

(REVISED)

WRITERS: Don Quinn
Bill Danch

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

1943 (17)

January 19, 1943

NBC - RED 6:30 - 7:00 P.M.

a

(REVISED)

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

ORCHESTRA: THEME... FADE FOR:

WIL: The Makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Self-Polishing
Glocoat present Fibber McGee and Molly, written by
Don Quinn, with music by ^{the King's Men} Billy Mills Orchestra, and the
King's Men.

ORCHESTRA: "LOVE IS" FADE FOR:

a

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WIL:

We have just received some good news. The National Safety Council has presented the makers of Johnson's Wax with a special wartime award for Distinguished Service to Safety. The Council is conducting an accident-prevention campaign at the request of President Roosevelt to Save Manpower for Warpower. Although working under pressure and devoting a good part of their plant to making finishing products that serve the war or war equipment manufacturers, S. C. Johnson & Son, have reduced their accident frequency rate this past year by 83 1/3 per cent. The Council reports that in the first year of the war the number of American workers killed by accidents was six times as great as the number of Americans killed on all battlefronts! The time lost by industrial accidents in this period could have built 100 aircraft carriers or 23,000 bombing planes! I think you'll agree that every worker, man or woman, in every plant in these United States and Canada should do his level best to be careful, to avoid accidents, to keep well and to work hard to back up those boys in Guadalcanal and North Africa.

ORCH:

(SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

WIL: 'T WAS THE NIGHT BEFORE WEDNESDAY, AND HERE, AS USUAL,
ARE --

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: -- so I walks up to the counter, and I says to the butcher,
I says, Look, bud, I says, gimme about a six-pound
rolled roast of beef, two nice tenderloin steaks and a
pound of bacon. Well, sir, he looks at me like I was
dreamin' out loud, which I was, because just then the
alarm clock went off.

MOL: Too bad you didn't stay asleep long enough to get those
two steaks.

FIB: I'll try again tonight. While I'M dreaming, you want me
to go round by the creamery and get a pound o' butter?

MOL: Sure sure....MCGEE HOW ON EARTH DO YOU WEAR THE TOES OF
YOUR SOCKS OUT LIKE THIS?.....LOOK! AND THESE ARE
PRACTICALLY NEW!

FIB: I wiggle my toes when I think.

MOL: Well, don't be such a deep thinker. Or go barefoot.
What are you reading?

FIB: Eh? Oh, this? I thought I'd read up on modern weapons
and all the new stuff they're usin' in this war, so I
went to the liberry and got a book.

MOL: What's the name of it?

FIB: "Tom Swift and His Electric Rifle." And believe me the
War Department is a dope if they don't sign this guy up.
He's terrific. He -

DOORBELL:

MOL: I wonder who that could be?

FIB: Probably a fireman from Berlin, lookin' for a cool place
to sit down. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Well, Abigail Uppington..come in!

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

FIB: Hiyah, Uppy. Hunker down on this homespun hassock and
hand your hips a hunk of happiness. I'd offer you this
rockin' chair but it ain't been ridden for several days
and it's kinda skittish.

UPP: Thank you, Mr. McGee...I cawnt stay but a few minutes.
Mrs. McGee...I wanted you to be the first to know!

MOL: ABIGAIL! YOU'RE NOT ENGAGED!

UPP: No, I -

FIB: YOU AINT MARRIED. AGAIN!

UPP: No, I -

MOL: YOU'RE NOT MOVING!!

UPP: No, that's not what I -

FIB: I KNOW! YOU'RE GONNA LET YQUR HAIR GROWN IN AGAIN
NATURAL!

UPP: No, I - PLEASE, MR MCGEE!

FIB: Oh that's okay. You'll look good with gray hair. You
know what I always say - just because there's a little
snow on the roof don't mean the fire's gone out in the
house. Besides you always -

MOL: MCGEE, BE QUIET A MINUTE. Now what was it, Abigail?

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 snow on the roof don't mean the fire's gone out in the
 house. Besides you always -
 MOL: MCGEE, BE QUIET A MINUTE. Now what was it, Abigail?

UPP: My deah, I am about to join the WAACS. The Women's Army Auxiliary Corps.

MOL: Have you put in your application yet, Abigail?

UPP: No, but I believe I meet the basic qualifications.

FIB: Betcha you do that, Uppy. You got more basic qualifica-

MOL: MCGEE, WILL YOU BE QUIET A MINUTE?

FIB: Sure..but I was just trying to ease the tension. This is a serious moment in a girl's life...just before she goes into the army.

MOL: What are the basic qualifications, Abigail?

UPP: Oh, one must be a citizen of the United States - and I am. One must submit satisfactory proof of birth.

FIB: That always seemed awful silly to me. You gotta prove you were born. Where do they think a big gal like you came from? A box of crackerjack? One of these days -

MOL: McGee, PLEASE. What else do they check, Abigail?

UPP: Oh, general health, height, weight -

MOL: QUIET, MCGEE!

FIB: Quiet my clavicle, I didn't say anything.

MOL: You were going to.

FIB: I know but you moved in too fast.

UPP: Then one must pass a mental alertness test and present two character references. Oh I am really thrilled about this. And I DO hope you will go with me when I apply.

MOL: Oh I'D LOVE TO ABIGAIL! I've even considered joining myself.

FIB: Yes, Molly oughtta be --- WHAT WAS THAT? OH, NO YOU DON'T! YOU GOTTA HOME AND A HUSBAND! YOU GOT RESPONSIBILITIES. YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENS WHEN I EAT MY OWN COOKIN'! OH NO YOU DON'T! I REFUSE MY PERMISSION----

UPP: Excuse me. I must be going, Mrs. McGee...I shall call you this afternoon, and we'll go down to headquarters together.

MOL: You do that, Abigail...I'll be thrilled to death.

FIB: So long, Uppy. When they get you handling them Army mules, I'll be thinkin' of you.

UPP: Thank you. I shall naturally be thinking of you too, Good day.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: I wouldn't try to bandy words with her if I were you, McGee. She tops you like she was trimming a hedge.

FIB: Aw she just wants to strut around in a uniform, that's all she wants. Gee whizz, if she --

MOL: NOW YOU STOP RIGHT THERE, MY FINE FELLO!!

FIB: Eh?

MOL: I KNOW A LITTLE BIT ABOUT THE WAAC'S MYSELF. AND THEY'RE WONDERFUL! EVERY ONE OF 'EM IS RELEASING A MAN FOR FRONT LINE DUTY.

FIB: Yes but my gosh, -

MOL: AND THEY DON'T STRUT. THEY WORK! THEY RIG PARACHUTES, THEY DRIVE JEEPS AND PEEPS, AND REPAIR MOTORS AND OPERATE RADIOS -

FIB: I know but what I mean was -

MOL: IT'S THE ONLY AUTHORIZED WOMEN'S ORGANIZATION EXCEPT THE NURSES THAT SERVES WITH THE ARMY.

FIB: Yeah, but -

MOL: AND JUST BECAUSE THE MARINES SAID YOU WERE TOO OLD, AND THE ARMY SAID YOU WERE OUT OF CONDITION, AND THE NAVY SAID THEY DIDN'T WANT YOU, AND THE AIR CORPS JUST LAUGHED, YOU NEEDN'T -

FIB: ~~Hey hey hey...~~ cut it out. I wasn't insultin' the WACCS. But them gals that spend 250 bucks for a fancy uniform -

MOL: The WAACS wear government issue uniforms.

FIB: Yes, but - (PAUSE) Hey...how do you know so much about this? Look, you ain't seriously thinkin' of...OH NOW MOLLY.YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME!!! WHO'D MEND MY SOCKS? WHO'D--

DOORBELL:

MOL: Calm yourself, dearie. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

FIB: WELL CALL ME A JAP, GIMME A KNIFE AND TURN YOUR BACK IF IT AIN'T HORATIO K. BOOMER!

MOL: Hello, Mr. Boomer. Long time no NBC.

BOOM: Good afternoon, my pretty, - and a reluctant recognition to you, Ratface. What, to use a vulgar colloquialism, is cooking?

FIB: Oh nothin' much, Boomer, you old reprobate. Just talkin' about Mrs. Uppington joining the WAACS. You got a nice military wrist watch you can sell her, that you found stickin' to your fingers in some jewelry store?

MOL: Now McGee...

BOOM: You wrong me, my boy. I am not the Horatio K. Boomer you once knew. I am a reformed character. Yes, indeed.

MOL: Oh good for you, Mr. Boomer!

FIB: I knew you had the makin's, Boomer, but I never thought you could roll 'em. What caused this sudden gush of purity? Six months in the clink?

BOOM: NOT AT ALL, NOT AT ALL...FINALLY SAW THE ERROR OF MY WAYS.. GOT A JOB IN A DEFENSE PLANT. CAME TO THE CONCLUSION THAT CRIME DIDN'T PAY. ENOUGH.

FIB: A likely story

MOL: Let's see your identification badge, Mr. Boomer.

BOOM: WHY CERTAINLY CERTAINLY...IDENTIFICATION BADGE...BADGE BADGE WHERE'D I PUT THAT BADGE...HAD IT RIGHT HERE A MINUTE AGO...Now let me see....

FIB: Must be an odd feeling - goin' thru your own pockets, eh, Boomer?

BOOM: Quiet, Retread, Quiet! Now let me see..ahh, here's a short length of copper wire..handy to use at length on short coppers...hah hah...(just for a gag, of course)... Here's a small harness buckle...found that in my porterhouse steak last night....I wonder if they thought I said "pouter-horse". No, that's impossible...STILL...why did the waitress tell me to pay my check at the two-dollar window? Ah well...

MOL: I'll bet you haven't got any identification badge.

BOOM: Tiger-Lily, that would be an even-money wager in any town west of Passaic. Have it right here...now let me see... What's this..ah, a letter from my baby sister, Calrissa. Poor child! Now doing time in Kansas City. A victim of her own vanity. Mistook a bloodhound for a wolf. WELL WELL...IMAGINE THAT...NO IDENTIFICATION BADGE! Must have dropped it in that dark doorway, when I was rolling that lush. Fortunately it had somebody else's picture on it. WELL, NICE TO HAVE SEEN YOU, DREAMBOAT. AND PIP PIP TO YOU, PRETZELPUSS!

DOOR SLAM:

ORCHESTRA: "JUST ONE OF THOSE THINGS"

APPLAUSE

FIB: Now look, Molly...let's be sensible about this. Let's talk it over.

MOL: Talk what over, dearie?

FIB: This thing about you joinin' the WAACS. Gee, whizz, I know they're wonderful and all that, but think of me. I'm your dependent.

MOL: Oh for goodness sakes, stop wringing your hands and be sensible. AND DON'T PACE UP AND DOWN LIKE THAT. You make me nervous.

FIB: I MAKE YOU NERVOUS. Here I am, all alone, full of worn out socks and eatin' outa cans, with you over there in Egypt someplace, BOUNCIN' ALL OVER THE GEOGRAPHY WHILE I STAY HERE WITH A STAR IN THE WINDOW, WONDERIN' HOW MUCH FLOUR TO PUT IN THE GRAVY, WHICH I PROBABLY WON'T EVEN HAVE ANY GRAVY ON ACCOUNT OF I CAN'T GET ANY MEAT AND --

~~MOL: Oh Heavenly Days...stop it. You're breaking my heart. AND WHO SAID ANYTHING ABOUT ME JOINING THE WAACS? It's Abigail Uppington that's putting in her application.~~

~~FIB: Yeah. DON'T FOOL ME, BABY! I SAW THE EXPRESSION ON YOUR FACE WHEN SHE WAS GIVIN' YOU THAT BUSLNESS. There's nothin' you'd like better than to be settin' there in a snappy uniform, sendin' messages over the radio for a handsome guy like MacArthur and gettin' fifty bucks a month and all expenses. I SAW YOU!!!~~

~~MOL: Stop twisting the buttons on your vest! Now look, McGee, I realize that --~~

DOOR OPEN

WIL: HELLO FOLKS, HEY WHAT'S THIS I HEAR ABOUT MRS. UPPINGTON GOING TO JOIN THE WAACS?

MOL: She's going to try, Mr. Wilcox...I'm going down with her very shortly to put in her application.

FIB: Why, Junior?

WIL: Oh I just wondered. Somebody told me. I think it's great - Good old Abigail, in the WAACS.

(ASIDE)

FIB: Stand by, folks. Five'll get you ten that here comes the most obvious and corny commercial of the year!

WIL: Well I hope she makes it. It's a great outfit, and she'll be a credit to it. (PAUSE) Well..what are you staring at me for, Fibber?

FIB: I'M just waitin'...

WIL: For what?

FIB: Oh just waitin'...That's all. So you're in favor of Uppy joining the WAACS, eh, Junior?

WIL: I sure am. She has no dependents. She's intelligent. Probably do a swell job.

(PAUSE)

FIB: In the WAACS.

WIL: Yeah.

(PAUSE)

MOL: WHAT ON EARTH IS GOING ON HERE, ANYWAY? This is the silliest dialog I've heard since we dramatized the Count of Monte Cristo in our barn and the pig got loose. Did you want anything in particular, Mr. Wilcox? Aside from telling us about Mrs. Uppington and the WAACS?

FIB: (ASIDE) Here it comes, folks!

WIL: Well, I wanted you folks' opinion on something. May I use your phonograph a minute?

MOL: Why certainly, Mr. Wilcox. Roll the rug back, McGee. I imagine Mr. Wilcox wants to show us a new buck-and-wing or something.

FIB: Now, wait a minute...what is this, Wilcox?

WIL: It's very simple. I've been listening to the radio a lot lately, and I've wondered if maybe I'm not in a rut. If our radio advertising doesn't need a little more hoopla. So I made up a few records.

MOL: This, I shall have to hear.

FIB: Yes, go ahead, Junior. And I don't think you're in a rut. I think you're in the groove. My philosophy had always been-

MOL: In a rut. Go ahead, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: All right..(OFF) Wait till I adjust this turntable...here we go. This is the whimsical type of announcement.

SOUND: RECORD SCRATCH:

DOOR KNOCK

ELVIA: WOMAN'S VOICE:- (VERY SWEET) Who's there?

KEN: DIRTY VOICE:- I'M DIRT!

RAD: GRITTY VOICE:- I'M DUST!

BUD: MUSHY VOICE:- I'M DAMPNESS!

ELVIA: WOMAN: Well, I'm Johnson's wax and I won't let ANY of you in. So there!

KINGS MEN: CHORUS: SHE WON'T LET DIRT AND DAMPNESS IN
SHE KEEPS OLD DUST OUTSIDE.
BECAUSE...
IF YOUR PAWS
FOR STATION IDENTIFICATION
LEAVE FINGERPRINTS ON THE FURNITURE,
THEY'LL WIPE RIGHT OFF WITH JOHNSON'S WAX.
THESE ARE THE FAAAAAAACTS!

RECORD SOUND OUT:

FIB: I think you got something there, Junior. And I hope it ain't catching.

WIL: Oh but listen to this one. This is the dramatic type. The heartbreaker.

TIRED WOMAN: No, George, I simply can't go to the Fireman's
(Whiny voice) Ball, tonight. My housework has simply worn me to
shreds. I feel like a cat that something had
dragged in.

MAN: (VERY SYMPATHETIC) But, Lambchop -

TIRED WOMAN: (SNAPPISH) And don't call me Lambchop. This is
meatless Tuesday and you know it.

MAN: But, Dumpling, you wouldn't be so worn out from
housework if you used Johnson's Wax on floors
furniture and woodwork like other good housekeepers
do.

ANNOUNCER: (IN FAST AND DYNAMIC) MR. JONES IS RIGHT! USE
JOHNSON'S WAX. IT'S GREAT! SAVES TIME. SAVES
ENERGY! SAVES WORK! GET SOME FROM YOUR DEALER --
TODAY!

RECORD OFF:

WIL: That's the dramatic type.

MOL: That's the dramatic tripe, all right.

FIB: I'll bet those phonograph records aren't turning over half
as fast as Edison is. What else you got, Junior?

WIL: Then there's the novelty type. Like this: --

RECORD SOUND:

EFFECT: TRAIN EFFECT CHUGGING...WHISTLE IN DISTANCE

VOICE: (IMITATING TRAIN. IT DOESN'T HAVE TO BE GOOD)
TRY-JOHNSON'S-WAX, -TRY-JOHNSON'S-WAX-TRY-JOHNSON'S-
WAX-TRY-JOHNSON'S-WAX (WHISTLE) IT'S GOOOOOOOOOOD!

MAN: YES, TRY JOHNSON'S WAX AND YOU'LL MAKE THE GRADE AS
A FINE HOUSEKEEPER, BECAUSE JOHNSON'S WAX SEALS ALL
WOOD, PAINTED AND ENAMELED SURFACES AGAINST DUST,
DIRT, AND DAMPNESS..SO TRAIN YOURSELF TO --

EFFECT: TRY-JOHNSON'S-WAX-TRY-JOHNSON'S-WAX-TRY-JOHNSON'S-WAX-
TRY-JOHNSON'S-WAX...(WHISTLE) IT'S GOOOOOOOOOOD!

RECORD OFF:

WIL: Well, folks...whaddye think?

(PAUSE)

WIL: I kind of thought so myself.

SOUND: CRASH OF RECORDS BREAKING

WIL: See you next week! So long, folks!

DOOR SLAM

MOL: Well, it was the old college try, anyway, McGee.

FIB: Yeah, we'll give him "A" for effort. He always ---

MOL: McGee look at the time. And I've got to go with Abigail
down to the WAAC's.

FIB: Now look, Molly. I don't mind givin' Uncle Sam the best
years of my wife but after all, you gotta home to keep
up. You gotta -----

MOL: ~~OH HEAVENLY DAYS....~~ (ALL FLUSTERED) I won't even have time to change my dress, how does it look..don't tell me, I just hope it's all right..have I got my face on? It'll have to do...well, oh where's me purse...I've got it... I won't be long dearie, and I wonder if I need an umbrella.. no I guess not....

FIB: BUT MOLLY...PLEASE...DON'T RUSH AWAY LIKE THIS..AFTER ALL. WHEN A GIRL JOINS THE ARMY, SHE..AT LEAST YOU COULD KISS ME GOODBYE.

MOL: (VERY FAST) Why sure I could, darling (SMACK) Goodbye!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

FIB: (TO HIMSELF) There goes the best wife a man ever had! OFF TO WAR! And here I am...a lonely old man....settin' by the fires, with only an old cat for company. My gosh.. I haven't even got a cat, where can I get a cat? Maybe if I

DOORBELL:

FIB: Maybe that's a cat now! COME IN.!

DOOR OPEN:

TEE: Hi, mister.

FIB: Oh hello, little girl. Sit down and be quiet. I'm in a bad mood. My wife is joining the Army.

TEE: Gee, really? That's peachy. You used to be in the Army didn't you, mister?

FIB: Who, me? Yes, I was in France in the last war, sis.

TEE: Gee, did you learn to parley hoo?
FIB: Parley voo, sis.
TEE: Who?
FIB: Me.
TEE: You?
FIB: Yeah.
TEE: You mean you could parley hoo French?
FIB: IT'S VOOO, SIS. NOT HOO. VOO MEANS YOU IN FRENCH.
TEE: Awwwwww, (GIGGLES) It couldn't mean me, I betcha. I wasn't even born yet! (GIGGLES)
FIB: What I meant was, VOO is the French for the word YOU.
TEE: What did I say?
FIB: Hoo.
TEE: Me.
FIB: I mean YOU said HOO.
TEE: I meant you.
FIB: Yeah, I know, but..er...look, Sis.. What I'M tryin' to get past your little sinuses is this - IN FRENCH, "VOOO" is "YOU". AND "HOO" DON'T MEAN... that is, if I said "HOOO", it wouldn't mean "YOU" because "YOU" is "VOO".

(PAUSE)

TEE: Then who's HOO?
FIB: DOGGONE IT, HOO AIN'T ANYBODY!
TEE: Well, gee, it's GOTTA be somebody mister, on account of if there's any Frenchmen in Who's Who, they can't all be voo, because voo is you and if you ever got in Who's Who, ---
FIB: HEY HEY HEY....CUT IT OUT, SIS. CUT IT OUT. WHAT I BEEN TRYIN' TO SAY IS THIS. IN FRENCH..."YOU"...SPELLED Y.O.U.... is "VOO"...spelled V.O.O.

TEE: I know how to say cow in French, I betcha.

FIB: How?

TEE: Moo. (GIGGLES)

FIB: (PAINED) Look, sis. I ain't in any mood to go into this moo-moo who's-who, voo-voo business any further. I sound like Bing Crosby now.

TEE: Not enough, though.

FIB: Eh?

TEE: HMMMMM?

FIB: I SAYS I....LOOK, LITTLE GIRL...

TEE: HEY MISTER, WILL YOU PLEASE TELL ME A STORY, WILL YOU PLEASE, HMMM, WILL YOU HMMM PLEASE, HMMM, WILLYA, HMMMMM?

FIB: If I tell you a story, will you paddle your little Princess slippers outa here and leave me to my dreams?

TEE: Sure I will, I betcha.

FIB: Promise?

TEE: Cross my heart.....see?

FIB: THAT'S YOUR ADAM'S APPLE!

TEE: I know, mister, but you tell a story so wonderful my heart's always in my throat.

FIB: Oh my gosh.....sis, you're as full of baloney as a baloney. But here goes. AND REMEMBER...as soon as I finish the story, you scam!

TEE: It's a deal, Mister. Shoot the literary to me, Harry.

FIB: Don't be such a smart Alec. ONCE UPON A TIME, A FAMOUS AUTHOR WENT DEEP, DEEP, DEEP INTO THE FOREST TO WRITE A NOVEL. ONE DAY, HE FELL ASLEEP AND A BIG HYENA CAME SNEAKIN' ALONG, AND ET THE NOVEL.

(PAUSE)
P

TEE: Is that all?

FIB: Yes, it was a novelette. ~~G'BYE, SIS.~~

TEE: ~~B'GYE.~~ *Oh, man - der!*

DOOR SLAM:

ORK: "WOULD YOU RATHER BE A COLONEL WITH AN EAGLE ON YOUR
SHOULDER THAN A PRIVATE WITH A CHICKEN ON YOUR KNEE?" -
KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE:

SOUND OF TYPEWRITERS (PLENTY OF 'EM)....HUM OF VOICES OFF:
(DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE) (SOUND OUT)

GORDON: Yes, ladies. I am Lt. Gordon. Could I help you?

MOL: Yes you could, dearie. My girl friend here wants to enlist. I'm Mrs. McGee. Her name is Abigail Uppington.

UPP: Yes, my name is Uppigail Apping...I mean Appingtail Udding...Oh I'M so nervous!

GORDON: There is no reason to be, Miss Uppington.

UPP: MRS. Uppington, sir. I mean Madam...I...er...how DOES one address a female Lieutenant?

GORDON: Lieutenant.

MOL: Simple, isn't it?

UPP: Well, I...er...I must confess I am rawtheh ignorant of the organization, your honor...I mean Lieutenant...But I am a widow, have no dependents, am in good health and I am a United States citizen.

GORDON: Well, those are all desirable qualifications, Mrs. Uppington. Let me explain briefly about the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps. It is a corps of women in military uniform under military discipline, receiving military pay. We serve officially WITH the Army, and when we have recruited our necessary 150,000 members, it means that 150,000 men are released for combat duty. Do you speak any foreign languages Mrs. Uppington?

UPP: Why...er...No, I don't believe...

MOL: OH NOW ABIGAIL, YOU DO TOO! DON'T BE SO MODEST! YOU
TALK PIG-LATIN LIKE EVERYTHING!

GORDON: I'm afraid pig-latin would not be very useful to us, Mrs.
McGee. We have very little contact with the German
General Staff.

UPP: What are the physical requirements?

GORDON: Just general good health, Mrs. Uppington. You don't have
to be a perfect physical specimen.

MOL: Oh, Abigail, you lucky girl!

UPP: Er...How much is the pay in the WAACS, Lieutenant?

GORDON: Exactly the same as the Army. With all living expenses
paid. We feel this is a great opportunity for American
Women. Many of them will develop special skills which
will be very useful after the War. (FADE OUT) Besides
which we feel that we are backing up our....

FADE WAY OUT: PAUSE: FADE IN WITH:

SOUND: CLATTER OF DISHES:

FIB: Now lemme see...half a cup o' shortening...cup o' graduated sugar.. 2 eggs, separated... separated from what? Who wrote this cook book anyway - Colonel Stoopnagle? Let's see now....

DOORBELL:

FIB: Aw fer the...I'LL NEVER GET THIS CAKE BAKED! COME IN!

DOOR OPEN OFF MIKE; CLOSE...FOOTSTEPS FADE IN:

WIMP: (FADE IN) Hello, Mr. McGee. Hello Mrs....where's Mrs. McGee?

FIB: Hiyah, Wimp, Old Man. Hey what does tsp. stand for?

WIMP: Tailspin, I think, Mr. McGee.

FIB: TAILSPIN! ONE AND A HALF TAILSPINS OF SALT? THAT CAN'T BE RIGHT!

WIMP: What are you making?

FIB: Upside down cake.

WIMP: Then maybe tailspin IS right. Maybe you just put in some salt, and whirl around till you fall in your batter. How long ago was Sweetface here, Mr. McGee?

FIB: YOUR WIFE? She ain't been here, Wimp.

WIMP: Really? Well, my goodness when I saw the curtains all down and the rugs torn up and the place in such a mess, I thought --

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE; OFF)

FIB: Who's that?

MOL: (FADE IN) MCGEE! MCGEE WHERE ARE YOU?...AND WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THIS HOUSE? Hello, Mr. Wimple.

WIMP: Hello, Mrs. McGee, I just thought I'd -

MOL: TELL ME LATER. WHAT GOES ON HERE MCGEE?...THE HOUSE IS
A WRECK!

FIB: Ain't you...ain't you...didn't you join the Army?

MOL: OF COURSE NOT. I GOT ALL THE DOPE ON IT MONTHS AGO AND
DECIDED I HAD TOO MUCH RESPONSIBILITY WITH YOU...BUT WHO
WRECKED OUR HOUSE?

FIB: Well, gee, I thought if I was gonna be a grass widow for
the duration I better learn to do things, so I started to
wash the curtains and clean the rugs and bake a cake, only
I scorched the curtains tryin' to dry 'em in the oven,
and I couldn't get the soap out of the rugs and what does
tsp stand for?

MOL: (LAUGHS) Teaspoon, and give me a kiss, you silly boy!
(KISS)

PAUSE

FIB: Well, what you lookin' so popeyed about, Wimple?

WIMP: You mean you can make a mess like this in the house and
when your wife comes home she KISSES you?

MOL: Why not, Mr. Wimple. What would your wife do?

WIMP: Ohhhh! -- Let me take that bowl of batter, Mr. McGee, I
might as well be stirring it while I shudder!

ORCH: "OUT OF THIS WORLD " -- FADE ---

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WIL: Things that are said over and over again sometimes get to be such an old story they lose their original meaning. They are worn smooth from much use. Take the word conservation, for example --and the phrase, "Take Better care of the things you have". Yes, we've heard them often -- but we'll hear them many times more before this war is over. Because it is important to take better care of the things we have. It is vital to conserve our resources and our manpower, in little ways, in every way, in every home in the land. And that brings me back for a moment to Johnson's Wax -- used in millions of homes for the protection and preservation of floors, furniture and woodwork. The regular use of Johnson's Wax saves expensive refinishing. It also saves many hours of work, and adds rich, mellow beauty to your home. Johnson's Wax is available in three forms - Paste, Liquid and Cream.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

TAG

MOL: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...or rather, just ladies. The Women's Army Auxiliary Corps - known as the WAACS - really does need 150,000 members. This is the answer to the question lots of you have been asking: "What can I do to serve?"

FIB: Yes, and after seeing some of those snappy-lookin' women, I think they oughtta change the old slogan to "JOIN THE ARMY AND LET THE WORLD SEE YOU"! Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all!

MUSIC: UP TO FINISH, ETC.