

Written By: Don Quinn
Bill Danch

(REVISED)

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

(Johnson's Wax)

1943 (22)

NBC-RED 6:30-7:00 P.M. PWT

Tuesday, February 23, 1943

(REVISED)

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WIL: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM...WITH FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

ORCH: THEME: (FADE FOR:

WIL: The Makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Self-Polishing
Glocoat present Fibber McGee and Molly, written by Don Quinn
...with music by the King's Men and Billy Mills' Orchestra

ORCH: "THIS IS THE ARMY" FADE FOR COMMERCIAL

(Commercial to come - Page 3)

S. G. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
FEBRUARY 23, 1943
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC

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OPENING COMMERCIAL:

ANNOUNCER: Here's one simple sentence that's worth repeating over and over again: "To take better care of your things, try waxing them." With replacements more and more difficult, it's just downright common sense to make things last, keep them clean, protect them against wear. Dust and dirt, you know, wear things out more than anything else. That's why I say, take better care of your things by waxing them. Give your floors, furniture and woodwork a protective shield of genuine JOHNSON'S WAX. Protect all wood, leather and enameled surfaces with this same wax polish. Every application of JOHNSON'S WAX gives not only protection, but brings out the natural beauty of the finish. Floors that are regularly waxed grow lovelier every year. And they never need expensive refinishing. There are 100 extra labor saving uses in your home for genuine JOHNSON'S WAX, which you can buy from your dealer in one of three forms -- paste, liquid or cream.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

(2ND REVISION)

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WIL: POKER IS PRETTY MUCH OF A MAN'S GAME. TRYING TO GET OUT OF THE HOUSE FOR AN EVENING TO PLAY POKER IS ALSO A MAN'S GAME. AND HERE, TAKING A HAND IN IT, WE FIND FIBBER MCGEE OF --

--- FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY! ---

APPLAUSE:

FIB: These doggone executive meetings! I dunno why they have to ring me in on all of 'em.

MOL: Well why don't you just refuse to go, dearie?

FIB: Oh, I couldn't do that. Can't let 'em down. They're depending on me. Look...why don't you go to a movie or something. I dunno how late I'll be out. You know how these things are.

MOL: I don't think there's anything I want to see, McGee. What's at the Bijou?

FIB: A couple o' guys I never heard of. Saw their names out in front of the theatre. I thought I knew everybody in vaudeville, too.

MOL: What are their names?

FIB: Mat Daily and Pop Prices. Why don't you go see 'em?

MOL: No, I don't believe I will, McGee. But I'll tell you what I'll do!

FIB: Eh? What?

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MOL: I'll come with you. You can go into your old meeting and I'll sit outside in the lobby with a magazine and wait for you.

FIB: No, I...er...I...no, that won't do. This meeting might last till way after midnight. Matter of fact, I think it will.

MOL: What's the meeting about?

FIB: Er...what's it about? Why...er...well, it's...er... well...the war effort. We'll probably discuss stuff like labor problems. A lot of the members are business men and factory owners and they all wanna see if they can get some good hands...you know...to..er.. to work. In the factories and stuff. Everybody's gonna lay his cards on the table. We're gonna try and see that everybody gets a square deal.

MOL: Isn't that grand! I'M proud of you for wanting to do your bit, McGee.

FIB: Ahhhhh, it's nothin' that any red-blooded American boy wouldn't do. I only hope we can do some good.

MOL: I wouldn't gamble on it.

FIB: Wh-- wh-- Whatcha mean, gamble?

MOL: I mean, these meetings are liable to be so much talk and so little action.

FIB: OH, WE'LL GET SOME ACTION, ALL RIGHT. I'LL LAY A BET ON THAT!

MOL: Good for you! I'll just stay home and -

DOORBELL:

FIB: Hey maybe this is somebody that'll stay and spend the evening with you. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN

TEE: Hi, mister. Hi, Miz McGee.

FIB: Oh..er...hiyah, Sis.

MOL: Hello, little girl.

FIB: Haven't got time to stand and talk to you sis. Gotta go out to a meeting.

TEE: My daddy's going out too. He says he's gonna do some research.

FIB: RESEARCH!

TEE: Mmmmmm. He says he's finally gonna find out if it's scientifically possible to fill an inside straight. What's an inside straight, mister?

FIB: Well...er...it's er...

MOL: It's a poker hand, little girl. And if it'll save your father any trouble, you can tell him you can only fill one once in 13,789 draws.

FIB: I...er...I didn't know you knew *so much about poker,* Molly.

MOL: Oh I LOVE TO PLAY POKER, MCGEE! And I think it's pretty selfish of the men to want to play by themselves all the time.

FIB: Yes, I...er...I imagine -

TEE: My daddy says women clutter up the game. He says they always wanna play fancy poker games like Grocery Store and Baseball and Duck on a Rock.

FIB: DUCK ON A ROCK! That's a new one on me, sis. What kind of a poker game is that?

TEE: Everything wild but the Ace of Spades.

FIB: For a kid your age, sis, you really get around.

TEE: Well, gee, my daddy plays cards all the time, I betcha. (GIGGLES) He's always making excuses to get out of the house so he can play poker.

FIB: He...er...he does, eh? (LAUGHS MERRILY) Imagine that!

MOL: I think that's ridiculous. If a man wants to go out once in a while to play cards with his men friends why doesn't he just say so?

FIB: You mean that, Molly?

MOL: Of course I do. That doesn't apply to you though, dearie, because you always lose your shirt.

TEE: My daddy does too, I betcha. My mamma says we're going to have the doors in our house made bigger on account of my daddy is always coming home in a barrel. Are you gonna see my daddy tonight, Mister?

FIB: Who, me? Why...er....

MOL: No, Mr. McGee is going to an executives' meeting at the Elks Club, little girl.

FIB: Yes, I'm one of the -

TEE: BUT MY DADDY SAID --

FIB: NEVER MIND WHAT YOUR DADDY SAID. I GOT TOO MUCH TO DO TO WASTE MY TIME WITH...hey, where you goin', Molly?

MOL: (FADE OUT) I've got a cake in the oven, McGee. Now you leave whenever you like...I'll be all right.

FIB: (CALLS) I'll let you know before I go! (BACK TO TEENY) Now look, Sis, you'd better run along because I'M pretty busy. Got an important meeting tonight.

TEE: Okay, mister. But I thought my daddy said you were going to be one of the -

FIB: PLEASE, SIS...NEVER MIND WHAT YOUR DADDY SAYS..I GUESS I KNOW WHAT I'M GONNA DO TONIGHT. Now run along. You talk too much.

TEE: Okay. But if you wanna stop at our house on your way to the meeting and bring your stuff, my daddy will give you a lift, I betcha.

FIB: Give me a lift with what stuff?

TEE: I dunno mister. Some dirty clothes, I guess.

FIB: DOGGONE IT, WHY SHOULD I STOP BY YOUR HOUSE WITH SOME CLOTHES?

TEE: Mister, all I know is what my daddy said. He said he was lookin' forward to taking you to the cleaners. So long, mister!

DOOR SLAM

ORCH: "I'VE HEARD THAT SONG BEFORE"

(APPLAUSE)

OL: Goodness sakes, McGee, stop fidgeting!

LB: Well, gee whizz, doggoneit, I hate to go out to a meeting and leave you here alone. I...I feel like a deserter.

OL: Oh, don't be like that. Maybe your meeting will break up early.

LB: I don't think so. We gotta lotta important things to consider tonight. For instance you know that cat they keep around the Elk's Club to catch mice?

OL: Yes?

LB: Well, she's been gettin' pretty thin lately. Ain't bein' fed properly.

OL: AND IT TAKES A BIG SPECIAL MEETING OF GROWN MEN TO SIT AROUND ARGUING ABOUT WHO'S GOING TO FEED THE KITTY?

LB: Yes, it does. You see --

TELEPHONE:

OL: I'll get it. (CLICK) HELLO...OH HELLO, ABIGAIL, DARLING. YES...NO, HE'S GOING OUT TO A COMMITTEE MEETING AT THE ELKS CLUB TONIGHT. NO, I WAS JUST GOING TO STAY HOME AND - WHAT? OH, YES...WELL COME ON OVER AND WE'LL TALK. YES...GOODBYE, ABIGAIL. (CLICK)

LB: What's that old bass fiddle unstrung about?

OL: Oh she just wanted to know what I was doing this evening. She might come over a little later.

LB: OH THAT'S SWELL! YOU GIRLS CAN HAVE A FINE OLD TIME CHINNING. WITH YOUR ONE CHIN AND UPPY'S THREE, you can have a four-way conversation.

MOL: For goodness sakes, will you stop fretting about what I'M going to do this evening? I've been by myself before. I won't play with matches. I won't put beans in my ears. I won't mark up the wallpaper. NOW STOP WORRYING!

FIB: Well, it...gee whiz, it's just that I feel kinda guilty running out on you like this.

MOL: Heavenly days, if you have to go to a meeting, you have to go, that's all. Besides, if I ---

DOORBELL:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

OLD M: Hello there, Kids. Hey, you know anything about weddings?

FIB: Well, we had one once, if that makes us experts, Old Timer.

MOL: What was it you wanted to know, Mr. Old Timer.

OLD M: Me and Bessie are steppin' it off one o' these days, daughter, and we wanna do it right. Who's supposed to pay for what?

MOL: Well, the groom buys the bride's bouquet and the presents for the best man and the ushers -

OLD M: USHERS! WHERE YOU THINK WE'RE GETTIN' MARRIED - AT A MOVIE?

FIB: I see where this is gonna be an informal wedding. And you're pickin' a bum time for it, too, Old Timer.

OLD M: Whatcha mean, Johnny?

FIB: Who's gonna spend three ration coupons just so they can throw rice at a couple of chumps? Who's tiein' any of their old shoes on the back of an automobile with no gasoline in it?

MOL: Don't let him discourage you, Mr. Old Timer. You and Bessie go ahead and get married. Where's it going to be, at the bride's home?

OLD M: That good etiquette?

FIB: Sure it is. On account of so often the groom is livin' at the YMCA.

MOL: Then you'll want about four ushers. four bridesmaids, two flower-girls, a maid of honor, a best man and a ring-bearer.

OLD M: Tsk! tsk! tsk! Gonna be kinda hard to handle, daughter.

FIB: Why?

OLD M: Bessie and her old man live in a trailer. Guess maybe we better just sneak out to a Justice o' the Peace someplace.

MOL: Oh I wish we could be there as witnesses!

OLD M: YOU GOTTA HAVE WITNESSES?

FIB: Certainly..why not?

OLD M: What if you wanna get out of it, later? Won't witnesses be kinda embarrassing?

MOL: Oh don't talk like that. Aren't you and Bessie in love with each other?

OLD M: Daughter, every time I see Bessie, my heart goes bumpety bumpety bump!...I git short o' breath!...My hands tremble!...My mouth gits dry!...IS THAT LOVE, OR AM I SMOKIN' TOO MUCH?

FIB: They're both expensive habits. Hey, what does this Bessie look like, Old Timer?

MOL: Have you got a snapshot of her we could see?

OLD M: Sure have, kids...got a lulu right here...Bessie sunbathing behind the trailer. HERE...TAKE A LOOK. That's Bessie on the left. Trailer's on the right.

(PAUSE)

MOL: This picture is so faint I can't make it out, Mr. Old Timer.

OLD M: Tain't very good, at that, daughter. Must of been over-exposed when I developed it.

FIB: Oh, you do your own developing. Where's your darkroom?

OLD M: My what?

MOL: Your darkroom. Don't you have a darkroom to develop your pictures in?

OLD M: Nope...too much trouble, daughter...I git the same effect by blindfoldin' myself. WELL, MUCH OBLIGED, KIDS...I'LL LET YOU KNOW WHEN THE HAPPY DAY COMES...(EXIT SINGING WEDDING MARCH)

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: ~~Now I know why they always show Cupid as such a young kid.~~

MOL: ~~Why?~~

FIB: ~~Because love makes you act so childish. Imagine that old...OH OH!...MY GOSH...I ALMOST FORGOT! Where's the checkbook?~~

MOL: It's in my purse, dearie...what do you want the checkbook for?

FIB: Well, something might come up at the meeting where I might need a few bucks...you know...a donation to some charity or something...Besides, the stakes are usually pretty high, and -

MOL: STAKES! WHAT STAKES?

FIB: I mean..er...if the meeting lasts too long sometimes we send out for hamburger stakes, see? And if we don't have enough chips...er..POTATO chips, we..er...well, gee whiz, I wanna pay my share. All the fellas -

DOOR OPEN:

WIL: Hello, folks.

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Hiyah, Junior...what could we do for you, ~~besides stand here and listen to a few well-chosen words about a well-chosen product that you -~~

WIL: I just wanted to remind you, Fibber. About that poker -

FIB: (FAST) OH, YES, ABOUT THAT POKER...YEAH..YEAH..YEAH.. HA HA!! THE BLACKSMITH SAYS HE'LL HAVE IT READY ABOUT THE FIRST OF THE WEEK...Yeah..you see, Molly, last time I was over at Wilcox' house I tried to fix the fire in the fireplace and bent the poker all outa shape. Guess I don't know my own strength. Ha ha...teach me a good lesson. Yes sir! It sure will.

MOL: Well, what are you getting so red in the face about, McGee? What's a little poker between friends?

WIL: That's what I say...HE'LL PAY FOR IT. Won't you, Fibber?

FIB: I usually..er...WHY CERTAINLY, CERTAINLY I'LL PAY FOR IT.

MOL: Are you going to the executive's meeting at the Elks Club tonight, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: What executi-

FIB: (FAST) YOU KNOW, JUNIOR...THE ANNUAL..ER...THE MEETING THAT WAS SCHEDULED FOR..ER...WELL, THE BIG MEETING.

WIL: Oh..er..no, I don't think I can attend a committee meeting. I've got to meet an old ante, tonight.

MOL: Isn't that nice! If you're coming near here, Mr. Wilcox bring her in. I'll give you some coffee and cake. What's your auntie's name?

WIL: ...er...Philpott. She's one of the -

FIB: DOGGONE IT, JUNIOR...WHADDYE STANDIN' AROUND HERE FOR, GABBIN' ABOUT YOUR RELATIVES...DON'T TRY TO COVER UP WITH A LOT OF IDLE CONVERSATION.

MOL: Cover up what, McGee?

FIB: Well, gee whiz...we know what he's here for. WHY DON'T HE GET AT IT? HE AIN'T FOOLIN' ANYBODY!

WIL: Okay, pal. You asked for it. GIVE YOUR KITCHEN LINOLEUM A NEW DEAL WITH JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLOCOAT NEXT TIME YOU HAVE A FULL HOUSE FOR A CARD PARTY.

FIB: Ohhhhhhhh...

WIL: ENJOY THAT ROYAL FLUSH OF PRIDE YOU'LL GET FROM A CLEAN, SPARKLING KITCHEN FLOOR...

FIB: Ahhhhhhhh...

VIL: SEE HOW EASILY SPOTS AND FOOTPRINTS WIPE RIGHT OFF A GLOCOATED LINOLEUM...HOW MUCH MORE SANITARY YOUR KITCHEN IS WITH THE FLOOR SURFACE WAX-SEALED AGAINST DUST AND DIRT. IF YOU SPILL SOMETHING OFF A TREY, IT CAN'T RAISE THE DEUCE WITH YOUR LINOLEUM BECAUSE GLOCOAT IS ACES IN PROTECTION. GET A CONTAINER OF JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLOCOAT TODAY...IT'S YOUR DEALER'S CHOICE! So long, folks. I'LL SEE YOU!

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Why, McGee...you're shaking like a leaf! What's the matter?

FIB: Oh, I get so mad at that guy! Don't you know what he was tryin' to do? Tryin' to get my goat with all them card terms, just because I bent his cheap old poker!

MOL: Oh, don't be so sensitive. You're as thin-skinned as a toy balloon. Now you run along to your meeting. I've got some mending to do, and -

FIB: AW I WISH YOU'D GET SOMEBODY TO COME OVER AND STAY A WHILE. OR GO TO A MOVIE OR SOMETHING. Gee whizzz...

MOL: McGee, don't be so silly. Why are you so anxious to have ME do something tonight?

FIB: Well, it ain't fair for me to have all the...I mean for me to go out and maybe stay so late and all, and I just thought -

DOORBELL:

MOL: Heavenly days, who on earth is that, now?

FIB: Lemme peek. Oh oh...it's that Spanish girl that moved in down the street. The one that her brother is a pilot from South America.

MOL: Oh, she's sweet. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

ROSIE: Ahhh, buenas tardes, senor y senora - do you memoriz me?

FIB: Hiyah, sis. Sure, we memori..er, you bet we remember you.

MOL: It's nice to see you again. How is your brother?

ROSIE: Oh, my brother is sitting down on top of the world, gracias. They have made him a captain now...and he is very proud to be so rank!

FIB: You mean proud OF his rank, sis.

ROSIE: Si. (LAUGHS) I still make one or two mistakes with English. But my honker says I am learning very fastly.

MOL: Your what?

ROSIE: My honker. I have a special honker for English.

FIB: You mean TUTOR, sis?

ROSIE: OH, SI, SI, SI...TOOTER! He also toots ~~for~~ my brother, Carlos.

MOL: Look, dearie, I don't think we even know each other's names. I am Mrs. McGee..and this is my husband... Mr. McGee.

ROSIE: (IN SPANISH) I AM VERY GLAD TO MEET YOU. (IN ENGLISH) My name is Moreno. Rosita Moreno.

FIB: ~~HEY, NOW I KNOW WHERE I'VE SEEN YOU, SIS! You're the movie actress.~~ Glad to know you, sis. You married?

ROSIE: No, senor. Many times I have been proposed at, but never am I marrying somebody until I have my head over my heel in love. (It is a serious thing for a girl to go from singlehood into marryhood!

MOL: It certainly is, dear. In marriage it's a case of look before you leap, and then walk around if you have time. But what was it we could do for you?

ROSIE: You mean why are you visiting me in your house? Well, I am just murdering some time until Carlos is coming home. So I think, "I will butt myself in on those nice people down the camino..the avenida...the..calle..DOWN THE STREETS! I hope you're not bothering me?"

IB: Sis, you drop in any time, and practice your new English. I might pick up a little Spanish at the same time. I'M pretty good at languages. Overseas in the last war, I learned to parlay French like a native.

OL: Yes, like a native Hawaiian. You must bring your brother over some time, too, Miss Moreno.

ROSIE: Please, call me Rosita. With friends, it is foolish to stand on formaldehyde.

IB: FORMALITY, ROSITA...

ROSIE: Si. Formality. Gracias.

IB: How do you say "YOU'RE WELCOME" in Spanish?

ROSIE: De nada.

IB: De nada! See how quick I pick it up, Molly?

OL: You're a wow, McGee. You ought to be appointed our next Ambassador to Peru - Indiana. Now don't forget, Rosita... you and your brother come over any time.

ROSIE: Oh, muchas gracias, senora. I will tell Carlos, and he will be very delightful. To know I have been making good friends with close neighbors, he will kick himself out of it, good!

FIB: HE'LL WHAT?

ROSIE: Maybe I mean he will hand himself a good kick.

MOL: No, I don't think you -

ROSIE: He will give himself a pat on the back with his foot?

FIB: No, that isn't exactly what -

ROSIE: I KNOW! HE WILL GET OUT OF IT BIG WITH A KICK!

MOL: Do you mean he'll get a big kick out of it?

ROSIE: OH, SI SI SI!! ...MUCHAS GRACIAS!...HASTA MANANA, AMIGOS!

FIB: Come again?

ROSIE: Thank you. I will!

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH: "MURDER, HE SAYS" - KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE:

FIB: Well, Molly...I...I guess I'll be leavin'..any minute now.
 MOL: Fine...you run right along, dearie.
 FIB: You sure you don't wanna go to a movie..or something?
 MOL: MCGEE, FOR THE TEN THOUSANDTH TIME, I TELL YOU I'LL BE PERFECTLY HAPPY. Now get along to your old committee meeting.
 FIB: You won't worry if I'M kinda late?
 MOL: No, but you've aged ten years worrying about whether I'D worry or not. Get along with you.
 FIB: Okay, but gee, I wish you'd -

DOORBELL

MOL: Oh dear...now who? COME IN!

DOOR OPEN

WIMP: Hello, Mrs. McGee...hello Mr. McGee.
 FIB: Hiyah, Wimp, old bruiser.
 MOL: How are you, Mr. Wimple?
 WIMP: Oh healing up nicely thank you, Mrs. McGee. I just met a friend of Mr. McGee's and I promised him I'd remind Mr. McGee of a date he had tonight to -
 FIB: OH YEAH!...YEAH!...SURE!...A DATE WITH THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE AT THE ELKS....SURE SURE!...THANKS, WIMP. MUCH OBLIGED. HOW'S EVERYTHING GOING WITH YOUR PHYSICAL CULTURE WORK?
 WIMP: Just splendidly, Mr. McGee...see how I'M filling out?
 FIB: That reminds me, McGee..our laundry bag didn't come back this week. WHERE DO YOU WORK OUT WITH YOUR GYMNASTICS, MR. WIMPLE?
 WIMP: Oh I've fixed up a dandy little gym down in our coal bin, Mrs. McGee.

FIB: Makes it kinda tough when you fall off a trapeze, or something, don't it, Wimp?
 WIMP: Oh no...it's soft coal.
 MOL: That's nice. But that isn't a very healthy place to exercise.
 FIB: I should say not, Wimp. You gotta have fresh air. Work out in your bedroom or someplace. OPEN THE WINDOW AND TAKE GREAT BIG DEEP BREATHS...LIKE THIS! (BREATHES DEEPLY)
 WIMP: Oh, I couldn't.
 MOL: You couldn't take deep breaths?
 WIMP: I couldn't open the window. But I will very soon now, I'M getting stronger every day. Last week I only weighed 78 pounds and guess what I weigh now?
 MOL: I COULD NEVER GUESS!
 WIMP: 77. I'M just BURNING off the fat. And see how much straighter I'M standing. Sweetface is teaching me to keep my shoulders back.
 FIB: How's she teaching you?
 WIMP: Oh she throws me down on my face, puts her knee in my back and pulls up on my shoulders.
 MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS!
 FIB: You can get a busted clavicle that way, Wimp!
 WIMP: Oh no..(LAUGHS) I always faint before the bone actually breaks.
 MOL: Doesn't your wife take it easy when you faint?
 WIMP: Oh yes indeedy. This morning when I came to, there she was standing over me, wringing her hands.
 FIB: And what did you say?
 WIMP: I couldn't say anything..she had my neck between them.
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MOL: For goodness sakes, Mr. Wimple...I don't know how you stand it. Didn't you ever think of leaving ~~her~~?

WIMP: Oh yes I have, Mrs. McGee...one summer I spent every afternoon sitting on the curbstone out in front, hoping some gypsies would steal me, but they never did. Well, I've got to be going now.

FIB: Where to, Wimp?

WIM: I've got to meet Sweetface down at the feed store.

MOL: Is she buying feed?

WIMP: No, ^{she's} just getting weighed. Well, goodbye, now.

DOOR SLAM

MOL: More people come in to remind you of that committee meeting McGee. It must be very important.

FIB: Oh it is! And I better be gettin' down there, too. I gotta superstition about bein' there for the first hand.

MOL: First hand?

FIB: I mean I want first hand information about -----

DOORBELL

MOL: FOR GOODNESS SAKES! COME IN!

DOOR OPEN

MOL: Oh hello, Abigail!

UPP: How do you do, Mrs. McGee...and MR. MCGEE!

FIB: Hiyah, Uppy. Glad to see you. Wiggle out of the minks and fling the body on a chair. Slip your shoes off too, if you like. Only three pair a year, you know...and you're pretty heavy on 'em.

UPP: Er, THANK YOU!

FIB: HEY YOU GIRLS WILL EXCUSE ME IF I DUCK ALONG WON'T YOU? GOT AN IMPORTANT COMMITTEE MEETING AT THE ELKS, UPPY.

UPP: Go right along, Mr. McGee. I have managed to struggle thru twenty-three hours and fifty-five minutes of the day without your magnetic personality - I think I shall survive the other five minutes.

FIB: Er...thank you! HEY, ARE YOU SURE IT'S OKAY WITH YOU, MOLLY? IF I DON'T GET HOME VERY EARLY? THESE MEETINGS ARE APT TO BE -

MOL: NO NO NO!...NOW RUN ALONG..AND DON'T COME HOME TILL YOU GET GOOD AND READY! I'LL BE PERFECTLY ALL RIGHT.

FIB: Okay. So long, Uppy.

UPP: Good evening, Mr. McGee.

FIB: Oh - I almost forgot! You didn't gimme the checkbook, Molly.

MOL: I haven't time to look for it now, dearie.

FIB: WELL, OKAY - SO LONG, MOLLY. SEE YOU LATER AND -

MOL: MCGEE, YOU DIDN'T KISS ME GOODBYE!

FIB: Eh? Oh! (FAST) (KISS) G'bye.

DOOR SLAM

(REVISED) -26-

UPP: COME MY DEAH...WE SHALL HAVE TO HURRY! WE'RE TEN MINUTES
LATE NOW...

MOL: WHERE IS THE BINGO GAME TONITE, ABIGAIL?

UPP: AT GLADYS MILLS...BETTER BRING ABOUT FIVE DOLLARS..I LOST
THREE SEVENTY-FIVE THE LAST TIME.

MOL: I'VE GOT THE CHECKBOOK IN MY PURSE..WHERE'S MY HAT?..OH
HERE IT IS...I'M READY, ABIGAIL..MY I'VE BEEN LOOKING
FORWARD TO THIS! EVER SINCE YOU CALLED ME UP!

UPP: BUT HOW ABOUT MR. MCGEE. WILL HIS COMMITTEE MEETING TAKE
LONG?

MOL: (LAUGHS) COMMITTEE MEETING MY CLAVICLE, DEARIE. HE'S
HEADED FOR A POKER GAME! I'VE BEEN TRYING TO GET HIM OUT
OF HERE FOR AN HOUR! COME ON....LET'S GO!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

ORCH: "THE TULIPS ARE TALKING"....FADE FOR:

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
FEBRUARY 23, 1943
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL

ANNUNCER: I made an interesting discovery last week. I was talking
with two ladies about their housekeeping - you know how
easy it is for me to keep changing the subject until we
finally get around to JOHNSON'S WAX or SELF POLISHING GLO
COAT. Well, it seems both of these women had been using
JOHNSON'S GLO COAT on their linoleum floors for a long
time, and were enthusiastic about it. They knew it saved
them hours of work, kept their floors beautiful, and
protected them against wear. But they didn't realize
that the regular use of GLO COAT actually makes linoleum
wear 6 to 10 times longer. In fact, the primary reason
for using GLO-COAT or JOHNSON'S Paste or Liquid WAX, is
this protection it gives to floor surfaces. The beauty
that goes with it is like a special dividend. And right
now, when we need to make our things last, it's important
to keep all linoleum protected regularly with JOHNSON'S
SELF POLISHING GLO-COAT -- the floor polish that shines
as it dries, without rubbing or buffing.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

TAG GAG

MOL: HOW WAS YOUR MEETING AT THE ELKS, MCGEE?
FIB: OH, VERY GOOD. VERY GOOD. I HOPE YOU DIDN'T HAVE TOO DULL A EVENING WITH UPPY.
MOL: TO TELL THE TRUTH DEARIE. WE WENT OUT TO A BINGO GAME. I LOST TWO DOLLARS AND SIXTY CENTS.
FIB: YOU DID? (LAUGHS) WELL, TO TELL THE TRUTH, I WAS PLAYING POKER. I WON TWELVE BUCKS.
MOL: WHILE WE'RE TELLING THE TRUTH, I KNEW YOU WERE PLAYING POKER.
FIB: WHAT? WELL, WHAT WAS THE IDEA O'KIDDING ME ALONG?
MOL: I KNEW YOU'D HAVE MORE FUN IF YOU THOUGHT YOU WERE GETTING AWAY WITH SOMETHING. I WISH I'D GONE WITH YOU. ABIGAIL JUST SITS THERE WITH NO EXPRESSION WHATSOEVER.
FIB: POKER FACE?
MOL: I WAS TEMPTED TO..ONCE OR TWICE.
FIB: EH? OH GOOD NIGHT
MOL: GOOD NIGHT ALL!
ORK: (CLOSING SIGNATURE)
WIL: The characters of the Old Timer and Wallace Wimple heard on this program, were played by Bill Thompson. This is Harlow Wilcox, speaking for the makers of JOHNSON'S WAX FINISHES for home and industry, inviting you to be with us again next Tuesday night. Goodnight.
This program has reached you from Hollywood.
THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

(CHIMES)

TAG

MOL: How was your meeting at the Elks, McGee?
FIB: Oh, very good, very good. I hope you didn't have too dull a evening with Uppy.
MOL: To tell the truth, dearie, we went out to a bingo game. I lost two dollars and sixty cents.
FIB: YOU DID? (LAUGHS) Well, to tell the truth, I was playing poker. I won 12 bucks.
MOL: While we're telling the truth, I KNEW you were playing poker.
FIB: WHAT? WELL, WHAT WAS THE IDEA O' KIDDIN' ME ALONG?
MOL: I knew you'd have more fun if you thought you were getting away with something. Personally, I'd rather have been playing poker myself.
FIB: Uppy, has to play Bingo. She's too near-sighted to play poker.
MOL: What do you mean?
FIB: Way she's constructed, she can't play 'em close to her chest.
MOL: Oh.
FIB: Yeah. Goodnight.
MOL: GOODNIGHT, ALL!
ORK: UP TO FINISH

APPLAUSE

SIGNOFF