

11/6/40

(REVISED) Naoli

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1940

4:30 - 5:00 P.M., PST.  
7:30 - 8:00 P.M., PST.

GOODWIN: AH -- AH -- AH -- DON'T TOUCH THAT DIAL -- LISTEN TO  
"BLONDIE" BROUGHT TO YOU BY THE MAKERS OF  
CAMEL CIGARETTES.

MUSIC: (THEME)

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."

AND TONIGHT, FOLKS, WE BRING YOU NEWS OF ANOTHER EXTRA  
ADVANTAGE FOR CAMELS. WE'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT A  
LITTLE LATER.

MUSIC: (THEME...FADE)

(Marked 4 5 copies) to — air mail —

Rosmary Calikan

William Eesly & Co.

100 E. 42nd

N.Y.

GOODWIN: AND NOW FOR OUR WEEKLY VISIT WITH THE BUMSTEADS. IT'S ABOUT FIVE IN THE AFTERNOON, AND BLONDIE IS OUT IN THE KITCHEN...

(RATTLE OF POTS AND PANS)

BLONDIE: (IS HUMMING TO HERSELF)

(FUDDLE'S KNOCK ON THE DOOR)

BLONDIE: THAT SOUNDS LIKE MR. FUDDLE. (CALLS) COME IN!

(DOOR OPENS...CLOSES)

FUDDLE: HI, BLONDIE -- JUST THOUGHT I'D DROP IN FOR A MOMENT OR SO.

BLONDIE: THAT'S NICE, SIT DOWN.

FUDDLE: SAY, IS THAT A NEW DRESS YOU'RE WEARING? IT CERTAINLY LOOKS CHICK.

BLONDIE: OH, NO, THIS IS AN OLD DRESS...AND THAT WORD IS PRONOUNCED CHIC.

FUDDLE: (LAUGHS) NOW WHO TOLD YOU THAT, BLONDIE? SHIEKS ARE WHAT THEM ARABS ARE CALLED.

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) ANYWAY, THANK YOU FOR THE COMPLIMENT, MR. FUDDLE.

FUDDLE: OH, YOU DESERVE IT, BLONDIE...ER) --- BLONDIE, I WONDER IF YOU'D MIND DOING ME A FAVOR?

BLONDIE: WELL, THAT DEPENDS.

FUDDLE: YOU HAVE A SPARE ROOM, HAVEN'T YOU? SORT OF A GUEST ROOM?

BLONDIE: YES, WE DO.

FUDDLE: WELL, BLONDIE, MY MOTHER-IN-LAW IS COMING TO VISIT US FOR A COUPLE OF DAYS, AND WE HAVEN'T GOT A SPARE ROOM. COULD YOU PUT HER UP FOR US JUST FOR TONIGHT?

BLONDIE: YOUR MOTHER-IN-LAW?

FUDDLE: YES -- HAZEL'S MOTHER, MRS. ELDERBERRY.

BLONDIE: WELL, I DON'T KNOW, MR. FUDDLE...

FUDDLE: YOU'LL LOVE HER, BLONDIE -- SHE'S A SWEET OLD SOUL, EVEN IF SHE DOES COME FROM A LONG LINE OF HEELS. HA HA!

BLONDIE: WELL, MR. FUDDLE, I'D LIKE TO HAVE HER STAY WITH US, BUT --

FUDDLE: OH, THANKS, BLONDIE -- I KNEW YOU WOULDN'T TURN ME DOWN..

BLONDIE: THAT ISN'T FAIR, MR. FUDDLE -- YOU DIDN'T GIVE ME A CHANCE TO FINISH.

FUDDLE: BLONDIE, SHE'S A WONDERFUL PERSON. SHE'S SORT OF A COMBINATION WHISTLER'S MOTHER AND <sup>Maucula</sup> ~~BARBARA~~ FRETCHIE, AND SHE LOVES TO WORK. IT'S ONLY FOR ONE NIGHT, BLONDIE.

BLONDIE: WELL, MR. FUDDLE, I HATE TO SAY ANYTHING WITHOUT TALKING TO DAGWOOD ABOUT IT.

FUDDLE: OH, IT'LL BE ALLRIGHT WITH DAG -- HE WON'T MIND -- AND YOU'LL CERTAINLY BE DOING US A GREAT FAVOR IF YOU'LL TAKE MRS. ELDERBERRY IN FOR TONIGHT.

BLONDIE: ALL RIGHT, MR. FUDDLE...WHEN ARE YOU EXPECTING YOUR MOTHER-IN-LAW?

FUDDLE: MOMENTARILY, BLONDIE...MOMENTARILY --

BLONDIE: OH, GOODNESS -- AND I HAVEN'T DONE ALL MY SHOPPING YET -- AND I'VE GOT TO STOP BY AT SCHOOL AND PICK UP BABY DUMPLING.

FUDDLE: THAT'S ALL RIGHT. YOU JUST LEAVE THE KEY TO THE HOUSE WITH ME AND I'LL LET HER IN.

BLONDIE: ALL RIGHT, MR. FUDDLE.  
*Fuddle: Don't thank me - don't thank me. Blondie.*  
(BELL RINGS FOR FUDDLE OFF...)

FUDDLE: THERE'S HAZEL CALLING ME NOW.  
(DOOR OPENS)

"BLONDIE"  
11/18/40

-4-

FUDDLE: (CALLS) COMING, DEAR! COMING! (ON) THANKS AGAIN,  
BLONDIE. MRS. ELDERBERRY'LL PROBABLY BE HERE WHEN YOU  
GET BACK FROM SHOPPING.

BLONDIE: I HOPE NOT THAT SOON.

MUSIC...

~~GOODWIN: WELL, I WONDER WHAT FUDDLE'S MOTHER-IN-LAW,  
MRS. ELDERBERRY, IS LIKE? WE'LL FIND OUT IN JUST A  
MOMENT...~~

~~(COMMERCIAL)~~

GOODWIN: FRIENDS, AS WE CAME ON THE AIR TONIGHT I MENTIONED THAT WE HAD SOME NEWS ABOUT CAMEL CIGARETTES. BUT FIRST LET'S REMEMBER THESE THINGS -- THE FACT THAT CAMEL CIGARETTES ARE SLOWER-BURNING HAS BEEN CONFIRMED OVER AND OVER AGAIN BY SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH. THE FACT THAT THIS UNEQUALLED SLOWER WAY OF BURNING IN CAMELS MEANS MORE MILDNESS, MORE COOLNESS AND MORE FLAVOR IN THE SMOKE -- THIS, TOO, HAS BEEN CONFIRMED IN THE ACTUAL DAY-BY-DAY EXPERIENCE OF COUNTLESS MEN AND WOMEN WHO SMOKE CAMELS. NOW --- TONIGHT -- WE BRING YOU NEWS OF STILL ANOTHER ADVANTAGE OF CAMEL'S SLOWER BURNING. IT IS THIS:

MAN'S VOICE: INDEPENDENT SCIENTIFIC TESTS OF THE SMOKE OF FIVE OF THE LARGEST-SELLING CIGARETTES SHOW THAT THE SMOKE OF SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS CONTAINS TWENTY-EIGHT PER CENT LESS NICOTINE THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE OTHER BRANDS TESTED -- LESS THAN ANY OF THEM.

GOODWIN: YES, WHEN YOU SMOKE THE SLOWER-BURNING CIGARETTE...WHEN YOU SMOKE CAMELS...YOU GET MORE MILDNESS, MORE COOLNESS, MORE FLAVOR AND LESS NICOTINE -- IN THE SMOKE. REMEMBER THAT -- IN THE SMOKE. SO LIGHT UP A CAMEL... A SLOWER-BURNING CAMEL...AND SMOKE OUT THE FACTS FOR YOURSELF. THE SMOKE'S THE THING.

MUSIC: (BRIDGE)

~~MEMO~~

GOODWIN: IT'S ABOUT AN HOUR LATER. DAGWOOD HAS JUST WALKED UP TO THE DOOR AND RUNG THE BELL, AND RIGHT NOW HE'S HIDING AT THE SIDE OF THE DOOR TO SURPRISE BLONDIE WITH A KISS WHEN...

(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: HELLO, HONEY!

MRS. E: (GASPS) OH! A BRUSH SALESMAN!

DAGWOOD: TOOOOOOOOH!

MRS. E: GET OUT OF HERE YOU HOUSE-TO-HOUSE ROMEO!

(DOOR SIAMS)

DAGWOOD: I GUESS I HAVE THE WRONG HOUSE...NO, I HAVEN'T!

(KNOCKS ON DOOR)

DAGWOOD: (CALLS) BLONDIE! OH, BLONDIE!

(MORE KNOCKING ON DOOR)

(DOOR OPENS)

MRS. E: I'M MUCH TOO OLD FOR ANY OF YOUR ROMANTIC FOOLISHNESS, YOUNG MAN, NOW GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE I CALL THE POLICE.

DAGWOOD: HEY, WAIT A MINUTE! WHO'RE YOU?

MRS. E: THAT'S NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS. YOU OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF -- A MAN OF YOUR AGE RESORTING TO TRICKS LIKE THAT TO SELL A FEW BRUSHES.

DAGWOOD: I'M NOT SELLING BRUSHES.

MRS. E: I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN IT -- A STOCKING SALESMAN, EH? WELL, YOU MUST HAVE A VERY POOR PRODUCT IF YOU HAVE TO GO AROUND KISSING GRANDMOTHERS TO MAKE SALES.

*Dagwood: Yeah -- No!*  
*MRS. E:*

DAGWOOD: NOW WAIT A MINUTE! I LIVE HERE!

MRS. E: HUMPH! JUST TRYING TO GET A FOOT INSIDE THIS HOUSE,  
AREN'T YOU? IF YOU'LL KISS ME ON THE DOORSTEP, HEAVENS  
KNOWS WHAT YOU'D DO IF -- YOU SKEDADDLE, YOUNG MAN!  
SHOO! GIT!

DAGWOOD: OH, NO I WON'T! I'M DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD, ~~AND THIS IS MY~~  
~~HOUSE. I PAY TAXES ON IT AND YOU CAN'T KEEP ME OUT!~~

MRS. E: HOW DO I KNOW YOU'RE <sup>Mr. Num-Bum-</sup>MR. BUMSTEAD?

DAGWOOD: WELL, WHO DO YOU THINK I AM?

MRS. E: I'M NOT SO SURE, YOUNG MAN, I DON'T LIKE THE WAY YOUR  
HAIR STICKS OUT AT THE SIDES -- LIKE HORNS.

DAGWOOD: I CAN'T HELP THAT. I DEMAND TO KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING IN  
MY HOUSE! HOW DID YOU GET IN? WHO ARE YOU?

MRS. E: I'M MRS. ELDERBERRY.

DAGWOOD: THAT'S NOT A SATISFACTORY EXPLANATION!

BLONDIE: (OFF) OH, DAGWOOD!

DAGWOOD: (CALLS) BLONDIE! WHERE HAVE YOU AND BABY DUMPLING BEEN?  
THIS WOMAN WON'T LET ME IN THE HOUSE.

BLONDIE: (COMING UP) OH! WELL, I CAN EXPLAIN IT, I GUESS.

BABY: HELLO, DADDY -- ARE YOU HAVING TROUBLE AGAIN?

DAGWOOD: IT LOOKS LIKE IT.

BLONDIE: (SMILES) I GUESS YOU MUST BE MRS. ELDERBERRY.

MRS. E: AND WHO ARE YOU?

BLONDIE: WELL, I'M MRS. BUMSTEAD, AND THIS IS MY HUSBAND,

MRS. E: YOU POOR DEAR GIRL.

BLONDIE: WHAT?.

MRS. E: PERHAPS I SHOULDN'T SAY ANYTHING, BUT WHEN I ANSWERED  
THE DOOR, YOUR HUSBAND KISSED ME.

BABY: SHAME ON DADDY, SHAME ON DADDY!

DAGWOOD: OH, STOP THAT, BABY DUMPLING.



BLONDIE: I GUESS HE THOUGHT YOU WERE ME, MRS. ELDERBERRY...YOU SEE, DAGWOOD, MRS. ELDERBERRY IS HAZEL FUDDLE'S MOTHER, AND SHE'S GOING TO STAY OVERNIGHT WITH US BECAUSE THE FUDDLE'S DON'T HAVE A SPARE ROOM.

DAGWOOD: OH, YOU'RE MR. FUDDLE'S MOTHER-IN-LAW. I'VE HEARD HIM SPEAK ABOUT YOU BEFORE.

MRS. E: WHAT DID HE SAY?

DAGWOOD: WHY HE SAID -- ER -- UH -- WELL, SHALL WE GO IN NOW?

MRS. E: HMMMM -- COME RIGHT IN...WAIT -- WIPE YOUR FEET OFF FIRST!

DAGWOOD: OH -- SORRY.

MRS. E: THAT'S BETTER! I DON'T WANT YOU TRACKING DIRT ALL OVER THE CARPETS.

(DOOR CLOSES...)

BLONDIE: GOODNESS! WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THE LIVING ROOM?

BABY: GEE, MOMMY -- EVERYTHING'S MOVED AROUND.

MRS. E: OH, YES, I'VE BEEN BUSY AS A BEE. THE FURNITURE WAS ARRANGED RATHER BADLY, BUT I FIXED IT. DON'T YOU THINK IT'S MUCH NICER NOW?...OF COURSE YOU DO!

BABY: I DON'T LIKE IT, DADDY.

DAGWOOD: I'M NOT SO SURE I DO, EITHER.

MRS. E: WELL, YOU'LL GET USED TO IT, MR. BUMSTEAD...BY THE WAY, I NOTICED A CHAIR IN THE CORNER OF THE DINING ROOM, FACING THE WALL.

BLONDIE: THAT MUST BE BABY DUMPLING'S PUNISHMENT CHAIR, MRS. ELDERBERRY. WHEN HE DOES SOMETHING HE SHOULDN'T DO, HE HAS TO SIT IN IT FOR AN HOUR.

MRS. E: WELL, I MOVED THAT, TOO.

BABY: GEE, MRS. ELDERBERRY -- YOU'RE ALL RIGHT.

MRS. E: IF A CHILD HAS DONE SOMETHING HE SHOULD BE PUNISHED FOR,  
THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A GOOD SPANKING.

BABY: I GUESS I SPOKE TOO SOON.

BLONDIE: YOU -- YOU'VE BEEN PRETTY BUSY AROUND HERE, HAVEN'T YOU?

MRS. E: OH, YES -- I LOVE TO WORK. DINNER'S ALMOST READY, TOO.  
WE CAN ALL SIT DOWN IN A FEW MINUTES.

DAGWOOD: WELL, THAT'S FINE AND -- DID YOU SAY "WE"?

MRS. E: CERTAINLY. WHERE DID YOU THINK I WAS GOING TO EAT --  
AT THE FUDDLES'?

DAGWOOD: YEAH -- WHERE DID YOU THINK?

MRS. E: OH! I'LL HAVE TO RUN OUT TO THE KITCHEN -- I THINK  
SOMETHING'S BURNING.

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES...)

BLONDIE: (SNIFFS) I SHOULD SAY SOMETHING IS BURNING!

DAGWOOD: YEAH -- IT'S ME.

*stet*  
BABY: ~~GEE, DADDY -- MRS. ELDERBERRY IS KIND OF HARD-BOILED.~~

DAGWOOD: SHE'S A TYRANT -- THAT'S WHAT SHE IS!

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD -- SHH! SHE'S PROBABLY NOT AS BAD AS YOU THINK  
SHE IS. AND REMEMBER, THE FUDDLES ARE FRIENDS OF OURS.

BABY: NOT ANYMORE! SHE WANTS TO SPANK ME.

DAGWOOD: I DON'T LIKE THE WAY SHE TAKES EVERYTHING FOR GRANTED.  
SHE'S RUNNING THE HOUSE ALREADY. I'M GOING OVER AND TALK  
TO FUDDLE ABOUT THIS. HE CAN'T PALM HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW  
OFF ON US!

MUSIC...

(KNOCKING ON DOOR...)

DAGWOOD: (CALLS) OH, FUDDLE!  
(DOOR OPENS...)

FUDDLE: HELLO, DAG, OLD BOY -- SOMETHING ON YOUR MIND? -- *I'm afraid.*

DAGWOOD: YEAH -- IT'S YOUR MOTHER-IN-LAW. SHE'S GETTING IN MY HAIR.

FUDDLE: WHILE SHE'S THERE, GET HER TO GIVE YOU A SHAMPOO.  
(LAUGHS)

DAGWOOD: THIS IS NO JOKING MATTER!

FUDDLE: JUST A SECOND -- HAZEL MIGHT HEAR US -- I'LL COME OUTSIDE,  
(DOOR CLOSES)

DAGWOOD: YOU CERTAINLY PICKED YOURSELF A FINE MOTHER-IN-LAW!

FUDDLE: I DIDN'T PICK HER, DAG -- SHE CAME WITH THE DEAL.

DAGWOOD: WHAT I WANT TO KNOW IS, WHY ISN'T SHE EATING AT YOUR HOUSE?

FUDDLE: WELL, DAG, SHE'S EATEN AT OUR HOUSE BEFORE AND SHE SEEMED TO THINK ANY PLACE ELSE WOULD BE AN IMPROVEMENT.

DAGWOOD: AND ON TOP OF THAT, SHE'S ALREADY CHANGING THINGS -- SHE'S MOVED SOME OF THE FURNITURE AROUND.

FUDDLE: JUST GIVE HER A CLOTH AND SHE'LL DUST IT FOR YOU, TOO.

DAGWOOD: NOW LOOK HERE, FARQUHAR, I DON'T SEE WHY YOU CAN'T LET HER SLEEP AT YOUR HOUSE.

FUDDLE: OH, NO. WE'RE VERY HAPPY THE WAY WE ARE NOW.

DAGWOOD: YEAH, BUT WE AREN'T! SHE'S YOUR RELATIVE, NOT OURS. *Listen, Fuddle, you're just a*

FUDDLE: I TELL YOU, DAG -- WE'VE ALWAYS BEEN GOOD FRIENDS AND I'LL DO YOU A FAVOR.

DAGWOOD: THAT'S MORE LIKE IT.

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*...and*

FUDDLE: I'LL GET HER TO STAY AT OUR HOUSE IF YOU CAN SEE YOUR WAY  
CLEAR TO MAKE ME A LITTLE LOAN <sup>-- OOO --</sup> OF FIVE BUCKS.

DAGWOOD: WELL, IT WOULD BE WORTH IT TO -- HEY, WAIT A MINUTE!  
THAT'S THE SAME THING AS PAYING YOU TO GET HER OUT OF OUR  
HOUSE!

FUDDLE: NOW, DAG, OLD BOY -- I WOULDN'T SAY THAT.

DAGWOOD: NOTHING DOING! MILLIONS FOR DEFENSE, BUT NOT ONE CENT  
FOR TRIBUTE!

(DOOR OPENS OFF...)

MRS. E: (CALLS) MR. BUMSTEAD!

DAGWOOD: LISTEN TO THAT! YOU'D THINK I WAS HER SON-IN-LAW INSTEAD  
OF YOU.

*Fuddle: Do you think that's bad. Dag: yes I do.*  
MRS. E: (CALLS) MR. BUMSTEAD! DINNER IS ON THE TABLE!

DAGWOOD: (CALLS BACK) JUST A MINUTE!

MRS. E: (OFF) JUST A MINUTE, NOTHING! (COMING UP) THAT DINNER  
IS GETTING COLDER EVERY MINUTE YOU STAND OUT HERE  
GABBING. THE IDEA! YOU MARCH RIGHT INTO THE HOUSE AND  
SIT DOWN AT THE TABLE!

DAGWOOD: OWW! MRS. ELDERBERRY -- LET GO OF MY EAR!

MRS. E: I'LL TEACH YOU TO LET A NICE DINNER GET COLD.

DAGWOOD: FUDDLE -- DO SOMETHING! CALL HER OFF!

FUDDLE: DAG -- MY HANDS ARE TIED.

MRS. E: MR. BUMSTEAD, STOP SQUIRMING AND SQUEALING LIKE A LITTLE  
CHILD AND COME ALONG.

DAGWOOD: OUCH! BLONDIE! OH, BLOOOOOOONDIE!

MUSIC...

DAGWOOD: (YAWNS) I THINK I'LL LIE DOWN ON THE COUCH AND TAKE  
A LITTLE NAP, BLONDIE.

BLONDIE: ALL RIGHT, DEAR.

MRS. E: MR. BUMSTEAD, YOU DIDN'T SAY YOU WERE GOING TO TAKE A  
NAP, DID YOU?

DAGWOOD: HUNH? OH, YEAH.

MRS. E: OH, NO, MR. BUMSTEAD -- NOT AT THIS HOUR. IT'LL SPOIL  
YOUR SLEEP.

BABY: NOT DADDY, MRS. ELDERBERRY. HE CAN SLEEP ANYTIME HE  
WANTS TO.

MRS. E: HE SHOULDN'T ABUSE THE PRIVILEGE. YOU'D ALL BETTER GO  
UPSTAIRS AND GET SOME GOOD REST. IT'S WAY PAST EIGHT  
ALREADY, AND WE'VE GOT A BUSY DAY AHEAD OF US TOMORROW.

BLONDIE: BUSY DAY? WHAT'S HAPPENING TOMORROW?

MRS. E: OH GOODNESS, MY DEAR -- WE'RE GOING TO CLEAN THE HOUSE,  
~~UP~~. IT NEEDS A GOOD GOING OVER -- DUSTING, SCRUBBING,  
MOPPING.

BLONDIE: OH, MRS. ELDERBERRY -- I'M SURE IT'S ALL RIGHT THE WAY  
IT IS.

MRS. E: NO INDEED IT ISN'T! AND THE HOUSE I LIVE IN HAS TO BE  
SPIC AND SPAN. NOW I HOPE YOU WON'T INSIST ON STAYING  
UP LATE AND KEEPING ME AWAKE.

BLONDIE: WELL, ALL RIGHT, MRS. ELDERBERRY...COME ON, BABY  
DUMPLING -- UP TO BED.

BABY: AW, GEE -- WHY DO I HAVE TO GO TO BED SO EARLY?

MRS. E: BECAUSE I AM YOUR GUEST AND YOU WANT ME TO HAVE A GOOD REST.

BABY: IS THAT WHY, MOMMY?

BLONDIE: YES, DEAR.

BABY: I'M VERY THOUGHTFUL, AREN'T I?

DAGWOOD: AREN'T YOU COMING UP NOW, MRS. ELDERBERRY?

MRS. E: NOT YET. I'LL STAY DOWNSTAIRS FOR A WHILE AND WORK THE CROSSWORD PUZZLE IN THE PAPER.

DAGWOOD: HEY! I WANTED TO WORK THAT.

MRS. E: MR. BUMSTEAD, DO YOU KNOW WHAT A HINDU GUITAR IS IN FIVE LETTERS?

DAGWOOD: HUNH? WELL, NOT OFF-HAND.

MRS. E: WELL, I DO, AND SINCE IT'S ONE OF THE WORDS IN THE PUZZLE YOU WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO WORK IT OUT ANYWAY... GOOD NIGHT.

BLONDIE: COME ON, <sup>upstairs,</sup> DAGWOOD.  
(WALKING UP STAIRS)

DAGWOOD: (MUMBLING) YOU'D THINK I WASN'T ANYONE AROUND HERE. I CAN'T EVEN WORK A CROSSWORD PUZZLE IN MY OWN HOUSE. IT'S CRIMINAL.

BLONDIE: WE'VE GOT TO REMEMBER THAT MRS. ELDERBERRY IS A GUEST AND SHE'S MUCH OLDER THAN WE ARE, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: WELL, I OBJECT TO A VISITING MOTHER-IN-LAW WHO'S NOT EVEN RELATED TO US! THAT'S CARRYING THINGS TOO FAR!

BLONDIE: NOW DON'T UPSET YOURSELF, DEAR.  
DAGWOOD: AND WHAT ABOUT ALL THAT WORK SHE WAS TALKING ABOUT FOR TOMORROW? AREN'T WE GOING TO GET ANY REST?  
BLONDIE: YES, WE'RE GOING TO GET SOME NOW. AND TOMORROW MORNING, MRS. ELDERBERRY WILL PROBABLY LEAVE.

MUSIC:

(COME UP ON LIGHT SNORING...WHICH STOPS AS...)

DAGWOOD: (GRUNTS) UMPH!...NOT FAIR...THAT'S NOT FAIR!  
BLONDIE: (SLEEPY) WHAT'S THE MATTER, DEAR?  
DAGWOOD: OH...OH, HELLO, HONEY, <sup>are you awake.</sup> IT WAS THE MOST AMAZING THING. I JUST HAD A DREAM.  
BLONDIE: BUT YOU HAVE LOTS OF DREAMS.  
DAGWOOD: YEAH, I KNOW -- BUT THIS ONE WAS SPONSORED. IT WAS PUT ON BY A COMPANY SELLING CLOUDS TO STUFF INTO YOUR MATTRESS. IT DOESN'T SOUND VERY PRACTICAL, DOES IT?  
BLONDIE: NOT VERY. SOME OF THEM MIGHT BE RAIN CLOUDS.  
DAGWOOD: AH-HA--THEY THOUGHT OF THAT. THE ANNOUNCER IN THE DREAM SAID THEY HAD A SPECIAL WATERPROOF MATTRESS. FLEECY, FLUFFY, DOWNY CLOUDS -- IT SOUNDED BEAUTIFUL.  
BLONDIE: OH, DEAR -- NOW I'M WIDE AWAKE.  
DAGWOOD: BLONDIE, ARE YOU HUNGRY?  
BLONDIE: I DON'T THINK SO.  
DAGWOOD: I AM. I DIDN'T MUCH LIKE MRS. ELDERBERRY'S COOKING.

*Blondie: I see what you mean.  
Dagwood: HOW ABOUT A HAM AND CHEESE ON WHOLE WHEAT WITH LETTUCE, MUSTARD AND A GLASS OF MILK? - and onions?*

BLONDIE: I GUESS I AM HUNGRY AFTER ALL.  
(SQUEAKING OF BEDSPRINGS)

DAGWOOD: COME ON -- WE'LL SNEAK DOWN TO THE KITCHEN.

BLONDIE: DON'T MAKE ANY NOISE OR MRS. ELDERBERRY WILL CATCH US.  
(DOOR OPENS QUIETLY)

DAGWOOD: I GUESS THE COAST IS CLEAR...COME ON -- DOWN THE  
STAIRS QUICK!

MUSIC: (MUSICAL FOOTSTEPS DOWN THE STAIRS)

BLONDIE: DO YOU HEAR ANYONE MOVING UPSTAIRS?

DAGWOOD: NO -- I GUESS WE GOT DOWN WITHOUT WAKING HER UP.

BLONDIE: I'LL TURN ON THE LIGHT. IT'S PRETTY DARK.

DAGWOOD: NO -- <sup>Don't bother --</sup> JUST FOLLOW ME. I CAN GET AROUND IN OUR LIVING  
ROOM WITH MY EYES CLOSED.

BLONDIE: BE CAREFUL.  
(BANG OF CHAIR AS HE KNOCKS IT OVER)

DAGWOOD: OOOOOH! MY SHINS!

BLONDIE: I THOUGHT YOU COULD GET AROUND IN OUR LIVING ROOM  
WITH YOUR EYES CLOSED.

DAGWOOD: I COULD, BUT THIS IS MRS. ELDERBERRY'S LIVING ROOM.  
SHE MOVED THE FURNITURE.  
(SOUND FROM RADIATOR...PSSSSST...)

DAGWOOD: DON'T SHUSH ME -- I'M NOT TALKING VERY LOUD.

BLONDIE: I DIDN'T SHUSH YOU.  
(PSSSSST AGAIN...)

DAGWOOD: THEN WHAT WAS THAT? IT'S TOO COLD FOR SNAKES.



BLONDIE: SNAKES!!! OH! IT'S JUST THE RADIATOR.

DAGWOOD: OH.

BLONDIE: HERE'S THE KITCHEN DOOR.

(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: I'LL GET THE LIGHT.

(CLICK OF LIGHT SWITCH...DOOR CLOSES...)

*Dag:*  
BLONDIE: *There,* WELL, LET'S SEE IF WE CAN FIND ANYTHING IN THE ICEBOX.

DAGWOOD: WAIT A MINUTE, HONEY -- I THINK I HEAR SOMEONE COMING.

BLONDIE: SO DO I. *Dagwood! It must be that woman.*  
*Wagwood - put down that butcher knife!*  
(DOOR KNOB TURNS SLOWLY AND DOOR OPENS...)

BABY: WERE YOU HUNGRY, TOO?

DAGWOOD: IT'S BABY DUMPLING.

BLONDIE: COME IN AND CLOSE THE DOOR.

(DOOR CLOSES)

BABY: ARE YOU GOING TO MAKE ONE OF YOUR SUPER-DOOPER SANDWICHES, DADDY?

DAGWOOD: WELL, I'LL HAVE TO SEE WHAT'S IN THE ICEBOX FIRST.

(ICEBOX DOOR OPENS...PUTTING THINGS ON TABLE...)

DAGWOOD: HAM, ONION, MUSTARD...SAUSAGE, CHEESE...SARDINES...

*(Crash of Plate)*

*Dag: Well, I don't really want another anyway.*  
BABY: ~~DADDY, WHY DON'T YOU TRY MAKING A SANDWICH WITHOUT USING ANY BREAD?~~

DAGWOOD: THAT WOULD BE LIKE PLAYING BASKETBALL WITHOUT A BASKET.

BABY: HOW ABOUT PUTTING THE BREAD ON THE INSIDE AND SLICES OF HAM OR CHEESE ON THE OUTSIDE?

DAGWOOD: THAT WOULDN'T BE PRACTICAL, EITHER, DEAR. BUT IT SHOWS YOU'RE THINKING.

BLONDIE: HURRY UP WITH THAT SANDWICH, DAGWOOD. I'LL GET THE MILK.

DAGWOOD: COMING RIGHT UP, HONEY... ~~...MRS. ELDERBERRY...~~ ---

~~...SOME DAY YOU'LL BE ANOTHER DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD.~~

BLONDIE: MUST THERE BE ANOTHER DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD?  
(RATTLE OF GLASSES...POURING OF MILK...)

BABY: DADDY, HOW DID MRS. ELDERBERRY GET IN OUR HOUSE IN  
THE FIRST PLACE?

DAGWOOD: SHE JUST APPEARED SUDDENLY -- LIKE AN EPIDEMIC.

~~BABY: I GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO SNEAK DOWN HERE EVERY NIGHT TO  
GET SOMETHING TO EAT, HUNH?~~

~~BLONDIE: NO, DEAR -- MRS. ELDERBERRY IS JUST HERE FOR TONIGHT.~~

DAGWOOD: WELL, HERE ARE THE SANDWICHES.

BABY: THANKS, DADDY.

(DOOR OPENS SUDDENLY...)

*Mrs. E.!*  
DAGWOOD:

*WE'LL!!*  
(STARTLED) TOOHI MRS. ELDERBERRY!

MRS. E.: GOOD HEAVENS! WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THE KITCHEN AT  
THIS HOUR?

DAGWOOD: WELL, YOU SEE, MRS. ELDERBERRY -- WE GOT A LITTLE  
HUNGRY.

MRS. E.: AND AFTER THAT WONDERFUL DINNER I FIXED FOR YOU...  
YOU'VE HURT ME DEEPLY...PUT DOWN THAT SANDWICH -- IF  
THAT MONSTROSITY ~~IN YOUR HAND~~ IS A SANDWICH.

DAGWOOD: NOW JUST A MINUTE, MRS. ELDERBERRY --

*Mrs. Bumstead,*  
MRS. E.: BLONDIE, I'M SURPRISED AT YOU ALLOWING THIS SORT OF  
THING TO HAPPEN. HOW DO YOU <sup>ever</sup> ~~ALL~~ EXPECT TO HAVE AN  
APPETITE FOR BREAKFAST IF YOU EAT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE  
NIGHT?

BABY: I'VE GOT AN APPETITE NOW AND I'LL HAVE A NEW ONE IN  
THE MORNING.

MRS. E.: AND WAKING THIS POOR YOUNGSTER UP, TOO, YOU OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED.

BLONDIE: WE DIDN'T MEAN TO WAKE YOU UP, MRS. ELDERBERRY.

MRS. E.: BUT YOU DID, JUST THE SAME. NOW ALL OF YOU GET UPSTAIRS RIGHT AWAY! COME ON -- SKEDADDLE!

DAGWOOD: WHAT CAN'T I MAKE SANDWICHES IN MY OWN KITCHEN WHEN ~~EVER~~ I WANT TO?

MRS. E.: ~~OH, MR. BUMSTEAD~~ -- I'M SURE YOU'RE FORGETTING THAT YOU HAVE A GUEST IN YOUR HOUSE.

DAGWOOD: OH NO I'M NOT! I'LL NEVER FORGET!...COME ON, BLONDIE -- COME ON, BABY.

BABY: I'M STILL HUNGRY.

MRS. E.: I'LL HAVE A NICE BREAKFAST FOR YOU IN THE MORNING, NOW GET UPSTAIRS. <sup>Shout</sup> SHOOT! AND REMEMBER, MR. BUMSTEAD -- DON'T LET THIS HAPPEN AGAIN WHILE I'M HERE.

MUSIC:

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD, ARE YOU ASLEEP?

DAGWOOD NO -- ARE YOU?

BLONDIE: NO...WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO ABOUT MRS. ELDERBERRY? *Dag: Have we got any not possible in the house.*  
*Blondie: No!* I HAVE AN AWFUL FEELING SHE'S NOT LEAVING TOMORROW OR THE NEXT DAY EITHER.

DAGWOOD: SO HAVE I. THAT WOMAN IS A MENACE. SHE ORDERS US AROUND LIKE GALLEY SLAVES!

~~BLONDIE: I GUESS SHE'S BEEN RUNNING A HOUSE FOR SO LONG IT'S A HABIT NOW.~~

~~DAGWOOD: I HOPE YOU'RE NEVER LIKE THAT, BLONDIE.~~

BLONDIE: WELL, WITH A MASTERFUL MAN LIKE YOU IN THE HOUSE,  
DAGWOOD, I COULDN'T BE.

DAGWOOD: YEAH, I GUESS THAT'S RIGHT...I SUPPOSE WE COULDN'T  
JUST PACK UP AND TAKE A SHORT TRIP SOMEWHERE.

BLONDIE: NO, DAGWOOD, I DON'T THINK SO...DO YOU SUPPOSE MR.  
FUDDIE WOULD HELP US?

DAGWOOD: HE'S TOO SMART...BUT WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING,  
BLONDIE!

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

MRS. E.: (CALLS FROM OUTSIDE) STOP TALKING AND GO TO SLEEP.

DAGWOOD: OH, GOODNIGHT! IT'S MRS. ELDERBERRY.

MRS. E.: WHAT WAS THAT?

DAGWOOD: (RAISING VOICE) I SAID "OH...GOODNIGHT", MRS.  
ELDERBERRY."

MRS. E.: (OFF) GOODNIGHT.

MUSIC:

*(Sound of dishes rattling)*  
GOODWIN: WELL, IT LOOKS LIKE MRS. ELDERBERRY IS GOING TO BE A  
PERMANENT ADDITION TO THE BUMSTEAD FAMILY IF THEY  
DON'T DO SOMETHING PRETTY SOON.

(COMMERCIAL)

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: IT'S THE NEXT MORNING, AND BLONDIE, DAGWOOD, AND BABY DUMPLING, PLUS MRS. ELDERBERRY ARE SITTING AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

BLONDIE: *(Sounding like a child)* WILL YOU PLEASE PASS ME THE SUGAR, MRS. ELDERBERRY?

MRS. E.: HERE YOU ARE, BLONDIE.

BABY: AFTER YOU, MOMMY.

BLONDIE: ALL RIGHT, DEAR.

MRS. E.: MR. BUMSTEAD.

DAGWOOD: HUNH?

MRS. E.: IS THERE ANYTHING THE MATTER WITH THIS BREAKFAST I FIXED FOR YOU?

DAGWOOD: OH, NO, MRS. ELDERBERRY.

MRS. E.: THEN EAT THE REST OF THAT EGG!

DAGWOOD: BUT I DON'T LIKE HARD BOILED EGGS FOR BREAKFAST.

BABY: HARD BOILED EGGS ARE FOR PICNICS.

DAGWOOD: YES, AND THIS IS NO PICNIC.

BLONDIE: ~~MRS. ELDERBERRY~~, I'M AFRAID DAGWOOD HAS LOST HIS APPETITE.

MRS. E.: WELL, HE'LL JUST HAVE TO SIT THERE UNTIL HE FINDS IT AGAIN.

BLONDIE: I SUPPOSE YOU'LL BE GOING OVER TO THE FUDDLES' THIS MORNING? *Mrs. Elderberry. (Laughs) Huh?*

MRS. E.: WELL, I THOUGHT THEY COULD COME OVER HERE. THEY CAN HAVE DINNER WITH US TONIGHT OR TOMORROW NIGHT.

DAGWOOD: HUH? I THOUGHT MRS. ELDERBERRY WAS LEAVING THIS MORNING.

MRS. E.: NO ONE SAID ANYTHING LIKE THAT TO ME. I WAS UNDER  
THE IMPRESSION THAT I'D BE WELCOME HERE.

BLONDIE: YOU ARE, MRS. ELDERBERRY, ONLY --

MRS. E.: ONLY WHAT?

DAGWOOD: ONLY I DON'T LIKE TO GO TO BED AT QUARTER AFTER EIGHT,  
OR EAT HARD BOILED EGGS FOR BREAKFAST.

BABY: NEITHER DO I!

MRS. E.: MR. BUMSTEAD, IF YOU TALK TO ME LIKE THAT, I'LL LEAVE!

DAGWOOD: I'M SORRY, I -- HUNH?

MRS. E.: I'M GOING UPSTAIRS NOW, AND WHEN I COME DOWN I'LL EXPECT YOU TO HAVE THAT EGG EATEN.

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

DAGWOOD: AW, BLONDIE -- NOW SHE'S GOING TO STAY FOREVER.

BLONDIE: WE'LL JUST HAVE TO DO SOMETHING.

(KNOCK ON THE DOOR...FUDDLE'S KNOCK...)

BABY: THERE'S MR. FUDDLE AT THE BACK DOOR.

DAGWOOD: FUDDLE, EH? HAND ME THE REST OF THOSE HARD-BOILED EGGS.

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD -- DON'T DO ANYTHING RASH NOW! (CALLS) COME IN, MR. FUDDLE.

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

FUDDLE: HELLO, BUMSTEADS -- HOW ARE YOU THIS MORNING? YOU'RE LOOKING FINE! (PAUSE) NO, I TAKE THAT BACK -- YOU DON'T LOOK SO GOOD. WHAT'S THE MATTER?

BLONDIE: I THOUGHT YOU SAID MRS. ELDERBERRY WAS ONLY GOING TO STAY HERE ONE NIGHT.

FUDDLE: SO I DID. DON'T TELL ME SHE'S CHANGED OUR PLANS.

DAGWOOD: YES, AND I'LL BET YOU KNEW SHE WOULD. YOU TOLD BLONDIE SHE WAS LIKE WHISTLER'S MOTHER, TOO.

FUDDLE: ISN'T SHE?

DAGWOOD: I NEVER KNEW WHISTLER'S MOTHER, BUT MRS. ELDERBERRY SEEMS MORE LIKE SIMON LEGREE'S MOTHER TO ME. YOU'VE GOT TO TELL HER SHE'S MOVING OVER TO YOUR HOUSE TODAY.

FUDDLE: WHAT? AND TAKE MY LIFE IN MY HANDS?

BLONDIE: NOW MR. FUDDLE -- WE DID THIS FOR YOU AS A FAVOR.

FUDDLE: BUT IF I TOLD HER THAT -- AND IF SHE TOLD HAZEL -- WELL I MIGHT AS WELL PITCH A PUP-TENT ON THE LAWN AND LIVE THERE. YOU'RE ASKING ME TO COMMIT MATRIMONIAL SUICIDE. I COULDN'T DO IT.

BABY: I THINK I'LL RUN AWAY.

BLONDIE: BABY DUMPLING, DON'T SAY THINGS LIKE THAT.

BABY: I BET DADDY WOULD COME WITH ME, WOULDN'T YOU, DADDY?

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD, DON'T YOU ANSWER HIM.

DAGWOOD: WELL, I DON'T LIKE THIS! AFTER ALL, WHO'S THE HEAD OF THIS HOUSEHOLD?

BABY: MRS. ELDERBERRY.

FUDDLE: IT WAS THE SAME WAY WITH ME WHEN HAZEL AND I WERE FIRST MARRIED. I JUST COULDN'T CALL HER "MOTHER."

BLONDIE: WHAT DID YOU CALL HER?

FUDDIE: WELL, FOR THE FIRST YEAR I CALLED HER MRS. ELDERBERRY AND AFTER THAT I CALLED HER GRANDMA.

(DOOR OPENS)

MRS. E: WHY, GOOD MORNING, FARQUHAR.

FUDDLE: OH -- ER -- GOOD MORNING, GRANDMA. I HOPE YOU SLEPT WELL.

MRS. E: VERY POORLY -- THANKS TO MR. BUMSTEAD'S APPETITE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT.

FUDDLE: WELL, THAT'S TOO BAD -- SEE THAT IT DOESN'T HAPPEN AGAIN, DAG, OLD BOY.

DAGWOOD: ALL RIGHT, I PROMISE -- HEY -- WHO DO YOU THINK YOU'RE TALKING TO?

FUDDLE: WELL, I GUESS I'LL BE GETTING ALONG NOW. (FADING) DROP OVER AND SEE US SOMETIME, GRANDMA -- BUT THERE'S NO HURRY.

MRS. E: ALL RIGHT, FARQUHAR...NOW THEN -- LET'S GET BUSY! THERE'S SO MUCH TO BE DONE AND WE MUSTN'T WASTE TIME.

BLONDIE: REALLY, MRS. ELDERBERRY, I DON'T WANT TO CHANGE THINGS AROUND IN OUR HOUSE.

DAGWOOD: AND IT'S PRETTY CLEAN, TOO.



MRS. E: OH NO IT ISN'T, MR. BUMSTEAD, BUT IT WILL BE! WE'LL GET TO WORK ON IT RIGHT AWAY!

MUSIC: (MONTAGE...DOWN AND CONTINUES UNDER TO CUE)

MRS. E: COME, COME, MR. BUMSTEAD -- GIVE THIS TABLE A GOOD PUSH NOW.

DAGWOOD: (GRUNTING) I AM PUSHING.

MRS. E: OH, PUSH HARD! HARDER!(TABLE ON CASTERS SCOOTs ACROSS THE FLOOR)

DAGWOOD: HEY!

(HE FALLS ON FLOOR)

DAGWOOD: OUCH! OOOH -- IT SCOOTED RIGHT OUT FROM UNDER ME.

MRS. E: I THINK YOU'RE JUST LYING THERE ON THE FLOOR FOR A REST. GET UP, MR. BUMSTEAD. THE TABLE DOESN'T LOOK WELL WHERE IT IS NOW, EITHER. YOU'LL HAVE TO MOVE IT SOMEWHERE ELSE.

DAGWOOD: TOOOOOH!

MUSIC: (UP...AND DOWN FOR...)

BLONDIE: BUT MRS. ELDERBERRY -- I'VE GOT EVERYTHING ON MY KITCHEN SHELVES ARRANGED SO I KNOW WHERE EACH SPICE IS.

MRS. E: I'VE BEEN KEEPING HOUSE LONGER THAN YOU HAVE BLONDIE, AND I KNOW YOU OUGHT TO REARRANGE THESE SHELVES. WHY I CAN'T FIND ANYTHING OUT HERE...NOW, LET'S GET TO WORK!

MUSIC: (UP...AND DOWN FOR...)

(COME UP ON SOUND OF SCRUBBING)

MRS. E: MR. BUMSTEAD, YOU SHOULD HAVE HAD THE WHOLE FLOOR SCRUBBED BY NOW.

DAGWOOD: BUT, I CAN'T SCRUB VERY WELL WITH A BRUSH IN ONE HAND  
AND A SANDWICH IN THE OTHER. IT'S AN AWFUL WAY TO  
EAT LUNCH.

MRS. E: YOU'LL GET USED TO IT. YOU FRITTER AWAY ENTIRELY TOO  
MUCH TIME EATING...NOW GET A MOVE ON! GET THAT SCRUB  
BRUSH IN THE PAIL.

DAGWOOD: OH, ALL RIGHT.

(SOUND OF BRUSH IN WATER)

DAGWOOD: NOW LOOK WHAT YOU'VE MADE ME GO AND DO. I DIPPED THE  
SANDWICH IN THE WATER.

MRS. E: I'M TOO BUSY TO FIX YOU ANOTHER ONE. KEEP RIGHT ON  
WORKING!

MUSIC: (UP TO FINISH)

GOODWIN: WE'LL RETURN YOU TO THE BUMSTEADS IN A MOMENT BUT  
FIRST --

"BLONDIE"  
11/18/40

24-A

GOODWIN: LISTEN! IF YOU LIKE TO SMOKE...THE SMOKE'S THE THING!  
FOR YOU DON'T GET ANY SMOKING PLEASURE OUT OF ANY  
CIGARETTE...UNTIL YOU LIGHT IT...PUFF IT...SMOKE IT.  
SO WHEN YOU SMOKE A SLOW-BURNING CAMEL...IT MEANS THAT  
YOU'RE GETTING CAMEL'S EXTRA PLEASURES IN THE SLOW...  
SLOW...SMOKE. MORE MILDNESS, MORE COOLNESS, MORE  
FLAVOR...AND IN THAT SAME CAMEL SMOKE YOU GET LESS  
NICOTINE! INDEPENDENT SCIENTISTS TESTED THE SMOKE  
ITSELF OF FIVE OF THE LARGEST-SELLING CIGARETTES.  
THESE TESTS SHOW THAT THE SMOKE OF SLOWER-BURNING  
CAMELS CONTAINS TWENTY-EIGHT PER CENT LESS NICOTINE  
THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE OTHER BRANDS TESTED...LESS THAN  
ANY OF THEM. SO LIGHT UP A CAMEL FOR LESS NICOTINE IN  
THE SMOKE...AND FOUR BIG EXTRAS IN THE SMOKING. EXTRA  
MILDNESS, EXTRA COOLNESS, EXTRA FLAVOR...PLUS EXTRA  
SMOKING!

VOICE: BY BURNING TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT SLOWER THAN THE AVERAGE  
OF THE FOUR OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS  
TESTED...SLOWER THAN ANY OF THEM...CAMELS GIVE YOU A  
SMOKING PLUS EQUAL, ON THE AVERAGE, TO FIVE EXTRA  
SMOKES PER PACK!

GOODWIN: SMOKE OUT THE FACTS FOR YOURSELF WITH A CAMEL -- THE  
SLOW...SLOW-BURNING CIGARETTE. THE SMOKE'S THE THING!

MUSIC: (BRIDGE)

GOODWIN: AND NOW BACK TO THE BUMSTEADS WHERE WE FIND A VERY  
TIRED DAGWOOD AND BLONDIE SEATED IN THE LIVING ROOM  
WITH MRS. ELDERBERRY (FADE)

(COME UP ON CLOCK STRIKING NINE)

MRS. E: WELL, WELL -- IT'S NINE O'CLOCK. TIME FOR ALL OF US  
TO GO TO BED.

DAGWOOD: I'M NOT GOING TO BED NOW.

MRS. E: MR. BUMSTEAD, YOU'RE NOT GOING TO KEEP ME AWAKE AGAIN  
THIS NIGHT. YOU MARCH RIGHT UPSTAIRS.

DAGWOOD: I'M TOO TIRED TO MOVE.

BLONDIE: SO AM I.

DAGWOOD: BESIDES, NO ONE CAN SEND ME TO BED BEFORE  
BABY DUMPLING. THAT'S TOO MUCH!

BLONDIE: (SIGHS) UPSTAIRS, BABY.

BABY: I'M TOO TIRED TO GO UPSTAIRS. I'M GOING OVER AND SLEEP  
AT ALVIN FUDDLE'S TONIGHT.

BLONDIE: ALL RIGHT, DEAR. MOTHER'S TOO TIRED TO ARGUE.

BABY: GOOD NIGHT, MOMMY AND DADDY.

BLONDIE: GOOD NIGHT, BABY DUMPLING.

DAGWOOD: GOOD NIGHT.

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

DAGWOOD: I THINK I'LL FIX A SANDWICH. WOULD YOU LIKE ONE, BLONDIE?

BLONDIE: YES, I'LL HELP YOU, DAGWOOD.

MRS. E: NOW PLEASE, MR. BUMSTEAD, I JUST GOT THROUGH STRAIGHTENING UP THE KITCHEN. IT'S SPIC AND SPAN, AND I DON'T WANT IT ALL CLUTTERED UP.

BLONDIE: WELL, DAGWOOD -- WHAT SHALL WE DO?

DAGWOOD: I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING -- I'M ABDICATING! I'M GOING OVER TO THE FUDDLE'S TOO.

BLONDIE: I'LL GO WITH YOU.

MRS. E: YOU'RE NOT GOING TO LEAVE ME ALL ALONE HERE, ARE YOU?

DAGWOOD: JUST FOR TONIGHT, MRS. ELDERBERRY.

MRS. E: BUT WHAT IF A BURGLAR BREAKS IN? WHAT'LL HAPPEN THEN?

DAGWOOD: HE'S NO BETTER THAN WE ARE AND HE'LL JUST HAVE TO TAKE HIS CHANCES!

MUSIC:

(COME UP ON DOORBELL) *cut*

FUDDLE: NOW WHO'S THAT AT THE FRONT DOOR?

BABY: I'LL BET I KNOW, MR. FUDDLE. THAT'S MOMMY AND DADDY.

FUDDLE: I TOLD YOU THEY'D COME TO TAKE YOU HOME.

BABY: THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, MR. FUDDLE.

(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: HELLO, FARQUHAR, OLD BOY.

BLONDIE: HELLO, MR. FUDDLE.

FUDDLE: HI. DID YOU COME FOR BABY DUMPLING?

(DOOR CLOSES)

BLONDIE: NO -- I THINK WE'LL STAY HERE TONIGHT.

DAGWOOD: SURE -- YOU CAN MOVE OVER, FUDDLE,

BLONDIE: AND I'LL SLEEP WITH HAZEL.

FUDDLE: HEY -- WAIT A MINUTE. THERE WON'T BE ROOM ENOUGH FOR ALL OF YOU.

DAGWOOD: OH, WE'LL MANAGE ALL RIGHT. IT MAY BE A LITTLE UNCOMFORTABLE FOR YOU, BUT WE'LL MANAGE.

FUDDLE: YEAH, BUT THIS ISN'T FAIR.

BLONDIE: NEITHER IS MRS. ELDERBERRY. WE'VE REBELLED.

FUDDLE: WHY SHE'S VERY EASY TO GET ALONG WITH.

DAGWOOD: YES, BUT I WAS BROUGHT UP NEVER TO HIT ELDERLY LADIES. SHE MADE ME MOVE OUR FURNITURE ALL AROUND TODAY -- I NEVER HAD A CHANCE TO SIT DOWN ONCE.

BLONDIE: AND SHE CHANGED EVERYTHING ON MY KITCHEN SHELVES. IT'S JUST LIKE STARTING HOUSEKEEPING ALL OVER AGAIN.

BABY: DADDY -- I'M HUNGRY.

DAGWOOD: I'M GLAD YOU BROUGHT THAT UP -- WE'LL GO OUT AND MAKE SOME SANDWICHES IN <sup>Fuddle's</sup> ~~THE~~ KITCHEN.

BLONDIE: THAT'LL BE WONDERFUL, DAGWOOD.

FUDDLE: NOW DAG, OLD BOY -- BE REASONABLE. TAKE IT EASY ON THAT COLD BEEF OUT THERE.

~~BABY: Dag!~~ <sup>Baby!</sup> COLD BEEF? OH, BOY! COME ON.

~~DAGWOOD: YOU CAN GET SOME MORE IN THE MORNING, FARQUHAR. NOW LET'S SEE WHAT I'LL HAVE IN THE FIRST SANDWICH. COLD BEEF, PIMENTO CHEESE, LETTUCE, ONIONS, TUNA FISH, PICKLES, TOMATOES --~~

~~BABY: THEY'VE GOT SOME CHICKEN, DADDY -- DON'T FORGET THAT.~~

~~DAGWOOD: WE WON'T NEGLECT ANYTHING IN THE FUDDLE'S ICEBOX.~~

FUDDLE: TOOOOOOOOH!

MUSIC:

*knock*  
(DOOR ~~BELL RINGS~~)

FUDDLE: HOLY SMOKE, NOW WHO'S AT THE DOOR?

*knock*  
(DOOR ~~BELL RINGS~~ AGAIN)

FUDDLE: I'M COMING!

(DOOR OPENS)

MRS. E: WHAT TOOK YOU SO LONG TO ANSWER THE DOOR?

(DOOR CLOSES)

FUDDLE: WHY, GRANDMA! I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO STAY AT THE  
BUMSTEADS.

MRS. E: I'M NOT GOING TO STAY THERE ALONE.

FUDDLE: BUT GRANDMA -- !

MRS. E: WHERE ARE THE BUMSTEADS?

FUDDLE: THEY'RE OUT IN THE KITCHEN MAKING SANDWICHES.

MRS. E: THE IDEA! LEAVING ME ALL ALONE IN THAT HOUSE. I'LL GIVE  
THEM A PIECE OF MY MIND.

(KITCHEN DOOR OPENS)

FUDDLE: HEY, THEY'RE GONE!...AND SO IS EVERYTHING IN THE ICEBOX!  
THEY MUST HAVE HEARD YOU COME IN.

MRS. E: I'M BEGINNING TO THINK THEY DIDN'T LIKE ME.

FUDDLE: WELL, GRANDMA -- I DON'T KNOW HOW WE'RE GOING TO ARRANGE A  
PLACE FOR YOU TO SLEEP.

MRS. E: OH, THAT'S EASY -- I'LL SLEEP IN YOUR BED, AND YOU'LL SLEEP  
ON THE COUCH.

FUDDLE: BUT GRANDMA --.!

MRS. E: YOU HEARD ME, FARQUHAR!

"BLONDIE"  
11/18/40

-28-

FUDDLE: YES, GRANDMA.

MUSIC:

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(DOOR CLOSES...KEY TURNS)

DAGWOOD: WELL, THAT DOOR'S LOCKED NOW. I DON'T THINK SHE'LL GET  
BACK IN AGAIN.

BABY: THAT'S GOOD, DADDY.

BLONDIE: OH, DAGWOOD, WHAT A RELIEF IT IS TO BE ALONE IN OUR OWN  
HOME AGAIN.

DAGWOOD: HOME SWEET HOME! ISN'T IT WONDERFUL. I'M GOING TO SLEEP  
ALL DAY TOMORROW!

BLONDIE: OH, I'M AFRAID NOT, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: HUNH? WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO TOMORROW?

BLONDIE: WE'RE GOING TO MOVE EVERYTHING RIGHT BACK WHERE IT WAS IN  
THE FIRST PLACE! I THINK WE CAN GET IT ALL DONE IN ONE DAY,  
IF WE START EARLY ENOUGH.

DAGWOOD: TOOOOOOOOOH!

MUSIC:

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GOODWIN: (CHUCKLING) WELL, FOLKS IT LOOKS LIKE THE BUMSTEADS ARE FINALLY RID OF MRS. ELDERBERRY, BUT DON'T BE TOO HAPPY DAGWOOD, YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT'S IN STORE FOR YOU NEXT WEEK. IN A MOMENT WE WILL TELL YOU ABOUT NEXT WEEK'S EPISODE BUT FIRST...

NEWSBOY: (TYPICAL NEWSBOY VOICE IN BACKGROUND) EXTRA !...EXTRA !

GOODWIN: CAMELS GIVE YOU EXTRA FLAVOR.

NEWSBOY: EXTRA !

GOODWIN: CAMELS GIVE YOU EXTRA MILDNESS AND EXTRA COOLNESS.

NEWSBOY: EXTRA !

GOODWIN: CAMELS GIVE YOU EXTRA SMOKING PER PACK. TRY CAMELS -- THE CIGARETTE THAT GIVES YOU THE "EXTRAS."

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC UP BRIEFLY)

GOODWIN: (HE CAN CHUCKLE SOME MORE IF HE WANTS TO) WHEN DAGWOOD GETS TANGLED UP WITH A HYPNOTIST ALMOST ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN. AND PRACTICALLY EVERYTHING DOES HAPPEN NEXT MONDAY AT THIS SAME TIME WHEN "BLONDIE SOLVES A CRIME," AND AT THE SAME TIME KEEPS DAGWOOD FROM HAVING A FIRST HAND ACQUAINTANCE WITH THE LOCAL JAIL HOUSE.

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. *An Blondie orchestra is directed*  
THIS IS THE COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM. *By Billy Antz.*