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(REVISED)

#33

FILE
MAY 15 1944

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

Tuesday, May 9th, 1944

NBC - RED

(REVISED) -2-

WIL: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM, WITH FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

ORCH: THEME - FADE FOR:

WIL: 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: "YOU DO SOMETHING TO ME" - FADE FOR COMMERCIAL

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC
MAY 9, 1944

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Here's a question that's going to sound funny to you, coming from me. Have you ever been dissatisfied with JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT? Yes, that's just what I mean -- dissatisfied. Have you ever bought a supply of JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT that didn't do the good job on your linoleum that you expected it to do? The reason I ask you the question is this; We receive hundreds of voluntary letters from women who say, "GLO-COAT is wonderful." We are deeply grateful for those letters, but we sometimes wonder if we are really that good. It is only human to make mistakes, and during this critical war period it has been a little more difficult to control materials and containers. I would just like to say this. If you have had any experience with SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT that was not entirely satisfactory, we'd like to hear about it. We will gladly replace any package that did not give you satisfactory service. You can send your letter direct to S.S. JOHNSON & SON, Racine, Wisconsin, or Brantford, Canada. We always want you to be happy with every purchase you make of GLO-COAT or any other Johnson product.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH)
(APPLAUSE)

McGee - 5/9/44

(2ND REVISION)

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WILCOX: THE WAY SOME PEOPLE ARE ACTING AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA, YOU'D THINK THE THREE MOST IMPORTANT DATES IN AMERICAN HISTORY WERE 1492, 1776, AND THE ONE ALICE DARLING HAS WITH HER NEW BOY FRIEND... TONIGHT, AS WE MEET --

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

MOL: Would it be too much to ask, dearie, for you to slip into a clean shirt and put your shoes on? Those carpet slippers look pretty disreputable.

FIB: WHY, WHO'S COMING?

MOL: Alice's boy friend, and you look awful. Your shirt is mussed, there are cigar ashes on your vest, and altogether you look like a picnic table-cloth on the way home.

FIB: AW, ALICE'S BOY FRIEND, ALICE'S BOY FRIEND!! Let's not get our teeth in an uproar just because the kid has snared a patsy for a hunk of rug cutting. I just got one more word to do on this crossword puzzle.

(REVISED)

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MOL: Where are you stuck?

FIB: 32 vertical.

MOL: An 8-letter word meaning "Gubernatorial executive". Why, that's simple! Don't you know what "gubernatorial" means?

FIB: Well, roughly. A "GOOBER" is a peanut, and "EXECUTIVE" means to execute somebody...so it's an 8-letter word meaning somebody who kills a lot of peanuts. I KNOW!! BASEBALL FAN!! No...no, too many letters.

MOL: Look, dearie, the word is "GOVERNOR". A governor is a gubernatorial executive.

FIB: THAT CAN'T BE RIGHT. GOVERNOR STARTS WITH "G". This word has gotta start with "J" on account of 56 horizontal.

MOL: What's 56 horizontal?

FIB: A seven letter word meaning "REAL". I got it down as "JENUINE".

MOL: GENUINE, my pet, STARTS WITH "G", not "J".

FIB: It can't start with G. That throws the entire puzzle off. See? It's gotta be "J" because 19 vertical is a five-letter word meaning a flat-bottom boat. B-A-R-J-E, Barge.

MOL: I know, but BARGE is NOT spelled with a J.

FIB: DOGGONE IT, NOW YOU'VE RUINED THE WHOLE PUZZLE AND I HAD IT ALL DONE BUT ONE WORD...Okay okay okay...(RUMPLE OF PAPER) What was it you wanted me to do?

MOL: Run upstairs and brush up a little. We don't want Alice's boy friend to think

(REVISED)

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DOOR CHIME:

FIB: Who's that?

MOL: I'm afraid it's Alice's boy friend. And you looking like an unmade bed!

FIB: Well, gee whizz --

ALICE: (OFF MIKE) OH, MRS. MCGEE!

MOL: Yes, dear?

ALICE: IF THAT'S Bert, WILL YOU LET HIM IN, PLEASE?

FIB: DON'T WORRY, ALICE..WE'LL ENTERTAIN HIM TILL YOU GET YOUR FACE ON.

ALICE: (OFF MIKE) Well...er...if you'll just let him in, you won't have to entertain him...I'll be right down.

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: Smooth down your cowlick and straighten your tie, dearie. Here comes romance!

DOOR OPEN:

BERT: I...er...is this where Alice...I mean does the residence of...is the house where...

FIB: Are you Bert?

BERT: I think so. Er...yeah. Yeah! I'M Bert.

MOL: Come right in, Bert...

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: ...Alice will be down in just a moment. We are Mr. and Mrs. McGee, and Alice is expecting you.

BERT: Thank you.

FIB: Relax, bud. Just between us males, Alice has been ready since 3:30 this afternoon, but you know how women are. They gotta put on the old act. They'll keep you waiting if they have to go hide in a phone booth.

MOL: That's ridiculous, McGee...Alice just got home from the airplane plant a little while ago. Come in and sit down, Mr...er...Mr...

BERT: Bert Taylor. Just call me Bert. Alice has often mentioned you both.

FIB: She has, eh? What does she say about us, Bert?

BERT: Oh, she says you...you're the type that...if you'd only...well, I don't remember, exactly, but it was something.

MOL: That's a fairly safe summary of the conversation. OH, HERE'S ALICE...AND DOESN'T SHE LOOK NICE!!

BERT: Gee! Hi, Al.

ALICE: Hi, Bert.

FIB: You do look pretty snappy, Alice.

ALICE: Well, if Mr. and Mrs. McGee will excuse us, I think we--

MOL: Certainly. Run along and have fun.

FIB: AW, DON'T RUSH AWAY, KIDS. YOU'RE NOT PUTTING US OUT A BIT. Sit down a minute and relax. Looks like a rainy night, anyway, and you might as well sit here by the fire where there's no cover charge. Ever play four-handed dominoes?

BERT: Er no. I...er...

ALICE: Bert and I are going someplace to dance, Mr. McGee.

FIB: WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH RIGHT HERE? MY GOSH...ROLL UP THE CARPETS AND TURN ON THE RADIO!! EVERYTHING FOR FREE.... MOLLY AND I MIGHT KNOCK OFF A ROUND OR TWO OURSELVES.....

MOL: Include me out, dearie. Until I started going to dances with you, I never knew that shin dig was two words.

BERT: I thought maybe Alice and I would go downtown and maybe go to a night club. Gee, you look nice in girls' clothes, Alice!

ALICE: Thank you, Bert.

FIB: What does he mean, GIRLS' CLOTHES?

ALICE: Bert's never seen me in anything but my coveralls at the airplane plant Mr McGee. I think they make girls look so horribly masculine.

FIB: Potash!! You're as feminine as a lost glove.

SOUND: THUNDER:

MOL: Heavenly days...it's getting stormy...

BERT: Oh, we don't care, do we Alice? Come on, and--

ALICE: I LOVE rainy nights, myself. Let's go, Bert, and we'll--

SOUND: CRASH OF THUNDER....RAIN, OFF MIKE:

FIB: HEY, YOU CAN'T GO OUT IN THIS!! CATCH YOUR DEATH OF COLD BETWEEN HERE AND THE CURB. Bert, you oughtta have more sense than drag a fragile kid like Alice out into weather like this.

BERT: It did sound sort of like a thunderburst .er..cloudstorm... er . well gee, I didn't realize...

ALICE: OH, BERT, I DON'T MIND A BIT...COME ON...IT'LL BE FUN...
 WE'LL JUST DASH OUT TO YOUR CAR, AND--

BERT: Yeah, but I...well, I didn't bring my car because...well,
 I...(LAUGHS EMBARRASSEDLY) Just got enough gas to get me
 to work and back...

ALICE: WELL, WHAT DO WE CARE? LET'S TAKE A CAB!!

FIB: A CAB!! DID YOU EVER TRY TO GET A TAXI IN THIS TOWN ON A
 CLEAR NIGHT? WELL, DIVIDE THAT BY FOUR MILLION, AND THAT'
 YOUR CHANCES OF GETTIN' ONE IN THE RAIN...Come on...hang
 up your coats and spend the evening right here...

MOL: We'd love to have you stay, you know that.

FIB: SURE SURE SURE...SAVE YOU A LOTTA DOUGH, TOO. YOU KNOW
 ABOUT THAT 30% FEDERAL CLIP IN THE HOT SPOTS, DON'T YOU,
 CHARLIE?

ALICE: His name is Bert, Mr. McGee.

FIB: I thought it was Charlie. You're always talking about--

MOL: MCGEE, THE BOY'S NAME IS BERT!! AND HE'S THE ONE ALICE IS
 ALWAYS TALKING ABOUT...

FIB: NO, MOLLY, SHE'S ALWAYS TALKIN' ABOUT--

ALICE: Well, maybe we better stay and--

(MOL: (LAUGHS) Of course if you'd rather
 go out...
 FIB: Come on, hang up your coats...
 BERT: Gee, I hate to impose on...

INTO ORCH: "POINCIANA"

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: THUNDER AND RAIN OFF MIKE: FADE FOR -

FIB: Ahh, sure is wonderful to be settin here all cozy and warm
 with the rain comin' down like that don't it? You
 sure you're comfortable in that straight chair, Alice?
 Don'tcha wanna sit here on the davenport with me and Bert
 and Molly?

ALICE: No, thanks. I like this straight chair. It...keeps me
 awake.

MOLLY: It's too bad the rain spoiled your evening, Alice.

BERT: Yeah.

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN "SPOILED IT?" They're havin' a swell time!
 We been thru the photograph albums twice and I told Bert
 all about how I fought in the last war and showed him my
 high school annual.

ALICE: You haven't showed Bert how you can take off your vest
 without removing your coat, Mr. McGee.

FIB: I was savin' that, Alice, in case the party got dull.

MOLLY: In that case, you should have showed us an hour ago,
 doarie. WHY DON'T WE RUN ALONG UPSTAIRS, MCGEE??? WE
 BOTH LIKE TO READ IN BED. Let's leave Alice and Bert to
 themselves a while.

ALICE: Oh, Mrs. McGee, you're so thoughtful!

BERT: (LAUGHS) Yeah...sure are.

FIB: Aw forget it! I've seen the times when I'd of loved to have somebody like me around to entertain me, too. WELL, WHAT'LL WE DO, KIDS? HOW ABOUT A GAME OF CARDS? WHO PLAYS FLINCH?

ALICE: Bert and I like to play records on the phonograph, but maybe it would bore you and Mrs. McGee, unless you were upstairs where you couldn't hear 'em...or something.

BERT: Yeah, let's play some records!

FIB: AW YOU DONT WANNA LISTEN TO RECORDS!!!...MY GOSH, YOU'D HEARD ALL THAT CLASSICAL STUFF A HUNDRED TIMES.....How about me showing you some card tricks?

(PAUSE)

FIB: I got one swell card trick, but I gotta have a rubber band. Anybody got a rubber band?

(PAUSE)

FIB: Haven't, eh? Oh well. I suppose -

DOOR CHIME

MOL: COME IN!!

DOOR OPEN: SOUND OF RAIN: OUT WITH DOOR SLAM

MOL: For goodness sakes, Mr. Wellington, what are you doing out on a night like this?

WELL: I am breaking in some new overshoes for a friend, Mrs. McGee. He is the...Oh...excuse me. Am I intruding?

FIB: No more than usual, Siggy. You know Alice Darling I think.

ALICE: Hello, Mr. Wellington.

WELL: Good evening...and may I say that I prefer the way she is listed on our Bank Night records at the Bijou Theatre.... as DARLING, MISS? HMMMMMMMM?

ALICE: (LAUGHS)

FIB: Aw, go pile up some dead leaves, you old raker!

MOL: McGee....don't be rude. By the way, Mr. Wellington, this is Mr. Taylor, a friend of Miss Darlings.

WELL: Mmmmm....Hello, lads.

BERT: Mmmmm.....Hello.

MOL: What could we do for you, Mr. Wellington?

WELL: I just came in to see if by any chance McGee could spare, (for a brief time, of course) the umbrella he borrowed from me in 1936. Not that I wish to appear to be snatching it back, you understand.

FIB: MY GOSH, SIG, THAT UMBRELLA WAS WORN OUT AND THREW AWAY LONG AGO.

WELL: Including, I suppose, the 14-karat gold handle?

MOL: No, McGee had that made into a walking stick the time he sprained his ankle.

FIB: Be glad to loan you that, Wellington, but it wouldn't be much help in the rain, except to see how deep the puddles were.

WELL: Yes...Hmm. Well, just an inquiry, you know. Charge it off to mere morbid curiosity, if you wish.

FIB: We wish.

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

WELL: Thank you...no. I have been sitting down all afternoon.

FIB: Office work?

WELL: Roller skating. Well....good evening, friends.

DOOR OPEN: RAIN EFFECT: DOOR CLOSE:

MOLLY: Isn't he nice?

FIB: Yeah, but too collegiate, if you'll ask me. He always--
HEY YOU KIDS....DON'T DO THAT!!

MOL: What are they doing, McGee?

FIB: ALL HUDDLED UP TOGETHER LIKE THAT ON THE DAVENPORT....
MY GOSH, YOU DON'T HAVE TO SIT SO CLOSE TOGETHER....
THERE'S PLENTY OF CHAIRS. HERE, BERT!! YOU SIT OVER
HERE BY THE DESK...THAT'S IT...AND ALICE HOW ABOUT A
NICE SOFA CUSHION ON THE FLOOR...AHHH, THAT'S BETTER!
ROOM FOR EVERYBODY!!!

MOL: Has it occurred to you, dearie, that Alice and Bert might
want a minute or two alone together?

BERT: Gee, I was hoping---

FIB: MINUTE OR TWO ALONE, MY CAVICLE!! WHAT THEY NEED ON A
NIGHT LIKE THIS IS PEOPLE AROUND 'EM...LAUGHTER! FUN!!
GAYETY!!! (PAUSE) Hasn't ANYBODY got a rubber band?

DOOR OPEN: RAIN: DOOR CLOSE:

WIL: Wow...what a night!!! Hello, folks, I-- Oh...excuse me.
I didn't know you had company tonight.

MOL: Oh, you know Alice, Mr. Wilcox.

ALICE: Hello, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: Hello, Alice.

FIB: And this is Bert Taylor, Junior. (ACKNOWLEDGMENTS BRIEF)
He's Alice's swain, who stayed in tonight because it's
swain'ing. (LAUGHS) Get it, kids? SWAIN...SWAINING?
The humor derives from the fact that the play on words is-
TAIN'T FUNNY, McGEE!

MOL: No? I thought it was rather excruciating, in a sad sort
of way.

MOL: What on earth are you doing out on a night like this,
Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Well, I usually bring my dog out for a walk about this
time every night, but I wouldn't bring a dog out on a
night like this, so I came alone. I saw your light and
thought I'd drop in.

MOL: Drip would be a better word, Mr. Wilcox...take off that
wet coat.

WIL: Oh, no thanks, Molly....I've got to run along.

FIB: I'll bet the real reason you're walk'n', Junior, is you
don't wanna get that new car of yours all rained on.

MOL: HAVE YOU GOT A NEW CAR, MR. WILCOX?

WIL: No, I haven't. What on earth ever gave you that....OH...
(LAUGHS) OH I KNOW!! I USED SOME JOHNSON'S CAR-NU ON
IT THIS AFTERNOON AND IT JUST LOOKS NEW.

FIB: Well, put some gum on my chair and call me wriggley! I
gave him an opening he could drive Eugene Palette, thru.

BERT: What's Johnson's Car-nu, Mr. Wilcox?

ALICE: It's an automobile Polish, isn't it, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: AN automobile Polish! It's THE automobile polish for car owners who want an easy to use, fast method of beautifying their cars. Cleans and polishes in one easy application.

MOL: People who have cars really have to nurse them along nowadays dont they, Mr Wilcox?

WIL: They sure do, Molly, That's why Car-Nu is such a blessing. It's so fast and does such a thorough job. You just apply it, let it dry----and wipe it off, and Presto. The gleam of your dreams.

BERT: How do you spell CAR-NU, Mr Wilcox?

FIB: (MUTTERS) STOOGE!

WIL: C-A-R-N-U. Johnson's Car-Nu.

MOL: DO YOU HAVE TO BE GOING, MR WILCOX?

WIL: Yes I do, Molly. I've got to meet a woman at Kremer's drug store.

FIB: Oh oh. What'll your wife say?

WIL: She'll say "hello". Goodnight.

DOOR OPEN: RAIN: DOOR SLAM:

BERT: Nice guy. Who is he?

MOL: He represents the Johnson Wax people, Mr. Taylor. He drops in on us almost every Tuesday night.

FIB: On an "OR ELSE" basis. HEY, HASN'T ANYBODY GOT A RUBBER BAND? I'D SURE LIKE TO SHOW YOU KIDS THIS CARD TRICK. IT'S PRETTY BAFFLING. Hey Molly...isn't there one in the desk?

MOL: That desk is so full of stamps, nobody could find anything in it.

BF: You...er...collect stamps, Mr. McGee?

FIB: No, I don't, Bert.

MOL: When he heard that the air mail rate was going from 6¢ to 8¢, he went all around town like a whirlwind, buying up all the 6¢ stamps. At that it was more intelligent than most of his investments.

FIB: Oh yeah? Well I caught the spy, didn't I?

ALICE: Mr. McGee.

FIB: Eh?

ALICE: Will you show us your photograph album again? Please?

BERT: Gee, Al, he's shown it to us twice, and--

FIB: AH, THERE'S NOTHING AS FASCINATING AS A BUNCH OF HOME TOOK PHOTOGRAPHS. Here you are, kids...

ALICE: Let's see the ones on page seventeen.

MOL: What's on page seventeen?...OH, THOSE ARE THE ONES OF MCGEE AND ME IN THE CANOE.

ALICE: Just you two...alone, together. Isn't that wonderful, Bert?

BERT: Oh, boy! Wouldn't it be, though?

(PAUSE)

ALICE: (DEEP SIGH)

FIB: Ah, there's nothing like getting away from people when you're young and in love, is there, Molly?

MOL: No, there isn't. So let's go upstairs and read and leave Alice and Bert to--

FIB: HEY, I GOTTA BETTER IDEA! HOW ABOUT MAKIN' SOME FUDGE!

BERT: Oh, fudge. I mean...Oh! FUDGE?

ALICE: Gee, that's a peach of an idea, Mr. McGee. That's super. Come on, Bert, let's you and I go out in the kitchen and make fudge.

BERT: Swell.

MOL: When you get it done, bring us some and we'll--

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN WHEN THEY GET IT DONE, WE'LL ALL GO OUT AND MAKE FUDGE...MANY HANDS MAKE LIGHT WORK, YOU KNOW... COME ON, EVERYBODY!! LET'S ... (PAUSE) What's that? I hear somebody out in the kitchen?

MOL: I thought I heard something out there, too. (CALLS) WHO'S IN THE KITCHEN?

DOOR OPEN:

BEULAH: Jus' me, ma'am! Beulah!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: My gosh, we thought you'd gone home long ago, Beulah.

BEULAH: Nossuh. I started to go, and then it begun to rain real hard an' I thought I better wait a while on account of my rheumatiz.

MOL: Tism, Beulah.

BEULAH: Oh yes it is, ma'am, beggin' your pardon. My doctor say it genuine rheumatiz, an' he one of the finest dia-nasturtiums in town.

ALICE: You mean you've just been sitting in the kitchen waiting for the rain to stop, Beulah?

BEULAH: Yes, but I been listenin' to the radio out there, Miss Alice. (LAUGHS) Those Burns and Allen...they the CUTEST people!!!

FIB: Hey, Beulah...you got a rubber band? I got a great card trick if I can only find a rubber band. You gotta rubber band?

BEULAH: Nossuh. All I got is a long piece elastic.

FIB: Swell. Lemme take it..I'll cut off a short length.

BEULAH: I'm sorry suh...nobody ain' gonna cut nothin' off this piece elastic. (LAUGH) Wheah I got it, I needs every inch of it, INCLUDIN' the stretch.

FIB: Oh. Well, it looks like you kids are gonna have to wait till after the war to see this card trick.

ALICE: Oh I'm sorry. I love card tricks. Can anybody tell fortunes?

MOL: I can't.

BERT: Me either.

BEULAH: I used to tell fo'tunes in coffee groun's Mist' McGee.

FIB: Don't you still do it, Beulah?

BEULAH: Nossuh! Coffee grouns is so much alike it made everybody's life too monotonous.

FIB: Better take up tea leaves, Beulah...and grab an orange peekoe into the future.

BEULAH: Grab an orange peekoe int...(LAUGHS HEARTILY) LOVE THAT MAN....Well, goodnight everybody.

DOOR OPEN: RAIN DOOR CLOSE:

FIB: Gee, I sure wish I could find a rubber band. You'd love this card trick I do! Picked it up from a magician when I was in vaudeville. I happen to mention I was in vaudeville once, Bert?

BERT: Er...no...I guess that's one thing you...er... didn't mention...(LAUGHS)

MOL: I think we'd better be getting upstairs, McGee. Alice and Bert may want to talk...

ALICE: Thank you, Mrs. McGee. You're very --

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, THEY WANNA TALK??? Didn't you just hear Bert ask me about the time I was in vaudeville?

MOL: No.

FIB: DON'T YOU WANNA HEAR ABOUT THE TIME I WAS IN VAUDEVILLE, BERT?

BERT: Well, I...(LAUGHS)...I...

FIB: Why, certainly. One of the most interesting periods of the American theatre. Well sir, a guy and I by the name of Fred Nitney had us a vaudeville act that really stood out.

MOL: Stood outside of agent's offices every day but Sundays.

FIB: We were ahead of our time, is all. You see, Bert, me and Fred had an act of fast patter, songs and dances. Fred'd enter on the vamp with a buck and wing, see --

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: Saved from a life of vaudeville! This may not be the Palace, but it's home! COME IN!

DOOR OPEN: RAIN: DOOR CLOSE:

ART: Is this the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Fibber McGee?

FIB: Yes it is, bud...what could we do for you?

ART: Well, I hope I'm not intruding on your privacy. I am Mr. Witchards. Wobbert Witchards.

MOL: Oh, how do you do, I'm sure. And this is Miss Darling and Mr. Taylor, Mr. Witchards.

ALICE: How do you do.

BERT: Hiya, Mr. Witchards.

ART: I'm weawwy pweased to meet you. But the name isn't WITCHARDS, Mrs. McGee. It's WITCHARDS. As in Witchard the Wion-Hearted.

FIB: OH, RICHARDS!! I get it. Wobbert Richards.

ART: No, not Wobert. WOBBERT. Wike Wobbert Woos Stevenson.

MOL: Oh, of course, Robert Richards.

ART: That's cowvect.

FIB: What's on your mind, Mr Richards?

ART: Well, I wive in the house across the street and I thought I'd stop in and report that you weft your wawnmower on the wawn in the wain and it's getting all wusty.

MOL: Oh, thank you very much!! McGee, run out and put the lawn mower in the garage,

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN RUN OUT...IN THIS WEATHER? THAT ISNT MY LAWNMOWER ANYWAY. I JUST BORROWED IT FROM DOC GAMBLE.

ART: Nevertheless, it's gettin awfully wusty.

MOL: Thank you for telling us, Mr Richards. Are you the people who just moved in a few days ago?

ART: Yes. We moved here from Gwand Wapids. I work in the airpwane pwant.

ALICE: Why, so do I, Mr Richards. Maybe I can ride out there with you in your car.

ART: Oh, I'd be dewighted, Miss Darwing. Simpwy dewighted.

FIB: What do you do at the airplane plant, Mr Richards?

ART: I'm a dwaftsman. I make bwue-pwints. May I ask what do you do for a wiving, Mr McGee?

(PAUSE)

FIB: I WAS AFRAID SOMEBODY WAS GONNA ASK ME THAT SOMETIME!

MOL: He's connected with the Johnson Wax people, Mr. Richards. Won't you sit down till the weather clears a little?

ART: Thank you, I don't beweive I can, Mrs. McGee. I just wan over to tell you about the wawnmower. Goodnight!

DOOR OPEN; RAIN; DOOR CLOSE:

MOL: He seems like a nice little man, doesn't he?

FIB: Yeah..very neighborly. Glad to know about that lawnmower too. I'll run out in the morning and throw a canvas over it.

MOL: What good will that do? It'll be all rusty by that time.

FIB: I know, but if Doc Gamble comes by and sees it, it won't hurt his feelings. He's very sensitive about..

HEY WHAT ARE YOU YAWNING ABOUT?

FIB: ~~For the same reason that little guys always own great danes and three-hundred pound women..always have Pomeranians. I never. .WHAT ARE YOU YAWNING ABOUT?~~

MOL: Well for a ~~snap diagnosis, dearie~~, I'd say it was because I'm sleepy. You'd better go to bed too...remember you're painting the porch swing tomorrow.

FIB: But my gosh....here we invited these kids to stay and if we go to bed who'll entertain 'em?

ALICE: Oh don't you worry about us, Mr McGee.

BERT: We'll be all right. I cant stay much longer anyway...

FIB: You're sure?

MOL: OF COURSE THEY'RE SURE, MCGEE...NOW COME ALONG..

FIB: Wait a minute...I never finished tellin' Bert about my vaudeville act. You see, Bert,....

MOL: MCGEE!

FIB: Eh?

MOL: Come on.

FIB: Okay. Well, goodnight kids...if you want something to read, help yourself to either of the books in the bookcase.

ALICE: Thank you, Mister McGee. Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight. Goodnight, Mr. Taylor. NO NO NO..DONT GET UP!

BERT: Goodnight.

FIB: Goodnight, kids. (FADE OUT) Gee whizz, Molly, I feel like a dog, running out on 'em like this. They'll be bored stiff with nobody to talk to and...

DOOR SLAM:

BERT: Oh boy!

ALICE: Turn off the light, Bert..and let's just sit here by the fire...

BERT: That'll be swell, Alice...

SOUND: CLICK

ALICE: They're nice aren't they, Bert?

BERT: She's swell, but he's a gabby old clunk. Oh well...
it's okay now..Gee your hair smells nice.

ALICE: I'm glad you think so, Bert. And Bert...

BERT: Eh?

ALICE: Please don't squeeze my hand so hard. If I had a ring on
one of these fingers it would really hurt, with you
squeezing like that.

BERT: Oh...er...speaking of rings, Alice...I...er..(LAUGHS)
I...er...

ALICE: Yes, Bert?

BERT: I...er...well, I was wondering if you...well...

DOOR OPEN (OFF MIKE)

FIB: (OFF) I got it. I got it.

MOL: (OFF) McGee! Come back here!

FOOTSTEPS DOWNSTAIRS (FAST)

FIB: (FADING IN) HEY! - HEY! Hey, kids! Look - look - look
what I found! A rubber band!! Now I'll show you a card
trick that'll make your eyes pop!

ALICE AND
BERT TOGETHER: Oh - for the -

FIB: Okay, Bert - pick a card. Go on, go on, any card! Now,
I'll take the deck and - (MUSIC TAKES IT AWAY)

ORCH: "LOOK FOR THE SILVER LINING" ... FADE FOR:

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC
MAY 9, 1944

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Now I'd like to talk to you for a moment about your
autonobile. If you've taken a good look at it lately, you
realize it's not getting any younger. You probably get a
little tired of hearing so many people tell you to take good
care of that car -- but after all, both from a patriotic
and selfish point of view, it's still the thing to do, isn't
it? That's probably reason Number One for getting some
JOHNSON'S CARNU, that cleans and polishes in one application,
after that dull-looking finish. Or maybe with you the
Number One reason is the looks of your car and the greater
pleasure you get out of it when the finish shines like a
mirror. With JOHNSON'S CARNU you can't make over the motor
or put on new tires, but believe me, you can restore the
beauty of your car's finish. And you can do it with so
little work that cleaning and polishing a car with CARNU is
just as easy for a woman as f a man. JOHNSON'S CARNU is a
liquid -- it dries to a white powder, and off comes the
dullness when you wipe off the powder! Now is a very good
time to give the finish of your car a Spring Cleaning --
with JOHNSON'S CARNU -- spelled C-A-R-N-U.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC -- FADE ON CUE)

C.
BC

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C -- FADE ON CUE)

WRITERS: DON QU
PHIL I

TAG

SOUND: (WINDING CLOCK)

MOL: McGee...you' used very bad judgment tonight.

FIB: Waddaye mean?

MOL: Don't you realize that two young people like that want to
be alone with each other? They don't want middle-aged
people like us cramping their style!

FIB: Aw they were having a wonderful time!! Outa the corner of
my eye I saw Bert signal to Alice that he was gettin' an
awful bang outa me.

MOL: How did he signal?

FIB: He jerked his left thumb at me while pretending to shoot
himself in the right temple.

MOL: Mm! Well, go to sleep, dearie.

FIB: Okay. 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)

Tuesday, May 16