

6/20/40

MAKER

11

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, JUNE 10, 1940

~~7:30 - 8:00 P.M.~~  
6:30 - 7:00 P.M.

ANNOUNCER: AH --- AH -- AH -- DON'T TOUCH THAT DIAL -- LISTEN TO  
"BLONDIE" BROUGHT TO YOU BY THE MAKERS OF CAMEL CIGARETTES.

NEWSBOY: (TYPICAL NEWSBOY VOICE IN BACKGROUND) EXTRA!..EXTRA!..

ANNOUNCER: FOR EXTRA FLAVOR -- GET CAMELS!

NEWSBOY: EXTRA!

ANNOUNCER: FOR EXTRA MILDNESS AND EXTRA COOLNESS -- GET CAMELS!

NEWSBOY: EXTRA!

ANNOUNCER: FOR EXTRA SMOKING PER PACK, GET CAMELS -- THE CIGARETTE  
THAT GIVES YOU THE EXTRAS.

(THEME: EIGHT MEASURES)

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

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

"BLONDIE" 1-A  
6/10/40

ANNOUNCER: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...IN THE NEXT FEW WEEKS ANOTHER COLLEGE YEAR WILL BE COMING TO A CLOSE. IN EVERY FIELD OF SPORT...YES, AND IN EVERY FIELD OF SCHOLASTIC ENDEAVOR, THERE WILL BE NEW RECORDS MADE, AND WITH THEM NEW CHAMPIONS, TOO. NOW, JUST EXACTLY WHAT MAKES A CHAMPION? IN A FEW WORDS, A CHAMPION GETS THERE BY HAVING THAT CERTAIN "EXTRA SOMETHING" THE OTHERS CAN'T MATCH. THAT'S TRUE IN SPORTS -- IN EVERY FIELD -- EVEN IN THE CIGARETTE FIELD. YES, IT'S THE "EXTRAS" THAT MAKE CAMELS AMERICA'S FAVORITE CIGARETTE... THE EXTRA MILDNESS, EXTRA COOLNESS, AND EXTRA FLAVOR THAT COME FROM CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS AND SLOWER WAY OF BURNING. THAT UNIQUE SLOWER WAY OF BURNING ALSO MEANS EXTRA SMOKING PER CIGARETTE PER PACK. FOR THE "EXTRAS" IN SMOKING PLEASURE, TURN TO SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS. PENNY FOR PENNY, CAMELS ARE YOUR BEST CIGARETTE BUY!

ANNOUNCER: AND NOW...FOR OUR WEEKLY VISIT WITH THE BUMSTEADS.  
(CLINKING OF PENNIES) LISTEN...THAT ~~PLEASANT MUSICAL~~  
SOUND IS THE CLINKING OF PENNIES ~~LEAVING A PIG BANK AND~~  
FALLING ON THE LIVING ROOM FLOOR UNDER THE SKILLFUL  
MANIPULATION OF A TABLE KNIFE IN THE HANDS OF BABY  
DUMPLING...BLONDIE HEARS THEM TO...AND CALLS...

BLONDIE: (OFF) BABY...WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THERE?

BABY: I'M GETTING UP A SURPRISE FOR SOMEBODY.

BLONDIE: (COMING IN) WHAT KIND OF A SURPRISE, BABY?... (SEES  
BANK) OH BABY ARE YOU AT THAT PIG BANK AGAIN?

BABY: ~~WELL, BUT THIS IS DIFFERENT MOMMIE.~~

BLONDIE: IT LOOKS LIKE ~~THE SAME OLD BUSINESS TO ME.~~ YOU'LL NEVER  
HAVE ANY MONEY IN THAT BANK IF YOU KEEP TAKING IT OUT.  
HOW MUCH HAVE YOU GOT BABY?

BABY: WELL -- HOW MUCH IS A NICKLE IN ONE PILE AND TWELVE  
PENNIES IN ANOTHER PILE AND SIX PENNIES OVER HERE AND  
ONE THAT ROLLED UNDER THE COUCH -- SO FAR?

BLONDIE: TWENTY-FOUR CENTS. } IS THAT ALL THAT'S IN THERE?

BABY: OH, NO MOMMIE.

BLONDIE: ~~LET ME SHAKE THE BANK~~ (SHAKES IN -- ONE PENNY RATTLES)  
HMM. SOUNDS LIKE THERE'S ONLY ONE MORE IN THERE. THAT  
WOULD MAKE A QUARTER IN ALL.

BABY: IS THAT PRETTY MUCH MOMMIE?

BLONDIE: WELL -- SEEMS TO ME THERE OUGHT TO BE MORE BY NOW.

BABY: I'VE ONLY BEEN SAVING SINCE APRIL FOOLS DAY.

BLONDIE: HMM. LET'S SEE...TWO PENNIES A WEEK FOR ABOUT -- ER --  
TEN WEEKS...WHY YOU'RE OVER BABY.

BABY: UHUH. DADDY BORROWED TEN PENNIES ONE DAY FOR BUS FARE.

BLONDIE: OH HE DID?

BABY: UHUH.

BLONDIE: BUT THAT WOULD MAKE YOU TEN CENTS UNDER!

BABY: OH, DADDY GAVE THE TEN PENNIES BACK.

BLONDIE: WELL, BUT -- THAT WOULD MAKE YOU JUST EVEN AGAIN, NOT A NICKLE OVER.

BABY: YEAH -- BUT I CHARGED HIM INTEREST!

BLONDIE: OH. EXCUSE ME BABY DUMPLING.

BABY: YOU'RE WELCOME MOMMIE. SAY MOMMIE, I NEEDED SOME ADVICE ABOUT MONEY.

BLONDIE: YOU'RE DOING ALL RIGHT.

BABY: WELL, I'M WORRIED ABOUT WHAT TO BUY WITH ALL THIS MONEY.

BLONDIE: I WOULDN'T SPEND IT DEAR. SAVE UP A LONG WHILE FIRST.

BABY: I CAN'T SAVE MUCH MORE IN A WEEK.

BLONDIE: WHAT'S A WEEK GOT TO DO WITH IT?

BABY: THAT'S HOW LONG IT IS UNTIL.

BLONDIE: THAT'S HOW LONG IT IS -- ER -- UNTIL? UNTIL WHAT?

BABY: UNTIL THE DAY I NEEDED MY SURPRISE.

BLONDIE: DON'T TELL ME -- LET ME GUESS. (GETS IDEA) OH! IS IT -- IS IT SOMETHING FOR DADDY?

BABY: UHUH. HOW DID YOU GUESS MOMMIE?

BLONDIE: WELL, FATHER'S DAY IS ABOUT A WEEK OFF...AND THAT GAVE ME AN IDEA. WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO BUY DADDY?

BABY: THAT'S WHAT I DON'T KNOW. APRIL FOOLS DAY I BOUGHT HIM A WATCH FOR HIS BIRTHDAY.

BLONDIE: I REMEMBER DEAR.

BABY: SO THAT USED UP ALL MY IDEAS. (DOOR BELL) SHALL I ANSWER THE DOOR MOMMIE?

BLONDIE: WAIT 'TIL I PEEK OUT THE WINDOW FIRST. WHY IT'S A MAN DELIVERING A HAT. I DIDN'T BUY ANY HAT!

BABY: MAYBE HE'S GOT THE WRONG HOUSE, MOMMIE...

BLONDIE: OH WELL...I SUPPOSE WE MIGHT AS WELL SEE. (DOOR OPENS)  
GOOD MORNING.

BIRDIE: GOOD MORNING, MADAME -- AND WHAT A FINE BRIGHT BEAUTIFUL  
MORNING IT IS, . AN IDEAL DAY FOR TAKING  
PICTURES AS . NOW -- BY AN ODD  
COINCIDENCE, MADAME I HAVE A CAMERA RIGHT HERE WITH ME  
-- AND MY FINGERS ! LET ME  
EXPLAIN WHAT THAT MEANS TO YOU AND THOSE YOU LOVE!

BLONDIE: JUST A MINUTE...IF YOU'RE A PHOTOGRAPHER -- I'M CURIOUS  
TO KNOW WHY YOU'RE CARRYING A LADY'S HAT BOX.

BIRDIE: A BIT OF PSYCHOLOGY, MADAME. MANY LADIES HAVE A CUSTOM  
OF -- AH -- PEERING FROM A WINDOW BEFORE THEY VENTURE  
TO OPEN THE DOOR. I HAVE FOUND THAT THE SIGHT OF A  
LADY'S HAT BOX GETS ME A HEARING WHEN ALL ELSE FAILS...  
NOW IF WE MAY RETURN TO THE SUBJECT OF PICTURES...

BABY: IS YOUR CAMERA IN THE HAT BOX?

BIRDIE: YES, INDEED MY FINE LITTLE MAN. IT'S IN THERE --  
ALREADY TO POP OUT AND TAKE A PICTURE OF YOU AND YOUR  
CHARMING MOTHER -- RIGHT HERE IN YOUR OWN HOME.

BLONDIE: WELL, BUT I...

BIRDIE: DOUBTLESS THE QUESTION OF COST ARISES IN YOUR MIND,  
MADAME ! AND YOU ARE RIGHT TO ASK...WHERE WOULD THE  
HUSBANDS AND FATHERS OF THIS WORLD BE IF IT WERE NOT FOR  
THE LOYAL LITTLE WOMEN WHO GUARD THE FAMILY FUNDS SO  
WELL?

BABY: LET'S GET OUR PICTURES TAKEN, MOMMIE...

BLONDIE: WAIT BABY...ER...HOW MUCH DO YOU CHARGE FOR YOUR  
PICTURES?

BIRDIE: FRANKLY, MADAME THE USUAL --- OR EVERYDAY COST OF A PORTRAIT BY BIRDIE IS NECESSARILY HIGH. BIRDIE'S PICTURES ARE NOT TO BE CONFUSED WITH THE ORDINARY LINELESS CARICATURES THAT ARE BEING HAWKED ABOUT FROM DOOR TO DOOR BY CERTAIN UNSCRUPULOUS MEN WHO BESMIRCH THE FAIR NAME OF PHOTOGRAPHY. A BIRDIE PORTRAIT IS A WORK OF ART. BIRDIE HIMSELF IS A SENSITIVE ARTIST!

BLONDIE: I SEE -- WELL -- ER -- WHO IS MR. BIRDIE?

BIRDIE: I AM.

BLONDIE: OH -- EXCUSE ME. I DIDN'T RECOGNIZE YOU.

BABY: WOULD YOU MAKE US A PICTURE FOR TWENTY ~~FIVE~~ <sup>Four</sup> PENNIES?

BLONDIE: OH, NO DEAR. MR. BIRDIE SAYS HIS PRICES ARE KIND OF HIGH.

BIRDIE: YOUR PARDON, DEAR LADY. ~~I WAS REFERRING TO MY USUAL~~ PRICES... BUT TODAY... I AM IN A MOOD OF RECKLESS GIVING.

BABY: HE'S HAVING A BARGAIN DAY, MOMMIE...

BLONDIE: WELL -- I'M LISTENING MR. BIRDIE. JUST HOW RECKLESS ARE YOU GOING TO BE IN YOUR PRICES TODAY?

BIRDIE: TODAY MADAME, BIRDIE, THE BUSINESSMAN, HAS GIVEN WAY TO BIRDIE, THE ARTIST. TODAY MY PRICES WILL AMAZE YOU.

BLONDIE: I'M ALL BRACED FOR IT. HOW MUCH?

BIRDIE: NOTHING. NOT ONE PENNY, MADAME.

BLONDIE: GOODNESS!

BIRDIE: UNTIL --- YOU HAVE SEEN THE PORTRAIT WITH YOUR OWN EYES AND APPROVE OF IT IN EVERY DETAIL. THEN AND THEN ONLY WILL I CONSENT TO DISCUSS THE RIDICULOUSLY LOW PRICE.

BABY: LET'S GET OUR PICTURES TAKEN MOMMIE... FOR DADDY.

BLONDIE: YOU MEAN FOR A FATHER'S DAY PRESENT, BABY?

BABY: UHUH.

BIRDIE: FATHER'S DAY! AH -- WHAT A RESPONSIVE CHORD THOSE WORDS STRIKE IN MY HEART, MADAME. I TOO AM A FATHER!

BLONDIE: YOU ARE?

BIRDIE: OH YES, I'M WORKING MY BOYS WAY THROUGH COLLEGE.

BLONDIE: WELL -- I'LL LET YOU TAKE THE PICTURE. BUT MIND YOU -- I'LL HOLD YOU TO YOUR WORD. IF IT ISN'T GOOD WE DON'T BUY -- AT ANY PRICE.

BIRDIE: AGREED, MADAME. YOU BE THE JUDGE! ER -- JUST LET ME BRING MY THINGS INSIDE.

BLONDIE: COME ON BABY DUMPLING...I WANT TO COMB YOUR HAIR -- AND CHANGE MY DRESS...WE'VE GOT TO LOOK NICE SO THAT DADY WILL BE PROUD OF US IN THE PICTURE...

MUSIC: (IN BRIEFLY FOR INTERLUDE)

BIRDIE: ~~STEADY NOW... HOLD YOUR HEAD UP / A LITTLE MORE YOUNG MAN~~  
~~...MR... NOW! NOT THAT HIGH... JUST LOOK OVER AT ME...~~

~~AT ME... THAT'S RIGHT! NOW... RELAX... JUST RELAX AND SMILE... HOLD IT... HOLD IT... (CLICK)...~~

BLONDIE: DID YOU GET IT THAT TIME?

BIRDIE: I SINCERELY HOPE SO, MADAME. I THINK THAT HAVING YOUR LITTLE BOY FACING THE CAMERA WILL BE AN IMPROVEMENT OVER OUR OTHER ATTEMPTS... WE WILL HOPE FOR THE BEST...

BABY: WILL IT BE A NICE BIG PICTURE, MOMMIE?

BIRDIE: YOU MAY CHOOSE THE NINE BY TWELVE OR THE SEVEN BY NINE AND ONE HALF MADAME.. BOTH ARE SUPREME EXAMPLES OF PORTRAITURE -- BOTH ARE GENUINE HAND TINTED OIL ART PICTURES -- AND IN EACH CASE THE FRAME WILL BE A PALTRY TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS PLAIN OR THREE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS IF YOU SELECT OUR NUMBER FIVE PATTERN WITH CARVED LOVE BIRDS AS THE MOTIF.

BABY: LET'S GET THE BIGGEST, MOMMIE.

BLONDIE: WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE BESIDES SIZE, MR. BIRDIE?

BIRDIE: THE SEVEN BY NINE AND ONE HALF MADAME IS IN THE TAPESTRY OR CANVAS TEXTURE FINISH. A VERY NATTY NUMBER -- SUEPLY SUGGESTING THAT THE BRUSH STROKES OF AN OLD MASTER HAVE LABORED LOVINGLY TO CATCH THE LIKENESS RATHER THAN A CAMERA'S LENS.

BLONDIE: I THINK WE'LL TAKE THE ONE THAT LOOKS LIKE A PHOTOGRAPH.

BIRDIE: AS YOU WILL.

BABY: CAN I GET BACK INTO MY COMFORTABLE CLOTHES NOW, MOMMIE?

BLONDIE: YES DEAR.

BIRDIE: NOW -- ER -- (A SMALL DEPOSIT IS CUSTOMARY...

BLONDIE: OH, BUT YOU SAID YOU WOULDN'T CHARGE A CENT UNTIL WE'D SEEN THE PICTURE.

BIRDIE: BUT --- JUST A SMALL DEPOSIT ---

BLONDIE: NO, MR. BIRDIE -- A BARGAIN IS A BARGAIN. YOU SAID THAT YOU WOULD NOT EVEN DISCUSS THE PRICE UNTIL WE HAD APPROVED THE PICTURE -- SO THAT'S HOW WE'LL KEEP IT.

BIRDIE: BUT --- ER -- MADAME -- TO TELL THE TRUTH I -- ER -- AM A LITTLE PRESSED FOR READY CASH AND...

BLONDIE: YOU NEED THE MONEY? WELL -- HOW SOON COULD YOU HAVE THE PICTURE DONE?

BIRDIE: A MATTER OF HOURS, MADAME.

BLONDIE: THEN BRING THE PICTURE THIS AFTERNOON.

BIRDIE: ANY SPECIAL TIME?

BLONDIE: WELL BE SURE IT'S BEFORE FIVE THIRTY THAT'S ALL. YOU SEE IT'S GOING TO BE A SURPRISE FOR MY HUSBAND AND I DON'T WANT IT DELIVERED WHEN HE'S AT HOME.



BIRDIE: I'LL MAKE A SPECIAL NOTE OF THAT. "BE SURE HUSBAND IS NOT AT HOME WHEN DELIVERING!"

BLONDIE: WHO DOES YOUR DELIVERING?

BIRDIE: ER -- I DO! HAVE NO FEAR MADAME. I WILL SPY OUT THE LAND TO MAKE SURE YOUR HUSBAND IS NOT ABOUT BEFORE APPROACHING THE DOOR...YOU MAY EXPECT ME AT FOUR O'CLOCK THIS AFTERNOON.

MUSIC: (BRIEFLY FOR INTERLUDE) (CHIMES STRIKE THREE)

BABY: I-GUESS THE PICTURES DIDN'T COME OUT GOOD MOMMIE. I GUESS HE'S NOT COMING.

BLONDIE: NOW BABY --- HE SAID HE'D BE HERE AT FOUR O'CLOCK -- AND IT JUST STRUCK THREE THIS MINUTE...(DOOR BELL) THERE! MAYBE THAT'S MR. BIRDIE NOW!

BABY: I'LL GO MOMMIE! OH BOY, NOW WE'LL SEE THE PICTURE.  
(DOOR OPENS) HI, MR. BIRDIE!

DITHERS: EH?

BABY: AW --- IT'S ONLY YOU!

BLONDIE: WHY IT'S MR. DITHERS!

DITHERS: YEAH. BUT I DON'T SEEM TO BE VERY WELCOME!

BLONDIE: OH DON'T MIND BABY DUMPLING. HE WAS -- ER -- EXPECTING SOMEONE ELSE.

DITHERS: Hmm. BABY DUMPLING EXPECTING COMPANY. (KIDDING) IS THAT WHY YOU'RE ALL DRESSED UP BLONDIE? (LAUGHS)

BLONDIE: OH NO...I...I JUST PUT THIS DRESS ON THIS MORNING AND... I...HAVEN'T HAD TIME TO CHANGE SINCE.

DITHERS: Hmm. MUST HAVE BEEN PRETTY BUSY.

BLONDIE: WELL, YOU KNOW THE OLD SAYING "MAN WORKS FROM SUN TO SUN...BUT WOMAN'S WORK IS NEVER DONE."

DITHERS: YEAH...WOMAN'S WORK IS NEVER DONE BECAUSE THEY NEVER GET AT IT AND FINISH THE JOB (LAUGHS) (NOBODY ELSE LAUGHS SO HE LETS IT DIE) HUMP. WELL -- I GUESS I'LL BE GOING.

BLONDIE: OH -- HER -- DON'T HURRY.

DITHERS: WITH ME -- TIME IS MONEY. I JUST DROPPED IN TO GET DAGWOOD'S NOTE BOOK. IT'S GOT SOME FIGURES ON A BUILDING JOB THAT I WANT...DAG SAYS HE LEFT IT IN HIS BLUE SERGE SUIT.

BLONDIE: I'LL RUN UP AND GET IT...YOU ENTERTAIN MR. DITHERS WHILE I'M GONE BABY. (GOING) I WON'T BE A MINUTE...

BABY: WELL -- WHAT WILL WE TALK ABOUT?

DITHERS: I DON'T KNOW. WHAT DO YOU USUALLY TALK ABOUT WHEN COMPANY COMES?

BABY:: WELL, THEY ASK ME HOW OLD I AM AND I TELL EM. AND THEN THEY ASK ME IF I WANT TO GO HOME WITH THEM AND I TELL 'EM NO...AFTER THAT THEY LET ME ALONE MOSTLY.

DITHERS: WELL, WE'LL SKIP THE FIRST PART AND I'LL LET YOU ALONE NOW!

BABY: OKAY. HEY WHAT TIME ARE YOU GOING TO LET DADDY COME HOME TONIGHT?

DITHERS: I DON'T KNOW. WHY?

BABY: OH -- MOMMIE WAS KIND OF WONDERING WHEN HE'D GET HOME.

DITHERS: SHE WAS EH?

BABY: UHUH. WE'VE GOT A LITTLE SECRET AND SHE DON'T WANT HIM TO FIND OUT.

DITHERS: A SECRET EH? ANYTHING TO DO WITH HER BEING ALL DRESSED UP IN THE MIDDLE OF THE AFTERNOON?

BABY: UHUH. DO YOU KNOW A MAN NAMED MR. BIRDIE?  
DITHERS: NO. (TAKE) OH! WAS THAT WHO YOU THOUGHT I WAS WHEN YOU CAME TO THE DOOR?  
BABY: UHUH. LISTEN -- DID YOU EVER GO TO SEE A LADY AND SHE WOULDN'T LET YOU IN THE HOUSE?  
DITHERS: HAH? WELL -- ER --- NO. NOT RECENTLY.  
BABY: THAT HAPPENS TO MR. BIRDIE A LOT.  
DITHERS: OH --- IT DOES?  
BABY: UHUH. BUT HE KNOWS HOW TO GET IN JUST THE SAME.  
DITHERS: HOW DOES HE WORK IT?  
BABY: HE CARRIES A LADIES HAT BOX WITH HIM AND THEN THEY ALL LET HIM IN.  
DITHERS: THEY DO EH? HAS --- HAS THIS MAN BIRDIE BEEN HANGING AROUND YOUR HOUSE?  
BABY: HE DOESN'T HANG AROUND. HE WAS HERE THIS MORNING AND HE'S COMING BACK THOUGH.  
DITHERS: OH, HE IS!  
BLONDIE: (OFF) WELL -- I FOUND IT AT LAST...  
DITHERS: LISTEN BABY. DON'T TELL YOUR MOTHER YOU TOLD ME ABOUT THIS.  
BLONDIE: (COMING IN) HERE WE ARE... IS THAT THE NOTE BOOK YOU WANTED MR. DITHERS?  
DITHERS: (SMILING) YES. THANK YOU VERY MUCH MRS. BUMSTEAD.  
BLONDIE: (SURPRISED AT HIS TONE) MRS. BUMSTEAD? WHY NOT BLONDIE?  
DITHERS: I MAY BE OLD FASHIONED -- BUT IT SEEMS TO ME THAT SOME MARRIED WOMEN NOWADAYS NEED TO BE REMINDED THAT THEY ARE MARRIED WOMEN AND NOT IRRESPONSIBLE MOONSTRUCK YOUNG GIRLS.  
BLONDIE: MOONSTRUCK?

DITHERS: THAT'S WHAT I SAID. REMEMBER THE MOTH AND THE FLAME,  
MRS. BUMSTEAD. BEWARE OF GREEKS BEARING GIFTS.

BLONDIE: ER -- GREEKS?

DITHERS: THAT'S NO CRACK AT ANYBODY'S NATIONALITY. IT MEANS  
BEWARE OF THE TYPE OF MAN WHO WORMS HIS WAY INTO A  
HAPPY HOUSEHOLD BY TRICKERY. THINK IT OVER...AND...  
GOOD DAY, MRS. BUMSTEAD. (DOOR SLAMS)

BLONDIE: WELL! I NEVER!

BABY: WHAT WAS HE TALKING ABOUT, MOMMIE?

BLONDIE: I HAVEN'T THE SLIGHTEST IDEA. GOODNESS -- I ~~WONDER~~  
~~IF THE POOR MAN IS HAVING A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN.~~ I'D  
BETTER PHONE DAGWOOD AND TELL HIM NOT TO MIND ANYTHING  
MR. DITHERS SAYS TODAY...

MUSIC: (IN FOR BRIEF INTERLUDE)

DAGWOOD: YEAH, BUT MR. DITHERS MAYBE YOU'RE NOT FEELING WELL AND...

DITHERS: PAH! I NEVER FELT BETTER. I TELL YOU THERE'S SOMETHING  
VERY PECULIAR GOING ON OVER AT YOUR HOUSE. BLONDIE ALL  
DRESSED UP IN THE MIDDLE OF THE DAY...

DAGWOOD: YEAH -- BUT SHE THOUGHT YOU WERE ACTING A LITTLE FUNNY,  
TOO.

DITHERS: ~~OH, SHE DID? WHEN DID SHE TALK TO YOU ABOUT~~

DAGWOOD: ~~SHE WAS ON THE PHONE WITH HER BEFORE YOU GOT HERE TO THE~~  
ONEIC HERE.

DITHERS: AHA.

DAGWOOD: YEAH SO...(TAKE)...ER...AHA?

DITHERS: THIS IS GETTING WORSE AND WORSE BUMSTEAD. MIND YOU -- I  
DON'T ACCUSE BLONDIE OF ACTUALLY FLIRTING WITH ANYONE.

DAGWOOD: YOU BETTER NOT EITHER.

DITHERS: ALL I SAY IS THE BEST OF WOMEN CAN BE KIND OF --- WELL,  
SWEPT OFF THEIR FEET BY FLATTERY.

DAGWOOD: NOT BLONDIE. IF ANY SMOOTHIE CAME FOOLING AROUND MY  
HOUSE, BLONDIE WOULD TELL ME AND I'D PUNCH HIS NOSE. SHE  
TELLS ME EVERYTHING.

DITHERS: OH -- SHE DOES. WELL -- WHEN SHE WAS ON THE PHONE -- DID  
SHE TELL YOU THAT THIS MAN HAD BEEN THERE TODAY?

DAGWOOD: WHAT MAN?

DITHERS: HOW DO I KNOW. A MAN NAMED BIRDIE SOMEBODY.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) YOU CAN'T KID ME, .. THERE'S NO MAN NAMED BIRDIE

ANYTHING) ~~THAT'S A GIRLS NAME TO START WITH AND (TAKE)~~

~~HEY -- I BET THAT'S IT. BLONDIE HAD MET SOME WOMAN NAMED  
BIRDIE AND... THAT'S WHO WAS THERE...~~

DITHERS: BUMSTEAD! ARE YOU TRYING TO TELL ME I CAN'T TELL A MAN  
~~FROM A WOMAN WHEN I SEE THEM WITH MY OWN EYES?~~

DAGWOOD: MAYBE THAT FELLER YOU SAW WAS -- ER -- JUST PASSING BY...

DITHERS: YEAH. OR WAITING FOR A STREET CAR, EH? PAH! I TOLD YOU  
WHAT HAPPENED. WHEN I STOPPED MY CAR IN FRONT OF YOUR  
HOUSE -- THERE HE WAS WITH HIS HAND ON THE GATE -- JUST  
GOING TO OPEN IT.

DAGWOOD: UHUH.

DITHERS: WHEN HE SAW ME... HE PRETENDED HE HAD THE WRONG HOUSE AND  
I FELL FOR IT.

DAGWOOD: WELL -- LOTS OF TIMES I GET THE WRONG HOUSE LIKE THAT...  
WHY ONE TIME...

DITHERS: BUMSTEAD! PAY ATTENTION!

DAGWOOD: YES, SIR.

DITHERS: IF HE HAD MADE AN HONEST MISTAKE, HE WOULD HAVE BEEN GONE WHEN I CAME OUT AGAIN -- WOULDN'T HE?

DAGWOOD: WELL -- YES -- BUT...

DITHERS: YES. AND IF HE'D BEEN AN HONEST MAN -- HE WOULDN'T HAVE HID IN THE SHRUBBERY -- WOULD HE?

DAGWOOD: WELL, BUT -- (TAKE) ER -- SHRUBBERY?

DITHERS: WELL, BACK OF THAT BUSH ON YOUR LAWN.

DAGWOOD: WHAT? LISTEN...IF HE'S BEEN TRAMPLING MY FLOWERS...

DITHERS: AH...A SIGN OF LIFE! WELL, HE WAS TRAMPLING YOUR FLOWERS, BUMSTEAD. HE RAN RIGHT THROUGH YOUR NASTURTIUM BED.

DAGWOOD: WHAT MADE HIM RUN?

DITHERS: I DID...I ASKED HIM WHAT HE WAS HANGING AROUND THERE FOR AND HE RAN LIKE THE WIND.

DAGWOOD: WELL, IF HE WAS IN MY NASTURTIUMS, THAT PROVES BLONDIE DOESN'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT IT. SHE WOULDN'T LET ANYBODY TRAMPLE AROUND IN THAT GARDEN.

DITHERS: NEVER MIND THE GARDEN, BUMSTEAD. YOU CAN GROW MORE NASTURTIUMS, BUT YOU CAN'T ALWAYS GET A NEW WIFE.

DAGWOOD: I DON'T WANT A NEW WIFE.

DITHERS: THEN TAKE CARE OF THE ONE YOU'VE GOT! DEFEND YOUR HOME, BUMSTEAD.

DAGWOOD: UHUH. DON'T YOU WORRY, MR. DITHERS. THE MINUTE I GET HOME TONIGHT...

DITHERS: TONIGHT! THAT MAN WILL BE BACK BEFORE TONIGHT. GO HOME NOW, BUMSTEAD!

DAGWOOD: WELL, I TELL YOU...(TAKE) EH? YOU ARE ASKING ME TO GO HOME -- BEFORE CLOSING TIME?

DITHERS: I'M ORDERING YOU TO GO HOME, BUMSTEAD.

DAGWOOD: GOSH. THIS MUST BE SERIOUS.. I -- I WILL, MR. DITHERS. I -- I'M PRACTICALLY GONE RIGHT NOW...

MUSIC: (IN FAST FOR BRIEF INTERLUDE)

(NOTE: POSSIBLE CENTRAL)

"BLONDIE"  
6/10/40

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SOUND: CHIMES STRIKE ONCE

BLONDIE: FOUR THIRTY! I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY MR. BIRDIE DOESN'T  
COME WITH THAT PHOTOGRAPH.

BABY: UNLESS THAT WAS HIM DAISY BARKED AT OUT BACK AND HE WENT  
AWAY.

BLONDIE: I DON'T SEE WHY MR. BIRDIE WOULD TRY TO COME IN THE BACK  
WAY. (DOOR BURST OPEN) GOODNESS! WHY, DAGWOOD!

DAGWOOD: AHA!

BABY: AHA WHAT, DADDY?

DAGWOOD: FOOTPRINTS --- IN MY NASTURTIUM BED!

BLONDIE: OH -- WHAT A SHAME, DEAR.

DAGWOOD: ~~IT -- IT'S AN OUTRAGE, THAT'S WHAT IT IS!~~

BLONDIE: ~~YES --~~ BUT WHAT ARE YOU DOING HOME SO EARLY, DEAR?

DAGWOOD: MR. DITHERS SENT ME HOME.

BABY: ~~OH, GOLLY, MOMMIE, WE DIDN'T EXPECT HIM UNTIL FIVE~~  
~~THIRTY...~~

DAGWOOD: ~~AND FURTHER MORE... (TAKE) WHAT'S THAT, BABY DUMPLING?~~

BLONDIE: WHY BABY JUST MEANS YOU DON'T USUALLY GET HOME SO EARLY,  
~~DEAR.~~ <sup>BUT</sup> WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU SO EXCITED ABOUT?

DAGWOOD: I WANT TO KNOW WHAT THOSE FOOTPRINTS ARE DOING IN MY  
NASTURTIUMS!



BLONDIE: WELL -- I'M SURE I DON'T KNOW DAGWOOD. COME AWAY FROM THAT WINDOW BABY DUMPLING.

DAGWOOD: YEAH -- WHAT ARE YOU WATCHING FOR BABY DUMPLING?

BABY: WELL I -- JUST THOUGHT MAYBE SOMEBODY WOULD BE COMING UP OUR FRONT WALK.

DAGWOOD: HAS ANYBODY BEEN HERE TODAY BABY?

BABY: WELL -- ER -- ONLY A -- A MAN THAT WANTED TO SELL SOMETHING DADDY.

DAGWOOD: OH WELL, THAT IS'T WHAT I MEAN. THAT WOULDN'T BE IT.

BLONDIE: MY GOODNESS DAGWOOD. TELL US WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT.

DAGWOOD: WELL -- I JUST THOUGHT MAYBE BABY HAD SEEN SOMEBODY -- ER -- LURKING. IN THE SHRUBBERY YOU KNOW.

BLONDIE: WHY WHAT A SILLY IDEA! I DECLARE I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S COME OVER EVERYBODY TODAY. MR. DITHERS WAS HERE FOR A MINUTE AND HE ACTED VERY FUNNY TOO.

DAGWOOD: WELL -- THOSE FOOTPRINTS WERE MADE BY SOMEBODY -- I SAW 'EM MYSELF!

BABY: MAYBE IT WAS A GUH-NOME DADDY.

DAGWOOD: NO, NO BABY. THESE WERE A MANS PRINTS...

BABY: CAN A MAN WALK RIGHT UP THE SIDE OF THE GARAGE DADDY?

DAGWOOD: AND NOT ONLY THAT...(TAKE)...EH? WHAT'S THAT? FOOTPRINTS UP THE SIDE OF THE GARAGE?

BABY: I DON'T BELIEVE A MAN COULD WALK UP A WALL DADDY...

DAGWOOD: GOLLY -- I WANT TO EXAMINE THOSE PRINTS. (GOING) RIGHT UP A WALL! GOSH!

BLONDIE: BABY -- YOU KNOW VERY WELL THERE AREN'T ANY FOOTPRINTS UP THE GARAGE WALL.

BABY: I DIDN'T SAY THERE WAS ANY MOMMIE. I JUST SAID A MAN  
COULDN'T MAKE ANY LIKE THAT.

BLONDIE: WELL -- RUN AFTER YOUR FATHER AND KEEP HIM OUT THERE A  
WHILE IF YOU CAN. I WANT TO PHONE MR. DITHERS. I'LL TELL  
HIM THE WHOLE THING AND TRY TO GET HIM TO CALL DAGWOOD OUT  
OF THE HOUSE AGAIN...IF HE'S HERE WHEN MR. BIRDIE BRINGS  
THE PHOTO IT WILL SPOIL THE WHOLE SURPRISE.

(MUSIC BRIEFLY)

BLONDIE: (ON PHONE) SO THAT'S ALL THERE WAS TO IT MR. DITHERS.

DITHERS: WELL -- WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME WHEN I WAS THERE?

BLONDIE: WHY I DIDN'T THINK THAT YOU'D THINK WHAT YOU -- ER --  
THOUGHT.

DITHERS: LISTEN. I'LL HAVE TO GET DAGWOOD AWAY FROM THE HOUSE AGAIN.  
IF HE SEES BIRDIE BRING THE PHOTO YOU WON'T HAVE ANY  
SURPRISE FOR FATHERS DAY.

BLONDIE: THAT'S WHAT I KNOW.

DITHERS: LEAVE IT TO ME. I'LL CALL HIM AND MAKE HIM COME BACK TO  
THE OFFICE.

BLONDIE: CALL SOON...MR. BIRDIE IS DUE HERE NOW.

DITHERS: OKAY. HANG UP...AND GET DAGWOOD IN THE HOUSE AND I'LL CALL  
RIGHT BACK. G'BYE.

BLONDIE: THANK YOU...GOODEBYE. (HANGS UP) (TO SELF) OH WHAT A  
TANGLED WEB WE WEAVE -- WHEN FIRST WE PRACTICE TO DECEIVE.  
(GIGGLES) BUT AFTER WE HAVE PRACTICED SOME -- WE GET AWAY  
WITH IT BY GUM....(PHONE RINGS) GOODNESS...I FORGOT TO  
GET DAGWOOD BACK IN HERE. (PHONE UP) HELLO?

"BLONDIE" 17-A  
6/10/40

ANNOUNCER: WE'LL RETURN TO THE BUMSTEADS IN A MOMENT -- BUT FIRST  
A WORD ABOUT CAMELS!

WHEN YOU THINK OF THE "EXTRAS" IN SMOKING PLEASURE YOU  
NATURALLY THINK OF CAMEL CIGARETTES. THE IMPORTANT "EXTRAS"  
IN CIGARETTE PLEASURE AND VALUE GO WITH SLOW-BURNING CAMELS.  
SCIENCE EXPLAINS IT THIS WAY:

MAN'S VOICE: SLOW-BURNING PRESERVES AND HEIGHTENS NATURAL TOBACCO  
FLAVOR AND FRAGRANCE. IT MEANS FREEDOM FROM THE EXCESS  
HEAT AND IRRITATING QUALITIES OF TOO-FAST BURNING.

ANNOUNCER: CAMELS, WITH THEIR COSTLIER TOBACCOS AND SLOWER WAY OF  
BURNING, GIVE YOU EXTRA MILDNESS, EXTRA COOLNESS, EXTRA  
FLAVOR, AND EXTRA SMOKING PER CIGARETTE PER PACK.

MAN'S VOICE: IN RECENT IMPARTIAL 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.

ANNOUNCER: SO FRIENDS, FOR THE "EXTRAS" IN CIGARETTE PLEASURE TURN  
TO SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS. PENNY FOR PENNY, CAMELS ARE  
YOUR BEST CIGARETTE BUY!

BIRDIE: MRS. BUMSTEAD?

BLONDIE: YES?

BIRDIE: WELL THIS IS MR. BIRDIE.

BLONDIE: (LOWERS VOICE) OH, MR. BIRDIE -- WHERE ARE YOU?

BIRDIE: AT A DRUGSTORE. NOT FAR AWAY.

BLONDIE: WE EXPECTED YOU TO DELIVER THE PHOTO BEFORE THIS.

BIRDIE: I TRIED TO MRS. BUMSTEAD. I -- ER -- EXPERIENCED -- ER --  
DIFFICULTIES.

BLONDIE: WHAT KIND OF DIFFICULTIES?

BIRDIE: WELL ON ONE OCCASION -- YOUR DOG -- ER -- BIT ME.

BLONDIE: OH THAT WAS YOU AT THE BACK.

BIRDIE: DEFINITELY. AND ON ANOTHER OCCASION I RAN INTO YOUR  
HUSBAND.

BLONDIE: YOU DID? HE DIDN'T MENTION THAT.

BIRDIE: IS HE STILL HOME?

BLONDIE: YES -- OUT IN THE BACKYARD.

BIRDIE: I WILL WAIT UNTIL HE IS ENTIRELY ABSENT. HE IS A VERY  
VIOLENT MAN.

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD? VIOLENT?

BIRDIE: I FOUND HIM SO. I WAS JUST ENTERING THE GATE WHEN HE SAW  
ME FIRST AND HE -- ER -- GLOWERED AT ME THEN.

BLONDIE: HE DID?

BIRDIE: YES -- SO AFTER HE HAD ENTERED THE HOUSE I -- ER --  
ATTEMPTED TO CONCEAL MYSELF...BUT WHEN HE CAME OUT HE SAW  
ME BACK OF THE BUSH -- AND CHASED ME ACROSS THE NASTURTIUM  
BED.

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD DID THAT?

BIRDIE: YES -- AND I MIGHT ADD THAT I AM A PHOTOGRAPHER -- NOT A FLOWER BED RUNNER.

BLONDIE: BUT HE SAID HE DIDN'T KNOW WHOSE FOOTPRINTS THOSE WERE. YOU MUST HAVE MADE SOME MISTAKE.

BIRDIE: WELL, I DON'T WANT TO MAKE ANOTHER. I WILL WAIT HERE UNTIL YOU PHONE ME THAT HE IS SAFELY OUT OF THE HOUSE AND NOT LIKELY TO COME BACK.

BLONDIE: WHERE ARE YOU?

BIRDIE: AT SWABBER'S DRUG STORE -- CORNER OF...

BLONDIE: I KNOW. I'LL GET HIM OUT OF THE HOUSE AND RING YOU UP. GOODBYE MR. BIRDIE...

DAGWOOD: (NOT VERY FAR OFF) BLONDIE.

BLONDIE: GRACIOUS! (HANGS UP)

DAGWOOD: (COMING IN) WHO ARE YOU TALKING TO ON THE PHONE?

BLONDIE: WHY -- ER -- NOBODY DEAR. SEE -- THE PHONE IS ON ITS HOOK.

DAGWOOD: YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN. WHO WERE YOU TALKING TO?

BLONDIE: OH THAT? WHY THAT WAS THE FUNNIEST THING! SOMEBODY RANG UP AND -- ER -- THEY ASKED IF YOU WERE HOME -- AND I SAID YES OUT IN THE GARDEN...BUT THEN THEY DIDN'T SEEM TO WANT TO TALK TO YOU AT ALL...

DAGWOOD: YOU HUNG UP AWFUL QUICK WHEN I CAME IN...

BLONDIE: WHY DAGWOOD!

DAGWOOD: WELL -- WHAT WOULD YOU THINK IF YOU CAME HOME AND FOUND NASTURTIUMS AMONG YOUR FOOTPRINTS -- I MEAN FOOTPRINTS IN THE NASTURTIUMS -- AND YOUR OWN SON STARTED TALKING ABOUT PEOPLE WALKING UP A WALL...AND THERE WASN'T ANYTHING ON THE WALL AT ALL...AND YOUR WIFE ACTED FUNNY...

BLONDIE: NOW DAGWOOD...I'M NOT ACTING FUNNY....

DAGWOOD: LISTEN...DO YOU OR DO YOU NOT KNOW A MAN NAMED BIRDIE?  
(PHONE RINGS) AHA! THERE HE IS AGAIN! I'LL SHOW HIM!  
(PHONE UP) HELLO! LISTEN YOU...NEVER MIND CALLING UP MY  
WIFE D'YE HEAR?

DITHERS: BUMSTEAD!

DAGWOOD: TOOOOOH. IT'S MR. DITHERS!

BLONDIE: AHA!

DAGWOOD: YEAH. AHA....TOOOOOH....I MEAN...HELLO MR. DITHERS...  
LISTEN...

DITHERS: WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU BUMSTEAD?

DAGWOOD: WELL -- I FOUND THE FOOTPRINTS JUST LIKE YOU SAID.

DITHERS: EH? WHAT FOOTPRINTS?

DAGWOOD: I MEAN...YOU KNOW...THE MAN WHO WAS LURKING IN THE  
SHRUBBERY? WELL -- HE DIDN'T WALK UP A WALL! TOOOH. NO!  
I MEAN...

DITHERS: LISTEN BUMSTEAD. WHAT'S THE IDEA OF QUITTING WORK IN THE  
MIDDLE OF THE DAY?

DAGWOOD: WHAT? IT WAS NOT...AND ANYWAY YOU SENT ME HOME!

DITHERS: I SENT YOU HOME? ARE YOU CRAZY?

DAGWOOD: YES...I MEAN...I WOULDN'T WONDER. ER DIDN'T YOU?

DITHERS: DOES IT SOUND LIKELY?

DAGWOOD: NO, BUT...OH GOLLY. LISTEN MR. DITHERS I'LL GET DOWN EARLY  
TOMORROW BUT RIGHT NOW I'M BUSY...

DITHERS: YOU'LL GET BACK HERE NOW BUMSTEAD...I WANT TO SEE YOU.

DAGWOOD: WELL I -- I -- ER -- YES SIR. OKAY. I'LL -- I'LL BE  
THERE. (HANGS UP) WELL -- ALL I CAN SAY IS -- THERE'S  
SOMETHING MIGHTY FUNNY GOING ON TODAY.

BLONDIE: WHAT DID MR. DITHERS WANT DEAR?

DAGWOOD: NEVER MIND. I -- ER -- I'VE DECIDED TO GO BACK TO THE OFFICE FOR A WHILE.

BLONDIE: WELL THEN -- YOU'D BETTER HURRY DEAR.

DAGWOOD: YOU DON'T ACT VERY SORRY TO SEE ME GO.

BLONDIE: WELL -- BUT DAGWOOD...IF YOU ARE GOING...YOU DON'T WANT TO MISS THAT 4 FOUR FORTY-FIVE BUS!

DAGWOOD: TOOOOOH! IT'S FOUR FORTY-FIVE NOW!

(MUSIC IN FOR FAST INTERLUDE)

DAGWOOD: (PANTING) H-H-HELLO MR. SWABBER.

MAN: WHY HELLO MR. BUMSTEAD...WHAT'S THE MATTER? YOU'RE ALL OUT OF BREATH!

DAGWOOD: I -- PHEW -- MISSED MY BUS!

MAN: WELL -- HAPPENS TO EVERYBODY.

DAGWOOD: YEAH, BUT I MISSED THIS BUS TWICE. ONCE AT MY REGULAR CORNER AND ONCE IN FRONT OF THIS PLACE.

MAN: CAN I GET YOU SOMETHING TO QUIET YOUR NERVES?

DAGWOOD: YEAH, GIVE ME A DOUBLE CHOCOLATE MALTED WITH RASPBERRIES AND PECANS.

MAN: OKAY. (PHONE RINGS) SAY ANSWER THAT WILL YOU? WHILE I MIX YOUR WHAT'S -- THIS?

DAGWOOD: OH SURE. (GOING) PUT A LITTLE EXTRA WHIP CREAM ON THAT TOO (FADING IN) FUNNY ANYONE WOULD RING A PAY STATION IN A DRUG STORE (PHONE UP) HELLO?

BLONDIE: (FILTER) HELLO? SWABBERS DRUG STORE. IS MR. BIRDIE THERE?

DAGWOOD: WHO. BIRDIE? HEY -- LISTEN...

BLONDIE: OH -- IS THAT YOU? I MEAN -- THIS IS A WRONG NUMBER.

DAGWOOD: BLONDIE. IS THAT YOU? (CLICK) TOOOH. SHE HUNG UP!

MAN: (FADING IN) WHAT'S THE MATTER MR. BUMSTEAD?

DAGWOOD: EH? OH -- NOTHING -- ONLY...I THOUGHT THAT WAS...LISTEN MR. SWABBER...HAS A GUY NAMED BIRDIE BEEN HANGING AROUND HERE WAITING FOR A CALL.

MAN: DON'T KNOW THE FELLERS NAME -- BUT THERE WAS A MAN IN AND OUT OF HERE A LOT -- JUST BEFORE YOU CAME. HAD A BIG PORTFOLIO UNDER HIS ARM. SAY YOU LOOK WHITE AROUND THE GILLS. BETTER LET ME PUT AN EGG IN THAT MALTED FOR YOU.

DAGWOOD: PUT IN TWO EGGS!

MAN: PSSST. HERE HE COMES AGAIN.

DAGWOOD: EH? WHO?

MAN: THE FELLER WITH THE PORTFOLIO.

BIRDIE: (FADING IN) WELL MEN -- THEY SAY NO NEWS IS GOOD NEWS -- BUT THAT'S NOT THE CASE WITH ME. WHAT ARE YOU HAVING BROTHER?

MAN: HE'S HAVING A BUMSTEAD BRACHER. DOUBLE CHOCOLATE MALTED WITH TWO EGGS, RASPBERRIES, PECANS AND A DASH OF WHIP CREAM.

BIRDIE: MAKE MINE THE SAME. SAY BROTHER.

DAGWOOD: ME?

BIRDIE: THAT'S RIGHT. YOU KNOW MUCH ABOUT WOMEN?

DAGWOOD: I -- I DON'T KNOW. I USED TO.

BIRDIE: I THOUGHT I DID. BUT THEY'RE UN-PREE-DICTABLE BROTHER.

DAGWOOD: UHUH.

BIRDIE: TAKE MY CASE. I'M A BUSY MAN. GET AROUND A LOT. YOU KNOW?

DAGWOOD: GET AROUND WOMEN YOU MEAN.

BIRDIE: THAT'S RIGHT. I'VE BEEN HANGING AROUND THIS DRUG STORE HOURS...BEEN HANGING AROUND THE NEIGHBORHOOD ALL AFTERNOON. JUST WAITING TO SEE A WOMAN.

MAN: YOU DON'T SAY.



BIRDIE: YES, SIR. SHE TOLD ME TO COME BACK WHEN HER HUSBAND  
WASN'T HOME...

DAGWOOD: HOW'S THAT?

BIRDIE: TOLD ME SHE'D CALL ME HERE WHEN HER HUSBAND WAS OUT OF THE  
HOUSE. BUT -- NO CALL.

DAGWOOD: LISTEN...ER...(WEAKLY) WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SEE THIS WOMAN  
ABOUT?

BIRDIE: WELL -- I SHOULDN'T BE SAYING THIS. IT'S A SECRET BETWEEN  
THE LADY AND ME YOU MIGHT SAY -- BUT...I DON'T MIND TELLING  
YOU THAT IT'S ABOUT WHAT I'VE GOT IN MY BRIEF CASE HERE.  
A LITTLE TOKEN OF AFFECTION BETWEEN FOND HEARTS BROTHER.  
I'D HAD IT DELIVERED LONG AGO -- IF HER HUSBAND HADN'T KEPT  
POPPING IN AND OUT OF THE HOUSE LIKE A JACK-IN-THE-BOX.

DAGWOOD: OH YEAH. LISTEN...(GRIMLY) IS -- IS YOUR NAME -- BIRDIE?

BIRDIE: WHY YES...

DAGWOOD: AND IS THE LADY'S NAME...BUMSTEAD?

BIRDIE: THAT'S RIGHT!

DAGWOOD: AHA. SO I'VE GOT YOU AT LAST YOU -- YOU TERMITE!

BIRDIE: NO! DON'T HIT ME...

MAN: GENTLEMEN!

DAGWOOD: COME CALLING ON MY WIFE WILL YOU. (A SOCK)

BIRDIE: (GROANS...FALLS)

MAN: MR. BUMSTEAD! YOU'VE KILLED HIM!

DAGWOOD: STAND UP AND FIGHT!

MAN: PLEASE MR. BUMSTEAD. THIS IS A RESPECTABLE STORE.

DAGWOOD: IS THAT SO? WELL I'M A RESPECTABLE MAN TOO...BUT...HEY...  
LOOKIT WHAT FELL OUT OF HIS BRIEF CASE!

MAN: WHY THAT'S A BIG PICTURE OF YOUR WIFE.

DAGWOOD: AND -- BABY DUMPLING!

MAN: YES -- AND LOOK AT THE BILL THAT CAME WITH IT...

DAGWOOD: EH? LET'S SEE. (READS) TO ONE SPECIAL HAND TINTED PHOTO  
-- ORDERED BY MRS. BUMSTEAD AS A FATHERS DAY SURPRISE FOR  
HER HUSBAND...TOOOOOH!

MAN: THAT'S WHY HE WANTED TO SEE YOUR WIFE ALONE. IT WAS A  
SURPRISE FOR YOU.

DAGWOOD: TOOOOOH! GET SOME WATER -- GET SOME IODINE -- GET SOME  
AMMONIA. WE'VE GOT TO BRING MR. BIRDIE TOO. HERE GIMME  
THAT.

MAN: DON'T THROW THAT ON HIM. THAT'S YOUR MALTED MILK...  
(A SPLASH) NOW YOU'VE RUINED HIS CLOTHES...

DAGWOOD: OH GOSH...HE -- HE'S GOING TO BE KIND OF MAD. IF HE LIVES!  
(MUSIC IN FOR VERY BRIEF INTERLUDE)

MAN: FEELING BETTER, MR. BIRDIE? TAKE ANOTHER SUP OF NERVE TONIC.

DAGWOOD: YEAH. TAKE A BIG SWIG OF IT. IT'S -- IT'S ON ME.

BIRDIE: THAT'S ALL VERY WELL...BUT I'VE HUNG AROUND ALL DAY. AFTER  
ALL I'M A BUSINESS MAN AS WELL AS AN ARTIST.

DAGWOOD: AW, LISTEN I SAID I WAS SORRY DIDN'T I? I SAID I'D BUY  
THREE OF THOSE PICTURES DIDN'T I?

BIRDIE: WHAT ABOUT BEING BITTEN BY YOUR DOG?

DAGWOOD: I'LL BUY SIX OF THOSE PICTURES.

BIRDIE: I FEEL THAT I LOST MY DIGNITY TOO -- BACK THERE IN YOUR  
NASTURTIUM BED.

DAGWOOD: LISTEN WILL YOU SETTLE FOR A DOZEN PICTURES?

BIRDIE: I WOULD...BUT...

DAGWOOD: GOOD.

BIRDIE: I SAID -- BUT!

DAGWOOD: BUT WHAT?

BIRDIE: THERE'S THE MATTER OF HITTING ME IN THE EYE. THAT CALLS FOR A NEW PICTURE IN MY ESTIMATION.

DAGWOOD: A NEW PICTURE? WHAT OF?

BIRDIE: A LITTLE FAMILY GROUP....THE BUMSTEADS AT HOME.

DAGWOOD: WELL -- BLONDIE WON'T LIKE MY BUYING SO MANY PICTURES BUT... WAIT A MINUTE...I'VE GOT AN IDEA! MAYBE I CAN BLUFF BLONDIE INTO LETTING ME BUY A FAMILY GROUP...LISTEN...YOU FOLLOW ME HOME BIRDIE...AND HAVE YOUR CAMERA READY...BUT DON'T COME IN -- 'TIL I CALL YOU.

(MUSIC: BRIEF INTERLUDE)

SOUND: DOOR BURSTS OPEN

DAGWOOD: (COMING IN) (STERNLY) BLONDIE!

BLONDIE: WHY DAGWOOD. YOU HOME? AGAIN?

DAGWOOD: (ACTING) I CERTAINLY AM...BUT THIS TIME...I KNOW ALL.

BLONDIE: ALL? ALL WHAT?

DAGWOOD: ALL ABOUT WHY YOU TRIED TO GET ME OUT OF THE HOUSE. ALL ABOUT THE MAN IN MY NASTURTIUM BED. ALL ABOUT THOSE FOOTPRINTS THAT DIDN'T CLIMB UP THE GARAGE, BABY DUMPLING.

BABY: HE SAYS HE KNOWS ALL MOMMIE.

BLONDIE: I HEAR HIM. DAGWOOD -- WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

DAGWOOD: UPSTAIRS -- TO PACK.

BLONDIE: PACK?

DAGWOOD: (ACTING) (SADLY) YES. WHEN A MAN'S FAMILY TAKES TO WANTING HIM OUT OF THE HOUSE.

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD. YOU COME BACK HERE THIS MINUTE. I DON'T BELIEVE YOU KNOW ALL AT ALL. WHAT'S THAT UNDER YOUR COAT?

DAGWOOD: NEVER YOU MIND.

BLONDIE: GIVE IT TO ME.

DAGWOOD: I WILL NOT.

BLONDIE: TICKLE HIM BABY DUMPLING.

DAGWOOD: EEEEE. GET AWAY FROM ME, BABY... (GIGGLES) CUT IT OUT!

BLONDIE: I'VE GOT IT...WHY...WHY IT'S OUR PICTURE BABY DUMPLING.

BABY: AW. NOW THE SURPRISE IS SPOILED.

BLONDIE: THE PICTURE IS SPOILED TOO...LOOK...IT'S ALL BENT.

DAGWOOD: YEAH...BUT THAT HAPPENED -- ER -- EARLIER.

BLONDIE: WELL -- IF YOU HAVE THE PICTURE MAYBE YOU DO KNOW ALL --  
AFTER ALL.

DAGWOOD: I TOLD YOU I DID.

BLONDIE: WELL THEN YOU KNOW IT WAS TO SURPRISE YOU. WHAT WAS THE  
IDEA OF THE MELODRAMATIC ENTRANCE.

DAGWOOD: AW, GOLLY -- I NEVER CAN GET AWAY WITH ANYTHING. I -- I  
WANTED TO BLUFF YOU INTO BEING SORRY...AND THEN I WAS GOING  
TO GIVE IN...AND THEN I WAS GOING TO SAY -- ER -- "TO  
CELEBRATE OUR REUNION -- LET'S HAVE ANOTHER PICTURE TAKEN".

BLONDIE: A FAMILY GROUP?

DAGWOOD: UHUH.

BLONDIE: WHY THAT WOULD BE LOVELY DEAR.

DAGWOOD: AND THEN... (TAKE)...IT WOULD?

BLONDIE: OF COURSE. I'VE ALWAYS WANTED ONE. A NICE OLD-FASHIONED  
KIND OF ONE...WITH YOU SEATED DAGWOOD...AS THE FATHER OF  
THE FAMILY.

DAGWOOD: LIKE THIS?

BLONDIE: YES. LOOKING VERY FATHERLY. AND I WOULD BE STANDING WITH  
MY HAND ON YOUR SHOULDER -- LIKE THIS!

DAGWOOD: HOLD IT! WHERE DOES BABY DUMPLING GO IN THIS PICTURE?

BLONDIE: OH HE WOULD BE SITTING ON THE FLOOR -- LOOKING UP AT HIS  
FATHER.

BABY: WAIT A MINUTE -- YOU MEAN LIKE THIS MOMMIE?

BLONDIE: YES DEAR. NOW -- AREN'T WE A LOVELY FAMILY GROUP?

DAGWOOD: YOU BET. HOLD THE POSE A MINUTE, (SHOUTS) HEY BIRDIE --  
BRING IN THE CAMERA! WE'RE ALL READY!

BIRDIE: (OPENING DOOR) ALL READY MR. BUMSTEAD! (COMING IN) DON'T  
MOVE, ANYONE.

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD...

BABY: DADDY!

DAGWOOD: QUIET! THIS PICTURE IS FOR YOU BABY DUMPLING -- TO SHOW  
YOUR KIDS WHEN YOU'RE A FATHER....

BLONDIE: AND A GRANDFATHER MAYBE. (SHE GIGGLES...DAGWOOD LAUGHS...  
BABY JOINS IN)

BIRDIE: HOLD IT!

DAGWOOD: HOLD IT FOLKS -- AND WATCH THE BIRDIE! (A PAUSE -- AN  
OLD-FASHIONED FLASHLIGHT PUFF -- AND ALL SAY AAAAAAAAAAH!)

(MUSIC IN...SEGUE TO THEME FOR:)

(CLOSING)

ANNOUNCER: IN JUST A MOMENT, WE WILL TRY AND GIVE YOU A BRIEF SYNOPSIS OF NEXT WEEK'S EPISODE, BUT FIRST --

NEWSBOY: (TYPICAL NEWSBOY VOICE IN BACKGROUND) EXTRA!...EXTRA!

ANNOUNCER: CAMELS GIVE YOU EXTRA FLAVOR.

NEWSBOY: EXTRA!

ANNOUNCER: CAMELS GIVE YOU EXTRA MILDNESS AND EXTRA COOLNESS.

NEWSBOY: EXTRA!

ANNOUNCER: CAMELS GIVE YOU EXTRA SMOKING PER PACK. TRY CAMELS -- THE CIGARETTE THAT GIVES YOU THE "EXTRAS." SAY MOTHER, NEXT SUNDAY JUNE SIXTEENTH IS FATHER'S DAY. WHY NOT GET A CARTON OF CAMELS FOR THE CHILDREN TO GIVE DAD. REMEMBER A CARTON OF CAMELS FOR FATHER'S DAY. CAMELS BRING YOU THREE OTHER GREAT SHOWS EACH WEEK. ON FRIDAY NIGHT CAMELS BRING YOU THE AL PEARCE PROGRAM. AND ON SATURDAY, MEET NEW YORK'S COSMOPOLITAN SET WITH ILKA CHASE AT "LUNCHEON AT THE WALDORF" WITH DAYTIME ENTERTAINMENT -- SOMETHING NEW AND UNUSUAL -- ON SATURDAY NIGHT TUNE IN AND HEAR BOB CROSBY AND MILDRED BAILEY FEATURING MUSIC WITH A .

"HEARTBEAT." NEXT MONDAY NIGHT AGAIN YOU'LL HEAR

"BLONDIE" AND... *you'll get a laugh*

*in "Blondie" each*

*on "Quiz Program"*

\_\_\_\_\_

THAT'S A TIP FOR YOUR RADIO ENJOYMENT. AND FOR YOUR SMOKING ENJOYMENT -- TRY CAMELS, THE CIGARETTE THAT GIVES YOU THE EXTRAS!

ORCHESTRA: (THEME UP AND FADE FOR:)

"BLONDIE"  
6/19/40

-29-

WALLINGTON: BLONDIE IS PLAYED BY PENNY SINGLETON AND DAGWOOD, BY  
ARTHUR LAKE...THE BLONDIE ORCHESTRA IS DIRECTED BY  
BILLY ARTZT WHO ALSO CREATES THE SPECIAL MUSICAL EFFECTS.  
~~THIS IS JIMMY WALLINGTON PINCH-HITTING FOR BILL GOODWIN~~  
~~AND SAYING GOOD NIGHT FOR THE MAKERS OF GAMBLERS~~  
~~CIGARETTES.~~  
THIS IS THE COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.