

Master

(FINAL REVISION)

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 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:)

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GOODWIN: AND NOW FOR OUR WEEKLY VISIT WITH THE BUMSTEADS. IT'S  
ABOUT ELEVEN O'CLOCK SATURDAY MORNING -- AND BLONDIE  
AND DAGWOOD ARE LOOKING AT A TELEGRAM THEY HAVE JUST  
RECEIVED...

BLONDIE: ALL THE TELEGRAM SAYS IS, "EXPECT ME HOURLY UNCLE  
CHOURLY." "

DAGWOOD: UNCLE WHO?

BLONDIE: WELL, IT MUST BE FROM MY UNCLE CHARLIE, BUT IT'S  
SPELLED SO IT RHYMES WITH "HOURLY."

DAGWOOD: WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT?...LET ME SEE..."EXPECT  
ME HOURLY UNCLE CHOURLY." HE MUST BE ONE OF THOSE  
AWFUL UNCLES OF YOURS, BLONDIE.

BLONDIE: I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM FOR YEARS, BUT I REMEMBER MOTHER  
USED TO SAY HE WAS ECCENTRIC.

DAGWOOD: HE SOUNDS LIKE A SCREWBALL. HE DOESN'T EVEN SAY WHEN  
HE'S COMING.

BABY: MOMMY?

BLONDIE: WHAT IS IT, BABY DUMPLING?

BABY: HAS UNCLE CHARLIE GOT WHISKERS?

BLONDIE: I DON'T KNOW, DEAR.

BABY: ALVIN FUDDLE HAS AN UNCLE WITH WHISKERS. WHY CAN'T I  
HAVE ONE, TOO?

BLONDIE: WELL, MAYBE UNCLE CHARLIE DOES HAVE WHISKERS. I DON'T  
KNOW -- I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM FOR A LONG, LONG TIME.

BABY: WHO'S HE BEEN HIDING FROM?

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DAGWOOD: I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF YOU'RE RIGHT, BABY. YOUR MOTHER HAS SOME VERY UNUSUAL UNCLES.

BLONDIE: OH IS THAT SO! WELL LET ME TELL YOU DAGWOOD (FADE OUT TO COMMERCIAL) WHEN A MAN WITH RELATIVES LIKE YOURS ~~CAN~~ STAND UP AND CRITICIZE ~~S~~.

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GOODWIN: WELL, THERE THEY ARE -- THEY'RE AT IT AGAIN. YOU NEVER KNOW WHAT TO EXPECT FROM CHIC YOUNG'S FAMOUS CHARACTERS... "BLONDIE" AND "DAGWOOD" BUMSTEAD. BUT THERE'S ONE THING YOU CAN DEPEND UPON... THEY'LL BRING YOU A LOT OF PLEASURE. AND WHILE WE'RE ON THE SUBJECT OF PLEASURE... HOW ABOUT LIGHTING UP ANOTHER CAMEL? NOW, THERE'S A CIGARETTE FOR YOU -- SLOWER BURNING AND PLUMB FULL OF "EXTRAS." YOU KNOW, IT'S CAMEL'S SLOW, SLOW BURNING THAT LETS THAT FULL, RICH FLAVOR COME THROUGH... AND GIVES YOU THAT EXTRA MILDNESS PER PUFF. LISTEN TO WHAT A LOVELY YOUNG SOCIETY MATRON SAYS ABOUT CAMELS. IN THE WORDS OF MRS. OLIVER DEGRAY VANDERBILT III...

WOMAN: SLOW-BURNING CAMELS ARE SO MUCH MILDER... AND THEY HAVE A GRAND FLAVOR. EVERY TIME I SMOKE A CAMEL, I ENJOY IT THOROUGHLY!

GOODWIN: FOR EXTRA MILDNESS... EXTRA COOLNESS... EXTRA FLAVOR... SMOKE CAMELS. CAMELS TASTE LIKE THE CIGARETTE THEY ARE -- THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS!

ORCHESTRA: (CURTAIN)

GOODWIN: AND NOW TO CONTINUE OUR WEEKLY VISIT WITH THE BUMSTEADS. THE HEATED DISCUSSION OF BLONDIE'S RELATIVES IS STILL UNDER WAY.

BLONDIE: (FADING IN) THERE NOW, DAGWOOD, I HOPE YOU REALIZE YOU SHOULDN'T EVER AGAIN SAY MY RELATIVES ARE FUNNY.

BABY: YOU MEAN FUNNY LIKE CLOWNS IN A CIRCUS,

DAGWOOD: I STILL THINK SOME OF THEM ARE FUNNIER.

BLONDIE: WELL, NOT UNCLE CHARLIE, DAGWOOD, HE'S VERY NICE. HE USED TO TRAVEL ALL OVER THE WORLD, AND -- (SHE STOPS) OH, MY GOODNESS!

DAGWOOD: WHAT?

BLONDIE: I JUST THOUGHT OF SOMETHING -- BUT I'M NOT SURE WHETHER IT'S ABOUT MY UNCLE CHARLIE OR MY UNCLE GEORGE.

DAGWOOD: WHAT IS IT?

BLONDIE: WELL -- ONE OF THEM IS A KLEPTOMANIAC.

DAGWOOD: A KLEPTOMANIAC? YOU MEAN ONE OF THOSE PEOPLE WHO STEALS EVERYTHING IN SIGHT?

BLONDIE: YES -- AS LONG AS IT BELONGS TO SOMEONE ELSE.

DAGWOOD: TOOOOOOOOOH!

BLONDIE: BUT I'M NOT SURE WHETHER IT'S UNCLE CHARLIE OR UNCLE GEORGE.

DAGWOOD: I'LL BET ANYTHING IT'S UNCLE CHARLIE. THAT'S FINE. WE'RE GOING TO BE VISITED BY A SORT OF INTERNATIONAL SHOP-LIFTER!

BLONDIE: BUT HE CAN'T HELP IT, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: HE'S A DANGEROUS MAN TO HAVE AROUND,

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BLONDIE: OH, NO. HE JUST STEALS THINGS AS -- AS -- WELL, SORT OF A HOBBY.

DAGWOOD: A LOT OF PEOPLE WHO'VE HAD THE SAME HOBBY HAVE GONE TO JAIL FOR IT.

BLONDIE: I WOULDN'T WORRY, DAGWOOD. PROBABLY IT'S UNCLE GEORGE WHO TAKES THINGS.

DAGWOOD: I'M SURE IT'S UNCLE CHARLIE. WE'LL PROBABLY HAVE TO SIT IN THE LIVING ROOM AND WATCH HIM DO SLEIGHT OF HAND TRICKS WITH EVERYTHING WE OWN.

BABY: DADDY, DOES UNCLE CHARLIE REALLY TAKE EVERYTHING HE SEES?

BLONDIE: THERE! YOU SEE, DAGWOOD -- NOW EVEN BABY DUMPLING KNOWS.

DAGWOOD: WELL, HE OUGHT TO BE PREPARED FOR THE WORST.

BLONDIE: LOOK, DEAR -- YOU MUSTN'T SAY ANYTHING TO UNCLE CHARLIE ABOUT TAKING THINGS WHEN HE COMES. HE WOULDN'T LIKE IT.

BABY: WILL HE STEAL ALL MY TOYS?

BLONDIE: I DON'T THINK SO, DEAR.

DAGWOOD: IT WOULDN'T HURT TO HIDE THEM.

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BLONDIE: NOW, DAGWOOD .... PLEASE.

SOUND: DOOR BELL RINGS

BLONDIE: OH -- THERE'S THE FRONT DOOR BELL.

DAGWOOD: TOOOOOOH! MAYBE THAT'S UNCLE CHARLIE NOW.

BABY: I'LL GO AND SEE, MOMMY.

BLONDIE: LET'S OPEN THE KITCHEN DOOR A CRACK AND SEE IF WE CAN SEE HIM THROUGH THE LIVING ROOM WINDOW.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS A LITTLE

DAGWOOD: THERE HE IS. HE'S CARRYING A SUITCASE. DO YOU RECOGNIZE HIM?

BLONDIE: NO, BUT I DON'T THINK I WOULD ANYWAY.

BABY: HE HASN'T GOT WHISKERS.

DAGWOOD: MAYBE WE'D BETTER LET BABY DUMPLING ANSWER THE DOOR.

BLONDIE: I THINK THAT WOULD BE KIND OF NICE.

DAGWOOD: GO AHEAD, BABY. OPEN THE DOOR AND LET HIM IN. THEN CALL US.

BABY: OKAY.

DAGWOOD: I'M GOING TO WATCH HIM LIKE A HAWK...AND BABY -- DON'T SAY ANYTHING UNLESS YOU'RE SPOKEN TO. REMEMBER NOW...

BABY: ALL RIGHT, DADDY.

SOUND: DOOR SWINGS OPEN...AND CLOSES...FOOTSTEPS AS HE WALKS ACROSS THE LIVING ROOM...THEN FRONT DOOR OPENS

BABY: HELLO.

MAN: HELLO THERE, YOUNG MAN.

BABY: WHO ARE YOU?

MAN: I'M THE BRUSH SALESMAN.

BABY: COME ON IN.

MAN: THANK YOU <sup>DOOR CLOSSES</sup>... IS YOUR MOTHER HOME? I'D LIKE TO SELL HER  
SOME FINE BRUSHES...

BABY: YES, SHE'S HOME.

~~SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES~~

MAN: THAT'S <sup>VERY GRATIFYING</sup> ~~FINE~~. WILL YOU CALL HER, PLEASE?

BABY: SURE. SHE TOLD ME TO.

MAN: WELL, THAT'S ENCOURAGING.

BABY: (CALLS) MOMMY! DADDY!

~~SOUND: DOOR OPENS OFF~~

BLONDIE: (OFF A LITTLE) WELL, HOW DO YOU DO?

MAN: HOW DO YOU DO? PERHAPS YOU DON'T KNOW ME, BUT I'M --

DAGWOOD: OF COURSE WE KNOW YOU. JUST SIT RIGHT DOWN AND MAKE  
YOURSELF AT HOME.

MAN: WELL -- WELL, THANK YOU. THANK YOU VERY MUCH.

BABY: DADDY, THIS MAN IS --

DAGWOOD: BABY DUMPLING! REMEMBER WHAT DADDY TOLD YOU -- DON'T  
SPEAK UNLESS YOU'RE SPOKEN TO.

BABY: OKAY, DADDY.

DAGWOOD: WE'RE TRYING TO TEACH HIM GOOD MANNERS.

MAN: HE'S CERTAINLY A FINE YOUNG GENTLEMAN, A CHARMING CHILD.  
I CAN SEE THAT.

BLONDIE: JUST SIT RIGHT DOWN HERE IN THE EASY CHAIR. YOU MUST BE  
TIRED.

MAN: THANK YOU, I AM... AH-H-H... I'M NOT USED TO SUCH KIND  
TREATMENT.



BLONDIE: WHY I'M SURPRISED...

MAN: (LAUGHS) OH, I'M NOT WELCOME EVERYWHERE. I'VE EVEN  
BEEN THROWN OUT OF A GOOD MANY PLACES.

DAGWOOD: I CAN GUESS WHY.

BLONDIE: (WARNINGLY) DAGWOOD...

MAN: BUT I SUPPOSE IT CAN'T BE HELPED.

DAGWOOD: NOT IF YOU'RE BORN THAT WAY.

MAN: I BEG YOUR PARDON?

DAGWOOD: OH, NOTHING...NOTHING. WOULD YOU LIKE A CIGARETTE?

MAN: I CERTAINLY WOULD, THANK YOU.

DAGWOOD: HERE YOU ARE.

BABY: MOMMY -- I KNOW ALL ABOUT HIM. HE'S THE MAN WHO ---

BLONDIE: BABY DUMPLING -- WHAT DID DADDY TELL YOU?

BABY: OKAY, MOMMY.

MAN: MY THIS IS AN INTERESTING CIGARETTE LIGHTER YOU HAVE.  
IT MUST BE VERY VALUABLE.

DAGWOOD: HEY -- WAIT! LEMME HAVE THAT.

MAN: WELL -- WELL OF COURSE. I WASN'T GOING TO HURT IT -- I  
WAS JUST ADMIRING IT.

DAGWOOD: YEAH, I KNOW -- BUT I DON'T WANT ANYTHING TO HAPPEN TO  
IT. I'LL LIGHT YOUR CIGARETTE WITH IT MYSELF.

SOUND: CLICK OF LIGHTER

MAN: THANK YOU.

BLONDIE: I SUPPOSE YOU'VE BEEN DOING A LOT OF TRAVELING...

MAN: OH, YES. I'VE BEEN DOING IT ALL MY LIFE..BY THE WAY, I'VE  
BROUGHT YOU A PRESENT.

BLONDIE: WELL, REALLY, YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO BRING ANYTHING FOR US.  
MAN: WELL, I KNOW YOU'LL LIKE IT --- AND BESIDES IT DIDN'T COST ME ANYTHING.  
DAGWOOD: DIDN'T COST YOU ANYTHING? (CATCHES ON) OH, I SEE. JUST SOMETHING YOU TOOK ALONG WITH YOU, EH?  
MAN: WELL, YES -- YOU MIGHT SAY SO...JUST A MOMENT -- IT'S RIGHT HERE IN MY BAG...(FADES A LITTLE)  
DAGWOOD: (SOFT) BLONDIE, I KNEW HE'D BE THE KLEPTOMANIAC.  
BLONDIE: (SOFT) WELL, WE'VE GOT TO BE NICE TO HIM JUST THE SAME, DAGWOOD.  
BABY: DADDY, THAT MAN IS ---  
BLONDIE: SH-H-H-H, DEAR -- BE QUIET.  
MAN: AH! (COMING UP) THIS IS YOUR PRESENT!  
DAGWOOD: IT'S A BRUSH!  
MAN: YES, SIR -- AND ABSOLUTELY FREE WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF MY COMPANY. THE HANDIEST LITTLE KITCHEN HELPER YOU EVER OWNED!  
BLONDIE: BUT UNCLE CHARLIE -- !  
MAN: (PUZZLED) UNCLE CHARLIE? THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE --- I'M WILBUR CRANDALL, REPRESENTING THE FINEST BRUSH COMPANY IN THE WORLD. OUR MOTTO IS: "OUR BRUSHES GET IN YOUR HAIR AND MAKE YOU LIKE IT!"  
DAGWOOD: WELL, YOU'RE IN MY HAIR NOW AND I DON'T LIKE IT.  
BABY: I'LL OPEN THE DOOR, DADDY.  
SOUND: DOOR OPENS  
BLONDIE: I'M SORRY, MR. CRANDALL, BUT WE THOUGHT YOU WERE SOMEONE ELSE.

MAN: I KNEW I WAS LIVING IN A FOOL'S PARADISE. BUT AFTER ALL AS LONG AS I'M HERE, DON'T YOU THINK -- ?

DAGWOOD: GET OUT BEFORE WE SWEEP YOU OUT WITH ONE OF YOUR OWN BRUSHES.

MAN: AN EXCELLENT IDEA! NOW HERE'S OUR UTILITY BRUSH, IT CLEANS THE BACK OF RADIATORS, THE FRONT OF FIREPLACES, THE TOP OF CLOSETS AND THE BOTTOM OF ICEBOXES.

DAGWOOD: IT DOES, EH? IS THAT ALL?

MAN: OH, NO -- YOU PRESS A BUTTON IN THE HANDLE AND A SMALL PAINT BRUSH SHOOTS OUT. OUR SPECIAL PRICE OF THIS WEEK ONLY IS JUST \$1.69. SOLD?

DAGWOOD: WELL....

BLONDIE: NO, THANK YOU...NOW GOODBYE AND --

MAN: WAIT A MINUTE -- YOU MUSTN'T BACK ME OUT THE DOOR THIS WAY. YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO PASS UP THIS BRUSH BUY OF A LIFETIME.

BLONDIE: WE'VE GOT PLENTY OF BRUSHES.

MAN: YES, BUT THEY GET DIRTY, DON'T THEY?

BLONDIE: NATURALLY.

MAN: JUST AS I THOUGHT. NOW HERE IS A BRUSH TO BRUSH OUT YOUR OTHER BRUSHES.

DAGWOOD: IT'S BEEN NICE KNOWING YOU...GOODBYE.

MAN: HEY -- WAIT A MINUTE!

BABY: COME AGAIN SOON.

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD, DO YOU KNOW SOMETHING?

DAGWOOD: WHAT?

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BLONDIE: THAT'S THE FIRST TIME WE'VE GOT A SALESMAN OUT OF  
THE HOUSE WITHOUT BUYING SOMETHING.

BABY: IS THE MAN GOING AWAY, MOMMY?

DAGWOOD: I'LL SEE.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

MAN: AND <sup>WHAT'S MORE</sup> THE BRISTLES ON OUR BRUSHES ARE TAKEN FROM WILD RUSSIAN  
BOARDS, ~~CAPTURED BY GREAT COST IN ROMAN LEAD~~...

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS

BLONDIE: OH DEAR -- HE'S STILL THERE.

DAGWOOD: A FINE UNCLE CHARLIE HE WAS! IMAGINE -- A BRUSH SALESMAN!

BABY: I KNEW IT ALL THE TIME.

DAGWOOD: IT'S A WONDER WE DIDN'T -- (TAKE) -- YOU WHAT?

BABY: I KNEW BECAUSE HE TOLD ME.

DAGWOOD: THEN WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL US HE WASN'T UNCLE CHARLIE.

BABY: YOU KEPT TELLING ME TO KEEP QUIET.

DAGWOOD: I'LL BET YOU WOULD HAVE LET HIM STAY HERE ALL NIGHT WITHOUT  
SAYING ANYTHING ABOUT IT.

BABY: YOU WANT ME TO BE A LITTLE GENTLEMAN, DON'T YOU, DADDY?

DAGWOOD: TOOOOOOOH!

BLONDIE: NOW DON'T BLAME BABY DUMPLING, DAGWOOD! IT'S OUR FAULT.

DAGWOOD: HOW ARE WE GOING TO <sup>KNOW</sup> ~~WELL~~ UNCLE CHARLIE WHEN HE COMES? <sup>I SUPPOSE</sup> ~~WELL~~

<sup>WE'LL</sup> ~~WE~~ HAVE TO WAIT TILL HE STEALS SOMETHING?

BLONDIE: OH, I THINK HE'LL TELL US WHEN HE ARRIVES.

DAGWOOD: I SUPPOSE IF I SHAKE HANDS WITH SOMEONE AND MY WRISTWATCH  
<sup>S</sup>DIAPPEARS, THAT'S UNCLE CHARLIE.

SOUND: DOOR BELL RINGS

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BABY: LOOK, DADDY --- ANOTHER SALESMAN.

DAGWOOD: YEAH, HE'S CARRYING A SAMPLE-CASE, TOO.

SOUND: BELL RINGS AGAIN

DAGWOOD: HE'S THE DETERMINED KIND, . I'LL FIX HIM.

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD --- DON'T BUY ANYTHING.

DAGWOOD: I WON'T GIVE HIM A CHANCE TO OPEN HIS MOUTH. I'LL JUST  
EXPLAIN THAT WE DON'T WANT ANYTHING.

SOUND: BELL RINGS AGAIN

BLONDIE: DON'T LOSE YOUR TEMPER, DAGWOOD.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS OFF

UNCLE: (OFF A BIT) GOOD MORNING, I'M ---

DAGWOOD: (OFF A BIT) NO, WE DON'T WANT ANY BOOKS, ENCYCLOPEDIAS,  
BRUSHES, MAGAZINE SUBSCRIPTIONS, CHANCES ON RAFFLES,  
HOUSEHOLD EQUIPMENT, VACUUM SWEEPERS, OR FRESH VEGETABLES!  
GOODEBYE!

SOUND: DOOR CLOSES

DAGWOOD: (CHUCKLES) I GUESS THAT FIXED HIM.

BABY: DADDY, I'M GOING UPSTAIRS AND HIDE MY TOYS.

DAGWOOD: THAT'S A GOOD IDEA, BABY.

BLONDIE: MAYBE UNCLE CHARLIE WON'T COME AFTER ALL.

DAGWOOD: WELL, IF HE DOES, I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO HANDLE HIM. I'LL  
WATCH EVERY MOVE HE MAKES. HE WON'T STEAL ANYTHING FROM  
THIS HOUSE WITHOUT MY KNOWING ABOUT IT.

BLONDIE: BUT DAGWOOD --- PLEASE DON'T DO ANYTHING TO OFFEND HIM.

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DAGWOOD: OH, NO, BLONDIE.

BLONDIE: HE CAN'T KEEP FROM STEALING THINGS ANYMORE THAN YOU CAN  
KEEP FROM MAKING YOUR SKYSCRAPER SANDWICHES.

SOUND: KNOCKING ON BACK DOOR

DAGWOOD: THAT SOUNDS LIKE SOMEONE AT THE BACK DOOR. LET'S SEE  
WHO IT IS.

~~SOUND: SWINGING DOOR~~

BLONDIE: I SUPPOSE IT'S ANOTHER SALESMAN.

DAGWOOD: LOOK -- IT'S THE SAME MAN I JUST SHUT THE FRONT DOOR ON...  
LET ME HANDLE THIS.

BLONDIE: NO, DAGWOOD -- I'LL TALK TO HIM. YOU STAY RIGHT HERE.

DAGWOOD: DON'T BUY ANYTHING.

BLONDIE: (FADING TO A BIT OFF) I WON'T.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS OFF A BIT

UNCLE: (OFF...A BIT EXASPERATED) ARE YOU MRS. BUMSTEAD?

BLONDIE: WHY -- WHY YES.

UNCLE: OH, THEN WHO WAS THAT NITWIT WHO SLAMMED THE FRONT DOOR  
IN MY FACE? I'M YOUR UNCLE CHARLIE!

DAGWOOD: TOOOOOOOOH!

BLONDIE: OH, UNCLE CHARLIE -- COME RIGHT IN.

UNCLE: ARE YOU SURE IT'S SAFE?

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BLONDIE: OH, YES.

UNCLE: I GOT QUITE A WELCOME AT THE FRONT DOOR.

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD....THIS IS UNCLE CHARLIE.

DAGWOOD: ER -- HELLO, UNCLE CHARLIE.

UNCLE: HELLO....WELL, I GUESS WE CAN'T PICK OUR RELATIVES.

DAGWOOD: I'M SORRY, UNCLE CHARLIE, YOU SEE I JUST THOUGHT -- I MEAN  
I THOUGHT --

UNCLE: I DOUBT IT.

BLONDIE: WELL, I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU IN SO LONG, UNCLE CHARLIE, THAT  
I DIDN'T RECOGNIZE YOU. JUST A FEW MINUTES AGO, WE HAD A  
BRUSH SALESMAN IN THE LIVING ROOM. WE THOUGHT HE WAS YOU.

UNCLE: (CHUCKLES) WELL, I GUESS IT'S FORGIVABLE. WE ALL  
HAVE OUR LITTLE WEAKNESSES. I KNOW I HAVE MINE.

DAGWOOD: THAT'S WHAT I'VE HEARD -- I MEAN, I HAVE MINE, TOO --  
SANDWICHES.

UNCLE: WHERE'S THAT YOUNGSTER OF YOURS, BLONDIE?

BLONDIE: YOU MEAN BABY DUMPLING?

UNCLE: YES.

DAGWOOD: HE'S UPSTAIRS. PUTTING THINGS AWAY -- WHERE THEY WON'T  
GET LOST.

BLONDIE: OH -- OH, YES.....BUT I THINK I HEAR HIM COMING DOWN STAIRS.  
SHALL WE GO INTO THE LIVING ROOM?

UNCLE: FINE.

DAGWOOD: I'LL GET YOUR BAG, UNCLE CHARLIE.

~~SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES~~

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BLONDIE: WHY HERE'S BABY DUMPLING.

UNCLE: WELL, WELL, YOUNG MAN. DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM?

BABY: THE VEGETABLE MAN.

UNCLE: (LAUGHS) NO, I'M YOUR UNCLE CHARLIE -- YOUR GREAT UNCLE.  
BABY: SO WHAT?  
UNCLE: I'VE HEARD A LOT ABOUT YOU.

BABY: I'VE HEARD A LOT ABOUT YOU, TOO.

UNCLE: WELL, WHAT FOR INSTANCE?

DAGWOOD: (CLEARS HIS THROAT WARNINGLY)

BABY: WELL, DADDY AND MOMMY WERE TALKING ABOUT YOU AND MOMMY SAID THAT YOU WERE ALWAYS TAKING --

BLONDIE: (CUTS IN) BABY DUMPLING, DON'T YOU WANT TO SHOW UNCLE CHARLIE YOUR TOYS?

BABY: NO.

DAGWOOD: WHY OF COURSE YOU DO, DEAR.

BABY: I DON'T THINK I'D BETTER.

UNCLE: COME, COME NEPHEW -- DON'T INTERRUPT THE BOY...NOW GO AHEAD, BABY DUMPLING -- YOUR MOMMY SAID I WAS ALWAYS TAKING WHAT?

DAGWOOD: TOOOOOOOOOOH!

BABY: WELL, MOMMY SAID THAT YOU WERE ALWAYS TAKING TRIPS ALL OVER THE WORLD.

BLONDIE: (SIGHS) THAT'S RIGHT, DEAR.

UNCLE: WELL, I DO TAKE LOTS OF TRIPS, AND SOMEDAY I'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT THEM, BUT THIS TIME I CAN'T STAY VERY LONG...

BLONDIE: THAT'S TOO BAD, UNCLE CHARLIE.

UNCLE: I'LL HAVE TO LEAVE IN AN HOUR OR SO...BLONDIE, I WONDER IF I COULD GO UPSTAIRS AND WASH UP?

BLONDIE: WHY OF COURSE.



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UNCLE: I'LL TAKE MY BAG ALONG WITH ME. AND BY THE WAY, I'VE GOT A PRESENT IN IT FOR YOU, BLONDIE.

BLONDIE: THAT'S AWFULLY SWEET OF YOU, UNCLE CHARLIE.

UNCLE: IT'S NOTHING AT ALL. JUST SOMETHING I PICKED UP IN SOUTH AFRICA.

DAGWOOD: PICKED UP?

UNCLE: YES -- I'LL GIVE IT TO BLONDIE AFTER LUNCH...I'LL BE DOWN IN A FEW MINUTES...(FADING)

BLONDIE: ALL RIGHT, UNCLE CHARLIE.

DAGWOOD: (LOW) BLONDIE, IS THERE ANYTHING VALUABLE UPSTAIRS?

BLONDIE: I'M NOT SURE, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: WHERE'S YOUR DIAMOND RING? YOU'RE NOT WEARING IT.

BLONDIE: OH, I FORGOT -- I LEFT IT ON TOP OF MY DRESSING TABLE.

DAGWOOD: IT'S AS GOOD AS GONE. I'D BETTER GO UP AND GET IT.

BLONDIE: NO, DAGWOOD -- PLEASE. I DON'T WANT TO OFFEND UNCLE CHARLIE -- AND HE MAY NOT TAKE IT AT ALL.

BABY: I DON'T THINK HE'LL TAKE IT, MOMMY.

~~BLONDIE:~~  
~~DAGWOOD:~~ AW, THAT'S A GOOD BABY. DID YOU HEAR WHAT <sup>UNCLE CHARLIE</sup> SAID ABOUT

THAT PRESENT FOR YOU? HE PICKED IT UP IN SOUTH AFRICA.

BLONDIE: MAYBE IT'S JUST A FIGURE OF SPEECH.

DAGWOOD: I DOUBT IT. WHY HE'S A REGULAR WALKING VACUUM CLEANER.

BLONDIE: WELL, WE'LL SEE...(FADING) I'M GOING TO GET LUNCH READY.

BABY: DADDY, HAS UNCLE CHARLIE STOLEN ANYTHING YET?

DAGWOOD: I DON'T KNOW, BUT AS SOON AS HE COMES DOWN STAIRS, I'M  
CERTAINLY  
GOING UP AND LOOK!

(MUSIC)

SOUND: RATTLING OF SILVER

UNCLE: WELL, THIS LOOKS LIKE IT'S GOING TO BE A WONDERFUL LUNCH,  
BLONDIE.

BLONDIE: IT'LL BE READY IN JUST A FEW MINUTES.

UNCLE: WHERE'S DAGWOOD?

BABY: HE'S UPSTAIRS, UNCLE CHARLIE.

DAGWOOD: (OFF) BLOOOOOOOOOOONDIE! ~~OH, BLOOOOOOOOOOONDIE!~~

BLONDIE: WHAT IS IT, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: (OFF) WILL YOU COME UP HERE A MOMENT?

BLONDIE: UNCLE CHARLIE, WHY DON'T YOU AND BABY DUMPLING SIT DOWN  
AT THE TABLE. WE'LL BE WITH YOU IN JUST A MOMENT. I'LL  
HAVE TO SEE WHAT DAGWOOD WANTS.

UNCLE: ALL RIGHT, BLONDIE.

BABY: SHALL I WATCH THE SILVER, MOMMY?

BLONDIE: YOU BEHAVE YOURSELF...I'LL BE RIGHT BACK.

DAGWOOD: (OFF) BLOOOOOOOONDIE!

BLONDIE: COMING, DAGWOOD. DON'T BE IMPATIENT.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS UP STAIRS

DAGWOOD: (NEARER, LOW) BLONDIE...

BLONDIE: WHAT IS IT, DEAR?

DAGWOOD: YOUR RING'S GONE ALL RIGHT!!

BLONDIE: OH DAGWOOD -- DO YOU THINK UNCLE CHARLIE REALLY TOOK IT?

DAGWOOD: OF COURSE HE DID. AND THAT'S NOT ALL --- HE TOOK MY RAZOR TOO. THE MAN'S A REGULAR ARSENE LUPIN!!

BLONDIE: OH DEAR -- SOMEHOW I DIDN'T THINK HE WAS THAT MUCH OF A KLEPTOMANIAC. I DIDN'T THINK HE'D TAKE MY RING.

DAGWOOD: WELL HE DID. BUT DON'T WORRY DEAR -- I GOT IT BACK.

BLONDIE: YOU GOT IT BACK!? WHERE WAS IT?

DAGWOOD: WELL WHEN I FOUND IT WASN'T ON YOUR DRESSER, I WENT THROUGH HIS SUITCASE...

BLONDIE: OH DAGWOOD -- THAT'S -- THAT'S ILLEGAL OR SOMETHING.

DAGWOOD: I GUESS IT IS. ONLY I FOUND THE RING ALL RIGHT. MY RAZOR WAS THERE, TOO.

BLONDIE: THEY WERE IN UNCLE CHARLIE'S SUITCASE? OH THAT'S AWFUL.

DAGWOOD: IT'S NOT AS AWFUL AS IF HE'D GOT AWAY WITH IT!! THE OLD CROOK!

BLONDIE: DON'T TALK THAT WAY, DAGWOOD. AFTER ALL, HE'S MY UNCLE.

DAGWOOD: I SUPPOSE HE CAN'T BE YOUR UNCLE AND A CROOK TOO!!! HE OUGHT TO BE IN JAIL!!

BLONDIE: SH..NOW DAGWOOD -- IT ISN'T UNCLE CHARLIE'S FAULT, REALLY. I MEAN HE ISN'T REALLY A CROOK -- KLEPTOMANIA IS KIND OF A DISEASE... LIKE MEASLES,

DAGWOOD: (GETTING EXCITED) THAT'S RIGHT -- STAND UP FOR HIM! HE OUGHTN'T TO BE AROUND LOOSE -- THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT HE'LL DO...

BLONDIE: DON'T GET EXCITED --

"BLONDIE"  
9/30/40

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DAGWOOD: WHO'S EXCITED!!! I TELL YOU, BLONDIE --

BLONDIE: WELL NEVER MIND NOW -- LUNCH IS ON THE TABLE -- WE'D  
BETTER GO DOWN.

DAGWOOD: OH. (THEN QUIET) YOU GO AHEAD -- I'LL BE DOWN IN A  
MINUTE.

BLONDIE: ALL RIGHT. OH -- WHERE'S MY RING. YOU'D BETTER GIVE  
IT TO ME, BEFORE YOU LOSE IT.

DAGWOOD: HERE --

BLONDIE: I'LL PUT IT ON MY FINGER, WHERE IT'LL BE SAFE...THERE.

DAGWOOD: WELL, KEEP THE STONE TURNED IN SO HE WON'T NOTICE IT...

BLONDIE: ALL RIGHT...(FADING) NOW HURRY DOWN, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: I WILL. AND REMEMBER, WHATEVER YOU DO -- DON'T SHAKE  
HANDS WITH UNCLE CHARLIE!

(MUSIC)

(Second Show only.)

"BLONDIE"

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GOODWIN: WE'LL RETURN YOU TO THE BUMSTEADS IN JUST A MOMENT,  
IT LOOKS AS THOUGH LIFE IS JUST ONE CRISIS AFTER ANOTHER  
FOR THE ~~BUMSTEADS~~. IF IT ISN'T UNCLE CHARLIE, IT'S  
SOMETHING ELSE TO UPSET THE ~~THE~~ HOUSEHOLD. OH, WELL --  
WE ALL HAVE OUR GOOD DAYS AND BAD DAYS. BUT IF YOU  
LIKE TO SMOKE, THERE'S ONE THING YOU CAN ALWAYS DO TO  
ADD A BIT OF EXTRA PLEASURE TO YOUR DAY. SURE, YOU KNOW  
WHAT I MEAN -- SMOKE A CAMEL! CAMELS CERTAINLY DO GIVE  
YOU THE "EXTRAS." TAKE MILDNESS...THERE'S EXTRA MILDNESS  
IN CAMELS...AND YOU CAN TELL THERE IS. TAKE COOLNESS --  
MORE COOLNESS, TOO, IN CAMELS. AS FOR FLAVOR -- WELL,  
SMOKE CAMELS YOURSELF AND SEE WHAT EXTRA FLAVOR REALLY  
MEANS. ALL THESE "EXTRAS" -- PLUS EXTRA SMOKING -- ARE  
YOURS IN SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS.

MAN: 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: THAT MEANS...ON THE AVERAGE...A SMOKING PLUS EQUAL TO  
FIVE EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK! SO TURN TO CAMELS -- FOR  
EXTRA PLEASURE AND EXTRA VALUE. PENNY FOR PENNY, CAMELS  
ARE YOUR BEST CIGARETTE BUY!

ORCHESTRA: (CURTAIN)

GOODWIN: AND NOW BACK TO THE BUMSTEADS.

SOUND:        SOUNDS OF LUNCH DISHES, ETC.

BLONDIE:        UNCLE CHARLIE, YOU HAVEN'T TOLD US A THING ABOUT YOUR TRAVELS.

UNCLE:         WELL, THERE'S NOT A LOT TO TELL. I JUST RAMBLE AROUND THE WORLD IN A SPIRIT OF ADVENTURE, COLLECTING THINGS....

DAGWOOD:       (SPUTTERS AND COUGHS)

SOUND:        COFFEE CUP DOWN SUDDENLY ON SAUCER

BABY:          WHAT'S THE MATTER, DADDY?

DAGWOOD:       (COUGHING) NOTHING...I JUST CHOKED.

UNCLE:         IF I DIDN'T HAVE TO LEAVE IN A MINUTE, I'D LIKE TO TELL YOU ABOUT THE TIME I GOT A LIFE-SIZE STATUE OF THE SACRED BULL OF BARMAKOOLA. <sup>IS THAT SO?</sup> THE THING WEIGHED A GOOD DEAL OVER

DAGWOOD:       A TON.

DAGWOOD:       I SUPPOSE YOU JUST SMUGGLED IT OUT UNDER YOUR COAT.

UNCLE:         WELL, HARDLY -- BUT IT'S ONE OF MY MOST PRIZED POSSESSIONS. NOW, BLONDIE, I HATE TO EAT AND RUN, BUT BEFORE I GO, I WANT TO GIVE YOU A LITTLE PRESENT.

BLONDIE:       YOU REALLY SHOULDN'T, UNCLE CHARLIE.

UNCLE:         TUT-TUT. I PICKED THIS UP ESPECIALLY FOR YOU. YOU MUST ACCEPT IT.

BLONDIE: WELL, IF YOU INSIST...

UNCLE: I DO...IT'S IN MY BAG UPSTAIRS. I'LL GO RIGHT UP AND GET IT NOW.

SOUND: SCRAPING OF CHAIR

UNCLE: I'LL BE RIGHT DOWN...(FADING) I KNOW YOU'RE GOING TO LIKE IT.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS UPSTAIRS RECEDING

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD, YOU OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF -- TALKING THE WAY YOU HAVE BEEN. THE POOR MAN CAN'T HELP HIMSELF.

DAGWOOD: ~~THAT'S ALL HE HAS DONE.~~ HE'S HELPED HIMSELF ALL OVER THE WORLD. THAT'S THE TROUBLE.

BLONDIE: WELL, IT DOESN'T SEEM RIGHT.

DAGWOOD: I'LL SAY IT ISN'T RIGHT! BUT DON'T WORRY -- EVERYTHING'S GOING TO BE TAKEN CARE OF ANY MINUTE!

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD -- WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

DAGWOOD: YOU'LL FIND OUT.

BABY: HAS UNCLE CHARLIE TAKEN SOMETHING, DADDY?

DAGWOOD: HE THINKS HE HAS, BUT HE DIDN'T REALIZE HE WAS WORKING AGAINST THE BUMSTEAD BRAINS.

BABY: HE WON'T GET MUCH, DADDY. I HID THINGS.

DAGWOOD: SEE, BLONDIE -- THAT'S THE BUMSTEAD BLOOD IN BABY DUMPLING. "FOREWARNED IS FOREARMED."

UNCLE: (FROM OFF) HEYY-Y-Y-Y!

DAGWOOD: AHA! HE KNOWS I PUT ONE OVER ON HIM NOW.

UNCLE: (YELLS CLOSER) HEY! I'VE BEEN ROBBED!

BLONDIE: OH, DAGWOOD -- HERE HE COMES.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS RUNNING DOWNSTAIRS

UNCLE: (COMING UP) BLONDIE -- CALL THE POLICE! I'VE BEEN ROBBED!  
I'VE BEEN ROBBED, I TELL YOU!

DAGWOOD: CALM DOWN, UNCLE CHARLIE. PERHAPS IT'S A MISTAKE.

UNCLE: (PANTING) MISTAKE! SOMEBODY'S STOLEN THE RING I WAS  
GOING TO GIVE BLONDIE!

BLONDIE: A RING?

UNCLE: YES, AND A BEAUTY, TOO. I GOT IT IN SOUTH AFRICA.

DAGWOOD: OH, IS THAT SO?  
BLONDIE: YOU'RE SURE YOU HAD A RING WITH YOU?

UNCLE: OF COURSE!...DAGWOOD, WHAT ARE YOU STANDING AROUND LIKE A  
NINCOMPOOP FOR? DO SOMETHING! CALL THE POLICE!

BABY: I'LL CALL THE POLICE.

BLONDIE: YOU STAY RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE, BABY DUMPLING.

UNCLE: SAY -- WAIT A MINUTE! BLONDIE -- WHERE DID YOU GET THAT  
RING YOU'RE WEARING?

BLONDIE: THIS? WHY DAGWOOD GAVE ME THIS RING.

DAGWOOD: CERTAINLY.

UNCLE: HMMMM -- WOULD YOU MIND TAKING IT OFF AND LETTING ME LOOK  
AT IT A MOMENT, BLONDIE?



"BLONDIE"  
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DAGWOOD: ER --- IT FITS PRETTY TIGHTLY, UNCLE CHARLIE. YOU'D BETTER JUST LOOK AT IT.

UNCLE: WHY THIS IS THE RING! THE ONE I GOT IN SOUTH AFRICA.

DAGWOOD: OH, NO.

UNCLE: WHAT DO YOU MEAN, OH NO!!!?

DAGWOOD: YOU MUST BE WRONG, UNCLE CHARLIE. I GAVE THAT RING TO BLONDIE TWO YEARS AGO WHEN I HIT THE JACKPOT ON BANK NIGHT. I GOT A SET OF DISHES, TOO.

UNCLE: I COULD SWEAR THIS IS THE RING.

DAGWOOD: YOU'D BETTER TAKE ANOTHER LOOK IN YOUR SUITCASE, UNCLE CHARLIE.

UNCLE: DAGWOOD, I HAVE A PECULIAR FEELING THAT YOU -- (STOPS) WELL, NEVER MIND --- I'LL LOOK ONCE AGAIN. I'LL BRING MY BAG DOWN AND LOOK THROUGH IT RIGHT HERE...YOU WAIT...(FOOTSTEPS UP STAIRS) (FADING)

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD -- THIS DOESN'T LOOK LIKE MY DINNER RING AT ALL.

DAGWOOD: CERTAINLY IT IS. YOK JUST HAVEN'T WORN IT FOR A LONG TIME.

BLONDIE: I DON'T KNOW, DAGWOOD...

DAGWOOD: IT'S A GOOD THING I WAS HOME TODAY. THAT MAN'S A MENACE.  
FIRST HE STOLE YOUR RING, AND THEN HE WAS GOING TO HAVE THE  
NERVE TO GIVE IT BACK TO YOU AS A PRESENT.

BABY: I KNOW A FUNNY JOKE ON UNCLE CHARLIE.

BLONDIE: NEVER MIND, BABY.

BABY: (LAUGHS) UNCLE CHARLIE COULDN'T TAKE MOMMY'S RING.

DAGWOOD: HE COULDN'T? WHY NOT?

BABY: BECAUSE I HID IT!

DAGWOOD: WELL, IT'S A GOOD THING YOU DID BECAUSE...(TAKE)...HUNH?

BABY: I HID IT.

DAGWOOD: TOOOOOH!

BABY: I HID YOUR RAZOR, TOO, DADDY. I PUT MOMMY'S RING AND YOUR  
RAZOR UNDER MY PILLOW.

DAGWOOD: TOOOOOOH!

BLONDIE: OH, DAGWOOD! I REMEMBER NOW -- IT'S UNCLE GEORGE WHO'S THE  
KLEPTOMANIAC AND NOT UNCLE CHARLIE! IT'S UNCLE GEORGE WHO  
STEALS THINGS. (LAUGHS) THE JOKE'S ON ME!

DAGWOOD: BUT DIDN'T YOU HEAR THE WAY HE WAS TALKING ABOUT PICKING UP  
THINGS?

BLONDIE: UNCLE CHARLIE HAS A LOT OF MONEY AND COLLECTS ART OBJECTS.  
I'M SURE OF IT NOW.

DAGWOOD: BUT IF UNCLE CHARLIE'S NOT A KLEPTOMANIAC -- THEN WHOSE RING  
IS THAT YOU'VE GOT ON?

BLONDIE: IT MUST BE THE RING HE WAS GOING TO GIVE TO ME -- BEFORE  
YOU STOLE IT OUT OF HIS BAG.

DAGWOOD: BUT -- BUT I...STOLE IT?!

"BLONDIE"  
9/30/40

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BLONDIE: WELL, WE MAY AS WELL FACE THE FACTS.

BABY: I WAS SMART WASN'T I, DADDY?

DAGWOOD: YOU KEEP OUT OF THIS. BLONDIE -- WHAT ARE WE DOING TO DO?

BLONDIE: MAYBE WE BETTER EXPLAIN THE WHOLE THING TO UNCLE CHARLIE

DAGWOOD: OH, NO!!!

BLONDIE: WHY NOT?

DAGWOOD: HE -- HE WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND.

BLONDIE: NONSENSE. AFTER ALL IT'S JUST A SIMPLE MISUNDERSTANDING.  
I'M SURE UNCLE CHARLIE WILL THINK IT'S A BIG JOKE --

DAGWOOD: OH, NO HE WON'T -- NOT WHEN THE MEN COME.

BLONDIE: THE MEN!!!? WHAT MEN!!!?

DAGWOOD: FROM THE HOSPITAL.

BLONDIE: FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT!!!?

DAGWOOD: WELL, YOU SEE, BLONDIE --

BLONDIE: GO ON!!

DAGWOOD: (SWALLOWING) WELL -- WHEN WE FOUND THE RING WAS MISSING --  
AND WE THOUGHT UNCLE CHARLIE HAD TAKEN IT -- I -- I CALLED  
UP THE HOSPITAL AND TOLD THEM THEY'D BETTER SEND OVER AND  
GET...I MEAN YOU SAID YOURSELF KLEPTOMANIA WAS SORT OF A  
DISEASE, BLONDIE, AND --

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD!!!

DAGWOOD: WELL, I GUESS I GOT EXCITED -- I GUESS --  
(FOOTSTEPS DOWNSTAIRS, APPROACHING)

BABY: HERE COMES UNCLE CHARLIE, MOMMY!

BLONDIE: SH-H-H!

UNCLE: (OFF) WELL, IT ISN'T HERE! IT'S GONE!

DAGWOOD: ER -- DID YOU LOOK VERY CAREFULLY?

UNCLE: (COMING UP) I WENT THROUGH THIS BAG COMPLETELY. GO THROUGH IT YOURSELF IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME!  
(DUMPS BAG ON FLOOR)

UNCLE: THE RING IS GONE, AND WHAT'S MORE, MY RAZOR HAS DISAPPEARED, TOO!

DAGWOOD: YOU COULDN'T HAVE MISPLACED IT...

UNCLE: NO, I COULDN'T HAVE MISPLACED IT.

DAGWOOD: (TRIES TO LAUGH) LOTS OF RAZORS LOOK LIKE OTHER RAZORS.

UNCLE: (OMINOUSLY) I DIDN'T MISPLACE THE RAZOR AND I DIDN'T MISPLACE THE RING, EITHER. } YOU DIDN'T, EH?  
WHEN I WENT IT TO WASH UP,

DAGWOOD: THAT RING WAS IN MY BAG. I'M SURE OF IT. I SAW IT. WHEN I WENT UPSTAIRS A MOMENT AGO IT WAS GONE.

DAGWOOD: THAT'S -- ER --- THAT'S FUNNY.

UNCLE: VERY FUNNY -- I'M LAUGHING MYSELF SICK ABOUT IT.

DAGWOOD: (TRIES TO LAUGH)

UNCLE: IT'S VERY STRANGE. BECAUSE THERE'S ONLY BEEN ONE OTHER PERSON BESIDES BLONDIE UPSTAIRS SINCE I CAME DOWN. AND THAT'S YOU, DAGWOOD!

DAGWOOD: WHO?...OH, ME?

UNCLE: YES, YOU.

DAGWOOD: BUT I --

UNCLE: WELL, DAGWOOD...?

"BLONDIE"  
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BLONDIE: DAGWOOD, I THINK I SMELL GAS ESCAPING. WILL YOU GO OUT IN THE KITCHEN AND SEE IF ALL THE GAS JETS ARE TURNED OFF ON THE STOVE?

DAGWOOD: (GLAD TO GET OUT) OF COURSE, BLONDIE -- I'LL BE GLAD TO. RIGHT AWAY.

(DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSES)

UNCLE: BLONDIE, I DON'T WANT TO SEEM -- IMPERTINENT...

BLONDIE: UNCLE CHARLIE, LET ME EXPLAIN THE WHOLE THING TO YOU.

UNCLE: I CERTAINLY WISH YOU WOULD!

BLONDIE: YOU SEE, DAGWOOD IS... (SHE STARTS TO WHISPER INAUDIBLY)

BABY: WHAT ARE YOU WHISPERING TO UNCLE CHARLIE, MOMMY?

BLONDIE: NEVER MIND, DEAR. (CONTINUES THE WHISPERING)

UNCLE: YOU DON'T SAY!! TCH TCH TCH...VERY SAD. BUT AREN'T YOU DOING SOMETHING ABOUT IT?

BLONDIE: DOING SOMETHING?

UNCLE: YES, OF COURSE IT'S REALLY NONE OF MY BUSINESS, BUT AFTER ALL, BLONDIE, YOU ARE MY FAVORITE NIECE, AND I'VE REMEMBERED YOU HANDSOMELY IN MY WILL. BUT I'D HATE TO THINK THAT AFTER I'M GONE, THINGS WILL BE ENTRUSTED TO...

"BLONDIE"  
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BLONDIE: OH. (MORE WHISPERING)

UNCLE: AH --- SPLENDID, SPLENDID!! I THINK YOU'RE VERY WISE...  
YES YES, OF COURSE I UNDERSTAND. I WON'T SAY A WORD!!

BLONDIE: THAT'S VERY KIND OF YOU, UNCLE CHARLIE.

UNCLE: NOTHING AT ALL.

SOUND: DOORBELL

BLONDIE: BABY DUMPLING, SEE WHO THAT IS AT THE FRONT DOOR.

BABY: (RECEDING) YES MOMMY...

UNCLE: AND BLONDIE -- YOU JUST KEEP THE RING, WITH MY BEST  
WISHES.

BLONDIE: OH THANK YOU, UNCLE CHARLIE. IT'S PERFECTLY LOVELY.

BABY: (APPROACHING) MOMMY -- IT'S TWO MEN IN WHITE COATS.  
THEY -- (HEAVY FOOTSTEPS, APPROACHING)

INTERNE: (FADING IN) BUMSTEAD?

BLONDIE: ER -- YES.

INTERNE: WE GOT A CALL TO COME OVER HERE AND PICK UP A CASE  
FOR THE HOSPITAL...WHERE IS HE?

BLONDIE: WELL, YOU SEE IT'S -- ER -- THIS WAY --

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

DAGWOOD: (COMING IN) THE GAS IN THE KITCHEN WAS ALL TURNED OFF,  
BLONDIE..I...(DOES TAKE AS HE SEES INTERNES) TOOOOOOOH!

INTERNE: THIS HIM, MISS?

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BLONDIE: WELL YES --- IN A WAY --- I MEAN ---

UNCLE: TREAT HIM GENTLY, WON'T YOU, BOYS?

INTERNE: (SOTTO) OKAY, WE'LL HANDLE HIM. (THEN UP) ALL RIGHT  
BUDDY, NOW YOU JUST COME ALONG WITH US -- QUIET LIKE --  
AND EVERYTHING'LL BE ALL RIGHT.

DAGWOOD: HEY WAIT A MINUTE...WHAT'S THE IDEA!!!

INTERNE: TAKE IT EASY NOW -- NOBODY'S GOING TO HURT YOU. ALL RIGHT  
JOE!!

DAGWOOD: LEGGO MY ARMS!! LISSSEN -- I'M NOT THE -- HEY BLONDIE...  
HELP!!

INTERNE: COME ON!!

DAGWOOD: NO YOU DON'T!!

SOUND: TERRIFIC STRUGGLE, HEAVY BREATHING, ETC.

INTERNE: JOE -- BETTER GIMME THE STRAITJACKET!!!

DAGWOOD: (YELLS)

BLONDIE: OH PLEASE.

INTERNE: (BREATHING HARD) HE'S PRETTY HARD TO HANDLE, MA'AM. THE  
WIRY TYPE!! STAND STILL, YOU!!!!!!

BLONDIE: IF YOU'LL LET ME SPEAK TO HIM A MINUTE --- ALONE -- I THINK  
MAYBE I CAN QUIET HIM. WE CAN GO IN THE KITCHEN --

INTERNE: GEE MISS, YOU SURE GOT NERVE. OKAY -- IF YOU THINK IT'S  
SAFE. MIND NOW, BUDDY -- NO TRICKS!!

SOUND: DOOR CLOSES

DAGWOOD: BLONDIE -- WHAT THE...!!!?

BLONDIE: SH. <sup>→ DAGWOOD.</sup> I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO GO WITH THE MEN, DEAR. AT  
LEAST FOR A LITTLE WHILE --

DAGWOOD: BUT -- I DON'T GET IT --- I --

9/30/40

BLONDIE: WELL I HAD TO EXPLAIN THINGS TO UNCLE CHARLIE SOMEHOW, AND SINCE HE KNEW YOU MUST HAVE TAKEN THE RING FROM HIS BAG, I TOLD HIM YOU HAD DEVELOPED A HABIT OF TAKING THINGS --

DAGWOOD: THAT I HAD...HUH?

BLONDIE: I TOLD UNCLE CHARLIE YOU'RE A KLEPTOMANIAC. AND THAT EXPLAINED EVERYTHING.

DAGWOOD: (GROANS)

BLONDIE: AND IT'S JUST AS WELL WE DID EXPLAIN THINGS, BECAUSE UNCLE CHARLIE'S LEFT ME A LOT OF MONEY IN HIS WILL, AND ~~HE~~ I KNOW HE'D BE INSULTED ~~HE'D GOT MAD~~ AT YOUR THINKING HE WAS A CROOK --

DAGWOOD: BUT BLONDIE, I DON'T WANT TO --

BLONDIE: ~~AND AFTER ALL, YOU DID PHONE THE HOSPITAL YOURSELF, YOU KNOW. THAT WASN'T MY IDEA. IT'S REALLY VERY FORTUNATE I THOUGHT OF A WAY OF EXPLAINING THINGS TO UNCLE CHARLIE, BEFORE HE FOUND OUT THE TRUTH. AND~~ IT WON'T BE SO BAD FOR YOU -- AS SOON AS UNCLE CHARLIE GOES. I'LL COME OVER TO THE HOSPITAL AND EXPLAIN EVERYTHING.

DAGWOOD: SEEMS TO ME THERE'S A LOT OF EXPLAINING GOING ON.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

INTERNE: EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT?

BLONDIE: I THINK SO.

INTERNE: SWELL. COME ON, BUDDY. WE'RE GOING FOR A NICE RIDE, IN A NICE CAR, TO A NICE HOSPITAL...

DAGWOOD: BUT LISSEN --

BLONDIE: (SOOTHING) I'LL BE OVER TO SEE YOU DEAR. AS SOON AS UNCLE CHARLIE'S GONE...



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INTERNE: I WOULDN'T COME OVER RIGHT AWAY, MISS...IF I WAS YOU.

BLONDIE: WHY NOT?

INTERNE: NO VISITORS ALLOWED FOR THREE DAYS. (SOTTO) FIRST PERIOD  
OF OBSERVATION.

DAGWOOD: OH BLOOOOOOOOONDIE!!

MUSIC: (UP TO FINISH)

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER

5:30 - 6:00 P.M.  
6:30 - 7:00 P.M.

---

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:)

"BLONDIE"  
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GOODWIN: IN JUST A MOMENT WE WILL TRY AND TELL YOU SOMETHING ABOUT  
NEXT WEEK'S SHOW, 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."

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC UP BRIEFLY)

GOODWIN: TUNE IN AGAIN AT THIS SAME TIME NEXT WEEK. WE THINK  
YOU'LL GET A CHUCKLE OUT OF THE DOINGS OF THE BUMSTEADS  
WHEN, "BLONDIE WRECKS A HOUSE."

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC UP BRIEFLY)

GOODWIN: "BLONDIE" IS PLAYED BY PENNY SINGLETON AND DAGWOOD IS  
ARTHUR LAKE. THE BLONDIE ORCHESTRA IS CONDUCTED BY BILLY ARTZ,  
WHO ALSO CREATES THE SPECIAL MUSICAL EFFECTS.  
THIS IS BILL GOODWIN SAYING GOOD NIGHT FOR THE MAKERS OF  
CAMEL CIGARETTES.

THIS IS THE COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.