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Master

27 1941

"BLONDIE"

~~(REVISED)~~

MONDAY, JANUARY 27, 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)

"BLONDIE"  
1/27/41

~~8~~ 2

BLONDIE: Oh, goodness gracious, I almost forgot. Before I do another thing I must make that call. (FADING OFF MIKE)  
Just a minute, everybody, and I'll be back.

(PAUSE...LIFTING TELEPHONE RECEIVER)

BLONDIE: Hello, I want Elmwood, seven three four, please.

MAN'S VOICE: (FILTER) King's Drug Store. Ding-a-ling-ling and you've got Mr. King.

BLONDIE: Mr. King, this is Mrs. Bumstead. Tomorrow, I'm having...

MAN'S VOICE: (INTERRUPTING) Say, Mrs. Bumstead, you still owe five dollars and eighty-five cents on those Christmas presents you bought here.

BLONDIE: Oh, dear, and I just can't face any more bills right now.

MAN'S VOICE: You don't have to face this bill, Mrs. Bumstead. Just foot it.

BLONDIE: I'll ask my husband about it, Mr. King. Now, as I was saying, I'm having a little bridge party tomorrow. So I want you to send over a carton of Camels. I want to be sure we have enough. We always seem to run out of Camels at parties.

GOODWIN: And that's because more folks prefer Camels. It's no wonder, either. For the smoke of Camels...the slower-burning cigarette...gives you extra flavor, extra coolness, and extra mildness. Yes, and Camels also bring you an extra margin of freedom from nicotine.  
(CONTINUED)

"BLONDIE"  
1/27/41

~~4~~-3

GOODWIN:  
(Cont'd)

Twenty-eight per cent less nicotine than the average of the four other largest-selling cigarettes tested... less than any of them...according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself. So friends, light up a slow...slow-burning Camel. Get less nicotine plus the four other important advantages of slower-burning Camels...extra mildness, extra coolness, extra flavor and extra smoking per cigarette per pack. Smoke out the facts for yourself with a Camel. The smoke's the thing!

MUSIC...

MUSIC: (THEME...FADES UNDER)

GOODWIN: Well, today is a big moment in Blondie's life -- she's going to take over the reins of the city government and become Mayor for a Day. With all the excitement of the occasion, things are changed around in the little house on Shady Lane Avenue. This morning it's Blondie who's upstairs and a little late, and Dagwood who's standing at the foot of the stairs with that cute apron of Blondie's on, calling to her...

DAGWOOD: (CALLS) Oh, Blooooooondie! Hurry up and come on down! You're going to be late! Blooooooondie!

BLONDIE: (OFF) All right, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: (CALLS) Your egg is getting cold, dear.

BLONDIE: (OFF) Is the coffee ready yet?

DAGWOOD: (CALLS) It's getting cold, too.

BLONDIE: (OFF) I'm coming right down now.

(SOUND OF BLONDIE'S FEET COMING DOWN THE STAIRS FAST)

DAGWOOD: I don't know what you'd do without me, honey. You'd never get anywhere on time. (LAUGHS)

BLONDIE: (COMING UP) My, this is the first time things have been changed around like this...How do I look this morning?

DAGWOOD: You look lovely, honey.

BLONDIE: Thank you, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: But you don't look much like a mayor...Come on -- breakfast is waiting, Your Honor.

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) I'm afraid I'm going to be a little late. I won't have time to sit down.

DAGWOOD: You know what you tell me -- if you gobble your breakfast it'll ruin your digestion.

BLONDIE: Well, I don't want to have everyone at the city hall waiting for me.

DAGWOOD: That's right. Imagine -- my wife the mayor of our town! I wonder what that makes me -- a deputy sheriff?

BLONDIE: I haven't any idea... I guess I'd better sit down for a moment.

(CHAIRS SCRAPING...RATTLE OF DISHES)

DAGWOOD: Here's the coffee, ~~honey~~.

BLONDIE: Thank you, dear...

DAGWOOD: But don't gulp it down like that!

BLONDIE: You know, Dagwood, last week I didn't think I'd have a chance of getting enough votes to be Mayor for a Day. If you hadn't been my campaign manager, I never would have, either.

~~DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) What's Jim Farley got that I haven't got -- outside of a baseball team?~~

~~BLONDIE: You managed everything wonderfully, Dagwood.~~

DAGWOOD: And now -- just think -- you're going to be one of the City Fathers.

BLONDIE: Yes. ~~and~~ I'll probably be the first City Father who's the mother of a growing boy.

DAGWOOD: Hey -- that's right!

BLONDIE: Oh, my -- look at the time. I'm going to be late if I don't run.

(SCRAPING OF CHAIRS)

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- and I want to come along and see what Mayor Snipe has to say when he gives up his office for a day.

GOODWIN: Well, it looks like the start of an exciting day in the  
 life of the bumpsteeds. I wonder what's going to happen  
 while Blondie's ~~here for a day?~~ Will see in a moment.  
 (COMMERCIAL)

MUSIC....

(DOOR SLAM)

(SWISH-H-H-HI!...AND DAGWOOD GOES OUT THE DOOR)

minute!

DAGWOOD: Hey, Blondie -- wait for me! I'm coming too! Wait a

(SWISH-H-H-HI!...AND SHE'S GONE)

BLONDIE: Goodbye, dear! I'll see you at the City Hall. ✓

(DOOR OPENS)

get there on time.

BLONDIE: I can't wait another minute, Dagwood. I've just got to

DAGWOOD: Hey -- not so fast!

BLONDIE: Well, goodbye, dear!

"BLONDIE"  
1/27/41

6 - #

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GOODWIN: ~~Well, in the City Hall the Mayor has finished his speech, the newspapermen have interviewed Blondie and taken pictures of her and Dagwood, and now she is just finishing a little speech of acceptance...~~

BLONDIE: (COME UP)...And I promise you that, as Mayor for the Day, I will do what little I can to see that everything runs smoothly, efficiently, and honestly in our City Hall... Now, I guess I'd better get to work...Thank you.

(SLIGHT APPLAUSE OF TEN OR FIFTEEN PEOPLE...THIS  
TURNS INTO A MURMURING OFF WHICH GRADUALLY FADES  
AS THE PEOPLE LEAVE)

DAGWOOD: Gee, honey, that was a swell speech you made. I certainly am proud of you.

BLONDIE: That's awfully nice of you to say that, Dagwood...I hope I can do everything all right. I'd hate to make any kind of a mistake.

DAGWOOD: Oh, you won't, honey. You're almost always right...But there's one thing that's been worrying me.

BLONDIE: What's that, dear?

DAGWOOD: Well, remember last week Mr. Dithers told me that he thought Mrs. Dithers wanted to be Mayor for a Day so she could tear up those over-parking tickets?

BLONDIE: Oh, yes -- that's right.

DAGWOOD: What're you going to do about that?

BLONDIE: Well, I don't know. I suppose I should fine her. It shouldn't make any difference that she's your boss' wife, should it?

DAGWOOD: Well, no -- it shouldn't, but --



BLONDIE: ~~Yes, I know.~~ And on the other hand, it isn't really a very serious offense.

DAGWOOD: That's what I thought -- but just the same...

BLONDIE: I know what. From the looks of the desk, Mayor Snipe left a lot of things here for me to do. There are some papers to sign and so forth, and I think I'll just postpone Cora Dithers over-parking tickets and let Mayor Snipe take care of it.

DAGWOOD: That's good, Blondie. I was just a little worried about it.

BLONDIE: I think Cora wanted to go to a sale today, anyway.

*Dagwood will take it* (PHONE RINGS)

(PICK UP PHONE)

BLONDIE: Bumstead residence...er -- I mean, Mayor's office...Yes... Thank you...I hope I won't need you...Yes, thank you very much. Goodbye.

(HANGS UP)

BLONDIE: Wasn't that awful -- saying, Bumstead residence?

DAGWOOD: Who was it?

BLONDIE: It was the Chief of Police. He just wanted to congratulate me, and tell me that if I need the police for anything, all I have to do is call.

DAGWOOD: You know, honey -- you're quite a big shot.

BLONDIE: Well, Dagwood, you're the one who got me enough votes when you cornered the cement market in town.

DAGWOOD: Oh, forget about that now, Blondie...Say, I wonder what those two guys talking over there by the door want?

BLONDIE: I don't know -- but if it's anything to do with the city, I guess I'll probably find out.

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DAGWOOD: I don't think I've ever seen them around here before.  
They certainly don't look like anyone I've...(FADING)

JIMMY: Well, Joe -- it looks as though Mayor Snipe pulled a fast one on us.

JOE: Yeah -- it looks that way.

JIMMY: Pretty cute trick, hunh? Getting this dame in as mayor on the last day left to sign that paving authorization.

JOE: Yeah -- pretty cute trick. The dame's not bad, either.

JIMMY: I guess maybe Mayor Snipe was afraid to sign that authorization himself. Afraid the public might find out.  
Yeah -- I guess he was afraid of that.

JOE: Maybe that Mayor Snipe is slightly honest.

JIMMY: Hmmmm -- well, that's a possibility. I never gave it a thought, myself.

JOE: What're we going to do?

JIMMY: Well, we'll wait till this guy Bumstead leaves. Then I'll go up and talk to his wife -- the Mayor for a Day. I'll give her a little fast chatter -- you know, the old razzle-dazzle -- and then get her to sign the paving authorization.

JOE: You don't think she'll catch wise to it?

JIMMY: She's a housewife! She'll never dream we're getting the city to pave our whole real estate development for free.

JOE: Hey, the guy's leaving now.

JIMMY: Okay...Now when he goes you drop outside and I'll go up and get her to sign that authorization.

JOE: Right.

DAGWOOD: (OFF) Well, Blondie -- I'll be home if you want to call me for anything.

BLONDIE: (OFF) All right, Dagwood. You can fix a lunch, can't you?

DAGWOOD: Oh, sure...Goodbye, Your Honor! (LAUGHS)

(HIS FOOTSTEPS COME UP)

(DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSES)

BLONDIE: (OFF) Were you waiting to see me about something?

JIMMY: Why -- uh -- yes, I was, Your Honor. It's just a small matter. ~~(SOTTO) Okay, Joe -- I'll see you outside.~~

BLONDIE: Well, if there's anything I can do, I'll be glad to do it.

JIMMY: That's fine.

BLONDIE: (COMING UP) What was it?

JIMMY: Your Honor -- my name is James Breakwater. I represent the new real estate development in town. Perhaps you've heard of it -- Greenvale Manors.

BLONDIE: Oh, yes, I have.

JIMMY: Perhaps you've noticed there's an authorization for paving among the papers on your desk. It's supposed to be signed today, I just wanted to be here when you signed it -- just for sentimental reasons.

BLONDIE: Well, let me see if I can find it.

*(Handwritten: This desk is kind of messy. Sign all over.)*  
(RATTLING OF PAPERS)

JIMMY: Er -- may I help you? I might recognize it a little easier than you, Your Honor.

BLONDIE: I'm afraid I don't really know much about these papers on my desk here.

JIMMY: Ah well, it's all routine, of course...I think this is it right here. Yes, this is it.

(RATTLE OF PAPER)

BLONDIE: Now let me see what it's all about.

JIMMY: It's rather complicated, but I'll be glad to explain it to you. It's just an authorization for the city to pave the new streets, but of course, it's full of whereases and parties of the first part.)<sup>So it is.</sup> Your signature goes right here, Your Honor.

BLONDIE: Yes, I see, but I want to read it first.

JIMMY: Believe me, Your Honor, you won't find it very interesting. There's no need to look it over at all.

BLONDIE: Well, I've always looked over my grocery bills, and sometimes I've found mistakes in them.

JIMMY: Well, this isn't really the same thing, but of course, I admire your thoroughness.

BLONDIE: This seems to be for paving streets and sidewalks in your development, Mr. Breakwater.

JIMMY: Yes, that's all it is.

BLONDIE: But isn't your development outside the city limits.

JIMMY: Oh, yes, Your Honor, but the city limits will be moved very shortly, I imagine, and then, of course, my development will be inside the city.

BLONDIE: It doesn't seem right to me that the city should pave those streets if they're not in town.

JIMMY: Well, Your Honor, as I said before, it's pretty complicated to explain.

BLONDIE: Now just a minute. You own all the property at Greenvale Manors, don't you?

JIMMY: Well, it's owned by an organization.

BLONDIE: But if the city paves those streets now -- at their expense -- and it seems to be at the city's expense -- it's just like giving those streets and sidewalks to you, isn't it?

JIMMY: Your Honor, the city is interested in expanding. That means more people will come to town and settle down here. They'll add to the wealth of the community, and pay taxes. It's a very far-sighted policy.

BLONDIE: It seems like a near-sighted policy, and you haven't answered my question yet.

JIMMY: Now this has all been talked over before, Mrs. Bumstead.

BLONDIE: Apparently it has. I'm surprised this bill or authorization or whatever it is even got this far. Why everyone would have to help pay for all this work. And you'd get all the benefit. Now you can't tell me that's fair.

JIMMY: Now look here, Mrs. Bumstead -- you're only Mayor for a Day, and you're not acquainted with your position at all. I'd advise you to sign this.

BLONDIE: Well, I'm not going to do it, Certainly not until I have some advice on it. Mayor Snipe can sign it tomorrow.

JIMMY: But he can't! This is the last day this authorization can be signed. It says so right here!

BLONDIE: Well, I'm still not going to sign.

JIMMY: You'll regret this, Mrs. Bumstead. I'm warning you that you'd better put your signature right on this dotted line.

BLONDIE: You're warning me!

JIMMY: Yes, I am.

BLONDIE: Just a moment, please. I don't believe you have any right to threaten the Mayor of this city, and I'm going to find out.

(PICK UP PHONE)

BLONDIE: This is the Mayor's office. Give me the police department please.

JIMMY: Hey -- wait a minute, Your Honor. Take it easy. I wasn't threatening you, and there's no need to call the police in here for anything like that.

BLONDIE: That's better, Mr. Breakwater...Hello, Operator -- never mind that call...Yes, it's all right. Thank you.

(HANGS UP)

JIMMY: Mrs. Bumste -- I mean, Your Honor, you don't understand this at all.

BLONDIE: You're quite right -- I don't. And I'm not going to sign until I do...Now then, if you'll leave now, I'll attend to my business.

JIMMY: Just as you say, Your Honor -- but I feel pretty sure that you'll change your mind sometime today.

BLONDIE: I don't think I will...(FADING)

JIMMY: You'll see, Mrs. Bumstead. You'll see.

(DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSES)

JOE: (COMING UP) Well, how'd it go? Did you get it signed all right?

JIMMY: No, I didn't, but I'm going to.

JOE: What's the trouble?

JIMMY: She began adding up the paving authorization like it was a grocery bill and got suspicious. But she's got to sign it today or our whole scheme is going to collapse like a card table.

JOE: Did she find out how we got the paving authorization along as far as it is?

JIMMY: No, but she's curious.

JOE: Well, what're we going to do?

JIMMY: There's only one thing I can think of right now. We've got to find that husband of hers and get him in some kind of a jam. Then when we've got him in a spot -- a really bad spot -- we can see this Mayor for a Day and make a deal with her.

JOE: Blackmail her, hunh?

JIMMY: Sure -- by putting the pressure on her husband. She'll stick by him -- I'm positive of that.

~~JOE: What're you going to do -- get him in a poker game?~~

~~JIMMY: No, I don't think he'd fall for that. I'll get him to sign a paper of some sort. Lemme see -- yeah, I got it. I'll get him to sign a note for a thousand dollars. That ought to do it.~~

~~JOE: Hey -- how're you going to do that?~~

~~JIMMY: I don't think it'll be hard. In fact, I'll attend to it myself, personally.~~

MUSIC...

(KNOCK ON DOOR...DOOR OPENS...)

DAGWOOD: Hello.

JIMMY: Mr. Bumstead?

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

JIMMY: I'd like to have a little talk with you.

DAGWOOD: No thank you. We don't want any today.

JIMMY: Wait a minute -- I'm not selling anything.

DAGWOOD: You can't fool me...Goodbye.

JIMMY: Hey!

(SOUND OF DOOR CLOSING ON FOOT...)

DAGWOOD: Get your leg out of the door. You're cooling the house off.

JIMMY: Nothing doing! I want to talk to you.



DAGWOOD: I'll make you take your leg out of the door then. I've handled salesmen of your type before.

JIMMY: Hey -- what's happening in there? Are you taking my shoe off?

DAGWOOD: You bet I am. I'm going to make you get your leg out of this door so I can close it, and I don't mean probably.

JIMMY: Hey -- you took my shoe off!

DAGWOOD: Yeah, and now I'm going to tickle the bottom of your foot. That'll make you take your leg out of my door.

JIMMY: Hey, now wait a minute! I don't -- hey! (LAUGHS)  
Cut it out! Stop tickling my foot! Hey-y-y! I can't stand it! (LAUGHS) Hey, cut it out -- you're driving me crazy!

DAGWOOD: Take your foot out of the door!

JIMMY: (LAUGHING) I'm trying to, you idiot!

(SUDDENLY THE DOOR SLAMS...)

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) It never fails...Now what'll I do with his shoe?

(POUNING ON DOOR...)

JIMMY: (OUTSIDE) Give me back my shoe! I'm standing out here catching cold!

DAGWOOD: Just give me your address and I'll send it to you parcel post.

JIMMY: Mr. Bumstead, I'm not selling anything. Please open the door again.

DAGWOOD: Hrrmm...Okay!

(DOOR OPENS...)

JIMMY: Mr. Bumstead -- could I come in for just a moment and get my foot warm?

DAGWOOD: I guess so -- here's your shoe.

(DOOR CLOSES...)

JIMMY: Thank you...I came here in the first place to give you a very valuable present.

DAGWOOD: Is that so? The last time a man gave me a very valuable present it cost me four dollars and ninety eight cents.

JIMMY: This offer was quite different. I was going to give you this book and five dollars.

DAGWOOD: There must be some catch in it.

JIMMY: Oh, no -- not at all. The book is free, and the five dollars is a payment for reading it. *Do it that had?* If you like the book -- and I know you will -- I ask that you tell your friends about it...Very simple, isn't it?

DAGWOOD: Simple? It's almost ridiculous.

JIMMY: Just an advertising stunt.

DAGWOOD: You know, I think I'd be interested in that.

JIMMY: I should think you would, Mr. Bumstead -- but after the treatment I got from you at the door I'm not sure I'm willing to extend this offer to you.

DAGWOOD: Oh, you can take a little joke, can't you. (LAUGHS)

JIMMY: (LAUGHS) No.

DAGWOOD: I'm really sorry. I thought you were some sort of a salesman...Besides, I have a lot of friends.

JIMMY: Well, Mr. Bumstead -- I'm tempted to give in.

DAGWOOD: That's fine.

JIMMY: All right, I will. Here is the book, first.

DAGWOOD: Oh, yeah -- thanks.

JIMMY: And here is the five dollars.

DAGWOOD: My -- it's a wonderful world, isn't it? Thank you --  
and I'll read the book right away.

JIMMY: There's just one thing more. To get credit from my  
organization I'll have to ask you to sign a paper,  
stating that you received the money and the book.  
It's just a formality.

DAGWOOD: Okay -- where is it?

(RATTLE OF PAPER...)

JIMMY: Right here. I'll hold the paper steady while you sign.

DAGWOOD: Gee, this is the easiest way I ever heard of to make  
five dollars.

JIMMY: Yes, isn't it?...Right here, Mr. Bumstead. I'll give  
you a carbon.

(SOUND OF SIGNING PAPER...)

DAGWOOD: There you are.

JIMMY: Hmmmm -- thank you very much, Mr. Dumbhead.

DAGWOOD: Hunh? Hey, the name is Bumstead.

JIMMY: Oh, yeah? Right now the name is Dumbhead. Here's a  
carbon of what you signed. Read it over.

DAGWOOD: Hey, I don't get it.

JIMMY: Just read this paper you signed, and you'll get it,  
all right.

DAGWOOD: Hmm. (READS) "I, Dagwood Bumstead, agree to pay to  
the bearer on demand, the sum of one thousand dollars..."  
Say, that's a lot of money for -- hey! What's the idea  
of this?

JIMMY: Sit down, Mr. Bumstead...That little piece of paper means  
that you owe me one thousand dollars.

DAGWOOD: What for?

JIMMY: Don't ask silly questions...Bumstead, you've been framed!

DAGWOOD: I certainly have! You can't do this to me! It's not fair! It's crooked! You're a crook!

JIMMY: That's a very intelligent observation, Mr. Bumstead. I am something of a crook. Now -- what about the thousand dollars?

DAGWOOD: I won't pay it to you! You'll never get it from me!

JIMMY: No? Well, we'll see, Mr. Bumstead. This is a perfectly good note -- that's your signature. And I can take it to the bank and get them to buy it.

DAGWOOD: Tooooooh!

JIMMY: You're in a spot, Bumstead. A spot you can't get out of, either. This is going to cost you money.

DAGWOOD: But it's illegal!

JIMMY: The way I got this note was, but the note's perfectly good. Remember that. And you haven't got any witnesses to prove it wasn't given in good faith.

DAGWOOD: I don't suppose you'd settle for this five dollars you gave me, would you?

JIMMY: No, I don't suppose so.

DAGWOOD: ~~But I can't afford to lose a thousand dollars.~~ *I haven't got a thousand dollars.* It'll ruin me! *→ it.*

JIMMY: I wouldn't be a bit surprised!

DAGWOOD: Why did you pick me, anyway? There are a hundred and thirty million people in this country -- couldn't you find someone else?

JIMMY: No, I picked you for a particular reason, Bumstead. Your wife happens to be Mayor of this town today, doesn't she?

DAGWOOD: What's that got to do with this?

JIMMY: Quite a lot. I'll give you this note back if you'll go down to the city hall with me and persuade her to sign a certain bill down there.

DAGWOOD: What's wrong with the bill? Is it another one of your tricks?

JIMMY: Yes, Mr. Bumstead, it is. Now you've got your choice -- either you pay me a thousand dollars -- and don't think I can't get the money from you, either -- or you say a few words to your wife and fix up the little job I want her to do.

DAGWOOD: Toooooh! I don't know what to say. I'm in an awful spot!

JIMMY: You certainly are... Now, take your choice <sup>Mr. Bumstead.</sup> -- the money, or your wife's signature. Which is it going to be, ~~Mr. Bumstead? Which is it going to be?~~

MUSIC...

BLONDIE: *There you are*  
Are you the next case?

BOY: I guess I am, Your Honor.

BLONDIE: Well, let me see what the charge against you is.

(RATTLE OF PAPER...)

BLONDIE: This must be it. Robert Gramercy.

BOY: Yes, Your Honor -- that's me.

"BLONDIE"  
1/27/41

-21-

BLONDIE: You're charged with driving fifty miles an hour in a twenty-mile an hour zone, and failing to stop at a street intersection...What about that, Robert?

BOY: Well, you see, I didn't really know I was going that fast in the car.

BLONDIE: How fast did you think you were going?

BOY: Well, I thought I was going about -- well, I -- er -- I don't know, but I didn't think I was going too fast.

BLONDIE: You knew you were going over the speed limit, though, didn't you?

BOY: I suppose I did, Your Honor.

BLONDIE: Where were you going in such a hurry? Was it something important?

BOY: Well, I was going down to Swabber's Drug Store to get a banana split. But I was watching the street. I was being careful. I saw everything.

BLONDIE: Then you must have seen the street intersection sign. The stop sign at the corner of Wood and Garrison Streets.

BOY: But I was being careful.

BLONDIE: I'm afraid you weren't, Robert... You've seen cars going fifty miles an hour, haven't you?

BOY: Oh, sure -- lots of times.

BLONDIE: They whiz past you pretty fast, don't they?

BOY: Yeah, that's right.

~~BLONDIE: Did you ever think what it would be like to step in front of one of those cars?~~

~~BOY: Oh, no!~~

BLONDIE: Did you ever think what would happen to you if you ~~did?~~  
*stepped in front of one of those cars?*  
~~It would all be over in a fraction of a second... It's~~  
not very nice to think about, is it?

BOY: No, it isn't. But I never thought about anything like that happening. I wouldn't step in front of a car, anyway.

BLONDIE: I think you have a little brother, haven't you? He might run in front of a speeding car.

BOY: Yeah, I guess he might at that.

BLONDIE: How would you feel if anything happened to him?

BOY: Gee, that would be pretty awful. I don't know what I'd do.

BLONDIE: Just remember, Robert -- someone's little brother might run in front of you when you're driving so fast. How would you explain the accident to his family? Could you tell them you were in a hurry to get to a banana split?

BOY: No, I guess I couldn't. It would sound pretty awful, wouldn't it?

BLONDIE: I'm afraid it would. You know, parents are proud of their children. They raise them from helpless babies and watch them grow up and learn to talk and laugh and play. Children are the only thing they can leave behind them, and it's a horrible thing for a parent to see all her work and care and love wiped out in a second because some boy who was driving no place in particular was going there too fast.

BOY: I'm awfully sorry, Your Honor -- <sup>honest</sup> really I am. I promise I won't do it again. I'll be ~~awfully~~ careful from now on.

BLONDIE: All right, Robert. I'm not going to take away your driver's license or fine you. But I want you to remember wherever you drive that a boy no older than your little brother -- or my little son -- might come running out into the street in front of you. Don't forget that.

BOY: I won't forget it -- I promise you I won't.

BLONDIE: You might think of your own life, too. It's very precious to your father and mother.

BOY: Yes, Ma'am.

BLONDIE: That's all now...Goodbye.



BOY: Thank you...Thank you very much...(FADING)

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES OFF...)

BLONDIE: (SIGHS) My -- I hope that did some good.

(PICK UP PHONE...)

Will you please give me the Chief of Police?...Thank you.

(TO HERSELF) It's certainly been a busy day. I didn't

know the mayor did so many things. (ON PHONE) Hello?

...This is Mrs. Bumstead speaking. I've just talked

to Robert Gramercy -- the boy who was arrested for speeding,

*I don't think you'll have any more trouble with him. Yes, thank you.*  
~~...Yes. I wonder if next time there's an accident on~~

~~the highway and a car's brought in smashed up you'd go~~

~~up to Robert's house and take him down to see what the~~

~~car looks like. Yes, that's right. Just explain to him~~

~~that you don't want to ever pull him out of the~~

~~driver's seat of a car like the wrecked one. That's~~

~~why the police have to arrest people for speeding...~~

~~Uh-huh...I think it'll make an impression on him..~~

DAGWOOD: (OFF AND OUTSIDE) Blooooooondie!

BLONDIE: (OFF) Oh, goodness -- ~~that sounds like Dagwood...~~(ON)

Just a moment, please.

(PHONE DOWN ON TABLE...)

(DOOR OPENS OFF...AND CLOSSES...)

DAGWOOD: (OFF A BIT) Blondie! Something awful has happened!

BLONDIE: Dagwood, what's the matter? And what's this man here doing with you?

"BLONDIE"  
1/27/41

-25-

DAGWOOD: Blondie, it's an awful thing, but I owe him one thousand dollars!

BLONDIE: Oh, no -- you don't, Dagwood!

JIMMY: Oh, yes he does, Your Honor. But there's an easy way to solve this little problem. You just sign that paving authorization, and I'll give your husband back his note for a thousand dollars.

DAGWOOD: See, Blondie? What are we going to do?

MUSIC...

GOODWIN: Well, Dagwood, I don't know what you're going to do, but maybe Blondie will think of something. In just a moment we'll return to the Bumsteads.

(COMMERCIAL)

GOODWIN: Say, here's a thought. I wonder what a hockey puck thinks about? What's it like to be in the middle of that mad melee of sticks, legs and skates? At New York's famed Madison Square Garden the Boston Bruins are putting up a fierce battle. And here's what Mr. Hockey Puck has to say:

SOUND: FADE IN CROWD ROAR...REFEREE'S WHISTLE...CUT...WOOD

REPEATEDLY STRIKING HARD RUBBER, INTERRUPTING

FIRST VOICE: (LOW...DEEP...PAINED) Ouch! (SOUND) Ow! Say, feller, take it easy. (SOUND) Ooooo! Now listen, you skating tornadoes, I may be just another hockey puck...but I've got (SOUND) Ow...ow...ouch! I've got feelings too. Uh, oh,...here comes Dit Clapper. Hey, hey, Dit, have a heart!

SOUND: PUCK BEING HIT ACROSS ICE...CROWD ROAR...CUT

FIRST VOICE: (EXHAUSTED) Ooooo...did I ever get knocked for a goal! That guy, Dit Clapper sure knows his stuff!

GOODWIN: And Captain Dit Clapper of the Boston Bruins certainly knows his cigarettes, too. Dit Clapper is another Camel fan. Listen! Here's what he says:

SECOND VOICE: I go for mildness in my smoking. That's why I smoke Camels. That slower way of burning cuts a lot of ice with me.

GOODWIN: In fact, Camel's slower way of burning means a lot to any smoker. Slower-burning Camels give you flavor that never tires your taste...greater mildness, too. Yes, -- and less nicotine in the smoke.

FIRST VOICE: The smoke of slower-burning Camels contains twenty-eight per cent less nicotine 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!

GOODWIN: The smoke's the thing! Smoke a Camel -- now! See if you don't agree that Camel's costlier tobaccos... Camel's slower way of burning...give you extra flavor, extra coolness, extra mildness, and less nicotine in the smoke.

GOODWIN: It's a second later in the Mayor's office in the City Hall, and Blondie and Dagwood are facing their antagonist...

JIMMY: Well, I'll tell you what you can do, ~~Mr. Bumstead~~ and Your Honor -- you can sign that paving authorization right away.

DAGWOOD: ~~What's this all about, Blondie?~~ *Why you!*

~~BLONDIE: I'll tell you, Dagwood. Mr. Breakwater here is promoting that Greenvale Manors development outside of town, and somehow he got this authorization through for the city to pave the sidewalks and streets of Greenvale Manors absolutely free.~~

~~DAGWOOD: That sounds crooked to me.~~

~~BLONDIE: I can't understand how it even got this far. It's just got to be signed by the Mayor to make it go into effect -- and of course I'm the Mayor today.~~

~~JIMMY: Yes, and this is the last day the authorization can be signed. Now, let's not delay, Mrs. Bumstead.~~

~~BLONDIE: *Now dear -- I can't sign it.* I can't do it. It would be dishonest.~~

JIMMY: Yes -- perhaps it would be. But you can hardly be blamed. Mayor Snipe left these papers on your desk to be signed, and he didn't say anything about not signing them.

DAGWOOD: That doesn't make any difference -- it's still crooked.

JIMMY: Yes, and I've still got this note for a thousand dollars. You'd better look at this sensibly, Mrs. Bumstead.

BLONDIE: What would happen if the town found out that I had signed this authorization that everyone would have to pay for and none except you gets any benefit from? I'd never be able to hold up my head again.

JIMMY: That's all very nice, Mrs. Bumstead -- it sounds very fine and virtuous and all that sort of thing -- but what are you going to do?

BLONDIE: Oh, I don't know...What do you think we ought to do, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: I don't know what you're going to do but I know what I'm going to do. Take off your coat -- defend yourself.

JIMMY: Why I'll take you apart and hang the pieces all over the Mayor's office.

DAGWOOD: That did it. .

BLONDIE: Dagwood, this is the City Hall.

JIMMY: Come on, I haven't got all day -- how about it, Mrs. Bumstead?

BLONDIE: I guess we'd better give in.

DAGWOOD: Why I could have beat the ---

BLONDIE: Dagwood, that would just make things worse.

JIMMY: Now you're being smart. And you can stop worrying about everything. You've got a good excuse. Mayor Snipe left the paper on your desk and you signed it. You can always say you didn't know about it.

BLONDIE: Yes, I suppose I can...Have you got that note Dagwood signed with you?

JIMMY: Oh, yes -- right in my pocket.

BLONDIE: ~~Now let's not worry about it, dear. Maybe it won't be as bad as it seems now.~~ By the way, Mr. Breakwater, do I write Acting Mayor under the signature?

JIMMY: Yes, that's right.

(RATTLE OF PAPER...AND SCRATCHING OF PEN...)

DAGWOOD: Gee, Blondie, think of all the trouble I went to last week to get you elected. And now we're in much worse trouble than we were then.

BLONDIE: Dagwood, please don't get upset...All right, Mr. Breakwater -- I've signed the authorization. Now if you'll hand over the note...

JIMMY: It's a pleasure, Your Honor -- a real pleasure. Here you are.

BLONDIE: Is this the note, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- that's it. I just didn't look at what I was signing and that's what I put my name on.

BLONDIE: Mr. Breakwater, here's the authorization.

(RATTLE OF PAPER)

JIMMY: Thank you.

DAGWOOD: I think I'd better tear this note up.

(TEARING OF PAPER...)

BLONDIE: Now would you mind leaving, Mr. Breakwater. I don't want to see you around here anymore.

JIMMY: Not at all, not at all...Goodbye, and thank you again.

(FADING)

~~DAGWOOD: I'll be glad to see him go out of that door.~~

"BLONDIE"  
1/27/41

-31-

~~BLONDIE: So will I. He has a surprise in store for him if I'm~~  
~~not mistaken.~~

(DOOR OPENS OFF...CLOSES...)

(THEN MUFFLED AD LIBS FROM OFF..."GRAB HIM"..."I GOT  
HIM"..."HEY, LET GO OF ME"..."SHUT UP AND COME ALONG"  
...ETC...DIES DOWN...)

DAGWOOD: Hey, what was that, Blondie?

BLONDIE: Well, Dagwood, ~~just by accident~~ I <sup>was</sup> ~~happened to be~~ talking  
to the chief of police when you came in, and ~~as soon as I~~  
~~was that other man with you,~~ I knew something was wrong.  
So I didn't hang up the phone.

DAGWOOD: Oh, I get it! Then the Chief of Police heard everything  
that was going on in here, ~~over the phone.~~

BLONDIE: That's right. And those were policemen waiting outside  
to grab Mr. Breakwater when he came out...I guess ~~if~~ *you can*  
~~better~~ hang up the phone now, *Dagwood.*

(HANGS UP PHONE)

DAGWOOD: *Well, good thing, eh.*  
But what about that paper you signed? The police may be  
able to throw Breakwater into jail, but the authorization  
is still good, isn't it?

BLONDIE: Well, I don't think so, dear. You see, the name I signed  
on that paper was -- William Shakespeare, Acting Mayor.

MUSIC...



"BLONDIE" -32-  
1/27/41

GOODWIN: WELL FOLKS, EVEN THOUGH IT ONLY LASTED ONE DAY, MAYOR BLONDIE HAD A VERY ACTIVE POLITICAL CAREER...TUNE IN AGAIN AT THIS SAME TIME NEXT WEEK AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS TO THE BUMSTEDS WHEN, "BLONDIE HAS A PRODIGAL SON."

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 Goodwin saying good night for the makers of Camel Cigarettes.

This is the COLUMBIA....BROADCASTING SYSTEM.