

#110

"BLONDIE"

As Broadcast

8/11 p.w.

MONDAY, AUGUST 4, 1941

3:30 - 4:00 P.M. PST
6:30 - 7:00 P.M. PST

SCENES

1. ON THE HIGHWAY
2. LOBBY OF HOTEL LAVISH
3. BUMSTEAD HOME FOR COMM'L.
4. LOBBY OF HOTEL LAVISH
5. ON THE BEACH
6. IN A SODA FOUNTAIN
7. HOTEL LAVISH SUPPER ROOM
8. SUITE B OF HOTEL LAVISH
9. BRIDLE TRAIL NEAR HOTEL
10. HOTEL LAVISH POOL
11. GARDENS OF HOTEL
12. SUITE B
13. WRIGHT FIELD FOR COMM'L.
14. THE CASINO

THE CAST

- PENNY SINGLETON.....BLONDIE
- ARTHUR LAKE.....DAGWOOD
- LEONE LE DOKK.....ALESANDER, COOKIE
- JERRY MANN.....MALCOLM, CROUPIER
-
-
- BYRON KANE.....MAN, JEFFRY
-
- MARJORIE TARLTON....GLORIA
- RAY ERLNBORN.....VOICE
- COMMERCIAL CAST
- FRED SHIELDS.....VOICE (ECHO CHAMBER)
- BOB MOON.....VOICE (BOB FAUSEL)
- FIRST MAN.....FRED SHIELDS
- SECOND MAN.....LARRY CHATTERTON
- ANNOUNCER.....BILL GOODWIN
- GEO. WASHINGTON ANN..BOB GARRED

SOUND EFFECTS

AUTO...DOOR...FOOTSTEPS...DESK BELL...PLOP OF BEACH BALL...SURF
 RATTLE OF SODAS ON MARBLE TABLE...SUCKING THROUGH EMPTY STRAWS
 APPLAUSE...HORSES. HOOVES...HORSE WHINNY...SPLASH...AIRPLANE MOTOR
 POWER DIVE...CROWD MURMUR...ROULETTE WHEEL...SOCK AND BODY FALL
 FRENCH WINDOWS.

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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 for our weekly visit with the Bumsteads. Yes, it's vacation time for Blondie, Dagwood, Alexander, and their baby girl, Cookie. They got off to an early start this morning, and we find them now in the family car, loaded down with suitcases, not far from their destination -- a famous, and very ritzy beach hotel...

(COME UP ON CAR)

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood, we're going to have such a wonderful vacation at the Hotel Lavish.

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- it'll be pretty terrific, I guess. Right on the water, and with a private beach, and riding horses, and golf courses and everything like that.

ALEXANDER: A private beach?

BLONDIE: That's right, Alexander.

ALEXANDER: Is it private enough so I can go swimming in my birthday suit?

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) Well, it's not that private, Alexander. The Hotel Lavish is very exclusive.

ALEXANDER: Okay, Mom.

DAGWOOD: I wonder if they'll let us in, Blondie. We're not very exclusive, you know. We're just people.

BLONDIE: Well, we can be exclusive this vacation. We have that bonus Mr. Dithers gave us last week.

DAGWOOD: That's right -- I guess we can put on the dog a little.

BLONDIE: I don't know why not. No one will know us at the Hotel Lavish and we can live like kings --

DAGWOOD: I hope so.

BLONDIE: We'll probably meet a lot of people we wouldn't ordinarily meet -- you know, dear, society people. The rotogravure set.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, Blondie -- I wonder if anyone'll take pictures of us for the society pages? (LAUGHS) "Dagwood Bumstead going over the jumps -- "

BLONDIE: -- Without his horse."

DAGWOOD: Yeah...Humh?

ALEXANDER: (LAUGHS) That's funny, Mom.

DAGWOOD: Stop laughing at me. I used to be quite a horseman.

BLONDIE: Oh, look -- isn't that the Hotel Lavish way up there ahead of us?

DAGWOOD: Gee, I think it is, Blondie. Yes -- there's a sign.
"One Mile to the Hotel Lavish."

ALEXANDER: I see the ocean! I see the ocean!

BLONDIE: That's right -- there it is! Oh, it looks so wonderful
and cool!

DAGWOOD: Oh, boy -- we're almost there! I wonder what it's
going to be like at the Hotel Lavish?

MUSIC:

VOICE: (COMING UP AND THEN FADING) Paging Mr. P. Henderson
Bullwinkle, the Third...Paging Mr. P. Henderson
Bullwinkle, the Third...

MAN: Oh, Malcolm.

MALCOLM: Oh, dear, you startled me. What is it, Mr. Appleton?

MAN: Well, I've just had a tip that Ann Sutton -- you know,
Ann Sutton the sugar heiress?

MALCOLM: Oh, dear yes! They tell me she's simply drenched with
money.

MAN: Well, she's traveling this way, and she may stop here
at the Hotel Lavish.

MALCOLM: Oh, how simply divine!

MAN: Naturally, she won't want to be bothered by fortune hunters, and she'll probably be traveling under another name. I understand she'll be with her brother, and her brother's children. Now, do you think you'll recognize her?

MALCOLM: Oh, dear, oh, dear --- I think so, but I'm not sure.

MAN: I believe she's a blonde, ~~isn't she?~~

~~MALCOLM: Yes and quite attractive. I believe I'll know her.~~

~~MAN: Good. Now if she does come here, we must show her every possible courtesy and consideration.~~

~~MALCOLM: You may depend upon me, sir.~~

~~MAN: Flowers in their rooms, everything they ask for, and --~~
say, who's this coming in the lobby now?

MALCOLM: Good gracious -- I believe that's Ann Sutton. Oh, heavens -- I hadn't expected her so soon.

MAN: That man with her would be her brother.

MALCOLM: Yes, yes -- of course. And the little boy, too.

MAN: I suppose ^{THE INFANT IN HER ARMS} ~~that's~~ her brother's baby ~~with her.~~

MALCOLM: Oh, dear -- I'm so excited I'm just tingling all over. I'll just bet they'll pose as man and wife.

MAN: I wouldn't be a bit surprised. That would keep the fortune hunters away from her. (LOW) Here they come -- be the perfect host now. This is quite an honor.

MALCOLM: Malcolm J. Malcolm will not fail you.
DAGWOOD: (COMING UP) Er -- uh -- hello.
BLONDIE: We'd like to see about your rooms, please.
MALCOLM: (SWEPT AWAY BY THE HONOR) Ahhh, welcome to the Hotel
Lavish!

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: Well, well -- it looks as though the management of the
exclusive Hotel Lavish has mistaken Blondie for
Ann Sutton, the wealthy sugar heiress. This will
probably get the Bumsteads into quite a mess -- and just
after they had all that trouble with Alexander, too!
Maybe we forgot to mention that. Happened just
yesterday, as Blondie was packing up.....

BLONDIE: (CALLING) Dagwood! Dagwood!

(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: (RUNNING IN) Gee, Blondie, what's the matter?

BLONDIE: Have you seen Alexander?

DAGWOOD: No. I thought he was around a minute ago.

BLONDIE: The mailman said he saw Alexander out pulling up grass!

DAGWOOD: Pulling up grass?

BLONDIE: And now look at this kitchen. The cupboard is open and the bran flakes are gone. And so is the cream pitcher -- (JUST NOTICING) and what happened to that milk bottle I just rinsed out?

DAGWOOD: I didn't take it, Blondie! (STARTS TO LAUGH) Why there's Alexander, right out on the back porch!

(STEPS, DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: Alexander! What are you doing?

DAGWOOD: Yes. What are you doing?

ALEXANDER: (CALMLY) You can tell the milkman he doesn't need to come any more.

BLONDIE: What is that awful looking mess you're shaking up in that milk bottle?

ALEXANDER: It's all right. I'm making milk.

DAGWOOD: (EXPLODING) Making milk?

ALEXANDER: I know how. When you were buying eggs in the country yesterday, I asked the farmer. He said they take grass, and bran, and water and put it in a cow. Then they just wait.

BLONDIE: And you put grass, and bran, and water in the milk bottle?

DAGWOOD: And you're just waiting?

ALEXANDER: I put cream ^{ON} ~~in the~~ top, too. I guess it's nearly ready now.

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BLONDIE: (PATIENTLY) But, Alexander -- you can't make milk that way! It isn't just what you put in. It's how you do it. The cow knows how.

GOODWIN: Well, thanks, Blondie. That's just the point I've been trying to make about cigarettes. It isn't just what you put into a cigarette -- it's also how you do it! We all know that Camels are made of costlier tobaccos. But it's that "sixth sense" -- that priceless "know-how" ...that delicate art of blending that makes Camels America's favorite cigarette! It's a slower-burning smoke -- a smoke that has extra flavor, extra coolness, extra mildness -- and twenty-eight per cent less nicotine!

VOICE: (ECHO CHAMBER) 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: And the smoke's the thing! Next time get slow -- slow-burning Camels. You'll like 'em!

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: It's a moment later. The Bumsteads are standing at the desk in the Hotel Lavish. The hotel manager, who thinks Blondie is the heiress, Ann Sutton, traveling under another name, is saying...

MALCOLM: Now then, would you like to sign the register?

BLONDIE: Not especially. My husband will sign it.

MALCOLM: (SMILING) Why of course. Here is the pen, sir.

DAGWOOD: Oh, thanks...Let me see. Mr. and Mrs. H. Hitchcock Pennington. Miss Constance E.M. Dawes. Mr. Arthur Gordon Webster.

MALCOLM: Looking for the names of friends on the register, sir?

DAGWOOD: No. I just never sign anything until I read it first.

MALCOLM: (CHOKES) Pardon me.

DAGWOOD: Well, I don't see any small print, so I guess I can sign it. (WRITING) Mr. and Mrs. Dagwood Bumstead, son, Alexander, and daughter, Cookie...There you are.

MALCOLM: Mr. and Mrs. -- er -- Dagwood Bumstead. Well, well, now will you excuse me a moment. (SINGS) I'll be right back.

ALEXANDER: Hurry up, Mister -- we want to go ~~in~~ swimming...(FADING A BIT)

MALCOLM: Very well, young man.

MAN: (LOW) What name are they using?

MALCOLM: (LOW) Mr. and Mrs. Dagwood Bumstead. Isn't that silly? I would spot it as an assumed name immediately.

MAN: She looks like she has money, all right.

MALCOLM: What do you suggest I show them?

MAN: Well, let's see. Suite B might be nice -- twenty dollars a day apiece, and half price for the youngster. That would make their bill fifty dollars a day. That's cheap for Ann Sutton.

MALCOLM: Dear yes -- it's living in poverty.

(INSISTENT HAMMERING OF CALL BELL AT DESK)

MALCOLM: Good gracious! Excuse me.

ALEXANDER: (LAUGHING) I thought that would get you back here.

MALCOLM: (LAUGHS) Cute child... Now I have a lovely suite I'm sure you'd like. A beautiful view of the ocean -- double exposure -- and very cool.

BLONDIE: How much is it?

MALCOLM: Fifty dollars. American plan, of course.

BLONDIE: Just a moment... Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: Excuse us a minute.

MALCOLM: Why, certainly.

BLONDIE: (LOW) What do you think, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: (LOW) I always forget -- what's American Plan?

BLONDIE: Well, American plan is the way most hotels in Europe are, and European plan is the way most hotels in America are.

DAGWOOD: Oh -- that simplifies things.

BLONDIE: Anyway -- we get our meals. Does fifty dollars seem like a lot?

DAGWOOD: Well, sort of, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Oh, well -- we might as well splurge. It's our vacation, and I guess we can afford fifty dollars a week.

DAGWOOD: Sure! We'll pretend that fifty dollars a week for a hotel suite is nothing for us!

BLONDIE: All right, Dagwood...(UP) We'd thought of getting something a little ^{BUT} better.

MALCOLM: I'm not surprised. I can show you our royal suite for a hundred.

BLONDIE: But I guess your first suggestion will be satisfactory.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Yes, I guess it'll be satisfactory.

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) After all, we're not royalty.

MALCOLM: Madame, the Hotel Lavish treats all of its guests as though they were royalty.

BLONDIE: Well, we don't want to be too conspicuous.

MALCOLM: I understand perfectly. And I'm sure you'll like Suite B.

(HAMMERING OF CALL BELL)

ALEXANDER: Come on -- let's go swimming!

MALCOLM: Such a dear child!

MUSIC:

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood -- isn't it glorious? Just lying on the sand -- taking it easy -- not worrying about a thing.

DAGWOOD: It sure is, Blondie. You know, it really doesn't seem to be very expensive.

BLONDIE: Have you noticed, Dagwood -- everywhere we go, people stare at us -- but in a very polite way.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, I've noticed that, too. Right after lunch I happened to walk into the stock broker's office.

BLONDIE: Oh, yes ^{THATS VERY LUXURIOUS} it's right outside the hotel in the open air.

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- boy, is it "high class". You can get a suntan and a nervous breakdown at the same time...well, as soon as I walked in several men came over and stuck cigars in my mouth and asked me what I liked.

BLONDIE: What did you say?

DAGWOOD: I said banana cream pie. ^{BUT DO} You know -- they were talking about stocks and blondes.

BLONDIE: No, dear -- stocks and bonds.

DAGWOOD: Er -- no, dear -- stocks and blondes. But anyway, they seemed very disappointed I didn't mention any particular stock. ^{BLONDIE? OR BLONDIES?} Say -- where's Alexander?

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) Oh, Dagwood -- wait'll I tell you. The cutest little girl I've ever seen walked by and sort of winked at him.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Winked at him, huh? I'd liked to have seen that. What happened?

BLONDIE: Alexander threw some wet sand at her.

DAGWOOD: With kids that's the same thing as saying, "Where have you been all my life?"

BLONDIE: Yes -- she threw some sand back at him, and that seems to mean, "I've been waiting for you to come along". The next thing I knew they were walking down the beach together.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Gosh, a regular summer romance, huh?

BLONDIE: It looks like it.

DAGWOOD: Well, I think I'll take a little dip. Coming in?

BLONDIE: No, I'll stay here with the baby. I think she's waking up a little.

COOKIE: (CONFIRMS THIS WITH A FEW MINOR GURGLES)

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- Cookie's waking up all right.

BLONDIE: This is wonderful for her -- all this sun and ocean breeze.

DAGWOOD: Well, I'll be back in a little while, Blondie...(FADING)

BLONDIE: (CALLS AFTER HIM) ^{DAGWOOD -} Don't forget your waterwings.

COOKIE: (COOING)

BLONDIE: Now you go back to sleep, young lady. We may be at the Hotel Lavish on our vacation, but you've still got to take your nap.

COOKIE: (IT SOUNDS LIKE "OKAY")

BLONDIE: Gee -- I believe she said "okay." ~~Well, what do you know about that...~~ Now close your eyes, Cookie. That's mother's girl. Go to sleep now...That's it. I think I'll take a little nap myself...Yes, I'll just stretch out here on the sand -- close my eyes, and --

(PLOP OF BEACH BALL ON BLONDIE...)

BLONDIE: Oh! Goodness! This beach ball landed right on me.

JEFFRY: (COMING UP -- ON THE MAKE, BUT PRETTY STRAIGHT) Oh, I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to hit you.

BLONDIE: Oh, that's perfectly all right.

JEFFRY: (LAUGHS) No serious injuries, I hope.

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BLONDIE: (SMILES) No -- no broken bones at all.

JEFFRY: You're -- uh -- Mrs. Bumstead, aren't you?

BLONDIE: Why, yes -- how did you know?

JEFFRY: Well, I noticed you on the beach yesterday afternoon and I ~~walked~~ right over to the manager and demanded to know who you were.

BLONDIE: Now what am I supposed to say to that?

JEFFRY: Nothing, but it was meant as a mild compliment...I'm Jeffry Steel.

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) How do you do, Mr. Steel.

JEFFRY: Now don't laugh when I say this, but haven't I seen you somewhere before? Or possibly your picture in the paper?

BLONDIE: I don't think so. Somehow I manage to keep out of the papers.

JEFFRY: How do you do that?

BLONDIE: By not talking to strange men on the beach.

JEFFRY: (LAUGHS) I see!

BLONDIE: And now, don't you think you'd better take this beach ball and plop it on some other girl?

JEFFRY: Well...

BLONDIE: Remember -- I am Mrs. Bumstead.

JEFFRY: Mrs.? And no wedding ring?

BLONDIE: I took it off before I came out here so I wouldn't lose it...Now bounce back down the beach with your beach ball.

JEFFRY: You can't fool me, Mrs. Bumstead. You're going to see more of me...(FADING)

BLONDIE: Well! GOING TO SEE MORE OF HIM!

DAGWOOD: (COMING UP QUICK) Blondie -- who was that guy? What did he want? What did he say? What did he do?

BLONDIE: (SMILES) Now, Dagwood, don't be upset. He just bounced a beach ball on me, that's all.

DAGWOOD: What did he do that for?

BLONDIE: Well, that seems to mean, "Where have you been all my life."

DAGWOOD: A fine thing!...I'll tear him apart.

BLONDIE: Now, Dagwood -- that would just make a scene. And besides, he's larger than you are, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Hmm...He's sort of good-looking, too -- or didn't you think so?

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) Now, ^{FOR HEAVENS SAKE} Dagwood...He's perfectly harmless, and I'm sure you'd like him. We want to meet a few people here, you know.

DAGWOOD: Yes, but couldn't we meet people who didn't have such a good suntan?

BLONDIE: Oh, look, dear -- there's Alexander and that little girl now, just going into the hotel's soda fountain.

DAGWOOD: Oh, yeah. Say, ^{BABY DUMPLING} ~~he's~~ doing all right, isn't he? She's a cute little girl.

BLONDIE: I wonder...

DAGWOOD: You wonder what?

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) I wonder if Alexander is going to hand her a line. I wouldn't be a bit surprised.

MUSIC:

(RATTLE OF SODAS ON MARBLE TABLE...)

ALEXANDER: Here's your soda, Gloria.

GLORIA: Oh, thank you, Mr. Bumstead.

ALEXANDER: You're welcome...How many straws?

GLORIA: Four, please.

ALEXANDER: Okay. I'll take four straws for mine, too...Here you are, Gloria.

GLORIA: Thank you...It's awfully sweet of you to invite me to a soda, Mr. Bumstead.

ALEXANDER: That's all right. I've got lots of money...Oh, you can call me Alexander if you want too.

GLORIA: All right, Alexander.

ALEXANDER: What does your Pop do?

GLORIA: My father?...He's a millionaire. Is your father a millionaire, too?

ALEXANDER: Er -- not exactly.

GLORIA: (DISAPPROVINGLY) Oh...

ALEXANDER: I think he's a jillionaire...maybe even a zillionaire.

GLORIA: Oh, that's nice!...You know, you're the cutest man I've met on the beach.

ALEXANDER: Oh, go on. I'll bet you say that to all the ~~other~~ men whose fathers are jillionaires.

GLORIA: Oh, no indeed. I'm very serious, Alexander.

ALEXANDER: Well, I think you're the cutest burnette I've met on the beach.

GLORIA: Oh...You've met some other girls then.

ALEXANDER: Well, you know -- I get around...But I guess you're the nicest of ^{THEM} all of ~~them~~, Gloria.

GLORIA: Do you really think so?

ALEXANDER: Sure. You're a glamour girl.

GLORIA: (GIGGLES) Oh, I am not!

ALEXANDER: Oh, yes you are.

GLORIA: Well, if you insist...You know, Alexander, I think you're just too wonderful.

(SOUND OF REACHING THE BOTTOM OF THE SODA...
SUCKING THROUGH EMPTY STRAWS...)

ALEXANDER: Okay, Gloria -- have another soda. It's on me.

MUSIC: (TO SOUND OF DANCE MUSIC...JUST ENDING...)

(LIGHT PATTERN OF APPLAUSE...)

BLONDIE: Oh, that was wonderful, Dagwood. You're such a good dancer.

DAGWOOD: Thanks, Blondie. Sometimes I even surprise myself... Well, here's our table.

BLONDIE: (SITTING DOWN) Thank you.

DAGWOOD: I'll be back in a minute. I'm all out of Camels...
(FADING)

BLONDIE: All right, dear.

JEFFRY: Well, good evening, Mrs. Bumstead.

BLONDIE: Oh!...Oh, hello, Mr. Steel. At first I didn't recognize you without that beach ball.

JEFFRY: (SMILES) May I have the next dance?

BLONDIE: Well...

JEFFRY: Thank you...And will you go horseback riding with me tomorrow?

BLONDIE: Oh -- I don't think so.

JEFFRY: You'd love it. Say yes.

BLONDIE: No.

JEFFRY: If you won't, I'll get my guitar and play under your window tonight.

BLONDIE: You'll disturb the baby, Mr. Steel.

JEFFRY: We'll see about that...I'll be back for that dance.

DAGWOOD: ^{So!} Blondie -- was that that guy you met on the beach again?

BLONDIE: Goodness, Dagwood -- you certainly got back fast.

DAGWOOD: I left change from fifty cents on the cigarette counter when I saw him at this table...What did he want?

BLONDIE: ~~What~~, the next dance.

DAGWOOD: I don't like his looks, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Why, Dagwood -- you're getting jealous.

DAGWOOD: No, I'm not!...Wait a minute -- yes, I am! That guy's a menace!

BLONDIE: But Dagwood -- he seems to know everyone here and we do want to meet...PEOPLE

DAGWOOD: He's still a menace!

MUSIC:

(THE BUMSTEADS ARE SNORING SOFTLY...THEN WE HEAR A GUITAR UNDER THE WINDOW, PLAYING SOMETHING APPROPRIATE...)

DAGWOOD: (WAKING UP) Hey -- what's that? Blondie -- are you awake?

BLONDIE: (WAKING UP) What? What, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: Listen -- someone's playing a ukelele under our window.

BLONDIE: That's a guitar.

DAGWOOD: How do you know?

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BLONDIE: (SMILES) Well, that's what ~~Jeffery~~ ^{MIR} Steel said he'd play under my window tonight ~~if I would go horseback riding with him.~~

DAGWOOD: A fine thing! How long is this going to go on?
BLONDIE: UNTIL I GO HORSEBACK RIDING WITH HIM
DAGWOOD: That man's a menace!

BLONDIE: Shhh -- you'll wake the baby.

DAGWOOD: I'll wake the b....

COOKIE: (CRIES)

ALEXANDER: How can a man sleep around here?

DAGWOOD: That did it. That guy woke up our baby. I'LL BREAK HIS
URGLLGLL IN A THOUSAND PIECES

(FOOTSTEPS...WINDOW UP) BLONDIE: PUT DOWN THAT FLOOR LAMP!
I'LL PUT IT DOWN ALL RIGHT!

DAGWOOD: All right, Mrs. Bumstead, will go riding with you in the morning.

(GUITAR STOPS...)

BLONDIE: Why Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: (CALLS DOWN) But I'm going with you!

(WINDOW SLAMS DOWN...)

MUSIC...

(COME UP ON HORSES HOOFS TROTting ALONG...)

BLONDIE: Where does this trail take, us Mr. Steel?

JEFFRY: Just through the woods...Are you enjoying this?

BLONDIE: Oh, I should say I am!...How about you, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: (BUMPILY) Oh, fine -- but every time -- I go down -- the horse comes up!...Ouch!

JEFFRY: Maybe you'd like to turn around and go back?

DAGWOOD: Nothing doing! I'm having a very good time.

JEFFRY: Just as you say, Mr. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: Tooooooooh! I've been sabotaged!

(HORSE WHINNYS...)

DAGWOOD: Yeah, and the same to you, you old goat.

(SOUND OF HORSE KICKING UP A LITTLE...BREAKS THE RHYTHM OF HOOF BEATS...)

BLONDIE: Oh -- goodness -- what's happening!

(HORSE SNORTS...)

DAGWOOD: Hold him still, Blondie!

BLONDIE: I can't! He's trying to run away!

(HORSE STARTS OUT FAST...)

BLONDIE: (YELLS) Help -- he is running away!

JEFFRY: I'll get you, Mrs. Bumstead!

(HORSES HOOFS POUNDING...)

DAGWOOD: Wait a minute, Blondie! I'll rescue you! Git up!

Come on, you old goat -- make tracks!

JEFFRY: (CALLS) I'll get you, Blondie!

DAGWOOD: Never mind! I'll get her, and don't call her Blondie!

BLONDIE: (OFF A BIT) Help! Whoa! Whoa! Help! He won't stop!
Help!

~~DAGWOOD: I'm coming, Blondie...Holy smoke! Ouch! Ouch! Ouch!
Ouch!~~

JEFFRY: Don't worry, Mrs. Bumstead! I'm right behind you!

BLONDIE: (COMING UP) Help! I'm slipping! I can't hold on.

JEFFRY: All right -- I've got you! Put your arms around my neck and hold on! Here you come! Now!...Whoa...Whoa!

BLONDIE: Oh -- I was so frightened ~~for a moment~~!...Where's Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: Blooooondie!

JEFFRY: He just passed by. Look at him go.

DAGWOOD: (OFF) Bloooooondie! I can't stop this horse! (FADING)
Bloooooondie! Oh, Bloooooondie!

MUSIC:

~~DAGWOOD: Well, what happened then, Blondie?~~

~~BLONDIE: Well, dear -- We just sat around and talked. And waited
for you to come back!~~

~~DAGWOOD: I don't like this. I don't like it at all. I'll tear
that man apart.~~

(DOOR OPENS, AND CLOSSES)

ALEXANDER: Hello, everybody.

~~BLONDIE: Well, Alexander, what have you been doing?~~

~~ALEXANDER: I've been out with Gloria. We're practically engaged
to be married -- when I'm twenty-one.~~

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

~~ALEXANDER: I won't be eating with you tonight, Mom. Gloria and I
are dining together.~~

~~DAGWOOD: Dinner at eight, I suppose.~~

~~ALEXANDER: Naturally. Well, I've got to change my clothes.
I've a date with Gloria now, too.~~

(DOOR CLOSSES)

~~DAGWOOD: How do you like that! Well, Blondie, I don't like the
atmosphere around the Hotel Lavish. I'm going to have
a talk with Jeffery Steel right after dinner.~~

MUSIC: (TO DANCE MUSIC...FADES TO DISTANCE)

JEFFRY: All right, Bumstead -- we can talk right here by the swimming pool. There's no one around.

DAGWOOD: Okay...The first thing I want to tell you is to stay away from ~~Blondie~~. MRS BUMSTEAD

JEFFRY: What for? I'm in love with her.

DAGWOOD: Oh, well, I didn't realize that -- Hoy, wait a minute!

JEFFRY: And what's more -- she's in love with me. She told me so this afternoon.

DAGWOOD: I don't believe it! You're crazy! You're all wet!

JEFFRY: ~~I'm not all wet, Bumstead, but you're going to be~~
ALL WET? THAT'S GOOD, BUMSTEAD!

Can you swim?

DAGWOOD: Certainly!

JEFFRY: Okay, then -- swim!

~~DAGWOOD: Hoy! Don't push me! Look out! Help!~~

(SPLASH...)

MUSIC: (DANCE MUSIC WAY IN BACKGROUND AGAIN...)

BLONDIE: What did you want to talk to me about, Mr. Steel?
And where's Dagwood?

JEFFRY: Oh, he won't be around for a while...Ann, I'm in love with you.

BLONDIE: Huh?

JEFFRY: I can't think about anyone else but you -- day and night.

BLONDIE: Who are you talking ~~about?~~ *To?*

JEFFRY: I can't stand to be away from you, Ann.

BLONDIE: What do you mean, Ann?

JEFFRY: (SMILES) Let's be honest about this. You're not Mrs. Dagwood Bumstead -- you're Ann Sutton.

BLONDIE: Ann Sutton? The heiress?

JEFFRY: Yes, of course.

BLONDIE: Oh, stop joking.

JEFFRY: I'm serious *ANN*.

BLONDIE: I don't know what you're talking about, Mr. Steel. I'm Mrs. Dagwood Bumstead. I'm certainly not a sugar heiress.

JEFFRY: Don't tell me I've been wasting my time with you.

BLONDIE: Wasting your time?

JEFFRY: Apparently I have. I've been turning on all my charm for nothing. Goodbye, Mrs. Bumstead. Have a nice vacation.

(HIS FOOTSTEPS WALKING AWAY...)

BLONDIE: Well, thanks, ^{YOU VERY MUCH MR STEEL} ~~you're very~~...what?

MUSIC...

(DOOR OPENS...THEN CLOSES...)

ALEXANDER: (IS SNIFFLING A LITTLE -- HE'S HEARTBROKEN)

BLONDIE: Alexander,...what's the matter?

ALEXANDER: Oh, Mommy!

BLONDIE: What's wrong?

ALEXANDER: Gloria broke our engagement! I've been jilted!

BLONDIE: Oh...that's a shame.

~~ALEXANDER: Gloria found out we were married. She jilted me, she broke
gave me back my ring.~~

~~BLONDIE: I know just what you mean. What ring did she give
you back?~~

~~ALEXANDER: The one I got in a crackpot's possession...I feel terrible.~~

BLONDIE: Never mind. Where's your father?

ALEXANDER: He's mad. He came in all wet, changed his clothes
and went out again.

BLONDIE: Where'd he go?

ALEXANDER: To a place called the Casino.

BLONDIE: Oh, that's a gambling place. I wonder what he

(KNOCK ON DOOR...)

BLONDIE: Come in.

(DOOR OPENS...)

MALCOM: Mrs. Bumstead -- your husband made quite a scene --
quite a disturbance -- he was floundering around
in the pool with his clothes on....He was dripping
wet! Dripping water all over our lobby.

BLONDIE: Oh...dear...

MALCOM: And besides, you aren't Ann Sutton, are you?

BLONDIE: No, I'm not Ann Sutton...

MALCOM: Oh, dear -- how ghastly...in that case I'll have to
ask you to leave. Here's your bill. It's hmmm --
exactly two hundred and fifty-three dollars!

BLONDIE: Two hundred and fifty-three dollars! There must
be some mistake. Why our rooms are only fifty
dollars a week.

MALCOM: Oh, no, Mrs. Bumstead -- they're fifty dollars
a day.

BLONDIE: Doooooooooooooooooh!

MUSIC...

GOODWIN: Oh-oh -- this looks bad for the Bumsteads. Their bill is two hundred and fifty-three dollars, and even with the bonus Mr. Dithers gave them last week, they just haven't got that much money. What's Blondie going to do now? And what's Dagwood gone to the Casino for? Well, we'll find out when we return to the Bumsteads in just a moment...

(COMMERCIAL)

MUSIC...

"BLONDIE" 25-A
8/4/41

GOODWIN: At Wright Field, testing ground for Army planes, two men sit tensely beside a two-way shortwave set...

(AIRPLANE MOTOR BARELY AUDIBLE, F/R AWAY)

VOICE: (FILTER) Fause1 calling...Fause1 calling.

FIRST MAN: Hello, Bob!

VOICE: Altitude twenty thousand feet...all set to come down...

SECOND MAN: He's going to dive!

FIRST MAN: Okay, Bob, let 'er go!

VOICE: Here goes!

(AIRPLANE MOTOR STARTS TO GROW LOUDER)

VOICE: Nineteen thousand...eighteen...

SECOND MAN: Nearly a thousand feet a second!

VOICE: Fifteen thousand...fourteen...hold tight, wings, stick with me!

FIRST MAN: We can see you now, Bob!

VOICE: (STRAINED) Eleven thousand...ten...

(MOTOR IS NOW UP TO A ROAR...SCREAM OF AIR)

FIRST MAN: Pull out, boy, pull out!

VOICE: Levelling off now...(GROAN)

FIRST MAN: Good boy! I'll bet you've got a world's record, Bob!

(PLANE ROARS PAST, FADES OUT QUICKLY)

GOODWIN: A world's record? You bet it was! Test pilot, Bob Fause1, flying a Curtis P-Forty reached a speed of six hundred and sixty-one miles an hour in a vertical power-dive! And like Andy McDonough, the test pilot who hit six hundred and twenty in another Army fighter, Bob Fause1 smokes America's favorite cigarette -- Camel! Bob Fause1 says...

VOICE: (SAME AS ONE ON FILTER...BUT OFF FILTER NOW) Take it from me -- I don't need any test run with a Camel! I've been smokin' Camels for ten years. Why? Because I want flavor in my cigarette, and Camel's full, rich flavor and fragrance hit the spot with me every time!

GOODWIN: Thanks, Bob Fausel...Camel is America's favorite cigarette. In our armed forces -- the best cross-section of active young America -- Camel gets first call! Actual sales records show that with men in the Army, Navy, Coast Guard and Marine Corps, Camel is the favorite. That's right! Cool, flavorful Camels give you extra mildness with less nicotine in the smoke.

FIRST MAN: (ECHO CHAMBER) 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: Get a pack of slow...slow-burning Camels today -- and you'll want to take home a carton tomorrow!

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: It's about a half an hour later. Dagwood, feeling pretty low, has been wandering around the Casino, a gambling club not far from the Hotel Lavish. He's got five dollars worth of chips with him as he walks up to the roulette table...

(MURMUR OF CROWD...)

CROUPIER: Make your bets, please.

DAGWOOD: Pardon me, but how do you throw your money away on this machine?

CROUPIER: Just make a bet on one of the numbers, red or black, even or odd, first, second, or third dozen numbers -- bet anyway you like.

DAGWOOD: I feel terrible -- I'm practically seeing red.

CROUPIER: Why don't you bet on it, sir?

DAGWOOD: Okay, I'll put the whole five dollars on the red.

CROUPIER: Spendthrift!

DAGWOOD: I don't care what happens to me.

(RATTLE OF BALL IN WHEEL...)

BLONDIE: (OFF) Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: Hunh?...Oh -- oh, hello, Blondie.

8/4/41

COME OVER HERE A MINUTE

BLONDIE: Dagwood / I was worried about you.

DAGWOOD: I didn't know you were -- this guy Jeffry Steel...(BLEND)

(CROWD MURMUR FADES AWAY THROUGH THIS)

DO YOU KNOW HE
told me you told him you loved him.

BLONDIE: That's not true! You know I never said anything like that!

DAGWOOD: I told him I didn't believe him.

BLONDIE: Now, Dagwood, what in the world are you doing here?

DAGWOOD: Oh, just trying to get away from it all...Where's Jeffry Steel now?

BLONDIE: I don't know. Do you know, Dagwood, ~~that man was actually trying to make dates with me.~~

DAGWOOD: ~~That's an insult.~~

BLONDIE: He thought I was Ann Sutton, the sugar heiress. When he found out I wasn't -- well, he just walked off.

DAGWOOD: That's ~~another~~ insult!

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- the hotel apparently thought I was Ann Sutton, too. You know that fifty dollar a week suite of ours?

DAGWOOD: Yeah?

BLONDIE: It was fifty dollars a day! We owe the hotel two hundred and fifty-three dollars.

DAGWOOD: Tooooooooooh! Holy smoke, Blondie! We can't pay it! We'll have to wash dishes! Ohhh! Look who's just come in.

BLONDIE: Oh ^{DEAR} / it's Jeffry Steel...Dagwood -- don't do anything rash!

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) We'll see what I'll do...Hey, Steel!

JEFFRY: Well, well, well -- the Bumsteads, bless their simple little hearts.

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- (LAUGHS) Very funny...Er -- could I have a little talk with you out on the terrace?

JEFFRY: Sorry -- I'm busy.

DAGWOOD: It'll only take a moment -- (LAUGHS) Come on, just step right out here on the terrace.

JEFFRY: ALL right, but make it quick.

DAGWOOD: It'll be quick.

BLONDIE: Now, Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: I'll be right back, Blondie.

JEFFRY: Well, what do you want?

DAGWOOD: Tell me, Steel, do you bruise easily?

JEFFRY: No, I don't think so.

DAGWOOD: That's good...Try this uppercut on for size.

(SOUND OF SOCK OF FIST...BODY FALLS...)

BLONDIE: Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: It's all right, Blondie. I'll just close the door and leave him out there, flat on his face in the moonlight.

(FRENCH WINDOW CLOSES...)

BLONDIE: Good for you, dear. He had it coming to him.

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- and he got it.

BLONDIE: Now, Dagwood. How are we going to pay our hotel bill, remember?

DAGWOOD: I guess we'll spend the rest of our vacation working ourselves out of hock. Toooooh! I just put five dollars on the roulette table. I'd better get it before it's too late. *WILL NEED IT*

BLONDIE: Well, come on!

(COME UP ON MURMUR OF CROWD...)

DAGWOOD: Er -- uh -- pardon me, but I think I'll take my money. You see, what happened was that --

CROUPIER: Congratulations, sir.

DAGWOOD: Oh, thank you very much. He had it coming to him, and so I -- hey, what's all this money?

CROUPIER: Well, you left five dollars on the red and it came up six times in a row. Each time, your money doubled.

BLONDIE: How much is there? *THERE?*

CROUPIER: Three hundred and twenty dollars.

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- we're saved! Oh, thanks, mister -- thanks a lot for this. We really appreciate it.

DAGWOOD: Three hundred and twenty dollars! *OH BOY!* How long has this been going on? *LETS PUT A LITTLE BACK*

BLONDIE: Dagwood! *ON THE BLACK*

DAGWOOD: Huh? Oh...yes, Blondie.

MUSIC...

GOODWIN: Well, folks, the Bumsteads vacation has really started off with quite a bang. And they still have the bonus money from Mr. Dithers plus the sixty-seven dollars left from their winnings. So be sure to be listening next week at this same time as the Bumsteads continue their vacation and Dagwood and Alexander help out as "Blondie Captures a Ghost."

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC UP BRIEFLY)

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

Our "Blondie" orchestra is directed by Billy Artzt who also creates the special musical effects.

This is Bill Goodwin speaking for the makers of Camel Cigarettes.

"BLONDIE"
8/4/41

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GOODWIN: What do you pay for your tobacco, pipe smokers? More than a dime? And how many ounces do you get? Two or less? For just one dime you get a big blue two-and-a-quarter ounce package of George Washington Smoking Tobacco. You'll like it, too -- George Washington gives you a mild, mellow, tasty smoke, right down to the bottom of the bowl. Plunk down your dime tonight -- and load up with George Washington Smoking Tobacco! This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.