

(REVISED)

WRITERS: Don Quinn
WILCOX: Phil Leslie ON WAX PROGRAM - WITH FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY #26

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' orch. **FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY**

ORCH: "NEW SUN IN THE SKY": Johnson's Wax

6:30 - 7:00 PM

NBC

March 27, 1945

OPENING COMMERCIAL

(REVISED) -2-

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

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

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WILCOX: The other day a Naval officer told us a new use for WAX that I'd like to pass along as a suggestion to other officers in the service. You ladies know what to do with a piece of furniture or woodwork that's apt to get smudged with finger-prints -- you wax it, with JOHNSON'S WAX -- and that makes it easy to keep clean, and it's always polished. Well, you know how the visor of an officer's cap gets finger-printed, and how it's exposed to the weather. What's more natural than to put a little wax occasionally on that visor. You can use either JOHNSON'S PASTE or LIQUID or CREAM WAX -- it takes just a little, but it makes a big difference in appearance. It will pay you to buy a small package of JOHNSON'S WAX for your own use -- it's also fine for your shoes and leather articles, bill fold, brief case, luggage. It also protects articles made of metal. Perhaps you've already discovered its use in the past on your fishing rods, golf clubs and other sporting equipment.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH

(APPLAUSE)

(REVISED)

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WILCOX: THE RESIDENTS OF 79 WISTFUL VISTA HAVE JUST HAD A CLOSE CALL. A MAN CALLED FOR SOME CLOTHES AND THEY WEREN'T READY. BUT HERE IN THE LIVING ROOM, SORTING OUT A BIG PILE OF CLOTHING, WE FIND --

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: My gosh, Molly...that's an awful big pile of stuff you're 'givin' away there.

MOL: Well, it's in a good cause, dearie.

FIB: What is it again, the United what?

MOL: THE UNITED NATIONAL CLOTHING COLLECTION FOR OVERSEAS RELIEF. I've told you a dozen times. And as soon as I sort out this last pile, I'll--

FIB: HEY. WAIT A MINUTE! YOU'RE NOT GIVIN' MY OLD SWEATSHIRT AWAY! MY GOOD BASKETBALL SWEATSHIRT? MY GOSH, I --

MOL: Look, pet. If you mean this 12 pound hunk of gray yarn-marked "Peoria Uumberjacks", you haven't worn it for fifteen years. Incidentally, what is an Uumberjack?

FIB: That was originally "Lumberjacks", but the moths chewed the "L" out of it. And there's a lot of sentiment

attached to that shirt. When I think of all the basketball games I've sat on the bench through in that old sweatshirt that I'd of leaped in and saved the day for Peoria if the coach had ever called on me --

MOL: How about this pair of corduroy pants, McGee? Aren't they too small for you now?

FIB: Only around the waist and the seat. The legs are still perfect. One of these days I'm gonna take off 25 or 30 pounds and I can wear all that stuff.

MOL: Listen, sweetheart. There are people in France and Greece and Poland and Holland that have taken off seventy-five pounds...the HARD way.

FIB: Okay. *Give 'em the britches.* ~~Throw the pants on the pile.~~ And here's something else you can give.

MOL: WHAT ON EARTH IS THIS?

FIB: That's the sweater Aunt Sarah knitted for me for my birthday six years ago.

MOL: WHY, THIS WOULDN'T FIT A CHILD OF NINE!

FIB: Not if he ate all his Wheaties. Personally, I got a sneakin' suspicion she knitted that sweater for her fox terrier - then took it away from him because he was better dressed than she was.

MOL: Oh, don't talk that way about Aunt Sarah. She's a very nice old --

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

DOC: Hello, Molly. Hello, McGee.

MOL: Oh, hello, Doctor Gamble.

FIB: Hiya, Arrowsmith. Have a chair, if you can find one that hasn't got clothes piled on it.

MOL: We're getting some things together for the United National Clothing Drive.

DOC: Yes, I know about it. Wonderful idea. But what's the pretty little garment you have in your hand? Molly?

Don't tell you you still play with dolls!

FIB: That, my fine-feathered friend, is a sweater which was knitted for me by Aunt Sarah in a moment of gay abandon: FOR YOU! She evidently didn't know how broadshouldered you'd gotten in the hips. AND THOSE COLORS! (WHISTLE)

MOL: Looks like a rainbow with sleeves, doesn't it, Doctor?

DOC: She couldn't have been thinking of a rainbow when she knitted that for McGee. She didn't leave room for a pot at the end of it.

FIB: Look, Tissue Slicer. Why don't you shuck off that race-track topcoat of yours and throw it on the pile?

MOL: They could cut it up into blankets and make some family of horses very happy.

DOC: For your information, Hill-billy, this is an imported English topcoat. Genuine Harris tweed!

MOL: And very handsome, too.

FIB: Handsome, my clavicle! ~~It may have been imported here, but it was DEPORTED FROM ENGLAND.~~ ~~And if that's a Harris tweed, I can see why he came down to leading a band for Jack Benny!~~

DOC: I could take you more seriously as a style expert, drummerboy, if I didn't suspect you spent your childhood wearing flour-sack snuggles.

FIB: OH YEAH? WELL, BY GEORGE --

DOC: AND WHAT ARE YOU donating to this cause, little nobleman? A few socks you couldn't find mates for - and the wrap-around leggings you wore in the last war when you stormed the YMCA hut at Fort Dix?

MOL: Oh, I've found a lot of things, Doctor. Suits, dresses, blankets, socks, shoes, sweaters. I turned the closets inside out, which is quite a trick, holding the ceiling up with one hand. Doctor! Heavenly days, you can hide out here.

DOC: Well, you're different, my dear. You have nice instincts. But your fifty percent common stock there - ~~AHH...the only thing big about him is the back of his leg.~~

FIB: I'd still like to see the junk YOU turned in, you Bedside Bandit. I'll bet people in Europe will stand in line to refuse it.

MOL: Oh stop it, you two. To me, it's no joking matter that there are people in the world who are suffering from lack of clothing.

DOC: You're right, of course, Molly. I'M so tired, I don't know quite what I'm talking about, anyway.

FIB: You do look kinda bushed, Doc. Had a bad day?

DOC: Yes, rather. Started with delivering twins at 4:00 a.m., then at 5 o'clock setting the arm the father broke patting himself on the back, and at 5:45 finding out that the nurse told the wrong father. Well, I'd better duck along, children --

MOL: Oh don't hurry away, Doctor. I'll be glad to brew you a slug of tea.

DOC: No thanks, you, my dear. I think if I sneak up back alleys and hide my satchel under my coat, I may be able to get home long enough for a hot shower and a ten-minute nap.

FIB: What's the difference, you always LOOK like you got a satchel under your coat, anyway. HEY...WHY DON'T YOU TAKE A SHOWER HERE, DOC?

MOL: Why of course, Doctor! Heavenly days, you can hide out in our guest room for as long as you like.

FIB: Great idea, Doc. Think of the people that will get well without you around to doctor 'em.

DOC: This hospitality overwhelms me, but I don't think I'd better. I can just --

MOL: OH, COME ON, DOCTOR. WE'VE PLENTY OF HOT WATER, TOWELS AND SOAP. McGee...get him your bathrobe and slippers.

FIB: Sure...you can wear the new patent leather slippers you gimme for Christmas, Doc.

DOC: Sorry...they're too big.

MOL: How do you know, Doctor?

DOC: Somebody gave 'em to ME for Christmas. Come on, McGee... show the weary physician where he can revive his falling corpus, and rid his epidermis of the bacterial taint of civilization.

FIB: Okay, Doc...but watch your grammar. Don't say taint... say TISN'T. This way, bud!

ORCH: "I'M BEGINNING TO SEE THE LIGHT"

APPLAUSE:

SECOND SPOT

(2ND REVISION) -9-

MOL: McGee, I never realized how much spare clothing we really had around this house. Look at that pile of things!

FIB: HEY, YOU'RE NOT GIVIN' THAT POLKA DOT DRESS AWAY ARE YOU? Gee, that was always my favorite dress on you.

MOL: Oh my goodness...I haven't had that on since 1927, when women were wearing their hips down around their hips.

FIB: AND HOW ABOUT THIS old pinch-back coat of mine? My gosh, who'd wanna wear that?

MOL: Look, dearie, to the people who need these clothes, style isn't very important.. If it's clean and warm, they WANT it

FIB: Yeah, I guess we're spoiled. We're like the near-sighted sculptor. He chipped away at anything because he took everything for granite.

MOL: Yes, it's hard to realize that 125 million people are desperate for shoes and clothing while we are --- (PAUSE) What's that bundle you've got there? More of your things?

FIB: Nah!.. this is doc's clothes. . I swiped 'em while he took his shower. I'm gonna pretend they got taken away when the guy calls for this stuff.. He'll throw a wing-ding that'll rock the neighborhood.

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MOL: ^{No.} MCGEE ^{You} TAKE THE DOCTORS CLOTHES RIGHT BACK UPSTAIRS. He'll want them any minute now.

FIB: (LAUGHS) Oh no he won't. He took a shower and went to bed in the guest room. He was asleep before he got his eyes shut.

MOL: The poor man was really worn out. What time does he want to be called?

FIB: About half past (SNORE)

MOL: About what?

FIB: That's all he said. Got to sleep right in the middle of tellin' me. He says "PLEASE CALL ME AT HALF PAST (SNORE)".

MOL: Well DO put his clothes back, dearie.. That's a dirty trick.

FIB: Oh, I'll give 'em back after he worries a little. I might even give him one of my own ties. I like this one he was wearing. And it'll look better on me than him because --

DOOR OPEN

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

MOL: Hello, Alice. Thank you very much for the things you put in the relief ^{bundle} here. You sure you can spare this wool dress?

ALICE: Oh sure. I used to wear it to play golf in but I don't play golf any more.

FIB: Lose your ball, Alice?

ALICE: (LAUGHS) No, I just haven't got time. Besides, the good looking pro that was giving me lessons is flying a bomber now. He just wrote me and said his game was still good. He flew over some Japanese airplane plants and made a hole in one.

MOL: How about this navy blue skirt, Alice? It's still very smart looking.

FIB: Whaddye mean, smart looking...it'd take a week to get them wrinkles out of it.

MOL: THOSE ARE NOT WRINKLES, MCGEE....IT'S ACCORDIAN PLEATED.

FIB: It is? Well, - slip it on and play something, Alice.

ALICE: I don't like that skirt any more. It has unhappy memories for me.

MOL: You mean you still see the price tag in your nightmares?

ALICE: No...but I was wearing that skirt the night I broke up with Archie...

FIB: Why did you break up with him?

ALICE: He didn't like the skirt.

MOL: Archie, you said. I don't think I remember Archie.

FIB: Why should you remember him? Since Alice moved in here I've seen more strange faces than a referee at a wrestling match.

ALICE: Oh you remember Archie. He was the nice looking boy that went into the Chemical Warfare Division.

MOL: OHHHHH YES....NOW I PLACE HIM! He always had such a nice smell of mustard about him. Every time I shook hands with him I'd look around to see where the ham was.

FIB: WELL, DON'T LOOK AT ME! I WAS NEVER HERE WHEN HE CALLED!

ALICE: Archie was one of the - OH...WHAT I CAME DOWN TO TELL YOU WAS I THINK YOU'D BETTER HAVE SOMEBODY LOOK AT THE PLUMBING.

MOL: The plumbing, Alice? Why?

ALICE: Well, there's the strangest rumble upstairs. Near the guest room.

FIB: (LAUGHS) Oh that's just Doc Gamble, Alice. He's asleep in there. He sleeps like a top. Like a top of a concrete mixer.

MOL: Don't worry about it, Alice. And thanks again for all the clothing and shoes you donated to the drive.

ALICE: Oh that's all right, Mrs. McGee. I'm glad if I can help dress some ~~starving~~ *destitute* woman in Europe or the Philippines. That's me...Cover Girl Darling!

DOOR SLAM

FIB: My gosh...She practically gave you her whole wardrobe, Molly.

MOL: Alice is a very generous girl. In fact, I think most people are pretty good hearted. But it's pretty hard to convince people that there are MILLIONS and MILLIONS that need clothes. They all think "what good will my little donation do among that many?"

FIB: Yeah...but if you got MILLIONS of people givin' stuff to Millions of people, it comes out pretty good!

WIL: HEY...WHEN ARE THEY PICKIN' THIS STUFF UP?

(REVISED)

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MOL: They ought to be here any minute, dearie. There are more than 50 relief associations working on this, you know. I think the Women's Auxiliary are furnishing station wagons.

FIB: Maybe I better call up and check. Hand me the phone.

MOL: Here.

FIB: Thanks. (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR? GIMME WISTFUL VISTA ONE NINE SIX FIVE NOT MISTAKEN THAT VOICE, IT'S MYRT!

MOL: Oh dear...

FIB: HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING, MYRT? TIS EH? WHAT SAY, MYRT? YOUR MOTHER-IN-LAW DID WHAT? WENT WITH THE PARATROOPERS?

MOL: Nonsense, McGee...the paratroopers don't take women!

FIB: They took her! She bumped a cop off his motorcycle and went to the pokey with a pair o' troopers from the State Police. WHAT SAY, MYRT? OKAY, THANKS ANYWAY. (CLICK) Must be on their way, Molly. ~~They don't answer.~~ *the line's busy*

MOL: Well, I'd better tie a cord around these bundles so they'll be --

DOOR OPEN

WIL: Hello, folks.

MOL: Good afternoon, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Hiyah, Junior. You're just in time. You wear a bolt or suspenders?

WILCOX: I wear braces.

FIB: I didn't mean on your teeth. I meant to hold your pants up.

MOL: He said he wears BRACES, McGee. That's British for galluses.

WIL: Sure.

(2ND REVISION) -14-

FIB: Than why didn't you say so, Junior. You're about as British as an Iowa picnic. I'll bet you think Sherlock Holmes is a housing project.

WIL: Well...isn't it?

MOL: Why did you want to know whether he wore a belt or suspenders, McGee?

FIB: I was gonna borrow his belt to tie up these bundles. Save me goin' out into the kitchen to find some string.

WIL: What is all this stuff? United National Clothing Collection?

MOL: Yes, did you know about it?

WIL: Sure...I'm on the local committee. I came over here to tell you about it.

FIB: Well, you can climb back on your tricycle and pedal yourself back home, bud. We're hep.

WIL: Did you know that Henry J. Kaiser is National Chairman of the collection?

MOL: Yes we did, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: I'm glad Kaiser is in on this, Junior. There's one pair o' pants in there that needs a new hull. He can--

WIL: DID YOU KNOW THAT THIS IS THE LARGEST CLOTHING COLLECTION DRIVE IN HISTORY?

MOL: Yes we knew that too, and--

WIL: DID YOU KNOW THAT IN HOLLAND THERE IS ONLY ONE BLANKET FOR EVERY FIVE PEOPLE? THAT IN NORWAY THEY EVEN SEW NAZI PROPAGANDA LEAFLETS TOGETHER AND WEAR THEM?

WIL: DID YOU REALIZE THAT IN BELGIUM THERE IS ONLY ONE USABLE SHIRT TO A FAMILY OF SEVEN?

FIB: Yeah..you're wasting your time if you're tryin' to sell us on the idea of donating clothes, Junior. All we got left in our closets is mothballs.

WIL: Well this isn't just a drive to keep war victims warm you know. It's matter of restoring their self-respect, too. It's pretty tough to keep your chin up when you have to keep looking down to see if your feet are frozen. Well, I just wanted to be sure you knew about it. See you later.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Well, I'll be a...HEY, WILCOX!

(PAUSE)

MOL: What's the matter?

FIB: He forgot something.

MOL: What?

FIB: My gosh..he never said a word about...you know...

MOL: Yes...I know...and I think he has a nice sence of proportion.

FIB: Yeah, but we gotta eat.

MOL: Now see if you can find me a piece of strong cord to tie these bundles up with.

FIB: Beulah will find some. HEY.,BEULAH!

DOOR OPEN

BEULAH: Somebody bawl fo' Beulah?

MOL: Yes, Beulah...will you see if you can find us some strong cord? We want to tie up these bundles of clothing.

BEULAH: Yes ma'am. Right away. My goodness, that sho is a barrel of apparel, ain't it? That fo' the clothin' drive, folks?

FIB: Yes it is, Beulah. Wanna send something?

BEULAH: Yassuh, but my stuff is all pack up at home. Papa gonna take it down to headquarters tomorrow. *He a good man.*

MOL: *And* You're a good citizen, Beulah. You always do your part.

BEULAH: Well, ma'am, the way I fliggah it, they is two kine o' folks in the worl'. The GOTS and the AINT GOTS. And nobody gotmo' sympathy fo' the AINT GOTS than them that aint got MUCH.

FIB: You can say that again.

BEULAH: Yassuh. The way I figgeh it, they is two kine o' folks in the worl'. The GOTS and the--

MOL: No no no, Beulah. He was just agreeing with you.

BEULAH: Well, that's mighty kind of him, ma'am. Thank you suh.

FIB: Forget it.

BEULAH: Yessuh. I'll try to.

MOL: What's the matter, Beulah? You seem sort of worried about something.

BEULAH: I am, ma'am. It's Miss Alice. Her voice changin' or somep'M?

FIB: Why, Beulah?

BEULAH: Well, suh, I jus' been upstairs to valcum the hall carpet, and I hear me the deepest snorin' I evah listen to. Real basso profundo. I'M afraid Miss Alice comin' down wif laryngitum, or somp'm.

MOL: (LAUGHS) Oh that's just doctor Gamble, Beulah. He's asleep in the guest room. The poor man was exhausted.

FIB: Not enough doctors in town, Beulah. He has more demands on his time than the Naval Observatory.

BEULAH: He a real kind man, Doctah Gamble is. He come ovah when my brothah had a real bad indigestion. I say what the matteh wif Henry, Doctor? And he say Henry got a cute appendicitis, Beulah. And I say, you is nice to say so, suh, but what the matteh with him? And he say, I gotta operate. And I say how much it cost? And he say how much you got? And I say sixty five dollars and he say "You pay fo' the annasthetick and I operate fo' nothin'..... just to keep my hand in. OH HE A REAL SWEET MAN!

MOL: How much was the anaesthetic, Beulah?

BEULAH: Twenny dollars, ma'am. But that Anna, she give Henry a real fine thetic.

FIB: That's pretty cheap, Beulah. I know some radio sponsors that pay thousands of bucks for a half an hour of ether.

BEULAH: He know some radio sponsor that pay lissen to the man always jokin' about..(LAUGHS HEARTILY) LOVE THAT M--LOVE EVERYBODY!

DOOR SLAM

ORCH: "YOU BELONG TO MY HEART" .. KINGS MEN (APPLAUSE)

MOL: MAGNATE is the word, dearie.

THIRD SPOT

MOL: Look, McGee ... please take Doctor Gamble's clothes back upstairs. It's cruel to play jokes like that on people. And he's our GUEST.

FIB: Aw, let me have just a minute's fun with him. (LAUGHS) He'll think he's macarooned here in a bathrobe and slippers!

MOL: You don't mean macarooned, dearie. You mean MAROONED.

FIB: I thought Maroon was a girl's name. Like ~~Maureen~~ *Maureen* O'Sullivan.

MOL: That's MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN.

FIB: Maureen? Did she join the marines? Well good for --

DOOR CHIME

MOL: Oh I guess that's the people to pick up the clothing. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN

FIB: Hiyah, sis ... what can we do for you?

WOMAN: Is this the McGee residence?

MOL: Yes it is. I am Mrs. McGee. By marriage.

WOMAN: How do you do. I am Mrs. Carstairs. Mrs. Franklyn P. Carstairs.

MOL: How do you do, I'm sure. This is my husband, Mrs.

FIB: Carstairs.

WOMAN: How do you do.

FIB: Glad to know you sis, Your husband the big utilities maggot?

MOL: MAGNATE is the word, dearie.

FIB: MAGGOT is my word for him. Shut off our electric light last summer just because I forgot to pay the bill for a few months. Tell him for me, sis, that --

WOMAN: I'm afraid my husband's business affairs are no concern of mine, Mr. McGee. And I doubt very much if he was concerned personally with your trouble. He is merely Chairman of the Board of Directors.

MOL: Why of course. How should a mere Chairman of the Board know what's going on? Don't be silly, McGee. I'd ask you to sit down, Mrs. Carstairs, but all these bundles of clothes are ... er, well, we're waiting for someone to pick them up and --

WOMAN: THAT is why I came, Mrs. McGee. I have a station wagon outside, to take them for you. Tell me, Mrs. McGee... haven't we met somewhere?

FIB: () You girls have probably bumped into each other at a rummage sale or something, sis. Ever go to the boxing matches at the Legion Hall?

WOMAN: No, I'm afraid not. Are you a member of the Grand-daughters of the Puritans, Mrs. McGee?

MOL: No, I'm not, Mrs. Carstairs. I'm afraid I'm not much for clubs.

FIB: She can laugh at other wimmin's hats just sitting here in the front window with a sewin' basket full of socks, sis.

WOMAN: No doubt. I should be glad to put your name up for membership, Mrs. McGee. Your family is ... er ... I mean

MOL: I presume you are of pioneer stock?

MOL: I am, that. ... DOG. TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT.

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FIB: I'll say she is, kiddo, Her family sold the shoestring they strung the beads on they gave the Indians for Manhattan Island.

WOMAN: Reahhly! Interesting. Well, I'd better get these clothes out to the car. (FADES) And thank you SO much for your helpfulness in the clothing drive. (GRUNTS)

MOL: Not at all. (SOTTO) McGee, help the lady with the clothes.

FIB: (SOTTO) Aw, she's a big husky hunk o' pioneer stock. She'll be --- Here, I'll open the door for you, Carsty.

WOMAN: (STRAINING) Oh, don't bother, I'll open it with my teeth. Good day!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOL: Heavenly days, McGee....that was THE Mrs. Carstairs. Imagine her calling on the likes of us!

FIB: Why shouldn't she call on us? What are we -- a leper colony?

MOL: No, but my goodness ... she's very SOCIAL!

FIB: Well, so am I. I'll talk to anybody. And what's more --

DOC: (OFF MIKE) OH, MCGEE....MCGEE!!! WHERE ARE YOU?

MOL: McGee...it's Doctor Gamble. Take the poor man his clothes.

FIB: (LAUGHS) Not till I have my fun. I WANNA SEE HIM BLOW UP! (CALLS) WHAT'S THE MATTER DOC? ANYTHING WRONG?

DOC: WHERE ARE MY CLOTHES, YOU LITTLE BURGLAR? I WANT MY CLOTHES!

MOL: (SOTTO VOCE) Give 'em to him, McGee!!!

FIB: COME ON DOWN, DOC. TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT.

DOC: (OFF MIKE) I'LL COME DOWN ALL RIGHT! AND IF YOU'RE PLAYING ANY OF YOUR SHENANIGANS ON ME, SO HELP ME, I'LL

FIB: (CHUCKLES) Oh this is gonna be rich, Molly.

MOL: It'll have to work fast then..it's starting very poorly.

SOUND: SLAPPING OF SLIPPERS FADE IN

FIB: Hiyah, Doc. Howja sleep?

DOC: NEVER MIND HOW I SLEPT. I SLEPT WONDERFULLY. NOW WHERE ARE MY CLOTHES.

MOL: Look, Doctor, I --

FIB: Funny thing about that Doc. I'm kind of embarassed...

DOC: ~~YOU'RE KIND OF EMBARRASSED! HOW DO YOU THINK I FEEL. SLOPPING AROUND IN STRANGE HOUSES IN A SKIMPY LITTLE BATHROBE THAT BARELY COVERS MY CONFUSION. AND I SAY "STRANGE" HOUSES ADVISEDLY. ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN HERE. AND DOES~~

FIB: Look Doc....I took your clothes to have Beulah press 'em while you were sleeping,

DOC: Oh!...I..er..Oh, I'm sorry. Very decent of you, McGee. Sorry I jumped to conclusions. But I've got to get back on the job, boy. Is Beulah thru with my clothes?

MOL: To tell the truth Doctor, --

FIB: Look, Doc...what I'm embarassed about was that your clothes were layin' here on a chair when the people picked up the bundles for the clothing drive, and I'm afraid they...well....

DOC: YOU MEAN THEY...OH NO!!! THEY COULDN'T HAVE...MCGEE, YOU FOUL LITTLE FIEND! ---I'M GOING TO KNOCK THE....

FIB: (LAUGHS HEARTILY) Take it easy Doc..take it easy! I was just kidding. Just wanted to see what you'd say. (LAUGHS)

MOL: I told him it was a silly joke, Doctor. Give him his clothes, McGee.

FIB: Okay. (LAUGHS) I couldn't resist the temptation, Doc.
 It was ... (PAUSE) Hey ...

MOL: What's the matter?

FIB: Doc's clothes. I put 'em right on that chair over there.
 WHERE ARE THEY? THEY'RE GONE.

MOL: OH, MCGEE ... YOU DON'T THINK MRS. ~~SITWELL~~ ACCIDENTALLY...
CARSTAIRS

FIB: My gosh ... this is awful ... I didn't mean to ... I mean,
 I didn't ... I..

DOC: Is the joke over? May I laugh now?

MOL: I'm afraid it's no joke, Doctor. Your clothes are
 really gone. I'LL CALL UP MRS. ~~SITWELL~~ RIGHT AWAY AND
CARSTAIRS
 GET THEM BACK!

FIB: Gee doc ... I'm sorry! I had no idea ... NO NO NO, DOC...
 DON'T!!! CUT IT OUT NOW ... GEE WHIZZ, I WAS ONLY ...
 GET AWAY FROM ME!

DOC: Calm yourself, my boy, calm yourself. I merely wanted
 to shake your hand.

MOL: What's this? What are you going to do, Doctor?

DOC: I'M GOING BACK TO BED, THAT'S WHAT I'M GOING TO DO. AND
 DON'T CALL ME TILL FRIDAY! BLESS YOU, MCGEE ... YOU DIRTY
 LITTLE GOOD SAMARITAN!

FIB: Oh, this is ridiculous!

ORCH: "ANY MOMENT NOW" FADE FOR:

WILCOX: You know, when you've gone to all the trouble and expense
 of putting down nice linoleum floors on your kitchen and
 bathroom, isn't it just common sense to take good care
 of them? For one thing, you can make them last practically
 forever if you protect them regularly with JOHNSON'S
 GLO-COAT. For another, you'll keep them looking like new,
 their colors as fresh as the day you bought them. You'll
 have shining floors you're always proud of, glad to have
 your friends see at any time. And the beauty of it is,
 you can have all of these advantages and still save
 yourself hours and hours of work -- because when you apply
 JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT there's no rubbing or buffing.
 GLO-COAT is SELF POLISHING -- it shines as it dries.
 What's more, it's easy to keep such a floor clean and
 beautiful, because with GLO-COAT protection, spilled
 things wipe up in a jiffy. That's a great help in these
 coming days of early spring rains. Why not protect
 your linoleum floors with JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING
 GLO-COAT?

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC; FADE ON CUE FOR:

ALL: ...

PLAYOFF: ...

ANNOUNCER: THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

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ON CUE FOR:

... speaking for the makers of
 JOHNSON WAX FINISHES for home and industry, and
 with us next Tuesday night. Goodnight.
 NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

TAG

FIB: Ladies and gentlemen: The United National Clothing
 Collection starts April first. Use the time until
 then to go thru your closets and attics and trunks
 and storerooms to see what YOU can spare for the millions
 of suffering people in war areas. The goal is 150
 million pounds of clothing.

MOL: This is NOT a charity drive. It's an appeal to you to
 give what spare clothing you can to restore the health
 and self respect of war ruined families.

FIB: Greatly needed are infants garments, particularly
 knitted goods ... and all kinds of warm, sensible
 clothing, shoes and bedding for boys and men, women
 and girls. There will be receiving stations set up
 everywhere, in churches, schools, factories and clubs.
 Get ready, won't you?

MOL: You wouldn't like to be in their shoes ... but they'd
 like to be in yours -- if you'll send them.

FIB: Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all!

PLAYOFF: SIGNOFF:

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

ANNCR: THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

(CHIMES)