

WRITERS: DON QUINN  
PHIL LESLIE

(REVISED)

#10

*Sallagher*

"FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY"

Johnson's Wax

6:30 - 7:00 PM

December 12, 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 (LOUDLY) DON QUINN  
and (SOTTO VOCE) phil leslie, with music by the King's Men  
and Billy Mills' Orchestra.

ORCHESTRA: "THERE'S A GREAT DAY COMING, MAÑANA"

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
Tuesday 6:30 PM PWT NBC  
December 12, 1944

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Not many people are buying new linoleum today, because there's a limited amount available. But in over a million homes, linoleum floors are being kept new looking with JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. Not only new looking either -- because with the regular use of GLO-COAT, they will last 6 to 10 times longer. That would be reason enough for you to try GLO-COAT on all of your linoleum surfaces -- kitchen, front hall, bathroom or bedrooms, wherever you have any variety of linoleum -- or asphalt or rubber tile. There is of course another reason for GLO-COAT's great popularity. It's so easy to use. The story is simply this -- apply and let dry. There's no rubbing or buffing, because GLO-COAT is self polishing. It's very easy to keep a GLO-COATED floor spotless, too -- spilled things are wiped up in a jiffy. The protective GLO-COAT film is tough, uniform, always the same. The Johnson name on the package is your guarantee of dependability.

ORCHESTRA: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH)  
(APPLAUSE)

MCGEE -- 12-12-44

(2ND REVISION) -4-

WILCOX: FORTUNATELY FOR HIS WIFE AND HIS CLOSE NEIGHBORS, THE SQUIRE OF 79 WISTFUL VISTA IS NOT A PROFANE MAN. BECAUSE HE'S JUST GOT HIS MONTHLY BANK STATEMENT, AND YOU KNOW WHAT THAT DOES TO MR. MCGEE...OF

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: OF ALL THE DIRTY, SECOND-CARDING, DICE-LOADING, FIGURE-JUGGLING SHYSTERS, I HEREBY AWARD THE SILVER CHISEL WITH TWO OAK LEAVES TO THE FOURTH NATIONAL BANK!

MOL: Oh, dear...every month the same thing! What have they done now?

FIB: LOOK AT THIS BANK STATEMENT!...JUST LOOK AT IT! THEY DISAGREE WITH MY FIGURES AGAIN! They say my balance 'is \$34.12. ACCORDING TO MY CHECK STUBS, IT'S \$35.62. THEY'RE GYPPIN' ME A BUCK AND A HALF!

MOL: Maybe you wrote a check and forgot it.

FIB: IM-POSSIBLE! I GOTTA MEMORY LIKE AN ELEPHANT!

MOL: And just as highly over-rated. You've never yet nailed the bank in a mistake, have you?

FIB: OH, HAVEN'T I!!! HOW ABOUT THE TIME THEY SPELLED MY NAME "FLITTER MCGEE?"

MOL: I mean a financial mistake.

FIB: Well, they're not perfect. HOW ABOUT <sup>THIS</sup> ~~THE~~ BUCK AND A HALF?

MOL: By the way...Didn't you buy a book for a dollar fifty, last month?

FIB: A book?

MOL: On glass-blowing?

FIB: Oh, my gosh...I did at that!! Doggone it, I was SURE I had 'em this time.

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MOL: Even if you had, they're entitled to a mistake now and then. Bankers are only human.

FIB: I'm not so sure of that, either! I never DID decide what old man MacDonald was. He's got eyes like a mackerel, a voice like a bull, the soul of a hyena, and a handshake like a bucket of guppies.

MOL: Personally, I like him.

FIB: So do I, doggone it. And he'd be so easy to hate, too!

MOL: By the way, dearie...why did you want that book on glass blowing?

FIB: Oh, I had an idea to make some cute Christmas presents. I was gonna blow some glass ships with bottles inside of 'em. But it didn't work out.

MOL: You ought to buy a book on how to blow money. I'm sure you could have blown a dollar and a half more intelligently than--

DOOR OPEN:

ALICE: Hello, Mrs. McGee...Hello, Mr. McGee.

MOL: Hello, Alice, dear.

FIB: Hiya, Alice... HEY...WHAT BANK YOU DO BUSINESS WITH, KID? WHERE DO YOU BANK YOUR DOUGH?

ALICE: In the Darling Security.

MOL: The what?

ALICE: The Darling Security. My left stocking. Why?

FIB: Oh. Well, by George, I think I better try that. Then I wouldn't get into one of these rat-races with the Fourth National every month.

MOL: There's never been a run on the Fourth National, McGee. Alice's bank has had several.

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ALICE: Not only that, but every once in a while I paint my stockings on with that liquid stuff, and one day after I applied it, I spent twenty minutes trying to stuff 18 dollars into it. You can't do it.

MOL: Besides, socking your dough in your sock is very inconvenient, McGee. You have to go into a phone booth or a dark corner to make deposits and withdrawals.

FIB: Then I'M gonna get me a money-belt and carry it around my waist.

ALICE: I'll get you one for Christmas, Mr. McGee. What size belt do you wear?

FIB: I wear a size-- (PAUSE) Never mind. I'll keep my dough under a loose brick in the fireplace.

ALICE: All right. Were there any phone calls for me, today?

MOL: Yes, Alice. A Corporal McCluskey called. He didn't leave any number.

ALICE: Oh, I've got his number, believe me. I gave him the gate.

MOL: When I was a girl, Alice, I made it a point never to break up with a boy till after Christmas.

FIB: You're not kidding, baby. You were the sweetest girl in Peoria during November and December. But what a whim of iron in January!

ALICE: Well, it won't do any good with McCluskey. He said when he was a child he got stuck in a chimney, and ever since then he's had Santa Claustrophobia. But if he calls again, find out where I can call him back, and then hang up on him. Thanks very much.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: It's a good thing I didn't know as many boys when I was young, McGee.

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FIB: Why?  
MOL: Well, if I'd had any basis for comparison, I probably wouldn't have married you, and think what I'd have missed!  
FIB: Oh, I dunno, tootsie. You might of married a million bucks, and had a string of yachts and a summer home at Snob Harbor.  
MOL: I did better. I married a million laughs, - one of them being a hearty snicker at Morgenthau!  
FIB: Well, you know me, kid...I'd rather be a riot than be President. (LAUGHS) Got it? I didn't say "RIGHT", I says "RIOT", which I consider a rather clever pun on the --  
MOL: TAINT FUNNY, MCGEE!  
FIB: It ain't? Oh well, I haven't tried one of those for a long time. Can't always have luck with a yuck. There are days when -

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE

FIB: Oh, hiya, Painkiller.  
MOL: Hello, Doctor Gamble  
> DOC: Hello, Molly. And good day to you, Liverwurst.  
FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, LIVERWURST?  
DOC: I mean if you don't get out and get some exercise, you'll have the worst liver on my entire roll-call.  
MOL: He does setting-up exercises every morning, Doctor. He sets up, shuts off the alarm clock, and falls back - unconscious.  
FIB: Anyway, you're not exactly a model of physical perfection yourself, Doctor. You got the profile of a basketball smuggler!

DOC: Look who's talking! With that pot of yours, you ought to spend your life standing under a rainbow.  
FIB: Come on outside and I will, Si. A rainbow is just the sun shining through a big drip!  
MOL: MCGEE...STOP IT. The doctor didn't come in here to be insulted. Did you, Doctor?  
DOC: No. I didn't. I came in here to insult him. By the way, Short-snort, here's your monthly bill.  
FIB: A BILL FOR YOUR SERV ---- WELL CAN YOU EQUAL THAT! TOO DOGGONE CHEAP TO BUY A THREE CENT STAMP! DOC, YOU'RE SO TIGHT-FISTED YOU'RE A MENACE TO DOOR-KNOBS. YOU'RE CHEAPER'N MY COUSIN GURNEY, WHO WAS A COUNTERFEITER AND STILL GOT THE FIRST DOLLAR HE EVER MADE! WHY IF YOU'---  
MOL: McGee! Please. We'll send you a check in a day or so, Doctor.  
DOC: Thanks. Got a cigarette, McGee?  
FIB: A cigarette? No, I haven't, Doc. Have a cigar?  
DOC: No thanks. I just want to smoke. Not fumigate.  
MOL: Those cigars of McGee's are pretty stror, Doctor. He inhaled one, once, and I had to give him artificial respiration for forty minutes.  
FIB: Strong my clavicle. Pure Havana wrapper.  
DOC: That isn't a wrapper, sonny boy. That's a shroud. You're sure you haven't a cigarette lying around? I haven't been able to buy any all day.  
FIB: Sorry Doc. Nary a gasper.

DOC: Oh well. Maybe one of my patients will be a cigarette smoker. I can order him to lay off for a few days and smoke his myself. Well, I'd better be running along.

MOL: Oh don't be in a hurry, Doctor.

DOC: Got to get to the hospital, Molly. Have a few ejections to perform.

FIB: You mean INJECTIONS, Ignorant.

DOC: I mean EJECTIONS. We're short of beds, and I have to throw out a few gold-bricking patients who just check in to get their backs rubbed and steal some Kleenex. See you later.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Isn't he a sweet old character!

FIB: He's a tightfisted old buck-hunter, that's what he is. The idea, bringin' me a monthly statement. IT'S UNETHICAL! DUNNING A PATIENT IN PERSON! I GOTTA GOOD MIND TO REPORT HIM TO THE A.M.A.!

MOL: How much is the bill?

FIB: I dunno...I didn't look. (SOUND: TEARING PAPER) Oh...oh my gosh.

MOL: How much?

FIB: Nothin'!

MOL: NOTHING! WHY, WE OWE HIM AT LEAST 18 DOLLARS! WHAT DOES IT SAY?

FIB: It says..."CHARGES CANCELLED IN LIEU OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

- AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR! (SIGNED)

- Kris Kringle Gamble."

*Isn't he a sweet old character -  
Oh my gosh...I feel like a rat!*

MOL: And we couldn't even give the poor man a cigarette!

FIB: *Doc will not*  
~~STAY!~~ I'LL FIND OLD DOC SOME CIGARETTES IF I HAVE TO CLIMB GEORGE WASHINGTON HILL ON MY HANDS AND KNEES!  
~~HAND ME THE PHONE!~~

~~MOL: HERE!~~

~~FIB: THANKS! (CLICK CLICK) HELLO...OPERATOR...HELLO...ETC., INTO...~~

ORCH: "THERE GOES THAT SONG AGAIN"

(APPLAUSE)

SECOND SPOT

(2ND REVISION) -12-

MOL: Have you found out yet where you can get the Doctor some cigarettes, McGee?

FIB: No, and I've called every drug store and tobacco shop in town. Can't find any cigarettes anyplace.

MOL: Heavenly days, I'd like to have a package myself.

FIB: YOU? YOU NEVER SMOKED A CIGARETTE IN YOUR LIFE!

MOL: I know, but that's how these shortages affect people. If somebody started a rumor, that there was going to be a shortage of War Bonds, every town in the country would buy over its quota. Unquota.

FIB: Well, I still got one ace in the hole to get good old Doc some cigarettes. This is my last phone call. (CLICK CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR? GIMME RADIO STATION W.V.I.S. THAT YOU, MYRT?

MOL: Oh dear....

FIB: How's every little thing, Myrt? Tis eh? WHAT SAY, MYRT? YOUR KID SISTER? WENT INTO THE WAVES LAST WEEK?

MOL: Good for her, McGee! How old is she?

FIB: Eleven. Went fishin' with her father and fell outa the boat. WHAT SAY, MYRT? OKAY, CONNECT ME.

MOL: What's the radio station got to do with getting cigarettes for --

FIB: HELLO, W.V.I.S.? LEMME SPEAK TO MR. MCCLUER, PLEASE. YEAH...HELLO, PAUL? FIBBER MCGEE SPEAKIN'..REMEMBER? OH SURE YOU DO, PAUL. WENT TO SCHOOL WITH YOU IN PEORIA. EH? YOU DIDN'T?

MOL: He didn't what?

FIB: Says he never went to school in Peoria. WELL, WHERE DID YOU GO TO SCHOOL, PAUL? LIBERTYVILLE, ILLINOIS? (LAUGHS TOLERANTLY) Well, I'M AFRAID YOU GOT ME CONFUSED WITH SOMEBODY ELSE, PAUL. I NEVER BEEN IN LIBERTYVILLE.

MOL: This is as far-fetched a way to get cigarettes as I ever --

FIB: WELL LOOK, PAUL, HOW'S CHANCES OF GETTIN' ON THAT QUIZ PROGRAM OF YOURS TONIGHT..."SMOKES FOR FOLKS"? THE ONE YOU GIVE CIGARETTES AWAY ON IT?

MOL: AHAAA! I begin to -

FIB: Yeah, that's the one. EH? I SEE...YEAH...OKAY, I'LL BE THERE! 6:45. OKAY, MAC! THANKS! (CLICK) See, Molly? That's what it takes to get things. Brains and brass.

MOL: But --

FIB: Gotta get down there at 6:45. We'll get supper downtown someplace after the show and -

MOL: Yes but -

FIB: All I gotta do is answer a few quiz questions and BOOM! They hand me a carton of cigarettes.

MOL: But -

FIB: I always wanted a chance to make a monkey of some of those experts.

MOL: But -

FIB: Offered to go on Information Please once, but they never answered. For a show with such a polite title, they're awful bad mannered with their mail.

MOL: *But -*

G-

G-

~~MOL:~~ FIB: ~~But~~ -- What were you sayin'? <sup>MOL:</sup> Never mind. I should have saved those butts for Doctor Gamble.

FIB: Well, get your hat, kiddo...we haven't got much time.

MOL: I'd better tell Beulah we'll be out for dinner. BEULAH!  
OH BEULAH!

DOOR OPEN

BEULAH: Roger!

FIB: Look Beulah...I and Mrs. McGee will be out tonight for dinner. Take the evening off if you wanna.

BEULAH: Thank you very much, suh. But you remembah you ask me fo' chicken and dumplin's tonight, and they is highly unappetizin' in a state of frigidity.

MOL: It's too bad, Beulah...but an emergency has arisen.

BEULAH: Okay, ma'am. But it sho' is a shame to check that chicken and dump them dumplin's.

FIB: Put 'em in that thermos jug and take it home with you, Beulah.

MOL: And when you get to the neck, think of Mr. McGee. He's sticking his out tonight.

BEULAH: In what, if I may inquire, way, ma'am?

FIB: Gonna go on the air tonight, Beulah. At WVIS. Listen in at 7 P.M.

BEULAH: Well, strike me pink, if possible. What you know about actin' on the radio, suh? Ain't you gittin' yo'self out on a leaf?

MOL: You mean out on a limb, Beulah?

BEULAH: No, ma'am. Sounds like he's farther out than that!

(LAUGHS)

FIB: Oh, I dunno. I'm -- a --

MOL: To tell the truth, Beulah, he's going to appear on that quiz Program - "Smokes for Folks".

BEULAH: MmmmmMMMM! You evah been on one o' them WHODUNITS before, suh?

MOL: This is a quiz show, Beulah. A-whodunit is a mystery.

BEULAH: Yes ma'am - and beggin' your pardon, this one ain't gonna be solved to my satisfaction till roun' 7:30.

FIB: Don't worry, Beulah! I CAN HANDLE IT!

MOL: He's just panting to get at it, Beulah.

FIB: Well, I hope I can control my breathing when I go up against that microphone. Anything I hate to have is pants in my answers.

BEULAH: Anything he hates to have is.... (LAUGHS HEARTILY) LOVE THAT MAN!

DOOR SLAM

MOL: Well, I'll run upstairs and put my face on, McGee. (FADE) You be sure the heat is turned down and your cigars are out.

FIB: Ahhh, there goes a good kid! Yes sir! And here she comes back!

MOL: (FADE IN) I just happened to think, McGee, if you can't get two tickets for the studio, I'd just as soon stay home and listen on the ---

FIB: NO NO NO... DON'T WORRY YOUR LITTLE BOBBY PINS ABOUT THAT, ANGELPUSS! I'LL GET US IN! You hurry up and slink into your mink.

MOL: (FADE OUT) All right, I was merely trying to.....  
FIB: Yessir...a good kid! She knows very well I'll probably  
go down to that studio and make a double-barrelled hee-haw  
of myself! Most likely forget my own name. MY GOSH ...  
WHAT IS MY NAME? Oh, I know... it's --

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: Aw, fer the...now what? COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

TEE: Hi, mister!

FIB: Oh, hello there, Teeny.

TEE: Whatcha got your hat on for, Mister? You just get home?  
FIB: No. I'm just goin' out, sis. I'm going on the radio  
tonight. IT'S A QUIZ SHOW. "SMOKES FOR FOLKS."  
TEE: Oh, boy...that's wunnerful, mister! Gee, you gotta be  
awful smart for that, I betcha!  
FIB: Yeah, they been after me to appear for some time, sis.  
And I finally gave in.  
TEE: My daddy was on the radio once.  
FIB: He was, eh?  
TEE: Hmm?  
FIB: I said HE WAS, EH?  
TEE: He was what?  
FIB: YOUR DADDY WAS ON THE RADIO ONCE.  
TEE: I know it. But he fell off.  
FIB: HE WHAT?  
TEE: He fell off. He just got on the radio so he could reach  
the chandelier on account of there was a bulb burned out.  
FIB: Oh.  
TEE: Hmm?  
FIB: I said Oh.  
TEE: Oh. Hey, mister...I gotta dandy idea, I betcha! Look! -  
lemme ask you some questions and see if you can answer 'em.  
It'll be dandy practice for you, I betcha! Hmm. Shall  
we? Hmm? Shall we? Hmm?  
FIB: That's the first constructive thing you ever said, sis.  
Nothin' like a little warm-up. Fire away!!



TEE: Whatcha got your hat on for, Mister? You just get home?  
FIB: No. I'm just goin' out, sis. I'm going on the radio tonight. IT'S A QUIZ SHOW. "SMOKES FOR FOLKS."  
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FIB: That's the first constructive thing you ever said, sis. Nothin' like a little warm-up. Fire away!!

TEE: Okay. Er...WHERE DOES QUININE COME FROM?  
FIB: From the bark of the CHINCHONA tree, sis. Though I understand they can now make it sympathetically in the laboratory.  
TEE: Okay...wait till I write that down, mister. Okay...  
SECOND QUESTION.  
FIB: Shoot.  
TEE: If you had six apples, and you had to divide with your brother so he'd have two apples less than you - how many apples would you give him?  
FIB: That's easy. I'd give him two.  
TEE: Gee, you're awful fast, mister.  
FIB: Sure! My uncle was a lightning calculator, sis. But he miscalculated one day, and got struck. Next question?  
TEE: (GIGGLES) Okay...If farmer Jones had 12 head of mules and he divvied 'em up among his three sons so that one son had twice as many as the other two put together, how'd he divide 'em?  
FIB: (LAUGHS) I got you there, sis. I remember that one from grammar school! One son gets one mule. One son gets three mules, and the other gets eight.  
TEE: (TO HERSELF) One...three...and eight. Okay, Mister... thanks ever so much!  
FIB: For what?  
TEE: Doin' my homework for me. (GIGGLES) So long, mister!  
DOOR SIAM:  
FIB: Well, I'll be a-- Why, that little--  
MOL: (FADE IN) I'm all ready to go, McGee...Who were you talking to?

FIB: Little girl from across the street. You know, I STILL think that kid is a midget! WELL...COME ON!

ORCH: WILLIAM TELL - FADE

FIB: This way, Molly...down the hall, here. It's in Studio C.

MOL: My goodness, aren't you nervous, McGee?

FIB: NAH! NOT A BIT!

MOL: Then take your hat out of your pocket and get that handkerchief off your head!

FIB: EH? Oh...(LAUGHS) I was just-- HEY...ISN'T THAT HARLOW OVER THERE?

MOL: Where?

FIB: The guy standing in the corner readin' that paper?

MOL: I can't see his face...let's go over and see...

WIL: (FADE IN READING) AND THAT'S WHY JOHNSON'S WAX IS THE FINEST PROTECTION MONEY CAN BUY...The finest protection money can buy...better underline protection...for floors, furniture and woodwork. It protects against dust, dirt, dampness...slight pause here...and keeps things from--

FIB: HIYA, WAXEY!!

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox!

WIL: Don't bother me now, folks. I'm rehearsing for th-- OH, HELLO THERE, MOLLY...HELLO, PAL. WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

FIB: I'm gonna be one of the experts on SMOKES FOR FOLKS, JUNIOR.

MOL: He's doing it to get some cigarettes for Doctor Gamble, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: Gee, that's great. ~~I understand they give you a prize, win or lose.~~ But look, if you'll excuse me, I've got to run over this sales talk before I go on the air...(TO HIMSELF) Use Johnson's Wax on window sills...lampshades.. luggage...better say OR luggage...no, that's all right. Window sills, lampshades, luggage. Johnson's Wax seals the pores of wood and leather against the elements and-- HEY, DID YOU SAY YOU WERE ON "SMOKES FOR FOLKS", FIBBER?

FIB: Sure.

MOL: Why?

WIL: Gee, you've only got a minute to get into the studio... hurry up. Right in that door, there...Studio C. See you later!

FIB: Thanks, Junior. COME ON, MOLLY! We'll see what Franklin P. Adams has got that I haven't got - besides a mustache!!

ORCH: "TOO-RA, LOORA, LOO-RAL" - "KING'S MEN"°

APPLAUSE:

THIRD SPOT

-21-

MAN: (VERY UNCTUOUS AND PATRONIZING) Oh come now, Mr. McGee....  
I'm sure you know what state the Statue of Liberty is in....  
THINK NOW...NO COACHING FROM THE AUDIENCE PLEASE..

FIB: Statue of Liberty...(SLOWLY) That's on Ellis Island  
and Ellis Island is in.....

MAN: THINK HARD, MR. MCGEE...AND BY THE WAY, HOW DO YOU LIKE  
THIS NEW JERSEY I'M WEARING?

FIB: Very good looking, bud....but don't waste my time....I'm  
tryin' to think...

MAN: YOU HAVE TWENTY-FIVE SECONDS LEFT, MR MCGEE...IN WHAT  
STATE IS THE STATUE OF LIBERTY.

MOL: PSSSST...McGee....It's in NEW--

MAN: PLEASE...NO COACHING!

FIB: NEW YORK!

SOUND: HONK:

MAN: (PATRONIZING) I'M SORRY, MR. MCGEE...I THINK YOU'LL FIND  
THAT THE STATUE OF LIBERTY IS ON BEDLOE'S ISLAND WHICH  
BELONGS TO NEW JERSEY....and that gives you a score of 17  
against 19 for the other surviving contestant, Mr. Egbert  
Crabtree. You may sit down for a minute, Mr. McGee.

FIB: Thanks, bud.

MAN: ALL RIGHT, MR. CRABTREE...(FADE OUT) IF YOU'LL SELECT A  
QUESTION FROM THE OLD TOBACCO BOX...WE'LL SEE IF....

MOL: You're doing wonderfully, McGee...

FIB: Gee, I dunno, Molly...he got me with that fourth question...

MOL: You mean who wrote the autobiography of Benjamin Franklin?

FIB: Yeah...who did?

MOL: I don't know and I don't think it's a fair question. My  
goodness, a person can't read every book that's printed,

(2ND REVISION)

-22-

FIB: I should say not....and I don't...

CROWD: SHHHHHHHHH.....SHHHHHH!

FIB: Listen to 'em hiss that guy Crabtree.

MOL: No, they're asking us to keep quiet.

FIB: Eh? Oh!

MOL: Listen.

MAN: (FADE IN) NOW TAKE YOUR TIME ON THIS QUESTION, MR.  
CRABTREE...HERE ARE THREE QUESTIONS ABOUT DANCING. GET  
TWO OUT OF THREE, FIRST - WHAT DANCE ORIGINATED IN HAWAII?

CRABT: Well...er...I think it's the ... er...the....

MAN: NO COOCHING...ER...NO COACHING, PLEASE!!!! COME, MR.  
CRABTREE...THE DANCE OF HAWAII...WHAT WOULD YOU DO IN A  
GRASS SKIRT?

CRABT: (SNICKERS) Well, I er...think I'd blush, because I never -

SOUND: HONK:

MAN: TIME'S UP ON THAT ONE, MR. CRABTREE...IT'S THE HULA.  
SECOND QUESTION. WHAT IS A POPULAR DANCE IN SOUTH AMERICA?

CRABT: The...er...the Waltz?

MAN: NO, MR. CRABTREE...THE WALTZ IS NOT A SOUTH AMERICAN DANCE.

CRABT: Well, I...er...the waltz is just one revolution after  
another, so naturally I thought ---

SOUND: HONK:

MAN: THE SAMBA, MR. CRABTREE!!!... NOW THE THIRD QUESTION:  
WHAT DANCE, AROUND 1912, WAS NAMED AFTER A BIRD?

CRABT: The...er....a bird...is...er...fox trot...no, a fox isn't  
a bird....

G

MAN: I'M TALKING TURKEY TO YOU, MR. CRABTREE....YOUR TIME IS ALMOST UP....

CRABT: I can't seem to think of....er...

SOUND: HONK:

MAN: I'M SORRY, MR. CRABTREE...IT'S THE TURKEY TROT...SIT DOWN PLEASE...ALL RIGHT, MR. MCGEE...IF YOU'LL STEP UP TO THE MICROPHONE AGAIN....YOUR LAST QUESTION. IF YOU ANSWER CORRECTLY, YOU WILL BEAT MR. CRABTREE BY ONE POINT.

FIB: Well, let's get at it, bud. I'm here on business. Hand me a question.

MAN: TAKE A QUESTION OUT OF THE OLD TOBACCO BOX, MR. MCGEE. SOME OF THEM ARE SQUIRRELY, BUT IT'S ALL FOR HURLEY, THE BURLEY CIGARETTE, THAT'S SECRETLY BLENDED WITH RUBBER SO THE ASHES BOUNCE OFF YOUR VEST. ALL RIGHT, MR. MCGEE... HAVE YOU SELECTED A QUESTION?

FIB: Yup.

MAN: THAT'S FINE..AND HERE IS YOUR QUESTION. NAME TEN AMERICAN INDIAN TRIBES.

FIB: Ten Indian tribes, eh? Bo a feather in my cap if I answer that one, won't it, bud? (LAUGHS)

MAN: YOU'RE WASTING TIME, MR. MCGEE...BETTER GET STARTED! TEN INDIAN TRIBES!!

FIB: Okay. (FAST) OSAGE, POTTOWATOMIES, SHAWNEES, ILLINOIS, KAWS, CROWS, DELAWARES, NAVAJOS, OTTOWAS.....er...how many is that?

MAN: THAT'S NINE...ONE MORE TO GO AND YOU'LL BE THE WINNER... COME NOW....ONE MORE INDIAN TRIBE!!!

FIB: My gosh, I certainly oughtta think of...

MAN: OF COURSE IF YOU LOSE, NOBODY CAN SIoux YOU...SIOUX YOU... SIOUX....

FIB: Why should anybody sue me? You're trying to confuse me...

MAN: THIRTY SECONDS TO GO, MR. MCGEE...ONE MORE INDIAN TRIBE!!!

MOLLY: (SNEEZES)

MAN: NO COACHING, PLEASE!!

FIB: APACHES!!

SOUND: BELL RINGS

MAN: HE DID IT!

APPLAUSE

MOL: (FADE IN) Oh McGee...you're wonderful...I don't know how you do it.

FIB: I did it for old Doc Gamble, Molly...but I won him his cigarettes! By George, when I start out to do something, I---

MAN: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...AND CONTESTANTS....THE HURLEY TOBACCO COMPANY, MAKERS OF THAT FINE HURLEY BURLEY CIGARETTE, THE CIGARETTE THAT'S QUICK ON THE DRAW, SO ROUND, SO FIRM, SO HARD TO GET, THANKS YOU ALL FOR BEING HERE FOR "SMOKES FOR FOLKS." FOR THE LOSER TONIGHT, MR. EGBERT CRABTREE, A CARTON OF HURLEY BURLEY'S CIGARETTES. AND FOR THE WINNER, MR. FIBBER MCGEE....THIS BEAUTIFUL, GOLD-MOUNTED CIGARETTE HOLDER!

FIB: Well, I'll be a...cigarette HOLDER. Oh, pshaw!

ORCH: "ANY MOMENT NOW" ..FADE FOR:

WILCOX: You ladies who read popular fiction must often have come across statements like this: "Lydia Lush smiled as she stepped into the lovely living room with its attractive furnishings, its polished wax floors." Not meaning to be funny, why wouldn't Lydia smile when she entered such a beautiful living room? It makes you feel happy to be in beautiful surroundings -- and I don't mean expensive ones, either. The simplest rooms are more attractive when the surfaces of their floors, furniture and woodwork are gleaming with wax-polished beauty. Try it yourself, and you'll see what I mean. If it were hard work or expensive to have wax protection, you might have to think twice about it. But JOHNSON'S WAX is so inexpensive that its cost is negligible. It saves you so much work all through the year, you'll gladly give it that first waxing. And besides making your things last longer, it gives you a healthier home, because a JOHNSON-WAXed home is a clean home. Have I said enough -- now do you know why Lydia smiled?

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

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TAG

FIB: Hey, Molly, I'm writin' a new song. Wanna hear it?  
MOL: What's it about?  
FIB: I'm gonna release it to the public when cigarettes come back.  
MOL: What's the name of it?  
FIB: "Inhale Columbia!"  
MOL: Oh, dear...but speaking of songs, ladies and gentlemen, we've  
had so many requests for Ken Darby's famous arrangement of  
"The Night Before Christmas" we're going to do it next week.  
FIB: Good night.  
MOL: Good night, all.  
ORCH: (CLOSING SIGNATURE)  
WIL: This is Harlow Wilcox, speaking for the makers of Johnson  
Wax Finishes for home and industry, inviting you to be with  
us again next Tuesday night. Goodnight.  
ANNR: THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

(CHIMES)

b

WRITERS: DON QUINN  
PHIL LESLIE

"FIBBER MCGEE"

Johnson's

6:30 - 7:00 P.M.

December 19,