

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, JANUARY 8, 1940

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

1/12/40

MASTED

GOODWIN: AH, AH, AH -- DON'T TOUCH THAT DIAL -- THIS IS THE "BLONDIE" PROGRAM BROUGHT 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.

IF YOU WANT MORE MILDNESS AND MORE FLAVOR IN YOUR CIGARETTE, LET SLOW-BURNING BE YOUR GUIDE. A SLOW-BURNING CIGARETTE IS FREE FROM THE IRRITATING QUALITIES OF EXCESS HEAT...IS NATURALLY COOLER AND MILDER. THE DELICATE NATURAL ELEMENTS OF FLAVOR AND FRAGRANCE -- INSTEAD OF BEING BURNED AWAY OR DULLED BY TOO FAST BURNING -- ARE PRESERVED TO GIVE YOU A MELLOWER, MORE FLAVORFUL SMOKE.

ALL THESE DEFINITE ADVANTAGES OF SLOWER BURNING HAVE BEEN POINTED OUT BY SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH. SCIENCE ALSO HAS ESTABLISHED -- IN RECENT LABORATORY TESTS OF SIXTEEN OF THE LARGEST-SELLING CIGARETTE BRANDS -- THAT THE SLOWEST-BURNING CIGARETTE WAS CAMEL. NOW IT DOESN'T JUST HAPPEN THAT ONE BRAND BURNS SLOWER THAN OTHERS. SLOW BURNING IS A QUALITY OF THE INDIVIDUAL CIGARETTE AND ITS TOBACCO. CAMEL CIGARETTES ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS. THEY ARE MADE TO A RIGID STANDARD OF ROUNDNESS. IN THE TESTS JUST MENTIONED, CAMELS WERE FOUND TO CONTAIN MORE TOBACCO BY WEIGHT THAN THE AVERAGE FOR THE FIFTEEN OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED. IN OTHER WORDS, CAMELS ARE MADE TO GIVE YOU MORE PLEASURE -- AND CAMELS SMOKE WITH MORE PLEASURE -- WITH MORE MILDNESS, MORE COOLNESS, AND MORE FLAVOR IN EVERY PUFF.

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GOODWIN: AND NOW-- FOR OUR WEEKLY VISIT WITH BLONDIE AND
DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD. IT'S STILL FAIRLY EARLY ON A
SATURDAY AFTERNOON -- BUT THE SKY IS BLACK WITH LOW
HANGING CLOUDS THAT SEEM TO BE SAGGING WITH THE WEIGHT
OF WATER THEY HAVE SAVED UP FOR THIS RAINY DAY.
(GUST OF WIND IN) EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE THE COLD
FINGERS OF THE WIND TEAR OFF A SAMPLE OF THE NEAREST
CLOUD -- ROLL IT INTO A THOUSAND PELLETS OF ICE-WATER --
AND FLING THEM AGAINST THE BACK OF DAGWOOD'S NECK AS
HE TRUDGES UP THE PATH FROM HIS FRONT GATE. (GUST OF
WIND AND SPATTER OF RAIN) DAG'S MOOD IS LIKE THE DAY --
DARK -- DAMP -- AND DISMAL -- BUT HE TRIES TO TWIST HIS
FACE INTO A SMILE AS BLONDIE THROWS OPEN THE DOOR...
(WIND...RAIN...DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: HURRY IN DAGWOOD -- IT'S GOING TO RAIN!

DAGWOOD: YEAH. I NOTICED THAT (HOLLOW LAUGH)

BLONDIE: WHY DAGWOOD -- WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOUR FACE?
NEURALGIA?

DAGWOOD: NO -- NO! MY FACE IS ALL RIGHT. I -- I'M SMILING!

BLONDIE: OH. WELL -- YOU DON'T HAVE TO DO IT ANYMORE. YOU'RE
HOME NOW -- SO JUST RELAX.

DAGWOOD: (SADLY) THANKS.

BLONDIE: I'LL TAKE YOUR HAT AND COAT.

DAGWOOD: (GLOOMY) THANKS.

BLONDIE: THERE NOW. SIT DOWN IN OUR EASY CHAIR -- AND TELL ME
WHAT'S HAPPENED.

DAGWOOD: I JUST FOUND OUT SOMETHING. IT'S TERRIBLE!

BLONDIE: OH, DAGWOOD! WHAT?

DAGWOOD: I HAVEN'T GOT ANY PERSONALITY.

BLONDIE: WHY DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD -- YOU HAVE SO! WHY HAVEN'T YOU?

DAGWOOD: LOOK IN THE POCKET OF MY COAT. THERE'S SOME LITTLE KIND OF CARDS IN IT.

BLONDIE: THESE?

DAGWOOD: UH-UH. READ 'EM.

BLONDIE: (READING) "THE MAN WORTHWHILE IS THE MAN WHO CAN SMILE WHEN EVERY THING GOES DEAD WRONG."

DAGWOOD: BUT WHEN I TRY IT -- PEOPLE GET NERVOUS.

BLONDIE: (READING) "LAUGH AND THE WORLD LAUGHS WITH YOU."

DAGWOOD: NOT WITH ME.

BLONDIE: HERE'S ONE THAT SAYS "IT'S ALWAYS DARKEST JUST BEFORE THE DAWN."

DAGWOOD: YEAH -- BUT WHO WANTS TO GET UP THAT EARLY?

BLONDIE: THE NEXT ONE SAYS "YOUR WEIGHT TODAY IS..." I CAN'T MAKE OUT HOW MUCH IT SAYS YOU WEIGH.

DAGWOOD: THAT'S THE WRONG SIDE...FOR THE MOTTO.

BLONDIE: OH! DID YOU GET ALL THESE CARDS OUT OF A WEIGHING MACHINE, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: UH-UH. I WAS WAITING FOR A MAN I HAD TO SEE....IT WAS OLD MAN SKRIMPER. HE KEPT ME WAITING OUTSIDE A DRUG STORE.

BLONDIE: A DRUG STORE?

DAGWOOD: UH-UH. IT WAS A CUT-RATE DRUG STORE -- AND HE WAS IN THERE A LONG TIME -- ARGUING WITH THE CLERK THAT HE OUGHT TO SELL POSTAGE STAMPS CUT-RATE TOO.

BLONDIE: GOODNESS.

DAGWOOD: HE LIKES TO BARGAIN. SO, I WAITED A LONG TIME...AND THEY HAD PENNY MACHINES...THE FIRST ONE I PUT A PENNY INTO I GOT SIX AND A HALF PEANUTS -- AND A LOT OF SALT...

offensive

BLONDIE: THAT'S ~~THE~~ FOR PEANUTS...

DAGWOOD: YEAH. SO AFTER THAT I TOOK MY TRADE OVER TO THE
WEIGHING MACHINE. I GOT WEIGHED FIVE TIMES.

BLONDIE: WHAT HAPPENED WHEN OLD MAN SKRIMPER CAME OUT OF THE
DRUG STORE?

DAGWOOD: OH, THEN I FOLLOWED HIM HOME. IT'S A LONG WALK OUT TO
HIS PLACE.

BLONDIE: YOU WALKED?

DAGWOOD: WELL HE WON'T DRIVE A CAR BECAUSE GAS COSTS MONEY...
AND I TRIED TO MAKE A HIT WITH HIM BY WALKING TOO.

BLONDIE: YOU POOR BOY -- ON A DAY LIKE THIS...

DAGWOOD: IT HADN'T STARTED TO RAIN THEN...

BLONDIE: WELL -- YOU CERTAINLY DESERVED TO GET THAT CONTRACT,
DAGWOOD. YOU'VE BEEN AFTER HIM EVERY DAY FOR A WEEK.

DAGWOOD: I DIDN'T GET IT THOUGH.

BLONDIE: WHAT?

DAGWOOD: WHEN I GOT THERE ANOTHER FIRM WAS REMODELING HIS HOUSE'.
THEY ALREADY HAD THE ROOF HALF OFF.

BLONDIE: I HOPE THEY TEAR IT ALL DOWN!

DAGWOOD: DITHERS WILL THINK IT'S MY FAULT I DIDN'T GET SKRIMPER
TO SIGN WITH US. HE'LL SAY I HAVEN'T GOT ENOUGH
PERSONALITY FOR A SALESMAN.

BLONDIE: NONSENSE. JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE KIND OF EASY-GOING...

DAGWOOD: I WASN'T VERY EASY GOING WHEN I FOUND OUT OLD SKRIMPER
HAD ME WAITING AROUND A WEEK -- WHILE HE WAS DICKERING
WITH THAT OTHER FIRM. WHEN HE LAUGHED AT ME -- I SAW
RED!

BLONDIE: NEVER MIND WHAT YOU SAW DAGWOOD. WHAT DID YOU SAY TO
HIM?

DAGWOOD: WELL -- I THOUGHT OF SOME PRETTY SHARP THINGS I SHOULD
HAVE SAID -- ON THE WAY HOME.

BLONDIE: YES -- BUT WHAT DID YOU SAY TO SKRIMPER?

DAGWOOD: WELL -- I SAID "YOU'LL BE SORRY SOME DAY" (SIGHS) I
GUESS THAT WASN'T SO HOT.

BLONDIE: NO. MAYBE IT WOULD BE BETTER IF YOU DID GET MADDER AT
PEOPLE -- SOMETIMES.

DAGWOOD: OH,-- I DO GET MAD--ONLY I DON'T LIKE TO SAY SO. SOMETIMES
I GET SO MAD AT FUDDLE'S JOKES I WANT TO KICK HIM...AND
SOMETIMES I GET SO MAD AT DITHERS I -- I WANT TO --
HAND IN MY RESIGNATION!

BLONDIE: OH, DAGWOOD -- YOU WON'T DO THAT WILL YOU?

DAGWOOD: WELL THE ONLY THING STOPS ME DOING IT IS -- I'M AFRAID
HE'LL ACCEPT IT.

BLONDIE: (GIGGLES) OH, DAGWOOD! WELL -- REMEMBER -- "IT'S ALWAYS
DARKEST JUST BEFORE THE DAWN" -- CHEER UP. I'VE GOT A
NICE LUNCH FOR YOU.

DAGWOOD: YEAH. I SMELL IT. IT SMELLS LIKE BURNT TOAST.

BLONDIE: BURNT? (SNIFFS) DAGWOOD! IT'S YOUR LIVER!

DAGWOOD: NO -- MY LIVER'S ALL RIGHT...

BLONDIE: NOT YOUR LIVER! THE LIVER I WAS COOKING! (GOES)
OH, DEAR IT WILL BE BURNT BLACK!

DAGWOOD: "IT'S ALWAYS BLACKEST AFTER THE BURN." (BUM LAUGH)
(SOBERS) OH GOSH -- WHAT A LIFE. (DOOR BURSTS OPEN)
T-O-O-O-O-OH! WHO'S THAT?

FUDDLE: (COMING IN) BUMSTEAD! LISTEN! YOUR HOUSE IS ON FIRE!

DAGWOOD: (SADLY) NO IT ISN'T.

FUDDLE: BUT I SAW THE SMOKE! POURING OUT YOUR KITCHEN WINDOW!

DAGWOOD: THAT'S JUST LIVER.

FUDDLE: NONSENSE. WHEN IT'S LIVER YOU SEE SPOTS -- IN FRONT OF YOUR EYES -- NOT SMOKE!

DAGWOOD: IT'S JUST MY LUNCH LIVER -- BURNING UP.

FUDDLE: WHAT? AND YOU LIE THERE -- WHILE YOUR LUNCH BURNS?

DAGWOOD: OH -- BLONDIE'LL PUT IT OUT.

FUDDLE: WELL -- IF IT WAS MY LUNCH I'D BE "PUT OUT" MYSELF.
(LAUGHS) OH, THAT BURNS ME UP. (LAUGHS)

DAGWOOD: (MAD) FUDDLE! DID -- ANYONE EVER KICK YOU AFTER YOU CRACK ONE OF THOSE JOKES?

FUDDLE: NO. WHY?

DAGWOOD: (RELAXING AGAIN) I JUST WONDERED.

BLONDIE: (COMING IN) IT WAS YOUR LIVER, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: UH-UH.

BLONDIE: BUT NEVER MIND DEAR...I'M BAKING HOT BISCUIT TOO.

DAGWOOD: THAT'S GOOD. (PAUSE) BLONDIE...

BLONDIE: YES, DEAR?

DAGWOOD: I SMELL SOMETHING ELSE BURNING.

BLONDIE: THE BISCUITS!....(GOING) OH, DEAR...

FUDDLE: TOUGH LUCK OLD MAN...

DAGWOOD: WELL -- THAT'S THE WAY IT GOES ON A DAY LIKE THIS...

FUDDLE: BUMSTEAD, YOU KNOW WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU?

DAGWOOD: YEAH. NO PERSONALITY.

FUDDLE: RIGHT!

DAGWOOD: (HURT) IT IS?

FUDDLE: NOW DON'T GET ME WRONG BUMSTEAD. YOU'RE A NICE FELLOW... BUT YOU LACK GUMPTION.

DAGWOOD: UH-UH.

FUDDLE: NO FIGHT IN YOU, BUMSTEAD! BUT LISTEN...I CAN FIX THAT FOR YOU.

DAGWOOD: I DUNNO. I'VE TRIED DEEP BREATHING AND TWO MEMORY COURSES...BUT...

FUDDLE: AH! BUT HAVE YOU EVER LOOKED INSIDE YOUR MIND, BUMSTEAD? HAVE YOU EVER GLIMPSED THE MAN WITHIN?

DAGWOOD: GOSH! -- NO. I'M NO CONTORTIONIST.

FUDDLE: NO, BUMSTEAD. YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. UNTIL YESTERDAY -- I WAS AS BLIND AS YOU. BUT A LUCKY ACCIDENT LED ME TO THE SECRET.

DAGWOOD: YEAH?

FUDDLE: YES! NOW I HAVE DRUNK DEEP FROM THE SPRING OF KNOWLEDGE. NOW I KNOW THAT WITHIN THE WEAKEST OF US....EVEN IN YOU, BUMSTEAD....THERE DWELLS A GIANT!

DAGWOOD: LOOK, FUDDLEWHERE DID YOU SAY YOU'D BEEN DRINKING?

FUDDLE: LET'S HAVE NO LEVITY HERE, BUMSTEAD!....I'VE COME TO HELP YOU TO SCALE THE HEIGHTS! I COME TO SHOW YOU THE WAY TO MASTERY OF MEN. I CAN MAKE YOU A CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY! A COLLOSUS OF POWER!

DAGWOOD: COULD YOU GET ME A RAISE, TOO?

FUDDLE: A RAISE? STOP THINKING IN PICAYUNE TERMS OLD MAN. HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE -- SAY -- SALES MANAGER OF J.C. DITHERS COMPANY?

DAGWOOD: WHY --- ER --- THAT WOULD BE S.WELL, BUT...

FUDDLE: HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE GENERAL MANAGER OF J.C. DITHERS COMPANY?

DAGWOOD: EH? WHY -- FINE!

FUDDLE: HOW WOULD YOU LIKE...

BLONDIE: (COMING IN AND SPEAKING WITH FUDDLE) HOW WOULD YOU LIKE SOME COLD SALMON FOR LUNCH, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: WHY SWELL! (TAKE) NO! I DON'T LIKE COLD SALMON ON
COLD DAYS....

BLONDIE: WELL -- I'M MAKING MORE BISCUITS... (CHANGE) [WHAT ARE
YOU TWO UP TO NOW?

DAGWOOD: WELL...ER...IT'S A SECRET, BLONDIE.

FUDDLE: (SOLLEMNLY) THE SECRET!

BLONDIE: UH-UH. WELL -- IT WON'T BE A SECRET MUCH LONGER IF
YOU KEEP SHOUTING AT EACH OTHER THE WAY YOU WERE DOING...
(GOES) I'VE GOT HONEY FOR THE BISCUITS, TOO....

DAGWOOD: GO AHEAD, FUDDLE. ER -- WHERE WAS I?

FUDDLE: YOU WERE GENERAL MANAGER.

DAGWOOD: OH YEH. ER -- HOW DID I GET THERE?

FUDDLE: SIMPLE MY BOY. ~~EASY AS ROLLING OFF A LOG.~~

DAGWOOD: ~~WELL -- I NEVER ROLLED OFF A LOG. I DON'T KNOW...~~

FUDDLE: ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS TO GET RID OF YOUR INFERIORITY
COMPLEX.

DAGWOOD: HAVE AN OPERATION YOU MEAN?

FUDDLE: NO, NO, BUMSTEAD....YOUR INFERIORITY COMPLEX IS A STATE
OF MIND. IT MAKES YOU AFRAID OF PEOPLE. AFRAID YOU'RE
NOT AS SMART -- OR AS STRONG AS THEY ARE. GET RID OF IT!

DAGWOOD: (SAD AGAIN) YEAH -- I KNEW THERE WAS SOME CATCH TO ALL
THIS. HOW AM I GOING TO GET RID OF SOMETHING I'VE HAD
AROUND ALL MY LIFE? I -- I'M SO USED TO IT AND
EVERYTHING.

FUDDLE: THAT'S JUST IT, BUMSTEAD...AND I.C. CLINGS LIKE IVY...
POISON IVY!

DAGWOOD: GOSH!

FUDDLE: BUT I CAN REMOVE IT -- PAINLESSLY -- IN FIVE MINUTES.

DAGWOOD: GOLLY! HOW?

FUDDLE: THAT MY BOY IS THE SECRET. ..LISTEN. YESTERDAY I WAS STROLLING ALONG A DOWN TOWN STREET...SOME POWER GREATER THAN I, TURNED MY STEPS TOWARD AN OLD BOOK SHOP.... A SECOND HAND BOOK SHOP, BUMSTEAD!

DAGWOOD: UH-UH.

FUDDLE: I PAUSED BEFORE ITS GRIMY WINDOWS...IDLY, I THUMBED THE VOLUMES DISPLAYED ON A COMMON TABLE NEAR ITS DOOR.... SUDDENLY MY ROVING EYE WAS ARRESTED! CAUGHT! HELD BY A MAGNET OF POWER! I HAD FOUND -- THE SECRET!

DAGWOOD: YEAH?

FUDDLE: YES! WITH TREMBLING HAND I LIFTED IT FROM ITS PLACE! WITH FALTERING FOOT I SOUGHT THE PROPRIETOR OF THE SHOP. PAID HIM THE PALTRY PRICE HE --- IN HIS IGNORANCE --- ASKED...AND IT WAS MINE...MINE!

DAGWOOD: LET'S SEE IT.

FUDDLE: ~~SENSELESS!~~

You see this Book?

DAGWOOD: WELL I'LL BE DARNED! I HAVEN'T SEEN ONE OF THOSE PAPER BACK NOVELS FOR YEARS. WHAT IS IT? NICK CARTLER?

FUDDLE: NO! THIS IS NO MERE WORK OF FICTION, BUMSTEAD. IT'S A WORK OF SCIENCE.

DAGWOOD: CHEMISTRY, HUH?

FUDDLE: NO, NO, BUMSTEAD. LISTEN. WITHIN THE TORN AND WELL-THUMBED COVERS OF THIS EPIC, OPUS HIDES THE SECRET OF A FULL AND BOUNTEOUS LIFE. THIS IS A PRICELESS THING MY BOY.

DAGWOOD: IT SAYS TWENTY-FIVE CENTS ON THE COVER THERE.

FUDDLE: THE MAN WAS GLAD TO TAKE A DIME FOR IT...BUT THAT'S NOT THE IDEA. LOOK! READ THE INSPIRING WORDS ENGRAVED ON THE FLY LEAF HERE.

DAGWOOD: (READING) "HOW TO OVERCOME ALL OBSTACLES IN ONE EASY JUMP"...

FUDDLE: READ ON!

DAGWOOD: OR --- "THE ART OF HYPNOTISM EXPOSED"....OH, YEAH!
I'VE SEEN THOSE FELLERS --- IN VAUDEVILLE.

FUDDLE: YOU'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE THIS IN VAUDEVILLE,
BUMSTEAD. WHY WITH WHAT I HAVE ALREADY LEARNED FROM
THESE PAGES...AND I'VE ONLY READ UP TO PAGE TEN....I CAN
MAKE YOU ANYTHING IN THE WORLD YOU WANT TO BE.

DAGWOOD: ANYTHING?

FUDDLE: POSITIVELY ANYTHING.

DAGWOOD: UH-UH. THEN MAKE ME VICE-PRESIDENT -- INSTEAD OF
GENERAL MANAGER.

FUDDLE: FAIR ENOUGH. THE WORK OF A MOMENT. ALL I NEED IS
YOUR COOPERATION....AND THIS SIMPLE DEVISE I RIGGED UP
IN THE GARAGE LAST NIGHT...LOOK THIS OVER.

DAGWOOD: UH-UH. A FLASHLIGHT BATTERY AND A SMALL BUZZER....

FUDDLE: WRONG, BUMSTEAD. WHAT YOU SEE THERE IS A LARGE LAZY
HONEY-BEE -- BUZZING AROUND YOUR GARDEN ON A WARM
SUMMER AFTERNOON....

DAGWOOD: LISTEN, FUDDLE. I THINK YOU'VE GOT TO BE GOING.

FUDDLE: NO, LISTEN..

DAGWOOD: A FINE THING! GET ME ALL EXCITED AND THEN PULL A GAG!

FUDDLE: IT'S NO GAG MY BOY. THIS BUZZER IS GOING TO REPRESENT
THE DRONE OF A LARGE BEE....IT HELPS FIX YOUR ATTENTION.
HELPS MAKE YOU SLEEPY.

DAGWOOD: I DON'T NEED ANY HELP TO GET SLEEPY.

FUDDLE: BUT YOU NEED HELP TO GO INTO THE TRANCE!

DAGWOOD: OH, WELL THAT'S DIFFERENT, I (TAKE) HEY! WHAT TRANCE?
I'M NOT GOING INTO ANY TRANCE!

FUDDLE: OH, YES. I'VE GOT TO PUT YOU INTO A TRANCE -- TO BRING YOUR SUBCONSCIOUS INTO TUNE WITH YOUR ALTER-EGO.

DAGWOOD: NOBODY'S PUTTING ME INTO ANY TRANCE. THAT'S FINAL.

FUDDLE: ALL RIGHT. ALL RIGHT. GO ON BEING A NOBODY! NEVER GET TO BE VICE-PRESIDENT -- I DON'T CARE.

DAGWOOD: WELL -- I MAY NOT AMOUNT TO MUCH -- BUT I HAVE MY HEALTH....

FUDDLE: THIS WILL GIVE YOU HEALTH -- WEALTH AND HAPPINESS!....
COME ON -- BE A SPORT!

DAGWOOD: (WEAKENS) YEAH -- BUT LOOK --- HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE IN A TRANCE?

FUDDLE: YOU FEEL NO PAIN, BUMSTEAD. ON THE CONTRARY...YOU GAIN POWER -- STRENGTH -- BOUNDLESS ENERGY -- TO WIN!

DAGWOOD: WELL -- I'LL TRY, BUT IF I DON'T LIKE IT AT FIRST....

FUDDLE: JUST SAY THE WORD!...NOW LIE BACK ON THE COUCH AGAIN...
THAT'S RIGHT....

DAGWOOD: YEAH. (YAWNS) HEY! I FEEL SLEEPY ALREADY.

FUDDLE: THAT'S NOT THE TRANCE YET. I HAVEN'T BEGUN TO WORK ON YOU YET! NOW -- RELAX....

DAGWOOD: UH-UH.

FUDDLE: BREATHE DEEPLY! NOW! YOU ARE IN A GARDEN, BUMSTEAD...
A SUNNY GARDEN... ON A JUNE DAY! AAAAAAAAH! WHAT DO YOU SMELL?

DAGWOOD: (DROWSY) BURNT BISCUITS.

FUDDLE: NO!...YOU SMELL FLOWERS, BUMSTEAD! MILLIONS OF LOVELY FLOWERS. AAAAAAAAH. BREATHE DEEPLY! NOW....HERE COMES A HONEY BEE....A BIG FAT HONEY BEE,...

BLONDIE: (COMING IN NOT LOUDLY) DAGWOOD."

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FUDDLE: SSSSSSH!

BLONDIE: WHAT'S THE MATTER?

FUDDLE: DAGWOOD WAS JUST GOING OUT?

BLONDIE: IN ALL THIS RAIN?

FUDDLE: NO---- NO! NOT OUT DOORS! OUT OF HIS CONSCIOUS INTO HIS SUBCONSCIOUS. LOOK! HE IS OUT! IT'S EASIER THAN I THOUGHT! HE'S IN A TRANCE...

DAGWOOD: (SNORES)

BLONDIE: IF THAT'S A TRANCE -- HE'S IN ONE MOST OF THE TIME! HE'S JUST ASLEEP.

FUDDLE: WHAT? HOW DOES HE EXPECT ME TO PUT HIM IN A TRANCE IF HE CAN'T STAY AWAKE LONG ENOUGH TO BE PUT TO SLEEP.....

DAGWOOD: (DROWSY) "MILLIONS OF FLOWERS."

FUDDLE: HE THINKS HE'S IN THE GARDEN! MAYBE I CAN WORK IT FROM
HERE! LISTEN, BUMSTEAD...HERE COMES A HONEY BEE AFTER
THE FLOWERS...(BUZZER IN SOFT AND AT REGULAR INTERVALS)
HERE HE COMES, BUZZING -- DRONING OVER YOUR HEAD...HE CAN
MAKES YOU DROWSY...YOUR EYES ARE HEAVY WITH SLEEP...YOU
CAN'T STAY AWAKE...SLEEEEEP...SLEEEEEP...SLEEEEEP.....

BLONDIE: LOOK...HE'S HAPPY AS A KING!

FUDDLE: HE'S UNDER THE SPELL!...WATCH NOW!...BUMSTEAD! YOU ARE
A MAN OF DESTINY! YOU KNOW YOU ARE. SAY AFTER ME NOW...
"I AM NOW DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD...VICE-PRESIDENT OF J. C.
DITHERS COMPANY."

DAGWOOD: (DROWSY) "I AM NOW DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD...VICE-PRESIDENT OF
J. C. DITHERS COMPANY."

FUDDLE: IT'S WORKING! NOW, DAGWOOD, SAY "I AM NOW A MAN...NOT A
MOUSE."

DAGWOOD: "I AM NOW A MAN...NOT A MOUSE."

BLONDIE: WELL -- FOR GOODNESS SAKE! (BUZZER OUT)

DAGWOOD: "I AM NOW A MOOSE!"

FUDDLE: NO, NO, BUMSTEAD! YOU BROKE THE SPELL, BLONDIE. I'LL
HAVE TO START OVER.

DAGWOOD: "I AM NOW DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD!...(BUZZER IN)..."PRESIDENT
OF J. C. DITHERS COMPANY."

FUDDLE: HEAR THAT? HE'S PROMOTED HIMSELF. THE CURE IS COMPLETE!

BLONDIE: LISTEN, MR. FUDDLE, WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT?

FUDDLE: I WILL SHOW YOU, MADAME. SIT UP, BUMSTEAD! RISE AND TAKE
COMMAND!

DAGWOOD: YOU BET I WILL!

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FUDDLE: LOOK AT HIM! A TERRIFIC CHANGE HAS OCCURRED! LOOK AT
THE FIRM SET OF THAT JAW -- THE STERN GLEAM IN HIS EYE.
STOMACH IN! CHEST OUT!

DAGWOOD: INHALE -- EXHALE! AAAAAAAH!

FUDDLE: FROM STUPID TO STUPENDOUS...(LAUGHS)

DAGWOOD: FUDDLE!

FUDDLE: YES, OLD MAN?

DAGWOOD: DON'T CALL ME OLD MAN ANYMORE. I DON'T LIKE IT!

FUDDLE: WELL...BUT....

DAGWOOD: AND I DON'T LIKE YOUR JOKES. LET'S HAVE NO MORE OF THEM.

FUDDLE: EH?

DAGWOOD: I DON'T LIKE YOUR FACE VERY MUCH, EITHER.

BLONDIE: NOW, DAGWOOD...THAT ISN'T VERY NICE...

DAGWOOD: SILENCE! I'M HANDLING THIS!

BLONDIE: OH, MR. FUDDLE -- THIS IS AWFUL! WHAT CAN WE DO?

FUDDLE: HUMOUR HIM! DON'T CROSS HIM NOW!

DAGWOOD: FUDDLE!

FUDDLE: RIGHT HERE OLD...ER....MR. BUMSTEAD!

DAGWOOD: OPEN THE FRONT DOOR, FUDDLE!

BLONDIE: HE WANTS AIR!

FUDDLE: SURE, SURE, MR. BUMSTEAD..."OPEN THE DOOR"...YES SIR.
(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: FACE THE DOOR, FUDDLE.

FUDDLE: CERTAINLY...CERTAINLY.

DAGWOOD: I SEE A PIN NEAR THE DOOR...PICK IT UP...

FUDDLE: A -- A PIN? LISTEN -- IT'S HARD FOR A MAN OF MY BUILD TO
-- ER -- STOOP....

BLONDIE: HUMOUR HIM, MR. FUDDLE!

DAGWOOD: STOOP, FUDDLE!

FUDDLE: OKAY, OKAY -- BUT I MUST SAY I DON'T GET IT...

DAGWOOD: DON'T WORRY -- YOU'LL GET IT...RIGHT NOW!
(A THUD AS DAG'S FOOT CONNECTS WITH FUDDLE'S REAR END)

FUDDLE: (FAST FADE) OOOOOOOOH! (A SLASH OUTSIDE)

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD! YOU KICKED HIM! (GOING) WAIT -- I'LL BRUSH YOU OFF, MR. FUDDLE!

DAGWOOD: I JUST GAVE HIM THE BRUSH OFF! (LAUGHS) (DOOR SLAMS)
(KNOCKING ON DOOR)

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD -- LET US IN! MR. FUDDLE IS ALL WET!

DAGWOOD: (SHOUTING THROUGH DOOR) HE ALWAYS WAS! (LAUGHS) OLD DOCTOR FUDDLE...FELL IN A PUDDLE...UP TO HIS MUDDLE...
(LAUGHS) GET IT!
(THE POUNDING AND DAG'S LAUGH BUILD AS:)
(MUSIC IN FAST FOR VERY BRIEF INTERLUDE...SEGUE TO RAIN MUSIC AND OUT) (SOUND OF RAIN...RUNNING DOWN SPOUTS, ETC.)

BLONDIE: CAN YOU SEE ANYTHING THROUGH THE WINDOW, MR. FUDDLE?

FUDDLE: YEAH. IT LOOKS BAD. DAGWOOD'S RIGGED HIMSELF UP A THRONE NOW! HE'S GOT HIS EASY CHAIR UP ON A TABLE AND HE'S MAKING A SPEECH -- WITH GESTURES.

BLONDIE: OH, DEAR, WELL -- THIS DOOR ISN'T REALLY LOCKED...MAYBE IF WE WENT IN....

FUDDLE: NOW WAIT A MINUTE! I'M NOT GOING TO BE KICKED OUT OF THE SAME PLACE TWICE IN THE SAME DAY.

BLONDIE: WELL, YOU GOT HIM INTO THIS CONDITION. YOU'LL HAVE TO GET HIM OUT OF IT.

FUDDLE: HOW?

BLONDIE: HOW? DON'T YOU KNOW?

FUDDLE: I HADN'T GOT THAT FAR IN THE BOOK. I WAS ONLY UP TO PAGE TEN.

BLONDIE: WELL, IT MUST SAY IN THE BOOK...WHERE IS IT?

FUDDLE: IT'S HERE. SOAKING WET! I CAN'T READ IT ANYHOW WITH THIS RAIN IN MY FACE.

BLONDIE: STAND IN UNDER THE PORCH MORE. NOW FIND THE PLACE THAT TELLS ABOUT GETTING PEOPLE OUT OF THE TRANCE.

FUDDLE: LET'S SEE...PAGE TEN...HMMM. IT SAYS HERE..."TO REMOVE THE SPELL...SEE PAGE THIRTEEN." AH! NOW WE'RE GETTING SOMEWHERE.

BLONDIE: FIND PAGE THIRTEEN!....HURRY!

FUDDLE: I DON'T WANT TO TEAR THESE WET PAGES AT THIS POINT! LET'S SEE...PAGE TEN...PAGE ELEVEN...PAGE FOURTEEN...PAGE.

BLONDIE: YOU'VE PASSED PAGE THIRTEEN.

FUDDLE: PASSED IT? NO!..IT...IT ISN'T HERE. IT'S GONE!

BLONDIE: GONE! IT CAN'T BE GONE!...YOU'VE GOT TO FIND IT!...
(AUTO HORN AWAY) OH DEAR! HERE'S MR. DITHERS COMING!..
HE MUSTN'T SEE DAGWOOD ACTING LIKE THIS!

FUDDLE: I DON'T WANT HIM TO SEE ME, EITHER...(GOING) I -- I'LL JUST RUN OVER TO THE HOUSE -- PUT ON SOME DRY CLOTHES...

BLONDIE: (CALLING) AND FIND PAGE THIRTEEN!

DITHERS: BLONDIE!

BLONDIE: OH, HELLO, MR. DITHERS.

DITHERS: WAS THAT MAN ANNOYING YOU?

BLONDIE: YOU MEAN MR. FUDDLE?

DITHERS: NO, NO. I MEAN THE TRAMP WHO RAN AWAY AS I CAME UP THE WALK.

BLONDIE: THAT WAS MR. FUDDLE...HE FELL IN A PUDDLE...

DITHERS: THIS IS NO TIME FOR POETRY, BLONDIE...I WANT TO SEE DAGWOOD. IS HE IN?

BLONDIE: WELL, YES HE IS...BUT -- WELL -- HE'S ACTING SORT OF QUEER.

DITHERS: I'LL SAY HE IS...IF THE STORY OLD MAN SKRIMPER TELLS ME IS TRUE -- HE MUST HAVE BATS IN HIS BELFRY...

BLONDIE: WELL, I DON'T KNOW WHAT SKRIMPER TOLD YOU...BUT I'M SURE DAGWOOD CAN EXPLAIN! GO RIGHT IN, MR. DITHERS...I...I'VE GOT TO RUN OVER TO FUDDLES'....

DITHERS: FUDDLES'? WHAT FOR?

BLONDIE: TO FIND PAGE THIRTEEN!
(RAIN MUSIC IN AND UP...THEN ENDS WITH "BUMSTEAD")

DITHERS: BUMSTEAD, WHERE ARE YOU? BUMSTEAD!

DAGWOOD: (JUST AS LOUD) QUIET, DITHERS!

DITHERS: EH? SAY -- WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU, BUMSTEAD?

DAGWOOD: I WANT QUIET, I AM MAKING BIG DECISIONS.

DITHERS: HMMP. WELL, I'M GLAD TO HEAR IT...(SARCASTIC) MAYBE WHEN YOU GET AROUND TO IT YOU WON'T MIND TELLING ME WHY YOU LEFT OLD MAN SKRIMPER...ON A RAINY DAY...WITH NO ROOF ON HIS HOUSE.

DAGWOOD: DOES OLD SKRIMPER SAY THAT?

DITHERS: YES...

DAGWOOD: IT'S A LIE!

DITHERS: WELL THEN...WHAT'S YOUR STORY?

DAGWOOD: SKRIMPER GAVE THE JOB TO SOME CHEAP CONCERN!...THEY TOOK OFF THE ROOF! WHEN IT STARTED TO RAIN -- THEY QUIT.

DITHERS: OH. WELL, THE RAIN IS RUINING HIS FURNITURE. HE WANTS THE ROOF FIXED. I SUPPOSE HE'S SORE AT THE OTHER PEOPLE, ANYWAY, HE WANTS US TO DO THE JOB NOW.

DAGWOOD: NO.

DITHERS: HOW'S THAT?

DAGWOOD: I HOPE OLD SKRIMPER GETS WASHED DOWN A DRAIN.

DITHERS: NOW LISTEN, BUMSTEAD! SKRIMPER IS A BIG MAN...THIS JOB CAN LEAD TO OTHERS. WE'VE GOT TO ACCOMODATE HIM...

DAGWOOD: I HAVEN'T.

DITHERS: (GETTING SORE) HOW DO YOU MEAN YOU HAVEN'T? GET DOWN OFF THAT SILLY TABLE AND GET SOME MEN AND GO OUT AND FIX THAT ROOF.

DAGWOOD: NONSENSE DITHERS! IF YOU THINK YOU CAN SEND ME OUT ON A RAINY DAY TO FIX A LEAKY ROOF -- YOU'VE GOT ANOTHER THINK COMING.

DITHERS: WHAT? SAY, WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?

DAGWOOD: "I AM NOW DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD, PRESIDENT OF J.C. DITHERS COMPANY!"

DITHERS: HAH? WHAT DID YOU SAY?

DAGWOOD: YOU HEARD ME! I'M PRESIDENT AND I DON'T MEND ROOFS. BUT I'M THINKING OF GETTING A BETTER JOB!

DITHERS: OH YOU ARE? CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD MAYBE?

DAGWOOD: NO...THERE'S NOT MUCH FUTURE WITH YOU, DITHERS!... TOO HIDEBOUND...

DITHERS: EH?

DAGWOOD: SO I'M THINKING OF GOING INTO BUSINESS ON MY OWN...

DITHERS: WHAT? WHEN?

DAGWOOD: RIGHT NOW!...I RESIGN RIGHT NOW! GOODBYE DITHERS.

DITHERS: LISTEN! ARE YOU FIRING ME?

DAGWOOD: THAT'S RIGHT. SCRAM, DITHERS! I'M BUSY MAKING PLANS.

DITHERS: LOOK HERE, BUMSTEAD -- A JOKE IS A JOKE...

DAGWOOD: GET OUT DITHERS -- BEFORE I THROW YOU OUT. I'LL
GIVE YOU TILL I COUNT THREE!

DITHERS: LISTEN -- IF YOU THINK YOU'RE KIDDING -- YOU'RE
WRONG!...

DAGWOOD: ONE?...ARE YOU GOING?

DITHERS: YES, I'M GOING? BUT DON'T THINK YOU CAN CALL ME BACK
AND APOLOGIZE.

DAGWOOD: TWO! ARE YOU STILL THERE?

DITHERS: ONCE I GO OUT THAT DOOR YOU'RE THROUGH BUMSTEAD.

DAGWOOD: THREE!

DITHERS: HEY! DON'T THROW THAT!

DAGWOOD: PAH! (CRASH OF CHAIR THROWN AT DITHERS) (DAGWOOD
LAUGHS)

BLONDIE: (COMING IN) DAGWOOD! WHAT'S HAPPENED?

DITHERS: HE'S FIRED! I MEAN I'M FIRED.

DAGWOOD: I JUST RESIGNED.

BLONDIE: OH, NO!

DITHERS: OH YES. I WARNED HIM...AND WHAT I SAID GOES...

BLONDIE: WAIT!

DITHERS: NO! GOODBYE FOREVER BUMSTEAD!

DAGWOOD: DON'T SLAM THE DOOR BEHIND YOU!

DITHERS: PAH! (DOOR SLAMS)

BLONDIE: OH, DAGWOOD...DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'VE DONE? (DOOR
BUZZER)

DAGWOOD: TOOOOH! WHAT'S THAT?

BLONDIE: THE DOOR BUZZER! DAGWOOD -- WHAT'S THE MATTER?

DAGWOOD: I -- I FEEL FAINT...(DYING VOICE) OOOOOOOOH...
(A THUMP AS HE FALLS)

"BLONDIE"
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BLONDIE: DAGWOOD! SPEAK TO ME! (DOOR OPENS) MR. FUDDLE,
COME HERE QUICK,

FUDDLE: WHAT'S WRONG?

BLONDIE: HE RESIGNED FROM HIS JOB...THREW MR. DITHERS OUT!
THEN WHEN YOU RANG THE DOORBELL HE -- FAINTED. (GOING)
I -- I'LL GET SOME WATER!

FUDDLE: BUMSTEAD! COME TO!

DAGWOOD: OOOOOH! WHERE AM I?

FUDDLE: IN A FINE MESS!

DAGWOOD: THE LAST I REMEMBER -- I WAS IN A GARDEN!...BEES
AND STUFF...

FUDDLE: YOU'VE COVERED A LOT OF GROUND SINCE THEN BUMSTEAD...
YOU JUST GAVE UP YOUR JOB -- AND THREW DITHERS OUT OF
THE HOUSE.

DAGWOOD: TOOOOH. OH, BLOOOOOONDIE!

MUSIC: (IN THEN SEGUE TO THEME FOR)
(COMMERCIAL)

"BLONDIE"
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21-A
(REVISED)

(SECOND COMMERCIAL)

GOODWIN:

EXTRA MILDNESS, EXTRA COOLNESS, AND EXTRA FLAVOR ARE NOT ALL THE ADVANTAGES YOU ENJOY IN SLOW-BURNING CAMELS. THERE'S ECONOMY IN CAMELS, TOO -- MORE ACTUAL SMOKING PER CIGARETTE...PER PACK. IN THE LABORATORY TESTS I MENTIONED A FEW MINUTES AGO, CAMELS NOT ONLY BURNED SLOWER THAN ANY OF THE FIFTEEN OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED -- THEY BURNED TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT SLOWER THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE OTHER BRANDS. THAT MEANS CAMELS GIVE A SMOKING PLUS EQUAL, ON THE AVERAGE TO FIVE EXTRA SMOKE PER PACK. THAT'S A WORTHWHILE SAVING TO ANY SMOKER. IF YOU LIVE IN A COMMUNITY WHERE CERTAIN STATE CIGARETTE TAXES ARE IN EFFECT, YOU CAN SAVE THE COST OF THE TAX THROUGH SMOKING CAMELS. IF THERE'RE NO ADDED TAXES WHERE YOU LIVE, THE SAVINGS ARE ALL YOURS. SO PICK YOUR CIGARETTE FOR SLOW BURNING. SMOKE CAMELS AND GET MORE PLEASURE PER PUFF AND MORE PUFFS PER PACK. PENNY FOR PENNY, CAMELS ARE YOUR BEST CIGARETTE BUY!

GOODWIN: AND NOW -- BACK IN THE BUMSTEAD HOME...WE FIND A SHAKEN DAGWOOD...BACK ON THE COUCH...WHILE FUDDLE STANDS BY!...BLONDIE IS ON THE TELEPHONE...TALKING TO MRS. DITHERS...

BLONDIE: WELL, LISTEN CORY!...WHEN MR. DITHERS DOES GET HOME... ASK HIM TO CALL ME RIGHT AWAY. TELL HIM DAGWOOD IS ALL RIGHT NOW...AND WANTS TO APOLOGIZE...YOU WILL? OH, THANK YOU CORY...GOODBYE. (HANGS UP)...SHE'LL TELL HIM.

DAGWOOD: IT WON'T DO ANY GOOD -- DO YOU THINK?

FUDDLE: MAYBE I COULD PUT DITHERS UNDER CONTROL

BLONDIE: NO MR. FUDDLE! -- YOU'VE DONE ENOUGH TODAY. DID YOU EVER FIND PAGE THIRTEEN?

FUDDLE: YEAH. IT WAS JUST STUCK TO THE OTHER PAGE -- WITH MUD! IT SAYS THE SAME KIND OF SOUND THAT PUTS 'EM IN THE TRANCE WILL BRING THEM OUT OF IT.

BLONDIE: THEN IT MUST HAVE BEEN THE DOOR BUZZER BROUGHT DAGWOOD OUT.

FUDDLE: THERE'S JUST ONE LITTLE CATCH TO IT THOUGH.

DAGWOOD: EH? WHAT CATCH?

FUDDLE: WELL, FOR A FEW HOURS AFTER HE COMES OUT -- HE'S LIABLE TO SLIP BACK INTO IT...ANY TIME HE HEARS ANOTHER BUZZER.

DAGWOOD: OH GOSH.

BLONDIE: WELL -- WE WON'T HAVE ANY MORE BUZZERS!

FUDDLE: SAY. WHO'S THIS COMING UP THE FRONT PATH?

DAGWOOD: WHERE? OH! THAT'S OLD MR. SKRIMPER. MAYBE IF I GET ON THE RIGHT SIDE OF HIM...

BLONDIE: ALL RIGHT -- ONLY...

FUDDLE: ONLY YOU'D BETTER OPEN THE DOOR BEFORE HE RINGS THAT DOOR BUZZER.

BLONDIE: YES -- I -- I'LL TALK TO HIM... (DOOR OPENS) HELLO, MR. SKRIMPER.

SKRIMP: (CRABBY) HELLO NOTHING! WHAT'S THE IDEA OF OPENING THAT DOOR IN MY FACE?

BLONDIE: I WANTED TO SAVE YOU RINGING THE BELL.

SKRIMP: OH YOU DID, EH? WELL WHEN I START ANYTHING I FINISH IT! I HAD MY FINGER ON THAT BELL AND I'M GOING TO RING IT!

FUDDLE: NO!

SKRIMP: YES! (SOUND OF BUZZER...LONG AND LOUD)

BLONDIE: OH DEAR!

DAGWOOD: SKRIMPER!

SKRIMP: EH?

DAGWOOD: TAKE YOUR FINGER OFF MY DOOR BELL! (BUZZER OUT)

BLONDIE: DON'T MIND HIM, MR. SKRIMPER...HE'S UNDER AGAIN!

DAGWOOD: BLONDIE! LEAVE ME ALONE WITH SKRIMPER.

BLONDIE: YES DEAR. JUST A MINUTE TILL I RING THE DOOR BUZZER AGAIN. OH DEAR! -- MR. SKRIMPER JAMMED IT! MR. FUDDLE...WHERE'S THAT BEE?

FUDDLE: EH?

BLONDIE: THE HONEY BEE!...YOU KNOW...TO BRING DAGWOOD OUT
OF IT!

SKRIMP: BEE?...THERE'S NO BEES OUT ON A DAY LIKE THIS...

FUDDLE: OH YES THERE ARE! GOOD IDEA BLONDIE. HERE'S THE BEE
RIGHT HERE...

BLONDIE: BUZZ IT -- QUICK -- BEFORE DAGWOOD GETS DANGEROUS
AGAIN.

FUDDLE: I'M TRYING TO BUZZ IT. SAY! IT'S BUSTED TOO!

BLONDIE: OH!

FUDDLE: MUST HAVE GONE WRONG WHEN DAGWOOD KICKED ME THROUGH
THE DOOR...

SKRIMP: HOW'S THAT? HE KICKED A BIG MAN LIKE YOU?

FUDDLE: I'LL SAY! A BEAUTY! (GOING) I'LL RUN BACK HOME
FOR MY PLIERS, BLONDIE.

BLONDIE: I'LL GO WITH YOU.

SKRIMP: WAIT! DON'T LEAVE ME ALONE WITH THIS MAN IF HE'S
VIOLENT.

BLONDIE: (GOING) JUST DON'T CROSS HIM AND YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT.
(DOOR SHUTS)

DAGWOOD: (MENACING) SIT DOWN SKRIMPER!...

SKRIMP: WELL -- I BETTER BE GOING...

DAGWOOD: IF YOU TRY TO LEAVE BEFORE I SAY SO -- YOU'LL GO
FEET FIRST! GOT THAT SKRIMPER?

SKRIMP: YES -- CERTAINLY MR. BUMSTEAD! I -- I'LL SIT HERE --
QUIETLY.

DAGWOOD: OKAY. NOW WHAT'S YOUR BUSINESS WITH ME.

SKRIMP: WELL -- THOSE CROOKS WHO TOOK THE ROOF OFF MY HOUSE, LEFT ME IN A BAD SITUATION. I'VE DECIDED TO DO BUSINESS WITH DITHERS. BUT I CAN'T FIND HIM.

DAGWOOD: YOU CAN DO BUSINESS WITH ME!...

SKRIMP: WELL -- GET THE ROOF BACK ON MY HOUSE BEFORE THIS RAIN RUINS EVERYTHING -- WE -- ER -- CAN TALK OVER THE PRICE LATER.

DAGWOOD: OH NO! WE TALK PRICE NOW! SEE THIS CONTRACT?

SKRIMP: THAT THE SAME ONE YOU WANTED SIGNED BEFORE?

DAGWOOD: YEP! SAME ONE...

SKRIMP: I'LL SIGN IT!

DAGWOOD: OH NO! NOT NOW YOU WON'T!...I'VE GOT ANOTHER CLAUSE TO GO IN HERE!...WHERE'S MY PEN?

SKRIMP: I DUNNO AS I'LL AGREE TO ANY CHANGES...

DAGWOOD: THEN LET IT RAIN! THE RADIO NEWS SAYS ITS ONLY BEEN DRIZZLING SO FAR. GOING TO BE THE WORST RAIN IN YEARS.

SKRIMP: WELL -- WHAT'S THE CLAUSE YOU WANT IN THERE?

DAGWOOD: IT SAYS, WE GET ALL YOUR WORK FOR THE NEXT TEN YEARS.

SKRIMP: NO!

DAGWOOD: THEN LET IT RAIN!

SKRIMP: WAIT! HOW DO I KNOW WHAT YOU'LL CHARGE?

DAGWOOD: WE'LL MEET ANY OTHER BIDS.

SKRIMP: THE LOWEST BIDS?

DAGWOOD: DON'T BE SILLY -- THE HIGHEST!

SKRIMP: NO!

DAGWOOD: LISTEN, SKRIMPER -- IF YOU SAY NO TO ME ONCE MORE -- YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO SIGN ANYTHING! I'M OFFERING YOU A FAIR BUSINESS DEAL!...ARE YOU GOING TO TAKE IT OR ARE YOU GOING TO MAKE ME MAD AT YOU?

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SKRIMP: WELL -- I...

DAGWOOD: WHEN I GET MAD I'M TERRIBLE! I JUST DON'T KNOW
WHAT I'M DOING...NOW FOR THE LAST TIME...HERE'S
THE PEN! ARE YOU GOING TO SIGN?

SKRIMP: GIVE ME THE PEN...(DOOR OPENS FAST)

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD...

DAGWOOD: QUIET!...MR. SKRIMPER CAN'T SIGN WITH ALL THIS NOISE.

BLONDIE: SIGN? SIGN WHAT.

SKRIMP: THIS TEN YEAR CONTRACT -- AT HIS TERMS.

BLONDIE: OH! WELL -- THEN I GUESS YOU DON'T NEED THE BEE --
RIGHT NOW.

DAGWOOD: I'M DOING ALL RIGHT! SIGN SKRIMPER!...

FUDDLE: (AWAY) BLONDIE...HEY! IT'S FIXED.

BLONDIE: NEVER MIND, MR. FUDDLE...YOU SEE...

FUDDLE: (COMING IN) IT WORKS LIKE A CHARM NOW...LISTEN...(BEE BUZZER...LOUD)

DAGWOOD: T-OOOOOH. (A THUMP AS HE FALLS)

SKRIMP: WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH BUMSTEAD NOW?

BLONDIE: OH NOTHING. HE JUST LIES DOWN LIKE THAT WHEN HE'S TIRED!

SKRIMP: HE LAY DOWN MIGHTY FAST! I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE!

BLONDIE: DON'T FORGET TO SIGN THE CONTRACT!

~~SKRIMP: SIGN THE CONTRACT!~~

SKRIMP: SIGN NOTHING! I THINK YOU'RE ALL CRAZY! I'M GOING!

BLONDIE: WAIT! QUICK FUDDLE...THE BEE!

FUDDLE: EH?

BLONDIE: THE BEE! GIVE US THE BEE.

FUDDLE: COMING UP! ONE BEE! (BUZZER AGAIN)

SKRIMP: STAND ASIDE! LET ME OUT!

DAGWOOD: (BACK UNDER AGAIN) SKRIMPER! GET AWAY FROM THAT DOOR!

SKRIMP: He's come to!

DAGWOOD: WHAT'S THE DELAY, SKRIMPER? WHY HAVEN'T YOU SIGNED?

SKRIMP: I -- I WAS JUST GOING TO.

DAGWOOD: WELL -- HURRY UP ABOUT IT! BEFORE I GO OVER TO YOUR HOUSE AND TAKE THE REST OF THE ROOF OFF!

SKRIMP: NO, NOW MR. BUMSTEAD! DON'T GET HEATED! LOOK! I'VE SIGNED THE CONTRACT!

DAGWOOD: OKAY. I'LL HAVE SOME MEN OVER THERE IN HALF AN HOUR! GOODBYE!

SKRIMP: WELL! THAT'S WHAT I LIKE!! ACTION! YOU MAY DRIVE A HARD BARGAIN -- BUT YOU CERTAINLY COME THROUGH IN A PINCH.

DAGWOOD: THAT'S BECAUSE I'M HIGH POWERED! STRONG! (PHONE BELL)
T-OOOOOOOH. (A THUMP)

SKRIMP: HEY. HE'S OUT AGAIN!

FUDDLE: ANSWER THE PHONE, BLONDIE! I'LL GET DAGWOOD ON THE COUCH!

BLONDIE: YES, I'LL GET IT. (PHONE AGAIN)

DAGWOOD: (LOUD AGAIN) HEY! WHY DOESN'T SOMEBODY ANSWER THAT PHONE?

FUDDLE: HE'S IN AGAIN!

BLONDIE: HELLO?

DITHERS: (ON FILTER) BLONDIE? CORY GAVE ME YOUR MESSAGE.

BLONDIE: OH YES, MR. DITHERS...YOU SEE...

DAGWOOD: THAT DITHERS? I'LL TAKE IT! HELLO DITHERS? BUMSTEAD
THIS END!

DITHERS: WELL, I MEANT WHAT I SAID, BUMSTEAD...

DAGWOOD: DON'T INTERRUPT DITHERS! I'VE JUST SIGNED A TEN YEAR
CONTRACT WITH MR. SKRIMPER...OUR TERMS...AND I WANT SOME
ACTION FROM YOU!

DITHERS: DID YOU SAY A TEN YEAR CONTRACT.

DAGWOOD: THAT'S WHAT I SAID! I WANT TWENTY OF OUR BEST MEN OVER ON
THAT JOB RIGHT AWAY. I WANT THAT ROOF BACK ON HIS HOUSE
BEFORE IT'S DARK...

SKRIMP: THAT'S THE TALK! LET ME TALK TO HIM! HELLO DITHERS!
HEY! TOO BAD YOU HAVEN'T GOT MORE MEN LIKE BUMSTEAD IN
YOUR ORGANIZATION! SAYS WHAT HE MEANS -- MEANS WHAT HE
SAYS! BETTER NOT LET HIM GET AWAY FROM YOU, DITHERS --
IF YOU WANT TO STAY IN BUSINESS! HEH, HEH! G'BYE.
(HANGS UP) THAT'LL GIVE HIM SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT.
WELL, I'VE GOT TO BE GOING. (DOOR OPENS) I'LL BE LOOKING
FOR THOSE MEN.

DAGWOOD: THEY'LL BE THERE! WHEN I GIVE ORDERS -- I DON'T FOOL.

SKRIMP: I KNOW! I KNOW! YOU'RE CERTAINLY A LIVE WIRE. (PHONE RINGS)

DAGWOOD: (FAINTING) T-OOOOOOH.

BLONDIE: CATCH HIM!

FUDDLE: I GOT HIM!

BLONDIE: YOU'D BETTER GO, MR. SKRIMPER! DON'T WORRY...

SKRIMP: I'M NOT WORRIED A MITE! I'VE SEEN BUMSTEAD BOUNCE BACK FROM THOSE LITTLE NAPS HE TAKES! WONDERFUL SYSTEM -- WONDERFUL. I WISH I KNEW HIS SECRET!

FUDDLE: YOU DO? THEN LET ME INTRODUCE MYSELF, SIR. FARQUAR FUDDLE IS THE NAME. MR. BUMSTEAD'S TRAINER -- AH -- TEACHER.

SKRIMP: THAT SO?

FUDDLE: INDUBITABLY MY FRIEND...AND AS I LOOK AT YOU...I FEEL CONFIDENT THAT YOU TOO, CAN GAIN A DOMINANT PERSONALITY -- WITH A LITTLE COACHING FROM ME...

SKRIMP: YOU DON'T SAY! ER -- HOW MUCH WOULD YOU ASK?

FUDDLE: JUST STEP OUTSIDE WITH ME, FRIEND...SEE YOU LATER, BUMSTEAD. SO LONG, BLONDIE...(GOING) NOW SKRIMPER -- OF COURSE YOU UNDERSTAND THAT THE SECRET IS PRICELESS, SIR...ABSOLUTELY PRICELESS! HOWEVER...(THE DOOR SHUTS BEHIND THEM)

DAGWOOD: BLONDIE?

BLONDIE: YES DEAR. HOW DO YOU FEEL?

DAGWOOD: KIND OF TIRED.

BLONDIE: NO WONDER -- HOPPING IN AND OUT OF YOUR SUBCONSCIOUS LIKE THAT...WHY DON'T YOU TAKE A LITTLE NAP?

DAGWOOD: YEAH. I THINK I WILL. (YAWNS) SAY, THAT WAS A GOOD STORY -- ABOUT THE BEE IN THE GARDEN. (SLEEPY) WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO THAT BEE?

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BLONDIE: OH HE STUNG A COUPLE OF PEOPLE WHO NEEDED STINGING...AND
GATHERED SOME HONEY FOR US.

DAGWOOD: (ABOUT GONE) HE DID, EH? OKAY!

BLONDIE: UHUH...NOW LISTEN, DAGWOOD...THAT BEE DOESN'T BOTHER YOU
ANY MORE...UNDERSTAND?

DAGWOOD: (GRUNTS ASSENT)

BLONDIE: REPEAT AFTER ME. "I, DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD, AM NO LONGER
BOTHERED BY BUZZERS."

DAGWOOD: "I, DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD, AM NO LONGER BOTHERED BY BUZZERS."

BLONDIE: NOW WHEN YOU HEAR THIS BUZZER -- IT WON'T MEAN A THING
TO YOU. (BUZZER ONCE...TWICE SOFTLY) HEAR IT?
(BUZZER AGAIN)

DAGWOOD: (SNORES)

BLONDIE: WELL THANK HEAVENS HE'S BACK TO NORMAL! (WITH LIFT)
WELL, I GUESS THAT'S THE END OF THAT!
(MUSIC IN AND SEGUE TO THEME FOR:)
(CLOSING)

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ORCHESTRA: (THEME UP AND FADE FOR:)

GOODWIN: BLONDIE IS PLAYED BY PENNY SINGLETON AND DAGWOOD BY ARTHUR LAKE, COLUMBIA PICTURE STARS. AND SO...UNTIL NEXT MONDAY AT THIS SAME TIME WE LEAVE THE BUMSTEADS. BUT SATURDAY NIGHT ^{the makers of} CAMEL CIGARETTES BRING YOU ANOTHER PROGRAM OVER ANOTHER NETWORK -- BOB CROSBY AND THE BEST DIXIELAND BAND IN THE LAND ~~SEARCHING FOR NEW~~ WITH -- MILDRED BAILEY! NOW THERE'S SOMETHING YOU CAN'T MISS. BOB CROSBY, HIS ORCHESTRA AND MILDRED BAILEY! THAT IS REAL RADIO PLEASURE! AND FOR YOUR ~~SMOKING~~ SMOKING PLEASURE -- 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 ARTZ 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.