

## **The Bickersons – John’s Will (5-18-1947)**

**Anncr:** Now here is \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_  
as John and Blanche Bickerson with \_\_\_\_\_  
as brother Amos in “The Honey Moon is Over”.

### **MUSIC**

**Anncr:** The Bickersons have retired. Mrs. Bickerson rises in sympathetic anguish at two o’clock in the morning as poor husband John victim of contagious insomnia, or Schmoe’s disease, broadcast the tell tales symptoms during the crucial stage of the dread ailment. Listen.

**John:** SNORING – SNORE, then high pitch snore.

**Blanche:** It doesn’t sound human.

**John:** SNORING – snore with laugh

**Blanche:** (**speak through snoring**) He’s got it worked out in a regular pattern.

**John:** Snore – snore with laugh

**Blanche:** Now he’ll get amused.

**John:** Snore – snore with whine/crying

**Blanche:** Oh no. John, John!

**John:** Hmm.

**Blanche:** Why aren’t you laughing. John wake up!

**John:** whine/crying

**Blanche:** You should be giggling and your crying. What’s the matter with you?

**John:** What's the matter Blanche.

**Blanche:** You're not snoring like you usually do.

**John:** Hmm.

**Blanche:** I was just getting used to your whining and giggling, but now you start crying and it throws me off completely.

**John:** What are you talking about?

**Blanche:** You've got to stop it John, I've never been so sick in all my life and you won't let me get a minutes sleep. I don't feel well.

**John:** What hurts you Blanche?

**Blanche:** Everything hurts me. Call doctor Marvin!

**John:** You don't need doctor Marvin, I'll take care of you. Tell me where it hurts.

**Blanche:** It's those clams we had tonight. I didn't want to eat them, but you kept insisting. You kept telling me clams are healthy.

**John:** Well clams are healthy.

**Blanche:** They are not!

**John:** They are too, did you ever hear one complain?  
I ate more than you did, and I feel perfectly horrible; I mean fine... where does it hurt you?

**Blanche:** I think I'm poisoned, my whole body aches and I've got a terrible shooting pain between my shoulder blades.

**John:** Well lie still and I'll fry you some cucumbers and hot root beer.

**Blanche:** Fried cucumbers and hot root beer?

**John:** Make a new man of you.

**Blanche:** You just want to finish me off that's all.

**John:** Oh, Blanche, I'm only going to make a poultice out of it. It draws out the pain. It's a new medical discovery.

**Blanche:** What's the matter with an old fashion mustard plaster.

**John:** Ok, I'll fix you and old fashion mustard plaster... Where's the bourbon?

**Blanche:** Bourbon? What's that for?

**John:** To soak the mustard plaster.

**Blanche:** John Bickerson ...

**John:** Don't worry I'll scrape the mustard off first. Where's the bottle?

**Blanche:** I'm not going to stick any bourbon soaked plaster on my back.

**John:** You don't stick it on your back. You hold it over your mouth and squeeze it... Put on the lights.

**Blanche:** I will not! I don't want you to touch me.

**John:** I'll bet you're not sick at all. You just thought this pain up to keep me awake. Why don't you leave me alone?

**Blanche:** I can just hear you saying that to Gloria Goosebee.

**John:** Why should I say that to Gloria Goosebee?

**Blanche:** Why indeed! If you were married to Gloria Goosebee she wouldn't stand for any of your nonsense.

**John:** I'm not married to her and she stands for a lot more of my nonsense than you do. What do I care what she stands for, I despise Gloria Goosebee and you know it.

**Blanche:** Then why does she keep starring at you like she's hypnotized?

**John:** She doesn't stare. It's just that she wears those outlandish dresses and they bring out here eyes.

**Blanche:** They bring yours out too.

**John:** Now look Blanche, let's make a pact never to mention that woman's name again as long as we live.

**Blanche:** Well, I keep thinking there's something between you.

**John:** I swear, I don't know she's alive.

**Blanche:** She doesn't mean more to you than I do?

**John:** She means even less to me than you do.

**Blanche:** I don't like the way that sounded.

**John:** Well, don't go looking for hidden meanings. Now if you're really sick, I'll do anything you want to make you feel better. Now if you feel ok, all I ask is that you let me have a few hours sleep.

**Blanche:** I did have a little headache before, but now I've lost it.

**John:** It isn't lost, I've got it.

Every morning when I go to work I'm bleary eyed, and I stumble around the office in a stupor. I don't know how much longer my boss is going to stand for it.

**Blanche:** Why do you stumble around John?

**John:** Well because I don't get enough sleep. I'm completely debilitated. Why only last week, I failed to pass the insurance examination.

**Blanche:** Was it the same examination you had before?

**John:** Well certainly.

**Blanche:** Then why didn't you copy the answers off of the old policy?

**John:** It's not answers they want, they give you a medical checkup. And apparently I'm not such an ideal physical specimen.

**Blanche:** I think you're wonderful. You've got the nicest legs of any man I've ever saw.

**John:** I don't think I'm long for this world.

**Blanche:** Am I responsible for it John?

**John:** (pause) No.

**Blanche:** I am too, I know I am.  
John, can I talk to you?

**John:** Sure, go ahead and talk.

**Blanche:** I've been thinking about how we quarrel all the time, and I'm sure we love each other as much as any other married couple. And I know they must have their little arguments and maybe more than ...

**John:** **SNORE – while Blanche still talking**

**Blanche:** John!

**John:** Hmmm

**Blanche:** You said I could talk to you!

**John:** Well am I stopping you?

**Blanche:** I want you to listen!

**John:** Ok.

**Blanche:** I didn't know your health was bad and I'm worried. Anything happen to you, I'd blame myself for not taking the proper precautions. You know what I think?

**John:** What do you think Blanche?

**Blanche:** I think you ought to make out a will.

**John:** Make out a will? I thought you were worried about me?

**Blanche:** Well you don't want to leave me at the mercy of all those grasping relatives of yours do you?  
The minute you drop dead ...

**John:** Don't talk like that!!!  
Can't you say, passed on or something like that?

**Blanche:** Well you always say drop dead.

**John:** That's only when I'm talking to your brother Amos. You should be a little more delicate when you're discussing wills.

**Blanche:** Why?

**John:** Well because you make it sound like I'm going to go any minute.

**Blanche:** Well they don't give you two week notice you know! You just told me you couldn't get any more insurance.

**John:** Oh, I can get all the insurance I want.

**Blanche:** I don't care. You should make out a will just the same.

**John:** Ok, I'll make it out tomorrow.

**Blanche:** You say it, but you won't do it. Get up and do it now!

**John:** What?

**Blanche:** Go on, get up and make out a will.

**John:** Why you're out of your mind. In the first place, a will isn't legal unless you have two witnesses. And in the second place, I haven't got anything to leave in the first place. Unless your thinking of that phony stock your thieving brother sold me.

**Blanche:** What phony stock?

**John:** Those 500 shares of Kentucky saltpeter. They're not worth the paper they're written on. Nobody's going to take anything and I don't need a will.

**Blanche:** You're the most stubborn man that ever lived, John.

**John:** Why? Why am I stubborn?

**Blanche:** It's the hardest thing in the world to make you admit I'm right when you know I'm wrong.

**John:** There's a woman's logic for you. Suppose I do make out a will and nobody can touch anything except you... Ok... Now you've got all my worldly goods. Next thing you know you get over your grief and marry a guy without a dollar to his name. Like that broken down snore specialist, Dr. Marvin.

**Blanche:** Oh, I'm not going to marry anybody.

**John:** He'll give up his practice and take you for every penny. My hard earned money. The little possessions I slaved for. He'll drive my brand new car. Drink my bourbon. Loaf around like a prince...

**Blanche:** John.

**John:** Why don't you make the bum get a job Blanche?

**Blanche:** For heaven's sake John, what's got into you?

**John:** Well, why did you start all this talk about wills?

**Blanche:** Well, I'll tell you. Amos just got a job as a notary republic...

**John:** Amos.

**Blanche:** and he gets two dollars for every seal he puts on a will.

**John:** I knew he was at the bottom of it, that chiseling, grasping ...

**Blanche:** There's nothing wrong with my brother Amos.

**John:** No?

**Blanche:** You're just jealous because he thinks up ways to make a living without working.

**John:** um hmm.

**Blanche:** All it takes is a little brains.

**John:** Nobody's got littler brains than Amos. He's the cause of 90% of our fights.

**Blanche:** Oh, go to sleep.

**John:** Ha. Go to sleep she tells me. Practically coax me into a funeral. Gets her brother to seal my will. Keeps me up half the night with Gloria Goosebee and clams. Now she tells me ... go to sleep. I can't sleep... Never sleep another wink... as long...  
SNORE.

**Sound:** **Phone Ringing.**

**John:** Hello! The phone's dead it's leaking.

**Blanche:** Put down that bottle of bourbon. I'll get the phone. I wonder who's calling at...

**Sound:** **Blanche runs into a table.**

**Blanche:** Ohhh my leg! Put the lights on!

**John:** The lights are on, take off my sleep shades.

**Blanche:** Ohh... hello.

**Amos:** Blanche, this is Amos.

**Blanche:** What do you want Amos?

**Amos:** Hey, did you talk him into it?

**Blanche:** No, and I'm not going to try anymore.

**Amos:** Whatta you talking about, everybody's gotta have a will. I drew mine up today. I left everything I have in the world to Jacco.

**Blanche:** John!

**John:** Huh.

**Blanche:** Amos said he drew up his will today and left everything he has in the world to you.

**John:** Tell him I don't want her.

**Blanche:** Amos... John says he's very pleased.

**Amos:** Fine. And you know, one good turn deserves another.

**Blanche:** Sure. I'll talk to him tomorrow.

**Amos:** It's very important to have a will Blanche. There's a big case going on right now. All the relatives are fighting over the dough because the rich old lady didn't file a will.

**Blanche:** Really?

**Amos:** Yes. She had a hundred thousand dollars in cash and hid it in the bustle of her wedding dress... Hey, tell Jacco.

**Blanche:** John.

**John:** Yeah.

**Blanche:** An old lady died, and they found a hundred thousand dollars in her bustle.

**John:** That's a lot of money to leave behind.

**Blanche:** He says that's a...

**Amos:** Never mind, I heard him. I'll bring my notary seal around tomorrow Blanche.

**Blanche:** You better wait until I call you.

**John:** SNORE.

**Blanche:** Good night Amos.

**John:** SNORE.

**Blanche:** Oh dear.

**John:** SNORE.

**Blanche:** John. John!

**John:** Hmmm.

**Blanche:** I've got that shooting pain between my shoulder blades again.

**John:** Ohhh, let's have a look.

**Blanche:** Right here. It must be arthritis or neuralgia. It hits me like a knife. What is it John?

**John:** It's the price tag on your night gown... Here.

**Blanche:** No wonder my back was hurting...

**John:** Holy Smokes! Forty eight fifty! Is that what that night gown costs?

**Blanche:** Yes, I just bought it this morning.

**John:** OHHH !!!

**Blanche:** What's the matter John?

**John:** Now my back is hurting!  
Good night Blanche.

**MUSIC**