

# NBC

ADVERTISER S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.

WRITER DON QUINN

PROGRAM TITLE FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY (#92½)

OK

BROADCAST TIME 11:00-7:30 PM  
STATION WMAQ  
( JANUARY 11, 1937 )

( MONDAY )  
DAY

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

11:00-11:30 PM

Page 2.

ORK: 1st PHRASE

WIL: The Johnson Wax Program!

ORK: 2nd PHRASE

WIL: Presenting Marian and Jim Jordan as Fibber McGee & Molly!

ORK: Finish Theme - Tanner

WIL: Ted Weems and his Orchestra open the show with "O SAY CAN YOU SWING!"

ORK: "O SAY CAN YOU SWING"

APPLAUSE:

(FIRST COMMERCIAL)

WILCOX: <sup>the real</sup> This seems to be a quiet moment for me to tell you about JOHNSON'S GLO-C. . .

BILL T: (INTERRUPTING) Hello Harlow. What you talking about?

WILCOX: I'm trying to talk about JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT

BILL: (FADING) Oh, pardon me.

WILCOX: (OFF) O.K. Bill. (ON MIKE) Now if you have linoleum on your kitchen floor you . . .

HUGH: (INTERRUPTING) Hi Harlow. I thought you were supposed to talk about JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT.

WILCOX: That's what I'm trying to do. Give me a chance...

HUGH: (FADING) My mistake.

WILCOX: (ON MIKE) As I was saying, GLO-COAT is a liquid polish that keeps linoleum and floors shining like new -- and saves you hours of work. You don't have to do any rubbing or buffing when you use JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT.

WEEMS: Hi, Harlow. How do you spell GLO-COAT.

WILCOX: G - L - O . . . . ? ? ?

WEEMS: (INTERRUPTING) Oh sure, I remember. Spell it boys.

BAND: (IN UNISON) G-L-O hyphen C-O-A-T. . .

WILCOX: JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT, made by the Makers of Johnson's Wax.

*She*  
WELL, MOLLY IS DETERMINED TO SPRUCE UP THE OLD HOMESTEAD AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA....STARTING WITH THE ATTIC. SO HERE IS A HOMEY LITTLE DOMESTIC SCENE, WITH - FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

-----  
FIB: Say, Molly...just what did you expect to accomplish by messin' around up here in the attic, anyway?

MOL: Oh I thought we might find somethin' up here to dress up the livin' room a little bit.

FIB: Oh is that so. Well, if you think 42 cobwebs, three pounds of dust, a busted dress-form and eight spiders is gonna make it any cosier down there, you-

MOL: BE QUIET....help me open this trunk....

FIB: Okay (GRUNTS)...OUCH....It's hot.

MOL: Sure it's hot. It's a steamer trunk.

SOUNDS: CREAK AND THUMP.

FIB: Hey...here's somethin'! These red lace curtains would look kinda snappy in the livin' room.

MOL: Whaddye mean red lace curtains. That's your old bathin' suit. A moth has been in it.

FIB: Go on! A moth cant swim!

MOL: Oh here's me old picture hat.

FIB: Picture hat! What picture - IDIOT'S DELIGHT?

MOL: That's no picture.

FIB: Neither's that hat!

MOL: Never mind the clowning, McGee...I wanta see what's in this trunk. You take the things as I hand 'em to ye. Let me see now...Here's Aunt Daisy's afghan...

FIB: The moths have been at that, too. Look at the holes.

MOL: It's crocheted, stupid.

FIB: Oh. Oh yes. It oughtta be black instead o' blue shouldnt it?

MOL: Why?

FIB: Well, black is a crow shade. (LAUGHS) Git it, Molly? Crocheted? Black? Crow-

MOL: Taint funny, McGee.

FIB: Okay.

SOUND: GLATTER

FIB: Sayyyyyy, THERE'S somethin' Molly. That picture of Mount Vesuvius poppin' off!

MOL: That isnt Mount Vesuvius. That's me grandfather.

FIB: Well, how could I tell...you had it upside down.

MOL: It's a real genuwine crayon enlargement.

FIB: It's a bum picture of him.

MOL: Why it isnt either. It's a real speakin' likeness. HELLO GRANDPA.

OLD MAN: Hello, there granddaughter!

MOL: See?

FIB: AHEM. That's no portrait - that's a chalk-talk. What's that thing ye got there, Molly?

MOL: This?

FIB: Yes. Let's see it.

MOL: Oh, it's nothing important.

FIB: Awww come on...lesseeee it. What was it?

MOL: Oh it's just an old snapshot, McGee...NOW LET ME SEE...I wonder if this blanket is any good. It should-

FIB: HEY LEMME SEE THAT SNAPSHOT...

MOL: (GIGGLES) No.

FIB: Awwwwwww.

MOL: Well...here, then. AND IF YE LAUGH, YE LOOGAN, I'll...I'll...

FIB: (LAUGHS HEARTILY) Oh boy...You ON A BICYCLE...WITH BUSTLES! HAW HAW...Is this terrific! What a bustle! (LAUGHS) I can understand why they didnt have rear-view mirrors in them days! (LAUGHS) What a picture! (LAUGHS)

MOL: Here..here's one of you in your tight pants and your little flat derby. (LAUGHS) Ho ho ho...>

FIB: AHEM....Say, I think I'll go downstairs and see if the mail mas come yet. I'm expectin' a -

MOL: (LAUGHS) Oh you cant take it! You stay right here and help me with this stuff... Here...put this old sea shell somewhere

FIB: Sayyyy, it's kinda pretty, aint it?

MOL: I used to think so. If you hold it up to your ear you can hear the roar of the ocean.

FIB: Like this? (PAUSE) I dont hear anything.

MOL: Well, maybe they got it from the Dead Sea. LOOK, McGee... a picture of dear old Uncle Dennis.

FIB: Is that Uncle Dennis? I thought it was a tune-type of Ted Weems.

MOL: I wonder what Uncle Dennis is doin' now.

FIB: Last I heard he was workin' fer N B C.

MOL: Doin' what?

FIB: In the publicity department.

MOL: Really?

FIB: Yes, they thought that his nose would remind everybody of the Red Network.

MOL: Go on with ye. Uncle Dennis was always OH HEAVENLY DAYS....

FIB: Now what?

MOL: Here's some of your old letters to me, before we were, Married (Ohhhh - and all tied up with a purple ribbon!

FIB: Awwwww...dont read them things, Molly. What are ye savin' them for?

MOL: You used to write awful sweet letters, McGee....

BUSTLE OF PAPER:

FIB: AHEM. Say, I think I'll go down and see if the mail has come yet. I'M expectin' some important-

MOL: You stay here! (SWEET AGAIN) Listen: DEAR MOLLY, MY SWEETEST OF SWEETS, MY DARLING ANGEL -

FIB: Say, it's gettin' kinda warm up here ain't it? Let's go downstairs where -

MOL: MY DARLING ANGEL. I can hardly wait until Wednesday to come over to your house for the taffy pull. I bread you went riding with that lily-livered boob Joe Slocum in his new horseless carriage, but I think I'll walk. That thing is gonna blow up with Joe one of these days, you mark my words. and it'll be 23 skidoo for Joe!

FIB: Molly, I'm expectin' some important mail and if ye don't mind, I'll --

MOL: Oh no ye don't. You'll stay right here ...

FIB: Well let's get busy then. Shucks, wastin' time readin' all them letters is ... HEY WHAT'S THIS THING? an old phonograph?

MOL: Sure...and here's the horn...shaped JUST like a mornin' glory.

FIB: And here's some old records. Let's try a couple.

MOL: Oh I don't believe we....well, all right go ahead. Wind it up.

SOUND: PHONOGRAPH WINDING. ( A BIT OF AN AD LIB FOR MILES)

MOL: Play this one, McGee. It's one of me old favorites. "Tell Me, Pretty Maiden".

FIB: Okay. I always liked that one, too. Here she goes.

SOUND: SCRATCHING OF RECORD

WIL: (ON P.A.) TELL ME, PRETTY MAIDEN, (Sings, up to here.....)  
DO YOU USE JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO-COAT TO BEAUTIFY YOUR FLOORS AND LINOLEUM? IT IS THE EASIEST, MOST ECONOMICAL....

SOUND: MINIATURE BRAKE SCREECH.

FIB: I musta used a hypodermic needle on that one. Old Harpo injected a plug fer the product and - HEY what's this record here?

MOL: Read the label, Foolish.

FIB: Label's torn off. I'll play it anyway.

SOUND: SCRATCHING:

P.A. VOICE: (TED): *Fib returns this orchestra playing*  
 "WHEN MY DREAM BOAT COMES HOME", FEATURING PERRY  
 COMO. *This is not an Edison Record*  
 WILL THAT BE OKAY, FIBBER?

FIB: Sure, go ahead, Ted!

ORK: "WHEN MY DREAM BOAT COMES HOME" -- COMO

APPLAUSE:

ORCHESTRA: (MCGEE THEM DOWN FOR ANNCM'T): -

WIL: ~~FIBBER AND MOLLY HAVE CALLED IT A DAY IN THE ATTIC, LARGELY~~  
~~BECAUSE FIBBER'S IMPORTANT MAIL HAS ARRIVED. BELIEVE IT OR~~  
~~NOT, IT'S A <sup>pelase</sup> LARGE <sup>new type</sup> CARTON OF CAN OPENERS WHICH <sup>he</sup> FIBBER IS~~  
 UNDERTAKING TO SELL FROM DOOR TO DOOR. AND HERE, STANDING  
 ON THE CORNER OF 14th & OAK STREETS, WE FIND FIBBER AND  
 MOLLY TAKING A FINAL LOOK AT THE SALES LITERATURE.

MOL: You better read it once, more, McGee.

FIB: Shucks, I know it by heart now. "MADAM, A CHILD CAN OPERATE  
 THE GOOPLECRUM CLOSSAL CANOPENER..." FOR THE SMALL SUM OF  
 FIFTY CENTS YOU CAN SAVE NICKLES AND KNUCKLES. How do ye  
 like that, Molly? Nickles and Knuckles, - I thought that  
 one up myself.

MOL: I suspected as much. Do you know how to work the gadget?

FIB: I got the directions right here. All ye gotta do is place  
 lever, A in upright position, put wheel, B, against edge of  
 can to be opened, press levers C and D together tightly and  
 slowly turn flange E clockwise to position F. Then- as  
 lever C co-incides with horizontal line on wheel, B, reverse  
 action and cover of can SHOULD lift off easily.

MOL: I don't like that "SHOULD." Does it say a child can operate  
 it?

FIB: Absolutely.

MOL: They didn't have any mechanical engineering course when I  
 was in kindergarten. I think you're off on another wild  
 goose chase, McGee.

FIB: Well, wild geese fly high, baby. And I'm the guy that can  
 catch up with 'em. Where'll we make the first call?

MOL: I don't suppose it makes much difference on a house-to-house  
 canvas.

FIB: In this case it's a can-to-can house, as, Molly. (LAUGHS)  
 Let's stop in here a minute.

SOUND: DOORBELL

FIB: (TO HIMSELF) Let's see now...place lever A in upright  
 position, put wheel, B, against-

DOOR LATCH:

WOMAN: Well, what is it?

FIB: Madam, I represent the Kooplecrum Colossal Can-Opener  
 Corporation, and I have here.

WOMAN: I GOT a can opener!

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Nice goin', McGee! You didn't even get to levers C & D.

FIB: I think maybe I better stick my foot in the door after this.

MOL: I knew a salesman that used to do that.

FIB: Did it work?

MOL: Beautifully. He lost three toes on his first day out and got 6,000 dollars workmens compensation.

FIB: What was he sellin'?

MOL: Corn plasters.

FIB: Well, he just didn't know his bunions. LET'S try this place.

KNOCK AT DOOR:

FIB: (TO HIMSELF) Good day, madam, I represent the Kooplecrum Colossal Canopener Corp-

DOOR LATCH:

FIB: GOOD DAY MADAM, I represent the Kooplecr-

WIL: Where do you get that MADAM, stuff?

MOL: Ohhhhh, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Oh Hi there Harpo. Say, you're a batchelor - you eat at home much?

WIL: Every few minutes. Why?

MOL: Oh, McGee has JUST the thing for you. Tell him, McGee.

FIB: Look at this, Harpo....know what that is?

WIL: Sure. It's the works out of an alarm clock.

FIB: Oh no it ain't. This gadget, Harpo, is the Kooplecrum Colossal Canopener. Simple to operate, easy to clean, inexpensive and lasts a lifetime.

WIL: Lifetime of what?

MOL: Of the can opener.

WIL: Oh.

FIB: Yes sir, Harpo, no batchelor like you can afford to be without this little gadget. A child can operate it. Got a can of somethin' handy?

WIL: Here. Here's a can of JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT.

MOL: Why those cans don't need can openers, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Besides you got it upside down. You don't wanta open the wrong end of it do ye?

WIL: Yes. You see the success of Johnson's Glo-coat has been so phenomenal I was wondering what was at the bottom of it.

FIB: Aw fer the -

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Someday, that guy is gonna push me too far.

MOL: And then what?

FIB: Well, think how far I'll have to walk back. AHEM. I wonder about this house here...

SOUND: METAL CLATTER

MOL: Heavenly days, McGee....leave that garbage can alone!

SOUND: METAL CLANK

FIB: Yep. They use canned stuff.

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR

MOL: I think you're usin' the wrong approach. I read someplace once that the way to sell people things is first to learn what their hobbies are.

FIB: Not a bad thought, Molly. Maybe I'd better-

DOOR LATCH:

WOMAN: Vell...vot vas it, please?

FIB: Hi there Sis. Tell me. what is your hobby?

WOMAN: Mine hobby is a pawnbrucker. Vy esk?

FIB: No....I mean..er...well, listen. I represent the Kooplecrum Colossal canopener corporation, madam, and I have here a simple little kitchen device that will make ye cry in your apron. The operation is so simple -

WOMAN: <sup>Oh yes</sup> Oh, dunt talking to me about operations and mine little Oiving with his tonsils taking out this morning. I can't standing it!

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: You needn't have brought that whole carton of canopeners, McGee. One would have been enough.

FIB: Looks like one's gonna be too many. Oh well, if I can ever get a chance to really swing into my sales talk, I can probably sell 'em two at a time. One for each hand. Let's try this place.

*(Cont) p. 21*  
DOORBELL:

MOL: Whatever gave you the idea you could sell can openers in the first place, McGee? Not that you DID sell one in the first place.

FIB: I worked my way thru college sellin' these things, Molly. Can-Opener McGee, I was knowed as in them days.

MOL: Oh dear....

FIB: CAN OPENER MCGEE, THE KING OF THE CLEVER KIDS CONCOCTING CUTE KINKS FOR THE KITCHEN & CATCH-AS-CATCH-CAN CONNOISSEUR OF CULINARY CUSSWORDS.

*Well. Ring the bell again McGee*  
DOOR LATCH: *Yes, why not?*  
MAN: ~~SCRAM, HUGG. I GOT NO OLD CLOTHES TODAY.~~

MOL: ~~Oh no? WELL THERE'S NO PRICE TAG ON THOSE YOU GOT ON!~~

FIB: ~~Quiet, Molly, AHEM.~~ Brother, I represent the Kooplecrum Colossal Can Opener Corporation. Is the lady of the home at house? I mean house at home? *Is your wife here?*

~~MAN: Swell. House your home?~~

FIB: ~~Kind a quiet these days, bud. Drop over sometime. AHEM, Is your wife here?~~

MAN: NO. MY WIFE IS OUTA TOWN. Now BEAT IT. I GOT SOME OF THE BOYS HERE PLAYIN' POKER AND YOU'RE INTERRUPTIN' THE GAME.

MOL: Ohhh, poker! McGee...show him your openers..

*Cont. p. 21*  
~~DOORBELL:~~

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FIB: I worked my way thru college sellin' these things, Molly. Can-Opener McGee, I was knowed as in them days.

MOL: Oh dear....

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*Keep the bell open McGee*  
~~DOOR LATCH:~~

*Yid, whaddya want?*  
~~MAN: SCRAM, MUGG. I GOT NO OLD CLOTHES TODAY.~~

~~MOL: Oh no? WELL THERE'S NO PRICE TAG ON THOSE YOU GOT ON!~~

FIB: ~~Quiet, Molly, AHEM~~ Brother, I represent the Kooplecrum Colossal Can Opener Corporation. Is the lady of the home at house? I mean house at home? *Is your wife here?*

~~MAN: Swell. House your home?~~

FIB: ~~Kind a quiet these days, bud. Drop over sometime. AHEM,~~  
*Is your wife here?*

MAN: NO. MY WIFE IS OUTA TOWN. Now BEAT IT. I GOT SOME OF THE BOYS HERE PLAYIN' POKER AND YOU'RE INTERRUPTIN' THE GAME.

MOL: Ohhh, poker! McGee...show him your openers..

FIB: Yes...speakin' o' poker, bud, these can openers are aces. Makes every housewife a queen with one of these openers on the trey. They raise the deuce with hard work, and cost very little jack. If you got a full house you can save time with this gadget and I'm givin' you the inside straight. I don't wanta get clubby, bud but my heart's in this job and I call a spade a spade. I'm offerin' you a new deal in housework. Why if -

MAN: SAY FOR THE LOVE OF MIKE HOW MUCH ARE THEY?

FIB: Fifty cents. And lemme tell you bud, -

MAN: HERE. NOW BEAT IT. MAIL ME THE CAN OPENER.

FIB: Thanks bud.

~~DOOR SLAM:~~

FIB: Well, Molly? NOW whaddye think? It just takes a little quick thinkin' to put over a proposition that....(PAUSE) WHY, THAT DIRTY.....

MOL: What's the matter?

FIB: This ain't a half a buck. It's a poker chip!

MOL: What color?

FIB: White.

MOL: The cheapskate!



ORK: CHASER: APPLAUSE:

ORK: "KID IN THE 3-CORNERED PANTS."

APPLAUSE:  
MUSICAL ANNOUNCEMENT

IL: COMMERCIAL #2

(SOUND OF SCUFFING FEET)

ILCOX: Listen -- what's that sound?

(MORE SCUFFING)

It's the sound of scuffing feet on a linoleum floor.

Can't you just hear the dirt being ground into the linoleum?

Think of the work some women have, trying to keep floors clean when the children -- yes, and grown-ups too, are continually tracking dirt in from the street!

If you want to be spared the drudgery of floor cleaning --

just try using JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT on your linoleum. Watch it sparkle and gleam without rubbing or buffing. GLO-COAT seals the pores and cracks so dirt and grime can't get ground into the floor. It keeps the surface brightly polished -- easy to care for.

Order JOHNSON'S self-polishing GLO-COAT tomorrow from your dealer and have a more attractive home with much less work.

*And remember you save money by buying the large 2 1/2 gal.*

*Attention to way close*

ORK: (MCGEE THEME: DOWN FOR ANNOUNCEMENT): -

WIL: WELL, THE WISTFUL VISTA REPRESENTATIVE OF THE KOOPLEGUM COLOSSAL CAN OPENER IS STILL ON THE JOB, AND, WHILE WE CAN'T SAY HE'S GOING STRONG, HE IS GOING. HERE HE IS, ABOUT TO MAKE ANOTHER CALL.

MOL: Now for heavens sake, McGee...why don't you try to change your approach?

FIB: Oh you mean go to the front door instead of the back door?

MOL: No no no...but be a little smoother. Now when this next lady comes to the door, sweep off your hat -

FIB: Is it dusty?

MOL: No...I mean take it off and bow real deep.

FIB: Say, if it'll sell any can openers, I'll give 'em a curtsy that'll bump my forehead on the welcome mat.

MOL: I have yet to see a welcome mat. Ring the bell.

DOORBELL:

DOOR LATCH:

FIB: Watch this bow, Molly... GOOD DAY TO YE, MADAM.....

(PAUSE)

SIL: H'as ye boss...hiyah, ma'am.

MOL: Oh, it's Silly Watson.

FIB: Aw fer the...and I pretty sprained my back bowin'. You workin' here, Sil?

SIL: Yassuh.  
 MOL: Doing what?  
 SIL: Cook, please, ma'am..  
 FIB: Ahaaaa...You're just the fella I wanta see?  
 SIL: Yassuh. Is you that hungry, please suh? We got some col' ham and some -  
 MOL: SILLY!  
 SIL: Yas'm.  
 FIB: Nothin' like that Sil.  
 SIL: Nossuh. Ah hope not. Lil old ham is kin'a tough anyway.  
 FIB: Listen Sil. I got a can opener.  
 SIL: Yassuh. Me, too.  
 MOL: No, Silly. McGee means he has one to sell.  
 FIB: It's the Kooplecrum Colossal Can opener, Sil. So simple a child can work it. It saves your nickels and your knuckles. Won't tarnish, easily cleaned, lasts a lifetime and is guaranteed by the Kooplecrum Colossal Canopener Corporation.  
 SIL: Who dat?  
 MOL: Who's what?  
 SIL: Who dat Skippel-scroom corkulation?  
 FIB: KOOPLECRUM, Sil. Kooplecrum is the manufacturer of the Kooplecrum can opener. Here's one here. See? Isn't that about the cleverest gadget you ever popped a peeper onto?

SIL: Yassuh it show is. Do it do anything else, please suh?  
 MOL: What do you mean does it do anything else?  
 SIL: Well it seem lak a awful lotta machinery, ma'am, jes' to open up a can o' beans or somp'm. Ah always have real good luck wif a hatchet.  
 FIB: That's pretty primitive, sil. Did your boss ever see you usin' a hatchet to open cans with?  
 SIL: Yassuh. He sho did!  
 MOL: (LAUGHS) What'd he say?  
 SIL: He say is that the bes' can-opener you got, Watson? An' Ah says yea and he say - th'ow that lil ole hatchet away -  
 FIB: ~~see~~ see. And he got you a better can-opener.  
 SIL: No suh - he got me a better hatchet.  
 FIB: I see. AHM.  
 SIL: Yassuh. Was they somp'm you wanted, boss?  
 FIB: No...I...er...I was just passin' by and I thought I'd show ye the...er...this ...er...well, so long Sil.  
 SIL: So long boss. So long, ma'am.  
DOOR SLAM  
 MOL: Well, McGee...I'm afraid we're gonna run out of houses before I get a chance to see levers C & D play tag with wheel E.  
 FIB: Don't worry...you'll see it demonstrated right here.  
 MOL: Who lives here?  
 72 *My first cash customer*

~~FIB: My first cash customer. Watch this one.~~

13 1/2

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK. DOOR LATCH:

FIB: Good day, madam. I represent the Kooplecrum Colossal Can-opener corp - OH...HI THERE MRS. WEARYBOTTOM!

WEARY: Well for goodness sakes imagine you two appearin' at the back door like this you certainly gave me a start I hadn't the slightest notion who it was thought goodness me I see some of the most awful bums and tramps you'd just be surprised the minute the bell rang I said to myself I'll bet that's another panhandler won't you come in and have some tea?

FIB: You didn't hear any bell, Weary. We knocked.

WEARY: Well it just goes to show doesn't it what happens when a body has mislaid her glasses and can't read her script so good after a mistake like that I don't suppose they'll want me on the program any more so I guess there's no use in my buying one of those can-openers I don't believe they work good anyway why don't you try the house next door? Do you think Louis can beat Schmeling?

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Shucks! Maybe I'm doin' something wrong, Molly. Is there something wrong with my sales talk?

*Back to top of 14*

MOL: I think you'd better can your opening. Why don't you start off with a question. Then they have to give an answer and you're into a conversation before they realize it.

FIB: Say, you got somethin' there, Molly. Listen to this.

DOORBELL:

FIB: Let's see now....what'll be a good question?

DOOR LATCH:

FIB: Hi there bud. HOW LONG DOES IT TAKE YOU TO OPEN A CAN OF SPINACH?

MAN: ALL MY LIFE. I HATE SPINACH!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Hmmm. That comes out even. I hate HIM. *He reminds me of my cousin Shucky Necker. He used to hate spinach too.*

~~MOL: You would pick on spinach. Why didn't you say peaches or.. or...plums? Something tasty?~~

FIB: ~~Shucks, I never thought o' that.~~

DOORBELL:

FIB: I wouldn't be surprised if this dame that lived here could -

DOOR LATCH:

RUSS: ALLO TOVARISCH. ALLO BARBOUSCHKA.

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

FIB: Hi there bud. I represent the Kooplecrum Collosal Can-opener Corporation. and -

RUSS: Fooley ON CORPORATION! CORPORATION IS ROBBING WORKING PEOPLE CORPORATION IS MAKING --

FIB: Now wait a minute, Vodka. Hold it. I ain't a corporation. I'm just tryin' to get along with a can-opener. I mean, I...er... SAY HOW LONG DOES IT TAKE YOU TO OPEN A CAN OF GRAVY-

RUSS: GRAVY IS ONLY GOING TO PEOPLES WHO ARE HAVING TOO MUCH GRAVY NOW. I AM FOR GIVING COMMON PEOPLE GRAVY --

FIB: Yes but all I'm trying to do is make a living 'bud, by representing the Kooplecrum Corporation

RUS: AND I AM SAYING FOOEY ON CORPORATION.

MOL: Why?

RUSS: BECAUSE I AM NOT CORPORATION, BABOUCHKA. WHEN I AM CORPORATION I WILL SAY FOOEY ON COMMON PEOPLE. WHAT HAPPENS AFTER IS SOMEBODY'S BUSINESS ELSE!

DOOR SLAM.

MOL: Heavenly days...he's a bolshevik, McGee.

FIB: He reminds me o' the way my cousin' Snorpy McGee used to rant. Ever tell ye bout Snorpy, Molly? Say that guy was the best rifle shot in the wholse state of...er...of...what state was that now?

MOL: Confusion.

FIB: Yes, confusi..er..NO. ~~It was Iowa.~~ <sup>Bentley</sup> Well sir, ols Snorp thought that everybody was out to take advantage of him. One day he went into a department store and buys a rifle and some cartdiges to do some deer huntin! The clerk <sup>gived</sup> give him the gun, takes his dough and sticks it in a little wire basket and hauls on the cord. Well sir, when Snorpy seen that basket whiz away he took after it like a greyhound, leapin' over showcases, dashin' around corners whoopin' and hollerin' fit to bust. Finally he seen it was slidin' up over a high balcony outa sight, so quick's a flash he raises his rifle and bangs away at it, cuttin' the trolley wire and bringin' down the basket.

RUS: AND I AM SAYING FOOEY ON CORPORATION.

MOL: Why?

RUSS: BECAUSE I AM NOT CORPORATION, BABOUCHKA. WHEN I AM CORPORATION I WILL SAY FOOEY ON COMMON PEOPLE. WHAT HAPPENS AFTER IS SOMEBODY'S BUSINESS ELSE!

DOOR SLAM.

MOL: Heavenly days....he's a bolshevik, McGee.

FIB: He reminds me o' the way my cousin' Snorpy McGee used to rant. Ever tell ye bout Snorpy, Molly? Say that guy was the best rifle shot in the whole state of...er...of...what state was that now?

MOL: Confusion.

FIB: Yes, confusi..er..NO. <sup>Kentucky</sup> It was ~~Kaya~~. Well sir, ols Snorp thought that everybody was out to take advantage of him. One day he went into a department store and buys a rifle and some cartdiges to do some deer huntin! The clerk <sup>gave</sup> give him the gun, takes his dough and sticks it in a little wire basket and hauls on the cord. Well sir, when Snorpy seen that basket whiz away he took after it like a greyhound, leapin' over showcases, dashin' around corners whoopin' and hollerin' fit to bust. Finally he seen it was slidin' up over a high balcony outa sight, so quick's a flash he raises his rifle and bangs away at it, cuttin' the trolley wire and bringin' down the basket.

MOL: ~~What'd he say?~~ <sup>What was the sense of that?</sup>

FIB: ~~Well he felt kinda sheepish at first, but when I hide him~~ <sup>this was called hunting</sup> about he says, "Well, he says, I bought that rifle for deer huntin', and ~~it wasn't five minutes before I'd brung down~~ <sup>before I'd been left the line</sup> three bucks!"

Shall we try this place, Molly?

MOL: Oh I suppose so.

DOOR BELL:

FIB: (MUTTERS) Lever A, in upright position, put wheel, B, against edge of lever D..er No, that aint right...put wheel B, in -

DOOR LATCH:

FIB: MADAM, HOW LONG DOES IT TAKE YOUTO OPEN A CAN OF EARLY JUNE P- oh..hi there sis.

TEE: Hi.

FIB: Your mother home?

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I says is your mother home?

TEE: Sure, she is, I betcha.

FIB: Will you ask her to step to the door a minute.

TEE: Why?

FIB: Well..we..I wanta speak to her. Tell her it'll be well worth her while.

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I says...it'll be..I represent the Koop-....

MOL: Keep your temper, McGee.

FIB: Okay. Listen little girl. You say your mamma IS home?

TEE: Sure she is.

FIB: FINE! I'd like to speak to her a minute.

TEE: (CORDIALLY) All right.

PAUSE

FIB: Well..go on and call her.

TEE: What'll I call her.

FIB: Call her a....er...JUST CALL HER. ASK HER TO STEP TO THE DOOR FOR JUST A MINUTE. I wont impose on her good nature.

TEE: Hmm?

FIB: I says...SAY, sis...I'LL GIVE YOU A NICKEL TO CALL YOUR MOTHER. Here.

TEE: Well gee why didn't you say so. (FADE OUT) Hey, mamma, there's a man here....

FIB: *Here so the profits*  
~~I'll just tack a nickel~~ onto the sale o' this can opener.

MOL: What sale of what can opener?

FIB: Well, I think this is where the worm turns. I mean it's where the long road has no..er...well you get the idea.

WOMAN: (FADE IN) Yes...did you wish to see me?

FIB: Ohh, oh yes. How do you do, madam. Awful cute child you got there. Your sister?

WOMAN: (VERY PLEASED) No..my granddaughter.

FIB: NO!

WOMAN: REALLY!

MOL: Good work so far, McGee.

FIB: Listen madam. I represent the Kcopelcrum Colossal Can opener corporation and I got a can opener here that'll do everything but put out the cat. It's guarantee-

WOMAN: A can opener! HOW PROVIDENTIAL!

MOL: What do you mean, madam?

WOMAN: I mean, I was just this MOMENT struggling with a can of molasses. I simply CANNOT get it open with my old can opener. Won't you step in?

FIB: (LAUGHS) Will a frog jump? Show me that can o' molasses, sis. I'll make it sit up and say good morning.

WOMAN: RIGHT THIS WAY... (FADE OUT)...

WOMAN: Oh, I'm SO pleased you came along.

TEE: What's he gonna do, gramma? Huh?

WOMAN: He's going to open the can of molasses, dear.

MOL: Yes indeed. (I hope).

FIB: Now then. Keep an eye on the professor, folks. I might tell ye, madam, that this Kooelcrum Colossal Can Opener is guaranteed not to stick, stretch or stymic, warp, wabble or wiggle, rip wriggle or rust. It's easily <sup>to get - hard to use</sup> cleaned, ~~inexpensive~~ <sup>to use - easy to use</sup> ~~to purchase~~ and a child can operate it.

WOMAN: My, it sounds quite wonderful.



MOL: Doesn't it though? Go ahead, McGee. Show the lady how to open the can.

SOUND: TINNY RATTLE

FIB: Okay. I take the can o' molasses in the left hand, like this, see? Then I put this lever A, against the side of the...

MOL: No, A in upright position.

FIB: Oh yes. In upright posi- are ye sure, Molly?

MOL: Fairly. Try it.

FIB: All right. Ye see, Madam, Lever in this position.. wheel against edge of can..er .no...against lever C. Then ye bring--One side there little girl, please...that's it. Now then, press levers C & D together, bring wheel against..er.. No. Then you turn this gadget here..see?

SOUND: PINGING...

WOMAN: And what happens?

FIB: You'd be surprised. So would I...I mean it all happens so easy it's a constant revelation to me.

MOL: Hmmm.

FIB: Then all ye gotta do to open the can is reverse the position  
<of...er..of something here...and

SOUND: TINNY RATTLE AND ASSORTED EFFECTS

FIB: NOW THEN...ALREADY: AS lever coincides with horizontal mark on lever a - (PAUSE) or maybe it was..OH..NOW IT GOT IT..  
WATCH.