

WRITERS: Don Quinn  
Phil Leslie

(REVISED) #10

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

Johnson's Wax

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1943

NBC

(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: "WHY" \* FADE FOR:

(COMM'L PAGE 3)

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
NOVEMBER 30, 1943

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: There are some bad weather days ahead, that's sure. If I only had the time, I'd like to visit the kitchens of all you good ladies and make certain your linoleum floors are protected with Johnson's Self-Polishing Glo-Coat. Then you wouldn't have to worry about rain or snow being tracked in over those floors. You could keep them clean as a whistle and shining brightly with practically no attention. Occasionally you give the linoleum a new application of Glo-Coat -- and you know how easy that is, because Johnson's Glo-Coat needs no rubbing or buffing. You simply apply and let dry. Spilled things or wet footprints are wiped up in a jiffy. The film of Glo-Coat really protects the linoleum, keeps it from wearing out. I've told you before, and I'd like to remind you now, that the regular use of Johnson's Self-Polishing Glo-Coat will make your linoleum surfaces last 6 to 10 times longer -- at the same time keeping them bright and new looking, and so beautiful, you're proud to have your friends come back to your kitchen. You couldn't ask a floor polish to do more than that, could you?

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH)

(APPLAUSE)

(2ND REVISION) -4-

WILCOX: WHAT HAPPINESS AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA THIS MORNING! THE PROUD HUSBAND IS GOING AROUND WITH HIS CHEST STUCK OUT ... THE LADY IS WEARING A SMILE OF CONTENTMENT. YES, THE DOCTOR HAS JUST LEFT, AND HERE, GAZING WITH WONDER AND JOY AT THE BEAUTIFUL, NEW, 5½-POUND ARRIVAL, WE FIND --  
-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!!

APPLAUSE

FIB: Lemme hold it a minute, Molly, Come on!!  
MOL: Oh please, McGee...not for a minute...I'm...I'm hardly used to it yet...(LAUGHS) Beautiful, isn't it?  
FIB: Sure is. (LAUGHS) But that's the way it always is I guess...thousands of people have 'em, and everybody thinks theirs is the best. Nice of Doc Gamble to bring it.  
MOL: NOW LET'S BE GOOD TO THIS ONE.  
FIB: Whaddye mean?  
MOL: Heavenly days, we may not get another telephone directory for the duration.  
FIB: Aw come on...lemme hold it a minute...thanks. Oh BOY.... It sure is heavy, ain't it? And the cover is so clean!  
MOL: I almost hated to turn the old one in, it had numbers and recipes and memoranda and doodling all over the covers.

FIB: I wish they'd get a new design for the cover of these things. This guy carryin' the snake makes me nervous. HEY, I THINK I'LL CALL SOMEBODY UP.

MOL: Who?

FIB: I dunno. Anybody. When the phone company goes to all the trouble to give us a nice book like this, the least we can do is use it. Hand me the phone.

MOL: Here. And talk as loud as you like. The phone bill is paid.

FIB: Thanks. (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR? GIMME THE RESIDENCE OF KIPLING W. PICKHANDLE AT WISTFUL VISTA 7,2,9, FOUR PETE'S SAKE, IS THAT YOU, MYRT?

MOL: Oh dear. In spades.

FIB: HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING, MYRT? TIS EH? WHAT SAY MYRT? SHE DID, DID SHE? (LAUGHS) WELL, THAT OUGHT TO BE A RED LITTER DAY IN HER LIFE!

MOL: You mean red LETTER day, dearie.

FIB: I mean litter. Their Irish setter just had pups. What say, Myrt? Okay, nothin' important anyway. (CLICK) No answer.

MOL: Who's Kipling W, Pickhandle?

FIB: I dunno. Just picked the name at random. Thought it'd be kinda clubby to talk to him - both of us in the same book and all.

MOL: Yes it is cozy, isn't it? Maybe we all ought to get together once a month and have a -

DOOR CHIME

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

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DOOR CHIME

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

TEE: Hi, mister. Hi, Miz McGee.  
FIB: Hiyah, sis.  
MOL: Hello, little girl.  
FIB: What's the matter with you, sis? As the guy says to the movie producer when they shot Frankenstein, "You look like you'd just lost your best friend!" (LAUGHS) Don't you think that's amusing?  
TEE: No.  
FIB: Okay. Scurpuss.  
MOL: Is there something wrong, little girl?  
FIB: Yes, open up, sis. Remember, things are rarely as bad as they seem, which is a good thing, because they're usually worse than you thought. Give us the dirt, squirt.  
TEE: Did...did you. .have you seen anything of a little doggie, mister?  
FIB: No, but the telephone operator just told us she had.. I mean her Irish setter just had a few current events. But that isn't -  
MOL: MCGEE, FOR GOODNESS SAKES...CAN'T YOU SEE THE CHILD IS UPSET? No, we haven't seen any little doggies, little girl.  
FIB: What kind of a pooch was it, sis?  
TEE: Oh he's awful cute. He's the most WUNNERFUL dog in the world, I betcha. He's got blue eyes --  
FIB: BLUE EYES!!! I never heard of a dog with blue eyes.  
TEE: That's okay mister. He never heard of you either.

FIB: Complete the description, sis!  
TEE: Well, he's awful cute --  
FIB: You said that.  
TEE: Okay. He's got blue eyes and long ears and brown and white fur, about this long.  
FIB: Fur? 18 inches long?  
TEE: No, the dog. And he's got a little bitty stub of a tail that sticks straight up in the air like a hitch-hiker holds his thumb up, only he's facing the other way.  
FIB: I see.  
MOL: What do you call the doggie, little girl?  
FIB: Sport, Fido, Prince or just HEY YOU?  
TEE: I call him Eddie.  
FIB: For Edward?  
TEE: No, for Clarence.  
FIB: Then why don't you call him Clarence?  
TEE: I like Eddie better. (STARTS TO CRY) *Oh Eddie!*  
FIB: Hey hey hey...take it easy sis...take it easy.  
MOL: ~~He's probably all right, little girl.~~  
FIB: ~~Suuure...~~  
TEE: Well, gee if he was your dog, I betcha you'd be worried, I betcha...I betcha you'd be hollering your head off and -  
FIB: Now now now... (Hey Molly...get the kid a handful of cookies, willya?) I KNOW EXACTLY HOW YOU FEEL, SIS.

TEE: Well, I...Hm...mmmm?

FIB: Yes sir...I lost a wonderful dog, once. Big white dog.

TEE: What kind?

FIB: Expectorates.

TEE: You mean Spitz?

FIB: Yes, if you wanna be crude. Well sir, sis, this was the smartest dog in Peoria. Trick dog. A friend of mine and I named Fred Nitney, of Starved Rock, Illinois, used this dog in our vaudeville act. He could roller skate, tap dance, do card tricks, and lead the orchestra..

TEE: Gee!! He mista been wonderful!

FIB: He was.

TEE: Howja lose him, mister?

FIB: Matter of fact, sis, we didn't lose him. He lost us. When the bookers saw him leadin' the orchestra, they fired us and signed up the dog. Last time I knew of Curly... his name was Curly...he was on the road with an all-dog dance band. They say it's quite a sight to see those pooches throw down their saxaphones and chase the hep cats around the hall. I sometimes --

MOL: (FADE IN) Here are your cookies, little girl. And a glass of chocolate milk.

FIB: Feel better now, sis?

TEE: Thank you, Miz McGee...and I...(SOBS) NO...I DON'T FEEL BETTER...I WANT MY DOGGIE...(WAILS)

FIB: HERE!HERE HERE!!...DON'T YOU CRY SIS...WE'LL TRY AND FIND YOUR DOG. WE'LL SCOUR THE TOWN FOR HIM. WE'LL DRAG OUT THE THROW NET!!

MOL: IT'S THROW OUT THE DRAG NET.

FIB: EH? OH YEAH - WELL...COME ON, MOLLY...GET YOUR HAT.... COMIN' WITH US SIS?

TEE: No. Gee I been all over town all ready, mister...I'll just stay here and eat cookies...

FIB: Okay. You take it easy.

MOL: I'm ready, McGee...goodbye, little girl....

FIB: So long, sis.

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE: FOOTSTEPS ON PORCH

MOL: Here, Ed.....HERE EDDIE --

FIB: HERE ED --- HERE ED...NICE DOGGIE!...HERE ED.... (FADE OUT) HERE EDDIE.....

MUSIC: "SHE DIDN'T SAY YES"

APPLAUSE

SECOND SPOT

(2ND REVISION) -10-

DOOR BELL: (NOT CHIME) DOOR OPEN:

MAN: Yeh?  
MOL: Good day sir.  
FIB: Look, bud, we're lookin' for a little dog, brown and white, about this long with long ears, a stubby tail and blue eyes.  
MOL: - and we thought we saw one sitting on the window sill in here and we wondered if -  
MAN: What's his name?  
FIB: Ed.  
MAN: Can't be the same one.  
MOL: Why not?  
MAN: This is a cat.

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH: WILLIAM TELL:  
MOL: Officer, did you see anything of a small dog, about this long, brown and white, with a stubby tail and blue eyes?  
FIB: Answers to the name of Ed?  
COP: NO, I DID NOT. HAVE YE TRIED THE LOST AND FOUND?  
MOL: N-no, we haven't, Officer.  
COP: AH, TIS A WONDERFUL INSTITOOSHUN, THE LOST AND FOUND. ME WIFE GETS A LOT OF JOOLERY THAT WAY, BY DESCRIBIN' THE LOST ARTICLE AND PAYIN' A SMALL REWARD. OF COOURSE, YE CAN'T ALWAYS HIT THE RIGHT DESCRIPTION BUT IT WORKS OUT OFTEN ENOUGH. I'LL NIVER FORGET THE TIME SHE COME HOME WITH A DIAMOND TARRARA, AND -  
FIB: HAVE YOU SEEN THE DOG?

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(2ND REVISION) -11-

COP: NO.  
MOL: Come on, McGee!  
ORCH: WILLIAM TELL:  
KNOCK AT DOOR: DOOR OPEN:

WOMAN: How do you do?  
FIB: Hiyah, ma'am.  
MOL: Excuse us, but there seems to be a lot of dogs in this neighborhood and we wondered if you'd seen anything of a little one about this long. Brown and white, with a stubby tail and blue eyes.  
WOMAN: No, I haven't.  
FIB: If you see one like that will you call us, sis?  
WOMAN: No I won't.  
MOL: For goodness sakes, why not?  
WOMAN: Any time I start seeing little dogs with blue eyes, I'll go on the wagon...(HIC)

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH: WILLIAM TELL OVERTURE  
MOL: This has turned out to be quite a search, McGee. Where shall we go now?  
FIB: Gee, I dunno. Maybe we better --  
MOL: LOOK, MCGEE...HERE'S MEYERHOFF'S BUTCHER SHOP. Lots of dogs hang around butcher shops, you know.

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FIB: So do a lot of people, these days. I sit up and beg every time I go in there myself. BUT, WE MIGHT AS WELL GIVE IT A TRY. COME ON!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE: MURMUR OF VOICES:

FIB: HEY, MEYERHOFF!!

BUTCH: You'll have to wait your turn, mister. Get around to the end of -- Oh, it's you, McGee.

MOL: (FAST ASIDE) Pretend like we want to buy something, McGee. (LOUD) HAVE YOU ANY NICE WEENIES TODAY, MR. MEYERHOFF?

BUTCH: NICE WEENIES, SHE INQUIRES!! FOLKS WE GOT THE WEENIES WITH THE SKIN YOU LOVE TO TOUCH WITH MUSTARD. WE CALL 'EM OUR ROOSEVELT DELANO FRANKS, BECAUSE YOU DON'T HAVE TO PARK THE HYDE. HOW MANY YOU WANT?

FIB: We'll be in later for 'em Meyerhoff. But we want to ask you, did you see anything of a little brown and white dog? He's disappeared and--

BUTCH: (VERY ANGRY) INSINUATIONS YOU'RE MAKING AT ME, MCGEE? FIRST HAVE WE GOT WEENIES! SECOND, A DOG DISAPPEARS!!!! MAYBE YOU'LL TELL ME SEA BISCUIT IS MISSING AND HAVE I GOT ANY PORTERHOUSE!!! (CALLS) HERMAN...MY BIG CLEAVER!!

MOL: Oh oh! COME ON, McGee!!!

BUTCH: I'LL DOG YOU, YOU LITTLE BUTCHER INSULTER! ONCE YOU ARE A CUSTOMER...NOW YOU ARE JUST A CUSS!! ONE SIDE, PEOPLE.. I'LL....

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE: TRAFFIC UP AND FADE:

MOL: We don't seem to have handled that very diplomatically, dearie. It looked for a minute like you were going to wind up with a cleaver in your clavicle!

FIB: Well, if I was a butcher I guess I'd be kinda edgy these days, too. They got muggs yappin' at 'em every day for sirloins that never ate meat more'n twice a month in their lives.

MOL: That's why the new meat coupons are brown, dearie. The dealers got tired of seeing red all the time.

FIB: Well, this ain't finding that little dog. I wonder if --

WIL: (FADE IN) HELLO, THERE MOLLY? How are you, Pal?

MOL: Oh hello, Mr. Wilcox. Ask him, McGee...he gets around town a lot.

FIB: Yeah...look, Junior, we're on the lookout for a little dog --

WIL: That's nice of you. Who's he afraid of - the dog-catcher?

MOL: No, we mean we're looking FOR a little dog, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: Oh!

FIB: This bone-cruncher belongs to the little girl across the street, Junior. We're tryin' to find it for her.

WIL: Gee, I'M sorry, folks. I hope you find it, I think everybody ought to have a dog. I think YOU ought to have one, too.

MOL: You love dogs, don't you, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: A dog is a man's best friend. Particularly a man who sells Johnson's self-polishing Glocoat.

(SLIGHT PAUSE)

FIB: Ladies and gentlemen, we're sure you won't mind if we give the sponsor a brief moment for identification. He's been a good kid. A buzzer will sound before we resume the performance. Smoking in the outer lobby only. WELL, JUNIOR?

WIL: WHAT I MEAN IS, THAT PEOPLE WHO HAVE DOGS RUNNING IN AND OUT OF THE HOUSE APPRECIATE A GLOCOATED LINOLEUM FLOOR, BECAUSE JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLOCOAT MAKES IT SO EASY TO WIPE UP MUDDY PAW PRINTS TRACKED IN BY TRIXIE AND SPORT AND NAPOLEON. IT ELIMINATES OLD FASHIONED FLOOR-SCRUBBING WHICH DRIES OUT AND AGES LINOLEUM BEFORE ITS TIME. GLOCOAT PROTECTS AND PRESERVES AND MAKES HAVING A DOG MUCH LESS TROUBLE AND LOTS MORE FUN.

SOUND: BUZZER:

FIB: Okay, folks! Resume your seats, please. So you haven't seen anything of Ed, eh, Junior?

MOL: Ed is the little girl's dog's name, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: No..I'M sorry. And I'm sorry she lost her puppy. Lots of people who like dogs can't keep them around now you know.. they're sending them to friends in the country because it's so hard to get meat.

FIB: Is that so?

MOL: Isn't that terrible!

WIL: Yeah..in fact, you know what I heard?

FIB: Whatja hear, bud?

WIL: (LOWERS VOICE) I heard, that they're getting so scarce now that the fleas are forming dog pools. WELL..SEE YOU LATER FOLKS!

TRAFFIC UP AND FADE:

FIB: Fleas are forming dog pools!!! If that ain't the corniest -- HEY, YOU KNOW WHAT I GOTTA GOOD MIND TO DO, Molly?

MOL: What?

FIB: If we don't find that pup today. I'M gonna get a bunch o' guys together like Uncle Dennis, and Doc Gamble and Wilcox, and Billy Mills and form a possum.

MOL: You don't mean a possum. You mean a POSSE.

FIB: I do not. Posse means something is outa date.

MOL: That's PASSE.

FIB: Go on!..PASSE IS THAT GREEN STUFF THAT FALLS IN YOUR LAP WHEN YOU TRY TO CUT UP A PORK-CHOP.

MOL: No, dearie....you're thinking of parsley.

FIB: I'm never no such a thing. Parsley is a pattern in a shawl, My grandmother had one.

MOL: THAT WAS PAISLEY!

FIB: NO SIR...PAISLEY WAS MY COUSIN. MY GRANDMOTHER'S NAME WAS UNDERWOOD.

MOL: I didn't mean your grandmother. I meant the shawl. They're called PAISLEY SHAWLS.

FIB: Why should my grandmother wear a shawl named after my cousin? AND WHY DIDN'T I MEAN POSSUM?

MOL: Because a possum is a little animal that pretends to be asleep.



FIB: SURE IT IS! AND WHEN A BUNCH OF US GUYS FORM A POSSUM,  
WE'LL WAKE THAT POOCH UP..WHEREVER HE IS. I tell you,  
Molly -

MOL: McGee...here comes Alice Darling...

FIB: She SURE looks bright for a kid that gets as little sleep  
as she does. Or maybe she's walkin' in her sleep. Maybe  
she's a somnambul..snumambil...sammum..what do they call  
people who walk in their sleep?

MOL: Sleepwalkers.

FIB: Oh yes. Anyway she...OH HIYAH, ALICE!

ALICE: (FADE IN) HELLO, MR. MCGEE..HELLO HONEY!

MOL: Why aren't you home in bed, child? Didn't you just get  
thru work?

ALICE: Yes, I did, but I promised myself I'd do my Christmas  
shopping early this year, so I've been up in the Bon Ton  
Department Store telling Santa Claus all the things I want.

FIB: Aren't you a little old for that stuff, Alice?

ALICE: Oh, I guess a girl is never too old to tell her father  
things like that, Mr. McGee, though he didn't think I  
recognized him with that beard on. Are you doing your  
shopping?

MOL: No, we're hunting for a dog, Alice.

FIB: Belongs to the little girl across the street from us.  
Brown and white, blue eyes, long ears, and a stubby little  
tail that sticks up like a hitch-hiker's thumb.

ALICE: She sounds awfully cute! What does her dog look like?

MOL: THAT IS the dog, Alice.

FIB: If you see it, grab it and bring it home willya?

ALICE: Indeed I will, Mr. McGee!

MOL: You'd better get home and get some sleep, dear.

ALICE: Oh I will, Mrs. McGee and -

FIB: Look, Alice..speakin' of Christmas...don't you go spending  
a lot of money on me and Mrs. McGee.

MOL: MCGEE!

ALICE: (LAUGHS) Oh Mr. McGee, you're the most--

FIB: Well, gee whizz, what if we ARE just like her own family!  
What if we DO look after her like she was our own kid!  
What if she does come to us for help and advice and stuff,  
my gosh, that's no reason why she should blow ten or  
fifteen bucks on us when -

MOL: MCGEE!..STOP IT!! PAY NO ATTENTION TO HIM, ALICE.

ALICE: All right..I won't.

FIB: I should say not!! TEN OR FIFTEEN BUCKS IS WAY TOO MUCH  
ANYWAY. Gee whizz, a good box of cigars is only five or  
six, even if you get my favorite kind, El Foggo del Cuba.

MOL: Better describe the box to her, dearie, so she'll know what  
kind you don't want her to squander her money on.

FIB: Good idea. It's a brown box with a picture of a fat  
Spanish lady on it holding a tobacco leaf ~~over her~~

MOL: MCGEE!!

FIB: Okay...REMEMBER NOW, ALICE....DON'T YOU DO IT!!!

ALICE: I'll try and remember, Mr. McGee..and I hope you find the  
little girl with the long ears.

MOL: It was a little dog, Alice. Are you going home now?  
ALICE: No, I've got to go back to the Bon Ton and see if my girl friend is out of the revolving door yet.  
FIB: MY GOSH..DID SHE GET STUCK?  
ALICE: Oh no. She just met an old boyfriend she used to go around with, and he's really giving her a whirl. Goodbye now.

ORCHESTRA: "LENA FROM PALESTEENA" - KING'S MEN.

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THIRD SPOT

MOL: Im afraid it's no use, McGee. I've worn out my voice and a good pair of shoes, and still no puppy. Now I know what they mean by dog-tired.  
FIB: Gee, I hate to give up, Molly. It'll break the kid's heart if we don't find the pup. You go on home. I'll go on lookin'.  
MOL: I'll do no such a thing, McGee. I can take it as long as you can. Look, why don't we ask Mr. Wellington?  
FIB: Who?  
MOL: Mr. Wellington - the manager of the Bijou. All the children go to his theatre and where there are children there are puppies.  
FIB: GOOD IDEA...IT'S JUST A COUPLE O' DOORS DOWN. AND THERE'S OLD SIG...CHANGIN' THE SIGN ON THE MARQUEE. HIYAH, SIG!  
MOL: Hello, Mr. Wellington.  
WELL: Well, good day, Mrs. McGee. How charming you look this morning! This is indubitably one of the finest - I SAY, MOVE ALONG, MY GOOD MAN,.....CAN'T YOU SEE I AM SPEAKING TO THIS LADY?  
FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, "MY GOOD MAN", I'M HER HUSBAND. You know that, Wellington!  
WELL: AH BLESS MY SOUL....FIBBER MCGEE....So sorry, old man, Misplaced my spectacles this morning and I suffer acutely you know from astigama. Tism.

MOL: Oh that's too bad, Mr. Wellington. I see you're changing the picture today. What's the new one?

WELL: We present, for the next seven days, (and I quote from the advance publicity,) A THRILLER-DILLER KILLER-CHILLER. THE HORRIFIC, TERRIFIC, KEEP-A-STIFF-UPPER-LIPPIC, DYNAMIGHTY MELODRASTIC SUPER-EPICAL MASTER-DRAMA OF ALL TIME." I understand it's pretty good.

FIB: Yeah, but what's the name of it?

WELL: We are billing it as; The PHANTOM OF OLSEN AND JOHNSON.

MOL: Don't you mean the Phantom of the Opera?

WELL: Frankly, yes. But my patrons, Mrs. McGee, are inclined to be slightly frightened by the implications of the word "opera." We cater to a group of people who are made ill by Il Trovatore and think Louise is pronounced "Lousy". They are allergic to the classics. They are, in a word, Icks, without class.

FIB: Well look, Sig, old man...we're looking for a dog.

WELL: Then you should have seen the picture we played last week. "HERE WE GO AGAIN". With Edgar Bergen and three dummies. There, my friend, was a cinematic canine that shouldn't happen to anybody!

MOL: WE WERE IN THAT, MR. WELLINGTON!

WELL: And you, my dear lady, were the redeeming feature, if that feature could have been re-----deemed.

FIB: How'd you like me in it, Sig?

(SLIGHT PAUSE)

WELL: What kind of a dog were you looking for, old fellow?

MOL: A small dog, about this big with a stiff little tail and long ears and blue eyes.

FIB: If you should see it, gimme a buzz, will you Sig?

WELL: I shall telegraph you from Mongolia, my friend. Because, should I ever encounter such a monstrosity, I shall go hither, in a dither. And now, if you will excuse me, I must make arrangements for today's matin. Ay!

FIB: Eh?

WELL: Yes.

FIB: Oh.

MOL: Come on, McGee. Good day, Mr. Wellington.

WELL: Tooodle oo. And toodle to 'oo too, McGee.

TRAFFIC UP AND FADE:

FIB: Smart aleck! He oughtta petition the court for permission to change his name.

MOL: To what?

FIB: John Cass, and let the nicknames fall where they may, HEY, I'M ABOUT ALL IN, YOU KNOW IT? Where else can we look for that little kennel cutup?

MOL: We haven't tried the dog pound, McGee.

FIB: Oh that's right. Look, let's pop into Kramer's drug store and phone 'em. Whaddye say?

MOL: I'll wait right here, dearie. If I went in, I'd just order a soda, and I'M too tired to life the straw. I'll wait here.

FIB: Okay...be right back.

TRAFFIC UP AND FADE:

DOC: (FADE IN) Well, hello, there Mrs. McGee. Waiting for somebody?

MOL: Oh Hello, Doctor Gamble. Yes, McGee just went in to telephone the dog pound.

DOC: Well, I hope they can take him. Do you good to get him away for a few days.

MOL: (LAUGHS) No, we're looking for a dog, Doctor. The little girl across the street is all broken up because she lost him.

DOC: Oh that's too bad. I'm sorry. I had a dog once as a child, but my mother gave it away.

MOL: Why?

DOC: They told me it was a watch-dog, and it bit me when I tried to wind it up.

MOL: That was pretty silly. My uncle had a St. Bernard once and wore all the fur off its neck looking for brandy.

DOC: Well, I guess all dogs are - OH HELLO THERE MCGEE.

FIB: (FADE IN) Hiyah, Doc. I called the dog pound, Molly, and they got no dog by that description.

MOL: Oh dear..

DOC: By what description, McGee...?

FIB: Just a little dog, Doc. About this big, with droopy ears and a stubby little tail.

MOL: It's brown and white with blue eyes.

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DOC: WITH BLUE EYES!! Don't tell me it had dimples and barked in baby-talk.

FIB: All we know is what the kid told us, Doc. She oughtta know her own dog. Gee, now we gotta go home and admit we flopped the assignment. I feel awful about it.

MOL: So do I. We practically promised her we'd find it, and anybody who breaks a promise to a child is -

DOC: OH COME COME COME....THE MUTT IS PROBABLY HOME BY NOW, HAPPILY CHEWING UP THE PARLOR CURTAINS.

FIB: SAYYY, it might be at that, Molly! Come on..let's go home and see.

MOL: That's the best suggestion I've heard today. Thanks for the ray of hope, Doctor!

DOC: Not at all, my dear. That's the way I am...hippety-hopping thru life, scattering little hunks of gladness. Pollyanna Gamble, the sunshine boy. Dancing on the dewdrops with.....excuse me.

FIB: Where you goin' Doc?

DOC: In the drug store and get a bromo. I nauseate myself!

TRAFFIC UP AND FADE:

MOL: ..Let's get home...

FIB: Okay...and I sure hope that pup has come back. Other wise we'll...HEY..HERE COMES A STREET CAR!!! COME ON!!

ORCH: WILLIAM TELL:

DOOR SLAM ON LAST NOTE:

FIB: HEY SIS...WE'RE HOME AGAIN...DID YOU'RE DOG COME BACK?

(PAUSE)

FIB: HEY SIS. WHERE ARE YOU? DID YOUR -

r

MOL: SHHHH! QUIET MCGEE...SHE'S ASLEEP ON THE DAVENPORT.....  
LOOK!

FIB: Say, that's kinda cute, isn't it? Milk and cookie crumbs  
all over her little face. Boy I dread to wake her up  
with the bad news.

MOL: So do I...but it's got to be done....LITTLE GIRL....WAKE  
UP DEAR...IT'S MR. AND MRS. MCGEE!

FIB: Come on, sis...that's the girl....

TEE: (VERY SLEEPY) Hi...Mister...Hi, Miz McGee...(YAWNS) Gee,  
I hadda wunnerful dream...

FIB: Did you sis?

TEE: Sure...I hadda dream that you found my doggie with the  
blue eyes an' the lil tail that sticks up and everything...  
didja mister? Hmmm? Didja? Didja find Eddie?

FIB: Look, sis...we...well, we looked all over town...and....

TEE: You...you couldn't fine my lil doggie?

FIB: No.

MOL: We're so sorry.

FIB: Yes sis, we went clear down to the -

TEE: Oh that's okay, mister. You only been lookin' one day.  
I been lookin' for YEARS, I betcha.

FIB: You been...WHADDYE MEAN, YOU BEEN LOOKING FOR YEARS!!!  
WHEN DID YOU SEE THIS DOG LAST?

TEE: Oh I never saw him, mister. But gee, I've always wanted  
a lil doggie with long ears and a lil stubby tail,  
and blue eyes.....

FIB: OH PSHAW!!!!

ORCH: "MY HEART TELLS ME"....FADE FOR

WILCOX: When your heating system is turned on, there's apt to be  
a little more dirt around the house. It shows not only  
on your curtains and walls, but on your windowsills and  
floors, and on your furniture. So in winter time there's  
an added reason for keeping your floors, furniture and  
woodwork protected with genuine Johnson's Wax. Those  
waxed surfaces are not only more beautiful, they're much  
easier to keep clean. And that counts for a great deal  
in most of your homes today. There's no need for me to  
remind you that a waxed home is a clean home, and a clean  
home is a more sanitary, healthful place for your family.  
So you see, although you really start using Johnson's  
Wax to protect wood, metal and leather surfaces, you'll  
probably go on using it for many other reasons --  
labor-saving, greater home beauty, and sanitation.  
It's the same whether you use Johnson's Wax in the paste  
or liquid form -- or the new Cream Wax developed  
especially for furniture and woodwork. The name  
Johnson is your assurance of absolute reliability.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC...FADE ON CUE)

TAG

MOL: That was certainly a wild pooch chase, wasn't it, McGee?  
FIB: I'll say it was. I got flat feet clear up to my hips.  
MOL: And the only person we met who was even sympathetic was  
Doctor Gamble.  
FIB: Well, he's sensitive about dogs you know. Why even his  
draft classification is K-9.  
MOL: K-9! What on earth is that?  
FIB: Didn't you ever notice how deep his bones are buried?  
MOL: Oh dear.  
FIB: Good night.  
MOL: Good night all!

PLAYOFF & SIGNOFF

WIL: The character of Mr. Wellington, heard on this program,  
was played by Ransom Sherman. This is Harlow Wilcox,  
speaking for the makers of JOHNSON WAX FINISHES for home  
and industry, and inviting you to be with us again next  
Tuesday night.  
Goodnight.  
This program has come to you from Hollywood.  
THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

(CHIMES)

WRITERS: Don Quinn  
Phil Leslie

ALLOCATION - WAR BONDS

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

Johnson's Wax

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1943