

WRITERS: Don Quinn
Bill Danah

(REVISED)

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

1942 (6)

November 3, 1942

NBC - RED 6:30-7:00

z

(REVISED) -2-

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

ORCHESTRA: THEME: FADE FOR:

WIL: 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 "There's a Great Day
Coming Manana".

ORCH: "THERE'S A GREAT DAY COMING MANANA" FADE FOR:

P

OPENING COMMERCIAL

ANNOUNCER: Did you ever take a look at particles of dirt and dust under a magnifying glass? They look just like sharp, ragged rocks! No wonder dirt wears things out. When stone and steel wear away, you can't expect wood surfaces or painted surfaces to stand up without protection. But dirt doesn't need to wear out those surfaces. They can easily be protected with an application of JOHNSON'S WAX. The tough coat of wax acts as a shield -- guards the surfaces of floors, furniture and wood-work against wear. And when the wax is worn off, you can easily renew that protection with another coat of wax. Johnson's Wax will help you prolong the life of many things in your home which you cannot replace in wartime.

ORCHESTRA: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

WIL: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE GIVE YOU FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

APPLAUSE

WIL: BUT FIRST WE GIVE YOU FIBBER, WHO, WITH HIS HONOR MAYOR LA TRIVIA, IS SITTING IN A DUCK-BLIND AT THE EDGE OF MUD LAKE. THEY ARE LOADED DOWN WITH LUNCH BASKETS, SHOTGUN SHELLS, AND BLANKETS, AND THE BOTTOM OF THE BOAT IS COMPLETELY COVERED WITH NO DUCKS WHATSOEVER.

SOUND: WIND AND WATER LAPPING...SMALL SOUND OF MOVEMENT:

FIB: - now quit crabbin', La Trivia. You'll get some ducks. People go huntin' with me never fail. AND WHY? Because I'm a natural hunter...gotta instinct for stalkin' game. Now a hunter has gotta learn two things; First....the habits of the game he's huntin', and second, - silence! Silence is pretty important La Trivia. A hunter that can't keep his mouth shut is liable to scare all the game away, ye see? On the other hand, a fella that keeps gabbin' all the time hasn't got the -

GALE: FOR GOODNESS SAKES, WILL YOU KEEP QUIET, MCGEE?

FIB: SHHHHHH! Not so loud, La Trivia.....that's exactly what I was talkin' about. You're too gabby.

GALE: I'M too gabby! I haven't said three words since we got here this morning. I'M too cold.

FIB: I'M cold too. That's why I talk. Figure while my teeth are chatterin' I might as well make 'em useful. Now before I started as a expert hunter -

GALE: MCGEE...LOOK...WHAT'S THAT?

FIB: Where?

GALE: FLYING THIS WAY!!! OVER TO THE RIGHT! IN A "V" FORMATION!
 FIB: That's a bunch of army planes. Put down your gun and wave to 'em La Trivia.....those are our boys!

SMALL CLATTER:

FIB: HIYA BOYS!!....HAPPY LANDINGS...!! YIPEEEEE...!!

GALE: SOUND OF FLUTTERING AND FAINT QUACKING; FADE OUT:

(*PAUSE)

GALE: Army planes! Quack, quack, quack! Who was the one in front with the yellow bill? Jimmie Doolittle?

FIB: Well, doggone it, they LOOKED like army planes. Ducks have to no right to fly in a "V" formation while there's a war on. It's too confusing.

GALE: Oh don't be so silly, McGee. Ducks, have always flown in a V formation.

FIB: YRAH? (LAUGHS) Ducks don't even know how to spell victory. Don't gimme that, La Trivia....I know my ducks.... I was a professional duck-hunter once.

GALE: You don't say. What were you before that?

FIB: A street singer. With a mandolin. Used to make as much as six bucks, just on a Sunday morning, singin' "I'LL MEET YOU IN THE GARDEN WHERE THE PRATIES GROW."

GALE: I can understand why you took up duck hunting.

FIB: Whatcha mean?

GALE: It must have been easier to pot ducks, than vice versa.

FIB: Well, I didn't -

GALE: HAND ME THE THERMOS JUG. I want some hot coffee.

FIB: Thermos jug?

GALE: Yes yes yes....I'm half frozen....It's under the seat there... I tied a rope on the handle so it wouldn't fall overboard.

FIB: OH HERE...HERE'S THE ROPE....

SOUND: CLATTER...SMALL CONFUSION...

FIB: HEY THIS AIN'T A THERMOS JUG...THIS IS AN ANCHOR!

(PAUSE)

GALE: And what, may I ask, did you throw over for an anchor?

FIB: Well, gee, whiz, how did I know what - HEY..HAND ME MY SHOTGUN!! QUICK...HERE COMES THREE OF 'EM RIGHT OVER OUR HEADS!!!.YOU TAKE THE ONE ON THE RIGHT!!..I'LL TAKE THE OTHER TWO!!.

GALE: MCGEE..DON'T SHOOT.....STOP IT,..PUT YOUR GUN DOWN....

SOUND: AIRPLANES FADE IN AND OUT FAST.

GALE: MCGee, I'm going home.

FIB: AW NOW LA TRIVIA...BE A SPORTSMAN! WE'LL GET SOME DUCKS.

GALE: No. I don't want to stay out here with a duck-hunter who fires at airplanes and throws kisses to mallards. Who throws the coffee overboard and offers me a cold anchor to drink. Who chatters away like a magpie when....LOOK, MCGEE!! HERE THEY COME!....MY FIP I SHOT!..KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN!!

FIB: OH BOY!! THERE'S A MILLION OF 'EM!!!

SOUND: SHOTGUN...REPEAT...PAUSE..REPEAT.....

ORK: BRIDGE: "HOME SWEET HOME?"

MOL: (ON TELEPHONE) YES....YES I'M SO GLAD YOU CALLED, MRS. TOOPS..AND I'LL SEE THAT YOU GET A COUPLE OF DUCKS AS SOON AS HE GETS HOME...WE CAN'T USE MORE THAN TWO OF THEM OURSELVES AND I'VE PROMISED ONE TO BILLY MILLS AND TWO TO MR. WILCOX....YES..OH DON'T MENTION IT. GOODBYE.

SOUND: RECEIVER CLICK:

MOL: Now let's see...I'd better write that down....Two ducks to Mrs. Toops, two to Mr. Wilcox...one to Mr. Mills and two for ourselves. That's 7. I wonder what we'd better do with the rest of them. If we -

DOORBELL:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

OLD M: Hello, there daughter. Where's Johnny?

MOL: McGee? Oh he went duck hunting with Mayor La Trivia, Mr. Old Timer.

OLD M: Duck hunting, eh? Gee, I wish I'd of knew he was goin', daughter. I'm quite a numrod myself.

MOL: You mean NIMROD.

OLD M: Not in this weather, daughter. It's NUMB. Johnny pretty good man with a gun?

MOL: Oh McGee's a wonderful shot, Mr. Old Timer. (LAUGHS) Though they got off to rather a bad start today.

OLD M: Whatcha mean, daughter?

MOL: Just as they were loading the Mayor's automobile, McGee stumbled and spilled all the shotgun shells under the car.

OLD M: La Trivia git mad?

MOL: No, he just stood there and sang, "RAISE THE FORD AND PASS THE AMMUNITION."

OLD M: Heh heh heh...that's pretty good, daughter. BUT THAT AIN'T THE WAY I HEERED IT. THE WAY I HEERED IT - hey, if you have any ducks left over, gimme one, will you, daughter?

MOL: Why certainly, Mr. Old Timer.

OLD M: Thanks, daughter. THE WAY I HEERED IT, ONE FELLER SAYS TO TOTHER FELLER, "SAYYYY", he says, ---

DOORBELL:

MOL: COME IN!

DOORBELL:

OLD MAN: SHE SAYS COME IN!!!

DOORBELL:

MOL: OH FOR GOODNESS SAKES...I'LL OPEN IT FOR THEM.

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: MCGEE!

FIB: (GASPING) TAKE SOME OF THIS STUFF, MOLLY...TAKE THE LUNCH BASKET!..HEY..OLD TIMER...GRAB THIS SHOTGUN!..TAKE THE BLANKET, SOMEBODY!!..I'M..I'M ABOUT READY TO FOLD UP...

MOL: You poor boy...you DO look tired...here...sit down...

DOOR CLOSE:

OLD MAN: Where's the ducks, Johnny?

FIB: Only got one. (PHEW) Boy what a day...take my shoes off will you, Molly...

MOL: Of course...I'll run up and get your slippers for you, too...

OLD MAN: ONLY ONE DUCK?

FIB: YES, ONLY ONE DUCK...YOU WANNA MAKE SOMETHING OF IT?

MOL: I promised him one if you got a lot of 'em, McGee.

OLD MAN: PROMISED ME ONE ANYWAY.

MOL: I DID NOT.

OLD MAN: DID TOO!

FIB: SHE DID NOT!

OLD MAN: SHE DID TOO.

MOL: I DID NOT!

OLD MAN: YOU KEEP OUTA THIS YOU LITTLE...Oh....excuse me daughter... HEY, WHERE'LL I PUT THE SHOTGUN, JOHNNY?

(REVISED)

-9-

FIB: (WEARILY) Aw lean it in the corner there....ANYPLACE
MOL: You sure it isn't loaded?
FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, LOADED? WHAT KIND OF A HUNTER YOU THINK I
AM, COMIN' INTO THE HOUSE WITH A LOADED GUN? PULL THE
TRIGGER, ~~OLD TIMER.~~ *see for yourself.*

OLD MAN: Okay.

SOUND: LOUD CLICK

FIB: THERE...you see? Only a fool would keep a gun loaded when
he was.

SOUND: TERRIFIC EXPLOSION. GLASS CRASH. (PAUSE)

OLD MAN: Well, you ain't a COMPLETE fool, Johnny. You unloaded one
barrel!

ORCHESTRA: "MANHATTAN SERENADE"

APPLAUSE:

(REVISED)

-9-

FIB: (WEARILY) Aw lean it in the corner there....ANYPLACE

MOL: You sure it isn't loaded?

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, LOADED? WHAT KIND OF A HUNTER YOU THINK I
AM, COMIN' INTO THE HOUSE WITH A LOADED GUN? PULL THE
TRIGGER, ~~OLD TIMER.~~ *see for yourself.*

OLD MAN: Okay.

SOUND: LOUD CLICK

FIB: THERE...you see? Only a fool would keep a gun loaded when
he was.

SOUND: TERRIFIC EXPLOSION. GLASS CRASH. (PAUSE)

OLD MAN: Well, you ain't a COMPLETE fool, Johnny. You unloaded one
barrel!

ORCHESTRA: "MANHATTAN SERENADE"

APPLAUSE:

SECOND SPOT:

-10-

MOL: Feeling a little rested now, McGee?
FIB: Yeah...a little. Gimme another match, will you? My cigar's gone out. Ain't got enough strength left to puff on it.
Thanks.

STRIKING MATCH:

MOL: Must be a great sport, duck hunting. ~~You get up before dark, SIT IN A damp boat all day, get your feet wet, do your best to shoot your toes off, eat a cold lunch out of a water-logged lunch basket, then come home and fall right on your face!~~
WHAT FUN!

FIB: Well, it is fun! BUT THIS IS THE LAST TIME I GO DUCK HUNTIN' WITH LA TRIVIA!

MOL: Why?

FIB: I dunno. That's what he said. Anyway, he's no sportsman. Keeps crabbin' all the time.

MOL: Grabbing about what?

FIB: WELL HOW DID I KNOW IT WAS HIS HAT I WAS BAILIN' OUT THE BOAT WITH?

MOL: With only two people in the boat, it was fifty-fifty who's hat it was. Did the boat leak?

FIB: DID IT LEAK! There was a hole in the bottom I coulda almost stuck my head thru. I say "almost" because La Trivia tried to do it.

MOL: His head?

FIB: No. Mine.

MOL: Why did he do that?

FIB: Aw he's a sorehead. Just because my gun went off and blew the bottom outa the boat.

m

(REVISED) -11-

MOL: That must have been quite a little outing! And you only got one duck. What did it do? Commit suicide?

FIB: No sir.....it was the finest piece o' marksmanship I ever saw, if I do say so myself, as shouldn't.

There I was sittin' in the boat, keepin' a keen eye out for a duck, every nerve tense and ready, WHEN ALL OF A SUDDEN A WING FLASHED BY MY FACE!

MOL: A DUCK!

FIB: No.....A FRIED CHICKEN!.....LA TRIVIA SPILLED THE LUNCH! Well, sir --

DOORBELL:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh hello, Abigail, darling.

p

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

FIB: (WEARILY) Hiyah, Uppy. Pardon me if I don't leap up and bow from the waist, but I gotta terrific mallard migraine.

UPP: GOOD HEAVENS...What is that, Mr. McGee?

FIB: A fowl headache.

MOL: He's just got home from his duck shooting trip, Abigail. Spent all day out in a cold rowboat and only got one duck. Isn't that the limit?

UPP: I was under the impression that TEN was the limit.

FIB: It is. But both me and LaTrivia was huntin' under the worst possible conditions, Uppy.

UPP: Really...how so?

MOL: McGee was with the Mayor and the Mayor was with McGee. If you can whip up any worse conditions than that, we'll shoot it in technicolor.

FIB: Next time I'll go alone. Not with a amateur like LaTrivia.

UPP: I just met him down the street, Mr. McGee.

MOL: What did he have to say, Abigail?

UPP: He said Mr. McGee was the biggest bore he'd been out with since he left the Coast Artillery.

FIB: OH HE DID, DID HE? WHY THAT -

UPP: He said that Mr. McGee was really a Boon to wildlife, and he didn't mean Daniel.

FIB: NOW LOOK HERE, UPPY. IF HE SAID -

UPP: - and he added that you were a born woodsman - particularly from the neck up.

MOL: My goodness, I don't think that was a very nice --

UPP: AND HE CONCLUDED HIS REMARKS, MR. MCGEE, WITH THE COMMENT THAT YOU COULDN'T HIT A DUCK WITH A NAPKIN IF IT WAS ON THE BLUE PLATE SPECIAL!

FIB: WHY THAT BIG BLOWHARD! HE'D NEVER EVEN SEEN A DOUBLE BARREL SHOTGUN BEFORE. DIDN'T EVEN KNOW WHAT IT WAS FOR!

MOL: He didn't, really?

FIB: No. He had one barrel full of cigarettes, with a cork in the end of it. THE DUMMY! WHY IF I HAD -

UPP: How many ducks did you get, Mr. McGee?

MOL: He got one, Abigail.

UPP: - and how many did Mayor LaTrivia get?

FIB: THAT'S BESIDE THE POINT. WHAT I'M TRYIN' TO SAY IS -

UPP: How many did he get, Mr. McGee?

FIB: HOW MANY HE GOT IS IMMATERIAL! ANYBODY THAT WOULD -

UPP: How many?

(PAUSE)

FIB: Nine. (FAST) AND WHY? BECAUSE HE SHUT HIS EYES WHEN HE SHOT! THAT AIN'T FAIR. IF I WOULD HAVE -

UPP: Well, I must be going, Mrs. McGee....and don't apologize for not being able to give me a duck. Mayor LaTrivia gave me two of them. Good day.

MOL: Goodbye, Abigail.

FIB: So long, Uppy. And next time you see LaTrivia -

UPP: OHHHH, I KNEW I had forgotten something! Here, Mr. McGee. The Mayor wanted me to lend you his wrist watch. Just to make it mutual.

FIB: Make what mutual?

UPP: He said that anyone who survived a day's hunting with you was living on borrowed time!

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Well, there's nothing like outdoor life to make men real pals is there, McGee!

FIB: I'LL PAL HIM! I NEVER BEEN SO INSULTED IN MY LIFE! WHY WHEN I THINK THAT LINT-HEAD WAS BEHIND ME ALL DAY WITH A SHOTGUN..IT..IT WHY, IT MAKES MY BLOOD STAND ON END!

MOL: Did he really shoot nine ducks?

FIB: SO WHAT IF HE DID? BEGINNERS LUCK!

MOL: Maybe you better begin again yourself. Here I promised ducks to everybody in the neighborhood, and -

DOOR OPEN:

WIL: HIYAH, FOLKS...WHERE'S MY DUCKS?

MOL: Still flying south, Mr. Wilcox. In a V formation, meaning Vamoose.

WIL: Come on, come on...no kidding. I've invited six people to a duck dinner tomorrow tonight. Gimme my ducks.

FIB: You ain't got any ducks, Junior. I only got one, and we're eatin' that. Sorry.

WIL: Oh that's okay, pal. I'll cook steaks for my guests.

MOL: Can you cook, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: CAN I COOK! BABY, - I CAN SPOT OSCAR OF THE WALDORF THREE LAMB CHOPS AND BEAT HIM BY TWO FRICASSEES AND A CURRY! I HAD TO LEARN TO COOK.

FIB: How so, Junior, inquired little Fibber with his bright blue eyes dancing with mischief.

WIL: (LAUGHS) Well, whenever I demonstrated Johnson's Self-Polishing Glocoat, and how it would give new life and beauty to tired old linoleum, and make housekeeping a thing of joy, because ^{Glocoat} it can be applied with practically no effort and shines as it dries to a mirror like polish in 20 minutes or less, I...er...I....what did I start to say?

MOL: How you learned to broil steaks. And I'm interested, too, being the chef here myself.

FIB: Yes, now you're gassing with cook, Wilcox!

WIL: Well, wherever I demonstrated Glocoat, and how easily spots and spilled food wiped right up with a damp cloth, housewives said, "THAT'S ALL VERY WELL, MR. WILCOX, BUT YOU'RE JUST A MAN. YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS TO WORK IN A KITCHEN ALL DAY. Soooooo, I learned to cook.

MOL: Did it help any in your selling?

WIL: It certainly did. The first time I ever spilled peach preserves on the linoleum, I discovered that nothing preserves linoleum as peachy as Glocoat.

(PAUSE)

WIL: You don't like it?

FIB & MOL: No.

WIL: Okay, I'll try again next Tuesday.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Imagine that guy as a cook, Molly? I'll bet the only way he could get a lamb in a stew would be to make like a wolf!

MOL: Speaking of cooking, McGee, (FADE) I'd better get this duck ready for dinner.

FIB: (TO HIMSELF) Oh boy...roast duck and wild rice!!.. And I'm so hungry I could eat the drumstick off a card table.

DOORBELL:

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

TEE: Hi, mister.

FIB: Oh, hiya, little girl. Run along and don't bother me. I'm tired.

TEE: Why?

FIB: I been hunting and I'm all in. What happened to me today shouldn't happen to a duck...and almost didn't. Whatcha got in the paper bag, sis?

TEE: Jelly beans.

FIB: Oh boy...jelly beans. Got any black ones?

TEE: Sure I have I betcha.

FIB: How's about divvyng up with your old pal, eh? I ain't had any black jelly beans since I was saddle-high to a tricycle.

TEE: Will you tell me a story if I give you some? Hmmm willya, Hmmm? Willya?

FIB: You drive a hard bargain, sis, but it's a deal. Pony over the jelly beans.

TEE: Okay. HEY, NOT SO MANY!.....GEEEEEE!!!

FIB: Aw, I only took five. Don't be such a cheapfisted little tight-skate.

TEE: Well, it oughtta be worth a dandy long story then, mister.

FIB: Okay. DID I EVER TELL YOU WHY THE LEAVES TURN RED IN THE FALL AND GREEN IN THE SPRING?

TEE: Yes.

FIB: Well whaddye want for five jelly beans - Ernest Hemingway? THE REASON THE LEAVES TURN RED IN THE FALL, SIS, IS BECAUSE RED IS A STOP SIGN. IT MEANS STOP! PUT ON WARM CLOTHES! STOP! CLOSE THE DOOR AFTER YOU. STOP! IT'S ALMOST THANKSGIVING...STOP! GET OUT YOUR SLED!

TEE: ~~STOP!~~ Oh heavenly days!

FIB: ~~Eh?~~

TEE: ~~I've heard it!~~

FIB: ~~Pipe down, sis, this is educational.~~ AND THE REASON THE LEAVES TURN GREEN IN THE SPRING IS BECAUSE GREEN MEANS GO! IT MEANS GO OUT AND PLAY....GO PICK THE WILDFLOWERS....GO GET OUT YOUR BATHING SUIT.....GO --

TEE: Hey...mister.

FIB: Eh?

TEE: Look...I don't begrudge you the jelly beans, but I don't go for that heavy-handed whimsy.

FIB: WHATCHA MEAN, SIS?

TEE: Well, gee, everybody knows the coloration of foliage is due almost entirely to the photo-synthetic action of chlorophyll under the actinic rays of solar radiation, in combination with a seasonal diminishing of the flow of vegetative fluids and you can give that stop-and-go malarkey back to the Indians. So long, mister!

DOOR SLAM:

ORK: "CLABBERIN UP FOR RAIN"....KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE:

FIB: BOY, THAT DUCK SMELLS GOOD!

MOL: It really does, doesn't it!

FIB: Yep! My mouth is waterin' so hard my teeth just went down for the third time!

MOL: McGee, YOU NEVER DID TELL ME HOW YOU HAPPENED TO SHOOT JUST THIS ONE DUCK.

FIB: Say, I guess I didn't at that. WELL, SIR, THERE WE WERE... KEEPIN' A SHARP EYE OUT FOR DUCKS...THAT IS, I WAS KEEPIN' A SHARP EYE OUT. LA TRIVIA IS TOO NEAR SIGHTED.

MOL: I didn't know that.

FIB: SURE...ASTIGMAPRISM OR SOMETHING. BIT HIMSELF IN FIVE PLACES ONE NIGHT EATIN' SPARERIBS. WELL, ANYWAY, THERE WE WERE, ON THE ALERT...WHEN ALL OF A SUDDEN WHIZZZZZ! OVER COME THIS BEAUTIFUL DUCK!...OUTTA NO PLACE!..... LA TRIVIA JUST SAT THERE LIKE A MOPE. ALL FLUSTERED! BUT I WAS COOL AS A CUCUMBER...

MOL: You were just as green, too, according to him.

FIB: Anything that guy says you can take with a dose of salts. WELL, SIR, WITH A LITTLE SMILE OF CONFIDENCE, I DRAWS A BEAD ON HIM...

MOL: On the mayor?

FIB: NO NO NO...ON THIS DUCK...CLOSER AND CLOSER HE COME...

DOORBELL:

MOL: I wonder who that is...COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

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

MOL: Oh, hello there, Mr. Wimple.

FIB: Hiya, Wimp, old man. Whaddye know, if I'M not bein' too optimistic?

WIMP: Oh, nothing much new, Mr. McGee. May I?

MOL: May you what, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: May I pick up the duck Mr. McGee promised me?

(PAUSE)

MOL: ~~Go ahead, dearie. You're on your own.~~

FIB: Well...er...I...AHEM. I'll tell you, Wimp...it's like this...
I didn't have very good luck today. Only got one duck.

WIMP: Oh, that's all right, Mr. McGee...I can get along without it.
I just thought it would be a change from that chop that
Sweetie-face gives me every night.

MOL: WHAT? CHOPS EVERY NIGHT?

WIMP: Yes...

FIB: Pork, or lamb?

WIMP: Suey. Sweetieface is a great admirer of the Chinese. She
calls me her little Shangri-lollypop.

MOL: Well, at least she seems to have a sense of humor, Mr. Wimple.

WIMP: Oh, indeed she has, Mrs. McGee. She has more comical ideas
and witty thoughts. In fact, when I left this morning she
made a very funny crack.

FIB: Can you remember it?

WIMP: Yes, for quite a while...it's right here in my collarbone.

0

MOL: OH, YOU POOR LAD. WHY ON EARTH DO YOU TAKE ALL THAT
MISTREATMENT?

WIMP: Confidentially, Mrs. McGee...one of these days I'M going to
surprise her...I'M taking a course in muscle building...
here...feel of my biceps, Mr. McGee.

FIB: (WHISTLES) WOW! FEELS LIKE YOU GOTTA HOUSE BRICK UP YOUR
SLEEVE. HOW'D YOU DO IT, WIMP?

WIMP: Oh, easy...I just put a housebrick up my sleeve. I've been
taking deep breathing exercises, too. My chest is now 26
inches, normally.

MOL: And what is it expanded?

WIMP: 25.

FIB: Does Sweetieface know you're building up to something, Wimp?

WIMP: Oh, I think she suspects, Mr. McGee...she grabbed at me
this morning, but I escaped.

MOL: REALLY?

WIMP: Yes...our second story window opens right near a tall tree
and I LEAPED right thru the window to the topmost branch!

FIB: Just like Tarzan, eh, Wimp?

WIMP: Well, almost. (LAUGHS) What I took for the topmost branch
turned out to be a crack in my glasses. Well, goodnight,
folks.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Pathetic little mugg, isn't he?

MOL: ~~Yes, and so talented, too. They'll be talking about his
poetry long after a lot of other poets are gone.~~

FIB: ~~Yeah, but not until then. As a poet, he's strictly the
Golden Bantam. He's...HEY, AIN'T THAT DUCK ABOUT READY?~~

0

(2ND REVISION) 22-23

MOL: It should be...in just a few minutes. I'd better taste it
once more before -

TELEPHONE:

FIB: AW FER THE ----

MOL:(CLICK) 79 WISTFUL VISTA, MOLLY MCGEE SPEAKIN'....WHO?
OH, YES...YES, INDEED. OH, YOU DID?.....HMMMM. ALL RIGHT...
YES...I'LL BE SURE AND TELL HIM. THANK YOU FOR CALLING.
GOODBYE.

(CLICK)

FIB: Molly - if anybody else calls or phones before I fling a
fang into that duck, I'm gonna ignore 'em.

MOL: I don't blame you, dearie.

FIB: Let 'em wait. I got that bird the hard way...one shot in a
million and I wanna enjoy it in peace. HEY, WHO WAS THAT
THAT CALLED?

MOL: Toby, the butcher. He wanted to apologize.

FIB: What...er....apologize for what?

MOL: HE OVERCHARGED YOU 17 CENTS ON THAT DUCK YOU BOUGHT.

FIB: AW, PSHAW!

ORK: "ZING WENT THE STRINGS OF MY HEART" FADE FOR:

(2nd REVISION)23-A

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC
NOVEMBER 3, 1942

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Who would have thought a few years ago that soldiers' uniforms
would one day be waxed? But they really are today and it's
a sensible idea. Here is why! Uniforms impregnated with a
wax emulsion are rendered water repellent, stain and dirt
resistant -- look smarter longer and are easier to launder.
Many Army laundries and textile mills use DRAX -- D-R-A-X --
Johnson's Water-Repellent Textile Finish -- for this purpose.
Chances are after the war you'll be able to buy DRAX-treated
garments in stores and to have outdoor clothing, play suits
and other garments treated with DRAX at your local laundries
or dry cleaners. The makers of JOHNSON'S WAX will welcome
inquiries from finishing mills and others interested in DRAX.
Write S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc. at Racine, Wisconsin, or at
Brantford, Canada.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC -- FADE ON CUE

(2ND REVISION) -24-

TAG

FIB: Ladies and gentlemen, we been talkin' about ducks for the last half hour, - now let's talk TURKEY! We're in this fight to the finish. And what does a smart guy do when he starts fighting?

MOL: I know McGee. He gets somebody to hold his coat. Somebody that he knows won't go thru the pockets while he's in there swinging.

FIB: And that's us, folks! We're holdin' the coats for our boys in the SOLOMONS, IN ICELAND, IN EGYPT, IN EUROPE, AND ALL OVER THE WORLD. THEY'RE TRUSTING US TO SEE THAT THEY'LL HAVE SOMETHING WHEN THEY GET BACK.

MOL: LET'S LET THEM COME HOME TO A COUNTRY THAT'S KEPT FAITH WITH THEM. LET'S BUY ONLY ESSENTIAL THINGS: USE LESS... WASTE LESS, AND SAVE MORE BY BUYING WAR BONDS.

FIB: GOODNIGHT!

MOL: GOODNIGHT ALL!

ORCH: (CLOSING SIGNATURE) (APPLAUSE)

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'S WAX FINISHES for home and industry, inviting you to be with us again next Tuesday night. Goodnight.

(CUE) THIS PROGRAM CAME TO YOU FROM HOLLYWOOD

(PAUSE)

FOR MORE LATE ELECTION RETURNS WE TAKE YOU TO CHICAGO.

WRITERS: Don Quinn
Bill Danch

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

1942 (7)

November 10, 1942