

4/7/41

Master
New York

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, APRIL 7, 1941

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

GOODWIN: Ah -- Ah -- Ah -- Don't touch that dial -- Listen to
"Blondie"...presented by Camel...the cigarette of
costlier tobaccos.

MUSIC: (THEME)

GOODWIN: And now let's pay our weekly visit to the Bumsteads -- it is Saturday afternoon, and lunch is over. Dagwood, who is home from the office, is about to stretch out on the sofa for a nap. However, Blondie seems to have other ideas.

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood...(PAUSE) Dagwood!!

DAGWOOD: (ELABORATE UNCONCERN) Were you speaking to me, honey?

BLONDIE: Yes. Before you settle down for a nap, will you run an errand for me?

DAGWOOD: (PAUSE) What?

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood -- you heard me. I said will you run an errand for me?

DAGWOOD: Oh, ^{I guess so} ~~sure~~, honey. Sure. If I can ~~run it~~ ^{take the cash with me.} (LAUGHS)

BABY: (COMING UP) Daddy -- will you take me along, will you, daddy?

DAGWOOD: Of course I will, Baby Dumpling....

BLONDIE: ~~It won't take you long~~ -- I just want you to return this book. I borrowed it from Jane Briggs.

DAGWOOD: Jane Briggs? I don't think I know her. *Do I?*

BLONDIE: Didn't you meet her once at the women's club?

DAGWOOD: Oh, was she that brunette with the dark mysterious eyes and red lips and little pointed nose?

BLONDIE: You met her, all right.

DAGWOOD: I only remember her very vaguely.

BLONDIE: Hmmmm. *Will you take the book back and get the one I looked for.*

DAGWOOD: Hey wait a minute -- isn't she the one with the husband?

BLONDIE: Well, she has a husband, if that's what you mean.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, yeah -- Now I remember. I heard her husband is very
Blondie: jealous ^{oh?} -- he thinks every man he sees is trying to flirt
with her. (LAUGHS) Why they say one night he beat a guy up
in the bus, just because --

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood -- who told you that?

DAGWOOD: One of the fellows at the office. *Just because . . .*

BLONDIE: And they call women gossips.

Dagwood: Dorothy, 12:15:40
BABY: Gee -- ~~she~~ must be pretty nice.

She sure is,
DAGWOOD: ~~Oh, yes,~~ Baby Dumpling, but not nearly as nice as your
mother.

BABY: Nobody's as nice as Mommy.

BLONDIE: Thank you -- both of you. *Oh that's all right.*

Dagwood, Mommy,
BABY: Do you suppose we can have a little slice of chocolate cake
~~and some milk~~ when we come back from the errand, ~~mommy~~?

BLONDIE: Baby, you're getting to be just like your father. If the
two of you didn't get hungry, I'd never get any compliments.
But I guess it can be arranged.

BABY: Thank you, Mommy.

DAGWOOD: Yes -- Thank you, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Now, Dagwood -- when you return this book to Jane, be sure
and get the book I loaned her, won't you?

DAGWOOD: Okay, Blondie.

BABY: (FADING) We'll be right back, Mommy. Get the cake ready.

~~BLONDIE: All right. (CALLS) Now don't forget to get that other book
from Jane.~~

MUSIC:

"BLONDIE"
4/7/41

4-A

DAGWOOD: Gee...Blondie, how do ~~you~~^{you} have time to read books anyway?

BLONDIE: Oh, I manage to get a few minutes now and then. Why?

DAGWOOD: Well...I should think reading all those letters ~~you~~^{we} get from listeners would keep you pretty busy?

BLONDIE: It most certainly does, Dagwood. But you know, I wouldn't miss reading those fan letters for anything.

DAGWOOD: ~~What are they like, anyway?~~
They are swell, aren't they?

BLONDIE: Oh.^{my} real warm and sincere...just like you'd expect to get from old friends. ~~And it pleases me so much...~~lots of them say the nicest things about Camels.

GOODWIN: Yes, Blondie, and so do millions of other smokers. For there's nothing like a Camel. You see, Camel...the cigarette with that matchless blend of costlier tobaccos... the cigarette with that slower way of burning...brings you a cooler smoke, a more flavorful smoke. Yes, friends, and as you continue to smoke Camels you find that Camels give you more mildness...extra mildness. There's less nicotine in the smoke of slow...slow-burning Camels.

SECOND MAN: 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.

GOODWIN: Friends, next time get Camels...the cigarette of costlier tobaccos. Smoke out the facts for yourself. The smoke's the thing!

GOODWIN: It's about ten minutes later. Dagwood and Baby Dumppling
have just gotten
~~are getting~~ out of the car in front of the Briggs home.

~~(DOOR OPENS ON DAGWOOD'S BLOSSING)~~

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- this is the Briggs house. ~~Downstairs Baby.~~

BABY: Daddy...

DAGWOOD: Uh-huh?

BABY: What's the surprise you've been saying you and Mommy have
for me.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Oh, yeah, the surprise. That's right, Baby.

BABY: What is it?

DAGWOOD: You'll see in a week or so. *Come on Baby.*

BABY: Is it a bicycle?

DAGWOOD: No -- nothing like that.

BABY: It's smaller, hunh?

DAGWOOD: Yes, quite a bit smaller.

BABY: Does it make a noise?

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Oh, sure -- it makes lots of noise sometimes.

BABY: Does it make noise whenever you want it to?

DAGWOOD: No -- usually just when you don't want it to.

(STEPS ON WOODEN PORCH)

BABY: I guess it couldn't be a mouth organ.

DAGWOOD: No, I'm afraid not, Baby Dumppling. Well, let's ring the
doorbell and see if Mrs. Briggs is at home.

(SOUND OF BELL RINGING OFF)

BABY: I wish you'd tell me what the surprise is, Daddy.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Don't be so impatient. You'll find out in a week
or so.

(DOOR OPENS)

JANE: Oh!..Oh, hello, Mr. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: Hello, Mrs. Briggs.

BABY: We came to bring your book back.

JANE: Why that's nice -- won't you come in, and I'll get the book I borrowed from Blondie.

DAGWOOD: Thank you.

(DOOR CLOSES)

BABY: Gee, she's pretty, isn't she, Daddy? *Like you said?*

DAGWOOD: Hunh? Oh, yeah -- yeah.

JANE: That's -- that's very nice of you to say so.

DAGWOOD: You know Mrs. Briggs, I don't think I've ever met your husband.

JANE: *Mr. Bumstead,*
(INTENSE) You're very fortunate.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, that's what I --- hunh?

JANE: My husband is a beast *isn't he?* --- this morning he threatened to beat me -- just because a man smiled at me on the street --

DAGWOOD: ~~Oh, he did, did he? Well, that does it seem to be much of a reason. Oh, he did, did he? Better not try anything~~

JANE: ~~like that in front of Dagwood Bumstead.~~
Then he ran out of the house like a madman.
(SUDDEN POUNDING ON THE BACK DOOR)

JANE: Oh! Good heavens!

DAGWOOD: Wh -- what's that!!?

BABY: I guess someone's at the back door.

JANE: It's my husband -- Mr. Bumstead -- protect me! *He's come back.*

DAGWOOD: Mrs. Briggs, take your arms off my neck!

JANE: You've got to help me --

DAGWOOD: Please, Mrs. Briggs -- This would look awful if your husband walked in the back door.

JANE: He can't! I locked the back door..

DAGWOOD: Tooooooh!...Let go of me!

JANE: Oh, Mr. Bumstead -- I tell you he's been like a madman today.
I've almost been in hysterics!

BABY: ^{Daddy} What are hysterics?

DAGWOOD: I'll explain it later, Baby.

(MORE POUNDING ON BACK DOOR)

JANE: Oh this is terrible -- terrible.

DAGWOOD: Say -- if, it was your husband, wouldn't he come to the front door?

JANE: Oh...Yes, I guess you're right.

BABY: ^{up to the back door} I'll see who it is...(FADING)

DAGWOOD: ^{up to the back door} Couldn't you let go of me now?

JANE: ^{Daddy} The slightest little thing frightens me to death.

DAGWOOD: Gee, what's wrong, Mrs. Briggs? With your husband I mean!

JANE: He's terribly jealous.

DAGWOOD: Yes -- I've heard about it -- but his bark is probably worse than his bite. I mean, he probably wouldn't really harm anyone.

JANE: Maybe you're right.

DAGWOOD: By the way, where do you suppose he is now?

JANE: He went out to buy bullets for his gun.

DAGWOOD: A gun? Holy smoke!...Baby Dumpling -- come back here! Baby Dumpling -- where are you --

JANE: I'm afraid some day my husband's going to start shooting -- and somebody's liable to get hurt.

DAGWOOD: I guess I'd better be going, Mrs. Briggs.

JANE: No -- wait and I'll get Blondie's book.

DAGWOOD: Don't bother. I'll buy her another copy.

JANE: It'll only take a minute...

DAGWOOD: Never mind -- after all, life is so short. You know, they always tell you that.

JANE: I'll go right upstairs and get it.

DAGWOOD: Oh well -- I guess we've got a couple of seconds to fritter away. I'll go out and see what Baby Dumpling's doing.

(KITCHEN DOOR...THE SWINGING VARIETY)

DAGWOOD: Say, Baby Dumpling, I think we ought to --

GAS MAN: (SCARED) Don't shoot, Mr. Briggs! I'm only the gas man -- only the gas man. I just came to read the meter, Mr. Briggs.

DAGWOOD: Wait a minute -- I'm Mr. Bumstead.

GAS MAN: (DEEP BREATH) Holy smoke -- I thought you were Mr. Briggs!

BABY: The gas man's awful scared, Daddy.

DAGWOOD: Yeah? What of?

GAS MAN: Brother, do you love your wife?

DAGWOOD: Certainly I do.

GAS MAN: Then take my advice and get out of here before Mr. Briggs catches you.

DAGWOOD: Oh, we're leaving right away. We just came here to return a book.

GAS MAN: Brother, you're taking your life in your hands when you walk into this house.

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke! Is Mr. Briggs that bad?

GAS MAN: All I know is that the guy who had this route before me quit and got a safe job.

DAGWOOD: A safe job?

GAS MAN: Now he's a steeple-jack.

DAGWOOD: Tooooooh! Why did you take this job?

GAS MAN: The company promised me time and a half...Besides, I'm not very good looking. ^{great - see - it -} I'm more the Boris Karloff type. One day...

BABY: We better be going, Daddy. If we don't you'll get into trouble.

DAGWOOD: Well, I should wait for the book --

GAS MAN: Well, I'm going. So long, dare-devil!

(DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSES)

DAGWOOD: Come on, Baby Dumpling -- we're going to get out of this place.

BABY: Gee, Daddy...It sounds pretty exciting, doesn't it?

DAGWOOD: It sounds like a trap to me. As soon as Mrs. Briggs gives us that book of Blondie's we'll scam! I'm going to get it right now!!

(KITCHEN DOOR SWINGS OPEN AND SHUT)

DAGWOOD: (CALLS) Oh, Mrs. Briggs! Mrs. Briggs!

JANE: (OFF) I've found the book, Mr. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: That's fine. We're in sort of a hurry.

BABY: Yes -- we're going to get some chocolate cake ~~we~~ ^{when} we get home.

DAGWOOD: If we get home.

JANE: (COMING UP) Well here's the book.

DAGWOOD: Thank you. Well it's been nice to see you again, Mrs. Briggs. Goodbye.

(DOOR OPENS)

GEORGE: (ROARS) So there you are! Now I've got you, you snake in the grass!

DAGWOOD: Yeow!

(DOOR SLAMS...LOCKS)

JANE: It's my husband!

DAGWOOD: He's got a gun!

(POUNING ON DOOR)

JANE: I was afraid this would happen! You've got to get out of here --

DAGWOOD: Come on, Baby Dumpling -- let's beat it out the back way!
Baby Dumpling -- did you hear me? -- Baby Dumpling.

BABY: I can't, Daddy!

DAGWOOD: Oh, yes, you can! You don't want to stay around here and
see your father filled full of holes! Come on!

BABY: ^{fill you} I can't, Daddy!

DAGWOOD: What's the matter?

BABY: When you slammed the front door, my coat got caught in it!

DAGWOOD: Tooooooh!...Mrs. Briggs, can your husband get in?

JANE: No -- ^{I locked the door} ~~the door's locked from the inside!~~

DAGWOOD: That's good...Where's your coat caught, Baby?

BABY: Right here! I think part of my pants is caught, too.

DAGWOOD: Wait -- I'll try and get you and your pants loose!

BABY: My best pants...Gee, this would happen now! My life's in
danger!

JANE: You've got to get out of here before Mr. Briggs gets in!
He's in a terribly temper.

DAGWOOD: I'm just thinking about that gun!...Gee, this coat is really
caught tight. (GRUNTS)

BABY: Pull hard, Daddy!

DAGWOOD: I'm doing the best I can! My life depends upon it!...My
child's life depends on it -- (GRUNTS) ^{my best pants!} There it is! Come

Baby! on, Baby! Out the back way!

BABY: Okay, Daddy!

(POUNING)

JANE: Oh! He's trying to get in the back door. The front door!

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke!

(DOOR OPENS...CRASH OF CHAIRS TO FLOOR)

~~Daddy, look!~~

DAGWOOD: He's got the porch furniture across it! We'd never be able to make it to the car! We're trapped!

(DOOR SLAMS)

JANE: Here -- get in this coat closet! ~~quickly!~~

DAGWOOD: The closet?

JANE: Yes -- right here!

(CLOSET DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: No! I won't do it!! A Bumstead never hid in a closet yet.

JANE: But Mr. Bumstead --

DAGWOOD: Don't try to argue with me. I'm not going to leave you to face him alone. I'll slug it out with him -- I'll --

JANE: Don't be silly. ~~Perhaps I can appeal to his better nature.~~

~~But~~, what chance would you have against a loaded gun?

DAGWOOD: Well, when you put it that way --

BABY: Hurry, Daddy -- get in here with me!

DAGWOOD: Okay. Close the door!

(DOOR CLOSES)

BABY: Gee -- it's dark in here, Daddy.

DAGWOOD: I know it.

BABY: Are you afraid of the dark?

DAGWOOD: Of course not.

BABY: Then why are you shaking?

DAGWOOD: Sh-h-h-h!

BABY: Why are you crouching there like that, Daddy? Why don't you stand up?

DAGWOOD: I'll stand up -- I'll -- (THUD) Ow!! . Why didn't you tell me that shelf was there.

Baby: You didn't ask me, Daddy?
GEORGE: (OUTSIDE) Where is he, Jane? I know there's a man around here! I saw him at the door!

JANE: George -- please -- calm down! You're all upset! Please put that gun down!

GEORGE: Not until I find him! I know he's around here! He couldn't get away from me!..Now -- where is he? *I said "Where is he?"*

JANE: Who?

GEORGE: You know who I mean!...All right -- I'll find him myself!

DAGWOOD: Tooooooh!

BABY: What are you going to say when he opens the door of this closet?

DAGWOOD: I can't decide between hello and goodbye.

BABY: Gee, this is exciting.

DAGWOOD: Yes -- very.

BABY: He'll probably look in here right away.

DAGWOOD: Don't talk that way! This is serious! ~~He's got a gun!~~
He's practically out of his mind! *He's got a gun.*

BABY: I'm not afraid of him!

DAGWOOD: You're not as big a target as I am...Sh-h-h-h! He's walking around the living room.

GEORGE: (OUTSIDE) Well, he's not hiding behind the davenports -- but I know he's around here.

JANE: George -- let me have that gun. It's dangerous!
GEORGE: You bet it's dangerous...Well, I'm going to look upstairs.
DAGWOOD: Oh, boy -- that's good. Then we can sneak out.
GEORGE: But first, I'm going to lock the closets down here -- just in case he's silly enough to be hiding in one of them.

(KEY TURNS IN LOCK)

BABY: Gee, Daddy -- we're locked in!
DAGWOOD: Baby Dumpling -- we're caught. And when he opens that door, something awful is going to happen. ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~
~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~

MUSIC:

BABY: Daddy -- I think Mr. Briggs is coming down stairs again.
DAGWOOD: Gosh, Baby Dumpling -- something's wrong.
BABY: What is it?
DAGWOOD: I've been waiting for my whole life to flash before my eyes and nothing's happened.
BABY: (PAUSE) Do you feel all right, Daddy?
DAGWOOD: No! Look through that keyhole again and see what you can see --
BABY: I can see Mr. Briggs now -- he's standing outside the closet. Do you want to look through the keyhole?

DAGWOOD: No -- I'm staying right back here behind all the coats
and things.

BABY: Daddy.

DAGWOOD: Sh-h-h-h!

BABY: Daddy.

DAGWOOD: Sh-h-h. He'll hear you.

BABY: Daddy, my nose itches.

DAGWOOD: Scratch it.

BABY: I think I'm going to sneeze.

DAGWOOD: No -- don't, Baby! Don't.

BABY: I can't help it!

DAGWOOD: Put your finger under your nose and press hard.

BABY: I am.

DAGWOOD: Is it working?

BABY: No. I've still got to sneeze.

DAGWOOD: No, don't!

BABY: (STARTS TO SNEEZE) Ah-ah--ah--

DAGWOOD: Baby, please!

BABY: Maybe I'm not going to sneeze after all. It went away.

DAGWOOD: (SIGHS) Gee -- maybe we've still got a chance to get out
alive.

BABY: (SNEEZES)

DAGWOOD: There goes our chance?

GEORGE: (OUTSIDE) What was that?

JANE: I didn't hear anything.

GEORGE: Someone sneezed.

JANE: I did, George.

GEORGE: Oh, no -- it came from this closet right here.

(POUNDS ON CLOSET)

GEORGE: Who's in here? Come on -- speak up!

(POUNING ON CLOSET)

GEORGE: Come on out of there or I'll shoot! You're caught now!
Come on out! I'll count three and if you don't come out...

JANE: George -- wait!

GEORGE: Aha! So there is someone in there, eh?

JANE: George -- it's just Mr. Bumstead. He came to return a
book and I was afraid you'd shoot him.

GEORGE: Maybe I will anyway!...Come on out of there!

JANE: He can't -- you locked the door.

GEORGE: Come out of there or I'll -- oh, so I did.

(SOUND OF UNLOCKING THE DOOR)

(DOOR OPENS)

GEORGE: All right -- you home-wrecker! Come on out before I
drag you out!

BABY: Gee, you don't have to be so angry about it.

GEORGE: (STAGGERED) Wha-wha-what-what-what's this? Who're you!!!?

BABY: I'm Mr. Bumstead.

JANE: Now aren't you ashamed of yourself, George? You wouldn't
let me tell you anything.

GEORGE: But what was he doing in that closet?

BABY: You frightened me.

JANE: Yes -- so he ran into it and hid. The idea -- frightening
little boys!

BABY: Shame on you.

GEORGE: But -- but -- there must be something wrong -- I mean,
I was sure a man opened that **front** door.

JANE: You must be seeing things, George. It was probably
Baby Dumpling here -- standing on a chair.

BABY: I wasn't standing on a chair -- but I'm very tall for my
age.

George:
GEORGE: I can't understand it. I could have sworn it was a man
who opened the door.

BABY: Are you feeling all right, Mr. Briggs?

GEORGE: No I'm not...Jane -- I'm afraid I'm not well at all.
I'm all upset. My nerves are shot to pieces.

BABY: Did you shoot them to pieces with that gun?

GEORGE: What?...Oh -- the gun.

JANE: I'll take it, George, dear..

GEORGE: All right, Jane.

JANE: If you won't be jealous if Baby Dumpling smiles at me.

GEORGE: Don't rub it in -- I feel bad enough. I'm sorry --
I apologize to you, Jane.

BABY: How about apologizing to me. You scared me.

GEORGE: I apologize to you, too..

BABY: All right -- but don't let it happen again..

GEORGE: I won't but -- hunh?

JANE: George -- why don't you lie down and get a little rest?

GEORGE: Yeah -- yeah -- maybe I will.

BABY: Well, I guess I'd better be going now..

DAGWOOD: (SNEEZES FROM INSIDE CLOSET)

GEORGE: What was that? I thought I heard someone sneezing inside that closet.

BABY: You heard someone sneezing inside the closet?

GEORGE: Why -- why I thought I did.

BABY: (LAUGHS) Imagine that.

GEORGE: Good heavens -- now I'm hearing things, too.

BABY: Well, goodbye.

(DOOR OPENS)

JANE: Goodbye, Baby Dumpling.

BABY: (LOUD) The door's open now! The door's open! Hurry up! -- you're late for the office!

GEORGE: Who's late for what office?

BABY: : You're late for the office! The door's open!

(CLOSED DOOR BANGS OPEN)

DAGWOOD: (COMING UP FAST) Hello everybody! ~~Goodbye!~~ Come on, Baby Dumpling! *Good-bye!*

~~BABY: Okay, Baddy!~~

(WHIZZ...DOOR SLAMS)

GEORGE: What was that! It went past me so fast I didn't get a good look at it!

JANE: Never mind, George!

GEORGE: Well, I'm going to find out!

(DOOR OPENS)

GEORGE: Look! It was a man! There was a man in that closet all the time! I knew it! He's trying to make a getaway in his car.

JANE: George, please!

GEORGE: Give me that gun! I'm going to show him he can't get away with this!

JANE: George, that's just Mr. Bumstead!

GEORGE: There's ^{entirely} too many Mr. Bumsteads around here --

Jane!
George!
(SHOTS)

MUSIC:

(COME UP ON CAR)

DAGWOOD: Baby Dumpling -- is he gaining on us?

BABY: Just a little bit, Daddy.

DAGWOOD: Gosh, and all I did was return a book... Hold on tight -- we're fighting for our lives.

BABY: Gee -- he shot at us, didn't he?

DAGWOOD: ~~Yeah.~~ Those whistling sounds you heard weren't ~~robbers~~ ^{conaries.}

BABY: But we got away from him.

DAGWOOD: Not far enough away... Hold on for this corner.

(CAR TIRES SCREECH AROUND CORNER)

BABY: (LAUGHS) We haven't had so much excitement since the roly-coaster last summer.

DAGWOOD: This isn't fun... Holy smoke! You'd think I was an escaped convict! There ought to be a law! A man like that ought to be quarantined! They ought to make him carry a red flag so people could avoid him!

BABY: Now don't get excited, Daddy.

DAGWOOD: It's not fair!

BABY: We're losing him, Daddy. He's not as close to us as he was.

DAGWOOD: That's good. We've got to duck Mr. Briggs somehow and get back home.

BABY: But he knows who we are, and I'll bet he knows where we live, too.

DAGWOOD: That's right. I don't know what we're going to do, but we can't have people shooting at us! It's unhealthy!

BABY: It's dangerous, too.

DAGWOOD: Hold on -- we're going up this alley! Hold on!

(SCREECH OF TIRES...CARS UP)

MUSIC:

(DOOR OPENS SOFTLY...AND CLOSES)

BLONDIE: Who is it? Who's there?

BABY: (SOTTO) It's just me, Mommy.

BLONDIE: ~~What are you whispering about?~~ Where's Daddy?

BABY: He's hiding out in back of the garage.

BLONDIE: What's he hiding from?

BABY: Mr. Briggs.

BLONDIE: What!!!

BABY: He chased us out of his house with a gun.

BLONDIE: Baby Dumpling, what have I told you about fibbing?

BABY: You told me not to do it.

BLONDIE: Yes -- that's right. Now -- what happened?

BABY: Mr. Briggs chased us with a gun. *now baby* That's the George Washington truth.

Blondie

BLONDIE: Was it a squirt gun?

BABY: It was a real gun.

BLONDIE: Oh, good heavens -- what was he angry about?

BABY: I don't know, Mommy. I guess it couldn't have been about Mrs. Briggs putting her arms around Daddy's neck.

BLONDIE: Well, of course that's always something that -- what was that?

BABY: Mrs. Briggs said she was scared.

BLONDIE: Well!

BABY: I'll let Daddy know the coast is clear. He's waiting for me to give him a signal... Look -- there he is -- peeking out from behind the garage.

BLONDIE: Oh, yes -- he sees you waving to him.

BABY: Oh Boy -- look at him come! Gee, no one can run faster than Daddy can! Wow!

(BACK DOOR OPENS...AND SLAMS)

DAGWOOD: (COMING UP) Holy smoke, Blondie -- something awful happened at the Briggs'.

BLONDIE: Baby Dumpling told me.

DAGWOOD: About Mr. Briggs and the gun?

BLONDIE: About Mrs. Briggs and her arms around your neck.

DAGWOOD: Toooooooh! I can explain that, Blondie! ^{Good!} Mr. Briggs was *Blondie* jealous.

BLONDIE: I don't know as I blame him. *and I suppose you forgot to get my back from garage.*

DAGWOOD: But Blondie, you don't seem to realize that my life is in danger!

BLONDIE: It all sounds like nonsense to me.

DAGWOOD: Nonsense? Look at my hands -- look at the way they're shaking! If you slid a banjo under them you'd hear music!

(SOUND OF THREE SHOTS)

DAGWOOD: There he is! Last one in this closet is a dead duck!

(DOOR OPENS FAST AND SLAMS)

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- Dagwood, that was only a truck backfiring.

(DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: Now, Dagwood...

DAGWOOD: I'm just a bundle of nerves! *I'm all unstrung.*

BLONDIE: ~~All right,~~ dear -- I'll make you some hot coffee -- *Oh, don't strain you any more.* -- now what about my book?

DAGWOOD: I left it in the Briggs' closet.

BLONDIE: Well, you go right back and get it now.

DAGWOOD: Blondie -- please --

BLONDIE: Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: But I can't. Gee Blondie -- have a heart.

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- I just asked you to do a simple little thing --

DAGWOOD: By the way -- what was the name of the book, anyhow?

BLONDIE: "How to Win Friends and Influence People -- "

DAGWOOD: Toooooooooh!

(DOORBELL RINGS)

BABY: I'll see who's at the door, Mommy.

BLONDIE: All right, Baby...

(DOOR OPENS)

GEORGE: Aha! There you are!

BABY: Look out, Daddy!

GEORGE: Stay right where you are, Bumstead! Don't move!

DAGWOOD: Toooooooooh!

GEORGE: I said don't move!

DAGWOOD: Can't I even tremble a little?

BLONDIE: Goodness, Mr. Briggs, is that a gun?

GEORGE: It certainly is!...Get down on your knees, Bumstead!

BLONDIE: (STARTS TO LAUGH)

DAGWOOD: Blondie! Don't do that.

BLONDIE: (STILL LAUGHING) I can't help it.

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GEORGE: Hey, what's the idea, Mrs. Bumstead?

DAGWOOD: Blondie, don't! Gee --

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: Say, Dagwood's in a pretty tight spot now. I wonder if he'll be able to get out of it. And what's Blondie laughing that way for?...Well, we'll know in a moment.

(COMMERCIAL)

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GOODWIN: But at least he's not in the same difficulty as the young man we're going to follow into an Atlanta, Georgia, traffic court for a moment. Listen!

(SOUND: GAVEL POUNDING DESK)

FIRST MAN: (GRAVE...GRUFF) Order in the court! Next case.

SECOND MAN: Judge, I clocked this man driving forty miles an hour in a twenty-five mile an hour zone.

THIRD MAN: I'm sorry Your Honor. I just didn't realize I was going that fast.

FIRST MAN: Huh...where have I heard that before?

THIRD MAN: But Your Honor, it's sort of hard to tell the difference between twenty-five and forty miles an hour. They're both pretty slow.

FIRST MAN: (OMINOUSLY) We'll see about that. What's your name?

THIRD MAN: Andrew McDonough, I...

FIRST MAN: Not Andy McDonough, the fellow who went six hundred and twenty testing that new interceptor plane?

THIRD MAN: That's right.

FIRST MAN: Well, I declare! (LAUGHS...SOFTENS UP) Maybe a man who's traveled six hundred and twenty miles an hour can't tell the difference between twenty-five and forty. (LAUGHS)

(RAPS WITH GAVEL) Sentence suspended!

GOODWIN: Yes, the famous test pilot Andy McDonough goes in for a lot of speed in the air. Yet, when it comes to smoking, Andy goes for the slower-burning cigarette...Camel.
Andy McDonough says:

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THIRD VOICE: Camel's extra mildness means a lot when you smoke as much as I do.

GOODWIN: Right you are, Andy McDonough! Camels are extra mild -- they give you less nicotine in the smoke. 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. In addition, that same smoke of slow...slow-burning Camels brings you more coolness and more flavor. So remember, friends, in a cigarette, the smoke's the things! And Camel's the smoke for extra mildness and less nicotine. Try slower-burning Camels now. Dealers everywhere feature Camels by the carton. For convenience...for economy...get your Camels by the carton.

GEORGE: *Yes -* (What does she say about me?)

BLONDIE: Oh, lots of things. She's very proud of you -- she thinks you're pretty nearly perfect.

GEORGE: Hmmm -- is that right?

BLONDIE: Of course, I think the same thing about Dagwood.

George: Oh, you don't?
DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Oh, I have one or two little faults, Blondie. I'm not really perfect.

BLONDIE: Come on, now, Mr. Briggs -- you run right along home. And if I were you, I'd go to Jane and tell her how sorry I was about this. She must be terribly upset.

GEORGE: Yes, I guess she is. It's all my fault -- I'm too suspicious, and I shouldn't be. I'll apologize to her. Yes, that's what I'll do.

BLONDIE: Hurry up now.

(DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: Run along.

GEORGE: All right, Mrs. Bumstead, and I'm sorry --

BLONDIE: That's all right. Goodbye.

GEORGE: Goodbye.

(DOOR CLOSES)

Oh, I feel faint.
BLONDIE: For goodness sakes, Dagwood. He really was serious, wasn't he?

DAGWOOD: That's what I kept trying to tell you, Blondie.

BABY: I wasn't afraid of him.

DAGWOOD: Blondie, what did you start laughing for that way?

BLONDIE: It seemed to be the only way to stop something awful from happening. As soon as he stopped to consider how he looked with that gun, he realized how foolish it all was.

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke -- he was already to shoot me, and I thought you were enjoying it.

(DOORBELL RINGS)

BLONDIE: I'll get it.

(DOOR OPENS)

JANE: Blondie -- Blondie -- is ^{George} ~~Mrs. Briggs~~ here?

BLONDIE: No, Jane -- he just left on his way home. You must have just missed him.

JANE: Did -- did anything happen?

BLONDIE: Almost -- but it's all right now.

JANE: Oh, that's good. I was so worried about him.

Daughter: ~~What's the matter?~~
BLONDIE: Come on -- we'll drive you back and pick up that book.

MUSIC:

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES LIGHTLY)

BLONDIE: Now you just tell him you understand, Jane, and I think he'll be ever so grateful.

DAGWOOD: Sure he will, Mrs. Briggs.

JANE: All right -- he's probably over it all now... Listen -- I think I hear him now. He's in the next room.

GEORGE: (INSIDE) Darling, you know how much I love you so please try to understand.

JANE: Oh! He's talking to someone else. And he's calling her darling!

BLONDIE: Now, Jane -- wait!

JANE: Just listen yourself!

GEORGE: (INSIDE) Oh, darling -- just kiss me and say that you love me and I'll be the happiest man in the world.

JANE: Oh!!..Did you hear that!? I'm going in there!

DAGWOOD: Wait a minute, Mrs. Briggs -- don't be hasty.

(DOOR OPENS)

JANE: Where is she, George? I heard you talking to her! Where is -- George, are you alone?

GEORGE: Oh, Jane -- I've been waiting for you.

JANE: Who were you talking to?

GEORGE: I was -- er -- rehearsing my apology.

JANE: Oh, George -- I'm so sorry.

GEORGE: Darling, you know how much I love you, so please try to understand.

JANE: Oh, George...

BLONDIE: (WHISPERS) Dagwood -- we'd better leave.

DAGWOOD: Yeah.

BLONDIE: We'll just sneak out.

DAGWOOD: I wonder why we never get jealous like that.

BLONDIE: We understand each other, dear.

DAGWOOD: That must be it. We're never jealous.

BLONDIE: No...But Dagwood...

DAGWOOD: Yeah.

BLONDIE: ~~Whether she's frightened or not,~~ *No matter how frightened she is,* don't ever let a brunette put her arms around your neck again!

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: Well, Folks, it looks as though it takes Blondie to handle these delicate situations which arise in Dagwood's life. But there's an extra special situation developing in the lives of the Bumsteads, so be sure to tune in again next week at this same time when, "Blondie Welcomes a Little Visitor".

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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 speaking for the makers of Camel Cigarettes.

MUSIC: (UP AND OUT)

GOODWIN: : Ten pennies!

(SOUND: STREAM OF PENNIES ON TO METAL)

GOODWIN: Two nickels!

(SOUND: TWO NICKELS BEING PLACED ON METAL)

GOODWIN: One dime!

(SOUND: DIME BEING PLACED ON METAL)

GOODWIN: That's right, men! Just ten cents buys you a big blue pocket package of George Washington Smoking Tobacco. George Washington brings you a mild, rich, mellow smoke, plus a grand, friendly taste. George Washington is really fresh, too...comes wrapped in cellophane. So remember! Load up with George Washington Smoking Tobacco! This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.