

WRITERS: DON QUINN
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#10
(REVISED)

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR
JOHNSON'S WAX

DECEMBER 3, 1946

NBC

(REVISED) -2-

WIL: The Johnson's Wax Program - with Fibber McGee and Molly!
(APPLAUSE)

~~ORCH: THEME...FADE FOR:~~

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

~~ORCH: THEME UP AND FADE FOR:~~

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WIL: Have you ever noticed how much ^{difference} those little finishing touches make in some women's appearance? They may be expensively dressed and neat as a pin, but that little dab of powder -- that touch of lipstick make all the difference in the world. You know, finishing touches like that play an important part in your home, too. Johnson's Wax is a specially fine example of what I mean. Floors that a few minutes before were just ordinary dull floors shine with a lovely bright luster. Table tops, china cabinets, chair arms, when polished with JOHNSON'S WAX, glow with beauty, are so easy to keep clean and sparkling. Window sills laugh at dirt and rain. Picture frames, venetian blinds and a hundred other everyday things take on a richly polished appearance that adds greatly to the charm of your home. Yes, the finishing touch of JOHNSON'S WAX beautifies all kinds of surfaces, protects them, preserves them, adds to their length of life - and saves you hours of housework. Use it regularly - JOHNSON'S WAX.. Paste, Liquid or Cream.

ORCH: THEME UP TO FINISH

WILCOX: LOVERS OF BEAUTIFUL SCENERY SHOULD AVOID THE MORNING MAIL AROUND THE FIRST OF THE MONTH. SOME OF THE WORLD'S MOST UNLOVELY VIEWS ARE SEEN THROUGH THE WINDOWS OF ENVELOPES. THERE ARE OTHER IRRITATING KINDS OF MAIL, TOO, AS WITNESS--
--FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: OH, THE NERVE OF THEM SHORT CHANGE ARTISTS! THOSE VOUCHER VIPERS! THOSE PICKPOCKETS! THOSE CUTHROATS! THOSE NICKEL NURSES!!

MOL: Don't tell me. I know. It's a letter from the Third National ^{Bank}

FIB: YOU BET YOUR BEAUTIFUL LITTLE CLAVICLE IT'S A LETTER FROM THE THIRD NATIONAL. AND THIS TIME I GOT THEM MORTGAGE PAPERS RIGHT WHERE I WANT 'EM! NEXT TIME I TALK TO THEM GUYS THRU THE BARS, IT'LL BE AT LEAVENWORTH! OH, BABY! THIS IS WHAT I BEEN WAITIN' FOR!!

MOL: Look, sweetheart...we've been all thru this before...I know this routine like Kate Smith knows God Bless America. Calling your attention to an overdraft is NOT a criminal offense.

FIB: No, but grand larceny is!

MOL: What's that?

FIB: THIS TIME THEY'VE GONE TOO FAR...THEY'VE STOLEN MY MONEY!

MOL: You mean they stiffed your 19 dollars in a briefcase and ran away to South America? I certainly hope Argentina is prepared to cope with a depression.

FIB: IT AIN'T THE NINETEEN DOLLARS! IT'S THE PRINCIPLE OF THE THING. THEY DENY THAT I EVEN GOT AN ACCOUNT DOWN THERE.

(REVISED) 5-

MOL: Oh no!

FIB: YES!! LISTEN TO THIS...(RATTLE PAPER) It says: Dear Mr. McGee...

MOL: That's very friendly.

FIB: Yeah, the hypocrites! "DEAR MR. MCGEE, THIS IS TO INFORM YOU THAT OUR SERVICES HAVE BEEN GREATLY EXPANDED. IT WOULD GIVE US GREAT PLEASURE TO HAVE YOU OPEN A PERSONAL CHECKING ACCOUNT WITH US AND MAKE USE OF OUR MANY BUSINESS FACILITIES."

MOL: You already use their business facilities, dearie. You borrow their blotters, swipe their ink and use their telephone.

FIB: THAT AIN'T THE POINT! THEY'VE MISLAID MY ACCOUNT! THEY'LL PROBABLY DENY I GOT ANY MONEY IN THEIR RUSTY OLD COOKIE TIN!! WHO'D THEY GIVE MY NINETEEN BUCKS TO? I'LL GO DOWN THERE...I'LL BEAT THE BEJ-- NO...I'LL CALL 'EM UP!! Hand me the phone!

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: Wait a minute...somebody at the door.

FIB: Well, I hope they don't stay long...I haven't been this mad in a long time and it's hard to sustain a mood at my age.

MOL: You can always read the letter again. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh, it's Mr. Wimple...Hello, Mr. Wimple.

FIB: Hiya, Wimp!

WIMP: Hello, folks.

FIB: Hey, Wimp...after today can we use your telephone? They're takin' ours out.

(REVISED) 5-

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DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh, it's Mr. Wimple...Hello, Mr. Wimple.

FIB: Hiya, Wimp!

WIMP: Hello, folks.

FIB: Hey, Wimp...after today can we use your telephone? They're takin' ours out.

MOL: MCGEE...YOU DIDN'T TELL ME THAT.

FIB: I didn't know it till just now...but when they hear the language I use talkin' to old man MacDonald down at the Third National, they'll yank our phone out so fast we'll--

Where do you bank, Wimp?

WIMP: We have two different accounts, Mr. McGee. I keep my money in an old inner tube behind a loose board in the garage, and Sweetface - that's my big old wife - Sweetface keeps her money...

MOL: Where, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: That's all. She keeps her money.

FIB: Well, I'm burned, Wimp! I'm fried to a crisp! The Third National has misplaced my account! AND IT'S A FEDERAL BANK!! I'M GONNA HAVE J. EDGAR HOOVER AND HIS BOYS GO THRU THAT MARBLE HIDE-OUT LIKE A TWOSOME THRU A FOURSOME!

WIMP: Good for you, Mr. McGee! My cousin was a bank cashier once. He used to take the bank's money and play the horse races.

MOL: My goodness, did they catch him and send him to prison?

WIMP: No, they raised his salary and sent him to Pimlico. He made three million dollars and bought the bank.

FIB: THAT'S VERY LIKELY WHERE MY NINETEEN BUCKS WENT... SOMEBODY'S PLAYIN' THE MARKET WITH IT!

MOL: That might account for the inflation in bubble gum.

WIMP: I don't trust banks myself, Mrs. McGee. I'm suspicious of any business that pulls down the shades at three o'clock in the afternoon. I had a little joint account once...

FIB: YOU HAD A JOINT ACCOUNT, WIMP? WHERE?

WIMP: At a little joint at 14th and Oak. I used to go in there almost every evening and get loaded.

MOL: OH, MR. WIMPLE! NOT YOU!!

WIMP: Yes...it was the only place I could get BB's for my BB gun. Then I'd stand around, lean on the pool table, and smoke a cigarette.

FIB: DON'T TELL US YOU INHALE, WIMP!

WIMP: Well...not very deeply, Mr. McGee. (SNICKERS) I'll never forget one night I swaggered home with six rootbeers under my belt, threw open the door...and was I in trouble!

MOL: What happened, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: My belt gave way and the six rootbeers broke all over the carpet! (SNICKERS) Believe me, anybody that says rootbeer is a soft drink never got hit over the head with half a bottle of it. Well, good luck at the bank, Mr. McGee.

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH: "MY SUGAR IS SO REFINED"

APPLAUSE:

SECOND SPOT:

MOL: For goodness sakes, McGee....stop pacing up and down!
Haven't you been able to get Mr. MacDonald on the
telephone yet?

FIB: NO, BUT WHEN I DO GET HIM ON THE PHONE, I'LL BURN HIM UP
TILL EVERY SPARROW ON THE WIRES BETWEEN HERE AND THE BANK
LIGHTS UP LIKE A FLAMINGO!

MOL: Why don't you go down there and talk to him in person?

FIB: DID YOU EVER TALK TO A BANKER IN PERSON? HE SITS THERE
WITH ONE EYE ON THE GUARD, ONE FINGER ON THE BUZZER, AND
ONE FOOT ON THE TEAR-GAS BUTTON, LOOKIN' AT YOU LIKE YOU
HAD EGG ON YOUR NECKTIE, AND WONDERING IF HE BETTER
FUMIGATE THE BANK AFTER YOU LEAVE!

MOL: Oh now, it isn't as bad as that dearie. They've been
very patient with your overdrafts, you know.

FIB: WHY SHOULDN'T THEY BE? YOU EVER SEE THE SIGN ON THE
FRONT WINDOW? "ASSETS, 24 MILLION, NINE HUNDRED THOUSAND
SIX HUNDRED AND NINETEEN DOLLARS?" YOU KNOW WHOSE
NINETEEN DOLLARS THAT IS? THAT'S MINE!! OR WAS, TILL
THEY STOLE IT! AND BY GEORGE--

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: Relax, dearie...we've got compnay. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh Hello, Doctor Gamble.

DOC: Hello, Molly.

FIB: Hiyah, little Iodine.

DOC: What's the matter with you, Superweasel? You look
perturbed. Get your nose caught in a mousetrap, or
something?

MOL: He's angry with the Third National Bank, Doctor. They
seem to have mislaid his account.

DOC: It probably just slipped down behind a paper clip. If you
ever had more than forty dollars in folding money,
Bucklewart, you'd be even more unbearable than you are
now. The very thought of which gives me the first
nightmare I ever had standing up.

FIB: IT AIN'T THE AMOUNT OF THE DEPOSIT, YOU PULSE JOCKEY!
IT'S THE PRINCIPLE OF THE THING....I BEEN DOING BUSINESS
WITH THE THIRD NATIONAL FOR TEN YEARS, AND THEY DON'T
EVEN KNOW I'M A CUSTOMER.

MOL: They sent him a letter this morning, asking him to become
a depositor, Doctor. You'll admit that's a pretty
slipshod way of doing business.

FIB: YOU SAID IT! AND BEFORE I GET THRU WITH 'EM, I'LL HAVE
THEM GARNISHEE ARTISTS CRAWLING TO ME ON THEIR PIN-
STRIPED KNEES!

DOC: Look, Muscleproud. Dont go borrowing trouble, particularly at a bank. The interest rate is too high.

FIB: THEY ASKED FOR IT, AND BY GEORGE I'M GONNA GIVE IT TO 'EM. AS I WAS TELLIN' LA TRIVIA, JUST YESTERDAY...Oh hey... La Trivia mentioned you, incidentally, you and Fifi Tremayne.

MOL: Now McGee...

DOC: If you don't mind, Wobblejaw, I'd prefer not to discuss Miss Tramayne with you.

FIB: Okay. Discuss her with Molly. I'll just listen.

MOL: How is Miss Tremayne, Doctor? Been seeing much of her?

DOC: Well, I...

FIB: OF COURSE HE HASN'T! That's what I was tryin' to tell him. La Tribia says, and I quote, he says he was gettin' pretty weary of a certain chloroform cowboy hangin' around his girlfriend.

DOC: HIS GIRLFRIEND!!!

MOL: Now, McGee, please don't start..

FIB: Yup. That's what he says. He says if you don't quit pestering Fifi, he's gonna take one of your hypo needles and tattoo "KILLJOY WAS HERE" on your forehead.

DOC: WHY THAT...

FIB: He says it'll have to be wrote very small on account of you have such a low forehead, but...

DOC: OH HE SAID THAT, DID HE? WELL YOU TELL HIM FOR ME THAT...

SOUND: TELEPHONE

MOL: Most likely for you, Doctor.

FIB: Leave a nickel on the table when you go out, Doc.

MOL: This was an INCOMING call, McGee.

FIB: Oh. Oh, yes.

DOC: (RECEIVER UP) HELLO, GAMBLE SPEAKING. WHO? OH YES, MRS. BANNON. WHAT? OH NOW DON'T BE ALARMED ABOUT IT. EARLY OR LATE, YOU'LL HAVE IT EVENTUALLY. WHAT? OH NONSENSE... I'VE DELIVERED HUNDREDS OF THEM IN MY TIME, AND I KNOW WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT. ALL RIGHT, MRS. BANNON. GOODBYE. (CLICK)

MOL: Who's Mrs. Bannon, Doctor?

DOC: My housekeeper. She's worried because her True Story Magazine hasn't arrived. Well, see you later folks.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: I shoulda bummed a ride downtown with Doc, ^{I'm going to} when I get my hands on that crook, MacDonald.

MOL: OH, MCGEE. DON'T TALK LIKE THAT! THERE ISN'T A MORE UPRIGHT MAN IN TOWN THAT MR. MACDONALD.

FIB: He may be upright now, but I'll flatten him out like a puddle of milk!

MOL: What's he ever done to you?

FIB: HE'S LOANED ME MONEY EVERY TIME I ASKED FOR IT, THAT'S WHAT HE'S DONE TO ME, HE KNOWS THE BEST WAY TO UNDERMINE A GUY'S CHARACTER IS LEND HIM DOUGH. IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR HIM, I MIGHTA BEEN A WEALTHY MAN TODAY...BUT NO...I COULD ALWAYS GET MONEY FROM MACDONALD...

MOL: Oh dear! Sometimes I wish you wouldn't act so human, dearie. If Mr. MacDon..

DOOR OPEN:

WIL: Hello, Molly. May I come in?
MOL: Oh, Mr Wilcox! Yes, of course.
FIB: Hi, Junior.
WIL: Say, what are you so red in the face for, Pal? You been practising holding your breath again?
MOL: Oh, he got a letter from the bank this morning, Mr. Wilcox and he's still a little disturbed about it.
FIB: A LITTLE DISTURBED, SHE SAYS! I'M AS SORE AS A BUSTED NOSE!
WIL: At a letter from the bank?
FIB: LOOK, JUNIOR! I'VE HAD AN ACCOUNT WITH THOSE SWINDLE MERCHANTS FOR TEN YEARS! AND NOW THEY TELL ME THEY HAVEN'T GOT ME ON THEIR BOOKS!
WIL: Well, you worry too much about material things like that, Pal. Get some outside interest. Painting - or poetry, like I do. I've been composing myself.

MOL: That's what I suggested he do - compose himself.
WIL: Yes, I've been out for a long walk - writing a sonnet to Spaniel eyes.
FIB: To who?
WIL: My wife. She's out of town visiting her mother - and I decided I'd write her a sonnet every day. Want to hear it?
FIB: Frankly - no.....So go ahead.
WIL: Okay. I've still got some work to do on it, of course - it's pretty rough.
MOL: Read it, Mr. Wilcox.
WIL: Okay. Like I say, the first part of it is pretty terrible - but it's got a terrific finish, kids!
FIB: READ IT!!
WIL: Thanks. "TO SPANIEL EYES"
Oh, while you visit far from me
Our cottage lonely as a tomb,
And life stripped bare as winter tree
With only memories to exhume.
I, with ear atune for footsteps light
Search your smile, your laugh, your merry eyes
The joy of your return each empty night -
Johnson's Gloccoat.
FIB: JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT??
MOL: What's that in there for?
WIL: That's the terrific finish I mentioned. For linoleum and other floor covering, Johnson's Self Polishing Gloccoat is ~~superb~~ *a terrific finish*

(2ND REVISION) -14-

FIB: Yahbut..

WIL: It's a good thing I'M a poet as well as a salesman... otherwise how could I describe the sparkling beauty.. the coruscating glitter of a Glocoated linoleum. How could I describe in more words, the tactile ecstasy.. the optical delight...the aesthetic satisfaction in the glossy, stain-resisting protection of Johnson's Glocoat?

MOL: Take Mr. Wilcox up to the guest room, dearie. The EDGAR Guest room.

FIB: I'm kind of a poet myself, Waxey. I just wrote one that goes: WE'VE HEARD YOUR POME,
WHY DONCHA GO HOME?

WIL: Okay, I will! I've got to write another verse about how Johnson's Glocoat is so easy to apply...just pour a little of it out, and give it 20 minutes to dry. No hard work or toll, no rubbing or buffing...no worry, no fuss, no bother, no nuffing...HEY...THAT'S IT!!!! I'LL GO HOME AND WRITE THAT DOWN!!!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Sentimental character! His wife leaves town and he makes a commercial out of it...HEY WHAT TIME IS IT?

MOL: About half past.

FIB: OH BOY, WE BETTER GET DOWN TO THAT BANK. THEY'LL SOON BE CLOSED.

MOL: That's a good idea, and I hope Mr. MacDonald doesn't keep you waiting...

(2ND REVISION) -15-

FIB: HE WON'T KEEP ME WAITING, TOOTSIE!! ONE MORE LITTLE ANNOYANCE FROM HIM AND I'LL GO THRU THAT BANK LIKE CHRISTMAS THRU THE EGG MONEY!! GET YOUR HAT! I WANNA GET-DOWN THERE AND RIP THAT BUNCH OF CREEPS APART TILL...

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: Cease firing, gunner. A friend approaches. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

GALE: Hello, Molly...McGee.

FIB: Hiya, La Triv. We're getting ready to go downtown.

GALE: Oh, well I'll drive you down when you're ready.

MOL: Oh, sit down, Mr. Mayor. We've plenty of time. Been Christmas shopping, have you?

GALE: I think that's what I've been doing, Mrs. McGee - what a crowd! I feel like I'd been doing high dives into a dry bathtub.

FIB: Well, I hope you picked up something for Fifi Tremayne, La Triv. I hear Doc Gamble is gonna give her a diamond tarare, and free medical examinations for a year.

MOL: Oh, McGee - Doctor Gamble didn't say that.

FIB: Certainly not. Tell you what he did say though, La Triv - he said he was getting pretty sick and tired of you hanging around his girl so much.

GALE: WHOSE GIRL?

MOL: McGee! You told Doctor Gamble that the Mayor --

(REVISED) -15-

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GALE: WHOSE GIRL?

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(REVISED) -16-

FIB: Wait a minute, Molly, I don't wanta forget this, He also told me, La Triv, that if he ever ran into you around her house again, he was gonna string a rope thru your ears and haul you up on the city hall flagpole.

GALE: (QUIETLY) I see.. That's very interesting, McGee.

FIB: (EAGERLY) Whatcha gonna do about it, La Triv? You're not gonna let him get away with that, are you. Why don't you go down to his office and poke him right in -

MOL: MCGEE! NOW STOP IT!

FIB: Okay.

GALE: I rather imagine we shall know after Christmas just which one of us Miss Tremayne likes best, McGee.

MOL: Have you got her something nice, Mr. Mayor?

GALE: Indeed I have, Mrs. McGee. You remember that lovely ermine scarf in the Bon Ton window? That's for Fifi.

MOL: Oh, wonderful.

GALE: Yes, the minute I saw it I said to myself - "That's for her! I'll have that beautiful ermine stole for Fifi!"

FIB: You'll have it what? Have it stole?

MOL: Oh, Mr. Mayor - you're joking!

GALE: Joking? I said I wanted that ermine stole for Fifi's Christmas present. Is that wrong?

FIB: WRONG TO STEAL? YOU MEAN TO TELL US YOU'RE RUNNING THE CITY HALL WITH ETHICS LIKE THAT? MIGOSH, WE --

GALE: NOW, JUST A MINUTE! Who said anything about stealing?

MOL: I can answer that one. You did!

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(REVISED) -17-

FIB: Certainly! You'd said you'd have the ermine stole for your girl friend. Who'd you have steal it -- some crooked ward-heeler that --

GALE: I HAD NOBODY STEAL IT! I NEVER SAID I HAD ANYBODY STEAL IT FOR ME!

MOL: You - you don't mean - you stole it yourself?

FIB: Wait'll they find out it's missing! They'll drag out a thrownet that'll --

MOL: THROW OUT A DRAGNET!

FIB: YESSIR! They'll tear this town up till they find you and --

GALE: PLEASE!! MCGEE!! MOLLY! Just a minute.

FIB: Okay.

MOL: Conscience hurting - Mr. Mayor?

GALE: Not at all. Now look, I merely said that when I saw this lovely ermine fur piece at the Bon Ton, I immediately decided that Miss Tremayne should have it for Christmas.

MOL: And a nice thought it is. It's only your methods that -

GALE: IF YOU PLEASE!.....Now - I took my checkbook - went down to the Bon Ton - and called a salesgirl,- so I could have the ermine stole for Fifi's present.

FIB: SOOO - YOU BRIBED THE SALESGIRL TO STEAL IT FOR YOU!!!! CONTRIBUTING TO THE DELINQUENCY OF A MINOR, AND HAVING HER STEAL --

GALE: (BLOWS UP) I DID NOT MINE A BRIBER....ER BRIBE A
MOANER...WHEN I STOLE A FUR....I MEAN WHEN THE
FERMIN MURPIECE....ER...ERMINE FURPIECE....THE STEAL
WAS FOR STOLE....ER THE SALE OF THE STERMIN....THE
GIRL..FIFI....I WAS...IT DIDN'T....(PANTS) (PAUSE)
McGee....

FIB: Yes?

GALE: I offered to drive you and Molly downtown, didn't I?

FIB: Yes, you did.

GALE: I withdraw my offer to you! YOU CAN WALK!

FIB: Okay.

GALE: Molly, I'd love to drive you down -- any time you're
ready.

MOL: Oh thank you, your honor. You mind if I take a friend?

GALE: Not at all.

MOL: Thanks. Come on, McGee.

FIB: Okay.

ORCH & KING'S MEN: "THE COFFEE SONG"

THIRD SPOT

SOUND: TRAFFIC...FOOTSTEPS ON SIDEWALK

FIB: Come on, Molly...it's almost time for the bank to close.

MOL: I want to stop in at the Beauty Salon and get my compact,
McGee. I left it there ~~again~~ *yesterday*

FIB: You oughtta carry your make up in a stamped, addressed
envelope. Where is the Beauty Shop?

MOL: Right here. Come on in.

DOOR OPEN:

FIB: My gosh...hey,..look!

MOL: At what dearie?

FIB: Looka the woman sittin' there in the diver's helmet!

MOL: That's a hair dryer, McGee. That's what they...OH HELLO
ELSIE.

ELSIE: Hello, Mrs. McGee...if you come in for ya poimanint, it
isn't till tomorra. If it's for a manicure, you got that
yesterday.

FIB: No we just stopped in to pick up my wife's compact, Elsie.

ELSIE: Oh. Here it is, Mrs McGee...I thought maybe you was
bringin your husbin in for maybe a shampoo or a henna
rench or something.

MOL: Not him, Elsie. He washes his own hair.

ELSIE: I'll bet he cuts it himself, too.

FIB: No, Elsie...it just looks that way because the last time
I went to the barber shop, I had the hiccups. Do men
really get any work done in here?

(REVISED) -20-

ELSIE: Oh, I'll say. A very prominent citizen is havin' his hair done in the third booth right now.

MOL: Really, Elsie?

ELSIE: Yeah...he said he'd stop by and pick it up about four o'clock. He's the -

SOUND: GONG:

FIB: What's that...fire drill?

ELSIE: No, Mrs. Dillenburg is in the steam cabinet and that means she's almost done.

MOL: What's the signal when she's completely done, Elsie?

SOUND: WOMAN'S SCREAM:

ELSIE: That's it. (CALLS) Be with you in a minute, dear.

FIB: You better go yank her out, Elsie. Or at least stick a fork in her and see how she's doing.

ELSIE: Oh let her roast a while, Mr. McGee...she's got the skin we love to scorch.

MOL: Not very popular with the operators, Elsie?

ELSIE: Honey, she is the type person which tips a girl a quarter and then borrows a dollar for cab fare. She is so tight, only our strongest manicurists can push her cuticle back. WELL -- COME IN AGAIN, FOLKS.

MOL: By, Elsie.

ORCH: BRIDGE:

SOUND: MURMUR OF VOICES:

MOL: This is certainly a handsome bank, McGee...but why do they all have such high ceilings.?

B

(2ND REVISION) -21-

FIB: I dunno why the others do, but with all the second-story workers they got in here, I...hey, I wonder where old man MacDonald keeps himself.

MOL: Maybe I'm just being silly, but could he be at that desk with the little sign that says "Mr. MacDonald" on it?

FIB: THAT'S IT, AND THERE'S THE DIRTY ABSCONDER HIMSELF..AHA.. CAUGHT YOU AT LAST, MACDONALD!

MAC: Hello, McGee. Good day, Mrs. McGee...Have a chair.

FIB: CAREFUL, MOLLY...HE'S PROBABLY GOT IT BOOBY TRAPPED!

MOL: Oh, don't be silly, dearie. Thank you, Mr. MacDonald.

MAC: Have a cigar, McGee.

FIB: OH, BRIBERY, EH? THOSE TACTICS WILL GET YOU NO PLACE, MACDONALD. I'LL .. Oh, Coronas, eh? Thanks. Have a cigar, Molly?

MOL: Certainly not...you know I don't smoke.

FIB: Take one...you might want to give to somebody...later... tonight. NOW LOOK, MACDONALD -

PHONE RINGS:

MAC: Pardon me - (CLICK) MACDONALD SPEAKING!...HOW'S THAT? U.S. SAVINGS BONDS? OH, ABSOLUTELY! I DON'T KNOW A BETTER WAY TO INVEST YOUR MONEY...CERTAINLY! YOU NOT ONLY SET UP YOUR SAVINGS FOR THE FUTURE - BUT YOU HELP CURB INFLATION. NOT AT ALL - BE GLAD TO SELL THEM TO YOU. GOODBYE.

HANG UP:

FIB: You get a commission? NOW LOOK, MACDONALD, I BEEN DOING BUSINESS WITH YOU FOR TEN YEARS...DONE ALL MY BANKING HERE...

(REVISED) -22-

MAC: Oh, that's all right, McGee. In this business, we take the bitter with the sweet.

MOL: You see, McGee, I told you Mr. MacDonald would remember that you had an account here.

MAC: Certainly I remember it, Mrs. McGee. Hardly a day passes that his account isn't on my desk for one reason or another. ~~Overdrafts...postdated checks...checks without signature...~~ We know Mr. McGee is a customer here!!

FIB: OH, YOU DO, EH?? THEN HOW DO YOU EXPLAIN THIS, MacDONALD!

MAC: Explain what?

FIB: THIS LETTER! "Dear Mr. McGee we'd like to handle your banking business. Come down and open an account with us!

MAC: WHAT?

SOUND: RATTLE OF PAPER:

FIB: There it is, in black and white. Read it and weep ice-water, you cold-blooded old--

MAC: I SEE...Mr. McGee. Do you know where you are right now?

FIB: Certainly I know where I am! I'm sitting right here... in the Third National Bank! With you!

MAC: And what does it say on the top of this letter of yours?

FIB: It says...(PAUSE) "Fourth National Bank of Wistful Vista". But this is the Third Nat-- Oh! (CHUCKLES) Kinda silly of me, isn't it?

MOL: Yes it is, McGee.

MAC: BUT AS LONG AS YOU'RE HERE, WE'VE GOT AN OVERDRAFT ON YOUR ACCOUNT OF THREE DOLLARS AND--

FIB: OH, THIS IS RIDICULOUS!!

ORCH: "FOR YOU, FOR ME, FOREVERMORE" FADE FOR

B

MCGEE & MOLLY
12-3-46

-23-

WIL: How do you like your linoleum floors to look? If you like them to have a bright gloss, one that's easy to maintain, you'll want to protect them with JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. If you're using GLO-COAT for the first time, you'll be delighted to see how easily and evenly it spreads, how smoothly it dries without any streaking. Twenty minutes after you have applied JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT, your linoleum and other floors will be ready to walk on, and shining beautifully. You know, of course, that GLO-COAT is self polishing -- it shines as it dries without any rubbing or buffing. It keeps the colors and pattern of your linoleum bright as new, and it adds greatly to its life. So there you have three very good reasons why you'll prefer GLO-COAT -- brighter shine, easier housework, and economy. Try it...find out why more women use JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT than any other floor polish..and with far greater satisfaction.

ORCH: UP TO FINISH

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MAC: There's still one cigar left in the box, McGee - you
might as well take it, too.
FIB: Thanks, Mac. Say incidentally -
MOL: Wait McGee, he's telephoning.
MAC: Hello, Fourth National? Cashier, please - Mr. Leslie...
HELLO, LESLIE?...MACDONALD OF THE THIRD...YES..ONE OF OUR
DEPOSITORS JUST RECEIVED A LETTER FROM YOU PEOPLE
SOLICITING HIS BANKING BUSINESS. A MR. MCGEE..YES, WAS
THIS YOUR IDEA?.....IT WAS?...OHH, YOU FOOL, YOU!!!
(CLICK)

FIB: Goodnight, MacDonald.

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 NBC, THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.
(CHIMES)

z

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

"FIBBER Mc

JOHN

December 10, 1946