

22 v 19/4

MASTER

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1940

4:30 - 5:00 P.M.

7:30 - 8:00 P.M.

Goodwin: ... don't touch that dial. must take the next program
its Blondie, brought to you by the Camel Cigarette people.

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

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: ONE OF THE THINGS SMOKERS LIKE MOST ABOUT CAMEL CIGARETTES IS THE FACT THAT CAMELS NEVER WEAR OUT THEIR WELCOME...NEVER TIRE THEIR TASTE. CAMEL'S SLOWER WAY OF BURNING HAS A LOT TO DO WITH THAT. YOU SEE, CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS...MILD AND FRAGRANT TO BEGIN WITH. AND, IN CAMELS, SLOWER BURNING PRESERVES THIS MATCHLESS FLAVOR AND LETS IT COME THROUGH IN THE SMOKING. THAT'S ONE OF SEVERAL EXTRAS THAT GO WITH SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS. THERE'S EXTRA COOLNESS AND EXTRA MILDNESS -- AND ALSO EXTRA SMOKING. 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 A SMOKING PLUS EQUAL, ON THE AVERAGE, TO FIVE EXTRA SMOKES 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. PENNY FOR PENNY, CAMELS ARE YOUR BEST CIGARETTE BUY!

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GOODWIN: AND NOW --- THE BUMSTEADS ARE EXPECTING US TO MAKE OUR WEEKLY CALL ON THEM. ~~THE TABLE IN THEIR DINING ROOM IS ALL SET FOR DINNER AND ALTHOUGH IT COULDN'T LOOK PRETTIER~~ ^{the field} -- BLONDIE IS MOVING AROUND ^{the dining room} ~~IT FOR~~ ⁴⁷⁷⁶ LAST MINUTE TOUCHES...WHILE BABY DUMPLING LOOKS ON...

BLONDIE: ^{John} THERE, BABY! THAT LOOKS VERY NICE -- IF I DO SAY SO. I WON'T LIGHT THE CANDLES UNTIL DADDY COMES HOME.

BABY: CAN I BE THE ONE TO BLOW THE CANDLES OUT, MOMMIE? I WANT TO MAKE A WISH! I COULD WISH FOR A SHETLAND PONY.

BLONDIE: OH, IT'S JUST CANDLES ON BIRTHDAY CAKES YOU BLOW OUT AND WISH ON, BABY. THESE ARE TO SEE BY WHEN WE EAT DINNER.

BABY: DADDY SAYS HE CAN'T SEE BY CANDLES. LAST TIME WE HAD 'EM HE TOLD ME TO GO GET HIS FLASHLIGHT SO HE COULD TELL WHAT HE WAS EATING.

BLONDIE: DADDY WAS JUST JOKING. I THINK CANDLES ARE SO NICE AND ROMANTIC ON A DINNER TABLE.

BABY: I GUESS DADDY DOESN'T FEEL ROMANTIC WHEN HE EATS.

BLONDIE: HE WILL TONIGHT...BECAUSE THIS IS A VALENTINE DINNER. SEE? EVERYTHING ON THE TABLE IS PINK OR WHITE...AND THE CENTERPIECE IS SHAPED LIKE A BIG PINK HEART...AND THE CAKE ...BABY DUMPLING! HAVE YOU BEEN AT THIS CAKE?

BABY: WELL I JUST ^{kindly probed} ~~poke~~ UP SOME OF THE FROSTING TO SEE WHAT KIND OF CAKE WAS UNDERNEATH.

BLONDIE: SOME OF THESE LITTLE ROUND CANDIES ARE GONE OFF THE TOP, TOO.

BABY: WELL, THEY WEREN'T STUCK ON VERY GOOD, MOMMIE! I JUST KIND OF PUSHED A COUPLE AND THEY STUCK RIGHT TO MY FINGERS.

BLONDIE: WELL, YOU MUSTN'T GO AROUND PUSHING CAKES ANYMORE, BABY.
I WANT EVERYTHING TO LOOK JUST RIGHT ^{when} ~~FOR~~ DADDY. *Come home.*

BABY: I HOPE HE BRINGS YOU A VALENTINE, MOMMIE.

BLONDIE: OH, HE WILL -- I GUESS. ~~HE HARDLY EVER FORGETS.~~

BABY: I HOPE HE BRINGS ME ^{a valentine} ~~ONE~~, TOO. I'VE GOT ONE FOR HIM.

BLONDIE: YOU HAVE? OH THAT'S VERY SWEET, BABY. ~~DADDY WILL BE GLAD TO KNOW YOU THOUGHT OF HIM. ~~WHEN YOU MAKE IT YOURSELF -- LIKE THE ONE YOU GAVE ME?~~~~

BABY: I COULDN'T MAKE ANY ~~ONE~~ ~~BECAUSE I USED UP ALL THE GLUE ON YOURS. ~~SO I HAD TO BUY DADDY'S VALENTINE.~~~~

BLONDIE: WHY, WHERE DID YOU GET THE MONEY, ~~DEAR?~~ ^{to buy a valentine!}

BABY: WELL I KIND OF EARNED IT.

BLONDIE: YOU ~~WORKED TO BUY DADDY A VALENTINE?~~ WHY I -- I'M PROUD OF YOU, BABY! ^{you can do it!} ~~WHO DID YOU WORK FOR?~~

BABY: ~~WELL... I DID MRS. LASTFOGEL'S FAVOR.~~

BLONDIE: ~~TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT, BABY.~~

BABY: WELL -- YOU KNOW THE LASTFOGEL'S ⁷ASH BARREL?

BLONDIE: NO. BUT I SUPPOSE THEY HAVE ONE. GO ON...

BABY: WELL -- EVERYTIME IT GOT FULL SOMEBODY USED TO TIP IT OVER. SO I ASKED ^{Mrs. Lastfogel} ~~HER~~ IF IT WOULD BE WORTH A PENNY IF SHE KNEW IT WOULDN'T GET TIPPED OVER ANYMORE AND SHE SAID YES. SO THAT'S HOW I GOT THE PENNY.

BLONDIE: NOW WAIT A MINUTE YOUNG MAN...YOU MEAN MRS. LASTFOGEL HAD TO BRIBE YOU TO LET HER ⁷ASH BARREL ALONE?

BABY: OH, NO, MOMMIE. I NEVER PUSHED IT OVER.

BLONDIE: THEN HOW COULD YOU PROMISE IT WOULDN'T HAPPEN AGAIN?

BABY: OH, IT WON'T, MOMMIE. BECAUSE IT WAS ALVIN FUDDLE USED TO PUSH IT OVER -- AND ALVIN'S GONE AWAY FOR ALL WINTER.

BLONDIE: JUST THE SAME, I'M AFRAID MRS. LASTFOGEL GOT THE WRONG IDEA. I WANT YOU TO GIVE HER THAT PENNY BACK.

BABY: I CAN'T, MOMMIE! I SPENT IT FOR DADDY'S VALENTINE.

BLONDIE: YOU CAN GIVE HER A PENNY FROM YOUR PIG BANK.

BABY: MAYBE AFTER DADDY'S SEEN HIS VALENTINE I COULD GIVE HER THAT INSTEAD.

BLONDIE: NO, BABY! THE VALENTINE WILL BELONG TO DADDY. AND ANYWAY, IT MIGHT NOT BE APPROPRIATE FOR MRS. LASTFOGEL. WHAT KIND OF VALENTINE IS IT?

BABY: I'LL SHOW YOU. IT'S IN MY BLOUSE HERE.

BLONDIE: WON'T IT BE MUSSED?

BABY: NO --- IT'S A STRONG ONE. SEE?

BLONDIE: HMMM. WHY -- THIS IS KIND OF A FUNNY LOOKING VALENTINE, BABY.

BABY: SURE. IT'S A COMIC VALENTINE.

BLONDIE: WHAT'S THIS PICTURE OF A MAN RUNNING?

BABY: THAT'S SUPPOSED TO BE DADDY WHEN HE'S LATE FOR WORK. READ THE POEM, MOMMIE.

BLONDIE: POEM? OH -- YES... (READS) "THE OFFICE ATHLETE"

"WE CALL YOU THE OFFICE ATH-A-LETE
AS YOU GO RUNNING DOWN THE STREET
INSTEAD OF BRAINS YOU USE YOUR FEET
NO WONDER YOU'RE ALWAYS TIRED!

IF PUNCHING A TIME CLOCK MADE YOU STRONG
YOU'D BEAT JOE LOUIS BEFORE LONG
IF YOU THINK YOU'RE FOOLING THE BOSS YOU'RE WRONG
BECAUSE YOU'LL SOON BE FIRED."

BABY: I BET DADDY'LL LAUGH AT THAT.

BLONDIE: I'LL TAKE THAT BET! NO -- I WOULDN'T GIVE HIM THIS, BABY.
YOU DON'T MEAN TO MAKE FUN OF DADDY DO YOU?

BABY: NOT IF IT MAKES HIM MAD.

BLONDIE: WELL, IT WOULDN'T MAKE HIM VERY HAPPY. I DON'T THINK.

BABY: THEN I'LL GIVE IT SOMEBODY ELSE. I DON'T WANT DADDY MAD
AT ME.

BLONDIE: OF COURSE YOU DON'T. YOU LOVE DADDY, DON'T YOU?

BABY: SURE. AND BESIDES HE MIGHT TAKE BACK THE PONY.

BLONDIE: WHAT PONY?

BABY: THE PONY HE MIGHT GIVE ME FOR VALENTINES.

BLONDIE: OH NO, BABY. NO ONE GETS PONIES FOR VALENTINE'S DAY. YOU
SEEM TO HAVE IT MIXED UP WITH CHRISTMAS.

BABY: I DIDN'T GET A PONY FOR CHRISTMAS, EITHER. BUT THIS
MORNING DADDY SAID HE HAD A SURPRISE FOR US BOTH.

BLONDIE: HE DID? OH THEN HE HASN'T FORGOTTEN. OH, I HOPE MY
SURPRISE WILL BE -- FLOWERS.

BABY: I STILL HOPE MINE'S A PONY.

BLONDIE: WHEN YOU GROW UP AND MARRY, BABY -- ALWAYS REMEMBER TO
TAKE HOME FLOWERS FOR YOUR WIFE. FLOWERS ARE SO ROMANTIC.

BABY: YEAH. BUT PONIES LAST LONGER.

BLONDIE: NOW, BABY -- LET'S NOT THINK ABOUT THE PONY ANYMORE. I
KNOW WHATEVER DADDY BRINGS US IT WILL BE A LOVELY
VALENTINE. MY! JUST LOOK AT THE TIME. ~~I WONDER WHAT'S
KEEPING HIM FROM COMING~~ (PHONE) THERE! THE PHONE! MAYBE
THIS IS DAGWOOD NOW -- CALLING TO SAY HE'S LATE.

BABY: TELL HIM WE KNOW IT.

BLONDIE: (PHONE UP) HELLO?

MISS: (FILTER) I -- IS -- IS THIS THE HOME OF MR. BUMSTEAD?
MR. DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD?

BLONDIE: YES...

MISS: WELL IS...IS HE HOME? ER -- MISTER BUMSTEAD I MEAN.

BLONDIE: WHY NO HE ISN'T -- BUT I'M EXPECTING HIM.

MISS: OH SO AM I! I -- I MEAN -- I WAS EXPECTING HIM TO BE
HOME...AND I...I JUST WANTED TO ASK HIM ABOUT -- SOMETHING
IT'S AWFULLY IMPORTANT!

BLONDIE: WELL -- I COULD HAVE DAGWOOD PHONE YOU WHEN HE COMES IN...

MISS: OH, WOULD YOU? JUST SAY THAT MISS -- MISS FLAHERTY CALLED
(JANGLE BELL OVER FILTER) OH, THERE'S MY BELL! SOMEONE'S
JUST COME IN...THIS MAY BE -- YES, HERE'S MR. BUMSTEAD
NOW! EXCUSE ME! (HANG UP DISTANT)

BLONDIE: WELL IF DAGWOOD IS THERE -- ASK HIM TO HURRY HOME.
(WIRE HUM) HELLO? (CLICKS) HELLO? OH DEAR, SHE'S HUNG
UP!

BABY: WHO WAS IT, MOMMIE?

BLONDIE: SOMEBODY NAMED MISS FLAHERTY. SHE SEEMED QUITE EXCITED
ABOUT SOMETHING AND WANTED TO TALK TO YOUR DADDY...AND
JUST THEN HE WALKED INTO HER PLACE!...NOW WHAT DO YOU
SUPPOSE DAGWOOD'S UP TO CALLING ON HER WHEN HE'S LATE FOR
HIS DINNER AT HOME?
(VERY BRIEF MUSIC)
(DOOR SHUTS....SHOP BELL STILL JANGLING FAINTLY)

MISS: MR. BUMSTEAD! IT'S YOU.

DAGWOOD: YEAH. HELLO, MISS FLAHERTY.

MISS: JUST WHEN I'M LONGING TO SEE YOU!

DAGWOOD: WELL -- ER -- THANKS. SAY, HOW DID OUR VALENTINES
INVENTION COME OUT?

MISS: IT'S THERE! ALL WRAPPED AND WAITING! EXQUISITE!
SIMPLY TOO DARLING! I'M SO PROUD YOU LET ME BAKE IT FOR
YOU.

DAGWOOD: WELL, I NEVER INVENTED A BAKED INVENTION BEFORE -- SO I
NEEDED SOMEBODY LIKE YOU TO WORK IT OUT.

MISS: I'VE SHOWN IT TO ALL THE CUSTOMERS WHO CAME INTO MY SHOP
HERE TODAY. ~~THE LADIES WERE RAVING ABOUT IT. THEY~~
~~THOUGHT IT WAS SO ROMANTIC OF YOU TO HAVE TWO HEARTS ON~~
~~THE TOP!~~ I TOLD THEM THE TEENTSY-WEENTSY HEART WAS
FOR YOUR BABY...AND THE LOVELY BIG ONE FOR YOUR WIFE.

DAGWOOD: YEAH? DID YOU SHOW 'EM HOW YOU COULD LIFT THE HEARTS OFF
THE TOP?

MISS: OH, YES. I PUT A BIG, BIG BOW ON THE BIG HEART -- AND A
ITSY-BITSY BOW ON THE WEE ONE...AND BY TAKING HOLD OF THE
BOWS YOU CAN JUST WHISK THE HEARTS AWAY!

DAGWOOD: AND FIND THE VALENTINE PRESENTS....

MISS: SNUGGLING IN THEIR LITTLE NESTS. RIGHT IN THE HEART OF
THE CAKE!

DAGWOOD: YEAH. I HOPE THEY'LL LIKE THE PRESENTS, TOO.

MISS: OF COURSE THEY WILL!

DAGWOOD: BLONDIE KEPT HINTING SHE WANTED FLOWERS.

MISS: WELL -- SHE'LL HAVE OODLES NOW -- WHEN THOSE BULBS COME
INTO BLOOM.

DAGWOOD: HOW DO THE BULBS LOOK -- IN THE CAKE?

MISS: WELL, JUST AT FIRST THEY LOOKED A LITTLE LIKE ONIONS...
SO I PUT CELLOPHANE AROUND THEM.

DAGWOOD: YEAH, THAT OUGHT TO FIX 'EM UP. HAVE YOU GOT CELLOPHANE
AROUND BABY DUMPLING'S PRESENT?

MISS: WELL I TRIED TO...BUT THE BRISTLES KEPT STICKING THROUGH
EVERY WHICH WAY. WASN'T THAT AN AWFULLY STIFF WIRE BRUSH
FOR A KIDDIES SILKY HAIR?

DAGWOOD: OH, THAT WASN'T FOR BABY TO USE ON HIMSELF. IT'S -- KIND
OF AN -- EDUCATIONAL PRESENT YOU MIGHT SAY.

MISS: OH?

DAGWOOD: YEAH -- SEE -- HE'S BEEN WANTING A PONY. BUT I FIGURE
A BOY SHOULDN'T HAVE A PET UNTIL HE CAN TAKE CARE OF IT.

MISS: HOW VERY WISE.

DAGWOOD: YEAH. SO WHEN BABY GETS SO HE CAN GROOM DAISY, THE DOG,
WITH THAT CURRY COMB I ~~PUT~~ ^{in the cake} HIM...THEN HE'LL BE READY FOR
A PONY.

MISS: OH I SEE.

DAGWOOD: DON'T YOU AGREE WITH ME?

MISS: OH INDEED I DO! THIS WAY YOUR LITTLE LADY LOVE AND YOUR BABY BOY WILL HAVE SO MUCH TO LOOK FORWARD TO.

DAGWOOD: UHUH. WELL -- I GUESS I'D BETTER BE GETTING ALONG HOME NOW.

MISS: ~~OH, I FORGOT TO TELL YOU: I HAD YOUR WIFE ON THE PHONE AND SHE SEEMED ANXIOUS TO SEE YOU!~~

DAGWOOD: ~~YEAH -- I'M KIND OF --~~ I'LL GIVE ME MY CAKE MISS FLAHERTY, AND I'LL GIVE YOU YOUR DOUGH (LAUGHS)

MISS: (LAUGHS TOO) OH MY! YOU MUST EXPLAIN THAT ONE TO ME SOMETIME, MR. BUMSTEAD.

DAGWOOD: WELL -- I -- (SOBERS) HOW'S THAT? OH! WELL, I'M IN KIND OF A HURRY RIGHT NOW.

MISS: I KNOW...HERE'S YOUR CAKE!

DAGWOOD: THANKS FOR WRAPPING IT SO PRETTY, TOO.

MISS: OH DEAR!

DAGWOOD: WHAT'S THE MATTER?

MISS: OH, MY -- I HOPE THERE'S NOTHING WRONG -- BUT -- THIS FEELS AWFULLY LIGHT FOR YOUR PACKAGE.

DAGWOOD: WASN'T THE CAKE LIGHT?

MISS: NOT AFTER THE BULBS AND THINGS GOT IN IT. OH, I MUST PEEK INSIDE AND SEE IF THIS IS YOUR CAKE. (STRING SNAPS)
(PAPER RUSTLE)

DAGWOOD: GOSH...IF IT ISN'T...WHERE IS MINE? (OVER ABOVE SOUNDS)

MISS: OH, MY STARS!

DAGWOOD: WHAT IS IT?

MISS: THIS IS MRS. FLEMING'S CHEESE CAKE...OH THAT STUPID BOY!

DAGWOOD: WHAT BOY?

MISS: MY DELIVERY BOY. HE'S MIXED THE DELIVERIES. DON'T YOU SEE?

DAGWOOD: WELL -- HEY -- I DON'T WANT MRS. FLEMING GETTING MY CAKE.

MISS: NEITHER DO I! I DON'T KNOW WHAT SHE'D SAY IF SHE FOUND A CURRY COMB IN MY BAKING!

DAGWOOD: WELL -- I DON'T KNOW WHAT BLONDIE WOULD THINK IF SHE GOT A CHEESE CAKE FOR A VALENTINE!

MISS: THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO. I MUST GO TO MRS. FLEMING AND EXPLAIN.

DAGWOOD: COULDN'T YOU PHONE?

MISS: SHE HASN'T GOT A PHONE. SHE SAYS SHE HEARS MORE TALK THAN SHE WANTS JUST WITH THE NAKED EAR. IF YOU'LL PARDON THE EXPRESSION.

DAGWOOD: ~~WELL -- LISTEN! SUPPOSE SHE'S ALREADY FOUND OUT THE MISTAKE AND SENT THE BOY BACK WITH MY CAKE? IF HE COMES BACK AND FINDS THE SHOP CLOSED HE'S LIKELY TO GIVE THE WHOLE THING UP.~~

MISS: HE WOULD! HE GIVES UP VERY EASILY. YOU'LL HAVE TO STAY HERE AND KEEP THE SHOP OPEN WHILE I'M GONE.

DAGWOOD: YEAH, BUT SUPPOSE A CUSTOMER COMES IN? I DON'T KNOW THE STOCK.

MISS: LADY FINGERS ARE TWO FOR FIVE.

DAGWOOD: UHUH. TWO FOR FIVE. THAT'S EASY. (TAKE) HEY! SUPPOSE THEY DON'T WANT LADY FINGERS? SUPPOSE THEY WANT DOUGHNUTS.

I must go now,

MISS: DON'T LET THEM BULLY YOU, MR. BUMSTEAD. LADY FINGERS ARE MUCH NICER.

DAGWOOD: HEY, THERE'S NOTHING LEFT IN THE CASE BUT LADY FINGERS.

MISS: I KNOW. SO MUCH SIMPLER THAT WAY! I USED TO HAVE MACAROONS, TOO.

DAGWOOD: YEAH? WHY DON'T YOU HAVE THEM NOW?

MISS: OH, THEY BOUGHT ME OUT OF THEM AS FAST AS I COULD LAY THEM IN. SO I HAD TO GIVE UP MAKING MACAROONS. (GOING) WELL -- HERE I GO. (DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: WELL, LISTEN! DON'T BE LONG -- BECAUSE I'M LATE FOR DINNER NOW.

MISS: (AWAY) YOU CAN CALL UP YOUR WIFE AND EXPLAIN IF YOU LIKE, MY NUMBER'S IN THE BOOK. GOODBYE! (DOOR SHUTS)

DAGWOOD: YEAH...NOW WHERE'S THE BOOK? OH HERE. LET'S SEE (PAPER PAGES TURN) LET'S SEE FLAHERTY'S BAKE SHOP...FLAHERTY... F...F...F...(TAKE) HEY, I DON'T WANT HER NUMBER! I WANT MY HOUSE...(PHONE UP) OPERATOR? GIVE ME MACAROONS -- TWO FOUR FIVE! NO...WAIT...(MUSIC IN SOFTLY) I WANT BLONDIE...I MEAN BUMSTEAD...NO...NO...

(MUSIC UP FOR BRIEF INTERLUDE)

BLONDIE: WELL BUT, DAGWOOD -- WHY CAN'T YOU EXPLAIN. WHAT'S THE USE OF CALLING ME ON THE PHONE AND NOT EXPLAINING?

DAGWOOD: (FILTER) WELL -- I JUST DIDN'T WANT YOU TO WORRY ABOUT ME.

BLONDIE: THAT'S VERY NICE, DEAR -- BUT AT LEAST TELL ME WHERE YOU ARE.

DAGWOOD: NO -- LISTEN, HONEY -- THERE'S BEEN A TERRIBLE MISTAKE THAT'S ALL -- BUT I'M ALL RIGHT.

BLONDIE: WELL -- HAVE YOU HAD ANYTHING TO EAT?

DAGWOOD: YEAH. A DOZEN LADY FINGERS.

BLONDIE: LADY FINGERS? WHAT KIND OF A MEAL IS THAT?

DAGWOOD: TERRIBLE! I NEVER WANT TO SEE ANOTHER LADY FINGER AS LONG AS I LIVE.

BLONDIE: LISTEN, DAGWOOD. DO YOU KNOW A WOMAN NAMED
MISS FLAHERTY?

DAGWOOD: YEAH. (TAKE) HEY! HOW DID YOU KNOW ABOUT HER?

BLONDIE: (FISHING) SHE CALLED ME UP! AND I CAN PUT TWO AND
TWO TOGETHER.

DAGWOOD: WELL DON'T! DON'T PUT TWO AND TWO TOGETHER, BLONDIE!
GOSH! IF YOU START PUTTING TWO AND TWO TOGETHER --
YOU'RE GOING TO GET TWO FOR FIVE...I MEAN... YOU'LL GET
THE WRONG IDEA OF THIS THING!

BLONDIE: OH ALL RIGHT! IF YOU WANT TO LET A GOOD DINNER SPOIL
AT HOME WHILE YOU EAT MISS FLAHERTY'S LADY FINGERS...

DAGWOOD: WELL IT'S ALL SHE'S GOT TO EAT...SINCE SHE GAVE UP
MACAROONS.

BLONDIE: WHAT?

DAGWOOD: LISTEN! I'LL EXPLAIN EVERYTHING WHEN I GET HOME.

BLONDIE: I CERTAINLY HOPE YOU CAN.

DAGWOOD: SURE, I CAN. ONLY IF ANYTHING GETS DELIVERED THERE
BEFORE I DO...I MEAN BEFORE I GET THERE....WHY JUST
TAKE IT IN GENTLY...

BLONDIE: GENTLY?

DAGWOOD: YEAH! IT'S PRETTY DELICATE. BUT DON'T DECIDE TO DO
ANYTHING WITH IT 'TILL I GET THERE -- BECAUSE THERE'S
A BIG SURPRISE TO IT.

BLONDIE: NOTHING ~~SURPRISES ME VERY MUCH ANY MORE, DAGWOOD.~~

DAGWOOD: I ~~GET THIS WILL!~~ BECAUSE MISS FLAHERTY SAYS ~~EVERYONE~~
~~WHO SEES IT -- IS CRAZY ABOUT IT.~~

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD! WHAT IS IT?

BLONDIE: LISTEN, DAGWOOD. DO YOU KNOW A WOMAN NAMED
MISS FLAHERTY?

DAGWOOD: YEAH. (TAKE) HEY! HOW DID YOU KNOW ABOUT HER?

BLONDIE: (FISHING) SHE CALLED ME UP! AND I CAN PUT TWO AND
TWO TOGETHER.

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ANYTHING WITH IT 'TILL I GET THERE -- BECAUSE THERE'S
A BIG SURPRISE TO IT.

BLONDIE: NOTHING SURPRISES ME VERY MUCH ANY MORE, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: I BET THIS WILL! BECAUSE MISS FLAHERTY SAYS EVERYONE
WHO SEES IT -- IS CRAZY ABOUT IT.

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD! WHAT IS IT?

DAGWOOD: I CAN'T EXPLAIN OVER THE PHONE, HONELY...BUT I'LL BE HOME SOON! NOW DON'T WORRY ABOUT ANYTHING 'TILL I HAVE A CHANCE TO EXPLAIN. G'BYE!

BLONDIE: GOODBYE, DAGWOOD. (HANGS UP)

BABY: WHAT DID DADDY SAY, MOMMIE?

BLONDIE: WELL --- ALL I GOT OUT OF IT WAS THAT SOMETHING WAS GOING TO BE DELIVERED HERE --- AND IF I TOOK IT IN GENTLY I'D BE SURPRISED.

BABY: I BET IT'S A VALENTINE.

BLONDIE: I HOPE THAT'S ALL IT IS. BUT WHY DOESN'T HE BRING IT HOME HIMSELF?

BABY: MAYBE IT'S TOO BIG...LIKE A PONY.

BLONDIE: NO --- HE SAYS IT'S VERY DELICATE. DELICATE! GOODNESS! DO YOU SUPPOSE IT IS SOMETHING ALIVE?

BABY: IF IT IS WE BETTER BE WATCHING, MOMMIE. IT MIGHT CATCH COLD. I'M GOING TO LOOK OUT THE WINDOW.

BLONDIE: WELL --- BUT NOBODY HAS RUNG THE BELL...THERE WON'T BE ANYTHING YET, BABY.

BABY: THERE IS THOUGH, MOMMIE! SOMETHING ON OUR FRONT STEPS! IN A BASKET!

BLONDIE: A BASKET? IS IT FLOWERS? PEOPLE USED TO HANG FLOWERS ON DOORKNOBS ON VALENTINE'S DAY...OR WAS THAT EASTER?

BABY: OPEN THE DOOR AND SEE WHAT IT IS, MOMMIE...

BLONDIE: YES...LET'S SEE....(DOOR OPENS)...WHY IT'S A BIG BASKET!...WITH BLANKETS IN IT! A LAUNDRY BASKET!

BABY: WHAT'S UNDER THE BLANKETS, MOMMIE?

BLONDIE: WAIT...HERE'S A NOTE ON TOP!

BABY: WHAT'S IT SAY? IS IT FROM DADDY?

BLONDIE: (SLOWLY) NO! IT'S A WOMAN'S WRITING....AND IT'S
BLURIED WITH...WITH TEARS I'M AFRAID! IT'S -- VERY
HARD TO READ.

BABY: AW -- ISN'T IT A VALENTINE?

BLONDIE: NO, DEAR!...I'M AFRAID IT'S...(BABY CRIES FAINTLY)

BABY: IT'S A BABY!

BLONDIE: YES! QUICK! HELP ME BRING IT IN!

BABY: SURE, MOMMIE. TAKE IT IN GENTLY -- LIKE DADDY SAID.

BLONDIE: WHAT? WHY BABY -- YOU DON'T THINK THIS IS DADDY'S
VALENTINE?

BABY: SURE, MOMMIE. HE SAID WE'D BE SURPRISED, DIDN'T HE?
AND WE ARE -- AREN'T WE?

BLONDIE: WELL -- YES, BABY! WE CERTAINLY ARE!

MUSIC: (IN AND SEGUE TO THEME FOR)
(CENTRAL COMMERCIAL)

"BLONDIE" 14-A
2/12/40 (REVISED)

GOODWIN: I KNOW THAT YOU FOLKS -- IN READING YOUR FAVORITE
NEWSPAPERS AND MAGAZINES -- AND IN LISTENING TO YOUR
RADIO -- HAVE HEARD A LOT ABOUT CAMEL CIGARETTES BEING
SLOWER-BURNING. MAYBE THIS QUESTION HAS OCCURRED TO YOU:

WOMAN'S VOICE: HOW CAN A SMOKER TELL THAT CAMEL CIGARETTES BURN
SLOWER THAN ANY OTHER?

GOODWIN: JUST BY SMOKING CAMELS. BY THEIR EXTRA-COOLNESS AND
EXTRA-MILDNESS, YOU CAN TELL CAMELS ARE SLOWER-BURNING.

WOMAN'S VOICE: DOES SLOWER BURNING MAKE A DIFFERENCE IN TASTE?

GOODWIN: NOTHING INTERFERES WITH A CIGARETTE'S DELICATE FLAVOR
AND AROMA LIKE THE EXCESS HEAT OF TOO-FAST BURNING.
IN CAMELS THE FLAVOR OF CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS IS
PRESERVED BY SLOWER BURNING AND COMES THROUGH TO YOU
IN THE SMOKING, THAT'S WHY CAMELS NEVER GO FLAT ON YOUR
TASTE.

WOMAN'S VOICE: HOW MUCH SLOWER DO CAMELS BURN?

GOODWIN: 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 EXTRA COOLNESS, EXTRA
MILDNESS, EXTRA FLAVOR, AND EXTRA SMOKING EQUAL, ON
THE AVERAGE, TO FIVE EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK. PENNY FOR
PENNY, CAMELS ARE YOUR BEST CIGARETTE BUY!

GOODWIN: AND NOW --- WE RETURN TO DAGWOOD...WHO IS STILL
WATCHING MISS FLAHERTY'S STORE!...WELL..!"WATCHING IT"
MAY NOT BE JUST THE PHRASE...SEEING THAT DAGWOOD
IS HAVING A LITTLE NAP! SUDDENLY...THE SHOP BELL
JANGLES...

DAGWOOD: HEY! WHO'S THAT? (BELL JANGLES) (YAWNS) THAT YOU,
MISS FLAHERTY?

GEORGE: NAW. REACH HIGH, BUDDY!

DAGWOOD: EH? DO WHAT?

GEORGE: GET YOUR MITTS IN THE AIR! THIS IS A STICK-UP!

DAGWOOD: AW --- YOU'RE FOOLING! ER --AREN'T YOU?

GEORGE: FOOLIN', EH? TAKE A LOOK AT THIS ROD, WISE GUY!

DAGWOOD: HEY! THAT --- THAT'S A GUN!

GEORGE: YEAH. WANT IT TO GO OFF?

DAGWOOD: NO THANKS. NOT WHILE IT'S POINTED AT ME.

GEORGE: THEN GET AWAY FROM THAT CASH REGISTER.

DAGWOOD: HEY! THAT MONEY ISN'T MINE!

GEORGE: NOT ANY MORE IT AIN'T! (RINGS REGISTER) WHAT'S THE
IDEA? THERE'S NO JACK IN THIS DRAWER!

DAGWOOD: I GUESS MISS FLAHERTY HAD A BAD DAY.

GEORGE: YEAH? WELL YOU'RE GOIN' TER HAVE A BAD NIGHT...
UNLESS YOU KICK IN!

DAGWOOD: LISTEN...I DON'T KNOW WHERE SHE KEEPS HER MONEY...IF
SHE HAS ANY. AND ALL I HAVE IS WHAT'S LEFT FROM MY
LUNCH. BLONDIE DOESN'T LET ME TAKE MUCH. I SPEND
IT IF I DO...

GEORGE: YOU HAD A NICE LUNCH DID YER?

DAGWOOD: JUST FAIR! AND I HAVEN'T HAD ANY DINNER YET.

GEORGE: NOW AIN'T THAT TOUGH? YOU KNOW WHEN I ATE LAST?
I HAD A HAND-OUT ON THE EDGE OF TOWN...LAST NIGHT.
I'M SICK A HAND-OUTS SEE? FROM NOW ON I TAKE WHAT
I WANT.

DAGWOOD: SOONER OR LATER YOU'LL GET CAUGHT THOUGH...AND GO TO
JAIL.

GEORGE: I BEEN THERE.

DAGWOOD: OH. ER -- YOU HAVE?

GEORGE: YEAH. WHERE D'YE THINK I GOT THIS BURLAP SUIT?
IN COLLEGE?

DAGWOOD: WELL -- YOU DON'T WANT TO GO BACK TO JAIL DO YOU?

GEORGE: WELL -- I ATE IN JAIL!...BUT I'M NOT GOING YET ANYHOW.

DAGWOOD: WELL, I HOPE YOU DON'T. LISTEN -- WHY DON'T YOU GET A
JOB AND THEN YOU COULD EAT AND STAY OUT OF JAIL --
BOTH.

GEORGE: WHO'S GOING TO GIVE ME A JOB? ~~I SERVED MY TIME~~
AN EX-CON.

DAGWOOD: I MIGHT BE ABLE TO FIX IT. WHAT CAN YOU DO?

GEORGE: I CAN PLUG YOU RIGHT THROUGH THE NOODLE IF YOU TAKE
THEM HANDS DOWN.

DAGWOOD: OH -- PARDON ME...I WAS GETTING KIND OF TIRED.

GEORGE: YEAH. AND I'M TIRED OF GAB...."GET A JOB" HE SAYS.
I WANT TO EAT -- TONIGHT!

DAGWOOD: GOSH! I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL! I'M HUNGRY MYSELF.

GEORGE: ANY GRUB IN THIS JOINT?

DAGWOOD: LADY FINGERS! YOU WOULDN'T LIKE THEM.

GEORGE: I'LL TRY ONE.

DAGWOOD: NO LISTEN. I'VE GOT A BETTER IDEA. WHY DON'T YOU
COME HOME WITH ME FOR DINNER?

GEORGE: ARE YOU TRYING TO BE FUNNY?

DAGWOOD: NO...I TAKE MY DINNER VERY SERIOUSLY.

GEORGE: WHAT KIND OF A SAP DO YOU THINK I AM? "COME HOME FER
DINNER" HE SAYS!..LIKE THAT! ~~AND I SUPPOSE WE~~

~~WALK OUT A GUN IN HIS HAND, THEN?~~ I TAKE

THIS GUN OFF YOU ONCE AND THEN -- WHAT HAPPENS?

DAGWOOD: THEN WE GO HOME TO DINNER -- LIKE I SAID.

GEORGE: OH SURE! WE WALK OUT ON THE STREET AND YOU YELL
COPPER!

DAGWOOD: WAIT A MINUTE! DO YOU MEAN YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME
WHEN I ASK YOU HOME TO DINNER?

GEORGE: THAT'S RIGHT...I DON'T.

DAGWOOD: NOW YOU'RE MAKING ME MAD. WHY YOU MIGHT AS WELL
CALL ME A LIAR.

GEORGE: SO I CALL YOU A LIAR. SO WHAT?

DAGWOOD: SO I'M COMING OVER THERE AND MAKE YOU TAKE IT BACK.

GEORGE: HEY -- WAIT!

DAGWOOD: NO SIR! NOBODY CAN CALL ME A LIAR! GIMME THAT GUN!

GEORGE: CUT IT OUT! (STRUGGLE) COH. LET LOOSE A BY ARM.
MISTER!

DAGWOOD: (PANTING) NOW -- I GOT THE DROP ON YOU!

GEORGE: YOU WOULDN'T A HAD...ONLY I AIN'T STRONG. I -- A GUY'S
GOT TO EAT OR HE'S GOT NO FIGHT IN HIM.

DAGWOOD: THEN YOU SHOULDN'T GO AROUND CALLING PEOPLE LIARS.

GEORGE: AW, NEVER MIND THAT STUFF. YOU GOT ME...LET'S GET IT
OVER.

DAGWOOD: OKAY. SAY YOU ARE WEAK. I GUESS YOU HAVEN'T EATEN
LATELY --

GEORGE: OH, SO YOU THOUGHT I WAS A LIAR TOO?

DAGWOOD: I'M SORRY.

GEORGE: CALL THE COPS, WILL YOU? GET IT OVER!

DAGWOOD: WHAT DO I WANT WITH COPS? I CAN HANDLE YOU...AS FAR AS
MY HOUSE.

GEORGE: AS FAR AS -- WHERE?

DAGWOOD: MY HOUSE! FOR DINNER! LIKE I SAID,

GEORGE: YOU MEAN IT?

DAGWOOD: DO WE HAVE TO GO OVER THAT AGAIN?

GEORGE: NO, NO...ONLY -- LISTEN! AIN'T YOU TAKING AN AWFUL
CHANCE ON ME?

DAGWOOD: WHY AM I? I'VE GOT YOUR GUN...

GEORGE: OH! YEAH! THAT'S RIGHT. (HE LAUGHS)

DAGWOOD: WHAT'S SO FUNNY?

GEORGE: I'M SORRY, PAL. YOU'RE A RIGHT GUY...I SEE THAT NOW...
AND I HATE TO SEE A RIGHT GUY LOOKIN' FOOLISH.

DAGWOOD: WHO LOOKS FOOLISH?

GEORGE: WELL, PAL...YOU DO! POINTIN' THAT GUN AT ME! SEE...IT'S
A NO GOOD GUN.

DAGWOOD: WHAT?

GEORGE: IT'S A PHONEY. YOU BEEN SO BUSY KEEPIN' YOUR EYE ON ME
YOU AIN'T HAD TIME TO GET A GOOD GANDER AT IT. TAKE A
LOOK.

DAGWOOD: WELL, I...WELL. I'LL BE DOGGONED.

GEORGE: YEAH. IT LOOKS GOOD AT A DISTANCE BUT WON'T EVEN SHOOT
CAPS NO MORE. WELL, SO LONG.

DAGWOOD: HEY, WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

GEORGE: OUT A THE DOOR, PAL...OUT A YOUR LIFE, KID. WHAT'S TO
STOP ME NOW?

DAGWOOD: LISTEN...I THOUGHT YOU WERE HUNGRY?

GEORGE: I AM! THAT'S NO PHONEY. BUT YOU DON'T WANT TO TAKE ME
HOME TO NO DINNER.

DAGWOOD: NOW LISTEN...

GEORGE: (HASTILY) DON'T GET ME WRONG, PAL! YOUR HEART'S RIGHT
...BUT WHAT I MEAN...YOU SAID WHEN I FIRST COME IN
ABOUT BLONDIE SOMEBODY NOT GIVING YOU MORE THAN LUNCH
MONEY! SO YOU'RE MARRIED.

DAGWOOD: SO WHAT?

GEORGE: LISTEN. I WAS MARRIED ONCE.

DAGWOOD: WHAT ~~OF IT~~? *is that for to do with it?*

GEORGE: NOBODY'S WIFE WANTS 'EM BRINGING STRANGERS HOME TO
DINNER -- ESPECIALLY IF YOU DON'T KNOW THEM.

DAGWOOD: OH, BLONDIE'S DIFFERENT. SHE WON'T MIND.

GEORGE: DIFFERENT HUH? I THOUGHT MY WIFE WAS DIFFERENT, TOO.
YOU KNOW WHAT?

DAGWOOD: NO. WHAT?

GEORGE: WELL --- WHEN I WENT UP FOR MY STRETCH -- I WAS RAILROADED
SEE? OH I KNOW! THAT'S WHAT THEY ALL SAY! BUT I WAS!
AND MY WIFE KNEW IT, TOO! SO FOR A WHILE SHE COMES TO
SEE ME...AND THEN...(HE BREAKS OFF)

DAGWOOD: SHE STOPPED COMING?

GEORGE: YEAH. FIRST I THOUGHT SHE WAS SICK...BUT AFTER AWHILE
I GOT WISE. SHE WAS THROUGH WITH ME. NOT THAT I
BLAME HER! WHAT GOOD'S A GUY IN STIR? BUT IT HURT.

DAGWOOD: DIDN'T YOU TRY TO FIND HER WHEN YOU GOT OUT?

GEORGE: WHAT FOR? TO HAVE HER TELL ME WHAT I KNEW? THAT SHE
WAS THROUGH? NAW.

DAGWOOD: LISTEN...ER...WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

GEORGE: GEORGE.

DAGWOOD: WELL, LISTEN GEORGE. NOBODY CAN THINK STRAIGHT ON AN
EMPTY STOMACH. WHEN YOU'VE HAD DINNER YOU'LL FEEL
BETTER...

GEORGE: LOOK...I TRIED TO LET YOU OUT OF THIS...YOU STILL WANT
ME TO GO HOME WITH YOU?

DAGWOOD: SURE.

GEORGE: TO EAT...A HOME COOKED MEAL?

DAGWOOD: THAT'S RIGHT...OF COURSE EVERYTHING WILL BE A LITTLE
DRY BY NOW...

GEORGE: I LIKE MY STUFF WELL DONE! LET'S GO!

MUSIC: (IN FOR INTERLUDE)

CRUST

BABY: THE BABY LIKES IT IN THE KITCHEN HERE, MOMMIE.

BLONDIE: POOR LITTLE THING! IT WAS COLD...AND HUNGRY.

BABY: IT DRANK ALL ITS MILK PRETTY QUICK ALL RIGHT.

BLONDIE: IT'S LUCKY I HAD YOUR OLD NURSING BOTTLES, BABY...AND
REMEMBERED YOUR FORMULA.

BABY: CAN WE KEEP THIS BABY, MOMMIE? NEXT TO A PONY I GUESS
I'D LIKE A BABY SISTER BEST.

BLONDIE: WE'LL HAVE TO SEE WHAT DADDY SAYS.

BABY: ARE YOU SURE THIS WASN'T DADDY'S VALENTINE, MOMMIE?

BLONDIE: OH NO, DEAR. FOR A MINUTE I DID WONDER. HE WAS SO
MYSTERIOUS ABOUT EVERYTHING ON THE PHONE. BUT NOT
EVEN YOUR FATHER WOULD SEND HOME A STRAY BABY WITHOUT
WARNING.

BABY: I GUESS DADDY WOULD LIKE A BABY THAT EATS AS MUCH AS
THIS ONE...AND SLEEPS SO QUIET, TOO.

BLONDIE: WELL -- WE'LL BREAK THE NEWS GENTLY TO HIM. TELL HIM
WE'VE GOT A SURPRISE, TOO. LISTEN!

BABY: WHAT MOMMIE?

BLONDIE: I THOUGHT I HEARD OUR FRONT DOOR LOCK TURN.

BABY: YOU CAN'T HEAR THAT OUT HERE IN THE KITCHEN, MOMMIE.

BLONDIE: I CAN --- SOMETIMES. ESPECIALLY WHEN DAGWOOD IS TRYING
TO COME IN QUIETLY! BUT MAYBE I WAS WRONG...

BABY: SURE YOU WERE, MOMMIE...

BLONDIE: JUST THE SAME. IT SOUNDED LIKE OUR FRONT DOOR. (CALLS)
DAGWOOD?

MUSIC: (BRIEF MUSICAL "PAN")

BLONDIE: (FAINT NOW) DAGWOOOOOOD?
GEORGE: SHE HEARD US COME IN, *chum*
DAGWOOD: SSSSSSSHI
GEORGE: I GOT COLD FEET, *chum* ~~BL~~. SHE AIN'T GOING TO LIKE THIS.
DAGWOOD: SURE...SURE...YOU'LL BE WELCOME! ONLY...MAYBE YOU'D
BETTER CLEAN UP FIRST.
GEORGE: YEAH. I'D LIKE TO...I NEED A SHAVE -- AND THESE CLOTHES...
DAGWOOD: YOU GO UPSTAIRS -- TIP-TOE NOW! AND THE BATH'S AT THE
HEAD OF THE STAIRS -- AND MAYBE MY CLOTHES WOULD FIT YOU...
GEORGE: SAY...YOU'RE A SWELL GUY!
DAGWOOD: NEVER MIND...GO AHEAD UP...TIP-TOE!
GEORGE: SURE SURE...LEAVE IT TO ME...OOOOPS (A SMALL CRASH)...I HIT
THE TABLE.
BLONDIE: (AWAY) DAGWOOD, IS THAT YOU?
DAGWOOD: YEAH, HONEY...JUST A MINUTE...(SOFT) WHAT DID THEY SEND
YOU TO PRISON FOR, GEORGE?
GEORGE: BURGLARY.
DAGWOOD: UHUH. WELL, NOW I KNOW YOU WERE FRAMED...
BLONDIE: (NEARER) DAGWOOD...
DAGWOOD: HURRY UP...GEORGE...GET FIXED UP...
GEORGE: (AWAY) YEAH YEAH...YOU EXPLAIN IT TO HER BEFORE SHE SEES
ME.
BLONDIE: (COMING IN) DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD...WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN TILL
ALL HOURS? AND WHY ARE YOU STANDING OUT HERE IN THE HALL?
DAGWOOD: WELL NOW...YOU SEE, HONEY...IT'S A LONG STORY...
BLONDIE: UHUH. WELL THEN START EARLY...AND TELL IT.
DAGWOOD: WELL I...I'VE GOT A LITTLE SURPRISE FOR YOU, HONEY! ER...
COMPANY.
BLONDIE: COMPANY? AT THIS HOUR. WHO? WHERE ARE THEY?

DAGWOOD: JUST ONE, BLONDIE! JUST ONE MAN! I ASKED HIM HOME FOR DINNER.

BLONDIE: OH DAGWOOD...IT WON'T BE GOOD.

DAGWOOD: OH, IT'LL TASTE GOOD TO HIM!...I MEAN...HE HASN'T BEEN EATING LATELY...I MEAN...HE WAS AWAY FOR A LONG TIME WHERE THE...THE FOOD WAS PRETTY PLAIN.

BLONDIE: WELL -- BRING HIM IN WHOEVER IT IS.

DAGWOOD: HIS NAME IS GEORGE...AND HE IS IN.

BLONDIE: WHAT? GEORGE WHO...AND IN WHERE?

DAGWOOD: JUST GEORGE AND HE'S UP IN THE BATHROOM. HE NEEDED A SHAVE.

BLONDIE: OH...

DAGWOOD: YEAH...MAYBE HE'LL TAKE A BATH AND CHANGE INTO SOME OF MY CLOTHES, TOO.

BLONDIE: WHAT?

DAGWOOD: LOOK HONEY. YOU'LL LIKE GEORGE WHEN YOU GET TO KNOW HIM... AND I'LL EXPLAIN EVERYTHING...AFTER WE'VE HAD DINNER. I'M STARVED. WHAT'S OUT IN THE KITCHEN? ANYTHING GOOD TO EAT?

BLONDIE: WAIT, DAGWOOD...DON'T GO OUT THERE YET.

DAGWOOD: EH? WHY?

BLONDIE: WELL...I'VE GOT A SURPRISE FOR YOU, TOO. YOU'LL LIKE HER, TOO -- AFTER YOU GET TO KNOW HER...

DAGWOOD: GOSH! MORE COMPANY?

BLONDIE: WELL SORT OF...NOW DON'T BE TOO SURPRISED.

DAGWOOD: NO NO...LET'S SEE HER...(BABY CRIES AWAY) HEY! WHAT... GOSH BLONDIE! ISN'T THIS KIND OF SUDDEN?

BLONDIE: NOW DON'T BE SILLY, DAGWOOD...YOU SEE...(DOOR BELL) NOW WHO'S THAT?

DAGWOOD: GOLLY! I HOPE IT ISN'T MORE COMPANY!...SAY! HOW...

BLONDIE: I'LL EXPLAIN...LATER...(DOOR OPENS) OH...WHY...GOOD EVENING!

MRS. WHERE IS SHE?

DAGWOOD: WHERE'S WHO?

BLONDIE: YOU'VE COME FOR -- YOUR BABY?

MRS: MY BABY YES! I -- I THOUGHT I COULD GIVE HER UP...BUT, I
CAN'T. I CAN'T.

BLONDIE: OF COURSE YOU CAN'T. I THOUGHT YOU'D COME BACK...FOR A
LOVELY BABY LIKE THAT.

MRS: IS SHE ALL RIGHT?

BLONDIE: OF COURSE! WARM AND WELL FED...AND ASLEEP AGAIN, I HOPE.

MRS: YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT IT'S BEEN LIKE! MY -- MY HUSBAND WAS
GONE...AND I WAS ALONE. I TRIED TO TAKE CARE OF HER...BUT
...I'VE BEEN SO SICK...AND...

DAGWOOD: HEY. SIT DOWN A MINUTE. YOU'RE ALL IN.

BLONDIE: SIT DOWN DEAR...BUT TALK IF YOU WANT. IT'S A RELIEF TO
TALK SOMETIMES.

MRS: YOU UNDERSTAND SO WELL, DON'T YOU. I KNEW YOU WOULD. I'D
-- HEARD ABOUT YOU. THAT'S WHY I THOUGHT I COULD LET YOU
HAVE...HER. BUT I CAN'T. NOT EVEN YOU CAN HAVE HER.

BLONDIE: NO. BUT YOU WERE TELLING US ABOUT -- YOUR HUSBAND. IS HE..

MRS: NO...HE'S...ALIVE. BUT HE'S BEEN...BEEN AWAY FOR A LONG
TIME.

BLONDIE: UMHUM. LIKE DAGWOOD'S NEW FRIEND, GEORGE.

MRS: GEORGE? WHY...THAT WAS HIS NAME...MY HUSBAND...

DAGWOOD: IT WAS?...SAY...DON'T GET MAD NOW...BUT WAS...YOUR HUSBAND
IN -- IN JAIL?

MRS: YES! I WENT TO SEE HIM AS OFTEN AS THEY'D LET ME. BUT THEN
BABY CAME! I DIDN'T TELL HIM! I DIDN'T WANT HIM TO WORRY
...AND THEN I WAS SO SICK...WHEN I COULD GO AGAIN...HE...HE
WAS OUT AND...I NEVER FOUND HIM AGAIN.

DAGWOOD: SAY LISTEN! OH NO! A THING LIKE THIS COULDN'T HAPPEN!

BLONDIE: IT COULD HAPPEN TO US, DAGWOOD! ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN TO US!
CALL YOUR FRIEND, GEORGE, DOWNSTAIRS...NO WAIT! I'LL
BRING THE BABY IN HERE. LET HIM BE ALONE WHEN HE SEES THEM
TOGETHER...THE FIRST TIME!...COME ON, DAGWOOD! HELP ME!
(BRIEF STRAIN OF MUSIC) *DEWEST*

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD...LOOK AT THEM!...THAT'S A PICTURE FOR VALENTINE'S
DAY!

DAGWOOD: YEAH...THEY'RE SURE MAKING UP FOR LOST TIME. I THINK THE
BABY KNOWS HER FATHER.

BLONDIE: OF COURSE SHE DOES.

DAGWOOD: SPEAKING OF PICTURES...THAT TABLE YOU FIXED UP IS A PICTURE
TOO. GOSH, I'M SORRY MY PRESENT NEVER GOT HERE. IT WOULD
LOOK SWELL ON THAT TABLE WHEN WE ALL SAT DOWN...YOU AND ME
AND BABY DUMPLING AND GEORGE AND MRS. GEORGE AND HER BABY...
(KNOCK ON DOOR)...SOMEBODY KNOCKING ON THE BACK DOOR,

BLONDIE: I'LL GO...(DOOR OPENS)...OH HELLO...WHAT'S THIS?

BOY: THIS MRS. BUMSTEAD?

BLONDIE: YES.

BOY: PARCEL FROM FLAHERTY'S BAKERY! IT'S A SURPRISE! SAY, I
HAD A HARD TIME FINDIN' THIS PLACE,

DAGWOOD: YEAH. I'M SURPRISED! I'VE EVER GOT HERE AT ALL! WHAT'S THE
MATTER? HAVE THEY TAKEN DOWN ALL THE STREET'S SIGNS? OR
~~ISN'T ONE DAY ENOUGH TO GET FROM THE BAKERY OUT HERE?~~ WHAT
DID YOU FINALLY DO -- HIRE AN INDIAN GUIDE OR WHAT?

BLONDIE: NO, DAGWOOD...DON'T BE CROSS...JUST THINK OF ALL THE NICE
SURPRISES THAT WOULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED IF THIS BOY HADN'T
LOST HIS WAY!

(MUSIC IN AND SEGUE TO THEME FOR:)

(CLOSING)

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

GOODWIN: WELL, THAT'S ANOTHER EPISODE IN THE LIVES OF BLONDIE AND DAGWOOD. IF YOU'VE ENJOYED THE SLIGHTLY WACKY GOINGS-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: ~~OUR "BLONDIE" ORCHESTRA IS DIRECTED BY BILLY ARIZ~~ *written by*

~~WHO ALSO CREATES THE CAMEL CIGARETTES...~~ *delivered*

THIS IS BILL GOODWIN, SPEAKING FOR THE MAKERS OF CAMEL CIGARETTES...GOOD NIGHT.

THIS IS THE COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.