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(REVISED)
#23

File 508-1000

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR
JOHNSON'S WAX

March 4th, 1947

NBC - Hollywood

H

WILCOX: THE JOHNSON 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, Gene Carroll 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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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WIL: Every now and again I hear of a housewife who uses JOHNSON'S WAX only to polish her floors. Now, I hope you are not ~~one of these ladies~~...because wax can add rich beauty to your home in a hundred other places besides floors. Take your dining room table, say. Rub a little JOHNSON'S WAX on it, then polish it. Believe me, you'll say your table has never looked more beautiful. The finish will really glow and sparkle, and the grain of the wood will show up clear and lovely. When you've seen how your table gleams, there are many other things you'll want to polish with JOHNSON'S WAX. Your radio, ~~your~~ sideboard, ~~your~~ leather goods and venetian blinds. JOHNSON'S WAX gives them all such a wonderful richness, such a smooth mellow luster. And this hard wax finish is so easy to dust. So by all means polish your floors with JOHNSON'S WAX...but also use it to beautify and protect the rest of your home. Ask your dealer for JOHNSON'S PASTE or LIQUID WAX.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH:

WILCOX: AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA TODAY, THE TOPIC UNDER DISCUSSION IS THE MAIL DELIVERY. THE HEAD OF THE HOUSEHOLD THINKS THE POSTAL SERVICE IS BEYOND REPROACH. BUT HER HUSBAND THINKS OTHERWISE. LISTEN TO HIM EXPRESSING HIS OPINION, IN HIS SHY, QUIET WAY, AS WE MEET --
-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

(APPLAUSE)

FIB: AN FURTHERMORE - I SAY THEY OUGHT'N'T TAKE THE POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT OUTA THE CIVIL SERVICE! IT AIN'T CIVIL, AND THEY DON'T GIVE YOU ANY SERVICE!

MOL: Oh, I don't know, dearie. I think the mail is very well handled.

FIB: Oh, you do! Then WHERE'S MY PERSONAL MAIL? NOTHIN' BUT BILLS, BILLS, BILLS...!! WE GET SO MANY WINDOW ENVELOPES, I'M GETTIN' TO FEEL LIKE A PEEPING TOM!

MOL: What do you expect the mailman to do, pet? Sit down on curbstone and write you a letter himself-about how he got bit by five fox terriers last week?

FIB: I EXPECT HIM TO BRING ME SOME PERSONAL MAIL, THAT'S ALL! I'M ENTITLED TO MORE MAIL THAN I GET AND I THINK THEY'RE HOLDING OUT ON ME!..I'll bet the post office downtown has got a back room jammed full of every personal letter they ever got for me.

MOL: Oh, nonsense. How about that letter you got from the finance company yesterday? That was about as personal as anybody could get!

FIB: That's trivial. You know what I'M gonna do?
MOL: No, and I think I'll hide under the bed till you do it.
FIB: I'M GONNA WRITE A LETTER THAT'LL BLOW THE LID OFF THE
WHOLE POLITICAL PORK BARREL, THAT'S WHAT I'M GOING TO
WRITE A LETTER THAT'LL. WHERE'S MY FOUNTAIN PEN?
MOL: In your vest.
FIB: Where's my vest?
MOL: At the dry cleaners. They're sending your pen back by
mail.
FIB: AND I BET I NEVER GET IT, TOO, EITHER! I'll use a pencil.
Where's some paper? Oh, here...(RUSTLE OF PAPER) Dear
Harry:--
MOL: Dear-who?
FIB: Harry. Harry Truman. WHEN I GOTTA COMPLAINT TO MAKE,
TOOTSIE, I DON'T HORSE AROUND WITH UNDERLINGS...I GO RIGHT
TO THE TOP!!
MOL: But the logical person to complain to is the Postmaster
General.
FIB: Say...you may be right. I'll change it. (RUSTLE OF
PAPER) DEAR JIM -
MOL: Jim?
FIB: Farley, "DEAR JIM: THIS IS TO WARN YOU THAT I'VE SET A
TRAP FOR YOUR UNIFORMED STOOGES. MY PERSONAL MAIL HAS
NOT BEEN --
SOUND: CRACK OF PENCIL:
FIB: Woops!!...bore down too hard...broke the pencil. Gimme
another pencil.

MOL: Lena always has one. But what kind of a trap did you set,
McGee?
FIB: (NASTY LAUGH) YOU WAIT AND SEE, BLUE EYES!! THE MAIL IS
DUE IN FIFTEEN MINUTES. AND IF I DON'T GET A CERTAIN
LETTER I'M GONNA PUT A BLAST ON THE POSTOFFICE THAT'LL
MAKE HIROSHIMA LOOK LIKE A WEALTHY SUBURB! SEE IF LENA'S
GOT AN INDELIBLE PENCIL...I'M GONNA USE SOME BLUE
LANGUAGE!
MOL: All right, master. Oh LENA...LEEEEEEEEEENAAAAAAA!!!!
DOOR OPEN:
LENA: (ENTER SINGING) Hut sut raulson on the rillaraw, with a
bralla bralla suest...DIDN'T YOU KNOW, MR. MCGEE...THAT
MR. FARLEY AIN'T THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL ANY MORE? I
heard he left the Democratic party and went into politics.
FIB: You been listening to our conversation, Lena?
LENA: (LAUGHS) Well, I don't know how a body could help it,
Mr. McGee! You hollered so loud, I ironed five wrinkles
into your green shirt. But I know how you feel about
getting mail. I get the DEAREST letters from a war
veteran.
MOL: Love letters, Lena?
LENA: Well now that I couldn't really say, Mrs. McGee...they're
all wrote in the Spanish language, and I can't read
Spanish.
FIB: Can't he write English?
LENA: No, he's a Spanish-American war veteran. He stayed in
Cuba after the war and started a gambling joint.
MOL: A GAMBLING JOINT!!

(REVISED) -7-

LENA: Yes...it's really a chop suey parlor, but he calls it a gambling joint because he's the only one that can't lose.

FIB: I thought you couldn't read Spanish.

LENA: Oh, I can't, Mr. McGee....a friend of mine transplants the letters into American for me. In his last letter he said when we got married we could go to the arena and watch the matadors as they fight el toro. Do you know what that means?

FIB: That's "the bull", Lena.

LENA: It must have been....he didn't send me an engagement ring. You know, I'm going to learn some Spanish songs, and surprise him. Like (SINGS) CHICKERY CHICK, CHA IA CHA IA, CHECKA IA ROMAY...IA IA IA IA IA IA...and all that.

MOL: But that's not Spanish, Lena. That's just jibberish.

LENA: Oh that's all right, Mrs. McGee...(LAUGHS) He's part Jibber on his father's side. DID I EVER SHOW YOU HIS PITCHER? I always carry a little snoopshot of him with me. Here....

FIB: You mean "snapshot", Lena.

LENA: This is a snoopshot, Mr. McGee. He didn't know the police were taking it.

FIB: What's the number on his chest for, Lena?

(REVISED) -8-

LENA: Well, he said he just bought a lottery ticket, and didn't want to forget the number Oh, you wanted a pencil, Mr. McGee. Here it is. It writes better if you put one arm around it I tore it off a dance program...OH, ZIPPETY DO DAH...ZIPPETY AY...MY OH MY WHAT A WONDERFUL DAY...

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOL: Happy little character...!

FIB: Yeah....when she first started here..HEY...IT'S ABOUT TIME FOR THE MAILMAN...KEEP AN EYE OUT THE WINDOW, KIDDO!

MOL: You say you're expecting a letter, McGee?

FIB: I SURE AM!

MOL: Whom from?

FIB: Me.

MOL: YOU?

FIB: Yup. Wrote it myself..To myself. IT'S A TEST CASE. AND IF THAT LETTER AIN'T DELIVERED IN THIS MAIL I GOT 'EM RIGHT WHERE I WANT 'EM! I'LL TAKE THE NEXT PLANE TO WASHINGTON AND --

MOL: There he is, McGee ..there's the mailman!!!

FIB: YEAH, LOOK AT HIM....LOOKA THAT BATCH OF MAIL HE'S LEAVING NEXT DOOR...I'LL BET HALF OF IT IS MINE! AH...HERE HE COMES!!!

(PAUSE)

MOL: He's stopped.

FIB: WATCH HIM, BABY!! IF HE THROWS ANY LETTERS DOWN THE SEWER, YOU'LL KNOW WHOSE THEY....LOOK!

MOL: He turned away...he's passing us up!

FIB: AHAAAA!! THAT DOES IT...I TRAPPED HIM!! GET YOUR HAT,
MOLLY...WE'RE GOING DOWN TO THE POSTOFFICE!!

MOL: All right, dearie, but I don't think you're --

FIB: WHERE'S MY SPATS? I DON'T WANA GIVE THE IMPRESSION THAT
I'M A NOBODY....WHERE'S MY SPATS? OH I REMEMBER, THERE
IN THE HALL CLOSET WHERE I --

MOL: NO, MCGEE..PLEASE. IT HASN'T BEEN -

SOUND: DOOR OPEN: CLOSET EFFECT: BELL TINKLE ... (PAUSE)

FIB: I'll clean it up when we get back....COME ON...HURRY UP!

ORCH: "AMONG MY SOUVENIRS"
(APPLAUSE)

SECOND SPOT

SOUND: ESTABLISH TRAFFIC ANF FADE; WALKING FOOTSTEPS, UNDER -

FIB: Just wait'll we get to that postoffice! I'll read 'em
the riot act in seven languages! I'LL TAKE THIS THING
CLEAN UP TO THE SUPREME COURT! I'LL PLEAD THE CASE
MYSELF!

MOL: Don't forget the old saying, dearie. A man who acts as
his own lawyer has a fool for a client.

FIB: Don't worry, I know my way around a courtroom. I'll slip
five bucks to one of the mastiffs to get the case called
early.

MOL: You don't mean mastiffs, dearie. You mean BAILIFFS,

FIB: I do? I thought a bailiff was something you threw into a
stew, for flavoring.

MOL: No, that's a bay leaf.

FIB: OH NOW DON'T GIMME THAT KIDDO! A BAY LEAF IS THAT EXTRA
PAGE IN THE FRONT OF A BOOK WHERE IT SAYS THAT "ALL THE
CO-INCIDENTAL CHARACTERS IN THIS BOOK ARE PURELY."

MOL: You're thinking of a fly leaf.

FIB: I am? Then what's a mastiff?

MOL: A mastiff is a big dog.

FIB: CERTAINLY IT IS! THAT'S WHAT I SAID. I'M GONNA HOUND
THEM POST OFFICE GUYS THRU THE BIGGEST COURT IN THE HIYA,
WIMP!

MOL: Oh, hello there, Mr. Wimple!

WIMP: Hello, folks. Where are you going?

FIB: I'm on my way to the post office Wimp. Got a little case against them. They been holding out my personal mail.

MOL: You been having any trouble with your mail, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: Not a bit, Mrs. McGee. Sweetface...that's my big old wife - Sweetface opens it, reads it, answers it, tears it up, and throws it away!

FIB: YOU MEAN SHE OPENS YOUR PERSONAL MAIL? YOU LET HER GET AWAY WITH THAT, WIMP?

WIMP: Yes .I also let the sun rise every morning.

MOL: You mean there's nothing much you can do about it, I suppose.

WIMP: Oh, you're SO right, Mrs. McGee! Sweetface is a very strong-minded woman. In fact, she's as stubborn as a mule. And the resemblance doesn't end there, either.

FIB: Look, Wimp, old man. I'm not the type guy that interferes into another guy's personal life. I'm merely the type guy that has gone to the mat with matrimony. ALWAYS REMEMBER THIS, WIMP...THE MAN OF THE HOUSE HAS GOTTA BE THE BOSS, SEE? Am I right, Molly?

MOL: Absolutely, dearie.

WIMP: I know, but I--

FIB: You gotta have crust if you're gonna be the breadwinner, Wimp. Right, Snooky?

MOL: Right!

WIMP: But every time I--

FIB: IT'S THE GUY THAT PUTS HIS FOOT DOWN THAT DON'T GET STEPPED ON. So, Baby?

MOL: Check!

WIMP: That's all very--

FIB: ASSERT YOURSELF, WIMP! HORSEFLIES DON'T LIGHT ON THE GUY THAT CRACKS THE WHIP. Got a match, Molly? My cigar's gone out.

MOL: Throw it away..you're smoking too much.

FIB: No I'm not, I've only had three this--

MOL: Throw it away, dearie.

(2ND REVISION) -13-

FIB: Okay. NOW REMEMBER WHAT I SAYS, WIMP. IT AIN'T TOO LATE TO ESTABLISH YOURSELF AS THE BOSS. LET SWEETIFACE KNOW SHE'S TAKIN' ORDERS FROM YOU!

WIMP: Mr. McGee...you've done it! You've made me see things in an entirely different light!

MOL: Good for you, Mr. Wimple! What are you going to do?

WIMP: I'm going home and read my Bird Book.

FIB: Your what?

WIMP: My Bird Book. I used to hide up in the attic and strain my eyes reading it.

MOL: And now you're just going to defy her, and read it wherever you want to.

WIMP: Yes I am! ... I'm going to lock myself in the fruit cellar and read it. That's an entirely different light, down there.

FIB: YOU MEAN I BEEN WASTING MY BREATH ON YOU, WIMP?

WIMP: No. You ~~wasn't~~ Mr. McGee! I'm going downtown right now and buy something that will show her who's boss.

MOL: Heavenly days....you mean a revolver?

WIMP: (SNICKERS) No, a looking glass! Well, good luck at the post office, Mr. McGee. Goodbye now.

TRAFFIC, UP AND FADE:

(2ND REVISION) -14-

MOL: Poor Mister Wimple. I guess he's just too naturally modest to assert himself.

FIB: Yeah, he's so modest, he makes people turn their backs' while he changes his mind. HEY..YOU KNOW SOMETHING?

MOL: Yes, the cotton gin was invented by Eli Whitney.

FIB: NO..I MEAN YOU KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT THIS POST OFFICE BUSINESS?

MOL: Not very much, dearie. I played it once when I was a young girl, but I didn't like it.

FIB: No, I mean about the GOVERNMENT POST OFFICE. YOU SEE, TAMPERING WITH THE MAIL IS A FEDERAL OFFENSE. AND ANYBODY THAT ---

WIL: (FADE IN) HELLO, MOLLY....HELLO, PAL....OUT FOR A WALK?

MOL: Oh hello, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: No, we're not out for a walk, Junior. I'm on my way to the post office to raise a little ruckus. I'M GONNA START A SHAKEDOWN AMONG THEM STAMP TRAMPS THAT'LL RATTLE THE WINDOWS IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

MOL: He thinks they're discriminating against him, Mr. Wilcox. All he ever gets is bills and advertising.

WIL: Look, Pal...the United States Postal Service is one of the best organized branches of the government. You'd better have a good case before you barge in with any half-baked accusations.

FIB: WHO'S BAKING HALF AN ACCUSATION? I GOT THEM POSTCARD PEEKERS RED HANDED! I KNEW THEY WERE HOLDING UP MY MAIL, SO, I SENT MYSELF A LETTER, SPECIAL DELIVERY AND IT WASN'T DELIVERED!

WIL: Maybe you didn't put a stamp on the letter.

FIB: I PUT A STAMP ON IT ALL RIGHT, BOY! A THREE-CENTER, AND A SPECIAL DELIVERY. AND WHAT'S MORE, THE GLUE THEY PUT ON THEM THINGS SHOULDN'T HAPPEN TO A HUMAN BEING. IT TASTES LIKE THE UNDER SIDE OF THE LAST STEP OF THE BACK STAIRS OF A TANNERY!

MOL: I never thought it was so bad, myself. I'd never serve it as an hors d'oeuvre at a Parent Teacher's meeting, of course, but I stamped 62 Christmas Cards without any ill effects.

WIL: I can't understand it. The Post Office goes to all kinds of trouble to deliver my mail. Why just this morning, I got a letter addressed simply to "No Rubbing, No Buffing". Wistful Vista, U.S.A.

MOL: My goodness, isn't that wonderful?

FIB: That's a different proposi---

WIL: Of course, with Johnson's Glocoat being so famous all over the world, they didn't have any trouble figuring out where it was supposed to go.

MOL: Well, if it was a -

WIL: The mailman said he was so familiar with GLO-COAT that he'd bring me a letter that just had a hyphen on it.

FIB: Oh now wait a minute, Junior, that's a very -

WIL: He said that practically EVERY housewife on his route uses Johnson's Glocoat. He says the minute a front door opens he can tell if they use Glocoat. Rich, or poor, the houses that are bright and shiny, and gleaming with hospitality are the ones where Glocoat has taken the drudgery out of kitchen scrubbing.

MOL: Yes but what -

WIL: He said (my mailman, that is) -- he says his own wife has used Glocoat on her kitchen linoleum ever since they were married, and it looks as fresh and colorful as the day they bought it. And because it dries in 20 minutes or less --

FIB: Hey..Waxey!

WIL: Eh?

FIB: Your mailman said all this?

WIL: Yes.

MOL: Who IS your mailman?

WIL: Oh, didn't you know? My Cousin, Big Baggy Wilcox. He got a big kick out of figuring out where that letter was addressed. "NO RUBBING, NO BUFFING, WISTFUL VISTA, USA".

FIB: By the way who was it from, Junior?

WIL: I sent it myself. That's why I think you'll get yours too, eventually. Let me know, will you, Pal? So long now.

TRAFFIC UP AND FADE: WALKING AGAIN

MOL: Ah - he's a good boy, McGee, always working.

FIB: Yeah, the only time that guy ever lays down on the job is to look under the kitchen table and feel the linoleum. If Racine ever---Hey, there's La Trivia! HIYAH, LA TRIV!

GALE: (FADE IN) Well hello there, McGee. Good day, Molly.

MOL: Good day, Mr. Mayor. Nice day for a stroll, isn't it?

GALE: Yes, but I'M not out just for the exercise. I'm inspecting the pavement from Oak Street to Fourteenth.

MOL: Bad, is it, your Honor?

GALE: Yes, rather. One of our city detectives was slightly injured this morning, when a squad car hit a stretch of bad pavement.

FIB: Fracture anything, La Triv?

GALE: No, it threw him off the seat and he got a corner of the Racing Form in his eye.

MOL: Oh, how terrible!

GALE: On the contrary, he played a hunch in the fifth race and made thirty-five dollars on a horse named Cobblestone.

FIB: I had an experience like that once myself, La Triv. I tripped on my shoestrings at Churchill Downs one year, and bet my shirt on a nag named Button Shoes.

GALE: Did you collect, McGee?

MOL: No, Mr. Mayor. Stumblebum won the race. You look tired, Your Honor.

GALE: I am tired. Been on my feet all day.

FIB: Well, we're goin' to the post office right now, La Triv... but we oughtta be home in an hour or so. Drop in and throw your barkin' dogs a bone.

MOL: Yes do, Mr. Mayor. Maybe you could stand a cup of tea, too.

GALE: Yes, I could drink a cup of tea with relish.

FIB: WITH RELISH!

GALE: Yes, didn't you ever hear the expres---

MOL: WELL WHATEVER YOU LIKE WITH IT, WE HAVE IT, YOUR HONOR.

WHAT DO YOU DO..MIX IT RIGHT IN THE TEA-CUP, OR EAT IT ON THE SIDE?

GALE: Mix what in the cup?

(REVISED) -19-

FIB: The relish. We got some swell piccalilli that Molly's Aunt Sarah put up last year. Or, if you prefer mustard pickles, we got a fresh bottle that-

GALE: WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? I MERELY SAID---

MOL: Oh now dont let McGee kid you out of it, Mr. Mayor. If you want relish in your tea you can have it. I use orange pekoe and--

GALE: But I didnt--

FIB: WHAT DO YOU CARE WHAT PEOPLE THINK, LA TRIV? I KNEW A GUY ONCE THAT PUT SUGAR ON SARDINES, MATTER OF FACT A LITTLE PICCALILLI IN YOUR TEA MIGHT NOT BE A BAD--

GALE: I DIDNT SAY I PICKED A LILY IN MY ... I MEAN I DIDNT ASK FOR ANY SARDOONS ON MY TEAKALULU...I WAS JUST--

MOL: Please, Mr. Mayor...we're not criticising. When you're our guest, you can have anything you ask for. Though I must say that pickles in your orange pekoe is a new--

GALE: I DONT WANT ANY TEEKLES IN MY PICK...ER..ANY TIME I ASK FOR ORANGE PEKELS IN MY PICCALO...ER...YOU ASKED ME IF I WANTED A CUP OF RELISH...AND I SAID YES...I COULD DRINK SOME WITH TEA...ER..NO...YOU SAID WOULD I CUP A LIKE OF PICKLED ORANG.

FIB: Hey hey hey...take it easy, Si! We're not crowding you. The piccalilli was merely a suggestion. Maybe you'd rather have chili saute. Stir in a good dash of chili sauce and...

(2ND REVISION) -20-

GALE: (SCREAMS) WILL YOU PLEASE BE QUIET? I NEVER PUT CHILI MICKS IN MY ORANGE TICKLE...ER -- PEEKELS...LOOK!!! YOU'RE THE ONE WHO SUGGESTED STICKING THE PICCAGHICKY IN THE CHILIBOCCA...ER...THE SAULY CHICKUS IN THE POOKLE... NOBODY WANTS ANY MICKLEBICKY IN THEIR CUP OF ORANGE CREEPO...I WAS JUST A TEEK- THE PICKA---A CHICKY-- THE TEA WAS...I...WE...OOOMPH... (PAUSE) McGee.

FIB: Yes?

GALE: You're going to the Post Office, you say?

MOL: Yes we are, Mr. Mayor.

GALE: Would you do something for me?

FIB: Name it, boy. Just name it.

GALE: Thank you. Will you please go into the Dead Letter Office and wait till I call for you?

FIB: WHY SURE, BOY...HOW SOON YOU GONNA PICK ME UP?

GALE: You should live so long. GOOD DAY!!!

ORCH AND KING'S MEN: "POLLY PUT THE KETTLE ON"

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

MOL: This postoffice is a very handsome building, McGee. I hate to think of you tearing it down, stone by stone.

FIB: Don't stand in the middle of the corridor, Molly.

MOL: Why not?

FIB: I don't want you to get hit by any flying bodies. IF THE POSTMASTER GIVES ME ANY LIP, I'LL -

DOC: You'll what, Timberchin?

MOL: Oh hello there Doctor Gamble...

FIB: Hiyah, Puffy-Pants. Why aren't you on duty at the hospital, checkin' people's temperature and bank accounts?

DOC: Why don't you mind your own business, Razorback, if you have any, which I doubt very much? AND WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT THE POSTMASTER GIVING YOU AN ARGUMENT?

MOL: McGee's got a complaint to enter, Doctor.

DOC: Naturally. He's as full of squawks as a truck full of ducks.

FIB: THIS IS A LEGITIMATE BEEF, BUTCHER-BOY. THEY HAVEN'T BEEN DELIVERING MY PERSONAL LETTERS. AND I CAN PROVE IT!

DOC: Well, what do you think I'M in business for - your health?

DOC: (SCORNFULLY) Your personal letters! Who are you kidding, you little outcast? You haven't had a letter in fifteen years that didn't start out by saying "WE REGRET TO CALL THIS ACCOUNT TO YOUR ATTENTION AGAIN, BUT -"

MOL: He's got one coming this time doctor, that he KNOWS about!

FIB: ~~It's a fat Trapso. I mean it's a trap Fatso.~~ ^{Yes Rich} I knew they were holding up my personal mail, so I sent myself a letter. And what happens? THEY DIDN'T DELIVER IT!

DOC: Maybe they can't read the address. Your handwriting looks like it had been dictated to a left-handed baboon while he was skipping rope.

MOL: He wrote this letter on the typewriter, Doctor. And it has a new ribbon on it, too. I put it on last Wednesday, Thursday and Friday.

FIB: YOU CAN'T TALK ME OUTA THIS RAP, SLEEPING PILL! I GOT 'EM DEAD TO RIGHTS, THIS TIME.

DOC: Well, good luck with it, Chipmunk. Incidentally...you'll find an extra five dollars added to your bill, this month. Want to know what it's for?

MOL: Not particularly, Doctor. You've never charged us as much as you should have.

FIB: THE HECK HE HASN'T!! HE'S AS HIGH-HANDED AS A THIRD GRADE SCHOOL KID THAT WANTS TO LEAVE THE ROOM! HOW ABOUT THE TIME I HAD THAT LIGHT CASE OF PNEUMONIA? TWENTY-FIVE BUCKS, HE SOAKS ME!

DOC: Well, what do you think I'M in business for - your health?

MOL: What WAS the extra five dollars for, Doctor? Just as a matter of curiosity?

DOC: Easter Seals, my dear. The National Society for Crippled Children and Adults. Chicago (3) Ill. I like the organization. To help a crippled child or adultthey make only one condition. That the help is needed. That's all! They don't ask your race or creed or age. Germs and accidents don't consider those things either.

FIB: No, they don't.

DOC: Well, I hope you get along all right with the post-master, McGee. Not a bad fellow, till you get to know him. So long, Molly!

MOL: What WAS the extra five dollars for, Doctor? Just as a matter of curiosity?

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MOL: What WAS the extra five dollars for, Doctor? Just as a matter of curiosity?

DOC: A donation to my favorite charity, my dear. The National Society for Crippled Children and Adults. Do you mind, McGee?

FIB: YES, I DO!

MOL: WHAT?

FIB: Five bucks...you cheapskate! Make it ten or I chew up every thermometer you stick in my mouth. That's one o' MY favorite charities, too, and you know it,

DOC: I'd forgotten that.

MOL: That's a National organization isn't it, Doctor?

DOC: Yes. Their Easter Seals go on sale from March 6th to April 6th. I like this outfit. To help a crippled child or adult...they make only one condition. That the help is needed. That's all! They don't ask your race or creed or age. Germs and accidents don't consider those things either.

FIB: No, they don't.

MOL: This is the right time for that campaign, Doctor. Easter is a symbol of new life and new hope. Suppose somebody else wants to send some money...where shall I tell them to mail it?

DOC: NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR CRIPPLED CHILDREN...AND ADULTS... CHICAGO, 3. Well, I hope you get along all right with the post-master, McGee. Not a bad fellow, till you get to know him. So long, Molly!

MOL: BYE, DOCTOR.

FIB: SO LONG, DOC!

MOL: Well, come on dearie...let's get this thing settled. Or have you got over your mad?

FIB: NO..SIR....I'M THE TYPE GUY THAT CAN HOLD A GRUDGE LONG AFTER I'VE FORGOT WHAT IT WAS ALL ABOUT. I'M THE TYPE GUY THAT...hey where's the postmaster's office?

MOL: Could it be this door here - the one that says "POSTMASTER" on it?

FIB: Yeah...yeah...could be.. Come on.

DOOR OPENS

FIB: HIYAH, BUD. YOU THE HIGH MUCKY-MUCK IN THIS MARBLE WASTE BASKET?

MAN: I..er..I am the postmaster, if that's what you mean, sir.

FIB: Goodd! Better sit down, Si. You got a shock coming.

MAN: Really? May I ask who you are?

FIB: My name is McGee. Fibber McGee. This is my wife, Mrs. McGee.

MOL: How do you do, I'm sure.

MAN: How do you do. What can I do for you, Mister McGee?

FIB: You can deliver my mail, bud. That's simple enough, ain't it?

MAN: You haven't been getting your mail?

MOL: Just bills, Mr. Postmaster. And now and then a blotter from a Mr. Davis..an insurance man.

FIB: NOW GET THIS, BROTHER....I'M ENTITLED TO SOME PERSONAL MAIL ONCE IN A WHILE, AND I WANNA GET IT...SEE?

(REVISED) -25-

MAN: I'M sure, Mr. McGee, that you get any mail addressed to you. We have a very-

FIB: OH NO I DONT GET ANY MAIL THAT'S ADDRESSED TO ME. I TESTED YOU OUT. I SET A TRAP FOR YOU! I MAILED MYSELF A SPECIAL DELIVERY YESTERDAY AND IT WAS NEVER DELIVERED! NOW...TAKE A DEEP BREATH AND EXPLAIN THAT WILLYA?

POSTMSTR: I don't understand it myself, Mr. McGee. If you mailed it special delivery it should certainly --

MOL: Are you sure you dropped it in the box, McGee? Look in your overcoat pocket.

FIB: Certainly I dropped it in the box: Migosh, you can see the box from this window here: I drove all the way downtown last night to mail it here, so -

POSTMSTR: The box beside the steps there, Mr. McGee?? That box is emptied every half hour and -

FIB: NO, NOT THAT BOX! The one down on the corner there. See it? with the tilting lid?

POSTMSTR: (PAUSE) I see. The one that says "Deposit Trash Here".

FIB: Yeah, that's the one and - (PAUSE) OH.....Well, I'm willing to skip it this time, bud, and give you guys one more chance. Come on, Molly. BUT IF I DON'T GET ANY LETTERS TOMORROW, I'LL BUST THIS PLACE--

ORCH: "OH BUT I DO!"

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY 3-4-47

-26-

CUE: TO BE SUPPLIED BY F. PITTMAN

CLOSING COMMERCIAL (for all but S. Calif. Arizona & Fla.)

WILCOX: Fibber and Molly return in just a moment.

What part of your home attracts the most dirt? Isn't it your kitchen floor? Every time you have it looking nice, the delivery boy tracks it up, or you spill something, or the children bring in mud. But if you know the secret, it's really quite easy to have a kitchen floor that's clean and shining all the time...even in winter! Just get some JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. In no time you'll have a kitchen floor that's really bright. There's no rubbing or buffing with GLO-COAT. Just spread it around on the linoleum and let it dry. Then come back in 20 minutes to find your floor wax-polished and gleaming, and oh! so smooth and even. Next time someone tracks in mud or you spill something, just wipe the GLO-COATED floor with a damp cloth and it will be as clean and nice looking as ever. And it's such a comfort to know that your linoleum is protected...in fact, with regular GLO-COAT care it will keep its' gay colors and newness years longer. Try it. Ask for JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT, the floor finish that gives a brighter shine!

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC: FADE FOR:

H

CUE: TO BE SUPPLIED BY F. PITTMAN

CLOSING COMMERCIAL (for So. Calif. Arizona & Fla.)

WAID: Have you noticed how much better even an old automobile seems to run when it's clean and polished? Don't ask me why; it's the same old bus with the same old motor, and really it doesn't run any different at all -- but it's surprising how much more pleasure you get out of it. It seems a pity to deprive yourself and your family of this extra driving pleasure -- especially when it's so easy to polish up your car with JOHNSON'S CARNU. With CARNU it takes only about an hour of your time, and the cost is little -- but oh, boy! the results are something to write a song about. Perhaps you don't know that JOHNSON'S CARNU does two jobs at once -- both cleans and polishes in one application. This wax-fortified polish is a liquid which dries to a white powder. When you wipe off this powder, all the dirt and road grime vanish like magic and your car shines like new again. Yes -- CARNU is really something. Why not join the many thousands of enthusiastic CARNU users. Ask your dealer for JOHNSON'S CARNU -- spelled C-A-R-N-U.

TAG

(REVISED) -28-

MOL: Who are you writing to now, dearie?

FIB: Postmaster. Apologizing.

MOL: Good for you.

FIB: I'm not stubborn. When I'm wrong, I admit it. In black and white.

MOL: I'm proud of you. Sign it and I'll mail it myself.

FIB: Okay, how do you spell anonymous?

MOL: Anonymous?

FIB: Sure. You don't think I'd sign my own name to this thing? Migosh, I'm liable to have a beef with those guys any time!

MOL: Oh.

FIB: Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all.

ORCH: PLAYOFF AND SIGNOFF

WILCOX: 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