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(REVISED)
#5

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PHIL LESLIE

"FIBBER McGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

Tuesday, November 4, 1947 6:30 - 7:00 PM PST

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 Mills' Orchestra!

ORCH: THEME UP AND FADE FOR:

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WIL: ~~You know, if your kitchen linoleum could be granted one wish along about this time of year, I think I know what it would ask for. Some real, honest-to-goodness protection against the~~ Wet, wintry weather ~~that's~~ is on the way, ~~Well~~ and, you know what that calls for ... Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat. I don't know of any better way to protect your linoleum and other floors with so little effort on your part. There's no rubbing or buffing with Johnson's Glo-Coat -- you just apply it and let it dry. That's all, yet in just a few minutes, your floors are protected with a wonderfully good-looking coat of tough, shining wax. No need, then, to worry about muddy footprints and tracked-in dirt -- just a wipe with a damp cloth keeps a Glo-Coated floor clean as a china plate. As for that Glo-Coat shine, believe me, it really is bright. Nearly twice as bright as before, in fact. Ask your dealer for brighter-than-ever Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat tomorrow. No easier way to protect floors and bring out the beauty of the home.

KINGS MEN: "Look on the bright side -
Shine up the right side
Bring out the beauty of the home".

ORCH: BRIDGE

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WIL: WHEN A MAN TURNS THE WATER ON IN THE SHOWER.....

SOUND: WATER TURNED ON AND RUNNING. (SUSTAIN)....

WIL: STEPS IN AND PULLS THE CURTAIN AROUND HIM.....

SOUND: CLINK OF CURTAIN RINGS OVER WATER SOUND....

WIL: HE INVARIABLY BURSTS INTO SONG!

FIB: "O SOLE MIO" .....FADE FOR --

WIL: WHY? WHY DOES A MAN SING IN THE SHOWER? SCIENCE SAYS THAT -- One: A BARE, WET SKIN GIVES A SENSE OF FREEDOM. (VOICE UP AND FADE) Two: THE ACCOUSTICS ARE FLATTERING. (VOICE UP AND FADE) and Three: THE AUDIENCE, CONSISTING OF HIMSELF, IS HIGHLY APPRECIATIVE. (VOICE UP AND FADE)....
THE SOAPY OPERA YOU ARE NOW HEARING IS AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA, THE HOME OF ---

--- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: SINGING LOUDLY OVER WATER

SOUND: WATER SHUT OFF. SINGING STOPS ABRUPTLY. CLINK OF CURTAIN RINGS. SLAP OF WET FEET ON FLOOR:

FIB: Dad rat it...where did I put that bath towel....I thought I....Oh here it is...on the floor....as usual.... OOOOH, wonderful! She finally got me a man-size towel!!! I been hollering for one of these ever since....Oh my gosh...this is the rug.!! (CALLS) HEY MOLLY.....MOLLY!!!

MOL: (~~ON~~ OFF MIKE) Yes Dearie? What is it?

FIB: (WAY OFF) Where's my bath towel?

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MOL: (CALLS) Look on the towel rack.

(PAUSE)

FIB: (OFF) Okay, I found it.

MOL: That's a man for you! If I'd hid that towel behind the pickled beets in the fruit cellar he'd have found it right away. But put things where they belong and a man is lost. Sometimes I -

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

MOL: I wonder who that could be at this time of the.... COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

MOL: Well, heavenly days...it's the weather man...HELLO, MR. WILLIAMS.

GALE: Good morning, Mrs. McGee....to all appearances. Could I have a word, or possibly several words, depending on the conversation, ~~if one could refer to a simple question and answer as a conversation, and I suppose one could~~, - with your husband?

MOL: Why, certainly Mr. Williams....he just got out of the shower, and I'll tell him to throw on a robe and come down.... OH MCGEE...YOO, HOO, SWEETHEART....MR. WILLIAMS WOULD LIKE TO SPEAK TO YOU!

FIB: (OFF) Tell the big melon-head I'll call him back. Find out where he is - if he knows.

MOL: (CALLS) He knows. He's right here.

FIB: EH? OH! Ha hah. BE RIGHT WITH YOU, FOGGY, OLD MAN.... SOON'S I LOCATE THE OTHER SLEEVE OF THIS BATHROBE!

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GALE: You know, I could hear Mr. McGee singing from my house next door. That is, I PRESUME it was Mr. McGee singing. My garage door creaks rather loudly and sometimes it's difficult to distinguish just, (CHUCKLES) Oh, I KNOW it was Mr. McGee singing. My garage door doesn't know the words to "O Sole Mio".

MOL: If you think McGee sings loud, Mr. Williams, you should hear my Uncle Dennis! The only difference between him and your garage door is that he's noisier when he's oiled. I don't think you ever met him because----

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS BOUNDING DOWNSTAIRS. APPROACH MIKE

FIB: (FADE IN) HIYAH, FOGGY, OLD BOY!....HEY, MOLLY, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH OUR BATHROOM SCALES? ~~I WAS JUST~~ It says I weigh 177 and -

MOL: I don't know, darling, and let's not be rude. Mr. Williams wants a word with you. (ASIDE) Try it edgewise, Mr. Williams. I doubt if you'll get it in any other way.

GALE: Oh, it was nothing of any great importance, Mr. McGee. I had a new rake in my garage, although I shouldn't say MY garage, I suppose, inasmuch as the bank has an even greater equity in it than I have, but "The banks' and my garage" is such a clumsy term....Uh....Did you borrow my rake and break it?

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FIB: Foggy, as the wild man of Borneo says when he caught the missionary on his spear, "I admire a guy who comes right to the point!" Yeah.....I borrowed your rake, Jake. And I busted it.

MOL: Why, McGee! You must pay Mr. Williams for it right away.

GALE: Oh no no no!!! Please! Not at all!

FIB: Eh?

MOL: Personally, Mr. Williams, I'd be pretty annoyed if somebody took my rake without permission and broke it.

FIB: Me too! I'd find the guy that did it and slap the bejunior out of him. But I guess you ain't the violent type, eh, Foggy?

GALE: Rather not! And please accept my apologies for having exposed you to the danger of such inferior tools, Mr. McGee. If you find any thing wrong with any other things, please report it at once. If it isn't too much trouble. And I'm sure it won't be. For you. You don't seem to mind trouble. Well, that's all I wanted to know. For now. Sorry to have disturbed your bath. And your singing. If that's what it was. Good day, Probably!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOL: Well, for goodness sakes! At LAST we have a neighbor you can't fight with. Ahh, happy day!

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FIB: What'll you bet? I'll get a beef out of him if I have to wreck everything he owns. (CHUCKLES) Every guy has a boiling point, and I'LL FIND HIS!

MOL: Oh, McGee...why can't you let lying dogs sleep? My goodness, here we have a nice new neighbor and --

FIB: OH HEY...I ALMOST FORGOT....OUR BATHROOM SCALES ARE ON THE FRITZ! I WEIGHED MYSELF AND ACCORDING TO THEM SCALES, I WEIGH 177!

MOL: Maybe you've gained a little weight, dearie. Those two custard pies I made yesterday are all gone. And I only had one small piece.

FIB: WELL, MY GOSH, WHAT'S A COUPLE OF CUSTARD PIES TO A GUY THAT HE WORKS OFF AS MUCH ENERGY AS I WORK OFF AS MUCH! NO SIR....THEM SCALES ARE HAYWIRE. Who do we know that's got a accurate scale?

MOL: Search me, lover. Maybe one of the...ISN'T THERE ONE AT KREMER'S DRUG STORE?

FIB: THAT'S IT, BABY! THIS THING HAS GOT ME INTRIGUED! A HUNDRED AND 77 POUNDS!!! My GOSH, I USED TO RIDE A SHETLAND PONY THAT DIDN'T WEIGH THAT MUCH! Get your hat, and let's go down~~town~~ to Kremer's.

MOL: All right. Will you be warm enough in that bathrobe and one slipper?

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FIB: Eh? Oh....(LAUGHS) Well, I lost one slipper under the bathtub and couldn't bend over far enough to reach it. That's why I weighed myself. YOU RUN UP AND GET YOUR HAT, KIDDO. I'LL DRESS AS SOON AS I finish my cigar.

MOL: All right, McGee. (FADE) I want to go to Kremer's anyway. You used up all my bobby pins trying to unlock the garage door last night. I'll be ready in just a few min.....

FIB: OKAY, TOOTSIE! Ahh, there goes a good kid! I don't know any other women that would go all the way downtown to watch their husband spend a penny! (PAUSE) For that matter, I don't know any other women, hardly. Which is okay with me, because I got one that---

DOOR CHIME

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN

TEE: Hi, Mister. (GIGGLES)

FIB: Oh, hello there, Teeny. May I ask what you find so amusing?

TEE: (GIGGLES) You, I betcha. (GIGGLES) Gee, whereja ever get that green and purple bathrobe, mister?

FIB: Don't sneer at this bathrobe, sis. I paid thirty-two bucks for this....in quarters. Got it on a raffle at the State Fair. I was trying for a motorcycle, but this is what I wound up with. Shut that door, willya? There's a cold draft on my bare foot.

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TEE: Okay.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: I can't talk to you very long, sis. Gotta go down to Kremer's drug store and get weighed. Our scales have gone subversive, and I won't.....(PAUSE) Hey.... my gosh, Teeny...where'd you get the shiner?

TEE: Well, I was....THE WHAT?

FIB: The shiner. The mouse. The black eye. Who slugged you?

TEE: (GIGGLES) Nobody. I was watching some kids play football on the corner last Sat-dy, and I got run over by a halfback.

FIB: You did, eh?

TEE: Boy, did he ever mow me down and....HMM?

FIB: I says you did, eh?

TEE: Did what?

FIB: GOT RUN OVER BY A HALFBACK.

TEE: Who?

FIB: YOU!!

TEE: Where?

FIB: ON THE CORNER!!

TEE: When?

FIB: LAST SATURDAY, ~~DID-DAT-IT~~!

TEE: I know it. It was Wistful Vista Fifth grade against the South Side. My boy friend, Willie Tooops, he's the captain.

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FIB: Of which team?

TEE: Both.

FIB: BOTH!! HE'S CAPTAIN OF BOTH TEAMS?

TEE: Sure. It's his football. Boy, was that ever a wonderful football game though! Wistful Vista won, three hundred and seven to 13.

FIB: Hmmm. Some score! What position does Willie play?

TEE: All bent over, looking back between his knees like this.

FIB: No, I mean how is he classified as a player? Tackle? End? Half? Quarterback?

TEE: Captain.

FIB: No no no....WHAT DO THE OTHER PLAYERS CALL HIM?

TEE: Stupid.

FIB: Is he?

TEE: (GIGGLES) No...Willie is awful smart. He's the only kid in our school that can wiggle his ears. HEY, MISTER... HOW MUCH IS A MONSTER?

FIB: Er...what was that again, sis?

TEE: How much is a monster?

FIB: Whaddye mean, how much is a monster? What kind of a monster?

TEE: I dunno. They're selling 'em at the Bon Ton Department store, and I wanna get one.

FIB: Wait a minute....THEY'RE SELLING MONSTERS AT THE BON TON?

TEE: Sure. It was in the paper last night, "MONSTER CLEARANCE SALE, ALL THIS WEEK". If I get one, I'll bring it over and show you, mister....B'bye, now.

DOOR SLAM

ORCH: "NAUGHTY ANGELINE"

APPLAUSE

SECOND SPOT:

SOUND: ESTABLISH TRAFFIC AND FADE. FOOTSTEPS WALKING.

FIB: .....yes, my dear, I am firmly of the opinion that a guy should always know how much does he weigh. You know what the Life Insurance companies are always saying.

MOL: Yes. "Buy More Life Insurance".

FIB: That ain't to what I was referring. I was referring to the statement, and I quote: "Here comes Doc Gamble."

MOL: That's a very interesting statement, but -- Oh, It is Doctor Gamble! Hello, Doctor!

DOC: (FADE IN) Hello, my dear. And how are you today, Broadbeam?

FIB: Well, what do you know if it ain't the Nurse's Curse! Hiyah, Medicine Dropper! On your way to get your pants pressed? Them knees look like you'd been smuggling cocoanuts.

MOL: Oh now, McGee....they don't either. They just look comfortable.

FIB: Those briches would look comfortable on Man Mountain Dean and two large friends!

DOC: If you have finished your sartorial analysis, Roach-brain, I would like to remark that as a fashion expert, you are fantastically unqualified. You usually look like the front man for a rummage sale. Look at that hat! It looks like the left hand saddle-bag of a Peruvian llama driver. And where did you get the necktie? I have seen smarter fabrics than that being used to screen gravel.

FIB: Now just a minute, Fatso. I -

DOC: Be quiet! I'm just getting started. Okay, Take your shoes for instance. They have the shapely grace of two elderly boats from the sponge fleet. And what is that weather-beaten leather? The hide off a flagpole sitter? It is scuffed up like the first tee of a public golf course in Outer Mongolia.

MOL: Heavenly days...how picturesque!

FIB: Look, Doctor, if you have any further remarks to make about my appearance, you can -

DOC: I have. Okay, I was just getting to your topcoat. And I don't know why I call it a topcoat. It looks more like the bottom of a wrestling mat, with sleeves. ~~It fits you like some deaf tailor had taken your measurements over the telephone with a bad connection~~. The only thing I like about that coat is the button-holes. I'd like to have a set of those. I could train my fox terrier to jump thru them. As for your shirt, and socks, Roustabout... the less said the better. I will merely say that your entire ensemble gives the effect of a Malayan head-hunter turned loose in the men's locker-room of a Bowery flophous

(PAUSE)

MOL: Well, dearie? No answers?

FIB: No, but I'll bet I'll think up some lulus on the way home. Well....nice to have seen you, Doctor.

DOC: Thank you, my boy. It's always a pleasure to have a chat with you. Good day my dear.

MOL: Good day, Doctor. (FOOTSTEPS WALKING AWAY) Well, McGee..you sort of walked across the rifle range that time, didn't you?

FIB: Wasn't he wonderful? No wonder his patients get well so quick.

SOUND: RESUME WALKING

Nobody else would take that treatment lying down, so they get up and go home! Well, come on, kiddo. This ain't getting me weighed.

MOL: How much did you say you weighed on our bathroom scales?

FIB: 177. And I KNOW I don't weigh more'n 168. That's the--- Come on-- HERE'S THE DRUG STORE.

DOOR OPEN:

FIB: After you madam.

MOL: Thank you, sir.

DOOR CLOSE:

FIB: Where's the weighing machine? Oh here it is. Now lemme see...You got a penny, Molly?

MOL: No, dearie. Get some change from the cashier. I've got to get some bobby pins and ---

WIL: (FADE IN) Hello, Molly. Hello, Pal. Remember me?

FIB: Yes, I think I do, ~~Junior~~. You're the Glad Boy with the Glocoat. The Fun Loving Rover from Racine. The personality Kid. The Oaf of Omaha. You got a penny. Junior?

WIL: No, I haven't Pal. Smallest I have is forty-seven cents. Get it from the cashier.

MOL: The cashier seems to be busy right now, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: Here.. give me that nickel, Pal. I'll get you some pennies. The cashier is a friend of mine. HELLO THERE ROSIE!

GIRL: Oh hello, Mr. Wilcox. Gee, I was hoping you'd come in today. I tried it and it was just wonderful.

WIL: I was right, wasn't I, Rosie? It DID brighten up that old linoleum and bring out the original color and luster didn't it?

GIRL: I'll say it did, ~~kid~~! And to think of the years I been scrubbing that linoleum! Imagine, just pouring a little out, spreading it around and waiting a few minutes for it to dry! Why I got my housework finished up in half the time!

MOL: (SOTTO VOCE) I wonder what they're talking about.

SOUND: RATTLE OF PENNY DROPPING IN SCALE

(PAUSE)

WIL: Well, I'm glad you finally caught up with it, Rosie. I'M telling you, it performs miracles for weary old linoleum. Gives it a beautiful protective finish and makes spilled things so easy to wipe up. Self-polishing, too. No more scrubbing. No more rubbing or buffing. I'M surprised you didn't know about Johnson's Glocoat before.

MOL: Heavenly days...he's talking about Glocoat.

FIB: That guy is sure full o' surprises. Hey, Juney...Psst! My change!

WIL: Oh by the way, Rosie, give me five pennies for this nickel, will you?

GIRL: Sure, Mr. Wilcox.

SOUND: CASH REGISTER...CLOSE

WIL: Thanks very much, Rosie. Here you are, Pal -- here's your pennies.

FIB: Come on and watch me weigh myself, Junior. You've earned the privilege. Hold my coat, will ya Molly?

MOL: Certainly. Better empty your pockets, too. You're going to need every break you can get.

WIL: I'll take your hat, Pal. Got any removable bridgework?

FIB: Lay off. This is serious. Well, here we go. Where do you put the penny in this...Oh here!

SOUND: RATTLE OF PENNY DROPPING IN SCALE

(PAUSE)

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WIL: Well, Pal? What's the bad news?

MOL: What does it say, dearie?

SOUND: BANGING ON SCALE

FIB: It don't say!! The dad-ratted thing is stuck, or something....

SOUND: SLAPPING MACHINE

WIL: Try another penny, Pal. Maybe that was a thin one.

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN TRY ANOTHER PENNY! I PAID TO GET WEIGHED ON THIS CHROME PLATED MONSTROSITY AND BY THE LIVING... (SLAP, SLAP, KICK)

MOL: Take it easy, McGee! You'll wreck the machine.

FIB: I"LL SAY I'LL WRECK THE MACHINE. I'LL TEAR IT GEAR FROM SPRING AND THROW IT IN OLD KREMER'S DOUBLE CROSSING FACE...

SOUND: SLAP KICK SLAP

WIL: He's cheating. If he keeps that up he'll lose nine pounds before he gets weighed. HEY, ROSIE .... IS THIS WEIGHING MACHINE OUT OF ORDER?

ROSIE: (OFF) It was workin' all right a while ago, Mr. Wilcox. I weighed myself to see if I beaded my eyelashes too heavy.

SOUND: BANGS AND KICKS

FIB: OF ALL THE DIRTY GYPS!! I'LL BET THIS PENNY-TRAP HAS BEEN OUT OF ORDER FOR WEEKS! I'LL BET OLD KREMER HAS TOOK FIVE HUNDRED BUCKS OUTA HERE WITHOUT ANYBODY EVER... HEY, IS KREMER HERE, SIS?

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ROSIE: (OFF) No sir. He's out buying a new automobile...

FIB: I'LL JUST BET HE IS, THE PIRATE! AND I'LL BET HE PAYS FOR IT IN PENNIES, TOO!! LEMME STAND BACK AND GIVE THIS THING A GOOD KICK!

SOUND: WHAM

FIB: OUCH!! WHY, THAT --

MOL: Calm down, dearie. It's just a piece of machinery. Try another penny.

FIB: (YELLS) I WON'T TRY ANOTHER DOGGONE CENT! I PAID ONCE TO GET WEIGHED, AND I WANT SOME SERVICE!! HERE, JUNIOR.. HELP ME SHAKE IT!!

WIL: Okay...one...two..three...GO!

SOUND: TREMENDOUS RATTLE AND CLANKS

(PAUSE)

FIB: (PANTING) By George...wait till the Better Business Bureau hears about this!! This is a confidence game! I'll -

OLD T: (FADE IN) Well, hello there kids. Hello, Omaha! Whatcha doin'? Gettin' weighed? (PAUSE) What's smatter? I say something wrong?

MOL: No, Mr. Old Timer. Himself there has just made a shaky investment.

WIL: The weighing machine won't give, Old Timer. He put a penny in and all he got back was nothing.

OLD T: Try another penny, Johnny.

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FIB: Pipe down, Old Timer! ...don't anybody talk to me for a minute. I'm gonna roll up my sleeves and knock this thing around till it either registers or returns my penny...

SLAMS...BANGS..KICKS

OLD T: Them things are shore ornery cusses, ain't they, kids? I mind one time up in Nevady I stuck a dime in a juke box to hear Timtayshun and nothin' happened. I give it a boot with my foot and nothin' happened! I shook her! I beat her....I cusses her!!! Then by Gadfrey, I took a fire axe off the wall and give her a wham that laid her open from knob to needle. AND THAT DONE IT. SHE STARTED TO PLAY.

MOL: Did it play Timtayshun?

OLD T: No, daughter. It played "I'LL BE GLAD WHEN YOU'RE DEAD, YOU RASCAL YOU!" See you later, daughter. So long Omaha!

ORCH: "CIVILIZATION" ... KING'S MEN

(APPLAUSE)

SOUND: SLAM BANG OF MACHINE:

FIB: COME ON, YOU CHISSELLING HUNK OF NICKEL-PLATED CROOKEDNESS.....GIMME BACK MY PENNY!!! (SLAM, CRASH)

MOL: Come on, dearie. Let's give it up. You're just being stubborn. Mr. Wilcox was sensible. He went home.

FIB: WELL I'M NOT GOING HOME TILL I GET SOME SATISFACTION. I'M GONNA WAIT RIGHT HERE TILL KREMER COMES BACK AND NOT BEFORE.

MOL: Er...What was that again, McGee?

FIB: I says I'M gonna wait right here till Kremer comes back and not a minute sooner! IF HE DON'T MAKE THIS THING RIGHT WITH ME, I'LL HAVE HIM HAULED DOWNTOWN TO THE DEPARTMENT OF WEIGHTS AND MEASURES. I CARRY A GOOD DEAL OF WEIGHT AROUND THE CITY HALL, YOU KNOW!

MOL: You carry a good deal of weight in several places, sweetheart. That's how this whole thing started. Now listen to mother...

FIB: Lemme take one more kick at it first!!!

MOL: No!

FIB: Okay.

MOL: Look, McGee...you came down to the drug store for the simple purpose of getting weighed. You put your penny in. The scale didn't work. So immediately you fly into a rage, and now look at yourself...your shirt is torn...your knuckles are bruised, your face is dirty and you've kicked the toe out of one shoe. AND ALL FOR ONE PENNY!

FIB: WHAT DID YOU EXPECT ME TO DO FOR A PENNY? BITE IT OPEN? BY GEORGE...

(PAUSE)

MOL: What's the matter?

FIB: Look who's comin' in the store!

MOL: Well, heavenly days...is that really...

FIB: Yup..Horatio K. Boomer. Haven't seen him for two or three years. HIYAH, BOOMER, OLD MAN!!!

MOL: Hello, Mr. Boomer!

BOOM: (FADE IN) Well,well, well, if it isn't the girl of my dreams and the boy of my nightmares! Fancy meeting you here, of all places. McGee is the name, is it not?

FIB: That's right, Boomer. Hey, where you been all this time?

MOL: We haven't seen you around for quite a while, Mr. Boomer.

BOOM: No, I've been busy. Helping the government.

FIB: Helping the government what?

BOOM: Helping them make five dollar bills..but was I appreciated? No, just apprehended!

MOL: Well, you've probably learned a lesson Mr. Boomer. Now you can go straight.

BOOM: EXACTLY WHAT I TOLD THE MAGISTRATE, MY DEAR. MY VERY WORDS.

FIB: You told him you'd go straight?

BOOM: No, I told him he could go straight, and where...but he didn't take the advice in a kindly spirit. Being a literary fellow, he threw the book at me. Ah well... But you seem to be in some sort of trouble my boy... anything I can do to alleviate the situation?

MOL: Oh no, thank you, Mr. Boomer. He's been fighting with this weighing machine.

FIB: Put a penny in and got nothin'. Can't even get my dough back, Boomer.

BOOM: Ah, you mustn't fight a coin-collecting machine, son. Repositories for money must be coaxed. Come to think of it, I think I have my coaxer right here with me... now let me see...where did I put that coaxer...

MOL: Oh dear...

FIB: Here we go again..!!

BOOM: ..I must have it here someplace...what's this? Oh yes.. bottle of invisible ink..for writing checks on my invisible checking account..and here's a very expensive stethoscope..fine instrument it is, too...

FIB: Studying medicine, Boomer?

BOOM: No, studying the people in the next hotel room to mine. Just put this little device against the wall and...AHH, WHAT HAVE WE HERE? Oh yes..small skeleton key..in case somebody wants a small skeleton opened sometime..pair of dice.. AHH AH.. don't jar them! ... they're loaded! ... and here's a membership card in the Bookie-of-the-Month Club... find premium this month too! A daily double at Pimlico. And a check for a short beer. WELL WELL..IMAGINE THAT..? NO COAXER..!! So, if you'll excuse a hasty departure, I think I'll be getting along. I just have time to get to the jewelry store after they close. Cheer-oh! Chipmunk!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Well, HE was no help...I'M gonna take on more whack at this thing kiddo. I ain't gonna let any pile of cogwheels make a monkey outa me!

SOUND: CRASH..BANG KICK SLAP...CLANK..

FIB: You dirty iron pirate you!!! gimme back my penny!!! I'll teach...

ce...what's this? Oh yes..
writing checks on my
nd here's a very expensive
it is, too...

e next hotel room to mine.
against the wall and...AHH,
small skeleton key..in case
ened sometime..pair of dice..
they're loaded! ... and here's
kie-of-the-Month Club...
A daily double at Pimlico.
. WELL WELL..IMAGINE THAT..?
excuse a hasty departure,
g. I just have time to get
hey close. Cheer-oh! Chipmunk!

gonna take on more whack at
gonna let any pile of
me!
NK..
! gimme back my penny!!! I'll

MOL: McGee....I just thought of something!

FIB: Eh? What?

MOL: Look...maybe your penny didn't even go in the machine. Maybe it went on the floor.

FIB: No, I'm almost certain....I....(PAUSE) My gosh...you're right...there it is right down there against the counter!

MOL: Now, aren't you ashamed of all the fuss you made. Here.... try it again.

FIB: Okay.. Here we go.

SOUND: CLINK OF PENNY INTO MACHINE...RATCHET SOUND. CLICK. GRINDING AND FINAL CLACK!

MOL: McGee.....IT WORKED....IT THREW OUT A LITTLE WHITE CARD!.....WHAT DOES IT SAY?

FIB: It says: "You have a kind, even disposition; you never lose your temper...and must watch yourself that others do not take advantage of your spendthrift nature." (PLEASED) My gosh, these things are uncanny the way they size a guy up, Molly. This is amazing!

MOL: I'll go father than that, ~~dearie -- THIS IS~~ It's RIDICULOUS!

ORCH: "BEST THINGS IN LIFE ARE FREE".....FADE FOR:

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WRITERS: DON QUI
WILCOX: PHIL LE
ORCH: MUSI
WILCOX: The s
India
Bill
me, t
Phil
Orche
ORCH: THEME

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