

NBC

ADVERTISER S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC. WRITER DON QUINN
PROGRAM TITLE FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY OK
CHICAGO OUTLET (WMAQ) (SEPTEMBER 27, 1937) (MONDAY)
8:00-8:50 PM
11:00-11:30 PM
PRODUCTION
ANNOUNCER
ENGINEER
REMARKS

Not Correct

*Stu
Thom
Peary
Raud.*

Page 2.

WIL: WHEN YOU WALK ON WAX, YOU SAVE YOUR FLOORS!
ORK: 1ST PHRASE
WIL: The Johnson Wax Program! Presenting Marian and Jim Jordan
as Fibber McGee and Molly!
ORK: 2ND PHRASE
ORK: THEME - TANNER
WIL: TED WEEMS AND HIS ORCHESTRA OPEN THE SHOW WITH -
"SO YOU WON'T SING, EH"
ORK: "SO YOUSE WONT SING, EH?" down for -
WIL: 1st COMMERCIAL:

WIL: (FIRST COMMERCIAL)

Why is JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO-COAT the biggest selling no-rubbing floor polish on the market? Here's the answer: GLO-COAT is so easy to apply. It never sticks or smears. This remarkable liquid dries in 20 minutes -- gives a gleaming polish that protects linoleum and floors from dirt and wear, saves hours of cleaning time. GLO-COAT has stood the test! Today it far outsells all other polishes of its kind. Buy GLO-COAT tomorrow from your dealer. G-L-O hyphen C-O-A-T - JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH)

(APPLAUSE)

ORCH: (MCGEE THEME) (FADE OUT)

WIL: IT'S A PEACEFUL AUTUMN AFTERNOON AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA. THE MCGEES ARE SITTING IN THEIR LIVING ROOM...FIBBER READING THE NEWSPAPER AND TRYING NOT TO THINK ABOUT MOLLY'S WANTING TO BUY NEW FURNITURE. THAT IS THE SITUATION AS WE FIND -- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY.

APPLAUSE: THEME

MOL: Fiberr-r-r....

(PAUSE) (RATTLE OF PAPER)

MOL: FIBER-R-R-R-R....(PAUSE)

RATTLE OF PAPER

MOL: MCGEE!!!!

FIB: Eh? (PAPER RATTLE) You speakin' to me, Molly?

MOL: Yes, I am. Why don't you answer me.

FIB: I didn't hear you the first two times you spoke to me.

MOL: Then how did you know I spoke to you three times?

FIB: You always do. AHEM. Say, did ye read in the paper here where them scientists went up that Mount Shiva, where nobody'd been for thousands o' years?

MOL: What'd they find?

FIB: Well, they got some field mice.

MOL: I don't believe it. How could a field mouse live for thousands of years?

FIB: Say-y-y...I never thought o' that. Probably because they aint any cats up there. It says here they also found a lot o' discarded antlers.

MOL: Ohhh, baby ants. Well, I suppose they crawled up the side of the cliff and -

FIB: No no no...ANTLERS. HORNS. You know...a hatrack offen a deer.

MOL: What does a deer want with a hatrack?

FIB: Aw fer the -

MOL: MCGEE...THERE'S SOMETHING I WANTED TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT...

FIB: Okay...(RATTLES PAPER)....I was just readin' about where Italy, France, Russia and England have all joined together to protect shipping in the Mediterranean.

MOL: That's nice...if they all hold hands, nobody can pick anybody else pockets. BUT WHAT I WANTED TO SPEAK TO YOU ABOUT, MCGEE, was -

FIB: SAY DID YE READ WHERE -

MOL: MCGEE! Let me get a word in, will you? Lay that paper down a minute.

FIB: I just wanted to finish reading about the -

MOL: LAY IT DOWN!

FIB: Okay...okay. (RATTLE OF PAPER) Did you wanta to speak to me about somethin'?

MOL: Did I want to speak to you, about somethin'? I certainly do. About our furniture.

FIB: Smatter with it?

MOL: It's all out of style, that's what's the matter with it. LOOK at that rockin' chair! Nobody uses rockin' chairs any more.

FIB: Oh now, Molly...dont let that go. That's my walnut chair.

MOL: It isn't walnut. It's golden oak.

FIB: I know...but in the winter I crack walnuts under the rocker.

MOL: Ohhhh, so THAT'S HOW my carpet got all chewed up under that chair..

FIB: Well shucks, I ...(RATTLE PAPER) Say, did you read this article on...

MOL: PUT THAT PAPER DOWN. That's better. Now let me see...that old marble top table....I think a nice little telephone table would...

FIB: HEX...leave the telephone on the marble top table. It's the only kind of a top you can write phone numbers on and rub 'em off again.

MOL: But it's out of date.

FIB: Why, Molly...where's your sentiment? Your old l...your mother give us that when we were married. Remember how proud you were of it?

MOL: Sure...I was proud of my bustles then, too...but I don't wear 'em now.

FIB: You don't have to now.

MOL: Well, I...WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

FIB: AHEM. How about that pull up chair. There ain't anything wrong with that, is there? Of course, it's a little warped but when your Uncle Dennis give us that he said it come over on the Mayflower and the sea air got to it. Shucks, the only sail that thing ever seen was a rummage sale.

MOL: That's what I say. Let's get rid of it.
FIB: I didn't mean that. That chair is still good for a lotta service. Looook...solid as a rock...
SOUND: POUNDING...SPLINTERING
FIB: AHEM. I forgot that was where I glued it together.
MOL: I think some nice modern furniture would just MAKE this room.
FIB: Sure. Make it awful uncomfortable.

MOL: Oh, don't be so old-fashioned, McGee. Don't you like smart things?
FIB: I ain't so hot for this kinda furniture that's made outa nickle-plated pipes and a handful o' cretonne. Open plumbing's okay-but not in the livin' room. (LAUGHS) Get it, Molly? I says I -
MOL: TAIN'T FUNNY, McGee.
FIB: I thought it was kinda chorny, myself. AHEM.
MOL: Now let me see...new draperies...a few scatter rugs...a coffee table....
FIB: COFFEE TABLE! Have we gotta have a table just for coffee? Why don't we get a lemonade table and a iced-tea table, and a -
MOL: McGee, you're just bein' foolish.
FIB: Whaddye mean, I'M bein' foolish. Spendin' all that dough for stuff we don't need. Replacsin' stuff that's full o' tender memories -
MOL: How about the time you sat on that end-table and it fell apart?
FIB: Yes, I'm still tender from that memory, too! There's only one thing here we really need.
MOL: What's that?
FIB: A footstool. When I sit here and put my feet on the table, the blood rushes to my head.
MOL: Well, all right then...we'll go shoppin' for a footstool. Get your hat.
FIB: HEY...NOT NOW...Besides if we go down to the store you'll see a lotta other stuff you'll buy.

MOL: Get your hat.
 FIB: Aw, lemme finish readin' the paper, Molly. Listen to this.
 (PAPER) PROMINENT BANDELEADER TED WEEMS CAUGHT IN A RAID....
 MOL: TED WEEMS...CAUGHT IN A RAID!
 FIB: You didn't let me finish. CAUGHT IN A RADIO PROGRAM, PLEYIN'
 PILLUELO. Let's hear it, Ted!
 ORK: PILLEUELO
 APPLAUSE

2ND SPOT:BUZZ OF VOICES UP

FIB: I still dunno why we had to come clear down here to buy a
 dinky little footstool, Molly. We coulda ordered it over the
 phone.
 MOL: I tried that. I told them I wanted an ottoman, and they
 thought I said whattaman and sent out a floorwalker.
 FIB: I see him. I asked him why all floorwalkers had to wear
 carnations in their buttonholes and he says there was so many
 charge-account customers who couldn't look him in the eye,
 he hadda give 'em somethin' else to look at while he....
 HEY BUD...WHERE'S THE FURNITURE?
 MAN: Where's what furniture?
 MOL: Why..why the furniture you sell.
 MAN: Oh, the customer takes it with him or we send it out.
 FIB: You don't get the idea, Bud. WE WANTA BUY some furniture.
 MAN: Oh. Well, the dining room furniture is on the third floor.
 Living room furniture on the fifth, bedroom on the second,
 kitchen on the eighth,
 MOL: What do you have on the fourth?
 MAN: Firecrackers. What do you have?
 FIB: A little punk, like you. Come on, Molly...
 MOL: Wait, McGee...maybe we better open a charge account first.
 Where do we open an account, sir?

MAN: Open it at the top, or your credit will all leak out. I remember once I opened an account for a dozen oysters and I got 'em all over my trows- OH HELLO DEAR..(FADE OUT) DID YOU GET WHAT YOU WANTED....

MOL: Heavenly days...he wasn't even an employee, McGee.

FIB: He reminds of a guy I knew named Joe Gull. Joe applied for a department store job as a lazy barber. They says they didn't want any lazy barbers; what they wanted was a shipping clerk. OH, Says Joe. I thought they says a clipping shirk. Well sir -

MOL: Here's the credit department, McGee.

FIB: Shucks, the way they hide it away they GOTTA give you credit.. for finding it. HEY SIS..WE WANTA OPEN AN ACCOUNT.

GIRL: Are you familiar with the procedure?

FIB: Well, roughly, yes. We make out nine applications, give four references, three of which have moved away, exchange six insulting letters with the credit manager and then go somewhere else and pay cash.

GIRL: Yes, that is the usual procedure, but we have a motto in this store: THE CUSTOMER IS ALWAYS RIGHT, BUT DON'T EVER ADMIT.IT. Name please?

FIB: Fibber McGee. This is my wife, Molly.

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

GIRL: How do you spell the name, please sir?

FIB: Capital F, small eye, two busy little b's, e., r. Big M, little G, Big G, two little e's and a period, of complete relaxation.

MOL: The address is 79 Wistful Vista.

GIRL: I'm not ready for the address yet, madam. Now then ...what was the address?

FIB: 79 Wistful Vista, dad rat it.

GIRL: 79 Wistful Vista, Dad Rattit. Just where is Dad Rattit, sir?

MOL: It's a sibdivision just North of the Home for Impudent Women.

GIRL: Oh, is that a new Development?

FIB: How do we know...we just met you.

GIRL: Well-er- Just why did you wish to open an account, please?

MOL: Well, we wanted to buy some things. Surprise!

FIB: What'd ye think we wanted to open an account for sis? Did you think this was just our way of spending a rainy afternoon?

GIRL: Oh no sir. Do you mind answering a few questions? Date of birth?

MOL: Which one of us?

FIB: November 20th, sis.

GIRL: Oh, you were born in Scorpio.

FIB: No. Peoria. Later we sold the farm and moved to Capricorn.

GIRL: How interesting. And when is madam's birthday?

MOL: Madam's birthday, if you mean me, is September 23rd.

GIRL: Do you mind if I make it May 1st? This dotted line is short.

FIB: Help yourself, sis. We'll need them extra months anyway, to get this account opened.

GIRL: Thank you. Now let me see. We must have three references, business; and three references, personal. Name of bank, and do you owe any money.

MOL: 1st National.

FIB: And I owe Mort Toops 90 cents from a rummy game.

GIRL: Oh really? Well, in that case - outstanding indebtedness I will have to consult our Mr. Stuart. I'll have him located with the loudspeaker. Mr. Cronin..will you please.

(FADE OUT)

FIB: Shucks.. I coulda whittled a footstool out of a redwood tree with a dull penknife by this time, They.-

P.A. SYSTEM: WILL MR. STUART PLEASE COME TO THE CREDIT DEPARTMENT. MR. STUART. WILL MR. STUART OKAY THE CREDIT APPLICATION OF MR. FIBBER MCGEE 79 WISTFUL VISTA. MR. STUART.

MOL: Heavenly, days. hear that, McGee? They believe in letting everybody know it, dont they?

FIB: That's the public address system, Molly. Give 'em your address and they make it public. Of all the -

SIL: (FADE IN) Hiya ma'am. Ha is yo' boss.

MOL: Heavenly days, Silly Watson!

FIB: What you doin' down there, Sil?

SIL: Well, me and mah gal, Rosebud, we is figgerin' on settin' up housekeepin' soon, please suh.

MOL: Oh isn't that nice, Silly. Have you set the day?

SIL: Mas'm, ah set all day yestiddy and all day to day..ah jest set and thunk. but ah still dunno how ah'm gonna evold it.

FIB: Whaddye mean, Sil? Don't you WANTA git married to Rosebud?

SIL: Well suh...ah does, an' ah don't. When Rosebud she cook up a mess o' fried chicken and gravy biscuits, AH DO, but when she say, Silly, grab yo'se'f a apron and wash them dishes...AH DONT!

MOL: Oh, you're afraid you'll be henpecked, are you Silly?

SIL: Yas'm. Ah ain' only afraid ah will be; ah kin'a suspeck ah IS.

FIB: I take it your matrimonial prospects are a little dubious, then.

SIL: Well suh, ah. WAH?

MOL: He said, your marriage plans are in some doubt.

SIL: Yas'm. Mine is, but Rosebud's aint. She say iffen ah don' marry her she gonna have me th'owed in the jail-house fo' disinterested conduct. She say she ain't gonna be jolted by NOBODY.

FIB: Jilted.
 SIL: Yassuh.
 MOL: Why dont you just put your foot down, Silly?
 SIL: Ah did, ma'am. Ah put mah foot down las' night, but Rosebud she put her foot down harder, right on top o' mine. Mah foot was so sore, ah had to hoppety-hip all the way home.
 FIB: I suspect that girl has got a temper, Sil.
 SIL: Boss, that ain't no suspicion... that am HISTO'Y. Scuse me now, suh.
 Ah gotta go git me a idea how much some fu'niture is gonna oos'.. me iffen we go housekeepin'.
 MOL: Well, go ahead, Silly. What are you going to buy?
 SIL: Fu'st thing, ma'am...ah'm gonna git me a pirce on livin' room set.
 FIB: That'll set you bak plenty, Sil. Just what's your idea of a livin' room set?
 SIL: Oh we don' aim to put on no dog, please suh. Jus' a bed an a stove an a fryin' pan. (FADE) Scuse me now please folks..ah getta.
 MOL: (LAUGHS) Poor old Silly, Rosebud is going to make him wish he lived on Mars, or somewhere. By the way, McGee, did science ever prove there WAS life on Mars?
 FIB: Well, I -
 WIL: NO, BUT IT'S BEEN PROVED THERE IS SHORT LIFE TO MARS AND SCARS AND SCRATCHES WITH JOHNSONS WAX, THE EASY-TO-USE.

FIB: HARPO!
 MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox.
 WIL: Hello, folksies! Say, where can I get an occasional chair?
 FIB: Well, occasionally you can get a chair offa somebody's front porch, Harpo, if they aint lookin', but -
 WIL: Oh all right all right... (FADE OUT) If I ever get a sensible answer.
 MOL: McGee.. you shouldn't kid Mr. Wilcox so much.
 FIB: Oh no? Remember what he did when my cousin Charlie Mataz was here? He spent the whole week razzin' Mataz. Why....

P.A.VOICE: MR COMO. CALLING MR. COMO. WILL MR. COMO PLEASE REPORT TO THE MUSIC DEPARTMENT. THERE IS A REQUEST FOR TIME ON MY HANDS. MR. PERRY COMO...CALLING MR. COMO.

FIB: Let's go to the music department, Molly. Perry might need a couple o' vocal references.

ORK: "TIME ON MY HANDS" --

-- COMO

APPLAUSE:

SRD SPOT:

MOL: Here's the furniture, McGee. Do you see any footstools?

FIB: Nope. But lookit all the beds..they ain't got any mattresses on 'em. What is this..the insomnia department?

MOL: That's because they don't want people jumping around on the beds. Yoo-heee, Mr. Clerk..can you wait on us?

SWISH: Oh, my dear, I wish I could, you know. But really this is not my department. I'm in lingerie.

FIB: Honest, bud? Let's see...

MOL: MCGEE!

SWISH: Just what was it you wished? A little bric-abrac for the mantle-piece?

FIB: No, a little break-a-brick for the chimney, sis ..er..bud.

MOL: We're looking for a footstool.

SWISH: Oh really. A footstool. For which foot?

FIB: For the left...WHADDYE MEAN WHICH FOOT?

SWISH: Oh wasn't that stupid of me. Which foot indeed! I'll just turn you over to our Mr. Glendenning. A lovely man. Mister GLENDENNING... OH, MR GLENDENNING...THIS WAY PLEASE..If you pass my counter, my dear stop and let me show you the new taffeta slips..they're simply just tee frou-frou.

FIB: I'll bet he's got some ducky dickies, too, And some--

MOL: Oh how do you do, sir, are you Mr. Glendenning?

MAN: Yes, I am. What did you want something cheap in?

MOL: Well, we..what was that again?

MAN: I say what did you want something cheap in? Or did you wish something in a little better quality. We have quite a price range in that article.

FIB: You don't even know what article we want?

MAN: What article DID you want?

MOL: A footstool.

MAN: That's the article I was talkig about.

FIB: We want a good piece o' furniture, bud.but we don't wanna go haywire on the price. In other words, we want good stuff but we want it reasonable. Ye catch on? Quality, but easy on the tarriff. Price ain't any object if we get what we want reasonable enough. What I'm tryin' to say is if you make us a good price on it, and we like it, we'll take it, if it ain't too high.

MOL: I think that covers the idea pretty well.

MAN: Madan, it covers the subject five feet deep. Now if you'll --

P.A.VOICE: MR GLENDENNING..CALL FOR MR. GLENDENNING..CALLING MR.GLENDENNING.

MAN: Oh I'm sorry folks, will you excuse me?

P.A.: CALLING MR. GLENDENNING. MR. GLENDENNING IS WANTED ON THE TELEPHONE.

MOL: Who's calling him?

P.A.: HIS WIFE.

FIB: Tell her he's busy

P.A.: I DOUBT IF THE OLD WARRHORSE WILL BELIEVE IT BUT I'LL TRY. NEVER MIND, MR GLENDENNING.

MAN: Thanks folks. now if you'll step this way, Please.

MOL: Hear that, McGee? This way Please. Our moving picture.

MAN: OH are you Mr. and Mrs. McGee? Say, my brother-in-law say the preview of your picture out in Los Angeles.

FIB: He did, eh. How'd he like us, bud?

MAN: He didn't see you.

MOL: He didn't SEE us!

MAN: No. He dropped his hat under the seat, and you were on the screen while he was picking it up.

FIB: Shucks, he might o' stayed for the second show. Let's see the footstools, Glambaking.

MAN: Glendenning, sir. Right over here. By the Way, how do you like this Italian Renaissance bedroom suite

FIB: Where?

MAN: Why right here. These heavily carved pieces here.

FIB: Ohhhh, THEM!

MOL: He thought a bedroom suit was a pair of pajamas.

FIB: AHEM. Say, that's a good looking lot o' furniture, bud. How much is it?

MAN: That set is only 1457.50.

FIB: Is that all? Have that laid aside, bud.

MAN: Yes SIR. MR. JONES..LAY THIS BEDROOM SUIT ASIDE. Thank you sir.

MOL: McGee..what on earth...

MAN: Now about that footstool - but first let me call your attention to this beautiful cheery antique dresser?

FIB: What they got the rope around it for, bud?

MAN: That's so when the men move it, their that is...AHHEM....well... er....

MOL: The top seems pretty well scarred up.

FIB: He said it was cheery, Molly. Them are probably the pits.
(LAUGHS) Ye cant fool me on furniture, bud. I used to have my own furniture business in Grand Rapids. Setee McGee, I was knowed as in them days.

MOL: Oh my.

FIB: SETTEE MCGEE, THE SMART SLICK SUPER-SALESMAN, SHOWIN' SENSATIONAL SAMPLES OF SATINWOOD SIDEBOARDS AND SOFT SOFAS, STUPEFYIN' SOCIETY WITH SUMPTUOUS, SUBLIME SYMMETRICAL SPECIALTIES IN SCRUMPTIOUS SUITS, SNEERIN' AT SHODDY SO-SO-STUFF, AND SCIENTIFICALLY STEERIN' SELECTED STOCK FROM SAWMILL TO SALESROOM.

APPLAUSE:

MAN: By the way, I neglected to ask you - did you want a leather covered footstool or a fabric covered footstool?

MOL: Fabric, I think.

MAN: Ah yes...in that case I shall turn you over to our Mr. Dilloway. I am only in the leather covered footstools. (FADE OUT) I'll send Mr. Dilloway right over...

FIB: Bunch o' specialists in here, Molly. Don't tell 'em whether we want the footstool for in front of the easy chair or the davenport or it'll take two more guys to wait - oh, THERE'S MRS. WEARYBOTTOM. HIYAH WEARY....

WEARY: Oh, hello, folks Imagine seeing you here I just came in to have them call for a table I bought yesterday I had some bad luck with it. My little nephew asked me what it was and I told him it was a piecrust table and before I could stop him he'd taken two bites out of it,

FIB: That's too bad, Weary. When the little nipper gets well, we'll have him over for some fried piano bench. What does he like...the leg?

WEARY: Never you mind about him, Mr. McGee...you simply can't do anything with him I used to think he was very affectionate because he always wanted to sit on my lap but he told me yesterday he was practicing to be a dummy like Charlie McCarthy.

FIB: Looks like you'd have to take up ventriloquism, Weary.

WEARY: That's what I told my nephew and he said I took the words right out of his mouth, so I told him to listen to the radio and maybe he would hear Elmo Tanner Whistling Stop, You're Bergen My Heart.

FIB: That's pretty good, Weary, but Elmo is really gonna whistle Remember Me. Take it, Ted!

ONE: "REMEMBER ME" --

-- TANNER

① APPLAUSE:

WIL: MIDDLE COMMERCIAL - FURNITURE POLISH

Most of you listeners to FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY are already enthusiastic users of JOHNSON'S WAX and JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT. So you'll certainly want to try JOHNSON'S NEW CREAMY WHITE FURNITURE POLISH, entirely different from any polish you ever used! Pleasant to use! Cleans as it polishes! Contains no oil to collect dust! Buy a bottle tomorrow! JOHNSON'S NEW CREAMY WHITE FURNITURE POLISH!

ORK: (MC GEE THEME) (FADE)

4th SPOT

MOL: Heavenly days, McGee...let's get going. We've talked to eight different salesmen and we haven't seen a footstool yet. I'm tired.

FIB: Well, this was your idea, Molly. Not mine. I -

SOUND: MUTTER OF CROWD IN DISTANCE

MOL: What on earth is all that crowd, McGee...they're coming this way.

FIB: I dunno. There can't be THAT many people wantin' footstools.

MAN: (FADE IN FAST) Hey...buddy...move over will you...I wants hide under that desk...DON'T TELL ME WHERE I WENT...

SOUND: SGRAMELE...CROWD UP...

WOMAN: I think he went over this way girls...WE'LL FIND HIM...

WOMAN 2: I've wanted to lay my hands on that man for years...LET ME AT HIM..WHERE DID HE GO...EXCUSE me, but did you see a good looking young man pass here?

MOL: Well, we --

FIB: HE DIDN'T PASS HERE, SIS...I THINK HE WENT THAT WAY...

WOMAN: COME ON GIRLS...HE WON'T ESCAPE US THIS TIME...!!!!!!I got a PIECE OF HIS SHIRT!!!

SOUND: CROWD UP AND FADE OUT

FIB: You can come out now...bud. They've gone.

MAN: Gee...thanks, pal!

MOL: But just a moment, young man...you haven't done anything wrong, have you?

MAN: (LAUGHS) No...I came in the store to do some shopping and they started after me. I'm Rabbit Tyler, the movie actor. Those were some fans. Thanks folks.

MOL: My, it's nice they admire him so much. He had a black eye, his hair was torn-out and his clothes were half gone...

FIB: Imagine that? Think they'll be mobbin' me after our picture is shown?

MOL: Probably...but not for the same reason.

SCOT: Parrrdon me, lassie. Would ye be the lady that was inquirrrin! forr a footstool...?

MOL: Aye...I mean yea.

FIB: You don't mean to tell me we're gonna get waited on at last, Scotty.

SCOT: Yes. I mean AYE, LADDIE. I'm Misterrrr Dilloway. Would ye step this way please....

MOL: At last.

SCOT: How would ye like somethin' in Birrrrd's Eye Maple?

FIB: No thanks, Scotty. I had a bird's eye maple dresser once, and I opened it up one day and found the top drawer full o' Eggs. (LAUGHS) Found out later they were moth balls, but it give me a start.

SCOT: Well, folks, if ye're no interrrrested in the Birrrrd's Eye Maple, I'll have to turrn ye over to our Mrrrrrr. Smith. He'll tell ye all about it, unless he's oot.

MOL: I beg your pardon?

SCOT: Mrrrr. Smith will tell ye all about it, unless he's oot.

FIB: Well, if he's oot, we'll wait and tock to him when he gits bock.

SCOT: Aye. (FADE OUT SINGING)

MOL: Now we're getting somewhere. But, McGee...why on earth did you have them lay aside that Eytalian bedroom suite?

FIB: Well, shucks, why not? They didn't -

TEE: Hi mister.

FIB: Oh' hello there little girl.

TEE: Hi.

FIB: You get lost from your mama?

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I says CAN'T YOU FIND YOUR MAMMA?

TEE: Sure I can, I betcha.

FIB: Well you better be gettin' back to her then. You'll get lost in this big store.

TEE: Why?

FIB: Eh?

TEE: Hmm?

FIB: I SAYS. DAD RAT IT, SIS..YOU're mamma will be worried about you.

Now run along before she misses you.

TEE: All right.

FIB: Well. go on. We're busy.

TEE: What doin'?

FIB: Buyin' a footstool.

TEE: Where is it?

FIB: That's what we're wonderin'...(LAUGHS)

TEE: (GIGGLES) Hmm?

FIB: I...LISTEN SIS. GO AWAY...YOU BOTHER US. IF YOU KNOW WHERE YOUR MAMMA IS GO ON BACK TO HER.

TEE: Sure I know where she is, I betcha. She in the crennit department.

FIB: CREDIT department.

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: CRED. LISTEN...IF YOUR MAMMAS DOWN THERE, WHAT YOU DOIN' UP HERE?

TEE: I wanted to see who killed the vegetables.

FIB: WHO KILLED THE VEGETAB-- ..what are you talkin' about? YOU CAN'T KILL A VEGETABLE.

TEE: Sure you can, I betcha. You did.

FIB: WE DID! WE KILLED SOME VEGETABLES? Say, what...WHO SAID SO?

TEE: The man in the crennit department. He said he suspected those people who wanted the footstool. He said the store was full of dead beets.

But maybe (FADE OUT) maybe he meant somebody else and.

FIB: DEAD BEATS ARE WE. I'LL show 'em. I'll withdraw that credit appli-

NICK: Hello, Fizzer. Hellow Kewpie. Imagine seeing me here. It's a small world aren't we?

MOL: Oh, it's Mr. Depopolis.

FIB: Hiyah, Nick. You doin' some furniture shoppin', too?

NICK: SURE. Fizzer. I am for wanting to buy a high chair.

MOL: A high chair. But your children are too big for a high chair, Mr. Depopolis.

NICK: Kewpie, you are hitting the hammer on my head that time. This high chair is not being for my kids. I am wanting it for myself, you grob me?

FIB: For yourself! You in your 2nd childhood, Nick?

NICK: No squeegee. (LAUGHS) I am almost being ashamed of you for telling it on myself, but yesterday, I am taking a horses back for a ride.

MOL: Oh you went horse back riding. But why the high chair?

NICK: Let me explain yourself, Kewpie. Yesterday, I am taking a horseback for a ride, and today I am being SO lame from this horse bumping his back to me, I am eating off the mantelpiece - and also I am so tired of standing up to be eating, I am getting me a highchair. This way, I am shooting two birds with one brick.

FIB: That's a fine system, Nick. (LAUGHS) That'll teach you to stay on the ground.

NICK: Sure, Fizzer. But in those horses would only be staying on the grounds too while I am riding one, nobody would have some trouble. Well, take care of myself, Fizzer and Kewpie. When you see me again; so long!

P.A. VOICE: CALL FOR MR. MCGEE. MR. FIBBER MCGEE IS WANTED AT THE CREDIT OFFICE. WILL MR. MCGEE STOP IN THE CREDIT OFFICE,

MOL: Hear that, McGee...our credit must be taken care of.

FIB: But dad rat it, Molly, how about that footstool?

MAN: DID I HEAR YOU SAY YOU WANTED A FOOTSTOOL FOLKS? I'M MR. SMITH, IN CHARGE OF FOOTSTOOLS. WHAT SIZE IS YOUR FOOT?

FIB: EIGHT.

MAN: Fine. WE HAVE AN EIGHT RIGHT HERE. (BATTLE OF WOOD)
Try this for size.

MOL: Dont get it too tight in the heel, McGee.

FIB: This looks pretty good bud, how much?

MAN: 2.98, Cash. Or if you have an account here it will be 14.50
There is a slight carrying charge.

MOL: We'll carry it ourselves. Wrap it up.

FIB: I dunno about this credit stuff, bud. Ye see they're still --

GIRL: (FADE IN) Oh, Mr. McGee...about your credit application.

FIB: Oh yes...what is it, Sis?

GIRL: No, the credit department wishes to know if you have some identification with you.

MOL: Show your drivin' license, dearie.

FIB: I ain't got it, Molly. Don't you remember? The judge took it away from me for thirty days because I signalled for a left hand turn.

MAN: But I thought you were SUPPOSED TO signal for a left hand turn.

FIB: You are, but ye ain't suppose to stick your finger in a traffic cop's eye. Here sis...here's my initials in my hat. See?

GIRL: Oh, that's fine, Mr. Stetson.

MOL: MCGEE is the name.

FIB: See these initials pasted in there, sis.? Right in...oh oh... they musta come loose.

GIRL: Well you MUST have some letters or something, Mr. McGee.

FIB: Let's see now...OH YES...HERE'S MY BELT BUCKLE, SIS. LOOK.

GIRL: That says T.W.

MOL: That's the belt Ted Weems loaned you when you busted your suspenders, McGee.

FIB: Oh yes...well, now what...shucks, I must have SOMETHING... oh yes, see this latchkey, sis?

GIRL: Yesssssss...

FIB: Well, sir, that is the key to my front door at 79 Wistful Vista. That's the only key in town that'll fit that lock. Who but me would carry that key?

GIRL: That's perfectly right, Mr. McGee. (FADE OUT) Now I think we can go ahead with your credit appli.....

MAN: Very clever, Mr. McGee. I never should have thought of that myself.

MOL: No, I don't th...MCGEE...WHAT'S THE MATTER?

FIB: Dad rat it, ye know what I done? I'VE applied for credit for the whole Elks club. THIS IS THE KEY TO THE LODGEHALL! Oh well..

MAN: Now, that's all taken care of...shall I have this footstool wrapped, sir.

FIB: No, I wanta look at it goin' home, I never expected to see a footstool again. Come on, Molly, let's go.

MOL: And about time, too. I'm too tired to look at draperies and things so -

CIENDENNING: (FADE IN) Not leaving, Mr. McGee?

FIB: You betcha, bud..why?

GLENDENNING: Well..er..has your credit been taken care of?

MOL: No. You can skip the credit..we'll pay cash for the footstool.

MAN: AH..Yes..but there is a little matter of 1500 collars for the Italian Renaissance Bedroom suit..remember.

FIB: What about it, bud?

MAN: WHY..ER..YOU ASKED TO HAVE IT LAID ASIDE, YOU KNOW.

MOL: Yes, you did, McGee. I heard you.

FIB: Why, shucks..o' course ye did. You got it laid aside, bud?

MAN: Yes, indeed.

FIB: That's fine. Keep it that way. It spells the looks of your store. Come on, Molly.

ORK: "THIS WAY PLEASE!" (FADE ON CUE-B G)

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ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)