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(REVISED)

*File SCJ  
radio*

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

MAY 13th, 1947

NUMBER 33

-2-

WILCOX: THE JOHNSON'S WAX PROGRAM - 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 Gordon, Arthur Q. Bryan, Gene Carroll, 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:

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FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY  
5-13-47

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WILCOX: You know, during these nice early summer days, most of us like to be out of doors more often. I like to play a little golf myself, and putter round my garden. And you -- well, don't you like to get out of your kitchen just as much as you can? That's why you'll be more thankful than ever this summer that you can put a shining film of JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT on your kitchen linoleum. Regular GLO-COAT care saves hours of work all year round. Constant tiresome scrubbing is unnecessary, for one thing. Dirt and spilled things wipe right up with just a damp cloth. And JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT is so easy to apply. There's no rubbing or buffing -- just apply it and let it dry -- GLO-COAT shines as it dries. GLO-COAT makes linoleum and other floors so beautiful, too. Colors come bright and fresh -- patterns stand out again -- and the bright GLO-COAT shine is something you must see to believe. Try it. Have sparkling bright floors this summer and less work...with JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. It's the floor finish with the brighter shine!

ORCH: BRIDGE UP TO FINISH

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(REVISED) -4-

WILCOX: YOU WOULDN'T THINK A MAN COULD GET INTO MUCH TROUBLE SIMPLY WALKING FROM 79 WISTFUL VISTA TO THE ELKS CLUB AT 14TH AND OAK STREETS, WOULD YOU? WELL, IF THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, YOU DON'T KNOW OUR MR. MCGEE, OF---

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

(APPLAUSE)

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON SIDEWALK, SUSTAIN UNDER...

FIB: (SINGS) Ohhhh, I had a cocker spaniel and her name was Little Nelly...

Used to roll upon her back so we could scratch her on the stomach...

Ohhhh, the-monkey and coconuts, were...

MAN: PSSSSSSST!

FIB: Gotta get that pivot tooth tightened. Gettin' so I hiss like a skillet full o' salt pork. If I ever....

MAN: PSSSSSSST! Hey, buddy!

FIB: Who said that?

MAN: Me, Mac!.....over here in the doorway.

FIB: Eh? Oh. Hiyah, bud! If this is a stickup, you need a little more experience. I'm flatter'n a cop's arches.

MAN: Nah nah nah...this ain't a stickup, pal. I wanna do you a favor.

FIB: A likely story! Guys don't stop guys in doorways to do guys favors. You think I just come in from Peoria on a load of hay, or something?

MAN: Not you, brother! I know a city man when I see one, and what I got here wouldn't interest no yokels.

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(REVISED) -4-

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SIMPLY WALKING FROM 79 WISTFUL VISTA TO THE ELKS CLUB AT  
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-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

(APPLAUSE)

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FIB: (SINGS) Ohhhh, I had a cocker spaniel and her name was  
Little Nelly...

Used to roll upon her back so we could scratch  
her on the stomach...

Ohhhh, the monkey and cocoanuts, were...

MAN: PSSSSSSSST!

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like a skillet full o' salt pork. If I ever....

MAN: PSSSSSST! Hey, buddy!

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guys favors. You think I just come in from Peoria on a  
load of hay, or something?

MAN: Not you, brother! I know a city man when I see one, and  
what I got here wouldn't interest no yokels.

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(REVISED) -5-

FIB: Whaddye mean? Whaddya got? And if you're gonna try and  
sell me a genuine sable coat that you smuggled outa Russia  
in a bucket o' borscht, you are barkin' up the wrong  
citizen.

MAN: Look, Mac...that hot fur stuff is strickly a racket, see?  
This is legit. C'mere...(LOWERS VOICE) I don't wanna  
broadcast this.

FIB: Okay, but---

MAN: I been waitin' here all morning for some guy to come past  
that looks like he knew a real handwoven Irish tweed when  
he seen it.

FIB: IRISH TWEED? HANDWOVE ? NO KIDDING?

MAN: Three bolts of the finest homespun Irish tweed that ever  
come out of Donegal, pal! Frankly, I smuggled it in, see?

FIB: In that case, include me out, bud. Smuggling is illegal.  
It's cheatin' the government.

MAN: Look, Mac...leave us be logical. Who's the government? The  
government is the people. Who's the people? Me and you.  
If we cheat ourselves, who cares? I got three bolts of  
Irish tweed you can have for peanuts. Me Mother needs the  
money.

FIB: Where you got it?

MAN: Down the alley in a empty rubbish can. (Come on...lemme  
show you...(FADE) This is the greatest bargain you ever...

MUSIC: BRIDGE: (IRISH REEL)

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(REVISED) -6-

FIB: So, we walks down the alley, Molly, and when he lifts the lid off that empty rubbish can... there it was!..THREE BOLTS OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL IRISH TWEED YOU EVER SCRATCHED YOUR FINGERS ON! LOOK AT IT!! HANDWOVE...!!

MOL: MmmHm!

FIB: He says I could have the three bolts for ten bucks a bolt, and I played it cagey. I says it's too much, pretending I wasn't interested. So he says if ten bucks a bolt is too much, I could have all three for thirty-five bucks! So I grabs it.

MOL: Dearie.....remember that picture in the photo album, of you as a little boy, playing horse with a harness around your shoulders and your brother Mickey holding the reins?

FIB: Yeah but what's that got to --

MOL: Your brother knew you better than I do. He played it safe.

FIB: I don't get the -

MOL: McGee, this so-called Irish Tweed is not worth the thread to make it into fish nets. It's junk.

FIB: (LAUGHS TOLERANTLY) You think so eh? You think this guy would of risked smuggling it in from Ireland if it wasn't worth good dough?

MOL: How do you know he smuggled it in from Ireland?

FIB: He showed me his mother's picture that he was gonna send the money home to.

MOL: How did you know it was his mother?

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(REVISED) -6-

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MOL: Dearie.....remember that picture in the photo album, of you as a little boy, playing horse with a harness around your shoulders and your brother Mickey holding the reins?

FIB: Yeah but what's that got to --

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MOL: How do you know he smuggled it in from Ireland?

FIB: He showed me his mother's picture that he was gonna send the money home to.

MOL: How did you know it was his mother?

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FIB: It said so, underneath the picture. Whistler's Mother.  
His name was Patrick Michael Whistler.

MOL: Listen, my little pigeon. Whistler's Mother is a famous  
painting. If her son were living he'd be one hundred and  
thirteen years old.

FIB: WELL, BY GEORGE HE DON'T LOOK IT! HE HANDLED THESE THREE  
HEAVY BOLTS OF TWEED LIKE THEY WERE NOTHING!

MOL: I'll bet he did. All right. What's done is done, dearie.  
What are you going to do with it?

FIB: Make a few bucks on it. Sell it to a few friends. Oughtta  
be 25 yards to a bolt. That's 75 yards. Sell it for  
maybe ten bucks a yard. That's 750 dollars. Minus  
thirty-five is 7 hundred and fifteen bucks profit! WOW...  
WHAT AN INVESTMENT.!!

MOL: Let me see that cloth again.

FIB: Here. Take a look. See how loose wove it is? See them  
little twigs and stuff in it?

MOL: MmmHm. I can see why Ireland stayed neutral in the war.  
Nobody'd DARE get into an argument wearing stuff like this.

FIB: Well, wimmin don't know much about tweeds. That's strictly  
a man's material. It's outdoorsy.

MOL: It can't go outdoorsy too quicksey for meesey!

FIB: You wait and see how it makes up, kiddo! I better measure  
it and see how much I can keep for myself. Got a tape  
measure?

MOL: There's one in my sewing basket upstairs. Lena will get  
it for you.

FIB: Swell. HEY, LENA...LENA.!!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN:

LENA: I got the tape measure right here, Mr. McGee,...I been  
checkin' myself and I'm a perfect thirty-six!

MOL: You are, Lena? A thirty-six?

LENA: Jist exactly, honey. Thirty around the middle and six  
around the neck!

FIB: Yeah, but Lena -

LENA: Ohhh, I always had wonderful proportions! Like the Venus  
de Mildew, people said. I won a bathing beauty contest  
once, in Cleveland...I was Miss Shaker Heights of 1926.  
Had a real good offer from the movies, too.

MOL: NOT REALLY, LENA...AN OFFER FROM THE MOVIES?

LENA: Yes, they wanted me to play opposite Barbara Stanwyck.  
They said they've never seen NOBODY as opposite Barbara  
as I was!

FIB: But did you ever actually WORK in pictures, Lena?

LENA: Well, not actually, no. I didn't think it was dignified.  
They just wanted me to be a standby.

FIB: Stand-in.

LENA: Yes...a stand-in.

MOL: But that's not undignified, Lena. Lots of stand-ins have  
become stars, you know.

LENA: I wouldn't of, Honey. They wanted me to stand in for a  
horse in the Skipalong Hassidy pictures. And I knew I'd  
never get to be a horse.

(REVISED) -9-

FIB: No, you're a little dark for a palomino, Lena. HEY, TAKE  
A LOOK AT THIS IRISH TWEED MATERIAL I JUST BOUGHT.  
Beautiful, eh?

LENA: Is THAT Irish Tweed, Mr. McGee...? Well, goodness me!  
Wouldn't my papa have LOVED some of that!

FIB: He would, eh?

MOL: Was your father Irish by birth, Lena?

LENA: No, by extraction, Honey. After he had his teeth pulled,  
he had the most beautiful brogue you ever heard! WELL,  
CALL ME - UNLESS YOU WANT ANYTHING!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM:

ORCH: "ILLUSION"

APPLAUSE:

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SECOND SPOT

-10-

FIB: Hey, Molly..I just measured this cloth. Only sixty yards.  
But at ten bucks a yard, that's 600 bucks! Not bad for  
a mornin's work, eh?

MOL: Look, dearie...60 yards of cloth will make an awful lot  
of suits...and in this case I do mean awful -but what  
makes you think anybody will buy it?

FIB: BECAUSE MY FRIENDS KNOW CLOTHES, THAT'S WHY. Take Wilcox,  
for instance. Snappiest dresser in town. He'll knock  
me down to get four yards of this tweed.

MOL: He'll probably knock you down for just suggesting it.

FIB: AND DOC GAMBLE! Now there's a guy who really NEEDS a  
new suit. He always looks like he'd got dressed in the  
wrong upper berth with the train pulling in.

MOL: Oh I don't know, McGee. He goes to the best tailors in  
town.

FIB: Yeah..and you know what?. They give him a 25% discount if  
they don't have to put their labels in his coats. That  
guy could get nine fittings on a three-hundred dollar  
suit, put it on, and get pinched for vagrancy outside the  
shop! Why if he ever--

SOUND: DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Well heavenly days, it's the Doctor himself. COME IN,  
DOCTOR.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSE:

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DOC: Thank you, my dear. Hello, Bucklewart. You look well pleased with yourself, today. You must have had Faultless in the Preakness.

MOL: No, he got tweeds in the alley, Doctor.

DOC: I beg your pardon?

FIB: Tell me something, Sabu,----

DOC: Sabu?

FIB: Elephant Boy. I don't like to get personal, but how much did the upholsterer blackmail you for the slip-cover you're wearing?

MOL: He doesn't like to get personal, he says.

DOC: That's all right, my dear. I see so much politeness in the course of my professional day that his vulgarity is rather refreshing. What was the question again, Gargantua?

FIB: I was asking, my dear medico, what you had to lay on the line for that double-breasted awning you got on. That beach umbrella with sleeves.

MOL: I think it's a very handsome suit, McGee. Needs a little pressing perhaps, but it's nice material.

DOC: Frankly, my boy, it's none of your ~~(THREE SECOND PALE)~~ business. But ~~if you have had any restless nights, worrying about it,~~ <sup>get me back</sup> this suit was one hundred and fifty dollars. It has a concealed pocket in the vest where I carry a loaded revolver, so if you have any more insulting questions, I'd suggest you precede them with a brief prayer.

FIB: I'm not being insulting, Fatso. I'm going to do you a favor.

DOC: That's what Hitler said just before he marched into Poland.

MOL: Show him the goods, dearie...and then jump back.

DOC: Goods?

FIB: Take a gander at this bolt of handwove Irish Tweed, Dooky. Imagine yourself in the Easter Parade wearin' a suit <sup>made</sup> ~~made~~ of that! You'd have every rich millionaire in town breakin' his leg so he could get to know you.

DOC: Hmm. Irish tweed, you say?

MOL: They make it strictly for export, Doctor. A proud people, the Irish.

DOC: I see what you mean. Where'd you get it, sonny?

MOL: He bought it from a man in a doorway.

FIB: From a guy that smuggled it in, Butcher-boy. Gonna sell it at a sacrifice to a few close friends. And I haven't got a friend that's any closer than you are.

MOL: Ten dollars a yard, Doctor.

DOC: I'll take three yards.

MOL: WHAT??

FIB: YOU WILL?

MOL: YOU MEAN YOU REALLY LIKE THIS MATERIAL, DOCTOR?

DOC: For my purpose, it's perfect. You see, I frequently have calls late at night...have to drive out into the country...bad weather...bad roads...

FIB: I get it. You want a material that's warm and wears good, eh?

(REVISED) -13-

DOC: No, when I get stuck in the mud, I like to have something to throw under the wheels. Send it over to me any time, McGee. Good day.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM:

MOL: To throw under his wheels in the mud! That's what HE thinks of your Irish tweed, dearie.

FIB: (LAUGHS)...DON'T KID YOURSELF, SNOOKY!! He just says that so I wouldn't raise the price when I seen he wanted it...Hey, I better pull down the window shade so the sun don't fade this stuff. These high-class materials are liable to...

SOUND: RUNAWAY WINDOW SHADE...FLAP-FLAP-FIAP

FIB: DAD RAT THAT DAD RATTED WINDOW SHADE....I GOTTA FIX THAT THING ONE OF THESE DAYS...

MOL: There's no hurry. I've stopped leaping three feet every time it goes up. Now I just twitch a little.

FIB: Well, I'll stop at the hardware store sometime and -

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

WIL: Hello, folks. Remember me - the man that sells the stuff to raise the dough to buy the time to put you on so I can come in and sell the stuff??

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Just the guy I wanted to see, Junior. You're one of the few fellas around here who knows good material.

WIL: Yes, and I want to talk to you about that. If you can't get me out on a laugh once in awhile, Racine will start thinking I'm -

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(REVISED) -14-

MOL: No no no, Mr. Wilcox. He means CLOTHING material. Not comedy material. Although, on second thought, maybe it is.

FIB: Know a good Irish tweed when you see it, Junior?

WIL: Sure.

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

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH IT? THIS IS A FINE TWEED. HERE, JUNIOR...TAKE A LOOK AT THIS BOLT OF CLOTH.

(PAUSE)

WIL: What is it?

MOL: A good question!

FIB: Boy, this is the finest Irish tweed ever brung---

MOL: BROUGHT.

FIB: Ever imported out of Ireland. Close your eyes and smell that material, Junior. It's got the very fragrance of Ould Ireland!

WIL: Well, I don't know if--

FIB: Can't you just picture those happy weavers, singin' "Meet Me In the Garden Where the Praties Grow" as the mist rises over the peat bogs, and the wet smacks of tourists kissing the Blarney Stone come wafting across the River Shannon and the Little People pick shamrocks on the road to County Clare and the pretty spalpeens lace up their shillaleys for a gay mavouneen in the bright macushla?

MOL: And Pat O'Brian jumps off the roof of Grauman's Chinese Theatre?

WIL: It just smells like cloth to me, Pal. Where'd you get it?

MOL: He bought it from a man in a doorway.

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FIB: Son, - I'm in a position to let you have a few yards of this at the reduced rate of ten bucks a yard.

WIL: Oh, I don't think I -

FIB: WAIT, BOY!!! DONT GIVE ME YOUR DECISION RIGHT OFF THE BAT. THINK IT OVER. I THOUGHT YOU WERE A LITTLE FANATIC ABOUT QUALITY MERCHANDISE.

WIL: Oh I am, but --

MOL: After all, Mr. Wilcox..why is Johnson's Wax so outstanding?

WIL: Why because it's the finest product of it's kind, of course.

FIB: EXACTLY...!! AND WHAT DO YOU TELL PEOPLE WHEN YOU SELL IT?

WIL: Why, I simply say that Johnson's Wax is the finest wax polish that money can buy. I tell them it's a delight to the proud housekeeper..that it keeps floors furniture and woodwork bright, spotless and gleaming. That it protects, beautifies and preserves. That it makes a house a home and makes every shining surface reflect hospitality.

MOL: That's what McGee means, Mr. Wilcox..APPEARANCE is so important.

WIL: Certainly..first impressions are lasting impressions. Go into a home that uses Johnson's wax and you immediately get the impression of healthful cleanliness.

FIB: Absolutely. Therefore, a coat made of this Irish tweed -

WIL: I always say that Johnson's Wax is the coat of armor that guards against dust and dirt and dampness.

MOL: But this tweed material is -

WIL: For all wood and enameled surfaces, Johnson's Wax is a MUST. The best housekeepers have used it for generations. How many cans do you want?

FIB: Better give us half a dozen, eh, Molly?

MOL: At least.

WIL: Okay. I'll send <sup>Lawrence's Drug Store</sup> 'em over first thing tomorrow. Thanks very much.

FIB: Not at all, Waxey. Glad you told us about it. Come again.

WIL: I will. So long.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: Quite a salesman, that lad. (CHUCKLES) He makes Johnson's Wax sound so good that..(PAUSE) HEY, I WAS TRYING TO SELL HIM SOMETHING!

MOL: He out-talked you, dearie. You were up against a professional. Well, I've got to go up stairs and sort the laundry. (FADE) Lunch will be ready in about half an hour...

FIB: OKAY, TOOTSIE. (TO HIMSELF) Ahh, there goes a good kid! She thinks I got rooked with this Irish tweed, but who knows best about materials? Her or me? Don't answer that, McGee, because--

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

FIB: COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN:

TEE: Hi, mister.

FIB: Oh Hiyah, Teeny. WHAT YOU ALL DRESSED UP FOR?

(REVISED) -17-

TEE: I'M going to the circus, I betcha. My daddy's taking me.  
FIB: He is, eh?  
TEE: ..and he always...HMM?  
FIB: I says he is, eh?  
TEE: Is what?  
FIB: Taking you to the circus.  
TEE: Who?  
FIB: YOUR DADDY!  
TEE: I KNOW IT. HE'S TAKING ME AND WILLIE TOOPS.  
FIB: Okay. You like circuses?  
TEE: Sure I do, I betcha.. I think circuses are more fun than any thing. Gee, they got lines and tigers and elephants and hipplepottlemisses, and kalamazoos and -  
FIB: AND WHAT, SIS?  
TEE: Hmmm?  
FIB: What were those last animals?  
TEE: Kalamazoos. That's kind of like a big rabbit with little bitty front feet and they carry their babies in their watch pockets.  
FIB: (LAUGHS) You mean KANGAROOS, SIS. Kalamazoo is a town in Michigan.  
  
(PAUSE)  
TEE: Why?  
FIB: I DUNNO. THAT'S JUST THE NAME OF IT, THAT'S ALL.  
TEE: Is that where they get all the kalamazoos for the circusses??  
FIB: Where?  
TEE: In Kangaroo, Michigan?

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McGee - 5/13/47

(2ND REVISION) -18-

FIB: LOOK, sis. They don't get kalamaz-- er...they don't get kangaroos in Kalamazoo - they get kalamazoos in Australia. I mean that's where they get KANGAROOS.  
TEE: Why don't they get 'em in Michigan? That's closer, I betcha.  
FIB: BECAUSE THEY COME FROM AUSTRALIA. THAT'S THE ONLY PLACE THEY HAVE 'EM.  
TEE: Except Michigan, hmm?  
FIB: Yes, excep-- NO! THEY DON'T HAVE 'EM IN MICHIGAN! THAT'S KALAMAZOO!  
TEE: You ever see one, Mister?  
FIB: See what?  
TEE: A kalamazoo?  
FIB: Certainly. When I was in vaudeville, they had boxing kalamazoos. Had boxing gloves on their hind feet. I remember one time we were playing Kangaroo, Michigan... Now wait a minute...Look, you better run along, sis. You don't want to be late for the circus.  
TEE: No, I wanna have plenty of time to see a line, and a elephant, an' a kalamazoo an' a Girard.  
FIB: There you go again! It isn't Girard, it's GIRAFFE!  
TEE: There you go again, Mister. This is cousin Girard. He's meeting us at the circus. So long, Mister!

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH & KING'S MEN: "YOU CAN'T TELL A MAN BY HIS HAT"

APPLAUSE:

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THIRD SPOT

(REVISED) -19-

MOL: It was nice of you to drop in, Mr. Wimple.

WIMP: Thank you.

FIB: Lucky, too, Wimp. For you, I mean. I'm gonna do something for you.

WIMP: NO THANK YOU, Mr. McGee. People are always doing things for me and I'm always getting into trouble.

MOL: How's that, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: Well, just this morning, Sweetface - that's my Big Old Wife --

FIB: Yeah...we know.

WIMP: Sweetface said...Wallace, she said, I'm going to do something for you. And I said, yes dear, and she said "Some of the girls are coming for luncheon, and I'm going to let you make the lemonade". (SNICKERS) And I did, too.

MOL: What's so amusing about that, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: Well, I'm going back after lunch and walk right up to her and say "LISTEN, YOU BIG...MOOSE...AFTER THIS YOU CAN MIX YOUR OWN LEMONADE!"

FIB: Wow!...what'll she say to that, Wimp?

WIMP: (SNICKERS) Nothing. She'll be asleep. They'll ALL be asleep.

MOL: Heavenly days...You mean...?

WIMP: Yes...(CHUCKLES) Mickeys.

FIB: Well look, Wimp, I got three bolts of genuine handwove Irish tweed here that I bought.

MOL: From a man in a doorway.

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(REVISED) -20-

FIB: Yeah, you know anything about good Irish tweed, Wimp?

WIMP: No I don't, Mr. McGee. Sweetface buys all my clothes.

MOL: Really? Don't you EVER buy any clothes for yourself?

WIMP: I bought a pair of gloves, once. I got SO tired of wearing those mittens with the string running through my sleeves.

FIB: What happened when Sweetface found that out, Wimp?

WIMP: Oh, she just had a tantrum, Mr. McGee. She snatched my Bird Book out of my hand and hit me on the head with it.

MOL: With what, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: My Bird Book. You see, I had been reading about the Silver Crested Whickie of Pennsylvania, which builds *plumbing into its nest with soda straws, and--then when Sweetface*

DOOR CHIME:

WIMP: May I come in?

FIB: You are in, Wimp. That's somebody else.

WIMP: Oh. Excuse me.

MOL: Certainly, Mr. Wimple. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

FIB: My gosh...La Trivia. Hiya, La Triv.

MOL: Hello, Mr. Mayor.

GAIE: Hello, Molly. Hello, McGee...and Wallace.

WIMP: Good day, Your Honor.

GAIE: Haven't seen you since you sneaked out one night and met me in the Chinese Restaurant, Wallace. (LAUGHS) I hope there were no unfortunate repercussions to that event?

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WIMP: Well, there were, but they've healed up by now.

MOL: Like Chinese food, Your Honor?

GALE: Very fond of it, Molly. In fact, I learned how to cook rice, myself.

FIB: You gimme your recipe for rice, and I'll give you my recipe for hot chocolate, La Triv.

WIMP: What's your recipe for hot chocolate, Mr. McGee?

FIB: I take chocolate, and heat it. Now you tell me your recipe for rice, La Triv.

MOL: And I hope it isn't quite so complicated.

WIMP: Yes, I hope so, too.

GALE: It's very simple, Wimple. First you boil the rice, then you put it in a collendar and run cold water thru it.

FIB: What month, La Triv?

GALE: I beg your pardon? Oh...this was last month. April.

WIMP: You punch holes in it, I suppose?

GALE: In what?

MOL: In the collendar. I suppose for a large batch of rice you use a long month out of the collendar.

WIMP: If you run out of collendars, Mr. Mayor, I've got a lot of old ones. I don't suppose it matters what year.

GALE: I AM NOT TALKING ABOUT CALENDARS...I SAID COLLENDARS.

FIB: What's the difference how you pronounce it, boy? Molly says saucep'n, and I say SAUCEPAN, but it cooks the same stuff.

GALE: What I was trying to say was that a colendar and a calendar are two different things.

WIMP: I know they are, Mr. Mayor. I got one from the bank with a picture of a pretty girl on it and I got one from the butcher with a cow on it and Sweetface let me keep the one with the cow.

GALE: LOOK, WHEN I SAID A COWLINDER...ER..A COLENDAR, I DIDN'T MEAN I COOKED THE GOOSE...ER..COOKED THE RICE IN A CALENDAR. A COLLENDER IS A HOLE WITH BONES IN IT...ER..A BOWL WITH HOLES IN IT, AND --

MOL: Oh come now, Mr. Mayor...don't get so excited about it. Every cook has his own way of doing things. If you want to punch holes in a calendar, I'm sure we -

GALE: I DON'T PUNCH CALS IN A HOLENDAR. I MEAN WHEN I COOK RICE, I RUN THRU SOME COLD WATER..I MEAN I RUN SOME COLD CALENDARS ..ER..WATER THRU A .. YOU SAID I.....(PAUSE)....No. I can't go thru with this sort of thing today. I have much too much on my mind.

FIB: What's cooking LaTriv? Besides you?

GALE: Oh we have a small crime wave going on in town, McGee. Series of robberies.

MOL: Heavenly days, robberies? Any very big ones, Mr. Mayor?

GALE: No. As a matter of fact, these burglars don't seem to have much judgment, Molly. Last night they broke into the Wistful Vista Sack and Bag Company and took a truckload of burlap.

FIB: Burlap???

GALE: YES, AND THEY'VE BEEN SELLING IT TO PEOPLE AROUND TOWN AS IRISH TWEED...FOR TWO DOLLARS A BOLT.

FIB: TWO BUCKS A BOLT! WHY, THE DIRTY CROOKS!!

CHORUS OF ASSENT...FADE INTO:

ORCH: "MI VIDA"...FADE FOR:

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Tell me, how does your car look? Be honest, now - is it a good deal dirtier and gloomier looking than you'd like it to be? If it is, I think I know the reason - whoever does the car polishing in your house is waiting for an easy way to do the job. Well sir, he need not wait a day longer. The easy way to polish your car is here - and it's called JOHNSON'S CARNU. Even if you searched the whole country, you wouldn't find a car polish that's easier to use than CARNU. You see, JOHNSON'S CARNU is a liquid that both cleans and polishes your car in one quick application. Here are the simple directions. You apply CARNU, rubbing just enough to loosen the road grime, and let it dry to a white powder. Then you wipe this powder off. All the dirt and road grime disappear, and take it from me, the shine on your car does your heart good. Why not try easy-to-use JOHNSON'S CARNU...it's wonderful. One quick application and you'll have a clean, sparkling car that's a joy to drive.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC, FADE FOR:

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TAG

FIB: ...and after I described the guy, the cops went right out and picked him up, Molly. Him and his pal.

MOL: Wonderful! So you helped capture the Burlap Burglars.

FIB: Yep - they got the whole truckload of loot back. And you know what I'm gonna do with the reward?

MOL: Reward??

FIB: Yep. I'm gonna give it all to you, kiddo. You been wanting new drapes for the living room, and this reward'll come in handy to--

MOL: Oh, McGee - you darling! How much is it?

FIB: Ten bolts ... Goodnight.

MOL: Oh ... Goodnight, all.

PLAYOFF AND SIGNOFF

WIL: This is Harlow Wilcox, speaking for the makers of Johnson's Wax <sup>Product</sup> ~~Finishes~~ for home and industry, and inviting you to be with us again next Tuesday night. Goodnight.

ANNCR: THIS IS NBC - THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

(CHIMES)

WRITERS: