Phil Harris & Alice Faye

“Babysitting”

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

CAST:
Phil Harris
Alice Faye
Bill
Rexall Announcer
Mr. Scott
Frankie Remley
Willie
Julius
Woman
Mary

SFX:
Footsteps
Doorbell
Door opens & close
Phone hangs up
Refrigerator door opens
Bottle smash on floor
Bagels dropping in bowl
Mixing in bowl

MUSIC:

BILL: Yes, it’s Sunday. Time for the “Phil Harris, Alice Faye Show”. Presented by the makers of Rexall drug products and your Rexall family druggist.

REXALL: Good evening. This is your Rexall family druggist, taking a little time from behind the prescription counter this Sunday evening, to speak for all ten thousand of us. The ten thousand independent druggists who have added the word “Rexall” to our own store names. You can always tell us by the orange and blue Rexall sign in our windows. The sign means that we carry the two thousand or more drug products made by the Rexall drug company. They range all the way from aspirin to penicillin. And they’re as find and pure and dependable as science can make them. We druggist’s recommend them to our customers because we know you can depend on any drug product that bears the name, “Rexall.”

MUSIC:

BILL: Good health to all, from Rexall.

MUSIC:

BILL: And now the Rexall family druggist brings you “The Phil Haris/Alice Faye show”, written by Ray Singer and Dick Chevillat, with Elliott Lewis, Walter Teltey, Robert North, Walther Sharfh and his music, and starring Alice Faye and Phil Harris.

APPLAUSE

MUSIC: THEME
BILL: Phil and Alice have just finished the weekly rehearsal of their radio show, and we find them leaving the studio at NBC.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS

PHIL HARRIS: Hey, Alice. Looks like we got a swell show for next week, huh?

ALICE FAYE: Yes, everything sounded great, Phil. Except… your song. Do you think you ought to do that type of number?

PHIL HARRIS: Well, why not? They ain’t nuthin wrong with my rendition of “Trees.” Besides, I can’t go on just singin that… hey. Hey, Alice. Look. Look at that guy comin’ toward us. He looks familiar.

ALICE FAYE: Where? Oh. That’s Mr. Scott, one of the Rexall executives.

PHIL HARRIS: Mr. Scott?

ALICE FAYE: Mm-hm.

PHIL HARRIS: Scott? You mean the guy Frankie and me almost blew up with that chemistry set a few weeks ago?

ALICE FAYE: The same.

PHIL HARRIS: Gee whiz, I ain’t never met that guy. You know something, honey? I’ve been trying to reach him and tell him I’m sorry but… but I don’t know, he’s never in when I call.

ALICE FAYE: Well, here’s your chance to meet him and apologize.

PHIL HARRIS: Okay, honey. Now look. When he gets up here, introduce him to me, and gimmie me a big buildup. Send me up, now.

ALICE FAYE: Okay, I will. Hello, Mr. Scott.

MR. SCOTT: Oh, how do you do, Miss Faye. My, you look charming today.

ALICE FAYE: Thank you. Mr. Scott, may I present…

MR. SCOTT: I meant to call and tell you how much I enjoyed you on the program last Sunday, Miss Faye.

ALICE FAYE: Oh, thank you. And now may I pre…. Did you really like me?

PHIL HARRIS: I, uh… (COUGHING)

MR. SCOTT: Oh, yes. Yes, indeed. I thought you song was out of this world.

ALICE FAYE: Oh, it’s nice of you to say that, Mr. Scott.

PHIL HARRIS: I, uh… (COUGHING)

ALICE FAYE: I always like to know that you’re happy with what I’m doing.

PHIL HARRIS: (COUGHING MORE)
MR. SCOTT: Rexall makes a cough medicine that could help you. As I was saying, Miss Faye, we feel very fortunate in having a star who is both talented and beautiful.

PHIL HARRIS: I knew he’d get around to me.

ALICE FAYE: Oh, Mr. Scott, I’d like to present my husband. Phil Harris.

PHIL HARRIS: (OVER EXUBERANTLY) How do you do, Mr. Scott? I’ve waited a long time to meet you. Yes, sir. Ha, ha, ha, ha. Quite an occasion, isn’t it, Mr. Scott.

MR. SCOTT: (PAUSE, THEN DRYLY) Yes.

PHIL HARRIS: Yes, sir, Mr. Scott, I hope you’re not mad about what happened with the chemistry set. You know, I didn’t mean to almost blow you up with it, I was only just pulling a practical joke around the house. I keep Alice laughin all the time. Don’t I, honey?

ALICE FAYE: (PAUSE, THEN DRYLY) Yes.

PHIL HARRIS: Gee, Mr. Scott. You still seem a little upset. I’ll do anything to make it up to you. I tell you what. Uh… hey, why don’t you come out to the house sometime and I’ll let you blow me up. Sure, anytime at all.

MR. SCOTT: Will you be home this afternoon? Now, if you’ll excuse me, I have to run along. Mrs. Scott and I are attending an important dinner this evening. We’re having trouble finding someone to sit with our baby daughter. Do you happen to know of a babysitter, Miss Faye.

ALICE FAYE: Well, around the holiday season, they’re rather difficult to get…

PHIL HARRIS: Nonsense, honey. What are you talking about? Difficult. Mr. Scott wants a babysitter, we’ll get one for him. Won’t be any trouble at all, Scotty.

MR. SCOTT: Can I count on that?

PHIL HARRIS: You can bet you wife on it. Don’t worry about it. I guaranteed to have a babysitter at your house this evening.

MR. SCOTT: Oh. Thank you, Mr. Harris. Here’s my address. Have the sitter at my house by seven. Goodbye.

PHIL HARRIS: Goodbye, Mr. Scott. (TO ALICE) Hey, honey. (PROUD OF HIMSELF) Guess I fixed everything up with Scotty, huh? All I got to do is get him a babysitter and I’m solid.

ALICE FAYE: Mm-hm. That’s all you have to do, huh? Do you realize it’s almost impossible to get a sitter at the last moment?
PHIL HARRIS: (SMUG) Nothin’s impossible for a Harris. Are you kiddin? Look, let’s go home and I’ll call up the sitters we know. I’ll get him one.

MUSIC:

PHIL HARRIS: Hey, honey. Looks like we’re in trouble. I been on the phone for an hour. I’ve called every babysitter we know, but they’re all busy.

ALICE FAYE: Well, have you tried Gloria Randolph?

PHIL HARRIS: Gloria.

ALICE FAYE: Uh, huh.

PHIL HARRIS: Hey. Gloria. I forgot about her. Sure, I’ll call her, and if she can’t come, maybe her husband can.

SOUND: DOORBELL

ALICE FAYE: I’ll get the door.

PHIL HARRIS: Alright.

ALICE FAYE: (CROSSING TO DOOR) And you’ll find Gloria’s number in the book, Phil.

PHIL HARRIS: Okay, honey.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

ALICE FAYE: Oh, hello, Frankie.

FRANKIE: Hiya, Curly. Oh, Alice. Where’s Curly?

ALICE FAYE: He’s inside. Go on in. I have to get lunch ready.

FRANKIE: Oh, thanks. I’ll have a toasted cheese sandwich, two hard-boiled eggs with heavy butter.

ALICE FAYE: (NEW YORK WAITRESS) I’ll suggest our thirty-five cent “Blue Plate Special,” sir. You get dessert with that, sir.

FRANKIE: Anything you say, Alice.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS

FRANKIE: I’m going in to see Curly.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS CONTINUE

FRANKIE: Hiya, Curly.

PHIL HARRIS: Oh, hello, Frankie. Hey, excuse me, I’m trying to get a girl for tonight.

FRANKIE: Okay. (PAUSE) Trying to get a girl?
PHIL HARRIS: (ON THE PHONE) Hello? Oh, hello, Gloria. Yeah, this is Phil Harris. Hey, tell me, Gloria, are you doing anything tonight?

FRANKIE: I better shut the door so Alice can’t hear this.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSE

PHIL HARRIS: Oh, you’re busy tonight, huh, Gloria? Aw, look, honey. Couldn’t you make it for little old curly-headed me? Please, honey. With sugar on it. Please.

FRANKIE: At his age, too. Oh well, if he’s gone haywire, I’ll get my hat and go with him. (TO PHIL) Hey, Curly, ask if she’s got a girlfriend for me.

PHIL HARRIS: Frankie, please, will ya? Keep quiet. (TO HIMSELF) Girlfriend? Hey, that’s an idea. (TO GLORIA) Hey, Gloria. You got a girlfriend that can make it tonight? Oh. They’re all busy, huh? Well, can your husband come over?

FRANKIE: Wait a minute!

PHIL HARRIS: Well, I’m sorry you can’t make it, Gloria. I’ll call you some other time. Goodbye.

SOUND: PHONE HANGS UP

PHIL HARRIS: Oh, look, I’m sorry I was busy, Frankie. I was trying to get a babysitter.

FRANKIE: You cad! How could you… Babysitter?

PHIL HARRIS: Certainly. I’m trying to get somebody to stay with Mr. Scott’s baby.

FRANKIE: Scott? Name sounds familiar.

PHIL HARRIS: It name sounds familiar, kid. It should sound very familiar.

FRANKIE: Why?

PHIL HARRIS: Well, don’t you remember? He was the guy that was comin into the garage with Willie the day our chemistry set exploded.

FRANKIE: Oh, is he still alive?

ALICE FAYE: Phil, can Gloria make it?

PHIL HARRIS: Nah, she’s busy, too, Honey. Every girl I called is busy. And I know… Hey, Remley.

FRANKIE: What’s the matter?

PHIL HARRIS: Hey, you know a lot of girls. You know one that would be willing to sit with a baby?

FRANKIE: I might. Now, let’s see, there’s…
ALICE FAYE: Now remember, Frankie. She has to be refined.

FRANKIE: Alice, please. That’s the only type I associate with. Now, let’s see. I could get you Babe Zimmerman. Nah, she’d be too tired at the end of a day. Those sandhogs\(^1\) work pretty hard. Hey, maybe I could get you Selma, “The Masked Wonder.”

PHIL HARRIS: “The Masked Wonder?”

FRANKIE: That’s just the name she wrestles under. Nah, she might be a little too rough with the kid. Hey wait. I got just the girl. Bertha “the Beaver.”

PHIL HARRIS: You think “the Beav” could be at Mr. Scott’s house by seven O’clock?

FRANKIE: Seven O’clock? No. She’ll never make it. By the time she gets home and showers and shaves…

PHIL HARRIS: She shaves?

FRANKIE: Yes, she’s the bearded lady in a side show.

PHIL HARRIS: Oh! Here’s a guy with a sandhog, a wrestler, and a bearded lady. Hey, Remley, you don’t have any two-headed dames on your list, do ya?

FRANKIE: Just one, but she ain’t…

PHIL HARRIS: Never mind! Would you be serious? Can’t you see that this is important to both of us? And it’s my chance to get in good with Mr. Scott.

FRANKIE: I don’t happen to know any babysitters.

PHIL HARRIS: Well, I got to get somebody to sit with his baby girl.

ALICE FAYE: Well you better get somebody dependable. Somebody who knows how to handle a baby.

PHIL HARRIS: How much do you have to know to sit with a baby? Anybody with a half a brain could do it.

WILLIE: Good morning, Phillip.

PHIL HARRIS: Well! If it ain’t old “half-brain” himself. Hey, Willie! Look, Willie, how would you like to spend this evening with a cute little babe?

WILLIE: Oh, I’m sorry, Phillip. I have to go back to the Rexall office and… babe? You mean you have a date for me?

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\(^1\) Sandhog is the slang term given to urban miners, construction workers who work underground on a variety of excavation projects. Generally these projects involve tunneling, caisson excavation, road building, or some other type of underground construction or mining projects.
PHIL HARRIS: Well, since you put it that way, I, uh… uh… yeah.
WILLIE: Well, that’s different. Um, what does this… babe look like?
PHIL HARRIS: Oh, she’s a cute little honey. She’s got curly blond hair.
WILLIE: How’s her figure?
PHIL HARRIS: And big blue eyes.
WILLIE: How is her figure?
PHIL HARRIS: And a cute little turned up nose that gets...
WILLIE: Never mind the decorations, how’s the tree?
ALICE FAYE: William, you surprise me.
FRANKIE: Hey, sounds like this boy’s been around. Hey, Curly, you think he
necks?
PHIL HARRIS: Remley, like a giraffe: A giraffe. Ha ha. Hey, when it comes to
neckin, Willie’s at each second.
FRANKIE: You mean, moment.
PHIL HARRIS: Short winded.
WILLIE: Now, Phillip, where do you think my date will want me to take her?
PHIL HARRIS: Willie, that’s just the beauty of it. You won’t have to take her
anyplace. She just wants you to sit at home with her.
WILLIE: Oh.
PHIL HARRIS: Just the two of you. All alone.
WILLIE: Just the two of us? All alone?
FRANKIE: Kind’a frightening, isn’t it, Willie?
WILLIE: No, no. I’m just wondering how to entertain her. I know! I’ll take my
cribbage board along.
PHIL HARRIS: Yes. Yes, by all means, Willie. And if that fails to get her in a
sociable mood, you can always whip her up a batch of boysenberry
muffins.
WILLIE: Well, I’d better run along to get dressed for the occasion. Oh, by the
way. What will my date be wearing?
ALICE FAYE: Oh, one of those “off the hip” triangles. Willie, the boys are
ribbing you. Your date is a baby and they want you to sit with her.
WILLIE: A baby? (INSULTED) Well! That certainly is a nasty trick to play on
me, Phillip. You can do your own babysitting. Goodbye!
SOUND: DOOR SLAM
PHIL HARRIS: He’s just a bag of nerves, isn’t he? Hey, Alice, why did you have to tell him all about it and spoil it? Now who am I gonna get?

FRANKIE: Hey, how about Julius? The kid’ll jump at a chance to make a few bucks.

ALICE FAYE: No, no. Julius can’t do it. During the holiday season, he’s working nights delivering orders. Of course, one of us could do it.

PHIL HARRIS: Yeah, but which one? After all, it wouldn’t look right for the star of the Rexall program to be a babysitter.

ALICE FAYE: That lets me out. Why can’t you do it, Phil?

PHIL HARRIS: Hm. Well, I have to stay home with the star’s children. That only leaves one person. …Doesn’t it, um… Frankie?

FRANKIE: Can’t imagine whom you’re referring to.

PHIL HARRIS: Then I’ll tell you. You!

FRANKIE: (NOT GETTING IT) Hugh, who? Hugh Herbert?

PHIL HARRIS: No, you! Remley.

FRANKIE: (STILL NOT GETTING IT) Hugh Remley? I never met the man. I wonder if we’re related.

PHIL HARRIS: Will you cut it out, Remley? Now, wait just a minute. I don’t care… you’re gonna sit with Mr. Scott’s baby or I’m gonna tell him it was your concoction that almost blew him up.

FRANKIE: You mean you’d squeal on me, pal?

PHIL HARRIS: With no compunction. And I use the word loosely. Now look, Frankie, I’ll tell you what I’ll do. I’ll help, though. As soon as the Scotts leave, then I’ll come over and sit with you.

FRANKIE: All right. But you better be there right after the Scotts leave, or I’ll… I’ll… I’ll refuse to write your letter to Santa Clause this year.

ALICE FAYE: You better get going, Frankie. Phil’ll join you later. I want him to hear the tune I’m singing next week.

PHIL HARRIS: Oh yeah.

MUSIC: “Down Among the Sheltering Pines”

ALICE FAYE: Down among the sheltering palms
O honey wait for me, O honey wait for me
Don’t be forgetting we’ve got a date
Out where the sun goes down about eight
How my love is burning, burning, burning
How my heart is yearning, yearning, yearning
To be down among the sheltering palms
Oh honey, wait for me

CHORUS: Down among the sheltering palms
O honey.
(Why don’t we go where trees are shady, watching the lovely hula ladies)
We’ve got a little date we should keep,
Out where the moon is never asleep.
While my love is waitin, waitin, waitin,
Why should you be always heasitatin,
To be down among the sheltering palms,
Oh honey, wait for me

ALICE FAYE: Down…

CHORUS: (Way down.)

ALICE FAYE: Among the sheltering palms,
Oh tell me, how would you like to be my honey, out where the skies are nice and sunny,
We’ll know what pretty moonlight is for, we’ll see the ocean kissing the shore.

CHOURS and ALICE FAYE: I’ll be glad for all the love we started
If you’re not then I’ll be broken hearted,

ALICE FAYE: To be down

CHORUS: (Way down)

ALICE FAYE: …among the sheltering palms

CHORUS and ALICE FAYE: Oh honey, wait for me

APPLAUSE

MUSIC:

BABY: (CRYING)

FRANKIE: Aw, this kid’s been crying for an hour, now. I wonder where Curly is.
(SWEETLY) Cut it out, will ya, baby? Please, little honey. Don’t cry. Please don’t cry. (BABY KEEPS CRYING) AH, SHUT UP!!! (BABY STOPS) I gotta be firm with these dames. They’re all alike, you just have to show ‘em who…

SOUND: DOORBELL

FRANKIE: Oh, that must be Curly. Come in!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

PHIL HARRIS: Well, here I am, Mr. Belvedere. Sorry I’m late.
FRANKIE: All I get is excuses. I’m always at home with the baby while you’re out gallivanting with the boys at the pool room.

PHIL HARRIS: But Alice, I wasn’t at the pool room… Oh, shut up! Hey, Remley.

FRANKIE: Eh, what?

PHIL HARRIS: The Scott’s were satisfied with you as a babysitter, eh? Doin all right.

FRANKIE: I told ‘em I was a college boy majoring in child psychology. Told ‘em I always helped with your kids.

PHIL HARRIS: Yeah. Hey, Frankie.

FRANKIE: Hm?

PHIL HARRIS: Look at that baby.

FRANKIE: Yeah, go on.

BABY: (COOS)

PHIL HARRIS: Aw. Hey, she’s a honey, ain’t she?

FRANKIE: Mm-hm.

BABY: (COOS EVEN MORE)

PHIL HARRIS: Probably talking about my curly hair, right? You know somthin’?

FRANKIE: Hm?

PHIL HARRIS: Look how cute she is. See? She just keeps smiling all the time.

BABY: (COOS)

PHIL HARRIS: Yeah. She reminds me of Phyllis when she was that age.

BABY: (COOS)

FRANKIE: You know, Curly, I used to look just like her when I was a baby.

BABY: (CRIES)

PHIL HARRIS: Now, you see, you’ve hurt her feelings. Why didn’t you let well enough alone? Now we gotta do something to entertain her. Quiet, baby, will ya, please, honey? Now just be quiet a minute. (BABY QUIETS) Oh, let me see. What do you do to make a sponsor’s baby happy?

FRANKIE: Read her a commercial.

PHIL HARRIS: Remley.

FRANKIE: Huh?
PHIL HARRIS: I got a better idea. Hey, listen to this idea. I’ll take off her booties and tickle her orange and blue toes.

BABY: (CRYING)

FRANKIE: Now, maybe you better tell her a bedtime story.


BABY: (QUIET DOWN)

PHIL HARRIS: See, this is a good one. Once upon a time, in a land called Rexall, there lived 10,000 independent druggists. Now they were all happily married and each one had 2000 of the cutest little drug products that you ever saw.

BABY: (GIGGLES AND COOS)

PHIL HARRIS: Hey, Frankie. Hey, she likes it. Hey she… Hey, Frankie.

FRANKIE: (SNORING)

PHIL HARRIS: REMLEY, WAKE UP!

FRANKIE: (SINING LOUDLY) “Good health to all, from Rexall!”

BABY: (CRIES)

PHIL HARRIS: Aw, now look, you got her started again. Hey, Remley, she shouldn’t be crying like this. There must be something wrong with her.

FRANKIE: Well, maybe she… holy smoke. What time is it, Curly?

PHIL HARRIS: 8:30. Why?

FRANKIE: Oh, I’m supposed to feed her at 8:00. Mr. Scott left her formula in the refrigerator.

PHIL HARRIS: Well, for goodness sakes, let’s get it. I’ll carry the baby.

(TALKS WITH BABY) Baby, come on, now, now, come on.

BABY: (COOS)

PHIL HARRIS: Upsyy-daisy. Yeah. Because Mommy’s idle widdy babykins is going for a widdle twip into the kitchen to get your teeny-weensy bottle.

FRANKIE: Oh, for crying out loud. How sickening can a man get? I’ll get the bottle out of the refrigerator.

SOUND: REFRIGERATOR DOOR OPENS

FRANKIE: Oh, this must be it. Mr. Scott said she just made one bottle…
SOUND: BOTTLE SMASHES ON FLOOR

BABY: (CRIES)

PHIL HARRIS: Now, look what you’ve done. Remley. Oh. Now, we only had one bottle and you had to drop it. What are we gonna do now? How are we gonna feed the baby?

FRANKIE: Put her on the floor. Maybe she’ll lap it up.

PHIL HARRIS: Frankie, will you listen to me? This is no joke. It’s important for a baby to have its formula.

FRANKIE: Well, you had babies. Mix up another batch for the kid.

PHIL HARRIS: I never made the stuff. I don’t know what goes in it. Alice always made it in the… hey, that’s it. Alice.

FRANKIE: Hm?

PHIL HARRIS: Hey! I’ll call her and she’ll tell us how to make the formula. I’ll be right back.

BABY: (CRIES)

(FADE OUT)

MUSIC:

ALICE FAYE: But Phil, I’d rather not tell you how to make the formula over the phone. It’s complicated and you might get it wrong. I’ll write down the ingredients and how to mix them and send it over to you. No. No, Julius is here delivering an order. He’ll bring it over. Goodbye.

SOUND: PHONE HANG UP

ALICE FAYE: Oh, that Phil. He gets into the darndest scrapes.

JULIUS: What’s old “southern fried” up to today?

ALICE FAYE: Julius. Look, I want you to do me a favor. Now look, if you’ll take these directions over to Mr. Harris at this address. It’s very important, now don’t lose it, huh?

JULIUS: No, don’t worry. I’ll put it right here in my pocket. Oh that reminds me. I got something else in my pocket. My mother said I should give you this recipe for a bread stuffing for your Christmas turkey.

ALICE FAYE: Aw, thanks Julius, but Mr. Harris prefers oyster stuffing. Now look, Julius, it’s important that Mr. Harris gets these directions as soon as possible.

JULIUS: (GALLALTY) Fear not, fair lady. For you, I will see that this message gets through. I’ll swim the deepest river, I’ll climb the highest mountain, I’ll go through fire and storms.
ALICE FAYE: Julius, you only have to go to Beverly Hills.

JULIUS: (DRAMATICALLY) I know. But for you, I’m goin the hard way.

MUSIC:

BABY: (CRYING)

FRANKIE: Hey, Curly, it’s after nine. This kid is starved. What’s taking Julius so long?

PHIL HARRIS: All right, all right. He’ll be here soon. In the meantime, we better do something to take her mind off food. Look, Remley, we gotta amuse her. Hey, I got it.

FRANKIE: What?

PHIL HARRIS: Let’s get down on our hands and knees and make believe (we’re horsies)

FRANKIE: (It’s bad enough I’m here on a Saturday night, ²) a horse I gotta be, yet. All right, I’ll get down on my hands and knees…

PHIL HARRIS: (OVERLAPPING) Come on, get down on your knees.

BABY: (GIGGLING)

PHIL HARRIS: Hey look. She likes it.

FRANKIE: Mm-hm.

PHIL HARRIS: Hey look, baby! We’re horses. (MAKES HORSE SOUND)

FRANKIE: (JOINS IN HORSE SOUNDS)

JULIUS: Well, if it ain’t Trigger and his friend, Flicka.

PHIL HARRIS: All right! Will you knock off, Julius? We’re just pretending we’re horses. We’re trying to amuse the baby.

JULIUS: Uh huh. Well, you continue and I’ll sing “The Donkey Serenade.”

PHIL HARRIS: What’s that for?

JULIUS: I might as well. You’re acting like a couple of jackasses.

PHIL HARRIS: Don’t be so funny. Now have you got those directions Mrs. Harris gave you?

JULIUS: Yeah. Yeah, I got em right here in my pocket. Let’s see…

PHIL HARRIS: Stop stalling, will ya? Give ‘em to me!

JULIUS: Take it easy! Here you are.

PHIL HARRIS: Well, thanks. Now run along. I got to prepare this formula, I got a baby to feed.

² There is a glitch in the recording. However, this is most likely a close guess to the dialogue.
JULIUS: The baby’s mother’s gonna let you feed it?

PHIL HARRIS: Yeah.

JULIUS: What’s the matter? Has the old lady got a grudge against the kid?

PHIL HARRIS: Will you beat it? Now get out of here, get goin!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

PHIL HARRIS: Some day I’m gonna take that kid and...

FRANKIE: Never mind that kid. Let’s get the baby’s formula made. Give me the paper with Alice’s instructions. I’ll read it to you while you mix the stuff together.

PHIL HARRIS: Okay. Wait a minute. What does it say we need first?

FRANKIE: Let me see. “First get a large bowl.”

PHIL HARRIS: Got it. Now what?

FRANKIE: “Put two loaves of stale white bread in it.”

PHIL HARRIS: Stale bread? That don’t sound right to me.

FRANKIE: Me neither. This kid’s a rich baby, let’s use fresh bread.

PHIL HARRIS: Sounds better. Uh-oh. Oh. Ain’t got no white bread.

FRANKIE: Hm. You got any pumpernickel?

PHIL HARRIS: Nope. All they got is bagels.

FRANKIE: Put a few of those in.

PHIL HARRIS: Okay.

SOUND: HARD BAGELS DROPPING IN BOWL

PHIL HARRIS: Okay, you got em in. What else does Alice say?

FRANKIE: Uh, “Add one tablespoon of garlic salt, one tablespoon of red pepper, and a half a cup of fat drippings.”

PHIL HARRIS: Fat drippings?

FRANKIE: Mm-hm.

PHIL HARRIS: What’s that?

FRANKIE: Curly, don’t you know anything? That’s the stuff you get at… comes in small… it’s kinda like… Use ketchup.

PHIL HARRIS: I don’t know, Frankie. It seems like my kids used to get… uh, Pablum.

FRANKIE: Naw. These are modern methods. Scientific.
PHIL HARRIS: Alice ought to know what she’s doin. Okay, let’s go ahead. What else she say we need?

FRANKIE: Uh, “Some poultry seasoning, parsley, and an onion.”

PHIL HARRIS: An onion?

FRANKIE: (CLARIFYING) Chopped fine.

PHIL HARRIS: Oh. Chopped fine.

FRANKIE: Yeah.

PHIL HARRIS: That must be to make her strong. Okay, what’s next?

FRANKIE: Let me see. Uh, “In a separate pan, heat your heart, liver and gizzard.”

PHIL HARRIS: Okay, I’ll… Wait a minute!!! Whose heart, liver and gizzard?

FRANKIE: Uh, it don’t say. Let’s be on the safe side and skip that, huh? Mix up what you got there.

SOUND: MIXING

FRANKIE: Oh, Curly, mix it faster than that.

PHIL HARRIS: I can’t! The bagels are slowing me down. Hey, Remley, this stuff don’t look right. Don’t look like that stuff Mrs. Scott had in that bottle. That was liquid. This mess is thick and gooey.

FRANKIE: Yeah, it is. I wonder if Alice forgot to mark down som… Oh! (CHUCKLES) It’s my fault. I skipped one of the ingredients. Yeah. Says, “Add one cup of red wine.”

PHIL HARRIS: Wine? For a baby?

FRANKIE: It must be for the holiday season. Go on, add it.

PHIL HARRIS: Okay. I’ll mix it in.

SOUND: MORE MIXING

PHIL HARRIS: Yeah, that thinned it up a little

FRANKIE: Yeah, that’s better.

PHIL HARRIS: Good color.

FRANKIE: Yep.

PHIL HARRIS: I don’t know, Remley, somehow this stuff still don’t look right to me.

FRANKIE: Oh, don’t be silly. If Alice says we should give it to the baby, it must be all right. Just put it in a bottle and give it to her…

SOUND: DOOR OPENS
MR. SCOTT: Hello there.

FRANKIE: Oh, it’s Mr. Scott. Oh, back so soon, eh?

MR. SCOTT: My wife sent me home to check up. She was worried about the baby and wanted… oh, Mr. Harris. What are you doing here?

PHIL HARRIS: (TRYING TO COME UP WITH SOMETHING) Oh… hello, Mr. Scott. I just dropped in to see if everything was going according to schedule, everything was okay.

MR. SCOTT: Oh, that’s very nice of you, Harris. Oh, sonny, I hope you fed the baby on time. Oh. See you mixed a little something in this bowl for yourself. What is it? Boiled tripe?

FRANKIE: No. See, Mr. Scott, the baby dropped her bottle and this is a new batch of formula we mixed up.

MR. SCOTT: This is a formula?

PHIL HARRIS: Yeah. Alice told us how to make it.

MR. SCOTT: You mind if we taste it before you give it to the baby?

FRANKIE: No, go ahead. You’ll find it very delicious.

MR. SCOTT: We’ll soon see. I’ll just take a spoonful.

SOUND: TAKING SPOONFUL FROM BOWL

MR. SCOTT: (GASPING, COUGHING, ROARING)

PHIL HARRIS: Hey, Remley.

FRANKIE: Yeah?

PHIL HARRIS: Hey, Remley. Look at the smoke coming out of his ears.

FRANKIE: Yeah. And his hat blew up into the ceiling. Mr. Scott? (WHISTLES) Here we are. Over here.

PHIL HARRIS: (OVERLAPPING) Hey. This side. That’s a bowl.

FRANKIE: That’s it.

PHIL HARRIS: How’s it taste, Mr. Scott?

MR. SCOTT: OH! Oh, you wanted to give this molten lava to my baby? GET OUT OF HERE! BOTH OF YOU!

PHIL HARRIS: But, Mr. Scott…

MR. SCOTT: GET OUT!!!!!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FRANKIE: An excitable sort, ain’t he?

(THEY LAUGH)
PHIL HARRIS: Yeah. Can’t hardly blame him for getting kinda excited, though.
FRANKIE: Well, you know.
PHIL HARRIS: That formula we made for that baby sure must have been powerful stuff. Did you see they way it lifted his lid? *BOOM*
FRANKIE: I tell you, you know, I can’t understand it. It’s Alice’s formula. It must be the same stuff she gave you kids.
PHIL HARRIS: Certainly it’s the same… MY kids? Frankie, come on. Let’s get home fast. Wait till I get a hold of that Alice.
FRANKIE: What’s the matter?
PHIL HARRIS: That’s where all my wine’s been goin.

MUSIC:
BILL: Alice and Phil will be back in just a moment. Meanwhile (here’s a word from our sponsor.)³

REXALL: This is your Rexall family druggist again. In millions of American families, the name Rexall is something to count on. Of course, they haven’t seen, as I have, how every one of Rexall’s two thousand or more products is tested and checked every possible way before it leaves Rexall’s big laboratories. But experience has taught them that Rexall means dependability. And that’s why this conversation, which I overheard just a week ago, is run of the mill in a Rexall store.

SOUND: STORE COMMOTION
WOMAN: Mary, how did you know this is a Rexall store?
MARY: By that orange and blue Rexall sign in the window.
WOMAN: What makes it so different and any other store?
WOMAN: But why do you especially want Rexall drugs products?
MARY: Because I know I can trust them. The druggist himself told me. You can depend on any drug product that bears the name Rexall.
REXALL: And that’s exactly what I did tell her. See you next Sunday.

MUSIC:
BILL: Stay tuned to this station for the Edgar Bergen Charlie McCarthy show which follows immediately.

END:

³ Again. There is a glitch and this is the best reasonable guess at the dialogue.