

WRITERS: DON QUINN
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#1

"FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY"

Johnson's Wax

6:30 - 7:00 PM

10-10-44

NBC

(REVISED)

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CUE: 5 SECOND PAUSE

SOUND: DOOR OPEN, CLOSET EFFECT OF FALLING JUNK, BELL TINKLE

WILCOX: Well - here we go again - THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM!

*with
Fibber McGee & 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: "FLYING DOWN TO RIO"

OPENING COMMERCIAL

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ANNCR: It's hard to realize that this is the tenth year that FIBBER and MOLLY and all of us have been coming into your homes for these friendly visits. It certainly hasn't seemed that long to us -- we hope it hasn't to you. We're genuinely glad to be back, and we hope you'll continue to set your dials for us on Tuesday nights. Those nice people we work for, the makers of JOHNSON'S WAX, are grateful not only for the way you continue to use their products, but for the patience you have shown when occasionally your dealer has been temporarily out of your favorite size. And they are glad, too, that JOHNSON'S WAX, SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT and CARNU have helped you during these days of conservation to take better care of your things.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH)

(APPLAUSE)

(Clatter of Junk)

(REVISED)

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WILCOX: As we go to 79 WISTFUL VISTA TONIGHT---

SOUND: CLATTER OF JUNK:

FIB: Doggone it, I'd of swore they were in here.

WIL: THE SQUIRE OF 79 WISTFUL VISTA SEEMS TO BE--

SOUND: BELL TINKLE: THUD...CLANK

FIB: My gosh...here's a yo-yo! I'll give it to Hope....he uses one every week...and here's my bicycle pump...and my...

WIL: AS I WAS SAYING, THE SQUIRE OF 79 WISTFUL VISTA SEEMS TO BE--

SOUND: CLATTER AND SOUR CHORD ON MANDOLIN:

FIB: And my old mandolin!! Now if I could only find--

WILCOX: (FAST) LOOKING FOR SOMETHING IN THE HALL CLOSET, AS WE MEET --

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

(APPLAUSE)

SOUND: CLATTER OF JUNK:

FIB: Dat rat it, they're around here someplace! I know that. AHH, HERE'S MY BICYCLE CLIPS! I wondered where -

MOL: (FADE IN) Heavenly days, McGee, what are you doing? and after I just cleaned the house. You're as upsetting as a flat bottomed boat after a lobster dinner.

FIB: Well, I'm lookin' for something.

MOL: Why don't you ask mother where things are instead of ripping the old homestead apart.

FIB: Okay. Where's my hip boots?

MOL: Hip Boots?

FIB: You heard me, tootsie. H.I.P.P. B.O.T.S. HIP BOOTS. If you're so well-informed as to the location of where stuff is, where's my hip boots?

MOL: Well for goodness sakes...why on earth do you want those?
FIB: Don't dodge the issue, Mrs. McGee, where are they at?
MOL: I'M sorry, dearie. I'M afraid I lose the 64 dollars.
FIB: You mean you don't know?
MOL: I haven't seen a sign of them, dearie.
FIB: That's pretty strange, for a housekeeper that can spot ant tracks on the carpet at 40 paces with the naked eye - if you'll pardon the expression. Now lemme see....
SOUND: CLATTER OF JUNK
MOL: What are those things on your elbows?
FIB: Eh? Oh these...my bicycle clips! I just found 'em in the closet here. Been lookin' for those for years.
MOL: Why? You haven't got a bicycle.
FIB: I did have when I was a young fella. But I couldn't keep up with the other boys. After three blocks I couldn't even lift my knees.
MOL: Muscle trouble?
FIB: No. But my folks always used to buy me suits with two pairs of pants. Did YOU ever try to ride a bike wearin' two pairs of ---- er...no. No, of course you didn't.
DOGGONE IT, WHERE DO YOU SUPPOSE THEM HIP BOOTS WENT TO?
MOL: Maybe you loaned them to somebody!

FIB: WHAT? LOAN SOMEBODY MY GOOD HIP BOOTS? NO SIR. NOBODY COULD GET THOSE BOOTS OFFA ME. In fact it was all I could do to get 'em off myself. I LOVE those boots and I'm gonna find 'em.
MOL: It seems to me I saw--
DOOR OPEN:
MOL: Oh, Alice Darling. Hello dear...
ALICE: Hello, Mrs. McGee. Hello, Pop.
FIB: DOGGONE IT, ALICE QUIT CALLIN' ME POP. (I'm neither a character out of a funny-paper nor your male pro-janitor.
MOL: The word is progenitor and den't be so stuffy, McGee. With Alice it's a term of affection and respect.
ALICE: Why sure, Mr. McGee. I always called my own pop Pop.
FIB: I don't care if you did call your own pop Pop. It ain't dignified.
MOL: (HOOTS) Look who's talking. Sitting in the middle of a pile of household junk, with his hair in his eyes and bicycle clips on his sleeves, and talking about dignity! (LAUGHS) Come off your high horse, dearie.....your stirrups are dragging.
FIB: Dignity is not a matter of appearance, my dear. It's a matter of character.
MOL: Okay...so you're a character.
ALICE: What on earth are you doing, Mr. McGee?
FIB: AHHHH, I'm glad you asked that question, Alice. You seen anything of my hip boots?
MOL: Why should Alice have seen them?

FIB: I thought she mighta loaned 'em to one of the boy friends that are always droppin' in. The way them young squirts hang around here I been thinkin' of putting in a few pool tables and a soft drink stand.

ALICE: Gee, that's sweet of you, Pop. Is the dining room long enough for a bowling alley?

MOL: Don't let him kid you, Alice. He likes to have them drop in. Influenced, somewhat by the fact that they always bring him a cigar.

FIB: That has absolutely hardly anything to do with it.

ALICE: Oh all the boys think Mr. McGee is just wonderful. They think he's SO young looking to have had all those marvelous experiences.

MOL: For him, it's a marvelous experience, to be considered young looking.

FIB: Just....er....just what do they say about me, Alice?

ALICE: Oh creepers, I don't remember, exactly. But one night I heard Paul say to Harry, "I'll bet McGee was Chief of the Chemical Warfare Division in the last war". And Harry said to Paul, "What makes you think so?" And Paul said to Harry, "Did you ever hear such a gas expert?" And Harry said to Paul, "I...

FIB: The trouble with them boys is, they don't know when they're being kidded. You serious about any of these guys, ~~kid~~ *alice*?

ALICE: No, but I'm kind of crazy about Herbie. He's an usher at the Bijou.

MOL: Herbie? Is he the one that's always whispering L.S. - M.F.T.! L.S. - M.F.T.!

ALICE: Yes...that means Look, sugar, - Meet me in front of the Theatre.

FIB: Well, this isn't finding my hip boots, Alice. Sure you haven't seen 'em any place?

ALICE: Are hip boots those long overshoes that men wear when they stand in a creek with bugs stuck in their hats, trying to look like the cover of a resort folder?

FIB: My dear girl...it would behoove you to speak less frivolous about the grand old sport of fly fishing.

MOL: Oh, McGee, she didn't mean---

FIB: Wait till you try it sometime....wait till you experience the thrill of that first sharp snap!...Then the delicate jerks and tugs, the horrible, beautiful uncertainty of it all...the cold perspiration breakin' out on your brow! The tense excitement of wondering if you could hang onto it.....YOU EVER HAVE A FEELING LIKE THAT???

ALICE: Jiminy, I'll say I have!

MOL: Oh do you fish, Alice?

ALICE: No but my garter broke once while I was dancing.

FIB: Oh, psha w....

ORCH: "THE CONTINENTAL"

(APPLAUSE)

SECOND SPOT

(2ND REVISION) -10-

SOUND: MOVING HEAVY FURNITURE...THUD CREAK...SCRAPE, ETC.

FIB: Nope. They're not behind the piano.

MOLLY: Why on earth should your hip boots be behind the piano?
Thinking of wading thru Old Man River?

FIB: This is no joking matter, Molly. I gotta find 'em.
You can't buy any hip boots now. Doggone it, I wish I
knew where they were at.

MOLLY: Don't be so ungrammatical. Don't say "WHERE ARE THEY AT."
Just say "WHERE ARE THEY?"

FIB: That depends on the subjunctive adjective. If there's
a clause in the predicate that refers to the subject,
then the plural takes the infinitive. For instance, if
I says "WHERE ARE MY HIP BOOTS?" The answer might be
"IN THE GARAGE". But if I say "WHERE ARE MY HIP BOOTS
AT." The answer would be IN THE GARAGE, HANGIN' UP BY
THE GARDEN HOSE. See? It's more specific.

MOLLY: It's more horsefeathers. What you know about grammar
you could engrave on the head of a pin with a dull
shovel and have room left over for Frankie and Johnny.

FIB: You mean Frankie and Tommy and let's not talk politics.
OHHHHH.....HEY!!!!

MOLLY: Now what?

FIB: I got a vague feeling I loaned those hip boots to
somebody I'LL BET IT WAS WILCOX...

MOLLY: Give him a ring and ask him.

FIB: I will....where's the phone?

MOLLY: Right here, where it was last year.

FIB: Eh? Oh. Thanks. (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR? GIMME WISTFUL
VISTA ONE, SEVEN, NINE, THREE, OH NOW DON'T TELL ME
THAT'S MYRT!!

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(2ND REVISION) 11-12

MOLLY: Oh dear...

FIB: HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING, MYRT? TIS EH? WHAT SAY,
MYRT? YOUR UNCLE? JUST PROMOTED TO TANK COMMANDER EH?

MOLLY: Which uncle was that, McGee?

FIB: The one in the street cleaning department. They put him
on a water wagon. WHAT SAY, MYRT? NO ANSWER, EH.
OKAY, MYRT. THANKS. (CLICK) Wilcox is out. And I'll
bet he knows where my hip boots are at, too.

MOLLY: DON'T SAY WHERE THEY'RE AT. My goodness you -----

DOOR OPEN:

WIL: Hi, folks!

MOLLY: Oh hello, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: HIYAH, JUNIOR! Just the guy I wanted to see. Did I loan
you my hip boots?

WIL: No, Pal. You did not.

MOLLY: Well, he can't seem to find them, Mr. Wilcox. And the
way he's been carrying on, you'd think Eisenhower needed
them to cross the Rhine.

FIB: WELL DOGGONE IT, THAT WAS A WONDERFUL PAIR OF BOOTS.
I've caught a lot of fish wearing those boots.

WIL: Gee, honest? How'd they ever get 'em on?

MOLLY: (LAUGHS HEARTILY) Oh Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: That's a very old joke, junior.

WIL: It is?

FIB: It sure is. I heard it last night on the radio.

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WIL: Gee, I was on the radio last night myself. Boy was I nervous!

MOLLY: It must be quite an experience, Mr. Wilcox. What was it, a quiz show?

WIL: Yes, and did I get embarrassed! They asked me what was a seven-letter word meaning something every romantic woman dreamed about.

MOLLY: That's easy. It's "WEDDING".

WIL: I know. And I said "GLOCOAT".

FIB: You would, Junior. And if they'd asked you for a seven letter word meaning "PAYCHECK", you'd of said Johnson.

WIL: Well, the master of ceremonies really gave me the works! He said "WHY SHOULD A WOMAN DREAM ABOUT GLOCOAT, MR. WILCOX?" And I said because it makes their housework so much easier and gives them more time to rest and relax!

FIB: Where was this broadcast, Junior?

WIL: Right here in Wistful Vista.

MOL: Very progressive town!

FIB: Oughtta be. It's the County Seat, if you'll pardon the expression.

WIL: Well, anyway, then he asked me what I thought was so romantic about housework.

MOL: And you said...?

WIL: I said because any woman who uses Johnson's Self-Polishing Glocoat on her linoleum (and all you have to do is pour it out, spread it around and it dries to a beautiful gleaming polish in 20 minutes or less) has more leisure to spend in beauty parlors and stores, and preserving her own beauty!

FIB: I'll bet he seen you had him there! But look...we're gettin' away from the main subject.

WIL: Eh? Oh so we are. WELL, I WENT ON TO SAY, THAT JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLOCOAT WAS THE FINEST PROTECTOR AND BEAUTIFIER THAT LINOLEUM....

FIB: I DIDN'T MEAN THAT! I WAS REFERRING TO MY HIP BOOTS!

MOLLY: Oh for goodness sakes...can't you forget those hip boots?

FIB: You sure I didn't loan 'em to you, Junior?

WIL: Positive. The only time I ever saw them was the time you wore them to that masquerade at the Elks.

~~MOLLY: FIB:~~ I don't remember that.

WIL: Sure. *you* pulled one of them down over *his* face and that was *his* costume.

~~FIB: MOL:~~ What was *he* supposed to be?

WIL: Puss in Boots. Well, I hope you find 'em, Pal, So long now!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Puss in Boots!!!! I never did any such a thing! How could a guy dance with a boot over his face?

MOLLY: You might try it sometime, dearie. Maybe we wouldn't bump into so many people.

FIB: Oh I'm not so....HEY...DO YOU SUPPOSE MY BOOTS ARE OUT IN THE GARAGE?

MOLLY: No. I was out there yesterday, checking things over for Fire Prevention Week...getting rid of that oily waste and cleaning up generally, and I didn't see them.

FIB: Well, I sure wish I knew where they were at.

MOL: You haven't told me yet why you want them so badly?
FIB: I merely want to ... HEY I WONDER IF THEY COULD BE UP
IN THE TRUNK CLOSET?
MOL: I'll take a look. I was going upstairs anyway, to sort the
linen, and cry a little.
FIB: SORT THE LINEN AND
CRY A LITTLE...WHAT FOR?
MOL: Oh, I'm just so happy to see it home again from the laundry
(FADE) I'll let you know if I find your boots.....
FIB: AHHH, THERE GOES A GOOD KID! Runnin' her pretty little
legs off just to pamper me and my whims. If I was twice
the man I am, I wouldn't be half good enough for her.
Everybody says. And by George --

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

TEE: Hi, mister.
FIB: Oh, hiyah Teeny. How's every little thing, including you?
TEE: (GIGGLES) Hmmm?
FIB: I says where you been? Haven't seen you around for a while.
TEE: I been visiting with my aunt 'n uncle. On account of they
been fixing the stuff in the playground this summer and us
kids didn't have anyplace to play.
FIB: You didn't, eh?
TEE: Hmmm?
FIB: I says you didn't eh?
TEE: Didn't what?
FIB: You didn't have anyplace to play.

TEE: I know it. Gee, I'll be glad when they get the playground
fixed. Long time no see saw. (GIGGLES)
FIB: (LAUGHS) Pretty good, sis.
TEE: (GIGGLES) I don't think so.
FIB: Well make up your mind. Comedian or critic. HEY SIS ...
YOU SEEN ANY THING OF MY HIP BOOTS?
TEE: Nope.
FIB: I was afraid you hadn't. I sure wish I knew where they
were.
TEE: My daddy's got a pair of boots, I betcha.
FIB: That's very interesting, but it's not much help in my
situation.
TEE: But they're not hip boots, though.
FIB: They're not, eh?
TEE: Hmmm.
FIB: I SAYS THEY'RE NOT, EH?
TEE: Not what?
FIB: Hip boots.
TEE: No. He wears em on his feet.
FIB: Well, I wear my hip boots on my feet too.
TEE: You got lower hips than my daddy.
FIB: Well, he's got a lower I.Q. than mine, so it's a Mexican
standoff. You miss me this summer, sis?
TEE: No.
FIB: Okay.
TEE: Where you been, mister? Hmmm. Where you been? Hmmm?
Whereya? Hmm? Whereya?
FIB: Workin' on a cattle ranch.

(2ND REVISION) -17-18-

TEE: Gee. A cowboy! Just like a Texas Stranger!

FIB: It's Texas RANGER, Sis. Not STRANGER.

TEE: You ever been in Texas?

FIB: No.

TEE: See what I mean.

FIB: Look sis, I haven't got time to stand here and batter my biceps to bits with idle chit-chat. I'm busy, tryin' to find my hip boots.

TEE: Gimme two bits if I tell ya where they are, mister?

FIB: TWO BITS! MY GOSH, I'LL DO BETTER 'N THAT! THIRTY CENTS! YOU KNOW WHERE THEY ARE SIS?...COME ON, TELL UNCLE FIBBER...

TEE: Gimme the thirty cents first.

FIB: Don't you trust me, sis?

TEE: Sure. But with me, it's cash on the barrelhead, mister.

FIB: OKAY, OKAY, OKAY...YOU'RE A GRASPING LITTLE GUPPY, BUT HERE'S 30 CENTS...NOW WHERE ARE MY HIP BOOTS?

TEE: Well, when us kids were gathering rubber for the scrap drive, a long time ago, we went ALLLLL over the neighborhood, I betcha, lookin' and lookin' and lookin' ... ALL over the neighborhood, and fine-ly we looked in your garage.

FIB: OH MY GOSH...DON'T TELL ME YOU LITTLE VANDALS TOOK MY GOOD HIP BOOTS AND THREW 'EM ON THE SCRAP FILE!

TEE: Nope.

FIB: Eh?

TEE: We couldn't find 'em. So wherever they were when us kids were lookin' for 'em, you'll be glad to know they're still there. So long, mister. I find you very nice to do business with.

DOOR SLAM

ORCHESTRA: "THE 3 CABALLEROS" (KING'S MEN)

APPLAUSE:

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THIRD SPOT

(2ND REVISION) -19-

SOUND: HEAVY MOVING OF FURNITURE...(FIBBER GRUNTING, OVER)

MOL: (FADE IN) McGee, Beulah is home from the store, and... (PAUSE) Well for goodness sake!

FIB: (PANTING) Wha...wha...what's the matter, Molly?

MOL: Look at this house! Did you have to move all the furniture out in the middle of the floor?

FIB: Please, Molly...don't scold me...can't you see how upset I am about my hip boots?

MOL: I can see how upset everything is, dearie. I can see where I have to get up in the dewy morn, and put the house together again.

FIB: I thought we agreed not to talk politics.

MOL: I didn't say a word about politics. And if you want to avoid discussion, why are you wearing that campaign button?

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FIB: See what it says? "VOTE FOR GROVER CLEVELAND FOR PRESIDENT"!

MOL: What are you wearing that for?

FIB: The way this campaign is shapin' up, any other button gets you nothin' but a poke in the nose. HEY, DID YOU ASK BEULAH WHERE MY HIP BOOTS ARE?

MOL: Yes, and she's looking for them. But maybe you --

SOUND: DESK DRAWERS PULLING OUT

MOL: MCGEE...DO YOU HAVE TO TAKE ALL THE DRAWERS OUT OF THE DESK?

FIB: I'm gonna take everything out of everything till I find them hip boots. Hey, help me move this desk out of the corner, willya?

MOL: No.. It's too ridiculous. How could your boots ever get behind --

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

MOL: Oh hello, Doctor Gamble.

DOC: Hello, Molly. And how are you, Mouseface?

FIB: Don't Mouseface me, you disappointed Australian.

DOC: I don't get it. Why am I a disappointed Australian?

FIB: I was just thinkin', if you were a kangaroo, what a family you could haul around. (*Laughs*)

MOL: I think you're looking very well, Doctor.

DOC: Oh I'm in fine shape, Molly.

FIB: If that's a fine shape, I'M Van Johnson's stand-in.

DOC: You're hardly in a position to talk about shapes, my pudgy little friend. As your physician, my advice to you is to take up globe-trotting.

FIB: Globe trotting!

DOC: Yes. Do a little trotting, and get rid of that globe!

MOL: Moving this furniture is the first exercise McGee has had since he lost his golf ball in 1939.

DOC: There was a time when I would have been too polite to mention this horrible pile of domestic wreckage. But I'd rather be bad-mannered and well-informed. WHAT GOES ON HERE?

FIB: If you must know, Snoopy, I'm looking for my hip boots.

DOC: I KNOW YOU'RE ECCENTRIC, BUT DO YOU USUALLY KEEP YOUR HIP BOOTS IN THE LIVING ROOM?

MOL: He's looked all over the house for them, Doctor. This is Custer's Last Stand. Or Goodyear's Home Stretch, you might say. *Ha - Ha*

FIB: OKAY OKAY OKAY...SCOFF IF YOU WANNA...DERIDE ME! BUT I'M GONNA FIND THEM HIP BOOTS IF IT TAKES ALL...(PAUSE)

Hey, Doc.

DOC: Yes?

FIB: I got a feeling I loaned them boots to somebody and I'll bet a cookie it was you! YOU GOT MY HIP BOOTS, YOU PETTY LARCENY OLD PILL PEDDLER?

MOL: Oh now, McGee, he --

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DOC: NO I HAVEN'T GOT YOUR TROUT-SMELLING, EVIL-FITTING, ANKLE-TWISTING, STONE-BRUISED LEG-SPRINKLERS, YOU SUSPICIOUS, NASTY-TEMPERED LITTLE BANDIT! AND WHAT'S MORE, I'VE GOT MORE AND BETTER FISHING EQUIPMENT OF MY OWN THAN YOU'LL HAVE IF YOU LIVE TO BE 92, WHICH I HOPE NOT!

FIB: IS THAT SO! WHY, YOU HAM-HANDED, MUSCLE-BOUND OLD FOSSIL, YOU COULDN'T CATCH A PERCH IN A CANARY CAGE!

DOC: LISTEN, LUMP-HEAD! YOU KNOW WHAT THEY CALL YOU OUT AT DUGAN'S LAKE? MINNOW THE MOOCHER! WHY, YOU HAVEN'T HAD A PIN IN YOUR HAND SINCE YOU PAWNED YOUR GRANDFATHER'S GUFF-LINKS! AND THE GAME WARDEN IS AFTER YOU RIGHT NOW FOR TRYING TO CATCH CATFISH WITH MICE ON YOUR HOOK!

MOL: Heavenly days, McGee...is he really?

FIB: DON'T PAY ANY ATTENTION TO THIS BOMBASTIC OLD SPLINT-WHITTLER, MOLLY. WHAT A SPORTSMAN HE IS! THE ONLY BANG HE GETS OUT OF FISHIN' IS BY DYNAMITIN' A POND. UNTIL I TOLD HIM DIFFERENT, HE THOUGHT A TUNA WAS A GUY THAT FIXED YOUR PIANO. FOR SHEER TREE-SNAGGIN' LINE-FOULING, BOAT-ROCKIN' STUPIDITY, HE -- Hey, Doc...what do you use for trout?

DOC: A Brown Hackle. What do you use?

FIB: Coachman.

DOC: Ever use a Brown Hackle?

FIB: No, but I'd like to.

DOC: Let's go out to the lake Sunday and you can try it.

FIB: Okay, kid. Call for me about seven.

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DOC: I'll be there, Sport. 'Bye, Molly!

DOOR SLAM

MOL: Did you really think he had your hip boots?

FIB: Nah! He's too big-hearted to ever ask for 'em back.

MOL: ASK FOR 'EM BACK!

FIB: Sure. They're really his boots. I borrowed 'em from him so long ago he's forgotten about 'em. You say Beulah was lookin' for 'em?

MOL: Yes, she is.

FIB: Wonder if she's had any luck. HEY! BEULAH! BEULAH!

DOOR OPEN:

BEULAH: Somebody bawl fo' Beulah?

APPLAUSE

MOL: Mr. McGee here, was just wondering if you'd had any luck finding his hip boots. Been all over the house, Beulah?

BEULAH: Over it! (LAUGHS) Ma'am, I been oveh it, under it, 'round it, between it an' through it! This ole house sho' is full o' little crooks an' ninnies.

FIB: You mean nooks and crannies, Beulah. I hope.

BEULAH: (LAUGHS) He hopes! What you use them ole hippety booties fo', Mist' McGee?

MOL: He uses them to go fishing in, Beulah. Didn't you have them out west last summer, McGee?

FIB: (THOUGHTFULLY) Well, now, it seems to me I did, and then again --

BEULAH: Wheah at did you go fishin' las' summah, Mist' McGee?

FIB: Up around Boulder Dam - if you'll pardon the expression.

MOL: Don't mention it.

BEULAH: That ain' profanity. Tha's geography. You know, folksies, I --- (PAUSE)

FIB: What's the matter, Beulah?

BEULAH: WHO FIX DIS FURNITURE LIKE DAT?

MOL: Mr. McGee, Beulah. Though why he expected to find a pair of hip boots in the living room, I'll never know.

BEULAH: (LAUGHS) Oh, men is the mos' un-logical animals, ma'am. My brotheh lose his motorcycle once an' went up on the roof lookin' for it.

FIB: That was pretty silly!

BEULAH: Yassuh... 'Ceptin' that's wheah it was. (GIGGLES) It was right after Halloween.

FIB: Ah, Halloween! Gee, the stuff us guys used to do on Halloween! One night I and two o' my friends were prowlin' around dressed up like ghosts, and a tornado hit town. TALK ABOUT BEIN' THREE SHEETS IN THE WIND!

BEULAH: Three sheets in the wind, listen to what the man say... (LAUGHS HEARTILY) LOVE THAT MAN!

MOL: Well, if you find Mr. McGee's hip boots, Beulah, just -

BEULAH: What you mean, IF I fine 'em, ma'am? I DID fine 'em.

FIB: WHAT? YOU FOUND MY HIPS BOOTS? WELL, WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO?

BEULAH: Nobody ask me did I. Heah they are...right heah, suh...
THUD OF BOOTS DROPPING :

MOL: Well, heavenly days...

FIB: WELL, I'LL BE ABEULAH, YOU'RE WONDERFUL! AHFFF, MY OLD HIP BOOTS! OH BOY, AM I GLAD! Where were they, Beulah?

BEULAH: Up in th' attick. Behind that big bar'll full o' clay pigeons.

FIB: Hear that, Molly? They were behind that big barrel of clay pigeons up in the attic. Thanks a lot, Beulah!

BEULAH: Don' mention it, suh. At leas', for a while.

MOL: Now that you've found them, McGee, just what are you going to do with 'em?

FIB: What am I gonna do with 'em? I'm gonna put 'em away someplace so I'll know where they're at.

MOL: Well, I'll be a --

BEULAH: Move ovah, ma'am. I'll be one, too!

ORCH: "IF I KNEW THEN" FADE FOR:

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Here's something you probably know, but may not be fully conscious of. Every time you polish your floors with JOHNSON'S PASTE or LIQUID WAX, they take on a lovelier sheen. With each application they become more mellow in their beauty, and they set off your furnishings to better advantage. The wax becomes almost a part of the wood itself, giving it a glowing, satiny luster. And the coat of wax takes the wear while the surface underneath is safe, protected against dirt and stains. Floors that are regularly wax-protected never get shabby -- never show those ugly signs of wear at doorways and between rugs. Dust and dirt are quickly wiped up, and that's why you save work all year when you protect your floors as well as your furniture and woodwork with genuine JOHNSON'S WAX.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC...FADE ON CUE

TAG

SOUNDS: MOVING FURNITURE:

MOL: Move the piano a little more this way, McGee.

FIB: (GRUNTS)

SOUND: CREAK OF PIANO

MOL: That's it. Now the davenport, and we're all through.

SOUND: SCRAPE OF FURNITURE

FIB: Phew! Never worked so hard in my life!

MOL: ...and all to find a pair of hip boots that you only wanted to put away! By the way, where DID you put them?

FIB: Up in the attic. Behind that big barrel of clay pigeons.
(PAUSE) Eh?

MOL: I didn't say anything.

FIB: Oh! Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all!

SIGNOFF:

WIL: 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.

ANNCR: THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

(CHIMES)