

PHIL LESLIE

*Salley*

"FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY"

Johnson's Wax

6:30 - 7:00 PM

December 5 - 1944

NBC

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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 and Phil Leslie, with music by the King's Men and Billy Mills' Orchestra.

ORCH: SELECTION...FADE FOR: "ANYTHING GOES"

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY  
TUESDAY 8:30 PM PWT NBC  
DECEMBER 5, 1944

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WIL: Every now and then a lady asks me why I don't say more about one of her pet JOHNSON products - JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX. Perhaps I have neglected it - but I'll try to make amends. CREAM WAX, you know, is the wax polish that was developed especially for furniture and woodwork. It is a white liquid that does a remarkable cleaning job - cleans as it polishes. Women like it particularly for cleaning and protecting light painted woodwork, though it is equally good on dark woodwork and all furniture. And for keeping a white refrigerator spic and span, there is nothing better. Dirt, spots and fingerprints are whisked away instantly when you apply JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX. It requires a minimum of rubbing, leaves a satin-smooth, dry wax finish that protects table tops, chair arms - in fact, all furniture and woodwork - against minor scratches and stains. CREAM WAX brings out all the beauty of the wood grain - and of course, like all wax finishes, it does not collect dust as do ordinary oil furniture polishes. Next time you are shopping, get a bottle of JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX, and try it on your furniture and woodwork.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH  
(APPLAUSE)

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WIL: STATISTICS SHOW THAT HAPPY MARRIAGES RESULT FROM  
A: - MUTUAL LOVE AND RESPECT  
B: - A MEASURE OF ECONOMIC SECURITY, and  
C: - THE ABILITY OF A WIFE TO KEEP HER LITTLE PINK MOUTH SHUT WHEN SHE SEES THE OLD MAN TRYING TO DO A JOB SHE COULD HANDLE MUCH BETTER HERSELF. LIKE JUST NOW, AS WE MEET --

---- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: CLATTER OF WOOD...CREAK

FIB: No...that can't be right...this leg must fit into this socket here....

SOUND: CLATTER...CREAK...LOUD WOOD SPLINTERING

FIB: DAD-RAT THE DAD-RATTED....IF I EVER MEET THE LEMON-HEAD THAT INVENTED THE FOLDING IRONING BOARD, HE'LL BE WEARING AN OFF-THE-FACE NOSE!

MOL: You're still 75% right, McGee...keep trying.

FIB: Whaddye mean, 75% right?

MOL: It has four legs. You've only broken one.

FIB: WELL, DOGGONE IT, LOOKA THE CHEAP WOOD THEY MADE THIS THING OUT OF. IT'S JUST A PIECE OF PUNK - WITH KNOT-HOLES.

MOL: It was the best ironing board they had at the Bon Ton, McGee. It cost five ninety-five.

FIB: (SCREAMS) FIVE NINETY FIVE! FOR THIS WORM-EATEN, WOBBLE-FOOTED, LOOSE-BOLTED, CROSS-GRAINED COLLECTION OF DRIFTWOOD?

MOL: That's right.

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FIB: WELL ANYBODY THAT WOULD SHELL OUT THAT KINDA DOUGH FOR A RUBE GOLDBERG CONTRAPTION LIKE THIS IS JUST THE KIND OF A BIRD BRAIN THAT... (PAUSE) Hey...is this the one that....

MOL: Yes dearie. The one you picked out yourself. For my birthday.

FIB: Hmmm? Oh well...

SOUND: CLATTER OF WOOD...CREAKS...THUMPS

FIB: There! I knew I could get it set up if I kept at it. BUT WHAT MAKES IT SO MUCH LOWER ON ONE END?

MOL: Maybe because you've got the legs folded the wrong way. Here....

SOUND: SHORT CLATTER...THUD:

MOL: There.

FIB: Thanks. And that busted leg don't even wobble, see? That's because it's crossbraced so strong.

MOL: Yes, I know.

FIB: Thing is built like a skyscraper. Light but sturdy. When I buy something, baby, I buy QUALITY.

MOL: Mmmm, Hmmm.

FIB: I coulda got the three-75 kind, but I says to myself, I says, it isn't every day a guy buys his wife an ironing board, I says, so why not go first class? So, I lays five ninety-five on the line and what have we got?

MOL: A wobble-footed, worm-eaten, loosebolted -

FIB: (LAUGHS) Ah, I was just kidding about that. This is a great little ironing board.

MOL: And what are you going to do, now that you've got it up, dearie?

FIB: Gonna press my blue serge suit.

MOL: Why don't you let me do it? Or Beulah?

FIB: I like a razor crease on the pants, and a woman ain't got the strength for it. Besides, I gotta sandpaper the seat a little.

MOL: SANDPAPER THE SEAT! Are you losing your grip on chairs?

FIB: No, my trousers are gettin' too shiny. Fellas at the Elks have started callin' me "Little Glitter-Britches".

MOL: Look, dearie, why don't you take it to the tailor? Next thing I know you'll be cutting your own hair and filling your own teeth.

FIB: THE TAILOR GOT TOO UPPITY WITH ME, THAT'S WHY! WANTED SIXTY-FIVE CENTS JUST TO PRESS A SUIT.

MOL: Did you want it pressed for some special occasion.

FIB: No, but a guy always needs a dark suit. And if an occasion come up suddenly, I didn't wanna get caught with my pants down, at the tailor shop.

MOL: But he's been charging sixty-five cents for 15 years, McGee.

FIB: EXACTLY! THE PRICE IS OUTMODED! WITH MODERN EQUIPMENT, HE CAN AFFORD TO DO IT FOR FIFTY CENTS. AND I TOLD HIM SO.

MOL: And he said?

FIB: Well...never mind what he said. It would of been a physical impossibility, anyway. Now, let's see...I better move the ironing board over by the window...to do an artistic job, you gotta have a good north light.

MOL: Well, you'd better get started. It'll be dark very soon.

FIB: Just as soon's I move the ironing board.

MOL: I don't think it will fit in that space by the window, McGee.

FIB: Sure it will...look...

SOUND: SCRAPE OF IRONING BOARD ON FLOOR

MOL: McGEE...LOOK OUT FOR THE END TABLE!

FIB: What end tab---?

SOUND: CRASH OF TABLE...SMALL GLASS CRASH

FIB: Oh-oh. Sorry. Is that lamp seriously broken?

MOL: It's nothing that can't be fixed for six or seven dollars.  
Don't worry your curly little head about it.

FIB: Now, let's see...I'll need a cloth and a pan of water...  
and...er...some sandpaper...and...er...what else do I need  
to press a suit?

MOL: Maybe it's just a silly suggestion, but how about  
a flatiron?

FIB: OH MY GOSH, YES...THE FLATIRON...I was--

DOOR OPEN:

ALICE: Is something the matter, Mrs. McGee? Did I hear  
something fall?

MOL: Hello, Alice...it was nothing important.

FIB: Just knocked over the end table in a fit of temper,  
Alice...You know how I am. Always flying into a  
rage and throwing furniture around.

ALICE: Creepers, Mr. McGee...I never knew that. You always  
seemed so good tempered to me.

MOL: Oh, he's awful, Alice. He threw his brother down the  
stairs, once.

ALICE: Not really!

FIB: That's right, Alice. My brother Fred. He come in the  
house and started to hang up his coat and there wasn't any  
coat hanger in the closet, so he calls upstairs to me and  
says "HEY, FIB...WHERE'S ALL THE COAT HANGERS?"

MOL: And McGee threw him downstairs, a coathanger.

ALICE: (LAUGHS) You're just fooling. But I know a boy named  
Rocco De Mocco who has such a terrible temper he always  
counts to ten before he says anything.

FIB: That don't take long.

ALICE: Well, he's a Latin and always counts in Roman numerals...  
He says I, I.I., I.I.I., I.V., V., V.I., V.I.I., V.I.I.I.,  
~~I.I.I.I.~~

MOL: McGee ought to learn counting to ten in Gaelic. Then when  
he gets his Irish up, he could get it down again.

FIB: I can count to ten in Gaelic now. WAN, TWO THREE FOUR  
FOIVE, SIX SIVIN EIGHT NOIN TIN. Incidentally Alice, a  
guy called you up. Says he was Lieutenant Aldrich.

ALICE: Oh, that's Skippy Aldrich. He's a flyer. And creepers, I  
never knew what they meant by a pursuit pilot till I met  
him.

MOL: Did he leave a message, McGee?

FIB: Yeah. He said to tell the mouse -

ALICE: That's me.

FIB: To tell the mouse that he was chartering a crate tonight  
for a special hop, and if you didn't put him on oxygen,  
he wanted to fit some special equipment to your port wing.  
That make sense to you?

ALICE: Oh yes. He meant he was renting a car tonight for a big dance, and if I didn't give him the air he wanted to give me an engagement ring.

MOL: Heavenly days. I just get to know the steering gear from the radiator on an automobile, and the airplane arrives. It's discouraging!

ALICE: Well, if he calls again, Mr. McGee, tell him the field has closed in and we're not operating tonight. Tell him ---

TELEPHONE:

FIB: You might as well answer it, Alice. For all the calls I get, I might as well be an unlisted number.

MOL: Well, you're not as pretty as Alice, dearie.

TELEPHONE:

ALICE: It might be for me at that. (CLICK) HELLO...YES THIS IS ALICE..OH HELLO, YOU SWEET THING...YES...WELL, YOU'RE SIMPLY A PET TO CALL ME! I CERTAINLY GET A CHARGE OUT OF HEARING YOUR VOICE, HONEY!

FIB: (ASIDE) The way she's buttering him he must be a cigarette salesman!

MOL: Quiet, McGee.

ALICE: (IN PHONE) OH YOU WONDERFUL MAN, YOU!! OF COURSE, I'D LOVE IT. I'VE NEVER HAD A FOX-FUR JACKET....

MOL: Let me talk to him when you get thru, Alice.

FIB: Quiet, Mrs. McGee.

ALICE: OH I THINK YOU'RE JUST TOO SWEET FOR WORDS!! REMIND ME TO GIVE YOU A GREAT.BIG KISS....CREEPERS, A REAL FOX FUR JACKET!! BUT DARLING...WILL IT BE ALL RIGHT WITH YOUR WIFE

MOL: Oh my goodness!!!

FIB: NOW JUST A DARN MINUTE, ALICE, WE WONT HAVE YOU --

ALICE: EXCUSE ME A MINUTE DEAR. (ASIDE) Please, Mr. McGee...I cant hear. (IN PHONE) WELL, YOU HAVE IT DELIVERED ANY TIME YOU LIKE, ANGEL....AND THANKS A MILLION....GOODNIGHT GRANDFATHER! (CLICK) What were you saying, Mr. McGee?

FIB: Er...AHM. Nothing, kid, nothing. WELL, ONE SIDE, GIRLS. I-GOTTA PRESS MY PANTS!

ORCH: SELECTION "TICO TICO"

APPLAUSE

MOL: Quiet, McGee.  
ALICE: (IN PHONE) OH YOU WONDERFUL MAN, YOU!! OF COURSE, I'D LOVE IT. I'VE NEVER HAD A FOX-FUR JACKET....  
MOL: Let me talk to him when you get thru, Alice.  
FIB: Quiet, Mrs. McGee.  
ALICE: OH I THINK YOU'RE JUST TOO SWEET FOR WORDS!! REMIND ME TO GIVE YOU A GREAT BIG KISS....CREEPERS, A REAL FOX FUR JACKET!! BUT DARLING...WILL IT BE ALL RIGHT WITH YOUR WIFE  
MOL: Oh my goodness!!!  
FIB: NOW JUST A DARN MINUTE; ALICE, WE WONT HAVE YOU --  
ALICE: EXCUSE ME A MINUTE DEAR. (ASIDE) Please, Mr. McGee...I cant hear. (IN PHONE) WELL, YOU HAVE IT DELIVERED ANY TIME YOU LIKE, ANGEL....AND THANKS A MILLION....GOOD<sup>BYE</sup>NIGHT GRANDFATHER! (CLICK) What were you saying, Mr. McGee?  
FIB: Er...AHEM. Nothing, kid, nothing. WELL, ONE SIDE, GIRLS.. I GOTTA PRESS MY PANTS!

ORCH: SELECTION "TICO TICO"

APPLAUSE

FIB: Hey, Molly, whaddye doing? If you're makin' out the Xmas list don't forget those Anti-Tuberculosis Christmas Seals.  
MOL: This is just a little memoranda, McGee. Why, what do you want?  
FIB: The pliers...where's the pliers?  
MOL: I haven't the slightest idea, dearie. You were using them last night to crack those hickory nuts.  
FIB: Hmmm. Musta left 'em down in the basement. Oh, well...I can put this ironing cord back together with my fingers, I guess...  
MOL: What's the matter with it?  
FIB: I just tripped over it and broke it. But having an instinct like I got for electrical stuff, I--  
SOUND: CRACKLE AND SPARK GAP  
FIB: OUCH!!...OOOOO...MY GOSH!!! DID YOU SEE THAT FLASH?  
MOL: If you'd have been a horse it would have killed you, McGee... Did you get burned?  
FIB: Just my eyebrows, a little. Boy, what a spark! I'll bet our light bill just went up eight dollars.  
MOL: That's all right. All the lights in the house blew out, so we'll save money till you put in a new fuse.  
FIB: I will as soon as I get ready to press my suit. Now let's see.. I got the water...the iron...the sandpaper...the cloth...

DOORBELL:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN...CLOSE:

MOL: Oh, hello, Doctor Gamble.

DOC: (WEARILY) Hello, Molly. Hello, McGee.. May I sit down a minute?

FIB: Sure, Doc. What's the matter with you? Your eyes are kinda baggy at the knees.

DOC: Was up all night, last night. Delivered four babies. Two boys and two girls. Very discouraging.

MOL: Why discouraging, Doctor? I think it's wonderful.

DOC: I was just thinking ahead, my dear. Those two girls will probably grow up and marry those two boys - which means that twenty years from now TWO doctors will have to get up in the middle of the night.

MOL: It certainly keeps you on the go, with so many doctors in the service, doesn't it?

DOC: Yes, I'm like a man who is running too fast. He's got to keep going or he'll fall flat on his septum.

FIB: Ration board give you enough fuel to make your rounds, Doc?

DOC: Well, I can't complain. They give me enough gas to go around and tell my patients what to do for theirs. (SIGHS) Sometimes I wish I were a streetcar conductor.

MOL: Oh, I wouldn't say that, Doctor. As it is, when people give you a ten dollar bill, you can keep it. As a conductor you'd have to give them back 9.95 and a dirty look.

FIB: Yes. But he could spend the rest of his life telling people where to get off.

DOC: I do that now. I browbeat and insult people, trying to make them live sensibly...or just live. And the minute I go out the door, they laugh and say "ISN'T HE A SWEET OLD CHARACTER!" By the way, it's getting dark in here. Why don't you turn some lights on?

MOL: McGee blew a fuse, Doctor. He was trying to fix the cord to the flatiron. He's going to press a suit.

DOC: Why doesn't goon-boy take it to a tailor?

MOL: He thinks the tailor overcharges, Doctor. He wanted sixty-five cents to press the suit and McGee thought he should do it for fifty.

FIB: AND HE SHOULD, TOO! GOT ALL MODERN EQUIPMENT. PRESSES A SUIT IN A THIRD OF THE TIME HE USED TO. AND CHARGES THE SAME HIGH PRICES!

DOC: Why, you little cheapskate!

FIB: WHO'S A CHEAPSKATE?

DOC: To give you a short answer, you are! IF, in the course of my professional activities, McGee, I should encounter a sick nickel, I'll call on you. You can really nurse them! Well, I've got to get back to the office. It's probably full of headaches, with people attached. Good day.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: (LAUGHS) Isn't he a sweet old character!

FIB: He's a sweet old fat-head, that's what he is. Thinks I'm a cheapskate simply because I refuse to be gypped. Hey, RAISE THAT WINDOW SHADE A LITTLE WILL YOU, MOLLY? It's gettin' pretty dark in here.

MOL: You raise it McGee,...you're taller.

FIB: Okay....

SOUND: CURTAIN RAISE...SLIGHT RATTLE THEN LOUD FLAP-FLAP-FLAP AS IT WHIRLS AROUND ROLLER:

FIB: AW FER THE....SLIPPED OUTA MY HAND. AND NOW THE COR'D'S STUCK.

MOL: Better let mother do it, dearie...those window shades are tricky when --

FIB: NO NO NO..I CAN DO IT. My gosh, if I haven't got brains enough to pull down a window shade, I oughtta be --

SOUND: RIPPING:

MOL: That's better, sweetheart, Now it's MUCH lighter in here. And will be for several days.

FIB: No wonder there's a paper shortage. They're makin' window shades out of it. I barely touched the thing when--

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

WIL: Hello, folks.

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Hiyah, Junior. Wanna get your pants pressed? I'M about ready to go into business. HEY, MOLLY...GET JUNIOR MY BATHROBE SO HE WON'T BE EMBARRASSED WHEN--

WIL: No no no..thanks anyway. I can't stay that long. I just wanted to show you this...

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS...WHAT A BEAUTIFUL SAMPLER. WHAT LOVELY NEEDLEWORK...WHO DID IT?

WIL: I did. Made it for my wife, for Christmas.

FIB: Oh she'll LOVE it, Waxey! And that's a wonderful motto. Never heard it before. Read that. Molly!

MOL: (READS)

"HOME IS WHERE THE HEART IS,  
WE'LL LOVE IT EVERMORE.  
PARTICULARLY WITH JOHNSON'S  
GLOCOAT ON THE FLOOR"

Oh, isn't that nice!

WIL: Been working on it since last April. I wanted to say LINOLEUM instead-of floor, but I couldn't think of a good rhyme for linoleum.

FIB: Shucks, it's practically the same thing, Junior.

WIL: Yes, but Johnson's Self Polishing Glocoat is made primarily for linoleum floors. You may possibly have heard me tell how it brings back life and brilliance to faded and worn linoleum... and how easy it is to apply.

MOL: Yes, we may have.

FIB: That's one of the strongest possibilities I've heard today!

WIL: In fact, I was hoping to make a sampler with three verses, and tell how you just pour out a little glocoat on the linoleum and spread it around with the long-handled applier, let it dry for 20 minutes or less to a sparkling protective finish. But, I didn't have time before Christmas.

MOL: Oh, I think your wife would have waited for it, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: And I'm SURE we would. HEY, WHERE'D YOU LEARN TO DO NEEDLEWORK, WAXEY?

WIL: Well, when I got married, my wife wanted me to give up polo, and gee whizz, a man has to do something.

MOL: Why of course, Mr. Wilcox. And there's nothing like a couple of chukkers of tating to keep a man in condition!



WIL: You ought to see the needlepoint golf bag I'm work --  
WHAT HAVE YOU GOT IN YOUR HAND THERE, PAL?

FIB: EH? Oh, this. Just a windowshade, Junior. I always carry  
one of these around...in case I wanna peek at somebody.  
You sure you don't want your pants pressed, Waxey?

WIL: No thanks, pal. I've got to get home and finish my sampler.  
I've got three rose petals in the upper right hand corner  
to do yet. So long, now.

DOOR SLAM

MOL: Why don't you leann something useful like that, McGee?  
Heavenly days, you can't even sew a button on straight.

FIB: You gotta look for motives in a thing like that, Molly.  
What could you say about Glocoat on a button?

MOL: Well, there's that, of course. And when are you going to  
start pressing that suit?

FIB: Too dark now without any electric light. Besides, the  
iron wouldn't work. Run down and slap a fuse in the fuse  
box, will you? NO, WAIT A MINUTE...HERE'S A PENNY.

MOL: It's worth at least a dime, dearie.

FIB: Oh, I'm not paying you for the errand. I just suggested  
you put the penny in, instead of a fuse. I've heard about  
people doing that...

MOL: NOT ME, MCGEE!... I MAY BE HANGED, BUT I'LL BE HANGED IF  
I'LL BE ELECTROCUTED! I'll use a fuse.

FIB: Okay, suit yourself. (CALLS) Bring me a couple o'  
shingle nails when you come back. This ironing board is  
gettin' wobbly again.

MOL: (OFF MIKE) All right...

FIB: AHhhh, THERE GOES A GOOD KID!! DOES SHE SCOLD AND NAG  
JUST BECAUSE I MESS UP THE HOUSE WITH A PROJECT LIKE  
THIS? NO SIR...NOT HER! AND WILL SHE GIVE ME LITTLE  
DIGS ABOUT IT FOR THE NEXT SIX WEEKS? I'LL BET SHE DOES!  
BUT MY GOSH, WHEN A WOMAN --

DOOR CHIME

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN

TEE: Hi, mister.

FIB: Oh, hello there, Teeny. I haven't got time to punch the  
bag with you now, sis. I gotta iron a suit.

TEE: Well, I was just...HMMMM?

FIB: I says I got no time for small talk, small fry. I got a  
pressing engagement. (LAUGHS)

TEE: I guess my daddy was right, I guess.

FIB: Your Daddy was right about what?

TEE: You, I betcha.

FIB: AND WHAT DID HE SAY ABOUT ME?

TEE: (GIGGLES) He said your theme song oughtta be "BRIGHTEN THE CORN WHERE YOU ARE". (GIGGLES)

FIB: Your old man's quite a comic, sis. I'll bet he could get a great laugh with that gag, if he had somebody tied down and was ticklin' their bare feet with a feather while he told it.

TEE: MY DADDY'S A NICE MAN! AND HE'S GONNA GET ME A LIL PONY FOR CHRISTMAS, TOO, I BETCHA.

FIB: He is, eh?

TEE: Hmm?

FIB: I SAYS HE IS, EH?

TEE: He is what?

FIB: HE'S GONNA GET YOU A PONY FOR CHRISTMAS!

TEE: GEE!!! IS HE REALLY? OOOOOH, GOODY GOODY GOODY!!!

FIB: DOGGONE IT, HOW DO I KNOW?

TEE: How does he know, either? I haven't told anybody but Santa Claus yet.

FIB: Well, now, I wouldn't lean too heavy on that, sis. You given any thought to how Santa Claus could get a pony down through your chimney?

TEE: Aw, he can do it, I betcha. He brought a piano down thru it last year for my sister.

FIB: Yeah, but you can take the legs off a piano. A pony ain't come-apart-able. Why don't you settle for a puppy, or some goldfish?

TEE: I got some goldfish. But I'd like to have a puppy. GEE, I GUESS I'LL WRITE SANTA CLAUS ANOTHER LETTER AND TELL HIM THAT.

FIB: WHAT KIND of a puppy wouldja want, sis?

TEE: One of those little, low kind. My daddy says they look like their mother was frightened by a taffy pull.

FIB: OH, A DACHSHUND!!

TEE: Sure. And I know just where Santa Claus can get one, too, I betcha.

FIB: Where?

TEE: At the Empress Movie Theatre. I saw the sign they had up.

FIB: Why, that theatre just shows Western pictures, sis. They don't sell puppies.

TEE: Maybe they're giving 'em away or something, then.

FIB: What makes you think so?

TEE: Well, gee, they gotta big poster up in front that says "GIT A LONG LITTLE DOGGIE - ALL THIS WEEK". So long, Mister...I gotta write that letter right away!!

ORCHESTRA: SELECTION...KING'S MEN "WHY DONT YOU KISS ME"

APPLAUSE:

MOL: Well, now that the lights are on again, McGee...are you going to press that suit?

FIB: YOU BET I AM, TOOTSIE! I'm gonna put a crease in them blue serge pants that will cut thru a solid wall of human flesh when I go Christmas shopping. HEY, DID YOU SEE THE CROWDS AT THE BONTON LATELY?

(PAUSE)

FIB: I SAYS, HAVE YOU SEEN THE CROWDS AT THE BONTON LATELY?

(PAUSE) HEY...MOLLY!

MOL: Oh, I beg your pardon, McGee...I wasn't paying any attention. What did you say?

FIB: What's that you're writin', anyway? Don't tell me you're startin' that diary again!

MOL: (LAUGHS) No, sweetheart...not at this late date. Diaries are for people with no one to confide in. I have you.

FIB: Thanks.

MOL: ...and you're much easier to read than my writing.

FIB: I can't understand that, me being such a fine type.

(LAUGHS) WELL...HERE WE GO...(SLIGHT CLATTER)

MOL: What are you doing now?

FIB: Gonna move this ironing board back by the wall, so the light cord will reach. Gettin' too dark outside to use the window.

MOL: Well, I wish you'd make up your mind just where you--

McGEE, WATCH THE END OF THE BOARD!!!

FIB: Oh, I know what I'm do--

SOUND: LOUD GLASS CRASH

FIB: What'd I bust?

MOL: The window.

FIB: That's what I thought. Sounded like a window.

MOL: Better stuff something in it, or we'll freeze before morning.

FIB: Maybe I can get the hardware man to come over and fix it tonight. Hand me the phone.

MOL: Here.

FIB: Thanks. (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR? GIMME ANDERSON'S HARD WARE HAVE YOU BEEN LATELY, MYRT? MISSED YOU...

MOL: Oh, dear...

FIB: HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING, MYRT? TIS, EH? WHAT SAY, MYRT? YOUR UNCLE? JOINED THE VEGETABLE AND DELICATESSEN DEALER'S BUSINESS MEN'S SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA? WELL, GOOD FOR HIM, MYRT!

MOL: What does he play, McGee?

FIB: Sweet potato. And doubles on the dill piccolo. WHAT SAY, MYRT? WELL, I GUESS THEY MUST BE CLOSED. THANKS ANYWAY, MYRT. (CLICK) We can hang a blanket over it for tonight, Molly.

MOL: I wish we could hang a blanket over this whole afternoon, dearie.

FIB: Eh? Why? You're not sore because I wouldn't let a guy gyp me outa sixty-five cents, are you?

MOL: No, sweet. But look at this little memorandum:

Broken ironing board...	\$5.95
Broken lamp...	6.50
Light fuse...	.05
New Window Shade...	1.25
New Window...	1.50
Light bulbs...	2.00
Repair end table...	3.00
New extension cord...	.89
TOTAL	\$21.14

FIB: YEAH, BUT YOU GOTTA REMEMBER, 65 CENTS COMES OFFA THERE,  
FOR PRESSING MY OWN SUIT.

MOL: When did you do that?

FIB: WHY, JUST -- 'Oh my gosh...I haven't done it yet, have I?  
WELL, I'M GETTIN' RIGHT AT IT...HEY, BEULAH!...BEULAH!

DOOR OPEN:

BEULAH: You may modulate yo' tone, suh. Beulah is heah.

MOL: Mr. McGee wants you to bring down his blue serge suit,  
Beulah.

FIB: Gonna press it, Beulah.

BEULAH: Yassuh, but that blue serge suit is...WELL FO' GOODNESS  
SAKE! WHAT BEEN GOIN' ON IN HEAH? A TYCOON?

MOL: You mean a TYPHOON, Beulah.

FIB: Yeah, a tycoon is a big business man.

BEULAH: I DON' MEAN TO INSULT YO' FRIENDS, SUH, BUT NO BUSINESS MAN  
...I DON' CARE HOW BIG...GOT ANY BUSINESS WRECKIN' A HOUSE  
LIKE THIS! IT GONNA TAKE ME THREE DAYS TO GIT IT BACK IN  
SHAPE FO' HUMAN HABITATION.

MOL: Mr. McGee had a few little accidents, Beulah. You know  
how he is. All thumbs, elbows and hips. And two left  
feet.

FIB: Well, my gosh, this is a lot of fuss about a couple-a  
busted light bulbs and a broken window. Anybody'd think  
I took a hammer to your emerald necklace.

MOL: I haven't got an emerald necklace.

BEULAH: We ain' got no hammer, either. Mist' McGee lef' it on  
the running board of the ---- WHAT MAKE ALL THIS CONFUSION  
IN HEAH?

MOL: Mr. McGee...was getting ready to press his blue serge suit,  
Beulah.

FIB: AND SANDPAPER THE PANTS, TOO. They're gettin' so shiny  
if I ever tore 'em, I'd have 7 years bad luck!

BEULAH: Seven years bad luck listen to the man say...(LAUGHS  
HEARTILY) LOVE THAT MAN!

MOL: Well, if you'll bring down the suit, Beulah...we can  
wind up this whole unfortunate episode. And make a well  
dressed man of my husband in the bargain. If you can  
call this day a bargain.

FIB: COME ON, BEULAH...LET'S GO...HOW ABOUT BRINGING DOWN  
MY BLUE SERGE SUIT? IT'S IN MY CLOSET.

BEULAH: Scuse me, suh...but it hangin' in the kitchen. The  
cleanin' man just brought it back.

MOL: BROUGHT IT BACK!

BEULAH: Yes'm. I sent it out las' week, on account it look so awful. And they charge six bits extra.

FIB: SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS EXTRA FOR WHAT?

BEULAH: The man say it was fo' "REFURBISHING AND RENOVATIN' THE POSTERIOR PORTION OF THE NETHER GARMENT, AND MINIMIZIN' THE LUSTRE THEREOF, OR, sandpaperin' the pants.

FIB: Oh pshaw!

ORCH: SELECTION

APPLAUSE:

WILCOX: If your linoleum floors could talk to you, they would probably begin about now to ask for a little extra protection against the wet rubbers and galoshes that winter brings. And I have an idea they'd probably say, "Thanks for the GLO-COAT." You can so easily give your floors extra protection these days with JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO-COAT. You can renew the GLO-COAT film as often as necessary with a minimum of work - because, as you know, GLO-COAT needs no rubbing or buffing. It shines as it dries, without any work from you except spreading it around on the floor with a cloth or GLO-COAT Applier. If you're doing some war work, and who isn't, all the more reason for using labor-saving GLO-COAT. Linoleum manufacturers themselves recommend this way of caring for all kinds of linoleum surfaces -- they know it makes the linoleum last much longer and give greater satisfaction to their customers.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC...FADE ON CUE

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MOL: McGee, you'd better get a new suit. This blue serge is just about shot.

FIB: Gee, I hate to get a new suit without cuffs. Besides, this old suit has paid for itself many times over. In nickels.

MOL: IN NICKLES!

FIB: Yup, Go into a telephone booth and start to put a nickle in the box. You drop it. You just laugh, because you know you'll find it later in the cuff of your pants.

MOL: Wouldn't it be more delicate dearie, if you said ONE would find it in the cuff of ONE'S pants? I don't like that personal note.

FIB: Eh? Oh yes. Excuse me. 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 again next Tuesday night. Goodnight.

ANNCR: THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

(CHIMES)

WRITERS: DON QUINN  
PHIL LESLIE

"FIBBER M

Johnso

6:30 - 7:00 PM

December

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