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"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, JANUARY 13, 1941

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

GOODWIN: Ah -- Ah -- Ah -- Don't touch that dial -- Here's "Blondie"...presented by Camel -- the slower-burning cigarette that gives you more flavor, more mildness, more coolness, and less nicotine in the smoke -- twenty-eight per cent less nicotine than the average of the four other largest-selling brands tested.

MUSIC: (THEME)

GOCDWIN: And now for our weekly visit with the Bumsteads. It is time for Dagwood to make his regular morning dash to the office, but instead we find him upstairs primping in front of the bathroom mirror...

DAGWOOD: Now let me see...My right profile is pretty good, except for the way my hair sticks out at the side. I wonder what Clark Gable's eyes have that my eyes haven't got? We're about even on ears.

BLONDIE: (OFF) (CALLS) Dagwood! Hurry up! Oh, Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: (CALLS BACK) I'm coming right down, Blondie. (ON) Now let me see what my left profile is like...Hmmm -- well, we can just ignore my left profile. I wonder what I'd be in pictures -- a newspaper reporter, maybe. Yeah. "Stop the presses! ~~Get ready to replate!~~ Here comes Flash Bumstead with another scoop!"

~~BLONDIE: (COMING UP) Flash! Dagwood Bumstead has just been fired for being late to work!~~

DAGWOOD: Tooooooooh!

BLONDIE: Why, Dagwood -- admiring yourself in the mirror again. What's it all about?

DAGWOOD: Oh, well, it's nothing, Blondie' -- nothing at all.

BLONDIE: Now, Dagwood -- tell me what the secret is. This is the third time this week that I've caught you staring at your reflection in the mirror.

DAGWOOD: Well, you see, Blondie -- I'm just taking an inventory of my face.

BLONDIE: Taking an inventory of your face? What in the world do you mean?

DAGWOOD: Well, you wouldn't understand, honey.

BLONDIE: ~~I see~~^{O.K.}...Does it have anything to do with these tickets?

DAGWOOD: No, it doesn't have anything to -- hey, gimme those! Where'd you find them?

BLONDIE: I was going through your suit before sending it to the cleaner and these tickets were in it...Are they for a raffle?

DAGWOOD: Well, yes -- in a way.

BLONDIE: What's being raffled off?

DAGWOOD: Er -- they're raffling off a screen test.

BLONDIE: Oh, my goodness!

DAGWOOD: Yeah...How'd you like to be married to Dagwood Bumstead, the movie star?

BLONDIE: I don't know, Dagwood -- but look at the time. You've got to hurry! You'll be late to the office!

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke!...~~Goodbye, honey!~~

~~BLONDIE: Goodbye, dear.~~

DAGWOOD: Go downstairs and hold the door open for me. I want to get a good start.

BLONDIE: All right, dear.

(BLONDIE HURRYING DOWNSTAIRS...BUT NOT TOO FAST)

DAGWOOD: (FADING TO OFF) They're drawing the tickets on the screen test today. I'll call you if I win it.

BLONDIE: You just concentrate on getting to the office in time.

(DOOR OPENS)

(The front door opens)
BLONDIE: (CALLS) All right, dear. Hurry up!

DAGWOOD: (YELLS) Okay, Blondie!

(DAGWOOD TEARING DOWN THE STAIRS)

BLONDIE: Be careful, Dagwood -- there's a man coming up the walk!

DAGWOOD: Goodbye, honey -- I'll see you tonight!

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- be careful!

(DAGWOOD GOING OUT THE DOOR)

BLONDIE: Oh!

(DAGWOOD BUMPING INTO MAN OUTSIDE)

WALLY: Help! Hey! Ouch!

DAGWOOD: (FADING) I'm sorry -- goodbye!

BLONDIE: Oh, good heavens! The poor man...Are you hurt?

WALLY: (GROANS) Ohhhh!

~~BLONDIE: Are you hurt?~~

WALLY: Don't bother me with the details. *and breathe* I'm not even sure I'm
alive.

~~BLONDIE: I'm awfully sorry.~~

~~WALLY: Did you get the license number of that truck?~~

BLONDIE: Here -- let me help you up.

WALLY: Thanks...(GROANS) I feel like I've been trampled by a
herd of wild elephants.

BLONDIE: No -- that was just my husband, *Dagwood Bumstead.*

~~WALLY: Well, well -- so you're Mrs. Tommy Harmon.~~

~~BLONDIE: No, I'm Mrs. Dagwood Bumstead.~~

WALLY: Bumstead? That's the man I'm looking for...Mrs. Bumstead
-- I'm Wally Smith of Goliath Pictures, Inc. Let me
congratulate you -- you're husband has just won a screen
test!

Thank you for the... with
BLONDIE: The screen test? ~~Teoooooh!~~ *Mr. Smith!*

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: Blondie and Dagwood fade away...for a moment...while we
steal in on another scene...a soldier and his Dad...
(BUGLE CALL...SOFT...LAST NOTES OF RETREAT)

SOLDIER: Gotta go now, Dad. Time to fall in...call to colors,
Gee, it's been swell, seein' you...

DAD: Yeah, swell, son, bein' with you.

BABBLE OF VOICES: C'mon boys...get goin'...snap into it...

SOLDIER: Well...so long, Dad.

DAD: This takes me back some years, bub. Bugles blowin',
standin' retreat at sundown. Flag flutterin' down the
mast...boys all lined up at attention...say!...

SOLDIER: Sure thing, Dad. Well...gotta go.

DAD: G'bye, son. Anything you want?

SOLDIER: Thanks, no...but...well...always c'n use cigarettes.

DAD: Okay, boy. Camels are coming. I'll send a flock of 'em.
Camel's still practically regulation cigarettes in the
Army, ain't they, son?

SOLDIER: Camels it is, Dad.

Up sharply and out
MUSIC: (STEALS IN VERY SOFTLY... "KKK-K-KATY")

DAD: Yes, smoked 'em in '17 with the A.E.F. in France...most
everybody smoked 'em from buck private down to generals.

Up sharply and out
MUSIC: (UP SHARPLY AND OUT... "K-K-K-KATY")

GOODWIN: And more than ever now, Camel is the cigarette of the hour! Now Science has just driven home another reason for Camel's front line position in the cigarette world ...there's twenty-eight per cent less nicotine in the smoke of slower-burning Camels than the average of the four other largest-selling brands tested -- less than any of them, according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself. Yes sir!...THE SMOKE'S THE THING. And the smoke of slower-burning Camels gives you not only extra mildness, extra coolness, extra flavor, but also gives extra freedom from nicotine. So...if you're not already a Camel smoker, won't you light up this slower-burning cylinder of pleasure next time you want a smoke? A Camel!...the slower-burning cigarette of costlier tobaccos.

MUSIC: (QUICK BUGLE FANFARE AND OUT)

GOODWIN: Now, Dagwood is sitting at his desk in the offices of the J. C. Dithers Company. He's heard the news about winning the screen test, and there's a slightly moon-struck look on his face as the door opens
(DOOR OPENS) and Mr. Dithers comes in...

(DOOR CLOSES)

DITHERS: Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: Oh, hello, Mr. Dithers. Do you know how much it costs to build a swimming pool ~~in Hollywood?~~

DITHERS: Well, let me see. The last estimates I saw ran to -- what in the world are you talking about?

DAGWOOD: I'm thinking of going to Hollywood. I've just won the screen test.

DITHERS: You won a screen test?

DAGWOOD: Yeah, that's right, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Then there must be a horrible shortage of actors out there.

(CUT SECOND SCENE)

DAGWOOD: Well, you can't tell. It's quite possible that I might be very good.

DITHERS: Yes, it's also quite possible that Shirley Temple will play a grandmother in her next picture. Now take that glamour-boy expression off your face and get to work.

~~DAGWOOD: Now wait a minute, Mr. Dithers -- some people have said that I look a little like Tyrone Power.~~

DITHERS: And then what did they say, "How about loaning me ten dollars till Tuesday?"

DAGWOOD: I'm serious about this.

DITHERS: Oh, fiddle-diddle! Tyrone Power would be better looking than you with a potatoe sack over his head.

DAGWOOD: That's a fine way to talk to a prospective movie star! What's wrong with my face?

DITHERS: There's nothing wrong with it, Dagwood...after a person gets used to it. But the first time you see it -- well, it's sort of a shock.

(KNOCKING ON DOOR)

DAGWOOD: Come in!

(DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSES)

WALLY: How do you do? I'm Wally Smith of Goliath Pictures, Inc. I'm looking for Mr. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: Hunh? Oh, yeah -- I'm Mr. Bumstead.

WALLY: Well, Mr. Bumstead, let me congrats -- oh, -- oh.

DAGWOOD: What's the matter?

WALLY: Nothing at all. (CLEARS THROAT) So you're the man! Let me congratulate you on holding the winning number for the screen test.

DAGWOOD: How do you think I'll be?

WALLY: You'll be wonderful!

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Well -- thanks, Mr. Smith...Oh, I want you to meet my employer, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: It's a pleasure to know you, Mr. Smith.

WALLY: Hello, Mr. Bumstead

DITHERS: (CLEARS HIS THROAT) Mr. Smith -- I was just wondering...

WALLY: That's a good place to stop.

DITHERS: Hch-heh...I was just wondering if ^{any studio ever needs} ~~pictures needed a man~~
~~of -- well, say, the employer type.~~ (An older man with an
intellectual appeal.

WALLY: Did you ~~have~~ anyone in particular in mind -- as if
I didn't know --

DITHERS: Well, yes -- I thought I might ~~play those parts well.~~
~~You know -- the big business man.~~

WALLY: I'll keep you in mind, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Thank you. I'm a business man myself, you see, and I
thought ~~I'd naturally be able to play the part with --~~

WALLY: I'll keep you in mind...

DITHERS: Thank you. As I said, I'm sort of a captain of industry.

WALLY: I'll keep you in mind...^{captain} We're shooting a sea story in a
few months. Maybe we could use you for one of the
pirates.

DITHERS: Hmmmm -- well, just -- er -- keep me in mind.

WALLY: Oh, I will!

DITHERS: Well, thank you. Don't take too much of ^{Bumstead's} Dagwood's time.
^{Wally:} ~~Don't take too much of Dagwood's time.~~
(DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSES)

WALLY: Well, well, well, Mr. Bumstead. How does it feel to be
standing on the threshold of stardom? How does it feel
to think that perhaps you might possibly be the idol of
millions of motion picture goers?

DAGWOOD: Er -- well, pretty good, Mr. Smith?

WALLY: I'm glad to hear that...Now then, before you take the tea
here, you'll have to be properly made up for pictures.
You understand that, of course.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, I guess so.

WALLY: By an odd coincidence we have our Hollywood make-up man here in town, demonstrating our studio's line of cosmetics in conjunction with the screen test we raffled off.

DAGWOOD: It sounds pretty complicated.

WALLY: Yes, doesn't it? We don't expect the government to catch up with us for another year...Now for a nominal charge our men will make you up perfectly for the test.

DAGWOOD: Er -- just how nominal is the charge?

WALLY: Well, shall we say fifty dollars?

DAGWOOD: No, let's not.

WALLY: Suppose I try forty?

DAGWOOD: Try again.

WALLY: Suppose we say twenty-five dollars then.

DAGWOOD: You're getting warmer but that's still a lot of money. Suppose I think it over.

WALLY: Mr. Bumstead -- consider what stardom in Hollywood means. A beautiful home high on a hill, ~~overlooking Los Angeles.~~ The lights of the city are spread out) ~~like a rich carpet~~ (beneath you. You're three steps from your own swimming pool and only a mashie-niblic shot away from a golf course. Out in Santa Monica Bay, your private sailboat The Sea Hawk, rides at anchor. You have all these things and you're worried about twenty-five dollars!

It sounds pretty good, but
DAGWOOD: I'll have to talk to my wife about this first. ~~It sounds pretty good.~~

WALLY: Okay...May I make a phone call?

DAGWOOD: Sure -- help yourself.

(PICK UP PHONE)

WALLY: Hello?...Hello, Operator -- get me Hoyworth 1-6161, in Los Angeles...This number is Oak 4231...Okay, I'll hold on.

DAGWOOD: Hey, you're calling Long Distance.

WALLY: That's all right -- I'll fix it up with your boss...~~This is going to be quite an opportunity for you, Bumstead.~~

DAGWOOD: Has anyone you gave a screen test to -- you know, on a raffle -- ever gotten a job in Hollywood?

~~WALLY: Oh, yes -- yes, indeed.~~

DAGWOOD: That's good.

WALLY: Yes, sir -- some of them have even gotten jobs in pictures, ~~too~~...Ah, that beautiful California climate, the beautiful women that -- oh, you're married, aren't you?

DAGWOOD: Yeah, I am.

WALLY: That beautiful California climate!

DAGWOOD: I've certainly heard a lot about it, Mr. Smith.

WALLY: You might make a great comedian. Yes -- that's what you'd be great as, Bumstead. Even the name is right! And that expression on your face! And that funny laugh!

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS)

WALLY: ~~Hey -- maybe you actually would be great! -- Maybe I'm not kidding myself!~~ (INTO PHONE) Hello?...Yes, I'm calling California. Put my number on.

DAGWOOD: Are you actually calling California, Mr. Smith?

WALLY: Sure -- I do it all the time.

DAGWOOD: It must be pretty important.

WALLY: Oh, no -- I just do it to keep myself amused...Then I got my prestige to think about, too...Hello? Hello, Dona -- you're looking lovely. Is George in? ^{He is? How did that happen?} Okay, darling -- put him on, will you?...Hello, George -- how's your tennis game?...Good!...How's everything else?...**(PAINED)** Aw, for Pete's sake!...Why he can't do that!...That's awful! ...Aw, no -- that can't be true!...Aw, for the love of Pete!...Yeah -- okay. Well, I just thought I'd give you a ring. So long...Right!

(HANGS UP)

DAGWOOD: How's everything in Hollywood, Mr. Smith?

WALLY: Everything's fine...Well, Mr. Bumstead -- think things over and let me know your decision. We'll want to make the screen test as soon as possible.

(DOOR OPENS)

DITHERS: Oh, Mr. Smith -- I was just wondering about something.

WALLY: I'll keep you in mind, Mr. Dithers...By the way, I just made a phone call. ^{And I've decided} I'd like to pay you for it.

DITHERS: Oh, no, no, no. ^{I would not hear of it.}

WALLY: I insist, Mr. Dithers. At least accept this nickel.

DITHERS: Well, all right, then.

WALLY: Here you are. Now -- are we square?

DITHERS: Why certainly...And remember --

WALLY: **(FADING)** Yes -- I'll keep you in mind.

^{Sounds like} DITHERS: Well, he certainly is an interesting man, isn't he?

DAGWOOD: Yeah, he is, Mr. Dithers. He thinks I might make a great comedian.

DITHERS: **(SERIOUSLY)** Well, Dagwood, maybe you would.

DAGWOOD: Maybe some day you'll say to your friends, "Dagwood Bumstead used to work for me and look at him now -- he's got a big house in California with a sterling silver swimming pool and a living room with mink carpets."

DITHERS: Maybe I will but I doubt it.

DAGWOOD: Gee -- just think of it. It's frightening, isn't it?

DITHERS: Say, by the way -- who was Wally Smith calling on the phone? The movie here in town?

DAGWOOD: No, he was just talking to one of his friends in Hollywood.

DITHERS: Boy, these Hollywood people love to call long distance. (LAUGHS...KILLS IT) Bumstead! Was that call charged to me?

DAGWOOD: That's what he gave you the nickel for.
DITHERS: Taaaaaaaaaaaah!

MUSIC...

(COME UP ON DOOR CLOSING...)

DAGWOOD: (CALLS) Oh, Bloooooooooooooooooondie!.
BLONDIE: (OFF) Yes, Dagwood.
DAGWOOD: (CALLS) Mr. Dithers gave me the rest of the day off.
BLONDIE: (COMING UP) Did Mr. Smith come to see you at the office?
DAGWOOD: Yeah, ~~honey~~ -- and he thinks I might be a great comedian in Hollywood...You know -- tell jokes and make people laugh and all that. It'd be fun. *...but you think!*
BLONDIE: I'm not so sure I'd like it.
DAGWOOD: Why not?
BLONDIE: Well, already half the town has either been here or has called up on the phone. I've shoed away five insurance men and three car salesmen. You'd think we'd discovered gold.
DAGWOOD: Maybe it's almost the same thing.
BLONDIE: *Oh Dagwood* ~~No, it isn't!~~...Why you haven't even taken the test yet.
DAGWOOD: Dithers said I might be pretty good in Hollywood. Of course, he'd miss me.
BLONDIE: *...but you think!* Dagwood -- have you ever thought what it would mean if we all did go to Hollywood?
DAGWOOD: Oh, ~~yeah~~ *yeah* -- Mr. Smith explained all that. A house on a hill, just a chip-shot from a golf course and a stumble and slip from a swimming pool. It sounds wonderful!
BLONDIE: *I know, but I'm afraid* ~~That isn't all. Do you want me to give you an idea?~~
Let's just think what might happen.

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DAGWOOD: Well, sure, honey.

BLONDIE: All right. We'll imagine that the screen test is pretty good and that we all go to Hollywood. ~~That's fair -- isn't it?~~

~~DAGWOOD: Of course it is.~~

~~BLONDIE: We'll say that~~ Mr. Smith takes us in to meet the big producer of Goliath Pictures. ~~He's a man sort of like Mr. Dithers -- at least we'll say he talks like Mr. Dithers.~~

DAGWOOD: Okay. The producer probably is like Mr. Dithers.

BLONDIE: ^{Now} Just imagine what it would be like... Mr. Smith introduces us to the producer...

MUSIC: (BRIDGE...OR FADE)

WALLY: (COME UP) J. C. -- I want you to meet our new discovery of the year -- a man who's going to make box office history -- a great comic and a grand guy -- ~~Wally~~ Dagwood Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: I'm glad to know you, J. C.

DITHERS: Glad to know me? You ought to be. Everyone's glad to know a producer.

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- ha -- ha -- I guess so.

DITHERS: I know so.

DAGWOOD: And this is my wife, Mrs. Bumstead.

BLONDIE: How do you do.

DITHERS: How do you do.

WALLY: What do you think of him, J. C.?

DITHERS: Shall I say something nice or give you my frank opinion?

WALLY: Now, J. C., Bumstead's going to be a wonderful comic some day.

DITHERS: That's fine...We'll be glad to use him then, but not now.

BLONDIE: But I understand you'd have a job waiting for Dagwood as soon as he got out here. ~~We'll need some money pretty soon.~~ The hotel we're staying at is pretty expensive. ~~We'll need some money pretty soon.~~
Oh. -What're we going to do?

DITHERS: I don't know, Mrs. Bumstead, but I'll tell you one thing -- you would have been smart to bring a pup-tent.

Well,
DAGWOOD: That's not fair! I'd be all right in pictures.

DITHERS: Can you dance?

DAGWOOD: Not very much, but --

DITHERS: Can you sing?

DAGWOOD: Not very well, but --

DITHERS: How much previous stage experience have you had?

DAGWOOD: Not very much, but --

DITHERS: My -- you're certainly well-trained, aren't you?

DAGWOOD: Well, I'm pretty funny.

DITHERS: Yes, you're positively ludicrous.

BLONDIE: You're not giving Dagwood a chance. It's not fair.

DITHERS: All right, all right, Mrs. Bumstead...Go ahead, Bumstead.. be funny -- make me laugh.

DAGWOOD: Well, have you heard the one about the man who brought the horse into the bathroom?

DITHERS: Yes, I have.

DAGWOOD: ~~Yes, I have.~~ Oh, you have, huh?

DITHERS: Yes -- I fired the man who told it to me...Well, come on, come on -- amuse me.

DAGWOOD: Have you heard the one about the two kangaroos?

DITHERS: No. I haven't heard about the two kangaroos.
DAGWOOD: Well, they jumped into each other's pouches and haven't been seen since. (DAGWOOD LAUGHS -- IT DIES)
DITHERS: (ENDING THE INTERVIEW) Well, ~~Mr. and Mrs. Bumstead~~, it's been nice meeting you.
DAGWOOD: I'm not through yet.
DITHERS: Oh, yes, Mr. Bumstead -- you're through all right.
DAGWOOD: But I haven't even started yet!
DITHERS: Goodbye, Mr. Bumstead! Goodbye!

MUSIC: (OR PAUSE)

BLONDIE: There, Dagwood -- do you see what I mean? That's what might happen to us in Hollywood, and that's why I don't want you to even take the screen test.
DAGWOOD: But honey, that wasn't fair at all. What if ^{that producer} J. C. had thought I was all right? What if he had given me a chance
BLONDIE: All right, Dagwood -- let's just imagine it all over again, then.
DAGWOOD: Yeah -- and this time give me a break with ~~J.C.~~ ^{that producer}
BLONDIE: All right -- and we'll see what happens. We'll just look ~~into the future~~ ^{the producer} and imagine that we're in ~~J.C.'s~~ office in Hollywood, and you're telling him that joke about the two kangaroos... (FADING) ^{only when the producer is there}

MUSIC: (OR PAUSE)

DAGWOOD: (COME UP) And then there's the one about the two kangaroos. They jumped into each others pouches and never were seen again!

DITHERS: (LAUGHS) Oh, that's wonderful! (LAUGHS) What a priceless sense of humor!

BLONDIE: And you really think Dagwood will be good in pictures?

DITHERS: Certainly, certainly!...Wally -- let me congratulate you on discovering Bumstead! *(He did it and something)* You'll be as famous for this as Columbus was for discovering America.

WALLY: Thanks, J. C....Now about Bumstead's salary...

DAGWOOD: Yeah...Blondie and I are sort of interested in that.

DITHERS: Well, how about two hundred dollars a week?

BLONDIE: Two hundred a week! Oh, that would be wonderful!

DITHERS: We'll draw up the contracts immediately.

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- what do you think of that? Two hundred a week!

(SOUND OF BODY CRASHING TO FLOOR...)

BLONDIE: ~~Mr. Smith.~~ Help me! Dagwood's fainted!

MUSIC:

~~BLONDIE: Dagwood, before you go to the studio, I'd like to talk to you about some things.~~

~~DAGWOOD: Huh? Oh, well -- at least this time it isn't about money, is it? After all, we're making so much money~~ now that I'm a star we don't have to worry about that anymore.

BLONDIE: That's what's worrying me, just the same. We've got a lot more expenses now. Twenty-five dollars a week for a chauffeur, for instance.

DAGWOOD: Well, that's just one of those things. I've got to have a chauffeur -- you know -- to keep up appearances. J. C. sent him over here -- remember?

BLONDIE: Yes, I think he's one of J. C.'s relatives...And we pay seventy-five dollars a week for this house and swimming pool

DAGWOOD: Gee, I haven't had a chance to take a swim in it yet, either. I've been too busy at the studio.

BLONDIE: And twenty-five for our cook. Then there's the two cars we've got now. We're paying twenty-five a week on both of them.

DAGWOOD: We've got to have two cars, honey. We're living way up here on the hill and I have to go to work in one and you have to shop in the other.

~~BLONDIE: I know, dear -- we can't help it. Then you've bought some new suits --~~

~~DAGWOOD: Yeah, and you know what -- out here in Hollywood you only get one suit for seventy-five dollars. I always could get three for that before! It's an outrage! It's original!... But gee, it certainly looks swell.~~

BLONDIE: Well, anyway, Dagwood -- I thought you'd be interested to know what our expenses add up to.

DAGWOOD: Oh, sure. But then I'm making two hundred a week.

BLONDIE: Yes, dear. But our expenses are three hundred a week.

DAGWOOD: Well, that means we're saving one hundr----hunh?

BLONDIE: Yes, Dagwood -- we're going into debt a hundred dollars every week.

DAGWOOD: Toooooh! How can anyone spend all that money?

BLONDIE: J. E. and Mr. Smith said we were just skimping along, too.

DAGWOOD: Well, I'm going to be in the picture they're previewing tonight in Glendale. If I'm good, maybe I'll get a raise hunh?

BLONDIE: I hope so, dear. We can't afford to make two hundred a week ~~out here~~. We saved more money when you were getting fifty.

DAGWOOD: We'll see what I'm like in pictures tonight, and then I'll talk to J. C. tomorrow.

MUSIC: (DOWN TO LOW TREMOLO AND HOLD)

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood -- when do you come in the picture? I'm all shaky and nervous.

DAGWOOD: Pretty soon now...Don't get excited. I'm not nervous. I'm just vibrating a little bit, that's all.

BLONDIE: Don't you come into the picture pretty soon, though.

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- right now. I run across the street to see a friend of mine, then I have a few jokes with him...I'm coming in in just a second...Right now, honey -- right now!

SLIDE WHISTLE EFFECT AS IN DAGWOOD GOING OUT A DOOR...

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- was that you shooting across the screen?

DAGWOOD: Yeah, I think so -- but they only showed my feet! They cut me off! I've been decapitated!

BLONDIE: Don't you come back again!

DAGWOOD: No -- that's all there is to it. They didn't give me a chance! It's all cut out! ~~I'm just a face on the cutting room floor!~~ I'm going to see J. C. about this!!

MUSIC:

DAGWOOD: (COME UP) J. C. -- this isn't fair to me! You didn't give me a chance! All you could see of me in the picture was a pair of feet!

DITHERS: What did you expect in your first picture?

DAGWOOD: Well, I thought you were going to make a great comedian out of me.

DITHERS: Are you dissatisfied with what we've done for you, Bumstead? After all, you got your name on the screen along with the rest of the cast.

DAGWOOD: That's another thing! You know that trick dog in the picture?

DITHERS: Oh, yes, of course.

DAGWOOD: Well, I resent his name being ahead of mine! ^{What}
~~happened to me, should have happened to that dog!~~

~~DITHERS: Now see here, Bumstead -- that dog gets a higher salary than you do.~~

~~DAGWOOD: That's a fine thing!~~

DITHERS: Listen here -- that animal is the Clark Gable of ^{moving}
~~picture dogs~~. He has a public -- he gets fan letters!

DAGWOOD: From other dogs?

DITHERS: No, from people, you nit wit!...And he's got his footprints in the cement in front of Grauman's Chinese Theatre! He's one of the greatest names in pictures. And you stand there and complain!...Bumstead -- you're fired!

DAGWOOD: I'm what?

DITHERS: You're through!

DAGWOOD: Oh, no you don't! I know my rights! I've got a contract!

DITHERS: What of it? Go home and take a look at your contract, Bumstead. Read some of the small print.

DAGWOOD: You mean the contracts no good?

DITHERS: Yes. The lawyers who designed it for me loaded it with more tricks than a magicians coat. It's got fire escapes, fancy clauses, sliding panels, trap doors, and secret exits. And to make sure I can't get stuck, I always sign each contract in disappearing ink...
Goodbye, Mr. Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: But J. C. -- I was only kidding.

DITHERS: Goodbye!

DAGWOOD: Blooooooondie!

MUSIC:

DAGWOOD: But Wally, you said I was a great comedian and that you could get me a job anywhere.

WALLY: All right -- so I was wrong. I took in a little too much territory.

DAGWOOD: Where can you get me a job?

WALLY: Hmmmm -- now that you mention it, I don't know...But I'll keep you in mind -- yes, sir, Bumstead -- I'll keep you in mind.

DAGWOOD: But I'm a discovery! I'm a star!

WALLY: Bumstead, I'll be frank with you -- you're a has-been.

DAGWOOD: A has-been? But I've only been in one picture -- and just my feet. ~~The rest of me hasn't even been touched for pictures. How can I be a has-been?~~

WALLY: It's amazing how fickle the public is, isn't it?

DAGWOOD: Are they tired of seeing my feet already?

WALLY: Yes, Bumstead -- I'm afraid they are.

DAGWOOD: ~~But I could buy some new shoes.~~

WALLY: ~~No, Bumstead -- I'm afraid~~ you're through for a while. But I'll keep you in mind...I'll have to be running along now.

DAGWOOD: ~~Where're you going?~~

WALLY: ~~I've got to see a new personality I've just discovered. He's going to make a great comedian..~~

DAGWOOD: You mean you're already discovering someone else?

WALLY: ~~Yeah -- that's right, Bumstead. Well, so long... (FADING)~~

DAGWOOD: Wally -- what's going to happen to me and Blondie and Baby Dumpling?...Hey, Wally! ^{Goodbye, Wally!} Wally!...Gosh, I'm a has-been and Hollywood hasn't used any more of me than a two second shot of my feet!

MUSIC: (BREAKING SEQUENCE OF IMAGINATION)

BLONDIE: You see what I mean, dear? That's what would happen to us if we went out to Hollywood.

DAGWOOD: Oh, that's awful. I don't know why I ever bought a ticket on the screen test in the first place.

BLONDIE: Neither do I, dear.

DAGWOOD: I guess it was just one of those things...

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- why don't you give me the winning ticket? I'll take it back to Mr. Smith.

DAGWOOD: Oh, I'll take it back to him, honey. You don't have to bother.

BLONDIE: I'll do it, dear -- you might be tempted again. And I'm going to find out just what kind of a business this Mr. Smith is running!

MUSIC...

GOODWIN: Well, it looks as though Dagwood isn't going to take that screen test he won on the raffle. But Blondie's taking the ticket back to Mr. Smith. I wonder if she'll be tempted? We'll find out in a minute...

MUSIC...

(COMMERCIAL)

(BRIEF MUSIC INTERLUDE)

GOODWIN: Now we take you far from Shady Lane Avenue...

(WITCHES' TRAVEL NOISE...ZOOMING WHISTLE...ENDING IN
BONG...BONG...BONG...BONG!)

(MEASURED, NOT TOO FAST, FOR INSTANCE QUENTIN REYNOLDS
DELIVERY IN LONDON CAN TAKE IT)

The clock in the big tower tolls four...it's that darkest
hour just before dawn, but the lights are still burning
bright in a scientific laboratory high in a New York
skyscraper. Three men stand before a weird and amazing
battery of machines...it looks like something from Mars.
One of these men is studying a report.

FIRST VOICE: Do you realize what this means?

SECOND VOICE: Yes sir. And we've checked and rechecked the findings,
over and over, all night long. Correct to the last
degree!

FIRST VOICE: (MUSING, AS IF TO HIMSELF) Hm...one brand of cigarettes
containing twenty-eight per cent less nicotine in the
smoke than the four other best sellers tested...that is
news.

GOODWIN: It's BIG news! Impartial laboratory tests showed that,
over and over again, the smoke of slower-burning Camels
contains twenty-eight per cent less nicotine than the
average of the four other largest-selling cigarettes
(CONTINUED)

GOODWIN:
(Cont'd)

tested. Tests of the smoke itself, because THE SMOKE'S THE THING! That's what counts! So...why not switch to slower-burning Camels, the cigarette of costlier tobaccos, the cigarette whose smoke gives you extra mildness, extra coolness, extra flavor, and less nicotine. Smoke a Camel...for THE SMOKE'S THE THING!

GOODWIN: Well, Blondie's only human, and so when she sees Mr. Smith to take back the ticket and he says...

WALLY: Now, Mrs. Bumstead, I'm afraid you're just upset about this whole thing. Why don't you let me give you the screen test?

BLONDIE: Give me a screen test?

WALLY: Why certainly. You're very lovely, if you don't mind my saying so.

BLONDIE: Why no -- I don't mind, but I think it would be silly for me to take a test.

WALLY: Now, now, Mrs. Bustead! Why should you waste this ticket? Someone certainly ought to take advantage of this opportunity.

BLONDIE: But I'm just a housewife. I'm not glamorous..

WALLY: You're a very attractive housewife, Mrs. Bumstead.. Now let me see -- we'll give you a new make-up, ^{Oh, yes!} Some long eyelashes ^{Some long} -- and a little different hair-do ^{up?} -- and a new shade of lip-rouge -- and I think you'll find you're a new woman, Mrs. Bumstead. ^{Oh} A new and terribly alluring woman.

Blondie

~~BLONDIE: Oh, but I'd have to have a different dress for the test, wouldn't I?~~

~~WALLY: Not at all. There's only a slight charge for the make-up, and we have a number of dresses with us that have been worn by stars of Goliath Pictures in some of our productions.~~

~~BLONDIE: You mean I could wear the same dress that one of your stars wore?~~

~~WALLY: That's it exactly! ..What do you say, Mrs. Bumstead?~~

BLONDIE: Oh, I don't know. I've just told Dagwood he shouldn't take the test, and now -- well, I don't know. In a way I'd like to see what I'd look like, but...

WALLY: ~~Now don't you worry about a thing, Mrs. Bumstead. We can get you made up and take the test late this afternoon.~~

BLONDIE: ~~I don't know about that -- I really shouldn't, but --~~

WALLY: Now, please!...Just let us see what we can do, and I'm sure when Mr. Bumstead sees you, he'll be surprised. We'll give you a new and glorious personality. You'll be a new woman.

BLONDIE: Well, I guess it's all right then. I'm just wondering what Dagwood will say when he sees me.

WALLY: I'm sure he'll be surprised. After this is all over, you go home, ring the doorbell, and see how amazed ^{Mr. Bumstead} ~~he~~ looks when he answers the door and sees the vision of loveliness that you'll be standing there.

BLONDIE: Well, I'm still a little worried about this, but let's go ahead and see what happens.

MUSIC...

DAGWOOD: (ON PHONE) That's why I called you, Mr. Dithers. I haven't seen Blondie since she left the house early this afternoon and I'm getting worried...I had to cook dinner for Baby Dumpling and me all by myself...Well, she went to take that screen test ticket back to Mr. Smith...No, I called him, but he's not in...All right, Mr. Dithers -- yeah, I guess I really shouldn't be worried. Goodbye.

(HANGS UP)

(DOOR BELL RINGS)

(PICK UP PHONE)

DAGWOOD: Hello?...I don't want a number -- you just rang this phone.

(DOOR BELL RINGS)

DAGWOOD: Certainly you did, Operator -- can't you hear it ringing now? Oh, excuse me. I guess it's the front door.

(HANGS UP)

DAGWOOD: Blondie's never done this to me before. She at least ought to call.

(DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: Hello.

DAGWOOD: Oh, my ~~goodness!~~ Who're you?

BLONDIE: You don't mind if I come in, do you?

DAGWOOD: Well, Blondie isn't here right now.

BLONDIE: I didn't come to see her, anyway. I came to see you.

(DOOR CLOSES)

DAGWOOD: You came to see me?

BLONDIE: Yes -- I'm an old friend of yours.

DAGWOOD: I don't remember you, and I'd remember you, all right, if you were an old friend of mine.

BLONDIE: Why, I remember your telling me you were in love with me -- and it hasn't been so long ago, either.

DAGWOOD: Well, I'm married now, and I'm very happy. Don't you think you'd better go? I'd have an awful time explaining you to my wife if she came in now.

BLONDIE: What's she like?

DAGWOOD: She's very lovely, and she talks a lot like you...Goodbye, now.

BLONDIE: Dagwood, don't you know me? Come a little closer.

DAGWOOD: Hey -- get away from me! I'm married!

BLONDIE: Dagwood, don't you recognize me? I'm Blondie -- I'm your wife!

DAGWOOD: Oh, no you're not. I know what my wife looks like.

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) Dagwood, I've just been made up for that screen test -- that's all!

DAGWOOD: You can't fool me with any tricks like -- you've what?

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood -- I didn't mean to -- really, I didn't -- but when I saw Mr. Smith, it seemed such a shame to throw away that screen test ticket, so I took the test. Will you forgive me, dear?

~~DAGWOOD: Gee, are you Blondie?~~

~~BLONDIE: Of course I am, dear... Now kiss me and tell me you'll forgive me.~~

~~DAGWOOD: Well, all right, but -- now wait a minute -- I'm not too sure you're Blondie. You look like an international spy.~~

~~BLONDIE: That's just the make-up they put on for the test.~~

DAGWOOD: Gee, it's really you, isn't it?

BLONDIE: Yes, dear.

DAGWOOD: You certainly are lovely, honey.

BLONDIE: Oh, thank you, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: You're so lovely you scare me.

BLONDIE: Do you like the way I am, then? (CUT SECOND SHOW)

DAGWOOD: Hunh?... Well, I don't know. But what was the idea of taking that screen test instead of me? You told me we didn't want to go to Hollywood.

BLONDIE: Well, I just couldn't resist, dear, and --

~~DAGWOOD: We're not going to Hollywood even if the test is good.
Do you think I want to be Mr. Blondie Bumstead?~~

~~BLONDIE: But Dagwood -- ?~~

DAGWOOD: Or Mr. Blondie LaTouch or ~~whatever they change your name to?~~
~~No sir -- I won't stand for it! I've got a few rights~~
~~around here -- I'm the head of this house!~~ ^{He's right!} You go upstairs
and get all that stuff off your face right away. I like you
better without it!

BLONDIE: Yes, Dagwood -- right away.

DAGWOOD: ~~That's better...the idea!~~ And don't let Baby Dumpling see
~~you looking like this -- you might frighten him.~~

BLONDIE: ~~Yes, dear.~~

DAGWOOD: ~~A fine thing! I'd be just a Cinderella Man.~~

BLONDIE: ~~I'm going right up, Dagwood. I'm sorry I was late...really~~
~~I am.~~

DAGWOOD: Wait a minute...before you go, could I kiss you and see what
it's like? You know -- kissing a movie star.

BLONDIE: Well, I'm not going to be a movie star, Dagwood -- I want to
stay right here on Shady Lane Avenue -- but all right.

(PAUSE)

DAGWOOD: Gee, you're certainly nice, honey, but I like you best as my
wife.

BLONDIE: I'm so glad to hear you say that, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: What flavor is that lipstick -- strawberry?...But never mind
that -- you get upstairs and don't come down until you look
like Blondie.

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) All right, Dagwood -- it'll just take me a minute.

(FADING)

DAGWOOD: (TO HIMSELF) Hmmm...Imagine -- taking a screen test...
Sometimes I think I'll never understand women!

MUSIC...

(NOT USED FOR EASTERN BROADCAST)

GOODWIN: WELL FOLKS, WINNING A SCREEN TEST CERTAINLY THREW THE BUMSTEAD
HOUSEHOLD INTO A TURMOID, BUT THINGS ARE BACK TO NORMAL NOW.
SO BE SURE TO TUNE IN AT THIS SAME TIME NEXT MONDAY WHEN,
"BLONDIE GETS THE VOTES."

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC UP BRIEFLY)

GOODWIN: "Blondie" is played by Penny Singleton and Dagwood is
Arthur Lake.

Our "Blondie" orchestra is directed by Bill Artzt who
also creates the special musical effects. This is
Bill Gbodwin saying good night for the makers of
Camel Cigarettes.

This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.