

3/11/40
OK
"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, MARCH 4, 1940

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

VOICE: ~~CALLING HEADQUARTERS~~ ~~CALLING HEADQUARTERS~~. THIS IS OFFICER MC CARTHY. PLEASE DON'T GIVE ME ANY CALLS FOR THE NEXT HALF HOUR, *why - I want to listen to* ~~I'M GOING TO BE REBROADCASTED~~ "BLONDIE".

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

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

ANY SMOKER WHO MAKES CAMEL CIGARETTES HIS STEADY SMOKE WILL TELL YOU THAT THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT A CAMEL THAT'S DIFFERENT -- MORE PLEASING. I'VE HEARD MEN DESCRIBE THAT DIFFERENCE THIS WAY:

MAN'S VOICE: CAMELS GIVE ME SOMETHING I NEVER FOUND IN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE. IT'S HARD TO DESCRIBE BUT I CALL IT STEADY SMOKING PLEASURE. I MEAN THAT I KNOW WHENEVER I LIGHT UP A CAMEL I'M GOING TO ENJOY EVERY PUFF OF IT. CAMELS NEVER TIRE MY TASTE.

GOODWIN: CAMELS ARE A BIG FAVORITE WITH WOMEN, ALSO, YOU KNOW -- I'VE HEARD WOMEN SAY SOMETHING LIKE THIS:

WOMAN'S VOICE: (ENTHUSIASTIC) I THINK CAMELS ARE MUCH COOLER AND Milder -- AND SO EASY ON MY THROAT. AND CAMELS HAVE, OH, SUCH -- A DELICATE TASTE AND AROMA. I CAN ALWAYS ENJOY A CAMEL.

"BLONDIE" 1-A
3/3/40

GOODWIN: MORE COOLNESS AND MILDNESS -- AND A DELICATE FLAVOR THAT DOESN'T TIRE YOUR TASTE. YES, CAMELS ARE DIFFERENT AND THE EXPLANATION GOES RIGHT BACK TO THE QUALITY OF THE TOBACCOS AND THE QUALITY OF THEIR MANUFACTURE. CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE COSTLY TOBACCOS -- AGED WITH INFINITE CARE AND MATCHLESSLY BLENDED INTO A CIGARETTE THAT IS DEFINITELY SLOWER-BURNING. IT ADDS UP TO SEVERAL EXTRAS IN EXTRA MILDNESS, EXTRA COOLNESS, EXTRA FLAVOR -- YES, EVEN CAMEL'S EXTRA SMOKING. FOR BEING SLOWER BURNING CAMELS LAST LONGER. THEY GIVE MORE PLEASURE PER PUFF AND MORE PUFFS PER PACK.

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GOODWIN: AND NOW -- OUR WEEKLY VISIT WITH THE BUMSTEADS! THE TIME IS ~~NINE~~ ^{early evening} P.M. -- A.D... WITH DAGWOOD, A.D. MEANS AFTER DINNER...AND AFTER DINNER MEANS A LITTLE NAP ON THE LIVING ROOM COUCH...SO THERE HE IS SNORING GENTLY (GENTLE SNORE) -- WHILE BLONDIE SITS UNDER THE READING LAMP -- WITH NOTHING TO READ. BABY DUMPLING ENTERS...HIS LIPS ARE MOVING. HE SEEMS TO BE PRACTICING A NEW WORD...LISTEN...

BABY: (QUIETLY) AHOY! (PAUSE) AHOY -- AHOY -- AHOY.

BLONDIE: WHAT ARE YOU SAYING, BABY?

BABY: (LOUDLY) AHOOOOY!

BLONDIE: GOODNESS! NOT SO LOUD, DEAR -- DADDY'S TAKING A NAP.

DAGWOOD: (IN SLEEP) A-HOOOOOY!

BLONDIE: NOW SEE WHAT YOU'VE DONE...

BABY: HE DID IT FIRST, MOMMIE. ALL THE TIME YOU WERE WASHING THE DISHES -- HE WAS DOING IT.

BLONDIE: WELL FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE.

DAGWOOD: (SOUND ASLEEP) AVAST YE LUBBERS AND BATTEN DOWN THE BINNACLE!

BABY: WHAT'S HE TALKING ABOUT, MOMMIE?

BLONDIE: IT SOUNDS LIKE HE WAS DREAMING HE WAS A SAILOR. (GIGGLES)
MAYBE IT'S THE NAVY BEANS WE HAD FOR SUPPER.

BABY: IS THAT FUNNY, MOMMIE?

BLONDIE: NO -- I GUESS IT ISN'T.

DAGWOOD: (STILL ASLEEP) HEAVE HO ON THE STARBOARD WATCH!

BABY: WAS DADDY EVER A SAILOR, MOMMIE?

BLONDIE: NO, DEAR...UNLESS YOU COUNT THE TIME HE TOOK ME OUT ON THE POND IN A SWANBOAT.

BABY: WHAT'S THAT, MOMMIE?

BLONDIE: OH -- IT'S A KIND OF FLAT BOTTOM BOAT AND THE TOP IS BUILT LIKE A BIG SWAN! YOU SIT IN IT AND WORK SOME PEDALS AND THAT PUSHES THE BOAT AROUND. I REMEMBER WHEN THE MAN WAS DRYING US OFF AFTERWARD, HE SAID HE NEVER KNEW BEFORE THAT ANYONE COULD UPSET A SWANBOAT.

BABY: BUT DADDY DID, HUH?

BLONDIE: YES. IT WAS MY BEST PINK DRESS.

DAGWOOD: (STILL ASLEEP) REEF THE CAPSTAN SOU' SOU'EAST B' NOR' WEST!

BLONDIE: WELL, I'D CERTAINLY LIKE TO KNOW WHAT PUT ALL THOSE SEA-GOING IDEAS IN HIS HEAD.

BABY: I GUESS HE WAS READING THAT BOOK.

BLONDIE: WHAT BOOK, BABY DUMPLING?

BABY: THE ONE WITH THE PICTURES OF SHIPS AND PIRATES AND STUFF.

BLONDIE: PIRATES?

BABY: SURE. ~~I'LL SHOW YOU. HE HAD IT UNDER THE COUCH.~~

BLONDIE: HID IT?

BABY: (~~DIGGING IT OUT~~) UHUH. HERE IT IS, MOMMIE.

BLONDIE: MY! THAT'S AN OLD BOOK ISN'T IT?

BABY: UHUH. LOOKIT THE COVER. SEE? A WILD MAN!

BLONDIE: WHY -- THAT'S ROBINSON CRUSOE, THE SHIPWRECKED SAILOR.

BABY: HE DOESN'T LOOK LIKE A SAILOR TO ME.

BLONDIE: WELL THIS PICTURE IS AFTER HE WAS CAST AWAY ON THE DESERT ISLAND. HE'S DRESSED IN GOAT SKINS. LOOK -- HIS UMBRELLA IS MADE OF SKINS, TOO.

BABY: WHAT'S HE LOOKING AT?

BLONDIE: WHY, THAT FOOTPRINT ON THE SAND. SEE -- HE THOUGHT HE WAS ALL ALONE ON THIS ISLAND WITH JUST HIS PARROT. BUT WHEN HE SAW THE PRINT OF THIS BIG BARE FOOT -- HE KNEW THERE WERE CANNIBALS AROUND.

BABY: WHAT'S A CANNIBAL, MOMMIE?

BLONDIE: WEEEL. THEY'RE PEOPLE WHO -- ER -- HAVE FUNNY IDEAS OF
WHAT'S GOOD TO EAT.

BABY: LIKE DADDY, HUH?

BLONDIE: OH, NO, DEAR. ER -- LET'S NOT TALK ABOUT CANNIBALS. IT'S
TOO NEAR BEDTIME.

BABY: OH -- WOULD IT KEEP YOU AWAKE, MOMMIE?

BLONDIE: WELL -- I WAS THINKING OF YOU, BABY.

BABY: OH, DON'T MIND ME, MOMMIE. READ ME IN THE BOOK ABOUT WHERE
THE CANNIBALS GOT ROBINSON CRUSOE.

BLONDIE: WELL, I DON'T THINK THEY ~~EVER DID GET HIM~~, BABY, ..OR ELSE
HE WOULDN'T HAVE WRITTEN THE BOOK.

BABY: I SAW A PICTURE OF THEM CHASING HIM WITH SPEARS. READ ME
HOW HE GOT AWAY THEN.

BLONDIE: I ~~DON'T KNOW~~, BABY. I'M ALMOST AFRAID TO HANDLE THIS BOOK.
IT'S SO OLD! WHY, IT'S ALMOST FALLING APART.

BABY: THEN WE'D BETTER READ IT QUICK, MOMMIE -- WHILE IT LASTS.

BLONDIE: I CAN'T HELP WONDERING WHY DAGWOOD BOUGHT AN OLD SHABBY BOOK
LIKE THIS -- AND THEN HID IT -- UNDER THE COUCH. (PHONE) OH
-- THERE'S OUR PHONE! (GOING) DON'T WAKE DADDY TILL I SEE
WHO IT IS. (COMING IN) IT MIGHT BE JUST A WRONG NUMBER.
(PHONE UP) HELLO?

SPIC: (FILTER) (MYSTERIOUS) MEESTAIR BOOMSTEET...HE IS THERE?

BLONDIE: MR. BUMSTEAD? WELL -- YES HE IS -- BUT HE'S ASLEEP RIGHT
NOW. CAN I TAKE A MESSAGE?

SPIC: YOU ARE THE WIFE OF BOOMSTEET?

BLONDIE: YES -- I'M MRS. BUMSTEAD.

SPIC: AH! THEN IF YOU ARE WISE YOU WILL SEE THAT HE ACCEPTS MY
OFFER. NOW! TONIGHT!

BLONDIE: YOUR -- OFFER? WHAT OFFER?

SPIC: HE WILL KNOW. I HAVE OFFERED MUCH MONEY FOR -- ~~A LIBRARY~~
BOOK.

BLONDIE: YOU WANT TO BUY A BOOK? ~~WHY DON'T YOU GO TO A LIBRARY?~~

SPIC: DO NOT MAKE THE JOKE, MRS. BOOMSTEET. MY PATIENCE -- ~~IT IS~~
~~ALMOST GONE.~~ I WANT THE OLD BOOK HE HAS BROUGHT WITH HIM
TO HIS HOME TONIGHT.

BLONDIE: YOU MEAN THAT OLD COPY OF ROBINSON CRUSOE?

SPIC: YES! THAT BOOK I MUST HAVE. AND NOW THAT I HAVE FOUND
HEEM AGAIN...I COME TO GET IT. YOU UNDERSTAND?

BLONDIE: WELL, NO...

SPIC: TELL HEEM TO BE READY WHEN I ARRIVE. GOODBYE, SIGNORA.

(CLICK-WIRE HUM)

BLONDIE: WELL, BUT LISTEN...(CLICKS) HELLO? OH DEAR. HE'S HUNG UP!

BABY: WHO WAS THAT, MOMMIE?

BLONDIE: I DON'T KNOW. SOME FOREIGN SOUNDING MAN. HE SAID DAGWOOD
WOULD KNOW HIM.

DAGWOOD: (DROWSY BUT AWAKE) KNOW WHO, HONEY?

BLONDIE: OH, DAGWOOD, ARE YOU AWAKE?

DAGWOOD: UHUH. (YAWNS) PHONE BELL WOKE ME UP. WHAT DID YOU SAY
ABOUT ROBINSON CRUSOE?

BLONDIE: WHY, THIS MAN WITH A FUNNY VOICE WAS ASKING ABOUT THAT BOOK
YOU BROUGHT HOME. HE SAID YOU'D KNOW HIM...AND HE WANTED
THAT BOOK...AND WAS COMING TO GET IT!

DAGWOOD: WELL, I HAVEN'T READ IT MYSELF YET AND...(TAKE) HEY! WHAT
DID HE SAY?

BLONDIE: ~~I CAN'T REMEMBER EXACTLY.~~ IT WASN'T WHAT HE SAID SO MUCH AS
THE WAY HE SAID IT. HE SOUNDED -- DANGEROUS, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: UHUH. THAT MUST BE THAT FELLER WHO WAS ON THE BUS. HE WAS
PRETTY EXCITED ABOUT THE BOOK ALL RIGHT.

BLONDIE: YOU NEVER TOLD ME A WORD ABOUT IT, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: WELL -- SEE -- WHEN I CAME IN, SUPPER WAS ALL READY AND THAT KIND OF TOOK MY MIND OFF WHAT HAD HAPPENED.

BLONDIE: TELL ME NOW, DAGWOOD. ~~BABY -- I THINK YOU'D BETTER GO UP TO BED.~~

BABY: ~~AW, NO, MOMMIE. I WANT TO HEAR, TOO.~~

DAGWOOD: ~~SURE -- LET HIM HEAR. IT'S KIND OF A FUNNY STORY. SEE --~~
WHEN I CAME OUT OF THE OFFICE -- I BUMPED INTO THIS FELLER. HE BOWED SO I BOWED...AND THEN HE KIND OF FROZE.

BABY: TURNED TO ICE, DADDY?

BLONDIE: NO, DEAR -- DADDY MEANS HE STOOD VERY STILL.

DAGWOOD: YEAH. HE WAS STARING AT THE BOOK UNDER MY ARM.

BLONDIE: THIS BOOK? ROBINSON CRUSOE?

DAGWOOD: UHUH. SO I WENT AND WAITED FOR THE BUS AND HE GOT ON IT, ONE CORNER AFTER I DID.

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD! HE WAS FOLLOWING YOU!

DAGWOOD: YEAH. I WAS LOOKING THROUGH THE BOOK AND HE CAME OVER AND INTRODUCED HIMSELF. SAID HIS NAME WAS SIGNOR SPIKANO.

BLONDIE: THAT'S WHAT HE SOUNDED LIKE. KIND OF FOREIGN.

DAGWOOD: YEAH. SO WHEN HE SAID HIS NAME WAS SPIKANO -- WHY OF COURSE I SAID, "OH -- SPIKANO INGLEESH, EH?" (LAUGHS...THEN SOBERS FAST) BUT HE DIDN'T THINK IT WAS FUNNY.

BLONDIE: ~~HE TOLD ME NOT TO MAKE FUNNY, BOO.~~

DAGWOOD: ~~YEAH.~~ HE'S A SERIOUS-MINDED FELLER, ALL RIGHT. HE DRESSES ALL IN BLACK WITH A BIG BLACK HAT OVER HIS EYES.

BABY: I BET HE WAS A CANNIBAL.

DAGWOOD: EH? OH, NO BABY.

BABY: WELL -- A PIRATE THEN.

BLONDIE: SSSH, BABY. GO ON, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: WELL -- HE ASKED ME HOW MUCH I WOULD TAKE FOR THE BOOK AND I SAID IT WASN'T FOR SALE. HE MUST BE CRAZY OFFERING TEN DOLLARS FOR AN OLD BOOK LIKE THIS.

BLONDIE: TEN DOLLARS! MAYBE YOU WERE CRAZY NOT TO TAKE IT.

DAGWOOD: OH NO. HE CAME BACK WITH AN OFFER OF TWENTY-FIVE.

BLONDIE: TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS FOR THAT?

DAGWOOD: UHUH. BUT I SAID NO...SO HE ASKED ME WHAT I DID WANT...
AND I SAID I WANTED TO BE LEFT ALONE,

BLONDIE: BUT WHY DIDN'T YOU SELL IT, DEAR?

DAGWOOD: HOW COULD I -- IT BELONGS TO MR. DITHERS.

BLONDIE: NOW DON'T TELL ME MR. DITHERS READS ROBINSON CRUSOE AT
HIS AGE.

DAGWOOD: WELL, IT WAS ON HIS DESK AFTER HE LEFT...SO I PICKED IT
UP TO LOOK OVER TONIGHT.

BABY: WHAT BECAME OF THE MAN, DADDY?

DAGWOOD: OH...HE GOT OFF THE BUS AND FOLLOWED ME. BUT I WENT IN
A STORE AND OUT ANOTHER WAY. I GAVE HIM THE SLIP OKAY.
(LAUGHS) (TAKE) HEY! DID YOU SAY HE PHONED ME HERE?

BLONDIE: YES.

DAGWOOD: GOSH! HE'S STILL AFTER ME!

BABY: I BET HE IS A PIRATE!

DAGWOOD: T-OOOOH.

BLONDIE: SSSH. YOU'RE MAKING DADDY NERVOUS, NOW WHAT WOULD
MR. DITHERS BE DOING WITH THIS BOOK?

DAGWOOD: OH, HE PROBABLY PICKED IT UP AT A SECOND HAND STORE.
HE GETS ALL HIS READING THAT WAY. SAYS IT SAVES MONEY
AND IT PAYS TO WAIT. OF COURSE, HE GETS BEHIND IN THE
LATEST BOOKS.

BLONDIE: HE MUST BE QUITE A WAY BEHIND IF HE'S JUST GETTING TO
ROBINSON CRUSOE. (PHONE) LISTEN! MAYBE THAT'S SPIKANO
AGAIN!

DAGWOOD: (GOING) I'LL TALK TO HIM. (COMING IN) I'LL LET HIM
KNOW I'M THROUGH FOOLING WITH HIM! (PHONE UP) (YELLS)
WELL? WHO IS IT?

DITHERS: (ON FILTER) BUMSTEAD!

DAGWOOD: T-OOOOH. YES SIR?

BABY: I GUESS IT'S MR. DITHERS.

DAGWOOD: SSSSSSH!

DITHERS: DON'T SHUSH ME!

DAGWOOD: NO SIR.

DITHERS: NOW LISTEN. I'M DOWN AT THE OFFICE.

DAGWOOD: SOMETHING WRONG?

DITHERS: YES! I CAME ALL THE WAY BACK HERE TO GET A BOOK I
FORGOT...AND IT'S GONE!

DAGWOOD: ROBINSON CRUSOE?

DITHERS: YES --- YOU GOT IT?

DAGWOOD: SURE. YOU SEE, I SAW IT LYING THERE...

DITHERS: THANK HEAVENS IT'S SAFE!

DAGWOOD: LISTEN -- YOU WANT TO SELL THAT BOOK?

DITHERS: NO! I JUST BOUGHT IT. BRING IT BACK, D'YE HEAR?

DAGWOOD: NOW?

DITHERS: NO --- BUT FIRST THING IN THE MORNING.

DAGWOOD: YES SIR.

DITHERS: YOU READING THAT BOOK?

DAGWOOD: WELL -- KIND OF.

DITHERS: WELL -- DON'T LOSE MY PLACE! G'BYE! (HANGS UP)

DAGWOOD: WELL -- WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT -- OH -- ER -- G'BYE!
(HANGS UP)

BLONDIE: WHAT DID HE SAY, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: HE WAS PRETTY EXCITED ABOUT THE BOOK. SEEMS MIGHTY FUNNY TO ME THAT EVERYBODY MAKES SUCH A FUSS ABOUT AN OLD TIRED BOOK.

BLONDIE: MAYBE IT'S VERY RARE, DAGWOOD. A FIRST EDITION OR SOMETHING.

DAGWOOD: GOSH. THEY'RE PRETTY VALUABLE,..AREN'T THEY?

BLONDIE: I'VE HEARD COLLECTORS WILL DO ANYTHING TO GET HOLD OF A FIRST EDITION OF A FAMOUS BOOK.

DAGWOOD: GOLLY, LISTEN! MAYBE SPIKANO IS HEAD OF A GANG,..

BABY: PIRATES, DADDY?

DAGWOOD: NO --- BOOK COLLECTORS. YOU KNOW WHAT I'M GOING TO DO, BLONDIE? I -- I'M -- I'M GOING TO LIE DOWN AND THINK THIS THING OVER.

BLONDIE: NOW, DAGWOOD. YOU'LL GO STRAIGHT TO SLEEP AGAIN.

DAGWOOD: NO, NO. JUST WANT TO CLOSE MY EYES AND THINK. I WANT TO BE READY FOR SPIKANO WHEN HE COMES AROUND.

BABY: I'LL FIX HIM, DADDY! I'LL GET MY BASEBALL BAT AND LAY FOR HIM BACK OF THE DOOR...

DAGWOOD: NO, NO...BABY. WE'LL HAVE TO OUTWIT HIM. LET DADDY THINK NOW.

BLONDIE: YES, BABY. COME ON AND WE'LL LOOK AT THE PICTURES IN THIS BOOK.

BABY: I LIKE THE PIRATE ONES BEST. LET'S PLAY I'M A PIRATE, MOMMIE.

BLONDIE: (DROPPING VOICE) SSSH. YOU'D BE A PRETTY SMALL PIRATE BABY DUMPLING.

BABY: WELL THEN -- I COULD BE THE PIRATE'S PARROT. LIKE IN THIS PICTURE. WANT TO HEAR ME BE A PARROT, MOMMIE?

BLONDIE: WELL...DO IT QUIETLY, DEAR. DADDY'S THINKING.

DAGWOOD: (SNORES)

BABY: HE'S ASLEEP. LISTEN. (IMITATES PARROT) HELLO POLLY... HELLO POLLY...AWK. AWK!

DAGWOOD: (ASLEEP) AVAST THERE!

BLONDIE: SSSH. LOOK AT THE PICTURES, BABY DUMPLING. LOOK... HERE'S A SHIP IN A STORM.

BABY: YEAH. BOY! SOME WAVES! (IMITATES WAVES AND WIND)
WHOOOOOSH! SZZZZZZ! PHEEEEEEEEW! BOOM!

DAGWOOD: WE'VE STRUCK A REEF, MATES! SAVE THE WOMEN AND PARROTS FIRST!

BLONDIE: GOODNESS! IT CERTAINLY IS STRANGE HOW YOU CAN GET MIXED UP -- IN A DREAM.

DAGWOOD: PARROTS! PARROTS AND PIRATES! (MUSIC IN SOFT...WIND AND WATER SOFT)

BLONDIE: (FADING) LET'S GO IN THE OTHER ROOM, BABY...THAT'S GOING TO BE QUITE A DREAM. (MUSIC UP BRIEFLY THEN UNDER SOUND OF WIND IN RIGGING...SWISH OF WATER...AND CREAK OF A SHIP)

DAGWOOD: PIRATES. CAPTURED BY PIRATES. A -- HOOOOOOOOOY!

DITHERS: (AS PIRATE IN DREAM) QUIET YE SWABS. WHO'S DOING THAT AHOYING? YOU, SPIKANO?

SPIK: NO, CAP'N. IT WAS THE PREESONAIR...HE WAS TALKING EEN HEES SLEEP.

DITHERS: HE'S SLEPT LONG ENOUGH, SPIKANO. I WANT TO KNOW WHERE HE'S HIDDEN THAT BOOK.

SPIC: AND -- EFF HE WON'T TALK, CAP'N?

DITHERS: THEN HE'LL KNOW WHAT IT MEANS TO REFUSE DRYDOCK DITHERS,
THE SCOURGE OF THE SEVEN SEAS! WAKE HIM UP!

SPIC: AYE, AYE, CAP'N. (SOUND OF KICK)

DAGWOOD: T -- OOOOOOH. CUT THAT OUT! I'M AWAKE! (RATTLE OF CHAINS)
HEY! WHAT'S THE IDEA OF CHAINING ME TO THE DECK?

SPIC: SO YE WON'T GET WASHED OVERBOARD -- TOO SOON. HEH.
HEH. HEH.

BABY: (AS PARROT) HEH. HEH. HEH. SCUTTLE THE SWAB! AWK!

DAGWOOD: HEY, WHO'S THAT?

DITHERS: DITTO DUMPLING, MY PARROT.

DAGWOOD: OH -- I -- I THOUGHT IT WAS SOMEONE I KNEW.

DITHERS: OH YEAH? DID YOU EVER KNOW MY UNCLE -- DAMPFEET DITHERS?
HE LIVED IN TERRE HAUTE.

DAGWOOD: NO -- I NEVER MET HIM.

DITHERS: WELL, WELL, IT'S A SMALL WORLD.

DAGWOOD: IT CERTAINLY IS. HEH. HEH.

BABY: (AS PARROT) HEH. HEH. SCUTTLE THE SWAB!

DAGWOOD: CUTE LITTLE TRICK, THAT PARROT. ER -- WHAT SWAB DOES HE
WANT TO -- ER -- SCUTTLE?

DITHERS: YOU!

DAGWOOD: OH! WHAT'S HE GOT AGAINST ME?

DITHERS: OH. IT'S NOTHING PERSONAL. HE'S ALWAYS TEASING ME TO TOSS
SOMEBODY OVERBOARD. HE JUST LIKES TO HEAR THE SPLASH!

DAGWOOD: WELL, I THOUGHT IT WAS FUNNY BECAUSE PARROTS USUALLY
TAKE TO ME RIGHT AWAY. I BET. WE'LL BE GOOD FRIENDS WHEN
HE GETS TO KNOW ME.

DAGWOOD: ~~NO?~~

DITHERS: NO. ~~TOO MANY AHEAD OF ME. HEH. HEH. HEH.~~

BABY: HEH. HEH. HEH. AWK.

DAGWOOD: HEH. HEH. HEH. ~~THAT'S A GOOD ONE.~~

DITHERS: SAY, YOU'RE NOT A BAD GUY.

DAGWOOD: ~~NO, NO. I -- I KIND OF GROW ON YOU. WHEN YOU GET TO~~
KNOW ME.

DITHERS: YEAH -- I BET YOU DO. TOO BAD THERE WON'T BE TIME TO
KNOW YOU BETTER.

DAGWOOD: WELL, I TELL YOU. (TAKE) HOW'S THAT?

DITHERS: YOU'RE WALKING THE PLANK AT EIGHT BELLS.

DAGWOOD: NOW, WAIT A MINUTE! WHAT PLANK?

DITHERS: THE ONE SPIKANO IS FIXING OVER THERE.

DAGWOOD: OH NO. WHY IT'D BE DANGEROUS TO WALK ON THAT. LOOKIT,
IT WOBBLER.

DITHERS: WELL, YOU DON'T HAVE TO WALK FAR. HEH. HEH.

BABY: HEH. HEH. AWK.

DAGWOOD: BUT IT'S RIGHT OUT OVER THE WATER.

DITHERS: WELL, I CAN'T CHANGE THAT. IT'S AN OLD CUSTOM, SEE? MY
GREAT GRANDFATHER, DISMAL DITHERS, WAS THE FIRST PIRATE
TO START IT...AND THE OLD BOY WOULD DISINHERIT ME IF I
CHANGED IT.

DAGWOOD: OH WELL, I WOULDN'T WANT THAT!...BUT I'M WARNING YOU!
IF I GET MY FEET WET, I'LL HAVE A COLD IN MY HEAD.

DITHERS: YOU WON'T NOTICE THAT -- IN DAVY JONES' LOCKER.

DAGWOOD: OH! ER -- WHERE'S THAT?

DITHERS: THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE GOING AT EIGHT BELLS. HEH. HEH.
HEH.

BABY: HEH. HEH. HEH. AWK!

DAGWOOD: WELL -- ER -- IS MR. JONES EXPECTING ME?

DITHERS: I DON'T KNOW. BUT YOU CAN HOLLER "READY OR NOT -- HERE
I COME."

DAGWOOD: OH -- YEAH. ER -- WHEN IS EIGHT BELLS? (BELLS BEGIN
TO STRIKE)

DITHERS: (ON SECOND PAIR) IT'S NOW.

DAGWOOD: (ON THIRD PAIR) EH?

DITHERS: (ON FOURTH PAIR) NOW! (BELLS END)

DAGWOOD: I'M SORRY I COULDN'T HEAR WHEN YOU SAID EIGHT BELLS WAS
-- ON ACCOUNT OF THOSE DARN BELLS. (TAKE) T-OOOOH!
WAS THAT THOSE? I MEAN WERE THOSE THAT?

SPIC: ALREADY, CAP'N.

DITHERS: ALL RIGHT, SPIKANO. BLINDFOLD THE PRISONER.

DAGWOOD: NOW, LISTEN FELLERS! I'M NO GOOD AT GAMES!

DITHERS: DON'T BE SILLY. WE'LL HELP YOU UP ON THE PLANK.

DAGWOOD: WELL -- JUST THIS ONCE NOW.

BABY: ONCE IS ENOUGH. HEH. HEH. AWK!

DITHERS: QUIET, DITTO. THAT WAS MY LINE! NOW FACE THE PRISONER
THIS WAY, SPIKANO. NOW! FORWARD, MARCH! (CLANK OF
CHAINS...MARCH TIME) (6)

DAGWOOD: (HALTS...SOUND OUT) HEY. I CAN'T SEE WHERE I'M GOING!

DITHERS: DON'T WORRY -- YOU'RE ALMOST THERE! FORWARD MARCH
AGAIN.

DAGWOOD: T-0000000H. (CLANK RESUMED) (4) HEY. (CLANK OUT)
AM I GETTING WARM?

BABY: YOU'RE HOT, BIG BOY! HEH. HEH. AWK!

DITHERS: PRISONER -- HALT.

DAGWOOD: I DID! HEY -- WHERE AM I NOW?

DITHERS: CAN YOU FEEL ANYTHING NEAR YOUR RIGHT FOOT?

DAGWOOD: T-00000H! NO!

DITHERS: FEEL ANYTHING NEAR YOUR LEFT FOOT?

DAGWOOD: T-00000H! NO! AND (TAKE) HEY! THERE'S NOTHING IN
FRONT OF ME EITHER. WHERE AM I?

DITHERS: RIGHT WHERE I WANT YOU, CHUM!

DAGWOOD: NOW LOOK! I'M GETTING DIZZY. YOU -- YOU'LL HURT
SOMEBODY SOMEDAY WITH THESE MONKEYSHINES!

DITHERS: SILENCE. ARE YOU GOING TO TELL US WHERE THAT BOOK IS
HIDDEN?

DAGWOOD: NO.

DITHERS: WHY NOT?

DAGWOOD: BECAUSE. I DON'T WANT A LOT OF STRANGERS READING MY
DIARY.

SPIC: YOUR DIARY?

DITHERS: YOUR DIARY?

BABY: YOUR DIARY? AWK.

DITHERS: YOU CLAIM "ROBINSON CRUSOE" IS YOUR DIARY?

DAGWOOD: IT CERTAINLY IS!

DITHERS: WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

DAGWOOD: WELL, THAT DEPENDS.

DITHERS: DEPENDS? ON WHAT?

DAGWOOD: WELL, MY NAME IS EITHER ROBINSON BUMSTEAD OR DAGWOOD CRUSOE. SEE -- I USED TO BE TWINS! STOP ME IF YOU'VE HEARD THIS...

DITHERS: STOP! I'VE HEARD IT.

DAGWOOD: NOT THE WAY I TELL IT. SEE -- ONE OF US WAS STOLEN BY GYPSIES. I'M THE OTHER ONE!

SPIC: I GET IT, CAP'N. ROBINSON CRUSOE IS HIS PEN NAME.

DITHERS: OOOOOH. THIS IS TERRIBLE. WHY -- NOTHING LIKE THIS HAPPENS TO ROBINSON CRUSOE IN THE BOOK.

DAGWOOD: NO?

BABY: NO?

DITHERS: NO. HE GETS SHIPWRECKED! BUT -- HE DOESN'T WALK THE PLANK!

DAGWOOD: THEN ALL I CAN SAY ~~IS~~ -- SOMEBODY'S MADE AN AWFUL MISTAKE...BECAUSE...I'M SLIPPING OFF THE PLANK RIGHT NOW!

DITHERS: CATCH HIM!

SPIC: HOLD HEEM!

BABY: AWK!

DAGWOOD: TOO LATE! TOO LATE! TOO-OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOH! (PAUSE)
(TERRIFIC SPLASH)

MUSIC: (IN FOR INTERLUDE...OR SEGUE TO THEME HERE)

GOODWIN: (IF BREAK COMES HERE) NOW ~~BACK~~ TO THE BUMSTEADS...WHERE BLONDIE AND BABY ARE STILL LOOKING AT THAT COPY OF ROBINSON CRUSOE...AND DAGWOOD IS STILL DREAMING ON THE COUGH...

BABY: (NATURAL) LOOK, MOMMIE! NOW DADDY'S SWIMMING IN HIS SLEEP!

DAGWOOD: (SOUND OF SWIMMER GASPING FOR AIR AND BLOWING OUT WATER THREE TIMES) PFEWIEEE! PASHEW! PFEWIEEE! PASHEW! PFEWIEE -- PASHEW!)

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BLONDIE: HMMM. HE'S STOPPED! HE'S EITHER ON SHORE -- OR HE'S
FLOATING ON HIS BACK!

BABY: READ SOME MORE OF THE ROBINSON CRUSOE BOOK, MOMMIE.
WHAT'S IT SAY UNDER THIS PICTURE?

BLONDIE: (READING) "THE NEXT WAVE...THOUGH IT WENT OVER ME...CAST
ME UP ON THE SHORE! I LOOKED AROUND ME! (VOICE FADES)
I WAS ON A DESOLATE ISLAND...BUT I WAS ALIVE...AND NOT
DROWNED!

MUSIC: (IN FOR AN INSTANT AS VOICE FADES...BLENDS INTO BIRD
CRIES...SEAGULLS)

DAGWOOD: (DROWSY) DESERT ISLAND! I'M ALL ALONE ON A DESERT
ISLAND!

BABY: (PARROT AGAIN) AWK! THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!

DAGWOOD: HEY! WHO'S THAT?

BABY: DITTO DUMPLING SPEAKING. AWK!

DAGWOOD: IT'S THE PIRATE'S PARROT. HEY -- HOW DID YOU GET HERE,
DITTO? FLY FROM THE SHIP?

BABY: WELL -- I DIDN'T WADE.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) THAT'S A GOOD ONE. (LAUGHS LOUDLY)

BABY: OH, IT CAN'T BE THAT GOOD! AWK.

DAGWOOD: SAY, I'M GLAD TO HAVE SOMETHING TO TALK TO. SAY, WHAT
EVER BECAME OF DRYDOCK DITHERS?

BABY: REVENOORS GOT HIM. HEH. HEH.

DAGWOOD: YEAH? PINCHED HIM FOR PIRACY, EH?

BABY: NOPE. HE WAS DODGING HIS INCOME TAX!

DAGWOOD: OH. WELL -- ANYWAY -- HE'S IN THE HOOSEGOW NOW.

BABY: (SINGS) HE'S IN THE HOOSEGOW NOW! AWK!

DAGWOOD: GOSH. IT SEEMS LIKE YESTERDAY WE WERE ALL PLAYING WALK THE PLANK...AND NOW DITHERS IS DOING TIME -- AND THE TWO OF US ARE ALL ALONE ON A DESERT ISLAND.

DITHERS: THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK.

DAGWOOD: T-OOOOOH. IT'S DITHERS.

BABY: HIAH, DRYDOCK!

DAGWOOD: HOW DID YOU GET AWAY FROM THE REVENOORS?

DITHERS: PAH! THEY MADE ME WASH THE DECK WITH SOAP. SO I SCUTTLED THEIR CRAFT. SENT IT TO DAVY JONES! HEH. HEH.

BABY: HEH. HEH. HEH. AWK.

DAGWOOD: YEAH. BUT IF THE SHIP SANK -- HOW DID YOU GET HERE?

DITHERS: OH, I TOOK THE SOAP -- AND WASHED MYSELF ASHORE.

DAGWOOD: WELL -- ANYWAY THAT MAKES THREE OF US.

DITHERS: YEAH. JUST US THREE. ALL ALONE ON A DESERT ISLAND.

BLONDIE: THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK.

DAGWOOD: HEY -- LOOK! A CANNIBAL LADY.

DITHERS: HMM! THAT CLAM SHELL NECKLACE IS MIGHTY BECOMING. GOOD EVENING, MADAM.

BLONDIE: HELLO, TALL, DARK AND WATERLOGGED!

DAGWOOD: GOSH. SHE'S A WHITE WOMAN.

BLONDIE: I AM BLONDISIA. QUEEN OF THE DESERT ISLAND.

DAGWOOD: SAY -- HAVEN'T I MET YOU SOMEWHERE BEFORE?

BLONDIE: SIR. ARE YOU TRYING TO FLIRT WITH ME?

DITHERS: TAKE IT EASY, DAGWOOD CRUSOE. THIS LITTLE GIRL HAS LED A SHMLTERED LIFE.

DAGWOOD: NO, HONEST. I SEEM TO REMEMBER HER FACE.

BLONDIE: I DON'T REMEMBER YOUR FACE. BUT YOUR MANNER IS FAMILIAR (GIGGLES) GET IT? FAMILIAR?

DITHERS: THAT'S A PRETTY OLD JOKE, BLONDISIA. EVEN FOR A QUEEN
TO PULL.

BLONDIE: WELL, I'VE BEEN ON THIS ISLAND A LONG TIME.

DAGWOOD: HOW LONG DO YOU THINK?

BLONDIE: I -- I CAN'T REMEMBER. BUT WHEN OUR SHIP SAILED AWAY
FROM NEW YORK -- THE BAND PLAYED..."YES WE HAVE NO
BANANAS." HOW OLD IS THAT?

DITHERS: YOU MUST HAVE BEEN JUST A LITTLE GIRL.

DAGWOOD: UNLESS IT WAS THE CONEY ISLAND BOAT. I THINK THEY STILL
PLAY IT ON THAT.

BLONDIE: WHY, IT WAS THE CONEY ISLAND BOAT.

DAGWOOD: NOW WAIT A MINUTE. HOW COULD YOU START OUT FOR CONEY
ISLAND AND GET WRECKED DOWN HERE IN THE SOUTH SEAS?

BLONDIE: WELL --- THE CAPTAIN WAS A POOR JUDGE OF DISTANCE.

DAGWOOD: TCH,TCH,TCH. AND WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING SINCE THE WRECK

BLONDIE: I'VE BEEN WAITING YEARS FOR SOME STRONG MAN TO COME ALONG
AND BUILD ME A PALM LEAF HUT.

DAGWOOD: I'LL BUILD YOU ONE, BLONDISIA.

DITHERS: ONE. WHY, WE'LL BUILD A DOZEN! THIS PLACE IS RIPE FOR DEVELOPMENT.

DAGWOOD: HOW'S THAT?

DITHERS: I'VE HAD EXPERIENCE IN THE BUILDING GAME. THIS IS THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME. LOOK AT ALL THAT WATERFRONT!

DAGWOOD: NOW, LISTEN. I WAS HERE FIRST.

DITHERS: SURE. SURE. WE'LL NAME IT AFTER YOU! "CRUSOE ESTATES." ALL I TAKE FOR MY SHARE WILL BE THE DOWN PAYMENT AND THE INTEREST. NOW THE LOTS WILL BE FIFTY FEET WIDE AND EIGHT HUNDRED FEET DEEP. EIGHT FIFTY WHEN THE TIDE IS OUT...

BLONDIE: YES -- BUT...

DITHERS: IT'S THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME TO OWN THAT DREAM HOME. SWEPT BY OCEAN BREEZES...SHADED BY SHELTERING PALMS...

DAGWOOD: YEAH...BUT...

DITHERS: ACT NOW. TOMORROW MAY BE TOO LATE.

BLONDIE: YES, BUT WHO'S GOING TO BUY THE LOTS?

DITHERS: EH?

DAGWOOD: SHE SAYS WHO'S GOING BO BUY THIS PROPERTY? WE'RE THE ONLY...(SNIFFS) WAIT A MINUTE...(SNIFFS)

BLONDIE: THERE'S ONLY FOUR OF US...COUNTING THE PARROT. WE'RE ALL ALONE ON A DESERT ISLAND.

DAGWOOD: THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK.

DITHERS: EH?

BLONDIE: WHAT?

BABY: AWK.

DAGWOOD: IF WE'RE ALL ALONE ON THIS ISLAND -- (SNIFFS) WHO'S
COOKING THAT POT ROAST I SMELL?

(DRUM IN FAINTLY)

BLONDIE: YES...AND IF WE'RE ALONE -- WHO'S DRUMMING THOSE
DRUMS I HEAR?

(DRUMS UP A LITTLE)

DITHERS: YES -- AND WHO'S MAKING THOSE BLACK SPOTS DANCE IN
FRONT OF MY EYES?

DAGWOOD: YEAH. I SEE THEM, TOO.

BLONDIE: AND THEY SEE US!

DAGWOOD: THEY'RE GETTING BIGGER.

DITHERS: COMING THIS WAY. FAST!

BABY: AWK. BREAKERS AHEAD, BOYS!

DITHERS: BREAKERS MY HAT! THOSE ARE -- CANNIBALS!

BLONDIE: CANNIBALS?

DAGWOOD: CANNIBALS...T-OOOOOOH!

(DRUMS UP LOUD...WAR CRIES...BLEND INTO MUSIC
FOR INTERLUDE)

(OR POSSIBLY SEGUE TO THEME FOR CENTRAL)

GOODWIN: WHETHER YOU SMOKE A LOT OR A LITTLE, REMEMBER THIS:
THE IMPORTANT "EXTRAS" IN CIGARETTE PLEASURE ARE ON THE
SLOW-BURNING SIDE...ON THE CAMEL SIDE.

WOMAN'S VOICE: EXTRA MILDNESS AND EXTRA COOLNESS --

MAN'S VOICE: AN EXTRA FINE FLAVOR THAT DOESN'T TIRE YOUR TASTE --

GOODWIN: AND EXTRA SMOKING PER CIGARETTE...PER PACK. INDEPENDENT
LABORATORY TESTS, IN WHICH CAMELS BURNED TWENTY-FIVE PER
CENT SLOWER THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE FIFTEEN OTHER OF THE
LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS, SHOW THIS EXTRA SMOKING CAN AMOUNT
TO AS MUCH AS FIVE EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK ON THE AVERAGE.

ANYWAY YOU FIGURE IT, THAT'S ECONOMY. FOR EXAMPLE:

WOMAN'S VOICE: WHERE I LIVE, WE HAVE A STATE CIGARETTE TAX. I FIGURE
THAT I CAN SAVE THE COST OF THE TAX THROUGH SMOKING CAMELS.

GOODWIN: AND, OF COURSE, IF THERE ARE NO ADDED TAXES WHERE YOU LIVE,
THE SAVINGS ARE ALL YOURS. SO KEEP YOUR SMOKING ON THE
SLOW-BURNING SIDE. SMOKE CAMELS...THE SLOWER-BURNING
CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS. PENNY FOR PENNY, CAMELS
ARE YOUR BEST CIGARETTE BUY!

GOODWIN: (IF BREAK IS HERE)
 NOW BACK TO THE BUMSTEDS...WHERE BLONDIE AND BABY
 ARE STILL LOOKING AT THAT COPY OF "ROBINSON CRUSOE"...
 AND DAGWOOD IS STILL DREAMING ON THE COUCH...

DAGWOOD: (ASLEEP) CANNIBALS! T-00000,....

BABY: MOMMIE. LOOKIT, DADDY'S DREAMING ABOUT CANNIBALS.

BLONDIE: OH, DEAR. I'D WAKE HIM UP -- BUT HE GETS SO MAD IF
 HE DOESN'T FINISH HIS DREAMS..

BABY: WELL -- READ ME WHAT'S UNDER THIS PICTURE, MOMMIE..

BLONDIE: (READING) "I FIRED MY FOWLING PIECE -- AND THE
 SAVAGES STOPPED. NEITHER COMING FORWARD NOR GOING
 BACKWARD." (VOICE FADES) I BECKONED THE MAN WHOM
 I WAS TO CALL MY MAN FRIDAY...

DAGWOOD: (SLEEPY) CANNIBALS...

MUSIC: (OF CANNIBALS)

SOUND: SHOT

MUSIC: (OUT)

DITHERS: THAT STOPPED 'EM!

DAGWOOD: HEY! WHO FIRED THAT GUN?

BLONDIE: WHY YOU DID, DAGWOOD CRUSOE.

DAGWOOD: OH. YEAH. (TAKE) HEY! WHERE DID I GET A GUN?

DITHERS: YOU HAD ONE IN THE BOOK.

DAGWOOD: YEAH, BUT THIS IS THE MOVIE! I MEAN THE DREAM!

DITHERS: OH, YOU KNOW YOU'RE DREAMING, EH?

DAGWOOD: OH, SURE. DON'T YOU? HEY! I'VE GOT AN IDEA!
 IF THIS IS MY DREAM -- I BET I CAN MAKE THE
 CANNIBALS DO ANYTHING I WANT. IF THEY DON'T --
 I -- I'LL WAKE UP ON 'EM!
 (DRUMS AGAIN...MUSIC "SEEMS TO COME FORWARD")

BABY: HERE THEY COME, MATES. AWK!

DAGWOOD: HALT! (MUSIC AND DRUMS OUT) GO BACK! (MUSIC AND DRUMS RECEDE) SEE?

BLONDIE: THAT'S MARVELOUS.

DITHERS: YEAH, BUT YOU'RE DRIVING AWAY MY CUSTOMERS.

BABY: CUSTOMERS! AWK.

DAGWOOD: QUIET, DITTO DUMPLING. YOU THINK YOU CAN SELL THE CANNIBALS SOME OF THESE SHORE LOTS?

DITHERS: SURE. BRING 'EM UP WITHIN SOUND OF MY VOICE THAT'S ALL I ASK.

DAGWOOD: OKAY. (CALLS) HEY! C'MERE, BOYS. (MUSIC APPROACHES AGAIN) THAT'S FAR ENOUGH! HEY -- ONLY ONE CAME BACK THIS TIME!

BLONDIE: BUT HE LOOKS FRIENDLY. LOOK! HE'S GOING TO SPEAK.

MON: (COMING IN) GOOD EVENIN', SUH! AH -- MISTUH CRUSOE AH PRESUME?

BLONDIE: WHY, HE SPEAKS ENGLISH.

DAGWOOD: HEY, AREN'T YOU A CANNIBAL FROM FIJI?

MON: NAW SUH. AH'S A B AND O POHTUH FROM ALABAMA,

DITHERS: THEN WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

MON: AH MADE THREE MISTAKES. FUST -- AH LEAVE MAH PULLMAN AND GO COOKIN' ON A TRAMP STEAMEH. SECUN -- AH LEAVE THE STEAMEH AN' GET IN ER DICE GAME WITH SOME DARK BROTHUHS ON DE SHO'. THUD -- AH ACCEPTS A ' INVITE TUH COME TER DIS ISLAND FER A BARBECUE DINNER.

BLONDIE: OH -- YOU MUST BE THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER.
MON: YAS, MA'AM. ONLIEST THING IS -- DEY DIDN'T TELL ME DAT
AH WAS DE DINNUH!
DAGWOOD: WELL, YOU'RE SAFE NOW. LISTEN, WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
MON: WHY, MIST CRUSOE -- AHS YO MAN MONDAY.
DAGWOOD: YOU MEAN MY MAN FRIDAY, DON'T YOU?
MON: NAW, SUH. FRIDAY COULDN'T GIT YEAH. HE'S STARTIN' ON
A WEEK-END.
DITHERS: NEVER MIND THAT. I'M HERE TO SELL REAL ESTATE. ANY OF
THE BOYS IN THAT DARK CLOUD GOT A SILVER LINING?
MON: SUH?
BLONDIE: HE MEANS DO THEY HAVE ANY MONEY?
MON: NAW, MA'AM. NOT AFTEH PLAYIN' DICE GAME WID ME.
DAGWOOD: OH -- YOU HAVE ALL THE MONEY, EH?
MON: YAS SUH. BUT WAIT'LL YO TRY CASHIN' DESE HERE CLAM
SHELLS AT DE BANK.
DITHERS: OOOOOH. CLAM SHELLS!
BABY: CLAM SHELLS. AWK!
DITHERS: I WON'T SELL FOR CLAM SHELLS.
BLONDIE: NO SALE?
DAGWOOD: NO SALE.
BABY: NO SALE. NO SALE. AWK!
BLONDIE: WAIT A MINUTE. THERE IS A SAIL.
DAGWOOD: HOW'S THAT?
BLONDIE: LOOK OUT IN THE HARBOR! I SEE THE SAIL OF A SHIP.
DAGWOOD: YEAH, SO DO I. HEY, THAT'S THE PIRATE SHIP! THERE'S
SPIKANO IN THE BOW. (DISTANT BOOM OF GUN) T-OOOH. HE'S
STILL AFTER MY COPY OF ROBINSON CRUSOE. (GUN BOOMS AGAIN)

DITHERS: YOU MEAN MY COPY! (GUN BOOMS) (WHISTLE) (EXPLOSION
CLOSE)

DAGWOOD: T-OOOOH. THIS IS NO TIME TO ARGUE. THEY'RE AIMING THAT
GUN AT US! RUN! RUN FOR YOUR LIVES! (MUSIC IN SOFT)

DITHERS: BUMSTEAD! COME BACK! BUMSTEAD! BRING BACK MY BOOK.
(VOICE FADING) BUMSTEAD. HEY, BUMSTEAD!
(MUSIC UP TO COVER THEN DOWN AND OUT FAST)

DITHERS: BUMSTEAD! WAKE UP!

DAGWOOD: NO...NO. RUN!

DITHERS: STOP WIGGLING YOUR FEET.

DAGWOOD: (WAKING UP) HEY! NO! LEGGO!

BLONDIE: IT'S ALL RIGHT, DEAR. IT'S JUST MR. DITHERS.

DAGWOOD: I KNOW. DRYDOCK DITHERS THE PIRATE!

DITHERS: EH? WHAT D'YE MEAN, PIRATE?

DAGWOOD: EH? (AWAKE NOW) OH...HELLO, MR. DITHERS. HEY, I JUST
HAD A FUNNY DREAM ABOUT YOU. SEE -- YOU WANTED THAT BOOK
BACK...

DITHERS: I DO WANT IT BACK. I WANT TO FIND OUT HOW CRUSOE CAME OUT
WITH THESE CANNIBALS.

BLONDIE: HERE IT IS, MR. DITHERS. AND YOUR PLACE IS STILL MARKED
IN IT.

DITHERS: DID YOU NOTICE WHAT I WAS USING FOR A BOOK-MARK?

BLONDIE: WELL, YES -- BUT IT LOOKED LIKE A PERSONAL LETTER -- SO
I DIDN'T READ IT.

DITHERS: YEAH. THAT'S WHAT SPIKANO WAS AFTER.

"BLONDIE" 24-A
3/4/40 (REVISED)

DAGWOOD: OH -- YOU KNOW SPIKANO?

DITHERS: CERTAINLY. HE WAS WAITING FOR ME WHEN HE SAW YOU LEAVE
THE OFFICE WITH THE BOOK.

BLONDIE: WELL -- WHAT DOES HE WANT WITH THE BOOK-MARK...I MEAN
THE LETTER?

DITHERS: IT ISN'T A LETTER. IT'S A RECIPE.

DAGWOOD: OH -- SOMETHING GOOD TO EAT?

DITHERS: SPIKANO SAYS IT'S MARVELOUS -- AND SPIKANO'S A CHEF.

BLONDIE: OH...IS THAT WHY HE WANTED THE BOOK SO BADLY?

"BLONDIE" -26-
3/4/40

DAGWOOD: UHUH. NOW LET'S SEE. HMMM. TAKE THE WHITE MEAT OF TEN SCOTCH GROUSE. CHOP FINE...AND MARINATE IN THREE QUARTS OF CHAMPAGNE! ER -- MEANWHILE....TAKE THE BROTH OF NINE DIAMOND BACK TERRAPIN...EIGHT POUNDS OF BUTTER AND ONE GALLON OF IMPORTED RUSSIAN CAVIAR...ER...SAY! (TAKE) WOULD ANY OF YOU FOLKS LIKE SOME REAL NICE HAM AND EGGS?
(MUSIC IN AND SEGUE TO THEME FOR:)
(CLOSING)

"BLONDIE"
3/4/40

-27-

GOODWIN: WELL, ANYWAY WE HOPE YOU FOUND THE DOINGS OF THE BUMSTEADS A RECIPE FOR A HALF HOURS FUN.
IF SO YOU'LL WANT TO LISTEN AGAIN NEXT MONDAY WHEN THE MAKERS OF CAMEL CIGARETTES AGAIN BRING YOU PENNY SINGLETON AS BLONDIE AND ARTHUR LAKE AS DAGWOOD. AND WHILE WE ARE TALKING ABOUT RADIO SHOWS LET ME SUGGEST THAT YOU LISTEN TO CAMELS' OTHER STAND OUT SHOWS. ON SATURDAY THERE'S "LUNCHEON AT THE WALDORF" WITH ILKA CHASE. YOU'LL FIND IT A NEW HIGH IN DAYTIME ENTERTAINMENT -- ON SATURDAY NIGHT TUNE IN AND HEAR BOB CROSBY AND MILDRED BAILEY FEATURING MUSIC WITH A "HEARTBEAT" WELL, 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 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.

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