

THE AL PEARCE SHOW

SFX: SEVERAL FUNNY KNOCKS

ELMER: Uh, I wonder if anyone is to home, I hope I hope I hope!

MUSIC THEME

WENDALL: Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. Dole Pineapple Juice from Hawaii.... brings you Al Pearce from Hollywood!

MUSIC UP FULL, THEN OUT

AL: Good evening all, greetings from California, the home of the stars. But the only kind of star home in this kind of weather is Donald Duck. When that script was written, it was raining. Well, here we are with winter almost upon us in California. I wish you could see it, folks.. It's swell out here at this time of year, when the mud pots are in bloom.

CARL: Egads, there he goes again! More jokes about the California weather. There oughta be a law against those weather gags.

AL: Well Carl, if you don't talk about the weather, what else is there to talk about- except Dole Pineapple Juice?

CARL: Aw, how about politics?

AL: All right, politics. Who do you think the Republicans will nominate for President?

CARL: Well, in Ohio, they want Taft.

AL: Yes, but in California, the Chamber of Commerce always says—it's Dewey.

CARL: There you go again, gee whiz. It's just like I said last week. When I get my own program, there won't be any jokes about the weather.

AL: Well, Carl, I didn't think you were serious about getting your own program.

**CARL: YES INDEEDY!! And what a big hit I'd be.
I've got talent and a band to boot.
My mother says I'm awfully cute.
I can be dumb or I can be a smarty
And I'll get more laughs than the Republican party.
But give me Californy, it's the place that I was born.
Where I went to school and where I learned to play the horn.
Many like Nebraska, New Hampshire, or Alaska,
But I'll take Californy—oh boy, am I corny!**

AL: Well, thanks, Carl—you husky lad. You can go back to your orchestra now, where you're top brass. And now friends, I've

got a big surprise. You won't believe who we have here tonight...

TIZZIE: HELLO, FOLKSIES!

AL: Yes, it's the one and only Tizzie Lish in person!

TIZZIE: Well, this is your little surprise package all righty—my, I'm so thrilled!

AL: Well, Tizzie, you are certainly looking good these days.

TIZZIE: Yes, and I'm just full of vitamins tonight, Tubby. I'm full of A, B, B1, C, D and I think I've still got a little of the Old H----- in me. And I've gassed up my Model T—wow!

AL: Well, Tizzie, I know everybody would like to know what you've been doing since you left the gang.

TIZZIE: Well, here is a real surprise—guess what? And all the men will be so disappointed! I married a retired Colonel in the Army—uh huh.

AL: So that's what put you out of circulation.

TIZZIE: Well, not exactly, Tubby. You see, he's back in the Army again. I guess it's on account of the draft, don't you think? Or don't you?

AL: Well, Tizzie, I'm sure everybody would like to hear one of those famous recipes again. How about it?

TIZZIE: Sure thing, dreamboat. You know, I just had to get married though. You just can't depend on these men these days. I was engaged to a sculptor here in Hollywood and I affected him so he got mixed up in his work, I guess—he was kissing the statues and chiseling on me. And here's another surprise. I'm going to cook at one of the Army camps. All the boys are calling me Miss Columbia at the camp. The other day I went down there to give them a sample of my cooking. When I got off the train, they all hollered "Hail Columbia"—I think they said "Hail". Now, our recipe tonight. We're going to make something new. No one has ever eaten it before—and lived. It's called "Corn a la Foo Foo, or Soft Corn". First, open 21 cans of corn. Now open one can of molasses and put your hands in it. Got it? Now run your hands through your hair. I'll wait for you—(she sings) "I dream of Jeannie with the light brown hair". Sticky, isn't it? Now take 2 ears of corn and cut it off the cob—now put it back. Isn't that fun? Now open the oven and put your headie in—dark, isn't it? Now turn on the gas in the oven, but don't light it, and stay there for 5 minutes. Doesn't that do something to you? Now mix what you have together until it forms sort of a corn plaster. When guests arrive, sprinkle some cracked corn on top and serve. When they look at you, just say "A pirate charges a buck an ear". And now as they say about mint sauce, I guess I'll have to take it on the lamb, so I'll leave as the old man said when I told him I was so

high class I just went around with the upper set—“Come back when you get your lowers, Tizzie!”. Ta- ta!!

MUSIC PLAYOFF- THEN, ELMER BLURT MUSIC

SFX: CUCKOO(during song)

WENDELL: The sound of the cuckoo means it's time once more for Elmer Blurt. This week, we find Elmer, our super low-pressure salesman going door to door selling, among other things, Miracle Throat Spray, guaranteed to give singers a voice of silver. Well, good luck, Elmer.

AL/ELMER: By golly, what with the Holidays comin' up and all, there oughta be a lot of jolly singers around about today, I hope I hope I hope!

BLANCHE: (Off mike, practicing corny scales with piano)

ELMER: Golly, listen to that purdy singin'. I bet I can sell my Miracle Throat Spray at that house, I betcha!

BLANCHE: (Warbling again)

ELMER: That lady's either practicin' singin' or else she's hollerin' for help!

SFX: DOOR KNOCK

BLANCHE: Oh, I sing like the wind, with a whistle and a rustle,
with a whistle and a rustle, with a whistle and a rustle.

ELMER: Golly sounds more like she's got a thistle in her bustle!

SFX: LOUDER KNOCKING

BLANCHE: I'm practicing my scales. I can't come to the door.

ELMER: Lady, I'm selling....

BLANCHE: (Sings loud) Do re mi fa, fa, fa (Flats on FA)

ELMER: I say I'm selling...

BLANCHE: (Sings) Do re mi fa fa! FA! (Flat again) Oh dear! I'm
not getting "fa"!

ELMER: I'm not getting very "fa" myself!

SFX: LOUD DOOR KNOCKS

BLANCHE: Oh, what do you want?

ELMER: Lady, I'm selling a marvelous throat spray that can
make you sing like Lily Pons.

BLANCHE: Well, I don't think I'm interested.

ELMER: And I am also authorized to offer you a wide assortment of insurance policies.

BLANCHE: Oh, very well. I'll be right down, but I'm not properly dressed.

ELMER: Our policies cover everything.

BLANCHE: Well, just a minute. I'll throw on some clothes and be down in a jiffy (She sings a little more)

SFX: DOOR OPENS

ELMER: How'ya do, lady? That's sure a pretty jiffy you're wearing. (Laughs)

BLANCHE: Yes, don't you think this red kimono brings out my eyes?

ELMER: Yeah, it brings out mine, too. (Laughs) Now lady, you may not believe me, but my company sells a policy that insures all the dictators of Europe (He pants)

BLANCHE: A policy for the dictators?! Who's the beneficiary?

ELMER: Uh, what?

BLANCHE: If they die, who benefits?

ELMER: Everybody. (He hums "Stars & Stripes Forever")

BLANCHE: What was that you said about a throat spray.

ELMER: Yes lady, it's called Miracle Throat spray. All the stars use it. It gives you a voice of silver. Care to try it?

BLANCHE: My voice is fine as it is. Now, I must get back to my scales.

ELMER: You know, you and I must be working on the same scale, lady.

BLANCHE: How do you mean?

ELMER: Well, you can't seem to get "fa" and I can't get any "dough"! (He laughs)

SFX: DOOR SLAMS

ELMER: Oh well, that lady didn't seem to have a sense of humor anyhow. I'll just..... Well, looky there, there's old Mr. McRavish up on his roof. Hello, Mr. McTavish, what are you doin' up there?

MCTAVISH: Greetings , laddie. This is our weddin' anniversary and I promised to take my wife to the baseball game today so I'm buildin't a little bonfire up here.

ELMER: What's the fire for?

MCTAVISH: Just a bit of economical strategy, laddie. When the neighbors see the smoke, they'll call the fire department, and as soon as the firemen start squirtin' water on the roof, I'll rush in and tell my wife the game's been called off on account of rain.....Well, what are you sellin' today, laddie? Not that I want to buy anythin'.

ELMER: I'm sellin' Miracle Throat Spray. Is your wife a singer?

MCTAVISH: She used to be, but she's got laryngitis and can't raise her voice above a whisper.

ELMER: Well, this throat spray is just the thing to make her voice good and loud again.

MCTAVISH: Oh, no, laddie, I wouldn't think of changing my wife's voice. I like it fine the way 'tis! Good day, laddie!

ELMER: Oh, well, I guess I'll try just one more door before I knock myself out for the day.

SFX: KNOCK ON DOOR & DOOR OPENS

ELMER: How'dya do, lady, are you a singer?

VERNA: Well, I've always wanted to be one, but my voice is not good.

ELMER: That's a pretty good excuse—Well, lady, I have just what you need—Miracle Throat spray—it gives you a voice of silver. Only one dollar.

VERNA: Do you think it would do that for me? You know, I think I'll try it.... Here's your dollar.

ELMER: Oh, thanks, lady, and here's your Miracle Throat spray. Good day.

VERNA: Wait a minute. I want to try it. Do I just spray it in my throat like this?

ELMER: Yup, yup, yup.....

SFX: SPRAYING WITH ATOMIZER...BUT HEAVY

VERNA: Now listen (She starts singing) Mi mi mi mi mi....(and her singing voice begins to sound like a HORSE WHINNYING) Good heavens, what's happened to my voice? You said this would give me a voice of silver.

ELMER: Well lady, you got it—Hi Yo Silver!!

VERNA: Get out of here!

SFX: DOOR SLAMS & LOUD NEIGHING OF HORSE

ELMER: Well, friends, Arlene Harris is moving into a new house- and when you do that, there's bound to be trouble. Bound to be something brewing. Arlene's a grand little neighbor, though. She keeps her nose to the grindstone, her shoulders to the wheel, and her ear to the wall.

SFX: PHONE RINGING

ARLENE: Harry, isn't that our telephone ringing?.....Well, where is the phone? Oh, dear, that's the trouble, moving into a new house, you never know where things are..... What's that?..... I have my hand on it? Hah, am I a dope! I thought it was the vacuum cleaner. Eh, that's me, always looking for something to pick up a little dirt.....

SFX: PHONE PICKED UP

ARLENE: Hello?..... Oh, hello Mazie..... What do you mean, how does the new house look? Right now it looks terrible....Well, we're just moving in....Yeah, the men are just moving the furniture in now....Oh boy, wait'll you see the curtains....Are they something....Well, whoever we bought the house from I guess left them up as a favor....oh, they're terrible, Mazie!.... Harry says they're "drapes of wrath".... What color are they? Let me take another look....Oh, they're a cream color....the cream's started to curdle....Heh, heh, yeah....Hold the line just a minute, Maze.... Harry, tell the men where the stuff goes, dear.... Some of that goes upstairs, don't have them dumping everything in the middle of the living room floor.... Wait a

minute, Maze, they're gonna bring in my piano and I wanna tell the boys where to put it... uh, boys, that piano goes right in here, please, right on that corner..... hey you, mister, Jimmy, Billy, or whatever your name your name is, you with the muscles... careful with my walls, will you please?..... Oh, just a minute boys, don't leave it there, I don't like it there....no, it cuts out the light.... Look, will you try it over there in that little alcove, please?..... Nothing will fit. Eh, don't try to squeeze it in..... Oh, dear, well look, bring it down on this wall, do you mind?.... Now, put the top up. No, that won't do it. Still shows that crack in the plaster. Oh, dear, now hold it a minute while I try to think where to put it..... what do you mean, you've been holding it for 5 minutes? And what difference does it make, you're getting paid by the hour, aren't you? Oh, well, drop it anyplace, I'll decide later where I'm gonna.....

SFX: THE PIANO CRASHES TO THE GROUND, SPLINTERING

ARLENE: Well, that's fine stuff, I must say. Now on your own time, pick it up and stack it by the fireplace..... Good night!.....Hello, Maisie? No, I didn't drop the phone, the boys were looking for a place to drop the piano.... Yeah, I'll say they did, they tied it up alongside the fireplace....Oh, and now we're all set for the housewarming!....Heh!.... Well, that thing was on its last legs anyway, maybe we'll get a new one now.... Yeah, hold the line just a minute, Maisie... Harry, would you mind taking your feet off the new furniture, please?.... What do you mean, it's too short, that's not a sofa.... Harry, that's a love seat, so get out of it....No, leave it alone, dear, don't pull it out,

it belongs back in the corner.... What's the matter with you?....
What is it, Junior? For goodness sake, how did you get your
clothes in such a mess.... The dog jumped over you with his
dirty paws? Oh, mud all over, that dog will be the death of me.
Go jump in the tub, hurry up, dear..... and no jack-knife dives
either!....Harry, we should get rid of that dog.... We don't need
a watchdog, a watchdog my foot....oh, it's that dog of Harry's,
Maisie.... He eats us out of house and home and Harry won't
get rid of him..... I don't know what kind of a dog he is..... I
think he's a cross between a pointer and a setter.... Yeah, sets
all day and points at the icebox....Absolutely.....Wait a minute,
Maisie....Junior, what are you doing back? Have you had your
bath already?....What do you mean, it's too crowded?.....There's
a strange man in the tub, what's he doing there?.....He says he
lives here?! For heaven sake, Maisie, I'll call you back, Harry
moved us into the wrong house!! Well, of all the crazy.....!!

MUSIC PLAYOFF