



OPENING COMMERCIAL

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WILCOX: Many philosophers have pointed out to us that the one thing we can count on in life, for certain, is change. It may be imperceptible from day to day, but there is a constant change taking place all around us, and in household things it's usually a change for the worse. To help prevent, or at least delay that deterioration, we paint many surfaces and we wax our floors, furniture and woodwork. Today more and more surfaces of all kinds - including leather, linoleum and metal - are being protected with JOHNSON'S WAX. Why? Well, for one reason, wax is impervious to moisture. The wax film, as long as it endures, offers remarkable resistance to aging, and to the wear and tear of normal use. What's more, it is easy to apply additional coats of JOHNSON'S WAX as they are needed - so that almost a permanent protection can be achieved against wear and against dirt. You don't ordinarily think this problem through when you apply JOHNSON'S WAX to the many surfaces around your home. But it will really pay you to understand just how and why JOHNSON'S WAX does give such lasting protection to your things - at such small cost, and with a large net saving in work, plus an increase with every application in the beauty of every room in your home.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH)

(APPLAUSE)

-4-

SOUND: DOOR KNOCK:

WILCOX: SOMEBODY IS KNOCKING AT THE DOOR OF 79 WISTFUL VISTA,  
THE HOME OF --

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: DOOR KNOCK:

FIB: Hey, Molly. Somebody at the door...with a package.

MOL: How do you know it's somebody with a package?

FIB: He knocked. If he had his hands free he'd ring the bell.

SOUND: DOOR KNOCK:

MOL: If he has his hands free to knock, he's got his hands free  
to ring the bell.

FIB: Not necessarily. You can knock with your feet or your  
knees, but did you ever try to ring a door bell with --

DOOR KNOCK:

MOL: Oh for goodness sakes..I'll get it.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN:

MAN: WHO IS DIS THE RESIDENCE OF?

MOL: Never end a sentence with a proposition, and this is the  
house that Mr and Mrs McGee live in.

FIB: Whaddye got, bud?

MAN: Package for Mrs Fibber McGee. Sign here, please.

MOL: Package for me? Who's it from?

MAN: Dat, lady, will forever remain a mystery wit' me, as I am only an individual which has been entrusted by de parcel delivery comp'ny to lay dis precious burden in your pale white hands and - (LOUD) GET YOUR MITTS OFFA DAT PACKAGE, DOG! It's for de lady.

FIB: WELL, I'M HER HUSBAND!

MAN: Leave us not delve into de strange ways of women, comrade. Sign here, please.

MOL: I'll sign for it....there you are.

MAN: Tanks, madame.

FIB: AND IF YOU'LL TAKE MY ADVICE, YOU UNTAVERNED DUFFY, YOU'LL KEEP A CIVIL TONGUE IN YOUR ---

MAN: Restrain yourself, mister. Was I concerned wit' a future in the profession of parcel delivery, I would eagerly drink in your poils of wisdom, but insomuchasever that I am, tomorrow morning, being induced into the armed forces, you may button your kisser.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Fresh mugg! If it wasn't that I didn't wanna maim a future second lieutenant, I'd of parted his nose with a knuckle.

MOL: I wonder who this package is from. I don't remember ordering anything.

FIB: One way to find out would be to open it.

SOUND: TEARING PAPER WRAPPINGS....CARDBOARD BOX OPENING

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS!! FLOWERS!! AND WHAT A LOVELY BOUQUET!! Oh, McGee, you sweet, thoughtful man! Give mother a kiss.

FIB: I.....I.....I can't.

MOL: YOU CAN'T ... WHY NOT?

FIB: I....er...well, it would be under false pretenses. I...I didn't send those flowers.

MOL: YOU DIDN'T? WHO DID?

FIB: I dunno. Maybe they were delivered by mistake. I hope.

MOL: I'll see if there's a card in the box.

SOUND: RUSTLE OF TISSUE PAPER

MOL: Ahhhhhh!

FIB: Oh oh. What's it say?

MOL: It says... "PLEASE THINK OF ME." (signed), Ralph.

FIB: RALPH! WHO THE SAM HILL IS RALPH?

MOL: (TO HERSELF) Ralph...Ralph...now let me see... there was a Ralph Onslogger in my gemotry class but...no...he has eight children and is married.

FIB: WELL WHAT RALPH IS THIS...I WANNA KNOW! I'M NOT GONNA HAVE EVERY ANONYMOUS RALPH IN THE COUNTRY SENDING MY WIFE FLOWERS. BY GEORGE----

DOOR OPEN

DENNIS: Well, hello there, Molly Darlin'....and Fibber lad.

MOL: Hello, Uncle Dennis.

FIB: Hiyah, Uncle Dennis.

MOL: Oh now, McGee, you know very well he went back to Ireland for his sister's wedding.

DENNIS: And what might ye be celebratin' this fine day with your handsome bunch of flowers and all, and McGee standin' there with a silly expression on his puss, (may them as loves cats forgive the loose use of the term)?

MOL: I seem to have received these flowers from an anonymous admirer.

FIB: He'll be anonymous till I catch up with him. Then he can easily be identified by his broken neck.

DENNIS: Well now isn't it a romantic thing...it reminds me of what happened to an old friend of mine by the name of Six Joseph O'Fegney, who was always tryin' to pickupacouple'bucks, and...

MOL: What did you say his name was?

DENNIS: Six Joseph O'Fegney. Well, sir, it seems -

FIB: YOU MEAN HIS FIRST NAME WAS "SIX?"

DENNIS: It was that. It seems they didn't know what to name him when he was born, so they wrote several names on pieces of paper and put them in a hat and his father, unfortunately, drew out the label. His real name is Six and Seven-Eights, Joseph O'Fegney, his father being a small-headed man --

MOL: Look, Uncle Dennis...do you know anybody by the name of Ralph who would be sending me flowers?

DENNIS: Macushla, anyone named Ralph who knew ye, would be wantin' to send you flowers, because ye're the sweetest --

FIB: AHH, LAY OFF, WILLYA? EVER SINCE YOU MADE THAT TRIP BACK TO IRELAND AND KISSED THE <sup>Plarney</sup>~~BALONEY~~ STONE, YOU SPREAD IT ON WITH A TROWEL.

MOL: Oh now, McGee, you know very well he went back to Ireland for his sister's wedding.

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MOL: Oh now, McGee, you know very well he went back to Ireland for his sister's wedding.

DENNIS: I did that. I couldn't resist it, after gettin' a letter from Noreeen that she was marryin' an ostrich.

FIB: SHE WAS MARRYING A WHAT?

DENNIS: An ostrich. Fella from Austria.

MOL: (LAUGHS) Oh, you don't mean an ostrich, Uncle Dennis.

DENNIS: I don't?

FIB: Certainly not. A guy from Austria is an Austin.

MOL: Oh, no, McGee...an Austin is a little automobile.

FIB: I thought that was a Bantam.

DENNIS: No, lad...I can correct ye there. A bantam is a lad who drops chandeliers on people's heads in a theatre. Did ye see the Bantam of the Opera? There was a fellow--

MOL: THAT'S PHANTOM, Uncle Dennis. That means a spirit, or ghost.

DENNIS: FANCY THAT, NOW. Me little sister marryin' a ghost! I thought he was a little thin, but nary a chain did he rattle nor a groan in the night. T'was a dirty trick he played on the gurrl, not tellin' her he was dead. MAKIN' HER THINK HE WAS A LAD OF SPIRIT, WHEN ALL THE TIME HE WAS JUST THE SPIRIT OF A LAD! AH, FAITH, BEGORRAH, BEJABERS, WIRRA-WIRRA-WIRRA AND OTHER ALLEGED IRISH EXPRESSIONS!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Stage Irishman! All he needs is a clay pipe, a shamrock in his hatband and two friends named Pat and Mike.

MOL: Never mind him, McGee. Look at these flowers. AREN'T THEY BEAUTIFUL? (SNIFF SNIFF SNIFF) And to think of me havin' an unknown admirer!

FIB: DON'T WORRY...HE'LL BECOME KNOWN WHEN I LAY MY HANDS ON HIM. HE'LL BECOME KNOWN AS "RATTLING RALPH, THE RAT WITH THE RETRACTABLE RIBS".

MOL: Why sweetheart...I do believe you're jealous!

FIB: JEALOUS, MY CLAVICLE! IT'S MERELY THAT I GOT NO USE FOR A HOTHOUSE GASANOVA THAT. ..Hey - you know what I'm gonna do?

MOL: What?

FIB: I'm gonna call a private detective and have these flowers traced! (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR? GIMME THE J. EDGAR HOOPER DETECTIVE AGENCY, ACROSS THE STREET FROM THAT HOT DOG STAND ON ... EH?... NO, THE HOT DOG STAND. H.O.T....D...OH, GEE, IT THAT YOU MYRT?

MOL: Oh dear.

FIB: HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING, MYRT? TIS EH? WHAT SAY, MYRT? YOU DID? GOT WORD THAT HE'S DEFINITELY GONNA RUN AGAIN THIS YEAR?

MOL: IS that official, McGee?

FIB: I think so. WELL, I ALWAYS SAID HE'D RUN AGAIN, MYRT. THEY GOT TOO MUCH INVEST'D IN HIM TO LET HIM QUIT NOW...

MOL: McGee, that's hardly the ---

FIB: I'LL NEVER FORGET THE TIME I SAW HIM, MYRT. IT WAS THE FIRST TIME HE'D WON...WHAT A HERO! STANDIN' THERE WITH HIS HAIR RIBBLING IN THE BREEZE, EYES FLASHING - WHINNYING LIKE A ---

MOL: WHINNYING? WHO ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

FIB: Wairlaway. Myrt says he's gonna run again this year.  
WHAT SAY, MYRT? Okay, I'll call later. (CLICK) By  
George, I'm gonna find out who this Ralph is ... and  
when I do -----!!!

ORCH: "THOU SWELL" ::

(APPLAUSE)

MOL: (SINGS TO HERSELF) <sup>Give</sup> "Send me one dozen roses...da de daaaa...  
~~Send me one dozen roses da de daaaa..."~~ <sup>put my heart</sup>

FIB: MOLLY...PLEASE!! I WISH YOU WOULDN'T SING THAT...Gee  
whizz...here I am...seein' my home bein' busted-up...my  
wife gettin' flowers from other guys...I - I guess I'm  
just a failure.

MOL: OH, DON'T TALK LIKE THAT, DEARIE! HEAVENLY DAYS, YOU MAKE  
ME SOUND LIKE I'D BEEN WHOOPING AROUND TOWN, WAVING A  
POCKET-FLASK AND DANCING ON TABLE TOPS. I DIDN'T ASK THIS  
RALPH PERSON TO SEND ME FLOWERS.

FIB: Well, gee whizz...something musta gave him the idea he  
could get away with it. You know the old saying..."Never  
go around with a married woman unless you can go five  
rounds with her husband".

MOL: BUT NOBODY'S GOING AROUND WITH ME BUT YOU. I'M VERY HAPPY.  
CAN I HELP IT IF A PERFECT STRANGER SENDS ME FLOWERS?

FIB: Well, no, but my gosh --

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh, here's Alice Darling, McGee. Hello, Alice.

ALICE: Hello, Mrs. McGee. Hello, F.M.

FIB: Hello, A.D. And I don't mean ante-diluvian.

MOL: What's ante-diluvian?

FIB: I dunno. That's why I don't mean it.

ALICE: Jeepers! Get a load of the flowers!! You're lucky, ducky,  
to have a man who loves you enough after all these years  
to send you fifteen dollars' worth of flowers.

MOL: Oh, but he doesn't.

FIB: WHY, I DO TOO.

MOL: I mean, of course...that McGee didn't send these.

FIB: WELL I WOULD OF IF I'D THOUGHT OF IT. My gosh, just because some home-wrecker, with more money than sense--

MOL: OH, YOU DON'T THINK IT SHOWS GOOD SENSE TO SEND ME FLOWERS?

FIB: WHY SURE IT DOES. I DIDN'T MEAN THAT. I MEANT HE'S GOT NO RIGHT TO SEND FLOWERS TO MARRIED WOMEN.

ALICE: But who send them to you, Mrs. McGee?

MOL: (COYLY) Ralph.

ALICE: Ralph?

FIB: Yeah. They were sent as a dying request from one of my wife's admirers, Alice.

MOL: What makes you think he's dying?

FIB: If I catch him, I'll guarantee it.

ALICE: YOU MEAN YOU DON'T KNOW WHO RALPH IS?

MOL: Why...why, no. Do you?

ALICE: Oh, I thought simply EVERYBODY knew about Ralph. He's ALWAYS sending flowers to somebody.

FIB: OH, HE IS, IS HE? OKAY, ALICE. GIMME THE LOWDOWN! WHO'S RALPH, AND WHAT PART OF TOWN DOES HE CRAWL AROUND IN? WHEN I GET THRU WITH HIM, HIS OWN MOTHER WON'T KNOW HIM. ~~HIS FATHER PROBABLY NEVER DID.~~

ALICE: I guess I better not tell you on account of I hate to think of such pretty flowers causing any trouble. I love flowers. I even wrote a poem about flowers when I was in school.

MOL: Did you, dear? How did it go?

ALICE: Oh, just fine.

FIB: SHE MEANS CAN YOU REMEMBER IT?

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MOL: Did you, dear? How did it go?

ALICE: Oh, just fine.

FIB: SHE MEANS CAN YOU REMEMBER IT?

ALICE: Oh, of course. It was: "I'M SIMPLY WILD ABOUT FLOWERS  
I THINK ALL BLOSSOMS ARE DANDY  
BUT MY FAVORITE FLOWERS  
FOR BOYS TO BRING ME  
IS CANDY."

Gee, I wish Ralph would send me some flowers sometime.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: SOOOOOO, THIS RALPH SENDS FLOWERS TO LOTS OF WOMEN, DOES HE?  
It's disgusting!

MOL: Oh, McGee you're acting like a jealous schoolboy.

FIB: I'M NEVER NO SUCH A THING. I'M ACTING LIKE ANY SELF-  
RESPECTING MARRIED MAN THAT HIS WIFE GETS FLOWERS FROM  
STRANGERS. BY GEORGE, IF....Hey...where you going?

MOL: I'm going to put these flowers in a vase. Have you seen  
the big blue one that Aunt Sarah gave us three Christmases  
ago?

FIB: THAT CHEAP LITTLE HUNK OF BRICK BRACK?

MOL: It's a very pretty vase, and I happen to know that  
Aunt Sarah paid a great deal of money for it.

FIB: Well, she took an awful rooking, then. Cheapest grade  
of glass I ever saw. My gosh, you can't even use it  
to crack a walnut with, without it fallin' into a  
million pieces.

MOL: FIBBER MCGEE, DID YOU BREAK THAT--

DOOR OPEN:

WILCOX: Hello, folks.

MOL: Oh, hello, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Hi, Junior.

WIL: Molly, you look like a June bride, standing there with  
your arms full of flowers. Which reminds me - I think  
I'll send MY wife a bouquet.

MOL: That's a nice thought, Mr. Wilcox. I'M sure she'll  
love it. I know I would.

FIB: What she is trying to say, Junior, is that I didn't  
send her those flowers.

WIL: Who did?

FIB: We dunno.

MOL: The card just says, "PLEASE THINK OF ME" and was signed  
"RALPH".

WIL: OHHHHH, RALPH! OHHHHHH, HIM.

PAUSE

MOL: Do you...er...

FIB: You know who this...er...DOGGONE IT, WILCOX, TELL ME  
WHO HE IS. (PAUSE) AND HOW BIG.

WIL: Let me tell you how I know him, pal. You see, I have another friend who has an attractive wife, too ---

MOL: Thanks for the "too".

WIL: And one day while I was visiting them,...you know, just sitting around the house talking how Johnson's Wax is so wonderful particularly in the wintertime because with the changes in temperature and humidity, the wax protection does so much to keep furniture and woodwork and floors in good shape and ---

FIB: That's what you were just sitting around talking about, eh? Just casual conversation.

WIL: Yeah.

FIB: Small talk.

WIL: Yeah.

FIB: Trivialities.

WIL: That's it.

FIB: You know, Molly, I've often seen those ads in the magazines where a lot of people are sitting around in evening clothes, talking about how Charlie is so much happier now that he's started wearing NEATNECK SNUGFAST JOLLYCOLLAR SHIRTS. And I never believed people did that. But to think of spending an evening with Wilcox,...oh ~~mur-DER~~.

MOL: I think Mr. Wilcox could make Johnson's Wax a very interesting subject.

WIL: WELL, I CAN TALK ABOUT OTHER THINGS.

FIB: You can?

WILCOX: CERTAINLY. I also discuss subjects like economics. And I can prove how much money you can save over a period of years by using Johnson's Wax on luggage and lampshades and window sills and enamel surfaces, because with that protection they look well and last so much longer.

MOL: You see, McGee?

FIB: I retract, Junior. You CAN change the subject.

WILCOX: Certainly.

FIB: You can go right from how Johnson's Wax saves your furniture, BOOM, right into how Johnson's Wax saves your woodwork. Baby, what a conversationalist!

MOL: But how about this RALPH, Mr. Wilcox?

WILCOX: Who?

FIB: RALPH...RALPH....THE GUY THAT SENT THE MARRIED WOMAN THE FLOWERS WHILE YOU WERE JUST SITTING AROUND FASCINATING EVERYBODY WITH YOUR SPARKLING DIALOG.

WILCOX: Ohhhh, oh yeah. WELL, THERE WE WERE, JUST TALKING...

MOL: Yes yes...we know about that.

WILCOX: AND SUDDENLY THE BELL RINGS!

FIB: DOOR, FIRE, SCHOOL, SWISS, ALARM CLOCK, CHURCH, OR TELEPHONE?

WILCOX: Door.

MOL: Oh.

WILCOX: IT WAS A MESSENGER WITH FLOWERS. BEAUTIFUL, TOO. HAD A CARD IN THEM FROM "RALPH". ~~HER HUSBAND, WHO IS AN AIRPLANE PILOT, FLEW INTO A RAGE.~~

~~MOL: You're lucky, McGee. You don't need a license to bite your nails.~~

FIB: BUT GET TO IT, WILCOX. GET TO IT. WHO IS RALPH?

WIL: I'VE BEEN TRYING TO TELL YOU, PAL. HE'S THE GUY WHO KEEPS SENDING MARRIED WOMEN FLOWERS. (FAST) I'LL RUN OVER AND ASK THESE FRIENDS OF MINE IF THEY EVER FOUND OUT....I'LL CALL YOU BACK.

DOOR SLAM

MOL: I wonder if I would be unfair to Mr. Wilcox, if I sometimes suspected he only comes in here to deliver a message about.. ...OH, I'M JUST BEING SILLY.

FIB: Yeah, that's ridiculous. He's just the....DOGGONE IT, MOLLY, I WISH YOU'D STOP BURYING YOUR FACE IN THOSE FLOWERS.....YOU'RE ENJOYING 'EM ALTOGETHER TOO MUCH.

MOL: Look, sweetheart, the flowers don't know who sent 'em. When I start burying my face in Ralph's manly shoulder, you'll have cause to --

FIB: DON'T TALK LIKE THAT!!! AND IF I EVER LAY MY HANDS ON THAT HOME-WRECKIN' HYENA, HE WON'T HAVE ANY SHOULDERS. I'LL TEAR 'EM OFF <sup>so fast</sup> AND HE'LL HAVE TO GO THRU LIFE SHRUGGING HIS HIPS.

MOL: I'M sure it won't matter to me, dearie. He has a nice taste in flowers and that's all I know about him. (FADE) I've got to get these in some water, too before they all wilt and.....

FIB: AH, THERE GOES A GOOD KID!! DON'T GET ALL FLUTTERY AND GIDDY JUST BECAUSE SOME PATSY SENDS HER A COUPLA PETUNIAS. <sup>thucks</sup> I WONDER IF SHE REALLY KNOWS WHO RALPH...aw of course she doesn't. But why should a stranger send her some flowers? OH DON'T BE SO SUSPICIOUS, YOU BIG APE. My gosh, if --

DOOR CHIME :

FIB: Oh boy....I hope that's Ralph in person! I'll hide the body under the coal pile till spring. Hope he's a small man... we haven't got much coal. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

TEE: Hi, mister.

FIB: Hi, little girl.

TEE: (SNIFF SNIFF) Gee, what smells so good in here. Smells like flowers.

FIB: Probably my after-shaving lotion, sis.

TEE: Must be pretty strong stuff, mister. You haven't shaved since yesterday, *I betcha.*

FIB: I have too. My beard grows fast. Have to shave twice a day, usually.

TEE: Yeah..? Who do you shave the second time...the cat?

FIB: NOW DON'T GET IMPUDENT, SIS. IF I'D TALKED TO MY ELDERS LIKE THAT WHEN I WAS YOUR AGE, THEY'D HAVE GIVEN ME TO THE INDIANS.

TEE: What Indians?

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, WHAT INDIANS? They were all around where we lived. Out in Arizona. I was practically brought up as a Sioux Indian. For years, my legs were all outa shape from ridin' horses bareback.

TEE: Gee, honest? I always thought you were knock-kneed.

FIB: I am. That's because I gripped those ponies so hard with my knees. The minute I got off a horse, my knees would spring together...PINGGGGG! Like that. Had so much strength in my legs I could crack cocoanuts with my knees.

TEE: <sup>Ohhh</sup> ~~There aren't any cocoanuts in Arizona, I betcha.~~

FIB: ~~I DIDN'T SAY I DID CRACK COCOANUTS. I SAID I COULD.~~ Yes sir, I was quite a lad, sis. Had a little bow and arrow and by the time I was seven, I could keep nine arrows in the air at one time.

TEE: Gee, honest?  
FIB: Yup.  
TEE: What'd you do? Tie a string around 'em and toss 'em up?  
FIB: OKAY OKAY...SCOFF IF YOU WANNA. BUT THOSE DAYS OF THE OLD WEST WON'T COME AGAIN, SIS. YOU'LL BE SORRY YOU DIDN'T LISTEN TO ONE WHO WAS THERE. You know what happened when I was nine years old?  
TEE: Sure. Sitting Bull stood up and you fell off his lap.  
FIB: NO SIR. WHEN I WAS NINE YEARS OLD, MY PAPA GIMME A HANDFUL OF BULLETS, A RIFLE, A SKINNING KNIFE, THREE POUNDS OF FLOUR, A SIDE OF BACON -  
TEE: Which side?  
FIB: Right side. That's all that was left. AND HE GAVE ME A PONY. THEN HE SLAPS ME ON THE SHOULDER AND SAYS, "OKAY, SON...GET OUT INTO THE WORLD....YOU'RE GETTIN' TO BE A BURDEN ON MY FAMILY."  
TEE: You were nine years old then?  
FIB: Not quite nine. Eight years and ten months. So I leaps onto my pony and sat there till evening.  
TEE: Why?  
FIB: Because I wanted to ride away into the sunset, Nothing dramatic about leavin' home at noon. And there we went... a boy and his pony....facing every kind of danger with high hopes and a stout heart.  
TEE: Gee....where'd you go, mister?  
FIB: Search me, sis. Nobody saw hide nor hair of us again. AND NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, SIS.....  
TEE: Hey, mister.  
FIB: Eh?

TEE: Gee, honest?  
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TEE: Hey, mister.  
FIB: Eh?

(2ND REVISION) -20-

TEE: Did a man come here with some flowers?  
FIB: Yes, he did.  
TEE: Who were they from?  
FIB: Aren't you being just a trifle noseey, sis?  
TEE: Sure.  
FIB: Thanks. They were from a guy named Ralph!!!  
TEE: OH BOY...I WIN A NICKEL...I WIN A NICKEL...I WIN A NICKEL...  
FIB: Hey, what's the idea of - HOW DID YOU WIN A NICKEL?  
TEE: Willie Toops and I saw the man bring the package and I bet him a nickel Ralph was sending Mrs. McGee some flowers (DOOR OPEN) (FADE OUT) HEY WILLIE!!!!...I WIN!!  
.....YOU OWE ME A NICKEL, WILLIE...IT WAS RALPH!!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: HEY, WAIT A MIN.....WHAT THE....WHO....DON'T....DOGGONE IT,  
DOES EVERYBODY KNOW RALPH BUT ME?

ORCH: "DON'T TETCH IT" ---- KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE

THIRD SPOT

(REVISED) -21-

MOL: Look, McGee...these flowers filled three big vases...don't they look beautiful?  
FIB: I THINK THEY'RE GAUDY AND OVERDONE. AND IN TERRIBLE TASTE.  
MOL: (LAUGHS) Oh, I love to see you jealous, McGee.  
FIB: I'M NOT JEALOUS. I'M MERELY A...(PAUSE) Hey...what did you do to your hair?  
MOL: Oh, I just tried combing it a different way. Do you like it?  
FIB: Yes, I think I...ARE YOU WEARING YOUR NEW DRESS?  
MOL: What? Oh Oh yes...I just thought I'd slip it on to see how it went with the new hair-do.  
FIB: I...I don't like this, Molly...My gosh...some stranger sends you a handful of silly asters and you go all coquettish. Fix your hair different...wear your new clothes...  
MOL: OH, DON'T BE SILLY. Though I will admit it's stimulating to get such a gorgeous bouquet. MCGEE...NEXT TIME WE'RE IN KRAMER'S DRUG STORE REMIND ME TO TRY THAT NEW SHADE OF LIPSTICK...I THINK THEY CALL IT "PERSON TO PERSON".  
FIB: THAT'S DISGUSTING..."PERSON TO PERS--"

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: (SNARLS) COME IN!!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

MOL: Oh, hello, Doctor Gamble.  
DOC: Hello, Molly, Hello, McGee.  
FIB: *what do you want, Arrowsmith?*  
~~Hello, Pillsbury?~~  
~~DOC: Pillsbury?~~  
~~FIB: Pills today, bury tom tomorrow.~~  
MOL: Himself is in a bad mood today, doctor.

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DOC: If I ever come over here and find him in a GOOD mood, I'll  
bake you a cake. What's griping you, my boy? Draft Board  
re-classify you L-H 2?

MOL: What's L. H.?

DOC: Level headed. Flat on top.

FIB: NEVER MIND THE WISE CRACKS, DOCTOR. WHEN A GUY'S HOME IS  
BEING BROKEN UP, A GUY DON'T FEEL LIKE SWAPPIN' BANTER  
WITH GUYS.

MOL: Oh now, McGee, you foolish boy...

DOC: He's foolish, all right, but he's no boy. STOP RUNNING  
YOUR HANDS THRU YOUR HAIR, BEANBAG. GET YOUR CHIN OFF YOUR  
SOLAR PLEXUS AND TELL THE OLD FAMILY PHYSICIAN YOUR  
TROUBLES. ~~AND DON'T THINK IT'LL BE ANYTHING NEW TO ME.  
THE HUMAN RACE IS VERY DULL AND REPETITIOUS ABOUT GETTING  
INTO TROUBLE.~~

FIB: It...it's Ralph.

DOC: Ralph who?

MOL: We don't know.

DOC: Oh, fine. And what has Ralph been doing? Writing  
limericks on your sidewalk?

FIB: HE'S BEEN SENDING MY WIFE FLOWERS, THAT'S WHAT HE'S BEEN  
DOING. AND IF I EVER LAY MY DUKES ON HIM, I'LL --

DOC: Ohhhh, THAT Ralph.

MOL: What's that? You mean you know who --

FIB: You too? DOES EVERYBODY KNOW THIS GUY BUT ME?

MOL: > And me?

DOC: YOU MEAN YOU DON'T KNOW WHO RALPH IS?

FIB: I KNOW WHO HE WILL BE. He'll be the guy they find  
floatin' down the river with every bone in his body broken  
by a blunt instrument named Fibber McGee.

MOL: BUT, DOCTOR...TELL US, WHO IS HE?

DOC: What time is it?

FIB: Four twelve. Why?

DOC: I can answer your question in two minutes.

MOL: Two minutes! But...but...

FIB: YOU'LL ANSWER IT NOW, OR BY GEORGE, I'LL PIN YOUR EARS  
SO FAR BACK YOU'LL HAVE TO ADD THREE FEET TO YOUR  
STETHESCOPE!

DOC: Don't get ambitious, my flabby little friend. If I didn't  
know you were upset about this thing, I'd hang a shanty on  
your eye that would solve the housing problem for the next  
hundred years.

FIB: IS THAT SO!!! WHY, YOU OVERHEARING, BODY-WRECKING, SUPER-  
CHARGING, PULSE-PINCHING --

DOC: What time is it?

MOL: Four fourteen.

DOC: TURN ON THE RADIO.

FIB: Eh? What for?

DOC: (ROARS) TURN IT ON!

FIB: Okay. Turn it on, Molly.

MOL: All right.

SOUND: CLICK: POWER HUM:

FIB: I don't know what you think you're ---

DOC: NOW BE QUIET, MCGEE!! LISTEN!!

P.A. VOICE: (FADE IN).....our great pleasure to announce that the lucky winner today is Mrs. Fibber McGee, of 79 Wistful Vista. As you know, every Tuesday some lucky lady receives a gorgeous bouquet of blossoms from Ralph, the Friendly Florist. Remember, friends....when you think of flowers, think of Ralph. AND NOW WE PRESENT BING SINATRA IN A TRANSCRIBED--

SOUND: RADIO OFF:

PAUSE

DOC: Catch on?

MOL: Oh, this is -

FIB: RIDICULOUS!

ORCH: "THE MUSIC STOPPED" - FADE FOR:

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY  
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC  
JANUARY 18, 1944

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WIL: Even in normal peace times, when there isn't a labor shortage, nobody likes to do unnecessary work. I'm sure that's one of the reasons why you'll find JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLOCOAT on the kitchen shelves of so many homes across the country. GLOCOAT saves you work every week. In fact, keeping your kitchen and other linoleum floors clean and sparkling is no longer one of those chores you run away from. GLOCOAT needs no rubbing or buffing -- you simply apply and let dry, and in 20 minutes your floors are gleaming again. Spilled things are wiped up in a jiffy. And scrubbing, which is very hard on linoleum, is eliminated. That helps explain why GLOCOAT makes linoleum last 6 to 10 times longer, in addition to keeping its colors fresh and new looking. Yes, if you're not using JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLOCOAT, it's time you tried it.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

There isn't a labor  
 necessary work, I'm sure  
 you'll find JOHNSON'S  
 kitchen shelves of so many  
 GLOCOAT saves you work  
 your kitchen and other  
 thing is no longer one of  
 GLOCOAT needs no rubbing  
 and let dry, and in  
 coming again. Spilled things  
 scrubbing, which is very hard  
 that helps explain why GLOCOAT  
 es longer, in addition to  
 w looking. Yes, if you're  
 ING GLOCOAT, it's time

TAG

MOL: Well, McGee....are you still angry with Ralph?  
 FIB: Nah....just a publicity stunt, Matter of fact, I heard  
 he's going into the Navy tomorrow, and I thought I'd  
 run downtown and wish him bone swar.  
 MOL: Wish him what?  
 FIB: Bone swar. That's French for happy landings, or  
 something.  
 MOL: No, dearie. You mean BONE VOYAGE.  
 FIB: Then what does bone swar mean?  
 MOL: Goodnight.  
 FIB: Eh? Oh. Goodnight.  
 MOL: Goodnight, all!  
 ORCH: CLOSING SIGNATURE  
 WIL: The character of Uncle Dennis, 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, inviting you to be with us again next  
 Tuesday night. Goodnight.  
 ANNGR: THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY:

WRITERS: Don Quinn  
 Phil Leslie

TUESDAY, JANUARY 25, 19