

WRITERS: Don Quinn  
Phil Leslie

#16

(REVISED)

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

Johnson's Wax

TUESDAY, JANUARY 11, 1944

N B C

(REVISED)

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

ORCH: 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.

ORCH: "HIGH AND LOW"....FADE FOR

WILCOX: Many philosophers have pointed out to us that the one thing we can count on in life, for certain, is change. It may be imperceptible from day to day, but there is a constant change taking place all around us, and in household things it's usually a change for the worse. To help prevent, or at least delay that deterioration, we paint many surfaces and we wax our floors, furniture and woodwork. Today more and more surfaces of all kinds -- including leather, linoleum and metal -- are being protected with JOHNSON'S WAX. Why? Well, for one reason, wax is impervious to moisture. The wax film, as long as it endures, offers remarkable resistance to aging, and to the wear and tear of normal use. What's more, it is easy to apply additional coats of JOHNSON'S WAX as they are needed -- so that almost a permanent protection can be achieved against wear and against dirt. You don't ordinarily think this problem through when you apply JOHNSON'S WAX to the many surfaces around your home. But it will really pay you to understand just how and why JOHNSON'S WAX does give such lasting protection to your things -- at such small cost, and with a large net saving in work, plus an increase with every application in the beauty of every room in your home.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH)

(APPLAUSE)

WILCOX: THE SPANISH USED TO BURN PEOPLE THEY DIDN'T LIKE.  
~~THE CHINESE HAD THE "DEATH OF A THOUSAND SLICES."~~  
~~THE JAPS HAVE THE WATER CURE.~~ RUSSIA HAD THE WHIP.  
 IN ENGLAND THEY ONCE CUT OFF YOUR EARS FOR STEALING A PENNY. BUT FOR SHEER INGENUITY IN INSTRUMENTS OF TORTURE, AMERICAN GENIUS WINS AGAIN! WE REFER TO FORM 1040, SUCH AS THE MAILMAN HAS JUST BROUGHT TO --

---- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE

MOL: You don't have to fill out that income tax thing right now do you, McGee? I thought you had till March fifteenth.

FIB: Have you read this thing? It's gonna TAKE till March fifteenth. Listen... "WHERE THE TAX LIABILITY OF AN INDIVIDUAL FOR 1942 IS DISCHARGED AND SUCH TAX LIABILITY IS GREATER THAN THE TAX FOR 1943, THE EXCESS OF 1942 OVER THE 1943 TAX LIABILITY IS ADDED TO THE 1943 TAX LIABILITY." You understand that?

MOL: No, but I'll bet it's beautiful in the original Egyptian.

FIB: I better sit down right now and start from the beginning. Now lemme see... FOR CALENDAR YEAR 1943, or FISCAL YEAR BEGINNING... hey what does fiscal mean?

MOL: Fiscal?

FIB: Fiscal. F.I.S.C.A.L.

MOL: I think that's a rascal who goes fishing.

FIB: Maybe I better just use the Calendar year. I know what that is. Now lemme see... FIBBER MCGEE, 79 WISTFUL VISTA...

MOL: Wait a minute, dearie.

FIB: Eh?  
MOL: Better make that MR. & MRS. FIBBER MCGEE. Isn't this a joint return?  
FIB: How can it be? We don't own any joint.  
MOL: I mean aren't we...er...doesn't this return include both of us? Look at the instruction sheet.

RATTLE OF PAPER

FIB: OH MY GOSH...LOOK AT THE INSTRUCTIONS!!..NOW I AM SCARED!!  
MOL: I think we could make out the tax sheet all right, but we're going to need help with the instructions.  
FIB: Oh, this is brutal! If this thing is too tough for me how about people that aren't as smart as I am?  
MOL: Name three.  
FIB: Well, gee whizz, I --

DOOR OPEN.

MOL: Oh, Alice Darling..hello, Alice.  
ALICE: Hello, Mrs. McGee. Hello, Mr. McGee. Am I intruding?  
FIB: Not at all, Al. Not at all. You're just in time for the main go. A ten-round bout to a decision. Fiscal McGee, the Peoria Palcooka, Vs. Kid Whiskers, the Washington Walloper.  
MOL: And you'll recognize the loser because he'll have both hands up in the air.  
FIB: You made out your income tax yet, Alice?  
ALICE: No. I think the whole thing is silly.  
MOL: Now we're getting someplace. And I think it's Alcatraz. What's silly about it, Alice?  
ALICE: Well, jeepers, I made out my income tax last year and called up the post office and told 'em it was ready, and they never sent anybody after it. If they don't care, I don't.  
FIB: If you had some experience with this stuff, Alice, maybe you can give us a hand. Here...take a look.

RATTLE OF PAPER

ALICE: Well, in the first place, Mr. McGee..you've got the wrong form.  
MOL: That's just a little middle age spread, Alice. He can't help that.  
ALICE: NO, I MEAN THIS TAX BLANK. SEE THE DATE? IT SAYS 1943. THIS IS 1944.  
FIB: WELL I'LL BE A ... IMAGINE THEM SENDING ME LAST YEAR'S TAX BLANK IN THE MAIL!! THAT'S GOVERNMENT EFFICIENCY FOR YOU!! OHHH, BABY!! I'M GONNA NAIL THE ADMINISTRATION TO THE MAST WITH THIS! HAND ME THE PHONE! I'M GONNA CALL THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE AND REPORT....

MOL: Now wait a minute, McGee. You're -  
FIB: WAIT A MINUTE MY CLAVICLE!! GIMME THAT PHONE!  
ALICE: Here, Mr. McGee.  
FIB: Thanks. On second thought, I'm taking this up direct with Frances Perkins.  
MOL: Why? She's the Secretary of Labor.  
FIB: Whaddye think makin' out a tax blank is - FUN? (CLICK)  
HELLO, OPERATOR? PUT ME THRU DIRECT TO WASHINGTON D.C.  
AND CONNECT ME WITH THE WHITE HOUSE EVERYTHING MYRT?  
TIS EH?  
MOL: Oh dear.  
FIB: WHAT SAY, MYRT? WELL, TAKE CARE OF IT, MYRT. THIS MAY BE THE LAST CHRISTMAS FOR A LONG TIME THAT YOU'LL GET A BOTTLE OF THAT. JUST DAB A LITTLE BEHIND THE EARS, PUT A DROP ON EACH EYEBROW AND A LITTLE ON THE HANKY. DON'T LAVISH IT AROUND.  
MOL: What kind did she get, McGee? .Coty's?  
FIB: Teacher's. WHAT SAY, MYRT? OKAY, I'LL CALL LATER. (CLICK)  
Lines to Washington are all tied up.  
MOL: That blank is correct anyway. You're paying 1943's taxes.  
ALICE: I've been looking over this tax form, Mr. McGee...and I don't think they want to be mean about anything. I think they LIKE you.  
FIB: You do?  
MOL: What gives you that impression, Alice?  
ALICE: Look at all these lines here. On almost every line it says X.X.X.X.X.X. I think that's a nice personal touch.  
FIB: Yeah. But I dunno if they're tryin' to kiss me or just mark the spot. WELL, MUCH OBLIGED ALICE. WE'LL TRY TO STRUGGLE ALONG WITH IT.

ALICE: Alright, Mr. McGee. If you have any trouble you just call me.  
DOOR SLAM  
FIB: Now lemme see.....Line 14....Losses from fire, storm, shipwreck...HEY, SHIPWRECK!!  
MOL: Are you referring to me, dearie?  
FIB: NO NO NO...BUT I CAN MAKE A DEDUCTION FOR SHIPWRECK. REMEMBER WHEN YOU DUSTED LAST WEEK, YOU KNOCKED THAT BOTTLE OFF THE MANTEL THAT HAD MY SHIP IN IT THAT I CARVED? That thing was worth two or three hundred bucks.  
MOL: TWO OR THREE HUNDRED!! Heavenly days....give the man a jackknife and a shingle and he thinks he's Henry Kaiser. Now look, McGee.....

DOOR CHIME

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

MOL: How do you do? Were you looking for...OH IT'S MR. VON ZELL, MCGEE.

ALICE: Allright, Mr. McGee. If you have any trouble you just call me.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Now lemme see.....Line 14....Losses from fire, storm, shipwreck...HEY, SHIPWRECK!!

MOL: Are you referring to me, dearie?

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FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

MOL: How do you do? Were you looking for...OH IT'S MR. VON ZELL, MCGEE.

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FIB: Oh yeah. Hiyah, Harry.  
VON: I...er...I hope I'm not interrupting anything?  
MOL: No, McGee is just making out his income tax, Mr. Von Zell.  
FIB: You got any friends or relatives that's a lightning calculator, Von Zell?  
VON: My cousin Fitzroy Von Zell was a lightning calculator. He only made one mistake in his life.  
MOL: What was that?  
VON: He calculated that lightning wouldn't strike him if he stood under a tree. All we ever found of him was a left shoe and some bridgework. ~~And sort of a scorched smell.~~  
FIB: Well, what could we do for you, Si?  
VON: You remember last week, when Wilcox had the flu and I dropped in to say a few words about that...er...you know, the product that...made up in Wisconsin...Racine or somepl --- JOHNSON'S WAX.  
MOL: JOHNSON'S WAX.  
VON: Yes yes yes...well, I was just wondering who I should see about...well, I don't want to be considered mercenary, but...er...you know what I mean?  
FIB: Sure. You mean who pays you and how much?  
VON: OH NOW NOW NOW!! YOU MAKE IT SOUND SO...SO...WELL, AS IF I HAD DONE IT FOR MONEY!  
MOL: What a horrible thought!  
FIB: Yeah...that's pretty sordid. Tell you what, Harry. I'll check up on that and let you know.  
MOL: We'll call Sally as soon as we find out.  
VON: Er...Sally?  
FIB: Yes, that girl you're always talkin' about. Sally Patticka. That your secretary?

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VON: Well, not exactly. She's just a girl that I...well, she and I are....Oh I guess it's no secret. WELL, THANKS FOR CHECKING THAT MATTER FOR ME.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: HEY WHO DOES PAY HIM FOR LAST WEEK?  
MOL: How about Mr. Wilcox?  
FIB: I thought he was doing it as a favor to Wilcox. I'll call him and see. What's Wilcox's phone number?  
MOL: I don't know. Look in the phone book.  
FIB: Where is it?  
MOL: In the hall closet.  
FIB: Okay. (FADE) I'll call him up and ---  
DOOR OPEN: TERRIFIC AVALANCHE OF JUNK. BELL TINKLE

PAUSE

FIB: I gotta straighten out this closet one of these --- OH OH! LOOK WHAT I FOUND! HEY MOLLY...WANT SOME JELLY BEANS?

ORCH: "NO LOVE, NO NOTHIN"

APPLAUSE

v

SECOND SPOT:

SOUND: RATTLE OF PAPER

FIB: Now lemme see....Paragraph J. "Depreciation, Depletion, and Amortization of Emergency Facilities. A reasonable allowance for exhaustion, wear and tear." ...HEY THEY LET YOU DEDUCT A REASONABLE AMOUNT FOR EXHAUSTION!

MOL: That's good. You look pretty tired, so take off plenty.

FIB: I will. I been goin' thru this instruction sheet like a monkey thru a trapeze. I'll bet the only way I can get to sleep tonight is countin' countin' fiduciaries jumping over a debenture.

MOL: What's a fiduciary?

FIB: Oh the government just throws in words like that to lend a light touch to the whole thing.

MOL: But what does "fiduciary" mean?

FIB: IT DON'T MEAN ANYTHING. IT'S JUST A WORD OUT OF A SONG. REMEMBER ROSE O'DAY? (SINGS) "YOU'RE MY SKINAMAROOSHA, WHAT'S YOUR FIDUCIARY, AH TE TA TAAAAA????"

MOL: That isn't exactly how I-

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: COME IN, COME IN, COME IN.

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

MOL: Well for goodness sakes, Mr. Wellington!

WELL: How do you do, Mrs. McGee. I trust you will permit me, somewhat belatedly, I fear, to wish you a Happy New Year.

MOL: Thank you, Mr. Wellington.

WELL: And McGee, to you also, a happy.

FIB: Thanks. And since I haven't seen you since Christmas, I hope you had a Merry.

WELL: It was definitely superb. But I must admit, that in matters concerning occasions of the spirit, I am a sentimentalist. I subscribe to the old saying, "UP ON THE HOUSETOP, CLICK, CLICK, CLICK, DOWN THRU THE CHIMNEY, GOOD."

MOL: You have a wonderful memory for quotations, Mr. Wellington. Did you specialize in poetry in College?

WELL: I took a four-year course in English Lit.

FIB: FOR FOUR YEARS? YOU MUSTA HAD QUITE A HANGOVER.

MOL: What was it we could do for you, Mr. Wellington. Not that I wish to hurry you, but himself is anxious to finish making out his income tax.

FIB: What's on your mind, Sig?

WELL: I just dropped in to admonish you, old man, by request of the rules committee of the Elks, of which I am a charter.

MOL: Member?

WELL: I 'member just like it was yesterday. In fact I recall--

FIB: WELL WHAT HAVE I DONE NOW? MY GOSH, MY DUES ARE PAID. I SETTLED FOR THAT BILLIARD CUE I BUSTED. AND IF I FALL ASLEEP IN THE READING ROOM, I DON'T SNORE ANY LOUDER THAN ANYBODY ELSE.

WELL: Those are trivialities, old fellow. Picayune peccadilloes. The complaint appears to be somewhat more involved. It seems that you have a habit, when answering the telephone, of marking your place in a magazine with your cigar.

MOL: Heavenly days, McGee, you mustn't ever---

FIB: Well, gee whizz, if a man's club is gonna be so fussy....

WELL: THIS IS AN INCENDIARY HABIT TO BE DEPLORED, MCGEE. IT HAS BEEN ESTIMATED THAT YOUR LITERARY ARSON HAS COST THE CLUB TWO COPIES OF THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC, ONE POLICE GAZETTE, FOUR COLLIERS, TWO RACING FORMS, AND A SUBURBAN DIRECTORY. I have been instructed to warn you that a continuance of this custom will result in your dismissal from a club in which, up till now, you have been a main

MOL: Stay?

WELL: I'd love to, but it's impossible. GOOD DAY.

DOOR SLAM:

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FIB: WHY THAT PRISSY OLD DROOP! TELLIN' ME WHERE I CAN LEAVE MY CIGAR BUTTS AND WHERE I CAN'T. BESIDES I DON'T DO THAT. I'M ALWAYS VERY CAREFUL TO PUT - (PAUSE) What's the matter?

MOL: (SNIFF SNIFF) I smell something burning. MCGEE...YOUR INCOME TAX FORM...IT'S SMOKING!!!!

FIB: Oh my gosh...I left my cigar on it to mark the paragraph I was on. Phew...good thing you noticed it. Now.... lemme see...paragraph 15.

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

WIL: Hello, folks.

MOL: WELL, FOR GOODNESS SAKES, MR. WILCOX!

FIB: HIYAH, JUNIOR...GLAD TO SEE YOU BACK. HOW YOU FEEL?

WIL: Oh not bad. Say, did a friend of mine drop over here last week? Fellow named Harry Von Zell?

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MOL: Yes he did, Mr. Wilcox. A very nice man, though a little indefinite.

FIB: He was in a while ago today, too, Junior. Wanted to know who paid off for last week.

WIL: WHO PAID OFF!! WHY, HE TOLD ME HE WAS DOING THAT OUT OF PURE FRIENDSHIP!

MOL: Oh, he was very friendly. And he didn't want us to think he was doing it simply for money.

FIB: Not at all. In fact, I got the impression that he thought no more of a dollar than Hitler thinks of his bomb shelter.

WIL: Well, did you think he was worth anything? Did he say anything about Johnson's Self Polishing Glocoat?

MOL: N-no, I don't think he--

WIL: DIDN'T HE TELL HOW GLOCOAT PROTECTS AND BEAUTIFIES LINOLEUM AND SAVES SO MUCH HOUSEWORK BY ELIMINATING OLD-FASHIONED FLOOR SCRUBBING?

FIB: No, he didn't. To tell the truth, he did more fumbling than a piccolo player with mittens on.

WIL: YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT HE DIDN'T EVEN MENTION HOW GLOCOAT IS SO EASY TO APPLY...THAT YOU JUST POUR A LITTLE OUT, SPREAD IT AROUND WITH THE LONG-HANDLED APPLIER, AND IN TWENTY MINUTES IT DRIES TO A BEAUTIFUL PROTECTIVE FINISH?

MOL: Not a word!

FIB: I'm telling you. All that guy was interested in was mazuma. Did you notice his coat bulging in and out, Molly? That was his wallet, panting.

MOL: Maybe we're misjudging the man. Maybe he--

WIL: WELL, I'LL SETTLE THIS. IF HE'D COME OVER HERE AND DONE A NICE COMMERCIAL JOB FOR RACINE, I'D HAVE SENT HIM A CHECK MYSELF. BUT IF HE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY --

FIB: He didn't. That was obvious. He floundered in here like a seal after a herring, and we had to give him all the information.

MOL: You needn't feel any obligation to him, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: OBLIGATION!! WHY, I NEVER--

FIB: And that ain't all, Junior. You better watch yourself.

WIL: Eh? Why?

FIB: Confidentially, after Von Zell left here, I saw him out on the porch and he was whistling and singing. Like this... (WHISTLE RINSO WHITE TUNE) "Rinso white, Rinso WHITE! Happy little washday tune!" Like he was practising up.

WIL: OHHH, HE WAS, WAS HE!!! WHY, THAT--

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: You shouldn't have told him, McGee. ~~Maybe you've broken up a beautiful friendship.~~

FIB: WELL, DOGGONE IT, I WON'T HAVE A FRIEND OF MINE EXPLODED WHILE HE'S FLAT ON HIS BACK IN BED WITH THE FLU.

MOL: You don't mean exploded. You mean exploited.

FIB: I do not. Exploited means --

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: Well, thank goodness...I didn't know what exploited meant. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

MOL: Oh, hello, Mr. Von Zell.

FIB: Hiyah, Harry.  
VON: Hello...say, did I...er.. was Harlow....I mean, did I see him coming out of here just now?  
MOL: Yes, you did, Mr. Von Zell...and I think he was looking for you.  
VON: He is? Did he say anything about...Oh, not that I'd probably take anything even if he did offer me ten or fifteen dollars...and I usually get twenty-five, but did he mention....er.....  
FIB: I thought you were filling in for Junior just outa friendship, Von Zell.  
VON: OH, I WAS, I WAS...I HAD NO IDEA OF CASHING IN ON THE... IT WAS MERELY TO HELP A FRIEND WHO....But after all, if they'd HIRED AN ANNOUNCER HE WOULD HAVE BEEN...IT ISN'T AS IF...which way did Harlow go?  
MOL: He went that way.  
VON: Thank you.  
DOOR SLAM:  
MOL: Looks like the end of a beautiful ten or fifteen dollar friendship.  
FIB: Don't worry me any. I got my own troubles. Now, lemme see...(READS) ..amounts received and excluded from gross income in this and prior years, equals the aggregate premiums. HEY, DID I GET ANY PREMIUMS THIS YEAR, MOLLY?  
MOL: Only one, I think. That squirt gun you got with the twenty-seven cigarette coupons.  
FIB: That's the only one I can remember. Now, let's see... PREMIUMS...ONE SQUIRT GUN....

MOL: You call me if I can help any, McGee. I've got to start supper. (FADE) And don't do any figuring till I come back. You always get the decimal in the wrong place.  
FIB: (TO HIMSELF) AHHH, THERE GOES A GOOD KID!! HERE I AM UP TO MY CLAVICLE IN NON-DEDUCTIBLE CREVITEENS ON THE MORTISPAN AND SHE ACTS LIKE IT WOULD ALL COME OUT EVEN. WHAT A WOMAN!! SHE'LL --  
DOOR CHIME.  
FIB: COME IN!!  
DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:  
TEE: Hi, mister.  
FIB: Hiyah, sis. Look, would you mind returning at some future date? Say, right after the birth of your fourth grandchild I'M VERY BUSY....I'M MAKIN' OUT MY INCOME TAX.  
TEE: Well, gee, Mister.. can't you even let a little child stay long enough to get warm, hum? Can'tch? Hmm? Can'tch?  
FIB: OH, I SUPPOSE SO. BUT WHY DON'T YOU GO HOME? WHERE YOU BEEN?  
TEE: Downtown to the Bon Ton Department Store, and I'm gonna tell the Better Business Burro on 'em, too, I betcha. They cheated.  
FIB: EH? THEY DID? HOW?  
TEE: They hadda avvertisement in the paper and it was WRONG.  
FIB: Oh it was, eh?

TEE: Yes, and...Hum?  
FIB: I SAID, IT WAS, EH?  
TEE: Was what?  
FIB: IT WAS WRONG.  
TEE: Gee, did you try to get one, too?  
FIB: ONE WHAT? WHADDYE TALKING ABOUT?  
TEE: The monsters.  
FIB: THE WHAT?  
TEE: The monsters. They didn't even have any.  
FIB: They didn't ha-- NOW, WAIT A MINUTE.  
TEE: Okay.  
FIB: WHAT'S THIS ABOUT MONSTERS?  
TEE: WELL, GEE, MISTER, WHEN A STORE AVVERTISES THAT THEY'RE HAVING A MONSTER CLEARANCE SALE AND A WOMAN GOES DOWN TO GET ONE ON ACCOUNT OF SHE'S ALWAYS WANTED A MONSTER FOR HER VERY OWN, AND THEY DON'T EVEN HAVE ANY, I BETCHA IT'S JUST A GYP, I BETCHA.  
FIB: I could probably clear this thing up by a simple little explanation, but maybe you'll save yourself a lotta bruises and money by stayin' away from clearance sales. NOW, SCRAM, WILL YOU, SIS? I'M AWFUL BUSY.  
TEE: Okay, mister. You better get to work on it, I guess. My daddy says you're kinda ignorant about income.  
FIB: WHADDYA MEAN, I'M IGNORANT ABOUT INCOME.  
TEE: I dunno. But LOTS and LOTS of times I've heard him tell  
> mamma you were kind of an income-poop. G'bye, now.

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH: "SKIP TO MY LOVE" -- KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE:

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THIRD SPOT:

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FIB: You're sure it won't be out of your way to mail this, Alice?  
ALICE: Oh not a bit, Mr. McGee...I've got to go past the corner anyway, and I'll drop it in the box there. SAYYY, DON'T YOU NEED SOME STAMPS ON THIS ENVELOPE?  
FIB: NO, IT'S OFFICIAL GOVERNMENT BUSINESS.  
ALICE: It is? Creepers are you something big in the government?  
FIB: No, but the government is in me something tremendous. Well, much obliged, kid.  
ALICE: Oh not at all, Mr. McGee. I'm glad to do it because you've been just like a grandfather to me.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Nice kid. I've always been just like a grandf...LIKE A GRANDFATHER! WHY THAT LITTLE....  
MOL: (FADE IN) Well, did you fill out your income tax, blank?  
FIB: Would you mind repeating that, Mrs. McGee?  
MOL: I said DID YOU MAKE OUT YOUR INCOME TAX BLANK?  
FIB: Thank you. Yes. Further than that, I signed it, wrote a check for the full amount, and Alice is mailing it down at the corner box.  
MOL: WELL, ISN'T THAT WONDERFUL! HOW MUCH DID WE OWE ON IT?  
FIB: I wasn't quite sure. So I made the check out in blank. They can fill in the right amount.  
MOE: YOU SENT A BLANK CHECK IN THE MAIL?

DOOR CHIME

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

MOL: Oh hello, Doctor Gamble.  
DOC: Hello, Molly! Hello, B-one deficiency.  
FIB: Hello, you gaudy hero of the grave diggers union. Sawed off any legs by mistake today?

MOL: WHY MCGEE...WHAT A TERRIBLE WAY TO TALK TO THE DOCTOR!  
DOC: It's his defense mechanism, dear. It needs oiling.  
FIB: He's no doctor. He's a ZULU medicine man in whiteface. He thinks a microbe is an Irish kimona. Well, whaddye want, Dr. Jekyll...wanna Hyde?  
DOC: That's very smart talk from a man who runs moaning to the doctor every time he gets the hiccups.  
MOL: If you mean like day before yesterday, Doctor, that really was serious. He hiccuped for six hours.  
FIB: YOU EVER TRY TO SHAVE WITH THE HICCUPS, DOC? WHEN I GOT THRU I'D TAKEN MORE CUTS THAN A ROADSHOW CHORUS GIRL.  
MOL: I read of a man once who lost sixty-two pounds with the hiccups, Doctor.  
DOCTOR: Well, off McGee, sixty pounds would look good. WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING AROUND HERE, MCGEE? LAYING A PAPER TRAIL SO YOU CAN FIND YOUR WAY BACK TO THE DAVENPORT?  
FIB: Been makin' out my income tax, Doc. And I don't mind tellin' you it's a great relief, to have it made out, signed and in the mail by the 11th of January. Always before ---  
DGOR KNOCK  
MOL: I wonder who that could be. COME IN!  
DOOR OPEN & CLOSE  
FIB: Oh hiyah, Von Zell.  
MOL: You know Doctor Gamble, Mr. Von Zell? Doctor, Mr. Harry Von Zell, whom you have probably heard on the Eddie Cantor program, Wednesday nights.  
VON: How do you do, doctor. Are you a D.D.S.? Or an M.D.?  
DOC: I am an M.D., a B.P.O.E., one time in the A.E.F. of the U.S.A. WHERE I DID K.P. NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME.  
FIB: Don't rush away, Doc. Von Zell isn't staying. Are you, Harry?

VON: Oh no, Mr. McGee..I just wondered if Harlow...I missed him, you see, and I wondered if he had said anything to you about compensati...er...that is, if he thought I had been of the SLIGHTEST value to your sponsor.....  
MOL: Oh, I'M sure he thought you were of the slightest value. Don't you, McGee?  
FIB: Absolutely. Believe me, Harry, any time Harlow is lookin' for a guy that'll give him the slightest value, he'll call on you.  
VON: Isn't it nice to have friends like that Doctor?  
DOC: The novelty wears off, in time.  
VON: Gee, then I won't have any embarrassment in asking Harlow. ..or somebody to re-imbur..er..make the usual arrangements for a small stipen...you know...

TELEPHONE:

FIB: I'll get it.  
DOC: IF THAT'S A MRS. BANGLETHUMB, ASKING FOR ME, TELL HER SHE DOESN'T HAVE A THING TO WORRY ABOUT FOR ANOTHER SIX HOURS.  
FIB: (CLICK) HELLO....WHO?? HARRY VON ZELL? SURE, BUD, HE'S RIGHT HERE. FOR YOU, HARRY.  
VON: Oh, thank you. HELLO. YES...OH YOU DID? WHY NO..THAT HADN'T OCCURED TO ME AT ALL. I DON'T SEE HOW IT MAKES YOU LOOK CHEAP JUST BECAUSE I HELPED A FRIEND OUT AND ONLY THOUGHT IT WAS FAIR TO BE...WELL YES BUT I WASN'T REALLY HINTING, YOU KNOW. IT WAS MY IMPRESSION THAT THEY LOVED WHAT I DID, AND WANTED TO MAKE SOME SMALL GESTURE OF ...WELL, ALL RIGHT. I'LL LEAVE RIGHT AWAY. SO LONG.  
(CLICK)

VON: Oh no, Mr. McGee...I just wondered if Harlow...I missed him, you see, and I wondered if he had said anything to you about compensati...er...that is, if he thought I had been of the SLIGHTEST value to your sponsor.....

MOL: Oh, I'M sure he thought you were of the slightest value. Don't you, McGee?

FIB: Absolutely. Believe me, Harry, any time Harlow is lookin' for a guy that'll give him the slightest value, he'll call on you.

VON: Isn't it nice to have friends like that Doctor?

DOC: The novelty wears off, in time.

VON: Gee, then I won't have any embarrassment in asking Harlow. ..or somebody to re-imbur...er..make the usual arrangements for a small stipen...you know...

TELEPHONE:

FIB: I'll get it.

DOC: IF THAT'S A MRS. BANGLETHUMB, ASKING FOR ME, TELL HER SHE DOESN'T HAVE A THING TO WORRY ABOUT FOR ANOTHER SIX HOURS.

FIB: (CLICK) HELLO....WHO?? HARRY VON ZELL? SURE, BUD, HE'S RIGHT HERE. FOR YOU, HARRY.

VON: Oh, thank you. HELLO. YES...OH YOU DID? WHY NO..THAT HADN'T OCCURED TO ME AT ALL. I DON'T SEE HOW IT MAKES YOU LOOK CHEAP JUST BECAUSE I HELPED A FRIEND OUT AND ONLY THOUGHT IT WAS FAIR TO BE....WELL YES BUT I WASN'T REALLY HINTING, YOU KNOW. IT WAS MY IMPRESSION THAT THEY LOVED WHAT I DID, AND WANTED TO MAKE SOME SMALL GESTURE OF ...WELL, ALL RIGHT. I'LL LEAVE RIGHT AWAY. SO LONG.

(CLICK)

FIB: Who was that?

VON: (FAST) Eddie Cantor. Sorry I have to run, folks. Nice to have met you Doctor. Goodbye.

DOOR SLAM: APPLAUSE

DOC: Seems like a pleasant sort of a lad.

MOL: Oh he's very nice, Doctor.

FIB: WHAT WERE YOU SAYING BEFORE THE PHONE RANG DOC?

DOC: I was just wondering if you kept a copy of your income tax.

FIB: Nah, don't need one. ALICE IS MAILING IT DOWN AT THE CORNER AND ONCE THE POST OFFICE HAS GOT IT....

DOC: Where did you say she was mailing it?

FIB: In the box at the corner. I think even a featherhead like her can be trusted to take a letter half a block.

DOC: That might be, if there was a post box on that corner. But there isn't.

FIB: WHAT? WHY THERE IS, TOO. I'VE SEEN THAT BOX A THOUSAND TIMES.

MOL: McGee... that isn't a mail box. That's a trash can.

FIB: Well, just the same she.....WHAT? A TRASH CAN? YOU MEAN THAT DUMB BUNNY WOULD...OH MY GOSH!!!! WHERE'S MY HAT....SKIP THE HAT....OH THIS IS RIDICULUS!!!!

DOOR OPEN: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS FADE --

FIB: HEY ALICE!!!!...WAIT A MINUTE...NO, NOT YOU, VON ZELL... HEY, ALICE...ALICE....(INTO MUSIC)...

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Linoleum is certainly no exception to the rule that dirt is constantly wearing our household things out. And in winter or summer, there's probably more dirt coming into your kitchen than into any room in your house. Examine those small particles of dirt under a microscope, and they look like jagged rocks with sharp edges. But if your linoleum surfaces are regularly protected with JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO-COAT, they are safe against that continual wear and tear. They will, in fact, last 6 to 10 times longer than unprotected linoleum. If it were a lot of work to apply GLO-COAT, you might hesitate to use it -- but it's really no work at all, because it needs no rubbing or buffing. You simply apply JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO-COAT and let it dry. Actually, it saves you many hours of work throughout the year, and as an extra dividend keeps the linoleum colors bright and sunny, new-looking indefinitely. In these darker days of the year, you appreciate the brightness that a sparkling GLO COATED floor gives to your kitchen.

ORCH: (SWELL ORCH...FADE ON CUE)

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ORCH: (SWELL ORCH...FADE ON CUE)

TAG

MOL: McGee, I made an appointment for you with a tax expert downtown tomorrow.

FIB: Okay. What time?

MOL: One o'clock.

FIB: He want me to come at one o'clock sharp?

MOL: No - just as you are.

FIB: Eh? Oh, goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all.

ORCH: (CLOSING SIGNATURE) (FADE ON CUE)

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.