

WRITERS: Don Quinn  
Phil Leslie

(REVISED)

#5

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

Johnson's Wax

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1943

N.B.C.

(REVISED) -2-

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: "OF THESE I SING" -- FADE FOR:

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY  
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC  
OCTOBER 26, 1943

-3-

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WIL: While you're doing your housecleaning, you don't say to yourself "I'm doing this so my family will have a clean, sanitary home to live in". And yet, that thought is undoubtedly in the back of your mind all the time. And I'm sure that's one of the reasons so many women have adopted the wax method of housekeeping. A waxed home is a clean home, and a clean home is sanitary and healthy. It's easier to keep out dust and dirt when floors, furniture and woodwork are regularly protected with a gleaming coat of JOHNSON'S WAX. All of these surfaces can be kept dirt-free with a great saving of time and work. Of course it is true that the primary function of wax is to protect these surfaces, against wear as well as against dirt. And it's also true that nothing gives greater charm and beauty than the polished surfaces that you'll find in every home that's protected and kept clean and sanitary with the regular use of genuine JOHNSON'S WAX, Paste, Liquid or Cream.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

(2ND REVISION) -4-

WILCOX: HAVANA IS NOTED FOR THREE EXPORTS. RUM, THE <sup>chumba</sup> SAMBA AND GOOD CIGARS.  
THE SQUIRE OF 79 WISTFUL VISTA DOESN'T CARE FOR RUM.  
HIS HIPS AREN'T GEARED FOR THE SAMBA.  
BUT A GOOD CIGAR.....AHHHHH! JUST SNIFF THE AIR AS WE MEET ---

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: Oh, boy!! Take a look at that cigar, Molly. Ain't that a beauty?  
MOL: What's so beautiful about it?  
FIB: Well, the color for one thing...AND THE FRAGRANCE...  
Oooooooh! If you could bottle that like perfume, you'd have every guy over twenty in the country dabbin' it behind his ears.  
MOL: In the country, yes. The air is fresher out there.  
FIB: It isn't often I get my clutches on a gorgeous hunk of tobacco like this, baby. Forty cents a copy for cigars is a little rich for my plasma.  
MOL: Who on earth is foolish enough to spend forty cents on a potential pile of ashes? And give it away after he got it?  
FIB: Mr. Franz, the manager of the Sante Fe's wife just had a baby. So Franz is handing out the smokes.  
MOL: Is it a boy or a girl?  
FIB: Girl. Colorado Clara. One of the finest cigars ever -  
MOL: I DON'T MEAN THE CIGAR. I MEANT MR. FRANZ! BABY.

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(2ND REVISION) -5-

FIB: Oh. I dunno. Forgot to ask. Gee, I almost hate to light this cigar, you know it?

MOL: I almost hate to have you. But I can always start cooking something with onions. Sort of start a backfire, as it were.

FIB: Don't worry about this cigar smellin' up the house, kid. This will be like squirtin' Christmas Night around with a fly spray. You gotta match?

MOL: Right beside you, on the smoking stand. Or, you could hold it out the window and wait for lightning to strike it.

FIB: Too late in the year for lightning. Well, here goes!

SOUND: STRIKE OF MATCH: PUFF PUFF PUFF...EXHALE

FIB: Ahhhhhh, wonderful! Stick around, Molly and get a few whiffs of what a really good cigar oughtta smell like. Pull up a chair.

MOL: If I followed my instincts, I'd pull up a window. The last time you smoked a gift cigar, the draperies faded, the gold-fish died, and Mrs. Roosevelt left the country.

FIB: Well, it ain't often a guy gives me a heater like this one. (PUFF PUFF PUFF...EXHALE) Ahhhhhh, looka the texture of that smoke. That's QUALITY!

MOL: Heavenly days, if the smoke from a cigar makes you this happy, maybe ---

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

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

MOL: Oh hello, Doctor Gamble.

1

(2ND REVISION) -6-

FIB: Hiyah, Doc, old sock. ~~Have a chair~~ and we'll swap lies about where to go and get a good T-bone steak.

DOC: I'M awfully careful where I buy my meat these days. Had a steak the other night that shied at my napkin. Made me a little suspiet,.....(PAUSE) SNIFF...SNIFF. Pardon me, but is there a feather bed on fire around here?

MOL: That's McGee's cigar, Doctor. A proud father gave it to him, and I'M awfully happy it wasn't twins.

DOC: What brand of rhubarb is that, McGee?

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, RHUBARB? THIS IS A GENUINE POMONA BALONNA.

DOC: Don't you mean a Colonna-Colonna? It smells like somebody's mustache was burning.

MOL: It's probably the kind your patients send you on Christmas instead of paying their bills, Doctor.

FIB: OH YEAH? THIS IS A FORTY CENT CIGAR IF IT'S A CENT.

DOC: And it's certainly that! I'll tell you what you'd better do, Mrs. McGee, until the government issues gas masks. You'd better wrap yourself in blankets, put a damp cloth over your face, open all the windows and if you see any mice running out of the house, you go too. Animals have an instinct for impending danger.

FIB: OH YEAH?

DOC: Well, some animals. But maybe I've over-estimated the lethal aspects of that incendiary pacifier, Mrs. McGee. I have an idea he'll soon get tired of having ashes fall on his sweater and --

1

FIB: DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE ASHES ON THIS CIGAR, DOCTOR. THIS IS THE KIND OF A CIGAR I CAN SMOKE CLEAR DOWN TO MY MOLARS BEFORE THE ASHES FALL OFF. DON'T YOU KNOW THE BETTER THE CIGAR, THE LONGER THE ASHES WILL HOLD?

DOC: Any fifth grader, smoking corn silk behind the silo knows that, McGee.

FIB: THEN WHADDYE WANNA MAKE SUCH STUPID STATEMENTS FOR? I'LL BET YOU 20 BUCKS I CAN SMOKE THE ASHES 8 INCHES LONG ON THIS CIGAR.

MOL: That would be the neatest trick of the week, dearie -- The cigar was only six inches long in the first place. DOC: It's a still better trick when you consider that McGee hasn't seen 20 dollars in 40 years.

FIB: OH, IS THAT .... er.....WELL, I'LL BET YOU FIVE BUCKS, THEN, YOU 4TH CLASS PHARMACIST'S MATE. FIVE BUCKS THAT I CAN SMOKE THIS CIGAR TILL THE ASHES ARE AT LEAST THREE INCHES LONG BEFORE FALLIN' OFF.

DOC: All right, you overstuffed little windbag. You've just made a bet. Toss your money on the drum, fourflusher!

MOL: Here goes your next month's allowance, McGee. Don't come begging me for sixty-five cents to go see Roy Rogers.

FIB: I'll wear my khaki shorts and a beanie and go to the kid's matinee for 15 cents, ALL RIGHT, DOC. It's a bet. Five bucks. Three inches of ashes.

DOC: That's a deal. I'll drop by later and pick up the ten dollars. It'll buy me a new hat.

FIB: Gettin' tired of talkin' thru the old one, Doc?

MOL: Oh now, McGee.

DOC: That's all right, Mrs. McGee. He's just made a very bad bet, and it irritates him. See you later, my boy, and don't let anything jar those ashes off. (LAUGHS NASTILY)

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE WITH TERRIFIC SLAM:

FIB: WHY THAT DIRTY, UNDERHANDED, DOUBLE-DEALIN' CHEST-THUMPER. DID YOU HEAR HIM SLAM THAT DOOR? TRYIN' TO MAKE ME JUMP AND KNOCK THE ASHES OFF...(FADE INTO MUSIC) WHY THAT TWO-TIMIN', FINAGGLIN', POCKET-PICKIN', GRAFTIN' SKIN-SKATIN' OLD CHEAP-FLINT. I GOTTA GOOD NOTION TO.....

ORCH: "IF YOU PLEASE"

APPLAUSE

FIB: (PUFF PUFF PUFF...EXHALE) (TO HIMSELF),...AHHHHhhhhh...what a cigar! And looka those ashes!...must be a full inch, at least. Lessee now...one inch out of three, that's a third. A third of five bucks is...er...is...three into five, once and two to carry...two into three...no... Shucks, I shoulda made the bet for six bucks. Easier to figure. Anyway, I've -

TELEPHONE: LONG RING

FIB: DOGGONE THAT PHONE! THAT'S ELEVEN TIMES IT'S RUNG AND MOLLY NOT HERE TO ANSWER IT.

TELEPHONE: LONG RING

FIB: OKAY OKAY...GO AHEAD AND RING! If you think I'M gonna leap up and drop five bucks worth of ashes, you got another --

TELEPHONE: LONG RING

FIB: CUT IT OUT, WILL YA?

TELEPHONE: (VERY SHORT RING)

FIB: That's better. My gosh, me with five bucks at stake and the doggone telephone - Oh, you back, Molly?

MOL: (FADE IN) I hurried as fast as I could, McGee. But the grocery was very crowded. I see you moved over to the couch.

FIB: Yeah. Took me fifteen minutes to cover the distance, but I made it. You see, lyin' down like this, the ashes on the cigar are perpendicular. The pull of gravity is thru the long axis. On the other hand, if I was sitting in that chair, the ashes would grow horizontal and fall of their own weight. Scientifically speaking, the ratio of gravity to the tensile strength of cigar ashes is - 10 -

TELEPHONE: *indispensable*

FIB: HEY, HOW LONG ARE THESE ASHES BY NOW, MOLLY? I'd say an inch and a half, at least, wouldn't you?

MOL: Wel-1-1-1....just about, I'd say. You've won half your bet.

FIB: Yeah, but I almost lost it when a truck went by a while ago. Jarred the whole house. There oughtta be a law that--

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE LOUD:

FIB: DOGGONE IT, UNCLE DENNIS, CAN'T YOU COME IN MORE QUIET? YOU GOTTA SLAM THE DOOR LIKE THAT? GEE-WHIZ...YOU ALMOST KNOCKED THE ASHES OFF THIS CIGAR!

DENNIS: Oh, you want those ashes knocked off, my boy?...Here lemme have it. I'll dump 'em in the fireplace here, and -

FIB: NO NO NO!!.....GET AWAY FROM ME!

MOL: NO, UNCLE DENNIS! HE CAN'T KNOCK 'EM OFF.

DENNIS: Go on...a big strong boy like him, can't even knock the ashes off a cigar? Why, all you gotta do is f-

FIB: (ALMOST SCREAMS) GET AWAY FROM ME, YOU BIG PALOOKA!!! THESE ASHES ARE WORTH FIVE BUCKS!

DENNIS: That's ridiculous, McGee...I can get you all you want for three dollars a ton. I know a fella that---

MOL: Look, Uncle Dennis...It's a wager. McGee bet Doctor Gamble he could smoke that cigar till there were three inches of ashes on it.

DENNIS: Well, now, I wish I'd been here at the time. I'd of taken a piece o' that bet myself. Don't know any better way to pickupacoupleobucks.

FIB: You don't seem to, at that. You got less energy than a wet dry cell. You're not even tryin' to get a job.

DENNIS: Oh now I am too, McGee...fudge!

(2ND REVISION) 12-13

FIB: You are not. Why you can't walk down the street these days without somebody stoppin' you and offering you a job.

DENNIS: Ahh, you can if you know where to walk.

MOL: And where did you walk?

DENNIS: All thru the residential district, macushla. Trampin' the streets from mornin' till night with my snow shovel over my shoulder....

FIB: SNOWSHOVEL!!! YOU KNOW DARN WELL IT WON'T SNOW HERE FOR ANOTHER MONTH.

DENNIS: Ye see?...even the weather's against me!

MOL: It does seem that way, doesn't it, you poor lad!

FIB: POOR LAD, MY CLAVICLE! He's so lazy he wouldn't raise his hand to be excused.

DENNIS: GET UP OFF THAT COUCH AND SAY THAT!

FIB: I can't!

DENNIS: That's what I figured.

MOL: Oh, I wish you two boys wouldn't always be arguing.

FIB: Well, doggone it, I don't mind givin' him his bed and board, but I resent givin' him his bed and BEIN' bored.

DENNIS: All right...I guess I'm a man who knows when he's not welcome. I'M gonna go pack my bag and get out, almost any day now, by next summer, at least I wouldn't be surprised. I'll see you at dinner, Molly Darlin'. I've got to go to the Public Library now.

MOL: What are you going to do at the Library, Uncle Dennis?

DENNIS: Gotta pickupacoupleo'books!

DOOR OPEN AND SLAM:

-14-

FIB: My gosh, every time that door slams the house shakes like it was built on a plate of custard. This is gonna be about the toughest five bucks I ever earned.

MOL: Well, it won't be long now, dearie. In fifteen minutes, you'll either have ashes on your shirt or ten dollars in your trousers.

FIB: I wish you'd go get a tape measure so I'd know exactly how long --

DOOR OPEN AND SHUT HARD:

WIL: (CHEERFULLY) WELL HELLO THERE FOLKS...HELLO, MOLLY. HELLO, PAL! MOVE OVER AND I'LL SIT DOWN BESI --

FIB: GET AWAY FROM ME, WILCOX!!...KEEP YOUR DISTANCE!!

WIL: What's the matter with dream boy, Molly? Got the mumps?

MOL: No, he's got a bet. He made a wager with Doctor Gamble that -- (PAUSE) What's the matter?

WIL: (SNIFF SNIFF) MMMMM! I smell corned beef and cabbage!! Gee, may I stay for dinner? I haven't had any corned beef and cabbage since --

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN CORNED BEEF AND CABBAGE, JUNIOR? There isn't any --

MOL: That's his cigar you smell, Mr. Wilcox. And there isn't an ounce of corned beef in it, though I won't guarantee the cabbage.

FIB: I'll have you know, this is a genuine 20-cent Pomona Balonna!

MOL: You told me forty cents.

FIB: Yeah, but I've smoked half of it. NOW DON'T JAR THE COUCH, JUNIOR!! YOU'LL KNOCK THESE ASHES OFF.

WIL: So what? You've got Johnson's Wax on all the furniture. Cigar ashes are no problem.

MOL: Well, in this case, Mr. Wilcox...

WIL: This case is no different than any other. Everybody knocks ashes on furniture occasionally...but who cares? If varnished and enameled surfaces are protected against dust with Johnson's Wax, and I know yours are, it's a very simple matter to --

FIB: LOOK, JUNIOR?

WIL: Eh?

FIB: Look -- I know it would delight your commercial little soul for me to drop these ashes, so you could leap up with a glad, glad cry and show how easy they could be wiped off... BUT I DON'T WANNA DROP 'EM...UNDERSTAND?

WIL: No.

MOL: It's this way, Mr. Wilcox. My horizontal husband there made a ridiculous five dollar wager with Doctor Gamble that he could smoke that zucchini zeppelin down to where it would hold three inches of ashes.

FIB: ~~Oh, I dunno. I just --~~

WIL: WELL, WHY DIDN'T SOMEBODY TELL ME! I'M NOT ONE TO GO AROUND JUST LOOKING FOR EXCUSES TO TELL PEOPLE ABOUT HOW JOHNSON'S WAX PROTECTS AND BEAUTIFIES AND MAKES HOUSEWORK SO MUCH EASIER. YOU KNOW THAT.

PAUSE:

MOL: Well, McGee?

FIB: No comment. I couldn't top that with Buck Rogers' rocket ship. Look, Junior...when you leave...(and I'm not tryin' to rush you out)...but when you DO leave...(and you're welcome to stay, of course)...but if you HAVE to go right away...(we really enjoy havin' you around, frankly)..but if it's imperative that you depart...(and I'll bet it is)... PLEASE DON'T SLAM THE DOOR!

WIL: I'll be extremely careful, Pal. And good luck with the bet.

MOL: Thank you, Mister Wilcox. Good bye.

FIB: So long, Junior.

WIL: So long.

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE VERY SOFTLY.

FIB: Now that's the first time today, anybody'd been considerate enough to close the door softly so ....

DOOR OPEN

WIL: Just a suggestion, pal. Better warn everybody else about this door because there's quite a wind coming up and it's hard to keep it from slamming.

MOL: Thank you, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Yeah, much obliged, kid.

DOOR SLAM VERY LOUD; OPEN ON CUE.

WIL: See what I mean?

DOOR CLOSE SOFTLY

FIB: Sometimes I think that guy deliberately tried to rib me. Then other times, I'd swear to it. Hey, do these ashes look like they'd been jarred loose?

MOL: I don't think so. By the way, McGee.

FIB: Eh?

MOL: What if you DO get three inches of ashes on that cigar, and Doctor Gamble doesn't get here in time to see them? How are you going to prove anything?

FIB: Well, gee whizz, you're a witness.

MOL: It's gambling and I won't be a party to it. I wash my hands of it, and I'll be lucky if I don't have to wash the couch of it.



FIB: Well then, my gosh, I gotta find some way to....HEY,  
WHERE'S MY BROWNIE CAMERA? WHEN I GET THREE INCHES OF  
ASHES, I'LL TAKE A PICTURE OF IT!

MOL: And it won't be the first silly ash in our album, either.

FIB: Let's see now...we'll have to take a time exposure, and  
I don't dare move. So we'll take the shade off the lamp,  
see, and I'll -

ALICE: (FADE IN) Hello Mrs. McGee Hello, Mr. McGee.

MOL: Oh hello there Alice. What woke you up?

ALICE: I think it was somebody slamming the door, but I'm going  
right back to bed again. Were there any phone calls?

FIB: Twenty two, at a rough count, Alice. You're roomin' in  
the wrong place, you know it? You oughtta have a cot  
at the telephone exchange.

ALICE: (LAUGHS) Oh, Mr. McGee.....I'd almost take you seriously,  
if you weren't lying there so calm and peacefully. Did  
I get a call from Ben?

MOL: Ben?!!!

ALICE: Yes, he's a test pilot I used to go with. His name  
was Ben. But he was terribly bashful, and I guess I  
frightened him by saying something once, like for instance  
didn't he think that when two young people got married ---

MOL: Yes?

ALICE: That's all. I never did finish the question because Ben  
ran like everything.

FIB: That, Sweet Alice, is what made Ben Bolt.

ALICE: But he was SUCH a grand fellow. He's the one who  
presented the award last week.

MOL: What award, Alice?

ALICE: Oh didn't I tell you? The test pilots voted me the girl  
they'd like to make all the dives with.

FIB: In passing, Alice. you might tip your boy friends off  
that calling up here at 5:30 A.M. is definitely unsocial.  
At that time of the morning it's cold as a well-diggers'  
bucket, and I have to hop on one foot so I won't get  
double pneumonia.

ALICE: Oh I will tell them, Mr. McGee...I really will. Those  
characters should know better than that. It was probably  
just one of the undertakers.

MOL: ONE OF THE WHAT?

ALICE: The undertakers. That's what we call the boys on the  
graveyard shift, you know, Philip is on that.

FIB: Philip?

ALICE: Yes, he's a boy that I've been seeing quite a lot of him  
lately. Although he's a middle-aged man,.....about  
twenty-five.

MOL: Oh yes. It'll be almost no time before he's a doddering  
wreck of thirty.

ALICE: Philip has a brother who flies one of our bombers in  
England. He said it's an amazing sight to look down and see  
those Nazi Officials walking around Hamburg and Cologne.

FIB: I'll bet it is.

ALICE: Yes, he says they're so dumb they don't know enough to  
come in out of the ruin. Well, I guess I'll go back to  
bed now. Good night...

MOL: Goodnight dear...

FIB: (CALLS) AND WALK SOFTLY, ALICE. ...Ah, what a kid!

MOL: I think she's sweet. And she seems to be VERY popular.  
FIB: Personally, I got her tagged for just a little croquette.  
MOL: Don't you mean croquet?  
FIB: Certainly not. Croquet is what the dentist puts in your toothache.  
MOL: That's cocaine.  
FIB: Go on...a cocaine is that fuzzy little sleeping bag that a caterpillar crawls into and in the spring he pops out and says, "SURPRISE! I'M A BUTTERFLY!"  
MOL: That, is a tycoon.  
FIB: NO SIR...A TYCOON IS A BIG MANUFACTURER.  
MOL: Of what?  
FIB: Ties.  
MOL: Well anyway, you don't mean Alice is a croquette.  
FIB: Why don't I?  
MOL: Because croquette means a piece of hash with a crust on it...usually chicken.  
FIB: EXACTLY! THAT'S ALICE! AND WHAT A CRUST ON THAT CHICKEN! EVERY TIME THE PHONE RINGS...Oh-oh...look at the ashes now, willya? This bet is in the bag.  
MOL: Well, that cigar certainly doesn't smell any better as it gets shorter. (SNIFF SNIFF) Heavenly days, McGee...it's awful.  
FIB: (SNIFF SNIFF) Maybe I'm smokin' it too fast...look at all the smoke. I can't even see the piano.  
MOL: We haven't got a piano.  
FIB: Oh, that's right. They took it back on account of we--  
MOL: MCGEE, THAT SMOKE ISN'T FROM YOUR CIGAR...IT'S COMING FROM THE KITCHEN...(FADE FAST) GOOD HEAVENS...SOMETHING MUST BE BURNING!...COME ON!!

FIB: (CALLS) I WISH I COULD HELP, MOLLY...BUT I DON'T DARE GET UP...LEMME KNOW WHAT'S ON FIRE!!  
MOL: (FADE IN FAST) MCGEE, THE WHOLE KITCHEN IS BLAZING!!... HURRY!!...DO SOMETHING!!...THE HOUSE WILL BURN DOWN!!  
FIB: Can you keep it under control till I smoke another inch on this cigar?  
MOL: NO, I CAN'T...SOME GREASE CAUGHT ON FIRE...AND IT'S LIABLE TO SPREAD ALL OVER THE HOUSE...  
FIB: Oh, that's bad...better call the fire department...I'll let you know when they come...I can see the window from the couch here.  
MOL: BUT MCGEE, YOU'VE GOT TO...I MEAN, I CAN'T...OH DEAR, OH DEAR...  
SOUND: TELEPHONE CLICK:  
MOL: HELLO...GIVE ME THE FIRE DEPARTMENT-- NO NO NO, MYRT...NO TIME FOR THAT...THE FIRE DEPARTMENT, PLEASE...HELLO... THERE'S A FIRE AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA...WHAT? (ASIDE) McGee, where is 79 Wistful Vista?  
FIB: It's right here.  
MOL: HELLO...IT'S RIGHT HERE...YES...HURRY, PLEASE...(CLICK) THEY'RE COMING RIGHT OVER...  
FIB: They better. That's what we're payin' taxes for.  
MOL: BUT MCGEE, YOU CAN'T JUST LIE THERE AND WATCH THE HOUSE BURN DOWN...  
FIB: YOU WANNA MAKE ME LEAP UP AND KNOCK THESE ASHES OFF AND LOSE THE BET? WANNA MAKE ME LOOK RIDICULOUS? Hey...try beatin' the fire out with a wet blanket...and if that don't work --  
SOUND: FIRETRUCK BELLS IN DISTANCE FADEIN RAPIDLY: FOOTSTEPS UP ON PORCH...KNOCKING AT DOOR, LOUD:

FIB: Doggone it, why can't they be more quiet! COME IN....AND  
DON'T SLAM THE DOOR.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

BRYAN: Where is it?

MOL: IN THE KITCHEN...

BRYAN: JOE, BRING THE CHEMICALS!

SHER: OKAY, COMIN' UP.

BRYAN: ALL RIGHT, LADY...ONE SIDE PLEASE!

SHER: LOOK OUT FOR THE LADDER THERE. (START TO FADE OUT TO  
KITCHEN)

BRYAN: GANGWAY, PLEASE, GANGWAY, THERE'S A FIRE GOIN' ON.

SHER: COME ON, HURRY UP YOU FELLAS. GET A MOVE ON.

BRYAN: ~~GET THAT EXTINGUISHER.....~~

SOUND: (FOOTSTEPS...VOICES....CONFUSION...FADE DOWN)

FIB: Ah, what a cigar!

ORCH: ("KEY-TOKY-I-O") AND KING'S MEN

WIL: (ON CUE) The King's Men sing "KEY-TOKY-I-O"  
(APPLAUSE)

MOL: I'll certainly have to hand it to those firemen, McGee.  
They had the blaze out in no time.

FIB: Sure...I knew they would. BUT I REALLY GOT SORE AT THAT  
ONE GUY!! HE WAS STOMPIN' AROUND HERE LIKE HE OWNED THE  
PLACE...

MOL: Well, my goodness, when somebody's house is on fire...

FIB: For a minute there I was tempted to let the bet go hang  
and get up and tell those fellas a thing or two.

MOL: Oh you couldn't do that, dearie...not for a little thing  
like us bein' cremated to death alive....yes, and badly  
burned besides.

FIB: Well, gee whizz, Molly...look..I only got about  
three-eighths of an inch to go on these ashes. You  
wouldn't want me to - Hey, where you goin'?

MOL: Going out in the kitchen and clean up. Every thing is  
sooty and messy. (FADE) Don't disturb yourself....

FIB: Okay...Ahhh, there goes a good kid! Any other woman,  
with the house on fire, woulda lost her head and wanted  
me to do something about it...but not her...no sir!  
She's the finest...

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: COME IN COME IN COME IN!!! QUIETLY!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE LOUD:

TEE: Hi, mister.

FIB: DOGGONE IT, SIS, DIDN'T YOU HEAR ME TELL YOU TO COME IN  
QUIETLY?

TEE: Why?

FIB: Because I got a bet on that I can smoke this cigar till it's got three inches of ashes onto it. And I only got---

TEE: Why?

FIB: Because that's the test of a good cigar, that's why. We had an argument about it. He said --

TEE: Who?

FIB: Doctor Gamble. He told me I ---

TEE: When?

FIB: About an hour ago. We were--

TEE: Where?

FIB: OH WHY, WHO, WHAT, WHEN, WHERE, HOW!! WILL YOU STOP ASKING QUESTIONS?

TEE: No. I got one more, mister. What was the fire department doing here?

FIB: Puttin' out a fire. What'd you think they were doin'? Playin' musical chairs?

TEE: Gee, were they?

FIB: NO!!!

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: Eh?

TEE: Okay. Hey, mister, will you save all your waste paper for me, will you please, mister, hmmm? Willya Hmmm? Please? Willya, Hmmm?

FIB: I guess so Sis. Why?

TEE: Well gee, mister, there's really a shortage of paper now, I betcha. There isn't enough lumberjohns to cut the timber and ----

FIB: LUMBER JACKS.

TEE: Sure. And a lotta paper mills have had to shut down and they need the paper for containers and cartoons and--- CARTONS.

FIB: CARTONS.

TEE: Sure, and gee they gotta have waste paper for wing tips on airplanes and parachute flares and practice bombs and everything and it's really gonna be serious if we don't save all our waste paper and the newspapers will tell how to get in touch with the local salvage committee so will you please, mister, hmmm, willya hmmm? Please?

FIB: Okay sis. Okay. It's a promise. How did you find out all this stuff?

TEE: Oh I listen to the radio all the time, mister.

FIB: All the time, eh? Seven days a week, I suppose.

TEE: (GIGGLES)

FIB: What's the matter?

TEE: There's only THREE days in a week, I betcha. (GIGGLES)

FIB: ONLY THREE DAYS IN THE WEEK?

TEE: Sure. Sunday, Monday and Always.

FIB: You been listenin' to the radio TOO much, sis. Why don't you sit down and relax, sis. I'll ask my wife to give you a cookie.

TEE: Oh, I don't think I better stay, mister. If I see too much of you it'll start gossip.

FIB: Whaddye mean?

TEE: People Will Say We're in Love. So long, Mister.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Little Smartypants. One of these days...OH OH....HEY MOLLY...MOLLY...COME HERE...QUICK!!!

MOL: (FADE IN) What's the matter now, McGee?  
FIB: LOOK!!! I DID IT! THE ASHES ARE THREE INCHES LONG!....  
CALL DOC GAMBLE! GEE WHIZZ, HERE I WAS PUFFING AWAY,  
NEVER THINKING ABOUT---

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

DOC: Well, McGee, I've come to collect my five dollars and....  
(PAUSE) Well hypo my dermic...look at that!!  
MOL: Looks like you lose the bet, Doctor. He did it, all right.  
FIB: I'LL SAY I DID!! (LAUGHS) Look at his face, Molly.  
He don't think any more of a fin than if he was a shark  
and it grew out of his back. (LAUGHS)  
DOC: McGee, I didn't think it was possible. Pick up the  
money, my boy. And knock those ashes off before they  
fall on your face and smother you....though there is  
something to be said for that, too.  
FIB: I'LL KNOCK 'EM OFF WHEN I GET GOOD AND READY, DOCTOR.  
AND HEREAFTER, DON'T TELL ME I DON'T KNOW A GOOD CIGAR  
WHEN SOMEBODY GIVES ME ONE!  
MOL: Oh don't be silly, McGee. You've proved your point...  
now throw those ashes in the fireplace.  
DOC: Here, let me do it. You've ---  
FIB: NO NO NO...LEGGO THAT CIGAR DOC...I'LL.....Ohhhhhh!  
MOL: OH, YOU CARELESS BOYS. NOW, YOU'VE GOT 'EM ALL OVER THE  
FLOOR.  
(PAUSE)  
MOL: What's the matter, Doctor?

DOC: Look at that cigar, Mrs. McGee. What's that sticking  
out the end of it?  
MOL: Looks like a hairpin.  
FIB: Well, whaddye know!!! Who'd of ever thought of finding  
a hairpin stuck in a cigar? A 40¢ cigar too....why....  
GET YOUR HANDS OFF ME.  
DOC: WHY YOU MISERABLE LITTLE CROOK! YOU STUCK A HAIRPIN IN  
THAT CIGAR TO HOLD THE ASHES ON...  
FIB: Just a gag doc.  
DOC: IF THAT ISN'T THE MOST CONTEMPTIBLE...I'LL HIT YOU SO  
HARD.....  
ORCHESTRA: ("SONNY")

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY  
TUESDAY 6:30 P.M. PWT NBC  
OCTOBER 26, 1943

-20-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WIL: Do we still have to take good care of the things we have -- or will there soon be a larger quantity of civilian goods available? I've just read an interesting article on that subject, and it makes clear that, if anything, we should take still better care of our things. True, there may be some increases of certain goods, but there will be greater shortages of others. So go right on being very careful with your household equipment -- and go right on protecting your linoleum surfaces with JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT. Of course, that's a sensible thing to do at all times; first, because GLO-COAT saves you hours of work. It is self polishing, needs no rubbing or buffing. Second, because GLO-COAT keeps your linoleum new looking and beautiful, colors fresh and bright. And third, because the regular use of JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO COAT will make your linoleum last 6 to 10 times longer.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

(2ND REVISION) -30-

TAG GAG

MOL: Here, hold this ice bag on your eye, dearie.....Heavenly days, how did you ever think up such a trick, anyhow?

FIB: Aw, a friend of mine - Old Fred Nitney, of Starved Rock, Illinois - showed it to me.....He had a ten-buck bet with a guy that his cigar ashes wouldn't fall off, and so he stuck a hairpin in the cigar to make sure.

MOL: How'd he make out?

FIB: Same way I did. The guy caught on and poked him in the eye.

MOL: Oh.

FIB: Yeah, Good night.

MOL: Good night, all.

ORCH: (CLOSING SIGNATURE)

WIL: 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)