

My Favorite Husband “Knitting Baby Booties”

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Transcribed by Ben Dooley for “Those Thrilling Days of Yesteryear” old time radio recreations. www.ttdyradio.com

CAST:

Announcer
Liz Cugat
George Cugat
Katie
Cory Cartwright
Mr. Atterbury
Miss Johnson
Jane
Nurse

SFX:

Paper rustling and opening
Door Open and close
Phone
Footsteps
Door buzzer
Toy Train running
Toy train whistle

MUSIC:

ANNOUNCER: We present, “My Favorite Husband.” The new series based on the delightful stories of Isabel Scott Rorick’s gay and sophisticated, “Mr. and Mrs. Cugat,” starring Lucile Ball with Richard Denning.

MUSIC:

(APPLAUSE)

ANNOUNCER: Ten years ago, Elizabeth Elliot decided to marry an eligible bachelor. So she picked handsome man-about-town, George Cugat, because, as Liz put it...

LIZ: George was the most eligible, eligible bachelor, eligible.

ANNOUNCER: Well, since their marriage, neither Liz nor George has said much about children. But then, children have never said much about them either. That’s because they don’t have any. Children, I mean. In fact, the only time it ever came up was when they returned from their Honeymoon, and George was showing Liz around their new house.

LIZ: Wait a minute, George. What’s this little bedroom here?

GEORGE: Well, uh... I kinda thought it would look cute in pink and blue with nursery rhymes on the wall. But, uh, we can fix it up temporarily as a maid’s room.

LIZ: What do you mean, “temporarily as a maid’s room?”

GEORGE: Well, someday we may want a couple of little ones.

LIZ: You mean a couple of little maids, instead of one big one?

MUSIC:

ANNOUNCER: Well that was, as I say, ten years ago. So today, Mr. and Mrs. Cugat are still just two people who live together... and like it. Lucile

Ball as Liz and Richard Denning as George in, “My Favorite Husband.”

MUSIC:

ANNOUNCER: It is morning at the Cugat house. Katie, the maid, has gone out to the mailbox to see if the postman left any ads or blotters, and Liz is cooking breakfast, and George is still upstairs dressing. Finally, Liz goes to the foot of the stairs and calls.

LIZ: (CALLING) George!

GEORGE: Yes, Darling?

LIZ: I’ve got your breakfast ready. The toast is burned just the way you like it.

GEORGE: OK. I’ll be right down.

KATIE: Mrs. Cugat?

LIZ: Yes, Katie?

KATIE: Why does Mr. Cugat like burnt toast?

LIZ: I don’t know. He developed a taste for it after we were married.

GEORGE: Good morning, Liz darling. Morning, Katie.

KATIE: Morning, Mr. Cugat.

LIZ: George, aren’t you gonna kiss me this morning?

GEORGE: On an empty stomach?

LIZ: Certainly. Give me a kiss.

GEORGE: I’m fresh out.

LIZ: Oh, come on, George. You must have an old kiss lying around somewhere.

GEORGE: OK. (KISSES) There. How’s that?

LIZ: That wasn’t just lying around. It was dead.

GEORGE: That had all the zip of the old George Cugat.

LIZ: Well, the old George Cugat better get a new zipper.

KATIE: (LAUGHS)

LIZ: What are you laughing about, Katie?

KATIE: I was just thinking about my first husband, Clarence. Now *there* was a kisser.

GEORGE: Good?

KATIE: No. Ugly.

LIZ: Come on, George, your breakfast is ready.

GEORGE: So am I. Uh, where's the morning paper, Katie?

LIZ: George, are you going to bury yourself in that paper again, this morning?

GEORGE: Oh, I just want to look at the financial page, and see how the stock market is doing.

KATIE: Oh, here it is, Mr. Cugat

GEORGE: Oh. Thanks, Katie.

SOUND: PAPER RUSTLING

GEORGE: Now, let's see now. Amalgamated Copper... Fisk Tires... Hm, AT&T is down two points. I'd better get some. Hm. TP&L is down one point. Well, I'd better get some. Hm, SFO&P is down *three* points! I'd better get some!

LIZ: Hm.

GEORGE: Eh, what's the matter?

LIZ: BVD is down two cents, you need some.

GEORGE: You've been looking.

LIZ: You've been showing. (PAUSE) Oh, here's an item about Jane Kendall. I have to get her something, George. She's expecting her baby.

GEORGE: (DISTRACTED) Yeah...baby.

LIZ: I don't want to have any of that last minute rushing.

GEORGE: Yeah... rushing,

LIZ: You know, having a baby must be pretty tough.

GEORGE: Yeah... pretty tough.

LIZ: George, are you listening to me?

GEORGE: Hm? Oh, sure, Liz. Every word.

LIZ: What did I say?

GEORGE: Hm? Why, uh... oh, you said those Russians are pretty tough babies. (PAUSE) Didn't you?

LIZ: No, I didn't.

GEORGE: Oh. Tough Russians are pretty babies?

LIZ: Wrong again.

GEORGE: Pretty Russian babies are tough?

LIZ: Never mind.

GEORGE: Yugoslav babies?

LIZ: Never mind. If you weren't lost in that financial page, you'd hear what I said.

GEORGE: Well, but Liz, in my business, it's important to know what's happening in the stock market. I have to keep an eye on the bulls and the bears so that some wolf in sheep's clothing doesn't make me the goat. After all, I work in a bank.

LIZ: Sounds like the Chicago stockyards. (PAUSE) I don't see what's so wonderful about that financial page. It bores me stiff. I haven't the slightest interest in finances.

GEORGE: Well that's because you're not in business, darling. Say, uh... was there any mail this morning?

LIZ: Katie!

KATIE: (FROM OFF) Yes, Ma'am?

LIZ: Was there any mail this morning?

KATIE: Just the morning mail.

LIZ: Well, that sounds reasonable.

GEORGE: Hm. Is that all? One letter?

KATIE: That's all, Mr. Cugat. But the people next door got a lot of mail this morning. Can I go over and borrow some?

LIZ: Don't bother, Katie. Open the letter, George. It's probably from someone who's on their vacation. All of our friends are out of town.

SOUND: PAPER OPENING

LIZ: Let's see, now. Who do we know that went to the mountains, or the seashore...

GEORGE: It's from Barkley Brother's department store.

LIZ: Oh, it can't be.

GEORGE: Why not?

LIZ: Well, who do we know that would spend their vacation at a department store?

GEORGE: Nobody. But we *do* know somebody who would run up a bill there last month of \$250. Don't we, Liz? Liz?

LIZ: What's new on the financial page, George.

GEORGE: Liz.

LIZ: (TALKING LIKE LENNY FROM “OF MICE AND MEN”) Aw, come on George. Tell me about the bears and the bulls again, George. Huh, George? Will ya, George? Huh?

GEORGE: Liz, this is serious. You went over your allowance again, didn't you?

LIZ: ...Yes, George.

GEORGE: Oh, Liz. What am I going to do with you?

LIZ: Raise my allowance?

GEORGE: I can't raise your allowance. I didn't get that mortgage deal with that real estate woman in Florida.

LIZ: Oh.

GEORGE: Old man Atterbury must have found about it because I *didn't* get that raise.

LIZ: Well, tell him you can't raise a wife and children on your salary.

GEORGE: Oh, but Liz, Mr. Atterbury knows we don't have any children.

LIZ: Then tell him we're expecting some on the next boat.

GEORGE: Boat from where?

LIZ: Wherever children come from.

GEORGE: Had a talk with your mother lately, Liz?

LIZ: Of course.

GEORGE: What did she say?

LIZ: She gave me a book to read.

GEORGE: What was the name of it?

LIZ: “How to win friends and influence people.”

GEORGE: Well that ought to do the trick. Liz, there's only one sensible thing for us to do.

LIZ: I knew you would think of something, George.

GEORGE: We've got to live within our means. Stick to our budget.

LIZ: Wonderful idea. It's not only sensible, it's impossible.

GEORGE: It's really very simple, Liz.

LIZ: How?

GEORGE: Well, just don't charge things we don't need.

LIZ: Sounds simple, doesn't it?

GEORGE: Of course.

LIZ: George, from now on I promise I won't charge a thing we don't need.

GEORGE: Good.

LIZ: I'll pay cash for it.

MUSIC:

KATIE: Why, Mrs. Cugat, I didn't know you could knit.

LIZ: Neither did I, Katie. How do you like it?

KATIE: Oh, it's adorable. Eh... what is it?

LIZ: Baby booties. They're for Mrs. Kendall.

KATIE: Do you think they'll fit her?

LIZ: Katie. Mrs. Kendall is going to have a baby.

KATIE: Oh. Are you gonna be there?

LIZ: No, she's just having the family and a few close doctors.

KATIE: Mrs. Cugat, wouldn't it be easier for you to buy Mrs. Kendall some baby booties instead of gettin' all tangled up in that yarn?

LIZ: Yes, Katie. But I'm trying to help Mr. Cugat save some money. And baby booties cost five dollars a pair.

KATIE: Well, how much did all this yarn cost?

LIZ: Ten dollars. But that's for five balls.

KATIE: But you won't need five balls of yarn to make one pair of baby booties.

LIZ: Well, I'm using the rest to make a sweater to match.

KATIE: To match the booties?

LIZ: No. A sweater to match the skirt I picked up for \$29.95.

KATIE: I think it's wonderful of you to help Mr. Cugat save that way.

LIZ: The only trouble is I had to charge all this stuff. So I think it would be better if we just didn't say anything about it, Katie.

KATIE: I understand, Mrs. Cugat.

LIZ: He'll probably laugh when he finds out I've learned to knit.

KATIE: Yes, but he'll stop when he finds out how much it cost.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSE.

LIZ: Uh-oh, I'd better hide this knitting.

CORY: (FROM OFF) Hey, anybody home?

LIZ: Oh, it's only Cory.

KATIE: Yes. Mankind's gift to woman-kind.

LIZ: (CALLING) In the living room, Cory.

CORY: (APPROACHING) Hi, Liz. It's Cory Cartwright, that gay dog.

LIZ: Throw him a bone, Katie.

CORY: Oh, I'm not in the mood for jokes, Liz.

KATIE: I'll put your hat in the hallway.

LIZ: What's the matter, Cory?

CORY: I met the most beautiful girl at a beautiful party in a beautiful penthouse last night.

LIZ: Didn't you have fun?

CORY: Yes, the beautiful girl and I spent a beautiful evening looking at the beautiful moon.

LIZ: Sounds beautiful.

CORY: Not quite.

LIZ: Why?

CORY: She had an ugly husband.

LIZ: What was his name?

CORY: I don't know. He never did catch me.

LIZ: Cory, what makes you so fickle?

CORY: Why, I'm not fickle, Liz. I just can't make up my mind.

LIZ: Well, sooner or later the right girl will come along, and then you'll settle down and she'll be knitting these.

CORY: Liz! Am I seeing things? Are you knitting baby things?

LIZ: Yes. Baby booties.

CORY: Liz! You mean... YOU? Why didn't you tell me?

LIZ: Well, I didn't know you'd be that interested.

CORY: Interested? Of course I'm interested. Congratulations!

LIZ: Thanks.

CORY: Why, I had no idea.

LIZ: Neither did I. In fact, I was just telling Katie I didn't know I could do it myself.

CORY: Of course you can, Liz. I think every married woman should.

LIZ: (CONFUSED) You do?

CORY: Certainly.

LIZ: What's marriage got to do with it?

CORY: But good old George, he hasn't said a word about this, Liz.

LIZ: Well, good old George doesn't know about it.

CORY: I'll bet George... Beg your pardon?

LIZ: George doesn't know about it. And don't you tell him.

CORY: But why? Shouldn't he know?

LIZ: No. Mr. Atterbury didn't give him his raise and this wasn't on our budget so I had to charge it.

CORY: They make payments for everything these days. But really, Liz. Don't you think you should tell him?

LIZ: No. He'd only worry about the budget. Besides, if George found out about this, he'd want me to take it back.

MUSIC:

ATTERBURY: (DELIGHTED WITH THE HAPPY NEWS) Yes, Cartwright. Well, I'm glad you did call me. I had no idea Mrs. Cugat was expecting a bundle of joy. No wonder he's been wanting a raise. Oh yes, sure I agree with you. I'll call him into my office right away. Thanks for calling, Cartwright. Goodbye.

SOUND: PHONE HANG UP

ATTERBURY: Ah. So young Cugat's finally going to have an addition to the family, eh? Wonderful, wonderful. (CALLING) Miss Johnson? You come into my office!

MUSIC:

MISS JOHNSON: Mr. Cugat, Mr. Atterbury wants to see you right away.

GEORGE: Uh-oh. Has he heard about the collapse of that Florida deal?

MISS JOHNSON: Not that I know of. I didn't tell him.

GEORGE: OK, I'll go right in.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS

GEORGE: I wonder who told the old man about my failure with that real estate woman. I'll bet that's the reason he didn't give me a raise. Well, after all, it might happen to anybody.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

ATTERBURY: Huh? Oh, George! George, my boy, my boy. Come in.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSE

ATTERBURY: Come in. Sit down.

GEORGE: Thanks.

ATTERBURY: Uh, George, I want to have a talk with you, shall we say... father to son?

GEORGE: Uh... well, is it about the raise I didn't get?

ATTERBURY: Uh, yes. Yes. That is... George? George, I realize that you can't raise children on your salary. Heh, heh. Of course, you don't have any children, yet.

GEORGE: No, but we're expecting some on the next boat.

ATTERBURY: What?

GEORGE: Oh, nothing. That's just something Liz told me this morning. Uh, look, Mr. Atterbury, I know why you called me in here.

ATTERBURY: Oh. you do?

GEORGE: Yes. And I just want to say that anybody can make a mistake.

ATTERBURY: A mistake?

GEORGE: Yes. Maybe I tried too hard.

ATTERBURY: My boy, you know, it isn't as easy as you think.

GEORGE: Then you're not angry?

ATTERBURY: Angry? Oh, on the contrary, you've got my best wishes, my boy.

GEORGE: Oh. Thanks Mr. Atterbury. You know, that woman had me worried for a while.

ATTERBURY: I can imagine.

GEORGE: She... she just didn't *like* the idea.

ATTERBURY: Well, women are funny sometimes.

GEORGE: Yes, she wanted me to do the whole thing by myself.

ATTERBURY: But, uh... I understood that you *both* wanted...

GEORGE: Oh *I* did. She didn't.

ATTERBURY: Oh, really?

GEORGE: Yeah. And don't forget, we were a thousand miles from each other.

ATTERBURY: *A thousand miles?*

GEORGE: Sure. She was in Florida.

ATTERBURY: Good Heavens! Now, wait a minute! If she was in Florida, then...

GEORGE: Oh, by telephone, see. The whole thing was arranged over the telephone.

ATTERBURY: Well, that settles it! George, my boy, I'm not only gonna give you that raise, I'm gonna pay that *telephone bill!*

MUSIC:

SOUND: DOOR CLOSE

LIZ: Hello, George.

GEORGE: Hi, Liz. Darling, you are looking at a new man. The brand new 1948 model George Cugat.

LIZ: How much did you get for the old one?

GEORGE: Plenty. How about a kiss?

LIZ: Aren't you afraid you'll dent your fenders?

GEORGE: Ah, come on, darling. How about a kiss for your hard working husband?

LIZ: Nope. Not in the mood.

GEORGE: Since when?

LIZ: This morning.

GEORGE: Hm. I'll bet I can make you kiss me.

LIZ: I'll bet you can't.

GEORGE: OK.

LIZ: Well, don't let *me* convince you.

GEORGE: All right. Now, first I'll put my arms around you, like this.

LIZ: Mm-hm.

GEORGE: Then you put your arms around me. Like that.

LIZ: Mm-hm.

GEORGE: Now, tilt your chin up. There. Now... now when I say a word, you say the name of the first fruit you think of.

LIZ: Mm-hm.

GEORGE: Ready?

LIZ: (KEEPING HER LIPS TIGHT) Ok, but I won't kiss you.

GEORGE: Hm. Candy.

LIZ: Orange.

GEORGE: Baked.

LIZ: Apple.

GEORGE: Stewed.

LIZ: Prunes. Mmmmmmm (THEY KISS).

GEORGE: (JOINS IN) Mmmmmmmmm. I win. You kissed me.

LIZ: But you tricked me. That was a dirty, mean, low down, underhanded trick.
Trick me again, George.

GEORGE: Uh-uh. You might get to like it.

LIZ: George Cugat, there's only one word for a man like you.

GEORGE: What is it?

LIZ: Prune.

GEORGE: (CHUCKLES) Ok, scatterbrain. (THEY KISS) There.

LIZ: Prune is a beautiful word, George.

GEORGE: A wonderful word, prune.

LIZ: I love you.

GEORGE: I love you, too, Liz. Guess what happened at the office, today.

LIZ: I don't know. Sit down and tell me all about it.

GEORGE: Well, old man Atterbury called me in and... Hey, Liz. What's this?

LIZ: What's what?

GEORGE: Well this, uh... knitted stuff, behind the chair.

LIZ: Knitted stuff, George?

GEORGE: Yeah. Looks like... like baby shoes.

LIZ: Oh that. Probably dust balls.

GEORGE: Liz. *Knitted* dust balls?

LIZ: Oh, you may not know it, George, but we have the best looking dust balls in town.

GEORGE: Wait a minute, there's a whole lot of yarn down in here, too. Look.
What is it, Liz?

LIZ: All right, Sherlock, you win. They're baby booties.

GEORGE: Baby booties?

LIZ: Uh-huh.

GEORGE: Liz. You mean...? YOU?

LIZ: (PROUDLY) Didn't think I could do it, did you?

GEORGE: Well... well, sure, but... Liz darling, this is wonderful!

LIZ: I thought it was pretty good myself.

GEORGE: Well, gosh, honey, why didn't you tell me?

LIZ: I was afraid you'd be sore. I charged all that yarn to our account and I went over our budget again.

GEORGE: Aw. All this yarn to make one pair of baby booties? What are you going to do with the rest of it?

LIZ: Why, uh... uh...

GEORGE: Well, what, Liz?

LIZ: Well, uh... uh... make more baby booties.

GEORGE: More?

LIZ: Mm-hm.

GEORGE: Oh. Good night. How many will you need?

LIZ: Well, you never can tell, George. It might be triplets.

GEORGE: *Triplets?*

LIZ: Mm-hm.

GEORGE: Holy cats! I told old man Atterbury we were expecting some on the next boat. I didn't know the fleet was in.

SOUND: HE FAINTS

LIZ: KATIE! Katie, come quick. Mr. Cugat's fainted.

KATIE: Well, what happened, Mrs. Cugat?

LIZ: I don't know. He said something about "the fleet's in," then he sank.

MUSIC:

LIZ: George. George. Can you hear me?

GEORGE: (MOANING)

LIZ: George, this is Liz, this is Liz.

GEORGE: Glad to know you, Liz. I'm George.

KATIE: Oh, I think he's coming to, Mrs. Cugat.

LIZ: Yeah. Come on, George.

GEORGE: Oh. Where am I?

LIZ: You're in bed.

GEORGE: Oh. Good night, Liz.

LIZ: Come on, George. Sit up. Upsy-Daisy. That's it.

GEORGE: What happened?

LIZ: You fainted, magnolia blossom.

GEORGE: Oh yeah. Oh, but... but Liz. You're the one that should be in bed, not me.

LIZ: Now, just stay where you are, George. You're as pale as a ghost.

GEORGE: How... how did I get up here?

LIZ: Katie and I carried you.

KATIE: *She* carried, Mr. Cugat. I dragged. You put on a little weight since the last time we carried you upstairs.

GEORGE: Oh Liz, you shouldn't be lifting anything heavy *now*. Especially upstairs.

LIZ: Well, Katie helped.

GEORGE: Who brought me in here?

LIZ: Katie and I.

GEORGE: Who put me to bed?

LIZ: Katie and I.

GEORGE: ... Liz...

LIZ: What's the matter?

GEORGE: Who put on my pajamas?

KATIE: That brought the color back to his cheeks, Mrs. Cugat.

LIZ: Katie went downstairs, George.

GEORGE: Oh.

KATIE: And I brought back this. Here, Mr. Cugat, take a sip of this brandy. It'll make you feel better.

LIZ: Are you sure that's brandy, Katie?

KATIE: Yes, Ma'am.

LIZ: Remember the last time *I* fainted, you got hold of Mr. Cugat's bottle of Vitalis.

GEORGE: My Vitalis?

LIZ: It went down, all right, but I have to give my stomach a sixty second workout.

KATIE: Oh, don't worry, ma'am. This is brandy, all right.

LIZ: You're sure?

KATIE: Yes ma'am. *HIC* Positive.

MUSIC:

GEORGE: Oh, darn it, Cory. I haven't been able to do any work all day. Look at the stuff piled up on my desk.

CORY: So Liz finally told you about the baby, huh George?

GEORGE: Well... not exactly. But when I found those baby booties, she could hardly deny it. But she doesn't seem too interested.

CORY: That's the way women are, George. You have to be very understanding at a time like this.

GEORGE: Yeah.

CORY: Why don't you try to draw it out of her. Hint around. Maybe she'll confess.

GEORGE: I tried that already. But she acted like she didn't even know what I was talking about.

CORY: Why? What did you say to her?

GEORGE: Well, I told her I understood that women who were expecting a baby get peculiar desires for food. So Liz said, what kind of food? And I said, kiddingly, oh, like, ice cream and melted cheese poured over and a dill pickle on the top.

CORY: What did Liz say?

LIZ: Well, she just said, what's peculiar about that?

CORY: That sounds like something Liz would say.

SOUND: PHONE PICK UP

GEORGE: I think I'll call her and see how she feels.

SOUND: PHONE DIAL

CORY: Go ahead, you've only called her about thirty times today.

GEORGE: Yeah. Hello, Katie? How's Mrs. Cugat feeling, Katie. What? The Hospital?

CORY: What's the matter, George?

GEORGE: Liz has gone to the hospital.

CORY: Already?

GEORGE: Hello, Katie? Which hospital did she go to? Yeah? Yeah? To phone her there? Oh, I'll do better than that, I'll go over there. Goodbye, Katie.

SOUND: PHONE HANG UP

CORY: Now keep calm, George. Getting excited won't help any.

GEORGE: Yeah, keep calm. You're right, Cory, don't get excited. Where's my hospital? I mean, where's my hat?

CORY: Now wait a minute, George. Keep calm. I'll go with you. Now, don't get excited.

GEORGE: OK, OK, I'm calm. I'm calm. Let's go.

CORY: All right. But you can't go that way.

GEORGE: What way?

CORY: With a telephone on your head.

GEORGE: Oh.

MUSIC:

JANE: Thanks a million for coming to the hospital with me, Liz. It was wonderful of you.

LIZ: Well, you're welcome, Jane, honey. I'm only glad I could do something to help.

JANE: You have. Norman was so worried. He read so many stories in the paper about taxi drivers having to stop on the way to the hospital because the baby arrived ahead of time.

LIZ: I wonder if they leave the meter running when that happens.

JANE: Oh, you make me feel good, Liz, when I should be feeling horrible.

LIZ: Do I, honey?

JANE: I, um... I guess you're always anxious with the first one.

LIZ: Well, you haven't anything to worry about, Jane. You'll be all right. And when it's all over, you'll realize that this has been a very wonderful experience for you. Something you wouldn't take a million dollars for.

JANE: Uh... do you think you could stay with me, Liz? I mean...

LIZ: Until the baby arrives? Of course, honey. I wouldn't think of leaving.

JANE: Thanks. Norman should be here pretty soon.

LIZ: What do you want, Jane? A boy or a girl?

JANE: I'd sort of like a little girl.

LIZ: How about Norman?

JANE: Oh, he says he just wants a boy *or* a girl.

LIZ: Well, I hope he isn't disappointed.

MUSIC:

CORY: George, are you sure this is the right hospital?

GEORGE: I don't know. Wait here, Cory. I'll ask that nurse at the desk.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS

GEORGE: Uh, I beg your pardon, nurse.

NURSE: Yes?

GEORGE: Do you have babies here?

NURSE: Yes.

GEORGE: Um... (CALLING) This is the place, Cory.

CORY: OK.

NURSE: Is there something I can do for you?

GEORGE: No thanks. My wife is doing it.

NURSE: Your... wife?

GEORGE: Mrs. Cugat. I'm Mr. Cugat. We have the same name.

NURSE: That's understandable.

GEORGE: Is she here?

NURSE: Yes, she is, Mr. Cugat. But you can't see her now. She left a message for you.

GEORGE: What is it?

NURSE: She said to tell you that she's decided to stay at the hospital until the baby arrives.

GEORGE: Oh. Well, will you give her a message for me?

NURSE: Certainly.

GEORGE: Just tell her I think she's made a wise decision.

MUSIC:

CORY: George, don't you think you should go home and wait until you hear from Liz, like the told you?

GEORGE: Of course, Cory. But, I have to get this stuff before I go home.

CORY: Isn't it a little... premature?

GEORGE: Of course not. I want to be ready.

CORY: But look at all the stuff you bought already—electric trains... baseball bat... drum and bugle... football helmet... boxing gloves...

GEORGE: Maybe I should get him a football, too.

CORY: George, do you realize that a newborn infant can't even stand up, much less play football? Why don't you get it a... a rattle?

GEORGE: A rattle? Oh, rattles are for kids. My son is going to play right tackle for Princeton.

CORY: I hope he's in shape. They play their first game next week.

GEORGE: Now, Cory, let's not be silly about this kid.

CORY: No. Let's not be that.

GEORGE: Obviously, he can't play right tackle for Princeton next week.

CORY: Oh. Obviously.

GEORGE: He doesn't know the signals.

CORY: Hm. George, now suppose it isn't a boy. Suppose it's a girl.

GEORGE: A girl? Oh, no, it can't be a girl. Liz wouldn't do that to me.

CORY: Liz hasn't got anything to say about it.

GEORGE: What do you mean, Liz hasn't got anything to say about it? She's its mother.

CORY: Yeah, but how can Liz make the child be a boy *or* a girl?

GEORGE: Well, she has to learn how to discipline it sometime.

MUSIC:

SOUND: DOOR CLOSE

LIZ: Hello, Katie.

KATIE: Oh, Mrs. Cugat. Did Mrs. Kendall have her baby?

LIZ: Yes. She did. Is Mr. Cugat home?

KATIE: Uh... yes, Ma'am. He and Mr. Cartwright are in the study and acting mighty strange, if you ask me.

LIZ: Oh really? I'll go in. Will dinner be ready soon?

KATIE: Yes, ma'am, in about a half hour.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS

LIZ: George! George!

SOUND: BUZZING

LIZ: What in the name of... George!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

SOUND: BUZZING IS A TOY TRAIN. GETS LOUDER WHEN DOOR OPENS.

GEORGE: Look out, Cory. Here comes the Eastbound Express *Woo-Woo*

SOUND: TRAIN WHISTLE

LIZ: Hey!

SOUND: TRAIN AND WHISTLE STOP SUDDENLY

GEORGE: Liz, darling.

CORY: Hi, Liz.

GEORGE: Liz, what are you doing home so soon?

LIZ: What do you mean, “soon?” It’s after seven.

GEORGE: Yeah, but... but what about the baby?

LIZ: It was born an hour ago.

GEORGE & CORY: An *hour* ago?

LIZ: Sure.

GEORGE: But, but, but... how’d you get out of the hospital?

LIZ: I walked out. How do you think?

GEORGE: But, but... didn’t the doctor say anything to you?

LIZ: Yeah, he said, “goodbye.”

GEORGE: Well, I knew medical science was making progress, but I didn’t know it was anything like this.

CORY: What about the baby, Liz? What is it?

LIZ: It’s a boy.

GEORGE: A boy! Oh, what did I tell you, Cory? Oh, Liz, who does he look like?

LIZ: He looks like Norman Kendall.

GEORGE: Yeah, I knew he... who?

LIZ: Norman Kendall. Who’d you expect him to look like? You?

GEORGE: Well, as a matter of fact, I did.

LIZ: (LAUGHS)

GEORGE: Well, after all, I *am* his father.

LIZ: (LIZ STOPS LAUGHING) ... WHAT? Now, listen...

KATIE: (ENTERING) Excuse me, Mrs. Cugat. The hospital just phoned to tell you that it was twins.

GEORGE: TWINS? Oh, give me time. I just became the father of a boy.

KATIE: This one's a girl.

LIZ: Congratulations, George. Now you're a mother, too.

MUSIC:

GEORGE: Aw, Liz, darling, why didn't you tell me Jane and Norman Kendall were expecting a baby?

LIZ: I told you the other morning at breakfast, but you were too busy reading the financial page.

GEORGE: Oh. That reminds me, where is the evening paper?

LIZ: I'm sitting on it.

GEORGE: Sitting on it? Why?

LIZ: Because I want to tell you about Mitzi, and I don't want you to get me mixed up with Mitzi, like you did with Jane.

GEORGE: All right. What is it?

LIZ: Mrs. Jordan says that Mitzi is expecting.

GEORGE: Who's Mitzi?

LIZ: Her cocker spaniel.

MUSIC:

LIZ: George. Are you asleep?

GEORGE: Not yet.

LIZ: Can I sit on the side of your bed?

GEORGE: Sure.

LIZ: There. Isn't this cozy?

GEORGE: Mm-hm.

LIZ: George, your bed's higher than mine.

GEORGE: Maybe it's because you're sitting on my stomach.

LIZ: Oh, I'm sorry, darling. Is that better?

GEORGE: Much.

LIZ: George?

GEORGE: Yes?

LIZ: I'll bet I can make you kiss me.

GEORGE: I'll bet you can't.

LIZ: All right. First I put my arms around you.

GEORGE: Mm-mm. Ah, but I won't bite on this. I taught it to you.

LIZ: Now tilt your chin up, like this. Now. Ready?

GEORGE: Yeah. I'm ready, but I won't bite.

LIZ: Candied orange.

GEORGE: Mm-mm.

LIZ: Baked apple.

GEORGE: Mm-mm.

LIZ: Stewed... uh... stewed... oh, darn, what is that other word?

GEORGE: Oh, you mean "prunes?" (THEY KISS) Mmmmmmmmmmm.

LIZ: (JOINS IN) Mmmmmmm.

GEORGE: Liz, you tricked me.

LIZ: Ha, ha. Good night, George.

MUSIC:

ANNOUNCER: "My Favorite Husband," has been presented through the world wide facilities of the United States Armed Forces Radio and Television Services.

MUSIC: continues

END