

WRITERS: Don Quinn
Phil Leslie

(REVISED)

29

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY

Johnson's Wax

6:30 - 7:00 PM

NBC

April 17, 1945

(REVISED)

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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' orchestral

ORCH: "WHO KNOWS" - FADE FOR:

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: This Spring more than ever is a season of color. Everywhere -- in women's hats and dresses -- in home furnishings and decoration -- bright color is the vogue. But you have understood the value of cheerful colors for a long time, right in your own kitchen -- and that's one reason why you've used Johnson's Glo-Coat on your linoleum floors -- to keep the original colors fresh and new looking -- ~~to accentuate the beautiful pattern in your linoleum.~~ Yes, when your floor coverings are regularly polished with Glo-Coat they are never dull -- and it's easy to keep them spic and span and gleaming because dirt and spilled things are wiped up quickly with a damp cloth. Glo-Coat is so easy to use -- it is self-polishing, needs no rubbing or buffing. You simply apply and let dry -- in 20 minutes you come back to sparkling floors you can well be proud of. Besides saving you many hours of work, regular care with Glo-Coat saves your linoleum, makes it last much longer. If you have never tried Johnson's Self-Polishing Glo-Coat, order some this week.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH
(APPLAUSE)

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
April 17, 1945

(2ND REVISION) -4-

WILCOX: IF YOU'VE EVER SEEN MR. MCGEE OF 79 WISTFUL VISTA, YOU REALIZE THAT HE'S A MAN OF MANY TALENTS...AND IF YOU'VE EVER SEEN HIM CHECKING OVER A BANK STATEMENT, YOU REALIZE THAT ARITHMETIC IS NOT ONE OF HIS TALENTS.....GET A LOAD OF THE OLD BOY RIGHT NOW, WITH A BROKEN PENCIL -- AND A BEATEN LOOK, AS WE MEET --

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY !!

APPLAUSE

FIB: (TO SELF) Doggone it, if I subtract the gas bill - and then add in the check I made out and then tore up, but forgot to not take it off the balance, it oughta come out to --

MOL: What are you muttering about, dearie? You're not - (TAKE) OH NO, MCGEE !! NOT AGAIN??

FIB: Whatcha mean, "not again"? If you are referring to this bank statement, Molly -- I've got a few very interesting questions to ask them guys. Soon as I find out something here.

MOL: Find out what?

FIB: What questions to ask...Lemme see now, check number 325 for 9.50 - ... Or is that number 950 for 3.25? No, it must be --

(2ND REVISION) -5-

MOL: Heavenly days, there must be better ways to waste a morning than batting your head against a bank full of bookkeepers! Those statements are --

FIB: Oh, I wouldn't say the morning was entirely wasted, Mrs. McGee! I've just picked out three errors so far, that's all!

MOL: Three errors! You have?

FIB: Yep...And I'm gonna keep right at it till I find one on the bank too! I'm just a little cagey about those fellows -- ever since that banker swindled Uncle Sycamore out of all his dough at --

MOL: I don't remember any banker swindling your Uncle Sycamore.

FIB: Sure. Guy named Blackie -- banker in a faro game out in Blue Gopher Gulch, Nevada. Uncle Syc come in and threw a bag of dust on the table, see, and --

(REVISED)

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MOL: A bag of dust. Was he a gold miner??

FIB: Nope - vacuum cleaner salesman ... Anyhow, he threw the bag down and got out his wallet, see -

DOOR OPENS

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

MOL: Good morning, Alice - come in, dear.

ALICE: *Thank you.*

FIB: *Hi, Alice.*

FIB: *your welcome.*

ALICE: Don't let me interrupt anything. I mean -

MOL: Oh, that's all right, dear - Mr. McGee is just checking over his bank statement.

ALICE: Oh, that. You're - uh - you're pretty good at figures, aren't you, Mr. McGee?

FIB: Yep. Like the guy said when he put on his red flannels - that's my long suit! (CHUCKLES) (PAUSE) Doncha get it, kids? I says, like the guy said when he --

MOL: 'Tain't funny, McGee!!!

FIB: No? That's odd....it rather tickled me. But then, red flannels always did.

ALICE: Have you been having trouble with the bank, Mr. McGee?

MOL: He always does, Alice - and vice versa...secretly, I think he has visions of some teller suddenly absconding with all our money.

ALICE: Oh, that would be terrible!

MOL: Yes, I can just picture it myself - the man taking our life savings to buy a second-hand bicycle and a box lunch ~~and~~ -- and heading for South America!

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FIB: Aw, I'm not distrusting anybody, ^{but} I just like to see that they don't make any mistakes, that's all. They can make mistakes down there - those guys are just as infallible as anybody else! They're liable to -- -- OH-HOO!

ALICE: Jeepers, what's the matter?

FIB: Ah-ha! Take a look at this, Molly -- those guys have charged me in March with a check I wrote in February! That's the kind of stuff I'm lookin' for!

MOL: Well - it's a good check, isn't it? That's perfectly okay, dearie.

FIB: OKAY??? They do more juggling than a bus-boy with a hangover.

ALICE: But Mr. McGee - the check probably just didn't get to the bank till March, that's all.

FIB: Well, that's just THEIR hard luck, kid! Not mine! Migosh, if they can't get their checks when they're supposed to, it's not my fault!

MOL: Yes, but McGee, they --

FIB: I wrote it in February - I took it offa my stubs in February - if they didn't get it on my statement in February they can just forget it! Yessir!

ALICE: Yes, but Mr. McGee - don't you see --

FIB: (PATIENTLY) Look, Alice, this is a very simple transaction, see? The whole thing boils down to it was a February deal all the way. Look - right on the check - it says February as plain as day!

(REVISED)

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MOL: But, McGee, if they didn't get the check --

FIB: Please, Molly! Women haven't got any head for figures! Don't you kids get your noggins in an uproar about it - just forget it - I'll handle it. Where's the phone?

MOL: Right there on the --

PHONE RINGS:

FIB: Aw, for the-- (CLICK) Hello!..Yes...Who? Alice? Yes, but look, bud, can you call her back a little later on account of--

ALICE: Me? Oh, I can talk, Mr. McGee. I'm not busy.

FIB: Huh? Oh...just a minute, bud...

ALICE: Thanks.

FIB: Oh - okay - but cut it--

ALICE: (ON PHONE) Hello...Oh, yes, Charley... Tonight? Oh, I'd love to, Charley... Hmm? (GIGGLES) Oh, Charley! ... Look, who's playing there tonight?

FIB: Migosh, I wish she'd hurry up.

MOL: Relax, dearie - this won't take long.

ALICE: ...Yeah, but Charley, I don't like Xavier Goldman and his Pampas Playboys!...The Dreamland's got Shoo-Shoo Jackson - he's strictly but solid! Why don't-- Hmmm?

FIB: (SOTTO VOCE) Come on, come on, come on, kid! I wanta get at that bank before I cool off - I'll burn the very--

ALICE: ...What, Charley? Oh, wait a minute - till I take the (FADING) phone out in the dining room. Yeah, (GIGGLES) you know how it is, Charley. But --

DOOR BEAM:

(REVISED) -9-

FIB: Well, how do you like that! While she monopolizes the phone, the Third National could be ruining me!

MOL: Well, that comes out even, dearie.

FIB: Eh?

MOL: The receiver goes into Alice's hands and you go into the hands of the receivers.

FIB: YEAH? WELL, WAIT TILL I GET HOLD OF THAT PHONE. I'LL MAKE THEM SHARPSHOOTERS BACK DOWN LIKE A PAPERHANGER AT LUNCHTIME! I'LL TELL THOSE GUYS OFF SO FAST...

ORCH: "SIBONEY!"

APPLAUSE:

SECOND SPOT

(REVISED) -10-

FIB: My gosh, Molly...I simply got to get on that telephone!

MOL: Well, Alice is still using it, dearie - just be patient.

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, BE PATIENT! THE LONGER I WAIT, THE MORE I REALIZE THE BANK MAY BE RIGHT, SO I GOTTA CALL 'EM WHILE I'M STILL HOT AND UNREASONABLE! GEE WHIZZ, I --

(PAUSE) Oh-oh...I don't hear Alice talkin'. Wait.

DOOR OPEN:

ALICE: (OFF) (GIGGLES) Yes, but Charlie, the dance isn't over till twelve and by that time--

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Still at it?

FIB: Yeah. ~~That kid had better change hands with that receiver or she'll be gettin' a cauliflower ear!~~

It's a fine state of how do you do when a guy can't even use the telephone in his own house.

MOL: Well, she's young, dearie. When you were her age you hung on the line like a three-family wet wash.

FIB: When I was her age we couldn't take the phone on a long cord and go sit in the other room with it. Ours was a box on the wall with a crank on it. And it was always installed by a guy from the phone company who musta been eight feet high. Half the girls from Peoria grew up to be ballet dancers from standing on their toes so much.

MOL: (LAUGHS) Remember when we first got the telephone at our house, McGee? Everybody in town was on the same line.

FIB: Yeah...your telephone had a big crank on it too. Your Aunt ~~Sarah~~ ^{SARAH}. Every time she answered the phone I'd pretend I had the wrong number. Remember the night I proposed to you on the telephone? With everybody in town listening in?

MOL: I do indeed. You got 8 yesses, three maybes, four no's and a Bronx cheer from the man at the livery stable.

FIB: Sayyyy, come to think of it, I never did hear what YOU said. Did you say yes?

MOL: If I didn't, you've been taking an awful lot for granted, dearie. We did get married, you know.

FIB: Yeah, but if we'd got married after you said NO, that'd make me out a pretty forceful character, wouldn't it?

WHICH REMINDS ME...I GOT TO CALL THE BANK. THEY CLOSE AT THREE AND --

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh heavenly days....It's Mrs. Carstairs! Do come in, Mrs. Carstairs.

CARSTAIRS: How do you do, Mrs. McGee. And...er...Mr. McGee.

FIB: Hiyah Carsty. Cast your caraculs on the couch and drape the shape on a ~~chair~~ ^{crate}.

CARSTAIRS: I..er...beg your pardon?

MOL: He just said to take off your coat and have a seat, Mrs. Carstairs.

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CARSTAIRS: How quaint. I have always held to the theory that a person who constantly uses slang is unusually.

FIB: Unusually what?

CARSTAIRS: Yes, very. My it is a lovely day isn't it? Almost too warm for a fur coat.

MOL: And what a LOVELY fur coat, too, Mrs. Carstairs. It's sable isn't it? What BEAUTIFUL furs.

CARSTAIRS: Yes...I trapped them myself, you know.

FIB: YOU TRAPPED 'EM?

CARSTAIRS: Er..yes. My husband talks in his sleep. However, this coat is from way last year. I just use it to get the groceries in.

MOL: ~~My goodness,~~ ^{Heavenly, say -} I just use an old paper bag, myself.

FIB: Maybe she thinks the smell of onions keeps the moths out of it. Eh, Carsty?

CARST: I think Mr. McGee, that, everything considered, it possibly.

FIB: Possibly what?

CARST: Pardon me?

FIB: Certainly.

MOL: Can I get you a cup of tea, Mrs. Carstairs? It won't take but a minute.

CARST: Thank you no, my dear. I must be trotting along,

FIB: ^{Oh - she's a trotter.} I merely wished to ask you to come to my reception tomorrow evening. Four to six. In honor of Leopold Cadenza, the violinist.

FIB: Leopold Cadenza, eh? I've heard him play, Carsty.

DOOR OPEN

N

CARST: Indeed? Nevertheless, Leopold Cadenza is a charming gentleman, I am sure you will enjoy meeting him, Mrs. McGee.

MOL: He's a Hungarian, isn't he, Mrs. Carstairs?

CARST: No, Mr. Cadenza is a Roumanian. He is my houseguest.

FIB: Kind of a furnished roomanian, you might say.

CARST: Yes, I.,er..I might. In an extreme emergency. Tell me, my dear...you will come, won't you?

MOL: Yes, I will, thank you, Mrs. Carstairs.

CARST: Oh splendid. I'm sure you'll find him so very.

MOL: Yes?

CARST: Yes indeed.

FIB: I'd come along too, Carsty, but I hate to think --

CARST: I'm sure you do. Good day, Mrs. McGee.

DOOR SLAM

MOL: Heavenly days, McGee...imagine me going to a reception at the Carstairs! I'm so excited!

FIB: Control yourself, kiddo. You'll be as bored as a rafter full o' termites. Did you ever see this Leopold Cadenza?

MOL: I've seen pictures of him. So romantic looking...with that long hair.

FIB: He don't wear it that way to look romantic. It's so when he bends over to kiss your hand you can't see how ragged his collar is. HEY, I GOTTA CALL THE BANK....THEY'LL BE CLOSING VERY SHOR TLY.

MOL: Well, Alice ought to be thru talking by now.

FIB: I'll see.

DOOR OPEN

ALICE: But Charlie, Xavier Goldman has a singer with him that just has me eating my lipstick and -- yes, but Charlie --

DOOR CLOSE

MOL: That's quite a conversation she's having, isn't it?

FIB: I'd ought ta take a pair of scissors and cut the wire,

MOL: Oh, she'll be thru any minute.

FIB: Well, it'll be a shock to me either way. DON'T THAT KID REALIZE THAT I GOT IMPORTANT BUSINESS TO --

DOOR OPEN

WIL: Hello, Folks.

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Hiyah, Junior. How's the super salesman?

WIL: In the prime, Sime. Look, kids -- mind if I use your telephone?

MOL: Oh, not at all, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Go right ahead, Junior. Interesting project, under the circumstances. The phone is right thru that door there.

WIL: Thanks.

DOOR OPEN

ALICE: Yes, but Charlie, nobody can DANCE to Xavier Goldman's band. His trumpets sound like they were hammered out of old cuspidors and his string section is --

DOOR SLAM

WIL: Alice is using the phone.

FIB: No kidding?

MOL: Was it an urgent call you had to make, Mr. Wilcox? Maybe Alice will be through in a minute.

FIB: Sure. Go plant a redwood tree while you're waiting, Junior. It'll get to the sawmill before you get to that phone.

ALICE: But Charlie, Xavier Goldman has a singer with him that just has me eating my lipstick and -- yes, but Charlie --

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WIL: Thanks.

DOOR OPEN

ALICE: Yes, but Charlie, nobody can DANCE to Xavier Goldman's band. His trumpets sound like they were hammered out of old cuspidors and his string section is --

DOOR SLAM

WIL: Alice is using the phone. Make my call myself.

FIB: No kidding?

MOL: Was it an urgent call you had to make, Mr. Wilcox? Maybe Alice will be through in a minute.

FIB: Sure. Go plant a redwood tree while you're waiting, Junior. It'll get to the sawmill before you get to that phone.

WIL: Well, it was sort of an urgent call, Molly. Look, would it be an imposition to ask you to make the call for me? I've got to get back to the office.

MOL: Not at all, Mr. Wilcox. What was your call?

WIL: Well, just tell this woman that Johnson's Wax is a marvelous thing to stop unnecessary travelling. Because with a home bright and clean and sparkling, you hate to leave it. And you might add that Johnson's Wax on wood and enameled surfaces protects and preserves the finish.... makes housekeeping so much simpler.

FIB: I LOVE to listen to you talk like that, Waxey. You get the happy look of top sergeant catchin' a rookie with a dirty rifle. You're always so --

MOL: Be quiet, dearie. Was that all the message, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Yes, unless you want to list a few more ways in which Johnson's Wax is useful. Like protecting lampshades, luggage, window sills, doorknobs, picture frames and a hundred other things. Hey, you suppose Alice is thru talking on the phone?

FIB: Take a look, optimist. But you know what A.T. & T. stands for?

MOL: What DOES A.T. & T. stand for, Mr. Bones?

FIB: Alice, Talking and Talking. Go ahead, Waxey...take a peek.

WIL: Okay. I might be able to make my call myself.

DOOR OPEN

ALICE: Yes, but Charlie, did you ever hear Shoo-Shoo Jackson play the piano? He's got a left hand that leads a life of its own! And if you ever heard him barrel-house "Jeannie With the Light Brown Pullover", you'd understand why--

DOOR SLAM:

WIL: Nope. She's still talking.

FIB: *That's* That's like flashing the news around the world that Niagara is still trickling, Junior.

MOL: Yes, she's been on the phone for hours, Mr. Wilcox. That mouthpiece is going to be fragrant with chewing gum for weeks. But don't you worry...I'll make your call for you.

WIL: Swell, Molly. Well, see you at the bowling alley, pal. So long now.

FIB: So long, Juney. Don't take any wooden inner tubes.

MOL: WAIT A MINUTE, MR. WILCOX. WHO WAS THE WOMAN YOU WANTED ME TO GIVE THAT INFORMATION TO ABOUT JOHNSON'S WAX?

WIL: Oh, just any woman you can think of. Thanks a lot.

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

FIB: My gosh, don't that guy ever think of ANYTHING but Johnson's Wax? Don't he CARE about anything else?

MOL: Of course he does. He's very much in love with his wife. In fact, I've often heard him say he wouldn't trade her for a case of Johnson's Wax.

FIB: I'd hate to tempt him with TWO cases. He'd be so... HEY - OPEN THAT DINING ROOM DOOR AGAIN, WILLYA?

MOL: All right, but I doubt if --

DOOR OPEN:

FIB: (PAUSE) *keys!* DON'T TELL ME SHE'S THROUGH!

MOL: Looks like it, McGee. At least she -

FIB: OH BOY OH BOY AT LAST! WHERE'S MY BANK STATEMENT? GIMME A PENCIL I'M GONNA BLAST THE THIRD NATIONAL TILL THEY WON'T KNOW ---

MOL: Wait a minute, dearie. Look. The receiver is still off the hook.

FIB: Imagine that careless kid? They're liable to report our phone out of order. I'll see if I can get the operator. HELLO..HELLO...EH? NO, MY VOICE HASN'T GOTTEN HUSKY. THIS IS THE SAME VOICE I'VE HAD SINCE I WAS FOURTEEN....WHAT? NO I AM NOT PLAYING GAMES, BUD, AND IF YOU DON'T GET OFF THIS PHONE, I'LL..

MOL: McGee! Maybe Alice was -

ALICE: (FADE IN) I'll take it now, Mr. McGee...I told Charlie to wait while I went out and made myself a sandwich.

FIB: Oh fer the...(IN PHONE) HELLO...JUST A MINUTE, CHARLIE. HERE SHE IS AGAIN. AND CHARLIE...(PAUSE) DON'T HURRY ON MY ACCOUNT. MY ANNUITY DON'T COME DUE FOR SEVEN YEARS YET. Here, Alice.

ALICE: Thanks, Mr. McGee. You were sweet to entertain Charlie for me. (IN PHONE) Hello, Charlie? Yes...Hmmm? No that was Mr. McGee. What? Oh he is not, Charlie.... He's nice.

MOL: Come on in the living room, McGee.

FIB: Wait a minute.

ALICE: WHAT CHARLIE? Oh he's no such thing. He's very sweet when you get to know him. Oh you could too stand it that long. Yeah, but Charlie ---

DOOR SLAM

FIB: FINE THING! TRYIN' TO CALL MY BANKERS ON A VERY IMPORTANT PIECE OF BUSINESS AND THEM TWO RUG CUTTERS KEEP THE PHONE TIED UP TIGHTER THAN A BULLFIGHTER'S PANTS! MY GOSH, WHEN I ---

MOL: Oh forget the bank for a minute, dearie. Just calm down. Smoke your pipe. Read the paper. Where is the paper?

FIB: I dunno. And I don't care. I wanna call the bank and --

MOL: Maybe Beulah has it. Oh Beulah. BEULAH!

DOOR OPEN:

BEULAH: Somebody bawl for Beulah?

MOL: Seen the evening paper, Beulah?

BEULAH: No ma'am. We don't git it any moah....remember? They wouldn't revive yo' prescription to it.

MOL: Oh that's right, McGee. You might pick one up if you go to the market for anything, Beulah.

BEULAH: Yes ma'am. Is Miss Alice gonna be heah fo' dinner, ma'am?

FIB: You might ask her, Beulah. All you gotta do is borrow a pair of spurs from some lineman, climb a telephone pole someplace nearby and see if you can break into that phone conversatibn.

MOL: Don't be so intolerant, McGee. You and I used to have longer conversations than that. In fact, I had to marry you to cut down the phone bill.

FIB: Well, this is exasperating. You talk as long as that to your boy friend, Beulah?

BEULAH: (LAUGHS) You mean Ira, suh? No, suh, Ira, he's a man of few words. He call my house and he say, "Beulah, you theah?" and I say, "I's heah," and he say "Stay theah!" and I says "~~WEE COO~~" and he hang up and I open the front doo' and theah he is! (LAUGHS)

MOL: That quick?

BEULAH: Yes ma'am. He live right across the street from me, in very close proximity, you might say.

FIB: Still engaged to Ira, Beulah?

BEULAH: Yessuh. Though lately he is been showin' considerle interest in a certain lil high ~~empted~~ manicurist from ouah neighborhood. I warn him about her too. She as cold blooded as a barracuda.

MOL: Did you warn her too, Beulah?

BEULAH: Yes ma'am. In a quiet way. I meet her high heelin' it up Fo'teenth street one day and I walks right up to her. "Look, honey," I say, "Who is yo' dentist?" And she say "Doctah Murphy". And I say "Well, you keep away from mah Ira, or Doctah Murphy is gonna git your' ordah fo' some necessary replacements."

FIB: I hope that scared her off, Beulah. If she's the cold blooded manicurist you say she is, Ira is gonna get clipped for more than his fingernails.

BEULAH: Gonna git clip fo' mor than....(LAUGHS HEARTILY)
Love that man!

DOOR SLAM

ORCH: KING'S MEN - "IOWA"

APPLAUSE

THIRD SPOT

FIB: DOGGONE IT MOLLY, THIS COULD GO ON ALL NIGHT! DON'T THAT KID REALIZE I'M WAITIN' TO USE THAT TELEPHONE?

MOL: You can call the bank tomorrow, sweetheart. They're not going to move. I saw them washing the windows yesterday.

FIB: Yes and by tomorrow I'll be so cooled off I'll be civil to 'em and then they'll think I'm a softy and can put ANYTHING over on me! NO SIR, BY GEORGE, IF I CAN'T GET ALICE OFF THAT PHONE, I'LL ---

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: Come in!

DOOR OPEN

DOC: Hello, Molly. Hello, McGee.

MOL: Hello, Doctor Gamble.

FIB: Hiyah, Arrowsmith. Got your instruments with you?

DOC: A few. Why?

FIB: I want you to amputate a transmitter from a girl's hand. I'll supply the anaesthetic, if I can find my baseball bat.

DOC: You'd better let me give you a bromide, Chipmunk. You're as feverish as the bottom of a chafing dish.

MOL: Oh he's just exasperated, Doctor, because he can't use the telephone.

FIB: Yeah...

DOC: He can't use the telephone! Oh that's too bad. Come on, I'll show you how to use it, McGee. A bright little chap like you can learn how in only two or three lessons.

MOL: Oh he knows HOW, Doctor. He just can't get to it.

DOC: Trouble with those leg pains again eh? Here, my boy, lie down on the davenport there and I'll --

FIB: GET YOUR BIG FAT PAWS OFFA ME, YOU MALPRACTICING ^{OLD}GARGLE PEDDLER! THERE'S NOTHING THE MATTER WITH MY LEGS!

DOC: Nothing except you've got kneecaps like football helmets and less calf than a pair of two-dollar riding boots. Besides being so knock-kneed you have to put your pants on over your head.

FIB: OH YEAH? Well, you're no ^{CLARK}~~Benny~~ Grable yourself, wise guy. You gotta pair of pins they could moor the S.S. Lafayette to.

MOL: The S.S. Lafayette. That used to be the Normandie, didn't it?

DOC: That's right, Molly. I believe they found it was going to be too expensive to refit it, after that fire.

FIB: Well, I guess that's it.

DOC: You guess that's what?

FIB: The end of a beautiful French ship. (LAUGHS) Get it, Doc? End of a beautiful friendship? It's a play on words.

MOL: And a worse play I haven't heard since the Cherry sisters. Did you ever see the S.S. Normandie, Doctor?

DOC: I took a cruise on it once. Then I saw it again a few years ago when it was laid up in...er...in... past like

FIB: Drydock?

DOC: Yes, I am. What have you got?

MOL: Rootbeer?

DOC: No, thanks. Somebody might notice it on my breath and accuse me of hanging around ice cream parlors. Now what was all this about the telephone?

FIB: I CAN'T USE IT, THAT'S ALL! ALICE DARLING HAS BEEN MONOPOLIZING IT FOR FOUR HOURS. AND I GOTTA CALL THE BANK! VERY IMPORTANT.

DOC: I'll bet. What are you trying to do - get a re-tread for one of your rubber checks?

FIB: NO I'M NOT. I'M GONNA READ 'EM THE RIOT ACT ABOUT MY MONTHLY STATEMENT THAT'S ALL! I'LL MAKE 'EM WISH THEY'D--

MOL: Oh heavenly days..I almost forgot!

FIB: Eh?

MOL: Your office called this morning Doctor. They said if you dropped in for you to call Mrs. Martin about her baby.

DOC: Oh that woman! I've told her forty times not to worry because the child doesn't talk yet.

FIB: How old is it? nickel and dime, oh

DOC: Seven weeks. Where's the telephone? I'll give her a ring.

MOL: It's in the dining room Doctor, but I don't think you can--

DOC: Excuse me a minute. I should have called my office before, but I've been on calls all day long, and they --

DOOF OPEN: phone call....

ALICE: Yes, but Charlie, Shoo Shoo Jackson's band has got TEMPO!
And what's Xavier Goldman got? He gets off the beat like
who's just punched an alderman's wife.
a cop with ~~Quincy~~ *Crumbie*. What? Yes, but Charlie....

DOOR CLOSE

DOC: I...ah...I see what you mean.

MOL: This has been going on all afternoon, Doctor.

FIB: IF I DON'T GET IN TOUCH WITH THE THIRD NATIONAL BEFORE I...
Hey..what time is it?

DOC: About three minutes to three. I'm afraid you'll have to
leave the financial world flat on its vouchers for today,
Vanderbilt.

FIB: OH NO I WON'T...I CAN STILL GET TO KREMER'S DRUG STORE IN
TIME...COME ON DOC..YOU CAN MAKE YOUR CALL DOWN THERE, TOO.

DOC: RIGHT!!! SEE YOU LATER, MOLLY....

MOL: Don't forget to get an evening paper, McGee....

FIB: (FAST) OKAY COME ON, DOC!!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE: FAST FOOTSTEPS DOWN OFF PORCH

ORCH: WILLIAM TELL FAST....FADE FOR --

FIB: Here we are Doc...one minute to spare. I'll call first.

DOC: My call is more important than yours, McGee. Give me a
nickel. Smallest I've got is half a dollar.

FIB: I only got one nickel and one minute, Chiseler. Get
change from cashier.

DOC: Okay, tightwad, And if you aren't out of that booth in
five minutes, I'll blast you out. (FADE) Cashier...will
you please change a half dollar? I've got to make a
phone call.....

FIB: OH BOY, HERE'S WHERE I TELL THAT BANK WHERE TO GET OFF!
THE FROZEN PUSSED OLD PAWNBROKERS! Where's that nickel?
Oh yes...

PHONE BOOTH DOOR OPEN

BOY: (SLIGHTLY OFF MIKE) Sorry sir, I'm using this phone.

FIB: Oh my gosh --

BOY: Hello -- huh? Yeah, but Alice I think Shoo Shoo
Jackson is....Yeah, but Alice....

PHONE BOOTH DOOR SHUT

FIB: Oh, this is ridiculous!

ORCH: "SOME DAY SOMEWHERE" -- FADE FOR:

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Did you ever stop to think of the health advantage of a waxed home. Besides beauty and protection for your things, your home is cleaner, more sanitary, if you keep your floors, furniture and woodwork regularly polished with JOHNSON'S WAX. The wax seals the pores of the wood, guards against dirt and moisture. JOHNSON WAXED surfaces are easier to keep clean, because dust and dirt do not cling to them so readily. Areas that get extra heavy wear -- such as hallways or windowsills, can be touched up as often as necessary without re-waxing the entire surface. There's one thing you'll notice after you've used JOHNSON'S WAX for awhile. With every application your floors and furniture take on greater beauty. That's why your favorite antique has such a soft mellow lustre....it's probably been protected with WAX for a long time. Whether your things are old or new it will pay you to polish them regularly with genuine JOHNSON'S WAX.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC ... FADE ON CUE FOR:

TAG

FIB: Ladies and gentlemen -- the traditional sentiment of people from Missouri has always been - "Show Me".

MOL: So let's show our new President, Mr. Harry Truman of Missouri, that he has our complete loyalty and support in his difficult task of winning this war and leading our nation to peace and prosperity.

FIB: Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all.

ORCH: PLAYOFF AND 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 again next Tuesday night. Goodnight.

ANNCR: THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

(CHIMES)