

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

#28
(REVISED)

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

NBC - TUESDAY

APRIL 9, 1946

(REVISED)

-2-

ENG WOMAN: I say, Biddlebrook, old rutabaga, what say we pop out this evening for a bit of dawncing? Or maybe a cinema? There's plenty of petrol in the Rolls.

ENG MAN: Dash it, old girl, you know jolly well Tuesday is my night with the wireless. I simply CAWN'T miss Amos and Ahndrew, y'know. Or that Hope laddie, or the Skelton chap. And the man and wife thing...er... what is the name again?

WILCOX: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM? WITH FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY?

ENG MAN: Gad, Sir! That's it!

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: "YOU HAVEN'T CHANGED AT ALL" ... FADE FOR

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
4-9-46

-3-

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: ~~Along~~ about this time of year, you can be very thankful if you have been using the Wax method of housekeeping. If you have, then you don't get the jitters over this spring housecleaning business. You can take that job in your stride, because your floors, furniture, woodwork and many other surfaces probably just need a touching up with JOHNSON'S WAX. This famous wax polish is more than just a product -- it's a method of protective housekeeping. When you wax your things regularly throughout the year, you accomplish three important objectives. First, your home is more beautiful, it has that mellow, wax-polished radiance that is so much admired. Second, your floors, furniture, woodwork and accessories are protected against wear, dirt and moisture by the tough film of JOHNSON'S WAX. And third, you save hours and hours of work -- both in your daily and weekly housework. And in these days of spring housecleaning, believe me, it will pay you to adopt the modern wax method of housekeeping with genuine JOHNSON'S WAX, Paste Liquid or Cream.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH

(APPLAUSE)

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
4/9/46

(2ND REVISION) -4-

WILCOX: WHEN A WOMAN LIKE MRS. MCGEE, WHO IS A GOOD COOK, MARRIES INTO A FAMILY LIKE THE MCGEES, WHO ARE ALWAYS HUNGRY, THEY SHOULD HAVE A REVOLVING DOOR ON THE GUEST ROOM. THE LATEST RELATIVE TO BE HEARD FROM IS BEING DISCUSSED RIGHT NOW, BY-

- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY -

APPLAUSE:

FIB: Imagine seeing old Cousin Salvador again after all these years, Molly?

MOL: And him a famous artist.

FIB: It must have been fifteen years since he was here last.

MOL: And, if I remember correctly, he put away enough groceries at that time to last him twenty. He's five years early.

FIB: Yes sir....a guy as hungry as him was BOUND to be either a poet or a painter. I hope he brings some of his pictures with him. I'd like to buy a couple..just as an investment.

MOL: You mean like if you'd bought a few Rembrandts 300 years ago, you'd make a neat profit on them today. - Old man?

FIB: Well anyway, I hope Cousin Salvador remembers how interested I was in his career. I always said he'd make good someday with his painting, didn't I?

MOL: I don't remember you saying that, McGee, but I do know how you tried to help him along.

FIB: Certainly.

MOL: Every time he mentioned painting, you'd give him the brush.

FIB: Imagine, our own cousin, a famous artist!

MOL: I hardly remember him, McGee. Did he LOOK like an artist McGee?

FIB: Whaddye mean, did he look like an artist?

MOL: Well, did he wear his hair long?

FIB: No, only about 25 years. And then it all fell out.

MOL: I see. Did his telegram say what time he'd arrive?

FIB: No, but it'll probably be around dinner time.

MOL: Hmmmmmm!

FIB: Now lemme see....I think the light will be better if I move this easel over by the window..don't you think?

MOL: Why don't you wait and let Cousin Salvador put it where he wants it?

FIB: This is not for Cousin Salvador, my dear. I myself am indulging a bit in the creative urge. Salvador's telegram has aroused my artistic instincts.

MOL: Oh, what have I done to deserve this! AND THAT SMOCK.... AND BERET! Oh, McGee.

FIB: You know, baby, I got everything I need to become a famous modernistic artist. I'm practically color blind and I can't draw for sour apples.

MOL: It's too bad Cousin Mervyn isn't coming, or you could paint some still-lifes. He had one of the biggest stills around Peoria.

FIB: I'm going to do impressionistic things, my dear. My first canvas - this one I am working on now - will be entitled "RETRIBUTION ON TUESDAY". It will show a well-done hamburger draped over an alarm clock, with a human torso in the background tatooed with soft shell crabs and a green heifer wearing a paper hat. It will give an impression of the futility of Life.

MOL: I'll bet it will, at that! Now look, Van Dyke, if you get paint all over my living room rug --

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

MOL: Oh Hello, Mr. Wimple.

WIMP: Hello, folks.

FIB: Hiyah, Wimp. What's the umbrella for - is it raining?

WIMP: Oh no, Mr. McGee...I was just taking it downtown to get it repaired. I thought maybe I could get it fixed while I went to the doctor?

MOL: Oh are you ill, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: Oh no, Mrs. McGee....(LAUGHS) The umbrella and I are in the same condition. We each have two broken ribs.

FIB: I see there's about three inches of the metal tip busted off of it too, Wimp.

WIMP: Yes but I know where it is. And it doesn't hurt a bit, except when I sit down.

MOL: My goodness, Mr. Wimple, you and your wife certainly lead a strenuous life. Don't you ever fight back?

(REVISED) ⁶⁴

FIB: Hiyah, Wimp. What's the umbrella for - is it raining?
WIMP: Oh no, Mr. McGee..I was just taking it downtown to get it repaired. I thought maybe I could get it fixed while I went to the doctor?
MOL: Oh are you ill, Mr. Wimple?
WIMP: Oh no, Mrs McGee..(LAUGHS) The umbrella and I are in the same condition. We each have two broken ribs.
FIB: Your wife have something to do with it, Wimp?
WIMP: Well-l yes....in a roundabout way, Mr. McGee.
MOL: What do you mean, in a roundabout way?
WIMP: She chased me round about the house seven times before she got close enough to hit me with the umbrella.
FIB: I see there's about three inches of the metal tip busted off of it too, Wimp.
WIMP: Yes but I know where it is. And it doesn't hurt a bit, except when I sit down.
MOL: My goodness, Mr. Wimple, you certainly lead a strenuous life. Don't you ever fight back?
WIMP: Oh I did once, Mrs McGee.
FIB: My gosh, you did? What happened, Wimp?
WIMP: Well, I'M a little ashamed of myself for losing my temper like that Mr. McGee....but one day Sweetface was particularly naughty to me and I grabbed up a loaded shotgun.
MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS!

(2ND REVISION) -7-

WIMP: Oh I did once, Mrs McGee.
FIB: My gosh, you did? What happened, Wimp?
WIMP: Well, I'M a little ashamed of myself for losing my temper like that Mr. McGee....but one day Sweetface was particularly naughty to me and I grabbed up a loaded shotgun.
MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS!
WIMP: And I just stood there and I said, Sweetface, I said, and I meant it, too! -SWEETFACE, I said...you take one step toward me, and I'll let you have it!
FIB: Yes....yes?
WIMP: So she did. She took one step toward me, and I let her have it. I didn't want it any more anyway.
MOL: You ought to get your wife to take up some quiet hobby, Mr. Wimple.
FIB: Like me, Wimp. I've just took up painting. I'M working on a modernistic job now, called SUNRISE OVER YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE, or, TAPIOCA PUDDING IN B-FLAT.
WIMP: Oh that's very interesting, Mr. McGee. But I'm more interested in poetry, myself.
MOL: Have you written anything lately, Mr. Wimple?
WIMP: Yes, I have, Mrs McGee. It's called OH PRETTY LITTLE EASTER EGG.
FIB: Let's hear it if you insist.

WIMP: All right. "OHhh PRETTY LITTLE EASTER EGG,
WHOSE SHELL I CRACKED SO VERY GLADLY
YOU LOOK AT ME FROM IN MY HAND
AND MAKE ME FEEL SO VERY SADLY.
OF ALL THE FOLKS ON THIS GREAT EARTH
THE ONE I JUDGE THE VERY WORST,
IS THE ONE WHO DYED YOU, LITTLE EGG
AND NEVER THOUGHT TO BOIL YOU FIRST!"

Goodbye now!

SCUND: DOOR SLAM

ORCH: "VILIA"

(APPLAUSE)

SECOND SPOT

FIB: I think this one here is the best painting I've done
in my whole career, Molly.

MOL: And considering that your career just started about
an hour ago and you've done seven, that's really
something!

FIB: I sure wish it would get dark.

MOL: Why?

FIB: So we could see the Northern Lights. All artists have
gotta have a northern light to work by, you know.

MOL: That's just a NORTH light, dearie.

FIB: IT IS? Well, I'm sure glad to hear that! Them northern
lights flicker like everything.

MOL: What's the name of this current masterpiece?

FIB: This? This I'm calling "TWO RAILROAD TICKETS IN LOVE
WITH A PILE OF LINT." Notice how the blue tones
modulate into this dirty gray color? Don't it give you
a far-off feeling of emancipation and stupidity?

MOL: Yes...yes it does. As a matter of fact---

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: If that is one of the tradesmen, my dear, bid the fellow
be off.

MOL: Coil up your lasso, Picasso, and get down off your high
horse. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

MOL: Oh hello, Doctor Gamble.

DC

P

(2ND REVISION) -11-

DOC: Hello, Molly. And what are you up to, Underslung? What's that on your head - an ice bag?

FIB: (LAUGHS TOLERANTLY) That my dear doctor, is a beret. You will forgive me, I trust, if I pursue my artistic endeavors while you and my good woman indulge in the local gossip? One must take advantage of the fleeting light, you know.

(PAUSE)

DOC: That's all! I can't take it this week. So long, Molly.

MOL: BUT DOCTOR, HE ----

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Now you see what you did, McGee? You and your fancy talk. Another few hours of this and you won't have a friend left in town.

FIB: Well, dad rat it, you gotta be RUDE to people if you wanna be noticed. Whoever heard of a polite genius?

MOL: Well, for goodness sakes --

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

DOC: My curiosity got the better of me, friends. Is it true, that little Smudgepot here has gone in for painting?

MOL: Yes it is, doctor. He's going to burst on the world of art with a noise like threading a needle underwater.

FIB: We have a house guest coming, doctor. My cousin, Salvador McGee, the famous artist. You know of him, I suppose?

DOC: Frankly, Deepseat, I've never heard of him. Is he a blood relative, or anaemic, like you?

P

(2ND REVISION) -12-

MOL: According to his last letter, doctor, his latest work is in the National Gallery in Washington.

FIB: Take a look at some of my work, doctor.

DOC: All right, what's the name of this nauseating little item?

FIB: I call it "TEMPEST IN A FIGGY BANK", or "SEVEN RAZOR BLADES IN SEARCH OF A GIRL'S BICYCLE".

DOC: Very interesting.

MOL: Do you really think so doctor, or are you just saying that because you haven't got your glasses on?

FIB: You realize, of course, my dear doctor, that I am not a mere painter of pictures. I paint EMOTIONALLY. I depict the innermost thoughts of humanity. The primitive urges and the savagery of civilization.

DOC: Done a self-portrait yet, McGee? I've always thought you should be done in oil.

MOL: Painted, doctor?

DOC: No. Boiled.

FIB: Well, for your information, you big sinus-plumber, there's an artistic strain that runs clear through the McGee family.

MOL: And what a strain it is, too!

FIB: I don't expect any appreciation from an illiterate oaf like you, Fatsie, but believe me, - I KNOW TALENT!

DOC: You not only do - you HAVE.

FIB: I have what?

DOC: No talent. So long, Molly.

DOOR SLAM:

P

MOL: According to his last letter, doctor, his latest work is in the National Gallery in Washington.

FIB: Take a look at some of my work, doctor.

DOC: All right, what's the name of this nauseating little item?

FIB: I call it "TEMPEST IN A PIGGY BANK", or "SEVEN RAZOR BLADES IN SEARCH OF A GIRL'S BICYCLE".

DOC: Very interesting.

MOL: Do you really think so doctor, or are you just saying that because you haven't got your glasses on?

FIB: You realize, of course, my dear doctor, that I am not a mere painter of pictures. I paint EMOTIONALLY. I depict the innermost thoughts of humanity. The primitive urges and the savagery of civilization.

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MOL: And what a strain it is, too!

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DOC: You not only do - you HAVE.

FIB: I have what?

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DOOR SLAM:

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DOOR SLAM:

MOL: I'm afraid the doctor has a low opinion of your efforts, McGee.

FIB: Well, whadja expect? Ever notice the corny picture he has in his office? It's a cowboy on a ratty lookin' horse holdin' a rusty rifle.

MOL: Why darling, that is a genuine Remington!

FIB: The rifle?

MOL: No, the artist.

FIB: YOU MEAN LITTLE BENNY REMINGTON THAT RUNS THE SHOE SHINE PARLOR ON OAK STREET! WHY THAT GUY COULDN'T PAINT A ---

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

MOL: Well for goodness sakes.....MRS. CARSTAIRS.....AND MR WILCOX!

AD LIB HELLOS:

FIB: Glad you dropped in, folks. My friends are always welcome in my studio. Do sit down.

CARST: Thank you.

FIB: We can chat while I work.

WIL: We just met Doc Gamble, pal. He said you had a bad case of painter's colic, so we thought we'd drop in and see how you were.

MOL: He was just being sarcastic, I guess, Mr. Wilcox.

CARST: That is rather a strange bit of work-you have in hand there, Mr. McGee. May I ask what you call it?

FIB: Carsty, you have a true eye for the better things. This is a dream impression of unreality, with tragic undertones of elementary depravity. I call it "RAGAMUFFINS AT HIGH NOON," or, "PASSION'S PLAYTHING WITH OUTBOARD MOTOR." I say, Wilcox, old fellow...hand me that tube of pink there will you? That's a good chap!

WIL: This isn't paint. It's toothpaste.

FIB: I know. I'M just starting a new canvas, called "DELIRIUM WITH MIRIAM'S IRIUM."

MOL: Or, "While there's Hope, there's Life."

CARST: You know, Mr. McGee, this is all very reminiscent of the time I spent in Paris, in 1933. I saw several paintings very similar to yours.

MOL: Exhibition was it, Millicent?

CARST: No. One afternoon in a painters studio, some of the artists tried a little experiment. They backed a blindfolded mule up against an easel, tied a wet paint brush to his tail and let several horseflies out of a bottle. The picture won first prize that year.

MOL: THERE, MCGEE! AND REMEMBER, THAT MULE WAS BLINDFOLDED.

FIB: Yeah, that's all very well, but where can I get a bottle of horseflies at this time of year? Hey, what you doing, Junior?

WIL: Pal, here's a painting that really appeals to me! Can I buy this?

FIB: My gosh, Junior, you don't want that old thing! I was just --

(REVISED)

-15-

WIL: NAME A PRICE, WILL YOU? I have a place on my living room wall where this will be perfect!

CARST: Where are you living now, Mr. Wilcox? In a fraacture ward?

MOL: That one is pretty badly wrinkled, Mr. Wilcox...why don't you select one that --

WIL: NO, I WANT THIS ONE. I CAN JUST SEE IT FRAMED IN A MAHOGANY AND GOLD FRAME. AND YOU KNOW WHAT I'LL PUT ON THE FRAME?

FIB: I think I could make a pretty good -

WIL: JOHNSON'S WAX! NATURALLY, ANYBODY WHO APPRECIATES GOOD THINGS WANTS TO SEE THEM GET THE BEST POSSIBLE PROTECTION AGAINST DUST AND DIRT AND DAMPNESS.

FIB: Yes, but that one you selected is -

(REVISED)

-16-

WIL: GEE WHIZZ, JOHNSON'S WAX IS THE STANDARD HOUSEHOLD PROTECTOR FOR PICTURE FRAMES, WOODWORK, FLOORS, FURNITURE, ENAMELED SURFACES AND LEATHER GOODS.

MOL: Yes, but what that got to do with--

WIL: BECAUSE IT SEALS SURFACE PORES AGAINST PENETRATION OF DUST AND DAMPNESS. AND GIVES A SPARKLE TO YOUR HOME THAT'S LIKE "HOSPITALITY" SPELLED OUT IN RHINESTONES. How much, Pal? Name your price.

CARST: Shall I leave while you gentlemen haggle?

MOL: No, don't go, Millicent. This is McGee's first sale, and he promised me whatever he got for it.

FIB: Gee whiz, Waxey, I don't wanna see you ^{do} that. That's just--

WIL: OH, COME ON! TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS!

FIB: No, I--

WIL: FORTY! FIFTY! SEVENTY-FIVE!

FIB: Junior...I'M gonna keep this friendly. I want you to have that painting. For you it's just five bucks!

WIL: OH, NO! I COULDN'T TAKE ADVANTAGE OF--

FIB: Five bucks or no sale, Buster.

WIL: Well...okay. Here you are. Thanks ever so much. I want you to see it after I have it framed. By the way, what's the name of it?

FIB: I call that "SPLITTING AN ATOM, AT EVE", ~~Junior~~. Take good care of it.

WIL: Oh, I will, believe me. Can I drop you off at-home, Mrs. Carstairs?

(2ND REVISION)-17-

CARST: Please do, Mr. Wilcox. I must get back and write Boris Karloff a letter.

MOL: Goodness sakes, Boris Karloff. A friend of yours, Millicent?

CARST: No, I merely want to say, SO YOU THINK YOU MAKE HORROR PICTURES! Good day, my dear. And Mr. McGee.

WIL: SO LONG, FOLKS!

FIB: & MOL: (Goodbyes)

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: I can't understand you, dearie. You had a chance to get a hundred dollars for that painting!

FIB: BUT DAD RAT IT, THAT WASN'T A PAINTING. THAT WAS THE RAG I BEEN WIPING MY BRUSHES ON! Hey - where you going?

MOL: I'm going upstairs and get the guest room ready for Cousin Salvador. (FADE OUT) Don't make any more mess than you will anyway.

(REVISED) -18-

FIB: OKAY! (TO HIMSELF) Ah, there goes a good kid! I ain't fooling her any with this long hair stuff. She knows I'm just a Grant Wood with knotholes. But does she care? No sir. She--

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: Come in!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

TEE: HI, MISTER.

FIB: Hi, sis.

TEE: Hi. Gee, whatcha doin' in the apron and tamoshanter, mister? Hmm? Whatcha? Hmm?

FIB: THIS IS A SMOCK AND A BERET, SIS. And I'm painting pictures...like this one here. See?

(PAUSE)

FIB: Whaddye think of it, sis?

(PAUSE)

TEE: Will you tell me a story, mister? Hmm? Please? Willya, please?

FIB: You didn't answer my question, Teeny.

TEE: Well, my mommy says if you can't say something nice about people, don't say anything, mister.

FIB: I...er.. AHEM. WELL, SO YOU WANT A STORY, EH?

TEE: Please.

FIB: Okay. I ever tell you about Katy the Kangaroo?

TEE: (GIGGLES) No.

FIB: Okay. ONCE UPON A TIME --

THIRD SPOT

(REVISED) -21-

FIB: Now lemme see....a little more tattletale gray in the background...(PAUSE) and a dash of taxicab yellow...

MOL: That's quite a painting you're working on there, McGee.

FIB: Oh, this is the best one yet. It's a fantasy of social insecurity as the forces of nature meet the challenge of television.

MOL: What's the significance of the mustache cup in the lower left?

FIB: This? That ain't a mustache cup. That's an allegorical figure. Nincompoopia, the Goddess of Heavy-weight Wrestling.

MOL: (SIGHS) I'm afraid I'll just never understand modernistic painting, dearie.

FIB: Any time anybody does, all us artists are out of business. Now lemme see....

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE

MOL: Oh hello, Mayor La Trivia.

GALE: How do you do, Molly. Hello there Mc-....(PAUSE) Pardon me, madam. I thought you were Mr. McGee.

FIB: Don't let the smock and the beret fool you, La Triv. I just wear these to keep the paint outa my clothes and hair.

MOL: With little or no success, you might add.

GALE: Well, I didn't know you were an artist, McGee. Is this some of your work?

(2nd REVISION) -22-

MOL: Yes it is, Mr. Mayor, you like it?

GALE: No.

MOL: That's because you don't understand modern art, Your Honor. And if you'll move over, I'll join you.

FIB: You're accustomed to old fashioned art, La Trivia. Sunsets and stuff. Kitchen calendars. Three kittens in a basket. Photographic. You gotta learn to appreciate modern painting EMOTIONALLY.

GALE: What brought on this burst of self-expression, McGee?

MOL: His cousin, Salvador McGee, is coming today for a visit, your Honor. He's a well known painter back east. Made a lot of money at it, too.

FIB: Any time you want him and me to do any mural painting at the City Hall, La Triv. Just speak up.

MOL: You mean MURAL painting, McGee.

FIB: What did I say?

GALE: You said MURIEL.

MOL: That's a girl's name.

FIB: Why should you want us to paint her on the wall at the City Hall, La Trivia? Who is she, by the way?

GALE: Who is who?

MOL: Muriel. The girl you want McGee to paint on the wall.

GALE: I DON'T WANT ANYTHING OF THE KIND. I DIDN'T SUGGEST ANY SUCH THING.

FIB: Oh don't be so cagey, boy. We won't hold you up. Wait'll you see a rough sketch before you say yes or no. You got a snapshot of her with you?

GALE: NOW LOOK, MCGEE--

MOL: Is she a blonde or brunette, Your Honor?

FIB: Reason she asked is I paint brunettes cheaper. Mixing the color for a blonde or redhead is--

GALE: I TELL YOU SHE IS NOT A BLONDEHEAD...er...A WALLTYPE...ER...THIS WHOLE THING IS YOUR OWN IDEA. I DON'T EVEN KNOW ANYBODY NAMED MURIEL EXCEPT AN ELDERLY AUNT OF MINE. IS THAT CLEAR?

MOL: Personally, I think it's mighty sweet of you to want your aunt's portrait in ^{the} city hall mural, Mr. Mayor.

FIB: What I'll do, La Triv, is make a premillinery sketch, see? Then we'll see where in the City Hall would be the best place to-- ^{hang mural}

GALE: I TELL YOU I DON'T WANT ANY MURIELS...ER...MURALS. IF MY AUNT WAS...LOOK! ANY TIME THE CITY AUNT..ER..MURAL HALL...I MEAN, THIS PUNURIAL...ER...PAINT OF MILLWALL...ER...YOU SAID THAT IF I WANTED A MURIANT..ER..A PICTURE POINTED...PORTRANT PITCH...PIC...PHHH...I...YOU... OOOOH....(PAUSE) McGee.

FIB: Yes?

GALE: Tell me...how do you mix your paint?

MOL: That's an interesting question.

FIB: Depends on whether you mix it wet or dry, La Triv. If you mix it dry, you take a powder --

GALE: I certainly do. Good day.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: I sure wish he'd shown me that snapshot of Muriel before he left. I'd of painted her picture and given it to him for Christmas.

MOL: He's just shy, I guess. And if she's his aunt....(PAUSE) What's the matter?

FIB: You see anything of my palette?

MOL: You mean my bread-board that you were mixing all that paint on? You laid it on a chair when the Mayor came in.

FIB: Which chair?

MOL: The one you're sitting in, I think.

FIB: That's what I think.

MOL: Well....aren't you going to get up?

FIB: No hurry now. I can't get any more --

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MAN: Is this McGee's residence?

FIB: COUSIN SALVADOR! HIYA, BOY....COME ON IN!

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: My goodness, it's good to see you again, Cousin Salvador.

(REVISED) -25-

MAN: Er.....thanks. Gee, who's been doing all the painting?
FIB: Me, Salvy. HOW DO YOU LIKE 'EM?
MAN: Oh, don't ask me, Cousin Fibber. I wouldn't know.
MOL: Oh, go on with you! And you with all your paintings at
the National Gallery in Washington that you wrote us
about!
MAN: Oh, not my paintings, Molly. MY PAINTING.
FIB: Eh? JUST ONE, YOU MEAN?
MAN: Yeah, but it was the biggest job I ever did. I did the
whole interior white, two coats of white enamel. Trimmed
all the windows in moss green. Next month I got another
job doing a brewery. They said --
FIB: OH, THIS IS RIDICULOUS!!
ORCH: "I LOVE YOU THIS MORNING" - FADE FOR:

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MC GEE & MOLLY
4-9-46

-26-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: You'll pardon me I'm sure if I paraphrase an old saying,
"Dirt may come and dirt may go, but a GLO-COATED floor
goes on forever." At least practically forever -- if
you use JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT regularly on your linoleum
surfaces. Scrubbing linoleum is bad for it -- you've
heard me say that many times before. Linoleum
manufacturers themselves, and housekeeping authorities
too, recommend this kind of care that gives protection
to the linoleum or other floor surface, adds wax-
polished beauty, keeps colors fresh and new looking.
JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT is self-polishing -- needs no
rubbing or buffing. Therefore you see it saves two
ways -- saves the linoleum, saves you time and work. And,
by the way, if you have floors of asphalt tile, or
rubber tile, remember that GLO-COAT is the preferred
polish for these floors, too.

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TAG:

MOL: McGee, Cousin Salvador wants to know if we want any painting done around here.

FIB: No.

MOL: He says he'll do a wonderful job. He says when he gets thru with a house, you wouldn't recognize it.

FIB: Yeah....I know. He proved that at dinner. With the porterhouse.

MOL: Well....yes.

FIB: You said it. Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all!

PLAYOFF AND 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)

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

NBC - TUESDAY