

WRITERS: Don Quinn
Phil Leslie

(REVISED)

#21

"FIBBER McGEE and MOLLY"

Johnson's Wax

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1944

N B C

(REVISED)

-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: "THANK YOUR FATHER" -- UP AND FADE FOR --

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC
FEBRUARY 15, 1944

-3-

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: WAX has certainly proved to be very helpful during these days when we have to take better care of our household things. Take your refrigerator for example. A great many of you undoubtedly use JOHNSON'S WAX, probably the CREAM WAX, to protect the outside against fingerprints, smudges and dirt. But I wonder how many of you have discovered that you can keep the wire shelves from rusting by giving them an occasional coat of JOHNSON'S WAX? Let me read you part of an interesting letter that just arrived from a prominent business man. "Our electric refrigerator like all others," he writes, "is reaching the used stage. The wire shelves were rusting and I suggested to my wife that she should clean them and give them a coat of JOHNSON'S WAX. It really worked wonders, and completely stopped the rusty condition of the shelves." I'm very glad to pass this man's suggestion along, ~~to all you other wives.~~ JOHNSON'S WAX does protect metal surfaces against rust and corrosion -- try it on your refrigerator shelves the next time you're waxing your floors, furniture and woodwork.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH)

(APPLAUSE)

(2ND REVISION) -4-

WILCOX: IF YOU COULD FOLLOW A MAIL-CARRIER FOR ONE DAY, AND SEE THE MIXED EMOTIONS THAT HE LEAVES IN HIS WAKE, IT WOULD PROBABLY WEAR YOU OUT. SO LET'S JUST FOLLOW THE POSTMAN TO ONE ADDRESS, 79 WISTFUL VISTA, THE HOME OF ---
-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON SIDEWALK. SUSTAIN UNDER --

MAILMAN: (SINGING TO HIMSELF) Ohhh, maizy doats, a letter for Jones, a post card for McGee...see...a kidd'll eat ivy too...postage due.....Ohhh, mairzy doats...and does...
AHH...number 79!

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS UP ON PORCH: DOOR CHIME:

MAILMAN: ...does eat oats, and little lambs eat peanuts...Wouldn't you?...indeed I would...NOBODY ASKED ME...

DOOR OPEN:

MAILMAN: Good day, sir...have I the extreme pleasure of speaking to Mr. Fibber McGee?

FIB: You have, bud. At least, I am.

MOL: Are you the new mailman?

MAILMAN: Yes I am, madam...and please let the Post Office Department know if there's anything we can do for you. We'll be glad to ~~take~~ a letter or post card almost anyplace you say...By the way, do you need any stamps today?

FIB: No, bub, I don't believe we -

MAN: Have you seen the new airmails? Very attractive...and only six cents apiece!

MOL: No, I don't think we need --

MAILMAN: How about some threes? I don't think any real American can have too many three cent stamps, because -

FIB: LOOK, BUD...SKIP THE SALESMANSHIP. YOU GOT ANY MAIL FOR ME?

MAILMAN: Yes, I have sir. One letter. Here you are.

FIB: Thanks, bud, but ...HEY...WHAT ARE YOU SWAYING BACK AND FORTH FOR? YOU FEEL DIZZY?

MAILMAN: Oh no. I'm just training myself. Some day I hope to be a railway mail clerk, and just travel around like everything. Well, good day!

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Great personality.

FIB: Reminds me of the Pony Express somehow. Around the neck, mostly.

SOUND: PAPER TEARING

FIB: Hey this is the letter I been waitin' for.

MOL: Who's the letter from?

FIB: Woman in New York that analyzes character from your handwriting. I sent her a sample several weeks ago.

MOL: What's she say?

FIB: (PAYING NO ATTENTION) BY GEORGE, THIS WOMAN IS UNCANNY! SHE'S GOT MY CHARACTER DOWN PERFECT! LISTEN TO THIS... "YOUR SIGNATURE SHOWS DEFINITE PROFESSIONAL ABILITY..."

MOL: Amazing!

FIB: Listen...it says..."YOUR WRITING SHOWS A KEEN UNDERSTANDING OF HUMAN NATURE...A DEEP SYMPATHY FOR YOUR FELLOW MAN"... Hey...where you going?

MOL: I'm going to whistle for the mailman...he gave you the wrong mail...

FIB: ~~WAIT~~...LISTEN TO THIS...It says..."IT IS TO BE HOPED YOU ARE A PHYSICIAN...FOR YOU WOULD HAVE MADE AN EXCELLENT ONE...YOU ARE ANALYTICAL; YOU HAVE A DEEP INSIGHT INTO HUMAN NATURE AND YOU HAVE WHAT IS MORE IMPORTANT...THE COMMON TOUCH!" Get that, Molly? I got the common touch!

MOL: Well, why don't you study medicine, McGee? Or would you have to go back and finish High School first?

FIB: I always KNEW I should of been a doctor. Always WANTED to be a doctor, in fact.

MOL: If people could see your bedside manner when you're looking for your slippers on a cold morning, I don't think they'd -

FIB: The common touch. Doctor McGee...Physician and surgeon... You know, Molly...that's the trouble with a lot of doctors today...they haven't got the common touch. They learn all their medicine outa books.

~~MOL: Well, I'd much rather they looked in a book to see where my appendix was than just go hunting for it.~~

MOL: Now look, McGee...don't start believing everything you read in your mail...

FIB: To think of the years I've wasted...the lives I might have saved...the suffering I might have averted...all because I never knew till now that I had it...
(REVERENTLY)...the common touch.

MOL: You know, McGee...I always thought you HAD studied medicine at one time.

FIB: Did you really? What made you think so? Because of my deep understa---

MOL: No, because no doctor has ever prescribed for you yet that you didn't give him an argument.

FIB: THAT'S BECAUSE THEY ALL GOT WHAT THEY KNOW OUTA BOOKS...
I GOT IT RIGHT HERE...IN THE HEART....If I was to -

DOOR OPEN & CLOSE -- ALICE ENTERS SINGING --

MOL: Oh hello Alice, dear.

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

FIB: Good day, child...please sit down...what's troubling you this morning...

ALICE: Why nothing is troubl---

FIB: COME COME, CHILD, RELAX...this nervous tension is something to be avoided...

MOL: How can she relax when you keep staring at the child, McGee?

FIB: Are you sure you're getting enough rest, my child?

ALICE: ENOUGH REST!...JEEPERS, I GET FOUR OR FIVE HOURS SLEEP EVERY DAY OF THE WORLD, MY DEAR. THAT'S ENOUGH FOR ANYBODY.

MOL: For a girl her age, McGee, she's...er...How old ARE you, Alice?

ALICE: Four, going on five.

FIB: FOUR, GOING ON FIVE? WHAT THE --

ALICE: My Birthday is February 29th. Leap year day. I have my fifth birthday this year.

MOL: A five year old child...go ahead, Doctor. Examine her... maybe she's teething.

FIB: Please, ladies..please. *less severity* Now, child...I want you to stop worrying...

ALICE: WORRYING! CRIMINY, I'M NOT WORR ---

FIB: After all, things like this may pass off in no time at all...the main thing is to ---

ALICE: THINGS LIKE WHAT, MR. MCGEE? JEEPERS, I ---

MOL: STOP SCARING THE GIRL, MCGEE...THERE'S NOTHING THE MATTER WITH HER.

FIB: (TOLERANT LAUGH) Of course there isn't...nothing serious anyway. Tell me, Alice...do you have a slight feeling of hunger...before meals?

ALICE: Well, yes I do, but -

FIB: Do you have sort of a tired, sleepy feeling just before you go to bed?

ALICE: Yes, is that very seri-----

FIB: When you go out of the bright sunshine into a movie theatre...does everything go black for a brief time?

ALICE: Gee, come to think of it, it does! MR. MCGEE, IS THERE SOMETHING----

(REVISED) -9-

MOL: Now now...ALICE...WHAT'S THE MATTER? YOU'RE GETTING PALE?

ALICE: I...I...well, I guess I don't feel very good all of a sudden. I think I'll go up and lie down...

FIB: Best thing you can do...child. I'm afraid you've been burning the candle at both ends...against the middle... HERE....Have this filled.

SOUND: PAPER TEARING

MOL: MCGEE, WHAT ARE YOU DOING? YOU HAVE NO BUSINESS WRITING PRESCRIPTIONS...

ALICE: But...but this is just a blank piece of paper, Mrs. McGee.

FIB: Yes, that's to ^{put} spit her gum into. Don't want her swallowing it when she lies down. RUN ALONG CHILD...AND GET PLENTY OF REST...DRINK A LOT OF MILK...AND DON'T WORRY.

ALICE: All...right...but, Jeepers, I....OH, I FEEL AWFUL!

DOOR SLAM

MOL: McGee...what was the idea?

FIB: ^{the common touch} Medical ~~psychology~~, my dear. Cheer up the sick ones and scare the bejunias outa the healthy ones. It's all a matter of human understanding...the common touch...I got it.

MOL: And you can have it!

ORCH: "SOFTLY AS IN A MORNING SUNRISE"

APPLAUSE

1

SECOND SPOT

(2ND REVISION) -10-

FIB: ...yes, the deep understanding of human nature...the humanitarian outlook...TAKE ALL THE GREAT PHYSICIANS OF THE WORLD...WE ALL HAD IT. The common touch! NOW YOU TAKE A GREAT PHYSICIAN LIKE LOOTIE PASTEUR.

MOL: He discovered radium, didn't he?

FIB: You're thinkin' of the wrong Looie - that was Looie B. Mayer. Pasteur invented hydrophobia.

MOL: Well, it wasn't very smart of him. The world would be better off if hydrophobia had never been invented!

FIB: (GENTLY) It was his destiny, my child. When we got the common touch, like I got...we can understand that a human being is but a small cog in the vast machinery of...er...of the...er...

0

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: Saved by the bell! COME IN!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

WELL: Ahhhhh, good day, Mrs. McGee...what a sight you are for sore eyes! And McGee..dear fellow...what a sight you are.

MOL: Nice of you to drop in, Mr. Wellington.

FIB: Hello, Sigmund, my boy. I trust you will forgive me for my rudeness at the Rotary luncheon this noon. I'm afraid I was not very tolerant...but that was before I knew what I had...the common touch.

MOL: What did you do that was so rude, McGee?

WELL: Nothing at all, my dear...it was really nothing. He merely sneered at one of my humorous anecdotes. The one about the little shepherd girl...who disappeared, and they found her little sunbonnet weeks later out in the pasture.

FIB: Tell her the payoff, Sigmund. I consider it very amusing.

WELL: The denouement of the anecdote, Mrs. McGee...is that the girl was victim of her own ignorance...her name was Ivy, and she didn't know that little lambs eat ivy. HMMMMMM.
HMMMMMM.

MOL: Yes?

WELL: Er...that's all.

MOL: Oh.

FIB: It went big at the luncheon, Molly. You made a fine speech, Wellington. Incidentally - you better watch your diet.

WELL: Beg pardon, old chap?

MOL: What about his diet, McGee?

0

FIB: For him I'd recommend a high protein diet. No roughage... no pork. Lots of milk products...Get lots of rest, and cut down on the smoking, Wellington. Better come back and see me again in two weeks. And don't worry. We'll pull you thru this all right.

WELL: You'll have to. I won't go thru it willingly... OH...SO SORRY...ALMOST FORGOT WHAT I CAME OVER FOR...Will you excuse me, Mrs. McGee?

MOL: Certainly, Mr. Wellington.

WELL: Theng kyo. I say, my dear fellow...(WHISPERS)

FIB: EH? OH...SURE SURE SURE...GLAD TO, WELLINGTON. AND DON'T APOLOGIZE...REMEMBER THE SPORTSMAN'S MOTTO..."IT ISN'T HOW YOU PLAYED THE GAME, IT'S DID YOU WIN OR LOSE?"

WELL: What a charming version! Well, I must go home and give my Great Dane his German lesson.

MOL: YOU'RE TEACHING YOUR DOG GERMAN?

WELL: Yes...in case we wish to travel in occupied Germany, after the war.

FIB: But how do you expect a dog to speak German?

WELL: But he already does. I started him off with Auf Wiedersehen, and he can already say AUF! Good day... and thank you, old fellow.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: What did he want, McGee?

FIB: Borrow two bucks till Saturday.

MOL: Well, if you didn't have it, at least you're getting it.

FIB: What?

0

MOL: The common touch. Though I suppose a touch for one dollar would be even more common. What's the matter?

FIB: Just wonderin' if Kramer's Drug Store has got a stethoscope I could buy. What's a doctor without a stethoscope, and a--

MOL: NOW JUST A MINUTE, McGEE!...DON'T GO TOO FAR WITH THIS THING...First thing you know, you'll be caught practicing medicine without a license, and I'll be writing tear-stained letters to the parole board!

FIB: Come come, child...medicine is merely a hobby with me. Remember...I have the soul...the heart...of a great physician!

MOL: Really? Anyone I know?

FIB: Hand me the phone, my dear...I shall call the apothecary shop.

MOL: Apothecary shop! Heavenly days!!

FIB: Thank you. (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR? GIMME KRAMER'S DRUG STORE, JUST BELOHHHH, IS THAT YOU, MYRT?

MOL: Oh dear...

FIB: HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING, MYRT? TIS, EH? WHAT SAY, MYRT? YOUR UNCLE? OH, THAT'S TOUGH!!! LOST A PAIR OF RUBBERS, EH?

MOL: Doesn't he know where he lost 'em, McGee?

FIB: Sure...they went in the Army. Myrt's uncle runs a Turkish Bath. WHAT SAY, MYRT? OKAY, THANKS. (CLICK)
The ^{drug store} apothecary shop doesn't answer. Maybe they--

SOUND: DOOR OPEN:

WIL: Hello, kiddlies, remember me? The man who sells the you-know that's so good for your stuff and things?

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Hello, boy. Sit down... and stop worrying about it.

WIL: Worrying about what?

FIB: The crease in your pants. ~~My goodness, lad, let them get wrinkled now and then...it's all very well to be neat and clean, but overemphasis on one's personal appearance indicates that one is socially unsure of one's self.~~

(PAUSE)

WIL: You feel all right, pal?

MOL: He's all right, Mr. Wilcox...a great physician was lost in McGee - and he's trying to find it again.

FIB: Health all right again, my boy?

WIL: Whaddye mean, AGAIN?

MOL: Well, you did have the flu, you know, Mr. Wilcox. Remember?

WIL: Yes, and I remember a guy named Von Zell came in here and nearly ruined me. If you've got to analyze a character, pal, work on Von Zell! There is one!

FIB: Fine lad, Von Zell! Splendid personali--

WIL: AND WHADDYE MEAN I'M WORRIED ABOUT THE CREASE IN MY PANTS? THAT NEVER WORRIED ME, AND YOU KNOW IT.

MOL: Mr. Wilcox is just naturally well groomed, dearie. If that is a character deficiency, you could deteriorate a little, yourself.

FIB: Come come...I was merely pointing out that TOO MUCH neatness and...er...couthness is merely the result of the subconscious mind trying to overcome a natural tendency toward sloppiness. Is that clear?

WIL: Personally I think it's a lot of mahoola. When people are neat and clean, it only means they like to be neat and clean, that's all...

FIB: Ahhh, but look, boy--

WIL: DO YOU MEAN TO SIT THERE WITH YOUR HEAD BETWEEN YOUR EARS AND TELL ME THAT PEOPLE ALL OVER THE WORLD USE JOHNSON'S WAX BECAUSE THEY FEEL SOCIALLY UNSURE OF THEMSELVES? BIRDSEED!!! THEY USE JOHNSON'S WAX BECAUSE THEY KNOW HOW IT'LL SAVE HOUSEWORK,..PRESERVE AND BEAUTIFY THEIR FLOORS AND WOODWORK AND FURNITURE...

FIB: But, subconsciously, boy --

WIL: SUBCONSCIOUSLY, THEY FEEL THEY'RE ECONOMIZING, TOO! BECAUSE WAX-PROTECTED THINGS LAST LONGER AND REQUIRE LESS FREQUENT REPLACEMENTS.

MOL: But the common touch, Mr. Wilcox...

WIL: THE MOST BEAUTIFUL COMMON TOUCH IS THE TOUCH OF A JOHNSON WAXED SURFACE...THE SATISFYING, SMOOTH, SATINY FEEL OF A SURFACE SEALED AGAINST DUST AND DAMPNESS...AND IF YOU WANT TO PLAY DOCTOR, PAL, DON'T TRY IT ON ME. I WOULDN'T LET YOU EXAMINE THE TONGUE ON MY COASTER WAGON! GOODBYE NOW!!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: Oh, holding out, eh?

MOL: What do you mean?

FIB: He never told me he had a coaster wagon.

FIB: (LAUGHS GENTLY) I understand. It's them little weakness of people that endear them to me. Hey, I wonder how I'd look if I grew a goatee?

MOL: Probably like a small buffalo, Bill. (FADE OUT) Now you can just sit here in your mellow little mood and love the human race. I've got to order some groceri...

FIB: Ah, there goes a good kid...for her sake I'm glad I never did study medicine...I'd of been constantly travelling all over the world...bein' consulted by famous people... with her sittin' here alone...lonesome and neglected... watching out the window for her famous husband... "I'm sorry, my dear...but my duty is to the world...I say... did you know there was a petition to bury me in Westminster Abbey? No no...not now...I mean after I'm dead... Ahhhh, I can hear those bells --"

SOUND: DOOR CHIME:

FIB: The chimes of Westminster...AHM, COME IN!!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

TEE: Hi, mister.

FIB: Good day, my child. Come in, come in, little one...do sit down.

TEE: Well, I was...HMMMMMM?

FIB: I says, SIT DOWN...I'm very happy to see you.

(PAUSE)

TEE: Are you kidding, mister?

FIB: No, my child...why shouldn't I be glad to see you?

TEE: Well gee, you almost hardly never are, I betcha.

FIB: Ah, don't let my gruff exterior deceive you about my warm heart and great human understanding, sis.

TEE: Well, I...Hmmm?

FIB: I says...er...WELL, GENERALLY SPEAKING --

TEE: My daddy says so, too.

FIB: Says what?

TEE: Says you're generally speaking. (GIGGLES)

FIB: Your old m-- (CHUCKLES) Your father. Yes. Fine man! Interesting example of a dual personality, if I can borrow a couple of pistols. WELL, HOW YOU FEEL TODAY, SIS?

TEE: Not very good, I guess.

FIB: You don't?

TEE: Hmm?

FIB: I SAYS YOU DON'T?

TEE: Don't what?

FIB: YOU DON'T FEEL GOOD.

TEE: Gee, how did you know?

FIB: Oh, just a gift for diagno, sis. What's the matter?

TEE: I gotta lil spliver in my finger. See?

FIB: A what?

TEE: A spliver. It's too small for a splinter and too big for a sliver.

FIB: Nothing to worry about. I got one in my own finger. Come, sit on Doctor McGee's lap and I'll remove the sliver...

TEE: You're not a doctor, I betcha.

FIB: If you mean I never went thru the ridiculous formality of getting a degree...no. But I got all the qualifications, sis. Human understanding...knowledge of people...and the common touch. Now hold still.

(PAUSE)

FIB: THERE!! Now that didn't hurt a bit, did it?

TEE: (GIGGLES) Gee...not a bit...I never even felt it.

FIB: That's because when you're a doctor at heart...you got a sensitive touch...a dexterity in your hands that---

TEE: There's another reason too, I betcha.

FIB: What's that?

TEE: You took the sliver out of your own finger.

FIB: Oh my gosh. Hey Molly, bring the iodine. Call Doc

Gamble. Owww!

ORCH: "JOHNNY ONE-NOTE" - KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE:

THIRD SPOT

(REVISED)

-19-

MOL: What on earth are you doing, McGee?
FIB: Brushin' up on my medical studies. HEY WE GOTTA GET A
NEW DICTIONARY. THIS THING HASN'T EVEN GOT A SIMPLE
MEDICAL TERM LIKE "PNEUMONIA" IN IT.
MOL: Strange that our dictionary shouldn't have pneumonia.
We leave it open half the time.
FIB: Well, it ain't in here. Look? It skips from "Newmarket"
right to "Newsboy".
MOL: Hmmm. Have you looked in the P's?
FIB: What good would that do? Pleurisy and pneumonia are two
differ---

DOOR CHIME

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN

BEULAH: Hello, folks. Member me? I's Beulah.
FIB: Oh yes. . Toopses' cook. How are you, Beulah?
MOL: Come right in.
BEULAH: Thank you kin'ly, ma'am.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: How you getting along with the Toopses, Beulah... Mr.
Toops like your cooking?
BEULAH: Oh he do, indeed, Mist' McGee... he do indeed! Why just
at breakfast this mo'nin, he say "BEULAH," he say....
(he was addressin' me personally)
FIB: Yes...
BEULAH: -Yessuh, he say "BEULAH." HE SAY, "YO' BISCUITS IS JUS'
LIKE A FEATHAH!" he say.
MOL: Like a feather, eh?

r

(2ND REVISION) -20-

BEULAH: Yas'm. Then he say "NOW KIN I HAVE ONE THAT IS MO' LIKE
A BISCUIT?" (LAUGHS)
FIB: Oh, that Mort!! He's got more wheezes than a hock-shop
accordion.
BEULAH: HOCK SHOP ACCORDI...(LAUGHS) (VERY HEARTILY) He real amusin'.
ain't he, ma'am?
MOL: He's got the common touch.
FIB: What could we do fer you this evening, Beulah?
BEULAH: Oh, nothin' at all, Mist' McGee. suh. Nothin' at all,
I jus' brung yo' half a dozen cream pups ah jus' made
fresh.
MOL: OH THANK YOU VERY MUCH...HIMSELF HERE JUST LOVES CREAM
PUFFS. DON'T YOU, MCGEE?
FIB: I'd like to fall in a well full of 'em and eat my way out.
But you sure the Toopses can spare these, Beulah? We
don't wanna short 'em on ration points.
BEULAH: Oh no suh. Mist' Toop, he ain't much o' one fo' dessert
and I save some fo' the kids. (LAUGHS) Besides, I just
want you to know Beulah's cookin'...jus' in case.
FIB: In case of what, Beulah?
BEULAH: Ohh...jus' in case. (GIGGLES) You know when a gal bends
ovah a hot stove all day long...she can't get froze into
a job like that. Bye now.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: You think she's hinting for a job with us, McGee? *(Door open)*
Beulah
FIB: *Yes mmm...as (door slam)*
Frankly yes..but she is a creature of impulses, as I read
her character...impulsive...warm hearted...loyal....
MOL: She's the kind----

f

DOOR CHIME

FIB: Ahh, if I only had my medical degree...at five dollars a call, I'd have made thirty dollars so far today.

MOL: Come in!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

MOL: Oh hello, Doctor Gamble!!

DOC: Hello, Molly. And how are you today, my little hypothyroid?

FIB: Please doctor...there is a lady present. I'd suggest we leave my thighs out of the conversation.

MOL: Oh don't mind me, boys. It's been a long time since I was so delicate that I called a leg of mutton a limb of lamb. You look tired, Doctor.

DOC: I am tired, my dear. I've been sick for a week, but my confounded patients won't leave me alone long enough so I can go to bed and rest. I'm so run down I've got tread marks on my shirt.

FIB: Trouble with you, Doc, is that you bungle your cases. You rely too much on materia medica and not enough on human psychology..The best way to practice medicine is not with pills...it's from here...from the heart!

DOC: I see. And what would you prescribe for influenza, Dr. Gillospie, LONG WALKS IN THE RAIN?

FIB: Not at all, my dear sir..not at all..but I'd mix a little kindness and warm-hearted understanding in the treatment.

MOL: When you say things like that dearie, you get the moist happy look of a horse that's just had a nice roll in a dirt road.

DOC: Look, McGee...when I passed my medical examination...

FIB: OH YOU DID? THAT'S GREAT, DOC! ...HEY, MOLLY,,DOC PASSED HIS MEDICAL EXAMINATION!! I WAS WRONG!...HE IS PRACTICING LEGALLY!!!

DOC: WHY YOU INSULTING LITTLE GUTTERSNIPE!!! ARE YOU TRYING TO INSINUATE THAT -

MOL: Now boys, please...come come,.. McGee...don't lose the common touch.

FIB: Oh. Sorry, Doctor...I forgot myself.

DOC: Well, don't remember yourself on my account.

FIB: I was merely trying to point out, sir, that in the proper treatment of people.. UNDERSTANDING is the prime factor. Take their temperature yes..feel their pulse..look at their tongue.. (they probably got it stuck out at you anyway) but what's MOST important, ^{you gotta} is get BEHIND the illness...know what they're thinking.

DOC: I KNOW DARN WELL WHAT THEY'RE THINKING. THEY'RE THINKING (a) "IS THIS GONNA HURT?" and (b) "IS DOC GAMBLE GONNA LET ME OFF CHEAP?"

FIB: and the answer is "Yes", and "No". Trouble with you Doc, you lack the important essential for greatness in your profession.

DOC: Yes?

FIB: Yes, the common touch.

DOC: WELL OF ALL THE IMPUDENT, UNMITIGATED, DOUBLE-DISTILLED ARROGANCE!! HOW YOU CAN HAVE THE INFERNAL, SHAMELESS, INSOLENT, BUMPTIOUSNESS TO STAND THERE AND --

FIB: See? No sympathy...no understanding...

DOC: STAND THERE AND TELL ME I DON'T UNDERSTAND MY PATIENTS... FOR THREE GRAINS OF MONOACETICALDESTER OF SALYCILIC ACID, I'D KICK YOUR PUDGY LITTLE CARCASS FROM HERE TO HELSINKI.

FIB: OH YEAH? -I---

MOL: Hush, McGee...look, Doctor...it's all from the letter he got, Doctor.

DOC: Letter. What letter?

FIB: This letter right here, Doctor. It informs me in no uncertain terms that I got what you lack...tolerance... understanding...the common touch...

DOC: Where'd you ever get a letter like that -- off a ouija board?

MOL: rom a handwriting analyst, Doctor. She says McGee has the finest possible character to make a great physician.

FIB: They could tell that from my handwriting Doc. Ain't it wonderful how accurate they can size a guy up from a mere signature? My gosh, I never would of ...

DOC: Wait a minute.

FIB: Eh?

DOC: When you submitted ^{handwriting} that sample... on the postcard...didn't you ask me to mail it for you?

MOL: YES YOU DID, MCGEE...I REMEMBER DISTINC---

FIB: So what, Doc?

r

DOC: (LAUGHS) OH, THIS IS WONDERFUL!

MOL: What is, Doctor?

DOC: (LAUGHING) WHY, HIS HANDWRITING WAS SO ILLEGIBLE I DIDN'T HAVE THE HEART TO MAIL IT. I FILLED ANOTHER ONE OUT AND SIGNED HIS NAME TO IT MYSELF! (LAUGHS)

FIB: You mean...

MOL: He means they analyzed Doctor Gamble's handwriting, not yours, McGee...

DOC: (LAUGHS)

FIB: (BURNING) WELL, OF ALL THE DIRTY, UNDERHANDED--

DOC: Ah ah ah...TOLERANCE, MY BOY - UNDERSTANDING! DON'T LOSE THAT COMMON TOUCH!!

FIB: (INTO MUSIC) OF ALL THE NASTY, UNDERCUTTING, DECEITFUL, TWO-TIMING, LOW DOWN, RASCALLY, DOUBLE CROSSING...

ORCH: "SOMEDAY I'LL MEET YOU AGAIN"...FADE FOR:

o

P

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC
FEBRUARY 15, 1944

-26-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: For those of you who have floors of asphalt tile, either in your home or place of business, you'll want to know that JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT is the preferred polish to use in protecting these floors. You apply GLO-COAT to an asphalt tile floor in exactly the same way as to linoleum. There is no rubbing or buffing -- you simply apply and let dry -- GLO-COAT is self polishing. It brings out the color of the tile, keeps it new looking, is a cinch to keep clean -- and it leaves a tough film that protects the surface of the tile against wear, makes it last longer. And of course, for the care of all your linoleum surfaces, JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO-COAT is the kind of product prescribed by linoleum manufacturers and good housekeeping authorities -- and proved in use on millions of floors.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC -- FADE ON CUE)

m

-27-

TAG

FIB: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE WANT TO THANK YOU FOR THE WONDERFUL WAY IN WHICH YOU ANSWERED OUR RECENT APPEAL TO YOU TO BUY WAR BONDS. WE'RE SORRY WE CAN'T GIVE YOU THE FINAL RESULTS, AS ALL THE RETURNS ARE NOT IN, BUT WE ASSURE YOU YOUR RESPONSE WAS MAGNIFICENT!

MOL: AND TODAY IS THE FINAL DAY OF THE FOURTH WAR LOAN DRIVE. SO IF YOU HAVEN'T BOUGHT AS MANY EXTRA BONDS AS YOU POSSIBLY CAN, NOW IS THE TIME TO SHOW YOUR FRIENDS AND RELATIVES IN UNIFORM THAT THE HOME FRONT KNOWS WHAT TO DO IN THE ZERO HOUR.

FIB: ~~AND THAT TAKES A LOT OF ZEROS TO PUT A DOLLAR SIGN AND SOME DIGITS IN FRONT OF 'EM!~~ Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all!

ORCH: CLOSING SIGNATURE

WIL: The character of Wellington, heard on this program, was played by Ransom Sherman. This is Harlow Wilcox, speaking for the makers of JOHNSON'S WAX FINISHES for home and industry, inviting you to be with us again next Tuesday night. Goodnight.

ANNCR: THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

m