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(REVISED)

#2

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

Johnson's Wax

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 5, 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 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: "FUN TO BE FREE" - FADE FOR:



WILCOX: The air is full of rumors these days but common sense tells us not to accept them as truth nor help spread them, especially when they concern the war. But there are other kinds or rumors, about individual companies, that often need to be corrected. You may have been told, for instance, that you can't get Johnsons Wax or Johnsons Glo-Coat because the company isn't making these products any more. Well, it is a fact that the makers of Johnsons Wax have been turning out millions of packages of protective finishes for war uses, and they are proud to be doing so, but without interfering with that important job, they are also able to make good quantities of the products you know so well, such as Glo-Coat, Cream Wax, Carnu and Johnsons Paste and Liquid Wax. Every dealer gets his share of these products -- though not always all that he asks for. He tries to keep you and his other customers supplied with Johnsons Wax polishes of all kinds, because it's so important these days to keep your floors, furniture, woodwork and leather goods wax-protected. You can make your wax supply last longer by using it sparingly -- Remember, a little goes a long way.

ORCH: (SWELL TO FINISH)  
(APPLAUSE)

WILCOX: THERE'S A LITTLE STRANGER COMING TO 79 WISTFUL VISTA. BUT DON'T SEND ANY SILVER RATTLES, BECAUSE HE'S PROBABLY SIX FEET TALL WITH HIS WELDING MITTENS ON. YES, THE MCGEEES ARE ABOUT TO TAKE IN A WAR WORKER. AND HERE, CLEANING OUT THE SPARE BEDROOM, AND TALKING ON THE PHONE, RESPECTIVELY, WE FIND --

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

MOL: (ON PHONE) -- No, we've not met him yet, Mrs. Toops. But Doctor Gamble vouches for him, and the two best judges of human nature are doctors and bird dogs. What, Mrs. Toops? (LAUGHS) Oh, no thank you. I know your dog is very intelligent, but we'll just take Dr. Gamble's word for it. Yes. Well, I've got to go help McGee straighten out the spare room, Mrs. Toops. He's --

SOUND: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS FADE IN

FIB: (FADE IN) HEY, MOLLY!!!.....MOLLY!!!!!!

MOL: See you later, Mrs. Toops. Goodbye. (CLICK) WHAT'S THE MATTER, MCGEE?

FIB: AIN'T IT MARVELOUS, MOLLY?...AIN'T IT WONDERFUL!! OH, BOY! HAUL DOWN THE BLACKOUT CURTAINS!.....GO BUY A STEAK! TEAR UP THE RATION BOOKS!!!.....WHOOPEEEEEEE!!

MOL: What's the matter with you, McGee? Stop leaping around.



FIB: BUT, MOLLY....IT'S HAPPENED....IT'S HAPPENED!!  
MOL: What's happened?  
FIB: LOOK!...LOOKA THE PAPER!!....(PAPER RATTLE) GERMANY  
SURRENDERS!!!  
MOL: Oh, throw that 1918 paper away and stop clowning.  
FIB: Stop clow-- You mean this-- Oh. Oh, yeah. I THOUGHT this  
Stutz Bearcut advertisement looked kinda funny.  
MOL: Did you get all the junk cleared out of the bedroom?  
FIB: Yeah...but a lot of it wasn't junk. A lot of it was  
valuable stuff I wanna save.  
MOL: What did you do with the moose head?  
FIB: Just what you says. Put it in Uncle Dennis's room. But  
I didn't know what to do with my doorknob collection.  
MOL: You used to collect the WIERDEST things, McGee. Doorknobs,  
oyster-forks and hub caps.  
FIB: I knew a guy once - Fred Nitney of Starved Rock, Illinois,  
that used to collect hairpins and compacts.  
MOL: HAIRPINS AND COMPACTS!

FIB: Yeah...every time Fred's wife would find a hairpin or a  
compact in his car, Fred would yell, "DON'T THROW THAT  
AWAY - THAT'S PART OF MY COLLECTION!" Fred used to pick  
'em up all over the country.  
MOL: I'll bet he did. Now look, McGee, when Mr....er....Mr....  
when the new roomer moves in -  
FIB: HEY, WHAT IS HIS NAME, anyway?  
MOL: I don't remember....though it's a very attractive name...  
here, Dr. Gamble wrote it on a piece of paper so I....  
Oh here it is, AL DARLING.  
FIB: AL DARLING!! I'll bet he carries his lunch in a knitting  
bag. AL DARLING.....Oh, mamma!  
MOL: Now don't leap to conclusions, McGee. He probably shaves  
three times a day.  
FIB: OH, I'M GLAD YOU MENTIONED THAT! Look what I fixed up  
for him. Never let it be said I don't co-operate.  
MOL: What is it?  
FIB: My old electric razor. I honed the blades, and oiled it,  
and put the gears in different and it works like a charm.  
Wait...I'll show you...where's the wall plug?  
MOL: In the wall.  
FIB: Oh, yes. Well, listen to this.  
SOUND: HUM OF ELECTRIC RAZOR....DEVELOPS CLACKS, AND SQUEALS AND  
PINGING...GOES INTO HELLUVA CLATTER



FIB: (SHOUTS OVER SOUND) WORKS LIKE A TOP, DON'T IT?  
MOL: (LOUDLY) WHAT?  
FIB: I SAYS -- WORKS LIKE A TOP, DON'T IT?  
MOL: (SHOUTS) I CAN'T HEAR A SINGLE WORD YOU --  
SOUND: STOPS SUDDENLY WITH LOUD PUNG-G-G-G-G-G!  
MOL: What were you saying?  
FIB: I says it don't work. It's a flop.  
MOL: Oh. Well, come on, dearie. If Mr. Darling is coming in at four o'clock, we've got to get busy.  
FIB: Mr. Darling! What a moniker! I'll bet him and I have many the cozy little chit-chat over our crocheting this winter. Swapping recipes for fudge and doing each other's nails.  
MOL: I warn you, dearie...don't take too much for granted. I'll bet he --  
DOOR OPEN: CLOSE: FOOTSTEPS STUMBLE UPSTAIRS... (HICCUP)...CONTINUE UPSTAIRS AND DOOR SLAM OFF MIKE  
MOL: I wonder why Uncle Dennis came home at this hour of the day?  
FIB: I dunno, but I hope it was insured.  
MOL: You hope what was insured?  
FIB: Joe's Tavern. Unless it burned to the ground, Uncle Dennis would never be home this early.  
MOL: Now stop it. Uncle Dennis always bends over backwards to be nice to you.  
FIB: If that guy ever bent anything but his elbow, he'd --  
YELL: OFF MIKE (UNCLE DENNIS)  
SOUND: CLATTER OF FOOTSTEPS FADE IN DOWNSTAIRS FAST

DENNIS: (FADE IN) OH NO YE DON'T!...OH NO YE DON'T! GIT AWAY FROM ME! LEAVE ME ALONE, NOW!! GIT AWAY, GIT AWAY!!!  
MOL: Uncle Dennis!...What's the matter?  
FIB: You're as white as a bartender's apron!  
DENNIS: THERE'S A MOOSE IN MY ROOM! I'VE SEEN ELEPHANTS, AND ZEBRAS AND SNAKES...BUT SO HELP ME, THIS IS THE END...I'LL NEVER TOUCH ANOTHER DROP AS LONG AS I LIVE...(MUSIC SNEAK IN) A MOOSE, IT WAS...STICKIN' HIS HEAD THRU THE WALL... HERE I COMES IN THINKIN' ABOUT NOTHIN' ATALL...AND THERE HE IS...  
ORCH: "THANK YOUR LUCKY STARS"  
APPLAUSE:



MOL: I'm sorry we gave you such a scare, Uncle Dennis. Are you all right now?

FIB: Maybe a little drink of something would calm your nerves, Unk.

DENNIS: Might at that, McGee...might at that...I'M dry's a bone. Dry's a bone. What have ye got?

MOL: Milk or rootbeer.

DENNIS: Er....No thanks. Not thirsty. Well, sir...there I was comin' home from downtown --- been out all day, tryin' to pickupacoupleobucks...you know how it is...when a fella has a chance to pickupacoupleobucks he's gotta -

FIB: Yeah, we know, we know. We know you, too, Unk. You couldn't pick up a couple o' bucks on a half-broke mustang.

MOL: Now, McGee. You're wrong. Uncle Dennis was worth a great deal of money at one time. Weren't you, Uncle Dennis?

DENNIS: Right you are, macushla...I mind the time when I could write me check fer any amount you wanna name...

FIB: How about -

DENNIS: NOT TOO MUCH NOW!!!

FIB: Aw I was just -

DENNIS: On second thought, I don't think I'll write a check at all. Like to do a cash business. Like I always say, McGee, fella has a chance to pick-up-acoupleobucks, that's the way -

MOL: Look, Uncle Dennis, we have a new roomer moving in at four o'clock. How would you like to help us move some furniture?

FIB: I can hardly wait to hear the answer to this one. The only time Uncle Dennis lifts a finger is to point at an empty glass.

DENNIS: YOU WOULDN'T DARE SAY THAT TO ME FACE!!!

FIB: I JUST DID SAY IT TO YOUR FACE!

DENNIS: Excuse me...I didn't hear you...well, now Molly, darling, I'd be delighted to help you move the stuff...delighted...and maybe it'd be a chance to pickupacoupleobucks, but it's ridiculous...ridiculous...I've seen that room and it's PERFECT...wouldn't change a thing...no sir...just right the way it is...just right...just right, just right....

(FADE OUT)

MOL: Isn't he the old flatterer?

FIB: He's so full o'baloney they oughtta put him on lend-lease. Hey, you know what I did for the new roomer? I put one of my favorite books in his room.



MOL: What book?

FIB: Tom Swift and his Electric Rifle. I always say that a guy gets half his education outa good books and literature. And reading. I remember one time --

MOL: Never mind, McGee....we've got to get busy. Now look, take the rug out of the spare room and put it on the back porch. There's a better one rolled up on the shelf in the garage. And --

CHIME:

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

WILCOX: Hello, friends. What's this talk about you taking in roomers?

MOL: It's true, Mr. Wilcox. We had a spare room, and we knew the town is so crowded with war workers we didn't have the heart not to let somebody have it. Besides, we can use the extra money to buy war bonds.

FIB: We're gettin' a guy from a airplane plant, Junior. He'll be handy in case we wanna build a wing on the house

FIB: P-38. "P" for probably.

WILCOX: Don't reach, kid.

MOL: Would you like to see the room we're fixing up, Mr. Wilcox? It's right back here...

WIL: If I'd known you were in the market for roomers, my brother Paul is in town now, and --

FIB: OH NO YOU DON'T...WE WANT NO ANNOUNCER'S BROTHERS LIVIN' HERE, WILCOX. "BONG BONG BONG...NOW LEAP OUT OF BED, KIDDIES, AND DO YOUR EXERCISES...AND UNCLE PAUL WILL TELL YOU WHERE THERE IS A NICE PRESENT HIDDEN BEHIND THE PIANO..."

MOL: McGee, be quiet a minute.

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: This is the room, Mr. Wilcox...we're not finished fixing it up yet, but I think it will be all right.

WIL: ALL RIGHT!..IT'S WONDERFUL! NICE BIG CLOSET, comfortable-looking bed, easy chair, smoking stand - (PAUSE) What's that thing on the closet door?

FIB: Necktie rack. Made it in manual training when I was in the eight grade. The reason it's so big is on account what I started to make was a bookcase. Broke a end off it, and decided to make a piano bench. Legs weren't even, so I cut it down to a tabouret. Then it was a magazine stand, a mailbox, a collarbutton container, and a lamp base. I split it, tryin' to stick a wire thru it, so I made a necktie rack. Holds five or six ties unless you hang 'em on the part that's glued together.

MOL: He's a great little handyman, Mr. Wilcox. Give him a pair of pliers and he can straighten a wire coat-hanger in less than a week.



WIL: Well, I will say, Molly, that whoever gets this room will have a pleasant place to rest in the arms of Morpheus.

FIB: THERE'LL BE NONE OF THAT STUFF IN THIS HOUSE, JUNIOR! IF HE WANTS TO ENTERTAIN, HE'LL --

MOL: Oh, be quiet, McGee. Any suggestions, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Nary a suggestion, Molly. In fact, if I was rooming here, I'd never want to go to work. I'd sit on the edge of the bed all day long, and admire that beautiful linoleum floor.

FIB: Oh-oh. Folks, if any of you wanna sneak out for a quick smoke, here's your chance. Mr. Wilcox just got off the pony express from Racine, Wisconsin, ready to deliver a brief lecture on "JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT, ALWAYS UNDERFOOT, BUT NEVER IN THE WAY." Ladies and gentlemen, our Mr. Wilcox!

MOL: Don't let him kid you, Mr. Wilcox. There IS Glocoat on this linoleum.

WIL: I knew that, Molly. Whenever I see a piece of linoleum that sparkles and glistens like that, I KNOW it's been Glocoated. I know linoleum, and I know they haven't made that particular pattern for sixteen years. But look at it! No scuffed places, no cracks --

MOL: That goes for you, too, McGee...no cracks!

WIL: Another thing, Molly...when this fellow comes home from the factory with his heavy, dirty shoes, you know the floor is protected against scratches and grit by Johnson's Glocoat. AHHH, TO LIVE IN A ROOM WITH THE WARM, VIBRANT CHARM -- THE HANDSOME, GLEAMING, SPOTLESS LUSTRE OF A LOVELY, LOVELY PIECE OF GLOCOATED LINOLEUM. LUCKY WAR WORKER! - HAVING HIS LIFE ENRICHED AND RENEWED WITH THE SOUL-SATISFYING, HEART-WARMING BEAUTY SPREAD BEFORE HIM FROM WALL TO WALL...TO RETURN HOME IN THE GLOAMING, HUNGRY FOR ANOTHER GLIMPSE OF THE GLISTENING FLOOR - LEAVING REGRETFULLY IN THE MORNING, WITH A HAPPY, BACKWARD LOOK. AHHHH, WHAT ECSTASY!! (FADE) WHAT RAPTURE!! WHAT A TALISMAN AGAINST THE CARES AND TRIBULATIONS--

DOOR SLAM OFF MIKE:

(PAUSE)

FIB: Fanatic!

MOL: Never mind what he says, McGee. He's prejudiced.

FIB: PREJUDICED!! Why, that guy has been turned down four times at the Blood Bank. All they can get out of him is Glocoat.

MOL: Look, the new roomer is due at four o'clock, and it's three now. Go get that rug out of the garage, and...NO.. WAIT A MINUTE...



FIB: Now what? Don't tell me you want that dresser moved again.  
It's been shoved around so much now its drawers are drooping.

MOL: No, I was just wondering - he'll need an alarm clock in here. Did you ever get the alarm clock put back together?

FIB: Sure I did. Works like a charm, too.

MOL: What I want to know is, does it work like a clock?

FIB: Wel-l-l yes...it does. That is, it does if you keep certain things in mind. Such as the fact that I got the hour hand and the minute hand on wrong. So when the clock says three-thirty it's really quarter after six. It isn't hard to remember, if you don't forget.

MOL: Oh, fine. Does the alarm work?

FIB: It would if you could wind it. I lost the little gadget off the winding stem. But all you need is a small pair of pliers and -

DOOR CHIME: OFF -

MOL: Go see who's at the door, McGee. I want to change the pillow slip on the bed.

FIB: Aw don't worry about it. The part that says "PUT <sup>tuck</sup>MAN" ~~you can tuck~~ underneath, and ~~fell never~~

MOL: MCGEE, GO ANSWER THE DOOR!!!

DOOR CHIME: OFF:

FIB: I'M COMING!..I'M COMING!!!! (MIKE GOES WITH MCGEE,  
MUTTERING) Nobody ever went to this much trouble for me when I was livin' in rooming houses...they always put me in a hall closet that looked like the engine-room on a Greek cattle boat. If I ever -

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: AHH, HOLD YOUR HORSES...I'M COMIN'!

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

TEE: Hi, mister.

FIB: Oh, it's you. Sis, you gotta gift for bargain' in here at inconvenient times, you realize that?

TEE: Sure.

FIB: You do?

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I SAYS, YOU DO?

TEE: Do what?

FIB: Realize that?

TEE: What?

FIB: That you gotta gift?

TEE: GEE, HAVE I, MISTER? What is it? Hmmm. What is it?

(GIGGLES EXCITEDLY) You're wonderful mister! I never told ANYBODY this was my birthday. I like you!

FIB: Why?

TEE: Well, you're always so nice to littul chil-drun, always giving them gifts, and stuff. Watcha gonna gimme mister, hmm. Watcha? Hmm? Watcha?

FIB: Well, I..er...I...well, as a matter of fact...I..didn't know what you wanted, sis, so I...well, I thought I'd let you buy yourself one. Here. Here's a dollar. Go get a mamma doll, and if you're smart you'll get one that doesn't wanna take in roomers.



TEE: Hi, mister.

FIB: Oh, it's you. Sis, you gotta gift for bargain' in here at inconvenient times, you realize that?

TEE: Sure.

FIB: You do?

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I SAYS, YOU DO?

TEE: Do what?

FIB: Realize that?

TEE: What?

FIB: That you gotta gift?

TEE: GEE, HAVE I, MISTER? What is it? Hmmm. What is it?  
(GIGGLES EXCITEDLY) You're wonderful mister! I never told ANYBODY this was my birthday. I like you!

FIB: Why?

TEE: Well, you're always so nice to littul chil-drun, always giving them gifts, and stuff. Whatcha gonna gimme mister, hmm. Whatcha? Hmm? Whatcha?

FIB: Well, I..er...I...well, as a matter of fact...I..didn't know what you wanted, sis, so I...well, I thought I'd let you buy yourself one. Here. Here's a dollar. Go get a mamma doll, and if you're smart you'll get one that doesn't wanna take in roomers.

TEE: Thanks ever so much mister!

FIB: Now just go away and be happy. Go away and we'll BOTH be happy. I'M busy today, so scram.

TEE: Whatcha doin', mister?

FIB: Fixin' up the spare bedroom. We're takin' in a roomer.

TEE: My daddy doesn't believe in rumors, mister. He says it's silly to listen to 'em.

FIB: That's another kind of roomer, sis. That's R.U.M.E.R, and means gossip.

TEE: That's what my daddy meant.

FIB: Well, the kind I'm talkin' about is the kind that you rent a room to.

TEE: That's what my daddy meant.

FIB: WELL, MAKE UP YOUR MIND...WHICH KIND ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

TEE: Both, I betcha. We got a roomer staying at our house, and for three weeks he's been telling my daddy he'll pay his rent tomorrow and that's why my daddy says it's silly to listen to roomers.

FIB: Oh, I see.

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I SAID I SEE...NOW RUN ALONG SIS...

TEE: Okay, Mister...and gee, thanks ever so much for the dollar.

FIB: You deserve it, sis. Any little girl who has a birthday and doesn't tell anybody is for me. You didn't tell ANYBODY this was your birthday?

TEE: No. It wouldn't have been nice. On account of my birthday is in April. G'bye, mister!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:



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FIB: Why that little gypper.!! SHE LET ME THINK THIS WAS HER  
BIRTHD-- SHE STUCK ME FOR A DOLLAR....WHERE'S MY HAT!!!  
I'LL SHOW HER SHE CAN'T...WHERE'S MY HAT? A KID HER AGE  
TAAIN' ADVANTAGE OF A...WHERE'S MY HAT...OH HERE, IN THE  
CLOSET....

DOOR OPEN: TERRIFIC AVALANCHE OF JUNK....SUSTAIN..BELL TINKLE.

FIB: Hmmm. I forgot I put all the stuff out of the spare  
room in this closet.

ORCH: SELECTION: "BEST OF ALL" - KING'S MEN.

APPLAUSE:

(2ND REVISION) -19-

THIRD SPOT

MOL: Well, the room is all fixed, McGee, and it looks nice if  
I do say so myself, as shouldn't, but do, because it  
really does.

FIB: I only hope we don't get some mugg livin' here that's  
thoughtless and inconsiderate and squawks every time a  
guy borrows a shirt, or a razor blade. HEY! What's this  
guy's name again -- Pete Sweetheart...Charlie Cutiepie.

MOL: AL DARLING.

FIB: Oh yeah...Al Darling.

MOL: AND A VERY TOUGH CUSTOMER TOO, MCGEE.

FIB: How do you know? You never saw him.



MOL: I didn't have to. Any boy by the name of Darling who got out of grade school alive would have to be tough. Why I knew a lad...

DOOR CHIMES

FIB: AHHH, THIS MUST BE HIM NOW! Stop smiling, Molly, and get a nasty look on your face, if possible. You don't LOOK like a rooming-house landlady.

MOL: Thanks for the "if possible". COME IN...

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

GALE: Hello, Mrs. McGee. Hello, McGee. Just here for a day and thought I'd drop in.

FIB: Well, I'll be a ... HIYAH, LATRIVIA.

MOL: We thought it was our new roomer, Mr. LaTrivia.

GALE: Roomer? Since when have you been taking in roomers McGee?

FIB: Since in about ten minutes, if he's on time, LaTrivia. War worker. Molly's idea.

MOL: Well, we had a spare room, Mr. LaTrivia, and I got to thinking about the war workers with children who didn't have a proper place to live, so I thought if we made room for a single man, maybe a FAMILY could move in where he was.

GALE: Molly, you're a fine woman.

FIB: I'M a fine man, too. I hardly argues about it at all.

MOL: By the way, Mr. LaTrivia...LOOK, DO I CALL YOU MISTER, OR WHAT? WHAT DOES ONE CALL A COASTGUARDSMAN?

FIB: If it's a goodlookin' coastguardsman like LaTrivia, and you're a girl, you don't call 'em. You just whistle, like this. (WHISTLE) WHEE, WHEN!

GALE: To answer your very sensible question, Mrs. McGee, which preceded the witty, if somewhat hackneyed comment of our parlor comic, one addresses a coastguardsman by his name, unless he is an officer, ~~or, more usually by the term~~ "sailor."

MOL: Well, you ought to be an officer -- a man with your education.

FIB: Yeah it's a shame ... guy that graduated with the highest honors, from barber college.

GALE: I DIDN'T GRADUATE FROM BARBER COLLEGE.

MOL: How far did you get, Mr. La Trivia?

GALE: I DIDN'T GET ANYWHERE. I -

FIB: TOO TOUGH A COURSE, LA TRIVIA?

GALE: NO, IT WASN'T. I MEAN HOW SHOULD I KNOW?

MOL: Why shouldn't you know..didn't you ever look at your text books?

GALE: I DIDN'T HAVE ANY TEXT BOOKS. WHAT I'M TRYING TO -

FIB: IF YOU REFUSED TO BUY ANY TEXT BOOKS, NO WONDER YOU NEVER GOT ANYWHERE IN BARBER COLLEGE, LA TRIVIA.

GALE: I TELL YOU I DIDN'T GO TO BARBER COLLEGE!!!

MOL: Too expensive?



GALE: YES...ER...NO. I DON'T KNOW...I TELL YOU I NEVER HAD THE SLIGHTEST INTENTION OF GOING TO BARBER COLLEGE. I WENT TO YALE.

FIB: They teach barbering at Yale?

GALE: OF COURSE NOT!

MOL: Then why did you go there, if you wanted to be a barber?

GALE: I TELL YOU I DIDN'T WANT TO BE A BARBER...MCGEE WAS THE ONE WHO...WELL, THE WHOLE ARGUMENT STARTED WHEN...OH I DON'T KNOW...ALL I KNOW IS I HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH BARBERS. I SHAVE MYSELF.

FIB: From the look of that haircut, you must cut your own hair, too, bud.

GALE: I DO NOT! THE COAST GUARD BARBER CUTS MY HAIR.

MOL: Of course, McGee...you've heard of Coast Guard cutters.

FIB: Oh sure...I just didn't happen to -

GALE: A COAST GUARD CUTTER IS A SHIP. A FAST, SEAGOING VESSEL.

MOL: No wonder your hair is all chopped up...How can anybody give a decent haircut on a speedboat?

FIB: Probably run it back and forth across his -

GALE: PLEASE, PLEASE PLEASE...MCGEE! MRS. MCGEE! LISTEN! A COAST GUARD CUTTER HAS NOTHING WHATSOEVER TO DO WITH MY HAIRCUT. IT IS MERELY A VESSEL USED IN VARIOUS PATROL SERVICES BY THE COAST GUARD. IS THAT CLEAR?

MOL: Of course it is. We understand that.

FIB: The part I don't get is, if you're a graduate from a barber college, why you didn't get a commission. Seems to me a college graduate --

GALE: (SCREAMS) I TELL YOU I DIDN'T GRADU...I DIDN'T GO TO BARBER COL...I NEVER MENTIONED THE IDEA UNTIL...YOU STARTED THE WHOLE THING WHEN YOU...YOU DELIBERATELY INVEIGLE ME INTO THESE...(PAUSE) (SOFTLY) McGee.

FIB: Eh?

GALE: I'm sorry I lost my temper.

MOL: Heavenly days...forget it.

GALE: I'll try not to let it happen again.

FIB: Don't give it a thought, La Trivia.

GALE: Thank you. (SHOUTS) BUT IF IT DOES HAPPEN AGAIN, YOU'D BETTER NOT BE AROUND, BECAUSE I'LL TEAR THE BINNACLE RIGHT OUT OF YOUR BULKHEAD AND FLEMISH YOUR KEELSON TILL YOUR BILGE IS FLUSH WITH YOUR FIDDLEY! GOOD DAY!!

DOOR SLAM LOUD:

FIB: What'd he say?

MOL: He said fiddley, diddle he?

FIB: (LAUGHS) Ah good old La Trivia. After the war he oughta open a barbecue joint...he's always good for a few ribs.

MOL: We shouldn't do it, McGee...he's a fine man and a credit to the Coastguard. Say, our roomer ought to be here any minute. I wonder if I've forgotten anything in his room.

FIB: If you did, and if I know roomers, and I ought to, because I been one, he'll remind you.

MOL: Let's see...extra blankets...flashlight for blackouts...ashtrays...a few books and magazines...No, I guess -

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: AHHH, THIS MUST BE HIM...HOW DOES MY HAIR LOOK MCGEE?

FIB: What difference does it make...who we expecting, Percy Westmore? COME IN!!

DOOR OPEN:



MOL: OH, DOCTOR GAMBLE...COME IN DOCTOR!

GAMBLE: Thank you, Mrs. McGee. Hello, McGee.

FIB: Hiyah, Doc, old man. Hey, where's our new roomer you were gonna send.

DOC: What do you mean, SEND. This is a personally conducted introduction. Al will be here in just a minute. Gone back to the car for a handbag. You sure you want to take in a war worker, Mrs. McGee?

MOL: Of course we do, Doctor.

FIB: IF WE DON'T, I SURE HAVE WASTED A DAY. IF I HAVE TO DO ANY MORE SHOVIN' FURNITURE AROUND I'M GONNA GET A SHOEMAKER TO PUT CASTERS ON MY HEELS.

DOC: Oh how you suffer, my boy. But just try and remember that it won't hurt you. Do you good. Your muscles have less tone than a dime store harmonica.

MOL: I hope the room will be satisfactory, Doctor.

DOC: Of course it will. Anyway, Al's not fussy. Father was an old school chum of mine, and I've known the kid all my life. AHH HERE WE ARE!.. COME IN AL. MRS. MCGEE...MR. MCGEE, THIS IS AL DARLING. ALICE, THIS IS FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY.

GIRL: How do you do?

(PAUSE)

MOL: How...how...how do you do...I'M sure.

FIB: H-h-h-hiyah, sis....and I'm not so sure.

DOC: You're not so sure of what, McGee?

FIB: Of anything...after this...Al Darling...ALICE....A GIRL!!!  
I NEVER....

MOL: WELL STOP STARING, MCGEE.. NOW YOU COME RIGHT IN, ALICE DEAR, AND MAKE YOURSELF PERFECTLY AT HOME...TELL ME...CAN YOU MAKE FUDGE?

DOC: Fudge !??!!

GIRL: Why, why yes, Mrs. McGee...I make very good fudge. Why?

MOL: OH ISN'T THAT NICE! MY HUSBAND WAS SAYING JUST A WHILE AGO THAT HE HOPED TO SPEND MANY A LONG WINTER EVENING WITH YOU SWAPPING RECIPES FOR FUDGE!

FIB: I NEVER NO SUCH A....Oh my gosh...I did too!! Oh pshaw....

ORCH: "MY HEART TELLS ME"



CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: You know, when you can make something last twice as long by taking care of it, you usually figure it's well worth the effort, especially in these times. But when it lasts six to ten times longer, that's almost a miracle, isn't it? That's exactly what happens when you protect your linoleum regularly with JOHNSON'S GLO COAT. And what makes the story seem even harder to believe, you actually save yourself work in the bargain. GLO COAT is SELF POLISHING -- it needs no rubbing or buffing. You simply apply and let it dry 20 minutes. GLO COAT makes all linoleum surfaces shine with beauty -- keeps their colors fresh and bright. If you have any floors of asphalt tile or rubber tile, be sure to protect them also with this easy-to-use, ever-more-popular JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO COAT.

ORCHESTRA: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

TAG

MOL: McGee, look at this article I clipped out of the paper.  
FIB: You read it; I can't see a thing with these glasses on.  
MOL: Well, you would fit yourself at the ten-cent store.  
The article says:

"WE HAIL WITH DELIGHT THE RETURN TO THE AIR THIS FALL OF OUR FAVORITE RADIO TEAM. THEIR DELIGHTFUL HUMOR IS SO TYPICALLY AMERICAN, SO HAPPILY THEIR OWN AND SO WARMLY HUMAN, THAT WE EXPECT THEM TO MAKE RADIO HISTORY IN THE FUTURE AS THEY HAVE IN THE PAST.

FIB: Swell, isn't it? Remind me to send the guy an autographed picture and thank him for -

MOL: It goes on to say:

"WE REFER, OF COURSE, TO AMOS 'N ANDY, WHO RETURN TO NBC FRIDAY NIGHT. GOOD LUCK, BOYS!"

(PAUSE)

FIB: Oh.

MOL: Yes.

FIB: Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight all!

ORCH: (CLOSING SIGNATURE)



(REVISE) -27-

WILCOX: This is Harlow Wilcox, speaking for the makers of JOHNSON  
WAX FINISHES for home and industry, and 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

"FIBBER MCGEE AND  
Johnson's Wax

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1943