

"BLONDIE"

Qo Broadcast

MONDAY, AUGUST 25, 1941

#113

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

*9/3/41
P.W.*

SCENES:

1. BESIDE A RIVER
2. DREAM COMMERCIAL
3. BESIDE THEIR CAR
4. IN CAR IN SMALL TOWN
5. BUMSTEAD HOME
6. BUMSTEAD HOME
7. FORT BANNING, GEORGIA COMMERCIAL
8. BUMSTEAD HOME
9. THE SAME
10. THE SAME

THE CAST:

BLONDIE...PENNY SINGLETON
 DAGWOOD...ARTHUR LAKE
 ALEXANDER...LEONE LE DOUX
 COP.....HORACE MURPHY
 PETE.....ELLIOT LEWIS
 VIOLA.....MARY JANE CROFT
 GEORGE....FRANK PARKER

COMMERCIAL CAST:

ANNOUNCER..BILL GOODWIN
 FLANAGAN...BOB MOON
 MERMAID....MARY VIRGINIA PALMER
 DEEP BASS & ECHO VOICE....
 FRED SHIELDS
 HITCH HIKER ANN.....
 BOB GARRED

SOUND EFFECTS:

UNDERBRUSH...SPLASH...WHIZZ...BLOWING OF WATER...OCEAN...SNAP OF
 GRIP LOCK...TRAFFIC...CAR...CAR DOOR...TIRE BLOW OUT...GRAVEL
 FOOTSTEPS...RATTLE OF KEYS...KEY IN LOCK...CLICK OF LIGHT SWITCH...
 GOING UP STEPS...WINDOW GOES UP...GOING DOWN STEPS...RUNNING
 UPSTAIRS...KNOCKING ON DOOR...CRASH OF VASE...DOOR SLAM...POUNDING
 ON DOOR...RUMBLE OF TANKS...ROAR OF SCOUT CARS...DOOR BELL RINGING

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, AUGUST 25, 1941

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

GOODWIN: And now for our weekly visit with the Bumsteads. All in all, their vacation has been a pretty exciting one, but at last they're on their way back home, to the little white house with the green shutters on Shady Lane Avenue. It's early afternoon, and they've driven off the road to stop by the bank of a little river. It's been hot and dusty driving, and they're going to take a little dip...Well, here's Dagwood and Alexander, just slipping into their bathing suits behind some bushes...

ALEXANDER: Just hang our clothes on the ^{BRANCHES!} bushes, huh, Pop?

DAGWOOD: That's right, Alexander. Hang your clothes on a hickory limb but don't go near the water.

ALEXANDER: You mean I can't go in swimming?

DAGWOOD: Oh, sure -- that's just an expression, ^{BUT} Don't hang our clothes on poison ivy, though.

ALEXANDER: I won't Pop...Well, I'm all ready.

DAGWOOD: So am I...Gee, I must've lost some weight. My bathing trunks are getting a little loose.

ALEXANDER: They sure are.

DAGWOOD: Yep...(CALLS) Oh, Blooooooondie! ~~Blooooooondie!~~

BLONDIE: (OFF A BIT) What is it, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: All ready?

BLONDIE: Yes -- I've been waiting for you and Alexander.

DAGWOOD: Okay...Come on, Alexander -- Let's go.

(RUSTLE OF UNDERBRUSH...)

ALEXANDER: Gosh, it sure is hot. A little swim is just what I need.

BLONDIE: (COMING UP) My, you certainly have a lovely tan, Dagwood.
I've never seen you look so healthy. ^{YOU DONT LOOK}
~~We've had a grand~~
~~vacation, haven't we?~~ LIKE THE SAME MAN

DAGWOOD: ~~You said it. But it didn't look much like it for a while~~
~~there -- WITH ALL THAT TROUBLE WE HAD --~~

BLONDIE: ~~Well, that's all over now.~~

DAGWOOD: ~~Yeah -- no more trouble.~~

ALEXANDER: Well, I'm going to dive in. Here I go! Right off the
bank.

(SPLASH...)

BLONDIE: Goodness -- Alexander's getting to be a regular fish.

ALEXANDER: (OFF) Come on in -- the water's swell. So deep!

BLONDIE: That looks deep enough to dive into. Here I go, Dagwood!

(ANOTHER SPLASH...)

ALEXANDER: Gee, Pop -- it's nice and cool! It feels wonderful.

BLONDIE: (OFF) Come on in, Dagwood. It's wonderful.

DAGWOOD: Okay, Blondie, but I'm going to show you something terrific ~~NOW~~.
It's going to be a new dive.

ALEXANDER: What's it called, Pop?

DAGWOOD: ^{ITS CALLED} The hop-skip-and-a-jump, double leaping, flying swan dive.

~~NOW~~ Give me plenty of room...

BLONDIE: Be careful now, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: (GOING BACK) I've got to back up and get a good start for
this one...All ready?

ALEXANDER: Let her go, Pop!

DAGWOOD: Okay!...One side! Here comes the Clipper!

(WHIZZZZZ!!!!!!)

DAGWOOD: (YELLS IN MID-AIR) Ya-hoooooo!

(SPLASH!....)

BLONDIE: My goodness -- I'm surprised he ~~landed~~ landed head first!

ALEXANDER: Wow! What a dive!

(DAGWOOD BLOWING WATER AS HE COMES UP....)

DAGWOOD: How did you like that? ONE?

ALEXANDER: That was the funniest dive I've ever seen.

DAGWOOD: It was pretty graceful, too, wasn't it?

ALEXANDER: It certainly was funny.

DAGWOOD: Hmmm...Gee, ^{BOY} this water is wonderful.

BLONDIE: It's just right -- nice and cool and refreshing.

DAGWOOD: Yeah...Gosh, I feel just like I'm swimming in my birthday suit.

ALEXANDER: Do you, Pop?

DAGWOOD: Yeah...Holy smoke!

BLONDIE: What's the matter, dear?

DAGWOOD: ~~My gosh~~, I am swimming in my birthday suit.

BLONDIE: Dagwood!!

DAGWOOD: I haven't got my trunks on.

BLONDIE: Oh my goodness.

DAGWOOD: I'VE BEEN ROBBED!

ALEXANDER: You had them on when you started that ~~hop skip and a~~
~~jump~~ ~~swim~~ ~~dive~~ swim dive.

DAGWOOD: They must have come off when I hit the water. They were sort of loose...~~where~~, where are they?

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- there they are!

DAGWOOD: Where?

ALEXANDER: I see them ~~too~~...Floating way over there where the current's fast.

BLONDIE: Oh -- oh -- there they go! They're caught in the current --
you'll never get them now!

DAGWOOD: Everything happens to me! This is very embarrassing.

ALEXANDER: Hey, Pop -- did you put your clothes on ~~that~~^{the} little bush
beside the big poplar tree?

DAGWOOD: Huh?

ALEXANDER: They're not there now.

DAGWOOD: My clothes are gone!

BLONDIE: Oh, for heaven's sake -- there's a man running away into
the woods! Over there, Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: (YELLS) Hey! Come back here! Bring my clothes back!
Hey! Stop thief! Bring my clothes back!

ALEXANDER: There he goes...Oh, well -- he didn't take mine.

BLONDIE: And he didn't take mine, either.

DAGWOOD: Blooooooondie -- what am I going to do? What am I going to
wear?

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: Yes, everything seems to happen to the Bumsteads, There's
Dagwood, treading water in the middle of the river, with no
bathing suit and no clothes. Will he get out? Will he be
saved? Well, if you'll just close your eyes, spin around
twice on your heel and count to ten -- and look again --
you'll see Dagwood high and dry on the sandy river bank
wrapped warmly in a blanket, and covered over with a layer
of sand -- all but his nose. Hear the roaring waters of
the river?

(SNORE)

ALEXANDER: That isn't the roar of the river. That's Daddy snoring.

GOODWIN: (FADING) Oh, sorry!

BLONDIE: Alexander! Don't cover Daddy's nose with sand!

ALEXANDER: Why is he squirming like a fish?

BLONDIE: Well, he's probably dreaming.

SOUND: (SNORE UP FULL, BLEND INTO ROARING MUSIC, AND OUT
INTO SOUND OF THE SEA)

DAGWOOD: Pardon me, Miss, but have you seen Blondie?

MERMAID: That's silly! What would she be doing out in the middle
of the ocean?

DAGWOOD: Well, what are you doing here?

MERMAID: That's different..I'm a mermaid.

DAGWOOD: Oh, of course. Well, if you see Blondie, will you --
(TAKE) A mermaid?

MERMAID: Yes, I've been trying to catch up with you for the last
sixty miles. You'll have to swim faster!

DAGWOOD: Faster? I was doing forty miles an hour!

MERMAID: That's about thirty-six knots. You'll have to step it
up. There's a whale on your trail!

VOICE: (DEEP BASS) Yeah, don't look now!

MERMAID: Look out! He's going to swallow us!

VOICE: (SAME) A guy's gotta eat!

(BIG GULP)

DAGWOOD: (ECHO CHAMBER) Help! Help!

MERMAID: (ECHO CHAMBER) Let us out of here! Let us out!

DAGWOOD: I can't breathe! I can't breathe! Help! Help!

MUSIC: (SWELLS UP BRIEFLY, FRANTICALLY)

DAGWOOD: (NO ECHO) Help, I can't breathe!

BLONDIE: Alexander! I told you not to cover up Daddy's nose with sand!

DAGWOOD: (SPLUTTERING) Let me out, let me out! Oh! Gee whiz, Gosh, Blondie, I just dreamed I was swallowed by a whale.

BLONDIE: (QUIETLY) It's all right now, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: I dreamed I was Ralph Flanagan, the world's champion swimmer.

BLONDIE: Calm down, dear. Here's a Camel. Just duck down behind this blanket and light it up.

GOODWIN: Yes sir, Blondie's got the right idea. Ask Ralph Flanagan, swimmer of the world's fastest mile, about that one! He'll tell you --

FLANAGAN VOICE: Camel is the cigarette that is extra mild -- easy on my throat -- and has a flavor that doesn't wear out its welcome! Set me out on dry land and I'll walk a mile for a Camel any day!

GOODWIN: Thanks, Ralph Flanagan! You're right about Camel's extra mildness and extra flavor...a cooler smoke, too. Camels are the result of a matchless blend of costlier tobaccos. Slower-burning, with extra smoking per cigarette per pack. Yes, and don't forget -- there's less nicotine in the smoke!

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! Try a pack of slower-burning Camel's today -- and you'll want to buy a carton tomorrow.

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: Well, it's about three minutes later. Here's Dagwood, standing by the car with a blanket wrapped around him. He has plenty of clothes in his suitcase, but there seem to be other difficulties...

BLONDIE: Well, Dagwood, we can't get to your suitcase.

DAGWOOD: When that tramp took my pants, he got my keys, too.

BLONDIE: I've got an extra key to the car, but I haven't got one to the baggage compartment.

DAGWOOD: My gosh, what am I going to wear?

BLONDIE: Well, I don't know. That blanket won't be very satisfactory.

DAGWOOD: I don't suppose I could put a feather in my hair and pass myself off as an Indian.

BLONDIE: I don't suppose so.

DAGWOOD: I didn't really think so.

ALEXANDER: You've got a lot of clothes in your bag on the front seat, Mom -- maybe Pop could wear something of yours.

DAGWOOD: Now wait a minute.

BLONDIE: Well, we're not exactly the same size.

DAGWOOD: No, not exactly.

BLONDIE: Let me look in my bag. *NOW LET ME SEE*
(SNAP OF LOCKS ON B/G...)

DAGWOOD: Now, Blondie, I absolutely refuse to wear some of those things.

ALEXANDER: (LAUGHS) How about this for Pop?

DAGWOOD: I won't wear anything with lace on it.

BLONDIE: Now, Dagwood, stop being unreasonable...Here's a little wrap-around dress you might get into.

DAGWOOD: But, Blondie, it's red.

BLONDIE: Well, I don't know what else you can wear, unless you want to try getting into some of the baby's three cornered pants.

DAGWOOD: No, I don't think so.

BLONDIE: All right, then, dear -- take this wrap-around dress, go ^{OVER THERE} into the bushes and slip it on.

ALEXANDER: Hey Pop -- do you want some earrings to go with it?
BLONDIE: KEEP QUIET ALEXANDER -

DAGWOOD: No! And stop making fun of me! The first town we get to I'm going to buy some overalls or something! Dagwood Bumstead in a red wrap-around dress! This is terrible.)

MUSIC:

(COME UP ON CAR SLOWING DOWN)

(TRAFFIC SOUNDS LIGHTLY)

BLONDIE: There's a clothing store, Dagwood. / *DAGWOOD: HERE?* Alexander and I'll run in and get some overalls.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, I wish you would... ~~Do you suppose it's all right to double park?~~

~~BLONDIE: Just for a moment, Dagwood, dear.~~

(CAR DOOR OPENS)

ALEXANDER: What kind shall we get, Pop?

DAGWOOD: Any color but red.

BLONDIE: We'll be right back... (FADING)

DAGWOOD: Well, hurry up,...I don't want ~~anybody to make~~ *TO GET ARRESTED FOR DOUBLE PARKING*
~~any cracks about me wearing this dress.~~

COP: Double parking, eh?

DAGWOOD: Hunh?...Oh, hello, officer.

COP: Look, lady, it's against the law to double park here.

DAGWOOD: We'll only be here for a moment, and -- er -- I'm not a lady.

COP: Your personal life is no concern of mine, madam.

DAGWOOD: Don't call me madam, either. I'm a man.

COP: Well, well, well, well! I thought you seemed a little muscular. What's the big idea?

DAGWOOD: I can explain it, officer.

COP: Okay, but don't tell me that you were in swimming and someone stole your clothes.

DAGWOOD: Oh, no. You see, I was in swimming and -- huh?

COP: You know, red's very becoming on you.

DAGWOOD: Now wait a minute!

COP: (CALLS) Hey, Joe -- get a load of this. A guy wearing the cutest red wrap-around dress I've ever seen.

MAN: (LAUGHS)

COP: Isn't he a riot?

DAGWOOD: Hey, cut it out. It isn't my fault! I can't help it!

COP: (LAUGHS) He's a panic in that outfit.

MAN: (LAUGHS TOO)

~~DAGWOOD: (SPEAKS) And here comes that... again.~~

WOMAN: (STARTS LAUGHING) LOOK AT HIM --

DAGWOOD: Now look officer. I can explain the whole thing. Someone stole my ~~clothes~~. Stop laughing ~~at me~~. Cut it out!

COP: (SUDDENLY TOUGH) Who're you talking to like that?

DAGWOOD: Tooooooh -- but officer.

COP: That's a fine way for a lady to talk!

MAN AND WOMAN: (LAUGH)

COP: You ought to be ashamed of yourself, madam. And besides, you are still double-parking.

DAGWOOD: Bloooooooooooooooooondie! Oh, Bloooooooooooooooooondie!!!

(THEY ALL LAUGH)

COP: It won't do any good to call your husband.

DAGWOOD: My husband? I'm my husband!

COP: (LAUGHS)

DAGWOOD: I mean, my husband isn't my wife -- or -- my wife's my husband -- no, I mean, my wife's husband isn't me -- I mean ~~it's me~~ I mean --oh, Bloooooooooondie! Bloooooooooondie!

MUSIC:

(COME UP ON CAR)

DAGWOOD: I can't help it, Blondie -- I lose all my self-respect when I'm wearing this ridiculous dress.

BLONDIE: That's not a ridiculous dress. It's very sweet.

DAGWOOD: Okay, but I'm not the type for it.

ALEXANDER: Gee, Pop, you certainly drew a crowd at that last town.

DAGWOOD: I don't see why you didn't buy some overalls.

BLONDIE: Well, if you had been inside and heard me screaming at the top of my lungs, what would you have done?

DAGWOOD: I would have come running out and rescued you...Oh, ~~I~~ -- that's what you did, didn't you?

BLONDIE: Yes -- after all, dear -- we did have quite a time getting you away from that policeman.

DAGWOOD: Don't mention that policeman to me. A fine public servant. We pay taxes to support guys like him. *EVERY DAY I TAKE IT EASY GOT TO GO-*

ALEXANDER: ~~That's~~, Pop, I guess he just thought you were a screwball.

~~DAGWOOD: That must have been it, wasn't it?~~

BLONDIE: SUCH TALK ALEXANDER

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BLONDIE: Well, now let's forget all about that. Here's Shady Lane Avenue and ^{SOON} we'll be in our own little home ~~in~~ **AGAIN**
~~Just moments.~~

DAGWOOD: Home will certainly look good to me. I'll be glad to get into a pair of pants -- ~~pants with a belt on them.~~

ALEXANDER: Gosh, I can hardly wait to tell Alvin Fuddle how I caught a ghost at Mrs. Pennypacker's.

BLONDIE: Home again...

DAGWOOD: I wonder how Mr. Dithers got along without me. I'll have to ask him... On second thought, maybe he got along fine and I'd better not ask him.

BLONDIE: Well-- here we are.

~~DAGWOOD: Yeh -- right up the drive way and home again.~~

~~BLONDIE: Yeh, it's good to see our little home.~~

~~ALEXANDER: I'll say it is.~~

DAGWOOD: We made it!

(TIRE BLOWS OUT)

BLONDIE: Oh -- oh -- there goes a tire!

(CAR COMES TO A STOP)

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) This is practically the first time we ever fooled this car. The tire blew out at home instead of on the road. That's a good one on the car. I think it's losing it's grip.

ALEXANDER: Well, shall we get the bags out, or ^{JUST} go right in?

BLONDIE: Let's go right in.

DAGWOOD: I'm for that.

(CAR DOORS OPEN)

(FOOTSTEPS ON GRAVEL)

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) I just happened to think, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: What is that, honey?

BLONDIE: This is the first vacation we ^{HAVE TAKEN} ever ~~took~~ when we didn't forget to stop the milk or the paper.

DAGWOOD: Yeah...And we didn't leave anything cooking on the stove or forget an electric ironer or anything.

(GOING UP THE STEPS)

ALEXANDER: Yep. There's nothing here but a lot of handbills.

BLONDIE: Let's see...^{ALEXANDER} A big sale at Ormandy's, ^{DAGWOOD!} dollar day at ^{MY DRESS -} Andersons, ^{DAGWOOD! WAIT A MINUTE} and a one cent sale at Swabber's drug store.
I guess we haven't missed too much.

DAGWOOD: You've got the key to the door, Blondie, ~~and the key~~
~~right now~~ I wouldn't want anyone to see me standing at the door in this red dress of yours.

BLONDIE: All right. ^{HONEY WE'LL GO IN.}

(RATTLE OF KEYS...KEY IN LOCK)

BLONDIE: Well, what do you know about that. The door's open.

(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: I guess Fuddle must have been over here. Remember -- we gave him an extra key just in case there was a fire so the firemen wouldn't break all the windows getting in.

BLONDIE: Oh, ^{WHY DID WE DO THAT} ~~well~~...I'll turn on the light. It's getting a little dark.

(CLICK OF LIGHT SWITCH)

DAGWOOD: Well, ~~well~~ -- home again...Gee, look, Blondie! The place is a wreck.

BLONDIE: For heaven's sake! It looks as though a cyclone had hit it.

ALEXANDER: Gosh, something's been going on around here.

BLONDIE: ^{LOOK DAGWOOD} Newspapers all over the floor... ^{LOOK AT THE FURNITURE} ~~Cigarettes on the ash trays.~~

DAGWOOD: Hey, Blondie -- look! Someone smashed that vase Aunt Millie sent us. What a break for us!

BLONDIE: ~~Dagwood, do you really think...~~ ^{DONT TALK LIKE THAT ABOUT AUNT MILLIE}

~~DAGWOOD: Yeah, I think I would like to see...~~

~~ALEXANDER: Let's look in the kitchen.~~

(ANOTHER DOOR OPENS)

~~ALEXANDER: Yep, someone's been cooking onions. There are still some left in the frying pan.~~

~~DAGWOOD: Never mind, I'm not hungry.~~

BLONDIE: Someone's certainly been living in our house while we've been away...Let's look upstairs.

(GOING UP THE STAIRS)

DAGWOOD: A fine thing! Who do you suppose has been in here?

BLONDIE: I haven't any idea.

ALEXANDER: Gosh, I might have known something would happen as soon as we got home. It never fails.

(DOOR OPENS...)

BLONDIE: Goodness! Somebody's been sleeping in my bed!

DAGWOOD: Hey! Someone's been sleeping in my bed, too!

(ANOTHER DOOR OPENS...)

ALEXANDER: Oh, Pop...

DAGWOOD: Yeah...

ALEXANDER: Someone's sleeping in my bed right now. ~~Look.~~

GEORGE: (SNORES)

DAGWOOD: ~~WILL ATTEND TO THAT-~~
Hey -- it's a man. (CALLS) Hey -- what's the big idea?

GEORGE: (WAKES UP) Um-kaff -- what's that? Turn out that light! Can't a person have a little privacy around here?

BLONDIE: What are you doing here?

GEORGE: ~~The question is,~~ what are you doing here? Now turn out that light and close the door! I'll have you arrested for something or other if you don't. *GO AWAY.*

DAGWOOD: I'll have you know we live here! *GO AWAY*

GEORGE: So do I.

DAGWOOD: Maybe you do but ^hwhat's no reason why -- what's that?
BLONDIE!
~~ALEXANDER:~~ Get out of ^{THAT} bed.

GEORGE: I paid for this room, but I didn't think it would be shown to other guests after I took it...Now you two women get out of here. Get out!!!

(DOOR SLAMS...)

GOODNESS

BLONDIE: ~~See~~, Dagwood -- he was going to throw that alarm clock at us!

DAGWOOD: The idea -- two women -- oh, I've still got the dress on.

GEORGE: (INSIDE) I'm going to complain about this in the morning!

BLONDIE: Well, I'm sure this is our house...

DAGWOOD: I'm beginning to wonder... Well, I'm going into our bedroom and get out of this dress. ^{AS SOON AS I CAN} I'll be right back. Then we'll settle a few things around here.

~~BLONDIE: All right, Dagwood. Alexander and I will take the baby in her room and put her to bed. She's waking up a little now -- aren't you, Cookie?~~

~~COOKIE: (INDICATES SHE'S AWAKE)~~

~~BLONDIE: Yes, dear, you're going right to your little beddy and get some sleep. You've been a very good girl today.~~

~~COOKIE: (APPRECIATES THIS COMPLIMENT)~~

~~BLONDIE: That's right, Cookie.~~

ALEXANDER: Gosh, where am I going to sleep tonight, Mom? How are we going to get that man out of my bedroom?

BLONDIE: I DON'T KNOW

BLONDIE: We'll get him out, and what's more -- we'll find out what he's doing in there, too.

(DOOR OPENS...)

(CLICK OF LIGHT SWITCH...)

~~BLONDIE: Well, at least no one's sleeping in Cookie's bed.~~

~~That's some consolation.~~

~~ALEXANDER: I'll open the window.~~

BLONDIE: ~~Thank you, Alexander. There you are, dear. Right~~
~~by the way, I'll be home again.~~

~~COOKIE: (COMING UP)~~

DAGWOOD: (OFF) Blondie -- have I got a pair of green-striped pants?

BLONDIE: (CALLS BACK) No, dear, you haven't.

DAGWOOD: (OFF) I have now. They were hanging up in my closet along with a very loud sport jacket.

BLONDIE: Oh, heavens.

~~DAGWOOD: (OFF) This sport jacket is the only one I've ever seen with ten-inch red and green plaid.~~

~~(WINDOW GOES UP)~~

~~BLONDIE: Thank you, Alexander. That's better. All right, Cookie -- you go to sleep now.~~

~~COOKIE: (GOING DOWN)~~

DAGWOOD: (COMING UP) ~~Okay, now let's find out~~ what's what around here.

ALEXANDER: ~~Yeah~~, Pop -- make that man get out of my bed.

~~BLONDIE: (OFF) Goodnight, Alexander. Goodnight, Cookie.~~

~~DAGWOOD: Goodnight, Cookie.~~

~~(DOOR CLOSSES...)~~

BLONDIE: Now, let's make that man explain to us.

DAGWOOD: Okay, Blondie -- and I'm going to be firm about this. Why, I --

~~(DOOR SLAMS OFF...)~~

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- someone just came in our front door. I heard it slam.

DAGWOOD: So did I. Come on. *DOWN STAIRS*

~~(GOING DOWN STAIRS...)~~

ALEXANDER: Gosh, this is an outrage! Coming home from vacation and finding someone sleeping in ~~your~~^{MY} bed.

BLONDIE: Yes, and that man isn't Goldilocks, either.

~~DAGWOOD:~~ *I DIDN'T CATCH THE NAME*
ALEXANDER: Look, there's a man and a woman in our living room.

DAGWOOD: Hey!

PETE: Hey, yourself... *WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?*
~~What are you doing here?~~

~~DAGWOOD:~~ *RIGHT UP STAIRS*
BLONDIE: We live here!

PETE: So what? So do we.

VIOLA: Apparently we have other guests, Pete.

PETE: Yeah -- it kind of looks that way, but I'm afraid there won't be room for you people.

BLONDIE: There won't be room for us?! *PETE: YOU HEARD ME, SISTER*
~~DAGWOOD:~~ *THIS IS OUR HOUSE.*

VIOLA: Personally I think they're wacky, Pete.

PETE: *VIOLA!* I thought I told you not to say wacky. I don't like that word, ~~wacky~~, and I forbid you to use it.

VIOLA: I'll use it if I want to!

PETE: You do and I'll -- I'll --

VIOLA: Wacky, wacky, wacky! Now what're you going to do ~~ABOUT IT?~~

PETE: I'm going to crown you with this vase, darling!

VIOLA: Don't you hit me or I'll call the cops! Remember:
~~now!~~ I'll call the cops!

DAGWOOD: Hey -- wait a minute! Wait a minute!

VIOLA: Pete, I think he wants to say something to us.

PETE: Yeah -- what is it?

DAGWOOD: This is our house -- we own it -- we live here! And I demand to know what you're doing ~~here~~ in our house!

~~ALEXANDER: This is our house!~~

PETE: *LOOK CHUM -*
We paid for that room upstairs. We paid a dollar and a quarter for it.

VIOLA: A dollar and a half.

PETE: You're crazy! A dollar and a quarter! What do you know about it? Why don't you ~~keep~~ quiet and let me talk to these people.

VIOLA: I'll talk all I want to!

PETE: You really want me to get tough with you, don't you?

VIOLA: I'd like to see you try it, you big ape!

PETE: Who're you calling a big ape?

VIOLA: You, you big ape!

BLONDIE: Now just a minute -- !

PETE: Yeah -- what is it?

BLONDIE: I ^{JUST} want to know just what you're doing here -- and don't get into another fight until you've explained.

PETE: We're staying overnight.

DAGWOOD: What!!!?

PETE: This is Bumstead's Rest, isn't it?

BLONDIE: ~~It certainly isn't -- but we've returned.~~ What do you mean, Bunsteads' Rest?

VIOLA: Bumsteads' Rest -- Tourists Accommodated. That's what the sign said down the road.

BLONDIE: Oh, ^{my} goodness... Well, we certainly haven't turned our house into a hotel for transients. You'll just have to leave, that's all there is to it.

PETE: Oh, is that so?

BLONDIE: Yes, that's so!

DAGWOOD: Yeah, you'll have to leave ~~HERE~~.

BLONDIE: Who told you you could stay here? Who did you pay that dollar and a half to?

PETE: A dollar and a quarter.

VIOLA: A dollar and a half.

BLONDIE: . Never mind, please! Who did you pay that money to?

PETE: ^{FAT} A man by the name of Fuddle.

BLONDIE: Oh, I see!

DAGWOOD: I should have guessed that Fuddle had something to do with this. I should have known. *EVERY TIME* —

BLONDIE: Well, that's all beside the point. Now you'll just have to get out of here, or I'll call the police.

PETE: Now just a second -- we paid for a room for tonight, and we're going to stay here.

BLONDIE: Don't you try to threaten me. You just -- er -- just pack your things and go now! Go on!

PETE: We've been robbed!

VIOLA: A dollar and a half.

~~DAGWOOD:~~ *A DOLLAR AND A QUARTER* VIOLA: YOU STAY

PETE: ~~A dollar and a quarter!~~ *AS A MATTER OF FACT* ~~and~~ it's your fault we came *OUT OF THIS* here, ~~too~~. You're the one that saw that sign saying, "Bumsteads' Rest".

VIOLA: That's the last straw!

PETE: Hey, Viola -- put down that vase!

VIOLA: I'll show you!

(CRASH OF VASE...)

BLONDIE: Oh! You ~~pick~~^{PICK} up your bags and get right out of here!
I'll give you ~~five~~^{five} minutes and that's all. After that
I'll call the police! *GET OUT*

MUSIC: (QUICK BRIDGE)

(DOOR OPENS...)

BLONDIE: All right, now -- goodbye.

PETE: We're not going until we get the money we paid for a room here.

BLONDIE: We thought about that, too. Here's the dollar and a quarter.

VIOLA: A dollar and a half.

BLONDIE: I'm sorry, but your husband has been insisting on a dollar and a quarter. Here it is.

VIOLA: You see, Pete -- you cost us an extra quarter!

PETE: Quiet!...I've changed my mind. Maybe it was a dollar and a half at that.

VIOLA: Now that I think of it, it was a dollar and a quarter.

BLONDIE: ~~You can argue that out later.~~ *LOOK DAWOOD THEY'VE CHANGED SIDES. QUIET!* Goodbye.

~~DAGWOOD: Yeah, goodbye!~~

(DOOR SLAMS...)

BLONDIE: Now we've got to get that man out of Alexander's room. *COME ON*

ALEXANDER! *YOU SAID IT MOM*
(RUNNING UPSTAIRS) (RATTLE KNOB)

(KNOCKING ON DOOR...)

BLONDIE: Open this door, please!

DAGWOOD: Come on, open up!

ALEXANDER: Get out of my room!

DAGWOOD: ~~GET OUT OF MY ROOM~~
GET OUT OF THERE
(THEY'RE ALL POUNDING BY NOW...DOOR OPENS SUDDENLY)

GEORGE: So this is Bumsteads' Rest, eh? Stop that hammering on my door or there's going to be trouble! Understand!?

DAGWOOD: Yes, sir...I mean, you've got to get out of here.

BLONDIE: ~~AND QUICK - TOO~~

GEORGE: I'm staying here -- right where I am. I paid for this room.

BLONDIE: Well, I'm very sorry, but the man who rented this room to you had no business doing it. We'll give you your money back, but you'll have to leave.

GEORGE: I paid for this room and I'm going to sleep here.

BLONDIE: Well, you're certainly not going to sleep here. We'll pound on this door all night.

DAGWOOD: That's exactly what we'll do!

GEORGE: Who says so?

DAGWOOD: Er -- my wife says so.

BLONDIE: ~~YES I DID~~

GEORGE: Well, I don't care -- I'm staying here. You can do whatever you like, but I won't move! Goodnight!

(DOOR SLAMS...)

DAGWOOD: Toooooooooh!

ALEXANDER: I won't let him get away with it. I'm going to start ~~THE~~ ^{THE} pounding on ~~the~~ door. ~~HOW~~ ^{HOW}

(KNOCKING...)

BLONDIE: Let's keep right on knocking, Dagwood. ~~We will need some sleep tonight, and~~ unless we get this man to leave, we'll never get any. SLEEP TONIGHT

(POUNDING UP)

MUSIC:

"BLONDIE"
8/25/41

..22-

GOODWIN: Well, that's the way life is in the Bumstead family -- there's always something unexpected turning up. I wonder if they'll get rid of their last unwelcome visitor? We'll see what happens in a moment. But right now -- listen!

(COMMERCIAL)

SOUND: (FADE IN RUMBLE OF TANKS...HOLD UNDER)

GOODWIN: Hear that! Rumbling, snarling, scrambling over rough ground come the tanks -- three hundred and fifty of them, bristling with machine guns and cannons...

SOUND: (TANKS FADE OUT)

GOODWIN: Listen!

SOUND: (START TO FADE IN RAPIDLY...THE ROAR OF SCOUT CARS TRAVELLING AT HIGH SPEED)

GOODWIN: It's the scout cars, armored with bullet-proof tires and four-wheel drive, mounting a battery of machine guns --

SOUND: (CARS FADE OUT)

GOODWIN: What's all this, a battleground in Europe? Well, wait till the tanks pull in to camp. Watch the men scramble out through the open turrets. Then listen to 'em say:

VOICE: Whew! Now for a Camel!

GOODWIN: Sound familiar? Yes, the scene is the U.S.A. -- Fort Benning, Georgia, to be exact. Oh, almost forgot. You asked for something, son, you with the crash helmet.

VOICE: Sure did...got a Camel?

GOODWIN: Here you are. I knew you'd ask for a Camel -- because it's the favorite with young America on the march. We really wanted to find out what cigarette our young men in uniform prefer -- because they represent a true cross-section of America. We looked up actual sales records in the post exchanges and canteens where the men buy their cigarettes. Actual sales records show that with men in the Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard Camel is the favorite. Why's that?

VOICE ONE:

Well, I go for that extra mildness and ^{EXTRA} flavor,
myself.

VOICE TWO:

I like Camel's slower-burning. Gives me extra
smoking per cigarette per pack. And cooler smoking,
too!

VOICE ONE:

Less nicotine in the smoke. Don't forget that!

GOODWIN:

Yes -- 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.

Try Camel -- the cigarette of costlier tobaccos.

(And remember -- next week-end's the long one!

Be prepared for Labor Day by ordering ^{ONE OR MORE} ~~an~~ economical
carton of Camel(s!)

GOODWIN: It's just fifteen minutes later. Blondie, Dagwood, and Alexander are still pounding on the door of Alexander's room where the uninvited tourist is trying to sleep...

(STILL POUNDING, BUT GETTING TIRED...)

DAGWOOD: Come on out of there! *WILL YOU PLEASE?*

ALEXANDER: Get out of my room!

BLONDIE: Oh, dear -- why do these things have to happen to us?

(DOOR BANGS OPEN...)

GEORGE: All right, all right -- you win. I'm all packed and ready to leave, but I want my money back.

BLONDIE: Well, you can have it. How much did you pay for the room?

GEORGE: Seventy-five cents.

DAGWOOD: Seventy-five cents?! That room is worth more than that! Why it ought to be worth at least a dollar.

GEORGE: You're right -- I'll take a dollar.

BLONDIE: Now just a minute, Dagwood -- you're on the wrong side.

DAGWOOD: Oh -- sorry.

BLONDIE: Here's seventy-five cents.

GEORGE: All right. Bumsteads' Rest! This place is a madhouse.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, but it'll be quieter after you go. Now get out of here!

GEORGE: Goodbye!

(GOING DOWN STEPS...AFTER A MOMENT, THE DOOR OPENS AND SLAMS OFF...)

DAGWOOD: Well, at last we're going to get a little rest.

(BABY CRIES)

"BLONDIE" 25-A
8/25/41 (REVISED)

BLONDIE:

Oh, ^{my} goodness, there's ~~the baby!~~ ^{COOKIE!}

(DOGS BARK AND WHINE)

DAGWOOD:

Daisy -- take your family out of here.

MUSIC:

(COME UP ON DOOR BELL RINGING INSISTENTLY...)

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- wake up. There's someone at the door.
DAGWOOD: Huh? What's that, Blondie?
BLONDIE: There's someone at the front door. Can't you hear the bell?
DAGWOOD: Holy smoke -- it's after eleven. I wonder who it could be.
BLONDIE: It's probably someone who wants a room here.
DAGWOOD: I don't know where Fuddle put that Bumsteads' Rest -- Tourists Accomodated sign, but it's certainly caused us plenty of trouble...Okay, I'll go downstairs and chase them away. A fine thing!

MUSIC:

(COME UP ON KNOCKING ON DOOR...)

DAGWOOD: Oh, Blondie...Blondie.
BLONDIE: Yes, Dagwood?
DAGWOOD: There's someone knocking at the door!
BLONDIE: Chase them away, dear.
DAGWOOD: It's your turn this time, honoy. *DOH'T YOU REMEMBER YOUR PROMISE?*
BLONDIE: Oh, dear...what time is it?
DAGWOOD: Almost midnight.
BLONDIE: All right, Dagwood -- I'll send them away. It looks as though we're going to be getting up all night. The Bumsteads' Rest! Everyone's getting rest except the Bumsteads! *WHERE DID I PUT MY SLIPPERS?*

MUSIC:

(DOORBELL RINGING OFF...)

BLONDIE: Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: What? Again?

BLONDIE: I'm afraid so, dear, and this time it's your turn.

DAGWOOD: I'm going to holler to them out the window. I'm not going downstairs again. The last time I almost broke my neck walking around in the dark.

(WINDOW GOES UP...)

DAGWOOD: (CALLS) Sorry, we're all filled up. There's no room at the Bumsteads' Rest! ~~There's no room here, either.~~ *TRY AT FAT FUDDLE'S MOTEL NEXT DOOR*

(WINDOW DOWN...)

BLONDIE: Well, I'll have to get up for the next people who come.

DAGWOOD: I'm going to fix it so we won't be bothered.

BLONDIE: Do you think that's possible, dear?

DAGWOOD: Well, I don't know, but I'm going to take that measles quarantine sign that Alexander brought back from Mrs. Pennypackers, and put it up on our front door. ~~That ought to keep them away.~~ *THAT OUGHT TO KEEP THEM AWAY.*

MUSIC:

(~~GOING DOWNSTAIRS...~~)

BLONDIE: Well, Dagwood, I guess that measles sign really worked.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, I kind of thought it would.

BLONDIE: Nobody bothered us after you tacked it up on the door last night. ~~Oh,~~ I slept beautifully.

DAGWOOD: So did I...I guess that's using my head, isn't it?

BLONDIE: Yes, dear -- it was an inspiration...

DAGWOOD: Oh, it was really nothing. Well, all our troubles are over. Oh, look what time it is --

(DOG BARKS)

DAGWOOD: Mr. Dithers'll skin me if I don't get to the office on time. Gee, I'll have to hurry.

BLONDIE: Wait a minute, Dagwood -- before you go, you'd better take the ^{MEASLES} sign down -- we don't need it any more and it might scare the mailman away.

DAGWOOD: (GOING BACK) Okay, Honey. *BUT I HAVE TO HURRY!
I'M LATE*

ALEXANDER: (COMING UP) Mom...

BLONDIE: Hello, Alexander, did you sleep well?

ALEXANDER: Not very. Mom -- I don't feel very good.

BLONDIE: Oh, good heavens, what's the matter?

ALEXANDER: I don't know, but I've got little red spots on my chest.

DAGWOOD: (COMING UP) Here's the sign, Blondie, what'll I do with it?

BLONDIE: I think you'd better go right out and put it up on the door again.

DAGWOOD: I haven't got time, I've got to get to the office.

BLONDIE: You're not going to the office.

DAGWOOD: What's the matter?

BLONDIE: I don't know for sure until the doctor gets here, but I think Alexander really has measles.

DAGWOOD: Toooooooooooooh!

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: Well, folks, vacation is certainly over for the Bumsteads, and at last things are comparatively peaceful in the little house on Shady Lane Avenue. But there's a holiday week-end coming up and Dagwood is planning to take the family on a little outing so be sure to be listening next week at this same time when "Blondie Goes To The Beach".

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC UP BRIEFLY)

GOODWIN: "Blondie" is played by Penny Singleton and Dagwood is Authur Lake.
Our "Blondie" orchestra is directed by Bill Artzt who also creates the special musical effects. This is Bill Goodwin saying goodnight for the makers of Camel Cigarettes.

"BLONDIE" -30-
8/25/41 (REVISED)

ANNOUNCER:

Pipe-smokers -- when you're figuring tobacco costs, count in more than the price of the package -- look and see how many ounces you get! Each big blue package of George Washington Smoking Tobacco contains two and a quarter ounces of mild, mellow, tasty tobacco. The cost? One dime -- ten cents. Beat that for value! Can't beat George Washington for real pleasure, either -- or for mellow smoking right down to the bottom of the bowl. Try George Washington tomorrow!

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