

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

AS
BROADCAST

✓ MASTER-NY.

"BLONDIE CLEANS HOUSE"

CBS STUDIO "C"
MONDAY, MAY 8, 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
CORA.....ELVIA ALLMAN
MAN.....EDDIE MARR
BEEBE.....EDDIE MARR
ANNOUNCER.....KEN NILES
CONDUCTOR.....BILL ARTZT
YANK... (SALUTE).....PAT MCGEEHAN
G.W. HITCH-HIKE.....FRED SHIELDS

SOUND EFFECTS

DOOR
PHONE
BREAKFAST
RESTAURANT (BACKGROUND)
WHIZZ WHISTLE
POLICE WHISTLE
VACUUM CLEANER
BUCKETS (SCRUB)
BEACH CHAIR

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, MAY 8, 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: Harder to find a really fresh cigarette these days, isn't
it? If your cigarette is burning like a bonfire, get
cool smoking, slow burning Camels! Yes, Camel cigarettes
are fresh around your corner because they're packed to go
around the world....have to be, 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 THEME)

NILES: And now for our weekly visit with our neighbors, the
Bumsteads of Shady Lane Avenue!
(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: (BLONDIE THEME)

NILES: Well, Blondie and Dagwood have been entertaining
Mr. and Mrs. Dithers tonight. They've been sitting around
talking in the living room for quite a while, and it's
getting late when Blondie says.....

BLONDIE: Oh, dear - tomorrow I've got to start on my spring cleaning.

CORA: Oh, Blondie, you poor dear.

DAGWOOD: *Spring Cleaning*
What's so sad about spring cleaning? That's fun.

Mr. Dithers and I have to spend all our time sitting behind
a *hat* desk.

DITHERS: Yes -- just sitting there and getting middle-aged spread.

BLONDIE: I suppose you'd rather do my spring cleaning than your
office work.

DAGWOOD: *None*
It would be good for us. We'd get a little exercise to
keep us trim and lovely. (LAUGHS)

DITHERS: Yes. My goodness, we don't want to lose our masculine appeal
my goodness.

CORA: Now look here, Poochie --

DITHERS: Oh, Cora. Don't call me Poochie!

CORA: All right -- lover!

DITHERS: *hat*
There's nothing so difficult about this business of
spring cleaning.

DAGWOOD: No, they just try to make it sound like work.

BLONDIE: (SNAPS) It is work! It's hard work!

CORA: It's back-breaking work!

DAGWOOD & DITHERS: (INDULGENT CHUCKLES -- THE IRRITATING CHUCKLE)

BLONDIE: Now stop that nasty laughing you -- you hyenas!

DAGWOOD: Why Blondie - what language for the mother of two children.

BLONDIE: Well, I don't care. I've seen the way you two work at the office. All you do is lounge around all day with your feet up on your desks. You sharpen a few pencils, answer a few phone calls, and dictate a few letters.

CORA: ^{the} The only exercise Julius gets is chasing ^{that red-headed} ~~his~~ secretary around the water-cooler.

DITHERS: Cora! I beg your pardon!

CORA: You should have begged it a long time ago, you crumb.

DITHERS: Now look, Cora, just watch what you say or I'll remind you of what a sucker you used to be for a good looking vacuum cleaner salesman.

CORA: ^{the} Now Julius!

DITHERS: We had a vacuum cleaner for every room!

CORA: Julius -- please.

DITHERS: The cleaners certainly took her to the cleaners.

CORA: (WAILS) Oh, somebody please change the subject.

DAGWOOD: Well, as I was saying --

CORA: Thank you, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Don't mention it...As I was saying, there's nothing much to spring cleaning. You dust everything, clean the windows, wax the floors, do the curtains and you're practically through.

DITHERS: / *why sure*
There aren't any decisions to make. You just do the work and nothing more. What a cinch ~~life~~ the women have.

BLONDIE: / *It really well*
Maybe you two boys would like to change jobs with us.

DAGWOOD: / *Change jobs*
We'd be glad to, any man could do it twice as well in

DITHERS: ~~Certainly!~~ *half the time. DITHERS: Less than that, and I'll see that Dagwood does it too... We accept the challenge.*

BLONDIE: *DAGWOOD: You are certainly do.*
You'll take care of everything around here and have the place all spick and spen?

DAGWOOD: Blondie, when we get through you won't recognize our little home.

BLONDIE: That's what I'm afraid of.

DAGWOOD: And well show you that the J.C. Dithers company +
DITHERS: ~~And~~ *Don't over do it,* Cora - you and Blondie will take care of everything at the office?

CORA: Well, we may not do as well as you would, Julius.

BLONDIE: But we ~~will~~ do as well as Dagwood would.

DITHERS: *DAGWOOD: Girls what do you say,*
And that's what I'm afraid of. Well, is it a deal?

~~ALL: (AD LIB... "YOU BET IT IS".) "IT CERTAINLY IS" with me.~~

DAGWOOD: ~~well,~~ / *th* that's that.

ALL: You poor suckers.

CORA: Sure it is well try it.

MUSIC:

(BREAKFAST SOUNDS)

BLONDIE: Now Dagwood, is there anything else I should know before I go to the office this morning?

DAGWOOD: Oh, no -- not more than a few thousand additional details.

BLONDIE: But Dagwood, / *If I'm going to take over this job* I've got to know all these things.

DAGWOOD: I thought you said / *that Mr. Dithers and I* we didn't do anything but put our feet on our desks and answer phone calls....Have some more coffee, dear.

his name after the clean a house as well as maid one.

DITHERS: Boy what a narrow escape, what was that platinum blur that just whizzed by.

DAGWOOD: That was no blur that was my wife. How are you this morning Mr. Dithers?

DITHERS: Smile when you ask that.

DAGWOOD: What's the matter?

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BLONDIE: Yes, ^{yes} I will, thank you....No, I better not....Well, maybe just a little...No, guess not. ^{Well} I don't know - should I?

DAGWOOD: ~~Is this~~ ^{So what?} how you're going to make business decisions?... Holy smoke, Blondie - look at the time.

BLONDIE: Oh, my goodness -- I'm going to be late.

DAGWOOD: You'd better hurry. Mrs. Dithers will be mad at you.

BLONDIE: Oh, I've really got to dash...Get the door ~~open~~ ^{open} for me, Dagwood....(FADING)

DAGWOOD: Okay, ~~Blondie~~ ^{Honey}...I'll get your hat and coat. Which do you want to wear?

BLONDIE: (OFF) The little blue coat and the hat with the carrots and string beans.

DAGWOOD: Okay, honey....I'm ^{we get} ~~getting~~ the door open, Blondie. ^{Now come in} ~~you~~ better step on it or you're going to miss the bus.

(DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: Here I come, Dagwood. (COMING UP FAST) Where's my hat and coat? Quick!

DAGWOOD: Right here.

BLONDIE: And where's my handbag.

DAGWOOD: In your hand... ^{Come on honey kiss me goodbye.} ~~Goodbye, Blondie.~~

BLONDIE: Goodbye.

(WHIZZ:....DOOR SLAMS)

DAGWOOD: Gee, her technique is almost as good as mine.

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: Oh, good morning, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Smile when you say that.

DAGWOOD: What's the matter?

(DOOR CLOSES)

DITHERS: ^{Well} I've just begun to realize what a terrible shellacking we're going to take on this spring cleaning proposition. It's a ~~heck of a big job~~.... Bumstead -- we've been fricasseed!

DAGWOOD: Yeah, we'll never get finished with the work, and we'll never hear the last of this from Blondie and Mrs. Dithers.

DITHERS: Don't I know it. Core loves to see me take a beating.

Once she teased me into entering the Golden Gloves tournament so she could watch me get pasted around the ring. Just before I got flattened I heard her cheering my opponent and calling me a bum.

DAGWOOD: ^{Yeah} Women are wonderful, aren't they?

DITHERS: ^{Oh} Yes, there's nothing like a woman -- unless it's another woman. ~~But~~ ^{Oh} sometimes I wish I could leave Core for about two weeks in a nice quiet dog ~~hospital~~ ^{hospital}.

DAGWOOD: Well, if we don't get this house looking disgustingly clean we're going to take an awful beating from our wives.

DITHERS: Yes, they'll throw it in our faces and rub it into our scalps.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS)

DITHERS: What are you doing - laying a moose egg?

DAGWOOD: ^{Yeah} I just thought of something funny. This is too much work for us, but it wouldn't be too much work for about seven or eight people. Wouldn't we have the laugh on the girls if they came back, found the place looking beautiful, and we were as fresh as though we hadn't lifted a finger? ^{Yeah?}

DITHERS: You mean we should call around and hire an army of people do the job?

DAGWOOD: ^{Oh sure} That's the idea. The girls will think we did it ourselves and how they'll hate us... What do you think of it.

DITHERS: (THE DIRTY LAUGH)

DAGWOOD: That's what I think, too... *Well come on,* Come on, ~~JFC~~ - let's get *to*
~~started~~ *our meeting.*

MUSIC: (THEN CLARINET MOUTHPIECE -- "BLONDIE".....)

CORA: Blondie!

MUSIC: (CLARINET SAYS "COME INTO MY OFFICE")

CORA: Come into my office. (WAIT, AND ADD) Will you, please?

BLONDIE: (COMING UP) What is it, Cora?

CORA: Look. I've got a letter here from a firm called
Greene, Bean, Dean, Keene, Shean and ~~Hoekenlonker~~ *Shuffle shuffer*....

What shall I do about it?

BLONDIE: I'd refuse to answer it.

CORA: Well, I'll write to them and tell them I won't answer
their letter until they shorten their name, so there.

BLONDIE: That'll fix them..You know, Cora, it's absolutely
amazing the way men run their offices. They clutter
their desks up *with* so many things they don't need. I found
out that Dagwood had made four blueprints of just one
little house.

CORA: Why how silly.

BLONDIE: Isn't it typical? I kept the best looking one and threw
away the rest.

CORA: *He* I'll bet he'll thank you for that.

BLONDIE: (FLATLY) I'll bet.... They never notice the little things you do for them.

CORA: Well, Julius is going to notice a few things I've done. For instance, I ~~wrote "Nuts to you"~~ wrote "Nuts to you" in the dust on my picture. *I wrote "Nuts to you"*

BLONDIE: Oh, Cora ^{how terrible} let me dust that picture of you.

CORA: No, just leave it there. But look at the way he keeps that picture of himself. Why that glass is shining like the seat of a ten dollar blue serge suit.

BLONDIE: Oh, ^{now} that's really shameful. He doesn't realize how he's hurt your feelings.

CORA: Never mind, Blondie. Tomorrow morning he'll realize how I can hurt his feelings.

BLONDIE: ^{what are you} What are you going to do?

CORA: I'm going to leave a tack on his chair.

BLONDIE: ~~Well, I guess that'll really out him to the quick.~~

CORA: ~~I hope so.~~

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

CORA: Who's there?

NILES: (OUTSIDE) Pulleys.

CORA: Pulleys?

(DOOR OPENS)

NILES: Yes, Pull-ease try Camel Cigarettes in your T-Zone.

AD LIBS OF GREETINGS. *Oh hello Mr. Niles.*

NILES: (CONTINUING) That's T for taste and throat. You see, your taste tells you that Camels have more flavor. And your throat gives you the last word on Camel's smooth extra mildness... ^{say} Where are Dagwood and Mr. Dithers?

BLONDIE: Well, you see, they --

NILES: I can guess. I'll bet they went out to buy some more Camels. Yes, sir -- they want a cigarette that won't go flat no matter how many they smoke - so they're getting Camels for more flavor! Ah yes, Camel cigarettes! costlier tobaccos, expertly blended, give Camels more flavor, help 'em hold up, pack after pack:

BLONDIE: What I was going to --

NILES: (RIGHT WITH HER) Well, Cam -- (STOPS) Excuse me-go ahead.

BLONDIE: No, no - go ahead, Mr. Niles.
NILES: No, you say what you were going to say.
CORRA: *the no* The suspense is killing me..Go ahead, Blondie.
BLONDIE: Well, I was just going to say that Camels cigarettes are fresh, and they stay fresh- stay cool smoking and slow burning because they're packed to go around the world!..Now what was it, Mr. Niles?
NILES: Blondie, you took the words right out of my mouth! Goodbye.

(DOOR CLOSSES)

CORRA: He's nice, isn't he?
BLONDIE: *the* Yes, but I worry about Mr. Niles. He doesn't talk about hunting or fishing or baseball or girls- Just Camels.
CORRA: It's a one track mind, but it's the right track.

(PHONE RINGS)

BLONDIE: *the* I'll get it.

(PICK UP PHONE)

BLONDIE: J.C. Dithers Construction Company, office of Mr. J.C. Dithers, President of the J.C. Dithers Construction Company, Mr. Dithers isn't here, Mrs. Bumstead speaking....Oh, hello, Mr. Dithers... What?.. *the* Now look here, you're supposed to -...But you're supposed to...But you're....~~But you're~~.... But you're....Yes, but....Yes, but...Yes, but-
CORRA: You better get back to "but you're".

BLONDIE: (SNAPS) Very well, we shall see you then!

(HANGS UP)

CORRA: Why Blondie!

BLONDIE: I don't care! Those men just invited us to have
lunch with them at the Palace Hotel - in the
Outstretched Palm Room!

CORA: ^{well} /Is that bad?

BLONDIE: Yes. It means that they've done precious little
spring cleaning this morning and that they'll get
precious little done this afternoon and that makes
me furious!

CORA: ^{Well} Well, we'll see what they have to say for themselves.

BLONDIE: I'm so mad just thinking about it that I don't even
want to speak to them!

CORA: ^{But do} ~~well~~, they/serve a wonderful lunch in the ~~Outstretched~~
Palm Room.

BLONDIE: ^{oh} /They do at that...Well, I guess it wouldn't hurt
to have a good lunch while they're apologizing to us
Let's go!

MUSIC:

(RESTAURANT SOUNDS)

DAGWOOD: Hey, hey, hey, hey! (Here they come, J.C.)

DITHERS: Oh, boy - and are they mad! (LAUGHS)

DAGWOOD: Yeah - look at the way Blondie's stamping her feet
on the floor!

MAN: (OFF SCREAMS)

DAGWOOD: That time she stamped on someone's foot.

DITHERS: Oh, I love to see Cora when she's thoroughly mad.

It makes her look ~~frightful~~. *gastly.*

DAGWOOD: ^{Hey} / If they only knew what's in store for them. *hah!*

DITHERS: Never mind. Just tease them along now.

DAGWOOD: Hello, Blondie -- darling.

BLONDIE: (SNAPS) Hello!

DAGWOOD: Whooooaaa!

DITHERS: Hello, Cora. How lovely you look today.

CORA: Julius, you might at least look at me when you say that.

DITHERS: What? And bust right out laughing?... Sit down and relax, girls.

BLONDIE: ^{I don't open} / We'll sit down, but we won't relax.

DAGWOOD: ~~Why~~, ^{oh} / Blondie -- what's wrong? Have you had a hard morning at the office?

BLONDIE: ^{beginning} / I want to know why you're not home doing the spring cleaning!

DAGWOOD: ^{oh} / This is our noon hour. We've got to eat. We're human, you know.

BLONDIE: ^{There are two schools of thought on that subject} / Only human, eh? ~~As far as I'm concerned that's just a rumor.~~

DITHERS: We've been working hard. We spent the whole morning planning things. After all, we wanted to do it scientifically.

CORA: You just planned things?

DAGWOOD: ~~Well~~, sure ^{just planned things} / we didn't want to do it the slipshod way you girls do.

DITHERS: Oh, heaven's no!

BLONDIE: Slipshod? Let me tell you ^{two} something -- you can't do your spring cleaning and have lunch here!

DITHERS: We're doing it, aren't we?

BLONDIE: Well, if that house is clean when we get home, I'll eat my hat!

DAGWOOD: So what? Your hat is all vegetables anyway.

DITHERS: Can't you make us a more attractive offer?

BLONDIE: All right. For the next month whenever I hear a burglar in the house at night, I'll go down myself instead of sending you.

CORA: That seems fair, and who knows, she may meet some good looking burglars. ~~Of course~~ this is all pretty silly. That house couldn't possibly be clean by tonight.

DITHERS: Well, do you want to make some sort of an offer, too, Cora?

CORA: Certainly. If that house is clean by tonight, I'll wear a ~~cement~~ ^{burial bag} back to the church supper tomorrow night.

DITHERS: (LAUGHS)

DAGWOOD: Blondie, are we going to that church supper?

BLONDIE: Why, we haven't got tickets yet.

DAGWOOD: You better get some. This I gotta see!

MUSIC:

(VACUUM CLEANER)

ALEXANDER: ~~Uh~~ -- just a minute, Mr. Beebe.

(CLEANER OFF)

BEEBE: (TESTILY) Oh, it's you again, ~~is~~ Alexander.

ALEXANDER: Yep, it's me, Mr. Beebe. You skipped over that rug in the living room pretty fast. Still looks a little crummy.

BEEBE: Young man, are you critizing my work?

ALEXANDER: (ENTHUSIASTICALLY) I sure am!

BEEBE: All right -- I'll go downstairs and go over the rug again.

ALEXANDER: And another thing, Mr. Beebe --

BEEBE: What now, ^{Alexander} ~~heckle~~berry Legree?

ALEXANDER: You better light a fire under your men who are waxing the floors. They're moving pretty slow.

BEEBE: All right, all right, all right!

ALEXANDER: Yeah, you'd better jack 'em up a little.

BEEBE: Will you please stop following me around and heckling me? I am trying to get this job done by five o'clock this afternoon.

ALEXANDER: I'm not heckling you, Mr. Beebe. Pop and Mr. Dithers just told me to keep an eye on you! I just don't want you to sweep any dirt under the carpets!

BEEBE: That's enough! Stop persecuting me!

ALEXANDER: Okay, okay -- I'm sorry, Mr. Beebe...Just go right ahead with your work and I won't bother you any more.

BEEBE: Well -- it's a good thing.

ALEXANDER: I'll just leave it up to your conscience.

BEEBE: My conscience, eh?

ALEXANDER: Yep. If you don't do a good job, your conscience won't let you sleep tonight...No, sir -- not a wink of sleep.

BEEBE: Oh, stop making me feel like a criminal. I thought you were going to leave me. *alone.*

ALEXANDER: I am. (CALLS) Oh, Cookie.

COOKIE: (COMING UP) Did you call me, Alexander?

ALEXANDER: Yes. Cookie, allow me to present Mr. Beebe.

BEEBE: How do you do?

COOKIE: I'm well. And you?

BEEBE: Just ducky, thanks...What's she going to do?

ALEXANDER: She's going to keep an eye on you. *while I'm waiting*

BEEBE: Oh, no!

COOKIE: Come on *come on now* -- get to work!

BEEBE: Now look here, you little, curly-headed --

ALEXANDER: Please, Mr. Beebe -- remember your language. From now on there's a lady present!

COOKIE: Come on, Mr. Beebe -- hop to it!

ALEXANDER: I'll be back later.

BEEBE: (FADING) Never again am I going to have anything to do with the Bumsteads! Never!

(DOOR OPENS OFF)

DAGWOOD: (OFF) Alexander!

ALEXANDER: I'm coming downstairs now, Pop.

DITHERS: (OFF) How's ~~it coming?~~ *are they doing?*

ALEXANDER: Okay, Mr. Dithers...Hi-ya, Pop.

DAGWOOD: Boy, they're getting a lot of work done, aren't they?

ALEXANDER: *With curl up on the couch Pop you'll get me down.*
Uh -- outside, Pop.

DAGWOOD: Hnh?

ALEXANDER: You and Mr. Dithers better go back outside.

(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: Yeah, but I want to see that --

ALEXANDER: You'd only be in my way, Pop.

DITHERS: But look here, Alexander, we've got to know if --

ALEXANDER: I'm sorry, Mr. Dithers, but you'd just be underfoot all the time.

(DOOR CLOSES)

DAGWOOD: But who's watching the cleaners and the workmen? *in there,*

ALEXANDER: Well, Mr. Beebe is supervising things and I'm supervising Mr. Beebe. Right now Cookie's watching him, and I've got Daisy and the Pups watching the other men.

DAGWOOD: Hey, that's swell!

ALEXANDER: All you and Mr. Dithers have got to do, Pop, is just relax in those beach ~~chairs~~ *chairs* on the front lawn and take it easy.

DITHERS: Oh, that's for me, brother.

ALEXANDER: And if you want this to be done in time, please, Pop *yeah* please don't come in and help me!..I've got to get this finished for you in time!

MUSIC:

CORA: Well, Blondie -- it's about five o'clock.

BLONDIE: Good. Let's go home and see what our husbands haven't done today.

CORA: Blondie, do you really think that they believe they can clean the house in one fast afternoon?

BLONDIE: Well, Cora, you know how men are. They have a high opinion of their ability to do anything and a low opinion of the word "Clean".

CORA: Yes. ~~For instance~~, Julius thinks a davenport is clean if you can sit down on it without stirring up a cloud of dust.

BLONDIE: Well, Dagwood's the same way....What are we going to do about them, Cora?

CORA: Well, we've kept our part of the bargain, haven't we?

BLONDIE: We certainly have!...Of course, maybe we've done a little too much. Maybe we shouldn't have cut up all those blue prints so they'd be small enough to ^{fit in the} file.

CORA: ~~Well,~~ ^{oh} they can always glue them together again.

BLONDIE: That's right, ^{well} Anyway, they'll be able to find any blueprint they want now. They're all filed under B for Blueprint.

CORA: Of course they fill up two whole filing drawers, but they're all there!

BLONDIE: Well, Cora, we've done our part, and we know they haven't done theirs. I don't know what we should do about them.

CORA: ~~Well~~, Blondie, I've always said that with a man, actions speak louder than words. I've always gotten ^{pretty} good results from kicking ~~Julius~~ Julius. ^{with a baseball - but.}

BLONDIE: Oh, Cora!

CORA: He gets some sort of pleasure out of telling his friends that his wife beats him.

BLONDIE: Well, let's just go home and if they're working real hard we'll be ^{very} nice to them. But if they're loafing -- we'll let 'em have it!

MUSIC:

ALEXANDER: Hey, Pop -- hey, Mr. Dithers -- wake up!

DAGWOOD: Hanh? *I wasn't asleep I was just resting my eye a little bit*

DITHERS: Good grief. I guess I just relaxed in this beach chair and those spring breezes sent me off to slumberland.

ALEXANDER: Pop -- Mom and Mrs. Dithers are coming down the street. I wanted to warn you.

DAGWOOD: Oh, thanks, Alexander.

ALEXANDER: Well, uh, come on! You don't want them to catch you taking it easy out here on the front lawn, do you?

DITHERS: Oh, that's just it, **Alexander**. They'll be mad at us at first, but when they see how nice the house looks then they'll be sorry they ever said anything mean to us. Then we've got 'em where we want 'em!

ALEXANDER: *Well* / I don't understand it.

DITHERS: Wait'll you get married. You'll understand then, **brother!** *brother*

DAGWOOD: *by Alexander* / Are the men all gone?

ALEXANDER: Yeah, and it looks swell...(FADING) Well, I'll go around the back yard and see if it's okay back there.

DITHERS: *oh oh* / Well, here they come, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Yeah. *Now look J.C.* / We'll just pretend we've been here all afternoon ...Hey, we have been here all afternoon.

DITHERS: Sh-h-h! Now just wait for the explosion!

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BLONDIE: (OFF) Dagwood Bumstead!!

CORA: (OFF) Julius Caesar Dithers!

DAGWOOD: Oh....Oh, hello, dear. Did you have a hard day at the office?

DITHERS: Hello, Cora, my swetie-lovie-lamb *Blondie*.

BLONDIE: Dagwood-what are you doing?

DAGWOOD: I'm sitting in a beach chair.

BLONDIE: You're not going to be sitting there very long!

DAGWOOD: Blondie - don't touch that crossbar or the chair'll collapse on me! No, no! Look out!

(BEACH CHAIR COLLAPSES...THIS ISN'T A CRASH...BUT WE MIGHT USE TEMPLE BLOCK...)

BLONDIE: Now what are you doing?

DAGWOOD: I'm lying in a beach chair.

CORA: Well, Julius - you look nice and comfortable there.

DITHERS: I am. Quite comfortable, thank you.

CORA: Well, you're not going to stay that way!

DITHERS: Cora-don't!

CORA: I'm going to tip you over like a vegetable cart!

DITHERS: (YELLS) Look out! Hel-l-l-lp!

(RATTLE AND BANG OF BEACH CHAIR GOING OVER)

DITHERS: Taaaaah!

BLONDIE: Now both of you get up and march right into the house!

DAGWOOD: ~~even!~~ Blondie, let go of my ear! ~~I~~ haven't done anything!

BLONDIE: I know you haven't done anything! That's why I've got hold of your ear!

CORA: Get up, Julius!

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DITHERS: (GROANS) I can't move! I think I've broken my leg again.
CORA: Blondie, loan me your hat pin, will you?
DITHERS: No, no; All right! I'm getting up! Don't Cora!
BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood - and you and Mr. Dithers promised to clean the house and you've done nothing but loaf all day.
DAGWOOD: But we've been working hard.
DITHERS: And at high speed too.
CORA: It isn't necessary to lie to us, Julius.
DAGWOOD: Blondie, you can't convict us without giving us a fair trial!
BLONDIE: Dagwood, I'd rather you didn't speak to me.
DITHERS: It's no use, Daggy - they don't believe us.
DAGWOOD: You're right, Dithy - We might as well go inside.
DITHERS: The least they could have done was listen to us.
DAGWOOD: No, that would be asking too much of them.
BLONDIE: That'll do, Dagwood..! Well, let's go in, Cora, and see if they got anything done at all.
CORA: I doubt it.

(DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: The least they could have done would be -buh-bah---oh, good heavens! ^{why} Look! It's beautiful!
CORA: E-gad!

BLONDIE: Why - why, look how fresh and clean and wonderful everything is! The floors are waxed, ^(Cora) [and the curtains are clean] and the screens are up, ^(Cora) [and the furniture's been polished] and - and- oh, I just can't believe it!

CORA: ~~It's a miracle!~~ *Oh my land it's a miracle.*

BLONDIE: (TURNING TO DAGWOOD) Oh, Dagwood, I'm so sorry that--

DAGWOOD: I'd rather you didn't speak to me.

BLONDIE: But Dagwood, I didn't know.

DAGWOOD: But you accused me of loafing just the same. You didn't even bother to look first!

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood - please, you've got to forgive me!

DAGWOOD: I'm not at all sure I will. You can imagine how much work has been done in this house today-

DITHERS: Why, it would take eight ^{ordinary} men to do it!

DAGWOOD: ^{by a fact it did take} You are so right?..... ^{and} what ^{was} our reward for all ^{forgive you Bl, what} this work? We were called names and got kicked around.

DITHERS: Oh, what's the use of it all?

CORA: I'm so sorry, Julius. I apologize.

DITHERS: Well, I don't accept it...Not yet, anyway.

CORA: (WAILS) Oh, Julius. (SHE SOBS) I've been such a heel ~~to~~
~~you.~~

DITHERS: You certainly have.

DAGWOOD: Well, Blondie, what have you got to say for yourself?

BLONDIE: (TEARY) Oh, Dagwood - I'm so ashamed of myself.

DAGWOOD: I'm ashamed of you, too...Go on, go on.

BLONDIE: ^{Well} I've been mean and cruel (WEEPS)

DAGWOOD: (PROMPTING HER) ^{go on go on} And you don't deserve such a fine, noble husband.

BLONDIE (WEEPING) And I don't deserve such a fine, noble husband. Oh, how can you ever forgive me, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: I don't know how I can forgive you myself.

CORA: Julius, please let me apologize.

DITHERS: Not now...Maybe later...Besdies, don't forget that you're going to the church supper tomorrow night in a ~~cement sack~~ *burclap bag*.

CORA: Oh, no, no, no, no, no.

DITHERS: Oh, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes,

CORA: Oh, Julius, you're not going to hold me to that!?

DITHERS: (DIRTY LAUGH)

BLONDIE: Oh, Mr. Dithers, you mustn't do that! It isn't right!

DAGWOOD: Now, Blondie, leave him alone. It wasn't right for you to collapse my beach chair and twist my ear but you did it!

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood - Mr. Dithers - we'll do anything to make it up to you.

CORA: Look at me, Julius - I'm down on my knees to you! I'm begging you to have mercy on me!

DITHERS: (LAUGHS) I love it!

BLONDIE: Dagwood, I'm down on my knees, too. Please forgive me.

DAGWOOD: I'll think it over. In the meantime, just stay there on your knees.

BLONDIE: We'll fix you one of the most wonderful dinners you've ever had in your life if you'll just forgive us.

DAGWOOD: Well - um - uh - I'm weakening a little.

CORA: Julius, I'll make all my special dishes for you if you'll only forgive and forget.

DITHERS: Well, all right.

DAGWOOD: *go ahead* Get out into the kitchen, *girls* ~~you women~~! And if the dinner's really good, we'll forgive you later..Go on - hurry up! Step on it!

BLONDIE: Oh, yes, sir - yes, sir!

CORA: Right away! Come on, Blondie..(FADING)

(DOOR CLOSES OFF)

DAGWOOD: (GLORYING IN THE FEELING) Ah-h-h-h!

DITHERS: *You and me both, Dagwood, ah*
~~That's what I say, Dagwood. Ah-h-h-h-h!~~

DAGWOOD: This is the first time we've gotten into one of these things and really won out!

DITHERS: Isn't it wonderful!? Let's not forgive them for at least a ~~week~~ *month*.

DAGWOOD: Yeah..Gee, it's a wonderful feeling to be the ruler of the house, even if it only lasts for a little while!

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 Lieutenant Charles E. Henderson, 3rd, of Gibson Island, Maryland, and the other nine members of a Navy torpedo plane squadron in the Pacific. During a record-breaking night attack on Truk, Lieutenant Henderson personally sank two Japanese ships. In the blazing forty-five minute raid, the ten planes of the squadron sank eight ships and damaged five others. In your honor, Lieutenant Charles Henderson, in honor of the other nine pilots of the torpedo squadron of Air Group Nine, the makers of Camels are sending to our Navy men in the Pacific 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

BLONDIE: / *oh dear* Dagwood, I was all wrong. It was wonderful the way you and Mr. Dithers did our spring cleaning in just a few hours.

DAGWOOD: Oh, it was really nothing.

BLONDIE: I don't see how you did it.

DAGWOOD: Oh, just pure brains, that's all. It was easy - no trouble at all.

BLONDIE: It wasn't any trouble?

DAGWOOD: Of course not.

BLONDIE: That's good, Dagwood, because I've promised Mrs. Woodley and Mrs. Pengally that you'd do their spring cleaning too!

DAGWOOD: Tooooooh!

MUSIC: (TAG SEGUE 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, here's more tobacco for your money --
up to a dozen extra pipefuls in every dime's worth you
buy. Yessir, it's the great big blue two-and-a-quarter
ounce package of George Washington ^{smoking tobacco} tomorrow. Of course,
you get up to a dozen extra pipefuls -- and each pipeful
is grand-tasting, mild, and even burning, 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.

*Think down your dime
for George Washington tomorrow.*