

WRITERS: DON QUINN  
PHIL LESLIE

REVISE  
MIMEO

#8

"FIBBER McGEE & MOLLY"

Johnson's Wax

8:30-9:00

- November 28 -

NBC

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-2-

WILCOX: FROM THE PACIFIC THEATRE ON NAVY PIER IN CHICAGO -  
SCENE OF THE SPECTACULAR UNITED STATES NAVY EXHIBIT  
ON BEHALF OF THE SIXTH WAR LOAN, WE BRING YOU 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 AND PHIL LESLIE, WITH MUSIC BY THE KING'S MEN  
AND BILLY MILLS' ORCHESTRA!

ORCH: SELECTION - FADE FOR --

-3-

(New)

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
TUESDAY, 8:30 PM CWT NBC  
NOVEMBER 28, 1944

OPENING COMMERCIAL

If you have linoleum floors anyplace in your home, I think you should know that linoleum manufacturers themselves strongly recommend the GLO-COAT type of polish for their care and protection. They know from long experience that continual scrubbing is very bad for linoleum surfaces -- that the best protection is the kind you can renew with regular applications. Naturally, floors in your kitchen, bathroom and entrance halls, where linoleum is an ideal floor covering, get hard wear. They need to be wiped up frequently, and they get tracked up with wet, muddy feet. When they are protected with JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT, they are guarded against wear, scratches, dampness -- by the tough film of GLO-COAT. They last 6 to 10 times longer with regular GLO-COAT care. In the meantime, your floors are attractive and beautiful, and you save yourself many hours of work, because GLO-COAT is so remarkably easy to use -- needs no rubbing or buffing, dries in 20 minutes to a lovely shine.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

-4-

WILCOX: WHEN YOU SEE A RESPECTABLE, ~~SEDATE~~ CITIZEN OF QUIET WISTFUL VISTA RUNNING LIKE MAD UP THE STREET, YOU CAN MAKE UP YOUR MIND HE'S FORGOTTEN SOMETHING, REMEMBERED SOMETHING, OR HE'S FIBBER MCGEE, OF --  
-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: RUNNING OF STEPS ON PAVEMENT -

FIB: OH BOY, OH BOY, OH BOY, OH BOY...WHAT A BREAK...WHAT A BREAK!!!

FOOTSTEPS ON PAVEMENT AND UPSTEPS TO PORCH:

FIB: This is wonderful!!! Greatest thing that's happened to me since my geometry teacher broke her leg. If I can only get --

DOOR OPEN FAST: CLOSE:

FIB: Hey, Molly! MOLLY! WHERE ARE YA? HEY MOLLY...WHERE -  
MOL: (FADE IN) Heavenly days, McGee...what are you shouting about?

FIB: GIMME SOME MONEY - QUICK!! I GOTTA HAVE SOME MONEY!  
GIMME SOME MONEY! I GOTTA HAVE SOME MONEY SO -

MOL: Now wait a minute, dearie...if somebody is trying to sell you another one of those sable-dyed minks that turn out to be rabbit-dyed airedale, I don't think--

FIB: NO NO NO...IT'S NOTHIN' LIKE THAT...THIS IS IMPORTANT!  
...THIS IS BIG STUFF!-...I GOT NO TIME TO EXPLAIN NOW BUT --

~~MOL: My purse is on the hall table.~~  
~~FIB: I'VE TAKEN THE WHOLE FURSETTIE RIGHT BACK! DON'T WAIT UP FOR ME, BABY....~~  
~~MOL: MUMPS!~~

~~FIB:~~   
 MOL: Look <sup>McGee</sup>...nothing legitimate ever needed money that fast.  
 What is it?  
 FIB: JUST GOT A HOT TIP! INSIDE INFORMATION! THEY'RE GONNA  
 OPEN A CARTON OF CIGARETTES AT KREMER'S DRUG STORE!  
 MOL: But darling --  
 FIB: DON'T DELAY ME, SNOOKY....GOTTA GET RIGHT DOWN THERE  
 AND ----  
 MOL: BUT NEITHER OF US SMOKES CIGARETTES!!!

(PAUSE)

FIB: Well, I'll be a...my gosh...of all the dirty luck!  
 Isn't that a rotten break? Here I go and stumble on a  
 hunk of vital information and -  
 MOL: Relax, pet....relax.  
 FIB: But what a wasted opportunity...and you know whay they  
 say, these days.  
 MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST.....CAN'T GET IT!  
 MOL: Well, go light a cigar and read your mail.  
 FIB: Mail? Did I get some mail? Whom is it from?  
 MOL: It's a postcard from Wallace Wimple.  
 FIB: FROM OLD WIMPIE? GEE...WHAT'D HE SAY?  
 MOL: Please, McGee...how would I know? It's addressed to you.  
 FIB: Oh. Excuse me.  
 MOL: However, I did happen to notice it was mailed from Great  
 Lakes, Illinois, at 7:42 Monday morning, and he's coming  
 home today on leave from the Navy where he's a physical  
 instructor and he expects to drop in some time this  
 afternoon...and he's feeling fine...and he hopes we are  
 the same, signed, Wallace Wimple, Specialist A, Third  
 Class. It's right there on the mantel. Read it.

FIB: Naw....I won't read it. I'll let him surprise me.  
 He'll.....HEY...WHAT'D HE SAY HE WAS IN THE NAVY?  
 MOL: A physical instructor.  
 FIB: A PHYSICAL INSTRUCTOR!! THAT WISPY LITTLE WOGGLE  
 BUG? WHY HE COULDN'T FIGHT HIS WAY OUT OF A HOT  
 SHOWER! -- HE COULDN'T WIN TWO FALLS OUTA FIVE  
 WRASTLING A DRESS FORM!  
 MOL: I wouldn't be too sure about Mr. Wimple, Dearie. The  
 Navy does things for the boys, they tell me. And anyway---

DOOR OPEN:

ALICE: Hello, Mrs. McGee. Hello, Mr. McGee.  
 MOL: Hello, Alice.....come in, dear.  
 FIB: Hiyah, Alice. Did we tell you we were expecting <sup>Wallace Wimple</sup>  
~~company~~ this afternoon?  
~~How could we, McGee...we just found it out ourselves.~~  
~~Oh, you mean Mr. Wimple who's on leave from the Navy~~  
~~like it said on the postcard that I had to read it thru~~  
~~before I was...it wasn't for me.~~  
~~That's the one.~~  
~~He's an old neighbor of ours, Alice.~~  
 ALICE: Oh, really?  
 Is it he the one with the wife who used to meet him at  
 the door with a big smack...with something heavy?

FIB: That's the one, Alice. The poor guy got belted around like an actor's trench coat.

MOL: Yes, he used to come in here all black and blue. It'll be nice to see him come in here just in blue.

FIB: And to think he's a physical instructor in the Navy!

~~MOL: Don't forget, Alice, when you came back from Europe to the States -~~

~~FIB: The Big War.~~

~~MOL: In the Big War, you were a different man than you were when you left.~~

~~ALICE: How many, Mrs. Moore?~~

~~MOL: Indeed he was, Alice. When he enlisted he was just a nice little fellow in a green suit. And when he came back he was a nice little fellow in a brown suit.~~

~~FIB: Yes, but I see -~~

ALICE: Well, some of the fellows sure change when they go in the Navy, I know that. I remember before Mouse Midgely joined, he was even afraid to sit on the porch swing with me. But when he came home on his first leave, 00000000h - CREEPERS!

MOL: What happened, Alice?

ALICE: Well, he just gave me one look and I ran in the house and started piling furniture against the door. Gee, did you ever see a fellow whistle at you with his eyes?

FIB: I tried to get in the Navy myself, Alice, but they wouldn't take me.

MOL: I didn't know that, McGee, why not?

FIB: Well, the recruiting officer took a look at me and shakes his head. "Bud," he says, "war is horrible enough without putting a guy of your build in a pair of tight pants."

ALICE: Well, as I always say - Oh, were there any phone calls for me, today?

MOL: Come to think of it, that IS what you always say, isn't it, Alice. Yes, there was one call. A boy named Hap Wickman called.

ALICE: OH, POOR HAP !! .. He had to push a wheel barrow all the way up Oak Street at high noon last week.

FIB: Pick the wrong man at election time, Alice?

ALICE: No, he picked the wrong time to buy a wheelbarrow. They wouldn't let him on the streetcar with it. Well, thanks very much.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: That girl has more boy friends than you could shake a stick at, if you were the type of guy to shake a stick at a girl's boy friends... which I'm not.

MOL: No, they're all a nice bunch of lads, McGee. I'm always glad to have them around the house.

FIB: Me too. They never steal my cigars. Well yes...ONE guy did. But he was only here once.

MOL: That I can understand. Those cigars of yours are--

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: Gee, maybe that's Wimple! COME IN!

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

OLD M: Hello there, kids!!!

FIB: Well, for the -- Old Timer! Come in!

MOL: Hello, Mr. Old Timer - it's good to see you!

FIB: Migosh, we haven't seen you since - hey! Whereja get the sailor suit? Don't tell us you're in the ---

OLD M: The Seabees, Johnny, yessir, the Seabees! I'm a sea-goin' carpenter, boy - a salt with a saw!

FIB: You in the Seabees? At your age?

OLD M: Doncha worry about my age, Johnny - I'll git along okay. There's fellers in my outfit that's even younger'n I am and they're gittin by!

MOL: I've been reading about the wonderful things the Seabees are doing. They're the ones who build roads and things, aren't they?

OLD M: That's us daughter - buildja anything ~~down there~~  
~~like the landing strip and you'll see the expression~~  
~~Yessir, anything at all.~~ Why down in the Solomons, some of our boys built the first white woman they'd ever seen down there. ~~mean to~~

FIB: Aw now, wait a minute! You ~~ain't gonna~~ stand there with your middy down to your knees and tell us you guys built a white woman?

OLD M: Don't interrupt, Johnny! I says our boys built the first white woman they'd ever seen down there a reckin' chair so she could set on her front porch and wave to the sailors! Yessir.

~~When you still in training camp, Mr. Old Timer.~~  
~~In the Navy they call it BOOB camp, Molly. That's because for the first few weeks you're always putting your foot in it.~~ <sup>Why can't you</sup> now come you <sup>was</sup> in active service

MOL: after all this time, <sup>Mr.</sup> Old Timer?

OLD M: Politics, ~~that's~~ <sup>daughter</sup> Nothin' but politics. And me the only man in the outfit that kin build a pontoon bridge and git it laid down in three minutes even!

MOL: THREE MINUTES! My goodness...how long does it take the others to do it?

OLD M: Two minutes. I keep practicin' though...and soon's I git so I kin do it in a minit and a half, they're gonna ship me acrost.

FIB: Across the Pacific?

OLD M: Nope. Acrost the lagoon, for more practise.

MOL: Is your whole company on leave?

OLD M: No, daughter. Some o' them pore fellers hafta stay aboard ship. Hated to go off and leave 'em too. I kin see 'em now, with their bare skulls gleamin' up there, the sun shinin' thru their ribs, and their bony old knees rattlin' against the gunnel.

FIB: THE SUN SHINING THRU THEIR RIBS!!!

OLD M: Yep, when we're in port, Johnny - we jest leave a skeleton crew on board. <sup>(Laugh)</sup> Well, see you again, kids.... gotta shove off now. Keep your gear secured and don't-

FIB: HEY...NOT THAT DOOR, OLD TIMER!!!

MOL: THAT'S THE HALL CLOS ---

SOUND: DOOR OPENS: AVALANCHE OF JUNK: BELL TINKLE:

(PAUSE)

OLD M: Oughtta clean out that foot-locker one o' these days, Johnny.

ORCH: SELECTION

APPLAUSE

SECOND SPOT

FIB: You know, Molly....I still can't get over the idea of Wimple teachin' physical culture.

~~WIMP~~ ~~It's sort of like a pigeon teaching some shooting~~  
~~and it's a damn good idea. I suppose the Navy may have changed his~~  
~~name. Veah, but it's pretty late in life for him to grow a~~  
~~set of muscles. Every time he had a chance to spend~~  
~~some time, he'd go off and get it into a Charlie~~

~~WIMP~~ Hey...DO YOU SUPPOSE HE COULD OF COME HOME AND SWEETFACE WON'T LET HIM COME OVER?

MOL: Oh my goodness.....I hope not. Call him up and see.

FIB: Hand me the phone.

MOL: Here.

FIB: Thanks. (CLICK) HELLO? OPERATOR? GIMME WISTFUL VISTA 5,4,3,9,0 I'll bet this is Myrt.

MOL: Oh dear.

FIB: How's every little thing, Myrt? Tis eh? WHAT SAY, MYRT? YOUR BROTHER - THE LIEUTENANT JUNIOR GRADE? WELL GOOD FOR YOU, MYRT. THAT WAS A REAL PROMOTION.

MOL: What promotion was that, McGee?

FIB: He was home for Thanksgiving dinner and when he left he was a full lieutenant. WHAT SAY MYRT? OH...WELL THANKS ANYWAY. (CLICK)

MOL: No answer?

FIB: Line's dead. Sweetface probably cut the wires so Wallace couldn't call for help. That woman would ----

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: AHHH, HERE HE IS....GOOD OLD WIMP! I'LL trip him up when he comes in, just to make him feel at home.

MOL: NO, MCGEE....PLEASE....COME IN!

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

MOL: Oh hello, Doctor Gamble.

DOC: Hello, Molly. And a very good afternoon to you, you handsome little collar ad.

FIB: Collar ad, eh? You mean Arrow?

DOC: I mean horse.

FIB: Oh.

MOL: We thought you might be Wallace Wimple, Doctor. We're expecting him any minute.

FIB: *He's on leave from the Navy -*  
~~WALLACE WIMPLE, ANY, I HEARD AN OCEAN RUMOR THAT WALLACE WAS IN THE NAVY. TELL ME IT ISN'T TRUE.~~

FIB: ~~What is so ugly about that woman, you big boogie?~~

DOC: ~~Oh I just hate to think of a great big wonderful Navy. Who was that of Wimple, that's all. What are they using his name as a spigot on the scotchbush?~~

MOL: He's a physical instructor, Doctor.

DOC: A PHYSICAL INSTRUCTOR! THAT ANAEMIC LITTLE SPARROW? WHY HE COULDN'T RUN FOUR TIMES AROUND A DERBY HAT WITHOUT FALLING ON HIS MEDULLA OBLONGATA!

FIB: That 's what I been telling Molly, Doc. But she seems to think the Navy training might of developed him.

DOC: My friends....there's an old saying to the effect that you can't make a rayon handbag out of a sow's otial appendage. And by the same token, you can't make an old salt out of little mug with no pepper.

MOL: Some of those little men are quite wiry, Doctor.

FIB: Yeah But Wimp's made of the kind of wire they weave fly swatters out of. On the other hand, when I was in the Army....in 1918....in the Big War, I was in wonderful condition. Hard as nails.

DOC: Oh now don't give me that stuff, Superman. You never had a muscle in your whole puny little carcass that couldn't be covered by a three cent stamp. You develop a hernia bringing in the Sunday paper.

FIB: WHY YOU BIG CARDIAGRANDEMA, I COULD LICK YOU WITH BOTH ARMS IN A WRINGER, AND ONE LEG IN A CAST. TALK ABOUT MY PHYSIQUE! IF THEY EVER LET THE HOT AIR OUT OF YOU, WE COULD MAIL YOU HOME IN A MANILA ENVELOPE. AND NOT A BAD IDEA, EITHER!

DOC: NOW DON'T GET AMBITIOUS, SALLOW-PUSS. I'VE SEEN YOU THRU A FLUOROSCOPE, YOU KNOW, AND YOU LOOKED LIKE THE COMPANION FEATURE IN A HALLOWEEN HORROR SHOW. THERE WAS A PRETTIER BODY THAN YOURS ON THE 1910 OLDSMOBILE.

FIB: IS THAT SO!!! TAKE OFF YOUR COAT, TONSIL-ROBBER, AND ~~IN THREE MINUTES, YOU'LL BE A CANDIDATE FOR THE ASBESTOS LINE UP MANE BROTHERS.~~ I'LL DISMANTLE YOU ~~SO QUICK~~ --

MOL: NOW NOW NOW...BOYS...BOYS!!! For goodness sakes. Is that anyway to talk?

FIB: Well....no . I guess it isn't. I should of spoken louder. (YELLS) TAKE OFF YOUR COAT, YOU GREAT BIG - (PAUSE) Oh my gosh....I almost forgot, your office nurse called and says to go see Mr. Croveny.

DOC: Oh, oh yes. Thanks, Kid.

MOL: Mr. Croveny one of your patients, Doctor?

DOC: Yes, he's a man uptown who's constantly afraid he's growing deaf, and I always have to go take his earmuffs off. *If he doesn't catch on before spring, I'll have to start charging him.*

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Ah, there's a great guy! Good old Doc.  
 MOL: My I wish Mr. Wimple would get here.  
 FIB: Me too. There's a lot of questions I'd like to ask him. Like what's the proper way to board a ship.  
 MOL: Why that's easy....you just go up the gangplank, don't you?  
 FIB: That's what I always thought, too. But I was reading about some Admiral gettin' a new ship and it said they PIPED him aboard. Maybe he celebrated a little too much and --

DOOR OPEN:

WIL: Hello Molly. Hiyah, Pal.  
 MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox.  
 FIB: Hiyah, Waxey. You seen anything of Wallace Wimple?  
 WIL: WALLACE WIMPLE! I THOUGHT HE WAS IN THE COAST GUARD.  
 FIB: THAT'S Mayor LaTrivia, Junior. Wimple's in the Navy.  
 MOL: And he's coming home on leave. We expect him any minute.  
 FIB: Yeah, stick around, Junior. Wallace always liked you. He felt he had something in common with a wax salesman, on account of when he was home he *was always being sneezed around* ~~was always being sneezed around~~ on the floor himself.  
 MOL: That's great, McGee....and you always twit me about giving Mr. Wilcox an opening for a salestalk.  
 WIL: Oh that reminds me. I want to say something about protection:

MOL: See what I mean, dearie?  
 FIB: Well, get it over, with, Waxey. Start with a brief history of Racine, Wisconsin.



WIL: THIS HAS NO MORE TO DO WITH RACINE WISCONSIN THAN IT HAS WITH PETOSKEY MICHIGAN OR SHINGIEHOUSE PENNSYLVANIA. THE PROTECTION I HAD IN MIND WAS THE PROTECTION OF YOUR OWN FUTURE AND THE PROTECTION OF EVERY MAN IN THE ARMED FORCES. HAVE YOU BOUGHT ANY BONDS IN THIS SIXTH WAR LOAN?

MOL: Yes we have, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: Did it cramp your budget a little?

FIB: Well, no, but -

WIL: THEN YOU DIDN'T BUY ENOUGH! THIS IS THE TIME WHEN EVERY CENT YOU DON'T NEED FOR ABSOLUTE LIVING EXPENSES OUGHT TO GO IN WAR BONDS. WHO DO YOU THINK IS GOING TO PAY FOR ARMS, AMMUNITION AND MEDICINES FOR AMERICAN SOLDIERS AND SAILORS IF NOT AMERICANS?

MOL: I think that's a very --

WIL: OVER IN EUROPE THEY'RE FIGHTING FROM HOUSE TO HOUSE. AND WE CAN FIGHT FROM HOUSE TO HOUSE OVER HERE TOO? AND PUT SERVICE STARS IN THE WINDOWS OF OUR BANKBOOKS. GET YOUR COAT ON, FIBBER...LETS GO DOWN TO THE BANK.

FIB: Can't now, Junior. Gotta wait here for Wimple. Make it tomorrow morning.

WIL: ALL RIGHT, AND I'LL SEND EISENHOWER AND MACARTHUR CABLEGRAMS AND TELL THEM TO QUIT FIGHTING TILL TOMORROW.

MOL: Oh now, Mr. Wilcox....that isn't quite --

WIL: No, I guess it wasn't Molly. That was a little far fetched. But the supplies to the South Pacific have to be pretty far fetched too, if you know what I mean... and we've got to keep 'em going. You know, it's a wonderful feeling when you buy that extra hundred dollar bond, to think that you're buying some guy those few extra rounds of ammunition he needs in a tight spot... or that you've given a sea going flyer a rubber boat.. or some wounded sailor an ampule of morphine. To me that extra war bond is a certificate to show that I've accepted a little more responsibility in this fracas.

FIB: Me, too, Junior. I'll meet you at the bank tomorrow morning. Soon's they open.

MOL: I want to go too.

WIL: It's a date, kids. This is going to be a long and dirty fight, and if we let up over here, we're letting our men down over there. See you tomorrow at nine o'clock. Tie a string around your hearts to remind you.

DOOR SLAM: APPLAUSE:

MOL: You know he's right, McGee. We could scrape along on a little less than we do.

FIB: That's for me, baby. We feather our own nest ~~while we~~  
Give the Japs and Germans the bird, while

MOL: Speaking of birds, I'll tell Beulah one chicken will be enough for Sunday. Oh BEULAH.....BEULAH!!!

DOOR OPEN:

BEULAH: Somebody endeavorin' to contact the culinary department??

APPLAUSE:

FIB: Mrs. McGee was gonna suggest you cut down a little on the grocery bill, Beulah. We're gonna buy a extra war bond or two and...(PAUSE) WHATCHA GOT YOUR HAT ON FOR? GOIN' SOMEPLACE?

BEUL: Yassuh. Goin' down to buy a war bond, like that sweet ole Mist' Wilcox was talkin' about.

MOL: Were you listening at the door, Beulah?

BEUL: Inadvertantly, ma'am....I was. I was jus' goin' past when Mis' Wilcox say somethin' about a sailor, and I got me a brother in the Navy, so I kinda eavesdrooped.

FIB: Eaves dropped, Beulah.

BEUL: When you listen at keyholes, suh...you droops.

MOL: Well, it's all right, Beulah. I was just going to suggest that we watch the grocery bills a little more closely from now on.

BEUL: I shall strive to be mo' eno-comical as of hereafter, ma'am.

FIB: You know what Benjamin Franklin said, Beulah. "A penny saved is a penny earned."

BEUL: Who, suh?

MOL: Benjamin Franklin.

BEUL: Benjam.....OHHH...OH YES! HE'S THE MAN THAT INVENTED LIGHTNIN'.

FIB: He was once our Ambassador to France, Beulah. Incidentally whaddye think of Secretary Hull resigning?

MOL: I think it's too bad....he's a great statesman.

BEUL: Confidentially ma'am...I heah that the change was strickly diplomatic.

FIB: How do you mean, diplomatic?

BEUL: Well, big ambassadors and stuff, when they want something like maybe a passpo't, they git kinda annoyed when evahbody tell 'em to go to Hull.

MOL: Yes, "Go to Stettinius" sounds a lot more friendly. Well, go on downtown if you like, Beulah.

BEUL: You sure you kin spare me if I runs downtown for a brief two or three hours?

FIB: Run along, Beulah... ~~this is a good reason~~. I'll whip up dinner myself. ~~Will whip up special Cornish Hens, one of each beef hash, chopped tomatoes, mashed potatoes and some special sauce I might cut up ketchup mixed with maple syrup~~

~~MOL: I don't believe I ever had that before, McGee.~~

BEUL: *you, sir?* ~~I don't believe you have, either, Melan. Considerin' that~~ ~~will arrive and will~~

FIB: ~~Oh you don't think it'll be good, do you?~~ *Oh, you* THINK I CAN'T COOK, EH? WELL WHO ARE THE HIGHEST PAID COOKS IN THE WORLD? MEN, THAT'S WHO!

MOL: It would be more accurate, dearie, if you said that the lowest paid cooks in the world are women.

BEUL: Seuse me, whilst I burst into applause, ma'am. (CLAPS HANDS)

FIB: Okay, Okay. SCOFF IF YOU WANNA!..DERIDE ME! But you'll notice that the most ~~tastiest~~ *tastiest* steak you can get isn't called LADY LOIN. IT'S SIR LOIN.

BEUL: The mos' tasty steak you kin git is...(HEARTY LAUGHTER)  
LOVE THAT, MAN!

ORCHESTRA: SELECTION: "THIS LITTLE BOYD WENT TO WAR" KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE:

THIRD SPOT

MOL: I wonder why Mr. Wimple doesn't show up, McGee. I'm getting worried!

FIB: Aw he'll be all right. (LAUGHS) I still get a honk out of the idea of him bein' a physical instructor. That guy couldn't lick the spoon in a fudge sunday. *He's no ---*

~~MOL: And I still say, you don't know what the Navy has done for~~

~~FIB: Yeah? Well, he's a much younger guy than me, and my eyes~~ *are a lot better than his, too.*

~~MOL: You have twenty, twenty vision, haven't you, McGee?~~

~~FIB: What's 20-20 vision?~~

~~MOL: You can see 20 cents lying in the gutter at 20 yards.~~

~~FIB: Oh, I understand your vision, McGee.~~

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: Oh good....this MUST be him. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

WIMP: Hello, folks!

FIB: HI YAH, WALLY OLD MAN, OLD KID...GLAD TO SEE YOU! COME ON IN!!!

MOL: IT'S SO NICE TO SEE YOU AGAIN, MR. WIMPLE..~~AND YOU LOOK~~ ~~JUST WONDERFUL IN YOUR UNIFORM!~~

~~WIMP: Thank you, Mrs. McGee. This is just like all the other enlisted men's uniforms, U.S.N. S.B.C.~~

~~FIB: Oh, O.K.~~

~~MOL: Thank you very much.~~

MOL: Well, we've certainly looked forward to *this* ~~seeing you~~ Mr. Wimple. Have you been home yet?

WIMP: Yes I have, Mrs. McGee....for a teeny weeny second. Just long enough so I could tippy-toe up on the front porch and leave my sea-bag in front of the front door..

FIB: Oh my gosh, Wimp.....you shouldn't of done that! Your wife might trip over it and fall down the front steps!

WIMP: (LAUGHS) Yes.....

MOL: McGee....why do you keep staring like that at Mr. Wimple?

FIB: Frankly, I still can't quite see Wimp as a physical instructor. Just what do you do, Wimp?

WIMP: I build men's bodies. (SIGHS) I wish I could build one for myself.

MOL: You seem to be doing all right, Mr. Wimple. Just how do you go about teaching physical training?

WIMP: Well, for instance, the first day, I take the men to the top of a forty foot tower, and teach them to dive into a pool with a rifle and full equipment.

FIB: That's the first day. What do you do the second day?

WIMP: The same thing. (SNICKERS) Only we put water in the pool.

MOL: What's that insignia and the letter "A" on your arm, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: Oh this? That means I'm a Specialist.

FIB: WHAT? YOU HAVE TO BUILD THOSE, TOO? And what's the red V for ... varicose?

WIMP: No, that's a third class rating, Mr. McGee.

MOL: How long will it take you to get to be a Captain, Mr. Wimple? Several months, I suppose.

WIMP: (LAUGHS) Yes, I'm afraid so. But....there's favoritism everywhere, I guess.

FIB: Does your old....I mean, doesn't Sweetface know you're home yet, Wimp?

WIMP: Oh no, indeedy....that's why I stopped here first, Mr. McGee...to see if you'd walk home with me. I'm...I'M....well....I'm a little nervous about it.

MOL: Give the Navy a convoy, McGee. And WHAT a convoy! A tugboat escorting a canoe.

WIMP: It's just for moral support, Mrs. McGee. You see  
 Sweetface is still angry with me because I ran away and  
 joined the Navy. She said next time she laid hands on me --

~~I would be a winner.~~

~~FIB: You mean because I don't leave?~~

~~WIMP: No wonder! Subject lesson. Oh she was simply afraid~~

~~what you should do!~~

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: I wonder who this could be. COME IN.

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

MAN: (GENTLY) Are you the public-spirited citizen, mister, who  
 was raking his front yard, today?

FIB: YES I AM BUD. WHY? IS THERE A PRIZE FOR KEEPING YOUR  
 YARD LOOKING NEAT?

MAN: (LOUD AND NASTY) NO, BUT THERE'S A REWARD FOR LEAVING YOUR  
 RAKE LYING ACROSS THE SIDEWALK WHERE A MAN CAN STUMBLE AND  
 FALL IN A DIRTY PILE OF LEAVES! AND THE REWARD IS ONE GOOD  
 POKE IN THE NOSE, BUDDY --

FIB: NOW JUST A DARN MINUTE, BUD.....I -

WIMP: Please sir....that is no way to talk to my friends.

MAN: PIPE DOWN, YOU LITTLE KNEE-HIGH NIMITZ! KEEP YOUR  
 SEA-GOING SCHNOZZOLA OUT OF THIS.

WIMP: That's no way to talk to me, either. I think you're very  
 rude. And uncouth.

MAN: OH YOU DO!!! WELL I'LL SHOW YOU WHO'S COUTH AND UNRUDE....  
 I'LL.....

FIB: WATCH HIM WIMP!!!!...

MOL: LOOK OUT, MR. WIMPLE!

WIMP: I warn you, sir --

SOUND: SCUFFLE...THUDS...GRUNTS....LOUD GRUNT AND GLASS CRASH OFF

MIKE:

FIB: Well, I'll be a -

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS, MCGEE, DID YOU SEE THAT? MR. WIMPLE THREW  
 HIM RIGHT THRU THE WINDOW!! It was wonderful!!  
 Magnificent!

FIB: WOW!! You're certainly a changed man, Wimp!  
WIMP: Yes. Now will you PLEASE walk home with me, Mr. McGee?  
FIB: Oh, pshaw!!!  
ORCH: SELECTION: FADE FOR --

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
TUESDAY 8:30 PM CWT NBC  
NOVEMBER 28, 1944

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

Whenever a man gets to thinking he's a pretty good manager, he should just stop a moment and think about all the jobs his wife has to do in running the home. It's true she doesn't have to punch a time clock, but neither does she stop for any five o'clock whistle. For my money, she's the real manager of the family, and I'm glad the company I work for lends her a hand with such a useful product as JOHNSON'S WAX. Think of how many ways this humble product can serve you in your daily housekeeping! If your home is wax protected, floors, furniture, woodwork and other surfaces gleaming with their JOHNSON'S WAX coat -- your daily work is much lighter -- your annual housecleaning no longer an awful chore. Also, your home is healthier, because a waxed home is a clean home -- and every room is more beautiful. Each application of JOHNSON'S WAX, paste, liquid or cream, adds to the mellow beauty of wood, enameled, metal and leather surfaces. Its regular use gives practically permanent protection.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC -- FADE ON CUE)

(NEW)

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 humble product can serve you in  
 home is wax protected, floors,  
 faces gleaming with their JOHNSON'S  
 ch lighter -- your annual  
 chore. Also, your home is healthier,  
 me -- and every room is more  
 JOHNSON'S WAX, paste, liquid or cream,  
 , enameled, metal and leather  
 practically permanent protection.

N CUE)

TAG

FIB: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, IT'S BEEN A GREAT PLEASURE FOR  
 US TO COME BACK TO CHICAGO FOR THIS BROADCAST FROM  
 NAVY PIER . AND TO SEE THIS WONDERFUL NAVY EXHIBIT.  
 ANOTHER GREAT NAVY EXHIBIT WE'VE ADMIRER HAS BEEN THE  
 EFFICIENCY AND GRACIOUSNESS OF ALL THE OFFICERS AND MEN  
 ATTACHED TO THIS SIXTH WAR LOAN DRIVE. WE PARTICULARLY  
 WANT TO THANK THE NAVAL AIR TRANSPORT SERVICE FOR THEIR  
 MANY COURTESIES AND THEIR SMOOTH JOB OF GETTING US  
 ACROSS THE COUNTRY.

MOL: Our thanks and appreciation also to SPECIALIST THIRD  
 CLASS BILL THOMPSON WHOM WE WELCOMED BACK TO OUR SHOW  
 AS WALLACE WIMPLE <sup>and the Old Timer</sup> TONIGHT. AND TO ADMIRAL WOODWARD,  
 ADMIRAL Carpenter ADMIRAL Young, <sup>Commander Singel</sup> LIEUTENANTS JOHN  
 CHRIST, AND GEORGE ZACHARY, \_\_\_\_\_,  
 \_\_\_\_\_,

FIB: And Apprentice Seaman George Spelvin.  
 MOL: Who's he, McGee?  
 FIB: I dunno. Just didn't wanna miss anybody. Goodnight,  
 folks...and BAB.  
 MOL: Bab who?  
 FIB: Not bab anybody. That's B.A.B. Buy a Bond.  
 MOL: Oh. Goodnight, all!  
 ORCH: PLAYOFF AND SIGN OFF:

hmb/imb/sfs