

Written by Don Quinn
Phil Leslie

(REVISED)

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

(Johnson's Wax)

1943 (36)

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

Tuesday, June 1, 1943

m

(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, Johnson's Car-Nu 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: "IT'S HIGH TIME": (FADE FOR COMMERCIAL)

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S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC
JUNE 1, 1943

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WIL: There's one thing we all know without having to be in the ARMY -- a soldier's uniform gets pretty hard wear. It just can't escape being exposed to moisture, weather and stains. Did you know that actually many of those uniforms are waxed to give them added protection? That's right -- they are impregnated with a special wax emulsion to make them water repellent and stain resistant -- to keep them clean longer and easier to launder. A special wax finish for this purpose, called Drax -- D-R-A-X -- is made by the makers of JOHNSON'S WAX. It is used by many textile mills -- and by many army laundries, too. The water repellency of a garment can be renewed and maintained by the laundry or dry cleaner at very small cost. After the war, you'll be able to have your outdoor clothes, your children's playsuits, and things like curtains and drapes DRAX-treated -- and you'll find it a great convenience. In the meantime, finishing mills and others interested may learn more about JOHNSON'S DRAX by writing to S. C. JOHNSON & SON at Racine, Wisconsin, or Brantford, Ontario.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

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WIL: THERE USED TO BE TWO PLACES WHERE A MAN COULD GO TO GET AWAY FROM WOMEN: ONE WAS THE BARBER SHOP. THE OTHER WAS THE BOWLING ALLEY. THE BARBER SHOP WAS LOST TO US YEARS AGO -- AND NOW THE BOWLING ALLEY IS GOING, TOO, - AS WE MEET --
--FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE

BOWLING ALLEY EFFECTS OFF MIKE:

MOL: I think it's awfully nice of you to teach me how to bowl, McGee. They say the game is very healthful.

FIB: Oh it is. They say that people who bowl, never have appendicitis.

MOL: That's pretty silly. If you've got appendicitis you can't bowl anyway.

FIB: That ain't the idea..the idea is that if you bowl, your stummick muscles get so..I mean you're always so...a bowler has to be such a...WELL COME ON...LET'S GET STARTED.

MOL: All right, what do I do first.

FIB: First select a ball.

MOL: What do I know about selecting a ball? They all look alike, to me. Round and black and weighing five hundred pounds.

FIB: Oh they ain't so heavy...They just look,.HEY..WHATCHA DOIN'?

MOL: (SLIGHTLY OFF) TRYING TO FIND A GOOD BALL..ALL THESE HAVE GOT HOLES IN 'EM.

FIB: (LAUGHS) Course they got holes in 'em. That's to hold 'em by, see?

MOL: Oh.

FIB: Now here's the idea. You take the ball like this, see...
standin' back here like this...NOW, SWING THE BALL BACK,
LIKE THIS - (GRUNTS)

MOL: McGee, watch what you're -

SOUND: GLASS CRASH: THUDS..TINKLE: (BALL GOING THRU SHOWCASE)

FIB: My gosh...slipped out of my hand! See what happens when you
don't have a good grip on the ball, Molly?

MOL: Heavenly days, I never -

MAN: (FADE IN) WHO BROKE THAT CIGAR COUNTER?

FIB: I did, bud.

MAN: Yeah, Well what's the -

FIB: (THE BEST DEFENSE IS ATTACK) YOU GOTTA LOTTA NERVE HAVIN' A
GLASS CASE SO CLOSE TO THE BOWLING ALLEYS! SUPPOSE ONE OF
YOUR CUSTOMERS GOT HIT BY FLYIN' GLASS, EH? A FINE THING...

MAN: Look, mister, none of my customers -

FIB: DO YOU REALIZE, MY GOOD MAN, THAT YOU COULD BE SUED FOR FIFTY
THOUSAND DOLLARS IN A CASE LIKE THIS...Molly...are you hurt?

MOL: No. Of course not. I wasn't -

FIB: THERE!! YOU SEE, BUD? IT'S JUST YOUR FANTASTIC GOOD LUCK
THAT WE'RE HONEST PEOPLE..SUPPOSE I'D OF KICKED MY WIFE AND
CUT HER FACE WHEN THAT SHOWCASE GOT BUSTED...YOU'D HAVE A
FINE TIME PROVIN' SHE DIDN'T GET HURT BY FLYIN' GLASS...NOW
BEAT IT. WE'LL ACCEPT YOUR APOLOGY FOR HAVIN' SUCH BUM
ARRANGEMENTS IN YOUR BOWLING ALLEY...

MAN: Well..all right..you sure the lady isn't hurt?

MOL: Oh not at all....Not at all...

MAN: Fine. I'll have that cigar counter moved back, first thing
tomorrow. Have a cigar, mister?

FIB: Eh? Oh, thanks, bud. Now scram, will you? I'm teachin'
my wife to bowl.

MAN: Oh, sure...sure...(FADE) Hope you enjoy it, lady.

MOL: Thank you. You've got a lot of nerve, McGee...It wasn't
his fault the cigar case was broken...it was yours.

FIB: I know that. But I couldn't afford to let him know
I knew it. Always remember that, Molly. The minute
you realize you're in wrong, start jumpin' on somebody!
Now where was I?

MOL: You were showing me how to throw a ball through a
cigar case.

FIB: Eh? Well, that was just an accident. Now look...down
at the end of the alley there...there's ten pins
standing, see?

MOL: I can only see nine.

FIB: Well, there's ten.

MOL: How do you know?

FIB: I just KNOW, that's all.

MOL: You ever go down there and count 'em?

FIB: THERE'S ALWAYS TEN PINS IN BOWLING. THAT'S THE GAME.
JUST TAKE MY WORD FOR IT, WILL YOU?

MOL: Well...alllll right... now what?

FIB: So... you take the ball...swing it back, and roll it
down the alley, see?

MOL: I don't think I can do that without knocking those
wooden pins down.

FIB: YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO KNOCK 'EM DOWN. THE MORE YOU KNOCK
DOWN WITH THE LESS BALLS, THE BETTER YOU ARE WINNING MORE
GAMES, FASTER.

MOL: What happens after you knock the pins down?

FIB: The boy sets 'em up again.

MOL: Then what?

FIB: Then you knock 'em down again.

MOL: And then?

FIB: Boy sets 'em up again.

MOL: (PAUSE) Monotonous, isn't it?

FIB: Aw it's a great game..you'll love it. Here...take a ball...

MOL: All right..(GRUNTS) Heavenly days, they're heavy aren't
they?

FIB: Heavier they are, the truer they roll. Try it once.

MOL: Oh, I'M so afraid I'll hurt that boy down there.

FIB: AW he'll stay outa the way. Go ahead.

MOL: Well..all right..here it goes...LOOK OUT DOWN THERE, BOY!!!

SOUND: SLIGHT THUD...SUSTAINED ROLLING...CLATTER OF PINS

MOL: OH MCGEE...I'M SO SORRY! I KNOCKED 'EM ALL DOWN AND
DIDN'T LEAVE A SINGLE ONE FOR YOU. ISN'T THAT JUST LIKE
A WOMAN!!

FIB: You just made a strike.

MOL: I did? You mean I get two more and I'M out.

FIB: No, I..er..you..here..lemme show you. Now watch how smooth
I bring my arm back...One...two...(PAUSE)

MOL: What's the matter?

FIB: Got my thumb stuck in the ball...GRAB IT AND YANK, WILL
YA?

MOL: All right...(GRUNTS)

FIB: Harder!

MOL: (GRUNTS)

FIB: OUCH!! My gosh....isn't this silly? I never had this
happen before.

MOL: DON'T PULL ON IT LIKE THAT, MCGEE...if your thumb swells
up in there you'll NEVER get if off.

FIB: Well, what will I do?

MOL: Try standing on the ball and straightening up.

FIB: Whaddye think I am, a contortionist? Now lemme think
this out calmly.....

MOL: I know...PUT A LITTLE GREASE ON YOUR THUMB!

FIB: That's it! I'll...(PAUSE) How do I get my thumb out to
put the grease on it?

MOL: Well, there's that, too. I think we'd better get home,
McGee...maybe we can saw it off, or something.

FIB: MY HAND?

MOL: No no no..the ball..

FIB: Oh...well...all right...let's go. This thing is
beginning to weigh a ton. Look...you go in front of me,
so the owner of this dump won't see I'M takin' a ball....

MOL: All right...slip it under your coat....that's it....
Now come on....and try to look innocent.

FIB: Okay....I ever tell you about what happened to a friend
of mine? (MERRY LAUGH) Old Fred Nitney of Starved Rock,
Illinois. He was playin' pool once and got his foot
caught in a spittoon, and -

MOL: All right...(GRUNTS)
FIB: Harder!
MOL: (GRUNTS)
FIB: OUCH!! My gosh....isn't this silly? I never had this happen before.
MOL: DON'T PULL ON IT LIKE THAT, MCGEE...if your thumb swells up in there you'll NEVER get it off.
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FIB: Oh....well...all right....let's go. This thing is beginning to weigh a ton. Look...you go in front of me, so the owner of this dump won't see I'M takin' a ball....
MOL: All right...slip it under your coat....that's it....
Now come on....and try to look innocent.
FIB: Okay....I ever tell you about what happened to a friend of mine? (MERRY LAUGH) Old Fred Nitney of Starved Rock, Illinois. He was playin' pool once and got his foot caught in a spittoon, and -

MAN: JUST A MINUTE, THERE, MISTER. YOU THRU WITH NUMBER SEVEN ALLEY?
MOL: We're thru with all of 'em. For years to come.
FIB: Yeah...how much we owe you, bud.
MAN: Dollar twenty.
FIB: Pay him, Molly.
MOL: Here you are, mister.
MAN: Thanks. I hope you'll...(PAUSE) HEY...ARE YOU TRYIN' TO SNEAK A BALL OUT OF HERE?
MOL: A ball?
FIB: A ball? Oh..a ball...Oh. HA HAH...why..er..YOU MEAN THIS BALL BUD? Say I rather like this ball...you wanna sell it?
MAN: NO I DON'T. PUT IT BACK!
FIB: Now look bud...
MAN: WHO ARE YOU PEOPLE ANYWAY? FIRST YOU THROW A BALL THRU MY CIGAR COUNTER AND THEN YOU SNEAK OUT WITH A BALL... I WAS SUSPICIOUS OF YOU FROM THE FIRST, MISTER, BUT IF I'D KNOWN THIS WOMAN WAS A CROOK, I'D -
SOUND: CLUNK:
MAN: Ooooooh!
SOUND: THUD:
FIB: COME ON, MOLLY...LET'S GO!!
MOL: BUT MCGEE...YOU MAY HAVE KILLED HIM!
FIB: Nah...he's just out for a minute...I slapped his face without realizin' had this thing on. COME ON...HURRY!!!
ORCH: "OH SAY, DON JOSE"
APPLAUSE:

SECOND SPOT

TRAFFIC NOISES UP AND FADE FOR -

FIB: Oh, I wish we were home...so I could lay this arm down on something.

MOL: You poor lad...everything happens to you!

FIB: Been that away all my life. When I was in France in the last war I gotta medal for bravery, and the General stuck me with the pin, and I was in the hospital six months with blood poisoning and when I got out, they says the medal was intended for somebody else in the first place.

MOL: Let's walk faster, dearie....people are staring at you.

FIB: WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH 'EM? DIDN'T THEY EVER SEE A GUY WITH HIS THUMB STUCK IN A BOWLING BALL BEFORE? HEY, I GOTTA REST A MINUTE..... Let's sit down on this bench.

MOL: All right.....

FIB: (SIGH OF RELIEF) Oh boy! Wish I could sit here for a couple of weeks - then I'd be so thin this thing would fall off.

MOL: Look, McGee....here comes Mrs. Uppington!

FIB: Oh, my gosh...she WOULD! That old turtle face can smell an embarrassing situation eight miles away. If that giddy old guppy -

MOL: HUSH, MCGEE SHE'LL.....OH HELLO ABIGAIL, DARLING!... SO NICE TO SEE YOU!

UPP: (FADE IN) How do you do, my deah....AND Mr. McGee.

FIB: Huyah, Uppy. Sit down on the bench here and be nice to your nylons.

UPP: er.....thank you. I cawn't step but a moment. I am on my way to the beauty parlor.

FIB: Optimist.

MOL: MCGEE!

FIB: Eh?

UPP: (LAUGHS) Oh I don't mind him, my dear. He fancies himself as a wit -- and he's half right. I see you have been bowling.

MOL: Bowling? Oh..oh, yes...

FIB: Yes, it's a great game, Uppy. I do a lot of it.

MOL: Just to keep his hand in, as it were. (BOTH LAUGH)

UPP: That ball looks horribly heavy, Mr. McGee -- may I hold it a minute?

MOL: I don't think you'd --

FIB: NO, YOU BETTER NOT, UPPY. You know how it is with lettin' other people drive your car? I'm the same way about other people holding my bowling ball.

UPP: HOW RIDICULOUS! THAT, MR. MCGEE, IS A STUPID AFFECTATION.

MOL: Oh I don't know, Abigail...he's really quite attached to that ball.

FIB: You ain't kidding!

UPP: How absurd. Well, I must be getting along.

FIB: That's what I was telling Molly just yesterday, Uppy. I says, that Abigail Uppington is sure getting along, isn't she, Molly? I says, when we first knew her she didn't have a gray hair in her skull, and now --

MOL: OH, MCGEE...I THINK ABIGAIL'S GRAY HAIR IS VERY DISTINGUISHED LOOKING. ON HER IT LOOKS GOOD!

UPP: Please, Mrs. McGee...your husband's opinion of my personal appearance is of very minor importance to me. Just because my hair is prematurely gray --

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, PREMATURELY! THAT'S LIKE SAYIN' THE GRAND CANYON IS PREMATURELY 8 MILLION YEARS OLD!

UPP: And when older cracks are made, you'll quote them, Mr. McGee. GOOD DAY...!!

TRAFFIC UP AND FADE:

MOL: I don't know why you and Abigail can't be friends, McGee. You're always at each other's throats like a couple of necktie salesmen!

FIB: Aw she burns me up! She looks at me like I was a fly on the end of her nose.

MOL: Well, you antagonize her.

FIB: I antagonize her! MY GOSH, I COULD LAY MY COAT DOWN SO SHE COULD CROSS A MUD PUDDLE AND SHE'D BAWL ME OUT BECAUSE THE BUTTONS HURT HER FEET. She thinks she's royalty because she's got a gold crown on her back tooth and wears a princess slip!

MOL: Well, don't get excited about it. Come on...we'd better get home and see about removing that bowling ball...

FIB: Yeah...let's go...my arm's gettin' numb.

TRAFFIC UP AND FADE:

MOL: ~~I hope you didn't hurt that man back in the bowling alley, McGee.~~

FIB: ~~Aw he'll be okay. When I get this thing off my hand, I'll go back and square it with him. Five bucks will --~~

WIL: WELL, HELLO THERE FOLKS...WHERE YOU GOING?

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox...we're going home,

FIB: Hiyah Junior. Excuse me for not shakin' hands but...er...

WIL: But what?

MOL: Tell him, McGee...he won't gossip about it.

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FIB: Look, si. I got my thumb stuck in this bowling ball.
Can't get it out.

WIL: (LAUGHS) You'll do anything for a laugh, won't you, pal?
Lampshades on the head, bowling balls on the thumb. Don't
you ever quit clowning?

MOL: HE'S NOT CLOWNING THIS TIME, MR. WILCOX. He's in serious
trouble.

FIB: Yeah...suppose I have to spend the rest of my life with
this mahogany balloon on my mitt?

MOL: This is going to teach him a lesson, Mr. Wilcox. He can't
bite his finger nails with that on.

WIL: SAYYYYY, this could be serious at that, couldn't it?
Does it hurt, pal?

FIB: No, I don't think so. My hand's been numb for a half
an hour. It's got less circulation than the London Times
in Berlin.

MOL: What would you suggest, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: I'd suggest you come with me...right now. My office is
right next door here. I'll fix you up, pal.

FIB: Wilcox, you're a real friend. Molly - when we get home,
remind me to erase that beard I drew on that picture of
Wilcox.

MOL: How about the derby hat?

FIB: I'll leave that on. It looks good.

WIL: COME ON...HERE'S MY OFFICE... AFTER YOU, MOLLY.

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

FIB: Mind if I sit down and put this bowling ball on the desk
there, Junior?

WIL: Go right ahead.

FIB: Thanks.

SOUND: THUD

FIB: Oh boy...what a relief!

MOL: Well, I'll bet there's one good thing will come out of
this, McGee.

FIB: What's that?

MOL: Your arm will be so stretched, I'll never have to fasten
your back suspender buttons for you again.

WIL: Now just hold still a few minutes, Pal...I'll have you
fixed up in a jiffy.

FIB: Ah, friendship!! I'll never...HEY WHATCHA DOIN'?

MOL: What is that stuff, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: OH YOU KNOW WHAT THIS IS. Johnson's Wax.

FIB: Johnson's Wax!! But what -

WIL: Surely you're not one of those people who think Johnson's
Wax is only good for beautifying and preserving floors and
furniture and woodwork and enameled surfaces, Pal?

MOL: Of course he isn't, Mr. Wilcox, but -

WIL: Turn your hand a little this way...that's it.

FIB: Feels looser already, Junior - hurry up!

WIL: YOU KNOW, MOST PEOPLE DON'T REALIZE THE THOUSAND AND ONE
USES FOR JOHNSON'S WAX...HOW IT PROTECTS LUGGAGE...AND
WINDOW SILLS..AND LAMPSHADES..HOW IT SEALS THE SURFACES OF
SO MANY THINGS AGAINST DAMPNES AND DUST..Now turn it a
little this way, Fibber....

FIB: Okay, - soon as you think I can slip out of it, I'll ---

WIL: WHY WITH JOHNSON'S WAX BETWEEN YOUR POSSESSIONS AND THE ELEMENTS, YOU'VE PRACTICALLY INSURED THEIR LIVES FOR YEARS TO COME. YOU KNOW WAX IS NATURE'S WAY TO PROTECT THINGS...AND WHEN NATURE IS - now raise your hand up a little pal....that's it....

MOL: My that bowling ball takes a beautiful polish, doesn't it?

WIL: Most everything does, with Johnson's Wax. Except sponge cake and desk blotters. Now then, Fibber....I'M almost thru.....one more little brush on this side.....AHHHHHH, THERE YOU ARE! WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT?

FIB: Whaddya mean, what do I think of it? I THOUGHT YOU WERE GONNA GET THIS THING OFFA ME! All you did was polish it!

WIL: I know - but isn't it BEAUTIFUL?

MOL: Yes, but --

FIB: But gee whiz - I don't ---

WIL: AS LONG AS YOU'VE GOT TO GO THRU LIFE WITH A BOWLING BALL ON YOUR HAND, YOU MIGHT AS WELL HAVE IT LOOK ATTRACTIVE. DROP IN ANY TIME YOUR GOING BY, PAL, AND I'LL POLISH IT UP AGAIN FOR YOU. SO LONG, NOW.....

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE: TRAFFIC NOISES UP AND FADE:

MOL: My goodness, he didn't have to push us out the door, did he?

FIB: WELL OF ALL THE COLD-BLOODED, STONE-HEARTED, ---

MOL: McGee, do you know what I'm going to do?

FIB: What?

MOL: I'M going to call Doctor Gamble. Or maybe you'd better call him. He might want to ask you some questions.

FIB: HOW CAN I CALL ANYBODY? YOU EVER TRY TO DIAL A-NUMBER WITH A BOWLING BALL ON YOUR HAND? You run in Kramer's drug store and I'll wait out here.

MOL: All right dearie -- I'll be right out...

TRAFFIC UP: AND FADE:

FIB: Ah, there's a good kid!! Standin' by me thru thick and thin - and there's nothin' thicker than a bowling ball. Or thinner than my chances of gettin' out of it. I'll never -

TEE: HI, MISTER.

FIB: Eh? Oh, hiyah, little girl.

TEE: Gee, where didja-

FIB: I GOT MY THUMB STUCK IN IT, AND I CAN'T GET IT OFF, AND LET'S NOT TALK ABOUT IT.

TEE: Okay, mister I just wondered what -

FIB: AND SO DOES EVERYBODY ELSE, AND I'M SICK OF DISCUSSING IT, SO LET'S DROP IT, AND DON'T I WISH I COULD!

TEE: Well, gee, mister, you don't have to holler at me, I betcha.

FIB: I'M sorry, sis. I'M just irritated, I guess. When most people pull a dumb trick they can cover it up, but how can you hide a bowling ball?

TEE: Does it hurt, mister?

FIB: No...except my arm is gonna drop off any minute. NOW LET'S CONSIDER THE SUBJECT CLOSED.

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TEE: All righty. I was only -
FIB: MY GOSH, IT'S BAD ENOUGH TO BE HAULIN' THIS THING AROUND
WITHOUT HAVIN' TO EXPLAIN IT TO EVERYBODY. QUIT TALKIN'
ABOUT IT WILL YOU?
TEE: Sure. I wasn't going to say -
FIB: I HEARD ONE WOMAN GO BY AND TELL HER FRIEND THAT I'D MOST
LIKELY BEEN WEARIN' THIS SINCE I WAS A BABY TO KEEP ME
FROM SUCKIN' MY THUMB. THAT BURNED ME UP, SIS!
TEE: Sure it did, mister, but I -
FIB: SO YOU CAN SEE WHY I DON'T WANNA TALK ABOUT IT, DON'T YOU?
TEE: Well, naturally, mister, it isn't a -
FIB: YOU'D THINK PEOPLE WOULD BE POLITE ENOUGH TO SEE A GUY
WAS IN TROUBLE AND KEEP THEIR BIG, FAT MOUTHS SHUT,
WOULDN'T YOU? ~~SO LET'S NOT SAY ANOTHER WORD ABOUT IT.~~
LET'S CHANGE THE SUBJECT.
TEE: Okay, mister. Gee, it's a dandy day, isn't it?
FIB: DANDY DAY, MY CLAVICLE! WITH ME DRAGGIN' A FORTY-POUND
HUNK OF EBONY AROUND ON MY LUNCH HOOK? IF IT WAS RAINING,
I COULD AT LEAST HIDE UNDER AN UMBRELLA.
TEE: Sure, but I -
FIB: IF YOU CAN'T TALK ABOUT ANYTHING ELSE, SIS, JUST KEEP
QUIET. UNDERSTAND?
TEE: Sure. I was just going in to Kramer's Drug Store to get
a soda.
FIB: MY WIFE IS IN THERE NOW CALLIN' THE DOCTOR TO GET THIS
BOWLING BALL OFF MY HAND BEFORE IT KILLS ME, AND I TOLD
YOU NOT TO KEEP MENTIONING IT, DIDN'T I?

TEE: BUT GEE, MISTER I WASN'T -
FIB: EVERYBODY KEEPS RIBBIN' ME ABOUT IT! CAN'T TALK ABOUT
ANYTHING ELSE! EVEN YOU! MY GOSH, IF -
TEE: Look, mister.
FIB: Eh?
TEE: Look...you're old enough to know there's too much going
on in the world right now for anybody to be much
interested in a dumb bunny that can't keep his thumbs out
of other people's bowling balls, and if you want my
advice you'll take that thing up to the tenth floor of
some tall building and throw it out the window.
FIB: BUT I CAN'T GET IT OFF!!
TEE: I had that in mind, mister. So long, now.
ORCH: "RIDIN' HIGH ON A CLOUD" - KING'S MEN
APPLAUSE:

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSES:

FIB: Hiyah, Nurse. Is Doc Gamble in?
GIRL: Yes, he is, Mr. McGee, but he is very busy today, and I don't think he can take time to go bowling with you.
MOL: We didn't want to ask him to go bowling, dearie. I called him a few minutes ago from downtown and he told us to come right over.
FIB: I want him to perform a bowling-ball-ectomy, sis.
GIRL: Please have a seat, Mr. McGee...and Mrs. McGee...the doctor will be right with you.
MOL: Thank you.
FIB: Any new magazines, there, Molly?
MOL: Here's a Collier's from March, 1923 and a National Geographic from September 1912, and a book.
FIB: What's the book?
MOL: "Berlin Diary."
FIB: Berlin Diary, eh? Gettin' so even a song writer thinks he has to write his autobiography. Never mind...I forgot I can't even turn the pages of a book. If I don't get this thing off, I won't be readin' anything but billboards the rest of my life.
MOL: If you only had a ball on the other hand you could run for governor on an engine.
FIB: Oh yeah, well if you think -

DOOR OPEN

WIMP: Thank you Doctor...I'll be back tomorrow at four o'clock.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Well, Hello there, Mr. Wimple.
FIB: Hiyah Wimp, Old man.
WIMP: Hello, folks. My goodness, Mr. McGee, what makes your hand all swelled up like that?
MOL: It isn't swelled up, Mr. Wimple.
FIB: This is a bowling ball, Wimp. Got my thumb stuck into it. Can't get it off.
MOL: What are you doing here, Mr. Wimple? Not ill, I hope?
WIMP: Oh no, Mrs. McGee. I just wanted to ask the doctor what the proper treatment was for a broken neck.
FIB: FOR A BROKEN NECK! YOU GOT A BROKEN NECK, WIMP?
WIMP: No, but I will have, as soon as Sweetface finds out I've lost our coffee coupons.
MOL: How did you happen to lose them, Mr. Wimple?
WIMP: I guess I was just so excited at selling a poem, Mrs. McGee.
FIB: What poem, Wimp?
WIMP: I call it "THE FOUR FREEDOMS."
MOL: Sounds very patriotic. How does it go?

WIMP: It goes:
IF YOUR WIFE WILL LET YOU DUNK YOUR MORNING DOUGHNUTS:
IF SHE DOESN'T MIND YOUR CRACKER-CRUMBS IN BED:
IF SHE LETS YOU FUMIGATE THE HOUSE WITH STOGIES:
IF SHE LETS YOU HAVE THE LAST WORD THAT IS SAID:
YOU'VE WON FOUR OF THE MOST IMPORTANT FREEDOMS,
YOU'RE THE TYPE OF MARRIED MAN I MOST ADMIRE
PLEASE WRITE AND TELL EXACTLY HOW YOU DID IT,
--- YOU LIAR!!

Well, I'll be seeing you, folks..goodbye now!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

MOL: I'M afraid Mr. Wimple is a little cynical about marriage,
McGee.

FIB: So is a rabbit cynical about bulldogs. Personally, I
think Wimp is a -

BUZZER:

GIRL: Doctor will see you now, Mr. McGee..go right in.

FIB: Thanks, sis.

MOL: Come on, McGee.

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

DOC: Hello, McGee. Hello, Mrs. McGee.

MOL: Hello, Doctor.

FIB: Hiyah, Doc. Had any experience takin' bowling balls offa
people's thumbs?

DOC: McGee, after 20 years of practicing medicine, the only
thing that keeps me going is curiosity. I can never wait
to see just what kind of stupidity the so-called human
race is going to exhibit next, put the ball on the table.

THUD:

y

FIB: There you are Doc. Sure is gonna be a relief to be able to
scratch my head again, without braining myself. Think
you can get it off?

DOC: Certainly. Thanks to the fact that medical knowledge has
almost kept pace with the ability of people to think up
silly predicaments.

MOL: You don't think much of people, do you doctor?

DOC: I admire them tremendously, Mrs. McGee. Some of my best
friends are people. The only thing that amazes me is how
they can be so horribly alike and so horribly different at
the same time. TAKE OFF YOUR SHIRT, MCGEE!

FIB: Okay, if you...THERE YOU GO AGAIN!! HOW CAN I TAKE OFF
MY SHIRT WITH A BOWLING BALL ON MY HAND?

MOL: That would be the neatest trick of the week.

DOC: Anybody that could get a thumb as small as yours stuck in
a bowling ball shouldn't worry about minor miracles McGee...
now just a minute, while I fix this hypodermic....

FIB: HYPODERMIC!!! HEY...WHAT THE -

MOL: He's going to give you morphine, dearie, and let you
sleep it off.

FIB: AW NOW LOOK DOC, I DON'T -

DOC: Don't get excited, McGee...I'M just using this needle to
squirt a little oil around your thumb...like this...and
this...now wiggle it around.

FIB: I don't think that's gonna do much --- HEY...IT'S COMIN'
LOOSE.....I'M GETTIN' IT OUT.!!!

y

MOL: Keep trying, dearie...you've wiggled out of worse things than that.

DOC: Let me give it another squirt.....there you are....now try it.

FIB: Boy if this...AHA..(THUD)...I'M OUT!!! OH, DOES THAT FEEL WONDERFUL! MUCH OBLIGED DOC!!!! YOU'RE WONDERFUL.

DOC: I'm quite a fellow. Now if you'll excuse me I have to make some calls on some people who think they're very sick.

MOL: Certainly doctor. Come on, McGee...and bring the bowling ball..

DOC: NO NO NO!! DON'T TOUCH IT, MCGEE!! I DON'T WANT TO GO THRU THIS AGAIN. I'LL SEND IT OVER TO THE BOWLING ALLEY.

FIB: Okay, Doc..Thanks very much....

DOOR OPEN

MOL: Goodbye, Doctor.

DOC: Good day.

DOOR SLAM:

GIRL: Get if off, Mr. McGee?

FIB: Sure did, sis, and I feel like a new man. I'M goin' home and hold a re-union with my thumb. And if I ever so much as OH OH!!!

MOL: Now what?

FIB: Forgot to ask Doc how much I owe him. Excuse me a minute.

DOOR OPEN:

DOC: (SLIGHTLY OFF) OF ALL THE CONFOUNDED!!! A MAN OF MY JUDGEMENT...

FIB: HEY DOC...HOW MUCH I OWE YOU?

DOC: (ROARS) DON'T STAND THERE AND ASK FOOLISH QUESTIONS. COME AND HELP ME GET THIS CONFOUNDED BALL OFF MY THUMB!

ORCH: "DON'T WORRY" - FADE FOR --

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
 FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
 TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC
 JUNE 1, 1943

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WIL: Someone recently called my attention to the fact that I have been overlooking an important piece of information. At least it's important to all those good people who have floors made of asphalt tile...and there are many such floors in kitchens, bathrooms, hallways or basements. It happens that the one best way to maintain asphalt tile floors or rubber tile is with your old friend JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO COAT, that you're probably already using on your linoleum. You apply GLO COAT in the same easy manner - spread it over the clean floor and let it dry. There's no rubbing or buffing required. In 20 minutes the floor shines with great beauty, and the surface itself is protected against dirt and wear. Spilled things are quickly wiped up with a damp cloth, and the GLO COAT may be renewed when necessary. If you have any asphalt tile floors in your home, be sure to protect them with JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO COAT. And, of course, use GLO COAT on all your linoleum surfaces.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

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MOL: McGee, I think you owe the man at the bowling alley an apology.

FIB: I do indeed. I'll call him up right away. Hand me the phone.

MOL: Here.

FIB: Thanks. (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR? GIMME THE BOWLING ALLEY AT MYRT, HOW ARE YOU, MYRT?

MOL: Oh dear.

FIB: HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING, MYRT? T'IS, EH? WHAT SAY, MYRT? YOUR BROTHER? CALLED TO WASHINGTON AS A BALKAN EXPERT?

MOL: What had he been doing, McGee?

FIB: Training Army mules. OH, NO ANSWER, MYRT? OKAY. (CLICK) Goodnight.

MOL: GOODNIGHT, ALL!

ORCH: (CLOSING SIGNATURE) (APPLAUSE)

WIL: The character of Wallace Wimple, heard on this program was 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)