

(REVISED)

WRITERS: Don Quinn  
Bill Danch

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

1942 (5)

OCTOBER 27, 1942

NBC - RED 6:30-7:00

(REVISED)

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WIL: 30-35 The Johnson Wax Program! *With Fibber McGee & Molly*

ORCH: 27, THEME: FADE FOR -

WIL: 30-35 The makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Self-Polishing  
Glocoat present Fibber McGee & Molly, written by Don Quinn,  
with music by the King's Men and 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  
OCTOBER 27, 1942

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

ANNOUNCER: You know, if things just didn't wear out, we wouldn't have so many little problems right now. When your one and only electric toaster or vacuum cleaner goes out of commission now, it's a serious matter. It really pays to take extra good care of everything you have. The best way to do this is by using things properly and, of course, by keeping them serviced and oiled and cleaned. Many things you can protect simply by applying a coat of JOHNSON'S WAX. Your floors, furniture and woodwork, for example, are actually safeguarded against wear and against dirt with a tough coat of wax. Likewise your windowsills, venetian blinds, leather goods and enameled surfaces. Most housekeepers know that the shield of wax also gives rich beauty to these surfaces and saves many hours of cleaning and housework. But today, when conservation is so important, the protection which JOHNSON'S WAX offers is its Number One contribution.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

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WIL: AS WE VISIT WISTFUL VISTA TONIGHT, OUR FRIENDS ---

SOUND: RUNNING FEET FADE IN:

OLD TIMER: ONE SIDE THERE, SONNY...ONE SIDE...!!

WIL: HEY, WHAT'S YOUR HURRY!! WHO DO YOU WANT TO SEE?

OLD M: FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS UP ON PORCH.: TERRIFFIC HAMMERING ON DOOR

OLD M: HEY KIDS!..LEAVE ME IN!!...OPEN UP THERE, KIDS!!

SOUND: POUNING ON DOOR: DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Mr. Old Timer...WHAT ON EARTH IS THE MATTER?

OLD M: LEMME IN, KIDS!!..LEMME IN!

SOUND: DOOR CLOSE

FIB: What is this anyway? Halloween?

OLD M: (PANTING) YOU GOTTA HIDE ME, JOHNNY!!..THEY'RE AFTER ME!

FIB: I'll give you a hiding, all right. What's the idea, beatin' our front door into kiddling wood?

MOL: You mean kindling.

FIB: I said kiddling, diddle I?

OLD M: Come on, kids...PLEASE!!..this ain't any time for even a good joke....HIDE ME SOMEPLACE!

MOL: Now now now...calm yourself, Mr. Old Timer....we won't let anybody hurt you.

FIB: WHO'S after you?

OLD M: The cops....the FBI...EVERYBODY!!..THEY'RE ALL AFTER ME!!!  
If they catch me, I'll go to prison for a hundred years.

MOL: If we come to see you, will you introduce me to Humphrey Bogart?

b



OLD M: Oh, daughter, daughter, daughter!!!. I AIN'T FOOLIN'. YOU GOTTA HIDE ME, I TELL YOU. I'M A FUGITIVE!

FIB: Well, quite fidgeting, fugitive. What's this all about? You must of done something pretty serious.

MOL: Yes, the FBI doesn't chase people for matching nickels.

OLD M: I know it, kids...I KNOW IT! I GOT IT COMING TO ME! I NEVER SHOULD OF DONE IT! I ALWAYS BEEN A GOOD BOY....I GUESS I'M JUST A WEAK CHARACTER.

FIB: Yeah, and this is your last week, character, if you don't start talkin'. WHAT DID YOU DO?

OLD M: I didn't realize what I was doin' was so bad, Johnny. First time I noticed I was bein' followed was this afternoon....Was on my way to the dentist - and DREADIN' it, too, --

MOL: Why?

OLD M: He says I gotta have braces on my teeth....so when I started for home -

FIB: I thought you were goin' to the dentist?

OLD M: I was. But I hadda go home and git my teeth, didn't I? WELL, SIR I SEEN A FELLA BEHIND ME...LOOKED LIKE A FBI man...

MOL: How can you tell an FBI man when you see him?

OLD M: Well, he was wearin' a Hoover collar, and - *when I seen him*

DOOR BELL:

OLD M: Oh, CRIMINY, KIDS...HERE THEY ARE!!! HIDE ME! GIT ME OUTA SIGHT!!!

FIB: Okay, GET BEHIND THE DAVENPORT!

SOUND: SCUFFLE:

MOL: Hurry...!! AND PULL YOUR FEET IN! That's it....It'll be kind of hard to explain two people with six feet.

FIB: We're puttin' ourselves in a bad spot, Molly. You know that, don't you? We're accessories.

MOL: So what's an accessory? A bumper is an accessory. And what's a bumper for? To take the bumps. If we can't take a few bumps for a friend -- Come in.

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh...It's...it's Mrs. Uppington! You don't know how glad we are to see you, Abigail!

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

FIB: Hiyah, Uppy! You ain't exactly who we were...I mean, we thought somebody else was...(LAUGHS) WELL, HOW'S EVERYTHING, UPPY?

UPP: Just splendid, Mr. McGee....just splendid. I just thought I'd...(PAUSE) Mr. McGee...do you HAVE to do that?

MOL: Do what, Abigail? What was he doing?

UPP: Chewing his necktie.

FIB: Oh, that's just a habit I got, Uppy....(LAUGHS) Always chew my necktie when I get nerv...when I'm thinkin' about something.



MOL: Yes, he always does that Abigail. I tried to break him of it by making him wear bow ties, but he kept spraining his neck to get at them.

FIB & MOLLY LAUGH HEARTILY:

FIB: Have a chair, Uppy.

UPP: Thank you. I'll just sit over here on the davenport so -

MOL: NO NO NO!!..NOT THERE!!!.

UPP: I..I beg your pardon?

FIB: The..er..davenport is broken, Uppy. Spring's busted. Liable to get stabbed in the...I mean HERE..SIT OVER HERE.

UPP: But your hat is on that chair, Mr. McGee..

MOL: That isn't his hat. That's a straw hat and McGee always wears a - (PAUSE) OR IS THAT YOUR HAT, DEARIE?

FIB: Sure..just bought it this morning.

UPP: Really. This fresh autumn air really turns them yellow in no time doesn't it?

MOL: Oh he bought it second-hand. He never wears a straw hat past the middle of November anyway. BUT WHAT COULD WE DO FOR YOU, ABIGAIL?

UPP: I just dropped in my deah, to see if -

LOUD SNEEZE: (PAUSE)

UPP: Good heavens..was that a sneeze?

FIB: Must be that darn cat that keeps coming in here. KITTY KITTY KITTY...WHERE ARE YOU, KITTY?

OLD M: (OFF MIKE) MEOWRRRR!! (SNEEZE) MEOWRRRR!!!

MOL: Poor little thing has a cold....what were you saying, Abigail?

UPP: I just wanted to know, my deah, if you could go down to the Federal building with me. I want to see the F B I -

SOUND: CRASH OF LAMP:

MOL: Heavenly days...that cat has knocked over the lamp.

FIB: DOGGONE YOU, YOU OLD TOMGAT, CAN'T YOU BE A LITTLE MORE CAREFUL?

OLD M: (OFF MIKE) (WEAK) (MIAOW)

FIB: Whatcha gonna see the F.B.I. about, Uppy? Find a German spy in your sauerkraut?

UPP: No, Mr. McGee...I wish to register my fingerprints in their voluntary civilian files. My brother in Washington suggested it.

FIB: Oh you gotta brother in Washington? What does he do?

UPP: He is a lobbyist.

MOL: We don't care where he sleeps...what does he DO?

UPP: I don't quite know, my deah....it has something to do with the farm lobby, I believe he is a rain-maker.

FIB: A RAIN MAKER! Go on.....nobody can make rain.

UPP: Possibly not, Mr. McGee..all I know is what people tell me. They say he has been under a cloud for some time. Well, so sorry you cawn't come with me. Goodbye..

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: (UP) All right, Mr. Old Timer..you can come out now,

SLIGHT SCUFFLE:

OLD M: (FADE IN) Sorry about that lamp, kids. But I was gittin' a cramp in my leg, under the davenport, HEY WHY CAN'T I HIDE IN HERE, NEXT TIME?

MOL: NO NO..YOU CAN'T HIDE IN THERE!



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FIB: DON'T OPEN THAT DOOR!

OLD M: WHY NOT, KIDS? SEEMS LIKE THIS WOULD BE A PERFECT PLACE  
TO --

DOOR OPEN: TERRIFIC CLATTER OF JUNK; BELL TINKLE:

PAUSE)

OLD M: Oh! I see whatcha mean.

ORK: "EVERYTHING I'VE GOT"

APPLAUSE:

SECOND SPOT:

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FIB: Now look, Old Timer...we're your friends...and we'll go to  
bat for you, up to a point.

MOL: So let's get to the point.

OLD M: Okay, kids, but I hate to tell you. If I go to  
Leavenworth, it's gonna break mamma's heart. I was her  
favorite boy. I was always the one they cut down papa's  
best pants for.

MOL: How many brothers did you have?

OLD M: Didn't have any. Just three sisters. You ever see My Sister  
Eileen?

FIB: My Sister Eileen is a play, isn't it?

OLD M: Not mine...she's a sketch,---I mind one time she -

MOL: FOR GOODNESS SAKES, MR. OLD TIMER, TELL US WHAT YOU'VE DONE!  
WHY ARE THE POLICE AFTER YOU?

FIB: Yes, make with the confession.

OLD M: Well, I dunno rightly where to start, kids.....

MOL: Start right from the beginning.

OLD M: All righty. WELL, SIR, I WAS BORN IN TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA,  
ONE OF TWO TWIN BOYS. PAPA TAKES ONE LOOK AT US AND SAYS,  
LET'S KEEP THIS ONE, AND DROWN TOTHER ONE. AND THAT'S HOW  
I LEARNED TO SWIM. SEVERAL YEARS LATER, I WAS -

FIB: Hey hey hey...skip your first childhood, and get to the  
second one, Old Timer. We don't want the story of your life.

MOL: I should say not. At 35 miles an hour, your auto-biography  
would be pretty slow moving. NOW WHAT DID YOU DO TO GET THE  
F.B.I. AFTER YOU?



OLD M: I been un-American daughter. I'M a traitor to my country.  
I'M just a dirty old Benefit Arnold...

FIB: IT WAS BENEDICT, AND QUIT CRYIN' IN MY ROOTBEER! NOW TALK!

OLD M: Well, sir, it's gonna do me good to git it off my mind. So  
here goes! I was born in Terre Haute, Indiana, and --

SOUND: DOORBELL:

OLD M: OH CRIMINY...IT'S THE COPS, KIDS...GIT ME A HANDFUL O' BEANS,  
DAUGHTER!

MOL: What for?

OLD M: Gotta bean-shooter in my pocket...I'll shoot my way out!  
They'll never take me alive. I'll die before I -

FIB: AW, CUT IT OUT! YOU TALK LIKE THE BAD HALF OF A DOUBLE  
FEATURE. SCRAM INTO THE DINING ROOM...No...the other door!!  
...That's it.

MOL: (CALLS) AND IF ANYBODY COMES IN THERE, JUST LIE DOWN ON A  
PICKLE DISH AND PUT ON A DILLY EXPRESSION. Okay, McGee...  
Let 'em in.

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: WELL FOR GOODNESS SAKES..BILLY MILLS.

MILLS: Hello, mom. Hello, Skimp.

FIB: Hiyah, Bill.

MOL: Won't you come down and sit in for a moment? I mean, won't  
you take off your chair and have a coat?

FIB: (LAUGHS) She's kinda nervous today, Bill. She means  
won't you give your hips a downbeat.

MILLS: No thanks. Just wanted to tell you I saw your new  
picture, "Here We Go Again".

MOL: Oh, did you really?

FIB: How'd you like it, Bill?

MILLS: WHADDYE MEAN, HOW DID I LIKE IT? I ADMITTED I SAW IT,  
DIDN'T I? DO YOU HAVE TO GET NASTY ABOUT IT? A FINE THING

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Well! What an odd reaction!

FIB: Yeah, I hope it ain't nation-wide. OKAY, OLD TIMER...  
YOU CAN COME OUT, NOW.

OLD M: (FADE IN) Thanks, kids...sure had me scared for a minute.

MOL: I don't know why. You've known Mr. Mills for years.

OLD M: T'wasn't him I was scared of, daughter. All the time I  
was in the dining room somebody kept ringin' the back  
door buzzer.

FIB: WE AIN'T GOT ANY BUZZER ON OUR BACK DOOR.

OLD M: Must have, Johnny. Heard it as plain as --

MOL: WAIT A MINUTE...where were you in the dining room?

OLD M: Under the table, daughter. On the side toward the --

MOL: YOU WERE SITTING ON THE SERVICE BUZZER.

OLD M: What's that?

FIB: That's a signal for the maid to bring in the next course,  
if we had a maid, and if we ate our dinner in courses, only  
we don't have a maid, and we eat in the kitchen, and we  
call it supper AND AFTER THIS WATCH WHERE YOU SIT!  
Yes...and now before somebody else comes in, let's have  
your story.



OLD M: All righty. I WAS BORN IN TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA, OF POOR BUT HONEST PARENTS AND --

FIB: NO NO NO...SKIP THAT! WHAT ARE THE COPS AFTER YOU FOR?

OLD M: Eh? Oh. Oh, yes...well, kids...you're gonna despise me for it when I tell you. I guess I'm -

DOOR OPENS

WIL: HELLO, FOLKS...WHAT'S FRYING?

OLD M: CRIMINY..IT'S A COP! THEY GOT ME! THEY'RE GONNA FRY ME!! HELP, KIDS!...HOLD HIM WHILE I MAKE A BREAK FOR IT..I'LL -

MOL: Oh, calm yourself, Mr. Old Timer...it's just Mr. Wilcox. You know him.

WIL: WHAT GOES ON HERE? YOU EXPECTING A COP?

OLD M: DON'T TELL HIM, KIDS! DON'T TELL HIM!

FIB: Whaddye think we are, stool pigeons? (LAUGHS) He's in a little jam with the F.B.I., Junior, but we wanna talk it over before he does anything rash.

WIL: Well, talk it over with me. I'M sort of an F.B.I. man, myself.

FIB: Whaddye mean, you're sort of an F.B.I. man, Junior?

WIL: That's my job. F.B.I. Floors Brightened Instantly. Just pour a few drops of Johnson's Self-Polishing Glocoat - on your linoleum, spread it around, let it dry, and presto! In 20 minutes or less it's dried to a beautiful sparkling finish. That's what I mean...I'M sort of a member of the kitchen police.

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OLD M: Then you ain't....you ain't....you don't arrest people?  
WIL: No, I don't Old Timer. I just try to get people to use  
Glocoat to arrest the deterioration of their linoleum.  
And that's pretty important now when we have to conserve  
what we have, and make things last. Why when I think what  
an important part all the Johnson products play in the  
conservation program, I almost feel that I AM a government  
agent. I almost....  
OLD M: (GROANS) Oh don't say that sonny..don't say that..(GROANS)  
WIL: What's the matter with him, Molly? He's white as a sheet...  
MOL: Better just leave him alone, Mr. Wilcox...  
FIB: Yeah, duck along, Junior...we'll handle this. See you later,  
WIL: Nothing I can do to help?  
MOL: No thank you.....AND DON'T TELL ANYBODY YOU SAW HIM HERE.  
WIL: Why not?  
FIB: BECAUSE THE POLICE ARE GONNA DRAG OUT THE THROW-NET FOR  
HIM, THAT'S WHY,  
MOL: How many times have I got to tell you it's THROW OUT THE  
DRAG-NET, MCGEE? Goodbye, Mr. Wilcox.  
WIL: You sure I can't be of any help?  
FIB: NO NO NO...BEAT IT, WILL YOU? SCRAM!  
WIL: ALL RIGHT, BUT YOU DON'T HAVE TO PUSH ME!  
DOOR SLAM:  
OLD M: Jiminy, Kids - I never been so scared in my born days.  
FIB: Well, brace up! DON'T BE SUCH A SCAREDY CAT! You're  
just a bundle of nerves.

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OLD M: I am not, Johnny....I'M as cool as a cucumber. I'M as...  
HEY!..WHAT WAS THAT NOISE?  
MOL: I dropped a piece of yarn on the rug.  
FIB: No..you're not nervous! You're as high strung as the  
George Washington Bridge. NOW GET THAT STORY OFF YOUR MIND,  
WHILE WE GOT A MOMENT'S PEACE, WILL YOU?  
OLD M: Okay. Glad to, kids. I was born in Terre Haute, Indiana....  
DOORBELL:  
OLD M: WHERE'LL I GO, KIDS?..WHERE'LL I GO!!! LEMME CRAWL UNDER  
THE RUG!  
FIB: Oh fine. We'll tell 'em it's a Brussels carpet and you're  
the sprout. GO ON BACK INTO THE DINING ROOM...  
MOL: AND STAY OFF THAT BUZZER!  
OLD M: I will, kids...I will.....  
DOORBELL:  
FIB: COME IN!  
DOOR OPEN:  
MOL: Oh Mayor La Trivia...come in, Mr. Mayor!  
GALE: Hello, Mrs. McGee...Hello, McGee!  
FIB: Hiyah, La Triv. You're just the guy I wanted to talk to.  
GALE: Yes?  
FIB: Yes. I THOUGHT YOU CLAIMED YOU'D CLEANED UP GAMBLING IN  
THIS TOWN!



MOL: Why, McGee...I thought the mayor had done a wonderful job in cleaning up Wistful Vista.

GALE: Thank you, Mrs. McGee...I flatter myself that this is the cleanest town in the country. If you know any gambling joints McGee, I hope you'll report them.

FIB: I'LL GIVE YOU ONE RIGHT NOW. DEPOPOLIS RESTAURANT!

MOL: Heavenly days!!

GALE: Can you gamble in there?

FIB: Brother, have you ever ordered their chicken croquettes?

MOL: Oh stop it, McGee. What did you want to see us about, Mr. Mayor?

GALE: I just wanted your opinion of this little verse. It's to be printed on the back of the City Water bills and sent to everyone.

FIB: Let's hear it.

GALE: It says: REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED IN 1920  
WHEN PEOPLE STARVED IN THE MIDST OF PLENTY?  
WE OUGHT TO BE MUCH SMARTER NOW,  
IF WE WANT MILK, LET'S FEED THE COW!  
LET'S ALL BE READY WHEN THIS IS OVER,  
AND START TODAY TO PLANT THE CLOVER.  
LET'S ALL BUY BONDS AND PAY OUR DEBTS, -  
FOR THE MAN WHAT HAS, IS THE MAN WHAT GETS!

MOL: Why I think that's wonderful, Mr. Mayor? Did you write that?

GALE: No..it was sent in by a chap named Wimple. Wallace Wimple.

FIB: OH SURE...OLD WIMP! We know him well, La Trivia. Kind of a short Longfellow.

GALE: You approve of the idea then?

MOL: Oh absolutely, Mr. Mayor.

GALE: Splendid, splendid. Glad you like it. I thought I'd get your slant on it, as a couple of average citizens. (LAUGHS)  
Try it on the dog, you know.

(PAUSE)

FIB: Take off your coat, La Trivia.

GALE: Eh? What for?

FIB: YOU CAN'T CALL MY WIFE A DOG, AND GET AWAY WITH IT!

MOL: He didn't call me a dog, McGee..he's too much of a gentleman. He meant you.

FIB: OH HE DID, DID HE.!! PUT UP YOUR DUKES, LA TRIVIA!

GALE: Oh stop it, McGee. It was just an expression. Don't be silly.

FIB: SO I'M BEIN' SILLY WHEN I RESENT BEIN' INSULTED, EH? NOW I'M A SILLY DOG.

MOL: You're not being logical, McGee.

GALE: What do you mean, Mrs. McGee?

MOL: You called him a dog. A dog is man's best friend. You don't fight with your friends, do you?

FIB: THIS GETS WORSE AND WORSE....I'M NOT ONLY A SILLY DOG, BUT NOW I'M A FRIENDLY ONE! DON'T THINK I CAN FIGHT, EH?

GALE: OH, STOP WAVING YOUR PAWS...I MEAN YOUR FISTS, MCGEE...THIS IS RIDICULOUS!

MOL: I think it is, too. You'd better go, Mr. Mayor, before he bites you in the leg. Come on, McGee...mother will get you a nice big hambone.

FIB: THAT DOES IT.!!! LA TRIVIA, I'M GONNA BEAT YOU TO A PULP FOR THOSE INSULTS. I'M GONNA POUND YOU SO FLAT I CAN MAIL YOU HOME!



MOL: This ought to be very interesting. Is it true that you were an intercollegiate boxing champion, Mr. Mayor?

GALE: Quite true, Mrs. McGee.

FIB: I'M GONNA HAMMER YOUR ODD-SHAPED SKULL TILL IT RINGS LIKE A - (PAUSE) It is?

MOL: Is what.

FIB: True?

GALE: Is what true?

FIB: That you were the intercollegi- (LAUGHS) OH AREN'T WE BEIN' A BUNCH OF CHUMPS...FLYIN' OFF THE HANDLE LIKE THAT. (LAUGHS) Well, glad you dropped in, La Trivia.

GALE: Thanks. Good day, Mrs. McGee. -

MOL: Goodbye, Mr. Mayor.

GALE: And McGee.

FIB: Eh?

GALE: LET'S GO OUT SOME AFTERNOON AND BARK AT AUTOMOBILES!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: ~~WHY, THAT --~~

ORK: "CONCHITA" -- KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE:

FIB: (CALLS) ALL RIGHT, OLD TIMER...THE COAST IS CLEAR.

MOL: You can come out now.

OLD M: (FADEIN) Thanks, kids...who was it, and what did he want?

FIB: It was the Mayor, and he wanted to get a free criticism on some poetry - the cheapskate.

MOL: Bachelors always take advantage of people, McGee. They're called on so often to fill out a bridge table, they think every fourth person in the world is a dummy.

FIB: Well, be that as it may or may not be...or not, I wanna hear what the Old Timer here has gotta say for himself. AND IT BETTER BE GOOD, TOO!

~~MOL: Yes, or we'll see that you're cast away on a desert island.~~

~~OLD M: Oh I'd like that, kids.~~

~~FIB: You wouldn't like this one. They call it Alcatraz. NOW GET STARTED!~~

OLD M: Okay, Johnny. Well sir...I was born in Terre Haute....Hey.. look, kids...I been so scared today I ain't had a bite to eat. How's about a sandwich, daughter?

MOL: OH OF COURSE, YOU POOR THING!...YOU COME RIGHT WITH ME...

FIB: But Molly, why can't we let him tell his story before -

MOL: HUSH, DEARIE. THE MAN'S HUNGRY. You can't fire a gun without loading it.

FIB: I see. Before he shoots off his face we gotta feed it. OKAY...but keep the kitchen door shut, and if anybody comes I'll stall 'em off.

OLD M: Thanks, Johnny...(FADE OUT) Just gimme a bowl o' soup daughter...and I'll be....

FIB: Bowl of soup, my clavicle! She oughtta feed him a handful of animal crackers. If that monkey ain't lion, he's got his neck out like a giraffe! I wonder what --

DOOR OPEN:



TEE: Hi, mister.

FIB: Eh? OH HIYAH, SIS. I didn't hear you knock.

TEE: I know it. I didn't knock.

FIB: Why not?

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: WHY DIDN'T YOU KNOCK?

TEE: Well gee, that would be silly, mister, when you gotta doorbell to ring.

FIB: THEN WHY DIDN'T YOU RING THE DOORBELL?

TEE: I couldn't reach it.

FIB: THEN WHY DIDN'T YOU KNOCK?

TEE: Look, mister...we've been all over that. If you want somebody to ring your doorbell, you just wait till Hallowe'en! YOU JUST WAIT, I BETCHA!

FIB: Lay off, sis. Lay off. Anyway, you said you couldn't reach it.

TEE: I can when Willie Toops boosts me up, I can. (GIGGLES)  
We tried it last night.

FIB: Oh, you did, eh? Kind of a dress rehearsal, for Hallowe'en, eh?

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I SAYS IT WAS KIND OF A DRESS REHEARSAL.

TEE: Only for me. Willie wears knickerbockers.

FIB: LOOK, SIS. DON'T YOU KNOW THE REAL SIGNIFICANCE OF HALLOWE'EN?

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: Eh?

TEE: What?

FIB: What did you say?

TEE: What did you hear?

FIB: I...LOOK, SIS....EVERY HOLIDAY IS CELEBRATED FOR A CERTAIN REASON. DON'T YOU KNOW THE REAL REASON WE CELEBRATE HALLOWE'EN?

TEE: No. Why do we, mister?

FIB: Ahh, that's better! An intelligent attitude like that deserves an intelligent answer. We celebrate Hallowe'en, sis, because...er...well, because it always...er...it's to commemorate the....er...OH IT'S TOO INVOLVED TO GO INTO RIGHT NOW. I'M BUSY. YOU RUN ALONG.

TEE: You got time for a poodle?

FIB: A what?

TEE: A poodle?

FIB: Where is it? Lemme see it.

TEE: You can't SEE it, mister. I tell it to you.

FIB: YOU TELL ME A POODLE? What kinda double-talk is that?



TEE: Aw, you know, mister. A poodle is a little riddle you can't get thru your noodle. Wanna hear it?

FIB: No, but I don't know how I can get out of it. Go ahead.

TEE: WHY DO THEY MAKE TOY BANKS IN THE SHAPE OF PIGS?

FIB: I'll sit still for that one, sis. WHY DO THEY MAKE PIGGIE BANKS?

TEE: Because sailors wear little white caps.

FIB: I don't get it.

TEE: Well gee, it's simple, mister. Sailors have little white caps and the sea has little white-caps, too and it makes the waves pretty and my mother is pretty, too and she just joined the Waves and the waves wash the beach and the beach is full of sand and so is spinach and farmers grow spinach and they have to get up at five o'clock and that's twirly and so's a pig's tail, and you can bank on that I betcha. So long, mister!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Of all the silly twaddle I ever...sailors have little twirly caps because spinach gets up at five o'clock with a pig full of sand. It don't make sense.

MOL: (FADE IN) DID I HEAR YOU TALKING TO SOMEBODY, MCGEE?

FIB: Yeah...little girl from across the street. HOW YOU FEEL NOW, OLD TIMER? FED UP?

OLD M: YOU BET, JOHNNY.

FIB: WELL SO AM I...WITH THE WHOLE THING! SO GET BUSY AND TELL YOUR STORY!

MOL: Yes, Mr. Old Timer..we've been very patient with you. If we can help you with a clear conscience, we'll do it, but we won't be parties to anything crooked. Now go ahead...

OLD M: Well-1...it was like this kids....Ohhhhh, I'M so ashamed... I wouldn't blame the F.B.I. if they stood me up against a wall and shot me!

FIB: SPOT YOU FOR WHAT?

OLD M: Wel-1-1.....(FAST) I'M A HOARDER!

MOL: WHAT?

OLD M: That's the way you heered it. I'M a hoarder.

FIB: YOU OUGHTA BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF!

OLD M: Oh I know it, Johnny...I know. I know.

MOL: YOU KNOW VERY WELL THAT HOARDING CAUSES SHORTAGES AND SHORTAGES CAUSE PRICES TO GO UP! IT'S GREEDY AND SELFISH AND UN-AMERICAN AND WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE TO NEED SO MUCH MORE OF ANYTHING THAN SOMEBODY ELSE?

OLD M: Pour it on, daughter! Pour it on. I deserve it!...But it all started so easy. You see - I had four of 'em to start with...then I thought I'd git me a spare...

FIB: OHOOOOOOO.....I BEGIN TO SEE!

OLD M: Then when I had me a spare, I thought I'd hide some away, and I knew a fella that'd give 'em to me at a 25% discount, and I couldn't resist it, and I kept buyin' 'em and buyin' 'em...and now I got HUNDREDS OF 'EM...all over the house...

MOL: A FINE THING! WITH THE COUNTRY AS DESPERATE FOR TIRES AS IT IS NOW, YOU HAVE TO -

OLD M: Tires? I ain't hoardin' tires!

FIB: WELL WHAT ARE YOU HOARDING?



OLD M: UNITED STATES WAR BONDS.  
FIB: U. S. WAR BONDS! -- Why of all the -----  
ORK: SNEAK IN:  
OLD M: THINK THEY'LL SHOOT ME, JOHNNY? WITH ALL THE PEOPLE  
WANTIN' WAR BONDS AND ME GRABBIN' UP ALL I COULD GET AND --  
ORK: ("FULL MOON") (FADE ON CUE)  
APPLAUSE:

S.G. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC  
OCTOBER 27, 1942

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

ANNOUNCER: You hear it said by our enemies that we are a soft, wasteful people. Well, let them have what solace they can get out of that thought -- because by now they have learned that we are anything but soft, and before we're through with them they'll know that we were only wasteful because we have had so much of everything, such a high standard of living. But every day, in talking with friends and neighbors, you realize that we can certainly make whatever sacrifices we are called upon to make. Also that it's probably very good for us to be more saving, and learn to take better care of our things. I read a good many letters these days from housewives who tell us how grateful they are for JOHNSON'S WAX in these days of conservation -- how careful they are to protect their floors, furniture and woodwork and many other things with regular applications of Johnson's Paste, Liquid or Cream Wax.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC...FADE ON CUE)



TAG GAG

MOL: McGee, did you hear Mr. Willkie on the radio last night?

FIB: Yes I did.

MOL: What did he have to say?

FIB: Made a very interesting speech. Says the world isn't as big as it used to be and after this war we all gotta be neighbors.

MOL: Hands across the sea, you mean?

FIB: Yeah...first ARMS, and then hands.

Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all.

ORK: UP TO FINISH: APPLAUSE: ETC.

WIL: The character of the Old Timer heard on this program was 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.

(CHIMES)

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