

(REVISED)

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"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

MAY 27th, 1947

NUMBER #35

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WILCOX: THE JOHNSON'S WAX PROGRAM - 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, 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:

OPENING COMMERCIAL

ANNCR: Tell me, have you tried JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX on your furniture? Yes, I said CREAM WAX...it's the very newest JOHNSON'S WAX product and believe me, it's something very special. Let me tell you about CREAM WAX. In the first place it has astonishing cleaning power. Rub a little JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX on a table top or some smudgy white woodwork and you'll be amazed how quickly and easily the dirt comes off. That's because this creamy white liquid contains several cleansing ingredients. But that's only one of the nice things about CREAM WAX. It also contains genuine wax, so it quickly polishes up to a bright, sparkling wax luster. This CREAM WAX finish is hard and satiny smooth. It lasts and lasts...needs repolishing only occasionally...it won't get dull and smeary, as ordinary oil polishes do. And a CREAM WAX finish is dry--dust and dirt can't stick to it--so dusting is really easy. Why not try it? JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX is perfect for cleaning and wax-polishing all your furniture, light woodwork and your white kitchen equipment.

ORCH: BRIDGE TO OPENING:

WILCOX: LEAVING A RESTLESS MAN LIKE MR. MCGEE ALONE IN A HOUSE IS LIKE TURNING A CHILD LOOSE IN A FIREWORKS FACTORY WITH A BOX OF MATCHES. THAT'S WHY MRS. MCGEE IS HURRYING HOME FROM A SHOPPING TRIP, WITH HER ARMS FULL OF BUNDLES AND HER HEART FULL OF APPREHENSION, as we join -
FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: FAST FOOTSTEPS ON SIDEWALK; SUSTAIN UNDER--

MOL: I suppose it's silly...worrying like this...he doesn't HAVE to get into trouble every time I leave. No, but he always does. The last time I--

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS UP ON PORCH...DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE.

MOL: Oh McGee...DEARIE...I'M HOME!

(PAUSE)

MOL: MCGEE...WHERE ARE YOU? MCGEE!!

FIB: (OFF) That you, Molly? Come on out in the kitchen...I got a surprise for you.

MOL: Oh no...not again!!!

SOUND: (FADE IN) RATTLE OF POTS AND PANS:

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS!!!..MY KITCHEN.!!! WHAT HAPPENED...DID THE STOVE BLOW UP.??

FIB: Whaddye mean, did the stove blow up? Can't a man do a little cooking without a lotta nasty comment?

MOL: Well, I hate to seem critical, dearie, but I haven't seen so many disgraceful-looking pots since the fat man's race at the Elk's picnic. What ARE you making?

FIB: Shrimps McGee.

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MOL: I beg your pardon.

FIB: Shrimps McGee. It's an old family recipe I found in the attic. My grandmether brung it East in a covered wagon in 1849.

MOL: The covered wagons went WEST, sweetheart.

FIB: Not with grandma, they didn't! The old gal ^{wasn't going} was too smart to ride two thousand miles with the sun in her eyes.

MOL: Touche!

FIB: Eh?

MOL: I said TOUCHE. That's a French word, meaning "Pull your dagger out of my biceps, I'm bowling tonight."

FIB: Oh. Well, lemme see now..I better check the recipe again.

~~SOUND:~~ RUSTLE OF PAPER:

FIB: Hmm. HEY, IS THERE A SPRING HOUSE AROUND HERE ANYPLACE?

MOL: A what?

FIB: A springhouse. It says "RUN DOWN TO THE SPRINGHOUSE AND FETCH A CROCK OF BUTTER, AND HAVE MILLER GRIND FIVE EARS OF CORN."

MOL: I can't do it right away, pet. I have to oil my spinning wheel and go shoot some squirrels for dinner....look, would I be prying into the family secrets, dearie, if I asked what tht mess is, boiling on the stove?

FIB: That's the sauce. It's the sauce that's the main thing with Shrimps McGee.. In fifteen minutes, I add two tablespoonsful of sorghum molasses, five drops of vinegar, twist of orange peel and a pint of horseradish.

MOL: A WHAT OF HORSERADISH?

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FIB: A pint. It says right here that...Oh no. It says a PINCH of horseradish. Grandma's handwriting is a little wiggly. (RATTLE OF PANS) This is the trickiest--

~~SOUND:~~ DOOR CHIME

MOL: If that's Oscar of the Waldorf, I'll pretend I don't know you. COME IN!

~~SOUND:~~ DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE - OFF:
~~FIB:~~ ^{calls in} (CALLS) In the kitchen, La Triv!

GALE: (FADE IN) Hello there. I was just (PAUSE) Good heavens, what are you doing - MOVING?

FIB: No, we're not moving.

MOL: It's a logical question, however dearie. You've got dishes out that I'd forgotten we had.

FIB: I'm making Shrimps McGee, La Triv. Old family recipe. My grandmother was notorious for it.

GALE: I'll bet she was! Was she terribly lonesome, McGee, after the family ran away?

MOL: They didn't run away, Mr. Mayor. They were CARRIED away.

FIB: OKAY OKAY OKAY...SNEER, IF YOU WILL. DERIDE ME! BUT BY GEORGE WHEN YOU FLING A LIP OVER THIS....Oh oh. Time to put in the potatoes! Hand me that bowl over there, La Triv.

GALE: Here you are...DID YOU SAY POTATOES?

FIB: That's what I says, POTATOES.

MOL: What's the idea of cutting them into cubes and putting all those black spots on them?

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(2ND REVISION) -7-

FIB: The recipe says "DICE SEVEN TO ELEVEN POTATOES." Now stand back...I don't wanna splash anybody.

SOUND: SPLASH OF WATER

FIB: There we are I don't have to add the rhubarb and the coconuts for twelve minutes yet.

GALE: Did your ... er...grandmother live to a ripe old age, McGee?

FIB: A hundred and three. Broke her neck breaking a mustang in Wyoming.

GALE: Well, if Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has any trouble with Mickey Rooney, McGee, they can send for you. You're from a Hardy family yourself.

MOL: If you're through with the eggbeater, dearie, I'll wash it and put it away.

FIB: NO NO NO NO!! I HAVEN'T WHIPPED THE SAUERKRAUT JUICE YET!

GALE: (HOLLOWLY) Sauerkraut juice. I never...(SNIFF SNIFF)
You know, that sauce actually smells delicious!

FIB: Well, natch! And look, I got a few minutes here before I add any more ingredients, La Triv. Let's chat.

GALE: I'd love to, McGee, but I've got to get back to the City Hall. I've just gotten a report that Russia has recalled her consul for talking too much.

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FIB: Talking too much? What'd he say?

GALE: Said YES!...Good day.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: My goodness, if there's one thing I don't understand, it's international politics.

FIB: Me either. Gimme something simple, like one of Grandma's recipes and - HEY, HAND ME MY RAZOR THERE, WILLYA? On the sink.

MOL: What's the razor for?

FIB: The recipe says "SHAVE THREE CARROTS". I ~~already~~ got 'em all lathered up here, and I'm gonna -

DOOR OPENS - OFF:

OLD M: (OFF) HEY THERE, JOHNNY! HEY, DAUGHTER!

MOL: Oh, it's the Old Timer, McGee.

OLD M: (OFF) ANYBODY HOME, KIDS???

FIB: (CALLS) Not a soul, Old Timer, We went out!

OLD M: (OFF) OH, IN THAT CASE I'LL COME BACK LATER.

DOOR SLAM - OFF:

MOL: For goodness sakes, McGee! He left!

FIB: Migosh, he shoulda known I was only kiddin'. (RATTLE OF LID) Boyoboy, just get a whiff of that, Molly! Don't it smell goood? I haven't hardly got it started yet and it already -

BACK DOOR OPENS:

OLD M: Hello there, Johnny - hello, daughter!

FIB: Hiyah, Old Timer. Come on in.

MOL: Yes do, Mr. Old Timer. We thought you had gone.

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OLD M: Nope. I was here awhile ago, but you were out...so I...
(SNLFF SNIFF) What's cookin', Johnny?...On the front burner??

MOL: Himself is making Shrimp McGee, Mr. Old Timer. It's a recipe that's been handed down through his family for years - and personally, I'd hand it right back!

OLD M: (CHUCKLES) We had somethin' like that in our family, daughter. It was handed down from father to son, son to grandson, grandson to nephew and nephew to me. None of us ever cared much for it, though.

FIB: You didn't, eh? What was it?

OLD MAN: Whooping cough.

MOL: McGee's pretty hard to please like that, too, Mr. Old Timer. I've seen him refuse to eat curried chicken because the currycomb had a broken tooth!

OLD M: (LAUGHS) THAT'S PRETTY GOOD, DAUGHTER ... BUT THAT AIN'T THE WAY I HEERED IT! THE WAY I HEERED IT, ONE FELLER SAYS TO TOTHER FELLER, "SAAAAAY," HE SAYS..."I see where one of them Eastern Hotels has got a device now that makes the bed, sweeps the floor, and airs out the room - all at the same time!"..."Zat so?" says tother feller, "What is it - a vacuum cleaner gadget?"..."Nope", says the first feller... "Three chambermaids!" ... HEHEHE!
...Well, I jist dropped in to tell a joke...that was it...
So long, kids!

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH: "MY ADOBE HACIENDA"
(APPLAUSE)

SECOND SPOT

(2ND REVISION)-10&11-

SOUND: RAATTLE OF DISHES AND PANS:

MOL: I'll certainly be glad when you finish your grandmother's recipe, dearie. My kitchen looks like an explosion in a dining car.

FIB: Well, Shrimp McGee is a complicated concoction, Tootsie. Only dish I know of that takes more time is Acorns Bordelaise

MOL: ACORNS BORDELAISE! What's that?

FIB: That's a delicacy that REALLY takes time!

MOL: Why?

FIB: Well, you soak an acorn in salt water and peanut oil for five weeks, then plant it in rich topsoil. When the oak tree is shoulder high, you rub the bark every two years with nutmeg and throw away the first six crops of acorns. The seventh crop you store 8 months in a dry room in a white muslin bag.

MOL: And then?

FIB: Then you throw away the acorns, make a chef's cap outa the muslin bag, and fry yourself a manhole cover, which, by that time, will taste like a crepe suzette. And you know what... Hey!! I FORGOT TO ORDER THE SHRIMPS! Hand me the phone...

MOL: Here.

FIB: Thanks. (RECEIVER UP) HELLO, OPERATOR? GIMME JIMMY SALES MARKER AT FOUR ONE ONE FIVE OH, IS THAT YOU, MYRT?

MOL: Oh dear...

FIB: HAVEN'T HEARD YOUR VOICE FOR A LONG TIME, MYRT. WHERE YOU BEEN? OH, WORKING IN A LAUNDRY WHILE THE UNION ARBITRATED EH?

MOL: Very intelligent of her!

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FIB: Yeah...she says she wanted to iron while the strike was hot. HEY, MYRT...GIMME THE MARKET, WILLYA? I FORGOT TO ORDER SOME SHRIMPS AND..EH..? I DID? OH. THANKS, A LOT, MYRT. (CLICK) She says I called up and ordered 'em three hours ago.

MOL: Maybe we can deduct our phone bill as secretarial service. (SNIFF, SNIFF) You know, dearie..It doesn't make any sense, but that sauce you're making smells simply marvelous!

FIB: It should..I'm putting everything I have into it! SAY!!

MOL: Yes?

FIB: I'm gonna have so much of this stuff, I should of asked Ia Trivia to stay for dinner. Never thought of it.

MOL: You go ahead and cook. I'll give him a ring at the City Hall and--

SOUND: CLATTER OF PAN

FIB: Oh MY GOSH...LOOK WHAT I DID. THIS PAN CAME APART!

MOL: That pan is supposed to come apart, dearie. That's a double boiler.

FIB: Isn't that wonderful? That's what the recipe says to use. IMAGINE MY GRANDMOTHER KNOWING ABOUT A THING LIKE THIS? . People always claimed she could look into the future. *she knew*

~~MOL:~~ They did?

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(2nd REVISION) -13-

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR

MOL: Somebody at the kitchen door, McGee.

FIB: Maybe the delivery boy with the shrimps.

MOL: Could be. COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

WIL: (FORMALLY) Good afternoon. I am Mr. Wilcox, representing *the Johnson Wal people* S.C. Johnson & Son, Incorporated of Racine, Wisconsin.. I notice that your car in the driveway is...Oh..OH...IT'S YOU!!

FIB: Who'd you expect to find in our kitchen, Junior? Al Jolson, ~~with~~ his songs of yesterday and his checking account of tomorrow?

MOL: We live here, Mr. Wilcox. Remember?

WIL: Oh sure...but I usually come in the front door and coming around thru the back yard like this, over fences, I was a little confused and -

FIB: OVER FENCES!!

WIL: A dog was chasing me.

MOL: Whose dog?

WIL: I don't know. Big brown one, with red eyes and three thousand teeth. I think it was an Afghan.

MOL: Oh, it couldn't have been so vicious then, Mr. Wilcox. My Aunt Sarah has crocheted several of them and all they do is lie across the foot of the bed.

FIB: Afghan is also a dog, Molly. That would be old Will Connolly's dog, down the street, Junior. Very gentle animal till he takes a dislike to somebody, and he hasn't found anybody he likes yet.

(2nd REVISION) -14-

MOL: Why was he after you, Mr. Wilcox?
WIL: He thought I was trying to steal Mr. Connolly's car, I guess.
FIB: Were you?
WIL: No, I was just polishing it up for him. With Carnu.
FIB: Did old Connolly ASK you to polish his car, Juney?
WIL: Well, no. He didn't. MRS. Connolly did. She told me to show him how simple it was with Carnu, because he was so lazy he wouldn't do anything unless it was easy. He was watching me out the window.
MOL: And then...?
WIL: Well, I started applying Carnu, rubbing just hard enough to loosen the grime, and then let it dry to a white powder, see?
FIB: As long as you're wound up, Schoolboy, finish the pitch.
WIL: That's ^{really} all there is to polishing a car with Carnu, ~~really~~. After it dries you just wipe it off. Cleans and polishes in one easy application. That's why it's the most popular car polish on the market. With Carnu you get more pride with less perspiration. You see-- (PAUSE)
FIB: What's the matter, Junior?
WIL: (SNIFFS) What do I smell? What's cooking? It's wonderful!
MOL: It's the sauce McGee is cooking, Mr. Wilcox. He's making Shrimp McGee for dinner.
FIB: Makes your taste buds burst into bloom, don't it, ^{Bird!} Junior? You like shrimps? Stay and have dinner with us.
MOL: Can you, Mr. Wilcox?

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(2nd REVISION) -15-

WIL: CAN I! WHY, KIDS, YOU'VE SAVED MY LIFE! MY WIFE ISN'T COOKING DINNER FOR ME TONIGHT, ANYHOW.
MOL: She isn't? Why not?
WIL: Why should she? I'm eating with you! Well call me when the shrimps are ready. (FADE) I'll be in the living room reading your book!
MOL: This might turn out to be quite a party, dearie.
FIB: Well, we got plenty. See if you can get Doc Gamble and Wimple to come over, too.
MOL: All right, I will. And, dearie....
FIB: Eh?
MOL: When you fill all the pots and pans in the kitchen there are two laundry tubs in the basement and a sprinkling can in the garage. (FADE) Let me know if there's anything I can do.
FIB: OKAY, SNOOKY! Ahhh, there goes a good kid! She thinks I'm makin' half o' this recipe up as I go along. (LAUGHS) But she's wrong. I'm makin' it ALL up. If my grandmother ever knew how--
DOOR CHIME:
FIB: (YELLS) COME IN!
DOOR OPEN:
TEE: (OFF MIKE) Hi, Mr. Wilcox. Where's Mr. McGee?
WIL: (OFF) He's out in the kitchen, Teeny.
TEE: Thank you. (FADE IN) Hi, Mr. McGee.
FIB: Oh, hello there, Teeny. Don't get in my way, because I'm very busy. (RATTLE OF PANS)
TEE: Gee, it sure looks like it, I betcha. Whatcha cookin', mister?

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FIB: Special recipe, sis. SHRIMPS McGEE. Been in the family for a hundred years.

TEE: OOOO, AND THEY'RE STILL GOOD?

FIB: The recipe, sis, not the shrimps. NOW LOOK, ...I'M VERY BUSY. WAS THERE ANYTHING YOU WANTED?

TEE: Sure.

FIB: Okay. Let's have it.

TEE: I got a lil problem in arithmetic, mister.

FIB: You have, eh?

TEE: Yes, I was...HMM?

FIB: I says YOU HAVE, EH?

TEE: Have what?

FIB: A LITTLE PROBLEM IN ARITHMETIC.

TEE: Who?

FIB: YOU!

TEE: Me?

FIB: YES!

TEE: I know it. Look, mister..how much is a scad?

FIB: A what, sis?

TEE: No, not a whatsis. A SCAD. Willie toops says his uncle has scads of money, and I can't argue with him because I dunno how much is a scad.

FIB: Oh, that's a very simple problem, sis. That's the craniform system of tabulation.

TEE: Well, Willie says...HMM?

FIB: You see, the metrical system is based on units of ten. Like tens, hundreds, thousands, millions, etcetera.

TEE: Sure. We got that in school, I betcha.

FIB: Certainly. Now then, the craniform system is based on units of several. You know what a oodle is?

TEE: No, but everybody says my dog has oodles of fleas.

FIB: EXACTLY! There are several scads in a oodle, plenty oodles to a gob, lots of gobs to a heap, batches of heaps to a load, and multiforious loads to a galore. Understand?

TEE: Welllllll..(GIGGLES) No.

FIB: Let's put it this way. Suppose you had several oodles of peanuts. Somebody gives you a heap more. How many scads would you have?

(PAUSE)

TEE: LOADS, SI BETCHA!

FIB: FINE!! Loads of scads, or lots of gobs, or a batch of heaps. AND IF YOU HAD HEAPS OF LOADS, WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE?

TEE: Peanuts galore.

FIB: WONDERFUL! I never knew anybody to pick up the craniform system that fast before, sis.

TEE: (PLEASED GIGGLE) Oh, boy..can I ever argue with Willie now! HEY, HOW MANY IS A GALORE AGAIN?

FIB: Well, don't worry about that, sis. That's such a big figure, you'll hardly ever use it. Galores are used in astronomy. To count the stars with.

TEE: OHHHH, NOW I KNOW!

FIB: You know what?

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TEE: THAT'S WHY THEY CALL THE AMERICAN FLAG "OLD GALORY"...
BECAUSE IT'S GOT SO MANY STARS. GEE, THANKS EVER SO MUCH,
MISTER. THANKS JUST SCADS!

FIB: You're welcome a heap, sis.

TEE: G'bye, mister.

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH: KING'S MEN - "POSSUM SONG"

APPLAUSE:

THIRD SPOT

(2ND REVISION) -20-

FIB: (CLATTERING POTS AND PANS) (AND SINGING) OHHHHHH,
I had a goat that ate tin cans and then would eat the lids.
He didn't care for people but he loves his wife and kids.
OH, THE MONKEY AND THE COCOANUTS WERE-- Hey, Molly,
is everybody here?

MOL: Everybody but Mr. Wimple, dearie. Mayor La Trivia and
Harlow are in the other room, and Doctor Gamble just
arrived.

DOC: (FADE) YES, and say, if this concoction of yours
is as good as it smells, McGee, you can sign me up
as a regular boarder.

MOL: It does smell good, doesn't it, Doctor?

DOC: It certainly does. I-- WHAT ARE YOU DOING NOW,
PRUDENCE?

FIB: I'M ADDING THE FINAL TOUCH TO THIS RECIPE, NOSEY.
IT SAYS SQUEEZE TWO LEMONS, AND I'M SQUEEZIN' 'EM!

MOL: But you didn't cut them in two, dearie.

FIB: IT DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT CUTTING 'EM IN TWO.
IT JUST SAID TO SQUEEZE 'EM. WHEN I FOLLOW A
RECIPE, I FOLLOW IT!

DOC: You may be following it, but you'll never catch up with it. BY THE WAY, MY DEAR, WHAT IS THE NAME OF THIS DISH THAT LITTLE TWITCHPUSS IS WHIPPING UP? SHRIMPS CREOLE?

MOL: No, Doctor. Shrimp McGee.

FIB: I used to make Shrimp Creole, Doc, but you can't get the real imported Creoles, anymore. All domestic stuff. The war, you know.

DOC: Yes, I know. I was going to make some lyonnaise potatoes the other night, but lions have gone up so much I couldn't afford it. WELL, LET ME KNOW WHEN YOU'RE READY FOR THE CUSTOMERS. (FADE) I'll be in the living room, entertaining your other guests with my homespun humor.

FIB: OKAY, BOY!

MOL: Have the shrimps arrived yet, McGee?

FIB: No, but I checked with the market and the boy is on the way. Only takes twenty minutes to cook the shrimps in this sauce. I was ... OH HIYAH, WIMP! FINALLY GOT HERE, EH?

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wimple!

WIMP: Hello, folks!

FIB: Have this stuff ready as soon as the shrimps get here, Wimp. Just tighten your belt and loosen your teeth and stand by.

WIMP: My, it certainly smells delicious, Mr. McGee!

FIB: It's an old family recipe, Wimp. HEY HAND ME THAT CLOTHESPIN WILLYA? Thanks.

MOL: MCGEE...YOU'RE NOT GOING TO PUT THAT CLOTHESPIN IN THE SAUCE!

FIB: Nope. Gonna put it on my nose. Gotta chop an onion.

WIMP: A better way to do it is under water, Mr. McGee.

FIB: I know, but I can't hold my breath that long, Wimp.

MOL: You dont have to get into the pan with the onion, dearie. Just your hands.

FIB: Oh...OH YEAH...IN A PAN! ... HEY, THAT'S A GREAT IDEA! You must be a cook yourself, Wimp.

WIMP: Well, yes...in a way, Mr. McGee. I do a lot of cooking on camping trips, when I go out into the woods with my Bird Book.

MOL: With your what, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: My Bird Book. Do you know, I saw a scarlet-tailed Pennsylvania Swallow, yesterday?

FIB: NO!

MOL: YOU DIDNT!

WIMP: Yes, I did! Did you ever hear a swallow sing?

FIB: No, how does it go, Wimp?

WIMP: It goes, "GULP, GULP, GULP!", like that. Oh we have some really odd feathered friends around here, folks. Like the Ascap Bird, that perches on a telephone wire and sings: "HIT-pa-RADE! HIT-pa-RADE! HIT-pa-RADE!"

MOL: I think you just made that up, Mr. Wimple. By the way, does Sweetface ever go on camping trips with you?

WIMP: You mean...my big old wife?

FIB: Yes...her.

WIMP: No, Sweetface doesn't like camping out any more. Not since we went up into Alaska and she got scolded by a game warden.

FIB: Why, what was she doing, Wimp?

WIMP: Frightening the grizzly bears. And then she had a rather painful experience with some big game up there.

MOL: You mean she was followed by a mountain lion, or something, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: No, she caught a bad cold one day when her canoe sank, and every time she blew her nose, a moose mistook it for a mating call.

MOL: Heavenly days! ... And how did her canoe happen to sink? Strike a snag, or something?

WIMP: No, somebody had deliberately punched a little hole in the bottom of it.

FIB: How do you know somebody did it deliberately?

WIMP: (SNICKERS) Oh I know, all right, all right! Well, I'm afraid I'm a little in the way here. I'll go join the other fellows. Besides, (FADE) I think I saw some stuffed dates on the coffee table.

MOL: You know, McGee...I used to feel sorry for Mr. Wimple, but I'm beginning to wonder.

FIB: Me, too. When it comes to Sweetface, he has more dirty tricks than a bridge game in a coal mine. HEY, THOSE SHRIMPS OUGHTTA BE HERE ANY MINUTE.

MOL: How many did you order, sweetheart?

FIB: Oh, plenty. A whole pound.

MOL: A POUND! GOOD HEAVENS, McGEE...THAT WOULD BARELY BE ENOUGH FOR YOU AND ME...TO SAY NOTHING OF ALL THESE HUNGRY MEN!

FIB: What? Don't they swell up like beans?

MOL: No.

FIB: Oh my gosh...you sure? And it's too late to get any more. Market's closed by now, so --

KNOCK AT DOOR:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

FIB: I'LL TAKE IT, SON! MUCH OBLIGED!

DOOR CLOSE:

MOL: Well, what are you going to do, McGee? You've got enough sauce there for seven thousand shrimp, and enough shrimps for three ounces of sauce.

FIB: Don't worry, kiddo. I've got outa worse jams than this. (SOUND: PAPER RATTLE) I remember one time, back in-- WELL, I'LL BE A-- (LOUDLY) THESE AREN'T SHRIMPS...THESE ARE SARDINES! I TOLD THE MARKET DISTINCTLY TO SEND ME SHRIMPS AND LOOK AT THIS...SARDINES.

MOL: Sardines!

DOC: (FADE IN) WHAT WAS THAT...SARDINES?

WIL: SARDINES...IN THAT BEAUTIFUL SAUCE?

GALE: SARDINES!!! THAT REMINDS ME. I HAVE A VERY IMPORTANT COUNCIL MEETING. EXCUSE ME!

DOOR SIAM:

WIMP: Sardines? My goodness...come to think of it, Sweetface doesn't know where I am. I'd better be getting home.
(FAST) Thanks anyway folks, goodnight.

MOL: But Mr. Wimple...

DOOR SLAM:

DOC: I'd love to stay myself, but I just got word from the hospital. Serious case. Compound resumption of an interior dellistrum. I'll be back if I can make it.
Thanks anyway, my dear.

MOL: But doctor...what...

DOOR SLAM:

WIL: SAY, DOC HASNT GOT HIS CAR HERE! I'D BETTER DRIVE HIM...

DOOR OPEN:

WIL: HEY DOC...WAIT A MINUTE...(FADE) I'LL TAKE YOU TO THE
HOSP-

DOOR SLAM:

(PAUSE)

MOL: Well, what do we do now, dearie?

FIB: That's simple. We sit down and have ourselves a platter of Shrimp McGee.

MOL: WITH THOSE SARDINES?

FIB: These arent sardines. These are shrimp. And you were right. There's just enough for the two of us. What would madame like for an appetizer?

ORCH: "JE VOUS AMI"

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FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
5-27-47

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WIL: Isn't it strange how long it took most of us to realize the beauty of a fine wood surface? Why, only yesterday, it was the style to have table cloths over the dining room table...runners and doilies on the buffet...and needlepoint or old shawls over occasional tables and the piano. But how refreshing it is now to walk into a home where the table tops and other wood surfaces are richly polished... with JOHNSON'S WAX, of course...to make beautiful settings for old china, candlesticks and flowers. Look around your living room and see if you've made the most of your table tops and other wood surfaces! You'll be amazed what a coat of JOHNSON'S WAX will do for them. JOHNSON'S WAX makes the finish glow and sparkle and the grain of the wood shows up so clear and lovely. JOHNSON WAXed floors have a smooth, mellow luster, are protected against dirt, wear and moisture. Chair arms, radios, venetian blinds, leather goods gleam with wax protection...are so easy to keep shining clean. Believe me, the magic touch of JOHNSON'S WAX will do wonders for the beauty of every wood surface, in your home. Try it. JOHNSON'S WAX, Paste, Liquid or Cream.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC; FADE FOR:

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 dream.

TAG

CLATTER OF DISHES AND SILVER:

FIB: Well, that's the last of it, kiddo. Not bad, eh?
 MOL: Best shrimp I ever ate. I'd like to propose a toast,
 dearie.
 FIB: Whom to?
 MOL: TO YOUR GRANDMOTHER! MAY SHE REST IN PEACE AND IN THE
 KNOWLEDGE THAT THE MCGEE TRADITION OF CULINARY PERFECTION
 IS BEING CARRIED ON.
 FIB: Thank you. May I ask one question?
 MOL: Pray do.
 FIB: WHERE do we keep the bicarbonate of soda?
 MOL: I have it right here.
 FIB: Oh. 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 NBC - THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

(CHIMES)

WRITERS: DON QUINN
 PHIL LESLIE

June 3, 1947