

FIBBER MCGEE AND

MOLLY

Written by Don Quinn and Phil

Leslie (Revised)

NBC RED

6:30 - 7:00 pm PST

June 8, 1943

"Fibber Has a Happy Face"

WIL:
FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

THE JOHNSON'S WAX PROGRAM ... WITH

ORCH:

THEME: FADE FOR:

WIL:
Car-Nu and

The Makers of Johnson's Wax, Johnson's

present Fibber McGee

Johnson's Self-Polishing Glocoat

with music by the

and Molly, written by Don Quinn ...

King's Men and Billy Mills' Orchestra.

ORCH:
FOR COMMERCIAL)

"GEE BUT IT'S FUN TO SING A SONG" (FADE

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WIL:
and with it that

Well, summer does seem to have arrived,

chance to be out of

welcome change of activities and the

demonstrates

doors more. May I suggest that summer

JOHNSON'S WAX? Take

some very important extra uses for

tennis rackets,

your sporting things, for example --

baseball bats and

golf clubs and bags, fishing rods,

them all with a

gloves -- did you remember to protect

them away? If you did,

coat of JOHNSON'S WAX when you put

condition, fit as a
keeps the wood and
the metal surfaces,
how about your
outdoor furniture of
waxing these things
missed a good bet.
these extra uses for
number of you in
bear them in mind,
your floors,

ORCH:

WIL:
IF YOU'RE A SLOW

WISTFUL VISTA, ON A
THAT LITTLE ORPHAN,
FIND MR. MCGEE, OF-

APPLAUSE:

SOUND:

you'll probably find them in good
fiddle and ready for use. The wax
leather from drying out -- protects
too, against dampness and dirt. Then
screen frames -- and your porch and
metal or wood? If you haven't been
with genuine JOHNSON'S WAX, you've
As a matter of fact, every one of
JOHNSON'S WAX has been suggested by a
recent letters. Many thanks -- and
won't you, next time you JOHNSON'S WAX
furniture and woodwork.

(SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH)

ONE GOOD THING ABOUT THE SUNDAY PAPERS.

READER, THEY LAST ALL WEEK.

AND HERE IN THE LIVING ROOM AT 79

TUESDAY AFTERNOON, CATCHING UP WITH

ANNIE, AND THAT FAMOUS DICK, TRACY, WE

--FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

RATTLE OF PAPER

FIB:
Molly...you ever

Oh boy...is this rich! (LAUGHS) Hey,

read Chief Wahoo?

MOL:

Who?

FIB:

Wah.

MOL:

Wah who?

FIB:
funnies. (LAUGHS)

Yeah. Wahoo. Indian character in the

a year for the braves

He's gotta idea to set aside one week

a rest, see? - so

to do all the work and give the squaws

husband, he -

old Mooseface, that's Butterball's

MOL:
to read the

OH DON'T TELL ME, MCGEE! You KNOW I like

funnies myself.

FIB:
ARTICLE IN THE

He's always -- HEY, HERE'S A INTERESTING

feel is reflected

SCIENTIFIC SECTION. Says "The way you

in the way you look".

MOL:
who's ever owned

That's a startling discovery. Anybody

a looking-glass knows that.

FIB:
- and I quote -

That ain't the point. It goes on to say

happy and healthy,

"The reverse is also true. If you LOOK

body subconsciously

you'll FEEL happy and healthy. Your

reacts to your facial expression".

MOL:
just before I

I must be a pretty picture of womanhood

sneeze, then.

FIB:
good and be healthy

puss all fixed for

happy all the time

MOL:

FIB:

MOL:
Happiness should be

happy all the time.

horses so glassy-eyed.

FIB:
think I WILL

my way through life.

MOL:
least

will be on your face.

FIB:
(LAUGHS) Always joshin'

got happiness

sir...HAPPY-GO-LUCKY McGEE,

tonic for --

SOUND:

MOL:
installment on the piano,

BE happy. I'll

No, the idea is that the way to feel

is to ACT healthy and happy. Get your

it and your body reacts, see? ACT

and you'll BE happy all the time.

That, dear boy, is a lot of mulligatawny.

Eh?

The human race isn't built for it.

taken in small doses. Nobody can be

That's what makes the merry-go-round

Personally, I think it's worth trying. I

try it. From now on, I'M gonna SMILE

Go ahead, dearie. Be a happiness boy. At

it'll be easier on my nerves that it

Ahhh, you're a great kid, Molly!

me. You go ahead and be a pessimist. I

enough for both of us. Yes

THAT'S ME! I'll be the greatest little

(DOORBELL)

If that's the man to collect the

just tell hime to LOOK happy and he'll

run up and get the iodine.

FIB: I DON'T CARE WHO IT IS. I LOVE
EVERYBODY. COME IN,

COME IN, COME IN!!

SOUND: (DOOR OPEN)

VIRG: How do you do. I am --

FIB: HIYAH, SIS...MIGHTY HAPPY TO SEE YOU
AGAIN...YES SIR...MIGHTY

HAPPY!! JUST STEP IN AND GET A LOAD OF
THE JOY OF LIVING,

SIS. MAKE OUR HOUSE YOUR HOME...WE
CALL IT "CONTENTMENT

COTTAGE".

MOL: Since when, McGee?

FIB: Since just now. Sis, you look kinda
careworn and worried.

DON'T FEEL LIKE THAT...BE GAY! (MERRY
LAUGH) BE CHEERFUL!

AS YOU LOOK, SO YOU'LL FEEL. TAKE ME,
FOR INSTANCE...

MOL: Yes, take him...and don't bring him back
till he has a

good grouch on. What was it you
wanted, dearie?

VIRG: Lady, I'm trying to sell magazines...I
haven't sold a

single subscription today....I'm
tired, and hungry, and

almost broke.

FIB: That's because you ain't got the right
attitude, sis.

Things will come your way if you only
LOOK cheerful.

Yes sir, laugh and the world laughs
with you, cry and

you'll ruin your beer. (LAUGHS) That's

what I always

say, and --

MOL:

McGEE!!

FIB:

Eh?

MOL:

magazine. We

Give the lady three dollars and order a

NEED some magazines.

FIB:

But Molly, all her troubles are --

MOL:

NEVER SEEN ANY

DON'T TELL ME ABOUT HER TROUBLES...I'VE

YET THAT HARD CASH WOULDN'T HELP MORE

THAN A LOT OF SOFT

WORDS.

FIB:

bucks. Send us

Well....okay. Here, sis...here's three

the Reader's Digest.

VIRG:

just --

Yes sir, and thank you very much...I'll

FIB:

read it in bed

I like the Reader's Digest because I can

and if I drop off to sleep I know it

ain't gonna kill me

if it falls on me. (LAUGHS) That's the

way I look at

things, sis...the cheerful side...BE

CHEERFUL AND THINGS

WILL COME YOUR WAY -

SOUND:

(SLAP ... DOOR SLAM)

FIB:

DONE? SLAPPED ME

Well, for the...DID YOU SEE WHAT SHE

WITH THAT BATCH OF MAGAZINES!!!

MOL:

Encyclopaedia

You're just lucky she wasn't selling the

Britannica.

FIB: BUT AFTER WE HELPED HER! MY GOSH, SUCH
UNGRATEFULTUDE!!

MOL: Look, dearie, YOU CAN'T POUR HAPPINESS
ONTO PEOPLE LIKE

IT WAS A PITCHER OF MAPLE SYRUP.

FIB: Yeah, but --

MOL: If you want to laugh merrily and dance
around on the lawn

nobody's business. BUT

in your carefree abandon, it's

DON'T TRY TO SELL EVERYBODY ELSE.

FIB: That's where you're wrong, Molly. The
idea is to SPREAD

happiness. Like throwin' a rock into a

river. The

ripples spread. I'm gonna be the rock.

MOL: Yes, and SOMEBODY'S going to throw you
into the river.

FIB: Well, (LAUGHS) EVERYTHING HAPPENS FOR
THE BEST, IS WHAT

I ALWAYS SAY! YES SIR!! ONE MINOR

SETBACK ---

SOUND: (DOOR CHIME)

MOL: Turn on the charm, dearie...here comes
another victim.

FIB: (LAUGHS) AHH, GOOD... GOOD...
GOOD!! EVERYBODY COMES TO SEE

OL' HAPPY GO LUCKY McGEE!! I MUST DO

SOMETHING TO PEOPLE.

MOL: Nothing that a little bicarbonate of soda
wouldn't settle.

COME IN!!

SOUND: (DOOR OPEN)

OLD MAN: (WEARILY) Hello, kids...mind if I set
down a spell?

MOL: Of course not, Mr. Old timer...sit right
down....

FIB: DON'T LOOK SO DOWNHEARTED, OLD SOCK!
CHEER UP! SNAP OUT

GREY TODAY...THE OF IT. (LAUGHS) WHAT IF THE SKIES LOOK
SKIES BRING THE GREY SKIES BRING THE BLUE SKIES...BLUE
SUNSHINE...

MOL: And sunshine brings flowers and flowers
bring hay-fever,
lecture, McGee. What's the so just skip the inspirational
matter, Mr. Old Timer?

OLD M: It's....it's Bessie, kids.

FIB: Eh? Bessie?

MOL: Your girl? The one you're engaged to?

OLD M: Yep. Bessie's threw me down. I been jolted.

MOL: You mean jilted.

OLD M: Yes, but it was a jilt with a jolt,
daughter. Here I was,
looked a another woman derby-over-britches in love, never
then, but there I was, ...well-l-l-l, maybe I LOOKED, now'n
movie two nights a savin' my money, takin' Bessie to a
violets - week, always sendin' her a corset of

MOL: Corsage.

OLD M: Corsage. AND WHAT HAPPENS? SHE THROWS ME
OVER LIKE A
BROKEN TOY. THAT'S WHAT I AM, KIDS...A
BROKEN TOY. PASSION'S PLAYTHING...I'M DESPERATE. I
THINK I'LL GO

CLOTHES-LINE AND HOME AND HANG MYSELF...A CARPET ON THE
WHALE THE BEJUNIOR OUT OF IT!

FIB: AH AH AHH...none o' that now, Old Timer!
That's just self-pity! You gotta look for the
SILVER LINING. Nobody ever lost anything by bein'
cheerful, my friend. ACT happy and you'll BE happy...that's
the stuff. What if you did get tossed over? What's a
woman anyway... remember what Kipling says...A RAG, A
BONE and 12 BOBBY PINS. (LAUGHS) JUST THINK, YOU
MIGHTA GOT MARRIED TO BESSIE AND THEN FOUND OUT SHE
LEAVES THE CAP OFF THE TOOTHPASTE TUBE. WHY, YOU DON'T KNOW
WHEN YOU'RE WELL OFF!!

OLD M: It's no use, Johnny. My heart's busted. I'm
gonna git me a job as a welder....long as I'm
carryin' the torch I might as well...(PAUSE) Hey...who's
that?

MOL: Who's who?

FIB: Where?

OLD M: Goin' past the house out there....

MOL: Oh..that's some woman selling magazine
subscriptions.. she was just in here.

OLD M: SAYYYYYY, SHE'S KINDA CUTE~ AND I JUST
HAPPENED TO THINK, MY SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE AMERICAN BOY"

EXPIRES NEXT WEEK..

SO LONG, KIDS...

SOUND: (DOOR OPEN)

OLD M: HEY, THERE, BABY! WAIT A MINUTE!! I GOTTA
LITTLE

PROPOS-

SOUND: (DOOR SLAM)

FIB: What'd I tell you, Molly? My cheerful
attitude gave him

a new interest in life. He's learned

to look for the

blue skies.

MOL: He has, indeed! The hard way,
too!....there he is, flat

on his back on the sidewalk!

FIB: Eh? Oh....pshaw!

ORCH: "NEVADA"

APPLAUSE

SECOND SPOT

FIB: (SINGING) WHEN YOU'RE
SMILING...WHEN YOU'RE SMILING...DA

DE DA DED DA DA, DE DAAA.....Hey,

Molly.

MOL: Yes, Pollyanna?

FIB: We got any aspirin? I think I got a
little neuralgia in

my face.

MOL: You haven't any such a thing, dearie.

FIB: I must have..my face aches all over.

MOL: OF COURSE IT DOES! YOU'VE BEEN SMILING
THAT IDIOTIC

HAPPY SMILE SO LONG YOUR FACE HAS GONE

TO SLEEP, AND HOW

I ENVY IT!

FIB: Oh well, if it's only a smile that
causes it, everything's
okay....if we never have any pain,
we'll never appreciate
our happiness, I always say....YES

SIR!!

MOL: Your happiness is going to be a beautiful
thing to see when
I tell you that Mrs. Uppington is just
coming up the steps.

FIB: UPPINGTON! AHH, THERE'S A FINE WOMAN!
I'M VERY FOND OF

POOR, THERE'S SOME

MRS. UPPINGTON. YES SIR...RICH OR

GOOD IN EVERYBODY, I ALWAYS SAY!

SOUND: (DOOR CHIME)

FIB: Hey, did you get a gander at that hat
she's wearing? Where
does she buy those monstrosities?

MOL: We'll never know - it's a millinery
secret.

SOUND: (DOOR CHIME)

MOL: COME IN!!

SOUND: (DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE)

MOL: WELL HELLO THERE ABIGAIL, DARLING...WHAT
A LOVELY

SURPRISE!

UPP: How do you do, my deah. AND Mr. McGee.

FIB: Ah there, my dear girl...and how are you
this lovely,
LOVELY afternoon? (LAUGHS) AH, THIS IS
LIFE AT ITS BEST,
SURROUNDED BY ONE'S FRIENDS!!! LET US
ALL JOIN HANDS AND

MAKE IT, I ALWAYS SAY.

MOL: You keep that up and you'll never make it!

FIB: WHAT DO YOU THINK OF LIFE, ABIGAIL, MY DEAR GIRL: DO YOU

WORLD WITH A SHOUT

A MERRY QUIP? WHAT

UPP: LIFE IS A STENCH!

MOL: WHY ABIGAIL....what on earth is the matter?

UPP: EVERYTHING is the mattah, Mrs. McGee. I just had a fire

ration books...I

it out; and now the

ran out last week.

HAPPY ABOUT?

FIB: At this golden opportunity, dear girl!

ALL THESE LITTLE

STREAM OF LIFE...YOU

SHOULDERS AT LITTLE

FACE FALL AND

ALWAYS SAY.

MOL: Isn't it awful, Abigail? You've just had a few minutes

SING SOMETHING GAY. LIFE IS WHAT YOU

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF LIFE, ABIGAIL, MY

AGREE WITH ME THAT ONE SHOULD FACE THE

OF LAUGHTER? WITH A CAREFREE SMILE AND

DO YOU THINK OF LIFE?

LIFE IS A STENCH!

WHY ABIGAIL....what on earth is the

EVERYTHING is the mattah, Mrs. McGee. I

in my kitchen which burned up all my

ruined my last pair of nylons putting

insurance company tells me my policy

WHAT, MR. MCGEE, ARE YOU LOOKING SO

THINGS ARE BUT PASSING RIPPLES ON THE

MUST LEARN TO SHRUG YOUR PRETTY

IRRITATIONS...BE GAY!!! NEVER LET YOUR

YOU'LL NEVER HAVE TO HAVE IT LIFTED I

of it. If I hear much more, I'm going

to sit down and

write a letter to Boris Karloff.

FIB:
ADVENTURE, GREETING EACH

LET US LOOK UPON LIFE AS A GREAT

GLADNESS...LET US ENRICH OUR

NEW EXPERIENCE WITH A CRY OF

STRING TOGETHER THE

SOULS WITH EACH PASSING MOMENT, AND

UPON THE

DAYS OF OUR YEARS LIKE PRECIOUS PEARLS

say, kid?

SILVER STRAND OF EXISTENCE ... Whaddye

UPP:
little talk has done

Mr. McGee, you don't know what this

for me.

MOL:

What do you mean, Abigail?

UPP:
fortunate I was...

I mean, I hadn't realized until now, how

replaced...my kitchen

after all, my ration books can be

loss....

can be repaired, I can afford the

FIB:

THAT'S THE SPIRIT, UPPY! I ALWAYS SAY -

UPP:
home, I shall

-And furthermore, Mrs. McGee, when I get

appreciation...with

wander about my house with a new

DON'T HAVE TO LIVE

tears of gladness in my eyes, the I

NAUSEATING GOBS OF

WITH A HUSBAND WHO DISHES OUT SUCH

WALL-MOTTO HOKUM. GOOD DAY!

SOUND:

(DOOR SLAM)

MOL:
your sunshine

Well, I warned you, McGee. You scatter

so thick everybody gets blistered.

FIB:
NEW THOUGHT

AW, THAT OLD PIE-PLATE HASN'T WELCOMED A

SHEET!

SINCE GHANDI STARTED WEARIN' A ZOOT

MOL:
As you always

Well, maybe it will teach you a lesson.

moment as one more

say, you can treasure this passing

lunchbox of life.

precious slice of baloney in the

FIB:
writin' a

You know, Molly -- I think I'll start

so happy,

diary. From now on my life is gonna be

inspiration

so rich in values, it'll be an

statue of me

to everybody. Imagine a big life-size

GO-LUCKY McGEE,

in the park....."DEDICATED TO HAPPY-

TO MILLIONS."

THE MAN WHO BROUGHT JOY AND HAPPINESS

MOL:
when your

How can they make a full-sized statue

philosophy is such a bust?

FIB:
DEAR....VERY GOOD!!

(LAUGHS) THAT'S VERY GOOD, MY

YOUR HUMEROUS

I SHALL MENTION IN MY DIARY HOW MUCH

DEVOTED TO

COMMENTS HAVE MEANT TO ME IN A LIFE

BRINGING CHEER AND -

SOUND:

(DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE)

WIL:

Hiya, folks.

MOL:

Oh, Hello, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB:

Hiyah, Junior....welcome to our happy

little

tell us in

new meaning

Come...come...

charm and

without

happiness!

(PAUSE)

WIL:

MOL:
gone smiley-glad

with a rose in his teeth.

WIL:
is one of my bad

me that old

FIB:
IT'S WHEN

HARDEST FOR HAPPINESS.

ARE COPPASETTICK!

CAN SMILE WHEN

MOL:
with you

family circle! Sit down, my boy, and

your own simple words just what rich

you have got out of life today!

don't be shy! Surely, a lad of your

intellect hasn't let one hour slip by

adding to your little store of

What the ...WHAT GOES ON HERE?

Don't get alarmed, Mr. Wilcox. McGee has

on us. He's now going through life

And on him, it looks good.

Well, I don't want any part of it. This

days, and I don't want anybody giving

"pip-pip cheerio, carry-on", business.

AHHH, THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE WRONG, JUNIOR!

THINGS GO WRONG THAT WE MUST STRIVE

ANYBODY CAN BE CHEERFUL WHEN THINGS

BUT THE MAN WORTH WHILE IS THE MAN WHO

EVERYTHING GOES DEAD WRONG, UNQUOTE.

Isn't this sickening? And what went wrong

today, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: I lost a good customer.

MOL: You mean somebody got him away from you?

WIL: Oh no...he just moved away.

FIB: WELL SO WHAT, JUNIOR..LAUGH IT OFF!! YOU
GOT LOTS MORE

WHATEVER GOES WRONG,

CUSTOMERS. DON'T YOU REALIZE, THAT

A HAPPY SMILE WILL FIX IT?

WIL: Oh don't feed me that popcorn, pal. I
could laugh my
customer back. Gee,
head off and it wouldn't bring my
chance to tell him...
he left so suddenly I didn't get a
MINUTE TO POINT OUT
(VOICE BREAKS)..about...CAR-NU...NOT A
JALOPY A GORGEOUS
HOW CAR-NU WOULD GIVE HIS SHABBY OLD
NEW LUSTER....

MOL: Oh now, Mr. Wilcox --

WIL: HE LEFT WITHOUT EVER LEARNING THAT CAR-NU
CLEANS

AND POLISHES TO A BEAUTIFUL GLISTENING

FINISH, WITH SO
LITTLE EFFORT. THE POOR GUY WENT AWAY
PROBABLY STILL
BELIEVING THAT HE HAS TO SWEAT AND RUB
AND WEAR HIMSELF
OUT TO GIVE HIS CAR THAT SHOW-ROOM
POLISH. NEVER
REALIZING THAT WITH CAR-NU, ALL YOU
HAVE TO DO IS APPLY
IT, LET IT DRY AND WIPE IT OFF WITH A
SOFT CLOTH! (VERY

SAD) The poor devil!

MOL: Oh he'll hear about it sooner than later.
Everybody does.

FIB: Sure he will....COME COME,
JUNIOR!...CHIN UP!!! LAUGH IT

LAUGHS WITH YOU - OFF...HA HA HA....LAUGH AND THE WORLD

SAY!! (MERRY LAUGH) SNORE AND YOU SLEEP ALONE, I ALWAYS

SIDE OF IT!!! COME COME....LET'S LOOK AT THE BRIGHT

WIL: Until he finds out about Car-Nu, there
won't be any

right, pal. I'll bright sides. Oh well, maybe you're

run back to the office and write old
Heffelfinger a letter.

FIB: Sure, that's much the better attitu -
WHO DID YOU SAY?

WIL: Heffelfinger. Marcus P. Heffelfinger.

Well, thanks for the good cheer, pal. See you later.

SOUND: (DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE)

FIB: Heffelfinger....Heffelfinger....that
name sounds familiar.

Who do I know named Heffelfinger?

MOL: Search me, dearie. Was he the man you
were going in

from pencil business with to reclaim wood shavings
sharpeners?

FIB: No, that was Fred Nitney, of Starved
Rock, Illinois.

Seems to me I...OH Hmmm...Heffelfinger....Heffelfinger.

IMPORTANT THING IN WELL, IT AIN'T IMPORTANT. THE ONLY

LIFE IS TO BE HAPPY!

MOL:
it, already. I

Personally, I'M getting a little tired of

while.

think I'll go upstairs and lie down a

FIB:

Don't you feel good, baby?

MOL:
happiness of yours has

I feel fine, dearie. But all this

strong constitution.

worn me out. Permanent gayety takes a

while and....

(FADE OUT) I'll be down in a little

FIB:
life be without a

Ah, there goes a good kid! What would

tribulatu...

little partner to share your joys and

BE!! (LAUGHS)

trilubai...trim...AHHHH WHAT WOULD IT

WONDERFUL WORLD!

YOU'RE RIGHT, LUM AND ABNER!! IT'S A

I NEVER --

SOUND:

(DOOR CHIME)

FIB:
A HOUSE FULL OF

COME IN, NEIGHBOR, COME IN!! WELCOME TO

HIGH HEARTS, HIGH SPIRITS, -

SOUND:

(DOOR OPEN)

TEENIE:

Hi, MISTER.

FIB:

HI, SIS. Mighty glad to see you!

TEE:

Well, I just thought I'd....Hmmm?

FIB:
You don't know

I says I'm very happy to see you, sis.

your litte face

what it means to Uncle Fibber to see

woodland wildflower

Peeping up at me like a shy little

sunlight.

yearning for a glimpse of the warm

(PAUSE)

TEE:

ARE YOU KIDDIN'?

FIB:

CERTAINLY I'M NOT KIDDIN'! I'VE

DISCOVERED THE WAY TO BE

HEALTHY AND CONTENTED, IS ALL. I READ

IT IN THE SUNDAY

PAPER. You see, sis, science has

discovered that if your

face smiles, your body smiles, see? If

you gotta pain

in your sawdust and your face wants to

look nasty about

it, DON'T LET IT. Put a grin on your

puss, and the pain

goes away. You're happy! AIN'T THAT

WONDERFUL?

TEE:

Who'd you say discovered that, Mister?

FIB:

Science.

TEE:

(GIGGLES)

FIB:

What's so funny?

TEE:

(GIGGLES) Oh, you're so naive,

mister.

FIB:

Eh?

TEE:

Look, don't you realize a lot of that

stuff is pure

malarkey? Don't you know the Editor

says to somebody

"GIMME 500 WORDS OF HORSEFEATHERS ON

'HOW TO BE

CHEERFUL?' "

FIB:

Why, sis, I never -

TEE:

SURELY, YOU ARE INTELLIGENT ENOUGH TO

KNOW THAT THERE IS

LINKING FACIAL ANIMATION

NO DEFINITE SCIENTIFIC EVIDENCE

WITH THE ORGANIC PROCESSES.

FIB:

Well, gee whiz, I -

TEE:
isn't happy

LOOK - You got it all backwards. A dog

is wagging because

because his tail is wagging. His tail

salt and pepper

he's happy. According to your logic,

under 'em. GET

taste good because you put a fried egg

WISE TO YOURSELF, MISTER!

SOUND:

(DOOR SLAM)

ORCH:
MEN.

MUSIC: "McNAMARA'S BAND" - KING'S

APPLAUSE

THIRD SPOT

FIB:
SMILING..WHEN YOU'RE SMILING, AND

(SINGING) "WHEN YOU'RE

Heffelfinger...

THE WHOLE WORLD...(BREAKS OFF SINGING)

guy named Heffelfinger...

Heffelfinger...now where did I know a

I wish I could -

MOL:
about, McGee?

(FADE IN) What are you muttering

FIB:
guy named

Heffelfinger. You ever hear me mention a

Heffelfinger?

MOL:

No, I don't think so!

FIB:
because there

I'll bet the reason I can't remember, is

That's how my new

was something unpleasant about it.

philosophy works...YOU ONLY REMEMBER

THE HAPPY THINGS!

MOL: Keep that up and you'll have a wonderful
old age, dearie.

combination wheel-chair and

You'll be scootin' around in a

Good Humor Wagon!

FIB: WELL, IT'S WONDERFUL TO BE FREE OF ALL
WORRY AND CARE. TO

THINK THAT JUST BY PUTTIN' ON A

EXPRESSION OF GOOD CHEER,

THE WHOLE WORLD LOOKS BRIGHTER. Wasn't

it Confucious who

says, "A MAN WITH A HAPPY MAP WILL GET

SOMEWHERE"?

MOL: It was either Confucious or the Hardware
Journal. I

don't quite --

SOUND: (DOOR CHIME)

FIB: AH ANOTHER VISITOR!!..ANOTHER CHANCE FOR
ME TO SPREAD A

LITTLE HAPPINESS IN THIS GLOOMY OLD

WORLD!

MOL: It would be easier to swallow if you
didn't spread it on

quite so thick. COME IN!

SOUND: (DOOR OPEN)

MOL: OH FOR GOODNESS SAKES...DOCTOR GAMBLE!!
COME IN, DOCTOR.

SOUND: (DOOR CLOSE)

FIB: Hiyah, Doc. Sit down and take a load off
your metatarsels.

DOC: Thanks...I will. How are you, Mrs. McGee?

MOL: Oh, I'm just fine, Doctor. And you?

DOC: I'm all right, much to my own surprise.
I've spent such a

collection of
capsule-clutchers, I
couple of
nerve-wracking day, with my prize
hypochondriacs, nature-fakers and
thought I'd stop in for a visit with a
comparatively healthy people.
FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, COMPARATIVELY? I'M THE
HEALTHIEST MAN IN THIS TOWN, DOC! AND WHY? BECAUSE I'VE
LEARNED THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS, THAT'S WHY.
DOC: Well now isn't that just dandy! You ought
to be in a glass case at the Smithsonian, McGee.
You're a rare object.
MOL: Are all doctors as cynical as you,
Doctor?
DOC: Why, I'm not cynical, Mrs. McGee. I'm a
bright-eyed optimist. I still have childish faith
in sometime meeting a human being who doesn't
think his own hangnails are the medical sensation of the
century.
FIB: WELL, YOU DON'T HAVE TO LOOK ANY
FURTHER, DOC. YOU'VE MET HIM. I'M IT! I HAVEN'T GO A PAIN, OR
AN ACHE OR A COMPLEX. I'M HAPPY AND HEALTHY AND I
CAN LICK MY WEIGHT IN WILDFLOWERS....I MEAN WILDCATS.
DOC: WELL WHAT ARE YOU GRINNING ABOUT? YOU
LOOK LIKE A BABY

McGEE. WITH THE COLIC. TAKE OFF YOUR SHIRT,

MOL: Oh dear...

FIB: (LAUGHS) Oh no...you can't make me
mad, Doc! NOTHIN'

LIFE I'M UNDER makes me mad. FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY

FOR THE LAST TIME. STRICT CONTROL. I'VE LOST MY TEMPER

MOL: He's been like this all day, Doctor.

DOC: You mean you've been continuously exposed
to this one-man glee club? You'd better go to

bed...I'll give you a sedative. As I was saying to a man

named Heffelfinger the other day...

FIB: HEFFELFINGER!

DOC: Yes, You know him? Just moved out of
town.

MOL: McGee thinks he knows him but he can't
place him.

DOC: I don't know why he can't place him.
They've been playing

years. pinochle together at the Elks for two

FIB: OH NO! I GOT IT! HEFFELFINGER...WHY THAT
RAT!!..THAT

WITHOUT PAYING ME THE CHISELER!!...HE MOVED OUTA TOWN

SIX BUCKS HE OWES ME!!!WHY THE DIRTY -

MOL: McGee....calm yourself....

FIB: CALM MY SELF MY CLAVICLE!!! OF ALL THE
LOWDOWN, MISERABLE

SOUND: TRICKS!!!
(CRASH OF GLASS)

MOL: McGEE, STOP KICKING THE LAMP!!

DOC: Let him go, Mrs. McGee...he's been happy
for several
hours. Nobody can stand it for longer
than that.

FIB: (SHOUTS) HEFFELFINGER!!!! THAT
DOUBLE-CROSSIN' TWO-TIMIN'
PETTY LARCENY PICKPOCKET!! (CRASH) WHY
DOES EVERYTHING
HAVE TO HAPPEN TO ME!!! (THUD) I'LL
PAY YOU NEXT WEEK,
HE SAYS!!! (CRASH) SEE YOU TOMORROW AT
THE CLUB, HE SAYS...
(BUMP) WAIT'LL I GET MY HANDS ON
HIM... (CRASH) I'LL SHOW
HIM!!! I'LL

ORCH: (MUSIC - FADE FOR)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

ANNOUNCER: It's nice to be able to keep outside doors and
windows
open again. But it brings a "special
problem of its own --
because dust and dampness do come in
as uninvited guests.
This is especially true in the kitchen
end of the house,
and it's an extra reason for keeping
you linoleum floors
protected regularly with JOHNSON'S
SELF-POLSHING GLO COAT.
Then when dust and moisture do come
in, they're very
quickly removed with a broom, mop or
cloth, and the
linoleum itself is not touched. It's
the film of GLO COAT

underneath is safe.

SELF POLISHING -- it
rubbing or buffing. It is
and work -- keeps
almost indefinitely --

the story of
GLO-COAT.

ORCH:

FIB:
--

MOL:
Don't you want to be

FIB:
TO GET MY DUKES

I'LL SLAP HIM SO
SEPTEMBER!!

MOL:

FIB:

MOL:

ORCH:

APPLAUSE

ANNOUNCER:

that takes all the wear -- the surface

You know, of course, that GLO COAT is
shines as it dries, without any
so easy to use, saves you so much time
linoleum beautiful and new looking

I could go on but I'm sure you know
easy-to-use JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING

(SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

HEFFELFINGER! OF ALL THE DIRTY, CROOKED

Now now now ... take it easy, McGee.

happy?

THE ONLY THING THAT'LL MAKE ME HAPPY IS

ON THAT NICKEL-NURSIN' HIGH-JACKER!

POP-EYED HIS PUPILS WON'T GO BACK TILL

GOOD NIGHT!!

McGEE!

Eh? Oh. Good night.

That's better. Good night all!

UP TO FINISH:

This is the National Broadcasting Company.