

Written by Don Quinn  
Phil Leslie

(REVISED)

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

(Johnson's Wax)

1943 (27)

NBC-RED 6:30 - 7:00 PM PWT

Tuesday, March 30, 1943

(REVISED) -2-

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: "ANYTHING GOES" FADE FOR COMMERCIAL

(COMMERCIAL TO COME - PAGE 3)

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

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WIL: Maybe this would be a good time for me to thank those of you who have written recently to thank us for keeping Fibber McGee and Molly on the air. Your letters have been very much appreciated by our sponsors, the makers of JOHNSON'S WAX and JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO COAT -- and by all of us here on the show. We sincerely hope this program will continue to entertain you every Tuesday night for the entire duration and long after. The makers of JOHNSON'S WAX feel a distinct obligation to continue the show, in spite of such problems as packaging, labor and material shortages that every manufacturer has to contend with these days ... in spite of the large volume of special JOHNSON'S WAX FINISHES that are going directly or indirectly into war work. The management of S. C. JOHNSON & SON have made it clear to all of us that the program should be made as helpful as possible to the war effort -- not only as entertainment, but also as a means of giving you valuable service information. We shall certainly carry on with that thought in our minds.

ORCHESTRA: "SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH"

APPLAUSE:

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WIL: DO YOU KNOW THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN TRUTH AND RUMOR? A TRUTH HAS ONLY ONE FATHER, BUT A RUMOR IS ADOPTED BY THOUSANDS. WE WILL NOW WITNESS SOME ADOPTION PROCEEDINGS BY THE SQUIRE OF 79 WISTFUL VISTA WHO IS WALKING ALONG, MINDING HIS OWN BUSINESS. MR MCGEE, OF

--- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY !

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: WALKING ON SIDEWALK:

FIB: (SINGING TO HIMSELF) Ohhhhh, I had a little pony  
and his name was Chief,  
Now he's on the menu as barbecued beef,  
Te de dad de da te da....

VOICE: (OFF MIKE) Hey, McGee...wait a minute...HEY, MCGEE!

FIB: Eh? Oh hiyah, Joe...what's the matter?

VOICE: (MAN, URGENTLY) LOOK, MCGEE...YOU KNOW WHAT I JUST HEARD?  
(LOWERS VOICE) I just heard..(WHISPER, WHISPER, WHISPER)

FIB: My gosh, Joe...are you sure?

MAN: ABSOLUTELY! NOT MANY PEOPLE KNOW IT, AND I'M ONLY TELLING  
A FEW OF MY BEST FRIENDS.

FIB: GEE WHIZZ, THANKS A LOT, JOE!!..SEE YOU LATER!

SOUND: RUNNING FEET ON SIDEWALK...SUSTAIN...RUNNING FEET UP ON  
PORCH..DOOR BURSTS OPEN...DOOR SLAM:

FIB: (OUT OF BREATH) HEY, MOLLY....MOLLY!! WHERE ARE YOU!  
HEY MOLLY!

MOL: (FADE IN) What's the matter, McGee..what are you so excited--

FIB: HEY, GIMME SOME MONEY, QUICK!! I GOTTA RUN DOWN AND BUY A  
FLOCK OF TRUSSES! COME ON, COME ON!! HURRY UP!

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MOL: But why? You don't need a truss!

FIB: I KNOW, BUT A GUY JUST TOLD ME THEY'RE FREEZING 'EM AT MIDNIGHT TONIGHT! WE GOTTA GET SOME!! GEE WHIZZ, --

MOL: Oh for goodness sakes. Calm yourself. If we're going to rush out and buy things we don't need just because there might be a shortage of them, why don't we stock up on flandekkers?

FIB: What's a flandekker?

MOL: That's a little gadget that fits over the mouth of a rumor-monger to keep him from blowing his top. Now come on down in the basement, I need your help.

FIB: Doin' what?

MOL: The washing machine has gone haywire. It's throwing laundry all over the cellar. And it hit me in the face with a shirt.

FIB: ONE OF MY GOOD SHIRTS?

MOL: Never mind the shirt...have a little sympathy for me. Come on!

FOOTSTEPS DOWN CELLAR:

FIB: Just what seems to be the matter with the washing machine?

MOL: Well, after serious consideration, I've come to the conclusion that it won't run.

FIB: Shucks I'll have this thing running in no time...now lemme see...

SOUND: CLANKS AND CLATTER:

FIB: Gear box probably needs adjusting. Where's the monkey wrench?

MOL: I don't know. Anyway, I tried adjusting the gear box. I don't think that's it. I think this machine is just dying of old age.

FIB: Impossible! It was guaranteed for a life time.

MOL: Sure, and the company that made it went out of business in 1912. This particular model went out of style with the mustache cup, and the ankle-length bathing suit.

FIB: Well, lemme take a whirl at it...where's the switch?...

MOL: Right there on the side.

FIB: I got it...

SOUND: CLICK...WHIRRING...CLANKS...THUDS...TERRIFIC GRINDING...

MOL: LOOK OUT, MCGEE!.IT'S ALL COMING APART!..IT'S THROWING WHEELS!

SOUND: CLANK...CLATTER...GRIND....THUD ETC.

FIB: SHUT IT OFF!! SHUT IT OFF!

MOL: I CAN'T, IT THREW THE SWITCH INTO THE FRUIT CELLAR!

TERRIFIC GRINDING...PARTS ALL OVER THE PLACE...FINAL TINKLE: (PAUSE)

MOL: McGee.

FIB: Eh?

MOL: I just remembered where I left the monkey wrench.

FIB: Where?

MOL: In the gear box.

FIB: Boy, it sure is a wreck now. Superman couldn't put this back together.

MOL: I haven't seen so many crooked parts since my nearsighted uncle sold his barber shop. What do we do now?

FIB: Well, we can't buy a new one..that's a cinch. I better get these parts together and see if a repairman can make sense out of 'em.. Gimme something to wrap 'em up in..

(CLANK..CLINK, ETC..)

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MOL: Here...here's a newspaper...

FIB: Thanks...(GLATTER OF PARTS) I'll take 'em downtown  
and...(PAUSE)

MOL: What's the matter?

FIB: Look..in this newspaper you gimme. Here's an ad in the  
classified. "FOR SALE, ELECTRIC WASHING MACHINE, BY WOMAN,  
IN GOOD CONDITION, WITH WRINGING AND IRONING ATTACHMENTS.  
MUST SELL BEFORE APRIL, <sup>First day that day after tomorrow.</sup> ~~THIRD~~ TELEPHONE MRS. J. BENCHLEY  
MULKS, WISTFUL VISTA 9807."

MOL: Heavenly days...talk about coincidences! If this  
happened on the radio, the listeners would just sneer.

FIB: Well, there's a power that watches over me, baby!  
COME ON..LET'S GET ON THE PHONE....

FOOTSTEPS FAST UP WOODEN STEPS

MOL: I hope we're in time, McGee. These days no washing  
machine is going to stand around wringing its pillow  
cases from lonesomeness.

FIB: Don't worry. Providence didn't put that paper under my  
nose just to let somebody else beat me to it. Hand me  
the phone.

MOL: Here.

FIB: Thanks...(CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR? GIMME WISTFUL VISTA..  
er..hand me that newspaper, Molly. (RUSTLE OF PAPER)  
WISTFUL VISTA 9, 8 OHHHHH, IS THAT YOU, MYRT?

MOL: McGee, we haven't got time for that now. We've got to -

FIB: HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING, MYRT? TIS EH. WHAT SAY, MYRT?  
YOUR SISTER? STUDYING TO BE A WHAT? A GUNNER!!

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MOL: What on earth for, McGee?

FIB: The sailor she's goin' with wants to be a Gunner's Mate.  
HEY, MYRT...GIMME 9807, WILLYA? EH? DISCONNECTED!!

MOL: I warned you, McGee...there've been so many calls she shut  
off her phone!

FIB: LOOK, MYRT...WHAT'S THE ADDRESS AT THAT PHONE NUMBER. AW  
I KNOW YOU AIN'T ALLOWED TO, MYRT BUT GEE WHIZZ....EH?  
SHE IS? OKAY, MYRT. THANKS A LOT! (CLICK) COME ON,  
MOLLY..GET YOUR HAT!

MOL: Did she give you the address?

FIB: No, they ain't allowed to, but she says the party that had  
that phone was always callin' up Jimmy Sale's Grocery.  
THEY'LL KNOW!

MOL: Oh good...wait just a minute till I put my face on....  
(FADE OUT) I'll be with you in a jiffy.

FIB: (CALLS) HEY, WEAR AN OLD DRESS, MOLLY. WE DON'T WANT  
'EM TO THINK WE CAN PAY MUCH FOR THIS WASHER.

MOL: (OFF MIKE) I could wear my newest one and still get forty  
percent off.

FIB: Ahh, there's a good kid! I bust her washing machine all  
to pieces and she never says a word. Just gives me a  
dirty look and lets it go at that. If I ever -

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: Oh <sup>dear</sup> pshaw, COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

TEE: Hi, mister.

FIB: Oh hello, little girl. I haven't got time to stand  
around and fan the breeze with you today. Mrs. McGee and  
I are goin' out.

TEE: Where?

MOL: What on earth for, McGee?

FIB: The sailor she's goin' with wants to be a Gunner's Mate.  
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MOL: Did she give you the address?

FIB: No, they ain't allowed to, but she says the party that had that phone was always callin' up Jimmy Sale's Grocery. THEY'LL KNOW!

MOL: Oh good...wait just a minute till I put my face on.... (FADE OUT) I'll be with you in a jiffy.

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DOOR OPEN:

TEE: Hi, mister.

FIB: Oh hello, little girl. I haven't got time to stand around and fan the breeze with you today. Mrs. McGee and I are goin' out.

TEE: Where?

FIB: Is it any of your business?

TEE: No.

FIB: Well, then, if -

TEE: If it was, I'd KNOW where, I betcha.

FIB: Eh?

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: LOOK, SIS, I'M VERY BUSY TODAY. So why don't you tuck your little skull between your sinuses and hit the grit?

TEE: Okay, mister. But I thought maybe you'd help me with my arithmetic a lil bit.

FIB: Why don't you ask your father?

TEE: I did, mister. My daddy says after what he went thru on March 15th, he didn't wanna see any figures for the rest of the year, INCLUDING Paulette Goddard, Rita Hayworth and Veronica Ruddle.

FIB: That's VERONICA LAKE.

TEE: My daddy knew her when she was little.

FIB: Okay sis...okay...What problem you stuck on.

TEE: I'M not stuck on any of 'em, I betcha. I hate 'em all.

FIB: So do I. Now you better run along before ---

TEE: Have you got time to guess a poodle, mister?

FIB: Well, what is it, what is it, what is it?

TEE: WHY DOES PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT SMOKE CIGARETTES IN A LONG BLACK HOLDER?

FIB: I give up.

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TEE: Because a cigarette is a smoke, and where there's smoke there's fire and where there's a fire there's La Guardia, and La Guardia is a Mayor, and a mare is a horse and a horse eats grass and grass is green and green is for Irishmen and an Irishman is Pat and a Pat talks to a Mike and so does President Roosevelt.

FIB: Yes but why does he smoke cigarettes in a long black holder?

TEE: To keep the smoke out of his eyes, I betcha. G'bye, mister.

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH: "DON'T GET AROUND MUCH"

APPLAUSE:

SECOND SPOT:

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SOUND: CROWD MURMUR:

MOL: Heavenly days, McGee..look at the line-up at Sale's Market. All trying to buy meat!

FIB: And get a load of Jimmy. Laughin' his head off.

MOL: They've probably got him so nervous he's hysterical. YOO HOO...CAN WE SEE YOU A MINUTE, MR. SALE?

SALE: (FADE IN, LAUGHING LIKE HELL) HELLO, MRS. MCGEE...HELLO FIBBER. (LAUGHS) LOOK AT 'EM...JUST LOOK AT 'EM! (LAUGHS)

FIB: I am, Jimmy, but what's the joke?

SALE: (LAUGHS) SPENDING ALL THEIR PRECIOUS COUPONS TO LOAD UP ON CHOPS AND STEAKS AND ROASTS, AND I'LL BET HALF OF 'EM NEVER ATE MEAT TWICE A WEEK IN THEIR LIVES! (LAUGHS HEARTILY)

MOL: Is that so funny?

SALE: IT IS TO ME...I'M A VEGETARIAN! (LAUGHS LIKE HELL)

FIB: Look, Jimmy...if you can control yourself a minute...we want some information. We're tryin' to buy a washin' machine.

SALE: I'M not in the washing machine business, McGee, I'M sorry to say.

MOL: No, but look..there's an ad in the paper about a woman who wants to sell one and the telephone operator told us you knew her. It's Mrs. J. Benchly Mulks.

FIB: WHERE DOES SHE LIVE, JIMMY..WHERE DOES SHE LIVE?

SALE: I don't know, McGee..she doesn't trade with me any more. She gave a dinner for the British Ambassador once and I wouldn't put silk knee-breeches on the lamb chops.

MOL: BUT YOU MUST KNOW WHERE SHE LIVES.

SALE: No, she never had a charge account.

FIB: BUT THE DELIVERY BOY MUST KNOW.

SALE: Oh he probably does, McGee.

MOL: WELL LET'S ASK HIM..WHERE IS HE?

SALE: In Guadalcanal, I believe, Mrs. McGee....

GROANS:

SALE: But I can give you a clue. Mrs. J. Benchly Mulks is a good friend of Mrs. Uppingtons!

FIB: OH SWELL..SHE'LL TELL US..MUCH OBLIGED, JIMMY! COME ON, MOLLY!

ORCH: "WILLIAM TELL" BRIDGE:

SOUND: DOOR KNOCK:

MOL: It would be just our luck not to find Abigail at home.

FIB: She's so snobbish she probably won't admit knowing anybody who owns a washing machine.

MOL: Oh Abigail isn't that bad, McGee.

FIB: Oh, no? She's so high toned, she snores like a flute. Why one time --

DOOR OPEN:

BUTLER: Yes?

MOL: Yes, what?

BUTLER: WHOM, did you wish to see?

FIB: Look, Snarkins, or whatever your name is, pigeon-toe your way into the drawing room and tell Mrs. Uppington to draw herself out to the front door. We wanna see her.

BUTLER: Thank you, sir. And WHOM, shall I announce?

MOL: Why don't you try announcing Lum and Abner. It would be a nice contrast for you.

BUTLER: Thank you. I shall inform Mrs. Uppington that Mrs. Lum, and Abner wish to see her.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: He ought to study with Dale Carnegie. About how to win friends and keep from getting beat up on a dark night.

FIB: Butlers like him are born, Molly. That codfish expression is hereditary. I'll bet --

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh Hello there Abigail!

UPP: WEL-HOW DO YOU DO, MRS. MCGEE..AND MR. MCGEE.

FIB: Hi, Uppy.

UPP: What a surprise this is! Remington told me that Vic and Sado or Amos and Andy or someone wished to see me.

MOL: Lum and Abner, Abigail. AND LOOK...WE'RE ON THE TRAIL OF A WASHING MACHINE. DO YOU KNOW A WOMAN NAMED MRS. J. BENCHLEY MULKS?

UPP: MY DEAH...I KNOW MRS. J. BENCHLEY MULKS LIKE MY OWN SISTER!

FIB: GEE, YOU DO.? WHO IS SHE?

UPP: She is my sister.

FIB: Well where does she live, Uppy? We gotta contact her right away. She had a ad in the paper to sell a washing machine.

UPP: My goodness, she didn't tell me she was back in town. She usually winters in Hot Springs, you know.

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MOL: No, we didn't know. Where does she usually Spring?  
FIB: Let us know where she's gonna Fall, too. We'll throw a pillow down for her. NO KIDDIN' UPPY..WHERE DOES SHE LIVE?  
UPP: Really, Mr. McGee, I haven't the slightest idea. She takes a new apartment every time she comes back to town, and I haven't heard from her yet. Isn't the address in the advertisement?  
MOL: No, just a phone number, and it's disconnected. She probably had so many phone calls she shut it off.  
HEAVENLY DAYS, WE'VE JUST GOT TO GET THAT WASHING MACHINE, ABIGAIL.  
UPP: I have an idea, my deah. Her chauffeur lives at 916 Oak street. He or his wife will know where she is.  
FIB: Your sister look like you, Uppy?  
UPP: Yes..she is my type, I should say. Serious and robust.  
MOL: OH, WE HAVE ONE OF THEIR CATALOGS! I'D KNOW HER IN A MINUTE. Come on, McGee!! Let's go!  
ORCH: WILLIAM TELL BRIDGE:  
SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR: DOOR OPEN:  
MAN: Yeah?  
MOL: How do you do. We're looking for a washing machine and we were told that Mrs. J. Benchley Mulks' chauffeur -  
MAN: YOU WERE LOOKING FOR A WHAT?  
FIB: A WASHING MACHINE! ONE OF THEM THINGS THAT STANDS IN THE BASEMENT AND WASHES YOUR CLOTHES.  
MAN: SURE, AND WRINGS 'EM OUT, TOO.  
MOL: YES, AND IRONS 'EM. WE WANT TO BUY IT.  
MAN: YOU WANT TO WHAT??  
FIB: BUY IT. IS IT FOR SALE ?  
MAN: FOR SALE ?? SIR - YOU ARE SPEAKING OF THE WOMAN I LOVE!

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DOOR SLAM: (HARD)

MOL: Well, now where, McGee?  
FIB: Let's try next door. This guy didn't look like a chauffeur anyway. Chauffeurs don't slam-doors that hard.  
...HEY, I GOT AN IDEA. WILCOX!  
MOL: What about him?  
FIB: He knows every woman in town from sellin' 'em Johnson's Glocoat! HE'LL KNOW HOW TO FIND MRS. J. BENCHLEY MULKS!  
ORCH: WILLIAM TELL:  
DOORBELL: (OFF)  
DOOR OPEN:  
PAUL: Good day.  
MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox.  
PAUL: Hello, What could I do for you?  
FIB: Well, how do you like that! WHAT COULD HE DO FOR US!! Look, Junior...  
PAUL: I'm afraid you have the advantage of me, sir. Have we met?  
MOL: HAVE YOU MET! YOU'VE BEEN BUMPING NOSES EVERY WEEK FOR EIGHT YEARS. WHAT GOES ON HERE?  
WIL: (WAY OFF MIKE) WHO IS IT, PAUL, AND WHAT DO THEY WANT?  
FIB: Who's that?  
PAUL: My brother, Harlow.  
MOL: Then who are you?  
PAUL: I'M Paul Wilcox.  
FIB: Well, I'll be a....are you guys TWINS?  
PAUL: Wel-l yes..but we're not identical twins. Harlow likes nutmeg in his malted milks and I like cinnamon.

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MOL: That must be a lot of trouble. Go to the drugstore to find out who is who.

WIL: (WAY OFF MIKE) WHO IS IT, PAUL?

PAUL: (TO MCGEE) Who is it?

MOL: er..MR. AND MRS. FIBBER MCGEE, PAUL.

PAUL: (CALLS BACK) MR. AND MRS. MCGEE, HARLOW.

WIL: (WAY OFF MIKE) What do they want?

PAUL: What was it you wanted?

FIB: Can't Harlow come out for a minute?

PAUL: He's taking a shower. Anything I can do for you. Won't you come in?

MOL: No thank you, Paul. We're trying to find a Mrs. J. Benchley Mulks. She advertised a washing machine for sale and -

PAUL: (CALLS BACK) HEY, HARLOW! THEY'RE TRYING TO FIND A MRS. MULKS!

WIL: (WAY OFF MIKE) OH SHE'S THE ONE I TOLD YOU ABOUT, PAUL. TELL FIBBER AND MOLLY!

PAUL: WHO?

WIL: (OFF) FIBBER AND MOLLY. THAT'S MR. AND MRS. MCGEE.

PAUL: (ON) Oh. Yes, Harlow was telling me about a Mrs. Mulks this morning. It seems she had just been in her new <sup>place</sup> house a few days and the linoleum was pretty bad and Harlow was telling her how Johnson's Self-Polishing Glocoat would make it look practically new again, and bring out the original colors and how it would...

MOL: Yes, yes, yes...we know about Glocoat, Paul.

FIB: These guys are certainly twins all right! They only got one subject of conversation between 'em. BUT WHERE DOES MRS. MULKS LIVE?

PAUL: I'll ask Harlow in a minute. But I wanted to tell you how happy Mrs. Mulks was with Johnson's Glocoat! Harlow said that when she discovered that you could just pour out a few drops, spread it around and let it dry in 20 minutes or less to a beautiful protective, dust-and-damp-proof finish, Harlow said she was just ecstatic.

MOL: Look Paul. Never mind what Harlow said. WHERE DOES MRS. MULKS LIVE? WE'VE GOT TO SEE HER.

PAUL: I know it's somewhere in this neighborhood. I'll ask Harlow. SAY HARLOW!

WIL: (OFF MIKE) Yes, Paul?

PAUL: (CALLS) WHERE DOES MRS. MULKS LIVE?

WIL: SEARCH ME, PAUL.

FIB: That won't take long, if he's in the shower. HEY HARLOW.

WIL: (OFF) WHADDYE WANT, PAL?

MOL: WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU DON'T KNOW WHERE MRS. MULKS LIVES? PAUL SAID YOU WERE TELLING HER ALL ABOUT GLOCOAT!

WIL: (OFF) I WAS. SHE CALLED ME ON THE TELEPHONE.

FIB: Oh my gosh. We'll have to canvass the neighborhood... thanks anyway, Paul.

PAUL: Don't mention it, folks. Goodbye..

MOL: Goodbye, Paul.

FIB: (YELLS) So long, Harlow!

WIL: Goodbye.

DOOR SLAM

ORCH: (WILLIAM TELL OVERTURE)

KNOCK AT DOOR: DOOR OPEN

MAN: Yes?

MOL: Does Mrs. J. Benchley Mulks live here?

MAN: Yes.

FIB: HOT DOG! AT LAST! HAS SHE GOTTA WASHING MACHINE FOR SALE, BUD?

MAN: Yes.

MOL: Is it in good condition?

MAN: Yes.

FIB: SWELL. WILL SHE TAKE TEN BUCKS FOR IT?

MAN: Yes.

MOL: WHAT? SHE WILL?

MAN: Yes.

FIB: What make washing machine is it, bud?

MAN: Yes.

MOL: WHAT?

MAN: Yes.

FIB: Now look bud, I..OH. THIS MUST BE MRS. MULKS. LOOK, MRS. MULKS.

WOMAN: I AM NOT MRS. MULKS, I AM MRS. PETKOWSKI, AND DON'T PAY ANY ATTENTION TO WHAT MY HUSBAND SAYS. HE'S JUST LEARNING ENGLISH AND ALL HE CAN SAY IS YES. COME, STANLISLAUS!

MAN: Yes.

DOOR SLAM:

ORCHESTRA: WILLIAM TELL:

DOOR KNOCK: DOOR OPEN:

OLD M: WELL HELLO THERE KIDS! COME ON IN!

MOL: No thank you, Mister Old Timer. We didn't even know you lived here.

FIB: We're looking for a Mrs. J. Benchley Mulks.

OLD M: MRS. J. BENCHLEY MULKS, EH? TALL, HEAVY-SET GAL WITH GRAY HAIR, DRINKS GIN ALL DAY - BELONGS TO THE BOOK-O'-THE-MONTH CLUB?

MOL: Is that her?

OLD M: No, that's my sweetheart, Bessie. Is this Mulks woman anything like her?

FIB: We don't know. We never met her, Old Timer. All we know is she lives somewhere in this neighborhood.

OLD M: Guess I don't know her. Sorry Kids.

WILHELM

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MOL: That's all right, Mr. Old Timer. Are you and Bessie married now?

OLD M: Not yet, Daughter. Bessie ain't back yet.

FIB: Bessie isn't back from where?

OLD M: Africa.

MOL: WHAT ON EARTH IS BESSIE DOING IN AFRICA?

OLD M: Matter of fact, daughter, we ain't sure it IS Africa. Might be Alaska, Iceland, Solomon Islands or Texas.

FIB: Well wherever she is, how'd she get there?

OLD M: Flew.

MOL: Well what's she doing, wherever she is?

OLD M: Probably kickin' her heels and hollerin' her head off, daughter. Ye see, she was workin' on a airplane out at the factory and she musta welded herself into a wing. Nobody missed her fer three days. WE DUNNO WHERE SHE IS NOW. Well, I hope you find Mrs. Mulks, kids.

DOOR SLAM:

ORK: "I'M AN OLD COWHAND" -- KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE:

THIRD SPOT

(2ND REVISION) -21-

FIB: Well, only two houses to go, Molly. The search is narrowing down.

MOL: So are my hips. Which is the only good thing I can say for this expedition. LET'S LET IT GO, MCGEE.

FIB: No, sir. I'M gonna get that washing machine. I AIN'T GONNA LET MY OWN WIFE SLAVE AWAY OVER A SCRUBBING BOARD. Besides, we haven't got a scrubbing board.

MOL: That's a very sweet --

FIB: HEY LOOK...HERE COMES THE MAIL GIRL...THE BAGUETTE! She oughtta know where everybody lives around here. HEY SIS...

VIR: (FADE IN) Hello, Mr. McGee. Hello, Mrs. McGee.

MOL: Hello, dear. Will you do us a favor? We're trying to find a Mrs. Mulks.

VIR: Mrs. J. BENCHLY MULKS?

FIB: THAT'S THE ONE SIS...THAT'S THE ONE.!!

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WIR: I remember the name because she gets such a lot of mail.  
MOL: WELL TELL US QUICK...WHERE DOES SHE LIVE?  
WIR: Why I really don't know, Mrs. McGee.  
FIB: DOGGONE IT, SIS...HOW CAN YOU DELIVER HER MAIL IF YOU DON'T  
KNOW WHERE SHE LIVES?  
WIR: I don't deliver it. She picks it up at General Delivery.  
Well, so nice to have seen you. Good day.

FOOTSTEPS FADE OUT:

MOL: I'M beginning to feel like a 90-year old quiz kid, McGee.  
Let's stop asking people questions and go home.  
FIB: No, we're too close to the end of the chase now. Only two  
houses to go. Let's try this one first.

FOOTSTEPS UP ON PORCH. DOOR KNOCK:

MOL: Why, I know who lives here!  
FIB: Who?

DOOR OPENS:

MOL: MR. WIMPLE!  
WIMP: Hello, Mrs. McGee...hello, Mr. McGee. Won't you come in?  
FIB: No thanks, Wimp. We gotta keep goin'. LOOK, DO YOU KNOW  
WHERE A MRS. MULKS LIVES?  
MOL: Mrs. J. Benchly Mulks?  
WIMP: Why of course I do, Mrs. McGee. Minnie Mulks is in one of  
Sweetface's physical torture classes.  
FIB: You mean physical CULTURE, Wimp.  
WIMP: I know what I mean, Mr. McGee. My goodness, you should  
see all those women in their sweaters and bloomers, lined  
up, doing their exercises. I took a candid camera picture  
of 'em once, thru the window.

MOL: I'd like to see a print of that sometime, Mr. Wimple.  
WIMP: Oh, I haven't got the negative any more, Mrs. McGee. The  
ladies chipped in and bought it from me for two hundred  
dollars. Isn't photography fascinating?  
FIB: WIMP, THAT'S BLACKMAIL!  
WIMP: (LAUGHS) Yes....  
MOL: Is your wife home now, Mr. Wimple?  
WIMP: Yes, Mrs. McGee, but I don't think you can see her now.  
She's under the piano.  
FIB: UNDER THE PIANO!  
WIMP: Yes....she picked it up to throw at me this morning and  
her foot slipped and she fell down and the piano fell on  
top of her.  
MOL: WELL HEAVENLY DAYS, MR. WIMPLE...WHY DON'T YOU DO  
SOMETHING ABOUT IT?  
WIMP: Oh, I'M going to, Mrs. McGee. Just as soon as I finish  
working on my stamp collection. But you wanted to know  
where Mrs. Mulks lived, didn't you?  
FIB: Yes we did, Wimp. She's advertisin' a washing machine  
for sale and we want it. DOES SHE LIVE NEAR HERE?  
WIMP: Oh, indeed she does.  
MOL: BUT WHERE?...WHERE, MR. WIMPLE?  
WIMP: Right here. She rents our front room, upstairs.  
FIB: Oh, my gosh....  
WIMP: I'll call her. (CALLS) OH MRS. MULKS....SOMEBODY TO SEE  
YOU!  
DOOR OPEN: OFF...FOOTSTEPS RUN DOWNSTAIRS:  
MULKS: YES.

(2ND REVISION) -24-

MOL: Mrs. Mulks?  
MULKS: Yes.  
WIMP: Mrs. Mulks, this is Mrs. Fibbor McGee. Mrs. McGee,..this  
is Mrs. Mulks...Mrs. Mulks, this is Mr. McGee. Mr. McGee,  
this is Mrs. Mulks. Have I left anybody out?  
MULKS: How do you do.  
MOL: How do you do, I'M sure.  
FIB: Look, Mulky, we wanna buy your washing machine.  
MULKS: MY WHAT?  
MOL: Your washing machine, that you advertised in the paper.  
Show her the paper, McGee.  
FIB: Here. Here's your ad right here. (RATTLE OF PAPER)  
You say you gotta sell it before April first. Are we  
in time?  
MULKS: Well, no, Mr. McGee. You're just a little late. If  
you'll look at the date on that paper it's March 28th,  
1941.  
FIB: Aw pshaw!

ORCH: "KEEP THAT SMILE" Fade for -

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

-25-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WIL: When you put a beautiful piece of linoleum down on your  
kitchen or bathroom floor, what do you say to yourself?  
"I wish it would always look this nice?" -- or maybe, "I  
hope it wears forever." Chances are that's what you think  
even if you don't say it. Now, suppose you already know  
all about how JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO COAT protects  
linoleum. What would you say? Probably something like  
this: "I know this linoleum will always look nice, and  
will wear practically forever, because I'm going to  
protect it regularly with JOHNSON'S GLO COAT." You might  
add, if you wanted to, "Because GLO-COAT makes linoleum  
last 6 to 10 times longer -- keeps the colors bright and  
fresh -- besides saving me hours of work." No, you  
wouldn't be exaggerating things a bit -- JOHNSON'S SELF  
POLISHING GLO COAT does all these things and more. It  
needs no rubbing or buffing -- that's why it's called  
SELF POLISHING.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE):

INC. BC  
 put a beautiful piece of linoleum down on your  
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 G GLO COAT does all these things and more. It  
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 ISHING.

MUSIC - FADE ON CUE):

TAG

SOUND: SCRUBBING NOISE..SWISH OF WATER: PAUSE  
 FIB: HEY..MOLLY!  
 MOL: Yes?  
 FIB: Isn't blueing supposed to make clothes white?  
 MOL: Yes.  
 FIB: Then we got the wrong kind. I've used three bottles and  
 these sheets are gettin' darker all the time.  
 MOL: THREE BOTTLES! GOODNIGHT!  
 FIB: Goodnight.  
 MOL: Goodnight, all!  
ORCH: (CLOSING SIGNATURE) (APPLAUSE)

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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 come to you from Hollywood...This is the National  
 Broadcasting Company.

(CHIMES)