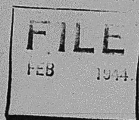


WRITERS: Don Quinn
Phil Leslie

(REVISED) # 22



"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

Johnson's Wax

Tuesday, February 22, 1944

N.B.C.

(REVISED) -2-

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

ORCH: 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!

ORCH: "BOJANGLES OF HARLEM" .. UP AND FADE FOR --

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC
FEBRUARY 22, 1944

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Every woman who is taking care of a home knows there are certain floor areas that get much harder use than others. The hallway, for example -- the front entrance -- both sides of the diningroom door. These spots are called heavy traffic areas -- and they require a little more protection, more frequent re-waxing than the rest of the floors. One of the great advantages of JOHNSON'S PASTE or LIQUID WAX is that you can touch up these heavy-wear spots as often as necessary, without having to re-wax the entire floor. By doing this, you still further reduce your housework, and you give your floors permanent protection -- of course, you also give them not only permanent, but increasing beauty -- because each application of JOHNSON'S WAX adds to the mellow, rich lustre that you'll find on any floor that has been protected for years with genuine JOHNSON'S WAX. This same wax has over 100 other labor-saving uses throughout your home.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH)

(APPLAUSE)

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WILCOX: ONE OF THE THINGS THAT MRS. MCGEE IS NEVER QUITE SURE ABOUT, IS WHETHER IT'S MORE SATISFACTORY TO SEND HER HUSBAND TO THE GROCERY STORE, OR GO HERSELF. AT THE MOMENT, HOWEVER, SHE'S TRYING IT THE HARD WAY ONCE AGAIN, AS WE MEET --

----- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY

APPLAUSE

FIB: Now lemme get that again...loaf of bread, half a dozen eggs and a can o' corn. That all?

MOL: That's all. Shall I write it down on a slip of paper for you?

FIB: CERTAINLY NOT! My gosh, anybody that couldn't remember three simple little items like a loaf of bread and a can of corn and a....er...and a...that other...er....

MOL: Half a dozen eggs.

FIB: HALF A DOZEN EGGS...sure. I got it now. How about some meat?

MOL: We're all out of meat points.

FIB: Okay, that's what we'll have then.

MOL: What?

FIB: Leg o' nuttin'. Well, here I go, laughin' and scratchin'... corn, eggs, and bread...corn, eggs and bread...

DOOR OPEN

MOL: Have the phone call put on our bill, too.

FIB: What phone call?

MOL: The one where you call me up and ask me what was it besides eggs and bread.

FIB: (LAUGHS) Aw don't worry, snooky, I got it.

DOOR SLAM: FOOTSTEPS ON PORCH...DOWN STEPS...ALONG SIDEWALK

FIB: Now wait a minute...Now, lemme see...corn, bread and eggs...cornbread and eggs...CORNBREAD AND EGGS? Seems to me there was THREE things she wanted...Eggs, cornbread and something else...Ah well, she'll be expecting me to call up anyway, so --

MAN: Excuse me, but could you tell me where-- (TAKE) WELL, I'LL BE A-- IF IT ISN'T GOOD OLD-- BY GEORGE, IT CERTAINLY IS! HOW ARE YOU, OLD MAN?

FIB: Why...uh...I'M fine, but--

MAN: Wait'll I set these grips down a minute...Here - put her there! It's grand to see you again, after all these years. You're looking great!

FIB: Well, thanks. I...er...I'M...you're looking great, too...

MAN: It's been so many years since we met, I can't believe it's really you!

FIB: Oh, yes...it's er...it's me, all right. (CHUCKLES) But you--

MAN: You've filled out a little, though...broader in the (PAUSE) shoulders...and that little touch of gray hair...very distinguished...

FIB: Awww...

MAN: Yes it is! It's...SAY, YOU REMEMBER ME, DON'T YOU? BILL SMITH...BACK IN SCHOOL?

FIB: Bill Smi...YOU MEAN BACK IN PEORIA?

MAN: YES! PEORIA! GOOD OLD PEORIA! What times we used to have in the old...Say, you ARE...I mean, I haven't made a mistake, have I? Your name is --

FIB: McGee. Fibber McGee. You had it right.

MAN: I was sure I had...BY GEORGE, THIS IS GREAT, ISN'T IT? Say, whatever happened to that little girl you were going with? The pretty one. She lived over by the... on the other side of...you know...

FIB: You mean Molly Driscoll? Shucks, I married her, Bill.

MAN: NO KIDDING! YOU LUCKY SON OF A GUN! There was a great little girl, that Molly! Well, tell her old Bill Smith said to say hello, and--

FIB: HEY, WHY DON'T YOU TELL HER YOURSELF? WE LIVE RIGHT HERE. COME ON IN. She'd love to meet anybody from the old home town.

PORCH STEPS

MAN: I hate to barge in on her like this...

FIB: Horsefeathers!

DOOR OPEN, CLOSE:

FIB: HEY, MOLLY...LOOK WHO I FOUND, WALKIN' THE STREETS LIKE AN OLD BUM. REMEMBER BILL SMITH, WE USED TO GO TO SCHOOL WITH IN PEORIA?

MOL: Well, how do you do, I'M sure, Mr. Smith...

MAN: Molly! You haven't changed a bit! And don't call me Mr. Smith, either. It was BILL when we were both in... er...what was her name again? The tough teacher we had that--

MOL: MISS FIDDITCH!

MAN: Miss Fidditch! That's the one! What a woman...she had a face like a tired canteloupe. Molly, you look wonderful... if I hadn't happened to be passing and old Fibber hadn't recognized me --

FIB: KNEW YOU THE MINUTE I SAW YOU, BILL...course I got a terrific memory for faces, so --

MOL: McGee...why do you let Mr....Sm...er why do you let Bill stand there with those suitcases? Give the man a chair.

FIB: Oh for gosh sakes...here...sit down. Billy boy! Sit down!

MAN: Billy boy! (LAUGHS) Haven't heard that since the old days when you were on the team, Fibber.

MOL: What team was that, Bill?

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, WHAT TEAM? I was second blade on the mumblety-peg team, wasn't I?

LAUGHTER

MAN: Ah, this is wonderful...just arrived in town and I meet up with two of my schoolday friends! Sometimes I -

DOOR OPEN

ALICE: Oh...pardon me!

MOL: COME RIGHT IN ALICE, DEAR.

ALICE: Well, I was just going to ---

FIB: Hiyah, Alice.

MAN: Your daughter, McGee? Amazing resemblance!

MOL: No, Alice isn't our daughter, William. She's just...

MAN: Not your GRANDDAUGHTER!

MOL: (FLATLY) No!

ALICE: Jeepers, I'm not really a relative at all, Mr...er...Mr....

FIB: Oh excuse me...Mr. Smith, this is Alice Darling. Alice, shake hands with our old school chum, Bill Smith.

MAN: Delighted to meet you, Alice.

ALICE: How do you do?

MOL: Alice is doing war work at the airplane plant, Mr. Smith.

FIB: She's a welder, Bill. Carryin' the torch for several thousand aviators, you might say.

MAN: And no relation, eh? I would have sworn..

ALICE: I'm not really related, Mr. Smith, but after all, Mrs. McGee has been just like a mother-- I mean like a big sister.

MOL: Thanks for the reduction in rank, dear.

ALICE: And Mr. McGee is sort of a second father to me. In fact, he acts a lot like my real father - especially when I forget my key at night and he has to come down and let me in.

FIB: Oh, I don't mind, Alice. My gosh, a guy'd have to be pretty bad-tempered to mind wakin' up out of a sound sleep at 2 A.M., gettin' out of bed on a icy floor, stubbin' his toe against the door facing, fallin' over an end-table goin' downstairs to let somebody in who's only lost four doorkeys so far.

MOL: Did you want to see me about something, Alice?
ALICE: Oh, nothing in particular, thanks. Well, goodbye,
Mr. Smith. I suppose I'll see you in the morning.
MAN: I'm afraid not, Alice. I'm just in town overnight on
business, and as soon as I check into a hotel, I--
FIB: My gosh, Bill. I never even asked you where you were
staying, and--
ALICE: Oh, they'll never let you stay at a hotel, Mr. Smith.
You might just as well relax...Mr. and Mrs. McGee are
the most hospitable people in town, and any time an
old friend of theirs shows up...well...(PAUSE) Ohhhh! -
I better be going, I guess. Goodbye.
ALL: Goodbye.

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

MAN: Well, I guess I'd better be shoving off, too, so--
FIB: NO SIR...YOU'RE STAYIN' RIGHT HERE TONIGHT, BILLY BOY!
MOL: Of course, William.
MAN: Oh, I couldn't impose on you like this. After all--
FIB: COME ON, COME ON, COME ON...GIMME THEM SUITCASES! How's
Uncle Dennis' room, Molly?

MOL: It's all ready, McGee. Uncle Dennis won't be back for
several days.
MAN: Uncle Dennis...is he the uncle who ---
FIB: Yes, but not as much as he used to -- Come on, Bill!
ORCH: "TEMPTATION"
(APPLAUSE)

SECOND SPOT

(2ND REVISION) -11-

MOL: You'd better get back to the grocery as soon as you can, McGee. If Mr. Smith stays for dinner -

FIB: OH HE WILL...GEE WHIZ, WE CAN'T TURN AN OLD SCHOOLMATE AWAY.

MOL: Incidentally, what does this Mr. Smith do, McGee?

FIB: Search me. I hated to ask him, and there's nothing in his wallet that gives a clue.

MOL: IN HIS WALLET!

FIB: Yeah...nothin' but sixty-five bucks in cash, some credit cards, two mutual tickets from Hialeah, a card with his wife's birthday and wedding anniversary wrote on it, and a recipe for how to make a gimlet.

(REVISED) -12-

MOL: A gimlet. Maybe he's a toolmaker and...MCGEE!...WHAT WERE YOU DOING GOING THRU THE MAN'S WALLET? AREN'T YOU ASHAMED!

FIB: Why, Molly! You know I wouldn't do a thing like that. All that stuff fell out of his wallet when it dropped on the floor when I shook his coat to get the snow off of it before I hung it up.

MOL: THERE HASN'T BEEN ANY SNOW FOR TWO WEEKS!

FIB: No snow for...MY GOSH...I THOUGHT HIS COAT SEEMED AWFUL DRY. Oh well, he -

MOL: Where is Mr. Smith now?

FIB: Washin' up. Says he'd be right down. He asked me who crocheted them guest towels and I told him you did, and he says he'd wipe his hands on his shirttail before he'd touch them beautiful things.

MOL: (PLEASED) Ohhh...my goodness, those were just some old -

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

MOL: Oh, Mr. Wellington!

WELL: Good day!...good day!...MRS. MCGEE, HOW CHARMING YOU LOOK, AND MCGEE...HOW!

FIB: How!

MOL: If you two Pottowatomies want to make big medicine, the squaw can go chip a few arrowheads.

WELL: Not at all, Mrs. McGee...NOT!...AT!...ALLL! I merely called to remind Chairman McGee -

(REVISED) -13-

FIB: CHAIRMAN, MCGEE?...~~CHAIRMAN MCGEE!~~.. WHAT AM I CHAIRMAN OF NOW, DOGGONE IT? You guys slap me on every committee that any egghead can think up. And I can't come to any meeting tonight, anyway.

MOL: We have a house guest, Mr. Wellington...an old schoolmate from Peoria. After all these years!

WELL: Ah yes...as the fellow said after he wore bow ties for fifteen years...LONG TIE NO SEE! But there is nothing like meeting old friends. Now you take my half brother -

FIB: Why?

WELL: Because I don't want him. What good is half a brother? Try to borrow twenty dollars and what do you get? Ten. Play a game of golf with him and what does he do? Quits after nine holes.

MOL: Is he the brother that keeps turning his head and winking at you, Mr. Wellington? The one that ran the lighthouse for so many years?

WELL: No, that is my cousin, Torpid Wellington. My cousin once removed, which everyone agrees wasn't often enough.

FIB: Must be wonderful to be a half brother, and only have to sit thru part of a double feature. What does he do, Sig?

WELL: He is an executive of that factory on Oak Street. The one that manufactures the cedar chests. Do you know that in 1927 they made only 724 Cedar Chests, and in 1943, they made 4,367? Isn't that some?

MOL: Some what?

(REVISED) -14-

WELL: Chest expansion? Well, try and make the meeting if possible, old fellow. A fond toodle-oo, to you, Mrs. McGee, and to you, McGee -- oooh!

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Big chiseller!

MOL: He's nothing of the kind! Mr. Wellington is the soul of honor.

FIB: You got him two inches too far forward in the shoe, baby. He's the -

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

MAN: Well, I certainly feel refreshed. This is a very comfortable home you have here. You own it, Fibber?

FIB: It's a partnership deal, Bill.

MAN: Oh, you and Molly.

MOL: No, us and the F.H.A.

(LAUGHTER)

MAN: You don't know what it means to be far away from home and run into old friends like this. Say, remember that store in...in Peoria where us fellows used to hang out, Fibber...the...er...the...you know the one down on...right across from the....OH YOU KNOW.

FIB: The Puff Cigar Store!

MAN: THE PUFF CIGAR STORE! I HADN'T THOUGHT OF THAT PLACE FOR YEARS! (LAUGHS) Ah, those were great old days. What have you been doing with yourselves anyway?

MOL: Well, himself was in vaudeville for a while, Mr. Smith.

MAN: Vaudeville, eh?

(2ND REVISION) -15-

FIB: Yes sir. Fellow from Starved Rock, Illinois and I by the name of Fred Nitney. Had a great little act. Songs, dances and ~~witty~~ ^{comical} sayings. Had so many bookings we never played the same place twice.

MOL: Ahh, those lucky places! Tell Mr. Smith the joke you and Fred Nitney always used to do, McGee. The one where you come out in the hip boots and Fred said WHAT ARE THOSE and you said THESE ARE MY GOLF SHOES and he said GOLF SHOES! And you say, yes, A HOLE IN ONE! Tell Mr. Smith that one.

MAN: I wish you would.

FIB: Nah....I don't wanna get those jokes started again. Might wanna revive the old act any time now.

MAN: Must have been a lot of fun. Did you...er...you didn't make ALL your money in vaudeville?

MOL: As a matter of fact he didn't make any of it in vaudeville.

FIB: As a matter of fact I never...HEY, REMEMBER THE----

DOOR OPEN:

WIL: Hello, Molly. Hiya, Pal. Hi there, old--Oh. Excuse me. Thought it was somebody else.

MOL: Come in, Mr. Wilcox. This is Mr. Smith. Mr. Smith - Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: How do you do, sir.

MAN: How are you.

MOL: Mr. Smith is an old friend of ours, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Knew us back in our old school days, Junior.

WIL: Looks a little young to have been a truant officer that long ago.

MOL: You're looking very well, Mr. Wilcox. How is everything with you?

(2ND REVISION) 16-17

WIL: Wonderful, Molly. Business has been wonderful, and---

FIB: OH, BUSINESS BUSINESS BUSINESS!!! DON'T YOU EVER THINK OF ANYTHING BUT BUSINESS???

WIL: Let me think...(PAUSE) Nope.

MAN: What is your business, Mr. Wilcox?

MOL: Oh Dear...

FIB: Rocket ship for Racine leaving on track 2!

WIL: I represent Johnson's Self-Polishing Glocoat, for linoleum floors.

MAN: Glocoat, eh? Familiar name. Glocoat...Glocoat...

Probably heard it mentioned before. Haven't they got a radio show or something?

MOL: "Or something" is the popular opinion.

FIB: Look, fellas, let's not get into the---

WIL: JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLOCOAT IS THE FINEST PROTECTION THERE IS FOR LINOLEUM FLOOR COVERINGS, MR. Smith.

MOL: Look, I don't like to interrupt, but if Mr. Smith is going to stay for dinner--

WIL: FOR INSTANCE, DID YOU KNOW THAT JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT WILL PRESERVE AND BEAUTIFY THE ORDINARY LINOLEUM FAR, FAR BEYOND ITS NORMAL TERM OF SERVICE?

MAN: Is that so! Do you mean--

FIB: HEY, BILL, REMEMBER THE TIME MARGE AND TED KAY HIRED THE WAGON AND WE GOT UP A HAYRIDE FOR---

WIL: Frankly, Mr. Smith, Johnson's Self Polishing Glocoat saves so many hours of housework and keeps floors so well protected against dust and dampness, that it's a blessing to housewives.

FIB: AND THE TIME WE ALL WENT TO JOLIET FOR THE BASKETBALL GAME AND I HAD A LITTLE MODEL T FORD THAT THE REAR WHEEL KEPT--

MAN: Must be quite a bit of work to applying it to the linoleum, though, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: AND HOW ABOUT THE TIME WE TIPPED OVER THE POPCORN WAGON AND ALL THE---

WIL: ON THE CONTRARY, ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS POUR A LITTLE OUT AND SPREAD IT AROUND AND IT SHINES AS IT DRIES.

MAN: No rubbing or buffing?

WIL: NOT A BIT. IT'S REALLY SELF POLISHING. WHY, IN 20 MINUTES OR LESS--

MAN: SAYYYYYY, THAT REMINDS ME.....WHAT TIME IS IT? I'VE SIMPLY GOT TO GET DOWNTOWN. I GOT SO INTERESTED TALKING TO MR. WILCOX HERE, I ALMOST FORGOT I HAVE A COUPLE OF BUSINESS CALLS TO MAKE.

FIB: But look, Bill, gee whizz....

WIL: Be glad to drive you downtown, Mr.....SMITH.

MAN: SAY....I'D APPRECIATE IT A LOT.....Bè back in a couple of hours, folks. Goodbye.

DOOR SIAM:

FIB: Fine state of how do you do! Wilcox runnin' away with our guest.

MOL: Well, heavenly days, McGee, you can't deny the man a business call. He's got to make a living.

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: Maybe Mr. Smith forgot something. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN..CLOSE:

MOL: Oh hello, Beulah!

BEULAH: Evinin', folksies. Could I converse wif you a brief momen'?

FIB: Sure, Beulah, sure. What's on your mind?

BEULAH: Thank you, suh. Mrs. Toops wanna know..(Miz Toops, that's wheah I works...at the Toopses).

FIB: Yeah, we know.

BEULAH: Well, Miz Toops she was playin' contack bridge this aftahnoon an' she won a bottle o' mint sauce an' she wanna know kin she borrow enough meat points so's she kin git a shoulder o' lamb.

MOL: I'm sorry, Beulah. Tell her we're short of meat points ourselves.

FIB: Borrow enough meat points for a roast!!! That woman has got more brass than the Boston Symphony!

BEULAH: Mo' brass than the....(LAUGHS HEARTILY) He real amusin', ain't he, ma'am?

MOL: Don't ask me, Beulah. A woman can't testify against her husband. Do you wear a uniform over at Toopses, Beulah?

BEULAH: Yes'm. Mist' Toops say I oughtta weah a ten gallon hat, too, on account of I is so at home on de range. (LAUGHS)

FIB: How do you dress on the days when they have company?

BEULAH: Well suh, first ah puts on my shoes an' mah hose....then I gits outa bed and slips into mah....WHO WANNA KNOW DAT?

MOL: He meant what UNIFORM do you wear, Beulah?

BEULAH: Oh. Scouse me, suh. Oh, I jus' weahs the usual. A lil white apron an' a banana on mah haid.

MOL: You mean bandana.

(2ND REVISION) 21-22

BEULAH: Yes'm, tha's what I say. Banana. Well, thank you ve'y much, folkses, an' don't fo'git - iffen you evah need a good cook, I is a specialist on - er.....what is yo' favorite dish, Mist' McGee?

FIB: Squab and wild rice.

BEULAH: OH, THAT'S MAH SPECIALTY, SUH! An' I make it wif plain rice. - Cause when it see my squab - IT GO WILD!! WELL, Goodnight, folkses.

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

ORCH: "MAIRZY DOATS" - KING'S MEN:

(APPLAUSE)

THIRD SPOT

(2ND REVISION) -23-

FIB: Ahhhhhh, how do you like these cigars, Bill? Good, aren't they?

MAN: Swell, Fibber. They're great. How long you been smoking them?

FIB: First one I ever tried. Where'd you buy 'em?

MAN: Downtown here someplace. MAN, I'M SO FULL OF FOOD I CAN HARDLY BREATHE. THAT WAS A WONDERFUL DINNER, MOLLY.

MOL: Well, thank you, Mr. Smith.

MAN: By the way, speaking of food ... remember where we used to go for those wonderful malted milks? Back in our school days?

FIB: OH, YOU MEAN UP IN THE SAME BLOCK AS THE---

MOL: As the shoe store that was run by the father of the --

MAN: I REMEMBER...He was in the same English class...what was that teacher's name again...?

MOL: Fidditch.

MAN: FIDDITCH...She went around with the fellow who --

FIB: WENT WITH HIM...SHE WAS MARRIED TO HIM!

MAN: That's right! She went around with him, too.

MOL: Was your father the Smith that had the cleaning and dyeing place over on--

FIB: No, Molly, that was another Smith. His name was--

MAN: I REMEMBER HIM...HE WAS FROM UP ON THE--

MOL: THAT'S RIGHT. THEN YOUR FATHER MUST HAVE BEEN THE--

MAN: THAT'S THE ONE. DID A GREAT BUSINESS, TOO. MADE A LOT OF MONEY.

FIB: I remember the place. Just across the street from the store that sold the--

MOL: OH, WERE THEY GOOD! TWO FOR A NICKEL!

MAN: That was the FIRST place Dad had. The second place was over near the--

FIB: I KNOW...WITH THE GREEN AWNING!!

MOL: And the windows full of little...OH, I LOVED THAT SHOP!

MAN: Yes, it was a very popular place with the--

FIB: The high school crowd. BOY, IT SURE WAS. How did your old man ever get into that business, Bill?

MAN: Well...er...that's a pretty long story...and I think Molly's pretty tired. I'D love to sit around and gab all night, but I've got a long train ride tomorrow...and... well, that was a wonderful dinner, Molly.

MOL: I'm so glad you enjoyed it, Mr. Smith. I put an extra blanket on your bed in case it turned cold tonight.

MAN: Thanks a lot. McGee...you're a lucky man.

FIB: She's a lucky woman, too. I paid for the blanket.

(LAUGHTER)

MAN: Well...goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight.

FIB: Goodnight, Billy boy!

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: What on earth was that silly routine we were doing?

FIB: I dunno... I'm kinda baffled, myself.

MOL: The more I see of Mr. Smith the less I can remember him. Are you SURE we know him?

FIB: SURE I'M SURE...HE COME RIGHT UP TO ME ON THE STREET AND CALLED ME BY NAME, DIDN'T HE? AND ASKED HOW LITTLE MOLLY DRISCOLL WAS...MY-GOSH, IF HE WASN'T THE REAL THING HE'D NEVER--

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: Who's that?

MOL: Who makes calls at this time of night? COME IN, DOCTOR.

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

MOL: Hello, Doctor Gamble.

DOC: Hello, Molly. Saw your light and thought I'd stop and say hello. Hello, slum child. (SNIFF SNIFF) Who's the proud papa?

FIB: Proud papa?

DOC: Don't tell me you BOUGHT a decent cigar. That doesn't smell like your usual brand of mildewed buggy whip.

MOL: It was given to him by our houseguest, Doctor. An old school chum from Peoria.

FIB: Sorry you weren't here earlier, Doc. Like to have had you meet him.

DOC: I'm sorry, too. Any school chum of yours would be a curiosity to me. You must show me your third grade diploma some time.

MOL: Oh now, Doctor, McGee went further than that.

FIB: Don't talk to us about education, you silly aspirin peddler. The only reason you turned out to be an ear specialist is because you peeked over so many people's shoulders at examination time.

DOC: WHY, YOU INSOLENT LITTLE IGNORAMUS!!! IT'S NO WONDER YOU WOUND UP WORKING FOR WHOM YOU DO, THE WAY YOU MUST HAVE POLISHED APPLES TO GET THRU THE ELEMENTARY GRADES...WHY--

FIB: IS THAT SO...WHY, YOU BIG--

MOL: SSSSHHHH SSSHHH!..BOYS!..BE QUIET! MR. SMITH IS ASLEEP!!!

FIB: (IN HOARSE WHISPER) WHY, YOU BIG EGOTISTICAL SWELL-HEADED PHI BETA CAP-PISTOL, YOU COULDN'T STUDY YOUR WAY THRU MOTHER GOOSE!

DOC: (IN HOARSE WHISPER) AND ANY TIME YOU CAN SHOW ME A HIGH SCHOOL DIPLOMA, YOU PHONEY LITTLE INFINITIVE SPLITTER, I'LL EAT IT IN THE WINDOW OF KRAMER'S DRUG STORE WITH LETTUCE AND MAYONNAISE!

MOL: (IN WHISPER) Now boys, please don't--

FIB: (IN HOARSE WHISPER) LOOK WHO'S TALKIN'! WHY, I BEEN FARTHER UNDER THE BARN LOOKIN' FOR EGGS THAN YOU EVER WENT IN YOUR WHOLE COLLEGE CAREER, YOU TEST TUBE TITMOUSE!

DOC: (IN HOARSE WHISPER) YES, AND THE ONLY REASON I TOOK UP MEDICINE IS SO I COULD WEAR RUBBER GLOVES AND STRANGLE STUPID LITTLE BIOLOGICAL MIST-- (NORMAL VOICE) Oh, say... before I forget it, McGee.

FIB: Eh?

DOC: Haven't we got a cribbage game scheduled for tomorrow?

MOL: McGee said you did. At the Elk's at two-thirty.

FIB: Can you make it, Doc?

DOC: I'll be there. Goodnight.

MOL: Good night, doctor.

FIB: So long, kid!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

FIB: Ahhh, great guy, Doc! Like to have had Bill Smith meet him.

MOL: I'd still like to know if he went to school with you or with me.

FIB: WELL...(YAWNS)...We'll ask him in the morning. Come on... let's go to bed...

ORCH: SLEEPY MUSIC...SEGUE INTO "OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MORNING"...

OUT

SOUND: CLINK OF DISHES AND SILVER

MAN: Ahhh, wonderful breakfast, Molly.

MOL: Glad you enjoyed it, Mr. Smith. How did you sleep?

MAN: Like a top.

FIB: Hey, Bill.

MAN: Yes?

FIB: I...er...we...well, Molly and I got to talkin' about everything last night and we're kinda puzzled. WHICH ONE OF US DID YOU GO TO SCHOOL WITH?

MOL: McGee and I were several grades apart in school.

(PAUSE)

MAN: Well, you've been too nice for me to be a rat any longer. I DIDN'T GO TO SCHOOL WITH EITHER ONE OF YOU.

MOL & FIB: WHAT?

MAN: In fact, I've never been in Peoria in my life.

MOL: WELL, HEAVENLY DAYS, THEN WHY ---
FIB: DOGGONE IT, WHAT WAS THE IDEA OF GIVING US THAT "OLD
CHILDHOOD PLAYMATE" BUSINESS!
MAN: Look...Did you ever try to rent a hotel room in this
town?
FIB: A hot -- aw pshaw!
ORCH: "SOMEDAY I'LL DREAM AGAIN" FADE FOR:

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC
FEBRUARY 22, 1944

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Nobody likes to do work that isn't necessary, especially now. There's one household chore that's not only unnecessary but definitely harmful and unpatriotic. I guess you know what I mean -- it's that old-fashioned scrubbing of linoleum floors. The fact of the matter is, continued scrubbing ruins linoleum in time -- actually causes disintegration. It's so easy to reverse the process and give added life to linoleum -- make it last 6 to 10 times longer -- by the simple method of protecting it regularly with JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO-COAT. When you apply GLO-COAT you are covering the surface with a tough coat that protects it against wear, moisture, dirt. You also give the linoleum sparkling beauty, make it easy to keep clean -- and save yourself many hours of work, because GLO-COAT needs no rubbing or buffing -- you simply apply and let dry, and GLO-COAT does the rest. If you're not using JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO-COAT on all of your linoleum surfaces, it will certainly pay you to try it.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC -- FADE ON CUE)

TAL

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MUSIC -- FADE ON CUE)

TAG

FIB: OF ALL THE DECEITFUL, CHISELLING, GRAFTERS, THAT GUY SMITH
WAS THE DIRTIEST, LOWEST DOWN --

MOL: Now now...now...For goodness sakes, McGee, the man was
desperate! And he can't be so bad, when he was so
thoughtful as to send me these beautiful flowers!

FIB: OH YEAH? TRYIN' TO PATCH IT ALL UP WITH THREE BUCKS WORTH
OF PETUNIAS, EH? BY GEORGE WHEN I GIVE THIS STORY TO
THE NEWSPAPERS AND HE SEES HIS NAME IN PRINT HE WON'T BE
SO --

MOL: Oh, and I forgot to tell you! He sent you this box of
cigars, too.

FIB: Cigars? The kind he gave me before he.. (SNIFF SNIFF)
...Hmmm! (LAUGHS) Say, that was a pretty clever stunt
of his at that. You know it? Great personality!

MOL: *my* How he's ~~has~~ changed!

FIB: Eh?

MOL: Never mind.

FIB: Okay. Goodnight!

MOL: Goodnight, all!

PLAYOFF AND SIGNOFF