

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR
JOHNSON'S WAX

DECEMBER 17, 1946

150

-2-

WILCOX: ~~THE JOHNSON'S WAX SHOW - WITH FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!!!~~

ORCH: ~~THEME....FADE FOR:~~

WILCOX: The makers of Johnson's Wax ^{products} for home and industry present
Fibber McGee and Molly - with Bill Thompson, Gale
Gordon, Arthur Q. Bryan, Bea Benaderet and me, Harlow
Wilcox. The script is by Don Quinn and Phil Leslie -
Music by the King's Men and Billy Mill's Orchestra!

ORCH: ~~THEME UP AND FADE FOR:~~

2

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WIL: Well, here it is, just a week to Christmas. You never saw so much hustle and bustle as there is in my house... I guess it's the same with you, too. What with last-minute shopping and tree trimming, there's certainly lots to be done. But in spite of how busy you are, you still want your home to look its best for the holidays. And that's where JOHNSON'S WAX comes into the picture. You see, if your floors, furniture and woodwork are protected with genuine JOHNSON'S WAX, that special holiday cleaning can be done in short order. A quick dusting, a touch-up with JOHNSON'S WAX where needed - and your rooms are glowing with rich, mellow beauty... all set for the visits of your family and friends. And there are so many things you can protect with wax. Floors, woodwork, all kinds of furniture, and a hundred other things, in every room of your home. Get some JOHNSON'S WAX, won't you - Paste, Liquid or Cream. JOHNSON'S WAX has helped brighten homes at the Christmas season since your grandmother's day.

CCG: THEME TO FINISH

WILCOX: MARK TWAIN SAID THAT EVERYBODY TALKED ABOUT THE WEATHER BUT NOBODY DID ANYTHING ABOUT IT. MARK DIDN'T LIVE LONG ENOUGH. NOWADAYS WE CAN GET A SHOWER BY TURNING A LITTLE GADGET IN THE BATHTUB. WE CAN GET A BREEZE WITH A FAN, AND SUNSHINE WITH A LAMP. FOR INSTANCE...LOOK AT --

--FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

MOL: MCGEE, FOR GOODNESS SALES...GO PUT A SHIRT ON! AND SOME PANTS!! YOU'VE BEEN SITTING UNDER THAT SUN LAMP FOR DAYS IN YOUR SWIMMING SHORTS AND SLIPPERS...WHAT IF SOMEBODY SHOULD COME IN?

FIB: Let 'em. This is my living room...and I'm living. Hey rub a little more suntan oil on my shoulders, willya?

MOL: Suntan oil! The trash box is overflowing with empty suntan oil bottles..... How did you happen to start this business, anyhow?

FIB: Well, I went down to Kremer's drug store to buy some scotch tape, but they didn't have any scotch tape, so I bought me a sun lamp.

MOL: MMM HMM! Very logical. But look...haven't you had about enough for today?

FIB: Migosh, no...I've just barely--

SOUND: ALARM CLOCK:

FIB: YUP!....THAT'S ENOUGH!.....SHUT IT OFF!!.....TIME'S UP!

SOUND: CLICK

MOL: It's a good thing you set the alarm clock, dearie. It's sort of silly for a man to get a sunstroke in his own living room, but you're begging for it!

FIB: I know what I'm doing, Tootsie. I'm following the directions to the letter. Twenty minutes at a time, front and back.

MOL: It didn't say 12 times a day, though.

FIB: That was my own idea. AND LOOK AT THIS TAN, WILLYA? PRETTY SNAZZY, EH? I'm beginning to look like a Spaniard.

MOL: Are Spaniards pink?

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN. PINK? LOOK AT THESE ARMS...THESE SHOULDERS ...THESE CHEST! THAT'S TAN!

MOL: Well...it may be...in time...but at the present stage you merely look like you'd been in more hot water than usual.

FIB: YOU WAIT - I'll get a sunburn on me that'll make the Govenor of Florida wake up screaming. Another week under this sunlamp and I could go to the South Pole with Admiral Byrd's aunt.

MOL: With who? Admiral Byrd's aunt isn't going to the South Pole.

FIB: Why, she certainly is! I was just reading about it right here. Look -- it says, "BYRD'S AUNT ANTIC EXPEDITION READY" Migosh, if a little old lady can organize a whole expedition ----

MOL: No, no, no, McGee! That's Admiral Byrd's Antarctic Expedition. The Antarctic IS the South Pole!

FIB: It is? No kidding? How do you know all this stuff? I read the same things you do, and you always get more out of it.

MOL: I read the punctuation, too. Like commas, and periods and things.

FIB: I don't. It messes up the reading matter.

MOL: If you don't read the periods, how do you know when you come to the end of a sentence?

(REVISED) -7-

FIB: They turn me loose with ten bucks and a new suit.
(LAUGHS) GET IT, LOVER? END OF A SENTENCE?? NEW SUIT...
TEN BUCKS? THAT'S WHAT THEY ALWAYS--

MOL: TAIN'T FUNNY, MCGEE!

FIB: Tain't? That's funny.

MOL: No, tain't!

FIB: Tain't?

MOL: No.

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: MCGEE...IT'S COMPANY!! PUT ON YOUR PANTS!

FIB: OKAY...HAND ME MY T-SHIRT...THANKS...HEY...WHERE'S MY
BELT BUCKLE? I'VE LOST MY BELT BUCKLE!

MOL: YOU'VE GOT YOUR PANTS ON BACKWARDS.

FIB: EH? OH!...OKAY...I GOT IT...LET 'EM IN!!

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Well, for goodness sakes...it's Mr. Wimple. Hello,

Mr. Wimple.

FIB: Hiya, Wimp, old man.

WIMP: Hello, folks.

MOL: Notice anything different about himself here, Mr. Wimple?

FIB: Take a good look, Wimp.

(PAUSE)

WIMP: Well, gracious me! Isn't that wonderful!! I wish I
could wear house slippers around the house. But
Sweetface---

(REVISED) -8-

FIB: NO NO NO!!! NOT THE HOUSE SLIPPERS, WIMP. THE TAN!....
TAKE A GANDER AT THESE SHOULDERS...SEE HOW BROWN I'M
GETTING?

MOL: It's a very light shade at the moment, of course. Sort
of an oyster-blush pink.

WIMP: Imagine that...a suntan in December! Now, you be careful,
Mr. McGee...you can get an awful shock that way.

FIB: A shock? With a sun lamp?

WIMP: Yes...wait till you see your electric light bill.

MOL: You look pretty pink and healthy yourself, Mr. Wimple.
Been out for a walk?

WIMP: Yes....in the woods, Mrs. McGee. With my bird book.

FIB: WHEI YOUR WHAT?

WIMP: My bird book. Maybe you don't read the North American
Ornithologist's Review. Otherwise you'd have seen where
I was elected Corresponding Secretary of the Wistful Vista
Bird Watchers and Migration Recorders. Unanimously, too!

MOL: Isn't that wonderful, Mr. Wimple. And what do Bird
Watchers do?

WIMP: We watch birds.

FIB: I used to be a bird watcher in Vaudeville, Wimp. I've
seen whole balconys full of Bronx Warblers.

MOL: Probably jealous because you were laying bigger eggs,
dearie.

WIMP: You know, just this morning I thought I saw a purple
crested, swallow-tailed Australian Grackle.

FIB: They pretty rare, Wamp?

(2ND REVISION) -9-

WIMP: RARE!!!...my gracious...they aren't even in the bird book
....I named this one myself. Then, coming home, I saw a
little boy robin --

MOL: A LITTLE BOY ROBIN!

WIMP: Yes, a little boy robin a blue jay's nest. But bird
watching is really such fun. Last summer I was looking
thru my telescope, and I saw a full grown tom turkey, no
bigger than a sparrow.

FIB: MY GOSH...A FREAK, EH?

WIMP: No, I was looking thru the wrong end of the telescope.
Well, I hope you get a beautiful sun tan, Mr. McGee.
Goodbye.

DOOR SLAM:

ORCHESTRA: "THE BEST MAN"

(APPLAUSE)

(REVISED) -10-

SECOND SPOT

MOL: McGee, are you under that sun lamp again?

FIB: Yup. Gettin' a beautiful tan, too...I think. Another
couple days of this, and I'll be browner'n a Hottentoot.

MOL: You mean TOT.

FIB: Tot, my clavicle. I'll be browner'n a GROWN UP Hottentoot..

MOL: Well, don't overdo it. The human epidermis was not
designed for charcoal broiling.

FIB: I ain't the type guy that burns. I'm the type guy that
turns a beautiful deep brown. A summer in the hot sun
for me, and....

SOUND: ALARM CLOCK:

FIB: THAT'S IT!...SHUT OFF THE SUN LAMP!!! TIME'S UP!!

SOUND: CLICK:

MOL: There you are. Here...take this towel and wipe off some
of that suntan lotion. You're as oily as a butler in the
movies.

FIB: Got ta use a lot of it to keep out the intra-violed rays.

MOL: I think you mean ULTRA.

FIB: Well, frankly, I think it's pretty ultra myself, but I
was just trying to be modest. With a suntan like I'm
gonna get, it'll...

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: Put your trousers on again, dearie. Hurry.

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FIB: I got 'em. Hand me my T-shirt...thanks... (PAUSE) Okay.
MOL: COME IN!
DOOR OPEN:
MOL: OH HELLO THERE MRS CARSTAIRS...DO COME IN!!
CARST: How do you do, my dear...good day Mr McGee.
FIB: Hiyah, Carsty. Fling the minks off and toss the frame on an orange crate. It may not be a place, but it's home.
MOL: Read that again, dearie.
FIB: EH? OH. IT MAY NOT BE A PALACE, but it's Home.
MOL: That's better. Wont you sit down, Millicent, and have a slug of tea?
CARST: Thank you no, my dear. I'm just taking a moment from my Christmas shopping. And I DONT know what to give MR. Carstairs. He HAS simply everything.
FIB: How about some gold-plated golf clubs, Carsty? That'd be pretty fancy.
CARST: Oh he already has sterling silver golf clubs, Mr McGee. I'm afraid he'd consider gold ones a bit flashy.
MOL: The conservative type.
CARST: Oh very, my dear. He does absolutely NOTHING that people could criticise. He even wips Mr. Petrillo before he takes the band off a cigar.
MOL: Got everybody else taken care of, Millicent? A diamond tarara for the cook and a town car for the handyman?
CARST: Yes, although my nephew is another difficult one. Hubert Updike, the Third, you know.

FIB: MY GOSH...HUBERT UPDIKE? IS HE YOUR NEPHEW? I've heard a lot about him. Friday nights. Friend of Alan Young's.
CARST: Yes. A very well-to-do young man. Of course he's on a very meager allowance now - ten thousand a week until he comes into the estate.
MOL: Well, a boy can live on that if he doesn't eat desserts.
FIB: For a kid like that you gotta get something pretty unusual, Carsty. Like a night club with fresh air in it. Or maybe an antique fountain pen that you can fill with ink, every coupla weeks.
CARST: That is so true, Mr. McGee. Last year we offered to buy Hubert the Hialeah Race Track but Hubert is allergic to horses.
MOL: Really, Millicent? Does he sneeze when he passes them?
CARST: No, he cries when the other horses pass them. Well, thank you so much for being so helpful. Good day.
DOOR SIAM:
FIB: Hey, them Carstairs must have all the dough in the world, you know it?

MOL: Yes, but they say MR Carstairs is very stingy. "Tighter than a Coat of Paint" was the term, I believe.

FIB: Well, when you're that rich you can afford to be stingy. When I tip forty cents for a four dollar dinner, I'M a dirty little tightwad, with fishhooks in my pocket. But if Carstairs does it, he's a charming old eccentric who knows the value of money.

DOOR OPEN:

WIL: Hello, folks...how're things?

MOL: Hello, Mr Wilcox.

FIB: Hyaah, Junior...how's the weather out?

WIL: Colder than the nose of a snowplow, Pal. This is the kind of a day I'd like to be on a nice warm desert island, with ten albums of swing music, a phonograph, and no needles.

MOL: No needles?

WIL: No, I dont like swing music. I'M a symphony man, myself. I like Mozart...Grieg, Chopin and Prokofieff.

FIB: Me too, Junior. I also like Guylem.

WIL: Who?

FIB: Guylem.

MOL: Guylem who?

FIB: Guylem Bardo. But look Junior...you dont have to go to the South Seas to get a coat of tan. Take a look at me.

WIL: Okay. I'm looking.

MOL: Dont you notice it, Mr Wilcox?

WIL: Notice wha----OH!!! HE GOT A HAIRCUT!

FIB: NO NO NO...LOOK AT MY ARMS AND SHOULDERS, JUNIOR.

WIL: What about 'em? Just because you haven't the muscular development of some of the other fellows, so what? Gee whiz, lots of boys don't--

MOL: HE MEANS HIS SUNBURN, MR WILCOX...CAN'T YOU SEE IT?

WIL: YOU MEAN THOSE PINK SPOCHES ON HIS SKIN? IS THAT WHAT THAT IS? I thought he had the hives. I was just being tactful.

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, PINK SPOCHES....THAT'S TAN!

MOL: He's using a sun lamp to get a little color, Mr Wilcox.

FIB: Yeah...I met a guy on the street the other day and he says Hiya, McGee, he says, how much are they? And I says how much are what? And he says arent you raising mushrooms? And that did it! I had to get some color.

WIL: I know another good way. To get your color back.

FIB: On your face?

WIL: No, on your linoleum.

MOL: But we weren't talki--

WIL: Johnson's Self Polishing Glocoat. It's amazing how it restores the life and luster to old and dingy linoleum.

FIB: Quit changing the subject. I was --

WIL: I'M NOT CHANGING THE SUBJECT. I'VE BEEN TALKING ABOUT JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT FOR YEARS! ABOUT HOW IT'S SO EASY TO APPLY....HOW YOU JUST POUR A LITTLE OUT. SPREAD IT AROUND AND

MOL: But about his sun tan, Mr. Wilcox-

WIL: Sun tan? Funny you should mention sun tan, Molly.

FIB: FUNNY? MIGOSH, I BEEN YAPPIN' MY HEAD OFF EVER SINCE YOU--

(REVISED) -15-

WIL: Yes - because I was just talking to a lady customer of mine about getting sun tanned this morning.

MOL: Were you, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Yes, I said to her, I said - "Does your son get tanned for tracking up the kitchen floor? Does -"

FIB: Aw fer the -

WIL: I said - "It's a shame to have your son tanned for nothing - because if you protect that linoleum with Johnson's Self Polishing Glocoat you can wipe those muddy tracks up so easily."

FIB: Yeah but what that gottodowith -

WIL: "You can keep your linoleum protected against mud and dirt and spilled things and keep it bright and -"

FIB: Look, Waxey!

WIL: Yes, Pal?

FIB: Have you got to go now?

MOL: Because if you do, Mr. Wilcox -

WIL: Thanks for reminding me, kids. I've got to go downtown and pick up my wife's Christmas present. Wait till you see the terrific sparkler I'm getting her!

MOL: A sparkler? Oh, a diamond, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: No - some Johnson's Self Polishing Glocoat! Well, so long, kids.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Migosh - the guy never did comment on MY TAN....WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH EVERYBODY? IS THIS A CONSPIRACY?

(2ND REVISION) -16-

MOL: No sweetheart...it's only that your tan isn't very dark yet. Why don't you stick some adhesive tape on yourself so you'd get tanned in stripes. People would notice it then.

FIB: NO SIR...BY GEORGE I'LL DO THIS LEGITIMATE OR I WON'T DO IT. TURN THAT SUN LAMP ON AGAIN...(CLICK) THANKS ...

MOL: All right, McGee...but don't let yourself get overdone, now. I've got to go up and sort the linen, but (FADE) I'll be down and baste you every fifteen minutes....

FIB: Okay...ahhh there goes a good kid!! She really admires this lifeguard tan I got, but will she say so? Not her!! She knows flattery makes me unbearable. She knows I --

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

FIB: OH OH...WHERE'S MY PANTS...WHERE'S MY PANTS!! (PANICKY) WHERE DID I PUT MY...SOMEBODY TOOK MY PA---Oh...I got 'em on. COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

TEE: Hi, Mister.

FIB: Oh hello, sis. What's on your mind?

TEE: I brought you some more stuff, Mister. Like you said.

FIB: Like I says when? What'd I say?

TEE: More busted toys. You said you'd fix 'em all up for the poor children - remember? For Christmas.

(REVISED) -17-

FIB: Oh yeah...I..er...well, as a matter of fact, sis,..I er..
to tell the truth, I don't believe I -

TEE: Gee, my teacher, Miss Yeagley thinks you're JUST WONNERFUL
to do it, mister. So do all the kids, I betcha.

FIB: They do, eh?

TEE: Well, I...Hmm?

FIB: I says they do, eh?

TEE: They do what?

FIB: ALL THE CHILDREN THINK I'M WONNERFUL!

TEE: Gee, are you ever conceited, though!

FIB: DOGGONE IT, SIS...I DIDN'T SAY I THOUGHT I WAS WONDERFUL.
I SAID THEY THOUGHT I WAS BECAUSE YOU SAID THEY SAID I
SAID...OH skip it. What did you bring this time?

TEE: I left 'em all out on the porch, mister. There's a scooter
with a wheel off, and a busted coaster wagon. Anna lil
steam injun that the whistle don't blow on it good, anna...
HEY DID YOU FIX THAT DOLLY I LEFT LAS' WEEK, MISTER?

FIB: Well, I..er..I'M still workin' on it, sis. It was a
bigger job than I figured. How'd it get so banged up?

TEE: My doggie did it. He chewed it up one day. He's a
cocker-bulldog.

FIB: A COCKER BULLDOG! You kidding me, sis? A cocker and a
bull are two different dogs.

TEE: I'll say so, mister. I betcha you never saw two more
different dogs than my dog, I betcha. My daddy says he's
a pure blooded mongrel.

(REVISED) -18-

FIB: That sounds reasonable.

TEE: Sure. My daddy says he's either a police dog in plain
clothes or a wire hair with a short circuit in the family.

FIB: Must be quite a mutt, sis. What does he look like?

TEE: Well, he's got long ears anna short tail, and his front
legs are shorter'n his back legs, and he's got hair all
over his eyes like Veronica Lake, and daddy says if we
put him inna dog show he'd get a blue ribbon for being
the best dog of all breeds because daddy says he's the
only dog he ever saw that WAS all breeds...I betcha.

FIB: What's his name?

TEE: John.

FIB: Where'd you get him?

TEE: Gee, Mister, he was there when I was born.

FIB: He was?

TEE: Sure. He's forty-eight years old. He was a Captain
in the Marines.

FIB: Must be quite a pooch!

TEE: DON'T YOU CALL MY DADDY A POOCH. HE'S A NICE MAN!!

FIB: Oh, were you talking about your daddy? I was talkin'
about the dog. How often you bathe him?

TEE: He bathes himself, I betcha. He takes a shower
every morning and every night.

FIB: YOUR DOG?

TEE: No, my daddy. He's awful smart, too. He brings the
paper home in his teeth every night.

FIB: YOUR DADDY?

(2ND REVISION) -19-

TEE: No, my dog Well, I guess I better go home now and see if somebody's fed him.

FIB: Your dog?

TEE: No, my daddy. Mamma's out of town. So long, mister.

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH: "BUTTERMILK SKY KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE:

THIRD SPOT

-20-

MOL: McGee...you'd better forget that sun lamp for a while and get dressed. You're shivering.

FIB: I'm all right. That little girl that was here left the door open a while. I'll bake out this chill with the sun lamp. AHHH, DOES THIS FEEL GOOD! I'll bet I...I...I.. I...AHHHH...choo!

MOL: Mmmhm. Catching cold, aren't you?

FIB: NAH...just the fuzz off this blanket tickling my nose.

I still got a little while under the sun lamp before I--

SOUND: ALARM CLOCK

FIB: THAT'S IT...TIME'S UP...SHUT IT OFF!

SOUND: CLICK

MOL: Let's see your tan, dearie.

FIB: Sure...take a look.

(PAUSE)

MOL: My goodness, you actually ARE getting quite pink, McGee.

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, PINK! I'M GETTIN' TAN! I'M THREE SHADES DARKER'N I WAS. THIS MORNING.

MOL: Well, with that roast pork gray you started out with, it could easily be. However, you still have a long way to go before you could be mistaken for a Pottowatamy.

FIB: WHAT? AFTER THREE DAYS UNDER A SUN LAMP? I MUST BE THICKER-SKINNED THAN EVERYBODY SAYS. I THOUGHT BY THIS TIME, I'D--

DOOR CHIME:

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(REVISED) -21-

MOL: Get your trousers on, dearie...people coming.
FIB: HAND ME MY T-SHIRT..THANKS..HEY, WHO SEWED UP MY PANTS LEG..
I CAN'T GET MY FOOT INTO THE--OH...that's the pocket..Okay...
I'm ready.

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh, McGee...it's Mayor La Trivia. Hello, your honor.

FIB: HIYA, LA TRIV.

GALE: Good day, Molly. Hello, McGee. I trust you felt no
serious effects, after Doctor Gamble and I polluted Dugan's
Lake with your carcass last week?

MOL: He did come home pretty chilled, Mr. Mayor.

FIB: PTAH..THAT WAS NOTHING. I had that comin' to me, La Triv.
I can take a joke. I can..I...I...I .AHH..CHOOO!

GALE: I was afraid of something like this, McGee. In fact, I took
the liberty of asking Doctor Gamble to come over and check
up on you.

FIB: 'AH, FER THE...HY DON'T YOU GUYS MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS?'
ANY TIME I NEED A DOCTOR I AM PERFECTLY CAPABLE OF..Brrr.
Hand me that blanket, Molly. I'm cold.

MOL: You'd better get to bed, dearie, you're coming down with
something.

-22-

GALE: Yes, McGee...better take care of that. I'd put you in bed
forcibly myself if I didn't have to get down to the
high school to judge a spelling bee.

FIB: A WHAT, LA TRIV?

GALE: A spelling bee. They're holding it in the auditorium.

MOL: Well, that's the most wonderful thing I ever heard of.
A spelling bee!!

FIB: Can he spell any really big words, La Triv?

GALE: Who?

MOL: This bee. My goodness, I've heard of talking dogs, and
singing mice, but a spelling bee! That's the most
amazing--

GALE: PLEASE...THIS IS NOT AN ACTUAL BEE. THAT'S RIDICULOUS.

FIB: I'll say it is. An ordinary bee couldn't even spell
"honey". no matter how he strained. This bee you got
down there must be a--

GALE: IT IS NOT A BEE!

MOL: But you said it was. You said they were holding it in the
high school auditorium, and if you'll take my advice,
your honor, you'll wear a net over your face, because if
he gets loose --

GALE: HE WON'T GET LOOSE...THERE IS NOTHING TO GET LOOSE. WHEN
I SAID THEY WERE HOLDING A BEE, I MERELY--

FIB: Pretty nervy kids they got down there, I'd say. I was
always scared to death of bees. But those youngsters hold
a bee just like it was--

GALE: THEY ARE NOT HOLDING A BEE, I TELL YOU...OR RATHER THEY
ARE HOLDING A BEE, BUT THE BEE THEY ARE HOLDING IS NOT
THE KIND OF A BEE THAT YOU --

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MOL: Heavenly days, we wouldn't know one kind of a bee from another, your honor. So it doesn't really matter. Don't the pupils ever get stung?

GALE: WILL YOU TWO STOP TALKING ABOUT THIS BEE AS IF IT WERE AN INSECT? THIS IS A BEE MADE UP OF TWENTY-FOUR CHILDREN... TWELVE ON EACH SIDE.

MOL: Isn't that interesting! What is a hornet made up of?

FIB: How many children in a wasp? The reason I ask is--

GALE: (YELLS) THERE ISN'T ANY WASP..I MEAN REASON..THE BEES THAT MAKE UP THIS CHILDREN..ER..YOU SAID THAT A HAIRNET..ER..A HORNET IS A BEE THAT..LOOK!! WHEN I SAID SOMETHING ABOUT A SMELLING SPEE..ER..SPILLING BOO....BAH...ER...IT DOESN'T ..YOU SAID I WAS..IT..WE...(PANTS) (PAUSE) McGee.

FIB: Yes?

GALE: If you were a bee, you'd have no trouble with the housing situation -

FIB: I wouldn't?

GALE: NO - EVERYBODY WOULD LOVE TO SEE YOU GET HIVES! Good night.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: I still don't think he's got a bee down there that can spell. My gosh, it's tough enough for me. I could never.. I...I...I...AHH CHOO...

MOL: Oh dear...you HAVE caught cold, McGee. My goodness, lying around this drafty house in slippers and shorts...or a thin little T-shirt that--

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN

DOOR OPEN:

DOC: Hello, there...I just met La Trivia outside and he says McGee's under the weather.

MOL: I'm afraid he is catching a little cold, Doctor. McGee... sneeze for the doctor.

FIB: I got kind of a chill, doc. It started just--

DOC: WELL, WHY SHOULDN'T YOU HAVE A CHILL, YOU INDREDIBLE LITTLE KNUCKLEHEAD? LOOK AT YOU! IN THE DEAD OF WINTER YOU SIT AROUND HERE WITH NO SOCKS ON...AND A WISP OF COTTON OVER YOUR FLAT LITTLE CHEST THAT WOULDN'T MAKE A PUP TENT FOR A FIELD MOUSE.

MOL: Don't you think T-shirts are healthy, doctor?

DOC: I like tea, my dear, but not with so much lemon in it.

FIB: Well look, Doc...I was dressed like this because I was trying to get a good---

DOC: Give me your wrist and be quiet. When did the symptoms start?

MOL: Oh, not more than an hour ago.

DOC: Well, maybe we can head it off. I'll write you a prescription. Put him to bed Keep him quiet, if possible ...feed him lightly. Hum. Pulse like a brewery house.

FIB: Look, Tensil Robber, what I was tryin' to tell you is, I was...

DOC: YOU'RE NOT TELLING ME THIS TIME, BUCKLEWART, I'M TELLING YOU. NOW SCRAM UP AND HIT THE MATTRESS, KEEP WARM AND KEEP QUIET.

(2nd REVISION) -25-

MOL: Anything else, Doctor?
DOC: Yes, one thing more. Call the drug store and get a sun lamp up here. A few minutes a day under a sun lamp will --
FIB: WHAT??? MIGOSH, I BEEN UNDER A SUN LAMP!! What do you think that is right there you big Witch Doctor??
DOC: Oh. (SLIGHT FADE) Where did you get the bulb in this thing, McGee?
FIB: Out of the table lamp. The bulb they had in it was too hot, so I took this one out of the table lamp.
MOL: Ahh, me.
FIB: AHHH - CHOO!!!
ORCH: "I CLOSE MY EYES".....FADE FOR

FIREER MCGEE AND MOLLY
12-17-46

-26-

WIL: You know, over the holiday season, I don't suppose any floor in your entire home will get harder wear than your kitchen linoleum. There'll be so many people walking over it, and of course, with so many good things to be cooked, there'll be spilled things, too. In fact, your kitchen floor might give you a lot of extra work if it weren't for JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT. That's the beauty of GLO-COAT. Dirt and spilled things wipe up quickly with a damp cloth. And, of course, you know how easy it is to apply that tough coat of JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT. There's no rubbing or buffing. GLO-COAT shines as it dries -- and, by the way, that shine is really bright, believe me. You'll like the way JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT brings out your linoleum's pattern and colors, too...makes them clear and fresh-looking. Try it. Enjoy more beautiful floors the easy way this Christmas -- with JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC: FADE FOR:

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(2nd REVISION) -27-

FIB: Hey Molly - you know what next Tuesday night is?
MOL: Yes I do - it's the night before Christmas.
FIB: What are the King's Men gonna sing?
MOL: "The Night Before Christmas."
FIB: I know but -- Ohhh, you mean that song we made a record
album of? The one with the King's Men, and Teeny and
Billy Mills' Orchestra and if you don't happen to hear it
on the radio you can buy the records? Goodnight.
MOL: Goodnight all.

ORCH: UP TO FINISH
WIL: This is Harlow Wilcox speaking for the makers of
Johnson's Wax Products for home and industry and inviting
you to listen in again next Tuesday night...Goodnight.
THIS IS NBC, THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

"FIBBER

JO

DECEMBER 24, 1946