

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

(REVISED)

#3

"FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY"

Johnson's Wax

6:30 - 7:00 P.M.

10-24-44

NBC

(REVISED)

-2-

WILCOX: 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: "HOORAY FOR HOLLYWOOD:" FADE FOR:

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC
OCTOBER 24, 1944

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WIL: Probably no floor in your home gets as much traffic as your kitchen linoleum. Besides that, things get spilled on it quite-often. So there are two reasons why JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO COAT gets such a friendly welcome in most homes. GLO COAT gives linoleum protection against dirt and wear -- in fact, its regular use makes linoleum last 6 to 10 times longer. A GLO COATED floor is very easy to keep clean and sparkling because dirt cannot penetrate into the surface. Spilled things are quickly wiped up with a damp cloth. You know, I'm sure, that GLO COAT requires no rubbing or buffing - it polishes itself as it dries. If you have any linoleum surfaces that are not protected, give them a beauty treatment with JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO COAT.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH

APPLAUSE:

(REVISED) -4-

WILCOX: YOU KNOW WHY THEY CALL THAT THING YOU GET FROM THE BANK EVERY MONTH A "STATEMENT"? BECAUSE THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT IT IS. IT ISN'T A QUESTION. OR A SUGGESTION. OR A FRIENDLY COMMENT. IT'S A STATEMENT. AND YOU'LL TAKE IT AND LIKE IT. UNLESS, OF COURSE, YOU'RE FIBBER MCGEE, OF ---- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

(APPLAUSE)

FIB: (TO HIMSELF) Crooks! Bandits! 20 million dollars in capital reserve and they gotta put the bee on me for 15 bucks. The dirty, penny-pinching, orphan-robbing, widow-gyping, nickel-snatching, --

MOL: McGee! What's the matter with you? You've been growling like that all evening.

FIB: IT'S THIS DAD-RATTED BANK STATEMENT!

MOL: Oh dear...every month the same thing.

FIB: WELL MY GOSH...AS USUAL, THOSE COLD-BLOODED FROZEN-FUSSED PICK-POCKERS HAVE LOUSED UP MY CHECKIN' ACCOUNT SO I DON'T KNOW WHETHER I'M BROKE OR MERELY POOR!

MOL: Oh don't be ridiculous, dearie. The only reason they keep your account at all is for nuisance value. It keeps the book-keepers amused on rainy afternoons.

FIB: I'LL AMUSE 'EM, BY GEORGE!! I'LL WITH-DRAW THE ENTIRE ACCOUNT!

MOL: That would be a simple procedure. Just write a small check, and BOOM! You're an ex-customer.

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN A SMALL CHECK! ACCORDING TO THEIR OWN STATEMENT HERE I GOT A HUNDRED AND FOURTEEN BUCKS AND 34 CENTS.

MOL: Well, a hundred and fourteen dollars is not to be sneezed at. Unless you get caught in an over-draft.

FIB: AHH....BUT ACCORDING TO MY FIGURES, I GOT EXACTLY A HUNDRED THIRTY ONE DOLLARS. YOU SEE????? THERE'S A MISTAKE OF FIFTEEN DOLLARS AND 66 CENTS! IN THEIR FAVOR.

MOL: I'll bet one of the cashiers stole it and is having a gay fling in South America.

FIB: I'm not accusing anybody of absconding with it. I merely point out to your attention that the mistake is IN THE BANK'S FAVOR.

MOL: Why don't you drop by the bank and take it up with them personally.

FIB: NO SIR...Everytime I do that they show me where I made the mistake. Now look...this statement says--

DOOR CHIME:

MOLLY: Heavenly Days - there's somebody at the door! You let him in, dearie, while I go take off this apron and put my face on. (FADE) Now don't get into any fights with the bank. They're pretty nice people outside of business hours.

FIB: AHGH!! AHH, THERE GOES A GOOD KID!! IF I HAD TO DO IT ALL OVER AGAIN I'D MARRY HER TWICE AS QUICK....AND PAY FOR THE LICENSE MYSELF! BY GEORGE, SHE--

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

MAN: . Are you Mr. McGee?

FIB: In the flesh, bud. In the pale, quivering flesh. And if you're from the 4th National Bank, get that smile off your face. You're outa character.

MAN: But I am not a banker. Mr. McGee. I am T. Orville Drake, of New York.

FIB: T. Whatwille who?

MAN: T. Orville Drake. You don't remember me do you?

FIB: According to etiquette, bud, I suppose I oughtta say of course I do, Orville, then stall around and try to remember where we met, but frankly, you got me.

MAN: (LAUGHS) It's not surprising that you'd forgotten, Mr. McGee. Generous impulses like yours are too spontaneous to be long remembered. And after all, it was six years ago.

FIB: What was six years ago?

MAN: The incident I referred to. Six years ago, on the bus from Albany to Boston, I lost my wallet, and out of that whole busload of people, you were kind enough to loan me the money to pay my fare. Remember?

FIB: Well, I'll be a ---

MAN: Here...see this check? I've been carrying this for six years, knowing that someday business would take me thru Wistful Vista.

FIB: Well, diogenes, blow out that lamp! A check for four dollars. MY GOSH, WHY DIDN'T YOU MAIL IT TO ME BUD?

MAN: I wasn't sure of the address, old man. Besides, I wanted to hand it to you in person, and thank you again for your kindness. Well, I'll be running along and---

FIB: NO NO NO.....MY GOSH, ORVILLE, COME IN AND SIT DOWN.
IT'S A PLEASURE TO MEET A GUY AS HONEST AS YOU.....YOU
JUST RESTORED MY FAITH IN HUMAN NATURE.

MAN: Well, I'll just stay a moment, McGee. Very pleasant home
you have here.

FIB: We like it. Have a cigar, Orville?

MAN: Thanks, I have one.

FIB: You got two? Thanks, Oh boy...a fifty-center.....you
must be up in the blue-chips, Orville.

MAN: (LAUGHS) Well, I've always managed to make money,
McGee. I guess I'm just naturally acquisitive.

FIB: Me, too, Orville. Always askin' questions. Some people
think I'm noseey, but--

MAN: I didn't say INQUISITIVE. I said ACQUISITIVE.

FIB: Oh, "ACK" I thought you says "INK". Well, you here on
business, Orville? Whaddye do - insurance or something?

MAN: No, I'M an engineer, McGee.

FIB: No kiddin'. What railroad?

MAN: (LAUGHS) Mining engineer. I locate and develop
mining properties for an Eastern Syndicate. But
let's not talk shop. I was just --

DOOR OPENS

MOL: McGee, who was..... OH! Excuse me. I didn't
realize you had company. OH DON'T GET UP,
PLEASE!

FIB: Orvie, I want you to meet my wife. Molly, this
is T. Orville Drake, an old pal of mine from
New York.

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

MAN: This is a great pleasure, Mrs. McGee. If I'd
known what a beautiful wife my friend had, I'd
have been here much sooner.

MOL: (COOLY) Ohhhhh, Mr. Drake!! None of your
ballyscuttle!

FIB: I see why you New Yorkers call it Times Square.
You don't waste any, do you? YOU KNOW WHAT,
MOLLY? ORVILLE PUT THE CLUTCH ON ME FOR FOUR
BUCKS SIX YEARS AGO AND COME ALL THE WAY FROM
NEW YORK TO PAY IT BACK!

MOL: Isn't that nice. Won't those other people be
pleased when he goes back and tells them it's
all settled!

MAN: What other people, Mrs. McGee?

MOLLY: YOU MEAN HE DIDN'T DEMAND A NOTE WITH THREE CO-SIGNERS?

LAUGHTER:

FIB: Ain't this great though? Nothin' like old friends gettin' together again.

MOLLY: Just get into town, Mr. Drake?

MAN: Yes, I flew in this afternoon and -

FIB: FLEW IN EH? HAVE ANY TROUBLE WITH RESERVATIONS, ORVIE?

MAN: No, I travel on a Number 4 priority.

FIB: NUMBER 4 PRIORITY, EH? THAT'S A GREAT LITTLE AIRPLANE! MUCH SMOOTHER AND FASTER THAN THE OLD NUMBER THREE PRIORITY. I REMEMBER ONE TIME JIMMY DOOLITTLE TOOK ME UP ---

MOLLY: McGee, I think -

FIB: YES SIR, THERE'S NOTHIN LIKE AIR TRAVEL. I PREDICT THAT AFTER THE WAR, THERE'S GONNA BE AIRLINES ALL OVER THE WORLD. I PREDICT THAT ONE OF THESE DAYS EVERY LITTLE TOWN IN THE COUNTRY WILL HAVE A LANDING STRIP - IF YOU'LL PARDON THE EXPRESSION.

MOLLY: Mr. McGee's had a lot of experience, too, Mr. Drake.

MAN: Really. Flying?

MOLLY: No, predicting. McGee, don't leave Mr. Drake's hat lying there on the table like that. That's as inhospitable as a loud clock. Go hang it up.

MAN: Oh, that's all right, Mrs. McGee. I can only stay a few---

FIB: SHE'S RIGHT, ORVILLE, OLD KID! SHE'S A GREAT ONE FOR A NEAT LOOKIN' HOUSE. CAN'T STAND TO SEE THINGS MESSED UP OR OUT OF PLACE AROUND THE HOUSE. SO WHEN SHE SAYS "HANG UP THE MAN'S HAT" I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT SHE --

MOLLY: NO-NO-NO, MCGEE! NOT IN THERE!!!

DOOR OPEN: CLOSET AVALANCHE AND BELL TINKLE:

PAUSE:

FIB: SHE WASN'T EXPECTING COMPANY, ORVILLE.

ORCHESTRA: "DANCE WITH A DOLLY"

APPLAUSE

SECOND SPOT

(2ND REVISION) -12-

MOL: I'm glad you're going to stay for dinner, Mr. Drake, though it won't be very fancy. I hope you like Irish stew?

DRAKE: Oh, I'm very fond of Irish stew, and I CERTAINLY HOPE YOU PEOPLE WILL COME TO VISIT ME IN NEW YORK SOME TIME. I'd like to return this hospitality.

MOL: Oh, I'd love to come to New York, Mr. Drake. I want to see the Statue of Liberty and the Hippodrome, the aquarium, and the Flatiron Building..

FIB: FLATIRON BUILDING! My gosh, Molly, you're way out of date. There's a hundred buildings taller than the Flatiron Building.

MOL: I don't want to see the building. I want to buy a flatiron. It's getting so *terribly hard* - -

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh, hello, Alice...come in, dear.

ALICE: Excuse me, I didn't know you had company, Mrs. McGee. Hiya, Pop.

FIB: PFFFF!...er...Hello, Alice. Orville, this is our boarder, Miss Darling. Alice, this is T. Orville Drake, old pal of mine from New York.

ALICE: Hello, Mr. Drake.

DRAKE: How do you do, Miss Darling. Any relation to the Westchester Darlings?

ALICE: Creepers, it could be, Mr. Drake. Though my cousin Chester didn't go West. He went South. With eight thousand dollars that belonged to some...OH, MRS. MCGEE... DID HAROLD BOCK CALL ME ON THE PHONE?

(2ND REVISION) -13-

MOL: No he didn't, Alice. You only got calls from Morrie Needham, Jeff Louis and Mel Brorby.

FIB: You expecting a call from Harold Bock, Alice?

ALICE: Yes, the nasty little double crosser. YOU KNOW WHAT HE DID, POP?

MOL: What did he do, Alice?

ALICE: He stood me up last night. Here I sat with my best face on, and a new dress that would make a hermit come down from the hills, and I waited and waited and waited, and Harold never did show up! ~~Don't you~~ think I was pretty uncalled-for?

DRAKE: Come to New York some time, Miss Darling. I assure you you'll not be kept waiting.

ALICE: Gee, thanks, Mr. Gander, but--

FIB: DRAKE, Alice.

ALICE: Oh. Well, thanks, Mr. Drake, I hope I CAN come to New York some time. I've always wanted to go to the Stork Club and watch them feed the columnists. WELL, LOOK, POP...IF HAROLD CALLS, WILL YOU GIVE HIM A MESSAGE FOR ME?

FIB: Sure, kid.

MOL: What's the message, Alice?

ALICE: Just give him the Alice Darling Curse. "May he run out of cigarettes while changing tires in his tuxedo after a blowout on a rainy night ten miles from a filling station." 'Bye, Mr. Drake.

DOOR SLAM:

DRAKE: Charming girl. College student?

FIB: No, she works in an airplane plant, Orville. Welder. Used to do rivetting, but she was too light for it. Gave her the hiccups.

MOL: She's what Alexander Graham Bell had in mind when he invented the telephone, Mr. Drake.

DRAKE: Well, it's nice to be young if you're strong enough to stand it.

FIB: Yes, I get quite a kick outa talkin' to her boy friends, Orville. Lot of 'em are service men, and I'm a veterinarian from the last war, myself.

MOL: You mean VETERAN, dearie.

FIB: I DON'T MEAN ANY SUCH A THING. A VETERAN IS A GUY THAT DON'T EAT MEAT.

DRAKE: No, that's a vegetarian, McGee.

FIB: (LAUGHS) Oh, now don't gimme that, Orville. I know what a vegetarian is. That's anybody that's 80 years old.

MOL: You're thinking of octogenarian, sweetheart.

FIB: GO ON...AN OCTOGENARIAN IS A DEVILFISH.

DRAKE: That's an octopus.

FIB: THEN WHAT'S A VETERINARIAN?

MOL: That's a man who doctors horses.

FIB: AND MULES?

MOL: Yes.

FIB: WELL, THAT'S WHAT I WAS IN THE LAST WAR. I WAS AN ORDERLY FOR A MULE. So, you see? I guess I know what I--

DOOR OPEN:

WIL: Hello, folks. How's every little... Oh. Excuse me.

MOL: Come right in, Mr. Wilcox. This is Mr. Drake from New York.

FIB: Orville, this is Harlow Wilcox, the personality kid. With his feet on the ground and his mind on the linoleum.

DRAKE: Glad to know you, Mr. Wilcox. That name is very familiar. Don't you do something in radio?

MOL: He certainly does, Mr. Drake. Mr. Wilcox is one of our leading radio personalities.

WIL: Oh, you just say that!

DRAKE: I KNEW I REMEMBERED THAT NAME...You're on the air for... NOW DON'T TELL ME...LET ME GUESS...

MOL: I'll give you a hint. What is it that you pour a little of on the linoleum, spread it around with the long-handled applicator and let it dry to a mirror-like polish in 20 minutes or less?

FIB: Concentrate, Orville - concentrate!

WIL: What is it that helps restore the color and brilliance of worn and faded linoleum and protects it from scuffing and scratching?

DRAKE: JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLOCOAT!!

FIB: YOU GOT IT, ORVILLE! YOU GOT IT! YOU WANNA TAKE THE EIGHT DOLLARS AND QUIT, OR TRY FOR SIXTEEN AND A FREE PACKAGE OF MOTHBALLS?

DRAKE: I knew I'd get it. My children listen to your program every week. It's a little silly for grown-ups, I think, but the youngsters love it. Tell me, who plays the part of Jerry Colonna - is that H. V. Kaltenborn?

MOL: Let's drop the subject while we still know who we are.

WIL: You ever get up around Racine, Wisconsin, Mr. Drake?

DRAKE: Well, I don't think I ever...

WIL: Reason I asked was I'd like to take you through the Johnson Wax factory some time. See just how they make Self-Polishing Glocoat. It's a very interesting...SAY, FIBBER, HAVE YOU GOT A PICTURE OF OUR OFFICE BUILDING?

FIB: Have we, Molly?

MOL: Yes, it's in the table out in the hall, Mr. Wilcox. The top drawer.

FIB: BUT BE CAREFUL HOW YOU HANDLE THAT TABLE, JUNIOR IT'S GOT VERY LOOSE DRAWERS, IF YOU'LL PARDON THE EXPRESSION.

WIL: I'll mail him a folder. WELL, I'VE GOT TO BE GETTING ALONG, FOLKS. REMEMBER MR. DRAKE...IF YOU'RE UP IN RACINE, WISCONSIN, DROP IN AND MENTION MY NAME.

DRAKE: I certainly will, Mr. Von Zell. Nice to have met you.

WIL: Thanks. So long, Eddie. Goodnight, Ida.

DOOR SLAM

MOL: Well, that ends a thoroughly confusing few moments. Dinner should be ready in just a little while, boys so....

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: Somebody at the ore, Doorville. I mean at the door, Orville. I'll go see who it is, and give you and Molly a chance to say a few nice things about me. (CALLS BACK) I'll get rid of whoever it is and...

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: OH KEEP YOUR FLAPS DOWN, I'M COMIN'!

DOOR OPEN:

TEE: Hi, mister.

FIB: Oh, Hello Teeny. Look, I haven't got time to bat the fat with you just now. Mrs. McGee and I are having a fella from New York for dinner.

TEE: You're having a... (GIGGLES)

FIB: OH DON'T BE SILLY. YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN. HE'S OUR GUEST FOR DINNER. So you just run along and...

TEE: Hey, mister.

FIB: Yes yes yes...what is it?

TEE: Look, we're friends, aren't we, mister? We been thru a lot together, me and you, haven't we, mister? You and I are...

FIB: ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT...WE'RE BUDDIES. WE'RE PALS. WE'RE CHARLIE DAMON AND SUSIE PYTHIAS. NOW WHAT ARE YOU GETTIN' AT?

TEE: Well, I always say that every young girl should have an older man as a friend...somebody she could always go to for sympathy and advice and stuff...so when she has a personal problem, she...

FIB: LOOK, SIS...NEVER MIND THE HEART THROBS. GET DOWN TO CASES.

TEE: Well, you know Willie Toops, mister?

FIB: YES, I DO.

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I SAYS YES....I DO!

TEE: You do what?

FIB: I KNOW WILLIE TOOPS.

TEE: Gee, so do I! And I'm glad you mentioned him mister, on account of he's my problem.

FIB: NOW WAIT A MINUTE, SIS. I HAVEN'T GOT TIME TO STAND OUT HERE ON THE STOOP AND ACT LIKE ONE. JUST TO LISTEN TO A LOT OF CHILDISH ...

TEE: (SOBS)

FIB: Oh fer the...STOP THAT BAWLING...CUT IT OUT. I...I didn't mean to be impatient, Teeny. But after all, I got a guest waitin' for me inside...so I was...

TEE: I..I guess you don't like litt-ul child-rum, I betcha....

FIB: OH NOW I DO TOO. I LOVE LITTLE CHILDREN. I THINK THEY'RE THE CUTEST PEOPLE OF THEIR AGE THAT THERE IS. NOW WHAT'S BITING YOU?

TEE: Well, suppose you were a young girl like me and she had a boy friend like maybe Willie Toops and he had a slingshot and the little girl bet the little boy ten cents he couldn't break somebody's garage window with one shot and he did, and gee the window will cost a dollar'n a half to get it fixed, and the little girl is in an awful jam and if you were the young girl's friend what would you, ^{advise her to} do, mister? Hmmm?

FIB: I'D ADVISE HER TO GO TELL HER FATHER THE WHOLE STORY, TAKE HER BEATING, AND TAP HIM FOR A DOLLAR SIXTY. NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I'LL....

TEE: (SOBS) Gee and I thought you'd help me....(SOBS). Here I thought we were friends and

FIB: OH MY GOSH,...CUT IT OUT, SIS. HERE...HERE'S A DOLLAR SIXTY...NOW GO SQUARE YOURSELF. WHO'S GARAGE WINDOW WAS IT...?

TEE: Yours. (YELLS) OKAY WILLIE...GO AHEAD!

SOUND: GLASS CRASH OFF MIKE

TEE: GEE..HE DID IT! WITH ONE SHOT!!

FIB: HEY WHAT THE ...

TEE: Thanks ever so much mister. YOU'RE A SPORT.

FIB: WELL, OF ALL THE...

MUSIC: IN

FIB: HEY YOU KIDS!!..COME BACK HERE!!..WILLIE...TEENY!!..YOU DOGGONE LITTLE...

ORCH: "BAIA" ... KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE

THIRD SPOT

(2ND REVISION) -20-

FIB: Boy, I sure hated to see old Orville leave, Molly. Great guy! Imagine anybody travelling all this distance to pay a guy four bucks that he borrowed six years ago?

MOL: And he had such nice manners, too! Did you notice how he held his napkin in front of his face when he used a toothpick?

FIB: Well, class will tell, baby!

MOL: And did you see the ring Mr. Drake was wearing? It looked like the Hope Diamond.

FIB: HOPE WILL NEVER HAVE A DIAMOND AS BIG AS THAT! And if he does, Crosby will own the mounting. Incidentally, Molly, that was a very good dinner we had tonight.

MOL: Don't tell me, dearie. Tell Beulah.

FIB: By George I will! HEY, BEULAH...BEULAH!

DOOR OPEN

BEULAH: Somebody shoutin' fo' the chef?

MOL: Yes, Beulah - Mr. McGee wanted to tell you what a nice dinner that was.

FIB: No kiddin', Beulah. That was as fine a flock of food as I ever flung a fang into!

BEULAH: (GIGGLES) So glad you enjoyed it, folksies. Much rather cook fo' grown-ups than fo' children, like I do the las' place I work.

(REVISED) -21-

MOL: Why, Beulah?

BEULAH: Oh I dunno, ma'am. Big folks enjoy eatin' mo, seems as if. Somebody else kin tote the tasties fo' the tiny tota...I'd rather whip up a middle age spread. (LAUGHS)

FIB: Well, it was great stuff, Beulah. That Irish stew was so good I was thinkin' of Dublin your salary, if you don't mind a bad pun - and if anybody does, I'm out of business.

MOL: It really was a grand dinner, Beulah.

BEULAH: (LAUGHS) Oh now, folks...you gonna embarrass me. You know how I am. I'd rather have a lil praise now and then than a raise in salary-- BEULAH...WHAT ARE YOU SAYIN'?

~~GIRL?~~
MOL: Did you say you were going to take Friday off this week, Beulah?

BEULAH: Yes ma'am. If it ain't gonna dis-accommodate anybody.

FIB: Not at all, Beulah. This some special occasion?

BEULAH: Yassuh. It is. Friday is Navy Day, and I got a brother gonna be heah on furlough.

MOL: You got a brother in the Navy, Beulah?

BEULAH: Yes ma'am. An' a mighty fine boy, too. He got a medal fo' savin' three sailor's lives at Pearl Harbor.

FIB: Boy, that's wonderful!

BEULAH: The whole Navy is wonderful, Mist' McGee, They really ^{in there} ~~doin' a job.~~ And it sho burns men like my brother up when ^{when German} folks talk about celebratin' the end of the war ^{one of} ~~these days!~~ He say it like burnin' the goal posts at the end of the first half. He say we still got a long time war on our hands lickin' them Jappies, and anybody that quits fightin' or workin' now is just no-account trash.

MOL: Really proud of your brother aren't you, Beulah?
BEULAH: Proud of all of 'em, ma'am. Eveh time I walk down the street and see a boy in that lil ole blue uniform, I say to myself, I say..."LOVE THAT MAN"! Well goodnight, folks.

DOOR SLAM

MOL: Isn't she sweet?
FIB: She certainly is. SAY, THESE ARE MIGHTY GOOD CIGARS OLD ORVILLE GAVE ME. Got his initials on the cigar band. T.O.D.
MOL: That's interesting. They say if your initials spell a word both ways, you'll be rich.
FIB: Not necessarily. I got a cousin named Marvin Underwood Degnan. His initials spell MUD one way and DUM the other, and he makes his living pickin' cranberries. That shows how ---

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: Maybe old Orville forgot something. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh, Doctor Gamble. Hello, Doctor.
DOC: Hello, Molly. And how are you, Little Beaver?
FIB: Hiya, Doc. Just the guy I wanted to see. You got any castor oil with you?
DOC: Yes, I have. But you better let me have a look at you first. Where do you hurt?
FIB: I don't hurt. I feel wonderful.

MOL: Then why do you want the castor oil, McGee?
FIB: Wanna oil a couple of castors. My dresser squeaks.
DOC: So does your sense of humor, Birdbrain. I have had a very tough day, and I'M in no mood for your rustic wit.
MOL: The shortage of doctors makes a lot of work for the few of you that are left, I suppose.
DOC: It really does, my dear. I'm a tired old man, and if there's any hot coffee in that coffee pot, you've made a valuable friend.
MOL: Why certainly, doctor. Here - let me give you a cup.
SOUND: DISH & SILVER
FIB: Drink hearty, Doc. Not that coffee will do much for that permanent sleepy look of yours.
DOC: Thanks. And this permanent sleepy look of mine is probably due to the fact that I'm permanently sleepy. I get up five times a night to drive around town and tell other people to stay in bed for two weeks. I see you had company tonight.
MOL: Yes we did, Doctor. How on earth did you know?
DOC: Extra coffee cup. Elementary deduction. Every doctor is more or less of a detective, you know.
FIB: Tell us more, Ellery, you big phoney.
DOC: All right. He had plenty of money, too. Because you're smoking a fifty cent cigar, and you never paid more than 2½ cents for one in your life.

FIB: I'd offer you one, Doc, but they're a little rich for you. And besides, this is the last one. I'M sorry you weren't here to meet Orville. The first completely honest man I ever met in my life.

MOL: He really is, Doctor. It seems McGee paid his fare on a bus some six years ago, and he made a special trip to Wistful Vista to pay it back!

FIB: AIN'T THAT WONDERFUL, DOC?

DOC: No. It doesn't make sense, psychologically.

MOL: What do you mean, Doctor?

DOC: It violates all the basic principles of human behavior. It's eccentric and therefore subject to suspicion.

FIB: THERE YOU GO, YOU CYNICAL OLD SEPTIC! A GUY CAN'T EVEN DO A DECENT THING IN HIS LIFE BUT WHAT YOU HAVE TO TEAR HIS REPUTATION APART! WHY MY GOSH, HE WOULDN'T EVEN SELL ME THREE SHARES OF HIS TUNGSTEN MINE WITHOUT TELLIN' ME IT MIGHT BE NO GOOD.

MOL: THREE SHARES OF WHAT?

FIB: Mining stock. Only paid thirty five bucks a share for it, too.

MOL: Oh, McGee...you didn't tell me you....

DOC: I see. He shows up here with four dollars he says you loaned him on a bus six years ago and sells you some mining stock. Oh brother! When I think of the human flesh I have to carve my way through for a hundred and five bucks.

FIB: NOW LOOK HERE, DOCTOR! THIS MAN IS A FRIEND OF MINE ---
AND I WON'T HAVE YOU MAKIN' ANY DEROGATORY REM ----

MOL: McGee.

FIB: Eh?

MOL: Where did you say you met Mr. Drake.

FIB: ON THE BUS BETWEEN ALBANY AND BOSTON.

MOL: And when was that?

FIB: Way back in...er....it was when I....during the....
(PAUSE) OH MY GOSH!!! I NEVER BEEN IN ALBANY!

ORCHESTRA: "STANGE MUSIC"
(APPLAUSE)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Every now and then it's a good thing to check up on fundamentals. For example, do you know the real, number-one reason for putting wax on your floors, furniture and woodwork? It's for protection, to guard those surfaces against wear and dirt, make them last longer, save on costly refinishing. The rich, mellow beauty that JOHNSON'S WAX gives is really an extra dividend. So are the many hours of work that you save when your things are wax-protected. The next time you apply a coat of JOHNSON'S WAX to your floors, or table top, or leather goods, remember that you are only doing what Nature has always done. Did you know that when you rub a red apple and it shines, you have merely buffed up a waxed surface? That's true, and man throughout the ages in protecting his things with wax has merely imitated Nature. Today genuine JOHNSON'S WAX has a special role to play in helping you to take better care of your things -- making them last longer, protecting their beauty.

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

TAG

FIB: Oh, what a chump I am!! WHAT A FOOL!
MOL: Stop worrying, McGee. Everybody gets taken in by a sharpshooter at some time in their lives.
FIB: That don't worry me. It's that check I gave the guy for this mining stock.
MOL: WELL HEAVENLY DAYS, SILLY....STOP PAYMENT ON IT!
FIB: I can't.
MOL: Why not?
FIB: Well, my pen ran dry when I was makin' it out, and we got to talkin', and I never did sign it. How can I ask the bank to stop payment on a check that's no good? WHAT CAN I SAY?
MOL: Goodnight.
FIB: Eh? Oh. Goodnight.
MOL: Goodnight, all!

PLAYOFF AND SIGNOFF:

WIL: This is Harlow Wilcox speaking for the makers of JOHNSON WAX FINISHES for home and industry, inviting you to be with us next Tuesday night. Goodnight.
ANNCR: THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

(CHIMES)