

WRITERS: Don Quinn
Phil Leslie

(REVISED)

#9

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

Johnson's Wax

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1943

NEC

(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: "GEE BUT IT'S FUN" - FADE FOR:

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC
NOVEMBER 23, 1943

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: You may not live in a trailer, but probably you have
woodwork that has to be kept clean. So, I think you'll
be interested in a letter I received several weeks ago --
and here it is. "I have a lovely 24-foot house trailer,
with Phillipine mahogany interior. This wood is so
delicate, water will ruin its texture, so I tried
frantically to find some kind of cleaner. Finally one
day I saw this bottle of JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX and decided
to give it a trial. Results: my walls are shining with
so little effort and very little POLISH to produce a
gleaming lustre. This compliment may not be worth anything
to S.C. Johnson & Son, but it may be of value to other
housewives in your listening public. As for me -- I'll
always keep a bottle of JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX on hand." ... I
might add that CREAM WAX does an amazing cleaning job while
it polishes. It works miracles on light painted woodwork --
leaves a satiny genuine wax lustre -- takes very little
work. Remember the name -- JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX -- and
try some on your furniture and woodwork.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH)

(APPLAUSE)

WILCOX: THE SQUIRE OF 79 WISTFUL VISTA IS NOT THE MAN TO DO THINGS
BY HALVES. AN ORDINARY FELLOW MIGHT CURL UP SOME
AFTERNOON WITH A GOOD BOOK, BUT OUR HERO GOES ALL THE WAY,
AND CURLS UP WITH FIFTY OR SIXTY OF 'EM - as we meet --
-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!!

APPLAUSE:

MOL: For goodness' sakes, McGee...what goes on here? Looks like
an explosion in the Public Library.

FIB: WELL, you know how bad that hall closet needed
straightening out.

MOL: MCGEE! DON'T TELL ME YOU --

FIB: No. Got too late a start for that, so I decided to
straighten out the book case instead. My gosh, I never
knew we had so many books.

MOL: We wouldn't have, if you returned the ones you've borrowed.
What's the big book you're sitting on?

FIB: This one? I dunno. Swedish book, and I can't read
Swedish.

MOL: What's the title?

FIB: Glib to Hug.

MOL: GLIB TO HUG! That's not Swedish, silly. That's part of
a ~~set~~ of encyclopedias.

FIB: Eh? OH, YEAH!...That's the one I borrowed from Doc Gamble
the time I was tryin' to find out how to make hausenpfeffer.
Now let's seee...doggone it, I wish I could find-- Oh,
here it is.

MOL: Here's what?

FIB: The book I got for my birthday last week from old Fred
Nitney of Starved Rock, Illinois. You've heard me speak
of Fred?

MOL: Who hasn't? What was the name of the book he gave you?
FIB: Oh, some dull thing about the Milk Industry in the Solomon Islands.
MOL: Is that what it's about?
FIB: Sure. Looka the title -- "GUADALCANAL DAIRY".
MOL: THAT'S DIARY.
FIB: Eh? Oh. HEY...HERE'S A SWELL LITTLE BOOK, Molly. "TEN THOUSAND QUEER QUIZ QUESTIONS". That's the one I got for subscribin' to Zombie Comics...remember?
MOL: Yes...a fascinating book, too! Sample question: HOW DO YOU GET DOWN OFF AN ELEPHANT? Sample answer: "YOU DON'T GET DOWN OFF AN ELEPHANT. YOU GET DOWN OFF A DUCK." The first time I heard that one I chocked on my Pabulum.
FIB: I thought it was kinda cute, myself. I sometimes-- Hey, here's a book I'M glad we got.
MOL: What is it?
FIB: "LADIES AND GENTLEMEN'S COMPLETE ETIQUETTE". Got all the answers on how not to make a mugg of yourself. Tells you how to dress for every occasion. Look?

MOL: Let me see it. (RUSTLE OF PAGES) Hmm. "How to Dress for the Opera". (READS) THE LADY GOES TO THE OPERA TO SEE AND BE SEEN, AND HER DRESS MUST BE ADOPTED WITH A FULL REALIZATION OF THE THOUSANDS OF GAS LIGHTS WHICH WILL BRING OUT ITS MERITS AND DEFECTS, AND-- Gaslights!! Heavenly days...when was this printed?
FIB: 1877.
MOL: EIGHTEEN SEVENTY-SEVEN! Well, it's no good now, dearie. The wasp waist has given way to the hornet hip.
FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, IT'S NO GOOD? ETIQUETTE DON'T CHANGE. I contend that this etiquette book is just as good today as it was 65 years ago.
MOL: Could be, McGee. But a few new problems have come up since then. Like for instance...if a girl runs away from her husband, who gets custody of the shoe coupons?

FIB: AW, FER THE-- Look...it ain't the little petty rules, it's the PRINCIPLES. By George, if everybody acted accordin' to etiquette, it would be a much better world to live in.

MOL: Well, go ahead, dearie. Start the ball rolling.

FIB: I SHALL!

MOL: Fine. Now finish picking up those books, please. The house looks like a shambles. I don't --

FIB: Forgive me, my dear, but I must ask you to leave the room.

MOL: Why?

FIB: It would be unseemly for a lady to remain, as I am about to remove my coat and roll up my sleeves, thus exposing my nude biceps. COME, let me see you to the door.

MOL: NOW LOOK HERE, FIBBER MCGEE, IF YOU THINK FOR ONE MINUTE THAT I'M GOING TO PUT ON A BUSTLE AND SIT AROUND WAITING FOR A STERIOPTICON SHOW --

DOOR OPEN:

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

MOL: Oh, hello there, Alice.

ALICE: May I come in?

FIB: Pray do, child.

ALICE: Did you drop something, Mr. McGee?

MOL: No, he's just bowing from the waist, Alice. He's suffering from a sudden rush of etiquette.

FIB: You slept well, I trust, Miss Alice?

ALICE: Slept well! Jeepers, my dear, I was out like a cork. The body didn't even twitch for eight solid hours, and I mean solid, pet. Did I get anything on the Ameche from the characters?

MOL: If you mean did you get any phone calls, Alice, yes you did. The last one was from Douglas,

FIB: I sincerely trust, my dear, that you met this young man in a proper way. Formally introduced, I mean, through trustworthy friends or relatives?

ALICE: ARE YOU KIDDING, POPS? Why, I've known Doug for simply DAYS. He thinks I'M wonderful. He says I'm the big ripple in his car pool.

FIB: And what is the young swine-- er...swain's background, if I may inquire, Miss Alice?

ALICE: Background! Criminy, Doug's got more background than a scenic railway. And MANNERS! Why, when we're at a dance, Doug never says "LET'S CUT ONE, KID!" or "WHADDYE SAY WE HURL A HIP". He stands up and bows, and says "WITH YOUR KIND CO-OPERATION, STUPID, WE'LL DUMFO'LD THE NATIVES WITH A MAD MINUET". Oh, Doug is really an ape, my dears...but smooth!

MOL: He sounds charming!

FIB: College man, ^{Miss} Alice?

ALICE: Oh, yes. He worked his way thru the university playing the drums for parties. He's a Phi Beta Krupa.

FIB: It appears, my dear, that the young gentleman's background is impeccable.

MOL: Well, who's pecking?

FIB: However, (and I trust you will not take the suggestion amiss), perhaps you will persuade the youth that good manners demand he refrain from arousing the household at unged-- er...unseemly hours by means of the telephone.

ALICE: Oh, you mean tell Doug to lay off beating his gums over the wire at the crack of noon? But I have told him, Mr. McGee, and I told him when he calls for me NEVER to use the doorbell.

MOL: How will he let you know he's here? Set fire to the front porch?

ALICE: (LAUGHS) Oh no, my dear...he's going to toss a pebble at my window. That way, it won't disturb anyone but me.

FIB: Delightful, my child! Delightful! Tossing a pebble at the lattice window of one's fair lady is an honorable and romantic custom, and I thoroughly approve of--

SOUND: GLASS CRASH. ROLL OF ROCK ON FLOOR:

ALICE: OH, THERE'S DOUG NOW! (LAUGHS) AND HE HIT THE WRONG WINDOW!!! Isn't he the ~~WEIRDEST~~ ^{here} character?! Well, goodnight now!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

ORCH: "EL CIUDAD DE MEXICO" *Velje Beatman*

APPLAUSE:

SECOND SPOT

FIB: (TO HIMSELF) Boy, to think how I been stumbling through life like a unmannerly goof! Let's see now --- (READS) "IF A PERSON WISHES TO BE SERVED MORE TEA OR COFFEE, HE SHOULD PLACE HIS SPOON IN THE SAUCER. OTHERWISE, LET IT REMAIN IN THE CUP". So, you see? And you're always bawlin' me out for leavin' my spoon in the cup.

(REVISED)

-11-

MOL: That book was published in 1877, dearie. The rules have changed slightly. Nowadays if you leave your spoon in your cup, you're liable to lose your social standing...to say nothing of your right eye.

FIB: (LAUGHS TOLERANTLY) Come come, my good spouse! Surely one cawn't dismiss the fact that good manners in 1877 are still good manners in 1943.

MOL: Whale feathers, dearie! 1877 was a very prissy period. In those days a dog would lie in the sun and trouser. Pants were considered indelicate..

FIB: That may be so, but --

MOL: And women didn't have figures, then, either. They had SHAPES. And what shapes! It took seventy years to go from Gossard to Goddard.

FIB: I still maintain --

MOL: Although MEN haven't changed much, except that they were timber wolves in those days. They all carried canes.

FIB: Still and all, you gotta admit --

MOL: OH NO, MCGEE...YOU CAN'T SELL ME on 1877! You can have your fancy etiquette if you like, but --

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: Somebody at the door, McGee. According to the book, who answers it...the lady or the gentleman of the house?

(REVISED)

-12-

FIB: My gosh...I dunno! I'll look it up. (RUSTLE OF PAGES)
Lemme see...How to Write a Letter of Introduction...
Never Cheat While Playing Whist....Proper Manner of
Courtship...

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: Better hurry, dearie. Why don't you just take a gamble and holler "Come in"?

FIB: No, we might as well do this thing right. Oh, here it is. It says "IN THE WELL-ORGANIZED HOUSEHOLD, THE BUTLER ADMITS CALLERS AND RECEIVES CALLING CARDS ON A SILVER TRAY."

MOL: We haven't got a butler, and would a pie tin do?

FIB: Maybe I better run up and put on my tuxedo. We could at least --

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: Oh for goodness sakes...COME IN!!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

WIL: Hello, Molly. Hiyah, Pal.

MOL: Oh, hello, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Good afternoon, my dear fellow. Decent of you to stop by. Your card, please?

WIL: My what, chum?

FIB: YOUR CARD...YOUR CARD! Unless, of course, my good man, this is a business call, in which case I shall ask you to go around to the tradesman's entrance.

(PAUSE)

WIL: Well, there's nothing in my arrangement with Racine that says I have to put up with this kind of pinocchio. SEE YOU LATER, FOLKS. I'LL JUST -

MOL: NO NO NO...DON'T GO, MR. WILCOX! THIS ISN'T SERIOUS.. DO COME IN!

WIL: All right, I will. And if you want my card...HERE!!

FIB: Good lad!

MOL: And a nice looking card, too, Mr. Wilcox! (READS) HARLOW WILCOX. Representing S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC., MAKERS OF JOHNSON'S WAX FINISHES FOR HOME AND INDUSTRY, RACINE, WISCONSIN.

WIL: Read the other side. Little verse I wrote myself.

MOL: All right. "WAXING VARNISH, ENAMEL AND PAINT
KEEPS HOMES FROM THE AGE-OLD COMPLAINT
OF DAMPNESS AND DIRT,
AND IT WON'T DO NO HURT
TO MENTION RIGHT HERE THAT NO WAX IS BETTER
THAN JOHNSON'S, CAUSE IT AIN'T."

Why, that's wonderful, Mr. Wilcox!

FIB: I say, old cumquat, that last line seems to be draggin' a busted garter, wouldn't you say?

WIL: DON'T CRITICISE ME, PAL, TILL YOU EXPLAIN THAT HIGH HAT BUSINESS. I come in here, perfectly friendly, and you act like a butler in a "B" picture.

FIB: (LAUGHS) That's jolly amusing, isn't it, my deah. Butlah in a "B" cinema! I say, old chap, we shall overlook, for the nonce, the matter of calling cards, shall we not? Step into the drawing room and perhaps Mrs. McGee may be persuaded to serve tea.

MOL: Mrs. McGee will sit this one out with the boys, dearie. And come off your high horse before you trot under a viaduct.

WIL: Yeah...pardon my Omaha accent, Molly, but did little chubby here just discover he was Anthony Eden's cousin?

FIB: I'LL tell you, old boy -

MOL: NO YOU WON'T, MCGEE! I'll tell him. He's found a book of etiquette, Mr. Wilcox. Published in 1877. Frankly, I don't see what the English accent has to do with it, but it's probably just his idea of elegance.

WIL: Is it good etiquette to give an old pal the high eyebrow when he drops in for a minute?

FIB: Oh come come, dear boy. Don't mistake a gentlemanly reserve for stuffy formality. After all, the rules of etiquette say, and I quote - from page 42 - "Be reserved at all times. A person who makes himself coarsely and offensively familiar will have few friends". And I unquote.

MOL: You keep this up and you can count your friends on the fingers of a catcher's mitt.

WIL: He's come along way from Peoria, hasn't he, Molly? When you first met him...(PAUSE) By the way, how DID you first meet him?

MOL: Oh we went to grade school and high school together.

FIB: And a delightful association, my deah, if I may say so. Even though, in the Ameddican Public School system, one is forced to mix with all classes -

WIL: No, I mean how did you MEET, Who introduced you?

MOL: Why...er...nobody, I guess, Mr. Wilcox. We just -

WIL: YOU TWO HAVE NEVER BEEN FORMALLY INTRODUCED?
FIB: Oh I say, old chap -
WIL: MARRIED ALL THESE YEARS AND NEVER BEEN PROPERLY....
(SHOCKED) Ohhhhh!!
MOL: Heavenly days...I never thought...I mean...
FIB: Now look, Junior...
WIL: PLEASE!! DON'T ADDRESS ME AS JUNIOR, THAT IS A FAMILIARITY
I RESERVE FOR MY FRIENDS.
MOL: But Mr. Wilcox....we -
WIL: I REGRET TO SAY, MRS. MCGEE...AND MR. MCGEE, THAT YOU HAVE
TAKEN ADVANTAGE OF OUR BUSINESS ASSOCIATION. ALL THESE
YEARS, YOU HAVE LED ME TO BELIEVE THAT YOU TWO WERE
LEGALLY MARRIED..AND NOW...NOW I DISCOVER THAT YOU HAVE
NEVER EVEN BEEN INTRODUCED TO EACH OTHER. !
FIB: Yeah, but my gosh, that don't -
WIL: I'M SORRY. PLEASE CONSIDER OUR ACQUAINTANCESHIP
TERMINATED. GOOD DAY!
DOOR SLAM:
(PAUSE)
FIB: Hey, was he...I mean...did he really...WAS THAT ON THE
LEVEL?
MOL: It must have been. He was all broken up about it. Why
he could hardly keep a straight face when he went out.
FIB: Gee, this is terrible! Wilcox comes from a nice family,
and if he thinks we're not legally married because we
never been introduced -- MOLLY, I'M SORRY IF I DONE YOU
WRONG!
MOL: Oh we can fix that dearie. We're both of age...we can
introduce ourselves to each other.

FIB: Maybe we better. I just looked thru the book and it
don't say what to do in a situation like this. Who
introduces whom to who?
MOL: Well, the gentleman is always introduced to the lady...
so I guess it's up to you, McGee.
FIB: Okay. You just sit there and I'll pretend I'm just
walkin' past, see?
MOL: Shall I drop my handkerchief or something? You've got to
have an excuse to speak to me.
FIB: Good idea. (FADE OUT) Remember, you never saw me before.
(FADE IN) (SINGING) While walking thru the park one
day... AH, PARDON ME, MADAM, IS THIS YOUR HANDKERCHIEF?
MOL: No.
FIB: Eh?
MOL: MOVE ON, YOU MASHER, BEFORE I CALL A POLICEMAN!
FIB: But, Molly. We're supposed to -
MOL: DO YOU WANT ME TO SCREAM?
FIB: MOLLY!...DON'T DO THIS TO ME...GEE WHIZZ!!!
MOL: (LAUGHS) Oh very well. That IS my handkerchief, sir.
Thank you for returning it.
FIB: Not at all, sis. Not at all. Permit me to knock myself
down to you. I'M Fibber McGee.
MOL: How do you do, I'M sure. I am Molly Driscoll.
FIB: WHEW...WOW! I'M sure glad we got THAT taken care of.

MOL: Now look, McGee, I wish you'd forget you ever saw that book of etiquette. After all, what they thought proper in 1877 isn't --

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

DENNIS: (FADE IN) Hello, there Molly Darlin'. And Fibber, lad!!

MOL: Oh hello, Uncle Dennis.

FIB: Good afternoon, my dear Uncle. Won't you have this chair?

DENNIS: That I will not, boy, that I will not. And such unusual politeness I've not seen since me days as a diplomat when I was in Cleveland during the presidential campaign for Washington.

MOL: The Presidential campaign for Washington!

DENNIS: What am I saying now ... I meant I was in Washington, during the campaign for Cleveland. Ah, what a politician I was in them days. The sticky little babies I've kissed!! The cigars I've handed out...the ballot boxes I've stuffed the dirty connivin' and double-dealin' I've done to give the great American public the right man in office. And why?

FIB: Why what?

DENNIS: Why are ye bein' so polite?

MOL: He's got a book of etiquette, Uncle Dennis. He's going to be a gentleman if it kills him, and I can just hear the undertakers rubbing their hands.

FIB: DOGGONE IT, I DUNNO WHY EVERYBODY HAS TO SNEER JUST BECAUSE A GUY TRIES TO BE COUTH. I JUST WANNA LIVE IN A HOUSE BY THE SIDE O' THE ROAD...AND I DON'T MEAN TOBACCO!

DENNIS: And right ye are lad! Always be a gentleman and avoid the use of profanity, which reminds me of me little brother Brian, who had his mouth washed out with soap so often he was known as Bubblepuss Driscoll, may his soul go marchin' on, as he was shot ^{by the Black and Tans} while innocently engaged in blowin' up ~~the Postoffice in Dublin.~~

MOL: As I seem to remember hearing, Uncle Dennis, yours was a very large family.

DENNIS: It was that! 13 children there was, my father not bein' a superstitious man, peace be to his bones, such as they were, most of them havin' been broken at wakes, county fairs, jailbraks and other social festivities. And now, if ye'll excuse me -

MOL: Going out, Uncle Dennis?

DENNIS: I am.

FIB: You might let us know if you'll be back for dinner, Unk. Unless you think little courtesies like that are effeminate.

DENNIS: Ah, I'd meant to tell ye, I'll not be back. I'm invited to a turkey dinner with an old friend; a former motorman who is about to be made a conductor, as they're electrocutin' him tomorrow for the murder of a black-hearted company inspector, (may he be made to count red-hot nickels for seven million years) and my friend, havin' his choice of a last meal, chose roast turkey on my advice, as I am very fond of the same with sweet potatoes. Good night, to ye!

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH: "LULLABY OF BROADWAY" -- KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE:

THIRD SPOT

FIB: (TO HIMSELF) Now let's see...where was I? Oh yes... page 212. "A gentleman's wardrobe need not be so large as a lady's but it should be well supplied with drawers to contain neatly folded pantaloons and waistcoats. PANTALOONS! I wonder where I could get a few pair of -

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: PRAY ENTER!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

TEE: Hi, mister.

FIB: Oh, good afternoon, my child. To what do I owe the pleasure of this extremely gratifying visitation?

TEE: Oh I just...Hm...Hm...

FIB: Come come, child. Do not be alarmed at any seeming strangeness. It is merely that I have until now been neglecting the matter of etiquette in my personal contacts.

TEE: (PAUSE) I guess I don't dig that jive, mister.

FIB: MANNERS, SIS. MANNERS! I'M BRUSHIN' UP ON MY ETIQUETTE. You know what etiquette is?

TEE: Sure I do, but I doubt if you do.

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN?

TEE: Look...I'M a lady, mister. A small one, maybe...but a lady, see? Did you get up when I came in?

FIB: Well, no, but -

TEE: Did you offer me a chair, on account of me being a weaker sex?

FIB: No, but you -

TEE: Did you lay aside that nasty old cigar when a lady entered? Or ask my permission to smoke?

This is a very fine cigar

TEE: Having invited me in, and therefore, being technically your guest, did you offer me a cookie, or any refreshments whatsoever, mister?

FIB: Well, gee whiz, sis, if you wanted a cook --

TEE: DID YOU, OR DID YOU NOT, WHEN I STARTED TO LEAVE, PRECEDE ME TO THE DOOR AS WOULD ANY GENTLEMAN?

FIB: Now look sis, I -

TEE: NO! YOU DIDN'T! SO DON'T PEDDLE THAT ETIQUETTE PISTACHIO TO ME, MISTER! IF YOU'RE A GENTLEMAN, I'M ELEANOR ROOSEVELT AND I HAVEN'T BEEN AWAY FROM HOME IN TWO YEARS. SO LONG, MISTER!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Hmmm! That's the kind of a little twirp that grows up and spends her life writin' letters to the Voice of the People.

MOL: Personally. I think she's got something, McGee.

FIB: Eh? How long you been standing there, Molly?

MOL: I heard most of it. Not that I meant to eavesdrop, but I think the child really had a ---

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

FIB: Enter, by all means!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

MOL: Oh, hello, Doctor Gamble.

DOC: Hello, Mrs. McGee. Hello, my boy.

FIB: And a very good day to you, Doctor. Won't you have a chair, sir? And let me take your hat and stick....

DOC: MY HAT AND STICK! YOU THINK I CAME OVER HERE TO CHALK A BILLIARD OUE, OR SOMETHING?

MOL: McGee's merely trying to be polite, Doctor. He's a gentleman of the old school...holding a one-man re-union.

FIB: Just a simple touch of courtesy, Doctor. After all, sir, a man of your age is entitled to a certain measure of respect from younger people.

DOC: Well, thank you, my boy! That's very gratifying, after spending the day having people tell me if there wasn't a shortage of physicians they wouldn't let me treat a rag doll for sawdust poisoning. It's been a very... (PAUSE) WHAT DO YOU MEAN, "A MAN OF MY AGE", YOU WHIPPERSNAPPER?

MOL: Oh forget it, Doctor. McGee's just overdoing it a little.

DOC: OVERDOING WHAT?

FIB: Come come, old fellow, sir, let us not raise our voices in the presence of a lady. It isn't cricket, you know, sir.

MOL: Don't let me cramp your style, boys. Forget I'm here... or forget I'm a lady.

DOC: WILL SOMEBODY BE SO GOOD AS TO TELL ME WHAT GOES ON HERE? EITHER THIS DIALOG IS VERY BAD, OR I CAME IN IN THE MIDDLE OF THE PICTURE.

MOL: McGee has taken up 1877 etiquette, Doctor. Modern manners aren't good enough for him. He thinks Emily was left at the Post.

FIB: I maintain, Doctor, that the world of today -

DOC: OH SO YOU HAVE SUDDENLY STUMBLERD ONTO ETIQUETTE, HAVE YOU, MCGEE?

FIB: Well, I -

DOC: FOR FORTY-ODD YEARS - AND I DO MEAN ODD - YOU HAVE BEEN FUMBLING ALONG, BREAKING CRACKERS IN YOUR SOUP, READING OVER PEOPLE'S SHOULDERS, INHALING YOUR COFFEE, WEARING BROWN SHOES WITH YOUR DINNER COAT AND OTHERWISE MAKING A SPECTACULAR BOOR OF YOURSELF. AND NOW YOU'VE DISCOVERED MANNERS!!! WHY, YOU HOPLESS LITTLE GUTTERNSNIPE, YOU'VE GOT LESS GRACE THAN A MUSCLEBOUND MOOSE!

FIB: OH IS THAT SO!!!

MOL: Now there's what I call a snappy comeback!

FIB: GAMBLE, YOU MAGGOT-MINDED MENACE TO MATERIA MEDICA, YOU MAKE ONE MORE NASTY CRACK ABOUT MY MANNERS AND I'LL SINK MY FIST SO FAR INTO YOUR SOLAR PLEXUS I'LL HAVE TO WEAR YOU LIKE A BRACELET!

DOC: LISTEN TO THE POOR FOLKS' SUPERMAN! WHY YOU TORPID LITTLE TREETOAD, IF YOU EVER RAISED A PINKIE TO ME, I'D RE-ASSEMBLE YOUR SILLY FACE TILL YOU LOOKED LIKE THE PHANTOM OF YOUR OWN OPERA.

MOL: Well now really, Doctor, --

FIB: YOU AND HOW MANY MARINES, YOU TONSIL BURGLER!!

DOC: JUST ME, BIRD BRAIN!!

FIB: IS THAT SO!

DOC: THAT'S SO, TO 72 DECIMALS!

FIB: OKAY, STEP OUTSIDE, DOCTOR!

DOC: IT'LL BE A PLEASURE. Excuse us, Mrs. McGee.

FIB: One side, Molly.

MOL: Now boys, please, I wish you'd...

DOC: HE ASKED FOR IT, MRS. MCGEE. COME ON, GAS JET! OUT YOU GO!

FIB: AFTER YOU, DOCTOR!

DOC: AFTER YOU, MCGEE.

FIB: I'M the host here. After you, Doctor.

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DOC: I insist. The guest is always right.

FIB: But the host always goes last.

DOC: Not necessarily.

FIB: What'll you bet?

DOC: Five bucks.

FIB: IT'S A BET! Hey, Molly...hand me that etiquette book.

MOL: Here.

DOC: Thank you...now let's see, McGee...(RUSTLE OF PAGES)

MOL: Shall I make some tea while you boys look it up?

FIB: That'd be swell, Molly.

MOL: All right, (FADE) Let me know what the decision is, because I'll....

FIB: Oughtta be right here...page 149...

DOC: Here..under Miscellaneous Rules of Etiquette, McGee...

FIB: That's it...(RUSTLE OF PAGES) Am I in your light, Doc?

DOC: Not a bit..not a bit!!..quite all right...interesting book, isn't it?

FIB: Fascinating, Doc. (FADE OUT) (LAUGHS) There's a item here on page 314 that'll kill you! It says that in a house where there's no bathroom, *place an alcohol*

MUSIC: "DO I LOVE YOU"....FADE FOR --

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S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC
NOVEMBER 23, 1943

-26-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: "What kind of polish should I use on floors made of asphalt tile?" Someone asked me that question the other day, and I decided I'd better tell everybody again that the answer is JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. For asphalt tile you should use the same GLO-COAT you use on linoleum floors, or on rubber tile. For all of these floor coverings, GLO-COAT gives protection, beauty, and low-cost, labor-saving maintenance. To have that protection today is important. To save labor today is equally important. So if you have asphalt tile floors either in your home or in your place of business, it will definitely pay you to protect them regularly with JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. There's no rubbing or buffing -- you simply apply and let dry. Spilled things are wiped up in a jiffy. And of course GLO-COAT brings out the beauty of the colors and gives those floors sparkle and lustre.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC -- FADE ON CUE)

(REVISED) 327-

TAG

MOL: McGee, do you realize next Thursday is Thanksgiving?
FIB: (SURPRISED) Oh my gosh!
MOL: But I wasn't able to get a Turkey.
FIB: (DISGUSTED) Oh my gosh!
MOL: Though the butcher promised us a big sirloin steak.
FIB: (ECSTATIC) OHHHH, MY GOSH!!!
MOL: That's what I thought.
FIB: Goodnight.
MOL: Goodnight, all!

ORCH. UP TO FINISH, APPLAUSE

SIGNOFF.