

"BLONDIE"

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

**AS
BROADCAST**

MASTER-NEW YORK
LMF combs

"BLONDIE SITS FOR HER PORTRAIT"

CBS STUDIO "C"
MONDAY, JUNE 12, 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

DITHERS.....	HANLEY STAFFORD
ALEXANDER.....	TOMMY COOK
SASCHA.....	HANS CONRIED
JOHN.....	JOHN BROWN
KRONMAN.....	JOE PORTE
WOMAN.....	MARTHA WENTWORTH
ANNOUNCER.....	KEN NILES
CONDUCTOR.....	BILL ARTZT
YANK... (SALUTE).....	LOU MARCELLI
G.W. HITCH-HIKE.....	FRED SITTNER

SOUND EFFECTS

DOOR
FOOTSTEPS (CONCRETE)
STREET SOUNDS
RATTLE OF DOOR KNOB
CRASH (BILLY YOU KNOW)

51454 3087

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, JUNE 12, 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"... brought to you by Camel, the cigarette that's first in the service. See if your throat and your taste don't make Camel a first with you too. Find out for yourself.

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

NILES: It has been said that the great Caruso used to smoke a cigarette just before he went on the stage to sing. And one thing you can bet on...the cigarette he smoked was a cigarette that agreed with his throat. Well, maybe your own vocalizing is in your bathtub, but isn't your throat important to you? And how it is! So try Camels on your throat....try that coolness, mildness, kindness. And let your taste try that full, rich, ~~smooth~~ flavor of Camel's ~~smooth~~ costlier tobaccos, ~~smooth~~ Your own T-Zone -- T for Taste and T for Throat is the best proving ground for cigarettes!

CHORUS: (C A M E L S)

NILES: Camels. Remind me to tell you that you'll all be wild about Harry.

Tonight's Blondie program will be interrupted for any important bulletins
(OPENING THEME)

MUSIC:

NILES:

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

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC:

(BLONDIE THEME)

NILES:

Well, it's a warm, pleasant June evening, and Blondie and Dagwood are taking a little stroll. They're walking along when a door bangs open in a house ahead of them....

(DOOR BANGS OPEN)

BLONDIE:

(STARTLED) Oh!... (THEN CALM) Oh, it was just a door,

DAGWOOD:

yeah. Oh I think
It's Mrs. Gilhooley's boarding house.

WOMAN:

Now get out of here, you lop-eared, long-haired, loose-jawed, lunk-headed, lazy, loafing, good for nothing bum!

SASCHA:

How dare you call me lop-eared!... I am a genius!

WOMAN:

Okay, so you're a lop-eared genius!

SASCHA:

And you, Mrs. Gilhooley, are a ~~loud, Irish peasant!~~

WOMAN:

Oh I am
~~Peasant~~ am I? Come back in here! *you!*

SASCHA:

~~Leave me!~~ *your husband*
Help!

(DOOR SLAMS)

BLONDIE:

Oh, goodness! *my Dagwood.* She jerked him right back in *the house!*

DAGWOOD:

Gee, the poor guy. Mrs. Gilhooley must outweigh him by fifty pounds.

BLONDIE: ^{Why} He looked like sort of poet or something.

DAGWOOD: Yeah--whatever he is I'll bet he's something ~~useless~~ like that. *He needs a haircut.*

BLONDIE: Now Dagwood, don't talk that way.

SASCHA: (OFF--INSIDE HOUSE) Hel-l-l-p!

BLONDIE: ^{He} Dagwood -- shouldn't we do something?

DAGWOOD: Yeah-- let's get out of here.

(DOOR BANGS OPEN OFF....)

BLONDIE: No, wait, Dagwood! Look!

SASCHA: (OFF) Help! Mrs. Gilhooley--you're twisting my arm!

WOMAN: Good! That's what I'm trying to do!.....And now, do you apologize?

SASCHA: I shall never apologize!

WOMAN: Well, well, well, well-never, eh?

SASCHA: (SCREAMS) Yeow-w-w-w!I apologize! I'm sorry!
A thousand ^{a thousand} pardons, Mrs. Gilhooley!

WOMAN: Okay! Now take your junk and never come back here again! (WITH EFFORT) ~~Get going!~~ ^{now best it!}

SASCHA: Look out! ^{now} Don't push me! Help!

(CRASH....AS HE FALLS DOWN STEPS....)

WOMAN: Well, good night, sweet prince!

(DOOR SLAMS)

BLONDIE: Dagwood, is he unconscious?

DAGWOOD: ^{Well, I... I... I...} I don't know. We better move along, Blondie.

BLONDIE: ^{Oh Dagwood} But the way she threw him down the steps! He must be hurt!

DAGWOOD: We better move along, Blondie.

BLONDIE: But Dagwood, we can't ^{go and} just leave him here on the sidewalk all tangled up in a heap.

DAGWOOD: I'll straighten him out and then we better move along.

SASCHA: (GROANS)

BLONDIE: Oh, ^{oh} the poor man!

DAGWOOD: ^{oh the poor man huh!} How do you like that! He only fell down five steps and you say, "Oh, you poor man!" When I fall down a whole flight of stairs all you ever say to me is get up!.... We better move along, Blondie.

SASCHA: (GROANS) Oh, to think that such indignities would ever be heaped upon me!

BLONDIE: Uh--uh--hello?

SASCHA: Good evening! Lovely weather we're having.

DAGWOOD: Yes, well goodbye.

BLONDIE: Just a minute, Dagwood...Uh--are you hurt?

SASCHA: My pride has been mortally wounded, my ego is tattered and torn. My life lies in shreds around me--so broken, so sad ~~and~~ ^{so} forlorn.

BLONDIE: (EXCITED) Oh, you're a poet!

DAGWOOD: ^{Yeah} We better be moving along.

SASCHA: (IRRITATED) I am not a poet just because I occasionally say something that rhymes. (WITH PRIDE) I am an artist. A great artist. The finest painter in the world. The greatest genius of the twentieth century!.....Please help me up.

DAGWOOD: Oh, yes. ~~are~~ ^{are getting} you ~~are~~ dusty.

BLONDIE: Are you sure you're not hurt?

SASCHA: Quite sure.

(DOOR OPENS OFF)

WOMAN: Get away from here, you bum!

(DOOR CLOSSES)

SASCHA: Mrs. Gilhooley has no artistic soul... Allow me to introduce myself. I am Sascha Botinzoff.

DAGWOOD: ^{Look, you are, oh} This is my wife, Mrs. Bumstead.

SASCHA: How charming!

BLONDIE: Oh, thank you, Mr. Botinzoff? ^{well} ~~this~~ this is my husband, Mr. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: How do you?

SASCHA: Very poorly, but thank you for asking... Now let us see. My canvases, my paint box, my brushes, my easel, my extra socks, my extra shirt, my toothbrush. Ah-^{yes} everything is here on the nice clean sidewalk!

BLONDIE: Oh, do you live here?

SASCHA: If you can call staying at Mrs. Gilhooley's boarding house living. ^{yes}

BLONDIE: But where are you going to go now?

SASCHA: I don't know. Now poor Sascha is homeless. Do you have any suggestions?

DAGWOOD: ^{yes} Well, Blondie, we'd better be moving along.

BLONDIE: ^{oh Dagwood you mean} You haven't any place to sleep tonight?

DAGWOOD: We better be moving along.

SASCHA: There is always a park bench, but they are very drafty. Particularly when one wears only the bottoms of his pajamas.

the woman the wife

8/12/44

just a little

BLONDIE: Well, we've got a guest room that--

DAGWOOD: *Blondie*
We better be moving along!SASCHA: ~~Hi~~, thank you, thank you-- I accept your kind
invitation with pleasure!(DOOR OPENS)

WOMAN: He'll swindle you out of every cent you've got!

SASCHA: Get back in your clock, you cuckoo!

(DOOR CLOSES)SASCHA: Well, Mr. and Mrs. Bumstead, just think! You are going
to have the world famous painter, Sascha Botinzoff as a
guest for a few days or ~~weeks~~ *maybe*. ~~How happy you must be!~~

Shall we go?

DAGWOOD: *Wait a minute*
Just a moment-- ~~I'm not happy~~. How long did you say you
would be staying with us?

BLONDIE: (LOW) Dagwood, that's not polite!

DAGWOOD: Yeah, well, I was polite that time your Cousin ~~Bob~~
in dropped to chat with us for an hour and stayed three
months. I'm through being polite! I'm going to be
rude!

BLONDIE: You are, dear.

DAGWOOD: Oh, *I am, oh*
excuse me.SASCHA: My dear Mr. and Mrs. Bumstead--I will only impose upon
your hospitality long enough to do a portrait of both of
you--to complete a masterpiece that will preserve for
future generations Mrs. Bumstead's haunting loveliness--

BLONDIE: (MURMURS) Oh, dear, I really don't know what to say.

15-? *Well...*

SASCHA: And Mr. Bumstead's classic profile.

DAGWOOD: Oh, it really isn't so much.

SASCHA: Mr. Bumstead *believe me* -never have I seen a face like that before.

DAGWOOD: Gee, thank *you very much.*

SASCHA: Ah, then I am coming along home with you. What ~~is~~
happy, happy time ~~we~~ we are going to have! One great big family!

DAGWOOD: But only one little salary check. Toooh!

MUSIC:

(BREAKFAST SOUNDS)

BLONDIE: *ok* Now Dagwood--stop pacing up and down like a wild rabbit in a cage... *Now here and look at this new* Sit down and finish your breakfast.

DAGWOOD: ~~No~~, I won't sit down and finish my breakfast! I'm mad, and besides, we're all out of strawberry jam!... Blondie, you've got to do something about that guy Sascha Botinzoff!

BLONDIE: But Dagwood, he's only been here a week.

DAGWOOD: I know, but already he seems like a relative!

BLONDIE: But he's got to finish that portrait he's doing of us.

DAGWOOD: Sure, *but know* but how long is it going to take him? *Bl: I don't know* And remember, he hasn't let us see anything that he's painted yet. He won't let us look at it. Who knows-- maybe all he's painted on that canvas is a sign saying "Nuts to the Bumsteads!"

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copy of scene for program

BLONDIE: Oh, I doubt that, Dagwood. I don't think he ever knows how to spell our name.

DAGWOOD: *Oh yeah that's another thing*
~~A fine thing!~~ Eating our food, living in our house, burning our electricity and doesn't know how to spell our name! ~~It's~~ *That's* an outrage!

BLONDIE: Dagwood--sh-h-h-! Here he comes!

DAGWOOD: I don't care who's coming! I'm going to tell him a few things! *Everyday I've got to go through some-*
/ I'm going to tell him what's what!

SASCHA: Hello, Mr. Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: *Don't* You scared me!

SASCHA: What were you going to tell me?

DAGWOOD: I--er--I was just going to tell you that it's a nice morning this morning, *this morning,*

SASCHA: You're looking lovely this morning, Mrs. Bumstead. And wait till you see the picture! It is going to be heavenly! *why* / It is so good that everyone will know that it could only have been painted by *2* Sascha Botinzoff!

BLONDIE: Well, that sounds *wonderful* / ~~fine~~, but couldn't we see it now?

SASCHA: Oh, No, no! *no!*

DAGWOOD: Oh, yes, yes! *yes!* *By:* But now you just

SASCHA: Sit down, Mr. Bumstead- / I want to have a little talk with you!

DAGWOOD: You want to have a talk with me?

BLONDIE: I think Dagwood wants to have a talk with you.

SASCHA: He will have to wait until I have a *little* / talk with him.

Mr. Bumstead, I don't think you appreciate me properly.

thing like this

DAGWOOD: Hank? *Will I...*

SASCHA: You know, when the history of this century is written they will mention that the great Sascha Botinzoff was befriended by Doghead Bumpwood.

BLONDIE: *Now wait a minute* Why the idea! Don't you know how to pronounce our name?

SASCHA: Of course--it is Dagwood Bumstead. But unless you are nice to me, when I write my memoirs I will spell your name wrong. It will be Dogwood Bumphead.

DAGWOOD: No, no!

SASCHA: Wooddog Bedstead... Baghead Lumpstead... Bagwood Dumphead... Bumdag Woodshed. *Q: Now wait a min. A: I don't have to...* I will pickle you for posterity.

BLONDIE: Now just a moment! ~~there is where I stop in,~~ Mr. Botinzoff. We appreciate you and your art without ever having seen it...

SASCHA: Thank you.

BLONDIE: Wait till I'm through before you thank me... But we can't have you here forever, ~~and I don't like to have you~~ ~~leave the house~~. It sets a bad example for Alexander. He might get the idea it isn't necessary to work ~~to get along in the world.~~ *for a living.*

SASCHA: Is it necessary to work? *for a living?*

BLONDIE: *well* It is around here. Now then you are a genius, aren't you?

SASCHA: But of course!

BLONDIE: ~~Then you can print some contracts and start making money. Dagwood will get you your first customer today.~~

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BLONDIE: *Will* Then you can start making money by painting some portraits.

DAGWOOD: Yes, and you can paint the house, too.

SASCHA: ~~I will never paint the house!!~~

DAGWOOD: ~~Okay... then suppose you just white-wash~~ *wouldn't hurt* ~~the back fence.~~

BLONDIE: No, no, Dagwood... I mean Sascha could paint some of the town's leading citizens. *like Mr. Dithers*

DAGWOOD: *Yeah.*

BLONDIE: Sascha, Dagwood will get you your first customer today!!

Anyway little doghouse, either!

DAGWOOD: Blondie -- what are you saying?

BLONDIE: Dagwood, -if you can't flatter Mr. Dithers into getting his portrait painted, you'd better quit your job and become a housewife!

SASCHA: *Will you* Wait! I'm painting you only as a special favor. I have never painted portraits for money before.

BLONDIE: Well, *It's not I'm* ~~there's a difference between everything~~, Dagwood, *you* give Mr. Dithers everything you've got!

MUSIC:

NILES: Now what's the problem, Dagwood? Just confide in your old pal, Ken Niles.

DAGWOOD: Well, *you see* I want to get Mr. Dithers to ---

NILES: (OUTS IN) The first thing is to get his attention by telling him something interesting. For instance you could tell him that he'll be just wild about Harry. Then say something flattering. Praise his open-mindedness. Tell him he's got the kind of keen intelligence that doesn't take anything for granted, but finds out the answers. Like the kind of man who smokes Camels....

DAGWOOD: Oh, *yeah* oh, I knew you....

NILES: Who smokes Camels because he found out - by trying - which cigarette was best for him. Who tried Camel's cool, kind mildness on his throat...and the rich, full flavor of Camel's matchless blend of costlier tobaccos on his taste. A man who let his own throat and his own taste - his own T-Zone -- decide what cigarette he'd smoke. A man who --

DAGWOOD: *yeah* But my problem is a portrait.....

NILES: Exactly. There you have a portrait of a smart smoker...
~~happy-smoker...~~ a man whose cigarette suits his T-Zone to
a T! Well, ~~I guess that fixes everything.~~

And You too, will be just wild about Harry. So long, Dagwood.
DAGWOOD: Yeah -- goodbye, Ken. *It may get to bother Mr. Dithers*
I can't build J.C. up so he'll want to have his portrait
painted.

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

DITHERS: (INSIDE) Who is it?

DAGWOOD: *Just* your humble assistant, Dagwood Bumstead.

DITHERS: All right - come in, *humble.*

(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: (REVERENTLY) Good morning, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Bumstead, are you bowing to me or are you just being
doubled up by a stomach ache?

DAGWOOD: *Oh I am*
~~I am~~ bowing to you, sir.

DITHERS: Well, why are you ~~you~~ sir?

DAGWOOD: Well, sir, Mr. Dithers, sir, it's just a token of the
respect, sir, I have for your genius, sir.

DITHERS: (COY) Oh, cut it out.

DAGWOOD: You are a genius, *Mr. Dithers.*

DITHERS: Well. It's ~~very~~ nice of you to say that, Dagwood. Of course,
I don't claim to be a genius - ~~even though~~ *know* I am one. Modesty
is my glaring fault.

DAGWOOD: (TO HIMSELF) *Mr. Dithers*
(UP) Oh, brother. I consider it a great honor
and a privilege to work for you.

DITHERS: Then you ought to be willing to take a cut in salary.

DAGWOOD: Well, it's still a great honor, but it's not that much of
a privilege... ~~Have you ever had a paint~~

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DITHERS: By the way, Bumstead, have we heard anything new from Anderson, Sanderson, Henderson and McGonnigle?

DAGWOOD: Well, there's a rumor that McGonnigle is buying out the other partners and the firm name isn't going to be Anderson, Sanderson, Henderson and McGonnigle anymore.

DITHERS: What's he going to change it to?

DAGWOOD: It's going to be called Eenie, Meenie, Miny, and McGonnigle.

DITHERS: Good grief! Who are those first three jokers?

DAGWOOD: Nobody. They're just there to give McGonnigle a buildup.

DITHERS: Oh, fine. Dandy!

DAGWOOD: Wait a minute, *wait a minute Mr. Dithers* Hold it, ~~Mr. Dithers~~. Don't move!

DITHERS: What's wrong? Is someone standing behind me with an axe?

DAGWOOD: No -- I'm just admiring your profile. Gosh, I never realized how - how handsome you are!

DITHERS: Aw, gosh, Daggy. *Bumming*

DAGWOOD: *Mr. Dithers* You have such a fine, noble face. Anyone can see that *well* there's a brilliant mind behind that classic forehead.

DITHERS: Oh, *why of course and to think that some people* go along with you. *call me narrow minded.*

DAGWOOD: *How can I be so dumb?* Gee, I wish I were as pretty as you. *just the opposite Mr.*

DITHERS: Well, I was just born pretty and -- what do you mean, pretty?

DAGWOOD: No, *New man I get a little mixed up* ~~I didn't mean that~~. I just meant that you have such a strong, rugged, businesslike face. I can't understand why your picture hasn't been on the ~~front~~ cover of Time Magazine

DITHERS: I guess I got crowded out by all the different generals.

After all I'm sort of a postwar planning type anyway.

DAGWOOD: You know -- it's really a shame, *J.C.*

DITHERS: What's that, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: Well, there's no painting of you to inspire future generations.

DITHERS: Oh..... *Thinker's Oh: Bumstead! Oh! I mean, oh that*

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Dithers you're really

DAGWOOD: And besides, they'll probably want to know what you looked like so they can add you to the other great Americans whose faces are carved out of stone on the side of ~~that~~ ^{the} mountain.

DITHERS: I guess I really should let someone paint my portrait.

DAGWOOD: ^{Well} You haven't a moment to lose, *Mr. Dithers.*

DITHERS: You're right, I owe it to the world!...I wonder where I could find a portrait painter.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, I wonder...Let me see..Portrait painter, ^{portrait}..Hey! I just thought of something,

DITHERS: You're joking!

DAGWOOD: By a ^{by a strange} coincidence, there happens to be a famous painter visiting us.

DITHERS: What am I waiting for? If the world wants a painting of J.C. Dithers, who am I ^{I've certainly got my nerve.} to deny them? Let's go!

MUSIC:

DAGWOOD: ^{oh boy} ~~yes~~, this is a big moment in history ^{Blondie} - one genius meeting another genius.

BLONDIE: Mr. Dithers, this is the world famous painter, Sascha Botinzoff.

DAGWOOD: ^{Sasha! Yeah, but!} And Sascha Botinzoff, this is the world famous Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Hello.

SASCHA: Hello.

BLONDIE: I'd better write those words down for posterity.

DAGWOOD: ^{That's what I should do!} Sascha, Mr. Dithers would like to have you paint his portrait,

BLONDIE: Hasn't Mr. Dithers got a strong, interesting face?

SASCHA: What is interesting about it is ^{that's} ~~that~~ it's so red.

Do you use rouge, Mr. Dithers?

DITHERS: No, I don't use rouge, you shaggy-headed sheep dog!

~~DAGWOOD: Mr. Dithers just has chronic apoplexy!~~

SASCHA: Just a moment! What did you call me, Mr. Dithers?

BLONDIE: Wait! Wait! Please--no quarreling between you geniuses. ^{Now} Let's discuss the portrait ^{first then} and you can quarrel later.

SASCHA: I am not sure that I want to paint that face. It reminds me of an over ripe tomato.

^{Ho!}
DITHERS: ~~Now wait a minute fellows.~~
~~look here you. If you start this~~ I won't let you paint my portrait.

*yours is reminiscent of a chipmunk
suffler*

DAGWOOD: Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah! Now wait a minute. Let's settle all the details first. What are you going to charge for the portrait Sascha?

SASCHA: Two thousand dollars -- net.

DITHERS: Wait a minute? You're going to charge me?

DAGWOOD: Well, sure he is, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Mr. Dithers, sir!

DAGWOOD: Mr. Dithers, sir.

DITHERS: Doesn't he realize who I am? I'm doing him a favor by letting him paint my portrait. After all, I'm a genius, I'm the man the schoolboys look up to, I'm the Henry Kaiser of this part of the state.

DAGWOOD: Yes, but --

DITHERS: You said so yourself, Bumstead! Why should a man of my importance pay for a portrait when there must be thousands of artists who'd jump at the chance of painting me for nothing -- just for the publicity they'd get.

BLONDIE: Mr. Dithers, aren't you dreaming a little bit?

DITHERS: I'll see. (YELLS) Ouch! No I'm not dreaming.

SASCHA: Mr. Dithers, you are but nobody now, but if I paint your picture, you become famous.

DAGWOOD: *Well yes*
/They'd probably hang you in the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

~~SASCHA: An excellent idea!~~

DITHERS: *Hang me! I'm no criminal. I've heard enough.*
/I've heard enough. My genius has been insulted. Goodbye!

(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: *Now, now*
/Don't go, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Mr. Dithers, sir!

DAGWOOD: Excuse me, sir -- don't go Mr. Dithers, sir.

DITHERS: *Well*
/That's better, ~~and now~~ goodbye.

(DOOR SLAMS)

BLONDIE: Dagwood, what was wrong with Mr. Dithers? Why he seemed to think he was someone very special.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, ^{well} you told me to give him a build up, but I guess I built him up a little too high.

BLONDIE: Sascha.....

SASCHA: Yes, Mrs. Bumstead.

BLONDIE: You didn't help any. Your price was a little too high, too.

SASCHA: I was willing to haggle over it. Besides ^{you know} I really am a genius. I am known everywhere except in this town.

DAGWOOD: Er--well, maybe you'd be happier somewhere else then.

SASCHA: No, no, ~~no, no, no~~ /

DAGWOOD: Are you sure?

SASCHA: ^{oh yes, yes} No, I think I am going to be happy here. Besides, Mrs. Bumstead, I am crazy about your cooking!

BLONDIE: ~~But you have such a big appetite. Couldn't you like my cooking just a little less.~~

SASCHA: ~~Oh, never, Mrs. Bumstead.~~ Oh, by the way, Mr. Bumstead, I'll need ten dollars for another bottle of paint eraser.

DAGWOOD: ^{Paint eraser, Sascha} That's the third bottle of paint eraser you've gotten this week.

BLONDIE: What is this paint~~er~~ eraser. I've never heard of it.

SASCHA: Only for artists. Right now in the painting I am doing of you and Mr. Bumstead, one of his eyes is looking toward the upper right hand corner and the other is looking toward the lower left hand corner...I need the paint eraser to change them.

DAGWOOD: ~~Okay,~~ ^{oh I see well,} here you are, Sascha. Bl: oh go on Dagwood let him have it,

SASCHA: ^{oh all right} Thank you...By the way, are you going to the movies tonight?

BLONDIE: Well, Dagwood and I had talked about it.

SASCHA:

Good! You go to the movies/ ^{tonight} and I think I will ^{invite a few} ~~throw a~~
~~quiet little party~~ ^{of my fellow artists over for a} to celebrate my not having to
^{and exhibition} paint Mr. Dithers!

MUSIC:

(WALKING ALONG THE STREET....)

BLONDIE:

Well, almost home.

DAGWOOD:

It was a good movie, wasn't it?

BLONDIE:

Oh, yes -- Cary Grant does something to me.

DAGWOOD:

He doesn't do anything to me.

BLONDIE:

That's good.....Dagwood, what are we going to do about Sascha.

DAGWOOD:

I don't know -- ^{that's} ~~that's~~ your problem. You were the one who was so soft hearted when he got thrown out of Mrs. Gilhooley's boarding house.

BLONDIE:

Of course he is painting our portraits.

DAGWOOD:

^{you know} But we haven't seen the painting yet. Gee, Blondie, he's gotten ^{thirty} ~~twenty-five~~ bucks away from me just for paint eraser.

BLONDIE:

You think he bought paint eraser, eh?

DAGWOOD:

That's what he said.

BLONDIE:

^{You know Dagwood} I notice that shortly after he buys this paint eraser, he usually has the hiccoughs.

DAGWOOD:

I think I know what you mean.

WOMAN:

(OFF) Yahooooooooo!

BLONDIE:

Goodness -- what was that?

DAGWOOD:

Hey, I think it's that quiet little ^{exhibition} ~~party~~ Sascha was going to have while we were at the movies.

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SASCHA: (OFF) On with the fun! Who'll have some more paint eraser?

ORCHESTRA AND CAST: (LAUGHTER - PARTY)

BLONDIE: Why the idea. The windows are all open and the neighbors can hear everything that's going on. They probably think it's our party! Come on, Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: *I shall*
A fine thing!

(RATTLE OF DOOR KNOB)

DAGWOOD: Hey, *Blondie, Blondie* the door's locked.

BLONDIE: I'm ringing the bell. They probably can't hear it.

(DOOR OPENS)

JOHN: *Ag. H. H.*
Who're you?

BLONDIE: Well, who are you, I'd like to know?

JOHN: I asked you first!

DAGWOOD: *Now*
Just a minute -- we live here. We're Mr. and Mrs. Bumstead!

JOHN: I'm sorry, they're not home!

DAGWOOD: We're Mr. and Mrs. Bumstead.

JOHN: Yes, yes, I'll have them get in touch with you when they come in.

BLONDIE: *Now see how you*
Get away from that door and let us in right now.

JOHN: *Are you*
I'm sorry, but the Bumsteads wouldn't like that. Goodbye!

(DOOR SLAMS)

DAGWOOD: What are we going to do now?

BLONDIE: We can phone the police from Swabber's Drug Store and report a wild party at the Home of Mr. and Mrs. Dagwood Bumstead.

MUSIC:

(DOOR CLOSES)

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke -- look at the living room.

BLONDIE: Now I know what they mean by the world rubble.

ALEXANDER: (COMING UP) Hello, Mom -- ^{hush} ~~hello~~, Pop.

DAGWOOD: Hello, Alexander.

ALEXANDER: ~~Quite a retro scene, wasn't it?~~ *Where were you when they threw the cotter in the electric fan!*

BLONDIE: ~~Apparently.~~

ALEXANDER: ~~Did you see the police break up the party?~~

DAGWOOD: ~~We were outside.~~ *Well, fortunately Alex*

ALEXANDER: Cookie and I watched it from the top of the steps. ~~Even~~

~~three lollipops from her bobbing who was going to get clonked next.~~ *But when the police came, we hid.*

BLONDIE: ~~It sounds like an entertaining evening for you.~~ *Oh my poor children - you must have had a*

ALEXANDER: ~~Oh, yes, and~~ It was quite an education. Ah, the artist's life is a gay one, nespah?

DAGWOOD: ~~Never again will we befriend a genius.~~ *Yes...*

BLONDIE: ~~I couldn't help it. Geniuses are sort of like dumb animals -- only the exact opposite.~~

ALEXANDER: Oh, ~~that~~ ^{that} reminds me -- Sascha finally finished the painting.

BLONDIE: ~~Oh~~, he did?

ALEXANDER: ~~Yeah, it's right here.~~

DAGWOOD: ~~Well, maybe it'll be worth all the trouble and expense we had with him. He was sort of a nice guy, but how he could run up the food bill!~~

ALEXANDER: ~~Before I show you the painting, ~~Sasha~~, I'd like to caution you against over-optimism.~~ *But*

BLONDIE: ~~What's the matter?~~ *Why?* ^{Alexander?} Is that the painting you've got there? *Will you* Turn it around so we can see the front.

ALEXANDER: ~~Don't expect to recognize yourselves in it. Sascha draws people that look sort of like the people I used to draw in kindergarten before I matured.~~ *uh huh!*

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horrible evening

DAGWOOD: *Will never mind.*
Come on now.
 Let's see it.

ALEXANDER: There it is, folks. Roll your eyes over that!

BLONDIE: Oh-h-h-h-h-h-h, no-o-o-o-o-o!

DAGWOOD: *Alex:*
Ohhhhh. Yes!
 Alexander, are you sure we're looking at the right side?

ALEXANDER: Positive, Pop.

DAGWOOD: *Will it must be*
~~it's~~ upside down, then.

ALEXANDER: I'm afraid not, Pop.

BLONDIE: *Will now*
 Maybe it's lying on its side.

DAGWOOD: No, I don't think it is, Blondie, but it might be an improvement that way. *Let's try it.*

BLONDIE: *My*
 Goodness, I guess Sascha is a modern painter.

DAGWOOD: If that's modern, the coming generation has already been to the dogs and is on its way back.

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood! We're all sharp angles.

DAGWOOD: I don't mind the angles for me, but you've got curves and they're not even mentioned in this painting.

BLONDIE: *Dagwood*
 And you're holding a cane with your head on the end of it. What does that mean?

DAGWOOD: I don't know. *but lets get it out of the house*
~~let's~~ let's throw it away and forget it.

BLONDIE: That's what I say. *about*

ALEXANDER: If you don't mind, I'll take it.

DAGWOOD: What do you want it for, Alexander?

ALEXANDER: I've always wanted a painting of my father and mother.

BLONDIE: *Alexander don't be funny.*
 Well, it's yours, Alexander. *all right*
 (KNOCK ON DOOR)

DAGWOOD: *Will*
 Come in!
Oh: Dagwood
 (DOOR OPENS)

SASCHA: Behold. It is I, Sascha -- back from the salt mines.

BLONDIE: Oh, Sascha - what a mess you made here!

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DAGWOOD:

Sascha
Didn't you like it down at the jail? I've heard it's very homey there.

SASCHA:

Excuse me...Come in, Mr. Kronman...Mr. and Mrs. Bumstead, allow me to present my art dealer, Mr. Kronman.

(AD LIB HOW DO YOU DO'S....)

KRONMAN:

I want to thank you for taking care of Sascha. He is always running away just when people are clamoring the most for his paintings.

SASCHA:

That is because I am a genius. I came here to escape civilization, *and believe me I did!*

KRONMAN:

I don't know whether you run away because you're a genius, or you're a genius because you run away.

DAGWOOD:

~~Come again, please.~~ *(Confusion)* Well I think he is a genius, you are so right.

KRONMAN:

Sascha, is that your latest painting?

SASCHA:

Yes, *I painted* it for the Bumsteads.

KRONMAN:

I will offer five hundred dollars for it.

SASCHA:

Oh boy!
Don't be a piker, ~~Harry~~.

KRONMAN:

A thousand.

BLONDIE:

Two thousand, Mr. Kronman?

KRONMAN:

Yes.

DAGWOOD:

Three thousand?

KRONMAN:

No.

DAGWOOD:

Just asking.

KRONMAN:

I will give you my check for two thousand dollars.

BLONDIE:

Sold!

SASCHA:

You see, Mr. and Mrs. Bumstead, you are now glad you had Sascha staying with you. How do you like the painting?

BLONDIE: Well, uh -- we thought -- uh--we thought it was very interesting.

DAGWOOD: Yes, we thought it had a certain sort of -- and yet on the other hand it was ---

SASCHA: Yes, yes - I can see you appreciated it. Go on.

DAGWOOD: We liked it.

ALEXANDER: Of course, I'm the ^{only} ~~one who understands~~ ^{that appreciates} modern art in this family.

SASCHA: You are?

ALEXANDER: I sure do...Mr. Kronman.....

KRONMAN: Yes?

ALEXANDER: ^{I'm the owner so} Just make that check payable to Alexander Bumstead!

MUSIC: (TAG CURTAIN)

(APPLAUSE)

NILES: Ah, ah, ah, ah -- Don't go away, folks. The Bumsteads will be back in just a moment.

MUSIC: (QUICK FANFARE)

MARCELLE: Thanks to the Yanks of the Week. Tonight we salute the most decorated officer in the United States Navy, Commander Donald J. MacDonald. In fourteen months of fighting in the Pacific the destroyer he commanded was in five major engagements, seven bombardments, three rescue operations, and countless battles with enemy planes. In your honor, Commander MacDonald, the makers of Camels are sending to our fighting forces 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 almost four million Yanks with free shows and free Camels!

NILES: Camel broadcasts go out to the United States four times a week, are shortwaved to our men overseas and to South America.

Listen next Monday to Blondie at this same time and over these same CBS stations. Listen on Thursday over another network to a brand new Camel Comedy Show, featuring Harry Savoy. We've said it before and we'll say it again -- You'll be just wild about Harry. For Harry is a delightful dimwit -- a crown prince of confusion -- as fresh as a new coat of paint. Don't miss it-- Thursday-- when Camel Cigarettes present ...Harry Savoy!

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

BLONDIE: Dagwood, what in the world are you doing?? Are you trying to become a painter like Sascha??

DAGWOOD: Yeah, that's right. *Well* How do you like this?? It's a picture of me sitting in the living room. *Blondie* Look.

BLONDIE: Well, I recognize the living room, but where are you??

DAGWOOD: Oh, I went out in the kitchen to get a sandwich. (LAUGHS)

(MUSIC)

(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, the cigarette that's first in the service. See if your throat and your taste don't make Camel a first with you too. Find out for yourself.

NILES: This is Ken Niles saying Goodnight/^{from Hollywood}~~the Camel Cigarettes~~
~~Blondie and Dagwood~~.

MUSIC: (THEME AND APPLAUSE)

"BLONDIE" -26-
6/12/44 (REVISED)

(GEORGE WASHINGTON HITCH HIKE)

SHIELDS: June eighteenth is Father's Day, and here's a gift that will make Dad think that you're the most thoughtful off-spring in the world. A big, blue pound package of George Washington Smoking Tobacco. Grand-tasting! Mellow. Fragrant. Mild. The kind of present that will make Dad say "Just what I wanted" -- and mean it! George Washington's the name. This is CBS...the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.