

WRITERS: DON QUINN  
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(REVISED)

#138

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

Tuesday, June 13, 1944

NBC - RED

(REVISED)

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

ORCH: THEME - FADE FOR:

WIL: The makers of Johnson's Wax for home and industry present  
Fibber McGee and Molly, written by Don Quinn, with music  
by the King's Men and Bill Mills' Orchestra.

ORCH: "BLOW, GABRIEL, BLOW" -- FADE FOR COMMERCIAL

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
JUNE 6, 1944

(REVISED) -3-

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Those of you who were listening to this program about a month ago may remember my asking our listeners a question. What I said was this: "Have you ever been dissatisfied with JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT?" Now some folks might say that I was just naturally courting trouble to ask such a question. But here's what happened. In spite of the difficulties of controlling raw materials and containers this past year, exactly 3/5 people wrote us that they had had an unsatisfactory experience with GLO-COAT! We were happy to make things right for these customers, but we were also happy to know that out of the millions of people who have bought GLO-COAT during this period -- the many millions who listen to Fibber McGee and Molly -- only 3/5 reported they had not had good results. This seems to me to indicate that JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT has given satisfaction in its wartime job of protecting linoleum surfaces. The aim of the Johnson Company is, of course, to make every single package perfect. So if at any time you are dissatisfied with GLO-COAT or any other JOHNSON'S WAX PRODUCT, remember that we want to hear from you. Just write S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC., Racine, Wisconsin, or Brantford, Canada.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH)

(APPLAUSE)

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY  
6/13/44

(2ND REVISION) -4-

WILCOX: DID YOU EVER WATCH AN AMATEUR CARPENTER TRYING TO PUT A NEW BLADE IN A HACK SAW? AND JUST AS HE GOT IT PROPERLY TIGHTENED UP IT WENT - (PING-g-g-g! CLATTER)? WELL, HERE HE IS, TRYING IT AGAIN WITH ANOTHER BLADE AS WE MEET --  
-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!! --

(APPLAUSE)

FIB: Fine bunch of hack saw blades!.... I could get better iron than this out of a can of spinach ... Now, lemme see ... one more twist....

SOUND: PING-g-g-g-g! SMALL CLATTER:

FIB: AW, DAD RAT THE DADRATTED THING, ANYWAY!.... They must make these things outa peanut brittle, the way they --

MOLLY: What are you doing, McGee?

FIB: Gettin' ready to put up the porch swing.

MOLLY: Well, WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THE MEAT SAW?

FIB: This, my dear uninformed woman, is not a meat saw. It's a hack saw.

MOLLY: Oh. If you have a friend in jail or something I'll be glad to bake a cake around it, and you can - WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH IT?

FIB: Puttin' a new blade into it. They keep bustin'. I been tightening 'em very gently, like this, but every time I --

SOUND: PING-g-g-g-g-g! SMALL CLATTER:

FIB: See what I mean? That makes four of 'em I've broke.

MOLLY: Why don't you leave them looser?

FIB: Won't cut anything if they're loose. I'll show you what I mean .. hand me another blade.

MOLLY: All right. Here you are.

FIB: Thanks.... Now, lemme see ... one gentle twist ... two gentle twists ... THREE gentle twists. There! I guess I was just too --

SOUND: PING-g-g-g-g! SMALL CLATTER

FIB: I'll -- be a --

MOLLY: McGEE!!.... DON'T SAY IT!!!!

FIB: AW, THE DAD RATTED --

MOLLY: Why do you need the hack saw, anyway?

FIB: WHY, I'M PUTTIN' UP THE PORCH SWING!

MOLLY: But why do you need a hack saw?

FIB: BECAUSE A HACK SAW IS ... I NEED A ... IT'S FOR THE ....  
we ... it's ... My gosh, I guess I don't need it.

MOLLY: Fine!

FIB: Boy, is that a relief ... I mighta spent the whole day puttin' in new hack saw blades ... Now I can go to work and  
(PAUSE) Hey, are my eyes goin' bad or is that Sig Wellington comin' up the walk?

MOLLY: It's Mr. Wellington, all right. Wearing a panama hat that must have been woven under water and taken out wet because ... OH, HELLO THERE, MR. WELLINGTON!

WELL: (FOOTSTEPS UP ON PORCH UNDER) AHHHH THERE, MRS. McGEE... HOW YOU DO BRIGHTEN MY DAY!!.... And McGee ... it's tarnished again.

FIB: Hello, Sigmund. Sit down on the top step and let's talk about inconsequential things. How have you been?

MOL: That's the first pair of spats I've seen for a long time, Mr. Wellington. Is this a formal call?

WELL: No, I was going to stop in at the bank on my way back about a small loan...and I was afraid I'd get cold feet.

FIB: Beautiful panama hat, too, Sig. Weave it yourself?

WELL: No, it's merely one of a large collection of hats I own. One of the advantages of being a theatre owner is the lost and found department, you know. You must let me show it to you some time. All but the purses...which I keep locked up.

MOL: Too valuable, I imagine.

WELL: Oh, no...I just don't like to see those bags under my eyes all the time.

FIB: I suppose you hide the umbrellas, too, because they remind you of the overhead.

WELL: HMMMM..very amusing! But what, may I ask, are you constructing with this vast array of mechanical impedimenta, my friend?

MOL: He's putting up the porch swing, Mr. Wellington.

FIB: You can stick around and gimme a hand if you wanna, Wellington.

WELL: No thank you, my friend. The last time you did some repair work I gave you a hand...in fact, I gave you my all...in fact, that IS my awl, right there. Been looking all over for it!

FIB: HEY, WHAT ARE YOU...Oh, well...take it, then...Injun giver!

WELL: Ahhh, how splendid to have it back again. It isn't a pleasant thing at my age to feel that one has lost his punch. Well, good day, old chap. And Mrs. McGee, au revoir until next...

MOL: Week?

WELL: Yes, but the thought of seeing you again gives me strength.

CLATTER DOWN STEPS AND OUT:

MOL: Isn't he charming, McGee.

FIB: More personality than an onion sandwich. I'd like to buy him for what I think of him and sell him for what he thinks of himself. AND DID YOU SEE HIM GO AWAY WITH HALF MY TOOLS?

MOL: Oh now don't exaggerate, McGee. He only took that little awl, and he had a perfect right to it; he loaned it to you a year ago.

FIB: THAT'S BESIDE THE POINT...HE KNOWS I GOTTA PUT UP THIS PORCH SWING AND DELIBERATELY RAN OFF WITH A VERY USEFUL TOOL!

MOL: What would you need an awl for?

FIB: I NEED AN AWL FOR THE...IN CASE I HAVE TO...IT WOULD MAKE A...I always...you could...it might...Hmmm, I guess I don't need it, at that.

MOL: Of course not. Well, (FADE) I've got to go see about dinner, dearie, and if you need any help you just call and--

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Ahhh, there goes a good kid! She knows when it comes to carpentering I don't know my neck from a folding ruler, but does she ever criticize? Yes. But does she mean it? Certainly. That's why I say, she's a --

TEE: (FADE IN) HI, MISTER.

FIB: Eh? Oh. Oh, HIYA, TEENY.

TEE: Hi. Hey, whatcha doin', mister? Hm, whatcha doin'?

FIB: Well, I'm ---

TEE: Hmm? Whatcha? Hmm?

FIB: I'M PUTTIN' UP THE PORCH SWING....

TEE: Puttin' up a what, mister?

FIB: Porch swing. Don't you know what a porch swing is?

TEE: Sure I do, I betcha. We got one at our house.

FIB: You gotta porch swing?

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: Eh?

TEE: Whadya say, mister?

FIB: I SAYS YOU'VE GOT A PORCH SWING?

TEE: Gee, how did you know? Who toldja?

FIB: I was walking by one night and it squealed.

TEE: (GIGGLES) Hmmm?

FIB: Look, sis ... I'M a very busy man. VERY BUSY ... I GOTTA PUT THE PORCH SWING UP.

TEE: Got everything you need, mister?

FIB: Yes I have. Now if you'll just get out of the way, I'll --

TEE: You sure you got everything?

FIB: CERTAINLY I'M SURE .. LEMME SEE ... HAMMER... SCREWDRIVER ... HACK SAW ... BRACE AND BIT.... YES, I HAVE.

TEE: (GIGGLES) Beteha you haven't, I betcha.

FIB: I'LL BET YOU ANY AMOUNT YOU WANNA BET UP TO TEN CENTS THAT I GOT EVERYTHING HERE I NEED TO PUT UP THE SWING.

TEE: Let's see the dough, mister.

(2ND REVISION)

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FIB: Okay.... here. NOW, WHAT DO I NEED TO PUT UP THE PORCH SWING THAT I HAVEN'T GOT?  
TEE: The porch swing.  
FIB: The por -- Oh, my gosh ... I forgot to bring out the porch swing!  
TEE: (GIGGLES, INTO:)

ORCH: "BESAME MUCHO"

APPLAUSE

SECOND SPOT

(2ND REVISION)

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SOUND: HAMMERING - DRIVING NAILS

MOL: My goodness, this swing did need some fixing, didn't it?  
FIB: Yeah But it'll be okay. I put new slats in all across the back, tightened up the arms and -  
MOL: It looks pretty good. Where'd you get such nice slats for the back, dearie?  
FIB: Outta the front fence, I just -  
MOL: The fence?? McGee, you mean those are pickets?  
FIB: Don't worry, I took 'em out so it don't show. I took every other one, see, and the fence looks like it's supposed to be that way. Walk past it fast and you don't notice a thing.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

ALICE: Hello, Mrs. McGee. Hi, Mr. McGee.  
MOL: Oh, hello, Alice dear.  
FIB: Hi, Al. Sit down and watch me put up the porch swing.  
ALICE: Thanks. We had a porch swing at home and the boys liked it so well that I didn't get to see a movie for three summers. My father finally had to remodel the house and tear out the front porch so I'd get a chance to go out at night.

MOL: Well, it's a great place to get a boy to propose, Alice.  
In fact, that's how I snagged Mr. McGee, in our porch swing. Wasn't it, dearie?

FIB: Yep. And that wasn't the only time I got snagged in that swing, either. Talk about nails! Right now I got 32 more pores than the average human body. Oh, hey, Alice, there's a note on the table for you, from a guy named Rikki.

ALICE: Oh, him.

MOL: Isn't he the boy you were out with last night, dear? The Marine?

ALICE: I think he's a Marine Merchant.

FIB: You mean Merchant Marine, don't you, Alice?

ALICE: No - Marine Merchant. Creepers - what a salesman!  
Well, I'm going up to bed now, Mrs. McGee.

MOL: All right, dear. If anyone else calls, we'll take the message.

ALICE: Thanks. So long, now, and -- Oh...uh..Mr. McGee.. ?

FIB: Yeah?

ALICE: I..uh...I hate to ask this, but - well, would you do me a favor?

FIB: Why, sure, Alice. What's on your mind?

ALICE: Well, uh...if you don't mind - could I have those pliers back that I loaned you to fix the Christmas tree stand with?

FIB: Pliers? I don't believe I have any pliers with your name on 'em, Alice. I got some here that belong to some guy named Davis, but I don't know who he --

ALICE: Al Davis. That's the one. He's a fellow at the airplane plant that he and I used to go together but we quit and now he wants all his tools back.

MOL: Well, heavenly days...of course you can have 'em, Alice. Here. McGee can always borrow them back..in a pinch.

ALICE: Gee, thanks, Mrs. McGee. I'll see you later.

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

FIB: THERE WE GO AGAIN...NO PLIERS. HOW DO YOU SUPPOSE I CAN PUT UP THE PORCH SWING WITH EVERYBODY SNAKIN' MY TOOLS AWAY ONE AT A TIME! MY GOSH 'A PELLA TRIES TO DO SOME WORK AND --

MOL: What did you need the pliers for?

FIB: TO PUT UP THE PORCH SWING, DOGGONE IT.

MOL: But why the pliers?

FIB: BECAUSE THE PLIERS WERE..I COULD USE 'EM FOR...WELL, THE SWING WOULD...I'd..they'd. er...hmmm. Say, I guess I didn't need the pliers at that. Oh well.. I can finish puttin' these slats in. .

SOUND: HAMMERING NAILS:

MOL: That porch swing has really seen service hasn't it, McGee?

FIB: I'll say it has. Remember when Fred Nitney come to visit us right after the war? And we'd sit in this swing all day long and remorse about our different adventures?

MOL: You don't mean remorse, dearie. You mean reminisce.

FIB: I DON'T MEAN ANY SUCH A THING. REMINISCE IS WHEN YOU FORGET TO DO SOMETHING. LIKE I WAS REMINISCE IN PAYIN' THE GAS BILL THIS MONTH.

MOL: That's remiss.

FIB: (LAUGHS) ARE YOU KIDDIN'? REMISS IS WHEN YOU TAKE TWO SHOTS AT SOMETHING AND DON'T HIT IT EITHER TIME. YOU MISS, AND THEN YOU RE-MISS. You're thinkin' of REMIT.

MOL: No, pet. Remit means to pay, and you didn't.

FIB: THEN WHAT DOES REMORSE MEAN?

MOL: It means you're sorry for something.

FIB: AND I AM, TOO. I'M SORRY OLD FRED NITNEY, CAN'T DROP IN AGAIN ONE OF THESE DAYS AND REMORSE ABOUT OUR DIFFERENT ADVENTURES....

MOL: OH, HELLO, MR. WILCOX!

WIL: Hiyah, Molly...hiyah, Pal.

FOOTSTEPS UP ON PORCH

FIB: Hiyah, Junior. Hunker down on the top step thar' and watch a real carpenter carping.

WIL: Whatcha doing, friend?

MOL: He's putting up the porch swing, Mr. Wilcox. And he always gets into one of his masterful moods when he takes his hammer in hand.

WIL: HIS hammer!

FIB: Yes, my hammer. What's the matter..your ears need glasses?

WIL: I just wanted to point out the name burned into the handle of the hammer, sonny boy. See? H. W.I.L.C.O.X.

MOL: Why so they are, McGee..did you borrow that from Mr. Wilcox?

FIB: My gosh..I guess I did. Well whaddye know! It's a small world, isn't it, Junior? Can't even lose a hammer in it, Er....this is your hammer, isn't it?

WIL: Well, you know me, pal..I hate to make positive statements, but...'

MOL: Yes, I know.

FIB: Get him, will you? Hates to make a positive statement. What's that stuff you toss around every week about Johnson's Wax? Just vague hints?

WIL: That's different.

MOL: Why, Mr. Wilcox?

FIB: Oh Molly. please...askin' him "WHY" at a time like this is like throwin' a stick for a pup to chase...he's gonna have his muddy paws in our lap for the next five minutes.

WIL: Well, what I mean is, I don't mind making a positive statement about a product like Johnson's Wax, when its ability to bring new life and beauty to floors and furniture and woodwork has been so well demonstrated. On the other hand, my first initial and last name on the hammer handle might....just MIGHT be a coincidence. Circumstantial evidence. It isn't legally conclusive.

MOL: You're the only H. Wilcox we know, Mr. Wilcox.  
FIB: I knew a Herman Wilcox once. He was a fellow that--  
WIL: You see, some things are so well established they don't need any supporting evidence.  
FIB: The Herman Wilcox I knew had a hammer that--  
WIL: CONVERSELY, THE FACT THAT MY NAME IS ON A HAMMER HANDLE WOULD NOT NECESSARILY CONVINCE A JURY OF MY PROPERTY RIGHTS. If I could only ask a lawyer about that, I could soon get that point settled.  
FIB: There's a lawyer lives the third house down, Junior. OLD JOE HABEUS!  
WIL: Gee - really? I'LL RUN OVER AND ASK HIM... LET ME TAKE THAT HAMMER, PAL...(FADE OUT, FOOTSTEPS OFF PORCH AND ON SIDEWALK) This is a fascinating legal technicality, and I've often wondered just what...  
(PAUSE)  
FIB: Well, how do you like that! PRACTICALLY SNATCHING A GUY'S HAMMER OUT FROM UNDER HIS VERY EYES! IF THAT ISN'T THE DIRTIEST--  
MOL: What do you need the hammer for now?  
FIB: WHY, MY GOSH, THE HAMMER IS A...THAT'S WHAT I... WAS GONNA...THE HOOKS...IF A MAIL WAS...OR WHEN... You...he... Hmmm. Come to think of it, I guess I was through with the hammer, at that.

MOL: (LAUGHS) Haven't you any tools of your own?  
FIB: CERTAINLY I GOT TOOLS OF MY OWN. PRACTICALLY EVERYTHING HERE IS MINE...THAT broken ice pick... that plumb bob...that piece of copper wire...that--  
MOL: Who owns the steel tape and the brace and bit?  
FIB: Doc Gamble. But that piece of rope is mine and that spool that had tire tape on it. That's mine. So is the--  
MOL: Whose screw driver is that?  
FIB: Doc Gamble's. But WHO DO YOU SUPPOSE OWNS THAT NAIL FILE? I DO! AND THAT HANDFUL OF THUMB TACKS... I DO! AND WHO--  
MOL: Whose hack saw is it?  
FIB: Doc Gamble's. But he never--  
DOC: (FADE IN) PARDON my long ears, but did I hear my name mentioned?  
MOL: Oh, hello, Doctor. Come on up on the porch.  
FOOTSTEPS UP ON PORCH:  
FIB: You ever hear the old saying, Doc? "Eavesdroppers never hear anything good about themselves"?  
DOC: Allowing for your lousy grammar, Smudge-pet, yes I have. And I wasn't eavesdropping. Anybody who would eavesdrop on your conversation would be stupid enough to look in the back of a telephone book to see how it came out. What's he think he's doing, Molly?  
MOL: He's putting up the porch swing, Doctor...and please don't make any derogatory remarks. He's very easily discouraged at manual labor.



DOC: I wasn't going to be unkind. I think it's wonderful. Get a little of that tallow away from his belt buckle.

FIB: LOOK WHO'S TALKIN'!! Talkin' about a tallow, tummy. You got a bay window the Dionne family could watch a parade from. You look like you had been ringed five times in a horseshoe game and put your shirt on over it.

DOC: Well, I'm the professional type, my boy. My occupation is sedentary.

FIB: WHY DON'T YOU HIRE A SEDENTARY, YOU CHEAPSKATE? AFRAID SHE'D STEAL YOUR NINE CENTS WORTH OF POSTAGE STAMPS?

MOL: He didn't say secretary, dearie. He said SEDENTARY. Meaning that he sits down a lot.

DOC: Exactly.

FIB: Whaddye mean, "exactly". He couldn't sit down anywhere exactly if his life was at stake. He comes in on a wing and a chair.

DOC: (LAUGHS) That's not bad, McGee. Not bad. (PAUSE) Not very good, either, come to think of it. (SORE) Incidentally, where did you get this brace and bit, McGee + my best brace and bit?

MOL: Why, he borrowed it from you, Doctor Gamble - didn't you, dearie?

DOC: It's mine, all right - but he didn't borrow it from me, Molly! Where'd you get it, you little auger-snatcher? I didn't tell you you could borrow it, and you know it!

FIB: WELL, FOR YOUR INFORMATION, YOU BIG SAUSAGE, I WENT OVER TO YOUR HOUSE ONE DAY AND YOU WERE OUT AND IT LOOKED LIKE RAIN AND HERE WAS YOUR BEST BRACE AND BIT OUT IN THE BACK YARD, SO I--

DOC: IN THE BACK YARD? DON'T GIVE ME THAT STUFF, McGEE! I KEEP MY TOOLS IN THE GARAGE!

FIB: WELL, WHERE'S YOUR GARAGE, STUPID? IN THE BACK YARD, THAT'S WHERE!

MOL: McGee!

FIB: AND NOT ONLY THAT, BUT THE GARAGE WAS UNLOCKED AND IF I HADN'T OF BROUGHT THE BRACE AND BIT HOME WITH ME, SOMEBODY MIGHTA WALKED IN AND STOLE IT, AND--

DOC: OH YEAH? I NEVER LEAVE THAT GARAGE UNLOCKED, McGEE, you LITTLE TOOL THIEF, AND YOU KNOW THAT, TOO!

FIB: WELL, IT MIGHT AS WELL BE UNLOCKED, WITH THAT BROKEN CATCH ON THE BACK WINDOW! MIGOSH, ANYBODY COULD PILE BOXES UP THERE AND GET IN - JUST AS EASY AS I DID!

MOL: MCGEE!!

FIB: IF THAT'S THE KIND OF GRATITUDE I'M GONNA GET FOR SAVING YOUR TOOLS FOR YOU, YOU BIG-- Hey, gimme a hand with this swing, willya, Doc, old kid?

DOC: (TRYING TO BE PLEASANT) Sure, McGee. Is it ready to put up?

FIB: Sure, come on in the house and let's get the chains for it.

(FOOTSTEPS ON PORCH)

DOOR OPEN AND SHUT

FIB: I keep 'em put away so they don't get rusted.

DOC: (CONTROLLING HIMSELF) All right. Where are they?

FIB: Right there in the hall closet, Doc. Just open the door  
and -

DOC: This door?

DOOR OPEN & HALL CLOSET EFFECT.....DOC GROANS

FIB: Yep, that's the door.....

ORCH: "SHE BROKE MY HEART IN THREE PLACES"

(APPLAUSE)

SOUND: HAMMERING...THUD....SCRAPE....CLATTER

FIB: There you are, Molly. The porch swing is up!

MOL: And may I be the first to congratulate you, dearie! You  
followed through like a rabbit-hound in a hollow log.  
Why it even hangs level.

FIB: Isn't it supposed to hang level?

MOL: After you're married, yes. But a smart single girl will  
always have a porch swing that helps people get together  
at one end of it.\*

FIB: HEY, YOURS WAS ALWAYS LOPSIDED, COME TO THINK OF IT! THE  
ONE ON YOUR PORCH IN PEORIA!

MOL: (LAUGHS, ALA WIMPLE) Yes!!

FIB: Well, I'll be a....YOU TRICKED ME!!

MOL: You tricked me, too.

FIB: How did I?

MOL: I always used to think you were so neat...the way you  
could tie a bow tie so nicely. Then six months after we  
were married, one of 'em fell off, and I discovered they  
were tied at the factory. I cried all night.

FIB: I dunno why. You might of married a guy who wore  
factory-tied four-in-hands. Hey, look how easy the swing  
swings.

SOUND: CREAK...CREAK...CREAK..CREAK...OUT:

MOL: Needs a little oil.

FIB: We got any?

MOL: I think there's some in my sewing machine. I'll ask  
Beulah. OH, BEULAH!! BEULAH!

DOOR OPEN

BEULAH: Somebody out heah yippin' fo' Beulah?

FIB: Yeah...we got any lubrication' oil, Beulah?

BEULAH: Says we got which?

MOL: Lubricating oil, Beulah. The kind you squirt at things that squeak. Isn't there a little can of it in my sewing machine?

BEULAH: No ma'am. They ain' a drop left in that. I use the last of it in the valcum.

FIB: In the what?

BEULAH: The valcum. The valcum cleaner. (GIGGLES) You know - the cahpet sweeper wif the sound effects.

MOL: Well, remind me to get some more tomorrow, McGee. We wanted it for this porch swing, Beulah...it squeaks.

BEULAH: Well, fo' goodness sake, ma'am...let it squeak! Ain't nothin' mo' home-like than a squeakin' po'ch swing. Save my papa's life once.

FIB: What did, Beulah?

BEULAH: A squeakin' po'ch swing. My pappa always smoke cigars and was always fallin' asleep. One night he rockin' hisse'f in the po'ch swing...a-puffin' and a-rockin', a-rockin' and a-puffin', a-rockin' and a-squeakin', a-squeakin' and a-puffin'...an' all of a sudden he fall soun' asleep!

MOL: But what saved his life?

BEULAH: Well, ma'am...the minit he fall asleep, the swing stop a-rockin', an' the squeak stop a-squeakin'. Pappa jump up and holler, "WHAT DAT?" on account he don' heah no squeak no mo'. He wake up just in time to stomp out a fire in his shirt front.

FIB: STOMP OUT A FIRE IN HIS SHIRT FRONT?! What was he...a contortionist?

BEULAH: No suh. (GIGGLES) He stamp it out wif his bare hands. Anyway, that's why I don' mind no squeak in no po'ch swing.

MOL: Well, maybe we'd better leave this one, McGee...you're always doing the same thing.

FIB: Okay...forget the oil. Might have my own life saved by a narrow squeak.

BEULAH: Have his own life save by a narrow squ--(LAUGH HEARTILY)  
LOVE THAT MAN!!

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Forget the squeak, McGee. I hadn't considered it in the light of a fire alarm. Come on...let's sit in the swing awhile...

SLIGHT GROAN AND CREAK OF SWING THRU FOLLOWING:

FIB: Personally, I don't mind the squeak. It's cheerful. And the mosquitos love it.

MOL: Why?

FIB: A squeak in the porch swing is like a moose-call to a mosquito. He goes and rounds up all his friends and says "Come on, fellas!!...over to McGee's!....there's somebody in the porch swing!

MOL: (LAUGHS) Oh, isn't this peaceful, McGee...just to sit here and relax....

FIB: Sure is...

SOUND: PORCH SWING SQUEAK...DISTANT SOUND OF TRAIN WHISTLE (WAY OFF)

MOL: Isn't that a lonesome sound?....nowdays whenever I hear a train whistle I think of all the boys that are over there and....MCGEE, DID YOU REMEMBER TO WRITE A CHECK FOR THAT EXTRA WAR BOND TOMORROW?

FIB: All wrote out and on the hall table with my hat. Gettin' it the first thing in the morning. Wish I could get a bigger one, but I'm straining the budget as it is.

MOL: Oh, bother the budget! We'd better come out short at the end of the month than at the end of the war.

FIB: Yeah...I guess that's right....

SWING SQUEAKING

MOL: Like old times isn't it, McGee?

FIB: Sure is. OH, HEY,....I ALMOST FORGOT...REACH UNDER YOUR END OF THE SWING...

MOL: What on earth is...OH, for heaven's sake!

MOL: What on

FIB: Lemme take it.

MOL: Here.

FIB: Thanks...

SQUEAK SQUEAK

FIB: Ahhh, my old mandolin! (PLUCK STRINGS) (SINGS)

OHHHHH, THE MOON SHINES TONIGHT - (STRUMMMM)-- ON

PRETTY REDWING....

MUSIC: SNEAK IN

FIB: THE BRÉEZES SIGHING...(SQUEAK) THE NIGHTBIRDS CRYING...

MUSIC UP FULL: "IN A MOMENT OF MADNESS" - FADE FOR:

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
 FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY  
 TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC  
 JUNE 6, 1944

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WIL: From a Naval Air Station we just received a letter which is so much to the point, I want to read it to you, word for word. It's from a young officer who writes as follows:  
 "Dear Folks -- What's become of CARNU? I was all over this blamed town yesterday looking for it only to find everything else but! I didn't know auto polish was scarce, too. I'm tired enough now from using something else to write and find out if the darn stuff is off the market. How about it?" ... Well, sir, the answer to "what's become of CARNU" is simple. It's going strong, and we're doing our best to supply the demand and fill all orders. It's quite apparent that car-owners, more than ever before appreciate the job performed by JOHNSON'S CARNU. They use it because it both cleans and polishes a car with one application -- makes the finish shine like a mirror with a minimum of work. You know it's more fun to drive a car that's clean and sparkling -- what you may not know is that if you don't remove that grime and dirt, it may injure the finish of your car permanently. Will you remember to buy a package of JOHNSON'S CARNU - spelled C-A-R-N-U.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

(REVISED) -26-

WRITERS: DON QUINN  
 PHIL LESLIE

"FIBBER MCGEE A

Tuesday, June 20, 1944