

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.
Writers: Don Quinn
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(REVISED)

J.R.

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

Tuesday - 9/29/42

NBC - Red

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

ORCH: THEME

WIL: THE MAKERS OF JOHNSON'S WAX AND JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING
GLOCOAT PRESENT FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY...WRITTEN BY
DON QUINN, WITH MUSIC BY THE KING'S MEN AND BILLY MILLS'
ORCHESTRA. THE SHOW OPENS WITH "OF THEE I SING".

ORCH: "OF THEE I SING"

(FADE FOR:)

(Commercial....Page 3)

OPENING COMMERCIAL

ANNCR:

Most of us have already experienced in our buying some effects of material shortages caused by the war. But it seems perfectly obvious that we've seen only the beginning....that in the months to come we'll all feel the pinch of these shortages much more than we have. And that means, for those who look and plan ahead, a program of "taking better care of the things we have."

So I make again the suggestion I have made many times before....that you protect your floors, furniture and woodwork, your linoleum and enameled surfaces, the finish of your automobile....and countless other things in your home with JOHNSON'S WAX POLISHES.

I know of no other way to give your possessions this protection so easily, so inexpensively....to make things last, and at the same time make them beautiful, and save yourself work in the bargain.

ORCH: SWELL TO FINISH

(APPLAUSE)

WIL: AS THE POET SAID, "HOME IS THE HUNTER, HOME FROM THE HILLS".....ONLY THESE HUNTERS WEREN'T HUNTING. THEY WERE FISHING. AND THEY WEREN'T IN THE HILLS. THEY WERE SITTING IN A ROWBOAT. ANYWAY, THEY'RE HOME. YES, ACTIVITY HAS RETURNED TO 79 WISTFUL VISTA, IN THE WELL-ROUNDED FORMS OF --

-- FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

(APPLAUSE)

MOL: My goodness, McGee - am I glad to be home.

FIB: Me too. You unpack while I take all the films down to the drugstore. I think these are gonna be the best snapshots I ever took.

MOL: YOU EVER TOOK! You made me take all of 'em. If there's a picture of me in that lot, it's because I was reflected in your wet bathingsuit.

FIB: Well, gee whizz, Molly - you know I'm no good with a camera.

MOL: You're no good behind it, but oh brother, you're a regular glamour boy in front of it.

FIB: Am I really? You ain't just saying that because you admire me?

MOL: Look, sweet - I'm a busy woman. Go away. Get out of my hair...what there is left of it after 13 weeks away from a beauty parlor.

FIB: Okay, I'll run along. HEY DID YOU TAKE THE LAST ROLL OUT OF THE CAMERA?

MOL: No. I didn't have the camera. You were carrying it.

FIB: I was? Why, I laid it on that little shelf over the seat when...(PAUSE) Oh, my gosh!

MOL: What?

FIB: I left the doggone camera on the train!

MOL: Oh, fine! You know, you're a lot of fun to travel with, McGee. I never know what you're going to do next. And a good thing, too. If I knew, I'd never leave the house.

FIB: BUT WHAT AM I GONNA DO ABOUT THE CAMERA?

MOL: What was the last picture you took?

FIB: It was the one you took of me making like I was a cowboy on that stuffed horse.

MOL: In that case, I'd just leave the camera on the train. Maybe they'll never find out who it belongs to, I hope.

FIB: NO SIR! I sold 27 subscriptions to "Nasty Confessions" to win that camera, and I'm gonna get it back!

MOL: Oh forget it....buy a new one.

FIB: I thought you says we aint supposed to buy anything we dont really need. You said the government has asked us to try and -

MOL: ALL RIGHT..ALL RIGHT. You win, dearie. Call the railroad and see if the camera has been turned in.

FIB: What was the berth number again?

MOL: Lower 8.

FIB: Lower 8.

MOL: And if everybody sleeps as badly in it as I did, there SHOULD BE a lower rate.

FIB: That's a pun.

MOL: It may be a pun but it was no joke. Which reminds me. I want to get to bed early tonight, and see how that nightmare turned out.

FIB: Lemme see now...I'll call the railroad, ask for the Lost and Found Department and tell 'em there's a camera on my seat.

MOL: They'll probably tell you a better way to carry it is over your shoulder. But go ahead....call 'em.

FIB: Okay. Hand me the phone and I'll ---

DOORBELL:

MOL: Well, Heavenly days!!.....we've got company. And I'm ashamed to have anybody see this dusty house!

FIB: Aw dont be so fussy. You been usin' Johnson's Wax so long a speck of dust looks like a sandstorm. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

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DOOR OPEN:

OLD M: HELLO THERE KIDS....WELCOME HOME!

MOL: For goodness sakes....hello, Mr. Old Timer.

FIB: I'm afraid you got the advantage of me, bud. Who are you?

OLD M: Whatcha mean, Johnny? You remember me.

FIB: N-n-n-no...I dont think so. Your voice is familiar but your face is strange.

OLD M: ~~Yours will be too, Johnny, till you stop peeling.~~

MOL: ~~What's the matter with you, McGee....you certainly remember the Old Timer.~~

FIB: ~~(TO HIMSELF) Old Timer...Old Timer....Hummmmmmm...~~

OLD M: Look...you're Fibber McGee aintcha?

FIB: Nope.

MOL. & OLD M. WHAT?!!

FIB: No...everybody says that since my vacation, I'm simply a different person. I dunno WHO I am.

OLD M: Heh heh heh....that's Pretty good, Johnny....BUT THAT AINT THE WAY I HEERED IT.

MOL: Well, here we go again!

OLD M: THE WAY I HEERED IT, ONE FELLER SAYS TO TOTHER FELLER, "SAYYYY", HE SAYS. "WHY DONT SOMBODY GIT THAT FELLER HITLER?" "DONT WORRY", says tother feller. "SOONER OR LATER, EVERY HOUSEPAINTER IS BOUND TO KICK THE BUCKET!" Heh heh heh. Have a nice vacation, kids?

FIB: You betcha, Old Timer. We had a little shack up on Lake Hopsipoochie.

OLD M: How's it up there kids...pretty crowded?

MOL: It was simply humming....with mosquitos. And what have you been doing this summer, Mr. Old Timer?

LD M: Workin' in a defense plant, daughter.
FIB: How'd you get the job?
LD M: Well sir, I answered a ad, Johnny. Seems they wanted a man
with vision. A man people could look up to and one that
could still keep a down-to-earth attitude. And I got the job.
MOL: Doing what?
LD M: Testing parachutes. I'll drop in some day and tell you about
it. Well, glad you're home, kids...see you later.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: I hope he can keep the job...it's nice to know you'll always
have a roof over your head.
FIB: Yes, he's just the type to..OH HEY!..THE CAMERA!..GIMME THE
PHONE!
MOL: Here.
FIB: Thanks. (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR? GIMME THE ATLANTIC AND
FRANTIC RAILROAD OFFICE IN THE - OH..IS THAT YOU, MYRT?
MOL: Oh dear.
FIB: HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING, MYRT? TIS EH? YEAH..NICE VACATION.
WHAT SAY, MYRT? YOUR BROTHER FROM MONTANA? WORKIN' IN THE
GOVERNMENT GARAGE, EH? STILL GOT THAT BEAUTIFUL COLLIE DOG?
MOL: What's he doing in a government garage with a collie dog?
FIB: Jeep-herding. WHAT SAY, MYRT? OKAY PUT 'EM ON. HELLO,
ATLANTIC AND FRANTIC RAILROAD? LOOK, THERE WAS A CAMERA ON
MY SEAT AND - EH? (SHOUTS) YES, I KNOW IT'S BETTER TO
CARRY IT OVER YOUR SHOULDER BUT THAT AIN'T..NOW WAIT A
MINUTE...(FADE INTO MUSIC) I LEFT IT ON THE TRAIN THIS
MORNING WHEN I GOT OFF AND...

ORCH: "IDAHO"

APPLAUSE:

P

SECOND SPOT

SOUND: RAILROAD STATION EFFECT: FADE FOR:

MOL: I'm almost glad you left the camera on the train, McGee.
I LOVE railroad stations. Whenever I smell train smoke, I
want to GO someplace.
FIB: Me, too. Someplace else. But quick. Hey I wonder where
the Lost and Found Department is.
MOL: We just want the Lost Department. We haven't found anything.
FIB: They just call it that because you go there when you've
FOUND you've LOST something. I'll ask the guy at the
information desk. Hey, Bud...(PAUSE) HEY, YOU..... 4*F!
Er.....speaking to me, sir?
MAN: Yes we are. Are you the Information Man?
MOL: Well sir ... 's'funny thing about that. Every body asks am
I the Information Man and I always say well if I'M not the
Information Man what am I doing here in the Information
Booth, though some people don't believe their eyes, ma'am,
so they gotta ask questions like am I the Information Man.
Yes ma'am. I am.
FIB: Well, look, Gabby, I left my camera on the train this
morning and I wanna see if it's been turned in. Where's
the Lost and Found Department?

MAN: Well sir.....s'funny thing about that. Everybody askin' for the Lost and Found. So many people leaving things on trains. My sister left a box of cheese sandwiches on the train once....was during a heat spell so they found 'em all right. Second door down the hall.

MOL: Thank you. What time do they close?

MAN: Well sir s'funny thing about that. Used to keep the Lost and Found Department open 24 hours a day but now with fewer people trying to locate lost articles they only keep it open during regular business hours, which is O.K. I guess. Five O'clock.

FIB: You'd go around Robin Hood's barn for a shortcut, wouldn't you, Bud. Much obliged. Come on, Molly.

STATION EFFECT UP AND FADE

MOL: Come on, McGee. Second door down the hall.

FIB: I'M glad that's all we had to ask that guy. He just turns his voice on and leaves it running.

MOL: Oh, well, I suppose...MCGEE!....LOOK!...Who's that over by the newstand?

FIB: Well, as I live and breathe, but not very **fast** because it don't excite me much, if it ain't Abigail Uppington!

UPP: (FADE IN) MY DEAR MRS. MC GEE....HOW NICE TO SEE YOU AGAIN. AND MR. MC GEE!

FIB: Hiyah Uppy!

MOL: It's nice to see YOU again, Abigail. And what a CLEVER little hat you're wearing!

UPPY: Hat?

FIB: That's what she says, Uppy. Hat. H.A.T. You know, that little cloth thing you wear on your head if your hair looks okay, and if it don't you wear a turban?

UPPY: But I don't undahstand...I am not wearing a hat.

MOL: Then what's that thing on your head?

UPPY: THING? I don't believe I...OHhhh...(LAUGHS GAILY) MY GOODNESS, HOW SILLY OF ME! IT'S THE BOOK OF THE MONTH! I have been carrying a book on my head lately to improve my carriage, and sometimes I forget it's theah...(LAUGHS) Isn't that ridiculous!

FIB: That ain't a carriage...it's a truck.

MOL: MCGEE! Pay no attention to him, Abigail. I think it's very intelligent of you to keep trying to improve yourself, even at your age.

UPPY: Er...thank you. Tell me, did you have a pleasant summer?

FIB: Sure did, Uppy. And I really got tanned.

UPPY: Really....I always said you should be.

MOL: How about you, Abigail? Did you have a nice vacation?

UPPY: I didn't go away this yeah, my deah. Though I DID make a short tour with a little group selling War Bonds. (LAUGHS) Every time someone would buy a bond, I permitted him to kiss me.

FIB: How'd you come out?

UPPY: Mr. McGee...SOMETHING must be done to stimulate people into buying more bonds! Really...I am quite discouraged. And that on top of the othah horrible expeddience I had this summah.

MOL: What was that, Abigail?

UPPY: It was that bachelor apartment building up the street from my house. Those thoughtless, rude men spent day after day, week after week, sunning themselves on the roof wearing only bathing trunks! I was shocked and horrified. Really!

FIB: They still doin' it, Uppy?

UPPY: I don't know, Mr. McGee. I gave my binoculars to the Navy. Well, SO nice to have seen you. Goodbyeeeee.....

STATION SOUNDS UP AND DOWN:

MOL: Come on, McGee...get your camera and let's get home. I've a lot of housecleaning to do, and -

WIL: (IN PAST) WHO SAID HOUSECLEANING?

FIB: Oh oh. That man's here, Molly. Hiyah, Harlow.

MOL: HELLO, MR WILCOX. My it's nice to see you.

WIL: HOW are you, Molly? You're a sight for sore eyes! And look at old man McGee, here! You're looking swell, Pop!

FIB: DON'T POP ME, YOU BIG HULK! IF YOU FEEL SO YOUNG WHY AIN'T YOU IN SCHOOL? YOU DUCKIN' THE TRUANT OFFICER?

WIL: (LAUGHS) That's how I feel, all right...Young! new lease on life!...HAD A WONDERFUL SUMMER!

MOL: You really look it, Mr Wilcox...where did you go?

WIL: DIDN'T GO ANYWHERE!! DIDN'T HAVE TO! WHY DO PEOPLE GO AWAY FOR RELAXATION!...REST!!!!SUNSHINE!!SPORT! WHY I HAD ALL THOSE THINGS RIGHT HERE!

FIB: Take it easy, Junior - you'll burn yourself out before you're 90. Though maybe you better be a young squirt while you can. ..you'll be a old drip soon enough.

MOL: How did you get all those things..rest, sport and sunshine without leaving town, Mr Wilcox?

WIL: Just by working a little harder selling Johnson's Self Polishing Glocoat, Molly.

FIB: Subtle, ain't he folks? Like a bull in ballet slippers.

WIL: YES SIR....TO ME THERE'S NO GREATER SPORT THAN BATTLING DUST AND DIRT AND DAMPNES WITH JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT. AND IT'S SO EASY TO APPLY . I GET A GOOD REST BECAUSE IT SHINES AS IT DRIES....AND DO I RELAX! JUST TO KNOW THAT A KITCHEN LINOLEUM CAN BE SO EASILY PROTECTED AGAINST DUST AND DIRT CALMS MY NERVES AND MAKES ME SO CONTENTED I SLEEP LIKE A LOG.

MOL: And how about that sunshine?

WIL: BABY, YOU HAVEN'T SEEN SUNSHINE TILL YOU'VE SEEN THE SMILE ON A HOUSEWIFE'S FACE WHEN SHE TAKES A LOOK AT THAT GLEAMING, SPARKLING, GLOCOATED LINOLEUM! THAT'S WHY I SAY **

FIB: er...Harlow.

WIL: Eh?

FIB: Look...you're so full o' pip...I mean pep - so full o' health and everything...can you put your hands flat on the floor without bending your knees?

WIL: CERTAINLY!

FIB: and HOLD that position?

WIL: WHY SURE....WATCH! (PAUSE) (OFF MIKE) YOU MEAN LIKE THIS?

FIB: (SOFTLY) Come on, Molly...hurry.....

SOUND: STATION EFFECT UP AND FADE:

MOL: Look back, McGee...he's still doing it!

FIB: That's okay. I'll send a boy down Thursday morning to tell him he can straighten up.

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SOUND: STATION EFFECT UP AND FADE:

MOL: Look back, McGee...he's still doing it!

FIB: That's okay. I'll send a boy down Thursday morning to tell him he can straighten up.

MOL: I think it was kind of a dirty trick to run away from him like this.

FIB: He don't mind. He's in his favorite position - bendin' over lookin' at a floor. Hey, this must be the Lost and Found. Come on.

DOOR OPEN

FIB: Hiya, bud. My name is McGee and I left a Camera on the -
FLANAGAN VOICE: (FAST) AH SURE...A CAMERA...NOW LET'S SEE, YOU'D BE THE 2-A BROWNIE TYPE AND I WOULDN'T BE A BIT SURPRISED IF THIS WAS THE VERY CAMERA BECAUSE IT HAS A TORN PLACE ON THE STRAP. DID YOURS?

MOL: Yes and -

FLANAGAN: THAT'S FINE. TAKE IT ALONG..NO NO NO YOU DON'T HAVE TO SIGN ANYTHING...YOU'VE IDENTIFIED IT. GOOD DAY TO YE.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Well, that's efficiency. And it's nice to know what type you are.

FIB: Ain't it though? Now if somebody asks me where I stand in the draft, I can say I'M a Brownie, - 2-A. Come on..let's grab a cab and go home.

MOL: No sir. It would cost us a dollar and a quarter and we can buy five War Savings Stamps for that. We'll take the street car.

FIB: But, Molly...it makes me sick to ride facing backwards.

MOL: The street cars aren't crowded at this time of day. You can get a seat facing forward.

FIB: But I like to ride facing backward, so I can see who gets on.

MOL: Well, for goodness sakes, will you please make up your mind just what - WELL, MAYOR LA TRIVIA!! IMAGINE MEETING YOU!

LA TRIV: GOOD DAY, MRS. MCGEE...HELLO, MCGEE. GOING AWAY?

FIB: Hiya, La Trivia. No, we just come down to the station to get my camera. Left it on the train this morning. How's everything?

LA TRIV: Splendid...splendid. Nice vacation?

MOL: Very nice, Mr. Mayor. And you?

LA TRIV: Oh yes...though I've been very busy, of course. War Bond Rallies, Civilian Defense Organizations, Salvage programs...

FIB: I got a great slogan for you on that salvage stuff, La Trivia.

MOL: Oh please, McGee. Do you have to -

LA TRIV: I'd like to hear it, Mrs. McGee.

FIB: It's a honey. Imagine a big sign on the salvage truck!
"WE WANT ALL KINDS OF SCRAP METAL...SO GET THE LEAD OUT!"

(PAUSE)

LA TRIV: So you had a nice vacation did you, Mrs. McGee?
MOL: Oh wonderful. There's nothing as healthy as a fishing trip.
And when it's McGee fishing, it's even healthy for the fish.
LA TRIV: Perhaps I should take a fishing trip myself. Little
incident in my office a short time ago made me quite angry.
In fact, I am highly incensed.
FIB: You are? Come here and lemme smell.
MOL: McGee...he means he's furious about something.
FIB: Maybe he put on too much of that incense and somebody
started wise-crackin'.
LA TRIV: MCGEE, I HAVE NOT BEEN USING INCENSE!
FIB: Well what if you did? Who cares? I kinda go for a
good-smellin' shaving lotion, myself. Nothin' sissy about
that.
MOL: Of course not. Besides, the atmosphere in that city hall
is so stuffy that a person almost has to -
LA TRIV: I TELL YOU, MRS. MCGEE, I DO NOT USE PERFUME OF ANY KIND.
FIB: Who said you did? Incense ain't perfume. Incense is great
stuff. Keeps the mosquitoes away. And they got some real
nice fragrances, too. Sandalwood, Roses. You got mosquitoes
in the City Hall?
LA TRIV: No. We have not.
MOL: Then why the incense?
LA TRIV: BECAUSE INCENSE IS THE ONLY.....I MEAN I DON'T USE INCENSE!
I USED THE WORD IN THE SENSE OF BEING ANGRY.
FIB: What were you sore at, La Trivia?
LA TRIV: THE CITY TREASURER ACCUSED ME OF BEING WASTEFUL WITH PUBLIC
FUNDS! AND IT'S A DOWNRIGHT POLITICAL PLOT! I HAVE BEEN
THE MOST ECONOMICAL MAYOR THIS CITY HAS EVER -

MOL: Maybe he was referring to the incense. Did you pay for that
out of your own pocket?
LA TRIV: OF COURSE I DID. I MEAN, NO...I DID NOT. THERE WASN'T
ANY INCENSE!
FIB: Now now now....first you say there was and then you say
there wasn't. We don't care, La Trivia....you can talk
plain to us...shucks. Incense is a trivial item. I can
get you all you want for four bits. What fragrance you
like?
LA TRIV: I DON'T LIKE ANY. I HATE INCENSE... I DON'T WANT IT
AROUND!
MOL: I shouldn't think you would, after that incident in your
office.
FIB: ANYWAY, if it's to chase mosquitos, a little punk would do
just as well.
LA TRIV: (SHOUTS) THAT'S FINE....YOU'VE GOT THE JOB! BE IN MY
OFFICE IN THE MORNING. (FADE OUT) I NEVER saw such a
couple of.....
MOL: Well..!. What's he getting so huffy about?
FIB: I dunno...but if he gets that upset about a little incense,
he better quit usin' it. HEY, HERE COMES OUR STREET CAR!
ORCH: "PRAISE THE LORD & PASS THE AMMUNITION"....KING'S MEN
APPLAUSE:

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ORCH: "PRAISE THE LORD & PASS THE AMMUNITION"...KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE:

THIRD SPOT:

MOL: Well, McGee...riding home on the street car didn't hurt you any did it?

FIB: No, I even kinda enjoyed it. Reminded me of when I was a kid. I wanted to be a motorman.

MOL: What changed that ambition?

FIB: Well, I used to stand on the front platform and watch the motorman bang his heel down on the gong when he wanted the traffic to get outa the way.....and that worried me.

MOL: Why?

FIB: I dunno. I guess I just didn't wanna grow up to be the kind of a guy who'd stamp his foot when he wanted something. Hey, where'd you say them other rolls of film were?

MOL: In the box with your fishing tackle...up stairs in the hall (FADE) Wait a minute...I'll go get them for you....

FIB: There's a woman for you! Tired as she is, she still runs upstairs to get something for me. I'd never let her do it if I didn't know she was happy to do it, and I'd do any thing to make her happy. Why she's the greatest ---

DOOR KNOCK:

FIB: Now who in the - COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

TEE: Hi, mister.

FIB: Oh hello, there little girl. Haven't seen you in a long time. Watcha been doin' all summer?

TEE: Oh gee, we been awful busy, mister. Me and Willie Toops. We got real savage.

FIB: About what?

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I SAYS WHAT DID YOU GET SAVAGE ABOUT?
LEE: About two tons, I betcha.
FIB: Two tons of what?
TEE: Savago.
FIB: Now wait a minute....WHAT MADE YOU SAVAGE?
TEE: Oh we didn't make it. We just collected it. In Willie
Toopses coaster wagon.
FIB: You collected sav....SIS, DO YOU BY ANY CHANCE MEAN
"SALVAGE"?
TEE: No.
FIB: Eh?
TEE: Hmmmmm?
FIB: I SAYS BY ANY CHANCE DO YOU MEAN SALVAGE?
TEE: No. Not by any chance. We collected it on purpose. And
gee, were they glad to get the radiator off my daddy's car.
They said it was almost all copper.
FIB: That was pretty generous of your old m..of your father.
To give 'em his car radiator.
TEE: Oh he didn't know we took it. He had it off to get it
fixed and Willie and I didn't know what it was only we knew
it was metal and the govmint needs metal so we took it.
FIB: I hate to ask, sis...but what happened when your father
found out? When you dood it, did you det a whippin'?
TEE: (GIGGLES) Gee, you sounded just like Red Skeleton, mister,
except you haven't got red hair and he's funnier.
FIB: OH, HE IS EH?
TEE: Hmman?
FIB: I SAYS HE IS, EH?

TEE: Is what?
FIB: RED SKELTON IS FUNNIER THAN I AM!
TEE: I know it!
FIB: AWFER THE....LOOK SIS...I'M BUSY. I gotta take some films
down to the drug store...whadja want?
TEE: I just wanted to ask you mister...cen I play in your
sandpile?
FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, MY SANDPILE? I AIN'T GOT ANY SANDPILE.
TEE: (GIGGLES) You have too....you're fooling me. You got a
dandy sandpile right back of the garage.
FIB: THAT AIN'T A SANDPILE! THAT'S MY VICTORY GARDEN! NOW GO
AWAY....BEAT IT. SCRAM.
TEE: Okay, mister...but you'll be sorry you treated me like this
some day when I grow up and be a big movie actress and wear
pretty bathing suits in the Sunday paper and marry Walter
Pidgeon, YOU'LL BE SORRY!
DOOR SLAM, LOUD:
FIB: Silly kid...She doesn't even know Walter Pidgeon is married
to Mrs. Miniver.
MOL: (FADING IN) Well, here's your films, dearie. And on your
way back from the drug store.....

TEE: Is what?

FIB: RED SKELTON IS FUNNIER THAN I AM!

TEE: I know it!

FIB: AWFER THE.....LOOK SIS...I'M BUSY. I gotta take some films down to the drug store...whadja want?

TEE: I just wanted to ask you mister...can I play in your sandpile?

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, MY SANDPILE? I AIN'T GOT ANY SANDPILE.

TEE: (GIGGLES) You have too....you're fooling me. You got a dandy sandpile right back of the garage.

FIB: THAT AIN'T A SANDPILE! THAT'S MY VICTORY GARDEN! NOW GO AWAY....BEAT IT. SCRAM.

TEE: Okay, mister...but you'll be sorry you treated me like this some day when I grow up and be a big movie actress and wear pretty bathing suits in the Sunday paper and marry Walter Pidgeon, YOU'LL BE SORRY!

DOOR SLAM, LOUD:

FIB: Silly kid...She doesn't even know Walter Pidgeon is married to Mrs. Miniver.

MOL: (FADING IN) Well, here's your films, dearie. And on your way back from the drug store.....

MOL: Don't be silly. And another thing. Stop at the delicatessen and -

DOORBELL:

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

WIMP: Hello, Mrs. McGee. Hello, Mr. McGee. Welcome home.

MOL: MR. WIMPLE!

FIB: Hiyah, Wimp, old man! How you feeling?

WIMP: Oh not bad, Mr. McGee...except I'M a little sore up here.

MOL: Did you break your collarbone, or something Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: Oh no...I just went and got tattooed. See?

FIB: Oh my gosh....a RABBIT! What'd you get a rabbit tattooed on there for, Wimp?

WIMP: I thought Sweetface would like it. (LAUGHS) She's often said she wished I had a little hare on my chest.

MOL: How IS Sweetface, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: Oh I guess she's all right, Mrs. McGee...though she's mad at me, right now. And I didn't mean it that way at all.

FIB: You didn't mean what, what way?

WIMP: What I said at breakfast yesterday. The night before she'd gone to bed with a sick headache and when she came down to breakfast I said, "How do you feel, horrible?" Meaning, of course, How do you feel. -- horrible? Was she ever angry!

MOL: What did she do?

WIMP: Oh she picked me up by one wrist and one ankle and whirled me around and then everything went black.

FIB: It did, eh? For how long? If you'll excuse my morbid curiosity.

WIMP: Oh that's all right, Mr. McGee.....well everything stayed black for maybe three or four hours.

MOL: ^{You mean you were} That's a long time to be knocked out.

WIMP: Ohhh (LAUGHS) I wasn't knocked out, Mrs. McGee. Sweetface had thrown me into the coal bin. Tell me, did you have a nice summer?

FIB: Sure did, Wimp. You know...you ought to get away yourself, for a while. It'd do you good.

MOL: Why don't you do that, Mr. Wimple? Take a few weeks in the woods.

WIMP: Oh I couldn't afford it, Mrs. McGee...I could have once, but not now.

FIB: You have dough at one time, Wimp?

WIMP: Oh yes indeedy. At one time I had more folding money than I knew what to do with.

MOL: And what happened?

WIMP: It folded. Well, I'm glad you're home again. I'd like to stay a while but I promised Sweetface I'd come home and practice for the army.

FIB: Practice what?

WIMP: Maneuvers. Sweetface straps me in a baby carriage at the top of the stairs and gives it a push. She says if I ever get into the army she wants me to know how to drive a jeep. Well, goodbye, now.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Poor little fellow!

FIB: Well, he shouldn't oughtta be so meek about everything. He's got all the sparkling personality of a torn sock.

MOL: Just the same, she'll drive him to desperation sometime.

FIB: Yeah...he'll probably go fling himself under the wheels of a passing roller skate. WELL, I'M OFF TO THE STORE, MOLLY.

MOL: All right, dearie. Don't forget the clothespins and the ammonia.

FIB: I won't. Where's those films? Oh yes...here they are...

MOL: Did you take the roll out of the camera?

FIB: Gee, I didn't, at that. Gimme the camera.

MOL: I haven't got it. You had it.

FIB: I did? I wonder what I...(PAUSE) Oh my gosh.

MOL: What?

FIB: I left it on the street car!

MOL: (GROANS)

ORCH: "SUNNY" FADE FOR:

clothespins and the

s...here they are...

ra?

mera.

my gosh.

CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT (2ND REVISION) -25-

WIL: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, YOUR ATTENTION PLEASE!

MOLLY: (PAUSE) FOLKS, I'M NOT AN EXPERT FINANCIER. I'M JUST A HOUSEWIFE BUT I THINK I KNOW WHEN TO TURN THE ROAST, IF WE HAVE A ROAST. AND WHEN THE ARMY NEEDS THE ROAST MORE THAN WE DO, WE'LL HAVE MACARONI.

FIB: I DON'T CARE FOR MACARONI.

MOL: MCGEE, IF IT'S GOING TO HELP THE GOVERNMENT, YOU'LL EAT MACARONI, AND LIKE IT!

FIB: WITH TOMATOES?

MOL: WHY NOT?

FIB: THAT'S ALL RIGHT THEN. ON MACARONI, TOMATOES ARE GOOD.

MOL: WHERE WAS I? OH YES. I JUST WANTED TO SAY TO YOU OTHER HOUSEWIVES, AND YOU MEN WHO SIT IN THE LIVING ROOM AND READ THE PAPER WHILE WE GIRLS DO THE DISHES, THAT IF WE PUT OUR MINDS TO IT, WE CAN STRANGLE A POST-WAR DEPRESSION WITH OUR OWN APRON STRINGS. WE CAN AVOID MOST OF THE MESS WE HAD AFTER THE LAST WAR BY BACKING UP OUR GOVERNMENT RIGHT NOW. WE'VE GOT TO PAY OUR BILLS AND NOT ~~HEY~~ ANYTHING WE DON'T NEED. WE'VE GOT TO PAY NO MORE FOR THINGS THAN THE PRICE UNCLE SAM HAS SET FOR THOSE THINGS AND ASK OUR MERCHANTS TO POST THOSE PRICES WHERE WE CAN SEE THEM.

FIB: HEY INCIDENTALLY, I JUST GOT A BILL FROM THE MILKMAN THAT---

MOL: I PAID IT. NOW BE QUIET. AND, IN ORDER TO HELP PAY FOR THIS WAR AND PROVIDE A CUSHION FOR OURSELVES AFTER THIS WAR, THERE'S NO BETTER INVESTMENT THAN WAR BONDS. REMEMBER "V" FOR VICTORY, AND IF YOU KNOW YOUR ALPHABET, YOU KNOW THE ONLY WAY TO REACH "V" IS THROUGH "U". THANK YOU.

FIB: GOODNIGHT

MOLLY: GOODNIGHT, ALL!

ORCH: (CLOSING SIGNATURE)

S. C. Johnson & So
Writers: Don Quir
Bill Dar

Tuesday - 10/6/42

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