

WRITERS: Don Quinn
Phil Leslie

(REVISED) #28

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

Johnson's Wax

Tuesday, April 4, 1944

NBC

(REVISED) -2-

WILCOX: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM WITH FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

ORCH: THEME - FADE FOR:

WILCOX: The makers of Johnson's Wax Products 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: "SURE THING" FADE FOR:

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC
APRIL 4, 1944

(REVISED) -3-

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: The most familiar use of WAX is, of course, for the protection of wood surfaces -- your floors, furniture and woodwork. It wasn't long before you ladies discovered a hundred extra uses for JOHNSON'S WAX for other kinds of surfaces -- including leather and metal. And then your husbands, being very bright and venturesome, began protecting their guns, flypods, saws and hand tools with that same WAX. That was very smart because JOHNSON'S WAX does protect metal surfaces against corrosion and moisture, makes them easier to use, longer-lasting. Now industry has picked up this use of JOHNSON'S WAX FINISHES to protect metal and other surfaces. Many vital war materials are given surface-protection with WAX. One company writes follows: "We have a large carpenter shop, make all our millwork, and we use JOHNSON'S WAX on all our tools, saw tables and planer beds. We find they do much better work and are easier to operate. The WAX is not messy like oil, is easy to apply". Letters like this show how JOHNSON'S WAX finishes are being used more and more for the protection of metal surfaces in industry.

ORCH: MUSIC UP TO FINISH

(APPLAUSE)

(REVISED) -4-

WILCOX: WHEN A GUY GETS OUT OF THE HOSPITAL WITH A WONDERFUL TOPIC OF CONVERSATION LIKE A SNAPPY RECOVERY FROM PNEUMONIA, YOU'D THINK A GUY WOULD GET A CHANCE TO POP OFF ABOUT IT, WOULDN'T YOU? LIKE THIS GUY HERE AND HIS WIFE --
-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: Look...are you gonna let me tell you about this or not?

MOL: Dearie, I can hardly wait to hear it, but first let me punch up those sofa pillows a bit...

SOUND: SMACKING THE PILLOWS:

FIB: Thanks. Well, sir, that first morning when I woke up in the hospital, full of sulfa-mairzydoats, and saw the nurse with --

MOL: Raise up a little, dearie...your bathrobe has slipped. If you want to stay down here on the davenport you'll have to be careful...There...there you are.

FIB: AND SAW THE NURSE STANDING THERE WITH --

MOL: Are you sure you should be talking so much? Remember, the doctor said to take it easy.

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, TALKIN' SO MUCH? I'M DYIN' FOR A CHANCE TO TALK. MY GOSH, I ESTABLISH A RECORD FOR BEATIN' THE RAP WITH PNEUMONIA, AND NOBODY WILL EVEN LISTEN TO ME.

MOL: But sweetheart...I'M LISTENING TO YOU. I don't want to miss a word of it.

FIB: Okay then, lemme tell you. The minute doc flang me into that ambulance and rushed me to the hospital and I saw there was a room and two nurses ready and waitin' for me, I had a hunch something was wrong!

Fibber McGee & Molly
Tuesday, April 4, 1944

(2ND REVISION) -5-

MOL: You're a shrewd little character! Nobody else would have given it a second thought.

FIB: Well, you know how I am, about my health. Nothin' bothers me. Get a cold and pay no attention to it. Laugh it off.

MOL: How about the time you got the little thorn in your thumb and insisted on wearing your arm in a sling for three weeks?

FIB: Well, a thorn can be a serious thing. I knew a guy got a thorn in his finger and six months later to the very day, he got threw off a horse.

MOL: What was the connection?

FIB: I don't know....but it makes you stop and think, don't it? But as I was sayin'...when I woke up that first morning in the hospital, full o' sulfa-gabardine, and saw the nurse standin' there with --

(DOOR OPEN):

MOL: Oh, hello, Alice.

ALICE: Hello, Mrs. McGee. Hello, Mr. McGee...how are you feeling?

(2ND REVISION) -6-

FIB: (WEAKLY) Oh, I'm all right, Alice. Just gotta take it easy for a while. But it was a close call, and when --

ALICE: Oh, speaking of calls...were there any phone calls for me, Mrs. McGee?

MOL: One, Alice. Some young man told me to tell you that Charlie called.

ALICE: OH, RIGGER MORTIS!

FIB: RIGOR MORTIS!!!

ALICE: Yes, that's a friend of mine that he works at the airplane plant. Charlie Mortis. He's a rigger.

MOL: Let's just call him him Charlie after this, dear. It's less clinical.

FIB: Speakin' of clinical, when I woke up in the hospital that first morning, full of sulfa-nevermind, and saw the nurse standing there with --

ALICE: Charlie is really a wonderful boy, Mrs. McGee. He and I have talked a lot about getting married, and we probably would except that we don't like each other.

FIB: Oh, that's no obstacle, Alice. I knew a gal once who was a Republican Committeewoman, and she married a guy simply because he looked like an elephant.

MOL: McGee knows more interesting people, Alice! He even knew the man who drove the ambulance when he went to the hospital. He was in the Army with him in the last war.

FIB: Had to lend him five bucks before he'd even start the ambulance. But that's how Doc Gamble says my case was.

MOL: How?

FIB: Touch and go.

ALICE: My brother had an interesting case of pneumonia, once. It settled in his lungs.

MOL: Yes, it often does.

FIB: But lemme tell you about this, Alice...

ALICE: All right.

FIB: Well, sir, that first morning, when I woke up in the hosp--

MOL: It's time for your medicine, dearie.

FIB: Eh? Oh! Okay. Excuse me a minute, Alice. (LAUGHS WEAKLY) I don't really need this stuff, but as long as I'm payin' the doctor, I might as well get something out of it.

SOUND: CLINK OF BOTTLE AND SPOON:

MOL: Open your mouth, dearie...there...that's it! Taken like a little man.

ALICE: Taste awful, Mr. McGee?

FIB: Not bad, if you care for distilled roofing paper with a slight dash of blacksmith's apron.

ALICE: I guess you were a pretty sick man there for a while, weren't you, Mr. McGee?

FIB: PRETTY SICK!! My gosh, Alice, when I woke up that first morning in the hosp--

MOL: They woke him up at six o'clock in the morning, Alice.

ALICE: SIX O'CLOCK! What on earth for?

FIB: Because the nurses all have to get up early and they hate to think of all those lazy patients poundin' their ears all the forenoon till seven-thirty.

MOL: McGee had a couple of wonderful nurses, didn't you McGee?

FIB: Yeah, they were swell. Though the way they talk, it's kind of embarrassing, at first.

ALICE: Why, Mr. McGee?

FIB: Well, they come bustling in with a pan o' water and say real cheerful, "WELL, LET'S TAKE OUR BATH, SHALL WE?" My gosh, I was scared at first, we were both---

MOL: What was it you were going to tell Alice, McGee?

FIB: Gonna tell Ali....OH...OH YES. This is very interesting, Alice. That first morning, when I woke up in the hospital, full of sulfa-trampoline, and saw the nurse standing there with---

MOL: OH, HEAVENLY DAYS...MCGEE....IT'S TIME FOR YOUR TEMPERATURE. Hand me that thermometer, will you, Alice?

ALICE: Here you are. (PAUSE) What's the matter...was there a spider on it?

FIB: She's just shakin' it down, Alice. You see, it's a fahrenheit thermometer. That means it's gotta be FAR down, so it can rise to the HEIGHT of your temperature. See?

ALICE: Jeepers, I guess you know just about everything, Mr. McGee.

FIB: Oh, I dunno. I just read a lot, and got a retentive memory for not forgetting things. But as I was saying--

MOL: Here, McGee...under your tongue...that's it. Excuse me for interrupting.

FIB: HT'S HKAY. (MUMBLES) HLLHR...HAT HRRST RRNING...N I UK UGH N THE USHPTL...LLL O' LLFA-NALDEMM...N...

MUSIC: "SPEAK LOW"

APPLAUSE:

FIB: (SIGHS) Ahhh, it sure is good to be back from the hospital, baby. This is about the time of the afternoon they'd always come in and wash my-mouth out with soap.

MOL: WASH YOUR MOUTH OUT WITH SOAP! WHAT ON EARTH FOR?

FIB: Well, they couldn't refrain from askin' me how I liked hospital food, and I couldn't refrain from tellin' 'em.

MOL: You don't have to worry now, dearie. Beulah is going to fix you a lovely dinner.

FIB: Great, great, great...that gal can really wrestle the vitamins, can't she? What's she fixin'?

MOL: I don't know. But she was yodelling a little while ago, so I think it's Swiss steak. Hungry?

FIB: I'm hungrier than anybody put together. And that's a funny thing. Thought I'd never be hungry again. That first morning when I woke up in the hospital, full of sulfa-korsakoff, and saw the nurse standing there with--

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: I sure been keepin' that nurse standin' there, haven't I?

MOL: (LAUGHS) You really have. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

MOL: Oh, hello, Mr. Wellington.

WELL: My dear Mrs. McGee...how de-lightful to see you again! And McGee, old man, how de...do.

FIB: (WEAKLY) Hiya, Sig. Sorry I can't shake hands...but I'm still pretty weak. Gotta take care of myself for a long time yet.

WELL: (CHEERFULLY) Well, somebody must. Might as well be you.
Hah, hah.

MOL: Won't you sit down, Mr. Wellington?

FIB: Sure, Sig. Sit down...though I must ask you not to smoke.

WELL: But I say, old man...you're smoking.

FIB: I'm not inhaling.

WELL: Oh, beg pardon.

MOL: Can I get you a slug of tea or something, Mr. Wellington?

WELL: Thank you no, my dear. I can only stay a moment. I merely wished to tell McGee that, having heard of his unfortunate illness, the entire membership of the Elks held a meeting and passed the hat.

FIB: Oh now Sig, my gosh ...that was swell of the boys, but gee whizz, they shouldn't have--

MOL: I'm afraid that's too much like accepting charity, Mr. Wellington. We simply couldn't--

WELL: PLEASE...leave us not leap to conclusions. As I say, hearing that McGee was ill, the entire membership passed the hat. After everyone had examined it, and no one would lay claim to it, we decided it must belong to McGee. Is this your hat, my friend?

FIB: Eh? Why..yes..SURE..THAT'S MY HAT! But my gosh --

MOL: Well of all the...here the man is lying sick, and his friends--

WELL: Ah yes..they all asked to be remembered to him. You received our flowers, McGee?

FIB: Yes, did you get 'em back?

WELL: Yes we did, thank you.

MOL: GET THEM BACK!

FIB: Yes...we got a swell big bouquet of paper flowers we always send to a lodge member that gets sick. When he leaves the hospital, he always returns it.

WELL: We figure the budget is ahead, in the past seven years, the sum of eleven hundred and twenty-odd dollars. We use this sum to have a banquet twice a year, at which several members always get sick.

FIB: That way everything comes out even, you see, Molly?

MOL: Lovely sentiment.

WELL: Have a pretty tough siege of it, old man?

FIB: Yes I did, Sig. I was gonna tell you - That first morning when I woke up in the hospital, full of sulfa-liverwurst, and saw the nurse standin' there with--

WELL: BY JOVE!!..SPEAKING OF NURSES...I SIMPLY MUST DASH ALONG, OLD FELLOW. I MUST BE AT THE WISTFUL VISTA NURSERY AT THREE!

*MOL: Really, Mr. Wellington? Boy or girl?

WELL: Apple tree. Good day.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: It seems to me he might have been more sympathetic, McGee.

FIB: Oh, Sig's heart's in the right place, Molly.

MOL: You think so?

FIB: It must be. It isn't in the left place where everybody else's is. Hey, hand me the phone, will you? I gotta call Wilcox and thank him for sendin' me all those books while I was in the hospital.

MOL: You'll tire yourself, dearie. Let me call him.

FIB: I won't talk long, just wanna say thank you. He sent me one honey of a book, that I predict is gonna sweep the country.

MOL: Which one was that?

FIB: Tom the Bootblack. By a fella named Alger. Good clean story. At the end he comes into a fortune of five hundred bucks.

MOL: When was five hundred dollars considered a fortune?

FIB: Well, believe it or not, there was a time when if you had five hundred bucks, you had five hundred bucks...not eleven dollars and a internal revenue receipt. That was--

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

WIL: Hello there, Molly! And how are you, Con? - Valescent?

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: How am I con?..valescent! If that isn't the worst joke I ever... Take my advice, Junior...steal gags, if you wanna...repeat 'em...buy 'em...eavesdrop...read jokebooks, but DON'T try makin' up your own.

WIL: I didn't. You pulled that one on me when I had the flu.

FIB: I..I did?

MOL: Yes you did, McGee. I remember. You were particularly bad about that period. We called you our pun-up boy of the month, remember?

FIB: Well, my gosh, I...

WIL: Never mind that, pal. How do you feel?

FIB: (WEAKLY) Well, I'm still kinda rocky, Junior. That's a tricky thing I had, that Type Three stuff, and I gotta watch myself for quite a while.

MOL: He was really very sick for a few days, Mr. Wilcox. In fact, the man who drove the ambulance said McGee would not have been conscious when he got to the hospital if he hadn't let him work the siren all the way.

FIB: Boy, when I woke up that first day in the hospital, full of sulfa-sidneystrotz and saw that nurse standin' there with--

WIL: I stopped in the hospital to see you, but they said you were having an alcohol rub, so I went on my way.

MOL: Heavenly days, you could have gone in while he had that, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: WHO, ME? 'AFTER ALL THESE YEARS OF SELLING JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLOCOAT, DELIBERATELY SIT THERE AND WATCH ALL THAT RUBBING AND BUFFING? OH, NO!

FIB: Yes, it would really have perturbed Junior, Molly. It didn't even restore any of my original color, like Glocoat does...my original color when I went in there being sort of a bird's-nest gray.

MOL: Well, it did give you a little new sparkle and life,
dearie...like Johnson's Glocoat.

WIL: I guess it was sort of a silly comparison, Molly. Sorry
I brought it up.

FIB: Sorry he brought it up, he says! Junior, any time you're
sorry you mentioned Johnson's Glocoat, I will present...
In Carnegie Hall - a program of original compositions
for comb-and-tissue-paper.

WIL: I guess he feels alright, Molly.

MOL: Oh, he's not, Mr. Wilcox. In fact--

FIB: ^{you're back}
~~IN FACT~~ YOU SHOULDA SEEN ME THE FIRST DAY I WOKE UP IN
THAT HOSPITAL, FULL O' SULFA-HERPICIDE AND A NURSE
STANDIN' THERE WITH A BIG-- (PAUSE)

WIL: Big what, pal?

FIB: I was expecting to be interrupted, I never got as far as
the word "big" before. Anyway, she was standing there
with--

WIL: Gee, I'll never forget what a close call I had when I had
my appendix out.

FIB: This is much more serious than an appendix, Junior. The
doctor told me that--

WIL: My doctor told me it was the worst case of--

FIB: You see, my symptoms come on so suddenly that I never
realized just how--

WIL: I never did, either. There I was, eating a simple dinner
of charcoal broiled spareribs and cole slaw and french
fried onions, au gratin potatoes and sparkling burgundy,
when suddenly I began to--

FIB: Me too, took me all of a sudden--

WIL: So I said OH-OH!!!

FIB: I said OH BOY!..GET A DOCTOR!

WIL: Get a doctor, I said. I think I got appendicitis.

FIB: I think I got pneumonia. (GETTING EXCITED)

WIL: CALL AN AMBULANCE!

FIB: GET AN AMBULANCE!

WIL: GET ME TO A HOSPITAL RIGHT AWAY!

FIB: ME, TOO...COME ON, JUNIOR, YOU CAN RIDE WITH ME!!!

WIL: OKAY, BUT HURRY BECAUSE....(PAUSE) What am I saying?
That was five years ago. Well, glad you're feeling better
pal. So long now.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: My gosh, I forgot to thank him for the books. Incidentally,
did I bring my Spanish dictionary back from the hospital?

MOL: Yes, it's on the table. What did you want that for?

FIB: Patient across the hall from me in the hospital, spoke
nothin' but Spanish. Nurse used to run in and ask me how
to say things to him.

MOL: Oh I see.

FIB: First time she run in and says: HOW DO YOU SAY "PLEASE
TURN OVER" in Spanish. So I looks it up and tells her.
Ten minutes later she comes trottin' back. And you know
what she wanted me to look up?

MOL: What?

FIB: How to say "I'M SORRY YOU FELL OUT OF BED". She was the
same little nurse that--

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

MOL: Oh hello, doctor. I was sort of expecting you.

DOC: Hello, Molly. How you feeling, Live Bait?

FIB: I'M payin' you to tell me that, medicine man. Anybody'd
think you...AND STOP FOLDING MY EYELIDS BACK! THAT HURTS!

DOC: Just wanted to see your eyeballs, sonny. Look pretty good
this afternoon. Two limpid pools of loveliness, one of
them with what I took to be a gleam of almost human
intelligence, no kidding, how do you feel?

MOL: I think he's feeling better, doctor.

FIB: I do, Doc, and look, Doc...the bowling team of the Elks
plays tomorrow night. Do you think I---

DOC: NO!!

FIB: Okay.

MOL: Incidentally, Doctor, I want to thank you for your fast
work in getting McGee to the hospital and arranging
everything so smartly. It was wonderful.

DOC: Well, he was a pretty sick boy, my dear. You could have
fried a hamburger on his forehead, and his pulse felt like
cold tapioca. Treat you all right in the hospital, McGee?

FIB: Oh yeah....I guess so. But believe me, Doc, the first
morning when I woke up in that hospital, full of sulfa-
intermezzo, and saw the nurse standing there with---

DOC: That would be Miss Croveny, the night nurse, Very
efficient girl.

MOL: Oh she certainly was, Doctor. McGee says she could change his pillows, powder his back, give him a shot and be back in her chair asleep before he could say hand me a cleanex.

FIB: I didn't sleep very good because I was scared of fallin' outa bed. WHY DO THEY HAVE HOSPITAL BEDS SO HIGH, DOC?

DOC: Easier to reach the patient. Easier to clean under...And with rooms so hard to get, it's easy to see if there are any stowaways.

MOL: Well, it certainly is nice to have him out of the hospital, Doctor.

DOC: That's the second time I've heard somebody say that today.

FIB: Who said it first?

DOC: The hospital.

FIB: OH YEAH? I'LL BET I WAS AS GOOD A PATIENT AS THEY EVER HAD IN THEIR NOISY OLD GERM-TRAP!

DOC: In the first place, fever blister, you were a nuisance to one and all. You kept dropping things on the floor all the time.

MOL: That was just a natural, boyish curiosity, Doctor. He was merely trying to see how many times the nurses could bend over without those little white hats falling off.

FIB: MY GOSH, A GUY'S GOTTA HAVE A LITTLE AMUSEMENT IN A HOSPITAL.

DOC: Yes I know. And you were really the life of the fourth floor. The nurse said you started twitching one night and she asked you what was the matter and you said you'd had so many alcohol rubs your skin had the hiccups.

MOL: (LAUGHS) That was very funny, McGee!

FIB: I thought it might cheer the nurses up a little.

DOC: Oh they loved it! You know, nurses get so they think there are just three kinds of patients, Comics, Casanovas and complainers. You're number one. The witty type. The kind that grabs the doctors stethoscope, sticks it in his ears and says "BE QUIET, EVERYBODY, I THINK I GOT SINATRA!"

FIB: I did not. I said CROSBY.

DOC: Or else you pick up your fever chart, get what you think is a humorous gleam in your eye and say "WHEN IT GETS TO A HUNDRED AND TEN, SELL ME OUT."

MOL: He didn't say that, Doctor. He said "LOOK, MY TEMPERATURE ZIGGED WHEN IT SHOULD OF ZAGGED." Which I thought was very amusing.

FIB: Nurse did, too. Had to turn her face away for a minute.

DOC: Certainly. She was trying to resist an overwhelming desire to ~~spit in your eye~~ ^{stangle you}. Well, just continue the treatment, McGee. Keep out of drafts. Keep quiet. Don't smoke. Eat lightly.

MOL: You think he's all right now, Doctor?

DOC: He'll be all right if he takes care of himself. Which is an old rubber stamp I had made up in 1924.

FIB: Well, much obliged Doc. You sure pulled me out this one all right. But that first morning when I woke up in the hospital, full o' sulfa-benzehoop, and a nurse standing there with a

TELEPHONE:

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DOC: Probably for me. (CLICKS) HELLO...YES, THIS IS DOCTOR
GAMBLE.....YES....GOT A FEVERISH LOOK, HAS HE??

MOL: Poor Doctor Gamble!!! Never a minute's rest.....

DOC: (IN PHONE) Yes...Well, loosen his shirt collar, roll
up his sleeves and tell him to start dealing. I'll be
right over. (CLICK) So long folks. See you later
tonight.

DOOR SLAM

ORCH: "SAN FERNANDO VALLEY"

(APPLAUSE)

THIRD SPOT

(REVISED) -22-

MOL: McGee, when I call the drug store next time, remind me to
order some more talcum powder.

FIB: Okay. Use that same kind you been puttin' on my back.
Smells wonderful...what kind is that?

MOL: Passionflower.

FIB: PASSIONFLOWER! My gosh...get that can outa here! And
order some after shaving talcum. How would I look if
somebody come in here and...here...hand me the phone.

MOL: Now McGee...you mustn't exert yourself.

FIB: It don't exert anybody to lie down on a davenport and
toss a few wrong numbers around.

MOL: All right. But you've had a hard day for an invalid you
know. Two crossword puzzles, three comic books, a game
of solitaire and Vic and Sade. Here...and don't strain
your voice.

FIB: Okay. (CLICK). Hello, operator? Gimme Kremer's drug
store on the corner of Fourteenth and Oaaaa, is that you,
Myrt?

MOL: Oh dear...

FIB: How's every little thing, Myrt? Tis eh? What say, Myrt?
Your brother? Just bought a 1944 Convertible?

MOL: Heavenly days...I didn't know there were any 1944
automobiles.

FIB: Well, they really wanted 20 bucks for this one, but the
kid dickered 'em down to 19.44 without the windshield
wipers. WHAT SAY, MYRT? Yeah...yes I had quite a time
of it, Myrt.

MOL: Now, McGee....take it easy....

FIB: Thanks, Myrt. It was quite a thing all right. That first day when I woke up in the hospital, full of sulfa-dizzydean and a nurse standing there with... HELLO...HELLO...

(CLICK) (CLICK) HELLO, MYRT? HELLO? (CLICK)

Hmmm. We were cut off.

MOL: Well, she'll probably call you right back, unless I'm badly mistaken and I'm sure I am. Don't you want to take a little nap before dinner, dearie?

FIB: Naw. If I take a nap now, I won't be able to sleep tonight and I'm planning on finishing a dream where I've hooked a swordfish about this long and -

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Yes, Beulah?

BEULAH: Scuse me, ma'am. But where at kin I locate the whereabouts of who put the rollin' pin wheah I can't find it?

MOL: Oh, the rolling pin is up on top of the cabinet, Beulah. You making a pie?

BEULAH: Yes'm. I thought maybe Mist' McGee might be in de mood fo' a nice custard pie. Is you, Mist' McGee?

FIB: I sure am, Beulah. Not that anybody has to be in the mood for one of your pies. Everybody admires your crust, you know.

BEULAH: Thank you suh. The sentiment is reskipro...is resiplic.. (LAUGHS) EVERYBODY ADMIRE YOURS TOO!

MOL: Are you getting along all right with everything, Beulah?

BEULAH: Yes ma'am. Ceptin' I hope the refrigerator git cold again so I kin chill the salad. I exfrosted it this afternoon.

FIB: Aw you could o' let that go, Beulah. Personally, I never defrosted the refrigerator till it starts stampin' its feet.
BEULAH: TILL IT STARTS STAMPIN' IT... (LAUGHS HEARTILY) Love-that man!

MOL: I'll go out and see if you've got it turned up high enough, Beulah. (FADE) Now don't get in a draft while I'm gone, McGee, because....

BEULAH: You sho had a bad cold didn't you, Mist' McGee.

FIB: Bad cold! My gosh, Beulah..I had the pneumonia!

BEULAH: I'm glad to heah that suh. I was afraid you had a real bad cold.

FIB: Look, Beulah..pneumonia is a very dangerous thing to have. They had to rush me to the hospital in an ambulance.

BEULAH: Mmmmm Mmmmm! It scarh me to deaf' to ride in one o' them things, suh. They skedaddles along with that ole banshee howlin' and de gong gongin' an' when they unloads you.. what you got? WORSE!

FIB: You had some experience eh, Beulah?

BEULAH: No suuh. I nevah been sick a day in mah life. Only time mamma evah call a doctoh for me is when I git vacated for dip-box and smalltheria.

FIB: Smallpox and diptheria.

BEULAH: Yassuh. Outside o' that I neveh even had no chilehood diseases, lak fallin' off a tricycle, because I nevah had a tricycle.

FIB: (SLOWLY) Now wait a minute, Beulah. Let me get this straight. You never been sick a day in your life, eh.

BEULAH: Nossuh.

(REVISED) -25-

FIB: Never been in a hospital?

BEULAH: Nossuh. Only to delivah a friend of mine who was in a rundown condition from a beah truck.

FIB: YOU NEVER HAD ANYTHING WRONG WITH YOU AT ALL? NO PHYSICAL AILMENTS?

BEULAH: Nossuh. Nevah.

FIB: (DELIBERATELY AND HAPPILY) Sit down, Beulah...I want to talk to you.

BEULAH: Yassuh.

FIB: Ahhhhhhhh...WELL SIR, BEULAH...I'LL NEVER FORGET THAT FIRST MORNING IN THE HOSPITAL, WHEN I WOKE UP FULL OF SULFA-NASTURTIUM AND SAW THE NURSE STANDIN'...THERE WITH A EIGHT POUND BABY. SHE'D JUST STOPPED BY ON HER WAY FROM THE MATERNITY WARD O' COURSE, BUT WITH ME ALL DIZZY FROM THAT SULFA...IT WAS ONE OF THE MOST FRIGHTENING...
and looking up at that new baby

ORCH: "YOU'RE THE RAINBOW"....FADE FOR --

(REVISED) -26-

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC
FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC
APRIL 4, 1944

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: When wet April feet come tramping in across the linoleum floor in your kitchen or front entrance hall, you can say to yourself, "I'm glad they're protected with JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO COAT". That's really one of the times you're especially grateful for GLO-COAT, because in a jiffy you can remove those wet spots with a damp cloth. You've saved yourself work, kept up the good looks of your floors, and protected the linoleum itself from harm -- **three** important benefits from a polish that requires practically no work at all. There's no rubbing or buffing with JOHNSON'S GLO COAT because it is self polishing. And there'll be no more scrubbing of your linoleum floors once you begin to protect them the GLO-COAT way. They will wear ever so much longer, actually 6 to 10 times longer. Yes, April is a very good month for you to start using JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO COAT.

ORCH: MUSIC UP AND FADE ON CUE

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TAG

FIB: Ladies and gentlemen. For all the flowers, cards,
letters and telegrams you sent me at the hospital
I'm very grateful. They were swell. I can't express
my appreciation to all of you in person, so this will
have to be a blanket "Thank you". And now that I'm on
my feet again --

MOL: Excuse me, McGee.

FIB: Yes?

MOL: Move over a little will you please?

FIB: What for?

MOL: You're on my feet again.

FIB: Eh? Oh! AHM. Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all!

SIGNOFF AND PLAYOFF

WIL: The character of Sigmund 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.

ANNOUNCER: THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

(CHIMES)

WRITERS: Don Quinn
Phil Leslie

"FIBBER I

Jol

Tuesday, April 11, 1944