

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

(REVISED)
#19

Handwritten notes:
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- 30
- radio

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

FEBRUARY 4, 1947

NBC - HOLLYWOOD

(REVISED) -2-

WILCOX: THE JOHNSON'S WAX PROGRAM WITH FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

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!

ORCH: THEME UP AND FADE FOR

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FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
2-4-47

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WIL: How would you like to live in a world where kitchen floors were always clean and sparkling and never had to be washed or cleaned? Well, I'm afraid I can't promise you anything quite as nice as that, but I can come mighty close to it. Just protect your linoleum and other floors with JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING-GLO-COAT. First off, you'll notice how very brightly your linoleum shines -- how fresh and gay its colors are. Then you'll find that with regular GLO-COAT care you can keep up this bright, wax-polished beauty with practically no work at all. When you spill something, or when muddy feet track in dirt, you simply wipe the floor with a damp cloth and right away it's clean again. What happens is that JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT forms a tough wax coating which keeps dirt away from the surface of the floor. Of course, there's no rubbing or buffing with GLO-COAT....in 20 minutes it's ready to walk on and oh that shine! Believe me, it really is bright! Try it -- JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING-GLO-COAT.

ORCH: FADE IN AND UP TO FINISH

(2ND REVISION) -4-

MCGEE
2-4-47

WILCOX: WHEN A MAN STARTS PACING THE FLOOR, KICKING THE FOOTSTOOLS AND TWIDDLING WITH THE WINDOW CURTAINS, IT'S A WISE WIFE WHO HANDS HIM HIS HAT AND HIS BOWLING BALL. "AS LONG AS THEY'RE IN THE ALLEYS, THEY'RE OFF THE STREETS" SAYS MRS. MCGEE...OF --

--FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE!

MOL: Go on, McGee. Go and bowl. You're making me nervous pacing up and down like that.

FIB: No bowling tonight, kiddo. Bowling alley's all tied up with a tournament.

MOL: Then go down to the Elks Club and play cribbage like you did last week ... only this time be sure there's no poker chips in the cuff of your trousers when you get home.

FIB: The Elks Club is being redecorated.

MOL: Well forgoodness sakes DO SOMETHING! READ something... take a walk. Play solitaire.

FIB: Can't play solitaire. Every time I start, I interrupt myself to do card tricks and I know how all of 'em are done, and it just bores me.

MOL: (SIGHS) Look, sweetheart, you're in a difficult mood tonight. What do you want to do...go to a movie? As long as you're in such a lather, why don't we go see "The Razor's Edge"?

FIB: That's at the Princess and the popcorn is better at the Bijou...Furthermore I'm--

DOOR CHIME:

(2nd REVISION)

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FIB: DOGGONE IT, LISTEN TO THAT DOORBELL!! VISITORS, VISITORS,
VISITORS!! MAN TRIES TO SPEND A QUIET EVENING AT HOME
WITH HIS WIFE, AND WHAT HAPPENS?

MOL: Nothing that any smart radio listener can't figure out in
advance. COME IN!!

DOOR OPEN:

FIB: Well fer the...IT'S THE LITTLE GIRL FROM ACROSS THE STREET,
MOLLY ... HIYAH, TEENY.

TEE: Hi, Mister McGee. HI Miz McGee!

MOL: Hello, Teeny.

FIB: WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND, SIS?

TEE: Well, my Mamma and my Daddy are at a Bridge party tonight
an' Mamma told me I could go stay with Aunt Minnie, but I
don't like Aunt Minnie.

FIB: You don't eh?

TEE: She alw--HMMMM.

FIB: I say you don't, eh?

TEE: Don't what?

FIB: Like her.

TEE: Who?

FIB: AUNT MINNIE!

TEE: I know it. She treats me like I was a little girl.

FIB: Well, you ARE a little girl, aren't you?

TEE: (GIGGLES) Sure, but intelligent adults realize that
talking down to children is psychologically wrong, I
betcha.

FIB: Hmm. Well --

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

MOL: Well, you just stay right here with us dear. Would you like
to lie down and take a nap until your father and mother call
for you. McGee .. show Teeny into the guest room, while I
get her some warm milk and cookies.

FIB: Okay.

TEE: Gee, thanks Miz McGee...you're awful nice to little children.

FIB: Come on, Teeny..in here. (DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE) Now take your
shoes off and crawl under this afghan...That's it--

TEE: Tell me a story, mister. Will you please, Hmm? Willya,
Hmm. Tell me?

FIB: Well, okay sis. Here's a book I've had since I was a little
boy. I'll read you one out of this. (RUSTLE OF PAGES)
Once upon a time...

TEE: (GIGGLES) Boy they sure wrote those things with a rubber
stamp didn't they, mister? "Once upon a time, once upon a
time..once upon a time..."

FIB: Just a tradition, sis. Now be quiet, and listen.

TEE: Okay.

FIB: ONCE UPON A TIME, IN A LITTLE DELL...

TEE: What's a dell?

FIB: Oh, kind of a shady nook in the woods..where green things
grow.

TEE: You mean like dell pickles?

FIB: That's exactly what I had in mind! Now quit interrupting.

TEE: Okay.

FIB: OKAY..ONCE UPON A TIME, IN A LITTLE ^{dell} ~~DELL~~ BY AN OLD SMITHY...

TEE: Excuse me for inerrupping again, mister. But what's a smithy.

FIB: A SMITHY IS A BLACKSMITH SHOP, SIS. WHERE THEY PUT SHOES
ON HORSES.

TEE: (BREAKS HERSELF UP) SHOES ON HORSES..(GIGGLES) Oh come on, mister, let's quit kidding around and have a story.

FIB: Well..er..okay. ONCE UPON A TIME IN A LITTLE ^{glen} GLEN BY A SMITHY THERE LIVED A BIG WHITE HARE.....

TEE: Hmm?

FIB: HARE...SIS...THAT MEANS A RABBIT.

TEE: Oh.

FIB: ONE DAY THIS HARE WAS WALKING ALONG THE TURNPIKE.....

TEE: WHAT'S A TURNPIKE?

FIB: That's a road, sis.

TEE: Oh.

FIB: WELL SIR, AS THE LITTLE HARE WALKED DOWN THE TURNPIKE PAST A CHEMISTS SHOP.....

TEE: A what, mister?

FIB: A drug store!

TEE: Oh.

FIB: HE WAS WALKING DOWN THE TURNPIKE PAST THE CHEMIST'S SHOP WHEN ALL OF A SUDDEN HE SAW A SIXPENCE LYING IN THE ROAD..

SO HE -

TEE: ~~HEY, WAIT A MINUTE,~~ WHAT'S A SIXPENCE, MISTER? Hmm. What's that?

FIB: A SIXPENCE IS MONEY.

TEE: Oh.

FIB: AND JUST AS HE PICKED UP THE SIXPENCE A TROLL STUCK HIS HEAD OVER A TURNSTILE AND--

TEE: WHAT'S A TROLL AND WHAT'S A TURNSTILE?

FIB: A TROLL IS..A..A...TURNSTILE IS ..A..AH FER THE LOVE OF.. (YELLS) WHY DON'T SOMEBODY WRITE SOME FAIRY STORIES IN ENGLISH!!! TROLLS..HARES..TURNPIKES..SIXPENCE...HOW CAN ANY AMERICAN KID EVER..(PAUSE) Hey..Teeny..(PAUSE) Teeny! My gosh, I put her to sleep.

ORCH: "SERNEADE TO A WEALTHY WIDOW"

(APPLAUSE)

SECOND SPOT

(2ND REVISION) -10-

MOL: Is she asleep, McGee?

FIB: I think so. I put the afghan over her. Incidentally, why do they call those things "afghans?"

MOL: It's a corruption of "Half again," dearie. Because when you knit one it always takes half again as much yarn as you thought it would.

FIB: Oh. I've always wondered what...

SOUND: DOOR C' TIME

FIB: (YELLS) COME IN!!

MOL: (FERCELY) SHHHHHH!!!

FIB: Eh? Oh...(WHISPERS) Come in....

SOUND: DOOR OPEN; SHUT LOUDLY

MOL: Please, Mr. Wimple...not so loud!

FIB: There's a little girl asleep in the guest room there, Wimptake it easy.

WIMP: Okay, folks...is it some relative, Mr. McGee?

MOL: No it isn't, Mr. Wimple. It's the little girl from across the street. Her parents are at a bridge party.

WIMP: Oh...I used to play bridge quite a bit...(SNICKERS) Everybody says they ought to call my game GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE...it's so revolutionary....(SNICKERS) But I don't play much any more since Sweetface hurt her foot. Sweetface...that's my big old wife.

MOL: Hurt her foot how, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: Well, I got tired of having her kick me on the shins under the table, so I stuck some thumb tacks thru my garters and when she kicked me the next time with her open-toed shoes on, you should have heard her scream! (SNICKERS) To me it was prettier than the Moonlight Sonata.

FIB: I'll bet you answered for that little monk of hunky business Wimp!

WIMP: Oh, I really did, Mr. McGee...she took me out on the balcony and said "DID YOU DO THAT ON PURPOSE, WALLACE?" And I said "Yes dear, but I'M sorry." And she said, "Oh that's all right, dear," and took me in her arms.

MOL: Oh wasn't that sweet of her!

WIMP: No.

FIB: EH?

WIMP: No. She took me in her arms, walked over to the edge of the balcony and dropped me off.

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS...HOW HIGH WAS IT?

WIMP: Six floors....fortunately I landed on the doorman. Maybe you know him, Mr. McGee...he's the one at the Ritz Vista Hotel...they call him Shorty now.

MOL: Is that black eye you've got, a leftover from that little episode, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: (SNICKERS) Oh no, Mrs. McGee - I just got that this afternoon. Sweetface hit me because my punctuation was bad.

FIB: YOUR PUNCTUATION?? YOU WRITING A LETTER OR SOMETHING?

WIMP: No, I was sitting at the window with my bird book and -

MOL: Your what, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: My bird book. And I saw a black crow in a tree and I pointed it out to Sweetface and said, "MY JUST LOOK AT THAT! OLD CROW!" Well, I guess I better be going...Good night, folks.

SOUND: DOOR SIAM

(2ND REVISION)-12-

MOL: McGee - I wonder how Teeny's parents ever let her come over here. We don't even know them.

FIB: No, but they know she comes over here a lot and we like her. Maybe she -

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

(REVISED) -13-

TEE: HEY, MISTER MCGEE....WHAT TIME IS IT? Hmm. What time is it.....Hmmm?

FIB: About half-past, sis. DID WE WAKE YOU UP WITH OUR TALKING?

TEE: No, you didn't wake me up, I betcha. I'M a very light sleeper, anyway.

FIB: You are?

TEE: I alwy-HMM?

FIB: I says you are?

TEE: Are what?

FIB: A LIGHT SLEEPER?

TEE: Sure, I only weigh 46 pounds. WELL YOU GO RIGHT AHEAD AND TALK, MR. MCGEE, AND MIZ MCGEE..YOU WON'T BOTHER ME A BIT!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: I wonder what she wanted the correct time for. She isn't going any place.

MOL: Well, you know how children are, dearie. Anything for a diversion. At that age they consider sleep a dreadful waste of time.

FIB: Not me! I love it! YOU KNOW HOW LONG IT TOOK ME TO GET TO SLEEP LAST NIGHT? ABOUT FOUR HOURS!!!

MOL: Nonsense! DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOUR FIRST WORDS WERE THIS MORNING?

FIB: No, what'd I say?

MOL: You said "THE MILKMAN?"

(2ND REVISION) -14-

FIB: I did?

MOL: Yes. And the last thing you said last night was "DID YOU LEAVE A NOTE FOR?" You slept 8½ hours in the middle of that sentence!

FIB: Well, whaddye know! I'd of sworn I counted sheep until daybreak. Thought I'd gone to sleep by sheer wool-power. It just goes to show what -

DOOR OPEN:

WIL: (LOUDLY) Hello Molly! Hello Pal!

MOLLY: Hello, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Lower your voice to a scream, Junior. There's a kid tryin to sleep in the guest room.

WIL: (SOTTO VOICE) Really? Got house guests?

FIB: No, the little girl from across the street. Her folks are at a bridge par --

DOOR OPEN:

TEE: Hey, Mister McGee....what time is it, please?

FIB: My gosh.. aren't you asleep yet, sis?

MOL: It's just exactly twenty minutes to, Teeny.

FIB: Now paddle your little corpus back to bed.

TEE: Okay, mister, but wouldn't it be polite to innerduce me to your good looking friend?

FIB: Eh?

WIL: She means me.

MOL: Oh, I'm sorry, Teeny. Mr. Wilcox..this is Teeny. Teeny, Mr. Harlow Wilcox.

(2ND REVISION) -15-

WIL: I'm very glad to meet you, Teeny.

TEE: Likewise, I betcha. Hey, are you the Mr. Wilcox that sells Johnson's Wax?

FIB: Yes he is, Teeny. Now you better go back to--

WIL: Oh, let her stay up pal! YOU KNOW ABOUT JOHNSON'S WAX, TEENY?

TEE: Gee, I'll say I do, I betcha! My mamma said when she got married to my daddy that she set up housekeeping on two Maxfield Parrish pitchers, a pickle dish and a can of Johnson's Wax.

WIL: She did eh?

TEE: Yes, she...HMM?

WIL: I said she did, eh?

TEE: She did what?

WIL: SET UP HOUSEKEEPING WITH TWO MAXFIELD PARRISH PITCHERS, A PICKLE DISH, AND A-

TEE: Can of Johnson's Wax. That's what I said.

FIB: That's what she said.

WIL: Oh. Your mother is a good housekeeper, apparently, Teeny.

TEE: Sure she is, I betcha. She says when she married my daddy her mother told her three things.

WIL: What were they, Teeny?

TEE: She said NEVER NEVER speak to a husband until he's had his breakfast coffee. She says a man getting up is like a jalopy on a cold morning..You gotta prime 'em, crank 'em, and jump back. (GIGGLES)

WIL: Wise woman, your grandmother!

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TEE: Sure..she also said that if she had a maid, to have her use JOHNSON'S WAX ON THE FLOORS AND THE FURNITURE AND WOODWORK.

WIL: And the third thing?

TEE: If she didn't have a maid, do it herself. She says any housekeeper with pride in the appearance of her house is hey what time is it now, ~~Mr.~~ McGee?

FIB: IT'S ABOUT TWO MINUTES PAST THE TIME YOU GOT TWO MINUTES AGO, SIS!

TEE: Thank you. Well, any time you're going to the circus or a pitcher show or anything, Mr. Wilcox..call me up, I'm available. Goodnight!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: That was a great sales talk you dished out there, Waxey. You stood there like a box of bubble-bath in a lumber camp. You let the kid do all the work.

WIL: DOGGONE IT! THAT LITTLE GIRL WAS SO CUTE WITH HER ADVICE TO BRIDES, YOU KNOW WHAT I'M GOING TO DO?

MOL: What?

WIL: Go home!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: He might as well go home, his week's work is done. HEY WHY DON'T THAT KID TAKE A NAP? Migosh, she's as sleepless as a lower berth over a flat wheel.

MOL: Oh, she'll go to sleep. Children her age drop off very easily and --

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: (SOFTLY) Come in.

(PAUSE)

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MOL: They didn't hear you.

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: (A LITTLE LOUDER) Come in!

(PAUSE)

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: (YELLS) COME IN, DAD-RAT IT--BUT COME IN QUIETLY!!

DOOR: OPEN: CLOSE:

MOL: Oh for goodness sakes..it's Mayor La Trivia! Good evening, your honor.

GALE: Good evening, Molly. Hello, McGee!

FIB: Hiyah, Politico! How's everything down in that marble ballot box with the flag on it?

GALE: If you are referring to the City Hall, my friend, everything is going very well, thank you. The city is in the best shape, fiscally, that it has been in for many years.

MOL: Isn't that wonderful!

FIB: Great stuff, La Triv, as far as it goes. But you can't throw dust in my eyes with that technical stuff. The real issue is, how is the city stackin' up FINANCIALLY?

GALE: Well, I---

MOL: Dearie..for your information, and to save you future embarrassment.."fiscal" and "financial" are the same thing!

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FIB: Oh, I dunno if they are! I took fiscal culture in high school, but it wasn't financial. In fact, after I paid for my sweatshirts and basketball shoes --

GALE: PARDON ME, MCGEE....

FIB: Eh?

GALE: That was PHYSICAL CULTURE. Not fiscal. F.I.S.C.A.L... fiscal...refers to things monetary.

FIB: Just the same, buying basketball shoes at six fifty-five was rather....

GALE: WELL WHY DID YOU WAIT TILL SO LATE TO BUY THEM?

FIB: Whaddya mean, so late?

MOL: I think he means as late as 6:55, McGee....After all, making a shoe store stay open after six o'clock just so you can buy some basketball shoes is --

FIB: BUT I DIDN'T KEEP ANY STORE OPEN. I JUST SAID I --

GALE: DO YOU THINK THEY STAY OPEN TILL SIX FIFTY-FIVE JUST BECAUSE THEY LIKE TO SIT ON THOSE LITTLE STOOLS?

FIB: Certainly not. I didn't say they kept open till six fifty-five. I said my basketball shoes were --

MOL: But darling....you could just as well have bought them the next day. Six fifty-five is almost seven o'clock and if those clerks had homes and families....

FIB: DAT RAT IT, WHEN I SAYS 6:55 I DIDN'T MEAN THE TIME!! I MEANT THE PRICE WAS SIX FIFTY-FIVE. UNDERSTAND?

GALE: Certainly.

FIB: GOOD!

GALE: BUT 6:55 IS STILL NOT A LARGE ENOUGH TRANSACTION TO KEEP A SHOE CLERK FROM HIS DINNER.

FIB: I DIDN'T KEEP ANY SHOE CLERKS FROM DINNER!! I DON'T EVEN REMEMBER WHEN I BOUGHT MY BASKETBALL SHOES...THE TIME DOESN'T MEAN 6:55 THAT WAS THE PRICE....I MIGHT EVEN HAVE BOUGHT 'EM IN THE MORNING....

MOL: At 6:55 in the morning!! HEAVENLY DAYS, DEARIE..YOU MEAN YOU GOT THOSE PEOPLE OUT OF BED THAT EARLY JUST TO --

FIB: NO NO NO!! I DIDN'T!! I DIDN'T GET ANYBODY OUT OF BASKET-BED...er...BED-SKET-BALL...THE...SIX-FIFTY CLERKS..ER...STORECLOPPERS...LOOK...WHEN I SAID --

GALE: Now now now....take it easy, McGee!! give it a chance!Relax.....

FIB: WELL MY GOSH....

MOL: Good heavens - you were just a boy then, dearie. Boys are naturally thoughtless. They don't stop to think that a man selling shoes is a human being like the rest of us and --

FIB: BUT I TELL YOU I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING TO ANY SHOE CLERKS... I WAS MERELY....THE PRICE OF THE CLERKS...ER...THE SHOES WAS A BASKET.....I MEAN THE --

GALE: By the way, how much did you pay for the basketball shoes?

FIB: (SHOUTS) I BEEN TRYING TO TELL YOU FOR FIFTEEN MINUTES.. IT WAS SIX FIFTY-FIVE --

MOL: A.M. or P.M.?

FIB: (IN A RAGE) LATE IN THE AFTERNOO....I MEAN IT WAS EARLY
IN THE....I DUNNO WHAT TIME IT WAS..ALL I PRICE WAS THE
KNOW...I MEAN...ALL I CAN REMEMBER I FORGET..ER...I MEAN
THE BASKETSHOEBALLS...ER...THE CLERKSTORES...I WAS...YOU
SAID I....THERE WASN'T ANY....I...YOU.....(PANTS) (PAUSE)
McGee!:

GALE: That's you.

FIB: Eh? Oh yes, La Trivia.

GALE: Yes?

FIB: I'll never forgive you for this. Makin' me yell at
my wife like that!

MOL: Oh, that's perfectly all right, dearie. It gave you
a nice healthy color.

GALE: Yes, McGee. A little physical exertion like that is
quite beneficial.

FIB: WHAT'S SO FISCAL ABOUT MY EXERTION?....IT DIDN'T COST
ME A NICKEL AND --

MOL: NOT FISCAL, DEARIE. HE SAID PHYSICAL. YOU SEE, "FISCAL"
REFERS TO A.....oh, are you leaving, Mr. Mayor?

GALE: Yes....this is where I came in. Good day!

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH & KING'S MEN: "MANAGUA, NICARAGUA"

APPLAUSE:

THIRD SPOT

MOL: McGee....I wonder if we ought to call up that little
girl's parents and make sure they know where she is.

FIB: Where would you call 'em? If they're out playing
bridge someplace, we don't know the number, unless
she could tell us --

DOOR OPEN:

TEE: Oh don't worry about it Miz McGee....and Mr. McGee....
they know I'm all right. HEY...WHAT TIME IS IT??

FIB: AGAIN? You won't be a success with this firm, sis,
till you stop watching the clock.

MOL: It's about three minutes to the hour, Teeny.

FIB: Whyja ask?

TEE: Well....there's a lil porkable radio in the guest room
and I wondered if you'd lemme turn it on, wouldja hmmm?
Wouldja mind, wouldja? Hmmm?

FIB: I don't know why not, Teeny.

MOL: If it will help you go to sleep dear, go right ahead.
Just find some nice soft music and tune it low.

FIB: Want me to tell you another story, sis?

TEE: No, mister. I'll just listen to the little porkable
radio. Thanks anyway.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: "Porkable radio"....isn't that cute?

FIB: Natural mistake. It squeals like a pig and is a hog
with the light bill. If I ever --

DOOR CHIME:

It's Doctor Samble. Come in, Doctor.

Oh, the 3 you, Molly, Hello, Manag.

Oh, Second Quarter. Made any grave mistakes today?

(REVISED) -21-

FIB: (IN A RAGE) LATE IN THE AFTERNOO....I MEAN IT WAS EARLY
IN THE....I DUNNO WHAT TIME IT WAS..ALL I PRICE WAS THE
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DOOR SLAM:

GROH & KING'S MEN: "MANAGUA, NICARAGUA"

APPLAUSE:

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(REVISED) -22-

THIRD SPOT

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she could tell us --

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with the light bill. If I ever --

DOOR CHIME:

It's Doctor Gentle. Come

Thank you, Mr. Mayor

Ill, Second

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FIB: Where would you call 'em? If they're out playing bridge someplace, we don't know the number, unless she could tell us --

DOOR OPEN:

TEE: HEY MR. MCGEE....WHAT TIME IS IT??"

FIB: AGAIN?

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DOOR SLAM:

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DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPENS:

MOL: Oh, it's Doctor Gamble. Come in, Doctor.

DOC: Thank you, Molly. Hello, Beanbag.

FIB: Hi, Second Guesser. Made any grave mistakes today?

DOC: Considering the source of that question, Mudhead - I -- say, do I hear a radio going somewhere?

FIB: You hear a radio, but it's not going anywhere. It's just sitting on the guest room table.

MOL: The little girl across the street is spending the evening with us, Doctor - while her parents are out playing cards.

FIB: Lock in on her if you want to - you might drum up a fast game of Patty-cake, Butcher's Man! ~~Cit down and I'll play you a little gin rummy.~~

DOC: No thank you, my boy - I've got to run along now - I've got an operation scheduled for tonight and -

MOL: An operation tonight, Doctor? Is it an emergency?

DOC: Not exactly, Molly. I stopped by to tell you about it as a matter of fact. You see, I'm performing a lobotomy on -

MOL: A what, Doctor?

DOC: A lobotomy.

FIB: Who performed yours?

DOC: Mine?

FIB: Yeah - from where I'm standing you got the lowest -

MOL: MCGEE!

FIB: Okay.

DOC: If I ever have your little Marital Mistake there open for any reason, my dear, remind me to remove most of that gall, of which he has enough for a poke in the nose!...I was about to say that I am demonstrating a new technique for chest surgery tonight, and they're going to take movies of me operating.

FIB: No kidding, Doc?

MOL: Oh, that's wonderful, Doctor! Just imagine, McGee - Doctor Gamble in Pictures.

(2ND REVISION) -24&25-

FIB: Yes.
MOL: Wouldn't it be wonderful if you won the Anatomy Award!
FIB: (CHUCKLES) Boyoboy, will he be hard to get along with now, Molly. Can't you just see him muggin at the camera? What're they gonna call the picture, Doc - "Ham Slices Man"?
DOC: No, but seriously, my boy - I wish you'd drop over later on. You can help me.
FIB: I can? I'd love to, Doc!
DOC: Yes, if the applause is as big as I think it will be - I'd like to use you for an encore! ..Goodnight, now!

DOOR SIAM:

MOL: You know, McGee, I'll bet Doctor Gamble will be---

SOUND: SHOTS OFF MIKE

MOL: What was that??

FIB: Sounds like it come from the guest room...

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS! MCGEE, WE'D BETTER LOOK IN -

DOOR OPENS

FOLLOWING ON FILTER MIKE:

BILL: (MAN) FOR THE LAST TIME, RATFACE..WILL YOU TELL US WHERE THE GLADSTONE EMERALDS IS HID?

FIB: It's the radio?

ART: I AIN'T TALKING, SEE?

(2ND REVISION) -24&25-

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MAN #1: PERSUADE HIM, SNARLY...

MAN #3: IT'LL BE A PLEASURE, CHIEF...

SOUND: SLAPS, THUDS, SCREAMS, MOANS

FIB: Hey, sis, that's a pretty Bloodthirsty program for a little--

TEE: BHHH...IT'S ALMOST OVER!!

ON FILTER:

MAN #2: (WEAKLY) OKAY, OKAY...I'LL TALK...I HID THE EMERALDS IN--

SOUND: THREE SHOTS...SCREAMS...THUD

ANNCH: AND THAT CONCLUDES TONIGHT'S EPISODE OF "BLOODBATH, INCORPORATED". TUNE IN AGAIN NEXT WEEK AND SEE HOW AGE BODKIN, THE CHICAGO SHAMUS, TRAILS THE KILLERS OF-- (CUT OFF WITH:)

SOUND: CLICK OF RADIO OFF

TEE: Oh, boy...was that ever wonderful! Thanks ever so much Mr. McGee and Miz McGee. I guess I better go home now.

FIB: GO HOME!...BUT MAYBE YOUR FOLKS' AREN'T HOME YET.

TEE: Oh, they didn't go any place, mister.

FIB: What? Didn't you tell us they were playing bridge somewhere, Teeny?

TEE: Sure I did, I betcha. They're playing at our house.

FIB: YOU MEAN YOU... THEN WHY DID YOU COME OVER HERE IN THE FIRST PLACE?

TEE: I wanted to hear that radio program, "Bloodbath, Incorporated". Criminy, when Snarly stuck that shiv into Ratface's innards, I thought--

FIB: HEY, YOU MEAN YOU CAME OVER HERE JUST TO LISTEN TO THAT RADIO PROGRAM???

TEE: Sure I did, I betcha. They won't let me listen to it at home.

FIB: WELL, WE WOULDN'T HAVE LET YOU LISTEN TO IT HERE, IF WE'D KNOWN IT. THAT'S NO GOOD FOR KIDS. YOU SUBTERRUGED US!

TEE: Gee - I'm - I'm sorry you feel that way about it kidsLooks like I gotta find a new place every week... Where's my little coat....and mittens...Oh, here....WELL, THANKS FOR EVERYTHING, MIZ MCGEE AND MR. MCGEE..... GOODNIGHT NOW.

DOOR SLAM

ORCH: "THROUGH A THOUSAND DREAMS"....FADE FOR:

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WIL: Have you any of the new blond or other light colored furniture? It's certainly attractive, but fingerprints and dirt do tend to show up on it, don't they? To help you solve this problem, the makers of JOHNSON'S WAX have developed a special furniture polish called JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX, and believe me, it's wonderful. ~~In appearance~~ It's a creamy white liquid, and in addition to genuine wax, it contains two active cleansing ingredients which do an amazing cleaning job. ~~You can find this out for yourself in no time.~~ Just apply a little JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX to any of your light colored furniture. All your furniture, for that matter - ~~there's no finer furniture polish.~~ Notice how quickly and easily dirt and fingerprints disappear. Then with just a light polishing, see how CREAM WAX gives ~~the surface~~ a smooth satiny wax luster that is ~~well,~~ really beautiful. ~~This protective wax finish is dry,~~ not oily, so dust and dirt won't stick to it. Of course, this makes your housework much easier. Try JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX on your light woodwork and white kitchen equipment, too...you'll like it!

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC: FADE FOR:

TAG

MOL: McGee, I hope Teeny's parents weren't mad at her for being here, when they thought she was at her Aunt Minnie's.

FIB: She called up after she got home. Said her folks dished out a terrific beating, and---

MOL: OH NO, McGEE! A BEATING?

FIB: Yep...to that other couple...at bridge.

MOL: Oh.

FIB: Said they were so happy about it they just kissed her--- Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all.

ORCH: 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.

ANNOR: THIS IS N.B.C. - THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY,

(CHIMES)