

My Favorite Husband

“Vacation Time”

Originally aired April 29, 1949

Transcribed by Ben Dooley for "Those Thrilling Days of Yesteryear" old time radio recreations. www.ttdyradio.com

CAST: (2 women, 5 men)

Announcer
Liz Cooper
Katie
George Cooper
Joe
Old Man
Officer

ANNOUNCER: It's Lucille Ball, with Richard Denning, as Liz and George Cooper. Two people who live together, and like it.

MUSIC

ANNOUNCER: As we look in on the Coopers today, it is a cold, rainy afternoon and Liz is in her bedroom... wait a minute, that's funny. It's raining outside, but Liz is standing in front of the mirror wearing a backless, strapless sundress.

LIZ: (calling) Katie! Come here a minute, will you?

KATIE: Yes, Ms. Cooper. What is it?

LIZ: How do you like my new sundress?

KATIE: Oh, where is it?

LIZ: I'm wearing it.

KATIE: Is that all there is to it? Doesn't something go over that?

LIZ: No. This is that latest style. Does it look like I've been poured into it?

KATIE: It certainly does. I only hope you don't spill over.

LIZ: Do you like it, Katie? Do you think I'll make an impression in this?

KATIE: Impression? You'll make a dent. How does it stay up without any straps?

LIZ: It's held up by faith, hope, and don't exhale any more than you have to.

KATIE: My goodness, look at all these play clothes on the bed. Did you buy all these this morning?

SFX:

Door open & close – live
Phone Rings – live
Car driving up – rec
Trailer crashing – live
Car door open & close
Walking - live
Trailer door opens
Knocking – live
Car horn honk – rec
Car starts - rec
Car drives off - rec
Car driving (internal) - rec
Car stopping - rec
Slide whistle – live
Glass break – live

LIZ: Yes, I just couldn't resist them, Katie. Isn't it awful? But I want to look good for George. After all, he's got to see a lot of me this summer.

KATIE: So is everybody else.

LIZ: Oh, you're just old-fashioned, Katie. If you think that sundress is daring, look at my new French bathing suit, it's there on the bed.

KATIE: Oh, I don't see it. Here's your slacks. Pedal pushers. Your beach robe. And this little blue handkerchief.

LIZ: That's funny. Oh, here it is. No wonder you couldn't see the bathing suit, it was under the handkerchief.

KATIE: Oh no! Is that a bathing suit?

LIZ: It cost \$40.

KATIE: That's a lot of money for two doilies and a diaper.

LIZ: Well, it's the design that counts, Katie. Just think of the wonderful tan I'll get. That is, if George lets me wear it.

KATIE: Why won't he? I thought men like women in scanty bathing suits.

LIZ: Women? Yes. But not wives. A scanty suit on a blonde at the beach is "Wow", but the same suit on the wife is, "Why don't you put some clothes on!"

KATIE: Ain't it the truth.

LIZ: Oh, we're going to have a wonderful vacation this year Katie.

KATIE: Where you going?

LIZ: The Moosehead Lodge on Lake Okeechobee.

KATIE: Well, when did you decide that?

LIZ: Tonight after dinner when I tell George. It's a real swanky place.

KATIE: But I thought Mr. Cooper always liked rugged outdoor vacations. Camping and stuff

LIZ: He does. Oh, will I ever forget last year? A horrible two-week pack trip with a couple of burrows. I wore out four pairs of shoes

KATIE: I thought you rode the burrows. How could you wear out so many shoes?

LIZ: Well they didn't have one my size, my feet were dragging.

KATIE: I don't blame you for wanting to go to resort where you can dress. But how are you going to talk Mr. Cooper into it?

LIZ: Don't worry. I'm going to bring the subject of vacations into the conversation so subtly, he'll think he thought of it. We'll have our reservations at Moosehead Lodge quicker than you can say Lake Okeechobee.

MUSIC

SOUND: door opens and closes

GEORGE: Hi Joe

JOE: Hi. Hey, I'm taking this vacation list around the office. Mark down when you want to take your vacation.

GEORGE: A lot of good it will do. By the time the president and the first three vice presidents get through choosing their times, my vacation falls on the first two weeks of January.

JOE: Well, someday you'll be president, and then they'll...

GEORGE: Hey look! Just what I wanted.

JOE: Well lucky you. Say where you gonna go?

GEORGE: Oh I don't know. I was just trying to make up my mind between a fishing trip in the High Sierra's, or a hunting trip way up in the Rockies.

JOE: Ah, there's only one vacation for me and the Mrs. A trailer.

GEORGE: A trailer?

JOE: Yes sir, that's living, son. You take your home with you wherever you go. You go up to the mountains, you go down to the beach, you got your house on your back. You ought to try it.

GEORGE: Well, we haven't got a trailer.

JOE: Well, I'll lend you mine. We get back a week before you go, and it won't cost you a cent.

GEORGE: Say, would you Joe?

JOE: Why sure. It's a deal.

GEORGE: Well I'll let you know tomorrow morning. I'll have to see how Liz feels about it. But don't worry, I'll make her think she thought of it herself.

MUSIC.

GEORGE: Mmmmm. That was a wonderful dinner, Liz.

LIZ: Uh-huh. Katie can cook.

GEORGE: (together) Uh, Liz...

LIZ: (overlapping) George...

BOTH: What?

GEORGE: Oh, go ahead.

LIZ: No, you go ahead. It wasn't anything important.

GEORGE: Neither was mine

BOTH: I was just wondering if...

LIZ: Go ahead, George. You're bigger than I am.

GEORGE: Well, come over here and sit on my lap, honey. I want to talk about something.

LIZ: All right. Oh, George. You have the nicest lap. Where did you ever get it?

GEORGE: Oh, I just set down one day and there it was.

LIZ: Amazing. Uh, what's on your beautiful mind?

GEORGE: Well two things. The first one is, gimme a kiss.

LIZ: All right. Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmm. There. Now, what was the second thing?

GEORGE: Let's just... go back to the first one.

LIZ: Come on George, what did you want to talk to me about?

GEORGE: Well, they sent the vacation list around the office today...

LIZ: Vacation? Oh, don't tell me it's almost vacation time again.

GEORGE: That's right. Where would you like to go this year?

LIZ: Oh, anything you decide is all right with me, dear. I haven't thought a thing about it.

GEORGE: Well, I thought we could...

LIZ: It seems to me, I did hear of some place... a deer foot, no... no, moose. That's it, Moosehead Lodge.

GEORGE: Sounds awful, what's it like?

LIZ: I haven't the slightest idea. It's probably situated in groves of stately pines on the shores of an emerald green lake, its rustic beauty enhanced by long flowerbeds.

GEORGE: Huh?

LIZ: Each luxurious room is furnished with clean comfortable box spring beds, modern bathroom and shower. \$10 a day, American plan.

GEORGE: You just happened to hear this someplace?

LIZ: Yes. Oh, George lets go there, we can relax and enjoy a continual round of glorious entertainment, sports, good food, and true fellowship. See your travel agent for details.

GEORGE: Liz, you've been plotting. You got that off a travel folder.

LIZ: I did not. I... I always talk like that.

GEORGE: So you do. Did you enjoy a glorious round of housekeeping today?

LIZ: Now George...

GEORGE: Cleaning each luxurious room and making each comfortable box spring bed?

LIZ: Oh now, stop it.

GEORGE: And what did you do for entertainment, sports, good food, and true fellowship last night when I was working?

LIZ: See your travel agent for details. All right, George, I'll admit I've been plotting a vacation.

GEORGE: Well, you can forget it. I've got a really good idea. I was talking to Joe recently at the bank, and he and his wife had a swell time last summer.

LIZ: What did they do?

GEORGE: Well, they spent two weeks traveling in a trailer.

LIZ: (pause, then dryly) Oh, Keen.

GEORGE: Well, the best part is that Joe said, we can borrow their trailer this summer.

LIZ: Keen with mud on it.

GEORGE: Now Liz, think about it. There I am at the wheel, driving along the open road. Back in the trailer there is the smell of bacon frying. I stop the car, I go back to open the door of the trailer, and who throws their arms around my neck and kisses me?

LIZ: It ain't me, brother. I'm at Moosehead Lodge.

GEORGE: While what's mouse had Lodge got that...

LIZ: Moosehead!

GEORGE: All right. What's Moosehead Lodge got been a trailer hasn't?

LIZ: Well, just for arguments sake, suppose I had a lot of beautiful new play clothes. Now who would see me in a trailer?

GEORGE: Liz? You're not going to tell me you've bought a bunch of expensive new clothes are you?

LIZ: No George.

GEORGE: Oh, then you didn't buy them.

LIZ: No, I mean, I'm not going to tell you.

GEORGE: What's the reason for this campaign?

LIZ: Well, I'm not going to spend the summer in a broken down old trailer. I've made up my mind, George, I want to go to Moosehead Lodge.

GEORGE: Well, I want to go in the trailer.

LIZ: Moosehead Lodge.

GEORGE: Trailer.

LIZ: Moosehead Lodge.

GEORGE: Trailer.

LIZ: Trailer.

GEORGE: Moosehead Lodge.

LIZ: All right, George we're going to Moosehead Lodge.

GEORGE: Now wait a minute.

LIZ: You said it.

GEORGE: Well, you tricked me.

LIZ: George there's only one way to settle this thing. You take your vacation in the trailer, and I'll go to Moosehead Lodge.

GEORGE: Now wait a minute Liz...

LIZ: Two weeks away from each other may do us a lot of good.

GEORGE: Wait a sec... are you saying that we should have...

LIZ: Yes. If you can't see things my way, we'll just have separate vacations.

GEORGE: All right.

LIZ:(Cries).

GEORGE: Well, now what's the matter?

LIZ: You're trying to get rid of me.

GEORGE: I am not.

LIZ: You are too. You want separate vacations.

GEORGE: I do not. Liz you suggested it.

LIZ: Will you didn't have to take me up on it.

GEORGE: Oh... oh now honey, stop crying. I can't stand to see you cry. I'll do anything if you just stop.

LIZ: (She stops suddenly.) Will you go to Moosehead Lodge?

GEORGE: No.

LIZ: All right. Then it is separate vacations.

GEORGE: Okay.

LIZ: And I hope you have a good time.

GEORGE: Same to you.

LIZ: Goodnight, Daniel Boone.

GEORGE: Goodnight, Miss Moosehead.

LIZ: Oh!

MUSIC.

LIZ: Hello Katie.

KATIE: Come on, Mrs. Cooper, what's the matter. You look so sad.

LIZ: I am Katie. I feel awful, George and I decided to take separate vacations. I miss him.

KATIE: Oh, but that doesn't happen for two months yet.

LIZ: I know, but I miss him just thinking it.

KATIE: Why, Mrs. Cooper.

LIZ: He can't do that to me, Katie. He'll be dashing around having fun and I'll be stuck at that dull old Moosehead Lodge.

KATIE: But I thought you wanted to go there.

LIZ: I do, but not without George.

SOUND: phone rings.

KATIE: I'll get it.

SOUND: picks up phone.

KATIE: Hello?

GEORGE: (On the phone) Hello Katie., Let me speak to Liz.

KATIE: (whispering) it's Mr. Cooper.

LIZ: I don't care to talk to him.

KATIE:, Oh, why don't you tell them how you really feel?

LIZ: What? Katie do you think I'd swallow my pride and tell him after all the things I said? You think I'd crawl before him and let him know I really feel? Well, you don't know me very well.

KATIE: I just thought...

LIZ: Gimme that phone let me talk to that brute. (To George) Hello.

GEORGE: Hello Liz.

LIZ: (Crying) Oh, George, I miss you.

KATIE: It's amazing how you hide your true feelings.

GEORGE: Liz, is something wrong?

LIZ: George, I don't want to take separate vacations.

GEORGE: Well, I'm not going to Moosehead Lodge on beautiful Lake okey-dokey.

LIZ: Oh. How did you know where it was?

GEORGE: I've been reading that travel folder, someone sent me anonymously through the mail.

LIZ: I wonder who could have sent it to you.

GEORGE: I can't imagine. Came in a plain white envelope with Mrs. George Cooper crossed out on the back.

LIZ: What else is new, George?

GEORGE: (Chuckles), Liz, I've got a wonderful idea. Joe's going to lend me the trailer and we're going to take a trip over the weekend. Now if you're not sold on it by the time we get back, we'll go to Moosehead Lodge.

LIZ: Oh, George, that's wonderful.

GEORGE: Yeah. Well, I only ask one thing—that you keep an open mind.

LIZ: Oh, I swear it George, I swear it. If my mind was anymore open my brain would fall out.

GEORGE: Goodbye.

LIZ: (excited) Oh, Katie isn't that marvelous?

KATIE: What?

LIZ: It's all settled. We're going to Moosehead Lodge.

MUSIC.

ANNOUNCER: Liz has agreed to spend the weekend on a trailer trip with George just to see how she likes it. If she doesn't go for it, George will take her to Moosehead Lodge, a swanky resort on Lake Okeechobee.

SOUND: car driving up.

ANNOUNCER: But George is just driving up now with a trailer hitched to the back of the car. He pulls up in front of the house and confidently backs into a parking space

SOUND: trailer crashing.

LIZ: George, what's the matter? Did the car sneak up and hit you from the back?

GEORGE: That's not a car, it's a trailer.

LIZ: Well, what's it doing up on our car?

GEORGE: It's trying to climb in the rumble seat.

LIZ: What looks like it would fit. It's so small.

GEORGE: It happens to sleep four.

LIZ: Four what?

GEORGE: Look, before you start the wisecracks help me get it parked, will you?

LIZ: Sure, what do you want me to do, lift it up and carry it to the curb?

GEORGE: Oh, what am I doing? Joe told me you can't back up a trailer.

LIZ: Oh, great. What we have to do? Drive around the world to get back home?

GEORGE: No, just around the block. I'll do it later. Now, I want to show you the inside.

SOUND: gets out of car and walks to trailer.

GEORGE: Now go on in. And remember you promised to keep your mind open.

LIZ: I'm afraid I'll have to close it. If it's open, it won't fit in that trailer.

GEORGE: Come on, now look inside. It's really swell.

SOUND: trailer door opens.

GEORGE: Now, you see? Isn't this fine? You have three little rooms. Now here's the living room, here's the kitchen, and here's the bedroom.

LIZ: Well, it's very nice, but where is the room you straighten up in?

GEORGE: Liz?

LIZ: Open mind, George, open mind, open mind.

GEORGE: Okay. It's even got a big roomy closet. It's right in back of you.

SOUND: door opens.

LIZ: My! This is tremendous. How do they get a closet this big in a trailer? Why there's worlds of room.

GEORGE: That is the world. You're looking out the front door.

LIZ: No.

GEORGE: Oh you're so smug.

LIZ: I am not. I like the trailer. Honest.

GEORGE: Well, it might not be the most luxurious home in the world. But when you think of the money you'll save...

SOUND: knocking.

LIZ: Oh! George, we have company. Our first company in the trailer.

SOUND: door opens.

OFFICER: Anybody home?

LIZ: Oh, hello officer.

GEORGE: Hello officer. What can we do for you?

OFFICER: I was just passing by your trailer parked here, and I couldn't resist stopping.

LIZ: Oh, you want to see what a trailer looks like inside?

OFFICER: No, I want to give you a ticket for parking it here.

GEORGE: Now wait a minute. We're in front of our own house. You can't give me a ticket...

OFFICER: Oh, can't I?

LIZ: George, George, you're handling this all wrong. (Sweetly) Uh, Officer?

OFFICER: (Sweetly). Yes?

LIZ: You wouldn't really give poor little us a ticket, now would you?

OFFICER: (sarcastically) No. This is an invitation to tea at the police station. At three o'clock Monday, in formal, top hat, and handcuffs.

GEORGE: I think this is an outrage. I happen to be a taxpayer. I pay your salary.

OFFICER: Oh! So, you're the one! I've been looking for you. I want a raise.

LIZ: Well, uh, tear up the ticket and we'll consider it.

OFFICER: Yeesh. Trying to bribe an officer, eh? I'll just add that to the ticket.

LIZ: Oh, just for that, you're fired.

GEORGE: Never mind Liz. Don't make things worse.

OFFICER: This will cost you \$25. Goodnight boss.

LIZ: So long, flatfoot.

GEORGE: Liz.

OFFICER: Oh, that doesn't bother me. Save those foot remarks for the boys that come the beat. It's all that walking that makes their feet so big

LIZ: What do you do all day? Ride a horse?

OFFICER: Touché. Well, that ought to bring it up to about 40 bucks. Goodnight, taxpayers.

SOUND: door close.

GEORGE: How do you like that? We no sooner park the thing and it costs us 40 bucks.

LIZ: It's like I always say, George. A trailer might not be the most luxurious home in the world, but look at the money you save.

GEORGE: Oh, shut up.

MUSIC.

SOUND: car horn honk.

GEORGE: Come on Liz hurry up. I want to get an early start.

SOUND: footsteps approaching.

LIZ: (Calling from off). I'm coming, George. I'm coming. (Approaching) Don't be so impatient.

SOUND: door close

GEORGE: What have you been doing?

LIZ: I was just getting something for us to read. After we're tired out from driving all day, we'll want to sit in our stuffy little trailer living room and read.

GEORGE: Hmm. What did you bring?

LIZ: Inside Moosehead Lodge, by Liz Gunther

GEORGE: Always boaring from within. Well, here we go.

SOUND: car starts.

LIZ: (Calling) Goodbye, Katie!

KATIE: (Calling back). Goodbye, Mrs. Cooper! Goodbye Mr. Cooper! Have a nice time.

GEORGE: See you in a couple of days, Katie.

SOUND: car drives off.

SOUND: car driving.

GEORGE: Ah, this is great isn't it. Nothing like getting up and traveling in the early morning.

LIZ: Yet, travel is great. I wouldn't go anywhere without it.

GEORGE: You see Liz how easy the car rides. You'd never know the trailer was back there.

LIZ: You really wouldn't at that.

GEORGE: Ah, that's the way the engineer things these days. It's amazing!

LIZ: Well they certainly make... uh-oh, George. I have news for you

GEORGE: What?

LIZ: The trailer isn't back there. You forgot to hook it on.

GEORGE: Oh, great!

MUSIC.

SOUND: car still running.

LIZ: Well, we're really on our way—trailer and all. This is fun, George. How far is it to Goose Grease Lake?

GEORGE: Oh, just a couple of hours. I know a shortcut.

LIZ: Good. Oh, look. I haven't seen one of those in ages. (Reading). If your whiskers, won't behave, take a tip use...

GEORGE: Well?

LIZ: The last sign's torn down, now we'll never know.

MUSIC.

SOUND: car still running.

LIZ: George? Are you sure this is the road to Goose Grease Lake?

GEORGE: Positive.

LIZ: You said we'd be there in a couple hours, it's been much longer than that.

GEORGE: Liz I've made this trip a hundred at times.

LIZ: Not since you were a Boy Scout. George, let's stop and ask somebody, huh?

GEORGE: I know the way.

LIZ: When you knew the road to Yosemite last year, we ended up in Rhode Island.

GEORGE: Never mind.

LIZ: The year before that, you knew the road to New Orleans.

GEORGE: Stop it now.

LIZ: I didn't mind, George. I always wanted to see Québec, anyway

GEORGE: Oh, I can see I'll getting no rest until I stop and ask somebody. I'll try that filling station over there.

LIZ: Well bully for you.

SOUND: car stops.

LIZ: Um, pardon me mister?

MAN: Eh? What?

LIZ: I said, pardon me?

MAN: What d'ya do?

LIZ: Is this the road to Goose Grease Lake?

MAN: Oh, you don't want to go to Goose Grease Lake

LIZ: Why do I run into people like this? Look, we do want to go to Goose Grease Lake.

MAN: Nothing there. Look when you go to the Hot Springs? Now, there is a place for you.

LIZ: If you don't mind, we'd like to know the way to Goose Grease Lake.

MAN: What you gonna do there?

LIZ: We're gonna goose a grease.¹

MAN: No geese up there. And I don't know how it got that name. Say, you'd be better off at Anderson's Lodge. Lots of nice fellows there, you know.

LIZ: Is this the road to Goose Grease Lake or is it not!

MAN: Well, not exactly. It's a pretty fair pace from here.

LIZ: See? I told you George, we're on the wrong road. How do we get to Goose Grease?

MAN: Well, you go down here about 10 miles, no... no, you better go the other way till you get to... no you have to take the... I'm sorry lady, I don't think you can get there from here.

LIZ: Oh never mind.

MAN: Say, don't know why you want to go to there anyway. You'll have a better time at Anderson...

LIZ: Come on George let's get out of here.

SOUND: car starts.

MAN: Goodbye, now

MUSIC.

LIZ: Oh, are you awake, George.

GEORGE: Uh-huh. I was just lying here, breathing in some of that good mountain air. Let's get up and take a dip in the lake before breakfast.

LIZ: Okay, I'll see how far away we are from the shore. Hmm, that's funny.

GEORGE: What?

LIZ: Where's the lake?

GEORGE: Can't you see it?

LIZ: No. We're parked in the little green clearing, and it's got a hole in the middle of it.

GEORGE: Hole?

LIZ: Yeah, and the little hole has a pole sticking out of it with a little flag on top.

GEORGE: What does the little flag say?

¹ It seems that Lucille messed up the line. But it's still funny.

LIZ: It has a number on it. 18.

GEORGE: Liz, you don't think we've camped on a...

OFFICER: FORE!

SOUND: slide whistle.

SOUND: glass breaking.

LIZ: I wouldn't be surprised George. Why else would I have a golf ball in bed with me?

SOUND: knock on door.

LIZ: Oh. that must be the golfer. I'll give him his ball back.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

OFFICER: What's the big idea... Sheeeeeugh.

LIZ: Oh, hello officer.

OFFICER: I hate to break it to you, but this isn't a trailer camp. It's the 18th green of the municipal golf course.

LIZ: Municipal golf... Oh, George! We're only 2 miles from home.

OFFICER: Yes. And do you know where you're going now?

LIZ: Yes. To Moosehead Lodge.

OFFICER: No. To the city jail. Come on.

MUSIC.

APPLAUSE.

ANNOUNCER: My favorite husband has been presented through their worldwide facilities of United States Armed Forces radio and television service.

END