

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

#18

"FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY"

Johnson's Wax

6:30 - 7:00 PM

January 30, 1945

NBC

WILCOX: RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TONIGHT TO THE UNITED STATES
MERCHANT MARINE: 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: "POOR LITTLE RHODE ISLAND" ... FADE FOR:

WILCOX: Don't you wish you could live in a world where there wasn't any dirt? Think how much time and work and money you could save! But we do have dirt -- so the sensible thing is to figure how to get rid of it with the least effort. One way, of course, is with the regular use of JOHNSON'S WAX on your floors, furniture, woodwork and other surfaces. Here's an important thing to remember -- both JOHNSON'S LIQUID WAX and CREAM WAX clean as they polish. The dirt comes off when you apply the wax -- and when you polish the surface, it becomes immaculately clean and beautiful. The film of JOHNSON'S WAX itself is invisible, but it protects against moisture and wear and can be renewed when necessary to make that protection last indefinitely. If you haven't been using JOHNSON'S LIQUID WAX or the CREAM WAX, try them, especially on your furniture, woodwork and accessories. You'll know what we mean when we say, the WAX cleans as it polishes.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH)

(APPLAUSE)

WILCOX: THE SQUARE OF 79 WISTFUL VISTA ALWAYS STOPS AT THE BEST HOTELS. IN FACT HE'S JUST STOPPED AT THE WISTFUL VISTA BILTMORE - AND BOUGHT A CIGAR. AND HERE WALKING THRU THE LOBBY WE FIND -- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE

SOUND: CROWD MURMUR...FADE

FIB: (MUTTERS) Wise guy!

MOL: What's the matter?

FIB: That cigar clerk. I asked him if he would sell me a El Ropo Cabbago, and he says "yes I can sell you one, but don't light it in here.

MOL: Well, my goodness, we - HEAVENLY DAYS! ... LOOK AT THAT CROWD AROUND THE HOTEL DESK, MCGEE.

FIB: Bunch of unfounded roomers, tryin' to find a place to lay their weary luggage.

MOL: They just turned away that gray-haired man with all the gold braid. What does four gold stripes on a navy sleeve mean?

(2ND REVISION) -5-

FIB: He's the officer in charge of distributing pin-up pictures. They call him a Petty officer. Petty is the fella that draws all those --

MOL: Look, McGee -- look over there!

FIB: What at?

MOL: That sailor. Sitting on the suitcase. He looks so discouraged.

FIB: No wonder. He's sittin' on the lock. He oughtta turn it up on end.

MOL: Nice looking lad. Maybe we could do something for him.

FIB: Well, I dunno what, but it won't do any harm to give him a kind word. Come on. (PAUSE) HI THERE, SAILOR!

BOY: What? Oh ... how do you do.

FIB: Anything bothering you, son?

MOL: Except us?

BOY: (LAUGHS) I'm glad you ~~did~~ ^{spoke} to me, ma'am. I was so lonesome I was about to go out and shoot myself --

FIB: WHAT?

BOY: -- a game of billiards. !

MOL: Oh. Well, not that it's any of our business ... but couldn't you get a room here in the hotel?

(REVISED) -6-

BOY: No ma'am. Nor any other hotel. But that's all right. I'm just here for one night.

FIB: One night is too long to sleep sitting on a suitcase, bud. You'd be goin' around tomorrow with circles under your pockets.

BOY: I can make it up on the train tomorrow.

MOL: What branch of the navy are you in - if it isn't a military secret?

BOY: I'm in the merchant marine, ma'am. My hitch is up.

FIB: My gosh, it is. Well, we'll stand in front of you if you wanna hitch it down again. That sea-goin' underwear is----

MOL: McGee...he means he's been discharged!

BOY: Yes ma'am. I'm on my way home now.

FIB: Gonna join up again, bud?

BOY: I don't know, sir. I might. And then again I might try to get established in some shore job.

MOL: That's a very natural impulse, I'm sure. On the other hand, do you think there's any more important shore job than making shore we win the war?

BOY: ~~I know.~~ I'm going to think it over before I do anything. Look, do you folks know of any place in town where I could sleep tonight? I'm not fussy. Just someplace that's dark warm and horizontal.

FIB: Well, lemme think, bud. Maybe the Elks Club would ~~do~~ no, they're redecorating.

MOL: McGee.

FIB: Eh?

MOL: Maybe we.. (PAUSE) I mean, it might be possible to...er....

FIB: You mean (PAUSE) HMMMMMM?

MOL: Why not?

FIB: A very good question. LOOK, SON... I'm Mr. McGee.
This is my wife, Mrs. McGee.

BOY: Oh...er...uh...well, I'm glad to meet you. I'm
Tommy Davis.

MOL: How do you do, I'm sure. Look Mr. Davis --

BOY: Tommy, Ma'am.

MOL: Look, Tommy, why don't you come and stay with us
tonight. We have plenty of room.

FIB: Hot and cold running rootbeer, son. Radio in every
room. They don't work, but they're there.

BOY: Gee, that would be...well...Oh, no. Thanks very much.
I'll just find a --

MOL: OH, NOW COME, TOMMY. You won't be a bit of trouble.

BOY: It's very kind of you, ma'am, but I don't think I'd
better my train leaves very early --

FIB: Look, bud, us seafaring men have gotta stick together,
see?

BOY: Were you at sea, sir?

MOL: Was he! He still is!

FIB: Had my own boat on the Illinois river, son. Thirty-two
footer. I can tell you more about scuppering^a a fiddley
hatch than you can SHAKE a scuttlebutt at! Why I mind
one time we got caught in a trade wind that tore the
starboard bulkheads right outa the gunnel!

BOY: Just the same sir, I don't think I should.

FIB: AW, COME ON WITH US, TOMMY, MY BOY. I'LL TEACH YOU
HOW TO TIE A TURK'S HEAD. AND A GRANNY KNOT. MY OLD
GRANNY SPENT ONE WHOLE WINTER TEACHING ME HOW TO --

BOY: It's very nice of you sir, but I think it would be better
if' --

MOL: I'll bet Alice will enjoy talking to you too, Tommy.

BOY: I know but...ALICE?

FIB: She boards with us, Tommy. Works in a airplane
plant.

BOY: Wel-l-l....

MOL: Of course she MAY have a date for tonight. She's so
popular, you know.

FIB: That's because she's so beautiful. That wonderful
blonde hair, those blue eyes...and that smile. That
kid's got a smile that would make Himmler follow her
into a Russian restaurant.

MOL: However, if you don't feel like -

BOY: MA'AM I'VE CHANGED MY MIND. LET'S GO!

FIB: SWELL... right this way, Tommy and...NO NO NO, MOLLY.....
DON'T YOU CARRY THAT SUITCASE...IT'S TOO HEAVY!

BOY: Let me carry it, please.

FIB: Sure..let Tommy carry it...Let's go this way, Tommy.

We can grab a bus on 14th street and -

ORCHESTRA: "STOMPIN AT THE SAVOY"

APPLAUSE:

SECOND SPOT

FIB: Yes sir, Tommy, there's nothing like sailing to bring out the best in a man.

MOL: I always travel by rail, myself. Particularly on a boat.

TOM: Did you say Alice ought to be home any min----

FIB: WHO? OH, ALICE? Yeah.....oughtta be home any minute, Tommy. But what was I sayin'? Oh yes....well, sir, the time I and Fred Nitney took our boat on a cruise to Starved Rock, was really something. ALL OF A SUDDEN, OUTA THE SOU-SOU-EAST, COME A NORWESTER!

BOY: A nor-wester comes out of the northwest, Mr. McGee.

FIB: Ordinarily, yes.....that's what made this wind so unusual. It was a freak storm. 80 mile gale. Tore the lashings off the mizzen and keelhauled the jib so you could hardly batten down the mainstays.

BOY: We ran into one of those out of Murmansk one night.

FIB: Murmansk? Norway, eh?

MOL: Murmansk is not in Norway, dearie. It's in...er....up near the....er.....

BOY: Russia.

FIB: What'd I say, - Norway? (LAUGHS) I meant Russia. Right there on the Mediterranean.

BOY: Yes, it's er....in that general direction, all right.

FIB: Well, sir.... THERE WE WERE, BOWLING ALONG WITH THE
TAFTRAIL COMPLETELY SHIVERED UNDER THE BOOM CRADLE.
THE LANYARDS WERE GROANING!! THE FOREPEAK WAS
FLUTTERING! THE BILGES WERE BANGIN' AGAINST THE
TILLER....WHEN ALL OF A SUDDEN, WE STRUCK!!

MOL: My goodness.....

BOY: You struck what, sir? A rock?

FIB: Nope. A bargain. We agreed to jump overboard and
swim ashore. Which we did.

MOL: What became of the boat?

FIB: We never knew. (DRAMATICALLY..."WITH INFLECTIONS")
But they say that on dark windy nights around the
Illinois River, a ghostly little sailboat can
'be seen, silently gliding up and down the stream....
lookin' for its lost masters.

MOL: Maybe we can see it tonight. It's been getting
awfully windy in here.

BOY: What kind of a boat was it, sir? Sloop?

FIB: Nope. Star class, three-masted cat-boat with a balloon
spinnaker and a retractable cargo boom.

BOY: I never heard of a ship like that sir.

FIB: Well, natch. I designed it myself.

BOY: What was the displacement?

FIB: Didn't have any. Them luxuries weren't for me, bud.
When I went sailing, there was no fol-de-rol about it.
I MIND ONE TIME, WE WERE SAILING AROUND THE HORN --

MOL: You don't mean CAPE HORN, by any chance?

FIB: Certainly not. Somebody'd threw an old brass tuba in the
water near the dock and we always had to sail around it.
WELL SIR --

MOL: Look, McGee....let Tommy do a little talking. You haven't
let him get a word in edgewise.

FIB: Why sure...go ahead, Tommy. What kind o' boats you been
on?

BOY: Cargo ships, mostly, sir. But I was on one tanker. We
were in a Convoy to Halifax --

FIB: AHHE, HALIFAX! I PLANNED TO SAIL UP THERE ONE SUMMER.
1922, IT WAS....or was it 1923? No, it was 1922. Or was
it? No, it was 1924. I think. Yes, it was 1924.
Though it could have been '25.

MOL: I wish you knew for sure, sweetheart, I'm all a-twitter
to know what year it was you didn't go anyplace. Look,
Tommy, did you say you were going to sign on for the
Merchant Marine again?

BOY: I don't know, ma'am. I haven't made up my mind. I've
got to think about my future.

with a balloon

for me, bud.

rol about it.

THE HORN --

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sail around it.

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my mind. I've

FIB: Sure you have, son. But I was readin' the other day that after the war the Merchant Marine was gonna be one of the great American industries. My gosh, with the experience you'll have then you really oughtta have something!

BOY: You might be right about that, sir, but--

MOL: Maybe the boy doesn't LIKE the life, McGee.

BOY: OH, I LOVE IT, MA'AM...I was just thinking, if I ever got married --

FIB: If you ever got married your wife'd be pretty proud of you, Tommy. Holdin' down a good job with a big steamship line...and knowing you did the job you were trained for all thru the war. Incidentally, I wonder if they'd take me.

MOL: Oh, sure. You get seasick crossing the gutter on a rainy day. But Tommy, why don't you...(PAUSE) What's the matter?

BOY: I thought I heard the front door open. Do you suppose Alice --

DOOR OPEN:

WIL: Hello, folks. I hope I'm-- Oh...excuse me.

MOL: That's all right, Mr. Wilcox. This is Tommy Davis, in the Merchant Marine.

BOY: How do you do.

WIL: Glad to meet you, Tommy.

FIB: I and he were just swapping experiences, Junior. Nautical stuff. Sit down and listen if you wanna... but you won't understand much of it.

(REVISED)
swap, too, Mr. Wilcox. Tommy has been to Africa, the South Seas and Iceland. I wouldn't understand nautical summer vacations. I shipped as purser thru the West Indies. I run into a four-striper named Brannegan. WHY SURE...H
OLD SALTPOCK BRANNEGAN? GREAT OLD GUY.
SEVERAL RUNS. I always had a happy ship a convoy to Melbourne.
Speakin' of happy ships, I remember
AHHH, GOOD OLD SALTPOCK BRANNEGAN!
PARROT THAT SWEARS, TOMMY?
Yes sir...he always had a happy ship by some Zeros one day a says, Oh my goodness!
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WIL: TOMMY, R
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BOY:

MOL: It was quite a swap, too, Mr. Wilcox. Tommy has ^{only} been to Russia, Asia, Africa, the South Seas and Iceland. And ^{himself} McGee has been to Starved Rock, Illinois in a catboat.

WIL: What did you mean I wouldn't understand nautical talk, Pal? I shipped as purser thru the West Indies for several summer vacations.

BOY: Ever run into a four-striper named Brannegan in those latitudes, sir?

WIL: OLD SALTPORK BRANNEGAN? WHY SURE...HE WAS MY SKIPPER FOR SEVERAL RUNS. GREAT OLD GUY.

BOY: Yes sir...he always had a happy ship. I was with him in a convoy to Melbourne.

FIB: Speakin' of happy ships, I remember one time --

WIL: AHHH, GOOD OLD SALTPORK BRANNEGAN! HE STILL GOT THAT PARROT THAT SWEARS, TOMMY?

BOY: Yes sir. Only it doesn't swear any more. We got strafed by some Zeros one day and ever since then the parrot just says, Oh my goodness!...Oh my goodness!...
Oh my goodness!

MOL: These nautical discussions are a little over my head, boys. I always thought a quarter-deck was 13 cards.

FIB: Speakin' of quarterdecks - I had an interesting experience ^{haha} once. We ~~were on the starboard tack, heading due east~~ ^{hit us hammer} when --

WIL: TOMMY, REMEMBER HOW OLD BRANNEGAN USED TO BE SO FUSSY ABOUT KEEPING THE WARD ROOM SHIPSHAPE?

BOY: The fo'c'sle, too sir. We had to polish the linoleum every third day or lose liberty.

FIB: Oh, Sailor. ~~~~~

WIL: What did you polish the linoleum with?

BOY: Let me think...oh yes...it was called Johnson's Self Polishing Glocoat. Wonderful stuff.

MOL: Weren't you sticking your commercial peck out there a little, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Not at all. Captain Brannegan always insisted on the best there was. And you know salt water is pretty tough on linoleum. Had to keep it protected.

FIB: On the boat I had, we always used to --

WIL: WHY, I REMEMBER ONE TIME A SUPERCARGO TOOK ABOARD SOME INFERIOR FLOOR POLISH AND HE NEARLY GOT KEELHAULED. OLD BRANNEGAN SAID "I'LL TAKE A MARLINSPIKE TO THE NEXT CHICKEN-FARMER THAT USES ANYTHING BUT JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT FOR THE LINOLEUM ON MY SHIP!"

BOY: Yes sir. He'd never let us use anything else either. He said it saved a lot of the crew's time because it was so easy to apply. And it made the linoleum last so much longer.

MOL: Shiver my timbers, I'm glad we always use it in our galley!

FIB: Speakin' of galleys, this catboat I had was one of the --

WIL: You on liberty now, Tommy?

BOY: No sir. Discharged. Thinking of taking a shore job.

MOL: We've been telling him that he's needed a lot more in the Merchant Marine, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: Oh, you certainly are, Tommy! Very badly, Trained seamen are pretty scarce. It's men like you the services depend on to deliver the goods where they need it. You know what General Eisenhower said about you fellows?

BOY: No sir.

FIB: WIL: He said: "Every man in this Allied Command is quick to express his admiration for the loyalty, courage and fortitude of the officers and men of the Merchant Marine. They have never failed us yet and we know they never will." Gee, did ^{General} Eisenhower say that?

FIB: He sure did, Tommy. I remember readin' about it.

MOL: Better stay with it, Tommy. You're an essential man and you're building up to a great job after the war in the merchant ^{marine} ~~service~~.

WIL: And if you ever ship with old Saltpork Brannegan again, Tommy, tell him Purser Wilcox wished him a happy voyage.

BOY: Yes sir. What are you doing now, sir, in case he asks?

WIL: I'M selling Johnson's Self-Polishing Clocoat, Tommy. When I hit the deck, they rise and shine! But what I dropped in for, Pal, was to know if you're going bowling tonight.

FIB: Not tonite, Waxey. If Alice Darling and Tommy here go out to a movie or something tonight, they might want me to go along.

MOL: Oh sure. You'd be as welcome as a spotlight in Lover's Lane. You have to go now, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Yeah ... see you later. Glad to have met you, Tommy.

BOY: Glad to have had you aboard, sir.

WIL: Nice to have been aboard, mister.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: What's "that nice to have been aboard" stuff?

FIB: Navy etiquette, Molly. HEY DID I TELL YOU THE EXPERIENCE I HAD ONCE, WHEN WE WERE RUNNING FOR THE HARBOR AND A SUDDEN SQUEAL COME UP?

MOL: A sudden what?

FIB: Squeal. That's a small squall. WELL SIR --

MOL: ^{Excuse me} ~~Excuse me~~ ^{Tommy} ~~Tommy~~, dinner ought to be ready in a very short time and Alice should be here any minute. Would you like to go upstairs and wash up a bit?

BOY: Yes, ma'am. Thank you very much.

FIB: Second door, upper deck, left of the companion-way, sailor. Soon as you've stowed your gear and policed your puss, come below.

BOY: (LAUGHS) Aye aye, sir. (FADE) Right away sir.....

MOL: Isn't he a nice boy, McGee? I'm sure Alice and Doctor Gamble will like him.

FIB: DOC GAMBLE! WHAT'S THAT OLD BEDSIDE BANT I GOT TO GO WITH IT?

MOL: Why you remember.....you invited him to dinner tonight yourself.

FIB: I invited him? Well doggone it, why can't I keep my big fat mouth shut? Is dinner about ready?

MOL: I don't know. I'll ask Beulah. OH BEULAH.....BEULAH!

DOOR OPEN

BEUL: Somebody bawl fo' Beulah?

(2ND REVISION) -19-

MOL: Yes, Beulah. We're having a special guest for dinner tonight.

BEUL: Yes ma'am. I know. Doctah Gamble. But I don't consider him special comp'ny, ma'am. (CHUCKLES) He jus' a ole homebody.

FIB: Yes, and I wish that old body would find another home. He's gonna eat us out of ours.

MOL: I thought the Doctor was on a diet.

BEUL: He is, ma'am. (LAUGHS) He tell me, "BEULAH", he tell me, "BEULAH, I IS ON A VERY SPECIAL DIET. I DON'T EAT NOTHIN' BUT FOOD!"

FIB: You can say that again. But we weren't referring to him, Beulah. We brought home a sailor from the Merchant Marine.

MOL: He couldn't find a place to sleep tonight, so he's staying with us.

BEUL: Okay, ma'am. Miss Alice gonna be heah too?

FIB: Sure. And the sailor is so steamed up to meet her he whistles at grade-crossings.

MOL: He may take her to a movie after dinner, Beulah. Is there a good one in town?

(REVISED) -20-

BEUL: They say the picture at the Bijou is real good, ma'am. It's all about the Income Tax. - I think.

FIB: A MOVIE ABOUT THE INCOME TAX? What's the name of it?

BEUL: National Velvet.

MOL: I think that picture is about a steeplechase, Beulah.

FIB: Same thing. One little stumble and it's a horse on you.

BEUL: Well, don't you worry none about this sailor bein' fed good, folks. We got plenty of evanthing, and more than that of most.

MOL: Good. He'll sleep in Uncle Dennis' old room.

FIB: And I hope it ain't haunted. Uncle Dennis entertained a lot of spirits in there!

BEUL: He enntertain a lotta spirits in..(LAUGHS HEARTILY)
LOVE THAT MAN!

DOOR SLAM:

ORCHESTRA: "MOITIE" - KING'S MEN. APPLAUSE:

SOUND: CLATTER OF DISHES. SILVER...ETC. ETC...SUSTAIN THRUOUT AT

INTERESTING AND APPROPRIATE INTERVALS

MOL: Won't you have some more gravy, Alice?

ALICE: No thank you, Mrs. McGee. I have to watch my figure, you know.

DOC: Couldn't think of a pleasanter assignment, my dear.

FIB: Pipe down, you old rooey. You're old enough to be her grandfather.

DOC: A man is only as old as he looks, sonny, and I can still do that. Please pass the biscuits if you can stop gnawing on that chicken leg long enough.

MOL: Pass the chicken will you please, Tommy. Give Alice some.

BOY: Certainly. Have some Alice, Chicken? I mean...er....
(LAUGHS) Have some chicken, Alice?

ALICE: No thank you, Tommy. And go on with what you were telling me about the time you had to jettison the cargo off Cape Hatteras.

FIB: ABOUT THE TIME HE WHAT?

DOC: Had to jettison the cargo, dopey. If you'd ever gotten enough salt air in your nostrils to clear your stuffy little brain, you'd know that means throw the cargo overboard in an emergency. We had to do that once in the middle of the China Sea.

MOL: Who did, Doctor?

DOC: The ship I was on.

BOY: Taking a world cruise, Doctor?

DOC: I took plenty of 'em, my boy. I was ship's surgeon on the Atlantic and Orient Line for a long time.

FIB: A LIKELY STORY! IF YOU KNOW SO MUCH ABOUT BOATS, WHAT'S A FIDDLEY-HATCH?

ALICE: I know what that is, Mr. McGee.

BOY: Gee, do you really, Alice?

MOL: What is it, Alice?

ALICE: It's a grating over the engine room for ventilating purposes.

DOC: CORRECT, ALICE!

FIB: How do you know so much about boats, Alice?

ALICE: Well, when I was a little girl I lived with my uncle and he had a hundred foot yacht. We traveled all over in it.

MOL: It looks like you and I were the only ones who didn't know a bilge from a bulge, McGee.

DOC: I'd know his bulge from a bilge anyplace. You'd better cut down on the calories, chubby, or people will think you're smuggling balloons. May I have the butter please, Tommy?

FIB: I MIND ONE TIME WHEN A GUY ON MY BOAT BROKE HIS ARM
IN A HEAVY SEA, BEIN' THROWN AGAINST THE WALL OF
THE CABIN AND--

ALICE: They don't call it a wall on board ship, Mr. McGee.
They call it a bulkhead.

FIB: That's what I meant...bulkhead. Anyway, he was
layin' there on the floor --

DOC: Not FLOOR, LANLUBBER. DECK.

FIB: Yes. He was layin' there on the deck while I went
downstairs.

BOY: We don't say "downstairs", sir. We say "below".

FIB: SO I WENT BELOW AND MADE A SPLINT OUT OF A BROOMSTICK
I FOUND IN THE KITCHEN--

DOC: The GALLEY.

FIB: In the galley. Then I come back upstairs--

ALICE: You mean you came topside, Mr. McGee.

FIB: I came topside with the broomstick and made an
emergency splint. It was kinda crude, but--

BOY: We call that a JURY RIG, SIR. Means temporary.

(PAUSE)

MOL: Another biscuit, McGee?

FIB: NO, I DON'T WANT ANOTHER BISCUIT, THANK YOU. I JUST DON'T
WANNA BE INTERRUPTED IN EVERYTHING I SAY. THAT'S ALL.

BOY: Sorry, sir.

DOC: Oh it isn't you, Tommy, my boy. Our host is slightly
incinerated that he can't impress Alice and me with his
nautical knowledge. By the way, ever get to Oahu?

BOY: Oh, yes sir. Several times. Beautiful voyage.

ALICE: I remember it very well, Doctor...Diamond Head to
starboard...Molokai to port. And all those flying fish
skittering around.

BOY: Gee, I wish you and I-- I mean, well maybe someday --

FIB: I MIND ONE TIME I WAS SAILING ON THE ILLINOIS RIVER AND--

DOC: You're going back in the Merchant Marine service aren't you,
Tommy?

BOY: Yes sir. I think I will. Alice says she'll write to me
every week, too.

MOL: I'll send you some cookies, Tommy.

BOY: In that case, Mrs. McGee, I'll make it my life work.

FIB: ANYWAY, WE WERE SCUDDING ALONG, MAKIN' ABOUT TEN KNOTS
AN HOUR--

ALICE: You don't say ten knots an HOUR, Mr. McGee. You just say
ten knots. A knot is a unit of speed. A nautical mile,
about 6,080 feet in an hour.

PAUSE: CLATTER OF DISHES

MOL: Coffee, doctor? It's the way you like it - dark as
Japan's future and strong as a brewery horse.

(2ND REVISION) -25-

DOC: Thanks, Molly. I will. The reason I asked, Tommy, is I think you've got a great future in the merchant marine. You'll have, eventually, a secure job in a tremendous industry. (ASIDE) No thanks...no cream.

BOY: Yes sir, I guess I will. But Alice says the important thing is they need me now.

ALICE: They really do, Tommy. And in six months time a man can now make the progress it would have taken him three years to make before Pearl Harbor.

FIB: TALK ABOUT PROGRESS! WHEN I HAD MY CATBOAT ON THE ILLINOIS RIVER, I WAS TYIN' UP TO THE DOCK ONE DAY -

DOC: Don't say "TYING UP", amateur. Say MAKING FAST.

FIB: Okay, wise guy. So I was makin' fast to the dock one day and I noticed the boat was kinda low in the water. SO I WENT BACK ABOARD....(PAUSE) Back aboard...is that right, you experts?

(REVISED) -26-

MOL: Sounds reasonable.

BOY: Quite correct, sir.

DOC: Perfect, for once.

ALICE: Go ahead, Mr. McGee.

FIB: SO I GOES BACK ABOARD, SEE, AND WENT DOWN INSIDE O' THE KEEL TO INVESTIGATE, AND--

DOC: INSIDE THE KEEL!! SUFFERING SHADES OF JOHN PAUL JONES!

ALICE: You mean down into the hold, Mr. McGee.

SOUND: CLATTER OF SILVER AND CHINA - SCRAPE OF CHAIR:

FIB: Excuse me, please.

MOL: MCGEE...WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

FIB: I'M GONNA FINISH MY DINNER IN THE KITCHEN, THAT'S WHERE I'M GOIN'! I CAN'T OPEN MY MOUTH AROUND HERE BUT WHAT SOME SALTY WISE GUY JUMPS DOWN MY THROAT. I KNOW WHEN I'VE HAD ENOUGH! SEE YOU LATER!

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

FIB: Mind if I finish my dinner out here, Beulah?

BEUL: Nossuh. No objections whatsoever, suh. Ain' they givin' you no elbow room?

FIB: That's not the trouble, Beulah. I'm outclassed in there. That's all. I come out here because you're the only person in the joint that knows from nothin' about boats.

BEUL: (LAUGHS HEARTILY) ARE YOU KIDDIN', MIST' MCGEE?

FIB: Whaddye mean?

BEUL: Well fo' goodness sake, I was stewardness on a ocean linah for seven yeahs.

FIB: You were a ste-- OH, THIS IS RIDICULOUS!

ORCH: "ONLY ANOTHER GIRL AND BOY" - FADE FOR:

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Most of us like to feel that what we do has the approval of our friends. Even in the selection of our clothes or laundry soap or floor polish this is true. Well, then, if you're one of the many housekeepers who keep your linoleum floors sparkling with JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO COAT, you should feel pretty good. Because GLO COAT is the choice of most housekeepers -- and what's more, it is recommended both by housekeeping authorities and by linoleum manufacturers themselves. To you ladies who have used other JOHNSON'S WAX products, the name JOHNSON itself on the package is the only recommendation you need. And if you are a regular user of GLO-COAT, you know how much it saves you work and saves your linoleum. GLO-COAT shines as it dries, without rubbing or buffing. And its regular use makes linoleum last 6 to 10 times longer, besides keeping it beautifully polished.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC...FADE ON CUE

TAG

FIB: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...THERE IS REALLY AN URGENT... ALMOST DESPERATE, NEED FOR MEN IN THE MERCHANT MARINE. EXPERIENCED ABLE BODIED SEAMEN, MATES, COOKS, BAKERS, RADIO TELEGRAPHERS, FIREMEN, OILERS WATER-TENDERS, AND ENGINEERS OF ALL CLASSES ARE NEEDED IMMEDIATELY.

MOL: THREE NEW MERCHANT SHIPS ARE BEING LAUNCHED EVERY DAY, AND WE MUST HAVE MEN TO MAN THEM. THIS IS A VITAL WAR JOB WITH A GREAT POST-WAR FUTURE.

FIB: WE HOPE ALL QUALIFIED MEN WILL WIRE COLLECT AT ONCE TO "MERCHANT MARINE, WASHINGTON, D.C." GIVING THEIR RATINGS AND ADDRESSES. THEY'LL BE PUT ON STAND-BY PAY IMMEDIATELY AND TRANSPORTATION WILL BE FURNISHED TO THE PORT OF ASSIGNMENT.

MOL: GET OUT ON THE WATER, MEN, FOR THE LAND'S SAKE!

FIB: Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all!

PLAYOFF: 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)