

#5

Master

(FIRST DRAFT)

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, OCTOBER 7, 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: AND NOW FOR OUR WEEKLY VISIT WITH THE BUMSTEADS. IT IS SATURDAY AFTERNOON AND AS DAGWOOD WALKS INTO THE HOUSE (DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSSES) THE TELEPHONE IN THE LIVING ROOM RINGS...

SOUND: PHONE RINGS...CONTINUE AT INTERVALS...

DAGWOOD: (CALLS) BLONDIE! ~~OH, BLOOOOOOOOONDIE!~~

BLONDIE: (OFF) WHAT IS IT, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: (CALLS) THE PHONE'S RINGING.

BLONDIE: (OFF) I'M OUT IN THE KITCHEN.

DAGWOOD: (CALLS) I'VE GOT MY HANDS FULL OF THINGS. IT'S PROBABLY FOR YOU ANYWAY.

BLONDIE: (OFF) ALL RIGHT, DAGWOOD, I'LL GET IT.

DAGWOOD: NEVER MIND, I'LL ANSWER IT.

BLONDIE: (COMING UP) SINCE I'VE COME ALL THE WAY OUT FROM THE KITCHEN I MIGHT JUST AS WELL ANSWER IT MYSELF.

DAGWOOD: NO, LET ME.

BLONDIE: WHY DIDN'T YOU ANSWER IT IN THE FIRST PLACE?

DAGWOOD: WELL, I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO.

BLONDIE: ALL RIGHT, I WILL THEN.

DAGWOOD: NO, WAIT A MINUTE, I -- OH WELL...

SOUND: PICK UP PHONE

BLONDIE: (TO PHONE) HELLO?

GIRL: (FILTER) MAY I SPEAK TO MR. BUMSTEAD?

BLONDIE: WHY YES....WHO'S THIS?

GIRL: THAT'S FOR ME TO KNOW AND YOU TO FIND OUT!!! YA YA YA!!

BLONDIE: OH. (ASIDE) DAGWOOD -- IT'S FOR YOU.

DAGWOOD: WHO IS IT?

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BLONDIE: (AIRILY) SOME GIRL -- SOUNDS PRETTY FRESH TO ME, TOO.  
DAGWOOD: GIRL? B-BUT I DON'T KNOW ANY FRESH G --  
BLONDIE: AREN'T YOU GOING TO ANSWER THE PHONE?  
DAGWOOD: OH. (TO PHONE) HELLO...  
GIRL: MR. BUMSTEAD -- I THINK YOU'RE CUTE.  
DAGWOOD: IXNAY IXNAY...  
GIRL: BUT I DO. WILL YOU CARRY MY BOOKS HOME AFTER SCHOOL?  
DAGWOOD: WHY SURE I'D BE...HUNH!?  
GIRL: WHO'S THIS SPEAKING?  
DAGWOOD: DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD.  
GIRL: OH, ~~IT'S SOME~~ <sup>YOU!</sup> I WANTED TO TALK TO THE OTHER  
MR. BUMSTEAD....  
DAGWOOD: OH YOU DID!! WELL, HE'S NOT HOME. AND FURTHERMORE...  
(CLICK)  
SHE HUNG UP!!  
(SLAM RECEIVER ON HOOK)  
BLONDIE: DAGWOOD -- CONTROL YOURSELF. YOU DON'T HAVE TO BREAK  
THE PHONE.  
DAGWOOD: BLONDIE -- BABY DUMPLING'S GOT TO QUIT TELLING HIS  
LOATHSOME LITTLE FRIENDS THAT HE'S MR. BUMSTEAD!!!  
BLONDIE: (LAUGHS)  
(COMMERCIAL)

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GOODWIN: BEFORE WE GET ALL WORKED UP ABOUT WHAT HAPPENS TO  
BLONDIE AND DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD THIS TIME -- LET'S GET  
COMFORTABLE. ARE YOU STRETCHED OUT IN AN EASY CHAIR?  
SITTING CLOSE... SO THAT YOU DON'T MISS A WORD? AND  
HAVE YOU GOT YOUR PACK OF CAMELS HANDY? IT'S A REAL  
PLEASURE, ISN'T IT, TO PICK UP A CAMEL CIGARETTE.  
NOTICE HOW FIRMLY PACKED IT IS. AND WHEN YOU LIGHT  
IT UP, ENJOY THAT FULL RICH FLAVOR TO THE FULL, BECAUSE  
THAT FLAVOR IS A CAMEL EXTRA. YOU KNOW -- FROM THE  
FIRST PUFF TO THE LAST, CAMELS ARE SLOWER-BURNING.  
THEY GIVE YOU "EXTRAS" THAT YOU'LL NOT FIND IN ANY  
OTHER CIGARETTE...EXTRA MILDNESS...EXTRA COOLNESS...  
EXTRA FLAVOR. LISTEN TO WHAT THAT POPULAR YOUNG  
SPORTSWOMAN, FLORENCE HOLLISS, HAS TO SAY ABOUT CAMELS.

WOMAN: CAMELS HAVE EVERYTHING THAT I LOOK FOR IN A CIGARETTE --  
MILDNESS, COOLNESS, REAL FLAVOR -- AND MORE THAN THEIR  
SHARE OF EACH!

GOODWIN: YES, FOLKS -- EXTRA MILDNESS, EXTRA COOLNESS, EXTRA  
FLAVOR -- THAT'S SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS FOR YOU -- THE  
CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS.

ORCHESTRA: (CURTAIN)

GOODWIN: NOW FOR THE DOINGS OF "BLONDIE."

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BLONDIE: (FADE IN LAUGHING)

DAGWOOD: I DON'T SEE WHAT'S SO FUNNY. IT'S PRETTY SERIOUS WHEN  
BABY DUMPLING GOES AROUND SAYING THINGS LIKE THAT.

BLONDIE: BUT DAGWOOD, AFTER ALL HE IS MR. BUMSTEAD, ISN'T HE?

DAGWOOD: WHY -- GEE -- THAT'S RIGHT.

BLONDIE: IT JUST MEANS HE'S GROWING UP. BY THE WAY, DEAR -- DON'T  
FORGET YOU PROMISED TO FIX THAT WAGON FOR BABY DUMPLING  
THIS AFTERNOON, AS ISOOON AS YOU GOT HOME.

DAGWOOD: JUST SO HE CAN TAKE THAT HORRID LITTLE GIRL JOY RIDING,  
I SUPPOSE.

BLONDIE: NOW, DAGWOOD -- YOU PROMISED.

DAGWOOD: ALL RIGHT, BLONDIE -- I'LL DO IT IN A MINUTE. SAY --  
WHAT'S THAT I SMELL OUT IN THE KITCHEN?

BLONDIE: I'M MAKING AN APPLE PIE.

DAGWOOD: APPLE PIE! MMM--- BOY....HERE'S A KISS FOR BEING SUCH  
A WONDERFUL WIFE.

SOUND: KISS

BLONDIE: OH, HOW LOVELY! WHAT A SURPRISE, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: AND HERE'S ANOTHER ONE FOR MAKING AN APPLE PIE.

SOUND: KISS

BLONDIE: HMMMMMMMM!

DAGWOOD: WHAT'S THE MATTER?

BLONDIE: THE ONE FOR THE APPLE PIE HAD MORE OOMPH IN IT...DAGWOOD,  
I WANT TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT SOMETHING. WE'VE GOT TO  
ECONOMIZE.

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DAGWOOD: SAY, THAT'S XFUNNY. I SAID THE SAME THING TO MR. DITHERS THIS MORNING IN A MEMO I WROTE HIM. I SAID WE WERE SPENDING ENTIRELY TOO MUCH MONEY.

BLONDIE: YOU WROTE A MEMO TO MR. DITHERS ABOUT ECONOMY?

DAGWOOD: YES -- I THOUGHT IT WOULD MAKE A HIT. I TOLD HIM HE'S PAYING TOO MUCH MONEY FOR HOUSE WRECKING WORK. HE'LL PROBABLY GIVE ME A RAISE FOR THIS.

BLONDIE: THAT'S FINE, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: YEAH...SAY, BLONDIE -- REMEMBER I WAS TALKING ABOUT GETTING A NEW COAT?

BLONDIE: YES, AND I HOPE IT WAS JUST TALK.

DAGWOOD: WELL...NOT EXACTLY.

BLONDIE: THAT ISN'T ECONOMIZING, DAGWOOD...HOW MUCH IS IT?

DAGWOOD: ER -- IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF TWENTY DOLLARS.

BLONDIE: THAT'S A PRETTY BIG NEIGHBORHOOD. EXACTLY HOW MUCH IS IT?

DAGWOOD: WELL -- ER -- THIRTY-SOME DOLLARS.

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD -- HOW MUCH IS THIS COAT?

DAGWOOD: I THINK IT'S THIRTY-NINE NINETY-FIVE.

BLONDIE: THAT'S NEARER FORTY DOLLARS.

DAGWOOD: IS IT?...OH, YES, SO IT IS.

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD, DO YOU REALIZE THAT THERE ARE ONLY ABOUT TEN OR ELEVEN MORE WEEKS UNTIL CHRISTMAS?

DAGWOOD: YES, BUT WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH --

BLONDIE: REMEMBER THE TIME WE HAD LAST CHRISTMAS WONDERING WHETHER WE'D HAVE ENOUGH MONEY FOR PRESENTS? WELL, THIS YEAR WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A CHRISTMAS FUND.

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~~DAGWOOD: AS I REMEMBER, LAST CHRISTMAS WITH ALL YOUR RELATIVES~~

~~AROUND, WE DIDN'T HAVE ANY FUN AT ALL!~~

BLONDIE: NOT FUN, DEAR -- FUN-D.

DAGWOOD: OH, FUN-D.

BLONDIE: YES, WE'RE GOING TO START SAVING A CHRISTMAS FUND.

DAGWOOD: THAT'S A GOOD IDEA...NOW LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT THIS COAT.  
IT'S SORT OF A HERRINGBONE TWEED WITH LITTLE GREEN, BLUE,  
AND RED SPECKS ALL THROUGH IT. THERE'S A BELT IN THE  
BACK AND --

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD! I WAS TALKING ABOUT OUR CHRISTMAS FUND.

DAGWOOD: YEAH, BUT I STARTED TALKING ABOUT THE NEW COAT FIRST.

BLONDIE: SO YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO WAIT FOR ME TO FINISH.

DAGWOOD: YEAH, I GUESS I WILL...GO AHEAD -- I'M LISTENING.

BLONDIE: WELL, THIS CHRISTMAS WE'RE GOING TO HAVE PLENTY OF MONEY.  
AND WE'RE GOING TO SAVE IT -- IN THIS TEAPOT.

SOUND: RATTLE OF TEAPOT...AND TAKE OFF COVER...

DAGWOOD: IT'S PRETTY BIG, ~~ISN'T IT?~~ DON'T YOU THINK?

BLONDIE: YES, AND I HOPE WE GET IT FILLED UP. WE'RE GOING TO  
SAVE ALL OUR PENNIES, ALL JEFFERSON NICKELS, AND ALL DIMES  
THAT ARE NEWER THAN 1930.

SOUND: PHONE RINGS

DAGWOOD: I'LL GET IT...IT'S PROBABLY THAT LITTLE GIRL FOR BABY  
DUMPLING AGAIN. I'LL TELL HER A THING OR TWO...I'LL...  
(PICKS UP PHONE) NOW LISTEN HERE... I DON'T WANT ANY  
MORE OF THIS...

DITHERS: (OVER FILTER) BUMSTEAD, ~~ISN'T IT?~~

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DAGWOOD: OH HELLO, MR. DITHERS.

DITHERS: BUMSTEAD, YOU KNOW THE MEMO YOU SENT ME? THAT ONE ABOUT WRECKING THAT HOUSE ON ELM STREET?

DAGWOOD: YES.

DITHERS: WELL, I'VE GOT GOOD NEWS FOR YOU.

DAGWOOD: GEE, THAT'S SWELL OF YOU, MR. DITHERS. I WAS HOPING...

DITHERS: YES -- I'M GOING TO LET YOU TRY YOUR HAND AT SAVING THE DITHERS COMPANY MONEY.

DAGWOOD: I REALLY DON'T DESERVE....HUNH!!?

DITHERS: YOU SAID IN YOUR MEMO THAT I OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO GET THAT HOUSE WRECKED FOR HALF THE MONEY I ESTIMATED IT WOULD COST, DIDN'T YOU?

DAGWOOD: YES, BUT --

DITHERS: WELL, IF I OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO GET IT DONE FOR HALF, CERTAINLY YOU OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO DO IT, TOO.

DAGWOOD: BUT LISTEN, MR. DITHERS -- AFTER I WROTE THAT MEMO I CALLED UP ALL THE WRECKING COMPANIES AND ASKED THEM HOW MUCH IT WOULD COST.

DITHERS: WELL, BUMSTEAD?

DAGWOOD: YOUR ESTIMATE WAS JUST HALF THEIR ESTIMATE.

DITHERS: THAT'S FINE!

DAGWOOD: ER -- IS IT?

DITHERS: WHY CERTAINLY. THAT'S WONDERFUL. <sup>WHY?</sup> ~~THEN~~ YOU'LL ACTUALLY

~~DAGWOOD:~~ ~~DITHERS:~~ BE GETTING THE JOB DONE FOR A QUARTER OF WHAT I ESTIMATED. <sub>BECAUSE</sub>

GO RIGHT TO WORK NOW!

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DAGWOOD: MR. DITHERS, I'M NOT SO SURE THAT THIS IS A GOOD PLACE TO ECONOMIZE.

DITHERS: TAAAAAAAH! YOUR MEMO SAID "ECONOMIZE IN ALL DEPARTMENTS."

DAGWOOD: WELL, I DIDN'T REALLY MEAN IT QUITE THAT STRONGLY, MR. DITHERS.

DITHERS: THEN WHAT DID YOU WRITE THAT MEMO FOR?

DAGWOOD: I GUESS I JUST SORT OF LET MYSELF GO.

DITHERS: I'LL LET YOU GO, TOO, IF YOU DON'T GET THIS JOB DONE. I'LL GET OUR MEN TO CART AWAY THE WRECKAGE. ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS GET SOMEONE TO TEAR THAT HOUSE DOWN.

DAGWOOD: BUT MR. DITHERS -- I CAN'T --

DITHERS: IN THE DITHERS COMPANY, BUMSTEAD -- THERE'S NO SUCH WORD AS CAN'T. WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A ~~WAY~~, A, WELL NEVER MIND,

DAGWOOD: THAT ISN'T FAIR! WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF YOU WERE ME?

DITHERS: I'D TURN THE JOB OVER TO WHOEVER WAS WORKING UNDER ME.

DAGWOOD: BUT THERE ISN'T ANYONE WORKING UNDER ME.

DITHERS: THAT'S A COINCIDENCE, ISN'T IT. WELL BUMSTEAD, I'LL EXPECT YOU TO HAVE THE JOB DONE FOR HALF MY ESTIMATE.

DAGWOOD: MR. DITHERS, DON'T YOU THINK WE'D BETTER THINK THIS OVER A WHILE?

DITHERS: CERTAINLY NOT! YOU SAID I OUGHT TO ECONOMIZE, YOU SAID I OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO GET THAT JOB DONE FOR HALF, AND NOW YOU CAN TRY TO DO IT. <sup>HA HA!</sup> ~~IT IS MY TURN TO LAUGH~~ (LAUGHS)

DAGWOOD: (WEAK LAUGH)

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DITHERS: GET RIGHT TO WORK ON IT TODAY, BUMSTEAD. LET ME KNOW HOW YOU'RE COMING ALONG...GOODBYE.

SOUND: PHONE CLICKS

DAGWOOD: BUT MR. DITHERS... (WAILS) BLONNNNNNNNDIE! ~~OH~~

~~BLONNNNNNNNDIE!~~

BLONDIE: (RUSHING UP) DAGWOOD -- WHAT'S THE MATTER?

DAGWOOD: YOU KNOW THAT MEMO I WROTE MR. DITHERS? I TOLD HIM HE SHOULD BE ABLE TO GET THAT ELM STREET HOUSE WRECKED FOR HALF HIS ESTIMATE. AND HE TOLD ME TO GO AHEAD AND DO IT!

BLONDIE: WHY DID YOU SAY THAT?

DAGWOOD: WELL, I WASN'T VERY BUSY AT THE OFFICE, SO I DECIDED TO WRITE A MEMO TO PASS AWAY THE TIME.

BLONDIE: I HOPE MR. DITHERS KEEPS YOU BUSY AFTER THIS.

DAGWOOD: I JUST HOPE HE KEEPS ME.

BLONDIE: NOW HOW ARE YOU GOING TO GET THAT SHOUSE TORN DOWN?

DAGWOOD: I DON'T KNOW...I DON'T SUPPOSE WE CAN WAIT FOR IT TO BE STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

BLONDIE: I'M AFRAID NOT, DAGWOOD. ) IT WAS JUST AN IDEA.  
DAGWOOD: DID YOU CALL UP ALL THE

BLONDIE: WRECKING COMPANIES!

DAGWOOD: I DIDN'T CALL THE ACME WRECKERS. WHY DON'T YOU GET THEM ON THE PHONE AND SAY YOU'RE MY SECRETARY. MAYBE THAT WILL IMPRESS THEM. THEN I'LL TALK TO THEM.

BLONDIE: ALL RIGHT. WHAT'S THEIR NUMBER.

DAGWOOD: JUST A SECOND, AND I'LL LOOK IT UP IN THE PHONE BOOK.

SOUND: PICKING UP PHONE BOOK...FLIPPING THROUGH PAGES...

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DAGWOOD: LET ME SEE...ACME WRECKERS...ACME WRECKERS...HEY, BLONDIE  
-- HERE'S A FUNNY NAME. WILLIAM W. WILLIAM. I WONDER  
WHAT THE "W" STANDS FOR?

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD, WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THE BACK OF THAT PHONE  
BOOK?

DAGWOOD: OH, I'M JUST LOOKING.

BLONDIE: WELL, DEAR, LET'S LOOK IN THE FRONT OF THE BOOK.

DAGWOOD: OKAY...

SOUND: FLIPPING OF PAGES

DAGWOOD: ACME PLUMBERS, ACME PRINTERS, ~~ACME TOOL TRUCKS~~, ACME RADIO

REPAIRS, ACME RESTAURANT, ~~ACME WALLS~~, ~~ACME~~

BLONDIE! ~~YOU PASSED IT~~ OH YES HERE IT IS, ACME WRECKERS.

DAGWOOD: ~~WRECKERS~~ YOU FOUND IT, BUT IT WAS A STRUGGLE, ~~CENTRAL~~

BLONDIE: ~~WRECKERS~~ YEAH, BUT IT WAS A STRUGGLE... CENTRAL 7380.

SOUND: PICK UP PHONE

BLONDIE: CENTRAL 7380, PLEASE.

DAGWOOD: ALL THE OTHER COMPANIES WANTED A HUNDRED DOLLARS TO DO  
THE JOB. MAYBE THEY'LL DO IT FOR LESS.

BLONDIE: I CERTAINLY HOPE SO, DAGWOOD."

MAN: (FILTER) HELLO -- ACME WRECKING COMPANY.

BLONDIE: HELLO...THIS IS MR. BUMSTEAD'S SECRETARY AT THE J. C.  
DITHERS COMPANY. JUST A MINUTE -- HERE'S MR. BUMSTEAD.

MAN: OKAY -- PUT HIM ON.

BLONDIE: (OFF) ALL RIGHT, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: (CLEARS HIS THROAT) HELLO -- BUMSTEAD SPEAKING.

MAN: YEAH?

DAGWOOD: DO YOU KNOW THE HOUSE AT FORTY ELM STREET?

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MAN: YEAH.

DAGWOOD: COULD YOU GIVE ME A PRICE ON WRECKING IT?

MAN: YEAH.

DAGWOOD: HOW MUCH?

MAN: A HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS.

DAGWOOD: HUNH?...DID YOU SAY A HUNDRED AND FIFTY?

MAN: YEAH.

DAGWOOD: IS THAT YOUR LOWEST PRICE?

MAN: YEAH.

DAGWOOD: THANKS VERY MUCH. GOODEBYE.

SOUND: HANGS UP

BLONDIE: WHAT DID HE SAY?

DAGWOOD: HE DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING BUT "YEAH" AND "A HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS." THE PRICE IS GOING UP.

BLONDIE: I WONDER WHY.

DAGWOOD: I THINK THEY JUST ADDED ANOTHER FIFTY DOLLARS BECUASE I HAD A SECRETARY CALL FIRST. WE IMPRESSED THEM TOO MUCH. OH, BLONDIE, WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?

BLONDIE: I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO DO. YOU'RE GOING OUT IN THE YARD AND FIX BABY DUMPLING'S WAGON, LIKE YOU PROMISED.

DAGWOOD: BUT BLONDIE ---

BLONDIE: IN THE MEANTIME, I'LL SEE IF I CAN'T FIGURE OUT SOME WAY TO GET THAT HOUSE TORN DOWN!!

MUSIC:

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FUDDLE: (OFF A BIT) HELLO, DAG, OLD BOY. WHAT'S NEW?

DAGWOOD: HI, FARQUHAR. NOTHING MUCH. I'M GOING TO FIX BABY  
DUMPLING'S WAGON.

FUDDLE: (COMING UP) ~~WHAT ARE YOU PUNISHING HIM FOR?~~  
<sup>WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH IT?</sup>

~~DAGWOOD: NO, I MEAN THIS WAGON HERE.~~

SOUND: RATTLING OF WAGON ON SIDEWALK.

DAGWOOD: IT DOESN'T SEEM TO WORK VERY WELL.

FUDDLE: THAT'S FINE. I'LL BE GLAD TO VOLUNTEER MY SERVICES.

DAGWOOD: I DON'T KNOW. MAYBE YOU'D BETTER JUST WATCH ME.

FUDDLE: HMMMM, IT DOESN'T SEEM TO BE VERY STURDY. LET'S SEE  
IF IT'LL HOLD MY WEIGHT.

DAGWOOD: NOW JUST A SECOND, FUDDLE. YOU'RE A LOT HEAVIER  
THAN BABY DUMPLING.

FUDDLE: CERTAINLY I AM, BUT YOU HAVE TO HAVE A MARGIN OF  
SAFETY, DON'T YOU? IF IT'LL HOLD ME, THEN YOU CAN  
BE SURE IT'S OKAY FOR BABY DUMPLING.

DAGWOOD: NO, FUDDLE! DON'T SIT DOWN ON IT!

FUDDLE: NONSENSE, DAG, OLD BOY. JUST WATCH.

SOUND: CRACK OF WAGON...AND A WHEEL COMES OFF AND ROLLS AROUND

DAGWOOD: HEY! YOU BROKE IT!

FUDDLE: HMMM, SO I DID. IT'S A LUCKY THING BABY DUMPLING WASN'T IN IT. HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN INJURED.

DAGWOOD: LOOK AT THIS WHEEL! THE WHOLE THING CAME OFF.

FUDDLE: WELL, NO WONDER THE WAGON WASN' WORKING. LOOK AT ALL THESE BB'S THAT WERE IN THE WHEEL...I'LL JUST THROW THEM AWAY.

DAGWOOD: HEY -- DON'T! AW, FUDDLE -- THOSE WERE THE BEARINGS!

FUDDLE: BEARINGS?

DAGWOOD: YES -- THEY CAME OUT OF THE WHEEL WHEN IT FELL OFF.

FUDDLE: DAG, OLD BOY, YOU MAY BE RIGHT. LET'S SIT DOWN AND THINK THIS THING OVER.

DAGWOOD: FUDDLE! NOT ON THE WAGON!

FUDDLE: NONSENSE.

SOUND: CRACK AS WAGON COLLAPSES...

FUDDLE: OUCH! I HURT MYSELF.

DAGWOOD: *↳* LOOK AT THE EXPRESSION ON THAT WAGON.  
NOW YOU'VE WRECKED THE WHOLE THING.

FUDDLE: BUMSTEAD -- WHY DON'T YOU BE A REAL FATHER AND GIVE BABY DUMPLING A NEW WAGON, YOU CAN SEE JUST BY LOOKING AT THIS WAGON THAT IT NEVER WAS ANY GOOD.

DAGWOOD: IT WAS ALL RIGHT UNTIL YOU HELPED ME FIX IT.

FUDDLE: BUMSTEAD, YOU CUT ME TO THE QUICK. WELL, GOT TO BE GOING.  
(FADING) ANY OTHER LITTLE CHORES ABOUT THE HOUSE YOU NEED HELP WITH, LET ME KNOW.

DAGWOOD: (CALLING) THANKS, I SURE WILL. (SOTTO) I DON'T THINK.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSES, OFF

BLONDIE: (APPROACHING) DAGWOOD -- I FORGOT TO ASK YOU, WHAT KIND OF A HOUSE IS IT YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO TEAR DOWN?

DAGWOOD: I LOOKED AT IT ON THE WAY HOME. IT'S JUST AN OLD ONE STORY FRAME HOUSE -- I GUESS NOBODY'S LIVED THERE FOR A LONG TIME. GEE -- I SHOULD THINK IT WOULD BE FUN TO TEAR IT DOWN...

BLONDIE: (IN) DAGWOOD!!

DAGWOOD: WHAT'S THE MATTER?

BLONDIE: WHAT ON EARTH'S HAPPENED TO BABY DUMPLING'S WAGON!!!?

DAGWOOD: FUDDLE.

BLONDIE: WHAT DO YOU MEAN, FUDDLE!!!?

DAGWOOD: HE SAT ON IT.

BLONDIE: OH!! IF HE ISN'T THE MOST DESTRUCTIVE MAN!! WITHOUT MEANING TO BE, OF COURSE...

DAGWOOD: YEAH -- I DON'T KNOW WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF HE TRIED TO BREAK THINGS DELIBERATELY.

BLONDIE: (GASPS) DAGWOOD!!

DAGWOOD: WHAT?

BLONDIE: YOU JUST GAVE ME AN INSPIRATION!! ABOUT TEARING THAT HOUSE DOWN!!

DAGWOOD: YEAH?

BLONDIE: I JUST REMEMBERED SOMETHING I READ IN THE READERS DIGEST TWO OR THREE YEARS AGO. IT WAS ABOUT SOME PEOPLE WHO HAD A PARTY. IT WAS VERY SUCCESSFUL.

DAGWOOD: (COMPLETELY IN THE DARK) IT WAS, EH?

BLONDIE: OH, DAGWOOD...I HOPE THIS WORKS OUT. IT'LL SOLVE EVERYTHING!

DAGWOOD: I DON'T GET IT.

BLONDIE: I'LL EXPLAIN IN A MINUTE. COME ON IN THE HOUSE -- I'VE GOT TO CALL MR. FUDDLE!! 'RIGHT AWAY!!!

MUSIC:

SOUND: PICK UP PHONE

BLONDIE: EVERGREEN 3477, PLEASE. (TO DAGWOOD) HAVE WE GOT ANY AXES AND HAMMERS AROUND THE HOUSE, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: SURE -- BUT WHAT DO WE NEED THEM FOR?

BLONDIE: YOU'LL SEE.

DAGWOOD: BLONDIE, STOP KEEPING ME IN SUSPENSE. I DEMAND TO KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING!

FUDDLE: (FILTER) HELLO? YOU'RE IN A HUDDLE WITH FARQUHAR FUDDLE.

BLONDIE: (INTO PHONE) THIS IS BLONDIE, MR. FUDDLE.

FUDDLE: HELLO, BLONDIE.

BLONDIE: I WONDER IF YOU AND HAZEL WOULD LIKE TO COME TO A PARTY THIS AFTERNOON?

FUDDLE: BLONDIE, YOU TALKED ME INTO IT.

BLONDIE: WAIT'LL I TELL YOU MORE ABOUT IT. BOTH OF YOU BE SURE TO WEAR YOUR VERY OLDEST CLOTHES.

FUDDLE: ~~OH, THE PARTY'S~~  
~~WHERE'S THIS GOING TO BE, BLONDIE?~~ → AT YOUR PLACE?

BLONDIE: NO, THE PARTY'S AT FORTY ELM STREET. AND BRING ALONG ALL THE AXES AND HATCHETS YOU HAVE, MR. FUDDLE. YOU'LL NEED THEM.

FUDDLE: FOR PROTECTION?

BLONDIE: NO, YOU'LL SEE WHEN YOU GET THERE. REMEMBER -- FORTY ELM STREET AT THREE O'CLOCK.

FUDDLE: OKAY, BLONDIE -- WE'LL BE THERE. GOODBYE.



BLONDIE: GOODBYE.

SOUND: HANGS UP

DAGWOOD: BLONDIE, WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?

BLONDIE: WELL, DAGWOOD, WE'RE GOING TO WRECK THAT HOUSE FOR NOTHING  
AND HAVE A GOOD TIME DOING IT!

MUSIC:

SOUND: COME UP ON WALKING ON CREAKY OLD FLOOR

DAGWOOD: GEE, BLONDIE, THIS SURE IS OLD AND MUSTY IN HERE.

BLONDIE: ISN'T THIS THE HOUSE THAT THAT MR. DIXON'S GRANDFATHER LEFT  
TO HIM?

DAGWOOD: OH, YEAH -- I KNOW WHO YOU MEAN. MR. DITHERS MUST HAVE  
BOUGHT IT FROM HIM.

BLONDIE: I GUESS SO.

DAGWOOD: HEY, BLONDIE -- HERE COME THE FUDDLES. THEY'RE WALKING  
RIGHT UP TO THE FRONT DOOR.

BLONDIE: GOOD. WE CAN GET THE PARTY STARTED RIGHT AWAY.

SOUND: FUDDLE'S KNOCK ON THE DOOR

DAGWOOD: COME IN, FUDDLES.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS WITH CREAK OF HINGES

BLONDIE: HELLO, HAZEL.

HAZEL: HELLO, BLONDIE. WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO HERE -- HAUNT THE  
PLACE?

BLONDIE: NO, IT'S JUST GOING TO BE A DIFFERENT KIND OF A PARTY.

FUDDLE: SAY, THIS CERTAINLY IS AN OLD HOUSE. I DON'T THINK ANYONE'S  
BEEN IN HERE FOR YEARS -- THAT IS, NOBODY ALIVE.

HAZEL: WHEN YOU WALKED IN IT DIDN'T CHANGE THE SCORE ANY.

FUDDLE: NOW HAZEL, DEAR...

HAZEL: LIVING WITH FARQUHAR IS JUST LIKE KEEPING THE RADIO ON ALL DAY.

DAGWOOD: TELL 'EM ABOUT THE PARTY, BLONDIE.

FUDDLE: YEAH. WHAT DID YOU WANT WITH THESE AXES AND HAMMERS?

SOUND: RATTLE OF TOOLS

BLONDIE: WELL, THAT'S PART OF THE FUN...YOU SEE, MR. DITHERS IS GOING TO BUILD A HOUSE HERE, SO THIS OLD ONE WILL HAVE TO BE

<sup>HA HA.</sup>  
FUDDLE: TORN DOWN. I REMEMBERED READING ABOUT ALMOST THE SAME THING  
BLONDIE: IN A READERS DIGEST -- AND THE PEOPLE IN THIS ARTICLE GAVE A DEMOLITION PARTY. EVERYONE CAME AND WRECKED THE HOUSE.

FUDDLE: I'VE BEEN TO A LOT OF PARTIES WHERE THE GUESTS WRECKED THE HOUSE, BUT THIS IS THE FIRST ONE I'VE BEEN TO WHERE THEY WERE INVITED TO SMASH THINGS <sup>WELL YOU AXED US TO COME OVER.</sup> (LAUGHS)

HAZEL: WHAT'S SO FUNNY?

FUDDLE: ER -- NOTHING, DEAR -- NOTHING.

HAZEL: THEN DON'T LAUGH LIKE THAT OR I'LL SEND YOU BACK TO THE ZOO.

FUDDLE: I'M SORRY, PET.

HAZEL: GO AHEAD, BLONDIE.

BLONDIE: WELL, YOU KNOW HOW EVERYONE LIKES TO SMASH THINGS. HOW SOMETIMES YOU WANT TO BREAK A VASE OR A CHAIR...?

HAZEL: I HAVE THAT URGE ALL THE TIME, BUT I USUALLY LIKE TO HAVE

FUDDLE: A MOVING TARGET.  
<sup>NOW PET,</sup>

DAGWOOD: THIS WILL BE WITHOUT THE TARGET, BUT JUST AS MUCH FUN.

BLONDIE: YES. YOU CAN PICK UP AN AXE OR A HAMMER AND SMASH ANYTHING

FUDDLE: YOU WANT <sup>WHAT?</sup> TEAR UP THE FLOOR, KNOCK DOWN ONE OF THE WALLS,  
BLONDIE: OR CHOP UP THE DOORS. ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS WRECK THINGS.

FUDDLE: OH, BOY -- THAT'S FOR 'ME BLONDIE!

HAZEL: JUST GIVE FARQUHAR AND AXE AND STAND BACK.  
DAGWOOD: YEAH. YOU CAN <sup>MAKE LIKE YOUR TRYING</sup> ~~JUST TRY~~ TO FIX THINGS IF YOU WANT TO...WELL,  
LET'S ALL PITCH IN AND TEAR THE HOUSE DOWN...HERE YOU ARE,  
FUDDLE -- GRAB THIS.  
FUDDLE: THANKS, DAG, OLD BOY.  
SOUND: RATTLE OF TOOLS  
HAZEL: I THINK I'LL JUST TRY THIS HATCHET. I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO  
CHOP A HOLE IN A WALL.  
FUDDLE: HEY, DAG -- LET'S START ON THE BACK DOOR.  
DAGWOOD: OKAY.  
BLONDIE: HAZEL AND I WILL BE HAMMERING AT THE WALL, DAGWOOD.  
DAGWOOD: THAT'S THE STUFF, BLONDIE.  
SOUND: HAMMERING STARTS LIGHTLY...THIS IS BLONDIE AND HAZEL  
FUDDLE: LET'S DO A REALLY MASTERFUL JOB ON THIS DOOR, BUMSTEAD.  
DAGWOOD: AFTER YOU, FUDDLE.  
FUDDLE: OH, NO -- I COULDN'T. IT'S YOUR PARTY -- THE PLEASURE'S  
YOURS.  
DAGWOOD: NO, YOU'RE MY GUEST. GIVE IT A SMACK AND THEN I'LL START  
IN WITH YOU.  
FUDDLE: OKAY.  
SOUND: SMASH OF AXE IN DOOR  
FUDDLE: THIS IS WONDERFUL  
SOUND: CRASH...CRASH...CRASH  
DAGWOOD: ONE MORE CRACK AND THE WHOLE DOOR WILL GO DOWN. LET'S HIT  
IT TOGETHER.  
FUDDLE: OKAY, DAG. ONE...TWO...THREE!  
SOUND: TERRIFIC SMASH...AND THE DOOR GOES DOWN  
DAGWOOD: SAY, THIS IS FUN, ISN'T IT?

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FUDDLE: I HAVEN'T HAD AS MUCH FUN SINCE THE AFTERNOON I HELPED YOU BUILD THAT PLAYHOUSE FOR BABY DUMPLING.

DAGWOOD: YEAH, I CAN SEE WHY YOU WERE REMINDED OF IT. IT'S THE SAME KIND OF FUN.

FUDDLE: THAT'S RIGHT -- THE PLAYHOUSE WAS PRETTY FLAT WHEN WE FINISHED.

DAGWOOD: UN-HUH...LET'S START ON THE WALL HERE. I WONDER IF WE COULD KNOCK THE WHOLE THING OUT.

FUDDLE: SURE -- WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?

DAGWOOD: I DON'T KNOW -- LET'S GO.

SOUND: POUNDING AND HAMMERING AT WALL...PLASTER FALLING,...ETC...

MUSIC:

~~XXXXXXXXXX~~

DAGWOOD: WELL, I'M ALL RESTED UP AGAIN. LET'S GET BACK TO WORK,  
FUDDLE.

FUDDLE: GIVE ME ONE MORE DEEP BREATH.

BLONDIE: ARE YOU HAVING A GOOD TIME, HAZEL?

HAZEL: I THINK SO, BUT SO MUCH PLASTER HAS FALLEN ON MY HEAD, I'M  
NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR ANYTHING I SAY.

DAGWOOD: FARQUHAR AND I HAVE THE REAR WALL READY TO GO AS SOON AS  
WE GO OUTSIDE AND JERK ON THE ROPES.

SOUND: KNOCKING ON DOOR

BLONDIE: I WONDER WHO'S AT THE DOOR.

DAGWOOD: I DON'T KNOW.

BLONDIE: WHY DON'T YOU OPEN IT AND SEE, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: IT'S MORE FUN TO CHOP A HOLE THROUGH WITH AN AXE AND LOOK.  
WATCH!

SOUND: CRASH...CRASH...CRASH...CRASH

DAGWOOD: WHO'S THERE? ~~OH, HELLO, MR. DITHERS!~~  
DITHERS: BUMSTEAD!  
BUMSTEAD: OH, HELLO MR. DITHERS,  
DITHERS: ~~BUMSTEAD~~, WHAT IN THE WORLD ARE YOU DOING?

DAGWOOD: HAVING A PARTY. CRAWL IN!...ER -- WAIT -- I'LL OPEN THE  
DOOR.

SOUND: RATTLE OF DOOR...WHOLE THING FALLS DOWN

DAGWOOD: IT FELL DOWN!  
BLONDIE: HELLO, MR. DITHERS...YOU KNOW MR. AND MRS. FUDDLE, DON'T  
YOU?

(AD LIBS HELLO'S)

DITHERS: SAY, WHAT HAPPENED HERE. IT LOOKS LIKE A HURRICANE WENT THROUGH HERE AND CAME BACK FOR AN ENCORE.

BLONDIE: WE'RE HAVING A PARTY, MR. DITHERS.

DITHERS: IS THAT ALL?

DAGWOOD: IT'S SORT OF LIKE PLAYING FIREMAN ONLY THERE ISN'T ANY FIRE.

FUDDLE: THAT IS NOT YET

BLONDIE: THAT'S RIGHT, MR. DITHERS -- JUST PICK UP AN AXE AND START CHOPPING.

DITHERS: YOU MEAN I CAN SMASH ANYTHING I WANT TO IN THIS PLACE?

FUDDLE: EVERYTHING WE HAVEN'T ALREADY SMASHED.

DITHERS: BUMSTEAD, YOU'RE A GENIUS.

DAGWOOD: COME ON, MR. DITHERS -- BREAK SOMETHING.

DITHERS: HA-HA! I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO DO THIS. (LAUGHS) FOR YEARS I'VE BEEN BUILDING HOUSES, AND I'VE ALWAYS HAD A TERRIFIC URGE TO GO MAD IN ONE OF THEM. SMASH THE WINDOWS, CHOP A HOLE IN THE PLASTER, RIP THE FLOORBOARDS UP!...GIVE ME THAT AXE!

DAGWOOD: HERE YOU ARE, MR. DITHERS.

DITHERS: AW, DAG... JUST CALL ME J.C.

SOUND: RATTLE OF AXE AS HE PICKS IT UP

DAGWOOD: O.K. - J.C. HERE'S THE AXE.

BLONDIE: THERE'S A WINDOW LEFT OVER THERE.

DITHERS: AH! I'LL START OUT EASILY... HERE GOES.

SOUND: TINKLE OF GLASS

BLONDIE: YOU ONLY BROKE ONE PANE, MR. DITHERS.

DITHERS: THAT'S ALL RIGHT, BLONDIE. I'M JUST TEASING MYSELF.

SOUND: TINKLE OF ANOTHER PANE

DITHERS: AH-H-H!! THIS IS SHEER PLEASURE...AND NOW --!

SOUND: CRASH...CRASH...CRASH OF GLASS AS HE DEMOLISHES THE WINDOW WITH AXE....

DITHERS: (LAUGHS) I'VE NEVER HAD SO MUCH FUN IN MY LIFE!

HAZEL: TRY THAT SIDE WALL, MR. DITHERS. IT'S PRETTY FLIMSY.  
 DITHERS: OH, NO, I COULDN'T, MRS. FUDDLE. <sup>AW GO ON!</sup> YOU'LL WANT TO WRECK  
 HAZEL: ~~THAT YOURSELF.~~

HAZEL: NO, NO -- GO RIGHT AHEAD. BUT KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE  
 CEILING -- THERE'S A NASTY HUNK OF PLASTER WAITING TO GLOM  
 YOU.

DITHERS: THANK YOU...WELL, HERE GOES!

SOUND:.. CRASH...SPLINTERING OF WOOD

DITHERS: ALL THESE YEARS I'VE WAITED FOR THIS OPPORTUNITY! I'VE  
 ALWAYS WANTED TO SMASH A HOUSE INTO MATCHWOOD.

SOUND: CRASH...CRASH...

BLONDIE: COME ON -- LET'S ALL PITCH IN.

FUDDLE: JUST LET ME AT THAT REAR WALL!

SOUND: HAMMERING AND BANGING....

DITHERS: (LAUGHS) HA-HA!

MUSIC:

SOUND: COME UP ON HAMMERING...IT STOPS...

DITHERS: HOLD IT A SECOND! I THINK THE WALL'S ABOUT READY TO GO.

BLONDIE: WILL WE BE SAFE IN HERE?

DAGWOOD: WELL, IT LOOKS SAFE TO ME, BLONDIE.

DITHERS: OF COURSE IT'S SAFE!....COME ON, BUMSTEAD -- SHOVE!  
 COME ON, FUDDLE!

DAGWOOD: OKAY, <sup>J.C.</sup> ~~MR. DITHERS.~~

HAZEL: I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYONE GO MAD LIKE THESE MEN. THEY'RE  
 SCREAMING AROUND LIKE THEY JUST FELL OUT OF A VAUDEVILLE  
 ACT.

SOUND: WALL STARTING TO GO....

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FUDDLE: SHE'S GOING!

DITHERS: AH AH! PUSH IT OVER!

DAGWOOD: LOOK OUT! HERE GOES THE WALL!

SOUND: CREAKING AS THE WALL TOTTERS... THEN A TERRIFIC CRASH...

DITHERS: YIPPEE!

DAGWOOD: THAT WAS GREAT, <sup>J.C.</sup> MR. ~~DITHERS~~.

BLONDIE: MR. DITHERS, YOU WERE WONDERFUL!

DITHERS: OH, IT WAS NOTHING -- NOTHING AT ALL. YOU JUST NEEDED A LITTLE DIRECTION -- SOME EXECUTIVE ABILITY.

BLONDIE: WELL, I THINK I'LL GO BACK TO THE WALL I'VE BEEN CHOPPING AT. YOU'LL FIND A PIECE OF PIE IN THE FRONT ROOM, MR. DITHERS.....(FADING)

DITHERS: THANKS, BLONDIE....

FUDDLE: (OFF A BIT) SAY, HAZEL -- LET'S YOU AND ME START WORKING ON THIS OTHER WALL....

DITHERS: WELL, BUMSTEAD, I GUESS YOUR BOSS KNOWS HOW TO TEAR A HOUSE DOWN AS WELL AS BUILD ONE, EH?

DAGWOOD: THAT'S RIGHT, <sup>J.C.</sup> MR. ~~DITHERS~~.

SOUND: CHOPPING STARTS OFF... THIS IS THE FUDDLES AND BLONDIE AT WORK...

DITHERS: SAY, BY THE WAY, WHY ARE WE DOING THIS?

DAGWOOD: WELL, TO TEAR THE HOUSE DOWN, THAT'S ALL.

DITHERS: YES, YES, BUT WHO'S GOING TO BUILD ON THIS PROPERTY?

DAGWOOD: AREN'T YOU?

DITHERS: NOT ME..

DAGWOOD: FOR A MOMENT I WAS WORRI ---- HUNH?

DITHERS: CERTAINLY NOT. WE'RE BUILDING AT FOURTEEN ELM ~~STREET~~. TWO BLOCKS UP THE STREET.

DAGWOOD: TOOOOOH! I THOUGHT YOU SAID FORTY ELM!



DITHERS: TAAAAAAH! I SAID FOURTEEN. WHY YOU NINCOMPOOP -- DO YOU MEAN TO TELL ME THAT YOU THOUGHT THIS WAS THE BUILDING I WANTED ~~WRECKED?~~ <sup>WRECKED?</sup>

DAGWOOD: I WAS SURE IT WAS. AND I'M GETTING IT DONE FOR EIGHTY SEVEN CENTS.

DITHERS: WHAT'S THE EIGHTY-SEVEN CENTS FOR?

DAGWOOD: REFRESHMENTS TO LURE THE FUDDLES OVER HERE.

DITHERS: TAAAAH! WHOSE HOUSE IS THIS, ANYWAY? WHY IT'S NOT EVEN A HOUSE ANYMORE. WE'VE -- ~~THAT IS~~ <sup>I MEAN</sup> -- YOU'VE WRECKED IT! YOU'LL HAVE TO PAY PLENTY FOR THIS!

DAGWOOD: I WAS ONLY TRYING TO ECONOMIZE!!

DITHERS: YOU SHOULDN'T ECONOMIZE SO EXPENSIVELY!

DAGWOOD: TOO OH!

DIXON: (OFF...YELLS) WHAT'S GOING ON IN HERE?!

SOUND: OF FOOTSTEPS COMING UP OVER BOARDS AND RUBBLE....

DAGWOOD: WHO'S THAT?

DITHERS: PROBABLY THE POLICE.

DIXON: (COMING UP) WELL, WHO'S RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS OUTRAGE! WHO'S WRECKING MY HOUSE?

DITHERS: SPLAK UP, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: HELLO.

DIXON: SO YOU DID THIS, EH?.....(GROANS) LOOK AT THOSE WINDOWS! LOOK AT THIS FLOOR! AND THE REAR WALL IS ALL -- HEY, THERE ISN'T ANY REAR WALL!!

DAGWOOD: WE WERE JUST SORT OF LEANING ON IT, AND --

DIXON: LEANING, EH? AND WHO'S WE?

DAGWOOD: WELL, <sup>J.C.</sup> ~~MR. DITHERS~~ HERE, AND --

DITHERS: DON'T CALL ME J.C.

DAGWOOD: ER... MR. DITHERS!

DIXON: AHA! VERY GOOD!.....ARE YOU J. C. DITHERS OF THE J. C. DITHERS COMPANY?

DITHERS: THE SAME.

DAGWOOD: YOU SEE, I WORK FOR MR. DITHERS AND I THOUGHT --

DIXON: THAT'S JUST FINE! AN EMPLOYEE OF HIS, EH?...WELL,  
MR. DITHERS, YOU'RE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE ACTS OF YOUR  
EMPLOYEE, AND YOU'RE GOING TO BUILD ME A NICE NEW  
HOUSE HERE -- AND IT BETTER BE GOOD. NO TUB SHOWERS,  
EITHER!

DITHERS: JUST A MINUTE! YOU CAN'T GET ME INTO THIS, BUMSTEAD!

DAGWOOD: WHO ME?

DITHERS: YOU INVITED ME IN -- YOU EGGED ME ON!

DIXON: YOU'RE RESPONSIBLE FOR HIM, DITHERS!

DITHERS: OH NO I'M NOT! HE'S NO EMPLOYEE OF MINE. I FIRED HIM!

DAGWOOD: HEY --- WHEN DID THIS HAPPEN?

DITHERS: AN HOUR AGO!

DAGWOOD: YOU DIDN'T TELL ME ANYTHING ABOUT IT!

DITHERS: I FIRED YOU BY MENTAL TELEPATHY.

DAGWOOD: OH I SEE...

DITHERS: YOU GOT YOURSELF INTO THIS JAM, BUMSTEAD -- NOW GET  
YOURSELF OUT! GOODBYE!

SOUND: HE GOES STAMPING OFF THROUGH THE RUBBLE

ORCHESTRA: (CURTAIN)

"BLONDIE" 25-A  
10/7/40

~~HE~~ DAGWOOD

GOODWIN: (CHUCKLE) IN A MOMENT, WE'LL SEE IF ~~HE~~ CAN GET HIMSELF OUT OF IT. IT LOOKS LIKE THINGS ARE GETTING MIGHTY HOT FOR DAGWOOD AGAIN. AND SAY...SPEAKING OF TOO MUCH HEAT...IT DOESN'T DO CIGARETTES ANY GOOD EITHER, YOU KNOW. FAST BURNING IN A CIGARETTE CREATES EXCESS HEAT...HEAT THAT DULLS NATURAL CIGARETTE FLAVOR...HEAT THAT GIVES YOU A FLAT, TASTELESS SMOKE. BUT WHAT ABOUT CAMELS? WELL, FRIENDS -- CAMELS ARE SLOWER-BURNING. AND SLOW BURNING PRESERVES AND HEIGHTENS THE DELICATE ELEMENTS OF FLAVOR AND FRAGRANCE IN CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS...SLOW BURNING BRINGS THEM TO YOU AT THEIR BEST. YES, SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS GIVE YOU EXTRA FLAVOR, EXTRA MILDNESS, AND EXTRA COOLNESS IN EVERY PUFF. WHAT'S MORE...WELL, JUST LISTEN TO THIS!

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. THAT MEANS YOU ALSO GET A SMOKING PLUS EQUAL, ON THE AVERAGE, TO FIVE EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK.

GOODWIN: AND THERE YOU HAVE THEM! CAMEL'S SMOKING "EXTRAS." GET ACQUAINTED WITH THEM NOW. ASK FOR SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS!

ORCHESTRA: (CURTAIN)

GOODWIN: AND NOW TO RETURN TO THE BUMSTEADS, WHO IT SEEMS ARE WRECKING THE WRONG HOUSE.

"BLONDIE" 25-B  
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DIXON: WELL, BUMSTEAD -- I SUPPOSE YOU KNOW THAT THIS IS  
MALICIOUS DESTRUCTION OF PROPERTY. AND WHAT'S MORE,  
IT'S STILL GOING ON!

DAGWOOD: (YELLS) BLOOOOOOOOOOOOONDIE!

FUDDLE: (FROM OFF) HOLD YOUR EARS, DAG. HERE GOES ANOTHER  
WALL!

DIXON: (YELLS) WHAT'S HAPPENING OUT THERE?

SOUND: OF WALL STARTING TO GO

DAGWOOD: THERE GOES ANOTHER WALL! (YELLS) BLOOOOOOOOOOONDIE!

SOUND: CRASH AS WALL GOES DOWN

DIXON: YOU MANIAC! STOP TEARING MY HOUSE DOWN AROUND MY  
EARS!

BLONDIE: (COMING UP) DAGWOOD -- LOOK WHAT I FOUND BETWEEN THE  
WALLS. IT'S A LITTLE TIN BOX.

DAGWOOD: BLONDIE, WE'RE TEARING DOWN THE WRONG HOUSE!

BLONDIE: WHAT?

DAGWOOD: YEAH -- ~~THE~~ MR. DIXON, I'D LIKE TO HAVE YOU MEET...

DIXON: I'M GLAD TO MEET YOU.

BLONDIE: THE PLEASURE'S ALL MINE.

DIXON: YOU'RE TELLING ME....SAY, DID YOU FIND THAT <sup>TIN BOX</sup> HERE?

BLONDIE: YES -- IT WAS STUCK BETWEEN THE WALLS.

DIXON: IT LOOKS LIKE THE ONE MY GRANDFATHER HAD.

BLONDIE: THEN I GUESS IT BELONGS TO YOU, MR. DIXON.

SOUND: RATTLE OF TIN BOX.....

DIXON: IF THIS IS ONLY WHAT I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR....

DAGWOOD: WHAT'S THAT?

SOUND: COVER OF TIN BOX CREAKS OPEN.....

BLONDIE: WHY THERE ARE A LOT OF OLD PAPERS IN THERE. THEY LOOK LIKE DOCUMENTS OF SOME KIND.

DIXON: YES! THIS IS IT! AND I'VE LOOKED FOR YEARS.

DAGWOOD: THIS IS WHAT?

DIXON: THE OLD WILL MY GRANDFATHER MADE. SEE -- I'M THE BENEFICIARY -- HE LEFT EVERYTHING TO ME. BUT I NEVER COULD FIND THIS WILL AND ALL HIS MONEY'S BEEN TIED UP BECAUSE OF IT.

DAGWOOD: I'LL SEE YOU LATER,

BLONDIE: I'M TERRIBLY SORRY ABOUT WHAT WE'VE DONE. IT WAS A MISTAKE, AND --

DIXON: (LAUGHS) OH, FORGET ABOUT IT. THIS MEANS A LOT TO ME. IN FACT, I'M EVEN GOING TO --

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS COMING UP FAST ON BOARDS....

FUDDLE: (COMING UP FAST) HEY, GET OUT OF HERE! THE WHOLE PLACE IS COMING DOWN!

HAZEL: BLONDIE! GET OUT QUICK!

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"BLONDIE"  
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BLONDIE: DAGWOOD! MR. DIXON! QUICK -- LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

SOUND: CREAKING OF HOUSE....THEN THE WHOLE THING COMES DOWN WITH  
A CRASH.....

MUSIC:

BLONDIE: WELL, DAGWOOD, WASN'T IT NICE OF MR. DIXON TO GIVE US  
FIFTY DOLLARS FOR FINDING THAT OLD WILL?

DAGWOOD: YEAH, BLONDIE, IT'S SWELL....SAY, DO YOU REMEMBER THAT  
NEW COAT I WAS TALKING ABOUT. THE ONE WITH THE  
HERRINGBONE TWEED AND THE RED, GREEN, AND BLUE SPECKS?

BLONDIE: YES, I DO -- VERY WELL.

DAGWOOD: I GUESS I CAN GET IT NOW.

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD, DO YOU REMEMBER THAT CHRISTMAS FUND I WAS TALKING  
ABOUT?

DAGWOOD: ER -- I RECALL SOMETHING BUT ONLY VAGUELY.

BLONDIE: I REMEMBER IT VERY WELL, AND THIS MONEY IS GOING TO GO IN  
IT. WHEN CHRISTMAS COMES WE'RE GOING TO HAVE PLENTY OF  
MONEY SAVED UP IN THAT TEAPOT.

DAGWOOD: BUT I WANT TO GET THAT COAT!

~~DAGWOOD: (WHILES) OH, BLONDIE!~~

BLONDIE: ALL RIGHT, YOU CAN HAVE YOUR COAT ON ONE CONDITION.

DAGWOOD: YEAH?

MUSIC: (UP-BOWWISH)

BLONDIE: IF YOU CAN GET IT IN THE TEAPOT.

DAGWOOD: OH, BLONDIE.

MUSIC (UP TO FINISH)

"BLONDIE"

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 ON CHIC YOUNGS FAMOUS KING FEATURES'  
CHARACTERS AT THIS TIME AGAIN NEXT MONDAY  
NIGHT. YOU'LL GET A CHUCKLE OUT OF THE  
DOINGS OF THE BUMSTEADS WHEN, "BLONDIE IS STRANDED"

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC UP BRIEFLY)

GOODWIN: "BLONDIE" IS PLAYED BY PENNY SINGLETON AND DAGWOOD IS  
ARTHUR LAKE.

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

THIS IS THE COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.