

WRITERS: Don Quinn
Phil Leslie

(REVISED) #31

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY

Johnson's Wax

6:30 - 7:00 PM

NBC

May 1, 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: "BOJANGLES OF HARLEM" - FADE FOR:

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WIL: I haven't talked to you for a long time about your automobile -- do you mind if I offer a suggestion? You can't change an old car into a new one simply by changing its appearance -- you know that as well as I. And, of course, the tires and engine are more important than the finish. But believe me, with very little effort and money you can make a tremendous difference in the looks of your car -- and in your satisfaction in driving it. You can do this easily with JOHNSON'S CARNU, the popular polish that does an amazing cleaning job without injuring the finish -- removes the dirt and dullness of winter without hard work. CARNU is a liquid -- you apply it and let it dry to a powder, wipe it off. The result is something you'll just have to experience yourself to believe. If I were you, I would buy a package of JOHNSON'S CARNU and clean and polish my car this week. You won't regret it. It's spelled C-A-R-N-U -- JOHNSON'S CARNU.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH

(APPLAUSE)

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
5/1/45

WILCOX: THE WISTFUL VISTA POST OFFICE SERVES A VARIETY OF PEOPLE AND PURPOSES. SOME GO THERE TO FILL FOUNTAIN PENS; SOME TO READ THE POSTERS ON THE WALL; SOME TO MAIL LETTERS. AND SOME ... FANTASTIC AS IT MAY SEEM ... GO TO THE POST OFFICE TO BUY POSTAGE STAMPS. LIKE ----

----- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY

APPLAUSE:

MOL: Did you get your stamps, McGee?

FIB: Get 'em in a minute, Molly. I'm busy reading these posters. LOOK AT 'EM! "WANTED FOR MURDER" ... "WANTED FOR COUNTERFEITING!" ... "WANTED FOR KIDNAPPING" ... "WANTED FOR ROBBERY!"

MOL: My goodness!!! Look at the one on the left there. Torpedo Gronski. He'd make a lovely calendar for some exterminating company.

FIB: I haven't seen so many hot muggs since the barber shop caught fire.

MOL: Well, let's get on home, dearie. I've got to ---

FIB: Wait a minute. I wanna look at the rest of these pictures. These crooks fascinate me. Look at this one, for instance. SIX THOUSAND BUCKS REWARD! Wanted in 12 states.

MOL: I take back what I've always said, McGee.

FIB: What have you always said?

MOL: That it was a nice, warm feeling to know that you were really wanted.

FIB: Well, they really want this guy. For murder, arson, robbery, stealing ~~and~~ startin' fires and picket pocking.

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MOL: Picket pocking! Don't you mean pocket picking?

FIB: No, picket pocking. He busted up a union meeting with a shotgun. BOY, I'D LIKE TO LAY ~~MY~~ HANDS ON THAT GUY! SIX THOUSAND BUCKS REWARD!

MOL: Now now now...take it easy, Dick Tracy. In the first place this crook ... what's his name?

FIB: Briefcase Bronson. On account of he always carries a couple guns in a briefcase.

MOL: Well, he certainly looks harmless. He looks like a schoolteacher.

FIB: Don't let the glasses fool you, baby! That bozo is as heartless as restaurant celery. Wait just a minute till I memorize his description. (TO HIMSELF) Mild blue eyes.. light brown hair, slightly bald...neatly dressed...mole on left hip...

MOL: That's a big help. Mole on left hip. How on earth could you...OH OH...Look who's coming across the lobby, McGee. Mrs. Carstairs!

FIB: Huh? Oh my gosh. What's she doing in the postoffice? Don't she realize she might have to rub shoulders, to say the least, with the common riff raff?

MOL: For the taxes she pays, dearie, they ought to carry her back and forth in a fur-lined mail sack. They say she... OH HOW DO YOU DO, MRS. CARSTAIRS!

CARST: (FADE IN) How do you do, Mrs. McGee. What a pleasant surprise meeting you.

FIB: Hyah, Carsty.

CARST: Oh how do you do, Mr. McGee. What a pleasant...er...my isn't this a busy place!

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MOL: It really is, Mrs. Carstairs. Fascinating. My husband and I spent 22 hours in here one day.

CARST: 22 HOURS!!! How frightfully boring.

FIB: Painful, too. I had my hand caught in a mail slot. Tried to get my letter back when I remembered I didn't have a stamp on it.

MOL: You come down to mail a letter, Mrs. Carstairs?

CARST: No, my dear. I came down here to issue a protest. I definitely do NOT like the new three-cent stamps.

FIB: Oh that's too bad, Carsty. What's your objection? The glue on 'em taste like glue?

CARST: I object to the color, Mr. McGee. That horrible magenta. For YEARS I have been using a pale blue stationery and the combination of pale blue and magenta is simply revolting.

MOL: And so are you.

CARST: I BEG YOUR PARDON?

MOL: (HASTILY) I mean..you..you're revolting against the color of the stamps.

CARST: Oh oh yes. I see what I hope you mean.

FIB: Well, it looks like you got the government in a nasty corner, Carsty. They certainly can't ask you to change the color of your stationery.

CARST: Indeed not. In fact, Mr. McGee...I think I shall suggest that they issue a three-cent stamp in a cerulean, or Copenhagen blue...perhaps with your picture on it.

FIB: Well gee...thanks! That's pretty flattering, Carsty.

(2ND REVISION) -8, 9, 10-

MOL: I thought they never used pictures of living people on stamps.

CARST: That is..correct. Well I must be going - Good day.

MOL: Good day, Mrs. Carstairs.

FIB: Now there's a tomato that don't even KNOW she's a tomato. And no amount of mayonnaise would convince her.

MOL: I think she's nice, McGee. You seem to have a gift for antagonizing her. Come on, let's go home.

FIB: Okay, and I hope we meet Briefcase Bronson on the way. Six thousand bucks would come in awful handy with --

CLERK: (OFF MIKE) OH MR. MCGEE....DON'T FORGET YOUR STAMPS!!!

FIB: Oh my gosh...I almost did. Thanks, Benny. These mine?

CLERK: Yes, those are yours. You're sure you'll need all those?

MOL: Oh yes, we can use them all.

FIB: How much I owe you, bud?

CLERK: Nine cents.

MOL: Here you are. Come on, McGee.

FIB: Okay. (TO HIMSELF) Mild blue eyes...light brown hair.. slightly bald...neatly dressed...mole on left hip.... talks with a.....

ORCH: "EVALINA"

APPLAUSE:

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SECOND SPOT

MOL: (OFF) Oh, McGee...where are you?

FIB: Right here...in the living room.

MOL: (FADE IN) What are you doing?

FIB: Tryin' to get WWIS on the radio.

MOL: Having trouble with it?

FIB: Yeah...a little.

MOL: How?

FIB: Can't find the radio.

MOL: Can't find the-- Oh, silly...you threw your topcoat over it. On the table there.

FIB: Eh? Oh, yes...

SOUND: CLICK OF RADIO TURNED ON:

MOL: See if you can get Walter Winchell.

FIB: Winchell was on Sunday, we're a little late.

MOL: I know, but when we bought this radio they said it was a late model. So maybe --

FIB: SHHH!...LISTEN!!

SLIGHT RADIO SQUEAL INTO FILTER VOICE:

FILTER VOICE: ...and Mayor Carl O. Treible of Peoria, Illinois, who takes office tonight, announces that Peoria, starting today, will be a regular stop on the American Airlines. Peoria, as you probably know, is the birthplace of that famous and much-loved radio comedy team --

FIB: Oh boy!

FILTER: -- Amos...'n' Andy.

MOL: Oh.

G-

FILTER VOICE: AND NOW FOR THE LOCAL NEWS, AS TIME WILL ALLOW.

WISTFUL VISTA POLICE ARE ON THE ALERT TODAY FOR THE NOTORIOUS BRIEFCASE BRONSON, BANK ROBBER, CONFIDENCE MAN, AND MURDERER, WHO ESCAPED FROM THE CUSTODY OF DEPUTY SHERIFF'S LATE YESTERDAY. AUTHORITIES HAVE...

SOUND: CLICK OF RADIO OFF

FIB: What'd I tell you, Molly? Briefcase Bronson is still on the loose! AND SIX THOUSAND BUCKS ON HIS HEAD!

MOL: Get that greedy look out of your eyes, dearie. Let the police catch him. That's what we pay taxes for.

FIB: The cops in this town couldn't catch a stalled bus on a dead-end street! I'LL CALL 'EM UP AND OFFER TO HANDLE THIS END OF TOWN FOR 'EM. I'LL GET A FEW GUYS TOGETHER AND DRAG OUT THE THROW NET.

MOL: Throw out the drag net.

FIB: Sure! I'll take Uncle Sycamor's old six shooter, and if Briefcase Bronson pulls a gun on me, I'll fill him so full o' lead they'll have to embalm him in a smelter.

MOL: Now just a minute, dearie -

FIB: I'LL BLAST HIM DOWN, THAT'S WHAT I'LL DO! I'LL WALK RIGHT UP TO HIM AND I'LL SAY, QUIET AND DEADLY, I'LL SAY, "OKAY BRONSON. IT'S CURTAINS THIS TIME! THEN HE'LL GO FOR HIS ROD, AND --

MOL: What for...to hang the curtains?

FIB: HE'LL GO FOR HIS GUN. I BEAT HIM TO THE DRAW! HE SEES I GOT HIM! HE'S YELLOW! HE DROPS HIS GUN! I STOOP TO PICK IT UP! HE HITS ME ON THE HEAD AND KNOCKS ME OUT!
(PAUSE) Hey - that didn't work out very good, did it?

MOL: And while you lie there, more unconscious than usual, Bronson disguises himself as a bottle of mint sauce and takes it on the lamb.

FIB: Well, if the police department gimme a free hand, I --

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

MOL: Oh hello, Doctor Gamble.

DOC: Hello, Molly. And how are you today, Slumpseat?

FIB: Hiyah, Stork-chaser. I'M as well as a man could be who has a family doctor who took his degree at the stockyards.

MOL: Don't be insulting, McGee. Doctor Gamble is considered one of the best diagnosticians in the country.

FIB: In the country that's quite possible. Anybody can diagnose a bee-sting.

DOC: And you're just the kind of a simpleton who gets stung by a bee and then runs out and slaps a handful of mud on it.

MOL: I've heard that was very good for bee stings, doctor.

DOC: So have I.

FIB: Well ... is it, or ain't it?

DOC: Frankly, Troutface, I wouldn't know. The Chinese used fruit-mold poultices for a thousand years, but now we call it penicillin and write articles about it. Savages have been dunking themselves in hot mudholes since time began, but we're educated. We call it hydro-therapy. Very discouraging.

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MOL: Well, I'd suggest you don't carry anything very valuable when you make your calls, Doctor.

FIB: Briefcase Bronson is hidin' out in Wistful Vista Doc. I'M gonna see if I can nail him and collect the six thousand bucks reward.

DOC: Look, my boy ... I've got enough trouble keeping you on your feet without having to plug up a lot of leaks in your baggy frame caused by standing too close to a public enemy with a .45.

FIB: OH, I CAN TAKE CARE OF MYSELF.

DOC: Yes, you're in fine condition to go chasing gangsters. You wouldn't last two rounds with a revolving door.

MOL: He's got a great big pistol that belonged to his Uncle Sycamore, Doctor. (PROUDLY) And he knows where the trigger is without even looking.

FIB: I'M pretty fast on the draw, too, Doc. Watch this ... suppose I was packin' a gun ... guy makes a false move and I whip my hand back like this ... (GRUNTS) Hey ... get me loose, will you, Molly?

DOC: What's the matter with him?

MOL: He got his thumb caught in his belt. There you are, dearie.

FIB: Thanks.

DOC: And this is the Little Fumble-fist who's going after Briefcase Bronson? The way you stick your neck out, buddy, you'd give a giraffe a terrible inferiority complex.

FIB: DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME, FATSO! YOU GO PEDDLE YOUR PALE PILLS TO PINK PEOPLE. I'LL DO THE BANDIT CATCHING.

DOC: You probably will. When he see you gumshoeing after him he'll fall down laughing and you can jump on his stomach. Well, I'll be at my office pretty late tonight, if you need me for anything, like sayyy, sewing your ears back on. So long now.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: SOOOO, NOBODY THINKS I CAN CATCH BRIEFCASE BRONSON, DOES HE? I'LL SHOW 'EM. I'M GONNA CALL THE POLICE RIGHT NOW AND GET DEPUTIZED. Hand me the phone.

MOL: Here.

FIB: Thanks. (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR? GIMME THE WISTFUL VISTA POLICE DEPART ... eh. OH IS THAT YOU, MYRT?

MOL: Oh dear ...

FIB: HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING, MYRT? TIS EH? WHAT SAY, MYRT? YOUR GRANDMOTHER? GOT A SOCK IN THE WHAT? OH, THAT'S TOO BAD, MYRT!

MOL: Who on earth would hit an old lady, McGee?

FIB: Nobody hit any old lady. Her grandmother got a sock in the hinge of her sewing basket. Tore a big hole in the heel. WHAT SAY, MYRT? OKAY...I'LL CALL LATER. (RECEIVER UP) Police don't answer, They're probably draggin' out the throw net for Bronson.

MOL: IT'S THROWING OUT THE DRAGNET!

FIB: Oh yes. Well, anyway --

DOOR OPEN:

WIL: Hello, folks. WHAT'S new?

FIB: YOU MEAN YOU HAVEN'T HEARD, JUNIOR?

WIL: Heard what?

MOL: About Briefcase Bronson?

WIL: Who's he?

MOL: Who's he? Don't you ever listen to the radio?

WIL: You mean the one in my car?

FIB: Yes.

WIL: I haven't got a radio in my car.

MOL: WELL FOR GOODNESS SAKES, MR. WILCOX...HAVEN'T YOU HEARD ABOUT BRIEFCASE BRONSON, THE DESPARADO WHO IS SOMEWHERE IN WISTFUL VISTA?

WIL: Gee...no. What's he doing here?

FIB: He's on the lam, junior. AND THERE'S SIX THOUSAND BUCKS REWARD FOR HIM AND I'M JUST THE GUY THAT WOULD LIKE TO GLOM ONTO IT.

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WIL: Well, believe me, pal, he'll be awfully hard to track down in this town.

MOL: Why, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Well, look...if he's hot, he won't dare go to hotels or restaurants.

FIB: N-no...

WIL: He'll have to eat someplace, won't he?

MOL: Yes...I suppose so.

WIL: So what's the answer? He'll have to break into houses for food. That's why he'll be so hard to track down.

FIB: I got a nasty feeling that I'm lowering my guard, Junior, but WHY WILL HE BE SO HARD TO TRACK DOWN?

WIL: Because Johnson's self-polishing Gloccoat is very popular in this town. And any tracks he leaves in Wistful Vista kitchens will be wiped off the linoleum so fast by proud housewives there won't be any trace of him. You KNOW how ^{Molly,} ~~easy~~ a Gloccoated floor is to keep clean, ~~well,~~

MOL: Yes...yes, I do, Mr. Wilcox. But after all --

WIL: YOU SEE, AT THIS PARTICULAR SEASON, WITH MUD AND RAIN SO OFTEN TRACKED ONTO KITCHEN FLOORS, PRACTICALLY ALL SMART HOUSEWIVES ARE PROTECTING AND PRESERVING AND BEAUTIFYING THEIR KITCHEN LINOLEUM WITH JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT.

FIB: Yeah, but look --

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WIL: AND, THE MINUTE THEY SEE A MUDDY FOOTPRINT, OR A SPOT OF SOMETHING SPILLED, THEY GRAB A DAMP CLOTH, AND PRESTO! OFF IT COMES! AND KNOWING HOW EASY GLOCOAT IS TO APPLY AND HOW IT SHINES AS IT DRES, WHY...ONE HOUSEWIFE TELLS ANOTHER, AND SHE SPREADS THE GOOD WORD...AND THAT'S WHY ALMOST EVERY HOME IN THIS TOWN USES GLOCOAT. Well, I gotta go.

MOL: So soon, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Yeah...I'm gonna get sworn in as a special cop and go after that six thousand reward.

FIB: NOW JUST A DARN MINUTE THERE, JUNIOR! YOU'RE MUSCLING IN ON MY TERRITORY! THIS WAS MY IDEA.

WIL: Yeah, but my uncle is on the Police Force. Big Tony Wilcox. I gotta drag and you haven't. However, if you catch him and I don't, I'll split the reward with you.

FIB: Well, that's better. SHAKE!

WIL: Okay! See you later, pal. So long, Molly.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: That was quite a deal you put over there, pal.

FIB: Oh, Waxey is a pretty decent guy. This way, if I catch Bronson and he doesn't, I still get three thous--- HEY, WAIT A MINUTE! WAS THAT THE DEAL?

MOL: It was. And a prettier piece of finnagling I haven't seen since my cousin Clancy paid five hundred dollars for the exclusive rights to shoot whales in Lake Erie. Well, I'm going out to help Beulah with dinner, McGee. (FADE) And don't go bandit hunting without telling me...

FIB: OKAY. Ahhhh, there goes a good kid. She knows that as a deputy sherrif I got more chance of bein' swore at than swore in. If this Bronson was---

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN..CLOSE:

TEE: Hi, Mister.

FIB: Oh hello there Teeny, Coma tally voo?

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: That's French for how's everything?

TEE: Oh. Hey, mister...Can I borrow some salt? I wanna sprinkle my victory garden.

FIB: Sprinkle your garden with salt? What th---what are you raising?

TEE: Peanuts.

FIB: Oh, Goobers, eh? Well, I hope you're not gonna work in a garden wearin' that pretty white dress are you?

TEE: Sure. All the gardening magazines have ladies in 'em all dressed up with gloves on and stuff.

FIB: That was just for the photographers sis. Minute the photographers leave them women run in the house and get into some run-down shoes. And a pair of slacks that make 'em look like they'd been put in 'em with a bicycle pump.

TEE: Well gee, what difference does it make what you wear, mister?

FIB: Plenty sis. You gotta dress for different occasions. And I speak as an authority.

TEE: Gee, honest?

FIB: Yes sir. I always been known for my taste and judgement in clothes. Why even when I worked in a sawmill up in Oregon I was known as the biggest dude in the mill.
MILL DUDE MCGEE I WAS KNOWED AS IN THEM DAYS!

TEE: (GIGGLES)

FIB: MILL DUDE MCGEE, A MAGNIFICENT MASS OF MASCULINE MUSCLE, MESMERIZING MOONSTRUCK MAIDENS FROM MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA TO MISSOULA, MONTANA IN MY MADE-TO-MEASURE MOLESKIN MACKINAW, WITH MATCHING MOCCASINS, MAROON MITTENS AND MAGENTA MUFFLER. MENTIONED MOST EVERY MONTH IN MANY OF THE MEN'S MAGAZINES AS THE MIRROR AND MODEL FOR MALE MILLINERY MERCHANTS, METICULOUS MATERIAL MANUFACTURERS AND MISCELLANEOUS MEMBERS OF THE METROPOLITAN MOB. A MERRY MODEST MUG...but've you got a question, sis?

TEE: No, but I'm gonna scam if you're goin' on like this.

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH: "MARTINS AND THE COYS" - KING'S MEN

(APPLAUSE)

FIB: Hey, Molly..I was just listening to the radio, and they think Briefcase Bronson is holed up in the old carbarn.

MOL: Really?

FIB: Yeah...they're searching the amusement park now.

MOL: Why are they searching the amusement park if they think he's in the old carbarn?

FIB: WHAT DO YOU WANT 'EM TO DO..GET SHOT? I think I'll drop down to the police station right after dinner and ...

HEY, WHEN IS DINNER?

MOL: Almost any time now. I'll ask Beulah. OH BEULAH,,BEULAH!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

BEUL: Somebody bawl fo' Beulah?

FIB: Yeah, when'll dinner be ready, Beulah?

BEUL: Well, suh, if you don' mine my sayin' so, if you had let Beulah select the pot roas' fo' tonight, dinmah would have been ready several minutes hitherto. Howevah, that beef you pick out, Mist' McGee, musta been a tired ole bull when the Indians give General Custer that last scalp treatment.

MOL: Tough, is it, Beulah?

BUEL: TOUGH! (LAUGHS) Ma'am you got no idea. I soaks it in vinegar. I slaps the be-jackson out of it wiff a rollin' pin....I boils it fo' three hours and it been roastin' for five hours. An' I still feel like a toreador when I sticks a fork into it!

FIB: That's odd, Beulah. I picked that piece of beef out myself. The butcher says I was a chump to take it, but I figgered he was tryin' to save it for a special customer.

BEUL: He ain' gonna make no friends and influence no people sellin' 'em stuff like that. It was a shame to butcher a steer lak that. Still had ten thousand miles left in him. (LAUGHS)

MOL: Well, it will probably make good hash tomorrow, Beulah.

BEUL: Yeas ma'am..iffen we kin git Mist' Charles Atlas oveh heah to turn the meat grinder.

MOL: Is it really that bad, Beulah?

BEUL: Ma'am, I swear on a stack o' ration books, I have neveh see a pot roast like it. The potatoes and carrots and onions I was cookin' wif it has long since been mush. But that meat still soakin' in that red hot water like it was just' relaxin' in a warm bath.

FIB: This is probably a cut off the cow that jumped over the moon, Beulah. All muscles.

BEUL: (LAUGHS) Cow that jump oveh the moon he was juat layin' back waitin' for me with that one... (LAUGHS HEARTILY)
LOVE THAT MAN!

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: I think I'd better go out and take a look at that potroast myself, McGee.

FIB: Okay. I'll see if I can find Uncle Sycamore's old pistol. So if I get ~~scout~~ ^{deputized by} the police, I'll be all set.

MOL: Well, be careful.

DOOR OPEN..CLOSE:

FIB: Be careful, she says! As if I didn't know how to handle guns. Why my father gave me a .22 rifle when I was 13. And bullets for it when I was 25. Gee whizz, I -

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

MAN: Good evening.

FIB: Hiyah, bud. What's on your mind? If you got magazines in that briefcase, I warn you that we don't want to subscri... (PAUSE) BRIEFCASE!! OH MY GOSH!! YOU MUST BE.. OH NO!!!

MAN: (LAUGHS QUIETLY) Yes...I'm afraid I am. I wondered if you'd know.

FIB: (TO HIMSELF) Neatly dressed...brown hair...slightly bald.. mild blue eyes...HEY, DID YOU EVER DO ANYTHING ABOUT THAT MOLE ON YOUR LEFT HIP, BRIEFCASE?

MAN: Oh now let's not get personal, my friend. Do you mind if I sit down, before we get to business?

FIB: Sure..sure..sure..sit down (LAUGHS NERVOUSLY) Excuse me a minute.

MAN: (SHARPLY) WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

FIB: Why....er...I thought I'd get a drink of telephone. I mean I gotta call a glass of wat...er...see about a...

MAN: OH SIT DOWN....this won't take long.

FIB: Oh...Okay...but take it easy, will you Briefcase? I...I don't care so much for myself...but my wife....she's in the kitchen and--

MAN: (QUIETLY SINISTER) It's her I was thinking about, friend. Tell me...if anything should happen to you...is she... provided for?

FIB: Yeah, but...but, but...is something gonna happen..to me?

MAN: (LAUGHS SOFTLY) Ahhh, one never knows, does one? Life is so uncertain. Accidents...holdups...tell me, do you carry much money with you, usually?

FIB: Well, no, I...er....I...

MAN: What I mean is...suppose for instance you were hold up. You didn't have enough money with you...thus angering the holdup man. He might shoot you down like a dog.

FIB: Don't you...I mean don't this holdup man...like dogs?

MAN: (LAUGHS) That's irrelevant, my friend. Now I have here in my briefcase a--

FIB: I KNOW DARN WELL WHAT YOU GOT IN THE BRIEFCASE! BRIEFCASE! ...AND I DON'T WANNA SEE 'EM. NOW GET OUTTA HERE WILL YOU?

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MAN: (QUIETLY SINISTER) It's her I was thinking about, friend. Tell me...if anything should happen to you...is she... provided for?

FIB: Yeah, but...but, but...is something gonna happen..to me?

MAN: (LAUGHS SOFTLY) Ahhh, one never knows, does one? Life is so uncertain. Accidents...holdups...tell me, do you carry much money with you, usually?

FIB: Well, no, I...er....I...

MAN: What I mean is...suppose for instance you were hold up. You didn't have enough money with you...thus angering the holdup man. He might shoot you down like a dog.

FIB: Don't you...I mean don't this holdup man...like dogs?

MAN: (LAUGHS) That's irrelevant, my friend. Now I have here in my briefcase a--

FIB: I KNOW DARN WELL WHAT YOU GOT IN THE BRIEFCASE! BRIEFCASE!
....AND I DON'T WANNA SEE 'EM. NOW GET OUTTA HERE WILL YOU?

(2ND REVISION) -27-

MAN: You don't think much of your life do you?
FIB: OH PLEASE, BUD...YOU WOULDN'T ACTUALLY...I MEAN...WELL...
..WOULD YOU?

MAN: Well.....(LAUGHS) That's what I came here for, but
suppose I give you a chance to think it over? But
remember....I'll....be....back.

FIB: SURE SURE SURE.....COME BACK ANY TIME...ANY TIME AT
ALL.....JUST GET OUTA HERE NOW. THAT'S ALL I WANT.

(REVISED) -28-

MAN: Very well. I'm sorry you feel that way about it. How do
I get out of here...this door here?

FIB: Sure, right through-- NO NO...TAKE THAT DOOR THERE.
THAT'S IT. THAT'S THE ONE!

MAN: Thank you. Now remember, think this over...I think you'll
see the wisdom of doing business with me.

FIB: OH I'M SURE I WILL, BRIEFCASE...I'M SURE I WILL...SO LONG.

MAN: 'SO LONG.

DOOR OPEN: TERRIFIC AVALANCHE OF JUNK: BELL TINKLE:

(PAUSE)

FIB: Oh boy...that moosehead knocked him cold...I GOT HIM! I
GOT HIM! HEY, MOLLY...MOLLY, COME HERE...QUICK!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: (FADE IN) What on earth are you yelling about, McGee...
AND WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO MISTER DAVIS?

FIB: I LET HIM OPEN THE CLOSET DOOR AND THAT MOOSEHEAD KNOCKED
HIM COLD. GET THE POLICE! GET THE-- (PAUSE) WHO?

MOL: Mr. Davis. The new insurance man. ^{FIB: INSURANCE MAN?} He always calls on
Tuesday to collect our thirty-five cents premium.

FIB: Oh my gosh...then this isn't-- ~~ohhh~~

MAN: (MOANS) OHHHHH...OH...MY ARM....

MOL: Mr. Davis...MR. DAVIS...I'M TERRIBLY SORRY...ARE YOU HURT?

MAN: My arm...I think it's broken...

FIB: Gee whizz, bud, I wouldn't have had this happen for the
world. It was all a mistake...you sure that arm is busted?

MAN: Yes...I'm sure...(GROANS) And me with no insurance...

MOL: Oh...this is ridiculous!

ORCH: "SOMEDAY, SOMEWHERE" - FADE FOR:

(REVISED) -28-

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h no insurance...

-29-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WIL: If you're going to do a little spring housecleaning, I'd like to offer you a suggestion, one I'm sure you'll welcome. Undoubtedly you'll be cleaning and polishing your furniture and woodwork, and I'm very anxious for you to try JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX for this purpose. CREAM WAX is a very special product, developed just for furniture and woodwork. It contains several cleansing ingredients so that it really does an amazing job of cleaning. You'll appreciate this the first time you use CREAM WAX on light painted woodwork, or on your white refrigerator. Dirt, fingerprints and smudges disappear in a flash. Then, with a minimum of rubbing, the surface takes on a beautiful lustrous polish that is easy to keep clean. JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX leaves a tough film of wax that protects the surface. Your dining room table top and sideboard will take on new beauty when you protect them with JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX, the new white WAX polish. Try a bottle, I know you'll like it.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC: FADE FOR:

WRITERS: Don Quinn
Phil Leslie

6:30 - 7:00 PM

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