

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

(REVISED)

File
16

"FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY"

Johnson's Wax

6:30 - 7:00 PM

January 16, 1945

NBC

(REVISED)

-2-

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

ORCH: THEME.....FADE FOR:

WILCOX: The makers of Johnson's Wax for home and industry present
Fibber McGee and Molly, written by Don Quinn and Phil
Leslie, with music by the King's Men and Billy Mills'
Orchestra.

ORCH: "I FEEL A SONG COMING ON" ...FADE FOR:

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC
JANUARY 16, 1945

-3-

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WIL: I've just been reading a long letter from a service man's wife, and I wish I could read every word of it to you. Those of us who still live in our own homes with our own furniture can't possibly realize the discomforts and extra work many of these service wives have to put up with. This lady writes that the first thing she and her husband do to make an unattractive furnished apartment clean and livable is to give everything a good shining coat of JOHNSON'S WAX. Here are her own words: "When I was back home, I never appreciated the expression, 'Her house just shines', because all my friends' houses shone. Now I know that until my own things come out of storage, the JOHNSON'S WAX shine on the furniture is my biggest link with the quality and cleanliness I hope for someday. It adds dollars to the appearance of any atrocity it meets, and a fairly presentable piece will respond in a way to make any girl sing. Please, Mr. Wilcox, keep right on telling 'em! The families I've moved in after are people who haven't yet heard you." ... Thank you, service lady! I'll do my best to get everybody to use JOHNSON'S WAX.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

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ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

WILCOX: A BARBER IS USUALLY A BALD-HEADED MAN WHO SELLS HAIR TONIC. HIS CUSTOMERS ARE USUALLY MEN WHO LIKE THEIR HAIR AND THE CONVERSATION CUT SHORT AROUND THE EARS. LIKE THE MAN IN THE CHAIR RIGHT NOW. A MR. MCGEE, OF --

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!!

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: SNIP, SNIP OF SHEARS AT INTERVALS THRUOUT

NICK: ...so I am writing Presidem Rosavale a letter, see, and in it I am saying to him, "DEAR MR. PRESIDEM..LOOK, KID...I GOTTA GREAT IDEAS..."

FIB: Yes, Nick, you've told me how--

NICK: THEN...in my own handwriting, which I am dictating to my wife because I don't write so somebody can read it, including me, I am going on to say..."LOOK, I say...the Army is needing plenty ladies for nursing...is not? SO!!! Also we got thousands guys who are too small in the eyesight for the draft or maybe they got seven toes on one foot, or something. SOOO, I am saying, wny not take the rejectives and make them into guys for giving sick people a pill?"

FIB: Yeah, but if you don't mind, Nick, I'll--

NICK: Of course, so far up to now, Presidem Rosavale isn't sending me the answer. Which is all right. He's just as busy as me, I guess. Maybe I better send a telegram to the Manpower Commissim and say how about a shampoo?

FIB: How can you give the manpower commission a shampoo?

NICK: That questium was not for the commissim. YOU, I'm asking.

FIB: Eh? Oh. I need a shampoo?

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NICK: Everybody is needing a shampoo at regular periods of an interval. Are you different?

FIB: No I guess not, Nick. Go ahead. Only after you shampoo it, put some dressing on it quick...because I got a natural part in my hair that runs from one ear across my head to the other ear. Looks kinda funny.

NICK: Smertainly. After shampooing, we always--

FIB: Wait a minute...how much is a shampoo? Fifty cents?

NICK: Semty five.

FIB: WHAT? SIX BITS JUST TO WASH A GUY'S HAIR?

NICK: Those are the ceiling prices, kid, that we got posted on the wall because nobody can reach the ceiling to put them up, so we--

FIB: THAT'S AN OUTRAGE!! THAT'S A DIRTY GYP!!! SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS TO WHIP UP A LATHER ON A GUY'S SKULL AND RINSE IT OFF AGAIN! WHY, YOU SCISSOR-BILL! YOU HIGH-HANDED, LOW-MINDED, BRUSH-BANDIT! I GOTTA GOOD NOTION TO REPORT YOU TO THE O.P.A.!

NICK: Now wait a minute, Mr. McGee. Let's not lose our temperature just because--

FIB: I WON'T WAIT A MINUTE!! HERE'S THE FOUR BITS FOR MY HAIRCUT AND YOU CAN TAKE YOUR SHAMPOO AND--

NICK: The haircut was semty five cents, too.

FIB: (ROARS) WHAT!!! ANOTHER SIX BITS FOR CUPTIN! OFF NOT ENOUGH HAIR TO MAKE A-TOUPEE FOR A TADPOLE? YOU GOT A LOT OF NERVE! I'LL WASH IT MYSELF!! LEMME OUT OF THIS CHAIR.

FEET ON FLOOR:

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"FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY"
1/16/45

(2ND REVISION) -6-

FIB: BY GEORGE, ANY TIME YOU GET ME INTO THIS NEST OF THIEVES AGAIN YOU'LL HAVE TO THREATEN ME WITH MORE THAN A RAZOR...

NICK: Just put the semty five cents on the counter, then, kid. Okay, Mr. McDonald, you're the next in the chair, and --

FIB: SIX BITS FOR A SHAMPOO! THAT'S THE DIRTIEST WAY TO GET CLEAN I EVER HEARD ABOUT.....SO LONG, DILLINGER!

DOOR OPEN & CLOSE: TRAFFIC UP & FADE: FAST FOOTSTEPS

FIB: (TO HIMSELF) SIX BITS FOR A SHAMPOO! WHY, I'D SHAMPOO THE DOME OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL FOR SIX BITS! COMPARED WITH THAT GUY, JESSIE JAMES WAS JUST A SCARED KID WITH A DRY WATER PISTOL! (MUSIC IN) I'LL GET HIS LICENSE, THAT'S WHAT I'LL DO! I'LL --

ORCH: BRIDGE: ("ORPHEUS IN THE UNDERWORLD") FADE...

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS UP ON PORCH. DOOR OPEN & CLOSE:

FIB: (MUTTERING ALL THE WAY) Six bits for a simple little shampoo. My gosh, I used to get my CAR washed for 80 cents. He must think I'm some kind of a yokel, to sit still for that kind of a ---

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(2ND REVISION) -7-

MOL: (FADE IN) All right, dearie.....relax. You're home now - SAFE WITH-MOTHER.

FIB: HEY, MOLLY YOU KNOW WHAT NICK THE BARBER TRIED TO DO? THAT HAM-HANDED SCALP-GARDNER TRIED TO --

MOL: To charge you seventy-five cents for a shampoo. And you stormed out of the shop and you're going to shampoo it yourself.

FIB: SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS FOR A ... (PAUSE) How did you know?

MOL: The barber just called up. I lit the hot water heater right away so the water would be hot and you could shamp -----

FIB: OH, SO HE CALLED UP, DID HE? WHAT DID HE WANT?

MOL: He wants his apron back.

FIB: Well, he can --- huh?

MOL: Here.....let me unpin it for you....there!

FIB: Oh my gosh....no wonder everybody looked at me so funny.

MOL: You looked like a flat-chested Mother Hubbard, dearie. I'll have Beulah drop this bib off at the barber shop on her way home. Now sit down and relax.

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FIB: Gee, am I embarrassed. Wearin' that big apron all the way home.

MOL: You must really have been angry, McGee.

FIB: ANGRY!! ONE MORE WORD OUT A HIM AND I'D OF SHOVED HIS BARBER POLE DOWN HIS NOISY OLD THROAT! SIX BITS FOR A SHAMPOO!! WHY THAT'S THE --

MOL: I don't think that's so unreasonable. I always pay a dollar and a half, myself. Though it's worth it not to have to sit there and hear the patriots talk about how much revenue the government is losing by closing the race tracks.

FIB: Well, my gosh --

DOOR OPEN

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

MOL: Oh, hello Alice.

FIB: Hi, Alice.

ALICE: You been out in the wind, Mr. McGee? Your face is awfully red.

MOL: He had a little argument with the Barber, Alice. He came home hotter than a depot stove.

FIB: WELL, MY GOSH.....SIX BITS FOR A SHAMPOO AT THE BARBER SHOP!! DON'T YOU THINK THAT'S RIDICULOUS, ALICE?

ALICE: Seventy-five cents? Oh, it certainly is, Mr. McGee. They can't make any money at those prices.

FIB: Wuhhhhhhh.....

MOL: I don't know why he doesn't wash his hair when he takes his shower anyway, Alice. Except that he's usually singing so loud he couldn't hear himself ask himself if he wanted him to.

ALICE: I never hear him. But lately, I've been so busy with my charts I don't hear anything.

FIB: What charts, Alice? You studyin' navigation - so you can find your way home between the buoys? (LAUGHS) Say, that wasn't so bad! "BETWEEN THE BUOYS". You see, if you spell it B.U.O.Y.S., it's a play on words that --

MOL: TAIN'T FUNNY, MCGEE!

FIB: Really? I was quite pleased with it myself. What charts, Alice?

ALICE: My astrological charts. I was casting some horoscopes for some friends. I'll do yours sometime. Are you a Capricorn?

FIB: Am I a Capricorn? I'M an Elk, and a Legionnaire, and I'm mighty proud ---

ALICE: No, I mean what month were you born in, Mr. McGee?

MOL: He was born shortly before Thanksgiving, Alice. And all white meat he was, too.

ALICE: Oh, he's a Scorpio.

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, I'M A SCORPIO? A SCORPIO IS A BIG CRAB WITH A STINGER IN HIS STERN, AND IF YOU MEAN --

MOL: Scorpio is merely the sign under which you were born, dearie.

FIB: I WASN'T BORN UNDER A SIGN. I WAS BORN FIVE MILES WEST OF PEORIA ON TOP OF KICKAPOO HILL.

ALICE: No, Mr. McGee....look...there are twelve different signs of the Zodiac, see?

FIB: Is that so?)

ALICE: Yes, and everybody is born under the influence of certain stars and planets, depending on what time of the year you were born.

MOL: I think McGee was born during an eclipse of the moon, Alice....he throws such a big shadow.

ALICE: No fooling, Mr. McGee...it's very interesting, I've started to study astrology. For instance, your horoscope for January warns that people born under this sign must not let themselves be imposed upon, financially.

FIB: AHAA.....YOU SEE, MOLLY? THAT BARBER WAS TRYIN' TO IMPOSE ON A SCORPIO FINANCIALLY! I KNEW ALL THE TIME HE --- Is Scorpio a good sign, Alice?

ALICE: Oh Creepers, one of the BEST, Mr. McGee. But you must do as your horoscope says, if you want to be happy. You must control your temper, make allowances for other people and follow through on any projects you have started.

MOL: Like washing your hair.

ALICE: Oh, is he going to wash his hair? I just washed mine. That's why I'm wearing this towel around my head.

FIB: My gosh...is that a towel? I was just about to tell you I thought that was the best lookin' hat I ever saw you wear.

MOL: How long ago did you wash your hair, Alice?

ALICE: I just finished. *I'd have taken a bath too, but the hot water is all gone.

FIB: WHAT? THE WATER I WAS PLANNING TO USE FOR MY SHAMPOO? NOW JUST A DARN MINUTE, ALICE. WHAT'S THE IDEA OF --

MOL: Ah ah ah....Scorpio!!! ... Control your temper... Make allowances...

ALICE: Gee, I'm sorry, Mr. McGee.

FIB: Ah forget it, kid. (LAUGHS) It's okay. Far be it from me to stand between you and glamour. Use all the water you want. However....

MOL: However what?

FIB: However..if she don't want her pretty little neck wrung, she better light that water heater before I count to ten. ONE.....TWO.....THREE.....

ALICE: I'M GOING!!!

DOOR SLAM

ORCHESTRA: "FASCINATING RHYTHM"

(APPLAUSE)

SECOND SPOT

(2ND REVISION) -12-

FIB: Hey, Molly ... think the water's hot enough yet so's I can have a shampoo?

MOL: It should be, dearie, although Alice used every drop of it you know.

FIB: Yeah ... just like a woman. With 'three of 'em in the house a man hasn't got a chance.

MOL: Oh men are just as bad. When Uncle Dennis was staying here, he was ALWAYS taking a shower.

FIB: I didn't begrudge him, though. The only way he ever TOOK water was through his skin.

MOL: Well, my goodness ... OH, YOUR WATER IS PROBABLY HOT ENOUGH NOW, McGee.

FIB: Okay. I'll run up and have my shampoo before ... HEY, TELL BEULAH TO SEE THAT NOBODY TURNS OFF THE HEATER FOR A WHILE.

MOL: I'll tell her right now. Oh Beulah ... BEULAH!

DOOR OPEN:

BEULAH: Somebody bawl for Beulah?

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(REVISED) -13-

FIB: Yeah, I'm gonna shampoo my hair, Beulah.

MOL: He got a little irked at the barber, Beulah. Thought he was being over-charged so he's going to do it himself.

BEULAH: Yas'm. But them poor ole barbers they sure work hard givin' folks shampooses. They jus' work they fingers to the bone.

FIB: Are you inferring that I have an ossified skull, my good woman?

BEULAH: (GIGGLES) No suh. But my cousin, he's a tonsorial artist and I heah a lot about how hard he work.

MOL: Well, Mr. McGee doesn't need a tonsorial artist. He had his out in 1928.

FIB: TONSORIAL refers to barbers, Molly. It's from the Greek "TONSO-IASSI-MARIBUS-ORIUM", meaning "THE QUIGKEST WAY TO A-MAN'S SCALP IS TO TAKE A SHORT CUT."

BEULAH: Well fo' goodness sake ... you a university man, Mist' McGee?

MOL: No he isn't, Beulah. But he has an unusually well-rounded baekground.

BEULAH: Yesm. I kin see that.

FIB: YOU KNOW WHAT THAT BIG RAZORBACK WANTED TO CHARGE ME FOR A SHAMPOO, BEULAH? SEVENTY-FIVE GENTS! IMAGINE THAT? SIX BITS FOR A GOB OF SOAPSUDS AND A DASH OF SCHLEMIEL NUMBER FIVE!

BEULAH: That don't soun' like no over-charge to me, suh. Barbers give you a reall good shampooin'. My cousin say that four men in one day tell him he oughtta charge at least a dollar.

MOL: Four customers?

BEULAH: No, ma'am. Four barbers.

FIB: That's what I thought. My barber is named Nick - and if he can't nick you with his razor he'll nick you with the price list.

MOL: Personally I think barber shop prices are very reasonable, McGee.

BEULAH: My cousin think so too, ma'am. And he the head of his class in Barber College.

FIB: Got a degree, Beulah?

BEULAH: Yassuh. PH.D.

MOL: For goodness sakes ... Doctor of Philosophy!

BEULAH: No, Ma'am. ^(chuckles) Physiognomies De-whiskered.

FIB: Well, this isn't gettin' my curly locks beautified. SEE THAT NOBODY TURNS THE HEATER OFF FOR A WHILE, WILL YOU, BEULAH?

BEULAH: You want me to light it for you, suh?

MOL: It is lit, Beulah.

BEULAH: No it ain't, ma'am, scuse me.

FIB & MOL: WHAT?

BEULAH: I see the tank was full o' hot water a lil while ago, folks, so I embraces the opportunity to wrench out some window curtains.

FIB: Oh my gosh ... you mean it isn't hot now, Beulah?

BEULAH: Right now suh, it as cold as a walrus's knees.

MOL: (PATIENTLY) Well, light the heater again, Beulah. IF Mr. McGee still wants a shampoo.

FIB: YOU'RE DOGGONE RIGHT I WANT A SHAMPOO!! THOUGH I DON'T KNOW WHY I NEED ANY HOT WATER. THE NUMBER OF TIMES I BEEN IN A LATHER TODAY, I OUGHTTA BE AS PURE AS A BOOKSTORE IN BOSTON!

BEULAH: He oughtta be as pure as a bookstore in Bos (LAUGHS HEARTILY) LOVE THAT MAN!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: This is a fine state of how-do-you-do!

MOL: How do you do.

FIB: Fine. And how are all the little ... THIS IS NO JOKING MATTER, MOLLY. GEE WHIZZ, A MAN CAN'T GET ENOUGH WARM WATER IN HIS OWN HOUSE TO STEAM A MONOCLE. IF I EVER BUILD A HOUSE, IT'LL BE IN HOT SPRINGS, ARKANSAS.

MOL: Well, the barber is probably just as perturbed as you are, McGee. He thinks you stole his apron.

FIB: Well it takes a thief to catch a thief. I'll tell him when he can get it back ... and he should live so long. Hand me the phone.

MOL: Certainly, Scorpio. Here you are. And wear it in good health.

FIB: Thanks. (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR? GIMME NICK'S BARBER SHOP AT FOURTEENTH AND OAK-KAY, MYRT? HOW'S YOURSELF?

MOL: Oh dear ...

FIB: ~~HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING, MYRT?~~ TIS EH? WHAT SAY, MYRT? YOUR BROTHER? DROPPED FIFTEEN HUNDRED FEET OUT OF A WHAT?

MOL: Heavenly days, McGee ... was he killed?

FIB: No, just amused. He's a movie operator. Dropped 1500 feet out of Gone With The Wind and nobody even noticed it. WHAT SAY, MYRT? OKAY, I'LL CALL LATER. (CLICK) Line's busy.

MOL: Well, the water ought to be hot again half an hour or so and you can get this shampoo over with. Which will make me very happy indeed.

FIB: Make YOU happy. My gosh, I never been so exonerated in my life. Everybody stealing my hot wa-

MOL: You don't mean exonerated. You mean EXASPERATED.

FIB: Go on ... exasperation is when your time is up. Like when the time limit on a contract has exasperated.

MOL: That's EXPIRATION.

FIB: I thought EXPIRATION was when a guy put on a pair of fur pants and went lookin' for the South Pole, or something.

MOL: You're thinking of EXPLORATION.

FIB: Then what does EXONERATED MEAN?

MOL: Exonerated is when you have been found not guilty of something.

FIB: WELL, WHO'S BEEN GUILTY OF SNITCHING ALL MY HOT WATER? ME? NO SIR, EVERYBODY IN THE HOUSE HAS BEEN ---

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh Hello, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: Hello, Molly. Hiyah, Pal. What are you scowling at?

FIB: I'm livin' in a nest of water pirates, Junior. You'd think this was the Mo-jave desert, the way everybody steals water.

WIL: Will somebody explain the situation to me? I came in late.

MOL: Oh he thought seventy five cents was too much to pay the barber for a shampoo, Mr. Wilcox. So he came home to do it himself and every time he gets a tank full of hot water, somebody uses it.

FIB: The way people glom onto it, you'd think it was the dew off the Last Rose of Summer.

WIL: Look, Pal ... you're getting very irritable lately. Last week you were raving and ranting because nobody trusted your handpicked mushrooms. Now you're sour-pussing around because you have to wait for a shampoo. What's the matter with you?

FIB: Well, gee whizz ...

MOL: Mr. Wilcox is right, McGee. Your temper is getting as ragged as a two-dollar re-tread.

FIB: I can't help it. It's hereditary. If you think I'm nervous and irritable, you should have known my great, great grandfather. Was HE irritable!

MOL: Why?

FIB: Well, he was just impatient. Couldn't wait for letters to be delivered and answered. Kept sayin' "WHY DON'T SOMEBODY INVENT THE TELEPHONE! WHAT'S EVERYBODY WAITIN' FOR? WHAT'S THAT FELLOW BELL DOING? WHY DON'T HE GET WITH IT?" Oh, they say granpa was a terror!

WIL: That bad temper should have smoothed out in 3 generations Pal. What if you DO have to wait a few minutes for some hot water? What's 20 minutes or less in a lifetime?

MOL: Tell him what can happen in 20 minutes or less, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Oh you don't have to tell me what --

WIL: WHY IN 20 MINUTES OR LESS, PAL, A JOHNSON'S GLOCOATED
LINOLEUM DRIES TO A PERFECT PROTECTIVE FINISH ... RESTORES
NEW LIFE AND LUSTER TO THE FADED AND WORN SURFACE.

FIB: You gave him that opening, Molly. Whose side are you on?

MOL: We're all on the same side, sweetheart. Aren't you happy
with our product?

FIB: No, not too happy. It don't spell anything backwards.

WIL: I was merely pointing out, Pal, that 20 minutes or less
can be a little period of time. Think of the housewife
who pours a little Johnson's Glocoat out on her tired old
linoleum, and spreads it around with the long handled
applier. Then think how the world brightens for her in
just 20 minutes or less as the Glocoat magically gives
her kitchen floor a new lease on life.

FIB: You ever spend 20 minutes or less in a dentist's chair,
Waxey?

WIL: Certainly. And well spent, too.

MOL: You were?

WIL: No, it was. But I didn't come in here to tell you how to
improve the shining hours, Pal. Nick sent me.

FIB: Who?

WIL: Nick. The Barber. He said to tell you to keep that bib
you walked out with.

MOL: That was very kind of him, I'm sure.

WIL: Yes, he said Fibbor could keep it till Spring when he
came in for his next haircut. So long now.

DOOR SLAM:

WIL: WHY IN 20 MINUTES OR LESS, PAL, A JOHNSON'S GLOCOATED
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came in for his next haircut. So long now.

DOOR SLAM:

(2ND REVISION)

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FIB: OH, SO HE SAID THAT, DID HE!! If he didn't give the best haircut in town I'd never darken his hand towels again. By George hey... you think the water's hot again?

MOL: It should be, dearie. And this time I don't think anybody will cheat you out of it.

FIB: They better not. The first mugg, male or female, that lays a hand on a hot water faucet in this joint is gonna get the ---

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

MOL: Oh, hello, Doctor Gamble.

DOC: (TIRED) Hello, Molly. Hello, Mushroom.

FIB: Hiyah, Doc. You look kinda bushed. Watcha been doing-- treatin' a centipede for fallen arches?

(REVISED) -20-

DOC: Oh the same old routine. Get to bed at three a.m. Phone rings at four fifteen. At five thirty a new little taxpayer starts squawking as loud as a full-grown one. At seven I'm back in bed. At nine I'm back at the hospital, trying to be patient with patients who are trying my patience.

MOL: You certainly look like you could use a good night's sleep, doctor.

DOC: I wish my father and mother had been grizzly bears. So I could sleep till about April. As it is, I'm in and out of the hay like a Nebraska pitchfork. (YAWNS)

FIB: ~~I ain't sure your parents WEREN'T grizzly bears, you big pulse pincher.~~ Don't you even get time to shave?

DOC: Haven't for two days. Just stopped in here because my car broke down in the next block. Take 'em half an hour to fix it. You know what?

MOL: What, Doctor?

DOC: I'd give my right eye - (that's the one with the evil leer in it) - for a hot shower and the use of McGee's no doubt dull razor. Got any hot water in the house?

(PAUSE)

MOL: Why...er...why...

FIB: Er...hot water?

DOC: (IMPATIENTLY) YES, HOT WATER...YOU KNOW...THAT STUFF YOU TOSS A BONE IN TO MAKE SOUP.

MOL: Why certainly, Doctor...as a matter of fact we just heated a tank full.

(REVISED) -21-

FIB: You see we --
DOC: I SEE YOU ARE TWO LOVELY CHARMING PEOPLE. AND NOW, IF
YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I SHALL RUN UPSTAIRS AND SWAB THE FRAME
... (FADE) IF YOU HEAR A RUSTY CLATTER, PAY NO ATTENTION...
IT'LL BE MY PORES OPENING.

DOOR SLAM:

(PAUSE)

MOL: Well...say it, McGee.

FIB: Yeah? And go back to vaudeville?

ORCH: "WHISTLER'S MOTHER AND HER DOT"....KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE

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THIRD SPOT

(2ND REVISION) -22-

DOC: (SINGING TO HIMSELF) OH DON'T FENCE ME IN ... I'VE HAD
SOAPSUDS ON MY SKIN ... I'VE BEEN STANDING IN THE SHOWER
... FOR ALMOST HALF AN HOUR ... SO DON'T FENCE ME IN ...

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS DOWNSTAIRS FAST: DOC HUMMING OVER

DOC: HEY, MCGEE, I HELPED MYSELF TO A COUPLE OF YOUR CLEAN
HANDKERCHIEFS. I HOPE YOU DON'T - (PAUSE) Where's McGee,
Molly?

MOL: Out in the kitchen, Doctor. Feel better?

DOC: My dear, I feel so much better that with a little luck,
I can get thru the day without folding up like a summer
resort card table. Thanks for the hospitality.

MOL: Not at all, Doctor. And the man came to the door and
said your car would be ready in about ten minutes.

DOC: It's a wonderful world we're living in, isn't it? As I
told one of my patients who had sat on a darnin' needle ...
"why worry, - everything comes out all right in the end!"
What's McGee doing?

MOL: He's just sitting there. With his shotgun across his
knees.

DOC: A SHOTGUN ACROSS HIS KNEES. What's the idea? Going to
flush a covey of quail out of the ice box?

MOL: No. He's just making sure that...er...well, it's a long
story, Doctor.

DOC: If it's about your husband, I'd like to hear it. He's
a fascinating little character.

MOL: Well - it started in the barber shop. The barber was
going to charge him seventy-five cents for a shampoo.
McGee thought it was too much.

N

(REVISED)

-23-

DOC: He would. McGee thinks no more of a quarter than I do of my third cervical vertebra.

MOL: Well, he came home to give himself a shampoo. But Alice used all the hot water. He waited and heated some more. Then Beulah used all the hot water. He heated some more. And --

DOC: I get it.

MOL: You GOT it.

DOC: Well, my epidermis is more important than his scalp...if only because there's more of it. But what's this about the shotgun?

MOL: After you took your bath he lighted the heater again. Now he's sitting there guarding it with his shotgun. He says anybody who steals THIS batch of hot water is going to be so full of lead you could use them to write a letter to your Aunt Minnie.

DOC: I haven't got an Aunt Minnie, but my sister Gertrude would be happy to get a postcard. Tell McGee I'm very sorry I... no. I'll tell him myself. Where's the kitchen? Thru this door here, or -

MOL: NO NO NO!!! PLEASE!! DON'T.....

DOC: What's the matter?

MOL: That's the hall closet.

DOC: Oh. I see what you mean. Will you excuse me while I smoke a hot water-pipe of peace with your bitter half?

MOL: I'll do better than that. Doctor. I'll come with you.. Right this way....

DOOR OPEN: FOOTSTEPS

(2ND REVISION) -24-

MOL: It really has been exasperating for him, Doctor...and you know how he is when he sets his mind on doing something.

DOC: I do, indeed. He follows through like a broken garter. Shall we knock?

MOL: Pray do.

DOOR KNOCK GENTLY:

FIB: (OFF MIKE) WHO IS IT?

DOC: (CALLS) Your best friend and severest critic. Or, reading from left to right, your wife and your physician.

FIB: (OFF MIKE) Okay...come in.

DOOR OPEN & CLOSE:

FIB: Hiya, Doc. Feel better?

DOC: Infinitely. I'M sorry I used your hot water, my boy. In extenuation, I can only plead my ignorance of the situation.

MOL: I told him how many times you'd lost the hot water, McGee.

FIB: Aw, that's okay, Doc. But believe me I'm makin' sure of this tankful. Anybody lays a hand on this water is gonna wind up as full o' holes as a German treaty. Your car fixed?

DOC: It will be, any minute. I just dropped back here to say goodbye and thank you for a delightful dunk.

FIB: I'll go out with you and see you get started all right, Doc. I don't think anybody'll swipe this water now... I've warned 'em enough...

MOL: MCGEE....PLEASE BE CAREFUL WITH THAT GUN.
FIB: Okay. I'll just set it down here in the corner where -
SOUND: THUD & TERRIFIC BLAST: WATER POURING OUT OF TANK. SUSTAIN
MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS...MCGEE, LOOK WHAT YOU DID!
DOC: What a neat third act curtain, my boy....you blew a hole
right through the hot water tank!
FIB: This is impossible! The gun wasn't even loaded!
ORCH: "I WALKED IN"...FADE FOR:

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Maybe I should read you another short paragraph from the service wife's letter I mentioned earlier. "Wherever I go", she writes, "I am just one of your lieutenants. Long before we get all the hooks where we want them or all the woodwork cleaned, we have the kitchen and bathroom floors washed and GLO-COATED. And honestly, the saddest of cracked linoleum can look at least some better with GLO-COAT". Yes, it can, as many of you other ladies have discovered -- but the tragedy of it all is, that same linoleum would still be looking very much like new if it had been protected with GLO-COAT from the beginning. The gradual destruction and ruin of linoleum surfaces caused by continual scrubbing and neglect is tragic and so unnecessary. JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO COAT actually saves work -- it needs no rubbing or buffing, makes cleaning so easy -- and its regular use makes linoleum last 6 to 10 times longer -- besides making it more beautiful.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC...FADE ON CUE

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(REVISED) -27-

MOL: My, your hair certainly looks nice since you had your
shampoo, McGee.

FIB: Yeah, it does...doesn't it?

MOL: And we're sorry we had to make you keep your barber-shop
open after hours, Mr. Nick.

NICK: Forget it, Sweetsie. I couldn't lock the door till I
got out of here, anyway. Goodnight.

FIB: Goodnight!

MOL: Goodnight, all!

PLAYOFF AND SIGNOFF:

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.

ANNCR: THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

(CHIMES)

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

(REV)

"FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY"

-Johnson's Wax-

6:30 - 7:00 PM

January 23, 1945
