

WRITERS: DON QUINN  
PHIL LESLIE

(REVISED)

#33

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

Tuesday, May 23rd, 1944

NBC - RED

-2-

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: SELECTION - FADE\*FOR COMMERCIAL:

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC  
MAY 23, 1944

-3-

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WIL: You don't enjoy wearing a suit or a dress that's spotted and dirty. No, and I'm sure you don't get much pleasure from driving a shabby, grimy-looking automobile. I know I don't. And yet I see plenty of cars these days that are in great need of a little spring cleaning. I feel like telling every one of those car-owners how easily he could make the finish of his car absolutely sparkle with JOHNSON'S CARNU. One application of CARNU both cleans and polishes, in less time and with less work than you would think possible. CARNU is not a paste, not a harsh abrasive. It's a liquid that dries upon application to a white powder. When you wipe off this powder, the road grime and dullness put on by the winter comes off almost miraculously, and the finish really shines. If you don't remove that winter scum and dirt, it might easily do permanent damage to the finish...make an expensive refinishing job necessary. You can guess as well as I when new cars will be available again -- in the meantime, you'll enjoy your car more and protect it longer if you give it an occasional beauty treatment with easy-to-use JOHNSON'S CARNU -- spelled C-A-R-N-U.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

McGee - 5/23/44

(2ND REVISION) 4 & 5

WILCOX: HANDY AS A MAN MAY BE ABOUT THE HOUSE, THERE IS ONE FIXTURE HE'LL NEVER QUITE UNDERSTAND. AND THAT'S A WOMAN. LISTEN TO ONE COMMENTATOR ON THE SUBJECT AS WE MEET --  
-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: Women. My gosh, women have a tougher time makin' up their minds than a flea at a dog show.  
Women can cause more trouble than a crack in a diving board and make more fuss than five aces in a stud game.  
Why, if women would only--  
MOL: MCGEE, WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?  
FIB: Women.  
MOL: Any women in particular?  
FIB: Yes.  
MOL: Who?  
FIB: You.  
MOL: Me?  
FIB: Yes.  
MOL: Why?  
FIB: Because you keep changing your mind. Here you promised me you'd go to the ball game with me, and now what? NOW YOU SAY YOU GOT AN APPOINTMENT AT THE BEAUTY PARLOR.  
MOL: But sweetheart, they just called me and said that somebody has broken their appointment and they can give me the time. You certainly don't want your wife to neglect her appearance, do you?  
FIB: AW, NEGLECT YOUR APPEARANCE MY CLAVICLE! You could do your hair with an egg-beater and manicure your mitts with a screw driver, and still have more glamour than most of the tomatoes around here.

(2ND REVISION) 6 & 7

MOL: You're very sweet, pet, but I'm still going to keep that appointment. You go to the ballgame by yourself.

FIB: AW, I DON'T LIKE TO GO TO A BALL GAME ALONE. I GOTTA HAVE SOMEBODY WITH ME, SO I CAN TELL 'EM THE UMPIRE IS A DOGFACED, MURDERING HYENA THAT WOULD STEAL THE APRON OFF A WHISTLER'S MOTHER.

MOL: Get Doctor Gamble to go with you.

FIB: Ah, that bicarbonate bandit is so happy dancin' around the Maypole with a hundred yards of adhesive tape that he wouldn't take time off to see President Roosevelt smoke a cigarette in a short holder.

MOL: How about Mr. Wellington? He loves baseball.

FIB: That's his inferiority complex. Never got to first base himself, so he enjoys seein' other people strike out.

MOL: Well, dearie, I hate to have you give up a ball game.

FIB: Maybe I won't have to. I'll go to the beauty shop with you and call Mort Toops from there. Maybe he can go.

MOL: All right...And we'd better get started. Say, let's eat downtown tonight.

FIB: OKAY, WHY DON'T WE GO DOWN TO THAT CHINESE JOINT. Get swell chow mein there for 75 cents. Ceiling price.

(REVISED) -8-

MOL: It should be a ceiling price...it tastes like plaster.

FIB: Well, the egg foo yong is good. And so is the Boo How Ging.

MOL: What on earth is Boo How Ging?

FIB: YOU NEVER ATE ANY BOG HOW GING?

MOL: No.

FIB: Me either. Let's have a shot at it.

MOL: All right...I'd better tell Beulah we won't be home for dinner. (CALLS) OH, BEULAH!!

DOOR OPEN:

BEULAH: SOMEBODY SCREAM FO' BEULAH?

MOL: Yes, Beulah...we won't be home for dinner tonight.

BEULAH: Oh, that's too bad, ma'am. I planned on havin' a beautiful dinner fo' you.

FIB: What were we gonna have, Beulah?

BEULAH: I hadn' quite made up my mind, suh, (LAUGHS) but it sho' would have been beautiful. You two gonna eat wif friends or in some kafe downtown.

MOL: In some what, Beulah?

BEULAH: Kafe. You know what a kafe is. Tha's a restaurant with a glass full o' tooth-picks on the cashier counter. If they ain' no toothpicks in sight...it's a restaurant.

FIB: That isn't pronounced KAFE, Beulah. It's café.

BEULAH: Oh. Scuse me.

MOL: We'll eat in a Chinese place we like, Beulah. The food is very good there.

BEULAH: Yes'm...but is it safay?

FIB: Is it what?

BEULAH: Safay. S-A-F-E - Safay.

MOL: (LAUGHS) Oh, I think it's all right. So when you get through cleaning, Beulah...you can go home.

BEULAH: Thanks very much, ma'am. Be glad to git away early tonight. My boy friend and I is goin' to a concert.

FIB: Classical stuff, Beulah?

BEULAH: CLASSICAL!!! Man, this stuff is so classical it knock yo' hat off. We gonna heah Duke Dibble and His Savannah Swing-dingers in a program o' Barrelhouse, Basie, Boogie and Bone-breakin'. (PAUSE) After that we probably go someplace where they really git hot.

MOL: I'll bet you love to dance, Beulah.

BEULAH: (GIGGLES) I sho ain' no wallflower, ma'am. Closest I gits to the wall is when I gits flang aginst it durin' a fast wolf trot.

FIB: You mean fox trot.

BEULAH: In my set, suh...the fox is a extink animal. (LAUGHS)

MOL: Well, have a good time and we'll see you next week, Beulah. We've got to get down to the beauty shop to keep my appointment.

BEULAH: You goin' with her, suh? You might git a shampoo, too.

FIB: Who knows, Beulah? Remember the old song..."SOME DAY MY RINSE WILL COME".

BEULAH: Some day my rinse will co--(LAUGHS HEARTILY) LOVE THAT MAN!! Well, you better git right down there, ma'am...  
~~I take care of evanthing heah.~~

ORCH: SELECTION (LONG ALC)

APPLAUSE:

MOL: I think you've brushed my hair enough now, Carmen...don't you?

CARMEN: Just a little more, Mrs. McGee, then I'll cut it for you. How do you like sitting around a beauty shop, Mr. McGee?

FIB: Never been so fascinated in my life, sis. I didn't intend to stay this long, but I got so interested in the chatter--  
 HEZ, OPEN THAT INSIDE DOOR FOR ME AGAIN WILL YOU? JUST FOR A SECOND?

MOL: Oh for goodness sakes, McGee..she's opened that door for you every five minutes since you came in.

FIB: Aw come on, Carmen...open the door. I wanna listen, again.

CARMEN: Well..all right. Here -

SOUND: DOOR OPEN: WHIRR OF DRYER OFF MIKE: CHATTER OF VOICES:

( 1st WOMAN: - and I told my husband I said, HENRY, I said, it isn't so much that I mind you're having a good looking secretary, I said, if you're going to pay ANYONE 75 dollars a week, I could just as well have taken the job myself and got a nurse to take care of the children I said and Henry just laughed and.....

( 2nd WOMAN: - I found the DUCKLEST material for lounging pajamas, my dear, at the Bon Ton, in the awning section and only 87 cents a yard in simply GORGEOUS red and green stripes and I told the clerk, look, my dear, I said, I always wanted some pajamas made of awning material because I simply fold up at the end of the day myself and he said.

( 3rd WOMAN: - and he wanted to run away with me and get married and I said, BUT JOE, I said, your father doesn't like chorus girls, and Joe said that's what you think baby, he's married three of 'em himself, and I said okay Joe, but believe me, girls, if he ever so much as ...

All at once.

CUT OFF WITH DOOR SLAM:

FIB: (STILL FASCINATED) My gosh, they been goin' on like that for two hours! How long can they keep it up?

CARMEN: I don't know, Mr. McGee...I've only worked here 11 years. I'M going to cut your hair now, Mrs. McGee...then I'll give you a shampoo, wave and manicure.

MOL: All right, Carmen. McGee, you ought to let Carmen do your hair. That last haircut you got looked like it had been done with dull hedge-clippers.

FIB: I don't care...I still like the barber shop better. Not so much cigarette smoke. HEY, HOW LONG YOU GONNA BE, MOLLY?

MOL: Oh, not long, dearie...just relax.

FIB: I'll just sit here by the front window and read. Here's a cartoon in Colliers I haven't finished. Can I open the door for just a minute, Carmen? Please, just for a second

MOL: For goodness sakes, McGee...anybody'd think you never heard women talk before.

FIB: I never did, like this. Please, Carmen.

CARMEN: I'm sure I don't care, Mr. McGee...if it amuses you.

FIB: Gee, thanks --

DOOR OPEN: WHIRR OF DRYER: WOMEN'S VOICES

{ 1ST WOMAN: ...and the facepowder she uses, my dear, I think she grinds it herself out of brick dust. Because one time...

{ 2ND WOMAN: ...positively the most RAVISHING dinner gown, girls, it fit very snugly around her hips, but then, anything less than Ringling's main tent would, you know, and...

{ 3RD WOMAN: ...so I cut the roundsteak into small pieces and braise them with onions before I put them in a casserole with the carrots and bay leaves. My husband says...

CUT OFF WITH DOOR SLAM:

ALL  
AT ONCE

FIB: (LAUGHS) And to think I was gonna waste my afternoon at a ballgame!! I'd like to make a recording of that chatter and then play it back for myself real slow. I'll bet there's enough dynamite in that hullabaloo to blow up East St. Louis. Why, my gosh...

DOOR OPEN: SHUT:

MOL: Well, for goodness sakes, Mr. Wellington.

WELL: AH THERE, GOOD DAY, MRS. MCGEE...GOOD DAY, CARMEN, MY LITTLE BEAUTY, (PARLOR OPERATOR) AND MCGEE, MY FRIEND, IF YOU CAME IN HERE TO GET THAT BALD SPOT REDUCED, JUST BUY A DERBY AND FORGET IT.

FIB: I'M just in here with my wife, Wellington. But I can arrange to get you under a dryer, for a while, if you're worried about those wet spots behind your ears.

CARMEN: What could I do for you, Mr. Wellington?

WELL: An extremely fair question, Carmen, my child. (Incidentally my friends, Carmen is an expert in care of the hair. She used to care for the one I used in my exhibitions of magic.) But I merely stopped in to place my weekly card of coming attractions at the Bijou theatre in your window.

MOL: Does he pay you for letting him do that, Carmen?

CARMEN: Well, in a way, Mrs. McGee. He says I can always get in free for Thursday Matines.

FIB: The Bijou theatre don't have any Thursday matines.

CARMEN: I know that. So as soon as he leaves I take the cards out of my window and throw them away.

WELL: Ahh touche! By the way, McGee...perhaps you could help settle a discussion I have been having with my doorman, regarding the interior decoration of my theatre.

MOL: Oh he'll help settle it, all right, Mr. Wellington. Not that he knows much about interior decoration. He still thinks Duncan Phye is a bandleader.

FIB: I NEVER NO SUCH A THING! AND WHAT'S MORE I DON'T THINK PETTY POINT IS A THUMB TACK FOR PIN-UP GIRLS, EITHER. What's the argument, Wellington?

WELL: My doorman thinks we should raise the admission price by five cents and have the seats recovered in velour. I contend we should raise the price TEN cents and cover the seats with leather.

FIB: Why don't you lower the price a dime and cover the seats with People.

WELL: Ahhh, thannngkyo. A very sharp solution. McGee, you have the mind of a financial Gene.

FIB: -ius?

WELL: Yus, indeed. Good day, friends!

DOOR SLAM:

SOUND: SNIP-SNIP OF SHEARS:

CARMEN: I've cut about enough off, Mrs. McGee...I'll get you ready for your shampoo.

MOL: All right, Carmen. You sure you don't want to go to the ballgame, McGee?

DOOR OPEN:

WIL: Hello, pal. I thought I saw you thru the window there. Hello, Molly.

FIB: HIYAH, JUNIOR. What can we do for you today in our little Maison de Marcel? Shall we perk up that iron gray hair with a touch of rust?

MOL: Don't let him kid you, Mr. Wilcox. He's as out of place here as a moose in a minuet. Oh excuse me. Carmen this is Mr. Wilcox, the Johnson's Self Polishing Glocoat Man.

CARMEN: Oh, I use a lot of Johnson's Glocoat on the linoleum in the shop here, Mr. Wilcox. It's so wonderful just to pour it out and let it dry without any rubbing or buffing.

WIL: Yes, I imagine in a place like this where cosmetics and soapsuds and oils are spilled all day long it saves a lot of time when you can just wipe it off a Gloc coated surface, with a damp cloth.

FIB: Would you two like to be alone while you get cozy and commercial?

MOL: McGee started out to the ball game, Mr. Wilcox, and then he got intrigued by the atmosphere around here.

WIL: I didn't think he came in here to get beautified, Molly. Not that it wouldn't help.

FIB: Oh this is a wonderful place, Junior. Never heard anything like it. Mind if I show him, Carmen?

CARMEN: Go right ahead, Mr. McGee. Glad to have Mr. Wilcox know my customers are happy.

WIL: What's the gag?

FIB: No gag, Waxey. Just get a load of this! You'll love it!!

DOOR OPEN: WHIRR OF DRYER OFF MIKE; CHATTER OF VOICES:

1st WOMAN: - so he said if I didn't have the coupon he couldn't sell me the shoes and they were the only pair in the place, my dear, that would fit me on account of I have such a high instep, although my mother had the highest instep of anybody I ever saw, you could roll marbles under her feet when she was standing perfectly still and --

2nd WOMAN: - the living room in a shade of milberry and it was tremendously effective. I told the decorator I wanted something extremely chi-chi, you know, and he suggested curtains of glazed chintz, and I said positively no..my husband came home glazed every night and I simply couldn't take any other...

3rd WOMAN: - and that's why I went home to mother. Harold was simply impossible when he got that job as air raid warden and got to wear that helmet, anybody would think he was General MacArthur himself the way he'd strike poses around the house and practicing blowing that whistle you'd think the Japs were practically on the front porch and...

All at once.

CUT OFF WITH DOOR SLAM

FIB: Is that a panic Junior, or is that a panic?

WIL: Whaddye mean, Pal?

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, WHAT DO I MEAN...DIDN'T YOU HEAR THAT GABBLE GABBLE?

WIL: Yes, but what of it? Just a lot of women talking. Didn't you ever have any sisters?

FIB: No.

WIL: Oh. WELL, SO LONG, MOLLY. NICE TO HAVE MET YOU, er.... CARMEN.

CARMEN: Come again, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: THANKS, I....OH SAY....GUESS WHO I SAW DOWNTOWN THIS MORNING IN THE WAC'S RECRUITING OFFICE.

FIB: Madame Ouspenskaya?

WIL: ALICE DARLING! Well so long, everybody.

DOOR SLAM

MOL: Heavenly days...Alice Darling Joining the Wacs! But she's doing so well at the war plant. Making a wonderful salary.

CARMEN: That doesn't mean much, Mrs. McGee. The Wacs come out better at the end of the month than a lot of highly paid workers. Everything they have to eat and wear is paid for. Their fifty a month is absolutely clear. I'd like to have fifty dollars a month clear myself.

FIB: Me too. Molly's got me on an allowance that wouldn't keep Dewey in Willkie buttons.

MOL: Well, that's one way of looking at it, as the man said when he stood on his head to watch the parade.

CARMEN: All right, Mrs. McGee...ready for your shampoo.

MOL: Better wait here for me, McGee.....as soon as I get under the dryer and start having my manicure, Carmen will call you.

FIB: Ah don't worry about me, kids. I'll just sit here and study those hair style charts. HEY, I'LL BET YOU'D LOOK GOOD WITH YOUR HAIR PILED UP IN KIND OF A BOMBARDIER, MOLLY.

MOL: You don't mean bombardier, dearie. You mean pompadour.

FIB: I DON'T MEAN ANY SUCH A THING. A POMPADOUR IS A GUY THAT WENT AROUND IN THE OLDEN DAYS WITH A ZITHER.

CARMEN: That was a troubadour, Mr. McGee.

FIB: OH NOW DON'T GIMME THAT, CARMEN! A TROUBADOUR IS A BRASS BUCKET THAT SETS ON A RUBBER MAT IN HOTEL LOBBIES AND MOLLY WOULD LOOK PRETTY SILLY WITH ONE OF THOSE ON HER HEAD!!

MOL: You're thinking of cuspidor, McGee.

FIB: I THOUGHT A CUSPIDOR WAS A BULL FIGHTER.

CARMEN: That's toreador.

FIB: HOW DO YOU KNOW?

CARMEN: I'M Carmen, remember? Come on, Mrs. McGee.

MOL: We'll call you shortly, McGee.

FIB: Okay...take your time. AND GO SLOW THRU THAT DOOR!

DOOR OPEN: SOUND: WHIRR OF DRYERS: WOMEN'S VOICES:

All at once.

1st WOMAN: - sit this one out, and I said nothing doing, Romeo, I said I've sat dances out with you before and every dance I lose sitting with you I lose four more fixing my hair again...

2nd WOMAN: - so there we were, out of gas and this big stupid husband of mine said have you got any coupons and I said only a shoe coupon and he said that's a good thing, tootsie because from here on we walk, and I...

3rd WOMAN: - shot him four times thru the neck with a forty-four revolver which my goodness, girls, seems a little drastic for just a little flirtation, but it just goes to show how a girl gets upset and....

CUT OFF WITH DOOR SLAM

FIB: (CHUCKLES) Ah, there goes a good kid...to join the giddy gossipers. She never gabs like that and why she wants to come in here and sit with her skull in one of those iron lungs, I'll never ---

DOOR OPEN & CLOSE

TEE: Hi, mister.

FIB: Eh?? Well, I'll be a .. HI, THERE, TEENY.

TEE: Hi. Waitin' for a manicure, mister?

FIB: NO, I'M NOT WAITING FOR A MANICURE. I'M WAITIN' FOR MRS. MCGEE.



TEE: HEY WHERE'S CARMEN, MISTER? Sho's gonna wash my hair.  
FIB: She is?  
TEE: Hmrrrrrrrr?  
FIB: I SAID SHE IS?  
TEE: She is what?  
FIB: CARMEN'S GONNA WASH YOUR HAIR.  
TEE: I know it. I gotta nappointment too, I betcha.  
FIB: Strikes me as faintly grotasque, Teeny. A little girl  
your age going to beauty parlors.  
TEE: Well, my dear man....  
FIB: YOUR WHAT?  
TEE: I mean gee whillikins, when a woman has gotta date with  
her one and only, I guess she's gotta right to make the  
best of her beauty and personality....I betcha.  
FIB: Who you got a date with, sis? Anthony Eden?  
TEE: No....Willie Toops for dancing school tomorrow. Who's  
Anthony Eden?  
FIB: Oh he's a handsome British diplomat.  
TEE: Ohhh boy...bring him along....I'll tell Willie he's my  
cousin. Scuse me now, will you mister?  
FIB: Sure Teeny. Trot along. And if you see a woman in there  
who belongs to me, tell her there's a faithful old man  
waitin' outside here, like a hound pup at the cabin door.

TEE: (GIGGLES) Okay, mister. Bye now!  
FIB: Here, Teeny, let me open the door for you.  
DOOR OPEN: WHIRR OF DRYER: WOMEN TALKING:  
(  
1st WOMAN: - most wonderful tatooing on his chest you  
ever saw, my dear...there was a sunflower,  
and the battleship Maine and a---  
2ND WOMAN: - horses, horses, horses, from morning till  
night till finally I said Terence, my  
dear, can't you talk about anything but  
horses, and---  
3rd WOMAN: - with whipped cream and if you can't get  
any cream just take the top inch of four  
bottles of milk and whip the cream in an  
electric.....  
All at  
once  
CUT OFF WITH DOOR SLAM:  
FIB: (CHUCKLES) AHHHH ME!! The weaker sex is right! They  
could go on like that for a weeker ten days. Now where'd  
I put my magazine....oh yes....  
ORCH: & KINGS MEN: "UMBRIAGO"  
(APPLAUSE)

THIRD SPOT

(2ND REVISION) -22-

FIBBER: (ON PHONE) NO...I'M CALLIN' FROM THE BEAUTY PARLOR, MORT, WHAT? NO...WAITIN' FOR MY WIFE. JUST WANTED TO TELL YOU I'M NOT GONNA GO TO THE BALL GAME TODAY, EH? YEAH...I KNOW YOU HADN'T PLANNED ON IT, MORT, BUT I HAD TWO TICKETS AND WAS GONNA ASK YOU TO GO, BUT FORGET IT...I'M HAVIN' TOO MUCH FUN HERE. OKAY, MORT. (CLICK) Now lemme see....

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

ALICE: Hello, Mr. McGee. Waiting for your wife?  
FIB: Oh, hiyah, Alice! Yeah - HEY, WHAT'S THIS I HEAR ABOUT YOU BEIN' SEEN DOWN AT THE WAC'S RECRUITING OFFICE. HOW DID IT GO? DO WE SALUTE YOU FROM NOW ON, OR JUST WAVE?  
ALICE: (SADLY) Just wave, Mr. McGee. They wouldn't take me.  
FIB: Why not? You'd make a wonderful Wac, Alice.  
ALICE: Well, I'm an American citizen between 20 and 49, but they said I was an essential war worker because they couldn't get anybody to do my job at the airplane plant, so I couldn't get in.  
FIB: Aw well....don't worry about it. Why did you wanna join up, anyway?  
ALICE: (AMAZED) WHY!! WHY CREEPERS, MR MCGEE, BECAUSE I WANTED TO GET IN THERE AND PITCH FOR ONE THING. AND I COULD LEAR A WONDERFUL TRADE FOR AFTER THE WAR.

(2ND REVISION) -23-

FIB: Well, there's that ---  
ALICE: And besides, all the girls I know who've joined the Wacs are healthier and happier and having more fun than anybody. And TRAVEL!! I know one girl who's learned three languages, been in five countries and turned down seven proposals. AND YOU WANT TO KNOW WHY I WANT TO JOIN THE WACS!  
FIB: Yeah...I can see a few reasons, Alice. But my gosh... aside from the benefits to you.. does the country need women like you?  
ALICE: CERTAINLY THEY DO!! THOUSANDS OF US. Everytime a girl like me joins the Wacs some soldier can leave a typewriter and go get a gun.  
FIB: You mean lay down his Remington and pick up a Springfield? But look, how are you at roughing it, Alice? Isn't that Wac business pretty rugged for a cutelepie like you?  
ALICE: I think I could stand the strain of eating three good meals a day without worrying about ration points. I think I could live thru the dates and parties and recreation periods the Wacs have scheduled. I think I could survive the travel with all expenses paid. YES AND I THINK I COULD EVEN STAND HAVING AT LEAST FIFTY DOLLARS OF MY VERY OWN AT THE END OF EVERY MONTH.... TOO!

FIB: Well, that throws a new light on the situation - as the cop said when he flashed his torch on the rumble seat. Whaddye gonna do now, Alice?

ALICE: I'm going to get a permanent, to cheer myself up. And tomorrow I'm gonna see about the factory training an older woman for my job so I can join the Wacs. See you later Mr. McGee.

FIB: Okay, Alice.

DOOR OPEN: SOUND: OFF DRYER WHIRRING: WOMEN'S VOICES:

1st WOMAN: - throws his clothes around the room and I get SO tired of picking up his golf shoes with those horrid spikes in them that --

2nd WOMAN: - put the meat on the scales and I said "I don't mind your weighing your hand, Mr. Butcher, I said but that ring you have on must weigh three ounces, so --"

3rd WOMAN: - that horrid little Pekinese of hers and all over my new rug, too. Hairs everywhere, my dears. One of these days, mark my words -

TEENY: -- and I told Willie, I told him I didn't care if he bought me A MILLION BILLION lollypops, I wasn't gonna let him use my doll for Hitler so he could shoot his beebee gun and -

DOOR SLAM: SOUND: CUTS OFF

FIB: Still at it!!! Those kids have been beating their gums harder than Wrigley, Beeman, Adams, and Beechnut put together. If I ever -

DOOR OPEN

FIB: Well well well...Doc Gambel. Hiyah, you old eye, ear, nose and threat specialist.

(THREAT)

DOC: Hello, turtleneck. Are you waiting for somebody to take you in and give those two-day whiskers of yours a henna rinse?

FIB: Nope. Waitn' for Molly. She's gettin' the works. They're gonna give her a shampoo, wave, cut, manicure, facial and a bill for the national debt.

DOC: Well, it's really a health measure, for woman, McGee. The let their hair down actually and psychologically and it's good for 'em.

FIB: Whaddye you know about it, you old..you old.....er...hey, what's the masculine equivalent of "old hag"?

DOC: "Derelict" would be fairly close and are you applying the term to me, you illiterate little parakeet?

FIB: AND WHAT IF I WAS, YOU SUPERCILIOUS SON OF A SULFA SALESMA ANY TIME YOU DON'T LIKE WHAT I SAY, JUST TAKE OFF YOUR COAT AND PUT UP YOUR LITTLE HOT HANDS. I'LL WHAP YOU SO HARD ON THE SCHNOZZLE YOU'LL HAVE TO SNORE THRU THE BACK OF YOUR NECK!

DOC: WHY YOU asthmatic little ASPIDISTRA, YOU COULDN'T SLUG YOUR WAY THRU A WET NEWSPAPER. BEFORE YOU START GETTING BELIGGERENT YOU'D BETTER MAKE A DENTAL APPOINTMENT. YOU'LL LOSE MORE TEETH THAN A JEWELRY MERCHANT AT AN ELK'S CONVENTION.

FIB: IS THAT SO!!

DOC: INDUBITABLY!

FIB: WELL IF....what was that?

DOC: I said INDUBITABLY.

FIB: Watch your language there Doc. Bunch of women just the other side of the door there. HEY, WHAT YOU DOIN' HERE, ANYWAY?

DOC: I come over here every couple of weeks for a scalp massage. Carmen does a wonderful job.

FIB: A scalp massage for you? Isn't that like watering the sidewalk and expecting roses to spring up?

DOC: Oh it isn't so much trying to save my hair. But it's therapeutic.

FIB: Good for you too, I'll bet.

DOC: That's what I said.

FIB: Oh.

DOC: Nothing like a good scalp and facial massage for a professional man who doesn't have time to relax. You ought to try it, McGee. Why don't you get a SCALP massage the same time I do?

FIB: AH.....NOT FOR ME, DOC. My gosh I --

DOC: OH COME ON.....YOU'LL LOVE IT!

FIB: NOPE...MOLLY'LL BE OUT ANY MINUTE. I HAVEN'T GOT TIME. BESIDES, I LIKE TO WASH MY OWN HAIR. BESIDES, I DON'T LIKE PEOPLE FUSSIN' AROUND ME. BESIDES, MY HAIR DON'T NEED WASHING, BESIDES....

DOC: IT'S ON ME. I'LL PAY FOR IT.

FIB: Okay, I'm your man.

DOC: Good! (YELLS) OH OPERATOR!!....COME HERE!!....(INTO MUSIC) IM telling you, McGee, you'll feel so refreshed that you'll

ORCH: BRIDGE: "TIME ON MY HANDS" OR SOMETHING. OUT:

MOL: Well, am I thru at last, Carmen?

CARMEN: Yes, Mrs McGee....and I hope your husband didn't get disgusted and go home. I want him to see your hair...it looks beautiful.

MOL: He won't even notice it until I tell him. The only time a husband thinks of your hair is when he steps on a bobby pin in the bathroom.

CARMEN: I'll let you out thru the corridor here Mrs. McGee.... you won't have to go thru the main treatment room. Right this way...

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON WOOD:

MOL: This way?

CARMEN: No...right thru this room here - this is where I give the scalp treatments.

DOOR OPEN: WHIRR OF DRYERS: (MEN'S VOICES)

( MCGEE: - so I says to the guy, Doc, I says, look bud, I says, I asked for a pleats on the pants and the guy says we ain't allowed to make pleats any more and I says, who don't allow you, and he says the OPA, and I says DO I TELL THE OPA HOW TO WEAR THEIR PANTS? No, I says, and what's more--

( DOC: - and it was one of the worse cases of malnutrition I'd ever seen, McGee. What on earth have you been eating, madam, I said, and she said just olives, doctor, and I said where did you get all the olives, and she said out of martinis, and I said my good woman, I said.....

DOOR SLAM: SOUND: OUT:

MOL: OH, THIS IS REALLY RIDICULOUS!!!

ORCH: SELECTION: - FADE FOR

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: If you have light painted woodwork in your home, I'd like to offer you a suggestion. Get yourself a bottle of JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX, take a clean cloth, and rub a little of the wax on the most soiled part of the woodwork -- preferably where there are dirty fingerprints. If you've never used this newest form of JOHNSON'S WAX, you'll be delighted with what it does. CREAM WAX was designed especially for furniture and woodwork, and contains, besides the wax, special cleaning agents. It removes soiled spots, smudgy finger-prints in an instant -- and it leaves a lustrous wax finish that takes a minimum of rubbing. The wax gives protection against soiling and dirt, for all kinds of surfaces. For table tops, chair arms, and for the finish of your refrigerator, JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX fills a real need. Of course you can use your regular PASTE or LIQUID WAX for all of these uses -- but once you have tried this special JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX on your furniture and woodwork, you'll always keep a bottle on hand.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

FIB: Ladies and gentlemen. THE COUNTRY DOES NEED WOMEN... THOUSANDS OF WOMEN...IN THE WOMEN'S ARMY CORPS. IT'S AN INTERESTING LIFE, WITH PLENTY OF FEMININE COMFORTS AND DIVERSIONS IN LEISURE HOURS. AND THE WACS OFFER TRAINING IN SPECIALIZED SKILLS WHICH WILL BE PRICELESS AFTER THE WAR.

MOL: SO, IF YOU'RE AN AMERICAN CITIZEN, BETWEEN 20 AND 49, NOT IN ESSENTIAL WAR WORK, APPLY AT YOUR NEAREST ARMY RECRUITING STATION.

FIB: YOU WON'T HAVE TO FACE THE POWDER...JUST POWDER THE FACE FOR A DATE WITH UNCLE SAM. GOOD NIGHT.

MOL: 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'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)