

WRITERS:

DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

(REVISED)

#24

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SCD
Raded

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

NBC - TUESDAY

MARCH 12, 1946

(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 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: "SOME SUNDAY MORNING" - FADE FOR:

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WIL: A listener writes to say she found an unfamiliar looking package of JOHNSON'S WAX on her pantry shelf. The price wasn't even marked in American money. It seems her daughter bought it sometime ago in England. JOHNSON'S WAX gets around, doesn't it? It's used all around the world to give homes that lovely wax-polished radiance. JOHNSON-WAXED floors, for example, have a lovely ^{shiny} ~~sunshiny~~ sheen. Furniture when protected with JOHNSON'S WAX glows and sparkles brightly. In fact, when you use wax regularly your whole home is cleaner and brighter and infinitely more beautiful. Equally important, JOHNSON'S WAX provides a wonderful lasting protection against dirt, wear and spilled things. And you yourself won't have nearly so much work around the house....a quick dusting soon makes things look lovely again. Make a note on your shopping list right now, will you.....JOHNSON'S WAX, Paste, Liquid or Cream!

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH

(APPLAUSE)

WILCOX: THE MONTH OF MARCH IS USUALLY PRETTY WINDY IN WISTFUL VISTA. AND EVERY TIME A BIG BREEZE BLOWS, SOMEBODY BRINGS UP THE SUBJECT OF KITE FLYING. IN FACT, HERE'S A BIG BREEZE BLOWING ABOUT KITES TO HIS WIFE RIGHT NOW, AS WE MEET --

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

FIB:and I could see right away that this kid didn't know anything about flying kites. He was going at it all wrong, see?

MOL: He probably wasn't used to pulling strings the way you are, dearie.

FIB: Right! So I ankles over to him and I says, look, sonny, you're flying that kite all wrong, I says, and - so I grabs the string out of his hand.

MOL: Why you had no business doing that, McGee. It was HIS kite.

FIB: I was doing it for his own good. He wasn't flying it right.

MOL: If more people did fewer things for the good of more people, more people would like more people more. So what happened?

FIB: I lets out more string, and whammo! The kite peeled off like a seagull divin' on a shrimp, and gets hung up in a sycamore tree.

MOL: Oh, fine! I hope you paid the lad for his kite.

FIB: I gave him a dollar. But he wouldn't stop bawling, and then his old man come running out, and seemed to take his side.

MOL: Prejudiced, was he?

FIB: Definitely. I don't take that stuff from anybody, no matter whose father they are that I bust their kids kites, so I walks up to this guy and says, real deadly and quiet...like George Raft...and says "TAKE OFF YOUR COAT, BUSTER!" I says.

MOL: You're rapidly approaching the world's record for doing too many wrong things in the shortest time, dearie.

Did the man take off his coat?

FIB: DID HE TAKE IT OFF! Woooo! I haven't seen a coat come o' so fast since it rained the day I painted the garage. He come outa that coat like he had bees up his sleeves!

MOL: And then?

FIB: And then I could see we'd both catch our death of cold standing there with our coats off in that March wind, so I hopped onto a beer truck that was passing at the moment, and left.

MOL: Very discreet of you, I'm sure.

FIB: Well, my gosh, I didn't wanna beat the guy up in front of his own kid!

MOL: Well tell me one thing, sweetheart, - how did you get to be such an expert on kite flying in the first place?

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, GET TO BE. I ALWAYS BEEN AN EXPERT. Remember the kites I used to fly back in Peoria - up on Kickapoo Hill?

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS....IS THAT WHAT ALL YOU BOYS WERE DOING, YELLING AND SCREAMING UP ON KICKAPOO HILL?

FIB: Yes sir, best place in the United States for kite flying! I never yet been up on Kickapoo Hill but what there was a big wind up there.

MOL: I've heard other people say the same thing.

FIB: And I made some of the best and biggest kites that ever flew, too Made one once that ---

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: Come in!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

MOL: Hello, Doctor Gamble. Nice to see you.

DOG: Hello, Molly. And how are you today, Knucklehead?

FIB: Thanks to the fact that I never take any of the medicine you gimme, I'M fine, Butnher-Boy. You wanna see me about something, or are you just hiding from the police?

MOL: I should like to see you treat Doctor Gamble with a little more respect, Mc Gee. They say he's one of the finest surgeons in the country.

FIB: In the country, that's quite possible. But here in the city he's just another palooka with a mail-order stethoscope. And he just uses that as an excuse to get your coat off so his nurse can go through your pockets. Correct me if I'm wrong, Fatso.

DOC: Correcting you when you're wrong would be a twenty-four hour a day job, Zebra-face. Was I interrupting some profound discussion when I came in?

MOL: Oh no, doctor. McGee was just telling me what an expert kite flyer he was as a boy - back in Peoria.

FIB: I was not only an expert at flyin' 'em, but also of makin' 'em.

DOC: That's a lot of bilbo, Drip-lip! Kite making is a delicate process, and you're about as handy with tools as a moose with a flute.

FIB: BLAH!! DID YOU EVER BUILD A KITE YOURSELF, BUCKLEWART?

DOC: Why, you leaky little wagner. I've made kites that would have you hiding your head under a passing streetcar.

FIB: OH YEAH? I SUPPOSE YOU COULD STILL BUILD A KITE THAT WOULD FLY, SHARPSHOOTER!

DOC: I COULD INDEED, BUGRAIN! I HAVEN'T TOUCHED A KITE IN FORTY YEARS. BUT I CAN STILL BUILD ONE THAT WILL FLY SO MANY RINGS AROUND YOU, YOU'D BE EVEN DIZZIER THAN YOU ARE!

FIB: FOR DOUGH?

DOC: FOR ANY AMOUNT!

FIB: TEN BUCKS!

DOC: DONE!

MOL: No, boys, that's gambling. ~~Don't be naughty.~~

FIB: Well, my gosh, we gotta have some incentive.

DOC: ~~I'd bet my shirt, but my shirt is so much better than his.~~

MOL: Make it for ten dollars then and give it to me. I'll send it to the National Society for Crippled Children - for Easter Seals.

FIB: FINE!

DOC: GREAT! WHAT'S THE DEADLINE, MCGEE?

FIB: FOUR O'CLOCK!

DOC: IT'S A DEAL.

MOL: Put it in writing, boys. Who's got some paper?

DOC: Not me.

FIB: Not me.

MOL: I know where there is some. Right here in the hall clos -

FIB: NO NO NO...NOT IN THERE, MOLLY, I HAVEN'T ---

DOOR OPEN: CLOSET EFFECT: BELL TINKLE.....APPLAUSE:

(PAUSE)

FIB: I gotta straighten out that closet one of these days!

ORCH: "TAKE CARE"

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: LIGHT HAMMERING, AT INTERVALS, THRU:

FIB: (SINGS) Ohhhh, I had a little fox and his name was Ray.
He had a careless habit - he always ran away.
When I told him he'd regret it, no attention did he pay -
And I saw a lady wearing him, just the other day...
(HAMMERING) Oh de da da de da de...Boy, this is really
gonna be a kite! Doc Gamble might just as well pony over
his ten bucks. He's washed up like a handful of seaweed.

MOL: Don't under-estimate the doctor, dearie. There's a lot of
gray matter in that bald old skull of his.

FIB: Ah, ptah! Take away his brains and education and what has
he got? No more personality than a trout. My gosh,
he's so--

SOUND: DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh, hello there, Mrs. Carstairs. Do come in!

CARST: Thank you, my dear...

SOUND: DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Hiya, Carsty. Fling the furs on the floor and flop the
fragile frame on our fine furniture. You don't mind if
I go on workin'?

SOUND: SHORT HAMMERING:

CARST: Not at all, Mr. McGee. May I ask what you are making?

MOL: He's making a kite, Millicent.

CARST: A kite!

FIB: Yeah...I and Doc Gamble are both building 'em, Carsty.

CARST: I see. Nothing else to do until the marble season,
I presume.

MOL: Oh, they have a little wager, Millicent. To see
which of them can fly their kite the highest.

FIB: And you can take it from the Iron Duke, girls, that
old Fumble-Thumb Gamble has got less chance than a
tight-rope walker with the hiccups. Ever fly a kite,
Carsty?

CARST: No, Mr. McGee. Although I WAS a bit of a tomboy when I
was a girl. I was short stop on the softball team,
forward on the basketball team, high diver on the swimming
team and ran the mile in 2 minutes and seven seconds.

MOL: Heavenly days!

FIB: NOW JUST A MINUTE, MILLY...RUNNING A MILE IN TWO MINUTES
AND SEVEN SECONDS IS IMPOSSIBLE! NOBODY'S EVER RUN THE
MILE IN EVEN FOUR MINUTES!

CARST: Possibly no one else ever had a caterpillar drop down
the neck of his track suit just as the starting gun
went off.

MOL: Well my goodness, I never would have thought of you as an
athlete, Millicent! Did you ever play any tennis?

CARST: Badminton was my game, my dear. Ahh, I shall never forget
the trophy I got for my first championship game - they
gave me the bird!

FIB: How about boxing, Carsty?

CARST: Not now, thank you, Mr. McGee...Perhaps later in the--
OH GOOD HEAVENS...I SIMPLY MUST BE GETTING HOME...I AM
EXPECTING A BABY --

FIB: WHAT?

MOL: WHY, MILLICENT, YOU NEVER SAID A--

CARST: Please...my dear! I am expecting a baby grand piano
delivered this afternoon and I MUST be there when it
arrives. Good day.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Well, back to work, kiddo...Hand me that piece of
two-by-four there, willya? Thanks.

SOUND: HAMMERING

MOL: Just what is that you're making now, dearie? A box
to carry your kite in?

FIB: NO NO NO...this IS my kite. It's a box kite.

MOL: Seems awfully heavy for a kite.

FIB: That's because I haven't got the paper on it yet...
I use a very light weight paper.

MOL: Oh, I see.

SOUND: HAMMERING:

FIB: (SINGS) Ohh, I had a little goat and his name was Pete;
Didn't dare bend over or he'd knock you off your feet...
If I only had him now I would never ever gripe or grouse,
'Cause it's wonderful to have a little butter in the
house... Ohhh, te da da te da...(HAMMERING)

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: It's your turn to say come in, McGee.

FIB: Okay. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN...CLOSE:

MOL: Well, for goodness sakes...MR. WIMPLE!

FIB: HIYA WIMP!

WIMP: Hello, folks.

MOL: Have a chair, Mr. Wimple.

WIMP: Oh I can't stay but a minute, folks. I'm just delivering
a message for Sweetface.

FIB: Whom to, Wimp?

WIMP: To me, Mr. McGee.

MOL: What is the message, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: "Get out of my sight for a while, woman!"

MOL: Just what was the cause of this little misunderstanding,
Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: Well, Sweetface wanted me to give her her breakfast in
bed this morning. Socoo, about eight o'clock I tippy-toed
down to the kitchen and made some nice scrambled eggs and
hot coffee and cinnamon toast and took it up to her. And
when she ate it she had tears in her eyes.

FIB: Really got sentimental about it, eh Wimp?

WIMP: No, I'd put dry mustard on the toast instead of cinnamon. By mistake, of course.

MOL: Well, natch.

WIMP: So Sweetface leaped out of bed and chased me all over the house. She finally cornered me in the fruit cellar.

(PAUSE) Do I smell a little bit of pickled beets?

FIB: Can't say you do, Wimp. However, I seem to detect a slight aroma of grape jelly.

WIMP: (SNICKERS) Well, I'm getting even with her, believe me. I sneaked out into the garage and left all the lights burning in the car. Now when she goes downtown she'll have to crank it by hand.

MOL: Well, she's strong enough to do it, isn't she, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: Oh yes..(SNICKERS) But I left it in gear.

FIB: MY GOSH, WIMP...THE CAR WILL RAM HER CLEAR THRU THE GARAGE!

WIMP: Oh I don't think so, Mr. McGee...it's solid ^{concrete} cement. But I'll go and see...GOODBYE, NOW.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Poor little Mister Wimple!

FIB: Whaddye mean, poor little Mr. Wimple? He thinks up twice as many dirty tricks to play on her as she does on him. She's got the muscle, but he's got the brains.

MOL: He has until he gets home, at least. But if she has a baseball bat handy....

DOOR OPEN:

WIL: Hello, folks.

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Hiyah, Junior. Hope you don't mind if I go ahead with my work.

WIL: What's ^{all the lumber for} ~~the construction~~, Pal? Building a doghouse?

MOL: Kite, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: Kite, eh?

FIB: Yup. Kite, Junior.

(PAUSE)

WIL: Gee, I wish you were working out in the kitchen, Pal. Then if you spilled something on the linoleum...

MOL: But he isn't Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: No. No he isn't. Hmmmm. What..er...what kind of a kite is it you're making, Pal?

FIB: Box kite.

WIL: Hmm. Box kite, eh?

MOL: No help, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Afraid not, Molly. Let me see now...er...YOU MAKING THIS JUST FOR FUN, FIBBER? KIND OF FILLING UP YOUR LEISURE TIME, OF WHICH YOU HAVE PLENTY BECAUSE YOUR HOUSEWORK IS SO --

FIB: NO, I'M NOT!

WIL: Not, eh?

MOL: He's in a competition with Doctor Gamble, Mr. Wilcox. They've got a wager up, as to who can build the best kite.

WIL: Wager. eh? Hmmmm.

(PAUSE)

FIB: (CHUCKLES) By George, I never thought I'd live to see the day Junior got stuck for an opening! Get Racine on the telephone, Molly! Tell 'em to get in touch with Harry Von Zell.

WIL: Excuse me, Pal.

FIB: Eh?

WIL: Look...about this kite of yours. What are you going to do with it?

MOL: Why, my goodness, he's going to FLY IT, Mr. Wilcox. Didn't you ever fly kites when you were a lad?

WIL: Sure. Did Fibber?

FIB: YOUR DARN RIGHT I DID, BOY! UP ON KICKAPOO HILL IN PEORIA. USED TO FLY KITES EVERY DAY THERE WAS A WIND...MADE 'EM DO ACROBATICS...SENT MESSAGES UP THE STRING...

WIL: AHHHH, MESSAGES EH?

MOL: Oh McGee, you--

WIL: GEE, I KNOW A MESSAGE I'D LIKE TO SEND UP THE STRING OF YOUR KITE, PAL....IF YOU DON'T MIND.

FIB: Now wait a minute, Waxey, I didn't mean --

WIL: WRITE THIS DOWN!!! QUOTE: "HOUSEWIVES! WHY IS JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLOCOAT LIKE A KITE? BECAUSE IT TOPS EVERYTHING. EVERYBODY LOOKS UP TO IT! IT'S EFFORTLESS! AND THEREBY HANGS A TAIL!

MOL: There's no tail on a box kite, Mr. Wilcox--- *because*

WIL: USING SELF POLISHING GLOCOAT IS LIKE FLYING A KITE...IT'S A BREEZE! POUR A LITTLE OUT ON YOUR LINOLEUM...SPREAD IT AROUND, LET IT DRY TWENTY MINUTES OR LESS AND PRESTO! NEW BEAUTY...NEW LIFE TO YOUR TIRED AND WORN LINOLEUM...NO RUBBING...NO BUFFING...SAVE YOURSELF HOURS OF HOUSEWORK.. HAVE FUN!!! GO FLY KITES!!! Gee, I've talked myself into it! I'M going home and make one ^{top} myself! See you later.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Shucks, I thought we had him there for a minute!

MOL: Not him, dearie. He's as hard to pin down as a sunburned wrestler. Well, I guess I'll go upstairs and let you get to work. (FADE OUT) Let me know before you leave the house....

FIB: I WILL, MOMMY. (TO HIMSELF) Ahhh there goes a good kid. She thinks I know what I'm doin', building this kite. And is she wrong? She's never been more wronger in all her born ---

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: OH FOR THE -- COME IN, COME IN, COME IN!

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

TEE: Hi, mister.

FIB: Oh hi yha, Teeny. Look, sis. I'm a very busy man today. Scram, willya? Take a powder! Beat it! Hit the grit! Vamoose! Fade!

TEE: You mean you want me to go away, mister?

FIB: That might roughly be construed as my general idea, sis. Look, will you scram outa here if I give you a quarter?

TEE: I will for two dollars, I betcha.

FIB: TWO DOLLARS!!! WHY YOU LITTLE---

TEE: Too much, eh mister? Okay. You come up a little and I'll come down a little.

FIB: Fifty cents.

TEE: One dollar.

FIB: Seventy five cents.

TEE: I think you will find, mister, that according to the OPA that the ceiling price for getting little children to hit the grit, is one dollar. Anyway, I gotta have a dollar.

FIB: Why?

TEE: Well...gee....I was gonna go out with Willie Toops and fly my kite, but there isn't any wind today so I thought I'd get one of those balloons.

FIB: WHAT BALLOONS?

TEE: One of those balloons the man is selling down on the corner and they cost a dollar and they're full of helimum gas and -

FIB: HELIUM, sis.

TEE: Sure, they're full of helimum gas and -

FIB: HEELY-YUM, Sis. YUM,...YUM.

TEE: Gee, is it good to eat?

FIB: No, I was just--

TEE: Okay. Anyway these balloons are full of helimum gas and gee if you ever let go the string they go right up in the air and --

FIB: HEY!! WAIT A MINUTE!

TEE: Hmmm?

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: Helium gas eh? Gotta powerful lift to it, eh? Hmmm. Look, sis. I think we can make a deal, you and me.

TEE: Okay, mister. I'm sure that any business relations we will have will be enimmemly satisfactionry, and --

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FIB: NEVER MIND THE SALES PITCH, SIS. NOW LISTEN....Here's what I want you to do, see? (MUSIC FADE IN) Take this dollar and get one of those ^{helium} balloons, and then come back here and ...

ORCH: "MONEY IS THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL" KING'S MEN.

APPLAUSE:

THIRD SPOT

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SOUND: CAR MOTOR .. FADE IN UP AND OUT WITH LOUD BRAKE SCREECH

FIB: Gotta get them brakes fixed, ~~one of these days~~. WELL, HERE'S THE FAIR GROUNDS, MOLLY.

MOL: Yes, but I don't see anything of Doctor Gamble. What happens with your wager if he doesn't show up?

FIB: He'll show up. He don't think any more of ten bucks than Heifetz does of his left forefinger, Come on.. let's get out.

CAR DOOR SLAM:

MOL: I'll bring your kite, McGee, so --

FIB: HEY...NIX....I'LL BRING THE KITE!!!! I DON'T WANT ANYBODY HANDLING THAT KITE BUT ME, TOOTSIE. AND ANYWAY OH! HIYAH, LA TRIVIA!

GALE: (FADE IN) Hello, McGee. Good afternoon, Mrs. McGee. Doctor Gamble told me about this little contest of yours, and I wanted to catch you before it started.

MOL: Why, Mr. Mayor.

GALE: About our campaign to remind people to remove their car keys, Mrs. McGee. To cut down car stealing and consequent juvenile delinquency.

FIB: What about it, La Triv?

GALE: I thought you might be interested to know that the campaign is going splendidly.

MOL: Isn't that grand!

GALE: The Girl Scouts are working on it also, bless their hearts....it's their birthday ^{today} ~~this week~~ you know.

FIB: ALL OF 'EM? MY GOSH, AIN'T THAT WONDERFUL? IMAGINE GETTING THAT MANY KIDS TOGETHER OF THE SAME AGE! I NEVER WOULD OF --

MOL: It's the birthday of the ORGANIZATION, McGee.

FIB: Oh.

GALE: Yes. Well, I thought you'd like to know about the campaign, McGee. I'll be getting back to the office. You haven't much wind today for your kite flying, have you?

FIB: There's as much for me as there is for Doc Gamble, La Trivia. Anyway, with my kite flyin' technique, I don't need much wind.

GALE: Don't know much about it, myself. I went in more for baseball when I was a boy.

MOL: Oh so did McGee, Mr. Mayor. He was the little pitcher with the big ears.

FIB: Center Field. You know, I often get the urge to smack the old horsehide again. La Trivia.

GALE: Really? You always carry a whip when you ride, McGee?

FIB: Ride?

MOL: Horseback, McGee.

FIB: My gosh, I haven't been on a horse for years, La Trivia.

GALE: In that case, I can understand why you'd want to use a whip. One is inclined to lose one's mastery of a horse in time.

FIB: WHO LOSES MASTERY OF WHAT HORSE?

GALE: The one you said you'd like to smack the hide of.

MOL: You said that, McGee. You said you'd like to smack the old horsehide again and --

FIB: LOOK ANY DUNCE KNOWS THAT A HORSE HIDE IS USED TO COVER BASEBALLS WITH AND --

GALE: That's no excuse for whipping the hide off a live horse, McGee. Personally, I think that anyone who would abuse a dumb animal like that --

FIB: WHAT'S THIS ANYWAY? I NEVER DUMB TREATED ANY MALTRAMINALS....I MEAN I NEVER HORSED A WHIP IN MY....LOOK....I NEVER SAID....

MOL: Now now now .. don't get excited, McGee. My goodness, suppose you did lose your temper once or twice and spank a horse. Nobody would ever --

FIB: BUT I DIDN'T, I TELL YOU! LA TRIVIA SAID I --

GALE: Just a minute, McGee. When you said you liked to smack a horses hide, I presumed you meant a whip....but when you said with your hands, I --

FIB: I NEVER SAID THAT....I SAID I LIKED TO SMACK A HORSEHIDE WITH A BALLBAT.

MOL: My goodness....with a ballbat! How awful!

GALE: This is worse than I thought, McGee. Anyone who would strike a horse with a ball bat is --

FIB: (BLOWS UP) DAD RAT IT, I NEVER SAID I'D HIDE A HIT FROM A HORSE....ER....HIT A BALLHORSE WITH A HIDEBAT....ER....BALLHIDE....YOU SAID I....WHEN I HIT THE BAT...ER...SNACK THE BEJ....ER....I....YOU...I SAID....(PAUSE) La Trivia.

GALE: Yes, McGee?

FIB: Now, I know how it feels.

MOL: (LAUGHS) You didn't mind my pitching in on the Mayor's side, did you McGee?

FIB: No, kiddo. I had it coming.

GALE: You certainly did.

FIB: And to think you've put up with this for so long, La Trivia.

GALE: So long, McGee!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: My gosh, I wonder what's keepin' Doc Gamble. If he expects to win that ten bucks he'd better.....

MOL: Oh there he is, McGee...YOO HOO....DOCTOR GAMBLE...HERE WE ARE!

FIB: (SNEERS) Look at him..with his two bit kite...plastered together with adhesive tape and surgical sutures. HIYAH, DOC...READY FOR THE CONTEST?

DOC: (FADE IN) Look, McGee....whaddye say we postpone this thing.....there's no wind.

FIB: THERE'S ENOUGH WIND FOR ME, FATSO. PUT UP YOUR KITE OR PUT UP TEN BUCKS!

MOL: I don't see how you can fly a kite on a day like this, McGee.

DOC: Particularly that kite he's got there. I never saw a box kite before that was closed on all six sides.

FIB: WE AIN'T PAYIN' OFF ON APPEARANCES, RUMDUM. WE'RE PAYIN' OFF ON PERFORMANCE. NOW WHADDYE WANNA DO - FORFEIT YOUR SAWBUCK, OR GET THAT LUMPY LOOKIN' VALENTINE UP IN THE AIR!

DOC: BUT WE CAN'T FLY KITES TODAY, YOU LITTLE GUPPY!

FIB: WHY NOT?

DOC: THERE'S NO WIND!

MOL: You boys are making enough to start a small cyclone.

FIB: Well, I dunno about you, Arrowsmith...but I'M FLYIN' MY KITE...ONE SIDE THERE!....HERE I GO!!!

SOUND: RUNNING FEET

MOL: Heavenly days, Doctor...would you look at that!

DOC: WELL HYPO MY DERMIC!!!! RIGHT STRAIGHT UP IN THE AIR!! IT'S AMAZING!

MOL: Goodness!!

DOC: I have a feeling that goodness has nothing to do with this.

FIB: (OFF MIKE) WELL....HOW ABOUT IT, DOC? SATISFIED? MINE IS A HUNDRED FEET UP!....AND NARY A TAIL WAGGLE!

DOC: OKAY, McGee.....I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU DID IT, BUT --

SOUND: LOUD POP OFF MIKE...HISSING NOISE FAINT...FADE IN RAPIDLY... PLOP OF KITE ON GROUND WITH WOOD CRACKLE:

FIB: Well....imagine that? (MERRY LAUGH) Nose dive! Ha ha. Well, I never seen a kite yet that didn't now and then...

TEE: (FADE) Hey, Mister McGee...are you through with my helium balloon yet? Are you, mister? Hmm...are you?

DOC: What was that, little girl? Helium balloon?

MOL: Why, Fibber McGee....did you actually --

FIB: NOW LOOK, DOC ---- (LAUGHS) THIS WAS ALL A GAG, SEE? THE MONEY WENT TO CHARITY EITHER WAY, SO --

DOC: AND YOU DELIBERATELY PUT A HELIUM BALLOON INSIDE YOUR KITE, DID YOU, MCGEE? SO NOW YOU'RE CROOKING WITH GAS!

l cyclone.
I'M FLYIN' MY

that!
IN THE AIR!!

to do with this.
SATISFIED? MINE
WAGGLE!
T, BUT --
DE IN RAPIDLY...

dive! Ha ha.
now and then...

gh with my
Hmmm...are you?

GAG, SEE?

INSIDE YOUR
KING WITH GAS!

TEE: Sure he is, I betcha. The same balloon you tried to
buy from me, Doctor Gamble. Only he paid for it first.

FIB: Oho!!!

DOC: McGee, I think you're right. I think this kid is a midget!

TEE: Oh this is ridiculous!

ORCH: "WAIT AND SEE" FADE FOR --

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WIL: A quiz whi
question:
homemaker
the answer
your kitch
have JOHNS
only guess
your kitch
safe guess
then a
country us
when you r
your part,
beautiful.
and let it
twenty min
The colors
up batter.
lasts long
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JOHNSON'S

ORCH: SWELL MUSI

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
3/12/46

(2ND REVISION) -26-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WIL: A quiz which I saw in a newspaper the other day asks this question: In which part of the house does the average homemaker spend most of her time? As you might expect, the answer is, and I quote, "the kitchen". You do use your kitchen a great deal and that's why it's so nice to have JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT to keep it ^{fresh} ~~spic and span~~. I'm only guessing that you use JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT to keep your kitchen floor clean and sparkling, but it's a pretty safe guess, because more than half the ^{women use GLO-coat} ~~housewives in this~~ ^{than any other} ~~country use this popular~~ floor polish. It's not surprising when you realize that with practically no work at all on your part, GLO-COAT makes your kitchen floor look simply beautiful. All you do is spread it around on the floor and let it dry. There's no rubbing or buffing. In only twenty minutes your whole floor has a lovely clean polish. ~~The colors are brighter and the attractive patterns show up better.~~ You save money, too, because your linoleum lasts longer. You see, GLO-COAT is a wonderful protection against dirt, wear and spilled things. Try it, won't you? JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC FADE FOR

(2ND REVISION) -27-

TAG

MOL: Now that the contest is over, clean up the mess in this living room, will you, dearie?

FIB: Okay.

MOL: Why did you build the kite in here anyway. Why didn't you build it in the basement?

FIB: All my tools were up here, that's why.

MOL: What were they doing up here?

FIB: I brought 'em up here to build my kite.

MOL: Oh.

FIB: Yeah, Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all.

ORCH: 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)