

"BLONDIE"

Rosemary Calahan 1/3/40
100 East 42nd St
N.Y. City

MONDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1939

4:30 - 5:00 P.M.
7:30 - 8:00 P.M.

MASTER

GOODWIN: AH, AH, AH -- DON'T TOUCH THAT DIAL -- THIS IS THE
"BLONDIE" PROGRAM BROUGHT TO YOU BY THE CAMEL CIGARETTE
PEOPLE.

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.
DIFFERENT CIGARETTES HAVE DIFFERENT WAYS OF BURNING. SOME
BURN FAST. SOME MORE SLOWLY. SOME JUST SORT OF
IN BETWEEN. BUT IT HAS BEEN SETTLED BY RECENT IMPARTIAL
LABORATORY TESTS THAT CAMEL CIGARETTES ARE SLOWER BURNING
-- TO PUT IT EXACTLY AS REPORTED, CAMEL CIGARETTES BURNED
TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT SLOWER THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE
FIFTEEN OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED --
SLOWER THAN ANY OF THEM. THE EFFECTS OF THIS SLOWER
BURNING ARE THAT CAMELS GIVE EXTRA COOLNESS -- EXTRA
MILDNESS, A MILDNESS THAT DEALS GENTLY BY YOUR TASTE AND
YOUR THROAT -- AND EXTRA FLAVOR, TOO. YOU'LL FIND THAT
THESE EXTRA ADVANTAGES ARE CONVINCINGLY PRESENT WHEN YOU
TURN TO CAMEL CIGARETTES. AND THERE'S AN ECONOMY SIDE TO
SMOKING SLOW-BURNING CAMELS, TOO. WE'LL HEAR MORE ABOUT
THAT -- LATER.

ORCHESTRA: (UP FOR CURTAIN)

GOODWIN: AND NOW -- SINCE OUR WEEKLY VISIT TO THE BUMSTEADS FALLS ON CHRISTMAS DAY...WE FIND THEM...SURROUNDED BY EX-CHRISTMAS PACKAGES AND WHAT CAME OUT OF THEM!.... DAGWOOD IS ON THE COUCH...RELAXING AFTER DINNER... SOMEWHERE NOT QUITE FAR ENOUGH OFF -- BABY BEATS A TOY DRUM (DRUM IN) AND AT THE DESK -- BLONDIE IS CHECKING OVER SOME FIGURES OF HER OWN...

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD?

DAG: (SLEEPY) HMMMMMM?

BLONDIE: I'VE BEEN GOING OVER THE LIST OF PEOPLE WHO SENT US CHRISTMAS CARDS -- AND THE LIST OF PEOPLE WE SENT CARDS TO.

DAG: UHUH.

BLONDIE: YOU CAN'T WIN DAGWOOD.

DAG: EH?

BLONDIE: IT'S ALWAYS THE SAME WAY. THIS YEAR WE SENT THREE CARDS TO PEOPLE WHO DIDN'T SEND US ANY.

DAG: OH WELL....WE GOT PLENTY.

BLONDIE: THAT ISN'T IT DAGWOOD. SIX PEOPLE SENT US CARDS THAT WE DIDN'T SEND ANY TO! ISN'T THAT TERRIBLE?

DAG: WELL WE COULD SEND THREE EXTRAS WE GOT TO THREE PEOPLE WE DIDN'T AND COME OUT THREE AHEAD.

BLONDIE: OH NO DAGWOOD...WELL HAVE TO MAKE UP FOR IT NEXT YEAR.

DAG: LOOK BLONDIE! LET'S NOT START FIGURING ON NEXT YEAR YET! HUH? I'M ALL TIRED OUT FROM THIS ONE! (DRUM UP AS IT PASSES DOOR AND DOWN AGAIN) HEY...WHO GAVE BABY DUMPLING THAT DRUM?

BLONDIE: MR. FUDDLE.

DAG: AHA. SPITE WORK!

BLONDIE: OH NO DAGWOOD!

DAG: I BET IT WAS --- JUST BECAUSE I GAVE THEIR LITTLE ALVIN A BUGLE!

BABY: (COMING IN) (DRUM UP WITH HIM) LOOKIT DADDY! LOOKIT MOMMIE! I'M A PARADE!

BLONDIE: YES --- WE SEE YOU BABY.

DAG: WE HEAR YOU TOO! GO BE A PARADE OVER AT FUDDLES!

BLONDIE: NOW DAGWOOD! IT'S CHRISTMAS.

DAG: I KNOW --- BUT I WAS UP PRACTICALLY ALL NIGHT HELPING SANTY CLAUS AND....

BABY: (DRUM OUT) DID YOU SEE HIM DADDY?

DAG: OH SURE.

BABY: DID HE SAY WHAT HE WAS SO MAD ABOUT?

DAG: HOW'S THAT BABY? SANTY NEVER GETS MAD.

BABY: HE WAS LAST NIGHT --- I HEARD HIM.

BLONDIE: OH DEAR! WHAT DID YOU HEAR BABY?

BABY: WELL I HEARD A BIG BUMP AND IT WOKE ME UP...AND THEN I HEARD SANTY HOLLERING THAT HE STEPPED ON A ROLLER SKATE!

DAG: OH --- YEAH.

BLONDIE: YOU MUST REMEMBER NOT TO LEAVE THOSE SKATES AROUND BABY. SUPPOSE SANTY DID GET MAD AND NEVER CAME BACK?

BABY: OH HE'LL FORGET IT BY NEXT YEAR. (DRUMS AGAIN) (GROWS LOUDER)

DAG: GOSH! THEY PUT STRONG STUFF IN THOSE DRUMS DON'T THEY? DON'T THEY EVER BREAK?

BABY: IT'S BECAUSE I'M SUCH A GOOD DRUMMER I KNOW JUST HOW HARD TO HIT IT. (MARCHES OFF WITH DRUM) HERE I GO...BUT I'LL BE BACK.

DAGWOOD: (CALLS) NO HURRY! (DRUM FADES BUT NOT OUT) BOY!
I'M TIRED! IF IT WAS QUIET I BET I'D SLEEP FOR A WEEK.
WHAT ARE YOU FIGURING NOW, BLONDIE?

BLONDIE: JUST MAKING SURE WE SENT A PRESENT TO EVERYBODY WHO
SENT US ONE. WE DID.

DAGWOOD: WE SENT ONE EXTRA, TOO. TO DITHERS, CAN YOU IMAGINE
THAT GUY NOT GIVING US A PRESENT THIS YEAR, BLONDIE?

BLONDIE: I GUESS HE JUST OVERLOOKED IT.

DAGWOOD: HE DID NOT. HE'S JUST TOO MEAN TO GIVE OUT.

BLONDIE: OH NO, DAGWOOD, IT WAS JUST SOME MISTAKE.

DAGWOOD: YOU KNOW WHO DITHERS REMINDS ME OF? THAT OLD BIRD
IN DICKENS' "CHRISTMAS CAROL" -- SCROOGE!

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD!

DAGWOOD: YES, SIR. YOU KNOW AUNT BESSIE SENT BABY A COPY OF THAT
STORY.

BLONDIE: I KNOW.

DAGWOOD: AND WHILE YOU WERE GETTING DINNER I READ IT TO BABY.
I READ IT TWICE. AND SCROOGE REMINDED ME OF DITHERS
BOTH TIMES! (DRUM BUILDS AGAIN) OH, GOLLY. HERE
COMES THE DRUM BACK!

BLONDIE: I'LL TRY TO KEEP BABY QUIET IF YOU WANT A LITTLE NAP,
DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: A LITTLE NAP? I'M SHORT A WHOLE NIGHT'S SLEEP. (DRUM
UP)

BLONDIE: (OVER DRUM) BABY! BABY! NOT SO LOUD. POOR DADDY'S
TIRED. STOP NOW! (DRUM OUT)

BABY: WELL, BUT, MOMMIE...THIS IS ABOUT ALL I HAVE TO PLAY
WITH --

BLONDIE: WHY, BABY DUMPLING YOU HAVE LOTS OF TOYS.

BABY: THEY'RE MOST ALL BROKEN NOW, MOMMIE.

DAGWOOD: WHY DID YOU BREAK THE QUIET ONES FIRST?

BLONDIE: HERE'S YOUR TOY TELEPHONE. YOU COULD PLAY WITH THAT.
MAKE BELIEVE CALL UP SOMEBODY.

BABY: OKAY, MOMMIE. WAIT'LL I PUT DOWN MY DRUM. (THROWS IT
DOWN)

DAGWOOD: OOOOH! LISTEN, BABY. CALL UP MOMMIE ON THAT TOY PHONE
AND ASK HER TO KEEP THE HOUSE QUIET. DADDY WANTS A NAP.

BABY: OKAY, DADDY. (RINGS TOY PHONE) HELLO! IS THIS YOU,
MOMMIE?

BLONDIE: HELLO! YES, BABY!

BABY: HEY, MOMMIE! IS IT OKAY FOR DADDY TO GO TO SLEEP ON THE
COUCH WITH HIS SHOES ON?

BLONDIE: WELL -- ON CHRISTMAS I GUESS IT IS.

BABY: OKAY. G'BYE. HEY, MOMMIE...READ ME A STORY?

BLONDIE: WELL, WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE?

BABY: THAT BOOK AUNT BESSIE SENT. CHRISTMAS CAROL.

BLONDIE: DADDY SAID HE READ YOU THAT TWICE.

DAGWOOD: I DID. IT'S A FINE STORY -- BUT TWICE IN ONE DAY IS
ENOUGH. I KNOW IT BY HEART!

BABY: YOU READ IT, MOMMIE.

BLONDIE: OH, ALL RIGHT. I'LL READ SOFTLY SO DADDY CAN SLEEP.

BABY: HERE IT IS. START HERE WHERE IT TELLS ABOUT MEAN OLD
SCROOGE, MOMMIE.

BLONDIE: ALL RIGHT...IT SAYS, "SCROOGE! A SQUEEZING -- WRENCHING
GRASPING -- SCRAPING -- CLUTCHING -- COVETOUS OLD SINNER!
HARD AND SHARP AS FLINT"....

DAGWOOD: (SAYS IT WITH HER) "HARD AND SHARP AS FLINT...."

BLONDIE: GOODNESS. I THINK DADDY DOES KNOW IT BY HEART.

DAGWOOD: (SLEEPY) REMINDS ME OF DITHERS...

BLONDIE: SSSH, DAGWOOD.

BABY: : GO ON, MOMMIE...

BLONDIE: WELL, "HE CARRIED HIS OWN LOW TEMPERATURE ALWAYS ABOUT WITH HIM. HE ICED HIS OFFICE ON DOG DAYS AND DIDN'T THAW IT ONE DEGREE AT CHRISTMAS..."

DAGWOOD: (SLEEPY) OLD "SCROOGE -- DITHERS."

BLONDIE: "THE HEAVIEST RAIN AND SNOW AND HAIL AND SLEET COULD BOAST OF THE ADVANTAGE OVER HIM IN ONLY ONE RESPECT. THEY OFTEN "CAME DOWN" HANDSOMELY -- AND SCROOGE NEVER DID. (SHE GIGGLES SOFTLY)

DAGWOOD: (VERY SLEEPY) REMINDS ME OF A FUDDLE JOKE..FUDDLE AND DITHERS AND SCROOGE...

BABY: IF DADDY WORKED FOR SCROOGE, I'D TELL HIM WHERE TO GET OFF AT. I'D RING HIM ON MY PHONE AND TELL HIM...LIKE THIS ...(RINGS TOY PHONE)

DAGWOOD: (SOUND ASLEEP) HELLO?...SCROOGE AND DITHERS...DAG CRATCHIT SPEAKING!

BABY: (WHISPERS) DADDY'S DREAMING, MOMMIE.

BLONDIE: UHUH. HE'S DREAMING HE'S BOB CRATCHIT -- SCROOGE'S CLERK ...(MUSIC IN SOFTLY...BUILDS UP BUT NEVER LOUD...DREAMY CHRISTMASSY...OLD TIME MUSIC)

BLONDIE: (WITH MUSIC) "THE DOOR OF SCROOGE'S COUNTING HOUSE WAS OPEN -- SO THAT HE MIGHT KEEP HIS EYE UPON HIS CLERK -- WHO -- IN A DISMAL LITTLE CELL -- WAS COPYING LETTERS -- '
(TOY PHONE HEARD AGAIN)

DAGWOOD: HELLO...SCROOGE AND DITHERS CONSTRUCTION COMPANY...
MR. SCROOGE IS IN CONFERENCE. THIS IS DAG CRATCHIT.

DITHERS: CRATCHIT!

DAGWOOD: TOO OH. EH? OH, HELLO, MR. SCRITHERS -- ER, MR. DOOGE, I
MEAN. ER....

DITHERS: THE NAME IS SCROOGE CRATCHIT!

DAGWOOD: YOU SOUND LIKE DITHERS....

DITHERS: EH? WHO'S DITHERS?

DAGWOOD: THE MAN WHO SOUNDS LIKE YOU!

DITHERS: WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU, CRATCHIT? ARE YOU SLEEPING
ON MY TIME?

DAGWOOD: I DUNNO. I -- I FEEL KIND OF FUNNY.

DITHERS: YOU'VE PROBABLY GONE BATTY, CRATCHIT. WHEN I CAME IN YOU
WERE TALKING TO YOURSELF.

DAGWOOD: OH NO, SIR -- I WAS TALKING ON THE PHONE.

DITHERS: PHONE? WHAT'S THAT?

DAGWOOD: WHY THIS THING RIGHT HERE...(TAKE) HEY! WHERE IS IT?

DITHERS: I NEVER HEARD OF A PHONE...

DAGWOOD: OH. MY MISTAKE. I GUESS THEY HAVEN'T BEEN INVENTED YET.

DITHERS: NO -- AND IF THEY HAD BEEN I WOULDN'T HAVE ONE. TOO
EXPENSIVE!

DAGWOOD: THERE'S SOMETHING MIGHTY FUNNY ABOUT ALL THIS...

DITHERS: 'TAIN'T FUNNY TO ME, CRATCHIT! WAKE UP!

DAGWOOD: I -- I WISH I COULD...

DITHERS: TROUBLE IS I KEEP THIS OFFICE TOO HOT FOR YOU.

DAGWOOD: HOT? LOOK AT THE FROST ON THE WINDOWS, MR. SCROOGE.

DITHERS: NONSENSE, CRATCHIT...THAT'S JUST A LITTLE FOG OUTSIDE.
IT'S FOGGY ALL OVER LONDON TODAY.

DAGWOOD: LONDON? OH -- OH YEAH...

DITHERS: YOU ACT TIPSY, CRATCHIT. BEEN DRINKING THE INK?

DAGWOOD: NO, SIR! I NEVER DRINK INK. ANYWAY IT'S FROZEN...

DITHERS: NONSENSE CRATCHIT! LOOK AT THE BLAZE IN THAT FIREPLACE.

DAGWOOD: AW -- THAT'S NOTHING BUT SOME RED PAPER WITH A CANDLE BEHIND IT!

DITHERS: WELL -- USE YOUR IMAGINATION, CRATCHIT!

DAGWOOD: LOOK, MR. SCROOGE. IT'S CHRISTMAS EVE. COULDN'T I HAVE A REAL FIRE? JUST ONE LUMP OF COAL?

DITHERS: NO...I CAN'T GET AT THE COAL. I'M NOT GOING TO OPEN THE SAFE AGAIN TODAY!

DAGWOOD: WELL THEN -- CAN I HAVE A SIP OF WATER?

DITHERS: NOW IT'S WATER!

DAGWOOD: WELL -- JUST A SIP...

DITHERS: NEXT IT WILL BE TWO SIPS...THEN A GLASS...AND THEN YOU'LL WANT TO BATHE IN THE STUFF!

DAGWOOD: NEVER MIND...THE WATER IS FROZEN, TOO.

DITHERS: GOOD! IT'LL LAST LONGER THAT WAY. NOW GET BACK TO YOUR STOOL AND GET TO WORK...

DAGWOOD: YES, SIR...

DITHERS: CRATCHIT!

DAGWOOD: TOO OH. YES, SIR?

DITHERS: WHAT'S THE IDEA OF TWO CANDLES BURNING AT ONCE? ONE EACH SIDE OF THE LEDGER?

DAGWOOD: WHY, THAT'S A LITTLE INVENTION OF MINE, MR. SCROOGE. I CAN SEE BOTH SIDES OF THE LEDGER AT ONCE THAT WAY.

DITHERS: BAH! YOU ONLY WORK ON ONE SIDE AT A TIME. (PUFFS) THERE! ONE IS ENOUGH! (TOY DRUM HEARD)

DAGWOOD: LISTEN!...THAT SOUNDS LIKE A DRUM. (RHYTHM CHANGES TO
HOOF BEATS CLOPPING)

DITHERS: NONSENSE -- THAT'S A HORSE! IT'S SOME FOOL WASTING HIS
MONEY ON A HANSOM CAB! PROBABLY MY NEPHEW, FRED!

DAGWOOD: WELL, IT MUST BE NICE TO TAKE A CAB WHEN IT'S SO FOGGY.

DITHERS: BAH! LAST TIME FRED HAD A CAB HE PARKED DOUBLE IN FRONT
OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE -- AND I HAD TO FIX HIS TICKET!
(AUTO HORN FAINT)

DAGWOOD: LISTEN. THEY MUST HAVE MET ANOTHER CAB!

DITHERS: THE TRAFFIC IN LONDON TODAY IS A MENACE TO LIFE AND LIMB.
I'LL WRITE A LETTER TO THE TIMES!

DAGWOOD: SAY! SPEAKING OF YOUR NEPHEW FRED, REMINDS ME...HE SENT
A MESSAGE TODAY.

DITHERS: IF HE WANTS MONEY HE WON'T GET IT.

DAGWOOD: NO, SIR. HE JUST SAID "MERRY CHRISTMAS." HE SENT IT
COLLECT!

DITHERS: MERRY HUMBUG! PISH-TUSH! FIDDLE -- FADDLE! CHRISTMAS!
BAH!

DAGWOOD: OH COME, MR. SCROOGE.

DITHERS: DON'T MR. SCROOGE ME! I SUPPOSE YOU'RE LEADING UP TO
ASKING FOR THE DAY OFF TOMORROW.

DAGWOOD: YES, SIR -- IF QUITE CONVENIENT.

DITHERS: WELL IT ISN'T! WHAT ARE YOU PUTTING YOUR TIPPET ON NOW FOR?

DAGWOOD: IT'S AFTER CLOSING TIME, SIR. AND IT'S A LONG WALK TO
CAMDEN TOWN -- NOW THAT THE HORSE -- TRAMS HAVE STOPPED
RUNNING.

DITHERS: WHAT? STOPPED? WHY WASN'T I TOLD?

DAGWOOD: WELL -- RIGHT AFTER YOU GOT ON THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS,
MR. SCROOGE -- THE TRAMS STOPPED RUNNING.

DITHERS: WHY? WHAT HAPPENED?

DAGWOOD: WELL -- YOU GAVE ORDERS TO CUT DOWN THE HORSES' HAY.

DITHERS: I PUT 'EM IN TRAINING THAT'S ALL. GAVE 'EM ONE HANDFUL
LESS EVERY DAY. THAT WAY THEY DIDN'T MISS IT -- AND IN
A FEW WEEKS I'D HAVE THEM USED TO NO HAY!

DAGWOOD: YES, SIR...BUT JUST WHEN THEY WERE GETTING USED TO IT --
THEY ALL DIED!

DITHERS: BAH! JUST LACK OF COOPERATION, THAT'S ALL! WELL, DON'T
STAND TALKING, CRATCHIT. IF YOU'RE GOING -- GET OUT!
YOU'RE WASTING THE CANDLE!

DAGWOOD: YES, SIR, ER -- COULD I HAVE MY WEEKS WAGES NOW?
CHRISTMAS SHOPPING, YOU KNOW.

DITHERS: A FOOL AND HIS MONEY ARE SOON PARTED, CRATCHIT! YOU'LL
NEVER BE RICH IF YOU SPEND AS FAST AS YOU GET IT.

DAGWOOD: WELL...MY FAMILY...

DITHERS: YOU CAN'T AFFORD A FAMILY! UTTER EXTRAVAGANCE!...BUT
HERE YOU ARE! FIVE SHILLINGS TUPPENCE HA'PENNY. JUST
FOR LOAFING HERE ALL LAST WEEK.

DAGWOOD: THANK YOU, SIR. BUT IT SHOULD BE FIVE SHILLINGS
THRUPPENCE HA'PENNY. I LOAFED HALF A DAY ON SUNDAY, TOO.

DITHERS: BAH! GET OUT...AND BE HERE ALL THE EARLIER DAY AFTER
TOMORROW...

DAGWOOD: YES, SIR...(WHISTLE GOING) (DOOR SLAMS) (WHISTLE COMING
BACK) (KNOCK KNOCK)

DITHERS: WHO'S THERE?

DAGWOOD: DAG!

DITHERS: DAG WHO? (DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: DAG-GONE -- I FORGOT TO WISH YOU MERRY CHRISTMAS,
MR. SCROOGE!

DITHERS: MERRY POPPYCOCK CRATCHIT! SCRAM!

DAGWOOD: YES, SIR! (DOOR SLAMS) (WHISTLE GOING) (MUSIC IN
INDICATING RUNNING AND THEN SLIDING...IN REGULAR
RHYTHM...THREE TIMES...THEN RETARD TO SNORE MUSIC)

BLONDIE: DADDY STILL ASLEEP, BABY DUMPLING?

BABY: SURE, MOMMIE. I THINK HE'S RUNNING IN HIS DREAM!
LOOKIT HIS LEGS!

DAGWOOD: WHEEEEEEEEE!

BLONDIE: HE THINKS HE'S SLIDING! MAYBE HE'S DREAMING ABOUT
WHERE BOB CRATCHIT SLID DOWN HILL WITH THE BOYS TWENTY
TIMES BEFORE HE RAN ALL THE WAY HOME TO CAMDEN TOWN...
AND MRS. CRATCHIT...AND TINY TIM...
(MUSIC QUICKENS INTO RUNNING AGAIN...OUT ON DOOR)
(DOOR OPENS FAST)

DAGWOOD: HEY, BLONDIE! BLONDIE CRATCHIT! WHERE'S TINY DUMPLING

BABY: HERE I AM, FATHER!

BLONDIE: WELL, DAG CRATCHIT! WHAT KEPT YOU SO LONG TONIGHT?

DAGWOOD: WHY I RAN ALL THE WAY HOME. WHO'S THAT IN THE CHIMNEY CORNER?

DITHERS: CRATCHIT!

DAGWOOD: TOOH. WHY IT'S MR. SCROOGE! HOW DID YOU GET HERE AHEAD OF ME?

DITHERS: I FLEW CRATCHIT. FLEW THROUGH THE AIR!

DAGWOOD: YOU MUST BE SPOOFING, SIR.

DITHERS: I NEVER SPOOF CRATCHIT. I HAD A NASTY EXPERIENCE. I FOUND A GHOST IN MY BEDROOM. I WAS COUNTING MY MONEY BEFORE GOING TO BED...AND WHEN I TOOK THE PADLOCK OFF MY WALLET...

BLONDIE: I KNOW. A MOTH FLEW OUT!

DITHERS: YES -- NO! IT WASN'T A MOTH IT WAS A GHOST...AND IT DIDN'T COME OUT OF MY WALLET IT WAFTED THROUGH THE WALL! BUT THAT'S NOT THE WORST.

DAGWOOD: NO?

DITHERS: NO! THIS GHOST SAID THREE OTHER GHOSTS WOULD COME FOR ME! THEY'RE COMING TO TAKE ME FOR A RIDE.

BLONDIE: OH MY! GANGSTER GHOSTS?

DITHERS: NO CHRISTMAS GHOSTS. THE FIRST ONE WILL BE THERE WHEN THE CLOCK STRIKES ONE. BUT I'LL FOOL HIM. I WON'T BE THERE...I'LL BE HERE!

DAGWOOD: WELL -- THAT'S FOOLING THEM! (TAKE) HEY! MAYBE THEY WILL FOLLOW YOU HERE! (CLOCK WHIRS AND STRIKES ONE)
TOOOOOH! THERE GOES THE CLOCK!

DITHERS: AND HERE COMES THE GHOST! I HEAR HIM ON THE STAIRS.
(THUMPING SOUND SLOW...SOLEMN)

BLONDIE: MAYBE JUST ONE OF THE NEIGHBORS.

DITHERS: NO, IT'S THE GHOST! COMING FOR ME! IN A MINUTE HE'LL KNOCK ON THAT DOOR. (THUMPING NEAR...THEN OUT)

DAGWOOD: IF YOU'RE GOING TO KNOCK...KNOCK! ;(FUDDLE KNOCK HEARD)

BLONDIE: WHY THAT IS ONE OF OUR NEIGHBORS.

DAGWOOD: SURE -- FEZZIWIG FUDDLE! HE'S A CARD, TOO!

DITHERS: DON'T LET HIM IN!

FUDDLE: (LOW VOICE ON ECHO CHAMBER?) I AM IN, OLD SCROOGE-BALL!
(LAUGHS)

BLONDIE: THAT SOUNDS LIKE FEZZIWIG FUDDLE.

DAGWOOD: YEAH -- AND IT LOOKS A LITTLE LIKE HIM! BUT IT KINDA LOOKS LIKE A GHOST, TOO.

FUDDLE: (ON ECHO CHAMBER?) WELL THAT JUST GHOST-A SHOW YOU!
(LAUGHS)

DITHERS: WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH ME?

FUDDLE: WHY BUDDY. I'M THE SENIOR MEMBER OF THE FIRM OF GHOST GHOST AND GHOST! TOURS DELUXE! HAVE A CARD, CHUM!

DAGWOOD: WHERE ARE THE OTHER MEMBERS OF THE FIRM?

FUDDLE: OH THE OTHER BOYS WILL BE ALONG LATER. NOW WE HAVE TOURS OF CHRISTMAS PAST -- PRESENT -- AND FUTURE. I HEAD UP THE PAST DEPARTMENT MYSELF. READY FOR A LITTLE EXCURSION SCROOGEY-WOOGEY? (LAUGHS)

DITHERS: NO. I DON'T WANT TO GO BACK IN THE PAST. I -- I'VE BEEN THERE!

FUDDLE: WELL -- YOU'D NEVER KNOW THE OLD PLACE NOW!

DITHERS: BAH!

FUDDLE: COME ON -- THIS IS FOR FREE!

DITHERS: FREE? ANY TIPS?

FUDDLE: NARY A TIP, PAL. COME ON! I'LL SHOW YOU SOME NICE SPIRITS.

DITHERS: NO. YOU'LL GET ME BACK IN THE PAST -- AND THEN MAKE ME WALK HOME!

FUDDLE: NO TRICKS ON OUR PERSONALLY CONDUCTED GHOST RIDES, FRIEND. THAT WOULDN'T BE SHOWING THE RIGHT SPIRIT. (LAUGHS) GET IT?

DAGWOOD: LOOK, MR. SCROOGE, WHY DON'T YOU GO WITH HIM? HE MAKES ME NERVOUS.

BLONDIE: YES, MR. SCROOGE. A LITTLE FRESH AIR WOULD DO YOU GOOD.

FUDDLE: DON'T WORRY, FOLKS. HE'LL GO WITH ME OKAY WHEN THE CLOCK STRIKES ONE.
(WHIRRING SOUND)

DAGWOOD: IT'S GOING TO STRIKE NOW!

DITHERS: I'M NOT GOING! I -- I'LL HOLD ON TO DAG CRATCHIT HERE!

DAGWOOD: NO! LISTEN! LEGGO! (WHIRRING STOPS AS CLOCK CHIMES ONE) TOOOOOH!

BABY: LOOKIT, MOMMIE! THE GHOST IS FADING!

BLONDIE: SO IS MR. SCROOGE!

DAGWOOD: SO AM I! HELP! (WHISTLE GOING AWAY FAST)

BABY: THEY'VE ALL GONE, MOMMIE!

DAGWOOD: (FAINT ON ECHO CHAMBER) OH BLOOOOOOOOONDIE!

MUSIC: IN THEN SEGUE TO THEME FOR:)

(CENTRAL COMMERCIAL)

GOODWIN: THERE ARE SEVERAL REASONS WHY SO MANY THOUSANDS OF SMOKERS ARE TURNING TO SLOW-BURNING CAMEL CIGARETTES. EXTRA MILDNESS IS ONE -- ALSO EXTRA COOLNESS AND THE EXTRA FINE FLAVOR AND AROMA OF CAMEL'S FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS. BUT DON'T OVERLOOK THIS FACT: SLOW-BURNING CAMELS ALSO GIVE YOU ECONOMY. RECENT IMPARTIAL LABORATORY TESTS TELL THE WHOLE STORY. IN THESE TESTS, CAMELS BURNED TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT SLOWER THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE FIFTEEN OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED -- SLOWER THAN ANY OF THEM. THAT MEANS CAMELS GIVE A SMOKING PLUS EQUAL, ON THE AVERAGE, TO FIVE EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK. SO JOIN THOSE WHO ARE TURNING TO SLOW-BURNING...TO SLOW-BURNING CAMEL CIGARETTES. (CHANGE OF PACE) AND TO ALL OF YOU WHO RECEIVED CAMELS FOR CHRISTMAS MAY YOU ENJOY MORE PLEASURE PER PUFF AND MORE PUFFS PER PACK IN AMERICA'S NUMBER ONE CIGARETTE...CAMELS.

"BLONDIE"
12/25/39

-16-

GOODWIN: BEFORE WE FOLLOW DAG CRANCHIT ON HIS WILD BINE THROUGH
THE AIR...THE MAKERS OF CAMEL CIGARETTES WANT TO TAKE
THIS OPPORTUNITY TO WISH YOU A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS...
ETC. ETC.

(CURTAIN AFTER CENTRAL)

GOODWIN: AND NOW...BACK IN THE BUMSTEAD HOME. WE FIND BLONDIE STILL READING TO BABY DUMPLING...AND DAGWOOD STILL ON THE COUCH...DREAMING THAT HE IS DAG CRATCHIT. HE SEEMS TO BE HAVING A DOUBLE FEATURE DREAM. LET'S CATCH THE LAST HALF...

DAGWOOD: (SNORES...THEN MUTTERS) HEY -- LEGGO! LEGGO, SCROOGE! TOOOH! (WHISTLE COMING BACK) HEY, SCROOGE. OPEN YOUR EYES. WE'RE BACK HOME AGAIN!

BLONDIE: WELL, DAG CRATCHIT! YOU GAVE ME A TURN. GOING OUT LIKE THAT WITH A PERFECT STRANGER LIKE THAT GHOST!

DAGWOOD: I COULDN'T HELP IT, BLONDIE CRATCHIT.

BABY: HAVE A NICE RIDE, FATHER?

DAGWOOD: WELL -- YES AND NO.

DITHERS: NO. BUT DEFINITELY -- NO!

DAGWOOD: SEE -- THE GHOST SHOWED MR. SCROOGE HIS OLD SCHOOL DAYS! BOY! WAS LITTLE SCROOGE SMART AT ARITHMETIC!

DITHERS: OH I DON'T KNOW.

DAGWOOD: SURE YOU WERE. LISTEN! THE TEACHER ASKED HIM IF HE HAD FIVE DOLLARS TO DIVIDE AMONG NINE OTHER KIDS, HOW MUCH WOULD EACH KID GET. AND SCROOGE FIGURED EACH KID WOULD GET THIRTY SEVEN CENTS.

BLONDIE: BUT THAT'S NOT RIGHT.

DITHERS: CERTAINLY IT'S RIGHT. LISTEN! I HAVE FIVE BUCKS TO START WITH. I GET TEN PER CENT RIGHT AWAY AS THE KIDS' BROKER. THAT LEAVES FOUR FIFTY. CARRYING CHARGES ON THE OVERHEAD TO KEEP THE UP-KEEP DOWN IS ANOTHER TEN PER CENT...TO ME! THAT BRINGS IT DOWN TO THREE SIXTY! THE ACCOUNTANT WILL NEED ANOTHER TEN PER CENT...AND I'M THE ACCOUNTANT! SO THAT LEAVES THREE-TWENTY-FOUR DIVIDED BY NINE WOULD BE THIRTY SEVEN AND A HALF CENTS EACH...BUT...

DAGWOOD: UHUH.

BLONDIE: BUT WHAT, MR. SCROOGE?

DITHERS: BUT I DON'T HAVE CHANGE FOR A HALF A CENT SO THAT'S
BREAKAGE WHICH I KEEP...AND THAT GIVES THEM THIRTY
SEVEN CENTS EACH.

BLONDIE: AND A DOLLAR SIXTY SEVEN FOR YOU.

DITHERS: WELL, I WAS YOUNG AND GREEN IN THOSE DAYS. I COULD MAKE
A REAL DEAL WITH THOSE KIDS NOW!

BLONDIE: I SEE WHAT SPOILED YOUR TRIP NOW, MR. SCROOGE! REMORSE!

DITHERS: YEAH!

DAGWOOD: WELL...MAYBE THE NEXT TRIP WILL BE BETTER.

DITHERS: THE NEXT. OH! I'D FORGOTTEN THOSE OTHER BLASTED GHOSTS!
THINK THEY'LL SHOW UP? (THUMPS ON STAIRS AS BEFORE)

BLONDIE: LISTEN!

DAGWOOD: YEAH...HERE COMES THE NEXT ONE. THE GHOST OF CHRISTMAS
PRESENT!

(THUMPS OUT...FUDDLE KNOCK ON DOOR)

BLONDIE: WHY, THAT SOUNDS LIKE THE FEZZIWIG FUDDLE GHOST AGAIN.

DAGWOOD: COME IN.

FUDDLE: (ECHO CHAMBER) I AM IN, BUDDY. I JUST WAFED THROUGH
THE WALL. (LAUGHS)

DITHERS: YOU'RE THE SAME ONE WHO WAS HERE BEFORE! I THOUGHT YOU
WERE THE GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST!

FUDDLE: WELL -- I'LL TELL YOU! OUR FIRM IS PRETTY BUSY RIGHT NOW
...AND I HAVE TO DOUBLE UP ON MY ROUTE.

DAGWOOD: SO NOW YOU'RE THE GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT, EH?

FUDDLE: NOPE! THE WAY OLD SCROOGE HAS BEEN ACTING, HE AIN'T GOIN'
TO GET ANY CHRISTMAS PRESENT (LAUGHS) GET IT? OH I'M
HOT AS A FIRECRACKER TONIGHT!

DAGWOOD: WELL -- IF YOU'RE A FIRECRACKER...WHY DON'T YOU GO OFF
(LAUGHS) HOW'S THAT? GET IT?

FUDDLE: NO.

DAGWOOD: OH! WELL, LOOKIT! LEAVE ME OUT ON THIS NEXT TRIP,
WILL YOU?

FUDDLE: WHAT'S THE MATTER. DIDN'T YOU LIKE THE RIDE?

DAGWOOD: WELL -- ER -- YOU KNOW HOW IT IS. I'M NOT USED TO FLYING
OVER HOUSETOPS WITH GHOSTS.

FUDDLE: GHOSTS FLY A LITTLE HIGH FOR YOU, EH? WELL -- AROUND
CHRISTMAS TIME -- YOU'VE GOT TO EXPECT HIGH SPIRITS.
(LAUGHS) OH I GOT A MILLION!

DITHERS: GOT A MILLION, EH? WELL, NOW MAYBE WE CAN DO BUSINESS.

FUDDLE: WE'RE GOING TO DO BUSINESS, POP! MY WAY! GET READY TO
REALLY STEP OUT -- WHEN THE CLOCK STRIKES ONE!

BLONDIE: AGAIN? I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S GOT INTO THAT CLOCK TONIGHT!

DITHERS: LISTEN! I DON'T WANT TO SEE ANY MORE SPOOKS!

FUDDLE: WHY NOT? YOU'RE KIND OF A SHADE-Y CHARACTER YOURSELF.
(LAUGHS) (WHIRRING OF CLOCK AGAIN) OOOOOPS GET READY!
THERE GOES THE CLOCK!

DITHERS: NO! NO, I WON'T GO!

DAGWOOD: DON'T GRAB ME THIS TIME! HOLD ONTO THE TABLE! (CLOCK
STRIKES...WHISTLE...GOING FAST) TOOOOOH! HE'S GONE!

BLONDIE: SO IS THE TABLE! (WHISTLE COMING BACK) (BIG THUMP)
OH LOOK!

DAGWOOD: YEAH. THE GHOST SENT BACK THE TABLE. WELL, WE'LL HAVE
SOMETHING TO EAT CHRISTMAS DINNER OFF OF ANYWAY.

BLONDIE: YES, BUT WE HAVEN'T ANYTHING IN THE HOUSE FOR CHRISTMAS
DINNER!

DAGWOOD: YOU MEAN THERE ISN'T ANY LITTLE SNACK AT ALL IN THE ICE BOX?

BLONDIE: ICE BOX? WHAT'S THAT?

DAGWOOD: OH I FORGOT. THAT'S ANOTHER THING THEY HAVEN'T YET INVENTED YET.

BLONDIE: WHAT WILL IT BE WHEN IT IS INVENTED?

DAGWOOD: OH BOY. WHY IT'LL BE SOMETHING TO KEEP FOOD IN...ALL KINDS OF FOOD -- AND SANDWICH MATERIAL! BOY -- CAN I MAKE A SANDWICH -- WHEN I HAVE THE STUFF.

BLONDIE: IT'S A SHAME WE'RE SO POOR, DAG CRATCHIT.

DAGWOOD: YEAH...NO CHRISTMAS DINNER. I TRIED TO BORROW ONE OF THOSE TWO CROWS THE CHIMNEY SWEEP CAUGHT...BUT IT DIDN'T WORK.

BLONDIE: HE NEEDED THEM FOR HIS OWN CHRISTMAS DINNER, I GUESS.

DAGWOOD: YEAH. HE SAID HIS WIFE'S FOLKS WERE COMING OVER.

BLONDIE: WELL, DON'T YOU CARE, DAG CRATCHIT. WE'RE BETTER OFF THAN POOR MRS. SCROOGE. IMAGINE BEING HAUNTED BY FLYING GHOSTS LIKE THAT.

DAGWOOD: HEY, LISTEN! (THUMPS ON STAIRS AS BEFORE) IT'S ONE OF THE GHOST BOYS AGAIN. WHAT DOES HE WANT NOW? SCROOGE ISN'T HERE ANYMORE! (THUMPS OUT...FUDDLE KNOCK ON DOOR)

BLONDIE: WELL, OPEN THE DOOR AND SEE WHAT HE WANTS, DAG CRATCHIT. IT MAKES ME NERVOUS WHEN HE FLOATS THROUGH THE WALL. (KNOCK AGAIN...LOUDER)

DAGWOOD: OKAY. I'M COMING! (DOOR OPENS) WHY, IT'S MR. SCROOGE!

DITHERS: HA! FOOLED YOU, DIDN'T I?

BLONDIE: WHY, MR. SCROOGE! HOW DID YOU GET AWAY FROM THAT LAST GHOST?

DITHERS: BAH! THEY WEREN'T GHOSTS AT ALL. JUST SOMETHING I ET!

DAGWOOD: YOU MEAN YOU WERE DREAMING?

SCROOGE: THAT MUST HAVE BEEN IT.

BLONDIE: BUT HOW DID WE GET INTO YOUR DREAM?

DITHERS: ANYTHING CAN GET INTO A DREAM, BLONDIE. CRATCHIT! LOOK!
WANT TO SEE WHAT I CAN DO? LOOK -- MY ARMS ARE EMPTY,
AREN'T THEY?

DAGWOOD: }
BLONDIE: } YES.

DITHERS: WELL...ABRACADBRA...HOCUS POCUS! NOW LOOK!

DAGWOOD: GOSH!

BLONDIE: A TURKEY!

DAGWOOD: WHAT A TURKEY. THE BIGGEST BIRD I EVER SAW.

DITHERS: I TOLD YOU SO. I CAN PRODUCE ALL THE FIXINGS, TOO.
BECAUSE I'M IN YOUR DREAM NOW. HA HA!

DAGWOOD: HEY, MR. SCROOGE...YOU'VE CHANGED A LOT SINCE I LAST
SAW YOU.

DITHERS: WELL, I'LL TELL YOU, DAG CRATCHIT. WHEN I WOKE UP FROM
MY DREAM I KNEW I'D BEEN STINGY ALL MY LIFE...I WAS SO
GLAD TO DISCOVER I STILL HAD A CHANCE TO CELEBRATE
CHRISTMAS AS IT SHOULD BE DONE THAT WENT AROUND YELLING
"A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO EVERYBODY! A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO
ALL THE WORLD! HALLO, HERE! WHOOP! HALLO!"

DAGWOOD: YOU...YOU DID?

DITHERS: YEAH. SILLY, WASN'T IT?

BLONDIE: OH, I DON'T KNOW. IT'S LOTS BETTER THAN BEING...WELL...

DITHERS: SAY IT! GROUCHY! I KNOW! WELL, THAT'S ALL OVER FOR
ME! WHY I'M SO GENEROUS NOW IT HURTS. I'M LOOSE AS
ASHES!

DAGWOOD: YEAH?

DITHERS: DEFINITELY SPENDTHRIFT! WHY I WENT DOWN TO THE OFFICE
AND LIT TWO CANDLES!

BLONDIE: GOODNESS!

DITHERS: NOT ONLY THAT...BUT I'M GOING TO LET 'EM BURN ALL NIGHT!
HA-HA!

DAGWOOD: ATTA BOY!

DITHERS: AND YOU KNOW WHAT, DAG CRATCHIT?

DAGWOOD: NO. WHAT?

DITHERS: WELL -- I LIT A REAL FIRE IN THE FIREPLACE. BOTH LUMPS
OF COAL! BINGO! LIKE THAT!

DAGWOOD: GOSH!

DITHERS: AND THEN WHEN THEY WERE BURNING GOOD...I WENT BACK TO
THE SAFE -- AND I TOOK OUT THE MORTGAGE I HOLD OVER THIS
HOUSE YOU LIVE IN.

BLONDIE: THE MORTGAGE!

DITHERS: UHUH! AND I CARRIED IT OVER TO THE FIRE....

DAGWOOD: OH, MR. SCROOGE. YOU -- YOU DIDN'T BURN THE MORTGAGE?

DITHERS: WELL -- NO -- BUT I GAVE IT A PRETTY BAD SCORCHING!

DAGWOOD: WELL...SAY...THANKS, MR. SCROOGE.

DITHERS: DON'T MENTION IT, MY BOY. MY, WHAT A FINE FELLOW YOU ARE
DAG CRATCHIT. I'M GOING TO RAISE YOUR WAGES.

BLONDIE: OH, MR. SCROOGE!

DITHERS: I INSIST! NOW LET'S EAT THAT TURKEY.

DAGWOOD: IT HAS TO BE COOKED FIRST.

DITHERS: WHY IT IS COOKED, DIDN'T YOU NOTICE?

BLONDIE: OH MY! WHEN DID THAT HAPPEN? AND LOOK, DAG CRATCHIT.
THE TABLE IS ALL SET!

DITHERS: I FIXED THAT, TOO.

BLONDIE: AND WHEN WE'RE ALL THROUGH EATING...WILL THE DISHES
WASH THEMSELVES?

DITHERS: POSITIVELY; I KEEP TELLING YOU, BLONDIE CRATCHIT...
ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN TONIGHT.

DAGWOOD: GOLLY...A RAISE...AND A TURKEY...THANKS, MR. SCROOGE!
SAY, YOU'RE THE BEST BOSS IN THE WORLD.

DITHERS: FROM NOW ON, DAG CRATCHIT -- THAT'S WHAT I'M GOING TO BE!

DAGWOOD: THE TOPS! WHY, I'D RATHER WORK FOR YOU THAN THE WPA.
(BELLS BEGIN TO CHIME) HEY, LISTEN! THE BELLS.

BLONDIE: THE CHRISTMAS BELLS!

DITHERS: HOORAY FOR CHRISTMAS!

DAGWOOD: HOORAY FOR YOU, TOO! (BELLS LOUDER...ELECTRIC BELL
HEARD WITH THEM) HEY WAIT...THAT'S AN ELECTRIC BELL!
THEY AREN'T INVENTED YET! HEY...WAIT...SCROOGE! DON'T
FADE AWAY LIKE THAT! WAIT, BLONDIE...WHERE ARE YOU
GOING? (BELLS UP...MUSIC IN AND UP,...OUT SHARP)
(ELECTRIC BELL AGAIN)

BLONDIE: GOODNESS. THAT DOOR BELL IS WAKING DADDY UP, BABY
DUMPLING...(BELL AGAIN) HURRY AND OPEN THE DOOR.
(DOOR OPENS)

BABY: IT'S MR. DITHERS, MOMMIE.

DITHERS: (COMING IN) HELLO, BLONDIE! WHERE'S BUMSTEAD?

BLONDIE: MY WHAT A NICE SURPRISE, MR. DITHERS. WHY -- THERE'S
DAGWOOD ON THE COUCH...HE'S...HE'S BEEN DREAMING...

DAGWOOD: (SLEEPY) DON'T! DON'T GO AWAY!

DITHERS: I'M NOT GOING ANYWHERE. I JUST CAME IN!

DAGWOOD: BEST BOSS A MAN EVER HAD!

DITHERS: HOW'S THAT? DOES HE MEAN ME?

BLONDIE: OH -- WHY YES. OF COURSE!

DITHERS: HMMM. I NEVER KNEW JUST HOW BUMSTEAD FELT ABOUT ME BEFORE.

DAGWOOD: (STILL DROWSY) HOORAY! HOORAY FOR MY BOSS! MR. SCROOGE!

DITHERS: EH? WHAT DID HE CALL ME? A STOOGES?

BLONDIE: NO NO. ER -- MAYBE I'D BETTER WAKE DAGWOOD UP.

DITHERS: I'LL WAKE HIM. (YELLS) ↑BUMSTEAD!

DAGWOOD: TOO OH! YEAH! I'M COMING! I'LL PUT OUT THE CANDLE!

DITHERS: CANDLE? WHAT CANDLE? WAKE UP, BUMSTEAD.

BABY: WAKE UP, DADDY.

BLONDIE: YES, WAKE UP, DEAR...

DAGWOOD: HEY...WHASSAMATTER? WHERE AM I?

BLONDIE: AT HOME...

BABY: HE'S STILL ASLEEP. (GOING) I'LL GET MY DRUM.

DITHERS: GO OUT TO MY CAR, BABY DUMPLING...THERE'S A PRESENT FOR YOU OUT THERE.

BABY: (AWAY) OH BOY!

DITHERS: HEY, DAG! SNAP OUT OF IT! REMEMBER ME?

DAGWOOD: OH SURE. HELLO, MR. DITHERS. (YAWNS) SAY! THANKS FOR THE TURKEY.

BLONDIE: TURKEY?

DITHERS: WHAT TURKEY?

DAGWOOD: OH -- NO! THAT WAS IN MY DREAM. (YAWNS) BIGGEST TURKEY I EVER SAW.

BLONDIE: YOU WOULD DREAM ABOUT FOOD, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: NOT ONLY FOOD. GOSH, THAT WAS A FUNNY DREAM! WANT TO HEAR IT?

DITHERS: SOME OTHER TIME, DAGWOOD. RIGHT NOW I WANT TO GIVE YOU A PRESENT.

DAGWOOD: PRESENT?

DITHERS: YES. HELD IT BACK TILL TOLAY TO SURPRISE YOU. HERE
IT IS...A BONUS CHECK,

BLONDIE: OH DAGWOOD. LOOK AT THE FIGURE ON THAT CHECK!

DAGWOOD: FOR ME?

DITHERS: YES.

DAGWOOD: FRM YOU?

DITHERS: CERTAINLY.

DAGWOOD: I'M STILL DREAMING!

BLONDIE: WHY, DAGWOOD...THAT'S NOT NICE! 'JUST LOOK AT THAT CHECK.

DAGWOOD: I SEE IT (TAKE) HEY...DIDN'T YOU MAKE A MISTAKE?

DITHERS: I'VE MADE A GOOD MANY, BUMSTEAD...IN THE PAST...BUT
(CLEARS THROAT FOR SPEECH) I --- ER --- WANT YOU TO KNOW
BUMSTEAD THAT THE J. C. DITHERS COMPANY APPRECIATES THE
FINE SPIRIT YOU HAVE SHOWN (BASS DRUM IN FAINT AWAY)
THE...ER...VERY FINE SPIRIT OF...ER COOPERATION AND...
ER (BASS DRUM UP A LITTLE) AND...ER...LOYALTY TO OUR
INTERESTS, THEREFORE...IN ER...APPRECIATION OF YOUR
WORK...AND ER...TO PROMOTE THE WELFARE OF YOUR PEACEFUL
LITTLE HOME...(DRUM BOOMS IN THROUGH DOOR) I SAY PEACEFUL
LITTLE HOME...

BLONDIE: (YELLS) BABY!...WHERE DID YOU GET THAT BASS DRUM...
(DRUMS OUT)

DAGWOOD: (STILL YELLING) QUIET BABY! (CATCHES SELF) OOOOHH.
SORRY! WHAT WERE YOU SAYING, MR. DITHERS...

DITHERS: NEVER MIND. TAKE THE CHECK...AND HAVE A GOOD TIME...
WELL...GOT TO GET HOME TO CORY NOW...(GOING) WELL...
SEE YOU LATER...AND...OH. MERRY CHRISTMAS!

THREE BUMSTEADS: MERRY CHRISTMAS!

DAGWOOD: THANKS FOR THE CHECK!

BABY: THANKS FOR THE BASS DRUM, TOO!

DITHERS: (AWAY) YOU'RE WELCOME. (DOOR SHUTS)

BLONDIE: WELL, DAGWOOD. I HOPE YOU'RE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF NOW.

DAGWOOD: ME? WHY?

BLONDIE: JUST BEFORE YOU WENT TO SLEEP...YOU SAID MR. DITHERS REMINDED YOU OF OLD SCROOGE.

DAGWOOD: WELL -- WHAT OF IT? SCROOGE TURNED OUT ALL RIGHT!
SO DID DITHERS!

BABY: HEY, DADDY! CAN I TAKE MY NEW BASS DRUM OVER TO ALVIN FUDDLES?

DAGWOOD: SURE...WHY NOT? LET'S ALL GO OVER TO FUDDLES!

BLONDIE: NOW, DAGWOOD. MAYBE THE FUDDLES WANT TO RELAX AFTER THEIR CHRISTMAS DINNER. THEY MAY WANT QUIET.

DAGWOOD: RELAX? QUIET? ON CHRISTMAS? NOOOOOO! COME ON -- WE'LL SERENADE THEM! GIVE ME THAT BASS DRUM, BABY.

BLONDIE: NOW, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: HE CAN HAVE HIS LITTLE DRUM...AND YOU TAKE THE TIN TRUMPET OFF THE TREE, BLONDIE!

BLONDIE: WELL -- I'D RATHER PLAY THAN LISTEN...COME ON!

DAGWOOD: HERE WE GO! WE'RE A PARADE! WE'LL GO OVER AND WISH THE FUDDLES MERRY CHRISTMAS!

BLONDIE: AND THE WHOLE NEIGHBORHOOD!

BABY: AND THE WHOLE WORLD!

DAGWOOD: RIGHT! MERRY CHRISTMAS, EVERYBODY!

BLONDIE: FROM, BLONDIE.

DAGWOOD: AND DAGWOOD...

BABY: AND, BABY DUMPLING...

THREE BUMSTEADS: MERRY CHRISTMAS!

(TIN TRUMPET IN...GAY CHRISTMAS MARCH TEMPO...

MAYBE "SANTA CLAUS IS COMING TO TOWN"...LITTLE

DRUM IN...THEN BASS DRUM...)

ORCHESTRA: (IN AND UP TO COVER...SEGUE TO THEME FOR:)

(CLOSING)

ORCHESTRA: (THEME UP AND FADE FOR:)

GOODWIN: BLONDIE IS PLAYED BY PENNY SINGLETON AND DAGWOOD BY
ARTHUR LAKE -- ~~THE BEST PICTURE~~
~~PICTURE~~
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
THE "INK SPOTS" AS HIS SPECIAL GUEST -- 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~~ *speaking for the makers* FOR THE MAKERS OF CAMEL
CIGARETTES -- GOOD NIGHT.

ORCHESTRA: (THEME UP AND FADE FOR:)

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