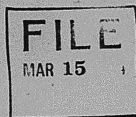


WRITERS: Don Quinn
Phil Leslie

(REVISED) #24



"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

Johnson's Wax

Tuesday, March 7, 1944

N.B.C.

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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: UP AND FADE FOR

(COMM'L PAGE 3)

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC
MARCH 7, 1944

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: You know the expression -- fair weather friend -- meaning the kind of person who stands by you while the sun is shining, but disappears when you run into trouble. Well, some products are like that -- they look good, but they can't take punishment -- they break down just when you need them most. I can assure you that JOHNSON'S GLO COAT is certainly not in that class -- as you discover for yourself when the weather turns bad and your linoleum floors get all tracked up with wet and snow and outside dirt. How quickly and easily you can wipe all that dirt up with a damp cloth -- in a jiffy! That's because the film of GLO-COAT acts as a protective shield, saving the surface underneath. And because you don't have to scrub linoleum floors anymore, you can save yourself hours of work -- and you make your linoleum last 6 to 10 times longer. JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO COAT needs no rubbing or buffing -- you simply apply and let dry. It's one way you can practice conservation in your own home.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH)
(APPLAUSE)

(REVISED) -4-

WILCOX: WHEN OMAR KHAYYAM DASHED OFF THOSE IMMORTAL LINES ABOUT HOW "THE MOVING FINGER WRITES", HE MUST HAVE SEEN THE SQUIRE OF 79 WISTFUL VISTA POKING AWAY AT THE TYPEWRITER. YES, THE OLD FIRM HAS TAKEN IN A NEW MEMBER. IT'S NOW HUNT, PECK AND MCGEE, AS WE MEET --

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE

SOUND: TYPEWRITER CLACKING (HUNT AND PECK) WITH OCCASIONAL

CARRIAGE RETURN AND BELL RING - OUT

FIB: *And so...I say to all you listening in tonight...that if*
And so...I say to all you listening in tonight...that if all of us do our part...part of us won't have to do it all,...HEY, MOLLY. HOW'S THAT?

MOL: (FADE IN) How's what, dearie? I didn't hear what you said?

FIB: Listen. Wait a minute..where is...OH..."AND SO I SAY TO ALL YOU LISTENING IN TONIGHT, IF ALL OF US DO OUR PART...PART OF US WON'T HAVE TO DO IT ALL!" That's kind of a cute way of sayin' it, don't you think?

MOL: Very tricky. But what's all this about LISTENING IN? I thought you were giving this speech at the Elk's Club.

FIB: The committee changed its mind. I'M gonna give it over station W V I S. They gave us fifteen minutes tonight. We can reach more people that way.

MOL: You mean YOU'RE GOING TO TALK ON THE RADIO? Heavenly days.. isn't that exciting? Aren't you nervous?

FIB: Nahh! Nothin' to it. I was practicing all morning with an umbrella for a microphone, and never had a quiver.

MOL: They say when you get in front of a real microphone, though, it's pret-ty scary.

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FIB: NAHHH, not for me. What's Fadiman got that I haven't got? More books, that's all. Look, here's how I'M gonna start my speech..LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...THIS IS FIBBER MCGEE SPEAKIN'....

MOL: Wait a minute...why do you have to tell them your name? Won't the announcer introduce you?

FIB: Yeah, but I take no chances, baby. That announcer they got is so used to readin' the Russian war news he can't be trusted with a simple little name like McGee. I'd likely wind up as Fibberonovitch McGeenovovnatskkk.

MOL: Oh! The Red Network!

FIB: Besides, when I go on the air as a speaker, I want people to know who's talkin' to 'em. You never know who might be listening in....and I ain't so tied up this fall that I can't handle a political campaign here or there.

MOL: For which side?

FIB: The one that offers the most dough. Politically I have my own ideas...but financially, I'm non-partisan.

MOL: Incidentally, what made them pick you as the speaker tonight? I thought Mr. Wellington was the one who always did the oratory.

FIB: Well, it was a funny thing about that. At the Red Cross luncheon last week, Wellington was supposed to give a little speech...but when it come time,..he just sat there.. lookin' funny and lickin' his lips...so I leaps up and gave a nice little speech. Entirely extraneous, too.

MOL: You mean extemporaneous. But what was wrong with Mr. Wellington?

FIB: (LAUGHS) Seems like somebody had poured a lot of salt in his coffee and he couldn't even pronounce his own name for two hours.

MOL: Who on earth would do a dirty trick like that to poor Mr. Wellington?

(SLIGHT PAUSE)

FIB: WELL, I GUESS I BETTER FINISH MY SPEECH. Now lemme see....

Where's my notes. Oh, here
~~SOUND: TYPEWRITER IN:~~

FIB: Ladies and gentlemen....the Red Cross needs your money... (TYPING)...and this is a campaign to raise 200 million dollars. (TYPING) The Red Cross is the greatest symbol of practising humanity in the world today, and when you give generously to it, you are helping people all over the world. Remember, it's as easy to give a dollar as it is to pass the buck and when you -

~~DOOR OPEN: TYPEWRITER OUT:~~

ALICE: Hello, Mrs. McGee...Hello, Mr. McGee...what are you writing - a novel?

FIB: Writin' a speech for the Red Cross campaign, Alice.

MOL: (PROUDLY) Himself ^{here} is going to be on the radio, Alice. Maybe when the Red Cross hears him talk they may want him to go all over the country.

ALICE: Oh I don't think it will be that bad, my dear...creepers, he ---

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, THAT BAD?..SHE MEANT THAT GOOD.

ALICE: Oh!

MOL: Imagine my very own husband talking to thousands of people on the air...I'm so thrilled!

FIB: Aw it's nothin'. Roosevelt does it all the time. Hey you comin' to the radio station with me tonight, Molly. Or you gonna hear it at home?

MOL: Oh I want to come with you, dearie. I'm going to sit out in the audience and clap till I split my gloves. Why don't you come with me, Alice?

ALICE: Oh, I'd love to Mrs. McGee, but it's Tuesday night and always on Tuesday nights I -

FIB: OH YOU GOTTA DATE, EH? CAN'T LET YOUR BOBY SOCKS COOL OFF LONG ENOUGH TO GO HEAR A SPEECH FOR A GREAT ORGANIZATION LIKE THE RED CROSS, EH? DO YOU REALIZE, MY GIRL, THAT BETWEEN JANUARY AND NOVEMBER OF 1943 THE RED CROSS PACKED OVER FIVE MILLION, THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND FOOD PARCELS?

ALICE: Yes, but you see, Mr. McGee -

FIB: I can see that you got no sense of responsibility for the war effort, Alice. Here I am, ^{typin' my fingers to the bone} heatin' my brains out, tryin' to do what I can, rais'n dough for a good cause and what are YOU DOIN'? OUT DANCIN' THE CHARLESTON!

MOL: The Charleston, McGee, is as dead as the Minuet. Just because you stopped dancing when the two-step went out, don't get the idea that Arthur Murray tossed in his chips.

ALICE: I remember my father talking about the Charleston, Mr. McGee, but I never -

FIB: THE NAME OF THE DANCE AIN'T IMPORTANT, ALICE. WHAT I'M GETTIN' AT IS YOUR FLIMSY REASONS FOR NOT ATTENDING MY SPEECH TONIGHT.

ALICE: But Mr. McGee, every Tuesday night I -

FIB: HAS IT GOTTA BE EVERY TUESDAY NIGHT? WON'T HE LET YOU OFF ONE NIGHT?

ALICE: Who?

MOL: Who-ever your date is with?

ALICE: But it's with the Red Cross. Every Tuesday night I roll bandages for four hours.

FIB: Oh, ^{will you do that for me?} I...er...Oh! I see. I...er...Well, why didn't you tell me?

MOL: She was doing her best to, McGee. But you were acting like a lot of other people. So busy waving the flag you couldn't see what was going on.

FIB: I WAS NOT WAVIN' THE FLAG! I just thought Alice wasn't interested, is all. So you roll bandages for the Red Cross do you, Alice? Every Tuesday?

ALICE: Yes. Except Thursday. On Sunday nights I dance with the service men at the canteen and help serve coffee and things. And on Saturday afternoon I take books to hospitals.

MOL: ~~Good for you, Alice. McGee, you owe the child an apology.~~

FIB: ~~I sure do. Sorry, kid. I had you tagged wrong.~~

ALICE: ~~Oh that's all right, Mr. McGee. And if I can help you type out your speech I'll be glad to.~~

FIB: No thanks...I'M only makin' one carbon anyway, Alice.
One copy for me and one for the sound effects man at the
radio station.

MOL: SOUND EFFECTS!

ALICE: What sound effects do you need just to make a speech?

FIB: OH, I AIN'T SO DUMB! I GOT SOME APPLAUSE AND CHEERS CUED
IN AT DIFFERENT PLACES. Well, thanks for offering to help,
Alice. I'm practically thru Typing it anyway.

ALICE: That's why I thought you ought to know.

MOL: Know what?

ALICE: He's got the carbon in upside down. His extra copy will
be backwards on the back of his original. Well, good luck,
Mr. McGee.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: Well, I'll be a ----

SOUND: RIPPING PAPER OUT OF TYPEWRITER: FEEDING PAPER IN AGAIN
SLOW TYPING: HUNT AND PECK...

FIB: ~~LADIES.....AND GENTLEMEN.....I.....HAVE.....AN.....~~
INTERSTING...MESSAGE...FOR YOU...TONIGHT.....

MOL: I've got one for you too, McGee.

FIB: You have?

MOL: Yes....you put the carbon in backwards again.

FIB: WHAT?? WELL DAD RAT THE DAD RATTED!!!!

SOUND: RIPPING PAPER OUT OF MACHINE

ORCH: "WHEN THEY TALK ABOUT YOU"

APPLAUSE

SOUND: SLOW TYPING - CARRIAGE RETURN. TYPING OUT

FIB: AND SO..LADIES AND GENTLEMEN....IN CONCLUSION...MAY I SAY
THAT THE RED CROSS.....IS THE LINK BETWEEN...THE
SERVICEMAN..AND HIS FAMILY...BACK HOME. SO GIVE GENEROUSLY
TO THE RED CROSS IN THIS...CAMPAIGN FOR FUNDS....SO WE CAN
GIVE EVERY POSSIBLE SERVICEMAN....EVERY POSSIBLE SERVICE.
I THANK YOU...APPLAUSE..CHEERS...WHISTLES. Hey, Molly..
you can whistle thru your teeth can't you?

MOL: Yes, but I only do it on special occasions, like trying to
catch a waiter's attention or something. Why?

FIB: Well, look. After I say "I THANK YOU", I want you to leap
up, and start yellin' and clappin' and whistling. See?
Kinda start a big spontaneous demonstration,

~~MOL: I see. Don't you want me to shoot a pistol, beat a drum,
toss confetti, turn a few cartwheels, and give the rebel
yell at the same time?~~

FIB: Nah...just holler and stamp and whistle. Like it was the
~~greatest speech you ever heard. And it probably will be.~~

MOL: Haven't they got a phonograph record of crowds cheering
they could play?

FIB: That wouldn't be ethical. This has gotta be spontaneous,
like you starting it, and maybe four or five guys I could
hire at a buck apiece joining in, see?

MOL: Well, I don't really think you'll --

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

MOL: Oh hello, Mr. Wellington.

WELL: AHH GOOD DAY, MRS. MCGEE...IT GIVES ME GREAT PLEASURE TO SEE YOU. AND MCGEE....IT GIVES ME....(CENSORED)!

FIB: Hiyah, Wellington. Take off your coat and park your overstuffed frame on our ditto davenport.

WELL: Er....THENGYO....NO. I was merely calling to ascertain whether, or not, you have, or have not, the speech, or not, which you are, I think, to deliver I am sure, tonight, if possible, over W.V.I.S...I am certain.

MOL: Yes he has, Mr. Wellington. And it's a dandy if I ever heard one!

FIB: Got it all typewritten out, Wellington. And it's the best talk I ever gave, or my name ain't Fibber McGee.

WELL: Really? May I have a copy of your address, old fellow?

FIB: Sure. 79 Wistful Vista.

MOL: HE MEANS THE SPEECH, MCGEE.

FIB: Oh oh yeah. Whatcha want it for, Wellington?

WELL: Why the..ah...the morning papers, old chap. For a cause of this scope and magnitude the widest possible publicity is desirable. Thus the public prints should have a copy for the morning editions, for that portion of the public which UNFORTUNATELY - Hmmm...were unable to hear the broadcast.

MOL: Oh, McGee never would have thought of giving copies to the newspapers, Mr. Wellington. He's so modest, you know.

WELL: Mhhhhmmmmmmmmmm! Yes.

FIB: HERE, WELLINGTON...

SOUND: PAPER RIPPED OUT OF TYPEWRITER

FIB:take this copy. I was savin' it for the sound effect guy at the studio, but he can read offa mine.

WELL: The sound effect man...my dear fellow! This is a dignified appeal for funds...to carry on the great work of the Red Cross - it is NOT an Olsen and Johnson Somethingszapoppin'!

MOL: Well, McGee thought-

FIB: Never mind, Folly. AND DON'T YOU WORRY YOUR LITTLE SIX-AND-FIVE-EIGHTS HEAD ABOUT IT SIGGY, OLD BOY. I know what I'm doing.

WELL: And it is a secret which will be kept down thru the ages, I have no doubt. Oh yes...McGee...be at WVIS no later than 8:30.

FIB: Okay. And take good care of that manuscript. *Don't show it to anyone!*

WELL: *I will. I will!*

MOL: My you certainly look nice today, Mr. Wellington. I wish McGee would pay more attention to his clothes.

WELL: Thank yo.

FIB: You're a regular Bromo Brummel, Wellington. But what's the idea of such a short cane?

WELL: I am out for such a short walk. Good day.

DOOR CLOSE

MOL: Oh I like Mr. Wellington, He's so clean cut.

FIB: He would be if I could find my Boy Scout hatchet. Now lemme see...I better run over the speech again so -

MOL: Did you put in that bit about how the Red Cross operates all those 350 service clubs and recreation centers for men and women overseas?

FIB: Yeah. I got that in. But to me the most important thing was the fact that the Red Cross gets information about war prisoners wherever it's possible. My gosh, that alone is enough to make you sit down and write 'em a big check.

MOL: It really is. Incidentally how much time did you say WVIS gave you?

FIB: Fifteen minutes. They told me I'd have about twelve for my speech.

MOL: How many pages did you write?

FIB: Eighteen. But it's all single-spaced, so it'll go pretty fast.

MOL: I see. How about music?

FIB: I didn't ask 'em. But if necessary I'll sing myself on and off with a few bars of Pretty Red Wing or something. You know...gotta get some showmanship into it. I remember one time----

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

WIL: Hello folks,

MOL: Well, hello there Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Hiyah, Junior. Hey, whaddye doing tonight? I'M makin' a speech for the Red Cross campaign fund on the radio, and if you -

WIL: Yes, I know. I'm going to be at W.V.I.S. myself, so I'll see you there.

FIB: What are you doing at the radio station, Junior?

WIL: Oh I do some spot announcements.

MOL: Some what?

WIL: Spot announcements. I tell how easy it is to wipe up spots, if the kitchen linoleum is protected and beautified with Johnson's Self-Polishing Glocoat. And in my spare time I've been working out some sound effects. I got 'em in this box here...all wired up.

SOUND: BOX OPENING:

FIB: My gosh, Junior..that's a pretty complicated-lookin' gadget.

MOL: How does it work?

WIL: I'll show you. Every time I need a certain sound effect, I press a certain button, see? I want a splash..I press the splash button.

SOUND: SPLASH.

FIB: Yeah..but, that's kinda hard to work into a conversation unless you're talkin' to a drip.

WIL: Well, I use it in my Glocoat announcements. Like this: I say, FOLKS, GIVE YOURSELF A BREAK (GLASS CRASH)...STOP KNOCKING YOURSELF OUT (SLAP, THUD, GRUNT AND BODY FALL) SCRUBBING YOUR FLOORS THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY. USE JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLOCOAT AND STOP WORKING LIKE A..(DOG BARK) IT'LL GIVE YOUR TIRED, DULL LINOLEUM THE BEST BEAUTY TREATMENT YOU EVER (SAWING).^{SAW} TRY IT TODAY, AND GIVE YOURSELF TIME FOR RECREATION...GET YOUR HOUSEWORK DONE SO YOU CAN GO OUT AND KICK THE (GONG) AROUND. REMEMBER, JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLOCOAT SHINES AS IT DRIES... REQUIRES NO RUBBING..NO BUFFING. GIVE YOUR DEALER A (TELEPHONE BELL) TODAY! What do you think of it?

MOL: Well, off-hand.....I'd say --

FIB: Me too! Get it off your hands as quick as possible, Junior.

WIL: You don't like it?

FIB: No.

WIL: Then I know I'm on the right track. See you tonight.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: I think I heard that routine from KDKA in 1926; McGee.

FIB: Well, something's always new to somebody. I'll never forget the time - HEY!! WHAT TIME IS IT?

MOL: Well, you haven't got much time to get dressed and get down there, McGee. Are you taking a cab?

FIB: No, Doc Gamble said he'd pick us up. He'll find out from Wellington what time. (FADE OUT) I'll run upstairs and change my..shirt..

MOL: Ah, there goes a good kid! As excited over this speech as if he hadn't copied almost everything out of the Red Cross Booklets! Maybe I'd better read it over for him... (RUSTLE OF PAPER) DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DISASTER PREPARATIONS OF THE RED CROSS HAVE BEEN WIDENED TO INCLUDE STORAGE AT STRATEGIC POINTS OF BLOOD PLASMA, BLANKETS, COTS AND CLOTHING FOR EMERGENCY USE. WE HOPE ENEMY ACTION MAY NEVER STRIKE OUR OWN CITIES, BUT IF IT DOES, THE RED CROSS STANDS READY....

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

MOL: Oh hello, Beulah.

BEUL: Evening, ma'am. I jus' thought I'd stop by an'...(PAUSE) 'scuse me, ma'am...but is you done somethin' to this livin' room?

MOL: Why no, Beulah. Everything is the same except that black streak on the wall there.

BEUL: What do dat?
MOL: Mr. McGee did that. He started to strike a match on the
back of his pants and missed. Struck it on the wall
instead.
BEUL: (LAUGHS) You see him do it, ma'am?
MOL: No. He told me about it.
BEUL: Yes'm.
MOL: Don't you believe it?
BEUL: No ma'am.
MOL: Why not?
BEUL: Because, ma'am, iffen Mist' McGee wanna strike a match on
de back of his own pants...it ain't a target a man could
reasonably miss. (LAUGHS) You sure you ain't done
somp'm te dis room, ma'am...OHHHH, IT DAT EASY CHAIR..
DAT'S WHAT IT IS!
MOL: What's the matter with it?
BEUL: Mist' McGee ain't sittin' in it. (LAUGHS) Don't look
natural that way. But the reason I stop in ma'am, is to
ask you how did the luncheon go las' Friday of which I
help you prepare an' dispense.
MOL: Oh very smoothly, Beulah. That salad you made was
delicious!
BEUL: Dat's on account of I makes it wif terrapin vinegar, ma'am.
MOL: It's TERRAGON.
BEUL: It is? Well I'll git you another bottle, ma'am. Because
they's nothin' like terrapin vinegar to make a salad. How
you like them lil biscuits I make?
MOL: BEULAH, THEY WERE MARVELOUS! I ATE SIX OF THEM MYSELF.

BEUL: You ate twelve, ma'am.
MOL: Oh well. (LAUGHS) I always -
FIB: (UPSTAIRS) HEY, MOLLY!
MOL: Yes, McGee? (CALLS)
FIB: WHERE'S MY CUFFLINKS?
MOL: (CALLS) IN YOUR CUFFS.
FIB: NEVER MIND, I FOUND 'EM.
MOL: ALL RIGHT.
FIB: WHAJA SAY?
MOL: NEVER MIND.
FIB: OH. I THOUGHT YOU SAID ALL RIGHT.
MOL: I DID.
FIB: WHAT?
MOL: I DID!!!
FIB: YOU DID WHAT?
MOL: I SAID ALL RIGHT.
FIB: oh.
MOL: WHAT?
FIB: NOTHIN'. I JUST SAID OH.
BEUL: *(Laughs) How dat man*
What dat man need aroun' heah, ma'am, is somebody to take
care o' he clothes. An' it bettah be me. I arranged
wif Miss Toops to work over heah every Tuesday aftah this,
so you kin expec' me nex' week.
MOL: But Beulah, I don't think we could -
BEUL: I don't think you could either ma'am. Git along without me.
MOL: Yes but how much -
BEUL: WHO CARE HOW MUCH WO'K THEY IS? I LIKES YOU AN' MIST'
MCGEE AND I IS MOVIN' IN. Goodnight, ma'am.
MOL: Goodnight, Beulah. But I wish you'd wait till -

BEUL: TILL TUESDAY, MA'AM. THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT, TOO.
GOODNIGHT!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: HEY, MOLLY! (UPSTAIRS)

MOL: YES? (CALLS)

FIB: WHO JUST CAME IN?

MOL: SOMEBODY JUST WENT OUT.

FIB: WHO?

MOL: OUR NEW HOUSEKEEPER.

FIB: I DIDN'T KNOW WE HAD A NEW HOUSEKEEPER.

MOL: NEITHER DID I.

FIB: EH?

MOL: NEVER MIND...YOU'LL BE LATE FOR THE BROADCAST!!! HURRY!.

ORCHESTRA: & KING'S MEN.. "THE KID WITH THE RIP IN HIS PANTS"

APPLAUSE:

FIB: My gosh, I wish Doc would get here. I go on the air
inside of half an hour.

MOL: Well, at least you present a novel appearance, dearie.

FIB: Whaddye mean?

MOL: Most men start pacing the floor AFTER the doctor gets
there.

FIB: Well, gee whizz..with an important speech like...HEY...

HEY...WHERE'S MY SPEECH?...I'VE LOST MY SPEECH! I'VE LOST
MY SPEECH!

MOL: Did you have it upstairs when you dressed?

FIB: NO! NO, I DON'T THINK SO! OR DID I? NO, I DIDN'T!...I
DON'T THINK I DID! ANYWAY...OH MY GOSH!!

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: Oh, here's Doctor Gamble...COME IN!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

MOL: Hello, Doctor.

DOC: Hello, Molly. Hello, Fi... WELL, WHAT'S YOUR FIFTY PERCENT
COMMON STOCK RUNNING AROUND FOR, MOLLY?

MOL: He's lost his speech.

DOC: HE'S LOST HIS SPEECH!! GREAT SCOTT, AND HE'S GOT TO GO ON
THE AIR!!! MAYBE I CAN FIX IT...COME HERE, MCGEE...OPEN
YOUR MOUTH...

FIB: AHhhh...

DOC: OH, THIS LOOKS BAD! NO INFLAMMATION...NO SWELLING...MUST
have strained it talking too much
~~BE A PARTIAL PARALYSIS~~...WHEN DID THIS COME ON?

FIB: When did what come on?

DOC: YOUR LOSS OF SPEECH! The time element is...SAY, WHAT IS
THIS? YOU'RE TALKING ALL RIGHT!

MOL: OF COURSE HE IS...BUT HE'S GOT NOTHING TO TALK ABOUT!

FIB: I'VE LOST MY SPEECH!

DOC: NOW WAIT A MINUTE! I DISTINCTLY HEARD YOU SPEAK, McGEE,
AND--

MOL: No no no, Doctor...his TYPEWRITTEN SPEECH...HE CAN'T
FIND IT.

FIB: I'VE LOST IT! I'VE LOST IT! I'VE LOST IT!

DOC: OH, STOP SINGING A-TISKET A-TASKET...YOUR SPEECH DIDN'T
RUN AWAY. NOW CALM DOWN...WHERE WOULD YOU PUT AN
IMPORTANT PAPER IF YOU WERE GOING TO NEED IT IMMEDIATELY?

MOL: He'd keep it in his hand.

FIB: Yes, I'd.....Oh. Oh. Here it is. In my hand. (LAUGHS
IN RELIEF) DOC, YOU'RE A GREAT PSYCHOLOGIST!

DOC: Yes, I'M quite a mind reader, I'd read your mind, McGee,
but the small type hurts my eyes. Well, are we ready?

MOL: Are we late, Doctor?

DOC: No. Got lots of time. How'd the speech go, McGee?

FIB: Gonna knock 'em cold, Doc. Oughtta raise a lotta dough
for the Red Cross.

DOC: Are you going to mention the home service for service men's
families...and the 50 thousand Red Cross nurses serving
all over the world, and the 100 Red Cross Service buildings
already up or under construction...

MOL: I think he's covered all that, Doctor. But how did you
get all that information?

DOC: As a doctor, I know pretty well what they're doing. And
believe me, it's worth every dollar you can dig up for 'em.
They're doing a tremendous job for every boy and girl in
the service, and their families at home.

FIB: I know it, Doc, and I got a great finish for my talk.
I say, ~~QUOTE~~... "SO GIVE GENEROUSLY TO THE RED CROSS IN
THIS CAMPAIGN FOR FUNDS...SO WE CAN GIVE EVERY POSSIBLE
SERVICE MAN EVERY POSSIBLE SERVICE...THANK YOU...AND
GOODNIGHT", ~~UNQUOTE~~.

~~MOL:~~ APPLAUSE...CHEERS...WHISTLES.

DOC: SOUNDS VERY GOOD. WELL, COME ON, FOLKS...MY CAR IS
RIGHT OUTSIDE.

MOL: Come on, McGee...and don't be so nervous.

FIB: WHO'S NERVOUS?

DOC: No one. But you're the one here who's wearing an overshoe
on his head and got his foot in his hat. Ready, Molly?

MOL: Ready, Doctor...

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

ORCH: WILLIAM TELL

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS: SUSTAIN UNDER:

DOC: It's in Studio J, McGee...right down this corridor...

FIB: Okay. (TO HIMSELF) Ladies and gentlemen, my name is
Red Cross and I want to tell you about the Fibber McG--
er...no...Ladies and gentlemen...

MOL: He's starting his speech by telling the audience that he
doesn't have to tell them anything about the great work
the Red Cross is doing, Doctor.

DOC: Splendid! Then what does he do?

MOL: Then he tells the audience what a great work the Red Cross
is doing.

DOC: Oh.

FIB: Well, my gosh, you gotta give them the main points of the thing. You gotta....

DOC: Hold it, McGee...here's studio J.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS OUT:

FIB: Well...let's go in. What are we waitin' for?

MOL: Look at the sign, dearie. It says "ON THE AIR..KEEP OUT".

DOC: Just finishing the program that precedes you, McGee... come on in here and we'll listen to it.

FIB: Okay.

DOOR OPEN:

WELL: (FILTER MIKE) ...AND SO...LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...

IN CONCLUSION MAY I SAY THAT THE RED CROSS...IS THE LINK BETWEEN THE SERVICEMAN AND HIS FAMILY BACK HOME...

MOL: WHY, THAT'S MR. WELLINGTON!

FIB: HE'S GIVIN' MY SPEECH!

DOC: HOW DO YOU KNOW IT'S YOUR SPEECH?

MOL: LISTEN!

WELL: SO GIVE GENEROUSLY TO THE RED CROSS...IN THIS CAMPAIGN FOR FUNDS...SO WE CAN GIVE EVERY POSSIBLE SERVICE MAN EVERY POSSIBLE SERVICE. I THANK YOU. GOODNIGHT!

FILTER HJM OFF: *Appearance of a whistle - what is this?*

MOL: OH, DEAR!!

DOC: So that's why he told me what time to bring you over here, is it?

FIB: THE DIRTY DOUBLE CROSSER!!...AND HE SAID HE WANTED A COPY OF MY SPEECH FOR THE NEWSPAPERS!! I'LL KILL HIM!! I'LL BEAT THE BEJUNIOR OUTA THE NASTY LITTLE--

ORCH: SELECTION - FADE FOR:

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER McGEE & MOLLY
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC
MARCH 7, 1944

-25 A-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: In your homes you've known for a long time how to protect surfaces of all kinds with WAX. I wonder if you realize that manufacturers of war material took a tip from your housekeeping methods and are using WAX to protect the surfaces of many war products. That is true and they should thank you women for this very good idea. Of course the makers of JOHNSON'S WAX helped them to discover these war uses for WAX polishes -- but it was your use of wax on your floors, furniture and woodwork -- for metal, wood, paper and leather surfaces that really showed them the way. For example, a very large optical manufacturer just wrote in recently to tell how JOHNSON'S WAX solved one important problem for them by providing smooth, polished surfaces needed in testing fire control instruments. No doubt the smooth, polished surfaces of someone's floors or furniture first suggested this war use for WAX. I guess you ladies should take a bow.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC -- FADE ON CUE)

(2ND REVISION) -26-

TAG

FIB: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE GOAL OF THE 1944 RED CROSS WAR FUND IS 200 MILLION DOLLARS. IT'S IMPORTANT THAT THEY GET IT. IMPORTANT NOT ONLY TO US, OUR FAMILIES AND OUR COUNTRY, BUT FOR THE COMFORT AND WELL-BEING OF ALL OUR MEN AND WOMEN IN SERVICE. REMEMBER, THE RED CROSS IS NOT A GOVERNMENT AGENCY...IT IS DEPENDENT ON YOU ~~AND ME~~ FOR SUPPORT. SO LET'S ~~GIVE IT TO THEM~~.

MOL: SEND YOUR CHECK OR DONATION TO THE RED CROSS IN YOUR COMMUNITY TOMORROW MORNING. WEAR THE RED CROSS ON YOUR LAPEL...IT WILL SHOW WHERE YOUR HEART IS.

FIB: GOODNIGHT.

MOL: GOODNIGHT, ALL!

PLAYOFF AND SIGNOFF

WILCOX: 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)