

(REVISED) -2-

WRITERS: DON QUINN JOHNSON'S WAX PROGRAM - WITH FIBBER (REVISED) MOLLY!!
PHIL LESLIE

ORCH: THEME...FADE FOR:

WILCOX: The makers of Johnson's Wax Products for home and industry
present Fibber McGee and Molly - with Bill Thompson, Gale
Gordon, Arthur Q. Bryan, and me, Harlow Wilcox. The
script is by Don Quinn and Phil Leslie - Music by the
King's Men and Billy Mill's Orchestra!
"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

ORCH: THEME UP AND FADE FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

NBC - HOLLYWOOD

JANUARY 14, 1947

(REVISED) -2-

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ORCH: THEME UP AND FADE FOR:

FIBBER MCGEE
1-14-47

-3-

(2ND REVISION) -4-

OPENING COMMERCIAL

ANNCR:

If one of your friends said to you, "I keep house with wax" .. would you know what she meant? If you went over her home, room by room, I think you would. Because in every one of those rooms, from the front door through the kitchen you would find evidence of wax protection, wax-polished beauty. You'd find mellow, shining floors that grow lovelier with every application of Johnson's Wax.

Table tops, radios, chair arms that gleam with wax-protection, that are so easy to keep clean and sparkling. Window sills that laugh at winter weather.

Picture frames, leather articles, kitchen equipment whose bright, richly polished appearance adds so greatly to the charm of your home. Yes, you would find in every room evidence of regular applications of Johnson's Wax to all kinds of surfaces, protecting them, preserving them, adding beauty and length of life -- and saving hours of housework. That is what we mean by protective housekeeping with Johnson's Wax. Believe me, it will pay you to try it. You'll find many special uses for all three forms of Johnson's Wax ... Paste, Liquid and Cream.

ORCH: MUSIC SNEAK IN TO FINISH

MOL: Cold, too, I imagine.

FIB: I stuck my nose out to get the morning paper and yanked it back with a Birdseye label on it.

(2ND REVISION) -4-

WILCOX:

WINTER ARRIVED IN WISTFUL VISTA TODAY WITH A HEY NONNY NONNY AND A SHUT THAT DOOR!" (WIND HOWL - OUT WITH DOOR SLAM) IT'S COLDER THAN A RUSSIAN VETO, AND THE SNOW IS HORN-HIGH TO A TALL STEER. BUT AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA, ALL IS COZY...IN THE FIREPLACE, A BIG HUNK OF WOOD IS CRACKLING MERRILY. AND ON THE DAVENPORT, ANOTHER BIG HUNK IS WISECRACKING MERRILY, AS WE MEET --

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY! --

APPLAUSE:

FIB: Listen to that wind outside, willya, kiddo? Pity the poor pedestrian on a night like this!

(WIND HOWL OFF)

MOL: Brutal weather, isn't it? My Adam's apple got frost bitten last night and I woke up with laryngitis.

FIB: Well you better stay inside, Kiddo -- it's snowin' worse than ever. Haven't seen the air so white since that cyclone hit the feather mattress factory. AND THAT WIND!

MOL: Strong, is it?

FIB: STRONG!! Brother!! Popped out to get the milk off the porch this morning and when I pulled my head back in, my hair was braided like a hangman's rope. Couldn't even comb it! Had to un-weave it.

MOL: Cold, too, I imagine.

FIB: I stuck my nose out to get the morning paper and yanked it back with a Birdseye label on it.

(2ND REVISION)-5-

MOL: Well, I'm certainly glad I don't have to go out tonight. This is the kind of storm that has polar bears looking for warm ice.

FIB: You said it!! Personally, I ---

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: Well heavenly days! ... I wonder who that is!

FIB: I dunno WHO he is, but I know WHAT he is. COME IN, STUPID!

DOOR OPEN: BLAST OF WIND, CUT WITH DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Oh, it's Doctor Gamble.

FIB: Hiyah, Doc.

DOC: Hello. Nice day! If you're a penguin with a high metabolism. Brrr.

MOL: My goodness, Doctor. Isn't it a little risky to travel about in a storm like this? I haven't been out, myself, but McGee says it's colder than a Jury summons.

DOC: That is the under-statement of the month, my dear. There is some ugly talk downtown of lynching the weather man. But I think cooler heads will prevail, and they'll shoot him instead. Incidentally, have you lost your voice, are you just trying to keep this confidential?

MOL: Well, when I woke up this morning, I ---

DOC: Nevermind, my dear let me look at your throat. Say ahh.

MOL: Ahhhhhhhhh....

FIB: Don't worry about your gold inlays, tootsie. I'm watching him.

DOC: Hmm. Doesn't live in the house. Don't know a couple of days. Husband, write a print.

MOL: All right, Doctor and let you boy

DOC: If it hasn't closed. Goodnight.

FIB: See you later, (PAUSE) Watch

DOC: Postcard for you. mistake.

FIB: Thanks, Bagwell. memorized it, a

DOC: Nosey, is she?

FIB: Nosey! That of spying on the r

DOC: Don't judge her. Jollifont was c

FIB: No kiddin?

DOC: Yes....she married poor health. I

and now he'll hope you appro

A

(2ND REVISION) -6-7-8-

DOC: Hum. Doesn't look bad. Use a good gargle, and stay in the house. Don't talk any more than you have to for a couple of days. If you have to communicate with your husband, write him a note, using small words and large print.

MOL: All right, Doctor. I think I'll go upstairs and gargle, and let you boys talk. Night, Doctor.

DOC: If it hasn't cleared up a little by morning, let me know. Goodnight.

FIB: See you later, baby. Ahh, there goes a good kid. She's (PAUSE) Whatcha got there, Stork-chaser?

DOC: Postcard for you. It was left at Mrs. Jellifont's by mistake.

FIB: Thanks, Bagwell. I'll bet old Mrs. Jellifont has memorized it, and had photostats made.

DOC: Nosey, is she?

FIB: Nosey! That old curtain-twitcher spends so much time spying on the neighbors she's growin' F. B. I-brows.

DOC: Don't judge her too harshly, Billiard-head. Mrs. Jellifont was disappointed in love.

FIB: No kiddin'?

DOC: Yes...she married a man with four million dollars and poor health. He lost it all in 1929, had to go to work, and now he'll live till he's 100. Sad case. Well, I hope you appreciate my playing mailman in this blizzard.

(2ND REVISION) -9-

FIB: Yeah...I was just thinking, Doc...you must be getting old. Starting to do nice things for people.

DOC: If that's a sign of advancing age, Hammerhead, you have discovered the fountain of youth. What does the postcard say?

FIB: WHADDYEE MEAN, WHAT DOES IT SAY? YOU READ IT FIVE TIMES ON THE WAY OVER HERE, AND YOU KNOW IT!

DOC: Of course I did. It says "PICK UP PACKAGE AT WINDOW FIVE". What is that.....a delayed Christmas gift?

FIB: Not expecting any.

DOC: How about your dear old Aunt Sarah. The one you say has more money than General MacArthur has quotations?

FIB: Ah, she never sends us a Christmas present. You ever see a sailor tying his shoelaces?

DOC: No, I don't believe so. Why?

FIB: Well, Aunt Sarah is tighter than his pants! She's about as open-handed as 12 o'clock! My gosh....I wonder what that package is.

DOC: Well, whatever it is, I hope it'll keep. It looks like this storm was going to last thru August.

FIB: Yeah, I hope it's nothing that'll spoil

DOC: Such as what?

(2ND REVISION) -10-

FIB: Well, I dunno...but an old friend of mine that I and he used to be in vaudeville together with a song and dance act, McGee and Nitney, songs and Witty Sayings. We'd open in two with a grass mat singing "Give My Regards to Broadway" though neither one of us had ever been east of Cleveland, but nobody knew that of course, he sent me some elderberry wine in the mail once.

DOC: I won't try to go back and unravel that monologue, Joy-Boy, so how was the elderberry wine when you got it?

FIB: I dunno. There was an explosion in the post office the day it was due, and I was scared to go down and inquire about it.

DOC: Well, I've got to get back to the hospital. This is just the kind of a night that thoughtless little babies decide to be born on.

FIB: Okay, Paunchy. Turn your collar up good around your neck.

DOC: Don't tell me you're getting solicitous about my health!

FIB: Not at all. I just don't want passersby to think we know anybody that needs a haircut that bad.

DOC: That's what I thought. Well...here I go...Into the Wild White Yonder...GOODNIGHT!

FIB: NIGHE, DOC!!!

DOOR OPEN: BLAST OF WIND; CUT WITH DOOR SLAM;

(2ND REVISION) -11-

FIB: Boy, what a night...if it wasn't so far to the postoffice...I'd...Aw, don't be a chump, McGee?...it ain't a fit night out for man or beast...still...if that IS a package from Aunt Sarah...Oh, don't be silly. She wouldn't give you the correct time. ALTHOUGH...What are you afraid of, McGee? A little wind?...Okay...I'll go. Here...put your coat on...thanks. Here's your hat. Thanks... (CALLS) HEY, MOLLY...I'M GOING TO THE POST OFFICE TO PICK UP A PACKAGE. IF I AIN'T BACK IN TWO HOURS, SEND MY GREEN NECKTIE TO UNCLE DENNIS!

DOOR OPEN: WIND HOWL; INTO:

ORCH: "IT'S A PITY TO SAY GOODNIGHT"

APPLAUSE

SECOND SPOT

(2ND REVISION) -12-

SOUND: WIND HOWL..CRUNCH OF FEET..AD LIB SOUNDS TO PUNCTUATE

DIALOGUE

FIB: My gosh..this is terrible...I should of passed the mailbox on the corner fifteen minutes ago! (WIND HOWL) I haven't been so lost since I tried to find the men's lounge at the YWCA!

WIND UP AND FADE: FOOTSTEPS:

FIB: This has got me worried...I better stop at this house and ask 'em where I am...

FOOTSTEPS UP ON PORCH: DOOR CHIME (OFF): DOOR OPEN:

MOL: What's the matter, dearie...forget something?

FIB: WHAT! IS THIS OUR HOUSE? I WAS JUST TRYING TO FIND OUT WHERE I WAS. Can't see ten feet in this blizzard. I been travelling in a circle.

MOL: How can you tell?

FIB: Lost an overshoe ten minutes ago, and now I got it on again. HEY, DON'T STAND IN THE DOORWAY WITH THAT BAD THROAT, KIDDO. I'LL BE BACK IN A LITTLE WHILE..I HOPE.

DOOR SLAM: WIND UP: ...SUSTAIN

ORCH: SNEAK IN SOFTLY UP AND FADE OUT WITH WIND HOWL

FIB: Well...now where am I? Oak Street should be to my left, but a streetcar just went by and there's no streetcars on Oak Street. HEY!...THERE'S NO STREETCARS IN WISTFUL VISTA!! JUST BUSES!! Well...maybe it was just a truck.. (WIND HOWL) Boy, am I winded. I gotta go in someplace and get warm. Wonder who lives here?

WIND AND FOOTSTEPS UP ON PORCH: DOOR KNOCK:

SECOND SPOT

(2ND REVISION) -12-

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DIALOGUE

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WIND AND FOOTSTEPS UP ON PORCH: DOOR KNOCK:

FIB: WELL MY GOSH! HIYAH, WIMP, OLD MAN YOU LIVE HERE? CAN I
COME IN FOR A MINUTE?

WIMP: Oh Hello, Mr. McGee...pray do come in!!

FIB: Thanks.

WIND OUT WITH DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Sure is a blizzard, Wimp! I haven't taken such a pushing
around since they sold my Taylor-Tot!

WIMP: It certainly is stormy all right. In fact, I'm quite
perturbed about Sweetface. (That's my big old wife.)

FIB: SWEETFACE! Is she out in this storm, Wimp?

WIMP: Yes, and I'm worried.

FIB: Aw take it easy, Wimp. I was out in it, and nothing
happened.

WIMP: That's what worries me, Mr. McGee. If you can do it, she
can do it!

FIB: Where did she go?

WIMP: Ski-ing. Can I make you some hot coffee or something Mr.
McGee? I have a peachy recipe for Coffee Wimple.

FIB: What's coffee, Wimple? I mean, what's Coffee Wimple?

WIMP: Oh, it's just an idea I got one day while I was putting
around the kitchen.

FIB: Puttering, you mean?

WIMP: No, putting. I was trying to put a golf ball into a
paper cup and I hit it too hard. It knocked a can of
cocoa into the coffee pot, and when I tasted it, it was
half cocoa and half coffee..quite good, too!

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(2ND REVISION) -14&15-

FIG: That's nothing new, Wimp. That's what they call Russian Chocolate.

WIMP: It is? Well, if it disagrees with everybody the way it did with me, I can understand why they call it that. It certainly is hard to get along with.

FIB: I hope I didn't disturb you in whatever you were doing tonight, Wimp. By the way, where'd your wife go skiing?

WIMP: She asked me where was a good place and I told her up on Harrigan's Hill.

FIB: HARRIGAN'S HILL! MY GOSH, WIMP ... THAT'S NO PLACE TO SKII!! THERE'S A FOUR HUNDRED FOOT GRAVEL PIT AT THE BOTTOM OF IT!

WIMP: (SNICKERS) Yes... I guess I wasn't the right one to ask, was I?

FIB: Well, somebody will probably warn her before she starts down..

WIMP: I suppose so .. but I wish people would just mind their own darn business.

FIB: Well, I better get going, or the post office will be closed. Night, Wimp. THANKS FOR LETTING ME GET WARM.

WIMP: Goodnight, Mr. McGee.

DOOR OPEN: BLAST OF WIND: DOOR CLOSES: SUSTAIN WIND:

ORCH: BRIDGE

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS IN SNOW: WIND

(2ND REVISION) -16-

FIB: Well...here I am...lost again.....can't even see a sign ...all this snow...Hey, there's some letters on this window...see if I can make 'em out.....C.H.I.L.I.,...CHILL ..!! They think that's funny? For two cents I'd heave a rock thru that window...now lemme see.....BRRR..... I'M GETTING NUMB.....I'll duck inside this place....

WIND HOWL UP TO DOOR OPEN. OUT WITH DOOR CLOSE:

FIB: Looks like a warehouse or something. HEY....ANYBODY HERE? HEY.....

WIL: (FADE IN) Is there anything I can---...OH HELLO, PAL!

FIB: WILCOX!! Is this your office?

WIL: Yes...but what brought you out in this kind of weather?

FIB: Goin' to the post office to pick up a package, Junior..

WIL: A package of what?

(REVISED) -17-

FIB: I don't know.
WIL: Who's it from?
FIB: Don't know that either.
WIL: What's so important about it?
FIB: Search me.
WIL: YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS....OR WHO IT'S FROM....OR WHY IT WAS SENT!! BUT YOU'LL RISK YOUR LIFE TO PROWL AROUND IN THIS BLIZZARD!
FIB: WHO'S RISKIN' HIS LIFE IN A BLIZZARD? I GOTTA COMPASS WITH ME, HAVEN'T I?
WIL: Have you?
FIB: Sure...right here in my overcoat....someplace...I....Oh, HERE IT IS. SEE?
WIL: Where'd you get that?
FIB: I had that for years. Taken it on all my hunting trips.
WIL: But pal, THAT'S NOT A MAGNETIC COMPASS. THAT'S THE KIND OF A COMPASS YOU DRAW CIRCLES WITH. A point on one leg and pencil on the other.
FIB: SO WHAT? IT'S ALWAYS BROUGHT ME WHERE I WANTED TO GO, AND TOOK ME BACK!
WIL: How do you tell directions with it?
FIB: Just pull the prongs apart till they form a straight line. Point one of 'em due south and the other leg will point north. Never fails.
WIL: Yes, very ingenious. By the way, where's Molly?
FIB: Frustration, I guess. No fun tracking up the kitchen linoleum if it's got Glo-coat on it.
WIL: Well, if you've got that off your chest, Waxey...run along.

(2ND REVISION) -18-

FIB: Left her home...gotta little laryngitis, and shouldn't talk. So I had to get outa the house for a while, because you know how gabby I am. I thought if I--

TELEPHONE:

WIL: Excuse me.
FIB: Sure, Junior. If a man hangs up, don't answer.
WIL: (CLICK) WISTFUL VISTA BRANCH OF S.C. JOHNSON AND SON, INCORPORATED, RACINE WISCONSIN; WILCOX SPEAKING. *makes of Johnson Wax - White Linoleum - OH Clean*
HELLO CAVANAUGH. (ASIDE) Cavanaugh, Pal - one of our top salesmen.
FIB: Send him over to see me. Haven't had a top since I was a kid.
WIL: HELLO CAVANAUGH. YES..DID YOU TELL HER THAT GLOCOAT NEEDS NO RUBBING OR BUFFING? YOU DID? DID YOU TELL HER IT SHINES AS IT DRIES? YOU DID? WELL, LOOK, CAVANAUGH, JUST STRESS THE FACT THAT GLO-COAT WILL HELP RESTORE THE LIFE AND COLOR TO HER LINOLEUM AND IT WILL BE SO MUCH EASIER TO KEEP CLEAN. WHAT? YOU DID AND SHE BIT YOU IN THE LEG? WELL, KEEP AT IT, CAVANAUGH. 'BYE. (CLICK)
FIB: Customer bite the salesman, Waxey?
WIL: Oh, no. It was too stormy to call on people...and too late, so he was rehearsing his salestalk on his fox terrier.
FIB: Why did the mutt bite him?
WIL: Frustration, I guess. No fun tracking up the kitchen linoleum if it's got Glo-coat on it.
FIB: Well, if you've got that off your chest, Waxey...run along.
WIL: WHAT?

(2ND REVISION) -19-

FIB: Go away - you've put in your pitch for paste and cream -
so take a powder.

WIL: I beg your pardon. This is my office.

FIB: Eh? Oh my gosh..I'M THE ONE THAT'S GOTTA GO THIS TIME.
WELL, THANKS FOR THE HOSPITALITY, JUNIOR. SEE YOU LATER!

DOOR OPEN, WIND HOWL, AND SUSTAIN AFTER DOOR CLOSE:

ORCH: BRIDGE

SOUND: WIND AND CRUNCHING STEPS

FIB: Now where am I? Where is that dad-ratted post office?
Boy, I could sure use a seeing-eye walrus tonight....
(WIND UP AND FADE) Those snowflakes are closer together
than Vandenburg and 1948! Must be a building nearby...
I smell something cooking..smells like coffee....and
garlic pickles. MUST BE A DRUG STORE NEAR HERE!! Now
if I can only...AHHHH HERE WE ARE!!

SOUND: WIND HOWL TO DOOR OPEN, CUT WITH DOOR CLOSE:

FIB: Might as well play the pin ball machine for a while till
I get warm. Wonder if I got a nickel...ah yes...here
we are...

SOUND: CLINK OF COIN...THUD OF BALL...SNAP OF PLUNGER...RATTLE
OF BALL, THEN FAST SEQUENCE OF:...SPANGGG, BELL,
HORN HONK, RATCHET, PING, POP, WHISTLE, CLACK, AND BONG.

FIB: Shucks...I missed!

GALE: Would you like to borrow another nickel, McGee...at a
low rate of interest?

(2ND REVISION) 20-21-22

THIRD SLOT
SOUND: (FIB NOISE) (POSTMASTER)
FIB: EH? OH, HIYA, LA TRIVIA! No thanks. Just stopped in
to get warm. Gotta get down to the post office and
pick up a package.

GALE: A package of what?

FIB: I dunno. Got a card from the post office...says
pick up package at window five.

GALE: Well, if you're going to the post office, McGee, you'd
better saddle and mount. It closes in 14 minutes.

FIB: You're the mayor of this town..call 'em up and tell 'em
to wait for me.

GALE: Sorry, McGee. I can't do it.

FIB: Why not?

GALE: I'll try to explain. As mayor of this municipality,
I have at my disposal certain patronage. Jobs to be
awarded. Usually, I try my best to see that those jobs
are capably filled, regardless of political affiliations.

FIB: Sure...sure...

GALE: Now then...the Postmaster of this city, one Tiffany H.
Krudd, has a nephew who is the mental equal of practically
nobody. Let us be charitable and say that this young
man does not know an axe from an obce. To call this
specimen a jerk would be to vilify every soda dispenser
in America.

THIRD SPOT

(2ND REVISION) -24-

SOUND: WIND HOWL: FOOTSTEPS:

FIB: Lemme see, now...I know the post office is in this general neighborhood...been here a thousand times... How lost can a guy get? I was-- Oh-oh...here comes a woman. HEY, SIS...WHICH WAY IS THE POST OFFICE?

WOMAN: From where you are, mister, it's due north.

FIB: Thanks. How far?

WOMAN: Well, it's a rough guess, but I'd say about 13 inches.

FIB: EH? OH MY GOSH...I'M STANDING RIGHT IN FRONT OF IT! THANKS, SIS.

WOMAN: Not at all. But you'd better hurry. It's closing time, and the clerk is a crabby old coot.

FIB: He is, eh?

WOMAN: Yes, and I ought to know. He's my grandfather.. goodnight.

WIND UP: FOOTSTEPS ON STEPS ABOUT FOUR INCHES HIGH AND SIX INCHES DEEP...DOOR OPEN...WIND OUT:

FIB: HOT DOG...AT LAST...I MADE IT! (ECHO CHAMBER) HEY!!... ANYBODY ON DUTY? (PAUSE) HEY...ARE YOU STILL OPEN? (PAUSE) HEY...WHERE IS EVERYBODY?

OLD M: QUIT THAT BELLERIN', JOHNNY...YOU'RE NOISY ENOUGH TO WAKE UP THE DEAD LETTER OFFICE.

FIB: Well, I'll be a HIYA, OLD TIMER. You work here?

OLD M: Do I work here, the boy says! Me, standin' behind the counter, ink up to my elbows...green eyeshade on, sleeves rolled up, pen behind my ear, roll o' air mails in my hand, and he asks me am I workin' here. No, Johnny, I'm a travelling mucilage taster fer the Governmint. Jest stopped in to lick a few special deliveries.

FIB: Look, Old Timer...I got a notice from this post office that there's a package here for me. See? Here's the card.

OLD M: HEY, THIS CARD SAYS "WINDOW FIVE".

FIB: So what?

OLD M: I don't work at Window Five. I work at Window Three. Air Mail. Sorry, boy. Goodnight.

FIB: COME BACK HERE!! LOOK, YOU LANTERN JAWED OLD FOSSIL, YOU UN-CIVIL SERVICE MAN...IF YOU THINK I BATTLED MY WAY DOWN HERE THRU FOUR FOOT OF SNOW TO GET THE BRUSH-OFF FROM YOU, YOU'RE OFF YOUR ONION. NOW GIMME THAT PACKAGE, OR I'LL SLAP YOU IN A SACK AND AIR MAIL YOU TO WASHINGTON, D.C.

OLD M: No, no...not that, Johnny, not that! I'll git you your package. Got any idea what it was?

FIB: Nope. Don't even know who it's from.

OLD M: Well now leave me take a look around here a mite... Hey, you wanna see my stamp collection?

FIB: NO, I DON'T...I JUST WANT TO GET MY PACKAGE AND GO HOME.

(2ND REVISION) 26-27-28

OLD M: Well, you can be lookin' at my stamp collection while I look for your package... Here they are...feast your eyes on those, boy!

FIB: You mean...IS THIS YOUR STAMP COLLECTION?

OLD M: Yep. Wanted one ever since I was a kid. Finally started it this week. Got some beauties there, ain't I? Look at this one here...this one says (THUMP) "FRAGILE". And this one says (THUMP) "THIS SIDE UP". And look at this one...(THUMP) "USE NO HOOKS". Jest gotta varnish some of the handles, and I'll have the prettiest stamp collection in town!

FIB: Yeah. Very impressive. Now how about my package.

OLD M: Got it right here, Johnny. (THUD) Sign fer it on this line...that's it. HEY...YOU GONNA UNWRAP IT HERE?

SOUND: TEARING PAPER:

FIB: You're doggone tootin' I am. After all the torture and hardships I been thru to satisfy my curiosity about this packa-- (PAUSE) WELL, I'LL BE A...IF THAT ISN'T THE DIRTIEST...WHAT A GYP!! SLOG MY WAY THRU THREE MILES OF BLIZZARD, FOR WHAT? THROW THAT BACK IN THE BIN, GRAMPS...I'LL BE BACK FOR IT IN APRIL!

OLD M: What is it, Johnny?

FIB: LOOK AT IT...(THUD) A SPRING SEED CATALOGUE!

Old Man. Oh, this is ridiculous!
ORCH: "LOVE IS A RANDOM THING" - FADE FOR:

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
1-14-47

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL

ANNCR: Have you ever seen dull, faded linoleum change right before your eyes to bright, sprakling linoleum? No, there's no catch in it.....that's exactly what happens when you use JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO-COAT. There's no rubbing or buffing, and very little work on your part yet in 20 minutes - while you wait - this remarkable wax floor polish makes old floors shine like new keeps new floors always beautiful. All you do is apply GLO-COAT and let it dry. As it dries, JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT shines to a smooth, long-lasting polish. Try it on your printed and inlaid linoleum and linoleum rugs, too. See the gleaming beauty it gives them.....at the same time protecting them from dirt and wear. With GLO-COAT protection, spilled things wipe up in no time. Muddy footsteps and dirt can be wiped up instantly, leaving the colors fresh and bright as ever. Try it....but for a really bright shine, be sure to ask for the real thing -- JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO-COAT.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC .. FADE FOR

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WIND HOWL; DOOR OPEN; WIND OUT WITH DOOR SLAM:

MOL: My goodness, I'm glad you're home, McGee...I was getting awfully worried about you.

FIB: You shoulda been, kiddo! Whatta night! And when I finally got to that dadratted post office, you know what the package was?

MOL: What?

FIB: THE SPRING SEED CATALOGUE! I was so burned I threw it in their face and walked out!

MOL: OH, MCGEE...AND I WANTED TO GET STARTED PLANNING MY FLOWER GARDEN!

FIB: What? You did? Gee, if I'd only--

MOL: I was going to put three rows of crocuses across the front porch. And in the side yard some tulips and gladioli. Back of the garage some nasturtiums, and--

FIB: Well, if I'd--

MOL: I thought as long as you were so fond of carnations, we could have some by the back porch, and with some narcissus-- MCGEE...WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

FIB: Back to the post office! Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all.

ORCH: 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 NBC - THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

(CHIMES)

WRITERS: DON QU
PHIL L

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