

WRITERS: DON QUINN  
PHIL LESLIE

(REVISED)

#2

"FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY"

Johnson's Wax

6:30 - 7:00 PM

10-17-44

NBC

(REVISED)

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WILCOX: 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 Billy Mills' Orchestra .

ORCH: "OKLAHOMA" FADE FOR:

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: As a car-owner, you'll soon be getting plenty of advice on how to prepare your car for winter. I'd like to join the procession and suggest that you do not neglect the finish. Winter, with its extremes of temperature, and its snow, ice and rain, is very hard on the paint job. Your car deserves the extra care you can give it so easily with JOHNSON'S CARNU. The first thing it needs, of course, is a first-rate cleaning. One advantage of CARNU is that it both cleans and polishes with one application - two jobs at once. This saves so much work that you won't mind cleaning and polishing your own car with CARNU. It's a liquid, applied with only as much rubbing as is necessary to loosen the dirt. CARNU dries to a powder, and when you wipe this off, you'll see again a gleaming finish you'd almost forgotten. You can get JOHNSON'S CARNU right now at your dealers -- it's spelled C-A-R-N-U.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH  
(APPLAUSE)

WILCOX: THE SQUIRE OF 79 WISTFUL VISTA IS STRICTLY A GUY WHO LIKES THREE GOOD MEALS - PARTICULARLY FOR BREAKFAST. GET A LOAD OF HIM GETTING A LOAD OF CALORIES - AS WE MEET --  
-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

(APPLAUSE)

SOUND: DISHES, SILVER, ETC

MOL: McGee, you're marvelous!

FIB: I am? How?

MOL: The amount you eat for the amount of work you do. It's like stoking a steel mill to make a buttonhook.

FIB: Well, gee whizz, a guy with as much energy as I got has to - (Pass the butter, willya? Thanks.) - has to build up his energy.

MOL: Go a little easy on that butter, dearie.

FIB: I'm tryin' to, but it tastes awful good on wheatcakes.

MOL: Yes, it has its points. Twenty a pound, to be exact.

FIB: (CLATTER OF DISHES) Oh, boy...am I full! Any more wheatcakes?

MOL: Let me look...

CLING OF SILVER DISH:

MOL: There's about six more, dearie...want 'em?

FIB: Might's well finish 'em up...Ahhhhh!...much obliged...

Now for the...(PAUSE) HEY...get some more syrup, willya?

MOL: Sorry, McGee. That was the last of the maple syrup. But I'll have Beulah bring you some honey.

FIB: HONEY? ON WHEATCAKES? WHADDYE THINK I AM...A PEASANT?  
MOL: How about some jelly or jam?  
FIB: Oh my gosh no! WHAT'S THE IDEA RUNNIN' OUTA MAPLE SYRUP  
RIGHT WHILE A GUY'S IN THE MIDDLE OF BREAKFAST? ~~WHAT~~  
~~KINDA HOUSEKEEPING YOU CALL THAT?~~  
MOL: ~~One never knows with you, sweetheart. If we had stocked~~  
~~up on maple syrup, you'd have decided that the only thing~~  
~~that should go on wheatcakes was ketchup or horseradish.~~  
FIB: ~~OH, THIS IS RIDICULOUS!!!~~ WHEATCAKES WITHOUT MAPLE SYRUP!  
MOL: Relax, McGee. I'll catch the first plane to Vermont and  
roll a barrel of it home for you.  
FIB: Why go to Vermont? What's Vermont got that we haven't  
got?  
MOL: Maple syrup.  
FIB: AND WHERE DOES MAPLE SYRUP COME FROM?  
MOL: The grocery store.  
FIB: FROM MAPLE TREES, THAT'S WHERE IT COMES FROM. AND WHAT  
HAVE WE GOT STANDING RIGHT OUT THERE IN THE FRONT YARD.  
MOL: That man from the Finance Company?  
FIB: NO SIR...A MAPLE TREE, THAT'S WHAT WE GOT STANDIN' RIGHT  
OUT THERE IN THE FRONT YARD. And why we been payin' out  
our good dough for maple syrup all these years with a  
tree practically dripping with it out in front, I'll  
never know.  
MOL: Do I understand you're an expert on maple trees, too?  
FIB: Why not? My Uncle Sycamore had one of the biggest  
maple tree <sup>orchards</sup> ~~forests~~ in New England.

MOL: Whereabouts in New England?  
FIB: Just west of Columbus, Ohio. I'll never forget one maple  
tree he had that was right by my bedroom window. It'd  
been plugged for syrup in so many places, it looked like  
a king-size piccolo.  
MOL: Hmmm.  
FIB: I remember how I used to lie there in bed when the wind  
was blowin' and hear that tree softly playin' "The Old  
Oaken Bucket".  
MOL: Look, McGee...I don't like to be a killjoy, but I seem to  
remember that maple trees are tapped in February or March.  
FIB: THAT'S THE TROUBLE WITH THE WHOLE MAPLE SYRUP INDUSTRY!  
Them dummies all throw their syrup on the market at the  
same time. Flood the market all winter, and when summer  
comes you can't buy it for love or money.  
MOL: I wouldn't know. I've only tried money.  
FIB: Now lemme see...what'll I need?...I'll need a brace and  
bit...a three-inch bit oughtta make a big enough hole...  
MOL: THREE INCHES! What are you going to do? Crawl into the  
tree and DIP it out?  
FIB: You don't understand the principle of the syphon, kiddo.  
You gotta permit the passage of air around the aperture,  
thus permitting the gravitation to equalize the osmosis of  
the hydration. Otherwise it creates a vacuum and inhibits  
the capillary attraction.

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MOL: Well, for goodness' sakes! Where'd you learn all that?  
FIB: My gosh, I took Biological Chemistry for two years, till I got threw out of the class.  
MOL: For what?  
FIB: I couldn't spell Biological Chemistry.  
MOL: Seriously, McGee? Are you really going to tap that tree of ours?  
FIB: Baby, that tree is READY, I tell you. That thing is so crammed with sap it'll be like stickin' a fork into a ripe grapefruit!  
MOL: How much do you get out of one tree?  
FIB: That's a very ridiculous question. How much oil you get out of a oil well? It just keeps flowing, that's all.  
MOL: I'd rather have a maple tree than an oil well. It's much prettier in the autumn. Maybe we'd better ask Beulah how we're fixed for containers. Glass jars and jugs and things.  
FIB: Yeah. Step on the buzzer, will you?  
MOL: I'm afraid to.  
FIB: Why?  
MOL: Because since you re-wired it, every time I step on the buzzer, the electric heater in the bathroom burns out, the front porch light goes on and the phonograph starts up.  
FIB: Must be some shorts in it - if you'll pardon the expression. Oh well, I'll call her. HEY...BEULAH...  
BEULAH!!

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DOOR OPEN:

BEULAH: Somebody bawl fo' Beulah?  
MOL: Mr. McGee is going to tap that tree out in front for maple syrup, Beulah.  
BEULAH: Who gonna tap the which fo' what?  
FIB: I'M GONNA TAP THAT MAPLE TREE OUT IN FRONT, BEULAH. GONNA MAKE OUR OWN MAPLE SYRUP.  
BEULAH: Well fo' goodness sakes. Is that wheah that stuff come from?  
MOL: That's right, Beulah. According to Mr. McGee, all you do is poke a hole in the tree and out it squirts.  
BEULAH: (LAUGHS) Gittin' it from the grocer store's even easier, ma'am. You jus' call up and they send a lil' squirt over with it.  
FIB: What I wanted to know, Beulah, is have we got enough containers to handle a few hundred gallons of syrup?  
BEULAH: FEW HUNDRED GALLON!! MmmmmMMMM! That lil' ole tree mus' be jus' a pile o' juice wif' bark around it!  
MOL: He's an authority on maple trees, Beulah. He says ~~how~~. His Uncle was in the business.  
FIB: Used to watch 'em do it every spring, Beulah. When I was a kid. We had a skatin' pond near the woods and used to watch 'em while we skated. Used to be quite a skater, too. People used to just stand and watch me as I glid from one side of the pond to the other.  
BEULAH: As you what, suh?

FIB: Glid.  
MOL: You mean GLIDED.  
FIB: I do not. You don't say "I SLIDED DOWN A HILL ON MY SLED", do you?  
BEULAH: Nossuh. That's "SLUED".  
MOL: No, it's slid.  
BEULAH: When I was a lill' girl, I rid on a sled all wintah.  
MOL: You mean RODE, Beulah.  
FIB: OKAY OKAY OKAY...SO I GLODE ACROSS THE ICE. Anyway, that's how I learned to tap maple trees. What have we got to catch the stuff in, Beulah?  
BEULAH: Well, you kin use that ole wash boilah in the basement...  
FIB: FINE...FINE!!  
BEULAH: ...and we got a couple big lard cans in the back room.  
FIB: GREAT GREAT!!  
MOL: Haven't we got a lot of Mason jars, Beulah?  
BEULAH: Yes'm. But I didn't wanna mention 'em...account o' Mr. McGee not bein' a member.  
FIB: Well, we won't tell the Masons anything about it, Beulah.  
(LAUGHS) I'll put the stuff into the jars syruptitiously!  
BEULAH: Put it in the jars syruptitiously...(LAUGHS HEARTILY)  
LOVE THAT MAN!  
ORCH: "CHEEK TO CHEEK"  
(APPLAUSE)

SECOND SPOT

FIB: Hey, Molly, I wonder where I can get a few barrels.  
MOL: A few barrels of what?  
FIB: Empty barrels. To store the maple syrup in. Hand me the classified directory, will ya?  
MOL: Here you are.  
FIB: Thanks. (RUSTLE OF PAPER) Barrels...barrels...Here's the Barrel-of-Fun Dance Hall, 20 Beautiful Hostesses...  
MOL: ...And 10 ugly bouncers.  
FIB: Here's Benny's Barrelhouse, Food and Drink for Man and Beast, and Try Not to Act Like a Beast.  
MOL: Maybe you can find something under HOGSHEAD...or KEG.  
FIB: NO, HERE IT IS. WISTFUL VISTA BARREL COMPANY. BARRELS MADE FROM SEASONED OAK STAVES AND RUSTLESS IRON HOOPS, MY DEAR. That's the thing! Hand me the phone.  
MOL: Here.  
FIB: Thanks. (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR? GIMME THE WISTFUL VISTA BARREL COMP...COME COME, IS THAT YOU, MYRT?  
MOL: Oh dear...  
FIB: HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING, MYRT? TIS EH? WHAT SAY, MYRT? YOUR GRANDFATHER? BEEN HOLLERING HIS HEAD OFF ALL WEEK BECAUSE SOMEBODY STEPPED ON HIS CORN, EH? WELL, I DON'T BLAME HIM MYRT!  
MOL: That's a lot of fuss to make just because somebody steps on your corn.  
FIB: He not only stepped on it, he spilled it all over the basement. WHAT SAY, MYRT? OH, NO ANSWER, EH? THANKS, MYRT! (CLICK)  
MOL: No luck?  
FIB: No, but I can get Joe's Tavern to send me over a few

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MOL: That will be lovely. We'll have maple syrup with a slight tang of stale beer.

FIB: WELL, I'M GONNA GET TO WORK...Now, let's see...here's my brace and Bit...and a funnel. I'll have Joe send me over a spigot, too.

MOL: Great idea. Then everytime we have wheatcakes, Beulah can run out to the front yard and draw a quart of maple syrup.

FIB: Certainly. Remind me to send five pounds of maple sugar to Aunt Sarah, too.

MOL: ~~Aunt Sarah~~ <sup>she</sup> can't eat maple sugar. It hurts her teeth.

FIB: Then remind me to send ~~her~~ <sup>she's got these teeth -</sup> fifteen pounds. Well, come on, Molly. Let's get started on the -

DOOR OPEN

MOL: Oh hello, Alice.

ALICE: Hello, Mrs. McGee. Hyah, Pop.

FIB: DOGGONE IT, ALICE..QUIT CALLIN' ME POP! BY GEORGE I'VE NEVER RAISED MY HAND AGAINST A WOMAN UNLESS IT WAS NECESSARY, BUT -

MOL: McGee..when did you EVER find it necessary to raise your hand to a woman?

FIB: Why all the time, when I was in the third and fourth grades. Only way I could get outa the room for a quick chew of bubble gum. What was it you wanted, Alice?

ALICE: Look, did anybody call on the phone for me?

FIB: Paul called, Alice.

ALICE: Gee, did he? What did he say?

FIB: What did he say, Molly?

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MOL: Search me, dearie. You took the message, in your own unique manner.

FIB: I wrote it down on something...lemme see...I got it here someplace...Here's my draft card...from the last war-- Oh--here's a postcard from Fred Nitney, from Starved Rock, Illinois. He's a fella that I and he had a vaudeville act together, Alice.

ALICE: What's vaudeville?

MOL: Vaudeville, my dear, was a form of entertainment where the same people used the same jokes for fifteen or twenty years.

ALICE: Oh. Just like on the radio! What did Mr. Nitney say, Mr. McGee?

FIB: He says, DEAR OLD PAL FIB: Trying out for star part in Oklahoma. Wish me luck! Signed. Fred.

ALICE: Creepers, a star part in Oklahoma! Isn't that super?

MOL: What's that postscript?

FIB: Eh? It says "P.S. Don't get me wrong. I'm running for sheriff in Tulsa. Ha. Ha."

MOL: Very funny. But where's the message you wrote down when Paul called?

FIB: I dunno. I'd of swore I had it here somepl....AHHH, HERE IT IS.

ALICE: What does it say, Mr. McGee...what does it say?

FIB: It says, "Paul, Called".

ALICE: Well, creepers, didn't he say what it was about?

FIB: I seem to remember he did, but it's slipped my mind.

MOL: Giving you a message, dearie, is like sending a carrier pigeon home with an anvil. Did you have a date with Paul, Alice?

ALICE: Well, tentatively, yes. I told Paul I'd go to the hockey game with him if I didn't go horseback riding with Goofer Harpstrite.

FIB: Is Harpstrite that Lieutenant Commander, Alice?

MOL: No, dearie. Mr. Harpstrite is <sup>a Supply Sergeant</sup> in the Army.

FIB: No kidding...imagine that! I was a supply sergeant in the last war. I was in charge of the Officer's Mess, if you'll pardon the expression.

ALICE: Well, if Paul calls again, will you...(PAUSE) What are you going to do with all the tools, Mr. McGee?

MOL: He's going to make like Dr. Davey and tap a tree for waffle gravy.

FIB: Stick around Alice, and see how an expert sugar man milks a maple.

ALICE: I'd love to, Pop. When are you going to do it?

MOL: Right now, Alice. According to him, that tree is so bursting with maple syrup, the squirrels are burying waffles this fall.

FIB: OKAY, OKAY...SCOFF IF YOU WANNA...DERIDE ME! BUT, BY GEORGE --

DOOR OPEN

WIL: Hello, folks, I hope I'm intruding.

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Hiyah, Waxey! Alice, you know Waxey Wilcox, don't you?

ALICE: Oh yes, Hello, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: Hiyah Alice. Still working at the airplane plant?

ALICE: Yes I am, and you know what?

FIB: No, what?

ALICE: One of the fellows that works at the next bench to mine named Morris Mendellsohn has dedicated a song to me that he just wrote.

MOL: Oh, isn't that nice! What's the name of it?

ALICE: Mendelsohn's Welding March.

WILCOX: Is it copyrighted?

ALICE: Well, it's writed, but I don't know if it's copied.

FIB: Look, kids ... this is all very cozy, but I gotta get to work.

MOL: Will you join us, Mr. Wilcox? Himself here is about to de-sap a maple tree.

WILCOX: He's about to what?

FIB: I'M GONNA TAP THAT MAPLE TREE OUT IN FRONT FOR MAPLE SYRUP JUNIOR. And if you have any comical remarks to make just write 'em down so you can see how silly they'll look later on.

ALICE: I don't see anything funny about it. I think it's a wonderful idea.

WILCOX: Why so do I. You know what a maple tree always makes me think of?

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MOL: Yes, we do, Mr. Wilcox. It makes you think if it was cut down and made into floors and furniture, how beautiful and smart it would look if Johnson's....

WILCOX: Oh no no no ..... it makes me think of the National War Fund.

FIB: IT WHAT?

WILCOX: It makes me think of the National War Fund. The way it has its roots planted so firmly in good American Soil. The way it's hundreds of branches spread out like protecting arms.

ALICE: (TO HERSELF) Gee, if he wasn't married, I could reach for him.

MOL: But what has the National War Fund got to do with our maple tree, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: Well, it just reminded me of it, because the National War Fund is right in your front yard, too, in a way. Giving generously to charity is as typically American as a maple tree, and this is the greatest charity of them all. In fact it's a combination of practically all of them. It's a united appeal for a hundred and twenty related war causes. One of these days a representative will call on you folks, and I hope you'll really give.

FIB: Is it deductible, Junior? Reason I ask, is the government can ask such nasty questions. I mind one year I loaned myself forty five bucks, and charged it off as a bad debt because I knew I'd never get it back from myself and--

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WILCOX: CERTAINLY IT'S DEDUCTIBLE! You actually pay only a portion of the money you give, because you can charge off up to 15% of your individual income on War Fund contributions. ~~Well, It covers not only community projects like visiting nurses, care for crippled and undernourished children, clinics and hospitals,~~ but it supports thousands of clubs for service men and women and merchant seamen. Relief for our fighting allies. And sends aid to American prisoners of War. Look, kids... just bear this in mind, when they ask you to donate. An American war prisoner has to live with the enemy. Send him some help, and you'll find it easier to live with yourself. Now what was this about maple syrup?

FIB: Gonna tap that tree out in front, Junior. Wanna stick around and see how it's done?

MOL: We'll need all the help we can get, Mr. Wilcox. If it doesn't start flowing we may have to squeeze the tree.

FIB: THAT'S RIDICULOUS, MOLLY. GEE WHIZ, THE MINUTE YOU BORE A HOLE IN IT, THE - (PAUSE) ALICE! STOP STARING AT MR. WILCOX!

ALICE: Hmmmm? Oh! I...er...excuse me. I didn't realize I was staring. I was just thinking what a big handsome...er... what a beautiful er...I mean ... ~~that maple tree out in front is ... er....~~ Those strong, sturdy limbs and...er... <sup>that maple tree</sup> GEE! I think I'll go out and look at it again.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

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MOL: (LAUGHS) Good thing you're safely married, Mr. Wilcox. I think you've made a conquest. Not that you wouldn't have lots of competition.

WILCOX: She's a very popular kid, isn't she?

FIB: POPULAR! Just sit by our telephone some evening, Junior, if you wanna know for whom the bell tolls!

MOL: Look, McGee, if you're just going to stand around with that brace and bit in your hand ---

FIB: OH MY GOSH -- I ALMOST FORGOT! COME ON, JUNIOR. YOU'RE GONNA SEE AS ARTISTIC A JOB OF MAPLE SYRUP PRODUCTION AS YOU EVER --

DOOR CHIME

FIB: AH FER THE... ~~This would be the paratrooper's paradise, the way people drop in around here!~~ COME IN!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

MOL: Oh hello, Doctor Gamble.

DOC: Hello, Molly. Hello, Harlow.

WIL: Hiyah, Doc.

DOC: And how are you today, Dream Boat?

FIB: We're all fine, strange to say...considering the spectacular incompetence of our family physician. And if you think I mean anything personal, you're darn right.

MOL: Won't you sit down, Doctor?

DOC: No thanks, Molly -- I've got a maternity case waiting for me at the hospital. Serviceman's wife. She hasn't got much money so I give her a little extra attention..

WILCOX: What do you do, Doc? Overcharge your rich patients so you can go easy on the unlucky ones?

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DOC: Certainly. Robin Hood with a stethoscope, that's me. A germicidal Jesse James. Billy the Kid with a kidney pill. I can make one wealthy hypochondriac pay for ten cases of mumps on the other side of town.

MOL: Is that ethical, Doctor?

DOC: It is if you tell 'em what you're doing, and I do. I say, "LOOK MR. SO-AND-SO ... I'M GOING TO TAKE OUT YOUR APPENDIX, BUT YOU'RE GOING TO PAY THROUGH THE NOSE ... A FAIR CHARGE FOR MY SERVICES ON THIS CASE WOULD BE FORTY BUCKS.... BUT I'M CHARGING YOU A HUNDRED BECAUSE I KNOW A BOY WITH A BROKEN ARM WHO CAN'T AFFORD TO PAY HIS EX-RAYS." They pay it and think I'M wonderful... and I am.

FIB: You great big benevolent burglar! I'll bet you stash away about forty percent of that dough you chisel outa the upper crust.

DOC: If I thought you really thought that, you minor accumulation of fatty tissue, I'd slap your lower mixillary so far down into your thorax, it would take a laparotomy to extract your incisors.

FIB: Why you big oxygen tent, you couldn't slap your way out of a wet newspaper. You've got the ---

WIL: Wait a minute, Pal. Say, Doc. You want to watch an interesting operation?

DOC: Love to, my boy. Who's operating on whom for what?

WIL: Fibber's going to perform a saparotomy on that tree out in front.

MOL: He's going to tap it for maple syrup, Doctor. isn't that clever of him?

FIB: This brace and bit is for the incision, Doc. Keep an eye on me and you'll see a technique you couldn't of learned in that cowtown colic college you bluffed your way thru.

DOC: (LAUGHS) AHHH, THIS I SHALL HAVE TO SEE!

WIL: Maybe he'll give you a few pounds of maple sugar Doc.

MOL: Oh I'm sure he will, Mr. Wilcox.

DOC: (LAUGHS) OH, WONDERFUL! ~~EXCUSE ME WHILE I CALL THE HOSPITAL AND TELL THEM I'LL BE A LITTLE LATE.~~

To think that I should see the day when I'd act as consultant to an amateur tree surgeon! ~~(FADE OUT LAUGHING)~~

MOL: The doctor seems amused.

FIB: He's just feeling superior on account of this brace and bit.

~~WIL: DOC:~~ Superior about what?

FIB: Because I'm about to bore my first patient and <sup>you're</sup> ~~he's~~ bored thousands of 'em.....COME ON.....LET'S GET GOIN'. ~~(CALLS)~~

~~SEE YOU OUT IN FRONT, DOC!!!~~

ORCH: TROLLEY SONG: "KING'S MEN".

APPLAUSE:

MURMUR OF VOICES: (HARLOW, ALICE, DOC, MOLLY)

WILCOX: I hope he doesn't damage this tree. After the years I've spent telling people how to PRESERVE and protect things made of wood -

ALICE: Creepers, I hope he doesn't hurt it, either!

MOLLY: Well, he seems to be awfully confident.

DOC: It's a beautiful shade tree, Molly. It would be a shame to -

FIB: (FADE IN) Okay, everybody. Bout ready to start. What was you saying, Doc?

DOC: I was saying it would be a shame to damage this beautiful shade tree, McGee. If I lived here, I'd be sitting under it all day.

FIB: Aw, you'd never take the time, Doc. Your always in such a big bustle-if you'll pardon the expression.

WILCOX: Look...get going, will you, Pal? I've still got a lot of Johnson' Wax to sell today.

FIB: From today on, Junior, you can give maple sugar for premiums!

DOC AND HARLOW LAUGH.

FIB: What's so funny about that?

MOLLY: Come on, McGee. Let's have some action!

FIB: OKAY....NOW LOOK, EVERYBODY...YOU, ALICE..AND DOC...AND HARLOW...AND MOLLY. AHEM! LADIES AND GENTLEMEN--YOU MAYBE WATCHIN' THE BIRTH OF A NEW INDUSTRY IN WISTFUL VISTA. I MAY BE LAYIN' THE CORNERSTONE OF A GREAT FORTUNE HERE. MIGHT CORNER THE MAPLE SUGAR MARKET IN THE WHOLE STATE. THEREFORE, IT BEHOOVES US ALL TO ---

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DOC: Can't you poke a hole in a tree without making a speech?  
FIB: I'm afraid you don't appreciate the importance of this occasion, Doctor. After all, the world owes all it's progress to the ingenuity of individuals. Original thinkers...like me. ~~Who else would have thought of goin' right to the source of supply for his maple syrup. It's little flashes of inspiration like that folks, that makes this the great country it is...~~

SOUND: CLAPPING HANDS. (ONE PERSON)

FIB: Thank you, Alice. I'm glad there's one person who realizes the significance of this occasion.

ALICE: I was just slapping at a mosquito, Mr. McGee.

LAUGHTER:

FIB: AHEM. To conclude, my remarks, folks...I want you all to keep this occasion strictly confidential. I don't want anybody else in town to know I'm tapping this tree for maple syrup.

WILCOX: I don't think it will leak out, Pal.

FIB: You don't think what will leak out?

WILCOX: The information.

FIB: Oh! I thought you meant the -- er...Well, hand me the brace and bit, Molly.

MOLLY: Here you are, sir. Do you give the tree an anaesthetic?

DOC: He just gave it a lot of gas in that speech.

ALICE: Creepers, Mr. McGee...I wish you'd get started....I'm all excited.

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FIB: OKAY ... HERE IT IS!!!

SOUND: SLIGHT CREAK OF BRACE AND BIT ... (SUSTAIN)

FIB: Hmm. Must be a dull bit.

DOC: (SOTTO VOICE) He ought to know. Been doing dull bits for ten years!

MOLLY: It wouldn't seem so dull if you were turning it to the right instead of the left, McGee.

FIB: Eh? Oh yes...WELL...HERE WE GO AGAIN!...

SOUND: SLIGHT CREAK OF BIT...

FIB: Better stand back, everybody...it might come gushin' out and get you all over syrup. After all, we don't --

BEULAH: (FADE IN) HOLD EVAN'THING. MIST' MCGEE...WAIT A MINIT...  
HEARS THAT WASHTUB YOU WANTED TO CATCH THE SYRUP IN...

SOUND: BONG OF WASHTUB SETTING DOWN:

FIB: Gee, much obliged, Beulah...I'd forgotten about that. My gosh, we might of had the front yard hip deep, in maple syrup.

BEULAH: Yassuh. You sho' look professional wif 'at ole brace'n bit, Mist' McGee. (LAUGHS) A logger wif a augur!

FIB: Okay, now everybody outa the way...stand back...I'M just about to hit the sap!

SOUND: CREAK OF BRACE AND BIT

FIB: THERE SHE BLOWS...LOOK AT IT SPURT OUT!

(PAUSE)

SOUND: PLINK!

(LONG PAUSE)

SOUND: PLINK!

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MOLLY: Reminds me of Niagara Falls. It's so different.

WILCOX: Gushes out like a banker's tears.

SOUND: (PLINK)

DOC: Good thing you like wheat cakes, McGee. By the time you get enough syrup for 'em, you'll be too old to eat a steak.

ALICE: Maybe it just doesn't want to come out while we're watching it.

BEULAH: Bein' bashful is one thing 'at makes a sap a sap, ah always say! (LAUGHS)

FIB: WELL DOGGONE IT ... GIVE IT A CHANCE!...GIVE IT A CHANCE!

SOUND: PLINK

MOLLY: Well, that's four drops in five minutes. We ought to have a small pitcher full by August of 1947.

DOC: How does it taste, McGee?

WILCOX: Yeah ... try it, Pal.

DOC AND WILCOX: (SNICKER)

FIB: OKAY, WISE GUYS ... I WILL!! (PAUSE) (SMACKS LIPS)  
HMMM! Not BAD!! All it needs is a little sugar.

DOC AND WILCOX: (LAUGH)

FIB: WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU GUYS ANYWAY? YOU DONE NOTHIN' BUT SNEER AND SNICKER BEHIND MY BACK ALL AFTERNOON! YOU THINK YOU COULD DO BETTER?

WILCOX: Not with that maple tree, Pal.

FIB: AND WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THIS MAPLE TREE?

DOC: Just one little thing, Bright eyes.

MOLLY: And what's that, Doctor?

DOC: It isn't a maple tree.

N

WILCOX: It's an elm.

FIB: AN ELM!!

MOL: AN ELM!

ALICE: AN ELM!

BEULAH: A ELLUM!!

PAUSE:

SOUND: PLINK

ORCH: "IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE...FADE FOR..."

G-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: We hear a lot about modern streamlined living after the war -- new labor-saving devices, new materials, beautiful equipment. And that reminds me that you've had one labor-saving, streamlined product for quite a long time -- JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO-COAT. No doubt your own linoleum floors are protected right now with GLO-COAT, and you know without any word from me how many hours of work it has saved you. You know how bright and cheerful it has kept these floors. Perhaps you don't realize that the regular use of GLO-COAT will make your linoleum surfaces last 6 to 10 times longer. GLO-COAT doesn't require any rubbing or buffing -- you just apply and let dry. And remember, JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO-COAT is available now. Try it for all your linoleum floors -- for floors of asphalt and rubber tile, also.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC...FADE ON CUE

TAG

BEULAH: (LAUGHING TO HERSELF) ....man makin' like a tree sturgeon when he don't even know the diff'ence from a..(LAUGHS)

MOL: BEULAH!

BEULAH: Ma'am?

MOL: What on earth are you mumbling about?

BEULAH: (LAUGHING) Just thinkin', ma'am. Imagine gittin' maple surp out of a ole ellum. MIST' MCGEE, WHAT YOU GONNA THINK OF NEXT?

FIB: Who cares? I got a week to do it in.

Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all!

ORCH: SIGNOFF & PLAYOFF

WIL: This is Harlow Wilcox, speaking for the makers of JOHNSON WAX FINISHES for home and industry, inviting you to be with us again next Tuesday night. Goodnight.

ANNCR: THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

(CHIMES)