

As Broadcast

"BLONDIE"

Produced by
WILLIAM ESTY AND COMPANY
For Camel Cigarettes
R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Winston Salem, N.C.

"BLONDIE HAS CELEBRITY TROUBLE"

CBS-STUDIO "C"
MONDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1943

Broadcast: 4:30 - 5:00 P.M. PWT
Repeat: 7:30 - 8:00 P.M. PWT

Written by John L. Greene

Directed by: Don Bernard

CAST

BLONDIE.....PENNY SINGLETON

DAGWOOD.....ARTHUR LAKE

GLORIA.....VYOLA VONN
REPORTER.....FRANK NELSON
MAN.....MEL BLANC
WOMAN.....ELVIA ALLMAN
ANNOUNCER.....HARLOW WILCOX
CONDUCTOR.....BILLY ARTZT
YANK....(Salute).....PAT MCGEEHAN
G.W. HITCH HIKE.....FRED SHIELDS

SOUND EFFECTS

STRAW DRAINS SODA GLASS
STORE DOOR
HOUSE DOOR

51454 2200

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1943

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

WILCOX: Ah -- ah -- ah -- Don't touch that dial - listen
to "Blondie"....presented by Camels.....

MUSIC: (BAND SINGS....C-A-M-E-L-S)

WILCOX: Think how much a Camel means to a fellow in a fox-hole
if your dealer ever says, "Sorry, no Camels today!"
Yes, it may happen, even though we've pushed Camel's
production to new peaks -- because Camels are first
with men in all the services, according to actual sales
records -- ~~and~~ the service comes first! If you can't
get Camels today, try to get them tomorrow!
Remember, the Camels you do get will be fresh, cool
smoking and slow burning, because Camels are packed to
go around the world! They'll be matchlessly blended of
costlier tobaccos, too, because Camel's tobacco standard
is the same for soldier, for civilian, anywhere in the
world!

CHORUS: C-A-M-E-L-S!

WILCOX: Camels! They stay fresh because they're packed to go
around the world!

MUSIC: (OPENING CURTAIN...HOLD FOR:)

WIICOX: And now for our weekly visit with our neighbors, the
Bumsteads of Shady Lane Avenue!

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: ("BLONDIE" THEME...FADE UNDER FOR:)

WIICOX: Well, Blondie and Dagwood are over in the neighboring
town of Sheridan City today. Dagwood went there on
business, but finished it up in the morning, so they
decided to take in an early afternoon movie. What
they saw was pretty surprising. The romantic star of
the picture -- a new Hollywood discovery -- is a dead
ringer for Dagwood! They're talking about it over a
couple of chocolate sodas after the show...

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke, Blondie -- I can't get over it!

BLONDIE: (MAD) Neither can I!

DAGWOOD: What's the matter, honey?

BLONDIE: Well, it just made me mad to sit there in the movie
looking at the screen and seeing you make violent
love to that slinky brunette.

DAGWOOD: It didn't make me mad.

BLONDIE: That black satin dress she was wearing looked like it
had been painted on her.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, it certainly fitted. *didn't it?*

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- open your eyes and stop dreaming!

DAGWOOD: Oh, excuse me.

BLONDIE: Are you sure you haven't got a twin brother?

DAGWOOD: If I have, my mother never told me about him.

~~BLONDIE: And there's no one in your family called Steve Carraway.~~

~~DAGWOOD: No, Blondie. If there were, he would have visited us by this time.~~

BLONDIE: I can't understand ^{it} This Steve Carraway looks exactly like you.

DAGWOOD: How did you like him in the picture?

BLONDIE: I thought he was wonderful.

DAGWOOD: Then I hope you'll appreciate me a little more.

BLONDIE: But I thought the actresses were just awful. Particularly that brunette ~~who was looking at you~~ with those you-know-what-kind of eyes. And the way you fell for her.

DAGWOOD: Now Blondie, don't get mad at me. I didn't do anything.

BLONDIE: (ACCUSINGLY) Oh, yes, you did.

DAGWOOD: What did I do?

BLONDIE: (AS THOUGH IT WERE A CRIME) You enjoyed the picture!

DAGWOOD: Oh, boy -- I'll say I did. *I wish it had been me. Yum Yum.*

BLONDIE: ^{oh Dagwood} ~~What if Hollywood had discovered you instead of this Steve Carraway?~~

~~DAGWOOD: Oh, boy -- yum-yum.~~

~~BLONDIE: You'd come home at night and I'd say, "Did you have a hard day at the studio?" and you'd say, "Yes, I spent all day kissing beautiful women." (SNIFFLES A LITTLE)~~

DAGWOOD: Now Blondie! It isn't me, it's someone else. ^{I'm not a movie star} Stop worrying about things I'll never even have a chance to do.

BLONDIE: Oh, I know, but this Steve Carraway looks so much like you that it frightens me.

DAGWOOD: Well, okay! Why don't you just pretend you're the wife of a celebrity, and I'll be the celebrity. Just ^{VERY FOR TUNATE} ~~pretend~~ I'm Steve Carraway and you were ~~lucky~~ ^{VERY FOR TUNATE} to get me.
Ahem!

BLONDIE: Now, Dagwood, don't let your imagination run away with you.

DAGWOOD: Okay, honey. Well, I guess I'm just about through with my soda.

(SOUND OF DRAINING THE BOTTOM OF SODA WITH A STRAW)

BLONDIE: It sounds like it.

REPORTER: (COMING UP...EMBARRASSED) Oh -- uh -- er -- pardon me, but I'm a reporter for The Sheridan City Star, Mr. Carraway.

DAGWOOD: Hahh?

REPORTER: You are Steve Carraway, aren't you?

DAGWOOD: No, I'm Dagwood Bumstead.

REPORTER: (LAUGHS) Gee, you movie people! Always joking.

DAGWOOD: Yeah. (LAUGHS) We're all cards.

BLONDIE: Dagwood...

DAGWOOD: Oh -- uh -- this is my wife.

REPORTER: How do you do, Mrs. Carraway.

BLONDIE: Hahh?...Oh -- uh -- how do you do? But our name really is Bumstead.

~~REPORTER: You can't fool me!~~

BLONDIE: ~~Apparently we are.~~

REPORTER: Oh, I know how you ^{MOVIE PEOPLE} feel. You don't want a lot of ^{FOLKS} people pestering you so instead of using your real name you think up a silly name like Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: Silly name, eh? Just for that I'm going to give you an interview.

REPORTER: Gee, thanks, Mr. Carraway. ~~Your picture's been doing very well in town.~~ The women are ^{SURE} nuts about you.

DAGWOOD: Ahem -- did you hear that, Blondie?

BLONDIE: Yes, I heard it!

REPORTER: ~~The theatre manager tells me that at each performance they've had at least three women conk out...It usually happens during your love scene with Margo Wolf.~~

DAGWOOD: ~~Oh, that. (POLISHING HIS NAILS ON HIS LAPEL) Yes, I enjoyed playing that scene with Miss Wolf. It was nice and comfy.~~

REPORTER: Well ^{SAY TELL ME} -- uh -- how did it feel to kiss Margo Wolf?

DAGWOOD: Like getting a big shot of novacaine. It left me numb... But afterwards -- when I came to -- I noticed that my tie pin had melted.

REPORTER: May I quote you?

DAGWOOD: ~~Go right ahead.~~ ^{YES YOU CAN EVEN SAY I SAID IT -}

REPORTER: Imagine kissing Margo Wolf! Imagine it!

DAGWOOD: That's what I'm doing right now. (PAUSE) Yeow!
Blondie!

BLONDIE: (SWEETLY) Oh, I'm sorry, Steve. My foot must have slipped.

DAGWOOD: One more slip like that and I'll be crippled for life.

REPORTER: Mr. Carraway --

DAGWOOD: Who?... Oh, yes...Yes?

REPORTER: May I ask what you're doing in Sheridan City?

BLONDIE: Yes, you may ask.

REPORTER: What are you doing in Sheridan City, Mr. Carraway?

DAGWOOD: I'm having a soda.

REPORTER: Yes, but are you here on business?

BLONDIE: He's been at an army camp -- keeping up the morale of the WACS.

DAGWOOD: Blondie!..Well, it's been very nice to meet you.

REPORTER: Oh -- uh -- thank you for the interview, Mr. Carraway.

DAGWOOD: Oh, don't be so formal. Just call me Mr. ~~Bumstead~~ ^{STEVE}.

REPORTER: (LAUGHS) Yeah. Well, goodbye.

BLONDIE: Goodbye.

DAGWOOD: Goodbye.

BLONDIE: ~~Well~~ ^{Why}, Dagwood, you seem to enjoy pretending you're Steve Caraway, the new romantic star.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, it's sort of fun to be famous.

BLONDIE: So far ^{it is} ~~it's~~ fun, but if you keep it up, you could get yourself into a lot of complications.

DAGWOOD: ^{You think so} Oh, I could get out of them.

BLONDIE: You could, eh?...We'll see about that.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, we'll see about -- hanh?

BLONDIE: ^{I've got an idea, DAGWOOD} I'm going to help you play the part ^{OF A FAMOUS MOVIE STAR.} of Dagwood...Let's see -- you wanted to look for a suit in Sheridan City today, didn't you?

DAGWOOD: Oh, yeah. Let's go and see if I can find anything you like.

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) Anything you say, Steve.

MUSIC:

MAN: (COMING UP) Ah, good afternoon, may I help you?

DAGWOOD: Yeah.

BLONDIE: Yes. My husband, Steve Carraway, Hollywood's new romantic screen sensation, wants to buy a suit.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, that's right, I -- Blondie!

MAN: Delighted to serve you, Mr. Carraway. Let me introduce myself. My name is Thornton W. Fudge. I'm the owner of this store, president of the Sheridan City Chamber of Commerce, and chairman of the Board of the Sauerkraut Factory.

~~DAGWOOD: I'm surprised you're not the mayor, too.~~

~~MAN: That was last year... Now about that suit, Mr. Carraway.~~

~~BLONDIE: His top price is eleven dollars... with two pair of pants.~~

~~MAN: One pair will have to be knickers.~~

~~DAGWOOD: No sale!~~

~~BLONDIE: Oh, I was just joking, Steve, darling.~~

~~MAN: I wasn't -- here are the knickers... Just slip them on for size.~~

MAN: ^{Now} ABOUT THAT SUIT, MR. CARRAWAY

DAGWOOD: Uh -- no, no, thank you, Mr. Fudge. I'll tell you what I want.

MAN: Your slightest whim is my command.

DAGWOOD: I want --

BLONDIE: He wants a dark single breasted flannel suit with a faint chalk stripe.

DAGWOOD: ^{With two pair of pants!} I want -- ~~yeah, that's right,~~

BLONDIE: Here try this on. Slip into the coat.

DAGWOOD: Okay.

MAN: Ah, how the women will ~~swear~~^{love you} when they see you in that suit. ~~It must be wonderful to walk down the street and have them toppling over right and left.~~

DAGWOOD: (~~ENJOYING THE IDEA~~) Oh, yeah. But you have to be pretty ~~sure-footed to pick your way along over them. They clutter up the sidewalk so.~~

MAN: Oh, how I wish I were young and attractive.

BLONDIE: You know, ^{MR. FUDGE} the women just mob Stephen. He was going to marry several other women before he met me, but none of them could take it. They collapsed before they got to the altar.

DAGWOOD: And you can't marry a girl when she's in a ^{COMMA} ~~coma~~.

BLONDIE: ^{COMA, dear -} (POLISHING HIS NAILS) Can I help it if I'm irresistible?

BLONDIE: ~~Oh -- oh -- oh!~~ *oh, dear -*

MAN: Now how do you like that coat on you? It really fits over those big broad shoulders.

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- it's not bad, Mr. Fudge.

MAN: It looks splendid -- and I don't mean slightly.

(STORE DOOR OPENS OFF)

DAGWOOD: Yeah, but I'm not so sure.

MAN: We'll get an opinion from the man who just came in.....

(CALLS) Would you mind stepping over here a minute, .sir?

WILCOX: (OFF) Why, not at all.

DAGWOOD: Oh-oh -- it's Harlow Wilcox.

BLONDIE: Mr. Wilcox, you remember my husband, Steve Carraway, Hollywood's new romantic star.

B! Thank heavens

WILCOX: Oh., Oh. Are you joking, Mrs. Carraway after all I've done as the president of the Steve Carraway fan club?

DAGWOOD: Huh? Oh, yes, sure!

WILCOX: How we idolize you, Mr. Carraway! In your last picture I remember how you said good-bye to your old auntie when you went to join the gypsies! Go on, show us how!

DAGWOOD: Uh -- not now, Harlow!

WILCOX: Or would you rather we talked about the Bumsteads?

DAGWOOD: No, no! I'll do it! Uh, (TRYING TO EMOTE) "Auntie", I said, "Auntie, I sure hates to leave you ~~all~~!"

MAN: Beautiful, Mr. Carraway! *Beautiful*

WILCOX: (HIS VOICE IN FALSETTO AND SHAKING WITH EMOTION) And she said, "Stevey, my boy, I want you to take these along with you!"

DAGWOOD: "Uh -- what are they -- uh, auntie?"

WILCOX: "They're Camel cigarettes, Stevey, and no matter where you go these Camels will stay fresh, cool smoking and slow burning, because Camels are packed to go around the world!"

DAGWOOD: Are you sure we're ~~at~~ *talking about* the same picture, Harlow?

WILCOX: Ah-ah! Remember the Bumsteads! And then your Auntie said, "Stevey, try these Camels in your T-Zone!"
You take it from there!

DAGWOOD: "Uh -- Auntie, you mean, "T" for taste and throat, everybody's own proving ground for Camel's rich extra flavor and smooth extra mildness?"

MAN: My, what a strange plot for a picture!

WILCOX: "Ah, yes, Stevey," she said, "Camels have more flavor, the result of expert blending of costlier tobaccos -- and it's this extra flavor that helps Camels hold up, keep from going flat, no matter how many you smoke!" Gee, you played that scene beautifully, Mr. Carraway!

DAGWOOD: I'm glad you liked it!

WILCOX: I'm going to run right off and tell all your other fans! Give my regards to the Bumsteads!

BLONDIE: Yes, we will! Good-bye!

(DOOR OPENS....AND CLOSES)

DAGWOOD: Ah, these fans!

MAN: Shall we get back to the suit, Mr. Carraway?

BLONDIE: I think it looks fine, Steve.

DAGWOOD: Hahh?... Oh, yes. How much is it?

MAN: Thirty-five dollars, Mr. Carraway... A mere nothing for you.

DAGWOOD: A mere nothing. (LAUGHS) Even less than that. ~~He~~ *I'm going to*
give you a check.

BLONDIE: Oh, Steve - can I talk to you a minute?

DAGWOOD: Excuse me, Mr. Fudge.

BLONDIE: (LOW) Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: (LOW) Hey, this is great, isn't it, Blondie? He really thinks I'm Steve Carraway.

BLONDIE: Never mind, Dagwood. What name are you going to sign to that check?

DAGWOOD: Why my own name.

BLONDIE: Uh - which name is that?

DAGWOOD: Dagwood Burastead.

BLONDIE: But that's no good because he knows that isn't your name.

DAGWOOD: Oh, yeah ... Well, he thinks I'm Steve Carraway so I guess I'd better ... just ... sign...

BLONDIE: *uh - uh*
~~Hahh-uh,~~ dear.

DAGWOOD: It does sound a little like forgery, doesn't it?

BLONDIE: Yes. In the distance, I can almost hear the cell doors clanging shut behind you.

DAGWOOD: Whooooaaa!..Um -- uh -- Mr. Fudge, I'm not so sure I like the suit.

MAN: Now, now -- don't you worry about giving me a check. If you just sign Steve Carraway on it, I know it'll be all right.

DAGWOOD: You do, hanh? (LOW) It's a shame I'm so honest.

BLONDIE: I don't really like the suit, either, Mr. Fudge.

MAN: But you picked it out, Mrs. Carraway.

BLONDIE: Yes, ^{but} ~~and~~ I'll put it back again.

(DOOR OPENS OFF)

WOMAN: (OFF) Oh, Thornton!

MAN: That's Mrs. Fudge...(CALLS) Come over here, dear. I want you to meet Mr. and Mrs. Steve Carraway.

DAGWOOD: Oh, no, no -- please, I --

WOMAN: (COMING UP) Oh -- it is Steve Carraway! Oh, my blood pressure! Oh, my heart! Oh, my goodness!

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- hello.

BLONDIE: How do you do, Mrs. Fudge.

WOMAN: Oh, you fortunate woman!

BLONDIE: If you only knew...

WOMAN: Oh, Mr. Carraway, you're just won-n-n-nderful!

DAGWOOD: Gee, thanks very much, Mrs. Fudge.

WOMAN: Both of you must come right over to our house for tea!

DAGWOOD: Well, you see, we --

WOMAN: Oh, but ~~Thornton is the owner of this store, the~~ *my husband is such an influential*
~~man here in Sheridan City -~~
~~president of the Chamber of Commerce, and chairman of~~
~~the board at the Sauerkraut Factory!~~ How can you
refuse us?

BLONDIE: Well, I am tempted.

WOMAN: Besides, my ^{little} daughter Gloria is an actress in the
high school plays, and I know she'd simply ado-o-o-ore
meeting you, Mr. Carraway.

DAGWOOD: Oh, I don't think we can, Mrs. Fudge.

WOMAN: And there'll be little sandwiches with the tea.

DAGWOOD: *Little sandwiches*
BLONDIE: Steve, darling, you have your public to think about.

And remember, when you were just beginning to climb up
the long hard road to stardom, how you appreciated
every little bit of help and every word of encouragement
you got. You must never be too big to offer a helping
hand to some other struggling young actor or actress.

DAGWOOD: (LOFTILY) Very well, my dear. I am always willing to
give freely of my talent and ability... Besides, ~~I am~~ *I am*
hungry!

MUSIC:

(DOOR CLOSES)

WOMAN: Just put your coats down on this chair, Mr. and
Mrs. Carraway, and I'll go start tea. I'll also see
if my little daughter Gloria is home. (FADING) Just go
right into the living room and make yourselves comfortable.

BLONDIE AND DAGWOOD: Thank you.

DAGWOOD: Gee, this is a nice place, Blondie. I told you it would be fun to be famous.

BLONDIE: Don't be too sure. You're not through being famous yet. *If I have anything to do about it*

DAGWOOD: I don't like the way you said that.

BLONDIE: Why, darling, nothing could worry anyone as wonderful as Steve Carraway.

DAGWOOD: Oh, stop it! I'm doing okay in the part. Who knows -- I might even get discovered *in Hollywood* myself.

WOMAN: (COMING UP) Oh, *here we are* ~~there you are~~.... This is my little daughter, Gloria.

BLONDIE: Oh, my goodness!... How do you do?

GLORIA: How do you do? *Mr. Carraway* -

DAGWOOD: H-h-h-hello.

GLORIA: Oh, Steve, you're just as I had dreamed you would be.

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke.

WOMAN: The child worships your acting, Mr. Carraway.

BLONDIE: Did you say child?

WOMAN: Well, she's only seventeen, but she's very advanced for her age.

DAGWOOD: If she advances any more, I couldn't stand it.

GLORIA: (VERY CLOSE) I can't tell you what a thrill I get from seeing you in your pictures. You're so strong, and masculine, and wonderful.

DAGWOOD: Couldn't you tell me that from a little further away?

WOMAN: I guess I told you that Gloria acts in the high school plays. I think she's very good, too.... Go ahead, Gloria--act.

BLONDIE: Steve would be glad to give you a few pointers, wouldn't you, Steve?

DAGWOOD: Well, I -- uh --

BLONDIE: Remember your public, dear.

GLORIA: Why don't you and I do that love scene from your picture that's playing in town?

DAGWOOD: (FAST) Oh, no!

BLONDIE: Why I think that would be sweet.

DAGWOOD: Blondie!

GLORIA: I'd love to do it, Steve. I'll play ~~the part~~:
Margo Wolf's part.

BLONDIE: Well, here goes another tie pin melted away.

WOMAN: Go ahead, Mr. Carraway. I can't wait.

DAGWOOD: I can...You see, it would be very difficult because your little daughter--hoh-heh--doesn't know the lines.

GLORIA: I don't need to know the lines.

WOMAN: Of course not! You can just go through the motions... My, I never thought my little daughter would be playing a scene with a famous movie star.

DAGWOOD: I wish you'd stop calling her little!...Er---Gloria, I'm not in the mood.

GLORIA: Oh, I'll get you in the mood.

MAN: Mrs. Carraway, we think that Gloria has a lot of promise.

BLONDIE: I think it's even more than just promise...Aren't you going to do the scene, darling?

DAGWOOD: No, not now. Where's that tea *and those little sandwiches* I feel a little weak.

WOMAN: It'll be here in a while....Gloria, why don't you show Mr. Carraway around the house?

GLORIA: Yes--come on, Steve.

DAGWOOD: I better stay here where my wife can keep an eye on me.

BLONDIE: No, go on, darling.

GLORIA: Come on, Steve--I'll show you everything in the house, including the kitchen sink. Its very modern. (WITH EFFORT) Come on!

DAGWOOD: Whoooooaa! Gee, you're strong. (FADING) ~~we'll~~ ^{we'll} be right back, ^{in two days} Blondie.

BLONDIE: Well, I hope so...Ah, that's the life of a celebrity's wife.

WOMAN: You know, Mrs. Carraway, ^{my husband} Thornton is sort of a celebrity, too. He has so many outside interests.... His store, the Chamber of Commerce, and the sauerkraut factory...I have to compete with them for his attention.

BLONDIE: It must be awful to have your husband torn between love for you and a sauerkraut factory.

WOMAN: You have no idea! (CONFIDENTIALLY) You know, I'll bet Gloria is getting your husband to give her some tips on acting. She'd love to play that scene from the picture with him.

BLONDIE: I don't imagine she will though.

WOMAN: No? You don't know my Gloria.

WOMAN: oh?

BLONDIE: You don't know my husband. He's ticklish!

MUSIC: (QUICK MUSIC BRIDGE DENOTING NO LAPSE OF TIME

WHATSOEVER....)

DAGWOOD: Whoooo! Get your hands off me ^{GLORIA} (GIGGLES)

GLORIA: Now you're going to show me how to play that scene.

DAGWOOD: Oh, no, no. Instead, why don't you show me the kitchen sink.

GLORIA: (HURT) Oh, don't you think I'm cute?

DAGWOOD: That's the trouble. You're too cute.

GLORIA: (CLOSE) Then you do like me.

DAGWOOD: Don't come so close, *please*

GLORIA: Now we'll play the scene. I put my arms around your neck like this, and you look into my eyes, and what do you see there?

DAGWOOD: Sleepy-dust.

GLORIA: (THEATRICALY) You see how mad I am about you, that I love you and will always love you till the end of time.

DAGWOOD: I won't be around that long...What about that ^{Kitchen} sink?

GLORIA: Now Steve, don't stand there with your arms dangling from your shoulders. Put them around me. I won't bite you.

DAGWOOD: That's not what I'm afraid of!

MUSIC: (QUICK MUSIC BRIDGE AGAIN DENOTING NO LAPSE OF TIME...

SOMAN: My, I wonder if the kettle's boiling yet.

BLONDIE: I was wondering the same thing about my husband.
WOMAN: It seems awfully quiet, doesn't it?
BLONDIE: Yes. Ominous, isn't it?
DAGWOOD: (OFF) Bloooooondie! Oh, Bloooooondie!
BLONDIE: Well, I guess--uh--Steve is calling me. I'll go see what it is.
WOMAN: All right. I'll see how tea is coming along....
(FADING)
DAGWOOD: (CLOSER) Bloooooondie!
BLONDIE: Where are you, Dag--er, where are you, Steve?....Oh!
DAGWOOD: (AS THOUGH HE WERE SAYING, "SHE HIT ME") ^{Blondie} She kissed me!
BLONDIE: (TO HERSELF) Oh, dear. (ALoud) What's so strange about that?
DAGWOOD: Hanh?
BLONDIE: Why darling, you've kissed hundreds of women. After all, it's sort of your business. I think it's fine that you can get in a little extra practice.
DAGWOOD: That's a fine attitude ^{to take} -
GLORIA: Mrs. Carraway, I hope you won't be too upset when I tell you that Seve and I are ^{MADLY} in love. ^{BLONDIE!} ^{Oh!} There's nothing you can do about it.
BLONDIE: (LAUGHS)
DAGWOOD: Apparently she can laugh about it....Blondie, what's wrong with you?
BLONDIE: Oh, nothing, dear, but I've sat in the movies and watched this ^{comedy} scene so many times that it's going to be fun to be in it for a change.

GLORIA: We've got to face this like modern, intelligent people.
You've got to give him up.

BLONDIE: Yes, I know.

DAGWOOD: Blondie--don't give me up so fast!

BLONDIE: You leave us alone to talk this over for a while, dear...
Go out and look at that kitchen sink.

GLORIA: Go on, Steve, darling.

DAGWOOD: But Blondie ---!

BLONDIE: Oh, go on!

(DOOR CLOSES.....)

BLONDIE: ^{Well, Gloria} I suppose this should be a tense moment. You're really
^ in love with Steve Carraway, aren't you?

GLORIA: Desperately. Desperately.

BLONDIE: Well, that's interesting....And he loves you?

GLORIA: Yes. I know he does, because he's so masterful on
the screen and so shy and timid with me.

BLONDIE: That sounds logical. All right, I'll give him up.
Perhaps you can help him scale the heights to great
success.

GLORIA: Oh, yes--yes. We could be a great acting team--like
Lunt and Fontanne, Boyer and Lamar--

BLONDIE: Abbott and Costello. (PAUSE--THEN SOULFULLY) ^{But} All I
^ want is Steve's happiness. It's going to be hard for
me to give him up, but I must think of Steve--and his
future.

GLORIA: You are so right.

BLONDIE: Yes. When a woman realizes she is standing in the
way, then it is time for her to step aside for

*someone else who is younger, prettier, and uses more
mascara. That's the way it always is in pictures.*

GLORIA: Oh, you're so brave about it.

BLONDIE: I'm trying not to show my breaking heart.

GLORIA: Then you will give him up?

BLONDIE: Yes--yes, I'll give him up.

GLORIA: Oh, Mrs. Carraway, you've made me the happiest girl in the world.

BLONDIE: Uh--just a minute. Not quite so fast, ^{Gloria}...I hope you'll be a good mother to his children.

GLORIA: Oh, of course I'll be a-----his what?

BLONDIE: Our children...Look. Here are their pictures. Little snapshots I took.

GLORIA: He--has--children?

BLONDIE: Oh, yes--that's not unusual. Lots of people have children...This is our son, Alexander. And this is our daughter, little Cookie.

GLORIA: Oh-h-h-h.

BLONDIE: Of course if you take care of them, you won't have much time to be an actress, but after all, you've got to think of Steve's ^{Career} happiness. And you know, you'll only see him in the evening,

GLORIA: Don't you see him in the morning at breakfast?

BLONDIE: No, all I see is the top of his head over the morning paper...And you won't see much of him in the evening. He usually takes a nap before he goes to bed.

GLORIA: Oh.....Oh.....

BLONDIE: Well, let's go out and tell him now, shall we?

GLORIA: Two children, ^{NAP BEFORE} Goodness....Mrs. Carraway....

BLONDIE: Yes?

GLORIA: I've changed my mind. It isn't fair to you, So I'm
going to give him up.

BLONDIE: Well, but you said --

GLORIA: Of course, I'll always love him, but I'll give him up.

BLONDIE: All right, I'll take him back again.

(DOOR OPENS.....)

DAGWOOD: (COMING UP) Blondie, what's been going on in there?

BLONDIE: Oh, Gloria and I have been taking turns giving you up.
But the way it ended up, I guess I've got to keep you.

WOMAN: (COMING UP) Oh, Mr. Carraway, have you seen the
crowd of women waiting outside just for a glimpse of
you.

DAGWOOD: Hanh? Where?

WOMAN: Lock out the window.

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke!

BLONDIE: My! I suppose they'll want to take ~~bits~~ ^{swatches} of your hair,
and tear off bits of your tie and everything.

WOMAN: They're waiting out in back, too....I suppose I
shouldn't have called up my friends and boasted.

DAGWOOD: I've got to make a run for it. I've got to get through
them now ~~or~~ we'll never get ^{home} ~~back~~. Hold the door open
for me, Blondie!

BLONDIE: All right, dear. I'll follow you in a minute.

(DOOR OPENS.....)

(MURMUR OF VOICES OFF.....)

BLONDIE: The door's open, dear.

DAGWOOD: Goodbye, Mrs. Fudge. Goodbye, Gloria.

BLONDIE: Goodbye, dear.

DAGWOOD: Goodbye!

(WHIZZ.....DOOR SLAMS)

GLORIA: Did he make it?

BLONDIE: I'll look.

(DOOR OPENS AGAIN.....)

DAGWOOD: (OFF) Bloooooooooooooooooondie! Oh, ~~Bloooooooooondie!~~

BLONDIE: Oh, dear! There goes his shirt!

MUSIC:

(DOOR CLOSES.....)

DAGWOOD: Oh, boy, it's good to be back in our own little home again.

BLONDIE: Yes, it is, isn't it, Steve.

DAGWOOD: (IN ANGUISH) Don't ever call me Steve again!

BLONDIE: Why, Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: Gee, Blondie - the way you acted. You practically pushed me into the arms of Mrs. Fudge's little daughter.

BLONDIE: Well, you ^{wanted to be} ~~were~~ a celebrity, Dagwood. ^{The} ~~*~~ romantic new screen sensation. The public demands something from its movie stars. They've got a right to it, too!

DAGWOOD: Well, they got my shirt. And whoever got the shirttail will find a laundry mark that says ^{STOLEN FROM} "Dagwood Bumstead".

BLONDIE: Well, dear, I gather you're going to give up pretending you're Steve Carraway, even though you do look a lot like him.

DAGWOOD: I'll never do it again, Blondie! It's fun to be famous, but it's more fun just to be Dagwood Bumstead!

MUSIC: (TAG CURTAIN)
(APPLAUSE)

51454 2222

WILCOX: Tonight again we send out thanks to the Yanks of the week. Americans who have distinguished themselves for heroism in the battle area.

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

McGEEHAN: (ISOLATION BOOTH)

To Machinist's Mate Clarence C. Kagey, of Norfolk, Virginia, who has just received the Silver Star for extraordinary heroism in the Mediterranean campaign, Although wounded by shell fragments, Kagey remained at his station in the engine room until he had telephoned to the bridge on the extent of damage in his compartment. After abandoning the engine room, he dressed his own wounds and began a grueling watch which lasted for four days! In your honor, Machinist's Mate Kagey, and in honor of all Navy men during this week before Navy Day, next Wednesday, the makers of Camels are sending to Navy men in the Atlantic three hundred thousand Camel cigarettes! We salute you, Machinist's Mate Clarence C. Kagey!

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

(APPLAUSE)

WILCOX; On each of the four Camel shows we'll salute another Yank of the Week, and on each of them send three hundred thousand Camels to our men overseas,,a total of more than a million Camels sent free each week.

WILCOX; Camels thank the Yanks ~~of~~ⁱⁿ this country with the traveling Camel Caravans, which since Nineteen Forty-One have given over two thousand free shows and free Camels to audiences of more than three million service men.

WILCOX; Also, folks, listen to each of the four Camel Radio shows...

MCGEEHAN; Thursday night!

WILCOX; Garry Moore and Jimmy Durante, over another network,

MCGEEHAN; Friday night.

WILCOX; A new and completely different comedy show also with Jimmy Durante and Garry Moore over these same CBS stations.

MCGEEHAN; Saturday night!

WILCOX; Bob Hawk in the comedy quiz, "Thanks to the Yanks" back in his old CBS time, Saturday night.

MCGEEHAN; Monday night!

WILCOX; And of course, next Monday don't forget to listen to "Blondie" America's famous comic strip family.

MUSIC: ("BLONDIE" THEME.....FADE FOR:)

"BLONDIE" -23A-
10/25/43

WILCOX: Do you know that waste paper is used in making the fins that guide bombs down over Germany. Save all you can -- old newspapers, any kind of waste paper. The Army needs it for a thousand things, from shell cases to field ration cartons. Sell your paper to a junk dealer, give it to any charitable organization, or watch your local newspaper for information on ^{salvage} ~~slavage~~ collection. Save your old waste paper. Send it whistling down over Germany.

51454 2225

WILCOX: Next week, Alexander Bumstead corners the delivery service market in the Bumstead's home town and starts making more money than Dagwood. For further hilarious details don't forget to listen in next Monday at this same time and see how the Bumstead's make out with "BLONDIE'S SMALL BUSINESS MAN."

WILCOX: Blondie is played by Penny Singleton and Dagwood by Arthur Lake. The musical score is composed and conducted by William Artzt. Be sure to follow "Blondie" America's leading comic strip, in your local newspaper.

WILCOX: And remember -- if you want a cigarette that stays cool smoking and slow burning, get Camels! They stay fresh because they're packed to go around the world!

WILCOX: This is Harlow Wilcox saying good night for Camel Cigarettes ... first in the Service!

MUSIC: (THEME AND "APPLAUSE)

(BOARD FADE AND OUT)

(GEORGE WASHINGTON HITCH HIKE)

SHIELDS: (ISOLATION BOOTH)

ANNCR: Mister pipe smoker, have you ever noticed how much you get in the pocket size package of your brand of tobacco? Look at the blue revenue stamp on top and read the number of ounces. Then compare it with the great big blue two and a quarter ounce package of George Washington Smoking Tobacco. Compare George Washington's ten cent price, too, and then light up a mild, mellow fragrant pipeful of George Washington, and test it out for real smoking pleasure! Get a big blue package of George Washington tomorrow!

This is the COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM.