

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.
Writers: Don Quinn
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(REVISED)

FIBBER McGEE & MOLLY

Tuesday - 10/13/42

NBC - Red

(REVISED)

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WIL: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM...WITH FIBBER McGEE AND MOLLY!

ORCH: THEME

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

ORCH: "BOJANGLES OF HARLEM"

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S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER McGEE AND MOLLY
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC
OCTOBER 13, 1942

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WIL: Do you know the real, number-one reason for putting wax on
your floors, furniture and woodwork? It's for protection,
to guard these surfaces against wear and dirt, make them
last longer, save on costly refinishing. The rich, mellow
beauty that JOHNSON'S WAX gives is really an extra
dividend. So are the many hours of work that you save
when your things are wax-protected. The next time you
apply a coat of JOHNSON'S WAX to your floors, or table top,
or leather goods, remember that you are only doing what
Nature has always done. Did you know that when you rub
a red apple and it shines, you have merely buffed up
a waxed surface? That's true, and man throughout the ages
in protecting his things with wax has merely imitated
Nature. Today genuine JOHNSON'S WAX, paste or liquid,
has a special role to play in helping you to take better
care of your things -- making them last longer, protecting
their beauty.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

WIL: THE SQUIRE OF 79 WISTFUL VISTA IS A MAN OF INSTANT DECISIONS. HE DECIDES IMPORTANT QUESTIONS IN A FLASH (SNAP OF FINGERS) JUST LIKE THAT! OF COURSE HE MAY NOT DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT RIGHT AWAY, BUT HE DECIDES QUICKLY. FOR INSTANCE, A PROBLEM HAS JUST COME UP....BUT MAYBE YOU'D BETTER HEAR ABOUT IT FROM --

---- FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: - so I says to myself, I says, look, McGee, I says, the country has got plenty of fuel oil and coal, I says, but they got a problem of DISTRIBUTION....I says..TRANSPORTATION. Well, I asks myself, what can I do about it, personally? And that made me sore...DON'T BE SO STUPID, I says to myself -

MOL: One of these days you'll get so made at yourself, you won't speak to you for days.

FIB: I almost did this time.....WELLLL, I says, lockin' myself right in the eye, which was kinda hard to do because there's a wobbly place in that hall mirror. YOU GOTTA CONVERT OUR FURNACE BACK TO A COAL BURNER, I says. BECAUSE COAL IS GONNA BE EASIER TO GET IN THIS LOCALITY THAN FUEL OIL! So that's what I'M going to do. Where's my pipe wrench?

MOL: You didn't have a pipe wrench. You borrowed it from Mr. Toops and I gave it back to him. You never smoke a pipe anyway.

FIB: Oh. I see. I don't smoke a pipe so you give away my pipe wrench. Will you permit me to keep my monkey wrench if I go out and buy a monkey?

MOL: Don't be silly. Besides, I don't think you can change our furnace from oil to coal by yourself anyway. ^z

FIB: IS THAT SO! It's a cinch. Or it would be if you didn't play Mrs. Santa Claus with all my equipment. Well, it serves me right for not puttin' a padlock on my tool chest, I guess.

MOL: You had one on it once, remember? And I could never get you to fix anything because you could never find the key to the padlock.

FIB: I didn't need a key. All I had to do was hit it a smack with a hammer and it'd fly open.

MOL: Then why didn't you do it?

FIB: Couldn't. Hammer was in the tool chest

MOL: Look, dearie....why don't you call the Wistful Vista Furnace Company. They changed our furnace from coal to oil. They could change it back again very simply.

FIB: NO SIR. I'M STRICTLY A GUY THAT LIKES TO DO THINGS WITH HIS OWN HANDS. That's how I'M gonna have to do it, too....now you've given all my tools away.

MOL: I didn't give them away...I gave them back. Anyway we're getting off the subject.

FIB: What subject?

MOL: Our furnace.

FIB: Smatter with it?

MOL: You're going to change it back from oil to coal.

FIB: I am? Who said I... OHHHHHH...OH YES. Well, I better get started. Hand me a cigar and the morning paper will you?

MOL: What for?

FIB: Gotta read what the weather is gonna be.

MOL: The paper doesn't tell what the weather is going to be, McGee. In war time it just tells what the weather was yesterday.

FIB: That's all right. I intended to change the furnace yesterday. Anyway I gotta set down a while and figure out exactly what to do. You see, the efficient way to do something is -

DOORBELL:

FIB: Who's that?

MOE: Probably one of the neighbors come to get his hack saw back.

FIB: THAT HACK SAW IS MINE!

MOL: Are you sure?

MOL: Our furnace.

FIB: Smatter with it?

MOL: You're going to change it back from oil to coal.

FIB: I am? Who said I... OHHHHHH...OH YES. Well, I better get started. Hand me a cigar and the morning paper will you?

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FIB: Who's that?

MOL: Probably one of the neighbors come to get his hack saw back.

FIB: THAT HACK SAW IS MINE!

MOL: Are you sure?

FIB: SURE I'M SURE! The guy I borrowed that from moved away years ago.

MOL: Oh, that's different! COME IN!

DOOR OPEN

OLD M: Hello there Daughter...hello, Johnny.

MOL: Hello, Mr. Old Timer.

FIB: Hiyah. Short, dark and weatherbeaten. What's on your mind?

OLD M: Heard the news, kids?

MOL: Yes, we heard. St. Louis won.

OLD M: Don't mean that daughter. Circus is comin' to town next week. Thought maybe Johnny here'd wanna go down there with me and carry water for the elephants.

FIB: Who, me? No thanks. Never again for me. Tried it a couple of years ago.

OLD M: Didn't they give you a free ticket?

MOL: Yes, they did, Mr. Old Timer. But McGee was so tired from carrying water he slept thru the whole performance.

FIB: Besides, circuses don't thrill me any more. I travelled with one, once.

OLD M: You did, Johnny? What doin'?

FIB: Remember the act where the guy rides the bicycle across the tight wire, sixty-five feet in the air, with a beautiful girl on each shoulder?

OLD M: Wowie!...Was that you, Johnny?

FIB: No, but it was my bicycle. Rented it to 'em for a buck a day.

OLD M: Heh heh heh...that's moderately amusing, Johnny, but I heered a interesting variation of it. The variation I heered, one feller says to tother feller, "SAYYYY", he says, "MRS. ROOSEVELT AIN'T TRAVELLIN' AS MUCH AS SHE USED TO, IS SHE?" "HOW CAN SHE"? queries tother character, "I HEAR MR. WILLKIE'S BORROWED HER SUITCASE." Heh heh heh...so you don't wanna go to the circus, eh Johnny?

MOL: No he doesn't, Mr. Old Timer. He has work to do around the house.

FIB: I'M convertin' our furnace back to burnin' coal, Old Timer.

OLD M: Is zat so? Goin' back to coal for the duration, eh?

MOL: Yes, we are.

OLD M: Good for you, daughter. You won't regret it. THERE'S NO FUEL LIKE AN OLD FUEL, is what I always say. SO LONG KIDS!

ORK: "I GET THE NECK OF THE CHICKEN"

APPLAUSE:

SECOND FRONT:

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FIB: (RATTLING PAPER) Lemme see now....43 across....four-letter word meaning article attached to a heel. HEY, MOLLY!

MOL: Yes?

FIB: What's a four letter word meaning something attached to a heel.

MOL: Spur. That fastens to a heel.

FIB: OH SURE!..... All I could think of was a swastika. Much obliged. Now...72 vertical...

MOL: MCGEE, I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO WORK ON THE FURNACE!

FIB: I am, I am. Just gettin' set for it.

MOL: Does working crossword puzzles put you in the mood for it, or something?

FIB: Certainly. Sharpens the wits.... steadies the nerves. Stimulates the ingenuity. Whenever I have a big job of work to do I always start with a few cross word puzzles. Gotta develop my mind along with my muscles, you know.

MOL: Well, the way you sit around on your muscles all day, you'll wind up very broadminded. And look....

FIB: Eh?

MOL: After you change the furnace so it will burn coal again, you might weather-strip the doors and windows. The tighter the house is, the less fuel we'll have to burn.

FIB: Aw the windows fit tight enough.

MOL: Oh no they don't, dearie. Our dining room windows have a draft that would take married men with seven children.

FIB: Okay, Okay...I'll take care of it. But I could do a better job, if you didn't give away all my tools.

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MOL: I didn't give them away. I merely returned them to their rightful owners.

FIB: Just the same I -

DOORBELL:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Well, for goodness sakes...Abigail Uppington.

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

FIB: And a warm wiggle of the pinkie to you, Upsy. Whaddye see in the tea?

UPP: I beg your pardon?

MOL: He means what goes, Abigail. What's cooking.? What do you hear from the mob?

FIB: Sure...tie a handle on the scandal. Give out with what's fresh from the bresh. WHAT'S THE GOOD WORD? *

UPP: Do I gathah, Mr. McGee that you are asking me what I know that is new?

MOL: That's it, Abigail. She's hep, McGee. She's no sticky little icky.

UPP: (LAUGHS) I'M afraid I don't know anything startling, my deah. But I am entering Fifi - my pekinese you know..- in the Dog Show today, and I wondered if you'd care to go with me. It's for the benefit of the U.S.O., you know.

FIB: UPPY, do you mean to stand there in the middle of your minks, and tell us that you are finally exposing little Fifi to a rude association with common canines?

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MOL: I think it will do Fifi good, McGee. She sees too much of people and not enough of other dogs.

UPP: Exactly what I thought, my deah. It's bad enough for a person to lead a dog's life - but when a dog leads a person's life - that's horrible!

FIB: I'M afraid Molly can't go with you, Uppy. I'm changin' our furnace from a oil burner back to a coal burner - fuel conservation, you know.

UPP: Cawn't you work without Mrs. McGee here?

MOL: He can, but he probably won't.

UPP: Are you changing this furnace all by yourself, Mr. McGee?

FIB: Yup. With my own little chubby hands, Uppy.

UPP: How clevah of you. Well, FIFI will be tremendously disappointed, Mrs. McGee. Sorry you cawn't go with me.

MOL: I am too, Abigail. And I hope Fifi wins the diamond studded pork chop - or whatever the prize is.

UPP: Thank you. I'M sure she'll take a ribbon, at least.

FIB: Well, don't worry about it, Uppy. A funny lookin' mutt like Fifi is bound to take a little ribbin'.

UPP: PLEASE, MR. MCGEE! FIFI IS DEFINITELY NOT A MUTT. SHE IS A DIRECT DESCENDENT OF CHAMPION HOOGSTRATEN FLUFF-PIFFLE THE THIRD, OF BALTIMORE! AND I CANNOT STAND HERE AND HAVE HER MADE THE SUBJECT OF SUCH RUDE AND FLIPPANT COMMENT. AND ABOUT YOUR FURNACE, MR. MCGEE...

FIB: Eh?

UPP: WHY, MAY I AWSK, DO YOU SQUANDER YOUR MECHANICAL GENIUS IN CONVERTING A FURNACE FROM OIL TO COAL, WHEN YOU, PERSONALLY, HAVE BEEN SO RICHLI ENDOWED BY NATURE WITH A SUBSTITUTE FOR BOTH?

FIB: What substitute?

UPP: HOT AIR! GOOD DAY!

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Well! I've often wondered how you'd look with your ears pinned back, McGee. (LAUGHS) It's very becoming.

FIB: Boy, she was really peeved, wasn't she? Did you see her draw herself up to her full width?

MOL: Yes, and it's about time you stopped talking about that furnace and began doing something about it. Better get into some old clothes.

FIB: You gave all my old clothes away to the Red Cross - remember? I'll put on my coveralls.

MOL: I gave your coveralls away, too. You wore them fishing all summer, and they were adding no charm whatsoever to the atmosphere around here.

FIB: Well, I can't work around the furnace in my good clothes. I'll run downtown and get me a pair of coveralls. Gotta get me a pipe wrench and some stuff, anyway.

MOL: Now dont buy all the tools in the hardware store. You dont need 'em. Heavenly days, I could do the job myself with a bobby pin and stick of chewing gum.

FIB: What flavor?

MOL: Peppermi - -WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE? Now hurry along so you'll be back in time for -

DOOR OPEN:

WIL: HELLO, FOLKS!

FIB: Oh hiyah, Harlow. Molly, you remember our Mr. Wilcox. He's the fellow that didnt used to have that mustache.

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox. Dont mind McGee...he envies you that mustache.

FIB: I do not!

MOL: Oh yes you do, you rascal. You've tried a dozen times to raise one like Ronald Colman's and it always wound up looking like a race between two caterpillars.

WIL: He looks better with a bare face anyway, Molly. And I need mine in my work.

FIB: Whatcha mean, Junior?

WIL: Well, I'M sensitive - and it helps me keep a stiff upper lip when I see dusty, cracked, neglected-looking linoleum that could be given a new lease on life with a treatment of Johnsen's Self Polishing Glocoat.

MOL: I see what you mean.

FIB: Why dont you go all the way and raise a beard, too, Wilcox?

WIL: Why a beard, pal?

FIB: So when you meet a housewife who isn't familiar with how Glocoat saves hours of housework, and preverves her linoleum in these times when it's so important to conserve everything we have - when you meet a gal who doesn't know how easy ^{it is} to use Johnson's Glocoat ~~is~~ - how it shines as it dries in 20 minutes or less -

MOL: BUT WHY A BEARD, MCGEE?

FIB: Well, when he meets somebody that don't know the beautiful facts about Glocoat - his face is gonna fall so far he's gonna need a cushion under his chin!

WIL: Great idea, Fibber, but it isn't necessary. I don't think there IS anybody who hasn't heard about Glocoat.

MOL: Oh, you just say that! Oh, by the way, Mr. Wilcox...have you got a suit of coveralls that McGee could borrow?

FIB: Something in a drape shape with a reet pleat and stuff cuff.

WIL: No, I haven't any coveralls. Don't need 'em. Demonstrati
Glocoat is so clean and simple that -

MOL: YES, WE KNOW..WE KNOW!!..McGee is converting our furnace from oil to coal, Mr. Wilcox. You know...fuel conservatio

WIL: Did you check up to see which was best for this locality, Fibber?

FIB: Certainly I did. You think I'M that dumb?

WIL: Oh, at least! Well, I'll be running along, folks. Nice to have seen you.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Him and his scraggly little mustache! I've drawn better ones than that on magazine covers. I drew one on Veronica Lake once that -

MOL: McGee, you've got to get busy. We'll have a cold snap any day now and you've got to have the furnace ready.

FIB: Okay okay....I'll go down to the Bon Ton Department Store and get me some coveralls.

MOL: All right, but don't be gone long. (FADE OUT) I'll go upstairs and see which windows need weatherstrips....

FIB: Now let's see....coveralls...pipe wrench....sledge hammer... dinner bucket...in case I work late and need a midnight snack...pair of (cotton gloves....

DOORBELL:

FIB: Now what the.....COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

TEE: Hi, mister.

FIB: Oh hello there little girl. Can't stop and talk with you now. I gotta run downtown and buy me some coveralls.

TEE: Hmm?

FIB: I says I GOTTA RUN DOWNTOWN AND BUY ME SOME COVERALLS.

TEE: Why?

FIB: Because I got a job to do and I don't wanna get my clothes dirty. I'm gonna convert our furnace from a oil burner to a coal burner.

TEE: Why?

FIB: WHY? WHY? WHY? IS THAT ALL YOU CAN SAY?

TEE: No.

FIB: Then say something else.

TEE: Why?

FIB: Look, sis, I'm a busy man. I got work to do. You might almost say it's for the government,

TEE: Wh-

MOL: McGee, you've got to get busy. We'll have a cold snap any day now and you've got to have the furnace ready.

FIB: Okay okay....I'll go down to the Bon Ton Department Store and get me some coveralls.

MOL: All right, but don't be gone long. (FADE OUT) I'll go upstairs and see which windows need weatherstrips....

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TEE: Why?

FIB: WHY? WHY? WHY? IS THAT ALL YOU CAN SAY?

TEE: No.

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TEE: Why?

FIB: Look, sis, I'm a busy man. I got work to do. You might almost say it's for the government,

TEE: Wh-

FIB: AND DON'T ASK ME WHY! I'LL TELL YOU WHY. Because the government wants people to conserve fuel.

TEE: Fuel what?

FIB: Whaddye mean, fuel what?

TEE: You mean if fuel do it, the government'll be glad?

FIB: Sis, if there's any bad puns to be made around here, I'll make 'em.

TEE: What's a pun?

FIB: A pun is a play on words.

TEE: My baby brother does it all the time.

FIB: DON'T GIMME THAT CELERY SALT, SIS. YOUR BABY BROTHER CAN'T EVEN TALK. HOW COULD HE MAKE PUNS.

TEE: Well, gee, he plays on words, I betcha.

FIB: NOW HOW COULD --

TEE: We put a dictionary on his high chair and he sits there and plays pattycake.

FIB: ~~I'm afraid that the infantile activities of your small relative are of minor significance to me, sis.~~

TEE: Hmm?

FIB: ~~I SAYS I'M AFRAID...oh never mind.~~ You better run along. I gotta go downtown.

TEE: Why does the gover'mint wantcha to fix your furnace, mister.

FIB: I'll break it down for you, sis. In wartime, the army and navy and factories need all the oil and coal they can get, see? So the ordinary citizen has to try and use a little less.

TEE: I'll betcha you're an awful ordinary citizen too, I betcha.

FIB: I certainly...eh? Oh. AHEM. Then we got a transportation problem, sis. Trains and boats are needed for haulin' soldiers and supplies. So we gotta co-operate and use whatever fuel is handiest. AND, the supply of oil bein' a little shorter than coal, the government wants us to change over our oil burners to coal burners wherever possible. So, I'm doin' it. Understand?

TEE: Sure I do, I betcha.

FIB: Good for you, sis. That's a wonderful tribute to the logical way I explain things. Natural result of clear thinkin'.

TEE: I know it. My daddy says you are one of the most open-minded men he ever knew.

FIB: He did, eh?

TEE: Sure. And he says it's a good thing, too. Because if anybody's mind ever needed airing out, yours does. So long, mister.

ORCHESTRA: "I GOT A TOUCH OF TEXAS" - KING'S MEN.

APPLAUSE:

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APPLAUSE:

SOUND: WALKING ON SIDEWALK...UP ON STEPS...DOOR OPEN, CLOSE.

FIB: Hey, Molly. I'M home.

MOL: (FADE IN) For goodness, sakes, McGee..what took you so long? You've been gone all afternoon.

FIB: Well, I had a lot to do. Had to buy my coveralls and some tools and then I stopped in the Bijou theatre to see the newreels of the World's Series...

MOL: Even that shouldn't have taken all this time.

FIB: I know, but I stayed for two shows. I thought if the Yankees had one more chance they might win.

(RATTLE OF PAPER)

FIB: Here's my coveralls. Fit like a glove. And here's some canvas gloves.

MOL: I suppose they fit like a coverall. Now look, McGee...while you were gone, I --

FIB: AND LOOKA THE TOOLS I BOUGHT!

SOUND: RATTLE AND CLANK OF HEAVY HARDWARE

MOL: Heavenly days! A one-man defense plant! But what I --

FIB: Just heft this hammer, once. Ain't that got a beautiful balance?

MOL: I'd like to heft your checkbook and see if that has. YOU DON'T NEED ALL THESE TOOLS, MCGEE...ANYBODY WOULD THINK --

DOORBELL:

FIB: COME IN, thank goodness.

DOOR OPEN

WIMP: Hello, Mrs. McGee ... hello, Mr. McGee....

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wimple.

FIB: Hiyah, Wimp, old man. You're lookin' good. Nice color in your cheeks....been out for a walk?

IMP: No...(LAUGHS)...I guess Sweetface is responsible for my cheeks being so pink. She's been teasing me...

MOL: Oh, it's because you've been blushing then.

IMP: Nooo...But all day long Sweetface has been saying...OH WALLACE, YOU SWEET LITTLE THING...and then she'd pinch my cheeks.

EB: With a coy little smile, eh?

IMP: No, with a big pair of pliers.

MOL: Why, that's positively brutal, Mr. Wimple. How could she do such a thing?

IMP: Oh, easily, Mrs. McGee...she takes me by the back of the neck with one hand and with the pliers in the other she -

EB: My wife means how could she have the heart to do it, Wimp? Or hasn't she got a heart?

IMP: Of course she has, Mr. McGee...Sweetface has a heart as big as all outdoors. (LAUGHS) I guess that's why she never brings it in the house.

MOL: How did your wife ever get so strong, Mr. Wimple?

IMP: In vaudeville, Mrs. McGee.

EB: Vaudeville, eh? What was she - one of Power's Elephants?

IMP: Oh no...she had a wonderful act. She used to play the Carnival of Venice on the cornet with one hand and keep time on a punching bag with the other. That's where I first met her - I joined the act in Sioux City.

MOL: As a cornet player?

IMP: No...punching bag. Well, I've got to run along now, folks... Goodbye.

DOOR SLAM:

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DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Now I know what killed vaudeville. It was Sweetysface.
MOL: Oh, I used to love vaudeville, McGee. I never missed a performance in Peoria.
FIB: Me either. I fell in love with Eva Tanguay when I was 13.
MOL: That's nothing. I wanted to marry the Weaver Brothers when I was 12. It would have been bigamy, but Love conquers all.
FIB: Ain't it the truth? I remember once when York and King -
OH HEY...I GOTTA GET BUSY ON THE FURNACE.
MOL: Oh yes...about the furnace, McGee. I --
DOORBELL:
FIB: COME IN!
DOOR OPEN:
MOL: Oh, Mayor La Trivia. Hello, Mr. Mayor.
GALE: Hello, Mrs. McGee. Good evening, McGee.
FIB: Hiyah, La Trivia. How's all the committess in our gritty little city?
GALE: If you mean how are things going with our municipal government, McGee, they are going splendidly. Though my interest may be short lived.
MOL: You're not resigning as Mayor!
GALE: On the contr'ry, Mrs. McGee..I am seriously considering running for Governor. This is confidential, incidentally,
FIB: Oh we can keep a secret, La Trivia. Personally I buy twelve new hats a year, just to keep things under. When you gonna announce your nomination?

GALE: Possibly in the spring. Some of the most influential men in the state met at my house last evening to discuss the matter.
MOL: Yes we heard them as we walked by, didn't we, McGee?
FIB: I'll say we did, La Trivia. Quite a raucous little caucus.
GALE: Really? I didn't realize we were being so obtrusive. I'M sorry. But my nomination was agreed upon, Nomine contra dicente.
MOL: What was that again, Mr. Mayor?
GALE: Nomine contra dicente. Without a dissenting vote. It's a Latin phrase.
FIB: You mean you had to talk Latin to those guys?
GALE: Certainly not...I didn't have to.
MOL: Well, personally, if you have to consult a bunch of foreigners to see if you can run for Governor, I think -
GALE: They weren't foreigners, Mrs. McGee. They were all American citizens.
FIB: DON'T GIVE US THAT STUFF, LA TRIVIA. If they were all Americans you wouldn't have to talk Latin to 'em.
GALE: I DIDN'T USE LATIN AT THE MEETING. IT WOULD HAVE BEEN GREEK TO THEM.
MOL: And what's wrong with the Greeks?
GALE: Nothing! They're wonderful people.
FIB: Flattery won't get you anyplace, LaTrivia. What was it Greek or Latin?
GALE: IT WAS BOTH!...I MEAN IT WAS NEITHER ONE. WE ONLY SPOKE ENGLISH.
FIB: I think the F B I better be notified about this, Molly. When a gang of politicians have to meet secretly and talk things over in three different languages, --

GALE: BUT I TELL YOU THERE WEREN'T THREE DIFFERENT LANGUAGES.
NOBODY SPOKE ANYTHING BUT ENGLISH. IF I'D USED LATIN, IT
WOULD HAVE BEEN GREEK. I MEAN IF ANYTHING BUT ENGLISH -
MOL: Never mind, Mr. Mayor...you did right by telling us about
this. If a bunch of foreigners are trying to get control
of our state politics -
GALE: BUT THEY'RE NOT FOREIGNERS....I'M ONE OF THEM MYSELF AND --
FIB: Oh...you are.
GALE: YES!...I MEAN NO! I MEAN YES! I MEAN NO! I MEAN I'M NOT
A FOREIGNER. JUST BECAUSE I USE ONE LATIN PHRASE --
MOL: Do the Greeks understand Latin?
GALE: Of course - I MEAN NO! (SHOUTS) OH WHY DO I EVER TRY TO
EXPLAIN THINGS TO YOU PEOPLE! WHY DO I EVER - (PAUSE)
(SOFTLY) Oh, McGee.
FIB: Eh?
GALE: What's that on the floor in front of you?
FIB: (OFF MIKE) Where? I don't see any-
SOUND: THUD:
FIB: OUCH! HEY WHAT'S THE IDEA?
GALE: Oh nothing. It's just such a pleasure to see you, stoop!
DOOR SLAM:
FIB: Why, that dirty --
MOL: Did he kick you hard, McGee?
FIB: No, but he didn't have any BUSINESS kickin' me at all. We
were just kiddin' him. Him and his Latin! Can't he take a
joke?
MOL: He can take it, and he can dish it out. Now put those tools
and your coveralls away and get washed up for supper.
FIB: OH NO. I GOTTA GET STARTED TO WORK ON THAT FURNACE, SO...
MOL: No you don't. p

FIB: Eh? I don't?
MOL: No. I called the Wistful Vista Furnace Company while you
were gone and they did it in an hour. It's all taken care
of.
FIB: It is? Well, Simianorum Avuncularis!
MOL: What does that mean?
FIB: That's a Latin phrase, meaning, "I'LL BE A MONKEY'S UNCLE!
ORK: "I'M OLD-FASHIONED" - FADE FOR -

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC
OCTOBER 13, 1942

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: In these days when all of us are called upon to put forth an extra effort, we certainly don't want to add unnecessary work in the home -- and yet it is imperative to take extra good care of the things we have. May I remind you of the many uses for JOHNSON'S WAX. For instance, just try wax-polishing your table tops, windowsills, venetian blinds, leather goods with JOHNSON'S WAX -- the same wax you use on your floors. Notice first how beautiful these waxed surfaces are. The coat of wax acts as a shield against dust, dirt and wear. Fingerprints and smudges are quickly wiped away. Experts call the regular use of JOHNSON'S WAX protective housekeeping. It will pay you to adopt it in your home. Ask for the original genuine JOHNSON'S WAX, available in paste, liquid or cream wax form.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

TAG GAG

FIB: I wish you'd let me do the work on the furnace, Molly.
MOL: Why?
FIB: Oh I love to do jobs like that. I was rarin' to go. Why when I get a chance to do some handiwork, every nerve in my body quivers.
MOL: I know, dearie....and I've always admired it.
FIB: My handiwork?
MOL: No...your nerve.
FIB: Eh? Oh. Goodnight.
MOL: Goodnight, all.
ORCH: (CLOSING SIGNATURE)(FADE ON CUE)
WIL: The characters of Wallace Wimple and the Old Timer, heard on this program, were played by Bill Thompson. This is Harlow Wilcox, speaking for the makers of JOHNSON'S WAX FINISHES for home and industry, inviting you to be with us again next Tuesday night. Goodnight.
This program reached you from Hollywood.....
THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

(CHIMES)

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(CHIMES)

WRITERS: Don Quinn
Bill Danch

(REVI

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

1942 - (4)

OCTOBER 20, 1942

NBC - RED