT'S PERFECT, SO SNUG! SO -- PEACEFUL!

DITHERS: PEACEFUL? OH YES -- YES INDEED. (GOING) ER MAYBE IF WE WERE GOING TO TALK BUSINESS, WE OUGHT TO GO OVER TO THE OFFICE.

STIPPLE: I WAS ABOUT TO SUGGEST IT! (GOING) GOOD NIGHT TO YOU ALL...AND THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR A HAPPY VISIT.

DAGWOOD: ER -- MR. DITHERS...BEFORE YOU GO...

DITHERS: (AWAY) TOMORROW, BUMSTEAD! DON'T WORRY! I WON'T FORGET WHAT YOU'VE DONE FOR ME...THOUGH I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU DID IT! (DOOR CLOSES)

BLONDIE: (SIGHS) WELL...I GUESS EVERYTHINGS ALL RIGHT, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: (SIGHS) YEAH. DITHERS SOUNDED AS PLEASED AS HE EVER DOES. HEY! AUNT BESSIE...UNCLE GIDEON...

BLONDIE: THEY'VE GONE, AUNT BESSIE.

DAGWOOD: BUT DON'T START YELLING AGAIN -- UNTIL MR. STIPPLE IS OUT OF HEARING.

AUNT: I DON'T FEEL MUCH LIKE YELLING. THAT MAN MADE ME -- KIND OF ASHAMED. ME WITH A FINE MAN LIKE GIDEON...AND TREATING HIM THE WAY I HAVE.

GIDEON: NOW, BESSIE...IT WAS ALL MY FAULT. TAKING YOU TO THAT BIG BARN OF A HOUSE...GETTING ALL EXCITED BECAUSE YOU HAD A FEW OF YOUR FOLKS DROP IN...

BLONDIE: SUPPOSE YOU -- MOVED TO A SMALL HOUSE...A COZY LITTLE PLACE...LIKE THIS.

BESSIE: OH, GIDEON...COULD WE?

GIDEON: COULD WE? WE HAVE! FROM NOW ON WE LIVE HERE, BESSIE.

BLONDIE: WELL, DAGWOOD...IT LOOKS AS IF IT WAS OUR MOVE...COME ON!

DAGWOOD: EH?

BLONDIE: THE HONEYMOONERS WANT TO BE ALONE. (GOING) COME DEAR... WE'LL PICK UP OUR THINGS IN THE MORNING...GOOD NIGHT BESSIE -- AND GIDEON.

"BLONDIE"
11/6/39

-25-

DAGWOOD: THEY DON'T EVEN HEAR YOU, BLONDIE!

BLONDIE: (WHISPERS) NO. LOOK AT THEM. IT WOULD DO STIPPLE GOOD
TO SEE THEM NOW...SITTING IN FRONT OF THAT FIREPLACE.

DAGWOOD: (WHISPERS) YEAH. THAT'S A NICE FIREPLACE. THAT'S OUR
REGULAR 413A "THE HEARTH WHERE HAPPY HEARTS WILL SPEND A
LIFELONG HONEYMOON."

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC IN AND SEGUE TO THEME FOR)

(CLOSING)

ORCHESTRA: (THEME UP AND FADE FOR:)

GOODWIN: BLONDIE IS PLAYED BY PENNY SINGLETON AND DAGWOOD BY ARTHUR LAKE -- THE COLUMBIA PICTURE STARS. SO --- UNTIL NEXT MONDAY WE LEAVE THE BUMSTEADS --- BLONDIE AND DAGWOOD -- BUT THE MAKERS OF CAMEL CIGARETTES HAVE OTHER RADIO TREATS FOR YOU DURING THE WEEK. TOMORROW NIGHT OVER THESE SAME STATIONS YOU CAN LISTEN TO THE MUSIC OF BOB CROSBY AND THE BEST DIXIELAND BAND IN THE LAND WITH JOHNNY MERCER AND HELEN WARD -- AND IF YOU LIKE "SWING," WELL YOU'D BETTER MAKE A DATE WITH YOUR RADIO FOR SATURDAY NIGHT WHEN BENNY GOODMAN AND THE WORLD'S GREATEST SWING BAND WITH MILDRED BAILEY BRING YOU ANOTHER MUSICAL CARAVAN. THAT'S A TIP FOR YOUR RADIO PLEASURE...AND FOR YOUR SMOKING PLEASURE LET US SUGGEST THAT YOU TRY CAMELS. YOU'LL FIND MORE PLEASURE PER PUFF, MORE PUFFS PER PACK.

ORCHESTRA: (THEME...UP AND FADE FOR:)

GOODWIN: OUR "BLONDIE" ORCHESTRA IS DIRECTED BY BILLY ARTZT, WHO ALSO CREATES THE SPECIAL MUSICAL EFFECTS. THIS IS BILL GOODWIN SPEAKING FOR THE MAKERS OF CAMEL CIGARETTES -- GOOD NIGHT.

ORCHESTRA: (THEME UP AND FADE FOR:)

GOODWIN: THIS IS THE COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.