

WRITERS: Don Quinn
Phil Leslie

(REVISED)

720

"FIBBER McGEE and MOLLY"

Johnson's Wax

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1944

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(REVISED) -2-

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

ORCHESTRA: THEME..... FADE FOR --

WILCOX: The makers of Johnson's Wax and ~~Johnson's Self Polishing
Glecoat,~~ present FIBBER McGEE AND MOLLY, written by Don
Quinn, with music by the King's Men and Billy Mills'
Orchestra!

ORCHESTRA: "NEW SUN IN THE SKY" - UP AND FADE FOR --

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC
FEBRUARY 8, 1944

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: When you apply wax in your home to wood, leather or metal surfaces, you do so because wax gives those surfaces protection. It also gives them beauty, but its primary purpose is to protect them against wear, dirt, moisture and corrosion. And because you can re-apply wax whenever it's needed, you give these surfaces nearly permanent protection. It was very natural that your experience with JOHNSON'S WAX should lead directly to the use of special wax finishes for many kinds of war materials. I won't try to tell you what they all are -- but they include many surfaces made of metal, wood, leather and rubber. And here again the wax is used for the protection of vital materials. You might be interested to know that even paints were developed that actually contain wax --- called JOHNSON'S WAX FORTIFIED PAINTS. During the war these have been greatly restricted but they will again be available for industry, institutions and products after the war. It is partly your use of JOHNSON'S WAX on floors, furniture and woodwork that has led to this increased usefulness of WAX in war.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH)
(APPLAUSE)

(REVISED) -4-

WILCOX: WHEN POP WAS A KID, AND HAD A YEN FOR SOME ICE CREAM, HE COULD JOLLY WELL SPEND THE AFTERNOON TURNING THE CRANK OF THE FREEZER.
AND NOW WITH THE DRUG STORES SO SHORT OF CONGEALED COW-JUICE, WE FIND HISTORY REPEATING ITSELF IN THE KITCHEN OF 79 WISTFUL VISTA, THE HOME OF --

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!!

APPLAUSE

SOUND: LOUD GRINDING OF ICE CREAM FREEZER: SUSTAIN

MOL: (LOUD OVER SOUND) I'LL BE GLAD WHEN THAT ICE CREAM IS FROZEN, MCGEE...THAT THING MAKES TOO MUCH NOISE.

FIB: (SHOUTS OVER SOUND) WHAT?

MOL: (LOUDER) I SAY THAT THING MAKES TOO MUCH NOISE!

FIB: (SHOUTS) WAIT A MINUTE...I CAN'T HEAR YOU!

SOUND: OUT

FIB: What'ja say?

MOL: I said that thing makes too much noise.

FIB: Oh.

SOUND: GRINDING IN AGAIN

MOL: (SHOUTS) DON'T YOU THINK IT OUGHT TO BE ABOUT DONE?

FIB: (SHOUTS) WHADJA SAY?

MOL: (SHOUTS) I SAYS, DON'T YOU THINK IT'S ABOUT FROZEN?

FIB: (SHOUTS) WAIT A MINUTE...CAN'T HEAR YOU.

SOUND: OUT

FIB: Whadja say?

MOL: I said, don't you think it's nearly frozen by now?

(2ND REVISION) -5-

FIB: My gosh, it oughta be. I been crankin' this thing for three hours.

MOL: I know, dearie, you must be...WHAT ARE YOU WAVING YOUR HAND AT ME FOR?

FIB: I'M NOT WAVING IT. IT'S DOIN' THAT BY ITSELF. I been turning that freezer so long even my wrist watch has got a dizzy look on its face.

MOL: Well, you're the one who wanted the ice cream, sweetheart.

FIB: WHY CAN'T I CONTROL MY APPETITES! IT MUST BE THE BEAST IN ME! Whew..boy am I tired!

MOL: I didn't make you turn that freezer, McGee. You wanted some ice cream and the drug store is always out of it, so I just said why don't you make some.

FIB: It's a good thing I didn't get hungry for some requefort cheese. You'd of suggested I go out and milk a goat.

MOL: Now look, dearie...don't blame me if you -

FIB: I KNOW...I KNOW...I brought it on myself. I just gotta sudden urge for a chocolate sundae or something. Gee whizz I, hey whaddya gonna do?

MOL: I'm going to put on my apron and turn that freezer for a while. I'm getting hungry for some ice cream myself.

FIB: OH NO NO NO! I'LL DO IT! I'M RESTED NOW.

MOL: I'd just as soon.

FIB: NAW...THIS IS MAN'S WORK!

SOUND: GRINDING...FOUR COUNT AND OUT:

FIB: Wonder where I could get a man.

MOL: It should have been frozen long ago. Are you sure you followed the instructions.

FIB: Sure I did.

(2ND REVISION) -6-

MOL: Well, you've got me all puckered up for a chocolate sundae now. Are you SURE the drug store hasn't got any ice cream?

FIB: Practically certain.

MOL: Well, I wish you'd call 'om and see....just on the off chance.

FIB: Okay. Then if they haven't got any, I can go back to crankin' this doggone blister factory. Hand me the phone.

MOL: Here.

FIB: Thanks. (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR? GIMME KRAMER'S DRUG STORE ON THE CORNER OF 14TH AND OA-----IS THAT YOU, MYRT?

MOL: Oh dear.

FIB: HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING, MYRT? TIS EH? WHAT SAY, MYRT? OH MY GOSH!.....THAT WAS TOUGH LUCK WASN'T IT? WENT FLAT RIGHT IN FRONT OF THE POST OFFICE, EH?

MOL: Myrt's tire?

FIB: Myrt's sister. She was singin' at a bond rally. WHAT SAY, MYRT? OKAY, I'LL TRY AGAIN LATER. THANKS, MYRT. (CLICK) Drug store don't answer.

MOL: Let's go down there -- and see if they have any ice cream.

FIB: It's a deal, tootsie! Maybe when this darn thing finds itself all alone in the house it'll get the cold chills.

MOL: I'll go get my hat and purse. (FADE) You lock the back door and.....

FIB: Ah, there goes a good kid! Just goin' to the drug store because she knows I want some ice cream. Looks like it's my duty to get my cutie pateotic some tutti frutti. Personally, I'd---

DOOR CHIME

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

TEE: Hi, mister!

FIB: Oh hi there, little girl. How do you do it?

TEE: Do what, mister?

FIB: How do you figure out just when the most inconvenient time will be to drop in here?

TEE: Why?

FIB: Eh?

TEE: Hmmmmmmmm?

FIB: What?

TEE: Sure.

FIB: Sure what?

TEE: Hmm?

FIB: DOGGONE IT, SIS, MAKE IT SNAPPY WILL YOU? MRS. MCGEE AND I ARE GOIN' DOWNTOWN. WHAT WAS IT YOU WANTED?

TEE: You know what, Mister?

FIB: No. What?

TEE: I just joined the Boy Scouts, a lil' while ago.

FIB: YOU WHAT?

TEE: I just joined the Boy Scouts, I betcha. Gee, they're swell--

FIB: Yeah, but-

TEE: Did you know this is their 34th. Anniversitary, mister?

FIB: Is it really, sis? But you're a girl. How did they ever-

TEE: I've always wanted to join the Boy Scouts because my brother was a Boy Scout and now he's in the Marines and I betcha he'd be glad to know I joined the Boy Scouts on their 34th. Anniversitary, I betcha.

FIB: DOGGONE IT, SIS....DON'T TALK NONSENSE!!

TEE: Hmm?

FIB: I SAYS DON'T TALK NONSENSE. THE BOY SCOUTS ONLY INCLUDE BOYS. YOU COULDN'T JOIN.

(REVISED) -10-

TEE: I betcha I did though, I betcha.
FIB: Now just a min-
TEE: THEY WERE ON A HIKE AND WENT PAST OUR HOUSE AND I JOINED 'EM
FOR TEN OR TWELVE BLOCKS I BETCHA, AND I SAID WHAT PATROL
ARE YOU BOYS AND ONE OF 'EM SAID "WE'RE BADGERS," AND I SAID
"MERIT BADGERS?" AND THAT JUST LAID THERE AND THEN THE
SCOUTMASTER SENT ME HOME.
FIB: And none too soon, either. And seeing as I used to be a
scoutmaster myself...I'M gonna send you home. GO ON...
BEAT IT, SIS.
TEE: You got time to hear my poem first mister..that I wrote for
school?
FIB: Is it short?
TEE: Sure.
FIB: Shoot.
TEE: Okay. I call it "THERE WAS AN OLD LADY WHO LIVED IN A SHOE".
FIB: Let's hear it. I always get a honk out of Mother Goose.
TEE: Hmm?
FIB: Skip it. Go ahead.
TEE: Okay. "THERE WAS AN OLD LADY, WHO LIVED IN A SHOE,
WITH THE HOUSING SITUATION SHE WAS VERY LUCKY, TOO!
SO YOU CAN JUST IMAGINE HOW HER BLOOD RAN COLD
WHEN SHE HEARD SOME NASTY GOSSIP THAT THE PLACE
WAS HALF-SOLD! (GIGGLES) So long, Mister!

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH: "SUNDAY"

(APPLAUSE:)

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(2ND REVISION) -11-

SECOND SPOT

MOL: Well, the drug store doesn't seem to be very busy, McGee.
And there's NOBODY at the soda fountain.
FIB: That's wonderful. I'll get Kramer to whip us up something
special. HIYAH, BUD. KRAMER HERE?
BOY: No sir. He's out of town and won't be back till maybe
Thoisday. Who's Kramer?
MOL: WHO'S KRAMER! Why he's the man who owns this drug store?
Didn't he hire you?
BOY: No'm. I answered a ad.
FIB: Well who'd you talk to after you answered the ad?
Somebody must have handed you an apron and said GO AHEAD.)
BOY: Yeh. Maybe is this Kramer a narrow-sighted man wit'
glasses that he overlooks at yez wit'?
MOL: That's him. Is he here?
BOY: No'm. If you wanna see him yizzle have to wait.
FIB: What was that, bud?
BOY: I SAYS, IF YOU WANNA SEE KRAMER, YIZZLE HAVE TO WAIT.
MOL: Yizzle?
BOY: Yeh. Y.O.U....W.I.L.L.... YIZZLE. YIZZLE HAVE TO WAIT.
SEE?
FIB: Well, if we don't see him, tell him Mr. and Mrs. McGee
were in.

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BOY: Soiney.

MOL: What?

BOY: I SAYS SOINEY I'LL TELL 'IM.

FIB: Whaddye mean, "SOINEY."?

BOY: I mean C.E.R.T.A.I.N.L.Y....SOINEY. What's a matteh?
Don't I articulate distink?

MOL: Oh, of course.

FIB: Sure. And now if yizzle be so good, weasel have some
ice cream.

MOL: Make mine a chocolate fudge sunday with some marshmallow
and a couple of cherries. No, just ONE cherry. Two
would be fattening.

FIB: And I want a double banana split with strawberry and
pineapple, crushed pecans, a dab of whipped cream and a
nabisco.

(PAUSE)

MOL: Well?

BOY: Lady, leave me bring youse up to date. On December 7 -
nineteen hunnert and forty one, we was assault and
battered at Poil Hobber. Since dat time, we were beset
wit' priorities and shortages of many commoditries.
Among which is ice cream.

FIB: Sure, but -

BOY: SHERBET IS DIFFERENT. WHAT FLAVOR?

MOL: What flavors have you got?

BOY: Lemon. And yizzle have to wait for that.

FIB: Why?

BOY: Because the sherbet comp'ny had not yet arrived wit' our
daily allotment. He might even bring some ice cream. If
yizzle stick around a wile, I'll seetchez are took cara.

MOL: You'll what?

BOY: Seechez are took cara. C-A-R-E...O-F...CARA.

FIB: Oh. Okay, bud...come on, Molly...let's look around till
the ice cream man gets here.

MOL: All right...I want to see if I can get some bobby pins and
facial tissues, and some--

ALICE: (FADE IN) Well, hello there, Mr. McGee. Hello, Mrs.
McGee.

FIB: Oh, hello there, Alice.

MOL: Hello, Alice...shopping?

ALICE: Yes, I always come to Kramer's Drug Store because they
carry my favorite perfume.

FIB: What is your favorite boy-bait, Alice?

ALICE: It's a French perfume called "Embrassez Moi, Ma Fou".

MOL: Meaning what?

ALICE: Kiss Me, My Fool!

FIB: Who, me?

MOL: That's the perfume, dearie. Don't be so self-conscious.

ALICE: Of course, if I can't get Embrassez Moi, Ma Fou, I try
to get "C'est Tout, Frere".

FIB: What does that mean?

ALICE: That's all brother!

FIB: Say - I hear Bob Hope is puttin' up the dough for a new
brand of men's shaving lotion.

MOL: Really, McGee? What's it called?
FIB: Jerry Cologne. (LAUGHS) Get it, kids? It's a play on words. Cologne and Colonna. The joke is, that when you say colo--
MOL: TAIN'T FUNNY, McGEE!
FIB: Well, don't rub it in. With cologne you just pat it on. HAVE A SODA WITH US, ALICE?
ALICE: Oh, no thank you. I got out of the habit of ice cream because my boy friend hated it so much.
MOL: He did? Why?
ALICE: He was a newspaper columnist...and he said he simply couldn't sit there and see other people getting scoop after scoop. Well, g'bye now.
FIB: Great kid! But I wish she'd carry an umbrella.
MOL: Why?
FIB: I don't think she knows enough to come in out of the....
HEY, HERE'S A WEIGHING MACHINE....I'M GONNA GET WEIGHED.
MOL: I am too, McGee.
FIB: Got a penny? Smallest I got's a nickel.
MOL: I've just got one penny.
FIB: Well, we'll get weighed together. Then subtract my weight from the total and we'll have your weight.
MOL: WHY, THAT'S A WONDERFUL IDEA! GET ON!!

SOUND: CLANK OF METAL.....CLINK OF COIN IN WEIGHING MACHINE...
GRIND OF TICKET MACHINE AND SMALL BELL TINKLE
MOL: THREE HUNDRED AND SEVENTEEN! Heavenly days! Now what's your weight? So we can deduct it?
FIB: My gosh, I got no idea.
MOL: YOU MEAN YOU'RE GOING TO LEAVE ME STANDING HERE WITH A WEIGHT OF 317 AND NOT KNOW HOW MUCH OF IT IS MINE!
FIB: Well, I'm in a liberal mood. Let's say I weight 235.
MOL: Let's see, now...that would make my weight EIGHTY-TWO POUNDS! ISN'T THAT WONDERFUL! NOW I'LL HAVE TO GET ALL NEW CLOTHES!
FIB: Hey, wait a minute. I merely said -- OH-OH ... THERE'S WILCOX! HIYA, JUNIOR!
WIL: HELLO, PAL HELLO, MOLLY.
MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox.
WIL: Glad I ran into you folks...will one of you loan me a nickel? Got to make a phone call, and haven't got anything smaller than a five.
FIB: Here you are, Junior. Lemme take your fountain pen, Molly.
MOL: What for?

FIB: Wilcox can write me an I.O.U. on the back of his business card.

MOL: OH, FOR GOODNESS SAKES...CAN'T YOU TRUST A FRIEND LIKE MR. WILCOX FOR FIVE CENTS?

FIB: Well, gee whizz --

WIL: He's right, Molly...business is business. Will...er... six percent interest, compounded semi-annually, be okay, chum?

FIB: Make it five percent. Let's keep it friendly.

WIL: Make it five-and-a-half. I don't want you to lose anything.

FIB: NO NO NO!! MAKE IT FIVE EVEN. I'M NO LOAN SHARK. This is just a personal thing.

WIL: Isn't he a sweet guy, Molly? Give you the shirt off his back.

MOL: Yes, and all he asks in return is your coat and pants.

FIB: OH YEAH? WELL, IF BUSINESS-LIKE METHODS DON'T--

MOL: Be quiet...Mr. Wilcox wants to telephone.

WIL: Excuse me a minute.

SOUND: RECEIVER UP...NICKEL IN SLOT...DIALING

WIL: (IN PHONE) Hello, Honey-horsey? This is Sugar Doggie!

FIB: Oh my gosh...get a load of the--

MOL: SHHHHHH...be quiet!

WIL: (IN PHONE) Yes, Sugar Doggie will be home to have din-din with his lil' Honey Horsie, Boojums.

FIB: Ain't that nauseating?

MOL: I think it's wonderful...I wish my husband would talk to me like-- SHHHHH, BE QUIET, MCGEE.

FIB: I wasn't talkin'...you were.

WIL: (IN PHONE) What, Cookieface? ~~Gecccco, I sure do! Do you?~~
~~How much? Ccccccccco! What?~~ Yes, Lolly-mamma, I called on Mrs. McClure. Yes...and was she delighted when she saw what Johnson's Self-Polishing Glocoat did for her linoleum!

FIB: That's the first sensible remark he's--

MOL: HUSH!

WIL: (IN PHONE) Yes, and when she saw how it brought out the original colors and took away the dusty, faded appearance, she was awfully pleased...yes...and when I told her you don't have to rub or buff Johnson's Glocoat...that it shines as it dries...you should have seen her face! Though I couldn't see it myself because all I can ever see before me is YOUR face, Star-eyes... Yes... Well, DON'T OO DET OVER-TIRED, NOW...DET EWENTY OF WEST!! DOODBYE, BABY!
(CLICK) Ahhh, what a woman. Sometimes I wish she wasn't so sentimental.

FIB: Get to be kind of a strain, does it, Junior?

WIL: Yeah!! I don't mind it when I talk to my wife...but to go through that just to keep the cook happy...Oh, brother! Well, thanks for the nickel, Pal. (FADE) See you later, folks...

MOL: Well, heavenly days...what a line to hand the cook!

FIB: ~~She probably gets four days a week off and breakfast in bed the other three.~~ IS HELP THAT HARD TO GET?

MOL: I wouldn't know, dearie. We just have a small domestic staff named Mrs. McGee...remember?

FIB: Well, I was just...Say, I wonder if the ice cream is here now. HEY, BUD...THE ICE CREAM COME YET?

BOY: (OFF MIKE) No sir...Yizzle just hafta be patient.

MOL: Oh, yizzle yizzle yizzle...the longer I wait for that ice cream, the hungrier I get for it.

FIB: Me, too. I think I'll play the pin ball machine till it gets here. Lemme know when it comes.

MOL: All right. I'll go see if they have any bobby pins or-- OOOOPS, pardon me!

BEULAH: Oh, that's all right, ma'am. I guess I was-- OH, FO' GOODNESS SAKES...IT MRS. MCGEE!

MOL: Hello, Beulah. MCGEE...HERE'S BEULAH.

FIB: Hiya, Beu.

BEULAH: Good day, suh. Does you min' if I asks you a question, *uh?*

MOL: ~~Of course he doesn't...~~what's the question, Beulah?

BEULAH: What's a perkle?

FIB: ~~What's a what?~~

BEULAH: ~~A perkle.~~

MOL: A perkle? Why...I don't know. Where'd you hear of it?

BEULAH: Well, ma'am, the clerk ovah there, he mention it. Miz Toops sen' me ovah heah to see kin I git us a new coffee pot, and the man tell me NO, but later we kin git us a ~~electric~~ perkle.

FIB: DIN'T HE SAY YOU COULD GET AN "ELECTRIC PERCOLATER"?

BEULAH: Yassuh. But ah ain' spendin' Miz Toops money for nuthin' ah donno what it is. And ah don't know from perkles.

MOL: IT'S PERCOLATOR, Beulah. That's just a coffee pot where the coffee bubbles up and percolates down through.

BEULAH: Well fo' goodness sake! (LAUGHS) That sho' do throw a lotta eggshells outta work, don't it?

FIB: Well, there can't be any complaint about coffee made in a percolator, Beulah.

MOL: Why not, McGee?

FIB: No grounds.

BEULAH: (LAUGHS HEARTILY) No groun's!! He real amus'n', ain't he, ma'am?

MOL: There are them as thinks so...including him.

FIB: That all you gotta get here, Beulah...a coffee pot?

BEULAH: Nossuh. Lil Willie ask me to git him some art gum.

MOL: Art gum, eh?

BEULAH: Yas'm. Though I dunno how that chile kin stand the stuff. I tried to chew some an' it taste terrible. Taste jus' like rubber.

FIB: You're nct supposed to chew it, Beulah. Art gum is used to rub things out. It's an eraser.

BEULAH: Yassuh. (LAUGHS) That sho' is all it good fo' till they git a little flavor into it. Scuse me now, folks...I gotta go git Mistuh Toops a bottle o' somp'n.

MOL: A bottle of what, Beulah?

BEULAH: Effen you'll excuse me, ma'am, ah ratheh not say. Ah nevah gossips about my people. All I kin says is that when Mist' Toops put this in his pocket, he kin suah sing a song o'

Fib:
Beulah:
Yassuh
you mean a pocket full of

ORCH: "BILLY BOY" - KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE

MOL: McGee...I just asked the boy and the ice cream hasn't arrived yet. Shall we wait? (PAUSE) MCGEE, I SAID THE ICE CREAM HASN'T --

FIB: SHHHHHH...hold everything, Molly...I got one more shot to go on this pin-ball machine. I got a chance to hit fifty thousand.

MOL: Fifty thousand what?

FIB: Just fifty thousand. LOCK...I got thirty-nine five right now...and one ball to go. Now don't jar me...this is pretty delicate.

MOL: Well...go ahead and shoot...

FIB: Okay...here she goes!

SOUND: SMALL THUD. PAUSE: BUZZING SOUND: WHISTLE...BELL... AUTO HORN...BUZZES...SNARE DRUM ROLL...MORE BUZZES... RATCHET...CHINESE GONG

FIB: Shucks...I missed!

MOL: MISSED! Heavenly days, the way those lights were flashing, I thought you'd won a thousand dollars, been elected President and got a pound of butter.

FIB: LOOK AT THAT SCORE! MISSED GETTIN' FIFTY THOUSAND BY 75 POINTS. IT'S DISGUSTING. *Leaving 2/2*

~~MOL: What do you win if you get fifty thousand?~~

~~FIB: You can play another game free.~~

~~MOL: YOU MEAN YOU WON'T GET ANYTHING IF YOU WIN?~~

~~FIB: Certainly not. That would be gambling!~~

~~MOL: Oh, I see. If you get something for your money, it's against the law!~~

~~FIB: Well, gee whizz, you get the fun of--~~

WELL: (FADE IN) AH THERE, GOOD DAY, MY FRIENDS. AND HOW ARE YOU THIS FINE JANUARY DAY?

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wellington, and it isn't January.

FIB: It's February.

WELL: Yes yes yes...I know...but according to my morning mail... comprised of notes from several creditors...I am a month behind. And what, may I ask, are you doing in this apothecary...I might even say apothecary--and cary, shop?

MOL: We got hungry for some ice cream, Mr. Wellington. And we're waiting for the next delivery.

FIB: We saw an ad in a magazine for a chocolate soda, and it --

MOL: Excuse me, McGee, but you dropped your hat.

FIB: Oh, thanks.

WELL: (MAKING A SPEECH) LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE ARE GATHERED HERE THIS EVENING IN THE BEST INTERESTS OF OUR CHARMING COMMUNITY, WISFUL VISTA. IT HAS BEEN SAID, AND WITH SOME JUSTICE...

FIB: HEY, SIG... CUT IT OUT...STOP IT!!!

WELL: Wha...where...where am I? Oh!!...OH, thanks, my good fellow.

MOL: What on earth was all that about?

FIB: Oh, didn't you know? Wellington makes a speech at the drop of a hat, and I was a little slow pickin' mine up.

WELL, HOW ARE YOU OTHERWISE, WELLINGTON, OLD MAN?

WELL: Splendid, my dear fellow, splendid. I missed you at the Chamber of Commerce luncheon last Wednesday.

MOL: Well, he was there, Mr. Wellington.

WELL: I know, my dear. But in the festive spirit which prevails on those occasions, I was throwing bread crumbs at my fellow members, and I missed your husband.

FIB: I think we oughtta have more dignity at those meetings, Sig.

MOL: McGee thinks everybody acts pretty childish, Mr. Wellington

WELL: Really? To me the boyish exuberance displayed at those affairs is delightful and charming. Remember what the poet said...

"ROLL ME SOME CORNSILK, GIVE ME A LIGHT
MAKE ME A CHILD AGAIN, JUST FOR."
er...Goodnight.

FIB: What a character!!

~~MOL: Well, I will say for him, that he's interested in every civic movement, McGee.~~

FIB: He sure is. And he makes speeches at all of 'em. Remember how all the home-made orators say "A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE AUDITORIUM TONIGHT"?

~~MOL: Yes...~~

~~FIB: Well, he's the funny thing, if you'll ask me. That guy is...HEY, LOOK AT ALL THE PEOPLE AT THE SODA FOUNTAIN...IS THE ICE CREAM HERE YET?~~

MOL: Heavenly days, I hope so...ask the man.

FIB: HEY, BUD...IS IT HERE YET?

BOY: (OFF MIKE) No sir. Yizzle just have to be patient, sir.

FIB: OKAY. Aah, good old Yizzle. He's watchin' out for us. Although if the ice cream don't...OH, HIYAH, DOC.

DOC: Hello, McGee. Hello, Molly.

MOL: Hello, Doctor Gamble. My goodness, we're meeting everybody we know in here today.

FIB: What did you want to see a druggist for, Arrowsmith? Wanna get some hare tonic for a run-down rabbit?

DOC: Don't reach for 'em, pudgy. Remember, brevity is the soul of wit, and brevity means short, and short means not long, and that's how I can take your alleged humor. Not long.

MOL: Will you join us in a soda or a sundae, Doctor Gamble? We're just waiting for the ice cream to be delivered.

FIB: Doc probably don't like to eat sodas, Molly. He's so recently off a load of hay, he hates to be seen with a straw in his teeth.

DOC: Frankly I don't care much for ice cream, folks. And as a doctor I have to be careful, you know. Can't have people nudging each other and saying, THERE GOES DOC GAMBLE...UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF A RASPBERRY SODA.

MOL: McGee tried to make some ice cream at home Doctor, but it wouldn't freeze.

FIB: I love ^{it} myself. Know what I'm gonna have, Doc? I'M gonna have two scoops of ice cream, one chocolate and one vanilla, with a sliced banana, a heap of crushed walnuts, strawberry and pineapple sauce, some marshmallow and whip cream and a cherry on top.

(PAUSE)

DOC: Now I understand.

MOL: Now you understand what, Doctor?

DOC: Why the top of a soda fountain is usually a marble slab. WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU, MCGEE? AT YOUR AGE YOU OUGHT TO HAVE MORE SENSE THAN TO CRAM THAT ADOLESCENT JUNK INTO YOUR MIDDLE-AGED MIDDLE. REMEMBER, YOU'RE NO LONGER A HIGH SCHOOL ATHLETE, IF YOU EVER WERE, WHICH I DOUBT.

FIB: AH, DON'T BE AN OLD FUDDY DUDDY, YOU BIG TUMMY TAPPER. THE TROUBLE WITH YOU MEDICAL NERVOUS NELLIES IS YOU DON'T THINK ANYBODY OUGHTTA EAT ANYTHING BUT EGGS AND MILK. IF WE LEFT IT TO YOU, THE HUMAN RACE WOULD BE MOOING AND CACKLING IN TWO GENERATIONS.

MOL: Now, boys, please don't --

DOC: YOU'LL BE MOOING IN YOUR OWN GENERATION, YOU BULL-HEADED LITTLE MAVERICK!. YOU'VE GOT LESS SENSE THAN CHANGE FOR A NICKEL, AND IF YOU CALL ME UP IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT TONIGHT AND TELL ME YOU'RE DYING, I'LL --

BOY: (OFF MIKE) OKAY, FOLKS...THE ICE CREAM IS HERE, IF YIZZLE TAKE SEATS AT THE FOUNTAIN!

MOL: MCGEE...IT'S HERE!

FIB: AT LAST...COME ON, DOC, OLD PAL!

DOC: ^{to thank} I'M SORRY - I DON'T ^{want any} THINK I ...

SOUND: SCRAMBLE OF FEET...MOB SCENE...SUSTAIN

PEOPLE: HEY, QUIT SHOIVING, THERE....
GET BACK, PLEASE...I HAD THIS STOOL FIRST...
ONE SIDE, THERE...I WAS HERE FIRST...ETC ETC ETC

CROWD MURMUR:

FIB: HERE MOLLY...HERE'S A STOOL...WHERE'S DOC?

MOL: I don't know dearie...I lost him in the crowd....

FIB: HEY DOC!..WHERE ARE YOU? (MOB UP AND FADE) HEY...DOC!
COME ON...MOLLY...SQUEEZE IN HERE....

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS...WHAT A RUSH!

FIB: WELL, WE MADE IT, ANYWAY...HEY BUD!...GIMME TWO SCOOPS OF ICE CREAM WITH CHOCOLATE AND PINEAP--.....

BOY: I'M sorry mister...you're too late.

MOL: TOO LATE!

BOY: Yes'm. Just sold the last two scoops to de fat guy at the end o' counter.

FIB: What fat g--.....MY GOSH...DOC GAMBLE! THAT GUY THAT DON'T LIKE ICE CREAM. WHY THAT DIRTY, CHISELLING....

ORCH: "FOR THE FIRST TIME." - FADE FOR -

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC
FEBRUARY 8, 1944

-25A-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: The other day I had a letter from a listener who asked me why I'm always talking about kitchen floors. "Don't you realize", she asked, "that we have linoleum in lots of places besides kitchens -- like the bathroom, entrance hall playrooms, even bedrooms?" Well, of course I do realize that, and everything I've ever said about the value of JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO COAT for kitchen floors applies equally well to every linoleum surface. Linoleum in the bathroom or entrance hall actually gets almost as hard use as it does in the kitchen. It's exposed to moisture and wear and dirt, so it needs continual protection. You want it to look its best, to be easy to clean -- and you certainly want to save yourself work. So there you have one, two, three good reasons for using JOHNSON'S GLO COAT on all these floor surfaces. GLO COAT takes practically no work, because it needs no rubbing or buffing -- it's self polishing. You simply apply and let dry -- GLO-COAT itself does the rest. And the regular use of GLO COAT will make your linoleum last 6 to 10 times longer.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

(2ND REVISION)

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TAG

SOUND: FREEZER GRINDING:

MOL: (SHOUTS OVER SOUND) MCGEE, HAVEN'T YOU GOT THAT ICE CREAM DONE YET?

FIB: (SHOUTS) WHADJA SAY?

MOL: (SHOUTS) I SAID ISN'T THAT ICE CREAM DONE YET?

FIB: (SHOUTS) WAIT A MINUTE!! CAN'T HEAR YOU!

SOUND OUT:

FIB: Whaja say?

MOL: (SHOUTS) I SAID ISN'T THAT ICE CRE-...er.. (NORMAL VOICE) Isn't that ice cream frozen yet?

FIB: Nope. I guess this just ain't my day to have ice cream. I followed all the directions too. Milk and cream and sugar and vanilla and -- oh my gosh!

MOL: What did you forget?

FIB: The ice.

MOL: Oh dear.

FIB: Yeah. Goodnight.

MOL: GOODNIGHT, ALL!

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

ANNCR: THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

(CHIMES)