

3/7/40  
MASTER.

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, JULY 1, 1940

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

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GOODWIN: 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!

GOODWIN: FOR EXTRA FLAVOR -- GET CAMELS!

NEWSBOY: EXTRA!

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

NEWSBOY: EXTRA!

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

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.

"BLONDIE" 1-A  
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GOODWIN: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! HERE'S A PERFECTLY NATURAL QUESTION FOR ANY SMOKER TO ASK: "WHY DO CAMEL CIGARETTES GIVE YOU THE 'EXTRAS'?" WELL, LET ME EXPLAIN IT TO YOU THIS WAY: CAMELS ARE MADE FROM COSTLIER TOBACCOS MATCHLESSLY BLENDED INTO A CIGARETTE THAT IS NOTICEABLY SLOWER BURNING. NOW, IT'S EASY TO SEE THAT THE SLOWER A CIGARETTE BURNS, THE Milder AND COOLER THE SMOKE, AND THE MORE FLAVORFUL, TOO. NOTHING DULLS THE DELICATE FLAVOR AND AROMA OF A CIGARETTE LIKE EXCESS HEAT FROM TOO-FAST BURNING. SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS NEVER WEAR OUT THEIR WELCOME. SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS GIVE YOU EXTRA MILDNESS, EXTRA COOLNESS, AND EXTRA FLAVOR. AND BY THE SAME TOKEN, SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS GIVE YOU EXTRA SMOKING, TOO. FOR THE SLOWER A CIGARETTE BURNS, THE LONGER IT SMOKES. 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. NEXT TIME GET CAMELS... THE CIGARETTE THAT GIVES YOU THE "EXTRAS." PENNY FOR PENNY, CAMELS ARE YOUR BEST CIGARETTE BUY!

"BLONDIE!"  
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GOODWIN: ~~AS ALL GOOD FRIENDS OF THE BUMSTEAD HOME~~ <sup>LAST</sup> ~~OUR~~ WEEKLY  
VISIT WITH THE ~~WIFE USUALLY ENDS WITH ANOTHER~~  
~~IN WHICH CROOKED LEVES WENT THROUGH OF. BUT WHEN WE~~  
LEFT THEM ~~THEY WERE~~ IN THE MIDDLE OF A  
SITUATION THAT ONLY TIME COULD SOLVE. ~~AT THE~~  
~~ONE OF THOSE FRIENDS WHO HAD HEARD THE NEWS~~  
~~HEARD BREAK UP TO GO ON~~ THE BUMSTEAD HOMESTEAD  
IS QUARANTINED! (PHONE BELL) NO ONE CAN ENTER THE HOUSE --  
NO ONE CAN LEAVE IT -- BUT THE PHONE STILL WORKS OF COURSE.  
(PHONE AGAIN) (PHONE UP)

BLONDIE: HELLO?

PAULA: HELLO? BLONDIE? THIS IS PAULA!

BLONDIE: OH! HELLO I...

PAULA: MY DEAR -- I'VE JUST HEARD THE NEWS! YOU'RE QUARANTINED!

BLONDIE: THAT'S WHAT I KNOW.

PAULA: HOW PERFECTLY AWFUL! HAVE YOU SEEN THAT DREADFUL YELLOW  
CARD TACKED ON YOUR FRONT DOOR?

BLONDIE: YES. IT'S ON CROOKED, TOO.

PAULA: MY DEAR, THE MOST TERRIBLE STORIES ARE GOING ROUND. THEY  
SAY DAGWOOD IS ALL BROKEN OUT WITH RED AND WHITE STRIPES!

BLONDIE: THEY'RE NOT STRIPES, PAULA. THEY'RE SPOTS. BROWN SPOTS.  
BUT HE DIDN'T BREAK OUT WITH THEM. HE PUT THEM ON HIMSELF.

PAULA: WHAT? WHY FOR MERCY'S SAKE?

BLONDIE: WELL -- IT'S A LONG STORY, PAULA.

PAULA: Oh, I'VE GOT LOTS OF TIME, DEAR...

BLONDIE: WELL -- IT WAS LIKE THIS... CORY DITHERS IS PRESIDENT OF THE  
SOCIETY FOR THE PRESERVATION OF SAILORS WIDOWS, YOU KNOW.

PAULA: SHE IS? I HADN'T HEARD...

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BLONDIE: WELL, IT'S JUST A NEW ORGANIZATION I GUESS AND SHE WAS JUST ELECTED -- BY MAIL.

PAULA: DID YOU EVER!

BLONDIE: SO SHE HIRED ONE OF THE SAILOR'S WIDOWS AS A COOK...BUT RIGHT AFTER SHE GOT HER HIRED CORY WENT AWAY ON A VACATION WITH MR DITHERS -- DAGWOOD'S BOSS...AND THIS MRS. CHIRP...

PAULA: WHO?

BLONDIE: THAT'S THE COOK'S NAME...MRS. CHIRP! I AGREED TO TAKE HER ON UNTIL CORY CAME BACK...

PAULA: IS SHE A GOOD COOK?

BLONDIE: NO -- TERRIBLE! THAT'S WHY DAGWOOD TRIED TO GET RID OF HER. SHE CAN'T COOK AT ALL...SHE'S VERY QUARRELSOME BESIDES....

PAULA: YOU DON'T SAY.

BLONDIE: YES, I DO. WELL -- I WAS SORRY FOR MRS. CHIRP AT FIRST AND I TOLD HER SHE COULD STAY TILL SHE LEFT OF HER OWN ACCORD... AND THEN WHEN SHE FED DAGWOOD SALT PORK FOR BREAKFAST AND THREW OUT HIS INVENTIONS AND ALL HE DECIDED TO MAKE HER WANT TO LEAVE...AND THAT'S WHERE THE TASMANIAN BLIGHT COMES IN...

PAULA: WHAT? THE WHAT?

BLONDIE: THE SPOTTED TASMANIAN BLIGHT! IT'S A VERY RARE ORIENTAL TROUBLE THAT MRS. CHIRP'S HUSBAND GOT AND IT'S THE ONLY THING IN THE WORLD THAT SHE'S SCARED OF.

PAULA: IS THAT WHAT DAGWOOD HAS?

BLONDIE: HE HASN'T REALLY GOT IT. HE FOUND SOME STUFF THAT BABY DUMPLING HAD MIXED UP TO PLAY DRUG STORE WITH AND HE PAINTED THE SPOTS ON HIMSELF WITH THIS BROWN MIXTURE...

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PAULA: (LAUGHS) ISN'T THAT JUST LIKE DAGWOOD.

BLONDIE: IT CERTAINLY IS. HE PUT SOME ON BABY DUMPLING, TOO...AND BABY SHOWED HIS SPOTS ALL OVER THE NEIGHBORHOOD, AND THAT'S WHY THE BOARD OF HEALTH PUT US IN QUARANTINE! WE'RE STILL WAITING FOR THE DOCTOR TO COME AND EXAMINE DAGWOOD AND BABY.

PAULA: I DECLARE! WELL...AT LEAST YOU'RE RID OF MRS. CHIRP.

BLONDIE: BUT THAT'S JUST IT. THE BOARD OF HEALTH PUT HER IN QUARANTINE WITH US! SHE'S BARRACADED HERSELF IN OUR KITCHEN...AND NOW WE CAN'T GET ANYTHING TO EAT...

PAULA: WELL, I TELL YOU WHAT TO DO! LET HER SEE DAGWOOD AFTER HE TAKES THE SPOTS OFF...AND THEN SHE'LL KNOW THAT IT'S ALL RIGHT AND COME OUT OF THE KITCHEN...

BLONDIE: YES -- BUT THE SPOTS WON'T COME OFF.

PAULA: WHAT?

BLONDIE: THEY DON'T COME OFF! I DON'T KNOW WHAT WAS IN BABY'S MIXTURE BUT IT'S INDELIBLE.!!

BABY: (OFF) MOMMIE!

BLONDIE: YES DEAR...MOMMIE'S COMING!

BABY: (COMING IN) MOMMIE -- I'M AWFUL HUNGRY.

BLONDIE: I KNOW DEAR...I'D BETTER SAY GOODBYE NOW, PAULA.

PAULA: OF COURSE, BLONDIE...YOU MUST HAVE YOUR HANDS FULL; I'LL TRY TO SMUGGLE YOU IN SOME FOOD...GOODBYE.

BLONDIE: GOODBYE...(HANGS UP) NOW BABY...

BABY: I WANT MY BREAKFAST...

BLONDIE: I KNOW DEAR...SO DO I...AND SO DOES DADDY...BUT WE'LL HAVE TO GET OUR MINDS OFF FOOD TILL WE CAN GET MRS. CHIRP OUT OF THAT KITCHEN. WHERE'S YOUR FATHER?

BABY: LAST TIME I SAW HIM HE WAS ON THE ROOF OF THE GARAGE.

BLONDIE: WHAT ON EARTH IS HE UP THERE FOR?

BABY: HE HAD A BUTTERFLY NET, MOMMIE, AND HE WAS TRYING TO CATCH THE GRUSKIN'S PIGEONS WHEN THEY FLEW BY.

BLONDIE: GOODNESS. IS HE THAT HUNGRY?

DAGWOOD: (OFF) BLOOOOOOOONDIE!

BLONDIE: OH DEAR...I'M AFRAID HE'S CAUGHT ONE.

DAGWOOD: (COMING IN) HI BLONDIE...LOOKIT WHAT I'VE GOT!

BLONDIE: I CAN'T LOOK, DAGWOOD. THE POOR LITTLE THING!

BABY: IT ISN'T A PIGEON, MOMMIE...IT'S AN OLD SHOE!

BLONDIE: SHOE?

DAGWOOD: SURE...ONE OF MY OLD HUNTING BOOTS THAT WAS IN THE GARAGE. WHERE'S YOUR SCISSORS?

BLONDIE: WHAT DO YOU WANT OF MY GOOD SCISSORS, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: IF I CAN CUT THE TONGUE OUT OF THIS BOOT I'LL SHOW YOU. IT'S GENUINE MOOSE HIDE! (SMACKS LIPS) UMM...YMMM.

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD...YOU'RE NOT GOING TO TRY EATING IT?

DAGWOOD: THOSE FELLERS IN THE BOOK DID! REMEMBER THE ONES THAT WERE CAST AWAY ON A DESERT ISLAND? THEY BOILED THEIR BOOTS AND ATE 'EM.

BLONDIE: BUT WE HAVEN'T ANY PLACE TO BOIL ANYTHING, DAGWOOD...AND I DON'T THINK A RAW BOOT WOULD BE VERY TASTY.

DAGWOOD: NO...IT ISN'T! I BIT INTO A RAWHIDE SHOELACE BUT IT'S PRETTY TOUGH.

BLONDIE: I'M TERRIBLY SORRY, DAGWOOD. LET'S ASK MRS. CHIRP AGAIN IF SHE WON'T COME OUT OF THE KITCHEN.

DAGWOOD: SHE WON'T...SHE STILL THINKS I'VE GOT TASMANIAN BLIGHT...

BABY: SHE CAME OUT LAST NIGHT WHEN WE WERE ALL UP IN BED. I HEARD HER CALLING ON THE PHONE...

DAGWOOD: SHE'S GOT A NERVE...I'LL TELL HER TO LEAVE OUR PHONE ALONE.  
(KNOCKS ON DOOR) HEY, MRS. CHIRP...

CHIRP: (BACK OF DOOR) GO AWAY...I'M HAVING MY BREAKFAST!

DAGWOOD: TOOOOOOH. SHE'S EATING!

BLONDIE: TRY NOT TO THINK ABOUT FOOD, DAGWOOD. PRETEND YOU HAVE EATEN.

BABY: YEAH, DADDY -- PLAY LIKE IT WAS AFTER SUPPER.

DAGWOOD: I TRIED THAT...BUT MY STOMACH WOULDN'T PLAY! WELL I GUESS I'LL GO TRY TO CATCH A PIGEON AGAIN.

BLONDIE: OH, DAGWOOD...A POOR LITTLE PIGEON! YOU COULDN'T EAT THAT RAW EITHER.

DAGWOOD: HUH? OH I WASN'T GOING TO EAT THE PIGEON, BLONDIE! I'M TRYING TO CATCH A CARRIER PIGEON -- TO SEND A MESSAGE DOWN TO THE OFFICE.

BABY: CARRIER PIGEONS ONLY FLY BACK TO WHERE THEY LIVE, DADDY.

DAGWOOD: TOOOOOOH. NONE OF 'EM LIVE AT THE OFFICE.

BLONDIE: IMAGINE THE J.C. DITHERS COMPANY USING CARRIER PIGEONS! BUT DIDN'T YOU HAVE THE OFFICE ON THE PHONE THIS MORNING, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: YEAH...THAT'S JUST IT. THEY TOLD ME J.C. HAD BEEN ON THE PHONE TOO...FROM UP COUNTRY WHERE HE AND CORY WENT. HE'S HOPPING MAD AT ME.

BLONDIE: WHY -- BECAUSE YOU'RE QUARANTINED?

DAGWOOD: YEAH...AND BECAUSE THAT CHECK GOT QUARANTINED WITH ME.

BLONDIE: WHAT CHECK?

DAGWOOD: HE LEFT A CHECK FOR A THOUSAND DOLLARS WITH ME...AND SOME PAPERS. HE WANTED ME TO BUY SOME LOTS NEXT TO THE OLD FINNAN HADDIE FACTORY.

BLONDIE: WHAT IN THE WORLD FOR?

DAGWOOD: I DON'T KNOW, BUT HE WANTED THOSE LOTS BAD. WHEN THEY TOLD HIM I HADN'T PUT THE DEAL THROUGH HE GOT SORE AND SAID HE'D COME BACK TO TOWN.

BABY: MOMMIE...CAN I EMPTY OUT THE OLD PLAY-CHEST IN MY ROOM?

BLONDIE: I GUESS SO DEAR...BUT DON'T SCATTER STUFF ALL OVER.

BABY: NO, MOMMIE. (GOING) I'M GOING TO SEE IF THERE'S ANY OF THAT POP CORN OFF THE CHRISTMAS TREE MIXED UP WITH MY TOYS.

DAGWOOD: HE'S HUNGRY TOO.

BLONDIE: I DON'T SEE WHY THE BOARD OF HEALTH DOCTOR CAN'T GET HERE SOONER. ONCE HE SEES THOSE SPOTS HE'LL KNOW THEY'RE NOT TASMANIAN BLIGHT AND LET US OUT.

DAGWOOD: EVEN IF HE DOES, I DON'T WANT TO GO DOWN TOWN ALL SPOTTED. I WONDER WHAT BABY PUT IN THAT MIXTURE I USED FOR THE SPOTS?

BLONDIE: I THINK THERE WAS IODINE AND MERCUROCHROME IN IT.

DAGWOOD: YEAH...AND SOMETHING TO KIND OF SET THE DYE TOO. EVEN SANDPAPER WON'T TAKE 'EM OFF. (PHONE) NOW WHO'S THAT?

BLONDIE: THAT PHONE HAS RUNG EVERY FIVE MINUTES ALL DAY. AND EVERY TIME I HAVE TO TELL THE WHOLE STORY ALL OVER AGAIN. (PHONE)

DAGWOOD: LET IT RING AWHILE. MAYBE THEY'LL GO AWAY. (PHONE) THEY'VE GOT A NERVE ANYWAY...SNOOPING IN OUR BUSINESS.

BLONDIE: OH NO DAGWOOD...IT'S JUST NEIGHBORLY INTEREST. (PHONE)



DAGWOOD: NO PRIVACY! LEMME AT THAT PHONE. (PHONE UP) LISTEN! IF YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO US... WHY DON'T YOU READ THE PAPERS?

DITHERS: (FILTER) BUMSTEAD!

DAGWOOD: TOOOOOOOH. IT....IT'S...

BLONDIE: MR. DITHERS! I HEARD HIM WAY OVER HERE.

DAGWOOD: YEAH. HELLO, MR. DITHERS. HAVE A NICE VACATION?

DITHERS: NO! I DIDN'T! NO SOONER GET UP TO THE LAKE THAN I HAVE TO COME HOME -- BECAUSE YOU CAN'T CARRY OUT ORDERS.

DAGWOOD: YEAH -- BUT LISTEN. I'M QUARANTINED! I'M SUSPECTED OF TASMANIAN BLIGHT.

DITHERS: PAH! THE ONLY THING WRONG WITH YOU IS MENTAL MILDEW! YOU GOT THAT CHECK OF MINE WITH YOU -- AND THE PAPERS FOR ESCROW?

DAGWOOD: YEAH BUT...LISTEN...

DITHERS: YOU LISTEN, BUMSTEAD! YOUR FAILURE TO ACT HAS COST ME MONEY! I COULD HAVE BOUGHT THOSE LOTS FOR A THOUSAND DOLLARS UP TO YESTERDAY! NOW AN OUTSIDER HAS SNAPPED 'EM UP AND WANT \$2500 FOR 'EM.

DAGWOOD: DON'T PAY IT! THOSE LOTS BY THE FINNAN HADDIE WORKS AREN'T WORTH IT. THEY KIND OF SMELL!

DITHERS: POPPYCOCK, BUMSTEAD! I KNOW WHERE I CAN SELL THOSE LOTS FOR FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS \_\_\_ AND MAYBE GET A CONTRACT TO BUILD ON 'EM IN THE BARGAIN.

DAGWOOD: GOSH. WHO'D PAY YOU THAT FOR THE LOTS?

DITHERS: I'LL TELL YOU WHEN I SEE YOU! I'LL BE RIGHT OVER!

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DAGWOOD: NO -- LISTEN! THEY WON'T LET YOU IN!

DITHERS: OH YES THEY WILL! I'LL GET A DOCTOR FROM THE HEALTH DEPARTMENT AND BRING HIM WITH ME. G'BYE!

DAGWOOD: WELL BUT LISTEN...TOOOOOOH! HE HUNG UP! HE'S COMING OVER...BRINGING A DOCTOR!

BLONDIE: WHY THAT'S FINE, DEAR...

DAGWOOD: YEAH...BUT WHY DIDN'T I THINK TO TELL HIM TO BRING SOME FOOD!

(MUSIC: BRIEF INTERLUDE)

BLONDIE: (OFF) DAGWOOD? WHERE ARE YOU?

DAGWOOD: I'M HERE IN BABY DUMPLING'S ROOM.

BLONDIE: (COMING IN) WHAT ARE YOU TWO EATING?

BABY: IT'S AN OLD CHOCOLATE EASTER EGG -- WE FOUND IT IN MY TOY-BOX!

BLONDIE: ALL OVER YOUR HANDS AND FACE! GO WASH, BABY DUMPLING.

BABY: AW -- DADDY'LL EAT UP THE REST OF THE EGG.

DAGWOOD: NO, NO, BABY. THAT OIL FROM YOUR LITTLE RAILROAD LANTERN KIND OF SPOILS THE REST OF THE EGG. (DOOR BELL...AWAY)  
HEY! SOMEBODY AT THE FRONT DOOR. MAYBE IT'S MR. DITHERS AND THAT DOCTOR!

BLONDIE: I'LL RUN DOWN AND SEE! DON'T YOU COME DOWN DAGWOOD UNTIL YOU'VE WASHED THAT CANDY OFF YOUR FACE! (MUSIC RUN DOWNWARD) (DOOR OPENS) OH...HELLO, MR. DITHERS!

DITHERS: A FINE THING! AN EMPLOYEE OF J.C. DITHERS COMPANY...LIVING IN A PEST HOUSE!

BLONDIE: BUT IT'S ALL A MISTAKE, MR. DITHERS -- YOU SEE...

DITHERS: DON'T TELL ME -- I KNOW! MORE OF DAGWOOD'S NONSENSE! WHERE IS HE?

BLONDIE: UPSTAIRS -- WASHING HIS FACE AND HANDS...

DITHERS: I'LL GO UP AND SEE HIM...NO TIME TO LOSE! (GOING) THE DOCTOR'S RIGHT BEHIND ME -- HE'LL BE HERE IN A MINUTE...

BLONDIE: YES -- HERE HE COMES...

DOCTOR: (FADING IN) AH...MRS. BUMSTEAD I TAKE IT?

BLONDIE: YES, DOCTOR -- COME RIGHT IN.

DOCTOR: THANK YOU, WHERE IS THE PATIENT? I'M MOST ANXIOUS TO SEE A CASE OF -- AH -- TASMANIAN BLIGHT.

BLONDIE: BUT HE HASN'T GOT TASMANIAN BLIGHT. HE PUT THE SPOTS ON HIMSELF!

DOCTOR: HMMM. DOES YOUR HUSBAND OFTEN HAVE THESE FLIGHTS OF FANCY, MADAME?

BLONDIE: OH NO...HE...HE WAS PLAYING A JOKE ON SOMEONE.

DOCTOR: HMMM, AH -- BEFORE I FORGET. YOUR COOK -- MRS. CHIRP CALLED THE DEPARTMENT LAST NIGHT. SHE ASKED FOR A WORKER'S PERMIT THAT WOULD ALLOW HER TO LEAVE. SINCE SHE WAS NOT IN DIRECT CONTACT WITH THE -- AH -- CONTAGION -- WE HAVE GRANTED THE PERMIT. HERE IT IS.

BLONDIE: THANK YOU. WE -- WE'LL BE QUITE HAPPY TO HAVE HER GO. COULD I GET A WORKERS PERMIT -- THAT WOULD LET ME GO TO THE STORE?

DOCTOR: I'M AFRAID NOT...UNLESS YOU COULD SWEAR THAT YOU HAD NOT BEEN NEAR YOUR HUSBAND OR THE CHILD WHO IS ALSO AFFLICTED.

BLONDIE: THEY'RE NOT AFFLICTED! (PHONE) EXCUSE ME -- THERE'S THE PHONE!

DOCTOR: I'LL JUST PUT THIS PERMIT ON THE TABLE HERE.

BLONDIE: THANKS. (PHONE UP) HELLO. WHO?..OH, IT'S FOR YOU DOCTOR!

DOCTOR: THANKS! HELLO? YES? EMERGENCY HOSPITAL? WELL -- CONNECT ME!

DITHERS: (COMING DOWN STAIRS) HA! MORE DELAY...DAGWOOD'S LOCKED IN THE BATH...WASHING CANDY OFF HIS FACE! CANDY! PAH!

BLONDIE: DID YOU GET THE PAPERS FROM HIM?

DITHERS: YEAH...HE HANDED THEM OUT.

BLONDIE: I'LL GO UP AND MAKE DAGWOOD HURRY. (GOES) I'LL GET BABY CLEAN TOO.

DOCTOR: ALL RIGHT! I'LL COME AT ONCE. I SAY -- I'LL BE RIGHT THERE! AT ONCE! (HANGS UP) SORRY MR. DITHERS...I'LL NOT BE ABLE TO EXAMINE MR. BUMSTEAD IMMEDIATELY...I'VE BEEN CALLED AWAY ON AN EMERGENCY CASE!

DITHERS: NOW WAIT A MINUTE!

DOCTOR: SORRY -- THIS IS URGENT.

DITHERS: BUT DOC! ONE LOOK AT BUMSTEAD WILL CONVINCING YOU THAT THOSE SPOTS ARE FAKES. THEY'RE PAINTED ON, I RUBBED 'EM TO SEE.

DOCTOR: YOU RUBBED THEM? WITHOUT KNOWING WHETHER OR NOT THEY WERE OF A CONTAGIOUS NATURE?

DITHERS: SURE...I'M NO DOCTOR BUT...

DOCTOR: EXACTLY. YOU ARE NOT A DOCTOR AND CAN HARDLY GIVE AN ACCURATE DIAGNOSIS OF A RARE COMPLAINT. WELL -- I WILL RETURN AS SOON AS MAY BE.

DITHERS: YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT A WHILE LONGER BLONDIE. TELL DAGWOOD I'LL CLOSE THIS DEAL WITHOUT HIS HELP! "WHILE OTHERS DAWDLE DITHERS DOES" -- THAT'S MY MOTTO.. YOU'LL GIVE ME A LIFT DOWNTOWN EH DOO?

DOCTOR: I'M AFRAID THAT WON'T BE POSSIBLE, MR. DITHERS?

DITHERS: HAH? WHY NOT?

DOCTOR: BECAUSE YOU CAN'T GO DOWNTOWN -- OR ANYWHERE ELSE UNTIL I RETURN.

DITHERS: WHAT'S THE IDEA?

DOCTOR: YOU HAVE BEEN EXPOSED MR. DITHERS. YOU RUBBED THE SPOTS ON A MAN SUSPECTED OF A DANGEROUS MALADY. I MUST INSIST THAT YOU ALSO REMAIN HERE IN QUARANTINE...UNTIL I'VE EXAMINED THE WHOLE CASE THOROUGHLY!

DITHERS: THIS IS AN OUTRAGE...

DOCTOR: (GOING) I WARN YOU NOT TO ATTEMPT TO LEAVE THE HOUSE AND GROUNDS, I WILL INSTRUCT THE GUARDS TO SEE THAT YOU DON'T! GOOD DAY. (DOOR SLAMS)

DITHERS: TAAAAAAAHH!

DAGWOOD: (COMING DOWN STAIRS) HERE I AM DOCTOR, HEY! WHERE IS HE?

DITHERS: GONE! NOW WE ALL HAVE TO WAIT THERE UNTIL HE GETS BACK AND LOOKS AT THOSE BLASTED SPOTS OF YOURS!

DAGWOOD: OH -- WELL. THAT'S TOO BAD.

DITHERS: TOO BAD, IS THAT ALL YOU CAN SAY, WHAT ABOUT MY DEAL?

DAGWOOD: MAYBE HE'LL GET BACK PRETTY SOON.

DITHERS: PRETTY SOON! DO YOU SEE THAT CLOCK BUMSTEAD?

DAGWOOD: HUH? OH SURE! THAT'S THE ONE AUNT BESSIE SENT US...

DITHERS: WHAT DOES THE CLOCK SAY BUMSTEAD?

DAGWOOD: HUH?

DITHERS: (ROARS) WHAT DOES THE CLOCK SAY?

DAGWOOD: OH. FR -- TICK-TOCK -- TICK-TOCK!

DITHERS: NO! IT'S SAYS TWO O'CLOCK. AND THAT ESCROW OFFICE  
CLOSES AT THREE.

DAGWOOD: TWO O'CLOCK! GOLLY! NO WONDER I'M SO HUNGRY. IT'S  
WAY PAST LUNCH TIME!

DITHERS: TAAAAAAAHH!

(MUSIC IN BRIEF INTERLUDE)

DITHERS: (GROANS) OOOOH! TWO-THIRTY -- AND THAT DOCTOR HASN'T  
COME BACK.

BLONDIE: LISTEN, MR. DITHERS. MRS. CHIRP ~~IS STILL HOLDING THE~~  
~~FORT IN THE KITCHEN. COULDN'T YOU MAKE HER COME OUT?~~

DAGWOOD: ~~NO. HE TRIED BUT SHE'S GOLDEN BUDGE.~~

DITHERS: ~~WHAT GOOD WOULD SHE BE ANYHOW?~~

BLONDIE: ~~WELL, YOU SEE SHE HAS THIS WORKERS PERMIT THE DOCTOR~~  
BROUGHT. SHE CAN LEAVE THE HOUSE.

DAGWOOD: AND GET US SOME FOOD?

BLONDIE: NO, DAGWOOD...THERE'S FOOD IN THE KITCHEN IF SHE'D ONCE  
LET US IN THERE! BUT I WAS THINKING THAT SHE MIGHT RUN  
MR. DITHERS' ERRAND FOR HIM.

DITHERS: IT'S NO ERRAND! IT'S AN IMPORTANT DEAL! AND ANYWAY  
SHE MUSTN'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT IT.

BLONDIE: MRS. CHIRP MUSTN'T KNOW WHY NOT?

DITHERS: WELL -- JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES SHE COULD QUEER THE  
WHOLE DEAL *Business*

BLONDIE: I DON'T UNDERSTAND. WHAT IS THE DEAL?

DAGWOOD: WHY, MR. DITHERS CAN BUY THESE LOTS FOR TWENTY-FIVE  
HUNDRED DOLLARS. *and the*

~~DITHERS: YEAH... I COULD HAVE BOUGHT 'EM FOR A THOUSAND BUT  
ANOTHER MAN GOT IN AHEAD OF ME AND HE'S HOLDING THEM AT  
TWENTY-FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS.~~

DAGWOOD: ~~YEAH, BUT MR. DITHERS CAN SELL 'EM AGAIN FOR FIVE  
THOUSAND DOLLARS, AND BUILD ON 'EM BESIDES.~~

DITHERS: I CAN IF I CAN CLOSE THE DEAL BEFORE THREE TODAY.

BLONDIE: BUT WHERE DOES MRS. CHIRP COME IN?

DITHERS: WHY SHE'S THE ONE WHO TIPPED ME OFF... WITHOUT KNOWING IT.

BLONDIE: WHAT?

DITHERS: SURE. SEE -- WHEN SHE WORKED FOR US -- SHE GOT A LETTER.  
FROM THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE PRESERVATION  
OF SAILORS' WIDOWS. THEY'RE LOOKING FOR A PLACE TO  
BUILD A BIG HOME.

DAGWOOD: OH. I GUESS THEY WOULDN'T MIND BEING NEAR THE FINNAN  
HADDIE WORKS.

DITHERS: NO. IT WOULD KIND OF REMIND 'EM OF THE SEA. SEE?

DAGWOOD: UHUH.

BLONDIE: LET ME UNDERSTAND THIS THING. MRS. CHIRP TOLD YOU IN  
CONFIDENCE THAT THEY WOULD BUY UP THOSE LOTS FOR A HOME  
FOR FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS.

DITHERS: THAT'S RIGHT.

BLONDIE: AND YOU CAN GET THEM FOR SO MUCH LESS?

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He bought  
for \$1000 +  
he's making  
me pay \$2500

DITHERS: YEAH. BUT, I'D HAVE MADE MORE PROFIT IF THAT ROBBER FROM OUT OF TOWN HADN'T GOT IN AHEAD OF ME.

BLONDIE: WELL, BUT IF YOU RESENT THE STRANGER RAISING THE PRICE TO YOU -- HOW WILL THE SOCIETY FEEL ABOUT YOU MAKING YOUR PROFIT. THEY MIGHT THINK IT WASN'T VERY HONEST.

DITHERS: NONSENSE. THAT'S JUST BUSINESS!

BLONDIE: BUSINESS LIKE THAT IS SOMETIMES A BOOMERANG MR. DITHERS.

DITHERS: I'LL TAKE MY CHANCES. JUST DON'T LET MRS. CHIRP KNOW WHAT I PAY -- THAT'S ALL.

BABY: (OFF) MOMMMIE. COME SEE IF I'M CLEAN.

BLONDIE: (GOING) YES DEAR. MOMMIE'S COMING.

DITHERS: WOMEN DON'T UNDERSTAND BUSINESS BUMSTEAD.

DAGWOOD: I DUNNO. BLONDIE IS PRETTY SMART.

DITHERS: YEAH. BUT IT TAKES US MEN TO PUT OVER A FAST ONE LIKE THIS.

DAGWOOD: YEAH. IT -- IT'S NOT GOING OVER SO FAST RIGHT NOW.

DITHERS: NO, AND IF THAT DOCTOR DOESN'T GET US OUT OF THIS QUARANTINE BEFORE THREE -- I'M A GONE GOOSE! THIS IS WHAT COMES OF YOUR MONKEYSHINES BUMSTEAD.

DAGWOOD: I KNOW. GOLLY I WISH I COULD THINK OF SOME WAY TO GET YOU OUT... (TAKE) HEY. LOOK!

DITHERS: WHAT?

DAGWOOD: LOOK AT THIS! IT'S MRS. CHIRP'S WORK PERMIT. WITH THIS THE COP WILL PASS HER OUT THE GATE!

DITHERS: WHAT OF IT?

DAGWOOD: WAIT... WAIT! I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT'S IN <sup>the</sup> OUR HALL CLOSET.  
(DOOR OPENS) LOOK!

DITHERS: THOSE HER THINGS?



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DAGWOOD: YEAH. HER HAT AND LONG COAT AND WIDOW'S VEIL. LISTEN...  
IF YOU PUT THESE ON I'D BET YOU'D LOOK LIKE MRS. CHIRP.

DITHERS: YOU LOSE THE BET BUMSTEAD. I COULDN'T LOOK LIKE  
MRS. CHIRP IN ANYTHING!

DAGWOOD: NO?

DITHERS: NO...I'M TOO TALL...BUT YOU COULD DO IT BUMSTEAD.

DAGWOOD: YEAH WELL -- (TAKE) -- ME?

DITHERS: CERTAINLY! YOU COULD BUY THOSE LOTS FOR ME. I MAKE YOU  
MY AGENT! COME ON BUMSTEAD! WHERE CAN YOU CHANGE INTO  
THOSE CLOTHES?

DAGWOOD: NOW, LISTEN...I...MY SPOTS WOULD SHOW AND...

DITHERS: NOT UNDER THAT VEIL! COME ON...WE'VE GOT TO GO WHERE  
BLONDIE WON'T CATCH ON! COME ON OUT TO THE GARAGE!

DAGWOOD: TOOOOH. I DON'T WANT TO GO DOWN TOWN IN A WOMAN'S  
CLOTHES!

DITHERS: YOU WANTED ME TO! ARE YOU COMING OR NOT?

DAGWOOD: I -- I'M COMING!

(MUSIC AND SEGUE TO THEME FOR)

(CENTRAL)

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GOODWIN: WE'LL RETURN TO THE BUMSTREDS IN A MOMENT, BUT FIRST A WORD FROM THE MAKERS OF CAMEL CIGARETTES.

WHENEVER YOU HEAR SMOKERS TALKING ABOUT THE "EXTRAS" IN CIGARETTE PLEASURE AND VALUE, YOU CAN BE SURE THEY'RE REFERRING TO SLOW-BURNING CAMELS. NOW, THE EXPLANATION OF THESE "EXTRAS" IN CAMELS IS AS SCIENTIFIC AS IT IS LOGICAL.

MAN'S VOICE: TOO-FAST BURNING IN A CIGARETTE CREATES EXCESS HEAT. EXCESS HEAT RUINS THE DELICATE ELEMENTS OF MILDNESS AND FLAVOR. IT COMES THROUGH IN A HOT, DRY SMOKE THAT SOON GOES FLAT ON YOUR TASTE. SLOWER BURNING PRESERVES FLAVOR AND AROMA...NATURALLY GIVES A COOLER SMOKE, FREE FROM THE IRRITATING QUALITIES OF EXCESS HEAT.

GOODWIN: CAMELS, WITH THEIR COSTLIER TOBACCOS AND SLOWER WAY OF BURNING, GIVE YOU DEFINITE "EXTRAS" IN PLEASURE -- "EXTRAS" IN ACTUAL AMOUNT OF SMOKING, TOO.

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.

GOODWIN: AND THAT MEANS A SMOKING PLUS EQUAL, ON THE AVERAGE, TO FIVE EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK. SO GET THE "EXTRAS" WITH SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS...EXTRA MILDNESS, EXTRA COOLNESS, EXTRA FLAVOR, AND EXTRA SMOKING. PENNY FOR PENNY, CAMELS ARE YOUR BEST CIGARETTE BUY!

GOODWIN: AND NOW -- WE RETURN TO THE BUMSTEAD HOME, WHERE WE FIND BLONDIE WITH THAT BOARD OF HEALTH DOCTOR WHO HAS RETURNED AT LAST AND IS EXAMINING BABY DUMPLING.

DOCTOR: HMM. YOU ARE QUITE RIGHT MADAM. THIS IS NOT THE SPOTTED TASMANIAN BLIGHT. ~~I AM BEGINNING TO DOUBT THAT ANY SUCH THING EXISTS.~~

BLONDIE: ~~MRS. CHIRP SAYS HER HUSBAND HAD IT. OF COURSE I~~ <sup>well</sup> KNEW THE SPOTS ON BABY WEREN'T THE BLIGHT -- BECAUSE MY HUSBAND PAINTED THOSE ON -- JUST LIKE I TOLD YOU.

DOCTOR: AND -- WHERE IS YOUR HUSBAND THIS TIME MRS. BUMSTEAD?

~~BLONDIE: WHY I CAN'T IMAGINE WHERE HE WENT. I'VE ORDERED HER BUT...~~  
~~OH! MAYBE OUT TO THE GARAGE.~~

DOCTOR: YOU'RE SURE HE HASN'T BROKEN QUARANTINE. THAT'S A SERIOUS MATTER -- EVEN THOUGH WE KNOW NOW THAT HE ISN'T A CONTAGIOUS CASE.

BLONDIE: OH, HE WOULDN'T DREAM OF BREAKING THE LAW DOCTOR! I THINK HE WENT OUT TO THE GARAGE TO TRY AGAIN TO GET THE SPOTS OFF.

DOCTOR: THEY'LL HAVE TO WEAR OFF I'M AFRAID! THE DYE IS VERY STRONG.

BABY: THAT'S WHAT I KNOW. I MADE IT GOOD DIDN'T I MOMMIE?

DOCTOR: PERHAPS OUR YOUNG CHEMIST CAN DISCOVER SOMETHING THAT WILL TAKE THEM OFF -- EH?

BABY: I BET I COULD! I'M GOING OUT AND GET MY DRUGSTORE IN THE GARAGE AND SEE IF I CAN...

BLONDIE: CALL YOUR FATHER IN TOO BABY DUMPLING.

DOCTOR: THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY! I'M CONVINCED AND I'LL LIFT THE QUARANTINE TONIGHT.

BLONDIE: WELL -- BEFORE YOU GO DOCTOR -- WILL YOU TELL OUR COOK THAT IT'S NOT THE BLIGHT. WE CAN'T GET HER OUT OF THE KITCHEN...AND WE'D LIKE TO GET IN.

DOCTOR: CERTAINLY. IS THIS THE DOOR?

BLONDIE: YES...(KNOCKS), MRS. CHIRP? MRS. CHIIIIIRP!  
(DOOR OPENS)

CHIRP: YOU NEEDN'T YELL AS IF I WAS DEAF! I HEARD EVERY WORD THE DOCTOR SAID. A LOT HE KNOWS I MUST SAY! *But*

~~DOCTOR: YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME WHEN I SAY THOSE STOPS ARE HARMLESS!~~

~~CHIRP: NO, I DON'T... BUT WITH THEM TWO THAT'S GOT THE BLIGHT IS OUT OF THE HOUSE I'M GOING TER TAKE MY CHANCE AND LEAVE FER GOOD!~~

BLONDIE: THAT SUITS US JUST FINE MRS. CHIRP.

CHIRP: YOU MIGHT GIVE ME A HELP WITH MY BAGS.

~~BLONDIE: NO... YOU WOULDN'T HELP ME WHEN I THOUGHT MY HUSBAND AND MY BABY WERE TERRIBLY SICK. YOU CARRY YOUR OWN BAGS MRS. CHIRP.~~

DOCTOR: I'LL CARRY YOUR BAGS OUT MRS. CHIRP...AND I'LL TELL THE MAN AT THE GATE TO LET YOU PASS. THE QUARANTINE IS OFF.

CHIRP: HMP. EXPOSIN' THE WHOLE TOWN TER THE BLIGHT! A FINE DOCTOR! WELL -- IF YOU'RE GOIN' WITH THEM BAGS -- GET GOIN'!

DOCTOR: AFTER YOU -- ER -- MADAM!

CHIRP: NOT MUCH! I WANT MY WAGES...AND MY OTHER THINGS...

DOCTOR: I'LL LEAVE YOU TO SETTLE WITH HER MRS. BUMSTEAD. (DOOR OPENS) GOODBYE.

BLONDIE: GOODBYE...AND THANK YOU DOCTOR...

DOCTOR: NOT AT ALL. (GOING) I'M HAPPY YOUR TROUBLE IS OVER.  
(DOOR CLOSES)

BLONDIE: HERE'S A WEEK'S WAGES MRS. CHIRP. THOUGHT I'M SURE YOU  
HAVEN'T EARNED THEM.

CHIRP: HMMP. NOW GIMME MY HAT AND COAT.

BLONDIE: THEY'RE IN THE HALL CLOSET. (OPENS DOOR) RIGHT HERE  
WHERE YOU...WHY...THEY...THEY'RE GONE!

CHIRP: AHA! THOUGHT YOU'D GET AWAY WITH 'EM EH?

BLONDIE: WHY...WHY NO. I HAVEN'T SEEN THEM AT ALL.

CHIRP: IF YOU AIN'T THAT MAN OF YOURS HAS...WELL, HE'LL JUST  
HAND 'EM OVER -- OR I'LL TEACH HIM THERE'S A LAW IN THIS  
LAND!

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD? WHAT IN THE WORLD WOULD HE WANT WITH THEM?

CHIRP: TOOK 'EM FOR SPITE LIKELY. BUT IT WON'T WORK WITH ME!  
WHERE IS HE?

BLONDIE: I DON'T KNOW. NOT IN THE HOUSE I'M SURE BECAUSE...

CHIRP: OH, HE AIN'T (GOING) WELL I'LL JUST SEE FOR MYSELF!

BLONDIE: HE'S NOT UPSTAIRS, MRS. CHIRP. HE MAY BE IN THE GARAGE.

CHIRP: (AWAY) ~~I DON'T BELIEVE A WORD FROM ANY OF YOU, STEAL~~  
~~MY CLOTHES FROM ME!~~ WELL I'LL FIND HIM...WHEREVER HE  
IS...AND WHEN I DO...I'LL GIVE HIM A PIECE OF MY MIND  
THAT HE WON'T FORGET THE LONGEST DAY HE LIVES... (FADING...  
SCREAMING) STEALING! STEALING THE CLOTHES OFFEN A  
WIDDERS BACK!

(MUSIC IN FOR BRIEF INTERLUDE)

DITHERS: I TOLD YOU THOSE CLOTHES WOULD FIT YOU BUMSTEAD. YOU  
LOOK JUST LIKE MRS. CHIRP.

DAGWOOD: TOOCH. I FEEL SILLY IN THIS STUFF.

DITHERS: NONSENSE! IT WON'T TAKE LONG. ONCE YOU GET PAST THAT  
COP AT THE GATE...

DAGWOOD: OOOH. LOOK! THEY'VE CHANGED THE GUARD!

DITHERS: EH?

DAGWOOD: THE BOARD OF HEALTH COP IS GONE AND THERE'S A NEW ONE  
COMING UP THE WALK!

DITHERS: (SOTTO) NOW'S YOUR CHANCE BUMSTEAD!, WALK RIGHT UP TO  
HIM...AND FLASH THAT WORK PERMIT AND GO RIGHT ON BY...

DAGWOOD: WELL -- OKAY...HERE I GO...

DITHERS: (SOTTO) TAKE SMALLER STEPS...AND TALK KIND OF HIGH,

DAGWOOD: YEAH...LIKE THIS (MUSIC IN...MINCING STEPS) (DAG  
IMITATES WOMAN) HILLOOOOOOO. HILLOOOOO OFFICER...  
(MUSIC UP UNTIL COP SPEAKS)

COP: HEY YOU! IS THIS THE BUMSTEAD'S HOUSE?

DAGWOOD: (AS WOMAN) OH YES. YES INDEEDY. I'M... I MEAN...ER...  
YEEEEEEES!

COP: UHUH. AND WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

DAGWOOD: (HIGH) I'M MRS. CHEEP...I MEAN CHIRP? (LOW VOICE) SEE?  
HERE'S MY PASS! (HIGH) I MEAN PASS!

COP: LET'S SEE. (READS) "MRS. CARRIE CHIRP" -- EH?

DAGWOOD: THAT'S ME. GOOOO ... BYE!

COP: WAIT A MINUTE. YOU SURE YOU'RE MRS. CHIRP?

DAGWOOD: OOOOOH. SUUUUUURE,

COP: OKAY. YOU'RE UNDER ARREST.

DAGWOOD: (NORMAL) WHAT? WHAT FOR?

COP: WHAT'S THE MATTER -- YOUR VOICE CHANGING?

DAGWOOD: YEAH...I MEAN...NO! LISTEN I'M NOT MRS. CHIRP! I'M  
DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD.

COP: OH YEAH....

DAGWOOD: YEAH...HONEST. LOOK! I'LL TAKE OFF THE VEIL!

COP: WHAT IS THIS, A CHARADE OR WHAT?

CHIRP: (AWAY) THERE HE IS! STOP, THIEF! STOP THIEF! GIVE ME  
BACK MY CLOTHES!

DAGWOOD: TOOOOH. HERE SHE COMES...(GOING) I'LL TAKE THE THINGS  
OFF....

CHIRP: (COMING IN) STOP, THIEF! WELL! A FINE COP YOU ARE!...  
JUST LET ME LAY MY HANDS ON THAT MAN...

COP: WAIT A MINUTE, LADY. ARE THOSE YOUR CLOTHES THE MAN WAS  
WEARING?

CHIRP: THEY CERTAINLY ARE...HE STOLE MY CLOTHES AND MY PASS....

COP: OH, WAS THAT YOUR PASS? THEN YOU MUST BE CARRIE CHIRP.

CHIRP: I CERTAINLY AM...AND...

COP: THAT'S FINE. THEN YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

CHIRP: (SCREAMS) TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF ME. HELP!

BLONDIE: (COMING IN) FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE WHAT'S WRONG NOW?

COP: YOU KNOW THIS DAME, LADY?

BLONDIE: OF COURSE! IT'S OUR COOK. I MEAN SHE WAS OUR COOK.

COP: UP TO YOUR OLD GAME, EH, CARRIE? GET A JOB AS A COOK  
AND CASE THE JOINT.

DITHERS: (COMING IN) WHAT'S ALL THIS?

COP: YOU KNOW THIS WOMAN, MISTER?

DITHERS: SURE, THAT'S OUR COOK...I MEAN....

COP: SHE WAS YOUR COOK!...I KNOW! THAT'S HER RACKET! SHE GETS A JOB IN A HOUSEHOLD, SEE? THEN SHE PULLS THE GIMMICK,

BLONDIE: THE GIMMICK?

COP: THE CONFIDENCE GAME. SHE SHOWS HER EMPLOYER A LETTER FROM SOME PHONEY SOCIETY SHE'S SUPPOSED TO BELONG TO...

DITHERS: HAH?

COP: IT SAYS THESE PEOPLE WANT TO BUILD A HOME OR SOMETHING ON A CERTAIN LOT OF LAND. THEY'LL PAY SO MUCH FOR IT THE LETTER SAYS...

DITHERS: OOOOOOOH.

BLONDIE: WHY -- WHAT'S THE MATTER, MR. DITHERS?

DITHERS: NOTHING -- ONLY -- I -- I'VE HEARD ENOUGH.

BLONDIE: WELL, I HAVEN'T. TELL ME THE REST, OFFICER.

CHIRP: IT'S ALL A PACK OF LIES!

BLONDIE: IT ALL SOUNDS FAMILIAR TO ME! GO ON...

COP: WELL, SO THE EMPLOYER SEES A CHANCE TO MAKE EASY MONEY BECAUSE HE KNOWS THAT LAND CAN BE BOUGHT FOR LESS THAN THEY'LL PAY, SEE?

BLONDIE: YES...I SEE. AND BY TRYING TO MAKE AN UNFAIR PROFIT...

COP: HE GETS STUNG! SURE...BECAUSE THIS WOMAN'S GANG HAVE THE LAND ALL BOUGHT AND ARE JUST WAITING FOR THE FALL GUY TO COME BUY IT FROM THEM! HE DOES -- AT A PROFIT TO THE GANG! BUT WHEN HE COMES TO SELL IT -- HE CAN'T NEVER FIND THE PEOPLE WHO WERE SUPPOSED TO WANT IT! CARRIE CHIRP AND HER CROWD ARE MILES AWAY!

BLONDIE: WITH THE -- ER -- FALL GUY'S MONEY.



COP: YEAH. BUT THIS TIME WE GOT 'EM. ON ACCOUNT OF THIS HERE  
QUARANTINE.

BLONDIE: GOOD.

CHIRP: YEAH...IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR THAT BLIGHT -- I'D A GOT  
YOU, TOO, DITHERS!

COP: A CONFESSION! WELL -- COME ON, CARRIE. (GOING) THE BOYS  
AT THE BIG HOUSE ARE LONESOME FOR YOUR PRETTY FACE...

CHIRP: (GOING) OKAY. YOU GOT ME. SO LONG -- SUCKER!

DITHERS: TOOOH!

BLONDIE: WELL, THERE SHE GOES...AND SOMEHOW I CAN'T BE SORRY FOR  
HER.

DITHERS: SORRY FOR HER. I SHOULD SAY NOT...WHY....

BLONDIE: SO THAT WAS YOUR BIG DEAL, WAS IT, MR. DITHERS?

DITHERS: WELL, ER -- WE ALL MAKE MISTAKES! ~~I KNOW YOU GOT ME~~  
~~ABOUT THAT BOOMERANGS! WELL, I'M GONNA...LISTEN!~~  
DON'T TELL CORY!

BLONDIE: WELL, I,....

DAGWOOD: (COMING IN) HEY...WHERE'S MRS. CHIRP GOING WITH THAT COP?  
HEY...WHAT'S SHE ARRESTED FOR?

BLONDIE: IT WAS FOR SWINDLING, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: OH -- I THOUGHT MAYBE IT WAS FOR HER COOKING! (PAUSE)  
HMM, COOKING!

BLONDIE: YOU'RE STARVED, AREN'T YOU, DEAR? WELL, OUR KITCHEN IS  
OPEN NOW!

DAGWOOD: GOLLY. I HAVEN'T EATEN IN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.

DITHERS: NO...AND YOU HAVEN'T BEEN TO THE OFFICE FOR FORTY-EIGHT  
HOURS! CAN'T YOU EVER FORGET FOOD, BUMSTEAD -- AND TEND  
TO BUSINESS?

DAGWOOD: WELL, BUT -- GOLLY -- I'M AWFUL HUNGRY...AND LOOK!  
I COULDN'T GO TO THE OFFICE WITH THESE SPOTS ON ME...

DITHERS: OH, YOU WANT TO LOAF TILL THOSE SPOTS WEAR OFF,  
I SUPPOSE? WELL, WHO PUT THOSE SPOTS ON YOU? YOU DID!..  
NOW YOU'LL COME DOWN TO WORK, SPOTS OR NO SPOTS....

DAGWOOD: TOOOOH.

BLONDIE: WAIT A MINUTE, MR. DITHERS! DAGWOOD DID PUT THE SPOTS ON  
...BUT...WE ALL MAKE MISTAKES -- DON'T WE?

DITHERS: EH?

BLONDIE: IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR THOSE SPOTS THERE WOULDN'T HAVE  
BEEN ANY QUARANTINE...AND IF THERE HADN'T BEEN A  
QUARANTINE...YOU WOULD HAVE GOT TO THE BANK ON TIME...  
AND THEN.....

DAGWOOD: THE BANK! HEY, MR. DITHERS,..WHAT ABOUT THAT DEAL?

DITHERS: THAT DEAL IS OFF, BUMSTEAD.

DAGWOOD: WHAT? AFTER THE WAY YOU...

DITHERS: QUIET, BUMSTEAD! THAT DEAL WASN'T...~~WASN'T~~ QUITE HONEST...  
AND...ER..."CRIME DOESN'T PAY!"

BLONDIE: I'M SO GLAD TO HEAR YOU SAY THAT, MR. DITHERS!..NOW WHEN  
I WRITE CORY I'M JUST GOING TO TELL HER HOW MUCH WE  
APPRECIATE YOUR LETTING DAGWOOD STAY HOME AND REST UP  
AFTER HIS -- EXPERIENCE.

DITHERS: IS THAT ALL YOU'RE GOING TO WRITE HER?

BLONDIE: OH, YES. I'M NO GOSSIP.

DITHERS: OKAY. YOU STAY HOME, BUMSTEAD. GET SOME REST AND SOME  
FOOD.

DAGWOOD: GOSH...THANKS...WON'T -- WON'T YOU JOIN US FOR A SNACK?

DITHERS: NO...SOMEBODY HAS TO GO TO THE OFFICE AND KEEP THE BUSINESS AFLOAT. (GOING) MY WIFE ISN'T HERE TO GET ME OUT OF IT!

BLONDIE: GOODBYE, MR. DITHERS.

DAGWOOD: YEAH...YEAH. ER -- G'BYE. (SOTTO) GOLLY, HE CHANGES HIS MIND FAST.

BLONDIE: THAT'S BECAUSE HE'S SMART, DAGWOOD. ONLY A FOOL NEVER CHANGES HIS MIND THEY SAY. WELL....

BABY: (COMING IN) HI, MOMMIE. HELLO, DADDY. WELL, I DISCOVERED IT OKAY.

DAGWOOD: HUH? DISCOVERED WHAT?

BABY: WHAT THE DOCTOR SAID TO DISCOVER. I WENT IN THE KITCHEN AND PLAYED DRUG STORE SOME MORE...

BLONDIE: IN THE KITCHEN?

BABY: UHUH, I NEEDED SOME THINGS TO MIX STUFF IN...AND I MIXED SOME STUFF THAT TAKES OFF THE SPOTS, DADDY! LOOKIT!

DAGWOOD: DOGGONE IF HE DIDN'T!

BLONDIE: THE SPOTS ARE GONE!

DAGWOOD: OH BOY! MY SON IS AN INVENTOR! A CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK! NOW I CAN TAKE OFF MY SPOTS -- AFTER I EAT. (GOING) LAST ONE IN THE KITCHEN IS A BIG SISSY! (A WHOOSH BY THE MUSIC) (DAGWOOD LAUGHS) OH BOY! IT'S GOOD TO SMELL FOOD AGAIN!

BLONDIE: IT'S GOOD TO SEE THE INSIDE OF MY OWN KITCHEN AGAIN!

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DAGWOOD: LOOK AT THE MEAL THAT CHIRP WOMAN HAD READY TO FEED  
HERSELF WHEN SHE LEFT!

BLONDIE: RARE ROAST BEEF!

DAGWOOD: (MOUTH WATERING) MMM. RARE ROAST BEEF ON A PIECE OF  
THIS THICK BREAD...I CAN'T WAIT...BOY, IS THIS SAUCE I  
PUT ON IT GOOD! MMMM.

BLONDIE: SAUCE! WHAT SAUCE? WHERE DID THAT COME FROM?

DAGWOOD: I DON'T KNOW BUT I FOUND IT IN THIS CUP -- AND IT SURE  
TASTES GOOD!

BABY: (COMING IN) HEY, DADDY, WAIT! YOU'RE EATING UP ALL MY  
SPOT REMOVER!

DAGWOOD: TOOOOOOOH!

(MUSIC AND SEGUE TO THEME FOR:)

(CLOSING)

GOODWIN: 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!

GOODWIN: CAMELS GIVE YOU EXTRA FLAVOR.

NEWSBOY: EXTRA!

GOODWIN: CAMELS GIVE YOU EXTRA MILDNESS AND EXTRA COOLNESS.

NEWSBOY: EXTRA!

GOODWIN: 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 PROGRAM." AL HAS A SURPRISE FOR YOU NEXT WEEK WHEN HE PRESENTS HIS VERSION OF "REBECCA." AND ON SATURDAY, THERE'S "LUNCHEON AT THE WALDORF" WITH ILKA CHASE. YOU'LL FIND IT SOMETHING NEW, WITTY AND AMUSING IN DAYTIME ENTERTAINMENT. ON SATURDAY NIGHT TUNE IN AND HEAR BOB GROSBY AND MILORND BAILEY FEATURING MUSIC WITH A "HEARTBEAT."

NEXT MONDAY NIGHT AGAIN YOU'LL HEAR BLONDIE. THIS TIME BLONDIE DABBLES IN POLITICS AND WE THINK YOU'LL GET A HEARTY CHUCKLE OUT OF THE BUMSTEAD'S ADVENTURES.

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

ORCHESTRA: (THEME UP AND FADE FOR:)

GOODWIN: BLONDIE IS PLAYED BY PENNY SINGLETON AND DAGWOOD BY ARTHUR LAKE -- "BLONDIE" IS WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY ASHMEAD SCOTT.

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

THIS IS THE COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.