

WRITERS: Don Quinn
Phil Leslie

(REVISED) #32

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

Johnson's Wax

Tuesday, May 2, 1944

NBC

(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' Orchestra.

ORCH: "OF THEE I SING" -- FADE FOR

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
Fibber McGee and Molly
Tuesday 6:30 PM PWT NBC
May 2, 1944

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WIL: I'd like to tell you again tonight what I mean by WAX housekeeping. It helps explain why for over fifty years JOHNSON'S WAX has been increasingly helpful. When you think about it for a moment, you'll realize that that package of wax on your shelf is not just a product. It's a method of housekeeping -- a means of protecting all kinds of surfaces throughout your home -- a way to save you hours of work all through the year, and still have such beautiful floors, furniture and woodwork that your friends envy you. When you apply JOHNSON'S WAX to wood, leather, and metal surfaces, you are protecting them with an invisible but tough shield -- a shield which guards them against wear and dirt. When you polish that wax shield, your floors and furniture glow with rich, mellow beauty -- beauty that increases with each application of JOHNSON'S WAX. When you consider the many extra uses for this wax throughout your home, you'll understand what I mean by WAX housekeeping, with genuine JOHNSON'S WAX, either paste, liquid or cream.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH)

(APPLAUSE)

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
5/2/44

(2ND REVISION)

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WILCOX: ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A CERTAIN RELATIVE NAMED AUNT SARAH. AUNT SARAH WAS IN THE CHIPS. SHE WAS A TOOTSIE WITH A ROLL! SHE HAD BIGGER DIAMONDS THAN WRIGLEY FIELD AND THE POLO GROUNDS AND A GREENISH COMPLEXION FROM PEERING INTO SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES. AND LIKE LOTS OF PEOPLE WITH ALL THAT MOOLAH, SHE WAS TIGHTER THAN A BULLFIGHTER'S PANTS. SHE SPENT HER LIFE VISITING WITH RELATIVES AND GUESS WHO SHE PLANS ON STAYING WITH NOW. RIGHT !!
--- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY !

APPLAUSE

FIB: Of all the dirty impositions! Why does that skin-wadded old tight-flint have to pick on us?
MOL: Oh stop grouching, dearie. Heavenly days, I didn't moan and grumble when you wanted to stay in your cousin Roy's house in Oregon, did I? I guess we can stand my Aunt Sarah for a few days.
FIB: A FEW DAYS, SHE SAYS! Ha hah! Mark my words, baby...
: you let that penny-pincher get a toe in the door and we got a house-guest till the termites chew it down!
MOLD: (LAUGHS) Well, I'll admit she wouldn't be my choice for a permanent guest, but she's just a lonely old lady and she's welcome to stay here a while.

FIB: LONELY MY CLAVICLE! IF I HAD HER FOLDING MONEY, I'D HAVE MORE COMPANIONS THAN THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY!

MOL: People who like you for your money aren't apt to be very good company.

FIB: PEOPLE WHO ARE ON THE MAKE FOR YOUR DOUGH ARE THE BEST COMPANY IN THE WORLD! THEY'LL DO ANYTHING TO MAKE YOU HAPPY!

MOL: Well, anyway she's coming. We can't do anything about it. Except make her feel at home. Now be nice to her!

FIB: Oh, I'll be nice. Little Lord Fauntleroy. "PARDON ME, MRS. GOT ROCKS," I'LL SAY, "YOUR DEPOSIT SLIP SHOWS!"

MOL: McGee, that's enough!

FIB: Eh?

MOL: Look, she's my aunt. She can't help it if her husband left her all that money. Forget she's got it and treat her like a human being.

FIB: Wel-l-l....I'll try. But when I think of the junk she's sent us at different times. That abaloney lamp shade from San Francisco!

MOL: She sent us that beautiful clock for a wedding present, remember!

FIB: THAT MARBLE VENUS WITH THE CLOCK IN HER STOMACH? Anybody that would buy a thing like that has less taste than a tea room cutlet!

MOL: All right, but we've got to be nice to her. She's our closest relative, you know.

FIB: YOU NEVER SPOKE A TRUER WORD, BABY! She's closer than scotch tape. Well, what'll we do now? ... I brought the hand painted sofa cushions and that hunk of lava from Mount Vesuviuc, down from the attic.

MOL: Put the lava on the mantelpiece. And the bottle of sand from the Painted Desert on the end table. Did you find the brown sweater she knitted for you?

FIB: That mustard-colored horse-blanket with the two-inch pearl buttons?

MOL: Yes...the one that came down to your knees, with the elbow length sleeves. (LAUGHS) Couldn't you let her see you wear it for just a while?

FIB: I wouldn't be seen in that Olsen and Johnson costume for all the --

DOOR OPEN

MOL: Oh Hello, Alice.

ALICE: Hello, Mrs. McGee...hello, Mr. McGee...creepers what have you been doing to the living room? I never saw so much junk!

FIB: "JUNK", my dear girl, is the kindest thing you could say for it. This is all stuff Molly's Aunt Sarah has given us at different times.

MOL: She's coming tomorrow to stay with us a while and we want to make her feel at home.

FIB: Any of this Rube Goldberg collection you want for your hopeless chest, just speak up.

MOL: Maybe Alice would like that little bottle of water Aunt Sarah sent us from Niagara Falls.

ALICE: Ooooh, is it hard water or soft water?

FIB: What difference does it make?

ALICE: None to me. But my cousin went over Niagara Falls in a barrel once and I just wondered if it was bumpy.

FIB: I think your cousin must have been a little bumpy after he --

MOL: MCGEE! Would you like to have this thing, Alice? Aunt Sarah sent us that from the Mammoth Cave.

ALICE: What is it?

FIB: It's a stalemate.

MOL: STALAGMITE.

FIB: Whaddye mean stalagmite. Stalagmite means like when water gets stale from not being rained into all summer.

ALICE: No, Mr. McGee...that's stagnant.

FIB: Oh. WELL WHAT DOES STALEMATE MEAN THEN?

ALICE: A stalemate is a husband who never takes you out to dance or anything.

MOL: I know exactly what --

FIB: OKAY OKAY...OKAY! LET IT GO. LET IT GO! I just hope Aunt Sarah won't get on your nerves too much, Alice.

ALICE: Oh we'll get along all right, Mr. McGee. Isn't she the aunt with all the money?

MOL: She's very well off, I guess Alice. I think that's why McGee dislikes her. You know how it is...the AIN'T-GOTS always throw rocks at the GOTS.

FIB: That is NOT why I dislike Aunt Sarah. I dislike her because she talks so much you can't get a word in edgewise. She's a filibuster.

ALICE: What's a filibuster?

MOL: That's when you give somebody the floor and they hit you over the head with it.

FIB: That woman is so....Whatcha lookin' for, Alice?

ALICE: That picture.

MOL: What picture, dear?

ALICE: Didn't you used to have an oil painting of Aunt Sarah hanging right over the piano?

PAUSE

(FAST FROM HERE - PANICKY)

FIB: Ohhhhhh, my gosh!

MOL: THE OIL PAINTING!

FIB: WHERE IS IT?

MOL: WE'VE GOT TO FIND IT! RUN UP TO ATTICK, MCGEE!

FIB: I LOOKED UP THERE...IT ISN'T THERE!

MOL: TRY THE GARAGE!

FIB: IT ISN'T IN THE GARAGE, I CLEANED IT OUT LAST WEEK... OHHH THIS IS AWFUL!...WE GOTTA FIND IT!

ALICE: I think I know where it is?

FIB & MOL: WHERE...WHERE WHERE???

ALICE: Right in here..in the hall clos-

SOUND: TERRIFIC AVALANCHE OF JUNK: BELL TINKLE: PAUSE

(REVISED)

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ALICE: See? Here it is!

FIB & MOL: AHHHHHHHHHHH!

ORCH: "ANITRA'S DANCE"

APPLAUSE:

SECOND SPOT

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FIB: Gee, I wish I had time to let some artist touch up this painting of Aunt Sarah before she gets here.

MOL: It certainly does look battered. What are all those little holes in it?

FIB: Well, we had it in the basement last winter and Billy Mills and I didn't have any target for our dart games, so---

MOL: YOU THREW DARTS AT AUNT SARAH?

FIB: Yeah...see where I got her right here in the beezee? I scored 75 with that.

MOL: THAT'S DISGRACEFUL!!!

FIB: Sure it is. For a shot like that you oughtta get 95.

MOL: Poor Aunt Sarah! You might at least have respect for her age, McGee.

FIB: The only thing I respect about that gabby old pickle-face is the way bank presidents run and open the door for her. I never saw such a-----

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh, hello, Mr. Wellington.

WELL: Ahhh, good day, Mrs. McGee. What gives you that happy, youthful expression today? And McGee, what gives..?

FIB: Hello, Wellington. I'm not under oath, so I don't mind saying it's nice to see you.

WELL: Thank you. I see you were about to hang a picture.....and what an INTERESTING old painting it is, too. The Hesperus, isn't it?

MOL: IT IS NOT THE HESPERUS, Mr. Wellington. That is an oil painting of my Aunt Sarah.

FIB: Natural mistake, though. You can ring up "NO SAIL" for either one of 'em. Was there something we could do for you, Sig?

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FIB: Oh! Was there something we could do for you, Sig?
WELL: On the cont'ry, old man. There is something I can do for you.
MOL: What's that, Mr. Wellington?
WELL: You will perhaps recall that last Saturday evening, when you attended the Bijou Theatre, seats 12 and 14, Row G, left aisle, that you experienced some small difficulty with the popcorn machine in the lobby?
FIB: If by "some small difficulty", Wellington, you mean that pile of junk that grabs your dough and hasn't given up a grain of popcorn since Lloyd Hamilton threw his last pie, you're right.
MOL: McGee put a nickel in the machine and held his hat under the spout and nothing happened, Mr. Wellington.
FIB: SO I SWATTED IT WITH MY HAND...KICKED THE BEJUNIOR OUT OF IT WITH MY FOOT, AND THEN I COMPLAINED TO THE USHER. AND HE INSULTED ME! HE SAYS I PROBABLY PUT A PHONE SLUG INTO IT, THE NASTY LITTLE QUISLING!
WELL: I know. It might please you to hear that we now have a new usher taking his place...
MOL: OH, I'M SORRY, MR. WELLINGTON. I'M SURE THE BOY MEANT WELL, AND--
WELL: Oh, he did. He did indeed. In fact, I have made him Assistant Manager.
FIB: FOR INSULTING A PATRON?
WELL: No, for guarding the machine until we could get your phone slug out of it. Permit me to return it.

CLINK OF COIN:

FIB: WELL, WHADDYE KNOW!!
WELL: Enough to keep an eye on you, hereafter. Good afternoon, Mrs. McGee...and the balance of the day to you, night-crawler!
DOOR SLAM:
FIB: If the time ever comes when I let that guy really irk me, I'll box his ears and won't mail 'em back to him for three weeks!
MOL: But this IS your phone slug?
FIB: SO WHAT IF IT IS? IT'S JUST THE SAME AS A NICKEL. GEE WHIZ, I...Hey, where'll I hang this picture?
MOL: I think right where it used to be...over the piano. Aunt Sarah is quite musical, you know.
FIB: I'm not surprised. She's so bowlegged I'd of said she was studying the cello. Oh, well...Is this about the right height?
MOL: Yes, but quite a bit more to the right...she's a Republican. THAT'S IT!
FIB: Okay.
SOUND: HAMMERING:
FIB: Up you go, Aunt Sarah...and hanging is much too good for you. HOW'S THAT, MOLLY?
MOL: How can I tell? You've got her face to the wall.
FIB: That's just till she gets here. No use makin' it any tougher on ourselves than we have to.
MOL: That's pretty silly. Though I'll admit Aunt Sarah was never any Miss America.

FIB: I'd go further than that and say that America would never miss Aunt Sarah. She is positively the---

DOOR OPEN:

WIL: Hello, folks. How's every little...(PAUSE) HEY, WHERE'D YOU GET ALL THE BRIC-A-BRAC? SOME MUSEUM HOLD AN AUCTION?

MOL: No, Mr. Wilcox...these are all things my Aunt Sarah has given us at different times. She's coming to visit us tomorrow.

WIL: This Aunt Sarah must be quite a character!

FIB: Character! In NEON, Brother!

MOL: That's her picture over the piano, Mr. Wilcox.

(PAUSE)

WIL: Poor old soul: Smallppx?

FIB: Dart game.

WIL: Oh. Say, the frame looks sort of dull, don't you think?

MOL: Come to think of it, it does, Mr. Wilcox. What would you suggest we do about it?

FIB: Oh my gosh!!! WHAT A QUESTION! Ladies and gentlemen, my wife is a sweet girl, but naive. Oh well, go ahead, Waxey, play us one of your unfinished symphonies for forefinger and cash register.

WIL: I don't know what you're talking about. Molly asked me what to do about that picture frame, and I was merely going to suggest some Johnson's Wax.

MOL: You know, Mr. Wilcox...I was WONDERING if Johnson's Wax wouldn't do something for that frame.

FIB: She was wondering! Nine years of this and she still wonders!

WIL: It would be just the thing, Molly. Johnson's Wax is great for picture frames and window sills, lampshades, and dozens of things besides floor and furniture and woodwork.

MOL: I guess that picture frame just got out of condition from lying around in a closet all this time.

FIB: (ASIDE) Here's where we get that "SEALS THE PORES" stuff.

WIL: That's probably it, Molly. But Johnson's Wax seals the pores of wood surfaces --

FIB: (ASIDE) What'd I tell you?

WIL: -- and protects it not only from drying out but from dampness as well. You try a little Johnson's Wax on that frame, Molly, and Aunt Sarah will be so pleased she'll leave you an extra million in her will.

MOL: Oh, that never ~~would have~~ entered my mind, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: It entered mine, baby! It entered, sat down and smoked a four-bit cigar.

WIL: I take it Aunt Sarah is fairly solvent?

MOL: Yes she is, Mr. Wilcox, I think.

FIB: SOLVENT! That old falseface has got a nest-egg you could use for a blimp! Only trouble is, she's so tight.

MOL: Now, McGee...she isn't tight. She's just thrifty.

FIB: Yeah? Remember that last car she bought, the salesman said it would stop on a dime? And Aunt Sarah had the brakes worn out in two hours?

WIL: What are you so bitter about, pal? What did she ever do to you?

MOL: She never did anything to him, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: I just don't like stingy people, that's all, Junior.

WIL: Oh, that reminds me - how about a little donation for Sam Moore. He's in the hospital with a fractured hand, from squeezing the hose at a filling station.

FIB: Why should I throw dough away on that guy? I hardly know him. Why didn't he have some insurance?

WIL: Okay, pal. Just wanted to suggest it. So long, Molly. My love to Aunt Sarah.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Yes sir, that woman is so tight, she has to walk slow or she heats up.

MOL: Is this Sam Moore a friend of yours?

FIB: Oh, I've known him for several years. YOU KNOW, ONE OF THESE DAYS, AUNT SARAH IS GONNA GO ON A SPENDING SPREE AND THE COUNTRY IS GONNA BE FLOODED WITH 30 OR 40 INDIAN PENNIES!

MOL: Look, McGee.

FIB: Eh?

MOL: IF YOU CAN STOP RANTING ABOUT HOW TIGHT AUNT SARAH IS, YOU MIGHT REALIZE THAT YOU'RE ABOUT AS OPEN-HANDED AS JOE LOUIS IN ROUND ONE, YOURSELF.

FIB: Whaddye mean?

MOL: I mean you call other people stingy but when you're asked to throw a little money on the drum for a sick friend.. you cool off like a nightwatchman's coffee.

FIB: WHY, MOLLY...DO YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT MY REFUSAL TO DETRACT FROM SAM MOORE'S SELF-RESPECT BY GIVIN' HIM CHARITY MIGHT BE CONSTRUED AS STINGINESS?

MOL: It will not only be construed as stinginess, dearie, but the word will flash around the cigar stores that Fibber McGee is the back end of an oxford.

FIB: You mean.. a heel?

MOL: Yes.

FIB: Hand me my checkbook.

MOL: Here. And while you do that, I'll run upstairs and look over the spare bedroom so Aunt Sarah will be...

FIB: AHHH, THERE GOES A GOOD KID!! Lots of family loyalty there! Won't listen to a word against Aunt Sarah, even when she knows she's a miser. Not that Aunt Sarah is unpleasant to be around She always smells slightly of mint. Even so, she's a--

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: COME IN!!

DOOR OPEN:

TEE: Hi, mister.

FIB: Oh, gello there...SAY!

TEE: Hmm?

FIB: How old are you, sis?

TEE: Six, goin' on six 'n a half.
FIB: Six years old, eh?
TEE: Mmm Hmmm.
FIB: And how many years is it you been droppin' in here to visit with us?
TEE: Nine years. (GIGGLES) It a wonderful world we're living in, isn't it, mister?
FIB: It sure is, sis. AND YOU REALIZE THAT I DON'T EVEN KNOW YOUR NAME?
TEE: I know it.
FIB: Well, what is it?
TEE: Ridiculous.
FIB: NO NO NO....I MEAN WHAT IS YOUR NAME?
TEE: Teeny.

FIB: Teeny, eh?
TEE: Hmm?
FIB: I says YOUR NAME IS TEENY.
TEE: I know it.
FIB: Odd name.
TEE: Why?
FIB: I dunno. You don't hear it very often, is all. Named after somebody in the family?
TEE: No.
FIB: Eh?
TEE: Hmmm?
FIB: WELL, WHAT IS IT...JUST A NICKNAME?
TEE: I guess so. When I was a lil baby, my daddy called me Martini, and then they started just calling me Teeny, I guess.
FIB: Why did he call you Martini when you were a baby?
TEE: (GIGGLES) He said I was never dry enough to suit him.
FIB: (LAUGHS) I see.
TEE: Hmm?
FIB: Never mind. How'd you get your stockings all torn like that?
TEE: I fell down. Mr. Underwood was chasing me and Willy Toops.
FIB: WILLY TOOPS AND ME.
TEE: Gee, what was he chasing you for? Hmm? What was he?
FIB: HE WASN'T CHASING ME. WHAT WAS HE CHASING YOU AND WILLY FOR?
TEE: We rang his doorbell by mistake.
FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, BY MISTAKE?
TEE: We thought he was upstairs, but he wasn't.

FIB: NOW LOOK, SIS...MR. UNDERWOOD IS A FINE MAN...MAYBE A LITTLE TOO DIGNIFIED, BUT A FINE MAN. YOU KNOW HE USED TO BE UNITED STATES MINISTER TO VENEZUELA?

TEE: I betcha he wasn't, I betcha. He wears a necktie.

FIB: You're thinkin' of the other kind of minister, sis. I mean he used to represent our country in Venezuela.

TEE: Oh.

FIB: Well then, treat him with a little more respect. Understand?

TEE: Sure. What'd you say he was, mister?

FIB: OUR MINISTER TO VENEZUELA..MINISTER. JUST KEEP THAT IN MIND.

TEE: Okay. Minister... minister ...minister...

FIB: Now when you learn a new word like that Teeny, try to use it till you get used to it. After that, the word is part of your constabulary.

TEE: You mean vocabulary.

FIB: Yeah. Now, you think you know how to use the word properly?

TEE: Sure.

FIB: Go ahead. Try it!

TEE: Okay. IT IS NOW TWENTY MINISTER THREE, AND I GOTTA SCRAM HOME. SO LONG, MISTER!

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH: "SURE THING" --- KING'S MEN:

(APPLAUSE)

SOUND: HAMMERING

FIB: There...how's that, Molly?

MOL: That looks very nice, dearie. But isn't it a little crooked? Push the bottom of the picture to the left.

FIB: It's too far that way, now. Needs to go this way.

MOL: OH NO, MCGEE...THAT'S WAY OFF.

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, WAY OFF?...THAT'S PERFECTLY LEVEL!

MOL: Why, it tips like a counterfeiter in a night club!

FIB: WHAT'LL YOU BET?

MOL: We'll prove it by Beulah. (CALLS) OH, BEULAH!

DOOR OPEN:

BEULAH: Somebody bawl fo' Beulah?

FIB: Yeah...take a look at this picture, Beulah. Does it look on the level to you?

(PAUSE)

BEULAH: Nossuh. I think the artist was kiddin'.

MOL: No, we mean is it hanging straight, Beulah.

BEULAH: It look okay to me, ma'am. Besides, it don't matter much. Ever time a truck go by, ever picture in the house go cockeyed, anyway.

FIB: I guess you're not much of a consultant on dynamic balance, Beulah. You got no sense of symmetry.

BEULAH: Nossuh. But that would be a real good place for it.

MOL: What would be a good place for what?

BEULAH: The symmetry would be a good place for that picture. Tha's the DEADEST lookin' picture I ever did see!

FIB: Good idea! We'll stick the ace, king and queen of spades in the frame, and bury it with simple honors.

BEULAH: Bury it with simple hon-- (LAUGHS HEARTILY) LOVE THAT MAN!

MOL: Well, that's all we wanted to know, Beulah. Thank you. Incidentally, you knew my Aunt Sarah was coming tomorrow for a visit, didn't you?

BEULAH: Yes ma'am. I overhear Mist' McGee talkin' to himself about it. (GIGGLES) Now I know why they call it PRO-fanity. It ain' nothin' fo' amateurs to monkey with.

MOL: Why, McGee! ... You don't mind cooking for one extra for a while, do you, Beulah?

BEULAH: Oh, no ma'am. I likes to cook. In fact, I'd love it, if it wasn't so...

FIB: If it wasn't so what?

BEULAH: Oh, so...so...."ell, so DAILY.

MOL: Well, I don't think you'll find Aunt Sarah much trouble, Beulah. She's a very light eater.

FIB: She's a very light giver, too, Beulah. So if you're expecting her to slip you a couple of bucks when she leaves, forget it. When it comes to money, Aunt Sarah's clutch grabs.

BEULAH: Oh I don't expect anything, suh. How old a lady is she?

MOL: What would you judge her age was from her portrait, Beulah?

(PAUSE)

BEULAH: Well, offhand, ma'am, I'd say....(GIGGLES) BEULAH, YOU FOOL, KEEP QUIET! (FASST) Scuse me now, ma'am..I gotta git dinnah.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Incidentally, how old IS aunt Sarah?

MOL: Well, she claims she was Admiral Dewey's godmother, dearie, so draw your own conclusions.

FIB: She probably attended the Boston Tea Party disguised as a slice of lemon. I always suspected...

SOUND: SLITHERING...THUD

MOL: McGee...Aunt Sarah's picture fell down again!

FIB: Isn't that just like the old warhorse? Never know when she's gonna drop in on you. I think I'll just get a couple o' tenpenny nails and -

DOOR CHIME

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN

MOL: Oh hello, Doctor Gamble.

DOC: Hello, Molly. Hello, Ambitious.

FIB: Hello, Butcher Boy. What are you wandering around town for? Medical Association finally catch up with you?

DOC: No, I'M still fooling 'em. But I was coming past the telegraph office and they said there was a telegram for you. Knowing as I do how much those kids can use a two-bit tip, I thought I'd save them the disappointment of not getting one from you. Here.

MOL: That was very nice of you, Doctor. Thank you very much.

SOUND: RUSTLE OF TELEGRAM

FIB: You oughtta give up your medical practice and deliver telegrams all the time, Doc. That way you could give people a lot of bad news without bein' personally responsible for it.

DOC: Medicine is more interesting, McGee. You can deliver a telegram when you get around to it, but a baby won't wait.

MOL: MCGEE! MCGEE!

FIB: Eh?

MOL: LOOK...THIS TELEGRAM IS FROM AUNT SARAH...SHE'S NOT COMING.

DOC: Who's Aunt Sarah?

FIB: You wouldn't know her, Doc...she's healthy. WHY ISN'T SHE COMING, MOLLY?

MOL: She says there are some investments she has to keep an eye on, and it's impossible for her to--

SOUND: CRUNCH, RIPPING AND SPLINTER

DOC: Good heavens!...what did I step on?

FIB: DOGGONE YOU, YOU CLUMSY OAF!...YOU PUT YOUR FOOT THROUGH AUNT SARAH'S PORTRAIT!

DOC: I'M terribly sorry! I didn't see it there on the floor, and --

MOL: Oh, forget it, Doctor. It was only a--

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, "YOU'RE SORRY", YOU BIG HAY-FOOT? YOU THINK YOU CAN COME BUSTIN' INTO PEOPLES' HOUSES AND START KICKIN' PRICELESS WORKS OF ART AROUND AND GET AWAY WITH IT BY SAYIN' "I'M SORRY"?

DOC: But, my dear boy, I assure you--

FIB: DON'T DEAR BOY ME, YOU SILLY ASTIGMATIC OX! MY GOSH...THE ONLY PICTURE WE HAD IN THE WORLD OF AUNT SARAH...AND YOU...YOU...

MOL: Oh, McGee, for goodness sakes. You know very well that--

FIB: I KNOW VERY WELL THAT IF AUNT SARAH KNEW WE'D DONE THIS TO HER PICTURE, IT WOULD BREAK HER HEART...POOR, LONELY OLD SOUL!!!...WHY, I THOUGHT AS MUCH OF THAT PORTRAIT AS I DID OF AUNT SARAH HERSELF!

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DOC: ALL RIGHT ALL RIGHT!! I TOLD YOU I'M SORRY...WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO? DIG UP DA VINCI AND TELL HIM TO FIX IT?

MOL: When I think of those dart games in the basement, I -

FIB: WHAT GOOD DOES IT DO TO SAY I'M SORRY, YOU BIG PACHYDERM? DOES THAT DOES THAT RESTORE THIS VALUABLE WORK OF ART? DOES THAT CALM THE (TREMOLO) FEELINGS OF A DEAR, SWEET OLD LADY WHO TRUSTED US WITH THE THING SHE LOVED MOST IN THE WORLD... THIS PRICELESS PAINTING? WHY GEE WHIZZ....

DOC: OH STOP IT, WILL YOU? HERE...HERE'S FIFTY DOLLARS...GET IT RESTORED....BUT STOP MOANING ABOUT IT.....AND IF IT COSTS ANY MORE, LET ME KNOW...GOOD DAY!

DOOR SLAM

MOL: Why, McGee...how could you ever -

FIB: (LAUGHS)

MOL: Now what's so funny?

FIB: Fifty bucks!! (LAUGHS) Imagine that? We finally got some dough out of Aunt Sarah!

MOL: Oh, this is ridiculous!

ORCH: "YOU WILL, WON'T YOU?" - FADE FOR -

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S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC
Fibber McGee and Molly
Tuesday 6:30 PM PWT NBC
May 2, 1944

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WIL: Do you spend much time in your kitchen? You probably realize the importance of well-protected linoleum floors. When they're bright and sparkling, the kitchen is certainly a much pleasanter place to work in. That in itself is a good enough reason for using JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO COAT. And yet that's only a very small part of the GLO-COAT story. A more important reason is, of course, the way GLO-COAT protects linoleum surfaces against wear and dirt -- how it makes linoleum last 6 to 10 times longer. Another is the way GLO-COAT saves you work. Because it is self polishing, it needs no rubbing or buffing. You simply apply and let dry. GLO-COAT does the rest. Even on linoleum that's been down for many years, GLO-COAT works wonders. And if you're putting down any new linoleum, then be sure that from the very first day, it is protected regularly with JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO COAT.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

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in your kitchen? You probably
 of well-protected linoleum floors.
 sparkling, the kitchen is
 a better place to work in. That
 a good reason for using JOHNSON'S
 And yet that's only a very
 interesting story. A more important
 one is the way GLO-COAT protects linoleum
 from dirt -- how it makes linoleum
 shine. Another is the way GLO-COAT
 it is self polishing, it needs
 You simply apply and let dry.
 Even on linoleum that's been
 GLO-COAT works wonders. And if
 new linoleum, then be sure that
 it is protected regularly with
 GLO COAT.

UE)

TAG

MOL: McGee, you've got to give that fifty dollars back to
 Doctor Gamble.
 FIB: I will. After next week. He's givin' me a complete
 physical examination next week, you know.
 MOL: So what?
 FIB: A complete physical examination like I'm gonna have
 costs at least twenty bucks.
 MOL: Yes, but--
 FIB: YOU THINK HE'S GONNA HAVE THE CRUST TO CHARGE ME
 A DOUBLE SAWBUCK WHILE HE STILL THINKS HE'S RUINED
 A VALUABLE PORTRAIT?
 MOL: Why, McGee, you're a rascally little opportunist!
 FIB: (LAUGHING) Ain't I, though? 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, and inviting you to be with us again next
 Tuesday night. Goodnight.
 ANNCR: THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

(CHIMES)

WRITERS: DON QUINN
 PHIL LESLIE

"FIBBER"

Tuesday, May 9th, 1944