

k of yours' is POSITIVELY NOT

wrong routine.

if it does go back in there
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self?

when she took off her corset...

("SAVE YOUR SORROW") FADE ON CUE

ing for the makers of JOHNSON'S
HING GLO-COAT, inviting you to be
ight. Goodnight!

S. C. Johnson & Son

Writers:
Don Quinn
Len Levinson

(REVISED)

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

240

6:30-7:00 PM
Tuesday - 3/12/40

NBC-Red

WII

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(REVISED)

WIL: The Johnson's Wax Program...with Fibber McGee & Molly!

ORK: THEME

WIL: The makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Self-Polishing Glo-Coat present Marian and Jim Jordan as Fibber McGee & Molly, with Bill Thompson, the King's Men and Billy Mills' orchestra. The Show opens with "Jericho".

ORK: "JERICHO"

(APPLAUSE)

SEGUE

("RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN")

NBC-Red

WIL: MEN.

WEEK

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YES,

OF 7

APPLAUSE:

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MOL: What

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MOL: MCGEE

FIB: Eh?

Wanne

WIL: MEN...HERE'S A REMINDER. THIS IS "MAKE-A-PAL-OF-YOUR-WIFE" WEEK. SEND THE LITTLE WOMAN SOME FLOWERS. SEND HER A BOX OF CANDY. TAKE HER OUT TO LUNCH. NO...WAIT A MINUTE. LET'S SEE..FLOWERS WOULD COME TO ABOUT FIVE BUCKS, CANDY ABOUT TWO YES, BETTER MAKE IT LUNCH. ANYWAY, THAT'S THE WAY THE SQUIR OF 79 WISTFUL VISTA HAS FIGURED IT OUT, AS WE MEET --

---FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: Bey, Molly. I got an idea.
 MOL: What about? And move over a little, please. I want to dust that chair.
 FIB: I got an idea about lunch.
 MOL: Let's not discuss lunch quite yet. I haven't had time to do the breakfast dishes.
 FIB: Aw, let the dishes go.
 MOL: I'll do no such a thing.
 FIB: Well, use some others. We got other dishes, ain't we?
 MOL: No, we haven't.
 FIB: WE HAVEN'T? What become of that set o' dishes we won at the Bijou theatre this winter?
 MOL: Don't you remember? You stayed for the second show and threw 'em at the picture.
 FIB: Oh yes. I hope I didn't hurt Theda Bara with that gravy boat. But look, Molly --
 MOL: MCGEE...WHERE DID YOU LAY THAT HALF SMOKED CIGAR?
 FIB: Eh? Why, right there on the arm o' the chair. Why? Wanna try a drag on it?

MOL: Don't be silly. But is that any place to put a lighted cigar?
 FIB: No, I guess it ain't at that. I'll put it up here on the mantel, where I can --
 MOL: PUT IT IN THE ASH TRAY. WHAT'S THE ASH TRAY FOR?
 FIB: Ohhh, hairpins, rubber bands, stamps, apple cores and all stuff like that there. Anyway, there's never any room for ashes in it. But about lunch, now. I thought --
 MOL: If you're so anxious to have lunch why don't you go out and wash the dishes.
 FIB: WHO, ME? No' sir, Whaddye think I am...a sissy? I don't wash no dishes. I HATE washin' dishes.
 MOL: I suppose I like to.
 FIB: Certainly not. And I hate to HAVE you wash dishes, too. That's what I'm talkin' about. NOBODY has to wash dishes around here today. I'm gonna take you out to lunch.
 MOL: That's very nice of you. Now move a little while I dust under the -- WHAT DID YOU SAY?
 FIB: I says...I'M INVITIN' YOU' OUT TO LUNCH.
 MOL: Well, heavenly days, I...well-

~~THEY WERE BOTH VERY NICE TO ME~~
~~AND I WAS VERY NICE TO THEM~~
~~AND I WAS VERY NICE TO THEM~~
~~AND I WAS VERY NICE TO THEM~~

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don't you go out
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MOL: ~~But dearie...this is SO SUDDEN!~~ You mean you're
asking me to go OUT to lunch?
FIB: Well, what's so strange about that? Afraid people will talk?
I didn't just meet you on a street car, you know.
We're married, remember?
MOL: But dearie...this is SO SUDDEN! That is, if you can call it
"sudden" after 15 years!
FIB: Look, Molly. I ain't the guy to be stood up on a date. You
wanna go, or dontcha?
MOL: YES..YES,,YES...and thank you, dearie.
FIB: Forget it! It's nothin' that any red-blooded clean-livin'
American Boy wouldn't o' done, Besides.....this is "Make
a Pal of Your Wife" Week.
MOL: Is it? I thought this was "Peel an Onion and Shed a Tear for
The Boys in the Upper Brackets Week".
FIB: Come on...hurry up and get your hat.
MOL: All right...but it'll take me a ^{while} ~~minute~~ to put my face on.
(FADE) I'll be down in just a minute, (FADE OUT)
FIB: (SIGHS) Ahh, wimmin', wimmin', wimmin! When a man gets a
date with a gal, he pats himself on the back; when a gal gets
a date with a man, she pats herself on the face!
SOUND: DOOR KNOCK:
FIB: Come in!
SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:
OLD MAN: Hello there, Johnny. Hello, Daught...hey, where's daughter?
FIB: Upstairs, makin' a mugg of Nature. What's on your mind,
Old Timer?

OLD M: Wanna
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FIB: What
OLD M: I'm
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 your mind,

OLD M: Wanna buy any soap, Johnny? I only gotta sell 982 more bars and I win a .22 rifle.
 FIB: Whatcha gonna do with a .22 rifle when you get it?
 OLD M: I'm gonna shoot the guy that talked me into tryin' to sell this bum soap.
 FIB: Well, I don't believe we want any today, Old Timer.
 OLD M: EHHHHHHHH?
 FIB: (LAUGHS) I'm afraid you come to the wrong house. As Robinson Crusoe says to his Man Friday, when he put down his telescope, "No Sale!" (LAUGHS)
 OLD M: Hehheh heh heh ... that's pretty good, Johnny, BUT THAT AIN'T THE WAY I HEERED IT. The way I heered it, one feller says to tother feller, "SAYYYYYY", he says, "I only gotta sell 982 bars o' soap and I'll win a .22 rifle!" "ZAT SO?" says tother feller. "WHATCHA GONNA DO WITH A .22 RIFLE?"
 And the other feller says, "I'M GONNA SHOOT THE GUY THAT TALKED ME INTO SELLIN' THIS BUM SOAP!" Heh heh heh...I thought that was a....(PAUSE) What's smatter, Johnny?
 FIB: We just did that one a minute ago.
 OLD M: I know it...but DARN IT, Johnny, I'm TIRED! (DOOR OPEN)
 All day long, goin' from door to door, sellin' soap that -
 SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:
 FIB: That guy has proved one thing to me. If man sprung from monkeys he musta had a charley-horse at the time.
 MOL: (FADE IN) Who was it at the door, dearie?
 FIB: Well, I could describe him best, Molly, as the guy that always stands behind you when you're playin' bridge and says, "UH-uh!! Uh-uh!" Come on, let's go!
 SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE: FOOTSTEPS ON PORCH..FOOTSTEPS ON SIDEWALK

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 FIB: Forget i
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 UPP: Yes, ind
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 MOL: Incident
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OL: My, I certainly appreciate this, McGee.

IB: Forget it. After all, "Make-a-Pal-of-Your-Wife Week" only comes once a year. It's -- oh oh ... Here comes Mrs. Uppington, Molly.

OL: Heavenly days....look at her, will you? She struts along like the world was her oyster and she'd just cornered the tobasco market! The hussy! Why don't she - OH, HOW DO YOU DO, MRS. UPPINGTON....SO NICE TO SEE YOU!

PP: Oh, how do you do, Mrs. McGee! And Mr. McGee!

IB: Hiyah, Uppy.

PP: Lovely day, isn't it? I always try to take a long walk every day if possible. I get home simply brimming with a new energy - and a new youth.

OL: Oh really? Who is he, Mrs. Uppington?

PP: Who is ~~she~~ *who*?

OL: The new youth.

IB: She means Billy Mills, Molly. Though his youth ain't awful new, either.

PP: Oh, but Billy is such a charming boy!...and a SPLENDID musician. He came ovah lahst night and played the piano for me. All the lovely old songs of my girlhood.

OL: Oh, wasn't that nice! And those Civil War songs were SO inspiring, too.

PP: Yes, indeed. They....WHAT? CIVIL WAR? PLEASE, Mrs. McGee....I....

OL: Incidentally, Mrs. Uppington, speakin' of romance, me husband has just dated me up for lunch. Won't you join us?

UPP: Oh thank you no, my desh. In fact, Dr. Mills and I are lunching togetah today. And I'm afraid we hardly patronize the same....er....well, we usually go to some very quiet, exclusive restaurant. I am particularly devoted to a good French cuisine, you know.

FIB: Is that so? I never ate one myself. Why don't you get the recipe, Molly?

UPP: (LAUGHS) Oh, Mr. McGee...you are SO amusing, really. Get the recipe, indeed. (LAUGHS) How droll!

FIB: What's so funny about that? *I have a report on you since my childhood.* ~~well, probably. Why, when I was only a kid, Uppy, I was~~ ~~pretty, I was a good cook.~~ Even my teethin' ring was made from an old Goodyear recipe. And just to keep my eye on the cook, I et all my meals in the kitchen. Kitchen-et McGee, I was knowed as in them days.

MOL: Oh dear!

FIB: KITCHEN-ET MCGEE, THE CUTE AND CUDDLY CONNOISSEUR O' CLASSY COOKIN', CAREFULLY COUNTIN' THE CALORIES & CARBOHYDRATES CONTAINED IN CONCOCTIONS OF COW COOKED IN COMBINATION WITH CARROTS, CABBAGE, CAULIFLOWER AND CORN - CONSIDERABLE CORN: CONSTANT CUSTOMER O' COSMOPOLITAN CAFES AND CORNER CAFETERIAS ~~BY A CORPORATION OF~~ & MY COMPLIMENTS WERE CONSIDERED TO CAP THE CLIMAX OF A CAPABLE COOK'S CAREER WHEN I COMMENTED KINDLY ON A CLEVER CONSOMME OR A KEEN CUTLET, AND CROWNED THE KING OF THE CAKE CRUMBLERS FROM COAST TO COAST AS I'D CUT AND CARVE AND CRACK AND CRUNCH - But excuse us, Uppy, we're late for lunch!

ORK: "HOW HIGH THE MOON" - FADE FOR - COMMERCIAL

APPLAUSE:

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
MARCH 12, 1940
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

9-A

OPENING COMMERCIAL: (To be read during middle of the second musical number by:

Wilcox from Hollywood to all stations except for Canadian and Eastern cut-ins.

CUE: (WILCOX) ... While we're waiting for Fibber and Molly to return, I'd like your attention for just a minute. (PAUSE 2 SECONDS)

.....
WILCOX: How often during the week do you say -- "If only I had more time for reading, or seeing my friends -- or for just plain resting!" Well, I can tell you how you can find a few extra hours -- by protecting your floors with that grand, labor-saving floor polish, GLO-COAT. Most of you have heard me tell the very simple story of JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. How it requires no rubbing or buffing whatsoever. How it polishes itself in 20 minutes, leaving a sparkling, beautiful floor that is easy to keep clean. Spots and stains are quickly wiped up with a damp cloth. You can use GLO-COAT on all your floors -- but by all means use it in your kitchen. It brings out the colors of your linoleum, keeps it looking just like new, makes your kitchen a pleasanter place to work in. And many users tell us that it actually makes their linoleum last six times longer than a floor surface that is unprotected. So why not ask your dealer for a can of JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT -- tomorrow? It's spelled G-L O hyphen C-O A T.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

(2ND SPOT)

(REVISED)

-10-

MOL: Where are you taking me to lunch, dearie?

FIB: I dunno. I thought we might as well patronize Nick Depopolis.

MOL: Oh. Well, anyway, I think it's real thoughtful of you to want me standin' over a hot stove and washin' a lot of dishes today, McGee.

FIB: Molly, as long as you're my wife, you deserve the best.

MOL: Do I really?

FIB: Yes, you do.

MOL: THEN WHY ARE WE EATING AT NICK DEPOPOLIS' RESTAURANT? Why don't we go to a decent joint?

FIB: Why, Molly...Nick is a friend of ours.

MOL: I know. But ptomaine poisoning is an awful strain even on beautiful friendship.

FIB: Well, shucks, I....

TEE: Hiyah, Mister.

FIB: Oh, Hello there little girl, Where you going?

TEE: Over to Willie Toop's house, to play.

FIB: Oh ye are eh? Whatcha gonna play? Ring-around-the-rosie, and drop-the-handkerchief, and stuff?

TEE: No. Those are baby games, I betcha.

FIB: They are?

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: So, ring-around-the-rosy and drop-the-handkerchief are baby games!

TEE: I think so too.

FIB: (LAUGHS) Well, what ARE you going to play?

TEE: Well, I just talked to Willie on the telephone and he said if we can get a couple of other kids we could play some bridge.

FIB: BRIDGE! AT YOUR AGE? Sis, as the donkey says when he first seen himself in a mirror - "I can't believe my ears!"

(LAUGHS)

TEE: (GIGGLES) Your nose is almost incredible, too, mister.

FIB: What? You mean....er.shem! I...Look sis,..what kinda bridge you kids play? Auction or contract?

TEE: London.

FIB: Oh. By the way - how's your little brother?

TEE: Which one?

FIB: The one that swallowed the eight cents last week? Did they have him x-rayed?

TEE: Well, mamma says - Hmmm?

FIB: I says DID THEY HAVE HIM EXRAYED?

TEE: I dunno whatcha mean, I betcha.

FIB: Oh yes you do,

TEE: Ohh no I don't.

FIB: OHHH YES YOU DO!

TEE: OOHFFF, NO I ~~am not~~. *... Well, what is it?*

FIB: ~~Ohh yes you do!~~...Look sis, You know what a exray is as well as I do.

TEE: Gee, do I?

FIB: Sure you do. Come on now...WHAT'S THAT MYSTERIOUS LOOKIN' THING THAT SEES RIGHT THRU YOU AND TELLS YOU WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU?

TEE: Your wife, I betcha. So long mister.

APPLAUSE:

FIB: Well, come on, Molly. Depopolis' Restaurant is just around the corner.

MOL: Allright but I warn you, McGee, his food is terrible!

Will

FIB: ~~Oh, that's a bad Molly~~ I'll admit Nick ain't no Oscar of the Waldorf.

MOL: He certainly isn't! Even his short orders are long shots. But I'm not complaining, dearie. I still think you were sweet to ask me out to lunch. Now I won't mind doing the dishes when we get home.

FIB: I'll do the dishes.

MOL: Oh no. I'll do the dishes. It's no job for a man.

FIB: Aw lemme do 'em.

MOL: NO!

FIB: Okay...promise?

MOL: Certainly. I - Oh, look...there's Mr. Wilcox coming out of the restaurant. Yoo Hoo...Mr. Wilcox!

WIL: (FADE IN) OH, hello, folks...where you going?

FIB: I'm taking Molly into Nick's for lunch, Harlow. You know... this is "Make-a-Pal-of-Your-Wife Week."

WIL: Yes, I know.

MOL: Are you celebrating it too, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Not particularly.

FIB & MOL: WHAT?

WIL: Well, why should I? To me, EVERY week is "make-a-pal-of-your wife" week. That's my job.

FIB: Oh oh! Folks, if I ain't mistaken, you're about to hear the first floor show ever put on in FRONT of a restaurant!

WIL: (LAUGHS) Well, you know what I mean. Any guy who sells Johnson's Self-Polishing Glocoat to housewives is giving her something better than flowers or candy or diamonds. He's giving her more leisure, more pride in her home and a lot easier job of housework!

FIB: Hey, Harlow.

WIL: What?

FIB: I don't mean to change the subject, as if I could, but do you always eat here in Depopolis restaurant?

WIL: Sure...I sell him so much Johnson's Wax and Glo-coat, I know he's got the cleanest place in town. Go take a look at his kitchen sometime. You could eat off the floor.

MOL: It seems to be a pretty busy place.

WIL: I'll say it is. I couldn't even find a place to sit down in there. I ate in the kitchen.

FIB: Oh...they set a table for you out there?

WIL: Oh no, I ate off the floor. See what I mean? Well, so long, folks.

FIB: Hmmm. S.C. JOHNSON & SON, Inc. sure own a controlling interest in that guy! Well come on in, Molly.

MOL: Lead on, my Pal of the Week!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE: CLATTER OF DISHES...CLINK OF CASH REGISTER. HUM OF VOICES ETC.. CONTINUE UNDER DIALOGUE.

GORDON: Ahhh good day, sir...and madame. The name, please?

FIB: Whatcha mean, the name?

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ag Glocoat to housewives is giving
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Well come on in, Molly.

Week!

LATTER OF DISHES...CLINK OF CASH

S ETC.. CONTINUE UNDER DIALOGUE.

id madame. The name, please?

GORDON: Beg pardon, sir...but we are very busy today...
did you call up and reserve a couple of stools?

MOL: Well, heavenly days!

FIB: A Maitre de Hash Joint! Nick's kinda puttin'
on the Ritz, ain't he, bud? First thing we know
he'll start hirin' redcaps to carry the tea-bags.

MOL: Just give us a stool or a booth anywhere, Mr.
Headwaiter. We're not fussy.

GORDON: Sorry, madam. It is impossible at the moment.
We are extremely busy. However, if you would
care to wait a few moments in the cocktail
lounge --

FIB: What cocktail lounge?

GORDON: Right next door sir...Of course, it isn't quite
finished, but it's very amusing to watch the
steam shovels.

MOL: Stop shooting the malarkey to us, Sharkey, and
call Mr. Depopolis. We're friends of his.

FIB: There he is - over by Booth #5.

GORDON: Sorry sir. Mr. Depopolis can't leave those
patrons for the moment.

MOL: Why not?

GORDON: Their table wobbles a bit and he is keeping his
toe under it. Ahhhh, they are leaving...
MR. DEPOPOLIS!!!!

are very busy today...
 ve a couple of stools?

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 y are leaving...

NICK: (FADE IN) Yes? What is being the - Oh, hello there, Kewpie.
 Hello Fizzer! Welcome to my restaurances. I didn't any
 more expect to see you in here today than I can shake a
 stick at.

MOL: You seem to be doing quite a business, Mr. Depopolis.

NICK: Oh yes... Tuesday is as busy with the Depopolis Restaurances
 as it is with you, Fizzer... and for the same reason -- baked
 clams. (LAUGHS) But I'm glad you are patronosing my
 places instead of that once across the streets.

FIB: What's the matter with the place across the street, Nick?
 Food no good?

NICK: Oh, the food is being ucky-duckly, Fizzer, but the service
 The service is being as slow as mollassipuss in Januvenber!

MOL: Is it really?

NICK: Yes, I can't stand it much longer. Every time I send over
 there for lunch, it is taking them a half an hour to bring
 it across the street. If I don't look out they're liable
 lose a good customer!

FIB: Well, look, Nick. I brung Molly in here on account of it's
 "Make-a-Pal-of-Your-Wife Week." Can't you give us a booth
 right away?

NICK: Why Fizzer, for a good friend of mine like you, I certainly
 don't think I can, right away. But the very first one that
 is being available - somebody else will probably get that
 first, too.

MOL: How about the one you just left, Mr. Depopolis?

NIC: Oh sure. Why don't you sit there? HEADWAITER!

GOR: Yes, Mr. Depopolis?

Oh, hello there, Kewpie.
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 HEADWAITER!

NICK: Give these people booth numbers five, so they have a good
 view of the entertainment, if we only had some. I hope you
 are enjoying your lunch, Kewpie...and Fizzer -- in spite of
 the food.
 FIB: Thanks, Nick.
 GOR: Right this way, sir.
 SOUND: CLATTER OF RESTAURANT SOUNDS:
 GOR: Allow me, madam.
 MOL: Allow you what?
 GOR: Why, allow me to hold your chair for you.
 MOL: So you can pull it out from under me when I sit down?
 GOR: OH NO YE DON'T. Get away from there!
 GOR: Ah...er...yes, madam. I'll send a waitress right over.
 (FADE OUT) HEY, BLONDIE...SHAG A SETUP TO NUMBER FIVE!
 FIB: ~~Kinda fun, stepping out like this, but I~~
~~coulda took you to Jack Tavern for a sandwich and a little~~
~~of beer, but I felt in the mood for something a little~~
~~stronger.~~
 SOUND: TINKLE OF SILVER
 MOL: Look at this silverware, McGee...four forks and no knife
 or spoon.
 FIB: That's class, Molly. Them are your salad fork, entree fork,
 cocktail fork and pie fork.
 MOL: But they're all alike.
 FIB: That's all right. Everything in here tastes the same. Oh,
 here's the waitress. Hiyah, sis! What's good today?

FIB:
 MOL:
 FIB:
 WEARY:
 SOUND:
 WEARY:
 ORK:
 APPLAUSE:

WEARYBOTTOM: Oh, hello folks haven't seen you for a long time we have pot roast, lamb stew, weenies and sauerkraut that's a good looking fur coat you have on, Mrs. McGee, pork shanks, corned beef and cabbage only it's all gone Spanish omelette and veal loaf what on earth do you suppose Sumner Welles is doing over there in Europe anyway?

FIB: POT roast.

MOL: Same here.

FIB: I didn't know you was workin' here, Mrs. Wearybottom. How do you like bein' a croquette croupier?

WEARY: Well frankly Mr. McGee I don't think I'll be here very long the chef is one of those fresh guys every time I put in an order he sticks his head out of that little window and winks at me... TWO ORDERS OF POT ROAST!...and if he does it just once more I'm going to drop whatever I'm doing and quit and there he goes he just did it again --

SOUND: CRASH OF TRAY AND DISHES!

WEARY: -- and I quit!!

ORK: "DINAH" -- KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: CLINK OF DISHES AND SILVER: MURMUR OF VOICES: FADE FOR:

FIB: How's the pot roast, Molly?

MOL: Not bad, dearie. I think I could stand any kind of food as long as I didn't have to wash the dishes afterward. It's so nice to get out once in a while and --

HAL: (OFF MIKE) Partial dependents...cigarette tax 18¢ a day, 365 times 18¢....reasonable depreciation on real estate...

MOL: Look, McGee..there's Mr. Gildersleeve sitting over there,

FIB: Eh? Where? Oh yes...(LAUGHS) He's figuring his income tax on the table cloth. HEY, GILDERSLEEVE...

SOUND: CLANK OF CHINA....

HAL: OH MY GOODNESS!!!...Look what I did...

MOL: Sorry we startled you, Mr. Gildersleeve. Did you spill something on you?

HAL: Hello, Mrs. McGee...hello, Fibber, No, but I just spilled catchup all over my deductions. (LAUGHS) Oh well, I was in the red anyway,

FIB: You eat here all the time, Gildy?

HAL: Yes indeed, McGee...I come here because Depopolis has pies just like my mother used to make. Poor mother...she certainly baked terrible pies. (LAUGHS) In fact she still does.

MOL: They why don't you eat your pie over at her house?

HAL: (LAUGHS) I can't...she sells 'em all to Nick.

FIB: Thanks for the warning, Gildersleeve. Anything I hate, it's bum pastry.

HAL: Oh, is that so! Now look here, McGee..you can't talk that way about my mother's cooking,

FIB: Well, all I said is what you says yourself.

HAL: Copy cat!

FIB: I ain't either a copy cat! You says ---
MOL: Oh stop it you two. Finish your lunch, McGee....and do you eat in here all the time, Mr. Gildersleeve?
HAL: Oh no....just at mealtime... (LAUGHS)
FIB: Don't be so fresh, Throcky. She was askin' if you was a regular patron here.
HAL: Well...up to now, I have been, McGee...BUT BY GEORGE? I'M GETTING PRETTY TIRED OF THEIR STINGINESS.
MOL: Stinginess, Mr. Gildersleeve?
HAL: Yes...they only serve two slices of bread. Imagine that - TWO slices. I LIKE bread and two slices isn't enough. I've complained and complained and they wont do a thing about it. Why -
GOR: Errn...pardon me, Mr. Gildersleeve. Mr. Depopolis has heard about your trouble with the bread. So he sent you this.
FIB: Looka that, Molly! A whole loaf-a bread cut in two!
HAL: THAT'S JUST WHAT I'VE BEEN TALKING ABOUT....LOOK AT IT!!!
SEE WHAT I MEAN? TWO SLICES AGAIN! WHERE'S DEPOPOLIS....
(FADE OUT) LET ME TALK TO THAT.....
(APPLAUSE)
SOUND: (CLATTER OF SILVER & CHINA) (CROWD)
MOL: McGee, I still wish we'd gone to the Giltmore Grill? I imagine that's where Billy Mills took Mrs. Uppington. She's so uppity about everything, she wouldn't THINK of----

FIB: Hey, Molly....
UPP: (OFF MIKE) Oh
Isn't it just
napkins...just
MILLS: It sure is, Be
grove every da
poison ivy!
UPP: Oh, but Maestr
little place
the place built
MILLS: You mean Dono
the best corn
UPP: Oh, I wasn't
I was not on
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I felt....
FIB: Hear that, Mol
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MOL: And her tellin
were goin' to

y cat! You says ---

Finish your lunch, McGee....and do you
time, Mr. Gildersleeve?

time... (LAUGHS)

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ALK TO THAT.....

CHINA) (CROWD)

we'd gone to the Giltmore Grill? I

Billy Mills took Mrs. Uppington.

t everything, she wouldn't THINK of----

FIB: Hey, Molly....Listen!

UPP: (OFF MIKE) Ohhhh William...this is SUCH fun, reahhly!
Isn't it just too quaint eating in a place with papah
napkins...just like a picnic!

MILLS: It sure is, Babe. This joint gets more like a picnic
grove every day.....even this spinach tastes like
poison ivy!

UPP: Oh, but Maestro...I like this SO much bettah than that
little place you took me to lahst night -- you know,
the place built like a railroad car?

MILLS: You mean Donovan's Diner? Say, that guy slaps together
the best corned beef hash in town, snooky!

UPP: Oh, I wasn't criticizing the food, my deah..only I forgot
I was not on a real railroad train and when I opened the
door to go back to the club car, I fell into a garbage
can with the most HORRIBLE clattah! (FADE OUT) Really,
I felt....

FIB: Hear that, Molly? Looks like Mills has got the blue
blood thinned down to the Blue Plate Special!

MOL: And her tellin' us about what an exclusive place they
were goin' to have lunch!

FIB: Oh well...I guess she found out it's hard to tie a feed bag on over a high hat. Want any dessert, Molly?

MOL: No thank you, McGee. I'm finished.

FIB: Me too. HEY WAITER...GIMME THE TREASURER'S REPORT!

GOR: Yes sir...here you are, sir. Two lunches at 65¢, a dollar thirty. Cover charge, ten cents each...a dollar fifty.

FIB: Okay, bud. I....(PAUSE) Oh oh...

MOL: What's the matter, McGee?

FIB: Left my money home on the dresser. Lemme take a couple o' bucks.

MOL: I haven't a dime with me, dearie.

FIB: Gimme the check, bud, I'll sign it.

GOR: Sorry sir...against the rules. You'll have to get it okayed by Mr. Depopolis.

FIB: Eh? Okay. (Excuse me, Molly...be right back...(FADE OUT) HEY NICK...(LAUGHS) You know what I done? I left the house without any money, and

ORK: TRANSITION MUSIC -- (SOFTLY) "TEA FOR TWO" 16 BARS AND FADE OUT WITH:

SOUND: CLATTER OF DISHES: SPLASH OF WATER: SUSTAIN: FADE FOR:

FIB: Now ye take my recipe for pork pie, Chef. First ye cut the pork into cubes, see? About a inch square. Then rub a pan with garlic...(wait a minute) HOW YOU BOIN', MOLLY?

MOL: Mr. Depopolis says we can go when I finish these twelve stacks, McGee. (CLATTER AND SPLASH)

FIB: Oh, that's swell! What was I sayin' Chef? Oh yes...then ye take about two pounds o' bread crumbs, mix 'em with egg batter..

ORK: "I'VE GOT MY EYES ON YOU" - FADE FOR:

APPLAUSE:

ORK: FADE FOR COMMERCIAL:

ANNOUNCER:

ORCH:

It's hard to tie a feed

my dessert, Molly?

hed.

TREASURER'S REPORT!

Two lunches at 65¢, a dollar

each,...a dollar fifty,

...

er. Lemme take a couple

it.

You'll have to get it

be right back...(FADE OUT)

at I done? I left the house

EA FOR TWO" 16 BARS AND

TER: SUSTAIN: FADE FOR:

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a I finish these twelve

ASH)

rin' Chef? Oh yes...then

l crumbs, mix 'em with

FOR:

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

ANNOUNCER: Fibber and Molly will be back in just a moment, which leaves me just time to remind you that in these bad weather days of March, your floors, furniture and woodwork need the protection of genuine JOHNSON'S WAX. Floors that have been regularly JOHNSON-WAXED laugh at wet, muddy footprints. A damp cloth removes the dirt -- and the rich beauty of the WAXED floor remains intact. That's why we say, "When you walk on WAX, you save your floors." For the same reason, woodwork and furniture that is JOHNSON-WAXED is more beautiful, easier to keep clean and guarded by the tough WAX shield against scratches, dirt and smudgy fingerprints. Have you examined recently a can or bottle of genuine JOHNSON'S WAX, either paste or liquid? You'll find listed right on the package more than 100 labor-saving uses for this famous WAX polish. Read this list carefully -- it will help save you many hours of work throughout the year -- and add greatly to the beauty of your home.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

MOL:

FIB:

MOL:

FIB:

MOL:

FIB:

MOL:

ORK:

APPLA

WIL:

ANNCR

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JOHNSON'S WAX, either
right on the package
his famous WAX polish.
help save you many
and add greatly to the

TAG GAG

MOL: Look, McGee...Next year when Make-a-Pal-of-Your-Wife-Week
comes around leave me know....so I can buy a pair of
rubber gloves. The idea...MAKIN' YOUR OWN WIFE WASH
DISHES IN A PUBLIC RESTAUR -

FIB: Now wait, Molly, - that ain't fair. How did I know
Nick would be so dad ratted -

MOL: WELL, WE SHOULDN'T HAVE GONE THERE IN THE FIRST PLACE.
Any restaurant that the Government forces to serve
bicarbonate of soda with every business man's lunch....

FIB: Why should the Government do that?

MOL: Well, they're trying to relieve the distress of
the small merchant.

FIB: Relieve the dis...AHM. Good night.

MOL: Goodnight, all!

ORK: (CLOSING SIGNATURE) SEGUE ("SAVE YOUR SORROW")

APPLAUSE:

WIL: This is Harlow Wilcox speaking for the makers of
Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat,
inviting you to be with us again next Tuesday night.
Goodnight!

ANNCR: (SIGNOFF)

S. C. Writers
Don Qui
Len Lev

6:30-7
Tuesday