

Master

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, JUNE 24, 1940

3:30 - 4:00 P.M.
6:30 - 7:00 P.M.

ANNCR: 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!!!

ANNCR: FOR EXTRA FLAVOR -- GET CAMELS!

NEWSBOY: EXTRA!

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

NEWSBY: EXTRA!

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

"BLONDIE" 1-A
6/24/40

Wallington
WALLINGTON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, HAVE YOU EVER NOTICED THE TONE OF ENTHUSIASM IN A SMOKER'S VOICE WHEN HE SAYS:

MAN'S VOICE: "I'D WALK A MILE FOR A CAMEL."

Wallington
WALLINGTON: IT'S EASY TO UNDERSTAND BECAUSE HE, LIKE MILLIONS OF OTHER SMOKERS, KNOWS THAT THE "EXTRAS" IN SMOKING PLEASURE GO WITH SLOWER-BURNING CAMEL CIGARETTES. CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS AND SLOWER WAY OF BURNING MEAN EXTRA MILDNESS, EXTRA COOLNESS, EXTRA FLAVOR, AND EXTRA SMOKING PER CIGARETTE PER PACK. 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. YES, CAMELS ARE THE CIGARETTE THAT GIVES YOU THE "EXTRAS"...EXTRA MILDNESS, EXTRA COOLNESS, EXTRA FLAVOR, AND EXTRA SMOKING. THAT'S WHY CAMELS ARE AMERICA'S FAVORITE CIGARETTE...WHY SO MANY MORE SMOKERS SHARE THE SENTIMENTS OF THE MAN WHO SAYS:

MAN'S VOICE: "I'D WALK A MILE FOR A CAMEL."

ANNOUNCER: AND NOW FOR OUR WEEKLY VISIT WITH THE BUMSTREADS. IT'S GROWING DARK ON SHADY LANE AVENUE...AS A FIGURE IN WHITE COMES DOWN THE PATH TOWARD A CERTAIN BACK GATE...MUTTERING TO HIMSELF. THE FIGURE PAUSES AS HE SEES DAGWOOD, HIS HEAD ON A PILE OF NEW CUT GRASS...AND FAST ASLEEP...

MILKMAN: WELL I'LL BE DOGGONED!

DAGWOOD: (SNORES)

MILKMAN: HEY! HEY BROTHER WAKE UP!

DAGWOOD: (SNORES LOUDER...MAKES LITTLE WHISTLING SOUND AT FINISH)

MILKMAN: (TO SELF) I'LL BET THAT WIFE OF HIS RUNS HIM RAGGED. IT'S KIND OF A SHAME TO WAKE HIM UP...BUT...HEY! MISTER! (DAGWOOD GRUNTS AS THOUGH WAKING) LISTEN...YOU'LL GET ANTS IN YOUR EARS SLEEPING OUT HERE. COME ON, WAKE UP!

DAGWOOD: (STILL ASLEEP) TIZ-GRUBBA-RUBBA DANS-GROWEL IN THE MORNING PAPER.

MILKMAN: SURE. YOU'RE PERFECTLY RIGHT! NOW LISTEN...

DAGWOOD: (SNORES LOUDLY)

MILKMAN: THIS GUY IS NO AMATEUR SLEEPER! WHEN HE SLEEPS HE DOESN'T FOOL WITH IT. (TOP OF VOICE) HEY! COME ON. RISE AND SHINE!

DAGWOOD: TOOH. HEY. WHASSA MATTER? WHO -- WHERE...WHAT'S THE IDEA?

MILKMAN: WELL BROTHER, I SAW YOU ASLEEP THERE -- SO --

DAGWOOD: (GROGGY) ME? ASLEEP? OH NO, NOOOOOOOO. I...(TAKE) HEY! WHAT'S THE IDEA OF ALL THE GRASS?

MILKMAN: WELL -- WHEN YOU FALL ASLEEP IN THE BACKYARD -- YOU GOT TO EXPECT A LITTLE GRASS. NOW....

DAGWOOD: (STILL NUMB) BACKYARD? WHOSE YARD?

MILKMAN: I DUNNO. AIN'T IT YOURS?

DAGWOOD: I DUNNO. I MEAN...SURE...I...I GUESS SO. WAIT NOW...
I WAS CUTTING GRASS...AND I GOT JUST A LITTLE TIRED...
YEAH! MUST HAVE DOZED OFF FOR A MINUTE.

MILKMAN: YEAH. YOU WERE SURE SAWING WOOD WHEN I CAME ALONG.

DAGWOOD: GOLLY IT...IT'S DARK! WHAT TIME IS IT?

MILKMAN: I DUNNO. BUT IT'S PAST MY SUPPER TIME.

DAGWOOD: SUPPER! I WONDER IF I MISSED MY SUPPER...

MILKMAN: I THINK LIKELY YOU DID, BROTHER. YOUR WIFE WAS SURE MAD
ABOUT SOMETHING WHEN I TALKED TO HER.

DAGWOOD: BLONDIE? WELL -- GOSH! IF SHE WANTED ME TO COME IN WHY
DIDN'T SHE CALL ME...OR...(TAKE) HEY! YOU COULDN'T
HAVE BEEN TALKING TO BLONDIE -- BECAUSE SHE ISN'T HOME.

MILKMAN: I GUESS SHE CAME HOME WHILST YOU WAS ASLEEP. SHE
BAWLED ME OUT FOR TRYING TO COLLECT A BILL.

DAGWOOD: THERE'S -- THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG HERE. ER...WHAT BILL?

MILKMAN: THE MILK BILL.

DAGWOOD: WE DON'T OWE YOU ANY MILK BILL, MISTER! STEVE IS OUR
MILKMAN. LISTEN YOU GOT THE WRONG HOUSE AND...

MILKMAN: NOW WAIT! IS YOUR NAME BUMSTEAD?

DAGWOOD: THAT'S RIGHT. DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD...

MILKMAN: OKAY. WELL STEVE IS ON VACATION SEE? I'M THE NEW MAN
ON THE ROUTE...AND I'VE GOT THIS BILL HERE FOR THE LAST
MONTHS MILK.

DAGWOOD: WELL, I NEVER PAY THE MILK BILL.

MILKMAN: I'D BE ASHAMED TO ADMIT IT.

DAGWOOD: I MEAN THAT'S BLONDIE'S BUSINESS. SHE ALWAYS PAYS THE MILK BILL.

MILKMAN: WELL -- SHE WOULDN'T PAY THIS ONE. SHE CHASED ME AWAY WITH A BROOM.

DAGWOOD: (AGHAST) BLONDIE DID THAT? I CAN'T BELIEVE IT.

MILKMAN: YOU COME ON UP TO THE HOUSE WITH ME -- AND I'LL SHOW YOU THE VERY BROOM.

DAGWOOD: WELL -- OKAY...COME ON. (FEET ON GRAVEL) THAT'S THE KITCHEN DOOR...WHERE YOU SEE THE LIGHT. HEY, IT'S A FUNNY THING THERE'S NO OTHER LIGHTS ON IN THE HOUSE.

MILKMAN: MAYBE SHE WOULDN'T PAY THE ELECTRIC BILL EITHER.

DAGWOOD: NOW LISTEN! WE PAY ALL OUR BILLS IN THIS HOUSE. WHY BLONDIE HAS A BUDGET!

MILKMAN: (UNCONVINCED) UHUH. THAT WHAT YOU CALL YOUR WIFE? BLONDIE?

DAGWOOD: SURE.

MILKMAN: THAT'S FUNNY.

DAGWOOD: (BELIGERENT) WHAT'S SO FUNNY ABOUT CALLING MY WIFE BLONDIE?

MILKMAN: OH NOTHING. EXCEPT THAT SHE'S NOT A BLONDE.

DAGWOOD: LISTEN -- ARE YOU CRAZY? CERTAINLY SHE'S A BLONDE.

MILKMAN: I MAY BE CRAZY BUT I KNOW RED HAIR WHEN I SEE IT.

DAGWOOD: RED HAIR?

MILKMAN: WELL -- DYED RED ANYHOW.

DAGWOOD: DYED?

MILKMAN: LOOK -- DON'T GET SORE, BUDDY. LOTS OF WOMEN TOUCH UP THEIR HAIR.

DAGWOOD: WELL, BLONDIE DOESN'T.

MILKMAN: OKAY. OKAY. (PAUSE) MY FIRST WIFE HAD ME FOOLED FOR A WHILE WOO.

DAGWOOD: WELL NOBODY'S GOT ME FOOLED.

MILKMAN: OKAY. I'M NOT TRYIN' TER SAY ANYTHING AGAINST YOUR WIFE.

DAGWOOD: YOU BETTER NOT.

MILKMAN: WELL I AIN'T. (PAUSE) I DON'T BLAME A LADY FOR TRYING TO KEEP HER LOOKS -- EXPECIALLY WHEN SHE'S OLDER THAN HER HUSBAND.

DAGWOOD: NOW THAT'S ENOUGH! BLONDIE ISN'T OLDER THAN I AM...SHE'S YOUNGER THAN I AM...AND SHE'S A VERY PRETTY GIRL.

MILKMAN: UHUH. OKAY. JUST GET THE MONEY FOR MY BILL AND WE WON'T SAY NO MORE ABOUT IT. (FRENT OUT)

DAGWOOD: DON'T WORRY ABOUT YOUR MONEY. HERE'S THE KITCHEN DOOR -- AND I'LL HAVE THE MONEY FOR YOU IN NO TIME. (TRIED DOOR) TOOH. IT'S LOCKED!

MILKMAN: YEAH! SHE EVER LOCK YOU OUT BEFORE?

DAGWOOD: NO -- THIS IS THE FIRST TIME...I MEAN...NO! SHE HASN'T LOCKED ME OUT.

MILKMAN: LOOK FRIEND...IF I WAS YOU, I'D SNEAK IN SOME OTHER WAY -- AND HIDE 'TIL IT ALL BLOWS OVER.

DAGWOOD: WELL -- (TAKE) 'TIL WHAT BLOWS OVER? WE DIDN'T HAVE ANY FIGHT! SHE JUST TOOK BABY DUMPLING DOWN TO THE TRAIN..

MILKMAN: GOING HOME TO HER MOTHER, EH?

DAGWOOD: YEAH -- NO! SHE WAS SEEING CORY DITHERS -- THAT'S MY BOSSES WIFE -- OFF ON A TRAIN.

MILKMAN: WELL -- ANYHOW SHE'S BACK NOW...AND FIGHTING MAD ABOUT SOMETHING...SO IF I WAS YOU I'D SNEAK IN AND GUM-SHOE AROUND A WHILE BEFORE I SAID MUCH.

DAGWOOD: WELL -- YOU'RE ALL WRONG ABOUT THIS THING. BUT I GUESS YOU MEAN WELL.

MILKMAN: THAT'S RIGHT. US MEN HAS TO STICK TOGETHER. ANY OTHER WAY INTO THE HOUSE?

DAGWOOD: SURE...THERE'S A FRENCH WINDOW --- RIGHT AROUND THE CORNER. IT LET'S INTO THE LIVING ROOM. WE'LL GO IN THAT WAY.

MILKMAN: NOW YOU'RE TALKING...ONLY WE WON'T GO IN! YOU'LL GO IN... AND I'LL BACK YOU UP...RIGHT OUTSIDE THE FRENCH WINDOW!

DAGWOOD: OKAY...COME ON.

MILKMAN: EASY NOW. (MUSIC IN SOFTLY) WE DON'T WANT HER THROWIN' NOTHIN' AT US...

(MUSIC UP...IT'S TIPTOE MUSIC...AND ONLY A SORT OF ARPEGGIO)

DAGWOOD: (SOTTO) HERE'S THE FRENCH WINDOW. SEE -- THIS IS OPEN.

MILKMAN: (SOTTO) GO AHEAD IN.

DAGWOOD: I AM. GOSH IT'S DARK IN HERE THOUGH. (A THUMP) TOOOH!

MILKMAN: WHAT'S WRONG? RUN INTO A CHAIR?

DAGWOOD: YEAH...BUT THERE'S NO CHAIR HERE! I -- I MEAN -- THERE SHOULDN'T BE.

MILKMAN: NO? THAT'S KIND OF FUNNY.

DAGWOOD: THIS WHOLE THING IS KIND OF FUNNY. LISTEN...I...I'M NOT STILL ASLEEP AM I?

MILKMAN: I DUNNO ABOUT YOU -- BUT I'M WIDE AWAKE, BUDDY. WHY DON'T YOU LIGHT A LAMP?

DAGWOOD: I -- I'M TRYING TO...BUT THE LAMP THAT'S RIGHT HERE BY
THE WINDOW...ISN'T HERE!

MILKMAN: WAIT A MINUTE. THERE'S A CHAIR WHERE THERE SHOULDN'T
BE AND NO LAMP WHERE THERE OUGHT TO BE?

DAGWOOD: THAT'S RIGHT...OH WAIT. HERE'S THE LAMP. ON THE OTHER
SIDE OF THE WINDOW.

MILKMAN: YOU JUST GOT MIXED UP. WELL LIGHT UP!

DAGWOOD: YEAH. (CLICK) THERE...NOW...TOOOOH!

MILKMAN: NOW WHAT'S WRONG?

DAGWOOD: EVERYTHING! THE FURNITURE'S ALL -- DIFFERENT.

MILKMAN: WELL -- IF YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOUR OWN WIFE LOOKS LIKE --
MAYBE YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOUR OWN FURNITURE LOOKS LIKE!
ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE IN THE RIGHT HOUSE?

DAGWOOD: DON'T BE SILLY. EVERYTHING IS ALL KIND OF MOVED AROUND.
BUT IT'S MY HOUSE ALL RIGHT...I THINK!

MILKMAN: OH YEAH? WELL -- DON'T LOOK NOW, BUT...IS THAT YOUR WIFE
IN THAT DOORWAY?

DAGWOOD: TOOOOH...NO!

MILKMAN: GOOD NIGHT...

DAGWOOD: HEY...WAIT...

MILKMAN: (FADING) NOT ME, BUDDY...

CHIRP: WELL YOUNG MAN?

DAGWOOD: NOT -- NOT VERY WELL THANKS...

CHIRP: WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING? SNEAKING IN DECENT
PEOPLE'S WINDOWS...

DAGWOOD: I...I THOUGHT IT WAS MY HOUSE...

CHIRP: A LIKELY STORY.

DAGWOOD: HONEST I DID. LISTEN...I'LL TELL YOU THE WHOLE THING. I
WAS WORKING IN THE GARDEN -- SEE? AND...

CHIRP: OH, YOU'RE THE GARDENER? WELL YOU'VE GOT A NERVE!
TRACKING MUD ALL OVER MY CLEAN RUG!

DAGWOOD: YES, MA'AM...I...I'M AWFULLY SORRY.

CHIRP: A FINE KETTLE OF FISH WHEN GARDENERS SNEAK INTO THE HOUSE.

DAGWOOD: WELL -- LOOK -- I'M NOT EXACTLY A GARDENER...

CHIRP: OH...THOUGHT UP A BETTER YARN, EH?

DAGWOOD: NO NO! IF YOU'D JUST LET ME EXPLAIN...

CHIRP: WELL, WHAT'S KEEPING YOU? SPEAK UP! IF YOU'VE GOT ANY
BUSINESS HERE -- OUT WITH IT BEFORE I GIVE YOU THE
SAME AS THAT MILKMAN GOT.

DAGWOOD: OHHH! IT WAS YOU HE SAW...NO WONDER HE THOUGHT MY WIFE
WAS...I MEAN...THAT SHE HAD...I MEAN...ER...NO WONDER!

CHIRP: TOOK ME FOR YOUR WIFE DID HE? WELL LET ME TELL YOU I
HAD MY LESSON WHEN I MARRIED OLD MAN CHIRP...AND WHEN
HE WAS TOOK OFF I VOWED I'D NEVER MARRY UP WITH THE
BEST MAN ALIVE...LET ALONE A SCALYWAG LIKE YOU. NOW --
GET OUT!

DAGWOOD: YES, MA'AM. I I'M GOING...ONLY...LOOKIT. I WAS ASLEEP
SEE -- I'M A LITTLE MIXED UP. IF I DON'T LIVE HERE...
WHO AM I?

CHIRP: PROBABLY RIP VAN WINKLE!

DAGWOOD: I MEAN -- WHERE DO I LIVE? IF YOU'D TELL ME WHOSE
HOUSE THIS WAS...I COULD KIND OF GET MY BEARINGS...
AND KNOW WHERE TO GO...

CHIRP: THIS HERE IS MRS. BUMSTEAD'S HOUSE...

DAGWOOD: OH. WELL TELL HER I'M VERY SORRY I CAME IN LIKE...
(TAKE) HEY! MRS. BUMSTEAD? THAT'S ME! NO...I MEAN...
IT'S BLONDIE...MY HUSBAND!...I MEAN HER HUSBAND.

CHIRP: YOU TRYING TO MAKE OFF YOU'RE MR. BUMSTEAD NOW?

DAGWOOD: I AM HIM! HONEST I AM!

CHIRP: GOT ANYTHING TO PROVE IT?

DAGWOOD: HUH? OH SURE! LOOK...HERE'S MY...ER...MY DRIVER'S
LICENSE...

CHIRP: HMMMM! DOGWOOD BUMSTEAD EH?

DAGWOOD: ER -- DAGWOOD.

CHIRP: WELL? DON'T PICK ME UP ON EVERY WORD I SPEAK.

DAGWOOD: EXCUSE ME.

CHIRP: COME SNEAKIN' IN AT ALL HOURS AND THEN TRY TO PICK
A FIGHT! WITH A LONE DEFENSELESS WOMAN.

DAGWOOD: WELL -- YOU'RE SAFE WITH ME. I MEAN AS LONG AS I'M
HERE...

CHIRP: (GRUDGINGLY) WELL IF YOU ARE MR. BUMSTEAD -- I SUPPOSE
YOU MIGHT'S WELL STAY.

DAGWOOD: THANK YOU -- THANK YOU VERY MUCH...(TAKE) HEY..IF I
AM MR. BUMSTEAD...NO...I MEAN IF THIS IS MY HOUSE...HOW
COME THE FURNITURE IS ALL MOVED AROUND?

CHIRP: I DIDN'T LIKE IT THE WAY IT WAS.

DAGWOOD: OH. YOU DIDN'T LIKE OUR FURNITURE? WELL -- BUT -- ER
-- WHO ARE YOU?

CHIRP: I'M CARRIE CHIRP.

DAGWOOD: UHUH. CARRIE -- ER -- CHIRP, EH? ARE YOU SOME KIN
OF BLONDIE'S MAYBE?

CHIRP: I SHOULD SAY NOT.

DAGWOOD: GOSH! YOU -- YOU'RE NOT RELATED TO ME ARE YOU?

CHIRP: DON'T BE SILLY, I'M THE COOK.

DAGWOOD: OH! I SEE...YOU'RE...(TAKE) THE COOK? HEY -- WE DON'T
HAVE A COOK!

CHIRP: YOU DO NOW...AND I'M HER!

DAGWOOD: WOULD YOU MIND TELLING ME WHO HIRED YOU?

CHIRP: ASK YOUR WIFE! I GOT NO TIME FOR GOSSIP! YOUR SUPPER
WAS READY AT SUPPER TIME AND IT'S ON THE TABLE NOW...
STONE COLD! BUT DON'T BLAME ME! IF YOU THINK I'M
GOING TO HANG OVER A STOVE ALL NIGHT KEEPING VITTLES
WARM FOR ANY MAN YOU GOT ANOTHER THINK COMING...

DAGWOOD: OH THAT'S ALL RIGHT. I KIND OF LIKE COLD -- ER --
VITTLES. WHAT HAVE WE GOT?

CHIRP: STEW.

DAGWOOD: TOOOOH. COLD STEW?

CHIRP: SUCH AS IT IS AND WHAT THERE IS OF IT...BUT DON'T EXPECT
ME TO SERVE IT UP TO YOU. I'M TIRED AND GOING TO MY
BED!

DAGWOOD: SURE. ER -- GOOD NIGHT.

CHIRP: PUT AWAY THE STUFF WHEN YOU'VE ET. AND DON'T LET ME
FIND A SINK FULL OF DISHES IN THE MORNING EITHER!
(GOING) THEM THAT COME LATE CAN WASH UP AFTER
THEMSELVES.

DAGWOOD: YOU -- WANT ME TO WASH THE DISHES?

CHIRP: WELL THEY WON'T WASH THEMSELVES WILL THEY? (CACKLES)
WASH AND DRY 'EM...AND SEE THAT THEY'RE CLEAN!
(DOOR SLAMS)

DAGWOOD: TOOOOH! I DON'T THINK I'M GOING TO LIKE HER!
(MUSIC BRIEFLY) (SOUND OF DISHES)

BLONDIE: (COMING IN) WHY DAGWOOD? WHY ARE YOU DOING DISHES...
AT THIS HOUR? DIDN'T MRS. CHIRP SHOW UP?

DAGWOOD: YEAH. THAT'S WHY I'M DOING DISHES.

BLONDIE: I'LL HELP DRY THEM DEAR...WHAT'S SHE LIKE, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: WELL, SHE'S KIND OF...(TAKE) HEY! HAVEN'T YOU EVER
SEEN HER?

BLONDIE: WHY NO DEAR...BUT MRS. DITHERS SAYS SHE'S A VERY
UNUSUAL WOMAN.

DAGWOOD: MRS. DITHERS?

BLONDIE: WHY YES...SHE'S REALLY CORA DITHERS' COOK YOU KNOW.

DAGWOOD: NO...I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT IT. IF SHE BELONGS
AT DITHERS...WHAT'S SHE DOING OVER HERE?

BABY: (COMING IN) CHOO...GHOOOOOOOOO! TOOT! DANG DANG DANG.

BLONDIE: NOT TOO LOUD, BABY DUMPLING. IT'S LATE.

BABY: (CLOSER) CHUK -- ER-CHUK-ERCHUKEREOCHUKEROHUK. HELLO,
DADDY. DANG! DANG!

DAGWOOD: DANG DANG! I MEAN -- HELLO, BABY.

BLONDIE: HE'S PLAYING TRAIN.

DAGWOOD: UHUH.

BABY: YOU BE MRS. DITHERS GETTING ON THE TRAIN, MOMMIE...AND
I'M THE CONDUCTOR. B-000000000ORD!

BLONDIE: NO DEAR...IT'S PAST YOUR BEDTIME. RUN ON UP AND GET
UNDRESSED.

DAGWOOD: YEAH. YOUR MOTHER AND I HAVE SOME STUFF TO TALK OVER.

BABY: OKAY! WHOO DANG...WHOO DANG. (GOING) OHUKEROHUKER
CHUCK...(FADES)

BLONDIE: I SUPPOSE YOU WERE A LITTLE SURPRISED WHEN YOU SAW
MRS. CHIRP, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: YEAH...A LITTLE...BUT NOT AS SURPRISED AS I WAS WHEN I
TRIED TO EAT HER STEW.

BLONDIE: OH DEAR. WASN'T IT VERY GOOD?

DAGWOOD: IF SHE'S A COOK -- I'M THE KING OF THE CANARY ISLANDS.

BLONDIE: WELL, BUT SHE TOLD MRS. DITHERS SHE COULD COOK.

DAGWOOD: DIDN'T THEY EVER TRY HER OUT?

BLONDIE: THERE WASN'T TIME. CORY HAD TO GO AWAY JUST WHEN SHE
GOT MRS. CHIRP HIRED.

DAGWOOD: PARDON ME, BLONDIE, BUT THIS WHOLE THING SOUNDS WHACKY
TO ME. CORY HIRES A COOK JUST AS SHE'S GOING AWAY SO --
WE GET THE COOK. HOW COME?

BLONDIE: OH WELL -- IT'S LIKE THIS. MRS. CHIRP IS A SAILOR'S
WIDOW.

DAGWOOD: UHUH. I BET THE SAILOR DIED OF INDIGESTION, TOO.

BLONDIE: IT ISN'T A BIT FUNNY, DAGWOOD! CORY IS PRESIDENT OF THE
SOCIETY FOR THE PRESERVATION OF SAILORS WIDOWS. THIS
POOR WOMAN HADN'T ANY HOME OR ANYTHING -- SO MRS. DITHER
TOOK HER IN.

DAGWOOD: OR VICE VERSA...

BLONDIE: CORY TOLD ME HER STORY DOWN AT THE STATION AND I SAID
I'D TAKE MRS. CHIRP JUST WHILE SHE WAS AWAY. IT WON'T
BE LONG...

DAGWOOD: THAT'S GOOD! I'M TELLING YOU, BLONDIE,,,I COULDN'T
STAND HER VERY LONG,...

BLONDIE: I DON'T THINK YOU OUGHT TO JUDGE POOR MRS, CHIRP AT
FIRST GLANCE, DAGWOOD, SHE WAS PROBABLY NERVOUS AND ALL,

DAGWOOD: UHUH.

BLONDIE: ANYWAY...YOU WON'T SEE MUCH OF HER, YOU'LL BE OUT ALL
DAY...AND SHE'LL BE GONE AT NIGHT,,,

DAGWOOD: OH...ISN'T SHE GOING TO SLEEP IN?

BLONDIE: WHY NO...OF COURSE NOT! WHERE WOULD SHE SLEEP?

DAGWOOD: I DON'T KNOW BUT...

BABY: (COMING IN) MOMMIE...I'M ALL UNDRESSED...BUT I'M NOT
GOING TO GET TO SLEEP.

BLONDIE: WHY NOT, DEAR?

BABY: ON ACCOUNT OF THE SNORING GOING ON,

BLONDIE: SNORING?

DAGWOOD: OH GOSH!...SHE SNORES, TOO!

BLONDIE: WHO?

DAGWOOD: MRS. CHIRP. YOU MAY THINK SHE ISN'T GOING TO SLEEP
HERE...BUT SHE WENT UPSTAIRS TO BED JUST THE SAME,

BLONDIE: WENT TO BED! WHY I DIDN'T UNDERSTAND THAT SHE...WHAT
BED?

BABY: DADDY'S BED, MOMMIE.

DAGWOOD: TOOCH. THIS IS THE END!

BLONDIE: NO, DAGWOOD...IT'S JUST A MISUNDERSTANDING...IT WON'T
HURT YOU TO SLEEP ON THE COUNCH ONE NIGHT.

DAGWOOD: WHAT?

BLONDIE: SUPPOSE YOU WERE A WIDOW WITH NO HOME...AND ALL TIRED OUT
AND JUST HAPPENED TO STRETCH OUT ON SOMEBODY'S BED FOR
A NAP....

BABY: SHE'S TUCKED IN, MOMMIE.....

BLONDIE: WELL, THEN WE CERTAINLY CAN'T DISTURB HER TONIGHT!
IN THE MORNING I'LL STRAIGHTEN IT ALL OUT...BUT TONIGHT
I'LL TUCK YOU UP NICE AND COZY ON THAT COUCH,, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: I CAN'T SLEEP ON THAT COUCH!

BLONDIE: WHY, DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD! YOU SLEEP ON IT ALL THROUGH THE
DAY! COME ON NOW...HELP ME GET THE BLANKETS...AND A
PILLOW...

BABY: PLAY IT'S A SLEEPING CAR, DADDY! TOOOT...CHUCKER CHUCKER
CHUKER...

DAGWOOD: TOOOH...I KNOW I WON'T SLEEP A WINK!
(MUSIC IN BRIEFLY...BLEND TO ROOSTER)

DAGWOOD: (SNORES) CHUCKER-CHUCKER-CHUCK...TOOT. (SNORES AGAIN)

CHIRP: HEY! MR. BUMSTEAD. GIT UP!

DAGWOOD: EH? WHA...WHAT'S WRONG? WHO'S THAT?

CHIRP: IT'S ME -- MRS. CHIRP. GIT UP AND GIT BREAKFAST!

DAGWOOD: HUH? BREAKFAST?...NO NO...LOOKIT...IT'S STILL DARK OUT!

CHIRP: SUN'LL BE UP BEFORE YOU'RE WASHED AND READY! IF YOU
THINK I'M GOING TO BE HELD UP WITH BREAKFAST TILL SIX
OR SIX THIRTY IN THE MORNING,..YOU DON'T KNOW ME!

DAGWOOD: GOSH...I DON'T FEEL AS IF I'D HAD ANY SLEEP....

CHIRP: JUST LIKE A MAN! WORSE THAN TOM OATS...SLEEP ALL DAY
AND PROWL ALL NIGHT! WELL I CALLED YOU...AND BREAKFAST
IS ON THE TABLE...IF YOU WANT IT HOT...COME AND GET IT..

DAGWOOD: TOOOOOOH...WELL, I'LL COME...BUT I WON'T BE ABLE TO EAT.
(MUSIC)

BLONDIE: WILL YOU HAVE MORE FRIED POTATOES, DAGWOOD?
DAGWOOD: MORE? I HAVEN'T EATEN ANY YET. DID -- DID YOU TASTE
'EM?
BLONDIE: WHY NO DEAR...YOU KNOW I DON'T EAT POTATOES...ESPECIALLY
AT BREAKFAST.
BABY: I DON'T WANT ANY OF THIS STUFF, MOMMIE.
DAGWOOD: I DIDN'T THINK ANYBODY COULD SPOIL FRIED POTATOES...
BUT SHE CAN.
BLONDIE: WELL...SHE'S IN A STRANGE KITCHEN, DAGWOOD.
DAGWOOD: WELL, IS IT SO STRANGE SHE CAN'T FIND OUR REGULAR FOOD
-- LIKE BACON AND EGGS?
BABY: SHE HAD BACON AND EGGS...I SAW HER PLATE.
BLONDIE: SSSSH, BABY.
DAGWOOD: A FINE THING...OUR COOK EATS BACON AND EGGS...AND WE
GET SALK PORK AND POTATOES FOR BREAKFAST.
BLONDIE: A SUPPOSE THAT'S BECAUSE MR. CHIRP WAS A SAILOR...
ANYWAY WE'VE GOT TO USE TACT IN HANDLING HER, DAGWOOD.
I GET ALONG WITH HER ALL RIGHT.
DAGWOOD: DID YOU TELL HER SHE CAN'T SLEEP IN THE HOUSE ANY MORE?
BLONDIE: WELL -- WE CAME TO AN UNDERSTANDING ON THAT. SHE...
SHE DOESN'T HAVE ANYWHERE ELSE TO GO, DAGWOOD...SO:
SHE'LL SLEEP ON THE COUCH TONIGHT.
DAGWOOD: YOU MEAN SHE'S STAYING WITH US?
BLONDIE: JUST FOR THE MONTH CORY'S AWAY, DEAR.
DAGWOOD: A MONTH! (GROANS)

BLONDIE: SSSH! SHE'LL HEAR YOU! AND SHE'S WILLING TO TAKE
TURNS...

DAGWOOD: TURNS ON WHAT?

BLONDIE: ON THE COUCH. EVERY OTHER NIGHT YOU'LL SLEEP IN YOUR
OWN BED!

DAGWOOD: NOW LISTEN...I CAN BE PUSHED JUST SO FAR! (YELLS) I WANT MR
SLEEP AT NIGHT AND I WANT DECENT FOOD...

CHIRP: (COMING IN) DON'T LET HIM SASS YOU, MRS. BUMSTEAD!
I'M A WITNESS TO HIS YELLIN' AT YOU.

BLONDIE: NO NO...YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND...

CHIRP: OH I KNOW MEN! MR. CHIRP WAS THE SAME! BUTTER WON'T
MELT IN THEIR MOUTHS TILL THEY'VE GOT YOU MARRIED TO
'EM...AND THEN....

BLONDIE: THANK YOU, MRS. CHIRP...BUT MR. BUMSTEAD AND I UNDERSTAND
EACH OTHER PRETTY WELL! DAGWOOD -- IF YOU'RE NOT GOING
TO EAT ANY MORE -- SUPPOSE YOU AND BABY GO OUT IN
THE YARD! I...I'LL HAVE A LITTLE TALK WITH MRS. CHIRP.

DAGWOOD: OKAY...I'LL GO...BUT IF I'M NOT IN THE YARD...CALL UP
THAT HOT DOG WAGON DOWN BY THE DEPOT...I'LL BE DOWN
THERE HAVING BREAKFAST.

CHIRP: HMMP. PICKS AT HIS FOOD AT HOME...AND THEN EATS IN A
DOG WAGON. WELL -- WATER SEEKS IT'S OWN LEVEL THEY SAY.

BLONDIE: PLEASE, MRS. CHIRP! GO ON, DAGWOOD,..BUT COME HOME FOR
LUNCH, DEAR. I -- I'M SURE EVERYTHING WILL BE ALL RIGHT
FOR LUNCHEON.

(MUSIC IN BRIEFLY)

CHIRP: AND THAT'S HOW I WAS LEFT A LONE WIDDER, MRS. BUMSTEAD.

BLONDIE: I'M SORRY. IT MUST HAVE BEEN A SHOCK TO YOU, MRS. CHIRP.

CHIRP: WELL, I DUNNO. CHRIP WAS NEVER HOME WHEN HE WAS HOME.
HIM AND YOUR MAN WAS LIKE AS TWO PEAS.

BLONDIE: OH DAGWOOD ISN'T LIKE THAT.

CHIRP: MARK MY WORDS...WHEN A MAN STARTS PICKIN' AT HIS FOOD --
SOMETHIN' IS WRONG. TAKE MR. CHIRP. USED TO EAT LIKE
A LONGSHOREMAN WHEN WE WAS FIRST WED...THEN HE TOOK TO
EATIN' OUT! THEN HE UP AN RUN AWAY TO SEA.

BLONDIE: OH, DEAR...

CHIRP: I'D GIVE HIM A TALKING TO WHENEVER HE COME HOME...BUT
'T WAS NO GOOD. HE KEPT SAILIN' AWAY FER FURRIN' PARTS...
AND 'T WAS THERE HE MET HIS END.

BLONDIE: HOW DREADFUL. WHAT DID YOU SAY HAPPENED TO HIM?

CHIRP: OH, IT WAS THE BLIGHT HE GOT.

BLONDIE: THE BLIGHT?

CHIRP: THE SPOTTED TASMANIAN BLIGHT. AND HE HAD THE NERVE TO
BRING IT HOME WITH HIM! YOU NEVER SAW SUCH A SIGHT IN
YOUR LIFE. COME OUT ALL OVER BROWN SPOTS HE DID.

BLONDIE: COULDN'T YOU CURE HIM?

CHIRP: THERE'S NO CURE FOR TASMANIAN BLIGHT...ONST THEM BROWN
SPOTS SHOW UP, IT'S ALL DAY WITH THE PARTY THAT'S GOT
'EM.

Condensed

~~WALTON~~: WE'LL RETURN TO THE BUMSTEADS IN A MOMENT, BUT FIRST A WORD ABOUT CAMEL CIGARETTES. YOU PROBABLY KNOW FROM YOUR OWN OBSERVATION THAT MORE SMOKERS PREFER CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE. OTHER FOLKS WANT THE SAME QUALITIES YOU WANT IN A CIGARETTE, AND THEY'RE GETTING THEM IN CAMELS. HERE'S WHAT THEY SAY:

WOMAN: (YOUNG) MY CIGARETTE HAS TO BE MILD AND COOL. I SMOKE CAMELS -- THEY BURN SLOWER AND SMOKE SO MUCH MILDER AND COOLER.

MAN: MY CIGARETTE HAS TO HAVE REAL FLAVOR -- NOT FLAT AND TASTELESS. CAMEL'S EXTRA FLAVOR IS ALWAYS WELCOME.

Condensed

~~WALTON~~: NOTHING DULLS CIGARETTE FLAVOR AND AROMA LIKE THE EXCESS HEAT OF TOO-FAST BURNING. IN CAMELS, THE NATURAL FLAVOR AND FRAGRANCE ARE PRESERVED BY SLOWER BURNING. (CHANGE OF PACE) YES, CAMELS GIVE YOU SEVERAL DEFINITE "EXTRAS:" EXTRA MILDNESS, EXTRA COOLNESS, EXTRA FLAVOR -- AND BECAUSE THEY BURN SLOWER, CAMELS LAST LONGER -- GIVE YOU EXTRA SMOKING PER CIGARETTE AND PER PACK. IN RECENT IMPARTIAL LABORATORY TESTS, CAMEL CIGARETTES 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. REMEMBER: THE CIGARETTE THAT GIVES YOU THE "EXTRAS" IS -- CAMEL. PENNY FOR PENNY, CAMELS ARE YOUR BEST CIGARETTE BUY!

BLONDIE: I NEVER HEARD OF TASMANIAN BLIGHT.

CHIRP: I NEVER SEEN BUT THE ONE CASE MYSELF. BUT THAT I'LL NEVER FORGET. ~~SCARED ME SO BAD I CAN'T HARDLY BEAR TO SEE FRECKLES.~~

BLONDIE: ~~DO THE BROWN SPOTS LOOK LIKE FRECKLES?~~

CHIRP: ~~ONLY BIGGER AND DARKER.~~ I TELL YOU IT GIVES ME CREEPS TIER TALK ABOUT IT. IT'S THE ONE THING IN THIS WORLD I'M REAL SCARED OF.

BLONDIE: WELL -- YOU NEEDN'T BE FRIGHTENED HERE, MRS. CHIRP. I DON'T THINK ANYONE EVER GETS IT IN THIS COUNTRY.

CHIRP: YOU NEVER KNOW. A LONE WOMAN LIKE ME HAS WORRIES, MRS. BUMSTEAD. HOMELESS AN FRIENDLESS LIKE I AM...

BLONDIE: NOW, MRS. CHIRP...YOU'RE NOT FRIENDLESS.

CHIRP: WELL BUT THAT MAN OF YOURS TOOK A DISLIKE TO ME. NEXT I KNOW I'LL BE ON MY UPPERS AGAIN.

BLONDIE: OH, NO. I GAVE YOU MY PROMISE THAT YOU COULD STAY HERE UNTIL MRS. DITHERS COMES BACK...UNLESS YOU LEAVE OF YOUR OWN ACCORD! COME ON NOW...WE'LL GET BUSY ON A NICE LUNCH! I HEARD DAGWOOD DRIVE INTO THE GARAGE...

(BRIEF MUSIC)

BABY: (AWAY) DADDY. ARE YOU IN THE GARAGE?

DAGWOOD: UHUH. SAY WHAT'S ALL THIS STUFF, BABY?

BABY: (COMING IN) OH, I WAS PLAYING DRUG STORE...AND I MIXED UP A LOT OF STUFF THAT CAME OUT OF THE MEDICINE PLACE IN THE BATHROOM.

DAGWOOD: OH. PLAYING DRUG STORE, EH? LISTEN...DON'T DRINK ANY OF THIS STUFF.

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BABY: NO, DADDY. IT'S FOR TASMERANIUM BLIGHT.

DAGWOOD: FOR WHAT?

BABY: THAT'S WHAT MRS. CHIRP'S MR. CHIRP HAD...AND IT WAS ALL DAY WITH HIM.

DAGWOOD: WHERE DID YOU HEAR THAT?

BABY: WELL, I WAS PLAYING TRAIN -- AND UNDER THE TABLE WAS THE STATION -- AND SO I WAS UNDER THE TABLE WHEN MRS. CHIRP TOLD MOMMIE.

DAGWOOD: TASMERIAN BLIGHT, HUH? WELL, LOOK...I'VE GOT TO MOVE YOUR DRUG STORE NOW...BECAUSE I'M GOING TO WORK ON MY NEW INVENTION.

BABY: WHAT YOU INVENTING, DADDY?

DAGWOOD: NEVER MIND...BUT IT'S GOING TO SURPRISE A LOT OF PEOPLE. I'LL SHOW YOU...TOOOOH.

BABY: WHAT'S THE MATTER, DADDY?

DAGWOOD: IT'S GONE! SOMEBODY THREW IT OUT!

BABY: I GUESS MRS. CHIRP DID, DADDY. I SAW HER CLEANING AROUND OUT HERE.

DAGWOOD: THIS IS THE END! SHE CAN'T DO THAT TO ME. I...I'LL FIRE HER.

BABY: YOU CAN'T, DADDY. I HEARD MOMMIE PROMISE HER SHE COULD STAY TILL MRS. DITHERS COMES HOME.

DAGWOOD: A MONTH OF THAT WOMAN'S MEDDLING AND COOKING AND BACK TALK? I WON'T STAND FOR IT...I'LL TELL HER WHERE TO GET OFF!

BABY: SHE'S NOT A SCARED OF YOU, DADDY.

DAGWOOD: I'LL TELL HER...(TAKE)...OH, SHE'S NOT, EH? DID SHE SAY THAT, TOO?

BABY: WELL SHE SAID THE ONLY THING SHE WAS SCARED OF WAS TASMERANIUM BLIGHT.

DAGWOOD: WELL, THEN WE'LL GET SOME OF THAT.

BABY: YOU CAN'T, DADDY. IT DOESN'T COME IN THIS COUNTRY, MOMMIE SAID. IT'S ALL BROWN SPOTS LIKE FRECKLES...

DAGWOOD: WAIT. IS MRS. CHIRP REALLY SCARED OF THE...WHAT'S-THIS?

BABY: UHUH.

DAGWOOD: BABY! I'VE GOT AN IDEA. LISTEN...YOU GO IN THE HOUSE AND LEAVE DADDY ALONE. I'LL LOCK MYSELF IN HERE SEE?

BABY: UHUH.

DAGWOOD: NOW IN ABOUT FIFTEEN MINUTES...HERE'S WHAT YOU DO...
(LOWERS VOICE) (MUSIC SOFT) YOU GO IN THE HOUSE AND GET MOMMIE, SEE...MAKE SURE MRS. CHIRP COMES WITH HER...
(MUSIC UP BRIEFLY...OUT)

BABY: HURRY UP, MOMMIE. HE'S IN THE GARAGE AND HE'S GROANING LIKE EVERYTHING.

BLONDIE: OH, MRS. CHIRP...WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE IS WRONG?

CHIRP: JUST SOME OF HIS DIDOES!...DON'T WORRY A MITE...

BABY: LOOK, MOMMIE!...(RATTLES DOOR) THE DOOR IS LOCKED...

DAGWOOD: (AWAY) (GROANS)

BLONDIE: LISTEN!

CHIRP: SOMETHIN' HE ET AT THAT DOG WAGON LIKELY...

BLONDIE: COME ROUND TO THE WINDOW!

BABY: WE CAN PEEK IN THROUGH THAT BROKEN WINDOW!

DAGWOOD: (AWAY) (GROANS)

BLONDIE: I SEE HIM! HE'S LYIN' ON THE FLOOR...AND...LOOK!

CHIRP: NOW STOP FRETTIN' AN LET ME HAVE A LOOK AT HIM...

BABY: SEE IF YOU SEE ANY BROWN SPOTS.

CHIRP: SPOTS?...(SCREAMS) BROWN SPOTS! IT'S THE BLIGHT!

BLONDIE: WHAT...WAIT...

CHIRP: I'M WAITIN' FOR NUTHIN' MRS. BUMSTEAD. (GOING) I'M GOING TO PACK AND GET OUT OF THIS HOUSE AS FAST AS MY LEGS WILL TAKE ME...

BLONDIE: (GOING, TOO) WAIT, MRS. CHIRP...I...I'LL NEED YOU!...
PLEASE!

BABY: LET HER GO, MOMMIE...

BLONDIE: (AWAY) STAY THERE, BABY...BUT DON'T GO NEAR DADDY!
UNTIL I CAN GET A DOCTOR...
(MUSIC BRIEFLY)

BLONDIE: WELL, BUT. DOCTOR -- I NEVER HEARD OF IT EITHER, BUT THERE'S A WOMAN HERE WHO KNOWS ALL ABOUT IT!...WHAT? YOU WILL COME RIGHT AWAY? OH, THANK YOU. (HANGS UP)

CHIRP: (COMING IN) GANGWAY, MRS. B...

BLONDIE: ARE YOU REALLY LEAVING ME IN ALL THIS TROUBLE?

CHIRP: YOU DON'T THINK I PACKED THESE BAGS FOR THE EXERCISE DO YOU?

BLONDIE: BUT I...I'LL NEED YOU...YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO ABOUT THE BLIGHT...

CHIRP: I CERTAINLY DO KNOW WHAT TO DO...AND THAT'S LEAVE! OPEN THAT DOOR.

BABY: (COMING IN) LET HER GO, MOMMIE...

CHIRP: (SCREAMS) LOOK...LOOK AT HIS HANDS...HE'S GOT IT, TOO.

BLONDIE: OH, BABY. THOSE...THOSE SPOTS ON YOUR HANDS...

BABY: SURE, MOMMIE....I'VE GOT WHAT DADDY'S GOT.

CHIRP: (OPENS DOOR) I'LL TELL THE BOARD OF HEALTH...

BABY: THAT'S WHAT MR. CRUM SAID...

CHIRPS: MR. CRUM?

BABY: SURE, I TOLD HIM I HAD TASMERANIUM BLIGHT AND...

CHIRP: IT'S NOTHIN' TO BOAST OF...

BLONDIE: PLEASE, MRS. CHIRP...MY HUSBAND -- AND NOW MY BABY!
HELP ME WITH THEM!

CHIRP: ME? I WOULDN'T TOUCH THAT SPOTTED LITTLE IMP WITH A
FORTY FOOT POLE.

BLONDIE: OH YOU WOULDN'T. WELL THEN GET OUT AND GOOD RIDANCE!

CHIRP: SAME TO YOU I'M SURE. (DOOR SLAMS)

BLONDIE: DON'T BE AFRAID, BABY DUMPLING. MOMMIE'LL NURSE YOU.
AND DADDY, TOO.

BABY: OH, WE'RE ALL RIGHT, MOMMIE. HEY, DADDY. SHE'S GONE!

DAGWOOD: (COMING IN) SWELL...I TOLD YOU THE TRICK WOULD WORK.

BLONDIE: TRICK? WHAT TRICK?

DAGWOOD: THE SPOTTED TASMERANIUM BLIGHT TRICK. SEE MY SPOTS?

BLONDIE: YOU -- YOU MEAN...THEY AREN'T THE BLIGHT?

DAGWOOD: NAW. JUST SOMETHING OUT OF BABY'S DRUG STORE. SOME
BROWN STUFF IN A BOTTLE.

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD...SCARING THE LIFE OUT OF ME...I...I
CALLED A DOCTOR AND EVERYTHING.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) WELL HE CAN HELP ME WASH OFF 'THE SPOTS...

BABY: THE BOARD OF HEALTH CAN HELP, TOO.

DAGWOOD: YEAH. (LAUGHS...TAKE) WHAT? BOARD OF HEALTH!

BLONDIE: OH YES...BABY'S SHOWED HIS SPOTS ALL OVER THE
NEIGHBORHOOD. YOU'RE NOT GOING TO BE VERY POPULAR,
DAGWOOD...

DAGWOOD: TOOCH. I'LL GO AROUND AND EXPLAIN TO EVERYBODY...I...I
JUST HAD TO GET RID OF MRS. CHIRP, BLONDIE. AND YOU
WOULDN'T LET HER GO UNLESS SHE WENT OF HER OWN ACCORD...

BLONDIE: I...I OUGHT TO BE MADDER AT YOU THAN I AM...BUT THAT
WOMAN SHOWED HER TRUE COLORS JUST AT THE END...AND I'M
GLAD SHE'S GONE...(SOUND OF TACKING ON DOOR) LISTEN
WHAT'S THAT?

DAGWOOD: SOMEBODY AT OUR FRONT DOOR.

BABY: I'LL SEE WHO IT IS...(DOOR OPENS) HEY WHAT ARE YOU
DOING?

MAN: GET BACK IN THERE YOUNG FELLER.

DAGWOOD: WHAT'S THE IDEA?

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD! LOOK! HE'S TACKING A CARD ON OUR DOOR...A...
A YELLOW CARD...

DAGWOOD: HEY, YOU CAN'T DO THAT!

MAN: I'M DOING IT, AIN'T I?...GET BACK IN THE HOUSE.

DAGWOOD: WHO --- ME?

MAN: THIS HOUSE IS QUARANTINED!

BLONDIE: WHAT?

DAGWOOD: KWA...KWOOO....IT'S WHAT?

MAN: YOU HEARD ME! NOW YOU KEEP THOSE SPOTS OF YOURS INDOORS
TILL THE DOCTORS COME!

DAGWOOD: LISTEN...IT...IT WAS JUST A GAG!

CHIRP: (AWAY...YELLS) DON'T BELIEVE A WORD OF IT.

DAGWOOD: TOOCH. LOOK!

BLONDIE: IT'S MRS. CHIRP! I -- I THOUGHT SHE'D LEFT.
MAN: LEFT? HOW LONG AGO?
DAGWOOD: WHEN SHE SAW THE SPOTS! LISTEN, OFFICER...
COP: OH, SHE SAW THE SPOTS, EH? WAS IT YOU GIVE THE
ALARM, MADAM?
CHIRP: IT CERTAINLY WAS...ME AND THE MAILMAN.
MAN: THAT'S FINE. THEN YOU WERE EXPOSED, TOO!...I'LL JUST
PUT YOU IN QUARANTINE WITH THE REST...
BLONDIE: OH...NO!
DAGWOOD: OH, NO...NO!
MAN: OH YES!...YOU'LL ALL STAY IN THIS HOUSE TOGETHER FOR
THE PROBATION PERIOD...
BLONDIE: GOODNESS...HOW...HOW LONG IS THAT?
MAN: WELL WITH A RARE COMPLAINT LIKE THIS TASMANIAN BLIGHT.
IT'LL PROBABLY BE A COUPLE OF MONTHS!
CHIRP: TWO MONTHS?
BABY: TWO MONTHS?
BLONDIE: TWO...MONTHS!
DAGWOOD: TWO...TOOOOOOO...T -- OOOOOOOOOH!
(MUSIC IN AND BLEND TO THEME FOR)
(CLOSING)

WALLINGTON: 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!

WALLINGTON: CAMELS GIVE YOU EXTRA FLAVOR.

NEWSBOY: EXTRA!

WALLINGTON: CAMELS GIVE YOU EXTRA MILDNESS AND EXTRA COOLNESS.

NEWSBOY: EXTRA!

W. Wallington
WALLINGTON: CAMELS GIVE YOU EXTRA SMOKING PER PACK. TRY CAMELS -- THE CIGARETTE THAT GIVES YOU THE EXTRAS. CAMELS BRING YOU THREE OTHER GREAT SHOWS EACH WEEK. ON FRIDAY NIGHT CAMELS BRING YOU THE AL PEARCE SHOW. AND ON SATURDAY, THERE'S "LUNCHEON AT THE WALDORF" WITH ILKA CHASE. YOU'LL FIND IT, ~~something unique & smart~~ IN DAYTIME ENTERTAINMENT -- 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...

we think you'll get a chuckle out of "Blondie" in Quarantine!

ORCHESTRA: (THEME UP AND FADE FOR:)

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

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 JIMMIE WALLINGTON SPEAKING FOR THE MAKERS OF CAMEL CIGARETTES...GOOD NIGHT.
THIS IS THE COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.