

WRITERS: Don Quinn  
Phil Leslie

(REVISED) #7



"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

Johnson's Wax

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1943

N.B.C.

(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: "I KNOW THAT YOU KNOW" FADE FOR



S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC  
NOVEMBER 9, 1943

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: I'd like to tell you about another interesting use for WAX which has been brought about by the war. You ladies who are saving tin cans, know there's been an acute shortage of tin, most of which comes from the Malay Peninsula. Because of this shortage, many products that used to be packed in tin containers are now packed in glass or paper. To save further, can manufacturers are now using only one-third as much tin coating as before the war. But when these new packages are shipped overseas, they need still further protection against moisture and corrosion. And that's where WAX comes in. To help solve this problem, the makers of JOHNSON'S WAX have developed special WAX coatings for these metal containers, to help prevent spoilage of vital canned foods. Some canners are already using these JOHNSON'S WAX coatings, both for overseas and domestic packages. They are easy to apply by dipping or spraying. They're even made in olive drab color, so the discarded cans won't reflect light. Any food canners interested may write for full details to S.C. JOHNSON & SON, Racine, Wisconsin, or Brantford, Canada.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH)

(APPLAUSE)

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WIL: IT'S A STRANGE PARADOX THAT THE SQUIRE OF 79 WISTFUL VISTA IS A LIGHT EATER AND A HEAVY EATER. THE ANSWER, OF COURSE, IS THAT HE'S LIGHT WHEN HE SITS DOWN AND HEAVY WHEN HE GETS UP. AND HERE AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE, MEET --

--FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: CLINK AND RATTLE OF DISHES AND SILVER

MOL: Fibber McGee, strong and able,  
Get your elbows off the table!

FIB: Eh? Oh. Excuse me. Boy, was I hungry! These Fall mornings sure put an edge on a guy's appetite.

MOL: Your appetite has always had an edge that would slice granite. Are you thru with the morning paper?

FIB: YEAH...TAKE IT. IT'S DISGUSTING!

MOL: What's disgusting about it and take your spoon out of your cup.

TINKLE OF SILVER:

FIB: AW THIS LEND-LEASE, LEND-LEASE, LEND-LEASE!!! SENDIN' ALL THAT FOOD OUTA THE COUNTRY AND US CIVILIANS GOIN' HUNGRY. Hey, you got any more o' that home made jelly?

MOL: Plenty. I'll get some in a minute. But what about lend lease?

FIB: IT'S RIDICULOUS...THAT'S WHAT ABOUT IT. MAKES MY BLOOD STAND ON END! US HUNDRED PERCENT AMERICANS SKIMPIN' ALONG ON SCRAPS OF FOOD AND ALL THAT STUFF BEIN' SHIPPED AWAY. Make me another piece of toast, willya?

TOASTER RATCHET:

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(REVISED)

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FIB: YES SIR, BY GEORGE, IT'S SHAMEFUL HOW -  
MOL: Oh for goodness sakes, McGee. Don't talk silly.  
FIB: Eh?  
MOL: I read that article on lend lease myself. It said our shipments this year will be only TEN PER CENT of our total food production. AND THEN ONLY IF THE BASIC NEEDS OF OUR ARMED FORCES AND OUR CIVILIAN REQUIREMENTS PERMIT IT. You'll have to admit, 10% isn't so much. That's only one doughnut out of a dozen.  
FIB: If your idea of 10% is one doughnut out of a dozen, baby, you better find another bakery. You been gettin' gypped. They probably blow up the cream puffs with a bicycle pump.  
MOL: I was merely trying to point out, my bulging boy friend, that nobody, particularly you, will suffer any malnutrition from the food we send our allies.  
FIB: WELL DOGGONE IT, IT'S THE PRINCIPLE OF THE THING. ALL THAT FOOD LEAVIN' THE COUNTRY and...hey is there any more of that country sausage?  
MOL: No, and it'll probably be months before we get any more.  
FIB: THERE!! YOU SEE? NO COUNTRY SAUSAGE!! HERE WE ARE, BEIN' DEPRIVED OF OUR FOOD AT HOME WHEN.....excuse me.  
MOL: What are you doing?  
FIB: Loosening my belt. I ate too much. What was I sayin'.  
MOL: Oh yes. HERE WE ARE, BEIN' DEPRIVED OF OUR FOOD-  
FIB: You didn't finish your egg, dearie. Mustn't be wasteful.  
FIB: Can't finish it. Ran outa chili sauce. Get another bottle, willya?  
MOL: That was the last bottle.  
FIB: WHAT? OUR LAST BOTTLE OF CHILI SAUCE? Where'd it all go to?

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(2ND REVISION) -6-

MOL: You had most of it at midnight last night with your bacon-and-tomato-and-tuna-fish-and-lettuce-and-chopped-olive-and-onion sandwich. Remember?  
FIB: Yes, but doggone it, Molly you KNOW how I love chili sauce. Why don't you keep a bottle around for emergencies.  
MOL: I do. That's the bottle you ate. And just so you'll have a clear understanding of the issue, chili sauce is now, I think 18 blue points a bottle.  
FIB: 18 BLUEPOINTS!!! WE GOTTA TRADE 'EM OYSTERS FOR IT NOW?  
MOL: No, no, no. 18 blue RATION points.  
FIB: Oh. WELL WHY DON'T YOU MAKE SOME CHILI SAUCE? Get some tomatoes and some ... er..whatever you need...and er... MAKE SOME!!!  
MOL: Why don't YOU make some?  
FIB: Who, me? Why I.. Why.. WELL, NOW I'LL JUST DO THAT LITTLE THING, MRS. MCGEE!! Now lemme see...where did I see a recipe for chili sauce?  
MOL: OH QUIT IT, MCGEE....I WAS JUST KIDDING.  
FIB: WELL I'M NOT KIDDING! I'M CALLIN' YOUR BLUFF, BABY. I'M GONNA MAKE SOME CHILI SAUCE.  
MOL: But sweetheart -  
FIB: NOW DON'T GET MUSHY WITH ME...YOU CAN'T SWITCH ME OFF BY WAVIN' YOUR LONG EYELASHES AT ME THIS TIME...How many tomatoes we got?

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MOL: About a dozen.  
FIB: IT AIN'T ENOUGH. GET SOME MORE. GET ABOUT A GROSS. HOW MANY IS THAT? FOUR DOZEN?  
MOL: Twelve dozen.  
FIB: PERFECT!! That oughtta make several bottles of chili sauce.  
MOL: Look, McGee, you don't know anything about how to -  
FIB: AH AH AH AHhhh.!! CAREFUL THERE! IS THE AMERICAN ARMY THE BEST FED IN THE WORLD? IT IS. WHO COOKS FOR 'EM? WOMEN? NO, MEN. DO YOU REMEMBER THAT I WAS A MESS SERGEANT IN THE LAST WAR?  
MOL: No. Were you really a mess, sergeant?  
FIB: YES AND WITHOUT THE COMMA. Now look....before you go upstairs, get out a flock of canning jars and tops for 'em, see? And order a thundering herd of tomatoes. I GOT WORK TO DO!!!  
MOL: If you hadn't been so greedy, and eaten all the tomatoes out of our Victory garden, standing out there all summer with a salt-shaker.....

DOOR CHIMES:

FIB: Can you beat that? Guy just gets busy with his canning and look what happens? COME IN!!

DOOR OPENS & CLOSES

MOL: Oh good morning Doctor Gamble.  
DOC: Hello, Mrs. McGee. Hello, McGee.  
FIB: Hiyah doc. Take a chair. I like to see a declining physician in a reclining position. Hah hah...  
DOC: How long have you been married, Mrs. McGee?

MOL: Twenty-five years, Doctor. Why?  
DOC: (WONDERINGLY) Twenty-five years....a quarter of a century of putting up with such foul whimsy as that! You're a wonderful woman!  
FIB: Trouble with you, Doc, you got no sense of humor. You wouldn't know a joke if it bit you in the leg.  
DOC: If one of your jokes ever bit me, McGee, I'd be too busy cauterizing it to laugh.  
MOL: Oh, McGee has some wonderful jokes, Doctor. From when he used to be in vaudeville.  
FIB: Yeah. A fellow and I, by the name of Fred Nitney of Starved Rock, Illinois. We had some dynamite material. Like when I'd come on stage playin' a harmonica, without makin' any noise. And Fred would say, "WHAT ARE YOU PLAYING?" And I'd say "SILENT NIGHT!" And we'd both bust into a buck and wing, wavin' little American flags. Boy, the audience used to kill themselves at that!  
DOC: I can understand it. The urge would be almost irresistible.  
MOL: Tell Doctor Gamble the one about when you'd say "IS THAT GLOCK RIGHT, UP THERE?" And Mr. Nitney would say "YES, RIGHT UP THERE!" Tell him that one.  
DOC: Yes, do!  
FIB: Oh sarcastic, eh? I dunna why I even talk to you, Doc. I shudder to think I ever let a dumb bunny like you spray my throat. You wouldn't know the difference between a argyrol and arsenic.  
DOC: In your case, I wouldn't be fussy.



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MOL: Now, Doctor ---

FIB: Doctor my clavicle!! WHY YOU QUESTIONABLE QUININE  
QUARTER-BACK, YOU COULDN'T SET A BROKEN BROOM HANDLE!  
YOU COULDN'T REDUCE THE FEVER IN A SAUCER OF COFFEE, WITH  
A COLD NORTH WIND! YOU COULDN'T FIND THE BONE IN A LAMB  
CHOP!

MOL: Please, McGee, I -

DOC: WHY YOU INSULTING LITTLE INGRATE!!!! WHEN I THINK OF THE  
TIMES I'VE GOT OUT OF BED TO COME OVER HERE AND TREAT YOU  
FOR A BAD CASE OF GLUTTONY, I HAVE A GOOD NOTION TO KICK  
A COUPLE OF INCISORS DOWN YOUR NOISY OVERGROWN TRACHEA.

FIB: OH YEAH? IF ANY INCISORS GO DOWN MY TRAY...what's a  
trachea?

DOC: Windpipe. With you, the most active organ in the body.  
If the Curtiss-Wright Company ever hires you, they can  
burn down their wind-tunnel and still test clipper ships.

FIB: Why, you -

DOC: You are the gabbiest, loudest, shallowest specimen of the  
so-called human race it has ever been my ill-fortune to  
come in contact with and the only reason I came over here  
was to see if you want to go hunting tomorrow morning.

FIB: SURE! WHAT TIME, DOC?

DOC: 6:30. I'll call for you. So long, Mrs. McGee!!

MOL: Good day, Doctor.

FIB: (AFFECTIONATELY) So long, kid!!!

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH: "SURREY WITH THE FRINGE ON TOP"

APPLAUSE

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SECOND SPOT

(2ND REVISION) 10 & 11

FIB: (TO HIMSELF) 6 peeled, medium onions. 6 seeded green  
peppers. 8 pounds ripe skinned tomatoes. 1½ C graduated  
sugar... one and a half "C"! Whadda they mean, "C"? OH,  
CARTON! 1½ cartons o' sugar. Four 3-inch sticks of  
cinnamon. Salt...vinegar...cloves... Hey, Molly, where's  
the hatchet?

MOL: In the basement. What do you need the hatchet for?

FIB: Gotta chop some onions. Hey, let's trade at some other  
grocery.

MOL: Why?

FIB: These people don't co-operate, that's why. The recipe for  
this chili sauce calls for ripe skinned tomatoes, and they  
wouldn't send me any skinned tomatoes. SAID I'D HAVE TO  
SKIN 'EM MYSELF!! Independent as a hog on ice!

MOL: Don't be ridiculous. No grocery sells skinned tomatoes.

FIB: WELL, WHAT KIND OF SERVICE IS THAT? NEXT TIME WE ORDER  
BUTTER, THEY'LL LIKELY SEND US SOME MILK AND TELL US TO  
CHURN IT OURSELF. By George, I'll --

MOL: McGee, what's all this stuff on the shelf here?

FIB: Where? OH, those? THAT'S SOME MORE STUFF THE GROCERY  
GYPPED ME ON. GREEN PEPPERS. AFTER I PEELED THE SKINS  
OFF, THERE WAS NOTHIN' LEFT ON 'EM. Gimme the phone.  
Thanks. I'll give that grocery a piece of my mind that --



MOL: But, McGee. A green pepper isn't supposed --  
FIB: (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR? GIMME JIMMY SALE'S GROCERY ON  
THE....MYRT! IS THAT YOU, MYRT?  
MOL: Oh dear....  
FIB: HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING, MYRT? TIS EH? WHAT SAY, MYRT?  
(SHOCKED) OHHHHHH MYRT!! YOU DON'T TELL ME!!!  
MOL: What is it, McGee?  
FIB: I dunno. She don't tell me. WHAT SAY, MYRT? OKAY I'LL  
CALL LATER. (CLICK) Grocery phone is busy. Hey, take  
a sniff of that stuff I mixed up there...don't that smell  
good?  
MOL: Shall I help you peel the onions?  
FIB: Nope. Thanks. But you can stand in front of me while I  
do it, if you wanna.  
MOL: Why should I stand in front of you?  
FIB: Because when I peel onions I always cry and what's  
marriage for if you can't cry on each others shoulders?  
MOL: Oh don't be silly. The way to peel onions without  
discomfort is peel 'em under water.  
FIB: Too many of 'em. I couldn't hold my breath that long.  
No, I'll just.-  
DOOR OPEN & CLOSE  
WIL: Hello, Molly. Hello, pal. What's cooking?  
MOL: McGee is.  
WIL: What?

FIB: I AM, JUNIOR. I'M WHIPPIN' UP A BATCH OF CHILI SAUCE. You  
got any rude comment to make about it?  
WIL: No, I haven't. Who are you making the chili sauce for?  
You got enough tomatoes there for Chang Kai Shek and the  
Chinese army.  
MOL: His ideas of proportions are a little haywire, Mr. Wilcox.  
He'd probably make pickled peaches with one pickle and  
50 peaches.  
FIB: OH I GUESS I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING. I just love chili sauce  
and if the government is gonna be nasty about it and charge  
18 points a bottle, I'll fool 'em, that's all. THEY AIN'T  
GONNA LEND LEASE ME OUT OF MY CHILI SAUCE!  
WIL: You seem to have a wrong idea of lend lease, pal.  
MOL: Explain it to him, Mr. Wilcox.  
WIL: Oh I can't cover the whole subject, Molly. Lend lease  
is simply the way we exchange goods and services with our  
allies. We don't GIVE everything away, you know.  
FIB: (SCEPTICALLY) No?  
WIL: No. Why in 1943, American forces in Australia and New  
Zealand received on a reciprocal lend-lease basis nearly  
as much beef as was sent from the United States to ALL  
countries receiving lend-lease foodstuff??  
MOL: You see, McGee?  
FIB: WELL, WHAT ARE WE SENDING ALL THE CHILI SAUCE AWAY FOR?  
ANSWER ME THAT!!  
WIL: We're not. But don't forget our Army and Navy and Marines  
and air force are a healthy bunch of guys. They each eat  
about 2 pounds of food more a day than they did when they  
were civilians.



FIB: DOES THAT MEAN I GOTTA EAT TWO POUNDS A DAY LESS?  
MOL: I can't think of anybody who could stand it better, dearie.  
WIL: It doesn't mean that at all, pal. There's still plenty of grub for everybody. Though we may be a little short of certain items. You eat chili sauce three times a day?  
MOL: He eats chili sauce on everything, Mr. Wilcox.  
FIB: I NEVER NO SUCH A THING. I DON'T EAT CHILI SAUCE ON..ER...ON...  
MOL: See? He can't think of anything he doesn't eat it on.  
WIL: Oatmeal?  
FIB: Oatmeal!...Didn't you ever eat oatmeal with chili sauce? Why, it's wonderful!! Gee, the first time I --  
MOL: Easy, McGee. Mr. Wilcox is turning pale.  
FIB: Oh. Sorry. I thought everybody liked it. SO YOU CLAIM THEY AIN'T SENDIN' ALL THE CHILI SAUCE OVERSEAS, EH, WILCOX?  
WIL: Of course they're not. Anyway, food is merely a PART of the lend-lease plan. They send --  
FIB: HEY, I GOTTA IDEA. I'LL START MY OWN LEND-LEASE PLAN. LOOK, JUNIOR, WHY DONCHA HAVE RACINE SEND ENGLAND A FEW CASES O' JOHNSON'S WAX AND LET THEM SEND ME SOME CHILI SAUCE?  
MOL: That's silly, McGee. There is a Johnson's Wax plant in England.  
WIL: Certainly. Johnson's Wax is as familiar to smart British housewives as it is to Americans. It's particularly valuable in the English climate, because it seals surfaces against dampness, as well as dust.  
MOL: Stilllll...Mr. Churchill might help you out on his next trip, McGee...He has nothing to do but smoke cigars - win a war - and bring you chili sauce. And I think you've peeled enough onions.

FIB: Think so?  
WIL: Look, don't waste any of that stuff, Fibber. You know the four points of the Food for Freedom campaign. GROW WHAT YOU CAN. CONSERVE ALL YOU CAN. SHARE WHAT YOU CAN.  
MOL: Can what you can?  
WIL: (LAUGHS) Yes, and last but not least, play fair with the rationing system. Give everybody a square share.  
FIB: Look, Junior...how come you're so well-informed on this food business?  
WIL: My wife sat me in a chair last night and talked to me for three hours about it. AND ALL BECAUSE I WENT OUT AND SPENT OUR MONTH'S MEAT POINTS FOR A COUPLE OF WONDERFUL STEAKS. A word to the wise, pal. So long, now.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: What's he mean, a word to the wise? Tomatoes don't take any ration points, do they?  
MOL: No. I think what he meant was LET THE WOMAN OF THE HOUSE HANDLE THE FOOD PROBLEM. Would you like to go to the Elks Club and let me take over the Chili Sauce department?  
FIB: NO SIR...I'M GONNA SEE THIS THING THRU. IT'S PRACTICALLY ALL MIXED, AND...(SNIFF SNIFF)...Don't that smell good?  
MOL: Not bad at all. But I guess...McGEE, WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THAT PILLOW CASE?  
FIB: That's to put the spices in. To cook 'em. Recipe says PUT SPICES IN CHEESE CLOTH BAG WHILE MIXTURE COOKS, but I couldn't do that because cheese takes more points than chili sauce.



MOL: WELL YOU CAN'T USE ONE OF MY GOOD PILLOW SLIPS. I'll get you a little bag you can use. Heavenly days, if you'd only ask for what you want instead of -

DOOR OPEN:

ALICE: Hello, Mrs. McGee. Hello, Mr. McGee.

FIB: Hiyah, Al.

MOL: Hello, Alice.

ALICE: My goodness, Mr. McGee...what ARE you doing?

FIB: Making up some chili sauce, Alive. DON'T IT SMELL GOOD?

ALICE: Why you great, big, talented man, you! Jeepers, I hope I get a man that is a good cook. Or at least I hope I get a man who can cook. Or at least I hope I get a man.

MOL: I don't think you'll have any trouble, Alice. There's a list of telephone calls on the hall table as long as your arm.

ALICE: Oh thank you ever so much, my dear. I'm sorry if the boys have been disturbing you, because I've told them NEVER to call me here except in an emergency but you know how boys are, they think if they whistle at a person and she sort of smiles they think it's an emergency and they always call up and want to know if a person can go to a movie, or something.

FIB: I imagine you see a lot of good movies that way.

MOL: I don't guess you're interested in any ONE boy, are you, Alice?

ALICE: N-n-no, Mrs. McGee...though I was for a while in Archibald.

FIB: ARCHIBALD?

ALICE: Yes, he's the son of the owner of the airplane plant and my dears he's just rolling in it, though he IS a weird kind of a drip and all the girls and fellows started kidding me about how I was being nice to Archibald just because his father owned the plant and it got to bothering me and I finally asked myself WAS I? and I was. So I told Archibald to go bake a cake.

MOL: And what did he say?

ALICE: He said he was very upset.

FIB: And what did you say?

ALICE: I said in that case go bake an upside-down cake.

MOL: I don't think we need worry about Alice, McGee. She seems to be able to handle almost any situation.

FIB: The way she tosses the males around she oughtta get a job in the Post office over Christmas.

ALICE: (LAUGHS) Oh, Mr McGee you just say that. Well, I guess I better get to bed now and I hope your applesauce turns out all right.

FIB: IT'S CHILI!

ALICE: Well put it on the stove foolish!! Bye Bye, now!

DOOR SLAM

ORCH: "SAW WOOD MOUNTAIN" -- KING'S MEN.

APPLAUSE



THIRD SPOT

SOUND: BUBBLING NOISES

FIB: OOOOOH....DOES THAT SMELL GOOD! Don't it smell good,  
Molly?

MOL: Haven't you cooked it about enough, dearie? I'd like to  
get lunch on that stove, unless you'd prefer your  
macaroni cooked over an open fire in the back yard.

FIB: Oh I won't be very long now. Five or ten minutes, then  
I put it in the jars.

MOL: Did you sterilize the jars?

FIB: Sure I did. Inside and out with rubbing alcohol. Hey  
hand me another tomato.

MOL: WHY DO YOU KEEP ADDING TOMATOES?

FIB: Because I keep forgetting how much salt and vinegar and  
stuff I put in, so to balance it up, every time I put in  
anything, I toss in a extra tomato. Hey you - er - you  
wanna finish this job?

MOL: No. Thanks. You're the Oscar of this Waldorf.

FIB: Aw come on. The hard work's all done, and ----

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh hello there Uncle Dennis.

DENNIS: Hello, Molly Darling... and Fibber what would you be  
doing now, lad?

FIB: Makin' up a batch of chili sauce, Unk. ~~DON'T IT SMELL~~  
GOOD?

MOL: It even LOOKS good. But then, so did the German Army,  
at first.

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DENNIS: Why didn't you TELL me you wanted some home made chili  
sauce, lad? I'd have been GLAD to make you some, always  
providin', (heaven forbid) that I haven't lost the  
recipe for it that my aunt Margaret, (may she look down and  
see what condition my shoes are in and sent me good luck)  
gave me.

FIB: Never knew you could cook, Unk.

DENNIS: NEVER KNEW I COULD COOK!! AHAA...AND WHO WAS IT PUT ON  
ALL THE CLAMBAKES FOR THE WEST SIDE SOCIAL, ATHLETIC AND  
WHAT-EVER-BECAME-OF-AL-SMITH-FOR -PRESIDENT CLUB? WHO WAS  
IT THAT ALWAYS BARBECUED THE SPARERIBBS FOR THE ANNUAL  
PICNIC OF THE FIREMEN AND POLICE WHICH THE WAR, MAY IT  
SOON END, PUT A STOP TO, AND NONE TOO SOON?

MOL: Did you do all that cooking Uncle Dennis?

DENNIS: No, but I can lay my hands on the man who did, and he'll  
teach me all he knows or I'll have the eyes out of his  
head with me thumb, may no such violence be necessary.

FIB: Well, it won't be necessary now, Unk. All I wanted was  
plenty of chili sauce and I'M doin' all right with that..  
I hope.

DENNIS: REMINDS OF WHEN I WAS CHEF AT A VERY UPTOWN HOTEL, PEACE  
BE TO ITS ASHES, (AS IT BURNED DOWN RECENTLY) though I  
didn't keep the job very long, because of a slight  
misunderstanding.

MOL: What was that, Uncle Dennis?

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DENNIS: Ah, there was one waiter, may his tires wear to shreds, who was always giving me trouble. One day I looked out the door from the kitchen and there he was at the table of our wealthiest patron, now, SETTIN' FIRE TO THE PANGAKES! I rushed out, threw the waiter out by the seat of his pants, dashed a pail of water on the table, they told me they were crepes suzettes and were supposed to be lit, I went out and threw the waiter back in, took off my coat and went to a movie starring Bessie Barriscale and enjoyed it very much.

FIB: Look, I hate to interrupt these little reminiscences of your checkered carreeeeeer, Unk. But you and Molly better get outa the way. This chili sauce is ready to put in the jars.

MOL: HAVE YOU GOT THE JARS HEATED, MCGEE?

FIB: Oh my gosh, no....I forgot it. HEY YOU DO IT, WILL YOU, MOLLY? WHILE I STEP OUTSIDE FOR A BREATH OF FRESH AIR?

DENNIS: GO AHEAD LAD...GO AHEAD, IT'S IN THE GOOD HANDS OF DENNIS DRISCOLL AS IS, AND MOLLY DRISCOLL AS WAS (SOTTO VOCE)  
Bad cess to the day she changed the name.

FIB: WHAT WAS THAT, UNK?

MOL: Never mind, McGee!..you go get some fresh air.

FIB: OKAY...~~BE BACK IN A MINUTE.~~

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

FIB: (TO HIMSELF) Boy did I talk myself into a mess this time!  
That stuff is gonna taste like rubber hose a la mode.  
Why can't I keep my big, fat mouth shut! If I wasn't  
such a doggone windbag --

TEE: (FADE IN) Hi, mister.

FIB: Oh hello, little girl.

TEE: Gee, what's the matter, mister? Hmm? Whatsa? Hmm?  
What's matter?

FIB: Awww....you wouldn't understand, sis. Skip it.

TEE: Come on, mister. After all, what is a woman for if not to share the burdens of the man she loves and...aw don't just sit there with your head in your hands, mister.  
Look into my eyes....

FIB: Awww - Go away, sis. Forget you ever knew me. I'M just a palooka from Peoria, and that's all I'll ever be. Go on. I don't feel good.

TEE: No! It is a woman's place to stand shoulder to shoulder with a man when he is in trouble and if you stay sittin' down, mister, I can stand shoulder to shoulder with you just dandy, I betcha. Come on, mister...what's the matter?  
Hmmm?

FIB: I'M A STUPID OAF, THAT'S WHAT'S THE MATTER. Look, sis...  
I popped off about how I was gonna make some wonderful chili sauce, see? So what do I do, in my brilliant way? I lose the recipe. I forget how much of anything I put in. I loused it all up. I've wasted enough food mixin' up that batch of fly-spray to ruin the national food program for ten years. I'M practically a saboteur. I oughta be stood up against a wall- and -

TEE: Oh now, mister. Jeeminy. .it can't be that bad, I betcha. Gee you're a wonderful man. You been a good kid. I always wanted to marry a man like you, though maybe not so gabby maybe. Hey how'd the chili sauce taste?



FIB: I dunno. I didn't dare wait and see. Now I'M SCARED to go back. I've made such a big-mouthed fool o' myself that--

DOOR OPEN

MOL: MCGEE!...WHERE ARE YOU?...MCGEE...Oh there you are... .

FIB: Eh?

TEE: Oh oh!!

DENNIS: WE TRIED YOUR CHILI SAUCE, LAD...AND IT'S MARVELOUS!!!

MOL: MCGEE, IT'S REALLY WONDERFUL....AND YOU KNEW IT WAS...YOU RASCAL. (LAUGHS PROUDLY) YOU SNEAKED OUT HERE SO WE'D TASTE IT!!

FIB: It...er...it was pretty good eh?

DENNIS: IT'S THE SAUCE OF THE CENTURY, LAD!!

MOL: IT'S DELICIOUS! I TAKE BACK EVERYTHING I SAID.

FIB: (HIMSELF AGAIN) Aw forget it. (LAUGHS) WHEN I TELL YOU I KNOW HOW TO DO SOMETHING, I KNOW WHAT I'M TALKIN' ABOUT.. YES SIR.. COME ON...LET'S FINISH CANNING IT. AND WE'LL SAVE THE PRETTIEST ONE FOR THE STATE FAIR...THE MCGEE CHILI SAUCE HAS NEVER LOST A BLUE RIBBON YET. YES SIR, BY GEORGE, WHEN I START OUT TO DO SOMETHING....

DOOR SLAM

TEE: Oh, bro-therrrrrrrr!

ORCH: "ZING WENT THE STRINGS" -- FADE FOR --

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC  
NOVEMBER 9, 1943

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: When a circus bills itself as the greatest show on earth, we're not too disturbed by its use of the superlative. Still, we don't like advertising that's always saying "world's biggest" and "world's best". That's what troubles me right now because it just happens that JOHNSON'S GLO COAT is the world's most popular floor polish. Will you forgive me if I say it just this once? Fact is, you probably use GLO COAT on your own linoleum floors, for excellent reasons. Not just because it keeps those floors sparkling and beautiful. Not merely because it saves you hours of work, needs no rubbing or buffing. And not only because it makes your linoleum last 6 to 10 times longer. Not for just one of these reasons, but for a combination of all three, is GLO COAT the most popular floor polish. Linoleum floors the world over are protected, beautified and made to last longer by the regular use of JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO COAT.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)



TAG

MOL: Ladies and gentlemen, carelessness with food supplies doesn't usually turn out as well as it did with McGee tonight. Food is an important war material and a lot depends on how we use it. If we waste food, and fail to use it for what it is - a weapon - we might seriously alter the course of the war and delay the day of victory.

FIB: If we all make up our minds to conserve food in every way; eat the right things; use plentiful foods instead of scrambling for the scarce ones, and observe rationing and price rulings, we'll do all right. So lick that platter clean, babe - lick that platter clean!

MOL: We'll never get to first base if we don't start from the home plate.

FIB: GOODNIGHT.

MOL: Goodnight, all!

ORCH: UP TO FINISH: SIGNOFF:

WRITERS: Don Quinn  
Phil Leslie

"FIBBER MCGEE AND I

Johnson's Wax

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1943