

WRITERS: Don Quinn
Phil Leslie

(REVISED) #30

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' FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY

ORCH: "POOR LITTLE RHODE ISLAND" -- FADE FOR:

6:30 - 7:00 PM

NBC

April 24, 1945

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
TUESDAY 6:30 PM. PWT NBC
APRIL 24, 1945

(REVISED) -2-

WILCOX: COME 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: "POOR LITTLE RHODE ISLAND" -- FADE FOR:

...as well preserved. The fine
...the use of wax in the
...old French
...to use wax extensively in
...structure, woodwork, and
...and leather goods, furniture
...shades. It is the history of
...scientifically and produced the perfect
...to give you greater beauty
...and ease of use. You can get the genuine
...in three forms - paste, liquid or cream.
It is used by good housekeepers the world over.

ORCH: MUSIC TO FINISH
(APPLAUSE)

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC
APRIL 24, 1945

-3-

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WIL: ~~When you use wax to protect your floors, furniture and~~
~~woodwork you're using the most modern method of keeping~~
~~house. But~~ you know that the use of wax is a very old
custom, ~~as time goes~~. The old Romans and Greeks both used
it, on such things as the prows of their ships, and their
shields. The ancient Egyptians used wax to protect their
paintings. In fact, that's why some of those old murals
have come down to us so well preserved. The fine
furniture made by Sheraton was wax-protected...also the
floors of beautiful old French chateaux. So it was
natural for us to use wax extensively in our own homes...
on our floors, furniture, woodwork...and for many other
things such as leather goods, venetian blinds, picture
frames, lampshades. It was the makers of JOHNSON'S WAX
who studied waxes scientifically and produced the perfect
uniform blend to give you greatest beauty, maximum
protection and ease of use. You can now buy this genuine
JOHNSON'S WAX in three forms - paste, liquid or cream.
It is used by good housekeepers the world over.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH

(APPLAUSE)

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC
APRIL 24, 1945

3-A

ALTERNATE OPENING COMMERCIAL

WIL: We have just received some good news. The National Safety
Council has presented the makers of Johnson's Wax a star
to add to their special wartime award for Distinguished
Service to Safety. The Council is conducting an accident
prevention campaign to Save Manpower for Warpower.
Although working under pressure and devoting a good part
of their plant to making finishing products that serve
the war or war equipment manufacturers, S. C. Johnson
& Son have again this year maintained their high level
of efficiency and low accident rate. The Council reports
that since Pearl Harbor more Americans have been killed
and injured in accidents than we have lost thus far in war
operations. Don't you agree that every worker, man or
woman, in every plant in these United States and Canada
should do his level best to be careful, to avoid accidents,
to keep well - to work hard for complete and final
victory?

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH

(APPLAUSE)

McGee
4/24/45

(REVISER)
(2ND REVISION) -4-

WILCOX:

IT IS SECRETLY BELIEVED, IN SOME CIRCLES, THAT THE ELKS AND VARIOUS OTHER MEN'S CLUBS WERE ORGANIZED BY WOMEN - TO GET THEIR MEN OUT OF THE WAY SO THEY COULD DO THEIR HOUSE-WORK IN PEACE. AND HERE AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA, ONE OF THEM IS TRYING TO GET HER SPOUSE OUT OF THE HOUSE AS WE MEET --

--FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

MOL: Go on, McGee. Get out. Go on. Scoot! Mother has work to do.

FIB: Yeah, but where'll I go?

MOL: Oh---go to a movie. I'd like to have you see the one at the Bijou.

FIB: What is it?

MOL: I don't know. But I'd like to have you see it. Look, dearie, Beulah and I are cleaning house. And you're underfoot like a fallen ~~metaphor~~ *ant*.

FIB: OH, I'LL KEEP OUT OF THE WAY. I ALWAYS LIFT MY FEET WHEN YOU WANNA VACUUM UNDER ME, DON'T I?

MOL: It isn't just your feet, dearie. I want your whole big, beautiful, handsome, well-knit body out of here.

FIB: Well, gee whizz, I can't just walk the streets, can I?

MOL: Go to the public library and read a good book. A good LONG book.

McGee
4/24/45

(REVISED) -5-

FIB: The only good, long book they got is Anthony Adverse. And it's out.

MOL: How do you know?

FIB: I got it. I'm afraid to return it because I owe 77 dollars and 12 cents on it.

MOL: Maybe they'll make an adjustment.

FIB: That's what the trainer at the Elks did when I sprained my neck playin' handball. He made an adjustment and for three weeks I walked around with my head under my left arm.

MOL: Well, if the trainer at the Elks is...THE ELKS!!! THAT'S IT. WHY DON'T YOU GO DOWN TO THE CLUB?

FIB: I thought you says I been spending too much time down there.

MOL: Oh, I say the silliest things. I think it's a wonderful institution, really. Go on, sweetheart. Go down to the Elks. And when you get home, with your lungs full of cigar smoke and your pants full of pool chalk, I'll have my housework all done.

FIB: Okay...but you talked me into it, remember. And it may be expensive, too. We play pea pool for a nickel a point.

MOL: Dearie, today I don't care if you play drop the handkerchief for nine dollars a drop. All Beulah and I want around here is nobody.

FIB: On second thought, I don't think I better go. Looks a little like rain.

MOL: Oh dear. Well, maybe you can get a ride with somebody. Alice is going to the airplane plant very shortly. And the car that picks her up goes right past the Elks.

0

sj

McGee
4/24/45

(2ND REVISION) -7-

(2ND REVISION) -6-

FIB: Sayyy, that isn't a bad idea. I'll ask her if -
DOOR OPEN:
MOL: Here she is now, McGee. Hello, Alice dear.
ALICE: Hello, Mrs. McGee. Mr. McGee.
FIB: Hiyah, kid. Look, you're leavin' pretty quick for the airplane plant aren't you?
ALICE: Yes I am. I'm getting there early today because I have to instruct some new employees in how to adjust a centrifugal equalizer on the universal compensator in the hydraulic mid-section booster gear. They always have trouble getting the lock flange clearance past the binder flap.
MOL: You don't say! How ridiculous! Incidentally Alice, that's an awfully cute suit of coveralls you're wearing.
ALICE: Thank you, I designed these myself, Mrs. McGee. The only coveralls I could buy made me look like I'd been smuggling wheelbarrows.
FIB: Pretty sharp outfit, kid. What's that little pocket on the side there?
ALICE: That's where I keep my lipstick and compact and mirror and comb. It was my own idea.
MOL: But why is the pocket sewed up so that you can't get at them?
ALICE: That was my boss' idea. He said they could assemble four bombers while I was correcting nature's mistakes.
FIB: WHADDYE MEAN?
ALICE: Why the whole idea is to conserve cars. There's a terrible shortage of new tires and cars and gasoline, and it'll get worse. Didn't you know that already over four million cars have had to be scrapped?

sj.

McGee
4/24/45

(2ND REVISION) -7-

FIB: Well, I'm ready to go whenever you are, Alice.
ALICE: Go where, Mr. McGee?
MOL: He wants to ride as far as the Elk's Club with you, Alice
FIB: You got a car picking you up, haven't you?
ALICE: Why...why yes, Mr. McGee, but creepers, it isn't mine. It's a fellow who works at the plants car and it's his turn for the car pool this week.
MOL: McGee doesn't care, Alice. He'll ride with anybody.
FIB: Why sure. What do I care if I'm seen riding along with a bunch of people in workin' clothes? Why, some of those people might be just as good as I am!
ALICE: Oh now, Mr. McGee...let's not go all to pieces about it!
FIB: Well, they are! In fact, kid, when a fellow of my standing mixes with the working classes, - that's Democracy at its best!
MOL: And that's egotism at its worst!
ALICE: Well, anyway, Mr. McGee, it's only a coupe and there are six of us in the car pool. There wouldn't be room for you.
FIB: PSHAW! Crowding doesn't bother me. I'm no snob.
MOL: Don't crowd yourself in if it makes everybody uncomfortable, dearie.
ALICE: Oh it isn't that, Mrs. McGee. But it would be so hard on the tires it would defeat the whole purpose of car pooling.
FIB: WHADDYE MEAN?
ALICE: Why the whole idea is to conserve cars. There's a terrible shortage of new tires and cars and gasoline, and it'll get worse. Didn't you know that already over four million cars have had to be scrapped?

MOL: Heavenly days! FOUR MILLION!

FIB: I DON'T BELIEVE IT! I THINK SOMEBODY'S GOT ALL THE FIGURES WRONG.

ALICE: Why, Mr. McGee?

FIB: BECAUSE I READ THE OTHER DAY THAT THE AVERAGE CAR TRAVELING FROM HOME TO WORK CARRIES AN AVERAGE TO TWO AND A HALF PEOPLE. I READ THAT AND THAT'S RIDICULOUS! IT'S GOTTA BE EITHER TWO PEOPLE OR THREE PEOPLE. HALF A PEOPLE JUST DON'T MAKE SENSE.

MOL: Just the same, dearie...Alice is right. They formed that car pool with six people to save the use of five other cars. If you overload this car, it certainly won't help anything.

ALICE: I'm terribly sorry, Mr. McGee.

FIB: Oh that's okay, kid. I ain't one to push myself in where I'm not wanted. I was merely -

AUTO HORN OFF MIKE:

ALICE: Oh there's my car now. Goodbye, Mr. McGee and Mrs. McGee.

MOL: Goodbye, dear.

FIB: (FAST) Here..here's your tool chest; Alice...I'll pick it up for you....(GRUNTS) OOOH...WHADYEE GOT IN THERE? SLEDGE HAMMERS?

ALICE: No, just my lunch..!

AUTO HORN OFF MIKE:

FIB: JUST YOUR LUNCH...THEN WHY IS IT SO HEAVY? MY GOSH, I... Oh..! here you are. I had my foot on it.

ALICE: I've got to run...goodbye now. I'm sorry we can't take you, Mr. McGee. Personally, I'd just LOVE to drop you off someplace.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: A fine state of how do you do! Guy can't even get a ride downtown. I got plenty of rides during the last war.

MOL: In the last war we didn't have any B-29's using more gas in an hour than an average driver uses in five years. WHY DON'T YOU TAKE THE STREET CAR DOWN TO THE ELKS?

FIB: AND SPEND A NICKEL JUST FOR A LITTLE SHORT TRIP? NO SIR...

FIB: IT'S RECKLESS SPENDING LIKE THAT THAT LEADS TO INFLATION!

FIB: I'LL GET ME A RIDE WITH SOMEBODY. Hand me my magazine, will you?

MOL: What magazine?

FIB: The one on the hall table. The one on Victory Gardening.

MOL: What's the name of it?

FIB: The Weeder's Digest. (MUSIC IN) By George, I'll get me a ride down to the Elks if it takes till....!

ORCH: "SWEETHEART OF ALL MY DREAMS"

APPLAUSE

SECOND SPOT

(REVISED) -10-

SOUND: VACUUM CLEANER:

MOL: (SHOUTS OVER VACUUM SOUND) Move over to the other chair,
McGee. I WANT TO VACUUM WHERE YOU ARE.

FIB: (SHOUTS) WHADJA SAY?

MOL: (LOUDER) I SAID WILL YOU PLEASE MOVE..SO I CAN VACUUM
WHERE YOU ARE?

FIB: (YELLS) CAN'T HEAR YOU.

SOUND: VACUUM SHUT OFF:

MOL: (NORMAL VOICE) I said, will you please move over to the
other chair, so I can vacuum here?

FIB: Oh. Oh sure. (FADE SLIGHTLY) I'll sit over here.

SOUND: VACUUM IN AGAIN

MOL: Thank you.

FIB: WHAT?

MOL: (SHOUTS) I SAID THANK YOU!

FIB: CAN'T HEAR YOU!

SOUND: VACUUM OFF

MOL: (QUIETLY) I said "thank you".

FIB: Oh.

VACUUM ON AGAIN:

FIB: You're welcome.

MOL: (OVER VACUUM) WHAT?

FIB: I SAID "YOUR WELCOME".

MOL: I CAN'T HEAR YOU.

SOUND: VACUUM SHUT OFF:

FIB: I said "you're welcome".

(2ND REVISION) -11-

MOL: Oh. Look, Dearie...this is what I was afraid of when I
suggested you go down to the Elks. I'm getting
housemaid's thumb turning this vacuum cleaner on and off.

FIB: Well, my gosh, I can't --

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: Oh dear...Peek out and see who that is, McGee.

FIB: Okay. (PAUSE) Oh oh. It's Mrs. Carstairs. It's an
informal call, though. She's wearing her dirty old,
last year's emeralds.

MOL: Now be nice to her, McGee. She can't help it if she's
worth several million dollars.

FIB: Oh, I don't hold her money against her. Only thing I
mind is she always looks at me like I just crawled out of
a hole in an apple.

MOL: Well, my goodness --

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

MOL: Well, if this isn't a surprise. GOODDAY, MRS. CARSTAIRS.

CARST: How do you do, Mrs. McGee. So glad to find you at home.

FIB: Hiyah, Carsty. Had a wonderful time at your house the
other night.

CARST: At...er...at my home?

MOL: Yes, at the reception you gave for Leopold Cadenza, the
violinist.

CARST: Oh. Oh yes. To be sure.

MOL: Oh. Look, Dearie...this is what I was afraid of when I suggested you go down to the Elks. I'm getting housemaid's thumb turning this vacuum cleaner on and off.

FIB: Well, my gosh, I can't --

DOOR CHIME

MOL: Oh dear...Peek out and see who that is, McGee.

FIB: Okay. (PAUSE) Oh oh. It's Mrs. Carstairs. It's an informal call, though. She's wearing her dirty old, last year's emeralds.

MOL: Now be nice to her, McGee. She can't help it if she's worth several million dollars.

FIB: Oh, I don't hold her money against her. Only thing I mind is she always looks at me like I just crawled out of a hole in an apple.

MOL: Well, my goodness --

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

MOL: Well, if this isn't a surprise. GOODDAY, MRS. CARSTAIRS.

CARST: How do you do, Mrs. McGee. So glad to find you at home.

FIB: Hiyah, Carsty. Had a wonderful time at your house the other night.

CARST: At...er...at my home?

MOL: Yes, at the reception you gave for Leopold Cadenza, the violinist.

CARST: Oh. Oh yes. To be sure.

MOL: And say--- he certainly can play the violin, Mrs. Carstairs. He can play "Two Guitars" on a fiddle and make it sound like five banjos on a pipe organ!

FIB: Yes, as the old saying goes, it's wonderful what beautiful sounds you can get by pullin' the tail of a horse across the insides of a cat.

CARST: Leopold has a genuine Stradivarius violin, you know, Over three hundred years old.

MOL: Well, my goodness...nobody would ever suspect it. It sounds just as good as a new one!

CARST: Oh, quite. Quite.

FIB: Hey, Carsty, if you're goin' past the Elks Club, I'll bum a ride with you.

CARST: What a perfectly descriptive phrase...under the circumstances. But I regret to say, Mr. McGee...I haven't my own car today. I am driving a station wagon.

FIB: You mean you gotta use the Carstairs car 'cause it's the Carstairs' last car, is that right?
CANDY: I don't like it. That was what I missed, Mr. McGee. I'd, it was put away.

MOL: Well,
CARST: Well what, Mrs. McGee?
FIB: Well, will you give us a lift down to the Elks?

FIB: MY GOSH...REALLY? WHAT PRECINCT? I KNOW THE CAPTAIN AT THE 14TH VERY WELL. IF I GO WITH YOU CAN I RING THE GONG? I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO RIDE IN A--

MOL: She didn't say a PADDY WAGON, McGee...she said a station wagon. You know what a station wagon is. That's a truck that city people buy when they move to the country to show the country people they're from the city.

CARST: Anyway, Mr. McGee, this station wagon is the property of the Red Cross. I just stopped here because it was on my way to headquarters. We are not permitted to use it for anything but official business.

FIB: Oh, that's okay, Carsty. We can make it official. I'll stop in and roll a couple bandages. How would that be?

CARST: Slightly septic, I am afraid.

MOL: This car-saving business is really important, isn't it, Mrs. Carstairs?

CARST: My dear, you have no idea. Automobiles are wearing out at a simply appalling rate. People absolutely MUST use their cars only for necessary driving. Save them in every way possible. Mr. Carstairs and I use our own car very sparingly, I assure you.

FIB: You mean you gotta make the Carstairs car last because its the Carstairs' last car, eh, Carsty?

CARST: I...er...yes. That was neatly phrased, Mr. McGee. Yes, it was put very.

MOL: Well?

CARST: Well what, Mrs. McGee?

FIB: Well, will you give me a lift down to the Elks?

0

CARST: Mr. McGee, I am very sorry. But you remember what Thomas Jefferson said to Alexander Hamilton?

MOL: No - I don't.

CARST: Neither do I. Isn't that irritating? Well, good day, Mrs. McGee.

MOL: Good day, Mrs. Carstairs.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Why that triple-chinned old crumpet! Who does she think she is not givin' me a lift...SHE HAD TIME TO STOP IN HERE ON A SOCIAL CALL, DIDN'T SHE?

MOL: Yes, but that took no extra gas or tires, dearie. And besides, she probably has to stop and pick up some other Red Cross workers.

FIB: SO WHAT?

MOL: Well, rules are rules and if they broke 'em for you, everybody'd be breaking 'em for everybody else.

FIB: WELL, MY GOSH...I'M ENTITLED TO RIDE IN SOMEBODY'S CAR - POOLING OR NO POOLING. LOOK AT THE GAS AND TIRES WE'RE SAVIN' THE GOVERNMENT BY NOT EVEN OWNING A CAR!

MOL: That's a fairly negative hunk of war effort, sweetheart. Oh, well...what was I about to...Oh, yes, I was ...

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

WIL: Hello, folks.

FIB: Oh, hiya, Junior.

MOL: Oh, hello, Mr. Wilcox. Please excuse the looks of things. I'm doing a bit of housecleaning.

FIB: Well, there's your opening, kid, if I ever heard one.

WIL: Whaddye mean, pal?

N

WIL: You don't understand, Pal. If it was my personal car, I'd drive you any place inside of my A coupons. But this car is strictly for commercial purposes. I don't go anywhere that isn't between places of business. Even so, it's wearing out pretty fast.

MOL: Well, it certainly doesn't look it, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: Well, that's the CarNu treatment, Molly. All I do is put Johnson's CarNu on with a clean cloth, wait till it dries and wipe it off. Really brings back that salesroom glitter, doesn't it? CarNu, you know, cleans and polishes in one application.

FIB: Well handsome is as handsome does, I always say, Junior.

FIB: You gonna gimme a lift or not?

WIL: Not I, Much as I'd like to do you a favor, Pal, I'd rather do Eisenhower and MacArthur a favor, just now. Do you realize that the stock pile of new cars is down to what would have been a TWO DAY SUPPLY before the war? Have you heard that there are 23 million cars on the road today and if the number falls to 21 million our transportation troubles will be something horrible?

FIB: MY TRANSPORTATION TROUBLES ARE SOMETHING HORRIBLE RIGHT

FIB: NOW, JUNIOR. GEE WHIZZ, I ---

WIL: Well, I'm really sorry, Pal. I don't want to be stuffy about it, but I won't drive this car ten feet out of its way.

MOL: Of course not...Relax, Mollie.

FIB: Wel...l...l.....

WIL: But what I stopped in for, Molly, was to give you a couple of complimentary tickets to the ice carnival at the stadium next Friday. You like ice skating, as I remember it.

MOL: OH THANK YOU SO MUCH, MR WILCOX...YES, I LOVE ICE SKATING.

FIB: Me too. I was goalie for the Peoria Hot Shots for three seasons. You ever play hockey, Junior?

WIL: DID I PLAY HOCKEY!! WHY ONE WINTER IN OMAHA WHEN I WAS A KID, I SKIPPED SCHOOL THREE DAYS OUT OF FIVE! Well, see you later, friends!

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: He had it a little confused with hookey, didn't he.

FIB: He's got everything confused, including me. Great bunch of friends I got! Wouldn't gimme a ride for three blocks if I was carryin' the San Francisco delegate's piggy back.

MOL: Oh you're just talking McGee. You know as well as anybody how important this car conservation thing is. Nobody's picking on you.

FIB: We...ll..maybe not. But today of all days when I simply GOT TO get down to the Elks.

MOL: What for?

FIB: BECAUSE I...ER...THERE'S A CERTAIN...er...I HAVE TO..... er...WELL, GEE WHIZ, YOU WANTED ME TO GO, DIDN'T YOU?

MOL: Just to get you out from under foot, pet. But it doesn't matter now. Stick around.

FIB: NO SIR! I GOT MY BACK UP NOW. I'M GONNA GO DOWNTOWN IF

MOL: I HAVE TO WALK ON MY HANDS. AND I MAY STAY DOWN FOR DINNER, TOO. WHADDA WE GONNA HAVE FOR DINNER?

(REVISED)

-19-

MOL: I don't know. I'll ask Beulah. Oh Beulah...BEULAH!

DOOR OPEN:

BEULAH: Somebody Bawl fo' Beulah?

FIB: Hiyah, Beulah. Look, I may eat downtown tonight if we haven't got something pretty enticing here.

MOL: What are we having Beulah.

BEULAH: Well, ma'am, I ain't had much time to prepare no luscious repast, but we gonna do all right. If chicken crokays an' cream gravy an' fresh green peas and waldorf salad and bakin' powder biscuits and a deep dish cherry pie was possible to git together I'd do it, but it ain't. So, we is havin' bake beans.

FIB: THAT DOES IT!

MOL: You're staying downtown?

FIB: No I'll be HERE! I LOVE BAKED BEANS. Lotsa molasses, Beulah?

BEULAH: Mist' McGee, suh if them beans had eyebrows they'd be in molasses up to 'em. (LAUGHS)

MOL: We still have half a chocolate cake haven't we, Beulah?

BEULAH: No ma'am. (CHUCKLES) Ira drop in to see me last night, and establish a beach-head on that cake. I hope you don mind?

FIB: Certainly not, Beulah. The way to a man's heart is between his teeth. I hope a taste of that cake convinced him you were a wonderful cook?

BEULAH: Oddly enough, suh...it did.

MOL: What was so odd about it, Beulah?

BEULAH: I didn't bake it, ma'am. You did.

sj

THIRD 5:00

-21-

MOL: Look, McGee, Beulah and I are pretty (REVISED)

MOL: Oh.

FIB: You're engaged to Ira aren't you Beulah?

BEULAH: Not formally suh. He realize befo' he can pop a question he bettah go question poppa. (LAUGHS) Ain't that corny?

MOL: Will your father be in favor of it, Beulah?

BEULAH: Well, ma'am. Poppa he gotta know things. He ask questions. Papa, he an ole newspaper man you know, ~~ma'am~~

FIB: An old newspaper man eh? Retired?

BEULAH: Yassuh. He foun' they wasn't no money in ole newspapers. Anyway, befo' he gonna let Ira marry his lil girl, he gonna be suah Ira in a position to support me in a manneh to which I would deahly love to become accustom'.

MOL: What if he finally says no?

BEULAH: Then us elopes, ma'am.

FIB: Be careful with ^{that} eloping business, Beulah. Don't be hasty. You know the old story. OUT THE WINDOW AND DOWN THE LADDER, AND YOU MIGHT WIND UP IN RENO, NEVADDER!

BEULAH: Out the window and down the ladder and you might wind....

(HEARTY LAUGHS) LOVE THAT MAN!!

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH: "CHOO CHOO POLKA".....KING'S MEN

(APPLAUSE)

FIB: Sure, same as adenoid, only you take 'em out.

MOL: Now that that witty exchange is over, how 'bout you bean.

DOC: Oh fine, Molly. Nothing the matter with me that I beure sleep, and a hundred thousand dollars wouldn't fix.

THIRD SPOT:

(REVISED)

-21-

MOL: Look, McGee...Beulah and I are pretty well along with the house-work now. You don't have to go to the Elks.

FIB: I know I don't. BUT I'M GONNA. THIS THING HAS BECOME A CHALLENGE TO ME. I'D GO DOWN THERE NOW IF ALL THE MEMBERS WERE AFTER ME WITH SAWED-OFF SHOTGUNS. (PAUSE) And come to think of it, some of 'em are. -

MOL: Why?

FIB: Oh just because at one of their luncheons, some practical joker with more time than brains scraped all the meringue off the lemon pies and put shaving cream on 'em. They think it was me that did it.

MOL: That's silly. You'd know better than to do a silly thing like that.

FIB: I do now, anyway. That shaving cream cost me forty cents a .. BUT AS I WAS SAYING...IF NOBODY WILL GIVE ME A LIFT DOWN TO THE ELKS, I'LL BE FORCED TO SIMPLY --

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

MOL: Oh hello Doctor Gamble.

DOC: Hello, Molly. Hello, Gopherpuss.

FIB: Hiyah, Subtractenoid.

DOC: SUBTRACTENOID!

FIB: Sure..same as adenoid, only you take 'em out.

MOL: Now that that witty exchange is over, how have you been, Doctor?

DOC: Oh fine, Molly. Nothing the matter with me that 96 hours sleep, and a hundred thousand dollars wouldn't fix.

G-

(REVISED)

-22-

FIB: Humanity would be better off if you had 96 dollars and went to sleep for a hundred thousand hours.

MOL: Oh, I almost forgot, Doctor. Have you seen your office nurse in the last few hours?

DOC: Miss Bingham? No, why?

FIB: She left some keys here for you. Said you'd forgot' and left 'em on your desk.

MOL: Here they are, Doctor.

SOUND: JINGLE OF KEYS

DOC: Oh thank you very much. I need these. Keys to my office, my locker at the hospital, my house and a couple of other things. Was there any message?

MOL: Well... (EMBARRASSED LAUGH) Wel-lll, yes. There was.

FIB: Tell him, Molly.

DOC: Sure, tell me. Nothing Miss Bingham could say would surprise me. She's disappointed in love - as who isn't?

MOL: Well...all she said, was, "PLEASE GIVE THESE SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPATE."

FIB: By the way, Doc...you goin' downtown from here?

DOC: Yes, I am, sonny. Why?

MOL: Do you go past the Elks Club, Doctor?

DOC: Within five feet of the door, my dear. Close enough so they could reach out and slap me with my long overdue dues.

FIB: Well, look, Doc, mind if I go along with you?

DOC: Not a bit, my boy, not a bit. We can have a very intelligent little chat on the way...if you can manage to keep your ignorant trap shut and let me do the talking.

G-

MOL: WELL AT LAST, MCGEE!...YOU FINALLY DID IT?

FIB: I sure did, didn't I? COME ON, DOC..LET'S GET GOIN'. I GOTTA GET DOWN TO THE ELKS. Got a big billiard game lined up.

DOC: Oh fine. I hope there's no money riding on it. With a billiard cue you're as clumsy as a cub bear with ninety feet of barbed wire.

MOL: I always heard he played a pret-ty good game of billiards Doctor.

DOC: From whom did you hear that?

MOL: From him.

FIB: I CAN PLAY THE PANTS OFF YOU, ARROWSMITH! I'VE SEEN YOU PLAY AND YOU COULDN'T HIT THREE CUSHIONS IF YOU WERE LAYIN' ON A SOFA WITH A TENNIS RACKET.

DOC: Listen to the poor man's Willie Hoppe! WHY I'VE ---

MOL: Look, boys. I don't like to break up what looks like the beginning of a beautiful enmity, but if you're going to be back for dinner, McGee, you'd better get going.

FIB: Yeah...I guess I better had at that. Come on, DOC.

DOC: All right.

MOL: Good day, Doctor. Hurry back, dearie.

FIB: Okay. I'll split my winnings with you.

DOC: Don't count your chickens before you lay your egg , Bantam. Bye, Molly.

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE: FOOTSTEPS OFF PORCH ON SIDEWALK, SUSTAIN.

FIB: I sure appreciate this, Doc.

DOC: Appreciate what?

FIB: You're takin' me as far as the Elks.

DOC: I've a reason for it, buddy. If people can see me on good terms with one of my patients, it'll quiet a lot of nasty rumors.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS. SUSTAIN

FIB: You're the first person I met today that acted human.

DOC: It's a great act, isn't it? Sometimes I wonder how I do it. Without make-up too.

FIB: What I mean is, I been gettin' the brushoff all day. Pushed around like a set of checkers.

DOC: Too bad.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS, SUSTAIN

FIB: Boy, you sure parked a long way from the house, Doc.

DOC: I did indeed!

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS: SUSTAIN

FIB: My gosh...where IS your car?

DOC: In front of the Elks.

FOOTSTEPS OUT:

FIB: WHAT? IN FRONT OF THE -- Oh this is ridiculous!!

ORCH: "I HOPE TO DIE" ... FADE FOR:

WIL: When you meet an old friend, you give him a friendly smile and a handclasp. Have you ever stopped to think that a friend's first glimpse of your home is like that first friendly smile? That's why colorful linoleum, kept beautifully polished with Johnson's GLO-COAT, is so appropriate in your front entrance hall or outside vestibule. With GLO-COAT you can keep all your linoleum surfaces glistening with a minimum of work. From the letters of praise, that I see myself, I know that GLO-COAT has outstanding popularity the world over. It is recommended by linoleum manufacturers themselves. GLO-COAT needs no rubbing or buffing, takes practically no work from you. Simply apply and let dry, and come back in 20 minutes to find your floors smiling at you. Regular care with Johnson's Self-Polishing GLO-COAT adds greatly to the life of your linoleum. Use it on ~~your~~ asphalt or rubber tile, and finished wood floors, too.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC: FADE FOR:

FIB: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN - TODAY THERE ARE MORE THAN TWO MILLION AMERICAN-MADE MILITARY VEHICLES RUNNING ON AMERICAN-MADE RUBBER TIRES. AND MOSTLY THEY DON'T RUN ON MODERN CONCRETE HIGHWAYS. THEY RUN IN RUTS AND OVER ROCKS, THRU FORESTS AND ACROSS THE RUINS OF TOWNS AND CITIES. THREE OUT OF FIVE OF THOSE TIRES DON'T WEAR OUT...THEY'RE CUT TO PIECES.

MOL: That's one of the many reasons we have to conserve tires.

FIB: AND THE NEEDS OF OUR ARMED FORCES FOR GASOLINE IS TREMENDOUS. 25 MILLION GALLONS A DAY!

MOL: Which is why we have to use as little gasoline as possible here at home.

FIB: SO POOL YOUR CAR WHEREVER POSSIBLE! THE KIND OF CAR POOLING THAT MEANS SOMETHING IS WHERE MEMBERS ROTATE THE USE OF THEIR CARS AND RIDE TOGETHER. SEE IF YOU CAN'T ADJUST YOUR NECESSARY TRAVELING TO CAR POOLING.

MOL: Our fighting forces are getting places by smart planning. So can we.

FIB: Goodnight.

MOL: Good night, 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)