

C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
WRITER: Don Quinn

(REVISED)

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

6:30-7:00 P
WEDNESDAY - 2/24/42

NBC-RED

(REVISED)

-2-

WIL: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM - WITH FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

ORK: THEME: FADE -

WIL: The Makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Self-Polishing
Glocoat present Fibber McGee & Molly, written by Don Quinn,
with songs by the King's Men and music by Billy Mills.
The show opens with - "Liza".

ORK: "LIZA" FADE FOR --

(COMMERCIAL page-3)

OPENING COMMERCIAL

NCR: Many of you have already heard about or seen or even signed the Consumer's Pledge being sponsored by the Government's Consumer Division. For the benefit of those who haven't seen one - here is the three-point pledge women are asked to sign voluntarily: "I will buy carefully," ... "I will waste nothing," ... "I will take good care of the things I have."

That makes sense, doesn't it?...and it's good business as well as good patriotism. By all means, take good care of the things you have. Make them last longer. Save for the Country - save for yourself. One easy way to make things last longer, is by protecting them regularly with JOHNSON'S WAX.

Floors, furniture and woodwork that are wax-protected are safeguarded against dirt and wear. They are easier to clean...and they become more beautiful with each application. Genuine JOHNSON'S WAX is available in three forms...paste, liquid and CREAM WAX.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH

(APPLAUSE)

WIL: FIBBER MCGEE HAS BOUGHT A HORSE. WHY DID HE BUY A HORSE? BECAUSE HIS TIRES WERE GETTING THIN. WHERE IS THE HORSE? THE HORSE IS IN THE GARAGE. WHAT DOES MOLLY THINK OF FIBBER'S BUYING A HORSE? SHE DOESN'T KNOW HE'S BOUGHT A HORSE. WHY DOESN'T HE TELL HER? BECAUSE HE HASN'T THOUGHT OF A GOOD WAY TO BREAK THE NEWS. WELL, WHAT HAPPENS NOW? DON'T ASK US. ASK -

-----FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: Hey. Molly.

MOL: Yes?

FIB: Ever think what'll happen when our tires are all shot?

MOL: Certainly. We'll walk. Incidentally, how ARE the tires?

FIB: Awful. They look like burlap bags with sidewalls.

MOL: I guess they are pretty bad. That left front one would have blown out long ago if it weren't too proud.

FIB: Whaddye mean, proud?

MOL: If you were an inner tube would you like to be seen wearing all those patches?

FIB: The spare tire hates me, too. Every time I open the trunk it hisses me. Say, you know...I..er..I been wondering. Maybe if we had a horse ---

MOL: OH MCGEE FOR GOODNESS SAKE...DON'T BE RIDICULOUS!

FIB: What's so ridiculous about gettin' a horse? I think it might be a pretty smart move, myself.

MOL: In the first place, you don't know anything about horses.

FIB: OH I DON'T EH? (LAUGHS) I guess you don't remember the time the rodeo come to Peoria and I stayed on that buckin' broncho for five and half minutes.

MOL: I remember it very well. I also remember what you told me afterwards.

FIB: What was that?

MOL: That your belt got caught over the saddle horn and you COULDN'T get off.

FIB: Yeah..but the horse didn't know that. Anyway, think what we'd save if we had a horse. No gasoline...no tires, no oil, no spark plugs - When I was out in the garage this morning -

MOL: You didn't seem to think it was serious then. I heard you laughing fit to bust.

FIB: You did?

MOL: Yes and I wish you'd tone that laugh down a little, McGee. You sounded like a horse yourself. You practically WHINNIED.

FIB: I did eh? (LAUGHS) Oh well, I -

DOORBELL: (CHIME)

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FIB: I did eh? (LAUGHS) Oh well, I -

DOORBELL: (CHIME)

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

OLD M: Hiyah Johnny. Hello daughter...whereja want the hay?

MOL: The HAY! What hay?

FIB: OH YOU MEAN THE HAY! WELL, I'LL TELL YOU, OLD TIMER...

OLD M: Whatcha winkin' like that for, Johnny...got something in your eye?

FIB: Eh? Yeah...but it's okay now. Just...er...just dump the hay on the back porch old timer and mail me a bill.

OLD M: Okay, Johnny. On the back porch she is. And believe me, it's...

MOL: WAIT A MINUTE, BOYS...WAIT A MINUTE. What is this? Did you order some hay, McGee?

FIB: Er....yes, I did, Molly. I got kinda worried about those tires of ours so -

OLD M: So he bought a -

FIB: SO I BOUGHT A BALE OF HAY. Thought if the worst come to the worst, I could stuff the tires with hay, see?

MOL: What a wonderful idea! I hate to think what a blowout would do to my asthma!

FIB: I thought if we had any hay left over, I could make a scarecrow for Uncle Dennis, too.

MOL: For Uncle Dennis!

FIB: Yeah...keep the Old Crows away.

OLD M: Heh heh heh...that's pretty good, kids, but that ain't the way I heered it! The way I heered it, one feller --

(PAUSE) Hey, what time is it, kids?

MOL: About quarter after four, Mr. Old Timer.

OLD M: Oh, good gravy...just got time for one more delivery than I gotta clean up and call for my gal. Sugar's a great kid!

FIB: Sugar, eh? You mean she's so sweet?

OLD M: No, she's hard to get. Well, so long daughter...so long, Jockey!

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: What did he mean by that - so long Jockey?

FIB: Aw, I dunno....I guess it's because I'm always riding him. WELL, I guess I'll take that hay out in the garage.

MOL: I'll help you...

FIB: NO NO NO...I...er...I'll do it. I...er...HEY, YOU KNOW WHAT, MOLLY?

MOL: What?

FIB: Now that we got some hay, what say we get a horse?

MOL: Yes, and we've got a lot of ice cubes - so let's get a polar bear, too.

FIB: Now Molly, let's look at this thing logical. Suppose we do get a horse and --

MOL: OH FOR GOODNESS' SAKES, MCGEE...WILL YOU STOP TALKING ABOUT GETTING A HORSE! IN THE FIRST PLACE, YOU DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT TAKING CARE OF ONE. REMEMBER, YOU WERE ONLY A GROOM FOR ONE DAY!

IB: Aw, there's nothin' to taking care of a horse. Just give 'em the same care and kindness you'd give a good dog, is all.

MOL: Well, if you think I'M going to have a horse sleeping at the foot of my bed every night, --

IB: AND FURTHERMORE, MRS. MCGEE...I GUESS YOU FORGET THAT I WAS BROUGHT UP ON A FARM.

MOL: I don't know why I should forget. You won't even cut the grass on the front lawn unless the almanac tells you to - and it never has.

IB: Well, I'M a farmer boy at heart even yet. MAYBE YOU DON'T REMEMBER THAT LITTLE TEAM OF SORRELS I USED TO OWN. PRETTIEST HORSES IN ILLINOIS! And affectionate, too. Every time I'd walk over to the fence they'd kinda kiss me and nuzzle me with their soft lips. I often heard folk say "Look at those horses neck McGee!" HORSES NECK MCGEE I WAS KNOWN AS IN THEM DAYS!

MOL: Wonderful world!

IB: HORSES NECK MCGEE, THE MOST MASTERFUL, MAGNETIC MUGG THAT EVER MANEUVERED A MARE OVER MUD AND MACADAM TO MAKE MONKEYS OF THE MILITARY MAJORS WITH THEIR MOBS OF MOTORIZED MACHINERY: A MUSCULAR MADCAP, MANIPULATIN' A MARTINGALE WITH THE MARVELOUS METICULOUSNESS THAT MADE ME THE MOST MANLY MOUNTIE, METHINKS, FROM THE MAJESTIC MOUNTAINS OF MIDDLE EUROPE TO THE TAKE IT, BILLY, ^{My truck in} ~~THE~~ MY STIRRUP!

ORK: "BLUE SKIES"

APPLAUSE:

MOL: McGee...what's the matter with you? What ARE you doing?

FIB: Watcha mean, what am I doing? Can't a guy take a few pails of water out to his own garage without startin' a lotta ugly gossip? I'm...er...washin' the car...I wish I was washin' a horse...No kiddin', what would you say if I went out today and bought one.

MOL: Oh, I'd just make a few off hand comments and then run upstairs and wash my mouth out with soap. But you're not going to buy a horse, are you?

FIB: No. I'M not.

MOL: Promise?

FIB: Cross my heart, I'M NOT gonna buy a horse.

MOL: Good. Anyway, even if we DID have one, we'd have no place to keep it.

FIB: Oh I dunno. Plenty of room in the garage.

MOL: There won't be when Mrs. Uppington's brother puts his car in there.

FIB: WHAT? HE CAN'T DO THAT! IT'S TOO CROWDED! WHY...

MOL: I thought you just said there was plenty of room..

FIB: There is - for one car and a horse. But if he thinks I'm gonna turn that horse out into the cold -

MOL: THAT WHAT?

FIB: Did I say horse? I meant our car. ANYWAY, SHE'S GOTTA LOTTA NERVE USIN' OUR GARAGE FOR HER BROTHER. WHO GIVE HER PERMISSION?

MOL: I did. He's here on a visit and her garage is crowded and I thought it was only neighborly.

FIB: Neighborly my kneecap! That old moose is too tightfisted to send her brother's car to a public garage, I suppose. The way she nurses the coppers they oughtta make her Police Commissioner.

MOL: I don't know why you're so bitter, just because she wants to use our garage for a short time.

FIB: Well, gee whizz --

DOORBELL:

MOL: Oh there's Mrs. Uppington now, McGee.

FIB: Ain't that great! She brightens my day like a total eclipse.

MOL: Just the same, you be polite to her. COME IN, ABIGAIL!

DOOR OPEN

UPP: How do you do, my deah!

MOL: OH HELLO ABIGAIL. IT'S SO NICE TO SEE YOU!

FIB: Hiyah, Uppy. Wontcha hop outa your overshoes and flop the body on a stool.

UPP: Thank you no. I just dropped in to thank you for letting my brothah put his car in your garage. He arrives in the morning. But I INSIST on paying.

FIB: (SPLUTTERS)

UPP: Well, what's the mattah, Mr. McGee?

MOL: He just swallowed some words, Abigail. AND I WOULDN'T THINK OF LETTING YOU PAY. It's worth it to me, because otherwise McGee was talking about keeping a horse in the garage.

UPP: A HORSE...OH HOW SPLENDID!

FIB: You...you think so, Uppy? You think it might be a good idea, eh?

UPP: Indeed I do, Mr. McGee. Of course I have always been an ardent horsewoman.

FIB: What'd I tell you, Molly!

MOL: What DID you tell me?

FIB: Remember when we met Uppy on the street the other day and I says, "DOESN'T SHE LOOK LIKE A HORSE, WOMAN?"

UPP: (LAUGHS) Oh thank you, Mr. McGee...I flattah myself that the well rounded sportswoman -

MOL: The WHAT sportswoman, Abigail?

UPP: Well rounded.

MOL: Oh. Oh yes.

UPP: That the well rounded sportswoman MUST do a certain amount of of...er...

FIB: Horsing around?

UPP: Er...in a way, yes. When I was a mere girl on our plantation in Virginia -

MOL: Tobacco?

UPP: No thank you. But as I was saying, my fathah INSISTED that every gentlewoman must know how to ride. Consequently, I spent day after day on the bridlepaths,

FIB: And night after night at the osteopaths?

UPP: (LAUGHS GAILY) Oh Mr. McGee...you're such a tease, really.

MOL: Oh he's more monkey than a barrel of fun.

FIB: Well Uppy it's nice to meet a fellow horsewoman. I used to be a trick rider in a circus, you know!

UPP: REAHHILY, MR. MCGEE?

UPP: Indeed I do, Mr. McGee. Of course I have always been an ardent horsewoman.

FIB: What'd I tell you, Molly!

MOL: What DID you tell me?

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MOL: The WHAT sportswoman, Abigail?

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UPP: REAHHILY, MR. MCGEE?

FIB: Absolutely. You oughtta of seen me, gallopin' furiously around the ring and then leanin' way over to pick up a handkerchief in my teeth.

UPP: How fascinating! And then you rode around again, I suppose, and picked up your teeth in a handkerchief.

MOL: (LAUGHS) Tell her how you used to stand on your head in the saddle and ride around, McGee.

FIB: Oh that was the best trick I done, Uppy. Not hangin' onto the reins or anything....feet in the air, head on the saddle, goin' around the ring at a full canter!

UPP: ON YOUR HEAD! HOW UTTAHLI HEALTHFUL!

MOL: Healthful!

FIB: Whatcha mean, healthful?

UPP: Well, they say that horseback riding is the best way to reduce the fat parts of the body. WELL THANK YOU SO MUCH, MY DEAH. GOOD DAY!

(DOOR SLAM)

MOL: You could tell she's a horsewoman, McGee....look at the way she carries herself.

FIB: Yeah....what a carriage! And just the right kind of a figure to pull it, too. Anyway, she likes the idea o' my gettin' a horse. You see, Molly, then if our tires go flat--

MOL: If our tires go flat, we'll WALK. And THAT'S flat, too. Now let's stop all this silly talk about getting a horse.

FIB: Well, if you only knew--

MOL: If I only knew what?

FIB: If..er...if you only knew how cheap I could get a good horse, and how easy he is to..er...would BE to take care of--

(DOOR OPEN)

WIL: HELLO THERE, FOLKS!

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox,

FIB: Hiyah, Harlow.

WIL: HEY WHAT'S THIS ABOUT YOU BUYING A HORSE, FIBBER?

MOL: I won't let him do it, Mr. Wilcox. I think it's foolish.

WIL: But I thought he already--

FIB: (COMING IN FAST) NEVER MIND WHAT YOU THOUGHT I ALREADY, HARLOW. I promised Molly I won't buy a horse.

WIL: But I saw a harness man downtown and he said--

FIB: AW WHAT DO I CARE WHAT THAT HARNESS MAN SAYS! Every time he opens his mouth he puts his neatsfoot in it.

MOL: There's something very VERY strange going on around here, McGee.

FIB: Eh?

MOL: Look me in the eye. ARE YOU OR ARE YOU NOT GOING TO BUY A HORSE?

FIB: I AM NOT.

MOL: What was it you heard, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Well, I heard that Fibber--

FIB: OH GOSSIP GOSSIP GOSSIP! You spend so much time in kitchens, demonstrating Glo-coat, Harlow, that you're gettin' to be a regular old biddy,

WIL: Now wait a minute, pal. I'M on YOUR side.

FIB: Eh?

WIL: I think if you buy a horse to save your tires, it's very smart. I'm strictly a guy that believes in making what you've got last longer and go farther. This is a time for CONSERVING. Now you take Johnson's Self-Polishing Glocoat, for instance--

MOL: All right.

FIB: You'll have to speak good and loud, Harlow. I smoked cornsilk when I was a kid and it stunted my ears.

WIL: (LAUGHS) All right - but there's no kidding about this. The time has come when we've all got to take better care of our things - protect them in every way possible. And there's no better way to protect all wood and enameled surfaces than with Johnson's Wax, and linoleum with Johnson's Self-Polishing Glocoat. I could go into a long talk about morale in the home, too, but everybody knows the value of a bright and spotless home.

MOL: You think our home would be any more bright and cheerful with a horse in it?

FIB: I AIN'T KEEPING IT IN THE HOUSE. I'M KEEPING IT IN THE--
(PAUSE) What were you gonna say, Harlow?

WIL: Oh nothing. But my brother asked me to give you one of his cards, Here. WELL, SEE YOU LATER, FOLKS.

(DOOR SLAM)

MOL: Let's see that card, McGee. Hm-mm. ^{Paul} ~~Robert~~ WILCOX, HORSESHOEING, AND BLACKSMITHING. WE MEND HARNESS, FILE TEETH, BRAID TAILS, AND CARRY A COMPLETE LINE OF STRAW HATS."

FIB: HEY, DON'T TEAR THAT UP. I WANT THAT.

MOL: What for? You told me you weren't going to buy a horse.

FIB: I know, but... Now look, Molly. Let's talk this thing over. If we had a horse...

MOL: WE HAVEN'T GOT A HORSE, AND WE'RE NOT GOING TO GET A HORSE, AND I DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT ANY MORE. Is that clear, McGee?

FIB: I...I guess so. But gee whizz, if you'd only....
HEY, WHERE YOU GOING?

MOL: I'm going out in the back yard and hang up some clothes.

FIB: Don't go near the garage.

MOL: WHY NOT?

FIB: Well, I...er....I got all that hay in there to stuff the tires with and...er...well, it might catch fire or something.

MOL: I'll be careful. I rarely hang up the washing with a blowtorch in my hand. (FADE OUT) I declare, if you don't think up the silliest things to worry about, I'll --

FIB: (TO HIMSELF) Oh why did I ever purchase that percheron! I should of stole him - I couldn't feel any more like a horsethief than I do now. When Molly finds out --

DOOR LATCH

TEE: Hi, mister.

FIB: Hello, sis. Go away, will you? I got worries enough without you jawing away with your juvenile jabber. Go wan, go away. Go home. Go anywhere.

TEE: Gee, whatcha worried about, mister? I should think you'd be happy.

FIB: You would?

TEE: Well, gee, I'D be happy if I had a new pony, I betcha!

FIB: Maybe you would, but.....WHAT WAS THAT? YOU THINK I GOT A PONY?

TEE: Sure. And a dandy big one, too. I saw it out in your garage.

FIB: Oh my gosh....look sis....not so loud. I'm...er...I'm tryin' to keep it a secret from Mrs. McGee...for a while. It's...er...it's a surprise.

TEE: (GIGGLES) It's gonna be a dandy surprise too, I betcha.

FIB: It sure is! It's gonna be the darndest - HEY HOW YOU KNOW I HAD A HORSE IN THE GARAGE. WHAT YOU SNOOPIN' AROUND THERE FOR?

TEE: Well, Willie Toops and me were playing catch and --

FIB: Willie Toops and I, sis.

TEE: It was not. It was just Willie Toops and me. You weren't even there, I betcha.

FIB: Okay....let it go.

TEE: I did, and it rolled into your garage and I went in to get it and jeepers was I ever surprised I betcha. A green and white horse!

FIB: GREEN AND WHITE! He is not. He's pure white.

TEE: He's green and white now, mister. Willie tried to climb up on his back and knocked over a can of paint. (GIGGLES) Gee did he ever look funny!

FIB: YOU WAIT TILL I GET MY HANDS ON WILLIE! AND YOU AND WILLIE STAY OUT OF MY GARAGE, WILL YOU. THAT HORSE MIGHT KICK YOU. THEN WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

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FIB: YOU WAIT TILL I GET MY HANDS ON WILLIE! AND YOU AND WILLIE STAY OUT OF MY GARAGE, WILL YOU. THAT HORSE MIGHT KICK YOU. THEN WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

TEE: I'd kick him back.

FIB: Now now now now....that ain't the proper attitu---

TEE: Hey, mister. Do ALL HORSES EAT STRAW?

FIB: Horses don't eat straw, sis. They eat HAY. They sleep on straw.

TEE: Your horse eats straw, I betcha.

FIB: Oh no he doesn't.

TEE: Ohhh yes he does.

FIB: OHHHHHHHHHHH NO HE DOESN'T.

TEE: OHHHHHHHHHHH YES HE DOES.

FIB: OHHHHHHHHHHH NO HE....anyway, how do you know? There's no straw in the garage.

TEE: Oh no? (GIGGLES) What do you think the seat covers in your car were made of--French pastry?

DOOR SLAM

FIB: (GROANS) OH, WHY DOES EVERYTHING HAVE TO HAPPEN TO ME!

ORK: "GAY CABALLERO" -- KINGS MEN

APPLAUSE

FIB: Boy, I hope Molly don't take a sudden urge to go into the garage. Maybe I can sneak that horse outa there before she--

SOUND: (WAY OFF MIKE....SCREAM....FOOTSTEPS UP ON PORCH FAST.... DOOR OPEN & CLOSE, VIOLENTLY)

MOL: (PANTING) McGee....McGEE!....DO SOMETHING!....QUICK!... CALL THE POLICE!...GET YOUR GUN!!!

FIB: What's the matter, Molly....what's the matter....take it easy!

MOL: THERE'S SOMETHING IN THE GARAGE....A MONSTER...IT'S HORRIBLE! OHHHH HEAVENLY DAYS!

FIB: Calm yourself, Molly....calm yourself...I think I can explain *everything*.

MOL: YOU CAN'T EXPLAIN A BRUTE WITH LONG EARS AND A GREEN FACE AND TERRIFIC BIG EYES.

FIB: Aw - it's just a horse.

MOL: I DON'T CARE IF IT'S A WHOLE THUNDERING HERD OF-- (PAUSE)
What was that? A horse?

FIB: Sure. H.O.A.R.S.E. ~~Horse~~. It's mine. I bought it.

MOL: YOU BOUGHT IT! BUT McGEE....YOU PROMISED....YOU TOLD ME YOU WOULDN'T AND THEN YOU-- OH YOU'VE DECEIVED ME!!!

FIB: No, I didn't deceive you. I bought that nag long before you made me promise. I...I was gonna tell you, but you were so dead set against it, I...I...well gee, I--

(DOORBELL)

MOL: COME IN!

(DOOR OPEN)

WIMP: Hello, folks,

FIB: Oh hiyah, Wimple.

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wimple....what could we do for you?

WIMP: Oh nothing, Mrs. McGee...I just stopped to say hello. Hello,

FIB: Hello.

WIMP: Besides, Sweetface is busy at the house teaching jiu jitsu to some soldiers.

MOL: That can be pretty dangerous can't it, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: Oh indeed it can, Mrs. McGee. Sweetface told me once that with simple leverage, you can snap a man's arm like a dry twig.

FIB: I'll bet you were pretty careful after that.

WIMP: Wouldn't you be - with your arm in a plaster cast?

MOL: Well, anyway, I think it's nice that she's teaching our soldiers how to take care of themselves.

WIMP: Yes, it's just wonderful, Mrs. McGee. And nearly half of them take the full course!

FIB: How about the other half?

WIMP: (LAUGHS) Oh they'll be all right Mr. McGee.....in time.

MOL: I sometimes think that your wife doesn't realize her own strength Mr. Wimple. Did you ever think of that?

WIMP: Oh often, Mrs. McGee. In fact, just this evening when she was instructing those soldiers, I said to her, "Sweetface," I said, "I don't believe you know your own strength." And she turned her little dimpled face to me and said "Oh Wallace, I do, too!!"

FIB: And then - ?

WIMP: Oh nothing much - BUT DID YOU EVER GET HIT IN THE FACE WITH A MESS SERGEANT? (LAUGHS) Well, I've got to go now.. goodbye.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Poor old Wimp! What a dog's life he leads.

MOL: Never mind the dogs...I want to talk about this horse.

FIB: Well, I think we oughtta keep it, Molly. In the first place, I only paid 75 bucks, for him, and -

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS...75 DOLLARS! THAT'S RIDICULOUS...AND WORSE THAN THAT, IT'S UNPATRIOTIC TO KEEP A HORSE NOW.

FIB: Whatcha mean?

MOL: Think of all the glue that's needed for the back of defense stamps.

FIB: Well this horse ain't anywhere near ready for the glue works. He's a fine animal in perfect condition and -

DOORBELL:

FIB: Aw fer the....COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh hello, Mayor La Trivia.

GALE: Good day, Mrs. McGee. Hello, McGee. HAVE YOU A HORSE?

FIB: La Trivia, - the way you get right to the point, somebody in your family musta been frightened by a pencil sharpener. Yes, I gotta horse. So what?

GALE: I wish to purchase it.

MOL: SOLD!

FIB: NOW NOW NOW...WAIT A MINUTE. I don't wanna sell. Anyway, whatcha want it for, La Trivia?

GALE: In view of the rubber shortage, McGee, the city council has decided to supplement our motorized fire equipment with horse-drawn vehicles. I am empowered to offer you any fair price for your horse.

MOL: Name it and you can have it, Mr. Mayor. McGee only paid -

FIB: NEVER MIND WHAT I PAID. Molly hasn't even seen the horse -

MOL: OH HAVEN'T I? THAT GREENFACED BRUTE WITH THE -

FIB: Well, La Trivia hasn't seen it.

GALE: Very well....let's take a look, McGee....where is it?

MOL: It's in the garage, where it's probably kicked the radiator off the car, by this time....come on, Mr. Mayor... I think you're going to get the bargain of your life....

FOOTSTEPS.....ON FLOOR.....DOOR LATCH...DOORSTEPS ON STEPS...ON WALK....

GARAGE DOOR CREAKS.....HORSE WHINNY

GALE: Ahhhh a green and white horse!.. very decorative.

FIB: Some kids spilled some paint on him, La Trivia....shows how gentle he is that he didn't raise heck about it....

GALE: Will you take a hundred dollars for him?

FIB: Sure I will, but there's no fun sellin' a horse right off the bat like that. Let's dicker a while.

GALE: All right, if you promise to come back to a hundred dollars.

FIB: Oh we'll wind up at a hundred, but first we oughtta argue a while. I don't sell a horse every day, Come on...sit down on the bench here and we'll kick it around. HEY MOLLY...BE CAREFUL. HE MIGHT KICK YOU!

MOL: I'M not afraid of him, You go talk to the Mayor....

SOUND: HOOFS...NICKER

MOL: Hello there you big bag of alfalfa....How you ever whinnied my husband into buying you is the greatest mystery I ever....OH YOU POOR THING!!!! WHO Poured THAT PAINT ALL OVER YOU.

~~HORSE WHINNY:~~ (Hoofs)

MOL: Yes.....it's a dirty shame, that's what it is....you wait till mother gets some turpentine....I'll clean it all off nice...OH STOP NUZZLING ME, YOU BIG BABY....(LAUGHS) and DON'T LOOK AT ME LIKE THAT WITH THOSE BIG BROWN EYES!!! Yes....wudgie wudgie wudgie...you sweet old thing! Don't you go away now...mother is going in and get you a nice big carrot, to -

FIB: (FADE IN) so if you still insist on a hundred, La Trivia... take him away.

GALE: Very well, McGee, we'll pick him up tonight and -

MOL: YOU'LL DO NO SUCH A THING!

FIB: Eh?

GALE: Beg pardon, Mrs. McGee?

MOL: WE'RE GOING TO KEEP THIS HORSE! LOOK HOW LONESOME HE LOOKS. WHAT HE NEEDS IS A GOOD HOME!

FIB: But Molly, with the car in here it's so crowded that -

MOL: AND THAT'S ANOTHER THING!!..GET THAT CAR OUT OF HERE AND GIVE THIS POOR HORSE SOME ROOM! ^(Whinny) Yessss...wudgie wudgie wudgie....

HORSE WHINNIES:

FIB: Oh pshaw!

ORK: "HANDS ACROSS THE BORDER" - FADE FOR -

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

ANNCR: Since this new daylight saving time went into effect, I've heard several women say they didn't know whether they were getting their husband's breakfast or supper. Not that they were complaining! Like all of us, they're glad of a chance to help save electric power....glad to help in any way, big or little.

In connection with daylight saving, may I make a helpful suggestion? Your kitchen will be more cheerful on dark mornings if you keep it protected with JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT. It will sparkle like new....colors will be bright and fresh....and it will be protected, too, against wear and scuffing feet. In fact, the regular use of GLO-COAT will make your linoleum last 6 times longer than if it were unprotected.

GLO-COAT is called SELF-POLISHING....which means that it needs no rubbing or buffing....it is a tremendous labor saver. You simply apply and let dry. But to get GLO-COAT results, be sure to buy the real JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO-COAT.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC....FADE ON CUE

TAG GAG

MOL: AND TO THINK YOU WERE GOING TO SELL THAT LOVELY CREATURE
FOR A MERE HUNDRED DOLLARS! FOR SHAME, McGEE!

FIB: Well, gee whiz, Molly, you were the one who -

MOL: Never mind that. It would be simply brutal to turn...er...
er...by the way, what's the horse's name, McGee?

(PAUSE)

MOL: MCGEE...WHAT'S HIS NAME?

(PAUSE)

FIB: Lillian.

MOL: Oh.

FIB: Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all!

ORCHESTRA: UP TO FINISH: CREDITS, SIGNOFF:

CLOSING TAG

(CUE)

MOLLY: Goodnight all.

.....

WILCOX: This is Harlow Wilcox, speaking for the makers of
JOHNSON'S WAX FINISHES for home and industry....inviting
you to be with us again next Tuesday night. Goodnight.

(TO FOLLOW CLOSING TAG)

NOTE: Read from quiet studio.

CUE
(WILCOX)

....invite you to be with us again next Tuesday night.
Goodnight.

.....
No program of better car maintenance is complete if it overlooks the paint job. You've got to take care of the outside as well as what's under the hood. And you can do it easily with JOHNSON'S CARNU, the labor-saving polish that both cleans and polishes in one application.... two jobs at once, with a minimum of work.

CARNU, made by the makers of JOHNSON'S WAX, gains in popularity every month. Your car looks like new, when you use CARNU....spelled C-A-R-N-U.