

My Favorite Husband

“Valentines Day”

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

CAST:

Announcer-
Liz Cooper-
George Cooper-
Katie-
Mr. Dabney, the Butcher-
Postman-
Judge Skinner

(SFX: Door open and close Traffic Footsteps running Police whistle gavel

ANNOUNCER: It’s time for Lucile Ball in, “My Favorite Husband.”

(MUSIC)

Yes, it’s the new gay family series, starring Lucile Ball with Richard Denning, as Liz and George Cooper. Two people who live together and *like* it.

(MUSIC)

ANNOUNCER: And now, let’s look in on the Coopers. Its’ three days before Valentines Day, but she’s been hinting about it all morning but George doesn’t seem to notice. And now, at breakfast, Liz is making one last try, by arranging her toast crusts in the form of a heart.

LIZ: George. Hey, George. George, look at my plate.

GEORGE: Hm? (pretending to not get the hint) Oh, yeah. You should eat those crusts, Liz, they’re good for your teeth.

LIZ: (to herself) That’s my romantic husband. (to George) George, didn’t you notice what shape they’re in?

GEORGE: Huh? Oh, yeah. A triangle.

LIZ: No.

GEORGE: A pumpkin?

LIZ: No! George, when two people are in love, and are going to get married, what does it affect the most?

GEORGE: Oh, don’t tell me that’s a pocketbook?

LIZ: No, it’s a heart. Doesn’t it remind you of anything?

GEORGE: Oh, yes, I forgot to take my live pills.

LIZ: Oh, why don’t you go and read your paper? I was trying to remind you that Valentine’s Day is coming up.

GEORGE: Aw. That’s it? Well, you didn’t have to remind me.

LIZ: I didn’t?

GEORGE: No, every paper is full of it. What a racket.

LIZ: It is not a racket, it’s a wonderful, romantic holiday and I like it.

GEORGE: You know how it started?

LIZ: Well, St. Valentine was a... he... No, I don’t. Do you?

GEORGE: Well, it so happens I do. It seems that years ago, there were two kindly old gentlemen, who thought love was so wonderful, that they set aside a day to honor all sweethearts and lovers. And they called it St. Valentine’s Day.

LIZ: Oh, isn’t that sweet. Who were they?

GEORGE: A candy maker and a florist.

LIZ: Oh, George. I suppose you think department store owners invented mothers so they could have Mother’s Day.

GEORGE: You know, you may be right?

LIZ: Well, St. Valentine’s Day doesn’t mean just candy and flowers, it’s the spirit of loving that counts. If you really love someone enough, they’ll know it without any presents.

GEORGE: It is?

LIZ: Yes.

GEORGE: Liz... I love you.

LIZ: You mean... you mean, no presents?

GEORGE: (still pulling her chain) No! I love you too much.

LIZ: (realizing her plan is backfiring) George, what’s Valentine’s Day without candy and flowers?

GEORGE: (playfully catching her) I thought so. Ha, ha.

LIZ: you know the real reason I like Valentine’s Day?

GEORGE: Hm?

LIZ: Because it’s such a good excuse to be all mushy and gushy about you.

GEORGE: Yeah? And what’s your excuse for the other 364 days? You’re mushy all the time.

LIZ: Yeah, but on Valentine’s Day I can be mushy and loud. (shouting) I LOVE YOU, GEORGE!

GEORGE: Liz! Keep Quiet!

LIZ: I LOVE YOU, GEORGE!

GEORGE: Liz, stop! What about Katie?

LIZ: KATIE LOVES YOU, TOO, GEORGE!

GEORGE: Ohhh. What about the lady next door?

LIZ: THE LA... What about the lady next door?

GEORGE: She might hear you. Now, simmer down.

LIZ: All right, I’ll be quiet. (whispering) I love you, George.

GEORGE: (whispering) That’s better.

LIZ: (whispering) Do you love me, George?

GEORGE: (whispering) Yes, I do.

LIZ: (whispering) I’m glad to hear that, George.

KATIE: (whispering) Anybody want more coffee?

LIZ: (whispering) No thanks, Katie.

GEORGE: (whispering) No thanks.

KATIE: (whispering) What are we whispering for?

LIZ: (laughing) Well, it was just a joke, Katie. We were kidding about Valentine’s Day.

KATIE: Kidding? Oh, you should never joke about Valentine’s Day. Oh, it’s a beautiful occasion.

LIZ: Why, Katie, I think you’ve got a boyfriend.

KATIE: Well, I have been working on a Valentine poem. (hardly containing herself) And I’m going to give it to... (laughs.)

LIZ: To whom?

KATIE: I’m going to give it to... (laughs.)

LIZ: Is that his first or last name?

KATIE: Oh, ho, Mrs. Cooper, it’s for Mr. Dabney, the butcher.

LIZ: Oh. Old “heavy thumbs”.

GEORGE: Is the butcher your boyfriend, Katie?

KATIE: Well, sort of.

GEORGE: Oh. That explains why we’ve been able to *cut* the steaks lately.

KATIE: Well, he isn’t *exactly* my boyfriend, but I’ve always sort of liked him.

LIZ: Well, you could do worse than Mr. Dabney. He’s quite attractive and a very good butcher.

KATIE: Well, some people may have better beef, but his liver’s good. And no one has ox tails and pig’s feet like his.

GEORGE: Say, what’s it cost to see him?

KATIE: I do have a problem, though, Mrs. Cooper. I haven’t got the nerve to give Mr. Dabney the valentine I wrote to him. (getting excited) Would you go shopping with me today and (gets very excited) oh, give it to him for me?

LIZ: Why, sure, Katie. Anything to help out romance.

KATIE: Oh, thank you, Mrs. Cooper. I’ll go finish it.

GEORGE: Liz, are you going to start playing cupid again? Now you know what happens when...

LIZ: Now, George, what harm can come from handing in a valentine for Katie? I’ll not only help their romance along but he’ll give us better meat. This isn’t just an affair of the heart, there are a couple of stomachs mixed up in this, too.

(MUSIC)

KATIE: There he is, Mrs. Cooper. (nervous laughter)

LIZ: Well, give me the valentine, I’ll hand it to him.

KATIE: Oh, here.

LIZ: What have you got on this, Katie?

KATIE: Well I wanted to send it with an odor he’d like.

LIZ: But it’s all soggy. What did you do, soak it in perfume?

KATIE: No, bacon grease.

LIZ: Well, *that’s* romantic. Well, give it to me.

KATIE: I’ll be watching from the grocery department.

LIZ: All right. (ahem) Good morning, Mr. Dabney.

DABNEY: Hi, Miss Cooper.

LIZ: How are things in the meat market?

DABNEY: Fine, Miss Cooper. What can I do for you today?

LIZ: Well, I didn’t come to buy anything today, Mr. Dabney. I’m here on sort of a personal matter. Um, I happen to know that, uh, one of your customers thinks you’re uh... rather nice.

DABNEY: Noooooo!

LIZ: Yeeeee. She’s been too bashful to tell you, but, uh, since this is almost Valentine’s Day, she wants you to know she... likes you a lot.

DABNEY: You know somethin’, Miss Cooper?

LIZ: What?

DABNEY: I like you a lot, too.

LIZ: Now, wait a minute, I’m not the one.

DABNEY: Still bashful, eh? Ah, you little minx.

LIZ: Just a second, Mr. Dabney. I happen to be speaking for someone else.

DABNEY: Ah, ha ha. What’s that you’re hidin’ behind your back?

LIZ: Oh, how’d I get mixed up in this. Here. This’ll straighten things out. It’s a valentine.

DABNEY: Oh, Miss Cooper, I feel like such a heel. I don’t have one for you.

LIZ: Now stop this nonsense.

DABNEY: Now wait a minute. I’ll cut you a heart shaped piece of salami.

LIZ: Oh, no. Look, just read this valentine, you’ll see what I’m trying to tell you.

DABNEY: All right... Liz. Aw, gee, it looks byootiful. And how did’ja know, my favrite aroma. Swift premium.

LIZ: Read the valentine.

DABNEY: All right.

If you’ll be mine, then I’ll be thine. You set my heart a quiver.
Say you’ll be my valentine, and send two pounds of liver.

LIZ: Well, that’s a practical thought.

DABNEY: Oh, Miss Cooper. This is touchin’. Did’jou write this all by your little self?

LIZ: For the last time, no. Look at the signature.

DABNEY: Well, it’s signed , “Your bashful redhead.”

LIZ: Oh no! (calling) Katie! Oh, she’s gone.

DABNEY: Oh, don’t try to pretend.

LIZ: No. You stay there! You stay right behind that counter!

DABNEY: Aw, come here, you bashful redhead.

LIZ: Now, you listen to me. Katie has red hair, too. We’re both redheads. She’s the one for you.

DABNEY: Listen, two houses might have red roofs, but you don’t pick the one with the saggin’ foundation.

LIZ: Well. It’s too bad your fish isn’t as fresh as you are.

DABNEY: Oh! Don’t try to fight this thing, my little tenderloin. It’s bigger than both of us.

LIZ: Now, stop this, Mr. Dabney. What about Katie?

DABNEY: She’s bigger than both of us, too. Oh, Mss Cooper, I’ve admired you for years. Each little lamb chop you bought, I personally put the pants on. I feel as though part of me belongs to you.

LIZ: So do I.

DABNEY: You feel as though part of me belongs to you?

LIZ: Yes, your thumb. I paid for it often enough. Goodbye!

(MUSIC)

LIZ: Oh, it was simply awful, Katie. He came right out of his store and followed me down the block. We’ll just have to stop trading there, I could never face that Mr. Dabney again.

KATIE: Oh, I’m sorry, Mrs. Cooper. I shouldn’t have gotten panicky and run away.

LIZ: Well, I’m sorry it ruined your romance.

KATIE: Oh, I’ll get over it in time. I have a date with the milkman tonight.

LIZ: Well that’s good. Now that we’re going to get tough meat again, it’ll be nice to have fresh eggs.

KATIE: I left *his* valentine in an empty milk bottle.

LIZ: Well, that’s romantic. What did you say?

KATIE: I said, “I love you, dear. Don’t be surprised. Leave two quarts of homogenized.”

LIZ: Uh-huh. Well, listen Edgar Guess, do me a favor, will you? I made out a check for Mr. Dabney and I want you to go out and mail it. The sooner I sever connections with that wolf the better.

KATIE: Yes, ma’am, I will.

LIZ: Here, mail this one, too. This is a valentine.

KATIE: Why, Mrs. Cooper. Who are *you* sending a valentine too?

LIZ: To George, of course. I thought it’d be sort of fun for him to get it at the bank. It’s a copy of the first valentine I ever sent to him, when I was only sixteen years old. Ho, hum. Here you are, Katie, better hurry. They pick up the mail soon.

KATIE: Oh all right. I’ll get my coat and go right away.

LIZ: Better wear your gloves. That valentine’s pretty hot.

GEORGE: Hi ya, Liz.

LIZ: George. What are you doing home in the middle of the afternoon?

GEORGE: Well, I...

LIZ: (cutting off) You’ve been fired!

GEORGE: No. I just...

LIZ: You quit!

GEORGE: Oh, no, I...

LIZ: You’re sick!

GEORGE: No, I feel fine. I...

LIZ: The bank burned down?!

GEORGE: No!

LIZ: Isn’t that just like a man? Comes home early and won’t give you a word of explanation.

GEORGE: Well, give me a chance. Let me get in the house. You talk so much, the breeze keeps blowing me back out the door.

LIZ: All right. Come on in.

(SFX: DOOR CLOSE)

GEORGE: I’m going to Chicago for a couple of days on business and I have to pack and catch the 4:00 train.

LIZ: Oh, good, I’ll go with you.

GEORGE: No. Sorry, honey. Mr. Edleberry has a new rule. “No wives along on business trips.”

LIZ: (sadly) No... He took his wife along on his last trip.

GEORGE: That’s when he made the rule.

LIZ: Well, I’ll go pack for you. Oh, uh, wait a minute, George. You’ll be back by Monday, won’t you?

GEORGE: No.

LIZ: Oh dear. I’ll see you in a minute, George.

GEORGE: Hey, where are you going?

LIZ: Down to the mailbox. I have to see a man about a letter.

(MUSIC)

(SFX: TRAFFIC AND CAR HORNS)

LIZ: (from distance) Katie!

(SFX: FOOTSTEPS RUNNING)

KATIE: What’s the matter, Mrs. Cooper?

LIZ: Did you mail those letters yet?

KATIE: Yes.

LIZ: Oh darn it! Has the mailman collected them?

KATIE: No, I don’t... Oh, there! He’s just opening the mailbox right now.

LIZ: You go on, Katie, I’ll be back in a few minutes.

KATIE: (fading off) All right, Mrs. Cooper.

(SFX: FOOTSTEPS RUNNING AND THEN SLOWING UP)

KATIE: (out of breath, but trying not to sound it) Hello.

POSTMAN: Eh? Oh, hello.

KATIE: How are you, today?

POSTMAN: What do you care? Never see’d you before in my life. You really want to know? I feel rotten. My rheumatism’s acting up.

KATIE: Oh, I’m sorry.

POSTMAN: Mmmmm oh sure.

KATIE: (casually) Are you, um... picking up the mail?

POSTMAN: No. I’m a confederate soldier and these are messages for General Lee.

KATIE: Well you don’t have to get nasty about it.

POSTMAN: What you got on your mind, lady?

KATIE: It’s very simple. There’s a letter in that box I want.

POSTMAN: Ohhhh! Tampering with the mail, eh?

KATIE: No, I wrote it myself. There’s my letter. That blue one on the top of the pile.

POSTMAN: Take your hands off that letter.

LIZ: But it’s mine. See? It’s addressed to my husband and there’s my name in the corner, Liz Cooper, see?

POSTMAN: Prove it.

LIZ: Well... uh... Look at the initials on my purse. “L.C.”

POSTMAN: You gotta have better proof than initials on a purse.

LIZ: Oh, well... uh... here. Here’s a snapshot.

POSTMAN: What about it?

LIZ: Well... see, it’s me!

POSTMAN: Let me see. By golly it *is* you. Well, that’s proof en... Now wait a minute! You can’t trick me like that.

LIZ: Look, look, the flap isn’t on very tight. Look inside, I’ll tell you what’s in it.

POSTMAN: Well... I’ll just peek in here.

LIZ: It’s a valentine I sent to my husband.

POSTMAN: A valentine, eh?

LIZ: Yes, Uh-huh.

POSTMAN: Don’t look like it. Ahhhh-haaaa, just as I thought! Trying to rob the United States mail. Young lady, you can go to the penitentiary for this.

LIZ: What?!

POSTMAN: there’s no valentine in this envelope at all.

LIZ: There isn’t?!

POSTMAN: No. It’s a check made out to Mr. Dabney, the butcher.

LIZ: Oh, good heavens! That means Mr. Dabney is getting the valentine I sent to George. Oh, quick, look for another letter made out to Dabney.

POSTMAN: Oh, no. These letters are going on their way, legal.

(MUSIC)

ANNOUNCER: Liz mailed a valentine to George but she got it in the wrong envelope and it’s going to Mr. Dabney, the butcher, who already mistakenly thinks that Liz is in love with him. Well, it’s early the next morning and Liz is at Mr. Dabney’s waiting to intercept the letter when it comes. In order to make it look like strictly business, Liz has been making purchases every few minutes.

LIZ: Uh... Uh, Mr. Dabney. I think I better have two more pork chops, please.

DABNEY: Miss Cooper, you already bought a roast, two pounds of bacon, three steaks, four lamb chops, five veal cutlets and some liverwurSt. I got an idear.

LIZ: What’s that?

DABNEY: You now have more meat than I do. Why don’t you start selling it back to me.

LIZ: Never mind the attempt at humor, Mr. Dabney. By the way, when does your mailman get here?

DABNEY: Look, Miss Cooper,... red. You’re not foolin’ anybody, pretending to buy meat, makin’ small talk about the mailman all because you want to be near me. Come on, admit it.

LIZ: Mr. Dabney, I don’t like you. I don’t like your looks and I don’t like your manners. And I think you’re *completely* revolting!

DABNEY: That’s right, make love to me.

LIZ: (exasperated) Oh! (noticing) Oh, thank goodness, here comes the mailman.

POSTMAN: Good morning, Mr. Dabney, here’s a letter for you.

LIZ: I’ll take that.

POSTMAN: Ohhh, it’s you again. Young lady, you must curb this impulse to grab at every blue envelope you see.

DABNEY: That letter’s for me.

LIZ: But it’s mine. I wrote it. It’s got my name on it. There’s a valentine inside.

POSTMAN: That’s the same story she told me yesterday.

DABNEY: Miss Cooper, you sent me another valentine.

LIZ: I have not, it’s all a mistake.

DABNEY: That’s the same story she told *me* yesterday.

POSTMAN: I don’t think she’s got all her buttons. Mr. Dabney, here’s your letter.

LIZ: Over my dead body! (grabbing for the letter)

(SFX: RUNNING AWAY)

POSTMAN: Hey! Gimmie that letter. Come back here! Oh, my goo.... Help, police! She just held up the United States mail!

DABNEY: Oh. Hey. Come back. Help!

(SFX: POLICE WHISTLE)

(MUSIC)

KATIE: Now don’t fret, Mrs. Cooper, everything’s gonna be all right.

LIZ: But Katie, how will I ever be able to tell George I was arrested for robbing the United States mail? And that he has to appear with me in court tomorrow?

KATIE: It won’t be easy.

LIZ: Well, anyway, this is one time I’ll have an answer when George says, “What’s new?”

KATIE: Here he comes now.

(SFX: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE)

GEORGE: Hi, Liz

LIZ: Hi, dear.

GEORGE: Well, what’s new?

LIZ: I’m glad you asked that. I’m being sent to Alcatraz.

GEORGE: Alcatraz? Liz, you joined a pyramid club.

LIZ: No, no, let me explain, George. You see, I sent the butcher a valentine by mistake and since it was already in the mail, he wouldn’t give it back to me.

GEORGE: The butcher?

LIZ: No, the mailman. I waited at the butcher shop until he got there, and when I grabbed the valentine he called the police.

GEORGE: Eh, the mailman?

LIZ: No, the butcher. And I tried to explain how it was all a mistake, but he wouldn’t listen.

GEORGE: The mailman or the butcher?

LIZ: The policeman. Then we all had to go to police court and he said it was a federal offense and that I should be ashamed.

GEORGE: The mailman, the butcher or the policeman?

LIZ: The judge! Now do you understand, George?

GEORGE: Perfectly. The butcher sent the mailman a mushy valentine and the judge will send you to prison if I don’t marry the policeman, what’s going on here?!

LIZ: Keep calm, George. Look, they’ll drop the charges if you and I will appear in “Domestic Relations” Court tomorrow.

GEORGE: Domestic Relations?

LIZ: I’m a victim of circumstantial evidence, George. The judge wants to make up his mind.

GEORGE: About what?

LIZ: Whether I should stay with you or... marry Mr. Dabney.

GEORGE: OH, NO!

(MUSIC)

(SFX: GAVEL BANGING)

JUDGE: All right, all right. The “Domestic Relations” court will come to order. Now, Mr. Cooper, if you and Mrs. Cooper will sit on this side of the table?

LIZ: All right, Judge Skinner, but I tell you there is no...

JUDGE: Please? And you, Mr. Dabney, over here.

DABNEY: O.K., Judge. (to Liz, sultry-like) Hiya, red.

LIZ: Ohhhh. Drop dead.

GEORGE: What does he mean, “red”?

LIZ: Oh.

JUDGE: Please. Mr. Cooper. We must control our feelings. Now, I have studied all the facts in this case kindly supplied to me by Mr. Dabney.

LIZ: Oh, great.

JUDGE: And before we start, I want you all to realize that there is no problem too big to solve. Into every life a little rain must fall. Every cloud must have a silver lining. And it is always darkest before the dawn.

LIZ: Well now that we’ve had the weather report, let’s get on with the case.

JUDGE: Please. Mrs. Cooper, I want to start this hearing with an open mind, bearing no prejudice for either party.

LIZ: Uh, huh.

JUDGE: Now. When did you first realize that you were in love with Mr. Dabney?

LIZ: Wait a minute! I’m NOT in love with Mr. Dabney!

DABNEY: Ha! She finds me irresistible. She wrote me two valentines, she hung around the store all mornin’.

LIZ: That wasn’t because I was in love with you. I was waiting for the mailman.

JUDGE: Please. One grimy amour at a time.

GEORGE: (laughing a bit) Look, Judge, this is all a mix up. I know how the whole thing happened.

JUDGE: Please. Please, Mr. Cooper, no tears. Don’t... don’t talk if it hurts. Let me review it for you. I’ll recreate the scene. (starts steady and builds dramatically until full blown drama at the end.) You, Mrs. Cooper, the board indifferent housewife, tired of your drab, humdrum life, just waiting for an opportunity to break away from it all. And then, one day, your husband announces that he must

leave town, and you realize this is your chance, your opportunity to escape from this colorless, unimaginative man...

GEORGE: Now just a minute!

LIZ: Don’t stop him, George. I want to see how this comes out.

GEORGE: Oh, this is a lot of nonsense. There’s no basis for the whole business.

JUDGE: Are you forgetting this valentine your wife wrote to her lover?

GEORGE: No, she wrote that to me.

JUDGE: Oh, Mr. Cooper, you’re a hard loser. Mrs. Cooper, I suggest you read the valentine.

LIZ: All right. Um... “Dear sweetheart...”

DABNEY: That’s me.

GEORGE: That’s *me*.

JUDGE: Please. The way this woman operates it could be *me*. Continue, continue, Mrs. Cooper.

LIZ: Thank you. “Dear sweetheart. I’m under your spell. I love you more than tongue can tell.

DABNEY: Ah, hah! Tongue! Fifty-Nine cents a pound.

JUDGE: Uh, a good point, Mr. Dabney. Continue, Mrs. Cooper.

LIZ: Thank you. “My lover, I have this to say, I care for you in the very worst way.”

DABNEY: That ought to prove it. Lover-wurst!

GEORGE: No, that’s just coincidence. She wrote this to her husband, not to her butcher.

JUDGE: I must say, she writes a valentine with a lot of meat in it. Continue.

LIZ: *ahem* “My love for you is not a phony, this valentine is... no baloney.”

DABNEY: That proves it.

JUDGE: It certainly does.

LIZ: Well, George, it’s been nice knowing you. If you ever need any meat, come and see us.

GEORGE: (angry) Now just a minute. You’re not going to get away with this. I love Liz. I’ve been married to her for ten years. And no Judge or Butcher or anyone else in the world is going to take her away from me without a fight.

LIZ: (impressed) Why George!

GEORGE: You understand?

(SFX: GAVEL BANGING)

JUDGE: I’ll now hand down my decision. I award the custody of Mrs. Cooper to... to Mr. Cooper.

LIZ: Hooray! You got my custody.

DABNEY: Hey, what’s the big idea, Judge!?

JUDGE: Well, Mr. Dabney, I think Mrs. Cooper is in love with *you*, but we must think of Mr. Cooper. When I give a man a chance to get rid of his wife after ten years of marriage and he doesn’t take it, he’s in baaaad shape. He needs someone to look after him. Case dismissed.

GEORGE: Liz, I hope this’ll be a lesson to you. Now you see what can happen when you start messing around in other people’s affairs?

LIZ: Yes, George.

GEORGE: Now this might have really been nasty and gotten spread all over the papers.

LIZ: Oh, wouldn’t that have been terrible?

(SFX: GAVEL BANGING)

JUDGE: Quiet, quiet please. I must have quiet. You have been listening to your daily radio session in kindly Judge Skinner’s Domestic Relations court.

LIZ: (gasps)

JUDGE: With us today....

LIZ: Oh, no, George, this entire thing’s been on the air!

(MUSIC)

ANNOUNCER: My Favorite Husband has been presented through the worldwide system of the United States Armed Forces Radio and Television Service.

END