

WRITERS: DON QUINN
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(REVISED)

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

January 21, 1947

Number 17

-2-

WILCOX: THE JOHNSON'S WAX SHOW - WITH FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!!

ORCH: THEME ... FADE FOR:

WILCOX: The makers of Johnson's Wax Products for home and industry present Fibber McGee and Molly - with Bill Thompson, Gale Gorion, Arthur Q. Bryan, and me, Harlow Wilcox. The script is by Don Quinn and Phil Leslie - Music by the King's Men and Billy Mill's Orchestra!

ORCH: THEME UP AND FADE FOR:

McGee - 1/21/47

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

ANNCR: You know, kitchens are certainly a lot more cheerful than they used to be. It's not only the clean white kitchen equipment - it's the gay window curtains, the colorful dishes and wall plants and other bright ideas. And, of course, another reason why your kitchen is brighter today is the JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT you put on your floors. It's really surprising how GLO-COAT gives even dull, faded linoleum new life and sparkle. It's easy to use - you simply apply it and let it dry, but oh those results! In just a few minutes JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT dries to a smooth wax polish that fairly sparkles with beauty. Once again, the pattern in your linoleum shows up clear and new - its colors gay and fresh, its surface smooth and shining. And, of course, with regular GLO-COAT protection, your linoleum and other floors keep bright and new looking years longer. And when I say bright, that's exactly what I mean. The shine you get with JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT has to be seen to be believed!

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC: FADE FOR:

(REVISED) -4-

WILCOX: WHEN A MAN DECIDES TO MAKE SOME ALTERATIONS ON HIS HOUSE, IT'S USUALLY THE LITTLE WOMAN WHO KEEPS THE FINAL RESULT FROM LOOKING LIKE A TAJ MAHAL ANNEX TO DUFFY'S TAVERN... AND HERE, AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA, CLAVICLE-DEEP IN PLANS AND BLUEPRINTS, WE FIND --
-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!!!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: Well now lemme see, beaverboard with a cross beam here and a strut brace there and some beaverboard right here...
MOL: You're certainly eager with that beaverboard, dearie.
FIB: It's very handy stuff. Without beaverboard-- HEY, WHO'S THE BEST ARCHITECT IN TOWN?
MOL: Search me. But do we have to have the best...for a job like this? Isn't that a little like calling in a surgeon from Johns Hopkins to slice the ham for dinner?
FIB: THE BEST IS NONE TOO GOOD FOR ME, TOTSIE. I'M ^{not the type of guy who cuts corned} STRICTLY THE TYPE GUY WHO GOES FIRST CLASS ON EVERYTHING. Hand me the classified directory.
MOL: Here.
FIB: Thanks. (RATTLE OF PAGES)
MOL: I warn you, though...good architects come high.
FIB: Yeah? HEY...HERE'S AN OUTFIT SOUNDS GOOD...DORIC P. CORINTHIAN, AND ASSOCIATES...CONSULTING ARCHITECTS.
MOL: They're no good.
FIB: How do you know?
MOL: Didn't you read what it said? They're consulting architects. If they were any good themselves, they wouldn't have to consult any architects.

FIB: My gosh, I never thought of that...smart thinking, kiddo! Well, lemme see...(RIFFLE OF PAGES) HOW'S ABOUT DORMER AND FRONK? They're the guys that designed the Civic Opera Building.

MOL: Yes, and the acoustics in there are terrible. Remember the night we went to hear Nelson Eddy and he sounded like Carmen Lombardo?

FIB: That WAS Carmen Lombardo. They gimme the wrohg tickets.

MOL: Oh.

FIB: Now lemme see...my gosh, there's a hundred architects in town...I oughtta find one of 'em that---

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

FIB: Well, for the---HIYA, WIMP!

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wimple.

WIMP: Hello, folks. I hope I'm not intruding.

FIB: Not at all, Wimp, old man. Not at all. Just trying to get the name of a good architect.

MOL: Who designed your house, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: Well, I did in a way...(SNICKERS) That is, I laid it out the way I wanted it, and then Sweetface laid me out and fixed it the way she wanted it. Sweetface...that's my big old wife.

FIB: Yeah. How many rooms, Wimp?

WIMP: Well...(LAUGHS) Sweetface thinks it's nine, but I know it's ten. There's a sliding panel off the dining room that leads to a secret room upstairs. That's where I keep my bird books and things.

MOL: Your what, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: My bird books. This is one of my bird books right here. I'm going bird watching this afternoon. Would you like to join me?

FIB: No thanks, Wimp. Gotta get in touch with an architect.

MOL: Mr. Wimple...

WIMP: Yes?

MOL: I don't want to seem impertinent, but just what is so fascinating about bird watching? It seems to be a very popular hobby. What do you get out of it?

WIMP: It's quite simple, Mrs. McGee. Maybe I'm silly, but I'd rather look at a bird thru the lens of a camera than the sights of a shotgun. I'd rather hear them singing in a meadow than sizzling in a frying pan. And I happen to think they're much more beautiful flashing thru the trees than lying in the back of a car.

FIB: Well, I think maybe you got something there, Wimp, because---

WIMP: You can watch birds all day long and you won't see one with a bomb under his wing. When you've seen a little of their courage and devotion to their homes and families, you can understand why it took men so long to learn to fly. Nature didn't trust them with wings. You can see what happened when they got them.

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MOL: Our wings are used on a lot of errands of mercy too, Mr. Wimple. There are still more bluebirds than there are vultures.

WIMP: Oh, I suppose so. You know, I watched a vulture one afternoon, out in Wyoming.

FIB: No kidding, Wimp? Interesting?

WIMP: Interesting....it was FRIGHTENING! After two hours, I discovered he was watching me!!! Well, I hope you find an architect, Mr. McGee...goodbye now.

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH: "RAINY NIGHT IN RIO"

APPLAUSE

SECOND SPOT:

(2nd REVISION) -8-

MOL: Did you call Mrs. Carstairs for the name of her architect, McGee?

FIB: Yeah. She tried to gimme the old razzamatzz, but I know when I'm bein' kidded.

MOL: What do you mean..what did she say?

FIB: She says the guy that always does her stuff is primarily a naval architect, and I says I thought the design was pretty standard on those, and just then we were disconnected. I'll try her again later.

MOL: Oh let it go, McGee. For the type of ~~type~~ of alteration you have in mind, I dont think a -

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh it's Mayor La Trivia; Good day, your honor.

GALE: Good day, Molly. Hello, McGee. That's quite an impressive batch of blueprints you have there. Designing a Governor's Mansion for the State of Georgia...with revolving doors?

FIB: Nope. Gonna fix up this house a little. Trying to get in touch with a good architect for some advice. Know a good architect, La Triv?

GALE: Well, the chap who designed the City Hall is a friend of mine, McGee. His name is Girder. Henry Girder. Old classmate of mine.

MOL: Isn't that nice. Fraternity brothers, too, I presume?

GALE: No, he was a Delta and I was a Delt.

S

FIB: He was a :..HOW WAS THAT AGAIN, LA TRIV?

GALE: I said Henry was a Deke and I was a Delt.

MOL: Meaning what?

GALE: Delta Kappa Epsilon and Delta Tau Delta.

FIB: Watch your language in front of my wife, La Trivia! I speak a little Spanish myself, you know!

GALE: That was not Spanish..that was Greek. They were Greek Fraternities.

FIB: My gosh...no kidding? I always thought La Trivia was kind of an Eytalian name, but with you being so dark haired an all, I can see now where -

GALE: PLEASE...I AM NOT A GREEK! *Smelly* --

MOL: Then how did you get into a Greek Fraternity? Wasn't that cheating a little, Mr Mayor?

GALE: NO, IT WAS NOT. OUT OF ALL MY BROTHERS, I DONT BELIEVE THERE WAS A SINGLE ONE WHO --

FIB: Your brothers...how many brothers did you have in college?

GALE: I think there were about thirty-two active ones.

MOL: ISNT THAT WONDERFUL....32 BROTHERS ALL GOING TO COLLEGE TOGETHER! I always said that large families were the -

GALE: (GETTING A LITTLE ANNOYED) THIS WAS NOT A LARGE FAMILY! WHEN I SAID BROTHERS, I WAS USING THE FRATERNAL TERM. MY FELLOW FELTS....ER..MY FELLOW DELTS WERE ---

FIB: Now now now...take it easy, La Triv. Give it a chance.

MOL: Certainly. I think any family that can send 33 brothers to college at the same time...(PAUSE) WAIT A MINUTE.... HOW CAN THAT BE? THE OLDEST AND THE YOUNGEST WOULD HAVE TO BE 33 YEARS APART, UNLESS THEY WERE TWINS AND ---

GALE: THEY WERE NOT TWINS!! THEY WERENT MY REAL BROTHERS...

FIB: Oh, faking it so you could get a reduced rate on the tuition, eh, La Triv? Well, by George, if the faculty ever knew --

GALE: (YELLS) THEY WERE NOT GETTING A REDUCED FACULTY FOR THE
DUKES AND THE BELTS...ER..DEKES AND BOOTS..ER..DOLTS.....
LOOK!! WHEN I SAID MY BROTHERS,..I MEANT MY MATERNITY...
ER.....MY FREAK GRATERNITY...ER..GREEK FRATERNI-....THE
DELTA BELTA GELTA....ER ...ALPHA TOOPA GOOPA....WE....I
....YOU.....(PANTS).....(PAUSE) McGee....

FIB: Yes?

GALE: Did you know, that in certain localities, large
blueprints like those are used for ponchos?

MOL: Ponchos?

GALE: Yes, the head is thrust thru a hole in the middle.

FIB: But these havent got a hole in the middle.

GALE: Well, that's easily fixed, McGee. Try this one for size!

SOUND: VIOLENT TEARING OF HEAVY PAPER

FIB: OUCH!! HEY..WHAT THE ---

GALE: It's a little loose around the ears, but then, you are
too! Good day!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Of all the doggone...(RATTLE OF PAPER).Hoy, take this
thing offa me willya....(SOUND: PAPER) Thanks...was he
sore about something?

MOL: He'd did seem a little annoyed. Imagine what it was like
when all his 32 brothers got to fighting?

FIB: I think it was great they all got into the same sorority.

MOL: Fraternity.

FIB: What's the difference?

MOL: Sororities only take in women.

FIB: Oh yeah? I know a couple of fraternity men that got taken
in by sorority women and they. ---HEY..WHAT BLUEPRINT
DID LA TRIVIA RUIN?

MOL: This one here. (RATTLE OF PAPER) Was it an important one?

FIB: Nah. These are plans I made once for a midget auto racer:
I just added 'em to the pile to make it look impressive
HEY..I GOTTA GET AN ARCHITECT.!!

MOL: Now McGee...all this talk about getting an architect is
silly.

FIB: WHADDYEMEAN, SILLY? I LIKE TO DO BUSINESS WITH EXPERTS.!!
I GOT A TOOTHACHE, I GO TO A DENTIST. I NEED A HAIRCUT. I
GO TO A BARBER...I GET FOOT TROUBLE, I GO TO A
PEDIATRICIAN.

MOL: A pediatrician is a baby doctor.

FIB: I don't care if he's a new born infant if he can fix my
foot. AND WHEN I NEED THE SERVICES OF AN ARCHITECT, BY
GEORGE ---

DOOR OPEN:

WIL: Hello, Molly. Hello, Pal. Did I hear' you say something
about an architect?

FIB: Yes, you did.

MOL: Do you know of a good one, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: I'll say I do...my brother is an Architect. Big Limestone
Wilcox. He's out in Omaha, but I can send him a wire if
it's urgent.

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FIB: No, thanks, Junior. This job isn't that important. I merely want some expert advice on a problem that's come up.

MOL: What kind of buildings does your brother design, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Any kind. He just finished a new public ballroom and a municipal zoo.

FIB: Turn out okay, Junior?

WIL: Better than anybody expected. He got the blueprints mixed up and the dance hall has dens for wolves, space for stags and a cage on the bandstand where they can hold that tiger.

MOL: He doesn't seem to be exactly the type to do this job for McGee, Mr. Wilcox. All he wants is some advice

FIB: Yeah....I could handle the whole thing myself, y'understand, but why beat my brains out on something that ain't my racket? Slip a good architect a couple o'bucks I say, and get it done right!

WIL: HEY...HOW ABOUT FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT?

MOL: You..you mean THE Frank Lloyd Wright?

FIB: The one that dreamed up that fancy building for Johnson's Wax in Racine? The one they bought so much glass for that Libby is no longer owin' anything?

WIL: That's the one. Greatest, modern architect in the world. He designs "buildings that breathe."

MOL: We don't care if this one breathes or not, Mr. Wilcox. In fact, our plumbing snores so loud right now that -

WIL: LET ME WIRE MR. WRIGHT. HE'LL BE TICKLED TO DEATH TO GIVE YOU SOME ADVICE!

(2ND REVISION) -14-

FIB: You said "Give"; Junior? I thought Frank was a strictly a-lay-fifty-grand-on-the-line-and-I'll-tell-you-what-color-bricks-you-can-have-man.

WIL: Well, gee whizz,.....you're connected with the Company, aren't you? When Mr. Wright learns that you help sell that Johnson's Wax...that famous boon to housekeepers the world' over....the product that makes a house look clean, smell clean and BE clean....the Johnson's Wax that sneers at dust, laughs at fingerprints and smiles at housekeepers...

MOL: Yes, Mr. Wilcox..we're quite familiar with the--

WIL: WHY WHEN MR. WRIGHT LEARNS THAT YOU TOO, ARE INTERESTED IN JOHNSON'S WAX..THE POLISH THAT PROTECTS YOUR BELONGINGS AGAINST DUST AND DAMPNESS...THAT GUARDS AND BEAUTIFIES YOUR FLOORS, FURNITURE, WOODWORK, WINDOW SILLS, BANNISTERS.....LUGGAGE....

FIB: And a hundred other uses--

WIL: IMAGINE ME BEING ABLE TO PUT YOU IN TOUCH WITH THE VERY MAN WHO DESIGNED THE JOHNSON WAX ADMINISTRATION BUILDING. WHY IT'S FATE, BOY...IT'S KISMET.!!!!

FIB: Look...Waxey.

WIL: Yes, Pal?

FIB: You won't have any gasoline left in a minute....I think I hear your motor running.

WIL: WHAT? GEE, THANKS, PAL!!..SEE YOU LATER, MOLLY.

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE FAST

MOL: Now look, McGee...about this architect. For the job you have in mind, why don't you just...

FIB: PLEASE...KIDDO...PLEASE! You don't understand. (VERY MUSHY) If this was just ANY old house, it wouldn't matter. But this is where YOU live. MY wife...the girl I married....it's...why, it's gotta be perfect. That's why I say...let's not cut corners on this project....

MOL: Why...why dearie....that's beautiful!..if you really feel that way about it..go ahead and get the very best architect available. Spare no expense!

FIB: Hey now wait a minute!..let's not go haywire, Snooky. After all, five bucks worth of advice is all I really need. The rest is a cinch.

MOL: (LAUGHS) All right, Pet. Do it your own way. I'M going upstairs and comb my hair. (FADE) You might straighten up that pile of blueprints if you have time.

FIB: OKAY, I WILL. Ahhh, there goes a good kid! She could of married any one of ten fellas with more money and brains than I got. But no..she wanted a guy with charm and personality. After all, what's money? Just a lot of cold metal and dirty paper....give you a false set of values ...AND COULD I USE A FALSE SET OF VALUES RIGHT NOW!!!
What an architect is gonna charge me for ----

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: COME IN.!!

DOOR OPEN:

TEE: Hi, mister.

FIB: Eh? OH HEEYAH, TEENY. Shut the door.

TEE: Okay.

DOOR CLOSE:

TEE: Gee, mister, watcha doon with all the brooplints? Hmm. Watcha doon with 'em? Hmmm. Watcha? Hmm?

FIB: With all the what, sis?

TEE: Brooplints.

FIB: I think you mean BROOPLINTS.

TEE: What'd I say?'

FIB: You said BLUEPRINTS.

TEE: Oh. Scuse me.

FIB: It's okay. Being a kid, you're naturally unfamiliar with brooplints.

TEE: MmmHnn.

FIB: But, in answer your question of recent date, beg to state in reply that I am planning a few alterations on the house, You don't happen to know a good architect, do you?

TEE: Well, I...A GOOD WHAT, MISTER?

FIB: Architect.

TEE: What's a arkafreck?

FIB: Architect. An architect is a---...now wait a minute till I whip up one they can quote in the trade papers. (PAUSE) AN ARCHITECT, SIS, IS A MAN WHO SPENDS FIFTEEN YEARS STUDYING IN EUROPE LEARNING HOW TO DESIGN MARBLE RENAISSANCE RAILROAD STATIONS, AND THEN SPENDS THE REST OF HIS LIFE TURNING OUT STUCCO BUNGALOWS WITH CHROMIUM FURNITURE AND SHAKE ROOFS THAT CERTAINLY WILL IF THEY DOK'T PUT ANOTHER THOUSAND BUCKS INTO IT.

TEE: (GIGGLES) I don't get it.

FIB: Well, never mind. I guess the mysteries of building construction are a little intricate for a child of your age...and for a child of my age too, for that matter.

TEE: Look, mister, if you're gonna build another room on this house, how's about doing me a favor? Hmm? How's about it? Hmm? How's a?

FIB: I doubt if I'll go that far with my alterations, Teeny... but whats the favor?

TEE: It isn't really for me, mister. It's for Miss Yeagley.

FIB: Who?

TEE: Miss Yeagley. She's my teacher.

FIB: Oh, she is eh?

TEE: And she's...Hmm?

FIB: I said, she is, eh?

TEE: Is what?

FIB: Your teacher.

TEE: Who?

FIB: MISS YEAGLEY!!!

TEE: Well, gee, I know it....you don't have to yell at me, mister.

FIB: What's the favor you want me to do for Miss Yeagley?

TEE: Let her rent the new room from you. She can't afford to pay very much, mister, but she's awful nice.

FIB: Isn't Miss Yeagley happy where she's living now?

TEE: No.

FIB: Well, why doesn't she move to another place? They haven't got her chained to the doorknob, have they?

TEE: Mister, sometimes I wonder how you get along. On a teacher's salary, you don't live where you want to. You live where you have to.

FIB: Yes, I hear that ---

TEE: I heard her telling my mamma about where she lives. She says she has to knock icicles off the faucet to brush her teeth.

FIB: Sounds very uncomfortable.

TEE: I betcha it is, I betcha. (GIGGLES) Miss Yeagley told my mamma that one of these days she's gonna kick the principal just for the joy of getting into hot water. (GIGGLES) Well don't forget, Mister, if you build an extra room!

DOOR SIAM:

ORCH: KING'S MEN "RICKETY RICKSHAW MAN"

APPLAUSE:

FIB: Hey, Molly, La Trivia called. He said he was sending an architect out for consultation.

MOL: Well, it was very thoughtful of him, I'm sure. I hope you know exactly what you're going to consult the architect about.

FIB: Leave it to me, tootsie! I talk them guys's language. I even gotta book here on architecture. You know what a plinth is?

MOL: I haven't the thlightetht idea. How do you thpell it?

FIB: P-L-I-N-T-H. It's the bottom of a statue...or the lowest base of some masonry.

MOL: Well, for goodness sakes...what will they think of next!

FIB: I also know what a pediment is. A pediment is a--

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: Ahh, this must be the architect. Hand me that compass there. I wanna look busy with these blueprints... Okay.

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

FIB: (TO HIMSELF) Now, then...if I inset' a coupla mullions supported by a strong back, the stress will be perpendicular to the horizontal. OR --

DOC: WHAT THE DEVIL IS THIS NONSENSE?

FIB: DOC! IS THAT YOU?

MOL: If you hadn't been so involved putting on that corny act, dearie, you'd have known who it was. He thought you were an architect, Doctor.

DOC: He'll never fool an architect with that kind of sheepdip. Personally, I don't know an Etruscan temple from a quonset hut, but I could spot Egghead for a phoney as far as I could hear him.

FIB: Oh, yeah? Well, for your information, Blood Count, I've learned more about architecture just from reading in the last two days than you've learned about medicine in your whole murdering career!

MOL: Oh now, McGee...that's a pretty strong statement! Doctor Gamble is a very eminent member of the medical profession.

DOC: Thank you. Guilty as charged.

FIB: EMINENT, MY CLAVICLE! I wouldn't trust him to remove the warts from a dill pickle. He couldn't diagnose a case of ginger ale if it was dripping down his vest.

DOG: Schnauzer-puss, your derision arouses me like a deep-sea diver bobbing for apples. If the Smithsonian Institute ever saw your defense mechanism they'd grab it for their collection of primitive machinery. Now what is all this tutti-frutti about an architect?

MOL: Well, Doctor...himself here is planning a little remodeling and he wanted some advice from an architect. I know it's a little out of character for him to take advice.. but I think it should be encouraged.

FIB: I DON'T HAVE TO TAKE IT JUST BECAUSE I ASK FOR IT, YOU KNOW!

DOG: Now we're back in character, aren't we? Have you got an architect coming out, Buzzard-head - or did they all have time to look up your credit rating?

MOL: ~~We think~~ Mayor La Trivia is sending one out, Doctor. Because --

FIB: AND BY THE WAY, BONE-BENDER, YOU BEEN AWFULLY QUIET LATELY ABOUT FIFI TREMAXNE. WHAT'S COOKIN' ON THE FRONT BURNER, ROMEO? OR HAS LA TRIVIA GIVEN YOU THE BUM'S RUSH?

DOG: My boy, I am happy to report that Miss Tremayne is well and happy, beautiful and available and is having dinner with me tonight at a small rendezvous with bright waiters and dim lights.

MOL: And is the Mayor still in the picture, Doctor? Or has medicine made politics take a back seat?

FIB: Don't worry, Molly. La Trivia will be in there pitchin' till Fifi elopes with some guy these two saps never heard her mention. I know exactly the--

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: My goodness...I wonder who that could be.

FIB: You think that could be the architect?

MOL: Yes...I suppose it might.

FIB: Awful quick for him to get here.

MOL: Oh, I don't know.

DOC: Would it be silly of me to suggest that you open the door and find out? Or am I just a crude old man?

FIB: Not a bad idea, ~~Doc.~~ ^{Crude, old man} COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

ARCH: How do you do...I am Stanford Widdington Franless, the third. The architect,

MOL: How do you do, I'm sure. This is my husband, Mr. McGee... and this is Doctor Gamble.

FIB: Hiya, bud.

DOC: How do you do, Mr. Franless.

ARCH: Madam. Mr. McGee. Doctor. AH...Mayor La Trivia, who was an old classmate of mine at college --

MOL: Oh, yes...he and his 32 brothers.

ARCH: I beg your pardon?

FIB: Large family. Greeks.

ARCH: Really. Never suspected. Ahhh, may I ask what your problem is, Mr. McGee?

FIB: You betcha, bud. But first I'd like to know a little about your qualifications. I'm not takin' advice from just any old barn builder, you know.

DOC: A reasonable attitude, I'm sure. Don't you think so, Mr. Franless?

ARCH: Why....er....I.....ah.....well, I am not really accustomed to having my credentials questioned.

MOL: Oh, just tell him where you were born and educated and went to school and what buildings have you built and a few simple facts like that.

FIB: Yeah...just once over light, bud.

ARCH: I....er, very well. Educated Groton, Harvard, Ecole des Beaux Arts in Paris, various colleges in Rome, England, Vienna, and the Orient. Scholarships in seven universities. Degrees from six. Designed the Police Station in Upper Crenshaw, Wlthington, Hants, Devonshire; the opera building in Hochenochenstein, Bavaria; the Academy of Music in Madrid; innumerable private dwellings, and five office buildings in Egypt, Bolivia, Sourabaya, Vladivostock and a chinese laundry in Punxatawney, Pennsylvania.

FIB: One more test question, bud. If you're an architect, you know what a plinth is?

ARCH: Certainly! I used it in the class song which I wrote for the Academy of Architecture in Vienna.

MOL: What was the name of the song?

ARCH: "Some Day My Plinth Will Come."

DOC: You have a very impressive record, Mr. Franless. Why don't you tell him what you want, McGee?

MOL: Want the blueprints spread out again, dearie?

FIB: No thanks. I can show him, better. COME ON OUT IN THE KITCHEN, BUD.

ARCH: Certainly.

DOC: May I come, too? I wouldn't miss this for all the beef in Texas!

MOL: Certainly, Doctor. Come along...

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS INTO KITCHEN:

FIB: Now then, bud. See them wall cabinets up there?

ARCH: Yes, but---

FIB: I'm puttin' some new doors on 'em. And what I wanna know from you is....which'll look better - GLASS KNOBS OR WOODEN KNOBS?

(PAUSE)

ARCH: I...er....may I ask one question?

MOL: What is it, Mr. Franless?

ARCH: Does Mayor La Trvia wear a bullet-proof vest?

ORCH: "I CLOSE MY EYES" FADE FOR:

(2ND REVISION) -24-

Mr. Franless. Why

McGee?

in, dearie?

. COME ON OUT IN THE

this for all the beef

nets up there? ,

. And what I want
better - GLASS KNOBS

-proof vest?

McGEE 1-21-47

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL

I was reading one of those books on olden times the other day. You know the sort of thing -- all about days of old when knights were bold and wore a coat of shining armor? Well, I give you two guesses what popped into my mind. That's right....JOHNSON SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT - that modern coat of shining armor that protects your kitchen floor. Regular GLO-COAT care makes your linoleum last years longer. It's easy to apply -- there's no rubbing or buffing. Yet in 20 minutes, GLO-COAT dries to a bright wax shield that guards every inch of your floor. With JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT, when you spill something or when the children track in dirt, you no longer have to perform a major cleaning operation. You simply wipe the smooth waxed surface with a damp cloth and right away your floor is clean and nice as ever. Coat of shining armor? Yes, I think that description fits JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT rather well. Try it yourself and see!

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC: FADE FOR:

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WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

JANUARY 28, 1947