

# The **GEORGE BURNS** and **GRACIE ALLEN** Show

Income Tax Problems

Originally Broadcast March 8, 1950

## CAST

Bill Goodwin (Announcer)

Gracie Allen

George Burns

Ralph Hanley

Harry Morton

Blanche Morton

Mona Knox

Music: Theme (Love Nest) up, then under for...

Goodwin: Yes, it's the Amident Show, transcribed in Hollywood and starring George Burns and Gracie Allen.

Music: Theme back up and then under again for...

Goodwin: With yours truly, Bill Goodwin, Bea Benadaret, Doris Singleton, Hal March, Marvin Miller, Harry Lubin and the Amident Orchestra. For healthy laughter it's George and Gracie; and for healthier teeth with fewer cavities it's Amident Toothpaste.

Music: Up to big finish.

Goodwin: Well, last night George took Gracie to the ballet and it's an evening he'll never forget. But he'd like to. To Gracie it was a new and exciting experience and she's still thrilled about it.

Gracie: (Fondly remembering) Oh, gee, everybody was there. Did you notice Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck sitting in front of us?

George: Yeah. That Barbara Stanwyck certainly is gorgeous.

Gracie: Oh, I'll say. Those actors really marry beautiful women, dontcha George.

George: Yes, that we do.

Gracie: During intermission there was some very exciting gossip in the powder room.

George: Oh?

Gracie: Mrs. Harris said, "I wonder why Sarah Treadwell didn't come to the ballet. So I said well maybe she had a fight with her husband. And she said, Oh, not Sarah. And I said well I don't blame her if he's running around with another woman. And so she said, Poor Sarah. Who will take care of their five children? And I said well not that no good husband of hers.

George: Well, it sounds real exciting.

Gracie: Yes. It would be even more exciting if I knew who Sarah Treadwell was.

George: You, ah, you don't know Sarah Treadwell.

Gracie: I don't even know Mrs. Harris.

George: Interesting yarn. Ah, what did you think of the ballet?

Gracie: Oh, I loved it. Although you dozed off a couple of times.

George: I ate too much dinner. Pickles were delicious.

Gracie: But the dancers were so polite. They danced on their toes so they wouldn't wake you.

George: Well, to show my appreciation I'll go backstage and teach them how to dance the Peabody.

Gracie: Peabody? What's that?

George: He's a banjo player who's married to Sarah Treadwell.

Gracie: You know, the last scene at the ballet disappointed me. You remember how that big strong handsome man in tights chased the beautiful ballerina?

George: Yeah.

Gracie: He chased her around that stage like crazy. She ran and he ran. She jumped and he jumped. She flew and he flew. When he finally caught her – boom! Down came the curtain. I wish he'd started chasing her ten minutes sooner.

George: Well, we'll read about it in Louella Parson's column. Honey, that was the idea of the ballet. When the fellow caught the girl the show was over.

Gracie: It's a good thing Bill Goodwin isn't a ballet dancer. The show would have been over in two minutes.

George: Two minutes? Bill is slowing up.

SFX: Knock on door.

George: Come in!

SFX: Door opens, closes.

Ralph: Hello, George.

George: Hello, Ralph. How are ya? Gracie, you know Ralph Hanley. He makes out our income tax every year.

Gracie: Of course. How are you, Mr. Hanley?

Ralph: Fine, thank you, Mrs. Burns.

Gracie: George told me you were coming, so to help you I figured out our income tax. You'll find it on the desk. The government owes us six million dollars.

Ralph: Mrs. Burns, how did you ever get such a figure?

Gracie: No starches and plenty of exercise.

George: Lots of fresh air, too.

Gracie: By the way, Mr. Hanley, How come we never got the nine million dollars I figured the government owed us last year?

George: They're waiting until next year and then they'll send us the state of Texas.  
(Pause) Ralph, have you had breakfast? Would you like Gracie to scramble you some eggs?

Gracie: Oh, please, George, we're out of eggs.

George: The grocer left a dozen yesterday.

Gracie: I know. But I heard about a new thing called an egg shampoo so I tried it. And when I shampooed the eggs, they broke.

George: Ah—just fix us some coffee.

Gracie: Alright.

SFX: Door closes

George: So, Ralph, how's the tax look this year?

Ralph: About the same as last. But I've been listening to you sing on the program and we can deduct for that throat operation.

George: I didn't have a throat operation.

Ralph: I know. But you're going to, aren't ya?

George: Just make out the tax. When I need bad jokes I'll send for my writers.

Ralph: I was only kidding, George. By the way I see you're getting your money from a new source this year.

George: No, I'm still married to Gracie. Oh-oh! You mean the sponsor-the new sponsor.

Ralph: Yeah. How are they?

George: Ah, they're wonderful people.

Ralph: I've been using that Amident Toothpaste and it's great.

George: Well, thanks, Ralph.

Ralph: George, if you'll give me the canceled checks and records I'll get busy. But please, don't let Gracie help me this year. Last year when I took her to have some papers notarized the man asked her to identify herself. She opened her compact, looked in the mirror and said, "Yes, it's me alright."

George: I'll see that she doesn't bother you...

SFX: Door knock

George: ... Come in.

SFX: Door opens

Harry: Hello, George. Is Gracie here? I'd like to speak to her.

George: (Yelling into the other room) Gracie! Harry Morton wants to see ya.

Gracie: (Off in another room) I'll be right out.

George: Harry, this is Ralph Hanley, my income tax man.

Harry & Ralph: (Exchange greetings)

George: What do you want to see Gracie about, Harry?

Harry: Well, tomorrow is Blanche's birthday, George, and I don't know what to get her. I thought maybe a diamond ring or a new car. By the way, Mr. Hanley, is that deductible?

Ralph: No, it isn't.

Harry: I don't know what to get her. I thought maybe a handkerchief or bobby pins.

George: Pipe cleaners would be nice.

SFX: Door opens

Gracie: (Entering) Oh, hello, Harry.

Harry: Hello, Gracie.

Gracie: George, I fixed some coffee for you and Mr. Hanley. You'll find it on the stove.

George: Thank you.

Gracie: And I thought you'd like something to go with the coffee so I made you some tea.

George: Good. Now we can dunk. Come on, Ralph. (Leaving) Let's go in the den and get started on the tax.

SFX: Door closes

Harry: Gracie, I'm trying to decide what to give Blanche for her birthday. Have you heard her mention anything she'd like?

Gracie: No. But why don't you get her a green necklace to match the gold bracelet you got her for Christmas?

Harry: She's got enough jewelry. Do you think it would be alright if I gave Blanche a pet?

Gracie: Why not? You're married!

Harry: No. No, I mean something like a dog.

Gracie: Now don't get a dog. I had one and he couldn't even learn to run and fetch a stick. I threw that stick and brought it back between my teeth a hundred times. That stupid dog just sat there and looked at me like I was crazy.

Harry: I wonder why? You're right about the dog, Gracie. Perfume would be nice. Or maybe a pretty night gown.

Gracie: Oh, that's a good idea. I can just picture Blanche in a sheer, black nightgown.

Harry: Me, too. Well, there goes that idea. (Pause) Think of something, Gracie.

Gracie: Oh, I got it. A television set. My uncle said he just bought a beauty for \$12,500.

Harry: Twelve-thousand five-hundred for a television set?

Gracie: Well, that included the bar. That's what he really wanted.

Harry: Hey, I know what I'll get. Blanche has always wanted an alligator bag. I'll surprise her with that. I'll put it in a candy box so she won't guess what it is and when she opens it she'll faint. Hah, ha, ha. Oh, this is a wonderful idea.

Gracie: Oh, it's nothing. I got a million of 'em.

Harry: I'll be running along.

Gracie: Um, George! Harry is leaving.

SFX: Door opens

George: (Entering) Hey, Harry! Before you go, the Friars are giving a sociable Friday night. Would you like to be my guest? There'll be some swell entertainment. Jolson, Groucho, Crosby, Hope, Benny, Cantor, Jessell...

Harry: I'd love to George, but I can't Friday. Spade Cooley<sup>1</sup> is on television.

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<sup>1</sup> Donnell Clyde Cooley (December 17, 1910–November 23, 1969), better known as Spade Cooley, was an American Western swing musician, big band leader, actor, and television personality. His career ended in 1961 when he was arrested and convicted for the murder of his second wife, Ella Mae Evans. He received a life sentence.

After he had served eight years, the state of California agreed to parole him on February 22, 1970. In November 1969, he received a 72-hour furlough to play a benefit concert for the Deputy Sheriffs Association of Alameda County at the Paramount Theater in Oakland. After the performance, Cooley suffered a fatal heart attack in the backstage area on November 23.

George: Spade Cooley, huh? I'll bring the Friars to your house.

Harry: So long.

SFX: Door closes.

George: Can you imagine a man being that stupid?

Gracie: Isn't he a dope. Spade Cooley's on Saturday nights.

George: Yeah. Well, I'd better get back and help Ralph with the tax.

Gracie: Oh, George, can you ask him how much a woman can deduct for a missing husband?

George: Ah, who's missing?

Gracie: Uncle Joe, Aunt Clara's husband. And if the government will allow...

George: Gracie, I've seen Aunt Clara. Joe isn't missing. He's hiding.

Gracie: Oh, no. No, George. He's missing. You see, Uncle Joe's hobby is blowing glass. Every night he'd stay on the back porch blowing glass. And one night he blew a bottle around himself.

George: He sat on the back porch and blew a bottle around himself.

Gracie: Mmm, hmm. And in the morning the milkman took him away with the empties.



The lines on the prior page are how the script was written. Here is what was actually spoken (most of it ad lib) on the air:

Gracie: Oh, no. No, George. He's missing. You see, Uncle Joe's hobby is blowing glass. Every night he'd stay on the back porch blowing gas -- glass. And one night he blew a bottle around himself.

(Prolonged audience laughter)

Gracie: I'll read it again.

George: Let's take it again. Ah--would you like to have me give you two beats?

Gracie: No, I can get it. (Pause) Oh, no, George, he's missing.

George: This is Uncle Joe.

Gracie: Yes.

Gracie: You see, Uncle Joe's hobby was glass blowing.

George: Oh, he's a glass blower.

Gracie: Every night he'd sit on the back porch blowing glass.

George: Yes.

Gracie: One night he blew a bottle around himself.

George: He sat on the back porch and blew a bottle around himself.

Gracie: Mmm, hmm. And in the morning the milkman took him away with the empties.

George: Gracie, you don't believe that story, do ya?

Gracie: Well, why not? Lots of people have back porches.

George: Oh, yes., I forgot that.

Gracie: And poor Aunt Clara had to support herself selling homemade bread.

George: That's not easy.

Gracie: Aunt Clara is a smart business woman. She didn't sell her bread the day she made it. She kept it until the next day.

George: Why was that?

Gracie: Well, it was day old bread and she could sell it cheaper.

George: Funny, that sounds right to me. Well, Ralph can't help Aunt Clara. He specializes in actors. He just finished Jack Benny's income tax yesterday. Hah-ha-ha. When Benny heard the bad news he went down to Max Factor's and tore his hair out.

Gracie: Do actor's have special deductions, George?

George: Sure. For example, the other day you bought stamps to answer my fan mail. That's deductible.

Gracie: Ooo. That's three cents I get.

George: Wait a minute! Three cents? You told me you spent Thirty-two dollars and three cents. Explain that.

Gracie: Well, umm, you know how on the way to the post office you have to go past Bullocks.

George: Yeah.

Gracie: I didn't.

George: Now, look...

SFX: Door opens

Ralph (Entering) Excuse me, Mr. Burns. I can't go on with your tax until you explain some of these expenses. Now here's an item. Fifty dollars for ten pogo sticks. Why did you buy ten?

Gracie: That's all they had.

Ralph: But, Mrs. Burns, what do you want with them?

Gracie: Those sticks come in very handy in case you're attacked by a pogo.

Ralph: George, where's the aspirin?

George: You'll find two bottles in the bottom drawer of the desk.

Ralph: Thanks.

SFX: Door closes

George: Gracie, just what is a pogo?

Gracie: You know. But I couldn't tell him that he might think I was dumb.

George: Now he thinks your smart.

Gracie: George, do you think our tax bill will be very high this year?

George: Yeah. But thank goodness for the community property law.

Gracie: Community property law?

George: That's right.

Gracie: What's that?

George: It's a law that says that half of everything I've got is yours and half of everything you got is mine.

Gracie: Oh? Then how come I only get one-fourth of what we make?

George: Well, that's the way it works out. I'll show you. Now here in my hand I've got a dollar in change. Half of everything I've got is yours. Here's fifty cents.

Gracie: Thank you.

George: Now, half of everything you've got is mine. How much have you got?

Gracie: Fifty cents.

George: Give me a quarter. There. You see how it works?

Gracie: Mmm, hmm. I see real good. Let's do that again and this time I'll start with a

dollar.

George: OK.

Gracie: Now, half of everything I've got is yours. Here's fifty cents.

George: Thanks.

Gracie: Umm – how does that second part go again?

George: Half of everything you got is mine. How much have you got?

Gracie: Fifty-cents.

George: Give me a quarter.

Gracie: Here.

George: Thanks.

Gracie: You're right George. It comes out the same way each time.

George: Well, sure it does.

Gracie: You must be awfully discouraged being married to a woman who doesn't understand money.

George: Well, sometimes it comes in real handy.

MUSIC: Segue to next commercial.

Applause

Goodwin: This is Bill Goodwin, folks. Are you reducing tooth decay with Amident

ammoniated toothpaste? Just think, until recently no toothpaste or powder offered you the hope of fewer cavities. Then the great news broke. A sensational discovery to reduce tooth decay. An ammoniated dentifrice—Amident. Magazines and newspapers spread the news. Dentists hailed the arrival of Amident and recommend it to patients. Have you bought Amident for your family? Are your children fighting tooth decay every time they brush their teeth? If not, if you're using today the same toothpaste you used a year ago, your toothpaste is not ammoniated. Your toothpaste can do no more to prevent cavities than it did last year. So please, don't delay, insist on Amident. Amident toothpaste and Amident tooth powder are recommended by more dentists than any other dentifrice.

MUSIC: Lead in to next scene.

Gracie: Say, George, I've been talking to Mr. Hanley about our income tax. I said, umm, "Why does the government need so much money?" And he said because the government has three billion dollar deficit.

George: That's right.

Gracie: Well, why don't they buy a cheaper one?

George: They like the one with the rear-view mirrors.

Gracie: Ah.

George: Gracie, the government needs our tax money to run the country. Part of it goes to pay the salaries of the President, the cabinet, the congressmen...

Gracie: George, do Republicans have to pay part of President Truman's salary?

George: Well, sure.

Gracie: That's really rubbing it in, isn't it.

George: And the government needs money to run the Army and the Navy. Without soldiers and sailors we wouldn't be safe.

Gracie: (Giggles) I can see you've never been out with one.

George: And don't forget that our government is spending millions of dollars on European

recovery. We send them food. That's called the ERP<sup>2</sup>. And then there's...

Gracie: We oughta change that.

George: Change what?

Gracie: The ERP. Sounds like our food gives them indigestion.

George: I'll talk to Sarah Treadwell. And Mrs. Harris.

SFX: Door opens

Hanley: (Entering) I'm sorry to interrupt again, George. But these items are driving me nuts. Mrs. Burns, what is this? One wave, a hundred and ten dollars.

George: A hundred and ten dollars! Gracie, who gave you that wave?

Gracie: Muriel Roberts. And when I waved back I drove into a telephone pole.

George: Anything else you want to know, Ralph?

Hanley: Yeah, give me some more aspirin.

SFX: Door closes

Gracie: Now, what were we talking about?

George: Interesting stuff. The taxes..

Gracie: Right. I know how the government can save a fortune. Do away with the mint.

George: Do away with the mint.

Gracie: Sure. Why don't...

George: Just do away with it?

Gracie: Yes.

George: Yes.

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<sup>2</sup> European Recovery Program

Gracie: Why print money? Why not buy ready-made?

George: That's an idea.

Gracie: We can buy from China. I hear their money is very cheap.

George: Yes. We can get them in Macy's basement.

Gracie: And another way our government can save money, stop printing stamps. We don't use them, anyway. My sister Bessie mails letters everyday and never uses a stamp.

George: Then they must be returned.

Gracie: That's the idea. Bessie's crazy about the postman.

George: I wish Bessie would get married. You have...

SFX: Rapid door knock

George: Come in.

SFX: Door opens

Goodwin: Hi, Burns's.

George: Oh, hello, Bill.

Gracie: How are you, Bill. You still in love?

Goodwin: Ah, more than ever, Gracie. It was just a week ago today that I met Ann Nelson. I went to buy her some flowers. As I was standing there waiting for them, I realized that this was the only girl for me.

George: She really got ya, huh?

Goodwin: Oh, man. Wait'll you meet this florist.

George: You fell in love with the florist? It's a good thing you buy your cigarettes from a machine.

Gracie: Bill, what happened to Ann?

Goodwin: Well, certain people said I was interested in Ann just for her money.

George: Who said that?

Goodwin: Her banker when I checked her account.

Gracie: So, Bill, you mean to say that you walked into this florist shop and fell in love with the girl just like that?

Goodwin: Oh, no. There was some dialogue first. I said, "Hello, Miss, I'd like to buy some flowers." She said, "Roses are nice." And I said, "Fine." She said, "How do you like the stems?" I said, "Gorgeous. And the rest of you is cute, too." and we were engaged.

George: Well, there's nothing like a nice long courtship.

Goodwin: Gee, what a sweet girl, George. She gave me a carnation for my button hole.

Gracie: Now that's a silly trade. What will she do with your button hole?

George: Press it in a book.

Gracie: Say, Bill, I....

George: Press it in a book.

Gracie: Yes, I know, George. Bill, I'm going to ask the Morton's over for dinner tomorrow night. It's Blanche's birthday. How about you and your girl joining us?

Goodwin: We'd love to, Gracie.

Gracie: Good. I'll phone Blanche.

George: By the way, Bill, what's the girl's name?

Goodwin: Mona Knox. It used to be Ethyl Knox but the gasoline companies paid her to change it.

George: My first name used to be Asbestos, but they paid me off, too.

Gracie: Now boys, please, I'm phoning.



SFX: Phone dialing; ringing on other end. Transition so now audience is on receiving end of call; phone picks up

Blanche: Hello.

Gracie: (Filtered) Blanche? Gracie. Would you and Harry like to come for dinner tomorrow night to celebrate your birthday?

Blanche: Oh, I'd love to. I'll ask Harry and call you back.

Gracie: Alright. Incidentally, I helped Harry decide on your present. You'll love it.

Blanche: Oh, what is it, Gracie?

Gracie: I can't tell you. It's a surprise.

Blanche: Ah, please!

Gracie: No.

Blanche: Well, let me guess. Um, is it a new stove?

Gracie: Well, you're so close I might as well tell you. It's an alligator bag.

Blanche: Oh, wonderful.

Gracie: I'm glad you know, Blanche. He was going to put it in a candy box and I was afraid you might eat it.

Blanche: Ah, yeah. Well, I'll call you back, Gracie.

Gracie: Bye.

Blanche: Good bye. Harry, Gracie just invited us over there tomorrow night for my birthday dinner.

Harry: Oh, murder. I hope Gracie doesn't bake you a cake. Remember that soggy thing she baked for George's last birthday?

Blanche: Now, Harry, it wasn't her faulty George's cake was soggy.

Harry: No?

Blanche: No. It had so many candles he couldn't blow them out so they had to turn the hose on them.

Harry: Why don't you stop exaggerating. George isn't as old as he looks.

Blanche: He couldn't be.

Harry: I've got news for you. Eighteen years with Gracie and Butch Jenkins<sup>3</sup> would look like that. Poor George is over there right now trying to figure out his income tax. Believe me it would be a lot easier if it weren't for Gracie.

Blanche: I'll say it would. He wouldn't have any. I don't see how that schnook ever tricked Gracie into marrying him.

Harry: He didn't trick her. She wanted to get married in the worst way.

Blanche: Well, she did!

Harry: Aren't we clever today!

Blanche: I don't care. I love Gracie. She's very sweet to give me a birthday dinner.

Harry: Yeah, yeah. I can't wait to get there. Last time I went over there to dinner someone told Gracie that stewed chicken was the most tender. When I got there George was trying to sober it up so he could kill it.

Blanche: Anyway, her cooking is a lot better than sugar throat's entertaining. So help me, if he sings tomorrow night I'll slug him with my new alligator bag.

Harry: Alligator – so Gracie told ya! I should have known I couldn't trust her.

Blanche: Well, it's really my fault she told me. I put the idea into her head.

Harry: Blanche, putting an idea into her head is like putting a basketball into a thimble.

Blanche: Oh, hush. I'll tell her we're coming.

SFX: Phone pick up; dialing; transition back to other phone for ringing and phone pick up.

Gracie: Hello.

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<sup>3</sup> Jackie "Butch" Jenkins was a child actor of the 1940s

Blanche: (Filtered) Gracie, this is Blanche. We'll be there for dinner tomorrow night.

Gracie: Oh, good. We'll expect you Blanche. Oh, and what kind of mints do you like? Wintergreen or clove?

Blanche: Why?

Gracie: I'm making hot mince pie.

Blanche: Ah—um—we're on a diet, Gracie. See ya tomorrow night. Goodbye.

Gracie: Bye!

SFX: Phone hang up.

Gracie: George, where did Bill go?

George: His girl, Mona is sitting out in the car. I told him to bring her in.

Gracie: Oh, isn't it wonderful! At last, Bill is really in love.

George: I hope he doesn't meet anybody on the way out to the car. What a guy. A new romance every week.

SFX: Door opens

Hanley: (Entering) George, it's me again. Mrs. Burns, can you explain this item – one rubber boot for left foot, ten dollars.

Gracie: Well, what do you want explained?

Hanley: Why did you buy it?

Gracie: It's a bargain. I got it for half what a pair would cost.

George: But why did you buy one left boot?

Gracie: I've only got one left foot.

George: Satisfied, Ralph?

Hanley: Oh sure, sure. I'll go in and finish the income task.

George: Income tax?

SFX: Door opens

George: Hey, Ralph. You're going in the closet.

Hanley: Oh. Pardon me.

SFX: Door closes; door opens; door closes

George: I'm a little worried about that guy. Did you notice that dazed look on his face?

Gracie: Oh, that's nothing. Almost everybody I talk to has that look.

George: Well, I'll tell you I'm still...

SFX: Door opens

Goodwin: George & Gracie, I'd like you to meet my fiancé, Miss Knox. Mona, this is Mr. And Mrs. Burns.

All: (Greetings all around)

Mona: Bill has told me all about you. He said you've been working for him for almost ten years.

George: That's—ah—that's what Bill told ya?

Mona: Yes. He says you're a wonderful announcer.

George: Bill, this may come as a surprise but I'm thinking very seriously of leaving you.

Goodwin: George, Gracie, come here a minute. (Softly) Play along with me. I'm trying to make an impression.

Gracie: (Softly) I got it. Mona, we're all gonna play along with Bill.

Goodwin: (Loud) Gracie!

George: (Softly) Mona is not in on this.

Gracie: Oh. OK, Mona.

Goodwin: As I was saying Mona, George has been announcing for me for ten years. Is that right, boy?

George: Yes, sir.

Mona: Boy?

Goodwin: I say funny things. I'm a comedian.

Mona: And, ah, what do you do, Mrs. Burns?

Gracie: Oh, I help my husband. He's one of the greatest announcers in the radio business. Has a beautiful voice.

Mona: Oh, I'd love to hear it. Won't you show me what you do, Mr. Burns.

Gracie: He'd be glad to.

George: (Clears throat)

Gracie: Are you preventing tooth decay with Amident ammoniated tooth – take I George.

George: Paste.

Gracie: Amident tastes delightful. It leaves y our teeth bright and sparkling, your mouth feeling fresh and clean. Amident is a grand, ake-up tooth –

George: Paste.

Gracie: Amident is recommended by more dentists than any other dentifrice. Give your entire family the protection of Amident ammoniated tooth –

George: Would somebody hand me a glass of water.

Goodwin: Here.

SFX: Gurgling sound briefly as water is swallowed.

George: (Clears throat.) Paste.

Goodwin: OK, now George, that's enough. Mona, even if it means losing you I've got to tell the truth. George isn't the announcer. Amident's a great product and they have the world's greatest announcer to talk about it. But I was just too modest to tell you it was me.

George: Yes, Mona, he's a real shy boy.

Mona: Mr. Burns, if you're not the announcer, what do you do?

Gracie: Well sit down and show us sugar-throat.

MUSIC: Arpeggio as lead in to song

George: (Sings way off key and out of tune) "And if I call you buttercup the dandelions might eat you up so buy a ring and change your name to mine." That's what I do.

Mona: Oh, you're the sound effects man!

George: No, I'm the script girl.

SFX: Door opens

Hanley: (Entering and very weary) I've got another item here, Mr. Burns.

George: Folks, I want you to meet Mr. Hanley.

Hanley: How do you do, Mr. Hanley.

Gracie: I'll be right in, Ralph. And see you tomorrow night, Bill. We're having the same dinner we had last time you were here so will you stop by the Brown Derby and ask them send over a bottle of bourbon.

Goodwin: Stewed chicken again, huh?

Gracie: Excuse me, I'll go in and see Ralph.

SFX: Door closes

Goodwin: Say, George, who's the guy with the loose shingles? One of Gracie's relatives?

George: Nah. He's our tax man. He's trying to figure out Gracie's check stubs.

Goodwin: Oh, well, that explains it. Come on Mona. (Exiting) So long, George.

Mona & George: Bye.

SFX: Door closes

George: (To himself) Four years with the Peewee Quartet and she calls me a sound effects man.

Music: Arpeggio

George: I'd love to call you Rose, dear, but roses fade away. Roses die when winter time is dead. I'd love to call you Daisy, I...

SFX: Door opens

Gracie: I, um, I don't think Ralph Hanley should do our taxes. He's too nervous. You know, he asked me why I bought a thousand ping ball balls and when I told him he seemed upset.

George: Well, why did you buy them?

Gracie: Well I use them instead of moth balls. They don't smell up the closet.

George: But they don't kill any moths!

Gracie: Oh yes they do. When the moths bite into them there's nothing there and they starve to death.

George: Don't let anybody steal this idea...

SFX: Phone rings

George: I'll get it.

SFX: Phone pick up

George: Hello.

Harry: (Filtered) George, this is Harry Morton I'm coming over to help you with your income tax.

George: Harry, I've got a tax man.

Harry: You HAD one. He just jumped out your window and he's running down the street.

George: Thanks, Harry.

SFX: Phone hang up

George: Gracie, come over here to the window. Look at Ralph Hanley running down the street.

Gracie: My, he's flying, isn't he.

George: Yes. And do you know why?

Gracie: Oh, sure, he's got to get that tax to Washington by March 15<sup>th</sup>.

George: Yeah, that's what I mean.

Applause

MUSIC: Theme plays, then under for—

Goodwin: Join us again next Wednesday when we'll all be back, George Burns, Gracie Allen, Harry Lubin and the Amident Orchestra and ours truly, Bill Goodwin. Brought to you by the makers of Amident, the ammoniated toothpaste and tooth powder. Recommended by more dentists than any other dentifrice.

MUSIC Theme back up and play out.