

Written by Don Quinn
Phil Leslie

(REVISED)

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

(Johnson's Wax)

1943 (37)

NBC - RED 6:30 - 7:00 PM PWT

Tuesday, June 8, 1943

(REVISED)

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

ORCH: THEME: FADE FOR:

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

ORCH: "GEE BUT IT'S FUN TO SING A SONG" (FADE FOR COMMERCIAL)

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC
JUNE 8, 1943

-3-

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WIL: Well, summer does seem to have arrived, and with it that welcome change of activities and the chance to be more ~~X~~ out-of-doors. May I suggest that summer demonstrates some very important extra uses for JOHNSON'S WAX? Take your sporting things, for example -- tennis rackets, golf clubs and bags, fishing rods, baseball bats and gloves -- did you remember to protect them all with a coat of JOHNSON'S WAX when you put them away? If you did, you'll probably find them in good condition, fit as a fiddle and ready for use. The wax keeps the wood and leather from drying out -- protects the metal surfaces, too, against dampness and dirt. Then how about your screen frames -- and your porch and outdoor furniture of metal or wood? If you haven't been waxing these things with genuine JOHNSON'S WAX, you've missed a good bet. As a matter of fact, every one of these extra uses for JOHNSON'S WAX has been suggested by a number of you in recent letters. Many thanks -- and bear them in mind, won't you, next time you JOHNSON'S WAX your floors, furniture and woodwork.

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ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH)

WILCOX: ONE GOOD THING ABOUT THE SUNDAY PAPERS. IF YOU'RE A SLOW READER, THEY LAST ALL WEEK.

AND HERE IN THE LIVING ROOM AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA, ON A TUESDAY AFTERNOON, CATCHING UP WITH THAT LITTLE ORPHAN, ANNIE, AND THAT FAMOUS DICK, TRACY, WE FIND MR. MCGEE, OF--

--FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

RATTLE OF PAPER:

FIB: Oh boy..is this rich!! (LAUGHS) Hey, Molly...you ever read Chief Wahoo?

MOL: Who?

FIB: Wah.

MOL: Wah who?

FIB: Yeah. Wahoo. Indian character in the funnies. (LAUGHS) He's gotta idea to set aside one week a year for the braves to do all the work and give the squaws a rest, see? - so old Mooseface, that's Butterball's husband, he -

MOL: OH DON'T TELL ME, MCGEE!! You KNOW I like to read the funnies myself.

FIB: He's always -- HEY, HERE'S A INTERESTING ARTICLE IN THE SCIENTIFIC SECTION. Says "The way you **feel** is reflected in the way you look".

MOL: That's a startling discovery. Anybody who's ever owned a looking-glass knows that.

FIB: That ain't the point. It goes on to say - and I quote - "The reverse is also true. If you LOOK happy and healthy, you'll FEEL happy and healthy. Your body subconsciously re-acts to your facial expression".

MOL: I must be a pretty picture of womanhood just before I sneeze, then.

FIB: No, the idea is that the way to feel good and be healthy is to ACT healthy and happy. Get your puss all fixed for it and your body re-acts, see? ACT happy all the time and you'll BE happy all the time.

MOL: That, dear boy, is a lot of mulligatawny.

FIB: Eh?

MOL: The human race isn't built for it. Happiness should be taken in small doses. Nobody can be happy all the time. That's what makes merry-go-round horses so glassy-eyed.

FIB: Personally, I think it's worth trying. I think I WILL try it. From now on, I'M gonna smile my way thru life.

MOL: Go right ahead, dearie. Be a happiness boy. At least it'll be easier on my nerves than it will be on your face.

FIB: Ahhh, you're a great kid, Molly! (LAUGHS) Always joshin' me. You go ahead and be a pessimist. I got happiness enough for both of us. Yes sir..HAPPY-GO-LUCKY McGEE, THAT'S ME! I'll be the greatest little tonic for --

DOORBELL:

MOL: If that's the man to collect the installment on the piano, just tell him to LOOK happy and he'll BE happy. I'll run up and get the iodine.

FIB: I DON'T CARE WHO IT IS. I LOVE EVERYBODY. COME IN, COME IN, COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

VIRG: How do you do. I am --

FIB: HIYAH, SIS...MIGHTY HAPPY TO SEE YOU...YES SIR...MIGHTY HAPPY!! JUST STEP IN AND GET A LOAD OF THE JOY OF LIVING, SIS. MAKE OUR HOUSE YOUR HOME...WE CALL IT "CONTENTMENT COTTAGE".

MOL: Since when, McGee?

FIB: Since just now. Sis, you look kinda careworn and worried. DON'T FEEL LIKE THAT...BE GAY! (MERRY LAUGH) BE CHEERFUL! AS YOU LOOK, SO YOU'LL FEEL. TAKE ME, FOR INSTANCE...

MOL: Yes, take 'him...and don't bring him back till he has a good grouch on. What was it you wanted, dearie?

VIRG: Lady, I'm trying to sell magazines...I haven't sold a single subscription today...I'm tired, and hungry, and almost broke.

FIB: That's because you ain't got the right attitude, sis. Things will come your way if you only LOOK cheerful. Yes sir, laugh and the world laughs with you, cry and you'll ruin your beer. (LAUGHS) That's what I always say, and --

MOL: McGEE!!

FIB: Eh?

MOL: Give the lady three dollars and order a magazine. We NEED some magazines.

FIB: But Molly, all her troubles are --

MOL: DON'T TELL ME ABOUT HER TROUBLES...I'VE NEVER SEEN ANY YET THAT HARD CASH WOULDN'T HELP MORE THAN A LOT OF SOFT WORDS.

FIB: Well...okay. Here, sis...here's three bucks. Send us the Reader's Digest.

GIRL: Yes sir, and thank you very much...I'll just --

FIB: I like the Reader's Digest because I can read it in bed and if I drop off to sleep I know it ain't gonna kill me if it falls on me. (LAUGHS) That's the way I look at things, sis...the cheerful side...BE CHEERFUL AND THINGS WILL COME YOUR WAY -

SIAP....DOOR SIAM:

(2ND REVISION) -8-

FIB: Well, for the....DID YOU SEE WHAT SHE DONE? SLAPPED ME WITH THAT BATCH OF MAGAZINES!!!

MOL: You're just lucky she wasn't selling the Encyclopaedia Britannica.

FIB: BUT AFTER WE HELPED HER! MY GOSH, SUCH UNGRATEFULTUDE!!

MOL: Look, dearie, YOU CAN'T POUR HAPPINESS ONTO PEOPLE LIKE IT WAS A PITCHER OF MAPLE SYRUP.

FIB: Yeah but -

MOL: If you want to laugh merrily and dance around on the lawn in your carefree abandon, it's nobody's business. BUT DON'T TRY TO SELL EVERYBODY ELSE.

FIB: That's where you're wrong, Molly. The idea is to SPREAD happiness. Like throwin' a rock into a river. The ripples spread. I'M gonna be the rock.

MOL: Yes and somebody's going to throw you in the river.

FIB: Well, (LAUGHS) EVERYTHING HAPPENS FOR THE BEST, IS WHAT I ALWAYS SAY! YES SIR!! ONE MINOR SETBACK ---

SOUND: (DOOR CHIME)

(2ND REVISION) -9-

MOL: Turn on the charm dearie...here comes another victim.

FIB: (LAUGHS) AHH, GOOD, GOOD, GOOD!! EVERYBODY COMES TO SEE OLD HAPPY GO LUCKY MCGEE!! I MUST DO SOMETHING TO PEOPLE.

MOL: Nothing that a little bicarbonate of soda wouldn't settle. COME IN!!

DOOR OPEN:

OLD M: (WEARILY) Hello,kids...mind I set down a spell?

MOL: Of course not, Mr. Old Timer...sit right down....

FIB: DON'T LOOK SO DOWNHEARTED, OLD SOCK! CHEER UP! SNAP OUT OF IT. (LAUGHS) WHAT IF THE SKIES LOOK GRAY TODAY...THE GRAY SKIES BRING THE BLUE SKIES..BLUE SKIES BRING THE SUNSHINE...

MOL: And sunshine brings flowers and flowers bring hay-fever, so just skip the inspirational lecture, McGee. What's the matter, Mr. Old Timer?

OLD M: It's...it's Bessie, kids.

FIB: Eh? Bessie?

MOL: Your girl? The one you're engaged to?

OLD M: Yep. Bessie's threw me down. I been jolted.

MOL: You mean jilted.

OLD M: Yes, but it was a jilt with a jolt, daughter. Here I was, derby-over-britches in love, never looked at another woman ...well-l-l-l, maybe I LOOKED, now'n then, but there I was, savin' my money, takin' Bessie to a movie two nights a week, always sendin' her a corset of violets -

MOL: Corsage.

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savin' my money, takin' Bessie to a movie two nights a
week, always sendin' her a corset of violets -
MOL: Corsage.

OLD M: Corsage. AND WHAT HAPPENS? SHE THROWS ME OVER LIKE A
BROKEN TOY. THAT'S WHAT I AM, KIDS...A BROKEN TOY.
PASSION'S PLAYTHING...I'M DESPERATE. I THINK I'LL GO
HOME AND HANG MYSELF...A CARPET ON THE CLOTHES-LINE AND
WHALE THE BEJUNIOR OUT OF IT!
FIB: AH AH AHH...none O' that now, Old Timer!! That's just
self-pity! You gotta look for the SILVER LINING.
Nobody ever lost anything by bein' cheerful, my friend.
ACT happy and you'll BE happy...that's the stuff! What
if you did get tossed over? What's a woman anyway...
remember what Kipling says....A RAG, A BONE AND 12
BOBBY PINS. (LAUGHS) JUST THINK, YOU MIGHTA GOT MARRIED
TO BESSIE AND THEN FOUND OUT SHE LEAVES THE CAP OFF THE
TOOTHPASTE TUBE. WHY, YOU DON'T KNOW WHEN YOU'RE WELL
OFF!!

(REVISED) -11-

OLD M: It's no use, Johnny. My heart's busted. I'm gonna git me a job as a welder....long as I'M carryin' the torch I might as well....(PAUSE) Hey..who's that?

MOL: Who's who?

FIB: Where?

OLD M: Goin' past the house out there....

MOL: Oh..that's some woman selling magazine subscriptions.. she was just in here.

OLD M: SAYYYYYY, SHE'S KINDA CUTE! AND I JUST HAPPENED TO THINK, MY SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE AMERICAN BOY" EXPIRES NEXT WEEK.. SO LONG, KIDS...

DOOR OPEN:

OLD M: HEY, THERE, BABY!! WAIT A MINUTE!! I GOTTA LITTLE PROPOS-

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: What'd I tell you, Molly? My cheerful attitude gave him a new interest in life. He's learned to look for the blue skies.

MOL: He has, indeed! The hard way, too!....there he is, flat on his back on the sidewalk! *She parked the car.*

FIB: Eh? Oh...pshaw!!

ORCH: "NEVADA"

APPLAUSE

SECOND SPOT

(2ND REVISION) -12-

FIB: (SINGING) WHEN YOU'RE SMILING...WHEN YOU'RE SMILING...DA DE DA DE DA DA, DE DAAAA.....Hey, Molly.

MOL: Yes, Pollyanna?

FIB: We got any aspirin? I think I got a little neuralgia in my face.

MOL: You haven't any such a thing, dearie.

FIB: I must have..my face aches all over.

MOL: OF COURSE IT DOES! YOU'VE BEEN SMILING THAT IDIOTIC, HAPPY SMILE SO LONG YOUR FACE HAS GONE TO SLEEP, AND HOW I ENVY IT!

FIB: Oh well, if it's only a smile that causes it, everything's okay...If we never have any pain, we'll never appreciate our happiness, I always say...YES SIR!!

MOL: Your happiness is going to be a beautiful thing to see when I tell you that Mrs. Uppington is just coming up the steps.

FIB: UPPINGTON! AHH, THERE'S A FINE WOMAN! I'M VERY FOND OF MRS. UPPINGTON. YES SIR...RICH OR POOR, THERE'S SOME GOOD IN EVERYBODY, I ALWAYS SAY!

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: Hey, did you get a gander at that hat she's wearing? Where does she buy those monstrosities?

MOL: We'll never know - it's a Millinery Secret.

DOORBELL:

MOL: COME IN!!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

MOL: WELL HELLO THERE ABIGAIL, DARLING...WHAT A LOVELY SURPRISE!

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

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(2ND REVISION) -13-

FIB: Ah there, my dear girl...and how are you this lovely, LOVELY afternoon? (LAUGHS) AH, THIS IS LIFE AT IT'S BEST, SURROUNDED BY ONE'S FRIENDS!! LET US ALL JOIN HANDS AND SING SOMETHING GAY. LIFE IS WHAT YOU MAKE IT, I ALWAYS SAY.

MOL: You keep that up, and you'll never make it!

FIB: WHAT DO YOU THINK OF LIFE, ABIGAIL, MY DEAR GIRL: DO YOU AGREE WITH ME THAT ONE SHOULD FACE THE WORLD WITH A SHOUT OF LAUGHTER? WITH A CAREFREE SMILE AND A MERRY QUIP? WHAT DO YOU THINK OF LIFE?

UPP: Life...is a stench!

MOL: WHY ABIGAIL...what on earth is the matter?

UPP: EVERYTHING is the mattah, Mrs. McGee. I just had a fire in my kitchen which burned up all my ration books...I ruined my last pair of nylons putting it out; and now the insurance company tells me my policy expired last week. WHAT, MR. MCGEE, ARE YOU LOOKING SO HAPPY ABOUT?

FIB: At this golden opportunity, dear girl! ALL THESE LITTLE THINGS ARE BUT PASSING RIPPLES ON THE STREAM OF LIFE...YOU MUST LEARN TO SHRUG YOUR PRETTY SHOULDERS AT LITTLE IRRITATIONS...BE GAY!!! NEVER LET YOUR FACE FALL AND YOU'LL NEVER HAVE TO HAVE IT LIFTED, I ALWAYS SAY.

(LAUGHS) (DEFLATE)

MOL: Isn't it awful, Abigail? You've just had a few minutes of it. If I hear much more, I'M going to sit down and write a fan letter to Boris Karloff.

(2ND REVISION) -14 & 15-

FIB: LET US LOOK UPON LIFE AS A GREAT ADVENTURE, GREETING EACH NEW EXPERIENCE WITH A CRY OF GLADNESS...LET US ENRICH OUR SOULS WITH EACH PASSING MOMENT, AND STRING TOGETHER THE DAYS OF OUR YEARS LIKE PRECIOUS PEARLS UPON THE SILVER STRAND OF EXISTENCE. Whaddye say, kid?

UPP: Mr. McGee, you don't know what this little talk has done for me.

MOL: What do you mean, Abigail?

UPP: I mean, I hadn't realized until now, how fortunate I was... after all, my ration books can be replaced....my kitchen can be repaired, I can afford the loss....

FIB: THAT'S THE SPIRIT, UPPY! I ALWAYS SAY -

UPP: - and furthermore, Mrs. McGee, when I get home, I shall wander about my house with a new appreciation...with tears of gladness in my eyes, that I DON'T HAVE TO LIVE WITH A HUSBAND WHO DISHES OUT SUCH NAUSEATING GOBS OF WALL-MOTTO HOKUM. GOOD DAY!

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Well, I warned you, McGee. You scatter your sunshine so thick everybody gets blistered.

FIB: AW, THAT OLD PIE-PLATE HASN'T WELCOMED A NEW THOUGHT SINCE GHANDI STARTED WEARIN' A ZOOT SHEET!

MOL: Well, maybe it will teach you a lesson. As you always say, you can treasure this passing moment as one more precious slice of baloney in the lunch-box of life.

FIB: You know, Molly -- I think I'll start writin' a diary. From now on my life is gonna be so happy, so rich in ~~spiritual~~ values, it'll be an inspiration to everybody. Imagine a big life-size statue of me in the park....."DEDICATED TO HAPPY-GO-LUCKY MCGEE, THE MAN WHO BROUGHT JOY AND HAPPINESS TO MILLIONS."...

MOL: How can they make a full-sized statue, when your philosophy is just a bust?

FIB: (LAUGHS) THAT'S VERY GOOD, MY DEAR....VERY GOOD!! I SHALL MENTION IN MY DIARY HOW MUCH YOUR HUMOROUS COMMENTS HAVE MEANT TO ME IN A LIFE DEVOTED TO BRINGING CHEER AND -

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

WIL: Hiya, folks.

MOL: Oh Hello, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Hiyah, Junior.....welcome to our happy little family circle! Sit down, my boy, and tell us in your own simple words just what rich new meaning you have got out of life today! ~~Come....come...~~ don't be shy! Surely, a lad of your charm and intellect hasn't let one hour slip by without adding to your little store of happiness!

(PAUSE)

WIL: What the - ...WHAT GOES ON HERE?

MOL: Don't get alarmed, Mr. Wilcox. McGee has gone smley-glad on us. He's now going thru life with a rose in his teeth. And on him it smells good.

WIL: Well, I don't want any part of it. This is one of my bad days, and I don't want anybody giving me that old "pip-pip cheerio, carry-on", business.

FIB: AHFFF, THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE WRONG, JUNIOR! IT'S WHEN THINGS GO WRONG THAT WE MUST STRIVE HARDEST FOR HAPPINESS. ANYBODY CAN BE CHEERFUL WHEN THINGS ARE COPPASETTICK! BUT THE MAN WORTH WHILE IS THE MAN WHO CAN SMILE WHEN EVERYTHING GOES DEAD WRONG, UNQUOTE".

MOL: Isn't this sickening? And what went wrong with you today, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: I lost a good customer.

MOL: You mean somebody got him away from you?

WIL: Oh no...he just moved away.

FIB: WELL SO WHAT, JUNIOR..LAUGH IT OFF!! YOU GOT LOTS MORE CUSTOMERS. DON'T YOU REALIZE, THAT WHATEVER GOES WRONG, A HAPPY SMILE WILL FIX IT?

WIL: Oh don't feed me that popcorn, pal. I could laugh my head off and it wouldn't bring my customer back. Gee, he left so suddenly I didn't get a chance to tell him... (VOICE BREAKS)..about..CAR-NU...NOT A MINUTE TO POINT OUT HOW CAR-NU WOULD GIVE HIS SHABBY OLD JALOPPY A GORGEOUS NEW LUSTER....

MOL: Oh now, Mr. Wilcox --

WIL: HE LEFT TOWN WITHOUT EVER LEARNING THAT CAR-NU CLEANS AND POLISHES TO A BEAUTIFUL GLISTENING FINISH, WITH SO LITTLE EFFORT. THE POOR GUY WENT AWAY PROBABLY STILL BELIEVING THAT HE HAS TO SWEAT AND RUB AND WEAR HIMSELF OUT TO GIVE HIS CAR THAT SHOW-ROOM POLISH. NEVER REALIZING THAT WITH CAR-NU, ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS APPLY IT, LET IT DRY AND WIPE IT OFF WITH A SOFT CLOTH! (VERY SAD) The poor devil!

MOL: Oh he'll hear about it sooner or later. Everybody does.

FIB: Sure he will....COME COME, JUNIOR!...CHIN UP!!! LAUGH IT OFF.. HA HA HA....LAUGH AND THE WORLD LAUGHS WITH YOU - SNORE AND YOU SLEEP ALONE, I ALWAYS SAY!! (MERRY LAUGH) COME COME...LET'S LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE OF IT!!!

WIL: Until he finds out about Car Nu, there won't be any bright sides. OH well, maybe you're right Pal. I'll run back to the office and write old Heffelfinger a letter.

FIB: Sure, that's much the best attitude- WHO DID YOU SAY?

WIL: Heffelfinger. Marcus P. Heffelfinger. Well, thanks for the good cheer, Pal. See you later.

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

FIB: Heffelfinger...Heffelfinger.....that name sounds familiar. Who do I know named Heffelfinger?

MOL: Search me, dearie. Was he the man you were going in business with to reclaim wood shavings from pencil sharpeners?

FIB: No, that was Fred Nitney, of Starved Rock, Illinois. Hmm...Heffelfinger...Heffelfinger. Seems to me I....OH WELL, IT AIN'T IMPORTANT. THE ONLY IMPORTANT THING IN LIFE IS TO BE HAPPY!

MOL: Personally, I'M getting a little tired of it already. I think I'll go upstairs and lie down a while.

FIB: Don't you feel good, baby?

MOL: I feel fine, dearie. But all this happiness of yours has worn me out. Permanent gayety takes a strong constitution. (FADE OUT) I'll be down in a little while and....

FIB: Ah, there goes a good kid! What would life be without a little partner to share your joys and triblatur.... trilubati...trim....AHHHHH, WHAT WOULD IT BE!! (LAUGHS) YOU'RE RIGHT, LUM AND ABNER!! IT'S A WONDERFUL WORLD! I NEVER --

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: COME IN, NEIGHBOR, COME IN!!! WELCOME TO A HOUSE FULL OF HIGH HEARTS, HIGH SPIRITS, -

DOOR OPEN:

TEE: Hi, mister.

FIB: HI, SIS. Mighty glad to see you!

TEE: Well, I just thought I'd....HMMMMMM?

FIB: I says I'm very happy to see you, sis. You don't know what it means to Uncle Fibber to see your little face peeping up at me like a shy little woodland wildflower yearning for a glimpse of the warm sunlight.

(PAUSE)

TEE: ARE YOU KIDDIN'?

(2ND REVISION)-20-21-22-

FIB: CERTAINLY I'M NOT KIDDIN! I'VE DISCOVERED THE WAY TO BE HEALTHY AND CONTENTED, IS ALL. I READ IT IN THE SUNDAY PAPER. You see, sis, science has discovered that if your face smiles, your body smiles, see? If you gotta pain in your sawdust and your face wants to look nasty about it, DON'T LET IT. Put a grin on your puss, and the pain goes away. You're happy! AIN'T THAT WONDERFUL?

TEE: Who'd you say discovered that, mister?

FIB: Science.

TEE: (GIGGLES)

FIB: What's so funny?

TEE: (GIGGLES) Oh, you're so naive, mister?

FIB: EH?

TEE: Look, don't you realize a lot of that stuff is pure malarkey? Don't you know the Editor says to somebody, "GIMME 1500 WORDS OF HORSEFEATHERS ON 'HOW TO BE CHEERFUL?'"

FIB: Why, sis, I never -

TEE: SURELY, YOU ARE INTELLIGENT ENOUGH TO KNOW THAT THERE IS NO DEFINITE SCIENTIFIC EVIDENCE LINKING FACIAL ANIMATION WITH THE ORGANIC PROCESSES.

FIB: Well, gee whizz, I -

TEE: LOOK - You got it all backwards. A dog isn't happy because his tail is wagging. His tail is wagging because he's happy. According to your logic, salt and pepper taste good because you put a fried egg under 'em. GET WISE TO YOURSELF, MISTER!

DOOR SLAM:

MUSIC: "MCNAMARA'S BAND" - KING'S MEN.

APPLAUSE:

THIRD SPOT

(2ND REVISION) 23, 24 & 25

FIB: (SINGING) "WHEN YOU'RE SMILING..WHEN YOUR SMILING, AND THE WHOLE WORLD.."(BREAKS OFF SINGING) Heffelfinger.... Heffelfinger..now where did I know a guy name Heffelfinger... I wish I could -

MOL: (FADE IN) What are you muttering about, McGee?

FIB: Heffelfinger. You ever hear me mention a guy named Heffelfinger.?

MOL: No, I don't think so!

FIB: I'll bet the reason I can't remember, is because there was something unpleasant about it. That's how my new philosophy works..YOU ONLY REMEMBER THE HAPPY THINGS!

MOL: Keep that up and you'll have a wonderful old age, dearie. You'll be scootin' around in a combination wheel-chair and Good Humor Wagon!

FIB: WELL, IT'S WONDERFUL TO BE FREE OF ALL WORRY AND CARE. TO THINK THAT JUST BY PUTTIN' ON A EXPRESSION OF GOOD CHEER, THE WHOLE WORLD LOOKS BRIGHTER. Wasn't it Confucious who says, "A MAN WITH A HAPPY MAP WILL GET SOMEWHERE?"

MOL: It was either Confucious or the Hardware Journal. I don't quite --

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: AH ANOTHER VISITOR!!..ANOTHER CHANCE FOR ME TO SPREAD A LITTLE HAPPINESS IN THIS GLOOMY OLD WORLD!

MOL: It would be easier to swallow if you didn't spread it on quite so thick. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

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MOL: OH FOR GOODNESS SAKES...DOCTOR GAMBLE!! COME IN, DOCTOR.

DOOR CLOSE:

FIB: Hiyah Doc. Sit down and take a load off your metatarsals.

DOC: Thanks...I will. How are you, Mrs. McGee?

MOL: Oh, I'm just fine, Doctor. And you?

DOC: I'm all right, much to my own surprise. I've spent such a nerve-wracking day, with my prize collection of hypochondriacs, nature-fakers and capsule-clutchers, I thought I'd stop in for a visit with a couple of comparatively healthy people.

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, COMPARATIVELY? I'M THE HEALTHIEST MAN IN THIS TOWN, DOC! AND WHY? BECAUSE I'VE LEARNED THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS, THAT'S WHY.

DOC: Well now isn't that just dandy! You ought to be in a glass case at the Smithsonian, McGee. You're a rare object.

MOL: Are all Doctors as cynical as you, Doctor?

DOC: Why, I'm not cynical, Mrs. McGee. I'm a bright-eyed optimist. I still have a childish faith in sometime meeting a human being who doesn't think his own hangnails are the medical sensation of the century.

FIB: WELL, YOU DON'T HAVE TO LOOK ANY FURTHER, DOC. YOU'VE MET HIM. I'M IT! I HAVEN'T GOT A PAIN, OR AN ACHE OR A COMPLEX. I'M HEALTHY AND HAPPY AND I CAN LICK MY WEIGHT IN WILDFLOWERS....I MEAN WILDCATS.

DOC: WELL WHAT ARE YOU GRINNING ABOUT? YOU LOOK LIKE A BABY WITH THE COLIC. TAKE OFF YOUR SHIRT, MCGEE.

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MOL: Oh dear...

FIB: (LAUGHS) Oh no...you can't make me mad, Doc! NOTHIN' makes me mad. FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE I'M UNDER STRICT CONTROL. I'VE LOST MY TEMPER FOR THE LAST TIME.

MOL: He's been like this all day, Doctor.

DOC: You mean you've been continuously exposed to this one-man glee club? You'd better go to bed...I'll give you a sedative. As I was saying to a man named Heffelfinger the other day...

FIB: HEFFELFINGER!

DOC: Yes, you know him? Just moved out of town.

MOL: McGee thinks he knows him but he can't place him.

DOC: I don't know why he can't place him. They've been playing pinochle together at the Elks for two years.

FIB: OH NOW I GOT IT! HEFFELFINGER...WHY THAT RAT!...THAT CHISELER!...HE MOVED OUTA TOWN WITHOUT PAYING ME THE SIX BUCKS HE OWES ME!!!...WHY THE DIRTY -

MOL: McGee.....calm yourself....

FIB: CALM MY SELF MY CLAVICLE!!! OF ALL THE LOWDOWN, MISERABLE TRICKS!!!

CRASH OF GLASS

MOL: MCGEE, STOP KICKING THE LAMP!!!

DOC: Let him go, Mrs. McGee...he's been happy for several hours... nobody can stand it for longer than that.

FIB: (SHOUTS) HEFFELFINGER!!! THAT DOUBLE-CROSSIN', TWO-TIMIN' PETTY LARGENY PICKPOCKET!! (CRASH) WHY DOES EVERYTHING HAVE TO HAPPEN TO ME!!! (THUD) I'LL PAY YOU NEXT WEEK, HE SAYS!!! (CRASH) SEE YOU TOMORROW AT THE CLUB, HE SAYS.. (BUMP) WAIT'LL I GET MY HANDS ON HIM... (CRASH) I'LL SHOW HIM!!! I'LL....

MUSIC: FADE FOR:

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

ANNCR: It's nice to be able to keep outside doors and windows open again. But it brings a special problem of its own -- because dust and dampness do come in as uninvited guests. This is especially true in the kitchen end of the house, and it's an extra reason for keeping your linoleum floors protected regularly with JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO COAT. Then when dust and moisture do come in, they're very quickly removed with a broom, mop or cloth, and the linoleum itself is not touched. It's the film of GLO COAT that takes all the wear -- the surface underneath is safe. You know, of course, that GLO-COAT is SELF POLISHING -- it shines as it dries, without any rubbing or buffing. It is so easy to use, saves you so much time and work -- keeps linoleum beautiful and new looking almost indefinitely -- I could go on but I'm sure you know the story of easy-to-use JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

TAG

FIB: HEFFELFINGER! OF ALL THE DIRTY, CROOKED --
MOL: Now now now ... take it easy, McGee. Don't you want to be happy?
FIB: THE ONLY THING THAT'LL MAKE ME HAPPY IS TO GET MY DUKES ON THAT NICKEL-NURSIN' HIGH-JACKER! I'LL SLAP HIM SO POP-EYED HIS PUPILS WON'T GO BACK TILL SEPTEMBER!
GOOD NIGHT!
MOL: MCGEE!
FIB: Eh? Oh. Goodnight.
MOL: That's better. Goodnight, all!
ORCH: UP TO FINISH:
APPLAUSE