

9/19/40

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, APRIL 22, 1940

~~MASTER~~

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

GOODWIN: AH -- AH -- AH --- DON'T TOUCH THAT DIAL -- LISTEN TO
"BLONDIE"...BROUGHT TO YOU BY THE MAKERS OF CAMEL
CIGARETTES.

NEWSBOY: (TYPICAL NEWSBOY VOICE IN BACKGROUND) EXTRA!...EXTRA!

GOODWIN: FOR EXTRA FLAVOR -- GET CAMELS!

NEWSBOY: EXTRA!

GOODWIN: FOR EXTRA MILDNESS AND EXTRA COOLNESS -- GET CAMELS!

NEWSBOY: EXTRA!

GOODWIN: FOR EXTRA SMOKING PER PACK, GET CAMELS -- THE CIGARETTE
THAT GIVES YOU THE EXTRAS.

MUSIC: (THEME...EIGHT MEASURES, THEN DOWN FOR FIRST COMMERCIAL)

GOODWIN: BEFORE WE DROP OVER TO THE BUMSTEAD HOUSE TO VISIT OHIC
YOUNG'S FAMOUS CHARACTERS, "BLONDIE" AND "DAGWOOD," A
WORD FROM THE MAKERS OF CAMEL CIGARETTES.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! IT SEEMS THAT EVERYWHERE WE TURN
TODAY WE'RE CONFRONTED WITH SPEED AND MORE SPEED. IN OUR
DAILY LIVES IT'S..."HURRY OR I'LL BE LATE FOR MY TRAIN"...
"I CAN'T STOP NOW, I HAVEN'T TIME." YES, UNIVERSALLY LIFE
HAS BEEN SPEEDED UP -- BUT THERE'S A DIFFERENT STORY IN
CIGARETTES. EVERY DAY MORE AND MORE SMOKERS, EXPERIENCED
SMOKERS, ARE DISCOVERING THAT THE "EXTRAS" IN SMOKING
PLEASURE ARE ON THE SLOW SIDE...THE SLOW-BURNING CAMEL
SIDE. SCIENCE PUTS IT THIS WAY: CIGARETTES THAT BURN
(CONTINUED)

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"BLONDIE" 1-A
4/29/40

GOODWIN:
(Cont'd)

FAST, BURN HOT. AND NOTHING SO SURELY MARS THE DELICATE
ELEMENTS OF CIGARETTE FLAVOR AND FRAGRANCE AS EXCESS HEAT.
SLOW BURNING PRESERVES THESE PRECIOUS, NATURAL QUALITIES...
GIVES YOU MORE MILDNESS, MORE FLAVOR, MORE COOLNESS,
OF COURSE. SCIENCE ALSO TELLS YOU WHICH CIGARETTE IS
SLOWER BURNING. IN RECENT IMPARTIAL LABORATORY TESTS,
CAMELS BURNED TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT SLOWER THAN THE AVERAGE
OF THE FIFTEEN OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS
TESTED -- SLOWER THAN ANY OF THEM. YES, SCIENCE POINTS
THE WAY...AND THE EXPERIENCE OF MILLIONS OF SMOKERS
CONFIRMS IT...SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS GIVE YOU EXTRA
MILDNESS, EXTRA COOLNESS, EXTRA FLAVOR...AND EXTRA SMOKING
EQUAL, ON THE AVERAGE, TO FIVE EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK.
PENNY FOR PENNY, CAMELS ARE YOUR BEST CIGARETTE BUY!

"BLONDIE" -2-
4/22/40 (REVISED)

GOODWIN: AND NOW FOR OUR WEEKLY VISIT WITH THE BUMSTEADS. IT'S MORNING AND BLONDIE STANDS AT THE FOOT OF THE STAIRS --- SOUNDING HER USUAL REVEILLE TO THE MAN OF THE HOUSE...

BLONDIE: DAGWOOOOOOOOOD! BREAKFAST!

BABY: (OFF) GOOD MORNING, MOMMIE.

BLONDIE: HELLO, BABY DUMPLING. TELL DADDY HIS BREAKFAST IS READY.

BABY: (COMING IN) I CAN'T TELL HIM, MOMMIE. HE'S UP AND GONE OUT.

BLONDIE: GONE OUT?

BABY: (IN) UHUH. SOON AS YOU WENT DOWNSTAIRS HE GOT UP AND GOT DRESSED AND GOT OUT.

BLONDIE: WHY -- HOW FUNNY! I DIDN'T HEAR HIM.

BABY: HE WENT TIPPY-TOE, MOMMIE.

BLONDIE: TIPTOED OUT OF THE HOUSE -- WITHOUT HIS BREAKFAST? BUT -- WHY? WHERE DID HE GO? DIDN'T HE SAY ANYTHING TO YOU BEFORE HE WENT OUT?

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3-4
(REVISED)

BABY: UHUH. HE SAID "GOOD MORNING, HOW WOULD I LIKE TO BE A GYPSY?

BLONDIE: A GYPSY?

BABY: UHUH. (CAR IN FAINTLY) LISTEN MOMMIE! THAT SOUNDS TO ME LIKE OUR OLD CAR COMING HOME.

BLONDIE: (CAR SOUND UP) YES! IT'S COMING UP OUR DRIVEWAY! NOW, WE'LL SEE WHAT HE'S BEEN UP TO! (FADES) COME ON, BABY -- THE BACK DOOR.

(CAR SOUND UP LOUDLY -- IT'S AN OLD NOISY CAR...AND WE SHOULD HEAR THE TRAILER SQUEAK AND RATTLE BEHIND IT...OUT)

DAGWOOD: (OFF) BLOOOOOONDIE! (BACK DOOR SLAMS OPEN) (COMING IN... OUT OF BREATH WITH EXCITEMENT) BLONDIE! (DOOR SLAMS) (YELLS) BLONDIE!

BLONDIE: (CUTELY) GOOD MORNING, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: (TAKE) TOOOH! I THOUGHT YOU WERE SOMEWHERE ELSE!

BLONDIE: NO, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: (EXCITED AGAIN) HEY, LISTEN, BLONDIE! IT'S HERE! I'VE GOT IT! HA HA!

BLONDIE: GOT WHAT DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: (FAST) A TWO BURNER BED UNDER THE SINK AND A HOT AND COLD RUNNING STOVE THAT SLEEPS FOUR!

BLONDIE: WHAT ON EARTH...

DAGWOOD: (FAST) OF COURSE, THE WASHTUB WAS EXTRA, BUT IT CAN GO OUTSIDE WHEN WE'RE INSIDE OR VICE VERSA AND THE SAME WITH POTS AND PANS.

BLONDIE: LISTEN, DAGWOOD. COUNT TO TEN -- SLOWLY -- AND THEN TELL ME WHAT YOU BOUGHT -- AND HOW MUCH IT COST.

DAGWOOD: (SMOOTH...NO TAKE) ONE, TWO, FIVE, SIX, NINE, TEN... SIXTY-NINE DOLLARS AND HE THREW IN THE ICE BOX.

BABY: THREW IT IN WHAT, DADDY?

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD. WHAT DID YOU BUY?

DAGWOOD: WHY I KEEP TELLING YOU HONEY! IT'S A TRAILER!

BLONDIE: ~~A TRAILER! ONE OF THOSE THINGS YOU DRAG BEHIND A CAR!~~

DAGWOOD: NOT DRAG IT, HONEY -- YOU TOW IT. (QUOTING) "WITH A TRAILER BEHIND YOU, YOU'RE AHEAD OF THE CROWD" -- ER -- THAT'S WHAT THE MAN SAID.

BLONDIE: BUT DAGWOOD...^{why then} TRAILERS COST HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS.

DAGWOOD: NO, NO, HONEY. I MEAN -- SURE -- BUT NOT THIS ONE. SEE -- THE FELLER THAT SOLD IT TO ME HAD TO LEAVE TOWN IN A HURRY!

BABY: WHO WAS AFTER HIM, DADDY?

DAGWOOD: NO, NO, BABY. YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! HE DIDN'T SELL ME THE TRAILER BECAUSE HE HAD TO LEAVE TOWN...

BLONDIE: NO, HE HAD TO LEAVE TOWN BECAUSE HE SOLD YOUR FATHER THE TRAILER.

DAGWOOD: SURE. (TAKE) NO, NO! LISTEN! THIS WAS A BARGAIN!

BLONDIE: WELL (SIGHS) LET'S LOOK AT IT DAGWOOD!

DAGWOOD: SURE. COME ON. ON TO THE UNVEILING! OH BOY! (FADES... SINGS) HI FIDDLE DE DEE -- A GYPSY'S LIFE FOR ME... (DOOR OPENS) THERE SHE IS! HAH! HOW'S THAT, EH?

BLONDIE: GOODNESS! IT'S -- IT'S A FUNNY COLOR, ISN'T IT?

DAGWOOD: WELL -- WE CAN MAKE IT ANY COLOR. HOW'S IT LOOK TO YOU,
BABY?

BABY: IT LOOKS LIKE SOMEBODY WAS MOVING THEIR HEN HOUSE!

DAGWOOD: LISTEN! IT'S BIGGER THAN IT LOOKS. INSIDE! IT'S JUST,
BIG ENOUGH TO BE COZY! BOY, WAIT'LL YOU SEE INSIDE! A
REGULAR LITTLE HOME! OUR LITTLE ROLLING HOME ON FOUR
WHEELS! (TIRE BLOWS OUT...WITH A POP AND A HISS) TOOOOH!

BLONDIE: ONE OF THE TIRES BLEW OUT!

DAGWOOD: (SAD, BUT GAME) OUR LITTLE ROLLING HOME ON THREE WHEELS!

MUSIC: (VERY BRIEF)

SOUND: FINISH DRIVING A NAIL INTO TRAILER...TUB HUNG UP...START
ANOTHER NAIL

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD! HAVE YOU GOT THE TIRE CHANGED?

DAGWOOD: I'LL HAVE TO PATCH THE TUBE, HONEY.. (HAMMER OUT)

BLONDIE: (COMING IN) WHAT'S ALL THE HAMMERING? (GASPS) DAGWOOD?
ARE YOU GOING TO HANG ALL THOSE POTS AND PANS ON THE
OUTSIDE?

DAGWOOD: (HANGS ONE) SURE, HONEY, WE'LL NEED STUFF TO COOK IN --
OUT ON THE OPEN ROAD.

BLONDIE: YOU MEAN, WE'LL STOP OVERNIGHT IN THIS -- ER -- TRAILER?

DAGWOOD: CERTAINLY. WE'RE GOING PLACES AND SEEING THINGS!

BLONDIE: YES, AND EVERYWHERE WE GO PEOPLE WILL THINK THEY'RE SEEING
THINGS.

DAGWOOD: WELL, ANYWAY -- IT'S VERY TIDY INSIDE.

BLONDIE: I HOPE SO. I LIKE TO HAVE A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING AND EVERYTHING IN ITS PLACE.

DAGWOOD: WELL, IN THIS TRAILER, SOME PLACES ARE FOR TWO THINGS.

BLONDIE: ONE PLACE FOR TWO THINGS? HOW DO YOU MEAN, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: WELL -- SEE --- TWO OF THE BEDS FLIP OVER AND THERE'S YOUR TABLE FOR ONE THING.

BLONDIE: OH -- MY. JUST THINK, BABY! THE TABLE TURNS INTO TWO BEDS!

BABY: UHUH. I BET THERE'LL BE CRUMBS IN MY BED.

DAGWOOD: NO, NO, BABY. THOSE BEDS ARE FOR DADDY AND MOMMIE. WAIT'LL I OPEN THE DOOR AND I'LL SHOW YOU. (TUGS AT DOOR) UH! THE DOOR'S JUST A LITTLE STUCK.

BLONDIE: WHERE DOES BABY SLEEP, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: WELL -- SEE -- THE SINK KIND OF FLIPS OVER -- AND THERE'S ANOTHER BED! CUTE, HUH, BABY?

BABY: S'POSE I WANT A DRINK OF WATER IN THE NIGHT. DO I HAVE TO GET UNDER THE BED?

DAGWOOD: NO, NO BABY -- I'LL SHOW YOU. (DOOR SQUEAKS) WHEN I GET THIS -- (SQUEAK) -- DOOR OPEN I'LL SHOW YOU! WE WON'T HAVE TO USE THE SINK BED EXCEPT FOR COMPANY -- (SQUEAK) -- BECAUSE -- THE STOVE SLIPS OVER TOO, AND THERE'S ANOTHER BED! (SQUEAK) *I'll show you (ground) then door is just stuck a little.*

BLONDIE: LET ME PRY AT THE DOOR, DAGWOOD, WHILE YOU PULL!

DAGWOOD: OKAY, HONEY. READY? ONE --- TWO -- AND... (SOUND OF PULLING NAILS AND THEN CRACKING WOOD) TOOOOH! (A CRASH)

BABY: DADDY, THE DOOR CAME OFF THE HINGES!

DAGWOOD: THAT'S WHAT I KNOW. WELL -- I'LL FIX IT LATER. ANYWAY -- IT'S OPEN. WALK RIGHT IN, BLONDIE THEN, AND LOOK AROUND.

BLONDIE: HELP ME UP, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: OKAY, COME ON! OOOOOOOPS! (SLOW, LONG CREAK) /

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD -- IT KIND OF SAGS! ARE YOU SURE IT'S SAFE?

DAGWOOD: WHY SURE!. LET ME IN THERE FIRST AND I'LL SHOW YOU!
(CLIMBS IN) NOW -- SEE -- I JUST CRAWL IN -- AND TURN
AROUND -- AND STAND UP (A CRACK) TOOOOOH.

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD! DID YOU HURT YOUR HEAD?

DAGWOOD: NOOOOOOO. NOT -- MUCH!

BABY: SOME MORE PAINT CAME OFF THE ROOF!

DAGWOOD: NEVER MIND THE PAINT! THE POINT IS, THIS IS A GOOD
STRONG TRAILER. LOOKIT. I'LL JUMP UP AND DOWN TO
SHOW YOU. (RHYTHMIC SPRING SQUEAKS) (DAGWOOD CONTINUES
OVER THEM AFTER THREE) SEE! SAFE AS ANYTHING! (SQUEAKS
OUT) YOUR SOLID LITTLE HOME ON FOUR WHEELS.

BABY: ON THREE WHEELS, DADDY. (TIRE BLOWS...POP AND HISS)

DAGWOOD: TOOOOH.

BLONDIE: ON TWO WHEELS!

MUSIC: (IN VERY BRIEFLY)

SOUND: CLANKING AS DAGWOOD HAMMERS RIM

DAGWOOD: (PANTING) THERE! (CLANK OUT) NOW SHE'S BACK ON FOUR
WHEELS.

BLONDIE: THAT'S NICE, DEAR. ~~BUT YOU'VE USED UP BOTH SPARES.~~

DAGWOOD: ~~I'LL PATCH THE OTHERS -- LATER.~~

BLONDIE: ~~AND THE SPARES~~ LOOK KIND OF WORN AND RAGGED TO ME.

DAGWOOD: WELL -- THEY'RE DOWN UNDERNEATH WHERE THEY DON'T SHOW
MUCH.

BLONDIE: OH. WELL THAT'S RIGHT. (CALLS) BABY, WHAT HAVE YOU GOT
IN THAT CAN?

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BABY: (COMING IN) ~~SOME RED PAINT THAT WAS IN THE GARAGE. WE~~
~~COULD PAINT THE TIRES RED.~~ *Here's the Red Paint Daggy!*

DAGWOOD: ~~NO -- BUT WE CAN USE THAT~~ *yeah, I'm going* TO PAINT THE NAME ON THE
TRAILER. WHEN I THINK OF THE RIGHT NAME.

BLONDIE: OH, IS IT GOING TO HAVE A NAME?

DAGWOOD: SURE. JUST LIKE A PULLMAN CAR. HOW'S ABOUT CALLING IT
THE BLONDIE BUMSTEAD?

BLONDIE: WELL -- ER -- NO THANKS, DAGWOOD. (VERY DISTANT BUZZER)
BABY! I THINK I HEARD THE FRONT DOOR BELL. GO SEE.

BABY: OKAY, MOMMIE. (GOING) DON'T NAME IT AFTER ME DADDY.

DAGWOOD: WELL GOSH! IT'S KIND OF AN HONOR TO HAVE ANYTHING NAMED
AFTER YOU, ISN'T IT?

BLONDIE: WELL -- THAT DEPENDS, DEAR.

DAGWOOD: I DID THINK I MIGHT CALL IT "THE SPIRIT OF THE J. C.
DITHERS CONSTRUCTION COMPANY."

BLONDIE: I WOULDN'T, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: WHY NOT?

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BLONDIE: (CHANGING SUBJECT) OH, LOOK! THERE WAS A NAME ON HERE!
IT'S PAINTED OVER! IT SAYS (READS WITH DIFFICULTY)
UMMMMMMMMM. MILLER'S -- MIDGETS!

DAGWOOD: UHUH. MILLER'S THE ONE WHO SOLD IT TO ME. SEE -- TWO
OF HIS MIDGETS GOT A DIVORCE AND HE NEEDED SOMETHING
LARGER!

BABY: (COMING IN) HI DADDY! MR. DITHERS IS IN THE HOUSE.

BLONDIE: MR. DITHERS? DAGWOOD -- DID YOU KNOW HE WAS COMING?

DAGWOOD: OH SURE...I WIRED THE BOSS TO COME BACK FROM DOBSON'S
LAKE.

BABY: HE'S ALL DRESSED UP FUNNY.

BLONDIE: FUNNY?

BABY: UHUH. HE'S GOT ON STRIPED PANTS AND HIS COAT IS LONG
IN BACK AND DOESN'T SHUT IN FRONT,

DAGWOOD: THAT'S HIS CUTAWAY, BABY. GOSH HE'S DOING IT UP RIGHT.

BABY: HE'S GOT A SHINY BLACK HAT, TOO.

BLONDIE: A SILK HAT? DAGWOOD...WHAT IN THE WORLD FOR?

DAGWOOD: FOR THE CHRISTENING, HONEY.

BLONDIE: THE CHRISTENING?

DAGWOOD: SURE -- ONE THING MR. DITHERS LOVES IS A CHRISTENING. HE'LL GO MILES TO BE A GODFATHER.

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD. YOU DON'T MEAN HE'S GOING TO CHRISTEN THE TRAILER?

DAGWOOD: SURE. IF I CAN THINK OF A NAME IN TIME.

BABY: WHAT'LL I TELL MR. DITHERS, DADDY?

DAGWOOD: TELL HIM THE CHRISTENING WILL BE OUT HERE BY THE GARAGE!

BABY: (GOING) OKAY.

BLONDIE: WELL, I DON'T KNOW WHAT HE'LL THINK WHEN HE SEES WHAT HE'S GOING TO CHRISTEN.

DAGWOOD: OH, I BET THIS TRAILER WILL BRING OUT THE GYPSY IN HIM RIGHT AWAY.

BLONDIE: (GIGGLES) I NEVER SAW A GYPSY IN A SILK HAT.

DAGWOOD: "GYPSY." HEY! HOW WOULD IT BE TO NAME THE TRAILER "THE 'GYPSY QUEEN'?"

BLONDIE: "THE GYPSY'S REVENGE" WOULD BE BETTER...COME ON, LET'S MEET MR. DITHERS AT THE BACK DOOR...

DAGWOOD: OKAY, HONEY. I WONDER HOW HE LOOKS IN A SILK HAT?

DITHERS: (AWAY) BUMSTEAD!

DAGWOOD: TOO OH. IT DOESN'T CHANGE HIM A BIT!

DITHERS: (NEARER) BUMSTEAD! WHERE ARE YOU?

DAGWOOD: RIGHT HERE, MR. DITHERS. COME ON OUT.

DITHERS: (COMING IN) I GOT YOUR WIRE AND DROPPED EVERYTHING. WHERE'S THE BABY?

BLONDIE: WELL -- THERE ISN'T EXACTLY ANY BABY, MR. DITHERS.

DITHERS: HAH? NO BABY? YOU MEAN THE CHRISTENING IS OFF?

DAGWOOD: NO, NO, MR. DITHERS. WE'RE CHRISTENING THE GYPSY QUEEN.

DITHERS: EH? WHO IN THE NAME OF THE SEVEN SUSPICIOUS SISTERS IS THE GYPSY QUEEN?

BLONDIE: STAND ASIDE, DAGWOOD, AND LET MR. DITHERS SEE HER.

DAGWOOD: SURE. LOOK!

DITHERS: OOOOOH! WHAT'S THAT?

BLONDIE: IT'S OUR NEW TRAILER.

DAGWOOD: HER NAME IS GOING TO BE "GYPSY QUEEN."

DITHERS: IT OUGHT TO BE "FROWSY LIL." NOW SEE HERE, BUMSTEAD...I LEAVE AN IMPORTANT JOB...COME TWO HUNDRED MILES...GET ALL DRESSED UP...

BABY: (COMING IN) MOMMIE! I SMELL MOTH BALLS!

BLONDIE: SSSSH.

DAGWOOD: YEAH. QUIET, BABY. EXCUSE ME 'TIL I WHISPER TO BABY.
(WHISPERS) GO GET IT, BABY.

BABY: OKAY, DADDY.

DAGWOOD: ER -- THANKS FOR WEARING YOUR SILK HAT, MR. DITHERS.

DITHERS: PAH! I THOUGHT WE WERE CHRISTENING A BABY.

DAGWOOD: OH, THIS IS BETTER THAN A BABY CHRISTENING. LISTEN...YOU -- YOU CAN'T BREAK A BOTTLE ON A BABY, CAN YOU?

DITHERS: EH? (MOLLIFIED) ARE YOU BREAKING A BOTTLE?

DAGWOOD: SURE. YOU BET. JUST LIKE ON A BATTLESHIP.

DITHERS: (MORE PLEASED) DO I BREAK THE BOTTLE?

BLONDIE: OF COURSE YOU CAN! CAN'T HE, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: SURE. I WANTED AN IMPORTANT MAN TO LAUNCH THE "GYPSY QUEEN" ON HER TRAVELS...

DITHERS: WELL -- I ALWAYS DID LIKE BREAKING BOTTLES. BUT I DON'T APPROVE OF WASTING CHAMPAGNE.

DAGWOOD: SO DO I...I MEAN...THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT. SO I GOT
GINGER ALE.

BLONDIE: OH DAGWOOD. I FOUND THAT BOTTLE OF GINGER ALE LAST NIGHT
AND...

BABY: (COMING IN) THERE'S NO GINGER ALE, DADDY. BUT I BROUGHT A
BOTTLE OF CATSUP.

DITHERS: CATSUP. I DIDN'T COME ALL THE WAY FROM DOBSON'S LAKE TO
BREAK CATSUP BOTTLES!

BLONDIE: OH, IT'S BETTER THAN CHAMPAGNE, MR. DITHERS. IT -- IT MAKES
MORE SKWUSH!

DAGWOOD: SURE. DON'T BACK OUT ON US NOW, MR. DITHERS. LISTEN. YOU
GO AHEAD AND CHRISTEN HER WITH CATSUP AND I TELL YOU WHAT
WE'LL DO. WE'LL DRIVE YOU BACK TO DOBSON'S LAKE IN STYLE.

BLONDIE: YES. YOU CAN RIDE IN THE TRAILER!

DITHERS: ~~WELL -- IS IT EASY RIDING?~~

DAGWOOD: ~~SURE, SURE. JUST LIKE A PRIVATE CAR.~~

DITHERS: CAN WE START RIGHT AFTER THE CHRISTENING?

BLONDIE: OH, YES. OUR BAGS ARE ALL INSIDE.

DITHERS: I'LL HAVE TO WEAR WHAT I'VE GOT ON! WELL -- ALL RIGHT.
I'LL CHRISTEN IT. STAND BACK EVERYBODY.

DAGWOOD: (FADING BACK) STAND BACK, BLONDIE!

BLONDIE: (FADING BACK) STAND BACK, BABY.

DAGWOOD: (OFF) SWING HARD, MR. DITHERS!

DITHERS: DON'T WORRY. NOW -- HATS OFF!

DAGWOOD: (OFF) YEAH. YEAH! I AM! SSSSH.

DITHERS: I CHRISTEN THEE THE "GYPSY QUEEN"! (SWINGS) (THERE IS A
THUD AND SPLINTERING OF WOOD)

BABY: AW. THE BOTTLE DIDN'T BREAK!

DITHERS: OOOH. LOOK AT MY HAND. BLOOD!

BLONDIE: (COMING IN) THAT'S ONLY A LITTLE CATSUP!

DITHERS: ~~BUT THE BOTTLE DIDN'T BREAK.~~

BLONDIE: THE CORK CAME OUT!

BABY: (COMING IN) THE BOTTLE DIDN'T BREAK.

DAGWOOD: (IN) WELL, SOMETHING BROKE. TOOOH. LOOKIT THAT HOLE IN THE TRAILER! IT'S SMASHED RIGHT THROUGH THE SIDE!

DITHERS: WELL, YOU OUGHT' TO HAVE STRONGER SIDES -- OR WEAKER BOTTLES.

DAGWOOD: TOO. I CAN PUT MY HEAD THROUGH THAT HOLE.

DITHERS: YOU COULD PUT YOUR HEAD THROUGH THE EYE OF A NEEDLE!

BLONDIE: NEVER MIND, DAGWOOD. IT NEEDED MORE VENTILATION ANYWAY.

GET IN, MR. DITHERS.

DITHERS: EH?

BLONDIE: YOU SAID YOU WERE IN A HURRY TO GET BACK TO DOBSON'S LAKE. AND WE PROMISED TO TAKE YOU.

DITHERS: OH -- YEAH.

MUSIC: (IN SOFTLY)

BLONDIE: (FAST) NOW, ^{Mr. Dithers} YOU GET IN THE TRAILER AND MAKE YOURSELF COZY!

DAGWOOD AND I WILL DRIVE THE CAR...AND BABY, YOU KEEP

MR. DITHERS COMPANY IN THE "GYPSY QUEEN"...READY, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: YEAH -- YEAH SURE!

BLONDIE: THEN WE'RE OFF!

MUSIC: (UP A LITTLE)

DAGWOOD: YEAH. WE'RE OFF FOR THE OPEN ROAD!

(MUSIC UP BRIEFLY...THEN FADES OUT...LEAVING NORMAL SOUND OF CAR HEARD FROM INSIDE)

BLONDIE: WELL, THIS IS THE OPEN ROAD ALL RIGHT. I NEVER SAW ANYTHING OPENER. DO YOU KNOW WHERE WE ARE, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: WELL, I'VE BEEN GOING BY THAT MAP. BUT SOMETHING'S WRONG.
WE SHOULD HAVE PASSED THREE TOWNS IN THE LAST FORTY MILES...

BLONDIE: LET'S SEE THE MAP. HMMM. WHY DOES THE MAP SAY IDAHO ON IT,
DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: WHY BECAUSE IT'S A MAP OF -- HEY! WE'RE NOT IN IDAHO --
ARE WE?

BLONDIE: OF COURSE NOT, DEAR. YOU'VE BEEN GOING BY THE WRONG MAP.
WE'RE LOST.

DAGWOOD: WELL -- WE CAN'T BE SO VERY LOST. WE WANT TO GO TO DOBSON'S
LAKE AND WE'RE NOT IN IDAHO...

BLONDIE: WELL?

DAGWOOD: WELL, DOBSON'S LAKE ISN'T IN IDAHO EITHER... (MEDIUM THUNDER)
HEY. WHAT'S THAT?

BLONDIE: THUNDER. IT'S GOING TO RAIN.

DAGWOOD: MAYBE THAT'S WHY IT GOT DARK SO EARLY. (LOUDER THUNDER)
TOOOH. I HOPE THAT TRAILER DOESN'T LEAK ON DITHERS.

BLONDIE: SLOW UP, DAGWOOD. THERE'S A SIGN BY THE ROAD. (CAR SLOWS)
(SERIES OF BUMPS)

DAGWOOD: GOLLY. WHY DOESN'T THE "GYPSY QUEEN" SLOW DOWN WHEN I DO?

BLONDIE: LOOK, DAGWOOD. THE SIGN SAYS "CAMP CRAWL-IN -- TRAILERS
WELCOME."

DAGWOOD: IT LOOKS LIKE A HOBO JUNGLE TO ME.

SOUND: LOUD THUNDER...RAIN

BLONDIE: IT'S RAINING! MAYBE WE OUGHT TO STOP HERE, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: NO, HONEY. IF I DON'T GET DITHERS TO DOBSON'S LAKE TONIGHT,
THE LEAST I CAN DO IS STOP AT A NICE PLACE.

BLONDIE: THAT'S A STEEP HILL JUST AHEAD.

DAGWOOD: OH, WE'LL MAKE IT OKAY. MAYBE WHEN WE GET UP HIGH -- MAYBE WE'LL SEE A BETTER PLACE TO STOP...HERE GOES!

SOUND: CAR SPEEDS UP...LABORS...CREAKING AND GROANING OF TRAILER BEHIND

BLONDIE: (SIGHS) GOODNESS -- I HOPE BABY DUMPLING CAN KEEP MR. DITHERS' MIND OFF THIS RIDE!

DAGWOOD: TUNE IN AND HEAR WHAT THEY'RE SAYING BACK THERE, BLONDIE.

BLONDIE: TUNE IN?

DAGWOOD: SURE. DIDN'T YOU SEE MY INVENTION? PICK UP THAT RUBBER TUBE THAT COMES IN THE BACK WINDOW.

BLONDIE: OH. A SPEAKING TUBE?

DAGWOOD: SPEAKING OR LISTENING! IT RUNS BETWEEN US AND THE "GYPSY QUEEN." PRETTY GOOD, EH?

BLONDIE: (REACHING BACK FOR IT) IF IT WORKS.

DAGWOOD: SURE IT WORKS.

BLONDIE: (IN AGAIN) OH, DAGWOOD! IT DOES! I CAN HEAR MR. ~~DITHERS~~ *Baby Dumpling* TALKING....

DAGWOOD: HOLD IT TO MY EAR, HONEY!

BLONDIE: HERE!

DAGWOOD: YOU MEAN LISTEN! HA,HA.

SOUND: BUMPING OF TRAILER FADES IN

DITHERS: (FADING IN ON FILTER) "AND SO THE BAD WOLF...(BUMP) OOOCH! FELL DOWN THE CHIMNEY...(BUMP) OOOOCH. YOUR FATHER'S GOING TOO FAST!

BABY: (ON FILTER) GO ON! WHAT DID THE WOLF FALL INTO?

DITHERS: HE FELL INTO THE STEW THE THREE LITTLE PIGS WERE COOKING!... IN WITH THE...(BUMP) TURNIPS AND IN WITH THE...(BUMP) CARROTS AND THE THREE LITTLE PIGS HAD BRUNSWICK...(BUMP) STEW.

BABY: HAD WHAT?

DITHERS: ST...(BIG BUMP) OOOOOOOOH!

MUSIC: (IN FAST BUT SOFTLY)

DAGWOOD: HE DOESN'T TELL THAT SO AWFULLY WELL!

BLONDIE: SSSH. I WISH I COULD HEAR BETTER.

MUSIC: (MUSICAL "PAN" TO INTERIOR TRAILER)

SOUND: LOUD THUNDER...RAIN HEAVY ON ROOF OF TRAILER...HUM OF TIRES
...JOLTING

BABY: (IN, NO FILTER) TELL ^{me} ANOTHER. *story*

DITHERS: OH, YOU LIKED THAT, EH?

BABY: WELL -- IT KEPT ME FROM THINKING ABOUT THE THUNDER STORM.

DITHERS: NOW A BIG BOY LIKE YOU ISN'T AFRAID OF THUNDER (CRASH OF THUNDER) OOOOH. THAT WAS CLOSE!

BABY: I'M SCARED!

DITHERS: QUIET! I'LL TELL YOU ANOTHER STORY TO SOOTHE YOUR NERVES.
LISTEN! ONCE UPON A TIME...A LITTLE GNARLED-UP DWARF
LIVED IN A DARK CAVE THAT WAS FULL OF MAN-EATING BATS...

SOUND: THUNDER

BABY: (WHIMPERS) BAAAAW.

DITHERS: QUIET. AND THIS DWARF DIDN'T HAVE ANY FACE!

BABY: BAAAAAAH! I WANT MY MOMMIE!

DITHERS: I WANT AN UMBRELLA! THIS ROOF IS LEAKING...

BABY: MOOOOOMIE!

DITHERS: HERE! TALK TO HER THROUGH THIS TUBE. TELL YOUR FATHER TO
SLOW DOWN, TOO.

BABY: DAAAAAADY!

SOUND: TIRE BLOWS...POP...HISS...RUMBLE

DITHERS: THERE GOES A TIRE! LET ME HAVE THAT TUBE. HEY BUMSTEAD!
(RUMBLE BECOMES METALLIC NOISE OF RIM) BUMSTEAD. WE'RE
RIDING ON A FLAT!...ON THE RIM! BUMSTEAD!

BABY: IT DOESN'T WORK! BAAAAH..HA...HAAAAH.

DITHERS: IT'S LIKE ALL YOUR FATHER'S INVENTIONS. THEY NEVER WORK
WHEN YOU NEED THEM...(TIRE BLOWS...NOISE OF RIM) THERE
GOES ANOTHER TIRE. BUMSTEAD. BUMSTEAD!

BABY: BAAAAAAWWWWWWWWH!

MUSIC: ("PANS" BACK TO INTERIOR CAR)

SOUND: NOISE OF TRAILER OUT UNDER MUSIC

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD! STOP THE CAR. I THOUGHT I HEARD BABY CRYING.

MUSIC: (OUT)

DAGWOOD: OKAY -- NOW THAT WE'RE ON TOP OF THE HILL. (CAR STOPS) I
DON'T HEAR ANYTHING.

BLONDIE: IT'S TOO DARK TO SEE ANYTHING EITHER.

DAGWOOD: WELL -- HOLLER THROUGH THE TUBE.

BLONDIE: THE TUBE'S GONE!...SOMETHING JERKED IT OUT OF MY HAND!

DAGWOOD: THE TUBE'S GONE? GONE WHERE? WAIT'LL I WIPE OFF THE BACK
WINDOW! (THREE FAST SQUEAKS OF WIPING GLASS) THERE NOW I
-- (TAKE)...HEY! THE TRAILER...THE TRAILER'S GONE TOO!

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD!

DAGWOOD: MUST HAVE LOST IT ON THE HILL! T0000000000H!

SOUND: CRASH OF THUNDER

MUSIC: (IN AND UP...SEGUE TO THEME FOR)

(COMMERCIAL)

"BLONDIE" 19-A
4/29/40

GOODWIN: THERE'S ONE SAYING THAT IS KNOWN TO CIGARETTE SMOKERS EVERYWHERE -- THAT'S THE PHRASE: "I'D WALK A MILE FOR A CAMEL!" YES, MORE SMOKERS PREFER CAMEL CIGARETTES THAN ANY OTHER BRAND. CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS. THEY ARE SLOWER BURNING AND THEY GIVE YOU EXTRA COOLNESS AND EXTRA MILDNESS. BEING SLOWER BURNING, CAMELS ARE FREE FROM THE IRRITATING QUALITIES OF EXCESS HEAT AND TOO-FAST BURNING. CAMELS ARE MILD, EASY ON THE THROAT. CAMELS ARE COOLER, TOO, FOR NATURALLY, THE SLOWER A CIGARETTE BURNS, THE COOLER THE SMOKING, AND BECAUSE SLOW BURNING PRESERVES THE NATURAL FLAVOR AND FRAGRANCE OF FINE TOBACCOS, CAMELS GIVE YOU EXTRA FLAVOR. ECONOMY, TOO! SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS LAST LONGER AND GIVE YOU EXTRA SMOKING PER CIGARETTE PER PACK. IN RECENT IMPARTIAL LABORATORY TESTS, CAMELS BURNED TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT SLOWER THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE FIFTEEN OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED...SLOWER THAN ANY OF THEM, THAT MEANS A SMOKING PLUS EQUAL, ON THE AVERAGE, TO FIVE EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK. NOW, IF YOU LIVE IN A COMMUNITY WHERE CERTAIN STATE CIGARETTE TAXES ARE IN EFFECT YOU CAN SAVE THE COST OF THE TAX THROUGH SMOKING CAMELS. IF THERE ARE NO ADDED TAXES WHERE YOU LIVE, THE SAVINGS ARE ALL YOURS. YES, THERE'S MORE PLEASURE PER PUFF AND MORE PUFFS PER PACK IN CAMELS. THAT'S WHY SMOKERS SAY: "I'D WALK A MILE FOR A CAMEL!"

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GOODWIN: AND NOW WE RETURN TO DAGWOOD AND BLONDIE WHO HAVE TRACED THEIR RUNAWAY TRAILER TO THE BOTTOM OF THE HILL...AND... RIGHT INTO CAMP CRAWL-IN...LISTEN -- (FEET SQUASHING IN MUD)

BLONDIE: THANK HEAVENS THEY DIDN'T TIP OVER, DAGWOOD...

DAGWOOD: YEAH...THESE TIRE MARKS LOOK LIKE THEY WERE RIDING ON TWO RIMS...AND TWO TIRES...AND THAT KIND OF SLOWED THEM UP...

BLONDIE: ALL RIGHT, SHERLOCK! JUST FIND THAT TRAILER. I WANT TO SEE IF MY BABY IS ALL RIGHT...

DAGWOOD: WELL -- GOSH -- SO DO I! BUT I'M NOT SO ANXIOUS TO FIND MR. DITHERS! GOLLY, I WONDER WHAT HE THOUGHT WHEN THEY WENT COASTING INTO THIS HOBO CAMP?

BLONDIE: HURRY, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: IT'S PRETTY DARK TO GO VERY FAST...LET'S HOLLER FOR THEM...(CALLS) HALLOOOOO! (PAUSE) (IN THE DISTANCE THE FAMILIAR SOUND OF A TIRE BLOWING OUT) HEY! LISTEN!

BLONDIE: A TIRE BLEW OUT. THAT SOUNDS LIKE THE GYPSY QUEEN, ALL RIGHT! WHERE DID THE SOUND COME FROM? (PAUSE) (SAME SOUND AGAIN...ANOTHER TIRE)

DAGWOOD: TOOH. THERE GOES THE LAST TIRE!

BLONDIE: IT'S OVER THERE!

DAGWOOD: YEAH! COME ON...(THE SOUND OF FEET RUNNING IN THE MUD) (MUSIC RUNS TOO...VERY BRIEFLY) (FEET OUT UNDER MUSIC)

DAGWOOD: HERE IT IS, BLONDIE! (KNOCKS ON DOOR)

DITHERS: (MUFFLED) BUMSTEAD!

BLONDIE: BABY! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT IN THERE?

BABY: (MUFFLED) YES -- BUT WE CAN'T GET THE DOOR OPEN!

DAGWOOD: I'LL OPEN IT! (TUGS AT IT...CREAK AND THEN CRACKING WOOD...A CRASH)

BABY: THE DOOR CAME OFF AGAIN, DADDY.

DITHERS: NEVER MIND. IT'LL LET SOME OF THE WATER OUT.

DAGWOOD: OUT?

DITHERS: YES. OUT. IT'S UP TO MY ANKLES IN HERE.

BABY: THE ROOF LEAKS.

BLONDIE: OH, BABY. I'M SO GLAD TO SEE YOU. MOMMIE'LL LIGHT A FIRE AND GET YOU WARM!

DITHERS: WHO'S GOING TO GET ME WARM! I...I --- (SNEEZES) I KNEW IT!

DAGWOOD: LISTEN, I CAN FILL THAT WASHTUB I BROUGHT WITH WATER...

BABY: GOING TO BOB FOR APPLES, DADDY?

DAGWOOD: NO, NO, BABY! BUT WE'LL HEAT THE WATER AND SOAK YOUR FEET -- (GOING) IF I CAN FIND ENOUGH WATER TO FILL THE TUB.

DITHERS: WANT WATER, HEY? JUST WRING ME OUT! (SNEEZES)

BLONDIE: I'M AFRAID YOU'RE CATCHING COLD, MR. DITHERS. WAIT -- I'LL LIGHT THE OIL STOVE! (FADING) COME, BABY. MOMMIE'LL DRY YOU.

DAGWOOD: (COMING IN) HEY. HERE'S THE TUB. AND YOU KNOW WHAT? OUR TIRES DIDN'T BLOW THAT TIME. THERE'S STILL TWO GOOD ONES.

DITHERS: PAH! NOTHING LIKE TWO GOOD TIRES ON A FOUR-WHEELED TRAILER! ~~(SNEEZES)~~

DAGWOOD: THE NOISE WE HEARD MUST HAVE BEEN A BACKFIRE. THAT MEANS THERE'S ANOTHER CAR IN THIS CAMP!

DITHERS: WELL -- WHAT ARE YOU STANDING THERE FOR? GO FIND 'EM!
GET --- GET -- (SNEEZES) SOME HELP! GET A JACK -- GET
SOME BOARDS -- GET THE TIRES CHANGED -- GET OUT!
(SNEEZES)

DAGWOOD: TOOOH. YES, SIR. (FEET SPLASH AWAY IN MUD)

DITHERS: (CALLING AFTER HIM) AND GET ME OUT OF HERE BY TOMORROW
NOON! I'VE GOT TO SPEAK AT THE (SNEEZES) OPTOMISTS CLUB!
(MUSIC BRIEFLY)

DITHERS: (SNEEZES AGAIN)

BLONDIE: I THINK YOUR SNEEZE IS A LITTLE BETTER, MR. DITHERS.

DITHERS: PAH! WHERE'S THE FIRE YOU WERE GOING TO LIGHT? WHERE'S
THE HOT COFFEE WE WERE GOING TO HAVE?

BLONDIE: I'M AFRAID THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE STOVE -- AND
THE SINK! WHEN I PUT WATER IN THE COFFEE POT IT WAS
KEROSENE...AND WHEN I TURNED ON THE STOVE -- IT PLAYED
WATER LIKE A FOUNTAIN!

DITHERS: ELEMENTARY MY DEAR MRS. BUMSTEAD. DAGWOOD'S GOT THE
FEED LINES CROSSED UP. LIGHT A MATCH AND I'LL LOOK.

BLONDIE: I'M AFRAID ALL THE MATCHES ARE WET, TOO.

DITHERS: MAYBE I'VE GOT A DRY MATCH. HMM. YES. JUST ONE.
STAND BACK WHILE I LIGHT IT. (SCRATCH OF MATCH)

BLONDIE: IT LIGHTS! CAREFUL, MR. DITHERS...

DITHERS: DON'T TALK. IT MAKES A DRAFT...I...I...(SNEEZES)

BABY: HE SNEEZED THE MATCH OUT, MOMMIE!

DITHERS: THIS IS THE END! I'M THROUGH! I'M GOING! WHERE'S MY
HAT?

BLONDIE: WHERE'S MR. DITHERS SILK HAT, BABY?

BABY: HERE IT IS. IT'S GOT SOME WATER IN IT.

DITHERS: HAH?

BABY: YOU SAID PUT SOMETHING UNDER THAT LEAK IN THE ROOF!

BLONDIE: OH, BABY!

DITHERS: I'LL GO WITHOUT A HAT! WHERE'S YOUR CAR?

BLONDIE: OUT BY THE ROAD.

DITHERS: I'LL FIND IT!

BLONDIE: BUT IF YOU DRIVE HOME -- WHAT WILL WE DO?

DITHERS: WHO SAID I WAS DRIVING HOME? I'M GOING TO FIND A GARAGE.
GET NEW TIRES. GET YOU ALL... (SNEEZES) (WINDOWS RATTLE)
...OUT OF HERE.

BABY: HEY, MOMMIE. THAT SNEEZE MADE THE WINDOWS SHAKE.

DITHERS: I WAS LEANING AGAINST THE WALL! HOW MANY TIRES DO YOU
NEED? TWO?

BLONDIE: JUST TWO.

DITHERS: TWO... (SNEEZES) TIRES! (WINDOWS RATTLE) (TIRE BLOWS OUT)

BLONDIE: THREE TIRES NOW.

DITHERS: ALL RIGHT I'LL GET THREE (SNEEZES) TIRES! (WINDOWS
RATTLE) (TIRE BLOWS OUT)

BLONDIE: I'M AFRAID...

DITHERS: I KNOW! I KNOW. I'LL GET FOUR NEW TIRES!
(MUSIC IN FOR BRIEF INTERLUDE)
(RAIN ON TENT ROOF)

JENNY: (GIRL OF THIRTEEN...BABY DUMPLING DOUBLES) MAW! THEY'S
SOMEBODY STANDIN' OUTSIDE OUR TENT!

MRS: SSSH. YOU'LL MAYBE WAKE THE BABY. NO ONE MEANS US HARM
JENNY. (GOING) I'LL SEE WHO'S OUTSIDE.

JENNY: HERE'S THE LANTERN, MAW!

MRS: (CALLS SOFTLY) WHO'S THERE?

DAGWOOD: (FADES IN) IT'S -- IT'S JUST ME! I -- I SAW YOUR LIGHT.

MRS: BLESS MY SOUL. IT'S A YOUNG FELLER -- WET TER THE SKIN!
COME IN...COME RIGHT IN! JENNY! MAKE ROOM BY THE OIL
STOVE.

DAGWOOD: WELL, I DON'T WANT TO CROWD YOU --- AND MY FEET ARE PRETTY
WET...

MRS: WHY WOULDN'T THEY BE -- A NIGHT LIKE THIS? COME IN!
HAVE YE ET?

DAGWOOD: WELL -- ER NO.

MRS: TCK TCK TCK. HUNGRY, TOO! JENNY -- DISH UP THE MUSH!
WE GOT COMP'NY FER SUPPER.

DAGWOOD: OH -- NO THANKS I...

JENNY: (LOW) IT'S ONLY ONE HELP LEFT, MAW.

MRS: (LOW) AS LONG AS THERE'S ANY -- WE'LL TURN NO HUNGRY
MAN AWAY. (ALoud) SET DOWN, MISTER.

DAGWOOD: NO NO -- I -- I'M NOT VERY HUNGRY.

MRS: I CAN SEE YOUR MOUTH WATER AND THE LIGHTS BAD AT THAT.
HERE HOLD THE TIN PLATE. YER WON'T MIND IT'S TIN?

JENNY: HERE, MISTER. IT'S GOT CRACKLINS IN IT...AND THAT MAKES
IT EXTRA GOOD.

DAGWOOD: WELL, I'M AFRAID I'M ROBBING YOU...

MRS: NO NO...WE'VE ALL ET -- BARRING EDDIE...AND HE'S OUT
LOOKING FOR WORK, BLESS HIM.

JENNY: EDDIE'S FOUND SOMETHIN' TO EAT SOMEWHERE, MAW -- ELSE
HE'D BE BACK BY NOW.

DAGWOOD: IS EDDIE...YOUR HUSBAND, MRS...ER...

MRS: FRIEND. NO, SIR. EDDIE'S MY BOY AND THE MAN OF THE
FAMILY NOW, MR. FRIEND, HAS -- PASSED ON.

JENNY: (PROUDLY) EDDIE'S FIFTEEN!

DAGWOOD: GOLLY -- AND HE SUPPORTS YOU?

MRS: HE DOES WHAT HE CAN. SO DO WE ALL. YOU'RE NOT EATIN' YER MUSH, MISTER.

DAGWOOD: IT'S VERY GOOD...ARE YOU SURE YOU'VE EATEN, MRS. FRIEND?

MRS: I'M ON KIND OF A -- NOW -- DIET YER MIGHT SAY. I DON'T NEED SO MUCH AN' ME NOT WORKIN'.

DAGWOOD: DO THE -- THREE OF YOU TRAVEL IN THAT -- ER -- FORD OUT THERE?

MRS: FOUR OF US...BUT THE BABY TAKES NO ROOM AT ALL. SOMEDAY WE'LL STOP TRAVELIN'. THAT'S WHEN WE GET OUT WEST. THEY'S FRIENDLY FOLKS OUT THERE. MY BOY EDDIE READS ME ABOUT 'EM. FRIENDLY FOLKS...AND BLUE SKIES...AND THE SUN THAT'S WARM...

JENNY: IT'LL BE GOOD TO STOP TRAVELIN'. WE BEEN A YEAR TRAVELIN'.

DAGWOOD: (SOFTLY) GOLLY.

MRS: OH -- WE'LL GET ALONG. NOW EAT YER MUSH -- IT'S BETTER THAN IT LOOKS.

DAGWOOD: IT'S -- IT'S FINE. THAT'S NOT WHAT'S WRONG. BUT YOU -- YOU CAN'T FOOL ME. THIS WAS YOUR SUPPER. ALL YOU HAD. AND YOU GAVE IT TO ME WHEN YOU DIDN'T EVEN KNOW MY NAME. LISTEN...I ONLY THINK I'M HUNGRY!...RIGHT OVER THERE -- SOMEWHERE -- I'VE A -- A TRAILER FULL OF STUFF TO EAT. AND A WIFE THAT'S THE BEST COOK IN THE STATE.

MRS: BLESS MY SOUL...

DAGWOOD: YEAH. AND I WAS SORRY FOR MYSELF. TILL I MET YOU. NOW YOU KNOW WHAT WE'RE GOING TO DO? WE'RE ALL GOING OVER TO MY PLACE...FOR THE BEST SUPPER YOU EVER HAD!

(MUSIC BRIEFLY)

BLONDIE: A LITTLE MORE STEAK, MRS. FRIEND?

MRS: NO THANK YE KINDLY. MAYBE EDDIE THOUGH...HE WORKS HARD AN...

BLONDIE: EDDIE'S GONE TO SLEEP. SITTING UP.

MRS: YOU'LL HAVE TO EXCUSE HIM. HE -- IT'S SO WARM AND COZY IN HERE.

DAGWOOD: YEAH. IT'S DRIED OUT PRETTY GOOD.

BLONDIE: I'M GLAD I GOT THAT STOVE WORKING.

MRS: (SIGH) IT'S A LOVELY STOVE. ISN'T IT, JENNY.

BLONDIE: SHHH...SHE WASLEEP, TOO.

MRS: I DON'T KNOW WHAT YE'LL THINK OF US ALL. THE -- THE KIDS AREN'T USED TO EATIN' SO HEARTY.

BLONDIE: I THINK YOU'RE THE NICEST FAMILY I'VE MET IN A LONG WHILE

DAGWOOD: YOU BET. TAKING ME IN -- A STRANGER AND ALL.

MRS: (QUIETLY) I DON'T EXPECT THERE ARE ANY STRANGERS, MISTER. THERE'S ONE FATHER TO US ALL.

BLONDIE: YOU -- YOU MUST TELL ME HOW YOU MADE THAT MUSH YOU HAD, MRS. FRIEND. DAGWOOD SAYS IT SMELLED DELICIOUS.

MRS: OH, NOW -- I DON'T EXPECT IT WOULD DO FOR -- WELL -- RICH PEOPLE.

DAGWOOD: RICH? YOU -- MEAN US?

MRS: WHY NOW I'M GLAD FOR YE. BUT YE MUST BE WELL OFF. TO LIVE IN A LOVELY LITTLE HOUSE ON WHEELS -- LIKE THIS.

BLONDIE: WE -- YOU LIKE THIS TRAILER?

MRS: IT'S A REAL PLEASURE TO SIT IN IT. IT'S KIND OF LIKE ONE TIME WE HAD A GOOD WEEK OF WORK. AN WE TREATED OURSELVES. (PROUDLY) WE STOPPED OVER AT THE CENTRAL HOUSE IN BEAVERVILLE. MY -- THAT WAS ELEGANT. DON'T DON'T THINK I'M BOASTIN' OF IT. BUT IT'S GOOD TO REMEMBER.

BLONDIE: (SOFTLY) OH -- DAGWOOD.

MRS: WE'LL REMEMBER THIS NIGHT, TOO. (I WISH MY BABY WAS OLD ENOUGH TO KNOW THE NICE BED HE'S SLEEPIN' IN. (SIGHS) HAPPILY) SHEETS, TOO! CLEAN SHEETS -- LIKE -- LIKE WE USED TER HAVE AT HOME.

DAGWOOD: LOOK, MRS. FRIEND. WE -- WE DON'T EXACTLY LIVE IN THIS TRAILER...WE JUST...

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD. SSSH. LISTEN...(THE SOUND OF THEIR CAR HEARD AWAY)

DAGWOOD: GOLLY. HERE'S MR. DITHERS. HE'S BROUGHT BACK THE CAR.

BLONDIE: WITH TIRES FOR THE TRAILER, I HOPE!

MRS: ARE YE MOVIN' ON TONIGHT? WELL -- I'LL JUST ROUSE UP MY YOUNG ONES...

BLONDIE: NO. LET THEM SLEEP -- A LITTLE LONGER..(CAR OUT)

DITHERS: (AWAY) BUMSTEAD. WHERE ARE YOU?

DAGWOOD: (CALLS) I'M COMING!

BLONDIE: I'LL GO WITH YOU, DAGWOOD...I...I WANT TO TALK TO YOU.

MRS: WE'LL ALL HELP PUT ON THE TIRE --

DAGWOOD: THE MORNING'LL BE TIME ENOUGH FOR THAT.

MRS: I'LL JUST RID UP THE PLACE FOR YE -- WHILST YER GONE... (FADING) MY THIS IS HANDY, THOUGH...A SINK RIGHT BY THE STOVE...AND HOT WATER!
(MUSIC IN SOFTLY...BRIEFLY)

BLONDIE: (WHISPERING) PUT THE LAST TIRE DOWN WITH THE OTHERS.
DON'T LET HER HEAR US.

DAGWOOD: SHE'S HUMMING A TUNE IN THERE WHILE SHE WORKS.

BLONDIE: OH, DAGWOOD. I'M SO GLAD YOU AGREED WITH ME.

DAGWOOD: SHE NEEDS IT WORSE THAN WE DO.

BLONDIE: WE'LL ENJOY IT MORE THIS WAY THAN IF WE KEPT IT
OURSELVES...

DAGWOOD: YEAH. YOU GOT THE NOTE TO LEAVE FOR HER?

BLONDIE: RIGHT HERE.

DAGWOOD: READ IT TO ME AGAIN.

BLONDIE: I'LL HAVE TO GET IN THE LIGHT FROM THE DOORWAY. CAN SHE
HEAR?

DAGWOOD: NO, SHE'S STILL HUMMING. (VERY QUIETLY WE HEAR
MRS. HUMMING)

BLONDIE: THE NOTE SAYS "DEAR MRS. FRIEND: WE'RE NOT COMING BACK.
WE WANT YOU TO HAVE THE 'HOME ON WHEELS' YOU LIKE SO
MUCH...IT'S FOR YOU AND YOUR BRAVE LITTLE FAMILY -- TO
TAKE YOU TO THE LAND OF YOUR HEART'S DESIRE. REST WELL
IN ITS CLEAN BEDS...WARM YOURSELF AT ITS FIRE...AS WE
WERE WARMED BY A GLIMPSE OF YOUR OWN CHEERFUL HEART.
GOODBYE -- AND GOOD LUCK ALWAYS...BLONDIE AND DAGWOOD."

DAGWOOD: YEAH...LISTEN WHAT SHE'S HUMMING IN THERE. (THE TUNE
RISES A LITTLE...IT'S "HOME SWEET HOME")

BLONDIE: (WHISPERS) GOODBYE, MRS. FRIEND.

DAGWOOD: (WHISPERS) AND GOOD LUCK -- ALWAYS...

BLONDIE: TAKE ME HOME -- NOW -- DAGWOOD...

(THE MUSIC COMES IN...BLENDS WITH THE SINGING...RISES
HAPPILY) (SEGUE TO THEME FOR:)

(CLOSING)