

✓ 1/2/41

Master

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1940

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

ANNOUNCER: 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!

ANNOUNCER: FOR EXTRA FLAVOR -- GET CAMELS!

NEWSBOY: EXTRA!

ANNOUNCER: FOR EXTRA MILDNESS AND EXTRA COOLNESS -- GET CAMELS!

NEWSBOY: EXTRA!

ANNOUNCER: FOR EXTRA SMOKING PER PACK, GET CAMELS -- THE CIGARETTE  
THAT GIVES YOU THE "EXTRAS." AND NOW THERE'S ANOTHER  
CAMEL ADVANTAGE THAT PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT. IN A  
FEW MINUTES YOU'LL HEAR ALL ABOUT IT!

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GOODWIN: AND NOW FOR OUR WEEKLY VISIT TO THE LITTLE HOME ON SHADY LANE AVENUE WHERE THE BUMSTEADS LIVE. SOMEHOW THEY'VE MANAGED TO GET PART OF THEIR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING DONE, AND JUST NOW BLONDIE AND BABY DUMPLING ARE TYING UP ONE OF THE PACKAGES...

BLONDIE: ALL RIGHT, BABY DUMPLING -- YOU CAN PUT YOUR FINGER ON THIS KNOT.

~~BABY: OKAY, MOMMY -- SHALL I PRESS DOWN HARD?~~

~~BLONDIE: NOT TOO HARD. I DON'T WANT YOU TO PUT YOUR FINGER THROUGH THE PACKAGE THE WAY DADDY DID.~~

BABY: I'M ALWAYS AFRAID YOU'RE GOING TO TIE MY FINGER RIGHT UP WITH THE KNOT.

BLONDIE: OH, NO, DEAR...THERE WE ARE. THAT'S THE LAST BOX, I GUESS. I DID THINK I SAW ANOTHER ONE THIS SAME SIZE AROUND HERE.

BABY: DADDY TOOK THAT ONE.

BLONDIE: HE DID?

BABY: YES, MOMMY. IT WAS FULL OF DUST. DADDY EMPTIED THE STUFF FROM THE VACUUM CLEANER INTO IT.

BLONDIE: WHAT FOR, BABY?

BABY: HE'S PLAYING A JOKE ON MR. FUDDLE. HE'S GOING TO TAKE THE BOX OVER TO MR. FUDDLE'S DOOR AND THEN RING THE BELL AND RUN. AND WHEN MR. FUDDLE OPENS THE PACKAGE HE'LL GET DUST ALL OVER HIM...IT'S GOING TO BE VERY FUNNY.

BLONDIE: ~~I'M NOT SO SURE IT WILL BE~~ → THE LAST TIME HE DID THAT MR. FUDDLE GOT BACK AT DAGWOOD BY SNEAKING INTO THE KITCHEN AND PUTTING AN OLD SHOE IN OUR SOUP.

BABY: ~~WELL, WE'RE NOT HAVING SOUP TODAY.~~

BLONDIE: ~~WELL, AN OLD SHOE WOULDN'T IMPROVE THE TASTE OF THE  
LAMB STEW, EITHER...~~

BABY: ARE YOU GOING TO DELIVER ~~THE~~ <sup>MR. DITHERS'</sup> PACKAGES NOW, MOMMY?

BLONDIE: YES, I THINK SO. ~~I WANT TO GET THIS ONE FOR  
MR. DITHERS OVER TO HIS HOUSE THIS MORNING, AND THIS  
PRESENT FOR --~~

BABY: WHAT'S IN MR. DITHERS' PACKAGE, MOMMY?

BLONDIE: WELL, WE ALL BOUGHT HIM A NICE SILK DRESSING GOWN.

BABY: OH BOY.

BABY: I DON'T REMEMBER ANYTHING ABOUT IT, BUT I GUESS IT'S  
ALL RIGHT.

BLONDIE: I'M SURE HE'LL LIKE IT -- IT'S GOT HIS INITIALS ON IT.  
"J. C. D."

BABY: THAT'S GOOD.

(DOOR OPENS AND SLAMS QUICKLY)

BLONDIE: ~~(STARTLED) OH!~~

BABY: HELLO, DADDY.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHING) BOY, DID I FIX FARQUHAR FUDDLE THIS TIME!  
JUST WAIT TILL HE OPENS THAT PACKAGE AND FINDS WHAT'S  
IN IT!

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD -- HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN WHAT HAPPENED THE LAST  
TIME YOU DID THAT?

DAGWOOD: ~~I'M GOING TO LOCK THE KITCHEN DOOR. BOY, I CAN JUST  
SEE THE EXPRESSION ON HIS FACE WHEN THE DUST FROM THE  
VACUUM SWEEPER POURS OUT ON HIM~~ THAT'LL TEACH HIM TO  
PULL TRICKS ON DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD.

BLONDIE: WELL, I'M SORRY I CAN'T STAY TO SEE WHAT HE DOES TO YOU,  
DAGWOOD. I'VE GOT TO DO SOME SHOPPING FOR SUNDAY AND  
DROP OUR PRESENT OFF AT MR. DITHERS.

"BLONDIE" -4-  
12/16/40

DAGWOOD: OKAY, BLONDIE. IT'S TOO BAD, THOUGH. THIS TIME FUDDLE  
WILL HAVE TO ADMIT I'VE GOT HIM LICKED!

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: WELL, DAGWOOD, WE'LL SEE WHAT HAPPENS. PERSONALLY,  
I HAVE A FEELING YOU'VE JUST GOTTEN YOURSELF INTO  
ANOTHER JAM. YOU'LL FIND OUT IN JUST A MINUTE....

GOODWIN: LISTEN! IF YOU LIKE TO SMOKE...IT'S...THE...SMOKE...  
YOU...LIKE. FOR, AFTER ALL, A CIGARETTE IS ONLY AS  
MILD...ONLY AS COOL...ONLY AS FLAVORFUL AS ITS SMOKE.  
SO THE NEXT TIME YOU WANT TO SMOKE...TRY A CAMEL.  
IT'S SLOW...SLOW-BURNING. FROM THE FIRST PUFF THROUGH  
THE LAST PUFF...SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS GIVE YOU EXTRA  
MILDNESS...EXTRA COOLNESS...EXTRA FLAVOR IN THE SMOKE,  
AND IN THAT SAME SLOW...SLOW SMOKE YOU GET LESS NICOTINE.

VOICE: 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 NICOTINE THAN ANY OF  
THEM.

GOODWIN: SO THERE YOU ARE...JUST LIGHT A CAMEL...PUFF A CAMEL...  
SMOKE A CAMEL...AND YOU GET EXTRA SMOKING PLEASURES...  
AND LESS NICOTINE IN THE SMOKE. THE SMOKE'S THE THING!

DAGWOOD: OKAY, BLONDIE. IT'S TOO BAD, THOUGH. THIS TIME FUDDLE  
WILL HAVE TO ADMIT I'VE GOT HIM LICKED!

MUSIC...

GOODWIN: WELL, DAGWOOD, WE'LL SEE WHAT HAPPENS. PERSONALLY, I  
HAVE A FEELING YOU'VE JUST GOTTEN YOURSELF INTO ANOTHER  
JAM. YOU'LL FIND OUT IN JUST A MINUTE...

~~(COMMERCIAL)~~

MUSIC

GOODWIN: IT'S ABOUT AN HOUR LATER AND BLONDIE RETURNS HOME TO  
FIND DAGWOOD LOOKING VERY PUZZLED...

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD, WHAT'S THE MATTER?

DAGWOOD: IT'S ABOUT FUDDLE.

BLONDIE: I THOUGHT SO. DID YOU FIND AN OLD PAIR OF GALOSHES IN  
OUR LAMB STEW?

DAGWOOD: NO, IT'S NOT THAT, HONEY. THE TROUBLE IS, NOTHING'S  
HAPPENED. I SAW FUDDLE PICK UP THE PACKAGE FROM HIS  
FRONT STEP AND TAKE IT IN, AND I EXPECTED HIM TO BE  
POUNING ON OUR DOOR IN THE NEXT FIVE MINUTES. BUT  
HE DIDN'T.

BLONDIE: WELL, MAYBE BABY DUMPLING PUT A "DON'T OPEN UNTIL  
CHRISTMAS" STICKER ON THE BOX.

DAGWOOD: THAT'S RIGHT -- I DIDN'T THINK OF THAT. IT WAS ALL  
WRAPPED UP WITH TINSEL AND EVERYTHING. I'LL GIVE  
FUDDLE A RING.

BLONDIE: OH, DAGWOOD, HONESTLY...

DAGWOOD: I WON'T BE ABLE TO SLEEP TONIGHT IF I DON'T FIND OUT  
WHAT HAPPENED.

(PICKS UP PHONE)

DAGWOOD: EVERGREEN 3477, PLEASE.

BLONDIE: WHERE'S BABY DUMPLING?

DAGWOOD: OH, HE'S OVER PLAYING WITH ALVIN FUDDLE.

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

*What's this?*

DAGWOOD: ER -- THIS IS SANTA CLAUS SPEAKING.

FUDDLE: NO KIDDING?

DAGWOOD: YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT. (OFF) HEY, BLONDIE -- HE THINKS  
*(You sound more like the big bad wolf to me)*  
*Blondie:* I'M SANTA CLAUS. (ON) SAY, I LEFT A PACKAGE ON YOUR  
DOORSTEP ABOUT AN HOUR AGO. DID YOU GET IT?

FUDDLE: YEAH, SANTY -- I GOT IT.

~~DAGWOOD: HAVE YOU OPENED IT YET?~~

~~FUDDLE: NOW SANTY, YOU KNOW I WOULDN'T DO A THING LIKE THAT SO  
CLOSE TO CHRISTMAS.~~

DAGWOOD: OH...WELL, IT'S ALL RIGHT IF YOU OPEN IT RIGHT NOW. I'LL  
HOLD THE PHONE.

FUDDLE: OKAY, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: HEY, I'M NOT DAGWOOD -- I'M SANTA CLAUS! (OFF) I GUESS  
HE CAUGHT ON TO ME, BLONDIE. THERE MUST BE TOO MUCH OF  
MY PERSONALITY IN MY VOICE.

BLONDIE: HAS HE OPENED THE BOX YET?

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) NO, BUT HE WILL NOW, AND BOY, WILL FUDDLE  
BURN UP.

~~BLONDIE: POOR HAZEL WILL HAVE TO SWEEP UP ALL THAT DUST FROM  
THE VACUUM SWEEPER.~~

DAGWOOD: ~~OH, NO! SHE MAKES FUDDLE DO IT.~~ WAIT A MINUTE -- I  
THINK HE'S COMING BACK TO THE PHONE.

FUDDLE: (FILTER) HELLO, DAG.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHING) DID YOU OPEN IT?

FUDDLE: YEAH, AND I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU.

DAGWOOD: OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT, FUDDLE. I'M ALWAYS GLAD TO --  
HUNH? THANK ME?

~~FUDDLE: YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE IT FOR ME, DAG -- IT'S REALLY  
TOO MUCH.~~

~~DAGWOOD: HEY -- WHAT'RE YOU TALKING ABOUT?~~

FUDDLE: I JUST WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT I THINK YOU'RE THE SWELLEST

*Dagwood:* ~~GUY THAT EVER LIVED, DAG.~~ *Sure I know, but...*  
~~PLAYED ON YOU, IT MAKES ME FEEL PRETTY LOW TO ACCEPT~~  
*I don't think I ought*  
~~THIS FROM YOU.~~ *But I will!*

DAGWOOD: FUDDLE! WHAT'S THE MATTER? AREN'T YOU FEELING WELL?

BLONDIE: WHAT HAPPENED, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: (OFF) I DON'T KNOW -- HE SOUNDS DELIRIOUS. (ON) ~~HEY,~~

~~FUDDLE, ARE YOU SURE YOU OPENED THE RIGHT PAGE, GUY?~~

~~FUDDLE: OF COURSE, I'M SURE, AND I WANT TO THANK YOU FROM THE  
BOTTOM OF MY HEART. I'LL NEVER FORGET THIS. I'M JUST  
SORRY I DIDN'T WAIT AND OPEN IT IN FRONT OF OUR  
CHRISTMAS TREE.~~

DAGWOOD: ~~YEAH...WELL, GOODBYE, FUDDLE.~~

FUDDLE: GOODBYE, DAG, AND THANKS AGAIN.

(HANGS UP PHONE)

*Dagwood.*  
BLONDIE: ~~WELL,~~ WHAT HAPPENED?

DAGWOOD: I HAVEN'T ANY IDEA. HE MUST HAVE BEEN STANDING IN A  
PILE OF DUST FROM OUR VACUUM CLEANER A FOOT DEEP, AND  
HE WAS THANKING ME.

BLONDIE: THANKING YOU?

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DAGWOOD: YEAH -- SOMETHING'S WRONG. HE SAID I WAS THE SWELLEST GUY THAT EVER LIVED.

BLONDIE: DID HE SOUND SINCERE, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: WELL, THERE WAS A SLIGHTLY PHONEY NOTE IN HIS VOICE, BUT THAT'S THE WAY FUDDLE WOULD SOUND IF HE WERE SINCERE. I DON'T GET IT.

BLONDIE: I'M WORRIED, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: WHY, HONEY?

BLONDIE: THERE'S ALWAYS TROUBLE WHENEVER ONE OF YOUR TRICKS

~~BACKFIRETS.~~ *gets wrong.*

(BACK DOOR ~~OPENS AND~~ CLOSES OFF...)

DAGWOOD: SOMEONE JUST CAME IN THE BACK DOOR. MAYBE IT'S FUDDLE TRYING TO GET BACK AT ME.

BLONDIE: IT SOUNDED MORE LIKE BABY DUMPLING TO ME.

BABY: (OFF) DADDY!

DAGWOOD: WE'RE IN THE LIVING-ROOM, BABY.

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES...ON...)

BLONDIE: HELLO, BABY. DID YOU HAVE A GOOD TIME PLAYING WITH ALVIN?

BABY: OH SURE. WHILE I WAS THERE MR. FUDDLE GOT A PRESENT.

DAGWOOD: HE DID? ~~WHAT WAS IT -- THE DUST FROM OUR VACUUM~~

~~SWEEPER?~~

BABY: ~~Yes~~ ~~Yes~~ DADDY. IT WAS A BATHROBE. *with the initials*

DAGWOOD: ~~A BATHROBE?~~

BABY: ~~YES, AND IT HAD INITIALS ON IT. THEY WERE J. C. D. --~~  
RIGHT ON THE POCKET.

BLONDIE: J. C. D. -- DAGWOOD, YOU GAVE MR. FUDDLE MR. DITHERS' PRESENT!

DAGWOOD: TOOOOOOOH!

BLONDIE: YOU MUST HAVE PICKED IT UP FROM THE TABLE WHERE I WAS WRAPPING EVERYTHING.

BABY: MR. FUDDLE LIKED IT SO MUCH HE'S GOING TO KEEP IT.

DAGWOOD: SO THAT'S WHY HE WAS SO NICE TO ME! I KNEW THERE WAS SOMETHING WRONG. WE'VE GOT TO GET THAT BACK FROM HIM. THAT BATHROBE COST A LOT OF MONEY!

BABY: MR. FUDDLE'S EXPECTING YOU, DADDY. I HEARD HIM SAY HE WAS.

BLONDIE: WELL, HE CERTAINLY KNOWS THAT WASN'T FOR HIM.

BABY: BUT HE THINKS HE CAN KEEP IT.

DAGWOOD: WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT! A FINE NEIGHBOR HE IS!

BLONDIE: I DON'T LIKE TO SAY ANYTHING, DAGWOOD, BUT YOU STARTED THIS WITH THAT NICE NEIGHBORLY TRICK OF YOURS.

DAGWOOD: TOOOOOH! NOW YOU'RE AGAINST ME, TOO.

BABY: I'M FOR YOU, DADDY.

DAGWOOD: OKAY, BABY -- WE'LL GO OVER AND GET THAT BATHROBE BACK FROM FUDDLE.

BABY: ALVIN AND MRS. FUDDLE AREN'T HOME -- IT'LL BE EASY.

BLONDIE: NOW, DAGWOOD, DON'T TAKE NO FOR AN ANSWER.

DAGWOOD: I WON'T TAKE ANYTHING BUT THE BATHROBE FOR AN ANSWER. COME ON, BABY!

MUSIC...

*Dagwood: Come on in baby, I'll close the door.*  
(COME UP ON DOOR CLOSING...)

FUDDLE: (OFF -- CALLS) WHO'S THERE?

DAGWOOD: (SOTTO) YOU TALK TO HIM, BABY.

BABY: (CALLS) IT'S ME, MR. FUDDLE.

FUDDLE: (CALLS FROM OFF) ALVIN'S GONE, BABY DUMPLING...ARE  
YOU ALONE?

*Baby;*  
DAGWOOD: (SOTTO) SAY YES -- SAY YES. *Go ahead!* GO AHEAD. SAY YES.

*Baby;*  
FUDDLE: *Did you hear me?* (CALLS FROM OFF) ARE YOU ALONE, BABY DUMPLING?

BABY: (CALLS BACK) JUST A MOMENT, MR. FUDDLE -- DADDY'S  
TRYING TO TELL ME SOMETHING.

FUDDLE: (OFF) AHA! I THOUGHT SO!  
(DOOR SLAMS OFF...)

DAGWOOD: NOW YOU'VE DONE IT, BABY. HE'S PROBABLY IN THE BATHROOM  
WITH THE DOOR LOCKED.

BABY: I DIDN'T WANT TO TELL A LIE, DADDY -- ESPECIALLY SO CLOSE  
TO CHRISTMAS.

DAGWOOD: HMMMM...WELL, COME ON -- LET'S GO UPSTAIRS.

BABY: I'M SORRY, DADDY, BUT I KNEW YOU'D WANT ME TO BE A  
TRUTHFUL BOY.

(STARTING UP THE STAIRS)

~~DAGWOOD: YES, BUT IT ALWAYS SEEMS YOU PICK THE WORST TIMES TO  
REMEMBER THAT.~~

~~BABY: HOW OLD DO I HAVE TO BE BEFORE I CAN TELL FIBS WHENEVER  
IT'S EASIEST.~~

~~DAGWOOD: YOU NEVER SHOULD TELL FIBS, BUT I'D SAY ABOUT  
TWENTY-ONE. (LOUD) HEY, FUDDLE! COME ON OUT OF THAT  
BATHROOM. I KNOW YOU'RE IN THERE.~~

~~(POUNDS ON DOOR)~~

BABY: HE'S IN THERE --- I CAN HEAR HIM MOVING AROUND.

(SOUND OF WATER BEING RUN IN TUB)

DAGWOOD: COME ON, FUDDLE!

FUDDLE: I CAN'T HEAR YOU, DAG. THE WATER'S RUNNING IN THE TUB AND IT'S MAKING TOO MUCH NOISE.

DAGWOOD: I WANT THAT BATHROBE BACK!  
(POUNING ON DOOR)

FUDDLE: SORRY, DAG -- I CAN'T HEAR YOU.

DAGWOOD: TURN THAT WATER OFF THEN -- YOU'RE JUST USING THAT AS AN EXCUSE. I WANT THAT BATHROBE.

FUDDLE: I CAN'T HEAR A THING YOU'RE SAYING -- AND BESIDES YOU GAVE THIS BATHROBE TO ME.

DAGWOOD: AHA! I THOUGHT YOU COULD HEAR ME. COME ON -- ~~OPEN~~ <sup>turn</sup>  
~~THE DOOR.~~ <sup>off the water.</sup>  
(TURN WATER OFF)

DAGWOOD: THAT'S BETTER. OPEN THE DOOR.

FUDDLE: OH, I COULDN'T, DAG, OLD BOY. I'M NOT DRESSED.

DAGWOOD: DON'T BE AN OLD FUDDY-DUDDY! COME ACROSS WITH THAT ROBE.

FUDDLE: <sup>Will you give me receipt for yours, Fuddle</sup>  
<sup>Will you give me receipt for yours, Fuddle</sup>  
BUMSTEAD, YOU'RE NOT GOING TO BE AN INDIAN-GIVER, ARE YOU?

~~BABY: TELL HIM YES, DADDY.~~

DAGWOOD: YES, ~~I AM~~. BESIDES, THAT WAS FOR MR. DITHERS -- IT'S

<sup>Fuddle!</sup> GOT HIS INITIALS ON IT. <sup>Will I'll tell you.</sup>

<sup>Dagwood!</sup> ~~WHAT?~~  
FUDDLE: I'LL GIVE YOU THE INITIALS BACK AND YOU CAN SEW ANOTHER BATHROBE ONTO THEM.

DAGWOOD: COME ON NOW, FUDDLE -- DON'T BE A DOG-IN-THE-MANGER. GIVE ME THE BATHROBE BACK. I'VE GOT TO GIVE IT TO MR. DITHERS.

FUDDLE: DO YOU MEAN TO TELL ME YOU'RE GOING TO GIVE YOUR BOSS A ~~USED BATHROBE~~ <sup>→</sup> SECOND HAND ~~ONE~~ <sup>Bathrobe?</sup>

DAGWOOD: THAT'S NOT A SECOND HAND BATHROBE.

FUDDLE: IT IS NOW! I'M WEARING IT.

DAGWOOD: AHA! YOU'RE LYING TO ME! HOW CAN YOU WEAR THE DRESSING GOWN AND TAKE A BATH AT THE SAME TIME?

BABY: YOU GOT HIM THAT TIME, DADDY.

DAGWOOD: I'LL SAY I DID...COME ON, FUDDLE --- ANSWER MY QUESTION. HOW?

FUDDLE: I'M TAKING A FOOTBATH.

BABY: GEE, MR. FUDDLE HAS ALL THE ANSWERS.

DAGWOOD: YEAH --- WE'RE NOT GETTING ANYWHERE. FUDDLE WILL STAY IN THAT TUB UNTIL HE HAS BARNACLES.

BABY: DADDY.

DAGWOOD: WHAT?

BABY: (SOTTO) WHY DON'T WE TAKE SOME OF MR. FUDDLE'S CLOTHES AND HOLD THEM FOR RANSOM.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) DO YOU THINK THAT WOULD WORK?

BABY: THAT'S WHAT I DO WHEN ALVIN TAKES SOMETHING OF MINE AND IT WORKS WITH HIM.

DAGWOOD: THAT'S A GOOD IDEA! YOU GO GET THEM NOW.

BABY: OKAY, DADDY.

DAGWOOD: HEY, FUDDLE --- THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE. ARE YOU GOING TO GIVE ME THAT DRESSING GOWN?

FUDDLE: DAG, I'VE DECIDED TO KEEP IT WITH YOUR BEST WISHES FOR A MERRY CHRISTMAS. I'LL THANK YOU FOR IT AGAIN ON DECEMBER TWENTY-FIFTH.

DAGWOOD: OKAY, FUDDLE -- YOU'RE GOING TO REGRET THIS.

FUDDLE: OH, I DON'T THINK SO, DAG. YOU GAVE IT TO ME -- REMEMBER THAT.

BABY: HERE YOU ARE, DADDY -- I TOOK THE PANTS OF ALL HIS SUITS.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) THAT'S GOOD, BABY...WELL, FUDDLE, I'VE GOT THE PANTS OF ALL YOUR SUITS AND IF YOU DON'T GIVE ME THAT DRESSING GOWN YOU'LL HAVE TO DO THE REST OF YOUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING IN SHORTS. COME ON, BABY.

FUDDLE: (FADING) HEY! HEY! WAIT A MINUTE, DAG! YOU CAN'T DO THAT TO ME!

(MUSIC BRIDGE)

(DOOR CLOSING)

DAGWOOD: HEY, BLONDIE! WE COULDN'T GET THE DRESSING GOWN FROM FUDDLE BUT WE GOT THE PANTS TO ALL HIS SUITS.

BLONDIE: OH, GOOD HEAVENS!

BABY: WE'RE GOING TO HOLD THEM FOR RANSOM.

~~BLONDIE: BUT HOW IS MR. FUDDLE GOING TO COME OVER HERE WITH THE BATHROBE -- HE WON'T HAVE ANYTHING TO WEAR.~~

~~DAGWOOD: WE DIDN'T GET THE PANTS TO HIS PALM BEACH SUIT. HE CAN WEAR THEM.~~

BLONDIE: BUT HE'LL FREEZE IN THIS WEATHER.

DAGWOOD: IT WON'T HURT HIM ANY AND IT'LL TEACH HIM A LESSON...I GUESS WE SOLVED THAT PROBLEM.

~~BLONDIE: DO YOU THINK SO?~~

~~DAGWOOD: HUNH?~~

BLONDIE: I DON'T. WHAT ABOUT THE BOX FULL OF VACUUM SWEEPER DUST? I DELIVERED THAT TO MR. DITHERS HOUSE THIS MORNING.

DAGWOOD: TOOOOHH! AND I PUT A CARD IN IT THAT SAID, "WITH BEST WISHES FROM DAGWOOD."

BABY: THAT'S FUNNY, DADDY.

BLONDIE: IT WON'T BE FUNNY TO MR. DITHERS IF HE READS IT WITH A  
LAP FULL OF DIRT.

DAGWOOD: BLONDIE, WILL YOU GET IT BACK FROM MR. DITHERS?

BLONDIE: NO, DAGWOOD, I WON'T. YOU STARTED THIS WHOLE THING.

DAGWOOD: PLEASE, HONEY.

BLONDIE: NOW DON'T TRY TO TALK ME INTO IT. YOU'VE GOT TO GO TO  
MR. DITHERS' HOUSE YOURSELF AND GET THAT PACKAGE.

DAGWOOD: BLONDIE -- LOOK. I'M GETTING DOWN ON MY KNEES. PLEASE  
GET IT BACK FOR ME -- PLEEEEEASE.

BABY: LOOK AT DADDY!  
*Yeah, I'm pathetic*

DAGWOOD: BLONDIE, YOU'VE GOT TO.

BLONDIE: NO, DAGWOOD -- THIS WAS YOUR LITTLE JOKE AND I'M GOING  
TO LET YOU ENJOY EVERY BIT OF IT. YOU'D BETTER GET UP  
NOW AND GO OVER TO MR. DITHERS. ~~I ONLY HOPE YOU CAN  
GET THERE IN TIME. THAT BOX DIDN'T HAVE A "DO NOT OPEN  
UNTIL CHRISTMAS" STICKER ON IT.~~

DAGWOOD: ~~TOOOOOH! ALL RIGHT -- I'LL GO, BUT I DON'T KNOW HOW TO  
EXPLAIN TO MR. DITHERS.~~

BLONDIE: ~~NEITHER DO I, AND THAT'S WHY I'M NOT GOING TO DO IT...  
GO ON, BEAR.~~

DAGWOOD: GEE, EVERYTHING HAPPENS TO ME!

MUSIC...

*Merry Christmas!*

DITHERS: WELL, BUMSTEAD -- WHAT DO YOU WANT?

DAGWOOD: WELL, YOU SEE, MR. DITHERS, IT'S ABOUT A CHRISTMAS  
PRESENT THAT BLONDIE LEFT THIS MORNING. I WANT IT BACK.

DITHERS: YOU WANT IT BACK? WHAT'S THE MATTER -- HAVE I OFFENDED YOU IN SOME WAY?

DAGWOOD: NO, IT ISN'T THAT, MR. DITHERS.

DITHERS: YOU KNOW, YOU DON'T HAVE TO GIVE ME A PRESENT. I DON'T EXPECT GIFTS FROM MY EMPLOYEES, BUT I CAN'T UNDERSTAND YOUR GIVING ME ONE AND THEN COMING HERE TO TAKE IT BACK. ARE YOU TRYING TO TEASE ME, BUMSTEAD?

DAGWOOD: NO, MR. DITHERS -- I JUST GOT A COUPLE OF PRESENTS MIXED UP.

DITHERS: ~~TAAAAAH!~~ WELL, WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO?

DAGWOOD: I DIDN'T GET A CHANCE.

DITHERS: OH, FIDDLE-DIDDLE, BUMSTEAD...NOW LET'S SEE -- I THINK THE PACKAGES ARE IN THIS CLOSET.

DAGWOOD: I'LL OPEN IT.

DITHERS: NO, I WILL.

DAGWOOD: LET ME! HERE.

(DOOR OPENS...THUMP ON DITHER'S HEAD)

DITHERS: OUCH!...TAAAAH!

DAGWOOD: I'M SORRY, MR. DITHERS -- I DIDN'T MEAN TO BUMP YOU.

DITHERS: I'M GLAD TO HEAR THAT. VERY GLAD. I'M ALSO GLAD THAT I'M FULL OF THE YULETIDE SPIRIT SO THAT I WON'T SAY SOMETHING TO YOU THAT I'M LIKELY TO REGRET!

DAGWOOD: YES, SIR.

DITHERS: WELL, THERE ARE THE PACKAGES. WHICH ONE DO YOU WANT BACK?

DAGWOOD: I THINK THIS IS IT HERE.

(SOUND OF RATTLE OF PAPER BOX)

DITHERS: WHAT DO YOU MEAN, THINK? DON'T YOU KNOW?



DAGWOOD: OH, YEAH -- THIS IS IT.

DITHERS: LET'S OPEN IT UP AND MAKE SURE. HERE -- GIVE IT TO ME.  
I'LL LOOK.

DAGWOOD: NO, LET ME HAVE IT, MR. DITHERS.

DITHERS: LET GO, BUMSTEAD -- I'LL LOOK IN IT.

DAGWOOD: NO, THIS IS IT, MR. DITHERS! LET GO.

DITHERS: LET GO YOURSELF! STOP YANKING AT IT! (GRUNTS)  
(THUMP OF HEAD ON DOOR)

DITHERS: OUCH!...TAKAAAH! WHAT'D YOU LET GO SO SUDDENLY FOR?

DAGWOOD: WELL, I JUST --

DITHERS: I GUESS EVERY MAN HAS HIS PROBLEMS. PROMETHEUS HAD A  
VULTURE GNAWING AT HIS LIVER AND I HAVE YOU. I'D  
TRADE WITH HIM IN A FLASH.

DAGWOOD: MR. DITHERS, YOU DON'T WANT TO SEE WHAT'S INSIDE THAT.  
PLEASE GIVE IT TO ME.

DITHERS: OH, ALL RIGHT. BUT I DON'T SEE WHY YOU HAVE TO BE SO  
FUSSY ABOUT OTHER PEOPLE'S PRESENTS.

DAGWOOD: THANKS, MR. DITHERS. YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT A RELIEF IT  
IS TO GET THIS BACK AGAIN.

MUSIC...

(COME UP ON TEARING PAPER)

BLONDIE: BE CAREFUL OPENING IT, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: I AM, HONEY.

BLONDIE: I'M CERTAINLY GLAD YOU GOT THIS PACKAGE BACK FROM  
MR. DITHERS.

DAGWOOD: YEAH. HE ALMOST OPENED IT WHILE I WAS THERE. THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN TERRIBLE.

BLONDIE: I DON'T THINK MR. DITHERS HAS MUCH OF A SENSE OF HUMOR.

DAGWOOD: HE'S GOT A SENSE OF HUMOR ALL RIGHT, BUT IT'S A LITTLE ON THE GRUESOME SIDE.

BLONDIE: LIFT THE COVER OFF THE BOX CAREFULLY -- I DON'T WANT THAT DUST BACK ON MY FLOORS AGAIN...LOOK OUT, BABY.

BABY: I AM, MOMMY.

DAGWOOD: WELL, THERE WE -- HEY! LOOK, BLONDIE!

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD -- YOU GOT THE WRONG PACKAGE FROM MR. DITHERS.

DAGWOOD: TOOOOH! IT MUST BE A PRESENT SOMEONE ELSE SENT TO HIM.

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS A LITTLE) LOOK WHAT IT IS, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) HA! LONG WOOLLY ONES, TOO.

BABY: GEE, DOES MR. DITHERS WEAR THOSE?

DAGWOOD: ~~(YEAH, THEY'VE EVEN GOT A TRAP DOOR IN THE BACK OF THEM!)~~  
I'LL BET HE LOOKS FUNNY IN THEM.

BLONDIE: WELL, THEY ARE FUNNY, BUT THEY'RE VERY SENSIBLE. AND WHEN IT GETS REALLY COLD YOU'RE GOING TO WEAR THEM, TOO.

DAGWOOD: NOW, BLONDIE -- NOT THIS WINTER! IF THE BOYS IN THE OFFICE FOUND OUT THEY'D KID THE LIFE OUT OF ME.

BLONDIE: YOU HEARD WHAT I SAID...<sup>Dagwood</sup>OH, LOOK, HERE'S A CARD.

DAGWOOD: LET ME SEE. "DEAR SON -- I MADE THESE WOOLLIES TO KEEP YOU NICE AND COZY THIS WINTER. IF YOU'RE NOT WEARING THEM WHEN I VISIT YOU I'M GOING TO BE VERY DISAPPOINTED. MERRY CHIRSTMAS FROM MOTHER."

BLONDIE: WELL, I THINK THAT'S VERY SWEET.

DAGWOOD: WHAT DO YOU KNOW -- MR. DITHERS IS HUMAN AFTER ALL. HE'S GOT TO WEAR THESE THINGS TOO.

BABY: I WONDER WHAT MR. DITHERS DOES ABOUT SCRATCHING?

DAGWOOD: I'LL HAVE TO ASK HIM, BABY.

BLONDIE: WELL, DAGWOOD -- YOU STILL HAVEN'T GOT THAT PACKAGE OF DIRT ~~FROM THE VACUUM CLEANER BACK YET~~. YOU'LL HAVE TO GO TO MR. DITHERS' AGAIN.

DAGWOOD: I WENT ONCE, BLONDIE, AND NOW IT'S YOUR TURN.

BLONDIE: NO, SIR.

DAGWOOD: <sup>Yes daddy</sup> BABY DUMPLING, WOULD YOU LIKE TO DO SOMETHING FOR ME?

BABY: <sup>Baby;</sup> ~~NO, DADDY, NOT RIGHT NOW.~~  
<sup>Dagwood:</sup> *I was afraid you would.*  
(PHONE RINGS)

BLONDIE: ANSWER THE PHONE, DAGWOOD, AND I'LL WRAP THIS PACKAGE UP AGAIN.

DAGWOOD: OH, ALL RIGHT...

(PICKS UP PHONE)

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

FUDDLE: (FILTER) THIS IS MR. FUDDLE SPEAKING.

DAGWOOD: OH, HELLO, FARQUHAR.

FUDDLE: DON'T TRY TO BE FAMILIAR WITH ME, BUMSTEAD. I'VE JUST BEEN TALKING TO MY LAWYER, AND I'M GOING TO SUE YOU.

DAGWOOD: NEVER MIND ABOUT THAT -- WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO GIVE ME BACK THAT DRESSING GOWN I BOUGHT FOR MR. DITHERS?

FUDDLE: I'M SUING YOU FOR FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS.

DAGWOOD: I STILL SAY I WANT THAT DRE -- HOW MUCH?

FUDDLE: FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND BUCKS. TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND FOR YOU AND TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND FOR BABY DUMPLING.

DAGWOOD: WHAT ARE YOU SUING US FOR?

FUDDLE: FOR BREAKING INTO MY HOUSE, FOR STEALING MY PANTS, FOR EXPOSING ME TO RIDICULE, FOR MENTAL TORTURE -- ALL THOSE THINGS ADD UP, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: THEY CERTAINLY SEEM TO.

BLONDIE: WHAT'S THE MATTER, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: JUST A MOMENT, FUDDLE...(OUT) FUDDLE SAYS HE'S GOING TO SUE ME AND BABY DUMPLING FOR TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS APIECE.

BABY: TELL HIM I WON'T PAY IT.

BLONDIE: THAT'S NONSENSE, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: I THOUGHT SO BUT I WANTED TO MAKE SURE. (ON) FUDDLE, I'VE JUST TALKED TO MY LAWYER AND YOU HAVEN'T GOT A CHANCE.

FUDDLE: MY LAWYER SAYS I CAN COLLECT.

DAGWOOD: HOLD THE PHONE...(OFF) HE SOUNDS DESPERATE, BLONDIE -- MAYBE HE'S SERIOUS.

BLONDIE: YOU TELL HIM HE'D BETTER RETURN THAT BATHROBE BEFORE WE -- BEFORE WE GET AN INJUNCTION OR SOMETHING AGAINST HIM.

DAGWOOD: OKAY, I'LL SEE IF THAT FRIGHTENS HIM. (ON) FUDDLE,  
WE'RE GOING TO GET AN INJUNCTION AGAINST YOU. GOODBYE.

FUDDLE: WAIT A MINUTE, DAG! DON'T BE HASTY NOW.

DAGWOOD: YEAH?

FUDDLE: HAVE BABY DUMPLING BRING ME JUST ONE PAIR OF MY PANTS  
AND I'LL COME OVER AND DISCUSS THIS WHOLE MATTER WITH YOU.

DAGWOOD: JUST A MOMENT. (OFF) HE WANTS ME TO GIVE HIM JUST ONE  
PAIR OF PANTS.

BLONDIE: CERTAINLY NOT, DAGWOOD. HE'S GOT TO GIVE US THAT DRESSING  
GOWN FIRST. MR. FUDDLE'S BEING VERY SILLY ABOUT THIS.

DAGWOOD: (ON) HEY, FUDDLE.

FUDDLE: YEAH?

DAGWOOD: NO DRESSING GOWN, NO PANTS. GOODBYE!

(HANGS UP)

DAGWOOD: I GUESS I TOLD HIM.

BABY: GOOD FOR YOU, DADDY.

DAGWOOD: SAY, BLONDIE, WOULDN'T YOU --

BLONDIE: IF IT'S GO TO MR. DITHERS, NO!

DAGWOOD: BUT HE'S MY BOSS, HONEY. IF HE GOT THAT DUST ALL OVER  
HIM HE MIGHT BE SORE AT ME.

BLONDIE: YES, DAGWOOD -- THAT'S WHY YOU'D BETTER HURRY.

DAGWOOD: BUT YOU DO THOSE THINGS BETTER THAN I DO.

BLONDIE: THEN IT'S TIME YOU LEARNED! NOW YOU TAKE THIS PACKAGE  
BACK TO MR. DITHERS, AND DON'T RETURN WITHOUT THE ONE FULL  
OF DUST. AND DON'T GET IT ALL OVER YOU, EITHER!

DAGWOOD: BUT BLOOOOOOOOONDIE!

BLONDIE: YOU HEARD.ME, DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD!

*Well, here I go again.*  
DAGWOOD: ~~BUT BLONDIE: WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO ME?~~

MUSIC:

~~'GOODWIN: WELL, WE'D ALL LIKE TO KNOW, DAGWOOD, AND WE'LL FIND OUT  
IN JUST A MOMENT...~~

"BLONDIE" 20. 20-A  
12/16/40

GOODWIN: IN JUST A MINUTE, WE'LL RETURN TO THE BUMSTEADS AND THEIR PREPARATIONS FOR CHRISTMAS. RIGHT NOW, LET'S THINK OF YOUR CHRISTMAS. THINK HOW MUCH FUN IT WILL BE WHEN THE ONES YOU LOVE OPEN UP THE EXCITING, MYSTERIOUS-LOOKING PACKAGES UNDER THE CHRISTMAS TREE. AND THINK HOW MUCH MORE FUN IT WILL BE FOR THE SMOKERS IF YOU GIVE CAMEL CIGARETTES. DEALERS ARE FEATURING TWO HOLIDAY PACKAGES OF CAMELS. THERE'S THE REGULAR CARTON ALL DECKED OUT IN A BLUE WRAPPER DECORATED WITH SANTA CLAUS...AND A GIFT CARD. AND THERE'S THE CHRISTMASSY-LOOKING PACKAGE OF "FLAT FIFTIES." YES, FOUR CONTAINERS OF CAMEL "FLAT FIFTIES" PACKED IN A RED CARDBOARD CHRISTMAS HOUSE WITH WREATHS ON THE WINDOWS... SNOW ON THE ROOF...AND A GIFT CARD RIGHT ON THE BOX. EACH OF THESE CAMEL HOLIDAY SPECIALS CONTAIN TWO HUNDRED CAMEL CIGARETTES. GIVE CAMELS AND YOU KNOW YOU'RE GIVING SOMEONE YOU LOVE AMERICA'S FAVORITE CIGARETTE... THE SLOWER-BURNING CIGARETTE OF EXTRA MILDNESS, EXTRA COOLNESS, EXTRA FLAVOR. GIVE CAMELS -- AND YOU GIVE MORE SMOKING FUN FOR CHRISTMAS.

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: IT'S ABOUT TEN MINUTES LATER, AND MR. DITHERS HAS JUST LET DAGWOOD INTO HIS HOUSE FOR THE SECOND TIME...

DITHERS: NOW LOOK HERE, BUMSTEAD, I'M A PATIENT MAN -- A VERY PATIENT MAN -- BUT WHAT'S THIS PACKAGE DOING BACK HERE AGAIN? ARE YOU PLAYING SOME KIND OF A GAME WITH IT?

DAGWOOD: YOU SEE, MR. DITHERS, I GOT THE WRONG PACKAGE. THIS ISN'T THE ONE BLONDIE LEFT THIS MORNING. IT'S ANOTHER ONE OF YOUR PRESENTS.

DITHERS: I SUPPOSE YOU'VE LOOKED AT IT?

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) YEAH, I HAVE, MR. DITHERS.

DITHERS: THAT'S FINE. WHY DON'T YOU SIT DOWN AND OPEN ALL MY PRESENTS? --. WHAT ARE YOU LAUGHING AT?

DAGWOOD: I'M SORRY, MR. DITHERS -- I CAN'T HELP IT.

DITHERS: WHO WAS THAT PRESENT FROM?

DAGWOOD: I GUESS IT WAS FROM YOUR MOTHER.

DITHERS: MY MOTHER? DON'T TELL ME SHE SENT ME THOSE -- THOSE --  
*the long ones*  
~~YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN --~~

DAGWOOD: THAT'S WHAT IT WAS, ALL RIGHT.

DITHERS: THE LONG ONES?

DAGWOOD: UH -- HUH -- THE WOOLY KIND.

DITHERS: OH, MY GOSH. MY MOTHER MEANS WELL, BUT SHE MAKES THE ONLY LONG UNDERWEAR IN THE WORLD WITH A BUILT-IN ITCH.

DAGWOOD: I KNOW JUST WHAT YOU MEAN.



DITHERS: BUMSTEAD, YOU'VE GOT TO KEEP THIS A SECRET. I COULDN'T  
STAND IT IF ANYONE ELSE KNEW THAT J. C. DITHERS OF THE  
J. C. DITHERS COMPANY WORE LONGIES. IT'D BE TOO MUCH.

DAGWOOD: I WON'T SAY A WORD *you don't know what this means to me.*

DITHERS: GOOD!... *you don't know what this means to me.* NOW THEN, LET'S FIND THAT PACKAGE YOU'RE LOOKING  
FOR. IT'S PROBABLY IN THE CLOSET YET.

(CLOSET DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: IT'S IN ONE OF THE LONG BOXES, MR. DITHERS.

DITHERS: WHAT HAPPENED TO THE PRESENT YOU BROUGHT FOR ME?

DAGWOOD: MR. FUDDLE NEXT DOOR HAS IT.

DITHERS: WHAT'S HE DOING -- BREAKING IT IN FOR ME?

DAGWOOD: NO, THAT'S NOT IT. YOU SEE I SENT IT TO HIM AND --

DITHERS: DON'T TELL ME HE REFUSED IT!

DAGWOOD: *He was taking possession of it.* OH NO! IT WAS JUST A MISTAKE, MR. DITHERS...WAIT --

THAT'S THE PACKAGE RIGHT THERE -- I'M SURE OF IT.

DITHERS: WHAT'S IN IT, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: YOU'D BETTER GIVE IT TO ME, MR. DITHERS. DON'T OPEN IT.

DITHERS: (LAUGHS) THIS TIME I'M GOING TO FIND OUT, DAGWOOD.  
YOU'VE TEASED MY CURIOSITY TOO MUCH. I'LL JUST SNAP  
THESE STRINGS.

(SNAPPING OF STRINGS ON PAPER BOX)

DAGWOOD: MR. DITHERS -- DON'T!

DITHERS: YOU CAN WRAP IT UP AGAIN, DAGWOOD. NOW LET'S SEE WHAT --

(RATTLE OF PAPER AS IT OPENS)

DAGWOOD: TOOOOOH!

DITHERS: BUMSTEAD! WHAT'S THIS? DIRT AND DUST? (COUGHS)  
IT'S ALL OVER ME!

DAGWOOD: GOODBYE, MR. DITHERS -- I'VE GOT TO BE GOING!

DITHERS: (COUGHING) BUMSTEAD! COME BACK HERE! BUMSTEAD!

*Music*  
DAGWOOD: (COME UP) AND THEN THE WHOLE BOX OPENED UP ALL OVER MR.  
DITHERS AND HE STOOD THERE IN A CLOUD OF DUST. IT WAS  
AWFUL, BLONDIE!

BLONDIE: WHAT DID HE SAY?

DAGWOOD: WELL, I DIDN'T STAY. HE WAS JUST STARTING TO WARM UP  
WHEN I LEFT. I DON'T KNOW WHAT HE'LL DO. MAYBE HE'LL  
FIRE ME.

BLONDIE: I DON'T THINK SO, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: YOU DON'T KNOW DITHERS LIKE I DO. HE'S A MANIAC WHEN  
HE'S AROUSED, AND HE WAS AROUSED WHEN I LEFT.

(PHONE RINGS)

DAGWOOD: TOOOOH! THAT'S PROBABLY DITHERS NOW. YOU ANSWER IT.

BLONDIE: NO, DEAR -- YOU.

DAGWOOD: WHAT HAVE I DONE TO DESERVE THIS?

BLONDIE: YOU STARTED THIS, DAGWOOD -- AND YOU'LL HAVE TO FINISH IT.

DAGWOOD: TOOOOH!

(PICK UP PHONE)

DAGWOOD: HELLO?

FUDDLE: (FILTER) SAY, DAG, I'M COMING OVER TO SEE YOU ABOUT THAT DRESSING GOWN.

DAGWOOD: OKAY, FUDDLE.

FUDDLE: WILL YOU ASK BLONDIE TO GO INTO THE KITCHEN OR SOMETHING?

DAGWOOD: NO, SIR -- BLONDIE'S GOING TO BE HERE TO SEE THAT YOU DON'T PULL ANY FAST ONES ON ME.

FUDDLE: BUT DAG -- I HAVEN'T GOT ANY PANTS.

DAGWOOD: OH...OKAY, FUDDLE...GOODBYE.

(HANGS UP)

BLONDIE: WHAT DID MR. FUDDLE WANT?

DAGWOOD: HE'S COMING OVER HERE WITH THE BATHROBE AND YOU'D BETTER GO IN THE KITCHEN. ~~I GUESS HE DIDN'T FIND HIS PAJAMA BEACH-PANTS.~~

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) ALL RIGHT, DAGWOOD, BUT BE SURE YOU GET THE DRESSING GOWN BEFORE YOU GIVE HIM HIS PANTS.

DAGWOOD: SAY, WHAT IS IT ANYWAY -- A DRESSING GOWN OR A BATHROBE?

BLONDIE: I SUPPOSE IT DEPENDS ON WHETHER YOU ARE GETTING READY TO DRESS OR TAKE A BATH.

DAGWOOD: YEAH -- I SHOULD HAVE FIGURED THAT OUT FOR MYSELF...I WONDER WHAT MR. DITHERS WILL SAY?

BLONDIE: I HAVEN'T THE SLIGHTEST IDEA, DEAR, AND I HATE TO GUESS.

DAGWOOD: THAT'S RIGHT -- MAKE ME FEEL UNCOMFORTABLE!

BLONDIE: IT'S CERTAINLY BEEN A FUNNY JOKE, HASN'T IT? SENDING THE VACUUM CLEANER DUST OVER TO MR. FUDDLE.

DAGWOOD: AW, BLONDIE...

(FUDDLE'S KNOCK ON THE DOOR)

BLONDIE: OH, THERE'S MR. FUDDLE NOW -- I'LL BE IN THE KITCHEN...  
(FADING)

DAGWOOD: OKAY...

(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: COME ON IN, FUDDLE.

FUDDLE: THANKS, DAG, OLD BOY.

(DOOR CLOSES)

DAGWOOD: LET ME TAKE YOUR COAT.

FUDDLE: HEY -- NO! I HAVEN'T GOT ANY PANTS ON UNDER IT. *and it's really drafty too!*

DAGWOOD: OH, YEAH...WHERE'S THE DRESSING GOWN? HAVE YOU GOT IT WITH YOU?

FUDDLE: WELL, I WANT TO TALK THIS OVER WITH YOU, DAG. NOW REMEMBER -- YOU GAVE ME THIS DRESSING GOWN SO LEGALLY IT'S MINE. RIGHT?

DAGWOOD: MAYBE SO, BUT I TOOK YOUR PANTS AND POSSESSION IS NINE POINTS OF THE LAW.

FUDDLE: NOW, DAG -- LET'S BE FAIR ABOUT THIS.

DAGWOOD: NO DRESSING GOWN, NO PANTS.

FUDDLE: AW, DAG -- YOU'VE GOT ME AT A DISADVANTAGE. YOU'VE GOT ME WITH MY PANTS -- DAG, YOU'VE GOT ME!

DAGWOOD: OKAY -- HAND OVER THE DRESSING GOWN.

FUDDLE: IT HURTS ME TO DO THIS -- I <sup>*was beginning to*</sup> LIKED THIS THING -- BUT HERE YOU ARE.

DAGWOOD: THANKS...AND HERE ARE YOUR PANTS.

FUDDLE: THANKS, DAG -- I NEVER REALIZED BEFORE HOW IMPORTANT A PAIR OF PANTS ARE TO THE WELL-DRESSED MAN. WELL, I GUESS I'LL BE RUNNING ALONG. ~~THIS COAT IS A LITTLE DRAFTY.~~

(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: SO LONG, FUDDLE.

*Fuddle: So long*  
(DOOR CLOSES)

~~FUDDLE: WELL, I GUESS I WAS WRONG -- I THOUGHT I COULD GET AWAY WITH KISSING THAT.~~

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12/16/40

*Oh, hello Mr. Dithers.*

DITHERS: (OFF) SAY, FUDDLE -- WHERE'S MY CHRISTMAS PRESENT FROM  
*Fuddle* DAGWOOD?

FUDDLE: OH, HELLO, MR. ~~DITHERS~~. I JUST GAVE IT BACK TO HIM.

DITHERS: THAT'S DECENT OF YOU...I JUST GOT YOUR PACKAGE FROM  
DAGWOOD. IT WASN'T A CHRISTMAS PRESENT, THOUGH.

FUDDLE: WHAT WAS IT -- VACUUM CLEANER DIRT?

DITHERS: HOW DID YOU KNOW?...WELL, HE'S GOING TO GET IT BACK AGAIN.  
IT'S INSIDE THIS PACKAGE.

FUDDLE: HEY, IS THAT A FUSE STICKING OUT OF THAT BOX?

DITHERS: YES ~~--- THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE INSIDE THIS BESIDES DIRT.~~  
THIS FUSE IS NICE AND LONG, AND, I THINK, I'LL LIGHT IT NOW.

FUDDLE: WELL, WELL! *I think I'll get away from here.* GOOD LUCK, MR. DITHERS. (FADING) MY, IT'S  
CHILLY OUT.

(DOOR OPENS)

DITHERS: WELL, HELLO, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: ER -- HELLO, MR. DITHERS. UM -- COME IN.

DITHERS: THANK YOU DAGWOOD.

(DOOR CLOSES)

DAGWOOD: MR. DITHERS, I'D LIKE TO EXPLAIN ABOUT THAT STUFF IN --

DITHERS: NOW, NOW -- DON'T BOTHER ABOUT THAT, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: I THOUGHT MAYBE YOU'D BE A LITTLE -- WELL, YOU KNOW...

DITHERS: OF COURSE NOT. ALL IN FUN, WASN'T IT?

DAGWOOD: YEAH -- THAT'S RIGHT.

DITHERS: I JUST THOUGHT I'D DROP OFF THIS PRESENT FOR YOU,  
DAGWOOD. HERE YOU ARE.

DAGWOOD: WELL, THANKS, MR. DITHERS. BLONDIE'S PACKING UP YOURS  
OUT IN THE KITCHEN.

DITHERS: FINE.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) I SUPPOSE I SHOULDN'T OPEN THIS UNTIL CHRISTMAS.

DITHERS: OH, NO. *Oh you don't have to wait.*  
DAGWOOD: OPEN IT ANYTIME?  
DITHERS: WELL, I THINK IT'LL OPEN BY ITSELF. YES, I'M SURE IT  
WILL.

DAGWOOD: (SNIFFS) SAY -- IS SOMETHING BURNING?

DITHERS: I DON'T SMELL ANYTHING.

DAGWOOD: IT SMELLS LIKE GUNPOWDER, BUT I GUESS IT'S JUST MY  
IMAGINATION. I WONDER WHAT'S IN HERE?

DITHERS: YOU'LL FIND OUT. YOU'LL FIND OUT.

(SUDDENLY A LOT OF FIRECRACKERS IN THE BOX GO OFF)

DAGWOOD: HELP! HOLY SMOKE! THE BOX IS ON FIRE!

DITHERS: (LAUGHING LIKE A MANIAC) I'LL TEACH YOU TO PLAY JOKES  
ON J. C. DITHERS! ~~THERE'S ALL YOUR DUST BACK AGAIN!~~

~~AND A FEW FIRECRACKERS TO SPREAD IT AROUND!~~

~~DAGWOOD: HELP! IT'S EXPLODING!~~

~~DITHERS: YOU'LL NEVER DO THAT AGAIN, WILL YOU. (LAUGHS)~~

DAGWOOD: BLOOOOOOOOONDIE! BLOOOOOOOONDIE!

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: THAT SHOULD BE A LESSON TO BLONDIE AND DAGWOOD. I'LL BET THEY NEVER GET  
THEY'RE CHRISTMAS PACKAGES MIXED UP AGAIN.

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)

WELL FOLKS, ARE ALL YOUR PRESENTS WRAPPED? IS YOUR TREE DECORATED?

GOODWIN: MAYBE IT WAS A LOT OF TROUBLE, BUT CHEER UP! IF YOU THINK YOU HAD  
DIFFICULTIES, TUNE IN AGAIN AT THIS SAME TIME NEXT WEEK AND SEE WHAT  
HAPPENS TO THE BUMSTEADS WHEN "BLONDIE GET'S READY FOR CHRISTMAS."

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC UP BRIEFLY)

GOODWIN: ~~MONIE GARDNER AND DAGWOOD~~ ALICE WHITE, WHO TONIGHT IS SUBSTITUTING FOR  
"BLONDIE" IS PLAYED BY ~~MONIE GARDNER AND DAGWOOD~~  
PENNY SINGLETON, WHO IS ILL. AND DAGWOOD AS USUAL  
IS ARTHUR LAKE.

THE "BLONDIE" ORCHESTRA WAS DIRECTED BY BILL ARTZT WHO  
ALSO CREATED THE SPECIAL MUSICAL EFFECTS ~~THIS IS WEN NILES,~~  
FINCH HITTING FOR BILL GOODWIN AND  
~~MONIE GARDNER AND DAGWOOD~~ SAYING GOOD NIGHT FOR THE MAKERS  
OF CAMEL CIGARETTES.

THIS IS THE COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.