

11/19/40

Master

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1940

4:30 - 5:00 P.M.

7:30 - 8:00 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:)

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GOODWIN: AND NOW FOR OUR WEEKLY VISIT WITH THE BUMSTEADS. IT IS JUST AFTER BREAKFAST, AND BLONDIE AND DAGWOOD ARE OUT IN THE KITCHEN, LOOKING INTO THE BIG TEAPOT IN WHICH THEY ARE SAVING MONEY FOR A CHRISTMAS FUND. THE TEAPOT SHOULD HAVE QUITE A BIT OF MONEY IN IT, BUT UNFORTUNATELY...

BLONDIE: LOOK, DAGWOOD -- IT'S ALMOST EMPTY,

SOUND: RATTLE OF COINS IN TEAPOT

DAGWOOD: YEAH, IT IS, ISN'T IT? I WONDER HOW THAT HAPPENED?

BLONDIE: SO DO I.

DAGWOOD: YEAH, THAT'S FUNNY. I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHERE IT COULD HAVE DISAPPEARED TO.

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD...

DAGWOOD: YEAH, BLONDIE?

BLONDIE: SHALL WE STOP FOOLING OURSELVES THIS WAY? ONE OF US HAS TO GIVE IN FIRST AND ADMIT THE MONEY DIDN'T JUST CRAWL UP THROUGH THE SPOUT OF THE TEAPOT AND WALK AWAY.

DAGWOOD: WELL -- ER -- I'LL CONFESS IF YOU WILL, BLONDIE,

BLONDIE: ALL RIGHT -- I PAID THE MILKMAN OUT OF OUR ~~CHRISTMAS~~ FUND.

DAGWOOD: (CLEARS HIS THROAT) WELL, BLONDIE -- YOU KNOW MY MONTHLY INSURANCE PREMIUM.

BLONDIE: YES.

DAGWOOD: IT'S PAID NOW.

BLONDIE: AND SO IS THE PAPER BOY. I DIDN'T HAVE ANY CHANGE IN THE HOUSE WHEN HE CAME TO COLLECT.

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DAGWOOD: AND WHEN I TOOK BABY DUMPLING OUT FOR A SODA LAST NIGHT  
I DIDN'T WANT TO BREAK A <sup>DOLLAR BILL</sup> ~~FIVE~~ SO...I JUST BORROWED FROM  
THE CHRISTMAS FUND.

BLONDIE: AND NOW ALL WE HAVE IS TWO DOLLARS AND FOURTEEN CENTS.  
DAGWOOD, WE'VE JUST GOT TO GET SOME EXTRA MONEY SOMEHOW.

~~(FIRST COMMERCIAL)~~

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD, I THINK YOU OUGHT TO ASK MR. DITHERS FOR A RAISE.

DAGWOOD: YEAH, I OUGHT TO, BLONDIE, BUT I DON'T KNOW...MR. DITHERS IS PRETTY HARD TO CORNER.

BLONDIE: DON'T YOU THINK YOU DESERVE ONE?

DAGWOOD: WELL, SURE -- BUT SOMEHOW HE CAN TELL WHEN I'M COMING IN FOR A RAISE AND BEFORE I CAN OPEN MY MOUTH HE STARTS TALKING ABOUT ECONOMIZING AND HOW HIGH THE OFFICE EXPENSES ARE. HE SORT OF BEATS ME TO THE DRAW.

BLONDIE: WELL, DON'T YOU LET HIM DO IT, DAGWOOD. YOU GO RIGHT IN AND BEFORE HE SAYS ANYTHING YOU TELL HIM YOU DESERVE A RAISE AND THINK HE OUGHT TO GIVE YOU ONE.

DAGWOOD: BUT WHAT IF HE INTERRUPTS ME?

BLONDIE: THEN YOU INTERRUPT HIM!

DAGWOOD: WELL, HONEY, YOU KNOW HOW MR. DITHERS IS.

BLONDIE: YOU JUST KEEP RIGHT ON TALKING UNTIL HE STOPS.

DAGWOOD: WELL, I'LL TRY IT, BLONDIE, BUT IF I DON'T COME BACK FOR DINNER TONIGHT YOU'LL KNOW THAT WE'RE STILL TALKING.

BLONDIE: WELL, DON'T GIVE UP, DAGWOOD. WE NEED THAT MONEY FOR OUR CHRISTMAS FUND, AND YOU MAKE HIM GIVE IT TO YOU, REMIND

DAGWOOD: WELL I'LL DO MY BEST.

BLONDIE: REMIND HIM HOW MANY TIMES HE'S PROMISED YOU RAISES AND FORGOTTEN THEM.

DAGWOOD: YOU KNOW MR. DITHER'S MEMORY, BLONDIE, WHENEVER THERE'S ANYTHING ABOUT A RAISE, HIS MIND GOES COMPLETELY BLANK. BUT I'LL TRY TO OUTTALK HIM THIS TIME.

MUSIC:

~~SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR~~

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PERSEVERENCE

GOODWIN: WHAT DAGWOOD NEEDS IS ~~PATIENCE~~...IN FACT, HE COULD USE A  
LITTLE OF THAT ~~PERSEVERENCE~~ THAT HAS MADE DAVID BURPEE  
FAMOUS. YOU KNOW WHO HE IS, DON'T YOU? SURE...HE'S THAT  
MASTER SEEDSMAN. AFTER YEARS OF PATIENT WORK...HE DEVELOPED  
THE BURPEE GOLD MARIGOLD. THE MARIGOLD WHOSE FOLIAGE HAS  
NO ODOR! MR. BURPEE IS ALWAYS SEARCHING FOR THE EXTRAS  
IN FLOWERS. AND IN OTHER WAYS, TOO, MR. BURPEE SEEKS THE  
EXTRAS. TAKE SMOKING...HE SAYS IT'S THE EXTRAS OF  
SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS THAT COUNT WITH HIM. LISTEN...

MAN'S VOICE: I KNOW FROM EXPERIENCE THAT CAMELS ARE EXTRA MILD AND  
EXTRA COOL. AND THEY HAVE A FULL, RICH FLAVOR THAT'S  
ALWAYS WELCOME.

GOODWIN: THAT'S CAMEL FOR YOU...THE CIGARETTE THAT BURNS SLOWLY...  
THE CIGARETTE THAT'S FREE FROM THE IRRITATING QUALITIES OF  
TOO-FAST BURNING. CAMEL'S SLOW...SLOW WAY OF BURNING  
BRINGS STRAIGHT THROUGH TO YOU THE EXTRAS OF SMOKING.  
EXTRA MILDNESS,,,EXTRA COOLNESS...EXTRA FLAVOR...ALL IN  
ONE GRAND-TASTING CIGARETTE -- CAMEL!

ORCHESTRA: (CURTAIN)

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SOUND: KNOCK

DITHERS: (INSIDE) COME IN

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

DAGWOOD: I'D LIKE TO TALK TO YOU A MOMENT, MR. DITHERS.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSES

DITHERS: (SENSING WHAT'S ABOUT TO HEPPEN) HMMMMM.....I'M GLAD YOU  
CAME INTO MY OFFICE, <sup>BUMSTEAD,</sup> ~~DAGWOOD~~. I WANTED TO SPEAK TO YOU  
ABOUT ECONOMY AROUND HERE, OUR EXPENSES ARE ENTIRELY TOO  
HIGH THIS MONTH AND WE'LL HAVE TO BE MORE CAREFUL ABOUT  
SPENDING ANY ADDITIONAL MONEY WHERE IT ISN'T ABSOLUTELY  
NECESSARY. IN TIMES LIKE THESE WE ARE PASSING THROUGH  
ANY EXTRA CASH OUTLAY IS NOT ONLY FOOLISH BUT DANGEROUS.  
THAT'S WHY I WANT YOU TO KEEP AN EYE ON OUR EXPENSES AND  
DO YOUR BEST TO KEEP THEM DOWN TO A MINIMUM.

DAGWOOD: (ON CUE AFTER "IN THIS OFFICE") MR. DITHERS, I FEEL THAT  
IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU GAVE ME A RAISE, YOU'VE BEEN PROMISING  
ME ONE FOR A LONG TIME BUT YOU'VE ALWAYS FORGOTTEN IT.  
I'VE BEEN WORKING PARTICULARLY HARD FOR YOU SO YOU'D  
REALIZE IT WOULD ACTUALLY BE A SAVINGS TO ADD A LITTLE  
MORE TO MY WEEKLY PAYCHECK, BUT EVERYTIME I COME IN TO  
SEE YOU ABOUT IT, YOU START TALKING ABOUT SOMETHING ELSE.

DITHERS: (YELLS) BUMSTEAD -- WILL YOU LISTEN TO ME!

DAGWOOD: IN JUST A MOMENT, MR. DITHERS, (TAKES BREATH) I SHOULD  
BE GIVEN A RAISE, YOU'VE SAID YOU'D GIVE ME A RAISE, AND  
BLONDIE SAYS WE SHOULD BE GIVEN A RAISE SO THAT --

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DITHERS: TAAAAAAAHAH! FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE STOP CONJUGATING THAT VERB!

DAGWOOD: YES, SIR.

DITHERS: NOW -- I GATHER YOU WANT A RAISE.

DAGWOOD: THAT'S THE GENERAL IDEA, MR. DITHERS.

DITHERS: WHAT FOR?

DAGWOOD: WELL, WE STARTED A CHRISTMAS FUND --

DITHERS: SORT OF A SINKING FUND, EH?

DAGWOOD: YEAH, THAT'S THE TROUBLE WITH IT. IT KEEPS SINKING.

DITHERS: WELL, <sup>BUMSTEAD</sup> ~~DAGWOOD~~ -- WITH BUSINESS CONDITIONS THE WAY THEY  
ARE --

DAGWOOD: YOU WON'T HAVE TO GO THROUGH THE REST OF THAT SPEECH, MR. DITHERS.

DITHERS: THANKS YOU.

DAGWOOD: ~~MR. DITHERS -- I KNOW IT BY HEART.~~  
YOUR WELCOME... I KNOW IT BY HEART.

DITHERS: HMMMMM... WELL, ANYWAY, I CAN'T GIVE YOU A RAISE NOW, BUT  
I'LL GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO MAKE A BONUS.

DAGWOOD: THAT'S FINE. HOW DO I DO IT.

DITHERS: WELL, I HAVE A BILL HERE THAT'S BEEN OWING US FOR THE LAST  
YEAR, I'VE ALREADY WRITTEN IT OFF THE BOOKS AS A BAD DEBT,  
AND IF YOU CAN COLLECT IT, THE MONEY'S YOURS.

DAGWOOD: HOW MUCH IS THE BILL?

DITHERS: IT'S FOR SIXTY-THREE DOLLARS AND NINE CENTS -- OWED TO  
US BY ALEXANDER GRIBBLE.

DAGWOOD: YOU MEAN OLD MAN GRIBBLE?

DITHERS: THE SAME.

DAGWOOD: BUT NOBODY CAN COLLECT BILLS FROM THAT SKINFLINT. HE NEVER  
PAYS THEM. IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

DITHERS: BUMSTEAD, YOU WOULDN'T WANT ME TO GIVE YOU AN EASY JOB,  
WOULD YOU?

DAGWOOD: I SURE WOULD, I THINK THAT WOULD BE SWELL!  
~~SURE -- I'D LIKE IT FINE.~~

DITHERS: OH, FIDDLE-DIDDLE! WHERE'S YOUR RUGGED INDIVIDUALISM!  
WHERE'S YOUR FIGHTING SPIRIT? WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THE  
SPIRIT OF THE BUMSTEADS WHO FOUGHT THE INDIANS?

DAGWOOD: THAT'S RIGHT, MR. DITHERS!

DITHERS: GRIBBLE HAS PLENTY OF MONEY AND HE OWES THIS BILL! YOU  
GO AND SEE HIM, AND DON'T TAKE NO FOR AN ANSWER.

DAGWOOD: I WON'T! I'LL MAKE HIM PAY IT!

DITHERS: THAT'S THE SPIRIT, <sup>BUMSTEAD!</sup> ~~DAGWOOD!~~ ONCE YOU GET INTO HIS HOUSE,  
IT'LL BE A CINCH -- BUT REMEMBER, IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T  
SUCCEED, TRY, TRY AGAIN!

DAGWOOD: YOU'RE RIGHT, MR. DITHERS!

DITHERS: DID WASHINGTON QUIT AT VALLEY FORGE? WAS DAVID AFRAID  
OF GOLIATH? DID HANNIBAL HESITATE TO CROSS THE ALPS?

DAGWOOD: ~~NO~~ YES.

DITHERS: *No!* THEN WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR? GO OUT TO GRIBBLE'S  
HOUSE AND COLLECT FROM THE OLD TIGHTWAD!

MUSIC:

SOUND: COME UP ON KNOCKING ON DOOR

DAGWOOD: (IS HUMMING TO HIMSELF)

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

DAGWOOD: HELLO.

BUTLER: I PRESUME YOU ARE THE PLUMBER?



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DAGWOOD: PLUMBER? OH, NO.

BUTLER: THEN WHAT DO YOU WANT?

DAGWOOD: ER -- I WONDER IF I COULD SEE MR. GRIBBLE?

BUTLER: PROBABLY. HE'S NOT INVISIBLE.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) NO --- I MEAN, COULD I TALK TO HIM FOR A MOMENT?

BUTLER: I DOUBT IT. THE ODDS ARE AGAINST YOU.

DAGWOOD: WELL, THIS IS VERY IMPORTANT. IS HE IN NOW?

BUTLER: I'M NOT SURE, SIR -- I'LL HAVE TO ASK HIM FIRST. ~~PLEASE~~  
DAGWOOD: GO AHEAD.

BUTLER: WHAT DID YOU WISH TO SEE MR. GRIBBLE ABOUT?

DAGWOOD: WELL -- ER -- IT'S A PERSONAL MATTER AND I'D RATHER DISCUSS IT WITH MR. GRIBBLE.

GRIBBLE: (CALLS FROM OFF) WESLEY! IS THAT THE PLUMBER AT THE FRONT DOOR?

BUTLER: (CALLS BACK) NO, MR. GRIBBLE. ~~(TO DAGWOOD) WILL YOU~~  
GRIBBLE: WELL WHO IS IT?  
BUTLER: I SHALL ENDEAVOR TO ASCERTAIN... WILL YOU PLEASE TELL ME YOUR BUSINESS?

DAGWOOD: I'M FROM THE J.C. DITHERS COMPANY.

BUTLER: THANK YOU. (CALLS BACK) IT'S A MAN FROM THE J.C. DITHERS COMPANY, MR. GRIBBLE.

GRIBBLE: (OFF) TELL HIM I'M NOT IN.

BUTLER: I'M SORRY, SIR, BUT MR. GRIBBLE IS NOT IN.

DAGWOOD: OH YES HE IS! I HEARD HIS VOICE! YOU WERE JUST TALKING TO HIM!

BUTLER: MR. GRIBBLE IS DEFINITELY NOT IN, SIR.

DAGWOOD: YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME!! I HEARD MR. GRIBBLE! I KNOW HE'S IN!

GRIBBLE: (CALLS FROM OFF) I AM NOT IN!

BUTLER: THERE YOU ARE, SIR. I TOLD YOU MR. GRIBBLE WAS NOT IN

DAGWOOD: AND YOU'VE JUST HEARD HIM CONFIRM IT. ~~GOODBYE!~~  
BUTLER: ~~GOODBYE!~~ <sup>GOODBYE!</sup> I HEARD HIM.  
SOUND: DOOR SLAMS

DAGWOOD: OPEN THIS DOOR! I KNOW YOU'RE IN THERE, MR. GRIBBLE!

SOUND: POUNDS ON DOOR

DAGWOOD: OPEN THIS DOOR!... (TO HIMSELF) OKAY, THEN I'LL TRY THE BACKDOOR. A BUMSTEAD NEVER GIVES UP!

MUSIC: (QUICK MUSIC BRIDGE)

SOUND: KNOCKING ON DOOR... DOOR OPENS

DAGWOOD: GAS MAN!

BUTLER: OH, NO YOU DON'T! GET OUT OF THIS HOUSE!

DAGWOOD: I DEMAND TO SEE MR. GRIBBLE! WHERE IS HE?

BUTLER: MR. GRIBBLE ASKED ME TO TELL YOU THAT HE IS SPENDING THE WEEK-END IN TASMANIA.

DAGWOOD: LISTEN -- HE OWES THE DITHERS COMPANY A BILL FOR \$63.09 AND IT'S TIME HE PAID IT.

BUTLER: CONFIDENTIALLY, SIR, YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME.

DAGWOOD: TELL HIM I'LL TAKE HALF.

BUTLER: I'M SURE HE WOULDN'T BE INTERESTED.

DAGWOOD: WELL, IF HE WON'T PAY THE SIXTY-THREE DOLLARS, AT LEAST HE OUGHT TO PAY ME THE NINE CENTS!

BUTLER: NOT MR. GRIBBLE.

DAGWOOD: THEN TELL HIM I'LL MATCH HIM FOR THE NINE CENTS!

BUTLER: SORRY, SIR -- AS LONG AS YOU HAVE A FIGHTING CHANCE,  
ME. GRIBBLE WON'T BE INTERESTED...GOODBYE!

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS ON DAGWOOD'S FOOT

DAGWOOD: OUCH! MY FOOT! YOU SLAMMED THE DOOR ON IT!

BUTLER: SO I DID. I SUGGEST YOU GET IT OUT OF THE DOOR.

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS ON IT AGAIN.

DAGWOOD: OUCH! OH-H-H-H! YOU DID IT AGAIN!

BUTLER: THANK YOU, SIR, AND GOODBYE!

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS SHUT

DAGWOOD: HEY, GIVE ME BACK MY SHOE!

MUSIC:

SOUND: RATTLE OF TOOLS AND WRENCHES

DAGWOOD: HOW DO I LOOK CARRYING THESE TOOLS, BLONDIE?

BLONDIE: WELL, YOU LOOK PRETTY MUCH LIKE A PLUMBER, DAGWOOD, WITH  
THOSE OLD OVERALLS OF YOURS AND EVERYTHING. BUT THERE'S  
SOMETHING MISSING. LET ME SEE WHAT IT COULD BE...

DAGWOOD: IF I CAN JUST GET INTO MR. GRIBBLE'S HOUSE THIS WAY, I  
THINK I COULD COLLECT THE BILL FROM HIM.

BLONDIE: WELL, YOU CERTAINLY CAN'T COLLECT FROM OUTSIDE HIS HOUSE.

DAGWOOD: I HOPE THE BUTLER DOESN'T RECOGNIZE ME.

BLONDIE: YOU'RE SURE THEY'RE EXPECTING A PLUMBER?

DAGWOOD: WELL, I THINK SO. IF GRIBBLE THINKS HE CAN GET RID OF  
DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD, HE'S GOT ANOTHER THINK COMING. HE'S  
GOT PLENTY OF MONEY, BUT HE OWES EVERYBODY. HE'S JUST A  
TIGHTWAD.

BLONDIE: OH, I KNOW WHAT'S MISSING, DAGWOOD. YOU NEED SOME GREASE  
ON YOUR FACE. YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE YOU'VE BEEN WORKING  
AROUND PIPES.

DAGWOOD: DO I HAVE TO PUT GREASE ON MY FACE?

BLONDIE: YES, DAGWOOD...NOW WAIT AND I'LL GET SOME OFF THESE  
WRENCHES.

SOUND: RATTLE OF TOOLS

DAGWOOD: NOT SO MUCH, BLONDIE -- JUST PUT ON ABOUT HALF THAT.

BLONDIE: STAND STILL, DAGWOOD! THIS ISN'T GOING TO HURT YOU.

DAGWOOD: DON'T PUT SO MUCH ON! MY FACE WILL BE JUST ONE BIG SMEAR.

BLONDIE: THAT'S ALL THE BETTER.

DAGWOOD: (MUFFLED) BLONDIE -- NOT IN MY MOUTH!

SOUND: FUDDLE'S KNOCK ON THE DOOR

DAGWOOD: THERE'S FUDDLE AT THE DOOR.

BLONDIE: WILL YOU PLEASE HOLD STILL. (CALLS) COME IN, MR. FUDDLE!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

BLONDIE: DON'T DO THAT! NOW STOP IT!

FUDDLE: (YELLS...COMING UP FAST) I'LL HANDLE HIM, BLONDIE. NO  
FRESH PLUMBER CAN MAKE PASSES AT MY FRIEND'S WIFE!

BLONDIE: WAIT, MR. FUDDLE!

SOUND: THUD OF BODIES TO FLOOR...RATTLE OF TOOLS

DAGWOOD: (YELLS) HEY, CUT IT OUT, FUDDLE!

BLONDIE: MR. FUDDLE -- DON'T!

DAGWOOD: GET OFF ME! LAY OFF! IT'S ME... DAGWOOD!

FUDDLE: HUNH?...WELL, FOR THE LOVE OF PETE -- IT'S DAGWOOD!

BLONDIE: WHO DID YOU THINK IT WAS?

FUDDLE: I THOUGHT IT WAS SOME FRESH PLUMBER.

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD, YOU FOOLED MR. FUDDLE, SO  
I GUESS YOU LOOK ALL RIGHT.

DAGWOOD: YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO GO THIS FAR TO PROVE IT.  
FUDDLE: HEY, WHAT IS THIS?

DAGWOOD: I'M TRYING TO GET INTO OLD ALEXANDER GRIBBLE'S HOUSE TO  
TO GET MONEY  
~~COLLECT A BIRD~~ FOR OUR CHRISTMAS FUND.

FUDDLE: SWELL! YOU GOT ANY BURGLAR TOOLS?

DAGWOOD: NO! I'M GOING TO COLLECT A BILL.  
BLONDIE: THE ONLY WAY DAGWOOD CAN GET IN, IS AS A PLUMBER.  
FUDDLE: WHY, DAG, OLD BOY, THAT'S WONDERFUL. IT'S LUCKY I CAME  
ALONG -- YOU'LL NEED AN ASSISTANT.  
DAGWOOD: I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THAT, FARQUAR.  
FUDDLE: WHOEVER HEARD OF A PLUMBER GOING TO A HOUSE WITHOUT AN  
ASSISTANT? GRIBBLE WOULD SPOT YOU AS A PHONEY RIGHT AWAY.  
BLONDIE: <sup>COME TO THINK OF IT,</sup>  
~~THAT'S RIGHT~~ I NEVER HAVE SEEN JUST ONE PLUMBER.  
FUDDLE: OF COURSE NOT, BLONDIE. THEY COME IN PAIRS, <sup>YOU KNOW,</sup>  
~~JUST LIKE~~  
LIKE LOVE - BIRDS,  
TWINNS.  
DAGWOOD: BUT WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT PLUMBING?  
FUDDLE: NOTHING -- BUT WHAT DO YOU KNOW?  
DAGWOOD: WELL -- ER -- NOTHING.  
BLONDIE: THE BLIND LEADING THE BLIND... SOMETHING TELLS ME...  
DAGWOOD: WELL, GET SOME OLD CLOTHES ON, SMEAR SOME GREASE ON YOUR  
FACE, AND WE'LL GO OVER AND TACKLE MR. GRIBBLE.

MUSIC:

SOUND: KNOCKING ON DOOR

DAGWOOD: NOW LOOK, FUDDLE -- DON'T SAY ANYTHING UNTIL WE GET IN  
THE HOUSE AND START TO WORK. THEN I'LL FLASH THE BILL ON  
GRIBBLE AND MAKE HIM PAY IT.

FUDDLE: LEAVE IT TO ME, DAG.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

~~BUTLER: AH, THE MEN FOR THE GARBAGE!~~  
~~BUTLER: YES~~ → NO, WE'RE THE PLUMBERS.  
BUTLER: OH I SEE... A NATURAL ERROR.  
DAGWOOD: ~~WE'RE THE PLUMBERS.~~ → WHERE'S THE TROUBLE?

BUTLER: OH, YES -- ~~THE PLUMBERS!~~ BUT YOUR VOICE SOUNDS VERY  
FAMILIAR TO ME.

DAGWOOD: IT DOES?

BUTLER: IT DOES.

DAGWOOD: I GUESS I'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE. HAVE YOU HAD TROUBLE BEFORE?

BUTLER: YES -- ABOUT EIGHT MONTHS AGO.

DAGWOOD: THEN I HAVE BEEN HERE BEFORE...THIS IS MY HELPER.  
FUDDLE: HI YAH, CHUM.

BUTLER: HE DOESN'T LOOK VERY HELPFUL.

FUDDLE: HEY -- I RESENT THAT.

DAGWOOD: WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE TROUBLE?

BUTLER: THERE'S A SLIGHT LEAK IN ONE OF THE PIPES IN THE BASEMENT.  
COME RIGHT IN.

DAGWOOD: THANKS. (SCOTTO) COME ON IN FUDDLE... WE MADE IT.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSES

BUTLER: I'LL SHOW YOU WHERE THE LEAK IS AND THEN I'LL HAVE TO LEAVE YOU.  
FUDDLE: THAT'S ALL RIGHT WITH US, EH DAG? -- ER, JOE - LIONEL.

BUTLER: ~~LEAVE YOU~~ YOU WILL HAVE SOME SHOPPING TO DO FOR MR. GRIBBLE.

FUDDLE: JUST LEAVE EVERYTHING TO US, EH ALBERT?

BUTLER: MR. GRIBBLE WILL PROBABLY COME DOWN IN THE BASEMENT TO WATCH YOU, HE USUALLY DOES.

DAGWOOD: THAT'S FINE. I'LL BE VERY GLAD TO HAVE HIM. <sup>SHOW US</sup> ~~HEAD~~ THE WAY! DOWN!

MUSIC:

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

DAGWOOD: YOU KNOW, FUDDLE -- I CAN'T FIND WHERE THAT TRICKLE OF WATER IS COMING FROM.

FUDDLE: NEITHER CAN I. OF COURSE, THIS JOINT HERE LOOKS A LITTLE  
LOOSE. LET'S SEE. (HAMMERING<sup>LIGHT</sup>) THAT'S NO GOOD.

SOUND: HAMMERING (HEAVY)

FUDDLE: THAT'S MORE LIKE IT!

DAGWOOD: HEY, FUDDLE -- YOU'LL BREAK SOMETHING.

FUDDLE: WELL, WE'VE GOT TO EXPERIMENT...HEY, I THINK THERE'S  
SOMEONE COMING DOWN THE CELLAR STEPS.

DAGWOOD: LET'S GET BUSY -- IT'S PROBABLY MR. GRIBBLE. JUST WATCH  
THE WAY I HAND HIM THE BILL AFTER HE GETS DOWN HERE.

SOUND: HAMMERING

GRIBBLE: (OFF A BIT) HOW'S THE WORK COMING } -- HAVE YOU FOUND WHERE  
DAGWOOD: THAT LEAK'S COMING FROM? } → HUH?

FUDDLE: NOT YET.

DAGWOOD: WE'LL FIND IT PRETTY SOON, MR. GRIBBLE.

GRIBBLE: BY THE WAY, YOU HAVEN'T SEEN ANYONE SNEAKING AROUND HERE,  
HAVE YOU?

DAGWOOD: NO -- WHY?

GRIBBLE: THERE'S SOME MAN FROM THE J. C. DITHERS COMPANY SNOOPING  
AROUND <sup>THIS</sup> ~~THE~~ HOUSE.

DAGWOOD: YOU DON'T SAY! WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT, FUDDLE?

FUDDLE: I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

GRIBBLE: → YOU KNOW THAT MAN  
~~HE~~ TRIED TWICE TO GET IN HERE AND I'M EXPECTING HIM TO  
TRY AGAIN.

DAGWOOD: I WOULDN'T BE A BIT SURPRISED IF HE DID, MR. GRIBBLE.

GRIBBLE: (CHUCKLES) WELL, I HOPE HE DOES! } → OH YOU DO?  
DAGWOOD: BECAUSE WHEN I CATCH

HIM IN THIS HOUSE, I'M GOING TO HAVE HIM THROWN IN JAIL.

DAGWOOD: WELL, I'VE BEEN WAITING TO HAND YOU THIS -- WHAT DID YOU  
SAY?

GRIBBLE: I SAID, I'M GOING TO HAVE HIM ARRESTED. BREAKING INTO A MAN'S HOUSE IS A CRIMINAL OFFENSE. I'LL PROSECUTE HIM TO THE FULL EXTENT OF THE LAW IF I CATCH HIM.

FUDDLE: SAY -- UH -- DON'T YOU THINK WE'D BETTER GO AND GET SOME DIFFERENT TOOLS, DAG?

DAGWOOD: ER -- NOT YET, FUDDLE...MR. GRIBBLE, AREN'T YOU BEING SORT OF HARD ON THE MAN FROM THE DITHERS COMPANY?

GRIBBLE: WELL, I'M SICK AND TIRED OF BEING CHASED BY COLLECTORS AND I'M GOING TO MAKE A HORRIBLE EXAMPLE OF THIS MAN. JUST AS SOON AS HE STEPS INTO THIS HOUSE WITHOUT MY PERMISSION HE'S BREAKING THE LAW, HE'S PRACTICALLY A BURGLAR! WHY I EVEN HAVE A RIGHT TO SHOOT HIM.

DAGWOOD: SHOOT HIM?!

GRIBBLE: YES...BUT GET BACK TO WORK. <sup>THIS IS COSTING ME MONEY!</sup> I'LL SIT HERE ON TOP OF THIS TABLE AND WATCH YOU, YOU DON'T MIND, DO YOU?

DAGWOOD: OH, NO -- NO, NOT AT ALL...COME ON, FUDDLE -- LET'S DO SOMETHING.

FUDDLE: (SOTTO) WE'VE GOT TO MAKE HIM THINK WE'RE WORKING. I'M GOING TO HAMMER THE DAYLIGHTS OUT OF THIS PIPE.

SOUND: LOUD HAMMERING

DAGWOOD: FUDDLE! NOT SO HARD -- YOU'LL BREAK THE PIPE!

FUDDLE: I CAN'T HEAR YOU.

DAGWOOD: DON'T, FUDDLE! THE PIPE'S BREAKING!

FUDDLE: TALK A LITTLE LOUDER!

DAGWOOD: LOOK OUT!

SOUND: CRASH AS PIPE BREAKS...SUDDEN SPLASHING RUSH OF WATER

DAGWOOD: NOW YOU'VE DONE IT, FUDDLE!

GRIBBLE: (SCREAMING) HEY! HEY, YOU NIT-WITTED NINCOMPOOPS! YOU'RE FLOODING MY BASEMENT! STOP THAT WATER!



DAGWOOD: WE'LL FIX IT, MR. GRIBBLE.  
FUDDLE: DAG, I THINK I'D BETTER BE RUNNING ALONG.  
DAGWOOD: DON'T LEAVE ME NOW!  
FUDDLE: I JUST REMEMBER AN IMPORTANT ENGAGEMENT. I'LL SEE YOU  
LATER...(FADING)  
DAGWOOD: (YELLS) FUDDLE -- COME BACK HERE! HEY, FUDDLE!  
GRIBBLE: STOP YELLING AT YOUR HELPER AND STOP THAT WATER! DO  
SOMETHING! DON'T JUST STAND THERE!  
DAGWOOD: YOU JUST STAY ON TOP OF THAT TABLE, MR. GRIBBLE, AND YOU  
WON'T GET WET.  
GRIBBLE: YOU IDIOT, I CAN'T GET OFF IT NOW -- THE WATER'S COMPLETELY  
SURROUNDED THE TABLE! YOU'RE FLOODING THE WHOLE BASEMENT!  
DAGWOOD: I KNOW IT, BUT I DON'T KNOW HOW TO TURN THE WATER OFF!  
GRIBBLE: OH, WHAT KIND OF A PLUMBER ARE YOU, ANYWAY? YOU'RE RUINING  
EVERYTHING IN THE BASEMENT! I CAN'T GET OFF THIS TABLE  
WITHOUT GETTING MYSELF SOAKING WET. I'M MAROONED HERE!  
DAGWOOD: JUST HOLD ON A SECOND, MR. GRIBBLE. I'VE GOT TO GO  
UPSTAIRS AND MAKE A PHONE CALL!

MUSIC: (QUICK MUSIC BRIDGE)

DAGWOOD: HELLO...HELLO!  
BLONDIE: (FILTER) DAGWOOD -- WHAT'S THE MATTER?  
DAGWOOD: BLONDIE -- COME OVER TO MR. GRIBBLE'S QUICK! FUDDLE JUST  
BROKE A PIPE IN THE BASEMENT AND FLOODED IT!  
BLONDIE: WHERE'S MR. FUDDLE NOW?  
DAGWOOD: HE LEFT AS SOON AS THINGS STARTED HAPPENING.  
BLONDIE: WHERE'S MR. GRIBBLE NOW? DID YOU COLLECT FROM HIM?

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DAGWOOD: NO. HE'S SITTING ON TOP OF A TABLE IN THE MIDDLE OF HIS BASEMENT WITH THE WATER RISING ALL AROUND HIM...BLONDIE, YOU'VE GOT TO THINK OF SOMETHING. I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO!

BLONDIE: I'LL COME RIGHT OVER.

DAGWOOD: <sup>→ WAIT A MINUTE! DON'T HANG UP.</sup>  
DON'T CALL ME BY NAME WHEN YOU GET HERE. IF MR. GRIBBLE FINDS OUT WHO I AM, HE'LL ARREST ME FOR TRESPASSING.

BLONDIE: ALL RIGHT, DAGWOOD. YOU GO DOWN AND TELL HIM THAT THE SUPERVISOR OF YOUR PLUMBING COMPANY IS COMING TO LOOK AT THINGS.

DAGWOOD: OKAY, BLONDIE, BUT HURRY. IF YOU DON'T GET HERE SOON, MR, GRIBBLE'S GOING TO BE SWIMMING!

MUSIC: (~~CURTAIN FOR FIRST ACT~~)

~~GOODWIN: AND NOW BACK TO THE BUMSTEADS. IT IS ABOUT TEN MINUTES  
LATER IN THE BASEMENT OF THE GRIBBLE HOUSE. MR. GRIBBLE,  
MARGINED ON TOP OF A TABLE, IS SHOUTING AT DAGWOOD AS THE  
WATER CONTINUES TO POUR OUT FROM THE BROKEN PIPE...~~

SOUND: SPLASHING WATER

GRIBBLE: FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE -- DO SOMETHING TO SHUT THAT WATER OFF!

DAGWOOD: I DON'T KNOW HOW TO, MR. GRIBBLE!

GRIBBLE: WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO THEN -- SIT HERE ON THE TOP OF  
THIS TABLE UNTIL THE WATER COMES UP AND I FLOAT AWAY?

DAGWOOD: NOW JUST BE PATIENT.

GRIBBLE: HOW CAN I BE PATIENT WHEN YOU'RE FIDDLE-FODDLING AROUND?

BLONDIE: (CALLS FROM OFF) YOO-HOO! YOO-HOO!

GRIBBLE: WHO'S THAT CALLING?

DAGWOOD: THAT'S BLON -- ER --- THAT'S THE TROUBLE SHOOTER FROM OUR  
PLUMBING COMPANY...(CALLS) WE'RE DOWN HERE IN THE  
BASEMENT!

GRIBBLE: THE TROUBLE SHOOTER? IT SOUNDED LIKE A WOMAN.

DAGWOOD: WELL, YOU KNOW HOW IT IS THESE DAYS, MR. GRIBBLE. THE  
WOMEN ARE GETTING INTO ALL THE PROFESSIONS.

BLONDIE: (OFF) I'M COMING RIGHT DOWN.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON STEPS

GRIBBLE: I HOPE SHE KNOWS HER BUSINESS.

DAGWOOD: I HOPE SO, TOO...HERE SHE IS.

BLONDIE: (COMING UP) WELL, GOOD AFTERNOON, MR. GRIBBLE.

GRIBBLE: YOUNG LADY, DON'T WASTE ANY TIME WITH FORMALITIES. I'M  
ABOUT TO DROWN IN MY OWN BASEMENT.

BLONDIE: WE'LL FIX THAT RIGHT AWAY.

DAGWOOD: SURE -- BUT HOW?

BLONDIE: DID YOU TRY TURNING THAT VALVE OVER THERE ON THE WALL?

DAGWOOD: NO, BUT I THINK THAT'S THE GAS MAIN.

BLONDIE: YOU'D BETTER TRY IT.

DAGWOOD: OKAY...I HOPE IT ISN'T THE GAS MAIN.

GRIBBLE: WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO -- ASPHIXIATE ME IN ADDITION TO  
DROWNING ME?

DAGWOOD: WE CAN'T TELL YET...JUST A SECOND AND I'LL TURN THIS.

SOUND: RATTLE OF WRENCH

DAGWOOD: IT'S TURNING.

SOUND: MORE WATER STARTS GUSHING OUT

GRIBBLE: YOU IDIOT! YOU'RE JUST TURNING ON MORE WATER!

BLONDIE: THAT'S THE RIGHT VALVE! TURN IT THE OTHER WAY!

DAGWOOD: OKAY!

SOUND: RATTLING OF WRENCH ON PIPE

BLONDIE: THAT'S IT!

DAGWOOD: I'M GETTING IT -- IT'S TURNING!

SOUND: THE WATER STARTS SLOWING DOWN

DAGWOOD: HURRAY! IT'S STOPPING! I KNEW I'D GET THIS STOPPED  
SOMEHOW!

GRIBBLE: TOO BAD YOU WERE WRONG...GOOD WORK, YOUNG LADY.

SOUND: THE WATER HAS STOPPED

DAGWOOD: WELL, I GUESS THAT'S THAT.

GRIBBLE: NOW HOW ARE YOU GOING TO GET THE WATER OUT OF THIS  
BASEMENT SO I CAN GET OFF THIS TABLE?

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BLONDIE: THAT'S A DIFFERENT PROBLEM, MR. GRIBBLE. YOUR BEST FRIEND NOW IS THE J.C. DITHERS COMPANY.

GRIBBLE: WHO?

BLONDIE: THE DITHERS COMPANY...I'M SURE OUR PLUMBER HERE HAS HEARD OF THEM, HAVEN'T YOU?

DAGWOOD: DITHERS? <sup>How do you spell it?</sup>...OH, YES -- SURE.

GRIBBLE: AND WHY IS THE DITHERS COMPANY MY BEST FRIEND NOW?

BLONDIE: BECAUSE THEY'RE THE ONLY ONES WHO HAVE THE RIGHT KIND OF A PUMP TO TAKE THIS WATER OUT OF YOUR BASEMENT.

GRIBBLE: OHHHH!

BLONDIE: NOW YOU'LL WANT THEIR BEST MAN TO DO THIS JOB FOR YOU,  
WON'T YOU?

GRIBBLE: YES, YES -- ONLY I WANT IT DONE QUICKLY!

BLONDIE: I'LL SEND THE PLUMBER FOR HIM.

DAGWOOD: ME?

BLONDIE: YES. WILL YOU GO OUT AND GET DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD OF THE  
DITHERS COMPANY.

DAGWOOD: WHY SURE I'LL BE GLA -- GET WHO?

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD. YOU KNOW HIM, DON'T YOU?

DAGWOOD: OH, YES -- DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD. WE'RE VERY CLOSE FRIENDS.

BLONDIE: HE'S A VERY CAPABLE MAN <sup>→ YOU'LL LIKE HIM, MR. GRIBBLE.</sup> AND I'M SURE HE'LL BE ABLE TO  
DAGWOOD: HANDLE THIS SITUATION WITHOUT ANY TROUBLE.

DAGWOOD: I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT.

BLONDIE: OH, YES -- THERE ARE SOME OTHER INSTRUCTIONS. WILL YOU  
WADE OVER HERE AND COME UPSTAIRS WITH ME, PLEASE?

DAGWOOD: YEAH.

SOUND: WADING THROUGH WATER

GRIBBLE: WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO ME? ARE YOU GOING TO LEAVE ME  
HERE?

BLONDIE: WE'RE GOING UPSTAIRS BUT I'LL BE DOWN IN A MINUTE...  
(SOTTO) COME ON, DAGWOOD.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS GOING UPSTAIRS

GRIBBLE: (OFF AND FADING) HURRY UP -- I FEEL LIKE A CASTAWAY ON  
A DESERT ISLAND!

DAGWOOD: BLONDIE -- WHAT'RE WE GOING TO DO?

BLONDIE: I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO DO. YOU RUN OVER TO THE  
OFFICE AND GET THAT PUMP YOU USE TO DRAIN EXCAVATIONS.

DAGWOOD: I CAN GET THAT ALL RIGHT.

BLONDIE: THEN CHANGE YOUR CLOTHES AND COME BACK HERE AS FAST AS YOU CAN. BUT REMEMBER -- WHEN YOU COME BACK YOU'RE DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD OF THE J. C. DITHERS COMPANY.

DAGWOOD: THAT WON'T BE HARD TO REMEMBER -- THAT'S WHO I AM.

BLONDIE: <sup>YES DEAR, I KNOW</sup> AND WHILE YOU'RE HOME, GET A FOUNTAIN PEN OUT OF THE DESK AND A BLANK CHECK. I THINK WE'LL BE ABLE TO COLLECT FROM MR. GRIBBLE.

DAGWOOD: BUT HOW CAN YOU DO THAT? I'VE RUINED HIS BASEMENT.

BLONDIE: NO, DAGWOOD -- THE PLUMBER DID THAT. AND HE'S GOING TO DISAPPEAR FOREVER AS SOON AS YOU CHANGE YOUR CLOTHES... NOW HURRY! I'LL MEET YOU RIGHT OUTSIDE HERE.

MUSIC:

(COMMERCIAL) → (INSERT 24-A)

SOUND: COME UP ON CAR STOPPING OFF...CAR DOORS OPEN AND CLOSE

BLONDIE: HURRY UP, DAGWOOD! MR. GRIBBLE IS HAVING FITS!

DAGWOOD: (OFF) I GOT HERE AS FAST AS I COULD. (COMING UP) THE PUMP AND EVERYTHING IS IN THE CAR.

BLONDIE: THAT'S GOOD.

DAGWOOD: SHALL I TAKE THE HOSE DOWN INTO THE BASEMENT AND START PUMPING THE WATER OUT?

BLONDIE: IN A MINUTE...DID YOU GET THE BLANK CHECK AND THE FOUNTAIN PEN?

DAGWOOD: YEAH, BUT DON'T YOU THINK MR. GRIBBLE'S IN A BAD MOOD FOR SIGNING A CHECK?

BLONDIE: YES, DAGWOOD -- BUT HE'LL BE IN A WORSE POSITION IF HE DOESN'T PAY THE BILL.

DAGWOOD: ER -- I DON'T GET IT, BLONDIE.

GOODWIN: IN JUST A MOMENT WE'LL RETURN TO THE BUMSTEADS, BUT NOW... THINGS ARE ALWAYS HAPPENING TO DAGWOOD. BUT IN A WAY...HE GETS SOME EXTRA THRILLS OUT OF LIFE, DOESN'T HE? WHEN IT COMES TO THRILLS, HELP YOURSELF TO A THRILL RIGHT NOW -- AN EXTRA SMOKING THRILL. LIGHT UP A SLOWER-BURNING CAMEL. PACK AFTER PACK, CAMEL...THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS ...GIVES YOU THE SMOKING "EXTRAS." IN EVERY FRIENDLY PUFF, THERE'S EXTRA FLAVOR...FULL, RICH FLAVOR FROM START TO FINISH. THERE'S EXTRA MILDNESS AND EXTRA COOLNESS, TOO. THEY MAKE A GRAND DIFFERENCE, YOU KNOW, WHEN YOU SMOKE A LOT. AND HERE'S STILL ANOTHER CAMEL PLUS FOR YOU. SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS BRING YOU EXTRA SMOKING.

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

GOODWIN: SO REMEMBER, FRIENDS! PACKED INTO EVERY CAMEL YOU LIFT TO YOUR LIPS ARE EXTRA SMOKING PLEASURE AND EXTRA VALUE. HELP YOURSELF TO A SLOWER-BURNING CAMEL.

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: AND NOW BACK TO THE BUMSTEADS. MR GRIBBLE IS STILL MAROONED ON TOP OF THE TABLE WHILE BLONDIE IS OUTSIDE WAITING FOR DAGWOOD TO RETURN



BLONDIE: JUST GIVE ME THAT BILL, THE BLANK CHECK AND THE FOUNTAIN PEN, AND I'LL GET MR. GRIBBLE TO PAY THE BILL MYSELF.

DAGWOOD: OKAY, HONEY -- HERE YOU ARE. I'LL PUT THE HOSE THROUGH THE BASEMENT WINDOW AND GET THE PUMP GOING.

BLONDIE: THAT'S FINE, DAGWOOD. START PUMPING FOR A FEW SECONDS, AND THEN STOP.

DAGWOOD: WHY STOP?

BLONDIE: IT MAY HELP MR. GRIBBLE CONVINCHE HIMSELF THAT IT'S BETTER TO PAY HIS BILLS. I'LL GO DOWN AND SEE HIM NOW.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

GRIBBLE: (OFF) WHAT'S ALL THE DELAY UP THERE?

BLONDIE: I'M COMING RIGHT DOWN, MR. GRIBBLE.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS GOING DOWN STAIRS

GRIBBLE: WAS THAT THIS -- THIS BUMSTEAD UPSTAIRS?

BLONDIE: YES, AND HE BROUGHT THE J. C. DITHERS COMPANY PUMP WITH HIM. I'LL JUST SIT DOWN HERE ON THE STEP WHILE HE PUTS THE HOSE IN THROUGH THE BASEMENT WINDOW.

GRIBBLE: WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT NINCOMPOOP PLUMBER WHO WAS HERE?

BLONDIE: I DON'T KNOW -- HE DISAPPEARED.

SOUND: POUNDING OF HAND ON WINDOW PANE

GRIBBLE: WHAT'S HE DOING TO THAT WINDOW THERE.

BLONDIE: MR. BUMSTEAD IS JUST GOING TO GET THE HOSE IN THROUGH IT.

SOUND: CRASH OF WINDOW PANE

GRIBBLE: OH, THERE GOES THE WINDOW! DID HE HAVE TO DO IT THAT WAY?  
BLONDIE: MR. BUMSTEAD'S VERY THOROUGH,  
DAGWOOD: (CALLING IN) I GUESS I WAS A LITTLE IMPULSIVE.

GRIBBLE: YOU CERTAINLY WERE!

DAGWOOD: HOW DO YOU DO, MR. GRIBBLE. I'M DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD OF THE J. C. DITHERS COMPANY.

GRIBBLE: I DON'T CARE IF YOU'RE NAPOLEON BONAPARTE! START  
PUMPING THIS WATER OUT OF HERE!

DAGWOOD: YES, SIR. I'LL START IT RIGHT AWAY...(FADES)

GRIBBLE: WELL AT LAST I'LL BE ABLE TO GET OFF THIS TABLE TOP. THE  
IDEA -- MAROONED IN MY OWN BASEMENT! IT'S OUTRAGEOUS!

SOUND: PUMP STARTS OFF

~~GRIBBLE!~~ ~~OH, THERE GOES THE PUMP, IT'S ABOUT TIME,~~  
BLONDIE: OH, BY THE WAY, MR. GRIBBLE...MR. BUMSTEAD ASKED ME TO  
TAKE CARE OF THIS FIRST.

GRIBBLE: WHAT IS IT?

BLONDIE: I BELIEVE HE SAID IT WAS A BILL YOU OWED THE DITHERS  
COMPANY. IT'S FOR -- FOR \$63.09.

GRIBBLE: I'LL TALK TO HIM ABOUT IT LATER. THERE'S NO HURRY.

SOUND: PUMP STOPS

GRIBBLE: WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT PUMP! IT'S STOPPED!

BLONDIE: I GUESS MR. BUMSTEAD FEELS THE SAME WAY ABOUT EMPTYING  
THE BASEMENT AS YOU FEEL ABOUT THIS BILL. THERE'S NO  
REASON WHY HE SHOULD DO IT NOW.

GRIBBLE: IT'S OUTRAGEOUS!

BLONDIE: AFTER ALL, THE DITHERS COMPANY IS DOING THIS AS A FAVOR  
TO YOU.

GRIBBLE: TELL BUMSTEAD TO EMPTY THIS BASEMENT AND I'LL -- I'LL GIVE  
THE BILL EVERY CONSIDERATION.

BLONDIE: NO, MR. GRIBBLE -- YOU PAY THE BILL AND HE'LL GIVE YOUR  
BASEMENT EVERY CONSIDERATION.

GRIBBLE: BUT I CAN'T WRITE OUT A CHECK FOR HIM UNTIL I GET OFF THIS  
TABLE. I'M CERTAINLY NOT GOING TO GET OFF IN THIS WATER  
-- I'D BE LAID UP FOR A WEEK WITH RHEUMATISM.

BLONDIE: I'LL HAND YOU THIS BLANK CHECK,

GRIBBLE: I HAVEN'T A FOUNTAIN PEN WITH ME.

BLONDIE: I HAVE ONE RIGHT HERE...I THINK I CAN REACH IT TO YOU...  
HERE YOU ARE.

GRIBBLE: THIS IS BLACKMAIL -- THAT'S WHAT IT IS! YOU'RE  
DELIBERATELY TAKING ADVANTAGE OF MY UNFORTUNATE POSITION  
HERE.

BLONDIE: THAT'S RIGHT, MR. GRIBBLE.

GRIBBLE: ALL RIGHT -- I'LL MAKE OUT A CHECK.

BLONDIE: IT'S FOR \$63.09...AND MAKE IT PAYABLE TO THE DAGWOOD  
BUMSTEAD CHRISTMAS FUND.

GRIBBLE: I STILL SAY THIS IS BLACKMAIL! BUT I'LL SIGN IT. I  
SUPPOSE I'D HAVE TO PAY IT EVENTUALLY ANYWAY.

BLONDIE: (CALLS) OH, MR. BUMSTEAD! MR. BUMSTEAD! START THE  
PUMP GOING AGAIN!

MUSIC:

SOUND: ~~SOUND OF FEET COMING DOWN THE STEPS -- STUMBLE~~

DAGWOOD: <sup>WUP... I SLIPPED.</sup>  
(COMING UP) WELL, IT LOOKS LIKE ALL THE WATER'S GONE  
NOW, MR. GRIBBLE.

GRIBBLE: IT'S ABOUT TIME...HELP ME DOWN FROM THIS TABLE. MY LEGS  
ARE STIFF FROM SITTING UP HERE.

BLONDIE: OH -- UH -- MR. BUMSTEAD. I HAVE THE CHECK RIGHT HERE.

DAGWOOD: THAT'S FINE...THANKS, MR. GRIBBLE.

GRIBBLE: DON'T THANK ME. YOU FORCED THIS CHECK OUT OF ME, AND NO  
ONE CAN DO THAT TO ALEXANDER GRIBBLE AND GET AWAY WITH IT!  
AS SOON AS I GET DOWN FROM THIS TABLE I'M GOING UPSTAIRS  
AND CALL THE BANK. I'LL STOP PAYMENT ON IT!

DAGWOOD: YOU CAN'T DO THAT, MR. GRIBBLE!

GRIBBLE: OH, I CAN'T, EH?

BLONDIE: NOT THIS TIME YOU CAN'T, MR. GRIBBLE!

SOUND: RATTLE OF WRENCH ON PIPE

GRIBBLE: HEY! GET AWAY FROM THAT VALVE! DO YOU WANT TO FLOOD THE  
BASEMENT AGAIN?

SOUND: WATER STARTS TO SPLASH IN AGAIN

BLONDIE: THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I WANT TO DO!

DAGWOOD: HEY! HEY, BLONDIE! THE WATER'S COMING TOWARD ME AND I'VE  
GOT MY GOOD SHOES ON!...MOVE OVER ON THAT TABLE,  
MR. GRIBBLE -- QUICK!

GRIBBLE: STOP SHOIVING ME!...GET OFF THIS TABLE!

DAGWOOD: BLONDIE -- HOW AM I GOING TO GET OFF HERE?

BLONDIE: YOU'LL BOTH HAVE TO STAY THERE UNTIL I GET BACK FROM THE  
BANK WITH THE CASH FOR THIS CHECK...GOODBYE!

DAGWOOD: HEY -- WAIT!...BLONDIE! BLOOOOOOONDIE!

MUSIC: (UP TO FINISH...)

GOODWIN: Well folks, it looks like the Bumstead Christmas Fund is going to be in pretty good shape after all. In a moment, we'll give you a synopsis of 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: Dagwood may be the Dithers Company's Star Salesman, but he can still learn a thing or two about the selling game from Blondie. Tune in at this time next Monday night and see how Blondie clinches a deal.

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC UP BRIEFLY)

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

THE "BLONDIE" ORCHESTRA WAS DIRECTED BY BILL ARTZT WHO ALSO CREATED THE SPECIAL MUSICAL EFFECTS.

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

THIS IS THE COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.