

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.

"FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY"

TUESDAY, MARCH 18th, 1941

NBC-RED

#287

(REVISED)

WRITERS:

DON QUINN
LEN LEVINSON

(REVISED)

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WIL: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM - WITH FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY;

ORK: THEME

WIL: THE MAKERS OF JOHNSON'S WAX AND JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING
GLOCOAT PRESENT FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY, WRITTEN BY DON QUINN,
WITH BILLY MILLS' ORCHESTRA AND THE KING'S MEN. THE SHOW
OPENS WITH "SO SWEET",

ORK: "SO SWEET."

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S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.
Fibber McGee & Molly
3-18-41
Tuesday 6:30 PM PST NBC

-3-

Opening Commercial

(DOOR BELL RINGS)

MAN: Good morning, Mrs. Murphy - here's your groceries.

WOMAN: Oh, please, don't walk across my kitchen floor! Can't you see I've just scrubbed it...and it's so hard to keep clean!

MAN: Sorry, Mrs. Murphy - why don't you let me bring you a can of JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT next time I come? That's what all your neighbors use on their kitchen floors.

ANNCR: That's what more and more women use on their linoleum floors every year. Because GLO-COAT saves in three ways: saves hours of work -- saves your hands and your back from tiresome scrubbing -- saves linoleum by making it last much longer. GLO-COAT is SELF-POLISHING....it shines as it dries, without any rubbing or buffing. Just apply and let dry - and in 20 minutes your floors are protected with a beautiful, long-lasting polish. And GLO-COAT makes your kitchen a more cheerful room by keeping linoleum colors bright and fresh-looking. All-in-all, that's a lot of good things for one product to accomplish. Order JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT tomorrow.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH)

(APPLAUSE)

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ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH)

(APPLAUSE)

WIL: AT THIS MOMENT, TWO PEOPLE AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA ARE
LOOKING FORWARD TO A PERIOD OF BREATHLESS ADVENTURE,
THRILLING ROMANCE, BAFFLING MYSTERY AND BEAUTIFUL
GLAMOROUS SURROUNDINGS. YES, IN A FEW MOMENTS ALL
THIS WILL BE THEIRS - BECAUSE THIS IS THE DAY WHEN
THE MAILMAN BRINGS THE NEW DETECTIVE STORY AND FASHION
MAGAZINES TO --

--FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY! --

APPLAUSE:

FIB: I wish that mailman would hurry up. I left
Handcuff Harper, the ace detective, in an awful
jam.

MOL: Who's Handcuff Harper?

FIB: HANDCUFF HARPER? Why shucks, he's the roughest, toughest,
two-fisted, slugger that ever -

MOL: Oh, McGee, I wish you wouldn't run around with people
like that. Heavenly days, when we have such lovely
friends and neighbors, you have to go get chummy with
rough tough ---

FIB: DAD RAT IT, I DON'T RUN AROUND WITH HIM. I just set there
in my big chair and -

MOL: AND DON'T BRING HIM INTO THE HOUSE, EITHER!

FIB: Look, Molly, Handcuff Harper is a character -

MOL: - and a disreputable one, I've no doubt!

FIB: BUT HE AIN'T EVEN ALIVE!

MOL: (SOFTLY) Oh!...I...I'm sorry, McGee...I...I didn't know.
Is there anything we can do?

FIB: No. I guess not. You see --

KNOCK AT DOOR:

FIB: Ahh, here's the mailman!!.....COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MAIL: Morning folks!

MOL: Good morning, Mr. Bagworthy. Did you bring our magazines?

MAIL: Nope. Just a letter for Mr. McGee. From the gov-ment.

FIB: Government, eh? I guess they're thankin' me for bein'
so prompt about my income tax. (LAUGHS) There's nobody
like our old Uncle Sam, is there?

MAIL: You'll soon know, Nephew!

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: What'd he mean by that?

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FIB: Search me. But he better learn to keep a civil service tongue in his head!

MOL: Oh dear...and I was COUNTING on getting this month's fashions, ~~by~~ -

FIB: (RATTLING PAPER) Yes, and my detective magazine is - (PAUSE) Well I'll be a - HEY MOLLY.....LOOOOOK! I'M DRAFTED!!!!!!!!!!

MOL: Don't be silly. You're over age.

FIB: So was Frank Knox - but they made him Secretary of the Navy, didn't they?

MOL: And I suppose your going to be Secretary of the Army.

FIB: No, I'd be satisfied to be Secretary of Frank Knox.

MOL: Oh stop fooling, McGee...you haven't even registered for the draft.

FIB: OHHHHHH, yes I have.

MOL: (UNBELIEVING) WHEN?

FIB: Oh weeks ago.

MOL: ~~Why didn't you tell me?~~

FIB: Well, I just got to thinkin' one day, - I just thought to myself, I thought, Uncle Sam needs men. I'm a man. So Uncle Sam needs me. So I went downtown and offered my services.

MOL: What happened when they stopped laughing?

FIB: Don't kid yourself. Nobody laughed. Fact o' the matter is, they didn't wanna examine me, but I insisted, I says, it was my right as a American citizen. I says, and they says, okay, they says, COUGH, so I coughed and *in I went*

MOL: MCGEE.....I THINK YOU'RE FOOLING ME. LET ME SEE THAT LETTER.

FIB: Okay. Here. It's from the President himself.

MOL: (RATTLES PAPER) Well for goodness sakes..."ORDER TO REPORT FOR INDUCTION!"

The President of the United States, to FIBBER MCGEE.....GREETING!

FIB: Get that 'Greeting'? I'll bet they ain't that polite to the ordinary guys. Go on...read the rest of it.

MOL: (READS) Having submitted yourself to a Local Board composed of your neighbors -

FIB: See? What'd I tell you?

MOL: (READS) For the purpose of determining your availability for training (MUMBLE)...that you...have...been selected for training and service in the....United States..... Army.....OH MCGEE.....TELL ME THIS IS ALL A JOKE!

FIB: Why, Molly...you...you mean you don't WANT me to go?

MOL: IF THEY WANT YOU AND NEED YOU, OF COURSE I WANT YOU TO GO! But this seems so ridiculous! A man of your age -

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, "MY AGE"? WHY I'M IN MARVELOUS PHYSICAL SHAPE. Anyway, its my brains and experience they want - not my gorgeous figger.

MOL: But your eyesight is bad.

FIB: It's good enough.

MOL: But how did you pass the test for vision?

FIB: Shucks, I've had that optical chart memorized since the last war.

MOL: But you have flat feet, too!

FIB: So what? A army travels on its stomach...and you'll admit I got a stomach!

MOL: Without a struggle. You're even 20 pounds overweight. MCGEE ARE YOU SERIOUS ABOUT ALL THIS? YOU...YOU MEAN IT?

FIB: Molly, I never been more seriouser in my life. Cross my heart and hope to diet off about 20 pounds.

MOL: WELL!.....I.....I hardly know what to say. This is so sudden. Let me sit down and think this over.

FIB: Here....here's a chair.

MOL: Thank you,,hand me one of those sofa cushions, will you?

FIB: Sure...which one you want? "Daisies Won't Tell"? or "Souvenir of Niagara"?

MOL: Either one... thank you. (SIGHS) So you YOU'VE BEEN DRAFTED, YOU SAY. I'm just struck all of a heap, McGee. Imagine me....a WAR BRIDE! - again! ARE YOU SURE THIS ISN'T A PRACTICAL JOKE?

FIB: Sure I'm sure. I took the examination, didnt I? And this letter is official, aint it? Who'd play a joke like that on me?

MOL: Mr. Gildersleeve would, for one.

FIB: Well, he didnt and I can prove it. I'll call him up. (CLICK) HELLO OPERATOR? GIMME WISTFUL VISTA 8-9-44 OH..IS THAT YOU, MYRT? HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING, MYRT? TIS, EH? WHAT SAY, MYRT? YOUR BROTHER IS ~~WHAT?~~ WHAT? SHOT AT SUNRISE!

MOL: Heavenly days....~~shot?~~

FIB: Oh she says he always comes home like that. WHAT SAY, MYRT? OKAY..NEVER MIND I'LL CALL LATER. (CLICK) Well, I know it wasnt Gildersleeve anyway, Molly.

MOL: Just the same I cant....well, imagine YOU..in the army again. Why-

DOOR KNOCK:

FIB: HALT! WHO GOES THERE? ADVANCE AND BE RECOGN..er..COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

UPP: Oh how do you do, Mrs. McGee..and Mr. McGee. I just stopped by to see if you were free to come over for a little contract bridge tomorrow night and -

MOL: No, Abigail..I.. We cant make it.

UPP: Oh-I'm teddibly seddy. A previous engagement?

FIB: No, I been drafted, Uppy. Gotta leave for camp tomorrow morning.

UPP: Drahted? You mean YOU...(LAUGHTS) Oh Mr McGee..you say the most delightful things..reahhly,..YOU...DRAHFTED!!! ISNT THAT SIMPLY EXCRUCIATING, MRS. MCGEE? (LAUGHS DELIRIOUSLY)

FIB: DAD RAT IT, UPPY WHAT'S SO FUNNY ABOUT THAT?

UPP (LAUGHING) Please, Mr McGee...I CANT stand it!! You'll have me running home and knitting you a sweater!!! (LAUGHS) But dont mind me...you go join the army and I shall join the Girl Brownies..(LAUGHS) OHHHHHHH....

MOL: Look, Abigail...this is no joke.

FIB: You bet it aint! And if you aint got any more respect for a member of Uncle Sams fighting forces....

UPP: FIGHTING FORCES!!! (OFF IN GALES OF LAUGHTER) OHHH, MR MC GEE! THE MENTAL PICTURE OF YOU...YOU AS A FIGHTING FORCE...(LAUGHS) OH I SHALL SIMPLY COLLAPSE! (LAUGHS) YOU...WITH YOUR FLAT FEET....(LAUGHS) AND YOUR BAD EYESIGHT...(LAUGHS) AND YOUR LITTLE ROUND TUMMY. (LAUGHS FIT TO BUST) WHAT A SPECTACLE! (LAUGHS) WELL REMEMBER....MY HOUSE TOMORROW NIGHT AT 8:30 (LAUGHS) OH,MR. MC GEE! YOU..YOU... FOOL!!! (LAUGHS TO -

DOOR SLAM:

(PAUSE)

FIB: Hey, Molly. She....she didnt believe me!

MOL: OF COURSE SHE DIDNT BELIEVE YOU. I'm not completely convinced myself, I feel like I would if me Aunt Sarah come busting in and told me she was going to play third base for Cincinnati this year!

FIB: OKAY OKAY OKAY...YOU'LL BE SORRY, WHEN I'M GONE AWAY.... UP IN CAMP...DANCIN' EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT WITH A BEAUTIFUL ARMY HOSTESS, AND ---

MOL: We'll BOTH be sorry if I find out about it. Look, McGee.. LOOK MOTHER RIGHT IN THE EYE!

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FIB: Okay.

MOL: NOW TELL ME.....IS ALL THIS ON THE LEVEL? HAVE YOU REALLY BEEN CALLED FOR THE ARMY?

FIB: Absolutely, and I GOTTA BE AT THE STATION TOMORROW MORNING AT FIVE O'CLOCK!!! AND I GOTTA MILLION THINGS TO DO!!! WRITE THESE THINGS DOWN, WILLYA?

MOL: Go ahead, McGee!

FIB: GO TO THE BANK!

MOL: GO TO THE BANK!

FIB: RETURN LIBRARY BOOKS!

MOL: LIBRARY!

FIB: INSURANCE!

MOL: INSURANCE!

FIB: WIRE SPONSOR!

MOL: JOHNSONS WAX!

FIB: SAY GOODBYE TO ALL MY FRIENDS!

MOL: GOODBYE TO GILDERSLEEVE, WILCOX & MILLS!

FIB: IS THAT ALL MY FRIENDS?

MOL: NAME ONE MORE.

FIB: NEVER MIND...NOW LEMME SEE...GO TO THE BANK...CANCEL MY LAUNDRY.....TRANSFER MY SUBSCRIPTION TO SNAPPY DETECTIVE...

ORK: "LA GOLONDRINA"

APPLAUSE:

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SECOND SPOT:

TRAFFIC UP AND FADE:

MOL: McGee I have the feeling this is all a dream! THE IDEA...
BEING DRAFTED, AT YOUR AGE.

FIB: Dawggone it, Molly, my age ain't got anything to do with
it, I tell you. I'm officer material. They can use a man
who has reached the age of maternity.

MOL: YOU MEAN MATURITY!

FIB: I MEAN GROWN UP! BESIDES, THINK OF THE MILITARY EXPERIENCE
I GOT TO OFFER.

MOL: What Military experience? You told me a dozen times you
spent the last war doing kitchen police for three years.

FIB: Well shucks, I couldn't -

MOL: And I remember that snapshot of you with General Pershing
pinning a potato peeling on your left breast.

FIB: A DECORATION IS A DECORATION. Come on...here's the bank!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

MAN: Good day, Mr. McGee. Mrs. McGee.

MOL: How do you do, I'm sure.

FIB: Look, bud..this is important. I just been called for the
draft, and -

MAN: We don't handle drafts at this window. See Mr. McAllister.

MOL: He means he's been called for the army.

MAN: Really? (LAUGHS)

FIB: YES REALLY! AND LOOK...I WANT ALL MY FUNDS PUT IN MRS.
MCGEE'S NAME.

MAN: (LAUGHS) THE WHOLE THIRTY NINE DOLLARS?

MOL: Thirty-nine dollars and seventy-eight cents, careless!

MAN: (LAUGHS) Well, folks....I don't know what the joke is,
but sign right here.

FIB: THERE AIN'T ANY JOKE TO IT! I BEEN DRAFTED!

MAN: (LAUGHS) All right. I heard they were mechanizing the
Army but I didn't know they were doing it with wheel
chairs!

FIB: Come on Molly - let's go to the library.

ORK: (BRIDGE)

OLD MAN: WELL HELLO THERE KIDS ... WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

MOL: Hello, Mr. Old Timer. Are you the librarian here?

OLD MAN: Yep.

FIB: I wanna return this book.

OLD MAN: What book is it, Johnny?

FIB: "The Rover Boys at Earl Carroll's"!

OLD MAN: Whatcha bringin' it back for? Tain't due till next week.

FIB: I know that. But I wanted to get everything cleaned up Old Timer. I been drafted.

OLD MAN: Well, I suppose everybody - EH? YOU BEEN WHAT, JOHNNY?

MOL: He got his notice from the draft board, Mr. Old Timer.

OLD MAN: Heh heh heh ... he did, eh? I'll bite, Johnny what's the joke?

FIB: THERE AIN'T ANY JOKE TO IT! DAD RAT IT, WHY DON'T ANYBODY BELIEVE ME? AM I FALLING APART, OR SOMETHING? AM I SO OLD AND DECARPET AS ALL THAT?

MOL: You may not be old and decrepit, dearie, but the only short pants you'll have from now on, will be from drilling in the hot sun!

OLD MAN: Heh heh heh! ... that's pretty good, Daughter. (LOUDLY) BUT THAT AIN'T THE WAY I HEERED IT! THE WAY I HEERED IT Shhh! be a little more quiet, kids! ... this is a public library.

FIB: That wasn't us, that was you.

OLD M: Eh? Oh! (WHISPERS) Well, the way I heered it, one feller says to tother feller, "Sayyyyy" he says, "This Bob Hope makes a mighty funny picture, don't he!"

"Yep" says tother feller. "So does Fibber McGee.

"Look," sneers the first feller, "I says MAKES, not TAKES!"

Heh heh heh ... Nothin' personal, Johnny, but if the shoe fits, it pinches a little don't it?

ORK: BRIDGE:

WIL: Well well well...this IS an unexpected pleasure. How are you, Molly? Hello, Fibber.

MOL: McGee just wanted to come in and say goodbye, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: Goodbye? Where's he going?

FIB: ~~using the camp, Harlow.~~

WIL: ~~Be ...~~ He's just been drafted.

MOL: ~~He's~~ He's just been drafted.

WIL: (LAUGHS) HE HAS, EH? WELL THAT'S GREAT FIBBER!

FIB: Oh so you don't believe me either, eh? WELL LOOK AT THIS NOTICE, SMART GUY! (RATTLE PAPER)

WIL: (LAUGHS) Say this certainly looks legitimate doesn't it? It would have fooled me for a while, too! (LAUGHS) Where'd you get it? I'd like to have some to send to a few -

FIB: GUT IT OUT, WILCOX...THIS IS LEGITIMATE! I GOT IT IN THE MAIL THIS MORNING.

MOL: That's right, Mr. Wilcox. I'm practically convinced myself.

WIL: SURE SURE!!....(LAUGHS) Nothing like the good old Selective Service, is what I always say. Like the Johnson Wax Products. Just select the service you want and we can f'll the bill. Johnson's Wax for Floors and furniture... Johnson's Gloccoat for Linoleum, Johnson's Car Nu for automobiles, Johnson's Shine-Up for silverware, Johns-

FIB: LOOK, HARLOW....THIS IS ON THE LEVEL! IF OUR DEFENSE PROGRAM -

WIL: SAY THAT WOULD MAKE A SWELL JOHNSON AD! THE JOHNSON DEFENSE PROGRAM. PROTECT YOUR FLOORS AND FURNITURE AGAINST THOSE "FILTH" COLUMNISTS, DUST AND DIRT, WITH JOHNSON'S WAX BECAUSE -

MOL: Please, Mr. Wilcox...can't you see he's serious?

FIB: I NEVER BEEN MORE SERIOUS IN MY LIFE, WILCOX. WAIT TILL YOU SEE ME IN THAT OLD OLIVE DRAB, AND --

WIL: (DECLAIMING) AH WHY SHOULD ~~THE~~ OLIVE BE DRAB? WHY DOESN'T OLIVE USE JOHNSON'S WAX ON HER WOODWORK AND WHISTLE WHILE SHE WORKS.

FIB: Oh pshaw...come on, Molly.

WIL: SO LONG, SOLDIER! (LAUGHS LOUD AND LONG)

ORK: BRIDGE:

HAL: WELL, HELLO THERE FOLKS! GLAD TO SEE YOU. Have a chair, Mrs. McGee.

FIB: Sorry to butt in on you during business hours, Gildy, old man. But I wanted to drop in and say goodbye.

HAL: Well....er.....Goodbye.

MOL: Goodbye.

FIB: Goodb--- HEY DON'T YOU EVEN WANNA KNOW WHERE I'M GOIN'?

MOL: He's on his way to camp at five o'clock tomorrow morning, Mr. Gildersleeve.

HAL: IS THAT SO! WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME, MCGEE?..I'D LIKE TO HAVE GONE WITH YOU. BY GEORGE I HAVEN'T BEEN CAMPING SINCE-----

FIB: I ain't goin' CAMPING....I'M IN THE ARMY!!..I BEEN DRAFTED!

HAL: (LAUGHS) Is that so! My goodness, the country must be worse off than I had realized. (LAUGHS) What are you going to be, McGee...a drummer boy? (LAUGHS)

MOL: I guess you'll have to show him the thing, McGee.

FIB: Look, Gildy! (RATTLES PAPER) If you don't believe me, take a gander at that!

HAL: What's this? "THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES TO FIBBER MCGEE.....GREETING! (MUTTERS) Having submitted yourself to a local board for the purpose of.... (MUTTERS) (LAUGHS) Say that certainly looks like the real thing, doesn't it?

FIB: DADRAT IT, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH EVERYBODY? THAT IS THE REAL THING, GILDERSLEEVE.

MOL: He got it in the mail this morning.

HAL: Oh come come, McGee..don't give me that. Why should they call a pudgy little twerp like you for service?

FIB: WHO'S A PUDGY LITTLE TWERP?

HAL: YOU ARE!

MOL: HE IS NOT!

FIB: I AM TOO!

HAL: YOU ARE NOT!

MOL: THEN WHO IS?

HAL: I AM, AND HE CAN'T CALL ME A PUDGY LITTLE TWERP AND GET AWAY WITH IT, BY GEORGE, I'LL THROW HIM OUT OF MY OFFICE SO QUICK HE'LL MEET HIMSELF COMING IN!

FIB: AH AHAAAAHHHHH....CAREFUL THERE, GILDERSLEEVE. THAT'S TREASON. I'M IN THE ARMY NOW, AND IF YOU SO MUCH AS BREATHE DOWN MY NECK I'LL HAVE YOU COURTMARTIALED!

HAL: (LAUGHS) YOU, IN THE ARMY! I'll bet you think Auntie Aircraft is Uncle Sam's wife!

(LAUGHS)

FIB: Yeah? I guess you ain't been informed, Gildersleeve that I was a pretty important guy in the United States Army at one time.

HAL: IS THAT SO!

MOL: Yes -

FIB: THAT'S SO! WHY WHEN I WAS IN THE SIGNAL CORPS I HAD CHARGE OF ALL THE CARRIER PIGEONS IN THE ARMY. I RODE A MOTORCYCLE AND TOWED 'EM BEHIND IN A LITTLE TRAILER. PIGEON-TOWED MCGEE, I WAS KNOWN AS IN THEM DAYS!

MOL: Oh dear...

FIB: PIGEON TOWED MCGEE, THE PROUD POSSESSOR OF PERSONAL PRAISE FROM PERSHING AND PETAIN FOR MY PRACTICAL & PAINSTAKIN' PROJECTS IN PLACIN' MY PIGEONS IN THE PRECISE PLACES TO PEDDLE PRECIOUS PLANS TO THE PROPER PEOPLE: THE PERSONIFICATION OF PERSUASION AND THE PRINCE OF PERSONALITY 'PERENNIALY PLUGGIN' FOR PEACE WITHOUT STRIFE - But the rest of them P's have rolled offa my knife!

ORK: "GENEVIEVE, SWEET GENEVIEVE" - KING'S MEN

WIL: The King's Men singing "Genevieve, Sweet Genevieve".

APPLAUSE

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SOUND: (TRAIN ENGINE BELL - ENGINE PANTING - GENERAL TRAIN NOISES)
(CROWD MURMUR)
(FADE IN SOUND OF MARCHING FEET WITH DRUM BEATS)

FIB & MOL: (AD LIB "HERE THEY COME" ETC.)

VOICE: (ON CUE FROM MILLS) COMPANY.....HALT! (FEET OUT 1 - 2)
(SLIGHT CROWD MURMUR)

FIB: Boy there sure is a flock of guys leavin' for camp, ain't there?

MOL: And a fine looking group of boys, too.

FIB: (PROUDLY) Ain't we, though?

MOL: I didn't mean you. Frankly, dearie, you don't quite seem to fit into a crowd like this.

FIB: I know, but they'll improve when I start whippin' 'em into shape...Hey I better check in with my commanding officer and then come back and kiss you g'bye.

MOL: Oh, McGe...I...I...it's all so unreal. This has all happened so fast.

FIB: I know...that's what proves I'm still youthful, Molly... the way I adjust myself so quick to new stuff. HEY WAIT A MINUTE...THAT MUST BE THE OFFICER IN CHARGE. HEY COLONEL?

GALE: Yes?

FIB: You in charge of all these men, bud - I mean sir?

GALE: PART OF THEM, SIR...I MEAN BUD...WHY? Is your son going with them?

MOL: No, he's going himself.

MAN: (LAUGHS) I'm sorry but we can't allow that. Only conscripted men will be permitted to board the train, madam.

~~BUT:~~
F74
But I am a....a consprig....er...SHUCKS, I BEEN DRAFTED TOO, COLONEL!

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MAN: Is that so? (LAUGHS) (ASIDE) Better get the old boy out of the way, mother. He's liable to get trampled.

MOL: DON'T MOTHER ME, YOU BIG LOOGAN! I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW -

FIB: Hey Molly....PSSSSST.....Ixnay! Lay off. That guy'll most likely be my boss for the next year or so. Go easy. NOW LOOK COLONEL...

MAN: Sorry, mister, I'm very busy right now. I'll have to ask you to stand aside till this train pulls out. (LOUD AS HE FADES OUT) ALL RIGHT BOYS..LINE UP, BAG AND BAGGAGE, BESIDE THE TRACK...AND YOU, ANDERSON...TAKE TEN MEN AND...

MOL: Now what do you do, Sergeant York? Stow away on the train?

FIB: Don't worry. I'll get in there all right. HEY FELLAS... MAKE A LITTLE SPACE FOR ME IN THERE, WILLYA? I'M -

CHORUS OF VOICES:

HAL: Beat it, Pop!

BILL: Let Uncle Joe in, fellas. He may be somebody's brother.

FRANK: This is the army, mister.

HARLOW: I'll take three pencils and a pair of shoelaces, Doc.

ALL: (LAUGHTER)

FIB: (ROARS) PIPE DOWN THERE, YOU BABY-FACED BUNDLES FROM BARBER COLLEGE. AND YOU!....NUMBER THREE...BUTTON YOUR COAT! ...PULL IN YOUR STUMMACH!...HOLD YOUR CHIN UP!...

HAL: Oh horse feathers.

FIB: WHO SAID THAT?

VOICE: Yehoodi!

MOL: Who's Yehoodi?

VOICE #2: Don't tell her, boys...she may be a spy.

VOICE #3: Yeah, she looks like Mata Hari.

CHORUS: WHAT'S THE MATA WITH HARI? - SHE'S ALL RIGHT..(CHEERS) (LAUGHTER)

FIB: All right all right...wait till I get you guys in camp! I'll drill you punks till -

MAN: WHO'LL DRILL WHO?

FIB: Eh? Oh, Hiyah Colonel. Hey these guys won't make room for me in line there.

MAN: Now look, my good man...you mustn't be a nuisance you know. If you have a son or a nephew in this crowd, you'll be permitted -

MOL: HE HASN'T GOT A SON...

FIB: I AM A NEPHEW...I MEAN...WELL LOOK, COLONEL...I BELONG IN THIS BUNCH. I'M A SOLDIER, TOO.

MAN: You don't say? You must tell me about Bull Run sometime. Now if you'll just get out of the way, folks -

FIB: NOW WAIT A MINUTE, BUD! I'M ONE OF THIS BUNCH OF DRAFTED GUYS, SEE? AND HERE'S MY NOTICE TO PROVE IT.

MAN: What are you talking about? Let me see that paper.

RATTLE OF PAPER: TRAIN NOISE A LITTLE LOUDER

FIB: WELL, COLONEL?

MAN: ARE YOU FIBBER MCGEE?

FIB: You betcha, bud. And if you want any help in whippin' the rest o' these cubs into line, I'll be glad to -

MAN: WHEN DID YOU GET THIS DRAFT NOTICE?

MOL: Just yesterday morning, Colonel Bud.

MAN: I...I can't believe it. IT'S AMAZING!

FIB: (LAUGHS) That's what everybody says, Colonel. It just goes to show that if a guy is really sincere in offerin' his services, he --

(2ND REVISION)

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MAN: (ROARS) PRIVATE MCGEE? WHY ARE YOU SO LATE?
MOL: WHAT DO YOU MEAN? HE'S HERE ON TIME ISN'T HE?
MAN: NO...HE'S LATE.
FIB: WHADDYA MEAN, LATE? THAT PAPER SAYS TO BE AT THE STATION
AT FIVE A.M. ON MARCH 18TH..
MAN: YES BUT IT'S 1941 NOW, AND THIS NOTICE IS DATED MARCH,
1918:
ORK: "I CAN'T REMEMBER TO FORGET" FADE FOR:

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.
Fibber McGee & Molly
3-18-41
Tuesday 6:30 PM PST NBC

-23-

Closing Commercial

ANNCR:

Do you remember the fairy story in which the little brownies came in every night and did the good cobbler's work for him? I don't really believe in fairy stories and gnomes anymore...but you know, there's just a touch of that brownie business in the way JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT keeps your linoleum floors sparkling and clean. It's true you yourself apply the GLO-COAT to your floor...but when your back is turned and you go about your other work, GLO-COAT dries to a beautiful, long-lasting polish...all by itself...almost like the brownie-magic. GLO-COAT takes no rubbing or buffing at all...you simply apply and let dry. And the gleaming GLO-COAT polish makes your kitchen cheerful, because it keeps the linoleum colors looking like new. It saves you work all year... because spilled things are quickly wiped up with a damp cloth. And GLO-COAT makes your linoleum last longer, too, by protecting it against scratches and wear. If you don't already use JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT on your floors, try some this week.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC...FADE ON CUE

FIB: (MUTTERS) Dad-rat the dad-ratted luck. If I don't have the--

MOL: Now don't be downhearted, dearie. You certainly TRIED to join up.

FIB: YES, AND I'M GONNA TRY AGAIN, TOO! I'm gonna take a train down to camp and CRASH my way in!

MOL: You'd never get past the guards, McGee.

FIB: No. No, I guess I wouldn't. (BRIGHTENS) But you know what?

MOL: No - what?

FIB: We're lucky to be livin' in a country where they have guards around the camps to keep people OUT!

Goodnight!

MOL: Goodnight, all!

ORCH: UP TO FINISH

(APPLAUSE)

SIGN-OFF

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.
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CLOSING TAG

MOLLY:
 (CUE) Goodnight, all.

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WILCOX: This is Harlow Wilcox...speaking for the makers of JOHNSON'S WAX and JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT..... inviting you to be with us again next Tuesday night.

Goodnight.

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CLOSING TAG

(TO FOLLOW CLOSING TAG)

Note: This 30-second closing commercial is to be delivered from a quiet studio by a separate announcer.

WILCOX:
(CUE)

.....invite you to be with us again next Tuesday night.
Goodnight.

MAN:

Hello, Mary, wanta ride?

GIRL:

Well - (HESITATING) - to tell you the truth, George, I've got a new dress on - do you mind if I walk?

ANNCR:

Oh, oh, that's bad for romance! Nobody likes to ride in a dingy-looking car....and shucks, why should they when it's so easy now to wax-polish your car with JOHNSON'S CARNU? In fact, CARNU both cleans and wax-polishes in one operation -- in half the time it used to take. The cost is low, too -- so why not wax-polish your car with JOHNSON'S CARNU - spelled C-A-R-N-U.

.....
ilcox....speaking for the makers of
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