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(REVISED)

#12

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

Johnson's Wax

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1943

NBC

MARCH FIELD

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(REVISED) -2-

WILCOX: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM! - WITH FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

ORCHESTRA: THEME - FADE FOR:

WILCOX: 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.

ORCHESTRA: "GREAT DAY" FADE FOR:

OPENING COMMERCIAL

COX: There's a phrase I've used before on this program -- WAX housekeeping -- and I'd like to mention it again tonight. It helps explain why for over fifty years you have found JOHNSON'S WAX to be increasingly helpful. When you think about it for a moment, you'll realize that that package of wax on your shelf is not just a product. It's a method of housekeeping -- a means of protecting all kinds of surfaces all over your home -- a way to save you hours of work all through the year, and still have such beautiful floors, furniture and woodwork that your friends envy you. When you apply JOHNSON'S WAX to wood, leather, and metal surfaces, you are protecting them with an invisible but tough shield -- a shield which guards them against wear and dirt. When you polish that wax shield, your floors and furniture glow with rich, mellow beauty -- beauty that increases with each application of JOHNSON'S WAX. When you consider the many extra uses for this wax throughout your home, you'll understand what I mean by WAX housekeeping, with genuine JOHNSON'S WAX, either paste, liquid or cream.

CH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH)

(APPLAUSE)

WILCOX: FIFTY YEARS FROM NOW, THE OLD TIMERS IN WISTFUL VISTA WILL SPEAK OF TODAY IN TERMS OF THE "BLIZZARD OF FORTY-THREE". BUT, UNDAUNTED BY BLASTING WIND AND SUB-ZERO TEMPERATURE, THE SQUIRE OF NO. 79 IS ABOUT TO BRAVE THE ELEMENTS, AS WE MEET --

---- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!!

APPLAUSE

FIB: Hand me my muffler, Molly. The plaid one.
MOL: You've got the plaid one on.
FIB: Well, then hand me the knitted one. With the monogram on it.
MOL: Here you are. And where'd you get this? That isn't your monogram.
FIB: I know. This is F.O.S.
MOL: Who's that?
FIB: I dunno. To me it just stands for "FOUND ON STREETCAR". Where's my earmuffs?
MOL: You got 'em on.
FIB: Eh?
MOL: I SAY, YOU'VE GOT THEM ON!
FIB: SPEAK UP, KIDDO. CAN'T HEAR A THING WITH THESE EAR MU --
...Oh...I see what you mean. NOW...MY MITTENS.
MOL: Here you are. And be careful when you take them off. The string is broken. Have you a sweater on under your overcoat?
FIB: Eh?
MOL: (LOUDLY) HAVE YOU GOT A SWEATER ON UNDER YOUR OVERCOAT?
FIB: Oh yeah. Three of 'em. Well...I'm off, Molly!
MOL: You're sure you want to go thru with this, McGee? It could just as well wait till tomorrow, you know.
FIB: NO SIR! YOU CAN'T SCARE FIBBER MCGEE WITH A LITTLE WIND AND SNOW. WELL -- GOODBYE, MOLLY!
MOE: Goodbye!
FIB: Don't worry about me.
MOL: I'll try not to. Goodbye!
FIB: G'bye. Well...here I go!

MOL: Goodbye.
FIB: Goodbye.
DOOR OPEN: TERRIFIC BLAST OF WIND: OUT WITH DOOR SLAM
MOL: That's probably as big a howl as we'll get all evening!
DOOR OPEN: TERRIFIC BLAST OF WIND: OUT WITH DOOR SLAM
FIB: I DID IT, MOLLY! I DID IT!! I GOT THE MAIL OUTA THE MAILBOX!
MOL: My hero!
FIB: WHAT SAY?
MOL: I SAID MY HERO AND TAKE OFF THOSE EARMUFFS!
FIB: WAIT'LL I GET THESE EARMUFFS OFF. (PAUSE) Now, what'd you say again?
MOL: Never mind. What's the mail?
FIB: Lemme get outa some of these coats first. (GRUNTS)
~~MOL: MCGEE, THAT'S ONE OF MY SWEATERS YOU'RE WEARING.~~
FIB: ~~I know. I like to wear this. Reminds me to breathe deep.~~ Ahhh, now for the mail as the time will allow, as they say on the radio. Here's the phone bill!
MOL: And Merry Christmas to them, too.
FIB: And here's a greeting card from old Fred Nitney, of Starved Rock, Illinois. You've heard me speak of Fred Nitney?
MOL: Yes, vaudeville used to be in you with him. What's that dirty looking envelope?
FIB: Letter that's been stuck in the bottom of the mailbox for three years. Always wondered what it was. Wind musta blew it loose.
MOL: Well for goodness sakes...who's it from?
FIB: CAN YOU IMAGINE THAT? ^{Stability} THIS IS FROM FRED NITNEY, TOO.
SOUND: TEARING PAPER:

FIB: He says: (READS) DEAR BOOM-BOOM --
MOL: Who?
FIB: BOOM-BOOM. Fred always called me boom-boom, on account
of one night I fell off the stage into the bass drum.
DEAR BOOM-BOOM: ENCLOSED IS THE SEVEN BUCKS I OWE YOU.
I AM WELL. HOPE YOU ARE WELL. HOW ARE YOUR FOLKS? HOPE
THEY ARE WELL. MY FOLKS ARE ALL WELL. PLEASE EXCUSE
PENCIL. YOUR OLD PAL,
FRED.

P.S.: FORGOT TO ENCLOSE SEVEN BUCKS IN THIS LETTER. WILL
SEND IT LATER.

MOL: That's a beautiful letter, Boom-Boom. A man must have a
deep spiritual feeling to write a lovely thing like that.
What's this little package?

FIB: If it's what I think it is, I - YES...IT IS!! OH BOY...
THIS IS WHAT I BEEN WAITIN' FOR!! NOW FOR SOME FUN!

TEARS OPEN BOX

MOL: (READS) From the "Wizard Magic Novelty Company!" What
on earth....

FIB: LOOK!...HANDCUFFS!!

MOL: Handcuffs! If you were thinking of giving me those for
Christmas, McGee...

FIB: NO NO NO...these are trick handcuffs. I'm gonna learn some
escape tricks...like Howdooni. Gonna entertain the guys
at the next Elk's smoker. Watch this. I clip 'em on one
wrist, (CLICK), see?

MOL: I see.

FIB: Than on the other wrist, see? (CLICK) I am now as
securely fastened as any desperate criminal.

MOL: If you had any idea of slipping those off over your hips,
dearie, you'll find you're a little broad across the
pistol pockets.

FIB: That ain't the trick of it. The trick of it is to...
Look - I'll show you. Turn your back a minute.

MOL: With pleasure.

(PAUSE) (CLINKING OF HANDCUFFS)

~~MOL: You'd better not hijack any nylon shipments till you learn
to work faster than that, Boom-Boom.~~

FIB: (SLIGHTLY OFF) ^{Dead hat it} WELL GEE WHIZZ, I HAVEN'T HAD ANY PRACTICE
~~YET...AHH, HERE THEY....no.~~ Thought I had 'em there for
a minute. Hey, look and see if there's a little catch
underneath there, anyplace.

(PAUSE)

MOL: No, I don't see any.

FIB: Isn't this silly? I thought sure I could wiggle out of 'em
as soon as I --

MOL: MCGEE!! ALICE DARLING IS COMING DOWNSTAIRS...

FIB: Oh my gosh...don't let her see me with handcuffs on!

MOL: STICK YOUR HANDS IN YOUR SLEEVES...THAT'S IT. I DON'T
THINK SHE'LL NOTICE ANYTH----

DOOR OPEN

ALICE: Hello, Mrs. McGee. Hello, Mr. McGee. Was there a phone
call for me a little while ago?

FIB: Er...yes there was, Alice. It was Gorny. I told him
you'd call back later.

ALICE: Thank you. I'd have come down then only I was pouring on my stockings.

MOL: It's going to be an odd Christmas this year isn't it? Alice gets her stockings in a bottle and Uncle Dennis gets a bottle in his stocking.

FIB: Those painted-on stockings are kinda dangerous aren't they, Alice?

ALICE: To the girls you mean, Mr. McGee?

FIB: No, to the boys. I told Mrs. Toops yesterday that her socks were wrinkled and I thought she was gonna slug me. Her's were painted on, too.

ALICE: (LAUGHS) Oh Mr. McGee...you look so funny standing here like a chinese actor, with your hands in your sleeves. Are you cold?

MOL: He just had a little chill, Alice.

FIB: Pretty bad day, kid. Don't go out if you don't want to. Weather's very inclementine.

ALICE: Oh I'm going to stay in today and write some letters to some of my boy friends which they're in the service. And I wanted to ask you - is there a hyphen in guardhouse?

MOL: Yes I think there is, Alice.

FIB: Always a hyphen in guard-house, Alice. Makes one more bar to saw thru. And look - if you need any Red Cross Christmas seals for your letters, we got plenty.

ALICE: Thank you.

MOL: DON'T TELL US ONE OF YOUR BOY FRIENDS IS IN THE GUARDHOUSE, ALICE.

1 ALICE: Oh no, Mrs. McGee...dynamite is what farmers use to blow up stumps with.

ALICE: Yes. They say he damaged some government property. He used to be a leading man in Hollywood before he went into the air force, and he was just flying along one night, and they turned a spotlight on him and he started to take a bow and hit a smokestack.

FIB: Is he the one that was callin' you ten times a day and leavin' notes under the door, and waitin' for you at the corner all the time?

ALICE: Yes but he can't help that. He's a pursuit pilot.

MOL: You have a brother or two in the army haven't you, Alice?

ALICE: Yes, paratroopers.

FIB: They are eh?

ALICE: What?

MOL: They're a pair of troopers, are they?

ALICE: I mean HE'S a paratrooper. I've just got one brother, Bennie and one sister, Dinah.

MOL: What's a paratrooper?

ALICE: THOSE ARE THE BOYS THAT THEY GO UP IN A PLANE AND THEN THEY HURLER "GERONIMO!" AND JUMP OUT AND COME DOWN ON THEIR UMBRELLAS.

MOL: Or, yes...I see. Why do they yell Geronimo?

ALICE: ~~I don't know, Mrs. McGee, except I think Geronimo?~~

ALICE: I don't know, Mrs. McGee, except I think Geromino was an Indian Chief and it's quite a feather in their cap when they jump. gosh!! This is ridiculous!

FIB: I thought geronimos was a game you play with little wooden blocks.

APPLAUSE

MOL: Those are dynamos.

ALICE: Oh no, Mrs. McGee...dynamo is what farmers use to blow up stumps with.

FIB: NO NO NO...DYNAMITE.

ALICE: No, Mr. McGee. Bennie might, but Dinah wouldn't. Well, I got to finish my letters. Goodbye now.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: "Bennie might but Dinah wouldn't!" Oh brother!

MOL: ~~That reminds me, I was going to make some scalloped corn for dinner.~~

FIB: ~~HOW CAN I EAT ANY DINNER TILL I GET OUTA THESE DOGGONE HANDCUFFS?~~

MOL: ~~I'll make soup, and you can eat it thru a straw.~~

FIB: ~~OH NO YOU DON'T... I WANT GET OUTA THESE THINGS. I'LL HAVE TO PRACTICE UP ON 'EM, I GUESS. HAND ME THE INSTRUCTIONS OUTA THAT PACKAGE, MOLLY.~~

MOL: All right. (FADE SLIGHTLY) Where did you put the box that...oh, here it is.

FIB: WELL COME ON, COME ON! I can't do a thing till I get the handcuffs off. (PAUSE) WELL, WHADDYE WAITIN' FOR? GET ME OUTA HERE!!

MOL: McGee.

FIB: Eh?

MOL: There's nothing in the box but a printed notice on the inside of the cover.

FIB: WELL WHAT DOES IT SAY? READ IT, READ IT!

MOL: It says: "DUE TO THE PAPER SHORTAGE, INSTRUCTIONS FOR ~~MANIPULATING~~ THE WIZARD MAGIC NOVELTY HANDCUFFS WILL BE FORWARDED AT A FUTURE DATE."

FIB: At a future.....oh my gosh!! This is ridiculous!

ORCH: "CARIOGA" good day, Mrs. McGee...and how are you, McGee, old

APPLAUSE fellow?

SOUND: CLINKING OF HANDCUFFS: FIBBER GRUNTING:

FIB: Doggone the doggone...there must be some simple way to get outa these things...(GRUNTS & CLINKS) My gosh...they're just a toy. (GRUNTS)

MOL: (FADE IN) Well, McGee...how are you doing? No luck yet?

FIB: ~~Now...matter of fact, they're tighter'n ever. I think my wrists have swole up a little!~~

MOL: Well, you've either got to get them off or sleep in your clothes tonight.

FIB: And I got a big cribbage game on tomorrow, too. I'm gonna look awful stupid, shuffling and dealing with handcuffs on.

MOL: You're lucky it isn't a boxing match. You'd certainly be a pigeon for a left hook.

FIB: PLEASE, MOLLY...THIS IS NO JOKE! Gee, if I only knew some amateur magician around here that would know how to --

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: ~~OH MY GOSH... ANOTHER VISITOR...WHO IS IT?~~

MOL: ~~Let me look. Oh, it's Mr. Wellington from the Bijou Theatre.~~

FIB: ~~HEY, HE BOOKS A LOT OF MAGIC ACTS. MAYBE HE'LL KNOW HOW TO GET ME OUTA THESE. LET HIM IN, QUICK!~~

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN: BLAST OF WIND: OUT WITH DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wellington.

WELL: Ah, good day, Mrs. McGee...and how are you, McGee, old fellow?

FIB: Sig, you're ~~just the guy I wanted to see.~~ How do you *know how to* get out of a pair of handcuffs?

WELL: Speaking academically, my dear boy, the problem is not how to get out of handcuffs...but how to STAY out of handcuffs. ~~The criminal type is readily identified by the quaint musical clink of mechanical restraints, while the law-abiding citizen is noted for the nude wrist.~~ In all the annals of crime --

FIB: NEVER MIND THE ANIMALS OF CRIME, HOW DO YOU GET OUT OF HANDCUFFS?

MOL: Himself, *here* just got a pair of trick handcuffs in the mail, Mr. Wellington. He was going to practice some parlor tricks.

FIB: AND THEY DIDN'T SEND ANY INSTRUCTIONS WITH 'EM, SEE? LOOK!!

WELL: AH, YES! Fit very snugly, don't they? It's an odd coincidence that I, as an amateur practitioner of legerdemain myself, am giving a short exhibition of parlor magic for a group of friends this very evening. I fancy the occasion might prove to be quite hilari.

MOL: Us?

WELL: By all means, if you care to come!

FIB: BUT LOOK, SIG...IF YOU'RE A AMATEUR MAGICIAN, YOU OUGHTA KNOW HOW TO SLIP THESE OFF. COME ON...PLEASE, KID!

MOL: The poor lad's wrists are getting all chafed, Mr. Wellington.

WELL: Regrettable, isn't it? I'm sorry to say, my friends, that my experience with sleight-of-hand does not include the so-called "escape" type of prestidigitation. Were it otherwise, I should be most happy to eluci.

FIB: Date?

WELL: Decem^ber 14th, I believe.

MOL: Then you don't know how to get McGee out of them, Mr. Wellington?

FIB: WON'T YOU EVEN TRY, SIG, OLD MAN?

WELL: My dear fellow, it cuts me to the quick - though fortunately I have a very slow quick - to be unable to assist you in this predicament. ~~As my wife Cynthia so often says, "SIGMUND" she says --~~

(PAUSE)

MOL: ~~Yes?~~

WELL: ~~Strange, isn't it? For a woman who talks as much as Cynthia, I can't remember a single thing she says that is worth repetition.~~

FIB: Yeah, but look, Sig...

WELL: MCGEE, I HAVE ONE SUGGESTION TO MAKE. When I entered just now, I was, may I say, rather perturbed --

MOL: Indeed you may!

WELL: Thank you, too much! I was rather perturbed that you did not offer to shake hands. I realize now, of course, your reason for withholding this immemorial gesture of abiding friendship. But I would suggest that in the case of other visitors, you eyether leave the room, or conceal the handcuffs. They are, to be frank, a bit of an eye.

FIB: Sore?

WELL: No, just terribly, terribly hurt. Good day.

DOOR OPEN: WIND BLAST; OUT WITH DOOR SLAM:

FIB: ~~...over a little thing is.~~

MOL: ~~...MY LITTLE FRIEND, MYRTLE? IS IT?~~

FIB: ~~That you say, "WHAT SAY, MERTY?"~~

MOL: ~~WHAT SAY, MERTY? YOUR GRANDFATHER? TOOK IT ON THE LAM LAST NIGHT?~~

FIB: A FINE FRIEND!! WON'T EVEN FILE A GUY OUT OF A PAIR OF HANDCUFFS! HEY, HAVE WE GOT A ~~FILE~~ ^{chisel}

MOL: ~~Only a little nail file, dearie. And I can just see us, sitting together in our old age, still scraping away with it.~~

FIB: ~~HOW ABOUT A CHISEL?~~

MOL: The only chisel I know of around here is the one you always try on the meter reader. The one that goes, "You look tired, bud, lemme run down and read the meter for you, and you just write down what I --"

FIB: I don't mean that. Anyway, it looks like I better call the blacksmith shop. They'll fix me up. Hand me the phone.

MOL: Here.

FIB: Thanks...(CLICKS)...OUCH!!..Oh my gosh...(JUST A MINUTE, OPERATOR!!)

MOL: What?

FIB: Handcuffs won't stretch so's I can hold the transmitter to my mouth and the receiver to my ear.

MOL: Here, let me make the call for you. You tell me what to say.

FIB: Okay. Take it. Ask for the blacksmith shop at Fourteenth and Oak.

MOL: HELLO, OPERATOR? GIVE ME THE BLACKSMITH SHOP AT 14th AND OH, IS THAT YOU, MYRTLE?

FIB: Ask her how every little thing is.

MOL: HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING, MYRTLE? IT IS, EH?

FIB: Then you say, "WHAT SAY, MYRT?"

MOL: WHAT SAY, MYRT? YOUR GRANDFATHER? TOOK IT ON THE LAM LAST NIGHT?

FIB: Gee, what'd he do that for?

MOL: Myrtle's mother made some mint sauce last night and he didn't like it in the gravy. So he took it on the lamb.

WHAT, MYRTLE? OH, THANK YOU VERY MUCH. (CLICK) She says the blacksmith ^{oh line is out of order} asked to have his phone disconnected.

FIB: Why?

MOL: Search me. Maybe the horses kept calling up to ask if they needed shoe coupons.

FIB: WELL DOGGONE IT, HOW'M I GONNA GET OUTA THESE THINGS? I'D GIVE TEN BUCKS RIGHT NOW IF I COULD PUT MY HANDS IN MY POCKETS.

MOL: IT'S A DEAL!

FIB: HEY, WHERE YOU GOING?

MOL: To get your other pants.

FIB: OH, MOLLY...CAN'T YOU TAKE THIS THING SERIOUS? THIS IS AN AWFUL PREDICAMENT!! GEE WHIZZ, MY ARMS ACHE LIKE THEY ^{wrists are all spew'd up}

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: MCGEE...IT'S MR. WILCOX!!

FIB: DON'T LET HIM IN! HE'S A TERRIBLE KIDDER. HE'LL BLAB THIS ALL OVER TOWN...

MOL: We've got to let him in.

FIB: WHY HAVE WE? DON'T ANSWER! I KNOW! LOOK...THROW SOMETHING OVER MY HANDS, WILL YOU?...A NEWSPAPER OR SOMETH--

MOL: HERE! TAKE MY KNITTING!...NO NO NO...DON'T HOLD THE NEEDLES LIKE YOU WERE EATING CHOP SUEY... LIKE THIS...

FIB: Okay...knit one, purl two...drop three...

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN: BLAST OF WIND: OUT WITH DOOR SLAM:

WIL: HELLO, FOLKSIES! TERRIBLE DAY, ISN'T IT?

MOL: Certainly is, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Sure is, Junior. I left my overshoes outside the door and when I looked out the window I saw 'em stampin' around the porch, tryin' to get warm. Hah hah.

WIL: (PAUSE) Hey, Molly.

MOL: Yes?

WIL: What's Whistler's Father working on? Booties for a buddy in a boot camp?

FIB: LAY OFF, WILCOX! JUST BECAUSE A GUY DOESN'T LIKE TO IDLE AWAY HIS TIME, DON'T MEAN YOU GOTTA START CRACKIN' WISE.

MOL: Hey, how many sleeves in a sweater, Molly?

MOL: Two.

FIB: Thanks. (TO HIMSELF) Now lemme see...one over, one under... drop two...

WIL: IS THIS ON THE LEVEL, PAL? CAN YOU REALLY KNIT?

MOL: Can he knit!! HE MAKES ALL HIS OWN UNDERWEAR!

FIB: Only the summer stuff now, though. Can't get enough yarn for the long ones. How about me knitting you a hockey cap for Christmas, Junior?

WIL: No thanks. I don't play hockey.

MOL: ~~How about some long stockings? Knickerbockers may come back any day now.~~

WIL: ~~No, I don't believe --~~

FIB: Necktie? Hey, I'm gettin' desperate, Molly. What am I gonna do? Wear these Alcatraz cufflinks till those instructions show up? That might be weeks, and --

WIL: No thanks. I --

MOL: How about a nice sweater to wear around the kitchen when you're applying Johnson's Self-Polishing Glocoat to the linoleum to bring out the beauty of the pattern and protect and preserve the surface against dampness and dirt?

WIL: No thanks. For that I just wear my ordinary --

FIB: WELL, HOW ABOUT IT IF I KNIT YOU ONE THAT SAYS ACROSS THE FRONT - "JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT - SHINES AS IT DRIES".

WIL: Nice of you, pal, but don't go to any trouble--

MOL: I think a nice red and yellow one to match the Glocoat container would be cute.

WIL: No, I really don't --

FIB: WELL, WHAT DO YOU WANT, JUNIOR?

WIL: You really want to know?

MOL: Yes.

WIL: I WANT YOU TO GO GET THOSE SILLY HANDCUFFS FILED OFF AND STOP ACTING LIKE A MUGG. G'BYE, NOW.

DOOR OPEN: BLAST OF WIND: DOOR SHUT:

FIB: My gosh...he KNEW!! HOW DO YOU SUPPOSE --

MOL: That's easy. Mr. Wellington told him.

FIB: Oh, this is humiliating! Everybody in town'll know it. I'll be the stocking laugh...er...staffing lock...

MOL: Anyway, McGee, Mr. Wilcox must have seen the handcuffs. You took your hands out of your knitting to scratch your head, remember?

FIB: WELL, I CAN'T SCRATCH MY HEAD WITH MY FOOT. I'M NO FOX TERRIER! Hey, I'm gettin' desperate, Molly. What am I gonna do? Wear these Alcatraz cufflinks till those instructions show up? That might be weeks, and --

MOL: Look, maybe I can grease them off.

FIB: OH THAT'S A WONDERFUL IDEA. Get the bacon grease!

MOL: I haven't any. I just sent the last of it to the butcher for the fat saving campaign.

FIB: Okay. Then we'll use lard. Or cooking shortening.

MOL: We're out of that too. All we have is butter. We've got a quarter of a pound.

FIB: WELL FOR THE LOVE OF PETE....THE USE OF MY HANDS IS WORTH A QUARTER OF A POUND OF BUTTER AIN'T IT? I MEAN, AREN'T THEY?

MOL: ~~We're having waffles for supper.~~

FIB: ~~Waffles? You mean I either get butter on my waffles or... well, on the other hand, if I can't use my hands to eat the waffles with....but waffles are no good without.... well, NOHIN'S ANY GOOD IF YOU CAN'T USE YOUR HANDS TO EAT IT WITH. Though you COULD feed me, if I...STILL... OH, FOR GOODNESS SAKE'S... WAIT TILL I GET THE BUTTER.~~

MOL: (FADE) You've never won an argument with yourself yet and I can't wait till...

FIB: Ah, there goes a good kid!!! Any other woman would get sore if her dopey husband got himself locked into a pair of handcuffs. But not her! She just gets a little disgusted and let's it go at that. By George if --

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: OH MY GOSH..WHERE'S MY KNITTING...HERE IT IS....WHAT AM I MAKING AN AFGHANI..NO! TOO HARD!!..I KNOW!..A POT-HOLDER...OKAY. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN: BLAST OF WIND; DOOR SLAM:

TEE: Hi, mister.

FIB: Oh Hello there sis. I haven't got time to shoot the breeze with you today. I gotta finish this pot-holder.

TEE: Hmm?

FIB: THIS POT-HOLDER. I'M KNITTIN' A POT-HOLDER.

TEE: You mean you're makin' a sweater for yourself?

FIB: NO I DON'T MEAN ANYTHING OF THE KIND. IT'S A THING TO LIFT HOT SAUCEPANS OFF THE STOVE WITH, AND STUFF. NOW BEAT IT, WILL YOU? ANYWAY, THIS IS NO KIND OF A DAY FOR A KID LIKE YOU TO BE OUT IN.

TEE: It is awful cold, mister. That's why I thought I'd come in and get warm. Willie Toops and I were making a snowman.

FIB: THAT'S FOOLISH. IT'S TOO GOLD TO MAKE A SNOW-MAN TODAY. YOU REALIZE IT'S 7 DEGREES BELOW ZERO, FAHRENHEIT?

TEE: Who?

FIB: FAHRENHEIT.

TEE: Who's he?

FIB: HE'S THE GUY THAT..I MEAN.. WELL, THERE'S TWO WAYS OF MEASURING TEMPERATURE, SIS. FAHRENHEIT AND CENTIGRADE. WE USE FAHRENHEIT.

TEE: Why? Is he a friend of yours?

FIB: NO. I NEVER MET THE GUY. HE JUST INVENTED THE SYSTEM, THAT'S ALL.

TEE: Well maybe the centipede system is just as good, maybe.

FIB: IT ISN'T CENTIPEDE...IT'S CENTIGRADE.

TEE: That's not much. I get a quarter.

FIB: YOU GET A QUARTER FOR WHAT?

TEE: A quarter a grade. Every time I pass a grade, my daddy gives me a quarter. Gee, a cent a grade wouldn't be very -

FIB: I'M NOT TALKIN' ABOUT THAT. I'M TALKIN' ABOUT....oh never mind.

TEE: Okay.

FIB: GO ON. RUN ALONG HOME, SIS. IT'S MUCH TOO BLIZZARDY TO MONKEY AROUND MAKING SNOW MEN TODAY ANYWAY. YOU'RE LIABLE TO GET FROST-BOOTEN...ER...BITEN...ER BITEN.

TEE: Gee, honest, mister? Ooooooh, maybe I better tell Willie then.

FIB: DIDN'T WILLIE GO HOME?

TEE: No.

FIB: Eh?

TEE: Hmm?

FIB: WHERE IS WILLIE?

TEE: He's inside the snow man. That's the only way we could get the right shape. Maybe I better tell him what you said. G'bye now.

~~DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE WITH WIND BLAST:~~

~~FIB: My gosh...a little kid inside a snow man on a day like this...I better run out and...WHO'S RUNNING OUT WHERE? I CAN'T EVEN GET A COAT ON!!! OH THIS IS RIDICULOUS!!!~~

~~ORCH: "THE DAUGHTER OF MLE, FROM ARMENTIERS" - KING'S MEN.~~

~~APPLAUSE:~~

MOL: It's no use, McGee. I've used up a quarter pound of butter, and those handcuffs are as tight as ever.

FIB: And I just figured out what the trouble is, too.

MOL: What?

FIB: You know why I can't get these handcuffs off? MY HANDS ARE BIGGER'N MY WRISTS!!

MOL: I have a feeling that the people who made handcuffs had that in mind, dearie.

FIB: I'LL BET I GOT A SWELL LAWSUIT AGAINST THOSE GUYS!!! NO INSTRUCTIONS!! LOSE THE USE OF MY HANDS ALL DAY! MAKE ME A OBJECT OF RIDICULE! MAKE ME WEAR AN OVERCOAT IN THE HOUSE AND MAYBE CATCH A PLEURISY! NO BUTTER LEFT SO IT DOES ME OUT OF WAFFLES FOR SUPPER!!....

MOL: Look, sweetheart. You ordered these silly handcuffs of your own free will. Not that I will ever know why, but -

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

MOL: Oh dear...grab your knitting again, dearie. Company coming.

FIB: NO SIR. I'M GONNA STICK MY HANDS BACK IN MY COAT SLEEVES.

MOL: But the knitting hides your hands better.

FIB: I CAN'T HELP IT. THAT KNITTING SCARES ME. I FOUND I WAS GETTIN' INTERESTED IN IT!

MOL: Well, they're your handcuffs, BOOM-BOOM. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN WITH WIND BLAST: DOR SLAM:

MOL: Oh hello, Doctor Hamble.

DOC: Hello, Molly. Hello, McGee.

FIB: Hiyah, Doc. Kick your colored capsules into a corner and curl your corpus cosily up on a comfy cushion on the couch. Kid.

DOC: Thanks. What's the matter with you? Hands cold?

FIB: No. Er..Yes. Yes they are.
MOL: His hands have been cold all day Doctor. But then, the weather is very bad.
FIB: Very inclementine.
DOC: Even so, it's quite comfortable in here. No reason why your hands should be cold. Your circulation must be off.
MOL: Could be, Doctor. In fact, unless certain things come off, he won't be circulating for quite a while.
FIB: AW I'M ALL RIGHT, DOC. GEE WHIZZ, JUST BECAUSE A GUY HAS COLD HANDS.
DOC: Let me take your pulse, my boy.
FIB: No.
DOC: Come on, come on. I'm not going to steal your wrist watch. Give me your left hand.
MOL: Go ahead, McGee.
FIB: Wel-l-l...okay.
DOC: NO NO NO..NOT BOTH HANDS...JUST YOUR LEFT HAND.
MOL: He can't do that Doctor.
DOC: WHY NOT? HE ISN'T HANDCUFFED, IS HE?

(PAUSE)

FIB: (WEAKLY) er....yes.
DOC: WHAT?
MOL: Yes, he is, Docotr.
FIB: See?
SOUND: JINGLE OF HANDCUFFS:
FIB: Doctor.... Doctor... PLEASE!!!
FIB: m

DOC: Well, hypo my dermic if he isn't! All right, McGee. Tell the nice Doctor man all about it. And it better be good, sonny, or I'll turn you in to the boys in blue so fast your modulla will get there before you oblongate. HAVE YOU BEEN PLAYING HORSE WITH THE LAW?
MOL: No, he hasn't, doctor. Those are trick handcuffs he got in the mail.
FIB: I got 'em on and I couldn't get 'em off. No instructions with 'em.
MOL: We've tried everything, but they won't come off.
FIB: See how it is, Doc? Gee whizz, it could happen to anybody.
DOC: Yes, if there was anybody else like you, which there isn't, MCGEE, OF ALL THE ADDLEFATED ADOLESCENT ASININITY I HAVE EVER ENCOUNTERED IN A LONG LIFE DEVOTED TO OBSERVING HUMAN STUPIDITY, YOU ARE PROBABLY THE BLUE RIBBON EXAMPLE OF SUB-NORMAL GULLIBILITY.
FIB: Gee, honest, Doc? You,..you're not just sayin' that because you admire me?
MOL: I didn't get that out of it, dearie.
DOC: HOW ANY ADULT OF YOUR ALLEGED INTELLIGENCE CAN CLING TO THE WILD-EYED FOLLIES OF HIS BUTTON-SHOED YOUTH AS YOU DO... I'LL NEVER KNOW. TO THINK THAT A GROWN MAN ^{as old as you} OF YOUR SUPPOSED ~~MATURITY~~ ^{must be} WOULD FALL FOR A SET OF JUVENILE HANDCUFFS, PLAYING COPS AND ROBBERS AT YOUR AGE --
MOL: Well, Doctor, after all, he was just --
DOC: OF ALL THE CHILDISH, LITTLE BOY STUNTS...THIS IS THE MOST...
MOL: Doctor....doctor...PLEASE!!!
FIB: Gee whizz, Doc, could I help it if there wasn't any instructions in the box?

DOC: Let me see those handcuffs, McGee....

FIB: Here.....

MOL: No use monkeying with 'em, Doctor. We've tried everything.

DOC: Hold still, McGee. Now turn your hand a little this way.
That's it,

SOUND: CLICK

DOC: Now the other one... there!!.

SOUND: CLICK

FIB: DOC!! YOU DID IT!!!

MOL: THEY'RE OFF!!

FIB: Gee, what a relief!! Oh boy... ~~lemme get this overcoat~~
~~off!!!!~~ How'd you ever do it, Doctor?

MOL: Do they teach that in Medical school Doctor?

DOC: No. I...er...well, it just happens that I have the same
model at Home. Wizard Magic Model Number twenty two.
They're a lot of fun, when you catch onto them.

FIB: You mean YOU got a pair of these childish...immature....
OH THIS IS RIDICULOUS!!!

ORCH: "YOU'RE THE RAINBOW" FADE FOR----

WILCOX:

HERE IS A MESSAGE FOR YOU YOUNG MEN OF 17!
You may now become a full-fledged member of the Army,
Navy or Marine Corps Aviation Enlisted Reserve by
passing the examination of the Aviation Cadet
Selection Board! You will then receive an education
estimated as being worth more than 25,000 dollars.
Your training will be unsurpassed by any flying service
anywhere, and you will have qualified for a grand
career in a post-war world in which flying will be of
immense importance. Talk it over with your parents and
ask their consent. I'M sure they will see that there is
no present need for you more urgent, and no future more
promising.

Remember, the quality of American planes is superb.
The training of American flyers is modern and thorough.
The possibilities for the American flyer after the war
are boundless. Go today to your nearest Army Aviation
Cadet Examining Board, or Naval Office of Procurement
for further information. *Be a flyer + see where*

you're going ****

MUSIC:

UP TO FINISH:

MEN OF 17!
and member of the Army,
Listed Reserve by
Aviation Cadet
receive an education
than 25,000 dollars.
ed by any flying service
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is modern and thorough.
can flyer after the war
r nearest Army Aviation

Office of Procurement

lyer + see where

(TAG)

FIB: (LAUGHING) Imagine that big hulk of a Gamble playin'
with kid stuff like trick handcuffs.
MOL: Amusing, isn't it?
FIB: Yeah. (LAUGHS) Know what I got a good mind to do?
I got a good mind to give him a toy air rifle for
Christmas. In fact, I would, if I was sure....
MOL: If you were sure what?
FIB: If I was sure he'd let me ^{use} take it now and then.
MOL: Oh dear.
FIB: Goodnight.
MOL: Goodnight, all!

(PLAYOFF AND SIGNOFF)

WILCOX: The character of Mr. Wellington, heard on this program
was played by Ramson Sherman. This is Harlow Wilcox,
speaking for the makers of JOHNSON WAX FINISHES for
home and industry, (CUE) inviting you to be with us
again next Tuesday night. Goodnight.

(DISCLAIMER AND NBC SIGNOFF TO COME FROM HOLLYWOOD)

WRITERS: Don Quinn
Phil Lesl.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 2