

Family Theater, Inc.

MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM

PATRICK PEYTON, CSC
Founder and Producer

ALBANY OFFICE
432 Western Avenue
Albany 3, N. Y.
Telephone: 2-4111

October 22, 1947

Please reply to:
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Jane Speed
137 W. 103 Street
New York 25, New York

Dear Mrs. Speed:

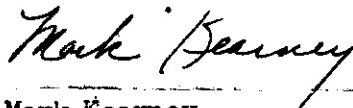
We are scheduling "The Perfect Wife" for
October 13.

We ran into difficulties with it. It was short on time and had a few acceptance problems on casting. We did a brief rewrite on it to straighten it out. I'll let you know when we have it cast. We are trying to get Charles Bickford and Mary Astor, or George Murphy and Fay Bainter, or Bill Demarest and Agnes Moorhead. Probably Walter Pidgeon will be host for the program.

Maybe you will have some new ideas. A full-length program should run about twenty double-spaced type-written pages.

Again many thanks and hoping to hear from you soon, I am

Sincerely and cordially,



Mark Kearney,
Assistant Producer

PROGRAM COMMITTEE

MARK KEARNEY
Assistant Producer

DAVID YOUNG
Director

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Script Editor

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Publicity

"JUDGE" JOHN CARBERRY
Casting

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT

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Manager

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MK:mg

Family Theater, Inc.

MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM

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Founder and Producer

ALBANY OFFICE
432 Western Avenue
Albany 3, N. Y.
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November 10, 1947

Please reply to:
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BERNICE BURNS
New York City, N.Y.

ELISHA WALKER
New York City, N.Y.

Mrs. Jane Speed
137 W. 103rd Street
New York 25, New York

Dear Jane:

Sorry to be so late in writing you this.
We just got word definitely that WOR in New York
is going to carry the program alive from now on.

That means "The Perfect Wife" will be
broadcast on November 13th from 10:00 to 10:30 PM.

We've had quite a lot of trimming and
shaping to fit the part to Spring Byington, but
I think with God's help it's going to come out
all right.

Again, many thanks to you.

Sincerely and cordially yours,


Mark Kearney

MK:kg

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Assistant Producer

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Director

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Speed
137 W. 103 St.
N.Y.C. 25

accepted 10/24/47
Family Theatre

THE PERFECT WIFE

by
Jane Speed

ANNOR: There's hardly a person in Brightonville who can pass the Turner home on Oak Avenue without feeling a little guilty at having put off mowing his own lawn or trimming his hedge. And inside, the house is in the same apple pie order...everything polished to a high shine...not a stick of furniture so much as an inch out of place. You wonder who's responsible for this model state of affairs? Well, anyone in Brightonville can tell you it's Harry Turner's wife, Emily. She's in the kitchen right now, humming to herself as she moves quickly and efficiently from stove to refrigerator and back again.

EMILY: HUMMING

SOUND: OVEN DOOR OPEN, THEN CLOSE, FOOTSTEPS SHORT DISTANCE.
FRONT DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE OFF

NANCY: (OFF) Mother? Are you home?

EMILY: Oh - Nancy. I'm in the kitchen, dear. Come on out.

NANCY: (FADING ON) Mmm. Smells good. What are you making?

EMILY: Angel food cake. I just put it in the oven.

NANCY: At three o'clock in the afternoon?

EMILY: Well, I didn't have time this morning. I wanted to iron the bedroom curtains and get them back up. I think the room looks so bare without them. Oh - walk on those papers, will you, dear? I just scrubbed the kitchen floor.

NANCY: And after all that you decide to bake a cake! (LAUGHING)
Oh, Mother!

EMILY: Well, it's been such a long time since I've made an angel food cake. I don't want to lose my touch.

NANCY: I doubt that that will ever happen.

EMILY: Sit down, dear, while I wash up these few dishes.

SOUND: CLATTER OF DISHES IN AND OUT OF WATER INTERMITTENTLY THROUGH NEXT FEW SPEECHES

NANCY: Where's a towel? I'll dry.

EMILY: Get a clean one off the shelf.

NANCY: You know, Mother, I wonder if there'll ever come a day when I step in here and you won't be baking or putting up curtains or washing or ironing or cleaning or...

EMILY: Well, there's a lot to be done around a house if you want to keep it looking spic and span.

NANCY: I guess there is.

EMILY: After you and Bill have been married a little longer you'll be doing the same thing.

NANCY: I don't know...I'm not sure Bill would like it if I...

EMILY: Well, when you're a little older, dear, you'll find that a husband just won't stand for having a house all cluttered up and meals late.

NANCY: Well...maybe...

SOUND: DISHWATER GOING DOWN DRAIN

EMILY: There. I guess that's everything. Just hang the towel up there to dry.

NANCY: All right.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE OFF

HARRY: (OFF) Anybody home?

NANCY: Why, it's Dad.

EMILY: I wonder what he's doing home so early. (UP) We're in

the kitchen, Harry. You're not sick are you?

HARRY: (FADING ON) Oh, no, no. I have to meet a train. Our new personnel manager's coming in on the 4:10. So I thought I'd just stop by here and put on a clean shirt. Want to make a good impression, you know. We consider ourselves pretty lucky to get her.

NANCY: Oh, is it a woman?

HARRY: Yes...she's a widow. Name's Brandon. Margaret Brandon. She's had quite a lot of experience in personnel work.

EMILY: Harry, please be careful of your ashes. I just cleaned this floor.

HARRY: Oh - sorry, Em.

EMILY: I wish you wouldn't smoke that cigar out here anyhow. Not while I'm cooking.

HARRY: I guess I just forgot.

NANCY: Did you see Bill today, Dad?

HARRY: Yes, he waved to me as I was going out. You know, he looks disgustingly healthy these days, Nancy. What do you feed him?

NANCY: (IN MOCK SECRECY) Well...promise you won't breathe a word of this to Mother?

HARRY: Oh, not a word.

NANCY: I just open a can and put it on the table. And he thrives on it.

EMILY: Well, you tell him when he wants a good home-cooked meal he can come over here.

HARRY: Oh, say, that reminds me, Em. I wondered...well, since it's Mrs. Brandon's first evening in town I thought it

might be kind of nice to have her out here for dinner.

You know, make her feel welcome.

EMILY: But, Harry...I didn't plan on company. All we're having is...

HARRY: Oh, now, Em, it doesn't have to be anything special. Besides, anything you cook is bound to be good. You know that.

EMILY: Well...luckily I do have a cake in the oven. And, Nancy, if you're not in a hurry maybe you could run up and see if the butcher has some nice lamb chops...

NANCY: Surely, Mother. I'll go right away.

HARRY: Then it's all right if I invite her...

EMILY: I guess so. But I do wish you'd tell me about these things ahead of time.

MUSIC: UP FULL, THEN OUT FOR...

MARGARET: That was a wonderful dinner, Mrs. Turner.

HARRY: Oh, Emily's quite a cook, all right.

EMILY: Well, as I told Harry, I just wish he had let me know a little earlier about your coming. Then I'd have had time to fix something really nice.

MARGARET: But I can't imagine how it could have been any better.

HARRY: Say, would you ladies like to go to a movie? There's a good one at the Rivoli.

MARG: Why, I -

EMILY: Oh, Harry, not tonight. I'm just too tired. But you two go ahead if you like...

HARRY: Well...how about it, Mrs. Brandon?

MARG: That's very nice of you, but I guess I'd better be getting

back to the hotel. I still have to unpack, you know...

HARRY: Oh...of course. I suppose you would like to get some rest. Well, look, I'll drive you down.

MARG: Oh, please don't bother. I can just call a cab.

HARRY: I should say not. It's no trouble at all.

MARG: Well...if you don't really mind...

HARRY: (PADING) You wait there. I'll go back the car out.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE OFF

EMILY: I hope you're going to like it here in Brightonville, Mrs. Brandon.

MARG: Oh, I know I am. You see, I came from a small town to begin with, and somehow New York just never seemed like home to me. Now, of course, all I have to do is find an apartment.

EMILY: I guess that is quite a problem...even in Brightonville.

MARG: You certainly have a lovely home here. Goodness, it's so immaculate it almost looks as though no one lived in it. How do you ever manage to keep it so spotless?

EMILY: Well...it takes a good deal of work...

MARG: I'm sure it does.

SOUND: HONK OF HORN

EMILY: Oh, that must be Harry. Do you have everything now?

MARG: Yes, I think so. Thank you again, Mrs. Turner. When I do get an apartment, I want you and your husband to be my first dinner guests.

EMILY: Well, thank you. I know we'd like that very much. Good night.

MARG: Good night.

MUSIC: UP BRIEFLY, THEN OUT FOR...

SOUND: DOOR CLOSE, FOOTSTEPS START UP STEPS

EMILY: (OFF) Harry, is that you?

HARRY: Yes, Em.
(OFF)

EMILY: Don't forget to turn off the hall light.

HARRY: All right.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP, CLICK OF LIGHT SWITCH

EMILY: (FADING ON AS HE COMES INTO ROOM) What in the world took you so long, Harry? I was beginning to think something had happened.

HARRY: Oh, there was a mixup about some of her baggage. They'd sent the wrong suitcase to the hotel, so we had to drive back down and exchange it.

EMILY: Oh, I see. She - certainly is an attractive woman, isn't she?

HARRY: Yes, indeed. I think she's going to be quite an asset to the company.

EMILY: Somehow, though, I had the idea she'd be an older woman... I mean having so much responsibility and all.

HARRY: Funny thing about that, Em. I remember looking over her record and she's just about your age. Just about a year or so younger, I think.

EMILY: Oh, Harry, you're joking!

HARRY: No, sir, it's the truth.

EMILY: Well, I...

HARRY: I'd say she didn't look a day over thirty-five, wouldn't you?

EMILY: Why, yes...around that. (PAUSE) Of course, it's her

business to keep up her appearance...

HARRY: Well, sure -

EMILY: (POINTEDLY) And...that's a lot easier to do if you don't have a house and a family to take care of.

HARRY: (SIGH) Yes, I...I suppose it is.

MUSIC: UP FULL, CHANGE, THEN OUT FOR...

SOUNDS: PHONE RING, PICK UP

EMILY: Hello?

MARG: (FILTER) Mrs. Turner?

EMILY: Yes...

MARG: (FILTER) This is Margaret Brandon.

EMILY: Oh, yes. How are you, Mrs. Brandon?

MARG: (FILTER) Fine, thank you. I found an apartment, you know. Just last week.

EMILY: I'm so glad to hear that.

MARG: (FILTER) I'm still in the process of moving in, but if you're willing to overlook that, I thought perhaps you and your husband would have dinner with me tomorrow evening.

EMILY: Why...I guess so...

MARG: (FILTER) I spoke to Mr. Turner about it, but I thought I'd better call you to make sure.

EMILY: Well, I think that would be very nice.

MARG: (FILTER) Good. I'll expect you then about 7:30.

MUSIC: UP FULL, THEN OUT FOR...

HARRY: Mighty nice little place you have here, Margaret.

MARG: I was lucky to get it. And I don't think it'll be so bad once I get things moved around the way I want them. Oh, and I thought I might paint that alcove a light

green. What do you think about that, Mrs. Turner?

EMILY: Well, a light color's pretty hard to keep clean...

MARG: I suppose that's true. But it would make the room so much more cheerful.

HARRY: Say, if you need any help on the painting, just call on me. I did quite a job on the kitchen furniture last spring, didn't I, Em?

EMILY: Yes, and the kitchen hasn't been the same since.

MARG: Well, I might take you up on that. I'm pretty much of an amateur when it comes to painting. Oh - would either of you like more coffee?

EMILY: No, thank you.

HARRY: Not for me. I'm full right up to here.

MARG: Well, I'll just set your cups over here then.

SOUND: CUPS AND SAUCERS BEING SET ON TABLE

EMILY: Could I help you with the dishes?

MARG: Oh, no. I'll have plenty of time to do them later. I'd rather just talk now.

EMILY: Well...whatever you say.

MARG: Mr. Barnes was telling me today about the annual office dinner party next week. I suppose you'll be there, won't you?

EMILY: Well, I don't know. Harry usually goes to those things alone.

HARRY: Em doesn't have much use for getting all rigged up in evening clothes just to go to an office party.

MARG: Oh, I'm sorry. I was hoping you'd be there to lend me a little moral support. I don't know very many women in

town yet.

HARRY: Well, I guess Em's pretty much of a homebody.

MARG: I see. Oh - I almost forgot. (FADE INTO MUSIC) I wanted to show you that book I was telling you about.

MUSIC: UP BRIEFLY, THEN OUT FOR...

SOUND: CAR MOTOR FROM INSIDE

HARRY: Well, that was a very pleasant evening, wasn't it, Em?

EMILY: Yes - it was. Very pleasant.

HARRY: Yes, sir. Margaret really has a knack for making a person feel at home. That's what makes her so good at her job.

EMILY: I did have to smile at that dinner, though.

HARRY: Oh? What was the matter with it?

EMILY: Why...everything straight out of a can. It reminded me of eating at Nancy's.

HARRY: Well...you've got to remember that Margaret works all day and doesn't have a lot of time to spend getting a meal.

EMILY: Oh, well, of course. I realize that.

HARRY: Besides - I thought it tasted pretty good.

EMILY: Well, Harry Turner! I never thought I'd hear you say that. And you always insisting there's nothing like real home cooking.

HARRY: (LAUGHING) I guess the trouble is you just spoil me too much, Em.

MUSIC: UP FULL OVER SOUND OF MOTOR, CHANGE, THEN OUT...

SOUND: INTERMITTENT DINNER/TABLE NOISES

EMILY: More potatoes, dear?

HARRY: No, I've got plenty right here.

EMILY: Well, I guess I might as well get dessert then. I made an

apple pie this afternoon. I thought it might taste kind of good.

HARRY: Sounds great. I tell you what, though, Em. Maybe you'd better save my piece till later. I told Margaret I'd be over at her place at about seven. I want to get busy on that painting.

EMILY: Goodness, aren't you through with that yet? You've been over there every night for nearly a week.

HARRY: Well, I think I ought to be able to finish it up tonight if I get an early start. Truth is, it's a lot more work than it looked like at first. If I'd known what a job it was going to be I might not have been so free with my services. (CHEERFULLY) But...a promise is a promise.

EMILY: Yes, of course. (PAUSE) Harry...

HARRY: Yes?

EMILY: You know - I think maybe I will go to the office dinner this year.

HARRY: Well...all right, Em. But I doubt that you'll enjoy it much. You know how these things are...a lot of shop talk...

EMILY: Yes, I know. That's what you always say. (PAUSE) Harry... you aren't ashamed to take me, are you?

HARRY: (VIGOROUSLY, PERHAPS A LITTLE TOO MUCH SO) Ashamed! What in the dickens are you talking about? Why should I be ashamed to take my own wife?

EMILY: Well...I'm not as smart-looking and attractive as Margaret Brandon. In fact, I suppose that beside her I even look a little...dowdy.

HARRY: Why...you - you...Look here, Em. I don't know where you

ever got such an idea. But if you want to go to that dinner, you'll go, that's all. Now, I don't want to hear anything more about it.

MUSIC: UP FULL, THEN OUT FOR...

SOUND: PHONE RING, PICK UP

EMILY: Hello?

NANCY: (FILTER) Hello, Mother?

EMILY: Oh, hello, dear.

NANCY: (FILTER) Mother, Bill just told me that you're going to the dinner tomorrow night with Dad.

EMILY: Why, yes, I thought I'd go this year for a change.

NANCY: (FILTER) I think it's wonderful. Look - why don't you meet me down town this afternoon and I'll help you pick out a new evening gown.

EMILY: Why, I don't need a new evening gown.

NANCY: (FILTER) Now, Mother, you're not going to wear that old black dress...

EMILY: I don't know why not. It's just as good as when I bought it five years ago.

NANCY: (FILTER) But, Mother -

EMILY: Nancy, I go to a formal party about once every two years. And I don't see any point in buying a new dress, wearing it once and then having it hang in my closet.

NANCY: (FILTER) Well...at least you'll have your hair done, won't you? I'll call the beauty parlor myself. I'm sure they'll be able to take you some time tomorrow.

EMILY: Oh, good heavens, Nancy. I won't have time for anything like that. I'll have all I can do to get through as it is.

You know Friday's the day I clean.

NANCY: (FILTER) Oh, Mother, you're not going to spend all day tomorrow cleaning, are you?

EMILY: I don't know how else it'll get done.

NANCY: (FILTER) But you ought to get some rest so you won't be so tired tomorrow night. Can't you wait and clean Saturday morning?

EMILY: And when would I do my baking?

NANCY: (FILTER) Honestly, Mother, sometimes I could just.....
(SIGH) I don't suppose anything I can say will make you change your mind?

EMILY: Certainly not. Now, I appreciate your thoughtfulness, dear, but I don't intend to let any dinner party upset my entire schedule.

NANCY: (FILTER) (RESIGNED) All right, Mother. I'll see you tomorrow night.

MUSIC: UP FULL, CHANGE TO SOFT DANCE MUSIC, HOLD UNDER NEXT SCENE.

SOUND: SUBDUED CHATTER IN BACKGROUND

MARG: (FADING ON QUICKLY) Why, Mrs. Turner! What are you doing over in a corner all by yourself?

EMILY: Oh, hello, Mrs. Brandon. Harry wanted to talk to someone so I thought I'd just sit down and wait for him here.

MARG: May I sit with you?

EMILY: Of course. Please do.

MARG: I'm so glad you changed your mind about coming. It is a lovely party, isn't it?

EMILY: Yes, it is.

MARG: You know, I want you to see my apartment now that the alcove is painted. It makes such a difference. Your husband did a wonderful job. I don't know how I can ever repay him.

EMILY: Oh, that's not necessary. Harry gets a kick out of putting around with paint. I just hope he didn't mess up your apartment too much in the process. I know how he is.

MARG: Well, I think you have to expect a certain amount of that, don't you? It takes all the fun out of painting if you have to be neat about it.

CLARK: (FADING ON) I beg your pardon, but you're Margaret Brandon, aren't you?

MARG: Why, yes, I am.

CLARK: I'm John Clark of the advertising department.

MARG: How do you do, Mr. Clark?

CLARK: I've been out of town for several weeks...just got back yesterday...so I missed out on meeting you when you first arrived.

MARG: I see.

CLARK: I've heard a lot about you, though. Oh - is this your mother?

MARG: Oh, no! This is Mrs. Turner. Harry Turner's wife.

CLARK: (EMBARRASSED) Oh - I'm sorry...I...how do you do, Mrs. Turner?

EMILY: How do you do? Will you - will you excuse me, please? I think I see my husband over here...

MUSIC: UP SLIGHTLY, THEN UNDER FOR...

EMILY: Harry...

HARRY: Oh - Em. I was just coming over to get you. I want you

to meet some of the new people...

EMILY: Harry - would you mind taking me home?

HARRY: But, Em, it's early yet...

EMILY: You can come back if you like. But please - just take me home.

MUSIC: UP FULL, CHANGE, THEN OUT FOR...

SOUND: HUM OF ELEVATOR

BOY: (RECITING) Fourth floor...curtains, drapes, linens and domestics...fourth floor.

SOUND: ELEVATOR STOP, DOOR OPEN

MARG: Out, please.

BOY: One side. Let the lady out.

MARG: Thank you.

SOUND: ELEVATOR DOORS CLOSE, HUM FADE

MARG: Oh - I beg your pardon.

EMILY: That's quite all right...Oh - Mrs. Brandon!

MARG: Why, Emily Turner! How nice to see you again. Are you going over this way?

EMILY: Well, yes...yes, I am.

MARG: Fine. I'll go with you. You know, I've been meaning to call you, but somehow I just don't seem to get around to it.

EMILY: Well, I suppose you're kept pretty busy.

MARG: Yes, that's the trouble with working in an office all day. Look - have you had lunch yet?

EMILY: Well, now, but I think I'll just go on home when I get through here.

MARG: Why don't you stay down and have lunch with me?

EMILY: Oh, I'm afraid not today...

MARG: Please...just this once.

EMILY: But I...well, all right. I will.

MUSIC: UP BRIEFLY, THEN OUT FOR...

MARG: Is this table all right?

EMILY: Yes. It's fine.

MARG: Oh...it's good to sit down.

EMILY: (STIFFLY, AFTER PAUSE) Your job must be very interesting.

MARG: I like it very much.

EMILY: Harry says you're doing so very well. Everyone thinks a great deal of you.

MARG: Well, I hope so. I guess we all like to feel that we're needed somewhere, don't we?

WAITRESS: Your orders, please?

MARG: Oh - I'll have the salad plate.

EMILY: And I'd like the croquettes.

WAITRESS: Yes, ma'am.

MARG: You know, Emily...I wonder if you realize how lucky you are.

EMILY: I am?

MARG: Why, of course...having such a lovely daughter and such a nice husband. And best of all, having them still with you. I hope you're making the most of every minute of it.

EMILY: Well, goodness...I think I...

MARG: I just meant that...well...so often we don't fully appreciate what we have until it's taken away from us. I know that's how I felt when my husband died six years ago.

EMILY: Oh...I'm so sorry...

MARG: As I look back, though, there is one thing I'm very glad for. You see, Jim and I couldn't have any children. That's why I kept on working. I don't recommend it as a substitute, but at least I felt that I was doing something constructive.

EMILY: Of course. I can understand that...

MARG: Well, I always liked my job and worked hard at it, but I believe I can honestly say that I never let it come before Jim's happiness. I think that's very important, don't you?

EMILY: Oh, I certainly do. And it must have been very difficult going to work outside your home.

MARG: Yes, it was. Married women who work in an office have a particular problem that way. But, you know, I think sometimes even in the home a woman can lose her perspective. Well, for instance, just things like housework and cooking... some women take such pride in their accomplishment that they begin to think of it as an end in itself rather than as a means of making their families comfortable and happy.

EMILY: Well, I - I never thought of it just that way...

MARG: I think it can happen, though. And another thing...well, of course, I have no use for a woman who is so self-centered that she spends all her time on clothes and the way she looks. But I think a certain amount of pride in her appearance comes under the heading of making her husband happy. I don't believe there's anything that pleases a man so much as knowing that a woman is looking her best for his own particular benefit. I guess it flatters him

to know his wife still thinks he's worth the effort.

EMILY: I...I suppose maybe it does...

WAITRESS: You had the salad?

MARG: That's right.

WAITRESS: And the croquettes here. What would you like to drink?

EMILY: I'd have tea.

MARG: Make mine the same.

EMILY: (AFTER PAUSE) Margaret...

MARG: Yes?

EMILY: I...well, that is, I have been thinking of getting a new dress...and as long as I'm down town today...well...would you mind helping me pick one out?

MARG: Why, I'd be glad to, Emily. I tell you what I'll do. I don't have any more appointments today, so I'll call the office and tell them I'm taking the afternoon off.

EMILY: Oh, would you? Oh, that would be fine...that would be just fine.

MUSIC: UP FULL, CHANGE, THEN OUT FOR...

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

HARRY: Anybody home? (PAUSE) Em? (PAUSE) That's funny. I wonder...

SOUND: PHONE PICK UP AND DIAL, RING AT OTHER END, THEN PICK UP

NANCY: (FILTER) Hello?

HARRY: Nancy? This is Dad. Is your mother over there?

NANCY: (FILTER) Why, no. I haven't seen her at all today. Is anything wrong?

HARRY: No...that is, I don't think so. Only I just got home and she's not here. Not a sign of supper or anything. And it's nearly six o'clock.

NANCY: (FILTER) That is odd. It's not like mother to...Dad, you don't suppose she got sick and went to a doctor, do you?

HARRY: Oh, I hardly think so. I'm sure she'd have called me if...

NANCY: (FILTER) Well, I just can't imagine...She didn't leave a note or anything?

HARRY: No. Oh - Nancy, I'll have to hang up. There's someone coming up the walk.

NANCY: (FILTER) All right, Dad. But call me if she doesn't get home soon, won't you?

HARRY: You bet, honey. I'll do that.

SOUND: PHONE HANG UP, FOOTSTEPS SHORT DISTANCE, DOOR OPEN

HARRY: Oh - Em...I'm glad you're here. I was beginning to wonder...

EMILY: I'm sorry I'm so late, Harry. Goodness, I had no idea it would take this long...

HARRY: Well, I....Say...say, come in here. Let me look at you.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSE

EMILY: Margaret helped me pick out the dress.

HARRY: (APPRECIATIVELY) Turn around.

EMILY: Do you - do you like it?

HARRY: Why, I...and your hair, Em...

EMILY: The hair dresser insisted on doing it this way. I'm afraid maybe it's a little too young for me.

HARRY: Too young my eye! Why, you look...you look wonderful! Honestly, I just can't believe it...Are you - are you going some place...is somebody coming?

EMILY: (INNOCENTLY) Why, no. But I guess there isn't any law

against a woman getting dressed up for her husband once in awhile, is there?

HARRY: No...no, I guess there isn't.

EMILY: Well, I'd better hurry and get us some supper. I haven't even -

HARRY: Wait a minute, Em. Why don't you forget about that and we'll go out for dinner.

EMILY: Well...I don't know...

HARRY: Sure. We'll go out to that little inn...remember? The one out at Blackstone?

EMILY: Oh, I'd love to, Harry. It's years since we've been there.

HARRY: Swell. Just a minute. I'll get my hat. Oh -

EMILY: What's the matter, dear?

HARRY: I got ashes all over the rug. Wait - maybe I can...

EMILY: (A LITTLE RECKLESSLY) Oh - let them go. They tell me ashes are good for a rug anyhow. They - keep moths away or something like that.

HARRY: They do? (BEGINNING TO LAUGH) Well, I'll be darned! You learn something new every day, don't you?

EMILY: You certainly do, Harry. You certainly do!

MUSIC: UP FULL TO FINISH

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