

WRITERS: Don Quinn
Phil Leslie

#22
(REVISED)

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY

Johnson's Wax

6:30 - 7:00 PM

NBC

February 27, 1945

(REVISED)

-2-

WILCOX: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM - WITH FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

ORCH: THEME - FADE FOR:

WILCOX: The makers of Johnson Wax Products 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: "LOVE IS SWEEPING THE COUNTRY" FADE FOR:

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: You know that old expression, "Beauty is but skin deep". Like many of our proverbs, it is both true and untrue. Great beauty, whether it's in a person, a rose or a chair, comes from deep inside, as an expression of character, and inner quality. But you'd be surprised how much beauty you can add to many things and how much quality you can bring out, by giving them a skin-deep polish with JOHNSON'S WAX. Try it for yourself. Take a room that hasn't been waxed at all -- and then JOHNSON-WAX the floors, furniture and woodwork -- the windowsills, venetian blinds, picture frames, parchment lampshades and ornaments. I think you'll be astonished at the difference in beauty alone. On top of that, remember that the main purpose of wax is protection of surfaces against dirt, wear and moisture -- to make them last, and to preserve their beauty. Those are the main reasons why good housekeepers everywhere have adopted the wax-housekeeping method -- with genuine JOHNSON'S WAX, paste, liquid or cream.

ORCH: MUSIC SWELL TO FINISH
(APPLAUSE)

WILCOX: MR. AND MRS. FIBBER MCGEE, of 79 WISTFUL VISTA, HAVE JUST HAD A VISITOR...ONE OF THE CITY'S MOST EMINENT MEN OF LETTERS. HE'S GONE NOW, AND HERE READING THE LETTERS HE LEFT, WE FIND --

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: What's the mail, Molly?

MOL: Well, here's the notice from the Gas Company. The final one. And here's a postal from the Elks' Club addressed to you.

FIB: For me? What's it say?

MOL: Special meeting of the executive committee, Friday evening. It says, "DON'T COME, YOU'RE NOT ON IT".

FIB: Oh. Hey...what's the big, important-lookin' envelope there?

MOL: A letter from the Red Cross. It's for you, but--

FIB: Oh, swell! Read it, willya? I been expecting that since--

MOL: It says, "Dear Mr. McGee - Thank you for again volunteering your help in the Red Cross War Fund Drive in your neighborhood". I didn't know you asked for that job again, dearie.

FIB: Sure I asked for it. I'm probably the only guy in town who can handle the--

MOL: Wait a minute! It says - "However, we are unable to use your services this year, as we have already appointed someone to cover your district, and --"

FIB: WHAT? Can't use my services? Well, that's gratitude for you! Year after year I go out and work like a dog - barkin' at some people...waggin' my tail at others, and--

MOL: How many year after years, dearie?

FIB: Welllll...last year I did, anyway! So what happens? They brush me off like the back of a neck at a barber shop! Appoint somebody else! Some dummy who'll mess things all up, and probably won't even collect half the quota! Can't use me, eh?

MOL: No.

FIB: Got somebody else, have they?

MOL: Yes.

FIB: Who?

MOL: Me.

FIB: You?

MOL: Yes.

FIB: Oh. -- Well, that's different. I'll just go along with you and help you out. Show you the ropes. I got some ideas that--

MOL: Oh, you don't need to go, dearie. I'll manage all right. You just relax around here this afternoon, and--

FIB: Aw, you're no salesman, Molly! Migosh, I've had a lot of experience at this stuff, and--

DOOR OPENS:

ALICE: Hello, Mrs. McGee - Mr. McGee.

MOL: Hello, Alice, dear. Come in.

FIB: Hi, Alice.

MOL: Did you get your letter off the hall table, dear?

ALICE: Yes, thanks. It was from Tommy Davis - you remember the sailor that--

FIB: Oh, yes - the kid we had for dinner. Where is he now?

ALICE: He says his ship is laid up in San Francisco on account of they broke their rudder.

FIB: Broke their rudder what? (LAUGHS) Get it, kids? "THEIR RUDDER WHAT?" It's a sort of a pun, involving the similarity between "RUDDER" and "THEIR OTHER", see? Basically, of course, the misunderstanding is--

T'AIN'T FUNNY, MCGEE!

MOL: T'ain't? Oh, well, it isn't so much what I say, as the way I say it. You gotta watch my expression and see how I mugg it up.

MOL: I'm almost afraid to ask, because I think it has something to do with a cow, but what IS a rudder, anyway?

ALICE: It's a thing they steer a boat with, Mrs. McGee.

MOL: I thought that was the steerage.

FIB: Certainly not. The steerage is where they put the steers on a cattleboat.

ALICE: No, I think that's called a hornpipe, Mr. McGee.

FIB: Oh, sure it is! (LAUGHS) What was I thinkin' of! Much as I know about boats, too! I used to be lookout on a steamship on Lake Erie, Alice. Used to stand up there in the plough and keep an eye out for rocks.

ALICE: You mean PROW, Mr. McGee.

FIB: I sure was! Prow as a peacock! Standin' there with the lives of the whole crew depending on me. They wanted to make me a Boozin's Mate, but I says, "NOPE" I says. "Sorry, I don't drink".

MOL: He was quite a fresh-water sailor, Alice. In fact, one of the FRESHEST water-sailors I ever met. I remember--

ALICE: Oh, creepers, I almost forgot what I came down here for. Have you got a three-cent stamp I could borrow?

FIB: Depends, Alice. Got any security?

MOL: Don't let him kid you, Alice. Help yourself out of the desk drawer. But don't take a three - take an air-mail. It'll go faster.

ALICE: Oh, a three is all right. I'm always borrowing your stamps, and--

FIB: GO ON, GO ON...TAKE AN AIR MAIL! THERE'S ONLY A NICKEL DIFFERENCE, AND WHAT'S A NICKEL TO ME?

MOL: Fifty cents.

ALICE: Oh no, folks, I won't take an airmail. I was just --

FIB: STOP ARGUIN', ALICE. TAKE AN AIRMAIL. WE GOT PLENTY.

ALICE: Yes, but...

MOL: Yes, let's not fight over a few pennies, Alice. Take an airmail.

ALICE: But --

MOL: Oh, dear!

FIB: Besides, I got a little angle that I want--

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: Come in!

DOOR OPENS:

DOC: Hello, Molly - hello, Tiresome.

MOL: Oh, come in, Doctor Gamble.

FIB: Yeah - sit down, Tonsil Tester. You out on an errand of mercy - staying away from some poor guy so he can get well?

DOC: I'm just getting ready to start on my Red Cross Drive, McGee. Can't stay but a minute.

FIB: Red Cross Drive??

DOC: Yep. You see before you - unless your bifocals need adjusting again - a duly accredited Captain of the Wistful Vista Red Cross Drive - in charge of District No. 42!

MOL: I'm a Red Cross Captain, too, Doctor Gamble. I've got District 43 - right next to yours, I guess.

FIB: And don't go pokin' your big fat nose into our district, either!

FIB: AIRMAIL!

ALICE: Well...all right. Only this letter is only going downtown, and -

MOL: Downtown?

ALICE: Yes, it's my Red Cross War Fund donation. I'm mailing it in so -

FIB: Red Cross? Hey, I'll take care of that for you, kid! Yes sir! I and Mrs. McGee are in charge of collections in this neighborhood so --

ALICE: Oh, you are?

MOL: Yes we are, dear. All except Mr. McGee.... But I thought you donated at the plant, Alice - didn't they have a --

ALICE: I did, Mrs. McGee, all I could afford -- I thought. But we heard from my cousin yesterday.

MOL: Oh?

ALICE: He's been missing in action since Christmas. But the Red Cross has located him in a prisoner of war camp and he's not even hurt!

MOL: Oh, how wonderful, Alice!

ALICE: If it wasn't for the Red Cross we still wouldn't know. I went right upstairs and broke my piggy-bank. I don't really need a new dress anyway. See you later.

DOOR SLAM

MOL: Well, I'd better get my blanks together, and the stickers for the windows and get started collecting. I want to --

FIB: I'm ready any time, baby. And if you're still in doubt about needing me along that oughta answer your question. I just nabbed your first customer for you without even getting out of my chair!

MOL: Oh, dear!

FIB: Besides, I got a little angle that I want--

DOOR CHIME:

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MOL: I'm a Red Cross Captain, too, Doctor Gamble. I've got District 43 - right next to yours, I guess.

FIB: And don't go pokin' your big fat nose into our district, either!

DOC: OUR district?? I thought Molly was in charge of it. Did they know when they appointed you, my dear, that you'd have Little Lockpockets here along to insult your clients for you?

MOL: Well, McGee thought he ought to help me, Doctor. Though, frankly -

FIB: YOU'RE DARN RIGHT, I OUGHTTA ^{HELP.} ~~COME HOME~~ AND WE'LL COLLECT SO MUCH MORE THAN YOU, YOU HICKORY DICKERY DOCTOR, THAT YOU'LL ^{COME HOME} LOOK LIKE A PANHANDLER ON TOBACCO ROAD.

DOC: Five bucks says you don't, Noisy!

FIB: FIVE BUCKS SAYS WE DO!

DOC: Register that wager, Molly. And I don't mind admitting I'm on the short end of it.

MOL: Why, Doctor?

DOC: Well, with that sweet smile of yours to coax people with and the colossal stug of little Herman here, you've got the edge on me.

FIB: My colossal what?

DOC: Stug. S-T-U-G.

MOL: What's that?

DOC: If you'll pardon the expression, my dear, it's intestinal fortitude, spelled backwards. AND GOOD LUCK WITH IT!

DOOR SLAM

MOL: McGee, I can't quite see why you're so anxious to help me collect these Red Cross donations.

FIB: You'll see, kiddo. You'll see. Look, when you ring the doorbell and ask for their donation, they'll invite us in, won't they?

MOL: Occasionally, I suppose, but --

FIB: WELL, RIGHT THEN IS WHEN I GO TO WORK. That's when I give 'em my sales talk on the Magnifico Low Freeze Ice box.

Available in 6, 8 & 12 cubic foot sizes. With a patented -

MOL: (HORRIFIED) OH NO, MCGEE...NO NO NO....PLEASE...NO...I--

ORCH: "TWO GUITARS"

(APPLAUSE)

SECOND SPOT

(2ND REVISION) -13-

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ACROSS PORCH

MOL: McGee, darling....let's just stick to collecting for the Red Cross, today, shall we? Don't try to sell any more low freeze ice boxes.

DOOR BELL: (OFF)

FIB: Well, shucks, it isn't as if I wasn't doing the gals a favor. A low freeze ice box, that freezes vegetables and fruit instantly, is one of the finest -

DOOR OPEN:

WOMAN: Yes?

MOL: Are you Mrs. Henry Gunderson?

WOMAN: Yes.

FIB: We're Red Cross captains for this District, sis. Mr. and Mrs. McGee.

MOL: Here are the credentials, Mrs. Gunderson.

WOMAN: Oh yes...thank you. I have the check ready for you, if you'll excuse me a moment. (PAUSE)

FIB: Very co-operative woman. She'll be a cinch to order a magnificent low freeze Ice Box. I'll bet the built-in radio feature will appeal to her. And the bushel-a-day ice cube attachment.

MOL: Look, dearie, let's just -

WOMAN: (FADE IN) Here is my check, Mrs. McGee. The Red Cross has taken such good care of my boy Jimmie since he's been overseas, that I've doubled my donation this year.

MOL: Well, we appreciate that very much, Mrs. Gunderson.

FIB: Yeah.. much obliged, Gundy. Now one more thing. Would you be interested in a ice box that freezes vegetables and fruits instantly, comes in 8, 12 and 16 cubic foot sizes, built-in radio, and glass partitions that keep the onions from movin' in on the butter?

WOMAN: I would indeed.

FIB: .Oh! Swell, I'll put your name down with a Number One priority. Our representative will call on you.

WOMAN: Thank you. Good day.

DOOR SLAM: FOOTSTEPS DOWN PORCH AND ON SIDEWALK

FIB: Mrs. Gunderson. - Prospect #11.

MOL: McGee, what is all this! ~~Taking a poll for the product~~

FIB: How much did she give you?

MOL: The check is for sixty dollars.

FIB: Wow...you only had her down for thirty! I can put the other 30 in the ice box order!

MOL: Oh no you don't. This is Red Cross money!

FIB: Well, anyway, it looks like I'd win that five bucks from Doc --

FOOTSTEPS UP ON PORCH:

FIB: Who we calling on now?

MOL: Let me see the list...oh yes...Mr. Walter Sarpus.

FIB: Sourpuss?

MOL: SARPUS. S.A.R.P. U.S.

SOUND: DOOR BUZZER, OFF

MOL: Now about this silly old low freeze ^{ICE} box, McGee.
Please let's not -

DOOR OPEN

MAN: (VERY GROUCHY) WELL, WHAT IS IT NOW? CAN'T A MAN GET A
LITTLE SLEEP IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD, WITHOUT EVERY TWO-BIT
RAZOR BLADE PEDDLER STICKING HIS BIG FAT THUMB IN THE
DOORBELL?

FIB: NOW JUST A DARN MINUTE, BROTHER ---

MOL: Be quiet, McGee. Are you Mr. Sarpus?

MAN: WHO WANTS TO KNOW?

MOL: I do. I represent the Red Cross for this district and I'd
like to save you the trouble of mailing or bringing in
your donation.

MAN: AND WHO SAID I HAD ANY DONATION?

FIB: Oh, you're gonna be like that are you, bud? DON'T YOU
REALIZE---

MAN: Lady, will you please hide your face in your handbag a
minute; while I pop this little pipsqueak one on the
nostrils?

MOL: No, I won't. I am merely calling for your Red Cross
Donation, Mr. Sarpus. If you don't want to help, just
say so, and you'll be perfectly within your rights. Do
you have a son in the service?

MAN: No. I haven't.

FIB: Got a mother, Sarpus?

MAN: YOU LEAVE MY MOTHER OUT OF THIS!

MOL: Mr. Sarpus, there are several million men fighting for us
who leave their mothers out of it. And the Red Cross is
a mother to all of 'em. Come on, McGee...I guess we don't-

MAN: WAIT A MINUTE. SUPPOSE I DONATE TO THE RED CROSS. HOW
DO I KNOW WHERE MY DOUGH GOES?

FIB: How do you know where your taxes go, bud?

MAN: GOVERNMENT EXPENDITURES ARE ON FILE IN THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS.

MOL: So are the financial statements of the Red Cross.

MAN: NO KIDDING? Well, nobody ever told me THAT before.

Here....here's 25 bucks. And do I begrudge it...Naw,
make it fifty. Might as well begrudge a lot.

DOOR SLAM

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS OFF PORCH ON PAVEMENT

FIB: Nasty old pup, wasn't he?

MOL: Well, the poor man was sleepy. He had this 50 dollars in
his hand from the minute I said RED CROSS. He just wanted
to argue a little.

FIB: If you hadn't been with me, I'd of fed him a handful of
knuckles. Had a terrible time holding my temper, till I
saw how big he was. Then it was easy.

MOL: Why didn't you try to sell him an ice box?

FIB: He didn't deserve it. (FOOTSTEPS UNDER) This is a very
special kind of an ice box, and there won't be enough for
everybody that wants 'em. (DOORBELL OFF) When you
consider it's got a built-in radio on it tuned so fine
it'll throw the tenor out of a quartette. *It's A VERY---*

DOOR OPEN

WOMAN: What was it, please?

MOL: Mrs. Smith, I am Mrs. McGee.

WOMAN: Oh yes, Mrs. McGee. The Red Cross called me and I was
expecting you to drop by. Here is my check, and I'm sorry
it isn't more.

FIB: That's the spirit, sis. Now would you be interested in a low freeze ice box that --

WOMAN: Is this gentleman with you, Mrs. McGee?

MOL: Er...yes...he is, Mrs. Smith. My husband, Mr. McGee.

FIB: Delighted.

WOMAN: How do you do. As I was saying, Mrs. McGee, I'm sorry we couldn't give more to the Red Cross this year. When our daughter was in the hospital and there weren't enough nurses to go around, it was a Red Cross Nurse's Aide who stayed day and night with her.

MOL: Did you ever think of taking a Red Cross Nurse's Aide course yourself, Mrs. Smith?

WOMAN: Well for goodness sakes..... CAN I?

FIB: Sure you can, sis. I was gonna take it myself, but I could never learn to read a thermometer. When you get six patients in a row with a temperature of 16 and 2 tenths, it scares the whey out of you.

MOL: You can join my class, Mrs. Smith. I'll call on you in a day or so and tell you all about it.

WOMAN: Thank you so much, Good day.

MOL: Good day.

FIB: NOW ABOUT THAT ICE BOX, SMITHY. It's got a built in radio, electric-eye ^{door} control, a gadget that will freeze an olive ---

DOOR SLAM...FOOTSTEPS ON PORCH AND ON SIDEWALK...UNDER

FIB: (LAUGHS) Did you see that panicky look in her face when she shut the door, Molly? She knew she wasn't gonna be able to resist it. I'll put her down as a definite prospect.

MOL: McGee, I do wish you'd let me get thru with my Red Cross business before you start tossing ice cubes at people. Or, better still...why don't you run down to the Elks Club and play 15 or 20 games of billiards.

FIB: (LAUGHS) My gosh, 15 or 20 games of billiards would take all day!

MOL: Yes, I know.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS UP...ON PORCH...DOOR BELL

FIB: Who lives here?

MOL: According to my schedule, it's a Mr. Charles Tynor. He's new in the neighborhood and ---

DOOR OPEN

MAN: Yeah?

MOL: Mr. Tynor? I'm collecting for the Red Cross, and ---

MAN: (FAST) WELL, HERE'S MINE. HUNDRED BUCKS. } GOOD DAY.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM: FOOTSTEPS OFF PORCH ON SIDEWALK

FIB: Boy, you didn't have to twist his arm very hard, did you? That guy must be an upholsterer...he works on springs.

MOL: I like those fast ones. It doesn't give you a chance to start that low-freeze ice-box routine of yours.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS UP ON PORCH

FIB: Who lives here?

SOUND: DOORBELL

MOL: Mrs. Frank Dixon and don't keep asking me that dearie. You'll hear me addressing them by name. Besides, I don't want to ---

DOOR OPEN

WOMAN: What was it, please?
MOL: Good day, Mrs. Dixon. I am Mrs. McGee. Captain of this district, to collect Red Cross War Fund donations. Did they call you by phone?
WOMAN: Oh yes they did, Mrs. McGee, I was expecting you. But would you mind waiting just a minute. I have a visitor who will be leaving very shortly.
FIB: Take your time, Dixie. Rome wasn't built in a day. And Berlin won't be either.
WOMAN: Thank you. (FADE) I won't be but a minute, I'm sure.

WILCOX: As I was saying, Mrs. Dixon, in addition to making your linoleum last 6 to ten times longer, Johnson's Self-Polishing Glocoat saves you hours and hours of housework.
FIB: Wilcox!!
MOL: We certainly run into him everywhere, don't we?
FIB: That guy's as prevalent as an A card. Sometimes I --
WOMAN: (OFF) You say Glocoat needs no rubbing or buffing, Mr. Wilcox?
WIL: NARY A RUB OR A BUFF, MRS. DIXON. JUST SPREAD IT ON AND LET IT DRY. AND I SHOWED YOU HOW IT BRINGS OUT THE BEAUTY AND LUSTER OF YOUR LINOLEUM. ANOTHER THING...IT MAKES SPILLED THINGS SO EASY TO WIPE UP. YOU KNOW, THERE'S AN OLD SAYING AMONG HOUSEWIVES, THAT "WORN LINOLEUM WAS ONCE A HOODOO, BUT WITH GLOCOAT IT LASTS AS LONG AS YOU DO".
FIB: (WHISPERS) Get a load of the old saying Waxey just made up!
MOL: (WHISPERS) Quiet, dearie, he's putting on his hat...
WOMAN: (FADE IN) Well thank you very much for the demonstration, Mr. Wilcox. I'M certainly sold on Johnson's Glocoat.
WIL: Everybody is who uses it, Mrs. Dixon. They say...WELL, HELLO, MOLLY...HIYAL, PAL.
MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox.
FIB: Hiyah, Waxey.
WOMAN: Oh I see you people know each other.
WIL: SURE.
FIB: KNOW EACH OTHER? WE knew him when he was just a little moppet. Not knowing that when he grew up "Moppet" would be a fightin' word.

MOL: I'm glad we ran into you, Mr. Wilcox. How about your Red Cross War fund donation? I'm collecting in this district.

WIL: Gee, I'm sorry, Molly. I sent mine in through the office this morning.

FIB: (LAUGHS SCORNFULLY) THAT'S A LIKELY STORY, JUNIOR!.... WE HEARD THAT GAG A HUNDRED TIMES TODAY.

WIL: Well, I did....Look...here's my receipt.

MOL: That's all right, Mr. Wilcox. It doesn't matter who gets it, as long as it was the Red Cross.

WIL: That's what I thought. Well good day, Mrs. Dixon. So long, pal.

FIB: Ta ta, Waxey. Wear your prettiest pajamas tonight - we'll see you in our dreams.

WIL: Keep your voice down, pal -- I HEAR you in mine. So long, Molly.

FOOTSTEPS: DOWN OFF PORCH AND OUT

WOMAN: I'm very sorry to have kept you waiting, Mrs. McGee.... Here's my donation I hope you don't mind taking cash?

FIB: MIND? Sis, no artist has yet caught the fragile beauty of the evening sun, casting its rosy glow over a human lunch hook full of folding money.

MOL: Thank you very much, Mrs. Dixon. This is a very generous contribution.

WOMAN: It's really more than I had expected to give this year, Mrs. McGee. But my nephew was a prisoner of war at Manila, and when he wrote about what the Red Cross does for our boys in prison camps in the way of food, and medicine and communication, I...well...I just felt I had to --

MOL: Yes, I know, Mrs. Dixon. They're doing a wonderful job.

FIB: NOW ONE MORE THING, SIS. WOULD YOU BE INTERESTED IN A LOW-FREEZE ICE-BOX, WITH PLASTIC SIDES, THAT REVOLVES, SO YOU DON'T HAVE TO TAKE OUT ALL THE MILK TO SEE IF YOU STILL GOT BACON?

WOMAN: That seems a very intere--

FIB: IN ADDITION TO WHICH, BESIDES, IT HAS A BUILT IN BUTTER SLICER AND A ---

WOMAN: No, I couldn't use one. I don't have any butter. Good day.

DOOR SLAM

ORCH: "TYPEWRITER SERENADE" KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE

THIRD SPOT

(2ND REVISION) -23-

MOL: Well, I must say that was a very successful collection tour, McGee. People were certainly generous.

FIB: Personally, I'm awful glad to be home. That last six blocks my feet were just walkin' from memory.

MOL: I'm pretty tired myself. How about a nice cup of tea, dearie?

FIB: Love it.

MOL: I'll have Beulah fix us up a snack. Oh BEULAH...BEULAH!

DOOR OPEN

BEULAH: Somebody bawl fo' Beulah?

FIB: Hi, Beulah. Look, wrestle us up something to eat, will you? I'm tired and hungry.

BEULAH: Yesuh, I'll git you up some stuff right away suh. You sho' look tiahed yo'se'f, honey chile.

MOL: Oh I am, Beulah. And I've talked to so many people today my throat feels like an abandoned gravel pit. Just make us some hot tea and sandwiches, will you, please?

BEULAH: I sho' will, ma'am. How you come out wif the collection? Did folkses really take the loose brick outa the fishplace and dig out the dough?

FIB: Oh they were swell, Beulah. We got our quota.

BEULAH: Scuse me?

(REVISED) -24-

MOL: He said we got our quota, Beulah.

BEULAH: (HORRIFIED) YOU MEAN, MA'AM, YOU WALK THEM PRETTY LIL LEGS OFF ALL DAY LONG AN' ONLY COME HOME WIF A QUOTAH?

FIB: NOT QUARTER, BEULAH. QUOTA. It's a Latin word meaning "BOY, WILL WE BE SURPRISED IF WE GET THIS MUCH!"

MOL: Our quota was four hundred and fifty and we collected five hundred ninety-five, Beulah. Isn't that grand?

FIB: It's over half a grand anyway.

BEULAH: (CHUCKLES) Over half a grand...heah we go again! (LAUGH)

You is nevah too tiahed to make a joke, is you, suh?

MOL: He's never too tired to make a tired joke, at least.

FIB: I'm so tired that tired joke sounded like a re-tread even to me.

BEUL: Oh befo' I fo'get it, ma'am...I wanna give somp'n to the lil Ole Red Cross myself. Heah five dollahs. It ain' much but it represent seve'al months o' self refusal in the candy department.

MOL: Well, thank you very much, Beulah...this makes our collection an even six hundred dollars!

BEUL: Mmmmm Mmmmm! As the horse say when he eat th' excelsior... that ain' hay, is it, ma'am!

FIB: YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN, ~~BEULAH~~.

BEUL: Thank you suh. AS THE HORSE SAY WHEN IT EAT THE EXCELS---

MOL: NO, BEULAH. He means you're right.

FIB: Shake it up with that tea and sandwich thing, will you, Beulah? I'm as empty as a campaign promise.

BEULAH: Listen to the man say empty as a campaign prom... (LAUGHS) HEARTILY) LOVE THAT MAN!

DOOR SLAM

FIB: So we got six hundred bucks, eh? I'll bet that bet is in the bag. Wonder how much Gamble collected.

MOL: I don't know, but I'll be surprised if it's this much.

FIB: HEY, INCIDENTALLY, YOU KNOW HOW MANY PROSPECTS I GOT FOR THE MAGNIFICO PLASTIC ICE BOX? 27!

MOL: Look, McGee.....now that we're home, tell me more about this wonderful refrigerator. Who makes them and when do you --

DOOR CHIME

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE

MOL: Oh hello, Doctor.

DOC: Hello, Molly. Well, how much did you collect?

FIB: You tell us first, Sharpshooter.

DOC: Why you nasty, suspicious, evil-minded little goon. DO YOU THINK I'D STOOP SO LOW AS TO FALSIFY MY FIGURES JUST TO WIN A PALTRY FIVE-DOLLAR WAGER FROM YOU?

FIB: Come to think of it, no. In the first place, you haven't been able to stoop for twenty years, and in the second place you couldn't falsify that figure of yours with two corsets and a diet of beef tea.

MOL: There can't be any argument about the amounts anyway, Doctor. My collections are all listed, and I suppose yours are too.

DOC: Correct, here's my list.

MOL: And here's mine.

FIB: WE GOT AN EVEN SIX HUNDRED SMACKERS, SMART BOY. TOP THAT!

DOC: I'll try. I have five hundred ninety eight on my list.

MOL: That's right, McGee. That's what he's got.

FIB: (LAUGHS IN DERISION) AHHA, SO WE WON BY TWO DOLLARS! I KNEW ALL THE TIME THAT -

DOC: Wait a minute.

FIB: Eh?

DOC: Have you got your donation on that list, Molly?

MOL: Why certainly, Doctor.

DOC: Well, I'M sorry, my dear. But that goes on MY list.

FIB: WHAT?

DOC: My district was number 42 and it begins with your house. See the list?

MOL: Well heavenly days...so it does! Well, here's your donation, Doctor.

FIB: WELL OF ALL THE PETTY LARCENY, DOUBLE CROSSIN' SNIDE TRICKS I EVER HEARD OF --

DOC: And as for the five dollars you now owe me, McGee, buy Molly a box of candy, and a box of matches. After spending a day with you, she can use a little sweetness and light.

FIB: I'VE NEVER HEARD OF SUCH A LOWDOWN, ORNERY -

DOC: And save your breath, Short Snort. There'll be an Elk's picnic in June, and we'll need you to blow up the balloons. Good day.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: (LAUGHS)

MOL: What's so funny, McGee?

FIB: I knew all the time our house was on his list, but I was hoping he wouldn't notice it. WELL...I GOTTA GET TO WORK. WHERE'S MY T-SQUARE AND TRIANGLE, MOLLY...AND A RULER... AND A LOT OF PAPER AND PENCILS.

MOL: What are you going to do now?

FIB: You know that Magnifico low freeze Ice Box I took all the orders for?

MOL: Yes?

FIB: WELL, SOMEBODY'S GOT TO INVENT ONE. IT WON'T JUST HAPPEN. Now lemme see, if I put the ice trays toward the bottom, so they won't drip on the milk bottles....

ORCH: "SOMEDAY - SOMEWHERE" : FADE FOR:

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WIL: Psychologists tell us that color is very important in our lives. If you surround yourself with bright, cheerful colors, you're more apt to be bright and cheerful. You as a homemaker know this -- it's one reason you like beautiful linoleum on your kitchen and other floors. It's one reason you keep your linoleum surfaces new-looking with JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT. Of course you know that besides keeping the colors bright and sparkling, GLO-COAT saves you many hours of work throughout the year. It is SELF POLISHING -- needs no rubbing or buffing. You simply apply GLO-COAT, and it dries in 20 minutes to a beautiful polish. And you know also that GLO-COAT protects the linoleum against wear, dirt and moisture. In fact, regular care with JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT makes linoleum last much longer. But if it did nothing more than keep your floors bright and cheerful and shining, it would be well worth its small cost and little work.

ORCH: MUSIC UP: FADE FOR:

(2ND REVISION) -29-

TAG

FIB: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE COLLECTORS FOR THE RED CROSS
WAR FUND WILL COME TO YOUR HOUSE ONE OF THESE DAYS.
GIVE GENEROUSLY TO THEM.

MOL: If we give till it hurts over here, it will help a
lot of the boys who are hurt over there.

FIB: Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all!

SIGNOFF: PLAYOFF

WILCOX: 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

(REVISED)

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY

Johnson's Wax

6:30 - 7:00 PM

NBC

Marc