

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.
Writer: Don Quinn

(REVISED)

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

ORCH: THEME...FADE FOR:

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.

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

6:30-7:00P
Tuesday - 3/10/42

NBC-Red

(COMMERCIAL...page 3)

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The show opens with "Oh Gee, Oh Joy!"

ORCH: "OH GEE, OH JOY!"

(FADE FOR:)

ORCH: WITH MUSIC BY BILLY MILLS

(APPLAUSE)

(COMMERCIAL...page 3)

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WNCR:

In times like these, some speakers and writers have a tendency to use big phrases and words, when small simple words might be better. Civilization is a big word, for example. But home is a small word that we can all understand....a word that expresses everything we're fighting for: liberty, freedom, family. And it's a word that tells the part you women play in this war. For it's your main job to keep those home fires burning, keep your homes clean, orderly, cheerful. And it's part of your job to take care of the things you have....make them last a longer time.

That's not an easy job....but a useful product like genuine JOHNSON'S WAX makes it easier. Because the regular use of JOHNSON'S WAX gives lasting protection to floors, furniture and woodwork....guards them against dirt and wear....makes cleaning easier, saves you hours of time....and adds rich beauty in the bargain.

Try protective housekeeping in your home if you are not already a regular user of genuine JOHNSON'S WAX, paste, liquid or cream.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH

(APPLAUSE)

WIL:

IF ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL COULD HAVE FORESEEN THAT PEOPLE WOULD PICK UP HIS INVENTION AND SAY "GUESS WHO THIS IS," - HE'D HAVE DROPPED THE WHOLE IDEA. IF EDISON HAD KNOWN THAT HIS PHONOGRAPH WOULD WIND UP PLAYING "CHATTANOOGA CHOO-CHOO" - HE'D HAVE SPENT MORE TIME ON THE ELECTRIC LIGHT. THAT'S HOW IT IS WITH MEN WHO HAVE IDEAS....MEN WITH VISION....MEN WHO DO THINGS, MEN WHO-- WELL, YOU'LL GET A ROUGH IDEA, LISTENING TO--
-- FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

(APPLAUSE)

MOL: But McGee....I don't WANT you to make me a footstool. I want to buy this one advertised by the Bon Ton.

FIB: THAT ~~CHEAP~~, RICKETY, UNSEASONED, HAMMER-SCRATCHED ~~SLIVER-RIDDEN~~, KNOT-HOLEY, HUNK OF DRIFTWOOD? THAT WOBBLE-LEGGED SON OF A ^{CHEAP} CARD-TABLE?

MOL: It isn't cheap. It's twelve-ninety-five.

FIB: Well, go buy a thirteen buck hat then. I'm makin' this footstool. I'll turn you out the most unreasonably exact facsimile of this advertisement you ever laid your beautiful big green eyes on.

MOL: My eyes are blue.

FIB: They'll be green with jealousy when they see the footstool I'm gonna make. Why when I get started--

DOORBELL

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN

OLD MAN: Hiyah, Johnny. Hello, Daughter. You order some stuff from the hardware store?

MOL: No, Mr. Old Timer, I don't believe --

FIB: I DID. I ordered a few woodworkin' tools, Old Timer.
That them?

OLD M: You betcha, Johnny. Three chisols, hand-drill, scraper,
spirit-level, cross-cut saw and some brass tacks.

FIB: How much, Old Timer.

OLD M: Well, lemme see now, Johnny. Dollar'n a half.....four....
seven thirty-five....eighteen....nine sixty-two, includin'
the coffoo.

MOL: What coffee? Did you order coffee from the hardware store,
McGeo?

FIB: No I didn't. Look, Old Timer - what's the idea of --

OLD M: NOWWWWWW, WAIT A MINUTE, JOHNNY!! DON'T GIT YOUR PUSS IN
A PANDEMONIUM. I JUST....(Hey, daughter...what's a
pandemonium?)

MOL: An uproar.

OLD M: That's what I thought. (LOUD) DON'T GIT YOUR PUSS IN A
PANDEMONIUM, JOHNNY. You ordered this stuff from the
hardware store, didn't you? Yes or no?

FIB: Yes, but --

OLD M. WANTED IT DELIVERED, DIDN'T YOU?

FIB: Well, I --

OLD M: Yes or no!

FIB: YES BUT -

OLD M: YOU KNEW THEY DIDN'T HAVE ANY DELIVERY SERVICE, DIDN'TCHA?
Yes or no..

MOL: No, I didn't -

OLD M: WELL THEY HAVEN'T. SO I TOLD 'EM I'D BRING IT OVER HERE.
YOU APPRECIATE THAT DON'T YOU? YES OR NO?

FIB: Yes, but -

OLD M: WELL IT'S A COLD DAY AND I STOPPED FOR A CUPPA COFFEE...
BEGRUDGE ME THAT, YES OR NO?

FIB: Of course not but -

OLD M: Okay. 9.62, includin' coffee.

MOL: Here's ten dollars, Mr. Old Timer. And thank you very much.

OLD M: Forget it, daughter. Glad to do it. You ain't sore about
the coffee, Johnny?

FIB: NO NO NO....but I still donno why, accordin' to this bill,
you had to pay 85 cents for a cuppa coffee.

OLD M: I like sugar in it.

MOL: Oh.

FIB: Well, thanks for stoppin' by with the stuff, Old Timer.
And I don't mind about the coffee. What's an extra little
chisel among all these tools?

OLD M: Heh heh heh..that's pretty good, Johnny. But that ain't
the way I heered it. The way I heered it, one feller says
to tother feller, "SAYYYYYYYY", he says, "MY DOCTOR DONE
TOLD ME TO EAT A LOT OF CARROTS..I'VE TRIED IT AND IT SURE
BUILDS UP YOUR RESISTANCE." "IS THAT SO?" says tother felle
"TO COLDS"? "NO," says the first feller, "TO CARROTS!"
Hehhehheh!!..well see you later, kids.

DOOR SLAM:

OLD M: Yes or no!

FIB: YES BUT -

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Yes or no..

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"TO COLDS"? "NO," says the first feller, "TO CARROTS!"
Hehhehheh!!..well see you later, kids.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: McGee.

FIB: Eh? do you do, my dear...AND Mr. McGee.

MOL: WHEN DID YOU ORDER THESE TOOLS?

FIB: Yesterday. When you first started thinkin' about the footstool!

MOL: I didn't realize you knew I was even looking at that advertisement. Have you got eyes in the back of your head?

FIB: No, but I got a head in back of my eyes. ~~Brains~~. LOOK.... you know what I'm gonna do?

MOL: Wait'll I cross my fingers. (PAUSE) All right. What ARE you going to do?

FIB: I'm gonna bring my tools and stuff upstairs here and work in the living room..

MOL: You might waken Uncle Dennis, McGee. He's asleep.

FIB: He is? I thought he was goin' out with a bunch of fellas for some gin rummy.

MOL: He did - but when he found out it was a card game he came home.

FIB: Well, I'll hammer real quietly. I wouldn't disturb the old--

DOORBELL

FIB: Aw doggone it, and I wanted to get to work. Who's at the door?

MOL: Let me peak. Oh...Mrs. Uppington.

FIB: AHHH, dear old Uppy. The salt of the earth.

MOL: You really think so?

FIB: I sure do. You can't take much of her at a time, and it takes a good shaking to get her to come out in ^{wet} bad weather.

COME IN!

DOOR OPEN
P

MOL: Oh Hello, Abigail.

UPP: How do you do, my deah...AND Mr. McGee.

FIB: Hiyah, babe. What's new in the nabe?

UPP: (LAUGHS) Oh Mrs. McGee...don't you simply ADORE your husband when he is in one of these clevah moods?

MOL: Oh I wouldn't say ADORE, Abigail. TOLERATE would be more appropriate. But what could we do for you?

UPP: I just stopped in to awsk you both ovah for a fish dinnah tomorrow evening. My brothah has sent me some MARVELOUS mountain trout.

FIB: Oh boy...that's for me, Uppy! I LOVE trout. And they better be good, too, because I'm a expert on fish.

UPP: Reahhly!

MOL: Oh indeed he is Abigail. I wish I could tell you what those old ~~salmon~~ fishermen up in Oregon said about McGee last summer!

UPP: Well, why cawn't you?

MOL: Because I'm ~~too~~ much of a lady for one thing.

FIB: And for another thing it ain't true. I STILL dunno how that mousetrap got onto the end of my fishline. HEY D'I EVER TELL YOU HOW I CAUGHT THE BIG TROUT IN THE PAHOOSKA POOL, Uppy?

UPP: No, I don't believe you did, Mr. McGee.

MOL: That's right, Abigail. I believe you ARE the one he didn't tell.

FIB: Well, sir, the Pahooska Pool was kind of a little wide place in the Pahooska river just south of Wickiup, Oregon. There was a trout in there three feet long and NOBODY'd ever been able to catch him. Till I come along...

UPP: Good heaven...how thrilling. Did you use some special kind of bait, Mr. McGee?

FIB: Yep. Caught him with a Mack Truck.

UPP: A MACK TRUCK!

MOL: Absolutely!

FIB: Yes, sir...I was standin' in the middle of the pool one day, already to cast, when along the road comes a wholesale drug truck. Driver was so busy watchin' me, he lost control o' the truck, hit the bridge approach, run the thing off the bridge right into the pool! Quick's a flash all the water run into the truck, dryin' up the pool and I walked over and picked that big trout right out of the mud!

UPP: MY GOODNESS, MR. MCGEE..THAT'S ASTOUNDING. BUT WHY SHOULD THE WATER ALL RUN INTO THE TRUCK?

FIB: He was haulin' a load o' sponges.

MOL: And speaking of sponges, Abigail, we'll be very glad to come to dinner.

UPP: Oh splendid. SPLENDID.

FIB: WAIT A MINUTE..WE'LL COME ON ONE CONDITION, UPPY.

UPP: What is that, Mr. McGee?

FIB: As air raid warden around here, I had complaints about you. You gotta promise to get some heavy curtains or something and black out your house.

UPP: Veddy well, Mr. McGee...I shall naturally do anything to co-operate, although I consider the whole thing veddy, veddy silly.

MOL: NOW NOW NOW...ABIGAIL. THAT'S NOT THE RIGHT ATTITUDE! WHAT'S SILLY ABOUT COVERING YOUR WINDOWS?

UPP: (LAUGHS) Oh Mrs. McGee...you are so naive, reahhly!
(LAUGHS) DON'T YOU REALIZE, MY DEAH, THAT IF THE JAPANESE
OR THE GERMANS SHOULD COME TO WISTFUL VISTA, THEY WILL BE
FAR, FAR TOO BUSY TO GO ABOUT PEEPING INTO PEOPLE'S WINDOWS?
Well, don't forget tomorrow night!

DOOR SLAM

ORK: PERFIDIA

APPLAUSE

SCENE OPEN
SECOND SPOT

On, good day, Mayor La Trivia. Come right in.

SOUND: SAWING WOOD....CLATTER OF LUMBER:

FIB: THERE WE ARE, Molly! I got two legs all sawed off. Both the same length, too.

MOL: Oh, wonderful. But I'd prefer a footstool with FOUR legs. I don't want to have to learn to ride it - like a bicycle.

FIB: Aw, don't kid me. I'M gonna make two more. You talk like I was a amateur at this stuff

SOUND: (SAWING)

MOL: You'll have to hurry, McGee. I have the needlepoint cover almost finished for the footstool. Look...isn't it pretty?

FIB: Yeah...beautiful. What kinda purple flowers are those?

MOL: Ransibeulahs.

FIB: Ransibeulahs! Never heard of 'em!

MOL: Of course you haven't, I made 'em up. I thought that roses were so ordinary that I might as well have --

DOOR BELL:

FIB: I'm sorry, Mrs. McGee, but to be frank -- TO BE FRANK WE AIN'T GOOD ENOUGH TO MEET YOUR WIFE, IS THAT IT? WHY IF YOU AIN'T THE PROCK-UPPERT, SNOOLISHEST, --

MOL: MUMBLE

FIB: MUMBLE

MOL: Maybe Mayor La Trivia has some good reason he doesn't want to bring his wife.

FIB: I have. A very good reason. You see --

FIB: THERE CAN'T BE ANY GOOD REASON FOR THAT. LA TRIVIA'S JUST HIGH HAT, THAT'S ALL! WHY THE --

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN

MOL: Oh, good day, Mayor La Trivia. Come right in.

FIB: Hiyah, La Triv. Just the guy I wanted to see.

GALE: You wished to see me, McGee.

MOL: Yes, I think he wants to apologize, Mr. Mayor.

B: I do, La Trivia. I wanna apologize for thinkin' you were a crook last week. I'M sorry.

GALE: Why, that's quite all right, McGee. I'll admit the appearances were against me. I accept your apology.

MOL: Thank you, Mr. Mayor. And just to show there are no hard feelings, why don't you come to dinner tomorrow night.

FIB: HEY, MOLLY....WE'RE GOIN' TO UPPY'S TOMORROW NIGHT.

MOL: How about Thursday night, Mr. Mayor?

GALE: Splendid, Mrs. McGee. Thank you very much.

FIB: And bring your wife, La Trivia.

GALE: N-no-o....I don't think -

MOL: OH COME ON....BRING HER!

GALE: I'M sorry, Mrs. McGee, but to be frank -

FIB: TO BE FRANK WE AIN'T GOOD ENOUGH TO MEET YOUR WIFE, IS THAT IT? WHY IF YOU AIN'T THE STUCK-UPPEST, SNOBISHEST, --

MOL: MCGEE!

FIB: Eh?

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FIB: COME IN! A MINUTE, WELP! IF YOU CAN RESTRAIN YOUR

DOOR OPEN OPPORTUNITY FOR A BRIEF INTERVIEW --

MOL: Oh, good day, Mayor La Trivia. Come right in. WHATURA MEAN?

FIB: Hiyah, La Triv. Just the guy I wanted to see. TRIVIA...

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GALE: N-n6-0....I don't think - Why can't you bring your wife,

MOL: OH COME ON....BRING HER!

GALE: I'M sorry, Mrs. McGee, but to be frank -

FIB: TO BE FRANK WE AIN'T GOOD ENOUGH TO MEET YOUR WIFE, IS THAT IT? WHY IF YOU AIN'T THE STUCK-UPPEST, SNOBISHEST, --

MOL: MCGEE! DRIPPING HET! I'LL SEE YOU FOR DINNER TOMORROW

FIB: Eh?

MOL: Maybe Mayor La Trivia has some good reason he doesn't want to bring his wife. Know he wasn't married? Gee, that was a

GALE: I have. A very good reason. You see -

FIB: THERE CAN'T BE ANY GOOD REASON FOR THAT. LA TRIVIA'S JUST HIGH HAT, THAT'S ALL! WHY THE -

GALE: NOW JUST A MINUTE, MCGEE! IF YOU CAN RESTRAIN YOUR IMPETUOSITY FOR A BRIEF INTERVAL --

FIB: AND NEVER MIND THE BIG WORDS, EITHER. I KNOW WHATCHA MEAN. YOU AIN'T FOOLING ME WITH THEM JAWBREAKERS, LA TRIVIA....

MOL: McGee, he only said -

FIB: I KNOW WHAT HE SAID, MOLLY. AND I DON'T TAKE THAT FROM ANYBODY.

GALE: MCGEE, I MERELY ATTEMPTED TO INTERPOLATE A FEW WORDS TO INDICATE THAT YOU WERE IRRETRIEVABLY, YES, EVEN INCONGRUOUSLY, IN ERROR IF YOU

FIB: THAT'S ENOUGH, LA TRIVIA. TAKE OFF YOUR COAT.

MOL: OH NOW, NOW, NOW...STOP THIS, MCGEE...You're just excited.

FIB: I'M sure Mayor La Trivia can explain himself.

GALE: To McGee, I wouldn't consider it necessary, Mrs. McGee. But to you, yes.

FIB: Yeah! Well, it better be good, bud...that's all I gotta say.

MOL: MCGEE, LET THE MAYOR TALK. Why can't you bring your wife, Mr. Mayor?

FIB: YEAH...WHY?

GALE: (SHOUTS) WELL, IF YOU THINK I'M GOING OUT AND GET MARRIED, JUST SO I CAN BRING A WIFE TO YOUR FAMILY CLAMBAKE, MCGEE, YOU ARE DRIPPING WET! I'LL SEE YOU FOR DINNER THURSDAY!"

DOOR SLAM

MOL: Now, aren't you ashamed, McGee!

FIB: Well, how did I know he wasn't married? Gee, that was a natural mistake.

MOL: I thought he was married myself. Heavenly days, McGee, if you could get a lovely girl like me, certainly HE ought to be able to find one.

FIB: Well, I suppose that's the difference between HAVIN' a character and bein' one. Now, what was I doin' before...oh... yes...

SOUND: CLATTER OF LUMBER...SAWING:

MOL: Now don't get sawdust all over my rugs, McGee.

FIB: Don't worry...I got newspapers spread around, haven't I? Only amateurs make a mess of this stuff. And I'M a expert.

MOL: So you've told me. You certainly talk a wonderful little footstool!

FIB: I build one, too! Why I remember one time - hey, where's the saw?

MOL: In your hand.

FIB: Oh yeah...

SOUND: SAWING

FIB: (OVER SAWING) (WORDS ARE UNINTELLIGIBLE) I REMEMBER ONE TIME.. DOWN IN THE...FELLA TOLD ME...OUT OF FRESH SPRUCE...SO I... LUMBER MILL...SEVENTY FEET OF...SURPRISED TO SEE THAT...MOST BEAUTIFUL LITTLE...EVER SAW.

SAWING OUT:

FIB: - and to this day, they don't know how I did it!

MOL: Neither do I. And furthermore --

DOOR OPEN

WIL: Hello, folks...what are you doing?

MOL: Oh hello, Mr. Wilcox. McGee's making me a footstool,--
WIL: Well, why shouldn't I?
he says.

FIB: Gonna be a honey, too, Harlow. I love workin' with wood.

WIL: So do I.

MOL: Oh, are you a carpenter too, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: N-no, I wouldn't say that, Molly. I don't think I could stand it.

FIB: Stand what?

WIL: Oh, sawing wood...pounding nails into it...cutting it to pieces, scratching it all up. It'd break my heart. You know why?

MOL: No, why?

FIB: Don't go away, folks. Our Mr. Wilcox feels very deeply about certain things, and we don't like to discourage the enthusiasts of a growing boy. Makes 'em sensitive. WHY DON'T YOU LIKE TO DO CARPENTERING, SONNY?

WIL: Well, I guess I've spent too many years ~~trying to~~ sell people on the idea of protecting and beautifying wood surfaces, Fibber. You know...with Johnson's Wax...bringing out the natural lustre and charm of furniture and floors...~~trying to~~ show people how they can PROTECT their wood...not deface it.

MOL: I understand perfectly, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: Sure you do, Molly.. ANY housewife understands. THEY know that with Johnson's Wax, their woodwork and furniture and floors are practically everlasting...to say nothing of ever-beautiful. Just like Johnson's Self-Polishing Glocat preserves and protects linoleum against dirt and wear. And there's never been a time when it was more IMPORTANT to take better care of our possessions and make them last longer!

FIB: See what I mean, folks? HE MEANS IT!

WIL: Well, why shouldn't I?

FIB: Oh, you should...you should! But is it really true that you wrote your Congressman and told him to start a movement to have the Capitol of the United States moved to Racine, Wisconsin?

WIL: Aw, that was just a suggestion. But look...what I came over for was to ask about Lillian.

MOL: Oh, our horse? Oh, she's just fine, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: That's good! I brought her a little gift.

FIB: Hey look, Molly. Four horseshoes made outta felt!

WIL: Yes...just something for Lillian to wear, lounging around in the garage. Those open-heeled iron shoes of hers must get pretty tiring on that cement floor. Just tell her they're from Uncle Harlow. So long now.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Wasn't that a sweet thought, McGee? Bedroom slippers for Lillian!

FIB: Yeah...now all she needs is a smokin' blanket and a subscription to Town and Country. Oh well...

SOUND: SAWING...CLATTER OF WOOD...SAWING

MOL: How you doing, McGee?

FIB: Swell! Got the legs all made. All I gotta do is - HEY WHERE YOU GOIN'?

MOL: (FADE OUT) I've got to go upstairs and get some more yarn for my needlepoint, McGee. I'll be back before you can say OH THESE LEGS ARE TOO SHORT!

FIB: (TO HIMSELF) They are not too short! They're perfect. If Betty Grable was a footstool and had legs like these, I'll bet she --

DOOR OPEN: That isn't a ice pick, sis. That's a awl.

TEE: Hiyah, mister.

FIB: Oh hello little girl. Don't bother me now. I'm busy.

TEE: Busy doin' what, mister? HmMMM? Whatcha doin'?

FIB: Whatcha? Just a awl. That's what they call it.

FIB: Well, sis, at the moment, I'm on the verge of mergin' this virgin timber into a footstool. So beat it, will you? You distract me.

TEE: Can I use your phone, mister? HmMMM? Can I, please?

FIB: You better not, sis ... I'M too busy...

TEE: Well, gee, mister I -

FIB: QUIET, SIS! QUIET! I'M tryin' to think...now lessee...

CLATTER OF TOOLS:

TEE: (PAUSE) Hey, mister.

FIB: Eh?

TEE: Why does wood have knot-holes in it? HmMMM? Why does it?

FIB: I dunno. Now lemme see...if I take off half an inch here...

TEE: Why does all wood have those funny marks in it, mister?

FIB: I dunno, sis. (MUTTERS) Make a little dowel for here and it

oughta fit into the - you wanna do. What do you wanna do?

TEE: HEY mister...why does wood smell so good when you saw it?

FIB: Hmm? Why does it? ...But make it snappy.

FIB: I DUNNO (CLICK) HELLO...POLICE DEPARTMENT PLEASE.

TEE: You don't mind if I ask questions, do you, mister?

FIB: Of course not. How else can you learn anything?

TEE: Now can I use your telephone, mister? Gee, it will only

take a minute and -

FIB: NO, NO, NO, NO! TAKE IT EASY, SIS. Relax.

TEE: Alll righty. Hey mister what's the ice pick for?

FIB: That isn't a ice pick, sis. That's a awl.

TEE: Hmmm? mind. They ain't interested in your awl probably anyway.

FIB: It's a awl. bein' turtle-snapped.

TEE: It's a awl of what? is was important.

FIB: That's all. Just a awl. That's what they call it...a awl.

TEE: You mean that's what they all call it?

FIB: Sure. when I came past Uncle Fibber's house. I saw some

TEE: But what is it? spare tire off his car out in front.

FIB: I JUST TOLD YOU....IT'S A AWL!

TEE: Okay. Hey, mister.

FIB: Eh?

TEE: Can I use your phone? Hmmm? Can I? Hmmm?

FIB: MAY I.

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I SAID MAY I.

TEE: Why not? It's your phone.

FIB: I know...but you shouldn't say CAN I do this or that, sis.
You should say MAY I.

TEE: May I what?

FIB: Well, whatever it is you wanna do. What do YOU wanna do?

TEE: I wanna use your phone. Can I?

FIB: Okay, okay...go ahead...But make it snappy.

TEE: Okay. (CLICK) HELLO....POLICE DEPARTMENT PLEASE.

FIB: You know somebody in the police department, sis?

TEE: No.

FIB: Then you haven't got any business botherin' 'em.

SOUND: CLICK:

TEE: Okay, mister. I just wanted to tell 'em --

FIB: You did, eh? (LAUGHS) Well, that's very interes-
 Never mind. They ain't interested in your cat running away,
 SWIPIN' MY SPARE TIRE? GET BACK ON THAT PHONE, SIS!! CALL
 or your tortoise bein' turtle-snapped.

TEE: But gee, mister, this was important.

FIB: What's important? Come on, tell Uncle Fibber all about
 it.

TEE: Well, when I came past Uncle Fibber's house, I saw some
 men taking the spare tire off his car out in front.

FIB: You did, eh? (LAUGHS) Well, that's very interes- WHAT?
 SWIPIN' MY SPARE TIRE? GET BACK ON THAT PHONE, SIS!! CALL
 THE POLICE...DON'T JUST STAND THERE AND - FADE INTO:

ORCH: "ARMY AIR CORPS MARCH" KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE

DOOR BELL

TEE: COME IN.

DOOR OPENS

FIB: PACKAGE FOR MR. WIMPLE. Sign here, please.

TEE: All right...and thank you very much.

FIB: Let's see, lady. Under circumstances we've had, and I was
 the customer and you was the deliverer, I'm sure you
 would be glad to be of service too. That's the way I feel
 about it, child(er)lest.

TEE: Good for you, Dad. And for your cheerfulness and all...
 Here's a nickel for...

FIB: Under, it's not a nickel so you can't even depend on phil...

DOOR SLAM

FIB: What's in the package, Sally? More yarn for your needlework?

TEE: No, I just thought that...

DOOR OPENS

FIB: Ah, for the... I... COME IN!

DOOR OPENS

FIB: Hello, folks!

TEE: Oh, hello, Mr. Wimple.

THIRD SPOT

(2ND REVISION) -21-

SOUND: HAMMERING...THUDS...CLATTER OF TOOLS

FIB: Well, there she is, Molly! There's your footstool...all done.

MOL: Good for you, McGee...and a handsome job, too! Thank you very much.

FIB: Aw, it was nothin' that any red-blooded American boy couldn't of done! All it needs now is a coat of shellac and some Johnson's Wax and you'd never know it from the advertisement. Why, when I put my --

DOORBELL On, an old handanna handkerchief she crams in my mouth at times.
MOL: COME IN.

DOOR OPEN You shouldn't let her do all those things to you, Mr. Wimple. ASSERT YOURSELF. Be a CAVEMAN.

MOL: All right...and thank you very much.

MAN: Dat's okay, lady. If circumstances was reversed, and I was de customer and youse was de delivery man, I'm sure youse would be glad to be of solvice too. Dat's de way I feel about it, philosoppical.

FIB: Good for you, bud. And for your cheerfulness and all... here's a nickel for you.

MAN: Chee!...It's gettin' so youse can't even depend on philosoppy!

DOOR SLAM

FIB: What's in the package, Molly? More yarn for your needlepoint?

MOL: No, I just thought that --

DOORBELL

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

DOOR OPEN:

WIMP: Hello, folks!

MOL: Oh, hello, Mr. Wimple.

(2ND REVISION) -22-

FIB: Hiyah, Wimp. Glad you dropped in. You look kinda troubled.

MOL: Yes, what's the matter?

WIMP: Oh, Sweetiface and I had words, Mrs. McGee.

FIB: Words, eh?

WIMP: Yes, we had words, only I didn't get a chance to use mine.

MOL: What was the argument?

WIMP: Well, it all started as a gag, you might say, Mrs. McGee.

FIB: What was the gag, Wimp?

WIMP: Oh, an old handanna handkerchief she crams in my mouth at times.

MOL: You shouldn't let her do all those things to you, Mr. Wimple. ASSERT YOURSELF. Be a CAVEMAN.

WIMP: Oh, I tried that too, Mrs. McGee. I tried being a caveman for a whole week, once.

FIB: What happened, Wimp?

WIMP: Oh, Sweetiface crawled in the cave after me and dragged me home.

MOL: Was she angry?

WIMP: OH WAS SHE ANGRY! FIRST SHE BLOOMED UP AT ME, THEN SHE AND THEN IT BENT A WINDOW...LIKE THAT...

GLASS CRASH

FIB: HEY WAIT A MINUTE WIMPLE, HE DIDN'T BLOOM --

WIMP: AND THEN SHE THREW A LAMP ON THE FLOOR...THAT'S THAT...

SOUND: CLATTER AND CRASH

MOL: PLEASE, MR. WIMPLE! DON'T --

WIMP: AND THEN SHE REALLY FLEW INTO A RAGE AND THREW BY A LIGHT FOOTSTOOL LIKE THIS AND LITERALLY TORE IT APART.

SOUND: CRACKLE OF WOOD

DL: Well, some day it will all change, Mr. Wimple, and you'll make her respect you.

IMP: I really hope so, Mrs. McGee. Sometimes I think I just can't stand it any longer..like yesterday, for instance. I really gave vent to my feelings then!

EB: You did, really?

IMP: Oh indeed I did. I was really in a rage. I said LOOK HERE, SWEETFACE, I SAID..I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS TREATMENT. FROM NOW ON I'M GOING TO BE THE BOSS AROUND HERE, I SAID. STARTING TODAY, I'LL GIVE THE ORDERS AROUND HERE!

DL: Heavenly days...and then what?

IMP: Then I dialed our number, but fortunately, she wasn't at home.

EB: Some night you'll say that stuff in your sleep, Wimp, and then you WILL be in a pickle!

IMP: Oh I know, Mr. McGee...I've had that experience too. I told Sweetface exactly what I thought once, while I was sleeping on the davenport.

DL: Was she angry?

IMP: OH WAS SHE ANGRY! FIRST SHE PICKED UP A BOOK..LIKE THIS.. AND THREW IT THRU A WINDOW..LIKE THIS..

GLASS CRASH

EB: HEY WAIT A MINUTE WIMPLE. WE DIDN'T MEAN -

IMP: AND THEN SHE THREW A LAMP ON THE FLOOR...LIKE THIS...

SOUND: CLATTER AND CRASH

DL: PLEASE, MR. WIMPLE! DON'T -

IMP: AND THEN SHE REALLY FLEW INTO A RAGE AND PICKED UP A LITTLE FOOTSTOOL LIKE THIS AND LITERALLY TORE IT APART.

SOUND: CRACKLE OF WOOD

FIB: HEY, I JUST MADE THAT FOOTSTOOL, WIMPLE....DON'T DO THAT WITH --

SOUND: SPLINTERING CRASH - CLATTER OF PIECES

WIMP: Can you imagine such a woman, folks? Oh, I'M JUST SO discouraged! I'm going right out and shoot myself...a game of pool!

DOOR SLAM

FIB: HE'S DISCOURAGED!

MOL: Yes....look at that broken window...look at that floor lamp!

FIB: DON'T LOOK AT THOSE...LOOK AT MY NEW FOOTSTOOL! SMASHED TO

SMITHEREENS! Now I'll have to start all over.

MOL: No you won't, dearie.

FIB: Eh?

MOL: Here's the one I ordered from the Bon Ton. That's the package that just came.

FIB: WHAT? YOU KNEW I WAS GONNA MAKE ONE AND YOU STILL ORDERED THE ONE FROM THE BON TON! DID YOU KNOW THIS WAS GONNA HAPPEN? CAN YOU SEE INTO THE FUTURE?

MOL: No, but I can remember the past!

FIB: Oh pshaw!

ORCH: "SOME OF YOUR SWEETNESS" - FADE FOR

ORCHESTRA: (SWELL MUSIC...FADE IN)

McGee... why don't you settle down. You're so restless you
make me nervous. CLOSING COMMERCIAL

Aw, I can't help it, Molly. I wanna DO something about this

ANNCR: The other evening I walked all thru my house, looking
things over carefully, to see which ones would be difficult
to replace. When I got to the kitchen I, of course,
noticed the stove, refrigerator and other items made with
metals....and then all of a sudden I realized that our
linoleum is made of ingredients that aren't easy to get.

I'm glad we have JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO-COAT in our
house, so we can protect that linoleum and make it last.

Linoleum which is protected with GLO-COAT regularly will
last at least 5 to 10 times longer than if it's unprotected.

GLO-COAT has other primary advantages besides protection:...
it saves work, because it is Self Polishing, needs no
rubbing or buffing. And it makes kitchen floors beautiful,
keeps the colors bright.

If I were you, I would protect my floors from now on with
JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO-COAT.

(SIGNOFF)

ORCHESTRA: (SWELL MUSIC....FADE ON CUE)

TAG GAG

MOL: McGee... why don't you settle down. You're so restless you
make me nervous.

FIB: Aw, I can't help it, Molly. I wanna DO something about this
war. I wanna get in and help.

MOL: Well, my goodness, you've been buying Defense Bonds for all
you're worth.

FIB: Yeah, but that's no sacrifice...that's just a darned good
investment. I wanna really get in there and pitch! I wanna
FIGHT!

MOL: You're a little over-age for it, dearie. I'm afraid you'll
have to be one of the men behind the men behind the guns.

FIB: Oh, I ain't so old. I'd make a wonderful Captain of
Artillery.

MOL: No. You just stay on the radio and be a Colonel -- of Corn?

FIB: Hmmm. Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all!

ORCH: UP TO FINISH

(APPLAUSE)

(SIGNOFF)

CLOSING TAG COMMERCIAL
(TO BE DONE FROM A QUIET STUDIO)
CLOSING TAG

WOLLY:
(CUE)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.

CLOSING TAG COMMERCIAL
(TO BE DONE FROM A QUIET STUDIO)

ANNOUNCER: Ladies and gentlemen, you have enjoyed an evening of
entertainment in our program and now it is time to say goodnight.

WILCOX: In that program for taking better care of your
automobile, don't forget the finish. If you want your
car to be good-looking two years from now, clean and
polish it occasionally now with Johnson's Carnu....that
remarkable labor saver that both cleans and polishes in
one application....two jobs at once, in quick time.

NARRATOR: Carnu will keep your car new-looking with a minimum of
work, and at low cost. And you'll enjoy driving ever so
much more. Ask your dealer for Johnson's Carnu....spelled

NARRATOR: C A R N U.

ANNOUNCER: It's time to say goodnight to our program.
New machines during our time.

ANNOUNCER: THE SOLDIER WITHOUT A GUN IS A DEAD SOLDIER.
The pilot without a plane is a dead pilot.
The sailor without a ship is a waterlogged sailor.

ANNOUNCER: THIS PROGRAM IS ABOUT OUR WAR AT SEA - THE SUBMARINE,
THE AIRPLANE AND THE SHIP.