

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

(REVISED)

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

Tuesday - 4/21/42
6:30-7P

(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: "WHO CARES?"

ORCH: "WHO CARES?"

(FADE FOR:)

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC
APRIL 21, 1942

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Last night I read an interesting advertisement by a tire company telling car owners how to take better care of their tires, to make them last. This seemed to me to be very helpful advertising, and ^{it suggested to me} I wrote a letter congratulating the manufacturer. ~~I did one more thing too~~ ^{also} I decided to make sure that every car owner knows how easily he can take better care of the finish of his automobile with JOHNSON'S CARNU. Cleaning and polishing a car used to be a big job - one of those all day, or at least half day, affairs. But CARNU has done away with most of that hard work - because CARNU both cleans and polishes in one application - two jobs at once, in quick time. CARNU is a liquid polish - you massage it lightly over the car finish, let it dry, wipe it off. It cleans amazingly, brings back your car's original show-room shine. If you want added protection for that gleaming finish, if you want to save money on car washings, you can apply a coat of wax, too. But first, do a double cleaning and polishing job with JOHNSON'S CARNU - spelled C-A-R-N-U.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

(2ND REVISION)

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WIL: "TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALL GAME" USED TO BE A VERY POPULAR SONG, PARTICULARLY WITH MRS. MCGEE OF 79 WISTFUL VISTA, WHO IS AT THIS MOMENT SINGING THE OLD REFRAIN TO HER HUSBAND, AS WE MEET --

-- FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY --

(APPLAUSE)

MOL: But McGee...why won't you take me out to the ball game? It's the opening game of the season today, and I LOVE baseball.

FIB: But Molly...I called up, and the park is sold out.

MOL: Oh what of it? A man of your influence...you always said you could get in any place you wanted to, one way or another.

FIB: I can, too. I could get in all right. But I wouldn't ask you to smuggle yourself into the park in a beer truck.

MOL: Oh McGee....come on...What are you President of the Chamber of Commerce for, if you can't even get tickets to a ball game?

FIB: TICKETS! ME....GO TO A BALL GAME ON A TICKET?

MOL: Why not?

FIB: If I can't get in on a pass, I won't go. Only the common people buy tickets.

MOL: Well I'm a common people. AND I WANT TO SEE THAT BALL GAME.

FIB: Well, gee whizz, I don't quite see how I can --

P

MOL: McGee, I'm challenging you.

FIB: You are, eh?

MOL: I am!

FIB: Okay. You're as good as in. Where do you wanna sit?

MOL: It doesn't matter.....I stand up all the time anyway...
I can holler better that way. Now how do we get in?

FIB: I dunno. The details ain't important. But we'll
be there.

MOL: McGee...at times like this I almost admire you.

FIB: How do you think I got where I am today, if I didn't
have imagination and stamina?

MOL: I dunno....where are you? And look - you'd better
get busy. The game is this afternoon, you know.
And I hope Zernicki pitches.

FIB: Who?

MOL: Zernicki. The southpaw that Wistful Vista bought for
three thousand dollars and a shortstop from the Akron
Acmes, and who spent four years in the minors trying
to straighten out his fast drop. YOU know Zernicki!

FIB: I .. er .. I'M afraid I ain't followed the game as close as you, Molly. This .. er...Zernicki is pretty good, eh?

MOL: GOOD! He's a side-winding sensation! He's got a curve that would fool a slow-motion camera and he steals bases like the Invisible Man. He's 29 years old and has a batting average of .367. Born in Zanesville Ohio, and has a small mole on his left shoulder.

FIB: What was his grandmother's maiden name?

MOL: Princess Purple Prairie Dog. She was an Indian girl.

FIB: Well! You seem to be kinda up on your baseball, Molly.

MOL: I ought to be. I've been following baseball ever since I was old enough to throw a pop bottle. Remember before we were married, how I used to go to all the games?

~~FIB: OHHHHHH yes ... when I first met you, you always went to the games with Jeff Louis and Morris Needham. I used to call you "The Fan with Two Blades."~~

~~MOL: That's right. That's why I was always so good at mathematics. I was figuring batting averages when I was nine years old. Why, one time, my mother -~~

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: If that's Judge Landis, wantin' some information, what'll I tell him?

MOL: Tell him he rang the right bell.

FIB: Okay. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh, it's Mrs. Uppington! Hello, Abigail....

UPP: How do you do, Mrs. McGee - AND Mr. McGee.

FIB: What's new, Mrs. U?

UPP: I just stopped by to see if you could use a couple of tickets to the baseball game. I am so busy I won't be able to go, so I thought you might use them.

MOL: Well, heavenly days...THANK YOU, ABIGAIL!

FIB: What'd I tell you, Molly? There's a power that watches over me! (LAUGHS) You see, Uppy, I promised Molly I'd get her into the game today and then you come along and give us tickets!

UPP: These tickets are for Thursday's game, Mr. McGee..what power is watching over you today?

MOL: Ahhh. Think fast, master mind!

FIB: I'll go under my own power today.

MOL: Why can't you go to the game, Abigail?

UPP: My club work, you know, Mrs. McGee. We have a guest for luncheon today, who is going to talk to us about China.

MOL: That ought to be interesting.

FIB: Oh sure. Fascinating! How you gals can sit there, Upp, and listen to a lot of burble about how to paint forget-me-nots on cups and saucers, when there's so much goin' on in the world, is beyond -

UPP: PLEASE, MR. MCGEE!

FIB: Eh?

UPP: As usual, you have taken a running jump to an incorrect conclusion. Our guest is NOT speaking about cups and saucers. He represents the United China Relief, for which our organization is helping to raise a very necessary 7-million dollar fund.

MOL: You'd BETTER blush, McGee!

FIB: Sorry, Uppy. And while I've got my neck out, would you mind lookin' to see if I need a haircut?

UPP: You do.

FIB: Thanks.

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OL: What about this United China Relief, Abigail?
PP: Mrs. McGee..China didn't want this war any more than we did.
It was forced upon both of us. America and China are fighting the same gangster nations for the same ideals..peace and honor and personal freedom. But China has been fighting our fight for five years! And now they need help. They need 7 million dollars urgently for civilian morale, medical and food supplies. And I think it is up to us to help, by subscribing generously to the United China Relief. We OWE IT to them as we owe certain things to Japan - and I think they will both be paid! Goodday!

APPLAUSE:

DOOR SLAM)

MOL: Don't you feel just a little sheepish, McGee?
FIB: I sure do. If I felt any more sheepish, I'd rent myself out to jump over fences for people with insomnia. But gee, I didn't know she was doin' such good work.
MOL: Yes, she's doing a lot. She gives five days a week to the Red Cross, one day to canteen work, and she's bought forty thousand dollars' worth of United States War Savings Bonds.
FIB: Hmmm. And to think I felt proud when I turned in that old toothpaste tube last night! Well, it just goes to show, one never can tell from where one sits, how wrinkled one's pants are gonna look when one stands up!
ORCH: "SOMEBODY ELSE IS TAKING MY PLACE"

APPLAUSE

SECOND SPOT

(2ND REVISION)

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MOL: Well, McGee, where are we going to sit?
FIB: You sit on the davenport and I'll sit in the big chair here. I like to sit here because the ask tray is always -
MOL: I DON'T MEAN WHERE ARE WE GOING TO SIT HERE. I MEAN OUT AT THE BALL GAME.
FIB: Eh? Oh. Oh yes...the ball game. There's no rush. We still got 2 hours and we can get there in twenty minutes.
MOL: But it may take us an hour to find a hole in the fence.
FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, A HOLE IN THE FENCE! I SAYS I'D GET YOU INTO THE BALL GAME AND BY THE FORTY FLUTES OF THE PHILADELPHIA PHILHARMONIC, I'LL DO IT! So don't -

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: Come in!

DOOR OPEN

OLD M: Hello, there kids. I brought you something.
FIB: Well, much obliged, old Timer. But what is it?
OLD M: Sack of alfalfa. It's for Lillian's baby. I didn't think he'd want a rattle or a silver cup with his initials on it, so I brung him this.

MOL: Oh thank you, Mr. Old Timer....this was very thoughtful of you.

OLD M: How's the kid doin'?

FIB: Swell. Gonna be a fine horse when he grows up. Might make a race horse out of him.

OLD M: Good for you, Johnny. Leave me know, and I'll help you train him.

MOL: Oh do you know something about training race horses, Mr. Old Timer.

OLD M: Do either of you kids?

FIB: Nope.

OLD M: YES SIR...I SURE DO! You know that all the big racehorses have a mascot that lives in the stable with 'em...a dog or a cat or a goat or a rooster or somethin'?

MOL: Yes, I've heard that?

OLD M: Well, I was the mascot for a horse named Chester's Baby down in Louisville. Lived right there in the stable with him.

FIB: How'd you ever get a job like that?

OLD M: I was just a stable boy at first, Johnny...then the owner seen he needed a mascot so he told the trainer "GRAB THAT OLD GOAT OVER THERE AND PUT HIM IN THE STALL." Trainer was nearsighted and and grabbed me. Natural mistake. I wore my beard then.

MOL: Quite a career, Mr. Old Timer. Roommate for a racehorse.

OLD M: We were more than roommates, Daughter. We were sidekicks. He'd kick me in the back and I'd kick him in the side.

FIB: Learn to eat hay, Old Timer?

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LD M: Nope. Too ticklish to eat it in a bunch, and one straw at a time don't give enough nourishment. I'M like you, Johnny. I stick to the old corn. Well, call me if you need a good trainer.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: By the way, McGee...did you go out and feed Lillian and her baby?

FIB: Sure. AND YOU KNOW WHAT? THAT COLT UNDERSTANDS CHINESE.

MOL: What are you talking about? That horse is as American as baked beans.

FIB: I don't care. He knows Chinese. I was tryin' to think of a good name for him this morning, so I thought I'd try a few, and the one that got the best reaction was gonna be it.

MOL: And what did?

FIB: Well, sir, I tried Alfred, and Homer, and William, and Bert and Paul and Cecil and Leonard and Sidney and ^{all} stuff, ^{like that then} till I was a little hoarse myself. And all they'd do is Lillian would look at the colt and the colt would look at Lillian and they'd kinda shake their heads. So, I got disgusted and says "AHHH, FOOEY!" and they both started Squealin'. I tell you that horse is Chinese!

MOL: Well, ~~you're not going to tie any name like Ah Fooey on that sweet little animal. And besides, this isn't getting us to the ball game. Don't forget you promised to -~~

DOOR OPEN:

WIL: HELLO FOLKS...am I intruding?

MOL: Oh not a bit, Mr. Wilcox. Not a bit.

FIB: No, I was just gettin' ready to take Molly to the Ball Game.

WIL: Oh are you a fan, Molly?

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MOL: Wel-l-l yes, in a way, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: In a WAY! Say I'll bet she could tell you who the leading pitcher was in 1905.

MOL: What League?

WIL: American.

MOL: Rube Waddell. ^{athletics} Philadelphia. Won 27. Lost 10.

FIB: See?

WIL: That's wonderful, Molly. I used to play a little baseball myself, you know.

MOL: Oh did you really, Mr. Wilcox? What did you bat?

WIL: Right handed.

FIB: SHE MEANS YOUR BATTING AVERAGE, ^{Wilcox} YOU GOON. EVEN I KNOW THAT!

WIL: Oh. Well, I never figured it out. I pitched for the salesmen's team of the Johnson Company back in Racine, Wisconsin. Been a big help to me ever since, too.

MOL: How, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: OH, MOLLY...YOU SHOULDN'T ASKED THAT.

MOL: Why not?

FIB: Why that's the same as givin' Lillian a handful of hay to keep for you overnight. But it's too late now. WHY MR. WILCOX...DID YOUR BASEBALL EXPERIENCE HELP YOU LATER ON?

WIL: Well, I'M still on the Home team you know. Still in there pitching. Telling housewives that they'll never get to first base with old fashioned methods of rubbing and scrubbing linoleum....

FIB: See what I meant Molly?

WIL: Why a short stop at your dealer's for a can of Johnson's Self-Polishing Glocoat will result in a home run with efficiency and economy. You can just see Pop fly home to get a look at that gorgeous kitchen floor, gleaming like a diamond. With no rubbing and no buffing, you'll get your innings with more outings, because Glocoat saves you so much time and energy. Pitcher old mop pail out the window, girls, and get some Johnson's Glocoat right off the bat!

FIB: Well, listen to old Gabby Hartnett Wilcox! And all the baseball he ever played was for a handful of salesmen!

MOL: Didn't you ever try the big leagues, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Yes. Once. But I quit after one season.

FIB: What for?

WIL: Well, ^{the club} they started playing ^{night} ~~these evening~~ games, and I never was one to play around in night clubs. Well, see you later!

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Why didn't you ask him what he could do toward getting us into the game this afternoon, McGee?

FIB: Aw he ain't got any drag...except with housewives. If I wanted a piece of spongecake or something, I'd go to him - but for ballgames and stuff we gotta contact the sporting element. Now lemme see...I think I better -

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh, hello Mayor La Trivia.

FIB: Hiyah, La Triv. I'M glad you arrived.

GALE: Good day, Mrs. McGee...why are you glad, McGee?

FIB: I wanted to talk to you about the ball game. You see -

GALE: That's odd...I am on my way out there very shortly, and as it is getting so much warmer, I wondered if you'd mind if I left my topcoat here? I don't like to leave it in my car.

MOL: Why of course, Mr. Mayor. Are you a baseball fan?

GALE: Not much, I'm afraid. The last game I saw in Chicago in about 1919. I remember that because it was my birthday, June 17th.

MOL: OH JUNE 17th, 1919...then you saw Frankie Frisch!

GALE: I did?

MOL: OF COURSE YOU DID! THAT WAS HIS FIRST MAJOR LEAGUE GAME. McGRAW sent him in in the 9th inning to bat for Hal Chase against Grover Cleveland Alexander. Paskert was playing center field for Chicago and -

GALE: Good heavens, woman...how do you remember all that?

MOL: Why EVERYBODY KNOWS THAT!

FIB: Ain't she wonderful, La Trivia? Who won the World's series in 1912, Molly?

MOL: Boston. Boston 4 games. New York 3 games. One tie game.

GALE: It's amazing!

MOLE: It's no such thing, really ... I just take an interest in the game.

FIB: ~~If you took the same interest in politics, La Trivia, you'd be givin' fireside chats inside of three years. Didn't you ever play baseball in college? La Trivia?~~

GALE: No. I was...er...more inclined toward mental work, McGee. You see I specialized in Lit.

MOL: IN what?

GALE: Lit.

FIB: You were?...all the time?

GALE: Were what?

MOL: Lit.

GALE: Of course not. Lit. is merely the abbreviation for LITERARY. ^{TURE.}

FIB: Just the same I should think you'd have to have a clear head for that kinda word.

GALE: I did. Naturally.

MOL: How could you...lit all the time!

GALE: I WAS NOT LIT ALL THE TIME. I WAS A VERY ABSTEMIOUS YOUNG MAN.

FIB: I should think you would be, with all those professors around. I'd been kinda absteenimus, too. Didn't they ever catch on?

GALE: CATCH ONTO WHAT?

MOL: You know...you being lit?

GALE: I TELL YOU THAT LIT STANDS FOR LITERARY! ^{TURE!}

FIB: Yes, but did the literary guys stand for you being lit?

GALE: (SHOUTS) CAN'T YOU GET IT THRU YOUR HEAD, MCGEE, THAT...
exuse me. 1,2,3,4,5,6,7,8,9,10.

MOL: What was that for?

GALE: I promised myself. Next time we got into one of these things I told myself I would not give way to anger. Besides I have a mission to perform this afternoon and I wish to present as cheerful a face as public to the possible - I mean...

MOL: What's the mission, Mr. Mayor?

GALE: As Mayor, I have to throw out the first ball.

FIB: Thought you never played baseball.

GALE: That's correct. I never did.

MOL: Do you know how to throw, Mr. La Trivia?

GALE: I fancy I shall make out all right, Mrs. McGee. One just raises one's arm, like this, and ...

FIB: No, no, no. Look, La Trivia...stand sideways, like this... then wind up a little...wait a minute!

~~MOL: McGee.~~

FIB: ~~Eh?~~
 MOL: ~~Where~~ Where are you going?
 FIB: Gonna find my baseball and catcher's mitt...then I'm gonna take La Trivia out in the back yard and show him how to toss a ball. I ain't gonna have the Mayor disgrace himself out there at the ball park.
 GALE: Really, McGee...I...I...this is very decent of you, I'm sure.
 MOL: Not at all...not at all! We owe it to Wistful Vista. DID YOU FIND YOUR BALL, MCGEE?
 FIB: No, but I think I know where it is.
 MOL: Where?
 FIB: Right here in the hall closet.
 DOOR LATCH:
 SOUND: TERRIFIC AVALANCHE OF JUNK..BELL TINKLE: (PAUSE)
 MOL: My, don't things accumulate fast?
 ORK: "BLUES IN THE NIGHT" KING'S MEN
 APPLAUSE:

THIRD SPOT

FIB: (CALLS) OKAY LA TRIVIA...YOU'RE CATCHIN' ON PRETTY GOOD... NOW THROW ME A FAST ONE!
 GALE: (OFF MIKE) All right, McGee...here it comes!
 (PAUSE) THUD
 FIB: THAT'S BETTER! MUCH BETTER! How's he doing, Molly?
 MOL: I don't know why you're keeping him at it, McGee...he does all right. And the poor man's so tired he can hardly stand up.
 FIB: Aw it's good for him. HOW YOU FEELING, LA TRIVIA?
 GALE: (OFF) PRETTY TIRED, MCGEE...AND HAVEN'T YOU GOT ANOTHER CATCHER'S MITT? THAT BALL IS PRETTY HARD AND MY HAND IS GETTING BLISTERED. I CAN HARDLY CLOSE IT.
 FIB: Gee, I'm sorry, La Trivia...this is the only mitt I got. (LAUGHS) Anyway, a politician who can't close his hand might be a very good thing. ALL RIGHT..LET'S TRY IT AGAIN. HERE SHE COMES.....(GRUNTS)
 MOL: McGee, you can throw better than that! You didn't come anywhere near him..he's had to shag every one of those throws.
 FIB: I know...I'm limbering him up.
 MOL: Yes but...OH LOOK!..there's Uncle Dennis upstairs in the window. He's been watching you and the Mayor.
 FIB: Yeah...look at him...lickin' his chops.
 MOL: What's that for?
 FIB: Those last three I ~~tossed~~ ^{tossed} to La Trivia were high balls. OKAY, LA TRIVIA...LEMMIE HAVE ANOTHER ONE NOW!..AND REMEMBER WHAT I BEEN TELLING YOU! WIND UP!
 GALE: (OFF) LIKE THIS?

FIB: YES ONLY DON'T RAISE YOUR HAND LIKE YOU WERE GONNA SLAP
SOMEBODY'S SASSY FACE..SWING YOUR ARM OUT MORE TO THE SIDE!

GALE: (WAY OFF MIKE) Very well, McGee...I'll try it again...but
I'm getting very tired.

MOL: Come on now, Mr. Mayor...right over the plate.

GALE: (OFF) What plate?

FIB: NEVER MIND...NEVER MIND!...JUST THROW IT, LA TRIVIA...AND
REMEMBER THE INSTRUCTIONS. Wind up...throw your left leg
for balance...bring your arm way back and then kinda PUSH
the ball at me.

GALE: Ready?

MOL: FIB: Ready.

SOUND: (THUD OF BALL)

FIB: Much better, La Trivial MUCH BETTER. AND YOU CAN PUT
YOUR LEFT LEG DOWN AGAIN NOW.

GALE: Thank you. Throw the ball back to me, McGee and I'll try
it again.

FIB: Here it comes.
(THUD OF BALL)

MOL: (SOTTO VOCE) He catches pretty good, McGee, considering
he does it with his eyes shut.

FIB: Well, I ain't thru with him yet. OKAY LA TRIVIA...READY?

GALE: I'd like to rest a minute, McGee.

MOL: FIB: NO NO NO.....keep swinging that arm...you don't want to
catch cold...come on now - try it again.

GALE: VERY WELL....READY, MCGEE?

FIB: Shoot the sphere to me, dear.

SOUND: (THUD)

MOL: Now THAT was very good.

GALE: It was - really?

FIB: Yes it was, La Trivia. I only had to run seven or eight
feet for that one. At least you'll be able to keep the
ball in the ball park. Now, let's try it another fifteen
or twenty minutes and then I think you can--

MOL: Oh look, McGee...here comes Mr. Wimple. Maybe you'd
better rest a few minutes, Mr. Mayor.

GALE: (FADE IN) Thank you. Good heavens, I hadn't realized
that baseball was such a strenuous game! I'm just about--
OH HELLO THERE, MR. WIMPLE.

WIMP: Hello, folks.

MOL: Good afternoon, Mr. Wimple.

FIB: Wanna play a little ball with us for a while, Wimp?

WIMP: Oh no thank you. I really had all the baseball I wanted
yesterday. Sweetface's brother was over at our house
and they were playing catch with me.

GALE: Did you use a ^{hard} soft ball like this one, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: Oh they didn't use a ball....they were playing catch with
ME.

MOL: Heavenly days....that must have been fairly rough, Mr.
Wimple.

WIMP: I didn't mind, Mrs. McGee...but when Cyrus....that's
Sweetface's brother....when Cyrus suggested that he get a
bat and knock a few flies for Sweetface to catch, I just
ran like the dickens.

FIB: You ever meet Sweetface, La Trivia?

GALE: No....I don't believe I ever have.

MOL: I don't believe she goes out much, does she Mr. Wimple?
WIMP: Oh yes...quite a bit. In fact, Sweetface LOVES to get out and mangle with people.
FIB: You mean MINGLE.
WIMP: Oh I do....do I! (LAUGHS)
GALE: This wife of yours must be quite a character, Mr. Wimple.
MOL: She really is, Mr. Mayor.
WIMP: Oh now, let's not all talk about her like that! She isn't so bad. She really feels terrible after she treats me badly.
FIB: She does?
WIMP: Oh yes, indeed. Why just this morning she was down on her knees to me.....just begging.
MOL: Oh not really.
WIMP: REALLY, Mrs. McGee...down on her knees with the flatiron, just BEGGING me to come out from under the house. (LAUGHS)
Well, I won't interrupt you any longer...I have to be getting down to jail.
GALE: JAIL!
FIB: Whatcha going to jail for, Wimp?
WIMP: I'm going to be locked up. I called them and told them I was coming.
MOL: But what on earth did you DO?
WIMP: I just slugged Sweetface with a baseball bat.
GALE: Good heavens, man!
FIB: Did you hurt her?
WIMP: No - that's why I want to be locked up. Well, goodbye, now!
MOL: Shall we go on with the lessons, Mr. La Trivia.
GALE: I...I'd rather not if you don't mind, though I really do appreciate this, McGee. It was..er..very sporting of you.

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MOL: Oh - not at all, Mr. Mayor...Here, here's your coat.

GALE: Thank you. I...(GROANS)

FIB: Smatter, La Trivia?

GALE: My right arm...I can't raise it up.

MOL: Oh it's just a little stiff, Mr. Mayor...Try again...
here...I'll hold the sleeve of your coat for you..Now...

GALE: (GROANS)...It's no use, Mrs. McGee...I...I can't lift
that arm an inch. McGee!

FIB: Eh?

GALE: I CAN'T GO. I'M TOO LAME. I'M SORE ALL OVER. MY ARM!
MY LEG! I'VE GOT TO GO GET A DOCTOR. WILL YOU DO SOMETHING
FOR ME?

MOL: What is it, Mr. Mayor?

FIB: Just name it, La Trivia...I'll do anything, on account of
I feel kinda responsible for this.

GALE: I HATE TO ASK YOU TO DO THIS...BUT WILL YOU REPRESENT ME AT
THE GAME TODAY, AND THROW OUT THE FIRST BALL?

FIB: Oh, now gee whizz...just because I'm President of the
Chamber of Commerce, you don't have to - WELL..ALL RIGHT!
...I'LL DO IT! YOU GOTTA PASS TO THE BALL PARK, OR
SOMETHING!

GALE: Yes, it's right here in my coat pock...(GROANS) Here..you
get it.

FIB: I ALREADY GOT IT, LA TRIVIA..AND IT'S FOR A WHOLE BOX, I
SEE, SO I'LL TAKE MOLLY.

GALE: Yes yes yes..TAKE HER..TAKE ANYBODY..NOW HELP ME OUT TO MY
CAR, WILL YOU...I DON'T BELIEVE I CAN WALK ALONE.

FIB: I'M SORRY, LA TRIVIA..I AIN'T GOT TIME NOW..JUST GOT TIME
TO GET OUT TO THE BALL PARK..COME ON, MOLLY! SHAKE IT UP!

MOL: But, McGee...Poor Mayor La Trivia is...

GALE: GO ON, MRS. MCGEE...I'LL BE ALL RIGHT.

FIB: Yes, come on, Molly.

MOL: But McGee -

FIB: YOU WANTED TO GO OUT TO THE BALL GAME DIDN'T YOU? I TOLD
YOU I'D GET YOU IN, DIDN'T I? WELL COME ON...SO LONG,
LA TRIVIA....

ORK: "EVERYBODY BUT ME"...FADE FOR:

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
APRIL 21, 1942
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

ANNOUNCER: Last time you were in the kitchen, did you happen to notice the floor? Was it clean and sparkling and cheerful, or was it a little on the dull and gloomy side? You know, it's so easy to ^{take care of} solve your linoleum floor ~~problems~~ with JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO COAT. It's as simple as this -- just apply and let dry. GLO-COAT polishes itself while it's drying, without any rubbing or buffing. And did you know that linoleum protected regularly with GLO-COAT will last 5 to 10 times longer than if it's unprotected? With all of us looking for opportunities to save and ways to take better care of our things, it's good judgment to protect all linoleum surfaces with JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO COAT. Be sure to get the original and genuine GLO-COAT.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

TAG GAG

BALL GAME EFFECT

CROWD MURMURS: CHEERS

MOL: (YELLS) TAKE IT EASY, ZERNICKI...~~TAKE IT EASY!~~...WAIT FOR A GOOD ONE! *Win your own game!*

CROWD UP AND FADE:

FIB: Enjoying the game, Molly?

MOL: I certainly am, McGee...but I keep worrying about Mayor LaTrivia.

FIB: Aw he's all right.

MOL: I know now why you spent all that time teaching him to throw a ball underhanded.

FIB: Over hand.

MOL: ^{It was} UNDERHANDED.

FIB: ^{It was} Over - Oh. I see what you mean.

MOL: I thought you would..because - HERE IT COMES, ZERNICKI!
SLAM IT OUTTA THE PARK!!!

SOUND: SHARP CRACK. CROWD CHEERS

FIB: Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all!

ORK: UP TO FINISH: APPLAUSE. SIGNOFF