

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.
Writers: Don Quinn
Bill Danch

(REVISED)

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

ORCH: THEME

WIL: The makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's self-polishing
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

Glo-coat present Fibber McGee & Molly...written by

Don Quinn, with songs by the King's Men, and music by

Billy Mills' orchestra.

Tuesday - 3/31/42
6:30-7:00P

ORCH: "THERE'S A GREAT DAY COMING" (etc.)

FADE FOR:

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.

(REVISED)

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

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

ORCH: THEME There's a thirsty palm tree way down in Brazil got to

WIL: The makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's self-polishing
Glo-coat present Fibber McGee & Molly...written by
Don Quinn, with songs by the King's Men, and music by
Billy Mills' orchestra.

The show opens with: "There's a Great Day Coming, Manana".

ORCH: "THERE'S A GREAT DAY COMING" (etc.)

(FADE FOR:)

you protect your things with a coat of JOHNSON'S WAX, you
are really demonstrating the good neighbor policy between
this country and our South American neighbor, Brazil.
The true secret of JOHNSON'S WAX is the natural substance
of COKNAUBA with other waxes to produce a wax coating that
provides both protection and beauty. Right now especially,
you'll want to take good care of the things you have...and
the easy way to do this is with genuine JOHNSON'S WAX,
which is now available in paste, liquid or cream form.

ORCHESTRA: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH

(APPLAUSE)

SK

DISHWASHING. OPENING COMMERCIAL

CR: What has a thirsty palm tree way down in Brazil got to do with your floors?

Well, you'll have the answer to that question if you'll read an interesting two-page advertisement in this week's issue of Life Magazine. That palm tree in Brazil is called the CARNAUBA PALM...and it's the source of CARNAUBA WAX, one of the main ingredients in the JOHNSON'S WAX you use on your floors, furniture and woodwork. So every time you protect your things with a coat of JOHNSON'S WAX, you are really demonstrating the good neighbor policy between this country and our South American ally, Brazil.

The true secret of JOHNSON'S WAX is the skillful blending of CARNAUBA with other waxes to produce a wax coating that provides both protection and beauty. Right now especially, you'll want to take good care of the things you have...and the easy way to do this is with genuine JOHNSON'S WAX, which is now available in paste, liquid or cream form.

ORCHESTRA: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH

(APPLAUSE)

WIL: AFTER DINNER TONIGHT WHILE MOLLY WAS STARTING HER DISHWASHING, FIBBER SUDDENLY THREW DOWN HIS MAGAZINE AND DASHED OUT OF THE HOUSE. WHY? WELL, WE REFER YOU TO - FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

(APPLAUSE)

SOUND: (DISHWASHING EFFECT)

MOL: I wonder what got into McGee all of a sudden. Oh well --

SOUND: (DISHWASHING EFFECT)

MOL: (SINGS) McGee, never helps me wash the dirty dishes, - McGee, -

SOUND: (FOOTSTEPS OFF MIKE FAST) (DOOR OPEN AND SLAM)

FIB: Okay, Molly - one side there! I'm takin' over the dishwashing tonight. Gimme that apron.

MOL: McGee, what on earth -

FIB: COME ON COME ON COME ON!!! THIS IS IMPORTANT...OPEN THIS PACKAGE OF SOAP, ...WHILE I ROLL UP MY SLEEVES?? THEN YOU GO SIT DOWN AND KNIT A NATTY LITTLE NIGHTIE FOR SOME NIPPER IN THE NAVY WHILE I WASH THESE DISHES AND -

MOL: MCGEE!!

FIB: Eh?

MOL: Calm down!!!

FIB: Okay...I'M calm. I'm 'as ouke as a coolcumber. I mean -

MOL: Take off your hat!

FIB: Oh...scuse me. But come on, come on! I gotta -

MOL: STOP SKIPPING AROUND WHILE I'M TALKING TO YOU, FOR GOODNESS! SAKES! You're as jumpy as a jeep. Now then...tell me what this is all about.

FIB: Okay! See this package of soap?

FIB: THIS IS LATHERINO! THE SOAP THAT'S GONNA BE WORTH FIVE THOUSAND BUCKS A YEAR TO YOU AND ME!

MOL: You don't say! What do we do with it - wash the Rockefeller Foundation?

FIB: Maybe I better start at the beginning.

MOL: Now we're getting someplace, and I don't think I'm gonna like it when we get there.

FIB: OH YES YOU WILL, BABY! Look, I'M entering a contest -

MOL: OHHHHHHHHHHH....

FIB: Now don't start ohhh-ing till you hear what I gotta say.

MOL: All right. If it's worth five thousand dollars to us I'll stop owing everybody.

FIB: I'll say ^{you will} ~~we won't~~. The LATHERINO company is offering a first prize of 5,000 bucks a year for life, to the one who tells, --

MOL: In 25 words or less...

FIB: In 25 words or....HOW'D YOU KNOW?

MOL: This is the 97th contest you've entered, Dearie. And any similarity between this one and the other 96 is purely. So go ahead.

FIB: I just gotta tell, in 25 words or less, quote, WHY I LIKE TO WASH MY DISHES IN LATHERINO unquote. Come on gimme that apron.

MOL: All right. Here you are, and you're so sweet to wash the dishes for me.

FIB: If you think I'm sweet now, you wait till I got five grand a year to spend on you. Why I'm gonna buy you the most expensive Irish setter in the country.

MOL: IRISH SETTER! I got some beauties this year...purple

FIB: I've always wanted a good Irish Setter. Haven't you?

MOL: Yes - I love 'em so much I married one. All right, McGee... get busy.

FIB: Okay...first I pour in a handful of soap - thin' salt, bent

MOL: RUN SOME MORE HOT WATER IN THE SINK, MCGEE... I was blue in

SOUND: WATER RUNNING...CLATTER OF DISHES...SWISH OF WATER:

FIB: Boy, looka that suds! Sayyy, this is kinda fun!

RATTLE OF DISHES

MOL: Try doing it three times a day for twenty or 30 years, dearie..and the only thing that'll look rosy to you will be your knuckles.

CLATTER OF DISHES...SPLASH OF WATER

FIB: Now lemme see...I LIKE TO WASH MY DISHES IN LATHERINO BECAUSE -

MOL: Because it may bring you five thousand dollars.

FIB: I'm serious, Molly. I'm really tryin' to think of a good reason why I like to wash my dishes in Latherino.

MOL: Well, good luck, pet. I've never found a good reason why I like to wash dishes. Besides, it's a --

DOOR KNOCK:

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN

OLD M: Hello there, girls. I just - oh excuse me, Johnny. The apron fooled me. You kids wanna buy any Easter Eggs?

MOL: No thank you, Mister Old Timer. I don't believe we want any.

OLD M: Aw come on, kids...I got some beauties this year...purple ones, pink ones, striped ones, polka dotted ones, ones with pitchers on 'em -

MOL: Did you dye them yourself, Mr. Old Timer?

OLD M: Sure did, daughter. Stripped down to my bathin' suit, went out into the back yard and colored eggs till I was blue in the face, green on the knees and purple on the feet.

FIB: I imagine purple feet look good on you, Old Timer.

OLD M: I didn't think so, Johnny. So you know what I done after that?

MOL: What'd you do?

OLD M: I dyed with my boots on. Heh heh heh.

FIB: (LAUGHS) Yes, you'll be puttin' your foot in it up to the last, I guess. (LAUGHS)

OLD M: (LAUGHS HEARTILY) Heh heh heh...THAT'S PRETTY GOOD, JOHNNY, BUT THAT AIN'T THE WAY I HEEERED IT.

MOL: Wonderful world!Or is it?

OLD M: THE WAY I HEEERED IT, ONE FELLER SAYS TO TOTHER FELLER.... "SAYYYYYY", he says, "WHAT DOES MAHATMA GHANDI WANT ENGLAND TO DO FOR HIS COUNTRY ANYWAY?" "THAT'S EASY," says tother feller, "HE WANTS 'EM TO GIVE IT BACK TO THE INDIANS!" Heh heh heh...Well, see you later, kids. (FADE) Sorry you don't want any Easter Eggs because -

FIB: HEY THAT'S THE WRONG DOOR! OLD TIMER!

MOL: THE OTHER WAY! THAT'S THE CLOSET DOOR THAT --

DOOR LATCH: TERRIFIC AVALANCHE OF JUNK WITH BELL TINKLE:

(PAUSE)

OLD M: (PLAINTIVELY) Ain't you kids EVER gonna straighten out that gosh darn museum?

ORK: "MILITARY MEDLEY" - FADE FOR

(REVISED)

- 9-A

SECOND SPOT

SOUND: SWASH OF WATER AND RATTLE OF DISHES: CONTINUE THROUGHOUT

WIL: (OVER MILITARY MEDLEY)

MOL: Ladies and Gentlemen....TAKE A LETTER!

TAKE THE LETTER H.

FIB: Yes and I STILL don't know why I like Latherino. Though it really does get the dishes clean, don't it?

MOL: You could get them just as clean with a handful of grass if you washed them three times. I could...MOGEE BE CAREFUL!

AND "H" IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN SELLING OUT AND SHELLING OUT.

SO GET 'IN THERE TODAY AND SEE-HOW MUCH MORE YOU CAN INVEST IN UNITED STATES BONDS AND WAR STAMPS!

FIB: WOOP!

MOL: WE'RE ALL IN THIS WAR...

AND IT'S UP TO US TO PROTECT AND PRESERVE FOR OUR CHILDREN'S CHILDREN WHAT OUR FATHERS' FATHERS GAVE US IN THE BILL OF RIGHTS.

FIB: AND YOU LISTENERS IN CANADA...KEEP ON BUYING THOSE WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES! THANK YOU.

MOL: Because the movie was Blossoms in the Dust and I cried all over my blue dress and the color ran and the dress cost me 22 dollars. The tickets were 50 cents.

FIB: Yes and they should only of been 25. They advertised that men in uniform could get in free. Boy, was I sore!

MOL: You might have known that your old Pecria High School baseball uniform wouldn't count. You really embarrassed me that night.

FIB: I embarrassed YOU. (LAUGHS) I forgot those baseball shoes had spikes on 'em and when the guy in front of us started yipping, I thought

DOORBELL

(REVISED)

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SECOND SPOT

SOUND: SWASH OF WATER AND RATTLE OF DISHES: CONTINUE THROUGHOUT

MOL: McGee, aren't you getting tired? This is the THIRD time you've washed these dishes.

FIB: Yes and I STILL don't know why I like Latherino. Though it really does get the dishes clean, don't it?

MOL: You could get them just as clean with a handful of grass if you washed them three times. I could...MOGEE BE CAREFUL!

BATTLE OF DISHES...CRASH OF PLATTER:

FIB: WOOP!

MOL: Oh, McGee...that's four dishes you've broken! And that was one of my best platters. It cost me twenty-two dollars and fifty cents.

FIB: Go on! You got that dish at the movies one night.

MOL: I know it.

FIB: Then how could it cost you 22.50?

MOL: Because the movie was Blossoms in the Dust and I cried all over my blue dress and the color ran and the dress cost me 22 dollars. The tickets were 50 cents.

FIB: Yes and they should only of been 25. They advertised that men in uniform could get in free. Boy, was I sore!

MOL: You might have known that your old Pecria High School baseball uniform wouldn't count. You really embarrassed me that night.

FIB: I embarrassed YOU. (LAUGHS) I forgot those baseball shoes had spikes on 'em and when the guy in front of us started yipping, I thought

DOORBELL

MOL: I'll go see who that is, McGee...now be careful with those dishes.

SOUND: RATTLE OF DISHES AND SPLASHING:

FIB: (TO HIMSELF) Now, lemme see ... "I LIKE LATHERINO SOAP FOR WASHING DISHES BECAUSE"...because...er...now WHY do I like Latherino? (RATTLE OF DISHES) Because the skin on my hands retains its natural loveliness...naw, that's no good. I like Latherino because...er...~~it makes such pretty bubbles that...nope...no good. Because Latherino has a swell smell...~~ HEY, NOW I'M GETTIN' IT! Latherino... ..

MOL: (FADE IN) Oh, McGee...here's Mrs. Uppington!

UPP: How do you do, Mr. McGee!

FIB: Ahhhhh, Jeannie with the Light Brown Station Wagon! Hiyah Uppy! Curl up on the kitchen cabinet near the sugar, sugar.

UPP: (LAUGHS) Oh thank you, Mr. McGee...your hospitality is only exceeded by your charming appearance in that apron. But if you don't mind my mentioning it -- your trousers are showing.

MOL: Doesn't he look ducky, otherwise, Abigail?

UPP: Simply ravishing, my deah. And who is doing his hair these days....if anyone?

MOL: He does it himself...with an egg beater, I think. BUT...he's so busy with his dishwashing and housework that -

FIB: All right, break it up girls,...BREAK IT UP! I'M doin' this so's I can enter a contest, Uppy. WHY I LIKE TO WASH MY WORDS IN LATHERINO in 25 dishes or less.

~~UPP: I think I understand, Mr. McGee. And I consider you veddy conscientious to conduct the necessary research personally.~~

FIB & MOL: PROTEST LIKE HELL!

~~SOUND: SWASH OF WATER AND RATTLE OF DISHES: CONTINUE THROUGHOUT~~

~~MOL: McGee, aren't you getting tired? This is the THIRD time you've washed these dishes.~~

~~FIB: Yes and I STILL don't know why I like Latherino. Though it really does get the dishes clean, don't it?~~

~~MOL: You could get them just as clean with a handful of grass if you washed them three times...I could ...~~

DOORBELL

UPP: Oh. These contests are SO enthralling, my dear. Such a challenge to one's ingenuity.

FIB: Oh, I got ingenuity all right, but why shouldn't I? I'M part Injun.

(RATTLE OF FISHES)

MOL: Careful with those teacups, McGee!

UPP: Why, I think he is being extremely careful, my dear. But I'm afraid his apron is coming loose...here...let me tie the boy in the back a bit tightah, so -

FIB: HEY, NOT SO TIGHT! YOU'RE CHOKIN' ME! HEY!!! ~~QUIT!!!~~

SOUND: TERRIFIC CRASH OF DISHES ...PAUSE

UPP: Oh. Oh, I'm SO soddy.

MOL: That's all right, Abigail. They were just a lot of old dishes anyway.

FIB: I'll say they were. Some of 'em been in Molly's family for a hundred years...we were gettin' pretty tired of 'em.

MOL: Oh, well, when a dish gets to be a hundred years old, THROW IT AWAY, I always say!

UPP: Oh, good heavens...I feel simply horrible about this, reahhly. You MUST allow me to reimburse you for the damage.

FIB & MOL: PROTEST LIKE HELL:

UPP: Now, now, NO PROTESTS!!! I CAN WELL AFFORD IT, YOU KNOW...
I shall leave some money on the table in the living room as
I leave...NOW DON'T GO WITH ME...I know the way, and I have
been (FADE) embarrassed enough...Goodbye. (FOOTSTEPS FADE
OUT)

(PAUSE)

(DOOR SLAM - OFF MIKE) - RUSH OF FEET...

MOL: Out of my way, McGee!

FIB: Oh boy! Where'd she leave it...maybe there'll be enough left
over for...oh oh ... here it is.

MOL: How much did she leave - a hundred?

FIB: No.

MOL: Not FIVE hundred!

FIB: No! ...

MOL: McGEE...DON'T TELL ME SHE LEFT A THOUSAND!

FIB: No.

MOL: Well, what DID she leave?

FIB: Three bucks...

MOL: FOR ALL THOSE DISHES? Why, the stingy thing!

FIB: You know what I'M gonna do? I'm gonna call that old gypsy
up and scorch her clear down to her wedgies! I'll burn
that old moose till the whole town smells like venison!
THREE BUCKS!! Hand me the phone...

MOL: Forget it, McGee, she hasn't had time to get home yet. Come
on, let's go in and clean up that mess in the kitchen.

WIL: Hello folks! *okay. I'm gettin' desperate. I gotta have*

FIB: Hiyah, Harlow. Can't shake hands...my hands are all soapy.

MOL: He's washing the dishes, Mr. Wilcox, and if that makes you feel faint, have a chair. *his company probably wants to hear*

WIL: I don't believe I ever saw you in an apron before, Fibber. Up to now your charm and daintiness had escaped me.

FIB: Aw cut it out! *Harlow, you ain't sincere.* I'm entered in a contest.

WIL: If it's a beauty contest, you'll get one vote from me, pal. In that apron you look....

FIB: LAY OFF, WILLYA? I'm just wearin' this thing to get into a housewifey mood so's I can answer the question intelligently.

MOL: And the question is..."WHO/DO I LIKE TO WASH MY DISHES IN LATHERINO." and the answer is, quote - I DON'T. Unquote.

FIB: If I win, Harlow, the first prize is five thousand bucks a year for life. *THINK THAT ALL I HAVE TO DO IS POUR OUT A*

WIL: Can't you get an angle on it? *POUR AND LET IT DRY TO A*

FIB: Well, I'm on the trail. I think I like to wash dishes in Latherino on account of it's gotta swell smell. It's got that tangy, ~~pleasant~~ odor of the great outdoors....the pine-scented fragrance of the no. ch woods...the haunting, memory-laden-*GIVEN MY INVOLVING A NEW REACH ON LIFE. AND*

MOL: MCGEE, YOU STOLE THAT OFF THE LABEL OF MY BATH SALTS. *AND TIME*

FIB: Aw I wasn't going to use it verbena.

WIL: You mean verbatim. Look Fibber, maybe I can give you a lead. I know most of the angles on household products and why people like them. *IS BETTER THAN OTHER SOAPS...JUST LIKE*

MOL: Of course you do, Mr. Wilcox. Let him help you, McGee. *AND KIND*

MOL: See, McGee? That's all. *DOGGONE IT, I KNOW THAT! BUT WHAT CAN I SAY ABOUT*

LATHERINO?

FIB: ~~Hummm. Well..okay. I'm gettin' desperate. I gotta have my entry in postmarked not later'n April first and this is the last day of March.~~

WIL: Well...look. The Latherino company probably wants to hear something nice about their product. Something they can tell other people...use in their advertising.

MOL: That's sensible.

FIB: Go on, Harlow. I'm all ears, and they're twitching with eagerness.

WIL: Well, take what people are always writing the Johnson's Wax People in Racine. They say...."I LOVE JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLOCOAT ON MY KITCHEN LINOLEUM BECAUSE IT SAVES ME SO MUCH WORK"...

FIB: Yes but -

WIL: They say "WHEN I THINK THAT ALL I HAVE TO DO IS POUR OUT A LITTLE GLOCOAT, SPREAD IT AROUND AND LET IT DRY TO A BEAUTIFUL, MIRROR-LIKE POLISH IN 20 MINUTES OR LESS, I WONDER WHY I - EVER USED THE OLD FASHIONED SCRUBBING AND--" ^{BRUSH}

FIB: But Harlow, this is a different -

WIL: And they usually go on to say - "JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLOCOAT HAS GIVEN MY LINOLEUM A NEW LEASE ON LIFE, AND GIVEN ME ONE TOO, BECAUSE IT SAVES ME SO MUCH WORK AND TIME AND MONEY THAT -"

FIB: But Harlow, I can't -

WIL: SO, YOU SEE, PAL? ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS THINK UP SOME REASON WHY LATHERINO IS BETTER THAN OTHER SOAPS...JUST LIKE JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT IS SUPERIOR TO OTHER PRODUCTS OF ITS KIND.

MOL: See, McGee? That's all.

FIB: DOGGONE IT, I KNEW THAT! BUT WHAT CAN I SAY ABOUT LATHERINO?

WIL: WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO....WRITE OUT YOUR WHOLE CONTEST ENTRY FOR YOU, FIBBER? YOU GO EARN YOUR OWN FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS. THIS IS YOUR BABY...YOU ROCK IT!

DOOR SLAM: Thinkin'

FIB: That guy can't think of anything but JOHNSON'S JOHNSON'S JOHNSON'S. Some day I'm gonna turn him over, give him the needle and play the other side.

MOL: Look, dearie...you go ahead and write your answers to the contest (FADE) I'll go out in the kitchen and sweep up those broken dishes.

FIB: Okay! Now lemme, see. I LIKE LATHERING BECAUSE....because ...because...because...when the suds go down the drain it sounds like a horse pulling his foot out of the mud....no.. that's no good. Might be repulsive. Now lesee...I LIKE LATHERINO....

DOOR OPEN:

TEE: Hi, mister.

FIB: Hi, Latherino...er..HI SIS. Don't bother me now. I'm busy.

FIB: And if I bothered you now, sis, that would be a disaster. Now run away, will you? I wanna think.

TEE: Tell me, can't you stop thinking long enough to tell me a story, mister?

FIB: No, I can't.

TEE: AWWW.....

FIB: Oh well, all right. If I tell you a story will you get out of here and leave me in peace?

TEE: Sure I will I betcha. Cross my heart.

FIB: You're heart's on the other side sis. Crossing your appendix don't count. Okay, here we go. ONCE UPON A TIME -

WIL: WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO....WRITE OUT YOUR WHOLE CONTEST ENTRY FOR YOU, FIBBER? YOU GO EARN YOUR OWN FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS. THIS IS YOUR BABY...YOU ROCK IT!

DOOR SLAM:

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DOOR OPEN:

TEE: Hi, mister.

FIB: Hi, Latherino...er..HI SIS. Don't bother me now. I'm busy.

FIB: No, I can't.

TEE: Awww...

FIB: Oh well, all right. If I tell you a story will you scream out of here and leave me in peace?

TEE: Sure, I will. Cross my heart.

FIB: You'll have to go the other side sis. Crossing your appendix don't work. Okay, here we go. ONCE UPON A TIME...

TEE: ~~Hummm?~~

FIB: ~~I says DON'T BOTHER ME NOW. I'm busy.~~

TEE: ~~Doin' what? Hum? Doin' what?~~

FIB: ~~Thinkin'.~~

TEE: (GIGGLES)

FIB: Well, what are you standin' there snickerin' about, sis?

TEE: Gee do you look funny in that apron, Mister. (GIGGLES)

FIB: Yeah? WELL I DON'T LOOK ANY FUNNIER IN THIS APRON THAN SOME GALS DO IN SLACKS.

TEE: That's what my daddy says, I betcha.

FIB: Your old m....your daddy has never seen me in an apron.

TEE: No but he's seen my mamma in slacks, mister. And you know what he says?

FIB: Come back in about fifteen years with earmuffs on, sis, and I'll tell you what I imagine he says.

TEE: (GIGGLES) He says for her to get into slacks is like trying to put two quarts of jelly in a quart jar. Boy my mamma was mad clear thru!

FIB: And if I remember your mamma, sis, that's quite a distance! Now run away, will you? I wanna think,.

TEE: Well gee, can't you stop thinking long enough to tell me a story, mister?

FIB: No, I can't.

TEE: AWWW.....

FIB: Oh well, all right. If I tell you a story will you scam out of here and leave me in peace?

TEE: Sure I will I betcha. Cross my heart.

FIB: You're heart's on the other side sis. Crossing your appendix don't count. Okay, here we go. ~~ONCE UPON A TIME -~~

FIB: ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A LITTLE GIRL NAMED CINDERELLA -
TEE: Shall I stop you if I've heard it?
FIB: Certainly. ONE DAY CINDERELLA WAS -
TEE: Stop. I've heard it.
FIB: Okay. ONCE UPON A TIME A LITTLE BOY NAMED JACK PLANTED
SOME BEANS ---
TEE: Stop. I've heard it.
FIB: ONCE UPON A TIME ---
TEE: Stop. I've heard that too!
FIB: DOGGONE IT SIS, IF YOU'RE SO SMART YOU TELL ME A STORY.
TEE: (GIGGLES) All righty!! (FAST) ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS
A BIG CITY AND IT HAD A RIVER RUNNING THRU THE MIDDLE OF IT
- AND THERE WERE LOTS OF LITTLE BOATS TO TAKE PEOPLE AND
AUTOMOBILES FROM ONE SIDE OF THE RIVER TO THE OTHER.

(PAUSE)

FIB: What kind of a story was that?
TEE: A ferry story. So long, mister!

DOOR SLAM:

ORK: "OLD UNCLE FUD" -- KING'S MEN.

APPLAUSE:

THIRD SPOT:

FIB: Hey Molly.

MOL: Yes, McGee?

FIB: Run some more hot water over those dishes, will you? I gotta wash 'em again.

MOL: AGAIN! FOR THE FOURTH TIME?

FIB: Yep. I still haven't thought of a good reason why I like Latherino.

SOUND: RUNNING WATER...CLATTER OF DISHES

~~MOL: Try not to make so much clatter, McGee....Uncle Dennis is trying to sleep.~~

~~FIB: Why don't he sleep nights?~~

~~MOL: Well, last night he had a terrible nightmare, the poor man.~~

~~FIB: He did?~~

~~MOL: Yes....he dreamed he was an elephant and kept seeing pink Uncle Dennises.~~

~~FIB: That would be awful. However, if~~

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh Mayor La Trivia...how do you do.

GALE: Good day, Mrs. McGee...Hello, McGee.

FIB: Hiyah, Mayor...have a chayor.

GALE: No, thank you. I just stopped in to have a few words with you about your horse.

MOL: Oh you mean Lillian. Isn't she sweet, Mr. Mayor? Sometimes she seems almost human to me, but then when I realize she can't talk about you behind your back I realize she isn't.

FIB: What about Lillian, La Trivia? And if you can't say anything nice about her, don't say anything. Lillian's just like a daughter to me. Except that she stays home nights.

GALE: McGee...you're overfeeding that animal. She's much, MUCH too much overweight.

MOL: Oh she's just plump, Mr. Mayor,

GALE: NEVERTHELESS YOU ARE RUINING A FINE ANIMAL. THAT HORSE HAS SPLENDID LINES...GOOD BLOOD. I THINK SHE COMES FROM RACING STOCK.

FIB: Yeah? A crumb off the old Seasbiscuit, eh? What made you an authority on horses, La Trivia? I knew you ran for office on a promise for stable government, but I thought it was just a stall. (LAUGHS) Get it, Molly? Get it La Trivia? I says I knew you ran -

MOL: TAIN'T FUNNY, MCGEE!

GALE: INDEED IT AIN'T. I MEAN IT ISN'T.

FIB: Okay...don't nag.

GALE: I used to own racehorses myself, McGee. And this horse of yours reminds me a great deal of one of my animals. One that I once entered in the Darby.

FIB: In the what?

GALE: The Darby. ~~The Kentucky Darby.~~ At Louisville, ~~Kentucky.~~

MOL: Isn't that where they have the Kentucky Derby every year?

GALE: That is what I was referring to, Mrs. McGee - the Kentucky Darby, In the winter book - my horse was quoted at --

FIB: In the winter book, eh? I get it. They run the Darby in the Winter and the Derby in the spring. See - Molly? They

do that because --

GALE: McGEE, THE DERBY AND THE DARBY ARE THE SAME THING.

MOL: How could that be? The Derby is only run in the spring. So
if the Darby is run in the winter --

GALE: THERE ISN'T ANY DARBY!!! THAT IS, SOME PEOPLE USE THE
ENGLISH PRONUNCIATION FOR DERBY. DARBY,

FIB: SINCE WHEN DID THEY START RUNNING THE KENTUCKY DERBY IN
ENGLAND, LA TRIVIA?

GALE: THEY DON'T RUN IT IN ENGLAND! IT'S JUST AN ENGLISH
PRONUNCIATION! I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT WAS I CAME IN HERE FOR.

MOL: Why should they pronounce it different in the winter than
they do in the Spring?

FIB: Maybe they get their faces frozen, Molly...if your lips are
all stiff from the cold, you can't pronounce --

GALE: I'M TRYING TO TELL YOU THAT IT'S MERELY A MATTER OF CHOICE,
WHETHER YOU PRONOUNCE IT DERBY OR DARBY! THE WINTER HAS
NOTHING TO DO WITH IT. I MERELY SAID THAT MY HORSE, IN THE
WINTER BOOK --

MOL: ARE YOU TRYING TO TELL US THAT YOUR HORSE COULD READ BOOKS?

GALE: NO NO NO...HE WAS MERELY QUOTED.

FIB: Go on! WHAT DID YOUR HORSE SAY THAT WAS WORTH QUOTING?

GALE: MY HORSE DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING! I'M TRYING TO TELL YOU THAT
MY HORSE WAS LISTED IN THE WINTER BOOK FOR THE KENTUCKY DARBY--

MOL: You mean you took him to England?

GALE: NO. I DID NOT. I HAVE NEVER BEEN IN ENGLAND.

FIB: You sent that horse over there all alone? For shame,
La Trivia. How could you ever --

GALE: PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE...LET ME EXPLAIN. I HAD A HORSE. HE
WAS A RACE HORSE. I ENTERED HIM IN THE KENTUCKY DARBY...OR
DERBY, AS YOU PREFER.....

MOL: Which did you prefer?)

GALE: DARBY.

FIB: Not good enough for the Derby - eh?

GALE: No. YES HE WAS, TOO. CAN'T YOU UNDERSTAND THAT THE DERBY
AND THE DARBY ARE THE SAME THING?

MOL: How can they be? One is in the winter and one is in England,
so --

GALE: I GIVE UP...NEVER MIND. LET IT GO! ALL I CAME IN HERE FOR
WAS TO...TO..OH I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT WAS I CAME IN HERE FOR.
GOOD DAY!

DOOR SLAM

FIB: & MOL: (LAUGH)

MOL: We really shouldn't lead him on like that, McGee. He'll
think we're the two dumbest people in town.

FIB: (LAUGHS) Aw I like to see him get exasperated. You know -
he'd make a swell head of the city government if he didn't
have such a swell head.

MOL: Oh I think he's nice.

FIB: Yeah...but stuffy. He's...**BUT HEY...THIS AIN'T GETTIN' MY
CONTEST ENTRY READY...POUR SOME MORE SOAP IN THERE WILL YOU
.....THANKS.....**

CLATTER OF DISHES

MOL: Think fast, McGee.

FIB: I am. Now lemme see..I LIKE LATHERING FOR WASHIN' DISHES
BECAUSE...Because because because.....

CLATTER OF DISHES...SPLASHING...

FIB: Get a pencil and paper Molly. I want you to be ready to
write down my answer when I get it.

MOL: I'M ready...any time. *And don't splash any more
water on that apron*

CLATTER OF DISHES:

FIB: I LIKE LATHERINO BECAUSE...Because..because..it...er...

DOOR KNOCK:

MOL: We're doing a nice business in the kitchen tonight, McGee,
COME IN.

DOOR OPEN

WIMP: HELLO, FOLKS!

MOL: Oh hello, Mr. Wimple.

FIB: What's the matter with you Wimp? Is that a turtle-neck
sweater you're wearing..or your lower lip?

WIMP: Excuse me for looking so mournful, folks - but I've just
gotten some bad new.

MOL: Oh, that's too bad, Mr. Wimple. What was it?

WIMP: I'm all broken up about it...Sweety Face has been called out
of town and she'll be gone three whole days.

FIB: Well -- what's so sad about your wife leaving town for three
days?

WIMP: She's taking me with her.

MOL: Poor Mr. Wimple.....

WIMP: *Oh I don't mind because*
Lately, she's been so thoughtful, and remantic. She's even
been slipping notes under my door.

MOL: Isn't that sweet? And what do they say?

WIMP: Oh - they're just mash notes...she says if I don't open the
door she'll mash my head in. Well - I'd better run along.
I've got to go to the drug store to pick up some things.

FIB: Before you go, Wimp - there's something I'd like to ask you..
Why are you holding your arm like that?

WIMP: Oh sweetface tied a knot in it so I wouldn't forget to
buy her some vitamin pills.

MOL: Heavenly days!! Is it broken?

WIMP: (LAUGHS) Oh no, Mrs. McGee. Just the bone in it.
Sweetyface does get a little playful at times...but thank goodness she can't take me over her knee and spank me any more.

FIB: She can't? Who's stoppin' her?

WIMP: Priorities.

MOL: How do priorities keep her from turning you over her knee, Mr. Wimple? up in the dentist's office this morning.

WIMP: Oh haven't you read the papers? No more cuffs on the pants.

FIB: YOU SHOULDN'T OUGHTTA LET HER DO IT ANYWAY, WIMP. BE A MAN! STAND UP FOR YOUR RIGHTS...EVERY MAN OUGHTTA BE THE BOSS IN HIS OWN HOUSE!

WIMP: (LAUGHS) That's very good advice, Mr. McGee...and I'd be inclined to take you seriously if I hadn't seen you in that apron! Well goodbye, now!

DOOR SLAM: CLATTER OF DISHES:

MOL: Poor little Mr. Wimple! He's so terribly -

FIB: HEY...MOLLY...I GOT IT!

MOL: You've got what, dearie? Dishwater hands?

FIB: NO NO NO...MY IDEA FOR LATHERINO!!!! Wimple gave me the idea. HERE...WRITE THIS DOWN!!!!

MOL: All right.

FIB: I LIKE LATHERINO FOR WASHING DISHES BECAUSE IT'S SO MUCH FUN, MY WIFE TAKES ME TO TASK EVERY TIME I TAKE THE TASK FROM HER! Quick...how many words?...

MOL: EXACTLY 26!

FIB: WOWIE!! THAT'S IT. HERE MOLLY YOU FINISH THE DISHES... NO NEVER MIND...THIS IS MORE IMPORTANT...WRITE A ENVELOPE QUICK AND I'LL MAIL IT...

MOL: What's the address?

FIB: IT'S ON PAGE 67 OF THAT MAGAZINE...THAT'S IT...

MOL: Page 67...oh here...ALL ENTRIES TO BE MAILED TO CONTEST JUDGES, LATHERINO CORPORATION, SUDSVILLE, OHIO, ON OR BEFORE MIDNIGHT OF APRIL FIRST, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND ---

(PAUSE) McGee!

FIB: Eh?

MOL: Where did this magazine come from?

FIB: I picked it up in the dentist's office this morning. Why?

MOL: It's for ^{March} February, 1938. THIS CONTEST CLOSED FOUR YEARS AGO!

FIB: WHAT? YOU MEAN...oh pshaw!

ORK: "HOW ABOUT YOU?" FADE FOR --

CRS: LATER MUSIC...PAGE ON SUB

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

ANNCR: In coming over to the studio tonight, I noticed carefully the cars parked along the street and in the parking lot. It struck me that there are still plenty of car-owners who would welcome further information on how to take better care of their cars. Maybe they are saving their tires....but what about the outside of the car....the finish....the paint job?

Sure, that needs attention, too, and it's about the easiest part of the job, with JOHNSON'S CARNU available everywhere. CARNU, the auto polish that has made a hard job easy....that cleans and polishes in one application.... that does two jobs at once in quick time! You've probably heard people say, "Your car looks like new when you use CARNU". It's true....as you'll realize the first time you use JOHNSON'S CARNU on your car.

And here's an extra tip....if you want to give longer life to that new showroom shine, protect it against sun and weather - you might apply a little wax after using CARNU. But don't delay too long.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC....FADE ON CUE

TAG GAG

FIB: Hey - you know what I just did, Molly?
MOL: What did you do, McGee?
FIB: I just called up that dentist and bawled him out for
having a 4-year old magazine in his office.
MOL: What'd he say?
FIB: Said he couldn't keep any new ones.
MOL: Why not?
FIB: Said people keep stealing 'em.
MOL: And what did you say?
FIB: Goodnight.
MOL: GOODNIGHT, ALL!

ORCH: UP TO FINISH
(APPLAUSE....SIGNOFF....etc.)