

The Bickersons:

"The Honeymoon is Over"

CAST

Announcer

John Bickerson

Blanche Bickerson

ANNOUNCER: Don Ameche and Frances Langford as John and Blanche Bickerson in "The Honeymoon is Over."

F/X: MUSIC UP

ANNOUNCER: The Bickersons have retired. It's 3 o'clock in the morning and Mrs. Bickerson lies tense and sleepless in the dark as poor husband John, victim of "raucous insomnia" or "Whimper's Malady" reaches a climax during an acute attack of his strange ailment. Listen.

JOHN: (the famous John Bickerson snore.)

BLANCHE: He'll stop now, I know he will.

JOHN: (snore continues into whimper-snore)

BLANCHE: Oh, dear.

JOHN: (snore continues into laugh-whimper)

BLANCHE: John, turn over on your side. Go on.

JOHN: (snore-moan)

BLANCHE: Stop it, stop it, stop it!

JOHN: (groggily excited) What is it, Blanche? What's the matter, What's the matter, Blanche?

BLANCHE: There isn't another woman in the world who'd sacrifice her youth and her looks to live with a man who rattles himself to sleep like a lot of old bones in a bag. What do you think I'm made of, John?

JOHN: Old bones.

BLANCHE: You've got to stop it.

JOHN: Stop what?

BLANCHE: That snoring.

JOHN: Oh, it's just your imagination, Blanche, I never snore.

BLANCHE: John Bickerson, how can you say that?

JOHN: Very easy, listen, "I never snore." I Never snore. I ne...ver....
(begins snoring again)

BLANCHE: (waking him) John!

JOHN: What's the matter? Why don't you let me sleep, Blanche!?

BLANCHE: What about me? What am I to do when you grind away like a buzz saw? I never sleep at all.

JOHN: You were fast asleep when I came home from my lodge meeting.

BLANCHE: What time did you come in?

JOHN: I don't know. Put out the lights.

BLANCHE: You said you'd have one drink and get home at ten.

JOHN: Well, I had ten drinks and got home at one. You knew where I was all the time, now don't start beefing about it.

BLANCHE: I didn't know where you were, I would have called you.

JOHN: What for?

BLANCHE: Because the express man came around again with that package. It's from Kentucky and there's freight charges on it.

JOHN: Well, why didn't you pay him? I've been waiting for that package.

BLANCHE: What is it?

JOHN: It's my dividend. I belong to the "Bottle of the Month Club."

BLANCHE: I'm just sick and tired the way your whole life is wrapped up in a bottle of Bourbon. Maybe you'd like me better if I wore a label and put a cork in my mouth.

JOHN: You needn't wear a label Blanche.

BLANCHE: There you go with your subtle insults again. When am I supposed to talk to you? You rush away in the morning and come home in the night when I'm sleeping. Sit up and talk to me, John.

JOHN: Blanche, I'm dead tired. I don't know what time I came home, but I was in the kitchen for over an hour.

BLANCHE: I know, I heard you pattering around in there.

JOHN: I wasn't pattering. You asked me to fix the electric toaster and the curling iron didn't you? Well, I fixed 'em both.

BLANCHE: Do they work?

JOHN: They work fine. 'Cept the toast pops up with a permanent.

BLANCHE: That doesn't surprise me. Did you turn off all the lights?

JOHN: Turned off the lights.

BLANCHE: I suppose you left a mess in the kitchen?

JOHN: No mess.

BLANCHE: I hope you locked the back door. The cat got out three times last week.

JOHN: Cat won't get out tonight.

BLANCHE: Where'd you put him?

JOHN: In the birdcage.

BLANCHE: Birdcage? Where's the canary?

JOHN: In the cat.

BLANCHE: John Bickerson!

JOHN: Please, stop knockin' yourself out! Nothing' happened to the canary and the cat's fast asleep in the oven.

BLANCHE: Well, don't scare me like that. Are you sure all the animals are taken care of?

JOHN: I'm sure.

BLANCHE: How about the fish bowl? Did you heat up the water for the new baby goldfish?

JOHN: I heated his water, gave him his pabulum, burped him twice and changed his diaper. Would you put out the lights and let me sleep!

BLANCHE: Why are you so cross and disagreeable all the time, John?

JOHN: Because I'm exhausted.

BLANCHE: That's not true. You'd rather stay out the whole night carousing with your roughneck friends. Just kills you to spend the night with me.

JOHN: Oh, it doesn't kill me.

BLANCHE: It's a funny thing that I don't need anybody else. I'm always satisfied just to be with you.

JOHN: Well, you're in better company than I am. Good night, Blanche.

BLANCHE: Keep it up, John. Keep adding insult to Injury. Never a kind word or a compliment. Just work me to death like a slave. Pick at my meals and complain about my cooking.

JOHN: I never complain about your cooking!

BLANCHE: Then why didn't you eat that pie I made tonight?

JOHN: I did eat it! I ate every bit of it!

BLANCHE: You didn't like it!

JOHN: I couldn't chew it! The under-crust was like cardboard!

BLANCHE: Undercrust?

JOHN: Yes!

BLANCHE: That pie didn't have any undercrust. I gave it to you on a paper plate.

JOHN: Well the plate tasted better than the pie. Don't make pies anymore. I hate pies! I hate all desserts! Especially that orange-meringue-broccoli-dream-cake you make. Don't make me anymore desserts.

BLANCHE: I never know what to make for you. You've got the weirdest appetite of any man alive.

JOHN: yeah, sure, weird.

BLANCHE: For two months running you wouldn't eat any thing but pigs knuckles. Pigs knuckles, pig's knuckles!

JOHN: What about it?

BLANCHE: Just because you wanted pig's knuckles I had to cook my fingers to the bone! Why don't you hire a chef?

JOHN: ugh.

BLANCHE: I cook for you, I scrub for you, I sew for you. Do I get any thanks?

JOHN: Thanks.

BLANCHE: Thanks. That's all the thanks I get. No Love, no affection. How I envy Louise Shaw. Her husband treats her more like a friend than a wife.

JOHN: Well, settle down will ya Blanche?

BLANCHE: No, I won't. You think Louise ever makes breakfast for Mel? Not that lazy lump. She makes him go to work everyday without a morsel of food. Just a kiss for breakfast. Would you be satisfied with that?

JOHN: Sure, send her over in the morning.

BLANCHE: I mean would you be satisfied if I gave you a kiss for breakfast?

JOHN: Blanche, I 'd be satisfied with anything if you'd just let me get some rest!

BLANCHE: Answer me? Do you want a kiss for breakfast?

JOHN: Yes!

BLANCHE: Well ask for it!

JOHN: Blanche, I want a kiss for breakfast!

BLANCHE: Don't do me any favors. I'll never let you kiss me again as long as you live. Not until you apologize.

JOHN: Apologize for what? What have I done!?

BLANCHE: It's what you haven't done. You haven't told me you love me for years. Why don't you say you're sorry you married me?

JOHN: Because I'm not!

BLANCHE: Am I the only wife in the world for you?

JOHN: You're the only wife in the world for me.

BLANCHE: You're lying. Swear.

JOHN: I swear I'm lying. (pause) I mean I'm not lying.

BLANCHE: Well < that's no way to swear. Say it nicely!

JOHN: You're the only wife in the world for me!

BLANCHE: Really, John?

JOHN: Really. I wouldn't have another wife like you for anything!

BLANCHE: I wish I'd known more about you before we were married.

JOHN: Oh, you knew everything.

BLANCHE: I didn't know about that tattoo you have on your stomach. That's a real indication to a man's character. I wish I'd known.

JOHN: Now wait a minute, I had that tattoo put on my stomach when I was just a silly kid.

BLANCHE: You ought to be ashamed of yourself. A hula girl with a big dimple in her chin.

JOHN: That dimple was there before she was. (pause) Don't go diggin' up my stomach at this time of the night.

BLANCHE: Well< why don't you have that ugly picture removed?

JOHN: Okay, I'll have it removed in the morning.

BLANCHE: You say it but you won't do it. Have it done now.

JOHN: What?

BLANCHE: Go on. Get up and get rid of that hula girl.

JOHN: Are you out of your mind? It's almost 4 o'clock in the morning!

BLANCHE: You'd get rid of her quick enough if you were married to Gloria Gooseby

JOHN: Ooooo, now don't start with Gloria Gooseby!

BLANCHE: She'd holler plenty if you didn't do what she liked.

JOHN: I always do what she likes and she never hollers! I hate the sight of Gloria Gooseby. I never want you to mention her name again. Do you hear me!

BLANCHE: Don't yell at me! I'm sick.

JOHN: Sick?

BLANCHE: Doctor Hershey told me there was something the matter with my head.

JOHN: You don't mean to say you paid a doctor for that?

BLANCHE: You make fun if you like, but I know I won't last long.

JOHN: What's the matter with you?

BLANCHE: Nothing.

JOHN: Are you really sick?

BLANCHE: So sick I could die. I think I'm poisoned. I've got the most awful indigestion. Call the doctor, John.

JOHN: You don't need the doctor, I'll take care of it for you. Lie still and I'll fry you some radishes and hot sauerkraut juice.

BLANCHE: Radishes and hot sauerkraut juice?

JOHN: Finest cure in the world for indigestion. Lie still.

BLANCHE: John Bickerson, I don't want any of your insane remedies. You'll treat me for indigestion and I'll probably die of Liver trouble.

JOHN: Listen, if I treat you for indigestion, you'll die of indigestion! Now, do you want me to help you or not?

BLANCHE: I'll feel a lot better if you just don't scream at me and tell me you love me.

JOHN: (under his breath) Huh, I knew you weren't sick.

BLANCHE: Tell me you love me, John.

JOHN: I love you.

BLANCHE: How much do you love me?

JOHN: How much do you need?

BLANCHE: Now, John, Easter Sunday's only two days away and I haven't got a new hat.

JOHN: What happened too the hat you bought last Easter?

BLANCHE: It's in a box on the dresser. But that hat's worn out.

JOHN: Well, wear the box. You can't be squandering my money on Easter hats.

BLANCHE: Please, John, just this once? I saw a wonderful hat with a reversible brim that can be turned up or down.

JOHN: How much is it?

BLANCHE: Sixty dollars.

JOHN: Turn it down.

BLANCHE: Turn it down, turn it down. I turn everything down because you're always looking for bargains. When you married me you didn't get any bargain.

JOHN: How well I know it.

BLANCHE: Oh, you know what I mean. You only like the kind of woman who would pass up a mink coat to buy a cheap fur.

JOHN: Well what's wrong with buying a cheap fur?

BLANCHE: Nothing. Would you like to see the one I bought, dear?

JOHN: What?

BLANCHE: It's a dyed-rabbit choker and it only cost ninety-four dollars.

JOHN: (getting upset) Ninety-four dollars for a dead rabbit!

BLANCHE: Don't get upset!

JOHN: (over the top) Blanche, how can you squander my money like that?! I deny my self everything! Last week I had all my teeth pulled out so I could save money on eating! I've been sewing collars on your old bloomers and wearing them for shirts! I haven't even got a pair of pants! Yesterday I hung a whiskbroom from your plaid skirt and went to work dressed as a Scotsman! And she spends ninety-four dollars on Easter rabbits!

BLANCHE: All right, all right! I'll take it back. I never knew you could be so mean.

JOHN: Oh, take it back.

BLANCHE: I wish my poor grand daddy was still alive. He'd never let you

treat me like this.

JOHN: All of a sudden she's got a grand daddy. I never heard you mention him before.

BLANCHE: He was the best friend I ever had. I took his advice on everything.

JOHN: (under his breath) oh, yeah, yeah.

BLANCHE: He could've settled a lot of our problems. I'll bet he'd tell you to let me keep that choker.

JOHN: How do you know?

BLANCHE: Because I know. And when I get to Heaven I'm going to ask him.

JOHN: Suppose he isn't in Heaven?

BLANCHE: Then you can ask him.

JOHN: Good night, Blanche.

BLANCHE: Good night, John.

F/X: MUSIC UP & OUT