

WRITERS: Don Quinn  
Phil Leslie

(REVISED)

#4

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

Johnson's Wax

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1943

N. B. C.

(REVISED)

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

ORCHESTRA: 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.

ORCHESTRA: "BUT NOT FOR ME" FADE FOR



S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY  
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC  
OCTOBER 19, 1943

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WIL: One of the really important extra uses for JOHNSON'S WAX is the protection of leather. Hardly a day goes by without somebody writing us that they've just discovered how useful wax is for their luggage, belts, purses and shoes. We get this same story today from war workers and from men in service. A girl in a war plant writes: "I am among the thousands of women who are doing a man-size job of running a machine in a war plant. Our leather shoes protect us against foot injury, and to protect the shoe leather against wear, we wax our shoes with JOHNSON'S WAX." Another letter, from three members of a glider crew, reads as follows: "The boys in our outfit have had trouble keeping their G.I. shoes shined and water-repellent. One day we put a coat of your JOHNSON'S PASTE WAX on our shoes. It not only shined them, but helped to keep them dry -- now we just brush them off and the shine is restored." I've read you these letters simply as a reminder not to forget your leather articles next time you're using your JOHNSON'S WAX.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

(REVISED) -4-

WILCOX: WELL, OCTOBER 19th, 1943, HAS FINALLY ARRIVED AND THE SQUIRE OF 79 WISTFUL VISTA IS WILD WITH JOY!! AHHH, HAPPY DAY!! THE ECSTASY OF IT ALL!!! THE HAPPINESS, THE CHEER AND THE JOLLY OLD GLADNESS OF IT!! TO THINK THAT FOR SEVEN WHOLE YEARS NOW.....but listen to -

--- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: Hot dog...I MADE IT...YE HEAR THAT, MOLLY? I MADE IT!! I'M ALIVE..AND HEALTHY!..NOW FOR A CLEAN, FRESH START!!! WHOOPEEEE!!!..YOWIE!!!!

MOL: When you stop dancing that Peoria Minuet, and quit whooping around like a carousing Comanche, you might explain all this exuberance.

FIB: WHAT? YOU MEAN YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT DAY THIS IS?

MOL: Aside from Tuesday, October 19th, 1943.....no.

FIB: OHHHH, MOLLY!! THIS IS MY DAY OF LIBERATION...I'M ~~EMANSTIPATED~~!!! I'M FREE!!

MOL: From what?

FIB: FROM BAD LUCK.!!! DON'T YOU REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED ON OCTOBER 19th, 1936? I BUSTED <sup>the day</sup> A MIRROR!!! MY SEVEN YEARS BAD LUCK ARE OVER...OH BOY OH BOY OH BOY...THIS CALLS FOR A DRINK...We got any rootbeer? (PAUSE) I SAYS, WE GOT ANY ROOTBEER? (PAUSE) Molly!! Whaddye lookin' at me like that for? I never drink a whole bottle.

MOL: I...I wasn't worried about that, dearie. I...well, I was going to ask you to do something for me, but now ...

FIB: AW COME ON...ASK ME ANYTHING...YOU BEEN THRU THIS SEVEN YEARS TOO, AND BEEN A GOOD KID ABOUT IT. I'LL DO ANYTHING....ANYTHING!

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FIB: FROM BAD LUCK,!!! DON'T YOU REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED ON OCTOBER 19th, 1936? <sup>that day</sup> I BUSTED <sup>the</sup> A MIRROR!!! MY SEVEN YEARS BAD LUCK ARE OVER...OH BOY OH BOY OH BOY...THIS CALLS FOR A DRINK...We got any rootbeer? (PAUSE) I SAYS, WE GOT ANY ROOTBEER? (PAUSE) Molly!! Whaddye lookin' at me like that for? I never drink a whole bottle.

MOL: I...I wasn't worried about that, dearie. I...well, I was going to ask you to do something for me, but now ...

FIB: AW COME ON...ASK ME ANYTHING...YOU BEEN THRU THIS SEVEN YEARS TOO, AND BEEN A GOOD KID ABOUT IT. I'LL DO ANYTHING....ANYTHING!

MOL: Really?

FIB: ABSOLUTELY!! I'M SO DARN HAPPY, I WAS EVEN CONTENT WITH THE WORLD WHEN I FINISHED READIN' PEGLER THIS MORNING! COME ON, BABY!!...WHADDYE WANT ME TO DO?

MOL: You won't like it.

FIB: I'LL LOVE IT!!! Whatever it is. FROM NOW ON I FEAR NOTHING! Ha ha hah!!! FEARLESS FIBBER, FINALLY FREED FROM A FATE FRAUGHT WITH FOUL AND FIENDISH PHANTOMS - FINALLY FINISHED WITH FANCIFUL FRETTERING OVER FANTASTIC.... er...whaddye want me to do?

MOLLY: Carry the hall mirror down town and have it re-silvered.

(PAUSE)

FIB: Carry the...hall...mirror downtown----- Oh, Molly, On this, of all days!!

MOL: Oh don't be so superstitious. Sensible people don't believe in that 7-years bad luck business. There's nothing to it.

FIB: OH, THEY DON'T, ISN'T THERE!! I know better. Besides the hall mirror don't need to be re-silvered.

MOL: RE-SILVERED. And yes it does. You were asking me just the other day why it was you always had freckles in the hall that went away in the bathroom. Besides, what's so dangerous about carrying a small mirror downtown?



FIB: WHAT'S DANGEROUS!! WALK CLEAR ACROSS TOWN WITH A MIRROR...  
THRU ALL THAT TRAFFIC AND STUFF? You know what a  
stumblebum I am! Gee, whizz, I trip over a loud pattern  
in a carpet.

MOL: ~~Well, my goodness, you can be careful, can't you?~~

FIB: ~~BE CAREFUL SHE SAYS!!! JUST FINISHED SEVEN YEARS OF  
MISFORTUNE AND YOU WANT ME TO GIVE LADY LUCK THE WOLF  
CALL!~~ Anyway, maybe the mirror shop isn't open, maybe...  
I hope.

MOL: Why shouldn't they be?

FIB: I dunno, but maybe they're not. I'll check. Gimme the  
phone.

MOL: Here.

FIB: Thanks. (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR? GIMME THE HERE'S-LOOKIN'  
AT-YOU MIRROR COMPANY ON 14th AND OAAAAAA, IS THAT YOU,  
MYRT?

MOL: Oh dear!

FIB: HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING, MYRT? TIS EH? WHAT SAY, MYRT?  
(PAUSE) OHH, I DUNNO, MYRT. MY GOSH, IF THREE TERMS HAVE  
BEEN 'SO TOUGH ON HIM HE CERTAINLY WON'T WANT A FOURTH!

MOL: McGee, what on earth -

FIB: It's Myrt's kid brother. Looks like he's due for a fourth  
term in the third grade. WHAT SAY, MYRT? OH. THANKS,  
MYRT. (CLICK) Line's busy.

MOL: If the line's busy there must be somebody there. Now get  
your hat and -

FIB: BUT MOLLY...PLEASE!!...Why does the mirror have to be  
re-silvered -

MOL: SILVERED.

FIB: Yes, but why today? What's all the rush?

MOL: It's for the new roomer. Alice Darling. I promised her  
a better mirror in her room.

FIB: OH ALICE DARLING DARLING DARLING!!! That kid is  
disrupturing the whole household. Every time the  
phone rings -

TELEPHONE

FIB: (CLICK) HELLO, SHE'S ASLEEP, WHO IS IT, OKAY, BUZZ.

(CLICK) See what I mean? If that kid don't.....

MOL: Look, McGee, when you take the mirror downtown, I'll  
go with you. I have to go to the beauty shop.

FIB: (SIGHS) Well ... okay. If I gotta, I gotta, I guess.  
Where's the mirror?

MOL: Tied up with brown paper in the hall. I was going to  
ask you to take the coffee tray too, and have some new  
handles put on it, but as long as it frightens you  
so much just to carry the mirror ---

DOOR OPENS AND CLOSE:

MOL: Oh, HELLO, ALICE DEAR.

ALICE: Hello, Mrs. McGee and Mr McGee. I just woke up and  
wondered if there were any phone calls for me.

FIB: You got a Buzz from a guy by the same name, Alice.  
Anybody else, Molly?

MOL: Your father called and said that he didn't think setting  
diamonds in your factory identification badge was a  
very good idea for Christmas, but what else did you want.

ALICE: Oh, thank you ever so much... I do hope I'm not a terrible  
old bother to you.

FIB: Not at all, kid. .not at all. I rather enjoy leapin' up  
seven or eight times from the breakfast table to take your  
phone calls. Gives my toast a chance to cool off.



ALICE: Oh, Mr. McGee, you're just an old peach...just a fuzzly little wuzzy old peach. Was there any mail for me?

MOL: Only a few letters---

FIB: And a postcard from a guy named Oscar.

ALICE: Oh, yes, Oscar. Oscar and I went to riveting school together. He was voted the boy most likely to.

MOL: Most likely to what?

ALICE: I don't remember, really, but Oscar was likely to do most anything. We broke off when I started going with Millard.

FIB: Millard?

ALICE: Yes, but that's all over now, too. Millard had such a terrible temper that I don't see why a girl should tie herself up to a fellow that he's always flying off into simply a RAGE, my dears. Even though it was more or less my fault that I left my blow-torch on his chair.

MOL: YOU LEFT A BLOWTORCH ON THE MAN'S CHAIR?

FIB: I'll bet that made him hot under the collar.

ALICE: Oh, WAY under! Oh, did I show you my silver cup that I won at the plant last week?

MOL: Why, isn't that lovely? How did you win it, Alice?

ALICE: Oh, the boys in the Welding Section voted me "The Girl They'd Most Like to be Welded into a Self-Sealing Gas Tank with of 1943". Wasn't that sweet? Carl - he's the foreman, he presented it to me before he got transferred to the rivetting department.

FIB: Cupid must have a tough time keepin' up with you with a bow and arrow, sis. What he needs is a Tommy gun.

ALICE: Oh, I never see Tommy any more. He got fired out of the rivetting department on account of too many bombers were coming off the line with "I LOVE ALICE" spelt out in rivets on the wings.

MOL: How romantic! The best McGee ever did was carve our names in a heart on the bandstand at the park. Even then he gave himself top billing.

FIB: Along with that billing, Mrs. McGee, I was doin' some top cooling, if you'll remember. Excuse me, Alice, if I don't seem to be able to keep up with your throbbing heart, but who's the high-Crossley Romeo at the moment?

ALICE: Oh, I thought you knew, Mr. McGee. It's Raymond. He's the architect. Though I don't think I'll be seeing much more of him, on account of he's an older man and he keeps saying he feels like a father to me and whenever a man says he feels like a father to a girl she better check up and see if the powder room has an outside exit.

MOL: (LAUGHS) Well, I guess we don't have to worry about you, Alice. You seem to recognize all the wolf traps.

ALICE: Yes...but Raymond really is sweet. And SO sentimental! He even carves my initials and the date we met on the cornerstone of every building he builds.

FIB: He does?

ALICE: Yes... "A.D., 1943". Well, I guess I'll go to bed now. Nighty-night!

MOL: Good morning!

FIB: Pip pip!

ORCH: "THEY'RE EITHER TOO YOUNG OR TOO OLD"

APPLAUSE:



SECOND SPOT

(2ND REVISION) -11-

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON PAVEMENT...CONTINUE UNDER:

FIB: Don't walk so close to me, Molly. You might nudge me  
and make me drop this mirror.

MOL: Oh, don't be such a scareddy-cat. I never realized before  
what a superstitious man you were, dearie.

FIB: I'M NOT SUPERSTITIOUS. I'm just careful.

MOL: Don't give me that, McGee. You knock wood so often,  
you've got knuckles like a third-rate prize fighter. I  
never knew a man who ----

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

MOL: Oh, hello, Doctor Gamble.

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FIB: DON'T GET TOO CLOSE TO ME, DOC! I gotta mirror here, and  
I don't wanna drop it.

DOC: I don't know why a mirror should be so precious to you,  
McGee. I've seen better-looking faces than yours peering  
in my window on Halloween.

MOL: It isn't that he's vain, doctor. He's afraid he'll  
break it and have seven years' bad luck.

FIB: Yeah, I broke one just seven years ago today, Doc, and  
I don't wanna start things all over.

DOC: Superstitions like that are pure ignorance, my boy. It's  
a wonder to me you don't carry the left hind foot of a  
graveyard rabbit.

(PAUSE)

DOC: What's the matter?

MOL: He does.

FIB: Well, my gosh...I can't help it if I'm cynical about  
things. I got no illusions. I had some great sorrows  
in my life. Startin' when I was nine years old.

DOC: What terrible grief did you have at the age of nine,  
if you can bear to tell it?

FIB: Well, it WAS terrible. I worked and slaved, sellin'  
Larkin Products from door to door, mowin' lawns,  
carryin' papers, until I had enough to buy an English  
bulldog. And after I got him, you know what broke  
my heart?

MOL: What?

FIB: He couldn't speak a word of English!



DOC: You went to the wrong pot shop, McGee. I had an Irish Setter once that barked with a brogue. But don't worry about a broken mirror bringing you bad luck, If you believe that, you've got the mental rating of an underprivileged Hottentot.

FIB: IS THAT SO!! JUST BECAUSE YOU APPLE-POLISHED YOUR WAY THRU A CORN-BELT COW-COLLEGE AND LEARNED TO DIAGNOSE A BROKEN LEG, DON'T MEAN YOU'RE ANY GIANT INTELLECT YOURSELF, MY FINE-FEATHERED CAPSULE COLLECTOR!

MOL: Now, boys --

DOC: Why, you superstitious little peasant! I'll have you know I graduated from one of the finest universities in the world, Magna Cum Laude!

FIB: MAGNA CUM LOUDY!! (SCORNFUL LAUGH) THERE ISN'T ANY COLLEGE BY THAT NAME AND YOU KNOW IT, YOU BIG FAT PHONEY!

MOL: Magna Cum Laude isn't the name of a school, dearie. It's Latin and means the Doctor graduated with highest honors.

FIB: A LIKELY STORY!! THE ONLY WAY THAT GUY COULD GET A SHEEPSKIN WOULD BE TO STEAL A SHEEP AND SKIN IT HIMSELF.

DOC: At least I learned to distinguish a sheep from a goat, my illiterate little friend, so let's have lunch on a can of beans one of these days. I'll eat the beans, and you eat the can. Good day, Mrs. McGee. . .

MOL: Goodbye, Doctor!

FIB: Why, that pompous old bone-bender! I gotta good notion to --

MOL: OH, STOP IT, MCGEE! I don't know why you always have to fight with everybody. Didn't you ever have a friend you got along with?

FIB: Sure I did:...old Fred Nitney of Starved Rock, Illinois. Me and Fred were the best of pals. What was mine, was Fred's and what was Fred's was mine, only he never had anything I wanted. I mind one time in Shinglehouse, Pennsylvania ----

MOL: COME ON, MCGEE!...HERE'S OUR CHANCE TO GET ACROSS THE STREET...HARDLY ANY TRAFFIC! Hurry up....walk a little faster - the light will change before we get across.

FIB: I'M NOT 'HURRYIN' FOR ANYBODY TODAY, BABY....AND IF ANYBODY...OH-OH!

MOL: COME ON, MCGEE.....WHAT'S THE MATTER?

FIB: Got my foot caught in the car track.....

SOUND: MOTOR HORNS

MOL: Oh, dear...wiggle your foot, dearie...WIGGLE YOUR FOOT!!

FIB: I AM WIGGLING MY FOOT!! I'M PRACTICALLY SCRATCHING MY HEEL WITH MY TOES....Oh my gosh....

TRAFFIC NOISES: MOTOR HORNS



MOL: (INDIGNANT) OH, DRIVE AROUND US, YOU BIG LOOGANS! CAN'T YOU SEE THE MAN'S STUCK? (TENDERLY) Why don't you take your shoe off, McGee?

FIB: I can't...I was so afraid I'd trip over my shoelaces, I tied 'em in a tight knot...THIS IS A FINE STATE OF HOW DO YE DO!!! STAND IN FRONT OF ME, MOLLY, SO IF A CAR HITS US, IT WON'T BREAK THE MIRROR!

MOL: Well, this is the first time I ever ran interference for a looking-glass...ARE YOU GETTING LOOSE, DEARIE?

FIB: I can't tell...my foot's goin' to sleep. IS THERE A STREET CAR COMING?

MOL: No, nothing but trucks, cars, motorcycles, moving vans and trivial things like that. Oh dear oh dear, what can we -

TRAFFIC NOISES UP AND MOTOR HORNS...

FIB: (SHOUTS) AW PIPE DOWN WILL YOU? They must think this is a publicity stunt. ~~BOGGONE THE LOOK....IT'S A GOOD THING THIS WASN'T YESTERDAY, BEFORE MY SEVEN YEARS WERE UP. THERE'D HAVE BEEN NINE STREET CARS RUN OVER ME BY NOW!~~

MOL: Well try and wiggle loose, McGee! Try and...oh...THERE GOES MR. WILCOX...MAYBE HE CAN HELP...YOO HOO!... MR. WILCOX!!!

FIB: HEY, JUNIOR...COME HERE A MINUTE!!

MOTOR HORNS

WIL: (FADE IN) Hello, Molly, Hello, pal. What are you doing?

MOL: Believe it or not, we're waiting for a street car - to run over McGee.

FIB: 'DON'T STAND THERE LIKE A MUGG, JUNIOR...DO SOMETHING! I GOT MY FOOT CAUGHT IN THE CAR TRACK!!

WIL: Been wiggling it?

MOL: CERTAINLY HE'S BEEN WIGGLING IT. HE'S INVENTED SOME STEPS THAT WOULD MAKE FRED ASTAIRE CHY IN HIS BUTTERMILK.

WIL: Well, that's what he shouldn't do. Increases the circulation and makes the foot swell. Take it easy a few minutes. Pal...it'll come loose.

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, TAKE IT EASY? Suppose a street car comes along! You'd look pretty foolish, trying to scrape up an acquaintance that you've known for nine years!

MOL: DON'T TALK LIKE THAT, DARLING!!!...AND DO WHAT MR. WILCOX SAYS....STOP JERKING YOUR FOOT!!

WIL: Have we known each other for nine years, pal? Time certainly flies, doesn't it? Been a lot of water under the bridge and Glocoat over the linoleum in that time, hasn't there?

FIB: NEVER MIND THE TENDER REMINISCENCES, WILCOX!! KEEP YOUR EYE PEELED FOR A STREET CAR! And Molly...if one comes... grab this mirror and run like a rabbit!!

MOL: Oh, McGee, I don't -

WIL: Forget the street car, Fibber. I'm waving the traffic to one side.

FIB: OH FINE! I SUPPOSE YOU'LL HAVE THE STREET CARS GO PAST ON THE SIDEWALK.

WIL: Imagine, us being together for nine years!!!

MOL: Looks like we'd be standing here in the street for the next nine, too.

MOTOR HORNS UP AND OUT



WIL: Nine years of telling people how Johnson's Self-Polishing  
Glocoat preserves and beautifies linoleum surfaces!!!  
Imagine that!

FIB: Look, Junior - Here I am up to my hips in car tracks,  
and you ---

WIL: NINE YEARS OF TELLING THE PUBLIC ABOUT IMMACULATE  
HOUSEKEEPING! Why think of the thousands...TENS of  
thousands of housewives who have learned that Glocoat  
brings out the original pattern and luster of linoleum...  
how it makes it so easy to wipe spots and spatters off  
with a damp cloth...

MOL: Try sliding your foot along the track, McGee. If we're  
lucky we'll wind up at the car barns.

FIB: Won't budge an inch. I've tried every -

WIL: I CAN'T GET OVER IT, PAL!...NINE YEARS OF TELLING WOMEN  
HOW EASY JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLOCOAT IS TO APPLY...  
HOW YOU JUST POUR OUT A FEW DROPS AND SPREAD IT AROUND.  
WAIT TWENTY MINUTES FOR IT TO DRY, AND PRESTO!! A FLOOR  
OF SPARKLING BEAUTY, PROTECTED AGAINST DIRT AND DAMPNES.  
Try and pull it loose now, Fibber.

FIB: OH, ARE YOU BACK FROM RAGINE?

MOL: Do what he says, McGee...PULL HARD...

SOUND: PLOP

FIB: AHHHHHH..IT'S OUT!! OKAY, NOW....ONE ON EACH SIDE OF ME...  
I GOTTA GET TO THE OTHER CURB SAFE...

MOTOR HORNS UP AND FADE:

MOL: Ahhhh, thank goodness.....we made it!

WIL: Okay now, Pal?

FIB: Yeah...thanks, Junior. Though I MUST say you were  
pretty callous about me gettin' run over by a street  
car. It was only my good luck that one didn't come along.

WIL: Your good luck, plus the fact that his car-line was  
abandoned four years ago. WELL, SEE YOU LATER, FOLKS....

MOL: Well for goodness sakes...why didn't he tell us that in  
the first place, McGee?

FIB: You know darn well why he didn't. He's gonna get that  
pitch in, no matter WHO gets mangled. Well....let's  
get goin'....(FOOTSTEPS)

MOL: Where is the "Here's-Looking-At-You Mirror Shop," McGee?

FIB: 14th and Oak. Right across from the - OH MY GOSH...LOOK  
WHO'S HERE!

TEE: Hi, mister.

FIB: Hi, sis. Haven't got time to stop and punch the bag  
with you. Gotta get this mirror down to the mirror shop.

MOL: Yes and it's almost closing time, dear.

FIB: Besides, what you doin', wandering the streets, sis?

TEE: I been to the liberry. I jst took a book back and gee,  
was it ever a dandy, I betcha.



FIB: You quite a reader, sis?  
TEE: Sure I am, I betcha. I like love stories best, I guess.  
FIB: LOVE STORIES!  
MOL: At your age?  
FIB: What particular romance has stimulated your eager little interest of recent date, sis?  
TEE: Well, I ... Hmmm?  
FIB: I SAYS WHAT KISS-AND-TELL OPERA HAS KNOCKED YOU FOR A LOOP LATELY?  
TEE: What love story you mean, Mister? Well, I guess Goldilocks and the Three Bears, I guess.  
FIB: You call that a love story?  
TEE: Sure...boy, did that kid love soup! First she ate the papa bear's soup and then she ate the mama bear's soup and---  
FIB: Yes yes yes.....  
MOL: We know the story, dear. And if you'll excuse me, we've got to be going.  
FIB: Yeah - we gotta take this mirror and ---  
TEE: I gotta be goin' too, I guess. Mamma says if I get home early I can help cook dinner.  
FIB: YOU?  
MOL: You mean she lets a child your age fuss around the stove?

FIB: That's not a very good ----  
TEE: SURE. I'm gonna be a peachy cook when I grow up, too, I betcha. I made a dandy recipe for chicken and noodles once.  
FIB: You did, eh?  
TEE: Hmmm?  
FIB: I SAYS YOU DID.  
TEE: I know it. I took a big camisole ----  
FIB: CASSEROLE  
TEE: Hmmm?  
FIB: SKIP IT.  
TEE: You can't. A frying pan isn't big enough. I took a big camisole and put in a layer of chicken and then a layer of noodles and then a layer of chicken and then a layer of noodles and then a layer of chicken and a layer of noodles and then another layer of chicken and a layer of noodles.  
FIB: How'd it turn out?  
TEE: I dunno, mister. By that time it was piled so high I couldn't get it in the oven. So long mister!  
ORCH: "THE INFANTRY SONG" --- KING'S MEN  
(APPLAUSE)



THIRD SPOT

MOL: Take it easy, McGee...you don't have to walk so fast.  
FIB: Well, I wanna get to the mirror shop and get rid of this mirror. We only got a block to go, but anything can happen in a block.  
MOL: Oh, for goodnes sake....I never knew anyone to take on so about breaking a mirror.  
FIB: Well, seven more years of bad luck is no joke at my age. I'M no kid any more, you know.  
MOL: Well, today you've been acting more juvenile than.....  
LOOK OUT, MCGEE.

SOUND: GRUNTS

DENNIS: Excuse me.  
FIB: DOGGONE IT, BUD, WHY DON'T YOU LOOK WHERE YOU'RE...  
MOL: MCGEE, IT'S UNCLE DENNIS,...Hello, Uncle Dennis.  
DENNIS: Well, hello there, Molly, macushla. And Fibber...how are ye lad?  
FIB: A lot you care. Almost knocked me down, and me carryin' a mirror. I thought you went out to look for a job. Judgun' from your happy expression, you didn't find one.  
DENNIS: Well I almost got one. At the shipyards. But they insulted me.  
MOL: Heavenly days...did they really, Uncle Dennis?  
DENNIS: They deed indid. I mean they did indeed. They asked me what kind of work I wanted. I says anything, I says, just so's an honest man could pickupacouplebucks, and they offered me a job blowin' the big whistle at noon and five o'clock.  
FIB: What's so insulting about that?

DENNIS: AND HOW WOULD I KNOW WHEN IT WAS NOON AND WHEN IT WAS FIVE O'CLOCK?  
MOL: You'd merely have to watch the clock.  
DENNIS: THERE YOU ARE! WHEN I WORK I NEVER WATCH THE CLOCK. AND IF I NEVER WATCH THE CLOCK, I WOULDN'T KNOW WHEN TO BLOW THE WHISTLE. SO WHAT WOULD HAPPEN? THEY'D FIRE ME! SO I BEAT 'EM TO IT! I WOULDN'T TAKE THE JOB!  
FIB: Ahh fer the - The trouble with you, Unk, you're allergic to work. To you, perspiration is merely what rolls down the side of a glass of ice water.  
DENNIS: YOU WOULDN'T DARE SAY THAT IF I DIDN'T HAVE MY HANDS IN MY POCKETS!  
FIB: TAKE 'EM OUT OF YOUR POCKETS!  
DENNIS: I can't. My suspenders are busted.  
MOL: I'M sorry you didn't have any luck today, Uncle Dennis. But something will turn up.  
FIB: Lots of things will turn up - including the noses of every employment agency in town.  
DENNIS: I'll find something. All I wanna do is pickupacouplebucks. AND IT ISN'T THAT I'M NOT WILLING TO START AT THE BOTTOM, BECAUSE I'M NOT. I'M THE EXECUTIVE TYPE. I LIKE TO TAKE THREE HOURS FOR LUNCH. AND HOW CAN YOU EAT OUT OF A LUNCH-BUCKET FOR THREE HOURS? I COULDN'T CARRY THAT BIG A BUCKET AND YOU KNOW IT. YOU KNOW I GOTTA BAD BACK.  
FIB: Yeah, you sprained your back puttin' up a front.



DENNIS: TAKE OFF YOUR COAT, MCGEE!!!!

FIB: What for?

DENNIS: I wanna try it on. Maybe if I was better dressed, I could get a job and pickupacouplebucks. Never mind I like mine better. Well, excuse me now. I've got to go see the park superintendent. I hear they need somebody to feed the ducks.

MOL: But Uncle Dennis...winter is almost here and the ducks will go south.

DENNIS: Ah, that's all right. I'm free to travel. See you later...

TRAFFIC UP AND FADE:

MOL: Poor Uncle Dennis.

FIB: Poor Uncle Dennis my clavicle. That mugg oughtta get a job in a Turkish bath. Give him a chance to sponge off somebody besides his relatives.

MOL: He's not lazy, McGee... doesn't he offer to help me with the dishes almost every night?

FIB: Sure ... every night since we been usin' paper plates...  
HEY, HERE'S THE MIRROR SHOP. Now I can get rid of this 7-year hoodoo. Open the door, willya, please?

DOOR OPEN WITH BELL TINKLE. CLOSE:

MOL: My goodness, McGee, if you're so fearful of ONE mirror, you ought to own a place like this. Look there's dozens of 'em.

FIB: Yeah, I could see myself workin' in here.

MOL: You certainly could. Anywhere you looked.

WOMAN: What could I do for you, please?

FIB: Here's a mirror for you to fix for us, sis. We need to have it re-silvered.

MOL: Re-silvered.

FIB: Yeah. Here. Take it. AHFFF ... WHAT A RELIEF!! ..Sure glad to get that off my hands.

MOL: When can we get it back, Miss?

WOMAN: Just a moment till I unwrap it, madam, and see what shape it's in.

FIB: Rectangular shape sis. About this long and....

WOMAN: I mean what CONDITION, sir...

FIB: Oh.

SOUND: WRAPPING PAPER CRUMPLE

WOMAN: You...you want THIS re-silvered? Haven't you made some mistake?

MOL: Mistake? No I don't think... OH MCGEE...THIS ISN'T THE MIRROR!...THIS IS THE COFFEE TRAY! YOU PICKED UP THE WRONG PACKAGE IN THE HALL!

FIB: You mean I risked my life....and worried myself into a.... you mean I wasn't even....OH MY GOSH.... LEMME LEAN AGAINST SOMETHING!!

WOMAN: (SHARPLY) NO, NO, NO! ....DON'T LEAN AGAINST THAT....

SOUND: TERRIFIC THUD AND GLASS CRASH...ANOTHER THUD, ANOTHER GLASS CRASH AND ANOTHER, DIMINUENDO FOR SIX OR SEVEN CRASHES.

(PAUSE)

FIB: How....how many did I bust?

MOL: Nine.....



(REVISED)

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FIB: Nine mirrors!... 7 times 9 is 52.....FIFTY SIX YEARS  
OF BAD LUCK!.....(LAUGHS MERRILY). ....OH BOY IF THAT  
ISN'T RICH!!

WOMAN: I fail to see anything amusing in the situation sir.

MOL: Yes, what's so funny, McGee?

FIB: (LAUGHING LIKE HELL) FIFTY SIX YEARS OF BAD LUCK'!!!..  
IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!.....I WON'T EVEN LIVE THAT LONG!!  
(LAUGHS MERRILY INTO MUSIC)

ORCH: "FOR THE FIRST TIME" FADE FOR..

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S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY  
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC  
OCTOBER 19, 1943

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WIL: You know it's no wonder poets and song writers go a little  
daffy over the warm rich colors of October foliage.  
Wouldn't it be nice if we could preserve these beautiful  
colors over the winter! Well, you can capture some of  
that beauty if you'll keep your linoleum floors protected  
regularly with JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT. I've seen old pieces  
of linoleum that had lost their brightness brought back  
to life with GLO-COAT. And lots of other kitchen floors  
that look just as fresh and new today as the day they were  
put down. When you protect your linoleum with GLO-COAT,  
you not only keep the colors bright -- you make the  
linoleum last 6 to 10 times longer. And you save yourself  
hours of work in the bargain, because GLO-COAT is so easy  
to use. It is SELF-POLISHING...needs no rubbing or  
buffing. You simply apply and let dry. If you have any  
floors made of asphalt tile or rubber tile, you'll find  
JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT is the ideal floor polish for them,  
too.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)



(REVISED)

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TAG

MOL: Oh, McGee...Uncle Dennis just came home and you know what?  
He missed landing a job by five minutes.

FIB: Well, as the fireman said when he looked at the little  
iron ladder, "That's a very narrow escape". What kind  
of a job was it?

MOL: Department Store Santa Claus. But he said it's just  
as well...

FIB: Why?

MOL: He says he didn't have the stomach for it.

FIB: He may not have the stomach, but he's got plenty of --

MOL: McGEE!

FIB: Eh? Oh. Goodnight.

MOL: GOODNIGHT, ALL!

ORCH: UP TO FINISH

SIGNOFF:

WRITERS: Don Quinn  
Phil Leslie

(REVISED)

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

Johnson's Wax

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1943