

WRITERS: Don Quinn
Phil Leslie

(REVISED) # 1

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

Johnson's Wax

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1943

NBC - RED

(REVISED) -2-

WILCOX: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM! - WITH FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

ORCH: THEME - FADE FOR:

WILCOX: The makers of Johnson's Wax, Johnson's Gar-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: "OKLAHOMA" --- FADE FOR

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC
SEPTEMBER 28, 1943

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WIL: In case you folks haven't noticed it, the month of September is almost gone. In lots of homes heating plants have already been in operation -- in many others they soon will be. What happens when the heat comes on? Well, for one thing, there's less moisture in the air, and everything tends to dry out. Also, there's apt to be more dirt in the house. And those are two important reasons why good housekeepers make sure every Fall that their floors, furniture, woodwork and leather goods are all protected with a coat of JOHNSON'S WAX. The wax helps to keep wood and leather surfaces from drying out. In this way it acts as a preservative, a protection for so many things around the house -- your floors, your table tops, windowsills, venetian blinds -- and your luggage and other leather articles. It makes your daily and weekly housecleaning so much easier, because dirt does not cling readily to a JOHNSON WAXed surface. Today it pays to protect your things with genuine JOHNSON'S WAX, entirely aside from the fact that a regular use of this wax polish adds great beauty to every room in your home.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

(2ND REVISION)

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WILCOX: READY, FRIENDS?
WELL, HERE THEY ARE AGAIN, AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA.
-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

(APPLAUSE)

MOL: Heavenly days, McGee, sit down and relax. Stop your pacing. If you can't consider my nerves, think of the shoe coupons.

FIB: Can't help it, Molly. I'M just full of spent-up energy. I'm restless!

MOL: How a man who gets as much rest as you do can be restless, is beyond me, dearie. Well, what do you want to do?

FIB: I dunno. I just --

SOUND: (OFF MIKE) HORSE WHINNY

FIB: What was that?

MOL: What was what?

FIB: Listen!

SOUND: (OFF MIKE) HORSE WHINNY

MOL: Oh, that's just the Great Dane that belongs to the people next door.

FIB: Sounded like a horse to me.

MOL: I know. They've been feeding him so much horse-meat, he whinnies at the moon.

FIB: Did you know they've taken in a roomer next door?

MOL: Yes, I've seen her going in and out. Very attractive girl.
What does she do?
FIB: She's a procrastinator at a burlesque show downtown.
MOL: A PROCRASTINATOR!
FIB: Yeah...she puts things off. Hey, I wonder if there's any
of the gang down at the club. I could lick my weight in
cribbage players tonight.
MOL: McGee.
FIB: Eh?
MOL: We have an extra room.
FIB: Good for us. I guess I'll call the club and see who's
hangin' around. ~~Maybe I could whip up a fast session of~~
~~Honest John.~~
MOL: ~~What's Honest John?~~
FIB: ~~Straight stud. Now, let's see...~~
MOL: Maybe we could rent it to some war worker, or somebody.
Rooms are awfully scarce in town now.
FIB: On the other hand, if I could just find one pigeon to play
gin rummy with, I'd...RENT WHAT?
MOL: The back room. It wouldn't be any trouble, and might
bring in eight or ten dollars a week.
FIB: WE CAN'T RENT THE BACK ROOM. I GOT MY MOOSE HEAD IN THERE!
MOL: Put the moose head in Uncle Dennis' room. He won't mind.
FIB: Why should he? He's even glassier-eyed than the moose!
MOL: Now you stop picking on Uncle Dennis. He only uses it
for medicinal purposes.
FIB: Yeah, I know. I saw him sittin' in a medicine cabinet on
Oak Street last night. That guy in the white coat must of
been an interne. Gimme the phone, Molly, I'M gonna call
the club.

MOL: Here.
FIB: Thanks. (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR? GIMME THE ELKS CLUB
AT 7-9-9-0-0-OHHHHHH, IS THAT YOU, MYRT?
MOL: Oh dear...
FIB: HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING, MYRT? T'IS, EH? WHAT SAY, MYRT?
YOU DID? HAD A NICE SADDLE OF MUTTON AND SOMEBODY SWIPED
IT? WELL, I SHOULD THINK YOU WOULD BE, MYRT!
MOL: Would be what, McGee?
FIB: Saddle sore. WHAT SAY, MYRT? THEY DON'T? Oh well,
PROBABLY GOT A BIG GAME GOIN' AND TOOK THE RECEIVER OFF
THE HOOK. THANKS, MYRT. (CLICK) No answer.
MOL: If there WAS somebody in the back room, there'd always be
somewhere here if we wanted to go out at night.
FIB: Go out where?
MOL: Oh, to dinner or a movie, or --
FIB: HEY, LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES! ~~WHAT'S AT THE BIJOU?~~
MOL: I'll look in the paper...(RATTLE OF PAPER) "I Walked with
a Zombie".
FIB: ~~Whoever wrote that, never drank one.~~
MOL: ~~Look~~ - why don't we stay here and listen to the radio.
Bob Hope is on tonight.
FIB: Aw, I think that guy is a phoney. You can't tell ME he
makes that stuff up as he goes along.
MOL: Did you hear him last week -- kidding Mrs. Roosevelt about
traveling so much?
FIB: Yeah...he was sore because he had to come home before
she did. Boy, did you see that pan of his on the cover of
Time magazine?

MOL: No, was it good?
FIB: GOOD!! You ever see a relief map of the High Sierras?
Well, tack a necktie under it, and you got Hope. Gee, I
always thought he was a young guy.
MOL: Oh, I don't think so. I read someplace about a golf match
he played and it said he was in the seventies.
FIB: Well, it's pretty nervy of a old fellow like that to go
boomin' around in a bomber. WHAT MOVIE YOU WANNA SEE?
MOL: You select one.
FIB: Okay, let's go to the Palace!
MOL: What have they got?
FIB: They got the best candy of any theater lobby in town.
Let's go...whaddye say?
MOL: All right, dearie. (FADE) I'll powder my nose and got
my purse...be with you in just a minute.
FIB: (TO HIMSELF) Ahh, there goes a good kid....Best wife a
man ever had!
MOL: (WAY OFF MIKE) What was that?
FIB: Oh nothin'. Yes sir...If I had it all to do over, I'd
marry her again as quick, even if her old man still thot
I was a no-good bum. She's the one that---

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: AH FER THE - I hope it ain't Doc. Gamble. He's a bigger
bore than the Big Inch Pipeline. COME IN!!

DOOR OPEN: & CLOSE

TEE: Hi, Mister.
FIB: Oh hiyah, sis. Whatever your business is, if any, make it
snappy, if possible, because we're goin' to the movies,
if it ain't too crowded.
TEE: Whyncha go to the Orpheum, mister? They got "Frankenstein
Meets The Wolf Man." Boy is that a dilly! Willie Toops
sat behind me and couldn't even see the pitcher on account
of my hair was standing on end all the time, I betcha.
FIB: I guess I'm too sophisticated for that, sis. I go for the
polite drawing-room comedy type o' stuff, myself.
TEE: Ohhhhh, now don't gimme THAT, mister. Last Sattidy I saw
you sit thru a Hopalong Cassidy Western THREE times. When
you came out you were walkin' bowlegged. (GIGGLES)
FIB: THAT WASN'T FROM WATCHIN' THE PICTURE! I'd stopped in on
my way home from the grocery and was sittin' there with a
sack o' potatoes between my knees. Now look, sis...we
gotta be goin', so if you don't mind ---
TEE: Gee, I go to the movies all the time, mister. I was to
one this-after. They had Frankie Sinatra in person.
(SIGHS)
FIB: Thrilled you right down to your bobby socks, eh?
TEE: Oh, broth-~~errrrrr~~! I guess I'm just a slick chick, mister.
FIB: Maybe you are, but you can't roost here. We're goin' out.
TEE: Okay, I'll go. My Uncle's home anyway, and I wanna see
him. He's a stomach-gunner in a Flying Fortress.

(REVISED)

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FIB: You don't mean stomach-gunner, sis. The correct term is

BEL--

TEE: PLEASE, Mister! There is a lady present.

FIB: Okay, lady. Now scram, willya?

TEE: Sure. My Uncle's more fun to talk to, anyway. And boy

~~does he~~ EAT! He had seven scrambled eggs for breakfast.

FIB: Wow! How did your mother feel about that?

TEE: Oh she didn't care. She says that's Life. "Out of the frying pan into the Flier", she says. So long, mister.

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH: "NEVADA"

APPLAUSE:

(REVISED)

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SECOND SPOT

FIB: Hiyah, sis, gimmo two tickets - main floor. WAIT A MINUTE.

How much is the main floor?

GIRL: (SLIGHTLY OFF MIKE) Sixty-five cents, sir.

FIB: How much are the loges?

GIRL: Loges are eighty-five cents, sir.

FIB: WHAT? EIGHTY-FIVE CENTS FOR LOGE SEATS? ARE THEY STUDIED WITH DIAMONDS OR SOMETHING?

GIRL: The loge seats are upholstered, sir.

FIB: SO WHAT? SO AM I, BUT I DON'T NICK MYSELF EIGHTY-FIVE CENTS EVERY TIME I SIT DOWN.

MOL: Oh stop arguing and buy a couple of tickets, McGee. You're holding up the line.

FIB: Don't hurry me, Molly. I'M fightin' for a principle here. Now look, sis, you know and I know that eighty-five cents for loge seats is ridiculous. IT'S INFLATIONARY. Let's see your ceiling prices.

GIRL: There are no seats on the ceiling, sir. The second balcony is as close as you can get.

FIB: OH, A SMARTY-SKIRT, EH? WELL, HOW MUCH ARE BALCONY SEATS?

GIRL: Fifty cents, sir.

FIB: FIFTY CENTS FOR BALCONY SEATS? WHY YOU CAN SEE BETTER FROM UP THERE THAN YOU CAN FROM THE MAIN FLOOR....AND YOU CHARGE LESS. THAT DON'T MAKE SENSE SIS. NOW LOOK...

CROWD MURMUR:

MOL: Heavenly days, McGee. You're keeping forty people waiting.

FIB: So what? I'M fightin' for them as much as I am for myself. HEY, I know one of the stage hands here. Let's go see the picture from backstage.

MOL: Don't be silly. We wouldn't understand a word from behind the screen. The sound would be backward.

FIB: Eh? Oh - oh, yeah. Forgot that.

CROWD MURMUR UP

FIB: ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT, QUIT PUSHIN' BACK THERE. TAKE IT EASY. THE THEATRE AIN'T GOIN' ANYWHERE. Gimme two main floor seats, sis.

SOUND: GRIND OF TICKET MACHINE: REPEAT

MOL: I have some money if you're short, McGee.

FIB: Thanks, I got the exact change. Here, sis -- dollar thirty-one.

GIRL: That's one cent too much, sir.

FIB: I know. I'M givin' you a penny for your thoughts, and it's the biggest profit you'll ever make! Come on, Molly...

MOL: I don't think you were very nice to the girl, McGee. She didn't do anything.

FIB: Well, gee whiz, I never like to buy anything without I dicker a while. Arguin' is one of the few luxuries you can buy these days.

MOL: You lead the way, McGee...my eyes are no good in the dark.

FIB: Okay, hang onto my coat.

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

MOL: My goodness, it's as gloomy as a broadcast from Berlin...

FIB: Here's two seats, Molly, right in...

MOL: Don't be silly. We wouldn't understand a word from behind the screen. The sound would be backward.

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FIB: Here's two seats, Molly, right in...

WOMAN: PLEASE!!
FIB: OOOOPS....sorry, sis. Come on, Molly...maybe farther
down....

CHORUS OF "SHHHHHHHH'S".

MOL: (WHISPERS) In here, McGee...that's it. (THUD OF SEATS)
FIB: Nice timing...the feature's just over. I hope there's a
newsreel tonight. I always like to see them new
battleships slidin' down into the water. Always
reminds me of my fat Uncle Herman gettin' into the
bathtub. (LAUGHS) He was the one who -

CHORUS OF "SHHHHHHHH'S"

MOL: Quiet, dearie...you're disturbing people.
FIB: Aw, let 'em go -

MUSIC: "PARAMOUNT NEWSREEL MUSIC"...FADE

MOL: Well, lucky you! A newsreel, and - WHERE YOU GOING,
MCGEE?
FIB: Forgot to get some candy. Be right back. Hold this
seat for me.
MOL: All right, but hurry.

NEWSREEL MUSIC UP TO DOOR OPEN. OUT WITH DOOR CLOSE:

FIB: Hey, usher - where's the candy displ...NEVER MIND...I SEE
IT. Now let's see...
WIL: (FADE IN) WELL, HELLO, PAL.
FIB: WILCOX! Well well! As the fella says to the ration
board when they gave him another "A" card, - long time
no "C"!
(LAUGHS)
WIL: Where's Molly?

FIB: Inside. I just come out to get me a hunk of candy. What
you doin', loafin' around the lobby?
WIL: Waiting to talk to the manager. You know Sigmund
Wellington?
FIB: Sig? Sure. He's secretary of the Chamber O' Commerce.
Kind of a dope.
WIL: I don't agree with you, as usual. I think Wellington is
a pretty bright guy. Been around, too. Managed theatres
all over the State of Texas.
FIB: That's what he says. Two will get you ten he thinks the
Panhandle is a facial massage. Whatcha wanna see him about?
WIL: It's confidential.
FIB: Aw come on...you can tell ME. You know how I am, Junior.
Telling me a secret is like whispering it to the pillow on
your little trundle bed.
WIL: I know. There'll always be a slip on it.
FIB: AW COME ON...WHATCHA WANNA SEE WELLINGTON ABOUT?
WIL: You won't say anything?
FIB: Cross my heart.
WIL: Okay. (LOWERS VOICE) It's about the other theatres in
town.
FIB: (WHISPERS EAGERLY) Yeah?
WIL: (LOW VOICE) Yeah...they can't understand how he manages
to keep all his woodwork and these paneled walls and the
doors and everything so gleaming and shiny, when help is
so hard to get. They think he's holding out on them.
FIB: (FASCINATED) What's the secret, Junior?

WIL: It really isn't any secret, Pal. Anybody can buy Johnson's Wax. And there's nothing like it to protect and beautify all wood and enameled surfaces...and particularly in a theatre, with thousands of people passing thru every day, smudging everything with fingerprints, Why, Johnson's Wax is the answer to a theatre manager's prayers.

FIB: You're not just sayin' that to try and sell more Johnson's Wax?

WIL: Honest, Pal. It's the truth. You see, Wellington is the only MARRIED theatre manager in town. His wife told him all about Johnson's and how it saves HER hours of housework, and guards against dust and dampness. That's how he got ahead of those other fellows.

FIB: Well, what are your plans, Junior?

WIL: I'm going to ask Wellington to ask his wife to tell the other theatre managers about Johnson's Wax.

FIB: Hmmn. Well..look.

WIL: Yeah?

FIB: WHY DON'T YOU tell 'em about it?

(PAUSE)

WIL: Well doggone me!!! I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT!! GEE, THANKS PAL! (FADE) I STILL GOT TIME TO CALL ON ALL OF 'EM TONIGHT ...SEE YOU LATER.!!

FIB: (TO HIMSELF) If that guy pulled my leg as often as I suspect him of it, I'd be nineteen feet tall. Ah well... HEY SIS, GIMME A CHOCOLATE BAR.

GIRL: What kind, sir?

FIB: Ohhhhh, gimme a Oh Henry. I'm in a literary mood.

GIRL: That will be five cents, sir.

FIB: Price is no object, sis. Now lemme see...five cents... five ce-- Oh-oh!...I BOUGHT THE TICKETS WITH THE LAST OF MY CHANGE. Hold the candy a minute, sis...gotta get some dough from my wife...be right back...

DOC: (FADE IN) Well, hello there, McGee.

FIB: Oh, Doc Gamble. Hiya, Doc.

DOC: What are you doing? Buying some candy to build up your strength so you can pull yourself out of your rocking chair that you've got wedged in on account of getting so pudgy with too much candy?

FIB: Aw, don't gimme that routine, Doc. Hey, where you been all summer? Haven't seen you around.

DOC: Took my first rest and vacation in thirty years. Went hunting out in Wyoming.

FIB: Great country, Wyoming. I and Stein Hemingway used to go huntin' around there.

DOC: You and who?

FIB: I and Stein Hemingway. You know - Ernest Hemingway. Writes movies.

DOC: Oh, yes. Kid's got a great future.

FIB: That's what I always told him. Stein, I says, those movies you been writin' are pretty good, I says. That FAREWELL TO ARMS, and FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS...but why don't you settle down and write a book?

DOC: That's what I like about you, McGee. Always inspiring people to DO things. They'll do it sometime, too, and we'll find your body stuffed in a culvert.

FIB: You got a morbid sense of humor, Doc. How was the huntin' out in Wyoming?

DOC: Great...great! Never felt better in years. Dropped fifteen pounds the first day out.

FIB: Yeah? What'd you do - lose your knapsack? Hey, Doc - you got a nickel on you? Just discovered I didn't have any change.

DOC: Sorry, my boy. All I have is some big bills.

FIB: You're telling me? Well, I'll go back in and get some from Molly. You goin' in?

DOC: No. I just got a phone call. Got to rush across town and tell some darn fool that his daughter, that he thinks is going to be a son, won't be here for another week.

(FADE) See you later.

FIB: 'Night, Doc. (ASIDE) Hold that candy bar for me, sis. Be right back as soon as I get a nickel from my wife...

DOOR OPEN: PARAMOUNT MUSIC UP TO FINISH AGAIN

FIB: Doggone it, missed the newsreel. Now let's see - where was Molly -- ah -- HEY, PSST! HAND ME YOUR PURSE...QUICK!

WOMAN SCREAMS: VERY LOUD!!! CROWD REACTION

FIB: What the-- OH MY GOSH...I'M IN THE WRONG AISLE!!

WOMAN: SCREAMS AGAIN..."HELP!"..."PURSE SNATCHER!"

CROWD REACTION:

1. Why, the dirty rat!
2. Grab him, somebody!
3. Grab him yourself! He's probably got a gun.
4. Call the police! Call the manager!!

HUBBUB AND CONFUSION

FIB: HEY, NOW WAIT A MINUTE...CUT IT OUT...LEGGO O' ME...IT'S ALL A MISTAKE...HEY...MOLLY!! MOLLY!! WHERE ARE YOU?

MOLLY: (OFF MIKE) OVER HERE, MCGEE!! I'LL SEE YOU IN THE LOBBY!

CROWD MURMUR UP

FIB: My gosh, if they ever lay hands on me I'll get lynched... NOW, NOW, NOW...TAKE IT EASY, FOLKS...IT'S ALL A MISTAKE... I WAS ONLY --

CROWD UP, MENACINGLY

MOL: (OVER CROWD) THIS WAY, MCGEE!!...HURRY...INTO THE MANAGER'S OFFICE!

CROWD UP...OUT WITH DOOR OPEN AND SLAM

FIB: (PANTING) Lock the door, Molly...lock the door! If they catch me they'll lynch me up to the nearest lamp post.

SOUND: DOOR LOCKING

MOL: For goodness sakes, what happened?

FIB: (PANTING) Went for candy...no money...came back...wrong aisle...asked some woman for her purse...thought it was you...Phew!!

LOUD KNOCKING AT THE DOOR

MOL: Hmmm. Company coming.

FIB: (TERROR-STRICKEN) DON'T OPEN THE DOOR!...DON'T LET 'EM IN THEY'LL MOB ME!!!

TELEPHONE

MOL: Answer the phone.

LOUD POUNDING ON DOOR AND TELEPHONE RINGING OVER FOLLOWING:

FIB: (IN A PANIC) YOU ANSWER IT!...I'LL MOVE THE DOOR IN FRONT
OF THE DESK!...I MEAN THE DESK IN FRONT OF THE MOB..ER...
THE PHONE!! -- I'LL ANSWER THE DESK! -- YOU HOLD THE...
THAT WOMAN -- SHE MAY HAVE A GUN!!...OH, THIS IS AWFUL!!!

ORCHESTRA: (IN OVER SOUND) "PISTOL-PACKIN' MAMMA" - KING'S MEN
(APPLAUSE)

THIRD SPOT

TELEPHONE RINGING: OUT OF APPLAUSE:

FIB: I wish that phone would stop ringing. It makes me
nervous.

MOL: Anyway, the crowd seems to have quieted down.

TELEPHONE:

FIB: Answer it, Molly. Tell 'em they got the wrong number.

MOL: That wouldn't help. They'd just try again.

TELEPHONE:

MOL: (RECEIVER UP) PALACE THEATRE. MOLLY MCGEE SPEAKIN'.
WHC? Just a moment. (ASIDE) McGee, do you know anybody
named Bottlenose Gilroy?

FIB: BOTTLENOSE GILROY? SURE ... HE'S THE STAGE HAND I
KNOW WORKS HERE.

MOL: He says you can unlock the door now. The mob is
under control, and the manager wants to come in.

FIB: Oh swell. Tell Bottle-nose okay.

MOL: HELLO, MR. BOTTLE-NOSE. THANK YOU VERY MUCH. WE'LL
OPEN THE DOOR. YES, THANK YOU. (RECEIVER UP)

SOUND: UNLOCKING: DOOR OPEN

FIB: HIYAH, WELLINGTON, OLD MAN!! SURE AM GLAD TO SEE
YOU.

MOL: Is everything under control?

WELL: Of course, Madam. Any theatre manager who is unversed in mob psychology is unworthy of his salt - which is an old expression derived from ancient times when salt was an extremely valuable commodity.....ty.

FIB: Sorry I caused such a disturbance in your flicker tent, Wellington. But it was strictly inadvertible. What happened was, I mistook some old grab-bag for Molly, in the dark and asked her for her purse. She yipped like a banshee and the battle was on.

WELL: A significant demonstration of war nerves, my dear fellow. It is an apt illustration, if I may say so - may I say so?

MOL: Indeed you may.

WELL: Thank you. It is an apt illustration of a current wave of irresponsible hoodlum....ism. We...of the theatre ...are deeply perturbed at the unmannerly conduct of some of our....shall we say...patrons!

FIB: Gee, lets!

WELL: ...er...patrons! Speaking for the community as a whole, (and, as a whole, this community is one of the worst I have ever seen) ... but that is beside the point.... What I mean to say is, SOMETHING must be done to combat this epidemic of hoodlum....ism. Otherwise many responsible executive....of which....of whom... of...AND I AM ONE OF THEM,....might be forced to seek other means of livelihood.

MOL: You mean if you can't control your customers you're liable to get fired?

WELL: Admirably....if somewhat brutally, put, Madam. And now, (if I may quote almost any radio announcer).... AND NOW, charming as this has all been, I must ask you to relinquish possession of my sanctorum sanctum sanctor....um.

FIB: Okay, bud. Furthermore, we'll let you have your office back. Thanks for the use of the bomb-shelter.

TELEPHONE:

WELL: Excuse me very much, a moment. (RECEIVER UP) Mmmmmhello! Yes....I see.... A purple umbrella? I shall have the usher look for it. Don't mention it, madam. Goodbye. (CLICK)

MOL: Somebody lose something?

WELL: Someone is always losing something in the theatre, madam. We find so many lost articles, that, as I often say, that is, QUITE often - at closing time, my office closely resembles the city.....dump. AND NOW -

FIB: Okay...okay...we're goin', bud. Thanks for everything, and don't apologise for us bein' so badly scared in your theatre. Just slip us a couple of passes sometime. That'll square it.

WELL: You're sweet. Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, Mr. Wellington.

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

MOL: Well, shall we go home, McGee?

FIB: Naw...I wanna see the rest of the show...come on...

DOOR OPEN:

MUSIC: PARAMOUNT NEWSREEL THEME: 'OUT WITH DOOR CLOSE

FIB: Shucks, missed the newsreel again! Let's go home.

MOL: Fine. We can come back next week.

FIB: What's the next feature?

MOL: HEAVEN CAN WAIT for two weeks. They say it's a very -

FIB: HEY MOLLY...LOOK. THERE'S LA TRIVIA.!!

MOL: Well, heavenly days...HELLO, MR. LA TRIVIA.

GALE: (FADE IN) Hello, Molly. Hello, McGee. Nice to see you.

FIB: How's everything in the coast-guard, La Trivia? And what you doin' in town - sailing the bounding main street?

GALE: No, I came to see Mr. Wellington, the manager of the theatre. Know him?

MOL: Oh, quite well.

FIB: Went to school with him, La Trivia. He and I slept in the same geometry class. Pal of yours?

GALE: Oh no. I'm seeing him on business for the Coast Guard. At every performance next week we are putting on a recruiting talk.

MOL: You need more men?

GALE: We need more women.

FIB: That's a chronic complaint with sailors, ain't it, La Trivia?

GALE: This is a recruiting campaign for the Spars, McGee. That's the women's division of the Coast Guard. And a wonderful organisation for women between 20 and 36 who really want to do something in this war. I have a selfish interest, I'll admit, because every woman who joins, relieves a man for front line duty.

MOL: I know how you must feel, Mr. La Trivia. Where do the Spars train.

GALE: At the Biltmore Hotel in Palm Springs, Florida.

FIB: Gee, honest? Must be wonderful to stay at a swanky hotel like that and pay off in salutes. Hey, how much jewelry are those Spars allowed to wear, La Trivia?

GALE: I don't know. Just the essential minimum, I suppose? Why?

FIB: Just wondered if they were allowed to wear clanking bracelets and stuff. You don't want Spars that jingle, jangle, jingle. (LAUGHS) GET IT, KIDS? The joke lies in the similarity of sound between spar and spur, and --

MOL: TAIN'T FUNNY, MCGEE!!!

FIB: Really? I thought it rather amusing.

MOL: What do Spars do in the Coast Guard, Mr. La Trivia?

GALE: They act as chauffeurs, cooks, stewards, bookkeepers, teletype and telephone operators, and a hundred other things. Almost everything but actually manning the boats.

MOL: Going to be in conference very long, Mr. La Trivia? Maybe you could come home with us and have a cup of coffee.

GALE: Thank you very much, but some other time, Mrs. McGee. Good night.

MOL: Goodnight.

GALE: Goodnight, McGee.

(FAUSE)

MOL: MCGEE!!...COASTGUARDSMAN LA TRIVIA SAID GOODNIGHT!

FIB: Eh? Oh. Excuse me. I was thinking.

GALE: About what?

FIB: Women bein' in the Navy. Must be strange to have a sweetheart with a mustache in every port. Ah well, times change. Goodnight, La Trivia.

GALE: See you soon, I hope... (FADE)

MOL: Come on, McGee. We've had enough excitement for one evening.

FIB: Yes, I guess so -

GIRL: PARDON ME, Sir. Do you still want this candy bar?

FIB: Eh? Oh. Hiyah, sis. Say, I do at that. Gimme a nickel, Molly.

MOL: Sorry, dearie. I can't.

FIB: Why not?

MOL: I forgot to tell you, but during the confusion somebody snatched my purse.

FIB: In the conf... somebody snat... you mean you... oh pshaw!!!

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

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC
SEPTEMBER 28, 1943

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: If this were a quiz show, I might be asking you this question. What do children and dogs and delivery boys have in common? If I told you it had something to do with your kitchen floor, I'm sure you'd have the answer right away. Sure, they all track dirt and rain and snow in onto that floor, and you're the little woman who has to clean it up. Of course, if your floor is protected with JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO COAT, you just relax and say what's the difference. Because you know that a damp cloth will wipe up those tracks and that dirt in a jiffy, and the linoleum itself will not be harmed, because the GLO-COAT keeps it safe. Yes, it saves in two ways -- saves you work and saves your linoleum. The regular use of GLO-COAT makes linoleum last 6 to 10 times longer. And you know, of course, that JOHNSON'S GLO COAT is self polishing -- it needs no rubbing or buffing. You simply apply and let dry. GLO-COAT keeps linoleum colors fresh and bright, and that's a good point too. Wherever you have linoleum floors -- in the kitchen or the bathroom or the front entrance -- it will pay you to protect them with JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO-COAT.

ORCHESTRA: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

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FIB: Ladies and gentlemen, it's nice to be back with you again for another season. And we're very happy to announce that we'll have with us this year that live wire with the dead pan, our old friend and yours - Ransome Sherman.

MOL: Yes, and we're really looking forward to the next 38 weeks.

FIB: How many Molly?

MOL: 38.

FIB: ONLY 38 SHOWS TO GO? MY GOSH, HOW THE TIME FLIES!!
Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all!

ORCHESTRA: UP TO FINISH

APPLAUSE

SIGNOFF:

WIL: This is Harlow Wilcox, speaking for the makers of JOHNSON 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)

WRITERS: Don Quinn
Phil Leslie

"FIBB

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1943