

WRITERS: Don Quinn
Phil Leslie

(REVISED)

File
39

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY

Johnson's Wax

6:30 - 7:00 P.M.

JUNE 26, 1945

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(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'
Orchestra!

ORCH: "BUT NOT FOR ME" - FADE FOR:

SJ

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WIL: If a man is judged by the company he keeps, so is he judged a little bit by the looks of the car he drives. Which is as good a reason as I know for giving your car an occasional beauty treatment with JOHNSON'S CARNU. Cleaning and polishing is not a back-breaking job any more -- because CARNU does both of these jobs with one application. CARNU does a remarkable job of cleaning -- without injuring the finish. It leaves a satin-smooth, mirror-like polish that is easier to keep clean. In case you don't already know, CARNU is a liquid -- you apply it with a soft cloth, rubbing just hard enough to loosen the dirt and grime. It dries to a white powder, and when you wipe off this powder, you'll see the finish of your car as it was when your car was new. All of which you can quickly prove to yourself by asking your dealer for JOHNSON'S CARNU ---- spelled CARNU.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH

(APPLAUSE)

WILCOX: THINGS ARE IN A BIT OF A HUBBA-HUBBA AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA RIGHT NOW. BUT GEE WHIZZ, IF A WEALTHY FRIEND OF YOURS OFFERED YOU A CHANCE TO SPEND THE SUMMER IN A CLASSY SPOT LIKE THE EXCLUSIVE NORTH SHORE OF LAKE DUGAN, I'LL BET YOU'D BE BUSTING YOUR BUTTONS TOO, LIKE ----

- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!!!

APPLAUSE:

MOL: My goodness, McGee....imagine us, spending the summer at Lake Dugan....and ON THE NORTH SHORE!

FIB: Wait'll I get hobnobbing with those big bankers! I'll put on the dog till they have to chain me up at night.

MOL: I think it was pretty wonderful of Mrs. Carstairs to loan us her houseboat for the summer. Incidentally ... do you know how to run a big boat?

FIB: Well, natch! Suppose, for instance, you wanna sail south-south east. You turn the nose of the boat till the hand on the compass points to south-south east, see? Then you take a thumb tack, pin the hand of the compass right there, and keep 'er there.

MOL: Thank goodness I'll be with somebody who knows what he's doing! I don't even know which side of the boat is port and which is muscatel.

FIB: I'll show you all about it when we get aboard, Kiddo. HEY, DID THAT TAILOR CALL?

MOL: What tailor?

FIB: Guy's comin' over to measure me up for a yachting costume. I'm gonna get some white flannel pants and a blue coat with brass buttons, and a peaked cap with anchors on it, and a parsley scarf around my throat.

MOL: What kind of a scarf?

FIB: Parsley. You know one of them fancy patterns.

MOL: That's PAISELY.

FIB: Good I don't like parsley anyway. Always flies across the table when I cut my steak.

MOL: STEAK! Oh come, dearie...let's not live in the past. Now let me see...I've got to sort out my clothes and see what I've got that's suitable for a houseboat cruise...I've got a nice--

DOOR OPEN:

ALICE: Hello, Mrs. McGee...hello, Mr, McGee. JEEPERS, Beulah just told me you were going to spend the summer on Carstairs' houseboat...isn't that super?

MOL: You must come out some day and let us take you for a little cruise, Alice.

FIB: Yes, child..pray do! Just wave your handkerchief from the dook and I'll row ashore for you in the dairy.

MOL: It isn't a dairy, dearie, it's a dory.

ALICE: Oh, I just LOVE boats! I'd give everything I have to take a long boat ride. In fact, on my last one it was so rough, I did.

FIB: I'm a pretty good sailor, myself, Alice. Had me a catboat on the Illinois river once. But it blew ashore in a cyclone.

MOL: Yes, the police called up and said it was up in a tree by the public library. Remember, McGee? They said EXCUSE US FOR MENTIONING IT, MR. MCGEE, BUT YOUR SLOOP IS SHOWING.

ALICE: How big is the Carstairs boat?

FIB: We haven't seen it, yet, Alice. But you know the Carstairs. When they go, they go first class, I imagine it will sleep about twenty, eat about thirty and drink about fifty.

ALICE: Well, you've got to be very careful about exposure, you know. You can get terribly blistered on a boat.

MOL: Oh we never get blistered, Alice. We stick to lemonade and rootbeer.

FIB: (LAUGHS) She means sunburn, Molly.

MOL: Oh. Oh yes.

FIB: I'll take along some of that sunburn ointment I invented years ago when I studied chemistry.

ALICE: Jeepers, did you invent a sunburn ointment, Mr. McGee?

MOL: INDEED HE DID, ALICE. And it was marvelous, too! It would be sold in every drug store today, ~~anywhere~~, if himself here had ever found a backer for it.

FIB: I did find one guy that wanted to promote it...old George Dissup. Wanted to put forty thousand bucks into it.

ALICE: Wow! Why didn't you let him do it?

MOL: Well, he insisted on putting his own name on the product, Alice. McGee wouldn't stand for that!

FIB: I should say not. Imagine tryin' to sell anything named Dissup Ointment? Maybe one of these days old man Carstairs will put some dough into it. Make us both a fortune. BUT...that's for the future. Right now I gotta--

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: I wonder who that is. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MAN: Mr. McGee here?

FIB: OH HIYAH, HARVEY! COME ON IN.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Molly, this is Harvey Knox, the best tailor in town. Gonna make me a yachting outfit. Harvey, this is my wife, Mrs. McGee.

MAN: How do you do, Mrs. McGee.

MOL: How do you do, I'm sure. Miss Darling, Mr. Knox. Mr. Knox, Miss Darling.

ALICE: How do you do, you big ape.

MAN: Fine, you little twerp. How about a movie tonight?

ALICE: Okay. Meet you at the Bijou. 8:30.

MAN: It's a contract.

ALICE: See you later folks.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: WELL!!!

FIB: You work fast, don't you Harv?

HARV: She's my cousin.

MOL: Oh. WELL, what are you going to have him make for you, dearie?

FIB: Well, first I gotta have a blue double breasted coat with brass buttons, Harv.

HARV: You go thru these samples, will you Mrs. McGee, while I measure him up?

MOL: Certainly. Be glad to.

FIB: WHAT'S THE MATTER? CAN'T I BE TRUSTED TO PICK OUT MY OWN MATERIAL?

HARV: No. You wear clothes like you'd been shot out of a laundry basket. Incidentally, who made that jacket you're wearing?

MOL: He bought that, Mr. Knox. He paid 18.50 for it, and they threw in a harmonica.

FIB: What's the matter with it?
HARV: Look at the way that collar fits. What were you wearing
when you bought it - a knapsack?
FIB: Well, gee whiz--
HARV: HOLD STILL, WILL YOU?
FIB: Okay. Write down the figures, will you, Molly?
MOL: All right.
HARV: HIPS....39.

MOL: Hips 42.
FIB: He said 39.
MOL: Well, you've got to sit down sometime.
HARV: CHEST, 28.
MOL: Chest, 28,
HARV: Expanded, 28 and three quarters...
MOL: Expanded, 28 and three quarters.
HARV: Right leg --

ORCH: "LOVE"

APPLAUSE:

HARV: Waist 41.
 MOL: Waist, 41.
 FIB: Only 41? My gosh, I sure have lost weight.
 HARV: You didn't lose it. You just mislaid it. It's right behind you. LEFT SLEEVE, 34.
 MOL: Left sleeve, 34.
 HARV: Right, 32.
 MOL: Right, 32. My goodness, dearie...your right arm is two inches shorter than your left.
 FIB: It's always been like that. Causes me a lot of embarrassment in restaurants, too. Never can reach the check.
 HARV: Shoulders, 16.
 MOL: Which one?
 HARV: Both. OKAY, McGee...I'll make this up and you can have a fitting the end of the week. The coat will be sixty dollars.
 FIB: Fine. That'll be the----WHAT!!!! (SCREAMS) SIXTY DOLLARS WHY YOU BIG FURSE-SNATCHER, WHERE DO YOU GET OFF, CHARGING THAT KINDA DOUGH FOR A YARD'N A HALF OF THIS MOH-EATEN BURLAP? YOU HAVEN'T GOT A TAILOR IN YOUR WHOLE SWEATSHOP THAT COULD THREAD A ROPE THROUGH A SEWER PIPE! SIXTY BUCKS! WAIT'LL THE O.P.A. HEARS ABOUT THIS, YOU HIGH-JACKER! THEY'LL LOWER YOUR CEILINGS TILL YOU HAVE TO LIE ON YOUR STOMACH TO ANSWER THE PHONE. MY GOSH, EVEN SHAFFNER AND MARK HAVE A HEART! (WHEEDLING) No kiddin', Harv...what's your best price?

HARV: This is a special price to you, McGee...we usually get eighty for a coat like this.
 MOL: Were you under the impression that Mr. Knox was running a rummage sale, dearie?
 HARV: I knew you'd feel this way about it, McGee. So I brought you a coat we made up some time ago that was never called for. Here...

RUSTLE OF PAPER:

HARV: This will fit you and you can have it for thirty dollars.
 FIB: Make it fifteen, and it's a deal.
 HARV: 25.
 FIB: 20.
 MOL: 33.
 FIB: 32.
 HARV: SOLD! Here you are.
 FIB: Sayyyy, this is a pretty good lookin' hunk of stuff, kid. Much obliged Harv. You'll get all my trade from now on.
 HARV: Threats won't get you anywhere. Well, nice to have met you Mrs. McGee. Good day, McGee.
 FIB: So long Harv. HEY...WHY DIDN'T THE CUSTOMER EVER CALL FOR THIS COAT?
 HARV: He fell off a houseboat and was drowned.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: That's a migh-ty pret-ty piece of flannel there, McGee.
 FIB: Fits me like a glove, too. (SLIGHT PAUSE) Wish it fitted me more like a coat. Oh well...I'll still look pretty snappy, lounging around the dock with all them rich millionaires.

MOL: Yes you will. Maybe when Mrs. Carstairs offered us this houseboat of hers, she was just trying to get us into the high handshake crowd.

FIB: Well, we can handle it. Anything you don't quite understand about society etiquette, you just ask me, Mommy, I know the answers.

MOL: Yes, I remember the time we went to that flossy dinner party and you choked on the liqueur.

FIB: I don't remember that.

MOL: You said "WHAT IS THIS STUFF?" and the host said "NAPEOLEON BRANDY," and you said "NO WONDER HE KEPT HIS HAND INSIDE OF HIS SHIRT!...I GOT HEARTBURN ALREADY!"

FIB: Well, gee whizz, I--

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

MOL: OH DOCTOR GAMBLE....COME IN, DOCTOR.

DOC: Hello, Molly. Good day, Ridgewilliam.

FIB: Ridgewilliam?

DOC: That's a high grade Hills billy. What's the brass-buttoned coat for, Perch-puss? joining the police force?

MOL: That's his yachting coat, Doctor. We're spending the summer at Dugan's Lake...ON THE NORTH SHORE, if you please

FIB: Yeah, Mrs. Carstairs has offered us her houseboat for the season.

DOC: Won't you be a trifle out of your element, Dumbo, mingling with the Dugan's Lake aristocracy?

MOL: Oh I don't know about that, Doctor, we're just as good as they are.

DOC: I didn't mean you, my dear. You are a lady by instinct. I was referring to little Slumgullion here. He thinks a dinner jacket is the skin off a baked potato.

FIB: (LAUGHS) Oh I say, that's rather an amusing quip, old chap! You medical fellows are frightfully keen at that sort of thing.

DOC: Oh stop it, you little phoney. You're about as authentic as a Japanese newscast. When do you shove off on this seagoing hitchhike, Molly?

MOL: This week, Doctor... and I'm really excited about it. I've always wanted to spend a summer on a boat, and get a good coat of tan. I usually look like I'd spent July and August working as a subway guard.

DOC: Well take it easy, my dear. Start with fifteen minutes a day and work up to an hour or an hour and a half. You have a fair skin, you know.

FIB: How about me? I got a fair skin, too.

DOC: Yes, but yours is unusually thick. Well, bon voyage, kiddies. See you in October.

MOL: I've a nice summer, Doctor.

FIB: So long, Doc.

DOOR SLAM:

(REVISED)

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MOL: Isn't he a sweet old character?
FIB: Yeah...I hope he comes out and takes a little cruise with us. It's time he learned to fish for something besides appendixes. Is "appendixes" correct? What's the plural for appendix?
MOL: There isn't any. Nobody has more than one.
FIB: Oh that's right. I never thought of that. Anyway, if Doe --

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

MOL: Who's that, McGee?
FIB: Must be Wilcox. He telephoned and said he was bringin' some girl over he wanted us to meet.
MOL: I wonder who it could be. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

FIB: Hiyah, Junior.
MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox.
WIL: Hello, folks. I'd like to have you meet a friend of mine. Mr. and Mrs. McGee, this is Mr. Borge...Victor Borge.

APPLAUSE

MOL: How do you do, I'm sure.
VIC: Madame, I am charmed. (KISS) How do you do, Mr. McGee.
FIB: Hiyah, bud.
MOL: My goodness, that's the first time I ever had my hand kissed. Rather fun, isn't it?
WIL: It's an old Continental custom, Molly. Victor is from Denmark.
FIB: Well, they got something with that hand kissing stuff. Never get any lipstick on your collar that way. HEY, WHERE'S THE GIRL YOU WERE BRINGING OVER, JUNIOR?

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WIL: Girl? What girl?
FIB: When you phoned you said you were bringin' over a good lookin' dame.
WIL: I didn't say dame. I said DANE. I meant Victor Borge.
VIC: (LAUGHS) That's a very old joke. (HASTILY) But very good. I like it.
MOL: Is Mr. Borge with the Johnson Wax people, Mr. Wilcox?
WIL: As of next week, yes.
FIB: Whaddye mean, as of next week yes?
VIC: He means as of this week, no.
WIL: Victor starts working for Johnson next week. I've been helping him brush up on our sales story. How Johnson's Wax is the finest protection money can buy for furniture, floors and woodwork.
VIC: But what I really --
WIL: And how Johnson's Wax seals the pores of wood and leather and painted surfaces against dust and dirt and dampness.
VIC: But my work is not exac-----
WIL: And how Johnson's wax gives your home a new beauty and cleanliness. How it has a thousand household uses, and -
VIC: Excuse me, may I interrupt?
WIL: Certainly, Victor!
VIC: (COUGHS) Thank you. Go ahead!
WIL: and how Johnson's Wax --
FIB: DOGGONE IT, WAXEY, QUIT MONOPOLATING THE CONVERSATION, WILL YOU? YOU CHATTER AWAY LIKE A WORN BRAKEBAND!

G-

MOL: I think Mr. Borge was trying to say something.
WIL: Oh excuse me. What was it, Victor?
VIC: I was saying, I am not really a salesman for Johnson Wax.
MOL: Well what DO you do for them, Mr. Borge?
VIC: I play the piano.
(PAUSE)
FIB: You...er...you play the piano.
VIC: (PLEASED) Thank you very much!
WIL: He plays the piano on the radio for Johnson's Wax...as
of next Tuesday night. Aside from being a concert
pianist, he is also a comedian.
FIB: OH HE IS EH? A COMEDIAN FOR JOHNSON'S WAX, EH? NOW
JUST A DARN MINUTE, WAXEY...
MOL: I..er...WON'T YOU PLAY SOMETHING ON THE PIANO FOR US,
MR. BORGE? I just LOVE the piano.
VIC: Of course. Perhaps the Minuet in G?
MOL: I like the Moonlight Sonata, myself.
VIC: The Minuet in G is very lovely.
WIL: How about Begin the Beguine, Victor?
VIC: Splendid composition. But not like the Minuet in G.
I will play the first number that was requested. The
Minuet in G.
FIB: Who requested that?
VIC: Whoever it was, I will play it for him. The Minuet in G!
(BRIEF PIANO BIT. BORGE SAYS "GEE!" AFTER
EACH 4-BAR OR TWO BAR PAUSE)
MOL: Oh that was wonderful, Mr. Borge, and SO original.
FIB: Now let's hear some jokes, bud.

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WIL: NO. NO JOKES. Not till next week. Come on, Victor, we've got to be going. Have a nice summer, folks.

MOL: You too, Mr. Wilcox ... and Mr. Borge, I hope everybody likes your summer broadcast. I'm sure they will. Good luck to you!

VIC: Thank you so much. And I hope everybody likes your summer vacation. Goodbye, Mr. McGee.

FIB: So long, Vic. Have fun.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Comedian, eh? New comedian for Johnson's Wax!

MOL: WHY ON EARTH ARE YOU STARING AT THE WALL, MCGEE?

FIB: Tryin' to see if there's any handwriting on it. Oh well....why worry, when.....HEY.....Where you going?

MOL: I'm going upstairs and check over a couple of evening dresses. My goodness, if we're going to mix with that North Shore Colony, I don't want to look like I told fortunes in vacant stores. (FADE OUT) You'd better start packing, too, dearie.....

FIB: (CALLS) OKAY! Ahhh, there goes a good kid! ^{a few} weeks on a private yacht and she'll be a new woman. WHAT AM I SAYING? I don't want a new woman. I'm satisfied with the same old ---

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

TEE: Hi, mister.

FIB: Oh hello there, Teeny. What's the matter with you? You look like you'd just found a flat wheel on your roller skate.

TEE: I'm sad, mister.

FIB: AHHH, CHEER UP, SIS! LAUGH AND THE WORLD LAUGHS WITH YOU: WEEP AND WHERE YOU GONNA GET ANY KLEENEX?

TEE: Please, mister ... I am in no mood for gaiety. My heart is heavy with grief. I am a very unhappy woman.

FIB: No kiddin'? What's the worm in your apple, kid?

TEE: My problem, Mr. Anthony, is this. Beulah told Mrs. Toopses cook, and she told our cook and our cook told my mother and my mother told me that you and Mrs. McGee are going away for the summer.

FIB: I didn't know there'd been so much gossip about it, sis, but where there's smoke, there's six people waitin' for the butt. It's perfectly true. We're spending the summer among the gold garter group at Dugan's Lake. Why should that give you such a hunk of sorrow?

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TEE: Well, gee, mister, I betcha if someone very close to you was goin' away for the whole summer, and you had scraped and saved and you had a dollar to buy them a going away present, and you'd dropped the dollar down a sidewalk grating...(SOBS).....well..

FIB: AW, HERE HERE HERE....Gee whizz, sis...control yourself. You know I can't stand to see a woman cry.

TEE: I know it.

FIB: And it was pretty darn sweet of you to think of saving up for a going away present.

TEE: (CRYING) A WHOLE DOLLAR IT WAS! And I dropped it down a sidewalk grating and if I don't get a present for--

FIB: NOW, NOW, NOW...CUT IT OUT SIS...DRY YOUR EYES. YOU KNOW I'M A PUSHOVER FOR SENTIMENT. WHY, I CRY OVER GREETING CARDS. Here...here's a dollar for you. Now go buy your present and always think of me as old Bluebird-for-Happiness McGee.

TEE: OH BOY...GEE, THANKS, MISTER. You're WUNNERFUL! NOW I CAN BUY THAT GOING AWAY PRESENT! 10 CHOCOLATE SODAS.

FIB: 10 CHOCOLATE SODAS! WHO FOR?

TEE: For me - I'm going away for the summer, so long, mister.

(DOOR SLAM)

FIB: I still think that kid is a midget.

ORCH: "YOU BELONG TO MY HEART"..KING'S MEN

(APPLAUSE)

(REVISED)

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THIRD SPOT:

FIB: (SINGS) SAILING, SAILING, OVER THE BOUNDING LAKE,
AND IF WE CATCH A LOT OF FISH, BELIEVE ME BOY,
THAT'S JAKE!
SAILING, SAILING, OVER THE...hey, Molly!

MOL: Yes, McGee?

FIB: You seen my jackknife anyplace?

MOL: No I haven't dearie. What did you want it for?

FIB: I'll need it on the boat. Have to carve the daily report with it. You know, weather conditions, attitude and longitude, mutinies, and all stuff like that there.

MOL: Can't you use a pen or pencil? Why do you have to carve it?

FIB: Just a tradition, is all. Gotta keep everything in the ship's log. Best way to write on a log is with a jackknife.

MOL: I see...well, maybe Beulah knows where it is. Oh Beulah. BEULAH!

DOOR OPEN:

BEUL: Somebody bawl for Beulah?

FIB: Hey you seen my jackknife anyplace, Beu'?

BEUL: You mean that one with the mamma-of-pearl handle an' all the lil gimmicks on it, like a corkscrew anna buttonhook anna nail-file anna screw-driver and even a couple o' knife blades?

MOL: That's the one, Beulah.

BEUL: No, ma'am. I ain't seen it.

FIB: Well keep an eye out for it, will you Beulah? Be an awful handy thing to have on a yacht.

mc

BEUL: Yassuh...you sho is gonna have plenty o' time this
summah to play mumbley pig.

MOL: Peg, Beulah. Not pig.

BEUL: No ma'am. I suppose a pig'd git seasick. Me too. (LAUGHS)
Personally, I git internally uneasy at a fast drippin'
faucet. That's why I'm awful glad I'm stayin' right heah
on good old terra cotta.

FIB: Firma.

BEUL: Yassuh. Never been firma about anything in mah life!
Well, I sho hope you folks have a good time, yachtin'
around.

MOL: Oh, it's going to be wonderful, Beulah. We've rubbed
elbows with millionaires before, but none of it has ever
come off on us. Maybe this time it'll take.

BEUL: (LAUGHS) Well, you know what they say, ma'am. They is
other things in the world besides money, but you can't git
'em without it.

FIB: The social aspect of the situation doesn't interest me,
Beulah. It's the fishin' I'm lookin' forward to. By the
end of the summer, I'll pack up my fishin' tackle and
drop a five dollar bill over the side of the boat.

MOL: What on earth for?

FIB: It'll be the only fin left in Lake Dugan by that time.

BEUL: Be the only fin lef in Lake Dugan by...he whip that one
in theah like....(LAUGHS HEARTILY) LOVE THAT MAN!

DOOR CHIME AFTER LAUGH:

BEULAH: I'll anseh the doo' ma'am.

MOL: Please, Beulah.

DOOR OPEN:

BEULAH: Oh how do, Mis' Carstair. Come right in.

DOOR CLOSE:

CARST: Thank you, Beulah. How do you, do Mrs. McGee.

MOL: Oh hello, Mrs. Carstairs.

FIB: Hiyah Carsty. Been trying to get you on the phone all
day...ever since Beulah gave us your phone message.

CARST: Yes, I understood you were trying to get me, Mister McGee.

MOL: We just wanted to thank you for your generous offer, Mrs.
Carstairs. It's simply wonderful of you.

FIB: Yes, Carsty...you're a peach to do it. Just a fuzzy old
peach, with a pit of gold.

CARST: It seems a great deal of fuss to make over such a small
thing, Mr. McGee.

MOL: Oh but you don't know how much it means to him, Mrs.
Carstairs...He LOVES boats and water...and fishing so much.

CARST: Well, I can understand that, I'm sure...I come from a
long line of seafaring men myself. My grandfather was a
rear admiral, you know.

FIB: I suspected that the minute I saw you, Carsty. I saw you
walkin' down the street one day, and I says to myself,
I says, BY GEORGE, I SAYS, I'LL BET THERE WAS A REAR
ADMIRAL IN HER FAMILY SOMEPLACE!

CARST: Er....thank you.

MOL: Can I get you a cup of tea, Mrs. Carstairs?

CARST: No thank you my dear.....

FIB: We'll even give you some sugar in it Carsty, in appreciation of us using your boat.

CARST: What boat, Mr. McGee?

MOL: Your houseboat, Mrs. Carstairs. The one you're letting us have the use of this summer.

CARST: Houseboat? But there must be some mistake my dear, I didn't.....er....BEULAH?

BEULAH: Yes, Miz Carstair?

CARST: You took my message to Mr. and Mrs. McGee, did you not?

BEULAH: Yas'm. I wrote it all down, too, only nobody can read it because the pencil was broke.

MOL: My goodness.....what's all this about?

FIB: YOU MEAN YOU DIDN'T OFFER US YOUR HOUSEBOAT FOR THE SUMMER, CARSTY?

CARST: Mister McGee....I HAVE no houseboat. I said we would be out of town and you would be perfectly free to use our boathouse this summer.

BEULAH: BOATHOUSE!!!! THA'S WHAT SHE SAID....BOATHOUSE!!!!

OH, BEULAH...YOU FOOL!

FIB: Oh this is ridiculous.

ORCH: "THE MORE I SEE YOU"...FADE FOR

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Have you ever stopped to think how linoleum brings the colors of the out-of-doors into your kitchen? The greens and yellows of spring and summer, the reds and blues of fall. When these colors are kept bright and cheerful, your kitchen is a pleasant place to work in. Which is one good reason you protect your linoleum floors regularly with JOHNSON'S GLO COAT. Because GLO-COAT needs no rubbing or buffing, this is a simple job. You just apply and let dry -- GLO-COAT does the rest, giving you in a few minutes a gleaming floor that is protected against wear and dirt and moisture. And because GLO-COAT is made by the makers of JOHNSON'S WAX, you can be sure that the quality is uniformly high. The regular use of SELF POLISHING GLO-COAT will add greatly to the life and beauty of all of your linoleum surfaces.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC: FADE FOR:

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(2ND REVISION) 27-28

TAG

FIB: Ladies and gentlemen, for eleven years now we've been thanking you annually for your wonderful loyalty and support of the Johnson Wax Program, and we'd like to do it again.

MOL: We have a definite understanding with our sponsor that if you continue to like our show, they might take us on permanently. So thanks for everything and don't go away!

FIB: Don't forget, that next Tuesday at this same time, Johnson's Wax brings you that great pianist and entertainer Victor Borge, in his own show.

You'll love it!

MOL: And we love you.

FIB: Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight all!

PLAYOFF AND SIGNOFF

WIL: This is Harlow Wilcox, speaking for the makers of JOHNSON WAX PRODUCTS, for home and industry, and inviting you to listen in again next Tuesday night when we bring you that pianist-entertainer extraordinaire, Victor Borge.
 Goodnight.

ANNCR: THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

(CHIMES)

Writers: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

NBC - Tuesday