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file

(REVISED)

#21

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

NBC - TUESDAY

FEBRUARY 19, 1946

McGEE & MOLLY  
2-19-46

(2ND REVISION) -2-

WIL: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM!

ORCH: THEME: FADE FOR:

WIL: The makers of Johnson's Wax Products for home and industry present the "FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY SHOW" consisting of Bill Thompson, Gale Gordon, Bea Benadaret, Arthur Q. Bryan and Harlow Wilcox. "Molly", we regret to say, being absent this week - a flu victim. The script is by Don Quinn and Phil Leslie, and the music by the King's Men and Billy Mills Orchestra.

ORCH: "THE BEST THINGS IN LIFE ARE FREE": FADE FOR:

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY  
TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1946

(REVISED) -3-

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: What's the most difficult part of your home to keep clean? Isn't it your kitchen floor? Every time you have it looking nice, someone tracks it up, or you spill something or the children bring in mud. But if you know the secret, it's really quite easy to have a kitchen floor that's clean and shining all the time. Just get ~~yourself~~ some JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT and in no time at all you'll have a kitchen floor that fairly sparkles. There's no rubbing or buffing with GLO-COAT. Just spread it around on the linoleum and let it dry, that's all there is to it. All you do is come back in 20 minutes to find your floor polished and gleaming, never streaked or uneven. Next time someone tracks in mud or you spill something, just wipe the floor with a damp cloth and it will shine like new again. Apart from this handsome wax polished beauty, you'll know too that your attractive linoleum is wax protected by that tough film of GLO-COAT, so that it will retain its bright colors and pattern and newness far longer. Try it. Be sure to ask for JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT!

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH  
(APPLAUSE)

(2ND REVISION) -4-

WILCOX: WHEN A MAN PERSISTS IN WALKING THRU THE SNOW AND SLUSH WITH NO OVERSHOES; WHEN HE GOES OUT INTO THE SUB-ZERO MORNING TO GET THE MAIL IN HIS BATHROBE; WHEN HE RUNS AROUND HIS COLD BEDROOM FLOOR WITH BARE FEET, WHAT, INEVITABLY, HAPPENS? THAT'S RIGHT. HIS WIFE GETS THE FLU. -- THAT'S WHY THE DOCTOR IS AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA  
~~APPLAUSE~~ -- THE HOME OF --  
-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: How is she, Doc? Eh? How is she? Eh? Is she all right, Doc? Is she--  
DOC: Oh, be quiet, you little fuss budget. Molly has a light case of flu, that's all. She has all the medicine she needs; and the balance of my prescription consists of at least 24 hours rest, in bed.  
FIB: Okay, Doc. Okay. I'll see that she gets it. And I'll make her some hot lemonade every half hour. I'll keep reminding her to take her medicine. I'll take her temperature every--  
DOC: THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I WAS AFRAID OF! LEAVE THE WOMAN ALONE! GO AWAY AND HIDE. LOSE YOURSELF!  
FIB: Yeah, but what if she needs something that--  
DOC: IF SHE NEEDS ANYTHING, MRS. CARSTAIRS WILL SEE THAT SHE GETS IT.  
FIB: Carsty? Is she comin' over?  
DOC: Yes. She did a great deal of nursing during the war, and when I'm short of nurses, she helps me out. Incidentally, you don't look very well yourself. Get your bay window caught in a waffle iron; or something?

FIB: Nah...I ate something last night that didn't agree with me.

DOC: What?

FIB: A sandwich I fixed up about midnight. Fried egg, baloney, bermuda onion, cream cheese and mustard pickles.

DOC: Oh, fine! Rigor mortis on rye bread. How did you sleep?

FIB: Like a log.

DOC: You don't say!

FIB: Yup. Like a log was layin' across my stummick.

DOC: My boy, you have interior arrangements that would make a 40-ton drill press look like it was made of sponge cake. In all my weary years of practicing medicine, I never--

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: Oh, that must be Carsty! COME IN!

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

DOC: Hello, Mrs. Carstairs. Nice of you to come over.

CARST: Very glad to help Mrs. McGee out, Doctor. Good evening, Mr. McGee.

FIB: Hiya, Carsty. I sure appreciate this. Hope it ain't interfering with any social engagements. HEY, YOUR FUR COAT IS ALL RAINED ON. HERE...LEMME HANG IT UP BEFORE IT GETS 'RUINED.

DOC: Rain won't hurt it, McGee.

CARST: Of course not. To quote an old joke, did you ever see a mink carrying an umbrella? Er...have you any instructions for me, Doctor, or any suggestions?

DOC: They're all written out on the hall table upstairs, Mrs. Carstairs. You know the usual routine. Keep her warm and quiet and feed her lightly.

FIB: Just lemme know when you want something cooked up for her, Carsty. Milk toast, or hot coffee --

DOC: LOOK, BIRDBRAIN...I'M GOING TO TAKE YOU OUT OF HERE. YOU'RE GOING DOWNTOWN AND HAVE DINNER WITH ME.

FIB: Yeah, but Doc, suppose she needs me for something and I--

DOC: THE ONLY THING SHE NEEDS RIGHT NOW IS A LITTLE LESS CONFUSION. CONFUSION, SPELLED M-C-G-double-E.

CARST: I shall prepare anything she wants, Mr. McGee...just set your mind at rest.

FIB: WHAT? YOU MEAN YOU CAN COOK, CARSTY?

CARST: My dear Mr. McGee!...When I first met Mr. Carstairs I was slinging hash in a-- I mean I was dietician in a Greek restau-- er...(NERVOUS LAUGH) WELL, MY GOODNESS...I'D BETTER TAKE A LOOK AT MY PATIENT. DON'T WORRY ABOUT A THING, MR. MCGEE.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS RUNNING UPSTAIRS FADE OUT:

DOC: Come on, <sup>McGee</sup> ~~Carsty~~. Get your leggins and mittens on. We'll go downtown and kick a few calories around.

FIB: Gee, Doc, I don't think I oughtta. I oughtta stay here and--

DOC: GET YOUR COAT AND STOP ARGUING, <sup>NEISY,</sup> OR THEY'LL FIND YOUR BODY IN A SNOWDRIFT, STRANGLER WITH A STETHOSCOPE.

FIB: Well-1...okay. Where'll we go?  
DOC: We might try that new place on Oak Street. Joe's Gravy Bowl.  
FIB: Ever eat there?  
DOC: No, but my office nurse told me she had.  
FIB: She like it?  
DOC: No, but she said she ate there under unfortunate circumstances.  
FIB: What unfortunate circumstances?  
DOC: She was hungry. COME ON, COME ON, COME ON!! QUIT STALLING! I've got to have dinner and get back to the hospital, so--

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: Ah, fer the-- COME IN!

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

OLD M: HELLO THERE, KIDS...ER...OH, HIYA, DOC. Where's daughter, Johnny?

DOC: She's got the flu, upstairs, Old Timer. And lower your voice about forty decibels. You sound like the mating call of a sea lion.

OLD M: (LOWERS VOICE) Okay, fellas. Sorry to hear about the kid. Anything I can do?

FIB: No thanks, Old Timer. Not a thing. Hey, we're having dinner at Joe's Gravy Bowl. Know anything about it?

OLD M: Eh?

DOC: Do you know anything about Joe's Gra--

OLD M: JOE'S GRAVY BOWL, EH? I KNOW ONE OF THE WAITRESSES DOWN THERE. LILY DUGAN. FINE GIRL. MAYBE YOU'VE SEEN HER IN THERE. TALL, RED-HEADED KID WITH HALF YOUR COFFEE IN THE SAUCER.

DOC: We never ate there, Old Timer.  
FIB: How's the food?  
OLD M: Eh?  
FIB: How is the---  
OLD M: NOT BAD, JOHNNY, NOT BAD AT ALL. ASK FOR THEIR T-BONE STEAK SMOTHERED IN MUSHROOMS, WITH SAUCE BORDELAISE. YOU DON'T GET IT, BUT IT'S FUN TO WATCH THEIR FACE WHEN YE ASK FOR IT. HEH HEH HEH.  
DOC: Care to join us for dinner, Old Timer? We'll flip a coin odd man, for the check.  
OLD M: Sorry, Sawbones. I'D LIKE TO JOIN YOU, BUT I GOT A DATE TO GO HORSEBACK RIDIN' WITH MY GIRL, BESSIE.  
FIB: Horseback riding?  
DOC: On a night like this?  
OLD M: Eh?  
FIB: Do you mean to say you go horseback rid---  
OLD M: YEP. ON THE MERRY-GO-ROUND AT THE STADIUM. I GOTTA DANDY LITTLE MARE DOWN THERE...WITH ONE GLASS EYE. THREE GAITED, UP, DOWN AND WOBBLE. BUT THIS IS OUR LAST TIME. BESSIE'S GETTIN' BOWLEGGED.  
DOC: Did she say so?  
OLD M: No, BUT THE PLEATS IN HER SKIRT ARE BEGINNIN' TO OPEN UP.  
FIB: I had a horse once that could talk, Old Timer.  
OLD M: EH?  
DOC: HE SAID HE HAD A -  
OLD M: A TALKIN' HORSE, EH? THAT'S WONDERFUL JOHNNY. WHADJA DO WITH HIM?

FIB: Sold him. He was an Arabian horse and nobody understood Arabian.

OLD M: HEH HEH HEH.....THAT'S PRETTY GOOD, JOHNNY....BUT THAT AIN'T THE WAY I HEERED IT.

DOC: Oh please!

OLD M: THE WAY I HEERED IT, ONE FELLER SAYS TO T'OTHER FELLER, "SAYYYYY", he says, "I SEE WHERE WE MIGHT BE ABLE TO TRAVEL TO THE MOON, ONE OF THESE DAYS!" "WHADDYE MEAN, ONE OF THESE DAYS?" Says t'other feller, "MY SISTER'S ALREADY BEEN THERE!!" "NO!" says the first feller. "YUP," says t'other feller. "GOTTA PICTURE OF HER SETTIN' IN IT, TOOK ~~WAS~~ <sup>AT</sup> CONEY ISLAND!" Heh heh heh... Well, I hope daughter feels better tomorrow, Johnny!

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH: "I CAN'T BEGIN TO TELL YOU"

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: TRAFFIC UP WITH RAIN....AND FADE FOR:

FIB: Come on, Doc.....Move those fat little legs of yours. It's startin' to rain hard.

DOC: Too bad they can't have a little of this rain out West, where the soil is blowing away.

FIB: Yeah....My gosh, half an hour of this rain right now would do them more good in five minutes than a month of it would do in a week at any other time.

DOC: er....How was that again, Pivot Tooth?

FIB: I says half an hour of this rain would....HEY, THERE'S LA TRIVIA.....HIYAH, LA TRIVIA!

GALE: Hello, McGee. Good evening, Doctor.

DOC: Evening, Mr. Mayor. Better step into this doorway out of the rain. That's it. I like to be present when you get OVER pneumonia, not while you acquire it.

GALE: After a few years in the Coast Guard, Doctor, dry clothing seems a trifle effeminate, Where's Molly, McGee?

FIB: Got bit by <sup>the</sup> flu bug, La Triv. I had to get Doc out of the place-so she'd get well quicker.

DOC: And little Gabby here is not what you might call a soothing influence to the ailing, Mr. Mayor. He was yammering around the house like a Southern Senator, reading corset ads into the Congressional record. So, I'm taking him to Joe's Gravy Bowl for dinner.

FIB: Ever eat there, La Triv?

GALE: As a matter of fact, McGee, I just came from there.

FIB: What did you have to eat?  
GALE: Sand dabs.  
DOC: Sand dabs?  
GALE: Yes...that's fish with little dabs of sand in them.  
FIB: Well, if it's such a bad place to eat, why don't you go someplace else?  
GALE: I eat there for old time's sake, McGee. I went to college with the owner. As a matter of fact we both played in the school band.  
DOC: What did you play, Mr. Mayor?  
GALE: I played a tuba.  
FIB: A tuba what?  
GALE: It wasn't a tube of anything. It was a musical instrument.  
FIB: That's pretty ingenious, La Trivia. Whadja do, hold your finger over the end and squeeze it? I knew a fella could play a air hose at the filling station like it was a bag pipe, and.....  
GALE: I'm afraid I didn't make myself clear, McGee. I PLAYED THE TUBA. Don't you know what a tuba is?  
DOC: That all depends on what it's a tuba.  
FIB: (SOTTO VOCE) Atta boy, Doc! Get in there and pitch!

GALE: I TELL YOU IT WAS NOT A TUBE OF ANYTHING. IT WAS A TUBA. T.U.B.A. TUBA.  
DOC: (LAUGHS) We're being a little silly, McGee. You know what a tibia is? That's the inner and larger bone of your leg.  
FIB: OH SURE TIBIA! (LAUGHS) I USED TO PLAY A.....  
GALE: I DID NOT SAY TIBIA. I SAID TUBA! IT IS A WIND INSTRUMENT, AS I AM SURE EVERYONE IN THE WORLD BUT YOU TWO GENTLEMEN KNOWS.  
FIB: Wind instrument eh? Whadja do, hollow out the bone? Kinda like a primitive flute? That musta been kind of --  
GALE: (SHOUTS) IT WAS NOT A BONE, I TELL YOU. IT WAS BRASS.  
DOC: You know better than that, Mr. Mayor. Nobody ever had a brass tibia.  
GALE: I DIDN'T SAY ANYBODY HAD A BRASS TIBBA...ER..TUBULA..ER.. BRASSICA....LISTEN. I.....SAID...I....PLAYED....A..TUBA.  
FIB: But you didn't say a tuba what.  
GALE: (YELLS) OF COURSE I DIDN'T. A TUBA DOESN'T HAVE TO BE A WHAT. OR A TIBULA...I MEAN TO SAY THAT AN IND WINDSTRUMENT...ER...A BRASS TIBIA....ER...TUBA....IT'S A THING THAT....EVERY ORCHESTRA HAS A BRASSICA TUBULA... ER...TIBIAL....INSTR...IT...WE.....I.....(PANTS) (PAUSE) McGee...doctor.

FIB: Yes, Your Honor?  
DOC: Yes?  
GALE: Do you like to play baseball?  
FIB: Love it, La Trivial!  
DOC: So do I, Mr. Mayor?  
GALE: Then I think I'll write a letter to Cleveland tomorrow.  
I think you should both be given back to the Indians.  
Goodnight!

TRAFFIC AND RAIN UP AND FADE:

DOC: How was I, McGee?  
FIB: Great, Doc. Molly would have been proud of you.  
DOC: Better not overdo it with him, though. Not with his blood pressure. He'll blow up like a bubble dancers balloon at a Legion stag. HEY IS THIS THE RESTAURANT?  
FIB: Looks like it, Doc. Yup. This is it. ~~COWBOW~~.  
DOOR OPEN: CLOSE: QUIET HUBBA HUBBA OFF MIKE. DISHES AND SILVER:  
DOC: Crowded, isn't it?  
FIB: That don't mean anything these days, Doc. You could put a camp stove in a snake pit, and people would stand in line three deep to get a plate of French fried heartburn at three bucks a spasm. HEY BUD..HOW ABOUT A TABLE FOR TWO?  
BOSS: (TIRED, BUT NICE) I'M sorry, sir...there will be just a few moments wait. Did you have a reservation?  
DOC: No we didn't. We couldn't find your name in the phone book.  
BOSS: I know..I have an unlisted number, sir. It keeps out the riff raff. (FADE) I'll seat you very shortly.

FIB: Not a bad lookin' joint, is it? Clean, at least.  
Maybe they .....

DOC: LOOK, MCGEE, THERE'S WILCOX!

FIB: Well, it can't be so bad if he eats here. HIYA, JUNIOR!

WIL: (FADE IN) Hello pal. Hello, doc. Where's Molly?

DOC: Home with the flu, my boy. Getting Egghead here out from underfoot was part of my prescription.

FIB: You just finish eatin', Junior? Whadja order?

WIL: I ordered eggs stuffed with caviar for an appetizer.  
Then a cup of Puree de Mongole, Julienne, a mixed green salad with roquefort dressing --

DOC: Mmmmmmm!;

WIL: Baked mountain trout with almond sauce, a side order of french-fried zucchini, baked alaska and a demi tasse.

FIB: YOU GOT ALL THAT STUFF?

WIL: No, that's what I ordered. I got a club sandwich and a glass of milk.

DOC: How was the club sandwich?

WIL: Great. I could even taste the clubs. I think they'd been used by the Keystone Cops.

FIB: I take it you haven't got a very high regard for this <sup>joint</sup>  
~~turnip trap~~, Junior. WHADDYE EAT HERE FOR, IF IT'S SO  
BAD?

WIL: (SOTTO VOCE) Lower your voice, pal. The proprietor buys  
a lot of Glocoat from me. Have you been out in the kitchen.

FIB: No, we haven't, Junior. Is it pretty awful?

WIL: No, it's awful pretty! Immaculate! The linoleum shines  
like a mirror. You know how easily spilled things  
are wiped off a Johnson's Glocoated linoleum. Well  
these people keep the place so clean you could even operate  
out there, Doc!

DOC: If somebody'll give me a knife and a pork chop, I'd like  
to operate in here.

WIL: The owner told me that even with the wear and tear on a  
busy restaurant kitchen like his, the linoleum lasts a lot  
longer and looks infinitely better when he protects it  
with Glocoat.

FIB: Yes, but what --

WIL: He says that with the help shortage and all, they can't  
spend all day scrubbing kitchen floors. But with Glocoat  
so easy to use, and requiring no rubbing or buffing, it's  
a cinch. Just pour it out, spread it around, and in 20  
minutes or less, it --

DOC: Yeah, but how --

WIL: That's why I don't want you fellows to criticise too  
loudly. He's doing the best he can, under difficulties.  
And personally, I rather eat bad cooking from a clean  
kitchen than fine food from a messy one. Incidentally,  
what did you order?

FIB: We haven't ordered yet, Waxey. So far we've been given  
the brush like a couple of bad boys on papa's knee.

DOC: What do you recommend, son?

WIL: I don't recommend anything Doc. I was just going to say,  
if you try the Swiss steak, you'll understand why the Swiss  
are always neutral. That would take the fight out of  
anybody. So long now.

SOUNDS UP AND FADE:

FIB: Let's go someplace else, Doc. Gee whizz if they don't -

BOSS: (FADE IN) I have a nice table for you now, gentlemen.  
Right this way, please...

RESTAURANT NOISES UP AND FADE

BOSS: Will this table be satisfactory?

DOC: It will be if you put something on it to eat.

FIB: Place is a little run down, ain't it, bud? No ketchup  
on the table.

BOSS: Your waitress will get you some, if you wish, sir.  
(SNAPS FINGERS) Susy! Table 12! Here are the menus,  
gentlemen.

DOC: Thank you. Tell me, ~~Captain~~ - what is the chef's specialty?

BOSS: Drinking lemon extract, sir. (FADE) But if you have any  
difficulty, please call me.



CLATTER OF DISHES UP AND FADE

FIB: Hum. Seems to be a pretty good choice of stuff, Doc.  
The country fried chicken looks good to me.

DOC: It's scratched off my menu. How about the roast beef?

FIB: The roast beef is scratched off on my menu.

DOC: Well, we might try the lobster thermidor.

FIB: That's scratched off my menu. How about the turkey curry.

DOC: That's off mine. Lamb chops?

FIB: Off mine. Liver and bacon?

DOC: Off. Pork?

FIB: Off.

DOC: What else is there?

FIB: The only thing left that ain't scratched off either one  
of our menus is "CLOSED ALL DAY MONDAY". I think I'll  
have that, on whole wheat.

DOC: Oh, they just have a few things that --

SUSY: Okay, folks...I'm your waitress...whaddid yez want?

FIB: Whaddye got?

SUSY: I ast you first. Let's play fair.

DOC: My peristalsis has slowed up so much by now, it would take  
me five minutes to hiccup. What's ready, Susy?

SUSY: The hard rolls is nice.

FIB: Look, sis...we didn't come all the way down here to dine  
off hard rolls. How's the minute steak?

SUSY: Well named. The minute you eat it, you wish you hadn't.

DOC: We don't want to be fussy, Susy, but what can you  
recommend?

SUSY: Sir, I do not wish to seem unloyal to my employer, but  
they is a hamburger stand two blocks north of here that --

FIB: AW, COME ON, SIS ... SURELY YOU MUST HAVE SOMETHING FIT TO  
EAT IN HERE. WHAT ARE ALL THESE OTHER PEOPLE EATING?

SUSY: Well, lemme see, mister. Those four men at the next table,  
they're gamblers. They're havin' the chicken croquettes.

DOC: How about the two ladies at the third table there?

SUSY: That's the boss's wife and his sister. They're havin'  
sliced ham and potato salad.

FIB: That ain't much of a dish for a cold winter night, sis.  
But I'll have that.

SUSY: I'll ast 'em if they can spare you some. They brung theirs  
with 'em.

DOC: Look, Susy.....KNOWING WHAT YOU KNOW, AND I'LL BET IT'S  
PLENTY, WHAT WOULD YOU SUGGEST WE EAT?

SUSY: Omlits.

FIB: Okay. That'll do it. TWO OMELETES. Okay, Doc?

DOC: Okay.

SUSY: Two eggs or three eggs?

DOC: Does it matter?

SUSY: Well, with three eggs, you got another 33-and-a-third chance  
to get a tired one. Why push your luck?

FIB: Okay, two eggs then. And lots of fried potatoes and ketchup.

SUSY: Coffee now or later?

DOC: I'll have mine now.

FIB: Me too.

SUSY: In here we call that a suicide pact. Okay gents. Just write the names of your nearest relatives on the tablecloth, (FADE) and I'll take care of everything.

ORCH: SELECTION: KING'S MEN. "PERSONALITY"  
(APPLAUSE)

SOUND: CLATTER OF DISHES AND SILVER:

DOC: How was your omelet, McGee?

FIB: Not bad, Doc. What there was of it. But if that was a two-egg omelet, they must of used canary eggs.

DOC: Mine was a little skimpy too. I tried to fill up on bread and butter, but there wasn't enough butter.

FIB: There wasn't enough of anything. I never did get any water.

DOC: I saw you trying to get the waitress'es attention.

FIB: I've been beckoning to her for so long I gotta charlie horse in my forefinger. -- Oh here she is!

SUSY: Did you want me, folks?

DOC: Yes, give me the check, will you please?

FIB: My check, Doc. You suggested this for Molly's sake so I'll pay.

DOC: All right.

PAUSE

FIB: You ... er.... don't put up much of a fight, do you, Doc.

DOC: On what I've had to eat, I couldn't Indian wrestle Margaret O'Brien. How much is it, Susy?

SUSY: Four dollar'sn forty cents, gentlemen. And it's been a distince please to of waited on yez.

FIB: FOUR FORTY!!..DID YOU HEAR THAT, DOC?

DOC: Yes, I did. The tablecloth must be by Adrian.

FIB: FOUR BUCKS AND FORTY CENTS FOR THE PRIVILEGE OF SETTIN' HERE WITH A BENT FORK, A DRY WATER GLASS AND MALNUTRITION!

BY GEORGE IF -

DOC: Calm yourself, Blowtorch. Come on, pay that ransom note and let's get out of this turnip trap.

FIB: Lemme check it again. HEY...LOOKA THIS, DOC.

DOC: Look at what?

FIB: What it says on the check: "IF YOU HAVE ANY CRITICISMS, OR SUGGESTIONS FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF OUR FOOD OR SERVICE, PLEASE NOTIFY THE MANAGER." Oh boy!!...Hang onto your hat, Doc. HERE WE GO! HEY, MANAGER...COME HERE A MINUTE!

DOC: Well, as the man said when they found an elephant in his stateroom, "I brought this on myself!"

BOSS: Yes sir...did you wish to speak to me?

FIB: Indeed I did, Buster. I have a few criticisms and suggestions I'd like to offer...as per your request, on the dinner check.

BOSS: That's very kind of you, sir. What are they?

FIB: IN THE FIRST PLACE, WHY DON'T YOU GIVE YOUR PATRONS A GLASS OF WATER NOW AND THEN? WHAT DID YOU DO BEFORE RUNNING A RESTAURANT....HERD CAMELS?

BOSS: You are quite right to complain, sir. I realize that the help we have now is inadequate, but -

FIB: AND AS LONG AS YOU'RE RUNNING A RESTAURANT, DID IT EVER OCCUR TO YOU TO GET SOME FOOD IN THE JOINT?

BOSS: I know our supplies are inadequate, sir, but if you only knew the trouble we have getting meat and butter and -

DOC: Oh leave the man alone, Moosejaw. It isn't entirely his fault.

FIB: HE ASKED FOR SUGGESTIONS AND HE'S GONNA GET SUGGESTIONS. LOOK, BUSTER....LOOKA THIS STEAK KNIFE! YOU NOT ONLY HAVEN'T GOT STEAKS, BUT IF YOU HAD, YOU COULDN'T CUT THE GRAVY WITH THIS THING.

BOSS: (TREMULOUSLY) I know, sir, I know....I agree with you completely and --

FIB: AND ANOTHER THING --

DOC: Do you mind if I smoke while you burn?

FIB: No, go ahead. AND ANOTHER THING, BUSTER....THE SERVICE! I NEVER WAITED SO LONG TO GET WAITED ON IN MY LIFE! YOU COME IN HERE --

BOSS: Excuse me, sir....were you ever in the restaurant business?

FIB: No, I wasn't!

BOSS: Well, you are now, sir. I'm a lot sicker of it than you are. You've only been in here two hours and I've been in here two months. I'm giving the place to you.

FIB: Hey, now, wait a minute, bud....I didn't --

SOUND: RAPPING ON WATER GLASS

BOSS: ATTENTION PLEASE, PATRONS OF JOE'S GRAVY BOWL.....THIS ESTABLISHMENT HAS JUST CHANGED HANDS..YOUR NEW PROPRIETOR IS MR....What was the name, sir?

DOC: Patsy McGee.

BOSS: YOUR NEW PROPRIETOR, MR. PATSY MCGEE.....THANK YOU, AND GOODBYE, FOREVER.

MURMUR OF VOICES:

DOC: Well, now that you're the owner, McGee, I have a few suggestions to....OH OH!! GRAB A SUGAR BOWL, MCGEE.. HERE THEY COME!

(2ND REVISION) -24, 25 & 26-

FIB: WHAT THE....HOW DID....WHO.....

ANGRY VOICES SWELL IN

1.(BEA) Look here, mister, I found a nail in my spinach and -

2.(BILL) DO YOU CALL THIS LIBRARY PASTE MASHED POTATOES, BROTHER?  
I'VE GOT A GOOD NOTION TO --

FIB: Now just a minute folks....I don't --

3.(HARRY) I wanna glassa water!

4.(BILL) WHERE'S MY WELSH RABBIT?

FIB: Oh, this is ridiculous --

VOICES UP TO SHRIEKS WITH FIBBER PROTESTING, INTO --

ORCH: SELECTION .... FADE FOR --

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY  
2/19/46

(REVISED) -27-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

ANNCR: A poet once wrote "A thing of beauty is a joy forever - its loveliness increases." Since that was written over a hundred years ago, obviously the poet wasn't thinking of JOHNSON'S WAX, because it wasn't even made then. But it occurred to me how well those words do apply to this wonderful wax. Certainly, with their lovely lustre and gleaming polish, waxed floors, furniture and woodwork are things of beauty, a joy to you and your family and everyone who sees them. And with every application of JOHNSON'S WAX their loveliness does increase. ~~(I don't mean only the loveliness of floors, furniture and woodwork, but of ornaments, leather articles, picture frames and other things in your home.)~~ In addition to all this extra shining beauty, JOHNSON WAXED surfaces are easier to keep clean, too -- dust and dirt don't cling readily to their satin smoothness, so you save yourself lots of work. And because a coating of JOHNSON'S WAX provides protection, you save the lovely things in your home from undue wear and tear. If you haven't a can of genuine JOHNSON'S WAX in your home why not put it on your shopping list right now.

(\*sentence optional -- may cut)

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FIB: Ladies and gentlemen, between Pearl Harbor and V-J Day, there were more than 355 thousand people killed, one and a quarter million permanently disabled, and nearly 35 million injured.

On the battlefronts?

No. RIGHT HERE AT HOME....BY ACCIDENTS! That's a pretty shameful figure when you realize that from 50 to 90 percent of them were due to sheer carelessness. So during these days of worn tires, faulty brakes, and general re-adjustment....BE EXTRA CAREFUL! Take a little more time....take a little more care, take a lot fewer lives. Thank you and I'm sure Molly will be back next week. Goodnight.

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. Goodnight.

ANNCR: THIS IS N.B.C. - THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

(CHIMES)

WRITERS: DON QUINN  
PHIL LESLIE

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NBC - TUESDAY