

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

(REVISED)

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

Tuesday - 4/7/42
6:30-7:00P

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

ORCH: THEME

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: " Great Day"

ORCH: " GREAT DAY"

(FADE FOR:)

OPENING COMMERCIAL

ANNCR:

I know it's human nature to put things off....but what about that job of cleaning and polishing your car? Have you bought your can of JOHNSON'S CARNU yet? Have you had the thrill of seeing a new car pop right up before your eyes....as if you had rubbed Aladdin's lamp?

Maybe that sounds a little exaggerated, but I know you're in for a surprise the first time you use CARNU. It's so easy to use for one thing -- because it cleans and polishes in one application -- does two jobs at the same time.

CARNU is a liquid. You massage it gently over the finish and when it dries to a powder, you wipe it off. And there stands your car with its almost forgotten showroom shine.

If you want to protect that shine for a longer time and save on your car washings, you can add a coat of wax. But first, do that double job of cleaning and polishing with JOHNSON'S CARNU, spelled C-A-R-N-U. It's the easy, labor-saving way to keep up the finish of your car.

WIL: THEY SAY A WELL-GROOMED WOMAN GIVES HER TRESSES A HUNDRED STROKES WITH A HAIRBRUSH EVERY NIGHT BEFORE RETIRING. AND IT MUST WORK, TOO, BECAUSE ^{Makes her} LILLIAN, ~~A THOROUGHLY FEMININE HORSE BELONGING TO THE MCGEE'S OF 70 WISTFUL VISTA,~~ IS SIMPLY RADIATING CHARM AND BEAUTY THESE DAYS!
AND HERE, IN THE GARAGE, GIVING THEIR HANDSOME HAYBURNER THE BRUSHOFF, IN A NICE WAY, WE FIND--
-- FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

(APPLAUSE)

MOL: My - doesn't her coat shine beautifully, McGee?
FIB: It oughtta! I've got a charley-horse in my arm from curryin' her. Charley - lemme introduce you to Lillian. Lillian, this is Charley. You two horses oughtta know each other.
HORSE: (WHINNIES)
MOL: Isn't she sweet? LOOK AT HER WAG HER TAIL, McGEE...SHE'S HAPPY!
FIB: In horses, Mrs. McGee...that ain't happiness. That's flies. (STOMPING OF HORSE'S HOOFS)
FIB: AW HOLD STILL YOU BIG CORN CRUNCHER! Hey, Molly - haven't we curried her long enough?
MOL: Oh, I think so. And she looks lovely, too. Though a little fat.
FIB: Yeah...she's hippy, but happy. Hand me her blanket. Kind of a draft blowin' thru here.
MOL: You know, I don't think this blanket is big enough, McGee. Her legs must get awfully cold.

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FIB: Whaddye think we oughtta do? She'd look awful silly in long underwear.

MOL: Well, she does need a bigger blanket. (TO LILLIAN) YES... MUZZER'S ITTO BABY DETS TOLD, DOESN'T SHE! WOODGIE, WOODGIE WOODGIE!!

(HORSE WHINNY)

FIB: Ah, quit talkin' baby-talk to her. Next thing you know she'll be wantin' to sit on my lap and listen to the Three Bears. She doesn't-----

UPP: YOO HOO - MRS. McGEE!!.....WHERE ARE YOU?

FIB: Who's that?

MOL: It's Mrs. Uppington.

FIB: Ahh yes!! I should have recognized that sweet voice...I hear it in my dreams...every time I eat too much lobster salad.

MOL: Oh now she isn't so bad, McGee. She's just afflicted with too much money.

FIB: Old Doctor McGee could cure that affliction with one rousin' game of poker. Waddye say we -

UPP: (CLOSER) YOO HOO!! MRS. McGEE...ARE YOU THEAH?

MOL: OUT HERE IN THE GARAGE, ABIGAIL!! Now be nice, dearie.

FIB: Okay...I'll kiss her hand and curtsey. And if the old moos don't -

MOL: OH HELLO THERE ABIGAIL!

UPP: (FADE IN) HOW DO YOU DO, MRS. McGEE...AND MR. McGEE!

FIB: Hiyah, Uppy. GET AWAY FROM ME, YOU BIG OX! I AIN'T GOT ANY SUGAR.

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UPP: Please, Mr. McGee, I didn't come here to ask for -

MOL: He didn't mean you, Abigail. He was talking to Lillian.

UPP: Oh. Oh yes!

FIB: Yes, have you met Lillian, Uppy? Lillian, dear, this is Mrs. Abigail Uppington, the big splash in the finger-bowl set. Uppy, shake hands with...er...I mean I'd like to have you meet our adopted daughter, Lillian.

UPP: (LAUGHS) Lillian and I have met, Mr. McGee, and I think she is veddy, veddy, charming. ^(Here laughs) I love horses. In fact I was quait a horsewoman in my day. They used to say I rode like a centaur.

FIB: Like a what?

UPP: A centaur. That is a mythological figure, Mr. McGee, half man, half horse.

FIB: Really? Which half were -

MOL: McGEE!

FIB: Eh?

MOL: Look, Abigail, won't you come in the house and have a cup of tea?

UPP: Thank you no, my deah. I just stopped by to awsk you a favor on behawlf of the Wistful Vista Reclamation Committee of which I am chairwoman.

FIB: Uppy, you're such a confirmed chairwoman it's a wonder you weren't born with four legs.

UPP: Oh THANK YOU, Mr. McGee.

MOL: What's the reclamation committee, Abigail? And what are they going to wreck?

UPP: We are putting on a campaign, Mrs. McGee, awsking citizens to look thru their houses for any material which might be useful to the government in this emergency. Old metal.. paper...rags...that sort of thing. Here is a folder about i

FIB: Okay, Uppy, but I don't think we got much of that stuff.

MOL: McGee...how about the hall closet?

FIB: You think there might be something in there?

MOL: I have a sneaking suspicion that we might find an ounce or two that we might spare. What'll we do with it, Abigail?

UPP: Just pile it up outside. I shall have our truck call for it at four o'clock.

FIB: We'll get right at it, Uppy. We're about through with Lillian anyway.

UPP: Well, I MUST say you keep her looking very well.

MOL: We curry and brush her for two hours every day, Abigail. See how her coat shines?

UPP: Oh there's nothing like it, Mrs. McGee... Personally, I brush my hair at LEAST an hour a day.

FIB: Well, some horses need more care than others, Uppy, on account of --

UPP: PLEASE, MR. MCGEE!! I'M NOT A -- WELL, GOOD DAY, MR. MCGEE.

FOOTSTEPS FADE OUT

(PAUSE)

FIB: Did I say something wrong?

MOL: Oh no. You just called her a horse, is all. Nothing to be offended about.

FIB: SHE should be offended at that. It's Lillian that oughtta be hurt. Eh, Lillian?

WHINNY:

FIB: Yes...does Daddy's itto baby sink nasty old womans...er...
AHM...WELL, LET'S GET AT THAT CLOSET, MOLLY!

ORK: "SOMETIMES I'M HAPPY"

APPLAUSE:

(SECOND SPOT)

MOL: This is a very interesting government folder Abigail gave us McGee. Listen....It says, "IN OUR ATTICS, CELLARS, BACKYARDS AND BASEMENTS ARE WASTE MATERIALS THAT CAN HELP MAKE SHIPS, TANKS, GUNS AND AMMUNITION. SALVAGE NOW... FOR VICTORY!" Come on, McGee...let's get busy. I'll be glad to get that closet cleaned out.

FIB: Okay...open 'er up.

MOL: You open it.

FIB: No, you...I opened it the last time.

MOL: Yes, but you can jump out of the way quicker than I can.

FIB: Wel-l....okay. Here goes.

DOOR OPEN: (PAUSE)

FIB: There! See? No cause to be alarmed, because -

SOUND: TERRIFIC AVALANCHE OF JUNK: BELL TINKLE

FIB: Well there oughtta be plenty o' stuff in here, Molly!

CLANK AND THUDS OF JUNK BEING THROWN AROUND: (THIS EFFECT AT INTERVALS)

MOL: AHHH...THERE'S AN OLD ALUMINUM COFFEE POT! We can give that to the government!

FIB: But that's what I use for my camping trips!

MOL: Well, tap a tree and drink maple syrup. This goes to Uncle Sam. Aluminum is a very important thing.

SOUND: (THUDS & CLANKS)

FIB: Better make three piles of the stuff we're savin' for the government. Rubber in one...metal in another and paper - HEY LOOK!

MOL: What?

FIB: HERE'S MY OLD UKULELE.!!!

SOUND: STRUMMING EFFECT BY OUR MR. BODKIN

MOL: I never knew you had a ukulele.

FIB: Aw sure you did...(STRUMMING) Remember, before we were married, how we used to sit in the swing out on your front lawn and I'D play the uke and sing to you. Stuff like Red Wing and Pretty Baby, and There's Egypt in Your Dreamy Eyes and (PAUSE) What's the matter? Whatcha lookin' at me like that for?

MOL: McGee!!GIVE ME THAT UKULELE!

FIB: Okay...here. But it needs to be tuned up before you -

SOUND: CRASH...PING OF STRINGS

FIB: HEY WHAT'S THE IDEA BUSTIN' IT UP? AIN'T YOU GOT ANY SENTIMENT?

MOL: Not for this. THE ONLY SWING ON A FRONT LAWN IN OUR NEIGHBORHOOD BELONGED TO THAT THAT RED-HEADED DIXON GIRL DOWN THE STREET! AND THAT WASN'T EGYPT IN HER DREAMY EYES. THAT WAS MASCARA...THE HUSSY!!!

Fib: Oh my gosh! Oh well - I never liked her very much anyway.

Mol: Honest?

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FIB: Nah ...her swing squeaked. (CLATTER OF JUNK) HEY...HERE'S
YOUR OLD PORTABLE SEWING MACHINE...THAT'S GOOD FOR THIRTY
POUNDS OF METAL.

CLUNK OF JUNK

MOL: And here's a pile of old magazines...WELL!! The Police
Gazette!

FIB: I'll take those, Molly...I...er...I was planning on joining
the police force once.

MOL: You don't say...And what --

DOOR OPEN:

WIL: WELL, HELLO THERE, FOLKS. WHAT GOES ON?

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Hiyah Harlow. We're cleaning out the hall closet. We're
sorting out some things that the government can salvage.

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MOL: Want to pitch in and see what you can find, Mr. Wilcox?
We've got everything here but the - MCGEE!! THERE IT IS!

FIB: WHAT?

MOL: THE KITCHEN SINK! OVER IN THE CORNER THERE!!!!

CLATTER OF METAL:

FIB: Darned if it ain't! That's another 20 pounds of iron.

WIL: Well, I'll just go away quietly and leave you two to your
memories and old umbrellas. I wouldn't want to...
(TENDERLY) Ohhhh, look at this! ~~Woodgie, Woodgie, woodgie~~

MOL: What are you mooning over that for? It's just an old
tin can.

WIL: YES BUT AN OLD TIN CAN OF WHAT? JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING
GLOCOAT!

FIB: But it's empty!

WIL: That's what I love about it! This empty can means that
Molly has been spared hours and hours of housework!!...
it means that her kitchen linoleum has been tenderly cared
for...that its beauty and luster have been preserved, and

MOL: But that empty can must have been around for years and
years.

WIL: SWELL!. THE LONGER YOU'VE BEEN USING IT THE BETTER I LIKE
IT! It just goes to show that once a housewife has tried
Johnson's Glocoat, she keeps on. Because it's so easy to
use...saves so much time and effort...conserves your
energy and your property...

FIB: Hand me my hat, Molly.

MOL: Where you going, McGee?

B: No place. I just wanna take it off to Mr. Wilcox. There's a guy who can really dramatize a tin can! Break his commercial little heart over a pile of junk. Boy, what a performance he could put on at the city dump!

L: YOU THINK NOT? MEET ME THERE TOMORROW AT TWO-THIRTY!

OR SLAM

L: I don't believe I ever knew another man who was quite so sold on his job, McGee.

B: Me, either. Ever notice that little bare spot on the back of his head?

L: Is he getting bald?

B: No, his hair is just worn off there. He uses a can of Glo-coat for a pillow. WELL, COME ON...LET'S GET BUSY. WE AIN'T MADE A DENT IN THIS STUFF YET, AND...Hey...where you going?

L: I'm going to put on an old housedress. This stuff is too dusty to handle. (FADE OUT) You keep busy and I'll be back in a minute...

B: Boy, what a family can't accumulate in a few years! (CLATTER) What's this? Ash tray from the Sherman Hotel in Chicago! HMM!! So THAT'S where I stayed during that Legion Convention!

DOOR CHIME:

B: COME IN, COME IN, COME IN!!

DOOR OPEN:

EE Hi, mister.

EB: Eh? OH HI, LITTLE GIRL. COME BACK LATER, I'M BUSY!

CLATTER OF JUNK:

TEE: Watcha doin'?

FIB: Cleaning out the closet, sis. And at the same time, seein' what I can dig up that might be useful to Uncle Sam.

TEE: Hey, is uncle Sam really our uncle, mister?

FIB: Sis, he really is. And nobody ever had a better uncle. Like most relatives, he annoys us now and then, and we squawk and complain, but it don't mean anything. When we get in a jam, he's always in there to back us up, and when he gets in a mess, we rally round. He's the only rich uncle in the world that his whole family hopes he'll live forever! Now, get outta the way...I'm busy...

CLATTER:

TEE: Hey...LOOK, MISTER...LOOK WHAT I FOUND...ICE SKATES!

FIB: Where? OH...oh, them. Yes, those used to be my ice skates, sis.

TEE: Can I have 'em, mister...HMMMM? Can I?

FIB: Sis, you'd be welcome to 'em except for three reasons. They won't fit you, and they're so rusty, they ain't good for skating any more...and in the third place, Uncle Sam needs 'em more'n you do. Sorry.

TEE: Okay, mister. There's another reason, too.

FIB: What's that?

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I SAYS WHAT'S THAT?

TEE: What's what?

FIB: WHAT'S THE FOURTH REASON YOU DON'T WANT THESE SKATES?

TEE: That's it. I don't want 'em.
FIB: Then why'd you ask for 'em?
TEE: Just to see if you'd give 'em to me. I'D rather wait and
have a good pair, anyway
FIB: WHADDYE MEAN A GOOD PAIR! These were the most expensive
skates I ever won selling Larkin products door to door.
TEE: Well, I betcha they can't be much good, I betcha. My daddy
said so.
FIB: YOUR DADDY DIDN'T EVEN KNOW I EVER HAD A PAIR OF SKATES.

TEE: He must of. He said they were no good.
FIB: Now let's get this straight, sis....what was your immediate
paternal forebear's dumb comment regarding these millpond
moccasins?
TEE: Hmm?
FIB: WHAT DID YOUR OLD MAN SAY?
TEE: He said MCGEES WERE THE CHEAPEST SKATES HE EVER SAW SO
~~THERE. GOODBYE!~~

DOOR SLAM:

ORK: THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH...KING'S MEN...APPLAUSE:

SOUND: (THUDS....BUMPS...GRUNTS)

FIB: Well, this truck is almost loaded, Molly....how much more stuff we got?

MOL: (OFF) Not much. Just the old dress form and your old golf clubs and the magazines and some little stuff.

FIB: Sayyyyyyy, I wonder if I can't still use those golf clubs.

MOL: What was your score the last time you played?

FIB: No, I guess I don't need 'em any more. Here's your DRESS FORM, MOLLY.

MOL: Thank you.

SOUND: (THUD)

FIB: Boy what a load of junk....this truck is way down on its springs now. HEY, WHERE'D THE DRIVER GO?

MOL: He's out in the garage, talking to Lillian.

FIB: Wonder he wouldn't stick around and lend a hand. Here's the magazines.

(THUDS)

MOL: What's this thing, McGee?

FIB: THAT'S MY OLD STEEL HELMET FROM THE LAST WAR. I'LL BET THE Government'll be glad to get that.

MOL: I don't know, McGee...it's got an awful dent in the top of it.

FIB: I'll say it has. That helmet saved my life in the last war.

MOL: Get hit by a bullet?

FIB: No. Bumped into a stump. I was crawlin' out of-- Oh..oh..look who's comin'....La Trivia.

MOL: Well - let's not get him into one of those silly arguments.

SOUND: (THUDS....BUMPS...GRUNTS)

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MOL: Well - let's not get him into one of those silly arguments.

FIB: Aw come on. Does him good. HIYAH, LA TRIVIA!
GALE: Hello, McGee. Good day, Mrs. McGee....what are you doing up in that truck?
MOL: Just loading some junk into it, Mr. Mayor. We just cleaned out the closet.
GALE: Well, why doesn't McGee get up in the truck and let YOU hand him the things.
FIB: You mind your own business, La Trivia. Molly's the kind of a woman I always like to look up to. HERE, MOLLY....CATCH!
(THUD....CLATTER)
GALE: Can I help?
MOL: No, thank you, Mr. Mayor...we're nearly thru.
GALE: Very well....I just came by to ask you if you subscribe to Liberty Magazine.
MOL: Yes, we do, Mr. Mayor....but if you're working your way thru college, we'll be glad to see if--
GALE: I AM NOT WORKING MY WAY THRU COLLEGE, MRS. MCGEE. I MERELY WISHED TO TELL YOU THAT IN TOMORROW'S ISSUE OF LIBERTY THERE WILL BE A FOUR-PAGE ARTICLE ABOUT YOU AND MR. MCGEE.
FIB: Honest, La Trivia?
GALE: As honest as it could be, I suppose, considering it is a family magazine.
MOL: Well thank you, Mr. Mayor....we'll be looking for it. And I might have known you weren't working your way thru college.
GALE: As a matter-of-fact, Mrs. McGee...I DID work my way thru college.
FIB: Interfere with your college work any, La Triv?

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FIB: Interfere with your college work any, La Triv?

GALE: Not a bit - in fact, I was particularly active in the glee club.

MOL: Well, here we go again. SO YOU BELONGED TO A GLEE CLUB DID YOU, MR. MAYOR? THAT MUST HAVE BEEN FUN.

GALE: It was. We had some splendid singers.

FIB: I suppose they sang on account of being so gleeful.

GALE: No - because they belonged to the glee club. A glee club is formed for the purpose of group singing.

MOL: I always sing when I'M happy, too. But I don't have to belong to a club to do it, Mr. Mayor.

GALE: I didn't either, Mrs. McGee. I joined the glee club because I liked to sing. BUT A GLEE CLUB IS NOT NECESSARILY GLEEFUL. ~~IT IS JUST~~

FIB: You mean they were unhappy?

GALE: WHY SHOULD THEY BE UNHAPPY?

MOL: Why shouldn't they be?

GALE: THEY SHOULD BE. I MEAN NO....THEY SHOULDN'T BE. WHAT HAS THEIR HAPPINESS GOT TO DO WITH IT?

FIB: That's a fine attitude, La Trivia! Not to care whether your own club is happy or not. Why, when I went to High School--

GALE: I AM MERELY TRYING TO EXPLAIN THAT THE TERM GLEE CLUB HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH GLEE. IS THAT CLEAR?

MOL: I see what you mean. Like if you belong to the Elks, you don't necessarily have to give all your friends one of your front teeth.

GALE: THAT'S EXACTLY- well, no. WHAT I AM TRYING TO SAY IS THAT, A COLLEGE GLEE CLUB IS FORMED OF PEOPLE WHO LIKE TO SING.

FIB: Certainly. ~~And the reason they like to sing is because they're happy. And they're happy because they belong to the club.~~ You see Molly, if you ain't full of glee, they won't take you in, because -

GALE: WHETHER OR NOT YOU'RE FULL OF GLEE, DOESN'T MATTER! ALL THAT MATTERS IS WHETHER OR NOT YOU CAN SING.

MOL: It's the same thing. You can't sing unless you're gleeful.

FIB: How about Lawrence Tibbett, Molly? He has to sing at concerts whether he's gleeful or not?

MOL: But how much does he get?

FIB: Oh, up in the thousands, I guess.

MOL: AND HE'S UNHAPPY ABOUT THAT?

FIB: I DIDN'T SAY HE WAS UNHAPPY.

MOL: BUT YOU SAID DISTINCTLY THAT MR. TIBBETT WASN'T HAPPY WHEN HE SANG AND I SAID -

FIB: BUT YOU SAID HE HAD TO BE -

MOL: NO, I MERELY -

GALE: (QUIETLY) Well, I'll just leave you two good people to argue it out by yourselves. And don't forget the Liberty article. Good day.

FIB: So long, La Trivia.

MOL: Good-bye, Mr. Mayor. (LOUDLY) NOW LOOK HERE, MC GEE...YOU SAID THAT LAWRENCE TIBBETT WAS UNHAPPY AT RECEIVING THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS A PERFORMANCE, AND I ---

FIB: I NEVER SAID NO SUCH A THING. I ONLY SAYS - (PAUSE) Hey... what are WE arguin' about? La Trivia's gone.

MOL: What? Oh...heavenly days...caught on our own hook! Well, let's get the rest of this stuff loaded, McGee!

SOUND: CLATTERS AND THUDS

IB: Is this all the stuff, Molly? Any more in the closet?
OL: No, it's all out here, McGee. The closet was as empty as a threat to Joe Louis' title. But Uncle Dennis said -
IB: OH UNCLE DENNIS, UNCLE DENNIS, UNCLE DENNIS. I get tired of hearin' about that guy. When's he gonna move out?
OL: Now don't you talk like that about Uncle Dennis. He's never done anything to you.
IB: No....except he eats more than Lillian and sleeps more than Rip Van Winkle. He's just a parachute.
OL: You mean parasite. A parachute is a big thing that gets full of air and let's you down easy.
IB: *That's what I say - Uncle Dennis is a regular parachute*
~~And if that ain't a perfect description of Uncle Dennis I -~~
OH HIYAH WIMPLE!
WIMP: (FADE IN) Hello, Mr. McGee...Hello, Mrs McGee.
OL: Oh Hello, Mr. Wimple...we'll be thru here in just a minute. Hand me that last little pile of things, McGee...
FIB: Here ye are.
SOUND: THUDS...CLATTER:
OL: That's all...help me down, dearie...
FIB: Okay...grab my hand...THAT'S IT.
FEET ON GROUND:
WIMP: My goodness what on earth are you folks doing?
OL: Just cleaned out our hall closet, Mr. Wimple. We're sending a lot of old metal and rubber and paper to the government.
WIMP: Oh that's splendid, Mrs. McGee...I went down this morning and tried to join the Marines. Sweetface went with me to give her consent.

FIB: Did they take you, Wimp?
WIMP: No...(LAUGHS) They said my eyes were too weak and I was anaemic and under weight and over age and I wasn't tall enough.
MOL: Oh..too bad, Mr. Wimple.
WIMP: No..it came out all right. They accepted Sweetface.
FIB: YOU MEAN SWEETFACE IS IN THE MARINES NOW, WIMP?
WIMP: Just as an instructor, Mr. McGee. She's going to teach them how to box and wrestle and do jiu jitsu. She demonstrated to them how to disarm an opponent, stun him with a blow on the neck and knock all his teeth out.
MOL: Heavenly days...that must have been impressive!
WIMP: Oh indeed it was. By the way, can you recommend a good dentist?
FIB: Go see Doc Cottam, Wimp. Tell him I sent you. So Sweetface used you as a example of how to treat a enemy, eh?
WIMP: Oh she certainly did, Mr. McGee. And then the recruiting officer asked Sweetface if she knew anything about bayonet fighting.
MOL: And what did she say.
WIMP: I don't know, Mrs. McGee. I jumped out the window. But look at me..standing here gossiping when you're so busy.
FIB: Naw...we're all finished, Wimp. Come on in and take a look at the closet. It's a sight for sore housekeepers.
(FOOTSTEPS) We'll show you the closet and then maybe Molly'll make us a cup of coffee.

MOL: Certainly, boys, But McGee...I was telling you that
Uncle Dennis--

FIB: AW SKIP UNCLE DENNIS...come on in.

FOOTSTEPS UP ON PORCH...DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

WIMP: My this is such a peaceful house...I wish I lived here...
or someplace.

MOL: Well, any time you want to come for a couple of weeks to
heal up, Mr. Wimple, we'll be glad to have you.

FIB: Sure we will. HERE...TAKE A LOOK AT THIS CLOSET, WIMP.
I'M PROUD OF THIS.

MOL: Wait a minute, McGee. I--

FIB: AW I WANT WIMPLE TO SEE IT. LOOK WIMP!

DOOR OPEN: TERRIFFIC CLATTER OF BOTTLES...END WITH GURGLE GURGLE
GURGLE

FIB: WHAT IN THE -----// !!

MOL: I've been trying to tell you, McGee. When Uncle Dennis
saw that bare closet he moved all his stuff in there!

FIB: Oh pshaw!

ORK: FULL MOON. FADE FOR --

MOL: Certainly, boys, But McGee...I was telling you that
Uncle Dennis--

FIB: AW SKIP UNCLE DENNIS...come on in.

FOOTSTEPS UP ON PORCH...DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

WIMP: My this is such a peaceful house...I wish I lived here...
or someplace.

MOL: Well, any time you want to come for a couple of weeks to
heal up, Mr. Wimple, we'll be glad to have you.

FIB: Sure we will. HERE...TAKE A LOOK AT THIS CLOSET, WIMP.
I'M PROUD OF THIS.

MOL: Wait a minute, McGee. I--

FIB: AW I WANT WIMPLE TO SEE IT. LOOK WIMP!

DOOR OPEN: TERRIFFIC CLATTER OF BOTTLES...END WITH GURGLE GURGLE
GURGLE

FIB: WHAT IN THE -----// !!

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saw that bare closet he moved all his stuff in there!

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL

ANNCR: We haven't all got hall closets like the McGees, but if you're looking for ways in which you can do something right now that will help your country - listen carefully.

You can turn this Spring housecleaning into direct aid for all-out production...by very carefully salvaging from your attic and basement all discarded articles made with rubber or metal....as well as old rags and scrap paper.

Rubber and scrap metal are most important....29 pounds of old rubber will make a life raft for a navy plane....12 pounds of scrap metal is half the steel needed for a small machine gun. That's important, isn't it? Sort out all discarded tools, old tire chains, batteries, pieces of pipe....anything made of metal that you can't use. Sort out old rubber tires, torn boots or overshoes, hot water bottles, bath mats. Sort out old clothing, rags of all kinds - waste paper and cartons. Sell them to your local junk collector - or give them to a charitable organization that's collecting such material.

Remember - rubber and scrap metal are most important right now. Your government is asking your help. Make this Spring Housecleaning your special contribution to Victory.

TAG GAG

MOL: Well, you certainly have worked hard, McGee. I'll say that for you.

FIB: I'll say that for me, too.

MOL: You look tired. Why don't you go down to the Elk's Gymnasium and get a massage.

FIB: Can't. The masseur joined the army.

MOL: He did! I thought he was way over age.

FIB: He is!...but I guess the Government wants any old rubber it can get.

MOL: Oh.

FIB: Eh?

MOL: I said OH.

FIB: Oh. Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all!

ORK: UP TO FINISH APPLAUSE. SIGNOFF...ETC.

TAG GAG

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WIL: This is Harlow Wilcox, speaking for the maker's of
JOHNSON WAX FINISHES FOR HOME AND INDUSTRY and inviting
you to be with us again next Tuesday night. Goodnight.
This program has come to you from Hollywood. (PAUSE)
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