

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

# AS BROADCAST

# 22  
(REVISED)

## "BLONDIE CURES INSOMNIA"

CBS STUDIO "C"  
MONDAY, DECEMBER 27, 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  
DOCTOR:.....JOHN BROWN  
MOGLI.....HANS CONRIED  
DOGS.....BILLY GOULD  
ANNOUNCER.....~~HARLOW WILCOX~~ KEN NILES  
CONDUCTOR.....BILLY ARTZT  
YANK....(Salute).....PAT MCGEEHAN  
G.W. HITCH HIKE.....FRED SHIELDS

### SOUND EFFECTS

DOOR  
PHONE  
CRASH OF POTTERY  
THUD OF BODY  
CLOCK STRIKES TWO (Not Grandfather)  
CHINESE GONG (Large Size)

51454 2450

(REVISED).

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1943

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

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~~NILES!~~  
~~WILSON:~~

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

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

~~NILES!~~  
~~WILSON:~~

Camel cigarettes are first in the service -- they've got  
what it takes! Yes, Camels are first with men in the  
Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, according  
to actual sales records. Both at home and overseas, more  
people want Camels, the cigarette that stays fresh, cool  
smoking and slow burning, because they're packed to go  
around the world! If your store is temporarily sold out,  
remember that Camel cigarettes are worth asking for again!  
Whenever you get them you can be sure that they'll always  
have more flavor, the 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!

~~NILES!~~  
~~WILSON:~~

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

MUSIC: (OPENING...HOLD FOR:)

~~WILCOX:~~ <sup>NILES:</sup> And now for our weekly visit with our neighbors, the Bumsteads of Shady Lane Avenue!

(APPLAUSE)

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

~~WILCOX:~~ <sup>WILCOX:</sup> It's two o'clock in the morning in the Bumstead home. Down in the kitchen, Daisy and her five puppies hear a faint whistle coming from upstairs, and for the third time tonight, they start up in answer to the call. Suppose we beat them upstairs and see who's doing that whistling. Sh-h-h! Quiet, please!....Well, it's coming from the bedroom where Blondie and Dagwood are asleep. Well, <sup>ANYWAY</sup> Dagwood's asleep, ~~anyway~~...Listen....

DAGWOOD: (SNORES, WITH DOG WHISTLES)

BLONDIE: (SLEEPILY) Oh, dear - there he goes again, whistling like a peanut stand.

DAGWOOD: (MORE SNORES WITH WHISTLES)

BLONDIE: I hope the dogs don't come running up again.

(DOGS COMING IN, BARKING AND WHOOPING IT UP)

BLONDIE: I spoke too soon....Now get off the bed, all of you! Get off!

(DOGS BARKING)

DAGWOOD: (WAKING UP SUDDENLY) Help! They're swarming over me! I'm being attacked! <sup>(DOG)</sup> Send up reinforcements! What happened to the artillery support! <sup>(DOG)</sup> Gimme a hand grenade! I'll annihilate 'em! <sup>(DOG)</sup>

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BLONDIE: Dagwood, you're dreaming. It's only the dogs.

DAGWOOD: Hanh?....Oh, the dogs!

(DAISY WHINES)

DAGWOOD: Hey! Cut it out! Stop licking my face!

BLONDIE: Daisy! What did I tell you about jumping in bed with us!

(DAISY WHINES WITH A SHRUG OF THE SHOULDERS)

BLONDIE: Now go back downstairs, and take your noisy children with you! Go on! Scat! Shoo!

DAGWOOD: Yeah, beat it!

(DOGS BEAT A HASTY RETREAT)

BLONDIE: Dagwood, that's the third time tonight those dogs have come up here and jumped onto the bed, and it's your fault!

DAGWOOD: What do I do?

BLONDIE: Well, you whistle while you snore while you sleep.

DAGWOOD: Well, anyway, I sleep.

BLONDIE: But I don't....I can't sleep with you going --

(SHE IMITATES DAGWOOD'S SNORE)

DAGWOOD: Do I do that?

BLONDIE: You certainly do. *IT WOULDN'T BE SO BAD IF YOU WHISTLED A LULLABY, BUT YOU JUST WHISTLED --*

DAGWOOD: (PLEASED) Gee, it's sort of an artistic snore.

BLONDIE: Not around here, it isn't.....Dagwood, you've been doing this for two nights now, and I haven't gotten any sleep. It's awful. When you sleep, you snore, and when you snore, you whistle, and when you whistle, the dogs jump up onto the bed!

DAGWOOD: But Blondie, how can I stop it?

BLONDIE: I know how to stop it. I'm going downstairs and bring you some black coffee.

DAGWOOD: But that'll wake me up.  
BLONDIE: That's just it. If you don't sleep, you won't snore, and if you don't snore, then I can get a little sleep!  
DAGWOOD: But what am I going to do for sleep?  
BLONDIE: You can do your sleeping tomorrow at the offices of the J.C. Dithers Construction Company!

MUSIC: (TROMBONE CADENZA)

DITHERS: Bumstead! Come into my office! (PAUSE) That's strange. No answer. (CALLS AGAIN) Bumstead! (PAUSE) I'm going to have to get an amplifying system around here so I can really bounce him out of his chair. He must be in his office.

(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: (IS SNORING, WITH THE WHISTLES)  
DITHERS: Sound asleep! And listen to those whistles. It's a wonder he hasn't whistled his office full of dames...Dagwood!  
DAGWOOD: (CONTINUES WITH THE SNORING, BUT ADDS SOMETHING INTERESTING)  
DITHERS: Dagwood!  
DAGWOOD: (SLEEPILY--NOT REALLY AWAKE) Hello, Blondie.  
DITHERS: This isn't Blondie.  
DAGWOOD: Gee, you look cute, honey, ~~PIE~~ -  
DITHERS: ~~stop calling me honey!~~ <sup>YOU LOOK JUST DARLING YOURSELF -</sup>.....Wake up, Dagwood.  
DAGWOOD: Aw, Blondie -- let me sleep a little longer.  
DITHERS: Oh, this is disgusting....(MIMICS BLONDIE) Get up, dear-- you'll be late to the office. Mr. Dithers will be angry.  
DAGWOOD: Let him be angry, the old gopher.  
DITHERS: Gopher!.....Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: Oh, cut it out, Blondie. You sound just like Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: I am Mr. Dithers.

DAGWOOD: Oh, that's silly, honey-~~that~~<sup>STUFF</sup>. Imagine me being married to an old fuddy-duddy like Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Well, don't worry--I wouldn't marry a ~~jerk~~<sup>EGG HEAD</sup> like you!  
Bumstead, wake up! Wake up!

DAGWOOD: (BEING SHAKEN) O-oh, B-blondie, you're so-o muscular!  
(AWAKE) ~~Whoa!~~<sup>GOOD MORNING</sup> Mr. Dithers!

DITHERS: Yes, honey, it's Mr. Dithers. What have you got to say for yourself?

DAGWOOD: Good morning, J.C. What are you doing in my bedroom?

DITHERS: You're in your office, vacuum-head.

DAGWOOD: Hey, that's right -- I am!....I ~~must have been dozing.~~<sup>WAS JUST RESTING MY EYES --</sup>

DITHERS: ~~Dozing?~~ You were practically in a coma-- and I don't mean your usual, everyday coma...What's wrong with you?

DAGWOOD: I couldn't sleep last night. I've been having an awful time. Some nights I snore so loud I keep waking myself up.

DITHERS: I see. It's sort of self-inflicted insomnia.

DAGWOOD: Yeah--hanh? And other nights, I whistle with my snore and the dogs think I'm calling them and jump in bed with me.

DITHERS: It must be very distasteful to the dogs.

DAGWOOD: How are you today, J.C.?

DITHERS: Terrible, thanks. I think I've got the flu.

DAGWOOD: Oh, I see. You opened the window and influenza. (LAUGHS)

DITHERS: Now I feel worse. *BOY ARE YOU CORNY*

DAGWOOD: Yeah, I--(YAWNS) --well, I guess maybe -- (SNORES)

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(REVISED)

DITHERS: Good grief! He's off again!....I better go back to my office and call Blondie about this.

(CLOSES DOOR SOFTLY)

DITHERS: Why, this is awful. With a little trouble, he might work this into sleeping sickness. He'd snore away there for years. I couldn't stand that constant droning.

BLONDIE: (COMING UP) Oh, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Don't bother me now, Blondie, I've got to go into my office and call Blondie up on the phone and -- oh, Blondie!

BLONDIE: Mr. Dithers, I'm worried about Dagwood. Where is he?

DITHERS: He's in his office.

BLONDIE: Is he doing something important?

DITHERS: He seems to think so...he's sleeping.

BLONDIE: Well, I'm glad he got here. When he went out the door this morning, he had his hands out in front of him like a sleep-walker.

DITHERS: Oh, that's bad. He'd better not try that in a crowded bus.

BLONDIE: And what's worse, he forgot to kiss me goodbye.

DITHERS: What a tragedy! Did you come down here just for a kiss?

BLONDIE: Well-1-1.

DITHERS: All right, here!

(SOUND....KISS)

BLONDIE: Why, Mr. Dithers!

DITHERS: <sup>YOU CAN</sup> Go on home now!

BLONDIE: Well, why I really came down was that I was afraid something might have happened to Dagwood on the way. He's practically unconscious.

DITHERS: What's new about that? .....That's what I wanted to call you about, Blondie. He seems to be in terrible shape.



"BLONDIE"  
12/27/43

-6-A

BLONDIE: He hasn't been sleeping very well, and neither have I.

DITHERS: He may not be sleeping well, but he's snoring beautifully. And on company time. He sounds like the Whistler and his dog!

BLONDIE: Well, Mr. Dithers, I thought you might have some suggestions for curing him.

DITHERS: I have, but they're all extremely violent. (BIZ)  
Well, I suppose if worse comes to worse, Dagwood can always demonstrate mattresses.

BLONDIE: He'd like that.

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DITHERS: ~~How really get to bed.~~ When I went in to see him a few minutes ago, he thought he was still in bed. He thought I was you trying to get him up in the morning.

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) He did? Why, there's hardly any resemblance.

DITHERS: We're both <sup>DELIGHTED</sup> glad about that...Would you like to go in and see him now?

BLONDIE: Yes, I would.

DITHERS: I doubt if he'll wake up longer than just to wink at you. ....Here's his office door, *AS IF YOU DIDN'T KNOW -*

(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: (SNORING AWAY...., WITH THE WHISTLES)

BLONDIE: That's just what he was doing last night.

DITHERS: Well, it could be worse. He could be singing while he snores.

DAGWOOD: (SNORES...THEN HUMS...THEN SNORES...THEN HUMS)

DITHERS: Good grief! Blondie, I've got a great idea. Dagwood is a scientific curiosity.

BLONDIE: Yes?

DITHERS: Why don't you rent him to the Mayo Brothers?

BLONDIE: Now Mr. Dithers.....(CALLS).... Dagwood! Wake up!

DAGWOOD: (STILL SNORING)

BLONDIE: Dagwooooood!

DAGWOOD: (SLEEPILY) Hello, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: He thinks you're me. What a compliment!

BLONDIE: Well, in that case, I'll just try something out.....  
Dagwood, old boy, how about ditching Blondie tonight  
and getting up a little poker game?

DAGWOOD: Sure----swell-- that's a great idea.

BLONDIE: I always wondered who was leading Dagwood astray.

DITHERS: Why didn't you just ask me?....Let's wake him up.

DAGWOOD: IT'S A GREAT IDEA -- (SNORES)

BLONDIE: I know how to do it, Mr. Dithers. I'll tell him he's late for the office.

DITHERS: I tried that.

BLONDIE: You don't know how to do it. (LOUD) Hurry up, Dagwood! Hurry! You're going to be late for the office!

DAGWOOD: (WAKING UP A LITTLE MORE) ~~Hurry~~ What! Holy smoke!

BLONDIE: You've got to run if you're going to catch the bus.

DAGWOOD: Get the door open for me, Blondie!

BLONDIE: All right, dear!

(DOOR OPENS...)

BLONDIE: The door's open, Dagwood! Come on! Hurry!

DAGWOOD: (COMING UP FAST) Okay, honey! I'll see you tonight!

BLONDIE: Goodbye, dear!

DAGWOOD: Goodbye!

(WIND WHISTLE....DOOR SLAMS...)

DITHERS: Good Grief! He'll plow up the whole office!

(CRASH OUTSIDE...)

BLONDIE: Oh, dear! I forgot <sup>WHERE WE WERE!</sup> ~~about that!~~

DITHERS: Well, I'll bet he's awake now!

DAGWOOD: (OFF) Bloooooooooooooondie!

MUSIC:

(CLOCK STRIKES TWO....)

DAGWOOD: (SNORING AGAIN--THE WHISTLES)

(DAISY AND DOGS HOWL OFF MIKE--THEY'RE LOCKED IN THE KITCHEN.....)

BLONDIE: (WAKING UP WITH A JERK--HMM!) Oh, no-o-o-o! ....Dagwood! Wake up!

DAGWOOD: What's happening? Hey!

BLONDIE: The dogs are howling again.

DAGWOOD: Where are they?

BLONDIE: I locked them in the kitchen an hour ago, but they hear you whistling to them....I wish I'd known this before I married you.

DAGWOOD: But Blondie, I can't help it. When I snore, I whistle, and when I whistle--

BLONDIE: (WEARILY) Yes, yes, I know, I know....

DAGWOOD: Wouldn't you rather have me whistling to the dogs at night instead of whistling at ~~them~~ <sup>GIRLS</sup> during the day?

BLONDIE: That's not the point, but don't do that, either. The point is that I haven't had any sleep. I'm dead tired.

DAGWOOD: So am I. I'm knocked out and dragged around. My snores keep waking me up. *I'VE ONLY BEEN ASLEEP TEN MINUTES--*

BLONDIE: Well, I hate to say this, Dagwood, but I'm going to have to solve this problem for tonight in a very drastic way.

DAGWOOD: Now don't make me drink ~~hot~~ <sup>BLACK</sup> coffee again. Last night it kept me awake until I got to the office in the morning.

BLONDIE: This is a different idea. Forgive me for saying this, dear, but <sup>TONITE</sup> you're going to have to go downstairs and sleep with the dogs!

Dog: Oh! No!

MUSIC:

DITHERS: Good morning, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Good morning--(YAWNS)--Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Oh, stop yawning in my face. You're making me--(YAWNS)--yawn, too.

DAGWOOD: And when you yawn--(YAWNS)--it makes me yawn again.  
DITHERS: Bumstead, you'll demoralize the whole office. Go get a paper bag and pull it over your head. You can cut holes for the eyes, <sup>AND</sup> ~~but~~ do your yawning in private.  
DAGWOOD: (YAWNS IT) Anything you say.  
DITHERS: Where are you going?  
DAGWOOD: I think I'll go into my office--(YAWNS)--for a little nap. Wake me up before the quitting whistle blows.  
DITHERS: Bumstead!  
DAGWOOD: Good night, Mr. Dithers.

(DOOR CLOSES...)

DITHERS: Why this is horrible! I'd slug him, only you can't hit a man when he's asleep. *I'LL HAVE TO PHONE BLONDIE!*

(PICK UP PHONE...)

DITHERS: Hello <sup>OH</sup> -is that you, Dimples?.....(COYLY) Who's my little rosebud?...Oh, yes you are. (CHANGES) Now/get *LET'S GET DOWN TO BUSINESS!*  
Mrs. Bumstead, and ask her to come down to the office, please. Tell her we've got to do something about her husband...No, we're not going to do away with him, and stop thinking of such sensational ideas. You must have been reading the Sunday supplement.

(HANGS UP...)

(KNOCK ON DOOR...)

DITHERS: (CALLS) Wipe your feet off and come in!

(DOOR OPENS....)

*NILES!*  
WILCOX: Hello, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: *WHY KEN NILES -*  
~~Hello, Wilcox.~~ Looking for me, were you?

*NILES!*  
WILCOX: That depends. I'm looking for someone who hasn't tried ~~his second pack~~ of Camel cigarettes.

NILES  
DITHERS: Oh, ~~Wilcox~~, who hasn't tried Camels?

~~NILES:~~  
~~WILCOX:~~ Most people have tried one or two Camel cigarettes -- yes -- and they often agree that Camels do have more flavor -- but you see, you can't really appreciate what more flavor means till you've tried a pack or two.

DITHERS: I've tried ~~two~~ hundreds/<sup>or</sup> packs of Camels, and I'm going to keep right on smoking them.

NILES:  
~~WILCOX:~~ That's what I mean! You know that more flavor, the result of expert blending of costlier tobaccos, is the thing that helps Camel cigarettes hold up, keep from going flat, no matter how many you smoke!

DITHERS: I know! I know!

NILES:  
~~WILCOX:~~ Of course you do -- but my wife told me I ought to practice on somebody with a nasty disposition.

DITHERS: ~~Wilcox!~~ NILES!

~~NILES:~~  
~~WILCOX:~~ See, I'm trying to get people to try ~~that second pack of~~ Camel cigarettes in their T-Zone -- "T" for taste and throat, everybody's proving ground for Camel's rich extra flavor and smooth extra mildness. They'll find that Camels stay fresh, too -- cool smoking and slow burning, because they're packed to go around the world!

DITHERS: ~~Wilcox~~, <sup>KEN-</sup> if you can stop long enough, I'd like to ask some advice.

NILES:  
~~WILCOX:~~ Why, shore.

DITHERS: Bumstead has been sleeping in the office during the day and staying awake at home at night. He's sort of changed shifts. How do you suppose I could get him out of it?

NILES:  
~~WILCOX:~~ Hmmm-quite a problem.

DITHERS: That I know.

NILES:  
~~WILCOX:~~ You want my advice?

DITHERS: Yes, I do.

WILCOX: Well-1-1-1, I'd advise you to get someone to give you  
some good advice....Good-bye, ~~now~~

(DOOR CLOSES....)

Boy I'M AFRAID OF HIM -  
DITHERS: ^ I think he's got something there--but what is it?

MUSIC:

BLONDIE: Now sit down, Dagwood. The doctor will be out in just  
a minute.

DITHERS: Yes--just relax, <sup>DOPEY HEAD</sup> ~~sleepyhead~~.

DAGWOOD: Okay...What's the doctor's name?

DITHERS: Doctor Wonkus...Here--you can look at this National  
Geographic. <sup>MY.....</sup> ~~Well--it's~~ a comparatively new issue--1911.  
Here--I'll dust it off for you.

DAGWOOD: (YAWNS) No, thanks, I think I'll just--(SNORES)

BLONDIE: Oh, dear--there he goes off to dreamland.

DITHERS: The sandman really sends<sup>s</sup> him.

DAGWOOD: (SNORES WITH WHISTLE)

(DOOR OPENS...)

DOCTOR: Did someone whistle for me? I'm Doctor Wonkus.

BLONDIE: Doctor, I'm Mrs. Bumstead.

DOCTOR: <sup>Good</sup> Good. Well, I'm ready to treat anything from hangnails  
to pneumono-ultra-microscopic-silico-volcano-niosis.

DITHERS: What's that?

DOCTOR: A bad cough....Just step right inside, Mrs. Bumstead.

BLONDIE: Oh, THANK YOU.....  
(HUMS "RAMON OVERTURE")

BLONDIE: Oh, thank you.

DOCTOR: AND YOU SIR WHILE WE ARE GONE  
~~Now,~~ don't worry, ~~sir~~.

DITHERS: Why should I be worried?



DOCTOR: Because I'm sending you the bill.

(DOOR CLOSES...)

DOCTOR: (HUMS) Now what seems to be the trouble, Mrs. Bumstead?

BLONDIE: Well, my husband--

DOCTOR: Was he the man sleeping with his mouth open?

BLONDIE: Yes.

DOCTOR: And you want to trade him in on a new one?

BLONDIE: Oh, no, no--certainly not! You see, I can't sleep nights, and it's because--

DOCTOR: Take these pink pills. One at night just before retiring. And I wouldn't eat too big an evening meal. You'd better lay off thick steaks, roast beef, and caviar.

BLONDIE: Doctor, you're living in a dream world....And besides, I can't sleep because my husband snores.

DOCTOR: Give me back those pills.

BLONDIE: Here you are.

DOCTOR: Now I'll write out a prescription for you. (HUMS) <sup>3/4</sup> OF AN OUNCE There you are.

BLONDIE: It looks like it's written in Greek or something.....  
What's the prescription for?

DOCTOR: Cotton, to stuff in your ears.

BLONDIE: It won't do any good. He whistles when he snores, and the dogs hear him, and wake us up.

DOCTOR: Put the cotton in the dogs' ears.

BLONDIE: I don't think that would work.

DOCTOR: You don't, eh? (HUMS) Here are the pills again. Give them to the dogs.

BLONDIE: Don't you think it would be better to solve this by treating my husband?

DOCTOR: (HUMS) An excellent suggestion! Let's have a look at him.

(DOOR OPENS....)

DAGWOOD AND DITHERS: (BOTH ARE SNORING--DAGWOOD IS WHISTLING WITH THE SNORE)

BLONDIE: Oh, they're both asleep.

DOCTOR: Cute, aren't they? Oh, Mr. Bumstead!

BLONDIE: Wake up, Dagwood! Wake up!

DAGWOOD: Hanh? What is it?

DITHERS: Good grief! ~~I must have dozed off.~~ He's got me doing it now! Oh, Bumstead--why can't you sleep like a normal person?

DAGWOOD: Well, I--(YAWNS)--ah--ah--

DOCTOR: Open your mouth wider, please...Wider....Wider, please... If Joe E. Brown saw this, he's shoot himself.

DITHERS: <sup>LOOK AT THAT MOUTH</sup> ^ Now I know where the barrage balloons go at night. (LAUGHS)

BLONDIE: Well, Doctor, what do you think?

DOCTOR: Just a minute--I'll write out something for you. (HUMS)  
There you are.

DAGWOOD: What's this?

DOCTOR: It's the address of another doctor.....Good-bye!

MUSIC:

BLONDIE: Goodness! This other doctor certainly has a spooky office.

DAGWOOD: Doctor Wonkus said he was a hypnotist.

DITHERS: Well, ring the bell for him. <sup>OR DO SOMETHING TO MAKE</sup> ~~There's nobody else~~  
A NOISE LIKE A CUSTOMER  
around.

BLONDIE: I'll <sup>PUSH THIS</sup> ~~press the~~ button.  
(TEMPLE GONG....)

MOGLI: I--am Doctor Moogli.

DAGWOOD: How do you <sup>DOODLY</sup> ~~do it~~.

BLONDIE: Uh--Doctor, this is my husband, Mr. Bumstead, and--

MOGLI: I know your problem without your telling me.

DITHERS: Why--why, that's amazing.

MOGLI: Not at all. I do it <sup>ALL</sup> by mental telepathy, human  
electronics, and besides I just talked to Doctor Wonkus  
on the <sup>TELE</sup> /phone.

DITHERS: Well, listen, we're tired of fooling around. Can you  
help Mr. Bumstead or can't you?

MOGLI: Of course, silly.....I shall do it by hypnotism. First  
I will put him to sleep.

BLONDIE: That shouldn't be difficult.

DAGWOOD: I can put myself to sleep. (SINGS) "Rockaby, Dagwood,  
in the tree top"--

MOGLI: Please! Let me do this....Mr. Bumstead, you are <sup>NOW</sup> going  
to sleep. Your eyelids are very heavy and--

DAGWOOD: (SNORES)

DITHERS: That didn't take long. We ought to get a cheaper rate.

MOGLI: Now then, do you whistle when you snore, Mr. Dithers?

DITHERS: Not unless a dame walks by in my dreams. (LAUGHS)

MOGLI: The problem is very simple then....Mr. Bumstead, you are <sup>NOW</sup>  
Mr. Dithers, who does not whistle when he snores when  
he sleeps.

DAGWOOD: I am <sup>NOW</sup> Mr. Dithers who does not sleep when he snores when he whistles.

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood....Well, I hope this works.

MOOGLI: Well, I think he's got the idea....Mr. Bumstead, just remember that you are Mr. Dithers.

DAGWOOD: I will remember. ~~I AM MR. DITHERS~~ -

MOOGLI: You will remember this after I bring you out of your hypnotic sleep.

DAGWOOD: ~~Stay~~ YOU SAID IT -

MOOGLI: You are now awakening. Your eyes are opening....Now, you are awake again! (SNAP)

DAGWOOD: Hello, everybody--it's me again.

BLONDIE: How do you feel?

DAGWOOD: Just fine.

BLONDIE: Oh, wonderful! Thank you very much, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Oh, not at all. Thank you. Let me hear from you, if it's only a check....Good-bye.

(DOOR OPENS....)

DITHERS: It's nice work if you can <sup>get</sup> it.....Good-bye.

(DOOR CLOSES.....)

BLONDIE: Well, I suppose I won't know until tonight if you're cured, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Who are you calling Dagwood? I'm Mr. Dithers.

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) Oh, excuse me, I thought you were--you're who?

DAGWOOD: I'm Mr. Dithers. You know me, Blondie. Dagwood's worked for me long enough--the jerk.

DITHERS: Good grief!

DAGWOOD: Come on, Bumstead, let's get back to the office!

DITHERS: Now, wait a minute, you nit-wit...

DAGWOOD: Bumstead!  
DITHERS: Hunh?.....Bloooooondie!

MUSIC:

BLONDIE: Where is he now, Mr. Dithers?  
DITHERS: Oh, he's in my office. He threw me out of it....He really thinks he's me.  
BLONDIE: I know. All the way over here he whistled at every pretty girl who walked by.  
DITHERS: Blondie! I don't do that!  
BLONDIE: Well, every other girl then.

IS THAT BAD?

DITHERS: (CHUCKLES) As long as he's going to be me, I hope he pays my insurance premiums.

BLONDIE: As long as he thinks he's you, he can take the money out of the profits of the company.

DITHERS: Oh, no!

(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: (OFF) Bumstead! Come into my office.

DITHERS: Ye gods and little fishes .. Coming, J. C.

DAGWOOD: Blondie, when are you and Dagwood going to invite me over for dinner again? .. Soon, I hope.

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood, don't you know who you are?

DAGWOOD: Bumstead is always in a fog.

BLONDIE: Just a minute, Dagwood - or Mr. Dithers - or whoever you are.

DAGWOOD: Hanh?

BLONDIE: Is there a mirror in this office?

DAGWOOD: Right over there.

BLONDIE: Well, go and look in it, will you, please?

DAGWOOD: What for? Is this one of your screwy ideas, Bumstead?

DITHERS: Oh, Bumstead, don't call me Bumstead!...Insult me some other way.

BLONDIE: Look in the mirror, you.

DAGWOOD: Okay .. Hanh? Hey, there's something wrong with this mirror! I'm the right guy, but the wrong face is looking back at me!

BLONDIE: You see - you're really Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Oh, no - I just must have left myself somewhere .. I mean, I must have mislaid myself .. I mean I'm lost .. Well, something happened to me!

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BLONDIE: Dagwood, you'd better come home with me.

DAGWOOD: Mrs. Dithers wouldn't like that.

DITHERS: That did it! This is too much! I won't stand for all this nonsense going on here - and particularly on company time. I know how to cure this.

(PHONE RINGS .. PICK UP PHONE)

DAGWOOD: Hello? .. Oh, hello, <sup>DIMPLES</sup>~~Dithers~~ - you luscious thing!. (LAUGH)

BLONDIE: Oh, dear .. Mr. Dithers, I don't care what your cure is, but you have my permission to proceed.

DAGWOOD: No, Dimples - no letters to be dictated today. (COJLY)  
See you tomorrow though. YOU GORGEOUS HUNK OF JUNK -

(HANGS UP)

DITHERS: Blondie, would you step outside for a minute.

BLONDIE: Well - all right, Mr. Dithers .. I'll wait <sup>OUT</sup> there.

DITHERS: I'm quite confident this will work.

(DOOR CLOSSES)

BLONDIE: Oh, I wonder what Mr. Dithers is going to do. If his cure doesn't work, I don't know what'll happen tonight. He probably won't come home to dinner.

DAGWOOD: (INSIDE) Get away from me, Bumstead! put that down.

(CRASH OF POTTERY INSIDE)

DAGWOOD: Bloooooondie!

(~~THEN THUD OF BODY INSIDE~~)

(PAUSE .... DOOR OPENS)

<sup>BLONDIE</sup>  
DITHERS: ^ The operation was successful!

MUSIC:

(~~SOUND OF PAINT DROPS~~)

DAGWOOD'S

BLONDIE: Oh, this is wonderful... ~~he's~~ napping on the couch and he isn't snoring ~~as much~~, and he isn't whistling, either.

(PHONE RINGS)

BLONDIE: Oh, dear, there's the phone.

DAGWOOD: (WAKES UP) Hanh? What's that? BLONDIE —

BLONDIE: It's the phone, Dagwood .. just a minute.

(PICK UP PHONE)

BLONDIE: Hello? .. Who's this? .. Oh, hello, Cora. (ASIDE)

It's Cora Dithers. (ON) Yes, everything's fine.

...YES....Is that right? ... My goodness!...Yes...well,

just ~~ask~~ <sup>TELL</sup> Mr. Dithers what he did for Dagwood .. Yes..

Goodbye..

DAGWOOD: What's wrong, Blondie.

BLONDIE: The funniest thing. Mr. Dithers is taking a nap, too, and Cora says that for the first time, he's whistling while he snores while he sleeps.

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke.

BLONDIE: And <sup>ALL</sup> the dogs ~~next door~~ <sup>IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD ARE OUTSIDE THEIR HOUSE</sup> howling to get in!

MUSIC: (TAG CURTAIN)

(APPLAUSE)



~~WILCOX:~~  
NILES:

And now our Thanks to the Yanks of the Week!

MUSIC: (VERY QUICK FANFARE)

MC GEEHAN: Tonight we salute First Lieutenant Robert W. Cogswell, of Mount Lebanon, Pennsylvania, a Flying Fortress pilot whose disabled plane began to go to pieces, with a full bomb load, over England. Ordering his men to bail out, he tried to reach an airfield alone. While over an English town, his bomber's wing began to curl up, and the plane fell. Though he was already reaching a dangerous jumping altitude, he stayed with his plane till he had gone past the town, jettisoned his bombs in an open field, and parachuted to safety just a few seconds before his Fortress exploded. In your honor, Lieutenant Robert Cogswell, the makers of Camels are sending to our soldiers overseas three hundred thousand Camel cigarettes!

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

(APPLAUSE)

~~WILCOX:~~  
NILES:

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.

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~~WILCOX:~~  
NILES:

In this country the traveling Camel Caravans have thanked audiences of more than three and a half million Yanks with free shows and free Camels.

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~~WILCOX:~~  
NILES:

Camel Radio broadcasts go out to the United States four times a week are shortwaved to our men overseas and to South America. / Listen Thursday to Abbott and Costello; Friday to Garry Moore and Jimmy Durante; Saturday to Bob Hawk in "Thanks to the Yanks", / And of course next Monday and every Monday, be sure to listen to "Blondie", at this same time and over these same CBS stations.

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

~~WILCOX:~~  
NILES:

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

~~WILCOX:~~  
NILES:

And remember, Camel cigarettes are first in the service! They stay fresh because they're packed to go around the world!

~~WILCOX:~~  
NILES:

This is ~~Harlow Wilcox~~ <sup>NEN NILES</sup> saying goodnight for Camel Cigarettes

-- First in the Service!

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC:

(THEME AND APPLAUSE)