

Written by Don Quinn
Phil Leslie

(REVISED)

THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM WITH FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

THEME: (FADE FOR)

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.

THANK YOU

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

(Johnson's Wax)

1943 (28)

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

Tuesday, April 6, 1943

(REVISED)

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

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WIL: There's one thing they certainly teach a boy in the Army -- to be neat and tidy. There's nothing like a stretch of Kitchen Police for giving a man respect for little things like keeping shoes shined, buttons sewed on, gun spotless and gleaming. Which reminds me that S.C. JOHNSON & SON are making for the armed forces millions of cans of a product for keeping those rifles clean -- called RIFLE BORE CLEANER. I forget just how many, but it's an impressive figure -- and it's just one of a number of war products made by the makers of JOHNSON'S WAX -- special finishes of all kinds that go directly or indirectly into war production. Many of these are for the protection of metal or rubber or wood surfaces -- in the same way that millions of homes use regular JOHNSON'S WAX and JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO COAT for the protection of floors, furniture, woodwork and linoleum.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH)

(REVISED)

WIL: THEY SAY THAT "IN THE SPRING A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY". BUT, WHILE THIS IS SPRING, THE SQUIRE OF 79 WISTFUL VISTA IS NOT AS YOUNG AS HE WAS, AND CONSEQUENTLY, DOESN'T FEEL SO FANCY. IN FACT, HE FEELS LOUS--..ER..AWFUL! SO HOLD YOUR DIAG-NOSES FOR THE NEXT HALF HOUR AND GET A LOAD OF -- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

MOL: McGee, what's the matter with you today? You've been grumping around here like a centipede with bunions.

FIB: I dunno. I just don't feel good. I think I'M coming down with something.

MOL: And I know what you're coming down with, too!

FIB: You do?

MOL: Yes. You're coming down with the rug out of the upstairs hall and beat it out in the back yard.

FIB: Oh no, I'm not. I'M too sick for that stuff. No kiddin'. I got no pep today. I'M not good for anything.

MOL: You've just got an acute attack of honesty, dearie. What are your symptoms, if any?

FIB: I'll give 'em to you alphabetically. A, I'M all wore out B, I'm bushed. C, I got chills, D, I'm dead, E, I got no energy, and F, - I need a physician.

MOL: Got a headache?

FIB: N-N-NO -- BUT THE WORST THING IS I GOT NO PEP. I JUST
WANNA SIT DOWN AND REST ALL THE TIME. WHAT'S THE MATTER
WITH ME, ANYWAY?

MOL: I think it's just temporary. You've only felt that way
for twenty-five years. IT'LL go away.

FIB: I think I oughtta have a doctor.

MOL: Nonsense. Go out and take a walk. Or take a nap in
the porch swing. Or mow the lawn.

FIB: MOW THE LAWN! YOU TRYIN' TO KILL ME? ANYWAY, I AIN'T
GOT ENOUGH ENERGY TODAY TO DO ANY WORK. NO SLEEP, FOR
ONE THING. UNCLE DENNIS WOKE ME UP LAST NIGHT WHEN HE

COME HOME FROM THE BAKERY AT 4 A.M.

MOL: How do you know he was at the Bakery?

FIB: He was pie-eyed again.

MOL: ~~HE WAS NO SUCH THING, MCGEE! UNCLE DENNIS IS IN A
RUN-DOWN CONDITION AND HE PROBABLY TOOK A LITTLE TOO MUCH
TONIC.~~

FIB: He'll try crossin' the street that way sometime and he
WILL be in a run down condition. They'll be pickin'
taxicabs out of his clavicle.

MOL: Well now don't you pick on Uncle Dennis. He had a great
sorrow once in 1924, and he can't forget it.

FIB: You mean the time his wife run away with the sewing
machine salesman?

MOL: Yes.

FIB: I thought she came back.

MOL: That's his sorrow.

FIB: Well, I got my own troubles. My legs are so much like
rubber I feel unpatriotic every time I take a extra step.
Look, call Doc Gamble, will you?

MOL: No, I won't, McGee. Doctors are too busy these days to
make unnecessary calls.

FIB: IT DON'T HAVE TO BE A BUSINESS CALL. ASK HIM OVER FOR
DINNER. WE'RE HAVIN' CHICKEN ANYWAY.

MOL: Fibber McGee, if you think I'M going to ask Doctor Gamble
over for dinner just so you can wheedle a little free
medical advice out of him what's his number?

FIB: Gimme the phone. I'll call him.

MOL: Here.

FIB: Thanks. (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR? GIMME DOCTOR GAMBLE
IN THE MEDICAL AND LOANS-ON-YOUR-SIGNATURE-ALONE BUILDING.
I THINK THE NUMBER IS 8.6.5.4 GOODNESS SAKES, IS THAT YOU,
MYRT?

MOL: Oh dear.

FIB: HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING, MYRT? TIS EH? WHAT SAY, MYRT?
YOUR MOTHER? SHE BEAT THE RAP, EH?

MOL: Heavenly days, McGee - what happened?

FIB: Her mother bought an evening wrap and had to hurry home
before it was delivered. WHAT SAY, MYRT? WELL, I'LL

CALL HIM LATER. THANKS MYRT. (CLICK) Doc's out, I guess.

MOL: Good. Why don't you go out and lie in the porch swing
until dinner time? Just take a good rest?

FIB: Aw I tried that. Those doggone robins make so much noise
I couldn't sleep a wink. I'M just a bundle of nerves, I
guess. You suppose I got- - -

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: WELL ABIGAIL UPPINGTON. HELLO DARLING!

UPP: How do you do, my deah. AND Mr. McGee.

FIB: Hi, Uppy. Don't get too close to me. I think I'm comin'
down with some topical disease.

MOL: You mean TROPICAL, dearie.

UPP: Yes, TOPICAL means "Talked about".

MOL: Then he's right, Abigail. He's talked about nothing else.

FIB: OKAY OKAY..SCOFF IF YOU WANNA...DERIDE! BUT WHEN I'M
LAYIN' THERE IN BED, WITH SPECIALISTS FROM ALL OVER THE
WORLD CONFERRIN' IN WHISPERS OUTSIDE MY DOOR, DON'T THINK
YOU CAN SQUARE YOURSELF WITH ME BY BRINGIN' OVER A JELL OF
JAR-MADE HOMEY...I MEAN A HOME OF JELL MADE JARMEY...er..
A JED OF...er..a jill...YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN!

UPP: He does seem a bit upset, my deah. What do you suppose IS
the matter with him?

MOL: Just Spring, I think, Abigail. Everybody gets it. I went
around all day yesterday with a dull headache myself.

UPP: *and where did you get the malaria from?*
That's not a very nice way to talk about your husband, my
deah.

MOL: I didn't mean -

FIB: LEMME TELL YOU MY SYMTPOMS, UPPY. I GOT NO PEP...I GOT
NO ENERGY...I WANNA SLEEP ALL THE TIME...CAN'T HARDLY KEEP
MY EYES OPEN...NO AMBITION. ALL THE TIME DROWSY. MY
SHOES KEEP FALLING OFF.

UPP: They're not laced up.

FIB: *Oh? Oh!*
I know, but I ain't got the energy to lean over and lace
'em. AND THEN, TOO, MY EYES KEEP WATERING.

MOL: I told you not to smoke those cigars so short.

FIB: WHADDYE THINK IT IS, UPPY, MALARIA?

UPP: No, Mr. McGee...I don't think so. I think you will
always be immune to malaria.

MOL: Why will he, Abigail?

UPP: Malaria is carried by mosquitoes, my deah. And Mr. McGee
is too thick skinned to tempt a mosquito.

FIB: Gee, thanks, Uppy! You're not just sayin' that because you admire me?

UPP: No, Mr. McGee. I think I know exactly the treatment for you.

MOL: What should he do, Abigail? Take sulphur and molasses?

UPP: No, but when he gets up in the morning, he should take twenty aspirin tablets.

FIB: MY GOSH...20 ASPIRINS! HOW DO I TAKE 'EM.

UPP: Take them out in the back yard; throw them one by one over the roof and then run around the house and try to CATCH THEM.

MOL: You think the exercise will do him good?

UPP: My deah - he'll be a different man - and what a civic improvement that will be! Good day!

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH: "WHAT'S THE GOOD WORD"

APPLAUSE:

FIB: (WEAKLY) Hey..Molly.

MOL: Yes, McGee?

FIB: Look..try and get Doc Gamble again, will you? I feel awful.

MOL: OH ALL RIGHT...WHAT'S HIS NUMBER.

FIB: 8654. I'd call him myself but I haven't got the strength to hold the receiver.

MOL: I know. You've worn yourself to a frazzle holding up that Christmas number of Esquire all afternoon.

FIB: Well, there's some very interesting stories in it... they say.

MOL: Be quiet a minute. (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR? GIVE ME WISTFUL VISTA 8654.....WHAT? OH HOW DO YOU DO, MYRTLE.

FIB: Ask her how's every little thing?

MOL: HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING, MYRTLE? IT IS? WHAT WAS THAT, MYRTLE? YOUR COUSIN MYRA? HAD THE HICCUPS FOR SEVEN WEEKS?

FIB: My gosh, why didn't they do something about it?

MOL: They didn't know she had 'em...she's a riveter. WHAT, MYRTLE? OH THANK YOU...She's ringing Dr. Gamble's office, McGee.

FIB: Tell him we're havin' fried chicken.

MOL: The poor man. I guess he COULD use a good home-cooked... HELLO, IS DOCTOR GAMBLE THERE? WELL THIS IS MRS. MCGEE... WILL YOU TELL DOCTOR THAT WE WANT HIM FOR DINNER TONIGHT?

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FIB: Yes, he'll look good on a platter with a apple in his mouth.

MOL: YOU TELL HIM TO GET HERE WHENEVER IT'S CONVENIENT. YES... HE KNOWS WHERE IT IS. THANK YOU. (CLICK) His office nurse said she thought he'd love it, McGee.

FIB: SURE HE'LL LOVE IT! Particularly fried chicken. Doctors get so they think the only bird in the world is a stork. (YAWNS) Gee, I wish I had some pep. I feel like I'd been drugged - thru a knothole.

SOUND: (DOOR CHIME)

FIB: Wonder if that's the doctor all ready. (WEAKLY) Come in.

MOL: He couldn't hear that if he had his stethoscope at the keyhole. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

OLD M: HELLO THERE KIDS!

MOL: Oh Hello, Mr. Old Timer..

FIB: (WEAKLY) Hi.

OLD M: UNDERSTAND FROM MRS. UPPINGTON THAT JOHNNY HERE'S GOT THE PIP, DAUGHTER. THAT'S WHY I COME OVER.

MOL: I think it's just a touch of spring, Mr. Old Timer. He just has a feeling of lassitude..

FIB: My longitude ain't so hot, either.

OLD M: WELL, I JUST THOUGHT I'D DROP OVER AND GIVE YOU GRANDMA'S RECIPE FER SPRING FEVER, KIDS.

(2ND REVISION) 12 & 13

FIB: (SHOUTS) DOGGONE IT, I HAVEN'T GOT ANY SPRI....er.. (WEAKLY) I don't think that's it, Old timer...I...I'm just sick. I got no pep. I got no energy.

MOL: What's your grandmother's recipe, Mr. Old Timer?

OLD M: WELL SIR, DAUGHTER, IT'S BEEN IN OUR FAMLY FER GENERATIONS. HANDED DOWN FROM MOTHER TO DAUGHTER, DAUGHTER TO DAUGHTER, DAUGHTER TO SON, SON TO UNCLE, UNCLE TO SISTER, SISTER TO BROTHER, BROTHER TO COUSIN, COUSIN TO AUNT, AUNT TO NEPHEW, AND NEPHEW GAVE IT BACK TO GRANDMA, WHO WAS SO SICK OF HEARIN' ABOUT THE DARN THING, SHE TORE IT UP!

FIB: I DON'T WANT ANY OF YOUR CORNEY OLD HOME-MADE REMDIES ANYWAY.

OLD M: Put you back on your feet again, Johnny.

FIB: I DON'T WANNA GET BACK ON MY FEET.

OLD M: Oooooh, that looks bad, daughter.

MOL: What does?

OLD M: Worst kind of a case when the patient don't wanna be helped. When he just let's himself go to pot....which I can see that Johnny's doin'..even with that double breasted coat on..WHY JOHNNY...YOU GOT NO CAUSE TO GIVE UP. YOU'RE YOUNG...WHY I'M TWICE YOUR AGE...

FIB: TWICE! You're nine times my age! Is it true that Captain John Smith beat your time with Pocahontas.

OLD M: THAT'S A NASTY FALSEHOOD, JOHNNY! JUST BECAUSE A FELLER GIVES A GAL SOME CHEWIN' TOBACCA NOW AND THEN DON'T MEAN HE'S SERIOUS. THEM INDIANS TALK TOO MUCH! BUT WHAT I WAS GONNA SAY IS, I'M TWICE YOUR AGE, AND I'M IN BETTER SHAPE THAN YOU ARE.

MOL: Neither one of you has any shape to brag about.
OLD M: WHY I CAN STILL JUMP UP IN THE AIR AND CRACK MY HEELS
TOGETHER THREE TIMES. LOOKIT...(GRUNTS)
SOUND: CLICK CLICK CLICK...PAUSE...TREMENDOUS CRASH....
MOL: Heavenly days....what a fall! Are you all right, Mr. Old
Timer?
OLD M: Yes....I..I guess so, daughter....and Johnny.
FIB: Eh?
OLD M: You keep lyin' down and take it easy. We ain't as young as
we were, ye know. So long, kids....

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Feel any better, McGee?
FIB: No...I feel worse. I'd smoke a cigar but I haven't got the
strenth to puff on it. You know what I bet. I bet I got
the collie.
MOL: You don't mean the collie. You mean the colic.
FIB: I do not. A colic is when your hair won't stay down.
MOL: THAT'S A COWLICK.
FIB: I thought a cowlick was a big hunk of rocksalt they put in
a pasture.
MOL: Maybe it is, but you don't mean collie. A collie is a dog.
FIB: THAT'S WHAT I SAYS, I'M DOG TIRED! I GOT NO PEP...I GOT
NO ENERGY. I'M AS --

DOOR OPEN:

WIL: Hello, folks. How's everything.
MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox....McGee doesn't feel very good today.
WIL: Why, what's the matter, Pal?
FIB: I dunno, Junior. I got no pep, I got no energy. My muscles
are as flabby as ravioli.

MOL: Neither one of you has any shape to brag about.
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WIL: I'm sorry to hear it. I was going on a little trip, and I was hoping you could go with me.

MOL: Where are you going, Mr. Wilcox? Your annual pilgrimage to Racine Wisconsin, to lay a wreath of forget-me-knots on the loading platform of the Johnson Wax company?

WIL: No, I'm going back to my old home town. Omaha, Nebraska.

FIB: AHHHH, GOOD OLD OMAHA! I played there in Vaudeville, once. Brandeis Theatre. That was years ago, of course, when I was in good health.

WIL: Oh you and your health! You're a hypochondriac!

FIB: SO WHAT? YOU GO TO YOUR CHURCH AND I'LL GO TO MINE!

MOL: What kind of a vaudville act did you have, McGee?

FIB: Juggling. Used to throw a forty-pound cannon ball up in the air and catch it on the back of my neck.

WIL: Didn't you ever get hurt?

FIB: No, but every time I caught the cannonball it took a quarter of an inch off my height. Would you believe I used to be six feet two inches tall? I had to quit before it made a midget outa me. But whatcha doin' in Omaha, Junior?

WIL: I've been asked to sing at a Birthday Party.

MOL: Ycu....sing?

FIB: WOW!

WIL: How did you know?

MOL: How did he know what?

WIL: About WOW?

FIB: What you talkin' about?

WIL: That's whose birthday party it is. Station W.O.W. in Omaha. It's 20 years old this month.

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MOL: Meaning no disrespect, Mr. Wilcox, but I've heard you sing and that's a long way to go to do it.

WIL: I know, but that isn't the only reason. There's a Better Homes show there too, and I'm giving a talk on Johnson's Wax. How it protects and preserves furniture and woodwork and floors, and seals the surface of so many things against dust and dirt and dampness. How it saves hours of housework because it makes cleaning such an easy job, and how Johnson's Wax is so valuable right now when conservation is the watchword.

FIB: I can listen to that stuff all day, if you'll promise not to sing, Junior.

WIL: Matter of fact, I'M writing a song about how a Johnson's Waxed home is a CLEAN home, on account of how it protects against germ-laden dust and dirt. I'M calling it "BEAT ME DADDY, EIGHT TO THE BAR, IF YOU DONT THINK MY HOUSEWORK IS UP TO PAR". How do you like it?

FIB: Confidentially, Junior -

MOL: MCGEE, IT DOES NOT!

FIB: Look, Harlow. .there's some thing fishy about this. Admittin' your a local boy that made good, Omaha's got better singers than you. And Omaha's got a Johnson Wax representative there that can give a lecture just as good as you. NOW COME CLEAN...WHATCHA REALLY GOIN' BACK THERE FOR?

WIL: WELL IF YOU MUST KNOW, I'M GOING TO THE OMAHA STOCKYARDS AND SEE IF I CAN GET ME A GOOD STEAK! AND I'LL BE THINKIN' OF YOU, PAL! SEE YOU NEXT WEEK.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Notice the sympathy he gimme on my illness? That
guy's got all the tender compassion of a pile-driver.
(YAWNS) Gosh I'M tired.

MOL: Yes, I know, dearie, I've heard you mention it. And
I'll have to admit you don't LOOK sick.

FIB: I don't, really?

MOL: No, you don't. You merely look like a lazy man who
is determined to spend a day at home without getting
up off his big fat bathrobe.

FIB: Well, gee whizz, if my own wife won't believe --

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: OH HEAVENLY DAYS....THERE'S THE DOCTOR NOW AND ME IN A
HOUSEDRESS. (FADE OUT) YOU ENTERTAIN HIM, MCGEE, WHILE
I PUT MY FACE ON AND.....

FIB: Ahh, there's a good kid! Pretty worried about me, too.
Kiddin' me to keep up her spirits....(WEAKLY) COME
IN, DOCTOR!

DOOR OPEN:

TEE: Hi, mister.

FIB: Aw for the...so it's you, is it, sis?

TEE: Sure it is, I betcha. Whoja think?

FIB: I was expecting the Doctor..

TEE: Gee, who's sick, mister?

FIB: I am.

TEE: (GIGGLES) Ohhhh yeah?

~~FIB: YES I AM! And furthermore, we're expecting company and
it's almost dinner time, so take a powder, willya?~~

~~TEE: Hmm?~~

~~FIB: I SAYS TAKE A POWDER,...BEAT IT. BLOW. VAMOOSE. FADE!
SCRAMBOOLA! DONT YOU UNDERSTAND PLAIN ENGLISH?~~

~~TEE: I dunno, mister,...talk some and let's see.~~

FIB: LOOK, SIS, IF I WASNT A SICK MAN, I'D LEAP OFF THIS
DAVENPORT AND GIVE YOU A BURST OF APPLAUSE WITH ONE HAND.
I'M IN NO MOOD TO FIDDLE THE FADDLE WITH YOU TODAY.

TEE: Gee, mister. .dont you LIKE littul chil-drun?

FIB: YES I LIKE LITTUL CHIL-DRUN. BUT THERE'S A TIME AND A
PLACE FOR EVERYTHING AND IT'S TIME YOU GOT OUT OF THIS
PLACE.

TEE: Okay, mister.. (SOBS) But, I was awful lonesome on
account of Willie Toops has got the mumps and I thought
maybe you'd tell me a story or something. (SOBS)

FIB: HEY HEY HEY, ...CUT THAT OUT. YOU KNOW I CANT STAND TO SEE
A WOMAN WEEP. IF I TELL YOU A STORY WILL YOU PADDLE YOUR
LITTLE PUMPS OUTA HERE?

TEE: Sure I will, I betcha. Cross-my-heart-and-kiss-the-
milkman.

FIB: What does that mean? "Cross your heart and kiss the milkman?"

TEE: I dunno, mister. My mamma's been saying that ever since we ran outa butter a couple of weeks ago.

FIB: Oh. Well now lemme see....what can I....OH..LOOK SIS. DID I EVER TELL YOU HOW THE TIGER GOT HIS STRIPES?

TEE: No, mister.

FIB: WELL IT'S A VERY SNAPPY HUNK OF FOLKLORE, SIS. Once upon a time, thousands of years ago, in India, there was a tiger named Joe. A very very smart tiger, too.

TEE: A Princeton tiger, I betcha!

FIB: Dont interrupt. Well, sir, one day, as Joe was walkin' thru the jungle lookin' for his mate -

TEE: And potatoes.

FIB: NO, NOT MATE AND POTATOES. Just his mate. A lady tiger. AS JOE WAS WALKIN' ALONG, HE PASSED A VILLAGE AND SAW A BARBER STANDIN' OUTSIDE OF A BARBER SHOP. A NICE FAT BARBER. SO JOE SAYS TO HIMSELF, AH, AH!..BREAKFAST! SO HE SNEAKS ALONG ON HIS BEL...ON HIS STOMACH..AND ALL OF A SUDDEN HE LEAPS AT THE BARBER. BUT THE BARBER SEES HIM JUST IN TIME AND DUCKS BEHIND THE BARBER POLE. Joe was goin' too fast to stop and GULP! HE SWALLOWED THE BARBER POLE BY MISTAKE! AND EVER SINCE THEN ALL TIGERS HAVE WORE STRIPES. TO REMIND 'EM NOT TO ACT HASTY. Wasnt that a good story?

TEE: No.

FIB: Eh?

TEE: In the first place, mister, everybody knows that by natural mutation, the tiger developed stripes for protective coloration, to blend imperceptibly with the surroundings of their natural habitat, so don't gimme that barber pole malarkey. As a Frank Buck, you're spent! So long, mister.

DOOR SLAMS

ORCHESTRA: "OCEANA ROLL" - KINGS MEN

APPLAUSE

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: (WEAKLY) Hey, Molly...Doc Gamble is here...open the door, will you? I'M too weak to get up.

MOL: All right, McGee...you just lie still and be good to your arteries.

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: WELL, HELLO, DOCTOR GAMBLE...I'M SO GLAD YOU COULD COME.

DOC: GOOD EVENING, MRS. McGEE.

DOOR SLAM:

DOC: Mighty nice of you to invite me. It gave me an excuse to avoid a lecture tonight on "THE EVOLUTION OF BONE STRUCTURE IN THE LESSER MAMMALS" by a man I went to medical school with, and all he knows about bones your fox terrier could bury in a flower pot. You're looking very well, Mrs. McGee.

MOL: Thank you, doctor, I'M fine. I haven't had a cold since you painted my throat two months ago.

DOC: Oh, I'M a wonderful throat-painter. In the medical world I am known as the Rembrandt of the Epiglottis. (LAUGHS)

MOL: (LAUGHS)

FIB: (WEAKLY) Hi...Doc.

DOC: WELL WELL WELL...I DIDN'T SEE YOU THERE, McGEE! YOU'RE LOOKING VERY WELL, TOO, MY BOY!

FIB: I...I am?

MOL: He is?

DOC: YES INDEED. THE PICTURE OF HEALTH. AND I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU'RE RELAXING THERE ON THE DAVENPORT, McGEE. KEEP THAT UP AND YOU'LL LIVE TO BE A HUNDRED AND TWENTY. YOU CAN'T BURN THE CANDLE AT BOTH ENDS WITHOUT MAKING A DOUBLE DRIP OF YOURSELF. (LAUGHS)

MOL: Oh, DOCTOR! (LAUGHS)

FIB: Is there...is there much...sickness around now, Doc? Like malaria, and stuff?

DOC: OH, NOTHING EXTRAORDINARY, McGEE. I HAD A BEAUTIFUL ~~CIRRHOSIS TODAY, AND A COUPLE OF SPLENDID MASTOIDS. AND~~ ~~A SIMPLY GORGEOUS COMPOUND FRACTURE OF THE TIBIA.~~ OH, THAT REMINDS ME, MRS. McGEE, I MIGHT HAVE TO LEAVE RIGHT AFTER DINNER.

MOL: Really?

DOC: YES, I'M EXPECTING A BABY.

FIB: EH?

MOL: Your first, doctor?

DOC: WELL, HARDLY. (LAUGHS) This will be my one thousand, two hundred and eleventh. Enough to populate a small village. A small, NOISY village. (LAUGHS) WELL, WHERE'S THIS FRIED CHICKEN, MRS. McGEE?

MOL: I'll go out and see how it's coming along, doctor... McGEE, YOU ENTERTAIN DOCTOR GAMBLE...(FADE OUT) Excuse me a few minutes, boys.

FIB: (WEAKLY) Well, doc. I guess you didn't expect to find me in this condition, did you?

DOC: NO SIR...I CERTAINLY DIDN'T, McGEE. HEALTHIEST LOOKING
MAN IN TOWN. HOW DO YOU DO IT? JUST LEARNED TO TAKE
THINGS EASY, EH? WELL, THAT'S MARVELOUS! YES SIR!
FIB: Matter of fact, Doc, I been kinda off my feed today, and--
DOC: GOOD FOR YOU..GOOD FOR YOU! MORE PEOPLE DIE OF OVER-
EATING THAN TRAFFIC ACCIDENTS, ANYWAY. YOU'RE VERY WISE,
McGEE. BEEN A LOT OF GRAVES DUG WITH A KNIFE AND FORK.
(LAUGHS) I ALWAYS SAY --

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: (VERY TIRED) Would you mind answering the door, Doc?
I got no pep. I got no energy.
DOC: WELL, WHO WANTS ENERGY? JUST WEARS YOU OUT BEFORE YOUR
TIME. BESIDES, NO USE LEAPING AROUND ANSWERING DOORBELLS
WHEN YOU CAN HOLLER. FORGET YOUR LEGS AND USE YOUR LUNGS.
(YELLS) COME IN, COME IN, COME IN!
FIB: Thanks, Doc.

DOOR OPEN:

WIMP: Hello, Mr. McGee, hello Mrs. McGee...Oh, excuse me.
FIB: Hiyah, Wimp, old man. Wimp, this is Doctor Gamble. Doc,
shake hands with Wallace Wimple.
WIMP: How do you do, Doctor.
DOC: DELIGHTED, MR. WIMPLE. VERY INTERESTING CONTUSION YOU
HAVE ON YOUR LOWER MAXILLARY. WIFE TAKE A POKE AT YOU?
(LAUGHS HEARTILY)

(PAUSE)

WIMP: Yes.

MOL: (FADE IN) McGee, did I hear the doorbell ring a few...
OH, HELLO, MR. WIMPLE.
WIMP: Hello, Mrs. McGee. I won't bother you but just a minute.
I only wanted to know if I could borrow your stepladder.
MOL: Why certainly, Mr. Wimple. Get it for him, will you,
McGee?
FIB: (VERY TIRED) I ain't got the strength, Molly. You can
get it, Wimp. It's on the back porch.
DOC: THAT'S THE SPIRIT, McGEE! CONSERVE YOUR STRENGTH! ALL
MUSCLES ARE GOOD FOR ANYWAY IS TO KEEP YOUR BONES FROM
SCRATCHING YOUR SKIN! (LAUGHS) HANGING SOME WALLPAPER,
MR. SIMPLE?
WIMP: Wimple, Doctor.
DOC: Excuse me.
WIMP: I just wanted the ladder on account of Sweetysface.
DOC: SWEETYSFACE? YOUR DOG?
FIB: Sweetysface is his wife, Doc.
DOC: Excuse me.
MOL: What about Sweetysface, Mr. Wimple?
WIMP: (LAUGHS) Oh, we got into a little argument this morning,
Mrs. McGee, up in the attic. She was practicing some
jiu jitsu holds on me and my foot slipped out from under
my arm and hit her in the nose.
FIB: Then what happened, Wimp? If you can bear the memory
of it.

WIMP: Oh she made a lunge at me, Mr. McGee, only I dodged and she went right thru the window. (LAUGHS) She just caught hold of the window sill in time or she'd have fallen three floors.

DOC: How could a frail little man like you haul her back in, Mr. Waffle?

WIMP: Wimple.

DOC: Excuse me.

WIMP: And I didn't haul her in. She's still hanging there.

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS..EVER SINCE THIS MORNING?

FIB: How could she hang on that long, Wimp?

WIMP: Oh I fixed that, Mr. McGee...I slammed the window down and pinned her hands to the window sill.

DOC: Very interesting. Going to use the ladder to get her down, eh?

WIMP: No, I'M going to climb up on the roof and pull the ladder up, after me. Sooner or later Sweetface is going to work loose, and then...OH MY. Thank you, Mr. McGee. Goodnight folks.

DOOR SLAM:

DOC: Brutal little family, isn't it, WELL, IS THAT FRIED CHICKEN NEARLY READY, MRS. MCGEE?

MOL: In just a few minutes, Doctor. I just took the biscuits out of the oven. Better go comb your hair, McGee...

FIB: Oh I don't think I'll eat any dinner, Molly...I got no pep. I got no energy. (VERY SICK) Maybe you can bring me some stuff on a tray.

MOL: I'LL DO NO SUCH A THING, MCGEE....GET UP.

DOC: Don't talk like that, my dear. He's very intelligent. He's relaxing.

FIB: No...no, I'm not....doc.

DOC: You're not?

MOL: Now McGee, you promised --

FIB: Well, Doc's interested, aren't you Doc?

DOC: In what?

FIB: My case....you see doc...I got no energy. I got no pep. Ever since I got up this morning I been feeling dopey.

DOC: (LAUGHS) McGee, you're wonderful! YOU'VE JUST DIAGNOSED YOUR OWN CASE BETTER THAN A STAFF OF SPECIALISTS.

FIB: You mean I'm just naturally a doctor!

DOC: NO. I MEAN YOUR JUST NATURALLY DOPEY. (CHUCKLES) (FADE OUT) Well is that chicken about ready -----

FIB: Oh pshaw!

ORCH: "TAKE IT FROM THERE" - FADE FOR -

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

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WIL: April being the month of showers, it's also the month when wet feet come tracking across that kitchen floor of yours. The question is, have you protected the linoleum against that dirt and moisture with JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO COAT? If you have, then you can relax when those soggy shoes and wet, muddy rubbers come tramping in. The linoleum is safe -- and it won't be much work to make the floor spotless again. Soiled spots are quickly wiped up with a damp cloth. JOHNSON'S GLO COAT is the easy-to-use floor polish -- needs no rubbing or buffing. And in times like these it renders extra assistance because SELF POLISHING GLO COAT makes linoleum last 6 to 10 times longer than an unprotected surface.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)
(APPLAUSE)

(REVISED) -28-

TAG

MOL: Feel any better since you've had your dinner, McGee?
FIB: No. I can't say I do. I should of stayed lyin' down on the davenport.
MOL: I thought that's where you were. What were you doing?
FIB: I was upstairs. I was readin' in "WHAT TO DO TILL THE DOCTOR COMES" about my case, but it didn't work.
MOL: What didn't work?
FIB: Well, it says to "take a hotfoot bath", but every time I stepped in the tub the match went out.
MOL: Oh dear!
FIB: That's what I say! Goodnight.
MOL: GOODNIGHT, ALL!
ORCH UP TO FINISH..APPLAUSE ETC.