

WRITERS: Don Quinn
Phil Leslie

(REVISED) #36

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY

Johnson's Wax

6:30 - 7:00 PM

June 5, 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: "BEST THINGS IN LIFE ARE FREE" - FADE FOR:

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: If you've ever thought, "Why should I go to the trouble of cleaning and polishing my car?", I'd like to suggest that it seems to be a matter both of good business and of personal pride. It's good business to protect the paint job from injury by removing destructive road grime and dirt, thus increasing the trade-in value of your car. And on that subject of personal pride, the impression your car makes on your friends and associates ---the impression it makes on you yourself, can be very important. So give your car an occasional beauty treatment with JOHNSON'S CARNU, the popular auto polish that both cleans and polishes with one application. CARNU is so easy to use, you'll gladly do the job yourself. It's a liquid, that dries on application to a white powder. Wipe off this powder, and there's that beautiful finish you'd almost forgotten. CARNU is unchanged -- your dealer has it. Ask for JOHNSON'S CARNU -- spelled C-A-R-N-U.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH
(APPLAUSE)

WILCOX: ANY TIME YOU PASS 79 WISTFUL VISTA AND HEAR THE WINDOWS RATTLING SLIGHTLY...AND A LOW, NASTY MURMUR COMING OUT UNDER THE DOOR, YOU'LL KNOW THE SQUIRE HAS RECEIVED HIS MONTHLY BANK STATEMENT. AND HERE HE IS, RAPIDLY LOSING HIS EQUILIBRIUM WHILE TRYING TO FIND HIS BALANCE WHILE HIS WIFE DOES HER BEST TO DROWN HIM OUT. AS WE MEET --
---- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE

FIB: Those dirty double-crossing, pocket-picking book jugglers! YOU KNOW WHAT THE 4TH NATIONAL BANK DONE TO ME THIS MONTH, MOLLY?

MOL: (SLIGHTLY OFF MIKE) I can't imagine, dearie...(THUDS)

FIB: (YELLS) THEY FIGURED MY BALANCE EXACTLY THE SAME AS I FIGURED IT! NOW I DON'T KNOW WHERE I AM! I GOT NOthin' TO GO ON.

SOUND: RATTLE CLUMP BANG:

FIB: Hey, can't you do that a little quieter, Molly?

MOL: I'm sorry, dearie.

FIB: I'm trying very hard to concentrate on this statement, and that noise is very distracting. Very.

MOL: (COMING IN) If your figures agree with the bank's, what is there to concentrate on?

FIB: AHHHHH, THAT'S JUST THE POINT! ANYTIME THEY AGREE WITH ME, THEY GOTTA BE WRONG. THEY KNOW DARN WELL (PAUSE) Hey...What you doing with my woodburning outfit?

MOL: Is that what this is?

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FIB: CERTAINLY THAT'S WHAT THAT IS! Don't you remember that spool rack I made for you with all the design I burned on it with that? You said it was the prettiest spool rack with that particular design on it you ever saw!

MOL: Oh yes...OF COURSE. Well, as long as I was cleaning out the hall closet I merely thought I'd put things away.

FIB: Well, be very careful with stuff like my woodburning outfit. One of these days that fad will come back and...
(PAUSE) YOU'RE WHAT?

MOL: I'M cleaning out the hall closet. Mrs. Carstairs is coming for tea this afternoon and I don't want her to wind up under an avalanche of moose heads, mandolins and fishpoles.

FIB: HEY NOW, WAIT A MINUTE, KIDDO! IF ANYBODY'S GONNA CLEAN OUT THAT CLOSET, IT'LL BE ME! I got a lotta valuable stuff in there. HEY! WHAT DID YOU DO WITH MY STAMP COLLECTION?

MOL: Heavenly days..did you have a stamp collection in there?

FIB: (INDIGNANTLY) Did I have a stamp collection in there she says!

MOL: She said that.

FIB: DIDN'T YOU SEE A LITTLE CELLULOID ENVELOPE WITH A THREE CENT STAMP IN IT THAT THE CANCELLATION WAS UPSIDE DOWN ON IT?

MOL: You had a collection of one three cent stamp?

FIB: Well, it was the nucleus of a collection. Guy's gotta start someplace. YOU BETTER LET ME CLEAN OUT THAT CLOSET. Though, frankly, I don't think Carstairs coming to tea is a very good reason for it.

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(2ND REVISION) 6 & 7

MOL: Do you want her to think you married a bad housekeeper?

FIB: What that old gooseberry thinks is frantically unimportant to me, tootsie.

MOL: Well, I don't want her to think --

DOOR OPEN:

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

MOL: Oh Hello, Alice.

FIB: Hiyah, kid. Don't get in the way here.

ALICE: CREEPERS, ARE YOU CLEANING OUT THAT CLOSET? MAY I WATCH?

FIB: Sure, but don't touch things, Alice. I got a lotta personal valuables in there I don't want mauled around. Like this stuff, here.

SOUND: CLINK OF BOTTLES:

MOL: McGee, if that's what's been making this closet smell like a cider mill, throw it out!

FIB: WHAT? THROW OUT MY OLD CHEMISTRY SET? WHY, I WENT CLEAR THRU HIGH SCHOOL WITH THIS STUFF.

ALICE: Gee, did you really, Mr. McGee?

MOL: Yes, and I remember the day he did it, Alice. He went clear thru the high school and thru the roof of a laundry a block away. His eyebrows haven't quite grown back in yet.

FIB: I wish I could remember the formula I was working on that day. Seems to me I was on the track of a new kind of high powered gasoline. I was gonna call it Ethel in honor of my chemistry teacher, Ethel Fidditch.

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ALICE: But they've been making Ethyl gasoline for years and years, Mr. McGee.

FIB: WHAT? THEY HAVE? WELL BY GEORGE, IF I HAD THE DOUGH, I'D FIGHT FOR MY RIGHTS ALL THRU JUVENILE COURT.

MOL: Juvenile court!

FIB: Sure, I was just a kid when I invented it.

ALICE: I think chemistry is wonderful, Mr. McGee. My cousin is a chemist and he's just patented a new kind of glue that simply won't stick to anything.

MOL: What good is a glue that won't stick, Alice?

ALICE: He says it will teach people not to break things in the first place.

FIB: Well, it's simple stuff like that that makes fortunes for some people. I stumbled onto a freezing compound one day that kept a bottle of water cold for Two days.

MOL: What did you call it, McGee?

FIB: Ice.

ALICE: Creepers, I've been using it for years, and I never knew who thought it up.

MOL: And he never got a nickel from Sonia Henie for it, either.

FIB: Well, I got an idea I'm gonna work on one of these days that'll put us on easy street. And I'm not gonna breathe it to a soul except a few close friends.

ALICE: What is it, Mr. McGee?

FIB: Well, I....(shut the door, Molly)

DOOR SHUT

FIB: Thanks. (LOWERS VOICE) After what happened with that Ethyl Gasoline deal, I'm kinda suspicious. You know what they feed silkworms on to make 'em make silk?

MOL: Certainly. Mulberry leaves.

FIB: Ever think what might happen if you fed 'em on leaves from a rubber plant?

ALICE:.. JEEPERS....GIRDLES!!!

FIB: Exactly! Now not a word of it to anybody, see? The nylon people would shoot me down like a dog if it ever got out. BUT...that's for the future.... RIGHT NOW I GOTTA STRAIGHTEN OUT THIS CLOSET! ONE SIDE, KIDS!

SOUND: CLATTER OF JUNK INTO---

ORCH: "THE MORE I SEE YOU"

APPLAUSE:

SECOND SPOT

SOUND: THUDS CLANKS ETC.

MOL: I think when you get that hall closet cleaned out, McGee, the house will look very nice.

FIB: It's a lotta wasted effort just to make an impression on Mrs. Carstairs. That old mantrap is so near-sighted that last week in the grocery she paid two bits for her left hand, thinkin' it was a bunch of bananas.

MOL: OH, YOU'RE EXAGGERATING!

FIB: Yes, I am. She only paid 23 cents. (CLATTER OF JUNK)

MOL: You know, you'd like Mrs. Carstairs, if you'd stop antagonizing her.

FIB: ME stop antagonizing HER! You got the slip-cover on the wrong love seat, snooky. SHE antagonizes ME. She looks at me like I was something unpleasant she'd just found in her club sandwich. (CLATTER-CLATTER)

MOL: Well, my goodness, I don't think she...

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh, it's Doctor Gamble.

FIB: Sure, I recognize him.

MOL: Hello, Doctor.

DOC: Hello, Molly. Hello there, Rumplestiltskin.

FIB: Rumples what skin?

DOC: Rumplestiltskin. A legendary character, like you.

MOL: Excuse the looks of the place, Doctor. McGee is cleaning out this hall closet.

DOC: Voluntarily, or did you get a court order?

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FIB: As the trout says when he snapped at the fly, "I'm doin' this on my own hook." AND DON'T GET IN MY WAY, FATSO. I'M BUSY.

SOUND: CLATTER AND JUNK EFFECT: BELL CLANG

DOC: Interesting evidence of a misspent life you have there, Chubby. Where did you get the school bells? Christmas present from Mr. Chips?

MOL: Those are Swiss bells, Doctor. He used those when he was in Vaudeville. Play something for the doctor, McGee.

FIB: He wouldn't appreciate it, or I would. Doc has got less music in him than a wet drum.

DOC: As usual, Beanbag, you are speaking from the depths of your abysmal ignorance. I was seriously considering an operatic career at one time.

MOL: MY GOODNESS, WERE YOU REALLY, DOCTOR? Tenor or baritone?

FIB: You sang second bass with the Brooklyn Dodgers, didn't you, Doc?

DOC: I refuse to be drawn into a musical controversy with you, you illiterate little pack rat. You're the kind who'd sit thru a movie three times to hear the Hoosier Hotshots play the Hawaiian War Chant on a washboard and auto horn.

FIB: YOU'RE DARN RIGHT I WOULD, BOY! THAT'S REAL MUSIC!

DOC: See what I mean, Molly? Every time he mentions the Sextette from Lucia he asks if you'll pardon the expression. Remind me to sing for you sometime, my dear.

MOL: Oh I will, Doctor. I will indeed!

FIB: Sing her something from Ada, Doc. She loves that.

DOC: From whom?

FIB: Ada, you dumbell! That's an opera.

DOC: Are you by any chance referring to the opera Aida, by Verdi? First presented in Cairo, Egypt, December 24th, 1871?

MOL: I think that's what he means, Doctor.

DOC: I think so too. And if you'll excuse me, I'll get out of here before I lose what little respect I have left for the little music lover.

FIB: (LAUGHS) Aw, I just been kidding Doc. I know my music. I didn't study the mandolin for 25 years for nothing, you know.

DOC: That's one man's opinion.

MOL: He really knows more music than you think, Doctor.

DOC: If he knows any music, it's more than I think. Let me ask you one question, Rigoletto.

FIB: Shoot, Siegfried.

DOC: What is counter-point?

FIB: That's when a kid in a candy store asks how many of these do you get for a penny.

DOC: That's all, brother! So long, Molly.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: For goodness sakes, McGee ... I don't know why you have to tease people like that. Why do you pretend to be so dumb?

DOC: From whom?

FIB: Ada, you dumbell! That's an opera.

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DOOR SLAM:

MOL: For goodness sakes, McGee ... I don't know why you have to tease people like that. Why do you pretend to be so dumb?

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FIB: (LAUGHS) I like to be under-estimated. Then when I do something intelligent I get twice the credit. WELL ... I BETTER GET BUSY

SOUND: CLANK..THUD..CLATTER:

MOL: McGee, I wish you'd get rid of that old moosehead.

FIB: I will after she has her tea. Won't be polite to give her the bum's rush the minute she gets here.

MOL: I WAS NOT REFERRING TO MRS. CARSTAIRS! I meant that one in the closet there.

FIB: Oh. Well, I still think it would look swell over the fireplace.

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MOL: I think it would look better IN the fireplace. It's such a - OH, MY GOODNESS...I ALMOST FORGOT..WE'RE PRACTICALLY OUT OF SUGAR. I wonder if Mr. Sale would send some over right away.

FIB: I'll call and ask him. He owes me a favor.

MOL: For what?

FIB: I called his attention to a mis-spelled word in one of his ads. He had an 'L' in salmon.

MOL: Hmmm. Well, call him anyway.

FIB: Hand me the phone.

MOL: Here.

FIB: Thanks. (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR? GIMME JIMMY SALE'S GRO, IS THAT YOU, MYRT?

MOL: Oh dear...

FIB: HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING, MYRT? TIS, EH? WHAT SAY, MYRT? YOUR BROTHER? JUDGE GAVE HIM TWENTY YEARS, EH? THAT'S GREAT, MYRT!

MOL: Good heavens, McGee...what's great about that?

FIB: Myrt's brother helped old Judge Jeffery husk some green corn. Did such a good job the judge gave him twenty ears. WHAT SAY, MYRT? OKAY, I'LL CALL LATER. (CLICK) No answer.

MOL: Well, maybe we can squeeze by with what sugar we have, dearie.

FIB: Carstairs shouldn't oughtta use sugar, anyway. She shows every lump she's ever eaten. Particularly around the --

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

WIL: Hello, folks. I was just going by and --

SOUND: BERRY BOX CRUNCH

N

FIB: DOGGONE IT, WATCH YOUR STEP THERE, WILLYA, JUNIOR?
NOW LOOK WHAT YOU DID!

WIL: Oh, I'M sorry, pal...very clumsy of me. What did I
step on?

MOL: Just an old cigar box, Mr. Wilcox...think nothing of it.

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, "JUST AN OLD CIGAR BOX": YOU KNOW WHAT I
WAS SAVING THAT FOR?

MOL: No. What were you saving it for?

(PAUSE)

FIB: Wellll...I don't remember right now. BUT I'LL BET I HAD
A DEFINITE USE FOR IT.

WIL: Excuse me for pointing, but just what are you doing, pal?
Playing store?

MOL: He's cleaning out this closet, Mr. Wilcox. Mrs. Carstairs
is coming for tea, and we want things to look nice.

FIB: She's the kind of old snoopy-puss that'll be pokin' her
schnozzola into all the closets, Junior. You know the type.
Talkin' about the weather with one hand and countin' the
pillowcases with the other.

WIL: You've got her wrong, pal. Mrs. Carstairs is a very nice
person.

MOL: That's what I keep telling him, Mr. Wilcox. But they just
don't seem to get along together.

FIB: PTAH!! She's just a wilted petal off the Mayflower. She's
one of the worst old -- (PAUSE)

SOUND: SMALL CLATTER

FIB: What are you doing, Junior?

WIL: (OFF MIKE) Just looking in this closet, pal. I never saw
it empty before, and I want to satisfy my curiosity.

MOL: Curiosity about what, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: (FADE IN) The floor in that closet. Gee, it's wonderful! In
spite of all that junk piled in there, year after year,
the floor is in wonderful condition! What did you protect
it with?

(PAUSE)

FIB: Waxey, if I wasn't a truthful guy, with whom loyalty to a
sponsor was a prime consideration, I could break your
little heart!

MOL: But we have to tell the truth, Mr. Wilcox. Johnson's Wax,
it is.

WIL: I KNEW IT! I KNEW IT!! GEE, I'D LIKE TO HAVE A
PHOTOGRAPH OF THAT CLOSET FLOOR! YOU THROW MOOSEHEADS IN
THERE...YOU TOSS IN HORSE SHOES AND ICE SKATES...YOU BANG
IT WITH GOLF CLUBS AND WET SNOW SHOVELS...YOU HEAVE IN A
LOT OF FISHING TACKLE, SHOTGUNS AND MANDOLINS...AND LOOK
AT IT! HARDLY A SCRATCH! WHAT A PERFECT EXAMPLE OF HOW
JOHNSON'S WAX PROTECTS AND PRESERVES A WOOD SURFACE!!!

FIB: Look at his eyes flash, Molly. I'll bet Balboa looked
just like that when he discovered the ^{PANAMA} Canal.

WIL: OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL..BEAUTIFUL FLOOR...WHAT LUSTER...WHAT
A TACTILE DELIGHT, TO RUB ONE'S DIGITS OVER SUCH A
LUMINESCENT PATINA!

MOL: What on earth is the man talking about?

FIB: Is the guest room made up? Maybe he better lie down
a little while. YOU FEEL OKAY, JUNIOR?

WIL: Oh I feel marvelous, pal. MAGNIFICENT! WHAT A DAY IN MY LIFE! TO HAVE EVERYTHING I HAVE EVER SAID ABOUT JOHNSON'S WAX SO COMPLETELY JUSTIFIED!...SO MARVELOUSLY EXAMPLIFIED! ITS QUALITIES OF BEAUTIFICATION!... PRESERVATION!...PROTECTION! OH, I'VE GOT TO WRITE TO RACINE ABOUT THIS. SEE YOU LATER, FOLKS!

DOOR SIAM:

FIB: There goes the greatest ham actor since the Three Little Pigs!

MOL: Why, I thought he sounded very sincere, McGee.

FIB: Oh, he meant it, all right! It was those gestures that pulled my cork! Those rolling eyes...clenched hand on forehead...like William S. Hart saying farewell to his favorite horse.

MOL: Well, never mind him, McGee...Mrs. Carstairs will be here very shortly...better get this stuff put away.

FIB: Okay...I'll have it outa the way in two jerks. Now lessee...

GLATTER OF JUNK:

FIB: Oh, gee...look what I found...my old camp stove! I'd like to have five bucks for every pound of bacon I've ruined on that thing.

MOL: Speaking of stoves, dearie, I'd better see how Beulah's coming with the refreshments. Oh, BEULAH...BEULAH!

DOOR OPEN:

BEULAH: Somebody bawl fo' Beulah?

FIB: Yeah...Mrs. McGee was just wondering if you were all set for the tea clutch, Beulah?

BEULAH: Yassuh. Evahthing is six, two and even, suh. Best china laid out, cake all frosted, silverware polished and the napkins starched like Mistah Hoover's collah!

FIB: We' wanna kinda spread it on for Mrs. Carstairs, Beulah. Send the ladyfingers out for a manicure, if necessary. And see that the seams are all straight on the tea bags.

BEULAH: (LAUGHS) You jus' leave evahthing to Beulah, folks. Evahthing is gonna be done wif finessey, eclat and savoir faire, je n'est ce pas?

MOL: Genessee what?

BEULAH: Je n'est ce pas, ma'am. That's a French expression, moanin' "You think I'm kiddin'!"

FIB: You speak French, Beulah?

BEULAH: Jus' enough to git by with folks that don't speak it atall, suh. I try to learn it once by phonograph records, but they was a bad rattle in the speakah, so I neveh know if my accent is wrong vocally or mechanically.

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MOL: Mr. McGee tried to learn Spanish that way once, Beulah. BEUL: You have any luck wif it, suh?

FIB: Nope. Took five lessons, then tried to order dinner in a Spanish restaurant. The hat check girl slapped me, the waiter gave me an apron and the cashier handed over all her dough and called the cops. I guess I'm strictly a Latin from Peoria.

BEULAH: (LAUGHS HEARTILY) He git his face slap, the waiter hand him a...A Latin from Peor-- OHHH, LOVE THAT MAN!!

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH: "FIREMAN'S BRIDE" - KING'S MEN

(APPLAUSE)

THIRD SPOT

(REVISED) -20- 3*

MOL: McGee...I just looked into the hall closet, and I want to congratulate you. It looks wonderful.

FIB: Oh, it's nothin' that any red-blooded American boy wouldn't have done, if his wife kept hollering about it. Hey how does this shirt look?

MOL: It'll be very nice when you put a tie on.

FIB: A TIE! THIS IS A SPORT SHIRT. DIDN'T YOU SEE THAT PICTURE OF JACK CARSON IN LAST NIGHTS PAPER? He was wearin' a shirt exactly like this one.

MOL: Jack Carson is a comedian. You're more the Herbert Marshall type.

FIB: By George, I think I am, at that. Does Herbert Marshall wear a bow or a four-in-hand? Because I----

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: Oh oh! Too late for a necktie! If you can casually drop Jack Carsen into the conversation, I'll explain about the sport shirt.

MOL: Just forget it,dearie. Let her take you as you darn are.

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh how do you do, Mrs. Carstairs...do come in!

DOOR CLOSE:

CARST: How do you do, my dear. So nice of you to have me for tea.

FIB: Hiyah Carsty. Wiggle outa the mink and toss the weary frame on an orange crate.

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CARST: Good day, Mr. McGee. Am I to construe that bit of jargon as an invitation to be seated?

FIB: You ain't whistling Dixie there, babe. Try this chair over here. You can sink down in that like a sow in a swamp.

CARST: LIKE A --

MOL: (RUSHING IN) I...ER...HERE...WE...IT'S A...ER...LET ME TAKE YOUR COAT, MRS. CARSTAIRS...I'LL HANG IT RIGHT HERE IN THE HALL CLOSET.

FIB: HEY, LOOK OUT!! DON'T OPEN THAT!! THAT'S-- Oh. Oh yes... I forgot... (LAUGHS) It's okay. My gosh, I'm not use to this yet! Go ahead and open it.

MOL: (LAUGHS) He's joking, Mrs. Carstairs. He's always kidding me about this hall closet being too full of everything.

DOOR OPEN:

FIB: (SIGH)

CARST: I'm sure it looks very neat, my dear. You are evidently an excellent housekeeper.

MOL: Oh, I sometimes think I'm almost TOO fussy.

FIB: I sometimes think so, myself.

DOOR CLOSE:

MOL: WELL, IT WAS SO NICE OF YOU TO COME OVER, MRS. CARSTAIRS.

CARST: I have been looking forward to it, my dear. I think afternoon tea is such a pleasant custom. The English do those things so well, you know.

FIB: Yeah, but I bet it gets monotonous, day after day, Carsty. Three or four weeks of it, and I'd run outa small talk.

CARSTY: Oh, I rather doubt that, Mr. McGee. The longer I know you, the smaller your talk seems to get.

FIB: You're not just sayin' that because you admire me, are you Carsty?

CARSTY: I rather doubt that my statement was motivated by any such consideration, Mr. McGee.

FIB: Well, you're not a bad kid, yourself. Have a cigarette?

CARSTY: Thank you. I don't smoke.

MOL: Neither do I, Mrs. Carstairs.

FIB: That needn't stop you kids from pickin' up a few packages for the old man, now and then.

CARSTY: Are you quite sure we are not keeping you from some important masculine affairs, Mr. McGee?

FIB: Ha Nah....I got nothin' particular to do, Carsty.

CARSTY: This is such a charming little living room of yours, Mrs. McGee. And may I say, that is an extremely handsome piano you have?

MOL: Well, thank you. I think very highly of that piano.

FIB: I gave it to her for Christmas, eight years ago, Carsty. I just happened to be walkin' thru the Bon Ton Department Store, see, thinkin' about nothin' in particular -

CARSTY: Naturally.

FIB: And I seen this piano. AH, I SAYS TO MYSELF, I SAYS! --

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: Excuse me a minute, Mrs. Carstairs. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MAN: Hello there Mrs. McGee. Hi, Mister McGee.

FIB: HIYA, JIMMY, MY BOY. Here's your check...all made out. Two bucks, forty cents.

MAN: Thanks a lot. Here's the receipt.

MOL: How are the wife and family, Jimmy?

JIM: Just swell, thanks. My little girl was eight years old yesterday.

FIB: Gee, whizz, the time sure flies, don't it, kid?

JIM: Yeah... you know, she was born just a few months after you bought that piano.

MOL: Yes... Yes, she must have been, if she's eight years old now.

JIM: YOU'RE GONNA HAVE THAT THING PAID FOR BEFORE YOU KNOW IT! WELL, THANKS A LOT, FOLKS. SEE YOU NEXT WEEK.

DOOR SIAM:

MOL: (LAUGHS NERVOUSLY) Now then. What were we talking about?

CARST: You were saying that Mr. McGee gave you this piano as a Christmas gift eight years ago. It was so thoughtful of him to make it a weekly remembrance. My dear, I would like to see the rest of your house.

FIB: Why sure, Carsty. Come right along!! IT MAY NOT BE A PALACE, BUT IT'S HOME.

MOL: Yes, do come and see it, Mrs. Carstairs.

CARST: Thank you.

MOL: (>LIGHTLY OFF) This is the dining room, in here..

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FIB: This table seats twelve people when we put the extra leaves in, Carsty. Only thing is, we haven't got any extra leaves. I used 'em to make some shelves in the garage.

CARST: Interesting. Personally, I think large parties are such a bore.

FIB: Oh you're just self-conscious, Carsty. My gosh....

MOL: (LOUDLY) AND RIGHT THRU HERE IS THE KITCHEN,
MRS. CARSTAIRS...

DOOR OPEN:

BEUL: Somethin' you wanted, ma'am?

FIB: No thanks, Beulah. Just givin' Carsty the forty-cent tour.

CARST: Good afternoon, Beulah.

BEUL: Afternoon, Miz Carstairs.

MOL: You can take the tea things in any time, Beulah.

BEUL: Comin' right up, ma'am

CARST: What a cozy little kitchen, Mrs. McGee. So convenient!

FIB: It's a pip for a small family like us, Carsty. You can build your self a five-decker salami sandwich and open a bottle of beer without walkin' five acres.

CARST: Really...And that, I suppose, is the service porch thru that door, Mrs. McGee?

MOL: This door? No, this is just the back stairs, Mrs. Carstairs. You see, it -

FIB: HEY, DON'T OPEN THAT! THAT'S WHERE I PUT ALL THE --

DOOR OPEN: TERRIFIC AVALANCHE OF JUNK: BELL TINKLE:

(PAUSE)

BEUL: Tea is serve in the drawin' room, ma'am.

ORCH: "I WISH I KNEW": FADE FOR:

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
June 5, 1945

(2ND REVISION) -24-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Why is it that some homes seem to have so much more charm than others? Is it because of more expensive furnishings? Not as a rule. It's a matter of good taste and good housekeeping -- in which richly polished floors and other surfaces play a very important part. Floors that are regularly waxed with JOHNSON'S WAX become more and more beautiful -- they set off your furnishings to best advantage. There are many other uses for JOHNSON'S WAX in a well-groomed home-- picture frames, ornaments, windowsills -- even the fireplace and andirons. And of course you know that the tough film of WAX protects all of these surfaces from wear, dirt and moisture. Also, that it saves you hours of housekeeping work, because WAXed surfaces are so easy to keep clean. Careful housekeepers call this protective housekeeping -- with genuine JOHNSON'S WAX, which comes in three forms -- Paste, Liquid and the new Cream Wax especially developed for use on furniture and woodwork.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC: FADE FOR:

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FIB: How long did Carstairs stay after I left, Molly?
MOL: Oh about three cups and six crumpets. But what made you
leave in such a hurry?
FIB: LOOK...WHEN A WOMAN LIKE CARSTY TAKES MY OWN MANDOLIN
BACK IN THE LIVING ROOM AND STARTS PLAYING "TEA FOR TWO"
ON IT, I CAN TAKE A HINT! I DON'T HAVE TO BE HIT WITH A
BRICKBAT.
MOL: No, although I'll admit the idea crossed my mind.
FIB: Eh? Oh! AHM. Goodnight.
MOL: Goodnight, all!

PLAYOFF: SIGNOFF:

WILCOX: 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)

WRITERS: Don Quinn
Phil Leslie

6:30 - 7:00 PM

FIBBER M
Joh