

WRITERS: Don Quinn  
Phil Leslie

(REVISED) #23

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"  
Johnson's Wax



Tuesday, February 29, 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: "WHO CARES" -- UP AND FADE FOR

(COMMERCIAL PAGE #3)

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY  
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC  
FEBRUARY 29, 1944

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WIL: We all know that good leather articles are much too valuable today to be neglected. Luggage and handbags, briefcases, book bindings, toilet cases, scores of leather pieces around the home are likely to be worth today a good deal more than you paid for them. JOHNSON'S WAX applied occasionally to these articles helps keep the leather pliable and also protects it against wear and scratches. Why not try it tonight? Get out several leather pieces and put a little JOHNSON'S WAX on them as an experiment. You'll see immediately how the wax gives the leather a protective shield -- and when you rub it up a little, you'll see how much better looking it is. After you've tried this experiment, I'm sure you'll want to wax all your leather things, including belts, straps, boots and shoes with genuine JOHNSON'S WAX -- the same wax you use on your floors, furniture and woodwork.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

(REVISED) -4-

WILCOX: THE HORSES OF AMERICA SHOULD BE THANKFUL THAT EVERY MIDDLE-AGED, DREAM-WORLD, ~~POT-BELLIED~~, ARMCHAIR BUCKAROO DOESN'T ACTUALLY HEAD FOR THE OPEN RANGE. FOR INSTANCE, GET A LOAD OF WHO'S DEEP IN THE MARCH ISSUE OF "SADDLE-BUMS", AS WE MEET ---

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

FIB: Oh, boy, is this exciting! Listen to this, Molly!  
MOL: I'm defenseless...go ahead.  
FIB: Listen. "TOPPING THE RIMROCK, GUNSMOKE GILROY ENCOUNTERED HIS ANCIENT ENEMY, DIRTY SHIRT DIGBY. LIKE A STREAK OF LIGHTNING, HE WENT FOR HIS SHOOTIN' IRONS...."  
MOL: He went for his what?  
FIB: He went for his shootin' irons. His pistols.  
MOL: Where were they?  
FIB: Why..why they were on his hip.  
MOL: Well, that's not so far to go for a pistol. Unless he was a very tall man.  
FIB: THE POINT IS, MRS. MCGEE, THAT IN THE OLD WEST THEY NEVER PULLED OUT A GUN. THEY ALWAYS WENT FOR 'EM. Now quit interuptin'. This is gettin' excitin'.  
MOL: Go ahead.  
FIB: "THERE WAS A THUNDER OF GUNPLAY, AND DIRTY SHIRT DIGBY TOPPLED FROM THE SADDLE, NEVER AGAIN TO BLAST A PEACEFUL RANCHER INTO ETERNITY, NOR RAISE THE DUST OF WICKEDNESS ON THE OLD SANTA FE TRAIL." Ahh, those were the days, Molly. You know I come from an old Western family myself.  
MOL: Western Illinois.

FIB: No sir. The old Wild West of the United States. My Uncle Sycamore McGee was one of the old-timers out there. Why, he spent half his life as Marshal of Dodge City!

MOL: And the other half dodging the City Marshal.

FIB: Ahhh, the stories he used to tell! How he'd get up at dawn, with the smell of the sagebrush permeatin' the desert air...and how he'd saddle his old paint -

MOL: Don't you mean he'd paint his old saddle?

FIB: OF COURSE NOT. Saddles were never painted. A PAINT is kind of a horse.

MOL: I suppose a man had to have a paint to ride thru the brush.

FIB: Molly you got no romance in your soul. Personally, I got the old west in my blood. Ahhhh, to squat before a campfire, inhalin' the clean odor of woodsmoke as the coyotes howl in the canyons...baby, that's for me!

MOL: You can have my share, dearie. I'll take my chances with mice and mosquitoes, but you can have a country full of sidewinders and tarantulas.

FIB: You don't mean tarantulas. You mean tarantellas.

MOL: I don't either, McGee. A tarantella is a Spanish dance.

FIB: Oh no it ain't, sweetheart. A tarantella is a long thin cigar.

MOL: THAT'S A PANATELLA.

FIB: GO ON!.. A PANATELLA IS YOUR KNEECAP.

MOL: Your kneecap is a patella.

FIB: I thought a patella was a guy that shakes his finger at you and says you can't play that harmonica in here.

~~MOL: No, that's a petrillo.~~

FIB: (LAUGHS) YOU CAN'T KID ME WITH THAT ONE, TOOTSIE! I KNOW WHAT A PETRILLO IS. IT'S A SMALL MISTAKE.

MOL: THAT'S A PECCADILLO.

FIB: A PECCADILLO!! THEN WHAT'S THAT KIND OF A CUCUMBER THAT SOAKS IN BRINE?

MOL: A dill pickle.

FIB: Oh yeah...well how did we get here from tarantula?

MOL: I don't know, but the farther the better. What are you going to do.

FIB: Gonna build a wood fire. Readin' that Western stuff has made me hungry for the good clean smell of woodsmoke. We got any greasewood in the corral, pardner?

MOL: No, my little maverick. Nary a stick of greasewood. But those Western magazines ought to make a nice hot fire.

FIB: I'm not thru with 'em. I'm readin' a serial about how Hashknife Horton brings peace and security to Varmint Valley, and drives out the rustlers with his trusty six guns.

MOL: SIX GUNS! How on earth did he carry 'em all?

FIB: He didn't have SIX guns. They called the guns SIX GUNS because they fired six shots without loadin'. See?

MOL: How many would they fire if they were loaded?

FIB: Oh, that's ridicu...HEY WHERE'S THE HATCHET? I GOTTA CHOP SOME KIDDLEY WOOD.

MOL: It's on the back porch.

FIB: What's it doing out there?

MOL: Waiting for you to come back and crack some more walnuts.

FIB: Eh? Oh. Oh yeah. Well, I'll go out and git us some f'ar-wood and build us a nice roarin' f'ar in the f'ar-place. SO LONG GAL -- KEEP YORE POWDER DRY!

MOL: Cain't do it, pardner. They's a leak in my compact. Take keer o' yorese'f.

FIB: Shore will!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

FIB: Ahh, the old West! Sometimes I wish Molly had more of the pioneer spirit. I can just imagine her up on the seat of a covered wagon, whittlin' me off a shaw from a hunk o' Pittsburgh twist whilst I kept an eye peeled for Injuns. If we only -

TEE: Hi, mister.

FIB: (STARTLED) DON'T DO THAT!! MY GOSH, I'M LIABLE TO GO FOR MY GUN AND...Oh...Oh hiyah, sis.

TEE: Hi. Whatcha talkin' to yourself about, mister? Hmm? Whatcha?

FIB: Oh, just recallin' the old days when I was out West, sis. Set down a spell, pardner, and tell old Panamint McGee the news. Ain't seen a white man in these parts fer y'ars and y'ars. Teddy Rose'velt still Pres'dent?

TEE: (GIGGLES) Awwwww. You KNOW it's Franklin Roosevelt, I betcha.

FIB: Franklin' eh? Kep' it in the Fambly, did they? You spent much time in the old west, sis?

TEE: No, but my brother is a ranger, I betcha.

FIB: Oh, boy!..a Texas ranger?

TEE: No -- arranger for Billy Mills' Orchestra. (GIGGLES)

FIB: Oh.

TEE: Hmm?

FIB: I said OH.

TEE: Oh what?

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FIB: Oh, if you only knew! Personally I was out west for quite a spell, sis. Use to drive the Charles cart for the old X.I.T. outfit, in Texas.

TEE: The what, mister?

FIB: The Charles Cart. Most ranches called it the Chuck Wagon, but we had a very fancy spread. I'll never forget the time the boss ride up to me and says "PANAMINT," HE SAYS...they called me Panamint. "PANAMINT," he says -

TEE: I betcha they called you that on account of the Panamint Mountains, I betcha. We had 'em in Joggerphy.

FIB: No, they called me Panamint because I was so fond o' candy, sis. Always had a mint in my pan. ~~Yes sir, PANIMINT~~ MCGEE, I WAS KNOWED AS IN THEM DAYS....

TEE: Awwwwwwww..(GIGGLES)

FIB: PANAMINT MCGEE, the Pride o' the Prairies, perennially pursuin' pesky Piutes on my pinto pony; patiently proddin' pioneer pals into proper pastures; pickin' up a pocketful o' pesos prospectin' perilous properties, and probably the picturesque-est of the Pistol-Packin' Papas from the pedestrian packed pavements of old Fort Bliss to the -  
AHH, THAT'S A WONDERFUL COUNTRY, SIS!!

ORCH: "WHERE OR WHEN"

APPLAUSE

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McGEE  
2/29/44

SECOND SPOT

(2ND REVISION)

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MOL: Heavenly days, McGee...do you need all that firewood?  
FIB: Certainly. I been yearning for the sight of a big roaring wood fire, and by George, I'm gonna have one!  
MOL: You use all that wood in it, and we'll have a few roaring firemen in here, too.  
FIB: Don't worry baby! I know all there is to know about fire-building.

SOUND: CLATTER OF WOOD:

MOL: You've got enough wood there to fuel the Natchez and the Robert E. Lee!  
FIB: Oh no I haven't. Just got a handful of kiddley wood.  
MOL: You mean KINDLING wood.  
FIB: I said kiddley, diddle I? A handful of kiddley wood, a few hunks o' two-by-four to get 'er started well, and a armful o' logs to pile on top. Now lamme see...  
MOL: What smells so funny?  
FIB: How do you mean funny? There's no sweeter smell in the world than fresh-cut wood for a fire.  
MOL: Smells like oil.  
FIB: Like bi-...OH!! MAYBE YOU SMELL THAT TRANSMISSION GREASE.  
MOL: What transmission grease? Said she, fearing the worst.  
FIB: Well, you see, what I was really yearning for was a real western fire, see? And what do they use for a fire out on the open range? Grease-wood. We didn't have any grease-wood, so I smeared some grease on this white pine.

(2ND REVISION) -10-

MOL: Oh, great, great, great! If you need any cotton wood, I've got an old sweater you can wrap around the broom handle.  
FIB: Okay, scoff if you wanna...DERIDE. But when I get this beautiful fire -

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

MOL: Oh hello, Mr. Wellington.  
WELL: AHHHH, good day, Mrs. McGee. And McGee...AGHHHHHHH!  
FIB: Hiyah, Wellington. To what clumsy stroke of fate do we owe your charming presence?

RATTLE OF WOOD

WELL: Mmm, Hmmm! Would it be rude of me, old fellow, to inquire as to what you propose to accomplish with that stack of potential Charlie McCarthys?

FIB: Wellington, you are as nose-y as a photo finish. But just between you and me and the insurance company, I am building a fine big fire in the fireplace.

MOL: He got to reading a western story about life on the range, Mr. Wellington, and he had to have an open fire. He fancies himself another Skipaway Harrigan.

FIB: It ain't Skipaway Harrigan. It's Hopalong Cassidy. You run them pictures at your theatre every Saturday, don't you, Wellington?

WELL: I do, I do, indeed. In fact, I am a western fan myself. I spend many a summer on a dude ranch in May-Heeco.

MOL: In what?

WELL: In Mayheeco.

FIB: Where's that?

WELL: I do not wish to be pedantic, my friend, but MAYHEECO is the Mexican pronunciation for Mexico. In Mayheeco, the "x" is pronounced like "H". So, I might add, is the letter "J".

MOL: Heavenly days, it must be a very Ee-hasperating language.

FIB: Himiny! - Huh think, what a holly time those Mayheecans must have trying to hitterbug. What's the best month for Mayheecan hitter-bugging, Wellington - Hune, Huly, or Hanuary?

WELL: This is ridiculous! I was merely endeavoring to point out - Oh..I almost forgot. What I came for. In fact, I did forget. What I came for. However, I shall probably remember by the end of the.

MOL: Week?

WELL: Terribly. But I can make it home all right. Good day.

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE: 1

FIB: What a character.

MOL: Well, he's alwa... WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

FIB: Whittling this stick so it's fuzzy on the edges. That's the scientific way to build a fire, see? Catches fire easier.

MOL: Very clever idea.

FIB: **Shucks**, what I don't know about buildin' a fire you could engrave on the head of a bubbling fountain. Well.. here we go...first the paper...

RATTLE OF PAPER: RATTLE OF KINDLING WOOD.

FIB: Then the kiddley wood.....and the two-by-fours--

SOUND: CLATTER OF WOOD

MOL: Quite a production! Now all you need is a lantern and Mrs. O'Leary's cow.

FIB: Don't worry...I'm gonna light this fire the way the cowboys do.

MOL: Well, this ought to be interesting. How do the cowboys light a fire?

FIB: They use matches.

MOL: Oh!

FIB: Here she goes....

SOUND: STRIKE OF MATCH; (PAUSE)

FIB: Ah! Now for a good ole --

DOOR OPEN; CLOSE:

WIL: Well, hello there. What is this, a weeny roast?

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox.

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FIB: Howdy stranger. Light down and hunker up to the f'ar, I'll have one o' the wranglers hobble yore hoss. Keer fer a cigar? Real good. Bought 'em in a store.

WIL: All right, I'll bite. Who are you tonight? Roy Rogers or Wild Bill Elliott?

MOL: He's got the West on his chest tonight, Mr. Wilcox. That's all.

FIB: What's yore outfit, neighbor? Seem to reckonize your face, somehow. You one o' the wild bunch from the Cherokee Strip?

WIL: Stranger, heah in the West, we don't aim to ask personal questions. I got my guns tied down and I'm on the prod. Maybe I better be sashayin' along. I kin make the stage station by sun-up.

MOL: No, mister. You set a spell, with paw, here. Tain't often we git a handsome stranger down from the hills.

WIL: Thank ye ma'am. Thank ye kindly. What's your brand, neighbor?

MOL: The Lazy F.M.

FIB: What's yore's?

WIL: I'M with the J.W. spread, pardner.

MOL: Hmmn. The J.W. spread.

FIB: YOU DON'T MEAN -----!

WIL: Yes!

FIB: You heah that, Maw? This waddy rides fer old J.W.!

MOL: What's new down that-away, stranger?

FIB: Now maw, you shouldn't of asked the boy -

WIL: (REVERTING TO NORMAL) Well, it's the same news, folks. The J.W. spread..and I DO mean Johnson's Wax, is still a great outfit to ride for. And what a range! Everything from playing cards to bookcases. So if you're nesting or homesteading, don't forget to protect your wood and enamel surfaces with old J.W. Makes things last longer, makes housecleaning easier and beautifies as well as it preserves.

(BACK TO THE WEST) Wa'al, I reckon I'll git aboard my bronc' and split the breeze, neighbors.

MOL: Better spread yore bedroll by the f'ar, stranger. Hate to have you hit a gopher hole in the dark.

FIB: Iffen the law should inqu'ar, stranger...have we seen ye?

WIL: You ain't seen me, pardner.

MOL: We ain't seen you.

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

FIB: You know, that's what I like about Junior. He can go along with a gag.

MOL: I nearly gagged as we went along, myself. MCGEE, YOU'D BETTER FAN THAT FIRE A LITTLE..IT'S SMOKING PRETTY BADLY. And it's hardly old enough to smoke.

FIB: Oh, it'll settle down, all right. Gotta get the cold air outa the chimney first. You see, cold air bein' heavier than hot air --

MOL: Never mind about the cold air, dearie. Stick to the things you're familiar with.

FIB: Can't be anything wrong with the chimney. Unless maybe a owl built a nest in it. Maybe I better call a--

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

MOL: Oh, hello, Alice.

ALICE: Hello. I thought I smelled smoke upstairs and wondered if something was burning.

FIB: My fire in the fireplace is a little slow gettin' started is all, Alice.

MOL: Yes, himself here claims to be a wizard at building fires, but so far it's had fewer flames than a homely hermit.

ALICE: Gee, I love a fire in the fireplace. I can just look into the glowing coals and see all sorts of imaginary pictures.

FIB: If you see one in this fire, it ain't imaginary, Alice. I just tossed in that awful photograph of Aunt Sarah we had on the piano.

MOL: MCGEE..WHY DID YOU DO THAT! That was a nice picture of Aunt Sarah.

ALICE: Yes, and an awfully cute pose, too...one elbow on that marble column and one finger under her chin. When was it taken?

FIB: The year before the camera was invented, I think. Hey, you like a nice fire in the fireplace, Alice?

MOL: Of course she does. And if this one gets nice, I want her to come downstairs again and see it.

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ALICE: Gee, I wish you would, Mrs. McGee. Maybe we can pop some corn.

MOL: What she means is some MORE corn, McGee.

FIB: Well, I think it'd be a swell idea. You break out the pop corner, Molly.

ALICE: You mean the crawn pipper, Mr. McGee.

MOL: No, he means the crop porner!

FIB: I MEAN THE GREEN PIPPER.

ALICE: The pip crawler...

MOL: The prop cronner...

FIB: LET'S MAKE FUDGE!

ALICE: OH, goody...I'll get the stuff!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

FIB: So, we're gonna have some fudge, eh?

MOL: No, Sugar.

FIB: Why not?

MOL: No sugar.

FIB: Oh well...HEY, I WONDER WHAT MAKES THAT FIRE SMOKE LIKE THAT? (COUGHS) My gosh, as many fires as I've built in my life--

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

EDDIE: Good evening.

MOL: Good evening.

FIB: Hiya, bud. If you're sellin' magazines or something to work your way through a walnut grove-- IS THAT YOU POKIN' ME IN THE RIBS, MOLLY?

MOL: (IN FIERCE WHISPER) MCGEE!! IT'S EDDIE CANTOR!

FIB: EDDIE CANTOR!!!

APPLAUSE:



FIB: (LAUGHS) I was just kiddin', Eddie. Knew you the minute you laid eyes on me. I'm Fibber McGee. This is my wife, Molly.

EDDIE: Glad to know you, Mrs. McGee.

MOL: How do you do, I'm sure.

FIB: Likewise.

EDDIE: Did I drop in at an inconvenient time? I mean if you'd rather finish burning those old overshoes and rag rugs--

MOL: Oh no, Mr. Cantor. He just started a fire in the fireplace and it's smoking a bit...that's all.

FIB: Everything's kinda damp this wet weather, Eddie. Reason I started it, I was readin' a Western Magazine and got a yen for a nice open fire. You familiar with the West, Eddie?

EDDIE: You mean the wild west where men and women both wear blue jeans, but the overall effect is quite different?

MOL: My very words, Mr. Cantor! You seem to be familiar with the scenery out there.

FIB: Great country, Eddie, great country. You'd love it. The atmosphere is...And the music! Ahhh!....the old Western music.

EDDIE: Yes, and one of my favorites is the Grand Canyon, Suite.

MOL: Oh now--

FIB: Take it easy there, stranger you just met the gal.

MOL: THE GRAND CANYON SUITE, DEARIE, IS A MUSICAL COMPOSITION. It's got hoof beats all through it.

FIB: OHHHHH, A HORSE OPERA!

EDDIE: No, look Fibber. It's a symphonic arrangement, a musical description, you might say, of the grandeur and scenic magnificence of the Grand Canyon: the sweep and bigness of it - the sudden meteorological changes and puny insignificance of man against the awesome background of mighty nature, and did anybody write this down so I can see what I said?

MOL: Mr. Cantor ought to know music, McGee. He's launched more singers than a sewing machine salesman.

FIB: You on the radio, too, Eddie?

EDDIE: Yes, tomorrow night.

FIB: Well, I hope you like it. Guy with your ability oughtta be on the air regular.

MOL: MCGEE, HE IS ON THE AIR REGULARLY....EVERY WEDNESDAY NIGHT.

FIB: Yeah? Who with?

EDDIE: I have my own show, Fibber.

FIB: Oh, that's great, Eddie. That's great. With your talent, all you need is a good band, and maybe a crooner--

EDDIE: A crooner! Yeah...that's all I need! Look, folks.... I just wanted to ask you to listen to my show tomorrow night. I'm starting a search for the Known Soldier... the typical G.I. Joe, and when I find him, I'm going to set him up to a bank account and a start in civilian life after the war.

MOL: Isn't that wonderful!

EDDIE: Listen in and hear all about it tomorrow night..

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MOL: Oh, we will, Mr. Cantor. We will!

FIB: We'll bend an ear, Eddie. If you like, we'll even send a lotta postcards to your sponsor signed with different names and tell him how good you are.

EDDIE: Oh, you don't have to do that!

MOL: We don't mind a bit. Though we'd probably address 'em to RACINE, WISCONSIN from force of habit.

EDDIE: Well, thanks very much, folks...and goodnight. I hope we'll---

FIB: LOOK OUT! THE OTHER DOOR, EDDIE!!!

MOL: THAT'S THE HALL CLOS--

SOUND: DOOR OPEN, TERRIFIC AVALANCHE OF JUNK, BELL TINKLE:

(PAUSE)

EDDIE: I've heard about it....but I never believed it!

ORCH: "POLKA DOT POLKA" - KING'S MEN:

APPLAUSE

THIRD SPOT

(REVISED) -20-

MOL: McGee, you'll simply HAVE to do something about that fireplace. You're going to ruin my curtains with that smoke. Open a window or something!

FIB: OKAY.

SOUND: WINDOW OPENING:

FIB: (LAUGHS) Some smoke, eh? Reminds me of the first open fire I ever built, when they first took me into the Boy Scouts, out of a pile of wet leaves.

MOL: That's better than out from under a rock.

FIB: Eh?

MOL: Never mind. But I wish you'd either stoke that fire into a blaze or put it out. This place is rapidly assuming some of the nastier aspects of Chemical Warfare.

FIB: Well, my gosh...

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

BEULAH: Hello, folks..is there anything I kin do to he'p? Is there any trouble?..

DOOR CLOSE:

MOL: Why no, Beulah.

FIB: What gave you that idea?

BEULAH: Well suh. I was goin' pas' the house w'en I see all that smoke come bellowin' out the winda, an' ah say to mahse'f, BEULAH, I says, SOMP'M is DEFINITELY un-good in theah! So ah rushes up on the po'ch --

MOL: Well it was nice of you to want to help, Beulah. But it's only a smoky fireplace.

FIB: Yeah..got to readin' a Western Story, Beulah, and got a yen for an old-fashioned wood fire.

MOL: On the theory that there's no fuel like an old fuel, I guess.

BEULAH: No fuel like an old -- (LAUGHS HEARTILY) She real amusin' too, ain't she, Mist' McGee?

FIB: Oh, she's a panic, Beulah.....Ahhhh, wood smoke! (SNIFF) Get a load of that fragrance!

BEULAH: Dat what?

FIB: That fragrance. That aroma.

BEULAH: (LAFFS)

MOL: What's the matter?

BEULAH: (LAFFS) I was just thinkin' -- that aroma wasn't built in a day!

FIB: Oh, Beulah!

BEULAH: (MEEKLY) Yassah.

MOL: By the way, Beulah -- I'm having some ladies in for lunch Friday. Do you think you could help me with the refreshments?

BEULAH: Oh, I be delighted, mam! How does we handle the commissary -- it it a TAKE or POINT affair?

FIB: Whattaya mean, Take or Point?

BEULAH: (GIGGLE) I means -- do the ladies sit down and I take it to 'em -- or does I just stand by the buffet and point?

MOL: It'll be a buffet lunch, Beulah. I thought we'd have cold Vichysoise, a salad, and dessert.

BEULAH: OH DAT VICHY -- STUFF..DAT MY SPECIALTY, MA'AM.

FIB: I never heard any food mentioned yet that wasn't your specialty, Beulah.

BEULAH: Nossugh. That's on account of I specialize in food of any perscription. I'LL BE HEAH REAL EARLY FRIDAY TO HELP YOU, ma'am.

MOL: Thank you Beulah.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: She's one of the most ---

DOOR OPEN

BEULAH: Scuse me, Ma'am...what dat Vichy stuff again?

FIB: POTATO SOUP.

BEULAH: Yassah tha's what I thought, I think.

DOOR SLAM

MOL: I met her at Jimmy Sales Market the other day and she hinted very strongly that she'd like to come to work for us. I told her she'd..(COUGHS) I told her she'd better wait till...(COUGHS) OH MCGEE, THIS SMOKE IS GETTING TERRIBLE!

FIB: Oh I dunno..I think maybe the wood is just beginning to..(COUGHS) The wood is just beginning to catch fire from the...(COUGHS) BOY SMELL THAT PINE WOOD! AIN'T THAT...(COUGHS) Ain't that fragrant? (COUGHS)

MOL: It's wonderf--(COUGHS) Wonderful. But hadn't we better --

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

MOL: Oh hello..(COUGHS) Doctor Gamble.

FIB: Hiyah, Doc. (COUGHS) Come on in and set by the fire.

DOC: WHAT FIRE?..AND WHERE ARE YOU?

MOL: We're right over here, Doctor. (COUGHS) Right straight ahead.

FIB: Stoop down and you can see our feet, Doc..(COUGHS) Sorry it's so smokey in here, but it oughtta clear out in a few minutes.

DOC: If it doesn't, I will. (COUGHS) WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO, YOU LITTLE ARSONIST? IS THE HAM IN YOU SO PREDOMINANT THAT YOU'VE GOT TO BE SMOKED?

MOL: Why don't you lie down on the floor, Doctor? (COUGHS) The air is better down here. (COUGHS)

FIB: Aw let him stand up, Molly. He's an old man, and as such - (COUGHS) entitled to a short preview of the hereafter. (COUGHS) HEY IS IT GETTING ANY CLEARER IN HERE?

DOC: NO IT ISN'T! (COUGHS) A MINUTE AGO I COULD SEE THE PIANO. (COUGHS) NOW I CAN'T EVEN SEE THE WALL. (COUGHS) WHAT WAS THE IDEA, MCGEE? IS THIS A PRIMITIVE...(COUGHS) A PRIMITIVE FORM OF FUMIGATION?

MOL: Oh he just wanted a wood fire, Doctor. He's a....(COUGHS) he's a great outdoors man, you know.

DOC: After this, I am too!

FIB: AW DON'T BE A SISSY, YOU BIG HOTHOUSE PETUNIA! ANY GUY THAT DON'T LIKE THE FRAGRANCE OF A (COUGHS) THE FRAGRANCE OF (COUGHS) THE FRAGRANCE OF (COUGHS)---

DOC: His needle is stuck. (COUGHS) COME ON, POUR SOME WATER ON THAT DUMP CART INCENSE! OPEN A WINDOW!

MOL: The window is open...(COUGHS) IT IS OPEN, DOCTOR!..

FIB: WHAT'S THE MATTER DOC...DON'T YOU LIKE A NICE WOOD FIRE?

DOC: Certainly....I (COUGHS) I LOVE A WOOD FIRE, BUT--

MOL: HAVE YOU...(COUGHS) HAVE YOU GOT ONE AT YOUR HOUSE, DOCTOR?

DOC: YOU MEAN...(COUGHS) NOW?

FIB: YES. (COUGHS)

DOC: NO..(COUGHS) NO I HAVEN'T!

MOL: OH FINE!

FIB: LET'S ALL...(COUGHS) LET'S ALL GO OVER TO YOUR HOUSE!

ORCH: ("SONNY") FADE FOR---

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
TUESDAY, 6:30 PM PWT NBC  
FEBRUARY 29, 1944

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Every now and then, we all have to be reminded that this war is certainly not over, and that we have to continue to fight waste -- to conserve our resources -- to take better care of the things we have. This applies to food, fuel, electric power, delivery service -- to fats, paper, scrap-metal and rubber. And it still applies to our household goods -- to your refrigerator and to that linoleum on your floor. If you aren't protecting your floor coverings, let me suggest that you do so right away. You can make linoleum last 6 to 10 times longer if you protect it regularly with JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO COAT. The tough film of GLO COAT acts as a protective shield, guarding the linoleum against moisture, dirt and scratching. Spilled things are wiped up in a jiffy -- and your work is greatly reduced because GLO-COAT needs no rubbing or buffing -- you simply apply and let dry. As an added value, your floors will be new looking and lovely to look at, thanks to JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

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(2ND REVISION) -25-

TAG

MOL: My goodness, McGee, it's after midnight; we'd better go home and let Dr. Gamble go to bed.

FIB: Yeah, I know. This has been awful nice, Doc, you havin' us over here, feedin' us root beer and cookies and stuff. I don't know how to thank you for --

DOC: Don't give it a thought, McGee. There's only one thing I'd like to hear you say.

FIB: What's that, Doc?

DOC: Goodnight!

FIB: Oh -- goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all.

PLAYOFF AND SIGNOFF

WIL: Eddie Cantor appeared on this program thru the courtesy of Harry von Zell.....The character of Mr. Wellington, heard on this program, was played by Ransom Sherman. This is Harlow Wilcox, speaking for the makers of JOHNSON'S 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

"FIBBER MCGEE AND

Johnson's Wax

Tuesday, March 7, 1944