

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.  
Writers: Don Quinn  
Bill Danch

(REVISED)

FIBBER McGEE & MOLLY

Tuesday - 4/14/42  
6:30-7:00P

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(REVISED)

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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 the King's Men, and music by  
Billy Mills' orchestra.

The show opens with: "Blow, Gabriel, Blow".

ORCH: "Blow, Gabriel Blow"

(FADE FOR:)

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
APRIL 14, 1942  
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

ANNOUNCER: Today is Pan American Day, set aside to mark the friendly relationship and active cooperation of the 21 nations of North and South America. We salute these allies and friends. Give more power to them! By the way, did you know that one of the chief ingredients of JOHNSON'S WAX and JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT comes from South America -- from Brazil? Yes, one of the principal exports from Brazil to this country is Carnauba Wax, obtained from the Carnauba palm tree. In JOHNSON'S PRODUCTS this is skillfully blended with other ingredients to produce a polish that gives long-wearing protection and greater beauty to your floors, furniture and linoleum. So every time you polish these with JOHNSON'S WAX PRODUCTS, you not only protect them and save yourself work, but you also contribute to the mutually beneficial trade between this country and Brazil.

CRCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

(REVISED)

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WIL: BY AN ODD COINCIDENCE, IT'S APRIL IN WISTFUL VISTA AS IT IS IN SO MANY OTHER PLACES. AND THIS IS THE DAY OF THE SPRING FESTIVAL AND PARADE. THERE IS A TRADITION THAT ALL PARADES MUST BE LED BY A MAN ON A WHITE HORSE, AND MR. MCGEE IS THE ONLY MAN IN TOWN WHO OWNS A WHITE HORSE. GUESS WHO'S GOING TO BE GRAND MARSHALL! AND HERE, AT THE COSTUMER'S, WAITING TO GET THEIR PARADE OUTFITS, WE FIND--

-- FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

(APPLAUSE)

MOL: -- and you've definitely decided on wearing a western costume, McGee?

FIB: Absolutely. Look swell, too...me in a sombrero, and chaps, in a silver-mounted western saddle. I gotta silver-mounted bridle for Lillian, too.

MOL: It won't fool anybody, McGee...Lillian is too fat to look like a cowpony. She's more cow than pony.

FIB: Don't worry...she'll look western all right. She's even got a brand on her left hip.

MOL: Since when?

FIB: Since last night. I done it with indelible ink.

MOL: Waaaal, and what's yore brand, pardner?

FIB: C bar F.

MOL: C-Bar-F!

FIB: Yep. In honor of Uncle Dennis. C-BAR-F. Confirmed bar fly. And when I ride--

MAN: Excuse me - can I help you in any way?

MOL: Yes, you can use your influence, if any, and cancel this whole parade.

FIB: (LAUGHS) She's kiddin', bud. We're leadin' the festival parade today and we want to rent some costumes.

MAN: I see. Will you be riding on one of the floats?

MOL: I will. McGee will be floating on one of the rides.

FIB: I'm ridin' my white horse, bud.

MAN: In that case, a suit of armor might be rather effective.

FIB: SAYYYYYYY, IT MIGHT AT THAT! HOW WOULD I BE AS A KNIGHT, MOLLY?

MOL: I think the combination of a knight and a mare would be too appropriate, dearie. You'd better go western.

FIB: Okay. You got any Western outfits, bud?

MAN: Indeed we have, sir. Let me see...you'll need chaps, and boots, vest, checkered shirt, scarf, and a ten-gallon hat. What hat size, sir?

FIB: 7.

MAN: Oh I'm afraid we haven't got a size seven, in a 10-gallon hat.

MOL: Well, give him one 5 gallon hat and one 2 gallon hat. That's seven.

MAN: Hah hah...very amusing, Madam. HOWEVER, I can get one from our east side branch, I think.

FIB: Swell! Send that western outfit out to Fibber McGee, 79 Wistful Vista, willya, Bud? Right away?

MAN: Yes sir. And now, what kind of a costume for the lady?

MOL: WELL..SO YOU TWO LADS HAVE FINALLY GOT AROUND TO ME? Isn't that sweet.

MAN: How about a beautiful Juliet costume, madam. Gold spangles ..gold slippers..little Juliet cap with sequins. Quite charming.

FIB: Sounds good, to me, Molly. I love dresses with sequences on 'em anyway.

MOL: Wel-l-l-l-l...I don't know. I don't think I'm quite the Juliet type, McGee. The only balcony scene I ever made was when I dropped my purse on a man's head at the Bijou theatre.

MAN: How about a Little Bo Peep costume, madame. Cotton pinafore, picture hat, ballet slippers, and a crook.

FIB: WHAT WAS THAT, BUD?

MOL: Nothing personal, dearie. A crook is one of those long button-hooks that shepherds carry. Didn't you ever herd sheep?

FIB: Sure I've heard sheep. They go BAAAA...BAAAA...But what's that got to do with him callin' me names.

MAN: A crook is merely the term for a sheep herder's staff, sir. You see, in herding sheep -

MOL: Never mind. I'll explain it to him later. Just send the Bo Peep costume out with his things.

MAN: Certainly madame. (FADE OUT) I'll make up the costumes immediately so you can....

FIB: Well, I guess that's all, Molly. BOY THIS IS GONNA BE FUN. I can hardly wait till....Oh oh. Look who just come in. Uppington.

MOL: Is she in this parade, too?

FIB: I wouldn't be surprised. She's probably ridin' on a float for the Loyal Order of Moose.

MOL: How could she? She doesn't belong to them.

FIB: Well, I ain't sure of her loyalty, but she's sure built on the order of a moose. In fact....OH HIYAH, UPPY!

UPP: (FADE IN) WHY HOW DO YOU DO...MR. MCGEE...HOW DO YOU DO, MY DEAH.

MOL: Hello, Abigail. Don't tell me you're riding in this parade, too.

UPP: (LAUGHS) Indeed I am, my dear! The Womens Club has a float entered and I am riding on it as Paul Revere.

FIB: PAUL REVERE! Oh boy!

UPP: ISN'T THAT WONDERFUL.....I shall wear shoes with silver buckles, white stockings, ~~stark knee~~ breeches, a blue coat with gold buttons and a three cornered hat.

MOL: ~~That ought to be beautiful, Abigail. Don't you think so,~~

McGee ~~replies says...~~ *That's funny. When I was a kid I wore just I sure do. Paul Revere will be perfect for you, Uppy. In fact, the very idea of you in knee breeches is kinda ~~cornered breeches~~ Revolutionary.*

UPP: (LAUGHS) Oh Mr. McGee...you do say the ~~wittiest~~...I mean the WITTIEST things! But tell me..what costumes are you wearing

MOL: Well, McGee is wearing a cowboy's outfit and I am going as Little Bo Peep. We've got a sulky all decorated with paper flowers, and Lillian will pull the sulky with McGee on her back.

UPP: OH HOW UTTAHLI DELIGHTFUL! I imagine Mr. McGee will look very dashing as a cow-striker.

FIB: PUNCHER, Uppy.. And when I get into that outfit, I'll bet I'll.....OH MY GOSH!!

MOL: What's the matter, McGee...are you ill?

UPP: GOOD HEAVENS....HOW PALE HE IS....SIT DOWN, MR. MCGEE!!!

FIB: No no no...I..I'm all right...I..I just thought of something.

MOL: Well, heavenly days...it can't be THAT bad....what is it?

FIB: Wait a minute...HEY BUD...COME HERE A MINUTE!

MAN: (FADE IN) Yes sir...did you wish to speak to me, Mr. McGee?

FIB: Yeah...come here a minute. Look...

MAN: Yes?

FIB: (WHISPERS)

MAN: OH YES SIR...INDEED THEY DO!

FIB: (WHEW!) Boy, is THAT a load off my mind!

UPP: But what was it, Mr. McGee? Really, I have never seen anyone look so perturbed!

MOL: What did you want to know, McGee?

FIB: Well-1...(LAUGHS EMBARRASSEDLY) I was just checkin' up. Them cowboy chaps I'm gonna wear..they're awful open in places.

MOL: Yes?

FIB: And I didn't know if cowboys wore pants under 'em or not.

UPP: WELL, COME ON MOLLY...SEE YOU LATER, PAUL...I MEAN UPPY!

ORK: "TWO GUITARS"

APPLAUSE:

IB: Hey, Molly..did you get the sulky all decorated?  
 OL: Yes I did, McGee. AND if I never see another paper petunia it will be too soon! Did you curry Lillian?  
 IB: Yes, and she's nervous as a cat. But I like a horse with spirit. I hope she acts kinda skittish in the parade.  
 OL: I don't. Remember I'll be right behind you in that oversize go-cart. Don't go showing off your horsemanship.  
 IB: Don't worry...I know how to ride. Some day you know what I'm gonna do?  
 OL: Certainly. But what's a little fall off a horse?  
 IB: Some day I'm gonna teach Lillian to kneel down when I mount and dismount. I knew a guy that taught his horse that once. Just touched him on the foreleg with his riding crop, and the horse would kneel down. Ahhh...poor old Hank.  
 OL: Why poor old Hank?  
 IB: He was ridin' thru a creek one day, and a floatin' stick hit his horse on the knee. The horse knelt down and poor old Hank got drowned. HEY AIN'T IT ABOUT TIME OUR COSTUMES GOT HERE? IT'S ALMOST --

## DOOR CHIME:

IB: That must be them now...COME IN!

## DOOR OPEN: THREE SHOTS

OLD M: YIPPEEEEE!...WAHOOOO! ANY OF YOU COWHANDS ORDER SOME WESTERN CLOTHES?  
 MOL: Don't make so much noise, Mr. Old Timer. You don't have to come bursting in here like Hopolong Casserole.  
 FIB: That's Cassidy, Molly.  
 MOL: Oh excuse me, Mr. Cassidy.  
 OLD M: Don't mention it, Daught - HEY, I AIN'T CASSIDY. He means HOPOLONG is Cassidy.

MOL: Oh.  
 FIB: You got my Western outfit there, Old Timer..Oh yes..thanks very much.  
 OLD M: Don't mention it, Johnny. Whatcha gonna do with it..run away from home and join the Texas Rangers?  
 FIB: Nope. I'm gonna be grand marshal this afternoon, Old Timer Gonna put a saddle on Lillian and ride her in the parade.  
 OLD M: Well I'm glad that's all there is to it, kids. I was afraid Johnny was really goin' out West. Pretty dangerous life out there.  
 FIB: What's dangerous about it?  
 OLD M: Well, my papa is out there near Dallas and he's been laid up now for three weeks with blisters all over the palms of his hands.  
 MOL: What on earth happened to him?  
 OLD M: Works on a dude ranch out there, daughter, and in the evening by the campfire he had to sing "DEEP IN THE HEART OF TEXAS" so often he clapped his hands into a pulp!  
 FIB: If he was such a success, they should of held him over.... the campfire. (LAUGHS)  
 OLD M: Heh heh heh..THAT'S PRETTY GOOD, JOHNNY..BUT THAT AIN'T THE WAY I HEERED IT! THE WAY I HEERED IT, ONE FELLER SAYS TO TOTHER FELLER, "SAYYYY", he says, "YOU SAVIN' ENOUGH OUT OF YOUR LIVIN' EXPENSES TO BUY UNITED STATES WAR SAVINGS BONDS?" "NOPE!" says tother feller!  
 "NOPE"? says the first feller?  
 "NOPE!" says tother feller, "I'M JUST SAVIN' ENOUGH OUTA MY WAR SAVINGS STAMP MONEY FOR LIVIN' EXPENSES!" Heh heh heh. Well..I'll be lookin' for you in the parade, kids! I'll be up on the roof of the First National Bank Building.

MOL: WAIT A MINUTE! THEY TORE THAT BUILDING DOWN LAST WEEK, MR.

OLD TIMER!

OLD M: What? They did? Much obliged, daughter!..By crikey, you saved me a nasty fall!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Well, here's the costumes, Molly...we better be gettin' dressed.

MOL: All right..and I hope I won't feel too silly in a Little Bo Peep costume.

FIB: Aw you'll look oute. Personally I'm gonna get a great kick outa masqueradin' as a four-bit cowhand.

MOL: A FOUR BIT cowhand!

FIB: Yeah..that's a half a buckaroo. Now lemme see..first the boots HEY, THEY SENT ME WOMEN'S BOOTS...THESE HAVE GOT HIGH HEELS!

MOL: All cowboys wear high-heeled boots, foolish.

FIB: They do? I wonder if they paint their toenails, too. Maybe if -

DOOR OPEN:

WIL: HELLO, FOLKS..IS IT TRUE THAT YOU'RE LEADING THE PARADE THIS AFTERNOON.

MOL: That's right, Mr. Wilcox...McGee is going to ride Lillian and I'll ride in the sulky behind them.

FIB: I'm wearin' a cowboy outfit, Harlow. I'll wave my lorgnette at you as I ride by.

WIL: Your what?

Isn't that wonderful!

Say wouldn't it be cute to have a little bootblack with a

bath towel in one hand and a shoe in the other?

Meaning what?

FIB: My lorgnette. You know..the rope that us cowboys use to lasso cows with.

MOL: That's a lariat, McGee.

FIB: Eh?

MOL: A lorgnette is a pair of glasses on a stick that society ladies look thru when they don't want to recognize somebody they know.

WIL: Besides, Fibber, you won't wave at me. I'm in the parade, too.

FIB: You are? You playin' in the drum and bugle corpse?

WIL: No. The JOHNSON WAX People have entered a float in the parade.

MOL: Really, Mr. Wilcox? What kind of a float is it?

WIL: It's allegorical.

FIB: HEY THAT'S A MARVELOUS IDEA, HARLOW! Where'd you get the alligators?

MOL: McGee...you're awfully dense today. Allegorical means symbolic.

WIL: Yes, our float symbolizes modern housekeeping. Shall I describe it?

FIB: Can we stop you?

WIL: No.

FIB: That's what I thought. Go ahead.

WIL: Well, the whole float is a giant replica of a <sup>container</sup> can of Johnson's Self Polishing Glocoat...on one side a banner says "NO RUBBING" and on the other side "NO BUFFING".

MOL: Isn't that wonderful!

FIB: Say wouldn't it be cute to have a little bootblack with a bath towel in one hand and a shoe in the other?

WIL: Meaning what?

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FIB: It shines as it dries?  
WIL: No.  
FIB: Okay.  
WIL: Then, we have a beautiful girl dressed as a chic little housewife. Dressed to go out to the movies or shopping, or somewhere. We got a professional model for that.  
FIB: Who'd you get to take the part of the sheik?  
MOL: MCGEE...WHAT MAKES YOU SO DUMB? HE SAID <sup>mean</sup> CHICK. THAT'S FRENCH FOR DUCKY.  
WIL: Certainly...THEN IN THE BACK THERE'S A HUGE ALARM CLOCK WITH THE minute hand pointing to Twenty...meaning that Glocoat dries to a beautiful mirror-like polish in 20 minutes or less Of course the whole floor of the float is covered with a beautiful, gleaming, linoleum. No kidding, it's going to be a very effective float.  
FIB: But what are YOU gonna do, Harlow?  
WIL: I'm going to drive it.  
FIB: You mean and play the cymbals at the same time?  
WIL: WHO SAID ANYTHING ABOUT PLAYING THE CYMBALS?  
FIB: YOU SAID IT WAS SYMBOLIC, DIDN'T YOU?  
WIL: OH FOR PETE'S SAKE! It's no wonder they asked you to lead the parade. You can't even follow an idea!  
DOOR SLAM:  
FIB: Well! What's he gettin' so fine-haired about?  
MOL: He thought you were making fun of him. Don't forget he takes his work very seriously.  
FIB: I know that. Any guy that has his bedroom ceiling covered with linoleum so it's the last thing he sees at night and the first thing in the morning has got my deepest...HEY DIDN'T THAT COSTUME COMPANY SEND ME A SOMBRERO?

MOL: Of course they did. It's over there by the wastebasket.  
FIB: Which one is the wastebasket?  
MOL: The one with all the tissue paper in it is the hat.  
FIB: Oh yeah...  
PATTLE OF PAPER  
FIB: How does it look on me, Molly.  
MOL: Frankly, dearie, you look like a grasshopper under a mushroom. No wonder cowboys always sing such lonesome songs.  
FIB: Whatcha mean?  
MOL: With a hat like that nobody can get near 'em.  
FIB: You just ain't used to it. The reason ~~westerners wear such big hats is to keep the sun out of their eyes.~~  
MOL: ~~They ought to take their sons along to keep their hats out of their eyes. I'm going upstairs and try on my Little Bo Peep effect, McGee. It's almost time to hitch Lillian up and~~

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh hello there Mr. Mayor.  
FIB: Hiyah, La Trivia. What goes?  
GALE: I beg your pardon?  
FIB: WHAT'S PRETTY IN THE CITY? WHAT FRIES WITH THE GUYS? WHADDYE KNOW THAT AIN'T SO?  
MOL: Don't be so slangy, McGee..what he means, Mr. Mayor, is what's cooking?  
GALE: Oh...I see! (LAUGHS) I'm afraid I'm not quite up on the modern idiom.  
FIB: WHO'S A MODERN IDIOM? LOOK HERE, LA TRIVIA -

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GALE: JUST A MOMENT...PLEASE! I just wanted to be sure you were familiar with the route of the parade.  
 MOL: I think we are, but maybe you'd better run over it again to make sure, Mr. Mayor. If you have time.  
 GALE: I'll take time. Though I have been so busy making my belt-buckle speech at different places, I haven't been able to devote much thought to this parade.  
 FIB: Whatcha mean...belt-buckle speech, La Trivia?  
 GALE: About our war effort, McGee. I talk to people in offices, and factories and schools. I tell them that if we expect our boys to belt those Japs over there we have to buckle down and work over here.  
 MOL: Good!  
 GALE: The whole purpose of my talks, of course, is to make people realize that this war won't be won simply by giving up two golf balls, a new inner tube and a teaspoonful of sugar. This thing involves everything we have, and everything we are. It's 24 hours a day, 7 days a week, and by George, if a nation of freedom-loving, mechanical geniuses can't smack the kimono off a gang of little thieves who couldn't invent a dollar watch on their own, we're not the people I think we are....and I think we are!  
APPLAUSE:  
 GALE: Excuse me...I...er...I didn't mean to make a speech here. NOW ABOUT THE ROUTE OF THIS PARADE...WE START AT 14th & OAK STREETS -  
 FIB: And go East.  
 GALE: No. We GO WEST, YOUNG MAN. Go west to Maple, then ten blocks south to McKinley -



MOL: I thought we went south to Adams.

GALE: No, McKinley. Then EAST to Washington, North to Monroe.

FIB: Don't you mean Madison?

GALE: No, Monroe.

MOL: How can we go north to Monroe? It's an east and west street?

GALE: My goodness..is it? Yes it is..I don't...BUT I MERELY SAID WE GO NORTH TO MONROE. Not on it.

FIB: Then we don't go ON Monroe.

GALE: No. YES YOU DO TOO. North on Washington TO Monroe. And then -

MOL: I still don't know how we can go North on an East and West street.

FIB: For that matter if we go west on Adams, which is a north and south street, we'll wind up on a east and west street which will be Washington, going east and it's a one way street going west. How do you explain that, La Trivia?

GALE: I DIDN'T SAY WE WENT WEST ON ADAMS...I SAID WASHINGTON WAS...I MEAN IF THE PARADE GOES NORTH TO MONROE..I MEAN ADAMS..WE CAN'T...NOW WAIT...IF WE GO EAST ON MADISON -

MOL: You mean south.

GALE: SOUTH ON MAD...NO...EAST ON MADISON, THEN...WEST TO...

MOL: Quincy.

GALE: WEST TO QUINCY...WAIT A MINUTE!...WHO SAID ANYTHING ABOUT QUINCY?

FIB: Molly did. Just now.

GALE: WE DON'T GO TO QUINCY. QUINCY IS WAY DOWN ON THE SOUTH SIDE...

MOL: Well how on earth did we get clear down there? If we go south on Monroe -

GALE: (SHOUTS) WE DON'T GO SOUTH ON MONROE! WE GO WEST ON MON...I MEAN EAST...NO...I MEAN SOUTH! I MEAN IF WE TAKE WASHINGTON TO ADAMS WE'LL.....(PAUSE) (SOFTLY) Take it anywhere you want to. (SHOUTS) AND DON'T BRING IT BACK!

DOOR SLAM:

ORK: "KEEPING OUR BIG MOUTH SHUT"....KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE:

FIB: Well...how do I look in my costume, Molly? Like an old Cowhand from the Rio Grande?

MOL: You look more like a jockey from old Milwocky. Why, the rubber boots - is that a western effect?

FIB: Aw, them cowboy boots hurt my feet. Besides, they got high heels and I kept falling over on my face. SAYYY YOU LOOK SWELL IN THAT LITTLE BO PEEP DRESS, MOLLY!

MOL: You really think so, McGee?

FIB: Yeah ... honest. Very becoming. One of the cutest little-

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: Oh dear ... ~~I hope whoever this is, won't stay long...we haven't much time before the parade.~~

~~FIB: Leave it to me, Molly. I'll brush him off like a fly off Baby's nose. COME IN!~~

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: OH HELLO, MR. WIMPLE!

WIMP: Hello, folks.

FIB: Can't talk to you very long, I'm afraid, Wimp, old man. We're leadin' the big parade this afternoon, you know.

WIMP: Yes, I know, Mr. McGee. I asked Sweetface if I could go downtown and watch the parade and she said yes, if I got my work done in time.

MOL: What work, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: Oh, she has me washing the windows today, Mrs. McGee.

FIB: Well, that shouldn't oughtta take long, Wimp.

WIMP: It does when I do it her way. With a piece of wet cotton on a toothpick.

MOL: Heavenly days ... what on earth is the idea of that?

WIMP: Punishment, Mrs. McGee...just punishment. I was naughty this morning.

FIB: Were you really, Wimp? What'd you do - sneak out and inhale a cubeb?

WIMP: No, Mr. McGee...at breakfast this morning, she told me to eat all the crust off my toast or I wouldn't have curly hair and when she turned her back, I made a face at her.

MOL: That was safe enough, wasn't it?

WIMP: (LAUGHS) That's what I thought, Mrs. McGee...but she saw my face in the coffee pot.

FIB: And then what?

WIMP: And then I saw the coffee pot in my face!

MOL: Oh, you poor boy! Was the coffee hot?

WIMP: That's what Sweetface asked me afterwards and I said I didn't think it was so hot this morning and that started it all over again.

~~FIB: This goes on day after day, doesn't it, Wimp? Why don't you hop a freight outta town and start life all over again some place else?~~

~~WIMP: Oh, I tried that once, Mr. McGee...I got clear to Minneapolis once before she caught me.~~

~~MOL: You mean she followed you all that way?~~

~~WIMP: No...I'd forgotten my toothbrush and she caught me when I  
sneaked home to get it.~~

FIB: Well, it's too bad you won't be able to see the parade, Wimp.  
It's gonna be pretty impressive.

WIMP: Oh, I'M sure it will be, Mr. McGee....but maybe I can see it  
sometime in the newsreels.

MOL: I hope so. At least, your wife lets you go to the movies  
now and then, doesn't she?

WIMP: Yes..(LAUGHS) On very rare occasions, I haven't been for  
quite a while now, though.

FIB: You haven't?

WIMP: No. MY, WASN'T BEN-HUR WONDERFUL THE WAY HE DROVE THAT  
CHARIOT? But I mustn't keep you any longer...you only have a  
half an hour before the parade starts.

MOL: Yes, I'M sorry we haven't more time to talk, Mr. Wimple. Drop  
in again soon, some evening.

WIMP: Thank you, Mrs. McGee...I'll try to. Though, I'm usually  
pretty well tied-up evenings.

FIB: Doing what?

WIMP: Oh, just lying there...tied-up. Well, goodbye now!

DOOR SLAM

MOL: That poor little fellow!!! Some day, he's going to revolt and  
I hate to think what'll happen then.

FIB: So do I. She'll kill him! He's one of the - HEY, LOOK WHAT  
TIME IT IS ... WE GOTTA GET GOIN'!

MOL: Heavenly days...I'll say we have ... RUN OUT AND HITCH LILLIAN  
UP TO THE SULKY, MCGEE!

FIB: No, you run out and hitch her up, Molly...I gotta fix this  
scarf around my neck...

MOL: What's the matter with it? It looks very western to me.

FIB: It's too loose ...it tickles my neck. I'd be a fine parade marshall, ridin' along giggling and snickering!!

MOL: Well, all right ... but hurry up!!...(FADE OUT) And if I need any help with the harness, I'll call you ...

FIB: (TO HIMSELF) I better practice walkin' bow-legged, too, while I'm at it. Say, I'll bet cowboys play a wonderful game of leap-frog! Maybe I could promote a -

DOOR CHIME

FIB: NOW, WHAT THE ---- COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

TEE: Hi, mister.

FIB: OH, HELLO SIS...LOOK...I AIN'T GOT TIME TO TALK NOW...I'M MARSHALL OF THE PARADE...AND I GOTTA GET GOIN' IN JUST A MINUTE.

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I SAYS, I'M THE MARSHALL OF THE PARADE. AND I GOTTA GET GOIN'.

TEE: How far do you have to marsh, ~~it's~~? Hmmm...how far do you?

FIB: I DON'T HAVE TO MARSH...er..MARCH! I ride my horse.

TEE: Well, gee, if you don't have to marsh, why do they call you a marshall?

FIB: THAT'S A SILLY QUESTION, SIS. JUST BECAUSE THEY CALL A FISH PERCH DON'T MEAN HE HAS A CANARY SITTING ON HIS BACK!

TEE: Why?

FIB: WHY WHAT?

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: EH?

TEE: I bet they don't either.

FIB: YOU BET THEY DON'T WHAT?

TEE: Hmmn?

FIB: I SAYS...Oh, fer the...LOOK SIS...WILL YOU DO SOMETHING FOR ME?

TEE: Is there any compensation in it, Mr.?

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN COMPENSATION?

TEE: Dough.

FIB: WHY YOU LITTLE .....YES...I'LL GIVE YOU A DIME.

TEE: All righty. What do you want me to do?

FIB: TAKE A PAIR OF SHOES DOWNTOWN FOR ME?

TEE: Okay. Where are they?

FIB: You got 'em on ... GOODBYE, SIS!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Dirty trick, but justified under the circumstances! ...Now, lemme see...where's my sombrero...ch here...my gun... cartridge belt...I guess that's everything...I...HEY IS THAT YOU MOLLY?

MOL: (FADE IN) YES, DEARIE...AND I'M ALL READY TO GO. YOU'D BETTER CALL THE TAXI.

FIB: TAXI! WHAT TAXI!

MOL: The one we're riding in - in the parade?

FIB: WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU, MOLLY? WE'RE RIDIN' LILLIAN.

MOL: Oh, no we're not.

FIB: (LOUDLY) WHAT?!!! WHY NOT?

MOL: Lower your voice, dearie...Lillian...has just become a mother

FIB: Oh pshaw!

ORCH: "TANGERINE"....FADE FOR:

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
APRIL 14, 1942  
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC

U. S. CLOSING COMMERCIAL

ANNOUNCER: Fibber and Molly will be back in just a moment. . . .(PAUSE  
Thousands of women all over the country have already signed the Consumer's Pledge sponsored by the Government's Consumer Division. If you haven't seen one, this is how the Pledge reads: "I will buy carefully. I will take good care of the things I have. I will waste nothing." The makers of JOHNSON'S WAX are very proud that their products can play a part in helping you keep this very worthy pledge. An easy way "to take good care of the things you have" is to protect your floors, furniture and woodwork with regular applications of JOHNSON'S WAX. In fact, there are over 100 protective uses for this famous wax polish in your home. Wax your windowsills, your venetian blinds, shoes, luggage, refrigerator, metal furniture and all chrome surface. You'll find JOHNSON'S PASTE or LIQUID WAX equally good for all these purposes. PASTE or LIQUID --- it's the same fine product and in either form it's very easy to use.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

TAG GAG

MOL: \ McGee did you go out and see Lillian's new baby?  
FIB: :Yeah...cutelittle cuss, ain't it?....Did Uncle Dennis  
see it?  
MOL: No, but I ran up and told him.  
FIB: What'd he say?  
MOL: He said what color is it?  
FIB: And what's you say?  
MOL: I said, BLACK AND WHITE.  
FIB: And what'd he say?  
MOL: Make mine the same.  
FIB: Hmmm. Goodnight.  
MOL: Good night, all!

ORK: UP TO FINISH...APPLAUSE..SIGNOFF