

WRITERS: Don Quinn
Phil Leslie

#33

(REVISED)

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY

Johnson's Wax

NBC

6:30 - 7:00 PM

May 8, 1945

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(NO OPENING AUDIENCE LAUGHTER)

~~ORCH: MARTIAL OR SERIOUS THEME - FADE FOR:~~

WILCOX:

This is Harlow Wilcox.
Ladies and gentlemen: The curtain has fallen on the first act of the greatest drama the world has ever seen; the Second, and we hope the last, World War. Act Two is going on in the Pacific Theatre. In expressing our tremendous admiration and gratitude to our fighting forces, we feel that we can best support their efforts until complete and final victory by carrying on with our own jobs as best we can.

In this case our job is to bring a few smiles to the home front and do our small bit toward easing the tension and anxiety in the homes of the men who are not here to laugh with us.

So tonight we present the regular Johnson Wax program, as our stars go on the air in a spirit of tribute to the stars in your windows!

~~ORCH: MCGEE THEME - FADE FOR:~~

WIL:

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: SELECTION; OR TAG~~

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WILCOX: THE CITY OF WISTFUL VISTA, HAVING NOTHING IN PARTICULAR TO LOOK BACKWARD TO, IS A VERY FORWARD-LOOKING COMMUNITY. AND WITH V-E DAY AT HAND, THE CITY FATHERS REALIZED THE NEED FOR A SURVEY OF THE HOUSING SITUATION. THERE WASN'T ENOUGH MONEY IN THE TREASURY FOR IT, BUT A CERTAIN PUBLIC-SPIRITED CITIZEN HAS OFFERED TO DO THE JOB FOR FIFTY DOLLARS. AND HERE IS THE CERTAIN CITIZEN, JUST GETTING HOME FROM A COUNCIL MEETING, AS WE JOIN --

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON SIDEWALK:

FIB: Ohhhh, I had a little beaver and his name was Sam, Lost all his teeth so he couldn't build a da da te da te da daaa...

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS UP ON PORCH:

FIB: And, I had a little turtle that we all called Nelly, Had a shell on her back and another on her tummy tum tum te tum...

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

MOL: Oh, hello, McGee. I thought you were attending the council meeting at the City Hall.

FIB: I was. But when they busted up for lunch, I left. Got me a job, too. Making a survey of the housing situation. Pick me up a fast fifty smackers doing it, too.

MOL: Heavenly days, dearie. You get yourself into more kinds of pickles than Mr. Heinz ever heard of!

FIB: OH YEAH? DON'T YOU THINK I CAN HANDLE IT?

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MOL: Oh, of course. OF COURSE. If you have plenty of time to make a survey like that.

FIB: Well, I GOT plenty of time. I don't have to have it finished till five-thirty tonight.

MOL: FIVE THIRTY!!! WHY, IT'S ONE FORTY-FIVE RIGHT NOW!

FIB: So what? All I gotta do is find out how many people in Wistful Vista are lookin' for places to live. And by the simple process of--

TELEPHONE:

MOL: I'll get it. (PHONE UP) 79 Wistful Vista, Molly McGee speakin'. WHO? OH, YES...HE'S RIGHT HERE. (SOTTO VOCE) It's the Editor of the Gazette, McGee. Mr. Ettelson.

FIB: Probably wants to send a reporter out for an interview. (IN PHONE) HELLO, LEE? MCGEE SPEAKING. WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND, KID? THE HOUSING SURVEY? SURE, BY FIVE-THIRTY TONIGHT. EH? WELL, PUCKER UP, BROTHER...I'LL BE THERE TO SEE IT!! (RECEIVER UP)

MOL: Pucker up for what, McGee?

FIB: He says if I complete the housing survey by five thirty tonight, he'll kiss the mayor in the front window of the Bon Ton Department store tomorrow at high noon.

MOL: Well, it'll be the first interesting window display the Bon Ton has had for five years.

FIB: (LAUGHS) It kills me the way these muggs don't think I know what I'm doing.

MOL: Do you think it's nice to refer to your wife as a mugg?

FIB: I didn't mean you.

MOL: Well, I'm one of the ones who doesn't think you know what you're doing.

FIB: You are, eh? (LAUGHS) Well, you just leave everything to me, baby! I got my---

DOOR OPEN:

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

MOL: Oh Hello, Alice.

FIB: Hiyah, Alice. Look..lay off the telephone today, will you? I gotta big project on, and I might get some important phone calls.

ALICE: Okay, Mr. McGee. If a boy named Pugface Perkins calls just tell him Alice said no.

MOL: Said no to what, Alice?

ALICE: It won't matter. Pugface is the kind of a fellow that a smart girl says "no" to on general principles. Anyway, if I want to make a phone call I'll run down to Kremer's drug store.

MOL: If you do, Alice, get me a bottle of shampoo, will you please?

ALICE: Oh sure. What kind, Mrs. McGee?

MOL: It's called "Drawrof".

FIB: "DRAWROF!" That's an odd name.

MOL: Oh I don't know. It's just "forward", spelled backward.

ALICE: What kind of a project are you working on, Mr. McGee...if it isn't a secret?

FIB: Making a survey of the housing situation for the city, Alice.

ALICE: Creepers, you've got a lot of work to do, haven't you? I hear it's so hard to get a room in this town, the squirrels are charging two bags of peanuts a night for park benches.

FIB: PAHHH! I got me a system for handling this thing that's so simple that --

TELEPHONE:

FIB: Prob'ly for me.

ALICE: If it's Pugface, the answer is still no.

FIB: (RECEIVER UP) HELLO? YES, THIS IS MR. MCGEE. WHO? OH, YES, MR. MAYOR. WHAT, MR. MAYOR? ON MY HOUSING SURVEY? WHY CERTAINLY, YOUR HONOR. YES, BUT MR. MAYOR -- YES, I KNOW, YOUR HONOR, BUT -- LOOK, GO FRY A PIG, WILL YOU, JAKE? (RECEIVER UP HARD)

MOL: Was that really His Honor?

FIB: Yeah, His Honor! Very honest guy. Bought his way into office and paid himself back inside of three weeks!

MOL: Will V.E. Day make any difference in your job at the airplane plant, Alice?

ALICE: Not till the other half of the war is over, Mrs. McGee. You see, I figure it this way; if Europe is morning, and Japan is afternoon, V.E. Day is just the whistle blowing for lunch.

FIB: You're absolutely right, Alice. It ain't fair to the players to go home after the first game of a double-header.

MOL: Speaking of homes, dearie, do you think you'll get to first base with this housing survey by 5:30 tonight?

ALICE: Creepers, he'll have to work awfully fast!

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FIB: OH YEAH? I GUESS YOU'VE FORGOTTEN WHAT A FAST THINKER I AM IN EMERGENCIES, I GUESS. Remember the time my car got stalled on the railroad crossing?

MOL: No, I don't.

ALICE: What happened, Mr. McGee?

FIB: I'm glad you asked me that, Alice. I was gonna tell you anyway, but this makes it smoother. Well sir, my car got stalled one night on a railroad crossing. Pitch black night. Couldn't see your face in front of your hands. ALL OF A SUDDEN, I HEAR THE MIDNIGHT EXPRESS WHISTLING FOR THE CROSSING! QUICK AS A FLASH, I LEAPS TO THE GROUND, TORE OFF MY NECKTIE --

ALICE: Why did you tear off your necktie?

FIB: Got it for Christmas. Just waitin' for a dark night to get rid of it. WELL SIR, I COULD HEAR THE ROAR OF THE TRAIN APPROACHING. I DASHES DOWN THE TRACK, AND FLAGS THE TRAIN DOWN! JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME!

ALICE: But, Mr. McGee.....

FIB: Eh?

ALICE: If it was such a dark night, how did you ever make them see you in time?

FIB: Oh, I just had a flare for that sort of thing, Alice. NOW ON THIS HOUSING SURVEY....

ORCH: SELECTION

APPLAUSE:

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SECOND SPOT:

MOL: McGee, I'm worried.

FIB: What about, snookie?

MOL: Well, here you sit, doing crossword puzzles, and you're supposed to have a survey of the housing situation in Wistful Vista finished by five thirty.

FIB: What time is it now?

MOL: Five minutes to four!

FIB: My gosh, the time sure drags, don't it? HEY, WHAT'S A FIVE-LETTER WORD MEANING A LARGE, CARNIVOROUS, FELINE ANIMAL?

MOL: Tiger.

FIB: Tiger, eh? Mmmm. Nope. That can't be right. Gotta have a "J" in the middle of it, on account of the perpendicular word is "agent".

MOL: Agent is not spelled with a j. It's A-G-E-N-T.

FIB: It can't be. I need the "T" in agent for the first letter of the Capital of Massachussetts. Trenton.

MOL: Trenton is in New Jersey.

FIB: IT IS? DOGGONE IT, THAT THROWS THE WHOLE PUZZLE OFF AND I HAD IT ALMOST FINISHED!

MOL: But how about the housing survey? You can't just sit here and --

FIB: DON'T WORRY ABOUT MY HOUSING SURVEY, BABY. I PROMISED TO HAVE IT DONE BY FIVE THIRTY AND I'LL HAVE IT DONE!

MOL: But you're not doing it?

FIB: Oh yes I am.

MOL: HOW?

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FIB: (LAUGHS) DON'T YOU WISH YOU KNEW? I GOT PEOPLE ALL OVER THIS TOWN HELPING ME AND THEY DON'T EVEN KNOW THEY'RE DOING IT! This is gonna be the easiest fifty bucks I ever --

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

MOL: Well, my goodness ... MRS. CARSTAIRS...HOW DO YOU DO, MRS. CARSTAIRS.

CARST: Good day, Mrs. McGee. And...er...Mr. McGee.

FIB: Hiyah, Carsty. Have a chair.

CARST: Thank you.

FIB: Take two, they're small. By comparison.

MOL: Oh, I don't think Mrs. Carstairs is so large, McGee. Those mink coats make anybody look lumpy.

CARST: Mr. McGee must be wearing his minks under his suit.

FIB: Oh yeah? Well if I hadn't fought the Battle of the Bulge any better'n --

MOL: (LOUDLY) Er --- Can I brew you a slug of tea, Mrs. Carstairs?

CARST: Thank you, no, my dear. I just dropped in to tell you that our Club - The Wistful Vista Musical Appreciation and Save Our Stately Old Elm Trees Club - is planning a charity play, and we'd like you to be a member of the cast.

MOL: WHAT, ME ACT IN A STAGE PLAY? (LAUGHS COYLY) WHY, I'D BE SCARED TO DEATH, MRS. CARSTAIRS!

FIB: WHAT KIND OF A PLAY YOU PUTTIN' ON, CARSTY?

CARST: I thought we would do "THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING ERNEST".

MOL: Oh yes ... by Hemingway.

FIB: Lemme know when you start rehearsals, Carsty. Had a lot of stage experience myself. In my younger days.

CARST: Really! I was not aware that you had had any.

MOL: Experience?

CARST: Younger days.

FIB: My gosh, I had a vaudeville act for several years, Carsty. A guy and I by the name of Fred Nitney, from Starved Rock, Illinois, Song and dance act. Opened in one with a grass mat, for some fast patter, see? Then into an Indian Club routine and challenge buck. Finished full stage with a trampoline and an off-to-Buffalo wavin' little American flags. I'll never forget what Variety said about me when they reviewed our act.

MOL: Didn't you save the clipping, McGee?

FIB: No, it had a typographical error in it. When they told how I roused up the act, they spelled it with an L.

CARST: One of our club members has written a play which we might do. It's a moral lesson on drinking in the English upper classes.

MOL: What's the title of it, Mrs. Carstairs?

CARST: Er ... Lady Chatterly's Liver, I believe. Well, do think it over, Mrs. McGee. Good day.

MOL: Good day, Mrs. Carstairs.

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

FIB: Boy what an actress she'll make. Be all right in moving pictures too. All they'd have to do is photograph her thru the white of an egg.

MOL: Personally, I think she's very aristocratic looking, McGee.

FIB: I like the way she looks down her nose at me. And with her nose, it's like sightin' a squirrel rifle.

MOL: Well, never mind Mrs. Carstairs. WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT THAT HOUSING SURVEY?

FIB: (INNOCENTLY) DO? Why nothing. Just wait.

MOL: Wait for what?

FIB: For the results.

MOL: BUT HOW ON EARTH ARE YOU GOING TO GET RESULTS JUST SITTING AROUND HERE? HEAVENLY DAYS, YOU'VE ONLY GOT TILL FIVE-THIRTY AND IT'S ALMOST FOUR-THIRTY NOW.

FIB: Is that all? Then I still got time to finish this crossword puzzle. WHAT'S A TEN LETTER WORD MEANING "CREATURE WITH LARGE HORN GROWING FROM FRONT OF HEAD?"

MOL: How many letters in Harry James?

FIB: One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, that's it! *Oh - boy - -*

DOOR OPEN:

WILCOX: Hello, folks, Hey, are you going bowling tonight, Pal?

FIB: Nope. Can't, Junior. I'm workin' on a little job of work for the city.

MOL: He's making a housing survey, Mr. Wilcox. He says.

WIL: Aw, come on...let's go bowling. You can't finish a housing survey in one day.

FIB: I got to. Promised the Mayor I'd have it finished by 5:30 tonight.

WIL: FIVE-THIRTY!!! WHY IT'S AFTER FOUR, NOW!

MOL: That's what I keep telling him, Mr. Wilcox. But he just sits there and smiles at me like an old Egyptian... er...an old Egyptian....er....

WIL: Like an old Egyptian.

MOL: Yes.

WIL: Haven't you tackled something a little big for you this time, Pal? How can you make a survey of a town this size in an hour and a half?

FIB: DON'T UNDERESTIMATE ME, JUNIOR! I got resources you never even dreamed of.

WIL: The tracks are all closed, so what good are they?

MOL: What good are what?

WIL: His race horses.

FIB: I DIDN'T SAY RACE HORSES. I SAYS RESOURCES! AND IF I'M SMART ENOUGH TO HANDLE THIS JOB WITHOUT RUNNING MYSELF BOWLEGGED, WHOSE BUSINESS IS IT?

MOL: No danger of you running yourself bowlegged, dearie. You're so knock-kneed that when you walk upstairs it looks like you'd just won a Charleston contest.

FIB: THAT'S BESIDE THE POINT! WHAT I MEAN IS I GOT EXECUTIVE ABILITY. I KNOW HOW TO DELEGATE MY WORK. YOU SUPPOSE THE PRESIDENT OF U.S. STEEL SPENDS HIS WORKIN' HOURS PEEKIN' INTO BLAST FURNACES?

WIL: Maybe not, but --

FIB: DO YOU SUPPOSE MR. CAMPBELL COOKS ALL THAT SOUP PERSONALLY? IT'S ORGANIZATION THAT COUNTS, JUNIOR. ALL AN INTELLIGENT EXECUTIVE HAS GOTTA DO IS SIT BACK AND TABULATE RESULTS.

MOL: Unless you get busy, Mc Gee, you'll be able to tabulate your results on the fingers of a boxing glove.

FIB: Besides, Junior. The Bowling Alley probably won't be open V.E. day, you know.

WIL: Sure it's open. My cousin runs it...Big Frankie Wilcox. And he says he'd keep open on V.E. day if he had to close every other day in the year.

MOL: Why, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Well, Big Frankie says there's a lot of soldiers and sailors in town that need inexpensive recreation. Like bowling. He says he'd feel like a rat slamming the door in the faces of those fellows that made this day possible...and some of them on their way to the Pacific to do some more fighting. He says today they can all bowl free.

FIB: Well, good for Big Frankie! Incidentally, are all your relatives named "BIG THIS AND THAT?"

WIL: All but my cousin Albert. He's known as "That Big SO-AND-SO." You sure you won't come bowling with me, Pal?

MOL: He's got to keep his promise to the mayor, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Sorry, Junior. Tell Big Frankie I admire his doin' business as usual on V. E. day. Do the newspapers know how he stands on that?

WIL: The reporters were talking to him this morning. They're going to.

MOL: They're going to what?

WIL: Write up his alley. Well, so long kids.

DOOR CLOSE:

FIB: Write up his alley -- HEY, WHAT TIME IS IT?

MOL: Four forty-five.

FIB: My watch says quarter to five.

MOL: That's what I said.

FIB: Eh? Oh yes. Well, what was I doing before Wilcox...
Oh yes..my crossword puzzle. Now lemme see...46
vertical. A three letter word meaning an animal that
gives milk. Could that be Joe, our milkman? Or do
you suppose...

MOL: LOOK, SWEETHEART!!...YOU'VE GOT JUST THREE QUARTERS OF
AN HOUR TO MAKE YOUR HOUSING SURVEY! AREN'T YOU GOING
TO DO SOMETHING?

FIB: Do what?

MOL: DO ANYTHING!! GO OUT AND SURVEY A HOUSE! SURVEY TWO
HOUSES! HOW ON EARTH CAN YOU EARN YOUR FIFTY DOLLARS
SITTING THERE WITH A CROSSWORD PUZZLE---

FIB: Take it easy kiddo...take it easy. I know what I'm
doing. I told you I had this thing organized. All I
gotta do is wait for the results.

MOL: BUT WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO GET RESULTS?

FIB: (LAUGHS) That's the secret of the whole thing. If I
was to give away my professional methods, I'd be a --

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: COME IN..COME IN!

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

MOL: Oh Hello, Doctor Gamble.

DOC: Hello, Molly. Hello, Fossilpuss.

FIB: Hiyah, Arrowsmith. What's new in the world of medicine,
as if you'd know?

DOC: Oh I manage to be conversant with modern medical
techniques, my boy. Did you know that I had discovered
a new method of removing fish bones?/

MOL: My goodness Doctor. How do you do it?

DOC: I just hand the plate to the head waiter and say "TAKE
THE BONES OUT OF THIS TROUT, WILL YOU, BUDDY?" Saved
myself many a bad moment that way.

FIB: And if the waiter charges as much for operating as you do,
Capsule-happy, you'd better stick to spaghetti.

DOC: Oh I don't know. I..(PAUSE) What's the matter with you,
Molly? You're as jumpy as a newsreel of Wilson's
inauguration.

MOL: Oh I guess I'm just jittery about McGee's job, Doctor.

DOC: McGee's job! Don't tell me little Dynamo here has
lowered himself to the ranks of labor! What short-sighted
organization was desperate enough to take a chance like
that?

FIB: I'm doin' a job for the city, Doc. Makin' a survey of
the housing situation.

MOL: And he's supposed to have it done by five-thirty tonight.
That gives him about 35 minutes and he hasn't been out
of the house!

DOC: If you expect me to fall on my clean-out features in
surprise, I'm sorry to disappoint you. It's a typical
McGee enterprise. But aren't you extending your
cervical vertebrae a trifle, Droopy?

FIB: My what?

DOC: I SAID AREN'T YOU STICKING YOUR NECK OUT A LITTLE?

MOL: That's what I've been ---
FIB: DOGGONE IT, I'M GETTING SICK AND TIRED OF BEIN' TOLD THAT! JUST BECAUSE I GOT MY JOB SYSTEMATIZED, EVERYBODY THINKS I'M GONNA BE A FLOP! DON'T ANYBODY GIVE ME CREDIT FOR ANYTHING?
DOC: Nobody who ever gave you credit for anything would.
~~According to Fredt...~~
MOL: He says he's going to have the results by five-thirty, Doctor. But for the life of me I don't see how he's going to do it!
FIB: I DON'T HAVE TO TELL EVERY TOM, DOC AND MOLLY HOW I HANDLE THINGS. I GOT MY METHODS.
DOC: Look, Frogleg, are you doing this as a labor of love -- or are you by some miracle being paid by the municipality for the project?
MOL: He's getting fifty dollars for it, Doctor.
FIB: In cash.
DOC: FIFTY DOLLARS!! That does it! When I think of the acres of human flesh I have to poke, prod and puncture for fifty dollars and you getting the same stipend for sitting here on your gluteus maximus, I'm tempted to hock my stethoscope and start a hot dog stand.
FIB: Don't do it, Fatso. You couldn't cut the mustard.
DOC: IS THAT SO!! WHY YOU FOUR-FLUSHING LITTLE---
TELEPHONE:
MOL: I'll get it. (RECEIVER UP) 79 Wistful Vista ... Molly McGee speaking. Who? Oh yes, he's right here. (ASIDE) For you, Doctor.

DOC: Thank you.
FIB: Probably that head waiter, Doc. Telling you your trout is out of the anaesthetic.
DOC: (IN PHONE) HELLO! YES! YES!....FELL OFF THE WHAT? WELL, IS THE BODY IN PRETTY BAD SHAPE? IT IS, EH? WELL I'LL BE RIGHT OVER AND EXAMINE IT! YES, RIGHT AWAY!
(RECEIVER UP) Sorry folks, I've got to run along.
MOL: Heavenly days, Doctor ... that sounded serious!
DOC: It is. The filling station says my ~~car~~ ^{car} just fell off the greasing rack. See you later.

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH: SELECTION: KING'S MEN.

APPLAUSE:

THIRD SPOT

FIB: Now lemme see ... 37 horizontal....a five letter word meaning.....

MOL: McGee!

FIB: That's it! McGee. How do you spell it?

MOL: OH, FOR GOODNESS SAKES...PLEASE!!!

FIB: Eh? Please what?

MOL: IT'S EIGHTEEN MINUTES AFTER FIVE! DO YOU REALIZE THAT?

FIB: Certainly. Noticed how much later it gets dark these days? Summer'll be here before we

MOL: OH DARLING...DON'T DO THIS TO ME!!! YOU'VE GOT ABOUT ELEVEN MINUTES TO FINISH YOUR HOUSING SURVEY AND YOU HAVEN'T STIRRED OUT OF THAT CHAIR ALL AFTERNOON!

FIB: Aw forget it. I'll have the complete results any minute now. Just relax, kid. (TO HIMSELF) 41 Horizontal ... a six letter word -

MOL: OH I CAN'T STAND THIS ... I'VE GOT TO HAVE SOMEBODY TO TALK TO. OH BEULAH ... BEULAH!!!

DOOR OPEN:

BEUL: Somebody bawl for Beulah?

FIB: Hiyah, Beulah.

BEUL: Evenin' suh.

MOL: How's everything going, Beulah?

BEUL: Evahthing is coppasettick, ma'am. The shrimps is all -shucked, the rice is all fluffy and all's right wif the world!

FIB: We having shrimp curry tonight, Beulah?

BEUL: We is havin' a shrimp curry the likes of which you aint never flang a lip acrost, Mist' McGee. (LAUGHS) The way I cooks rice make a Mandarin close up his cookbook and commit chop sueycide!

MOL: Yes, you're the best cook I ever knew, Beulah.

BEUL: Thank you, ma'am. That's what Ira say, too. Ira that's my intended.

FIB: What's the status quo on your engagement, Beulah?

BEUL: Well frankly suh, the status aint nothin' to quo about. That lil manicurist in our neighborhood she is a tough pocket o' resistance, as they say in the newspapers.

MOL: Don't tell me Ira is serious about her, Beulah?

BEUL: Yes Ma'am, at the moment. I kin only hope Ira realize sometime that it gonna be happier goin' thru life with a hot stove than a cold nailfile.

FIB: By the way, Beulah...how did you celebrate V.E. day this morning?

BEUL: I went to church, Mist' McGee. I say a lil prayer for the boys that do such a good job over theah in Europe.

MOL: That was very nice, Beulah.

BEULAH: Well, ma'am, I wasn't in no mood fo' no whoopsie doo. When you got a brother in the Navy like I has...still out theah fightin' in the Pacific, you is prone to save yo' confetti fo' another day.

FIB: It's still pretty good news, though, Beulah.

BEULAH: Oh, yassuh. I ain' denyin' that. But I jus' cain't help thinkin' they ain't no dancin' in the streets in Manila. (SIGHS) Well, maybe it all be oveh pretty soon...and Ira an' me kin git married an' settle down.

MOL: Where are you and Ira going to live when you get married, Beulah?

BEULAH: (CHUCKLES) Well, ma'am, we thought we'd git us a lil truck farm and raise our own stuff...tomatoes and children. *and some boys maybe* and maybe a few ducks and a couple cows.

FIB: AHHH, DUCKS AND COWS!!!..THAT'S THE THING, BEULAH. THE PERFECT MIDNIGHT SNACK.

BEULAH: Midnight snack, suh?

FIB: Yeah...quackers and milk!

BEULAH: Quackers and milk...ducks and cows...(LAUGHS HEARTILY)

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: It's too bad Beulah didn't-- *say --*

DOOR OPEN:

BEULAH: (STILL LAUGHING) LOVE THAT MAN!!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Now let's see...where was I? Oh yes...29...vertical... A three-letter word meaning--

MOL: MCGEE, YOU HAVE JUST THREE MINUTES!

FIB: Three minutes for what?

MOL: HOW CAN YOU SIT THERE AND BE SO CALM? HEAVENLY DAYS, YOU PROMISED THE CITY YOU'D HAVE THAT HOUSING SURVEY DONE BY FIVE-THIRTY AND HERE IT IS 5:28 and --

SOUND: CROWD MURMUR RECORD, OFF MIKE:

MOL: My goodness...what's that?

FIB: What's what?

MOL: Listen!

SOUND: CROWD RECORD SWELL SLIGHTLY:

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS...IT'S OUT IN FRONT, MCGEE...LOOK!! WHAT ARE ALL THOSE PEOPLE OUT THERE FOR?

FIB: AHHH, THOSE ARE MY RESULTS, KIDDO!!! QUICK..HOW MANY ARE THERE?

SOUND: CROWD RECORD UP

MOL: THERE'S HUNDREDS OF 'EM!! ... AND THEY'RE ALL LOOKING AT OUR HOUSE! MCGEE...WHAT'S HAPPENING?

FIB: GET A PENCIL QUICK...HELP ME COUNT 'EM! CHECK 'EM OFF AS THEY COME UP THE WALK...I SEE AT LEAST A HUNDRED... HUNDRED'N TWENTY-FIVE...TWO-TWENTY....

MOL: IT'S MORE LIKE THREE TWENTY-FIVE...

FIB: SWELL! CALL IT FOUR HUNDRED IN ROUND NUMBERS....OR MAYBE ----

SOUND: PHONE RINGS: RECEIVER OFF:

FIB: Oh, oh --- (ON PHONE) Hello....Oh, Mr. Mayor? Yeah, it's all finished - right on time...Yep. You need homes for 405 people.... That's correct - yep - 405. Okay, Jake I'll be right down to pick up the check.

HANGUP PHONE

MOL: What is -- MCGEE!! WHAT ON EARTH DID YOU DO?
FIB: I just stuck an ad in the paper, that's all - "ROOM FOR
RENT - 79 WISTFUL VISTA. CALL IN PERSON - 5:30.

HAMMERING ON DOOR -- LOUD

FIB: Come on, let's go out the back door and collect the 50
bucks.

HAMMERING LOUDER...INTO:

ORCH: PLAYOFF

APPLAUSE

ORCH: INTRO TO KING'S MEN SPECIAL NUMBER "THE ARMY HYMN"
(FADE ON CUE FOR TAG)

TAG

FIB: Ladies and gentlemen, this is one of the days we've been
looking forward to for so long. This is one of the days
for which men left their wives and children, their jobs
and their professions to put on uniforms and give their
days and their lives to end tyranny and aggression, we
hope forever.

MOL: But this is just ONE of the days. There is another day
coming...and may it be soon...when we can celebrate
COMPLETE Victory. But to leave our jobs now and quit
when the task is only half finished would be false to
the wives and children our fighting men left behind.
FIB: Perhaps you know that radio programs like this one are
recorded and sent to our fighting forces everywhere
overseas. For their entertainment and to bring them a
smile or two from home. This is our job. The thing we
know best how to do.

MOL: SO LETS' ALL KEEP GOING--KEEP WORKING -- AND KEEP FAITH
WITH THE ONES WHO ARE STILL DOING BATTLE FOR THE THINGS
WE BELIEVE IN.

FIB: Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all!

ORCH &
KINGS MEN SWELL TO FINISH

ANNCR: THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

sj