

Written by Don Quinn

(REVISED)

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

(Johnson's Wax)

1943 (23)

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

Tuesday March 2, 1943

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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: SELECTION: *A Shine On Your Shoes* FADE FOR COMMERCIAL

(Commercial to come - Page 3)

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY  
WEDNESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC  
MARCH 2, 1943

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WIL: The number of uses for WAX has been increasing every year. But it took the war to give greater emphasis to one of them. Do you know that soldiers' uniforms are actually WAXED? That's right, strange as it may seem. Uniforms impregnated with a wax emulsion are made water-repellent, stain and dust-resistant -- they look smarter longer and are easier to launder. The makers of JOHNSON'S WAX have developed a special product for this use -- called Drax -- D-R-A-X. It is used by many textile mills and by many army laundries, too -- because the water-repellency of a garment can be maintained by using DRAX at the laundry or the dry cleaner's. Wouldn't you like to have outdoor clothing, play suits, and other garments, as well as things like drapes and curtains DRAX-treated? After the war, you'll be able to. In the meantime, the makers of JOHNSON'S WAX will welcome inquiries from finishing mills and others interested in DRAX. Write S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc. at Racine, Wisconsin or Brantford, Canada.

WIL: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH)

WIL: (APPLAUSE)

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WIL: THEY SAY THAT EARLY TO BED AND EARLY TO RISE, MAKES ONE HEALTHY, WEALTHY AND WISE. WHICH PROBABLY EXPLAINS WHY THE RESIDENTS OF 79 WISTFUL VISTA ARE NEITHER TOO HEALTHY, TOO RICH NOR TOO SMART...BECAUSE HERE IT IS ALMOST NINE A.M., AND J-U-U-U-UST WAKING UP, WE FIND --  
FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

MOL: MCGEE! WAKE UP! IT'S NINE O'CLOCK! IT'S BROAD DAYLIGHT!

FIB: (YAWNS) Why does everybody say BROAD daylight? It's as high as it is wide.

MOL: I don't know how you'd know. You never lift your eyes above the coffee pot till ten-thirty. (YAWNS) OH, I WISH YOU WERE A MILLIONAIRE, MCGEE.

FIB: That's a dirty wish, just before March fifteenth. / Why do you wish I was a millionaire?

MOL: So I could pick up my pearl-handled telephone off my ivory-inlaid night-table, and call down to the third footman to tell the butler to have my personal maid bring me my breakfast in bed.

FIB: Oh. Well, I got bad news for you, then.

MOL: What?

FIB: The 3rd footman is in the marines. The butler is an investigator for the O.P.A., and your personal maid is a spot-welder out at Boeing. We're all alone in our 52-room bungalow. HEY...WHERE'S MY SLIPPERS?

MOL: Probably right where you usually leave them when you go to bed. One under the dresser and one in the bathroom. DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE GETTING UP?

FIB: Yes, and what's more, baby, I'M gonna bring you your breakfast in bed.

MOL: WHAT?

FIB: You heard me. I'M gonna bring you your breakfast in bed.

MOL: This is the most realistic dream I ever had. I'M going to hate to wake up.

FIB: You think I'M kidding?

MOL: Yes. Now hurry and take your shower and call me as soon as -

FIB: I'LL TAKE MY SHOWER LATER. WHERE'S MY BATHROBE? OH, HERE IT IS. WHADDAYE WANT FOR BREAKFAST?

MOL: Oh now, McGee...I was just joking. My goodness, you don't have to -

FIB: I know I don't have to. But you deserve it. You been a good kid. Now whaddaye want for breakfast?

MOL: I might as well make the best of this, I guess. I want some orange juice...

FIB: Okay -- orange juice.

MOL: Two eggs, with their bright little eyes gazing heavenward

FIB: Two eggs, straight up.

MOL: A WAFFLE.

FIB: Fry one crossword puzzle. What else?

MOL: And a cup of coffee.

FIB: Very well, madam. I shall be very happy to...HEY, WHATCHA DOIN'?

MOL: I'M getting up. You never made a waffle in your life.

FIB: I never laid an egg, either, but I know how to cook 'em.

MOL: I think you're wrong on both counts, dearie. So I'll just get up and...

FIB: YOU STAY RIGHT WHERE YOU DARN ARE. THIS IS MY TREAT!

MOL: But, McGee...

FIB: AND DON'T BUT MCGEE ME...I KNOW WHAT I'M DOIN'. (FADE) JUST AS SOON AS I BRUSH MY TEETH, I'LL...

DOOR SLAM OFF:

MOL: Molly McGee, you're a lazy, good-for-nothing woman to let him do this! Yes, I know, but it's good for his character. It teaches him to be unselfish. But he'll have your whole kitchen in a mess! Well, if he does, he'll clean it up. Oh, you can't let him do that!

OH, I CAN'T, CAN'T I? You just wait and -

DOOR OPEN:

IB: (FADE IN) WELL, HERE WE GO. ORANGE JUICE, EGGS,  
COFFEE AND WAFFLE. SQUEEZE ONE, FRY TWO, MAKE  
WITH THE MOCHA AND COOK A BLOTTER WITH A REET PLEAT.  
COMIN' RIGHT UP, TOOTSIE! SEE YOU LATER, KID!

OUND: FOOTSTEPS DESCENDING STAIRS, FAST: UNDER:

IB: (SINGING) LOOKIE LOOKIE LOOKIE...HERE COMES COOKIE...  
DE DE DADA DA DE DA...

OOTSTEPS OUT:

IB: Now lemme see...Orange juice orange juice...where  
do you suppose Molly keeps the oranges...(YELLS)  
HEY, MOLLY!

OL: (WAY OFF MIKE) Yes, McGee?

IB: WHERE'S THE ORANGES?

OL: (WAY OFF) IN THE BOWL ON THE WINDOW SILL.

IB: I SEE 'EM.

OL: WHAT?

IB: (LOUDER) I SAYS I SEE 'EM!

OL: THEN WHY DID YOU ASK ME WHERE THEY WERE?

IB: EH?

OL: WHAT?

IB: NEVER MIND...YOU GO TO SLEEP! Ah, here they are...  
Lookie lookie lookie, here comes cook...UGH!!  
Tough oranges! Guess I'll have to CUT 'em in two.  
No, I better make my waffle batter first...now  
where's the cookbook...cookbook...cookbook...  
HEY, MOLLY!

MOL: (WAY OFF) Yes?

FIB: (CALLS) WHERE'S THE COOKBOOK?

MOL: (OFF) IN THE LEFT-HAND DRAWER OF THE CABINET!

FIB: MUCH OBLIGED! NOW YOU GO TO SLEEP...HAVE A NICE NAP!

MOL: (OFF) Oh fine!

FIB: Lookie lookie lookie...now where did she say it...Oh.

DRAWER OPEN AND SHUT:

FIB: Here we are! "HOW TO SET A FINE TABLE" by Henrietta  
Louis. Okay, Henrietta...give out with the dope on  
waffles...

RUSTLE OF PAPER:

FIB: WAFFLES..WAFFLES...Ah...here we are. "GOLDEN BROWN  
WAFFLES, WITH FRESH MAPLE SYRUP, OR STRAWBERRY JAM,  
ARE NOT ONLY PLEASING TO THE PALATE, BUT TEMPTING TO  
THE EYE. THEY ARE...oh oh! (CALLS) HEY, MOLLY!

MOL: (OFF MIKE) Now what, McGee?

FIB: ON YOUR WAFFLES...YOU WANT SYRUP OR STRAWBERRY JAM?

MOL: SYRUP. STRAWBERRY JAM IS FATTENING.

FIB: OKAY...now you go to sleep...Lookie lookie lookie, here  
comes...Now lemme see...where was I? Oh yes...recipe  
for waffles...(PAPER RUSTLE) 2 cups of sifted cake, or  
pastry flour...How do you sift a cake? HEY, MOLLY?!

MOL: (WEARILY) YES, MCGEE?

FIB: WE GOT ANY CAKE?

MOL: NO. WHAT DO YOU WANT IT FOR?

FIB: JUST WANTED TO SIFT IT. BUT NEVER MIND...I'LL USE PASTRY FLOUR...YOU GO GET SOME REST!!...I'LL HANDLE IT...Lookie lookie lookie, here comes cookie. de da de...4 teaspoons of tartrate or phosphate...TARTRATE OR PHOSPHATE! You gotta be a doggone chemist to mix a waffle these days... probably means bakin' soda...soda's better, anyway. Saves takin' it afterwards...

TELEPHONE:

FIB: Ah fer the - (CLICK) HELLO. WHO? GERALDINE? WHO'S CALLING? PETE? WELL, LOOK, PETE - GERALDINE DON'T WANT ANY MORE TO DO WITH YOU, SEE? SHE WANTS YOU TO GET OUT OF HER LIFE! SHE SAYS IF YOU CALLED AGAIN TO GO FRY A FIG. G'BYE! (CLICK) HEY..MOLLY!

MOL: NOW WHAT, MCGEE?

FIB: DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE TELEPHONE. JUST A WRONG NUMBER. JUST RELAX AND GET SOME SHUTEYE...

MOL: ALL RIGHT...

FIB: Lookie, lookie, lookie, here comes...1/4 tsp salt. That's easy...I'll put in a dash of pepper, too...even it up...6 tbspoons of melted shortening...melted shortening.. melted...what's shortening?<sup>hey, mol - -</sup> Now use your head, McGee... to shorten is to make smaller...to make smaller is to shrink...to shrink...AHA...WATER!!!

SOUND: WATER RUNNING: OUT:

FIB: NOW...1 1/4 CUP MILK...THAT'S A CINCH...AND 2 EGGS!! OKEY DOKEY...2 eggs and some milk...Wait a minute...(READS) SEPARATE THE EGGS...AND BEAT THE YOLKS UNTIL LIGHT! Beat 'em until light! That's silly, it's light now! OH WELL. EGGS EGGS EGGS. Where's the eggs? In the refrigerator...

DOOR OPEN: REFRIGERATOR:

FIB: Two eggs...and a bottle of milk...AHHH, BUTTERMILK! BETTER YET. RICHER!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Lookie lookie lookie, here comes -

TERRIFIC CRASH..GLASS CRASH - PANS - ETC...THUD...ETC....

RUNNING FOOTSTEPS DOWN STAIRS...

MOL: (FADE IN) MCGEE!...WHAT HAPPENED?...ARE YOU HURT?

FIB: (GROANING) N-no.. No, I guess not. I got thrown, that's all.

MOL: THROWN? HOW?

FIB: Shut the refrigerator door on the tassel of my bathrobe. Started to walk away and BOOM!! <sup>THE</sup> FLAT ON MY HENFRUIT! You go on back to bed...you have a nice sleep while I finish gettin' your breakfast....(FADE INTO MUSIC)

ORCH: "WEEP NO MORE, MY LADY"

APPLAUSE:

MOL: Oh, McGee, I wish you'd -

FIB: HEY LOOK...I WISH YOU'D GO BACK TO BED. HOW CAN I GIVE YOU YOUR BREAKFAST IN BED WHEN YOU'RE DOWN HERE ON THE SOFA?

MOL: Well, I got tired of hollering down the stairs. I'll go back to bed when you have breakfast ready.

FIB: Okay. (BEATING IN BOWL) ... Boy, these are gonna be the best waffles you ever flung a fang into Molly. How was the --

SOUND: (DOOR CHIMES) (WHISTLE)

FIB: Who's that? Oh, it's the baguette.. the mailwoman. (YELLS)  
COME IN!

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

VIR: Well, Mr. McGee...Hello, Mrs. McGee..

MOL: Good morning.

FIB: Well, whatcha got for us, this morning, sis? And excuse the bathrobe.

VIR: I just have a postcard for you, Mr. McGee. Do you mind if I give it to you tomorrow? It's clear down in the bottom of the bag.

MOL: Oh, McGee, I wish you'd -

FIB: HEY LOOK...I WISH YOU'D GO BACK TO BED. HOW CAN I GIVE YOU YOUR BREAKFAST IN BED WHEN YOU'RE DOWN HERE ON THE SOFA?

MOL: Well, I got tired of hollering down the stairs. I'll go back to bed when you have breakfast ready.

FIB: Okay. (BEATING IN BOWL) ... Boy, these are gonna be the best waffles you ever flung a fang into Molly. How was the --

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SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

VIR: Well, Mr. McGee...Hello, Mrs. McGee..

MOL: Good morning.

FIB: Well, whatcha got for us, this morning, sis? And excuse the bathrobe.

VIR: I just have a postcard for you, Mr. McGee. Do you mind if I give it to you tomorrow? It's clear down in the bottom of the bag.

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FIB: Oh, that's okay, sis...But I'd kinda like to know who it's from.

VIRGIN: Its from somebody named Aunt Sarah and is just wishing you a Happy George Washington's Birthday.

MOL: Oh good old Aunt Sarah, bless her heart!

FIB: Yeah...good old Aunt Sarah, darn her hide. Forgets we're alive on Christmas and then wishes us a happy Washington's Birthday. And her worth 90 thousand bucks! That old skinflint has pinched pennies so long her fingerprints look like Indian heads!

MOL: Oh now, McGee...don't talk like that, Aunt Sarah worships the ground you walk on.

FIB: Sure she does...it's real estate! But the minute I get in the house she hates me.

VIRGIN: WELL, I'LL BE SURE AND GIVE IT TO YOU TOMORROW OR THE NEXT DAY, MR. MCGEE.

FIB: No hurry, sis. Just stick it in the mail for me.

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VIRGIN: All right. Good morning...

FIB: Good morning.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: I'm givin' you your eggs first, Molly. They're cookin' now. These waffles'll take a little longer.

BEATING IN BOWL:

MOL: Let me see that waffle batter.

FIB: Okay....(PAUSE) Smoothin' out nice ain't it?

MOL: It still looks pretty lumpy to me.

FIB: That's the tuna fish.

MOL: TUNA FISH!

FIB: Sure. The recipe says waffles are delicious with ice cream, fruits, creamed meat, salmon or tuna fish. All we had was tuna fish.

MOL: BUT MCGEE...THAT MEANT TO PUT OVER THE WAFFLES WHEN THEY WERE SERVED.

FIB: Over 'em or inside of 'em..what's the difference? NOW YOU QUIT WORRYIN' AND GET A NICE REST. I'LL HANDLE THIS.

SOUND: BEATING: DOOR CHIMES:

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

OLD M: HELLO THERE JOHNNY. HELLO DAUGHT-....HEY, YOU SICK, DAUGHTER?

MOL: Oh no, Mr. Old Timer. I just felt lazy this morning and McGee is fixing breakfast for me. He says.

FIB: Have to excuse the bathrobe, Old Timer. Didn't take time to get dressed.

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OLD M: It's okay, Johnny. Always liked that bathrobe. Might be a pretty shade of heliotrope. Like to get one of those for my honeymoon.

MOL: When are you and Bessie going to name the day?

OLD M: Ain't decided, daughter. Can't do it till Bessie's brother gets outa jail anyway. He's gonna be the next-best man.

FIB: You mean the BEST man.

OLD M: No, Johnny. That's what he said, too, and we fought it out, one night. I'M the best man.

MOL: But what is he in jail for?

OLD M: 30 days.

FIB: WELL WHAT DID HE DO?

OLD M: Five days. Only got 25 to go.

MOL: What we're trying to find out, Mr. Old Timer, is why did they put him in jail?

OLD M: Well, it happened when we was rehearsin' the wedding, daughter. It was an accident, pure and simple. There was Bessie...lookin' so pure...and there was her brother, lookin' so simple....

FIB: BUT WHAT HAPPENED, DOGGONE IT?

OLD M: Well, it was gonna be a military wedding, see? The minute the captain says "I PRONOUNCE YOU MAN AND WIFE --"

MOL: What captain?

OLD M: Old Tugboat captain...friend of mine, daughter. He's gonna perform the ceremony. Captains kin do it, you know.

FIB: NOT UNLESS THEY'RE AT SEA, THEY CAN'T.

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OLD M: This one is, believe me, kids. ANYWAY, CORNWELL - THAT'S BESSIE'S BROTHER - Cornwell was gonna fire a volley into the air, see? But the bullet cut a trolley wire, and stopped traffic on 14th street, and the wire come down and burned up a couple automobiles, and Cornwell got pinched for carryin' a gun without a license, shootin' it off inside the city limits, disturbin' the peace, arson, incitin' to riot, blockin' traffic, wilful destruction of prop'erty and impersonatin' a officer.

MOL: Impersonating what officer?

OLD M: General Grant. Cornwell's got a little beard, see? Spittin' image o' Grant.

FIB: You're still going on with your plans, then.

OLD M: Bet we are, Johnny. Bessie's father give us a shower party last night. Chartered the whole Empire room at the Bus Depot. It was one of the.... (SNIFF-SNIFF) HEY...I SMELL SOMETHING BURNING!

FIB: OH MY GOSH...MY EGGS!!

RUNNING FOOTSTEPS...FADE OUT:

MOL: Have you got to hurry away, Mr. Old Timer?

OLD M: Yes I have daughter. Got to go down to the haberdashery and learn to tie one of them silly apricot ties. Wear one at my wedding.

MOL: Not apricot, You mean ASCOT.

OLD M: That's it. One of them silly ascot ties. Well so long, daughter.

DOOR SLAM:

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FIB: (FADE IN) Sorry about them eggs, Molly. But don't worry...the next ones will be okay.

MOL: I think I can get along without the eggs, McGee. I can get along without the waffles, too, unless you mix up another batch. That tuna fish mixture doesn't appeal to me, somehow. Maybe I'm just fussy.

FIB: Well, this is your day, baby. You can be fussy if you wanna. I'll mix up another batch right away.

SOUND: MIXING IN BOWL:

FIB: Though this is smoothin' out awful good. Sure you don't wanna try 'em?

MOL: I'm positive! Have you got the coffee on?

FIB: ~~You bet. The milk is almost to a boil now.~~

MOL: ~~THE MILK! WHAT MILK?~~

FIB: ~~For the coffee. I make coffee just like I make cocoa. Mix a cupful of coffee and a cupful o' mild to a paste, see? Then add sugar -- add three or four cupfuls o' boiling milk and you got a batch o' coffee that'll---~~

DOOR OPEN:

WIL: Hello, folks, am I...WELL! WHAT IS THIS? YOU ILL, MOLLY?

MOL: No, I'm not, Mr. Wilcox... I'm just lying down, waiting for Oscar of the Waldorf here. He's giving me my breakfast in bed.

WIL: Good for him!

FIB: Well, she deserves it, Junior. She's been a good kid. You ever give your wife breakfast in bed?

WIL: No, but I've only been married three years.. She's a sweet girl and I don't want to spoil her. What are you beating to death in that crock, pal?

MOL: He's making me some waffles, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: WAFFLES! Where did he learn to cook?

MOL: Oh he just picked it up. And I can hardly wait till he sets it down again.

FIB: Learned how to cook in the Army, Wilcox. I was company cook for six weeks.

WIL: Officers mess?

FIB: Some of 'em did. But most of 'em were pretty neat. Don't you cook?

WIL: Nom - I don't. And you'd think with what I know about housekeeping in general, I'd be a natural for it.

MOL: Oh not necessarily, Mr. Wilcox. I know lots of women who can cook lovely pastry but can't make a bed of iron a shirt to save their lives.

WIL: It's a specialty, I suppose, like being an expert on preserving floors and furniture and woodwork.

FIB: Geo, I wish you'd toll us something about your work, Mr. Wilcox. Just how do you go about preserving floors furniture and woodwork?

WIL: Aw you're kidding me. You KNOW.  
MOL: We'd love to hear it again, though. Wouldn't we, McGee.  
FIB: Really, Junior. You know how kids never get tired of hearing about the Three Bears? Well, I'M like that about preserving floors furniture and woodwork. Just what product would you recommend for that?  
WIL: OH THIS IS JUST A RIB!  
MOL: Mr. WILCOX...how can you say that? Tell us, please...is it...Johnson's Wax?  
WIL: Aw cut it out! You KNOW it's Johnson's Wax.  
FIB: Well, we're mighty pleased that you recommend it, Junior. They tell me Johnson's Wax not only beautifies and protects all wood and enamel surfaces but is mighty handy to keep dampness and dirt out of window sills, lampshades, luggage, and all stuff like that there. Is that true?  
WIL: SAY WHAT IS THIS? OF COURSE IT'S TRUE.  
MOL: Oh McGee...it's TRUE!!! EVERY WORD OF IT! HE SAID IT WAS TRUE!  
FIB: Ain't it marvelous! You know, Junior...I don't like to pry into commercial secrets or anything...but I've heard a rumor...you know, how these things fly around...I heard that usin' Johnson's Wax was almost as much of a health measure as gettin' your vitamins...because it keeps a house so <sup>sanitary</sup> clean, and makes housework so simple and easy. Can you confirm that rumor?

WIL: LOOK, I DON'T KNOW EXACTLY WHAT'S GOING ON HERE, BUT -  
(SNIFF-SNIFF) HEY, I SMELL SOMETHING BURNING!  
FIB: OH MY GOSH...IT'S MY EGGS AGAIN! (FADE) SEE YOU LATER, JUNIOR!!!  
RUNNING FEET FADE OUT:  
MOL: Won't you stay and have a touch of ptomaine with us, Mr. Wilcox?  
WIL: No, thanks, Molly. You wouldn't care to sneak upstairs, get dressed fast and let me take you OUT for breakfast?  
MOL: It's the best offer I've had today, but I can't do it. McGee's got his heart set on this project, and I don't want to let him down.  
WIL: Okay. But while you're eating your scorched eggs, leather waffles and battery-acid coffee, just picture me, sitting in a nice cozy restaurant, tucking away a beautiful fluffy omelete, with a ---  
MOL: GO AWAY, YOU NASTY MAN!!!  
WIL: (LAUGHS) Okay. You had your chance.  
DOOR SLAM:  
MOL: OH MCGEE...WHAT ARE YOU DOING?  
FIB: (FADE IN) I put some more eggs on and I'm mixin' up a fresh batch of waffles. Wilcox gone?  
MOL: Yes, and he invited me out to breakfast, too.  
FIB: Snake in the grass! He don't think I can cook!  
BEATING IN BOWL:  
FIB: Boy, THIS batch of waffles is gonna be slightly terrific. But I gotta let the batter set a while..I gotta go up and get dressed. I'm going out for about a quarter of an hour.  
MOL: What for?

FIB: Cookbook recommends it.

MOL: What do you mean?

FEB: Well,..the instructions say, "WHEN THE WAFFLE BATTER IS MIXED, BEAT IT FOR ABOUT FIFTEEN MINUTES." So I thought I'd run down to the ---

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: Oh dear! COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh Hello, Abigail darling. This IS a surprise!

FIB: Hiyah, Uppy. Pardon my bathrobe.

UPP: I cawn't quite pardon it, Mr. McGee...but I shall give it a brief parole.

FIB: Well, personally I always liked this bathrobe, and I don't wanna hear any snide comments about it.

MOL: Oh now, McGee...

UPP: AND WHY SHOULD I COMMENT ABOUT YOUR BATHROBE, MR. MCGEE?  
THIS IS A FREE COUNTRY, AND IF YOU CHOOSE TO WEAR A HORRIBLE  
PURPLE NIGHTMARE LIKE THAT...THAT FITS LIKE AN OLD SLIP  
COVER WITH SLEEVES, IT'S REALLY NONE OF MY AFFAIR. WHAT  
IF IT DOES LOOK LIKE IT WAS DESIGNED BY RINGLING BROTHERS?  
WHAT IF IT DOES MAKE YOU LOOK LIKE SOMETHING ABANDONED IN  
THE BAGGAGE ROOM OF A HAUNTED RAILROAD STATION? WHAT IF  
THE COLLAR DOES FIT LIKE IT WAS MADE FOR A MAN WITH TWO  
HEADS? WHAT IF IT DOES RESEMBLE A LOW-SLUNG PAPOOSE IN  
THE BACK? IF IT MAKES YOU LOOK LIKE A DRUNKEN ZOMBIE  
COMING HOME FROM A CHARLESTON CONTEST, IT'S NO BUSINESS  
OF MINE. I DON'T EVEN HAVE TO LOOK AT IT, IF I DON'T WANT  
TO. AND I DON'T WANT TO. SO WHY SHOULD I COMMENT ABOUT IT?

(PAUSE)

FIB : Whew...for a minute there, Uppy, I thought you were gonna start crackin' wise.

UPP: I did not come over here to discuss your attire, Mr. McGee. Tell me, My deah..are you ill?

MOL: No, just lazy, Abigail. McGee's going to give me my breakfast in bed.

UPP: Oh, how splendid. I just came over to tell you, my deah..  
(SNIFF-SNIFF) Good heavens what's burning?

FIB: OH MY GOSH MY EGGS (FADE) SEE YOU LATER UPPY!

RUNNING FEET FADE INTO:

ORCH: "ROSIE THE RIVETER" - KING'S MEN.

APPLAUSE:

FIB: WELL, IT WON'T BE LONG, NOW, MOLLY! WAFFLE IRON'S GETTIN' HOT. YOU GETTIN' PRETTY HUNGRY?

MOL: Oh no. Don't hurry on my account. I don't know which is worse anyway - being starved or being poisoned. And who were you talking to out in the kitchen?

FIB: (LAUGHS) Oh, just the milkman. Don't worry about bein' poisoned. This is gonna be the best breakfast you ever looped a lip over. And I'M gonna heat the oven so's I can keep the extra waffles warm, for you? You gotta match?

MOL: No, dearie. I RARELY carry matches in my dressing gown. Would a blow torch do? I usually have one of those with me in case I want to warm up my cold cream. Or maybe I'm just irritable on account of malnutrition.

FIB: WELL CHEER UP, SNOOKY. BREAKFAST WILL BE READY JUST AS SOON AS I CAN...

DOOR CHIMES:

MOL: Oh fine! One more delay and I'll slip into a turban and join Mahatma Ghandi.

FIB: Whoever it is, I'll get rid of 'em quick. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

WIMP: Hello, Mr. McGee. Hello, Mrs. McGee.

MOL: Oh Hello, Mr. Wimple.

FIB: Hiyah, Wimp, Old Man. You gotta match?

WIMP: No, but I have a cigarette lighter.

FIB: Oh swell...lemme take it!

WIMP: It won't light.

MOL: Out of fluid, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: No, Sweetiface took the flint out of it, Mrs. McGee. She said if my lighter worked I might want to smoke, and if I learned to smoke I might learn to swear, and if I learned to swear I might swear at her sometime and if I ever did she'd kick my (several words censored here) teeth down my (more words censored here) throat.

FIB: Excuse me, Wimp. Got to get Molly's breakfast...(FADE) Everything ought to be about ready.

MOL: He's giving me my breakfast in bed, Mr. Wimple.

WIMP: Isn't that nice? I gave Sweetiface her breakfast in bed once.

MOL: You did? She enjoy it?

WIMP: Wel-l-l...no. She accused me of putting ground glass in her oatmeal.

MOL: HOW RIDICULOUS!

WIMP: (LAUGHS) Oh, I don't know!

MOL: I'll bet she was pretty sore about that, wasn't she, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: Oh, I don't know, Mrs. McGee...she was terribly hurt about it. So was I, when she caught me.

MOL: Pardon my morbid curiosity, but what did she do?

WIMP: She just shook me and let me go. The doctor said he'd never seen two legs broken in so many places.

MOL: I thought you said she just shook you and let you go.

WIMP: She did. But she was holding me out the upstairs window when she shook me.

FIB: (FADE IN) LOOKIE, LOOKIE, LOOKIE...HERE COMES COOKIE...  
DE DA DE..Here you are, Molly....BREAKFAST IS SERVED....  
Pull that table over here, Wimp, old man, so's I can  
put this tray on it.

MOL: Why, McGee...this is beautiful! Look at those waffles...  
And does that coffee smell good. And where did you ever  
learn to fold a napkin like that?

FIB: Oh, that's nothin. Oughtta see me put pants on a  
lamb chop. Have some breakfast, Wimp?

WIMP: I believe I will, Mr. McGee....My this looks good.

SOUND: (RATTLE OF DISHES)

MOL: Well, I never would have believed---

SOUND: (DOOR OPEN)

JIG: How's she like the breakfast, Boss?

FIB: GET OUTTA HERE.

MOL: WHO ARE YOU?

JIG: I'm the A-1 CATERIN' SERVICE.....FORGOT TO LEAVE MY  
CARD...HERE YO' IS...A-1 CATERIN' SERVICE...CALL US  
AGAIN ANY TIME YO' IN TROUBLE, BOSS.

SOUND: (DOOR SLAM)

FIB: AW PSHAW!  
(APPLAUSE)

ORCH: ("WHAT'S THE GOOD WORD") (FADE ON CUE)

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY  
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC  
MARCH 2, 1943

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WIL: Keeping food clean and at the right temperature is an  
important part of housekeeping here in America and Canada.  
Women in most other parts of the world envy us these  
handsome white refrigerators that stand in our kitchens.  
I don't need to tell you that it's wise to take extra  
good care of your refrigerator right now. But let me  
read you a short letter that just came in. Here it is:  
"I have found a new use for JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX. After  
polishing my furniture till it glowed, I happened to put  
the cloth on top of the refrigerator. Surprise of  
surprises! When I saw a bit of dirt there, I wiped the  
cloth across it and discovered that the marks which I  
previously hadn't been able to remove came off like magic.  
A new use and an enormous help I have found this old-time  
friend. You just can't imagine how my refrigerator  
sparkles all over! Thank you for making my cleaning  
easier and my house brighter."

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

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 w my refrigerator  
 making my cleaning

TAG

SOUND: SILVER ON CHINA:

MOL: I DON'T CARE IF YOU DID CALL IN A CATERER, MCGEE, THIS  
WAS A BEAUTIFUL BREAKFAST.

FIB: Oh I dunno. I thought the waffles were kinda tough.

MOL: You did?

FIB: YES, AND YOU KNOW WHAT I'M GONNA DO? AS SOON AS I GET  
THE DISHES WASHED, I'M GONNA MIX YOU UP A REAL BATCH OF --

MOL: OH NO NO NO....NOT THAT!

FIB: Eh? Okay. Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all.

ORCHESTRA: UP TO FINISH: APPLAUSE SIGNOFF.

WILCOX: 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 Tuesday night. Goodnight. This program has  
 reached you from Hollywood...This is the National  
 Broadcasting Co.  
 (CHIMES)