

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

AS
BROADCAST

MASTER - N.Y.

"BLONDIE ENTERTAINS A CLIENT"

CBS STUDIO "C"
MONDAY, MAY 1, 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

DITHERS.....HANLEY STAFFORD
GEORGE.....JOHN BROWN
WAITER.....CHARLIE CANTOR
BERGER.....KEN CHRISTY
ANNOUNCER.....KEN NILES
CONDUCTOR.....BILL ARTZT
YANK...(SALUTE)...PAT MCGEEHAN
G.W. HITCH-HIKE...FRED SHIELDS

SOUND EFFECTS

DOOR
PHONE
BREAKFAST (MEXICAN DISHES IN GAY COLORS)
PISTOL SHOT
RESTAURANT (BACKGROUND)
CRACK OF FIST

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, MAY 1, 1944

4:30 - 5:00 PM, PWT.
7:30 - 8:00 PM, 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: *(All you)* Looking for a fresh cigarette? Lots of people are, these days! Well, Camels are fresh around your corner, because they're packed to go around the world! Yes, Camel cigarettes have to stay fresh, cool smoking, and slow burning, anywhere -- because Camels are first with men in all the services, according to actual sales records! Both at home and overseas, more people want Camels -- more people want 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
Bumsteads of Shady Lane Avenue!
(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: (BLONDIE THEME.....)

NILES: Well, Dagwood, who has managed to retain his position as a
vice president of the J.C. Dithers Construction Company,
is taking his responsibility pretty seriously. This morning
at the breakfast table Dagwood is giving Blondie a little
talk on her responsibilities as the wife of a vice
president... Well, let's see what he has to say.....

(BREAKFAST DISHES)

DAGWOOD: And another thing, Blondie, you should always look smart
and well dressed.

BLONDIE: You mean ^{really} that, do you, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: Absolutely!

BLONDIE: Then fork over fifty dollars for some new dresses and hats.

DAGWOOD: Whooooaaa. Wait a minute, ~~Blondie~~ -- that reminds me of
something else. ^{New} Just because you're the wife of a vice
president you shouldn't make other women jealous, so don't
buy a lot of new stuff. (LAUGHS)

BLONDIE: Haa-haa! You can laugh, but I don't think it's very funny.
I need ~~at least a new hat~~ -- a new spring straw.

DAGWOOD: What's the matter with that ~~straw~~ hat you had last summer?

BLONDIE: It looks awful. I've tried to give it away but even the junk man's horse refused it.

DAGWOOD: Okay, dear -- ^{okay} buy a new hat.

BLONDIE: Thank you, vice president Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: Oh, ^{yes} it's really nothing. *Blondie*.

BLONDIE: I'll say it's nothing....Well, go on with your lecture, Dagwood. So far you haven't told me anything I don't know.

DAGWOOD: (EXPANSIVELY) Well, Blondie -- um--uh---

BLONDIE: Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: (STARTLED) What's the matter?

BLONDIE: You must think you're sitting in your office at the Dithers Company. ^{Holy smoke} You leaned back and started to put your feet up on the breakfast table.

DAGWOOD: ~~Holy smoke~~ -- I almost did. That would be bad.

BLONDIE: It would be if you got your heels in the marmalade.. ^{New} Go ahead, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: ^{New} Where was I?

BLONDIE: You were giving me that song and dance about the duties of the wife of a vice president.

DAGWOOD: ~~Blondie, are you making fun of me?~~

BLONDIE: ~~I don't have to -- you're making fun of yourself. -- Go on, dear.~~

DAGWOOD: Well, another thing is, you've got to help me entertain clients. They're usually from out of town and they like to have someone compliment them and make a fuss over them.

BLONDIE: In other words, I should give them the business.

DAGWOOD: Well, yes -- and no.

BLONDIE: Well, let me give you a little advice. ^{Dagwood} I'd advise you to start making tracks for the office ^{right now} or you're going to be late.

DAGWOOD: *oh I've got plenty of*
~~Holy smoke!~~ Look at the time.

BLONDIE: You've got to dash, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Get the door open for me. (FADING) I'll be right ~~there~~ *back.*

BLONDIE: All right, Dagwood, ~~but~~ hurry.

(DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: ~~My, it's a lovely morning -- even for a vice president...~~

Hurry, Dagwood - I've got the door open.

DAGWOOD: Okay, Blondie -- here I come. (COMING UP) Where's my hat?

What did I do with it? Where'd I put it?

BLONDIE: I'm holding it right here in front of your eyes.

DAGWOOD: Oh, no wonder I couldn't see it. I was trying to look

around it.Well, I gotta ~~go~~ ^{go}, honey. *cause I'm going to be late and if I'm late I'll be in an awful jam... And...*

BLONDIE: Goodbye, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Goodbye.

(WHIZZ....DOOR SLAMS)

MUSIC: (INTO TROMBONE "BUMSTEAD"....)

DITHERS: Bumstead!

MUSIC: (TROMBONE "COME INTO MY OFFICE!")

DITHERS: Come into my office.

DAGWOOD: (OFF A BIT) Coming, Mother.

DITHERS: Oh, stop horsing around and get in here, *DAGWOOD: oh yes, listen* The Dithers

Company has a chance to make a potful of money and we've got to go into action right away.

DAGWOOD: Okay, J.C., I am yours to command.

DITHERS: You are, eh? Okay -- go shoot yourself.

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DAGWOOD:

Go shoot myself. Okay, J.C.
~~Yes, sir.~~ Goodbye, Mr. ~~Dithers~~.

(DOOR CLOSES)

DITHERS:

(DISGUSTED) Oh, who does he think he's fooling?

(SHOT RINGS OUT)

DITHERS:

Oh, no! He couldn't have done it. Not on my clean office floor.

(DOOR OPENS)

DITHERS:

Bumstead! What are you doing ~~out there~~ on the floor!....
 Good grief! He's done it! Bumstead! Speak to me! Speak to me!

DAGWOOD:

~~Doc!~~ *Walloo kid!*

DITHERS:

(STARTLED) Bumstead!.....I thought I heard a shot!

DAGWOOD:

with that
 /It was just a paper bag. I blew it up and busted it. *Ha Ha*.

DITHERS:

Oh, you ~~weak-minded idiot!~~ *nut-brain noggie noggie*.... Now get back into my office before I tear you into stew meat.

DAGWOOD:

Okay, Mr. ~~Dithers~~ *J.C.*, but I hope this'll teach you not to be so rough with me. *J.C.* The next time I may not just break a paper bag.

DITHERS:

Can I count on that?

(DOOR CLOSES)

DAGWOOD:

Well, Mr. Dithers, ~~lets~~ *suppose we* get down to business.

DITHERS:

Look who's talking.... Now I'll tell you about this situation, Bumstead. There's a man in town by the name of Arthur Chimbhall George. And he's got one of the biggest, plumpest, most luscious, juiciest --

DAGWOOD:

What is it -- a turkey or a prime rib?

DITHERS:

No
 /It's a contract, stupid.

DAGWOOD:

The way you were talking about it I thought it was something ~~to eat~~. *with gravy on it.*

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Now this Mr. Gray has a...

DITHERS: No, no. This ~~Arthur~~ ^{George} ~~Chimberl~~ ^{Mr.} has a contract to build a big housing project in Sheridan City -- but big, really big! ~~He's going to turn it over to a construction company around here to handle the actual building. We'll work from his plans and designs.~~

DAGWOOD: How'd you happen to meet him, Mr. Dithers? I've never heard of him before.

DITHERS: Well, ^{have you heard of anybody?} I was just fortunate, that's all. He just happened to walk up to me and ask me if I could direct him to the Goliath Construction Company. *Oh* *yes, I've heard of a few* *competitors.*

DAGWOOD: What did you do -- give him the address of the city dump?

DITHERS: Not this time. I introduced myself, found out about this big contract, and got him to promise to have lunch with us before he sees Berger at the Goliath Company. ^{now} He's got to be super-sold on the Dithers Company.

DAGWOOD: Well, Mr. Dithers, you have a super-salesman ready to serve you!

DITHERS: Anybody I know?

DAGWOOD: Who else could it be but I, Dagwood Bumstead!

DITHERS: Who do you think you're kidding-- ~~me~~, J.C. Dithers? ^{look just} ...All I want you to do is act like a real vice president.

DAGWOOD: That's okay with me, ~~Mr. Dithers.~~ *J.C.*

DITHERS: Fine. Just pretend you're intelligent and shut up.... Now then I'm going out and dig up some ~~figures~~ ^{figures} and estimates so ~~I'll be able to talk money with him.~~ And speaking of figures -- *I wonder what Fif's doing?*

(PICK UP PHONE...DIALING)

You know I think
DITHERS: ~~I wonder~~ if it wouldn't be a ~~good~~ ^{smart} idea to have a good looking girl stop at our table during lunch and sort of give ~~Arthur~~ ^{Mr.} George the business.

DAGWOOD: Well, that usually works.

DITHERS: I'll see what we can do.....Hello, is that you, ~~Coralie?~~ ^{Fifi}..... This is snuggle-pups...That's right.... How are you, you ~~gorgeous thing?~~ (LAUGHS)What are you doing for lunch?Oh.....Oh, that's too bad. Well, some other time then... Okay....(SINGS IT) You bet I wi-ull. Goodbye.

(HANGS UP)

DITHERS: Well, ~~Coralie is out~~ ^{Fifi can't come}....Let's see now. Oh, yes. I'll try Polly.

(PICK UP PHONE...DIALING)

DAGWOOD: Who's she, Mr. Dithers?

DITHERS: Oh, Polly's a little Southern girl. She's crazy about boys from Georgia.

DAGWOOD: *from Georgia! oh,* I get it -- Polly wants a cracker. (LAUGHS IN APPRECIATION)

DITHERS: *Stand up a second I think you laid an egg.* Oh, ~~how gruesome~~ -- Sh-h-h -- just a minute -- the phone's ringing at the other end. *oh. oh!*

(PAUSE...THEN HANG UP)

DAGWOOD: ~~What happened?~~ *What did you hang up for.*

DITHERS: A man answered.... Well, Bumstead, I can't waste my time calling up these numbers. Here -- you take my little black book and call the numbers until you get someone who's hungry.

DAGWOOD: But what'll I tell them?

DITHERS: Tell whoever you get that we want her to have lunch with us. All she has to do is be sort of a table decoration and flatter Arthur Chimbald George, ^{DAGWOOD! yell but}...Oh, and another thing -- don't call any girls who have the initials H.E. in front of their names.

DAGWOOD: What's H.E. mean? High Explosive?

DITHERS: No, it means Heavy Eater...Now get to work. The Dithers Company has a job to do.

MUSIC:

DAGWOOD: Hello?...I'd like to speak to Miss -- um -- uh --
Miss Lola Nifty.

(DOOR OPENS QUIETLY)

DAGWOOD: Hello? Miss Nifty?...This is Dagwood Bumstead. I'm
vice-president of the J.C. Dithers Construction Company.
(LAUGHS)

NILES: (BLONDIE'S VOICE) Why Dagwood Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: (STARTLED) Whooooaaaa! *oh my*
(HANGS UP PHONE)

DAGWOOD: Ken Niles! Gee, I thought you were Blondie.

NILES: Did you? (GIGGLES) Who's this Lola you were talking to?

DAGWOOD: Oh, it's just a ^{little} special mission for Mr. Dithers. We're
trying to impress a client today.

NILES: /^{oh} Don't look any farther! I know just the girl! Here, give me
that phone!

(PICK UP PHONE, DIALING)

DAGWOOD: /^{oh} Really/~~good, is she?~~ *she cutt*

NILES: Oh, brother! (SINGS) Oh, hello-o-o-o! This is
Kensy Nilesy! ...Yes, and you're my little poopsie-woopsie
too!

DAGWOOD: Oh, boy! Go on and ask her, Ken! *go on.*

NILES: I will! Sugar cookie, there's ~~an~~^{AN} old man here who wants to know - are you bothered by war-time flatness?...In your cigarette? Are you looking for a cigarette that won't go flat no matter how many you smoke? You a-a-a-re? Well, get Camels, for more flavor!

DAGWOOD: ~~Oh-ken,~~ ^{Well, get ahead,} get to the point!

NILES: But, Daggy, the point is that Camel cigarettes do have more flavor -- because they're made of costlier tobaccos, blended with Camel's famous master touch! Hello, it's Kensy again, poopsie! How about a little lunch-wunchy today?

DAGWOOD: What did she say?

NILES: She says, "Sure!" - providing we bring along plenty of Camels. See, she wants to try 'em out in her taste and throat, everybody's own T-Zone proving ground for Camel cigarettes' rich extra flavor and smooth extra mildness! I'll tell her everything's set. Hello, poopsie!...yes, of course the Camel cigarettes will be fresh - Camels stay fresh, cool smoking, and slow burning, because they're packed to go around the world!

DAGWOOD: Let me talk to her, Ken!

NILES: Sure, sure, Dag!

DAGWOOD: Hello, hello! ^{Hey Ken} She just keeps saying -- "When you hear the signal the time will be eleven twenty-five and three quarters!"

NILES: Yeah, I know, but ~~hasn't~~ ^{doesn't have} she got a beautiful voice?

DAGWOOD: Oh, run along, Ken! ^{I'm going to be kind of busy.} I've got to make some more calls!

*(DOOR OPENS QUIETLY)

DAGWOOD: (ON PHONE) Hello - is this Myrtle Hooperteaser?

BLONDIE: Why, Dagwood --

DAGWOOD: Scram out of here, you weak-minded nitwit!

BLONDIE: Ohhhh!

NILES: Well, goodbye, Dagwood.

(DOOR CLOSES....)

NILES: There's always something interesting going on in that office.

BLONDIE: (OFF A BIT) Oh, hello, Mr. Niles.

NILES: Oh, hello, Blondie!

BLONDIE: Have you seen Dagwood??

NILES: Yes...oh, yes. He's in Mr. Dither's office. Why don't you just sneak up behind him and surprise him? (GIGGLES)

BLONDIE: Do you think he'll be surprised??

NILES: I know he will be! ... Goodbye, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Goodbye, Mr. Niles....Well, I'll just see...

(DOOR OPENS QUIETLY...)

DAGWOOD: (ON PHONE) Hello ... is this Myrtle Hooperteaser??

BLONDIE: Why, Dagwood...

DAGWOOD: Scram out of here, ^{Niles} you weak-minded nitwit!!

BLONDIE: Ohhhhhh!

DAGWOOD: (ON PHONE) Hello?...Who?...Oh, this is Myrtle's sister,
hanh. Are you her older sister or her younger sister.
(LAUGHS)

BLONDIE: Dagwood Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: Oh, pipe down, stupid...No, no -- I didn't mean you.
I'm being annoyed by a jerk.

BLONDIE: Don't you dare call me that, Dagwood Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: I'll call you anything I wan -- wan -- wah -- wah -- wah --
Blondie! *Goodbye* Whoooooaaaaaa!

(HANGS UP PHONE)

BLONDIE: I'm sorry I interrupted your conversation with Myrtle's
sister. What were you doing -- inviting her out to lunch?

DAGWOOD: No, I was just going to invite her out to lun -- holy smoke!

BLONDIE: (THOUGHTFULLY) You know, Dagwood -- I'm very nice to you.

DAGWOOD: Er -- uh -- how do you mean, honey?

BLONDIE: Well, if you were Mr. Dithers and I was Mrs. Dithers, and
I caught you calling up someone named Myrtle I'd push your
nose ^{right} into the electric fan...But I'm not Mrs. Dithers. *darn it.*

DAGWOOD: *and* Am I glad of that.

BLONDIE: *Will now* Just give me an explanation, dear. ~~Any kind of an~~
~~explanation, even if it's a little ludicrous.~~

DAGWOOD: Well, Mr. Dithers wanted me to call a girl and ask her to
have lunch with Mr. Dithers and me and a man by the name
of Arthur Chimball George. *is the fellows name.*

BLONDIE: Who's he?

DAGWOOD: Well, he's got a big contract we're trying to get, and
Mr. Dithers wanted the girl to sort of flatter the man,
and well -- you know, make him like us.

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- I feel like two people. One doesn't quite believe you and the other one -- doesn't believe you at all.

DAGWOOD: But Blondie.

BLONDIE: Now, Dagwood -- just why were you calling that girl?

DAGWOOD: Blondie, I just told you. Mr. Dithers wants me to get a girl to help entertain our new client.

BLONDIE: All right, I'll go to lunch with you and see for myself.

DAGWOOD: ~~Oh no~~ ^{oh no} But are you going to be in a mess when you find out I'm telling the truth. ^{and} Then what will you do?

BLONDIE: Don't you worry about that. I'll just pretend I'm an unattached girl - It might be a lot of fun.

DAGWOOD: But you're married.

BLONDIE: That I know, that I know...And I'm quite capable of handling a man as you ought to know.

DAGWOOD: That I do, that I do...But Blondie..

BLONDIE: Never mind, dear. Just introduce me to him as Blondie and I'll show you how to flatter the man until he doesn't know whether he's coming or going.

DAGWOOD: ^{Well} Do you think you can do it?

BLONDIE: Of course I can. I do it to you all the time...Come on, Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: Okay, but Mr. Dithers isn't going to like this.

MUSIC:

(RESTUARANT SOUNDS)

DITHERS: Bumstead will be joining us in a minute or so, I
imagine, Mr. George.

GEORGE: Fine, fine.

DITHERS: And I wouldn't be surprised if he brought a charming
friend with him. You know -- maybe a little blonde.
(LAUGHS)

GEORGE: (ANOTHER IN THE SPECIES OF LUPUS HUMANUS) A little blonde, eh? (LAUGHS JUST LIKE DITHERS)

DITHERS: You sort of like blondes, eh?

GEORGE: I can't keep my hands off 'em.... They do something to me, that's all.

DITHERS: Well, well, well. I think we're going to get along beautifully Mr. George.

GEORGE: Yes, yes -- I'm sure we are, Mr. Dithers.

DAGWOOD: (COMING UP) Er-hello, Mr. Dithers -- here I am.

BLONDIE: (COMING UP) And here I am, too!

DITHERS: (UNDER HIS BREATH) Oh, murder! (UP) Oh, hello. Mr. George, this is Mr. Bumstead --

DAGWOOD: Hello, Mr. George. And this -- *is*

BLONDIE: Just call me Blondie, Mr. George.

GEORGE: I'll be glad to, Blondie. (GIGGLES)

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke. Well, maybe we'd better be running along, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: No, no. Dagwood, you sit right down here, by me, and Blondie, you sit next to Mr. George.

GEORGE: Yes, sit right down here, my dear.

BLONDIE: Oh, thank you so much, Mr. George.

GEORGE: Oh, not at all. The pleasure's going to be all mine.

DAGWOOD: Er--uh--maybe I better sit next to Mr. George.

DITHERS: Bumstead -- you sit next to me!

DAGWOOD: What for?

DITHERS: (SNAPS) Because I want to hold your hand!!

DAGWOOD: (COY) Why Mr. Dithers, I didn't know you cared.

DITHERS: I don't!.....^{Mr} Sit down, Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: Yes, sir.

BLONDIE: Well, Mr. George, are you here in town on business?

GEORGE: Oh, yes, my dear.

DITHERS: Mr. George and I are working out a little deal, aren't we, Mr. George?

GEORGE: Well-um--uh---we're haven't exactly---

BLONDIE: Oh, that's wonderful! Why, we'll be seeing a lot of you, won't we?

GEORGE: Well-uh - (GIGGLES) -- yes, I guess you will, Blondie.

BLONDIE: That'll be grand, Mr. George!

GEORGE: Oh, don't call me, Mr. George.....Just call me -- Bunny.

BLONDIE: All right -- Bunny. (GIGGLES)

DAGWOOD: ~~AW, Blondie, out it out!~~ *I think we'd better be running*

DITHERS: ~~Bumstead! Keep out of that!~~ *Don't call! Keep out of that!*
Bumstead! ~~Keep out of that!~~.....Oh, Mr. George -- or shall I just call you Arthur?

GEORGE: Call me Mr. George.

DITHERS: Uh -- thank you.....I was going to suggest that you sign the contract with us now for that housing project. Then we could just forget about business and enjoy our lunch. What do you say to that?

GEORGE: Blondie, has anyone ever told you that you have gorgeous blue eyes?

BLONDIE: Why--why no, Bunny!

DAGWOOD: That's a lie! *I've* told her!

BLONDIE: Not lately you haven't.

DAGWOOD: Okay -- you've got gorgeous blue eyes! *There!*

GEORGE: I said it first!.....Now Mr. Bumstead, please mind your own business!

DAGWOOD: That *is* my business!

GEORGE: It is? What are you -- a professional heel?

DAGWOOD: Now look here, Mr. George--

DITHERS: Bumstead! Stop it!

GEORGE: Mr. Dithers, if this is the attitude your Mr. Bumstead has toward me, I'll take my business over to the Goliath Construction Company.

DITHERS: Oh, no, Mr. George -- no, no--no, no, no! This is not Mr. Bumstead's attitude at all.

DAGWOOD: Oh, yes it is, *Mr. Dithers*

DITHERS: Bumstead! Either you change your attitude or I'll change your appearance!

DAGWOOD: I guess it would be easier to change my attitude, *a little bit*

WAITER: (COMING UP) Call for Mr. Dogwood Clunkhead.....Call for Mr. Bughead Woodshed.....Call for Mr. Wooddog Bedstead....

DAGWOOD: Oh, waiter....

WAITER: (CLOSE) Yes, sir--is it possible that one of those names is yours?

DAGWOOD: Well, I'm Dagwood Bumstead -- is that any help?

WAITER: Not to you, but I guess that's who the call is for.

DAGWOOD: Will you excuse me, *please* please?

BLONDIE: Of course, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: *and* If you need me, Blondie -- just scream.

DITHERS: Bumstead, that may be the office: -- I'll go along with you.
Excuse me.

GEORGE: Not at all, Dithers. Don't rush back on my account. Blondie and I are getting along just fine. (GIGGLES)

DAGWOOD: *Mr. Dithers to*
~~The~~ heck with the phone call!

DITHERS: Come on, Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: Ouch! Yes, sir!

WAITER: Right through the door and to your left, sir.

DITHERS: Now look, Bumstead--I fixed it up with that waiter to page you so that we both could get away and leave him alone with the girl.

DAGWOOD: Leave him alone with Blondie?

DITHERS: I didn't know it would be Blondie at the time.. I told you to call someone out of my little black book.

DAGWOOD: *Will* Blondie caught me calling and I had to bring her, but I'm not going to let that big goop hold her hand under the table!

DITHERS: Oh yes you are!

DAGWOOD: No I'm not! All he has to do is make one big pass at Blondie and I'm going to slug him!

DITHERS: You do and I'll hammer you down from tall and thin to short and fat!

DAGWOOD: I don't care. *I don't care* Look at him over there. He's holding her hand and scootching over toward her! Let go of me! *J.C.*

DITHERS: Nothing doing! Let him alone!

DAGWOOD: Let go of my arm! I'm going in there and slug him!

DITHERS: Maybe you'll go in there, but your arm is going to stay right here!

DAGWOOD: Ouch!

DITHERS: Now we'll stay right here for a while and let Blondie go to work on Arthur Chimball George! Then we'll have lunch and put the final pressure on him!

MUSIC:

(RATTLING OF DISHES....)

GEORGE: Ah-h-h-h-h, that was delicious lunch. Didn't you think so, Blondie?

BLONDIE: Oh, yes I enjoyed it too, Bunny.

DAGWOOD: I didn't enjoy it.

BLONDIE: Why, Dagwood--you finished everything that was in front of you.

DAGWOOD: I ate it all, but I didn't enjoy it!

DITHERS: Then why did you order two pieces of pie?

DAGWOOD: Because it's not polite to order three.....Any other questions?

DITHERS: Yes. How have you ~~managed~~ ^{only a breeze} to live so long with ~~no~~ brains?
.....Now then, Mr. George, let's get down to business, shall we?

GEORGE: Well, Mr. Dithers, I've been persuaded by Blondie to give the contract to you instead of the Goliath Company, but I haven't mentioned the customary five thousand dollars to bind the contract.

DITHERS: Oh, what's five thousand dollars?

DAGWOOD: A fortune.....Hey ^{Hey Mr. Dithers} look who's coming over here! It's Mr. Berger.

DITHERS: Pay no attention to him, Mr. George.

BERGER: (COMING UP) Mr. George, ^{Mr. George} I'm Mr. Berger of the Goliath Construction Company and I wish you'd give me a chance to bid in on your contract.

DITHERS: Oh, run along, Berger--it's all settled!

GEORGE: I'm afraid so, Berger.

DAGWOOD: Yes. Scramburger! I mean, scream, Berger! (LOOK AT SCRIPT)

BERGER: I'll cooperate with you in any and every way you suggest.

GEORGE: Perhaps some other time, Mr. Berger.

BERGER: (FADING) Very well, ^{But remember} I'm always at your service, Mr. George

GEORGE: Well, I guess we've got something to celebrate now. After lunch we can go to the bank and you can get that five thousand dollar binder for me.

between your ears

DITHERS: ^{Yes} /Of course, glad to do it!

GEORGE: And I think maybe Blondie and I may go out dancing and see the town tonight.'

BLONDIE: Well, I'm not sure about that, Bunny.

DAGWOOD: Neither am I, Bunny.

GEORGE: You keep out of this.....Why, Blondie, I know we'd have a wonderful time and --

DAGWOOD: ^{You} /Let go of her hand!

DITHERS: Bumstead! Cut it out!

WAITER: (COMING UP) Call for Mr. Hayseed Jithers.....Call for Mrs. Daisy Rithers.....Call for Mr. Peachie Scissors.

DITHERS: Waiter--- ^{don't you mean Jay C. Jithers, D. B. Scissors} ~~is that for J.C. Dithers?~~

WAITER: Could be.....Right through the door and to your left, sir.

DITHERS: Here you are, waiter.

WAITER: Thanks, buddy.

GEORGE: Now then, Blondie--you are going out with me tonight, aren't you?

BLONDIE: Well-uh--really, Bunny---some other time.

GEORGE: Some other time won't do. Tonight is the night. (LAUGHS)

BLONDIE: Now, Bunny - let go of my hand.

GEORGE: You're wonderful, you're gorgeous--

DAGWOOD: Hey, cut it out!

BLONDIE: Let him finish the sentence, Dagwood. It's nice to hear things like that....Go on, Bunny, but let go of my hand.

GEORGE: Your wonderful, you're gorgeous, and every time I look at you my blood starts boiling around -- (THUNDER)

BLONDIE: Now wait a minute, Mr. George!

GEORGE: And my heart starts pounding away, ~~and I start breathing heavily~~ (THUNDER AUDIBLY)

BLONDIE: Oh, now Mr. George--control yourself!

GEORGE: (IN A SWEAT) I don't want to control myself. I ~~just want~~
~~to go haywire--~~

DAGWOOD: Hey, hey, hey! Hold on a second, Mr. George!

GEORGE: Shut up!.....I want to hold you in my arms!

DAGWOOD: Oh, you do, eh?

GEORGE: Not you, stupid!

DAGWOOD: Oh, excuse me.

GEORGE: I love you, Blondie! *I love you* I'm mad about you! I'm going to kiss you!

BLONDIE: No, no! Don't! Get away from me!

DAGWOOD: Look out! *Look out stand back, Blondie!* Get away from her, you big babbon!

DITHERS: (COMING UP) So you framed that phone call, Bumstead! *Well* let me tell you taht -- whats going on here?

DAGWOOD: I'm just going to show you how to skin a wolf!

GEORGE: Get your hands off me!

BLONDIE: You get your hands off me!

DAGWOOD: Come on, George--put up your dukes and fight like a man!

GEORGE: Oh, nonsense!

DAGWOOD: Okay---fight like a sissy then!....Come on--we'll settle this right here!

DITHERS: Bumstead---don't! Wait'll he signs the contract!

BLONDIE: Dagwood--people are looking! We're in a restaurant!

DAGWOOD: I don't care where we are! Come on we're going to fight this out! *Come on get 'em up.*

GEORGE: Mr. Dithers---stop him! He's going crazy!

DITHERS: I'll have to knock him out myself! ...Well, here goes!

BLONDIE: Look out, Dagwood! Duck!

Something else. Same.....

DAGWOOD: Whoooooaaaa!

CRACK OF FIST.....

GEORGE: Yeowwwww! Mr. Dithers! You hit me!

DITHERS: Oh, I'm sorry, Mr. George! Bumstead how dare you duck!

DAGWOOD: I'm so sorry, ~~Mr. Dithers~~ ^{Mr. Dithers}.....Oh--Oh--here comes Berger again!

BERGER: (COMING UP) I saw the whole thing, Mr. George, and I'm going to report Mr. Dithers to the Chamber of Commerce.

^{Now you}
Just come over to my table and let me tell you about the way the Goliath Construction Company will treat you!

GEORGE: But Mr. Dithers was going to give me a five thousand dollar binder and---

BERGER: So will I. Suppose we go to the bank and get it right now.

GEORGE: Well, all right, Mr. Berger!

DITHERS: Just a minute there, Berger!.....Mr. George, ~~I apologized~~
I'll do anything to make up for this ^{I apologized}..... (FADING) DAGWOOD: *Yes,*

BERGER: (FADING) Don't pay any attention to him, Mr. George! Besides, I know a cute little blonde ~~was~~---

DAGWOOD: Well, that's that, Blondie..... ~~Let's get out of here.~~

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood -- Mr. George is going over with Mr. Berger. I couldn't keep him here! ^{I'm a failure!} ~~I'm a failure!~~ I'm ~~a failure!~~ I've lost my sex appeal!

DAGWOOD: No you haven't, Blondie. ~~You've just lost the client...~~
You've got plenty of appeal.

BLONDIE: Have I?

DAGWOOD: You're wonderful, you're gorgeous! Why, Blondie, just looking at you: ~~turns~~ ^{starts boiling around} my blood ~~into fire!~~

BLONDIE: Now Dagwood---

DAGWOOD: You make my breath come in short pants! (PANTS) I can't control myself!

BLONDIE: Dagwood, let go of my hand! Please!

I'm sorry too.

DAGWOOD: I want to hold your tight in my arms!

BLONDIE: Dagwood--don't Please! Stop it!

DAGWOOD: I love you, Blondie! I'm mad about you! I'm going to kiss you!

BLONDIE: No, don't! Dagwood! Help! Mr. Dithers! Oh, Mr. Dithers!

DAGWOOD: (STOPS) How do you like that? Aren't women wonderful????

MUSIC: (TAG CURTAIN)

(APPLAUSE)

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

MUSIC: (VERY QUICK...FANFARE)

McGEEHAN: Thanks to the Yanks of the Week! Tonight we salute Staff Sergeant Edward S. Yevich, of New York City, waist gunner on a Flying Fortress attacking Bremen. The bomber, hit by flak, was forced to leave its formation, and was attacked by twenty-five German fighters. A twenty millimeter shell smashed at Yevich's position, wounding his left arm, and knocking him to the floor of the plane. He returned to his guns and continued firing, shooting down two enemy fighters, and increasing the plane's bag for that one mission to a near-record total of nine planes. In honor of you and your fellow crew members, Sergeant Edward Yevich, the makers of Camels are sending to our soldiers overseas three hundred thousand Camel cigarettes!

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.

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: (SKAKILY) Did you call for me, Mr. Dithers?

DITHERS: (TENSE) Yes, ^{Mr. Berger} ~~Dagwood~~. You lost that contract for us, and I'd like to discuss the whole thing with you physically... You better take off your coat and put any valuables you have on my desk.

DAGWOOD: What for?

DITHERS: So you won't get blood ^{sweats} ~~stains~~ on them. (LUNGES) Come here, you!

DAGWOOD: (CHOKING) ^{look out} Help! Mr. Dithers! You're choking me!

DITHERS: ^{No I'm only necking you} ~~Don't you think I know that?~~ Ah, what a glorious moment!

(DOOR OPENS SUDDENLY)

BERGER: Dithers! Where's that Arthur Chimbali George? Where is he?

DAGWOOD: (CLEARING HIS THROAT) Gosh, it's Mr. Berger again.

DITHERS: What do you mean, breaking in here and spoiling my fun?

BERGER: Where's that Mr. George? Where does he live? Where did you meet him? Who told you about him? What does he do?

DAGWOOD: What's the matter, Mr. Berger?

BERGER: ^{What's the matter?} He's a crook. That contract he had was a phoney and he's just skipped town with my five thousand dollars!

MUSIC: (TAG INTO "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: Mister Pipesmoker, if you just feel the weight of that great big blue two-and-a-quarter-ounce package of George Washington Smoking Tobacco, you'll understand why we say you get up to a dozen extra pipefuls! Yessir, George Washington costs just ten cents too - and that means you get up to a dozen extra pipefuls in every dime's worth of tobacco you buy! Believe me, every pipeful of George Washington is grand-tasting, mild, and even burning, too, right down through the last puff at the bottom of the bowl! Get a big, big package of George Washington tomorrow! It's America's biggest value in smoking pleasure!
This is CBS...The COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.