

WRITERS: Don Quinn
Bill Danch

(REVISED)

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

1942 - (4)

OCTOBER 20, 1942

NBC - RED 6:30-7:00

(REVISED)

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WIL: The Johnson Wax Program! // *th Fibber McGee and Molly*

ORK: THEME: FADE FOR

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. And, by way of welcoming forty-five new
stations to our network, the orchestra opens the show with
"GREAT DAY".

ORK: "GREAT DAY" FADE FOR:

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC
OCTOBER 20, 1942

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WIL: Last night while I was trying to get to sleep, a thought came to me which I believe is worth passing along. We're right now in the middle of a salvage drive, as you of course know. A short time ago we had a save your fats campaign -- and another on share your car. Well, the thought I had was just this -- that because we do have these drives, some of the people may get the idea that in between drives we can all relax. The truth is that all of us should keep in our minds all the time all the things we're asked to do. Don't hunt salvage today and forget it tomorrow! Put these things into your program every day: Salvage -- Save fats -- Save your tires -- and take better care of the things you have. Incidentally, you'll find JOHNSON'S WAX, with its 100 labor-saving uses, a great help in protecting your floors, furniture, woodwork, leather goods and countless other things in your home.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

(REVISED) -4-

WIL: IT'S A GORGEOUS DAY IN WISTFUL VISTA! THERE'S A ZING IN THE AIR! THE AUTUMN LEAVES ARE A RIOT OF COLOR! JUST THE KIND OF A DAY FOR A LONG WALK IN THE CRISP AIR AND BRILLIANT SUNSHINE. THE KIND OF A DAY WHEN IT'S GREAT TO BE ALIVE AND OUT IN THE AIR. YES SIR!
SO HERE IN THE LIVING ROOM, WITH A PILE OF NEWSPAPERS, A VERY BAD CIGAR AND A DISGUSTED WIFE, TRYING TO DOPE OUT THIS YEAR'S ALL-AMERICAN, WE FIND --
-- FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

RATTLE OF PAPERS:

FIB: Now lemme see...in the backfield I got Sinkwich of Georgia, Kuzma of Michigan, and Hillenbrand of Indiana...So....
MOL: McGee....
FIB: Eh?
MOL: For the last time, LET'S GO FOR A WALK.
FIB: Walk?
MOL: Yes...walk. You know...where you put one foot in front of you, lean forward, and then put the other foot out. You can do it if you try.
FIB: I won't wanna go. HEY, HOW DO YOU LIKE CALLINAN OF U.S.C.
MOL: Oh I love him! I've got a lock of his hair in the back of my watch. WHO'S CALLINAN?
FIB: Trouble with you Molly, is you ain't go any sporting blood.
MOL: Neither of us will have ANY kind, if we don't get out of the house now and then...and get some exercise.
FIB: You used to like football.

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MOL: I still like football. What do you expect me to do, Saturday afternoons, sit here and wave a pennant while I darn socks?

FIB: We hear all the games on the radio, don't we?

MOL: Oh sure...and then read all about 'em in the papers. Personally, my pet, I don't get much of a thrill out of an end run around the false teeth ads.

FIB: Well, anyway, I don't wanna go out. I'd catch cold with my house slippers on and my sleeves rolled up. Besides --

DOORBELL:

MOL: Well, I'M glad SOME hardy pioneer has the courage to get out in the air. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh hello, Abigail.

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

FIB: Hiyah, Uppity. How come you're out braving the elephants?

MOL: The word is ELEMENTS, McGee.

FIB: Ivory is as ivory does, I always say. Where you been, Uppy, to get them roses in your cheeks and those thorns in your character?

UPP: (LAUGHS) There was a time, Mr. McGee, when your crudities perturbed me no little. But now I have learned to take you as you are.

FIB: You have? How am I?

MOL: (QUICKLY) Don't answer that, Abigail! (LAUGHS) I'll have no profanity in my house. You know, I've been trying to get McGee to go for a walk with me, but he won't go. He's holding a pigskin post-mortem.

MOL: I still like football. What do you expect me to do, Saturday afternoons, sit here and wave a pennant while I darn socks?

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UPP: Oh it's simply delightful outside, my deah...veddy exhilarating. Though goodness knows I am so excited anyway I am simply walking on air!

FIB: For you, Uppy, that's quite a -

MOL: MCGEE! Why, what happened, Abigail?

UPP: My deah...congratulate me! I have just been elected President.

FIB: Good for you, Uppy! Go sit in the fireplace and give us a chat.

MOL: President of what, Abigail?

UPP: President of the Grand-daughters of the Mayflower!

MOL: Well, heavenly days...the ~~granddaughters~~ ^{children} of the Mayflower. ~~Did you hear that, McGee?~~

FIB: Yes, but I never knew the Mayflower had any children. Was one of your ancestors a whaleboat, Uppy?

UPP: ~~THE GRANDDAUGHTERS~~ ^{children} OF THE MAYFLOWER, Mr. McGee, is composed of ladies who are direct descendants of those brave souls who landed on Plymouth rock!

FIB: No wonder they named a chicken after Plymouth Rock. What with every old hen in the country tryin' to ----

MOL: MCGEE!!! Congratulate Abigail!

FIB: Okay. Congratulations, Uppy!

UPP: Thank you.

MOL: You really deserve it, Abigail. I've often told McGee that anyone could look at you and know that you came from an old, old family.

UPP: Er...thank you. It is veddy difficult even to obtain a membership in the ~~Granddaughters~~ ^{children}, you know...so few of us can trace our genealogy so far back.

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FIB: That's a lot of barbecue sauce, Uppy! By this time there oughtta be about five million descendants of people who come over on the Mayflower.

UPP: Really! Perhaps you are one of them, Mr. McGee.

FIB: SO MAYBE I AM!

MOL: Maybe I am, too...I never gave it a thought, Abigail.

UPP: (LAUGHS) It is easy to see, my deah, how little you appreciate the difficulties of tracing one's family tree. That is why being elected President of the ~~Granddaughters~~ was such a great honor! Really, I was quite carried away.

FIB: How?...in a ten-ton truck?

UPP: MR. MCGEE, I HAVE ALWAYS MADE ALLOWANCES FOR YOU, BECAUSE YOU WERE A NATURALLY UNCOUTH PERSON. BUT I WILL NOW INCREASE YOUR ALLOWANCE. GOOD BYE!

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: McGee, why do you always have to pick on Abigail?

FIB: Awww she burns me up with that blue blood mahoola.

MOL: Oh forget it. She's stood on the social register for so long she can't help being a little overheated.

FIB: Well, to hear her talk you'd think my family was brought over here by Frank Buck. I'll bet my ancestors go back as far as hers.

MOL: But can you prove it?

FIB: Why should I try to prove.....YES, I CAN PROVE IT! AND I'M GONNA DO IT, TOO!

MOL: How?

FIB: I'M GOING DOWN TO THE PUBLIC LIBRARY RIGHT NOW AND LOOK UP THE MCGEES!

MOL: Oh goody. I'll go with you...it'll be a nice walk.

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FIB: I AIN'T GONNA WALK! I'M GONNA TAKE THE STREET CAR. I AIN'T
GONNA WASTE TIME PROVIN' TO THAT PRUNE-FACED OLD GUINEA-HEN
THAT A MCGEE IS AS GOOD AS A UPPINGTON.

MOL: You'll make a lovely Granddaughter, too.

FIB: WHERE'S MY HAT?

MOL: RIGHT IN THERE!

FIB: THANKS:

SOUND: DOOR OPEN: TERRIFIC CRASH OF JUNK, END WITH BELL TINKLE

PAUSE:

FIB: Didn't I ever straighten out that closet?

ORK: "IT AIN'T NECESSARILY SO!"

APPLAUSE:

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SECOND SPOT:

MOL: McGee..haven't you got started down to the public library
yet?

FIB: No..I had to put that stuff back in the closet...and HEY..
YOU KNOW WHAT I FOUND?

MOL: Judge Crater?

FIB: No, I found a library book I should of took back a long
time ago.

MOL: Well, you'll just have to pay the fine. 2¢ a day. When
did you borrow it?

FIB: October, 1927. I owe about a hundred and nine dollars and
fifty cents on it.

MOL: They've made no attempt to collect, dearie, so I imagine
it's outlawed by now. What was the book?

FIB: Oh some silly thing about a guy who wouldn't eat his pie.

MOL: What was the name of it?

FIB: "Revolt in the Dessert."

MOL: That was in the DESERT.

FIB: It was? Then I don't blame him for not eatin' it. Probabl
full of sand. WELL, I'LL BE AT THE LIBRARY ALL AFTERNOON
SO -

DOORBELL:

FIB: Aw now who in the -

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

OLD M: Hello, there daughter...hello, Johnny. Do me a favor?

MOL: Certainly, Mr Old Timer...what is it?

FIB: Glad to do it if it don't take any time, on account of I
gotta go to the library.. I'M lookin' up my geology.

OLD M: Geology, eh? You on the rocks again, Johnny?
MOL: He means his GENEALOGY, Mr. Old Timer. He wants to prove that his family was Early American.
OLD M: Bet it was, daughter. We got an Early American end-table and it's got funny lookin' legs just like his.
FIB: NEVER MIND MY LEGS.
MOL: His legs are good enough for him, Mr. Old Timer. All he ever uses them for is to strike matches on anyway. But what was the favor you wanted?
OLD M: Well, daughter, you got a nice lawn out there in front, and I wondered if I could have a little grass.
FIB: Shucks, help yourself. Take all you want. Got your own lawn mower?
OLD M: I ain't gonna mow it, Johnny.
MOL: What are you going to do?
OLD M: Eat some.
FIB: EAT SOME GRASS? WHAT'S THE IDEA?
OLD M: Just a hunch I got, Johnny. I got me a little cold comin' on and I got to thinkin'. Rabbits eat grass, and I never seen a rabbit with a cold. Sooo, I thought I'd eat some grass.
MOL: Horses eat grass too, and I've heard a horse sneeze lots of times.
OLD M: That's different, daughter. Horse eats grass standin' up. I'M gonna eat it on my hands and knees...like a rabbit,
FIB: Well, go ahead, Old Timer. If you're still hungry when you finish the grass, you might go out in back and have a go at the hollyhocks.

OLD M: Heh heh heh...that's pretty good, Johnny, but that ain't the way I heard it! The way I heered it, one feller says to t'other feller, "SAYYYYYY," he says, "THIS DRIVIN' AT 35 MILES AN HOUR IS PRETTY DANGEROUS, AIN'T IT?" "HOW SO?" says t'other feller. "WELL," says the first feller, "WHEN WE DROVE AT 55, WE DIDN'T DARE TAKE OUR EYES OFF THE ROAD. NOW WE DON'T DARE TAKE 'EM OFF THE SPEEDOMETER." Heh heh heh...not that it matters to me, kids. Me and Grandma got us a tandem bicycle.
MOL: A tandem bicycle! Oh, that ought to be fun, Mr. Old Timer.
OLD M: Tis, daughter. We go everyplace on it. Went to the movies t'other night and seen your new movin' picture..."HERE WE GO AGAIN".
FIB: How'd you like it, Old Timer?
OLD M: Swell, Johnny. That's the second R.O.K. pitcher you made, ain't it?
MOL: Yes it is...but it isn't R.O.K. It's R.K.O. Radio-Kieth-Orpheum.
OLD M: Is it so! In your case I'd of swore it was R.O.K.
FIB: Meaning what?
OLD M: Right Off the Kob. Well, thanks for the grass, kids!
DOOR SLAM:
FIB: He should talk about us bein' corny. It's guys like him, wearin' collars like that, that helped cause the rubber shortage.
MOL: Well, if you're going to the library, dearie, you'd better get started.
FIB: Okay. And I'll bet I come back here with a family tree that'll make Uppington's relatives look like enemy aliens.

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MOL: I rather doubt that, dearie. I've always heard she came from an old Southern family,

FIB: Old Southern family my clavicle! Five jelly beans will get you ten that she thinks Robert E. Lee was Gypsy Rose's father.

MOL: Nevertheless, she showed me pictures once of her family's tobacco plantation.

FIB: (LAUGHS SCORNFULLY) A likely story! The only tobacco her old man ever raised he found on the sidewalk. That's the... OH MY GOSH...I ALMOST FORGOT! I gotta make a long distance call.

MOL: Whom to?

FIB: County Clerk. Peoria. Gonna have him send me my birth certificate. Gimme the phone.

MOL: Here.

FIB: Thanks. (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR? GIMME PEORIA, ILLINOIS. COUNTY CLERK. AND HURRY, BECAUSE...eh? OH, IS THAT YOU, MYRT?

MOL: Oh dear.

FIB: HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING, MYRT? TIS, EH? WHAT SAY, MYRT? YOUR SISTER THAT'S ENGAGED TO THAT SAILOR? SPORTING AN ANCHOR ON HER CHEST, EH?

MOL: Heavenly days, McGee...tattooed?

FIB: No, carved. On her hope chest. WHAT SAY, MYRT? WELL, KEEP TRYIN' AND IF I AIN'T HERE MY WIFE'LL HANDLE THE CALL. BYE, MYRT. (CLICK)

MOL: You leaving now, McGee?

FIB: Yup... here I go, laughin' and scratchin'. And if anybody--

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DOOR OPEN:

WIL: Hello, folks...am I intruding?

MOL: Not at all, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Hiyah, Harlow. I was just on my way to the public library. Gonna look up my family tree.

MOL: He's doing it to spite Mrs. Uppington, Mr. Wilcox. She was in here a little while ago giving us the old Mayflower routine.

FIB: Yeah...but I got her stopped. I've often heard my mother say we had a ancestor who was a sailor with Columbus.

MOL: She didn't say that, McGee. She said your grandfather was a salesman IN Columbus.

FIB: Oh, is that what it was?

WIL: Well, I think genealogy is pretty interesting. My great-great-great grandmother fought with George Washington.

MOL: You mean she was in the Revolutionary Army?

WIL: No, she was his housekeeper at Mount Vernon, and she fought with him about tracking mud in on her kitchen floor. That was before they had linoleum, of course, and Johnson's Self-Polishing Glocoat to protect and preserve it.

FIB: Ain't he marvelous, Folks? It's no wonder his conversation is so bright and sparkling, the way he keeps workin' Glocoat into it.

MOL: Was your great-great-great grandmother with Washington. after the Revolutionary war, Mr. Wilcox?

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WIL: Oh sure. That's when she was the most valuable to him. Because during and right after a war, you have to be particularly careful to conserve what you have...and protect it in every way possible. So it will ease the strain on the country's productive capacity. Buy what you need, but no more than you need. People must co-operate to cut down their excess spending, or the prices of scarce goods go up, and up and up. So we've got to keep our feet on the ground -

FIB: I think I can take it from there, Junior. When you got your feet on the ground, you're liable to track in some dirt, but if you got Glocoat on your kitchen Linoleum, it wipes right up with a damp cloth and -

MOL: MCGEE! LET MR. WILCOX FINISH!

WIL: I was thru, Molly. I just wanted to tell you about my great-- great-great grandmother, poor old soul.

FIB: Why poor old soul?

WIL: She was drowned, I understand.

MOL: Oh, how terrible!

WIL: Yes...remember when Washington threw that dollar across the Potomac? Well, Grandma tried to swim over and get it back.

FIB: ~~I was afraid you were gonna say she was eatin' cherries out in the yard one day and George chopped her down, bein' so near-sighted and all.~~ ^{Abraham} YOU GOIN' PAST THE LIBRARY, JUNIOR?

WIL: No, I'M not, Fibber. Sorry. And say - when you start looking up your family tree, be careful!

MOL: Why, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: One of his ancestors might hit him on the head with a cocoanut. Well, I'll be seeing you.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: He's pretty silly. Why should one of my ancestors be up in a tree with a cocoanut when...(PAUSE) Oh. OH, SO MY ANCESTORS WERE MONKEYS, WERE THEY?

MOL: Could be. The way you manage to get yourself out on a limb all the time.

FIB: ALL RIGHT..ALL RIGHT...I'll show you. WAIT TILL I COME HOME. I'll bet I can trace the McGees clear back to...to... er...who do you think I oughtta trace myself back to?

MOL: Sir Galahad.

FIB: Who was he?

MOL: He was that Fit Knight who was out for Man or Beast, remember? Now, get home as soon as you can. (FADE) I've got to go wax the woodwork in the upstairs hall and...

FIB: I'll be back soon. (DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE-FOOTSTEPS) Maybe I better be sure who I wanna trace myself back to. Lemme see now...Fibber McGee, direct descendant of Julious Caesar. no, that's no good. People will wonder why I flunked in Latin. How about Napoleon? Naw...I don't want any guy who was dumb enough to try and lick Russia.

ORCH &
KING'S MEN: ("IT AIN'T NECESSARILY SO")

(APPLAUSE)

MOL: Well, McGee...what did you find out at the library?

FIB: Awww, nuthin'. Measley little library anyway. They ain't got anything.

MOL: How did you go about it?

FIB: HOW WOULD ANY INTELLIGENT PERSON GO ABOUT IT?

MOL: That's beside the point. How did YOU go about it?

FIB: Well, I was logical. I wanted to look up my family tree so I went and got all the reference books on trees. SAY, DID YOU KNOW THE GIANT REDWOOD, SEQUOIA GIGANTICUS, IS PROBABLY THE ONLY TREE THAT -

MOL: Never mind about the trees. What did you find out?

FIB: Nothin'. That's the worst arranged library I was ever into. So what does I do, but I looks it up under FAMILY.

MOL: And what did that give you?

FIB: Drew another blank. They gave me the Swiss Family Robinson, How to Raise a Family on Eighteen Dollars a Week. The Five Little Peppers, The Rover Boys, Parlor Games for the Family Circle and so on. Not a word about the McGees.

MOL: Well, don't fret about it, dearie. There must be some other way to find out about it. Incidentally I talked to the county clerk in Peoria, long distance.

FIB: You did?

MOL: Yes and I told him to wire information on your birth certificate and any data he had about your family history.

FIB: OH SWELL...THAT'LL GIMME SOMETHING TO START ON. THEN WHEN OLD UPPINGTON STARTS GIVIN' OUT WITH THE PHONEY-BALONEY I CAN -

DOORBELL:

MOL: Come in!

DOOR OPEN:

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

MOL: Oh hello, there Mr. Wimple.

FIB: Hiyah Wimp, old man. How's things?

WIMP: Oh awfully quiet, Mr. McGee.....I haven't been doing much of anything.

MOL: What do you do in your spare time, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: I enter contests. I send box tops in for things.

FIB: Ever win anything?

WIMP: Once I did.

MOL: What did you win?

WIMP: Oh a peachy big leather box.

FIB: ~~For what?~~

WIMP: To keep box tops in. And then of course I write a lot of greeting card verses, too.

FIB: And how are the greeting cards going, Wimp?
WIMP: Oh just fine, Mr. McGee...I just finished one this morning.
MOL: How does it go?
WIMP: It goes (CLEARs THROAT)
I KNOW THREE DOROTHYS HERE IN TOWN, -
DOROTHY SMITH AND JONES AND BROWN
WHO CHANCED IN THE U.S.O. TO MEET
A HANDSOME SAILOR FROM THE FLEET.
WHO WON THEIR HEARTS AND WON THEIR HANDS
THEN SAILED AWAY TO FOREIGN LANDS.
AND WHEN HE COMES BACK, I BET WE'LL SEE
THREE DOTS IN A DASH FOR VICTORY!
MOL: Why that's very sweet, Mr. Wimple!
WIMP: Ohhhhh, it's nothing...really.
FIB: How'd Sweetface like it?
WIMP: Oh she isn't quite well enough for me to read it to her yet,
Mr. McGee.
MOL: WELL ENOUGH!...IS SHE SICK, MR. WIMPLE?
WIMP: No...she was in a little accident. You see we visited one of
the camps where Sweetface is teaching Jiu Jitsu to The
Marines and she tried to flip a ride on the front bumper of
a tank.
FIB: GO ON...THOSE BIG TANKS DON'T HAVE ANY BUMPERS!
WIMP: That's what the man with the steamshovel told her when he dug
her up. Well...goodbye now.
DOOR SLAM:
FIB: That reminds me, Molly. I read a cute little poem while I
was down at the library.
MOL: You did? Who wrote it?

TELEPHONE:

MOL: Probably for you, McGee.
FIB: Okay, (CLICK) YES...OH POSTAL UNION? TELEGRAM FOR ME? WHO
FROM? OH COUNTY CLERK, PEORIA. MUST BE ABOUT MY BIRTH
CERTIFICATE. YEAH...GO AHEAD...(PAUSE)...OH...YES...I SEE
...HMMM. YES...WELL I'LL BE A...WHAT WAS THAT LAST LINE
AGAIN? (PAUSE) OKAY BUD. THANKS VERY MUCH. (CLICK)
MOL: What is it, McGee?
FIB: County Clerk in Peoria. About my birth certificate. He
says --

DOORBELL:

MOL: O dear...who's that? Who hasn't been in yet?
FIB: La Trivia.
MOL: Oh yes. COME IN MAYOR LA TRIVIA!

DOOR OPEN:

GALE: Good day, Mrs. McGee. Hello, McGee.
MOL: Hello, Mr. Mayor.
FIB: Hi, La Triv.
GALE: What's the matter, McGee? You look worn down a bit.
MOL: He's been studying all afternoon, Mr. Mayor. Trying to trace
his genealogy.
GALE: (LAUGHS) Is that so! Find out what you wanted to know,
McGee? Or did you find something you'd rather not have
known?
FIB: AW LAY OFF, LA TRIVIA. YOU'RE JUST LIKE UPPINGTON. A
COUPLE OF CRUMBS OFF THE UPPER CRUST, SNEERIN' AT THE HOI
POLLOI, YOU THINK.
MOL: Oh now, McGee, the Mayor never said--
GALE: I was not sneering, McGee. I merely -

FIB: DON'T KID ME, LA TRIVIA. I KNOW WHEN I'M BEIN' SNEERED AT. I CAN TAKE A HINT, YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY.."A WINK'S AS GOOD AS A NOD TO A BLIND HORSE."

GALE: Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't know. How did it happen?

MOL: How did what happen?

GALE: About your horse?

FIB: WE HAVEN'T GOT A HORSE. We sold it.

GALE: After it went blind. Was that quite ethical, McGee? After all if you misrepresent -

MOL: BUT MR. MAYOR, THE HORSE WASN'T BLIND.

GALE: I see. Then it happened after you sold it. Well, the poor animal was probably -

FIB: DOGGONE IT, LA TRIVIA, WE DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT A BLIND HORSE. OUR HORSE COULD SEE PERFECTLY WELL AND -

GALE: Then you should have sold it to somebody who would take better care of it. You deliberately refused to take any responsibility.

FIB: SURE WE REFUSE TO TAKE ANY...I MEAN WE WERE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE SALE, YES, BUT -

MOL: BUT THE HORSE WASN'T BLIND.

GALE: At the time of the sale.

FIB: EXACTLY. I MEAN NO...IT NEVER WAS BLIND. NOW LOOK HERE, LA TRIVIA. IF YOU'RE TRYIN' TO -

GALE: Never mind...never mind. Let it go.

MOL: BUT MR. MAYOR...

GALE: Please, Mrs. McGee...I'd rather not discuss it any further. I came here to offer your husband a position with the city. In spite of his somewhat strange code of morality in the sale of livestock, I still offer him the situation.

FIB: What's the job and what's it pay, La Trivia?

GALE: Commissioner of Streets and it pays ⁶⁰⁰⁰12,500 dollars a year.

FIB: I see. Well, thanks anyway, La Trivia. But I can't take it.

MOL: MCGEE...WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? CAN'T YOU -

GALE: If it's because of that horse business McGee...I was just joking. (LAUGHS)

FIB: It's got nothin' to do with the horse, La Trivia. I JUST CAN'T TAKE THE JOB. THANKS ANYWAY.

MOL: BUT MCGEE...⁶⁰⁰⁰12,500 A YEAR! HEAVENLY DAYS...I'll try and talk him into it Mr. Mayor.

GALE: The position must be filled immediately, Mrs. McGee...he must accept it or reject it now.

FIB: I REJECT IT, LA TRIVIA. I CAN'T TAKE IT...IT..IT WOULDN'T BE RIGHT.

MOL: WHY NOT?

FIB: BECAUSE I...Well...I don't wanna talk about it. Sorry, La Trivia.

GALE: SO AM I, MCGEE. GOOD DAY.

MOL: GOOD DAY, MR. MAYOR.

DOOR SLAM:

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COL: MCGEE WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? TURNING DOWN ~~TWELVE~~
THOUSAND A YEAR!...IT'S...IT'S RIDICULOUS!

FIB: No. It ain't ridiculous.

COL: IT IS RIDICULOUS. IF YOU'RE THE MAN THEY WANT -

FIB: That's just it. I ain't a man.

COL: WHAT?

FIB: I ain't even a person.

COL: WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

FIB: I just got a wire from the County Clerk in Peoria, about my
birth certificate.

COL: Yes...

FIB: Well, I don't know who you're talkin' to right now, but it
ain't me. THEY GOT NO RECORDS ABOUT ME. I WASN'T EVER BORN!

ORK: SELECTION: FADE FOR:

S.C. JOHNSON & SON
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC
OCTOBER 20, 1942

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WIL: Mostly on these programs we have been talking about the
uses of wax in the home. I am sure many of you will be
interested to know how JOHNSON'S WAX PRODUCTS are being used
also by manufacturers to solve finishing problems brought on
by the war. Industry has made phenomenal progress in
adapting itself to war production. In this conversion,
with shortages of certain familiar materials, there has
come a need for new protective wax coatings and finishes.
Many of these have been developed and are being supplied
by S.C. JOHNSON & SON. They include waxes which make
textiles water repellent and stain resistant, now widely
used for soldiers' uniforms and outdoor clothing -- rust
inhibiting waxes for metal surfaces -- also, protective
wax coatings and cleaners for aircraft surfaces, wax
fortified paints for Army, Navy and Marine Corps equipment.
So you can see that the use of wax as a protective finish
for all kinds of materials and surfaces is becoming
increasingly important.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE:

TAG GAG

FIB: YOU KNOW, MOLLY, I'LL BET I COULD HAVE TRACED THE MCGEES
CLEAR BACK TO THE DAYS OF KING ARTHUR. I'LL BET SIR GALAHAD
WAS ONE OF MY ANCESTORS.

MOL: WHO?

FIB: SIR GALAHAD.

MOL: WAS HE A BAD KNIGHT OF A GOOD KNIGHT?

FIB: A GOOD KNIGHT

MOL: A GOOD KNIGHT, ALL.

ORK: (CLOSING SIGNATURE) (FADE ON CUE)

WIL: The characters of the Old Timer and Wallace Wimple heard
on this program were played by Bill Thompson. This is
Harlow Wilcox speaking for the makers of JOHNSON WAX
FINISHES for home and industry, inviting you to be with us
again next Tuesday night. Goodnight. This program has
reached you from Hollywood....This is the NATIONAL
BROADCASTING COMPANY.

WRITERS: Don Quinn
Bill Danch

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OCTOBER 27, 1942