

WRITERS: Don Quinn
Phil Leslie

#27

(REVISED)

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY

Johnson's Wax

6:30 - 7:00 PM

NBC

April 3, 1945

(REVISED)

-2-

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

ORCH: THEME - FADE FOR:

WILCOX: The makers of Johnson Wax Products 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: "LOVE IS" -- FADE FOR:

ORCH: THEME TO FINISH

ATTACHED

OPENING COMMERCIAL

-3-

WILCOX: You've noticed, I'm sure, how you develop a definitely friendly feeling for certain things you use or wear. Maybe it's a tweed coat that just seems right for you, and you hate to give it up. Maybe it's a household appliance that makes your work easier. It might very well be JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT because ~~that very useful floor polish certainly saves you work and adds beauty to your home too.~~ Yes, many women have written us letters of high praise for GLO-COAT. They like it for three very good reasons. First, it ~~can~~ save them many hours of work all year long. There's no rubbing or buffing with JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT because it's SELF POLISHING. You simply apply it to your linoleum or other floors, let it dry. Second, GLO-COAT gives your linoleum a beautiful polish that's easy to maintain -- and it keeps colors new looking practically forever. And third, regular care with GLO-COAT adds greatly to the life of your linoleum, new or old, because it protects the surface against dirt, wear and moisture. For these three good reasons, JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT had made real friends everywhere.

ORCH: MUSIC SWELL TO FINISH

(APPLAUSE)

1

(REVISED) -4-

WILCOX: SPRING HAS COME TO WISTFUL VISTA! THE BIRDS ARE BUILDING NEW NESTS, WITH A SNEER AT THE OPA; HAPPY NEIGHBORS ARE PLANTING NEW CROPS OF TOMATOES AND LUMBAGO IN THEIR VICTORY GARDENS. AND AT NUMBER 79 WE FIND THE LITTLE WOMAN, AS USUAL, BUSY WITH HER HOUSEWORK; AND THE LITTLE MAN - AS USUAL - FLAT ON HIS DAVENPORT, as we meet ---

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: I dunno what's the matter with me today, Molly.

I feel awful restless.

MOL: I know you do, dearie. You've turned over twice in the last hour.

FIB: I didn't mean that...I mean...well, maybe it's just SPRING, or something. I feel a burning ambition...a yen to DO something...er.....

1

(REVISED) -5-

MOL: Well, the front lawn could use a little grass seed.
FIB: PAHHH! Grass seed! The birds eat it before it hits the ground. Smartest thing we could do would be to pave the front yard with green cement. No planting...no watering ...no mowing, no dandelions. SAYYY, THAT AIN'T A BAD --

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

BOY: 79 Wistful Vista?

FIB: Yup.

BOY: Fibber McGee?

FIB: Yep.

BOY: Telegram.

FIB: Gimme.

BOY: Sign.

FIB: Where?

BOY: Here.

FAST SCRATCH OF PEN:

FIB: There.

BOY: Here.

FIB: Thanks.

BOY: Right.

FIB: Scram.

MOL: McGee.

FIB: Eh?

MOL: Tip?

FIB: Nope.

BOY: Dope!

DOOR SLAM

G

(REVISED) -6-

MOL: I do think you might have slipped the lad a quarter, dearie.

FIB: Didn't wanna undermine the kid's character. Besides, I'm layin' on my change ~~pooh~~ *purse!*

MOL: Who's the telegram from?

FIB: Western Union. We know anybody at Western Union?

MOL: Not since Uncle Dennis got too fat for his ~~messenger~~ uniform.

SOUND: TEARING PAPER:

FIB: Maybe be from Roosevelt. I wired him askin' if he needed a man at the San Francisco conference that understood Russian.

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS...DO YOU UNDERSTAND RUSSIAN?

FIB: A little. Hotchachornya. That means "dark eyes". Nitchevo. That means "It doesn't matter". "Speciba" - that means thank you. And Caviar - that means Fish eggs.

MOL: I see. So by the time you say "THANK YOU FOR THE FISH EGGS: THEY'VE GOT DARK EYES BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER", you're through.

FIB: Well, my gosh, even a smattering of Russian is (RATTLE OF PAPER) HEY...MOLLY!! LOOK!!! I WON....I WON A PRIZE!!! LOOKA THE TELEGRAM!!

MOL: Read it to me...what did you win a prize for?

FIB: REMEMBER THAT LIMERICK CONTEST I SENT IN THE LAST LINE TO IN THE CONTEST? I WON!!

MOL: Well, good for you, dearie! What did you win?

FIB: A limerick contest. I sent in a last line and --

MOL: I MEAN WHAT IS THE PRIZE?
FIB: Eh? Oh...well, lemme read this again. It says. "HAPPY TO INFORM YOU JUDGES CONSIDERED YOUR POETIC EFFORTS BEST. PRIZE ON WAY". You hear that? My poetic efforts!!! MY...POETIC EFFORTS!
MOL: It was just one line of a limerick, wasn't it?
FIB: My dear girl!!.. that is not the point. The point is that I have achieved recognition as a poet! AND NOW I KNOW WHAT'S BEEN BOTHERIN' ME ALL DAY!! WHY I BEEN SO RESTLESS...IT'S THE POET IN ME...STRIVING FOR EXPRESSION. IT'S THE CREATIVE URGE...A YEARNING TO WRITE....AHHHH, AT LAST I HAVE FOUND MYSELF!
MOL: And right where you left you, too.
FIB: Ahhh POETRY...MY DESTINY! (QUOTES) "LET ME LIVE IN A ROADHOUSE, BY THE SIDE OF A MAN, AND BE FRIENDLY!" LET ME...
DOOR OPEN
ALICE: Hello, Mrs. McGee. Mr. McGee.
MOL: Hello, Alice.
FIB: Good day, my child. "AHH DON'T YOU REMEMBER SWEET ALICE, BEN BLUE....
ALICE: Ben BOLT, Mr. McGee.
FIB: Oh yes. AHHH, DON'T YOU REMEMBER SWEET ALICE, BEN BOLT, SWEET ALICE WHO...you like poetry, child? I am by way of being a bard, you know.
ALICE: Gee, really? Have you been writing poetry very long, Mr. McGee?

MOL: His efforts to date consist of one line of a limerick, Alice. It's like me sewing a button on a house dress and calling myself Hattie Carnegie.
FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, ONE LINE OF A LIMERICK. I'VE WROTE MORE THAN THAT. Remember the poem I wrote when we were so broke and I had to pawn that big brass padlock?
ALICE: What was the title of that poem, Mr. McGee?
FIB: "HOCK HOCK, THE LOCK."
MOL: Oh yes...I remember. You also wrote one when you were in the Army. When the Captain broke up the crap game in the mess tent.
FIB: Oh yes. PARADISE LOST. I'd almost forgotten that. But it just goes to show, Alice...I have a definite talent for poetry. Ah, I wish I had a room where I could shut myself away from the world...where I could commune with nature and think beautiful thoughts.
ALICE: Well, you could call yourself Edgar and use the Guest Room.
FIB: Please, my child!...PLEASE. Let us not descend to levity. Ahh--to think that after all these years of futile struggle....To think that the MOOSE has at last returned.
ALICE: The WHAT?
FIB: The moose. M.U.S.E. Moose. A literary expression, my child. Means inspiration. IN FACT I GOT ONE RIGHT NOW... WHO'S GOT A PENCIL...WRITE THIS DOWN....QUICK.....
MOL: Oh dear....I haven't got a pencil...
ALICE: Here....I'll use my lipstick....I'LL WRITE IT IN SHORTHAND...GO AHEAD, MR. MCGEE!

(2ND REVISION) -9 & 10-

FIB: (DREAMILY) "THE GLITT'RING DEW DROPS ON THE LAWN,
WERE THERE THIS MORNING...NOW THEY'RE GONE
AND CAN BE SEEN NO MORE, ALAS,
THOSE PIXIE FOOTPRINTS IN THE GRASS....

MOL: Well now isn't that sweet!

FIB: Read that back to me, Alice...I wanna see if it needs any
fixing.

ALICE: Er...read it back?

MOL: Yes, that verse about the brownies hoofprints.

FIB: YOU WROTE IT DOWN IN SHORTHAND, YOU SAID YOU COULD WRITE
SHORTHAND.

ALICE: Oh I can write it, but I never did learn to READ the
stuff.

FIB: Oh pshaw!

ORCH: "LA GOLONDRINA"

APPLAUSE

SECOND SPOT

(2ND REVISION) -11-

FIB: Hey, Molly.

MOL: Yes?

FIB: You remember I told you this morning to remind me to
get a haircut?

MOL: Yes.

FIB: Well...forget it. I'm gonna let it get long. Who ever
saw a poet with a crew haircut? Gee, I might even grow
a beard. Longfellow had a beard.

MOL: So did Whitman.

FIB: I'm talking about poets. Candy makers don't wear beards.
Ain't sanitary.

MOL: I meant WALT Whitman. Anyway, you ~~won't have~~ to wait
long, dearie. Your hair is long enough now to write
short poetry.

FIB: Ahhh, it is so soul-satisfying to know that one is doing
what Nature has equipped one to do. To feel the thrill
of creation when one dashes off a sonnet or a roundelay.

MOL: I don't mind your roundelays. It's your laying around
that gets me.

FIB: That's what's been the matter with me ... I have been
suppressed. DID YOU EVER HAVE THE FEELING OF BEING
STIFLED...HEMMED IN...COOPED UP...UNABLE TO EXPAND
YOURSELF?

MOL: Yes -- yes, I have, but it goes away when I take my
girdle off.

FIB: You know, I think I shall contact one of the newspaper syndicates. It's time that my poetry was brought to the masses. I should like to lift their drab lives out of the muck and the mire and bring them into the bright sunlight of...er...of...AND THERE MIGHT BE SOME DOUGH IN IT, TOO!

MOL: You might try your hand at writing greeting cards.

FIB: PAHHH...too commercial. I shall strive for higher things.

MOL: Try sky writing.

FIB: For instance, just now I had a passing thought ... a gay bit of whimsy.....UNDER THE SPREADING MAPLE TREE,

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH STANDS.

HIS ---

MOL: I've heard that one, McGee.

FIB: You've HEARD it! How could you of heard it? I haven't even written it yet.

MOL: It sounds might-ty familiar.

FIB: I don't see how -- OHHH ... Maybe you're thinking of "UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE".

MOL: I am.

FIB: This is under the spreading MAPLE tree. Different kind of a tree entirely. Mine goes ...

UNDER THE SPREADING MAPLE TREE

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH LIES

NOBODY HAS A HORSE TO SHOO,

SO ALL HE SHOOS IS FLIES.

You like that?

MOL: Welll-l-l ... it has a certain something. But if we leave the windows open a little while, it'll clear out.

FIB: One thing I shall strive for in my work is a delicate sort of --

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: Come in.

DOOR OPEN: GLOSE:

MOL: Well, heavenly days. It's Mrs. Carstairs. DO come in, Mrs. Carstairs.

CARS: How do you do, Mrs. McGee. Good day, Mr. McGee.

FIB: Good day, Mrs. Carstairs. I trust you are well? But how else could one be on such a glorious spring day ... with the tender leafy buds bursting into life and the heavens resounding to the lyrical sweetness of songbeards.

(PAUSE)

MOL: The lyrical sweetness of WHAT, McGee?

FIB: Songbeards. Poets don't say BIRDS. They say BEARDS. You remember the bit of verse that goes:

A LITTLE BEARDIE IN A TREE

SANG, AS HE TWINKLED HIS EYE AT ME

AS A POET YOU ARE NO OMAR KHAYYAM

IN FACT, YOU'RE LAYING MORE EGGS THAN I AM!

CARS: Do I understand, Mrs. McGee, that your husband is a poet?

MOL: Oh yes indeed, Mrs. Carstairs.

CARS: HOW SPLENDID. We Carstairs, you know, are direct lineal descendants of Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

FIB: Ah yes....excellent chap, Alfred. Some of his work was mildly successful, I believe. I, on the other hand, trace my family back to Edgar Allen Poe.

MOL: Sort of a Poe relation, you might say.

FIB: You...ah....care for poetry, Mrs. Carstairs?

CARS: I simply adore it, Mr. McGee. I think my favorite bit of verse is that which I am sure you know....
"MY HEART IS A LONELY HUNTER,...HUNTING A LONELY HILL".

FIB: HUNTING AND HUNTING AND HUNTING....FOR A PLACE TO BUILD A STILL! Sure....known that one for years, Carsty.

CARS: Really, Mr. McGee....you are quite talented. Would you consent some day to address our local chapter of the Granddaughters of the Puritans? It would be SUCH a surprise to the ladies!

MOL: Indeed it would!

FIB: Frankly, Mrs. Carstairs, I feel that the world is not yet ready for my work. My poetry consists of such delicate ~~imagery...each with emotion...such~~ fantasy that it can only be comprehended by scholars. You understand, I hope?

CARS: Oh quite, quite! But what I came in for, Mrs. McGee, was to renew my suggestion that you join our chapter. We do have SUCH fun.

MOL: Well, I'll think it over, Mrs. Carstairs, thank you. Just what do the Granddaughters of the Puritans do at their meetings?

CARS: Oh, we serve tea, and make resolutions, and pass motions and do what we can for REAL Americanism. Such as prohibiting the flag from being displayed in front of shops which cater to the lower classes. Here is an application blank for you...do think it over.

MOL: Thank you.

FIB: Good day, Mrs. Carstairs...and remember...what Fragelard said in his last letter to Janitome: EACH IN HIS OWN WAY MUST STRIVE TO DENIGREN THE INFINITE OF CREVIMORN, THAT WAVE BY WAVE, THE VERY DAMPER OF SANATROY MUST, IN THE END, HAVE SWAY."

CARS: How lovely!! I hope I can remember it. Good day.

DOGR SLAM:

FIB: Boy, is she a fool!

MOL: How can you say that, McGee? She was quite impressed by your poetry.

(2nd REVISION) -16-

FIB: WELL, DON'T THAT PROVE IT? If she had the sense of a jaybird, she'd know I was a phoney. YOU GONNA JOIN THEM GRANDDAUGHTERS?

MOL: Oh I don't know. It might do me good to get out of an apron and into a fox fur, for a few afternoons. My goodness, I....

OPEN DOOR:

WIL: Hi, folks.

MOL: Oh hello, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Ah, my boy! Come in! Come in!

WARM THEE AT OUR HEARTH, AND HAVE NO CARE!

JUST PARK YOUR WELL-FED CARCASS IN A CHAIR!", BUD.

WIL: How was that again?

MOL: Just a little poetry, Mr. Wilcox. Himself here has decided to make a career of it.

FIB: I am dedicating my life to poetry, Junior. I feel that life is so sordid...so ugly, that I must do what I may to bring it beauty.

MOL: Show him your notebook, McGee. I have a feeling it will be a collector's item some day Mr. Wilcox. And I hope I don't forget to put the can out, the day he collects.

WIL: Let's see it, Pal.

FIB: Oh these are just random jottings, lad. Just vagrant thoughts. I feel that when I have suffered more keenly--

(REVISED)

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WIL: SAY, THIS IS GOOD! "THE EVENING SUN GOES DOWN UPON THE PLAINS,
HOMeward THE PLOWMAN PLODS HIS WEARY WAY.

MOL: Who plods his weary way?

FIB: Homeward, the Plowman, I thought Homeward was rather a quaint name for a plowman.

WIL: Why don't you finish it? Like this, maybe:

"THE EVENING SUN GOES DOWN UPON THE PLAINS,
HOMeward THE PLOWMAN PLODS HIS WEARY WAY.
HIS FURNITURE BRIGHTLY GLEAMS IN EVERY GRAIN
HE JOHNSON WAXES EVERYTHING ~~EVERY~~ ^{EACH} DAY.

MOL: Oh isn't that cute, McGee?

FIB: My gosh, Junior....can't you realize that true poetry is--

WIL: HEY, I LIKE THIS ONE, TOO! The one that starts out:

LISTEN MY CHILDREN AND YOU SHALL HEAR
HOW HOUSEWIVES FAR AND HOUSEWIVES NEAR

FIB: Hey, that ain't the way I wrote that. You're just --

WILCOX: LEARNED OF THE BEAUTIFUL, WONDROUS FACTS
AND THE JOYS OF USING JOHNSON'S WAX.

JOHNSON'S ON PICTURE FRAMES AND DOORS,
ON TABLES AND CHAIRS AND SILLS AND FLOORS,
ON LUGGAGE AND BANNISTERS, BOXES AND KNOBS,
AND A THOUSAND OTHER USEFUL JOBS --

FIB: NOW JUST A DARN MINUTE, WAXEY....YOU CAN'T --

WIL: JOHNSON'S WAX IS A WONDERFUL THING,
TO MAKE A HOUSEWIFE LAUGH AND SING,
MAKES DRUDGERY JUST A HOLLOW SHAM,
BUT MCGEE'S GETTING SORE...I'D BETTER SCRAM!

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Isn't he clever, McGee?

FIB: CLEVER MY CLAVICLE! He's got a lotta moxie, bargin' in here and burlesquin' my poetry! But...I suppose one cannot write real poetry until one has suffered, can one?

MOL: That's what they say. So you stay in here and suffer, dearie. I've got to go out and see how Beulah is coming along with dinner. (FADE) And don't use up all my good stationery.

FIB: AHHHH, THERE GOES A GOOD KID! IF I EVER GET TO BE A SUCCESSFUL POET AND MAKE A LOT OF DOUGH, IT WILL NEVER GO TO HER HEAD. NO SIR! BUT I HATE TO THINK WHAT IT'LL DO TO ME! I'LL BE THE MOST IMPOSSIBLE...

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

TEE: Hi, Mister.

FIB: Oh, hello there, Tenny. Please state your business briefly! I am a very busy man.

TEE: Whatcha doin' Mister?? Hmmm? Whatcha doin'? Hmmm? Whatcha?

FIB: I am engaged in the production of poetry, my child. And even while I'm standin' here battin' the fat with you, the poetic masterpiece of the world may be going unwritten? WHAT WAS IT YOU WANTED?

TEE: Well I wanted you to help me get my piggy bank open, mister. Willie Toops is waitin' for me. We're gonna buy some rabbits. You gotta unscrew this lil screw on the bottom of it, and I can't do it. I guess wimmin just don't unnerstand machinery.

FIB: (LAUGHS KINDLY) No ... I guess not, SIS. Here ... lemme have it ... why my gosh, I can unscrew this with my fingernails....

TEE: ... GEE you're strong, mister. I betcha you're the strongest man in the world, I betcha!

FIB: Oh pshaw, sis. I am not. ONE of the strongest, maybe, but - AHHHH!

SOUND: SMALL CLATTER & CASCADE OF COINS:

FIB: WOOOOP: ALL OVER THE FLOOR! Here, I'll help you pick 'em up, sis....

TEE: (OFF MIKE) They sure rolled all over, didn't they, mister. There's one under that chair ...

SOUND: TINKLE OF COINS

FIB: There you are, sis ... I guess that's all of 'em ...

TEE: Oh no, mister ... this is only sixty three cents ... GEE, I'da almost swore I had a dollar'n a half.

FIB: My gosh, really? Well, let's take another look, sis...

(PAUSE)

(REVISED)

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TEE: See any more, mister?

FIB: Nary a shilling, sis. Unless they show up in the housecleaning ... Looks like you're stuck.

TEE: (SOBS) OHHH ... and I thought I was gonna have a dollar'n a half ... and I only got sixty-three cents ... (SOBS). Well ... thanks anyway, mister ... I'm sorry I bothered you with -

FIB: HEY HEY HEY ... CHEER UP SIS! ... WE'LL PROBABLY FIND THE OTHER EIGHTY OR NINETY CENTS WHEN WE VACUUM IN HERE. HERE ... TAKE THIS DOLLAR ... AND I'LL KEEP WHATEVER I FIND? WHADDYE SAY?

TEE: Oh, mister ... You're the KINDEST man in the whole world ... You're so nice to littul childrun. Now Willie Toops and I can go buy our rabbits. THANKS EVER SO MUCH, MISTER.

FIB: Now you're sure I won't be makin' any profit when I find the rest of those coins, sis.

TEE: Oh, I'm SURE you won't mister ... and thanks ever so much.

FIB: Ah forget it, sis. Glad to be of service.

DOOR OPEN

FIB: Come again.

TEE: Thanks, mister. (CALLS) HEY WILLIE ... I MADE ANOTHER BUCK! NOW LET'S GO AND HAVE MR. ANDERSON OPEN IT!

DOOR SLAM

ORCH: "WALK A LITTLE, TALK A LITTLE"

APPLAUSE

G

(2nd REVISION)-21-

FIB: Hey, Molly, did my prize come yet? The one I won when I won the limerick contest?

MOL: Haven't seen it, McGee. What do you suppose it will be?

FIB: Suppose it's only a check for a couple of thousand. Wouldn't that be grand?

MOL: That would be TWO grand.

FIB: Boy, two thousand smackers! I think I'll use it to build a little vine-covered tower on top of the house, where I can sit and write poetry. Imagine me settin' there, with a turtle dove on each shoulder and a magneto in my hair...

MOL: MAGNOLIA, dearie.

FIB: Well, anyway I...YOU'RE SURE THAT PRIZE DIDN'T COME YET?

MOL: Fretty sure...but I'll check with Beulah. BEULAH...OH BEULAH!

DOOR OPEN

BEUL: Somebody bawl fo' Beulah?

FIB: Hey, Beulah, did a package or a special delivery letter come for me today?

BEUL: Nossuh. From which theatah of operations was you anticipatin' a communique?

MOL: He won a prize in a poetry contest, Beulah...and we're all agog to know what it is.

BEUL: Souse me, ma'am, but befo' you gits all agog, maybe you bettah be suah it ain't all a gag.

FIB: OH THIS IS NO JOKE, BEULAH. I won the contest legitimate. Lemme know if I get a letter or something, willya?

R

BEUL: Yassuh. I now how it tis to git a prize fo' somp'm.
Once when I was just a lil chile, - no mo' than cinch
high to a fat pony - I won me a BEAUTIFUL doll buggy.
(SIGHS) But....evahthing happen at once, in ouah fam'ly
seems like

MOL: What do you mean, everything happened at once, Beulah?

BEUL: Two days afteh I gits me the doll buggy, we gits us a
new baby brotheh, and my dolly gits dispossessed.
(LAUGHS)

FIB: Well, you were probably just as proud to wheel the real
baby around as you would be to wheel a doll, Beulah.

BEUL: Oh yassuh. But wif a real lil baby you can't fling it up
on the po'ch when you wanna go play run-sheep-run wif the
other kids. You is STUCK wif it!

MOL: That's the penalty you pay for being a girl, Beulah.
Little brother has the fun and sister does the work.

BEUL: Yas'm...Then twenty years later sisters buggy is broke,
an' little brother is goin' 'round wif dolls. It don'
seem right.

FIB: Well, let me know the minute my prize gets here, Beulah.
I'm gettin' as itchy as a shortstops' flannels.

BEUL: Lissen to the man say gittin' as itchy as a shorts--
(LAUGHS HEARTILY) LOVE THAT MAN!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: Well now lemme see...where was I ?

MOL: You were living by the side of a man, being a friend to
a house.

FIB: Eh? Oh, yes. HEY, YOU KNOW WHAT I'M GONNA COMPOSE?
I'm gonna compose a TONE POEM.

R

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a house.

FIB: Eh? Oh, yes. HEY, YOU KNOW WHAT I'M GONNA COMPOSE?
I'm gonna compose a TONE POEM.

R

MOL: Don't you have to know music for that? I thought you were tone deaf.

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, TONE DEAF? I GOT PERFECT PITCH!

MOL: Have you, really?

FIB: Certainly. Gimme a hay fork and I can fill a wagon in nothin' flat. Why everybody used to say that I was--

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

DOC: Hello, Molly.

MOL: Oh hello there, Doctor Gamble.

DOC: And how are you today, Dream Boat?

FIB: Splendid, Doctor. And you, pray tell, are feeling well?

DOC: And I, pray tell, are feeling well! Sweet Genevieve, what goes on here?

MOL: It's very simple, Doctor. He's taken up poetry.

DOC: Oh, no!

FIB: Yes, Doctor. Tis true. Tis, indeed, true. I have at last come to my real vocation. It has become my mission in life to interpret beauty to those who --

DOC: STOP IT, WILL YOU? DON'T DROOL THAT GREENWICH VILLAGE NONSENSE AT ME, YOU LITTLE FAKER! POETRY, MY PERITONEUM! YOU COULDN'T RHYME MOON AND JUNE IF YOU COLLABORATED FORTY YEARS WITH IRA GERSHWIN. YOU HAVEN'T GOT A SONNET IN YOUR BONNET THAT WOULD BRING TWELVE CENTS AT A LITERARY RUMMAGE SALE!

MOL: Listen, he won a prize in a poetry contest, Doctor. First prize, didn't you, dearie? *He's waiting for it, you*

FIB: Well, natch. And now if you two will please be quiet, I have work to do. You will please excuse me, Doctor...I am about to woo the moose.

DOC: YOU ARE ABOUT TO WHAT?

FIB: Woo the moose. M-U-S-E. Moose.

DOC: Well, you've got a great head for it. And what's more ---

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

BOY: PACKAGE FOR MR. McGEE...(SOUND: THUD) SIGN HERE, PLEASE THANK YOU.

DOOR SIAM:

MOL: Heavenly days, McGee. It's from the International Food Corporation! It must be your prize for the Limerick contest.

DOC: This, I shall have to see. Open it up, chubby.

FIB: Oh boy, am I nervous!

SOUND: TEARING OF CARTON

FIB: It ain't awful heavy...but it's an odd way to deliver a couple of thousand bucks when I-- (PAUSE) Well, I'll be a --

MOL: Well, for goodness sakes...what is it?

DOC: Interesting little prize, isn't it? Twelve packages of HECKLER'S BRECKY-WECKY BRAN FLAKES.

FIB: Well, of all the double-crossing, cheapjack chislers! HERE I BEAT MY BRAINS OUT FOR THEIR DIRTY LIMERICK CONTEST, AND WHAT DO I GET? BREAKFAST FOOD!!

DOC: Poets don't need food. They live on the fragrance of
wildflowers.

MOL: Well, as I always say, McGee:

IT ONLY TAKES A PENCIL TO WRITE A LITTLE POEM
BUT IT TAKES A HEAP OF GROCERIES, TO MAKE A
HOUSE A HOEM.

DOC: Say, that's not bad, Molly!

MOL: Well, I've always wanted to write poetry myself, Doctor.
In fact, I think I will! I think I'll make it my mission
in life to bring joy and happiness into the drab lives of--

FIB: OH NO NO NO...PLEASE!!...NOT THAT!!...NOT THAT...!

ORCH: "THE MORE I SEE YOU" - FADE FOR:

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NEC
APRIL 3, 1945

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: This April month of showers puts a little extra strain
on your housekeeping duties, doesn't it? Wet feet and
rubbers are apt to track up your floors -- and rain may
come in an open window. But that's when you really
appreciate the faithful service of JOHNSON'S WAX --
standing guard over the beauty and finish of your floors
and your windowsills. The WAX forms a protective shield,
not only against moisture, but against dirt and wear, too.
It makes your housework easier all year, adds to the
beauty of your entire home. Floors, furniture and
woodwork that are regularly JOHNSON-WAXed, take on greater
beauty with each application. And there are more than 100
extra uses for JOHNSON'S WAX throughout your home -- for
leather goods like shoes and luggage -- for accessories
and picture frames and lampshades -- for metal and
enameled surfaces like your refrigerator. JOHNSON'S WAX
is really more than a household help -- it is a method
of protective housekeeping.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC: FADE FOR: