

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.
Writer: Don

(REVISED)

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

6:30-7:00PM
Tuesday - 12-16-41

NBC-Red

(REVISED)

-2-

WIL: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM, WITH FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

ORCH: THEME

WIL: THE MAKERS OF JOHNSON'S WAX AND JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING
GLO-COAT PRESENT FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY...WRITTEN BY
DON QUINN, WITH SONGS BY MARTHA TILTON AND THE KING'S MEN,
AND MUSIC BY BILLY MILLS. THE SHOW OPENS WITH "NATIONAL
EMBLEM".

ORCH: "NATIONAL EMBLEM MARCH"
(FADE FOR:)

OPENING ANNOUNCEMENT

WIL: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I HEARD AN OFFICER OF THE RED CROSS SPEAK LAST NIGHT. HE WAS ASKING FOR MONEY. HE SAID, IN PART, THAT IT WAS CUSTOMARY THESE DAYS TO PREFACE ANY REQUEST FOR HELP WITH AN APOLOGY, BUT THAT HE WASN'T MAKING ANY APOLOGY.

NEITHER ARE WE.

THE RED CROSS NEEDS FIFTY MILLION DOLLARS URGENTLY AND IMMEDIATELY.

FOR A HUNDRED AND THIRTY MILLION PEOPLE, THAT'S THE PRICE OF A FEW CIGARS OR A LIPSTICK.

THE RED CROSS IS ALWAYS READY TO HELP IN TIMES OF WAR AND DISASTER, AND FROM NOW ON THE DEMANDS UPON THEM WILL BE GREAT. BUT WE'RE A GREAT NATION. SO LET'S GIVE TILL IT HURTS.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

WIL: THE MASTER OF 79 WISTFUL VISTA IS NOT ONE TO SQUANDER A BUCK AND A QUARTER FOR A CHRISTMAS TREE WHEN HE CAN DRIVE OUT TO THE WOODS AND CHOP DOWN HIS OWN. NO SIR! AND HERE - JUST DRIVING UP TO THE HOUSE, FROSTBITTEN BUT TRIUMPHANT, WE FIND THAT LUMBER-JACK WHO SAVES JACK ON HIS LUMBER....FIBBER, OF--

--FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

(APPLAUSE)

SOUND: (CAR IN...UP & OUT...WITH BRAKE SCREECH)

FIB: Gotta get them brakes fixed! BRRRRRR!!...Boy am I cold!
(CAR DOOR SLAM...CRACKLE OF TREE BRANCHES)

FIB: Come on, Christmas tree....come to pappa! You got a new home.

SOUND: (FOOTSTEPS CREAKING IN SNOW...UP ON PORCH...DOOR OPEN & CLOSE)

MOL: MCGEE....YOU'RE GETTING SNOW ALL OVER THE HALL. Why didn't you stamp your feet?

FIB: Why should I stamp my feet? I ain't mad at anybody. Besides, they're so cold, I'm just walkin' from memory.

MOL: Here, you poor boy....let me take your coat....and your mittens.

FIB: Phew....thanks. HEY....TAKE A GANDER AT THAT TREE, MOLLY. AIN'T SHE A WHOPPER?

MOL: Heavenly days - it certainly is! ~~What'll we do with it after Christmas....hollow it out and make a canoe?~~

FIB: It was the pick of the whole woods. I had to fight off twenty other guys to get it, too. They all wanted it.

MOL: Did you actually FIGHT for it, McGe#?

FIB: Oh, it didn't come down to a actual brawl - no. One guy ups to me and says, "THAT'S MY TREE, SHORTY" and I says, "YEAH?" I says, tossin' my hatchet up and catchin' it by the handle, "TRY AND GET IT", I says, "YOU DON'T NEED THIS TREE FOR LAST CHRISTMAS", I says, and he says, "WHADDYE MEAN, LAST CHRISTMAS"? "Well," I says, advancin' toward him with a nasty look, "YOU LAY A BLADE ON THIS BALSAM, BUD, AND LAST CHRISTMAS WAS YOUR LAST CHRISTMAS"!

MOL: Good for you, McGee. Did he go away, then?

FIB: No - he started swingin' his axe at me, and just then I noticed that this tree, which was a little farther along, was even bigger and better. So I just sneered and walked away.

MOL: Well - it certainly is a big one. What'll we do with it after Xmas...hollow it out and make a canoe?

FIB: Aw shucks, Molly!

MOL: What took you so long getting ^{it home?} ~~this tree?~~ You've been gone six hours.

FIB: Aw - I had a blowout on the way back and hadda stop and buy a new 2nd-hand tire. Cost me 7 bucks.

MOL: Where's the hatchet?

FIB: Lost it in the snow. But I know just where it was and next spring when the snow melts, I'll --

SOUND: SLITHER AND THUD:

FIB: My gosh...what's that?

MOL: Oh the window in the dining room. I opened it because it was so hot in here and it won't stay open.

FIB: I'll fix it when I get time. By the way, what time IS it?

MOL: After four. Why? Where's your wrist watch?

FIB: Took it off to chop this tree down and forgot all about it. Then when I went back to look for it, it'd snowed some more and covered it up.

MOL: Oh that's fine! A thirty-dollar wrist watch, a two-dollar hatchet, and a 7-dollar tire. THIRTY-NINE DOLLARS FOR A ⁹⁸⁴ CHRISTMAS TREE! OH, HAPPY YULETIDE!

FIB: Well, I didn't want one of those measly little moth-eaten shrubs they're sellin' downtown. When I want a tree, I want a TREE, not a bouquet.

KNOCK AT DOOR

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN

MOL: OH HELLO MAYOR LA TRIVIA.

GALE: GOOD DAY, Mrs. McGee. I say, McGee --

FIB: Yes?

GALE: About that job you wanted in the City Hall. I'm still working on it, but I'll have to have a little information.

MOL: Tell the nice mayor what he wants to know, dearie.

FIB: Okay! Dig me, La Triv.

GALE: Well, first, can you dominate people? Can you let the ones in that you really want to see, and shut the rest out?

FIB: ABSOLUTELY!

GALE: Another thing, McGee. Can you stand it, physically, to be mauled by crowds of people, all asking you questions, can you ignore the whispers behind your back, can you give orders in a loud tone of authority?

FIB: BOY CAN I. Listen to this. ALL RIGHT FOLKS, AS CAPTAIN OF THE DETECTIVE FORCE OF WISTFUL VISTA, I ORDER YOU TO MAKE WAY THERE!! STAND BACK EVERYBODY! YOU --

GALE: Oh this wouldn't be a police job, McGee. But one of the elevator operators has just been drafted, and I've suggested you. I'LL LET YOU KNOW LATER. GOOD DAY.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Why that small minded, vote-grabbin', baby-kissin' ^{Mol.} Hey...

where you think is the best place to put this tree?

Fib: *where do you suggest?*
MOL: Offhand, dearie, I'd say it was a toss-up between the Grand Canyon and Death Valley.

FIB: I told you I gotta trim it down a little. Get me a hatchet, willya?

MOL: The hatchet, dear boy, according to ~~your~~ official communique, is at present sleeping its edge off under a snowdrift 18 miles north of town.

FIB: Oh yes. Well, we gotta saw, haven't we?

MOL: Not a very good one. It's all bent.

FIB: Who bent it?

MOL: You did. After you saw that vaudeville act at the Bijou last October, you tried to play Pony Boy on it, remember?

FIB: Well, I guess it'll still work. Say, isn't it awful hot in here?

MOL: Yes it is. I'll open the dining room window again. (FADE) The thermostat on the furnace is out of order and until the man gets here -

FIB: Phew...boy am I tired! But what a tree!!!! This'll give us enough kindling wood for all summer, except that we don't need any kindling wood in the summer.

MOL: (FADE IN) McGee!..I just thought of something.

FIB: What's that?

MOL: This tree is so big our little ornaments are going to look awfully silly on it.

FIB: Sayyyyy, I never thought of that. I better order a bigger assortment. Hand me the phone, willya?

MOL: Here.

FIB: Thanks. (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR? GIMME THE WISTFUL VISTA NOVELTY AND DECOR- EH? OH IS THAT YOU, MYRT?

MOL: Oh dear!

FIB: HOW'S EVLRY LITTLE THING, MYRT? EH? WHO? YOUR NIECE? SOMEBODY GRABBED HER AND KISSED HER DURING THE BLACKOUT?

MOL: Heavenly days, McGee! Does she know who it was?

FIB: She'll reckonize him when she sees him. He'll have lipstick all over his face and neck and shirtfront.

MOL: FROM JUST ONE KISS?

FIB: Whaddye mean, one kiss? That blackout lasted three hours!
WHAT SAY, MYRT? OKAY, I'LL CALL 'EM LATER. (CLICK) Hey
did you get me the saw, Molly?

MOL: Here it is dearie. And don't get sawdust all over the
floor.

FIB: Why not? It'll make Uncle Demis feel at home. Now lesee.
I guess I better take a couple feet off the bottom first.

MOL: Yes and trim out a hundred or so branches. Tarzan or
somebody might be hiding in there.

FIB: Who?

MOL: Tarzan.

VOICE: Who?

MOL: I SAID TARZAN.

VOICE: Who?

MOL: Oh stop it, McGee, that's not very -

FIB: I didn't say anything. You says Tarzan was -

VOICE: WHO?

FIB: TARZAN!

MOL: Who are you shouting at?

VOICE: WHO WHO WHO!!!

FIB: Say what the -

MOL: MCGEE...IT'S AN OWL...HE'S IN THAT TREE! LOOK...UP ON
THE FOURTH BRANCH!

FIB: OH MY GOSH!!!! SHAKE THE TREE, MOLLY...OPEN THE DOOR
AND WE'LL SHOO HIM OUT.

VOICE: WHO?

FIB: YOU!!!! GET OUTA THAT, YOU BIG BUZZARD!!!! G'WAN....
SCRAM!

t.

SOUND: RATTLE OF TREE.....SCUFFLE

MOL: SHAKE IT HARDER MCGEE....THERE HE GOES!!!!

SOUND: FLUTTER OF WINGS

FIB: CHASE HIM MOLLY!!!!...CHASE HIM THIS WAY....LOOK OUT FOR
THE TABLE!!

SOUND: LOUD THUD AND GLASS CRASH...FLUTTER....FOOTSTEPS RUNNING..
ETC....ETC..

FIB: EDGE HIM TOWARD THE DOOR, MOLLY....WAVE YOUR HANDS!!!!

MOL: I AM WAVING MY HANDS...SHOO!!!SCAT!!! GO WAY, BIRDIE!!!
HE WON'T EVEN LOOK AT ME, MCGEE!!!!

FIB: OWLS DON'T SEE GOOD IN THE DAYTIME!!!!

MOL: WELL, WHAT DO YOU EXPECT ME TO DO, BUY HIM SOME GLASSES??...

FIB: THERE HE GOES!!...GO ON!!! BEAT IT!!SCRAM!

SOUND: SCUFFLE.....THUDS.....DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Thank goodness! Those things give me the creeps.

FIB: Me, too! Though I will say it was decent of him to back
up my judgment.

MOL: What are you talking about?

FIB: Well, owls are wise birds and we both picked out the same
tree! (LAUGHS) Get it, Molly? I says owls are ---

MOL: TAIN'T FUNNY, MCGEE!!

FIB: Okay. But I been hooted at enough for one day. Hand me
the saw again. Thanks.

(DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE)

OLD M: Hello there daughter! How's about - Hey...whatcha got
there, Johnny? Christmas tree?

MOL: Oh no. We buy our firewood on the hoof, Mr. Old Timer.

FIB: What's on your mind besides that Daniel Boone cap, Old
Timer.

t.

OLD M: Just wanted to know if you could come out and play. Some of us kids are building a snow fort in that vacant lot up on the corner. Havin' a peck of fun!

MOL: No thank you. We've got work to do, Mr. Old Timer. I'M afraid you'll have to romp in the snow without us.

OLD M: Oh gee, Kids...come on. We wanted to choose up sides and play Yanks and Japs, only nobody wants to be a Jap.

FIB: Haven't got time to play now, Old Timer - I gotta trim this tree before -

OLD M: Then have you gotta corn cob pipe we can have, Johnny?
I built a big snow man and I wanna put a pipe in his mouth.

MOL: Oh, give him a cigarette.

FIB: Yes and put a sign on him..."SOMETHING NEW HAS BEEN ADDED."

OLD M: Heh heh heh. That's pretty good, Johnny. BUT WHAT AIN'T THE WAY I HEEERED IT. THE WAY I HEEERED IT -

SOUND: SLITHER AND THUD

OLD M: Hey...what was that?

MOL: Just the dining room window, Mr. Old Timer. It won't stay open.

OLD M: Eh? OH! WELL THE WAY I HEEERED IT ONE FELLER SAYS TO TOTHER FELLER, "SAYYYYYYYY", he says, "WHY DOES HITLER MAKE ALL OF HIS SPEECHES FROM A BEER GARDEN?" "WELL", says 'tother fella, "THAT'S SO WHEN HE SPARTS FOAMIN' AT THE MOUTH NOBODY'LL NOTICE IT"...Well, sorry you can't come out and play kids.

DOOR SLAM:

ORK: "THANK YOUR LUCKY STARS AND STRIPES" -- TILTON

APPLAUSE

SOUND: SAWING WOOD

FIB: (SINGS) OHHHHHHHH, THEY CUT DOWN THE OLD PINE TREE.....AAAAAAND THEY HAAAAUUUUUED IT AWAAAAAAAY TO THE MILL TO MAKE A NICE CHRISTMAS TREE, JUST FOR MOLLY AND ME, IN THE --

MOL: (FADE IN) McGeel! For goodness sakes, do you HAVE to sing with your sawing?

FIB: No, I don't have to, but it helps. How's it look now, Molly? Beginning to shape up pretty good, eh?

MOL: Yes, if you like that shape. It's pretty lopsided.

FIB: It is? Where? OHH...oh yes...well, I can trim that side off a little more. Good thing I got a big tree to start with.

MOL: Well, try and be a little quieter. Uncle Dennis is upstairs sleeping off.....er.....taking a nap.

FIB: That guy's always taking a nap. And I just found out why he wanted that old brass bed brought down from the attic, too.

MOL: Why?

FIB: Well, I peeked in on him the other morning and there he was, sound asleep, with one foot on the brass footrail and a happy smile on his face.

MOL: Now now now...let's not start on Uncle Dennis again. He's a gentleman and a scholar.

FIB: He oughtta be a scholar. He's had more Teachers than anybody I ever knew. Oh well....

SOUND: SAWING:

FIB: OHHHHHH, ~~SAWING~~ CUT DOWN THE OLD PINE TREE....AND ~~SAWING~~ HAULED IT AWAAAAAAAY TO THE ~~WILL~~, *In My Car*

DOOR KNOCK: (~~SAWING~~ *out*)

MOL: MCGEE!! ~~BE QUIET!~~ THERE'S SOMEBODY AT THE DOOR!

~~SAWING OUT:~~

FIB: Who?

MOL: I don't know...let me peek.....(PAUSE) It's Mrs. Uppington!

FIB: Oh not THE Mrs. Uppington - THE Choicest Crumb' in our Upper Crust!

MOL: Yes! And wearing a hat that was made in a hurry by a cross-eyed milliner ~~in a blackout~~, - wearing boxing gloves. COME IN, ABIGAIL DARLING!

DOOR OPEN:

UPP: How do you do, my deah. AND Mr. McGee.

FIB: Hiyah, Uppy!

MOL: Please excuse the mess in here, Abigail. McGee is trimming the Christmas tree.

UPP: How fascinating....I simply ADORE the scent of freshly cut lumbah! Reahhly. It's so INVIGORATING...SO..SO OUTDOORSY, You might say.

FIB: Yes, I might say that, if I carried my handkerchief in my sleeve.

MOL: I didn't know you were such a lover of the great open spaces, Abigail.

UPP: Oh my deah...I used to spend simply ALL my time at my hunting lodge in Maine. Roughing it, you know. (LAUGHS GAILY)

FIB: Ever hunt any, moose?

MOL: MCGEE! Watch your commas!

FIB: Well, didja, Uppy?

UPP: No, I nevah was much of a nimrod, Mr. McGee....we called it a hunting lodge because we were always hunting for a fourth at bridge. (LAUGHS)

FIB: I'll bet you really ran wild up there, Uppy.

MOL: Don't pay any attention to him, Abigail. He thinks he's a great woodsman because he shot a bear in Alaska last summer.

FIB: Well, that was something. If you ever walked thru a dark forest...with the feeling that something....SOMETHING... was creeping up on you....ready to POUNCE any minute...and suddenly -

SOUND: SLITHER AND THUD:

FIB: Help - he's got me! Shoot him!

MOL: Take it easy McGee - It's just the window in the dining room. It won't stay open, Abigail. But where did you get that hat? I haven't been able to take my eyes off it?

UPP: Oh do you like it, my deah?

FIB: She didn't say that. She just says she couldn't take her eyes -

MOL: It's just darling, Abigail.
UPP: Oh, I'm so glad. That's exactly why I dropped ovah today
my deah. To see if you liked it. Do YOU, Mr. McGee?
FIB: Confidentially, Uppy, and since I'M a plain-spoken man,
I think it's the worst monstrosity ever placed on a human
head. It would make a Zulu medicine man swallow his spear.
UPP: OHHHH SPLENDID...(LAUGHS) I'M A SUCCESS!
MOL: WHAT?
UPP: I JUST SAID TO MYSELF, "IF MR. MCGEE LIKES IT, I'LL
SIMPLY HAVE TO GIVE IT TO MY COOK. THAT MAN HAS LESS
TASTE THAN A NIGHT CLUB SALAD. THANK YOU MR. MCGEE!
(LAUGHS) Good day, my deah.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Why that old flounder! So I ain't got any taste, haven't
I?

MOL: Not in hats, dearie. When it comes to fashions you'd better
just do one thing.
FIB: What's that?
MOL: Saw wood.
FIB: Eh? Oh, okay.
SOUND: SAWING:
FIB: ~~WHEN I CUT DOWN THE OLD PINE TREE...AND I HAULED IT AWAY
IN MY CAR..~~
NOW I GOT NEEDLES GALORE SPRINKLED OVER THE FLOOR, ---
DA DE DA DA DE DA DA DE DAAAAAAAAA....

SAWING OUT:

FIB: Hey, Molly...how does this look?
MOL: Well, it looks better, McGee. At least we can get in the
same room with it. Now if you'll trim some more off the
far side there, --

DOOR OPEN * Close

FIB: Oh hiyah, Harlow.
WIL: Hello, Fibber. Hello, Molly.
MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox. Won't you come in and get sawdust all
over your clothes.
WIL: (LAUGHS) What goes on here anyway?
FIB: I went out and cut down my own Christmas tree, Harlow. Now
I gotta shorten the sleeves on it a little.
WIL: You've sure got the room in a mess, pal. You've got enough
loose branches around here to bed down a rhinoceros.
FIB: Well, lie down and we'll try to make you comfortable.
(LAUGHS)
MOL: Very funny, McGee. But what could we do for you, Mr.
Wilcox?

WIL: Well, it's like this, Molly - I'M a little worried about the ~~greeting~~ ^{greeting} cards I ordered this year. I'm afraid the sentiment is a little too flowery.

MOL: Read one to us, Mr. Wilcox. Though personally I don't think a ~~Christmas~~ ^{greeting} card COULD be too flowery.

FIB: Certainly not, Let 'em drip, I always say. Read the blurb, Waxey.

WIL: All right. It reads: -

THE SEASON'S GREETINGS TO YOU, MY PRAAAN' -

FROM THE JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLOCOAT MAN,

I HOPE THAT IN NINETEEN FORTY TWO

AND FORTY THREE, AND FORTY FOUR, AND FORTY FIVE AND

FORTY SIX

YOU'LL REMEMBER ALL THOSE LITTLE TRICKS,

I SHOWED YOU ABOUT SAVING TIME AND DOUGH,

BY USING GLOCOAT ON YOUR FLOO'

FIB: On your FLO! Well shut mah mouf', honey chile!

MOL: You shut it, dearie. Continue, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: HOW IT SAVES YOUR LINOLEUM AND KEEPS IT CLEAN,

WITH A LOVELY GLOSS AND A DANDY SHEEN

ELIMINATES RUBBING AND BUFFING TOO

AND IN TWENTY MINUTES OR LESS YOU'RE THRU.

JUST POUR SOME OUT AND SPREAD IT AROUND

AND LET IT DRY AND THEN YOU'VE FOUND

THE COLOR AND PATTERN HAVE COME TO LIFE

AND SO HAVE YOU, YOUR HUSBAND'S WIFE -

FIB: Oh that's wonderful! Your husband's wife! If that ain't the -

SOUND: SLITHER AND THUD:

WIL: What's that noise?

FIB: That was Longfellow turning over, Harlow.

f

MOL: No- it was just the dining room window falling down again. But go ahead, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: There isn't much more. But it goes:

THE BEST OF WISHES I SEND TO YOU

FROM ME AND THE S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INCORPORATED, TOO.

What do you think of it?

LONG PAUSE:

WIL: Well, okay - I'll get something else.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Naive character isn't he, Molly?

MOL: How, naive?

FIB: Oh, I was talkin' to him one day and he looks all around to see if anybody was listening and then whispers to me that Santa Claus didn't really live at the North Pole. Said he really lived in Racine, Wisconsin.

SOUND: SAWING WOOD:

MOL: That tree is getting awfully small, McGee. Better not trim it much more.

FIB: I know...I decided it'd look good settin' on the piano.

MOL: Oh that will be nice. Then it will be out of the way.

FIB: Yeah...

SAWING WOOD:

MOL: I'll go out and fix that dining room window again....

SAWING WOOD:

FIB: OHHHHHH I CUT DOWN THE OLD PINE TREE....

CAUSE THE ONES AT THE STORE WERE NOT FREE -

I TOLD THE MAN AT THE STORE -

DOOR KNOCK:

FIB: (STILL SINGING) THERE'S A KNOCK AT THE DOOR -

MOL: I wonder who that could be...COME IN!

~~DOOR OPEN: (WIMPLE TO COME HERE.)~~

f

DOOR OPEN & CLOSE

MOL: Oh hello, Mr. Wimple.

WIMP: Hello, Mrs. McGee. And how are you today, Mr. McGee?

FIB: Fit as a fiddle and ready to play Humoresque, Wimp, old shrimp. What's it with you?

WIMP: I just dropped in to say goodbye for a couple of weeks, is all. I'M spending the Holidays in Chicago with mama and papa.

MOL: Is your wife going with you, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: Who, Sweetface? No, she has to stay here and knit.

FIB: KNIT! CAN'T SHE KNIT ON THE TRAIN?

WIMP: Not so good, Mr. McGee. She broke three ribs wrestling with a policeman and the doctor says she'll knit much better at home.

MOL: What on earth was she doing wrestling with a policeman?

WIMP: Oh she is the instructor at the Police gymnasium, Mrs. McGee. The whole force is just crazy to study with her. At least I think they are. (LAUGHS)

FIB: I'll bet you'll miss her, Wimple.

WIMP: How much?

MOL: How much will you miss her?

WIMP: No, how much will you bet? (LAUGHS) Oh I shouldn't say that, I suppose; Sweetface is really a wonderful woman, at heart, if any, and I doubt it.

FIB: We'll call on her while you're gone, Wimple, and see if there's anything we can do.

MOL: Yes we might take her some fruit or something.

b

WIMP: Oh I wouldn't advise it, Mrs. McGee. Last time Sweetface was sick some people took her some flowers and she threw them in their faces.

FIB: Don't she like flowers?

WIMP: Yes she LOVES flowers, but she hates PEOPLE. Well, goodbye, folks...and Merry Christmas!

DOOR SLAM:

ORK: "COMIN' THRU THE RYE" -- KINGS MEN

APPLAUSE

b

THIRD SPOT:

SOUND SAWING:

FIB: Ohhhhhh, trumpeter.....etc etc etc...

MOL: MCGEE HAVENT YOU GOT THAT TREE FIXED YET?

FIB: No, but it wont be long now, Molly. Anyway I hope not - this saw is gettin' duller than a bus trip to Bloomington.

MOL: Is it still awfully hot in here, McGee?

FIB: You're askin' the wrong man, Mrs. McGee. I'd be hot right now, if I was up to my clavicle in ice cubes. This is warm work.

MOL: Well, I hate to keep that dining room window open, but the thermostat on the furnace simply wont work. Have you been monkeying with it, McGee?

FIB: Who, me?

MOL: Yes, you.

FIB: With the thermostat?

MOL: Yes.

FIB: Who should I of been monkeyin' with the thermostat?

MOL: That's what I want to know.

FIB: Heck, I don't know anything about a thermostat.

MOL: I know that too, BUT DID YOU MONKEY WITH IT?

FIB: ..er...when?

MOL: ANY TIME!

FIB: Wel-l-l-l.....SAY, I DID KINDA TINKER WITH IT LAST NIGHT, AT THAT.

MOL: Ohhhhhhh...now it comes out. And just what did you do to it, master mind?

FIB: Well, I was walkin' past it with a screw driver in my hand, and the screw driver caught in one of the little screws and first think I knew I had it all apart. Wonderful little gadget, too.

MOL: MCGEE, I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M GOING TO DO WITH YOU.

FIB: That's a coincidence, Molly. I don't know what I'm gonna do with this little dingus I took out of it, either. Couldn't find any way to get it back in.

MOL: WELL, WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME, SO I COULD CALL THE FURNACE MAN?

FIB: I was gonna fix it myself when I got time. I'm pretty ingenious with mechanical stuff...you know that.

MOL: Oh sure. And what happened when you fixed my percolator?

FIB: What did?

MOL: It throws coffee across the room like a fire extinguisher! And that ELECTRIC TOASTER! I have to fix breakfast wearing a catcher's mitt!

FIB: Oh well - no machine is perfect. As soon as I finish with this tree, I'll fix it.

SOUND: (SAWING)

FIB: Stop awhile and listen to my story....

MOL: You go ahead....I'll go open the dining-room window again. (DOOR KNOCK....SAWING OUT)

FIB: Aw fer the-- COME IN!

SOUND: (DOOR OPEN & CLOSE)

TEE: Hi, mister.

FIB: Oh - hiyah, sis.

TEE: Whatcha doin'? Hmmm? Whatcha?

FIB: Sis, I am currently engaged in giving this deposed monarch of the forest a cross-cut message.

TEE: Well, I....Hmmm?

FIB: I SAYS, I'M DOING A LITTLE WHITTLING ON THIS CHRISTMAS TREE. Look....do you always drink your milk, like a good girl?

TEE: Sure I do, I betcha. Why?

FIB: Well, you better, that's all. Take a look at this saw. Only three years old and its teeth are all shot. Let that be a lesson to you.

TEE: Okay, mister.

FIB: Now I wish you wouldn't bother me anymore. I gotta finish this job and get the sawdust swept out.

TEE: Gee, it smells dandy in here.

FIB: Sure it does. No nicer smell in the world than a cedar tree. It's one of nature's lures to get us out into the great outdoors....

TEE: Gee, is it? Honest, mister?

FIB: Sure it is. You gotta realize, sis, that there's a reason for everything in nature.

TEE: What's nature's reason for spinach, Mister?

FIB: Why sis - do you mean to stand there with your little arms stickin' out of your shoulders and tell me you don't know that?

TEE: Yes, I don't, I betcha.

FIB: I SAYS, I'M DOING A LITTLE WHITTLING ON THIS CHRISTMAS TREE. Look....do you always drink your milk, like a good girl?

TEE: Sure I do, I betcha. Why?

FIB: Well, you better, that's all. Take a look at this saw. Only three years old and its teeth are all shot. Let that be a lesson to you.

TEE: Okay, mister.

FIB: Now I wish you wouldn't bother me anymore. I gotta finish this job and get the sawdust swept out.

TEE: Gee, it smells dandy in here.

FIB: Sure it does. No nicer smell in the world than a cedar tree. It's one of nature's lures to get us out into the great outdoors....

TEE: Gee, is it? Honest, mister?

FIB: Sure it is. You gotta realize, sis, that there's a reason for everything in nature.

TEE: What's nature's reason for spinach, Mister?

FIB: Why sis - do you mean to stand there with your little arms stickin' out of your shoulders and tell me you don't know that?

TEE: Yes, I don't, I betcha.

FIB: Why, nature gave us spinach so we could have Popeye.

TEE: I guess I never thought of that, mister. Nature is wonderful isn't he?

FIB: SHE!

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: NATURE, SIS, IS ALWAYS REFERRED TO AS SHE.

TEE: Why?

FIB: (TO HIMSELF) Oh, boy - here's my chance to make the Readers' Digest! SIS, NATURE IS CALLED SHE BECAUSE IT'S SO INCONSISTENT, UNSTABLE, UNPREDICTABLE, BEAUTIFUL, MEAN, GORGEOUS, APPEALING, NASTY AND NOBODY YET HAS EVER UNDERSTOOD HER!

TEE: You think the Readers Digest would like that?

FIB: Don't you?

TEE: The name of the magazine, Mister, is Digest - not heartburn. G'bye now!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Why that little smarty pants! That's the last time I ever try to explain something to HER...if I'M smart.

SOUND: SAWING: CRACK OF WOOD

FIB: Oh, OH!

SAWING:

FIB: AHHHHHH...NOW WE'RE GETTING SOMEPLACE!...Now to cut 'er down on the sides.

SOUND: SHORT SAWING NOISES...

FIB: Now trim the ends a little...and then --

SOUND: SLITHER AND THUD

MOL: OH HEAVENLY DAYS...THERE GOES THAT WINDO' AGAIN!

FIB: Why, nature gave us spinach so we could have Popeye.

TEE: I guess I never thought of that, mister. Nature is wonderful isn't he?

FIB: SHE!

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: NATURE, SIS, IS ALWAYS REFERRED TO AS SHE.

TEE: Why?

FIB: (TO HIMSELF) Oh, boy - here's my chance to make the Readers' Digest! SIS, NATURE IS CALLED SHE BECAUSE IT'S SO INCONSISTENT, UNSTABLE, UNPREDICTABLE, BEAUTIFUL, MEAN, GORGEOUS, APPEALING, NASTY AND NOBODY YET HAS EVER UNDERSTOOD HER!

TEE: You think the Readers Digest would like that?

FIB: Don't you?

TEE: The name of the magazine, Mister, is Digest - not heartburn. G'bye now!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Why that little smarty pants! That's the last time I ever try to explain something to HER...if I'M smart.

SOUND: SAWING: CRACK OF WOOD

FIB: Oh, OH!

SAWING:

FIB: AHHHHHH...NOW WE'RE GETTING SOMEPLACE!...Now to cut 'er down on the sides.

SOUND: SHORT SAWING NOISES...

FIB: Now trim the ends a little...and then --

SOUND: SLITHER AND THUD

MOL: OH HEAVENLY DAYS...THERE GOES THAT WINDO' AGAIN!

(REVISED)

-21-

FIB: You don't have to worry about it any more, Molly. Here.
Here's a nice stick I made for you...to prop it up with.

MOL: OH FINE, MCGEE....JUST THE THING! THANK YOU.

FIB: Forget it. Nothin' to it.

MOL: It was very thoughtful of you to...McGee...WHAT BECAME OF
THE CHRISTMAS TREE?

FIB: That's it. Got her trimmed down a little too fine. WELL,
THAT'S THAT, I GUESS...NOW TO GO TO WORK ON THE THERMOSTAT!!

MOL: OH NO, NO, NO. NO!!!...MCGEE, COME BACK HERE!

ORCH: "SING, WENT THE STRINGS OF MY HEART".

b

(REVISED)

-22-

CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT

FIB: Ladies and gentlemen! Day after day, night after night,
on this program and others, for this past two weeks, you've
heard urgent requests to buy DEFENSE BONDS AND DEFENSE
STAMPS. IT'S GETTING A LITTLE REPETITIOUS, ISN'T IT?
WELL, IT'S GOING TO GET MORE REPETITIOUS. WE'RE GOING TO
SAY IT AGAIN, AND OFTEN, AND - LOUD. This is not an
invitation to a tea party or a bingo game. This is WAR
and we've got to do something about it. It's going to cost
a lot of money to win it, - but IT WOULD COST A LOT MORE
THAN MERE MONEY TO LOSE IT.

Don't wait for somebody to come to your door selling bonds
and stamps. Get down to your bank or post office and LAY
IT ON THE LINE. This isn't the other fellow's fight.
It's YOURS and MINE. SO...HERE IT IS AGAIN!... BUY DEFENSE
BONDS AND DEFENSE STAMPS.

MOL: Yes...and if you live in Canada, buy WAR SAVINGS
CERTIFICATES OR VICTORY BONDS.

FIB: Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all!

ORCH: CLOSING SIGNATURE

b

(2ND REVISION)

-23-

WIL: This is Harlow Wilcox, speaking for the makers of JOHNSON'S
WAX FINISHES for HOME and INDUSTRY, and inviting you to be
with us again next Tuesday night. Goodnight.

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.
Writer: Don Quinn

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

6:30-7:00 PM
Tuesday - 12-23-41