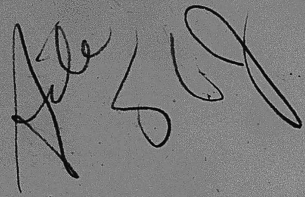


WRITERS: DON QUINN
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#25
(REVISED)

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

NBC - TUESDAY

MARCH 19, 1946

(REVISED)

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WOMAN: Hadn't you better run up and shave, Wadsworth? We're playing parches at the Dillingham's tonight, you know.

MAN: WHAT? ON TUESDAY NIGHT? NELLY, YOU KNOW WE NEVER GO OUT ON TUESDAY NIGHTS. WHY, WE MIGHT MISS --

WIL: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM - WITH FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

ORCH: THEME...FADE FOR:

WIL: The makers of Johnson's Wax products for home and industry present "FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY" - with Bill Thompson, Gale Gordon, Arthur Q. Bryan, Bea Benadaret, and me, Harlow Wilcox. The script is by Don Quinn and Phil Leslie. The music by the King's Men and Billy Mills' Orchestra!

ORCH: "DAY BY DAY" - FADE FOR:

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: It's a nice feeling, isn't it...the dishes done, the kitchen tidy and nothing to do but sit back and enjoy yourself. Was it much of a job to leave the kitchen floor clean and sparkling? It was no trouble at all if you are one of the millions of women who use JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT. That's the beauty of GLO-COAT. You just wipe your floor with a damp cloth or mop and all the day's dirt and spilled things disappear like magic. It's so easy to apply that protective film of GLO-COAT, ~~too~~. There's no rubbing or buffing. Just pour some on the floor, spread it around and let it dry, that's all there is to it. GLO-COAT shines as it dries without streaking, leaving a lovely smooth sheen. The attractive colors in your linoleum are restored and the bright patterns stand out like new again. Your linoleum lasts much longer, too, because GLO-COAT gives such wonderful tough protection. Try it, won't you? And be sure it's the genuine JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH.
(APPLAUSE)

WILCOX: ARGUING WITH A BANKER IS LIKE RIDING A HORSE ON A MERRY-GO-ROUND: YOU NEVER GET ANYPLACE. BUT HERE ON THE CORNER OF 14TH AND OAK STREETS, WISTFUL VISTA, WHO DO WE FIND BEATING HIS VERBAL BRAINS OUT AGAINST MR. MACDONALD OF THE THIRD NATIONAL BANK, BUT MR. MCGEE, OF -- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE

FIB: - and furthermore, MacDonald, if you weren't a hide-bound, frozen-puss old nickel-nurse that wasn't too lazy to put in a honest days work, you wouldn't close that bank at 2:30 every day.

MACD: Now just a minute, McGee. Our banking hours are -

FIB: BANKING HOURS!! TEN O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING TILL TWO-THIRTY IN THE AFTERNOON, FOUR AND A HALF HOURS!! YOU CALL THAT AN HONEST DAY'S WORK? WHAT DO US DEPOSITORS PAY YOU 2½ PERCENT ON OUR SAVINGS ACCOUNT FOR? SO YOU CAN --

MACD: YOU DON'T PAY US. WE PAY YOU.

FIB: I DON'T CARE WHO PAYS WHO. MY POINT IS THAT YOU OUGHTTA KEEP YOUR BANK OPEN FROM NINE TO FIVE, AT LEAST. SO A BUSY MAN LIKE ME CAN --

MACD: AND WHEN WOULD WE DO OUR CLERICAL WORK? FROM FIVE TILL MIDNIGHT? IF YOU HAD THE SENSE OF A BARN OWL, YOU'D REALIZE -

FIB: OH, CLERICAL WORK, EH? FIXIN' UP THE BOOKS EH? NO WONDER YOU PULL DOWN THE SHADES AT TWO-THIRTY EVERY AFTERNOON! BY GEORGE, IF --

MACD: ARE YOU INSINUATING THAT MY BANK IS DISHONEST, MCGEE?

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FIB: IF THE SHOE FITS, LACE UP YOUR TONGUE, MORTGAGE HOUND!

MACD: THAT'S ENOUGH, MCGEE...STEP INTO THIS ALLEY AND I'LL -

FIB: Wait a minute...what time is it, MacDonald?

MACD: Half past.

FIB: Oh my gosh!..I gotta get home!..SEE YOU LATER MACDONALD!

ORCH: BRIDGE

MOL: - and what did Mr. MacDonald say when you started to take off your coat, McGee?

FIB: (LAUGHS) He ran like a rabbit! One more word outa him and I'd of slapped him into a Peruvian debtenture! I'd of-

MOL: OH MCGEE..I ALMOST FORGOT. While you were gone, Red Cross headquarters called up. You are the captain for this neighborhood.

FIB: FOR THIS NEIGHBORHOOD! YOU MEAN THEY DIDN'T MAKE ME CHAIRMAN OF THE WHOLE WISTFUL VISTA DRIVE? WHY, THOSE UNGRATEFUL, SHORTSIGHTED --

MOL: No, dearie. You know they have the same chairman every year.

FIB: You mean...?

MOL: Mr. MacDonald, of the Third National Bank.

(PAUSE)

FIB: MacDonald, eh?

MOL: Yes. Incidentally, he's on your list to collect from. And it's usually his check that puts this neighborhood over the top.

FIB: Hmmm. That's kinda like me, ain't it?

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MOL: What do you mean?

FIB: I'm the kind of a lint-head that picks a fight with Henry Ford in the morning and invents a new kind of spark plug in the afternoon.

MOL: Oh, I'm sure Mr. MacDonald won't let your little argument affect his Red Cross Donation, dearie. He's a very fair man.

FIB: THAT GUY COULDN'T BE FAIR WITH FIVE GALLONS OF PEROXIDE. Oh well....I won't call on him myself, that's all. I'll have one of my subordinates do it.

MOL: MmmHm!

FIB: By the way....how many workers am I in charge of?

MOL: er.....One.

FIB: ONE? JUST ONE? WHO IS IT?

MOL: You.

FIB: ME? YOU MEAN I GOTTA WORK THIS WHOLE NEIGHBORHOOD ALL BY MYSELF? AND I GOTTA CALL ON OLD MACDONALD? MY GOSH, I --

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN: GLOSE:

MOL: Oh, hello, Doctor Gamble....so nice to see you.

DOC: Hello, Molly. And good afternoon to you, Leak-Cheek.

FIB: Good afternoon, Doctor. Mighty decent of you to stop in, sir. Won't you sit down, Doctor?

(PAUSE)

DOC: Excuse me. I must be in the wrong house.

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MOL: (LAUGHS) Don't be alarmed, Doctor. Himself here has merely taken on a little dignity.

FIB: (WITH DIGNITY) I have just been appointed a special Field Director for the American Red Cross, Doctor. In charge of accumulating funds in this particular territory to maintain our national and international activities in the service of humanity.

DOC: The appointment was made at National Headquarters in Washington, I presume?

FIB: It's quite likely, Doctor.

DOC: I think so too. No local official would be guilty of such a colossal blunder. You couldn't collect broken glass in a picnic grove.

MOL: OH NOW I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THAT, DOCTOR GAMBLE!
HE'S PRETTY PERSUASIVE WHEN HE GETS STARTED!

FIB: You're doggone right I am, Ether-drum! When I get warmed up, I can talk the feathers off a duck. WHICH REMINDS ME..

DOC: Oh what, Droopsnoot?

FIB: OF THE FACT THAT YOU'RE IN MY TERRITARY.

MOL: Territory, McGee.

FIB: Yes., WHICH MEANS I GOTTA GET YOUR RED CROSS DONATION, ARROWSMITH. THE RED CROSS, AS YOU KNOW IS....WHAT'S THIS?

DOC: My check.

MOL: Heavenly days, so quick? Thank you, Doctor!

FIB: DOGGONE IT, YOU MIGHT OF LET ME FINISH MY SALESTALK, YOU POINT KILLER.

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DOC: I don't need any salestalk, Lippy. Nobody knows more about the work of the Red Cross than we Bromide and Bandage Boys, and if I can help ease the worry of one lonesome G.I. in a hospital gown, I'll consider it a beautiful investment. And now if you'll excuse me, I've got to get back to the hospital. I have a major operation to perform.

FIB: Appendix, Doc?

DOC: Oh no. I just have to sprinkle a little sulfa on a bruised knee.

MOL: I thought you said it was a major operation.

DOC: It is. Major Flanagan. He skinned his leg marching in the St. Patrick's Day Parade. Good day.

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH: "LAUGHING ON THE OUTSIDE"

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: WALKING ON SIDEWALK

MOL: Well, who's next on your list, McGee?

FIB: Old man MacDonald....but I'M gonna skip him, till later.

MOL: Why? Do you think your little argument with Mr. MacDonald will affect his donation?

FIB: AFFECT IT! THAT GUY WOULDN'T DONATE ME HIS USED PIPE CLEANERS. HE'S.....wait a minute....here's one of my prospects.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON PORCH .. DOORBELL OFF MIKE

FIB: Now lemme see -- (TO HIMSELF) Madam, I am neighborhood Captain for the Red Cross, and am calling for your donation. In times of disaster, flood or famine, the American Red Cross is jerry at the rat-hole. The Red Cross is YOUR representative in its work to relieve the suffering of humanity all over the world and ----

DOOR OPEN:

OLD M: YES? WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND, KIDS?

MOL: Well, heavenly days...it's the Old Timer.

FIB: HIYAH, OLD TIMER. LOOK, I REPRESENT THE RED CROSS AND I'M HERE TO ----

OLD M: EH? (PAUSE) Oh the Red Cross Eh? GREAT LITTLE OUTFIT THE RED CROSS. CUTEST NURSES IN THE SOUTH SEAS. WHEN I WAS OUT THERE WITH THE SEABEES, I ALWAYS --

MOL: Please, Mr. Old Timer. We're here for your donation.

FIB: Yes, you'll appreciate the fact that the Red Cross still operates almost 650 Servicemen's clubs...Germany, France, Japan and all over the South Seas. The war hasn't ended for the Red Cross.

OLD M: EH?

MOL: He says the -

OLD M: WAR HASN'T ENDED FOR THE RED CROSS. NO SIRREE, KIDS. ANY TIME THERE'S TROUBLE, THEY GET THERE ON THE DOUBLE. I never will forget one little Red Cross Nurse back there in the Solomons. Name of Gracie. If it hadn't been for Gracie..I wouldn't be here now.

FIB: Save your life, did she?

OLD M: ~~EH?~~ YEP...GRACIE PULLED ME THRU, KIDS.

MOL: Were you wounded, Old Timer?

OLD M: No, daughter. Over stayed my leave and tried to crawl back into camp under the fence. I got stuck - and it was little Gracie who pulled me thru!

FIB: Yeah, but look...about the Red Cross, Old Timer. We need -

OLD M: MORE GIRLS LIKE GRACIE, THAT'S WHAT YE NEED, JOHNNY.

MOL: Was she pretty, Old Timer?

OLD M: PRETTY! Daughter, she was purtier than a moonbeam shinin' thru a busted bulldozer onto a mess of kelp. (SOFTLY) We was in love, fer almost a year.

FIB: You were, eh?

OLD M: EH? (PAUSE) Yes, we were. I was in love with her, and she was in love with a gunner's mate, third class. VERY third class, if ye ask me.

MOL: Well, that's all very romantic, Old Timer but we -

OLD M: HEY I CAN'T STAND HERE SCUTTLEBUTTIN' WITH YOU KIDS. I GOTTA GIT DOWN TO THE POST OFFICE....GOTTA MAIL MY RED CROSS DONATION.

FIB: HEY THAT'S WHAT I CAME TO SEE YOU ABOUT!

OLD M: EH?

MOL: He said that's what.....

OLD M: WELL THEN MAYBE YOU WOULDN'T MIND MAILING IT IN FOR ME. HERE IT IS RIGHT HERE. THANKS KIDS.

DOOR SLAM: FOOTSTEPS OFF PORCH ONTO SIDEWALK .. SUSTAIN

MOL: You don't get much chance to practice your salestalk do you, dearie?

FIB: Ain't it disgusting? The minute I open my mouth somebody slaps a check into it. At this rate I never will be prepared for old MacDonald. And he's the nastiest old.....

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MOL: Wait a minute, dearie. This house is on your list. Who lives here?

FIB: Lemme see. Hmm. Lou Wasey. You know a Lou Wasey?

MOL: No, but maybe a stranger will let you get a few words in. Come on.

FOOTSTEPS UP ON PORCH: DOOR KNOCK:

FIB: (TO HIMSELF) Madam, I represent the Red Cross in this territory....

MOL: Territory.

FIB: In this vicinity. The Red Cross, as you know, must raise a hundred million dollars in the 1946 drive and -

DOOR OPEN:

FIB: Good afternoon, madam. We repres---

MAN: WHO ARE YOU CALLING MADAM, MISTER?

MOL: Oh pardon him, I'm sure. Are you, Mr. Wasey?

MAN: No, I'm Myrna Loy. Mr. Wasey left on the 12 o'clock rocket for Mercury. He's in the thermometer business, you know. NOW WHADDYE WANT? I'M BUSY?

FIB: If you'd shut that big muskrat trap of yours for a minute, smart guy, we'd tell you. We're collecting for the Red Cross, which as you know...

MAN: WELL WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO? HERE'S MY CHECK. SORRY I COULDN'T MAKE IT MORE.

DOOR SLAM: FOOTSTEPS DOWN OFF PORCH ONTO SIDEWALK. UNDER:

MOL: Well, we're doing a fine business in a rude sort of way, aren't we?

FIB: DOGGONE IT, DON'T ANYBODY WANNA KNOW WHY THEY'RE GIVIN' TO THE RED CROSS?

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MOL: I think most people know about the work of the Red Cross, sweetheart. They've been doing business at the old stand for a long time now. Here's your next call. Number 94.

FIB: Okay. Come on.

FOOTSTEPS UP ON PORCH: DOORBELL: DOOR OPEN:

MOL: How do you do, madam. The Red Cross has asked us to -

WOMAN: Oh, the Red Cross. Here is my check. Thank you for calling.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: (PAUSE) You may close your mouth now, dearie. It's all over.

FIB: I'm gettin' tired of this. Next place we go to, I'm just gonna ring the bell and stick out my hand.

MOL: That will probably be the place where they have a fox terrier which is allergic to human fingers.

FIB: I don't care. By george, I'm gonna get in one sales pitch if I have to OH HIYAH, JUNIOR! JUST THE GUY I WANTED TO SEE!!!

WIL: (FADE IN) Hello, Pal. Hello, Molly. Out for a walk?

MOL: No, Mr. Wilcox. We're out collecting for the Red Cross.

FIB: AND YOU'RE ON MY LIST, JUNEY. NOW LOOK. LEMME TELL YOU A FEW THINGS ABOUT THE RED CROSS. IN THE FIRST PLACE -

WIL: Oh you don't have to tell ME anything about the Red Cross Pal. And incidentally, here's my check, all made out.

(PAUSE)

WIL: What's the matter. It's as much as I could spare, Pal. A little more, as a matter of fact.

MOL: Oh the check is very generous, Mr. Wilcox. I don't think that's what's annoying him.

WIL: Well, speak up, friend. Don't just stand there and glower at me.

FIB: Look Junior. I worked very hard whipping up a sales talk about the Red Cross. And what happens? Every place I go, the minute I open my ruby lips, somebody puts their money where my mouth is. NOBODY WILL LET ME TALK! IT AIN'T FAIR.

WIL: Maybe you've got the wrong approach, Pal. BASICALLY, YOU KNOW ALL SELLING IS THE SAME. IN THE FIRST PLACE, YOU'VE GOT TO HAVE CONFIDENCE IN YOUR PRODUCT.

MOL: Oh he has, Mr. Wilcox. He knows the Red Cross is the finest-

WIL: LIKE ME, WITH JOHNSON'S WAX. I'M SELLING QUALITY. I'M SELLING CLEANLINESS...I'M SELLING BEAUTY. I'M SELLING A SERVICE AS WELL AS A PRODUCT.

MOL: Well, that's very like the Red Cross. The service they give is -

WIL: AND WHEN I TELL ABOUT THE AMAZING NUMBER OF THINGS THAT JOHNSON'S WAX IS USEFUL FOR, I FEEL THAT I'M A GREAT DEAL MORE THAN JUST A SALESMAN. I'M A FRIEND OF THE FAMILY!

FIB: Yeah but whatatogottodowith-

WIL: WHY, WITH WAX PROTECTED FLOORS, FURNITURE, LUGGAGE, PICTURE FRAMES, WINDOW SILLS, RADIOS, AND GOLF BAGS TO TALK ABOUT, I'M NOT JUST A GUY THAT'S PEDDLING WAX.

FIB: The heck you ain't--

WIL: I'M A FRONT MAN FOR CIVILIZED LIVING. I GOTTA SAMPLE CASE FULL OF PRIDE AND HOSPITALITY.

FIB: Well, what would you do, Waxey, if everytime you rang a doorbell the door opened, somebody grabbed the Johnson's Wax outa your hand, shoved some dough into your mitt, and slammed the door!

MOL: Yes, what would you do then, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Oh that never happens!

FIB: It don't eh?

WIL: No. I never even have to ring the bell. One woman this morning came running halfway up the block to meet me. Then, after she'd tried the Johnson's Wax, she wanted to adopt me.

MOL: Oh, really?

WIL: No, O'Reilly. But my wife didn't want to be Mrs. Harlow O'Reilly, so I didn't go thru with it. Well, see you later, kids.

SOUND; FOOTSTEPS WALK AWAY

FIB: I wonder if he cleared that with Danny Kaye?

MOL: I don't know but I thought he was very encouraging, Dearie. You can't help it, if people start buying before you start selling. Come on..Here's our next stop.

FIB: OH, CARSTAIRS? MY GOSH, SHE OUGHTTA BE GOOD FOR QUITE A SLUG OF MOOLA. SHE GAVE THREE HUNDRED BUCKS LAST YEAR.

FOOTSTEPS UP ON PORCH; DOOR BELL (OFF)

MOL: You give her the old salestalk, Pet, and maybe she'll make it five hundred.

FIB: Just watch me, kiddo! FIREBALL MCGEE - THE DEMON SALESMAN! I'LL WORK MYSELF INTO SUCH A LATHER YOU COULD SHAVE ME WITH A SHOVEL. WHEN I GET THRU HERE, I'LL BE SO HOT I'LL GIVE OLD MAN MACDONALD A VOCAL BULLDOGGIN' THAT'LL --

DOOR OPEN:

BUTLER: (VERY SNOOTY) Yes?
FIB: HIYA, WITHERSPOON, REMEMBER US?
BUTLER: In what connection, sir, may I awsk?
MOL: Oh come off it, Witherspoon. Mrs. Carstairs has had us to dinner any number of times. Mr. and Mrs. McGee.
BUTLER: I am not Witherspoon, Madam. Witherspoon is no longer employed here. I am Roebuck.
FIB: NO KIDDIN'? SAY, THAT'S A BEAUTIFUL CATALOG YOU AND SEARS PUT OUT. I'VE SPENT MANY A LONG SUMMER AFTERNOON ---
MOL: McGee!
FIB: Eh? Oh.
MOL: PLEASE TELL MRS. CARSTAIRS THAT MR. AND MRS. MCGEE WOULD LIKE TO SEE HER A FEW MINUTE, ROEBUCK.
BUTLER: Immejitly, madame. Will you come in, please.
FIB: Thanks, Rowboat.
BUTLER: Roebuck, Sir.
DOOR SLAM:
BUTLER: (FADE) I shall see if Mrs. Carstairs is at home.
FIB: Get a load of that walk, willya? He's either had military training or had his hips lifted,

MOL: I'm certainly glad we don't have a butler, McGee. They always look like somebody had just cooked some cabbage in the next room. And I often do.
FIB: Yeah....I'd always be afraid Treacher would keep me after school. However, in a stuffy old mausoleum like this, it isn't so...OOOOOH, HIYAH, CARSTY!
CARST: (FADE IN) How do you do, Mr. McGee. Good day, Mrs. McGee....How nice to see you.
MOL: Tell Millicent why you are here, McGee.

CARST: Pray do, Mr. McGee. And then you must excuse me. I am packing for a flying trip to the West Coast.

FIB: NO KIDDIN' CARSTY? Business or pleasure?

CARST: Both, Mr. McGee. I have a niece in San Diego I haven't seen for many years, and Mr. Carstairs has an interest in a large walnut ranch.

MOL: Walnut ranch! Imagine that. Have any trouble with nut-rustlers, Millicent?

CARST: No, my dear. But the Walnut grower's Annual Convention is rather exciting. I'll see that you get invitations to our next Nut-Meet.

MOL: Thank you, Millicent. I hope you have a nice trip.

FIB: I'll bet you won't know your niece either, Carsty. Kids grow up awful fast in them tropical climates, they say.

CARST: Oh I know it, Mr. McGee. I once saw an actor named Victor mature one afternoon in Hollywood. But tell me, what can I do for you.

MOL: ALL RIGHT, MCGEE...NOW'S YOUR CHANCE!...DO YOUR STUFF!

FIB: CARSTY. FOR A LOT OF MEN AND WOMEN, THE WAR IS NOT YET OVER. AND FOR THEM, THE AMERICAN RED CROSS IS THE LINK BETWEEN....

CARST: Oh, I am so glad you mentioned that, Mr. McGee. I have a check here all made out. Do you know to whom I should send it?

(PAUSE)

MOL: We'll take it, Millicent. That's what we came for. Thank you so much. Come on, McGee. (PAUSE) MCGEE.... COME ON. WE'RE THRU.

FIB: I....er...I....er...I....er...thanks, Carsty. Have a nice trip.

CARST: Thank you. Good day.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: How big is the check, McGee?

FIB: I dunno. I can't read it till I stop cryin'.

ORCH: "MAKE MINE MUSIC" ... KINGS MEN

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: WALKING ON STREET: DOWN UNDER:

MOL: Are you still worrying about your salestalk to Mr. MacDonald, McGee?

FIB: Yeah...My gosh, I haven't had a chance to get any sample reactions from people. AND I NEED MacDONALD'S BIG CHECK TO MAKE MY QUOTA.

MOL: Well, here's your last chance to practice your pitch, dearie. Mayor La Trivia's house.

FOOTSTEPS UP ON PORCH: DOOR KNOCK: DOOR OPEN:

GALE: WELL, HELLO THERE, MOLLY. HELLO, McGEE. COME IN!

MOL: No thank you, Mr. Mayor. This is just a brief business call.

FIB: I'm the captain for Red Cross donations in this neighborhood, La Trivia.

GALE: Good for you, McGee. Tell me all about it!

(PAUSE)

FIB: 'Are you kiddin'?

GALE: Why should I be?

MOL: You mean you...er...want to hear a few facts about the Red Cross, your honor?

GALE: I think it would be very interesting.

FIB: Well, in the first place, La Trivia, to carry on their work, the Red Cross has gotta have a hundred million bucks this year...for overseas, home front, and disaster activities. This is the most important--

GALE: OH, EXCUSE ME A MINUTE, McGEE...

FIB: Eh?

GALE: Here's my personal check. Now what were you saying?

MOL: Does it matter...now?

FIB: This is the most discouraging thing I ever...

HEY, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOUR FOOT, LA TRIVIA?

GALE: Oh. That's why I'm home at this hour, McGee.

I stopped on the street to pat a horse, and it stepped on my foot. It was a big dray horse.

MOL: You don't have to talk baby talk to get sympathy from us, your honor.

GALE: BABY TALK? But I wasn't--

FIB: And anyway, what difference does it make what color the horse was?

GALE: I didn't even mention the color of the horse.

MOL: You said it was a big dray horse.

GALE: BUT IT WAS A BIG DRAY HORSE. IT WAS A ROAN.

FIB: It wasn't alone if you were with it, La Trivia.

GALE: I DIDN'T SAY IT WAS ALONE. I SAID IT WAS A ROAN. A BROWN HORSE.

MOL: Well, that's a horse of a different color.

GALE: WHAT'S A HORSE OF A DIFFERENT COLOR?

FIB: A roan. First you say it's gray and then you say it's brown.

GALE: BUT IT WAS BROWN. A BIG DROWN BRAY HORSE...er...BIG BROWN DRAY...

MOL: Well, make up your mind, Mr. Mayor. Which?

GALE: WHICH WHAT?

FIB: Dray or brown?

GALE: NOW WAIT A MINUTE. I DIDN'T SAY IT WAS A GRAY. I SAID DRAY.

MOL: We know you did, Mr. Mayor...and when a man your age gets kittenish like that --

GALE: (YELLS) I WAS NOT BEING KITTENISH! WHEN I SAID IT WAS HAY DROUSE...ER...A DRAY HEARSE...HORSE...I WAS MERELY REFERRING TO THE FACT THAT...WHEN A HORSE IS HITCHED TO A ROAN...ER...I MEAN A DRAY...IF A BROWN DRAY...A DROWN BRAY...A HORSE THAT...THE COLOR...I!...YOU!...IT!... (PAUSE) McGee.

FIB: Yes, La Trivia?

GALE: There' is a scale at the corner drug store.

MOL: Yes, we know that, your honor, but--

GALE: -- and here are two pennies.

FIB: What'll we do with 'em?

GALE: GO WEIGH!

DOOR SLAM:

FOOTSTEPS DOWN OFF PORCH ONTO SIDEWALK...SUSTAIN UNDER:

MOL: I thought for a minute there you were going to have a chance for some real salesmanship, McGee.

FIB: AIN'T IT BEEN AWFUL? NOBODY WILL EVEN LET ME OPEN MY-- Hey, what are we stopping here for?

MOL: This is the last call, dearie. Mr. MacDonald's.

FIB: Oh my gosh...AFTER THE WAY I POPPED OFF AT HIM THIS MORNING, HE WON'T GIMME A NICKEL! Oh well...never let it be said that McGee didn't go down with flags flyin'. Come on, kiddo.

FOOTSTEPS UP ON PORCH: DOOR KNOCK: DOOR OPEN:

MACD: WELL?

MOL: Hello, Mr. MacDonald?

FIB: Hiya, Mac. (LAUGHS) Remember the friendly little argument we had this morning, about your banking hours?

MAC: OF COURSE I REMEMBER IT. YOU OUGHT TO HAVE YOUR SILLY REMARKS TATTOOED ON YOUR SCALP. THEY'D LOOK GOOD ENGRAVED ON A PINHEAD.

MOL: He came over to apologize, Mr. MacDonald.

FIB: Yeah...I was just kiddin', Mac. NOW THEN. DO YOU REALIZE, MacDONALD, THAT THE AMERICAN RED CROSS--

(REVISED) -25-

MACD: I KNOW ALL ABOUT THE RED CROSS. I'M CHAIRMAN OF THE
DRIVE. AND MY CHECK FOR --- Wait a minute...I had a check
all made out for ^{a thousand} ~~three hundred~~ dollars. What did I.....
OH! ^{my goodness} ~~(LUCAS)~~ Must have left it at the bank.

MOL: Oh that's all right, Mr. MacDonald. We'll stop by and
pick it up.

MACD: You can't do that. It's two forty-five. The bank's
closed.

FIB: WHAT? THE BANK'S CLOSED! AT THIS TIME OF DAY? WHY YOU
PENNY PINCHIN' PUBLIC PARASITE!! IF YOU'D KEEP REASONABLE
HOURS IN THAT POOR MAN'S FORT KNOX....

MACD: NOW JUST A MINUTE, MCGEE...YOU DON'T REALIZE...

FIB: I DO TOO REALIZE! YOU KEEP YOUR BANK DOORS OPEN JUST
LONG ENOUGH FOR THE MORNING DEPOSITS...YOU'RE SO SCARED
SOMEBODY WILL DRAW OUT A DOLLAR AND A HALF --

MACD: DON'T TALK TO ME LIKE THAT, YOU PETTY LARCENY PAPER
SMATCHER. ALL YOU COME IN MY BANK FOR IS TO STEAL
BLOTTERS AND FILL YOUR FOUNTAIN PEN...AND WHEN YOU --

FIB: NOW JUST A DARN MINUTE, MACDONALD...

MOL: Oh this is ridiculous!

ORCH: "I'M GLAD I WAITED FOR YOU" --- FADE FOR ---

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
3-19-46

(2ND REVISION)

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: It's disappointing, but it doesn't look as if we'll get
that new car for some time, does it? While you're waiting,
how'd you like to make your old bus look almost as shiny
and polished as a new one? Sound good? All right, here's
the secret...JOHNSON'S CARNU and surprisingly little of
your time. I don't mean that CARNU will turn an old
Stanley Steamer into a new Cadillac, but it honestly will
make your car look 100% better. CARNU is the famous
wax-fortified liquid cleaner that both cleans and polishes
in one application. All you do is apply CARNU, rubbing
just hard enough to loosen up that old dirt that washing
won't remove. Then let it dry to a powder. When you wipe
away this powder, dullness disappears almost like magic,
and brother, I'm telling you, your car really shines.
And talk about easy. Apply it, let it dry, wipe it off...
that's the whole easy CARNU story. Why not get some from
your dealer. It's spelled CARNU.....JOHNSON'S CARNU.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC - FADE FOR:

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FOR:

TAG

FIB: Ladies and gentlemen. I don't think we have to give
YOU any sales talk about the Red Cross, either. So
we'll just say "GIVE GENEROUSLY TO THEM THIS YEAR".
MOL: You couldn't think of a better cause to save your
lives!
FIB: Goodnight.
MOL: Goodnight, all!

PLAYOFF & SIGNOFF:

WIL: This is Harlow Wilcox, speaking for the makers of
JOHNSON'S WAX PRODUCTS for home and industry, and
inviting you to be with us again next Tuesday night.
Goodnight.
ANNCR: THIS IS N.B.C. - THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

(CHIMES)