

WRITERS: Don Quinn
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(REVISED) #18

FILE
JAN 31 1944

"FIBBER McGEE and MOLLY"

Johnson's Wax

TUESDAY, JANUARY 25, 1944

N B C

(2ND REVISION) -2-

WILCOX: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM - WITH FIBBER McGEE AND MOLLY!

ORCHESTRA: THEME..FADE FOR:

WILCOX: The makers of Johnson's Wax, for home and industry, present
Fibber McGee and Molly, written by Don Quinn, with music
by the King's Men and Billy Mills' Orchestra,

ORCHESTRA: "WHO KNOWS" ... FADE FOR

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
Tuesday 6:30 PM PWT NBC
January 25, 1944

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OPENING COMMERCIAL:

WILCOX: I'm sure that our listeners in the far South, where snow is an infrequent luxury, will pardon me for a moment while I read you part of a letter that a railway man from Nebraska just sent in. It tells about one very special winter use for JOHNSON'S WAX, and I believe it will be helpful information for a great many of you. "In the wintertime", he writes, "I always apply JOHNSON'S WAX to my snowshovel when I shovel snow off my sidewalks. This prevents the snow from sticking to the shovel and certainly is a big help, especially when the snow is heavy and wet. You may want to tell Fibber and Molly's many admirers about it."... Well, as a matter of fact, we do, and now we have. The next time any of you have snow to shovel off your walk, try a little JOHNSON'S WAX on the shovel. It really works. This is just one of over 100 extra labor-saving uses for JOHNSON'S WAX, besides its main use for protecting your floors, furniture and woodwork.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH)

(APPLAUSE)

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WILCOX: IF YOU'VE BEEN TRYING TO GET 79 WISTFUL VISTA ON THE PHONE FOR THE LAST HALF HOUR, WITHOUT SUCCESS, IT'S BECAUSE THE SQUIRE HAS BEEN USING IT TO PROMOTE A PARTY. HE'S STILL TRYING, AS WE MEET --

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: (OH PHONE) WILCOX'S RESID-...IS THAT YOU, JUNIOR? FIBBER MCGEE SPEAKIN...YEAH...LOOK, CAN YOU AND MRS. W. COME OVER TONIGHT? MOLLY AND I ARE THROWIN' A WING-DING. YEAH.. WE'RE CELEBRATIN'....EH? OH, DIDN'T YOU KNOW? OUR LAUNDRY CAME BACK TODAY.!! (PAUSE) Oh. Okay, Junior.. some other time. Bye. (CLICK)

MOL: Can't make it?

FIB: Nope. Looks like evrybody we called up is busy tonight. We can't celebrate...and me with six clean shirts!

MOL: Oh, there must be SOMETHING, we could do. Go out and ring doorbells or break windows.

FIB: Yeah...this is an occasion. I wonder if that laundry gave us special treatment or something. My gosh, they only had it since October.

MOL: They always liked you anyway, McGee.

FIB: They did? How do you know?

MOL: Oh they're always keeping some little souvenir..like a button off a shirt, or the toe out of a sock.

FIB: Well, anyway, this is a great day....lemme sit down and hold those shirts on my lap a while...AHHHHH..DON'T THEY LOOK BEAUTIFUL?

MOL: Heavenly days, if they continue to give us this kind of service you can send your shirt's out three or four times a year. We don't --- what's the matter?

FIB: I DUNNO .. I'M JUST RESTLESS....HERE WE ARE, THE LUCKIEST PEOPLE IN TOWN...TAKIN' THE FACT THAT OUR LAUNDRY IS BACK LIKE IT WAS AN EVERY DAY OCCURRENCE...MY GOSH...WE OUGHTTA BE OUT PAINTIN' THE TOWN RED!!

MOL: Well...hand me a brush, dearie.

FIB: EH? YOU MEAN...WELL WHY NOT? .. COME ON..LET'S GO. I'LL TAKE YOU OUT TO DINNER IN SOME NIGHT CLUB AND WE'LL DANCE TILL THE PLACE CLOSES UP. WHADDYE SAY?

MOL: Okay...where'll we go?

FIB: YOU LEAVE THAT TO ME, ANGEL-PUSS! I'LL FIND A JOINT. YOU CREEP INTO YOUR MINKS WHILE I CHANGE INTO MY HEAVY WATCH CHAIN.

MOL: Are we going formal, McGee?

FIB: NAW...NOBODY GOES FORMAL THESE DAYS...YOU WEAR YOUR BLACK DRESS WITH THE POLITE PEARLS....

MOL: CULTURED *Pearls*

FIB: Same thing. HEY, HOW'S MY BLUE SERGE? TOO SHINY?

MOL: It was, In fact the tailor told me he had to wear smoked glasses while he pressed the pants, but I brushed it with a wire brush and it's all right. Where did you say we were going?

FIB: Well, there's the Empire Room at Charlie's Chili Bowl.

MOL: The dance floor is too crowded there. The waiters have to take your food around the block and in the back door,

FIB: Well, how about the General Eisenhower Allied Victory Club?

MOL: Never heard of it.

FIB: They changed the name. Used to be the Old Heidelberg Student Prince Beer Garden.

MOL: Oh, yes...sweet music and sour kraut. I remember when--

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

BEUL: Good evenin', folks. *My name is Beulah.* I wonder could you direct me to de residence which Mr. and Mrs. Toops lives in...as I am a foreigner in dis neighborhood?

MOL: Oh, certainly. The Toops live in the third house down, on this side of the street. Are you their new cook?

BEUL: Yes ma'am. If they have good references, I is. You say the third house down?

FIB: That's it, Beulah. You'll see a sign stickin' up outa the snow that says "KEEP OFF THE GRASS". That's the place.

BEUL: Thank you. If you is evah havin' dinnah with the Toopses, maybe I can return de favor.

MOL: How?

BEUL: If ah shakes mah head...don't eat it. (LAUGHS)

FIB: You haven't worked in this neighborhood before, eh?

BEUL: Nossuh. I been workin' across town...and de only reason I left is they treated me jus' like one of de family - an' I stood that jus' as long as I could.

MOL: Well, if you go to work at Mr. Toopses, we'll probably be seeing you, Beulah.

FIB: Yeah, we see quite a bit of them...and their neighbor, Doctor Gamble.

BEUL: Doctah Gamble!! Does he reside in dis neighborhood? Oh, he a fine man, Doctah Gamble. He operated on mah third husban' fo' gladstones.

MOL: GLADSTONES!!!

BEUL: Yas'm. He was a red cap at de Union Station an' six gladstone bags fell on his haid.

FIB: A suit case if I ever heard one.

BEUL: Scuse me?

FIB: I says he shoulda started suit...he had a case.

BEUL: (LAUGHS) He real amusing, ain't he, ma'am?

MOL: There are two schools of thought on that...And I've been expelled from both of them.

FIB: Well, give our regards to the Toopses, Beulah.

BEUL: Ah'm afraid ah cain't do that, suh.

MOL: Why not?

BEUL: Ah don' know who you is, IF you is, an I'M sure you mus' be.

FIB: OH...WE'RE MR. AND MRS. MCGEE.

BEUL: Please to meet you.

MOL: How do you do.

FIB: Hello.

BEUL: Hello. Goo'bye.

MOL: Goodbye.

FIB: Goodbye.

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

MOL: I'm afraid she won't like working for Mrs. Toops.

FIB: No?

MOL: No. She just keeps them long enough to use up their ration stamps.

FIB: WELL, THIS AIN'T CELEBRATIN' THE RETURN OF OUR LAUNDRY, MOLLY...COME ON...LET'S GET OUT AND SWING IT...

MOL: Heavenly days, I haven't been out for so long I don't know what they're dancing now. Are they still having Charleston contests?

FIB: Yes, but now they call it jitterbugging. Though the big rage is the rhumba.

MOL: The rhumba.

FIB: Yeah...that's a variation of an old dance called the Happy Hound-dog.

MOL: The rhumba is?

FIB: Yup. Because what does a hound dog do when he's happy?

MOL: He wags his --

FIB: EXACTLY!!! That's the rhumba. COME ON - LET'S GET DRESSED!

MOL: All right.

FIB: WHERE'S MY DERBY HAT? I WANNA BRUSH IT OFF.

MOL: I've wanted to for years. It's in the hall closet,

FIB: In here? That's not where I--

DOOR OPEN: TERRIFIC AVALANCHE OF JUNK: BELL TINKLE

PAUSE

FIB: I gotta straighten out that closet one of these days!

ORCH: "MY HEART STOOD STILL"

APPLAUSE

SECOND SPOT

SOUND: TRAFFIC NOISES: FADE FOR-

FIB: There we are, Molly...right up ahead there...the Club Flush
Quite a spot, they tell me. They got a swell boogie woogie
player there.

MOL: Boogie woogie. Oh I love that! Isn't that the kind of
piano playing that sounds like rain on the roof with the
left hand and somebody playing a flute in the attic with
the right hand?

FIB: That's it. If we can get a ringside table in here we can -
OKAY, DOORMAN! OPEN UP FOR A COUPLE OF CASH CUSTOMERS!

MUG: Don't be impetuous, mister. There are very few places in
dis mercenarious world where cash is nil and void, but you
have stumbled on to one, this night.

MOL: What do you mean? Aren't you open for business tonight?

MUG: Lady, was I to permit youse to peer into the interior of
dis abbatoir, youse would recoil in horror. It is so
crowded dat de trombone player is flat on his back, playin'
vertical.

FIB: Well, look, bud...I ain't exactly innocent in this night
club stuff. There's always room for one more couple if the
proper arrangements are made. How's about a couple of
bucks for yourself?

MUG: I agree dat youse is not innocent, Doc. Youse is guilty,
of attempted bribery. I am stationed at dis door to
separate the heps from de icks, and I cannot betray dat
trust...not for no two bucks. For ten, I could maybe
arrange for youse to sit with the band and eat off the
drum.

MOL: We won't pay ten dollars to get into any night club.

FIB: IT'S OUTRAGEOUS, BUD. I DON'T MIND TIPPING FOR SERVICES RENDERED, BUT BY GEORGE - look, will five bucks do it?

MUG: Sorry, comrade. Five bucks would put me too high in the brackets, come March fifteenth.

MOL: Come on, McGee. Let's just find a restaurant and have dinner, and then go dance someplace.

FIB: Okay...AND LOOK, BUD...YOU CAN AFFORD TO BE TOUGH WITH THE CUSTOMERS NOW, BUT WAIT TILL THINGS AIN'T QUITE SO PROSPEROUS.

MUG: Come those times again, Doc, my salary is raised fifty percent.

MOL: Why? Nobody needs a bouncer when they don't have any business.

MUG: Not to bounce people out, lady. Come hard times, I stand out here and bounce people in. NOW MOVE ON, FRIENDS...

(FADE)...AH YES, MR. CHILEOS...YOUR TABLE IS RESOIVED....

ORCH: WILLIAM TELL

FIB: Well, we shouldn't have any trouble getting in here, Molly.

MOL: The Rhinestone Horseshoe holds about three hundred people.

MOL: It looks pretty expensive, McGee. What's the cover charge?

FIB: Only a dollar'n a half. I can handle that...maybe if... HEY, ISN'T THAT ALICE STANDIN' BY THE DOOR?

MOL: ALICE DARLING...WHY YES IT IS...HELLO, ALICE.

ALICE: Oh pello there...Jeeppers, are you folks going in this place?

FIB: Why not, Alice? Have they run out of tuna fish for their chicken ala king?

MOL: We're stepping tonight, Alice. Our laundry came back.

ALICE: Oh but my dears, this place is SO crowded...I don't know why Bobbysock ever brought me here.

MOL: Who?

ALICE: Bobbysock. He's my boy friend. His real name is Robert Lisle Weaver, but everybody calls him Bobbysock.

FIB: Where is he now, Alice? Buyin' his hat back from those female bandits in the check room?

ALICE: Oh no...he's settling our dinner check. Thirty-three dollars and sixty-five cents. He'll be out in a few hours.

MOL: IN A FEW HOURS! CAN'T HE WRITE A CHECK FASTER THAN THAT?

ALICE: He isn't writing a check. He's washing dishes.

FIB: That's why I stay away from these clip joints. I always wind up with five o'clock shadow, tattle tale gray hair and dishwater hands.

MOL: Is the music good in there, Alice?

ALICE: It's not bad, Mrs. McGee. It's Gordon Gerkin and his Twelve Pickles. They specialize on reviving old dance tunes.

FIB: OH, THAT'S FOR ME!...I'D LIKE THAT!

ALICE: Well, it's a case of have to, with Gordon Gerkin I guess, He's had so many musicians go into the Army the only ones he can get are old men who just know numbers like Oh, You Great Big Beautiful Doll, and stuff. Griminy, those gates really creak!

MOL: Well, if this place charges such awful prices for dinner, it's not for us, McGee...we've got better places to put our money, such as it is.

FIB: Aw, we can afford it, Molly...just this once,
MOL: Let's not kid ourselves. We can't lick war stamps with our tongues in our cheeks.. GOODNIGHT, ALICE.
ALICE: Goodnight.
FIB: So long, Al. Now let's see...where shall we...OH...HEY TAXI....TAXI!
SOUND: MOTOR UP AND OUT WITH BRAKE SCREECH
MOL: Where are we going, McGee?
FIB: Just thought of a swell place. HEY DRIVER...TAKE US TO THAT HAWAIIAN PLACE UP ON 14TH STREET. THE WAIKI-KEY-HOLE. AND DON'T SPARE THE HORSES.
SOUND: DOOR SLAMS...MOTOR UP...INTO---
MUSIC: WILLIAM TELL - FADE INTO ---
SOUND: MOTOR IN UP AND OUT WITH DOOR SLAM
FIB: Thanks, bud. Here's your fare....and fifteen cents for yourself. Don't spend it in riotous living,
MOTOR UP AND FADE OUT.
MOL: Looks like this place was doing a big business, McGee,
FIB: Very popular spot....you like Hawaiian music?
MOL: Oh I love it. I'd like to live in the Islands....and swing and sway the live-long day - in a skirt of hay.... hey! hey!
FIB: Well, there's something, ---
MOL: NO!!
FIB: MY GOSH....IT'S A SMALL WORLD, ISN'T IT?

WIL: (FADE IN) WELL, HELLO FOLKS:....DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE NIGHT-CLUBBING.
MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox.
FIB: AND WHAT IF WE ARE, JUNIOR? WE BEEN DOWNTOWN BEFORE. NOBODY HAS TO TIE US UP WHEN A STREET CAR GOES BY. WE WEAR SHOES. IN FACT, I EVEN KNOW HOW TO CATCH A WAITER'S ATTENTION CLEAR ACROSS THE ROOM.
WIL: I've never known how to do that, pal. What's the secret?
MOL: You walk over to him and stick a fork in his leg.
FIB: You told me on the phone you couldn't come to our party tonight...How come now we find you out night clubbing?
WIL: Well, this place does such a terrific business, I have to come to talk to the manager at odd hours *and -* *has an old friend of mine*
FIB: Well, here we go again. Just bear in mind, folks, that Wilcox is to Racine, Wisconsin, what McCarthy is to Bergen. Except that Bergen is sometimes surprised at what comes out, and Racine never is. (Excuse the digression Junior.)
WIL: (LAUGHS) Sure. But I was just talking to the manager about his kitchen floor.
MOL: I wonder what he uses on the linoleum to keep the colors fresh and bright and preserve it against all the wear and tear and protect it against all the stuff that must be spilled on it from day to day.
WIL: He uses Johnson's Self Polishing Glocoat.
MOL: NO!!
FIB: MY GOSH....IT'S A SMALL WORLD, ISN'T IT?

you know

WIL: As a matter of fact the kitchen in this place is immaculate. Every noon, before they open up, the kitchen boys pour out some flocoat...spread it around and in 20 minutes or less the kitchen floor is a beautiful sight to behold....gleaming...sparkling...spotless. Restaurant owners like Johnson's Glocoat because they don't have to waste time rubbing and buffing it to a high polish. When it dries, it HAS a high polish.

MOL: Well, this is the place we've been looking for, Mr, Wilcox.

FIB: Yeah, we both love that soft, restful Hawaiian music. Think you could get us a table, Junior?

WIL: Well - let's *see open the door & take a look*

DOOR OPENS: TREMENDOUS BLAST OF JIVE MUSIC...LAUGHTER...SCREAMS... DISHES RATTLE....OUT WITH DOOR SLAM.

WIL: No - I don't think so.

FIB: I see what you mean. Come on, Molly - let's go,

ORCH: WM. TELL

MOL: Well, this place looks a little quieter, McGee. Know anything about it?

FIB: No. We'll ask this guy comin' out. HEY BUD...YOU BEEN IN THE PELICAN CLUB HERE?

MAN: Yes...why?

MOL: Why do they call it the Pelican club?

MAN: When you see the size of your bill, you'll know, madam.

FIB: What kind of a place is this, bud?

MAN: Horrible,

MOL: How is the music?

MAN: Raucous,

WIL: *Frankly, I don't think I'd like this place. I'd like a place where I could go and get a drink and a sandwich, and then go to a nice club, like for instance the Casa de Botocao, up on the main street.*

FIB: *That's a good idea...after all, a night club doesn't have to be a night club. Well now, who would I be meeting so far from home than Molly and Fister. Sure and I'd have a nice time with my eyes, which I happen to have because of a slight argument with the head waiter at the Day Palace.*

MOL: *THE DAY PALACE.*

FIB: *We were thinking a little earlier about going there for dinner and dancing, huh. What was your argument about?*

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MOL: *THE DAY PALACE.*

FIB: *We were thinking a little earlier about going there for dinner and dancing, huh. What was your argument about?*

FIB: The food?
 MAN: Atrocious.
 FIB: Service?
 MAN: Arrogant.
 MOL: Crowds?
 MAN: Maddening.
 FIB: Prices?
 MAN: Sheer larceny.
 MOL: If it's that bad, why do you patronize it?
 MAN: I have to. I own it. *Goodnight*
 WILLIAM TELL... FADE AWAY
 MOL: Frankly, McGee...I'm getting a little worn out. Can't you think of ANY place we could go and dance?
 FIB: Look...let's stop at Kramer's drug store and get a bowl of soup and a sandwich, and then go to a nice dance hall. Like for instance the Casa de Hotfoot, up on the north side?
 MOL: THAT'S A GOOD IDEA...After all, a night club doesn't ---
 DENNIS: (FADE IN) Well now, who would I be meetin' so far from home than Molly and Fibber. Sure and ye're a sight for sore eyes, which I happen to have because of a slight argument with the head waiter at the Gay Paree.
 MOL: THE GAY PAREE...
 FIB: We were thinking a little earlier about goin' there for dinner and dancing, Unk. What was your argument about?

(APPLAUSE)

DENNIS: Ah, the dirty, underhanded omadhaun gave me a piece of steak that was stolen off the tread of a General Sherman tank and I made a joking reference to the same. I said, "I don't mind eating the horse, monsoor, but after this would ye be so good as to remove the harness before not quite cookin' it enough." And the battle was on.
 MOL: Was it quite a fracas, Uncle Dennis?
 DENNIS: Ah, 'twas a glorious bit of a brawl, macushla. I led with my right!...he countered with a sugar bowl!...I crossed with me left!...he jabbed with a catchup bottle!...I stuck me thumb in his eye - still fightin' fair!...he kicked me under the chin...I slugged him with a passing bus boy... he poured hot coffee down me neck...and then's when I lost me temper...
 FIB: Nice control up to there. So what happened?
 DENNIS: I'm a bit confused from there on, lad. Though I dimly remember shakin' hands with the gosssoon and congratulatin' him on puttin' up a fine defense...
 MOL: And what did he say?
 DENNIS: Not a worrrrd, him bein' unconscious at the time - as far as I could see, as he had a table across his face. AHH, YOU CAN HAVE A GRRRRRAND TIME AT THE GAY PAREE...
 MOL: (EXIT SINGING) "If you're out fer a raw or a ruction...just step on the tail of me coat."
 ORCH: & KING'S MEN: ("DEACON JONES")

(APPLAUSE)

SOUND: TRAFFIC UP AND FADE

MOL: I'm getting a little fed up with this whole thing, McGee...
Heavenly days...even the restaurants are jammed.

FIB: I never knew this town had so much life. Maybe we should
of made a reservation some place.

MOL: I just made a reservation. Never to do this again.

FIB: DOGGONE IT, THERE MUST BE SOME QUIET LITTLE PLACE THAT HAS
A SANDWICH AND A ^{Cuppa Coffee} ~~JUKE BOX~~.

MOL: I'd settle for a cracker and a harmonica at this stage
of the--

FIB: HEY, THERE'S DOC GAMBLE! MAYBE HE KNOWS A PLACE. HEY,
DOC. ^{wait} ~~COME HERE~~ A MINUTE!

DOC: Well, hello there, Mrs. McGee.

MOL: Hello, Doctor.

DOC: Hello, McGee. You're looking very shipshape.

FIB: You think so, Doc?

DOC: Yes indeed. Particularly from the stern do you have a
ship shape.

FIB: OH YEAH? ANYBODY EVER TELL YOU YOU LOOK LIKE A SUB,
NORMAL?

MOL: Oh, stop it, boys. Stop it.

DOC: Certainly. But what are you two doing, roaming the
streets? Didn't you hear the curfew?

FIB: We're celebratin', Doc. It's a big occasion for us.

MOL: Our laundry came back today.

DOC: WELL, CONGRATULATIONS!!! HOW DID IT LOOK?

FIB: Beautiful, Doc...simply beautiful.

MOL: Drop by tomorrow sometime and see it, Doctor.

DOC: I'd like to very much. I sent out some laundry once, but
it never...(VOICE FALTERS) It never...

FIB: (GENTLY) Oh, I'M sorry, Doc...something you...you loved
very much, was it?

DOC: Yes...Four ^{silk} ~~dark~~ shirts, and some ^{no say} ~~drop-seam~~ underwear.
It...it's very lonely without them. (SIGHS) Sorry to be
so emotional.

MOL: Oh, that's all right, Doctor. We know how it is.

FIB: Hey, Doc...we're lookin' for a good place to eat...and
then we wanna go someplace and dance. You got any ideas?

DOC: I'M afraid not, McGee. I hate night clubs, myself. I can
get the same effect by kneeling down and banging my head on
the sidewalk. Besides, I can never get a paper hat that
fits me.

MOL: We don't want a night club, Doctor...just a quiet place to
eat...We can go dancing afterwards...

DOC: I wish I could go with you. I've always wanted to see
McGee dance. I imagine it would look something like a
road scraper with a broken governor.

FIB: NOW LOOK HERE, DOCTOR - ALL WE DID WAS ASK YOU A CIVIL
QUESTION ABOUT WHERE WE COULD GET SOMETHING TO EAT! BUT
I'M NOT HUNGRY ANY MORE! I'M FED UP WITH YOUR WISE CRACKS!
DOC: You wouldn't know a wise crack if it was tattooed on your
forehead by Joe Miller. Without a lampshade on your head,
you're the death of the party.

FIB: LISTEN TO HIM!! I WOULDN'T KNOW A WISE CRACK, HE SAYS.
WHY, YOU MALPRACTICING--

DOC: Say...I just thought where you might go.
MOL: REALLY?
FIB: Where, Doc, old man? Tell us...
DOC: Look...if you want good food and good service, with a minimum of expense...take the next Oak Street bus and go --

MUSIC: WILLIAM TELL...OUT

SOUND: CLATTER OF DISHES

MOL: Isn't this good coffee, McGee?
FIB: Wonderful!...Let's dance one more dance and have another cup - and I could use another order of that pastry.
MOL: (SIGHS) Ahhh, it turned out to be a nice evening after all, didn't it? What time is it?
FIB: Whaddye care what time it is? Come on, let's dance...or do you wanna drink this one out?
MOL: I've finished my coffee, thanks. Let's go.

ORCH: FOR ME AND MY GAL (MUTED) SUSTAIN THRUOUT

SOUND: SHUFFLE OF FEET:

FIB: Good floor, isn't it?
MOL: Be yourself, dearie.
FIB: Who was I being?
MOL: Harlow Wilcox...(LAUGHS) Why, darling...you're dancing beautifully...What was that last tricky little step you did?
FIB: That wasn't a step...I was scratchin' my left leg with my right foot...

PAUSE WITH MUSIC GOING ON:

MOL: Remember how we used to take those moonlight excursions on the Illinois River, dearie?

FIB: Yeah...on the old City of Peoria..I think that was the steamboat that invented Fulton.
MOL: We used to go clear up to Starved Rock, didn't we?
FIB: AHFFF, GOOD OLD STARVED ROCK...REMEMBER FRED NITNEY FROM THERE? THE GUY I WAS IN VAUDEVILLE WITH?
MOL: Yes...you've told me all about it.
FIB: We had a great little act. We had one gag where I'd dance up to Fred and say "DO YOU FILE YOUR NAILS?" And he'd say "NO, I JUST THROW 'EM AWAY!" and hit me on the head with a folded newspaper. (LAUGHS) Sure fire.
MOL: I'll bet it was...Does it bother you if I listen while you talk while we dance?
FIB: Not a bit...YES SIR...THOSE WERE GREAT OLD DAYS...IN VAUDEVILLE. I WONDER WHAT EVER BECAME OF ALL THOSE PEOPLE...THERE WAS ONE ACT...Burns and Allen, they called themselves...
MOL: Could that have been Bob Burns and Fred Allen?
FIB: No, this was a guy and a girl. She was cute. He was always kinda barkin' at her..."GRACIE!"...like that, AHFF, WELL...THEY'RE PROBABLY SITTING AROUND SOME BROKEN-DOWN THEATRICAL BOARDING HOUSE...LIVIN' ON THEIR MEMORIES...

MUSIC: FINISH

FIB: Thank you, Mrs. McGee.
MOL: Thank YOU. Shall we go back to our table?
FIB: Yeah...BOY, AM I GLAD DOC SUGGESTED THIS PLACE!
MOL: So am I. AND YOU KNOW WHAT WOULD MAKE THE EVENING PERFECT?

FIB: What?

MOL: ~~IT~~ ^{lets} WE PILED THE DISHES IN THE SINK AND WASHED 'EM IN THE MORNING.

FIB: IT'S A DEAL!! YOU HAUL 'EM OUT WHILE I ^{close} WIND UP THE VICTROLA. (FADE, SINGING) "DYAH DYHA DYHA DYHANDAAAAA... FOR ME AND MY GAL...DE DAH DE DAH.....FOR ME AND MY GAL..."

ORCH: "YOU'RE THE RAINBOW" - FADE FOR:

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
Tuesday 6:30 PM PWT NBC
January 25, 1944

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Whenever I spend a little time in my own kitchen, and that's quite often I'll admit, I realize how important linoleum floors really are. When they're bright and sparkling, the kitchen is certainly a much pleasanter place to work in. That in itself is a good enough reason for using JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO-COAT. And yet that's only a very small part of the GLO-COAT story. A more important reason is, of course, the way GLO-COAT protects linoleum surfaces against wear and dirt -- how it makes linoleum last 6 to 10 times longer. Another is the way GLO-COAT saves you work. Because it is self polishing, it needs no rubbing or buffing. You simply apply and let dry. GLO-COAT does the rest. Even on linoleum that's been down for many years, GLO-COAT works wonders. And if you're putting down any new linoleum, then be sure that from the very first day, it is protected regularly with JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO-COAT.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

ANNCR: THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

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TAG

SOUND: SNORING: REPEAT:

SOUND: TELEPHONE

SOUND: SNORE:

SOUND: TELEPHONE:

SOUND: SNORE:

MOL: MCGEE!...WAKE UP!! MCGEE..THE TELEPHONE IS RINGING!!!

FIB: Wha...wha...(YAWNS)

SOUND: TELEPHONE

FIB: Who set the clock for this time o' night?

MOL: THAT ISN'T THE CLOCK!..THAT'S THE TELEPHONE!..ANSWER IT!

FIB: Eh? Oh! (CLICK) H'LO....WHO?...OH....OH FINE!...THANKS

JUNIOR. G'BYE! (CLICK) (YAWN)

MOL: Who was that?

FIB: Wilcox...said he got a reservation for us at the Chez When,
if we can pick it up in fifteen minutes.

MOL: Isn't that nice!

FIB: S'wonderful. Goodnight!

MOL: Goodnight, all!

PLAYOFF AND SIGNOFF

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 for home and industry, inviting
you to be with us again next Tuesday night. Goodnight.

ANNCR: THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

(CHIMES)

WRITERS: Don Quinn
Phil Leslie

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 1,