

WRITERS: DON QUINN
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(REVISED)

#34

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

Tuesday, May 16th, 1944

NBC - RED

(REVISED)

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WIL: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM, WITH FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

ORCH: THEME - FADE FOR:

WIL: The makers of Johnson's Wax for home and industry present
Fibber McGee and Molly, written by Don Quinn, with music
by The King's Men and Billy Mills' orchestra.

ORCH: "BE YOUNG AGAIN" -- FADE FOR COMMERCIAL

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC
MAY 16, 1944

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WIL: How many extra uses are there for WAX, anyway? Well, almost every week somebody writes in to tell us a new one! I'm looking at a letter now that comes from a man in the drapery business. He writes, "Tell your friends this about JOHNSON'S WAX. When their drapery rods do not work right, just rub on a little JOHNSON'S PASTE WAX and they'll slide like new - with no grease to spot fine fabrics. Wax is much better than soap or candle tallow because it won't become gummy or sticky. This would save people like me many unnecessary service calls." If your drapery rods don't work smoothly, why not try this suggestion? And while you have your JOHNSON'S WAX out, put some on your picture frames and lampshades -- your metal ornaments and especially on your windowsills. JOHNSON'S WAX protects the finish of woodwork and furniture just as it protects your floors -- at the same time saving you work and making your home more beautiful. The glowing wax film itself takes the wear, and the surface underneath is safe. JOHNSON'S WAX is available in three forms -- PASTE, LIQUID and CREAM WAX.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH)

(APPLAUSE)

"McGee"
5/16/44

(2ND REVISION)

14-

WILCOX: AROUND THE AVERAGE HOUSE THERE ARE ENOUGH P Petty DETAILS TO DRIVE AN ORDINARY MAN TO GINGER ALE. FOR INSTANCE, TAKE A LOOK AT THE DAILY SCHEDULE OF THE SQUIRE OF 79 WISTFUL VISTA:

8:00 A.M. OUT OF BED. WASH FACE. BRUSH TEETH.
9:00 o'clock; Breakfast. Read paper.
9:30...Back to bed.
10:00...Up again. Shave, shower, dress, do crossword puzzle, smoke half cigar; work on ship in bottle, take short nap, decide not to mow lawn.
10:30...Scold wife for laundry not being back. No clean shirts.
10:31...Wife says laundry has been back three days.
10:32...Decide to wear sweatshirt and old flannel pants anyway.
10:33 is where we join --

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: My gosh, if I was smart I'd get up early in the morning and dash down to the Elks Club. Stick around here and everybody finds a job for me to do, morning till night... work work work...slave my hands off. Never a minute's relaxatire.

MOL: What has anybody asked you to do today, dearie?

FIB: Well, I...er...oh, there's been dozens of things. You keep askin' me to do stuff that can just as well wait till tomorrow.

MOL: Such as?

FIB: Well, such as...as...well, didn't you ask me to do something while we were having breakfast?

MOL: Yes, I asked you to put the cover back on the sugar bowl.

FIB: SEE WHAT I MEAN? ONE CHORE AFTER ANOTHER!! GEE WHIZZ -- Hey...who let Beulah in this morning? I thought we didn't have any extra keys.

MOL: Beulah stopped and had some extra ones made. Here's three of 'em...now put 'em away someplace where you'll be able to find them.

FIB: Okay. Did you stop at the bank yesterday and get the dough for the F.H.A.?

MOL: Yes, it's in the desk. Three nice new ten dollar bills. If you're going downtown you can stop and make the payment.

FIB: I will. Gotta get my gun repaired, anyway.

MOL: What gun?

FIB: This old hog-leg of Uncle Sycamore's. The one he used in the Texas Rangers.

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS...PUT THAT ~~BLOCK~~ BUSTER AWAY!! Before I go back to kindergarten.

FIB: Whaddye mean, go back to kindergarten?

MOL: Every time I see that pistol it scares me out of ten years' growth, and I've seen it four times. That's 40 years.

FIB: Aw, it won't shoot. Trigger's busted. It's a museum piece. It's historical. Uncle Sycamore fought the Indians with this.

MOL: Well, he didn't take very good care of it. There's ten or twelve picks in the handle.

FIB: Those are notches. Every time Uncle Sycamore would kill a man, he'd cut a notch in his gun butt.

MOL: YOU MEAN UNCLE SYCAMORE KILLED TWELVE MEN?

FIB: Yes, and all in one day, too.

MOL: Heavenly days!! Who were they?

FIB: They were members of a jury that convicted him of horse stealing.

MOL: So he added murder to larceny!

FIB: NOT AT ALL. They sentenced him to be hung, so he shot 'em. It was his life or theirs. Self defense. The law of the Old West. He told me that one time--

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh, hello, Alice.

FIB: Hi, Alice.

ALICE: Hello. Has anybody called...or-- Jeepers, Mr. McGee, where'd you get the gun?

FIB: Belonged to my Uncle Sycamore, Alice. Old Indian fighter and Texas Ranger.

MOL: He was killed when his gun jammed, Alice. The coroner's verdict was HARDENING OF THE ARTILLERY.

FIB: Great old guy, Uncle Sycamore. Kind of a Robin Hood of the Border. Used to rob the rich cattlemen and give the money to the poor sheep herders. It was what you might call blameless burglary.

ALICE: You mean it was a stainless steal. Well, if Bert should call, which I doubt, will you let me know, Mrs. McGee?

MOL: Certainly, Alice...you going to bed now?

ALICE: Yes, but I'm afraid I won't be able to sleep much. The sun is so bright and I forgot to get a new sleep mask. This one is all bent and torn.

FIB: Sleep mask, eh? That what this thing is? Looks like one of them false faces you wear to a macaroon.

MOL: You don't mean macaroon, dearie. You mean masquerade.

FIB: I DON'T MEAN ANY SUCH A THING. MASKARADE IS THAT BLACK LIPSTICK A WOMAN PUTS ON HER EYELASHES, that makes her look like she'd spent the day shoveling coal.

ALICE: No, Mr. McGee, that's mascara.

FIB: (LAUGHS) WHAT ARE YOU GIRLS DOING? GIVIN' ME THE OLD
RAZZAMATAZZ? MASCARA IS THE CAPITOL OF RUSSIA.

MOL: That's MOSCOW.

FIB: DOGGONE IT, THEN WHAT'S A MACAROON?

ALICE: It's a small cake or cookie.

FIB: OF COURSE IT IS...AND THEY ALWAYS SERVE 'EM AT MASQUERADES,
SO WHADDYE TRYING TO HAND ME? So this is a sleep mask, eh?

MOL: Those are for people who have to sleep in the daytime,
McGee...it keeps the light off the eyelids.

ALICE: Lots of us war workers use them. The first time I ever
wore one, I woke up at noon, thought it was midnight,
leaped out of bed, ran into the wall and knocked myself
unconscious.

FIB: Leave this one with me, Alice .. I'll get you a new one
today.

ALICE: Oh, thanks very much. Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, dear.

FIB: 'Night, Alice.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Seems a little odd to be saying goodnight at 11 A.M.
My goodness, we never--

DOOR SLAM:

BEULAH: Scuse me, folksies...

FIB: Yes, Beulah?

BEULAH: They is two cops at the doo'. They wanna see Mist' McGee.

FIB: COPS!!

MOL: POLICEMEN? You in trouble, McGee?

FIB: I can't think of any crimes I've committed lately. I took
a paper off the newsstand last night without payin' for it,
but the kid knows I always pay later.

BEULAH: You say the word, Mist' McGee, and I'll unharness them
bulls like I was a female Roy Rogers!

MOL: Now wait a minute...both of you. This might be serious.

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, SERIOUS? I HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING...(PAUSE)
I DON'T THINK. They...er...they look friendly, Beulah?

BEULAH: No cop evah look frienly to me, Mist' McGee. Even though
I nevah busta law in my whole life, evah time I see a
brass button, my spinal cord twang like a E string.

MOL: Well, I suppose we better tell them to come in, and face
the music, whatever it is. Let 'em in, Beulah.

FIB: But not too fast. Stall 'em awhile. Talk about the
weather or something. You might hint that I got a lot of
influence down at the City Hall. If they behave, I'll
have 'em promoted. Otherwise, they'll end up as mounted
policemen...with their heads over my mantelpiece.

BEULAH: Mounted policemen with their heads-- (LAUGHS HEARTILY)
LOVE THAT MAN!! Leave it to me, suh...I'll stall 'em
for five minutes...

ORCH: "I'LL GET BY"

APPLAUSE:

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SECOND SPOT

DOOR OPEN

BEUL: (OFF MIKE) Right this way please. (ON MIKE)
Mist' an' Miz McGee, the LAW is heah. If
you need me fo' anything folks ... I'll be
in the kitchen cookin' wif the heavy
skillet.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Is this a friendly visit officers, or shall
we call our lawyer, Perry Mason?

HOGAN: I'm Hogan, Ma'am. This is Dubinsky. Headquarters
detail.

DUBINSKY: Please to make your acquaintance, ma'am.

MOL: How do you do, I'm sure.

FIB: This is all very cozy and polite, but before
we start serving the sherbet and ladyfingers,
why don't you guys break down and hand us the
subpdena, or whatever the bad news is?

HOGAN: Dubinsky and I are sellin' tickets to the Policeman's
Benefit, Mr. McGee...Five dollars a ticket. How many you
want?

MOL: How many McGee?

FIB: ARE YOU KIDDIN'? DO I LOOK DUMB ENOUGH TO PAY ANY PART OF
A FIN TO SEE A BUNCH OF TAVERN-TUMMIED, MUSCELBOUND
HANDCUFF-RATTLERS SHAKIN' THEIR FALLEN ARCHES AROUND A
THIRD CLASS BALLROOM. (LAUGHS) Not a chance, boys. Not
a chance.

MOL: If it's for a benefit, McGee, we might take a couple and -

FIB: NO SIR...I WOULDN'T CURRY FAVOR WITH A BUNCH OF STOP-LIGHT
EANDITS FOR ALL THE T in Tutti-Frutti. Sorry, boys!

HOG: That a gun in your pocket, McGee?

FIB: Eh? This? Yeah...old Frontier Model. Belonged to my
Uncle Sycamore. Old Indian fighter.

DUB: Got a license for it?

MOL: A LICENSE!...WHY THAT REVOLVER IS OVER A HUNDRED YEARS
OLD!

HOG: So is marriage, but you still gotta have a license for it.
Let's see it, McGee.

FIB: Okay, but it's just an antique. It's just an ole shootin'
arn that my Uncle Syc -

DUB: Hmmm. Serial numbers been filed off, Hogan. That's bad.

MOL: What's bad about it - on an old gun like that? You still
working on the shooting of Dan McGrew?

DUB: Pipe down, lady.

FIB: DON'T TELL MY WIFE TO PIPE DOWN, YOU RED-FACED REFUGEE FROM
THE BOYS IN THE BACK ROOM. I GOT FRIENDS IN THE CITY HALL
THAT'LL TRANSFER YOU SO FAR OUT INTO THE STICKS YOU'LL HAVE
TO REPORT IN BY CARRIER PIGEON.

HOG: Yeah...we hear that every day, friend. There's something funny here, Dubinsky. Take a look around.

DUB: Okay, Hogan. (FADE) Keep an eye on them two...they look..

MOL: Take your hat off, Hogan.

HOG: Yes ma'am. NOW LOOK HERE, MCGEE. ABOUT THIS GUN -

DOORCHIME:

FIB: Better load your blunderbuss Sherlock. This might be Flat Top.

MOL: Whoever it is, we can send a message to the Mayor. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

WELL: Ah there, good day, Mrs. McGee. Good day, McGee, er... Goodbye, officer.

DOOR SLAM: DOOR OPEN IMMEDIATELY

HOG: COME BACK HERE, YOU!!!

WELL: Certainly officer. I was merely going to perform a small favor for the fire department.

MOL: What was that, Mr. Wellington?

WELL: Move my car from in front of the fireplug. Fine body of men, our fire laddies. Wouldn't want to cause them any trouble in case of a conflagration. Or even a fire.

FIB: These laddies will take care of the matter for you, Wellington. When they get thru the case they're now working on.

WELL: And what is that, McGee?

FIB: Who killed Cock Robin? They got three sparrows and a hoot owl lined up as suspects, but their stool pigeon was -

HOG: BE QUIET, YOU!! And what's your name, Mister?

WELL: Sigmund Wellington. Manager of the Bijou Theater, my friend and keep a civil tongue in your unpleasant face, or I shall have you on the carpet so fast you'll think you're part Persian.

MOL: GOOD FOR YOU, MR. WELLINGTON! Just because we wouldn't buy any tickets to the police benefit they think they can -

HOG: QUIET, LADY....QUIET!

FIB: WHO'S TELLIN' WHO TO BE QUIET?

WELL: You mean who's telling whom, old man. In this instance "telling" is used as a transitive verb and thus takes the object. Even in times of stress, leave us not forget our grammar.

HOG: Look, Wellington, can you vouch for these people.

WELL: I can, and I will. And if I hear one more uncouth remark from you, my nightstick numbskull, I shall take great pains to see you transferred so far out in the country it will take the National Geographic 12 years to discover you.

HOG: Yeah...I know. We been thru that. So you own the Bijou Theatre. eh?

WELL: In Fee, simple.

HOG: WHAT'S THAT?

FIB: He says he owns it in fee simple. That's a legal term, but you wouldn't understand it, if it's legal.

MOL: Why did you ask about the Bijou Theatre, and take off your hat, Hogan.

HOG: Yes, Ma'am. I WAS ASKIN' ABOUT THE BIJOU, WELLINGTON, BECAUSE YOUR MARQUEE EXTENDS TWO FEET BEYOND THE LEGAL LIMIT OVER THE SIDEWALK. IN VIOLATION OF ORDNANCE 212, SECTION C, PARAGRAPH FOUR, PAGE 813 OF THE OLD BOOK.

(PAUSE)

HOG: NOW YOU STILL WANNA VOUCH FOR THESE PEOPLE?

WELL: Never saw them before in my life. Good day, officer. Good day, strangers!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Why that dirty little opportunist ... Threw us to the wolves to save his own neck....!! Wait till I --- Hey what's the charge against us? YOU EITHER GOTTA BOOK US ON SOME CHARGE OR RELEASE US. THIS ISN'T LEGAL.

HOG: I'm holding you as material witnesses. And I may charge you with carrying concealed weapons.

MOL: That's a laugh! Concealing that weapon would be like trying to hide a giraffe in a rumble seat. It's simply ridicul--

DUB: (FADE IN) HEY HOGAN ... YOU WERE RIGHT. THIS IS A REGULAR CRIMINAL HANGOUT....LOOK!!

HOG: Whaddye got, Dubinsky?

m

MOL: McGEE, ...LOOK, HE'S GOT MY JEWELRY!! WHY, OF ALL THE--

HOGAN: BE STILL, YOU. YOU'LL HAVE A CHANCE TO IDENTIFY IT.

DUB: Look, Hogan. Jewelry. Two wrist watches. One with the initials D.D. on it. Wasn't that stole from that minister last week? Don't D.D. mean Reverend?

FIB: THAT WATCH BELONGS TO MY WIFE'S UNCLE, DENNIS DRISCOLL. THE OTHER ONE IS MINE. AND IF EITHER OF YOU LIGHT-FINGERED LOOGANS SO MUCH AS--

HOGAN: McGEE, BE QUIET OR I'LL TAP YOU WITH MY SAP. Go on, Dubinsky.

DUB: Well, there's all this joolry, see? And here's thirty bucks in new ten dollar bills...BRAND NEW TEN DOLLAR BILLS, HOGAN. Like was lost when the First National was stuck up.

MOL: WE GOT THOSE BILLS AT THE BANK YESTERDAY TO MAKE AN F.H.A. PAYMENT!

DUB: Sure, lady. And these three skeleton keys that was on the desk there. I suppose those unlock the padlock on your diary.

FIB: WE NEVER CLAIMED TO HAVE A DIARY! WE BUY OUR MILK FROM THE WISTFUL VISTA CREAMERY! WHAT ARE YOU TRYIN' TO--

HOGAN: What else, Dubinsky?

DUB: Look what I found right here on the table, Hogan. A black mask.

MOL: THAT'S A SLEEP MASK THAT BELONGS TO OUR ROOMER.

FIB: ANY STUPE COULD SEE THERE'S NO EYEHOLE IN IT. THE ONLY THING YOU CAN HOLD UP WITH THAT MASK IS YOUR EYEBROWS.

HOGAN: No eyeholes don't mean anything, friend. Might be a clever
dodge to keep the victims from seeing your eyes.

FIB: Oh my gosh...

MOL: THIS IS PERFECTLY SILLY. THOSE KEYS ARE EXTRA ONES FOR
OUR BACK DOOR. THE MAID HAD THEM MADE YESTERDAY.

DUB: A likely story!

HOGAN: This is really shaping up, Dubinsky. Revolver with the
numbers filed off. Fresh money. Skeleton keys. Black
mask. Odd jewelry.

FIB: DOGGONE IT, YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO US!! I'LL SEE THAT--

DOOR CHIME:

HOGAN: Stand by. Dubinsky. We'll see who this is.

MOL: We certainly will. COME IN!!

DOOR OPEN:

WIL: Hello, folks, I was just-- <Oh, excuse me. Got company,
I see.

FIB: Yes, and they're about as welcome as fog at the airport.

HOGAN: We're police officers. What's your name?

WIL: Why?

MOL: Better tell them, Mr. Wilcox. They'd beat up their own
mothers for a fig newton.

DUB: Come on, buddy. Give. TURN THAT LIGHT IN HIS EYES,
HOGAN...THAT'S IT...

FIB: They're gonna give you the third degree, Junior. If
you're the guy who put the lighted lantern under Mrs.
O'Leary's cow, now's the time to get it off your
conscience. Or if you know where Judge Crater is, you can--

HOGAN: SHADDUP, YOU. All right, what's your name?

WIL: HARLOW MOFFETT WILCOX.

MOL: Moffett!...Well, heavenly days...what the police don't
find out!

DUB: BORN?

WIL: No.

HOGAN: WHAT?

WIL: They found me in a cabbage patch. They think the pixies
brought me.

DUB: That altitude won't get you nowhere, buddy. We can always
take you downtown and work you over. WHERE WAS YOU BORN?

WIL: Omaha, Iowa.

HOGAN: OMAHA IS IN NEBRASKA.

WIL: I know that...but I didn't think you would. Okay.

DUB: WHAT'S YOUR RACKET?

WIL: What's yours?

DUB: Oh, HOGAN AND I GO AROUND AND-- WE'RE ASKIN' YOU, SMART
GUY!

MOL: Better tell them, Mr. Wilcox, I don't like the look in
their eyes. In fact, I don't like their eyes. In fact,
I don't like them.

FIB: Move over. I hate 'em, too.

HOGAN: ALL RIGHT, WILCOX...WHAT'S YOUR GAME?

WIL: Wax.

DUB: WAX, EH? I GET IT. YOU USE WAX TO MAKE AN IMPRESSION ON
LOCKS, AND--

WIL: No, I use Wax to make an impression on housewives.

HOGAN: Oh, confidence game, eh?
WIL: Sort of, yeah. They all have confidence in me.
DUB: Tell us all about it, boy. We're your friends.
FIB: This is once I'M gonna enjoy myself.
MOL: Me too.
WIL: Well, here's how I work, see? First I case a joint...
HOG & DUB: Yeh...
WIL: Then I take my wax and go in. I use nothing but Johnson's Wax, see?
HOGAN: Why? Makes better impressions?
WIL: Makes a wonderful impression. When those housewives see how Johnson's Wax saves them hours and hours of housework and protects and preserves so many things from dust and dampness, it makes an impression that lasts the rest of their lives. It's simply wonderful the way it makes a house gleam and sparkle with new beauty and cleanliness.
DUB: (DREAMILY) Gee, it sounds great. Where can I go buy some of this--
HOGAN: DUBSINSKY..SNAP OUT OF IT...DON'T LET HIM SELL YOU ANYTHING! SNAP OUT OF IT!!
DUB: (IN A FOG) Where...where am I? Oh...What was I-- (COMES TO) OH!! ALL RIGHT, YOU, GET OUDA HERE!!
FIB: My gosh, Junior, thirty seconds more you'd of had Dubinsky settin' up housekeeping in a pink apron.
MOL: In a bungalow. He's the bungalow type. Low roof.
HOGAN: GO ON, WILCOX...BEAT IT.

FIB: And when you get downtown, Junior, please tell the Mayor that--
DUB: WE'LL TELL THE MAYOR. Get going, salesman.
WIL: Okay! But I'll come back!
DOOR SLAM:
MOL: He will, too. He always has, anyway.
FIB: YOU GESTAPO AGENTS WILL SOON BE ABLE TO CONCENTRATE IN YOUR OWN CAMP. IN THE MEANTIME-- What are you staring at, Hogan?
HOGAN: What's in that room there?
MOL: What room? Oh, THERE? That isn't a room. That's the hall closet.
HOGAN: Open it up, Dubinsky!
FIB & MOL: NO NO NO!...YOU CAN'T DO THAT!! PLEASE!...ETC ETC...NOT THAT!..NOT THAT!!
DUB: Chee...looks like we stumbled onto something, Hogan.
HOGAN: What's in there?
FIB: Nothing.
MOL: Everything.
DUB: WELL, WHICH IS IT? NOTHING OR EVERYTHING?
MOL: It's both, Mr. Dubinsky. It's everything you can imagine, but nothin you'd want.
HOGAN: Never mind the double-talk, lady. WHAT'S IN THAT ROOM?
FIB: IT ISN'T A ROOM. IT'S A CLOSET. AND I WARN YOU, BUD... YOU OPEN THAT DOOR AT THE RISK OF YOUR LIFE!
DUB: Oh, threats, eh? WELL, HOGAN, SHALL WE--
HOGAN: There's somethin' in there they don't want us to see, Dubinsky. Go ahead and open it.

MOL: WE WARNED YOU!!!!
DUB: Okay...YOU OPEN IT FOR US...YOU, MCGEE!
FIB: NO NO NO! ... SHOOT ME, IF YOU WANNA...BUT DON'T
ASK ME TO OPEN THAT DOOR!! PLEASE...ANYTHING BUT
THAT!! I DON'T WANNA --

ORCH: "OLD DAN TUCKER" -- KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE:

THIRD SPOT:

HOGAN: ALL RIGHT, MCGEE...FOR THE LAST TIME...ARE YOU GOING TO
OPEN THAT DOOR OR NOT?
FIB: No. I'm not. If you want it opened...open it yourself.
DUB: What's in there? Why you so anxious we don't open it?
MOL: You'll find out.
HOG: Now look here, lady.. If we--
MOL: TAKE OFF YOUR HAT, HOGAN!
HOG: Yes ma'am. OKAY, MCGEE..ENOUGH STALLING. WHEN I COUNT
THREE YOU OPEN THAT DOOR OR I'LL SLUG YOU.
FIB: I believe you would at that, Hogan. You're strictly a
bruiser, fist, last and always. And what's more---

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: I never realized before how beautiful those door chimes
are! COME IN!

DOOR OPEN AND SHUT:

MOL: OH DOCTOR GAMBLE!!HELLO DOCTOR!
DOC: HELLO, Mrs. McGee. Hello, Pin-up Boy. What goes on here,
if I'm not too nosey?
FIB: These two characters are cops, Doc. They busted in here
to sell us a couple of tickets to the Policemen's Benefit,
and we wouldn't go for it, so they started getting nasty.
MOL: For which they are eminently qualified.
DOC: Aren't you men exceeding your authority a little?
FIB: A LITTLE!!! THESE RAISIN-HEADS ARE FARTHER OUT OF LINE
THAN A CROSSEYED CHORUS GIRL!

HOG: PIPE DOWN, YOU! LOOK, DOCTOR. THIS MAN GOT VERY IMPUDENT WITH US OFFICERS AND WE FOUND HIM CARRYING A GUN, WITH NO LICENSE FOR IT. HE ALSO HAD SEVERAL SKELETON KEYS, SOME FRESH TEN DOLLAR BILLS AND BLACK MASK.

DUB: Yeh...and now he refuses to open this door here.

MOL: Do you blame us, Doctor?

FIB: I told 'em they'd open that door at their own risk, Doc.

DOC: (LAUGHS) This, I shall have to see! (TO COFS) WHY YOU BLUNDERING, BULL-HEADED BANDITS, YOU'VE GOT A LOT OF MOXIE TO COME BARGING INTO A PRIVATE HOME AND BROWBEATING TWO INNOCENT CITIZENS.

HOG: Yeah, but-

DOC: WHY YOU TWO NEANDERTHALS, COULDN'T DETECT A SLICED ONION IN A NOSE BAG. I'LL SPEAK TO THE COMMISSIONER ABOUT YOU, AND YOU'LL WIND UP SO FAR DOWN ON THE SENORITY LIST YOU'LL HAVE TO BE PROMOTED FIVE TIMES TO BE A CITIZEN.

DUB: Yesh yeh yeh...that's three times we hear that in twenty minutes. Let's do somethin' Hogan. I wanna know what's in that room.

MOL: WE TOLD YOU IT ISN'T A ROOM...IT'S A CLOSET.

HOG: That's what you say. Now look...we'll give you one more chance. If you'll buy a couple of tickets--

MOL: TAKE OFF YOUR HAT, HOGAN!!

HOG: Yes ma'am. ALL RIGHT, MCGEE...OPEN THAT DOOR!!! I WON'T ASK YOU AGAIN.

FIB: You're a witness to this, Doc. I want you to remember everything, because when I get these gorillas up before the civil service commission, I'll make 'em squirm like a bucket of bait.

DOC: I'll testify, all right. What are their names again?

MOL: Loogan and Buttinski.

DUB: (ROARS) HOGAN AND DUBINSKY!!!

MOL: Oh yes.

DOOR OPEN

BEUL: Kin I be any help to somebody, Ma'am?

FIB: No thanks, Beulah. Just stand to one side, so you won't be hit by flying teeth. Okay, Hogan, Whaddye gonna do?

HOG: I'M GONNA OPEN THAT DOOR MYSELF. THERE MUST BE SOMETHING VERY VALUABLE IN THERE.

DOC: "Interesting" would be a better word.

DUB: Go ahead, Hogan...Open it up. We'll confiscate any evidence we find.

HOG: That's what I was thinkin'.

BEUL: You is the kind that'd confiscate a red hot stove from a orpheum asylum.

DUB: SHADDAP!! GO AHEAD, HOGAN.

HOB: Okay...cover me, Dubinsky. Here we go!

DOOR OPEN: TERRIFFIC AVALANCHE OF JUNK BELL TINKLE: (PAUSE)

DUB: Well, I'll be a!!

MOL: You always have been.

HOG: SO THAT'S WHY... (ANGRY) ALL-RIGHT MCGEE!...JUST FOR HOLDING OUT ON US, I'M GONNA ---

DUB: LOOK OUT FOR THE LAUNDRESS, HOGAN!!!

HOG: What's she --

SOUND: GONG-G-G-G-G-g-g-g-g-!! THUD:

BEUL: ^(PAUSE) Cain't call me no laundress. On Tuesdays, I is a cook.

HOG: WHAT'S THE IDEA CONKIN' MY PARTNER WITH THAT SKILLET, YOU?
JUST FOR THAT I'LL---

SOUND: GONG-G-G-G-G-g-g-g-g-g-!! THUD:

FIB: Nice goin', Beulah.

BEUL: (LAUGHS) Sorry I only brung a fryin' pan, suh. But I didn't know I was gonna have to cook somebody's goose.

MOL: Are they...are they...did...are..they breathing, Doctor?

DOC: Oh yes...they'll live. Just a couple of concussion cases.
But we'd better get a doctor right away so they....
WHAT AM I SAYING? I'M A DOCTOR!!

FIB: Nice follow-thru you had on that swing, Beulah. You use the overlapping grip!

BEUL: Yassuh and I had to give that las' one a lil English on the left as he was standin' kinda skewgee from me.

MOL: BUT BEULAH!...ASSAULTING A COUPLE OF POLICEMEN!...NOW WE ARE IN TROUBLE!!

BEUL: No we ain't, ma'am.

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, BEULAH?

BEUL: Mist' Wilcox he check up on these men, and slip me a note thoo the back doo'. They ain't any Policemen's Benefit this yeah, an' Headquarters never hear of Hogan and Dubinsky. The real cops is on the way over. These folks is rocketeers.

MOL: Well heavenly days!!

DOC: You should be glad Mrs. McGee prepared the ground for you, Beulah.

FIB: Yeah...if it hadn't been for her, Hogan would of had his hat on.

MOL: Beulah, you're the smartest one in the household!

BEUL: (LAUGHS HEARTILY) Ain't that the truth, Ma'am?

ORCH: "SO DUMB, BUT SO BEAUTIFUL" -- FADE FOR:

CLOSING COMMERCIAL:

ANNCR: Now that we're reaching the out-of-doors season, that back door of yours will be open more of the time -- your front door also. That means of course that your linoleum floor coverings, in the kitchen and front entrance hall, need to be protected. And that's a job for JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO COAT -- because you not only want the linoleum protected against wear, you want it easy to keep clean, and gleaming with beauty. You've practically told the GLO-COAT story right there -- protection, work-saving beauty. The tough GLO-COAT film guards the linoleum surface against wear, makes it last 6 to 10 times longer. GLO-COAT needs no rubbing or buffing and therefore it takes practically no work to apply it. And because dirt and spilled things are quickly wiped up with a damp cloth, keeping a GLO-COATED floor spotless is a cinch. On the count of beauty, everybody knows by now that GLO-COAT keeps linoleum colors bright as a new dollar, and the floor itself glistening. For your linoleum floors, don't be satisfied with anything less than JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO COAT.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC...FADE ON CUE:

TAG GAG

FIB: What did the Police say when they picked up those two hoodlums, Molly?

MOL: They said we should have made them prove they were real officers.

FIB: WELL MY GOSH...WHO'D OF EXPECTED A COUPLE OF CROOKS TO BE SELLING TICKETS, FOR A POLICEMAN'S BENEFIT? Might as well expect to find Tom Dewey invitin' Mrs. Roosevelt over for a game of Pin The Tail on the Donkey. Goodnight!

MOL: Goodnight, all!!

MUSIC: 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'S WAX for home and industry, and inviting you to be with us again next Tuesday night. Goodnight.

ANNCR: THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

(CHIMES)