

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

(REVISED) #17

"FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY"

Johnson's Wax

6:30 - 7:00 PM

January 23, 1945

NBC

(REVISED) -2-

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

ORCH: THEME...FADE FOR:

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

ORCH: "WHO CARES" ... FADE FOR:

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC
JANUARY 23, 1945

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WIL: When a dog bites a man, it's no news; but when a woman gets mad enough to bite a dog for running across the kitchen floor every day with his muddy feet, there is only one answer - JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO COAT, to protect the linoleum and keep it clean and beautiful. Floors that are protected with GLO-COAT are easy to keep clean - the pup's muddy footprints are easily removed - spilled things are quickly wiped up with a damp cloth. The regular use of GLO-COAT makes linoleum last 6 to 10 times longer - besides saving you so much work. GLO-COAT as you know is SELF POLISHING - it needs no rubbing or buffing, dries in 20 minutes to a beautiful sparkling polish. For old or new linoleum, there's really nothing so helpful as JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO COAT.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

-4-

WIL: "THE DANGEROUS AGE" IN A MAN IS WHEN HE WANTS TO START FIXING THINGS AROUND THE HOUSE. AND THE HOUSE WE HAVE IN MIND IS AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA - THE RESIDENCE OF --

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY.

APPLAUSE:

FIB: Now lemme see...what can I work on first....I KNOW!!..I'LL GO UP ON THE ROOF AND PUT UP A NEW AERIAL!

MOL: Oh fine!

FIB: What's the matter with that? We need one. If we don't fix that aerial, we might as well give up hope....to say nothing of Lum and Abner and Gildersleeve.

MOL: Oh it's a wonderful idea, dearie. But why do you let it go for three years and then do it on a day when the roof is a solid sheet of ice?

FIB: How do you know the roof is icy? You been up there?

MOL: No, but I walked to the market this morning. And I did more fancy skating on my galoshes for free than Sonia Henie ever did for ten thousand a week.

FIB: Well, if I can't work on the aerial I'll...OH I KNOW...I'LL FIX THAT LOOSE BOARD ON THE BACK STEPS!

MOL: I fixed that two weeks ago, McGee.

FIB: YOU did?

MOL: I had to, before Beulah caught pneumonia.

FIB: How can anybody catch pneumonia from a wobbly step?

MOL: By doing a nose dive into a basket of wet laundry once a week. Poor Beulah was so -

FIB: WELL, I GOTTA DO SOMETHING! CAN'T JUST SIT AROUND! GOT TOO MUCH ENERGY TODAY! TELL YOU WHAT...I'LL PUT A NEW PANE IN THE BASEMENT WINDOW.

MOL: Which basement window?

FIB: That one I busted last week when the handle flew off the hammer I was usin' to hammer the hammer handle back on the other hammer.

MOL: The man put a new glass in that window day before yesterday, sweetheart.

FIB: Did he leave any putty layin' around? If he did, I can fix that hole in the plaster in the hall that I made when I was showin' Doc Gamble how to swing a brassie.

MOL: That has also been repaired. Look, if you're so full of pep and vitality, why don't you -

FIB: I KNOW!! TUNE THE PIANO!! I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO TUNE A PIANO! HELP ME TAKE THE TOP OFF THE PIANO, MOLLY AND I'LL.....

MOL: Oh, McGee...PLEASE!! You're always wanting to tune the piano and you don't know anything about --

FIB: What's the matter...don't you want me to do ANYTHING? Want me to just lay around the house like a bum?

MOL: Did you ever tune a piano?

FIB: No, but I've watched guys do it. It's a cinch. You just take the top off the piano, see? Then you turn a wrench on them little knobs, while you tap one key over and over and over..

MOL: Yes....

FIB: Then when everybody rushes outa the house to get away from ^{the noise} it, you put the top back on the piano and look around for the cigars.

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
1/23/45

(2ND REVISION) 6 & 7

MOL: You'd better stick to the mandolin, dearie. You couldn't stay on pitch shinnying up a pine tree.

FIB: WELL DOGGONE IT....I GOTTA HAVE AN OUTLET FOR ALL THIS ENERGY. I GOT AN URGE TO DO SOMETHING CONSTRUCTIVE. I WANNA BUILD SOMETHING FOR SOMEBODY!

MOL: Sit down and build yourself a lap. Here. Here's a book of crossword puzzles. You can work on those and -

FIB: NO SIR!! I'M TOO RESTLESS!.... I FEEL LIKE I WANTED TO HEY!!!! ... er... no. I can do that later.

MOL: What?

FIB: Take down the Christmas tree.

MOL: Oh, don't be hasty about that, McGee. It's only the 23rd. of January. We can tie some cherries on it and throw a Washington's Birthday Party.

FIB: HEY.... isn't there ANYTHING I can fix or build for anybody around here? I wanna DO something.

MOL: I can't think of anything, dearie. Maybe Beulah needs something done. Oh Beulah.... BEULAH!

DOOR OPEN

BEULAH: Somebody bawl fo' Beulah?

FIB: Yeah, Beulah. YOU GOT ANYTHING NEEDS FIXING?

BEULAH: Yassuh, I sho' has. My crystal needs a new wris'watch.
MOL: You mean your wristwatch needs a new crystal, Beulah?
BEULAH: No ma'am. (LAUGHS) I drop it in the snow this mornin', ma'am, and all I could find of it was the crystal.
FIB: My gosh, that's too bad, Beulah. Was it valuable?
BEULAH: Nossuh. Not awful valuable, anyway. It had a prescription engrooved on the back of it that say: "PRESENTED TO WILBUR T. UNDERTRIGG FO' 25 YEAHS FAITHFUL SERVICE IN DE EMPLOY OF DE WISTFUL VISTA SURFACE LINES."
MOL: Wilbur probably had to hock it to pay the rental on the tuxedo he wore at the banquet where they presented the watch to him.
FIB: Where'd you get it, Beulah?
BEULAH: From Mr. Wilbur T. Undertrigg, suh.
MOL: Didn't he like it?
BEULAH: No ma'am. He say BEULAH, he say, you keep this heah tick tock to remine you nevah to work fo' no Public Futility twenty-five years. He say when you git to that age, they is liable to close up the works and lay off the han's.
(LAUGHS)
> FIB: Well, I was just wondering if there was any odd jobs around the house I could do, Beulah. I'm full of energy today. Got a lotta pep. Muscles are jumpin' around like a bag full o' frogs.
MOL: Got something for him to spend all that ambition on, Beulah?
BEULAH: Well now lemme think, ma'am...Hmmm...is you had any experience fixin' washin' machines, suh?
FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, HAVE I HAD ANY EXPERIENCE WITH 'EM! I INVENTED ONE, ONCE. THE MCGEE MODERN MANGLE WITH THE BUILT-IN HANGER-UPPER.
MOL: With the built-in what?

FIB: Hanger upper. I designed a washer that washed clothes, wrung 'em out and strung 'em on a line. Had a gadget that fed a clothesline into one side of it, and it'd pin the clothes on the line and feed it out the other side, thru the window and into the back yard.
BEULAH: Well, for goodness sakes, Mist' McGee....that sho' soun' like a wunnerful-idea. Thing like that'd sho' make a monkey outa Monday!
MOL: What ever became of this brainchild, McGee?
FIB: Still workin' on it. Designing a time-clock attachment that'll bring the clothes back in after eight hours and iron 'em.
BEULAH: It gonna sew buttons back on too, suh?
FIB: Well, natch! natch!
MOL: What's the matter with the washing machine, Boulah?
BEULAH: Bad manners, mos'ly, ma'am.
MOL: Bad manners!
BEULAH: Yes ma'am. Every time you take the top off to look in, it slap you wif a wet shirt.
FIB: Well, it can't be blamed for that, Beulah. It's the only way a washing machine can wave its arms.
MOL: And why should a washing machine wave its arms, Mr. Bones?
FIB: Well, my gosh...if you'd been frozen as long as washing machines have, you'd be pretty cold yourself!
BEULAH: If she been frozen as long as washin' mach-- (LAUGHS HEARTILY) LOVE THAT MAN AND I'LL FIX IT MYSELF!
DOOR SLAM
ORCH: "BROADWAY RHYTHM"
APPLAUSE:
G

SECOND SPOT

-11

FIB: (TO HIMSELF) Might build a book case in the...no...we got a bookcase...OR, I might tear out one wall o' the dining room and build in a built-in china cabinet...no...not enough china...now lesseee....I might ...

MOL: FOR GOODNESS SAKES, DEARIE...STOP PACING UP AND DOWN!!! You've got me as nervous as a 20-mule team with a Republican driver.

FIB: CAN'T HELP IT, MOLLY!! GOT TOO MUCH ENERGY TODAY! I'M TRYIN' TO THINK OF SOMETHING CONSTRUCTIVE TO DO.

MOL: Why don't you clean out the hall closet?

FIB: Can't.

MOL: Why?

FIB: My mandolin's got a busted G string.

MOL: What's that got to do with it?

FIB: Everything. Whenever I clean out the hall closet I come across my old mandolin. Naturally, I sit down a few minutes and tear off a few selections. Like Pretty Redwing and Rachmaninoff's Prelude. Sounds awful with no G string. YOU EVER HEAR RACHMANINOFF'S PRELUDE WITHOUT A- (PAUSE) I'm afraid that's not a proper question.

MOL: I'm afraid you're right. Look. Why don't you go shovel the snow off the --

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh hello, Alice.

ALICE: Hello, Mrs. McGee. Hello, Mr. McGee.

FIB: Oh, hiyah, Alice. HEY, YOU GOT ANY ODD JOBS OF WORK YOU NEED DONE, KID? SOMETHING REQUIRING SUPERHUMAN ENERGY, A KEEN INTELLIGENCE AND A MASS O' MUSCLE?

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MOL: Such as sharpening a pencil, Alice? Or winding a clock?

ALICE: I can't think of a thing, Mr. McGee. Unless you want to put a hook on the inside of my bathroom door to hang a bathrobe on.

MOL: WHY MCGEE...YOU PROMISED TO DO THAT A YEAR AGO! I never noticed that he hadn't done it, Alice.

FIB: Completely slipped my mind, girls. Completely. Where do you hang your bathrobe now, Alice?

ALICE: On the doorknob. But it drags on the floor that way.

FIB: My gosh, I can fix that easy enough. Bring me your bathrobe and a pair of scissors. Let's see...Doorknob's about 36 inches from the floor. I'll cut 37 inches off your robe and it'll hang an inch clear. I DON'T KNOW WHY ONE OF YOU WIMMIN COULDN'T OF THOUGHT OF THAT. IT JUST TAKES A LITTLE IMAGINATION AND --

MOL: Look, dearie....

FIB: Eh?

MOL: Wouldn't it be simpler just to lower the bathroom floor about three feet?

ALICE: Oh no, Mrs. McGee....If the floor was lowered three feet, the cord of the ceiling light would be too high to reach.

FIB: (THOUGHTFULLY) Yes...yes, that's true, Alice. Of course you could carry a flashlight, but it's awful hard to get batteries.

ALICE: Gee, I'm sorry to be so much trouble, Mr. McGee....

FIB: NOT AT ALL, ALICE..NOT AT ALL!! Happy to do anything to make you comfortable here. How's that north window of yours since I fixed it. Have any more trouble getting it open?

MOL: Such as sharpening a pencil, Alice? Or winding a clock?

ALICE: I can't think of a thing, Mr. McGee. Unless you want to put a hook on the inside of my bathroom door to hang a bathrobe on.

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ALICE: Oh, not a bit, Mr. McGee.

MOL: That's nice.

ALICE: But now I can't get it closed.

FIB: EH? Oh, well --

ALICE: Look ... maybe I'd better put that hook on the bathroom door myself.

MOL: I'll do it, Alice. Don't you worry about it.

FIB: ANYWAY, THAT ISN'T THE KIND OF A TRIVIAL JOB I'M LOOKIN' FOR RIGHT NOW. I WANNA DO SOMETHING BIG...COMSTRUCTIVE... SOMETHING THAT WILL LAST.

ALICE: Why don't you bake a cake, Mr. McGee? The other one you made lasted for weeks.

MOL: He wants to do something muscular, Alice.

ALICE: OH, I HAVE JUST THE THING! ARE YOU STRONG IN THE SHOULDERS AND ARMS, MR. MCGEE?

FIB: WHY, ALICE? WHAT HAVE YOU GOT THAT CALLS FOR PURE BRUTE FORCE...SIMPLE PEASANT STRENGTH?

ALICE: My fountain pen. I can't get the cap off. (FADE) I'LL RUN UP AND GET IT. (applause)

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Her fountain pen!! Child's play!!! WHAT I NEED IS SOMETHING TO WORK OFF ALL THIS EXCESS ENERGY. I FEEL SO STRONG I FRIGHTEN MYSELF. WHY I SLAPPED MYSELF SILLY JUST PUTTIN' SHAVING LOTION ON MY FACE THIS MORNING!

MOL: Until this sudden surge of physical strength fades away, pet, you'd better open doors and things with your left hand.

FIB: That's no solution, kiddo. I'm just as powerful with either hand. Matter of fact, I'm thinkin' of writin' a book about it.

MOL: Entitled what?

FIB: "Forever Amber. Dextrous." (LAUGHS) Get it? Amber - Dextrous? The pun involves a certain....

MOL: Tain't funny, McGee!

FIB: No? I liked it because it was topical. A topical joke is always.....

DOOR OPEN

WIL: Hiyah, felks.

MOL: Oh Hello, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Hiyah, Junior. Feel my muscle.

WIL: What?

FIB: Feel my muscle. My biceps. AIN'T THAT MARVELOUS? JUST DEVELOPED THIS MORNING.

MOL: It isn't quite so impressive when he hasn't got his shirt sleeves rolled up under his coat, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: What have you been doing, Pal? Signing up for a course of training with Charles Atlas?

FIB: Nope...just reached kind of a peak of physical perfection, Waxey. Muscles toned up. Eyes clear. Complexion ruddy. Hair full of electricity...

MOL: Tummy full of wheatcakes.

WIL: Personally I always feel that way.

FIB: OH YEAH? WHY COMPARED TO ME, JUNIOR, YOU'RE A WEAKLING. YOU'RE BIG AND FLABBY. I'M THE WIRY TYPE.

MOL: Wiry, and well insulated.

WIL: Now that you've got it, what are you going to do with it?

FIB: TRYIN' TO FIND A JOB of work that'll work off a little energy Junior. All the odd jobs around here are too trivial to monkey with. I gotta use my muscles on something constructive, or... HEY!!.. YOU KNOW HOW TO INDIAN WRATTLE?

WIL: Yes...

FIB: SWELL!! I'LL INDIAN WRATTLE YOU FOR FIFTY CENTS.

WIL: Right. Here, Molly. Here's my four bits.

MOL: Now wait a minute, boys...leave us have no assault and battery. This is just -

FIB: AW, INJUN WRASTLING AIN'T VIOLENT, MOLLY.....JUST A MATTER OF BALANCE AND PSYCHOLOGY. READY, JUNIOR?

WIL: GO!

SOUND: GRUNTS...STRAINING...SHUFFLE OF FEET...SUSTAIN

SOUND: BODY FALLING

MOL: MY GOODNESS, McGEE...HOW DID YOU DO THAT? ARE YOU HURT, MR. WILCOX?

WIL: Ohhhhhhhh.....Ohhhhhhh.....

FIB: My gosh....I hope I didn't bust his arm. I dunno my own strength today.... GET UP, JUNIOR...HERE....LEMME HLEP YOU UP....

WIL: Ohhhhh.....OHHH....IT'S BEAUTIFUL!!

MOL: What on earth.... WHAT'S BEAUTIFUL?

WIL: This floor. What have you got on it, Johnson's Wax?

MOL: Why yes, but --

WIL: WHY, IT'S MAGNIFICENT! SEE HOW THE JOHNSON'S WAX BRINGS OUT THE BEAUTY OF THE WOOD!!! FEEL THAT PROTECTIVE FILM THAT SEALS THE PORES OF THE WOOD AGAINST DUST AND DAMPNES.

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FIB: Imagine that guy? Forfeit fifty cents and let you half
kill him just to work in a plug for Johnson's! Junior,
I'm amazed.

WIL: Glad to meet you, I'm Wilcox. Representing S.C. JOHNSON
& SON, INCORPORATED, RACINE, WISCONSIN.

MOL: Yes, we --

WIL: Makers of the finest protective waxes that money can buy.
Johnson's Wax is the favorite of housekeepers all over the
world because it makes housework so easy....

FIB: Get up off the floor, Waxey!

WIL: Keeps the home so clean and sparkling...protects wood,
leather and enamel surfaces against...

FIB: WAXEY!!!! SNAP OUT OF IT!!! IT'S US....FIBBER AND MOLLY!!

MOL: He must have stunned himself when he fell....MR. WILCOX!!

WIL: Wh....where am I?

FIB: You're in Racine, Wisconsin.

WIL: I am? Gee I better tell the sales manager I'm here.
If you ever get to Wistful Vista, folks...look me up!

DOOR SLAM

MOL: Well for goodness sakes...did you throw him down that
hard, McGee?

FIB: Nah...he was faking!! The big lunkhead let me throw him
on purpose. Where's his fifty cents?

MOL: He absent-mindedly took it out of my hand when he left.

FIB: ABSENT MINDEDLY, MY CLAVICLE!!!! THAT SHARPSHOOTER
NEVER ---

DOOR CHIME

G

-18-

MOL: Come in!

DOOR OPEN

MOL: Well, my goodness... Doctor Gamble!

DOC: Hello, Molly. Hello, Migraine.

FIB: Migraine?

DOC: Yes. You go against it.

MOL: Better go easy with him, Doctor. He's as full of pepper
as a Mexican Blue-plate. He wrestled Mr. Wilcox and threw
him clear to Racine, Wisconsin.

DOC: He ought to be in condition. Every time he gets out of a
chair he wins a weight-lifting contest.

FIB: Careful there, Bone-bender! Don't twit me today. I'm
just in the mood to give you the old one-two.

DOC: One two is right, sonny. One pass at me and you spend two
weeks in the fracture ward. WHAT GOES WITH YOU, ANYWAY?
HOW DID YOU GET SO HEALTHY ALL OF A SUDDEN?

MOL: He simply woke up with a vest full of chest, Doctor.

FIB: Terrific energy today, Doc. Old heart's got a beat like
a slap bass.

(PAUSE)

DOC: Take off your shirt.

FIB: AHUH, THERE YOU GO AGAIN. "TAKE OFF YOUR SHIRT!" Can't
take a person's word for feeling good unless you drag
out the old stethoscope and have yourself an organ
recital.

MOL: He's all right, Doctor. Heavenly days, can't a man feel
full of good cheer and ambition without being sick?

G

DOC: Not this little man. Any time that sourpuss turns sweet,
I reach for the fever chart.

FIB: Well, don't worry your fat old head about me, Quack-jack.
Trouble with you is you can't stand seeing anybody feeling
healthy. For you, a full bottle o' pills means an empty
day.

MOL: Oh, I wouldn't go so far as to say that, McGee. The
doctor never treated you for anything you didn't have.

DOC: I treated him for forty dollars once and he didn't have
that for about ten months.

FIB: And I still think you overcharged me on that, too. My
gosh, forty bucks. I only had that pneumonia in one lung.

DOC: And what a wonderful patient you were, too! The whole
staff at the hospital hated to see you leave when you did.

MOL: Did they really, Doctor?

DOC: Yes, they wanted to toss him out on his gluteus maximus
ten days sooner. LOOK, MUSCLEBOUND, JUST WHAT ARE YOU
PLANNING TO DO TO WORK OFF THIS MAGNIFICENT BURST OF
VITALITY?

FIB: I dunno, kid. Been trying to find some job around here
that'd really be constructive. I'm in the mood to BUILD
something...to try and...well, something that would...
HEY, DID I EVER SHOW YOU THE PLANS I DREW UP FOR A JET-
PROPELLED BICYCLE?

MOL: Why you never even showed me, McGee.

DOC: Where are they?

FIB: Right here in the hall clos--

DOOR OPEN: TERRIFIC AVALANCHE OF JUNK: BELL TINKLES

(PAUSE)

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DOC: Well...there's the job you've been looking for,
Lemon-head.

FIB: Yes, I gotta straighten out that closet one of
these days.

ORCH: "OCEANA ROLL" KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE:

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THIRD SPOT

(2ND REVISION) -21-

MOL: McGee, did you straighten out the hall closet?
FIB: Nah...I just kicked the stuff back in. Didn't wanna waste all this energy on a simple job like that.
MOL: Well, while you dream up something constructive to batter your biceps against, I'll go upstairs and do some mending.
(FADE) If you hear me scream, just ignore it. There's a hole in my thimble.
FIB: Okay. (TO HIMSELF) Ahh, there goes a good kid! There isn't another wife in the world that would put up with me - even if it was legal...The way she goes along with my little moods is one of the most beautiful --

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: COME IN, COME IN, COME IN!

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

TEE: Hi, mister.
FIB: Oh, hello there, Teeny. To what do we owe the pleasure of this visit to our humble abode?
TEE: What's an abode, mister?
FIB: An abode is a house, sis. We call it that because it's abode half paid for. (PAUSE) That was a joke.
TEE: It was a pun, I betcha.
FIB: So what? You one of them highbrows that sneers at a pun because you didn't think of it yourself?
TEE: No, but my daddy says a pun is the lowest form of humor.
FIB: He's probably one of them guys that thinks a hotfoot is a priceless bit of wit.
FIB: But you didn't answer my question, sis. Why aren't you in school?

1

(2ND REVISION) -22-

TEE: School's closed on account of a epidermis of measles, I betcha.
FIB: Not epidermis, sis. EPIDEMIC.
TEE: Hmm?
FIB: EPIDERMIS IS SKIN.
TEE: Where do you think you get measles, mister?
FIB: Touche!
TEE: Hmm?
FIB: I says TOO-SHAY, sis. That's a Spanish word meaning YOU GOT ME PAL! But why aren't you out playing? It's a wonderful day.
TEE: Well gee, mister...I couldn't find any of the kids and the playground stuff is all put away for the winter and I guess I didn't wanna go see anybody in particular so I came to see you.

1

FIB: That's a very flattering-- HEY!! YOU SAY THE PLAYGROUND STUFF IS ALL PUT AWAY FOR THE WINTER? YOU LIKE TO PLAY ON TRAPEZES, AND SWINGS, AND TURNING POLES AND STUFF?

TEE: Gee, I LOVE it, mister, but in the winter, you can't--

FIB: SIS, I THINK YOU WERE SENT HERE BY PROVIDENCE!

TEE: I was not, I betcha. It was my own idea, and--

FIB: I MEAN, YOU'RE THE ANSWER I BEEN LOOKIN' FOR. YOU GOT A BIG BASEMENT?

TEE: No, but my daddy says when I get to be middle-aged I'll--

FIB: NO NO NO...IN YOUR HOUSE...YOU GOT ROOM IN YOUR BASEMENT FOR SOME PLAYGROUND STUFF?

TEE: Gee, sure we have, I betcha. But what--

FIB: SIS, HOW WOULD YOU LIKE IT IF I BUILT YOU A TRAPEZE AND A SWING AND A TURNING POLE AND STUFF RIGHT IN YOUR OWN BASEMENT?

TEE: (GIGGLES HAPPILY) Ohhhhh gee, mister, that would be super! Criminy...when you gonna do it, mister? Hmm? ..Whenya? Hmm? Whenya? Hmmm?

FIB: RIGHT NOW, SIS!!...STAND BY WHILE I GATHER UP A LOAD OF TOOLS. NOW LET'S SEE...(MUSIC IN) LUMBER...ROPE...TOOLS, NAILS...

ORCH: MUSIC BRIDGE: "MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE" - FADE

SOUND: SAWING WOOD...CLATTER OF WOOD ON FLOOR

TEE: Boy, you're a dandy carpenter, mister. Is that a rip saw?

FIB: No, Teeny, this is a cross-cut saw. What made you think it was a rip saw?

TEE: On account of you ripped your pants in four places with it.

FIB: Well, you can't do stuff like this without a few mishaps, sis...Now let's see...I better put this brace right here..

SOUND: HAMMERING TEN-PENNY NAIL (THIS IS TWO OCTAVES BELOW SHINGLE NAIL)

FIB: Ahhhh!...PHEW!...One more brace on this swing and it'll be all finished, sis. And a better three hours' work I never did!

TEE: You were just WUNNERFUL to do it, mister. I take back everything my daddy ever said about you.

FIB: Well...and believe me, these things are built in here to stay. You couldn't drag 'em outa here with a bulldozer. Now let's see...

SOUND: MORE HAMMERING

TEE: (SLIGHTLY OFF MIKE) HEY, MISTER, LOOKIT!...LOOKIT WHAT I CAN DO!

FIB: Eh?

TEE: (OFF) Lookit...I can hang by my knees!

FIB: Very good, sis. I had a distant relative once that learned to hang by his neck.

TEE: For fun?

FIB: No. For stealing a horse...

SOUND: HAMMERING: CLATTER OF TOOLS:

FIB: THERE YOU ARE, TEENY! ALL FINISHED! You now got a set of athletic equipment that oughtta last you till you're eighty-two.

TEE: Gee, thanks ever so much, mister! Why are you so nice to me?

FIB: I dunno. I guess it's because you remind me of my wife. Besides, it was a privilege, sis. All day long I been lookin' for a good constructive job like this. Something to use up my energy. And believe me, I did it! I've used up my energy for the next 7 weeks. Boy, am I tired!

TEE: Your shirt is wringing wet, mister.

FIB: Yeah ... I know. Really worked up a sweat, didn't I?

TEE: Oh, you mustent say that, mister. It isn't nice.

FIB: Eh?

TEE: My teacher says HORSES sweat; men perspire, and women glow.

FIB: You tell your teacher that when a man works like a horse he can sweat if he wants to. Help me gather up them tools, will you sis?

TEE: Sure!

SOUND: CLATTER OF TOOLS:

FIB: That was really quite a chore, sis. Hope you enjoy usin' the trapeze and the swing and stuff.

TEE: Oh I will, I betcha. I'm gonna ask my daddy if I can stay up late tonight and play down here.

FIB: (LAUGHS) Oh you don't have to do that sis. You'll have plenty of time to use it. This stuff is built to last. It'll be here a long, long time.

TEE: Yes, but we wont, I betcha.

FIB: Eh?

TEE: We're moving tomorrow.

SOUND: LOUD CLATTER OF TOOLS DROPPING ON FLOOR

TEE: You dropped your screw-driver, Mister.

ORCH: "THIS HEART OF MINE" FADE

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
 FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
 TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC
 JANUARY 23, 1945

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WIL: If a man is known by the company he keeps, is a housekeeper known by the house sho keeps? I'm sure you know better than I that the answer is yes. There are certain homes that just seem to have more charm than others - a friendlier gleam that you feel the moment you enter. What makes that extra something? It's not expensive furnishings - no, it's first of all good taste in selection and arrangement - and second, it's good care with wax. It's really remarkable what regular polishings with genuine JOHNSON'S WAX will do for the appearance of your home. Floors, furniture and woodwork take on extra beauty, that increases and mellows with each waxing. Windowsills, venetian blinds, ornaments, lampshades and picture frames all are more beautiful for their protective shield of JOHNSON'S WAX. And all of these things are easier to keep clean, because dirt and dust do not readily cling to waxed surfaces. In fact, when you practice protective housekeeping by the regular use of JOHNSON'S WAX, you are saving yourself many hours of work all through the year.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

FIB: Ladies and gentlemen, the March of Dimes is on. Your dimes.,all the dimes you can spare - from one to a million - are desperately needed to fight infantile paralysis. This is the most viciously cruel disease that can strike at children, and you can help in the fight against it.

MOL: Send your contribution - the most generous contribution you can - to the March of Dimes - White House, Washington, D.C.

FIB: Don't be ashamed to send one dime - and don't be afraid to send a thousand.

MOL: When you get out of bed in the morning -- think of the children who can't.

FIB: Good night.

MOL: Good night, all!

ORCH: PLAYOFF

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

ANNCR: THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

(CHIMES)

END
OF
REEL