

Generic Radio Workshop Script Library [\(BACK\)](#)**Series: Burns & Allen****Show: Royal Wedding****Date: Nov 20 1947****CAST:**

GRACIE ALLEN, the daffy wife

GEORGE BURNS, the long-suffering husband

ANNOUNCER, Tobe Reed (pronounced TO'-bee)

BILL GOODWIN, the narcissistic, girl crazy commercial spokesman

MEREDITH, the allegedly dumb bandleader from Iowa

JUDSON, the Texas oilman, a good ol' boy

MILLER, the psychiatrist, educated

MOTHER, Gracie's

SINGER 1

SINGER 2

NBC ANNOUNCER

GRACIE: Another cup of Maxwell House Coffee, George?

GEORGE: Sure. Pour me a cup, Gracie.

GRACIE: You know, Maxwell House is always good to the last--

MXF: DESCENDING TRILL

GRACIE: --drop.

MXF: DING!

GEORGE: And that drop's good, too.

MXF: KNIFE CHORD

ANNOUNCER: Yes, it's Maxwell House Coffee Time starring George Burns and Gracie Allen!

SFX: APPLAUSE

MXF: THEME ... "THE LOVE NEST" ... THEN IN BG

ANNOUNCER: With yours truly Tobe Reed, Verna Felton, Gale Gordon, Hans Conried, Meredith Willson, the Maxwell House Orchestra, and Bill Goodwin.

BILL: For America's Thursday night comedy enjoyment, it's George and Gracie. And for America's everyday coffee-drinking enjoyment, it's Maxwell House -- always good to the last drop.

MXF: TO A FINISH

ANNOUNCER: Well, the subject of discussion in millions of homes today was the wedding of Princess Elizabeth and Lieutenant Philip

Mountbatten. And, in the Burns home, Gracie was saying to George--

GRACIE: George, don't you wish we had been in England for Elizabeth and Philip's wedding?

GEORGE: Yeah, that must have been quite a sight.

GRACIE: Oh, I was just reading here in the paper about their wedding cake. It weighed five hundred pounds.

GEORGE: Five hundred pounds?

GRACIE: Mm hm.

GEORGE: That's almost as heavy as the first biscuits you made. ...

GRACIE: Aw, you were pretty sentimental about my biscuits at the time, George. You even kept one and had it bronzed like a baby shoe. ...

GEORGE: I didn't have it bronzed; that's the way you baked it. ...

GRACIE: Oh. Well, let's get back--

GEORGE: I'm using it for a doorstep. ...

GRACIE: Oh. Well--

GEORGE: Sentiment, you know. ...

GRACIE: Yes. Well, George, let's get back to Princess Elizabeth's wedding. There's one thing I don't understand. If she becomes queen someday, will Philip be the king?

GEORGE: No. He'll be the consort. Like Queen Victoria had.

GRACIE: Queen Victoria?

GEORGE: Yeah. She's the one who was so crazy about Prince Albert.

GRACIE: Oh. Smoked a pipe, huh? ...

GEORGE: (DRY) Only at the opera. ... Prince Albert was her consort.

GRACIE: Her consort?

GEORGE: Yeah.

GRACIE: What's that?

GEORGE: Well, a consort just stays in the background and lets his wife do most of the work.

GRACIE: Oh, gee, all these years I've had a consort and didn't know it! ...

GEORGE: (DRY) Thanks, Queenie. ...

GRACIE: Aw, but I love my little consort and I've got a wonderful idea.

GEORGE: What is it?

GRACIE: Well, they're going to rebroadcast the royal wedding tonight, so let's cuddle up in front of the fireplace and listen to it. It'll be so romantic!

GEORGE: (RELUCTANT) Oh, honey, I'd have to chop wood for the fireplace--

GRACIE: Oh, no, you wouldn't. Who needs a fire in the fireplace when I'm sitting with Volcano Lips? ...

GEORGE: That's - me?

GRACIE: Well, sure! Your kisses would keep me warm. How about a few degrees on account right now?

GEORGE: Okay.

SFX: SMACK! OF KISS

GRACIE: (BEAT) Uh, better chop some wood, George.

GEORGE: (OVERLAPS WITH ABOVE) Chop wood, yeah. ... I thought so.

SFX: DOOR BELL BUZZES

GEORGE: Come in!

SFX: DOOR OPENS ... THEN SHUTS BEHIND--

BILL: Hi, Burnses!

GRACIE: Oh, hello, Bill.

GEORGE: Hi, Bill.

BILL: Oh, say, George -- the fellows have got a big poker game on for tonight. How 'bout joining us?

GEORGE: Swell. Count me in.

GRACIE: Oh, but, Bill, I want George to stay home tonight and listen to the wedding. I want to turn the lights down low and pretend that he's my Prince Charming.

BILL: Oh, believe me, Gracie -- no lights can be turned that low. ...

GRACIE: Please, Bill, don't take him away. Why don't you give up the poker game and listen to the wedding, too?

BILL: No, no, Gracie. Weddings are so sad. Every time I go to one, the bride weeps and moans and tears her hair and screams in agony--

GEORGE: The bride does that?

BILL: Well, yes. She looks at me and sees what she's missed. ...

GEORGE: (TO GRACIE) Plenty nerve.

GRACIE: (AGREES) Mm hm. But, Bill, it'll be a thrilling ceremony to listen to. Mr. Mountbatten will give the princess the ring and she'll give him the two dollars for the license and then they'll--

BILL: Uh, Gracie?

GRACIE: Hm?

BILL: She'll give him two dollars for the license?

GRACIE: Yeah. Well, isn't that part of every wedding ceremony?

BILL: No.

GRACIE: (BEAT, INDIGNANT) George Burns! ...

GEORGE: (DEFENSIVE) The custom has changed! ...

BILL: Well, how 'bout it, George? Ya gonna play poker or listen to the wedding?

GEORGE: Play poker.

BILL: Swell. That makes five. Besides you and me, there'll be Dr. Miller the psychiatrist; Mr. Judson the Texan; and Meredith Willson the schmo. ...

GEORGE: Sounds great.

BILL: Aw, sure. The host is gonna fix up a big spread -- cold turkey, ham sandwiches, roast beef, pie, cake, coffee--

GEORGE: Wow! Uh, who's gonna be the host?

BILL: You! See ya 'bout nine! ...

MPX: BRIDGE

GRACIE: George, won't you change your mind and listen to the wedding with me?

GEORGE: No, thanks.

GRACIE: But it would be so much fun. We could sort of pretend that we were Philip and Elizabeth. I could even get out my wedding dress and wear it.

GEORGE: You mean that thing your mother made?

GRACIE: Uh huh.

GEORGE: It was so tight around the ankles you could hardly walk.

GRACIE: Well, that was mama's idea. She said at the last minute I might trip, fall on my head, and come to my senses. ...

GEORGE: Dear old mama. She really thinks I'm a dog, eh?

GRACIE: Oh, no, George. Mama thinks you're handsome. Why, she said you look just like a beautiful statue.

GEORGE: Your mother said that?

GRACIE: Mm hm. You know that statue in the park of the general sitting on his horse?

GEORGE: Yeah.

GRACIE: Well, mama says if you approach that statue from a certain angle, it looks just--

GEORGE: Okay, okay. ... I get mama's idea.

SFX: DOOR BELL BUZZES

GEORGE: Come in!

SFX: DOOR OPENS ... THEN SHUTS BEHIND--

MEREDITH: Hello, all.

GRACIE: Oh, hello, Meredith.

GEORGE: All set for the poker game tonight, Meredith?

MEREDITH: You bet I am, George. I've been reading up on the game till I've become an expert.

GEORGE: Well, good, good.

MEREDITH: Which type of poker will we play -- auction or contract? ...

GEORGE: You, uh, read up on bridge. You better forget about playing poker and stick to playing the flute.

MEREDITH: Oh, I've just about given up the flute. My lip's not as strong as it used to be.

GEORGE: Your mind's not gettin' any stronger either. ...

MEREDITH: Oh, please let me play poker, George. Why, Dr. Miller the psychiatrist says that I should mingle with you fellas. He says that my association with Gracie's club has been bad for me. They made me an honorary woman, you know. ...

GEORGE: I know, I know.

MEREDITH: Well, Dr. Miller says if I'm not careful, I'll develop a split personality.

GRACIE: Oh, my goodness, Meredith! Let's not split your personality!

GEORGE: Oh, no. There's barely enough as it is. ... I think it's better this way.

GRACIE: Yes.

SFX: PHONE RINGS

GRACIE: Oh, the phone's ringing in the den. (MOVING OFF) Excuse me, boys, I'll go answer it.

GEORGE: Why, certainly, certainly. Um, Meredith?

MEREDITH: Mm hm?

GEORGE: Now, let me explain the difference between poker and bridge. You see, there are fifty--

SFX: DOOR BELL BUZZES

GEORGE: Oh, uh, there's our Texas friend, Mr. Judson. Stick around and meet this guy, Meredith. He's got twenty-four million dollars in oil wells.

MEREDITH: Isn't that a messy place to hide it? ...

GEORGE: (DRY) He wraps it in wax paper. ... (CALLS) Come in!

SFX: DOOR OPENS ... THEN SHUTS BEHIND--

JUDSON: Howdy, Mr. Burns!

GEORGE: Oh, hello, Mr. Judson. Like you to meet our friend Meredith Willson.

MEREDITH: I'm glad to meet ya, Mr. Judson.

JUDSON: Right pleased to make your acquaintance, Willson. Eh, you from Texas?

MEREDITH: No, sir. I'm from Iowa.

JUDSON: (CAN'T PLACE IT) Iowa? Iowa. Is that a small town? ...

MEREDITH: No, uh, Iowa's a state, Mr. Judson. Has an area of fifty-six thousand square miles.

JUDSON: In Texas, that's a small town. ...

GEORGE: All set for the poker game tonight, Judson?

JUDSON: Yeah. Yeah, but I hope you gentlemen don't mind settin' a small limit. Say, uh, no bet over a hundred thousand dollars?

GEORGE: (BEAT) That's a small limit?

JUDSON: Why, down home, that's a poor folks' game. That's the one I play in 'cause I only got twenty-five million.

GEORGE: (BEAT) I thought it was twenty-four million.

JUDSON: Yeah. Well, I had a little hard luck. My chickens was runnin'

loose in the yard lookin' for worms, and one hen yanked out a' extra-long worm and up come another derved oil well. ...

GEORGE: Uh, you call that hard luck?

JUDSON: Got my chickens all dirty! ...

GEORGE: For thirty thousand dollars you can have 'em cleaned. ...

JUDSON: I didn't have any small change!

GEORGE: I see. ... Well, our poker game is penny-ante, Mr. Judson.

GRACIE: (ENTERS) Well, here's the book, Meredith-- Oh, hello, Mr. Judson!

JUDSON: Howdy, little lady! I've just checkin' up on the poker game.

GRACIE: Well, I hope you'll let my husband win a little money tonight.

JUDSON: Don't you worry, ma'am. I'll see that he gets a pot.

GRACIE: Yeah, he's got a pot; let him get some money! ...

JUDSON: (LAUGHS LIKE A WILD MAN) Oh, I like your sense of humor, ma'am!
(LAUGHS) I'll see ya!

SFX: APPLAUSE

MXF: CURTAIN ... TRANSITIONS TO STOLZ'S "TWO HEARTS IN THREE-QUARTER TIME" ... THEN IN BG

ANNOUNCER: Ah, Meredith, I suppose all hearts beat in tune with three-quarter time.

MEREDITH: Yes, but, Tobe, it takes more than three-quarter time to account for all the appeal of a lovely waltz. Suppose we explain by blending a waltz right now?

ANNOUNCER: Great. Which one?

MEREDITH: Oh, that's for you to guess, Tobe. Let's start with just the harmony -- smooth and mellow.

MXF: HARMONY

MEREDITH: Now we'll blend in a countermelody to add richness.

MXF: HARMONY & COUNTERMELODY

ANNOUNCER: Ah, it's beautiful, Meredith, but I still don't know the song.

MEREDITH: Oh, just wait, Tobe, while we add vigor with that three-quarter rhythm.

MXF: HARMONY, COUNTERMELODY & WALTZ RHYTHM

MEREDITH: And now the melody to complete this blend of waltz music at its best.

MFX: HARMONY, COUNTERMELODY, RHYTHM AND THE MELODY ("LET ME CALL YOU SWEETHEART") ... THEN IN BG

ANNOUNCER: Well, what do you know? "Let Me Call You Sweetheart." A lovely waltz indeed. And, friends, just as our favorite waltzes call for the skilled blending of many orchestral parts, so too with the blending of America's favorite coffee, Maxwell House. Not just one, but many choice coffees are combined in the famous Maxwell House blend, each variety carefully chosen by experts who determine the special flavor qualities each coffee will contribute to the final superb, good-to-the-last-drop flavor of Maxwell House. With great care, they select Manizales to contribute mellowness--

MFX: WOODWINDS ... FIRST PHRASE OF "LET ME CALL YOU SWEETHEART" CHORUS

ANNOUNCER: To add richness, they choose Medellins--

MFX: STRINGS ... SECOND PHRASE OF "LET ME CALL YOU SWEETHEART"

ANNOUNCER: For vigor, other choice coffees are added--

MFX: BRASS ... THIRD PHRASE OF "LET ME CALL YOU SWEETHEART"

ANNOUNCER: And for fine, full body, they blend in superb Bucaramangas.

MFX: ORCHESTRA ... FOURTH PHRASE OF "LET ME CALL YOU SWEETHEART" ... THEN IN BG

ANNOUNCER: The result is America's favorite coffee, Maxwell House -- a blend so completely satisfying, it's bought and enjoyed by more people than any other coffee at any price. Friends, enjoy delicious Maxwell House yourself. You can -- for just a fraction of a penny more per cup than the cheapest coffee sold. Always buy Maxwell House, always good to the last drop.

MFX: "LET ME CALL YOU SWEETHEART" ... TO A FINISH

SFX: APPLAUSE

ANNOUNCER: And now back to the Burns home where a red hot poker game is in session.

GEORGE: The ace bets. That's you, Bill.

BILL: Well, uh, I'll bet two.

GEORGE: Mr. Judson?

JUDSON: I call.

GEORGE: Dr. Miller?

MILLER: I call.

GEORGE: Meredith?

MEREDITH: I bid two no-trump. ...

MILLER: (PATIENTLY) Meredith, once again, let us explain. This is not bridge; it's poker.

GEORGE: Yeah. I raise you, Bill.

BILL: I drop.

JUDSON: I'm out.

MILLER: And I raise you, Mr. Burns.

GEORGE: How 'bout you, Meredith?

MEREDITH: Oh, I guess I'd better drop, too. I got four kings but they're all in different suits. ...

GEORGE: Well, Dr. Miller, I'm gonna raise you.

MILLER: (COOLLY TRIUMPHANT) You know, gentlemen, being a psychiatrist gives me a very unfair advantage over you. Twelve years of psychiatrics have taught me to interpret the slightest sign. The flicker of an eyelash conveys a message to my trained eye. Right now, I know that Mr. Burns is bluffing! Therefore, I call.

GEORGE: Well, all I got is a pair of queens. What've you got, doctor?

MILLER: (DEFLATED) Pair of deuces and a lousy education. ...

ANNOUNCER: And while George played poker, poor little Gracie sat alone in her room and listened to the wedding of Princess Elizabeth and Lieutenant Mountbatten. Then, she fell asleep and started to dream.

MXF: SHIMMERING, TO SIGNAL A DREAM SEQUENCE ... THEN "RULE, BRITANNIA" ... FADES OUT BEHIND--

MOTHER: (CALLS GENTLY) Princess Gracie? Princess Gracie?

GRACIE: Yes, Queen Mother?

MOTHER: Hurry with your wedding gown. All England is waiting for your marriage to the lieutenant.

GRACIE: Oh, yes -- my handsome lieutenant! Do you approve of him, mother?

MOTHER: Oh, yes. What an athlete he was in school!

GRACIE: Oh, yes. A fine cricket player.

MOTHER: The best at Eton.

GRACIE: The best at cricket, too. ...

MOTHER: He's so dashing, so debonair.

MXF: FANFARE

MOTHER: Here he comes!

ANNOUNCER: Announcing the arrival of the future prince consort, toast of all England, idol of the British womanhood, the hero of the empire -- Lieutenant George Mountburns! ...

NOTE: GEORGE ADOPTS AN UNCONVINCING BRITISH ACCENT AND CONVEYS A PASSIONLESS, ABOVE-IT-ALL ATTITUDE THROUGHOUT THE DREAM SEQUENCE

GEORGE: (FOGGY) Are you there? ...

GRACIE: Oh, mama! Isn't he glorious?

MOTHER: Yes, he looks just like a statue! ... The top part. ...

GEORGE: Thank you, mater. (TO GRACIE) Will you love me always, princess?

GRACIE: Always. Just like Queen Victoria loved Bull Durham. ...

GEORGE: That was Prince Albert.

GRACIE: Oh, yeah. ...

MXF: FANFARE

ANNOUNCER: Announcing the arrival of His Excellency, the Prime Minister!

MEREDITH: (SAME OLD IOWA ACCENT) Hello, all. I am, uh-- I am Meredith W. Churchill. ...

GRACIE: Hello! Mother, you know Mr. Churchill?

MOTHER: Oh, yes -- he's been in my cabinet for years.

GRACIE: Oh, well, don't worry; I won't tell father. ... And, Mr. Churchill, this is my betrothed, Lieutenant Mountburns.

MEREDITH: Fruit-fruit, old pip! ...

GEORGE: (FOGGY) Are you there? ...

GRACIE: My goodness, Mr. Churchill, that's a big cigar you're smoking.

MEREDITH: As a youth, I smoked even bigger ones. But my lip isn't as strong as it used to be. ...

GRACIE: What brings you here?

MEREDITH: Several important personages are waiting to congratulate Your Highness. So I took the liberty of bringing them to your bridal -- if you'll pardon the expression -- chamber! ...

GRACIE: Shall we see them, Lieutenant?

GEORGE: Carry on.

ANNOUNCER: Presenting His Excellency, the ambassador from France!

MILLER: (FRENCH ACCENT) Bonjour, Madame la Princesse. In France, we have

a little verse we always say before a wedding. "Je veux dire que potage est plus mou que fromage."

GRACIE: Oh. What does that mean?

MILLER: "Soup is softer than cheese." ...

GRACIE: But that doesn't make sense.

MILLER: (GALLIC INSOUCIANCE) At a wedding, what makes sense? ...

GEORGE: (FOGGY) Good show. ...

ANNOUNCER: Presenting His Excellency, the ambassador from Texas!

JUDSON: Howdy, little princess! Say, I heard on the "raddy-o" that you and the lieutenant are gonna settle down in Texas.

GRACIE: Oh, but we're not. We're gonna live in the palace.

JUDSON: Oh, palace! I thought the fella said Dallas! ... Well, can't all be lucky. I'll be seein' ya!

GEORGE: Droll fellow.

MEREDITH: Pardon me, Your Highness, I suggest that you refuse to see this next person. He's that bounder, the Earl of Goodwin.

GRACIE: What's he doing here? The burlesque show must have burned down. ...

GEORGE: I hear he's the biggest chaser in London.

GRACIE: Oh, he makes passes at anything that wears skirts. But of one foggy day, he had quite a tussle with a Scotchman. ...

GEORGE: Do tell? Oh, well, let's see the blighter. ...

ANNOUNCER: Presenting His Wolfship, the Earl of Goodwin. ...

BILL: Hiya, princess, ol' kid! How's about a kiss?

GRACIE: A kiss?! How dare you say such a thing to Her Highness, Gracie, the Princess of England?

BILL: Well, you shoulda heard what I said last night to "Tassels" LaTour, the Queen of Quiver. ...

GEORGE: Rotter. ...

BILL: Hey, Lieut! How's about a poker game tonight?

GEORGE: (NO PASSION WHATSOEVER) You suggest that I would leave my wife to play poker? You have insulted me. Take that, you cad.

SFX: WHACK!

BILL: Ooh.

GEORGE: And that.

SFX: WHACK!

BILL: Ooh.

GEORGE: And that.

SFX: WHACK!

BILL: (OVERACTING) Oooh, no! Please! Don't hit me again! Those blows will crush my frail little body! (MOVING OFF) I'll go! I'll go! ...

GRACIE: Oh, Lieutenant, I love you! You're so brave and so strong!

GEORGE: Rah-ther. ...

MOTHER: Princess Gracie, it's almost time for your wedding to Lieutenant Mountburns.

MEREDITH: The royal carriage waits to take you to Westminster Abbey.

GEORGE: We shan't need it. I shall carry the princess. It's only fourteen miles. ...

GRACIE: But what about our five-hundred-pound wedding cake?

GEORGE: I shall carry that, too.

MEREDITH: What shall I do with the carriage?

GEORGE: I shall carry the carriage. ...

MOTHER: How will I get to the wedding?

GEORGE: Hop on. ...

GRACIE: (ADORING) Oh, Lieutenant, they should have made you a sergeant!

GEORGE: Tally ho. Off to the royal wedding. And then we shall spend our honeymoon in Wales.

GRACIE: Well, wouldn't we be more comfortable in hotels? ...

GEORGE: I say, that was a jolly one. Come along.

SFX: APPLAUSE

MXF: BRIDGE

ANNOUNCER: While Gracie dreams of her marriage to Lieutenant Mountburns, the poker game continues unabated.

GEORGE: I call.

BILL: I call.

JUDSON: I call.

MEREDITH: I think I'll be the dummy this hand. ...

MILLER: This hand, he says. Meredith, you're ruining the game.

BILL: Yeah, we really shouldn't let him play. Poker's a game of skill.

MILLER: Certainly, it takes science and intelligence.

JUDSON: That's right.

GEORGE: Yeah. By the way, who's the big winner so far?

MILLER: (BEAT, SADLY) Meredith. ...

GEORGE: Let's change the game.

BILL: That's a good idea, George. How 'bout a little "Spit in the Ocean"?

JUDSON: Okay by me.

MILLER: Swell.

MEREDITH: Can we make it from here? ...

GEORGE: (DRY) You'll have to stand on your toes. ...

MILLER: Meredith, why don't you drop out and fix a cup?

GROUP: (AD LIBS) Yeah. Sure.

BILL: Yeah, Mer. Make us some Maxwell House Coffee, huh?

GEORGE: I'd better make it. I know where things are. (MOVES OFF) Deal me out a couple o' hands, fellas.

GROUP: (AD LIBS) Okay, George. Okay. Don't be long.

SFX: GEORGE'S FOOTSTEPS DOWN THE HALL

GEORGE: (TO HIMSELF) Well, guess I'd better look in the bedroom and see if Gracie got to sleep all right.

SFX: GEORGE'S FOOTSTEPS OUT AS BEDROOM DOOR OPENS

GRACIE: (TALKS IN HER SLEEP) Oh, isn't he wonderful, mother? So brave, so strong, so handsome.

GEORGE: (TO HIMSELF, IMPRESSED) What a sweet kid. Talkin' about me in her sleep.

GRACIE: (TALKS IN HER SLEEP) Kiss me again. I love you, Lieutenant. ...

GEORGE: (TO HIMSELF, WORRIED) Lieutenant? Holy-- Gracie - Gracie's in love with another man! I've lost her!

SFX: BEDROOM DOOR SHUTS ... GEORGE'S HURRIED FOOTSTEPS UP THE HALL ... OUT BEHIND--

GEORGE: (STRICKEN) Hey, fellas. Fellas.

BILL: Huh?

GEORGE: Something terrible has happened.

GROUP: (AD LIBS) Huh? What is it? What's the matter, George?

GEORGE: I've lost the dearest thing in life.

BILL: (REALIZES, HORRIFIED) George! You don't mean--?

GEORGE: Yes, Bill.

BILL: How do you like that? He's lost his Maxwell House Coffee! ... (OVERLY DRAMATIC) George, how could you be so careless? Don't you know that Maxwell House is rich, delicious and mellow?! So wonderfully satisfying?! Good to the last drop?!

GEORGE: Bill, let me explain--

BILL: (BURSTS INTO TEARS) You ruined our evening, George! Maxwell House is the very best in coffee-drinking pleasure! Yet it costs but a fraction of a penny more per cup than the cheapest coffee you can buy! (COMPLETELY LOSES IT) Now you've gone and lost it and we fellas won't get any! (SOBS) ...

GEORGE: But, Bill--

BILL: Aw, shut up! ... (RAMBLING ON) More than a thousand brands to choose from; more people buy and enjoy Maxwell House than any other brand of coffee in the world. How could you lose it, George?! ... How could you do such a thing?!

GEORGE: (CAUGHT UP IN THE MOMENT, TEARFUL) I'm sorry, Bill. I guess I was just careless. (BIG SOB) ... (SNAPS OUT OF IT) I haven't lost my Maxwell House Coffee!

BILL: Huh?

GEORGE: I've lost my wife!

BILL: (RELIEVED, CHEERFUL) Oh. Well, then there's nothing to cry about! ...

MILLER: Are you serious, George?

GEORGE: Yes, Dr. Miller. I just heard her talking in her sleep. She's in love with a lieutenant.

GROUP: (AD LIBS, CONCERNED MURMURS)

MEREDITH: (ENTERS) I'm sorry I had to drop out of the poker game for a minute, fellas. What's all the excitement?

JUDSON: Mr. Burns just lost his wife!

MEREDITH: Really? Who won her? ...

GEORGE: Advise me, doctor. What shall I do?

MILLER: Well, let's face it, George. You have been neglecting Gracie.

GEORGE: Yeah, I guess I have.

MILLER: I suggest that you do a complete about-face. Overwhelm her with love and attention. Show her every kindness. Wait on her hand and foot.

GEORGE: (DETERMINED) Doc, I'll do it. No lieutenant is gonna take my wife away. When Gracie wakes up in the morning, she'll find a new George Burns.

MFJ: BRIEF BRIDGE ... "TWO HEARTS IN THREE-QUARTER TIME"

GEORGE: Good morning, sweetheart. My precious little wifey awake?

GRACIE: (SURPRISED) Why, George, you're all dressed. You got up before I did!

GEORGE: Yeah.

GRACIE: Who fixed the furnace?

GEORGE: I fixed it.

GRACIE: Gee, I didn't think you knew where to find it. ...

GEORGE: Now you just stay here in bed all comfy and I'll bring your breakfast to ya.

GRACIE: (DISBELIEF) You're bringing me breakfast in bed?

GEORGE: Yeah.

GRACIE: Why, George, you must have lost an awful lot in that poker game.

GEORGE: Well, as a matter of fact, I won five bucks and here it is. All for you.

GRACIE: You -- givin' me money?

GEORGE: Sure.

GRACIE: When I didn't even ask for it?

GEORGE: That's right.

GRACIE: Counterfeit, huh? ...

GEORGE: No, it's real. And from now on, you can have all the money you want. Hey, wait. Why are you getting out of bed?

GRACIE: So you can get in. You're sick! ...

GEORGE: No, I'm not, sweetheart. I'm just being the kind of husband

you've always deserved. And now I'm gonna give you a great big kiss.

SFX: SMACK! OF KISS

GEORGE: There.

GRACIE: Why, George! That one landed on my lips!

GEORGE: Did you like it?

GRACIE: Ohhh, I loved it! You've kissed me on the top of my head so many years that I've developed a bald spot. ...

GEORGE: Uh, by the way, I'll be bringing your breakfast to bed every morning so you should have a lovely negligee to wear. You know that expensive silk one I told you not to buy?

GRACIE: Yes?

GEORGE: Would you like me to go to the store and get it for you?

GRACIE: No, just go to the closet and get it. ...

GEORGE: Ah, well, I'm glad you bought it. Nothing's too good for ya.

GRACIE: Oh, I wish mama could be here to listen to this.

GEORGE: Well, let's invite your mother here for a visit. The lovely lady can stay as long as she likes.

GRACIE: George -- kiss me again.

GEORGE: It's a pleasure.

SFX: SMACK! OF KISS

GEORGE: Was that as good as the last one?

GRACIE: I didn't notice. I just wanted to smell your breath. ...

GEORGE: Honest, I haven't been drinking. I'm just doing everything I can to show you that I'm a better husband than the lieutenant could be.

GRACIE: The lieutenant?

GEORGE: Yeah. I heard you talk in your sleep and say that you loved him. Please don't leave me for him.

GRACIE: Oh, I couldn't, George. You're the lieutenant!

GEORGE: What?

GRACIE: Oh, yes. I dreamed that I was Princess Gracie and you were Lieutenant Mountburns and we were so happy, we-- George?! Where are you going?!

GEORGE: To take the negligee back to the store while you fix my breakfast.

GRACIE: Oh, I knew it couldn't last! ...

MFX: THEME ... "THE LOVE NEST" ... TO A FINISH

SFX: APPLAUSE

ANNOUNCER: George and Gracie will return in just a moment. Join us again Thursday when we'll all be back -- George Burns, Gracie Allen, Bill Goodwin, Meredith Willson and the Maxwell House Orchestra, and yours truly Tobe Reed. "The George Burns and Gracie Allen Show" is written by Keith Fowler and Paul Henning. And now, here are our stars.

GEORGE: Gracie, I've got a thrill for ya. Next week our guest will be that romantic French crooner Jean Sablon.

GRACIE: Oooh, the French George Burns!

GEORGE: Yeah. ... Here's another thrill. The following week our guest star will be the one and only Bing Crosby.

GRACIE: Oooh, the American George Burns! ...

GEORGE: You really think that Bing and I sing alike?

GRACIE: Exactly!

GEORGE: (SINGS, BADLY) "When the blue of the night meets the gold of the day, someone -- " Buh buh buh boom--

GRACIE: Oh, please, George, please. Bing has four children to support. ...

GEORGE: Yeah, I don't want to hurt the kid, yeah.

GRACIE: Well, uh, see you next week, Mr. Sablon. And you the following week, Bing. Good night.

GEORGE: Good night.

SFX: APPLAUSE

MFX: THEME ... "THE LOVE NEST" ... THEN OUT BEHIND--

ANNOUNCER: Be sure to tune in next Thursday when our guest will be Jean Sablon, and the following Thursday, Bing Crosby. Until next week, good night and good luck from the makers of Maxwell House, America's number one preferred brand of coffee. Always good to the last drop.

MFX: COMMERCIAL JINGLE

SINGER 1: Hey! Where do you live, Suzanne?

SINGER 2: I live in Mich-i-gan!

SINGER 1: And what do you eat, Suzanne?

MFx: COMMERCIAL JINGLE ENDS ABRUPTLY

SINGER 2: (SPOKEN) Eat? I eat Jell-O!

ANNOUNCER: Jell-O! In those six delicious flavors! Strawberry, raspberry, cherry, orange, lemon and lime. Flavors locked in by an exclusive process -- just as that name Jell-O is exclusive. That name is a trademark, the property of General Foods, and it tells you, "Here is the genuine, the one and only Jell-O gelatin dessert!"

MFx: COMMERCIAL JINGLE

SINGERS: Jell-O, Jell-O, Jell-O, Jell-O --
J-E-L-L-Ooooooooooooo!

MFx: COMMERCIAL JINGLE ENDS

SFX: APPLAUSE

MFx: THEME ... "THE LOVE NEST" ... THEN IN BG

ANNOUNCER: And don't forget, folks, next Thursday, Jean Sablon will be the guest of George and Gracie. And the following Thursday, Bing Crosby.

SFX & MFx: FADE OUT

NBC ANNCR: This is NBC, the National Broadcasting Company.

MFx: NBC CHIMES