

WRITERS: DON QUINN  
PHIL LESLIE

#19  
(REVISED)

" FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY "

FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

FEBRUARY 5, 1946

NEC - TUESDAY

(REVISED) -2-

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" - with those accomplished accomplices, Bill Thompson, Gale Gordon, Arthur Q. Bryan and your old Racine-shifter, Harlow Wilcox. The writing is done from memory by Don Quinn and Phil Leslie, and the music dreamed up by the King's Men and Billy Mills' Orchestral

ORCH: "YOU HAVEN'T CHANGED AT ALL" .... FADE FOR--



OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Why did you put that linoleum on your kitchen floor?  
Wasn't it to make your kitchen a brighter, more cheerful  
place to work in, and to save yourself lots of work?  
Right! But - if you don't take proper care of linoleum  
it loses its beauty, and if you scrub it continually it  
breaks down and becomes more and more difficult to keep  
good looking. That's why linoleum manufacturers  
themselves recommend that you preserve your floor  
coverings by applying a protective film of JOHNSON'S  
GLO-COAT. After that you just wipe it off occasionally  
with a damp cloth and it fairly sparkles. GLO-COAT is  
of course self-polishing...it needs no rubbing or  
buffing, requires practically no work at all. Simply  
apply and let dry - in 20 minutes your floors are  
beautifully polished and shining, never streaked or  
uneven. If you want your linoleum and other floors to  
look lovelier and save hours of work in the bargain, by  
all means use JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH

(APPLAUSE)

WILCOX: IT'S A BEAUTIFUL, COLD, CLEAR DAY IN WISTFUL VISTA,  
THE KIND OF WINTER DAY THAT PUTS JINGLE BELLS IN YOUR  
ARTERIES. THE INVITING, EXCITING, EXHILARATING SORT OF  
DAY WHICH, IF YOU'RE SMART, YOU'LL SPEND AT HOME BY THE  
FIREPLACE, LIKE ---

---- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

MOL: I don't think I've ever seen such a beautiful winter day,  
McGee. Is it cold out?

FIB: COLD! I had to walk down the front steps backwards  
because my sheepskin coat kept turning it's tail into the  
wind.

MOL: Why did you go out?

FIB: Get the mail.

MOL: The mailbox is on the front porch. Why did you have to  
go down the steps?

FIB: To get in that gag about the sheepskin coat. ALTHOUGH,  
I coulda stayed on the porch and just said that when I  
come back in, my wrist-watch was blowing on it's hands.  
MOL: It's an awful thing when a man has to be a comic just to  
go out and get the gas bill. Any more evidence of ham,  
and the meat packers will assign you a picket. Any mail  
for me?



FIB: Just routine stuff. Gas bill. Meat bill. Grocery bill. Electric bill. And an invitation to the... OH BOY....I WISH WE COULD DO IT!!

MOL: Do what?

FIB: Go to the Winter Sports Carnival at Petoskey Michigan! Look..we got an invitation! February 1st to February ninth!

MOL: We got an invitation from the Miami Chamber of Commerce last year that was good for all winter.

FIB: AH, BUT THEM WINTER SPORTS...HOW I LOVE 'EM! THE CLEAR RING OF SKATES ON THE LAKE...THE JOYOUS YELLS OF THE BOB-SLEDDERS -

MOL: And the happy crackle of ankle bones on the ski slide....

FIB: Remember what a skater I used to be, Molly? Remember how I used to take a racing start and leap over nine empty barrels, side by side?

MOL: As I remember it, you also did it end over end.

FIB: OH WHAT A SKATER I WAS! Remember how Shipstadt and Johnson used to come out to the rink and watch me for hours, gettin' pointers? They always said they'd learned a great deal from me.

MOL: They do burlesque comedy on skates, don't they?

FIB: Yeah.

MOL: MmmHumm.

FIB: YES SIR..WHEN I USED TO GO OUT ON THE ICE, PEOPLE WOULD KINDA GASP AND SAY, "BOY, LOOK AT THAT FIGURE EIGHT!"

MOL: And then somebody else would say, "AND LOOK...HE CAN SKATE, TOO!"

FIB: You know, this makes me hanker to put on my old Keen Kutters and go out to Dugan's Lake, Molly! Whaddye say we go?

MOL: Look, Pet...let us not delude ourselves. We are no longer children. Personally, I have arrived at the age where I'd rather spectate than participate.

FIB: AH, SPECTATE MY CLAVICLE! PUT A PAIR OF SKATES ON THEM PRETTY LITTLE FEET OF YOURS AND YOU'D MAKE THE REST OF THEM YOUNG TOMATOES LOOK LIKE PERCHERONS. COME ON! WHADDYE SAY? WE'LL RENT A COUPLA PAIR OF SKATES AND--

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh hello there, Doctor Gamble, do come in!

DOOR CLOSE:

DOC: Hello, Molly. And how are you, Bubble Gum?

FIB: Hiya, Fever Chart. HEY, DOC...MOLLY HAS AN IDEA WE'RE A LITTLE ALONG IN YEARS TO GO ICE SKATING? WHAT DO YOU THINK, DOC?

DOC: To be brutally frank, Crouch-pouch, you're too old to take up anything more violent than drawing mustaches on advertisements. If you'll take the advice of your family physician, (and if you do, it'll be the first time), you'll strap nothing on your feet that hasn't got a Bluejay on the container.



MOL: He has a terrible hankering to go skating, Doctor.  
And really, he used to be very good at it.

FIB: GOOD? I WAS TERRIFIC! COME ON OUT TO LAKE DUGAN  
WITH US, DOC...I'LL GIVE YOU A FEW ELEMENTARY  
LESSONS. WHADDYE SAY? IT'LL BE THE FIRST TIME  
DUGAN'S LAKE EVER HAD A QUACK ON IT IN MIDWINTER.

DOC: No thanks, Little Boy Blow. Although I may be on  
hand to revive you when they haul you out of a  
hole in the ice. If I live long enough, there are  
two phrases which will make me a rich man. ONE:  
"I DRIVE BETTER WHEN I'VE HAD A FEW DRINKS"...and  
TWO: "LET'S SKATE OUT A LITTLE FARTHER."

MOL: There's a third one, too, Doctor. A new one. And  
I quote: "THERE'S A STORM UP AHEAD; LET'S FLY THRU  
IT". Unquote.

FIB: So you won't skate, eh, Arrowsmith? Don't trust  
yourself out where you haven't got a patient's  
wrist to hang onto.

DOC: Listen, Mouse-muscle, I haven't got time to --

TELEPHONE:

MOL: I'll get it.

FIB: I'll get it. (CLICK) HELLO. YEAH. WHO? SURE... DOC!

DOC: Thanks. HELLO...GAMBLE SPEAKING. WHO? OH YES, DOCTOR.  
YOU DEVELOPED THE X-RAY PLATES? I SEE. A SMALL GASTRIC  
ULCER, EH? I'M SORRY TO HEAR IT. WELL, THANK YOU VERY  
MUCH, DOCTOR...AND SEND THE BILL TO ME. 'BYE. (CLICK)

FIB: Why send the bill to you, Doc?

DOC: Why not? It's my ulcer. Well, have fun at Dugan's Lake,  
Stumblebum. And you too, Molly.

MOL: Thank you, Doctor. It might do us both good at that, to  
get out for a little while. Didn't you skate when you  
were a boy?

FIB: He never was a boy. He was born with sideburns and a case  
full of sodium bicarbonate.

DOC: As a matter of fact, friends, I was a bit of a no-good  
when I was a boy. I thought if a man shot a good game of  
pool, and could peddle a little bootleg hooch without  
getting caught, he'd really get somewhere. And then when  
I found out where he'd get, I decided I didn't want to go  
there. YOU KNOW WHAT I WISH?

MOL: What, Doctor?

DOC: I WISH THAT EVERY BOY, WHEN HE REACHES THE AGE OF 18,  
COULD READ HIS OWN OBITUARY, AND THEN EITHER CORRECT IT,  
OR LIVE UP TO IT. See you later.

DOOR SLAM:

ORCHESTRA: "ATLANTA, GA"

APPLAUSE:



FIB: Aw, come on, Molly. Let's go out to Dugan's Lake. We can stop someplace and rent you a pair of skates. I might even buy you a pair.

MOL: Oh, please, McGee...let's not be childish. I'm in better condition than you are, and I'm much too brittle to go ice skating.

FIB: Oh, you're never no such a thing! I SEE GUYS SKATING OUT THERE ALL THE TIME...AND WIMMIN, TOO, THAT ARE OLD ENOUGH TO BE YOUR GRANDMOTHERS. GEE WHIZZ, DON'T YOU REMEMBER HOW WE USED TO WALTZ TOGETHER ON SKATES?

MOL: Yes, but I'm afraid I'd sit most of them out, now. The HARD way. My goodness, I--

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN...CLOSE:

OLD M: HELLO THERE, KIDS!! I JUST SEEN DOC GAMBLE ACROST TOWN AND HE SAYS YOU WERE GONNA GO SKATIN' OUT TO DUGAN'S LAKE. SOOO, I COME BUSTIN' RIGHT OVER.

FIB: Oh, you wanna go with us?

OLD M: Nope. Just wanted to tell you I couldn't make it today. Gotta get my hare done.

MOL: Getting a fingerwave, Mr. Blassingame?

OLD M: Nope - cookin' a rabbit for supper, daughter.

FIB: You a pretty good cook, Rupert?

OLD M: Eh?

FIB: I says, are you a--

OLD M: I SURE AM, JOHNNY! WHY, WHEN I WAS IN THE SEA BEES, OUT THERE IN THE SOLOMON ISLANDS... I WAS MADE CAMP COOK FER ELEVEN HUNDRED MEN. ONE NOON I MADE 'EM AN OMELETTE THAT---

FIB: WAIT A MINUTE, THERE, RUPE.... YOU MADE ONE OMELETTE FOR 1100 MEN? HOW MANY EGGS DID THAT TAKE?

OLD M: FORTY-TWO SHOVELSFUL, JOHNNY. WE USED POWDERED EGGS.

MOL: How on earth did you cook an omelette that big?

OLD M: Eh?

FIB: She said how did you--

OLD M: WELL SIR, KIDS, I BORROWED A CONCRETE MIXER, SET HER OUT ON A RUNWAY, SHOVELED THE EGGS IN, ADDED FIFTY GALLON O' POWDERED MILK, FIVE POUNDS O' SALT, TWO POUNDS O' PEPPER, STUCK A FIRE HOSE INTO IT, TURNED IT ON AND BEAT THE GONG FOR LUNCH! BOYS SAID IT WAS THE BEST OMELETTE THEY EVER ET.



MOL: But all those ingredients were GOLD...how did you cook it without heat?

OLD M: Eh?

FIB: How did you--

OLD M: WITHOUT HEAT!! ON A CONCRETE RUNWAY IN THE SOLOMON ISLANDS AT HIGH NOON? ARE YOU KIDDIN', JOHNNY?

MOL: Were you a cook all the time you were in the Sea Bees?

OLD M: Eh?

FIB: WERE YOU A COOK ALL THE TI--

OLD M: NOPE. HAD A LITTLE ACCIDENT AND THEY TOOK ME OFF THE JOB. SEEMS LIKE I WAS MAKIN' ME A BIG TURREEN FULL O' VEGETABLE SOUP ONE EVENING AND A SEAPLANE MISTOOK IT FER A LAGOON AND LANDED IN IT. WOULD OF BEEN ALL RIGHT, BUT HE CRACKED UP ON A HAMBONE I'D THREW IN FER FLAVORING, AND I GOT COURT MARTIALLED FER OBSTRUCTIN' NAVIGATION.

~~Heh heh heh.~~

MOL: They should have given you credit for designing a new airplane. A split P-38.

OLD M: Heh heh heh. That's pretty good, daughter, BUT THAT AIN'T THE WAY I HEERED IT! The way I heered it, one feller says to t'other feller, "SAYYYYY," he says, "I SEE WHERE THERE'S A FILIBUSTER GOIN' ON IN CONGRESS. WHAT'S A FILIBUSTER?" "WELL," says t'other feller, "A FILIBUSTER IS WHERE A BUNCH OF GUYS THAT HATE MUSIC GANG UP AROUND THE JUKE BOX WITH FORTY DOLLARS IN NICKELS TO KEEP YOU FROM PLAYIN' 'AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL'". Heh heh heh.

Well, see you later, kids!

DOOR SLAM

FIB: WELL HOW ABOUT IT MOLLY, ARE YOU GOIN' SKATIN' WITH ME?

MOL: Oh please, McGoo. You go if you want to.

FIB: Aw, come on....Wo'll take it easy. I'll build a big fire at the edge of the lake and we can roast some woonies. Whaddyo say?

MOL: When I was a girl, and somebody had suggested such an excursion, wild horses couldn't have hold me at home. But now that both the horses and I are older and smarter ---

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE

WIL: Hello, folks. I hope you're not planning on going anywhere today. That air is sharp enough to appear on Information Please.

FIB: As a matter of fact, Junior. I was trying to persuade Molly to go ice skating with me.

MOL: With, he might add, little or no success, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: ICE SKATING! AREN'T YOU BEING A LITTLE ECCENTRIC, PAL? I'll bet you haven't been on a pair of skates for 30 years.



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MOL: He's been on a lot of thin ice, however.

FIB: JUNIOR, ICE SKATING IS AN ART WHICH, ONCE MASTERED IS INDELIBLY PRINTED ON A MANS MIND AND MUSCLES. I COULD put on a pair of runners right now and make Sonia Henie look like a barefoot kid walkin' across a field fulla hot rocks!

WIL: That's tall talk, Pal. Did you ever skate, professionally?

MOL: He says he had a skating act in vaudeville, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Certainly. I and a fella named Fred Nitney, from Starved Rock, Illinois, played every theatre in the United States, almost.

WIL: GO ON! WITH AN ICE SKATING ACT? WHAT DID YOU DO FOR ICE?

FIB: Oh, just gave the bellboy two bits and.....OH YOU MEAN ICE TO SKATE ON....IN OUR ACT.

MOL: Yes....How many theatres had freezing units on the stage?

FIB: None of em. We didn't use ice. We carried a huge sheet of plate glass we used to skate on.

PAUSE:

WIL: Plate glass, eh?

FIB: Plate glass.

WIL: You...er...skated on a sheet of plate glass with ice skates?

FIB: With ice skates. At the end of our act, we'd attach glass cutters to our skate blades and cut the words "THANK YOU, FOLKS" on the plate glass. It was a wow finish! I remember one performance in Snakenavel, Idaho...

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MOL: I'll bot just a sheet of plato glass was a sensation there.

WIL: SNAKEHAVEN, IDAHO! WHY I PLAYED THERE, MYSELF WITH A ROAD SHOW!!

MOL: Well now, isn't this cozy! What did YOU do there, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: I played the cruel overseer of the plantation in a play called "THE PIXIE FROM DIXIE, or, ARE YOU A MASON, DIXON?" I walked around with a blacksnake whip, and a big mustache, snarling at the slaves and making eyes at Miss Nancy Lou, the Colonel's daughter. In the last act, I doubled as the Colonel. Colonel Jefferson Clay.

FIB: That was before you went commercial wasn't it, Junior?

WIL: Oh no. I was working for Johnson's Wax even then.

MOL: WHILE YOU WERE ON THE STAGE?

JT



WIL: Sure. It was a great set up. You see, in the second act, we had an interior of the big plantation house. The curtain went up on me slashing Miss Nancy Lou across the shoulders with my bullwhip, and saying "MEANIN' NO DISRESPECT, MISS NANCY, AH CAIN'T ALLOW YOU-ALL TO DEMEAN YO'SELF BY SCRUBBIN' THEM FLOOHS, MA'AM. THAT THEAH, IS POW'FUL HARD WORK! And she'd look up at me and say, (FALSETTO) "But, Desmond," she'd say (Desmond, that was my name in the play) "But Desmond," she'd say, "polishin' floo's with Johnson's Self Polishin' Glo-coat ain't work, - it's fun!"

FIB: Sounds like "Can You Top This!"

WIL: AND THEN I'D THROW DOWN MY BLACKSNAKE WHIP AND TAKE NANCY LOU IN MY ARMS "LOOK, HONEY CHILE", I'd say..."YOU-ALL IS QUALITY FOLKS, OTHERWISE YOU WOULDN'T BE USIN' THAT THEAH JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT"... BUT AH HATES TO SEE MAH LIL GOLDY HAIRE<sup>d</sup> LADY STOOPIN' TO MENIAL WORK!"

FIB: If that's the legitimate theatre, I'd like to see the birth certificate!

WIL: And Nancy Lou would look up at me and say "BUT DESMOND, IT'S MIGHTY EASY TO USE JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHIN' GLO-COAT. One JUST POURS A LIL OUT, SPREADS IT AROUND AND LET'S IT DRY FO! 20 MINUTES OR SO...PLEASE LET ME DO IT, DESMOND.. AH HAVE SO LIT LE BEAUTY IN MAH LIFE..." Gee, when we got thru with that scene, there wasn't a dry <sup>eye</sup> seat in the house.

FIB: Laughed till they cried, eh?

MOL: Who played the part of Nancy Lou? Marjorie Main?  
WIL: A fellow named Charlie Crilebean. He also took tickets, handled the baggage and scenery, threw out the drunks and juggled in the olio.

FIB: Well, when we had our ice skating act--

WIL: GEE, PAL, WE GOT TO GET TOGETHER ONE OF THESE DAYS AND SWAP STORIES. I'll bet we played lots of the same towns. WELL, SO LONG NOW.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: I'd like to have seen Mr. Wilcox in that play!

FIB: Me too! What a southern drool he's got! He makes Rhett Butler sound like a Minnesota motorman. BUT HEY... HOW ABOUT IT? YOU GOIN' ICE SKATIN' WITH ME?

MOL: Oh please, McGee...let's forget it. If either of us fell down on that ice, we'd splinter like a plaster kewpie.

FIB: AW, WE DON'T HAVE TO DO ANYTHING FANCY, KIDDO. JUST GLIDE AROUND, HOLDING ONTO EACH OTHER TILL WE GOT THE HANG OF IT AGAIN.

MOL: No thank you. You go on, if you want to, but--

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

MOL: Oh, hello there, Mr. Mayor.

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



FIB: Hiyah, La Trivia, old man. HEY, YOU CARE MUCH FOR WINTER SPORTS?

GALE: I can't say that I do, McGee. They're a noisy lot. Throwing snowballs at each other and generally making a --

MOL: No no, Mr. Mayor..he meant GAMES. Like skating, and bobsledding and skiing and so on.

GALE: Oh I see. Well, I rather enjoyed them when I was younger. I had an ice boat at one time that -

FIB: I'm talkin' about WINTER activities, La Trivia.

GALE: So am I. I said I had an ice boat once that --

MOL: What good is a boat, no matter how nice, if you can't use it in the winter?

GALE: I didn't say NICE. I said ICE. AN ICE BOAT.

FIB: How much did it carry?

GALE: How much WHAT did it carry?

MOL: How much ice? It seems to me that a load of ice would be pretty hard to handle in a boat, if --

GALE: JUST A MOMENT, PLEASE. Are you, by any chance, trying to embroil me in one of those "I SAID THIS", "YOU SAID THAT" bits of persiflage?

FIB: I dunno how you get any such idea as that La Trivia. My gesh, nobody hates to argue more than we do. Shall we start all over?

GALE: If you don't mind.

MOL: Glad to, Your Honor. Now then...DO YOU CARE MUCH FOR OUTDOOR ACTIVITIES IN WINTERTIME?

GALE: Not of late, Mrs. McGee. However, when I was a younger man I spent quite a good deal of time in Canada, on snowshoes.

FIB: What was the matter with 'em?

GALE: What was the matter with what?

MOL: Your snowshoes.

GALE: THERE WAS NOTHING THE MATTER WITH THEM.

FIB: Then why did you have to spend so much time on 'em?

GALE: BECAUSE I WAS WEARING 'EM. I WOULDN'T HAVE WORN THEM IF THERE HAD BEEN ANYTHING THE MATTER WITH THEM. I MERELY... (PAUSE) Shall we try again?

MOL: Certainly. Your serve, McGee.

FIB: Okay. CARE MUCH FOR OUTDOOR SPORTS IN WINTERTIME, LA TRIVIA?

GALE: No, I can't say that I do, McGee. Although, when I was a young man, I did quite a bit of bob-sledding.

MOL: Why didn't he do his own?

GALE: Why didn't who do his own what?

FIB: Why didn't Bob do his own sledding? You said you did a lot of Bob's sledding...

GALE: (YELLS) I DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING OF THE...or did I? Of course I did. I remember now. Bob was a rather sickly lad. Pulling that heavy sled was rather a task. So I did most of his sledding for him. I remember one day we were sitting in our cabin, drinking hot buttered <sup>cccc</sup> ~~rum~~ out of Munichbrau steins, and -

MOL: What on earth is a Munichbrau stein?

GALE: Well, it's a pewter or earthenware receptacle, sort of a high mugg--



FIB: Hi, La Trivia.

GALE: How's everything?

FIB: Fine? And with you?

GALE: Just great. Well, nice to have seen you. Good day.

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH: "LET IT SNOW" KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: LAUGHTER AND HUBBA HUBBA OFF MIKE...SOUND OF PEOPLE WITH WEAK ANKLES SKATING BACK AND FORTH

MOL: Heavenly days, McGee, there's a lot of people on Dugan's Lake considering how chilly it is.

FIB: Well, when we get to skating we won't notice the cold.

MOL: I'm afraid I'll get so cold you won't notice me skating.

FIB: Here..sit down on this stump while I fix your skates.

MOL: Not too tight now...and not too loose.

FIB: Oh don't be so fussy, snooky. I know how to strap skates on.

MOL: (LAUGHS) Well, if I seem a little spoiled, dearie, it's because I haven't been on ice for so long. It's been almost- OH FOR GOODNESS SAKES...HELLO MR. WIMPLE!

FIB: Who? OH HIYA, WIMP!

WIMP: HELLO, folks.

MOL: Skating, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: Oh no, Mrs. McGee....I just came out because Sweetface told me to.

FIB: What did she tell you to do, Wimp?

WIMP: She told me she was going to take me outdoors and keep me out till I had roses in my cheeks.

MOL: That shouldn't take long.

WIMP: Oh it didn't. I had roses in my cheeks inside of ten minutes but the thorns hurt my mouth so I spit them out.

FIB: Lots of people skating out here today, Wimp. Ice must be pretty solid.

WIMP: Oh not too solid, Mr. McGee. See that sign behind you there? The one that says "DANGER..THIN ICE"?



MOL: Well what on earth is it doing way up there on the bank?

WIMP: I put it up there. It was out in the middle of the lake, but who could read it that far away.

FIB: Where's Sweetface now, Wimp? Gone home?

WIMP: Oh no such luck, Mr. McGee. She's skating around out there on the lake, someplace.

MOL: Is she a pretty good skater, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: Oh no...she's simply terrible. But I told her to go out in the middle of the lake where there was plenty of room.

FIB: WAIT A MINUTE..I THOUGHT YOU SAID IT WAS DANGEROUS OUT THERE..THIN ICE!

WIMP: (CHUCKLES) Yes...WELL ENJOY YOURSELVES, FOLKSIES... GOODBYE NOW.

FIB: SEE YOU LATER, WIMP! There you are, Molly. How do them skate's feel?

MOL: I don't know..but I feel nine feet tall. It's been so long since I had...HOLD ME, MCGEE!!

FIB: I gotcha, kiddo...take it easy...relax. Now hang onto me while we walk out onto the ice....

MOL: What do you mean, hang onto you? I'll bet you've got bruises on your arm now that look like you'd gone over Niagara Falls in a hair net!

SOUND: CLUMP CLUMP SLUMP OF SKATES ON ICE....

FIB: Only a few feet farther, Molly....you're doin' fine.

MOL: I hope I haven't forgotten how to skate....my ankles feel like they were made of wet rope.

SOUND: CLUMP CLUMP CLUMP..RING OF STEEL ON ICE

FIB: Ahhh, here we are!...AIN'T THIS WONDERFUL? Wanna let go of me now and try a few strokes?

MOL: No, I can't say that I do, dearie...you skate around and let me hang onto your shoulders...like a slightly over-age papoose.

FIB: You'll catch onto it in a minute...My gosh-- HEY, THAT'S IT! TAKE IT AWAY!!

SOUND: CLINK OF SKATES:

MOL: (OFF MIKE) HOW'M I DOIN', MCGEE?

FIB: SWELL! NOW TRY A 3-CHANGE-3 AND AN INSIDE BACK ROCKER.

MOL: DON'T TALK NONSENSE AND THROW A LITTLE SAND IN FRONT OF ME. I'VE FORGOTTEN HOW TO STOP! (LAUGHS)

FIB: DON'T STOP...I'LL CATCH UP WITH YOU...

SOUND: CLINK OF SKATES

MOL: Well, you don't know how glad I am to see you, McGee... there's nothing to grab onto out here when I feel like falling. If I ever own a skating rink, it'll have trees on it.

FIB: Oh, you're doing wonderful, Molly. Shall we cross hands and skate together? I tried it with my feet a minute ago, but I didn't like it.

MOL: All right...let's try it.

SOUND: CLINK OF SKATES:

MOL: ISN'T THIS FUN. LET'S WALTZ, McGee...

ORCH: SNEAK IN SOFTLY: SKATER'S WALTZ OR BLUE DANUBE; SUSTAIN UNDER

FIB: Oh boy...just like Peoria...remember?

MOL: Sure...and I'm all right now...you don't have to hold my hands too tight.

FIB: I know I don't have to...but you don't mind, do you?



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MOL: Oh, not a bit...

SOUND: SKATING:

FIB: Hey...remember how we used to skate away from everybody else and sneak around the Point, and I'd kiss you?

MOL: As Mr. Wimple would say...(CHUCKLES) Yes...

FIB: Well...there's a point over there to the right...

MOL: (LAUGHS) I must say, dearie, that you haven't changed much in all these years.

FIB: I haven't?

MOL: No. It still takes you too long to get to the point...

SOUND: SKATING AND MUSIC...FADE OUT GENTLY

(PAUSE)

APPLAUSE:

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY  
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PT NBC  
FEBRUARY 5, 1946

(2ND REVISION) -25-

ORCH: "I'M GLAD I WAITED FOR YOU" - FADE FOR:

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WIL: Take a quick look 'round the room you're sitting in, will you. That's right! Now, since so many of you ladies are firm believers in regular wax polishing, chances are your floors, furniture and woodwork are beautifully clean and sparkling. But if by chance you've not yet got around to the wax method of keeping house, consider for a moment how much more attractive your home could be. All through your home, there are treasures that will become even lovelier with every application of Johnson's Wax. The millions and millions of women who use this modern method of housekeeping call it protective housekeeping - for three reasons: First, Johnson's Wax beautifies your home. Second, it wax-protects your treasures from wear, dirt and spilled things. And third, JOHNSON'S WAX saves you work - a smooth dry waxed surface does not readily collect dust... so you have more time off to enjoy your lovelier home. Ask for genuine JOHNSON'S WAX, Paste, Liquid or Cream.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC - FADE FOR:



TAG

(2ND REVISION)

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DOC: Well, they ought to be home any minute now. Let me see...  
Splints...liniment...hot water...bandages...

DOOR CHIME:

DOC: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN, CLOSE:

FIB: WELL, WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' HERE, DOC?

MOL: WE SAW YOU THROUGH THE WINDOW, DOCTOR...IS ANYTHING  
WRONG?

DOC: Not with me. Got any broken bones?

FIB: Nope.

DOC: Sprains, bruises, torn ligaments...frost bite?

MOL: No, Doctor...had a wonderful time and didn't even  
fall down once.

DOC: WELL, HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT!...IF YOU AREN'T THE MOST  
EXASPERATING PEOPLE!

SOUND: BOTTLES AND STUFF IN BAG

DOC: Good night.

FIB: Good night.

MOL: Good night; all!

PLAYOFF AND SIGNOFF:

WIL: 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.  
Good night.

ANNCR: THIS IS NBC - THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

(CHIMES)

WRITERS: DON QUINN  
PHIL LESLIE

(REVI

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY

FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

NBC - TUESDAY