

1/19/40

OK

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, JANUARY 22, 1940

MUSIC

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

BLONDIE: AH, AH, AH -- DON'T TOUCH THAT DIAL -- THIS IS "BLONDIE."  
YOU'VE GOT A DATE WITH ME.

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.

GOODWIN: IF YOU'VE BEEN A CIGARETTE SMOKER FOR ANY LENGTH OF TIME,  
YOU KNOW THAT MILDNESS, COOLNESS, AND FLAVOR ARE JUST ABOUT  
THE MOST IMPORTANT FACTORS THERE ARE IN SMOKING PLEASURE.  
NOW CIGARETTES THAT BURN FAST JUST NATURALLY BURN HOT. AND  
NOTHING SO SURELY DESTROYS THE DELICATE ELEMENTS OF FLAVOR  
AND FRAGRANCE IN A CIGARETTE AS EXCESS HEAT. CAMEL  
CIGARETTES ARE KNOWN EVERYWHERE FOR THEIR COSTLIER TOBACCOS  
AND THEIR SLOWER BURNING. FOR THAT VERY REASON SMOKER AFTER  
SMOKER HAS TURNED FROM FAST-BURNING CIGARETTES TO  
SLOW-BURNING CAMELS...AND HAS FOUND -- JUST AS YOU'LL FIND  
-- THAT CAMELS GIVE YOU EXTRA MILDNESS, EXTRA COOLNESS, AND  
EXTRA FLAVOR. SO FOR THE UTMOST PLEASURE IN SMOKING, TURN  
TO AMERICA'S FAVORITE CIGARETTE. TURN TO CAMELS -- THE  
CIGARETTE OF SLOW-BURNING COSTLIER TOBACCOS.

ORCHESTRA: (TAG)

51455 6003

GOODWIN: AND NOW -- OUR WEEKLY VISIT WITH THE BUMSTEDS TAKES US TO THE OFFICES OF THE J.C. DITHERS CONSTRUCTION COMPANY WHERE DAGWOOD WORKS. THERE'S DAGWOOD NOW -- AND BLONDIE -- STANDING JUST OUTSIDE THE DOOR OF MR. DITHERS PRIVATE OFFICE...STARING AFTER THE RETREATING BACK OF F. WOOLLY WALDEMAR -- INTERIOR DECORATOR.

DAGWOOD: LISTEN, BLONDIE -- WHAT'S THAT FELLER HANGIN' AROUND HERE FOR?

BLONDIE: OH, HE'S BEEN WORKING HERE, DEAR.

DAGWOOD: WORKING HERE?

BLONDIE: UHUH. WE JUST FINISHED DOING OVER MR. DITHERS OFFICE.

DAGWOOD: OH WELL THEN...(TAKE)...DOING WHAT?

BLONDIE: REDECORATING. DON'T YOU REMEMBER, DEAR? YOU SAID I COULD FIX IT UP A LITTLE WHILE MR. DITHERS WAS AWAY ON HIS TRIP.

DAGWOOD: YEAH, BUT...GOSH! I THOUGHT YOU WERE JUST GOING TO PUSH THE FURNITURE AROUND IN DIFFERENT PLACES -- LIKE YOU DO AT HOME SOMETIMES. GOLLY -- I DON'T KNOW WHAT MR. DITHERS WILL SAY...

BLONDIE: OH, HE'LL LOVE IT, DAGWOOD. AFTER HE GETS USED TO IT! HIS NEW OFFICE IS GOING TO CHANGE HIS WHOLE DISPOSITION...

DAGWOOD: CHANGE DITHERS?

BLONDIE: UM-HMMMM. FROM NOW ON HE'LL BE VERY CALM -- AND POLITE!

DAGWOOD: DITHERS WILL BE POLITE? HEY! WHAT DID YOU DO TO THAT OFFICE?

BLONDIE: YOU'LL SEE IN A MINUTE...NOW FIRST...CAN YOU REMEMBER WHAT MR. DITHERS OFFICE USED TO LOOK LIKE?

DAGWOOD: I'LL SAY! HE'S HAD ME ON THE CARPET IN THERE OFTEN ENOUGH!

BLONDIE: THOSE DAYS ARE GONE FOREVER, DAGWOOD. IT WAS THE OFFICE HAD SUCH A BAD EFFECT ON HIM. IT HAD NO MORE PERSONALITY THAN A REFRIGERATOR

DAGWOOD: *What the matter with Refrigerator*  
OH, ~~REFRIGERATORS ARE ALL RIGHT.~~ YOU TAKE ALONG ABOUT BEDTIME...WHEN YOU NEED A LITTLE SNACK...

BLONDIE: I MEANT AN EMPTY REFRIGERATOR, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: OH, WELL, THAT'S BAD. DITHERS' OFFICE DID LOOK LIKE AN EMPTY REFRIGERATOR -- ONLY COLDER!

BLONDIE: WELL -- MR. WOLDEMAR FIXED THAT. HE EXPLAINED TO ME THAT WHAT WAS WRONG WITH MR. DITHERS WAS BAD CHROMATICS.

DAGWOOD: IS THAT SO? DITHERS NEVER SAID A WORD ABOUT IT. OUR OLD BOOKKEEPER HAS IT THOUGH -- AND IT KEEPS HIM CRANKY ALL THE TIME.

BLONDIE: NO, DAGWOOD. CHROMATICS ARE COLORS. IF YOU HAVE THE WRONG ONES AROUND YOU -- IT MAKES YOU CROSS. BUT EVERYTHING CHANGES WHEN YOU GET THE RIGHT MOTIF. (MO-TEEF)

DAGWOOD: YEAH, SURE, BUT..(TAKE) GET THE WHAT?

BLONDIE: THE RIGHT MOTIF. A MOTIF IS -- WELL IT'S KIND OF HARD TO EXPLAIN...

DAGWOOD: YEAH. MAYBE YOU'D JUST BETTER SHOW ME WHAT'S HAPPENED TO DITHERS' PLACE.

BLONDIE: WELL -- ALL RIGHT. GIVE ME YOUR HAND AND SHUT YOUR EYES. I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU A BIG SURPRISE.

DAGWOOD: YOU MEAN OPEN YOUR MOUTH AND SHUT YOUR EYES, DON'T YOU?

BLONDIE: NO, DEAR. IT'S NOT THAT KIND OF SURPRISE. NOW DON'T PEEK...UNTIL I SAY SO.

DAGWOOD: UHUH. OPEN THE DOOR...(DOOR OPENS) LEAD ME IN.

BLONDIE: STAND RIGHT HEKE. ARE YOU READY?

DAGWOOD: I DON'T KNOW. MAYBE -- MAYBE YOU'D BETTER BREAK IT TO ME GENTLY. WHAT'S THE -- ER -- MOTEEF OF DITHERS' OFFICE NOW?

BLONDIE: "GONE WITH THE WIND!"

DAGWOOD: HOW'S THAT?

BLONDIE: MR. WOLDEMAR WAS INFLUENCED BY "GONE WITH THE WIND" IN THIS COLOR SCHEME. OPEN YOUR EYES AND LOOK.

DAGWOOD: WELL, I GUESS I'D BETTER -- (TAKE) T-OOOOOOOH! BLONDIE!

BLONDIE: DON'T YOU LIKE IT?

DAGWOOD: LEMME...LEMME SIT DOWN!

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD! NOT THAT CHAIR...(CRASH AS CHAIR COLLAPSES)  
OH, DEAR! THAT CHAIR WAS A HUNDRED YEARS OLD!

DAGWOOD: YEAH -- I GUESS THAT'S GONE WITH THE WIND, TOO! WHAT'S THE IDEA OF ANTIQUES IN AN OFFICE, HONEY?

BLONDIE: WHY, EVERYTHING IN THE ROOM IS MADE TO GIVE MR. DITHERS A PEACEFUL FEELING. LIKE THE PEACE AND QUIET OF THE OLD SOUTH...BEFORE THE WAR.

DAGWOOD: YEAH...BUT WHEN HE FIRST SEES IT -- THE WAR WILL BEGIN!  
GOSH, LOOK! PINK CURTAINS ON THE WINDOWS!

BLONDIE: NOT PINK, DAGWOOD. PEACH BLOOM! MR. WOLDEMAR SAYS THE DELICATE WARMTH OF PEACH BLOOM JUST DOES SOMETHING TO HIM

DAGWOOD: IT'LL DO SOMETHING TO DITHERS, TOO! HE HATES PINK.

BLONDIE: WHY, HE CAN'T HATE PINK, DAGWOOD. IT'S ONE OF HIS COLORS HE'S SUPPOSED TO VIBRATE TO PINK.

DAGWOOD: HE'LL VIBRATE TO IT! HE'LL SHAKE HIMSELF APART VIBRATING! HEY! WHO STRUNG THOSE PAPER FLOWERS AROUND THE EDGE OF HIS DESK?

BLONDIE: THOSE ARE MAGNOLIAS, DAGWOOD. MR. DITHERS CAN MAKE BELIEVE HE'S AN OLD SOUTHERN GENTLEMAN...LOLLING IN HIS GARDEN.

DAGWOOD: WHAT WOULD DITHERS BE DOING IN A GARDEN DURING BUSINESS HOURS?

BLONDIE: WHY -- DAY DREAMING AND -- SMELLING FLOWERS.

DAGWOOD: NUH -- UH! THAT'S FERDINAND THE BULL WHO SMELLS FLOWERS. DITHERS HATES FLOWERS.

BLONDIE: THEN IT'S TIME HE LEARNED BETTER. (RAISING VOICE) IF HE DOESN'T APPRECIATE ALL WE'RE TRYING TO DO FOR HIM...

DAGWOOD: (WHISPERS) SSSSH! HONEY! NOT SO LOUD. WE'RE NOT ALONE!

BLONDIE: WHAT DO YOU MEAN, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: OVER THERE -- IN THE DARK CORNER. SEE? SOME LADY STANDING THERE.

BLONDIE: WHAT? OH! (GIGGLES) THAT'S NO LADY, DAGWOOD. THAT'S SCARLETT O'HARA!

DAGWOOD: WELL -- WHAT'S SHE DOING WHERE THE HAT RACK USED TO BE?

BLONDIE: SHE IS THE HAT RACK.

DAGWOOD: EH? IF IT'S THE HAT RACK -- WHAT'S IT GOT A SKIRT ON FOR?

BLONDIE: WELL, IT WAS TOO MODERN A NOTE FOR GONE WITH THE WIND -- SO MR. WOLDEMAR PUT A CRINOLINE SKIRT AND A POKE BONNET ON IT.

DAGWOOD: YEAH? WHAT'S THAT SUPPOSED TO DO TO DITHERS?

BLONDIE: IT'S TO REMIND HIM OF HIS MANNERS....BRING OUT HIS SOUTHERN CHIVALRY! EVERY TIME HE SEES SCARLETT -- HE'LL BOW AND RAISE HIS HAT!

DAGWOOD: AND EVERY TIME HE SEES ME -- HE'LL SCOWL AND RAISE HIS FOOT! GOLLY...I'M GLAD HE'S OUT OF TOWN UNTIL TONIGHT. MAYBE WE'LL HAVE TIME TO GET THIS PLACE CLEARED OUT BEFORE..(PHONE RINGS) THE PHONE! HEY! WHERE IS THE PHONE!

BLONDIE: UNDER THE GLASS CASE WITH THE WAX FLOWERS... (PHONE AGAIN)

DAGWOOD: TOOOOH...HOW DO I GET AT IT?

BLONDIE: I'LL LIFT THE GLASS. THERE.

DAGWOOD: THANKS. HELLO?

GERTIE: (FILTER) MR. BUMSTEAD? CALL FOR YOU -- FROM YOUR OWN OFFICE:

DAGWOOD: YEAH? LISTEN, GERTIE! WHOEVER'S IN THERE -- STALL THEM A MINUTE. CALL ME BACK...

GERTIE: YEAH, BUT MR. BUMSTEAD...THE CALL IS FROM...

DAGWOOD: (CUE BITING ON "BUMSTEAD") CALL ME BACK IN A MINUTE. (HANGS UP) LOOK, BLONDIE...SOMEBODY WAITING IN MY OFFICE

BLONDIE: YES, DEAR...I'LL RUN ALONG. I'VE GOT TO GET DINNER, ANYWAY. NOW DON'T WORRY. IF MR. DITHERS DOESN'T LIKE HIS NEW MOTIF IT CAN BE CHANGED (GOING) DON'T BE LATE FOR DINNER... (DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: LISTEN! DON'T GET ANY IDEAS FROM WOLDEMAR ON DINNER! GIVE ME JUST A MEAT AND POTATO MOTEEF.

BLONDIE: ALL RIGHT, DEAR. WE'LL HAVE A BEEF MOTEEF. (DOOR SHUTS) (PHONE RINGS)

DAGWOOD: (TO HIMSELF) HMMM. GETTING DARK IN HERE. WELL, THE DARKER IT GETS -- THE BETTER IT LOOKS! (PHONE AGAIN... RECEIVER UP) HELLO, GERTIE. I'LL TAKE THAT CALL NOW...

GERTIE: (ON FILTER) OKAY, MR. B. (CLICKS) GO AHEAD PLEASE!

DAGWOOD: (CLEARS THROAT IMPORTANTLY) J. C. DITHERS COMPANY -- OFFICE OF J. C. DITHERS -- BUMSTEAD SPEAKING.

DITHERS: (ON FILTER) BUMSTEAD!

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) HA! THAT'S PRETTY GOOD!

DITHERS: EH? WHAT'S PRETTY GOOD?

DAGWOOD: THAT IMITATION OF DITHERS....SAY...WHO IS THIS?

DITHERS: IT'S DITHERS'. YOU IDIOT!

DAGWOOD: D-D-DITHERS? I THOUGHT YOU WERE AWAY...

DITHERS: WELL, I'M BACK!

DAGWOOD: B-BACK? BACK WHERE?

DITHERS: BACK IN THE OFFICE. I'M IN YOUR OFFICE...

DAGWOOD: SO AM I!

DITHERS: NO, NO, BUMSTEAD. YOU'RE NOT HERE. I'M IN YOUR OFFICE.

DAGWOOD: WELL, I'M IN YOUR OFFICE.

DITHERS: WHAT IS THIS -- AN ECHO GAME? DON'T REPEAT EVERYTHING I SAY.

DAGWOOD: NO, SIR, I WAS JUST...

DITHERS: NOW WHERE ARE YOU? I'M OVER HERE IN YOUR OFFICE...

DAGWOOD: WELL, I'M OVER HERE IN...NEVER MIND...I'LL COME OVER THERE!

DITHERS: NO, NO, YOU STAY WHERE YOU ARE.

DAGWOOD: NO, NO, YOU STAY WHERE YOU ARE...I MEAN, DON'T COME OVER HERE!

DITHERS: LISTEN, BUMSTEAD! I'LL MEET YOU IN MY OWN OFFICE.

DAGWOOD: NO, NO -- I'LL MEET YOU IN MY...PLEASE DON'T COME OVER HERE TO YOUR OFFICE.

DITHERS: NONSENSE, BUMSTEAD...I'LL GO TO MY OWN OFFICE IF I WANT TO!

DAGWOOD: WELL, BUT, I'D RATHER NOT BE HERE WHEN YOU DO...I MEAN...  
~~LISTEN MR. DITHERS...YOU SEE...I WANT TO KIND OF EXPLAIN~~  
~~SOMETHING FIRST! YOU MIGHT THINK WHEN YOU WALK IN AND TURN~~  
~~ON THE LIGHT THAT IT'S QUITE A CHANGE BUT I THINK YOU'LL~~  
~~LIKE IT...I MEAN I DON'T THINK YOU'LL LIKE IT~~  
FIRST BUT WAIT 'TIL YOU HAVE TIME TO MAKE UP YOUR MIND  
BEFORE YOU MAKE UP YOUR MIND.. I MEAN...IF YOU THINK THE  
CURTAINS ARE PINK AT FIRST JUST THINK OF PEACHES IN BLOOM  
BEFORE THE WAR AND IF YOU DON'T LIKE HATRACK O'HARA WHY  
JUST REMEMBER THE WHOLE OFFICE IS GONE WITH THE WIND...  
AND SO HAS THE WASTE BASKET...(DOOR OPENS) SEE WHAT I  
MEAN, MR. DITHERS?

DITHERS: WELL, BUMSTEAD...

DAGWOOD: QUIET! I'M TALKING TO DITHERS ON THE PHONE...(CLICKS PHONE)  
MR. DITHERS!...MR. DITHERS...WHY DON'T YOU ANSWER ME?  
(CLICK AGAIN) WHERE ARE YOU, MR. DITHERS?

DITHERS: RIGHT HERE! WITH YOU! IN MY OFFICE.

DAGWOOD: LISTEN --- LET'S NOT START THAT AGAIN...(TAKE) HEY!  
YOU'RE HERE?

DITHERS: CAN'T YOU SEE ME?

DAGWOOD: DON'T! DON'T TURN ON THE LIGHT YET. JUST WAIT'LL I SAY  
GOODBYE ON THE PHONE...(TO PHONE) ER --- GOODBYE, MR.  
DITHERS...HE'S HERE NOW. (HANGS UP) I MEAN, ER --- HELLO,  
MR. DITHERS...ER...COME RIGHT IN!..WELCOME HOME...BUT DON'T  
SIT DOWN ON ANYTHING.

DITHERS: (SARCASTIC) I SUPPOSE I CAN HANG UP MY HAT, CAN'T I?  
(TAKE) OOO! I BEG YOUR PARDON, MADAM...I THOUGHT  
BUMSTEAD WAS ALONE.



DAGWOOD: I AM! THAT'S JUST SCARLETT O'HAT-RACK!

DITHERS: WHERE'S THAT LIGHT SWITCH? (A CLICK) BUMSTEAD!

DAGWOOD: TAH -- TEEE -- TOOO...YES SIR!

DITHERS: WHAT IN BLAZES HAS BEEN GOING ON HERE?

DAGWOOD: CHROMATICS! THEY -- THEY'RE GOOD FOR YOU! I MEAN BLONDIE  
THOUGHT...THAT IS...I TOLD HER...

DITHERS: ARE YOU RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS, BUMSTEAD?

DAGWOOD: WELL, I...

DITHERS: PINK CURTAINS! BAH! WAX FLOWERS! PAH!

DAGWOOD: IT'S SUPPOSED TO SOOTHE YOU! IT'S THE OLD SOOTHE ITSELF...  
I MEAN...THE OLD SOUTH...

DITHERS: LISTEN, BUMSTEAD. I RUSHED HOME TO KEEP AN IMPORTANT  
ENGAGEMENT WITH SENATOR DOBSON! HE'S DUE IN THIS ROOM IN  
TWO MINUTES FROM NOW -- AND HE'S NEVER LATE! (KNOCK ON  
DOOR)

DAGWOOD: TOOOOOOOOOOOOH -- HE'S EARLY!

DITHERS: (LOWERS VOICE) LISTEN, BUMSTEAD, IF THAT IS THE SENATOR,  
I'LL HAVE TO LET HIM IN. AND IF I DO LET HIM IN HE'LL SEE  
THIS PLACE. AND IF HE DOES SEE THIS PLACE -- I LOSE A  
DEAL -- AS SURE AS YOUR HEAD IS FULL OF FEATHERS!

DAGWOOD: YEAH, BUT...

DITHERS: AND IF I DO LOSE THIS DEAL, BUMSTEAD...

DAGWOOD: I KNOW -- I KNOW...

DITHERS: THEN OPEN THE DOOR, BUMSTEAD...AND IF IT'S THE SENATOR --  
KEEP RIGHT ON GOING...DOWN TO YOUR OFFICE AND WAIT 'TIL  
YOU HEAR FROM ME!

DAGWOOD: YES, SIR. (DOOR OPENS) TOOOOH. C -- C -- COME IN...  
SENATOR!

MUSIC: (INTERLUDE...SEGUE INTO THEME FOR)

~~GOODWIN: AND NOW WE FIND DAGWOOD WAITING BY HIS OFFICE DOOR  
FROM THE MOMENT HE HAD~~ AND...

(DOOR OPENS)

DITHERS: (CHEERY) BUMSTEAD!

DAGWOOD: YEAH. I'VE GOT MOST OF MY THINGS OUT OF MY DESK.

DITHERS: YOU HAVE? WHAT FOR? PUT 'EM BACK! PUT 'EM BACK!

DAGWOOD: WELL -- I THOUGHT...YOU SAID...

DITHERS: CHEER UP, BUMSTEAD! IT MUST BE THIS OFFICE YOU HAVE THAT  
GETS YOU DOWN! WE'LL HAVE TO BRIGHTEN IT UP! LIKE MINE!

DAGWOOD: WELL, ALL I CAN SAY IS, I'M SORRY...(TAKE) LIKE YOURS?  
YOU LIKE YOURS NOW?

DITHERS: I NEVER SAW ANYTHING LIKE IT!

DAGWOOD: NEITHER DID I...

DITHERS: THE EFFECT ON SENATOR DOBSON WAS ELECTRIC! POSITIVELY  
UNCANNY!

DAGWOOD: WHAT HAPPENED?

DITHERS: I WISH YOU COULD HAVE SEEN IT, BUMSTEAD. HE WALKED IN --  
TOOK ONE LOOK AT THE PLACE AND -- LOST HIS POWER OF  
SPEECH!

DAGWOOD: THAT'S TOUGH -- ON A SENATOR.

DITHERS: HE ACTED LIKE A MAN IN A TRANCE! WHEN HE CAME TO -- HE HA  
A PEN IN HIS HAND AND HE WAS SIGNING A CONTRACT WITH ME!

DAGWOOD: GOSH, THAT'S GREAT!

DAGWOOD: LET ME CALL BLONDIE AND TELL HER YOU LIKE THE OFFICE.

DITHERS: WAIT A MINUTE! NOW WE HAVE THE CONTRACT WITH DOBSON  
WE'VE GOT TO GET BUSY ON THAT DINGLE DEAL...

DAGWOOD: THE WHAT?

DITHERS: DINGLE!

DAGWOOD: OH...YOU MEAN LIKE "A CANNER EXCEEDINGLY CANNY -- ONE  
MORNING SAID TO HIS GRANNY..."

DITHERS: NO, NO. DINGLE -- NOT JINGLE! DINGLE! THE DINGLE DEAL...  
THAT DANGLED ALL DURING DECEMBER! DOBSON'S PEOPLE WANT  
TO BUY THE DINGLE RESIDENCE AND GROUNDS AS A SITE FOR THE  
NEW OLD FOLKS' HOME THEY'RE GOING TO BUILD.

DAGWOOD: OH, YEAH. NOW I REMEMBER.

DITHERS: THEY'LL PAY FIFTEEN THOUSAND DOLLARS, BUT THE DEAL HAS  
TO BE CLOSED BY TOMORROW.

DAGWOOD: THAT'S TOO BAD.

DITHERS: WHAT'S THE MATTER NOW? YOU HAVEN'T LET MISS DINGLE GET AWAY FROM US ON THE SALE HAVE YOU?

DAGWOOD: WELL -- I TELL YOU. SHE WON'T SELL FOR FIFTEEN THOUSAND DOLLARS, SHE WANTS WHAT HER FATHER PAID FOR THE PLACE BACK IN BOOM TIMES -- AFTER THE WAR...

DITHERS: THAT HOUSE OF HERS WASN'T BUILT AFTER THE WAR...

DAGWOOD: I MEANT AFTER THE CIVIL WAR...HEY!

DITHERS: WHAT'S THE MATTER?

DAGWOOD: CIVIL WAR! GONE WITH THE WIND! I'VE GOT AN IDEA.

DITHERS: GO AHEAD...BUT IT BETTER BE GOOD.

DAGWOOD: IT'S A LULU! LISTEN, THE DINGLE PLACE IS OLD FASHIONED... AND SO NOBODY WILL PAY HER PRICE AS IT STANDS, BUT SUPPOSE WE GAVE IT A DOSE OF CHROMATICS -- LIKE YOUR OFFICE -- ONLY MADE IT UP TO DATE! THEN WE COULD GET HER PRICE AND MAKE THE SALE -- ~~AND GO AHEAD WITH OUR BUILDING THE LITTLE COTTAGES AROUND THE MAIN HOUSE!~~

DITHERS: IT WOULD COST TOO MUCH TO BRING UP TO DATE.

DAGWOOD: NO, IT WOULDN'T. THAT'S WHERE BLONDIE COMES IN.

DITHERS: WHERE?

DAGWOOD: WHY, SHE AND THIS FELLER WOLDEMAR COULD DO THE DECORATING -- FREE -- ALMOST!

DITHERS: HMMMM. I DON'T KNOW, BUMSTEAD...MAYBE MISS DINGLE WOULDN'T WANT ANYBODY EXPERIMENTING WITH HER HOUSE...THESE MAIDEN LADIES CAN BE SET IN THEIR WAYS.

DAGWOOD: I'LL CALL HER UP AND ASK HER IF WE CAN DO ONE ROOM, HUH?

DITHERS: WELL, OKAY. CALL HER...

DAGWOOD: SWELL! (PHONE OFF HOOK) HEY, GERTIE! GET ME LONG DISTANCE  
(HANGS UP)

"BLONDIE"  
1/22/40

-15-

DITHERS: LONG DISTANCE? THE MINUTE YOU HAVE AN IDEA IT COSTS MONEY.

DAGWOOD: WELL -- MISS DINGLE IS OUT OF TOWN. SHE'S AT HOT SPRINGS.

DITHERS: HOT SPRINGS! WHY DIDN'T YOU WAIT 'TIL MIDNIGHT AND GET  
A RATE?

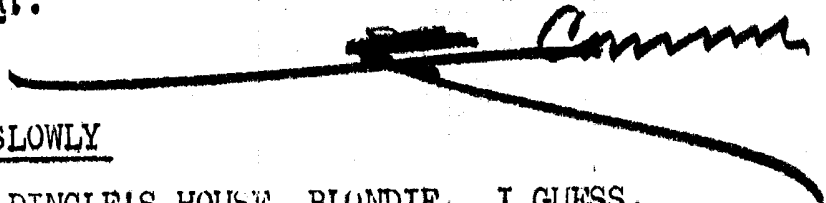
DAGWOOD: WHY, WE WOULDN'T HAVE TIME. YOU SAID THAT SALE HAS TO DO  
THROUGH TOMORROW.

DITHERS: SAY, THAT'S RIGHT. DOBSON'S PEOPLE ARE RESTLESS. IF WE  
CAN'T DELIVER, THEY'LL TAKE ANOTHER PLACE -- AND ANOTHER  
BUILDER.

DAGWOOD: WELL -- WE WILL DELIVER! I'LL MAKE MISS DINGLE LET US TRY  
MY SCHEME...~~ON ONE ROUND TONIGHT!~~ THEN I'LL GET BLONDIE...  
AND SHE CAN GET WOLDEMAR...AND HE'LL GET SOME PAINT AND  
STUFF...AND GO TO WORK RIGHT AWAY, AND THEN BLONDIE CAN  
GO OUT AND HELP.

DITHERS: THAT'S THE SPIRIT, BUMSTEAD! STOP FOR NOTHING.

DAGWOOD: NO SIR! I -- I'LL GO OUT MYSELF -- BR -- RIGHT AFTER I'VE  
HAD MY DINNER!

MUSIC: (INTERLUDE) 

SOUND: CAR RUNNING SLOWLY

DAGWOOD: THIS IS MISS DINGLE'S HOUSE, BLONDIE. I GUESS.

(ENGINE OUT)

"BLONDIE"  
1/22/40

15A

GOODWIN: EVERYWHERE YOU GO YOU'LL HEAR SMOKERS SAY, "CAMEL IS THE CIGARETTE FOR EXTRA MILDNESS, EXTRA COOLNESS, AND EXTRA FLAVOR." AND WHEN YOU MAKE CAMELS YOUR CIGARETTE, YOU'LL FIND THAT CAMELS GIVE YOU NOT ONLY MORE PLEASURE PER PUFF --- BUT MORE PUFFS PER PACK, TOO. YES, I MEAN MORE ACTUAL SMOKING PER CIGARETTE...PER PACK. IT'S THIS WAY: IN RECENT LABORATORY 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 SMOKE PER PACK. 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 are no added taxes where you live, the savings are all yours. So remember, Camels are the cigarette of costlier tobaccos...Camels are slower-burning. Penny for Penny, Camels are your best cigarette buy!

BLONDIE: I DON'T SEE ANY LIGHTS IN IT ANYWHERE. MY, IT'S DARK  
OUT HERE.

DAGWOOD: WELL -- I FOUND THIS CARD ON THE IRON GATE. IT SAYS...  
"QUIET! ARTIST AT WORK." THAT MUST MEAN WOLDIEMAR.

BLONDIE: HE CAME OUT HERE AS SOON AS I PHONED HIM. ISN'T HE  
SWEET?

DAGWOOD: YEAH. HE SURE IS! WELL -- IF HE'S THAT FUSSY ABOUT  
NOISE -- WE CAN LEAVE THE CAR HERE AND WALK TO THE  
HOUSE. IT ISN'T FAR UP THE PATH. (CAR DOOR SLAM)

BLONDIE: IT'S FUNNY HE'D BE WORKING IN THE DARK, THOUGH. (FEET  
SLOW IN GRAVEL)

DAGWOOD: HE'S A FAST WORKER. MAYBE HE'S ALL THROUGH. SAY --  
(FEET STOP) MAYBE WE'D BETTER WAIT UNTIL MORNING.

BLONDIE: YOU'RE NOT AFRAID OF THE DARK ARE YOU?

DAGWOOD: WHO ME? NO! (WHIRR OF WINGS) HEY. WHAT'S THAT?

BLONDIE: SOME BIRD FLEW BY IN THE DARK.  
(OWL VOICE: WHOOOOOOOOO? WHOOOOOOOOO?)

DAGWOOD: WHAT DID HE SAY? WHO?  
(OWL: WHOOOOOOO?)

DAGWOOD: (LOUDLY) DITHERS CONSTRUCTION COMPANY. BUMSTEAD  
SPEAKING!

BLONDIE: OH, DAGWOOD. THAT'S AN OWL!

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) SURE. SURE, I -- I KNEW IT WAS AN OWL!  
(FEET ON GRAVEL)

BLONDIE: COME ON, DAGWOOD! MY, THIS IS A SPOOKY OLD PLACE.  
I WOULDN'T WANT TO LIVE HERE ALL ALONE -- LIKE MISS  
DINGLE. I'D RATHER MARRY OLD MR. COURTNEY.

DAGWOOD: WHO'S HE?

BLONDIE: HE LIVES RIGHT NEAR HERE, TOO. HE'S SWEET ON HER. HE'S BEEN FOR ABOUT THIRTY YEARS. FOLLOWS HER EVERYWHERE.

DAGWOOD: YEAH? THIRTY YEARS, EH? WELL, IF HE KEEPS IT UP -- SHE'LL KNOW HE'S SERIOUS ANYWAY.

BLONDIE: HERE'S THE HOUSE. (FEEET ON WOOD,..FEET STOP)

DAGWOOD: YEAH. HERE'S A DOOR, TOO. (RATTLES KNOB) LOCKED!

BLONDIE: OH DEAR...MR. WOLDEMAR MUST HAVE GONE HOME. I HOPE HE PUT THE KEY BACK FOR US.

DAGWOOD: MISS DINGLE SAID SHE KEPT IT UNDER SOME BIRD SEED, BUT I FORGOT WHERE SHE KEPT THE BIRD SEED.

BLONDIE: IN AN EMPTY BIRD CAGE -- ON THE BACK PORCH. THIS IS THE BACK PORCH -- BUT I DON'T SEE ANY CAGE.

DAGWOOD: I CAN'T SEE ANYTHING. (FOOT STRIKES FLOWER POT) HERE'S A FLOWER POT, THOUGH. (PAUSE) YEP. HERE'S THE KEY. NOW I'LL GET THE DOOR OPEN.

BLONDIE: WAIT. I HAVE A FUNNY FEELING ABOUT THIS PLACE, DAGWOOD. AS THOUGH SOMETHING WAS WRONG ABOUT OUR GOING IN.

DAGWOOD: WELL, GOSH, HONEY, WE'VE COME WAY OUT HERE -- AND I WANT TO SEE WHAT WOLDEMAR DID TO THAT LIVING ROOM. (KEY IN LOCK) WE'LL JUST TAKE A PEEK ANYWAY. (DOOR CREAKS OPEN) BOY, IT'S DARK!

BLONDIE: CAN YOU FIND A LIGHT SWITCH?

DAGWOOD: YEAH. (A CLICK) LOOK! A BIG CHANDELIER -- AND ONLY ONE MEASLY BULB.

BLONDIE: OH, DAGWOOD!

DAGWOOD: BOY! IT'S A MESS, ISN'T IT?

BLONDIE: WHY, MR. WOLDEMAR HASN'T DONE A THING!



DAGWOOD: YEAH -- HE'S TORN DOWN THE CURTAINS AND PILED UP THE PICTURES...

BLONDIE: BUT LOOK AT THE WALLS...AND THE CEILINGS. LOOK AT THE DUST AND THE COBWEBS! AND SPIDERS!

DAGWOOD: HERE'S THE PAINT WE SENT OUT...AND THE CHINTZ TO COVER FURNITURE.

BLONDIE: HERE'S A NOTE FROM WOLDEMAR...ISN'T IT?

DAGWOOD: LET'S SEE. (PAPER RUSTLES) YEAH. A FINE THING!

BLONDIE: LET ME READ IT!...(READS) "DEAR BUMSTEADS -- I SIMPLY CANNOT GO ON, TOO, TOO, DEPRESSING! HORSE HAIR FURNITURE, MY DEAR! AND THE VERY SIGHT OF HORSES GIVES ME HAY FEVER!...SO I'M FLEEING IN DEFINITE DISMAY!  
YOURS. F. WOLLY WOLDEMAR."

DAGWOOD: THE QUITTER!

BLONDIE: OH, DAGWOOD -- I'M SORRY! BUT IT IS AN AWFUL LOOKING ROOM.

DAGWOOD: WELL -- I ~~GUESS MISS DINGLE ISN'T MUCH OF A HOUSEKEEPER~~ -- ~~BUT~~ I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M GOING TO SAY TO DITMERS. IF I LET HIM DOWN THIS TIME -- I'LL GET WORSE THAN HAY FEVER!

BLONDIE: WE CAN'T LET HIM DOWN, DAGWOOD. WE'RE NOT QUITTERS, TOC

DAGWOOD: NO, BUT -- I WOULDN'T KNOW WHERE TO START -- OR WHAT TO DO!

BLONDIE: I WOULD! I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO DECORATE A BIG ROOM LIKE THIS. WE'VE GOT PAINT AND CHINTZ AND NEW PICTURES AND EVERYTHING.

DAGWOOD: AND WE'VE GOT FROM NOW TILL NINE O'CLOCK TOMORROW -- WHEN MISS DINGLE GETS HOME...

BLONDIE: THEN WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR, DAGWOOD? COME ON!  
(MUSIC IN SOFTLY) I'LL START BY SWEEPING THE FLOOR...

DAGWOOD: I'LL GET THOSE SPIDER'S WEBS DOWN...

BLONDIE: THEN I'LL BASTE UP THE CURTAINS.

DAGWOOD: AND I'LL PAINT THE WALLS...

BLONDIE: WE'LL SHOW THEM, DAGWOOD...

DAGWOOD: YEAH...YOU BET WE WILL!

MUSIC: (UP TO COVER...AND FOR INTERLUDE)

SOUND: ROOSTER CROWS FAINTLY

DAGWOOD: (SNORES)

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD. DAGWOOD...WAKE UP! IT'S BROAD DAYLIGHT!

DAGWOOD: (GULPS) HEY. WHERE AM I?

BLONDIE: STILL IN MISS DINGLE'S HOUSE, DEAR. YOU'VE BEEN ASLEEP.

DAGWOOD: OH, NO...

BLONDIE: OH, YES, DAGWOOD. RIGHT AFTER YOU GOT THE LAST BRUSHFUL OF PAINT ON THE CEILING -- YOU PRACTICALLY COLLAPSED.

DAGWOOD: GOSH -- HAVE YOU BEEN WORKING EVIER SINCE?

BLONDIE: WELL -- MY WORK WAS EASY! -- ~~JUST MAKING LITTLE BOWS TO THE BACK OF THE CURTAINS.~~ IT LOOKS REAL HOMEY NOW, DAGWOOD. SEE?

DAGWOOD: IS -- IS THIS THE SAME ROOM WE CAME INTO LAST NIGHT?

BLONDIE: YOU'D NEVER KNOW IT WOULD YOU? COLOR DOES MAKE SUCH A DIFFERENCE.

DAGWOOD: DID YOU FIGURE ALL THIS OUT -- IN THE DARK?

BLONDIE: UHUH. THE RUG WAS A WARM BROWN TO START WITH -- UNDER ALL THAT DUST. IT WAS A GOOD RUG ONCE -- AND I STARTED WITH THAT...

DAGWOOD: SAY, THAT DEEP YELLOW LOOKS GOOD ON THE WALLS....

BLONDIE: YOU PUT IT ON BEAUTIFULLY, DEAR. AND SEE THE DRAPES?  
BROWN, GREEN AND YELLOW...AND LOOK AT THE CHAIR COVERS!

DAGWOOD: KIND OF GRAPE COLORED. I WOULDN'T THINK ALL THESE  
COLORS WOULD GO TOGETHER.

BLONDIE: BUT THEY DO. SEE? I GOT MY IDEA FROM A VINEYARD FULL OF  
GRAPES I SAW ONCE -- IN THE AUTUMN.

DAGWOOD: GRAPES!...HMMMM. I WONDER IF MISS DINGLE WON'T THINK  
GRAPES ARE PRETTY GAY?

BLONDIE: I BET SHE WANTS TO BE GAY! LOOK WHAT'S OVER THE  
FIREPLACE.

DAGWOOD: HEY -- THAT'S OUR PICTURE OF TWO LOVE BIRDS.

BLONDIE: WELL, IT'S BETTER THAN THAT DISH OF DEAD TROUT THAT WAS  
UP THERE BEFORE, ISN'T IT?

DAGWOOD: I DUNNO WHETHER LOVE BIRDS ARE JUST THE THING FOR A  
MAIDEN LADY -- LIKE MISS DINGLE.

BLONDIE: OH, DAGWOOD -- DON'T YOU LIKE THE ROOM?

DAGWOOD: SURE. YOU BET! YOU WERE SWELL TO STICK AROUND AND WORK  
ALL NIGHT, BLONDIE...

BLONDIE: YOU DID MOST OF IT YOURSELF. WELL -- IT'S DONE. THANK  
HEAVEN...

DAGWOOD: YEAH...NOW ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS WAIT FOR MISS DINGLE...  
(LOUD KNOCK ON DOOR) HEY -- THINK THAT'S HER NOW?

BLONDIE: I SHOULDN'T THINK A MAIDEN LADY WOULD HAVE TO KNOCK THAT  
HARD ON HER OWN DOOR...

DITHERS: (OFF) BUMSTEAD!

DAGWOOD: WHY, IT'S MR. DITHERS! (CALLS) COME ON IN...(DOOR OPENS)  
GOOD MORNING, MR. DITHERS.

BLONDIE: OH, HELLO.

DITHERS: BUMSTEAD, WHAT IN THE NAME OF THE SEVEN SUSPICIOUS  
SISTERS ARE YOU DOING HERE?

DAGWOOD: ME? WHY -- YOU KNOW...DECORATING AND STUFF...

BLONDIE: WE JUST GOT THROUGH.

DITHERS: DECORATING? DECORATING WHAT?

DAGWOOD: THIS ROOM. HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?

DITHERS: YOU'VE DONE THIS ROOM OVER?

DAGWOOD: SURE. WHAT'S THE MATTER?

DITHERS: OOOOOOOH. I KNEW YOU'D PUT YOUR FOOT IN IT SOMEHOW,  
BUMSTEAD.

DAGWOOD: YEAH, SURE, BUT (TAKE) WHAT HAVE I DONE NOW?

DITHERS: YOU'VE DONE THE WRONG ROOM.

BLONDIE: OH, DAGWOOD!

DITHERS: IN THE WRONG HOUSE!

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD!

DAGWOOD: ISN'T THIS MISS DINGLE'S?

DITHERS: NO! HERS IS ACROSS THE ROAD! THIS IS MR. COURTNEY'S...:  
AND HE ISN'T GOING TO LIKE IT!

COURTNEY: (COMING IN) WHAT'S ALL THIS? WHAT'S ALL THIS? WHO'S IN  
HERE, DITHERS? WHAT'S GOING ON? (A CRY OF RAGE)  
TAAAAAARRRRRH! WHERE AM I? WHAT'S BECOME OF MY  
LIVING ROOM?

DAGWOOD: THIS IS IT!

COURTNEY: NO!

BLONDIE: YES, IT IS, MR. COURTNEY. ONLY -- IT'S HAD IT'S FACE  
LIFTED!

COURTNEY: MY ROOM! MY HOUSE! NO -- NO -- NO!

DITHERS: I KNEW HE WOULDN'T LIKE IT!

COURTNEY: YOU, DITHERS! YOU KNOW THESE PEOPLE?

DAGWOOD: SURE -- I WORK FOR HIM.

COURTNEY: AH! THEN YOU'LL MAKE GOOD, DITHERS. YOU'VE GOT MONEY.  
I'LL SUE!

DITHERS: NOW LISTEN, WHAT HAVE I DONE?

COURTNEY: YOUR UNDERLINGS HAVE RUINED MY HOME!

BLONDIE: OH, NOW THAT ISN'T FAIR TO SAY, MR. COURTNEY. IF CLEANING  
OUT A MUSTY OLD ROOM FULL OF DUST AND...

DAGWOOD: AND SPIDERS...

COURTNEY: MY SPIDERS!...WHERE ARE THEY?

DITHERS: YOU DON'T MEAN YOU LIKED SPIDERS?

COURTNEY: SILENCE, SIR! LET THESE VANDALS SPEAK. WHERE IS ALICE?

DAGWOOD: WHO?

COURTNEY: ALICE! SHE LIVED OVER THERE BETWEEN THE FIREPLACE AND  
THE CEILING.

DITHERS: AH? LIVED WHERE?

DAGWOOD: (SOTTO VOCE) BLONDIE, I THINK HE'S CUCKOO.

BLONDIE: NOW, MR. COURTNEY. I'LL HELP YOU FIND ALICE. WHAT DID  
SHE LOOK LIKE?

COURTNEY: LIKE A QUEEN, MADAM. AS INDEED SHE WAS...THE QUEEN OF  
ARACHNIDS -- THE EMPRESS OF WEB-WEAVERS!

DITHERS: YOU MEAN ALICE WAS ONE OF THE SPIDERS?

DAGWOOD: YEAH! (COAXING) LISTEN, MR. COURTNEY, WE'LL GET YOU  
MORE SPIDERS. BETTER THAN THE ONES YOU HAD,

COURTNEY: NO! THERE'LL NEVER BE ANOTHER LIKE ALICE!

DITHERS: LISTEN, COURTNEY, LET'S BE REASONABLE ABOUT THIS...

COURTNEY: REASONABLE, SIR? I THINK THE COURT WILL FIND ME  
REASONABLE ENOUGH!

DITHERS: THE COURT?

COURTNEY: OH, YES. I'LL DRAG YOU THROUGH EVERY COURT IN THIS LAND  
TO GET MY RIGHTS.

DITHERS: NONSENSE! YOU CAN'T SUE FOR SPIDERS!

COURTNEY: INDEED! THEN PERHAPS, SIR, YOU WILL TELL ME WHAT HAS  
BECOME OF MY TROUT?

DITHERS: TROUT? WHAT TROUT?

DAGWOOD: YOU MEAN THAT PICTURE THAT WAS OVER THE MANTEL?

COURTNEY: TO YOU IT WAS JUST A PICTURE...TO ME IT WAS AN HEIRLOOM.  
THOSE TROUT HAD BEEN IN MY FAMILY FOR THREE GENERATIONS.

DAGWOOD: THAT'S A LONG TIME TO KEEP FISH.

BLONDIE: DON'T, DAGWOOD.

COURTNEY: WHERE ARE MY TROUT, DITHERS?

DITHERS: WHERE ARE THEY, BUMSTEAD?

DAGWOOD: WELL -- SEE -- IT WAS LIKE THIS...I KIND OF STEPPED BACK  
OFF THE LADDER...AND INTO THE TROUT. THEY WERE TOO OLD  
TO STAND IT!

COURTNEY: RUINED! GONE FOREVER! YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS, DITHERS!

DITHERS: ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! I'LL PAY TO HAVE THIS ROOM PUT  
BACK AS IT WAS. I'LL MEND THE TROUT AND REPLACE THE  
SPIDERS. I'LL GET YOU SPECIAL SPIDERS...OUT OF MY  
GARAGE! BIG, SHINY BLACK ONES WITH RED SPOTS UNDERNEATH.  
SEND ME THE BILL!

DAGWOOD: HEY -- DON'T GO, MR. DITHERS!

DITHERS: DON'T WORRY, BUMSTEAD. (GOING) I'LL SEE YOU IN THE OFFICE

BLONDIE: NOW DON'T BLAME THIS ALL ON DAGWOOD, MR. DITHERS! I  
GOT HIM INTO IT!

DITHERS: (AWAY) YES AND HE GOT ME INTO IT. NOW TRY AND GET OUT  
OF IT. SPIDERS. PAH! (DOOR SLAMS)

BLONDIE: OH, DEAR! LISTEN, MR. COURTNEY, ~~WE MADE A MISTAKE.~~  
~~WE GOT INTO THE WRONG HOUSE~~

DAGWOOD: ~~YEAH. WE CERTAINLY DID.~~

BLONDIE: ~~WE ADMIT THAT. AND IT WAS WRONG OF US TO DO YOUR ROOM~~  
~~OVER WITHOUT ASKING YOU. BUT~~ WE DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS  
YOUR ROOM.

DAGWOOD: NO. WE CERTAINLY DIDN'T.

BLONDIE: DON'T YOU LIKE THE ROOM AT ALL...NOW?

COURTNEY: TOO FRIVOLOUS. TOO GAY! WHAT'S THAT OVER THE MANTEL  
WHERE THE TROUT OUGHT TO BE?

DAGWOOD: LOVE BIRDS!

COURTNEY: LOVE BIRDS? INDECENT!

BLONDIE: OH, BUT YOU'VE BEEN IN LOVE, MR. COURTNEY! I KNOW!

DAGWOOD: BLONDIE! SSSSH!

BLONDIE: IT'S NOTHING TO BE ASHAMED OF. EVERYBODY KNOWS HE LOVES  
MISS DINGLE. I BET HE WAS DOWN AT THE STATION TO MEET  
HER WHEN SHE CAME IN THIS MORNING.

COURTNEY: UPON MY WORD! DEAR ME! DEAR ME!

DAGWOOD: WHAT'S WRONG NOW?

COURTNEY: MISS DINGLE! I -- I LEFT HER OUTSIDE THIS HOUSE!  
WAITING! OH MY!  
(TIMID KNOCK ON DOOR)

BLONDIE: I GUESS SHE GOT TIRED OF WAITING.

DAGWOOD: I SHOULD THINK SHE WOULD -- AFTER THIRTY YEARS.

COURTNEY: SILENCE, SIR! I'D HAVE YOU KNOW THAT I HAVE FREQUENTLY OFFERED MISS DINGLE MY HAND. (GOING) SHE HAS ALWAYS DONE ME THE HONOR TO -- REFUSE! (DOOR OPENS) COME IN! COME IN, MY DEAR!

DINGLE: THANK YOU, JOSIAH! WHY...WHY WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO THIS ROOM?

COURTNEY: I DIDN'T DO IT. IT WAS THESE YOUNG PEOPLE.

BLONDIE: HELLO, MISS DINGLE. WE THOUGHT IT WAS YOUR HOUSE.

DAGWOOD: ~~REMEMBER? I PHONED AND YOU SAID I COULD TRY ONE ROOM!~~

DINGLE: YOU THOUGHT IT WAS MY HOUSE. OH...I...I WISH IT WAS! IT'S LOVELY.

COURTNEY: EH?

BLONDIE: YOU LIKE IT?

DINGLE: OH, YES. SO WARM AND RICH AND PEACEFUL. WHY IT'S LIKE -- LIKE A VINEYARD IN AUTUMN.

BLONDIE: HEAR THAT, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: YEAH. THAT'S WHAT BLONDIE HAD IN MIND, MISS DINGLE.

COURTNEY: MISS DINGLE! MY -- MY DEAR DORA. DID I UNDERSTAND YOU TO SAY THAT YOU WISHED THIS WAS YOUR HOUSE? EH?

DINGLE: I DO.

COURTNEY: THEN -- THEN WHY NOT MAKE IT YOURS? YOU -- YOU MIGHT TAKE ME WITH IT.

DINGLE: WOULD YOU -- OPEN ALL THE WINDOWS, JOSIAH? LET IN THE SUNLIGHT...AND THE BREEZE? WOULD YOU MAKE ALL THE ROOMS WARM AND BRIGHT LIKE THIS ONE? COULD YOU DO THAT?

COURTNEY: I ~~COULD~~ TRY.



DINGLE: AND COULD YOU TRY TO FORGET YOUR GREAT GREAT  
GRANDFATHER'S WHIMS? AND ALL THE PAST THAT'S COVERED  
WITH DUST? AND REMEMBER -- ~~WHEN WE WERE YOUNG~~  
-- SO LONG AGO?

COURTNEY: WAS IT -- TOO LONG AGO, DORA?

DINGLE: ~~NOT IF YOU REMEMBER~~

COURTNEY: I DO! OH, DORA -- WOULD YOU -- CAN YOU -- WILL YOU...

DINGLE: YES, JOSIAH.

DAGWOOD: (QUIETLY) GOSH, BLONDIE, LOOK!

BLONDIE: I SEE. THEY'VE FORGOTTEN WE'RE HERE.

DAGWOOD: LET'S GO!

BLONDIE: WAIT A MINUTE! ER...I'M SORRY TO BREAK IN...BUT...  
ARE YOU THINKING OF -- MOVING OVER HERE, MISS DINGLE?

DINGLE: YES, MY DEAR. THANK'S TO YOU.

BLONDIE: THEN -- YOU WON'T BE WANTING YOUR HOUSE ANYMORE?

DINGLE: WHY NO! OF COURSE NOT! TWO HOUSES? WHY?

BLONDIE: I'M SURE I DON'T KNOW. BUT IF YOU DON'T WANT YOUR  
HOUSE, MISS DINGLE. YOU -- YOU'D SELL IT WOULDN'T YOU?

DAGWOOD: AT A REASONABLE FIGURE? SEE -- WE WANT TO BUILD THAT  
OLD FOLKS HOME!

DINGLE: I WON'T STAND IN THE WAY ANY LONGER. SET A FAIR PRICE  
-- AND IT'S YOURS.

DAGWOOD: GOSH...THAT CLEARS EVERYTHING UP!

COURTNEY: WAIT NOW. DO WE WANT AN OLD FOLKS HOME -- RIGHT ACROSS  
THE ROAD?

BLONDIE: OH, NOW, MR. COURTNEY! YOU WERE OLD FOLKS YOURSELF...  
NOT SO LONG AGO.

DAGWOOD: WHAT DOES IT MATTER TO YOU YOUNG FOLKS OVER HERE?

COURTNEY: TRUE -- TRUE. I -- ~~I OUGHT TO ASK YOU BOTH.~~

"BLONDIE"  
1/22/40

-27-

BLONDIE: INVITE US TO THE WEDDING.

DINGLE: YOU'RE INVITED!

DAGWOOD: SAY -- THANKS! WELL -- COME ON, BLONDIE.

BLONDIE: I'M COMING, DEAR.

COURTNEY: DORA -- YOU KNOW -- I THINK THEY'RE IN LOVE TOO! AMAZING!

BLONDIE: OH, WE ARE. (DOOR OPENS) THAT'S HOW WE KNOW THAT YOU WANT TO BE ALONE RIGHT NOW. GOODBYE.

DAGWOOD: YEAH...ER, GOODBYE. (DOOR CLOSSES) (BIRD SONG HEARD)  
LISTEN TO THAT, BLONDIE. BIRDS!

BLONDIE: AREN'T THEY SWEET?

DAGWOOD: YEAH. UP EARLY -- AFTER THEIR BREAKFAST! HEY, WHAT WILL WE HAVE FOR BREAKFAST?

BLONDIE: LOOK, DAGWOOD! IN THROUGH THE WINDOW.

DAGWOOD: AW, NO, BLONDIE!

BLONDIE: THEY'RE SO SWEET! LOOK...THEY'RE STARING AT OUR PICTURE OVER THE MANTEL. THE PICTURE OF THE LOVE BIRDS.

DAGWOOD: YEAH! (LAUGHS) SAY BLONDIE -- LOOKS LIKE WE DID A GOOD NIGHTS WORK AT THAT! (SHE GIGGLES)

MUSIC: (BUILDS INTO BIRD SONG AND SWELLS INTO THEME AND CLOSING)

"BLONDIE"  
1/22/40

-28-

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

GOODWIN: WELL, THAT'S ANOTHER EPISODE IN THE LIVES OF BLONDIE AND DAGWOOD. IF YOU'VE ENJOINED ~~THE CAMEL CIGARETTE SHOW~~ <sup>them to make</sup> ~~THE CAMEL CIGARETTE SHOW~~ ON, YOU'LL WANT TO LISTEN NEXT WEEK, WHEN THE MAKERS OF CAMEL CIGARETTES AGAIN BRING YOU PENNY SINGLETON AS BLONDIE, AND ARTHUR LAKE AS DAGWOOD. ON SATURDAY NIGHTS, CAMELS HAVE STILL ANOTHER SHOW THAT YOU'LL LIKE. OVER A DIFFERENT NETWORK, AT TEN P.M., EASTERN STANDARD TIME, WE BRING YOU BOB CROSBY, AND THE BEST DIXIELAND BAND IN THE LAND, WITH MILDRED BAILEY! THAT'S A TIP FOR YOUR RADIO PLEASURE, AND FOR YOUR SMOKING PLEASURE, TRY CAMELS...YOU'LL FIND MORE PLEASURE PER PUFF, MORE PUFFS PER PACK!

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

GOODWIN: JOIN "THE MARCH OF DIMES"...HELP SCIENCE TRACK DOWN THE DEADLY GERM OF INFANTILE PARALYSIS, BY SENDING ONE OR MORE DIMES, TO PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON, D.C.

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.  
THIS IS THE COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.