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The Egg and I

By Betty MacDonald

- Whoops!

Now look what you've done.

No harm done, ma'am.

It's only an egg.

- Only an egg?

- Yes, ma'am. Just a little old egg.

I suppose it never occurred to you that this egg is somebody's child.

- That it once had a mother.

- No, ma'am.

- And a father.

- Yes, ma'am.

You're one of those people who thinks a chicken lays an egg all by herself.

- Yes, ma'am!

- Well, she doesn't. She lays it with help.

- And I ought to know because I helped her.

- Yes, indeed, ma'am!

Telling me about eggs.

And I'll bet you think an egg is something you casually order for breakfast...

when you can't think of anything else.

Well, so did I once.

But that was before The Egg And I.

This is the day

they give babies away #

With a half a pound of tea

You open the lid and out pops a kid with a half a pound of tea

- Betty?

- Hmm?

- Remember once we talked about maybe having a farm someday? - Uh-huh.

- Have you thought about it since?

- Uh-uh.

I have. Betty, you ever think how we're going to spend the rest of our lives?

Whatever my husband chooses to do, it's all right with me.

The question is, are we going to trod the old paths or break new roads into the wilderness?

I don't know.

Which?

You know, Betty, when you're
lying in a foxhole in Okinawa...
you got plenty of time
to think things out.
You know what I said to myself?
I said, "Just exactly what...
have Saddle, Finch, Tanner, Pease
and Stuck to do with all this?"
- You know what the answer was?
- Uh-uh.
Nothing, absolutely nothing. That's why I'm
not going back to be a mere customer's man...
- at Saddle, Finch, Tanner, Pease and Stuck.
- Aren't you?
I am not. I resigned yesterday. Hang
Saddle, Finch, Tanner, Pease and Stuck.
Well, you'll find
something else I'm sure.
- We'll talk about it in the morning, hmm?
- Do you know what a fellow...
thinks about when he's
lying out there in the mud...
- with the shells bursting all around him?
- I'd think about you.
He thinks about the fundamental things.
The things that really count.
The basic things.
Love, food, babies.
Things growing out of the ground.
He thinks about cows, horses...
Do you know what I dreamt
about most, Betty?
- Tell me, darling.
- About chickens.
- Chickens?
- Can't you just picture it, Betty?
Just you and me all by ourselves with
thousands and thousands of chickens.
Everyone of them
laying eggs all day long.
- What would we do with that many eggs?
- We'd sell them!
- Those we don't keep for incubating.
- Incubating?

- Darling, I bought a chicken farm.

- A chicken farm?

It's the most wonderful place

you can possibly imagine.

It's situated high up in the mountains.

Miles from everywhere, 40 beautiful acres.

That sounds fine.

We'll go there every weekend.

Every weekend? Honey, we're gonna live there

all the time! We're gonna raise chickens.

- Are we?

- You bet we are.

You have no idea what a fascinating

little devil a chicken can be.

There must be over 100 varieties.

Australorps, Dorkings.

Leghorns...

twelve different kinds of them.

The New Hampshire Red,

the Rhode Island Red.

The Light Brahma, the Black Sumatra,

the Jersey White Giant.

The Plymouth Rock, the Barbrock.

There are millions of them.

Take the average White Leghorn

that lays 150 to 250 eggs a year.

- We'll say she costs between

\$2.25 and \$2.50 to raise...

They all right back there?

Oh, they're fine.

They love it.

Of course, our profit will vary...

The percentage of cockerels is a vital
factor in determining the cost of each pullet.

You've got to keep watching for those
little combs to break out of the shells.

Then you separate 'em, fatten 'em up,
dress 'em and off to market they go.

Oh, my hat! Oh, Bob, stop!

Can't stop here.

We'll get it later.

He's eating it!

Don't worry.

It won't hurt him.

- How much longer?
- Pretty soon now.
- Beautiful country, isn't it?
- Mmm.
- Seems so far away.
- Far away from what?
I don't know.
Just far away.
- Get ready, Betty.
- Are we there?
In a minute. Close your eyes.
I want to surprise you with it.
- They were closed.
- Close them again.
All right, open 'em.
- Where's the house?
- That's it right there.
Oh.
Needs a new coat of paint.
The agent told me there wasn't another
house like it in the whole county.
Come on,
I'll show it to you.
Isn't this the most beautiful setting
for a house you ever saw?
Isn't it wonderful?
How do you like this view
from the front porch?
Well, honey, this is it.
Over the threshold.
- Oh!
- Hang on.
- Darling, you'd better put me down.
- Yeah, I...
It's stuck.
I'll have to force it.
- Are you all right?
- Yeah, I'm all right.
- Those hinges must have loosened up.
- Oh.
I'll fix that. Well, honey,
what do you think?
Hasn't it got a lot of character?
That stairway goes up to the attic.

This is the bedroom.
This is the living room.
Nice size room,
isn't it?
- Good floors. Won't have
to do a thing to 'em.
Just scrub 'em
and polish 'em.
Here's the dining room.
They don't build houses
like this nowadays.
This table isn't bad, is it?
Solid oak.
Don't care much for
that fixture though, do you?
Wait'll you see the kitchen. Isn't this
something? An old-fashioned kitchen.
Haven't seen one like this since I was a kid.
None of that streamlined stuff.
This is the kind of place where you can
really get down to living.
No running water, no Frigidaire.
Just plenty of elbow room.
Here's the back porch
out here.
Go on, take a look. That's
the chicken house over there.
Of course, we'll have
to make it bigger.
Those woods back there
belong to us too.
Isn't that some barn?
That's the pigpen in front of it.
Compact little layout, isn't it?
It needs a little sprucing up.
Some paint, some patches. We'll get
started on that in the morning.
Come on, I'll show you
the rest of the house.
You haven't seen anything yet. It keeps
getting better and better. Here's the pantry.
These steps go to the cellar
where we can store vegetables...
and all those canned goods

you're going to put up.

What's that?

Huh? Oh!

Isn't that a beauty?

I bet you've never seen a stove

like that in all your life.

Just aching for a big side of beef

or a pot full of soup...

or couple of

dozen loaves of bread.

Fresh bread.

I can smell it already.

You're going to have

a wonderful time with that stove.

You can get to the bedroom

right through the kitchen here.

I don't think it likes me.

- Betty?

- Coming.

You and I, my friend, are not

going to get along at all.

- Bob...

- How do you like this bed?

- Isn't it a wonderful old piece?

- Hmm.

It needs a little

propping up.

There, that ought to do it.

Kind of noisy,

don't you think?

- Isn't this the life, Betty?

- I guess so.

Once you get used to it.

- It's raining.

- Right through the roof.

Gesundheit.

There, we'll be

all right here.

I'll have to get up on that roof. Some

of the shingles must have loosened up.

You catching cold? You must have

been sitting in a draught.

- Ah, I must have.

- You better get in bed.

Ah, just smell that. Wonderful to fill
your lungs with clean air for a change.
Well, the first night
in our own home.
Doesn't it feel great, Betty?
Gonna make it a real home too.
Something to be proud of.
None of that hit-and-run stuff for us.
Just think, Betty,
this is where we'll...
probably spend
the rest of our lives.
- Doesn't it give you
a wonderful sense of security?
Now, then, everything's
gotta be scheduled.
Can't leave anything to chance.
Farming's a big enough gamble as it is.
Now by June we should have
at least a half-dozen sucklings.
We'll have a calf in July.
Then, along about August, we can begin
to figure on more important offspring.
- Oh, darling.
- Maybe 500 or 600 of them.
- 500, 600 what?
- Chicks, of course.
Maybe even more
if we're lucky.
I'd like to raise something
besides chickens, you know.
Oh, we'll have plenty of those too.
I'm counting on at least four.
Maybe even five.
Three boys and two girls, huh?
- All at once?
- Oh, no, one at a time.
Let's schedule the first one
for, uh, a year from today.
- How's that?
- That looks like a good day for it.
Betty?
Betty?
Hmm?

Hey, Betty?
Wake up. Didn't you
hear the alarm clock?
You gonna lie there in bed forever?
Come on, get out.
- I've got breakfast almost ready.
- Hmm?
It's still night out.
What do you mean "night"?

It's 4:

I let you loll in bed
because it's the first day...
but from now on you've got to be
up every morning at 4:00 sharp.
- Hey, Betty?
- Hmm?
Come on, get out of there!
Got a lot of work to do.
Betty!
Bob!
How are those nails,
Betty?
- Oh! Bob!
- Yeah?
Hey, Betty?
Hey, Betty,
what are you doing down there?
Oh!
Just dropped in
to say howdy.
- Howdy.
- Howdy.
Ma told me to come by and ask you
over for a visit when you got time.
We're your neighbours
just down the road a spell.
Kettle's the name.
Folks call me Pa.
- I'm glad to know ya, Pa.
- Likewise.
- Hello!
- Hi.
This is my husband.

Meet Pa Kettle, Bob.

- Just dropped in to say howdy.

- Well, uh, howdy.

Howdy. Thought I'd tell ya
long as we're neighbours...

you can count on us for
anything you might be needin'.

Just step in and ask for it.

Be glad to lend a helpin' hand.

Thanks, Mr Kettle.

That's very nice of you.

- Building somethin'?

- Yes, we're putting up a new chicken coop.

Wouldn't mind having
a few of them two-by-fours.

Been fixin' my barn. Ain't
had no time to get to town.

- Go ahead. Help yourself.

- That's real neighbourly of you.

Won't be needin'

more than two... or so.

- Give me a holt here, will ya?

- You bet.

Oh, uh, two more...
just in case.

Oh, uh, better have
another one for good measure.

- Sure you got enough?

- Well, maybe one more for the house.

- Huh?

- I'll take 'em.

I'm gonna need a couple of pounds of nails.
Ain't got none to fit a two-by-four.

I guess I can let you
have a couple of pounds.

And an extra hammer and a saw. Kids
been usin' my saw and ruined the edge.

- Couldn't cut butter with it now.

- I'll give you a hammer and saw.

- I have to have them back.

- Send it back as soon as I'm through.

Come around the barn.

I'll see what I can dig up.

Say, you'll have to paint the place,

won't ya?

- Have you got any paint?
- Come to think of it, I ain't.
- Got any red you could spare?
- No, we've only got green.

Green will do.

I ain't particular.

Gee-up, there.

There! I'll bet you've never looked as good as this in your whole life.

Oh! Oh, you!

Indians! Bob!

Bob! Bob!

Indians!

- What are you talking about?
- There, by the porch!
- That's Geoduck and Crowbar.
- Who?
- Geoduck and Crowbar. They sell fish.
- Fish?

You've been seeing too many Westerns. Hiya, fellas.

- How!
- Betty, look at these crabs.
- Get a load of the size.
- Are we gonna raise them too?

We'll take a dozen. Just put 'em on the back porch. Give a hand, will you, Tom?

- Say, who's Tom?
- He's Pa Kettle's boy. He's gonna work for us.
- Hope he doesn't take after his father.
- So far, he hasn't borrowed a thing.

I've been looking at the egg charts. Have you been collecting the eggs regularly?

- Well, not exactly. They won't let me.
- They won't let you?

No, anyway it seems kind of cruel to break up the family so early. It's no joke. Those eggs have to be collected regularly.

Couldn't I do something else instead?

There's nothing difficult about it. A child can do it.

- They look at me so hurt. I haven't got the heart.

- That's ridiculous.

Here I'll show you.

They don't act like that
when I do it.

Let's see you do it.

There! Now you see?

- That's funny.

- They don't like me.

Maybe you have the wrong attitude.

Chickens sense things in people.

Frankly, I think they're
stuck on you and resent me.

Maybe I better collect the eggs.

You do something else.

- Have you fed Cleopatra?

- No, I was just going to.

- She'll never get fat if you don't feed her.

- She's as fat as a pig now.

Okay, toots,
come and get it.

No, you don't! You come right back here
this minute!

Cleopatra,
do you hear me?

You get right back in this pen before
I do something you'll be very sorry for.

Do you hear me?

All right,
you asked for it. Come on.

Come on now. Get back in here.

Do you hear... Oh!

Come back here.

Cleopatra!

Cleopatra, come back here!

Having any difficulty?

Maybe I can help.

Here, pig, pig, pig!

Come on, pig, pig, pig.

Piggy, piggy, piggy.

Here, pig.

Well, that's the idea.

You certainly have a way with pigs.

Hello. I'm Harriet Putnam,

Bella Vista Farm.

- Oh, you have the fancy place down the road.

- That's right.

- This is my wife, Betty. Come on, honey.

- We've met already.

You're going to have a lovely place here
once you get it fixed up.

- It has loads of possibilities.

- Still needs a lot of work.

- Mind if I look around?

- Not at all. I'll show you around.

We've only just started
to get it in shape.

It's going to be so nice having
real people around for a change.

You better get cleaned up. That isn't
exactly perfume you're covered with.

Oh!

- How charming we look today, madam.

- We look nothing of the sort.

- Who are you?

- Best friend the farmer's wife ever had. Smiling Billy Reed.

"Whatever you need,
see Billy Reed. " That's me.

Right now I don't need anything except
a bath. Will you get out of my way...

For the bath. Soaps from the Orient,
perfumes from "Gay Paree. "

- Bath salts from the Isle of Capri.

- Some other time.

"Time," the lady says.

I got all the time in the world.

Alarm clocks, grandfather
clocks, wristwatches, pocket watches.

If it's time you need, see Billy Reed...

"If at first you don't succeed, try again,"
says Billy Reed.

- Please, I've got to change my clothes!

- "Clothes," the lady says.

Yes, I know. If it's clothes you need,
see Billy Reed.

I don't want any.

Now, will you go away?

You can turn me down

and send me away, but I'll be back...

another day!

Oh, isn't he nice? Is he ours?

Yeah, I bought him from Doc Wilson.

- Hi!

- He's a wonderful hunting dog, but he's vicious.

- Oh, he doesn't look...

- Don't touch him! He's bitten about everybody in town.

- Honest?

- Doc said he took a piece out of two postmen and three delivery boys.

I'll just tie him up front here

till I build a run for him.

- Don't want to get him

too near the livestock.

- What's his name?

- Sport.

- Hiya, Sport.

- Betty, don't touch him. I tell you he's dangerous.

Takes a steady nerve

to handle a dog like this.

- Better leave him to me

and stay away from him.

He looks

awfully sweet to me.

Women.

- What on Earth is that?

- Hello. I didn't hear you come in.

It's just a contraption I rigged up.

Kind of an automatic feeder.

The chicken pokes its head in there and

then the grain will just naturally pour out.

- I hope.

- Did you invent that?

There's a couple of things

I have to figure out.

- You're a regular Thomas Edison.

- Not quite.

I just like to tinker around

with machines and things.

- Better than farming?

- Oh, much.

Put 'er there.

I'll tell you something.

I like anything better than farming,

especially chicken farming.

- It's not much fun.
- It's no fun at all.
- You better let me.
- Oh, would you?

They don't care
very much about me.

- Shouldn't you be in school today?
- I finished school last year.

Oh, I see.

- What are you going to do now?
- Oh, I don't know.
- This or that, I guess. Doesn't make much difference.
- Doesn't it?

I sort of hoped I could go to college.
Study engineering or something.

But there's
not much chance of that.

- Why not?
- A lot of reasons.

For one, Ma needs somebody
around the place.

- You know how Pa is.
- Yes, I know how he is.

And, I'm the oldest, so...

Well, anyway...

- Here.
- Thanks.

Think I'll have a talk
with Ma one of these days.

Oh! Oh, no!

Well, well, well.

Well, hello,

Mr Vicious.

Bob's going to be awfully disappointed
when he comes home...

and finds out you haven't
torn me to pieces.

Did you want to show me
what a great retriever you are, huh?

Is that it? Come on.

Oh, you old fraud.

You don't even retrieve, do you?

Okay.

All right, we won't
tell Bob. No, we won't.
We'll just let him dream
a little while longer.

- Get in.

- Oh, I'm only going as far as the Kettles.

- I'll drop you. Get in.

- Thank you.

I'm Mrs Hicks, the oldest family
in the county. That's my mother.

- How do you do? How are you?

- Fine, considering my condition.

- I'm so sorry. Aren't you feeling well?

- Never had a sick day.

- It's all in her mind.

- Don't you go saying that, Birdie. I've got complications.

Doctor Wilson says he never came across a
case like mine in his whole medical practice...

Pa Kettle been borrowing things
from ya already? Never get it back.

Lazy, shiftless crew, the whole lot of 'em.

Disgrace to the community.

I went to the city last year and had
a wonderful going-over by a doctor there.

You the young couple took that abandoned
farm up the mountains a ways?

- It wasn't exactly abandoned. We bought it...

- He said to me...

"I don't ever remember seeing
a liver quite like yours. "

Nobody else wanted it. I call that
abandoned. Whatever you buy it for?

- He gave me the most wonderful pills.

- You'll never get it...

to look like anything,
too rundown.

I still got some. I'll send a few over to you
if there's anything the matter.

As for farming, be nothing short
of a miracle if you get anything to grow.

Better folks than you
have tried it and failed.

Eyesore to the community. I've tried
my best to get them run out of the county.

- Sure you want to stop off here?

- Positive.

You must come over sometime and let me tell
you all about the time I went to the hospital.

- Can't say you weren't warned.

- Thanks for the lift.

Give me mine! Give me it!

- Hello!

- Oh, hello. How are you?

Fine.

- Hello!

- Hi.

Seesaw, seesaw,

Margery Daw, seesaw #

Where's your mother?

Seesaw

Stop that dad-blasted noise!

Clear outta here!

Go on, you!

- Well, hello. Ain't this nice?

- How are you?

I was just wondering how long it'd be
before you got so lonesome you'd visit.

- Come on in the kitchen where we can talk a spell.

- Thank you.

Shoo, shoo! Get out of here!

Go! Go!

Get out of here.

My, my,

don't you look fine?

- Take a seat and make yourself to home.

- Thank you.

Just throw that stuff

anywhere.

How do you like your new place?

You don't look like a farmer.

I'm not, I'm afraid,

but I'm learning.

Nothin' like it, if it don't kill ya.

You're staying for dinner naturally.

- Oh, no, thank you.

- Oh, of course, you will.

Enough here for an army. Now, if you'll
just give me a hand settin' the table.

Oh, surely.

Tom was tellin' me what
real nice people you was.

We think a lot of him too.

He's a good boy, and he's so clever.

Ain't he, though? Not a mite like
the rest of the Kettles.

Makes me...

wonder sometimes.

- Seems a shame he had to leave school.

- Well, you know how it is.

We need Tom around the place.

Pa ain't much for workin' and...

- The rest of the young'uns
seem to take right after him.

Well... just the same

he ought to go to college.

College! What fer?

Oh, just so he can

make something of himself.

You wouldn't want to watch him
go to seed around here, would you?

Of course not.

Ain't for me to say.

If he had a little help, he could make out
all right at the State University.

There's no tuition
and he could work.

- He been talkin' to ya?

- He wants to go so badly.

Yes, I know he does.

I can see it in his eyes.

Tom got real high marks
when he was in high school.

- Ain't much I can do about it.

- Well, it's too bad.

Don't know as I could
get along without Tom.

We ain't got a live buck in the house
except what he brings in.

Last money I saved up, Pa put in a couple of
minks he was going to breed and make us a fortune.

Only they up and died before
they got around to breedin'.

Pa's kind of a dreamer

that way.

If you'll just get hold of that bell, we'll
let the varmints know dinner's ready.

Oh, sure.

You better stay out
of that doorway, honey...

- before you get tromped on.

- What?

You better stay out of that doorway!

Howdy.

Just sit yourself down anywheres, honey.

We don't stand on no ceremonies.

Henry, move over. Let the lady in.

Where's your manners?

Henry, move over and give
the lady a place to sit.

I ain't Henry, Ma. I'm Albert.

That's Henry, remember?

Whatever your name is,

move over and give the lady a seat.

Just make yourself
comfortable, honey.

Okay, Pa.

Much obliged
for everything.

- Hey, Betty, what's this?

- My kitchen garden. I told you about it.

You didn't tell me

you were going to put it here.

- What's the matter with here?

- Nothing, except when it rains.

- The water's gonna come over that embankment in sheets.

- That's why I put it here.

- So it would get plenty of water.

- Have it your own way.

Come on, get dressed. We're gonna have
lunch at Harriet Putnam's, remember?

- Do we have to?

- Yep.

It certainly is
a beautiful layout.

Betty, maybe one of these days
we can have something like this.

- If we ever get a contract for our eggs.

- I could speak to Mr Henty.

He's the agent for Great Western Markets out here. They buy all my dairy products.

I'd appreciate it. We're at the stage where we can handle a steady contract.

I'll talk to him. He does almost anything

I ask him to do.

- He's such a dear.

- A young man, I take it?

Ah, he used to be.

He's a little crotchety now, I'm afraid.

Besides, he has a wife.

Ha, those were

the old rules.

- Do you think we could go outside and look around?

- Oh, of course.

I love to show it off.

Just wait 'til we get to the barn...

and I show you

my Speckled Sussex.

- Her what?

- Speckled Sussex.

- That's a breed of hen. Very special too.

- Oh.

It's my theory an egg-raising flock ought to be kept at 96% lay most of the year.

- I've got a headache.

- What do you think, Harriet?

Well, of course,

so much depends on the breed.

- I've got a headache!

- Huh?

- I've got a headache. I think I'd like to go home.

- That's too bad.

- Wouldn't you like to take something and lie down?

- No, I'd like to go home.

- Sort of hoping we could look around a little more.

- You can stay.

I can get home by myself.

I'm sure Miss Putnam...

will be only too glad to drive you home...

when she's through with you.

- I'm sorry we have to rush off like this.

- I understand.

Drop in sometime when you're driving by.

You haven't seen anything yet.

- I'll do that. Don't forget about Mr Henty.

- I won't.

- I do hope you'll feel better.

- Thanks.

- Do you have these headaches often?

- Often enough.

- Very interesting. Goodbye.

- Bye!

- Do you find Harriet attractive?

- She knows a lot about chickens.

If that's how you measure your women,
where does that leave me?

You don't have to know about chickens
to be attractive. A lot of women don't.

When I think of the years I spent learning
how to be irresistible to my husband.

All you have to do
is cackle.

- I wonder if she could.

- Could what? Cackle?

No. Take you
away from me.

- Don't be an idiot.

- It's happened, you know.

Men have no sense at all when it
comes to women. Babes in arms.

- Will you stop? I can take care of myself.

- Every man has his danger point.

Just get beyond it and...

he's a goner.

- Don't talk like that.

- It's true.

Your danger point might happen
to be Harriet Putnam's beautiful house...
and all that expensive farm machinery
and those fat Hereford cows...
touched by no human hand,
poor things.

I am not interested in Harriet Putnam's
beautiful house...
or her farm machinery

or her cows.
I'm only interested
in chickens and, uh, you.
Oh, look out!
Oh, now look what you've done.
What's that?
That is a flat tyre.
It isn't enough
to go in the ditch.
- What are we going to do now?
- We're going to change it.
Oh. Well.
- Lucky I got some new equipment or
we really would be stuck. - Mm-hmm.
- That's funny.
- What are you looking for?
- The jack!
- Is that it?
No, that's a wrench.
Don't you know the difference?
Oh, is a jack that kind of funny-looking
thing that goes up and down?
- Yes, that's it.
- Oh, that.
- Where is it?
- I... used it yesterday...
to prop open
the kitchen door.
You see, Sport was...
- It's probably there now.
- Uh-huh.
All we need now to make
the day perfect is for it to rain.
You had to open your big mouth.
Bob! My garden!
- Don't say it! You told me so!
- It's too bad, honey.
Bob, we've got to get away
from here before it's too late.
They don't want us here. The mountains,
rain, wind, they don't want us here!
- They're fighting us all the time!
- Stop it.
- It'll be all right.

- We've got to get away before we lose everything!

- Before we lose each other!

- Betty!

Betty, wait!

"Stir rapidly. "

"... rapidly... and drop
gently into pot. "

Well.

- Betty, where are my guns?

- In the closet.

- What's the matter? What?

- Cougar!

- A cougar!

- What's that?

Something like a lion.

Very dangerous.

- Oh.

- He's in the woods back of the barn.

Crowbar and Geoduck

just told me. They saw him.

- What are you gonna do?

- Shoot him!

- Why? Won't he go away?

- No, he's after the livestock.

Oh.

Maybe if you'd just

leave him alone, he'd disappear.

Cougars don't disappear.

You have to shoot 'em!

Here you are, Crowbar.

Now we'll get Sport.

He's a great hunting dog. Be a wonderful
chance to see how he works.

- Look at him, he's raring to go.

He's got the scent already.

- Stand aside when I let him out.

He's pretty wild.

All right, boy, after him! Hey, Sport!

- Sport, this way! Sport, where are you going?

- Bob!

- Hey, Sport!

- Bob!

- Where is he?

- He's under the stove! What is it, the cougar?

- No, it's Sport. Sport, come on, boy.
- Sport?
Come on, we're
going hunting. Cougar!
Sport, come on, boy. Come on, Sporty.
Sport, come out of there!
All right, stay there.
That dog is... is dishonest.
Okay, it's safe now.
You can come out.
Bob! Bob!
Bob, they're here!
Hurry up!
Oh, oh.
Oh, you little darlings you.
Oh, aren't they cute!
- What's happened? What's the matter?
- Look, millions of them!
Aren't they wonderful?
- Be careful, they injure very easily.
- Wait 'til Mr Henty sees.
I'll bet he'll get us the biggest egg
contract in the county.
- Oh, do we have to name them all?
- They're not pets, you know.
They're our stock in trade. If they
don't get jammed under the brooder...
and smother or drown in the drinking
fountain or get coccidiosis...
or peck each other to death,
we may be in the chicken business yet.
If you feel that way about them,
why not drown 'em all now?
After you've fed and watered them every three
hours until they can take care of themselves...
you won't feel
so sentimental about them.
If you kids had any sense, you'd go
right back where you came from.
- What are you doing?
- I'm cutting down a tree.
- Whatever for? It's a lovely tree.
- To clear space for the new chicken house.
Oh, don't you think it's kind of awful

to cut down a tree?

We're not running a park here. Stand over there so the chips don't fly in your face.

- Won't it fall on the chicken house?

- No, no, dear, it won't.

Looks like it to me.

Darling, you take care of the kitchen and I'll take care of the tree.

I just thought, that's all.

Honey, it just so happens that I spent a whole summer in a logging camp once.

I've watched experts fall tree after tree.

Just the same.

Look, dear, this isn't a matter of guesswork.

It's a matter of science.

It's a question of leverages, weights and balances which I've worked out to the nth degree.

The tree isn't going to fall on the chicken house. It's going to fall right there.

If you don't believe it, just wait and see.

If you don't mind, I'll wait in the house where I'll be safe.

Timber!

No! No! No!

Bob? Bob!

Bob, where are you?

Where are you, Bob?

Oh!

Timber!

Very funny.

Is that you, Bob? Dinner's ready.

Be there in a minute.

Oh, Bob.

I hope I'm not late.

Happy Tuesday.

- Oh, thanks to you and many of them.

- I like your gown.

- Have I seen it before?

- Yes, I wear it at all my weddings.

- Where would you like to dine?

- Wherever you say.

There's the Palace Hotel in San Francisco.

Wonderful food.

Or Antoine's in New Orleans

if you like bouillabaisse.

- Or we might hop over to New York and try "21."

- Yes, let's try "21."

All right. Oh, Mac,

you have a table for us?

This one right here?

This is our table here.

Wonderful-looking food,

and a wonderful-looking chef.

- An excellent dinner. My compliments.

- Thank you.

- Shall we go dancing?

- I wouldn't mind.

- The Stork Club's just around the corner.

- That sounds fine.

- I'll have the orchestra play something special.

- All right.

Oh, darling, thanks

for a wonderful evening.

- You the folks that live here?

- Why, yes.

Well, I'm Henty,

Great Western Markets.

Henty? Oh, Mr Henty.

It's Mr Henty.

- How do you do, Mr Henty?

- Knocked on the front door, nobody answered.

So I come around by the back way.

Interrupting something, am I?

No, my wife and I were just,

uh... Oh, this is my wife.

How do you do, Mr Henty?

We were just celebrating...

- our anniversar...

- Birthday...

- I see. Maybe I better make it another time.

- Oh, don't go.

- We're all through, aren't we, Bob?

- Of course, we are.

Come and sit down.

We're certainly glad to see you.

- Sit down there.
- Well, just for a minute.
- Would you, uh, care for a cigar, Mr Henty?
- Never touch 'em.
- Bob, perhaps Mr Henty would like a drink.
- Of course.
- Don't touch that either.
- Oh, well...

we just keep it
around in case.

- Some people do, you know?
- So I've heard tell.

Oh, isn't this nice, your dropping in
on us like this, Mr Henty.

- We've heard so much about you.
- We certainly have.

I was over to Miss Putnam's.
Wonderful lady.

- Yes, wonderful.
- She's my dearest friend.
- She told me you people might have some eggs to sell.
- That's right, we have.

Thought I'd drop 'round on
the way home, look things over.

Mighty glad you did.

We're not up to full production yet...

- but be glad to show you the layers we have.
- Won't be necessary.

I judge my eggs by the people
that produce 'em.

"Like chicken, like master,"

I always say.

When I was a little girl...

I got seven medals for perfect attendance
at Sunday school.

- Didn't I, Bob?
- Yes!

Yes, she did. That's the...
main reason I married her.

I was an Eagle Scout myself.

- Well...
- You're not going to leave us so soon.
- It's early. You just got here.
- Don't believe in folks staying up too late.

- "Early to bed, early to rise... "
- "Makes a man...
healthy, wealthy
and wise. "
- How right you are.
- Where's my hat?
It's right over there...
Sport! I'll get it.
Sport, get off.
Very friendly dog.
He likes to sit on hats.
Here, I'll fix it.
Never mind,
I'll do it.
How many dozen eggs do you think
you'll be needing per week?
- Any idea?
- I don't know.
Got to think it over.
Goodnight.
- Goodnight, Mr Henty.
- Goodnight, Mr Henty. Come again.
- Well, that's the end of Mr Henty.
- Yeah.
- Gonna have to eat
an awful lot of omelets.
Oh, why did he have to show up tonight?
Oh, well.
Hey, I just remembered.
I never did carry you over the threshold.
That's right, you didn't.
Oh, just a minute.
Now.
Send up another batch of them nails,
and I figure we'll be all set.
- Okay, drop 'er down.
- There she goes.
Say, is Ma home?
- I've got business with her.
- That's where I left her.
- All right, take it away.
- Up she goes.
Betty, how do you like it?
All set up and ready to go.

You'll have water in the kitchen any minute now. All we have to do is fill it up.

- Think it'll work?

- Oh, sure. Pa's an expert on water tanks.

He may not know about anything else, but he knows about water tanks.

He says.

Hello!

- Bob, I need your help.

- What's the matter?

Just about everything. My generator broke down and everything is stopped.

The cows haven't been milked. The chickens can't be fed. My dairy products are ruined.

My foreman hasn't the slightest idea what to do about it.

- I can leave here for a while. I'll come over.

- Would you?

Why don't you get Tom Kettle?

He's a genius with machinery.

I couldn't possibly trust him.

He's such a boy. This is a man's job.

I see what you mean.

Uh-huh.

- Be back for lunch.

- Goodbye.

Bye.

Hello!

Come right on in!

Don't stand on no ceremony.

- Come on in!

- I came to bring you something. It's a present.

- For me?

- Yep.

- Jiminy whizz!

- I made it myself. Do you like it?

Drat my hide and call me a possum.

Ain't this somethin'?

I thought you might like to wear it at the dance tonight, so I rushed it.

- You might have to do over a couple of the seams.

- I ain't never been so surprised.

First new dress I've had

since way back before the war.

- Stylish too, ain't it? - You'll
be the best-dressed girl at the ball.

- Can't imagine why you went to all this trouble for me.

- It's no trouble, it's fun.

- Get some of them cookies and I'll pour some coffee.

- All right.

Oh, I'm so sorry.

Pay it no mind. Just leave it.

Might as well be one place as another.

Come on, get away.

When I was first married, I was
as neat as the next woman.

Tried to keep my house
and kids clean.

But Pa's an awful
old lazy so-and-so.

It was fight, fight, fight all the time,
so finally give it up.

I can't make Pa change and be neat,
so I'll have to change and be dirty.

Been peace in this house ever since.

There, ain't this pretty?

- It's perfectly beautiful.

- Made one every year since I was married.

Got 'em in the closet
in the spare room.

Figured it'd be something real nice
to leave the kids when I die.

Why don't you enter it
in the county fair?

- Oh, you should! It's a wonderful idea.

- What in tarnation fer?

You might win first prize.

You could give the money to Tom.

- He could enter college. Wouldn't that be grand?

- 'Tain't no use.

Birdie Hicks will win.

She wrangles things around every year...
so one of her relations gets on
the committee that judges them.

- You could try.

- I've got a better idea.

- When it's finished, I'm givin' it to you.

- Oh, no, I couldn't.

Oh, I got a whole parcel of 'em laid away.
There ain't nobody I'd rather see have it.

- Oh!

- Take another one of them cookies, why don't ya?
Plenty where they come from.

I'll get you some to take home.

They're wonderful.

How do you make 'em?

Just a drop of this
and a drop of that.

- Mix it together
and shove it in the oven.

- You home already? 'Tain't near feeding time.

- Got your water tank up.

- Be havin' running water any minute now.

- Oh, thanks.

- That'll be a relief.

- Never see the sense of running water in the house.

Rather get mine straight out of
the ground where the good Lord put it.

I don't hold with too much water anyhow.

Rusts the bones.

Well, I'll chance it.

Thank you, goodbye.

Mighty fine of you to make me
that dress, honey. I appreciate it.

I got the best of the trade.

It doesn't hold a candle to your quilt.

- See you at the party tonight!

- You bet.

- Hello there!

- Hello!

- Oh, hello.

- Hiya, kids!

- How do I look? Hey! Get out of there.

- Perfect!

- Don't you folks want something to eat?

- Not just now.

I always brings my own vittles to these
shindigs. Don't like strangers feeding us.

Now where'd he disappear to?

William!

What are ya doin' up there?

Didn't I tell you to behave?

- We'll see you later.

- Hey!

- Oh, sorry.

- Well, greetings. Isn't this quaint?

- You remember Mr Henty?

- Oh, yes, we've met.
I've been working on Mr Henty
to give you that egg contract.

- I've got him practically to the signing point.

- Oh?

A recommendation from
Mrs Putnam goes a long way.
Of course, we're not taking on
any new obligations these days.
Don't worry, it's in the bag.

- Quite a character.

- Yes, isn't he?

- I mean her.

- Oh, she's all right.
Mighty nice of her to go to all that trouble.
Could sure use that contract.

- Hello!

- Oh, hello. How do you feel?

- Terrible. This is my doctor.

- This is my husband.
Big, isn't he?

- Who was that?

- Mrs Hicks' mother. She's an invalid.
Doing all right for an invalid.

- Oh, no.

- Oh, I'm sorry. We were just...

- Oh, my heavens.

- Oh, I'm sorry, Mr Henty.

- We were just...

- Never mind!
I'll wipe it myself.
There goes the egg contract.
You're not helping much.
I'll see what I can do.
Oh.
You shouldn't have done that to Mr Henty.
He's a very fine man and a leading citizen.

- We didn't do it on purpose.

- One thing we don't stand for at these affairs...

and that's roughhouse.

- If you want to stay here, you'd better behave.

- I'll keep an eye on him.

- See that you do.

- Here, try one of these.

- They look delicious.

- They ought to. Don't you recognize her?

- Oh! You mean it's...

- It's Cleopatra.

It's our donation. What's the matter?

Aren't you going to eat it?

What do you think I am,
a cannibal?

- Well! Glad to see ya.

- Hello, Pa.

- What'll it be?

- Oh, some of the same.

Got somethin'

a little better than the same.

Just, uh,

try that for size.

Made it myself. Fresh out of the still
this afternoon. None of that old stuff.

- Is my head still on?

- I can't see it anyplace.

- Oh, Bob.

- Yipe.

- Are you took?

- What?

- Are you took?

- He wants to dance.

I'm sorry, I'm engaged.

Betty, at affairs like this you're supposed
to dance with anybody that asks you.

- Otherwise they'll say you're a snob.

- Are you ready?

Ah. Yes.

Betty doesn't seem to be able to find
a partner that fits her.

- I better rescue her.

- Get me a cold drink first, please.

- I'm dying of thirst.

- Well...

I certainly had a hard time getting to you.

You're the most popular girl.

It's an honour

I'd gladly give up.

I've been pushed and pulled around this floor.

I don't know whether I'm coming or going.

You wouldn't like to sit this one out,
would you, and give my feet a rest?

Oh, sure, I'll get you
something to drink.

- May I?

- Oh, must you? Couldn't you some other time?

"Never put off until tomorrow
what you can do today,"

Billy Reed's motto
in work or play.

- Think we could slow down a bit?

- Follow the lead with Billy Reed.

If I have any feet left.

Oh, thank heavens.

- Don't you ever get tired?

- Vitamin pills.

- Yeah, I know, you sell them.

- Greatest little item I handle.

I don't want any. I'd rather wear out
in my own way.

I've got to get out of here
while I can still walk.

I admire you tremendously.

You're one in a million.

- Greatest sales resistance I ever met up with.

- Oh, thanks.

- It's no effort at all.

- Try and resist if you can, but Billy Reed will get his man.

But I'm not a man.

- How's this?

- Fine.

Ah, Bob, can't we talk
about something besides chickens?

- All right, what'll it be?

- What about you?

- Do you like your farm?

- Oh, sure.

And, Betty, does she like
being a farmer's wife?

She likes it fine.

It was rough at first.

But she's getting
used to it.

Men are such fools about women.

They invariably marry the wrong one.

- I wouldn't say that.

- All my husbands did.

- Oh, Bob, darling, are you hurt?

- No, but...

Party's getting rough.

I think we better go in.

- Harriet, would you excuse me?

- Of course. See you later.

Getting some air?

How long have you
been out here?

I just came out this minute.

It was awfully hot in there.

- Having a good time?

- Somebody hit me on the head with this shoe.

- No. What for?

- Just trying to be funny, I guess.

Oh, for heaven's sake.

Oh, don't do that.

It's mine!

- So it was you?

- Yes, now you go right out there and get it.

- What was the idea?

- Must be over in those bushes.

- I repeat, "What was the idea?"

- I didn't mean to hit you, honest.

- I meant to hit her. Did it hurt?

- Of course it hurt!

I don't see why you don't
like Harriet; she likes you.

- She said she admires you very much.

- Now she's saying nice things.

- That's just why I don't like her...

- You're being childish.

- I am not being childish!

- Shh!

That barnyard glamour girl
is setting a trap for you.

You're just goofy

enough to fall into it.

You know, I don't like to point, but you're beginning to make a noise like a jealous female.

- This isn't becoming.

- What does she got that I haven't got?

- Except chickens.

- For one thing, she hasn't got me...

- as you seem to think.

- It's hardly noticeable.

You're not really serious about this?

You know better.

Every time I look around

you've got your heads together.

- It's getting monotonous.

- I should think you could trust me.

- In my book, a marriage without trust doesn't amount to much.

- I trust you.

- It's Miss Dreamy-puss I don't trust.

- Thanks for the confidence.

If I had a farm like hers with running water and plumbing and electricity...

and machines to take care of the livestock,

I'd have more time to concentrate on you too.

So it isn't me you're

jealous about, it's her farm.

I'd like to see her carry water

from the well to the house.

What do you want to do, Betty, give up?

All you have to do is say the word.

When are we going to get a farm

like that, with machines and gadgets...

- and little men all over the place doing things?

- When we've earned it.

- Did she earn it?

- That's different. With her, her farm's a hobby.

With me, it's a cause. I want to carve it out of rock with my bare hands.

And mine, don't forget.

Just look at them.

You'd never believe they used to get a manicure twice a week.

- Never did anything rougher than play the piano.

- They're being a lot more useful.

- You should be very proud of them.

- I've got a great idea.

Why don't you poison me and marry her?

You'd make a wonderful husband for her.

Fine!

I like that.

We could spend our honeymoon
in the electric chair, thinking about you.

Attention, folks. Quiet, please.

Sheriff Drum is here to make
a very important announcement.

We better go see what's up.

But what about my shoe?

I don't like interruptin',
but we've got trouble.

- Is Pa Kettle here?

- Right over this way, sir.

- Pa, you better get home. Your barn's on fire.

- Jehoshaphat.

I told you that still of yours would
blow up someday, and by golly, it did!

- Ma!

- We're comin', Pa! Tom!

Here, Ma!

That ain't all, folks.

A westerly wind blew up and carried
the flames to the woods just beyond.

Now, we've got a man-sized forest fire
on our hands, moving up the whole valley.

We did the best we could,
but it sort of got out of hand.

I suggest all you folks that have
homes up in that district...

- that you get along.

- Come on, Betty.

We can use all the volunteers
that we can get.

Looks pretty bad. We better
wet down the barn and chicken houses.

I'll get a shoe.

Lucky we built this tank. It'll give us
enough pressure to do some good.

Take it up to the barn.

We'll start on that first.

- Don't let it kink.

- No. Okay.

Here it comes.

Oh, Bob, look out!

Well, that's that. I guess

Pa can't build tanks either.

We could carry pails

of water from the well.

No, we couldn't do it

fast enough to do any good.

- You better get back to the house and start packing.

- Packing?

If the wind changes, we're a cooked goose.

We'd better be ready.

- I'll go get the animals out.

- Oh, Bob.

- Don't worry, honey. We'll manage.

- Sure we will.

- Wind's changin'!

- Comin' from the east!

- Headin' this way!

- Only thing can save you now is for it to rain.

- Doesn't look like it's going to.

- I better get back to the house.

- Sorry about that still.

- Couldn't be helped.

No use doing anything more here, men.

Thanks for your help anyway.

Get!

Bob!

- Are you all right?

- Yeah, I'm all right.

- How is it?

- The wind shifted. If it doesn't rain, we'll be burned out.

- Do you think it will rain?

- Doesn't look like it.

It'll be the only time it hasn't.

We better finish packing,

get the truck loaded.

- Well, not very pretty, is it?

- It's awful.

Anyway it rained

before the house burned.

Something to be

thankful for.

Betty, this is it.

We're finished.

I wonder if Saddle, Finch, Tanner,
Pease and Stuck will take me back.

Not in

those clothes.

I'll have to dig out

the double-breasted with a pinstripe.

I think you look handsome

in the double-breasted with a pinstripe.

Certainly going to take a lot of building
to get this place going again.

Yeah, new barn,

new chicken house, new pigpen.

Plant a new orchard.

Gonna be a lot of work for somebody.

- When do we begin?

- "We"?

- I don't know who else, do you?

- Betty, you're crazy.

- I know when I'm licked.

- Just on account of a little fire?

What's the matter with you?

They built up Chicago after the fire.

And San Francisco.

If they can build up a couple of cities...

we ought to be able

to build up a chicken farm.

You mean you want to,

really?

- I want to, really.

- I don't want to quit either.

I'd never feel right about it.

I was just thinking about you.

- We're not going to quit.

- Oh, Betty.

I think you've outgrown

the double-breasted pinstripe anyway.

If that's Harriet Putnam, all I can say is,
she picked the wrong day!

No, it sounds like

something's up.

You got yourselves pretty well

burned out last night.
Livestock, buildings,
crops, most everything.
There's hardly one of us that hasn't
got more than he can use at this time.
So, we've gotten together to give you
whatever might be necessary to get you started.
I don't want you young people to think
we've come here with charity.
Nothing of the sort.
You took a bad beating
last night. No denying that.
But you're not the first,
and you won't be the last.
We know that you're not foolish enough to
be feelin'sorry for yourselves this morning.
We've all had our share of troubles,
everybody that you see gathered here.
If it wasn't fire,
it was something else.
Sickness, death,
bad crops, one thing or another.
But that's the Lord's way.
I guess He knows what He's doing.
Now, folks, I'm gonna call
your names off of this list.
I want you to reply and tell me
what you're going to give...
what your donation is.
Whether it's a couple of days
work or a jar of preserves.
Whatever it may be,
just speak right up. Mr Henty?
A two-year contract for
their entire output of eggs...
and a cash advance...
reasonable, of course.
- Mrs Putnam?
- One dozen Speckled Sussex hens.
Mr and Mrs Asa Pettigrew?
Two suckling pigs
and corn to feed 'em!
Jake Burnheimer and wife?
Six bags of assorted seed

and the loan of my tractor.

- The Burlaga family?
- Four Rhode Island layers and a rooster too.
- Ma and Pa Kettle?
- Nine two-by-fours...
- three pounds of nails, hammer and a saw...
- And a quart of green paint.

And a quart of green paint.

Hey, Betty, hurry up.

Here I am!

All right, I'm coming.

- Just want to get there before the crowd.
- Yeah.
- I've never been to a county fair before.
- You haven't lived.

I'll never get a chance to if Ma Kettle finds out I entered her quilt in the competition.

Come on, folks!

Hawaiian dancers from
the island of Hawaii!

Hereford, shown by the Bella Vista Farm.

Beautiful animal. That's Harriet's.

Quite a family resemblance,
don't you think?

- Hello!
- Hello, Ma.
- You two having yourselves a good time?
- Yes!
- Winning any prizes? - Not me. I ain't entered and I ain't a-winnin'.
- Birdie Hicks just took the prize for her preserves.
- Oh.

Head judge is her cousin.

- Is he head judge of everything?
- If he ain't, some other cousin is.

There's a Hicks everywhere. Can't
fall down without landing on a Hicks.

- You staying here, or you want to look around?
- Sure.

My brood's scattered. Pa lit out
and I ain't seen hide nor hair of him.

I think I'll go with Ma.

I'm tired of cows, even Harriet's.

- I'll catch you later, huh?

- Okay.

Hereford, three years old...

- Bob!

- Hello. Isn't this fun?

- It certainly is.

- Who's going to win?

- I don't know. You're showing some mighty fine stock.

- Bonny Chance is a beauty, isn't she?

- You bet.

Come along to my box with me

and hold my hand. I'm so excited.

Are you having fun?

I ain't had so much fun since our Bessy
had a two-headed calf.

- Ma, can I have a nickel?

- Elly, don't muss me.

I give you a nickel a little while ago, didn't
I? Don't leap on this while it's a-goin'.

- You want to get killed?

- I'm not Elly, Ma. I'm Sally.

- You give Elly a nickel.

- Oh, so you are.

Land of Goshen, I thought you was Elly.

I'll give you a nickel.

Stretch it out for the rest of the day.

Didn't I tell you not to jump off?

Ain't young'uns a nuisance? Swear I
got so many, can't keep track of'em.

Just wait'll you have yourn.

You'll know what I mean.

- How many you countin' on?

- Just one to begin with.

But not for some time yet.

It's not on our schedule.

- Schedule? They havin' 'em
by schedule these days?

Land of Goshen,

what'll they think of next?

Hmm, say, we don't want

to be late for the prizes.

- You ain't gone and entered somethin', have ya?

- Oh, no.

- No, I'm just interested.

- Greetings, greetings, greetings.

Hello. My, are you really
as important as all that?
Vice president in charge
of practically the whole works.

- You don't say?
- Yeah, top man.
- Anything you need, ask Billy Reed.
- I'll see ya later, Ma.
- I've got some business to discuss with Mr Reed.
- You gonna buy something?
- You come along with me.
- Don't let him sell you nothin'.

First thing you know
he'll be makin' you pay first!
She certainly is a fine animal.

- You have a wonderful farm.
- Oh, I thought you didn't approve of my kind of farm.

I don't in principle, but in practice
it has a lot to be said for it.
Unfortunately, livestock and machinery
don't make a good farm.

- It does need a man.
- You've got men all over the place.
- I said "a" man!
- Oh.

I thought it would be so wonderful
to hide away from everybody...
and be a lady farmer,
but a prize Hereford is small solace...
on a cold winter evening,
I'm discovering.

That shouldn't be too hard
to remedy... for you.

- But all the best men are taken.
- Well, uh...

why don't you sell the farm?

- That the only solution?
- Well, it's one anyway.

Oh.

- Tell me, uh, are you in the market for it?
- Oh, no.
- It's way over my head.
- How can you tell till you've tried it?
- How much would it take?

- Make an offer.
- Well, I... I'd have to examine it.
- Oh, naturally.
Maybe I could come out and see it
tomorrow. Will you be home?
- Yes, but why not today?
- All right, I'll go and tell Betty that I'm going...

Oh, don't be silly.
We'll be back before you're missed.

- Jump in.
- Okay.
- Shouldn't take long, should it?
- Not long at all.

Ladies and gentlemen, the winner
of the patchwork quilt...
annual competition,
Mrs Kettle.

First prize goes to Mrs Kettle.

Better known as Ma.

Well, hack me down.

You can send over that portable
billiard table anytime you're ready.

- Set of encyclopedias, don't forget.
- And encyclopedias.
- Ma, you won!
- Leapin' Lena, you went and entered that quilt I give ya.
- I told you you'd win.
- I can't understand it, with all them fine quilts.
- Yours was the best, that's all.
- Hmph!

Hello, how are you?

Oh, you don't look well.

I never felt better
in all my life.

Guess Birdie Hicks don't like me
takin' a prize away from her.

Here's your ribbon
and your cheque.

Which I will keep for you in full payment
on a brand new electric washing machine.

- Something you can't do without.
- No, you don't either. This is for Tom.
I just saw him.

Where... Just a minute.

Tom! Tom!

To... Oh.

Tom!

Tom!

Tom, what do you think?

Your mother's quilt won first prize.

- That's swell.

- Now you can go to college. Isn't that...

- Oh, I...

- Oh, my.

She's fainted! Somebody get a doctor.

There now, honey,
you feelin' better?

I sent Tom
to look for Bob.

Oh, I can't imagine
what happened to me.

I've never fainted
before in my life.

You better stop in at Doc Wilson's
on the way back to town.

- What for?

- Honey, you sure...

you sure looked at
that schedule lately?

Huh?

Atta boy, that's a good fella.

Tonight's the night.

Oh, now don't you start!

What do you want?

Sport!

- Hello?

- May I come in?

Of course, please do.

You just surprised me.

I didn't hear
anybody drive up.

- Hope I'm not disturbing you.

- Oh, good heavens, no.

- I'm tickled to have someone around. Won't you sit down?

- Thank you.

My husband's been delayed,
and I hate being home alone.

- Won't you have some coffee? I was just going to.

- That would be lovely.
I don't seem to remember
seeing you anywhere.
No, we don't seem to get around
as much as we used to.
Albert and me keep pretty much
to ourselves these days.
Don't we, dear?
- I beg your pardon?
- Oh, my.
I don't believe you've met
my husband yet, have you?
This is Albert.
He's so retiring.
Sometimes people
just don't notice him at all.
How do you do?
Oh, my, don't they
look delicious though!
Did you make them yourself?
- Does he want any, do you think?
- Oh, no, dear.
Albert never touches sweets.
Not good for his figure.
Albert and me used to have
a chicken farm too, a long time ago.
Didn't we, dear?
It was so nice.
Everything was so happy
until Charlotte came.
- You heard about Charlotte?
- No.
Didn't ya? She was
just a plain, ordinary...
little white leghorn
when she was hatched.
But as time went on, she got bigger
and bigger and bigger and bigger...
and bigger,
until she was this high.
Higher than a man.
That's when I begun
to notice she wasn't friendly.
She used to look at Albert and me

as if she could peck us right to pieces.
It made me nervous,
I can tell you.
Once when I was getting into bed, I
heard a scratching noise and I looked up.
There she was, staring
at me through the window.
The wickedest look
in her eye you ever saw.
Then one night, Albert and me
was sitting in the kitchen...
having a cup of coffee, just like we are now,
when I heard a noise on the porch.
Before we could take any notice of it,
there was a knock at the door.
Knock, knock, knock.
Oh, there you are, Emily.
I thought I'd find you here.
Hello, Sheriff.
I've been expecting you.
You've been a bad girl again, Emily.
Come along, Albert.
It's time to go back now.
Thank you very much.
We've had a lovely visit.
You must drop in
and see us sometime.
She's a good soul.
- Hope she didn't disturb you too much, ma'am.
- Oh, no.
- I enjoyed every minute.
- Emily's harmless enough.
She walks out once in a while.
It's up to us to come and fetch her.
But it's never any trouble finding her.
She always comes to this place.
- She used to live here.
- Sh-She lived here?
Yes, she and her husband
used to raise chickens.
Made a very nice thing
out of it too.
Then one day Albert
ran off with another gal.

We've never seen
hide nor hair of him since then.
Drove poor Emily plumb loco.
Well, goodnight, ma'am.
Sleep tight.
Leaving me all alone.
Lunatics running all over the place...
with husbands you can't see
and chickens bigger than a man.
You can't do this to me,
Bob, you understand?
I won't put up with it another night!
No, I won't! Not another night!
Oh, no. Oh, no.
I'm losing my mind too.
Oh, Bob!
- What is it?
- Got a message for you, ma'am.
Thanks,
there's no answer.
My goodness, you didn't sleep
in your bed again last night.
Your mother's going to raise the roof
when she hears about this.
And what's more,
I'm going to tell her!
I told you, I can't sleep in it.
It's too soft.
Now, whoever heard
of a bed being too soft?
Stuff and nonsense. You'll have
no spine left sleeping on that sofa.
You were up early again too.
I heard you moving around the kitchen.
I can't help it, Emmy. I got in the habit.
The minute the sun rises,
I just have to get up.
First thing you'll know, you're going
to be sick, carrying on this way.
- Shall I fix your bath?
- Yeah, bring it in.
- "Bring it in"?
- Hmm? Oh.
Oh, I keep forgetting.

We have a room for
that here, haven't we?
Oh, land sakes, went right out of my mind.
I got a letter for you.
Looks like it might be
from your husband.
- Send it back unopened.
- You mean you're not gonna read it?
No! Send it back!
- Anything from Bob?
- No.
Betty, you don't mean to tell me you're
still sending his mail back unopened.
It's perfectly ridiculous.
No wonder he stopped writing you.
Mother, if he had any real interest in me,
he'd have been here months ago.
Emmy, I told you never to serve me eggs.
I can't stand the sight of them!
You've got to eat. You've got to keep
your strength up.
If I never see another egg,
it'll be all right with me.
Just as you say,
but I won't be responsible.
In my opinion, both you and Bob
are behaving very stupidly.
Mother, we've been all over this before,
now please, don't.
You know how I feel about interfering,
but I hate to see a good marriage...
break up because of
a lot of silly stubbornness.
In my opinion, you ought
to keep in touch with him...
especially at this time.
I don't want to be
in touch with him.
Nothing in the whole world would
make me go back to him again!
Nothing.
Isn't it funny how a little bit of nothing
like this makes everything else so unimportant?
You fight and struggle

and argue and...
do crazy things.
None of it makes
any difference.
This is what really counts.
Mother, I'm going back to Bob
just as soon as I can.
We're coming into your station, ma'am.
Better be getting started.
Thank you.
Well, here we go.
Get ready
to surprise your father.
It won't be long now, darling.
It's not much,
but it's home.
Remember, don't be too hard on it.
It'll grow on you after a while.
So will your father
when you get to know him.
He's a pretty nice fellow
in many ways.
Of course, he has some
strange ideas about how to live.
He can be taken in by any
designing female in a station wagon.
But on the whole,
he's really swell...
and awful cute.
Full of high ideals.
You could do a lot worse than
to grow up to be just like him.
What are you
stopping here for?
- You're lookin' for your husband, ain't ya?
- Yes?
Well, that's
where he lives.
Well, ain't you goin'in?
Drive back to the station.
Oh, you poor child.
It's not your fault he's your father.
Don't you worry.
They say there's nothing

to heredity anyway.

But if you ever grow up to be like him,

I'll never speak to you again...

as long as I live.

Oh, I only wish I had him here

a minute. I'd show him.

And that woman too.

Driver! Stop!

- Huh?

- Go right back to that house.

Yes, indeedy!

- Would you hold her for me for a minute?

- Huh?

- Ain't I gonna get to see nothin'?

- No!

But you're going

to hear plenty!

Get away from me, you traitor!

Very cosy.

- Betty?

- Don't you "Betty" me, you, you bluebeard!

- "Bluebeard"?

- You could hardly wait till I got out of your way...

so you could move over here with that

silly woman and her station wagon...

- and her automatic milkers...

- Now, wait a minute...

Wait 'til she finds out you're more

interested in those automatic milkers...

- than you are in her!

- Listen to me...

- I gave you the best years of my life!

- One year!

It seemed like 10! Washing, ironing,

cooking, keeping house...

tending pigs, chasing cows,

hatching eggs!

And for what? So you could run off with

the first idiot who made eyes at you.

- Are you through?

- Yes, I am for the moment.

If you have anything to say,

you'd better make it good.

I'll make it good, all right. I'm not

living with Harriet, as you seem to think.

I'm living by myself,

and do you know why?

Because my wife walked out on me before I had
a chance to tell her I bought this farm for her.

- You what?

- Yes, I bought it.

I hocked everything I owned

to make the down payment.

I wanted to surprise you. You were
wonderful and worked so hard.

- Don't think I didn't know and appreciate it.

- Oh, Bob!

Then what do you do?

The night I'm closing the deal...

after spending the whole afternoon

listening to her silly talk...

and sitting through a nine-course dinner

with crepe suzettes, which you know I hate...

and I finally get her to sign the deal

after promising half my life away...

I go home and what do I find?

A big sign:

- Gone, just like that!

- Bob, I... I didn't know.

If you'd have had the decency

to read my letters, you'd have known.

- It's all in here.

- Oh, no, don't!

Bob, I'm so sorry.

It's like this, Betty.

If two people are going to get along,

they just have to believe in each other.

No matter what, always.

- Oh, Betty.

- Oh, Bob.

- I'm glad you're back.

- Oh, darling.

Oh!

- Do you know what day this is?

- Uh-uh.

Happy anniversary.

I mean, happy day

after our anniversary.

Same to you

and many of them.

- Do you remember this?

- What?

- Oh.

- We're a little off schedule, aren't we?

- Don't worry, darling. We'll make it.

- Where you going?

I've got a surprise

for you.

- Right on schedule.

- Yeah.

Well, here.

- What's his name?

- Anne.

Oh.

- Glad to know you, Anne.

- Mr Bob! Mr Bob!

Better come right away, Mr Bob!

We got trouble in the chicken house.

- Those water pipes again?

- Busted wide open and them hens is goin' crazy! Ten drowned.

- Bob!

- Hmm? Oh!

- I'll be right with ya!

- Okay!

Don't go away, you two!

You see what I mean?

I could write a book.