

WRITERS: Don Quinn
Phil Leslie

(REVISED)

#25



"FIBBER McGEE AND MOLLY"
Johnson's Wax

Tuesday, March 14, 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' Orchestral

ORCH: "OH GEE -- OH JOY" -- AND FADE FOR

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER McGEE & MOLLY
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC
MARCH 14, 1944

-3-

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WIL: In some homes light painted woodwork presents a cleaning problem -- especially if there are young children around. In other homes, and I hope yours is one of them, this problem has been nearly eliminated -- thanks to the newest form of JOHNSON'S WAX -- the CREAM WAX. This unusual polish was created especially for furniture and woodwork, and it does a remarkable job. JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX cleans as it polishes -- takes off dirt, fingerprints and smudges like magic. With very little rubbing it leaves a satiny wax finish that brings out the beauty of the surface as well as protecting it. It is a perfect wax polish for enameled kitchen equipment, like refrigerators, stoves and cabinets. JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX is a white liquid, very easy to use -- contains no oil to collect dust. It gives furniture a hard, dry finish that makes cleaning and dusting so much easier. Try a bottle of JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX for your furniture and woodwork.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH)

APPLAUSE:

-4-

WILCOX: THE RESIDENTS OF 79 WISTFUL VISTA FEEL VERY SUPERIOR TODAY. THEY HAVE ACQUIRED THE SERVICES OF A COOK, A LAUNDRESS, A MAID AND A HOUSEKEEPER. THAT'S A VERY LARGE STAFF FOR SUCH A SMALL HOUSE, BUT BEULAH (That's the cook, laundress, maid and housekeeper) IS A VERY LARGE GIRL. MEET HER PROUD EMPLOYERS --

-- FIBBER McGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: What's Beulah doin' now?
MOL: She's taking down the curtains in the front bedroom. She says whoever ironed them last must have done it with a steam roller.
FIB: Who did iron 'em last?
MOL: (LAUGHS) I did. But don't tell her that. She's a wonderful worker.
FIB: She's a terrific cook, too, baby!! She made a cheese omelette this noon that was so light I kept hittin' my nose with it. What does she cook with - helium?
MOL: Well, ^{well, lucky to have her one day a week} ~~make the best of it, dearie~~...she's only working here on Tuesdays, you know.
FIB: Why just Tuesdays?
MOL: Well, that's the day we need her the most.
FIB: (THOUGHTFULLY) Yeah...yeah, I guess that's right. Hey, we oughtta plan on doin' a lotta entertaining on Tuesdays, you know it? Put on the dog a little.

MOL: Yes, - as the hungry cannibal said, "It's been a long time since we had anybody for dinner."

FIB: Look...why don't we ask Doc Gamble over for dinner? My gosh, he and Eleanor Roosevelt have less home life than anybody I know.

MOL: Better just ask Doctor Gamble. It's pretty short notice for Mrs. Roosevelt. Here...here's the phone.

FIB: Thanks. (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR? GIMME DOCTOR GAMELE'S OFFICE IN THE MEDICAL AND DENT TELL ME THAT'S MYRT! HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING, MYRT? TIS EH. WHAT SAY, MYRT? THAT PRETTY SISTER OF YOURS? SIGNED A CONTRACT WITH 20th CENTURY, EH?

MOL: My goodness!! 20th CENTURY FOX - AS AN ACTRESS?

FIB: No, 20th Century Limited, as a brakewoman. WHAT SAY, MYRT? OKAY, CONNECT ME...

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS...MYRT GAVE HIM A NUMBER!..AND WE GOT A COOK! ..ALL ON THE SAME DAY!!

FIB: HELLO, DOC? THIS IS FIBBER McGEE,..THE PERSONALITY KID... YEAH...LOOK..I HATE TO BUTT IN WHILE YOU'RE BUSY TELLIN' PATIENTS TO QUIT SMOKIN' WHILE WAVIN' A BIG CIGAR IN THEIR FACE, BUT CAN YOU COME OVER TO OUR HOUSE TO DINNER TONIGHT. EH? WAIT A MINUTE AND I'LL SEE. (ASIDE) What are we gonna have?

MOL: Meat loaf, scalloped potatoes, spinach ring, lemon meringue pie.

FIB: HELLO, DOC? SCALLOPED MEAT, LOAFING POTATOES, LEMON SPINACH AND (aside)- what kinda pie was that?

MOL: Tapioca pudding.

FIB: (IN PHONE) AND TAPIOCA PUDDING. OKAY DOC. COME ABOUT SIX O'CLOCK AND WE CAN PLAY A COUPLE O' GAMES OF CHESS? EH? YOU DON'T? WELL, NEITHER DO I. SO WE'LL PLAY RUMMY. OKAY, DOC. (CLICK) He'll be here.

MOL: I'm glad. The only time the poor man sees a decent meal is when he looks thru the advertisements in the magazines in his office - and those are all from 1935...when you could use butter for cooking.

FIB: Yeah...and it'll probably be the first time he ever got a dinner invitation that wasn't a cover-up for somebody wantin' him to take a free peek at little Willie's silly-acrobat.

MOL: His what?

FIB: Silly acrobat. That's those bones where your hips join onto your watch pocket.

MOL: (LAUGHS) That isn't a silly acrobat. That's your sancro-illybac.

FIB: That don't sound right. It's more somethin' like sanky-cadillac...er...billy-cardiac, or something.

MOL: Well, it isn't safe to throw medical terms around, dearie. Not till you're sure what they mean.

FIB: I guess not.

MOL: You KNOW it's not. I remember once Mr. Toops told you he was anaemic and you said "OKAY, LET'S SEE YOU DO KATHERINE HEPBURN."

FIB: Well, my gosh --

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh hello there Alice.

ALICE: Hello, Mrs. McGee. Jeepers are you going to have that new cook all the time? She's wonderful!

FIB: No, we just get Beulah on Tuesdays, Alice. But she sure can make those little vitamins turn 'ala-cart-wheels, can't she?

MOL: AND SHE'S SO CALM about everything. That's what I like. She never gets excited. By the way, Doctor Gamble is coming over for dinner tonight, Alice. Can you join us?

ALICE: Oh no thank you, Mrs. McGee...you're awfully sweet to invite me, but I have a dinner date with Mitch Woodbury.

FIB: Who's Mitch Woodbury?

ALICE: He's the middle fellow in the back seat.

MOL: In the back seat of what?

ALICE: Our car pool. We've been nodding to each other in the rear view mirror for simply months and yesterday somebody introduced us.

FIB: You two will probably get married and settle down in some cozy little glove compartment. Woodbury work at the airplane plant, kid?

ALICE: Oh no. Mitch is an artist. He paints those beautiful girls on the advertising signs...the great big ones like at 14th and Oak Streets. He's a woman hater.

MOL: A WOMAN HATER!!

ALICE: Yes.

FIB: Then why's he got a date with you?

McGEE SHOW
3/14/44

(2ND REVISION)

-8-

ALICE: He wants to overcome his hatred of women he says. But he says it's awfully hard to think of them as human beings.

MOL: BUT WHY, FOR GOODNESS SAKES?

ALICE: Well, creepers, he says when he climbs down off that scaffold after a days' work he finds it hard to realize that all women don't have noses six feet long. But thanks anyway, Mrs. McGee....

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: That kid causes so many heart throbs she oughtta be elected Miss Digitalis of 1944.

MOL: Well, my goodness, she works hard. She's entitled to some fun. After all -

DOOR OPEN:

BEUL: Scuse me, Miz McGee.

MOL: Yes, Beulah?

BEUL: Wheah at does one locate de calendar, ma'am?

FIB: You don't need a calendar with me around, Beulah. I always know what day it is. It's March 14th.

BEUL: Thank you suh. But that don' help.

MOL: Why doesn't, it, Beulah?

BEUL: I can't wash no vegetables in that.

FIB: Wash vege--

MOL: OH, YOU MEAN THE COLENDER. It's in the kitchen cabinet. And Beulah...Doctor Gamble will be here for dinner and we want everything specially nice.

BEULAH: YES MA'AM. I'll fix evahthing real pretty. Do the doctah eat hearty?

FIB: The doctor has what you might call a BIRDLIKE appetite, Beulah.

BEULAH: Oh deah...(DISAPPOINTED)

FIB: That is, if you call an ostrich a bird.

BEULAH: CALL A OSTRICH A...(LAUGHS HEARTILY, LOUDER THAN BEFORE)
LOVE THAT MAN!! Well, I get right to work on it, ma'am.

ORCH: "I LOVE YOU"

APPLAUSE:

FIB: Hey, Molly...how's dinner comin' along?

MOL: Just beautifully, McGee. Beulah is making the meat loaf of your dreams.

FIB: Well, it'll be better'n eatin' in that chop suey joint like we did last night. I had the egg foo yong of my dreams in there. I dreamed all night that my eighth grade teachers were dressed like Japanese and were chasin' me with Zeros.

MOL: You weren't dreaming; you were just reminiscing. What was that stuff you were eating anyway?

FIB: Oh, that was Gong Boeey Dan. I saw it on the menu and took a fancy to the name. Gong Boeey Dan.

MOL: What was in it?

FIB: You got me, tootsie. I could taste the Gong and the Boeey, but I think Dan was on duty as air raid warden that night.

MOL: I always get a thrill out of Chinese restaurants. I always think maybe somebody will come thru a concealed sliding panel and run away with me, like in the old serial movies.

FIB: You got too much imagination.

MOL: I don't order Gong Booley Dan.

FIB: Well, I was just--

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

MOL: Oh, hello, Mr. Wellington.

WELL: Mrs. McGee, a very VERY good afternoon to you. And McGee, a very VERY...funny thing happened on my way to the theatre last night.

FIB: What was that, Siggy, old man? Find a good humor man in a bad humor?

WELL: Mmmmm..No!

FIB: Oh.

WELL: I was standing in the lobby as is my wont --

MOL: You wont?

WELL: I wont what, Mrs. McGee?

FIB: You wont stand in the lobby.

WELL: Oh, but I will! It's my wont.

MOL: You see, McGee? He won't do it. It's in his will.

FIB: He's confused. Well, what happened, Wellington?

WELL: I was standing in the lobby as is my...I always do it. AND A CHAP with a distinctly military bearing came past...

MOL: Probably stole it.

WELL: Stole what, Mrs. McGee?

FIB: That military bearing. What was it, ball or roller?

WELL: I was referring, my dear fellow, to the chap's military carriage.

MOL: Well, he's lucky to have a ball bearing carriage these days!

FIB: My father invented a carriage with a folding hood that some company claimed they had a previous patent on. My father called it "the surrey with the infringement on top".

(PAUSE)

WELL: Shall I proceed with my anecdote?

MOL: OF COURSE, MR. WELLINGTON.

WELL: Theng kyo. As I said, this chap came past me with such a distinctively military look about him that I said, BY JOVE...THAT LOOKS LIKE GENERAL EISENHOWER! So I walked up to him and saluted..."General Eisenhower", I inquired? "No", he said.

(PAUSE)

FIB: Yeah?

WELL: Interesting story, wasn't it? Oh, by the way..what time have you, old boy?

FIB: I have...er...three 22, Sig.

WELL: Thank you. And Mrs. McGee?

MOL: My watch says 3:19.

FIB: What time you got, Wellington?

WELL: I have...er...3:20. Well, that takes care of that!

MOL: Takes care of what, Mr. Wellington.

WELL: What I came over here for. To pass the time of day. Good day!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: That guy is cornier than the inside of a silo.
MOL: I think all you men resent Mr. Wellington because he dresses so well and has such nice manners.
FIB: Oh, nobody resents Siggy. In fact, when he shows up at the Elk's club, everybody cheers.
MOL: They do? Is he that popular?
FIB: No, but money is, and Wellington is the fattest pigeon that ever sat in a gin rummy game. That guy handles cards like he was wearin' boxing gloves.
MOL: Oh, well...it's all a matter of luck.
FIB: It sure is. And the guy with luck gets to play cards with Wellington.
MOL: Besides, I don't think you ought to play cards for money.
FIB: I don't think we should, either, but the insurance company made us quit playin' for matches. Anyway we always ---

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

WILCOX: Hello, folks.
MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox.
FIB: Hiya, Junior. Hey, you got a date for dinner?
WILCOX: Yes I have, pal...why?
MOL: Doctor Gamble is coming here for dinner, Mr. Wilcox, and we thought maybe you could be with us, too.
WILCOX: Well, thanks, Molly, I'd love to but I'm having dinner downtown with a couple of boys from the Johnson Wax Company.
FIB: That oughtta be a gay affair. I can just see you three guys settin' there with paper hats on, tellin' each other with shrieks of happy laughter how many carloads of Johnson's Wax you sold last year.
WILCOX: These two men are in the Navy, now.
MOL: Oh. You won't talk shop. You'll talk ship. Well, I'm sorry you won't be here, Mr. Wilcox.
FIB: Yeah, we got a new cook, Junior. She can make a meat ball that bounces right into your heart. She does more with a skillet than Ford did with a bicycle.
MOL: You know her, don't you, Mr. Wilcox? Beulah?
WIL: BEULAH! WELL, FOR THE LOVE OF -
BEULAH: (FADE IN) SOMEBODY CALL BEULAH?
FIB: No, we were just telling Mr. Wilcox here what a good cook you are, Beulah.
BEULAH: (GIGGLES) I is a good laundress and ^a general utility ~~man~~ too, Mist' Wilcox.
WIL: You are eh? Pretty good at housecleaning too, Beulah?

BEULAH: Yassuh. Ah goes thru a house like a monkey thru a trapeze, 'suh. An' when I come out th' othah side, that house is anti-positively-septic.

MOL: That's true, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: I'll bet it is. I suppose you use Johnson's Wax on all the floors, furniture and woodwork, Beulah. And the lampshades, window sills and leather things.

BEULAH: Mist' Wilcox...you talk like I is ignerant as a June bride. Why I kin think of mo' places to polish with Johnson's Wax than you kin shake a stick at and then I polishes the stick.

FIB: Don't tell our domestic staff it's business, Junior. Beulah was an experienced housekeeper when you were a callow youth in a beanie.

WIL: I wouldn't be surprised. You know WHY Johnson's Wax is good for all those things, don't you, Beulah?

BEULAH: Yassuh. Make it look pretty.

WIL: Yes and it also seals the pores against dust and dampness.

BEULAH: Seal de what, suh?

MOL: The pores, Beulah.

FIB: Yes, wood has pores like the pores in your skin.

BEULAH: (ALARMED) I got pores in my skin?

WIL: Everybody has. Your skin breathes thru them.

BEULAH: Well, fo' goodness sake...what'll they THINK OF nex! (FADE) Well, I gotta git back and scalp som mo' potatoes, if you excuse me. Excuse me.

WIL: She's going to scalp some what?

FIB: Potatoes, Junior.

MOL: We're having scallopped potatoes for dinner. Sure you can't come.

WIL: No, but thanks very much. I just came by to return this book. I enjoyed it very much.

FIB: What book is that, Junior?

WIL: "HOW TO FIGURE INCOME TAX" by Croveny J. Frannis.

MOL: Did it help you any, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Not much. Your brilliant husband didn't tell me it was written in 1923. But thanks anyway.

DOOR SLAM

MOL: MCGEE, WHY ON EARTH DIDN'T YOU TELL HIM THAT WAS AN OLD INCOME TAX BOOK?

FIB: HE DIDN'T ASK ME. AND I LEARNED A LONG TIME AGO, IF IT'S FOR THE GOVERNMENT...DON'T VOLUNTEER ANYTHING. JUST ANSWER WHAT THEY ASK YOU.

MOL: What if he'd made out his income tax by a book that's twenty years old?

FIB: WELL I USED IT, DIDN'T I? AND MY TAX FIGURED MUCH LOWER THAN ALL THESE NEW FANGLED REGULATIONS WOULD OF MADE IT. MAYBE I'M CONSERVATIVE, BUT I STICK TO THE GOOD OLD WAYS.

MOL: The good old ways are liable to land you on the good old rock pile, dearie, making good old little ones out of good old big ones.

FIB: Ahhhhh...that's a lotta superstition. They can't throw a guy in jail because he figures his tax wrong.

MOL: Can't they?

FIB: Can they?

MOL: Yes.

FIB: They can?

MOL: I think so.

FIB: Oh my gosh...maybe I better get another blank tonight and let Doc Gamble help me with...HEY...WHERE YOU GOING?

(REVISED) -17-

MOL: Going to help Beulah fix the salad dressing. (FADE OUT)
You keep an eye out for Doctor Gamble.
FIB: AH, THERE GOES A GOOD KID! If I go to Leavenworth for
tax evasion, who'll be waitin' outside with a good cigar
and a --

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

TEE: Hi, mister.

FIB: Hi, sis.

TEE: Hi.

FIB: Hi. I trust you hadn't planned an extensive visit.
We're entertaining at dinner.

TEE: Gee, can I stay and watch you, Mister. Hmm. Can I Hmm?
Can I?

FIB: Watch us what?

TEE: Entertain at dinner? Whaddye do, mister? Sing funny
songs and stuff?

FIB: NO WE DON'T SING FUNNY SONGS. I MERELY MEANT THAT WE
ARE HAVING COMPANY.

TEE: Oh.

FIB: Yes... (LOFTILY) I imagine our culinary staff is even
now preparing the hors d'oeuvres and chilling the ketchup
to room temperature.

TEE: Oh boy...some stuff, I betcha!

1

(REVISED) -18-

FIB: Well, I'm strictly a guy that's a connoisseur of food,
sis. I like my hollandaise made from duck eggs...I like
the flames to leap just three and three-fourths inches
over my crepe suzettes...and I like my biscuit tortoni
with a slight...JUST A SLIGHT, MIND YOU!...flavor of
marzipan. Things like that, see?

TEE: I'M fussy, too, I betcha. Once I got a lollipop with a
knothole in the stick and I made 'em take it back.

FIB: THAT'S THE SPIRIT, SIS!! INSIST ON SERVICE!

TEE: Sure...and once I found a old rusty nail in the bottom of
a chocklit soda and the man gave me a fresh one, for
nothing.

FIB: That was quite a shock, wasn't it?

TEE: Gee, I'll say it was, mister. It was wonderful! I still
got the rusty nail. See?

FIB: WHAT THE...WHAT ARE YOU SAVING THAT FOR?

TEE: Oh, just in case I wanna take a lil guest to the drug
store. The second soda is always free if you find a
rusty nail in the first one.

FIB: NOW WAIT A MINUTE, SIS...HOLD ON...THAT'S FRAUD! THAT'S
PRACTICALLY STEALING! I'M no moralist, mind you - in
fact, I been known to slap the weighing machine to see if
my penny would come back...and I ain't above givin' a
pin-ball machine a slight tilt...but NOBODY CAN CLAIM THAT
FIBBER MCGEE EVER STOLE A NICKEL!

TEE: Well, gee, mister...

FIB: HERE...GIMME THAT NAIL! THANKS. SUPPOSE YOU TRIED THAT
DIRTY LITTLE TRICK SOMETIME AND ACCIDENTALLY ATE THE NAT

0

TEE: (GIGGLES) Awwwww, I couldn't do that, I betcha!
FIB: WHY COULDN'T YOU?
TEE: I never throw the nail in till afterwards.
FIB: OHHH! THIS IS AWFUL, SIS. NOW I NEVER WANT YOU TO TRY
THAT TRICK AGAIN..SEE? NEVER. PROMISE?
TEE: WHAT'LL YOU GIMME IF I PROMISE?
FIB: Look...ANY TIME YOU'RE TEMPTED TO PRACTISE THAT PETTY
LARCENY GYP IN THE FUTURE...YOU COME TO ME. I'LL BUY YOU
A SODA. PROMISE?
TEE: Okay. I'll promise. And hey..mister.
FIB: Eh?
TEE: I'M tempted right now, I betcha.
FIB: Oh for the...OKAY...HERE'S TWO BITS...NOW SCRAM.
TEE: Gee, thanks, mister. 'Bye now.
FIB: Goodbye.

DOOR OPEN:

TEE: (CALLS) HBY, WILLIE...IT WORKED JUST LIKE YOU SAID IT
WOULD. (FADE) HOW MANY MORE RUSTY NAILS YOU GOT?

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Well, I'll be a...OH, THIS IS RIDICULOUS!

ORCH: "IT'S LOVE, LOVE, LOVE" -- KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE:

THIRD SPOT

SOUND: CLATTER OF DISHES...CLINK OF SILVER:

MOL: More coffee, Doctor Gamble?
DOC: No thank you, my dear. I'M so full of coffee now, I've
acquired a rather charming Brazilian accent.
FIB: How about another hunk o' lemon pie, Doc? You only had
three.
DOC: I ONLY HAD TWO!
FIB: You had three.
DOC: I HAD ONLY TWO, I TELL YOU!! MOLLY...HOW MANY PIECES OF
PIE DID I HAVE?
MOL: I'M sorry, Doctor, but I seem to have lost the little red
book in which I keep track of how much my guests eat.
FIB: Shucks, nobody cares how many pieces you had, Doc...my
gosh...you're welcome to a whole pie, for that matter.
In fact, you darn near HAD a whole pie.
DOC: I DID NOT!
FIB: YOU DID TOO!!
DOC: WHY, YOU LITTLE-- Say, I think I will have another cup
of coffee, Molly...please.
MOL: Oh, good.

SOUND: CLINK OF CUP AND SAUCER

DOC: Thank you.
MOL: Pass the doctor the cream and sugar, McGee.
FIB: He oughtta drink it black. He's puttin' on too much
weight.
DOC: PASS ME THE CREAM AND SUGAR, UPSTART!
FIB: Okay, okay.

CLATTER OF DISHES:

DOC: Besides, I'm not putting on weight. I've lost 21 pounds in the last month.

MOL: Have you really, Doctor?

FIB: They may have been lost by your stomach but they were found by your --

MOL: MCGEE!

DOC: Oh let him talk, my dear. He's the parlor comedian type, you know. They're always afraid if every other line isn't a gag, the conversation might get serious and they won't know what's going on.

MOL: I don't know, Doctor. McGee talks pretty well on almost any subject.

DOC: Oh I know he does...I know that! But I maintain it's better if he knows what he's saying.

FIB: OH I KNOW WHAT I'M SAYING ALL RIGHT. NAME ONE SUBJECT THAT YOU KNOW MORE ABOUT THAN I DO...EXCEPT MEDICINE... Indians. Name ten tribes of Indians.

DOC: THAT'S A GINCH! OTTOWA, POTTAWATOMIE, CHIPPEWA, SHAWNEE, NAVAJO, APACHE, PIUTE, CHOCTAW, SEMINOLE...AND...ER...AND.

MOL: CLEVELAND!

FIB: DIDN'T THINK WE COULD DO IT, DID YOU, DOC? Hey, how about a cigar?

DOC: Thanks, I have one.

FIB: You got two? Thanks...

CLATTER OF DISHES

MOL: You sure you had enough of everything, Doctor?

DOC: Oh I really did, Molly. Wonderful dinner. And to think that after all these years of inflicting spinach on defenseless little children, I'd learn to like it myself!

FIB: Oh that Beulah is really a cook, Doc! Insists on everything bein' perfect. When she puts pants on a lamb chop, they gotta have cuffs, pleats and belt loops.

MOL: This is the first day she's worked for us, Doctor. Except to help out. She'll be with us every Tuesday from now on.

DOC: Lucky people! I had bad luck with my last cook. He ran away with a bottle of Napoleon Brandy I had saved for special occasions.

FIB: Ever hear from him again, Doc?

DOC: Yes, the same night. It seems he'd walked up to a cop and said "I'M NAPOLEON...WHICH WAY IS WATERLOO?" And they showed him. Say, do you mind if I compliment Beulah on this dinner?

MOL: Of course not, Doctor. Flattery never did a cook any harm.

FIB: WHO'S FLATTERY? Oh...oh flattery. Yeah...call Beulah in. If you don't think it'll upset her.

MOL: Don't be silly, dearie. Beulah never gets flustered. That's why I like her...she's always so calm.

SOUND: TINKLE OF TABLE BELL

DOC: I haven't had any home made bread like hers since I was a kid.

FIB: That's why we thought you'd like it tonight, Doc, bein' in your second childhood, like you are, we *thought that--*

DOOR OPEN:

BEULAH: You clang the bell fo' me, ma'am?

MOL: Yes, Beulah. I just wanted to tell you what a nice dinner this was.

BEULAH: Oh thank you, ma'am. Thank you ve'y much.

DOC: Yes, Beulah, it was wonderful. Don't be surprised if you have a guest here every Tuesday night after this.

BEULAH: Oh doctah! (LAUGHS) You like yo' dinner, Mist' McGee, suh?

FIB: Beulah, I loved every calory of it! And Mrs. McGee and I want to celebrate your first day's work here by presenting you with this little token of our appreciation. Here...

BEULAH: Well fo' goodness sake! A bottle o' cologne...Oh Mist' MCGEE...(LAUGHS) Oh, Miz McGee...(START TO SOB) OH DOCTAH... LOVE ALL YOU PEOPLE!! (CRIES AND SOBS)

MOL: WHY BEULAH...WHAT'S THE MATTER?

BEULAH: (SOBS) OH YOU IS ALL SO NICE!.... I'M sorry I bust out like this ma'am...(SOBS) But my goodness...

FIB: Hey now take it easy, Beulah...my gosh....we didn't mean to get you upset and -

BEULAH: OH I AIN' UPSET, MIST MCGEE... I WAS NEVAH SO HAPPY IN ALL MY...IN ALL MY...(SOBS) BORN DAYS...I NEVAH WAS.... OHHHHHHHHHH.....(WAILS)

MOL: Heavenly days, Doctor...what do we do? Can you do something?

DOC: I hate to try to cure anybody of being happy, but I'll see what I can do. COME ON, BEULAH...WE BETTER GO BACK TO THE KITCHEN AND SIT DOWN...

BEULAH: Yassuh...THAT'S WHA WE BETTAH DO ALL RIGHT...(LAUGHS) AND THIS LOVELY, SCRUMPTIOUS BOTTLE O' SWEET SMELLIN' STUFF! I NEVAH EXPECTED ANYTHING SO...SO...SO... (SOBS...WAILS, FADE OUT) OH, I'M JUS' THE HAPPIEST GIRL.

DOOR SLAM

MOL: (LAUGHS) McGee, you're the most sentimental man...I saw you wiping the tears away.

FIB: That wasn't sentiment...I was sneakin' a bite of Doc's pie and stuck the fork in my eye.

MOL: Oh!

ORCH: "MY SHINING HOUR" - FADE FOR --

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC
MARCH 14, 1944

-25-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: There are a good many war workers who have solved their housing problems by living in trailers. And however convenient this may be, it certainly doesn't mean complete freedom from housekeeping worries. For example, here's a letter that came in just the other day. "My husband is a war worker and we live in a 22 foot trailer", this lady writes. "The floor is covered with linoleum and you can imagine how much it gets tracked up every day. If it weren't for JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT I could never stand it, because there is so much sand and dirt here. But it just stays on top -- it doesn't go into the linoleum, GLO-COAT saves me a lot of work and certainly does preserve my linoleum". She goes on to say more nice things about JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO-COAT, but I've read you enough to show that whether you live in a big house or a one-room trailer, if you have any linoleum surfaces, it will pay you dividends to protect them with JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT. There's no rubbing or buffing needed with GLO-COAT -- you simply apply and let dry -- and your floors wear a shiny shield of protection.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC -- FADE ON CUE)

(2ND REVISION) -26-

TAG

MOL: McGee...what are you prowling around for in your slippers...
it's two thirty in the morning!

FIB: I know...I couldn't sleep.

MOL: Why not?

FIB: Oh, that lemon meringue pie we had for dinner.

MOL: WHY THAT WAS AS LIGHT AS A FEATHER! THAT COULDN'T KEEP YOU AWAKE.

FIB: WELL IT DID! I FINALLY COULDN'T STAND IT ANY LONGER AND WENT DOWN AND HAD ANOTHER PIECE.

MOL: Oh!

FIB: Yeah. Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all!

PLAYOFF AND SIGNOFF

WIL: The character of Mr. Wellington, heard on this program was played by Ransom Sherman. This is Harlow Wilcox, speaking for the makers of JOHNSON'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)