

WRITERS: DON QUINN
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(REVISED)

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

Tuesday, June 20, 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 Bill Mills' Orchestra.

ORCH: (SELECTION)...FADE FOR COMMERCIAL:

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

(REVISED) -3-

WILCOX: Do you remember when your kitchen linoleum was brand new?
You probably got a big thrill out of it, and you decided
that you were certainly going to take good care of it.
Well, have you? Does it still look almost new? It would,
if you had begun right away to protect it with JOHNSON'S
SELF POLISHING GLO-COAT. Because when you apply GLO-COAT
to linoleum, you are putting down a tough shield that
protects the finish against wear and dirt and moisture.
The thin invisible film of GLO-COAT itself takes the
wear, and the surface underneath is safe. That's why
the regular use of GLO-COAT makes linoleum last 6 to 10
times longer. Even if your linoleum isn't new, you can
greatly lengthen its life, besides keeping it sparkling
and beautiful, with easy-to-use GLO-COAT. Of course it's
easy to use, because it needs no rubbing or buffing.
You simply apply GLO-COAT and let it dry. Conservation
begins at home -- in fact, it begins in your own kitchen
the very first time you use JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING
GLO-COAT.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH)

(APPLAUSE)

WILCOX: WELL THERE ARE BIG PLANS BEING MADE AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA THIS WEEK. THERE ARE PLANS AFOOT TO BE ON HORSEBACK, BECAUSE THE SQUIRE AND HIS LADY ARE GOING TO WORK ON A RANCH THIS SUMMER. OUT IN THE GREAT WEST, WHERE, IF YOU GIVE A CROOK ENOUGH ROPE, YOU'LL BE MINUS A COW. AND HERE, AT HOME, DISCUSSING THE NEAR FUTURE, WE FIND --

--FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!!

APPLAUSE:

MOL: I still wonder if ranching isn't going to be rather hard work for you dearie. That cowboy stuff is pret-ty strenuous, you know.

FIB: AH, NOT FOR ME! I know my way around a corral like the back of my hand. Remember I worked on Uncle Sycamore's ranch in Montana a couple years.

MOL: Your Uncle Sycamore?

FIB: Sure..you remember me tellin' about him. One of the great cattlemen of the old west. Rancher, gunman, horsethief, rustler, marshall, -- a low character in high heels.

MOL: Yes, a half-pint brain in a ten gallon hat. Whatever happened to him?

FIB: Oh it was quite a tragedy! He was head man at a public function and the platform gave way under him. Unfortunately he had a rope around his neck at the time and it killed him.

MOL: Very romantic. I never knew he had a ranch of his own.

FIB: Sure he did. He called it the Running W, Bar J, Split Y, Rockin Chair, Diamond Star, Two-Hashknife X.

MOL: How did he get all that brand on one cow?

FIB: Well, the idea was that any critter he found runnin' loose on the range he could make the brand fit his, - one way or another. Started with one steer and worked it up to the biggest heard in Montana.

MOL: I begin to see why that platform gave way. The ole coyote was shore full o' larceny warn't he, pardner?

FIB: Shore was, gal. And proud of it. Had three sons and named 'em all Russell. Yes, ole Uncle Sycamore had him quite a ranch. Run from the top o' Montana down to the Mexican border.

MOL: Ye don't say! Clear across Wyoming, Colorado and New Mexico?

FIB: My gosh...are all those States in between? I thought it seemed an awful long ride back to the bunk house, ~~every night.~~

MOL: Bunk house is right. You know you have a terrible habit of exaggerating things, McGee.

FIB: Yeah...I suppose I have. But ~~there's~~ so little water out there you develop kind of a dry sense of humor.

MOL: Ought to be a joke thar about a cowboy gittin' off his hoss just to see the reins-drop but I caint make nothin' of it, pardner.

FIB: Don't try, gal. Ever tell you 'bout a couple of fresh water springs Uncle Sycamore had on his summer pasture that were so cold the water come up in the form of icicles? Stickin' twenty...thirty feet in the air? The cows would take a run at 'em...break 'em off and kick 'em around in the sun till they melted.

MOL: McGee.. look....you MUST learn not to stretch the truth so far.

FIB: Well, my gosh....you don't want me to be dull, do you? Gee whizz, a guy's got to get a little color into his conversation.

MOL: But you over-do it, dearie.

FIB: Well, I can't help it, Molly.

MOL: Oh yes you can.

FIB: Honest I can't.

MOL: Then I'll help you. Every time you start going haywire with the facts, I'll pinch you, or kick you in the shin.

FIB: GO ON..YOU CAN'T KICK THAT HIGH.

MOL: I SAID SHIN.

FIB: Oh.

MOL: So watch yourself after this. I don't mind a little amusing story now and then, but when you really start exaggera-----

DOOR OPEN:

FIB: Oh hiya, Alice.

ALICE: Hi, Mr. McGee....Hi, Mrs. McGee....have you decided what you're going to do this summer?

MOL: Yes, we're going out on a ranch out West, Alice.

FIB: It's kind of a combination ranch and farm, Alice. I'm an expert both ways.

ALICE: Really are you?

FIB: Sure I am. When I was only 13 I was raisin' prize winning watermelons. Used to raise melons that were ten and twelve feet long...

SOUND: THUD:

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McGEE
6/20/44

FIB: OUCH!....and about two inches thick. Used to slice 'em, like cucumbers.

ALICE: Did you kick him, Mrs. McGee?

MOLLY: Yes, I did, Alice. We have an agreement. Every time he starts to exaggerate too much, I'm to snap him out of it. Don't pay any attention to it.

FIB: No, don't you worry about it, Alice...I'm the guy with the broken leg.

ALICE: But criminy, what do you know about ranching, Mr. McGee?

FIB: Worked for several years on my Uncle Sycamore's ranch in Montana, Alice. He paid me fifty a month and found.

ALICE: What does "and found" mean?

Pv

MOLLY: That means he paid McGee fifty a month and found he wasn't worth it. OH, BY THE WAY, ALICE...THERE WAS A PHONE CALL FOR YOU. I think it was Paul Weston. He wants you to call him.

ALICE: Well, thanks, honey, but I don't think I will. He just wants a date and I don't think a girl should date a man just to curry favor with him just because he's her foreman at the airplane plant, should I?

FIB: A very sensible attitude, Alice.

ALICE: Besides, I have a date tonight with the president of the company's son, anyway. Well, I'll see you before you go.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM:

MOLLY: That reminds me....I'd better go find the trunk keys, McGee. (FADE) You'd better start sorting out the clothes you want to take so.....

FIB: Ahh, there goes a good kid. She'll LOVE the old West. Settin' on the porch of the old ranch house...watchin' the glory of the dyin' sun over the snow-capped mountains..... waitin' for me to come home from the round-up on account of she can't get her boots off by herself....Yes sir, she's ----

SOUND: DOOR KNOCK:

FIB: COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

TEE: Hi, Mister.

FIB: Oh, Hiyah, Teeny. Turn yore hoss over to one o' the hands and light down a spell.

TEE: Well, I Hmmm?

FIB: I'm...just gettin' in the mood for summer, Teeny. I and Mrs. McGee are goin' out and work on a cattle ranch.

TEE: Hey, mister....

FIB: Eh?

TEE: Why isn't Miz McGee ever here when I come in? Hmm? Why isn't she? Hmm? Why? Hmmm?

FIB: Gee, I dunno, sis. Just a co-incidence, I guess.

TEE: Doesn't she like littul chil-drun? Hmm? Doesn't she?

FIB: Why sure she does, sis. She loves kids. I'll tell her you were askin' about her.

TEE: Okay. Hey, you know what, mister?

FIB: No what, Teeny?

TEE: School's out.

FIB: It is?

TEE: Hmm?

FIB: I says IT IS?

TEE: It is what?

FIB: School's out?

TEE: GEE, IS IT? DID YOU PASS?
FIB: Sure I did, I got "A" in everything but ... I'M NOT TALKIN' ABOUT MY SCHOOL. I MEAN YOURS.
TEE: (GIGGLES) Oh.
FIB: How did you do this year?
TEE: Swell, I betcha. I got 'A's and B's in everything but deportment. I flanked in deportment.
FIB: You don't mean flanked, Teeny. You mean FLUNKED.
TEE: Why?
FIB: Eh?
TEE: Hmmm?
FIB: I SAYS YOU DON'T MEAN FLANKED ... YOU MEAN FLUNKED. When you flank something it means you go around the end of it.
TEE: I know it. I always went around the end of the third row and socked Willie Toops with an eraser. That's why I flanked deportment.
FIB: I don't think that was very nice. What was the idea of clunkin' Willie?
TEE: Oh, I guess I was just burned up, mister. He carried Sarah Marshall's books home twice last week. And he's MY boy friend.
FIB: Oh now, now, now.... It's silly to be jealous at your age.
TEE: It is? How old do you have to be?
FIB: Oh, sixteen or so.
TEE: Well, gee if you think I'm gonna let that lil two-timer get away with that stuff for nine years before I smack him down ----
FIB: HEY, HEY, HEY Lay off. Don't take things so serious. Was deportment the only thing you flunked in?

TEE: Sure. Though I wasn't very good in arithmetic. My teacher says if my daddy doesn't stop doing my homework, I'll never reach the eighth grade, I betcha.
FIB: Yes, I can understand that.
TEE: Hmmm?
FIB: I says THAT'S QUITE APPARENT.
TEE: I'll say he is. The best one a girl ever had. Well, see you in October, mister!
SOUND: DOOR SLAM
ORCH: "I GET A KICK OUT OF YOU"
(APPLAUSE)

SECOND SPOT

(REVISED) -12-

MOL: Did you get the clothes sorted out that you want to take west with you, McGee?

FIB: No, but I still got a couple of days. I travel light anyway. All I need on a ranch is a pair o' levi's and a hickory shirt. Get me some boots when I get there..... and a somburro.

MOL: A what?

FIB: A somburro. One of them big hats. I had one out in Wyoming once that was six feet across the brim --

SOUND: CLUNK:

FIB: OUCH! And had a one-inch crown. Silliest lookin' hat you ever saw.

MOL: See how I'm helping you, dearie? Before we made this little arrangement that hat would have been twenty feet across and nine feet high.

FIB: Well, as a matter of fact I did have one hat that was....

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: Probably saved you another contusion.

FIB: Wouldn't be surprised. Come in!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

MOL: Oh hello there, Mr. Wellington.

WELL: AHH, THERE, MRS. MCGEE...PERMIT ME TO KISS YOUR HAND... (SMACK) Thengg, Kyo! AND MCGEE...THE BACK OF MY HAND TO YOU!

FIB: Easy thar, stranger...you cain't talk thataway to me! I riles easy and when I riles, I come a-shootin'. Now move on, son..we don't cotton to nesters in this valley. We aim to keep it decent for our wimmin folk.

(REVISED) -13-

WELL: I say, old man. What is the meaning of this digression into the blustering blab of the buckskin bravo?

MOL: He's practicing, Mr. Wellington. We're going out on a ranch this summer.

FIB: Gonna resume my old career of cowhand, Wellington. Might do a little prospecting on the side, too.

WELL: Ahhh, an old desert rat...or in this case leave us say "Mouse".

MOL: I didn't know you'd planned on doing some prospecting, McGee.

FIB: I guess I never mentioned the fact that I discovered and developed the old GOPHER HOLE GOLD MINE IN WESTERN UTAH, Well, sir, I'd been ridin' along lookin' for mavericks --

MOL: What's a maverick?

FIB: My gosh..don't you know what a maverick is?

MOL: No.

WELL: Nor I, McGee...what is a maverick?

FIB: It's a kind of a...a...WELL, LET'S KEEP IT SIMPLE. I WAS LOOKIN' FOR FOUR LEAF CLOVERS. ALL OF A SUDDEN MY HORSE STUMBLED IN A GOPHER HOLE AND FLANG ME OVER HIS HEAD... BUT BEIN' A OLD HORSEMAN, I ALWAYS FELL RELAXED...IN FACT I WAS SO RELAXED THAT BY THE TIME I HIT THE GROUND I WAS SOUND ASLEEP. AND WHEN I WOKE UP I HAD A GOLD NUGGET IN MY HAND.

MOL: Probably an old filling.

FIB: THAT WAS THE DISCOVERY OF THE GOPHER HOLE GOLD MINE.

WELL: Was it of any value, old fellow?

FIB: VALUE! WHY IN THREE YEARS WE TOOK OUT MORE THAN SEVENTEEN MILLION -

SOUND: CLUNK:

FIB: Ouch ...17 MILLION RATTLESNAKES AND NOT A GRAIN OF GOLD.
Worst mining fluke ever recorded. Well, what could we do
for you, Wellington?

WELL: Nothing, my friend -- I just dropped in to wish you a
pleasant summer. I hope it will be most enjoya.

MOL: Bull?

WELL: Not at all..I mean it sincerely. Good day!

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: I certainly like him, McGee..who else would drop in just
to wish us a nice summer.

FIB: Personally I wouldn't believe anything the guy says.
Remember when the City Hall burned down and they were
usin' the back of his theatre for a jail?

MOL: No..what about it?

FIB: He put up a great big sign that says "COOLER INSIDE".
That's why I never ----

DOOR OPEN

WIL: Hello, folks..what's this about you going away this summer?

MOL: It's true, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Goin' out on a ranch, Junior. And you're just the guy I
wanted to see!

WIL: I am? Why?

FIB: Have a chair...son...sit there...take his hat, Molly...
that's it..Now relax, boy..I wanna have a talk with you.
Have a cigar?

WIL: Thanks,...I have one.

FIB: Got two? Thanks.. Hmmm. Not bad. NOW, AS YOU KNOW, MY
BOY..MOLLY AND I WILL BE WORKIN' OUT WEST ON A RANCH FOR
TWO OR THREE MONTHS THIS SUMMER...AND

WILL: Yes but what -

MOL: Get to the point, McGee!

FIB: Junior..We want you to do something for us.

WIL: Why..why sure..pal...but what..what do you want?

FIB: I want you just to sit back and tell us all about
Johnson's Car Nu.

MOL: Oh yes!..tell us ALL about it..what does it do and how
does it work?

WIL: You..you...YOU WANT ME TO TELL YOU?

FIB: Oh come, boy..don't be frightened..we mean it.

MOL: This is our last chance to hear about it for weeks and
weeks.

WIL: Yes, but always before, you'd never -

FIB: OH LET BYGONES BE BYGONES, JUNIOR...LET US LIVE THIS
MOMENT TO THE UTMOST...COME. Tell us again how Johnson's
Car Nu brings back the old beauty and luster to discouraged
jaloppys.

WIL: Well, it does, of course, but - . . .

MOL: TELL US HOW EASY IT IS TO APPLY..HOW YOU JUST SPREAD IT ON AND LET IT DRY...THEN WIPE IT OFF TO REVEAL THE BRILLIANT, GLEAMING FINISH OF THE CAR YOU DIDN'T KNOW YOU HAD.

WIL: Of course, but I didn't come in here to -

FIB: OF COURSE YOU DIDN'T JUNIOR..YOU ONLY CAME IN TO SAY GOODBYE FOR THE SUMMER...WE KNOW THAT...BUT WE WANT TO HEAR ABOUT CAR NU...HOW IT'S JUST A MATTER OF ONE SIMPLE APPLICATION...HOW A CHILD OF SIX COULD DO IT...

MOL: AND IF YOU HAVEN'T A CHILD OF SIX HOW EASILY YOU CAN DO IT YOURSELF. TELL US MR WILCOX...TELL US.

WIL: Oh for goodness sakes..this is ridiculous..you're just.. I mean..well gee whizz, after all these years....(PAUSE)

FIB: He won't talk.

MOL: I guess he doesn't like us anymore.

WIL: OH BUT I DO!...I DO! ..REALLY I DO!..BUT I JUST DROPPED IN TO SAY GOODBYE AND YOU..WELL, I NEVER EXPECTED TO...OH, I MUST BE DREAMING!..I'M GOING HOME AND WAKE UP!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Poor kid is utterly confused..utterly!

MOL: Well, he'll have all summer to calm down. Incidentally I'm surprised he doesn't go out West. He used to be quite a polo-player and horseman.

FIB: He gave up polo for croquet. Same game, but slower and you got no feed bill.

MOL: We won't have much of a feed bill ourselves if we get our room and meals this summer.

FIB: No, that's one of the ...HEY HOW ABOUT BEULAH?

MOL: What about Beulah?

FIB: She got a job for the summer?

MOL: Oh I'M sure she has...anybody that can cook like she can won't have to stand in line for a job. But let's ask her...OH BEULAH...BEULAH!!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

BEUL: Beulah all present or accounted for, Ma'am.

FIB: We were just wondering what your plans were for, the summer, Beulah?

BEUL: Oh I'M jus' gonna stay home an' cook fo' papa. You see we gotta fam'ly arrangement...every summah, one of us girls stays home and cooks for papa. It's my turn this yeah.

MOL: How many sisters have you, Beulah?

BEULA: Nine, ma'am. Think of seein' papa again after all these yeahs! (LAUGHS)

FIB: Too bad you're stayin' home, Beulah..you could pick up a pretty fancy hunk of folding money, the way you handle that ever-lovin' oven.

BEUL: (GIGGLES) Yassuh...I know. I could o' gone to work fo' Mist and Miz Toops again this summah...but the situashun wasnt any to coppasettick.

MOL: What do you mean, Beulah?

BEUL: Well, Mist' Toops - he really a nice man - he say he got a yen fo' some of my cockin'.

FIB: What's the matter with that?

BEUL: Well suh.. I look up "YEN" in the dictionary and it say YEN is Japanese money an' who wanna git paid off in that stuff? Ole star-spangle mazuma good enough fo' Beulah!

MOL: Well, we'll miss your cooking ourselves, Beulah..out there on that ranch.

BEUL: Out wheah on a which?

FIB: On a ranch, Beulah. We're gonna work on a ranch this summer. You know...with a yippy ty -yo and bang bang bang.

BEUL: Well fo' goodness sake. You mean yo' gonna climb up on one o' them big saddles wif a big bump on the front of it an'

MOL: That's a horn, Beulah.

BEUL: Says it's a who, ma'am?

FIB: That thing on the front of a western saddle is a horn, Beulah.

BEUL: It is? Well, I always heah about them rootin' tootin' ole cowboys, but I neveh knew befo' what they was tootin'. (GGIGGLES) I thought you'd be stayin heah this summah an' go fishin' out at Dugan's lake, suh.

MOL: Well, his boat is sunk, Beulah, and anyway he wants to be more useful than that.

FIB: OH I COULD RAISE THE BOAT FOR THAT MATTER. JUST A MATTER OF PATCHIN' IT UP A LITTLE....MY GOSH, YOU KNOW WHAT I PAID FOR THAT SKIFF IN THE FIRST PLACE? I PAID FOUR THOUSAND -

SOUND: CLUNK:

FIB: OUCH!!! Cigar coupons. Thanks, Molly.

MOL: You're welcome.

BEUL: What goin' on heah, wif people kickin' people?

MOL: Just an arrangement we have, Beulah. Mr. McGee is learning not to exaggerate so much.

FIB: Yeah...loan me a pair of shin-guards sometime, Beulah and I'll really tell you a story.

BEUL: (LAUGHS) Okay suh. And I guess them lil ole fish in Lake Dugan kin wait till you gits back.

MOL: They've been waiting fifteen years...I don't know what difference another summer will make.

FIB: I'll go out this fall. If you'll make me some doughnuts for bait, Beulah.

BEUL: 'Souise me?

MOL: Who ever heard of using doughnuts for bait.

FIB: Just something I wanna try. See if those fiseh'll go for it - hook, line and sinker.

BEULAH: Lissen-to-de-man-say-fish-go-for-it.....(SCREAMS)
LOVE THAT MAN !!

ORCH: "SWINGING ON A STAR" -- KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE:

FIB: You know, I can hardly wait to get out on that ranch Molly. Leapin' into the saddle at the crack of dawn...chasin' them longhorns across the range, and --

MOL: Don't those long-horn steers frighten you a little, McGee?

FIB: Nah...your horse always knows what to do. HEY I GOT A BOOK UPSTAIRS THAT TELLS ALL ABOUT ROPIN' AND RIDIN'.
(FADE) I'LL GET IT AND YOU CAN READ ALL ABOUT...

MOL: AH, there goes a good kid! He thinks I'll be nervous out among all those cows and horses...and don't think he won't be right. If one of those bulls ever moos at me, I'll --

DOORBELL:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

MOL: Oh hello, Doctor Gamble.

DOC: Hello, Molly? Where's your fifty percent of common stock?

MOL: He just went upstairs to get a book doctor. About the West. We're spending the summer on a ranch you know.

DOC: He told me you were, but he's such a prevaricator. He can look you straight in the eye and tell the most gosh-awful whoppers.

MOL: Well, I'm trying to cure him of that, Doctor. Whenever he goes too far I give him a little kick in the shins and he comes back to earth.

DOC: Let me help you...I can kick harder than you can.

MOL: No, I think just a gentle reminder is all....OH MCGEE, HERE'S A FRIEND OF YOURS.

FIB: Hiyah, Arrowsmith.

DOC: Hello, Rumpelstiltskin. What's this I hear about you and Molly taking the covered wagon trail?

MOL: You'd better take the doctor along, McGee...in case you get a case of bucking bronchitis.

FIB: Yeah, he'd make a big hit out west there. He'd charge 'em six hundred dollars for pickin' cactus needles out of whatever they were stickin' into, and nobody ever walks into 'em forward.

DOC: Very amusing, McGee. Your beauty and charm are only exceeded by your wit and humor...all of which could fit comfortably into a five-grain capsule.

MOL: Did you find your book, McGee?

FIB: No, I guess I took it back to the library. Hey, where you goin' on your vacation, Doc?

DOC: ARE YOU KIDDING? I'll be lucky if I get a chance to read Terry and the Pirates this summer. And what do you know about ranch life, McGee? I doubt if you know a spade bit from a whiffletree.

FIB: LISTEN TO THE IGNORAMUS, MOLLY...(LAUGHS) ANY CHILD KNOWS THERE AIN'T A WHIFFLE TREE GROWIN' WEST OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

DOC: See what I mean, Molly?

MOL: Well, he'll learn, Doctor. And I'm sorry you won't be able to get away. You'll at least be able to get in a few games of golf, I hope.

FIB: GOLF! HE CAN'T PLAY GOLF, MOLLY.

DOC: Why can't I, you noisy little nuisance?

FIB: Because if you get close enough to the ball to hit it, you can't see it. And if you stand back where you can see it, you can't reach it.

DOC: WHY YOU LITTLE...Oh...say, McGee.

FIB: Eh?

DOC: Look...in case I get a chance to run out to Dugan's Lake for a morning's fishing, how about my buying that old rowboat of yours?

MOL: WHY THAT BOAT IS NO GOOD FOR -

FIB: NO GOOD FOR SIMPLE FISHING, DOC...THAT'S A PLEASURE CRUISER, PRACTICALLY. Too good a boat to fish from. Get it all scratched up.

DOC: Maybe we're not talking about the same boat, Skippy. I mean that evil smelling pile of driftwood you call a skiff, that you have almost drowned both of us with on numerous occasions.

MOL: Oh he wouldn't sell you that boat, doctor, because it's absolu --

FIB: NOW WAIT A MINUTE, MOLLY...TO A GOOD FRIEND LIKE DOC... I MIGHT SELL IT. If I could borrow it back...sometimes. How much you gimme for it?

DOC: How much you want for it?

FIB: How much you gimme?

DOC: How much you want?

FIB: Well...lemme see...it's a wonderful boat...beautifully broke in.

MOL: In 12 places.

FIB: No, I mean EASY TO HANDLE. You can use the oars from any place in the boat...on account of the oarlocks are busted and you don't have to sit in any particular place.

DOC: Spare me the gruesome details. How much?

FIB: Well...lemme see...you being an old friend of the family,
Doc...

DOC: NO NO NO...give me a stranger's price. How about five
bucks?

FIB: FIVE BUCKS? WHY THAT'S AN INSULT, GAMBLE. THAT BOAT
IS WORTH AT THE VERY LEAST, SEVENTY-FIVE --

SOUND: THUD:

FIB: Ouch...seventy-five cents.

DOC: (FAST) SOLD! HERE'S A DOLLAR AND KEEP THE CHANGE AND
HAVE A NICE SUMMER AND SEE YOU IN OCTOBER. GOOD BYE.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: My gosh, Molly...aside from spoiling a good sale, did you
have to kick me so hard? I wasn't exaggerating so much
that -

MOL: Why, darling...I didn't kick you. I was ten feet away
from you.

FIB: WHAT? YOU MEAN DOC KICKED ME? WHY THAT DIRTY, DOUBLE
DEALIN' CHISELLER KNEW OUR ARRANGEMENT...WHY OF ALL THE
NASTY CONNIVIN'...DOUBLE-CROSSING...UNDERHANDED, LOWDOWN...

ORCH: "RED GROW THE ROSES" FADE FOR:

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: ~~Will~~ those of you who used your JOHNSON'S WAX this week
~~please hold up your hands? Thank you! Now, Did~~ any of
you forget to put the lid back on the package tightly?
It's a good thing to do this, because it prevents
evaporation, will make your JOHNSON'S WAX last even
longer. As a matter of fact, a can or bottle of JOHNSON'S
LIQUID or PASTE WAX does last a long time, doesn't it?
That's because a little goes a long way. And really
you get a better result on your floors, furniture and
woodwork if you use the WAX sparingly, entirely aside
from the economy involved. Polishing is easier, and
you get that lovely soft sheen that is so much admired.
It takes very little wax to give a tough protective
shield that guards wood, metal and leather surfaces
against wear, dirt and moisture. And with JOHNSON'S WAX
you can easily touch up those heavy traffic areas as
often as necessary, without having to re wax an entire
floor. So use your WAX sparingly, and make sure the
lid is on tightly when you put it away.

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

who used your JOHNSON'S WAX this week
 your hands? Thank you! Now, Did any of
 the lid back on the package tightly?
 to do this, because it prevents
 make your JOHNSON'S WAX last even
 ter of fact, a can or bottle of JOHNSON'S
 WAX does last a long time, doesn't it?
 little goes a long way. And really
 result on your floors, furniture and
 use the WAX sparingly, entirely aside
 involved. Polishing is easier, and
 ely soft sheen that is so much admired.
 ttle wax to give a tough protective
 ds wood, metal and leather surfaces
 rt and moisture. And with JOHNSON'S WAX
 ouch up those heavy traffic areas as
 ary, without having to rewax an entire
 your WAX sparingly, and make sure the
 when you put it away.

FADE ON CUE)

(TAG)

(2ND REVISION) -27-

FIB: Folks, this is where we say "so long" for a couple of
 months. But there will still be a Johnson's Wax program
 carrying on at this same time every week. And a good one,
 too.

MOL: It's called "WORDS AT WAR" and in cooperation with The
 Council On Books in Wartime presents the dramatization and
 narration of the most interesting books printed about this
 war. They will be introduced by Carl Van Doren, whose bio-
 biography of Benjamin Franklin won the Pulitzer Prize.
 Next week's show will be based on H.E. BATES' book, "FAIR
 STOOD THE WIND FOR FRANCE".

FIB: We think it will be a great series of programs and we'll
 be listening. So, until next October, when we'll
 be back with the most stupendous, colossal -

SOUND: THUD:

FIB: OUCH! -- coats of tan you ever saw, we'll say goodnight.

MOL: (LAUGHING) Goodnight, all!

ORCH: 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 listen in again next Tuesday
 night when you will hear "Words At War", based on H. E.
 Bates' book, "Fair Stood The Wind For France". Goodnight.

ANNCR: THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

(CHIMES)

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

6:30 - 7:00 PM