

WRITERS: Don Quinn
Phil Leslie

(REVISED) #14

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

Johnson's Wax

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1943

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(REVISED) -2-

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

ORCHESTRA: THEME - FADE FOR:

WILCOX: The makers of Johnson's Wax, Johnson's Car-Nu and Johnson's Self-Polishing Glocoat present Fibber McGee and Molly, written by Don Quinn, with music by the King's Men and Billy Mills' Orchestra.

ORCHESTRA: "WHO" - FADE FOR:

(COMMERCIAL PAGE #3)

OPENING COMMERCIAL

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WILCOX: In three days, your opportunity for making good resolutions will be here again. If you're anything like me, you've got plenty of material to work on -- and you probably don't need any suggestions. But I can't refrain from tossing one at you for the benefit of any of you ladies who haven't yet learned how much work you can save by adopting the wax-housekeeping method. I believe I've demonstrated before how JOHNSON'S WAX is more than a product -- it's a labor-saving way of keeping house. By regular applications of JOHNSON'S WAX to your floors, furniture and woodwork -- and many other surfaces too -- you not only protect them against wear, but you keep your house cleaner all year, save yourself work in the bargain, and add beauty to every room. Use JOHNSON WAX on your leather goods window sills, venetian blinds -- your picture frames, ornaments, andirons -- your refrigerator and pantry shelves. So, may I suggest that you resolve now to save yourself unnecessary work during 1944 by adopting the JOHNSON'S WAX HOUSEKEEPING METHOD?

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH

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WILCOX: THE CHINESE, AN ADMIRABLE PEOPLE, CELEBRATE THE ADVENT OF THE NEW YEAR BY PAYING UP OLD BILLS AND SETTLING VARIOUS OBLIGATIONS. MAYBE THAT'S WHY GUNG HO MCGEE, THE OLD MANDARIN OF WISTFUL VISTA HAS BEEN DASHING AROUND ALL MORNING RETURNING PROPERTIES, PAYING BILLS AND DOING OTHER STRANGE - THINGS. POSSIBLY HIS ODD ACTIVITIES WILL BE EXPLAINED AS WE MEET --

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!!

APPLAUSE

FIB: Now let's see....I returned Doc Gamble's cribbage-board ... paid my bill at the shoe-shine stand....OH MY GOSH!! I DIDN'T GET A NEW PANE FOR THE BASEMENT WINDOW! HEY MOLLY, I'LL BE RIGHT BACK...GOTTA GO TO THE HARDWARE STORE!!!

MOL: WAIT A MINUTE, MCGEE...CALM DOWN. The hardware store is closed today for inventory.

FIB: Doggone it, and I'll bet that's what it was, too!

MOL: You'll bet what was what?

FIB: WHAT I WAS SUPPOSED TO DO TODAY. LOOK!! SEE THIS RIBBON ON MY LITTLE FINGER?

MOL: Yes, I've noticed it all morning. Somebody give you a new pinkie for Christmas?

FIB: NO. THAT'S ON THERE TO REMIND ME TO DO SOMETHING....AND I'M DOGGONE IF I KNOW WHAT IT IS!! So I been doing everything I should of done for the last year...I fixed your vacuum cleaner...

MOL: OH GOOD FOR YOU!! That's wonderful!

FIB: It's right here. Try it. Here, I'll switch it on.

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SOUND: CLICK: HORRIBLE WHIRR AND GRINDING NOISE: OUT.

FIB: See? Works like a charm!

MOL: Can't you fix it so it works like a vacuum cleaner?

FIB: I GOT THAT CHUG-CHUG-CHUG OUT OF IT, DIDN'T I?

MOL: Yes but you left in the SCREAM, THE BAROOMP AND THE CLICKEY.

FIB: Well, the gears are a little wore down, that's all.

It works perfect except for one thing.

MOL: What's that?

FIB: It don't work when you push it forward. You gotta pull it along behind you.

MOL: Oh fine!. I'll pretend it's a little Red Wagon that Santa Claus brought me.

FIB: GEE WHIZZ, THIS IS ANNOYING! RIBBON ON MY FINGER TO REMIND ME TO DO SOMETHING, AND CAN'T REMEMBER WHAT IT IS! It's mortivating!

MOL: It's what?

FIB: Mortivating. Combination of mortifying and infuriatingNow, why can't I remember.

MOL: Did you send the piano-tuner a check?

FIB: Old Hymiller? Sure I did. With a nasty note, too.

MOL: What was that for? He tuned it beautifully.

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FIB: I know, but five bucks seemed like a lotta dough for havin' a guy play Johnny one-note on that broken-down melodian of ours for 'half a day, and I told him so, when he done it. And he says what I didn't know about music would fill Carnegie Hall, and I says at least I didn't play the piano with a monkey wrench, and he says I was so dumb I thought a string ensemble was a lynching party and i says he was so dumb he thought G-Major was what the captain said when he got promoted, and one word led to another, so I got in the last word when I sent the check. That's all.

MOL: That's enough. I think you owe him an apology. Before he tuned the piano it sounded like somebody playing the bagpipes under water.

FIB: Well, gee whizz...I...OH HEY...OH MY GOSHI! I'LL BET I KNOW WHAT I WAS SUPPOSED TO DO!!

MOL: Put a new light bulb on the back porch. It was so dark out there last night you threw the garbage in the cellar window and then went back in the garage instead of the house, hollering that somebody had stolen the back steps.

FIB: I fixed that light bulb this morning, before I returned Wilcox's stepladder. BUT THAT ISN'T WHAT I MEANT. I MEANT FRED NITNEY!

MOL: Fred Nitney?
FIB: Yeah...I owe him a letter. You've heard me speak of old Fred Nitney of Starved Rock, Illinois?
MOL: Indeed I have, dearie. He creeps thru your conversation like a cat thru a fish market.
FIB: AHHH GOOD OLD FRED! There was a pal. Saved my live once. And when a guy saves a guy's life, a guy never forgets it.
MOL: How did he save your life?
FIB: Remember our old vaudeville act where we used to throw the Indian clubs at each other?
MOL: You demonstrated it to me once. You broke the dining room window and knocked the milkman unconscious.
FIB: Well, I hollered "HUP!" before I threw it. Could I help it if he never saw a vaudeville show? Anyway, once when I and old Fred was playin' the Palace Theatre at Petoskey, Michigan....
MOL: Oh, the big time!
FIB: We were just filling a split week. Spokane, Washington, and Petoskey, Michigan. Anyway Fred was kinda nearsighted see? Bad case of aprigmastism. Well, sir, by mistake one night he put on a pair of the stage hand's eyeglasses by mistake, and the stage hand had astigmaprism even worse than Fred did, see? So I looked like I was standin' right in front of him instead of 20 feet away. *Graciously he says*
MOL: Interesting situation.
FIB: It was fraught with peril.
MOL: It was what?

FIB: It was fraught with peril. Literary expression meaning my neck was out a mile. Well sir, thinkin' I was right there in front of him, he just HANDED me the Indian clubs instead of throwin' 'em, and naturally they just fell onto the stage. Got a terrific laugh and we kept it in the act.
MOL: But how did he save your life?
FIB: MY GOSH ~~WOMAN~~, CAN'T YOU UNDERSTAND? IF HE'D OF THREW 'EM AT ME HE'D OF KILLED ME. COULDN'T SEE WHAT HE WAS DOING! Where's my fountain pen? I've owed Fred a letter for months.
MOL: ~~Your fountain pen is broken. You tried to pick the cork out of an olive bottle with it, remember?~~
FIB: SAYYYY, MAYBE THAT'S WHAT I WAS SUPPOSE TO REMEMBER! TO GET MY FOUNTAIN PEN FIXED!...No...I don't think it was...
DOOR CHIME:
FIB: Doggone it, who's that? I don't wanna be interrupted when I got so much to do...even if I can't even remember what it was.
MOL: Let me peek. Oh, it's Mr. Wellington, from the Bijou Theatre.
FIB: That guy! The poor man's Sam Goldwyn. He gives me a spasm in the clavicle.
MOL: He's a nice, educated man, Mr. Wellington is!
FIB: He's so darn refined you could sprinkle him on your oatmeal. Only I wouldn't care for some.
MOL: Well, my goodness, McGee, he never --
DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

MOL: Oh hello, Mr. Wellington.

WELL: Good day, Mrs. McGee. You're looking very charming today.
Hello, McGee. You're looking...

FIB: Hiyah Sig. What urgent business has dragged you out of that Black Hole of Calcutta you call a movie theatre?

WELL: My friend, in the first place I ~~have never degraded any~~ ~~home of motion picture entertainment by referring to it~~ ~~in such vulgar terms as "Movie Theatre."~~ If you have ever perused my advertising in the evening papers you will, perchance, have noticed that The Bijou is always called, and I quote, "WISTFUL VISTA'S OWN TAJ MAHAL OF SUPERIOR CINEMATIC OFFERINGS. A VERITABLE ENCHANTED PALACE OF MODERN SCREEN DRAMA." And I un.

MOL: Quote?

WELL: Thank you. And here is my hat, too.

FIB: Well, you've taken care of the first place. Now what was it you wanted in the second place?

SIG: I wished to inquire if, by any chance, when you attended my theatre night before last, you lost an overshoe. It might roughly be described as black, size ten-and-a-half, worn thru at the ankle, scuffed at toe and heel, with your name plainly inscribed in indelible ink on the inside in what I would consider a noteworthy case of false pride.

MOL: YOU DID, MCGEE....YOU DID! YOU WONDERED WHERE YOU LOST THAT OVERSHOE!!

FIB: My gosh, I did at that! I'LL BET THAT'S WHAT THIS RIBBON WAS ON MY FINGER FOR! TO REMIND ME TO LOOK FOR THAT OVERSHOE. Gee, thanks, Sig, old man! You bring it with you?

SIG: Franggggkly, no. You may reclaim the missing doghouse (if you will pardon the vernacular) by calling Miss Hortense Birdbody at 345 West 14th Street.

MOL: How on earth did she get it, Mr. Wellington? Is she one of your ushers?

SIG: Miss Birdbody, on the cont'ry, is one of my valued patrons, Mrs. McGee. She is in possession of the article by virtue of the fact that she was hit solidly on the noggin by same, as your husband has a deplorable habit of hanging his feet over the balcony rail.

FIB: My gosh....was she hurt, Sig?

SIG: She was knocked, I must report, colder than an ice-man's tongs. I would therefore suggest, my friend, that in case you intend to retrieve the footwear, you first pave the way by a note of apology, an order of cut flowers and a few telephone calls, thus avoiding the legal action which I am sure she is prepared to insti.

MOL: Gate?

WELL: Thank you no, I'll use the door. Good day.

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

MOL: This is serious, McGee....you might have an ugly lawsuit on your hands.

FIB: My gosh, I did at that! I'LL BET THAT'S WHAT THIS RIBBON WAS ON MY FINGER FOR! TO REMIND ME TO LOOK FOR THAT OVERSHOE. Gee, thanks, Sig, old man! You bring it with you?

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MOL: Gate?

WELL: Thank you no, I'll use the door. Good day.

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

MOL: This is serious, McGee.....you might have an ugly lawsuit on your hands.

FIB: I'll run right down and order some flowers sent to her right away, with a note of apology! WHERE'S MY HAT? Oh yes, right here in the hall clos -

DOOR OPEN: TERRIFIC AVALANCHE OF JUNK: BELL TINKLE

(PAUSE)

MOL: Maybe that was what you forgot to remember. To clean out the hall closet.

FIB: I wonder.....

ORCH: SELECTION "BLUE SKIES"

APPLAUSE

SECOND SPOT

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SOUND: CLUNK ... BANG ... THUD ... CLATTER ... THUD ... TINKLE .

.. DOOR SLAM.

FIB: There! I GOT THE HALL CLOSET CLEANED OUT, MOLLY! If that was what I got that ribbon on my finger to remind me of, I've done it. Only I don't think it was.

MOL: How about seeing Miss Hortense Birdbody about your overshoe?

FIB: I've decided to let her keep it for the scrap drive. There was five pounds of rubber in that thing.

MOL: You still owe her an apology.

FIB: I'll call her up. Gimme the phone.

MOL: Here.

FIB: Thanks. (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR? GIMME THE RESIDENCE OF MISS HORTENSE BIRDBODY AT THREE FOUR PETE'S SAKS IS THAT YOU, MYRT?

MOL: Oh dear!

FIB: HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING, MYRT? TIS, EH? WHAT SAY, MYRT? YOUR AUNT? LOST A BEAUTIFUL BIG AFGHAN?

MOL: How terrible! Did she knit it herself?

FIB: She was engaged to him, but he went back to Afghanistan. WHAT SAY, MYRT? Okay, thanks anyway (CLICK) She says there's no number listed for a Hortense Birdbody. That lets me out.

MOL: Not necessarily, She can still sue you.

FIB: I'll take a chance. Let 'em sue me. I'll plead nux prosy ad fordem.

MOL: What does that mean?

FIB: Hmmm I dunno. But they won't, either and I'll gain three weeks while they try to look it up. DARN IT, I WISH I COULD REMEMBER WHAT I HAVEN'T DONE THAT I WAS SUPPOSED TO DO!

MOL: Well, let me think a minute...(PAUSE) Did you take the rental books back to Kramer's Drug Store?

FIB: YES SIR, I DID. ON THE WAY BACK FROM RETURNING WILCOX'S STEPLADDER. And I told Kramer they were two of the worst mystery stories I ever read.

MOL: I thought "The Body in the Bass Drum" was very entertaining, myself.

FIB: BAHHH! I knew who did it after I read three pages.

MOL: From which end?

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, FROM WHICH END? YOU THINK I PEEK IN THE BACK OF THE BOOK TO SEE WHO DONE IT?

MOL: Yes.

FIB: Well, don't you?

MOL: Yes.

FIB: Well, then gee whizz, don't *outsize me I never did*

DOOR OPEN:

WIL: Hello, Folks. Am I intruding?

MOL: OH NOT AT ALL, MR. WILCOX...COME RIGHT IN.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Hiyah, Junior. That a new Christmas necktie you're wearing?

WIL: You can't even see my necktie. I've got my muffler over it.

FIB: That's why I thought it must be a Christmas tie.

FIB: Well, what's on your mind, tall, dark and commercial?
WIL: I just wanted to thank you for bringing my stepladder
back, Pal.
MOL: Oh he's been returning borrowed articles all day, Mr.
Wilcox.
FIB: Incidentally, Junior, you got gypped on that stepladder,
you know it? I no sooner stepped onto it than three rungs
busted and it spraddled out like a hurdle jumper.
WIL: It was all right when I bought it, chum. You've had it so
long it's rotted away.
MOL: When did you borrow that ladder, McGee?
FIB: Last summer, I think. Or was it last spring?
WIL: It was neither one. I loaned it to you originally so you
could patch the top of your car because you were driving
to the World's Fair in Chicago.
MOL: Which one?
FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, WHICH ONE? THAT WAS ONLY IN NINETEEN
THIRTY ... ER SOMETHING.

WIL: Sure...only ten years ago. That was about the time I
first met you folks...remember? And started telling
people about Johnson's Self Polishing Gloccoat...the
wonderful finish for linoleum that shines as it dries?
MOL: Heavenly days, it IS almost ten years, isn't it?
FIB: And you haven't changed hardly at all, Junior.
WIL: No. And neither has Gloccoat. It's still the finest
protection money can buy to keep your linoleum floor
coverings protected against dust and dampness, and to
restore the real beauty of the color and pattern. Well...
it's been a great association, kids.
MOL: WE think so too, Mr. Wilcox.
FIB: It sure has, Junior! You got a little less pepper in your
personality and a little more salt in your hair, but you're
still the same old Racine-shifter.
WIL: Well, you'll never know how much I....(VOICE BREAKS A
LITTLE) how much this...this thing has meant ... to me.
I....I....Let me take that handkerchief, pal! ...Thanks!
MOL: Are you that sentimental about it, Mr. Wilcox?
WIL: About this handkerchief? Yes, it's one my sister
embroidered and this magpie you married borrowed it from
me two years ago. See you later!

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Of all the hokum!! WHY DIDN'T HE JUST ASK FOR THE
HANDKERCHIEF. I'd of given it to him. He didn't have to
ham it up like that.

MOL: I thought it was a pretty good act, myself. Has he ever had any movie offers?

FIB: Two of 'em. He sat in a woman's lap by mistake in a movie one night and her husband offered to poke him in the nose. Then he saw how big Wilcox was and offered an apology.

MOL: Look, McGee...can't you take that silly red ribbon off your finger now? ~~YOU'VE BEEN SIMPLY WONDERFUL, AND I APPRECIATE IT.~~ NOW WHY DON'T YOU SIT DOWN AND RELAX? You must be tired.

FIB: TIRED!! I had to shorten my suspenders to keep myself standing up.

MOL: Well, the only thing I can think of that you haven't done is fix the clock in our bedroom. The one Aunt Sarah gave us for a wedding present.

FIB: YOU MEAN THAT MARBLE VENUS WITH THE CLOCK IN HER STOMACH? I can't fix that!

MOL: Why not?

FIB: I dunno ... I just ... well, gee whizz, it embarrasses me. Every time I start toward her with a pair of pliers I feel like Doctor Kildare. Besides -

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Well, for goodness sakes ... Alice Darling, Hello, dear.

ALICE: Hello, Mrs. McGee. Hello, Mr. McGee. Did I get a Xmas card or phone call from Paul?

FIB: Paul? Not Paul Bunyan, the owner of Babe the Blue-Eyed Ox, forty axe-handles between the eyes?

ALICE: No, this is a fellow by the name of Paul which he works at the next bench to me at the airplane plant and is he ever a good looking man, my dears.

MOL: You really go for him, Alice?

ALICE: All the girls go for him, Mrs. McGee. He's been whistled at more than a downtown grade-crossing. He's got Ronald Colman's eyes, and Cary Grant's Chin and Clark Gable's personality and my blow-torch which he forgot to give back last week.

FIB: Why do you suppose he ignored you this Christmas, kid? Did his passion cool, when the blow torch went out?

ALICE: I suppose really it was on account of we had a little difference of opinion last week. I said he was a rat and he said he wasn't.

MOL: Just what instigated this tender little exchange of personalities, Alice?

ALICE: Well, he stopped in a drug store to make a phone call and he was expecting an answer so he asked me to sit in the telephone booth and keep it for him till he got back and he was gone for an hour and a half, and believe me I was so tired from that little wooden stool I walked three blocks in a sitting-down position and that's when I called him a rat.

FIB: But where had he been all that time? Playin' pool?

ALICE: No, he went to a newsreel theatre because he said drugstores make him nervous because when he was a child somebody put an ice cream cone down his back, but that wasn't what made me so mad.

MOL: What did?

ALICE: It was while I was walking all bent over on account of being in the phone booth so long, and Paul said, "Do you have to do that - stoop?" Jeepers, I wish he'd call me or something, so I --

TELEPHONE:

MOL: I'll get it. (CLICK) 79 WISTFUL VISTA MOLLY MCGEE SPEAKIN' WHO? YES, SHE'S RIGHT HERE. WHO'S CALLING, PLEASE? Oh. (ASIDE) ALICE!! IT'S PAUL!

ALICE: It is? OHhhh THANK YOU! (IN PHONE) HELLO, PAUL? THIS IS ALICE, AND I STILL THINK YOU'RE A RAT. (CLICK) Yes, it's been a beautiful Christmas, Mrs. McGee, and I got some perfume and some (MUSIC IN) books, and a new lunch box with a darling little thermos bottle in the handle and

ORCH: "ONLY 365 MORE SHOPPING DAYS TILL CHRISTMAS" - KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE:

THIRD SPOT

FIB: Now lemme see...I fixed the vacuum cleaner.....took back the books, returned Wilcox's stepladder.....

MOL: FOR GOODNESS SALES, MCGEE...STOP WORRYING, WILL YOU? YOU'VE DONE MORE WORK AROUND HERE TODAY THAN YOU HAVE IN THE LAST FIVE YEARS.

FIB: But doggone it, I STILL don't know why I got this ribbon on my finger. It musta been SOMETHING I wanted to do first thing today. And I don't feel that I've done it.

MOL: You paid the gas bill?

FIB: Yes and the phone bill and my personal account at the shoe shine stand.

MOL: Well, that's all I can think of unless you forgot to patch the wallpaper in the hall upstairs.

FIB: I DONE THAT THE MINUTE I GOT BACK FROM RETURNING WILCOX'S STEPLADDER. And believe me, that yellow chrysanthemum design is pretty tough to match up, too!

MOL: Where on earth did you find any paper to match it? It's been on there for eight years.

FIB: Well, it didn't match exactly. I had to use some we had left over from papering the dining room.

MOL: But that is a running design of a hunting scene...horses jumping over fences and things.

FIB: I know, I know. And if you never saw a horse jump over a chrysanthemum, take a look upstairs. It's one of the most unusual --

DOOR CHINE:

FIB: I WISH PEOPLE WOULD QUIT BOTHERIN' US TILL I REMEMBER WHAT I GOT THIS RIBBON TIED ON MY FINGER FOR! ... IT'S EXASPERATING!! COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh hello Doctor Gamble.

DOC: Hello, Mrs McGee. Hello, McGee.

FIB: Hiyah, Hippo Crates.

DOC: If you are referring to the Father of Medicine, McGee, it's pronounced HIPPOCRATES.

FIB: And if I wasn't?

MOL: Now boys...don't let's get started in one of those arguments. It's too near after Christmas.

DOC: Yes it is, Mrs. McGee. And I just stopped in to.....
(PAUSE) Well...why the hair-ribbon on the digit, my boy? Going to flag down a train or something?

MOL: That's to remind him to do something, Doctor.

DOC: To do what?

FIB: DOGGONE IT, THAT'S JUST IT. I CAN'T REMEMBER!

MOL: He's been working like a dog around here today Doctor. He's fixed things, returned things, paid bills, ~~done old jobs that have accumulated for years~~ and just generally worm himself to a nubbin.

FIB: AND I STILL don't feel like I've done what this ribbon was supposed to remind me of.

LOC: You say you've paid all your bills?

MOL: Yes he has, Doctor.

DOC: No he hasn't, dear.

FIB: AND WHO HAVEN'T I PAID, WISE GUY?

DOC: Me.

MOL: Oh heavenly days!

FIB: Gh my gosh!...I'M sorry Doc. You completely slipped my mind.

DOC: That's all right. If everybody paid the doctor's bill when it was due, the doctor could get some nice new instruments and pay his rent and buy some medical books and get ^{more} up-to-date ~~or~~ things and we wouldn't want that to happen, would we? Or would we?

MOL: Pay the man right now, McGee. Do you happen to know the amount Doctor?

DOC: By an odd coincidence, Mrs. McGee, I have a copy of the bill right here.

FIB: Odd coincidence my clavicle! You were probably gonna come over here and beat on the door till the dough got shook outa of my piggy bank. Well...how much, you big bandage-bandit?

DOC: 23 dollars.

MOL: That's very reasonable.

FIB: (SCREAMS) REASONABLE!!! WHY FOR TWENTY THREE BUCKS I
COULD JACK UP MY ANKLES AND GET A WHOLE NEW BODY!! OF
ALL THE PILL-PEDDLING PIRACY I EVER HEARD OF, THIS TAKES
THE SILVER-MOUNTED SLEEPING TABLET! TWENTY THREE BUCKS!!!
WHAT DID YOU SEE THE LAST TIME YOU LOOKED DOWN MY THROAT -
A DIAMOND MINE?

DOC: (MILDLY) Oh stop shouting, McGee. You know very well you
call me over here every time you mistake gluttony for
heart trouble. Of course, if you'd like to go on my
charity list -

MOL: WE DON'T WANT ANYTHING OF THE KIND, DOCTOR.

FIB: CHARITY LIST, HE SAYS!! HA HAH...THE LAST TIME YOU
TREATED A CASE FOR FREE IT WAS BECAUSE YOU DOG-NOSED IT
WRONG.

DOC: The word is diagnosed.

FIB: IN YOUR CASE IT'S DOG-NOSED, YOU ~~VETERINARIAN~~

MOL: Now boys -

DOC: LOOK, MCGEE...I'M A VERY PATIENT MAN, AS ANY DOCTOR WOULD
BE WHO WAITED FOR YOU TO PAY A BILL, BUT IF I HAVE TO TAKE
ANY MORE OF YOUR SILLY VAUDVILLE, I'LL FORGET MY ETHICS
AND SPREAD YOUR SEPTUM ALL OVER YOUR UN-CLASSIC PROFILE.

FIB: YEH? (SCORNFUL LAUGH) WHY I COULD STAND ON A BASKET-BALL
AND BOUNCE YOU AROUND LIKE A YO-YO!

DOC: YOU DON'T SAY!!! JUST BECAUSE YOU CARRY A LITTLE GLOBE
UNDER YOUR BELT DON'T GET THE IDEA YOU'RE CHARLES ATLAS.
I KNOW EVERY ALLEGED MUSCLE IN YOUR MISREABLE LITTLE
CHASSIS, MCGEE AND YOU HAVEN'T GOT THE STAMINA OF
YESTERDAYS' SPAGHETTI.

FIB: IS THAT SO! WHY -

MOL: THAT'S ENOUGH!!! STOP IT! I WON'T HAVE ANOTHER WORD.
Doctor, you'll have to excuse McGee....he's worked so
hard today he's worn out and irritable. McGee, 23 dollars
is a very fair charge.

FIB: Yeah? Let him itemize it!

DOC: That's fair enough. Here's the bill. "June third, Office
call. Taking bowling ball off thumb. Three dollars."

MOL: I remember that.

FIB: So do I. That leaves twenty.

DOC: July fifth. House call. Emergency. 3A.M. Patient
terrified. Turning red all over. Diagnosis: Sunburn.
Shall I go on, McGee?

MOL: No, Doctor. Of course not. Pay him twenty three dollars.
McGee.

FIB: Here you are Doc. You don't have to gimme a receipt.
I trusts you.

DOC: Isn't that sweet! He trust me! I may as well tell you
now, McGee, the reason I had this bill with me is that I
was coming over here to tear it up, as a New Year's
Present. Your silly ailments have kept me in good humor
the whole year. Good day.

SOUND: (DOOR SLAM)

(REVISED)

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FIB: ~~WELL. GO AHEAD... TEAR IT UP!!~~

DOC: NOW? (LAUGHS) GOOD DAY!!

~~DOOR SLAM:~~

MOL: I TOLD you, you were too tired, McGee.

FIB: Imagine old Doc flyin' off the handle like that though?
Just because I forgot to pay his.... I WONDER IF THAT WAS
WHAT I WAS SUPPOSED TO REMEMBER!

MOL: No.

FIB: Eh?

MOL: I said no. It wasn't.

FIB: How do you know what I....

MOL: Look, dearie. I've got a confession to make. I tied
that ribbon on your finger last night.... while you
were asleep.

FIB: YOU DID? BUT...BUT...BUT...WHAT FOR?

MOL: Because there was something I wanted you to do for me
today.

FIB: WELL FOR THE.....WHAT DID YOU WANT ME TO DO?

(PAUSE)

MOL: I...I ~~don't~~ remember.

FIB: Oh, THIS IS RIDICULOUS!!!!

ORCH: SELECTION: "YOU'RE THE RAINBOW" -- FADE FOR--

-25-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Conservation, like charity, begins at home. That's why every piece of linoleum on every floor in the country should be protected with a polish that will not only keep it beautiful, but will make it last longer. The polish I'm referring to is, of course, JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO-COAT. With GLO-COAT you can give your kitchen and other floors protection with a minimum of work. JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT is self polishing, needs no rubbing or buffing. You just apply and let dry. And the regular use of GLO-COAT will make linoleum last 6 to 10 times longer. So, whether your linoleum is brand new or old, it would pay you to begin right now to give it regular applications of easy-to-use JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO-COAT. For floors of asphalt tile or rubber tile, also, GLO-COAT is the recommended polish.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC...FADE ON CUE

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TAG

(2ND REVISION)-26-

FIB: Molly, do you realize this is our last show this year?
MOL: For goodness sakes, it is, isn't it?
FIB: Yes and I was just talkin' to Doc Gamble again. He says
he thought the New Year was gonna mean big things for me.
He says I'm the progressive type. He says I got the
perfect character for the New Year because I'm real, '44
caliber!
MOL: '44 caliber. That's quite a big bore, isn't it?
FIB: Yes it's a.....Eh? Oh! Goodnight!
MOL: Happy New Year! And Goodnight, all!

PLAYOFF AND SIGNOFF

WIL: The character of Mr. Wellington, heard on this program,
was played by Ransom Sherman. This is Harlow Wilcox,
speaking for the makers of JOHNSON WAX FINISHES for home
and industry, inviting you to be with us again next Tuesday
night. Goodnight.

THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

(CHIMES)

WRITERS: Don.
Phi.

TUESDAY, JANUARY

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