

WRITERS: Don Quinn
Phil Leslie

(REVISED) # 21

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY

Johnson's Wax

6:30 - 7:00 P.M.

NBC

February 20, 1945

(REVISED) -2-

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

ORCH: THEME - FADE FOR:

WILCOX: The makers of Johnson Wax Products 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: "LIZA" -- FADE FOR:

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC
FEBRUARY 20, 1945

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WIL: When the end of the day comes around and you're out in the kitchen getting dinner, have you ever thought how nice it is to have floors that are always clean and sparkling? I mean linoleum floors that are protected regularly with JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT. They do sparkle and shine and they are easy to keep that way. They brighten up your kitchen and make it a pleasanter place to work in. Spilled things are wiped up in a jiffy, and those old scrubbing days are gone forever. GLO-COAT saves you work because it is SELF POLISHING -- needs no rubbing or buffing. And here's something you should know -- the regular use of JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT makes linoleum last 6 to 10 times longer. That's one reason why linoleum manufacturers themselves recommend it. It's a very good reason why you should try JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT on your floors.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

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WILCOX: THE MCGEEES, OF 79 WISTFUL VISTA, HAVE BEEN STICKING VERY CLOSE TO HOME LATELY. IN FACT, THEY HAVEN'T BEEN THREE BLOCKS FROM THE HOUSE IN MONTHS. BUT ALL THAT HAS BEEN CHANGED TODAY, FOR HERE AT 14TH AND OAK STREETS, FOUR BLOCKS FROM THE HOUSE AND ON THEIR WAY TO THE RAILROAD STATION, WE FIND --

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: STREET NOISES...FADE FOR:

FIB: Come on, Molly...we gotta hurry. To me, the dumbest thing anybody can do is miss a train.

MOL: To me, the dumbest thing anybody can do is get such a late start they MIGHT miss a train. And I can't walk any faster carrying this heavy suitcase.

FIB: Cheer up; another three blocks and it'll be my turn to carry it again. DOGGONE IT, WHERE ARE ALL THE TAXICABS IN THIS TOWN, ANYWAY!

MOL: They're afraid to face all the increased business, I suppose.

FIB: Oh, Yellow, eh? Well, by George, if-- Hey, here comes one!

SOUND: MOTOR IN UP AND FADE DURING:

FIB: HEY, TAXI...HEY!!

MOL: He had seven people jammed in it already, dearie. They'll have to get that first passenger out with a fork... like a bottle of olives.

"McGee"
2/20/45

(2ND REVISION) -5-

FIB: Did you call the station to find out what time "The Squaw" leaves for San Francisco.

MOL: Yes. Twenty after.

FIB: Twenty after what?

MOL: Just twenty after. That's as close as they dare predict these days. Incidentally, that's an odd name for a train. Why do they call it "The Squaw"?

FIB: It goes out after "The Chief".

MOL: Oh. I just wondered why they-- McGEE - HERE COMES A CAB!

FIB: HEY...TAXI! TAXI!! WHISTLE, MOLLY...WHISTLE!!

MOL: (WHISTLES)

SOUND: CAB IN AND OUT FAST

FIB: WELL, I'LL BE A-- DID YOU SEE THAT? WOULDN'T STOP AND HE HAD AN EMPTY CAB! AND HE WAS GOIN' ABOUT FORTY!

MOL: Maybe he was trying to make the garage before he ran out of gasoline.

FIB: Could be. Or maybe you didn't whistle loud enough.

MOL: I wish you wouldn't make me whistle like that, McGee. It isn't ladylike.

FIB: Well, gee whizz, you know I TRIED to learn how. But I got a pivot tooth and it always turns around at me and blows me back two feet. My gosh, I hope we don't miss that train.

MOL: Oh, we'll make it. (LAUGHS) Remember when we ---

(2ND REVISION)

-6-

FIB: HEY..THERE COMES A TAXI...HEY, TAXI!...TAXI!!

SOUND: CAR IN UP AND OUT FAST

MOL: Well, that driver was at least friendly. He waved to you.

FIB: It would of been friendlier if he'd taken his hand away from his face while he did it.

MOL: Oh well, he didn't-- WELL, FOR GOODNESS SAKE...HERE COMES ALICE DARLING. YOO HOO...ALICE!!

ALICE: (FADE IN) Hello, Mrs. McGee. Hello, Mr. McGee. Creepers, aren't you a little late to catch that train?

FIB: Oh, it don't leave till twenty after, Alice.

ALICE: Twenty after what?

MOL: Let's leave it at that. It gives us twenty-four chances.

FIB: What brings you downtown, Alice? I thought you were workin' at the airplane plant today.

ALICE: The foreman sent me down to the hardware store to get a pair of outside calipers.

MOL: Heavenly days, Alice, isn't it pretty chilly these days to be working outside?

FIB: (LAUGHS) She doesn't know much about mechanics, Alice. You see, Molly, calipers are a tool that is used to...er... well, what you got to use when you...er...it's a sort of intricate thing that...er...

ALICE: They're used to measure outside diameters.

FIB: Certainly. Outside diameters. ~~Naturally.~~ What they got you working on at the plant now, Alice?

ALICE: I'm tapering pinion flanges on booster gears for the intermediate drive shaft that controls the ratio between the hydraulic pressure housing and the hermetically sealed rigby.

MOL: HOW INTERESTING! And what is a rigby?

ALICE: Oh, that's a military secret, Mrs. McGee.

FIB: Pretty well guarded, eh?

ALICE: Guarded! Creepers! One of our workmen just pointed at it the other day and they shot his finger off!

MOL: Lucky he didn't bow to it.

ALICE: Well, I don't want to delay you. I know you want to get down to that train.

FIB: Yeah...we better be trotting along.

MOL: See you when we get back, Alice.

FIB: Don't take any wooden shoe coupons, kid.

ALICE: I won't...I might get in Dutch. Hope you make your train!

TRAFFIC UP AND FADE:

MOL: Isn't she a pretty girl!

FIB: Yeah...even looks good in coveralls. ~~Most~~ ^{Some} wimmin look like they were payin' off an election bet on President Taft. They're so-- OH-OH...HERE COMES A TAXI!!! HEY, TAXI!!! TAXI!!!

SOUND: CAR IN AND OUT FAST, WITH BRAKE SCREECH. DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Well, thank goodness.

FIB: Let me take the suitcase, Molly. It's too heavy for you to lift in the cab.

MOL: Thank you. Which hand am I carrying it with? They're both numb.

FIB: Left hand...I got it. Come on...(DOOR SLAM) OKAY, DRIVER, TAKE IT AWAY!!!...AND DON'T SPARE THE SPARKPLUGS!

DRIVER: Where to, Mac?

MOL: To the Union Station. And hurry!

DRIVER: You kin walk there about as quick as I can drive yez, folks.

MOL: Well, we're in quite a hurry.

FIB: AND DON'T GIMME ANY ARGUMENT, BUD. REMEMBER, THE CUSTOMER IS ALWAYS RIGHT.

DRIVER: Yeah, but --

FIB: COME ON, COME ON, COME ON!...GET GOIN'!!! AND IF A COP STOPS YOU, I'LL HANDLE IT. I'M STRICTLY A GUY THAT WALKS INTO THE MAYOR'S OFFICE WITH HIS HAT ON.

DRIVER: But look, Doc --

MOL: Oh, for goodness sakes --!

FIB: (YELLS) GET GOIN', WILL YA?

DRIVER: RIGHT!

SOUND: MOTOR UP FAST AND OUT IMMEDIATELY WITH BRAKE SCREECH

DRIVER: Here we are. Union Station. Thirty-five cents.

MOL: Why, you only went across the street!

FIB: THIRTY-FIVE CENTS JUST TO MAKE A U-TURN? THAT'S ROBBERY!

DRIVER: I tried to tell you, Mac. Now do you reach for 35¢ or do I reach for the jack handle?

FIB: Let's see the jack handle.

DRIVER: Here.

FIB: I reach. Come on, Molly.

ORCH: "I DREAM OF YOU"

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: RAILROAD STATION NOISES...CROWD MURMUR

MOL: Good heavens, McGee...look at all the people! Is it always like this down here?

FIB: Sure. Stays just the same. For every person that goes away, somebody arrives.

MOL: Look at that sailor kissing that girl. He acts like he wouldn't see her again for years. And maybe he won't.

FIB: Oh yes he will. He'll see her again tomorrow.

MOL: How do you know?

FIB: That's Mort Toops' boy, Charlie. Charlie always takes his girl to the station instead of the movies. Kissing isn't as conspicuous down here. You see, in a movie --

REDCAP: Carry yo' suitcase, suh?

FIB: Eh? Oh yeah...here, bud.

REDCAP: What train, please?

MOL: The Squaw. It leaves at 20 after doesn't it?

REDCAP: Right on the dot, ma'am. (LOWERS VOICE) Though jus' between us folks, it's a very flexible dot.

FIB: What track does the Squaw leave on?

REDCAP: Can't say, sir. It'll be announce oveh the loud speakah. Or you kin ask at the info'mation desk. Meet you at the train, folks. (FADE)

FIB: My gosh, Molly...get a load of that mob around the information desk!

MOL: They must be giving a pair of Nylons away to the one who can ask the stupidest questions. Oh well, I suppose we--

P.A. VOICE: YOUR ATTENTION, PLEASE! PASSENGERS MAY NOW BOARD THE PANHANDLE EXPRESS FOR TULSA, AMARILLO, SAN ANTONIO, TWO TOWNS I CAN'T PRONOUNCE AND GALVESTON. READY AT GATE 3, PLEASE. HAVE YOUR TICKETS READY. THANK YOU.

FIB: Ah, good old Texas! Where men are men even in high heels. I wonder when the Squaw leaves. Let's get to the information desk, Molly.

MOL: But darling...we'll never get there. There are two hundred people ahead of us.

FIB: Pahhh! Bunch of peasants. No initiative. No brains. Sophisticated guys like me don't have to stand in line for anything.

MOL: THAT'S THE SPIRIT, DEARIE! That's the spirit that gets you a poke in the nose.

FIB: Yeah? Well, watch this, kiddo. Follow me and you'll see how it's done. (RAISES VOICE) ALL RIGHT, FOLKS... DON'T CROWD. PLENTY OF TIME FOR EVERYBODY...

MOL: Oh, dear...

CROWD MURMUR UP AND FADE

FIB: MOVE BACK THERE A LITTLE, PLEASE...THAT'S IT...WE'RE TRYING TO GIVE YOU THE BEST SERVICE WE CAN...BUT THERE'S A WAR ON, YOU KNOW...MOVE BACK A LITTLE, PLEASE..(CROWD REACTION)..JUST WAIT YOUR TURN..(LOWERS VOICE) This the information desk, sis?

GIRL: No, this is Grant's Tomb and will you please get back in line and wait your turn?

FIB: Don't get uppity with me, sis. I'm a friend of the General Passenger agent.

GIRL: A passenger agent has nobody but friends these days, sir. Now get back in line, please.

MOL: You might as well get your information while you're up here, McGee.

FIB: Why ^{MATCH} certainly. What track does the Squaw leave on, sis?

GIRL: The Squaw is not made up yet, sir. She's having a little trouble with her lipstick. NOW WILL YOU PLEASE GET BACK IN LINE.

ANGRY CROWD MURMUR

FIB: AH, PIPE DOWN BACK THERE! Look, sis, you been very impudent with me. I'm gonna report you to the President of the Road.

GIRL: Very well, sir. His name is George H. Abercrombie.

MOL: And what's your name?

GIRL: Mrs. George H. Abercrombie. WHO WAS NEXT, PLEASE?

FIB: Look sis, I --

VERY ANGRY CROWD MURMUR:

*WALLY
KEN
SHIR
ART*
Get that guy outa there!
Who does he think he is?
Stick him with a hat pin, Mable!
Throw him out!! Get a cop!! etc, etc...

MOL: Come on, McGee...this will only lead to bloodshed in the trainshed.

CROWD MURMUR UP AND FADE:

FIB: Fine state of how do you do when a guy can't even get some information!

MOL: That's what you get for pushing yourself ahead of everybody. I warned you what --

P.A.VOICE: YOUR ATTENTION, PLEASE! IF THE GENTLEMAN WHO PUT THE FIFTEEN CENTS IN THE CIGARETTE MACHINE WILL REPORT TO THE STATION MASTER'S OFFICE HE WILL RECEIVE A REFUND, AND A SHORT LECTURE ON OVER-OPTIMISM. AND NOW....A BRIEF PAUSE FOR STATION IDENTIFICATION ..(PAUSE) (CHIMES) THIS.... IS THE UNION...STATION.

MOL: Maybe this whole idea was a mistake, McGee. Why don't we just give up and go home?

FIB: NO SIR...BY GEORGE, THIS THING MAY MEAN TEN THOUSAND BUCKS TO ME. BIGGEST DEAL I EVER GOT INTO. I'M GONNA BE AT THAT GATE WHEN THE SQUAW IS READY TO PULL OUT.

MOL: Well, my goodness, we - Oh there's Mr. Wilcox....YOO HOO... MR. WILCOX!

WILCOX: (FADE IN) Hello, Molly. Hiyah, Pal. I never expected to meet you folks down here.

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this time

FIB: Listen to him willya? For ten years, at about ~~7:15~~ on Tuesdays, he's been meeting us, and he still don't expect it. You take a long time to catch on, Junior.

MOL: Do you know what track the Squaw leaves on, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: The Squaw! Gee, that's the super deluxe train, isn't it?

FIB: Well, the best is none too good for me, Junior. Got a big deal pending on the West Coast.

WIL: I always wanted to take a trip on that train, myself. I hear they have hot and cold running orange-juice in every room.

MOL: Sure. And when you get to Albuquerque, the Indians come aboard and sell you General Custer's scalp. McGee bought three of 'em on his last trip.

WIL: Well, look...how long are you folks going to be gone? Because -

P.A.VOICE: ATTENTION, PLEASE! WILL MR. HARLOW WILCOX, THE JOHNSON WAX REPRESENTATIVE, PLEASE REPORT TO THE ANNOUNCER'S DESK?

FIB: Hey, that's you, Junior!

WIL: Yeah...I know. Listen a minute.

P.A.VOICE: CALLING MR. HARLOW WILCOX, WHO SELLS THAT WONDERFUL JOHNSON'S WAX WHICH MAKES HOUSEWORK SO MUCH EASIER AND PROTECTS FLOORS, FURNITURE AND WOODWORK AGAINST DUST AND DAMPNES. THANK YOU.

WIL: Why that dirty double-crosser! He didn't say anything about -

P.A.VOICE: IT IS ALSO MARVELOUS FOR LUGGAGE AND LEATHER GOODS OF ALL KINDS. *WIL - WELL ALL RIGHT* LAMP SHADES, WINDOW SILLS, AND A THOUSAND OTHER PROTECTIVE AND BEAUTIFYING USES.

(2ND REVISION) -14 & 15-

MOL: Heavenly days, Mr. Wilcox, how did you ever manage to -

WIL: Quiet a minute, Molly. He's got ~~more~~ *than that* to say to earn that ten bucks I slipped him.

P.A.VOICE: NO, I'M THRU, WILCOX. I HAD TO SPLIT WITH THE STATION MASTER. THAT IS ALL.

FIB: Why, Waxey, I'm ashamed of you. That was sheer bribery!

WIL: I just call it extra fare on the S.P.

MOL: Southern Pacific?

WIL: Sales Promotion. Besides, it's all in the family. The announcer is my cousin, Big Gerald Wilcox. Well, have a nice trip, folks. (FADE) See you when you get back.

FIB: His cousin, Big Gerald Wilcox! That guy's got more relatives than a dying millionaire. Hey, I hope that red cap don't lose my suitcase.

MOL: He won't, dearie. Those boys are all bonded.

FIB: I know ... but it's that bonded stuff that always disappears first. That suitcase had my best --

P.A.VOICE: YOUR ATTENTION, PLEASE! WILL THE LADY WHO LEFT THE BABY IN THE WOMEN'S LOUNGE PLEASE GO AND SPEAK TO IT, FOR CRYING OUT LOUD? THANK YOU.

MOL: My goodness, you certainly see and hear some strange things around a railroad station, don't you, McGee?

FIB: Fascinat' place. I better get busy. Don't even know what track the Squaw leaves on. I'll ask that pullman porter over there talkin' to the woman.

MOL: Don't you know who that woman is? That's Beulah! OH BEULAH ... BEULAH!!

BEUL: (FADE IN) Well, fo' goodness sake ... MY PEOPLE!

FIB: Hiyah, Beulah. What you doin' down here in this square roundhouse?

BEUL: Oh I jus' come down to meet Ira, suh, Ira, that's the gennelman with whom I gonna commit matrimony.

MOL: Oh yes...I met him one night when he called for you. He seems very nice, Beulah.

BEUL: Oh, Ira a fine man, ma'am. And SO considerate. He say aftah we're married, I kin have breakfast in bed ever mornin'.

FIB: Well good for Ira!

BEUL: Yassuh ... (LAUGHS) Only he say when I bring it up, to be real quiet, on account o' he don't like to git up till roun' eleven.

MOL: Have you set a date for the wedding yet, Beulah?

BEUL: Oh seve'l times, ma'am. But somp'n always seem to happen. One time we picked out a Justice o' the Peace - friend o' Ira's - only he didn't git re-elected, so that fell thru. Then we got us a minister, and he move away...so that fell thru. Then Ira an' me was gonna elope, and he put a laddeh up to my window and the ladder busted.... (SNICKERS) and Ira fell thru.

FIB: Well, the road to romance is full of chuck-holes, Beulah.

BEUL: Yassuh. It sho is. It also full o' dangerous curves an' soft shoulders, and Ira too good lookin' to run aroun' loose.

MOL: Better grab him and marry him quick, Beulah. Good husbands are hard to find. Particularly after you marry them.

FIB: OH I DUNNO!! I'M NOT SO HARD TO FIND. IF I'M NOT AT THE ELKS CLUB YOU CAN ALWAYS GET ME AT THE BOWLING ALLEY.

BEUL: (FADE IN) Well, fo' goodness sake ... MY PEOPLE!

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(REVISED)

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WELL

MOL: ~~That's pronounced BEE, Beulah.~~ ^{WELL} But I hope we're not going to lose your valuable services when you do get married.

BEUL: Oh no, ma'am. At leas' not for a while, anyway. Ira, he don' expec' me to give up my career. And good jobs wif nice folks is hard to git.

FIB: You can say that again!

BEUL: Yassuh. Good jobs wif nice folks is hard to g-

MOL: NO, NO, NO, Beulah. Mister McGee was just agreeing with you.

BEUL: Oh. Thank you, suh.

FIB: Don't mention it. Hey, Beulah...you got any idea what time the Squaw leaves...and on what track?

BEUL: Nossuh. But they genelly announce 'em oveh the speak loudah.

MOL: Yes, I suppose they do, but we'd better find out anyway in case we miss the announcement.

FIB: Don't worry...we'll hear him. That guy is a one-man network. He's louder than bag of peanuts at a sad movie.

BEUL: He louder than a bag o' poanuts at a -- (LAUGHS HEARTILY)

LOVE THAT MAN!

ORCH: "POOR LITTLE RHODE ISLAND" KING'S MEN.

(APPLAUSE)

THIRD SPOT

(2ND REVISION)

-18-

SOUND: RE-ESTABLISH STATION NOISES AND FADE FOR

FIB: I tell you, Molly, I'M gettin' my back up about this. I been pushed around like a boot-camp wheelbarrow. I'M GONNA TAKE THIS UP WITH THE BIG SHOTS.

MOL: Well, why not? It's always a good idea to deal with executives. They may not know as much as the employees, but they conceal their ignorance better.

FIB: WELL, BY GEORGE -

P.A. VOICE: YOUR ATTENTION, PLEASE! IF MR. OMAR J. KRUNKLEHEIT WILL CALL AT TICKET WINDOW NUMBER 3, AN UPPER BERTH HAS BEEN RESERVED FOR HIM ON THE ONION-GROWERS SPECIAL.

KING'S MEN ON P.A. MIKE:

HAPPY UPPER BERTH DAY TO YOU!
HAPPY UPPER BERTH DAY TO YOU.
HAPPY UPPER BERTH DAY YOU LUCKY MR. KRUNKLEHEIT
HAPPY UPPER BERTH DAY TO YOU!

P.A. VOICE: THANK YOU.

MOL: Well, come on...let's get going, McGee...I've been standing around this railroad station so long, I'M almost tempted to say it.

FIB: Say what?

MOL: So long.

FIB: WELL, I DIDN'T COME DOWN HERE TO GET TREATED LIKE THIS. I'VE ASKED 12 PEOPLE WHEN AND WHERE THE SQUAW LEAVES AND NOBODY SEEMS TO KNOW! I'M GOING RIGHT TO THE OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT!

MOL: Oh now, McGee, I don't know whether ---

FIB: Don't worry, I can do it. I tuned the piano, didn't I?

L

SCENES AND FADE FOR

I'M gettin' my back up about this.
like a boot-camp wheelbarrow. I'M
WITH THE BIG SHOTS.
always a good idea to deal with
y not know as much as the employees,
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BASE! IF MR. OMAR J. KRUNKLEHEIT WILL
W NUMBER 3, AN UPPER BERTH HAS BEEN
THE ONION-GROWERS SPECIAL.

Y TO YOU!
Y TO YOU.
Y YOU LUCKY MR. KRUNKLEHEIT
Y TO YOU!

s get going, McGee...I've been
railroad station so long, I'M almost

DOWN HERE TO GET TREATED LIKE THIS.
WHEN AND WHERE THE SQUAW LEAVES AND
I'M GOING RIGHT TO THE OFFICE OF

t know whether ---
it. I tuned the piano, didn't I?

MOL: Well, where is the president?
 FIB: I dunno, but I'll find out. I'll ask that heavy set guy
 over there. HEY BUD!
 DOC: Yes?
 MOL: Well heavenly days, it's Doctor Gamble! Hello, doctor.
 DOC: Hello, Molly. Hello, Groucho. What are you looking so
 sore about?
 FIB: Aw I can't get any information around this joint. I got
 business on the West Coast and I can't seem to find out
 when the Squaw leaves or on what track.
 DOC: So you're taking a train trip, are you? You realize
 you're making a chump out of me as a fortune teller, my
 friend?
 MOL: What do you mean, Doctor?
 DOC: I always predicted he'd be ridden out of town on a rail.
 Now he's going out on two of 'em. Well, I'M glad you're
 getting away for a while, McGee. It's going to be very
 therapeutic.
 FIB: Oh I dunno. I think it might be good for me.
 DOC: That's what I said, ignoramus. Just where are you
 going, if I'M not being too nosey?
 MOL: Oh we're just -

FIB: DON'T TELL HIM, MOLLY. THE OLD SNOOP IS JUST BEIN' INQUISITIVE.

DOC: WHY, YOU EGOCENTRIC LITTLE JACKDAW, I DON'T CARE TWO BUTTS IN A BRASS ASHTRAY WHERE YOU GO...OR HOW FAR OR FOR HOW LONG. IN FACT, IF YOU EVER WANT A ROOMETTE ON A ROCKET TO NEPTUNE, I KNOW FORTY PEOPLE WHO'LL BEG TO CHIP IN FOR IT!

MOL: Those are harsh words, Doctor.

FIB: AH HARSH WORDS MY CLAVICLE. HE'S SO FULL O' WIND HE CAN WHISTLE DIXIE THROUGH HIS EARS.

DOC: TAKE IT EASY THERE, LOBSTER-POT! OR I'LL TAKE YOU ACROSS MY LAP AND DUST YOUR HOLSTERS.

MOL: Now, boys, for goodness sakes -

FIB: YOU HAVEN'T HAD A LAP FOR TWENTY YEARS, YOU MUSCLEBOUND OLD SERUM SALESMAN!

DOC: IS THAT SO! WHY...YOU....say, I don't want you to miss your train, McGee.

MOL: I think we'd better be going at that, Doctor.

FIB: Yeah...nice to have seen you, Doc, old man.

DOC: Same here, buddy. Have a nice trip. (TENDERLY) I'LL miss you.

FIB: Thanks, Doc. See you soon.

DOC: *(FADE)* Take care of yourself, boy.

FIB: I will, Sport. So long now.

MOL: Isn't he a sweet old character!

FIB: Yeah, Great guy, Doc!

MOL: Do you think you and he will ever really come to blows, dearie?

FIB: Nah...we're both in such lousy condition we wouldn't dare. Come on, Molly...here's the executive offices over here.

SOUND: STATION NOISES UP AND FADE; DOOR OPEN; CLOSE:

MOL: Maybe the President of the railroad doesn't have his offices here, McGee.

FIB: I'll soon find out from Gravel Gertie over there, HEY SIS, I WANNA TALK TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE RAILROAD. OR THE CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD. OR SOMEBODY. I'M GETTIN' MIGHTY TIRED OF --

MAN: Excuse me, sir, I was just passing through and heard you mention the President of the railroad. What could I do for you?

MOL: Heavenly days...are YOU a railroad president?

MAN: Yes madam. Why not?

MOL: It can't be much of a railroad. You're not wearing a gates-ajar collar.

MAN: We only wear those in the advertisements, madam. Now what could I do for you, sir? I am Mr. Abercrombie,

FIB: Glad to know you, Ab. This is my wife, Mrs. McGee.

MOL: How do you do, I'm sure.

MAN: How do you do.

FIB: *His wife, husband, Mr. McGee.*
NOW LOOK, AB, OLD MAN. I WANTA ASK A SIMPLE QUESTION AND I WANNA SIMPLE ANSWER. WHEN AND WHERE DOES THE SQUAW LEAVE THIS STATION?

MAN: Track nine, at twenty after.

MOL: Twenty after what, Mr. Abercrombie?

MAN: Don't fence me in, Mrs. McGee...twenty after whatever hour it is made up. I can't give you any more information than that.

FIB: OH YOU CAN'T, EH? DO YOU WANT IT KICKED AROUND IN RAILROAD CIRCLES IN WASHINGTON THAT YOU REFUSED TO ASSIST A FEDERAL INVESTIGATOR, ABERCROMBIE?

MAN: A Federal Investig---OH CERTAINLY NOT, SIR, CERTAINLY NOT. I was merely -

FIB: THAT'S ALL, ABERCROMBIE. YOU EITHER GIVE ME SOME CO-OPERATION AROUND HERE OR -

MAN: I'd like to ask for your credentials, Mr. McGee.

FIB: I HAVE NOTHING MORE TO SAY, ABERCROMBIE. COME, MRS. MCGEE.

MOL: Shall we walk, or run?

MAN: I say I'D LIKE to ask for your credentials, sir. (LAUGHS)
But of course I won't. I'll take you to the gate and see that you catch the Squaw myself. Ring this way, please. AND MISS JONES....

GIRL: Yes sir?

MAN: If Harrison of the Missouri and Akron calls, give him three million five hundred thousand for that 30 mile spur track. Take it out of petty cash. Come, Mr. McGee...

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE: STATION NOISES UP AND FADE:

MAN: I'll meet you at Gate Nine, Mr. McGee... (FADE) I'll go ahead and clear the way for you.

FIB: Thanks, Ab.

MOL: (LOW VOICE) You're going to get in trouble one of these days, McGee. You're no Federal Investigator!

FIB: I was once. Remember, when I investigated prospects for the Federal Loan-On-Your-Signature-Only Company, in Peoria? Come on, Hurry.

STATION NOISES UP...CROWD MURMUR

MAN: (FADE IN) ALL RIGHT, MR. MCGEE!...RIGHT THROUGH THE GATE HERE...ONE SIDE PLEASE, FOLKS,...THANK YOU!

TRAIN NOISES UP...FADE:

MAN: Which car is your reservation in, sir?

FIB: This car right here is the one I want, bud. The mail car. (CALLS) Hey, you in there. Take this letter, will you? Thanks! Well - that's that, Molly!

MAN: Oh, I see, Mr. McGee. You're a postal inspector!

MOL: No, he's a limerick writer.

MAN: A WHAT?

FIB: I'M entering a limerick contest on the coast, Abercrombie, Had to mail my entry on this train or it would have been too late. Might mean ten thousand bucks to me...

MAN: WELL, I'LL BE A -- You mean you're not leaving on this train?

FIB: Why certainly not. Suppose they answered that letter and I wasn't here. That'd be a ---

REDCAP: OH TREAHH YOU ARE, SUH...WHERE SHALL I PUT YO' SUITCASE?

MOL: Just put it in a taxicab, redcap.

FIB: And make it snappy, will you? I got three weeks washing in that bag, and I gotta get to the laundry before it closes. Come on, Molly. Thanks, Abercrombie!

ORCH: SELECTION: FADE FOR COMMERCIAL

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC
FEBRUARY 20, 1945

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WIL: Have you ever noticed how important those last finishing touches are to the looks of your home? Just the right curtains or lampshades -- the proper placement of pictures -- yes, and the rich gleam of wax-polished floors and furniture and accessories? When you enter a home that is wax-protected, you can tell the difference immediately -- because the beauty that wax gives is unmistakable. Floors become lovelier with every application of JOHNSON'S WAX. Table tops and chair arms and bookcases have elegance and charm when they wear a coat of JOHNSON'S WAX. Windowsills, venetian blinds, picture frames and ornaments look their best if you keep them clean and shining with regular applications of that same JOHNSON'S WAX. It costs so little, goes so far -- yet nothing equals it for making your home inviting.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

TAG

(2ND REVISION)-25-

MOL: McGee, you never did show me that limerick you sent in. What was it?
FIB: Ten thousand bucks first prize to the best limerick about gas rationing.
MOL: And what did you send?
FIB: I says: A CIVILIAN NAMED JOHN HENRY CASS,
KEPT YAPPING FOR MORE AND MORE GAS.
BUT SHUT UP ABOUT FUEL
WHEN THEY SENT HIS RENEWAL
ADDRESSED SIMPLY TO "MISTER JACK CASS."
MOL: Why, that's very good, dearie.
FIB: I thought so. Good night.
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)