

7/23/90

Master Copy

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, JULY 15, 1940

3:30 - 4:00 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...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" 19-A
7/15/40

SOUND: FILTER MIKE IN AN ECHO CHAMBER

MAN'S VOICE: ATTENTION PLEASE: TRANSCONTINENTAL AND WESTERN AIR
SUPER SKY CHIEF STRATOLINER SERVICE DEPARTING FOR
LOS ANGELES, NOW LOADING AT GATE NUMBER TEN. ALL ABOARD
PLEASE.

SOUND: AIRPLANE TAKE OFF...FADE INTO DISTANCE

ANNOUNCER: LAST TUESDAY EVENING, JULY NINTH, AMERICA'S FIRST
STRATOLINERS TOOK THE AIR IN REGULAR PASSENGER SERVICE.
FLYING OVER THE WEATHER -- THESE BIG THIRTY-THREE
PASSENGER HIGH ALTITUDE PLANES CLIPPED MINUTES -- EVEN
HOURS -- FROM EXISTING TIME SCHEDULES FROM COAST TO
COAST. ONE OF THE PIONEERS IN THIS "OVER WEATHER
FLYING" IS T.W.A.'S VICE-PRESIDENT AND CHIEF ENGINEER,
D. W. (TOMMY) TOMLINSON. LITTLE OR NOTHING WAS KNOWN
OF HIGH ALTITUDE FLYING FIVE YEARS AGO WHEN TOMLINSON
FIRST BUNDLED HIMSELF INTO A FUR-LINED JACKET, ADJUSTED
AN OXYGEN MASK OVER HIS FACE AND TOOK OFF IN AN
EXPERIMENTAL "FLYING TEST TUBE" TO VISIT THE
SUB-STRATOSPHERE. IN SNOW, RAIN, HAIL AND SLEET,
TOMLINSON ASKED FOR TROUBLE TO GET HIS PRECIOUS FACTS
TO PROVE THAT HIGH ALTITUDE FLYING IS FASTER AND SAFER.
TOMLINSON IS THE NUMBER ONE HIGH ALTITUDE FLYER OF
COMMERCIAL AVIATION...HAVING FLOWN FIFTY HOURS AT
THIRTY THOUSAND FOOT LEVELS. MORE THAN A PILOT,
TOMMY TOMLINSON HAS THOSE "EXTRAS" OF A FLYING PIONEER...
AND HE LIKES THE "EXTRAS" IN HIS SMOKING. HE PREFERS
SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS. HE SAYS:

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"BLONDIE" 19-B
7/15/40

SECOND MAN'S VOICE: WHY DO I PREFER CAMELS? WELL, IN THE FIRST PLACE I LIKE MILDNESS IN MY SMOKING. CAMELS ARE SLOWER BURNING, AND I KNOW FROM EXPERIENCE THAT A SLOWER-BURNING CIGARETTE GIVES ME THAT EXTRA MILDNESS FAR MORE THAN A FAST-BURNING SMOKE, SO I KEEP MY SMOKING ON THE SLOW SIDE WITH CAMELS.

ANNOUNCER: YES, TOMMY TOMLINSON, LIKE MILLIONS OF OTHER SMOKERS, KNOWS THAT THE "EXTRAS" IN SMOKING VALUE AND PLEASURE GO WITH SLOW-BURNING CAMELS...EXTRA MILDNESS, EXTRA COOLNESS, EXTRA FLAVOR, AND EXTRA SMOKING, TOO. SO GET THE CIGARETTE THAT GIVES YOU THE "EXTRAS." PENNY FOR PENNY, CAMELS ARE YOUR BEST CIGARETTE BUY!

GOODWIN: AND NOW FOR OUR WEEKLY VISIT WITH THE BUMSTEADS. IT'S HOT ON SHADY LANE AVENUE TODAY! ~~NOT A BREATH OF AIR STIRS THE TREES...~~ AND IN THE SPOTLESS WHITE KITCHEN THE BUMSTRAID'S REFRIGERATOR IS WORKING OVERTIME TO KEEP UP WITH THE DEMAND FOR ICE-CUBES! LISTEN...(SOUND OF ICE CUBES RATTLING INTO GLASS PITCHER)...THAT'S BLONDIE...MAKING ANOTHER PITCHER OF ICED LEMONADE...(SOUND OF WATER FROM TAP BEING RUN INTO PITCHER) ~~MOMMIE! THAT'S A NICE SOUND THAT IS ON A HOT DAY~~ (SOUND OF STIRRING THE ICE) NO WONDER IT BRINGS BABY DUMPLING INTO THE SCENE...(SCREEN DOOR OPEN)

BLONDIE: DON'T LEAVE THE SCREEN DOOR OPEN, BABY...THE FLIES COME IN!

BABY: NO MOMMIE. (DOOR SLAMS SHUT) IS MY LEMONADE READY, MOMMIE?

BLONDIE: WHY BABY DUMPLING! YOU WANT MORE LEMONADE? SO SOON?

BABY: UHUH. IT'S AWFUL HOT OUT!

BLONDIE: THAT'S WHAT I KNOW. I WAS MAKING THIS PITCHER FOR DADDY. HE PHONED HE WAS ON HIS WAY HOME.

BABY: WELL -- COULDN'T HE GET HIS LEMONADE AT MY SODA FOUNTAIN?

~~BLONDIE: HE'D PROBABLY BUY YOU SODA.~~

~~BABY: I'VE BEEN BOUGHT OUT TWICE ALREADY, MOMMIE, AND MY DRUG STORE IS FULL OF KIDS AGAIN.~~

~~BLONDIE: DID YOU MOVE YOUR DRUG STORE UNDER THAT TREE LIKE I TOLD YOU?~~

~~BABY: SURE, MOMMIE, BUSINESS WAS BETTER UNDER THE TREE THAN IT WAS OUT ON THE CORNER.~~

BLONDIE: HOW MUCH DO YOU CHARGE AT YOUR LEMONADE STAND?

BABY: WELL -- I GET TWO PINS FOR THE CRACKED CUP FULL...AND FIVE PINS FOR THE BIG JELLY GLASS FULL. FOR ONE PIN I LET 'EM LICK THE SOUP LADLE.

BLONDIE: THAT ISN'T VERY SANITARY, BABY.

BABY: I WIPE IT OFF EVERY TIME. THEN I PUT IT BACK IN TO COOL OFF SOME MORE.

BLONDIE: WELL DON'T DO THAT ANYMORE, BABY. NOW HERE! YOU TAKE THIS PITCHER OUT TO YOUR STAND...BUT WHEN THAT'S GONE...I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO CLOSE OUT THE BUSINESS.

BABY: OKAY, MOMMIE! (GOING) I GUESS I'LL RAISE MY PRICES ON THIS.

BLONDIE: CAREFUL NOW! DON'T SPILL IT! I'LL OPEN THE SCREEN DOOR FOR YOU. (DOOR OPENS) I'LL TRY TO FIND SOME LITTLE PAPER PICNIC CUPS FOR THE ONE PIN CUSTOMERS...(DOOR SHUTS)

DAGWOOD: (AWAY) BLOOOONDIE! YOU HOME?

BLONDIE: (CALLS) YES DEAR -- OUT IN THE KITCHEN. IT WAS TOO HOT TO GO OUT!

DAGWOOD: (CALLS BUT NOT YET IN) YOU THINK THIS IS HOT...YOU OUGHT TO FEEL IT DOWN TOWN!

BLONDIE: IT MUST HAVE BEEN TERRIBLE FOR YOU, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: (COMING IN) YEAH...HOTTEST DAY IN TEN YEARS THEY SAY...

BLONDIE: (CATCHES BREATH) DAGWOOD! WHERE ARE YOUR CLOTHES?

DAGWOOD: OH THEY'RE ALL HERE, HONEY! SEE -- OVER MY ARM!

BLONDIE: YOU -- YOU DIDN'T WALK UP FROM THE BUS THAT WAY!

DAGWOOD: OH NO...WHEN I GOT OFF THE BUS I TOOK OFF MY COAT...AND THEN THAT FELT SO GOOD I TOOK OFF MY NECKTIE...AND THEN I PASSED A MAN WHO WAS TAKING OFF HIS SHIRT...AND HE LOOKED AT ME AND SAID "SISSY!"

BLONDIE: SISSY?

DAGWOOD: YEAH, SO I SHOWED HIM!

BLONDIE: I SHOULD THINK YOU DID. YOU SHOWED THE NEIGHBORHOOD. I'D BE ASHAMED!

DAGWOOD: WELL, THIS UNDERWEAR IS NO WORSE THAN A BATHING SUIT.

BLONDIE: WHERE ARE YOUR SHOES?

DAGWOOD: OUT BY THE FRONT DOOR! HEY YOU KNOW WHAT I'D LIKE?

BLONDIE: YOU'D PROBABLY LIKE TO BE A SOUTH SEA ISLANDER AND NOT WEAR ANY CLOTHES.

DAGWOOD: WELL --- THAT'S NOT A BAD IDEA...BUT WHAT I'D LIKE FIRST WOULD BE A NICE COLD PITCHER OF LEMONADE.

BLONDIE: WELL I MADE YOU A PITCHER, DAGWOOD...

DAGWOOD: OH BOY! LEMME AT IT!

BLONDIE: BUT IT'S GONE.

DAGWOOD: GONE? WHERE'D IT GO?

BLONDIE: BABY DUMPLING TOOK IT FOR HIS LEMONADE STAND. HE SELLS IT FOR PINS! ISN'T THAT CUTE?

~~DAGWOOD: I'D BE GLAD TO HEAR OF HIS FATHER COMING HOME BEFORE
HOT. WHEN HE COMES TO LEMONADE. I'M AN ISOLATIONIST!
I SAY KEEP WHAT WE'VE GOT!~~

BLONDIE: ~~WELL~~ --- DON'T WORRY DEAR. I'VE GOT MORE LEMON JUICE ALL SQUEEZED --- AND THERE'S STILL A FEW ICE CUBES LEFT. I'LL MAKE YOU SOME MORE LEMONADE.

DAGWOOD: ABOUT A GALLON WOULD BE ABOUT RIGHT. (SOUND OF ICE IN PITCHER)

BLONDIE: YOU MUSTN'T DRINK IT TOO FAST DEAR. (SOUND OF RUNNING WATER AGAIN) GO GET YOURSELF A GLASS... (WATER OUT)

DAGWOOD: A GLASS! NO, NO, HONEY -- JUST HAND ME THE PITCHER!
(ICE STIRRED...CLINKS) OH BOY -- LISTEN TO THAT! WHAT MUSIC! GIMME!

BLONDIE: NOW, DAGWOOD...WAIT 'TIL IT GETS GOOD AND COLD.

DAGWOOD: WELL IT'S PRETTY HARD TO WAIT...

BLONDIE: IT WON'T BE LONG, DAGWOOD... (DOOR OPENS) OH HELLO, BABY
DUMPLING.

DAGWOOD: HELLO.

BABY: (FAST) HELLO, DADDY -- SAY MOMMIE -- I'M ALL SOLD OUT
AGAIN!

BLONDIE: WHAT -- WHY NOT TWO MINUTES AGO...

BABY: CAN I HAVE THAT PITCHER, MOMMIE?

DAGWOOD: NO! THAT'S MINE!

BABY: WELL, BUT DADDY...ALL THOSE POOR LITTLE BOYS ARE VERY DRY.

DAGWOOD: SO AM I DRY! I'M DRYER THAN ANY OF 'EM!

BLONDIE: WE'LL LET DADDY DRINK WHAT HE WANTS FIRST, BABY! THEN IF
THERE'S ANY LEFT...YOU CAN HAVE IT. HERE, DAGWOOD.

BABY: JUST DRINK DOWN TO THE TOP OF THE HANDLE, DADDY...

DAGWOOD: LISTEN -- DON'T WATCH EVERY SIP I TAKE.. GOSH! I'M GOING
OFF IN THE CORNER AND DRINK THIS! YOU MAKE ME NERVOUS!

BLONDIE: STOP STARING AT DADDY, BABY. IT ISN'T AS IF YOU HADN'T HAD
THREE PITCHERS FULL FOR YOUR STAND ALREADY. WHATEVER
WENT WITH THAT LAST PITCHER SO FAST?

BABY: OH BOBBY MCBUTTER CAME BACK.

BLONDIE: CAME BACK?

BABY: UHUH. HE WAS A GOOD CUSTOMER BEFORE --- BUT HE RAN OUT OF
PINS AND WENT HOME. WHEN I WENT OUT THIS TIME HE WAS THE
FIRST IN LINE...AND HE HAD HIS MOTHER'S PIN CUSHION.

BLONDIE: GOODNESS...

BABY: YEAH -- SO HE DRANK THE WHOLE PITCHER.

DAGWOOD: (COMING IN) GULP...GULP...GULP...AAAAAH! (PITCHER CLINKS
AS HE LOWERS IT) THERE...I FEEL BETTER!

BABY: IS THE REST FOR ME, DADDY?

DAGWOOD: NOW WAIT A MINUTE! CAN'T I STOP FOR BREATH?

BABY: YOU'VE DRINKED TWENTY PINS WORTH ALREADY!

DAGWOOD: YOU MEAN DRANKED TWENTY PINS WORTH!

BLONDIE: DRUNK!

DAGWOOD: I AM NOT! ANYWAY -- I'M GOING TO HAVE ONE MORE LITTLE SIP!

BABY: THAT'S WHAT BOBBY MCBUTTER KEPT SAYING...

DAGWOOD: UHUH. (GULPS MOUTHFUL)

BABY: AND NOW HE'S GONE HOME WITH A STOMACH ACHE!

DAGWOOD: (SPLUTTERS) TOO OOH! HERE -- TAKE IT!

BABY: THANK YOU, DADDY... (PITCHER CLINKS AS HE GOES)

BLONDIE: (OPENS DOOR) NOW THAT'S POSITIVELY THE LAST MIND YOU,
BABY DUMPLING!


BABY: (AWAY) OKAY, MOMMIE. (DOOR SLAMS)

DAGWOOD: A FINE THING! A MAN COMES HOME FROM WORK ALL HOT AND...

BLONDIE: HOW DID MR. DITHERS COME TO LET YOU OFF, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: WELL -- MR. DITHERS WASN'T THERE. HE'S OFF IN THE
MOUNTAINS AGAIN. PRETTY SOFT FOR SOME PEOPLE.

BLONDIE: I WISH WE COULD AFFORD TO GO SOMEWHERE AND COOL OFF.

DAGWOOD: YOU DO? WELL -- WE CAN. LISTEN 

~~BLONDIE: NOW, DAGWOOD, HOW COULD YOU LEAVE HOME AND...~~

~~DAGWOOD: I DON'T HAVE TO LEAVE WORK. MATTER OF FACT I CAME HOME TO
GET YOU AND TAKE YOU SOMEWHERE WHERE IT'S SO COOL!~~

~~BLONDIE: NOW DON'T TEASE ME, DAGWOOD. THERE'S NO PLACE WITHIN
MILES THAT'S COOL TODAY!~~

~~DAGWOOD: YOU'RE WRONG FOR ONCE, HONEY!~~

~~BLONDIE: WELL, THEN WHERE IS THE PLACE THAT'S SO COOL?~~

DAGWOOD: YOU KNOW THE HOUSE DITHERS TOOK IN TRADE -- BACK IN 1920 --
AND NEVER COULD SELL? THE ONE OUT AT BRIMSTONE GARDENS?

BLONDIE: THAT PLACE? WHY IT'S RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE.

DAGWOOD: THAT'S WHAT I KNOW. BUT IT'S A NICE COOL HOUSE!

BLONDIE: COOL? ~~DAGWOOD! HOW YOU BEEN STANDING IN THE SUN WITHOUT~~
~~A HAT?~~ THAT HOUSE HAS BEEN CLOSED FOR YEARS...AND WITH
THE SUN BEATING DOWN ON IT...IT WOULD BE LIKE AN OVEN!

DAGWOOD: NOT ANY MORE, I FIXED IT.

BLONDIE: FIXED IT? HOW?

DAGWOOD: I FIXED IT SCIENTIFICALLY.

BLONDIE: OH DAGWOOD! IT SOUNDS LIKE YOU -- YOU'VE BEEN INVENTING
SOMETHING AGAIN!

DAGWOOD: SURE, HONEY...

BLONDIE: WELL -- I DON'T KNOW WHAT MR. DITHERS WILL SAY WHEN HE FINDS
OUT YOU'VE BEEN EXPERIMENTING WITH ONE OF HIS HOUSES.

DAGWOOD: HE KNOWS ALL ABOUT IT. WELL -- ALMOST ALL ABOUT IT. SEE --
AFTER ALL THESE YEARS HE FINALLY GOT A PROSPECT WHO WANTED
TO BUY THE HOUSE. MAJOR TIFFIN...

BLONDIE: MAJOR TIFFIN? I NEVER HEARD OF HIM.

DAGWOOD: HE'S FROM INDIA OR SOMEWHERE. HE'S RETIRED AND HE'S GOING
TO SETTLE DOWN IN SOME QUIET PLACE.

BLONDIE: WELL THAT HOUSE WILL BE QUIET ENOUGH! IT'S MILES AWAY
FROM ANYWHERE.

DAGWOOD: YEAH. MR. DITHERS TOLD HIM IT WAS A WHITE ELEPHANT ON HIS
HANDS -- AND THE MAJOR SAID THAT WAS ALL RIGHT -- HE LIKED
ELEPHANTS -- IN INDIA.

BLONDIE: THE POOR MAN.

DAGWOOD: ONLY THING WAS -- THE MAJOR SAID IT MUST BE A COOL HOUSE --

BLONDIE: HOW DID MR. DITHERS GET AROUND THAT?

DAGWOOD: HE CALLED ME IN! HE TOLD ME HE WAS GOING TO THE MOUNTAINS...
AND TO COOL OFF THAT HOUSE SOMEHOW BEFORE THE MAJOR GOT
HERE ~~TO SEE IT!~~

BLONDIE: YOU MEAN THE MAJOR BOUGHT THE HOUSE ~~STIGHT~~ ~~ENDING~~

DAGWOOD: ~~OH HE SAW SOME PHOTOGRAPHS. AND ANYWAY HE HADN'T EXACTLY~~
~~BOUGHT IT. JUST SENT A CHECK TO HOLD IT TIL HE CAN~~
INSPECT THE PLACE.

BLONDIE: HOLD IT! WHY MR. DITHERS COULDN'T GIVE THAT HOUSE AWAY?

DAGWOOD: WELL -- I BET THE MAJOR WILL LIKE IT. I HAD THE WEEDS CUT
DOWN SO YOU CAN GET TO THE FRONT DOOR...AND MY COOLING
SYSTEM WILL MAKE IT JUST WHAT HE WANTS.

BLONDIE: ARE YOU SURE THAT COOLING SYSTEM WILL WORK, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: CERTAINLY. I TRIED IT ON DAISY'S DOG HOUSE FIRST...AND IT
WORKED!

BLONDIE: HMMM. WELL -- HOW DOES IT WORK, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: ~~NOW THAT'S AN INTELLIGENT QUESTION! I'LL TELL YOU. I COULD~~
~~HAVE SPENT A LOT OF MR. DITHERS' MONEY ON ONE OF THE COOLING~~
~~PLANTS THEY HAVE ON THE MARKET. BUT I FIGURED I COULD DO~~
~~BETTER MYSELF. FOR LESS. SO I DID.~~

BLONDIE: ~~I'M LISTENING, DEAR.~~

DAGWOOD: WELL -- IT'S LIKE THIS. WHEN I WANT TO COOL OFF WHAT DO I DO?

BLONDIE: DRINK LEMONADE.

DAGWOOD: YEAH...NO! I MEAN THAT'S NOT THE ANSWER! WHEN I WANT TO
COOL OFF I JUST GO STAND UNDER A COOL SHOWER.

BLONDIE: YES, DAGWOOD...AND THEN A LITTLE WHILE AFTER YOU GET OUT OF
THE SHOWER -- YOU'RE HOT AGAIN!

DAGWOOD: YES...BUT IN MY INVENTION YOU DON'T STAND UNDER THE SHOWER...
THE SHOWER STANDS OVER YOU...I MEAN. .LISTEN! YOU COME OUT
TO THAT HOUSE AND I'LL SHOW YOU!

BLONDIE: ALL RIGHT, DAGWOOD...

DAGWOOD: I'LL SHOW YOU THE PREMIERE PERFORMANCE OF THE WORLD'S
GREATEST COOLER-OFFER! THE BUMSTEAD DRENCHER!
(CAR MOTOR...AND BUMPING OVER ROUGH ROAD)

BLONDIE: GOODNESS DAGWOOD... ISN'T THERE ANY DRIVEWAY UP TO THE HOUSE?

DAGWOOD: YEAH, SURE, HONEY. THIS IS IT WE'RE ON!

BLONDIE: IS THAT THE CHIMNEY OVER THERE?

DAGWOOD: YEAH -- WE COULD SEE THE WHOLE HOUSE NOW -- IF THE GRASS WASN'T QUITE SO HIGH.

BLONDIE: I THOUGHT YOU HAD THE WEEDS CUT DOWN, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: WELL -- JUST FROM THE DRIVE TO THE FRONT DOOR. HERE'S THE PATH. (MOTOR OUT) SEE?

BLONDIE: OH YES!...DAGWOOD!

DAGWOOD: UHUH.

BLONDIE: LOOK...SOMEBODY'S TRUNK! RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE PATH!

DAGWOOD: HEY, WHAT'S THAT DOING THERE?

BLONDIE: LET'S GET OUT AND INVESTIGATE! (CAR DOOR OPENS) WHY THERE'S A WHOLE PILE OF LUGGAGE! WITH FOREIGN LABELS ON IT. (CAR DOOR SLAMS)

DAGWOOD: YEAH...SUITCASES AND A BIG WICKIER BASKET...AND -- HEY! LOOK! A BIRD CAGE!

BLONDIE: I NEVER SAW A BIRD LIKE THAT BEFORE!

DAGWOOD: OH -- OH. HERE COMES A MAN WITH A HELMET ON!

BLONDIE: (LOWERS VOICE) IT'S A SUN HELMET...LIKE THEY WEAR IN THE TROPICS. DAGWOOD -- DO YOU SUPPOSE...

DAGWOOD: HE'S GOT A MONOCLE, TOO. GOLLY...HE LOOKS MAD!

MAJOR: I SAY! IS THIS CRICKET?

DAGWOOD: WELL...NO! THE NAME IS BUMSTEAD!

MAJOR: IT WON'T DO YOU KNOW. SIMPLY WON'T DO AT ALL! YOU THE LAND-AGENT, MY MAN?

DAGWOOD: ME? NO...I'M DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD.

MAJOR: HAW! REALLY?

DAGWOOD: YEAH...HONEST! AND IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME -- ASK MY WIFE!

BLONDIE: I'M BLONDIE BUMSTEAD.

MAJOR: REALLY? AH...NATIVES?

DAGWOOD: EH? NO -- NO! WE'RE WHITE PEOPLE.

MAJOR: WHAT? I MEANT NATIVES OF THE VICINITY. I WANT TO LODGE A COMPLAINT!

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD! I RETT THIS IS MAJOR TIFFIN!

MAJOR: RIGHT YOU ARE! MAJOR T. TRELAWNEY TIFFIN...AH -- RETIRED!

DAGWOOD: OH GOSH! ARE YOU MOVING IN ALREADY.

MAJOR: MOVING IN! I CAWN'T GET IN, Y'KNOW! BEASTLY PLACE IS LOCKED AND BARRED -- WHAT? AND I'VE BEEN LEFT HERE TO BROIL LIKE A PARTRIDGE ON A SPIT! IT WON'T DO!

DAGWOOD: WELL, IT IS HOT OUT HERE -- BUT YOU'LL LIKE THE PLACE WHEN YOU YOU ONCE GET INSIDE! IT'S GOT A COOLING SYSTEM.

MAJOR: WELL -- CARRY ON! YOU HAVE THE BEASTLY KEY, EH?

DAGWOOD: OH, SURE. I'LL HELP YOU CARRY YOUR THINGS TO THE FRONT DOOR. GOSH, YOU BROUGHT ALL YOUR BAGGAGE, DIDN'T YOU?

MAJOR: EH? OH RATHER NOT. JUST ENOUGH FOR AN OVERNIGHT STAY.

BLONDIE: (GIGGLES) IS THIS YOUR -- ER -- OVERNIGHT BAG, MAJOR?

MAJOR: THAT'S M'HAMPER. I DIDN'T KNOW WHETHER ONE DRESSED IN MESS JACKET OR TAILS SO I BROUGHT ALONG THE LOT. EH?

DAGWOOD: GOSH, I CAN'T LIFT IT! HEY, WHAT'S IN THIS LEATHER CASE? A GUN?

MAJOR: THAT'S M'FAVORITE RHINOCEROUS RIFLE! CARRIED IT ALL OVER INDIA, Y'KNOW.

DAGWOOD: WELL, I CAN CARRY IT UP TO THE HOUSE JUST ABOUT!

MAJOR: ANY RHINO SHOOTIN' HERE?

BLONDIE: OH, NO, MAJOR. WE HAVEN'T ANY RHINO.

MAJOR: PITY. (PAUSE) NONE IN INDIA EITHER!

DAGWOOD: HMMM. WHAT'S THIS BIG BUNDLE?

MAJOR: THAT'S ME PORTABLE TUB. ONE CAN'T MISS ONE'S BATH. WHAT?

BLONDIE: WELL -- YOU'RE PREPARED FOR ANYTHING. MAY I CARRY THE
LITTLE BLACK BAG.

MAJOR: NO, NO, MADAM. SORRY -- BUT I NEVER ALLOW ANYONE TO
CARRY THAT EXCEPT M'SELF.

BLONDIE: OH. IT MUST HAVE SOMETHING VERY SPECIAL IN IT.

MAJOR: QUITE.

DAGWOOD: YOU CARRY THE BIRD CAGE WITH THE FUNNY LOOKING BIRD,
BLONDIE!

MAJOR: I FAIL TO SEE ANYTHING AMUSING IN THE APPEARANCE OF M'
BIRD! IT'S A RARE BIRD! A FINE SPECIMEN OF ACRIDOTHERES
TRISTIS...

DAGWOOD: GOLLY, WHAT A NAME! NO WONDER IT LOOKS SAD.

BLONDIE: HASN'T IT GOT A SHORTER NAME?

MAJOR: IT'S ALSO KNOWN AS THE MYNAH BIRD. A NATIVE OF INDIA --
FAMED FOR ITS ABILITY TO TALK.

DAGWOOD: OH -- KIND OF A PARROT?

MAJOR: PARROT? WHAT ROT! A MYNAH OUTTALKS ANY PARROT THAT
EVER LIVED.

DAGWOOD: OH, HE DOES, EH? WELL, HE'S NOT SAYING MUCH NOW.

MAJOR: THE MAHATMA NEVER TALKS UNLESS HE FEELS AT HOME. HE DOES
NOT FEEL AT HOME HERE.

BLONDIE: WELL, WE'LL MAKE HIM FEEL AT HOME.

DAGWOOD: YEAH...ONCE WE GET HIM INSIDE. LOOK. YOU TAKE THE MAHATMA, BLONDIE AND THE MAJOR CAN TAKE HIS LITTLE BLACK BAG...AND I'LL TAKE THE GUN AND THESE TWO SUITCASES! COME ON -- LET'S GET INSIDE THE HOUSE...(MUSIC IN NOT LOUDLY BUT MARKING A RHYTHM...CLUMPING FEET) BOY -- YOU'RE GOING TO LIKE IT INSIDE!

MAJOR: I AM DISTINCTLY DISAPPOINTED IN THE OUTSIDE! WHAT BECAME OF THE GARDEN, EH? SOME VANDAL HAS CUT DOWN THE FLOWERS.

BLONDIE: OH NO, MAJOR. WHAT YOU SAW IN THE SNAPSHOTS WERE WEEDS.

MAJOR: NEVERTHELESS THEIR ABSENCE ALTERS THE APPEARANCE OF THE HOUSE...I DON'T LIKE IT! NOR DO I LIKE THE THINGUMMIES ON THE ROOF!

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD! WHAT ARE ALL THOSE PIPES RUNNING AROUND THE ROOF?

DAGWOOD: THAT'S THE BUMSTEAD DRENCHER! IT'S MY COOLING SYSTEM! SEE -- WHEN YOU TURN ON THE WATER IT GIVES THE HOUSE A SHOWER BATH.

BLONDIE: OH DAGWOOD!

DAGWOOD: IT'S ALL AUTOMATIC! WORKS BY THERMOSTAT. MINUTE THE ROOF GETS HOT -- BINGO! ON COMES THE WATER.

BLONDIE: ISN'T THE ROOF HOT ENOUGH NOW?

DAGWOOD: WELL -- MAYBE THE THERMOSTAT IS A LITTLE STUCK. I'LL SEE WHEN WE GET INSIDE.

MAJOR: LET'S GET INSIDE.

DAGWOOD: YEAH -- YOU'LL LIKE IT, MAJOR. YOU'LL BE SURPRISED WHAT YOU CAN DO WITH WATER AND JUST A LITTLE PRESSURE BACK OF IT...WELL, HERE'S THE FRONT DOOR!

MAJOR: HALT! (MUSIC OUT) WHERE'S THE KEY, BROOMHEAD?

DAGWOOD: ER -- BUMSTEAD. IT'S -- IN MY POCKET. I'LL HAVE TO SET
DOWN ALL THE BAGS. (THUMPS...THREE...TWO SMALL...ONE BIG)
NOW...WHERE DID I...AH! THERE'S THE KEY! JUST A MINUTE
NOW. (RATTLE OF KEY IN LOCK) HMMMM.

BLONDIE: DOESN'T IT WORK, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: ER...NO.

MAJOR: WHAT? WRONG KEY?

DAGWOOD: I THINK THIS IS FOR THE SIDE DOOR! WAIT'LL I PICK UP
THESE BAGS AGAIN...(GRUNTS...SEVERAL TIMES)

MAJOR: FORWARD -- MARCH! (MUSIC UNTIL CUE) HALT!

DAGWOOD: WAIT'LL I PUT DOWN THESE BAGS...^{Now THE KEY!}
(RATTLE OF KEY ON LOCK)
HMMMM.

BLONDIE: OH, DAGWOOD -- DOESN'T IT FIT THIS DOOR, EITHER?

DAGWOOD: ER --- NO. OH -- BACK DOOR I GUESS! SURE! WAIT'LL I
PICK UP THESE BAGS. (GRUNTS) OKAY!

MAJOR: FORWARD -- MARCH! (MUSIC UNTIL CUE) HALT!

DAGWOOD: YEAH! IT'S GOT TO FIT THIS DOOR! (THUMPS) JUST A MINUTE
NOW -- AND WE'LL BE INSIDE AND THEN WE CAN COOL OFF!
(RATTLE OF KEY IN LOCK) HMMMMM. GOSH!

BLONDIE: IF YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT I THINK...I THINK THAT'S THE WRONG
KEY FOR THIS HOUSE!

MAJOR: QUITE!

DAGWOOD: OH! I REMEMBER NOW. THIS IS THE KEY FOR THE HOUSE WHERE
WE USED TO LIVE BEFORE WE LIVED WHERE WE LIVE NOW.

MAJOR: LOOK HERE -- THIS WON'T DO Y'KNOW.

DAGWOOD: WAIT! NOW I REMEMBER! I LEFT THE KEY FOR THIS HOUSE.
I LEFT IT HERE WHEN I WAS HERE BEFORE!

BLONDIE: WHERE DID YOU LEAVE IT, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: THAT'S WHAT I'M TRYING TO REMEMBER.

MAJOR: NOW SEE HERE! THE MAHATMA IS WILTING UNDER THIS SUN!
FURTHERMORE IT'S ALMOST TEA TIME -- AND I WANT M' TEA!

DAGWOOD: TEA?

MAJOR: TEA -- YES! I HAVE M' OWN KIT TO MAKE TEA, OF COURSE --
BUT I NEED WATER! I DEMAND ENTRY TO THIS HOUSE AT ONCE!

BLONDIE: I'M GOING BACK AND HAVE A TRY AT THAT SIDE DOOR AGAIN,
DAGWOOD. (GOING) I HAVE AN IDEA.

DAGWOOD: YEAH. GO AHEAD, HONEY. NOW LET'S SEE. (TAKE) HEY --
I THINK I KNOW WHERE I LEFT THAT KEY. IN THE MILK MAN'S
FRIEND!

MAJOR: EH?

DAGWOOD: THAT LITTLE BOX THERE ON THE WALL -- IT'S FOR THE MILKMAN
TO PUT MILK IN...

MAJOR: I'LL HAVE A LOOK...

DAGWOOD: JUST PULL OPEN THE DOOR... (SOUND OF LATCH... SMALL DOOR
SQUEAKS... JET OF WATER HISSES... SIPHON INTO TUB)

MAJOR: ZOUNDS! (SPLUTTERS) WHAT SILLY ANTIC IS THIS, SIR?

DAGWOOD: GOSH -- WHAT HAPPENED?

MAJOR: I AM DRENCHED, SIR! AS I OPENED THE DOOR -- A JET OF WATER
STRUCK ME -- FORCIBLY -- IN THE EYE, SIR!

DAGWOOD: I FORGOT ABOUT THAT! THAT'S MY MILK-THIEF DETECTOR. SEE
-- AS LONG AS I WAS PIPING WATER ALL OVER THE HOUSE, I
THOUGHT OF A LOT OF WAYS TO USE IT AND...

MAJOR: BAH!

DAGWOOD: I'LL DRY YOU OFF, MAJOR -- WHEN WE GET IN THE HOUSE.

MAJOR: I PRESUME THAT YOU MEAN IF WE GET IN THE HOUSE! THE KEY WAS NOT IN THAT THINGUMMY, SIR.

DAGWOOD: WELL -- LOOKIT -- SEE THAT WINDOW UP THERE? IT'S OPEN A LITTLE. LISTEN -- I'LL BOOST YOU UP THERE AND WE'LL GET IN!

MAJOR: DO YOU MISTAKE ME FOR AN ACROBAT, SIR?

DAGWOOD: AW, LISTEN, MAJOR. ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS STAND ON MY BACK...AND PUSH UP THE WINDOW! THEN WE'LL BE INSIDE AND COOL OFF -- AND HAVE TEA AND EVERYTHING WILL BE FINE.

MAJOR: TEA? (SIGHS) I COULD DO WITH A SPOT OF TEA! VERY WELL. STOOP! HERE WE GO...(CLIMBS) OOOPS...STEADY ON! ALMOST IN REACH! AH! NOW TO RAISE THE --- AW -- SASH! (CREAK OF WINDOW RAISING -- HISS OF LARGE JET OF WATER) TAAAAAH! BLAST IT! (A FALL)

DAGWOOD: TOOOOOOH! MAJOR!

MAJOR: MORE OF YOUR ANTICS!

BLONDIE: (COMING IN) DAGWOOD! WHAT HAPPENED? (GASPS)
WHY, MAJOR! YOU'RE ALL WET!

MAJOR: I AM FULLY AWARE OF MY PLIGHT, MADAM.

DAGWOOD: SEE -- FIRST IT WAS THE MILK-THIEF DETECTOR...AND THEN
IT WAS MY BURGLAR DISCOURAGER!

MAJOR: THIS MAN IS A HYDRO-MANIAC! GIVE HIM A BIT OF WATER TO
PLAY WITH AND HE RUNS AMUCK!

BLONDIE: WELL, LET'S GO IN THE HOUSE -- AND YOU CAN CHANGE TO DRY
CLOTHES.

MAJOR: MAY I ASK HOW YOU PLAN TO BREACH THE WALLS OF THIS
INFERNAL HOUSE, MADAM?

BLONDIE: OH -- I GOT THE SIDE DOOR OPEN. WITH A HAIRPIN!

DAGWOOD: GOSH! COME ON, MAJOR! I'LL BRING YOUR TWO SUITCASES
AND YOUR PORTABLE TUB AND YOUR RHINOCEROUS RIFLE AND ALL.

BLONDIE: I'LL BRING MAHATMA! STILL GOT OUR LITTLE BLACK BAG I
SEE, MAJOR.

MAJOR: RATHER. IT NEVER LEAVES M' SIGHT. WELL...ARE WE READY?
FORWARD -- MARCH (MUSIC AS BEFORE TILL CUE) HALT! BY
JOVE -- THE DOOR IS OPEN!

DAGWOOD: IT'S AJAR ANYWAY!...DID YOU GO IN, BLONDIE?

BLONDIE: OH, NO. I WANTED THE MAJOR TO BE THE FIRST TO ENTER
HIS OWN HOUSE.

MAJOR: I'M NOT SO SURE I'M GOING TO COMPLETE THE TRANSACTION.
ANY MORE GUY FAWKES' PRANKS AND I'LL TERMINATE THE WHOLE
AFFAIR...

DAGWOOD: OH -- YOU'LL LIKE IT INSIDE! AFTER YOU, MAJOR...

MAJOR: WELL, THEN...FOLLOW ME...(DOOR CREAKS)

BLONDIE: AT LAST! WE'RE REALLY GOING IN! OOOOH! (A TERRIFIC SOUND OF POURING WATER...FOLLOWED BY A CLUNK OF METAL ON THE MAJOR'S SKULL)

MAJOR: TAAAAAH! (GROANS)

DAGWOOD: TOOOOOOH! HE'S KNOCKED OUT!

BLONDIE: RUB HIS WRISTS!

DAGWOOD: WRISTS? IT HIT HIM ON THE HEAD!

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD! WHAT WAS THAT BUCKET OF WATER DOING UP OVER THE DOOR?

DAGWOOD: MY COOLING SYSTEM LEAKED THROUGH THE ROOF...I...I PUT THE BUCKET UP THERE TO CATCH THE WATER! GOLLY -- I NEVER THOUGHT WE'D BE USING THE SIDE DOOR!

MAJOR: (GROANS) FALL BACK, MEN! FORM A HOLLOW SQUARE.

BLONDIE: HE'S COMING, TOO!

DAGWOOD: YEAH. THROW SOME WATER IN HIS FACE!

BLONDIE: WATER! HE'S DRENCHED TO THE SKIN NOW! (PATTER OF WATER ON ROOF)

MAJOR: WE'RE SAVED MEN! THE RAINY SEASON HAS BEGUN!

DAGWOOD: THAT BUCKET KNOCKED HIM SCREWY. HE THINKS IT'S RAINING.

BLONDIE: NO, DAGWOOD...HE...HE'S RIGHT! LISTEN! (PATTER OF WATER HEARD LOUDER...RUNS FROM GUTTERS, ETC.) IT IS RAINING! THAT'S FUNNY -- I DON'T SEE ANY CLOUDS!

DAGWOOD: BLONDIE, LOOK...IT'S MY COOLING SYSTEM! IT'S STARTED TO WORK! OH, BOY! HEY, MAJOR -- WAKE UP! IT'S WORKING! NOW WE CAN ALL COOL OFF!

BLONDIE: BUT, DAGWOOD...THE WATER COMING OFF THE ROOF IS -- WARM!

DAGWOOD: EH? LET ME FEEL! (WATER LOUDER) OOOH IT'S HOT!

BLONDIE: WHAT DID YOU HITCH IT, TOO?

DAGWOOD: WHY A -- A PIPE IN THE BASEMENT!

BLONDIE: I THOUGHT SO! YOUR COOLING SYSTEM'S HITCHED TO THE
HOT WATER HEATER...AND IT'S POURING BOILING WATER ALL
OVER THE ROOF OF THE HOUSE!

DAGWOOD: TOOOOH!

(MUSIC IN AND SEGUE TO THEME FOR)

(CENTRAL COMMERCIAL)

*Goodwin: We return you to the Bumsteads
in a moment, but first a word
from the makers of Camel Cigarettes.*

"BLONDIE" 19-A
7/15/40

(SECOND COMMERCIAL)

ANNOUNCER: CAMEL CIGARETTES SMOKE COOLER AND MILDIER. THE FULL, RICH FLAVOR OF CAMELS COSTLIER TOBACCOS HOLDS ITS PLEASING APPEAL RIGHT DOWN TO THE LAST PUFF. AND BECAUSE THEY ARE SLOWER BURNING, CAMELS LAST LONGER -- GIVE YOU EXTRA SMOKING PER CIGARETTE PER PACK. THERE, IN A FEW WORDS, IS THE STORY OF AMERICA'S FAVORITE CIGARETTE. YOU'LL LIKE EVERYTHING ABOUT CAMELS...THEIR EXTRA MILDNESS AND COOLNESS...THEIR SUPERB FLAVOR AND AROMA...AND YOU'LL LIKE THEM EVEN MORE WHEN YOU DISCOVER JUST HOW MUCH OF A SAVING THERE IS IN CAMELS' SLOW BURNING QUALITIES.

MAN'S VOICE: RECENT IMPARTIAL LABORATORY TESTS SHOW THAT BY BURNING TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT SLOWER THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE FIFTEEN OTHER OF THE LARGEST SELLING BRANDS TESTED -- SLOWER THAN ANY OF THEM -- CAMELS GIVE A SMOKING PLUS EQUAL, ON THE AVERAGE, TO FIVE EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK. SLOWER BURNING CAMELS GIVE YOU MORE PLEASURE PER PUFF AND MORE PUFFS PER PACK. PENNY FOR PENNY, CAMELS ARE YOUR BEST CIGARETTE BUY,

GOODWIN: AND NOW WE RETURN TO THE BUMSTEADS. BLONDIE IS SEATED OUTSIDE THE SIDE DOOR -- AS DAGWOOD ROUNDS THE CORNER OF THE HOUSE.

BLONDIE: DID YOU GET INTO THE BASEMENT, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: YEAH. I'VE GOT THAT COOLING SYSTEM FIXED RIGHT THIS TIME. I CHANGED THE PIPES AROUND.

BLONDIE: I'M AFRAID IT'S TOO LATE AS FAR AS THE MAJOR IS CONCERNED.

DAGWOOD: WON'T HE COME OUT OF THE HOUSE?

BLONDIE: HE'S BEEN OUT THREE TIMES. THE FIRST TIME HE TOOK IN HIS PORTABLE TEA MAKING OUTFIT. THE NEXT TIME HE TOOK IN HIS RHINOCEROUS GUN.

DAGWOOD: THAT LOOKS BAD!

BLONDIE: SO DID HE LOOK BAD! THE THIRD TIME HE TOOK IN THE MAHATMA, HIS TALKING MYNAH BIRD.

DAGWOOD: DID HE SPEAK TO YOU?

BLONDIE: THE BIRD?

DAGWOOD: NO THE MAJOR.

BLONDIE: NEITHER OF THEM SAID A WORD. YOU KNOW HE SAID THE MAHATMA WOULDN'T TALK UNLESS HE FELT AT HOME...AND I GUESS THE MAJOR'S THE SAME WAY. I CAN'T BLAME THEM MUCH.

DAGWOOD: I BET MR. DITHERS BLAMES ME IF THE MAJOR DOESN'T BUY THIS HOUSE.

BLONDIE: WELL -- WE WON'T GIVE UP YET, DEAR! PEEK IN THE WINDOW AND SEE IF THE MAJOR'S HAD HIS TEA YET.

DAGWOOD: ONE THING ABOUT MY COOLING SYSTEM. IT KEEPS THE WINDOWS CLEAN, TOO. YEAH -- I CAN SEE HIM IN THERE! GOLLY -- HE'S BUILT A FIRE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE FLOOR!

BLONDIE: LET'S SEE! THAT MIGHT BE DANGEROUS! OH NO, DAGWOOD...
THAT'S HIS CHARCOAL BURNER. HE'S USED TO MAKING TEA
WITH THAT I SUPPOSE.

DAGWOOD: HE'S GOT THE BIRD HUNG UP ON THE CHANDELIER.

BLONDIE: THAT'S A GAS CHANDELIER ISN'T IT? IS THE GAS ON IN THE
HOUSE?

DAGWOOD: NOPE. NO ELECTRICITY YET, EITHER. JUST WATER!

BLONDIE: WELL -- WE'VE HAD PLENTY OF WATER FOR A WHILE!

DAGWOOD: YEAH. I WONDER WHAT'S IN THAT LITTLE BLACK BAG. HE
WON'T LET IT OUT OF HIS SIGHT.

BLONDIE: WELL -- WE HAD BETTER GET OUT OF HIS SIGHT. HE'S COMING
OUT AGAIN!

DAGWOOD: YEAH. DUCK DOWN AS IF WE WERE JUST SITTING HERE TALKING
...(LOUDLY) ER -- NICE FELLOW THE MAJOR. A GREAT SPORT,
TOO! I'M GLAD HE'S GETTING THIS HOUSE AT SUCH A BARGAIN.
(DOOR OPENS) I SAY I'M GLAD THE MAJOR'S GETTING THIS
HOUSE AT A BARGAIN...OH! HELLO, MAJOR!

MAJOR: FOR YOUR INFORMATION, SIR -- THIS INFERNAL HOUSE WOULD
BE NO BARGAIN AT ANY PRICE. WHEN I BUY A HOUSE I WANT
A HOUSE,...NOT AN AQUARIUM! I ALSO WANT A COOL HOUSE --
NOT A 'TURKISH BATH HOUSE!' GOOD DAY TO YOU, SIR.

BLONDIE: OH, NOW, MAJOR.

DAGWOOD: YEAH...NOW WAIT A MINUTE.

MAJOR: I SHALL NOT WAIT, SIR...BEYOND THE TIME THAT ME TEA HAS
BREWED. I AM MOST UNHAPPY HERE. MY BIRD MAHATMA IS
UNHAPPY HERE. HE WILL NEVER SPEAK A WORD WITHIN THESE
ACCURSED WALLS, I'M SURE.

BLONDIE: GIVE HIM TIME, MAJOR.

MAJOR: NO, MADAM. WHEN I'VE HAD ME TEA -- I'M LEAVING!

BLONDIE: GOING FOR A WALK FIRST, MAJOR?

MAJOR: ONLY TO THE END OF THE PATH, MADAM. BY THAT TIME ME TEA WATER WILL HAVE BOILED.

BLONDIE: WE'LL WALK DOWN THE PATH WITH YOU.

DAGWOOD: YEAH...WE COULD HAVE A LITTLE CHAT. I'D LIKE TO KNOW YOU BETTER, MAJOR.

MAJOR: I'M SORRY THAT I CANNOT SHARE YOUR ENTHUSIASM FOR A BETTER ACQUAINTANCE, SIR...AND I'M IN NO MOOD FOR CHATTING!

BLONDIE: BUT YOU DO WANT TO WALK -- AND SO DO WE! ER -- CARRY ON!

MAJOR: EH?

BLONDIE: FORWARD -- MARCH!

(MUSIC: SAME RHYTHM AS BEFORE BUT LONGER NOW...AN INTERLUDE)

BLONDIE: HALT. MY -- YOU WALK FAST, MAJOR!

MAJOR: I TRY TO KEEP FIT.

BLONDIE: I THINK WE OUGHT TO TURN BACK NOW. I'M A LITTLE WORRIED ABOUT YOUR LEAVING THAT LITTLE STOVE BURNING, MAJOR!

MAJOR: RUBBISH!

DAGWOOD: YEAH -- THAT'S JUST IT. YOU LEFT A LOT OF RUBBISH THAT THE STOVE WAS PACKED IN AROUND ON THE FLOOR...AND...LOOK!

MAJOR: EH?

BLONDIE: I KNEW IT...THERE'S SMOKE COMING OUT THAT WINDOW!

DAGWOOD: YEAH...AND WHERE THERE'S SMOKE THERE'S FIRE. FIRE!

HEY!

MAJOR: FIRE! THE MAHATMA WILL BE INJURED...AND MY NELUMBO NELUMBOS! ER -- FOLLOW ME!

DAGWOOD: GOLLY -- LOOKIT THAT GUY RUN! COME ON, BLONDIE!

(RUNNING MUSIC...BRIEFLY...OUT SHARP)

DAGWOOD: (PANTING) THE HOUSE IS FULL OF SMOKE!

BLONDIE: I DON'T SEE ANY FLAMES THOUGH, AND...DAGWOOD. LISTEN!
(PATTER OF WATER INCREASES TO FULL) WATER!

DAGWOOD: MY COOLING SYSTEM! IT'S WORKING AGAIN! THE HEAT MUST
HAVE SET THE THERMOSTAT OFF AND...HEY! THE FIRE'S OUT!

BLONDIE: THANK HEAVENS THAT INVENTION OF YOURS HAD ONE USE,
ANYWAY! IT PUT THE FIRE OUT, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: YEAH...NOW IF I COULD SEE THROUGH THIS SMOKE...AND FIND
THE MAJOR.

BLONDIE: IT'S CLEARING AWAY, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: YEAH...I CAN SEE THE LIVING ROOM NOW AND...(TAKE)
HEY! LOOKIT!

BLONDIE: THE GAS CHANDELIER! IT -- IT'S SPOUTING WATER!
(WATER SOUND NOW UP FULL)

DAGWOOD: LIKE A FOUNTAIN! HEY YOU KNOW WHAT?

BLONDIE: YES, DAGWOOD. THIS TIME YOU HITCHED THE WATER UP TO THE
GAS PIPES!

MAJOR: (AWAY) WHAT HO! IS THAT YOU -- GOOD PEOPLE?

DAGWOOD: YEAH...SAY LISTEN, MAJOR. DO YOU KNOW YOU'RE SITTING
UNDER THE CHANDELIER AND IT'S SPOUTING WATER?

MAJOR: QUITE! JOLLY COOL UNDER HERE, TOO!

BLONDIE: IS YOUR LITTLE BLACK BAG SAFE?

MAJOR: QUITE. MIGHT HAVE LOST IT YOU KNOW -- THROUGH MY SILLY
ANTICS. FANCY LEAVING MY PRECIOUS NELUMBO NELUMBOS NEAR
A FIRE!

DAGWOOD: GOLLY -- DID THE WATER HURT THE ER -- WHAT YOU SAID?

MAJOR: NELUMBO NELUMBOS? OH, RATHER NOT. FIRE WOULD BE FATAL...BUT WATER...THEY THRIVE IN WATER!...NELUMBO NELUMBOS ARE WATER LILIES YOU KNOW!

BLONDIE: FOR GOODNESS SAKE. IS THAT WHAT YOU WERE GUARDING ALL THIS TIME?

MAJOR: QUITE. THEY'RE VERY RARE. THE SACRED WATER LILY OF INDIA. FROM MY OWN GARDEN POOL BACK THERE Y'KNOW. WELL, THEY SHALL HAVE A NEW HOME HERE NOW!

DAGWOOD: WHERE? IN THIS HOUSE YOU MEAN?

MAJOR: NATURALLY. I'M GROWING QUITE ATTACHED TO THE PLACE. NOW THAT IS'S COOL!

DAGWOOD: LISTEN, MAJOR. YOU ARE A GOOD SPORT.

MAJOR: I'VE ACTED PRETTY BADLY MY DEAR SIR. IT WAS YOUR INVENTION THAT SAVED MY EFFECTS! I -- I APOLOGIZE! FANCY! A WATER-COOLED HOUSE -- WITH A SHOWER IN ONE'S OWN LIVING ROOM! JOLLY! WHAT?

DAGWOOD: IT KEEPS OUT BURGLARS AND PUTS OUT FIRES, TOO.

MAJOR: QUITE. OH I SHALL BE VERY COZY HERE. MAHATMA'S BEGINNING TO LIKE IT, TOO -- AREN'T YOU, OLD BOY?

BIRD: AAAAAARK!

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD! MAHATMA'S TALKING -- ALMOST.

DAGWOOD: THAT'S WHAT I KNOW.

MAJOR: GIVE HIM A BIT MORE TIME -- UNDER THE SPRAY. EH, MAHATMA?

BIRD: AAAAARK. RATHER! AWFULLY JOLLY THIS!

BLONDIE: JUST LISTEN TO THAT!

MAJOR: I SAY YOU, TWO! I HOPE YOU'LL PARDON MY APPEARANCE AND ALL THAT -- BUT I'M FRIGHTFULLY INDEBTED TO YOU Y'KNOW. AND -- AH -- TEA IS READY! WON'T YOU -- WON'T YOU JOIN ME?

DAGWOOD: ARE YOU GOING TO HAVE TEA UNDER THAT SHOWER BATH CHANDELIER?

MAJOR: QUITE.

BLONDIE: WATER AND ALL?

MAJOR: RATHER.

DAGWOOD: THEN I'LL JOIN YOU, OLD BOY -- OLD BOY! (SPLASHING)
HI! COME ON IN, BLONDIE. THE WATER'S FINE!

BLONDIE: HERE I COME. (SPLASHING) SHALL I POUR TEA, MAJOR?

MAJOR: I SAY -- WOULD YOU? THANKS AWFULLY! THE MAHATMA AND I SELDOM HAVE A LOVELY LADY TO POUR FOR US.

DAGWOOD: CARRY ON, BLONDIE.

BLONDIE: RIGHT' HO!

BIRD: AAAARK. (SINGS) SINGIN' IN THE RAIN...

BLONDIE: (GIGGLES) ATTA BOY, MAHATMA!... (SINGS, TOO) SINGING
IN THE RAIN...SINGING IN THE RAIN.

DAGWOOD: TA...DEE...TAH.DEE DEE...I'M HAPPY AGAIN...

(BIRD, MAJOR...ALL JOIN.)

(ORCHESTRA PICKS IT UP)

(SEGUE TO THEME)

"BLONDIE" 26-
7/15/40

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." And folks, don't
forget to tune in on "Blondie" next week. You'll get a chuckle out of
"BLONDIE IN SOCIETY"

MUSIC: (THREE UP)

ANNOUNCER: Blondie is played by Penny Singleton and Dagwood by Arthur Lake. Blondie
is written and directed by Ashwood Scott.

This is Bill Goodwin speaking for the makers of Camel Cigarettes,
good night.

This is THE COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.