

WRITERS: DON QUINN  
PHIL LESLIE

#6

(REVISED)

"FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY"

Johnson's Wax

6:30 - 7:00 PM

11-14-44

NBC

(REVISED)

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WILCOX: 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  
and Phil Leslie, with music by the King's Men and  
Billy Mills' Orchestra.

ORCH: "IT'S HIGH TIME"...FADE FOR

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

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WIL: The kitchen is a popular room with most families - it probably is with yours. Is it because you ladies are out there so much - or are the ice box and the things cooking on the stove the great attractions? That's unkind of me, isn't it - of course it's the ladies! At any rate, the kitchen is a popular room, and deserves the extra care that most women give it. When linoleum is bright and sparkling, its colors fresh and new looking, the whole room takes on a more cheerful tone and is a pleasanter place to work in. When you use JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT regularly to keep linoleum new looking, you are actually making it last 6 to 10 times longer. And you are saving yourself hours of work all year, because GLO-COAT is so easy to use. It is self-polishing, and needs no rubbing or buffing. Spilled things wipe up in a jiffy. JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT is economical, a little goes a long way.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH)  
(APPLAUSE)

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WILCOX: WHEN A MAN HAS DEMONSTRATED THAT HE ISN'T VERY SMART IN THE DAYTIME, THERE'S ONLY ONE ANSWER. NIGHT SCHOOL!  
AND HERE, ALL EXCITED AT THE PROSPECT OF FIBBER'S FIRST EVENING OF SCHOOL, WE FIND --  
-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: AHFFF, THIS IS FOR ME, MOLLY...THE THREE "R'S"! READIN', WRITIN' AND 'RITHMETIC!  
MOL: The last time you went to school it was "Running and rastling at recess".  
FIB: Aw, I was just a kid, then. I didn't realize how important an education was. My gosh, I was twenty-three years old before I knew what was the Capital of Guatemala.  
MOL: What is it?  
FIB: Capital G. I always thought it was Quatemala...with a Q.  
MOL: I still don't quite get the idea of this sudden passion for learning.  
FIB: YOU KNOW WHY? I'LL TELL YOU WHY!  
MOL: All right.  
FIB: BECAUSE THE OTHER DAY I AND A BUNCH OF GUYS WERE STANDING AROUND THE CIGAR STORE AND THEY STARTED TO TALK ABOUT INFLATION. AND I MADE A TRIPLE-PLATED, FIVE-STAR, RHINESTONE-STUDED JACKASS OUTA MYSELF.  
MOL: How - this time?

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FIB: Well, one of the guys turns to me and says, "WHADDYOU THINK OF INFLATION, MUTTONFACE?"

MOL: Muttonface!

FIB: Yeah... they call me that on account of I always have a thoughtful look on my face like a sheep, and usually need a haircut.

MOL: Oh. Well, what was your answer? The one that shook your self-esteem to its tottering foundations?

FIB: Well, sir, my gosh... with inflation I didn't know from nothing. I had to bluff.

MOL: Yes?

FIB: So, I mauls it over in my mind a minute, then I says, kinda cool and casual, "WELL, BOYS" I says, "I THINK IT'D BE A FINE THING FOR THE COUNTRY".

MOL: And what happened then, muttonfa--- er...dearie?

FIB: Well, it was kinda confused for a few minutes. One guy snatches back the cigar he'd just given me. Another guy spits on my shoe and walks out, and the guy that owns the cigar store closes my charge account and tells me to beat it before he reports me to the FBI. Never so humiliated in my life. MY GOSH, HOW DID I KNOW THERE WAS NOTHIN' TO BE SAID IN FAVOR OF INFLATION?

MOL: McGee, with your gift for getting yourself out on a limb, you should have been a tree surgeon!

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FIB: Ain't it the truth? Anyway, that's one of the two reasons I'm startin' to night school.

MOL: What's the other reason?

FIB: That's a secret.

MOL: Can't you even tell me?

FIB: Nope. Now lemme see...I got my pencil-box and my ruler, and my registration card. And my first baseman's glove.

MOL: What's that for?

FIB: Some of the kids might wanna play a little baseball at recess.

MOL: AT NIGHT?

FIB: Oh my gosh...I forgot that. Well, I'll leave my first baseman's glove here and take my flashlight. We can play run, sheep, run.

MOL: What subjects are you taking, McGee?

FIB: Well, my particular curlicue consists of English, French, Economics and manual training.

MOL: You don't mean curlicue. You mean curriculum.

FIB: (LAUGHS) YOU BETTER GO TO NIGHT SCHOOL YOURSELF, BABY! EVERYBODY KNOWS CURRICULUM IS A STYLE OF ARCHITURE. The house across the street has got curriculum columns on the front porch.

MOL: That's CORINTHIAN.

FIB: GO ON...A CORINTHIMUM IS A FLOWER. THEY WEAR 'EM TO FOOTBALL GAMES.

MOL: No no no, McGee...those are CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

FIB: Well then what's a curlicue?

MOL: A curlicue is a fancy little flourish.

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GOIN' TO NITE SCHOOL

FIB: CERTAINLY! AND IF YOU DON'T THINK MY ~~TALKING UP ECONOMICS~~  
IS A FANCY LITTLE FLOURISH, TOOTSIE --

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh, hello there, Alice.

ALICE: Hiya, Mrs. McGee. Hiya, Pop.

FIB: Hello, Alice. What's the cube root of 373,248?

ALICE: 72. Why?

MOL: How on earth did you know that, Alice?

ALICE: Creepers, I thought EVERYBODY knew simple things like that.

FIB: Not me, Alice. I'm dumb. Up till a few days ago I  
thought a cube root was the bottom part of a box elder.

MOL: That's why he's starting night school tonight, Alice.  
And it'll be the first time he ever went to school that  
he got up in time for it.

ALICE: Gee, are you really going, Pop? What are you taking?

FIB: Oh, a pencil and a ruler and a flashlight and a  
couple o' jelly sandwiches. Grape jelly.

MOL: Alice means what subjects, McGee. You know...in your  
curlicue.

FIB: OH! WHAT SUBJECTS. Oh, manual training - that's so I  
can finish a tabouret I started in the seventh grade -  
and English --

ALICE: Basic?

FIB: I dunno what kind. Just so's they learn me to talk it  
correct, is all I care. I still make a few mistaken  
errors in the way I say my grammar.

MOL: Oh, not many. You only made seven in the last two  
sentences.

FIB: I might take a couple semesters o' French too, maybe.

MOL: Good idea! Then you can ask some waiter why they always  
bring your demi-tasse in such a small cup.

ALICE: Some of the night schools have correspondence courses, too.  
I tried to find one for a boy friend of mine who's over in  
Italy in the Army. He used to be a hog caller.

FIB: What kind of a course did he want, Alice?

ALICE: Pig Latin. ~~He said Italian pigs didn't understand him.~~

MOL: Well, I think night schools are a wonderful institution.  
Lots of people are too busy to go to school in the day  
time.

FIB: Like me. Got too much to do. Busy all day.

ALICE: Downbeat Weston, that's a friend of mine that he works at  
the next bench to me at the airplane factory. He went to  
night school for two years... and creepers, is he ever  
smart!

MOL: Really got something out of it, did he Alice?

ALICE: Wow! Did he! Come nine P.M. and he's the smartest boy  
I know.

FIB: Well, I'm glad you approve of it, Alice. Incidentally....  
you gotta bookstrap?

ALICE: A what, Pop?

FIB: A book strap. You know, that you strap around your  
geography and arithmetic and grammar books and walk home  
from school swingin' 'em while you try not to step on  
the cracks in the sidewalk?

MOL: Why don't you use one of your belts, McGee?

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ALICE: Maybe he hasn't got enough books to fill it out, Mrs. McGee.

FIB: Now just a darn minute, Alice!! I resent the....oh... HEY, I'LL BET I KNOW WHERE THERE'S A GOOD LEATHER STRAP....

MOL: Where, dearie?

FIB: (FADE SLIGHTLY) RIGHT HERE IN THE HALL CLOS---

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

FIB: Ahhh, just as I thought.... ~~That's nice!~~ <sup>That's nice!</sup>

ORCH: I'LL WALK ALONE

APPLAUSE:

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(2ND REVISION) -10-

McGEE  
11-14-44

FIB: Ahhh--my first day at night school! Oh boy, Won't you be proud of me when I come home with an education? Wonder if they'll ask me to join a sorority.

MOL: I hope not.

FIB: Well, I'm no snob. I got nothing against kids just because they're rich. If they tap me on the shoulder and say, "BROTHER, WE WANT YOU TO PLEDGE YOURSELF TO INKA BOONKA PHI," I'll do it...that's all. And you can wear my pin.

MOL: Thanks. But I doubt very much if the Wistful Vista Night School has any Greek-letter fraternities.

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FIB: I'll bet it will have. I know at least three Greeks that are goin' this semester. There's Harry Depopolis, Hick Zaharias and -PETE - HEY, I BETTER FIND OUT IF MY LUNCH IS PACKED. HEY, BEULAH....BEULAH!

DOOR OPEN:

BEULAH: Somebody bellerin' fo' Beulah?

MOL: Our schoolboy was wondering if his lunch was ready, Beulah.

FIB: And I was gonna suggest you put in an extra pickle, Beulah. Might wanna share my lunch with some other kid.

BEUL: Yassuh. An' I kin unscrew a wheel offa the tea cart if you wanna roll a hoop to school.

FIB: Too dark, Beulah. I'll just kick a tin can or something.

MOL: This whole thing is degenerating into simple nonsense. What's the second reason you're going to night school, McGee -- aside from learning about inflation?

FIB: My second reason is a very confidenti-

BEUL: YOU WANNA FINE OUT ABOUT INFLATION, SUH?

FIB: Eh?

MOL: Yes he does, Beulah. Why?

BEUL: Well, fo' goodness sake, nobody has to pack somebody a lunch an sharpen pencils and buy schoolbooks jus' fo' that. All you gotta do is ask somebody.

FIB: Yeah? Who?

BEUL: Me.

MOL: YOU!! You understand about inflation, Beulah?

BEUL: Yes ma'am. Of course, they is certain aspects of the problem which eludes me, but I got me a fairly comprehensive grasp o' the basic principles.

FIB: Well flatten my feet and call me a cop!

MOL: Maybe if Beulah explains it to you, McGee, you can skip the Economics course and take basket-weaving.

FIB: Break it down for me, Beulah.

BEUL: Yassuh. Intrinsically, o' course, the whole concept o' preventin' inflation lies in th' control o' prices. Theahfo', if both the dealer an' the consumer plays fair with ceilin' prices, retail goods will remain at a pre-determined and reasonable level, thus obviatin' the necessity o' raisin' wages and extendin' production costs, which, in turn, raises prices again.

FIB: Hmmm.

MOL: That sounds very reasonable.

BEUL: Yes'm. Reducin' the problem to a understandable perspective, if a article is ceilin'-priced at 32 cents, and you pays 33 cents for it, you is one cent on you' way to inflation!

FIB: Well, my gosh...Where'd you learn all that stuff, Beulah?

BEUL: (LAUGHS HEARTILY) Night school!

MOL: Well, I hope it does as much for Mr. McGee as it's done for you.

FIB: Oh, it will....AHH, MY FIRST DAY IN NIGHT SCHOOL! WHAT A MOMENT!

BEUL: If it ain't too painful a rennmissence, Mist' McGee, how far did you git in public school?

MOL: He got a high school diploma, Beulah. And regardless of any ugly rumors you might hear, it had nothing to do with his knowing certain facts about the principal and the music teacher.

FIB: OF COURSE IT DIDN'T. Just because a pupil happens to catch the principal neckin' with the music teacher and happens to mention it the day before graduation don't mean the pupil wouldn't of graduated anyway. (PAUSE) Though I've often wondered.

MOL: As a matter of fact, Beulah, on graduation day, when the class marched around the gymnasium, Mr. McGee led the whole senior class.

BEUL: He rilly did? As president o' the class?

FIB: No, as the only kid in school who had a drum.

BEUL: As the only kid in school that... (LAUGHS HEARTILY) LOVE THAT MAN!

DOOR SLAM

MOL: You know, dearie, I almost wish I was going to night school with you. Is it too late for me to register?

FIB: OH NO NO NO...DON'T DO IT, MOLLY...DON'T DO IT. THAT WOULD SPOIL ALL MY PLANS.

MOL: All of what plans?

FIB: Never mind. I got a certain project in mind, and I gotta do it alone.

MOL: Well, all right, but---

DOOR OPEN

MOL: Oh hello, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: Hello, Molly. Hey, Pal, is this the night you start night school?

FIB: Sure is, Waxey. Ever think of goin' yourself? You're not so smart but you could use a little more education.

WIL: Well, I once thought of trying for my Bachelor's Degree, but I got married instead. Here, Pal. Here's a little something to take to school with you.

FIB: Oh my gosh ... Gee whizz ... Junior, you shouldn't of done it! Isn't this beautiful, Molly?

MOL: It really is. A nice, big, red apple!

WIL: Aw it's just something to give your teacher, Pal. Believe me, it never does any harm. I remember once I took a big red apple to one of my teachers and ... (SIGHS) Ahh, but that's another story.

FIB: Well, this was certainly thoughtful of you, Junior. And look at it shine! Don't tell me you used --

WIL: NOPE! Just rubbed it up a little ... that's all. You see, nature protects fruit with a natural wax finish, just like good housekeepers keep their fine possessions protected with Johnson's Wax.

MOL: Just imagine nature being as smart as the Johnson company!

FIB: And just imagine Waxey luggin' an apple clear across town just to drag a sales talk in by the stem!

(2ND REVISION) -15 & 16-

WIL: WHY THAT WASN'T MY IDEA AT ALL! I just wanted you to get off to a good start at school. Of course if your teacher happens to mention the lustrous beauty and protection that a wax finish gives a mere apple, you might toss in a slug for Johnson's Wax. Just in passing of course, so... (PAUSE) What's the matter, Molly? You don't look happy.

MOL: I guess I do feel a little sad, Mr. Wilcox. You know how it is with a woman on her little boy's first day at school. I guess we just hate to see them grow up.

FIB: AW FER THE ... TO HEAR YOU TALK ANYBODY'D THINK I'D NEVER BEEN TO SCHOOL BEFORE.

WIL: They'd think so to hear you talk, too, pal.

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN BY THAT CRACK, WAXEY?

MOL: He just means you're a little careless about your grammar, dearie. You're always splitting your infinitives.

FIB: WELL DAD RATT IT, IF THE LAUNDRY WOULD BE A LITTLE MORE CAREFUL WITH 'EM --

WILCOX LAUGH:

WIL: Well, happy schooldays, pal. Goodnight, Molly.

DOOR SLAM

MOL: Well, it's getting almost time for you to go ... I'll see about your lunch. (FADE) Be sure you take your registration card and your --

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FIB: AHH, THERE GOES A GOOD KID! TO THINK OF HER MARRYIN' A DUMB GUY LIKE ME. AND BUYIN' THE LICENSE HERSELF. AH WELL ... SHE KNEW I'D PAY HER BACK. AND I WILL, TOO! BY GEORGE, AFTER I GRADUATE FROM NIGHT SCHOOL, I'LL --

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

TEE: Hi, mister.

FIB: Oh hello there, Teeny. Sorry I haven't got time to barber with you right now. I don't wanna be late for night school.

TEE: Well, I just...HMMMM?

FIB: I SAYS I HAVEN'T GOT TIME FOR ANY VOCAL VOLLEYBALL RIGHT NOW. I DON'T WANNA BE LATE FOR NIGHT SCHOOL.

TEE: (GIGGLES) Night school!

FIB: AW, CUT IT OUT, SIS. THIS IS A SERIOUS PROJECT WITH ME. I'M AFTER AN EDUCATION. AND IF YOU'RE A GOOD GIRL, I'LL SEND YOU A TICKET TO THE ENTERTAINMENT THEY GIVE AT THE END OF THE YEAR.

TEE: What kind of a entertainment?

FIB: I dunno, this year. Last year, I understand they put on a puppet show.

TEE: OH GEE, I LOVE PUPPET SHOWS, MISTER.

FIB: You do, eh?

TEE: Hmm?

FIB: I says YOU DO, EH?

TEE: Do what?

FIB: You love puppet shows.

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TEE: I know it. I had a lil puppet once. His name was Margaret and he was a wiretail air-hair.

FIB: You mean a wirehair airtail...er...airdale...er...no, if he was an airdale, he couldn't of been a wirehair...er..

LOOK...I SAID PUPPET...NOT PUP.

TEE: This was a puppet. He grew up to be a pup.

FIB: NO NO NO...You don't understand, sis. A puppet is a kind of a doll that somebody manipulates with strings.

TEE: Sure.

FIB: Eh?

TEE: My lil puppet was a doll, too. Gee, he was cute. Only we didn't manicate him with a string. We had a long leather lease for him.

FIB: Leash, not lease.

TEE: Well, I...Hmm?

FIB: I says it's a leash. A lease is what you sign when you rent a house.

TEE: My puppet didn't rent a house. We gave him one for nothing. He didn't have any money.

FIB: Look, sis --

TEE: My daddy says he didn't even have a cent, except when he got wet.

FIB: Yes, but --

TEE: So I hope you do take me to the puppet show, mister. Maybe I could buy another puppet like Margaret.

FIB: I TELL YOU THERE ARE NO DOGS AT A PUPPET SHOW.

TEE: Well, I betcha they will be when they grow up, I betcha.

FIB: NOW WAIT A MINUTE, SIS. LEMME EXPLAIN THIS. LOOK...

TEE: Hmm?

FIB: A pup and a puppet is two different things,

TEE: ARE two different things.

FIB: Yes. A pup is an animal; a living, breathing thing. He eats, he sleeps...he--

TEE: Careful, mister...

FIB: OH, FER THE-- THERE'S NO SENSE IN PROLONGIN' THIS SILLY CONVERSATION. YOU'RE TOO IGNORANT TO UNDERSTAND.

TEE: (GIGGLES)

FIB: Well, what's so funny?

TEE: (GIGGLES) I'M IGNORANT!

FIB: YES.

TEE: (GIGGLES) But you have to go to night school! (GIGGLES)  
Oh, Brother!!

DOOR SLAM:

ORCHESTRA: "SING A TROPICAL SONG" - KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE:

THIRD SPOT

(REVISED) -20-

FIB: Now lemme see...I got my pencil and ruler...my lunch...my penwiper, my bookstrap...

MOL: Did you wash your neck and ears? After all, your first day at night school is -

FIB: OH MY GOSH...

MOL: What's the matter?

FIB: (LOUDLY) ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ. Is that right?

MOL: Perfect. Why?

FIB: Just wanted to be sure. Hate to get caught not knowin' my alphabet, the first day of night school....

MOL: Well, kiss me goodbye, dearie and don't forget to look both ways before you cross the street. And don't --

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: AW, FER THE -- COME IN!

DOOR OPEN & CLOSE:

MOL: Oh hello, Doctor Gamble.

DOC: Hello, my dear. Well...And what's little falseface loaded down with? Running away from home, chisel-wit?

FIB: You're gonna break a leg jumping to conclusions, one of these days, Doctor. And on you it'll look good.

MOL: Himself here is starting night school tonight, Doctor.

DOC: NIGHT SCHOOL! Well hypo my dermic!

FIB: YES, NIGHT SCHOOL! AND SNEER IF YOU WANNA, YOU BIG pulse pincher. Just because you haven't learned anything new in the last twenty years, don't make any snide remarks about somebody else wanting to improve his mind.

(2ND REVISION) -21-

DOC: Why my dear boy! I'M heartily in favor of you improving your mind. In fact, I've recommended it many times.

MOL: He certainly can't lose anything by trying it, Doctor.

DOC: I should say not. And think what a thrill he's going to get when he learns to write his own name - without help.

FIB: OKAY OKAY OKAY...SCOFF IF YOU WANNA! DERIDE ME! BUT BY GEORGE, DOCTOR - Hey what time is it?

MOL: You've still got three quarters of an hour.

DOC: Never saw a kid so anxious to get to school. What are you studying, McGee?

MOL: He wants, for one thing, to study the causes and effects of inflation, Doctor.

DOC: Oh he does, does he. Why, I can explain that so even he can understand. It's just a matter of teaming up to keep prices down, that's all. If prices stay down, the cost of things stays down. Prices go up, costs go up; then prices go up again and climb in, kids - we're off to the poorhouse. I don't know why he can't understand that.

FIB: DON'T BOTHER YOUR BIG FAT SKULL ABOUT WHAT I CAN'T UNDERSTAND, YOU BIG FEVER LOVER. I CAN ALWAYS...hey how about drivin me over to the school, Doc?

DOC: Can't. I'd get in bad with the ration board.

MOL: Why would you, Doctor?

DOC: Getting rid of McGee for three hours would definitely be considered pleasure driving, Besides....

FIB: GEE, LOOK AT THE TIME...I GOTTA GO...SO LONG, MOLLY SO LONG DOC. I'LL BE -

MOL: WAIT A MINUTE, MCGEE...KISS ME GOODBYE!!.

FIB: Okay! )

SOUND: SMACK ) --Fast.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE )

MOL: (OFF MIKE) Come over to the window, Doctor. Look. Isn't he sweet? Trudging off to school like a little man! It breaks my heart to see him grow up so fast.

DOC: Don't worry..he'll still be a little boy if he gets to be nine feet high. Get a load of him, marching along with a big fat cigar in his little fat mouth.

MOL: I wish I knew what his other reason was for going to night school.

DOC: ANOTHER REASON! What a day in history this is! Imagine him having ONE good reason for anything...to say nothing of two.

MOL: Oh he isn't so bad, Doctor.

DOC: I know he isn't. You don't know what it does to me to be able to drop in on him and take turns pinning each others ears back. Which reminds me, I have a mastoid operation waiting for me at the hospital - Goodnight, my dear.

MOL: GOODNIGHT, DOCTOR!

DOOR OPEN & CLOSE

ORCH: SCHOOL DAYS...FADE FOR

PHONE CLICK SEVERAL TIMES:

MOL: Hello....hello....HELLO...IS THIS YOU, DOCTOR GAMBLE? THIS IS MOLLY MCGEE SPEAKIN'.....YES...DOCTOR, I'M FRANTIC. LOOK - I CALLED UP NIGHT SCHOOL TO TELL MCGEE HE FORGOT TO TAKE HIS REGISTRATION CARD, AND THEY SAY HE NEVER GOT THERE. AND IT'S ALMOST TEN O'CLOCK! YOU WILL?.....OH, THANK YOU DOCTOR....YES I'LL MEET YOU AT THE POLICE STATION! HURRY, WON'T YOU?

SOUND: RECEIVER UP:

MUSIC: WILLIAM TELL

MOL: And you checked all the hospitals, Sergeant?

COP: That we did. That we did. AND FURTHERMORE, MA'AM, AND DOCTOR WE HAVEN'T SEEN THE LITTLE MAN SINCE HE WAS LEANIN' FORNINST THIS VERY DESK WAN YEAR AGO TRYIN' TO EXPLAIN TO THE LIEUTENANT WHY HE WAS TRYIN' T' CLIMB THE FLAGPOLE IN FRONT OF THE PUBLIC LIBRARY, THE ANSWER BEIN' HE WONDERED IF THE BALL ON TOP WAS REALLY GOLD.

MUSIC: WILLIAM TELL

MAN: No, Mrs. McGee...he hasn't been in the Theatre tonight.  
And everybody's gone now.

MOL: You're sure? He has a habit of droppin' in wherever  
"Heavenly Days" is playing because he likes to hear  
himself sing.

DOC: And he wants to know about inflation. Well come on, Molly..  
...we'll stop at the Elks club and ask all the boys.

MUSIC: WILLIAM TELL: OUT

MOL: I guess I'm not supposed to go in, am I, doctor?

DOC: Oh, wives are permitted to wait in the lobby, Molly.  
Come on.

DOOR OPEN & CLOSE...SOUND OF POOL BALL CLICKING OFF MIKE:

MOL: Oh dear...I'M SO worried...I hope one of the men here  
has seen him.

DOC: I'll go in and ask if anybody...WAIT A MINUTE...LISTEN!

FIB: (BEHIND DOOR) OKAY FELLAS...I'LL TAKE THE EIGHT BALL IN  
THE CORNER POCKET...COMBINATION SHOT ON THE ELEVEN AND SIX.

DOC: That's him all right...behind the eight ball as usual.

SOUND: SLAM & CLICKING OF POOL BALLS OFF MIKE, MEN LAUGH...

FIB: (LAUGHING) DOGGONE IT...MISSED AGAIN...OH WELL...HAVE  
ANOTHER JELLY SANDWICH, OZZIE...HAVE A PICKLE, ED.

MOL: GET HIM OUT HERE, DOCTOR!

DOC: With pleasure.

DOOR OPEN: LOUD CLICK OF POOL BALLS:

DOC: (LOUDLY) HEY MCGEE...COME HERE A MINUTE.

FIB: EH? OH HIYAH DOC...EXCUSE ME A MINUTE FELLAS...BE RIGHT  
BACK.

DOOR CLOSE: SOUND FADE:

FIB: Smatter Doc...is there anything...Oh. Oh Hiyah, Molly.

MOL: McGee.

FIB: Eh?

MOL: Why didn't you go to school?

FIB: Didn't wanna.

MOL: I thought you had two good reasons for going?

FIB: I did. This was the second reason.

DOC: Explain that, sonny boy.

FIB: Okay. ALL MY LIFE I'VE WANTED TO PLAY HOOKEY FROM SCHOOL  
WITHOUT GETTIN' MY BLOOMERS BLISTERED WHEN I GOT HOME.  
AND I FINALLY DID IT!

MOL: Was it worth it, Dearie?

FIB: IT SURE WAS.

MOL: Then everything's all right. (LAUGHS) Go back and play  
some more pool. Come on Doctor.

ORCH: "AND THEN YOU KISSED ME". FADE FOR:

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

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: When you enter a home where the floors, furniture and  
woodwork are wax-protected, the first thing you think of  
is how beautiful it all is. That rich wax-protected look  
is really something to admire and be proud of. When I  
enter such a home, I think how well-protected all those  
surfaces are, and I salute the lady of the house for being  
such a good housekeeper. She has learned the value of  
protective housekeeping -- protective housekeeping with  
JOHNSON'S WAX. Let me list briefly the benefits you  
receive from regular applications of JOHNSON'S WAX to the  
floors, furniture, woodwork and other surfaces in your  
home. First, you protect your things -- make them last  
longer. The coat of wax takes the wear, the surface  
underneath is safe. Second, you save yourself hours and  
days of work...because waxed surfaces are so easy to keep  
clean. Third, you have a healthier home -- because a  
waxed home is a clean home. And last but not least, every  
application of JOHNSON'S WAX adds greater beauty to your  
entire home.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

(2ND REVISION)

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FIB: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE HAD FUN WITH INFLATION TONIGHT,  
BUT THERE WON'T BE MUCH COMEDY IN INFLATION IF IT COMES.

MOL: AND IT NEEDN'T COME AT ALL!

FIB: BECAUSE WHILE IT'S A VERY REAL DANGER, THE PREVENTION IS  
COMPARATIVELY SIMPLE. WHENEVER YOU BUY THINGS IN A  
STORE, CHECK THE PRICES WITH THE CEILING PRICE POSTERS.  
THE RESPONSIBILITY RESTS WITH BOTH THE RETAILERS AND THE  
CUSTOMERS. AND WE KNOW EVERYBODY WILL BACK UP OUR  
FIGHTING SERVICES BY FIGHTING AGAINST THE INCREASE OF  
PRICES AT HOME.

MOL: REMEMBER THERE'S A CERTAIN PAPERHANGER WHO HOPES WE'LL  
NEGLECT OUR CEILINGS!

FIB: GOODNIGHT!

MOL: GOODNIGHT, ALL!

PLAYOFF AND SIGN-OFF:

WIL: This is Harlow Wilcox, speaking for the makers of  
JOHNSON WAX FINISHES for home and industry, and inviting  
you to be with us again next Tuesday night. Goodnight.

ANNCR: THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

(CHIMES)