

Writers: DON QUINN  
PHIL LESLIE

(REVISED)  
#8

"FIBBER MCGEE and MOLLY"

for  
Johnson's Wax

NBC - Tuesday

November 20, 1945

McGee - 11/20/45

(2ND REVISION)

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

ORCH: THEME...FADE FOR:

WIL: The makers of Johnson's 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'  
orchestral

ORCH: "WHO CARES"...FADE FOR:



S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY  
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PT  
NOVEMBER 20, 1945

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WIL: To all of you young ladies who are starting housekeeping for the first time, or plan to start soon, I'd like to say a few words about the modern way of keeping house - with wax. It's called protective housekeeping - but it's liked best because it gives such beauty and charm all through the home. As an extra dividend it saves you work all year long, because cleaning waxed surfaces is so easy. Here's how it works. Periodically, depending upon how much use a room has, you apply genuine JOHNSON'S WAX to your floors, furniture and woodwork. You also wax your accessories, such as picture frames, venetian blinds, ornaments, leather articles. And with every application of JOHNSON'S WAX their beauty increases. The coat of wax acts as a shield, guarding against dirt, wear, moisture. Dust and dirt do not cling readily to a waxed surface, and they are easily and quickly removed. So rule number one in setting up a new home is this - wax everything right away with genuine JOHNSON'S WAX - Paste, Liquid or Cream.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH  
(APPLAUSE)

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WILCOX: WHAT THE HARP WAS TO THE MINSTREL; WHAT THE LUTE WAS TO ORPHEUS; WHAT THE PIANO WAS TO BEETHOVEN -- THAT'S WHAT THE SOUND OF CARPENTERS AT WORK IS TO A GUY WHO LIVES TO TINKER AND PUTTER. SOOOOO, WHEN SOMEBODY STARTED TO BUILD A NEW HOUSE NEXT DOOR TO 79 WISTFUL VISTA, GUESS WHO IS ITCHING TO GET OVER THERE AND KIBITZ! YEAH..... HIMSELF, OF -- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: (OFF MIKE) HAMMERING: SAWING:

FIB: Look at the way that mugg handles a hammer! He's hit himself on the knuckles so many times his left hand looks like five sausages stuck on a ham!

MOL: Oh come away from the window, dearie. It's none of our business, anyhow. Nobody ever got rich being nosey - except maybe Jimmy Durante.

FIB: IT IS TOO OUR BUSINESS! WE CAN'T HAVE A BUNCH OF COMEDY CARPENTERS LOWERING PROPERTY VALUES IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD! WHY, IF THEY GO ON LIKE THEY'RE DOIN', THAT JOINT IS GONNA LOOK LIKE A SWISS RAILROAD STATION.

MOL: Look, sweetheart. I don't imagine those workmen are ad libbing. They're probably following the architect's plans.

FIB: Well, they're readin' 'em backwards, or something, LOOK AT HOW THEM TIMBERS ARE CROSSBRACED! THAT HOUSE IS GONNA COLLAPSE THE FIRST TIME THEY PLAY A SPIKE JONES RECORD ON THE PHONOGRAPH!

MOL: Well, what house wouldn't?

m



FIB: I'M GOIN' OVER THERE AND TALK TO THEM FELLAS, THAT'S WHAT  
I'M GOIN' OVER THERE AND DO!

MOL: Oh now, McGee, for goodness sakes ---

FIB: AS A PROPERTY OWNER IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD, I GOTTA RIGHT  
TO --

DOOR OPEN:

ALICE: Hello Mrs. McGee, Mr. McGee.

MOL: Oh hello, Alice dear.

FIB: Hiyah Alice. YOU SEEN WHAT'S BEIN' BUILT NEXT DOOR? YOU  
REALIZE WE'RE GONNA BE NEXT DOOR NEIGHBORS TO A COMBINATION  
GRAIN ELEVATOR AND CHINESE PALOOKA?

ALICE: I think you mean a PAGODA, Mr. McGee.

FIB: I DON'T MEAN ANY SUCH A THING! I KNOW WHAT A PAGODA IS.  
A PAGODA IS A TOWN IN CALIFORNIA. WHERE THEY GROW NAVEL  
ORANGES, If you'll pardon the expression.

MOL: No, darling. That's POMONA.

FIB: WHO'S KIDDING WHO? A POMONA IS A JAPANESE BATHROBE!  
EVERYBODY KNOWS THAT!

ALICE: You're a little confused, Mr. McGee. You're thinking of  
a kimona.

FIB: OH I AM, AM I!

MOL: Yes, you am. I mean are.

FIB: I THOUGHT A KIMONA WAS AN IRISH FOLK-SONG.

ALICE: That's a come-all-ye.

FIB: Aw fer the - I dunno what chance one guy has against two  
wimmin. THEN WHAT'S A PALOOKA IN THE FIRST PLACE?

MOL: A palooka is a chump.

FIB: CERTAINLY! DO YOU THINK ANYBODY BUT A CHUMP WOULD BUILD  
A HOUSE THAT LOOKS LIKE A MONGOLIAN BAND STAND?

ALICE: But, Mr. McGee, I know the man who is building that place,  
and he showed me the architects drawings. It's going to be  
a very good-looking southern colonial house.

MOL: Oh I LOVE colonial houses! They always looks so...so...  
oh, so COLONIAL.

FIB: An old Southern mansion, eh? Nowonder it looks so cheap.  
He's building it with Confederate money.

MOL: Did he say it was going to be a southern colonial house,  
Alice.

ALICE: No, but I could tell. He's made plans for a mint bed  
out in back.

FIB: Don't jump to conclusions, Alice. We gotta bird bath  
out in back but I don't go around washing blue jays.

MOL: Who's the man that's building the house, Alice?

ALICE: Well, he's a gentleman that I think his name is Vandercook,  
or Beecher, or Eldridge, or something.

FIB: What does it start with?

ALICE: It all started with a party a fellow I know that I used  
to work at the airplane plant who was getting married to  
a cousin of mine and this man was invited to it, gave,  
if his house isn't constructed any better than that  
sentence, Alice, McGee has a justifiable complaint.

FIB: Of course. What does this guy do for a living, Alice?

ALICE: He's retired, I think, Mr. McGee. But he said he used to  
have a stock on the seat exchange.



FIB: CERTAINLY! DO YOU THINK ANYBODY BUT A CHUMP WOULD BUILD A HOUSE THAT LOOKS LIKE A MONGOLIAN BAND STAND?

ALICE: But, Mr. McGee, I know the man who is building that place, and he showed me the architects drawings. It's going to be a very good-looking southern colonial house.

MOL: Oh I LOVE colonial houses! They always looks so...so... oh, so COLONIAL.

FIB: An old Southern mansion, eh? Nowonder it looks so cheap. He's building it with Confederate money!

MOL: Did he say it was going to be a southern colonial house, Alice.

ALICE: No, but I could tell. He's made plans for a mint bed out in back.

FIB: Don't jump to conclusions, Alice. We gotta bird bath out in back but I don't go around washing blue jays.

MOL: Who's the man that's building the house, Alice?

ALICE: Well, he's a gentleman that I think his name is Vandercook, or Beecher, or Eldridge, or something.

FIB: What does it start with?

ALICE: It all started with a party a fellow I know that I used to work at the airplane plant who was getting married to a cousin of mine and this man was invited to it, gave;

MOL: If his house isn't constructed any better than that sentence, Alice, McGee has a justifiable complaint.

FIB: Of course. What does this guy do for a living, Alice?

ALICE: He's retired, I think, Mr. McGee. But he said he used to have a stock on the seat exchange.

MOL: (LAUGHS) A seat on the STOCK exchange, Alice?

ALICE: No, he was a theatre ticket broker.

FIB: WELL, ~~WHAT ABOUT HIM, ALICE?~~ WHAT DOES HE LOOK LIKE..... WHAT KIND OF A JASPER IS HE?

ALICE: Oh, he's CUTE, Mr. McGee. YOU'RE GOING TO LIKE HIM TERRIBLY.

FIB: I like him that way now.

ALICE: And I told him ALL about you folks, and that you'd be next door neighbors, and everything.

MOL: Good for you, Alice. And what did he say to that?

ALICE: Oh, his eyes kind of flashed and he ground his teeth a little and said, WELL, I'VE GOT TOO MUCH INVESTED IN THAT PROPERTY TO STOP NOW! Gee, I've got to get downtown. G'bye!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Hmmmm. Building an old COLONIAL mansion, is he? Just an upstart! Why, the way we'll snub that guy is --

MOL: McGee.

FIB: Eh?

MOL: Didn't Alice say he was putting in a mint bed in his back yard?

FIB: YES, AND OF ALL THE...the...er...mint bed, eh? Hmmm. You know, the man may have a few decent instincts, at that. Remind me to drop in on him the first hot summer night next summer and give him the old fraternity grip. After all, he --

SOUND: HAMMERING AND SAWING NEXT DOOR:

FIB: MY GOSH...LOOK AT 'EM NOW!



MOL: Look at whom doing what?  
FIB: THEM CARPENTERS! LOOKA THE GUY WITH THE RIPSAW! WHY DON'T HE GET HIS BACK INTO IT? HE ACTS LIKE HE WAS CUTTIN' FRUITCAKE OR SOMETHING. WHERE'S MY HAT...I'M GOIN' OVER THERE.  
MOL: WAIT A MINUTE, McGEE! DON'T DO IT! YOU'LL JUST BE IN THE WAY, AND --  
FIB: (FADE) I'LL SHOW THEM PAGODAS HOW TO CARPENTER!  
I'll show 'em...  
MOL: WAIT FOR ME, DEARIE! I'LL GO WITH YOU...(FADE) McGEE!!  
WAIT FOR BABY!

ORCH: "CARIOCA"

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: HAMMERING, SAWING, OFF...(BEHIND AT INTERVALS)  
MOL: Are you sure we won't be in the way of the carpenters, McGee?  
FIB: Tootsie, when these splinter-fingers hear the valuable suggestions I'm gonna offer, we'll be as welcome as fresh air in a night club.  
MOL: Yes, but maybe --  
FIB: NOW YOU JUST PARK YOUR LITTLE TWEED SKIRT ON A KEG OF NAILS AND WATCH OLD FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT MCGEE. I'LL SHOW THESE LUMBERJERKS HOW TO SAVE A NICKEL ON EVERY TEN-PENNY NAIL. HEY...BUD...YOU THE FOREMAN HERE?  
MAN: Yes sir.  
FIB: Fine, where's your blueprints?  
MAN: Where's my what?  
FIB: BLUEPRINTS...BLUEPRINTS!! YOU BUILDING THIS HOUSE FROM A DREAM BOOK?  
MAN: Oh, the blueprints...here they are, right here, sir.  
SOUND: RATTLE OF BLUEPRINTS  
MAN: May I ask, are you building this place to live in, or as an investment?  
FIB: (LAUGHS) My gosh, I'm not building it at all, bud!  
MOL: You are.  
MAN: (LAUGHS) Yeah, I guess that's right. WELL, IT'S GOING TO BE A VERY HANDSOME HOUSE, ANYWAY. VERY WELL PLANNED. YOU'RE GOING TO LIKE IT.  
MOL: I hope so. We're going to be seeing a lot of it.



FIB: There's a few things I ain't satisfied with, though,  
bud. Now lemme see...What kinda heat you got  
scheduled, ~~bud,~~

MAN: Oil.

FIB: FORGET IT! PUT IN A COAL FURNACE. WITH OIL HEAT HOW YOU  
GONNA GET ASHES TO SPRINKLE ON THE SIDEWALK WHEN IT  
GETS ICY?

MOL: Why don't you build some hot pipes under the sidewalk to  
melt the ice?

FIB: GREAT, MOLLY...GREAT! DO THAT, BUD!

MAN: Yes sir, but the architect says--

FIB: NEVER MIND WHAT THE ARCHITECT SAYS! BUNCH OF IMPRACTICAL  
DREAMERS! THEY SPEND SIX YEARS IN ITALY STUDYING GREEK  
ARCHITECTURE SO THEY CAN COME HOME AND BUILD SPANISH  
BUNGALOWS WITH FRENCH WINDOWS FOR A LOT OF YANKEES WHO  
DON'T KNOW AN ENGLISH BASEMENT FROM A TURKISH BATH!  
PUT IN COAL.

MAN: Okay, sir. Anything you say.

FIB: NOW A FEW MORE THINGS AND YOU CAN GET TO WORK, SI. DOUBLE  
THE SIZE OF THE GARAGE. MAKE A STORE ROOM OUT OF IT. MAKE  
THE ATTIC A PLAY ROOM. AND MAKE ALL THESE CLOSETS LARGER,  
CEDAR LINING IN ALL OF 'EM. AND MOVE THAT FRONT PORCH  
AROUND TO THE WEST SIDE.

MOL: What's that for, pet?

FIB: The boy that delivers the evening paper is left-handed.  
Besides, the driveway is on that side. OKAY, BUD...GET  
BUSY NOW...I'LL HAVE SOME OTHER SUGGESTIONS FOR YOU  
LATER.

MAN: Yes sir. HEY, BOYS...(FADE OUT) FORGET WHAT  
YOU'RE DOING. WE GOT SOME CHANGES TO MAKE.  
NOW LOOK...TEAR OUT THE STUDDING ON THE...<sup>FIRST FLOOR</sup>

MOL: You realize, I suppose, McGee, that he thinks  
you're the owner of the house?

FIB: It's a good thing I'm not. If I was the owner  
and a guy like me came messin' around I'd throw  
me outa here so fast--

DOC: (FADE IN) Hello, Molly. Hello, Standing Bull.

MOL: Oh, hello, Doctor Gamble.

FIB: Hiya, Bodysnatcher. What brings you out in  
broad daylight among honest men and decent  
wimmin?

DOC: I admit that Molly is a decent woman, but if  
you are referring to yourself as an honest man,  
Titmouse, you are the worst judge of character  
I ever knew...and I've never met a good one...  
except myself.

MOL: Are you really a good judge of character,  
Doctor?



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FIB: Sure he is. He can take one gander at a man and tell whether he's got five dollars and a <sup>Tummy</sup> bellyache, or three hundred dollars and appendicitis.

DOC: Ignoring the slanderous remarks of the man you so unfortunately married, my dear, I might say that I am practically a genius at analyzing character. The minute I meet a man who gives me that firm, blacksmith handshake, and looks me straight in the eye, I know I am in the presence of a wife-beater, a dog kicker, and a waiter-baiter.

MOL: Not me, Doctor. I'M no judge of people. I like everybody immediately.

FIB: She even likes you, Doc. And if that ain't an outstanding case of bad judgement, are you going bowling tonight?

DOC: No, my boy. That's what I stopped by to tell you. I'm expecting one of my patients to make the next census richer by one small item. But tell me, why are you hanging around this building project? Waiting your chance to steal some lumber?

MOL: No, he's just offering some suggestions about the new house, Doctor. And he's had some dandies, too!

FIB: I'LL say. My idea for a little platform on the roof so they could go up there and watch for the mailman was a nifty, if I do say so myself.

DOC: It was indeed. The owner can also go up there with a high powered rifle and drill you right between the eyes. And as close together as your eyes are, that's pretty fancy shooting. Who's building this house, Molly?

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MOL: I'M sorry you can't go out with McGee tonight, Doctor. I was hoping you'd come to dinner.

FIB: Gonna have a nice rump roast, Doc.

DOC: Well, it's just as well, friends. I can't eat rump roast, for sentimental reasons.

MOL: SENTIMENTAL REASONS!

DOC: Yes, I had a cousin who died of one at Sing Sing. Well, hasta la vista, amigos.

FIB: Habeus Corpus, Arrowsmith!

MOL: Isn't he a sweet old ----

~~SOUND: SCREECH OF NAIL PULLING ... HAMMERING OFF MIKE .....~~

FIB: HEY, FELLAS!

MAN: (OFF) Yeah?

FIB: I JUST HAD A GOOD IDEA! HAVE WILLIE WEST AND MCGINNEY THERE, PUT A LITTLE BALCONY OUTSIDE THE MASTER'S BEDROOM. SO HE CAN STAND THERE OVER THE SWIMMING POOL AND PRACTICE FLY CASTING.

MOL: I didn't know the plans called for a swimming pool, McGee.

FIB: They don't. AND ADD A SWIMMING POOL, BUD. FORTY-FOUR BY TWENTY.

MAN: (OFF MIKE) We haven't got room for a pool that big, sir.

FIB: Well, THEN MAKE IT TEN FEET SHORTER AND TEN FEET DEEPER.

MAN: Okay.

MOL: Did you see the funny look he gave you, McGee?

FIB: These guys aren't used to a man who can make snappy decisions. Most people fuss around for ten days about where to build the ironing board. They think ----



MOL: I'M sorry you can't go out with McGee tonight, Doctor.  
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FIB: Gonna have a nice rump roast, Doc.

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hasta la vista, amigos.

FIB: Habeus Corpus, Arrowsmith!

MOL: Isn't he a sweet old ----

SOUND: SCREECH OF NAIL PULLING ... HAMMERING OFF MIKE .....

FIB: HEY, FELLAS!

MAN: (OFF) Yeah?

FIB: I JUST HAD A GOOD IDEA! HAVE WILLIE WEST AND McGINTY  
THERE, PUT A LITTLE BALCONY OUTSIDE THE MASTER'S BEDROOM.  
SO HE CAN STAND THERE OVER THE SWIMMING POOL AND PRACTICE  
FLY CASTING.

MOL: I didn't know the plans called for a swimming pool,  
McGee.

FIB: They don't. AND ADD A SWIMMING POOL, BUD. FORTY-FOUR  
BY TWENTY.

MAN: (OFF MIKE) We haven't got room for a pool that big, ~~sis~~.

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MAN: Okay.

MOL: Did you see the funny look he gave you, McGee?

FIB: These guys aren't used to a man who can make snappy  
decisions. Most people fuss around for ten days about  
where to build the ironing board. They think ----

SOUND: GENTLE SAWING; CONTINUE UNDER ---

MOL: McGee.....look at that man sawing over there. He isn't  
half trying.

FIB: No, and what's more he's usin' a crosscut saw when he  
oughtta be usin' a rip saw. HEY, BUD ... COME HERE A  
MINUTE.

SOUND: SAWING OUT

WIL: (FADE IN) Yes sir.....something you wanted?

MOL: WELL HEAVENLY DAYS, MR. WILCOX!

FIB: What you doing here workin' as a carpenter, Junior,  
asked fun-loving little Fibber, dancing up and down  
with excitement?

WIL: Oh I do this every once in a while, Pal. I LOVE to work  
with wood. I like the feel of it. The smell of it.

MOL: Do you really, Mr. Wilcox?



WIL: <sup>It's really</sup> Well, I guess it runs in the family. My Uncle, Big Paul Bunyan Wilcox, was the same way. Loved wood. He'd eat six meals a day just for an excuse to chew on a toothpick. Sometimes I think that's why I'm in the business I'm in.

MOL: You mean...?

WIL: Yes...selling Johnson's Wax.

FIB: You got me, Waxey! I could see it comin', but I didn't know from what direction.

WIL: Yes, when I think how Johnson's Wax brings out the beauty of wood surfaces...how it seals the pores of wood against dust and dampness and dirt and gives it such a gleaming, sanitary freshness, it just makes me feel good all over.

MOL: You sound like you might be a descendant of that great nobleman, Sir Cassian Walnut.

FIB: Just as a matter of curiosity, Waxey...why were you usin' a crosscut saw over there? Sawin' with the grain you oughtta use a rip saw.

WIL: OH NO NO...A RIPS AW IS SO RUTHLESS...IT TEARS THE WOOD. I can't STAND that. I like to handle wood GENTLY... TENDERLY...

FIB: Oh my gosh...

MOL: Heavenly days...

WIL: That's why I like to be around new houses like this... to see the wood being fitted into place...the door frames...the floors...the window sills...the panelling... getting ready for their first application of Johnson's Wax ...AHHHHH, sometimes I wish I were a piece of wood so I could be Johnson Waxed and admired by everybody, and live so long and reflect a spirit of cleanliness and hospitality. WELL...I GOTTA GET BACK TO WORK, FOLKS... (FADE)...NICE TO HAVE SEEN YOU.

SOUND: (SAWING GENTLY OFF MIKE)

MOL: Can you imagine that? Sometimes he wishes HE was a piece of wood!

FIB: Sometimes I wish he was, too. I'd make him into a hardwood floor and take up tap dancing! AH, WELL...I GUESS WE ALL HAVE OUR LITTLE ESSENTRICKITIES. Hey, do you think this house would look good with a big stoop in front?

MOL: Who did you have in mind?

SOUND: RUSTLE OF BLUEPRINTS

FIB: I think I'll take these blueprints home with me and work 'em over. There's several more changes I wanna make. COME ON, LET'S GO.

MOL: All right, dearie. But I hope the owner of this house -- OH LOOK, MCGEE...THERE GOES MRS. CARSTAIRS...YOO HOO, MRS. CARSTAIRS!

FIB: Remind me to buy you a moose call for Christmas. She couldn't resist a good strong honk on that.



MOL: Now be nice, dearie! She's really a fine woman.

FIB: She's a pain in the olaviole! She's so doggone refined she turns her head away when she takes the pants off her lamb chops.

MOL: Well, my goodness, she may be a little stuffy but...  
OH HELLO THERE MRS. CARSTAIRS...SO NICE TO SEE YOU!

CARST: (FADE IN) How do you do, my dear. Good day, Mr. McGee.

FIB: Hiyah, Carsty. I was just telling Molly what a sight you are...for sore eyes.

CARST: er...thank you.

MOL: We've been looking over this new house they're building here Mrs. Carstairs. McGee has a few suggestions and changes to make.

CARST: Really. I was not aware, Mr. McGee, that your various talents included a gift for architectural design.

FIB: Well, you really don't know me very well, Carsty.

CARST: I shall bear it in mind, all day Thursday.

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS, THURSDAY'S THANKSGIVING!

CARST: Yes, isn't it! By the way, my dear, I had intended to ask you for dinner Thursday evening, but I happened to think that I couldn't ask your husband as he would make thirteen at the table.

FIB: AH, THAT'S OKAY, CARSTY. I eat enough for two people, so you really figure it as fourteen. What time'll we be there?

CARST: Oh rather latish, you know.

MOL: Just as latish as you like, Mrs. Carstairs. Say, seven thirtyish?

FIB: We could even make it nine-ish or nine forty-fiveish, if necessary.

CARST: No, eight o'clock would be splendid.

MOL: Do we dress, Mrs. Carstairs?

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, "DO WE DRESS?" WHAT KIND OF A --

CARST: Black tie, Mr. McGee.

MOL: Thank you very much, Mrs. Carstairs. We'll be there, with bells on.

CARST: That will be quite harmonious, my dear I am sure that some of my other guests will be rather jingled by dinner time. Well, good day!

ORCH: KINGS MEN: "TYPEWRITER SERENADE"  
(APPLAUSE)



THIRD SPOT

SOUND: RUSTLE OF PAPERS

FIB: Hey, Molly...I've done these blueprints practically all over, and you'd never recognize that house.

MOL: Look, dearie...fun is fun, but do you realize how your butting in might strike the owner of that house?

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, "BUTTIN IN?" I've improved that joint a hundred and ten percent. Why take the powder room for instanse. Who else would have thought of putting in green lights so guests would think they were gettin' sick and would go home? AND WHO ELSE WOULD HAVE --

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

MOL: COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

VIRGIN: Good day. I'm one of your neighbors and -

FIB: Yes, we know, sis. Your the cousin of Punchy McFight, the Prize Clatcher.

MOL: He means your the fighter of Punchy McCousin, the Clatch Prizer.

FIB: No, I meant she was the prize of Cousin McClutchie, the -

VIRGIN: I AM THE COUSIN OF PUNCHY MCCLATCHIE, THE PRIZE FIGHTER.

MOL: Certainly.

FIB: What about it, sis?

VIRGIN: Well, just to be neighborly, I thought you might want to put a wager on the fight tonight. Punchy is fighting Cauliflower Connolly, you know. It's a sure thing.

MOL: Well, thank you very much, dearie.

FIB: Thanks for the tip, sis. I'll slap a two-buck wager on your cousin.

VIRGINIA: You mean you're betting on Punchy? Oh, you FOOL, you!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOL: She doesn't seem to have much faith in her own cousin, does she?

FIB: Come to think of it, I dunno why she should. That McClatchie has taken more pokes than all the pickpockets on Broadway. That stumblebum has swallowed so many of his own teeth, his stomach chatters on cold days. Why, if he'd only--

MOL: Oh, never mind him, McGee. I'M worried about all those changes you made on that new house next door.

FIB: Whaddye worried about that for? I improved it, didn't I? My gosh, what kind of a neighbor would I be to stand around and see a--

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

MOL: Oh dear...every time the doorbell rings, I get a chill. I can just see the man who owns that house, laying you out with a two-by-four.

FIB: Pah...I can handle him. COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

MOL: Oh, it's Mayor La Trivia. Good day, your honor.

GALE: Good day, Mrs. McGee. Hello, McGee.

FIB: Hiya, La Triv. Be with you in just a moment. Gotta finish checkin' over these blueprints.



MOL: Isn't he clever, Mr. Mayor? Just think of anybody knowing what all those little white lines mean.

GALE: I didn't know you could read blueprints, McGee. In fact, I didn't know you could read. I had it on fairly good authority that you had even been blackballed by the Book of the Month Club.

MOL: (LAUGHS) Oh, Mr. Mayor...you rascal!

FIB: (TO HIMSELF) Now lemme see...if I use the laundry chute as a chimney for the barbecue pit, then I can put the breakfast nook --

GALE: May I ask just what you think you are doing, McGee?

MOL: He's making some changes on that new house next door, Mr. Mayor.

FIB: Yeah.

GALE: I trust, my friend, that you have acquainted yourself with the building regulations, fire laws, zoning requirements, frontage rules and all that sort of thing?

MOL: Oh, he doesn't believe in those silly regulations, your honor.

GALE: Oh. He doesn't.

FIB: NAH!! That's for amateurs. I go on the principle of GET YOUR BUILDING UP, THEN FIGHT THE CITY HALL. YOU PROBABLY DON'T KNOW ANY MORE ABOUT BUILDING REGULATIONS THAN I DO.

GALE: That, is where you are wrong, McGee. I have the entire Code in my head.

MOL: Oh I'M sorry, Mr. Mayor. Can I run upstairs and get you some nose drops or something?

GALE: Nose drops? For what, Mrs. McGee?

FIB: FOR YOUR NOSE, NATURALLY. Unless you wanna use 'em to oil your roller skates.

GALE: I don't know what you're talking about, McGee. But I don't want or need any nose drops. Thank you, just the same.

MOL: Maybe a nice hot gargle would be better, anyway.

FIB: Make him take the nose drops, Molly. Much better'n a gargle.

GALE: WHAT IS THIS ANYWAY? I don't want a gargle and I don't want any nose drops.

MOL: Oh don't be a baby, your honor. They don't hurt. My goodness, if I had a cold in MY head, I'd --

GALE: BUT I HAVEN'T GOT A COLD IN MY HEAD!

FIB: YOU SAID YOU DID.

GALE: I SAID NO SUCH THING!

MOL: WHY MIST-ER MAY-OR!! You said distinctly that you had the entire cold in your head, which is very lucky because if it gets to your chest ---

GALE: I DIDN'T NOT SAY I HAD A COLD. I WAS REFERRING TO BUILDING REGULATIONS AND I SAID I HAD THE CODE IN MY HEAD.

FIB: His head is so stuffy he can't even say COLD.

MOL: I'll get the nose drops. It won't take but a --

GALE: (ROARS) I DON'T WANT ANY STUFF DROPS ... ER .. COLD NOSE ... I MEAN I HAVEN'T GOT A SIGN OF A GARG-- ... MY HEAD IS PERFECTLY EMPTY .. ER .. I MEAN MY .. ER .. IT ... McGee ...



FIB: Eh?  
GALE: I...ah...I...ah...AHHH...AHHHHHHH--CHOOO!!! Pardon me.  
When I came in here I didn't have a...a...a...AH CHOO...  
NOW SEE WHAT YOU'VE DONE...YOU'VE...TA...TA...TA..CHOOO!  
YOU'VE TALKED ME INTO IT!!

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Fine thing...gets a cold and blames us for it!  
FIB: Oh well, he's probably running a little fever and don't  
know what he's doing. You gotta be big about them things.  
He's always such a--

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: AHHH, I'LL BET HE DOES WANT SOME NOSE DROPS, AFTER ALL.  
COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

LARGE MAN: WHERE IS HE? WHERE IS HE?  
MOL: WHERE'S WHO?  
LARGE MAN: WHERE IS THE MAN WHO TOOK THE BLUEPRINTS FOR MY NEW HOUSE?  
FIB: Oh...er...you mean THESE BLUEPRINTS, BUD? (LAUGHS  
NERVOUSLY) I was just lookin' 'em over to see what--  
MAN: ARE YOU THE FELLOW WHO TOOK IT UPON HIMSELF TO CHANGE MY  
HOUSE COMPLETELY AROUND?  
FIB: Well, you see, bud, I...er...  
MOL: WE thought that...er...  
MAN: WHY THE WHOLE PLAN HAS BEEN CHANGED...NOTHING IS THE WAY  
I ORIGINALLY PLANNED IT! THIS IS GOING TO TAKE THREE  
MONTHS LONGER AND GOING TO COST ME ELEVEN THOUSAND DOLLARS  
MORE! AND YOU KNOW WHAT?  
FIB: No.  
MOL: What?  
MAN: I LIKE IT! Now show me on the blueprints what you think I  
ought to do about the...  
ORCH: "I'D DO IT ALL OVER AGAIN" (APPLAUSE)

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY  
NOVEMBER 20, 1945

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: You've noticed, I'm sure, how you develop a friendly  
feeling for certain things you use or wear. Maybe it's  
a favorite sport coat, Maybe it's a household appliance  
that makes your work easier. It might even be JOHNSON'S  
GLO-COAT because that very useful floor polish certainly  
saves you work -- and adds great beauty to your home, too.  
Women like GLO-COAT for three very good reasons. First,  
it does save them many hours of work all year long.  
There's no rubbing or buffing with JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT  
because it's SELF POLISHING. You simply apply it to your  
linoleum or other floors, let it dry. Second, GLO-COAT  
gives your linoleum a beautiful polish that's easy to  
maintain -- and it keeps colors new looking. And third,  
regular care with GLO-COAT adds greatly to the life of  
your linoleum, new or old, because it protects the surface  
against dirt, wear and moisture. For these three good  
reasons, JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT is the  
preferred floor polish everywhere.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC: FADE FOR:



T A G

FIB: Hey, Molly...you know what?  
MOL: No, what?  
FIB: That guy is building a big apartment house on the West Side...wants me to oversee the job for five thousand bucks.  
MOL: Oh, how wonderful! When do you start?  
FIB: I don't. I turned it down.  
MOL: What on earth for?  
FIB: Well, my gosh, I haven't got the nerve to ask Alice and Doc and Carsty and Harlow and La Trivia and Billy and the King's Men to go clear over on the West Side every Tuesday.  
MOL: Yes, there's that, isn't there.  
FIB: Certainly. Goodnight.  
MOL: Goodnight, all!

PLAYOFF:  
WILCOX: This is Harlow Wilcox speaking for the makers of Johnson's Wax Products for home, and industry, and inviting you to be with us again next Tuesday night. Goodnight.

ANNCR: THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

(CHIMES)

Writers: DON QUINN  
PHIL LESLIE

"FIBBER McGEE and MOLLY"

for  
Johnson's Wax

NBC - Tuesday