

AS BROADCAST

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

"BLONDIE CORNERS A CONTRACT"

CBS-STUDIO "C"
MONDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1943

BROADCAST: 4:30 - 5:00 PM. PWT
REPEAT: 7:30 - 8:00 PM. PWT

Written by John L. Greene

Directed by: Don Bernard

CAST

BLONDIE.....PENNY SINGLETON

DAGWOOD.....ARTHUR LAKE

DITHERS.....HANLEY STAFFORD
HENRY.....CHARLIE CANTOR
BERGER.....KEN CHRISTY
SHERIFF.....JOHN BROWN
ANNOUNCER.....HARLOW WILCOX
CONDUCTOR.....BILLY ARTZT
YANK., (Salute). PAT MCGEEHAN
G.W. HITCH HIKE. FRED SHIELDS

SOUND EFFECTS (TWO MEN)

DOOR
PHONE
CEMENT MIXER
HAMMERING (CARPENTERS)
RIVETING MACHINE
INTER-OFFICE BUZZER
WHIZ WHISTLE
CAR
CAR DOOR
WALKING ON WOODEN FLOOR
THUNDER SHEET
PEN SCRATCHES ON PAPER.

"BLONDIE"

(REVISED)

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1943

4:30 - 5:00 PM. PWT
7:30 - 8:00 PM. 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: Camel cigarettes are first in the service -- they've
got what it takes! Yes, with men in the Army, Navy,
Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, Camel is the favorite,
according to actual sales records. That means Camel
cigarettes by the ton, by the hundreds of millions,
are going overseas. And wherever they go, they'll be
fresh, cool smoking, and slow burning, because Camels
are packed to go around the world! More Camel
cigarettes overseas may mean less in your store -- but
remember, when you get Camels you always get more
flavor, ^{THE} ~~best~~ result of expert blending of costlier
tobaccos. Camel's tobacco standard is the same for
soldier, for civilian, anywhere in the world!

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

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

"BLONDIE CORNERS A CONTRACT"

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1943

BY JOHN L. GREENE

MUSIC: (OPENING THEME)

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

(APPLAUSE)

BLONDIE THEME:....

WILCOX: Well, all last week paper airplanes have been sailing out the windows of the J.C. Dithers Construction Company - a sure sign that business has been a little slow and Dagwood has had time on his hands. But now something seems to have happened to break up this peaceful interlude, and Dagwood is ~~knocking on~~^{walking up to} the door of Mr. Dithers private office.

(KNOCKING ON DOOR)

DAGWOOD: (IS HUMMING TO HIMSELF)

DITHERS: (INSIDE) Who is it?

DAGWOOD: Just a little mouse who wants to see the big cheese.

DITHERS: Bumstead!..Come in..

(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: Hello, J.C.

DITHERS: Boy, are you corny!...What's this interruption about? You know how busy I am.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, that's why I interrupted you...How're you coming
~~on the crossword puzzle?~~
WITH YOUR BIG PROBLEM -

DITHERS: Why I'm stuck on ~~fourteen vertical. It's an obsolete~~
A three letter word for an extinct Arabian goose.

DAGWOOD: / Have you tried G-A-U? ~~CROSS WORD PUZZLES... A THREE LETTER WORD -~~

DITHERS: No---is that it?

DAGWOOD: No, but it's as good as anything.

DITHERS: Oh, get out of here and stop bothering me.

DAGWOOD: Well, I just came in to tell you that that man was here
again.

DITHERS: What man?

DAGWOOD: The man who says he's the big industrialist--
Henry J. Chrysler.

DITHERS: Oh, yes. Well, did you give him the brushoff again like
I told you to?

DAGWOOD: Yes, I threw him right out on his ear.

DITHERS: Good.

DAGWOOD: Only just as I was throwing him out, he said something
about wanting us to build seventy-five small housing
units.

DITHERS: Seventy-five small housing units?? Bumstead! And you
threw him out?

DAGWOOD: Well, when he told me that he was already in mid-air.

DITHERS: Good grief! Where is he now?

DAGWOOD: I guess he's still outside picking himself up.

DITHERS: Well, come on! Let's go out and grab him before he gets
away!

MUSIC:

DITHERS: I'm terribly sorry about this, Mr. Chrysler.
DAGWOOD: So am I, Mr. Chrysler.
HENRY: You ^{TWO HYENAS} ought to be ashamed of yourself!
DITHERS: You are so right!...May I introduce myself?
HENRY: No, you may not..
DITHERS: Oh, ^{PLEASE} go ahead, let me introduce myself.
HENRY: Oh, very well, very well.
DITHERS: I'm J. C. Dithers...How are you, Mr. Chrysler?
HENRY: I'm dusty..
DAGWOOD: We'll be glad to send you out to be dry-cleaned..I mean your suit.
DITHERS: Here--let me brush you off.
HENRY: What, again?...You've been brushing me off every day of this week...Throwing me out on my ear and elsewhere.
DAGWOOD: We're sorry, Mr. Chrysler.
HENRY: You're sorry, but I'm bruised.
DITHERS: Oh, this is terrible, but let's not stand here on the street. Let's go back into the office.
HENRY: And go through it all over again? Never!
DAGWOOD: Oh, no, Mr. Chrysler. We can sit down and talk about the weather, and the latest news, and those seventy-five small housing units..
HENRY: Ah-ts-ts-ts-ts-ttts! I'm going over to Goliath Company now and find out how they're coming along with the one they're building.
DITHERS: The one they're building??
HENRY: Certainly. You and Goliath both would have started on a housing unit at the same time if Mr. Bumstead hadn't been so physical. I was going to have a ^{4 P L E} competition. ^{BETWEEN YOU}
DITHERS: Mr. Chrysler, it's all a horrible mistake. You would never have been thrown out if Mr. Bumstead wasn't such a jerk.

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AND THE GOLIATH COMPANY

DAGWOOD: That's right, Mr. Chrysler, you wouldn't have---hanh?

WHY THE IDEA WHO
Mr. Dithers, you told me to throw him out! *DON'T ANSWER THAT QUESTION.*

DITHERS: Don't pay any attention to him. He's got *Gophers in his meadow* ~~gophermania~~.

That means he's nuts about being crazy.

DAGWOOD: *I DIDN'T HAVE TO THINK ABOUT* You told me to, *THE BUM OUT* You said, "Throw ~~that ridiculous little~~ man out!"

DITHERS: Bumstead!

HENRY: (SNORTS) Mr. Dithers, I will positively not consider (STOPS , THEN WHISTLES) Hey-y-y Who's the *GORGEOUS* lady coming over here?

DAGWOOD: That's no lady --that's my wife.....Hello, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Well, hello, Dagwood -- hello, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Hello, Blondie.

BLONDIE: (ASKING FOR THE INTRODUCTION) Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: Hahh? Oh, yeah--yeah. Mr. Chrysler, I want you to meet my wife, Mrs. Bumstead. Mrs. Bumstead, Mr. Chrysler. Mr. Chrysler, Mrs. Bumstead.

BLONDIE: That's enough, dear.

HENRY: (GIGGLES) How do you do.

BLONDIE: I'm very glad to know you , Mr. Chrysler.

HENRY: No kidding?

BLONDIE: Of course not....Am I interrupting something?

DAGWOOD: No, Blondie. Mr. Chrysler was just leaving. He's mad at us.

BLONDIE: *MAD AT YOU*
/ What for?

DAGWOOD: Because I threw him out of our offices.

HENRY: Well it made me sensitive in more ways than one. It not only hurt my feelings, but I can't sit down, either.

BLONDIE: Oh, so many things are customary.

HENRY: Well, Dithers -- what do you say?

DITHERS: Oh--well--all right.

HENRY: Good. Now you have four days to build the house--to your own design, of course, but ~~at~~^{to} our specifications

DITHERS: Only four days?

DAGWOOD: We can't build a house in four days without the help of a Fairy Godmother and a magic wand.

BLONDIE: They're just joking, Mr. Chrysler. The Dithers Comapny can put up a house overnight.

DITHERS: Yes, but it'll fall down the next morning. We need a little more time than that.

HENRY: I'm afraid I can't give you any more time.

DITHERS: We' ought to have at least time enough to drive the nails all the way in.

HENRY:
DAGWOOD: *YOU HAVE A POINT THERE -*
We'll have to glue the shingles on.

BLONDIE: Oh, you don't need any more time than that. I've heard ~~you both say you could build a good house in four days.~~

DAGWOOD: ~~Tooooh!~~

HENRY: Well, Mr. Dithers, if you want to do it you can build on that lot that's about a hundred yards away from the house the Goliath people are building ^{or} I'll sign a contract either with you or the Goliath Company at noon four days from today--that's Friday.

DITHERS: We'll get right to work.

DAGWOOD: Thank you, Mr. Chrysler.

HENRY: Not at all....Goodbye, Mrs. Bumstead..

BLONDIE: Goodbye.

DAGWOOD: Goodbye, Mr. Chrysler.

DITHERS: Goodbye.

(DOOR OPENS..AND CLOSES)

DITHERS: Great jumping jittering jabbering jupiter!....A small housing unit to these specifications in four days! It's impossible!

BLONDIE: But after all Mr. Dithers, you admit you're a great genius.

DITHERS: ^{TRUE BLONDIE TRUE BUT EVEN I}
~~So does Orson Welles, but he couldn't do it.~~

DAGWOOD: Blondie, you got us into this spot.

BLONDIE: But Dagwood, I've heard you say you could get a house designed and built in four days.

DAGWOOD: Yes, I know, but I was lying.

DITHERS: And ^{BLONDIE} you forced me into saying if he didn't like it, he wouldn't have to pay for it.

BLONDIE: Well, if I buy a dress and don't like it, I take it back.

DAGWOOD: But Blondie, we're a construction company and not the Nifty Style Dress Shoppy.

DITHERS: And another thing - the Goliath Company has a head start on us.

BLONDIE: Oh, I know, but you've always said their houses would fall down if you didn't open a window before you sneezed.

DITHERS: That was a slight exaggeration.

BLONDIE: Besides, you're both wasting a lot of time right now, If it were I, I'd be getting busy. I'd be calling people up. I'd be making plans!

DITHERS: Oh, yes. Well, you're right about that. Bumstead, you take that phone and I'll take this!

DAGWOOD: Right!

TWO PHONES (PICK UP PHONE)

DITHERS: Hello! Is that you Dimples?

BLONDIE: Dimples!

DITHERS: I mean Miss Wilson....Lean out the window and tell Adams, Kelly and Boleslavski to come into my office, and when you tell them, shout!

DAGWOOD: Hello, hello...

DITHERS: Hello, who is this?

DAGWOOD: This is Bumstead!

DITHERS: How are you! Bumstead! Get off the wire.

DAGWOOD: Hello, Wilkins?...this is Bumstead. We've got to do a rush job...A House.

DITHERS: Hello, get me Pinky.

DAGWOOD: Hello, get the watchmacallit oiled up, and borrow a dinkus from the Federal people.

DITHERS: Hello, Pinky?
/...Why don't you do your gabbing ^{FROM} ~~in~~ your own office....

Oh, No! Not you Pinky. Go out and look at the house Goliath is building out near the COUNTY line.

And ^{PINKY} while you're out there, give it a little push and see if it'll topple over...~~Okay~~...You know...

nudge it, once

DAGWOOD: (FADING) (Ad lib conversation)

DITHERS: (FADING) (Ad lib conversation)

BLONDIE: Well, well! The Dithers Construction Company is really going into action.

MUSIC:

(COME UP ON HAMMERING OFF...CEMENT MIXER)

BLONDIE: Well, how's it coming along, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: Oh, pretty good, Blondie. We're making progress...
how's it going, J. C?

DITHERS: All right, but -- oh-oh, here he comes now.

DAGWOOD: Oh, yes -- here comes Mr. Berger of the Goliath
Company.

DITHERS: He's been sabotaging my workmen. I've just found
out about it.

BLONDIE: What does Mr. Berger do?

DITHERS: Apparently he comes here at night and leaves four or five pairs of dice around. Then when the workmen come in the morning, instead of working, they start a crap game.

BLONDIE: That's terrible!

DAGWOOD: It's unethical!

DITHERS: And besides, I just lost ten dollars..H'es doing everything to slow us up. Here he comes.

BERGER: (COMING UP) Well, well, well.

DAGWOOD: Hello and goodbye.

DITHERS: Blondie, I don't know whether you know this ^{BERGER} ~~man~~, but he was the model for the original cheeseburger.

BERGER: (JOVIALY) Very amusing, very amusing..How's the house coming along? Badly, I hope.

DITHERS: It's going to be better than that cyclone bait you're building.

BERGER: Yes, no doubt, but I don't think you'll finish on time, Dithers.

DAGWOOD: Just stay away from our men, Mr. Berger, or I'll run you through a concrete mixer.

BLONDIE: *Now DAGWOOD, dear*
(SOUND OF RIVETING MACHINE)

BERGER: Hmmm-using a riveting machine, ~~oh~~ *to HAMMER THE NAILS -*

DITHERS: No. We've just got a carpenter with the jitters...Now ~~run along~~ ^{BUNG OFF}, Berger.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, scramburger. I mean, scram, Berger..We're going to get this house finished in spite of you. And we're going to get the contract, too.

BLONDIE: And if Dagwood says he'll do a thing, he does it --
most of the time.

BERGER: Hmmm-really? Would you like to bet, Mr. Bumstead?

DAGWOOD: (GRANDLY) Anything you say.

BERGER: We'll make it a hundred dollars then.

DAGWOOD: Okay, we'll make it -- how much?

BERGER: A hundred, Right?

DAGWOOD: (GULPS) R-right.

BERGER: (CHUCKLES) Well, goodbye-sucker.

DAGWOOD: (ALMOST TO HIMSELF) Oh, you are so right.

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood....

DITHERS: Bumstead, it's nice for you to be confident, but this
is going to be expensive. (LAUGHS) WHAT AM I CACKLING ABOUT?

DAGWOOD: ^{OK BLONDIE} Did I -- really take him up on it?

DITHERS: You ~~sure did~~ ^{TOOK HIM UP AND LET ME DOWN -}

DAGWOOD: (WAILS) Oh, Blondie -- look what you got me into!

BLONDIE: I ????

MUSIC:

(HAMMERING OFF A BIT NOT TOO FAR...STOPS)

DAGWOOD:
WILCOX: Well, here we are HARLOW -
But Dagwood -- why did you bring me way out here near
the county line. What are we doing in this house
that's going up?

DAGWOOD: Harlow, old pal, I'd love to hear you tell me about
Camel cigarettes, and how they've got more flavor

WILCOX: Well, of course! That's because Camels are expertly
blended of costlier tobaccos! You see, Dagwood,
this flavor --

DAGWOOD: (STOPS HIM) Ah-ah-ah! The Dithers Company has to get this house built by tomorrow and we need your help. We've got to hurry!

WILCOX: Yeah, but Camel cigarettes..

DAGWOOD: ~~Later~~, Harlow -- ~~later~~. ^{YOU CAN TELL ME ABOUT THEM WHILE YOU WORK -} Here -- climb up this ladder through that hole in the ceiling.

WILCOX: Up into the attic?

DAGWOOD: Yeah. Take this hammer and these nails with you.

(CLIMBING UP LADDER)

WILCOX: O.K. - ^{Got} What do you want me to do ~~UP HERE~~ -

DAGWOOD: Just put the boards across that hole in the ceiling and nail them down...I'll just take the ladder away so as to be sure you finish the job.

WILCOX: Oh, all right.

(RATTLE OF BOARD...HAMMERING)

WILCOX: ^{HEY DAGWOOD} [^] Later, I'd like to talk to your workmen about Camel cigarettes. ^{DAGWOOD! Okay} You see that extra flavor is the thing that helps 'em to hold up, keep from going flat, no matter how many you smoke.

DAGWOOD: Fine...Now put ^{ON} another board ~~down~~.

WILCOX: Okay.

(RATTLE OF BOARD...MORE HAMMERING)

WILCOX: Yes, Dagwood, anybody can test out Camel cigarettes for himself, in his T-Zone -- you know, taste and throat. See, your taste tells you about flavor -- and your throat will give you the last word on Camel's smooth, extra mildness.

DAGWOOD: I know, Harlow -- that's why I smoke Camels...Now put down another board.

WILCOX: Okay. We're getting the hole closed up. One more board after this one will do it.

(RATTLING OF BOARD...HAMMERING)

DAGWOOD: That's it, Harlow.

WILCOX: And gee, Dagwood, the way Camel cigarettes are packed! They stay fresh, cool smoking, and slow burning, because they're packed to go around the world.

DAGWOOD: Good!....And now, the last board!

WILCOX: All right, Dagwood. Here it goes.

(RATTLE OF BOARD...HAMMERING)

DAGWOOD: Well, that finishes up the ceiling. It looks perfect.

WILCOX: (BEHIND BOARDS) Hey, Dagwood! Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: Hanh?

WILCOX: How am I going to get out of here? I've nailed myself into the attic!

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke--that's a new way of painting yourself into a corner.

WILCOX: Dagwood -- what am I going to do?

DAGWOOD: Don't worry, Harlow -- I'll ~~save you out of the attic~~ ^{GO LOOK FOR A SAW AND GET YOU}
~~OUT... I'LL BE RIGHT BACK -~~
~~some time tomorrow afternoon!~~

MUSIC:

(PHONE RINGS..PICK UP PHONE)

DITHERS: Hello?...Hello, Boleslavski--what's wrong?...What?...
Oh, no!...Well, fix it up right away!...Okay! Goodbye!

(HANGS UP)

DAGWOOD: What's wrong, J. C.?

DITHERS: Boleslavski says that last night while he was watchman
some man kicked a hole in the side of the building
and crawled out of the attic.

DAGWOOD: That must have been Harlow Wilcox. I suppose he got
hungry.

DITHERS: What was he doing in the attic?

DAGWOOD: He nailed himself up inside it.

DITHERS: Oh, no! Why didn't you unnailed him?

DAGWOOD: I thought it would be easier to saw him out later *AND I GUESS I FORGOT ABOUT IT -*

DITHERS: *OH FINE!* Now there's a hole in the side of our house, and any
minute I'm expecting Henry J. Chrysler. We didn't make
it. We've failed.

DAGWOOD: Whooooaaa! I'm out a hundred bucks.

DITHERS: I'm out two thousand.

(INTER OFFICE BUZZER)

(PICK UP PHONE)

DITHERS: Yes, what is it, *DIMPLES -* ~~Shooby~~?...All right, send him in.

(HANGS UP)

DITHERS: Berger is coming in. Chrysler told him to meet him here.

DAGWOOD: Now is the time when Blondie usually saves the day.

(KNOCK ON THE DOOR)

DAGWOOD: Maybe that's Blondie now--coming in with a miracle.

DITHERS: Come in.

(DOOR OPENS)

BERGER: Hello, Mr. Dithers. Hello Mr. Bumstead.

DITHERS: Hello, Berger.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, hello, Berger.

BERGER: (CHUCKLES) Have you got the hundred dollars ready, Bumstead?

DAGWOOD: Oh, that.

BERGER: I'll just take it in twenties.

DAGWOOD: Uh, Mr. Berger - I was wondering if you mind if I paid you off in installments.

BERGER: Not at all. Suppose you pay me ten a week.

DAGWOOD: Ten a week? Oh, I want to pay more than that. How about fifty cents a week?

BERGER: I'm talking about ten dollars a week.

DAGWOOD: I can't pay that. What would I live on?

BERGER: Soy beans.

DAGWOOD: ~~Teah!~~

DITHERS: ~~Well,~~ Berger, you've done everything you could to interfere with ~~our~~^{our} building the house. The Dithers Company doesn't believe in unethical tricks like the ones you've been pulling. We didn't interfere with you.

BERGER: That's only because you were too busy.

DAGWOOD: How true, how true.

DITHERS: Well, where's Chrysler?

BERGER: He went to see a doctor with Mrs. Bumstead. She ~~said~~^{SAID} said she thought he ought to have an examination or something. It sounded a little fishy to me.

DITHERS: I hope it is...I hope it's extremely fishy. *I HOPE YOU GET
FULL WIND OF IT.*
(KNOCK ON DOOR)

DITHERS: Come in!

(DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: Well, here we are, in plenty of time.

DAGWOOD: (SADLY) What was your hurry?..Hello, Bidonie, Hello,
Mr. Chrysler.

HENRY: Hello, Mr. Bumstead--Mr. Berger--Mr. Dithers -anybody
else?

DITHERS: Isn't that enough?

VERY THOUGHTFUL OF HER

HENRY: Mrs. Bumstead just took me to have my eyes examined. She said the Dithers Company would be glad to take care of ~~me~~ ^{THE EXPENSES.} for me. *EVERYTHING SEEMS TO BE FREE AROUND HERE -*

DITHERS: Blondie! What for?

BLONDIE: (ASIDE) You'll find out later. (ALoud) Well, Dagwood has always told me that the Dithers Company will do anything for its clients, and wouldn't an eye examination come under the heading of anything? *DON'T YOU THINK SO MR. CHRYSLER?*

HENRY: *THAT SEEMS TO BE REASONABLE..... BLONDIE*
DAGWOOD: That'll just run up our costs another ten bucks.

DITHERS: Oh, no, it won't, Dagwood. It'll come out of your salary.

DAGWOOD: Mr. Dithers!

BERGER: Well, shall we get on with the business of the contracts, Mr. Chrysler?

HENRY: We might as well. Do you mind if we use your pen, Mr. Dithers?

DITHERS: (MOCK GENIALITY) Oh, not at all. It's a pleasure.

HENRY: Now let's see--I have the contracts right here in my pocket. *SOMEWHERE, ... HERE, NO, HERE, NO, MAYBE - NO.... LOOK WHAT I FOUND IN MY WATCH POCKET..... MY WATCH -*
(RATTLE OF PAPERS) *Oh HERE IT IS... THE CONTRACT -*

DAGWOOD: Wait! Won't you give us a little more time, Mr. Chrysler?

HENRY: Ah-ts-ts-ts-ts-ts-ts! Your housing unit isn't finished yet.

DITHERS: But it's almost finished.

BLONDIE: And they didn't start as soon as Goliath did... Won't you give them a little more time, Mr. Chrysler.

HENRY: Well-l-l-l-l-l-l....

DAGWOOD: Yes?

HENRY: No.

DITHERS: Oh.

HENRY: So...I might as well sign this, and report back to my superiors. Let's see--hey! I can't see!

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BERGER: What's the matter, Mr. Chrysler.

HENRY: Everything is blurred. I can't read.

BLONDIE: (ALL INNOCENCE) Oh, goodness! It must have happened when Doctor ~~Deemer~~^{FRECK} put the drops in your eyes. Now who would have thought a little thing like that would be such a nuisance?

BERGER: You would, since you ask.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Gee, now he can't sign the contract.

DITHERS: (LAUGHS) Oh, how too, too disappointing.

BLONDIE: I'm so sorry, Mr. Chrysler.

BERGER: Now just a minute--I'll show you where to sign, Mr. Chrysler.

BLONDIE: Oh, he couldn't sign anything that he can't read first, could you?

HENRY: Well, I'm afraid not.

BLONDIE: Mr. Chrysler, I hope you don't think I suggested you have an eye examination just for this reason.

BERGER: Of course she did!

HENRY: Oh, no, Mrs. Bumstead, of course not.

BERGER: She tricked you!

HENRY: Beg pardon?

BERGER: She pulled one over on you, you idiot!

HENRY: What? What? ^{DO YOU SAY?} ~~What? What? that,~~ Mr. Berger? Come, come, come, come!

BERGER: Oh, I'm sorry, Mr. Chrysler-- I didn't mean it.

HENRY: Hmmm. Well, since I can't sign this contract now, I'll give the Dithers Company a little more time. Is that agreeable?

BERGER: No!

HENRY: ^{Good} ~~All right~~--until three o'clock then, but the house must be finished...I'll be out there shortly before three. Goodday.

AD LIB GOODBYES.....

(DOOR CLOSSES)

DITHERS: Blondie, that was a stroke of genius!

DAGWOOD: Let's see you laugh that off, Mr. Berger.

BERGER: All right - (LAUGHS HEARTILY) There...

DAGWOOD: Hey, that's good.

DITHERS: I don't like the sound of it.

BERGER: You're all very clever, but that building will not be finished.

(DOOR OPENS...)

BERGER: In about an hour, the sheriff will stop work on it.

DAGWOOD: What do you mean?

BERGER: In your haste, you forgot to get a building permit.

(DOOR CLOSES)

DITHERS: Taaaaaah! Bumstead--didn't you get a building permit?

DAGWOOD: I thought you got it.

DITHERS: I thought you got it.

DAGWOOD: And I thought you got it...Oh, I already said that.

BLONDIE: Aren't you going to do something about it?

DITHERS: I'll run out and try to get a fast permit.

DAGWOOD: I'll rush out and put a detour sign on the road. Maybe that'll stop the sheriff.

BLONDIE: What do you want me to do?

DAGWOOD: Hold the door open for me! I got to rush!

BLONDIE: All right, dear!

(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: I hope we make it.

BLONDIE: Goodbye, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Goodbye!

(WHIZZ!...)

(DOOR SLAMS)

MUSIC:

(COME UP ON HAMMERING, ETC....OFF....)

DAGWOOD: (COMING UP) Well, I got the signs up all over the road, but I don't think they'll fool the sheriff...What have you been doing here, Blondie?

BLONDIE: Oh, I've been talking to the foreman about something, and he put some of the men to work under the house so that--

DAGWOOD: Oh-oh! It's too late. Here comes the Sheriff with Mr. Berger. And Mr. Dithers is right behind them.

(CAR DOORS CLOSING OFF...)

DITHERS: (OFF) You can't do this to me! ^{SHERIFF} It's practically illegal!

DAGWOOD: Oh, ^{I CAN TELL MR. DITHERS} he didn't get the permit...Where's Mr. Chrysler?

BLONDIE: He's inside the house looking around. I think he likes it, but he said it had to be finished.

BERGER: (COMING UP) There's the house, Sheriff. That's the one he's building without a permit.

SHERIFF: All right, Mr. Berger...Shall we go inside?

BERGER: Yes, let's do..(CHUCKLES) Coming, everyone?

DITHERS: A fine sheriff!

SHERIFF: I'm only doing my duty, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: I know it, but just the same I'll never vote for you again.

DAGWOOD: This whole business is just a dirty trick.

SHERIFF: It's legal, Mr. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: We'll take this law to the Supreme Court

SHERIFF
BERGER: It's already been there and ~~come~~ *THEY BOUNCED IT* back.

(DOOR OPENS)

(WALKING IN ON BARE FLOORS)

HENRY: (COMING UP) Well, Mr. Dithers, you still have half an hour to finish the house. It looks fine, too.

DITHERS: Well, we haven't got a chance now.

BLONDIE: Mr. Berger has the sheriff here to force us to stop work on the house because in the rush, we forgot to get a building permit.

BERGER: It's a most unfortunate--(CHUCKLES NASTILY) -- but nothing can be done about it.

BLONDIE: Oh, I wouldn't say that, Mr. Berger.

BERGER: You can't do anything about it. Sheriff read that notice, or whatever it is.

SHERIFF: ALL RIGHT (CLEARS THROAT)

DAGWOOD: Here goes my hundred dollars. I'm going to be in debt until 1947.

DITHERS: Berger, I'd throttle you if the sheriff ~~wasn't here.~~ *WOULD LOOK AWAY -*

SHERIFF: Well, I'll get this over with now. *(CLEARS THROAT) IN ACCORDANCE*

BLONDIE: Just a minute, Mr. Sheriff...I want to wave at the foreman outside.

WAVE AT THE FOREMAN.
DAGWOOD: What for?

BLONDIE: Oh, just flirting with him...There! He sees me all right. Go ahead, Sheriff.

SHERIFF: (CLEARS HIS THROAT) In accordance with the power invested in me as sheriff of ~~-this~~ *HEY! what's going on?*

(SOUND: OF HOUSE BEING MOVED...SUGGEST DOING SOMETHING WITH THE THUNDER DRUM...)

DAGWOOD: ~~It's an earthquake!~~ *The house is shaking.*
DITHERS: ~~The house is moving!~~ *IT'S*
BERGER: Run for your lives!
HENRY: The house is moving! Look out!
BLONDIE: It's all right -- just keep calm! It's all right!

(SOUND STOPS...)

DAGWOOD: What happened?
BLONDIE: It's all right, but Sheriff, we won't need you anymore.
SHERIFF: I've got to finish this, Mrs. Bumstead. *(CLEARS THROAT)*
IN ACCORDANCE
BLONDIE: It won't make any difference now. The foreman just moved the house across the county line, and it's outside of your jurisdiction.
DITHERS: *(STARTS LAUGHING)*
DAGWOOD: *(LAUGHS)*
BERGER: You can't do this to me! It's illegal! I'll get the sheriff from the next county!
BLONDIE: It'll be too late then. Well, come on, Mr. Dithers and Dagwood. Let's get the house finished by three!

MUSIC....

HENRY: All right--I'll just put my signature on this contract.
DITHERS: Fine, fine, ~~fine~~ *I MIGHT GO SO FAR AS TO SAY GOODY!*
DAGWOOD: Let me hold the paper still. *FOR YOU MR. CHRYSLER -*
HENRY: *GOODY... I LIKE THAT -*
(SCRATCHING SIGNATURE...)
HENRY: *HENRY J. CHRYSLER*
There you are, Mrs. Bumstead. And I hope your company will do as good a job on the other seventy-four houses as you did on this.
BLONDIE: Thank you, Mr. Chrysler, but it isn't my company.
HENRY: Oh, I know that but you're the brains behind it...Goodbye.

BLONDIE: Oh, thank you again, ~~and good-bye~~.

~~AD-LIB GOODBYES..~~

DITHERS: The brains of the company. I LIKE THAT -

DAGWOOD: You'd think we were just stooges.

HENRY: YOU WOULD THINK SO... THAT'S THE IMPRESSION I GOT -

DITHERS: Blondie--how in the world did you happen to think of moving

the house across the county line?

HENRY: YES, THAT WAS A STROKE OF GENIUS -

BLONDIE: Oh, that. (LAUGHS) I didn't think of it.

DAGWOOD: Then who did?

HENRY:
BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) Henry J. Chrysler!

MUSIC:

(APPLAUSE)

WILCOX!

AND NOW OUR THANKS TO THE YANK OF THE WEEK.

MUSIC: (VERY QUICK FANFARE)

McGEEHAN'S
VOICE:

~~Thanks to the Yanks of the Week,~~ Tonight we salute
the former Arkansas football star, Lieutenant
Maurice L. Britt, of Lone Oak, Arkansas, and the eight
men who were with him when he was attacked on
Mount Rotondo, in Italy, by nearly a hundred Germans.
Going at the enemy with machine guns, rifles, and
grenades, the nine men wiped out twenty-five Germans,
eleven of them falling to Lieutenant Britt personally.
In honor of you and your men, Lieutenant
Maurice Britt, the makers of Camels are sending to our
soldiers overseas three hundred thousand Camel
cigarettes!

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

(APPLAUSE)

WIICOX: Each of the four Camel shows honors a Yank of the Week, sends three hundred thousand Camel cigarettes overseas... a total of more than a million Camels sent free each week.

WIICOX: In this country the traveling Camel Caravans have thanked nearly three and a half million Yanks with free shows and free Camels.

WIICOX: Also, folks, listen to each of the four Camel radio shows each week. -- Thursday, Abbott and Costello; Friday, Jimmy Durante and Garry Moore; Saturday, Bob Hawk in "Thanks To The Yanks!" And of course next Monday and every Monday, be sure to listen to "Blondie," America's famous comic strip family at this same time and over these same CBS stations.

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

WILCOX: Blondie is played by Penny Singleton and Dagwood by Arthur Lake. The musical score is composed and conducted by William Artzt.

WILCOX: And remember -- Camel cigarettes are first in the service -- they've got what it takes! Camels stay fresh because they're packed to go around the world!

WILCOX: This is Harlow Wilcox saying goodnight for Camel Cigarettes -- First in the Service!
(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: (THEME AND APPLAUSE)

(GEORGE WASHINGTON HITCH HIKE)

SHIELDS: (ISOLATION BOOTH)

Mister pipe-smoker, here's a way to get up to a dozen
extra pipefuls in every package of tobacco you buy!
Get a great big blue two and a quarter ounce package of
George Washington Smoking Tobacco. Costs just one dime,
ten cents. What's more, every pipeful of George Washington
is mild, sweet-smoking, and fragrant, right down through
the last puff at the bottom of the bowl. Plunk down
your dime tonight for a big, big two and a quarter ounce
package of George Washington Smoking Tobacco. It's
America's biggest value in smoking pleasures!