

WRITERS: Don Quinn
Phil Leslie

(REVISED) #27

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

Johnson's Wax

Tuesday, March 28, 1944

FILE
APR 3 1944

N. B. C.

(REVISED) -2-

WILCOX: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM!

ORCH: THEME - FADE FOR --

WILCOX: The makers of Johnson's Wax for home and industry present
The Fibber McGee and Molly Program, written by Don Quinn
and Phil Leslie, and welcome our special guest for tonight,
an old friend and former Wistful Vista resident, Harold
Peary, THE GREAT GILDERSLEEVE!

Music is by the King's Men and Billy Mills' Orchestra.

ORCH: "RISE 'N' SHINE" - FADE FOR

(COMMERCIAL PAGE #3)
(TO COME)

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
TUESDAY 6:50 PM PWT NBC
MARCH 28, 1944

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WIL: Every now and then I feel I should sit down and talk this wax business over with you men. I'm afraid some of you might be feeling neglected, and perhaps you don't realize there are some very interesting uses for JOHNSON'S WAX that would be helpful directly to you. Take your fishing and hunting gear, for instance. Last week one man wrote: "I have tried your wax on my flyrod and casting rod before I put them away for the winter, and it is wonderful". Another one said: "Why don't you tell people to wax their guns? Wax protects both the metal and the wood, and it's dry and doesn't get messy". All right, there are two uses for JOHNSON'S WAX right up your alley, Mr. Sportsman, and don't forget to wax your golf clubs. Also, if you're a handy man around the house, just try a little JOHNSON'S WAX on your tools -- saws, hammers, lathe -- all of them. You'll find the wax protects the metal against corrosion, makes the tools last longer, and your work easier. Those are just a few of the extra uses for JOHNSON'S WAX that are especially interesting to a man.

ORCH: MUSIC UP TO FINISH

APPLAUSE:

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WILCOX: IF THE WISTFUL VISTA GAZETTE BOTHERED TO PRINT THE ITEM AT ALL, IT WOULD PROBABLY READ: "THROCKMORTON P. GILDERSLEEVE, FORMERLY OF THIS CITY, AND HIS NEPHEW LEROY, SPENT SEVERAL HOURS BETWEEN TRAINS VISITING AT THE HOME OF FRIENDS TODAY." FOR THE TWO GENTLEMEN IN QUESTION ARE AT THIS MOMENT APPROACHING THE HOME OF --

--- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!!

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON PAVEMENT - ESTABLISH AND FADE -

HAL: (CHUCKLING HAPPILY) By George, Leroy, it's going to be mighty good to see him again. My little chum...Fibber McGee!!

LEROY: I'm going to be glad to see him, too Unk,

HAL: You don't even know him.

LEROY: ^{Well,} Even so, I'll naturally have to set this suitcase down to shake hands with him, won't I? If I can shake hands with anybody. My right hand is numb.

HAL: Well for goodness sakes, my boy...why didn't you tell me that suitcase was getting heavy? Here -- try carrying it in the other hand for a while.

LEROY: I did. I been changing hands like it was a red-hot nickel. You want to carry it for a while, Unk?

HAL: I'd be glad to, Leroy..more than glad to...but I have to have both hands free in case McGee is standing on his front porch and I have to wave to him.

LEROY: Oh, brother!

(2ND REVISION) -5-

HAL: Yes...(CHUCKLES) It's going to be great to sit down for a couple of hours and reminisce with old friends.

LEROY: It's going to be great to just sit down. Period.

HAL: Ahh, what a character that McGee is...to know him is to love him! And so few people know him!
COME ON, LEROY...THIS IS THE HOUSE...

SOUND: UP ON STEPS AND DOOR CHIME:

HAL: Oh, wait till I see my little chum ---

DOOR OPEN:

HAL: Well, hello there, McGEE! How are yo ----er...
(HEUGH) I...er...May I ask who you are?

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BEULAH: I am Beulah, suh. General factotum fo' Mist' and Miz McGee. In fact, I tote 'em they breakfast, lunch and dinnah every Tuesday. I is the laundress, the maid, the cook an' general futility woman.

LEROY: I think you mean UTILITY, Beulah. Futility means it's hopeless.

BEULAH: (SHARPLY) I KNOW WHAT I MEAN, BOY!

HAL: Well, look, Beulah, my nephew and I are--

SOUND: LOUD THUD

HAL: (STARTLED TAKE) OOOOPPH!! WHAT WAS THAT!!

LEROY: Just me, Unk. I just set this suitcase down. Oh, brother...my hands!... What do you do to increase your circulation?

HAL: Use more cartoons, run a serial story and crusade against something. Now - what was I saying before I...
Oh, yes. I'm Mr. Gildersleeve from Summerfield, Beulah...and this is my nephew, Leroy.

BEULAH: It give me great pleasure to meet you, suh. An' you too, Mist' Leroy. Please come in?

HAL: Er...thank you.

DOOR SLAM:

HAL: I'm an old friend of the McGees. Will you tell him Mr. Gildersleeve would like to see him?

BEULAH: Nossuh.

HAL: WHAT?

BEULAH: He ain' heah, suh. Him an' Miz McGee scam outa heah first thing this mo'nin. I dunno when they is comin' back, if evah, or when.

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HAL: Oh, that's too bad. Well, we'll stick around a while and hope he'll get back before we have to catch our train. We'll just make ourselves at home for a while.

BEULAH: You do that, suh. I hear a great deal about you, Mist' Gilsleeve.

LEROY: From Mr. McGee, Beulah?

BEULAH: Nossuh...From a frien' of mind, Birdie Lee Coggins.

HAL: BIRDIE LEE COG-- MY COOK!! WELL WELL WELL...WHAT DOES SHE SAY ABOUT ME, BEULAH?

BEULAH: She...er...(PAUSE) Well, you two gennlemen jus' relax, whilst I go brew you a cup o' tea.

HAL: Er...thank you. Thank you very much.

LEROY: Make mine root beer, will you, Beulah? I'm trying to conquer my craving for tea.

BEULAH: He tryin' to conk-- (LAUGHS HEARTILY) LOVE THAT BOY!! (FADE OUT) If you gennelmen jus' relax, I be right back with...

HAL: Imagine her being a friend of Birdie's, Leroy?

LEROY: Well, it's a small world, Unk. They say no place in the world is farther than sixty hours from any other place, by plane.

HAL: No place is farther than ten minutes, by gossip. Ahhh, good old 79 Wistful Vista...place looks just the same as when I was here last. Wonder where McGee keeps his cigars.

LEROY: I thought you didn't like his kind of cigars.

HAL: Well, I --

LEROY: You told me he smoked cigars that tasted like a hot overshoe and smelled like a pile of burning feathers.

HAL: Yes, I know, Leroy, but after all, a man's taste in cigars is a personal thing, and...WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

LEROY: Look, Unk. A CRYSTAL RADIO SET! IS HE KIDDING.

HAL: No, he just gives up hard, that's all. McGee would have been a rich man today if he hadn't been so stubborn. He kept ten thousand shares of stock in a buggy whip company when he could have sold it and bought in with Henry Ford. I was more intelligent...I sold mine.

LEROY: Gee, did you buy in with Henry Ford?

HAL: Well, no...I...er...I...No, I didn't. MY, ISN'T MCGEE GOING TO BE DISAPPOINTED IF HE DOESN'T GET BACK BEFORE I LEAVE...

LEROY: What did you buy when you sold your buggy whip stock, Unk?

HAL: Oh, I...er...I made other investments. AND HOW I'D LIKE TO SEE MOLLY MCGEE AGAIN. THERE'S A GRAND WOMAN, LEROY. SOMETIMES I-

LEROY: Did you buy U.S. Steel?

HAL: No, I didn't. REMIND ME TO TELL YOU SOMETIME, LEROY, JUST WHAT A MAGNIFICENT WOMAN MOLLY MCGEE IS. WHY, ONE TIME SHE--

LEROY: Railroad stock?

HAL: NO!

LEROY: Well, gee, Unk..what did you buy? You better tell me. I'm young and my character is just forming.

HAL: I BOUGHT A THOUSAND SHARES OF INTERNATIONAL HIGH-WHEELED BICYCLE AND I DON'T WANT TO DISCUSS IT FURTHER, BECAUSE... ahhhh, Beulah...thank you very much.

BEULAH: (FADE IN) That's all right, Mist' Gil-sleeve. Heah's yo
rootbeer, Mist' Leroy.

LEROY: Thank you.

HAL: Now don't let us disturb you, Beulah...you just do whatever
you were doing and we'll sit here and wait for Mr. and Mrs.
McGee.

BEULAH: Yassuh. (FADE) I'll be upstairs changin' the beds if you
want somp'n, suh. You jus' holler, and...

LEROY: (MUTTERS TO HIMSELF) I drink to you...(MUMBLE, MUMBLE)

HAL: LEROY!..what's the matter with you? Holding your rootbeer
up like that and muttering.

LEROY: I was practising a toast to Mr. McGee, Unk. You wanna
hear it?

HAL: Frankly, no.

LEROY: Aw, it's a darb, Unk. Very sophisticated. Listen.
It goes - I DRINK TO YOUR HEALTH WHEN WE'RE TOGETHER,
I DRINK IT WHEN I'M ALONE
I'VE DRUNK TO YOUR HEALTH SO DOGGONE MUCH
I'VE DARN NEAR RUINED MY OWN! (LAUGHS)

HAL: I'm afraid you're getting in with a flashy crowd at Peavy's
Drug Store, Leroy. Next thing I know you'll be drinking
Coqa-Cola out of some girl's slipper. And considering that
crowd of hop-scotch players you go with, I'd seriously
consider the sanitary aspects.

LEROY: What was that again, Unk?

HAL: Never mind. Now I'm just going to sit down here and relax
until McGee gets home.

LEROY: I'll just look around a little bit. You said he had
kind of a workshop down in the basement. May I take a look?

HAL: Why not? I don't think McGee would mind. Just be sure
you don't-- (SHOUTS) NO-NO-NO!..NOT THAT DOOR!! THAT'S
THE HALL CLOS--

SOUND: CLOSET DOOR OPEN: AVALANCHE OF JUNK. BELL TINKLE..PAUSE:

LEROY: Is that the one you were telling me about, Unk?

HAL: (LAUGHS) Yes.. that's the one, my boy!

ORCH: "TAKE IT EASY"

APPLAUSE

SECOND SPOT

(2ND REVISION) -11-

SOUND: JUNK FROM HALL CLOSET BEING KICKED AROUND

LEROY: For corn's sake, Unk...did you ever see so much junk?

HAL: Yes I have. Often. Every time McGee would open this closet, I'd see it. Now put it back the best way you can.

LEROY: WHADDYE MEAN, PUT IT BACK...YOU CAN'T GET ALL THIS STUFF INTO THAT LITTLE CLOSET!

HAL: It came out of there, didn't it?

LEROY: Did you ever try to squirt the juice back into a grapefruit?

SOUND OF JUNK CLATTERING: CLINK OF CHINA

LEROY: Look, Unk. What's this black box?

HAL: WELL SPLIT MY TAIL AND CALL ME P-38! That's a Brownie camera I loaned to McGee years and years ago.

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LEROY: It must have been years ago, if you believed in Brownies.

HAL: You pal around with McGee long enough, my boy, and you get so you believe in brownies, gremlins, pixies, elves, gnomes, and the synthetic rubber program. YOU KNOW WHAT I LOANED HIM THIS CAMERA FOR?

LEROY: Sure. It was so corny-looking you wanted to get rid of it.

HAL: I LOANED MCGEE THIS CAMERA TO TAKE PICTURES OF THE PRESIDENT ONE TIME WHEN HE CAME THROUGH WISTFUL VISTA.

LEROY: Gee, Roosevelt?

HAL: No. Coolidge. But you wouldn't remember that. To your generation, F.D.R. is like the R.F.D. It's always been there. BY GEORGE, IMAGINE KEEPING A MAN'S CAMERA THIS LONG WITHOUT--

DOOR CHIME:

LEROY: What was that, a grandfather's clock?

HAL: McGee's grandfather never had a clock, Leroy. He kept time by coming out of his cave and looking at the stars. That was the doorbell. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

WELLINGTON: Ahhh, a very good..HEAVENS, WHAT GOES ON HERE?

HAL: SIGMUND WELLINGTON! HOW ARE YOU, SIG!!

WELL: Why, Throckmorton P. Gildersleeve, as I live and breathe with some difficulty owing to a touch of asthma...Nice to see you again, old man.

HAL: Nice to see you, Sig. Still operating that firetrap you call a movie theatre?

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(2ND REVISION) -13-

WELL: My dear fellow. I would have you know that the Bijou Theatre is rated A-1 by the Associated Peanut Planters of America.

HAL: What have the Associated Peanut Planters got to do with it?

WELL: We feature their product in the lobby displays. This week we are showing Madame Curie with a large sign which says "GARSON LIKES PIDGEON, PIGEONS LIKE PEANUTS, WOULDND'T YOU?" It's been very effective. Hasn't sold any peanuts, but people stick their chewing gum on the sign, which saves the seats. AHHH, THROCKMORTON, OLD MAN...WHO IS THE YOUNG FELLOW?

HAL: Oh, excuse me, Sig. This is my nephew Leroy from Summerfield. Leroy, Mister Wellington.

WELL: Hello, there son.

LERROY: Hi, Mr. Wellington. You from the same family tree as the Duke of Wellington?

HAL: I don't think so, Leroy. In this case, the Tree Grows in Brooklyn.

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WELL: (AMUSED LAUGH) Hmmm! Hmm! Still the same old Throckmorton, aren't you, old man. Nice to see you again and hear the old jokes some more. By the way, where is McGee.

LERROY: He isn't here, Duke. I mean, Mr. Wellington. He and Mrs. McGee went out somewhere.

HAL: We just dropped in to see him between trains, Sigmund. We're hoping he'll get back before we leave. Can we give him a message for you?

WELL: If you would be so good as to. Please tell him that if he does not tell us exactly where in the lobby he left the unsmoked portion of his cigar last Saturday night, we shall be forced to close the theatre. The patrons have been complaining, and we have had several nasty notes from the Health Depart.

HAL: Ment?

WELL: Every word of it! Good day.

DOOR SLAM:

LERROY: What a character!

HAL: Oh, he's really a splendid fellow, Leroy. But shy. In fact, he's so modest he was one of the first to put in double features so he wouldn't have to talk about his beautiful shorts. Now let's get busy and put this stuff back in the closet so --

LERROY: HEY, LOOK!..UNK!..A HAWAIIAN STEEL GUITAR MADE OUT OF WOOD!

HAL: That's a mandolin, my boy. Very popular instrument when I was a young man. Let me see it.

LERROY: You mean you can play that thing, Unk?

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HAL: My boy, I hope the day is far distant when you go to Heaven, but when you do, you will never hear a harp strummed with the grace and delicacy with which I pluck tender, throbbing chords from the heart of this lovely instrument.

LERROY: Oh, brother!!

HAL: Don't be so skeptical, young man. Listen to this. (SINGS)
OH, THE MOON SHINES TONIGHT (STRUM) ON PRETTY REDWING...
THE BREEZES SIGHING. THE NIGHTBIRDS--

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

WILCOX: WELL, I'LL BE A...HELLO THERE, THROCKMORTON!! HOW ARE YOU?

HAL: HARLOW WILCOX!! BY GEORGE, YOU'RE A SIGHT FOR SORE EYES, MY BOY. I'd like to have you meet my nephew from Summerfield. Leroy, this is Mr. Wilcox.

LERROY: Hiyah, Mr. Wilcox.

WILCOX: Hello, Leroy.

LERROY: Gee, are you the Harlow Wilcox we hear on the radio that tells about Johnson's Wax?

HAL: He's the one, Leroy. And not only on the radio. I've known him for many years, and trying to keep Johnson's Wax out of his conversation is like holding back a tornado with a palm leaf fan.

WILCOX: Well, that's my job, Throcky. Gee whiz, when I'm hired to tell people how Johnson's Wax on floors, furniture and woodwork seals the surface against dust and dampness, aside from beautifying it, I do it, that's all. What would you do if announcing were your profession?

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HAL: In my case, it wouldn't be a profession - it would be a craft. (LAUGHS)

LERROY: I don't get it.

HAL: He doesn't get it.

WIL: Well, just the same, Throcky, I'm pretty proud of being with Johnson's. It's a quality product, and whenever you say "JOHNSON'S WAX", you know it's the best that -- SAY, WHERE'S FIBBER?

HAL: He and Molly went out, Harlow. Leroy and I hope they'll be back before we have to leave. Anything we could do for you?

WIL: No thanks, Throcky. How are things in Winterswamp?

LERROY: It isn't Winterswamp, Mr. Wilcox. It's SUMMERFIELD.

WIL: Oh yes.

HAL: Just wonderful, Harlow. I..er..I'm quite a big figure in politics there, you know.

WIL: You're quite a big figure OUT of politics, pal.

LEROY: He's got a burning ambition to be the next Mayor of Summerfield, Mr. Wilcox. (LAUGHS)

HAL: What's so funny about that, Leroy?

LEROY: (LAUGHS) I was just thinking of what a man in the barbershop said about it.

HAL: SOME OF THE MOST MISINFORMED PEOPLE I EVER KNEW GOT THEIR EDUCATIONS LISTENING TO PEOPLE IN BARBERSHOPS, LEROY. The psychological effect of a comb in the hand or lather on the puss is to make you an authority on everything. You'll never see so many public issues parted on the wrong side as you will in a barber shop.

WIL: What did the man in the barber shop say about your Uncle's running for Mayor, Leroy?

LEROY: (LAUGHING) He said "BURNING AMBITION" was a nice choice of words because Unk had about as much chance as a celluloid cat chasing an asbestos rat in -

HAL: LEROY!!!

LEROY: Yes sir. Hey, may I have your autograph, Mr. Wilcox? Here's a pen and paper.

WIL: Certainly. ... (PAUSE) There you are.

LEROY: Gee, thanks.

HAL: He just started an autograph collection, Harlow. Now he's got you, Lum and Abner and Walter Snargfelt.

WIL: That's quite a start...who's Walter Snargfelt?

LEROY: It's a man who was in the railroad station at Summerfield that I thought was George Raft and I asked him for his autograph.

HAL: (LAUGHS) He's always mistaking people for somebody else, Harlow. He asked one man for an autograph whom he thought was Alexander Graham Bell, and it turned out to be just some fellow named Ameche.

WIL: Well, good luck with it, Leroy. Nice to have seen you again, Throckmorton.

HAL: Yes...nice to have seen you, too, Harlow...My regards to those inside straight players at the Elks. (LAUGHS)

WIL: They miss you and your two-card draws, too, pigeon. They say you used to hold more kickers than the Russian Ballet. So long, now.

DOOR SLAM:

HAL: Well, come on, Leroy. Let's get this junk put away before McGee gets home or we have to catch our train for...(PAUSE) Er...what time did I say that train left, Leroy?

LEROY: I didn't hear you say, Unk. You just looked at the time-table and said that the man who made it up must be the same guy who designed the income tax form, remember?

HAL: Yes, I believe I -

LEROY: And you said the only thing common to both tax blanks and time tables is that they've got you coming and going.

HAL: Yes but I don't quite remember when the...WAS IT FIVE ~~TWELVE?~~

LEROY: I dunno, Unk. Honest.

HAL: I'd better call the station and find out. Hand me the phone, Leroy.

LEROY: Here.

HAL: Thanks. (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR? GIVE ME THE RAILROAD STATION, THE INFOR-GOODNESS SAKES...IS THAT YOU, MYRTLE?

LEROY: Oh for corn's sake!

HAL: HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING, MYRTLE? TIS EH? WHAT SAY, MYRTLE? YOUR WIRE-HAIRED TERRIER? THE COP CHARGED HIM WITH BREACHES OF THE PEACE?

LEROY: What'd the pup do to the cop, Unk?

HAL: Got a piece of his breeches. WHAT SAY, MYRTLE? OH, I SEE. YOU DON'T REMEMBER ME DO YOU, MYRTLE? THIS IS THROCKMORTON P. GILDERSLEEVE.....(LAUGHS) YES...WELL, THANK YOU. IT'S NICE TO HEAR YOUR VOICE, TOO, MYRTLE. REMEMBER THE NIGHT I DROVE YOU HOME AND I REMARKED HOW THE MOONLIGHT ON YOUR RED HAIR WAS...er..what was that? WELL ONE OF YOU GIRLS HAS RED HAIR BECAUSE I...oh. Oh yes...(LAUGHS) Well, give my best to ~~Margie~~. Goodbye. (CLICK) Ah what tricks a man's memory plays!

LEROY: What time does the the train go, Unk?

HAL: What train? Train to where? What are you...OH!..OH, THE TRAIN! BY GEORGE, I GOT SO INTERESTED IN -

DOOR CHIME:

HAL: I'll bet this is McGee now, Leroy!

LEROY: What does he ring his own doorbell for? Is he bashful?

HAL: I never thought of that. Probably somebody else. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

DOC: Hello, McGee. Where is...

HAL: DOC GAMBLE!! HELLO THERE, YOU OLD MORGUE MERCHANT.

DOC: GILDERSLEEVE!! HELLO, THROCKY, MY BOY. Welcome back to the scene of the crime. You staying with the McGees?

HAL: No, my nephew and I are just here between trains, Doc. We haven't seen the McGees yet. Doc, this is my nephew, Leroy. Leroy, Doctor Gamble.

DOC: Hello, Leroy.

LEROY: Hello Doctor. Are you the Doctor Gamble who took Uncle Throckmorton's appendix out?

HAL: He's the one, Leroy. Very neat job, too. Can't even see the scar if I keep my coat collar turned up and my trowser cuffs turned down. (LAUGHS)

DOC: Don't listen to the big hypochondriac, Leroy.

LEROY: What's a hypocanadriac, Doctor?

DOC: That's a man who looks at the world thru rose-colored capsules. It's a man who is always taking his own pulse because he likes to hold hands with himself. It's a person like your uncle, who won't get married until he can find a bride with a hope chest as big as his medicine cabinet. It's a person who thinks money carries germs and consequently won't handle any of it -- particularly in Doctor's offices.

HAL: (LAUGHS) Ahhh good old Doc! Just as cynical as ever. You haven't much hope for the human race, have you, Doc?

DOC: I think it'll be a photo finish with everybody disqualified. That's why I am such a happy character, Throckmorton. I repair people one at a time. It's the ones who try to improve people wholesale whose corpuscles go prematurely white. Don't be a doctor when you grow up, Leroy.

LEROY: Why not, Doctor? You get extra gas rations, don't you?

HAL: There's as silly a reason for choosing a career as any I ever heard. He doesn't want you to be a doctor, Leroy, because by the time you're that old, you'll find out how ridiculous medical methods of today are. Still got the same old office, Doc?

DOC: Yes - I like it because it's so convenient - just a gallstone's throw from the hospital -- By the way, where's McGee?

LEROY: They aren't here, Doctor. The cock doesn't know when they 'll be back.

DOC: Well, I've got to dash along, Throckmorton. Nice to have seen you.

HAL: Nice to have seen you too, you old sulfa cushion.

(LAUGHS) But what's the rush? Got a serious case?

DOC: Yes, Mort Toops.

HAL: MORT TOOPS...WHY I KNOW MORT!...WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HIM?

DOC: He was leaning out of a fourth story window watching a parade and fell out.

HAL: MY GRACIOUS, DOC, WAS HE -

DOC: Fortunately, there was a load of hay passing under the window at the time....

HAL: WELL THANK GOODNESS, I WAS AFRAID THAT -

DOC: But unfortunately Mort missed it, and broke his leg. So long, Gildy.

DOOR SLAM:

HAL: Unfortunately he missed it and...0000000000H.

ORCH: "YOU CAN'T SAY NO TO A SAILOR": THE KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE

HAL: I wonder what Leroy is doing in the basement? Oh well, he can't hurt himself. McGee never had anything sharper than a show snovel...er...snow shovel...

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

HAL: Well, Leroy, how was everything in the baseme-- (A TAKE)
Oh...I...er...excuse me, Miss, my nephew was down in the basement, and when I heard you come in, I thought he was...
er...you were...er...How do you do?

ALICE: How do you do. Where are Mr. and Mrs. McGee?

HAL: Beulah says they went out this morning and haven't come back yet. My nephew and I stopped in to visit them between trains, and...er...I am an old neighbor of Mr. McGee's. My name is Gildersleeve.

ALICE: Oh, yes...I'VE OFTEN HEARD HIM SPEAK OF YOU.

HAL: Isn't that grand! And your name is...?

ALICE: Alice Darling.

HAL: Oh! (LAUGHS) Mine is Throckmorton, dear. And your last name?

ALICE: Darling!

HAL: (COYLY) OH, BUT I REALLY WANT TO KNOW!

ALICE: MY NAME IS ALICE DARLING. DARLING IS MY LAST NAME.

HAL: I think it is too, so...er...OH YES. ALICE DARLING. Relative of McGee's, my dear?

ALICE: No, I just live here. Room and board. I work at the airplane plant. On the swing shift.

HAL: Well good for you. What part do you work on, Miss Darling?

ALICE: I WELD AN ALIGNMENT FLANGE TO THE HYDRAULIC BOOSTER GEAR FOR THE STARBOARD FLAPS.

HAL: Is that so...sounds fascinating! Starboard flaps...what will they think of next? I...er...I am a former pilot myself, you know.

ALICE: Jeepers, are you really, Mr. Gildersleeve?

HAL: Yes, in a modest sort of way. I had three hours in a Piper Cub.

ALICE: Isn't that thrilling! Oh I just LOVE flyers! They're so..well sort of...kind of..well, like EAGLES, sort of.

HAL: Like eagles..yes...and what an egg I laid on my first landing! I bounced clear over the control tower. For months around the landing field I was known as YO-Yo Gildersleeve, the Silly Ace. (LAUGHS)

ALICE: Oh but didn't you just LOVE it, Mr. Gildersleeve?

HAL: Yes I did, Miss Darling. I really did. In fact I offered my services to Jimmy Doolittle when the war started.

ALICE: And what did he say?

HAL: He said no. Ahh well...at my age I would probably have to fly a transport plane anyway, when I'm a pursuit man at heart.

ALICE: I'll bet you are! Well, it's nice to have met you,
Mr. Gildersleeve.

HAL: Good day, my dear.

DOOR SLAM:

HAL: What did she mean she bets I am? She bets I am what?
Oh well ... OH MY GOODNESS..ALMOST TRAIN TIME...AND STILL
NO MCGEE. (CALLS) OH LEROY..LEROY...COME UP HERE!!!

BEULAH: (FADE IN) You call me, Mist' Gilsleeve?

HAL: No, Beulah. I was calling my nephew, Leroy. We've just
got about time to catch our train.

BEULAH: My goodness, Mist' McGee an' Miz McGee, they gonna be
awful pre-turbed that they miss you suh. Are you suah you
can't re-institute your intention to depart at this
immediate conjunction...?

HAL: Beulah, I'd love to re-institute my conjunction, but I've
got to get back to Summerfield. After all I'm in politics
there you know.

BEULAH: Yassuh.. I could tell that suh.

HAL: YOU COULD TELL THAT I AM IN POLITICS?

BEULAH: Yassuh. You got a laugh with a handshake in it, or I
nevah heard one! (LAUGHS)

LEROY: (FADE IN) DID YOU CALL ME, UNK?

HAL: Yes, Leroy. Get your hat and the suitcase. We've got to
go catch our train. Leave the Brownie Camera for McGee.

LEROY: Okay, Unk. I didn't want to play around with Mr. McGee's
cheap equipment in the basement any more anyway.

HAL: CHEAP EQUIPMENT! Look, Leroy, McGee may wear 58-cent
neckties and cut his own hair, but when he buys workshop
equipment he buys the best.

LEROY: ARE YOU KIDDING? Then why did all the teeth come off his
band saw when I merely tried to cut a piece of lead pipe
in two?

HAL: ALL THE TEETH CAME OFF HIS... OOOOOOOH!!!

BEULAH: Ohhhhhhhh, for me too!

HAL: Well come on Leroy. YOU SURE YOU DON'T KNOW WHERE WE COULD
EVEN PHONE MCGEE TO SAY HELLO, BEULAH?

BEULAH: Nossuh. They leave in such a rush this mohnin' they didn't
say nothin', atall. The minute they reads the letter,
they ups and outs.

HAL: What letter? Wasn't bad news I hope?

BEULAH: I dunno, suh. They jus' dash away and HOLLER BACK,
"EXPECT US WHEN YOU SEES US, BEULAH!" Door slam!

HAL: Hmmm. Sounds like an emergency. You don't know who the
letter was from?

BEULAH: Nossuh. But it right theah on the hall table.

LEROY: Here it is, Unk. You wanna read it?

HAL: Maybe I'd better. Might be something I can do. Give it
here, Leroy.

LEROY: Okay.

HAL: Thank you... (RUSTLE OF PAPER) DEAR FIBBER & MOLLY: WILL
BE THERE TUESDAY FOR SEVERAL HOURS BETWEEN TRAINS AND HOPE
TO HAVE A NICE VISIT WITH YOU. SIGNED THROCKMORTON P.
GILDERSLEE..... (A TAKE) LEROY: *That's it*

LEROY: *SIR? Your little nephew, huh?*

HAL: *Leroy,* I'VE CHANGED MY MIND. BRING THE BROWNIE!

ORCH: "SO DUMB BUT BEAUTIFUL"

(COMM'L P. 27 TO COME)

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC
FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC
MARCH 28, 1944

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WIL: By the time we get together again, we'll be in April, the month of showers. There'll probably be wet feet tramping across the linoleum floor coverings in your kitchen and front entrance. It's an awfully good time to make sure those surfaces are well protected for their own good and yours. You'll save yourself lots of work, and make your linoleum last much longer, if it's protected with JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO COAT. Then moisture and dirt cannot penetrate to the linoleum itself to cause damage. Wet spots are quickly wiped up with a damp cloth, and your floors continue to be beautiful and lovely. Because GLO-COAT is SELF POLISHING, it takes practically no work, needs no rubbing or buffing. You simply apply and let dry, and in 20 minutes you have gleaming floors that you can be proud of. It's a very good idea to protect your linoleum floors now with JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO COAT.

ORCH: MUSIC UP

(2ND REVISION) -28-

HAL: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, IT GIVES ME GREAT PLEASURE TO TELL YOU THAT JIM JORDAN, OTHERWISE KNOWN AS FIBBER MCGEE, IS RECOVERING VERY NICELY FROM HIS ATTACK OF PNEUMONIA. THANK YOU FOR LISTENING TO FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY WITHOUT FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY, TONIGHT, AND FOR LETTING GILDERSLEEVE COME BACK TO WISTFUL VISTA. GOODNIGHT, FIBBER...GOODNIGHT, MOLLY.
GOODNIGHT, EVERYBODY! (LAUGHS)

6:30 p.m. 5:30 p.m. 7:15 p.m.
WILCOX: Harold Peary, The Great Gildersleeve, appeared on this program through the courtesy of the Kraft Cheese Company. The character of Mr. Wellington was played by Ransom Sherman. This is Harlow Wilcox speaking for the makers of Johnson's Wax for home and industry, and inviting you to be with us again Tuesday night. Goodnight.

ANNCR: THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

(CHIMES)