

SOUND: SHRIEK AROUND IN THE RAIN (DOWN FOR ANNOUNCEMENT)

WILL: TOD, HOD, I'VE ESTIMATED THAT THERE ARE 500,000 AMERICANS
LIVING IN TRAILERS THESE DAYS... BUT WE'D MAKE THAT FIGURE
HOL: 500,000 BECAUSE OUR TWO FRIENDS HAVE GOT A NEW SHINY
SCOT: CABIN TRAILER ON TEN DAYS FREE TRIAL. AND HERE,
PROCEEDING ALONG THE ROAD, SOMEWHERE WEST OF BUFFALO,
FIB: AND HEADING FOR A SCOUTS CAMP, AND FIBBER HOGGE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE: two, ind.

SOUND: MOTOR FADE IN UP AND DOWN FOR DIALOG

HOL: Here in there, McGee... it's a tourist camp... TURN IN.
FIB: CHAY, MOLLY, watch the back and there and tell me if I
HOL: right... it was goin' to say Mr. Wach/hortle, that
HOL: All right... go ahead... (PAUSE WITH SOUNDS) ...STURGEON, you
SHARPER, ONCE... SHARPER... NOT SO MUCH... ALLRIGHT. GO
SCOT: AHEAD... there were three trailers damaged comin'

SOUND: MOTOR UP AND OUT... BRAKE SCREECH

FIB: Gotta get them brakes fixed... Who! Quite a trick gittin'
SCOT: that there trailer thru that narrow gate... see, I'm
HOL: On well... you'll get used to it... show in connection wi'
FIB: I suppose... But I'm glad it's only ONE trailer. I feel
HOL: like a engineer watchin' his own sabotage rollerin' him
around a horse shoe curve. Well, there bud. You run this
SCOT: camp... but ye still have to get cott. Make yer col's at
SCOT: Aye... Mac'hortle is the name, and I'll be biddin' ye
welcome... Forr the sma' sum o' fuffy cents.

1. FIB: Chay, bud! ... are ye speak all night pervadin' that
2. SCOT: Fifty cents apiece, laddie. And would ye be havin' a
3. MOL: Well... let's not borrow trouble... see... well
4. HOL: Well that's not a barn -- it's a trailer.
5. SCOT: Aye... laddie... ye dinna understand. Not barn.
6. MOL: BARRERS... Aye... one...
7. FIB: Chay means have we got any kids, Molly... well... they're
just a two, bud... good as any to camp?
8. HOL: Say, Mr. Mac'Far... Mac'hortle got there, mister.
9. SCOT: Whertle, ye mean, aint it, bud. Only thing is, we aint
10. FIB: Whertle we mean, what's that up yet.
11. HOL: Quiet, McGee. I was goin' to say Mr. Wach/hortle, that
12. FIB: dependin' how many people travel by trailer nowadays... you
13. SCOT: Aye... there were three trailers damaged comin'
14. FIB: in this morning here was drivin' the car whilst I was
15. FIB: I bet that made you feel cheap, bud.
16. SCOT: Well, so, laddie... I wouldn't say that. Ye see, I'm
17. MAN: ...runnin' a wee bit repair shop in connection wi'
18. FIB: the tourist camp... to ask Molly, if she wanted dressin'
19. MOL: (LAUGHS) ... Oh I see... she was lucky gettin' in without a
20. scratch and find myself talkin' to a brewery truck lost in
21. SCOT: Aye... but ye still have to get cott. Make yer col's at
22. home, friends.
23. (FADE OUT)

FIB: Ham. He'll probably work all night narrowin' that gate down for us.

MAN: Oh well... it's not borrow trouble, McGee. We'll probably like... thru the windshield ahead.

OLD MAN: Evenin', folk. You new arrivals?

NOL: How do you do, I'm sure.

FIB: You betcha, bud. We just got in. We suppose this spot right here's as good as any to camp?

MAN: Sure thing. Nice trailer you got there, mister.

FIB: Yep. Benda ducky, aint it, bud. Only thing is, we aint got the telephone connected up yet.

MAN: Telephone? Wait till I get it. The keys, McGee.

FIB: Yep. They's a telephone between the cabin' and the car ahead. Had a little trouble with it so I disconnected it.

MAN: What kind of trouble?

FIB: Well, my wife here was drivin' the car whilst I was cookin' lunch in the trailer, see?

NOL: McGee you was no such thing....

MAN: Well what happened?

FIB: I picked up the phone to ask Molly if she wanted Gressin' on her... and ye know what happens? I get the wrong number and find myself talkin' to a brewery truck out in Detroit. AHEM.

OLD MAN: (FADE IN) Never mind folks. It wasn't even locked. I found the salt myself.

1. NOL: So, until we get it fixed we keep a shotgun.

2. MAN: Shotgun? Bud. Might o' fixed yourself up a sandwich

3. NOL: Yep. See the cabin' the cabin' can lean out the window

4. MAN: and fire a shot thru the windshield ahead.

5. MAN: Don't see any holes intit.

6. FIB: I know, bud. I've aint been cookin' since I took a lunch

7. FIB: wrong turn this mornin'. AHEM. What was it ye wanted, bud? That's okay bud. Glad to be good neighbors. (PAUSE)

8. MAN: Oh yes... stase me for askin', young feller, but it's about

9. NOL: side to the crossroads store and my outfit's all out of salt.

10. FIB: could we borrow a little from yer'n him. Well... suppose.

11. NOL: Oh, why certainly. Wait till I get it. The keys, McGee.

12. FIB: Well start in the cabin' and - oh hello there-eh.

13. NOL: The keys, the KEYS. To the door of the trailer, course

14. FIB: You got 'em? delightful. Don't you think it's delightful?

15. NOL: No. You've got 'em naturally. Simply delightful. Oh bud

16. FIB: No I aint, I give 'em to you. Don't mind do you? Why,

17. NOL: Why, McGee, you never did, Lisa Muggin - Lisa Muggin, the

18. FIB: Why, Molly! Remember when we stopped for that two

19. NOL: gallons of gas back in Albany, I says, listen, Molly, I

20. FIB: says... you take the keys.

21. NOL: No, it NE that-

22. OLD MAN: (FADE IN) Never mind folks. It wasn't even locked. I

23. found the salt myself. See it tis.

24. NOL: Oh how do you do, na'na, I'm sure. This is me husband,

25. Mr. McGee.

NOL: Oh, Oh, that's fine, that's fine.

FIB: Nice work, Edna. Right polished yourself up a scotch.... whilst you was in there, it's a small world... isn't it?

MAE: I didn't do it... one should never be surprised at...

NOL: How'd you like it then? Well, naturally not... I myself.

MAE: I can't see it. All you had was a dog of Irish and I had a lamb.

FIB: Well, thanks for the scotch a woman named Sklink in -

FIB: Oh, that's okay Edna. Glad to be good neighbors. (PAUSE)
How'd he get in the trailer? Molly: That door was locked.

NOL: Maybe he's Edna's Valentine.

FIB: Maybe. But I didn't see any lace on him. Well, I suppose we start fakin' up for the night, Molly.... well, git an

NOL: I don't start in the mornin' and - oh, hell, there she is.

DINWIT: Oh how do you do, delightful evening isn't it? Of course

FIB: It is, it's very delightful, and you think it's delightful?
Of course I do, naturally. Simply delightful. Oh but

DINWIT: Let me introduce myself. You don't mind do you? My -
of course you do not. I am Miss Nuggin - Miss Nuggin, the

FIB: Miss Nuggin - Miss Nuggin - I could borrow... oh of course

NOL: What? Right? Well... I'm teaching some of the children

FIB: Miss? What paper patterns... isn't that sweet? Of

NOL: Miss? Well... I KNOW you want mind lending your scissors

DINWIT: recreational, directable, and this tonight's camp... delightful
idea, isn't it? Of course it is.

NOL: Oh how do you do, ma'am, I'm sure. This is me husband,
Mr. McGee.

1. FIB: and this is my wife, Mrs. McGee, the little maid.

2. DINWIT: Oh the same name, how delightful, quite a coincidence....

3. but, as I always say... it's a small world, isn't it?

4. Of course it is... one should never be surprised at

5. anything, should they? Well, naturally not. I myself (OUT)

6. FIB: have had the STRANGEST experiences. I know a man named

7. Bennifield in Australia and a woman named Sklink in -

8. NOL: Hartenburg, 12,000 miles apart and they both stuttered.

9. FIB: Wasn't that a coincidence? Of course it was. Amazing.

10. NOL: I was astounded. Naturally, I see some potatoes and you

11. FIB: MICK Yes, of course... naturally... but what can you do for you

12. eat potatoes... oh yes... right in this cabinet here.

13. NOL: If it's community singin' we can't count on that. We're

14. NOL: tired and want to get some rest.

15. FIB: If you gittin' up some gusses, babe, count me in for

16. Kiss the Pilem - o' hidin' in our trailer?

17. DINWIT: Oh, I KNOW you must be tired... naturally... after a long

18. NOL: day's drive... of course... But I just came over to see if

19. FIB: you had a pair of scissors I could borrow... oh of course

20. TED: you have... naturally... I'm teaching some of the children

21. how to cut out paper patterns... isn't that sweet? Of

22. NOL: course it is. I KNOW you want mind lending your scissors

23. TED: for such a cause... will you? Naturally not... we need

24. his ride on top. You can come down, now Washburn.

25.

VOICE: (OFF MIKE) Thanks. SOUND: SCRAMBLE...METALLIC CLATTER

FIB: Here we are, sis. My regards to the little grind.

DINWIT: Oh THANKS...that's very kind of you. I'll return them

TED: very shortly...of course...naturally...thank you SO MUCH!

SOUND SCRAMBLE hope you enjoy your stay here..., but of course

NOL: you will...naturally...it's SO delightful... (FADE OUT)

FIB: Snacks; they oughta call this camp The Trail of The Lead

TED: Saus Stuff. (LAUGHS) Don't ya give it, Molly, I says -

NOL: That's funny, Madecanna let Red stay in there? In that little

FIB: Okay? What'll we do, now, Molly THE THINGS!

NOL: Well come inside here...I'll peel some potatoes and you

(OFF MIKE) fill the water tanks. Let me see now...where did I put

TED: the potatoes...oh yes...right in this cabinets here.

SOUND: Door slams...CLATTER OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS....

NOL: (SCREAMS) Oh...NoGs...look...

FIB: LAU Well for the...It's Ted Veems orchestra...hey Ted...

ORK: what's the idea of hidin' in our trailer? ANNOUNCEMENT

TED: Hello, Fibber. We're stowaways. JAMP, FIBBER AND MOLLY ARE

NOL: Go away, stowaway! THE SUPPER, SERVED FROM THE KITCHENETTE OF

FIB: Stowaways, eh? Where'd you get on?

TED: Oh back near Ithaca. It's a little cramped in here, but

it beats walking.

FIB: This is the life, Molly...why didnt we think of this long

NOL: Where's country Washburn and his Carners cornet!

TED: Oh we didnt have room for him and his tuba---so we made

NOL: I mentioned it three years ago.

FIB: This is the way to live. See the country. Cost less to

NOL: travel than live at home!...ya know...I got a great idea.

FIB: Fine. You wash 'em and I'll dry 'em.

VOICE: (OFF MIKE) Thanks. SOUND: SCRAMBLE...METALLIC CLATTER

11. FIB: AND THERE...errin' to the dishes. Listen. Because we

12. FIB: AREN...Oh well...they where's Red Ingles?

13. TED: Get around somewhere! HEY...RED! (PAUSE) RED INGLIS!

14. SOUND SHUDDER Quit interruptin'. Got a fleet o' powerful

15. NOL: Heavenly days...he's locked in the Grand cabinets! HE!

16. Let's hitch on behind each one! For instance...

17. TED: Never mind; Molly...He might be in his own...we hitch you

18. FIB: You mean you're gonna let Red stay in there? In that little

19. space! Molly...of all the FOOLISH THINGS! IT and you

20. TED: Yes...Perry...Go on going to sing about that the next

21. FIB: About what'n' somewhere else. Boy is THAT an idea!

22. TED: THESE FOOLISH THINGS...REMINDE ME OR YOU...RE Mrs Miles

23. THESE FOOLISH THINGS...REMINDE ME OR YOUR RE MEXICO with

24. PERRY SONG GNIFICENT MOTORCADE. MAXIMUM MILES...

25. (APPLAUSE) MINIMUM MONEY WITH MOGEE MOTORING MADE MA VELOUS WITH...

26. ORK: MOGEE THEMEN...BRIDIN' AROUND...DOWN FOR ANNOUNCEMENT

27. WELLED! BACK IN THE MACHORTEL TOURIST CAMP, FIBBER AND MOLLY ARE

28. JUST FINISHING THEIR SUPPER, SERVED FROM THE KITCHENETTE OF

29. THE TRAILERS, eh? Well I didnt order nothin' done.

30. Def...HEY YOU...BUD. WHAT YOU DOIN' TO MY CART

31. BLOT! Oh hello there, My little pair of Paraglider... Yes yes...

32. FIB! This is the life, Molly...why didnt we think of this long

33. ago? Welcom to Camp Kill-Care. Welcom...welcom...

34. NOL! Pretty name. Camp Kill-Care.

35. NOL! I mentioned it three years ago.

36. BLOT! Yes yes...they dont care if the accuited kill you. Yes yes

37. FIB! This is the way to live. See the country. Cost less to

38. travel than live at home!...ya know...I got a great idea.

39. NOL! Fine. You wash 'em and I'll dry 'em.

FIB: I wasn't referin' to the dishes. Listen. Suppose we
 get a fleet o' powerful cars...
 MOL: Cut it Henry... the fleet!
 FIB: Oh yes... the wrench... glad you asked me, my little
 one. Oh. Quit interruptin'. Get a fleet o' powerful
 cars... and start across country runs with wobble top or
 twelve trailers hitched on behind each one! For instance...
 you wait in your trailer till I come along... we hitch you
 on... you stay in the caravan till we get to a pretty spot
 where you wants stay a while... we drop you off and you
 camp there till you wants leave... then catch the next
 caravan goin' somewhere else. Boy is THAT an idea!
 FIB: I'll call it the McGee Motorcade. MAKE MORE MILES
 MOTORING WITH MCGEE... MEANDER FROM MAINE TO MEXICO WITH
 MCGEE'S MAGNIFICENT MOTORCADE. MAXIMUM MILES...
 MINIMUM MONEY WITH MCGEE MOTORING MADE MARVELOUS WITH...
 hey... what's that?
 SOUND: RANGING... TIN RATTLE.
 MOL: McGee... there's a man with a wrench workin' on our car.
 FIB: Oh there is, eh? Well I didn't order nothin' done.
 FIB: Hey... HEY YOU... BUD. WHAT YOU DOIN' TO MY CAR?
 BLOT: Oh hello there, my little pair of Pterodactyls. Yes yes...
 FIB: Welcome to Camp Kill-Care. Welcome... welcome...
 MOL: Pretty name. Camp Kill-Care.
 BLOT: Yes yes... they don't care if the mosquitoes kill you. Yes yes
 BLOT: I've slapped my own face so much I feel like a ted
 nealy stage....

1: FIB: Well listen, bud. What's the idea o' usin' that wrench
 2: BLOT: Right out of the tool box on the car here. Come to
 3: BLOT: Oh yes... the wrench... glad you asked me, my little
 4: FIB: Your tool box so it must be your wrench, very useless
 5: camper-outers. Very glad... you see... my car wasn't
 6: running very well and I thought it was the spark plugs...
 7: So I said to myself, Heratio, I said... the name is Heratio
 8: just the name. Very glad to make your acquaintance
 9: MOL: ...Heratio, I said... suppose you try this gentleman's spark
 10: BLOT: plugs... just by way of a test...
 11: MOL: Oh I see. You were going to borrow our spark plugs.
 12: FIB: Just to test out his own though, Molly.
 13: BLOT: Exactly. Just to test my own. That's the story in a
 14: nutshell... I was going to use your spark plugs for a trial
 15: run down the road... say, about to Lower California and back.
 16: Have 'em back in your car by spring and you'd never know
 17: they were missing... except when they were missing... if you
 18: know what I mean... and I'm afraid you do. Well there was
 19: FIB: no harm in trying. Nothing ventured, nothing gained.
 20: Well... (LAUGHS) I'm glad I caught you in time, bud. This
 21: here's the dad ratted borrowinest place I ever...
 22: MOL: McGee... that OUR monkey wrench he's got.
 23: FIB: Tis eh? HEY is that OUR wrench, you got there, bud?
 24: BLOT: I dont know, I'm sure. Can you identify it?
 25: FIB: Got my name on it. Fibber McGee on the handle.
 26: BLOT: Let me see... FIBBER MCGEE... how do you spell it?

FIB: Fib, D. O. ... Aw fer the ... Aw fer the ... **WHERE'D YOU GET IT?**

BLOT: Right out of the tool box on the car here. Come to think of it, my friend... it's your car... so it must be your tool box so it must be your wrench... very careless of me... very careless... should get my spark-plugs and my wrenches in two different places... thank you very much just the same. storage space under the left hand bunk.

NOL: Just the same what? see 'em. It aint under the sink.

BLOT: Just the same luck I've been having everywhere... (FADE OUT) Oh well... That's life... a spark here and wrench there... yes yes...

FIB: Hmmm. Nice boat, Molly. We better get inside before somebody borrows the trailer out from under us.

NOL: Oh it aint so bad, McGe... heavenly days, when people travel in cars nobody can remember to bring along EVERYTHING they need. They mean well.

FIB: Even so, I'm gonna sleep in my pants tonight. Hey... Molly.

SOUND: WOOD RATTLE. GRUNTS.

NOL: Heavenly days....

FIB: Hey, Molly... you SURE this is a steamer chair?

NOL: Certainly... what did you think it was?

FIB: Search me. Might be most anything. Where does this gadget go?

NOL: Behind.

FIB: Behind what?

1. NOL: What? other gadget. ...

2. FIB: Let's let the dishes go awhile and just get here and rest a

3. NOL: wife one that... HERE... let me do it. ...

4. NOL: Well, I'll be all right. But just a little while. It TIS real,

5. NOL: ... get out the steamer chair, please.

6. FIB: Where do I get the chair? ...

7. NOL: (CALLS) In the storage space under the left hand bunk.

8. FIB: (OFF MIKE) I don't see 'em. It aint under the sink.

9. NOL: It aint the sink. It's the bunk.

10. FIB: I'll say so! ... Oh here it is... (FADE IN) You do go unfold this thing...

11. NOL: Take one at a time... that's it. Now take hold of the top bar... so that it's the other side. THE TOP, I gerrate... the TOP...

12. FIB: no no... that's the other side. Now... you've got it.

13. SOUND: WOOD RATTLE. GRUNTS.

14. NOL: Now fold that other piece down... no not THAT one... orthy

15. FIB: Oh! it it... look... like this... what's a beautiful cabin trailer

16. SOUND: WOOD RATTLE. GRUNTS.

17. NOL: Heavenly days... to my Uncle Tom's.

18. FIB: Hey, Molly... you SURE this is a steamer chair?

19. NOL: Certainly... what did you think it was?

20. FIB: Search me. Might be most anything. Where does this gadget go?

21. NOL: Behind you think?

22. FIB: Behind what? now I am. I always say that Johnson-

1. NOL: Listen, Harpo... bin you git this deck chair unfolded for us.
 2. NOL: That other gadget.
 3. FIB: What's that? I'm gettin' tired o' settin' on the deoretat
 4. NOL: here
 5. NOL: The one that... HERE... let me do it.
 6. SOUND: WOOD CLATTER... Though all I came over for was to borrow a -
 7. NOL: Now let me see... Hand me the chair. THIS way...
 8. FIB: GLASSER: Some day some genius is gonna invent a unfolding deck chair.
 9. FIB: Here Harpo...
 10. WIL: LAUGH: Do you HATE to see you couldn't get this unfolded.
 11. NOL: Oh hellow, Mr. Wilcox.
 12. SOUND: WOOD CLATTER
 13. FIB: Hey, Harpo. Know anything about these dad ratted deck
 14. WIL: chairs? Now... I think this goes here... no... it goes...
 15. SOUND: WOOD CLATTER
 16. WIL: Certainly. I know if you keep them protected with Johnson's
 17. FIB: Wax, they'll like that. Harpo... it ain't a accordion...
 18. FIB: Hold it Harpo. Hold it. I mean... do you know any
 19. NOL: about UN-OLDIN' 'em.
 20. WIL: Now wait a minute. I'll get it. (NO FIBBER) This bar here
 21. Deck Chair Unfolding Company. That's a beautiful s-bla-trailer
 22. SOUND: WOOD CLATTER
 23. you have there. Your own?
 24. NOL: No. It belongs to my Uncle Tom.
 25. FIB: Kind of an Uncle Tom's Cabin.
 26. WIL: I'll try Harpo. (GRUNTS) NOPE... looks like you was
 27. FIB: those kind o' trailers are deck chair, Harpo. AHEN.
 28. WIL: Beautiful finish on that cabin. Johnson's Auto Wax?
 29. NOL: What do you think?
 30. WIL: Oh you know how I am. I always say that Johnson-
 31. NOL: Goodnite, Mr. Wilcox.

11. FIB: Listen, Harpo... bin you git this deck chair unfolded for us.
 28. NOL: In a hurry? I'm gettin' tired o' settin' on the deoretat
 35. WILCOX: Here, chair. HERE... at we do it...
 44. WIL: Oh I think so. Though all I came over for was to borrow a -
 55. NOL: but never mind. Hand me the chair. I suppose we better be
 65. WOOD CLATTER: the dishes, modes. over to bed early... deck chair
 75. FIB: Here, Harpo... shucks it's too early... I think I'll just
 85. WIL: (LAUGH) Do you seem to say you couldn't get this unfolded.
 95. TEE: Look, JB. I betcha you get some GLASSER if you do, I
 100. SOUND: LOUD WOOD CLATTER...
 111. WIL: Let me see now... I think this goes here... no... it goes...
 122. SOUND: WOOD CLATTER...
 133. FIB: Don't pump it like that, Harpo... it ain't a accordion...
 144. TEE: it's a deck chair-trailer over there... the green one.
 155. NOL: We think well what can we do for you sta?
 166. WIL: Now wait a minute... I'll get it. (TO HIMSELF) This bar here
 177. FIB: goes it... that'd she wanna borrow?
 188. SOUND: WOOD CLATTER...
 199. WIL: OUCH... now look what I did. I can't get my hand out of it.
 200. TEE: Try those two pieces apart will you Fibber?
 211. FIB: I'll try Harpo... (GRUNTS) NOPE... looks like you was
 222. TEE: going thru life carryin' a deck chair, Harpo.
 233. NOL: Kind of like a slave bracelet; you went over fer somethin'
 244. WIL: Well, I'll get somebody to saw it off in the morning.
 255. TEE: Goodnite, folks.
 266. NOL: Goodnite, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Gee uh...er... say Harco... what was it you come over to
FIB: Dad rat it what did you come over for?
TEE: **harco?**
TEE: Something we haven't got, I betcha.
WILCOX: A deck chair!
FIB: Well naturally. But what?
SOUND: **WOOD GLATTER FADEOUT**
FIB: I guess... what you got?
MOL: Well now that we can't sit down - I suppose we better be
FIB: DAD RAT IT SIS... don't be like that. Now what--
TEE: doin' the dishes, McGee... and go to bed early.
FIB: Please can I have a drink, please.
FIB: Oh now, Molly... shucks it's too early... I think I'll just
FIB: Now wait a minute. What did your mamma SAY when she sent
straw out here on the grass and look at the stars,
TEE: **(FADE IN)** I betcha you get some phizzers if you do, I
TEE: **(LONG BREATH)** ... she said go over and ask the man
betcha.
FIB: If you can have a drink and when he opens the ice box see if
FIB: Oh hello there little girl.
MOL: Hello dear...
FIB: You stayin' in this tourist camp, sis?
TEE: SURE. That's our trailer over there... the green one.
FIB: Oh yes. Well what can we do for you sis?
TEE: Well gee, my mamma said to come over and --
FIB: I got it. What'd she wanna borrow?
TEE: How'd you know, mister?
FIB: Shucks, if that kid asks for a drink at ever trailer on the
FIB: I'm payin' you, sis.
TEE: Huh?
FIB: I says I'm pe...er... what was it you wanted to borrow?
TEE: Whatcha got?
MOL: Don't worry. I won't. Not with all those dishes.. Oh..
FIB: Whaddye mean what have... wasn't you sent over for somethin'
specific....
FIB: Hello, ma'am. Hello pardner.
TEE: Huh?

FIB: Huh... bud... what can we loan you?
FIB: Dad rat it what did you come over for?
RED: Got a match, pardner?
TEE: Something we haven't got, I betcha.
MOL: Certainly. That's the most modest request we've had today.
FIB: Well naturally. But what?
FIB: Where you from, bud?
TEE: I dunno. What you got?
RED: That's mah can cook shucks pardner. Texas license ter be
FIB: DAD RAT IT SIS... don't be like that. Now what--
MOL: I saw your posters but I didn't know whether you were from
TEE: Please can I have a drink, please.
FIB: Now wait a minute. What did your mamma SAY when she sent
FIB: Where you goin', bud?
RED: **(LONG BREATH)** ... she said go over and ask the man
TEE: **(LONG BREATH)** ... she said go over and ask the man
FIB: If you can have a drink and when he opens the ice box see if
MOL: We're on our way to Cleveland ourselves, bud. Gonna take in
that Great Lakes Exposition. Understand they got a swan
out of those things and ask him if we can borrow some, but
gee if you won't gimme a drink mister, I guess we can't
MOL: borrow anything, I betcha. G'bye, mister. **(FADE OUT)**
FIB: ANEM... We just come from a big fair up in New York State.
FIB: Well for the hear that, Molly?
MOL: Well with N.Y. They were puttin' on a tencential celebration.
FIB: I did. Heavenly days, they even borrow on speculation around
here.
RED: I hope you had a good dime, pardner. **(HA HA)**
FIB: Shucks, if that kid asks for a drink at ever trailer on the
MOL: **(LAUGHS)** Take your change outa that, McGee... where'd you say
you were from, mister?
RED: Texas, ma'am. Red Inlet is the name.
FIB: Don't let me gotto sleep, Molly.
MOL: Everybody in this camp seems to be from the Panhandle, son.
FIB: Don't worry. I won't. Not with all those dishes.. Oh..
MOL: You sure all you want is a match?
RED: That's all pardner. Thanks.
FIB: Hello, ma'am. Hello pardner.
MOL: I'll bet you're a Texas Ranger.

FIB: Kiyah, bud. What can we learn you?
 RED: Got a match, pardner?
 MOL: Certainly. That's the most modest request we've had today.
 FIB: Where you from, bud?
 RED: That's mah car over there, pardner. Texas license.
 MOL: I saw your sombrero but I didn't know whether you were from
 F.I.B. or W.L.S.
 FIB: Where you goin' bud?
 RED: Goin' to hit the grit fo' Texas, pardner. Got to go home and
 git my rope around that centennial.
 MOL: Certainly, will you Mister Weems?
 FIB: We're on our way to Cleveland ourselves, bud. Gonna take in
 that Great Lakes Exposition. Understand they got a swan
 dance there that --
 RED: Thanks, pardner.
 MOL: WELL, AN OLD CONHAND -- RED INGLES
 FIB: AHEN. We just come from a big fair up in New York State.
 Maciworth, N.Y. They were wuttin' on a tencential celebration.
 AHEN.
 RED: I hope you had a good dine, pardner. (HA HA).
 MOL: (LAUGHS) Take your change outa that, McGee...where'd you say
 you were from, mister?
 RED: Texas, ma'am. Red Ingles is the name.
 FIB: Everybody in this camp seems to be from the Panhandle, son.
 You sure all you want is a match?
 RED: That's all pardner. Thanks.
 MOL: I'll bet you're a Texas Ranger.

1. RED: Well, they ma'am! Though I borrowed me a colige star from (COMMERCIAL)
 2. WIL: The sheriff fo' Cassas County, where FIBER MOORE AND MOLLY ARE -
 3. FIBER: Don't forget it, Molly! The Lean Star State air 'st down, bud.
 4. RED: Thanks, pardner. Mind if I sing? TO GET READY FOR RED. CAN
 5. MOL: Oh well, love to have you.
 6. (PAUSE)
 7. FIB: Well, what you waitin' for, Bud? I have gone for good.
 8. RED: Well, I hate to ask you, pardner, but can I borrow a
 9. MOL: chord to get to Cleveland by tomorrow hadn't we, McGee?
 10. MOL: Certainly, will you Mister Weems?
 11. FIB: Certainly!
 12. CHORD ONE: WELL, AN OLD CONHAND -- RED INGLES. They're just friendly.
 13. RED: Thanks, pardner.
 14. MOL: WELL, AN OLD CONHAND -- RED INGLES. They're just friendly.
 15. (PAUSE)
 16. WIL: END COMMERCIAL.
 17. FIB: Oh hi there, grammaw! What's on your mind?
 18. MOL: How do you do, I'm sure?
 19. FIB: Smatter, sis?
 20. WHEE: You wear a belt or suspenders, sonny?
 21. FIB: Do I wear a b.....why'd ye ask?
 22. WHEE: I asked you first. You wear a belt or suspenders?
 23. FIB: Oh it depends. Jest now I'm wearin' a belt. But -
 24. WHEE: Take it off.
 25. FIB: Whatcha mean take it off? I -

ORKE: ROSEE THERE: WHY AREN'T YOU AROUND IN THE RAIN? (DOWN FOR ANNOUNCEMENT)

WIL: NOW BACK TO THE TOURIST CAMP WHERE FIBBER WOOKS AND WILLY ARE -

SOUND: WOOD RATTLE: - Enough money for this coat chair (SOUND)

WHEE: WHERE FIBBER AND MOLLY ARE ABOUT TO GET READY FOR BED. CAN

FIB: WE BORROW YOUR MONEY if I lose my ... hey, gimme

back my belt. -----

MOL: Well, I hope all our visitors have gone for good. Just

FIB: If they've gone, it's for good. I got to go. I got to go.

MOL: We ought to get to Cleveland by tomorrow hadn't we, McGee?

FIB: Oh easy, Molly... unless...

MOL: Unless what? It half as much as the fan on my motor.

FIB: Unless one of these trailer tourists give there first and borrow lake Erie.

MOL: Oh now, McGee... they're not that bad. They're just friendly.

FIB: Well, all I kin say is... that's go to bed and get out.

WHEE: Excuse me, sonny. the mornin'. Thank heaven those trailer

FIB: Oh hi there, gramaw! What's on your mind?

MOL: How do you do, I'm sure? All boys to tie either. (YAWNS)

FIB: Scatter, sis? No --

WHEE: You wear a belt or suspenders, sonny?

FIB: Do I wear a B... why'd ye ask?

WHEE: I asked you first. You wear a belt or suspenders?

FIB: Oh it depends. Jest now I'm wearin' a belt. But right here...

WHEE: Take it off.

FIB: Whatcha mean take it off? I -

WIL: No...

WHEE: Here... I'll help you... somebody? ...

FIB: HEY, THIS DAD RATTIN'... MOLLY... FIBBER... MOLLY... FIBBER...

MOL: Heavenly days... let her have it, McGee... maybe it's an

FIB & MOTHER: ... MOLLY ARE ABOUT TO GET READY FOR BED.

FIB: It'll be a worse emergency if I lose my ... hey, gimme going

back my belt. Lakes Exposition in Cleveland?

WHEE: Oh, don't be so fussy... (SNAP OF BELT) This'll be just

WIL: about right, wesson, and much obliged to you, the Johnson Wax

FIB: Hey! Oh, here! Listen, sis, that's the idea we intend

that belt to give them those Johnson gift packages as fast as we can...

WHEE: You don't need it half as much as the fan on my motor.

FIB: It's only terrovin' it for a couple of days. WH (FADRIOTT)

Thanks, sonny...

FIB: Well, it'll be a... why the old blisters, that?

MOL: (LAUGHS) Well, sonny, Molly let's go to bed and get out of

of here early in the mornin'. Thank the ten of those trailer

beds are good and comfortable.

FIB: Yes, and they ain't no belt boys to tie either. (YAWNS)

MOL: Come on, Molly. We --

WIL: PASSES. Hey, Fibber & Molly... PASSES. t either,

MOL: (WHISPER) It's Mr. Wilcox, McGee. Like in the dark.

FIB: Huh, Harpo, what's the matter? (WHISPER) to this one.

WIL: Step over this way a minute... shhh... quiet... right, Harpo...

this will do.

MOL: You in trouble, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: No....

WOMAN: All right. I have a message for you but don't ask me for any (RTSS)

FIB: (WHISPERS) You didn't ask me for any.

WIL: No. Listen... step over this way farther... that's it...
DOOR SLAM Listen...

FIB: & MOL: Yes...

WIL: (IN WHISPERS) Did I hear you tell that cowboy (YOU WERE) going to the Great Lakes Exposition in Cleveland?

FIB: Yes... finding the doorknob... oh here 'tis. I thought it was on

WIL: (WHISPERS) Well when you get there look up the Johnson Wax sales manager then, Mr. Carrington and tell him we're ready... whipping him those Johnson gift packages as fast as we can... and he must have patience.

FIB: Tell him to... (LOUDLY) SAY WHAT IS THIS... WHAT YOU

MOL: HIGHERING NOW sink.

FIB: Heavenly days... what's the secret about that?

MOL: Oh there's no secret, Mollie. But there are people sleeping in these trailers and I didn't want to disturb 'em. Much obliged... I got a funny feelin' that somebody's been in

FIB: Well for the... come on. Let's get back to the trailer...

MOL: Probably the camp director, Lisa Muggin ... cleanin' up a

FIB: Right over there? Next to them, next night either,

FIB: Chucks, they all look pretty much alike in the dark.

MOL: I know where it is... I think. The one next to this one.

(RAISE) FIB: No, it's farther over. HERE we are!..... THIS is ours, Mollie...

MOL: Well...

FIB: Eh?

MOL: You didn't kiss me goodnight.

1. WOMAN: All right. I have a message for you but don't ask me for any (RTSS)

2. WIFE, Mollie: Listen... step over this way farther... that's it...

3. DOOR SLAM Light, McGee.

4. FIB: Check McGEE'S MOUND

5. MOL: How is the McGEE'S MOUND for your sleep... (OFF WIFE)

6. SOUND: COME IN AND SHUT THE DOOR, MOLLIE... DISTANT

7. FIB: Can't find the doorknob... oh here 'tis. I thought it was on

8. FIB: The lock had side-utter, Mollie?

9. MOL: Look, McGee. somebody's come in and folded down the sheets

10. FIB: for me and everything... now that's real neighborly and

11. MOL: friendly I know... the trailers, Mollie... can't you

12. FIB: share my toothbrush.

13. MOL: Right above the sink... Where's my pants...?

14. FIB: Well where's the sink and atop the par... somebody must o'

15. MOL: Right over there... heavenly days... come to bed... has

16. FIB: somebody borrowed your brains... DAD RAN IT THEY AINT

17. FIB: I think O.E. I got a funny feelin' that somebody's been in

18. MOL: here, Mollie. Let's all changed around...?

19. MOL: Probably the camp director, Lisa Muggin ... cleanin' up a

20. LITTLE FOR US... Now go to bed and keep quiet...

21. FIB: Ohay... (YAWN) ... Mollie... OPEN THE DOOR...

22. MOL: Right, McGEE... HORN...

23. (RAISE) Hey... HX you out there... LET US OUT O' HIVE... STOP BY CAR...

24. MOL: McGee... (SCUNLS) HX UP AHEAD THERE...

25. FIB: Eh?

26. MOL: You didn't kiss me goodnight.

1. SIGMAN: All right. There's some eggs, but don't get me for any (RTSS)

2. MOLL: Mollie, Mollie... what's that?

3. MOOR TLANight, McGee.

4. FIB: ~~Good night, Mollie~~

5. MOLL: ~~How do you do, McGee?~~ for some sleep. (OFF MIKE)

6. SOUND: ~~Good night, McGee.~~ DISTANT

7. FIB: Can't find the door knob... on here 'is. I thought it was on

8. FIB: The left hand side, Mollie?

9. MOLL: Look, McGee. Somebody's come in and folded down the sheets

10. FIB: for me and everything... now that's real neighborly and

11. MOLL: friendly. I know... the trailers, Movin'... can't you

12. FIB: Where's my toothbrush.

13. MOLL: Right above the sink. NO THE... Where's my pants....

14. FIB: Well, where's the sink? and stop the car. Somebody must e'

15. MOLL: Right over there. ish heavenly days... come to bed... has

16. FIB: somebody borrowed your brains... DAD RAT IT THEY AINT

17. FIB: I think I've got a fancy 'ssein' this somebody's been in

18. MOLL: here, Mollie. It's all changed around....

19. MOLL: Probably the gas inspector, Miss Muggin' ... cleanin' up a

20. MOLL: little for us... now go to bed and keep quiet...

21. MOLL: Oh, (YANKS)... night, Mollie... OPEN THE DOOR...

22. MOLL: Right, McGee... HORN...

23. (PAUSE) Hey... HEY you out there... LET US OUT O' HERE... STOP THE CAR...

24. MOLL: Huh... (POUNDS) HEY UP AHEAD THERE...

25. FIB: Eh?

MOLL: You didn't kiss me goodnight.

1. FIB: I know, I always take my simple suit for the... (RTSS)

2. 'Night, Mollie

3. MOLL: 'Night, McGee... LET US OUT O' HERE... DAD RAT IT... HEY...

4. SOUND: ~~Good night, McGee~~... HEY... PLEASE... LET US OUT...

5. SOUND: ~~Good night, McGee~~ for some sleep. (OFF MIKE)

6. SOUND: ~~Good night, McGee~~... HORN... DISTANT

7. MOLL: McGee... NOGEE... WAKE UP... WAKE UP NOGEE...

8. FIB: Eh?... (YANKS)... Snatter, Mollie?

9. MOLL: McGee... we're MOVIN'... somebody's come in and folded down the sheets

10. FIB: (YANKS) Where to?

11. MOLL: How should I know... the trailers, Movin'... can't you

12. feel it?

13. FIB: Well for the... SAY WHO THE... Where's my pants....

14. MOLL: Here... put 'em on quick and stop the car. Somebody must e'

15. hooked onto our trailer by mistake. HURRY NO GEE....

16. FIB: I can't hurry... these pants are... DAD RAT IT THEY AINT

17. EVEN MY O'N PANTS... say, what... Where'd you git these?

18. MOLL: Out of the closet there.

19. FIB: WE DIDN'T HAVE ANY CLOSET THERE... WE'RE IN SOMEBODY ELSE

20. TRAILER... now go to bed and keep quiet...

21. MOLL: Well do somethin' about it... ROLLER AT 'EM... OPEN THE DOOR...

22. SOUND: MOTOR UP SLIGHTLY... HORN...

23. FIB: Hey... HEY you out there... LET US OUT O' HERE... STOP THE CAR...

24. HEY... (POUNDS) HEY UP AHEAD THERE...

25. FIB: Eh?

MOLL: You didn't kiss me goodnight.

1. **NOL:** As the crew looks out to sea on our way to Mexico...
2. **APPLAUSE:** Heavenly days.
3. **FEA:** HEE-HOO-UP-THERE...LET US GET A-HEAR...DAD RAY IT...HEY...
4. **NOL:** CAN'T YOU HEAR US...HEY ...PLEASE...LET US OUT....
5. **SOUND:** MOTOR UP...HORN...BACK OUT
6. **ORB:** CHASER...MOTOR UP...HORN...BACK OUT
7. **ORB:** MUSICAL TAG
8. **WILL:** Next week, Fibber McGee and Molly will be heard from
9. the Great Lakes Exposition Grounds at Cleveland.
10. **WILL:** This is Harlow Wilcox speaking...this is the... (WOOD BATTLE)
11. on that's this deck chair.
12. This is the National Broadcasting Company.
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1. **ORB:** "WOOD'S SWEETHEART"
 2. **APPLAUSE:** Next week, Fibber McGee and Molly will be heard from
 3. **ORB:** THESE "TRID" AROUND
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