

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

(REVISED)

#22

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

*file Radio
SC 7*

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 Bill Thompson, ~~Gale Gordon~~, Bea Benadaret, Arthur Q. Bryan and me, Harlow Wilcox. The script is by Don Quinn and Phil Leslie, and the music by the King's Men and Billy Mills' Orchestra.

ORCH: "BUT NOT FOR ME" ... FADE FOR:

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NBC - TUESDAY

FEBRUARY 26, 1946

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: You know, I get a real kick out of seeing someone use a wax polish for the first time. Because the minute they wax a chair or table and see that wonderfully rich, gleaming wax-polished lustre, they simply can't wait to wax-polish all the rest of their home. ^{I THINK} You'll be that way, too. And here's why I'm so sure of that. For one thing, your floors, when wax-protected, have a rich, mellow beauty that sets off your furnishings to full advantage. Then, JOHNSON'S WAX brings out the beautiful natural grain of things like table tops, and gives them a truly gorgeous, sunshiny lustre. Furniture glows and sparkles handsomely. Leather articles and picture frames have that rich, tasteful, well-preserved look. In fact, when wax-polished with JOHNSON'S WAX, your whole house shines and sparkles as it never sparkled before. Protected against dirt, wear and spilled things. I hope you'll try it ... you'll be really pleased if you do. Genuine JOHNSON'S WAX ... Liquid, Paste or Cream.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH

(APPLAUSE)

WILCOX: VALENTINE'S DAY HAS COME AND GONE, LINCOLN AND WASHINGTON HAVE HAD THEIR BIRTHDAYS, ^{IN FACT} ~~AND~~ IT MIGHT AS WELL BE SPRING. WHICH IS ABOUT THE TIME THE SQUIRE OF WISTFUL VISTA STARTS WRITING HIS CHRISTMAS THANK-YOU NOTES. URGED ON BY HIS CONSCIENCE, OTHERWISE KNOWN AS MRS. McGEE. AND HERE, ABOUT TO START THE JOB, WE FIND --
-- FIBBER McGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

MOL: Now the first note you ought to write, dearie, is--
FIB: I haven't got to that, yet. I gotta write a check first.
MOL: Whom to?
FIB: Elk's Club. Five bucks.
MOL: Heavenly days, have you ripped the billiard table cloth again?
FIB: Nope. The caretaker has gotta have a appendicitis operation and can't afford it. So all the members are chippin' in five bucks apiece.
MOL: Well, that's very nice, I'm sure. Is the caretaker that big fat man named Ant? ^{JOE}
FIB: Yeah...Doc Gamble's gonna do the operation.
MOL: I never knew Doctor Gamble to wait till somebody had money before he'd operate.
FIB: Oh, Doc don't care. But the boys at the Club say they hate to see a pot opened without a few chips on the table. Now lemme see...where's ^{OH OH} my checkbook...

MOL: What's the matter?
FIB: Can't find my fountain pen. You seen my fountain pen?
The one with the solid gold point onto it?
MOL: No I haven't, pet. You had it yesterday.
FIB: My gosh, I'd hate to lose that fountain pen. Fred Nitney gave me that pen.
MOL: Who?
FIB: Fred Nitney. You heard me speak of Fred Nitney from Starved Rock, Illinois. He's the fella that I and he used to be in vaudeville together.
MOL: Oh, THAT Fred Nitney. Did he give you the pen for Christmas?
FIB: No, he gimme that pen in 1922. We signed our first contract with that pen.
MOL: With the Orpheum Circuit?
FIB: No, just with each other. I promised I wouldn't sneeze while he was juggling, and he promised not to mugg while I was singing "GIVE THE BABY A LACING, MOTHER, HE JUST THREW ANOTHER SHOE". It was one of my --

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

OLD M: HELLO THERE, KIDS. HOW'S EVERYTHING?

MOL: Hello, Old Timer. Everything's fine, thank you.

FIB: Yeah...except I seem to have lost a very valuable fountain pen.

OLD M: LOST A WHAT, JOHNNY?
FIB: I lost a very valuable --
OLD M: FOUNTAIN PEN, EH? THAT'S TOO BAD! I'D LET YOU TAKE MINE, BUT I HAVEN'T GOT ONE.
FIB: Well, this pen of mine has got a lotta sentimental value to me, Old Timer. My old vaudeville partner gimme-it.
OLD M: YOUR OLD WHAT, JOHNNY?
FIB: MY OLD VAUD --
OLD M: GEE WHILLAKERS, WERE YOU IN VAUDEVILLE, JOHNNY? SO WAS I!
MOL: Were you really, Old Timer? What kind of an act did you have?

OLD M: MAGIC, DAUGHTER! ~~NOTHER FELLER AND~~ I USED TO SAW A LADY
IN HALF. BUT...I COULDN'T STAND IT VERY LONG.

FIB: Why not?

OLD M: EH?

FIB: I says why couldn't you--

OLD M: WELL SIR, EVERY TIME I'D SEE MY ASSISTANT, OFF STAGE,
HE'D KINDA LAUGH AND SAY..."WHO WAS THAT LADY I SAWED
WITH YOU LAST NIGHT?" GOT SO SICK OF THAT JOKE, I GIVE
UP THE ACT, AND JOINED THE SEE BEES. THAT WAS RIGHT
AFTER PEARL HARPER.

MOL: You mean Pearl HARBOR.

OLD M: No, Pearl Harper, Daughter. She was the girl ^I sawed
in half. She took on so much weight it stretched ^{my} ~~our~~ act
ten minutes sawing her in two.

FIB: Had a song and dance act, myself, Old Timer.

MOL: Yes, the only way I can get my husband to dance even now
is to pay him for it.

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 HIS DOCTOR, "Sayyyyyy," he says, "Every
time I eat strawberries, my skin breaks out. Can you
cure me?" "I dunno," says the doctor..."I hate to make
any rash promises!" HEH HEH HEH...Well, I hope you find
your pen, Johnny!

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Where did you use your fountain pen last, McGee?

FIB: I know I had it yesterday when I was makin' out my
income tax and...HEY, WHAT WAS I WEARIN' YESTERDAY?

MOL: Your blue serge suit.

FIB: I was. (LAUGHS) Well, my gosh, all I gotta do is run
upstairs and look in the vest pocket, because --

MOL: No, McGee.

FIB: EH?

MOL: Your blue serge suit went to the cleaner this morning.

FIB: WHAT? WITH MY FOUNTAIN PEN IN IT? DIDN'T YOU GO THRU
THE POCKETS BEFORE YOU SENT IT?

MOL: Well, natch. I always do. But I didn't see anything of
your fountain pen. It may have slipped down thru the
lining.

FIB: DOGGONE THOSE CLEANERS ANYWAY!...DELIBERATELY WALKIN' OUT
OF HERE WITH MY BLUE SERGE SUIT WITH MY FOUNTAIN PEN IN IT!
THAT'S PRACTICALLY BURGLARLY, THAT'S WHAT IT IS! THAT'S
STEALING! THAT'S--

MOL: Oh for goodness sakes...if they find it, they'll return
it. They're very reliable people.

FIB: WELL, THEY BETTER FIND MY PEN, THAT'S ALL I GOTTA SAY!
WALKIN' INTO PEOPLE'S HOUSES LIKE THAT AND PRACTICALLY
STEALING PEOPLE'S VALUABLE GOLD-POINTED FOUNTAIN PENS
THAT FRED NITNEY GAVE 'EM!! IF THAT'S THE WAY PEOPLE ARE
RUNNING THEIR BUSINESS NOWDAYS, I'M GLAD I'M NOT LIVING
A HUNDRED YEARS FROM NOW, IF IT GETS ANY WORSE.

MOL: Oh, nonsense. You're making a big fuss about nothing,
McGee. You fly off the handle like a 30-cent hammer.

FIB: I'M GOING TO FLY DOWN TO THAT CLEANING PLACE AND MAKE 'EM RETURN MY FOUNTAIN PEN! GET YOUR HAT AND COAT, BABY!

MOL: I'll just do that little thing, McGee. Even if you don't find your pen, the fresh air will cool you off a little.

(FADE) YOU LOCK UP THE HOUSE WHILE I GET MY PURSE...

FIB: OKAY. (TO SELF) Ahh, there goes a good kid! How she ever puts up with these nasty moods of mine I'll never know! Except that she knows they never last more'n a half an hour, once a week. Usually Tuesdays. But even so, she

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: Come in!

DOOR OPENS:

TEE: Hi, mister.

FIB: Oh, hello there, Teeny. State your business briefly because I'm very busy right now, gotta get downtown.

TEE: Well gee, mister, I didn't come over here because I wanted to. I came because you told me to. You TOLD me to come over. Yesterday. Remember?

FIB: N6, I don't.

TEE: Well, you did, I betcha.

FIB: What were the circumstances?

TEE: The circus-mances were I saw you in the drug store and Mr. Toops was weighing himself and you got on the scale with him and divided the weight by two so you wouldn't have to pay another penny and I said you were cheating the drug store man and you said don't be nosey and if I came over today you'd tell me a story. Those were the circus-mances.

FIB: Well, I'm sorry, sis. I haven't got time today. Maybe some other -

TEE: Okay, I'll tell. I'LL TELL EVERYBODY. I'LL TELL THE DRUG STORE MAN AND THE NEWSPAPERS AND THE -

FIB: ^{OK} Hey, hey, hey, cut it out, ~~you little blackmailer!~~ I'll tell you a story.

TEE: Gee, thanks, mister. You're awful nice to littul childrun.

FIB: Okay. I ever tell you about Myrtle, the Turtle?

TEE: (GIGGLES) No.

FIB: WELL, SIR, ONCE UPON A TIME LIVED A TURTLE NAMED MYRTLE. SHE LAID DOZENS AND DOZENS OF EGGS AND THEY ALL HATCHED OUT INTO LITTLE BABY TURTLES, SO EVERYBODY CALLED HER MYRTLE, THE FERTILE TURTLE. ONE DAY, THERE WAS A BIG EARTHQUAKE, WHICH THREW MYRTLE OVER ON HER BACK.....AND WHEN A TURTLE GETS THREW ON ITS BACK, IT'S JUST SIMPLY HELPLESS....

TEE: Awwww....

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FIB: WELL SIR, THE BABY TURTLES WERE TOO DUMB TO KNOW WHAT TO DO, THEY THOUGHT MAMA WAS JUST TAKIN' SOME EXERCISES, SO THEY HUNG AROUND AND WATCHED WHILE SHE KICKED HER LEGS THIS WAY AND THAT, JERKIN' AND TWITCHIN'. SHE MADE SO MUCH COMMOTION THAT SOME TURTLE HUNTERS SAW HER AND GRABBED HER AND ALL THE YOUNG TURTLES AND SOLD 'EM TO A RESTAURANT AND THEY WOUND UP AS TURTLE SOUP! And you know what all that goes to prove, sis?

TEE: Sure I do, I betcha.

FIB: What?

TEE: Just because you're upset about something, you don't have to get everybody else in a stew!

FIB: RIGHT!

TEE: Goodnight!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

ORCH: "THREE LITTLE WORDS"

APPLAUSE

SECOND SPOT

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FIB: Come on, Molly...I got the house all locked up...let's get down to the dry cleaners. I'M GONNA READ THEM FOUNTAIN PEN STEALERS THE RIOT ACT! I WOULDN'T BE A BIT SURPRISED IF THEY'D PLANNED THIS WHOLE THING! JUST WAITIN' FOR A CHANCE TO GET MY GOLD POINTED FOUNTAIN PEN.

MOL: I'll bet you're right, McGee! I'll bet they invested fifty thousand dollars in that dry cleaning plant nineteen years ago, with the very idea in mind of some day getting hold of your five-dollar fountain pen!

FIB: IT AIN'T SO SILLY! HOW ABOUT THE TIME I LEFT MY WALLET IN MY GRAY PANTS WITH SEVENTEEN DOLLARS IN IT! HOW ABOUT THAT!?

MOL: Well, how about it? They returned it the next day, didn't they?

FIB: SURE THEY DID! AND WHY? JUST KEEP ME FROM GETTIN' SUSPICIOUS, THAT'S WHY! IF THEY'RE OUT AFTER FOUNTAIN PENS THEY AIN'T GONNA MONEY AROUND WITH MERE MONKEY! I MEAN MONKEY AROUND WITH MERE MONEY. BY GEORGE I ---

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: Looks like we wouldn't be leaving for a minute, McGee--
COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

DOC: Hello Molly

MOL: Hello there, Doctor Gamble. Come right in.

DOOR CLOSE:

DOC: Thank you. And what are you looking so sour about, Persimmonpuss?

FIB: You'd look sour too, Arrowsmith, if somebody had deliberately stole your solid gold-pointed fountain pen that had been given to you by Fred Nitney.

MOL: Not really stolen, Doctor. He left it in a suit that went to the cleaner...he thinks.

DOC: Better be careful of those accusations, Chowderhead. Or one of these days you're going to be the surprised possessor of a slander suit with two pairs of pants. Incidentally, who is Fred Nitney....if anybody?

MOL: Fred Nitney is his old vaudeville partner, doctor. He gave McGee the fountain pen, years ago.

DOC: VAUDEVILLE! Were you in vaudeville, McGee? I used to go to the theatre every week when I was a young man going to medical school....and I don't remember seeing you.

FIB: So what? I don't remember seeing you either. Although the 15¢ seats were usually so far back ---

DOC: Oh, I almost forgot, McGee.

FIB: Forgot what, Capsule-happy?

DOC: You coming to the board meeting at the Elk's tonight? Only ten or twelve left.

FIB: Can't make it, doc. You take six for me, willya? Pay you later.

DOC: Okay. Night, Molly.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Take six of what for you, McGee? What kind of a board meeting is it?

FIB: Punchboard.

MOL: Oh.

FIB: HEY, WE GOTTA GET DOWN TO THE DRY CLEANERS...EVERY MINUTE WE WASTE IS MORE TIME FOR THEM BURGLARS TO HIDE THE EVIDENCE! COME ON....LET'S GO! BY GEORGE IF --

MOL: Now just a minute, McGee....are you SURE you left it in that suit? Have you looked around the house, thoroughly?

FIB: NO, AND I DON'T HAVE TO. I ALWAYS CARRY THAT PEN IN THAT BLUE SERGE SUIT. ON ACCOUNT OF IT LEAKS A LITTLE AND THE BLUE SUIT DON'T SHOW IT. AND FURTHERMORE --

SOUND: DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

WIL: HELLO, FOLKS....I JUST THOUGHT I'D.....Oh.....going out?

MOL: Down to the dry cleaners, Mr. Wilcox. They have a suit of McGee's in which he thinks he left a valuable - to nobody but him - fountain pen.

FIB: THE INTRINSIC VALUE IS NOT IMPORTANT! IT'S THE SENTIMENTAL VALUE, JUNIOR. MY OLD VAUDEVILLE PARTNER, FRED NITNEY FROM STARVED ROCK, ILLINOIS, GIMME THAT PEN!

MOL: He thinks more of his pen than the Government does of Alcatraz, Mr. Wilcox.

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WIL: Well, you know how sentimental all these old vaudevillians are Molly. I was an actor once, and I know.

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, ONCE? YOU'RE SO HAMMY RIGHT NOW YOU USE MUSTARD-FLAVORED SHAVING CREAM.

MOL: Oh now, McGee --

WIL: He's right, Molly. I still have kind of a yen to go back on the stage. I always wanted to do Romeo.

FIB: Do Juliet a favor, Buster, and lay off. You're gettin' a little broad in the pistol pockets for tights.

MOL: I don't know about that, McGee. I think Mr Wilcox would be a very handsome Romeo. Do you know the part, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Sure. As a matter of fact I just wrote it out for a little entertainment they're putting on tomorrow night for the Johnson Wax salesmen. See?

FIB: Look, Juney...anytime you write Shakespeare for them guys, the stage is gonna be hip deep in Johnson's Wax. "ENTER LADY MACBETH, LOWER LEFT, WITH ROLL TOP DESK."--That kinda stuff?

MOL: Oh, but McGee, this looks awfully good! Read it, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: Okay...I'll be Romeo...you read Juliet's part.

FIB: Oh, my gosh...this is gonna set Orson Welles back twenty years!

MOL: Quiet, McGee! Go ahead, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: ACT TWO: SCENE TWO. Capulet's Garden; Enter Romeo...

FIB: (MUTTERS) On a high wheel bicycle...

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MOL: Hush, dearie....

WIL: ENTER ROMEO. (HAMS IT) HE JESTS AT SCARS THAT NEVER FELT A WOUND.

MOL: Juliet appears Above At Window.

FIB: With shotgun.

WIL: BUT, SOFT...WHAT LIGHT THRU YONDER WINDOW BREAKS..? IT IS THE EAST AND JULIET IS THE SUN!

MOL: AH ME!

WIL: SHE SPEAKS! WHAT DUST THOU, FAIR JULIET?

MOL: I DUST YON LIVING ROOM, MY ROMEO. MY FATHER, THE CAPULET, WOULD HAVE A PRIDEFUL HOME, SO, JOHNSONS WAX PROTECTS HIS WORLDLY GOODS...AND I, NO SLAVE TO HOUSEHOLD TASK, MAKE LIGHT OF LABOR THUS SO NEATLY FOILED.

FIB: Ain't this awful, folks?

WIL: AH SWEET JULIET...A GOODLY SPOUSE YOU'LL MAKE...TO KNOW THAT DUST AND DIRT CLING NOT TO WAX PROTECTED THINGS... WOULD THAT OUR LOVE COULD BE AS WELL PRESERVED....

MOL: IT CAN, MY ROMEO...AND GLEAM AS BRIGHTLY AS A JOHNSON POLISHED HOME....THIS VERY BALCONY FROM WHICH I SPEAK.... IT'S WOOD IS SHIELDED FROM THE ELEMENTS BY WAX...IT..... (PAUSE) Where's the rest of this, Romeo...er...Mr. Wilcox

WIL: That's all I had time to do. I'm going to finish it this evening. How do you like it?

FIB: If you're askin' me, Waxey, I'll settle for Olsen and Johnson. Your Shakespeare is as phoney as a six-bit henna rinse.

MOL: I thought it was wonderful Mr. Wilcox. Have you got to go now?

(REVISED)

STARS AT SCARS THAT NEVER

UNDER WINDOW BREAKS...? IT
SUN!

AIR JULIET?

EO. MY FATHER, THE CAPULET,
JOHNSONS WAX PROTECTS HIS
VE TO HOUSEHOLD TASK, MAKE
FOILED.

USE YOU'LL MAKE...TO KNOW
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S WELL PRESERVED....
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ELEMENTS BY WAX...IT.....

his, Romec...er...Mr. Wilcox
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ll settle for Olsen and
as phoney as a six-bit henna

Wilcox. Have you got to

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MOL: Now wait a minute, McGee...that's a serious charge to
make, you know.

CARST: If it was the Wistful Vista Dry Cleaners, Mr. McGee, I
must say I have always found them extremely meticulous.

FIB: AHAH!..YOU HEAR THAT, MOLLY? EVEN CARSTY SAYS THEY'RE
METICULOUS! I KNEW IT!! I HAD A FEELING THAT --

MOL: Meticulous means careful, McGee.

FIB: Eh? It does? Is that what you meant, Carsty?

CARST: Yes, Mr. McGee. Mr. Carstairs has left jewelry in his
pockets many MANY times, and the cleaners have always
returned it immediately. He is SO absent-minded you know.

MOL: Is he really, Millicent?

CARST: Oh yes indeed, my dear. Why just last night as we were
coming home from a rather gay party in a taxicab, he leaned
over to me and said.."REMEMBER NOW...NOT A WORD OF THIS TO
MY WIFE!"

FIB: And what did you say, Carsty?

CARST: I said "OF COURSE NOT, DEAR...BUT YOU'D BETTER GET OUT A
BLOCK OR TWO FROM THE HOUSE." And he did.

MOL: It must be a little disturbing to be married to a man like
him, Millicent.

CARST: Oh he is quite harmless, Mrs. McGee. One cannot dislike
a beagle, merely because he thinks he is a wolf. Which
reminds me, my dear...will you go to the dog show with
me Friday afternoon?

FIB:

CARST

MOL:

CARST

FIB:

CARST

DOOR

ORCH:

APELAN

(2ND REVISION)

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FIB: Sure she will, Carsty. So will I.
CARST: You....er....well...how nice!
MOL: I just LOVE dog shows, Millicent. Is your dog in the show.
CARST: Yes she is. And I hope she goes through with it, this year./
FIB: Why, what happened last year, Carsty?
CARST: At the last minute she scratched herself. Well, I DO hope you find your pen, Mr. McGee. Good day.

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH: KING'S MEN -- "ONE-ZY, TWO-ZY"

APPLAUSE:

(2ND REVISION)

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THIRD SPOT:

SOUND: ESTABLISH TRAFFIC AND FADE:

MOL: Where is the dry cleaning place, McGee?
FIB: Next block. Oak Street. Near 14th. And you see those green lamps in the middle of the block there?
MOL: Yes...what's that?
FIB: Police station. AND IF THESE FOUNTAIN PEN THIEVES DON'T PONY OVER MY GOLD POINTED FOUNTAIN PEN IMMEDIATELY....OR SOONER.....I'M GONNA SWEAR OUT A WARRANT THAT --
MOL: Hold it, McGee, here comes Mr. Wimple.
FIB: Eh? Oh. HIYAH, WIMP, OLD MAN.
WIMP: Hello, folks.
MOL: Out for a little walk, Mr. Wimple?
WIMP: Yes, I'm just seeking inspiration, Mrs. McGee....I find that walking helps me think.
FIB: Inspiration for what, Wimp?
WIMP: Poetry, Mr. McGee. I have an order for some greeting cards and I have to write them tonight. I think I have a good one for Mother's Day.
MOL: Oh, I'd love to hear it Mr. Wimple. How does it go?
WIMP: It goes....MAMA, DEAR MAMA, THIS IS YOUR DAY,
SO DROP YOUR WORK....COME OUT AND PLAY.....
HEAR THE CHILDREN SING GOOD WISHES,
THEN GO BACK AND DO THE DISHES!

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN REASONABLE? WITH GUYS THAT DELIBERATELY
STOLE MY FOUNTAIN PEN? COME ON!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

MAN: Yes sir...what can I do for you, sir?
FIB: YOU PICKED UP A BLUE SERGE SUIT AT MY HOUSE THIS MORNING,
BUD.
MAN: Yes?
MOL: And my husband thinks he left his fountain pen in it.
FIB: I KNOW DARN WELL I LEFT MY FOUNTAIN PEN IN IT! I ALWAYS
HAVE MY PEN IN THAT BLUE SERGE SUIT. NOW LOOK, BUSTER,
I WANT THAT FOUNTAIN PEN BACK, OR BY GEORGE--
MAN: Oh now, just a moment sir...give us a chance to investigate.
I can tell you immediately if your pen has been found.
What was the name, please?
MOL: Parker.
MAN: Address, Mrs. Parker.
FIB: THE NAME IS MCGEE, BUD.
MAN: Well which of you is making the complaint? Mr. McGee or
Mrs. Parker?
MOL: I AM MRS. MCGEE. THE PEN'S NAME WAS PARKER.
FIB: IT WAS A SOLID GOLD-POINTED, KINDA GREENISH PEN THAT WAS
GIVEN TO ME BY A FRED NITNEY OF STARVED ROCK, ILLINOIS.
-- OLD PARTNER OF MINE IN VAUDEVILLE.
MAN: Hmm. Actors...Do you have an address?
MOL: 79 Wistful Vista....

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FIB: That's more truth than poetry, Wimp. Not that it's
much of either one.
MOL: Have you any others, Mr. Wimple?
WIMP: Well...I was working on one for a friend that's sick
in the hospital...sort of a sympathy card.
FIB: I'll bet this one will have 'em in stitches. Read it,
Wimp.
WIMP: It goes...TO A FRIEND WHO IS SICK.
I'M SORRY YOU ARE SICK, MY FRIEND,
I'M SORRY YOU ARE ILL.
IN A PLACE WHERE THEY WAKE YOU UP AT FOUR,
TO GIVE YOU A SLEEPING PILL.
I HOPE YOU HAVE A LOVELY NURSE,
TO HELP WHEN FEVER STARTS TO BOIN YA.
AND IF YOU HAVE, MOVE OVER, KID,
CAUSE I'LL BE RIGHT DOWN THERE TO JOIN YA.
(CHUCKLES) Well, I'll see you later, folks.

TRAFFIC UP AND FADE: WALKING FOR SIX COUNT:

FIB: Here's the dry cleaning place, Molly. Now let me do
the talking.
MOL: I know better than to try and stop you, dearie. But
be reasonable.

MAN: OH YES I..I REMEMBER. YOU HAVE BEEN OUR CUSTOMERS FOR MANY YEARS. OF COURSE!...THAT WOULD BE DRIVER CRILEBEAN, ROUTE THREE. (CALLS) OH MISS FREGELHORN?

GIRL: (OFF) Yes, Mr. Houtentrout?

MAN: Was there a fountain pen in a suit from 79 Wistful Vista - route three?

GIRL: No, Mr. Houtentrout. Two papers of matches, some pool chalk, a nail file, a rabbits foot, and a ticket stub for the world's series of 1932. They are in the mail.

MAN: Thank you, Miss. Fregelhorn. I'm sorry, Mister McGee, but -

FIB: (GETTING ANGRY) BUT, YOU AIN'T HALF AS SORRY AS YOU'RE GONNA BE! BY GEORGE WHEN A MAN TRUSTS A BUSINESS INSTITUTION LIKE THIS TO BE HONEST, AND THEN HAS 'EM WALK OFF WITH A SOLID GOLD POINTED FOUNTAIN PEN THAT WAS GIVEN 'EM BY FRED NITNEY...

MOL: Wait a minute, McGee....

MAN: I'm sure, Mr. McGee that -

FIB: YOU'RE SURE!!! YOU AIN'T AS SURE AS I AM, BUSTER. I'LL BET YOU GOT THAT WHOLE BACK ROOM THERE STACKED TO THE CEILING, WITH STOLEN FOUNTAIN PENS! DELIBERATELY WALKING INTO PEOPLES HOMES AND TAKING SUITS FULL OF FOUNTAIN PENS. THAT'S LARCENY, BUD...AND BY GEORGE --

MAN: May I ask one question, Mr. McGee?

MOL: Certainly, Mr. Houtentrout.

FIB: AND MAKE IT SNAPPY BUD. ONE QUESTION. WHAT IS IT?

MAN: (SOFTLY) How would you like a good poke in the nose?

MOL: Oh my goodness.....

FIB: Oh, not only a burglar but a tough guy, eh? Come out from behind that counter, buster, and I'll fix you up a knuckle sandwich! NOBODY CAN--

MOL: OH, STOP IT..BOTH OF YOU. Mr. Houtentrout, what is the procedure when somebody thinks you have something and you think you haven't?

MAN: The proper procedure is to make out a claim blank, Mrs. McGee--

MOL: Give us one, please.

MAN: Certainly. Here you are...(PAPER RATTLE)

FIB: I DON'T WANNA MAKE OUT A CLAIM. I WANNA BUST THIS FRESH GUY RIGHT IN THE--

MOL: Fill it out, dearie,

FIB: Well...okay...where's a pencil?

MAN: They have to be filled out in ink, Mr. McGee. Here... use my pen.

FIB: I DON'T WANT ANY FAVORS FROM YOU, BUSTER. I'LL USE MY OWN PEN. Now then...NAME AND ADDRESS...

SOUND: SCRATCHING PEN:

FIB: DESCRIBE LOST ARTICLE...APPROXIMATE VALUE...

SCRATCH OF PEN:

MOL: McGee.

FIB: Eh?

MOL: Where did you get that pen you're using?

FIB: This pen? This was given to me by Fred Nitney of Starved...I...I...er...(SILLY LAUGH) Well, imagine that. Right in this coat all the time!

MOL: Apologize to Mr. Houtentrout, dearie.

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FIB: Sure.. Sorry, Houtentrot, old man,

MAN: Quite all right, Mr. McGee...shall I tear up the claim
blank?

FIB: Oh, no. Might as well finish it out. Bound to lose this
pen some time. Now then...STATE CIRCUMSTANCES UNDER WHICH
ARTICLE WAS PRESUMED LOST...(SCRATCH OF PEN)

MOL: Oh, this is ridiculous!

ORCH: "TOMORROW IS FOREVER" - FADE FOR:

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC
February 26, 1946

(2ND REVISION) -32-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WIL: The next time you tune in Fibber McGee and Molly, the
not-so-merry month of March will be here. How is March
around your particular part of the world? Quite probably
a little on the wet side, and you know what that means...
more mud and dirt tracked into your nice, clean kitchen
and hallways. This March, why don't you save yourself
a lot of work and worry by using Glo-Coat on your
linoleum? No matter how much mud is tracked in, you can
have a sparkling-clean floor in a jiffy with JOHNSON'S
GLO-COAT. Just wipe up with a damp cloth and it shines
like new again. It's no trouble at all to GLO-COAT
linoleum, of course. Just spread it around on the floor
and let it dry. GLO-COAT shines itself, does all the
work. In 20 minutes your floors are wax-polished and
beautifully shining, never streaked or uneven. You'll be
glad to know that the tough film of GLO-COAT protects
your linoleum, too, against dirt, wear and spilled things.
That means its bright colors and attractive patterns will
stay new looking far longer. Why not have your linoleum
ready for bad weather by using JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING
GLO-COAT.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC - FADE FOR:

TAG

SOUND: MANDOLIN: PRETTY REDWING

MOL: Well, I'm glad to see you've calmed down, McGee.

FIB: Yup. Just settin' here, exercisin' my rights as an American citizen. With my old mandolin. I'M a one-man music union.

MOL: Meaning what?

SOUND: STRUM CHORD

FIB: I mean nobody can interfere with my lawful right to peacefully picket. (STRUMS)

MOL: Oh, dear.

FIB: Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, 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. Goodnight.

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

(CHIMES)

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

*file of
Mather*

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MO

FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

NBC - TUESDAY