

"BLONDIE"

(REVISED)

MONDAY, APRIL 10, 1944

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

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

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

NILES: Get a fresh cigarette -- get a Camel! Sure, fresh Camels
on the Persian Gulf mean fresh Camels for you, too --
because all Camels are packed to go around the world --
packed to stay fresh, cool smoking, and slow burning!
Of course, you know that Camel cigarettes are first with
men in all the services, according to actual sales records.
Yes, more people want Camels now, both at home and overseas.
More people want the fresh cigarette, the cigarette with
more flavor. So remember, if your store is sold out today--
Camel cigarettes are worth asking for again!

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

NILES: Camel cigarettes! Camel's standard of costlier tobaccos
is the same for soldier, for civilian, anywhere in the
world!

copy , 57
reprint . 57

MUSIC: (OPENING...HOLD FOR:)

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

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: (BLONDIE THEME...FADE TO BACKGROUND AND OUT)

NILES: Well, Dagwood has been doing very nicely as vice
president and temporary head of the J1 C. Dithers
Construction Company ever since Mr. Dithers kicked Dagwood
out of the office and broke his own leg doing it.
Mr Dithers is still in the hospital and this morning,
Blondie and Dagwood are at the Dithers Company
waiting for something to happen.

BLONDIE: Dagwood - what do you do here when nothing's happening?

DAGWOOD: Oh, I design homes of the future, and check all the jobs
that we're working on now, and go over my correspondence,
and call a meeting of the staff, and--uh--

BLONDIE: Now, Dagwood, I know you well enough to know that you do
nothing of the kind. What do you do when nothing's
happening?

DAGWOOD: I ~~take naps~~ ^{thought so}.

BLONDIE: I just wondered.

DAGWOOD: Of course I couldn't do that when Mr. Dithers was around.
He has an uncanny way of knowing when I have my feet up on
the desk. It never fails.

BLONDIE: Well it's failing now You've got your feet up on his
desk.

(PHONE RINGS)

DAGWOOD: Oh-oh. There he is --calling from the hospital, .

BLONDIE: I'll get it Dagwood.

(PICK UP PHONE)

BLONDIE: J. C Dithers Construction Company.

DITHERS: (FILTER) Oh hello. Dimples (GIGGLES) *you gorgeous thing.*

BLONDIE: (TO DAGWOOD) He thinks I'm his secretary. I'll fix him.

(TO DITHERS) Hello, *you Jargon of the Water cooler -* ~~Mr. Dithers~~. (THE DITHERS LAUGH)

DITHERS: Good grief, Dimples. What have you been doing -- taking vitamin pills? You don't sound at all like my fuzzy wuzzy little seckwetawy.

BLONDIE: I don't? That's because I isn't your fuzzy-wuzzy little seckwetawy.

DITHERS: (IMPATIENTLY) Then who's *is who!* ~~fuzzy wuzzy little seckwetawy~~ ~~is oo?~~

BLONDIE: I is Dagwood's ~~fuzzy wuzzy little seckwetawy~~.

DITHERS: That ~~traitor~~ *is a lying quivering* ~~That Judas~~. So he stole you away from me, did he?

BLONDIE: Oh, no. I married him.

DITHERS: Why he's a bigamist. Wait till I tell Blondie.

BLONDIE: This is Blondie.

DITHERS: I don't care who -- oh hello, Blondie. Let me talk to Dagwood,

BLONDIE: All right, Mr. Dithers. (TO DAGWOOD) Well, Dagwood--I sort of warmed him up for you.

DAGWOOD: Thanks, *J.C* ~~honey~~...Hello, *honey* ~~J.C.~~

Beump - Beump
DITHERS: Bumstead. Get your feet off my desk.

DAGWOOD: Whooooaaa. Excuse me, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: And don't let me find out that you've been dipping into my supply of pre-war chewing gum, either.

DAGWOOD: Oh no, Mr Dithers.....Nice day today, isn't it?

DITHERS: Yes, and I'm just one day closer to getting out of this hospital --at which time I am going to have my revenge.

DAGWOOD: Now, ~~J.C. I haven't done anything to provoke you -~~ ~~J.C. you wouldn't stick my little finger into the pencil sharpener again.~~

DITHERS: I'll ~~be worse than that~~ ^{provoke you -}. I'll pin your ears together with the stapling machine.

DAGWOOD: Now, Mr. Dithers -- just relax, I'll run the ^{J.C.} Dithers Company.

DITHERS: I know you will -- right into the ground.....Oh-oh, here comes the ~~floor supervisor~~ ^{head nurse again -}. She catches me every time

I paddle my bed down the hall to the phone. ^{with a mop -}

DAGWOOD: Well goodbye, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Hold on, Bumstead --I'm going to demand my rights....Now see here ^{mace} I'm going to do all the phoning I want to....

No, I won't hang up. Get away from me you ^{female wrestler} daughter ^(also crusher) of ~~Frankenstein~~. Ouch!

(HANGS UP AT OTHER END)

DAGWOOD: That ~~floor supervisor's~~ ^{head nurse} got his number, Blondie.

(HANGS UP)

BLONDIE: Dagwood, I've just been looking around, and you know what I think we ought to do?

DAGWOOD: No, what?

BLONDIE: I think we ought to clean out everything around here. Look at the mess on Mr. Dithers' desk. And what's that pile of letters and papers in this wire basket?

DAGWOOD: ^{oh, don't touch that -} That's Mr Dithers' Urgent file.

BLONDIE: Urgent. eh? Let's see what's in it that's so urgent.

(RATTLE OF PAPERS)

BLONDIE: Well, well. ~~Here's a letter asking Mr. Dithers to vote for Roosevelt - Teddy Roosevelt.~~

~~DAGWOOD: He probably just has that there for a gag.~~

BLONDIE: Well, here's a letter inviting him to take a demonstration ride in the new ~~Ford Model A~~ *horseless carriage*.

DAGWOOD: Gee, his Urgent file hasn't been urgent for a good many years.

BLONDIE: We ought to clean the whole place out and put it in good shape. Why it's a disgrace to even sit in an office that's in such an awful mess. I'm going to call up Cora Dithers and the two of us are going to clean up this office.

It's absolutely frightful. *It looks like the pygmies have been in here*

DAGWOOD: Now Blondie --please. I'd rather you didn't.

BLONDIE: I'm only going to help you.

DAGWOOD: But you'll only get everything all mixed up around here - we won't be able to find anything--we won't be able to do business. Blondie, the Dithers Company can't afford to have you help us

BLONDIE: We're going to just the same.

DAGWOOD: But the company might go bankrupt.

BLONDIE: Well, Dagwood, at least you'll go bankrupt in nice, orderly surroundings. *Dagwood! but, but, but* ..Now let's not talk about it anymore.

I'm determined about this, and when I tell Cora Dithers about it, I know she'll be even more determined.

DAGWOOD: But you've got to ask Mr. Dithers if it's all right.

BLONDIE: We'll tell him this afternoon when we drop in to see him.

Cookie wants to say hello to Mr. Dithers

DAGWOOD: Fine, and you won't bother us if Mr. Dithers says no, will you?

BLONDIE: If he says no, I think Cora will persuade him to change his mind.

MUSIC:

(TROMBONE) (TROMBONE)
DITHERS: What?/Clean out the office. My answer is No - definitely NO!

DAGWOOD: See Blondie -- I told you so.

BLONDIE: What do you think, Cora?

CORA: My answer is Yes -- *and furthermore, - over* ~~definitely Yes.~~

BLONDIE: Well, then it's all decided.

DITHERS: Just one moment, please. I said that the office is not to be disturbed.

CORA: ~~We're~~ ignoring you Poochie.

DITHERS: Don't call me Poochie -- *you Carnel* ~~or I'll call you Biscie after the Borden cow... Meeeee.~~

CORA: Julius, aren't you satisfied with just one broken leg?

DAGWOOD: Here, here. Hey! Hold on a minute. There's no need to fight about this. It can be settled very simply. Just don't mess around at the office.

COOKIE: What's everybody yelling about, Daddy?

DAGWOOD: Oh, it's just a little friendly squabble, Cookie.

BLONDIE: It's just a question of whether or not your father and Mr. Dithers work in a clean office or a messy office, Cookie. Which would you prefer, dear?

COOKIE: The messy office.

DAGWOOD: She's a smart girl.

BLONDIE: Cookie Bumstead - you stand right where you are and keep quiet until we're through talking.

COOKIE: I guess I'm in the doghouse.

BLONDIE: Well, Cora, shall we go over to the office and start digging into all those dusty old drawers and filing cabinets?

CORA: Yes Blondie - let's go.

DITHERS: Now wait a minute. Cora-who started the J.C.Dithers Construction Company.

CORA: You did Julius.

DITHERS: And who's president of the J.C.Dithers Construction Company?

CORA: You are Julius.

DITHERS: And who knows ^{what's} ~~that's~~ best for the J.C.Dithers Construction Company.

CORA: You do, Julius....And who knows what's best for J.C. Dithers himself?

DITHERS: You do, Cora.

CORA: Well, that's that.

BLONDIE: See, Dagwood -- I told you so....Come on, Cora -- we'll go right and straighten up that office, and when you get out of the hospital, Mr. Dithers, you won't even recognize the Dithers Company.

DITHERS: It'll probably be owned by someone else by then.

BLONDIE: Dagwood, you stay here and keep Mr. Dithers occupied.

DAGWOOD: But Blondie --

BLONDIE: And Cookie --

COOKIE: Yes, Mommy?

BLONDIE: Take good care of your father. *Goodbye!*

(DOOR CLOSES)

DITHERS: Well, Bumstead -- you've really fixed things up this time.

DAGWOOD: But I didn't have anything to do with this at all.

DITHERS: I don't care - I'm giving you all the blame.....Oh, it'll be terrible if they get into my desk.

DAGWOOD: Why, what's in your desk?

DITHERS: Well, there's my little black book with all the telephone

numbers and there's the ~~Petty~~ girl pictures, and the Varga girl calendar/ ^{with footnotes} and then in my lower right hand ^{besides that my collection of pin ups girls.} drawer there's that --- oh, no, no, no! They mustn't find that.

DAGWOOD: What is it?

DITHERS: (BREATHLESS) It's -- it's --no, no, I can't tell/you, ^{even} either, Dagwood. No one must know. I couldn't stand to share that secret. I'd go mad, I tell you - I'd go mad.

DAGWOOD: Oh, stop talking like Vitamin Flintheart.

DITHERS: Dagwood, you've got to go over there and make sure that they don't get into my lower right hand drawer.

DAGWOOD: Well, I'll try.

COOKIE: Oh, boy.

DITHERS: What do you mean--oh, boy.

COOKIE: I know plenty.

DITHERS: What are you talking about?

COOKIE: ~~Telephone numbers~~ ^{Little black book}... (SING SONG) Shame on Mr. Dithers, Shame on Mr. Dithers. ~~Shame on Mr. Dithers.~~

DITHERS: Oh, stop it, What's she up to, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: I think she's going to put the bite on you...You know - blackmail.

How about
COOKIE: Can I give a quarter, Mr. Dithers?
DITHERS: A quarter? Cookie -- you surprise me.
DAGWOOD: She surprises me, too. It's worth at least fifty cents.
DITHERS: Bumstead!..Here's a quarter for you, Cookie.
COOKIE: Where's the other quarter?
DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) She's a good business woman. You better cough it up, J.C.

DITHERS: Oh, all right...Here you are, you little gangster^{moll}.

COOKIE: (SWEETLY...MORE THAN USUAL) Thank you, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: (MIMICS HER) Thank you, Mr. Dithers...Disgusting...

(KNOCK KNOCK ON DOOR)

DITHERS: Who's there?

10.45 10.57

NILES: (OUTSIDE) Police!

DITHERS: Police ~~who~~?

(DOOR OPENS)

NILES: Police try Camel cigarettes in your T-Zone.

(AD LIB OF "HELLO, NILES".."HELLO, KEN")

NILES: (CONTINUING) That's "T" for taste and throat. You see, your taste tells you that Camels do have more flavor. And your throat gives you the last word on Camel's smooth extra mildness.

DAGWOOD: What are you doing here, Ken?

NILES: Oh, I just dropped in to say hello. I've been down in the maternity ward.

DITHERS: Congratulations, old man! What is it, a girl or a boy or a nurse?

NILES: No, I just felt sorry for the prospective fathers who were pacing up and down in the waiting room, so I reminded them that if they wanted a cigarette that wouldn't go flat no matter how many they smoked -- they should get Camels for more flavor! Why, I said, it's expert blending of costlier tobaccos that gives Camels more flavor, helps 'em hold up, pack after pack!

DAGWOOD: Well, they ought to appreciate that!

NILES: Oh, they did! They told me to go walk a Niles for some Camels! *ha ha* So I started to dash out, shouting that Camel cigarettes stay fresh, cool smoking, and slow burning, because they're packed to go around the world! And then it happened!

DITHERS: What happened?

NILES: In a final burst of enthusiasm *to the expectant fathers* I cheered -- "Camel is the cigarette for me! It wins (IT WINS PRONOUNCED "I-TWINS") my vote!" They thought I said twins and they passed out cold. *12.09 12.30*

DITHERS: It's an ^{TWIN} interesting life, isn't it? Ken, do me a favor, will you. Bring in that wheel chair out in the hall and help me into it.

NILES: Okay, Mr. Dithers -- always glad to help a Camel fan...
(FADES)

DITHERS: Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Yes, J.C.?

DITHERS: Get right over to the ~~Dithers Company~~ ^{office} and make sure the girls don't get into my right hand bottom drawer. I'll watch Cookie for you.

COOKIE: We'll have a swell time.

DITHERS: Yes, until I run out of quarters.

DAGWOOD: Okay, but Mr. Dithers -- ~~what is in your right hand bottom drawer?~~

DITHERS: I can't tell you, Dagwood, but if it were discovered, I'd be ruined socially.

DAGWOOD: *You would (laughs)*
Okay, J.C.

DITHERS: I'll try to get over there in a wheel chair, but in the meanwhile, they must not get into my right hand bottom drawer!

MUSIC:

CORA: Well, Dagwood, it was nice of you to come over. You can pitch right in and help us clean.

DAGWOOD: Blondie and Mrs. Dithers, you know, are kinda curious and I thought maybe you could give me a little hint as to what is in your right hand bottom drawer.

DITHERS: Bumstead, no!!

DAGWOOD: Well, maybe I could just reach in and feel it a little bit -- maybe with a blindfold on.

DAGWOOD: I'd rather pitch right in and watch you clean.

BLONDIE: Here you are ^{dear} put on this dust cap.

DAGWOOD: ^{oh, not that} Get away from me, Blondie. Have you gotten to Mr. Dithers' desk yet?

BLONDIE: Not yet, Dagwood, but goodness, we've found more trash in this office. There were ^{some} ^{here} calendars that--

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke--did you find Mr. Dithers' Varga girl calendars?

BLONDIE: No. I was talking about a calendar for 1924 that we found, and we also ran across a campaign button for Grover Cleveland.

CORA: But what's this about Varga girl calendars?

DAGWOOD: Er--it's really nothing, *Mrs. Dithers*

CORA: Come on, Dagwood--out with it. What about these pin up pictures?

DAGWOOD: Er--well, you ^{know} ~~what~~ that Mr. Dithers is a great lover of art, don't you?

CORA: No, I don't.

DAGWOOD: Oh....Well, Mr. Dithers' eyes gets tired and he likes to rest them looking at these calendars.

CORA: Looking at these Varga girls, eh?

DAGWOOD: Oh, no, no--he just looks at the nifty numbers--I mean, the dates--I mean, he just reads the numerals. (WEAK LAUGH)

BLONDIE: Well, Cora, we'd better start cleaning up ^{*Mr. Dithers'*} ~~this~~ desk here.

CORA: I'd like to hear more from Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Oh, not really--it'll just be dull. Get back to work, girls.

BLONDIE: Well, let's start cleaning out this top drawer.

(DRAWER OPEN)

CORA: Hmman--I wonder if this little black book is anything important.

BLONDIE: Let's see it, Cora.

DAGWOOD: Hey!

BLONDIE: Well, it seems to be--

DAGWOOD: Here--give me that! It's mine. It's got a lot of construction business secrets in it.

BLONDIE: It's yours, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: Yeah--just a little book of facts and figures.

BLONDIE: Then would you mind explaining the meaning of Juanita Phone East 2354.

DAGWOOD: Yes, I'd mind terribly.

BLONDIE: I know what you mean by facts and figures, but somehow I don't connect Juanita with the construction business.

DAGWOOD: You should see ~~her~~. *how she's constructed*

BLONDIE: Dagwood Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: Blondie, I'll explain in just a minute....Where's the key to this desk?

BLONDIE: It's right here, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Thanks....I just want to lock this right hand bottom drawer.

(SOUND OF KEY IN DESK LOCK...KEY TURNS)

DAGWOOD: There.

CORA: Dagwood, why are you looking that?

DAGWOOD: Oh, just so it won't be disturbed.

BLONDIE: What's in there, Dagwood?

CORA: I demand to know! This desk belongs to my husband, Dagwood, and I have a right to know what's in it.

DAGWOOD: I don't know myself.

CORA: Well then hand me the key.

DAGWOOD: No, I can't do it. I'll never let go of this key.

BLONDIE: Oh, I'll bet you will....Kitchy, kitchy, kitchy!

DAGWOOD: Whooaaa! Stop it! Cut it out! Stop tickling! Help! I surrender!

(SOUND OF KEY FALLING...)

BLONDIE: I've got it! I've got the key!

DAGWOOD: Wait a minute, Blondie! Wait! Come on outside a ^{minute} moment--
I want to talk to you.

BLONDIE: What about?

(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: (FIRMLY) Outside, please!

BLONDIE: Ouch!....I'll be right back, Cora.

(DOOR CLOSES)

BLONDIE: Dagwood--first you can explain about that address book.

DAGWOOD: Sh-h-h-h! That's Mr. Dithers'.

BLONDIE: Oh.

DAGWOOD: And Blondie, you've got to give me back that key. I don't know what's in the right hand bottom drawer, but you mustn't look in there. Mr. Dithers said that if anyone knew about whatever it is, he'd be ruined socially.

BLONDIE: (EXCITED) Really, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: Don't look so pleased about it....Give me the key, first.

BLONDIE: Dagwood, don't you trust me with the key.

DAGWOOD: ~~He~~, You're a woman. Hand over the key.

BLONDIE: Well, all right....What do you suppose is in there, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: I don't know, Blondie, but whatever it is, it's Mr. Dithers' guilty secret!

MUSIC:

(STREET NOISES IN DISTANCE)

COOKIE: Mr. Dithers, let's stop a minute.

DITHERS: Oh, ~~all right, Cookie~~....What's the matter? ^{Cookie} Are you getting tired of pushing me in this wheelchair?

COOKIE: Gosh, I'm knocked out.

DITHERS: Well, you can rest a second, then.

COOKIE: Thank you, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: I've got to get over to the office before they get into that desk....All right, Cookie--time's up. Let's go.

COOKIE: Give me another quarter.

DITHERS: I'll give it to you when you get me there.

COOKIE: Nothing doing. I want my money now.

DITHERS: Well, I won't give it to you! And don't try to muscle me out of it, either!

COOKIE: (WARNINGLY) Okay, Mr. Dithers!

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

COOKIE: Here we go--right into the street.

DITHERS: No, no! Be careful! Look out for the traffic!

(HONKING OF HORNS UP)

(SCREECH OF BRAKES)

DITHERS: Stop! No! I'll pay up! Cookie! Don't! Here's your quarter!

COOKIE: (SWEETLY) Thank you, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: (YELLS) You're welcome!

DAGWOOD: (OFF) Hey--hey, Mr. Dithers! Cookie!

COOKIE: Here comes Daddy.

DAGWOOD: Hey, Mr. Dithers--what's the idea of making ^{little} Cookie push you around like this?

DITHERS: What's wrong with it? I'm paying ^{her} ~~the child~~! And in advance, too...Bumstead--why aren't you at the office, guarding my desk?

DAGWOOD: I locked that drawer--everything'll be all right.

DITHERS: Oh, Bumstead--you idiot! You nitwit! You driveling,
drooping-- *DAGWOOD: Nincompoop!* *DITHERS: Yes, that too.*

DAGWOOD: Just a minute, Mr. Dithers! You can't talk that way to me!

DITHERS: Oh, I can't, can't I?

DAGWOOD: Not unless you want me to push you up ~~an alley in your~~ *to the top of the*
~~wheel chair and tie you there.~~ *hill and let you go coasting.*

DITHERS: (WORRYING) Dagwood, old boy--you wouldn't do that to your
old friend, would you? Daggy, you wouldn't do that to
Dathy.

DAGWOOD: Well, I might.

DITHERS: Now come on--let's get over to the ~~Dithers' Company.~~ *office* Those
women will be trying to get into that drawer, and they'll
be going crazy with curiosity....Come on, push me.

DAGWOOD: Okay....Come on, Cookie.

COOKIE: Daddy, can I whisper to you a ~~moment?~~ *minute*

DAGWOOD: What is it, Cookie?

COOKIE: (WHISPERS)

DAGWOOD: Oh---(LAUGHS)--oh, yeah.....Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: What do you want?

DAGWOOD: Twenty-five cents, please!

DITHERS: (CRIES) *oh, my right hand bottom drawer*

MUSIC:

(SOUND OF DRAWER CLOSING)

BLONDIE: Well, that's that! We've certainly cleaned up a mess
around here haven't we? *Cora.*

CORA: I've never seen a finer collection of miscellaneous
flotsam and jetsam and junk. *SUM.*

BLONDIE: We've cleaned everything out except--(SELF CONSCIOUS
LAUGH)--^{that} the right hand bottom drawer.

CORA: Yes--I wonder what could be in there.

BLONDIE: (DISMISSING IT) Oh, I guess it's nothing at all ^{but}.... I wonder, too.

CORA: Hmmm--and Dagwood told you that he thought it was Julius' guilty secret, ~~eh?~~

BLONDIE: But don't tell Mr. Dithers that Dagwood told me that, because he told me not to tell you because he was afraid you'd tell Mr. Dithers that I told you and -- and -- or something.

CORA: I won't say a word...I'm not really interested, anyway.

BLONDIE: Neither am I.

CORA: Neither am I.

CORA: a body?

BLONDIE: Do you suppose it could be a body?/. Oh, no, of course not! Not in a drawer that size.

CORA: *No,* Unless he did away with a midget.

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) Oh, aren't we the ones. It's really none of our business at all, and here we are getting all excited over nothing.

CORA: (LAUGHS) Yes, aren't we the silly ones.

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) Yes...let's forget about it. ~~And Mr. Dithers~~ ^{Even though} ~~Mr. Dithers~~ ^{Mr. Dithers} said if anyone found out about it, it would ruin ~~him~~ socially.

CORA: Did he really?

BLONDIE: That's what Dagwood ^{told me.} said. Of course, we're not really the curious type./ ^{CORA: No!} Some women we know would sit around simply dying to know what was in that drawer.

CORA: You're absolutely right. Some women would be simply wild with curiosity.

BLONDIE: Yes...of course, it must be something pretty awful...

CORA: ~~Yes~~...Blondie, do you think a husband should keep secrets from his wife?

BLONDIE: Oh, no, ^{definitely not. a husband} of ~~course he shouldn't~~. ~~He~~ should share his joys and his troubles with his wife.

CORA: I'm glad to hear you say that, Blondie, because I think ~~that~~ right hand bottom drawer is trouble and I want Julius to share it with me.

(RATTLE DRAWER...)

BLONDIE: It's locked all right, Cora...I guess we shouldn't try to open it.

~~CORA: No, of course not.~~

BLONDIE: ~~It wouldn't be fair....~~Even though that lock would open with a nail file or a hair pin.

CORA: What do you think I should do, Blondie?

BLONDIE: I don't think you should, Cora, ^{but}..Here's a hair pin.

CORA: Thank you, Blondie...Frankly, I'm dying of curiosity! Aren't you?

BLONDIE: Oh, no, certainly not, Cora.

CORA: You're not? Why, Blondie, I was sure that--

BLONDIE: Oh, Cora -- don't waste so much time talking. Hurry up and get that drawer unlocked! I can't wait to see what's inside it!

MUSIC:

DITHERS: *oh*, Come on, Bumstead -- push me down the hall to my office!

DAGWOOD: I'm tired!

DITHERS: Cookie, dear -- won't you help push your old Uncle Julius?

COOKIE: I'm tired, too.

DAGWOOD: I couldn't possibly move another step! All the money in the world couldn't get me to do it.

DITHERS: Oh, all right - here's another quarter!

DAGWOOD: *okay* You talked me into it!

DITHERS: I know those girls are jimmying my desk. They couldn't resist.

DAGWOOD: Mr. Dithers, what is in that right hand bottom drawer?

DITHERS: I couldn't tell you, Dagwood. I don't want to be a laughing-stock of the community, *I don't want to be ruined socially.* ... Come on, Dagwood *hurry up* before the hospital finds out I'm A. W. O. L... Ah, we're here.

DAGWOOD: Sh-h-h! Listen!

(SOUND OF JIMMYING DESK DRAWER, ..METAL OBJECTS RATTLING, ETC...ALL THIS INSIDE THE OFFICE...)

DITHERS: What did I tell you! Open the door!

DAGWOOD: Okay, J. C!

(DOOR OPENS...)

DITHERS: Cora! *Drop that cold chisel.*

CORA: (STARTLED) Oh! Julius!

DITHERS: Blondie!

BLONDIE: (EMBARRASSED) Oh -- er -- hello, Mr. Dithers.

DAGWOOD: Why, Blondie Bumstead, I'm ashamed of you. *BLONDIE: You are* After I told you that Mr. Dithers had something very secret in that

drawer, I thought you'd stay away from it.

BLONDIE: *all I did was hold the chisel for Cora* Can I help it if ~~I'm~~ *she's* a woman and curious about things?

CORA: Oh, Julius, you would break in on us just as we ~~were~~ *smashed*
~~getting the lock figured out.~~ *the lock*

DITHERS: Cora, I'm ashamed of you.

CORA: Just a minute --what do you mean getting out of the hospital and running around in this wheel chair?

DITHERS: I had to. I knew I couldn't trust you!

(PHONE RINGS..)

DAGWOOD: I'll get it! *falksies!*

(PICK UP PHONE)

DAGWOOD: Dagwood Bumstead, vice president of the J. C. Dithers
Construction Company, speaking...Yes...Yes, he's ^{right} here...
Yes...Thank you... Goodbye.

(HANGS UP)

DITHERS: Who was that? *as if I didn't know.*

DAGWOOD: The hospital says that you'd better get right back into your bed there or as soon as you do get back they'll throw you out!

(DRAWER OPENS...)

COOKIE: What's this ~~bottle~~, Mommy?

BLONDIE: What ~~bottle~~? (LAUGHS) Why, Cookie, where did you get ~~this~~ *that*?

COOKIE: ~~It was in that~~ *the* bottom drawer!

CORA: *the bottom drawer*
~~Oh~~, let's see!

DAGWOOD: Me, too!...~~So that's what it is.~~ (LAUGHS)

BLONDIE AND CORA ARE LAUGHING, TOO!...

DITHERS: Oh, no, no, no, no! Don't! Oh, please - you shouldn't have done it! I'm ruined! Now I'll have to leave town! I'll be laughed out of the city! (SOBS)

CORA: Julius, is it really true?

DITHERS: ~~Yes -- it's -- true.~~

DAGWOOD: *Don't worry*
~~Weit,~~ we won't say anything about it, J. C.

BLONDIE: No, Mr. Dithers -- we'll keep your secret. We'll never
tell anyone else that J. C. Dithers *wears a* ~~uses a dye to~~
tummy tie-up.
~~touch up his gray hairs!~~

ALL: *Girdle!* 24.52 25.47

MUSIC: (TAG CURTAIN)

(APPLAUSE)

NILES: The Bumsteads will be back in just a moment!

MUSIC: (VERY QUICK...FANFARE)

MOGEEHAN: Thanks to the Yanks of the Week! Tonight we salute Sergeant John J. Zygmunt, an infantryman on the Anzio beachhead front. Commanding a squad of bazooka men, Sergeant Zygmunt sighted a group of eight heavy Tiger tanks using their big eighty-eight guns on American positions. Crawling forward, Sergeant Zygmunt came within sixty yards of one of the tanks. He fired two rockets. Both of them hit; the second knocked out the tank making Sergeant Zygmunt the first American known to have bagged a Tiger with a bazooka. In your honor, Sergeant John Zygmunt, the makers of Camels are sending to our soldiers overseas three hundred thousand Camel cigarettes!

25.48 26.38

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

(APPLAUSE)

NILES: Each of the four Camel radio 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.

26.09 26.56

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!

26.18 27.05

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.

26.43 27.27

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

(AFTERPIECE)

DAGWOOD: Gee, I wonder what would happen if I called up one of these numbers in Mr. Dithers' little black book and pretended I was Mr. Dithers...I've got to find out.

(PICK UP PHONE...DIALING)

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) I'll find out what Barbara sounds like...Hello? Is this Barbara Seville?..... Guess who this is. (LAUGHS)
(DITHERS LAUGH)

BLONDIE: Dagwood Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: Whoooa! Blondie - let go of my ear!

(HANGS UP)

BLONDIE: Well, what were you doing?

DAGWOOD: Ouch!..... Blondie, I just wondered what would have happened if I called up one of the numbers in Mr. Dithers' little black book.

BLONDIE: (SWEETLY) Well, Dagwood, you found out, didn't you?

DAGWOOD: Ouch! Blooooooondie!

MUSIC: (THEME ...FADE FOR:)

27.33 28.28

(APPLAUSE)

(GEORGE WASHINGTON HITCH HIKE)

SHIELDS: (ISOLATION BOOTH)

Mister Pipe-Smoker, if you want more tobacco for your money, up to a dozen extra pipefuls for every dime's worth, get George Washington Smoking Tobacco, in the big blue two and a quarter ounce package!

George Washington's grand-tasting, mild, and even-burning too, right down through the last puff at the bottom of the bowl! If you want up to a dozen extra pipefuls in every ten-cent package, get the great big package of George Washington -- America's biggest value in smoking pleasure!

29.30 29.3

This is CBS...the COLUMBIA....BROADCASTING SYSTEM.

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

28.17

28.38

NILES: And remember -- get Camels for more flavor! If you're looking for a cigarette that won't go flat no matter how many you smoke -- get Camels for more flavor!

28.34

28.48

NILES: This is Ken Niles saying good night for Camel Cigarettes. First in the Service!

28.36

28.52

MUSIC: (THEME AND APPLAUSE)

**AS
BROADCAST**

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

MASTER NY

"BLONDIE REDECORATES THE OFFICE"

CBS STUDIO "C"
MONDAY, APRIL 17, 1944

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

Written by John L. Greene

Directed by: Don Bernard

BLONDIE..... PENNY SINGLETON DAGWOOD.....ARTHUR LAKE

CAST

DITERS.....HANLEY STAFFORD
CORA.....ELVIA ALLMAN
DR. CRUNCH....JOHN MCINTYRE
ANNOUNCER.....KEN NILES
CONDUCTOR.....BILL ARTZT
YANK..SALUTE..PAT MCGEEHAN
G.W. HITCH HIKE...FRED SHIELDS

SOUND EFFECTS

DOOR
PHONE
RATTLE OF PAPER
HITS DAGWOOD WITH CRUTCH
SPLINTERING OF WOOD

"BLONDIE"

(REVISED)

MONDAY, APRIL 17, 1944

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

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

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

NILES: Do you want a really fresh cigarette? Get Camels!
They're first with men in all the services, according
to actual sales records -- and that means Camel cigarettes
have to be fresh, anywhere. Just like the Camels
that go to Burma, your Camels are packed to go around
the world -- yes, your Camel cigarettes stay fresh,
cool smoking, and slow burning because they're packed
to go around the world! Both at home and overseas,
more people want Camels -- the fresh cigarette,
the cigarette with more flavor. So remember, if your
store is sold out, Camel cigarettes are worth asking for
again!

CHORUS: (C A M E L S!)

NILES: Camel cigarettes! Camel's standard of costlier
tobaccos is the same for soldier, for civilian,
anywhere in the world.

MUSIC: (OPENING HOLD FOR)

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

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: (BLONDIE THEME....TO BACKGROUND AND OUT)

NILES: Well, today is the day that Mr. Dithers is getting out
of the hospital, and Dagwood and Blondie, and of course
Mrs. Dithers, have gone to the hospital to help him leave.
The leg that Mr. Dithers broke kicking Dagwood out of
his office several weeks ago is not entirely mended yet,
and--but why should I be giving you all these details.
Let's look into Mr. Dithers' hospital room and see what's
going on there.....

DAGWOOD: Well, J.C., I guess you'll be out of here in a few
minutes now. *huh?*

BLONDIE: How do you feel, Mr. Dithers?

DITHERS: Terrible. I'm still a very sick man, Blondie.

CORA: Why, Julius, I thought your leg had mended.

DITHERS: I think I've got another run in it.

CORA: Julius, I don't think there's anything wrong with you at
all!

DITHERS: (SNARLS) I'm not a well man!...I can't leave here today.

BLONDIE: Why, Mr. Dithers, I'm surprised--I thought you wanted to
get out of here and get back to the office.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, Mr. Dithers. I thought you just couldn't wait to get out of the hospital so you could hammer me over the head with your crutches..

DITHERS: Well, I have been looking forward to that glorious moment -- but I've had a relapse.

CORA: Personally, I think he enjoys lounging around the hospital.

DITHERS: How can you lounge around with a broken leg?

CORA: I don't know, but I'll bet you do.

(DOOR OPENS.....)

DOCTOR: Well, well, hello there.

AD LIBS OF "HELLO, DOCTOR CRUNCH".... "HELLO, DOCTOR"... "HI, DOC"....

DOCTOR: I just came in to check you over before we throw you out.
(CHUCKLES)

DITHERS: I'm really not feeling very well, Doctor. Do I have to leave?

DOCTOR: I'm afraid so. You know that pretty little brunette night nurse?

DITHERS: (COUGHS) I pay very little attention to the nurses. But -- I think I know the one you mean.

DOCTOR: Well, she said that either you'd have to leave or she'd leave....so you've got to leave. *Last 2854*

CORA: Well, well -- so that's the cause of your relapse, you crumb.....From now on, I'm going to be your nurse, Poochie.

BLONDIE: But Doctor Crunch, is Mr. Dithers really well enough to leave the hospital?

DAGWOOD: We wouldn't want anything to happen to him -- *that is* /nothing too serious that is.

DOCTOR: Oh, he'll be perfectly all right--I hope.

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DAGWOOD: I think you ought to give him an examination before he leaves.

DOCTOR: Well, if it'll rest your mind, I'll give him a quick brush.

DITHERS: Get away from me, you carpenter. I'm perfectly all right.

DOCTOR: Well, you'll be on crutches for a while, Mr. Dithers. I hope you won't try to chase any young ladies on them.

DITHERS: Doctor Crunch, have you met Mrs. Dithers, for heaven's sakes?

DOCTOR: Oh, yes, ^{indeed}, I know Mrs. Dithers.

CORA: Oh, yes, indeed, and I know my husband.

DAGWOOD: Oh, yes, indeed, and I know my boss.

DITHERS: ~~Shall we dance?~~

BLONDIE: ~~my job~~ It seems to me that it's taking a long time to get Mr. Dithers out of the hospital. He certainly got in much faster.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, he just kicked his way in.

DOCTOR: Well, Mr. Dithers, let's see how you are. We'll put this thermometer in your mouth --

DITHERS: No one's going to put a thermom -- (MUFFLED SOUNDS)

DOCTOR: That's it....Mrs. Dithers, would you mind holding this thermometer in Mr. Dithers' mouth?

CORA: Not at all.

DOCTOR: I hate to impose on you, ^{This way} but he's biting my hand.

DAGWOOD: Why don't you bite him back?

DOCTOR: An excellent idea.

DITHERS: Get away from me! Hand me my crutches! Let's get out of here as fast as possible!

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DOCTOR: That's an excellent idea, Mr. Dithers....Oh, before you leave, here's a little souvenir of your visit here.

DITHERS: What is it?

DOCTOR: My bill.

DITHERS: Let me see it, you snake oil salesman....(GROANS) Ohhhhh!

~~DAGWOOD: Oh-oh--there he goes! He's having another relapse!~~

~~BLONDIE: *Oh Mr. Dithers don't eat that thermometer,*
Cora and Dagwood -- we've got to get Mr. Dithers out
of here, or he'll be here forever!~~

MUSIC:

DITHERS: Now wait a minute, girls--why are you leading me into my office blindfolded? It's hard enough for me to get around on these crutches. What's going on?

CORA: Oh, we've got a little surprise for you, Julius.

BLONDIE: Yes, Mr. Dithers, Cora and I have fixed your office up while you've been in the hospital and we want you to be surprised.

DITHERS: Bumstead, what have they done to my office?

DAGWOOD: Er--you'll be surprised, all right. (WEAK LAUGH) Here--
why don't you
sit down in your chair, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Where is my chair? I'm blindfolded, you know. I can't feel anything but air underneath me.

DAGWOOD: I know how you feel. Once I sat down where a chair wasn't and I didn't sit down again for two weeks.

DITHERS: All right--I've found it. Now take the blindfold off, will you?

DAGWOOD: Er--wait a minute, I want to get out of the office first.

BLONDIE: Why, Degwood, aren't you going to stay and see how surprised Mr. Dithers is *when he sees his surprise*

DAGWOOD: No, thank you, I'd rather not. I'd feel much safer sitting on the edge of Vesuvius and dangling my feet over the side...I'll come back later...after the lava's cooled off a little, *hit*.

(DOOR CLOSSES)

DITHERS: *Well come in* ~~Cora--Blondie--~~ what awful things have you *female* done to my office?

BLONDIE: Now, Mr. Dithers, we've just fixed it up a little, and I'll bet anything that it's the darlingest office in town.

DITHERS: Oh, no!...Take this blindfold off.

CORA: All right, *now* Julius, *hold still* but ~~just remember that before we cleaned up this office, it looked like a cuckoo's nest, and you can take that any way you want to.~~

BLONDIE: ~~Well, let's take the blindfold off now.~~ *Surprise, surprise*

CORA: All right, Blondie.....Hold still now, Julius....There we are!

BLONDIE: Just look around you, Mr. Dithers! Isn't it wonderful?

DITHERS: Good grief! Put that blindfold back on again.

CORA: Why, Julius, don't you like it?

BLONDIE: Mr. Dithers, don't tell us you're not crazy about the lovely lace curtains on the window!

DITHERS: Oh, no! I hadn't seen them,

CORA: Look at your desk, Julius. We put a cute little ruffled skirt all around it.

BLONDIE: Isn't it lovely? It's just like the skirt around my dressing table.

DITHERS: Did it have to be pink?.....What in the world is that thing ~~standing in the corner~~ where the water cooler used to be?

CORA: ~~Oh~~, that is the water cooler, Julius.

BLONDIE: Yes, we just put a slip cover over it....It was sort of ugly-looking and now I think it's kind of sweet.

DITHERS: *Why didn't you put pants on the pencils*
Oh, look at this office. ~~This is~~ monstrous! I ~~used to~~ *had* have these walls painted a nice ~~inoffensive~~ *hathship* gray and now look at them--covered with the ~~blatantly blatant~~ *pretest* wall paper I ever saw!

CORA: Why, Julius--we thought that wall paper was simply lovely. Don't you like those little orange and green cupids?

DITHERS: They're driving me nuts. That's the busiest wall-paper I've ever seen. It just goes woodeley-doodley, woodeley-doodley, iddeley-piddeley-pank all over the wall.

BLONDIE: *Now* /I think it does a lot for your office, and it does something for your personality, too.

DITHERS: Sure--it's going to drive me crazy. I may look perfectly sane right now but don't be surprised if I start going--
(MAKES WITH THE FINGERS ON THE LIPS)

CORA: Well, at least you like the little blue and red bows we put on the ~~files~~ *filing cabinet*.

DITHERS: Oh, I hadn't seen that. Oh, this is terrible. You've ruined my office. I'll have to have the whole place done over again.

CORA: *oh Julius*
(WITH A SOB) /You mean--you mean you don't like it at all?

BLONDIE: (HURT) Oh, Mr. Dithers, and we worked so hard to get everything cleaned up and to make the office really dainty.

DITHERS: (YELLS) But I'm not the dainty type!

BLONDIE: Well, you could try to be.

DITHERS: Never! I'll bet I'm the only man in the world who's got what's practically a hand-embroidered office. Why this place looks more like a boudoir! It even smells like a boudoir!

CORA: Well, Julius, we did spray a little toilet water around.

DITHERS: I knew it!!!... ~~And what happened to all the stuff I had~~
filed in the corners of the room?

BLONDIE: Well, we filed all that in the file.

DITHERS: I knew where everything was there. For instance, where did you file that letter I got last year from Hannegan, Brannigan, Flannagan and Finkle?

BLONDIE: Oh, the letter from Hannegan, Brannigan, Flannagan and Finkle?

DITHERS: Yes--where is it?

BLONDIE: Now let me see, I filed it somewhere, under something, I think.

DITHERS: That's dandy! Don't you know where it is?

BLONDIE: Oh, now I remember. I filed it under Hannegan or Brannigan or Flannagan or Finkle.

CORA: Wait a minute, Blondie--didn't we decide to file that under cement mixing machines?

BLONDIE: Oh, that's right, Cora -- so we did.

CORA: But I can't remember whether we filed it under cement, mixing, or machines.

BLONDIE: Now I know, Cora. We decided that a cement mixing machine was road building equipment and we were going to file the letter under equipment, but there was so many letters already filed under equipment that we decided it would take too long to find it there and we finally filed it under miscellaneous...Isn't that simple, Mr. Dithers?

DITHERS: Oh! (MAKES WITH THE LIPS)

CORA: Blondie, I think we'd better just sort of sneak out. I'm afraid we made too many changes at once.

BLONDIE: But ^{Cora} that shouldn't make his eyes look so glassy.

CORA: We'll go shopping and come back later...Goodbye, Julius.

BLONDIE: Goodbye, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: (MAKES WITH THE FINGER AND LIPS AGAIN)

(DOOR CLOSES)

DITHERS: If anyone came into this office and saw it now, they'd call me Julia Dithers.

(KNOCK ON DOOR,.)

DITHERS: well, I might as well face it like a man...Come in!

(DOOR OPENS)

DITHERS: ^{oh} ~~well~~, Ken Niles. How are you?

NILES: My, your office looks ducky. It's a dream -- just a lovely dream!

DITHERS: Whose dream? If it's yours, you can have it.

NILES: Oh, no, no -- when I dream, it's about Camel cigarettes because they have more flavor! Every night I just wander around in the clouds asking people - "Are you looking for a cigarette that won't go flat no matter how many you smoke"? And if they are --

(CONTINUED)

NILES:
(Cont'd)

I say -- "Get Camels! Why, Camel's expert blending of costlier tobaccos makes them hold up, pack after pack!" My, Julia, what is this bit of bluff?

DITHERS: (SNARLING) I don't know! I think it's -- it's a tea cozy

NILES: Ah, just the thing! You with your tea cozy and all the rest of us with our T-Zones, which I hardly need explain means taste and throat, where we can all prove to ourselves that Camel cigarettes have more flavor -- and smooth extra mildness, too! And look at this! It's the first time I've ever seen a waste-basket with black chiffon fluffy-ruffles!

DITHERS: (EXPLODING) Oh, stop it, Niles! Stop it!

NILES: Ah-ah-ah -- remember -- be slow burning, like a Camel! You see, Camel cigarettes stay fresh, cool smoking, and slow burning because they're packed to go around the world well, so long, old boy!

DITHERS: So long, Ken. Oh -- hold the door open a minute, will you?

NILES: Sure thing...How's that?

DITHERS: Fine -- I want to call Bumstead.

NILES: Well, let her rip!

DITHERS: (YELLS) Bumstead! Come into my office!

DAGWOOD: (OFF) Coming, Mother.

DITHERS: ~~Oh, just wait till I get him in here.~~

NILES: ~~What's the matter?~~

DITHERS: ~~Everything. I can't decide whether to fire him now or wait until my leg's better and take another chance on kicking him out of the office again.~~

NILES: Well, I'd rather not stay to see the carnage....So long..

DAGWOOD: (COMING UP) Hello, Ken.

NILES: Goodbye, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Well, that was a snappy conversation...Did you want me, J.C.?

DITHERS: Bumstead--look at my office.

DAGWOOD: I don't see anything.

DITHERS: ^{Well} Bumstead--open your eyes!

DAGWOOD: Do I have to look? ^{Mr. Dithers} ...~~See~~, it's sort of an interesting office. (LAUGHS)

DITHERS: Oh, you think it's funny, eh?

DAGWOOD: Oh, no. I'm just laughing because I haven't got anything else to do.

DITHERS: All this happened ~~to my office~~ while you were in charge of the Dithers Company and I'm holding you responsible. You've got to make the necessary adjustments here at your own expense.

DAGWOOD: Well, ^{will take care of them, oh my well Mr. Dithers} I know how I ^{could} make things look a little more natural but you'll have to cooperate with me.

DITHERS: I'll cooperate. What do you want me to do?

DAGWOOD: Well, things would look more natural if you'd just wear a skirt.

DITHERS: Bumstead!...I'll have you know I'm not the flowered chintz type!

DAGWOOD: No, you're more of a dotted swiss.

DITHERS: Listen here, Bumstead--you took advantage of me when I was in the hospital with a broken leg. You forced me to make you a vice president. You've messed things up in my absence, and now--I'm demoting you!

DAGWOOD: Demoting me?

DITHERS: Yes, I'm demoting you from vice president to temporary second assistant office boy, junior grade.

DAGWOOD: Oh, no, Mr. Dithers.

~~DITHERS: And that isn't all, I'll have to ask you to turn in your key to the men's washroom.~~

DAGWOOD: But Mr. Dithers, can you afford to demote me to--uh--what you just said.

DITHERS: What do you mean, can I afford it?

DAGWOOD: Haven't you seen the new Dithers Company stationery?

DITHERS: No.....Let's see.

(. RATTLE OF PAPER....)

DITHERS: Hmm. The J.C. Dithers Construction Company.
J.C. Dithers, president. Dagwood Bumstead, ~~permanent~~
vice president.

DAGWOOD: That's me!

DITHERS: Bumstead!....How much of this stationery did you order?

DAGWOOD: I got a five years' supply.

DITHERS: Oh, no!

DAGWOOD: Well, I figured that would make "permanent" last at least *four or*
five years.

DITHERS: And look at this! Look at your name there!

DAGWOOD: Well, I put my name under-neath yours, J.C.

DITHERS: Yes, but your name is in bigger type!

DAGWOOD: Just a typegraphical error. (WEAK LAUGH)

DITHERS: Well, I'm going to send this stationery back to the printer and have him put a big black blot across your name and underneath it, ^{say} permanently censored!... Now where's ^{the} ~~that~~ key, I gave you.

DAGWOOD: Er right here, Mr. Dithers, but I don't think ~~it'll~~ ^{the keys will work} work. *very good.*

DITHERS: Why not?

DAGWOOD: I suppose I ought to tell you that while you were away, I had a man change the lock on ^{all the doors, including that} the men's washroom... ^{lock for the drinking cups} Now I guess you won't be so hasty about things.

DITHERS: Oh, Bumstead -- you cad.... That's the last ^{cup that he had} straw! You're fired!

DAGWOOD: Fired?

DITHERS: Yes, fired, like out of a cannon and I'm sorry I can't do it that way.

DAGWOOD: ^{then} Mr. Dithers---you're just joking, aren't you?

DITHERS: Dagwood, ^{chance} hand me one of my crutches, will you?

DAGWOOD: ^{here} Here you are, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: No, no -- I want to get hold of the bottom end... Hmm-- it's got a beautiful balance.

DAGWOOD: Mr. Dithers, you were just joking about firing me, weren't you?

DITHERS: Well--uh--turn around, with your back to me, Dagwood-- and close your eyes.

DAGWOOD: Like this, hanh?

DITHERS: That's right.... Now a good swing, and--(GRUNTS)

(SWAT AS CRUTCH PADDLES DAGWOOD.....)

DAGWOOD: (YELLS) Yeo-o-o-o-o-w!

Dagwood: o yes here.

Dagwood: like this huh?

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DITHERS: Now maybe you'll believe me! You're fired!

MUSIC.....

(DOOR CLOSSES)

DAGWOOD: (WAILS) Boooooooooondie!

BLONDIE: (COMING UP) Dagwood--what's the matter? ^{Why} You're home
so early.

DAGWOOD: I've just been fired!

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood, Mr. Dithers didn't kick you out of his
office again!

DAGWOOD: No, he didn't kick me out--he batted me out. I sailed
out like a high foul down the third base line...I really
didn't think he'd fire me, *Blondie?*

BLONDIE: Well, Dagwood, Mr. Dithers is sort of upset today. He
really didn't appreciate what Cora and I did to his office
Why, I'll never know. I thought his office was adorable!

DAGWOOD: ^{well} Let's get back to me, honey--^{I'm a tragic figure} ~~I'm out of a job.~~ ^{I'm the only one}
^{in America} unemployed.

BLONDIE: Now, Dagwood, you know that Mr. Dithers needs you.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, but Mr. Dithers doesn't know that.

BLONDIE: Well, why don't we wait until he finds out and hires you
back.

DAGWOOD: That's okay, but what'll we do for money all those years?

BLONDIE: All right, dear--I know your worried about it. You know
when Mr. Dithers wanted to get you back to work for him
when he fired you before, he tried a sob story on you.
Why he almost had you in tears!

DAGWOOD: I know, ^{Blondie} Blondie. I didn't believe his story, but he told
it so well I couldn't help myself.

BLONDIE: Well, there's no reason you can't go back and give Mr. Dithers a sob story of your own. Get him in tears, get him so he's sobbing onto his desk blotter.

DAGWOOD: But what'll I use for a story?

BLONDIE: You've got a wife and two children and a dog and five puppies who like to eat regularly. What more do you want?

DAGWOOD: But Blondie, I don't know how to go about it.

BLONDIE: Well, dear, I'll sort of give you a story and coach you and I'll go along with you when you see Mr. Dithers. You'll have to start out by going into his office and saying something like--uh--like--uh--(WITH FEELING)

Mr. Dithers, I didn't come back to the office to complain about your firing me. No, I came back to thank you--to thank you for all the wonderful things you've done for me, and to tell you that it kinda hurts me--right here--and makes me choke up to think that I'll no longer be working for one of the finest men I ever knew. (SNIFFS)

DAGWOOD: (SWEPT AWAY) He is a fine man, too. (SNIFFS)

BLONDIE: Dagwood! Stop sniffing! You've ^{got to make} ~~be supposed to make~~

Mr. Dithers break down and sob and not yourself. Now let ^{practicing what you're going to say. And} start ~~studying your lines!~~ When you ~~learn them you can~~ try them out on Mr. Dithers! ^{Good enough you can}

MUSIC:

BLONDIE: All right now, Dagwood, you remember what you're going to say, don't you?

DAGWOOD: Yeah, I think so, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Well, I'll wait right here outside his office while you go in and work on his tear glands.

DAGWOOD: Okay, Blondie, but ~~good~~ ^{Oh my goodness} -- I'm not sure I can make him cry. I should have brought an onion along.

BLONDIE: That's all right, Dagwood -- I brought one. ^{Here} Put it under your own eyes.....Here -- like this.

DAGWOOD: Hey, you'll have me in tears.

BLONDIE: That'll make it look authentic...And remember - when you say, "it kinda hurts me -- right here", for heavens' sake don't reach for the handkerchief in your hip pocket.

DAGWOOD: All right, ^{Well I guess} ~~honey~~ -- I'm ready...Get to the side of the door. I'm going to knock.

BLONDIE: Good luck, dear.

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

DITHERS: Well, who is it?

DAGWOOD: (WITH FEELING) It's just -- Dagwood, your faithful friend.

DITHERS: Come in! ^{if you dare.}

(DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSSES)

DAGWOOD: (SADLY) Hello, ~~Mr. Dithers.~~ ^{Faithful friend.}

DITHERS: ^{Oh, Dagwood, get home} Faithful friend, eh? ~~You talk like you were an ..~~

~~Albert Peysen Terhune coffee.....~~What did you want?

DAGWOOD: Mr. Dithers, I didn't come back to the office to complain about you firing me. No, I came back to thank you -- to thank you -- uh--~~to thank you--uh--~~

DITHERS: (PROMPTING) To thank you for --

DAGWOOD: Thank you ... To thank you for all the wonderful things you've done for me, and to tell you it kinda hurts me -- right here.....

DITHERS: Where?

DAGWOOD: Right here.

DITHERS: That's just indigestion.

DAGWOOD: ~~Well, it could be~~ Maybe it's appendicitis.

DITHERS: *Let's hope it's nothing trivial.*
Well, who ~~cares~~. Finish what you were going to say and
scram.

DAGWOOD: Well, I was going to say that-uh-that-uh-excuse me a moment,
Mr. Dithers.

(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: (WHISPERS) Blondie, I -- *where was I?*

BLONDIE: (WHISPERS) I wanted to tell you that it kinda hurts me --

DAGWOOD: (WHISPERS) Oh, yeah. Thanks.

(DOOR CLOSES)

DITHERS: Well, what was that?

DAGWOOD: I just stuck my head outside to sneeze.

DITHERS: What happened to the sneeze?

DAGWOOD: It evaporated.....Mr. Dithers, I wanted to tell you that it
kinda hurts me -- right here *Dithers: you said that* -- and makes me chcko up to
think that I'll no longer be working for one of the finest
men I ever knew.

DITHERS: why -- why thank you, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: You've been a real friend, (SNIFF) a good pal and buddy
to me (SNIFF) And I'm going to miss your cherry smile
and pleasant voice -- (SNIFF, SNIFF)

DITHERS: Why Dagwood, this is *almost* touching. (SNIFF)

DAGWOOD: *Mr. Dithers* And I'll always think of you as being a kind, pig-hearted --

DITHERS: Pig-hearted!

DAGWOOD: Oh, excuse me, old friend. I mean pig-headed.

DITHERS: Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: No, no, I meant big-headed.

DITHERS: You meant big-hearted.

DAGWOOD: *Oh well* / I did?...Oh, yeah, I ~~guess so~~ *did*....~~Excuse me a~~ *I feel a*
~~minute -- it's that sneeze again..~~

(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: (WHISPERS) Blondie, what shall I do now?

BLONDIE: (WHISPERS) Give up...You've ruined his mood. Pretend you just saw me. Then I'll come in and try to see what I can do.

DAGWOOD: (ALoud) Oh hello, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Hello, dear...Oh, hello, Mr. Dithers. Dagwood, why don't you start cleaning up your desk in your office?

DAGWOOD: Okay, Blondie.

(DOOR CLOSES)

BLONDIE: Well, Mr. Dithers, we're certainly going to miss you. You have been wonderful to us, and we've certainly had some good times together. I think Dagwood and I have valued your friendship more than anyone else.

DITHERS: (MOISTLY) ~~Thank you, Blondie.~~ *Yes at exit rate please*

BLONDIE: And you know, I don't believe our children will ever forget you, either. You've been sort of like an uncle to them.

DITHERS: *speaks carbuncle* They're great kids, Blondie. ~~They're swell.~~

BLONDIE: They think a lot of you too. Just the other day Alexander said, "Gee, Mom -- Mr. Dithers is really a wonderful guy, isn't he?" I said, yes, of course, and Dagwood said, "Alexander, I always know that I can count on Mr. Dithers. He's a person who'll never fail me. He's the nicest, swellest, sweetest guy I ever met."

DITHERS: (DEEPLY TOUCHED) Did -- did Daggy say that about his old friend, Dithy?

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yes he diddy

BLONDIE: You know he feels that way about you, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Gee, I've been a heel to him. (SOBS) Oh, why haven't I appreciated him more. (SOBS)

(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: How're you doing, honey? Are you breaking him down?

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood! DAGWOOD: *I'll wait outside*

DITHERS: Bumstead!...Why, Blondie! You were just handing me a sob story.

BLONDIE: Er -- well, yes, but it was the same one you handed Dagwood a month ago, so I was just handing it back to you.

DITHERS: And to think I got this fresh handkerchief all damp.. Okay, Bumstead -- scram!

DAGWOOD: Mr. Dithers, you need me here.

DITHERS: I need you like I need a hole in my head.

DAGWOOD: Aw come on, Mr. Dithers -- hire me back. You know, it's really almost a sin to fire a vice-president. It just isn't ^{being} done. *any more,*

BLONDIE: Just a minute, Dagwood. I think it would be better to let Mr. Dithers fire you, and then you can sue him for ^{spanking} ~~hitting~~ you with his crutch. ^{can} You ~~could~~ collect, too.

DAGWOOD: Hey, that's right, Blondie. And you know how Mr. Dithers always gets into trouble in court calling the judge a nincompoop. *yeah I think it's a good idea*

DITHERS: Oh, go ahead and sue me! You couldn't prove anything!

BLONDIE: Is this the crutch you ^{spanked} ~~smacked~~ Dagwood with?

DITHERS: Yes, ~~that's it~~. *+ I loved every second of it*

(RATTLE OF CRUTCH)

~~DITHERS: Blondie, I can't tell you how soul-satisfying it was to paste him with it.~~

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BLONDIE: Why, Mr. Dithers -- look at this!
(SPLINTERING OF WOOD - IT'S ALREADY CRACKED: SHE
CRACKS IT SOME MORE...)

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke -- did he break that across me?

DITHERS: Say, the crutch is broken.

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) Yes we'll just take this along for evidence.

DITHERS: Just a moment -- Daggy old boy --

DAGWOOD: Well, so long, Dithy, ^{old porchie}..... Come on, Blondie!

BLONDIE: All right, dear. Goodbye, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: No, no -- wait.....Dagwood, I really wasn't going to fire
you for good.

DAGWOOD: You really weren't?

DITHERS: No. I just wanted to ^{try} squeeze your salary down a little.
I'll hire you back -- vice president again, same salary.

DAGWOOD: Okey, ^{oh boy} it's a deal!...Congratulations, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: What do you mean?

DAGWOOD: Congratulations on coaxing me back to work for you!

DITHERS: Bumstead! Don't tease me or I'll run your little finger into the pencil sharpener!

DAGWOOD: Tooh! Now look here, Mr. Dithers, you ought to be glad I decided to work for you again.

DITHERS: Oh, Bumstead, if you're happy living in this world, just stay out of my reach!

BLONDIE: Now, boys, boys, boys! Mustn't quarrel. Congratulations, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Thank you, Blondie.

BLONDIE: You were wonderful, ^{dear} You were so calm and self-assured

DAGWOOD: Yeah.

BLONDIE: So masterful!

DAGWOOD: That's me!

BLONDIE: And so forceful and dynamic! Why you're the most wonderful man in the world!

DAGWOOD: Thank you, ^{honey} Blondie. Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: What.

DAGWOOD: I want a raise!

NILES: The Bumsteads will be back in just a moment.

MUSIC: (VERY QUICK...FANFARE)

MC GEEHAN: Thanks to the Yanks of the Week! Tonight we salute Master Technical Sergeant Howard T. Lindsay, of Oklahoma City, and four other members of the ground crew of a marine torpedo bomber squadron on Bougainville. During a Japanese air raid, an American bomber, already loaded with a two-thousand-pound bomb, was struck and set afire. Rushing out of their foxholes, Sergeant Lindsay and the four other ground crew men seized fire extinguishers, and though enemy bombs were falling on all sides, they defused the huge bomb in the burning plane, and put out the fire. In your honor, Sergeant Howard Lindsay, in honor of the four other ground crewmen, the makers of Camels are sending to our marines in the Pacific three hundred thousand Camel cigarettes.

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

(APPLAUSE)

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(REVISED)

NILES: Each of the four Camel radio 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.

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!

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:)

(AFTERPIECE)

DAGWOOD: Uh, Blondie - now that it looks as though I'm going to be a vice president at least for a few more weeks, I feel I ought to look a little more distinguished.

BLONDIE: No, Dagwood, you cannot carry a cane.

DAGWOOD: I didn't meant that.....What I mean was --well--uh--er-- could I grow a moustache, please?

BLONDIE: Yes, dear -- I'll let you grow a moustache on one condition.

DAGWOOD: what's that?

BLONDIE; That you let me dye my hair green!

MUSIC: (BLONDIE THEME)

(APPLAUSE)

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

NILES: And remember -- get Camels for more flavor! If you're looking for a cigarette that won't go flat no matter how many you smoke --- get Camels for more flavor!

NILES: This is Ken Niles saying goodnight for Camel Cigarettes. First in the Service!

MUSIC: (THEME AND APPLAUSE)

(GEORGE WASHINGTON HITCH HIKE)

SHIELDS: (ISOLATION BOOTH)

Mister Pipesmoker, you can see for yourself, right on the blue revenue stamp, that George Washington Smoking Tobacco gives you more for your money! Yes, sir, you get up to a dozen extra pipefuls when you plunk down your dime for a great big blue two and a quarter ounce package of George Washington! It's grand-tasting, mild, and even-burning, too -- right down through the last puff at the bottom of the bowls. If you want up to a dozen extra pipefuls in every dime's worth of tobacco you buy, get the big, big package of George Washington. It's America's biggest value in smoking pleasure! This is CBS...The COLUMBIA....BROADCASTING SYSTEM.

"BLONDIE"

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

AS
BROADCAST

MARCH 1944

"BLONDIE CLEANS UP THE OFFICE"

CBS STUDIO "C"
MONDAY, APRIL 10, 1944

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

BLONDIE.....PENNY SINGLETON

DAGWOOD.....ARTHUR LAKE

CAST

BLONDIE.....PENNY SINGLETON

DITHERS.....HANLEY STAFFORD
CORA.....ELVIA ALLMAN
COOKIE.....LEONE LEDOUX
ANNOUNCER.....KEN NILES
CONDUCTOR.....BILL ARTZT
YANK..(SALUTE)....PAT MCGEEHAN
G.W. HITCH HIKE...FRED SHIELDS

SOUND EFFECTS

DOOR
PHONE
RATTLE OF PAPERS
DESK DRAWER
KEY IN DESK LOCK
KEY FALLS
STREET NOISE BACKGROUND
AUTO HORNS (ON MIKE)
SCREECH OF BRAKES (ON MIKE)
JIMMYING DESK DRAWER

ENGINEERING

FILTER IS NEEDED

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