

THE GREAT GILDERSLEEVE



"Mystery Baby" Script
Wednesday, September 8, 1948

SPONSOR: The Kraft Foods Company

WRITERS: Gene Stone and Jack Robinson

(REVISED)

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"THE GREAT GILDERSLEEVE"

5:30 - 6:00 PM

8:30 - 9:00 PM

NEC

Wednesday, September 8, 1948

ANNCR: Well, let's see what's going on in Summerfield. Vacation time is over for the Great Gildersleeve and his little family. (The Great Man is back on the job as Water Commissioner. Marjorie has fully recovered from her summer romance. And Leroy's sunburned nose has peeled for the third time.) It's Saturday morning now, and the Gildersleeve family is just winding up a "back-to-school" shopping tour at Hogan Brothers Department Store.

Don't cut

SOUND: DEPARTMENT STORE SOUNDS - FOOTSTEPS UNDER:

GILDY: (TIRED SIGH) Come on, children. Let's get out of here.

MARJ: Oh, Unkie! Couldn't we just go up to the third floor for a minute. I want to look at bandanas.

GILDY: Now have a heart, Marjorie, your old uncle's all in, and so's his pocket book. We've got all the packages we can carry, anyhow. Please. Let's go home. Come on, Ler-- (STOPS)

SOUND: STOPS WALKING ABRUPTLY

GILDY: Where did that kid go?

MARJ: There he is.

GILDY: Oh, my goodness! (CALLING) Leroy! Get off that escalator!

LEROY: (OFF) Look, Unk! No hands!

GILDY: (CHUCKLES) Now, Leroy, stop showing off and come here!... Immediately!...Pronto!

LEROY: (OFF) Okay. *Unk, we going now*

SOUND: LEROY RUNS IN UNDER:

LEROY: (FADING IN) Gee, Unk, are we going already?

GILDY: No, Leroy, We're going to spend the week-end here.

LEROY: Huh? (GETS IT) Oh! (GIGGLES)

GILDY: Now come on.

SOUND: THEY WALK AGAIN

still
MARJ: ~~Oh, I just love to go shopping, don't you, Unkie?~~

GILDY: Oh, yes. *under*

SOUND: STOP WALKING

GILDY: Now if I can just squeeze through this--Don't stand there like a statue, Leroy. Open the door for me.

LEROY: Sure, Unk.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS WITH SWISH - THEY WALK OUT - FADE OUT STORE

SOUNDS - STREET NOISES, AUTO HORN, ETC - STOP WALKING

GILDY: Whew! Be glad when we get these things in the car. Come on, children, let's -

MARJ: Well, goodbye, Unkie.

GILDY: Huh? Where you going?

MARJ: I promised to meet Francie at the ^{*read*} ~~Music~~ Shop. ~~We're going to listen to records this afternoon.~~ *Francie*

GILDY: Oh.

MARJ: (WARMLY) And thanks, Uncle Mort, for getting me that sloppy-Joe sweater! And those sandals! And that darling dress! You're just the best Unkie in the whole world! And you deserve a great big kiss!

SOUND: A BIG KISS

GILDY: (PLEASED CHUCKLE) Well...run along, my dear.

MARJ: And, Unkle, you won't mind taking my packages, will you?

GILDY: Huh? Oh, no. Not at all. Pile 'em on.

SOUND: TRANSFER PACKAGES

GILDY: (GRUNTS)

MARJ: (SLIGHTLY OFF) 'Bye. *Unk*

GILDY: Goodbye!...Leroy, how about taking a few of these packages?

LEROY: Sorry, Unk. I've got to go, too.

GILDY: What?

LEROY: Remember you said I could go to the movies this afternoon. (QUICKLY)- You promised.

GILDY: Oh. Well, all right. Go ahead. Old Uncle Mort'll go home alone.

LEROY: And, Unk, thanks for getting me those cords, and that flight jacket. You're a swell guy. (KIDDING) And you deserve a great big ^{h-}kiss -- ✓

GILDY: (QUICKLY) Never mind, Leroy! Just run along.

LEROY: (FADING) So long!

SOUND: JUGGLES PACKAGES, THEN WALKS ON SIDEWALK

GILDY: (SLIGHTLY STRAINED) Uh...hope I can make it to the parking lot ~~without dropping any of these packages.~~

~~Wish I had a periscope...What a job it is to go shopping. Well, I made my little family happy,~~ (SIGHS) *Pom end*

Children! They're wonderful. But I'm glad I only have to raise two. The way prices are now, one more would put me in the poor house.

SOUND: GILDY WALKING ON GRAVEL UNDER:

GILDY: Hmm. Parking lot's doing all right, though. Now where did I leave my --- Oh, there it is, ^{the car} in that row over there.

SOUND: WALKING ON GRAVEL THEN ROAR OF CAR BACKING UP GILDY
SCURRIES OUT OF WAY

GILDY: Hey! Watch where you're going! (TO HIMSELF) Tsss!
Out of State license!

SOUND: WALKS A FEW MORE STEPS .. STOPS

GILDY: Hmm. I made it. (STRAINING) Now if I can just get this door open.

SOUND: OPEN CAR DOOR

GILDY: Ah.

SOUND: DUMPS PACKAGES IN CAR

GILDY: There.

BABY: (GURGLES)

GILDY: What's that?

BABY: (GURGLES AGAIN)

GILDY: A baby! Hey, what are you doing in my car?....Or did I get the wrong car? Let's see....hole in the top.....dent in the fender....jelly on the seat. Yes, this is my car all right. But how did that baby get in there?.. Where's the parking attendant?.....(CALLING) Hey!.... Young man!

MAN: (OFF) Yeah?

GILDY: Come here a minute!

SOUND: ATTENDANT WALKS IN ON GRAVEL UNDER:

MAN: What's the matter, mister?

GILDY: Look what's in the back of my car!

MAN: What?

GILDY: On the seat there!

MAN: (SLIGHT PAUSE, CHEERFULLY) Well! What do you know!
A baby!

GILDY: Of course it's a baby!

MAN: Yes, sir, a cute little baby girl. Kitchy-kitchy-kitchy-
koo!

BABY: (COOS)

MAN: Kitchy-kitchy-

GILDY: Now look here -- !

MAN: Bet you're pretty proud of her all right.

GILDY: What?

MAN: About six months old, isn't she?

GILDY: I don't know how old she is!

MAN: Huh?

GILDY: The baby doesn't belong to me. Somebody left it in
my car.

MAN: Well, what do you know! I wonder who did that?

GILDY: How do I know? Probably some woman shopper got mixed
up. So you just take the baby out of there. You
keep it 'til the mother shows up.

MAN: Mister, I ain't got time to take care of a baby.
I got cars to park.

GILDY: Well, I haven't got time either. Besides, it's your
responsibility.

MAN: Well, I don't know about that. You found it in your car.

GILDY: Well, it's your parking lot.

MAN: Look. See that sign up there. "Not Responsible For Things Taken Out of Cars".

GILDY: What about it?

MAN: Well, that goes for things put in cars, too....And that includes babies.

GILDY: Look ---

MAN: So you're on your own, Mister.

GILDY: Well, by George, it's the last time I'll ever come in this parking lot!

MAN: That's okay with me.

GILDY: And when that mother shows up, tell her she'll find her baby down at the police station! Serves her right for being so careless!

MAN: (FADING) Okay. I'll tell her.

GILDY: (SIGHS) What a day! Everything happens to me!

BABY: (LAUGHS)

GILDY: What are you laughing at?

ORCH: BRIDGE TAKE GILDY TO POLICE STATION..

SOUND: AUTO MOTOR BRAKES...MOTOR STOPS

GILDY: Well, here we are, baby. This is where you get off.

BABY: (A FEW COCS)

SOUND: GILDY OPENS DOOR - GETS OUT OF CAR

GILDY: Heh. Heh. You're a little young to be going to a police station. But don't worry, you won't be here long. Your mama will come and get you. (TO HIMSELF) Uh..how do you pick a baby up?..(STRAINING A LITTLE) Come on. Hold still now!.. Baby! Stop wiggling! (←

BABY: (REACTS)

GILDY: There. (STRAINING AS HE LIFTS BABY) Upsadaisy! Now I got you--Oop!..Baby. You've got your little finger in my eye Heh. Heh...Mustn't do that. Oh, I forgot your bottle. (STRAINS) There. Now if I can just kick this door closed. (GRUNTS)

SOUND: DOOR CLOSED

GILDY: There.

SOUND: GILDY WALKING ON SIDEWALK UNDER:

GILDY: Say. You're a heavy little rascal--Oh, my goodness! } *Shake*
✓ Bottle's upside down. Got milk on my shoe!...Oh, well.
Need a shine anyhow.-

SOUND: GOES UP STEPS UNDER:

BABY: (WHIMPER)

GILDY: Don't you worry now. Chief Gates will take good care of you.

SOUND: OPENS DOOR WALKS IN POLICE STATION

GILDY: There he is. See him? That fat fellow behind the desk.. Oh, chief!

CHIEF: (FADING IN) Well, hello, Mr. Gilder---(STOPS) Well!
What've you got there, Commissioner?

GILDY: What does it look like?

CHIEF: (VERY JOVIAL) What're you doing, a little baby-sitting on the side? Ho. Ho. Ho.

GILDY: (MIMICKING HIS LAUGH) Heh! Heh! Heh!

BABY: (JOINS IN THE LAUGH)

GILDY: Look, Chief. I ---

CHIEF: Say! She's sweet! And look at those little blonde curls! Kitchy-kitchy-kitchy-koo!

GILDY: Chief!

CHIEF: Who's baby is she, Commissioner?

GILDY: I don't know!

CHIEF: What!

GILDY: I found her in a parking lot.

CHIEF: Parking lot?

GILDY: Yes! The mother left her in my car.

CHIEF: Oh..an abandoned child!

GILDY: Now let's not get dramatic, Chief. The mother was probably running around shopping, and got mixed up that's all.

CHIEF: (RELIEVED) Oh! Well, she certainly is sweet.

GILDY: Yes! Yes!

CHIEF: You wouldn't believe this, Mr. Gildersleeve, but I had blonde curls like that when I was a baby.

GILDY: Very interesting!

CHIEF: That's a fact! Why, everybody thought I looked like a girl.

GILDY: Well, you've certainly changed! ..Well, Chief, I've got to be running along. You can just keep the baby here until the mother shows up. Here's her bottle in case she gets---

CHIEF: Now wait a minute, Commissioner! I can't take that baby.

GILDY: Why not?

CHIEF: A police station is no place for a baby. You wouldn't want her associating with criminals..at her age.

GILDY: Oh, for goodness sake! She's not going to turn into a pickpocket in one day.

CHIEF: I'm sorry, Commissioner, but no can do. ~~(A police station is no place for a baby.)~~ ^{Curt}

GILDY: That's ridiculous. You always take lost kids to a police station.

CHIEF: Not this one. We don't have the proper facilities. What a baby needs is a woman's care.

GILDY: Well, you used to look like a girl.

CHIEF: ~~No, no, no.~~ Now, Commissioner...Tell you what you do. You just take babykins home.

GILDY: Home?

CHIEF: That's right. And Birdie can take care of it until you hear from us.

GILDY: But Chief--

CHIEF: (FIRMLY) That's an order from the police department.

~~GILDY: But --!~~

CHIEF: Goodbye, Mr. Gildersleeve!

GILDY: (GROANS)

CHIEF: (COYLY) Goodbye, babykins.

BABY: (COOS)

CHIEF: Kitchy kitchy kitchy koo.

GILDY: Oh, kitchy koo yourself!

ORCH: BRIDGE

SOUND: GILDY WALKING DOWN HALL BRISKLY, UNDER

✓ GILDY: ~~oh~~ Judge ~~Homer's~~ ^{has} get to help me out of this. He's supposed to be my lawyer.

BABY: (COOS)

GILDY: ^{Yes - Yes -} You're a nice little baby, but I can't take you home.

SOUND: GILDY STOPS WALKING - KNOCKS ON DOOR

JUDGE: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Come in.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

JUDGE: Hello, Gildy. Well! A baby!

GILDY: How'd you guess?

JUDGE: Well, I must say you make a very fetching nursemaid.
(CACKLES)

GILDY: You can skip the so called humor, Judge.

JUDGE: My, she's a chubby little youngster...Hello, there...
Kitchy kitchy kitchy koo.

GILDY: JUDGE!

JUDGE: ~~Kitchy kitchy kitchy --~~

GILDY: Is that all anybody can say? ~~Look, kitchy --~~ ^{Look} I mean, Horace. You've got to help me out. I found this baby in a --

JUDGE: I know, Gildy. Chief Gates just phoned me.

GILDY: Oh. Well, what am I going to do? I don't see why I should have to take care of her! How do I know when the mother will show up?

JUDGE: Now keep cool, Gildy. Just sit down and relax.

GILDY: I'll sit down, but I won't relax. ^(Munch)

SOUND: ~~GILDY SITS~~

BABY: (A LITTLE WHIMPER)

GILDY: Hold still now, baby....Well, you're my lawyer, ^{Judge} What do I do?

JUDGE: (~~CLEAR THROAT~~) I've got that all worked out, Gildy.
(CLEARS THROAT AGAIN)

GILDY: ~~Hurry up, Judge!~~

JUDGE: ~~Well, first of all, let's examine the facts.~~ } ^{Par}

GILDY: Oh, for --

JUDGE: ^{well} First, you, the party of the first part, found this baby, the party of the second part.

GILDY: Yes!

JUDGE: ~~And, the party of the second part was found in the property
of the party of the first part - namely, your automobile.~~

GILDY: Ye Gods, Judge! Get to the point!

JUDGE: *Woot, Gildy -*
And right now the baby is in your possession.

GILDY: I don't need a lawyer to tell me that!

JUDGE: And, in the legal phraseology of Blackstone, "Possession
is nine points of the law".

GILDY: What! You mean I've got to keep this baby? I thought you
said you had it all worked out!

JUDGE: I have. Your worries are over, Gildy. I'm going to take
the little tyke off your hands.

GILDY: (HAPPY) You are! Are you going to keep her?

JUDGE: Well, not exactly. A Miss Simpson runs a very fine
Foundling Home a few miles out of town. I'll simply put
the child in her care until the mother returns.

GILDY: That's wonderful, Judge! I don't know how to thank you,
old friend!

JUDGE: (MODEST) That's all right, Gildy. That's what friends
are for.

GILDY: You're true blue, Horace. And I'm sorry that I've called
you harsh names in the past - like windbag - old bag of
bones.

JUDGE: Don't mention it. And I'm sorry that I've sometimes
referred to you as "Fattyface".

GILDY: Oh, that's all right...Well, guess I'll be going. Here's
the baby, Horace.

JUDGE: Oh, I can't take her now, Gildy.

GILDY: What!

JUDGE: Why, it will take several days to get her in the home.

GILDY: Several days!

JUDGE: Well, they're overcrowded - and there'll be forms to fill out - red tape. So you just take the baby home.

GILDY: But, Judge --!

JUDGE: Now don't worry, Gildy. It won't take me long.

GILDY: ~~Tass!~~ By the time you get her in she'll have a family of her own!

JUDGE: (HURT) Gildy --!

GILDY: You old windbag!

JUDGE: Fattyface!

GILDY: Bag of bones!

SOUND: BABY STARTS TO CRY

JUDGE: Now look what you did!

GILDY: Don't cry, baby.

SOUND: BABY CRIES LOUDER

GILDY: (UPSET) Don't cry now! I'm going to take you home!

SOUND: BABY WAILS

GILDY: (GROANS) How do I get into these things!

ORCH: PLAYOFF #1

(APPLAUSE)

Page fourteen, which contains
the middle commercial, is missing.

ANNCR: Well, it's late afternoon now, and The Great Gildersleeve still has a little visitor at his house. The little stranger has made herself right at home in the living room. Right now she is contentedly surveying the world.. from the bottom of a clothes basket.

MARJ: (COOINGLY) Hello, Sweetheart. Hello, little blue eyes.

BABY: (COOS)

GILDY: Marjorie, now get away from that baby. You've been bothering it all afternoon.

MARJ: Unkie, can't I pick her up and hold her just once more?

GILDY: Please, Marjorie. Just leave her there in the basket. Maybe she'll go to sleep.

MARJ: (SIGHS) (All right)...Oh, Uncle Mort! I'm going to get married and have a baby girl just like her!

GILDY: Yes. Well, maybe you'd better finish high school first.

- (You'll have plenty of time to ---)

SOUND: PHONE RINGS

GILDY: (EXCITED) That must be Chief Gates!

SOUND: GILDY HURRIES TO PHONE UNDER:

GILDY: Maybe the mother's turned up! It's about time!

SOUND: RECEIVER OFF HOOK

GILDY: Hello!

CHIEF: (FILTER) Hello, Mr. Gildersleeve.

*Act
- 15*

GILDY: Hello, Chief! Is the mother down there?

CHIEF: Nope. She hasn't shown up all day.

GILDY: (DISAPPOINTED) Oh.

CHIEF: You know what I think, Commissioner? I don't think she's coming back.

GILDY: (SARCASTIC) That's certainly using your head, Chief!

CHIEF: Thanks. That's what I get paid for.

GILDY: (GROANS) Chief, you've got to do something! Send your men out and find her!

CHIEF: Don't worry. You just sit tight.

GILDY: ² Sit tight! -

CHIEF: And Commissioner? -

GILDY: Yes!

CHIEF: (WARMLY) Give my love to babykins.

GILDY: Oh for--Goodbye! -

SOUND: RECEIVER ON HOOK GILDY WALKS UNDER

GILDY: Where is that Mother?

MARJ: (FADING IN) Didn't they find her yet, Unkie?

GILDY: No. ^{not yet} ~~It looks like she's run away or something.~~

~~MARJ: Oh, that's wonderful!~~

~~GILDY: What?~~

MARJ: ^{Oh, Unkie} ~~Well, I mean, it's too bad, but --~~ couldn't we keep the baby here.. just till the mother comes back?

GILDY: Now, Marjorie, you know we can't do that. Why, the mother might not show up for months.

MARJ: I'd take good care of it, and you wouldn't have to do a--
GILDY: No, my dear, now you just get that idea out of your head.
The baby will be a lot better off in that foundling home.
And besides, we can't --

SOUND: FRONT DOOR SLAMS

LEROY: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Hi!

GILDY: Leroy! Do you have to slam that door? - {

LEROY: (FADING IN) What a movie, Unk! You should've seen
old Tex clean up those cattle rustlers! Bang! Bang!

GILDY: Leroy!

MARJ: Be quiet! The baby's trying to sleep!

LEROY: Yeah! Ol' Tex sure -- (STOPS) Baby? - *FW*

BABY: (COOS)

LEROY: Gee! It is a baby! Where'd it come from? -

MARJ: Unkie found it in a parking lot.

LEROY: Huh?

GILDY: We're just keeping it for somebody.

LEROY: Keeping it for somebody? Who?

GILDY: I don't know!

LEROY: What?

GILDY: Now Leroy. Don't ask a lot of questions! It's only going
to be here for a day or two.

LEROY: Oh. That's good.

MARJ: Look at her, Leroy. Isn't she a cute little girl?

LEROY: Cute? She looks goofy to me.

Man of letters ✓

MARJ: She does not! She's beautiful!

LEROY: Ha! That little squirt! She looks goofy.

GILDY: Well, when you were a baby, Leroy, you looked pretty goofy yourself.

LEROY: (INNOCENTLY) Everybody said I looked just like you, Unk.

GILDY: Le-roy! You may go upstairs!

MARJ: See, smarty!

LEROY: Aw----

GILDY: And you too, Marjorie! We'll just let the baby sleep now.

MARJ: Oh, all right. Goodbye, little sweetheart!

SOUND: THEY GO UPSTAIRS UNDER:

LEROY: (FADING, MIMICKING HER) Good bye, little sweetheart!

MARJ: (FADING) Oh, you keep still!

SOUND: SWINGING DOOR — *(Gildy: Children! Now we got them if we*

BIRDIE: (FADING IN) Mr. Gilsleeve?

GILDY: Yes, Birdie.

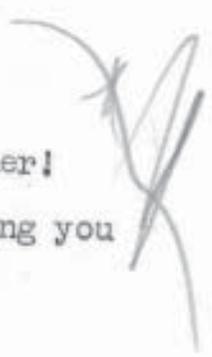
BIRDIE: Baby all right?

GILDY: Seems to be fine.

BIRDIE: Well, I'm gettin' her next feeding ready.

BABY: (COOS)

GBIRDIE: (CHUCKLES) Guess she must've heard me! Look at her! Mr. Gilsleeve, isn't that the prettiest little thing you ever saw?



GILDY: Yes. By the way, Birdie. There's no sign of the mother yet.

BIRDIE: Oh, that's a shame. ~~Wonder what happened to that poor woman.~~

GILDY: ~~I wish I knew. Anyhow,~~ It looks like we may have to keep the baby for a few days.

BIRDIE: That's nice, Mr. Gilsleeve. I was going to hate to see her go. Far as I'm concerned we could just keep her here forever.

GILDY: (UNCOMFORTABLE) Well...^{9 and 9} we couldn't do that, Birdie. I'm afraid we're going to have to let the Judge put her in that foundling home.

BIRDIE: (DOWN) Oh.

GILDY: What's that matter? You think that's the best place for her?.....Don't you?

BIRDIE: Well, if you say so. If it was up to me, I wouldn't let that child go to no home. I'd keep her right here with us! But it ain't up to me. It's up to you.

GILDY: But, Birdie, this baby isn't our responsibility. You know that.

BIRDIE: Yes sir. I know it, but that little baby don't! All she knows is she wants love and affection! But it ain't up to me! It's up to you!

GILDY: But Birdie--

BIRDIE: It's up to you! If you've got your mind made up to send that porr little thing away, you send her away! It ain't up to me! It's up to you!

GILDY: Look, Birdie--!

BIRDIE: If it was up to me, she'd stay right here in that clothes basket! But it ain't up to me!

GILDY: But, Birdie--

BIRDIE: No, sir! (FADING) It's up to you!

✓ SOUND: SWINGING DOOR

GILDY: (SIGHS) ~~I wish it wasn't up to me!~~ ^{you see - get up to me} Why does everybody have to be so unreasonable? I've got all I can do to just raise Leroy and Marjorie.

SOUND: (OFF - DOOR OPEN)

ADELINE: (OFF) Yoo hoo. Throckmorton!

SOUND: DOOR CLOSE

GILDY: (CALLING) ^{- take out shirt} Oh...Adeline...Come in.

ADELINE: (FADING IN) Throckmorton, what's all this I hear about you finding a-- Oh, there she is! In a clothes basket.... Isn't she cunning!

GILDY: Yes, She is.

ADELINE: Look at those pink cheeks. You're just a regular little peach blossom. That's what you is! Kitchy kitchy kitchy koo.

GILDY: Uh--- *hm*

ADELINE: (SUDDENLY) Throckmorton! You're wonderful!

GILDY: Huh?

ADELINE: Taking care of this little waif.

GILDY: Well---

ADELINE: Yes indeed. Why, you're a knight in shining armor!

GILDY: I am?

ADELINE: Yessiree! I can just see you rescuing that little child and riding away on your white horse.

GILDY: (MODESTLY) Well, not a horse exactly. Just an old Studebaker.

~~ADELINE: Now it's no use being modest. You've got a heart as big as all out-doors.~~

~~GILDY: Aw - it's not that big!~~

ADELINE: ^{will it be useful?} Taking this little bundle of heaven into your home.

GILDY: Well, just for a few days.

ADELINE: Too bad you're not going to keep her longer. It would be so much fun for us.

GILDY: Fun...for us?

ADELINE: Of course, silly. I could come over in the evening and help you baby sit.

GILDY: Oh, you would?

ADELINE: Mm-hm. And we could kitchy-koo the baby together.

GILDY: Oh...yes...and maybe after the baby's asleep, we could (sit on the sofa,) and do a little kitchy-kooing ourselves.
(CHUCKLES)

ADELINE: (GIGGLES) Oh, you!

GILDY: (COYLY) Maybe we could start tonight, Adeline. ✓

ADELINE: (IN) (SOFTLY) Throckmorton.

GILDY: (IN) Yes!

ADELINE: You know, I just thought of something.

GILDY: (COYLY) What's that?

ADELINE: After awhile, maybe we'd get so used to the baby, we'd want to keep it for our very own.

GILDY: Huh?

ADELINE: Of course--we'd have to go through some silly little old formalities--like a marriage ceremony. L

GILDY: (VOICE BREAKING) Marriage ceremony!

ADELINE: Why, yes. Throckmorton! Where are you going?

GILDY: (FLUSTERED-SLIGHTLY OFF) Down to Peavey's....to get some cough syrup--for the baby.

ADELINE: Why, the baby isn't coughing!

GILDY: ~~Well~~ ----- ^{I can't afford} don't want to take any chances....Goodbye!

ORCH: BRIDGE TAKE GILDY TO PEAVEY'S

SOUND: DOOR OPEN - PEAVEY'S GONG

GILDY: Hello, Peavey.

PEAVEY: Well, hello, Mr. Gildersleeve....(CHUCKLES) Mr. Gildersleeve.

GILDY: Yes?

PEAVEY: (SINGING BRIGHTLY) "Rock-a-bye, baby - on the tree-top.

GILDY: What?

PEAVEY: When the wind blows, the cradle - "

GILDY: Peavey! Do you have to sing that song?

PEAVEY: Well, it seems rather appropriate. In view of your little visitor.

GILDY: Uh huh.

PEAVEY: According to the Judge, she's quite an attractive little tot.

GILDY: Yes. Yes.

PEAVEY: There's nothing can get under your skin like a baby c'n. (CHUCKLES) "Like a babykin." That's a little witticism. ..They sometimes call babies babykin---

GILDY: I know, Peavey!

PEAVEY: I thought that was rather humorous. "Baby can - babykin."

GILDY: All right! (SIGHS) You know, Peavey, people can be awfully unreasonable sometimes.

PEAVEY: Well, some people can...I guess.

GILDY: Just because I found this baby, everybody thinks I ought to keep her. Now let me ask you something.

PEAVEY: All right.

GILDY: Suppose you'd found this baby in a parking lot....

PEAVEY: That couldn't happen to me, Mr. Gildersleeve.

GILDY: Why not?

PEAVEY: I never go to a parking lot. I always park in the alley and save a quarter.

GILDY: All right! But say you did find this baby, and you took it home. What would you do?

PEAVEY: Well, first of all, I'd have to explain it to Mrs. Peavey.

BIRDIE: (A LITTLE ANGRY) (FADING) Got some news for you.
Gonna make you mighty happy!

GILDY: You have? What's that?

BIRDIE: The Judge phoned. Said he fixed things for the baby
to go to that Home..tonight!

GILDY: He did?

BIRDIE: Yes, sir. He's coming over to get her---right now.

GILDY: Well! That's fine!

BIRDIE: Yes, sir.'

GILDY: Uh..Where's Marjorie?

BIRDIE: Up in her room. She don't feel so good. *—v about it*

GILDY: Well. She'll get over it. This is the best way, Birdie.

BIRDIE: Yes, sir. If you say so. It ain't up to me. (FADING)
It's up to you.

SOUND: SWINGING DOOR

GILDY: (SIGHS) Be glad when this is over....Better make sure the
baby's ready.

SOUND: GILDY WALKS OVER

BABY: (FADE IN COOING)

GILDY: Uh....Hello....How are you?

BABY: (GURGLES)

GILDY: That's good...Uh..Baby. I don't suppose anybody's told
you..but you're going away...To a nice home....You won't
mind that, will you?

BABY: (COOS)

GILDY: 'Course not. You'll meet a lot of other little babies
there, too. You'll have lots of fun.

BABY: (COOS)

GILDY: Gee! You are cute. (SUDDENLY, EMOTIONALLY) Baby! You understand, don't you? You know I don't want to send you away But it's for your own good. (VOICE BREAKING A LITTLE) And you'll be happy there. In a day or two you'll forget all about us.....Won't you?..... Sure....Deugh! I wish she wouldn't look at me like that. (STEELING HIMSELF) Well! You've got to get ready! Let me tie your little bonnet -- Coop. Say. That's my thumb you got there....Let go now.

BABY: (COOS HAPPILY)

GILDY: Look at those little fingers!....They're so tiny!....
Let go now....

SOUND: DOOR BELL

BIRDIE: (OFF) I'll get it!

SOUND: SWINGING DOOR .. BIRDIE GOES TO FRONT DOOR .. OPENS DOOR

GILDY: (UNDER ABOVE) Well. Guess that's the Judge.

BIRDIE: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Afternoon, Judge.

JUDGE: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Hello, Birdie. Is the baby all ready?

BIRDIE: Yes, sir. She's in the living room.

GILDY: (DOWN) Well....guess it's time for you to go.

JUDGE: (FADING IN) Well, hello, Gildy!

GILDY: (SUBDUED) Hello, Judge.

JUDGE: (BRAGGING) (Well), if I do say so myself, I handled this matter with a great deal of speed and dispatch. I knew you were in a hurry, so I --

GILDY: Yes, Horace. I appreciate it.

JUDGE: Thank you. Well, is the little infant all ready?

GILDY: Uh..yes.

JUDGE: Then I'd better get started. If you'll just hand her to me...

GILDY: Uh..Judge, you're sure the Home isn't too overcrowded now?

JUDGE: No. All the arrangements are made. Miss Simpson has an empty crib waiting.

GILDY: Oh...well...uh...Don't you think you ought to wait until morning? It's getting a little chilly out.

JUDGE: Don't worry. I'll bundle her up. Well, come on, Gildy, give me the baby.

GILDY: Well.. Heh heh. I can't. She won't let go of my thumb.

JUDGE: What's the matter with you? Look out - I'll pick her up. (~~GRABS~~) There you are, Baby. Well, goodbye, Gildy.

GILDY: Goodbye. (SAD) Goodbye, Baby.

BABY: (STARTS TO BAWL)

JUDGE: Now don't cry. Come on now.

GILDY: (SUDDENLY) Hooker, give me that baby!

JUDGE: What?

GILDY: Don't argue! Give her back to me! Come on, Baby.
(GRUNTS AS HE TAKES BABY) There. There.

BABY: (STOPS CRYING)

GILDY: See! She doesn't want to go with you! She wants to stay here with me. Don't you, baby?

BABY: (AGREES)

JUDGE: But, Gildy, Miss Simpson's expecting her! What about that empty crib?

GILDY: She can put you in it, you old goat!

JUDGE: (MILD CACKLE) Gildy! You're an old fakir!

GILDY: Well, maybe I am. Kitchy-kitchy-kitchy-koo!

BABY: (GURGLES HAPPILY)

GILDY: (CHUCKLES) She's got my thumb again!

ORCH: PLAYOFF

(APPLAUSE)

Page Twenty-nine, which contains
the final commercial, is missing.

BABY: (COOS A LITTLE)

GILDY: Come on now. Give Uncle Throckmorton a great big smile.

BABY: (LAUGHS A LITTLE)

GILDY: That's right!

BIRDIE: (FADING IN) Mr. Gilsleeve, you'd better get started now. You're gonna be late for work.

GILDY: Yes, Birdie, guess so. Well --

BIRDIE: And on the way home tonight would you mind stopping at Hogan Brothers and gettin' a few things?

GILDY: Hogan Brothers? I just went shopping there!

BIRDIE: (CHUCKLES) Yes, sir. But you got an addition to the family now! And she needs a lot of things. Here's the list.

GILDY: Oh..thanks. Let's see here.."A crib...two blankets... six night shirts..baby dresses..." Didn't know babies were so expensive.

BABY: (A LITTLE GURGLE)

GILDY: Oh, well. What the heck! They're worth it! (SINGS CHEERFULLY) "That's where my money goes!...To buy my baby clothes!" *all* (

ORCH: TAKE IT AWAY, INTO PLAYOFF

WALD: The Great Gildersleeve is played by Harold Peary.
Adeline Fairchild by Miss Una Merkel. The show was written
by Gene Stone and Jack Robinson, with music by Jack Meakin.
Included in the cast are Walter Tetley, Mary Lee Robb,
Lillian Randolph, Earle Ross and Richard Le Grand.
This is John Wald saying goodnight for the Kraft Foods
Company, makers of the famous line of Kraft Quality Food
Products. Be sure to listen in next Wednesday and every
Wednesday for the further adventures of the Great
Gildersleeve.

MUSIC: HITCHHIKE FANTASY

WALD: The Great Gildersleeve is played by Harold Peary. It was written by Gene Stone and Jack Robinson, with music by Jack Meakin. Included in the cast are Walter Tetley, Mary Lee Robb, Lillian Randolph, Earle Ross and Dick Le Grand. This is John Wald saying goodnight for the Kraft Foods Company, makers of Parkay Margarine and the famous line of Kraft Quality Food Products. Be sure to listen in, next Wednesday and every Wednesday, for the further adventures of the Great Gildersleeve.

MUSIC: HITCHHIKE FANTASY