

(REVISED)

WIL: The Johnson Wax Program!

WRITERS: Don Quinn
Bill Danch

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 "Blow, Gabriel, Blow".

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

1942 (7)

November 10, 1942

NBC - RED 6:30-7:00

(REVISED)

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ORCH: THEME: FADE FOR -

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S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
NOVEMBER 10, 1942
TUESDAY 6:50 PM PWT NBC

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Some people are just naturally more thrifty than others -- but most of us, no matter how much we try to save, are wasteful in little things. And don't these little things pile up into big ones? For example, do you always remember to put the covers back securely on packages -- like coffee, toothpaste -- yes, even floor wax? Next time you use your can or bottle of JOHNSON'S WAX, remember to put the lid or cover back on tightly. That prevents evaporation and helps keep the wax in best condition. And here's another conservation tip on JOHNSON'S WAX: For best results, use it sparingly in a thin coat -- and spread it as far as it will go. You don't need a heavy coat to get protection for your floors, furniture or woodwork -- your leather goods, enameled or painted surfaces. A thin coat, polished to a hard surface, gives not only protection but rich, mellow beauty.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

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WIL: THE WAY TO A MAN'S HEART MAY BE THRU HIS STOMACH, BUT IF YOU WANT TO TAKE A SHORTCUT, GO THRU HIS EGO. AS WITNESS MRS. UPPINGTON, TALKING TO --

---- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: So what did you tell your nephew, Uppy?
UPP: I told him to come and see you, Mr. McGee. That you were just the man to give him some advice on how to get on in the world... how to make something of himself. You don't mind?
MOL: MIND! Look at him, Abigail. He's as proud and happy as a man who doesn't own a car, can't eat sugar, and hates coffee.
FIB: You send the boy to me, Uppy. I'll put him straight. I'll fill him so full of ambition he'll go outa here crabbin' about the 25-thousand-dollar limit on incomes.
UPP: Splendid, Mr. McGee...SPLENDID! He is not a bad boy... just at loose ends....
MOL: What do you mean, loose ends, Abigail?
UPP: Well, the last I knew...he was a cook in a spaghetti place.
FIB: Yes...loose ends...I see whatcha mean. How's he for the Army or Navy, Uppy?
UPP: Oh, he has tried many times to enlist, Mr. McGee. But they have always turned him down.
MOL: Why?
UPP: Oh for mere boyish pranks, Forgery for one thing.
FIB: You call forgery a boyish prank? What's murder to you -- disorderly conduct?

UPP: Oh but it WAS a boyish prank in this case, Mr. McGee... he wanted the Army to think he would be a good soldier, so he signed his application "Ulysses S. Grant."

MOL: I can understand that, Abigail. But why did the Navy refuse him?

UPP: His reflexes were too good.

FIB: TOO good!

UPP: Yes...when they tapped him on the knee with that little rubber hammer, he kicked the doctor in the jaw.

MOL: A simple case of over-enthusiasm.

FIB: He try for the Marines, Uppy?

UPP: Indeed he did, Mr. McGee. But he was turned down for deafness.

FIB: Deafness, eh?

UPP: Yes...it seems he didn't hear them when they told him to put the sergeant's watch back where he got it.

MOL: I think the boy is just full of high spirits, Abigail. And maybe just a touch of larceny.

FIB: I CAN HANDLE HIM, UPPY. I'LL MAKE HIM PRACE UP AND ACT LIKE A MAN. I'LL TELL HI HOW I STARTED OUT AS A RAGGED LITTLE NEWSBOY...SAVED MY MONEY...WENT TO NIGHT SCHOOL....

MOL: McGEE!

FIB: Eh?

MOL: Remember, this is Tuesday.

FIB: So what?

MOL: Meatless day.

FIB: Eh?

MOL: Save the baloney!

UPP: I'll send him over here this evening, Mr. McGee and you give him a good talking to. He thinks very highly of you.

FIB: LEAVE IT TO ME, UPPY! IT'S OBVIOUS THE BOY JUST GOT IN WITH A TOUGH CROWD, THAT'S ALL. ASSOCIATED WITH THE WRONG PEOPLE. HOW DOES HE SPEND HIS SPARE TIME?

UPP: Playing pool, I believe.

MOL: Oh dear...with whom, Abigail?

UPP: I don't know all of them, of course...but he says a week ago Saturday he took Mr. McGee for a dollar forty-five. WELL, THANK YOU SO MUCH...GOODBYE.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: (TO HIMSELF) A week ago Saturday...I don't remember that.

MOL: Look, my ragged little newsboy - aren't you getting a little out of your depth?

FIB: Whaddye mean?

MOL: Setting yourself up to giving young men advice? Who do you think you are, Horace Gridley?

FIB: That was Horace Greeley.

MOL: Well, you know me...I don't know one horace from another. Anyway, when her nephew comes over here tonight, I hope you - Sayyy - what's his name?

FIB: His name? Why...er...his name is...er...now wait a minute.

MOL: You should know it...you played pool with him, she said.

FIB: DOGGONE IT, I DON'T KNOW EVERYBODY I PLAY POOL WITH.

MOL: That's the trouble...you're associating with the wrong crowd...Bad company...INCIDENTALLY...WHEN DID YOU EVER GO TO NIGHT SCHOOL?

FIB: Well, it was just the same as night school. Got kept in so often I never got home till dark. NOW WHAT IS THIS GUY'S NAME...SHUCKS, I KNOW IT AS WELL AS I DO MY OWN.

MOL: And what is your name?

FIB: My name is...is...wait a minute. Got it right here on my driver's license.....FIBBER MCGEE.

MOL: How do you do?

FIB: Very glad to make your acquaint...AW CUT IT OUT. I'M TRYIN' TO THINK! I GOTTA think of that kid's name!

MOL: Why don't you just ask him when he gets here?

FIB: OH NO NO NO...BAD PSYCHOLOGY! Can't let him think I'm so dumb I can't even remember a name. He wouldn't take any advice from me after that.....

MOL: I doubt if he takes any anyway. He always struck me as a zoot suit boy with a fox tail, on his radiator cap.

FIB: If I only KNEW something about him - startin' with his name...I could know what to tell him..HEY..I KNOW...

MOL: What?

FIB: I'M GOIN' DOWN TO THAT SPAGHETTI PLACE WHERE HE WORKS AND GET SOME DOPE ON HIM. I'LL BE RIGHT BACK AND -

MOL: Wait a minute..I'll go with you. You'll forget his name before you get home. Is there any gasoline in the car?

FIB: Yes, but it's got two flat tires. I'LL CALL A CAB!

MOL: Oh now, McGee...spending all that money just to -

FIB: MOLLY, THIS IS WORTH IT. A BOY'S FUTURE IS AT STAKE! IT'S A GREAT RESPONSIBILITY! WHY WHEN I THINK HOW I STRUGGLED UP THE LADDER OF SUCCESS, SCRIMPING AND SAVING AND BURNING THE MIDNIGHT OIL TO - hey..where you going?

MOL: To get my hat. Mrs. Uppington's nephew may have to listen to that malarkey, but I don't...(FADE OUT) You call a cab and I'll be down in just a ...

FIB: (TO HIMSELF) Boy, what a chance to be a good influence in a kid's life! NOW LOOK HERE, SON! EVERY CLEAN LIVIN', RED BLOODED AMERICAN BOY --

DOOR OPEN:

TEE: Hi, mister.

FIB: Beat it, sis. I ain't got time to talk to you today. I gotta mould a character. (TO HIMSELF) YOU SEE, MY BOY, US MEN WHO HAVE REACHED THE TOP OF THE LADDER ARE ALL --

TEE: Hey, mister.

FIB: QUIT SHAKIN' THIS LADDER. I mean...er.....er..Look, sis, will you please -

TEE: Hey, do you know Bob Hope, mister?

FIB: Sure I know Bob Hope. Why?

TEE: Is he nice?

FIB: He's great, sis. There ain't a guy in show business that gives more of his time and his work to a good cause than Bob Hope. He's not only a sincere American, but he's a great comedian and he's got one of the best radio shows on the...HEY WHAT AM I SAYIN'? Why'd you wanna know about Hope, sis?

TEE: Well, maybe I better tell you first, mister that the Junior Red Cross is calling for new members between November first and fifteenth.

FIB: That's fine, but I don't quite see what -

TEE: AND IT'S UP TO US KIDS TO SHOW WE'RE INTERESTED IN IT SO WE CAN GET OUR TEACHERS TO INTRODUCE IT IN OUR CLASSROOM ACTIVITIES, I BETCHA.

FIB: Good for you, but what has Bob Hope got to -

TEE: IT'S AWFUL IMPORTANT, MISTER. GEE, DID YOU KNOW THAT EVER SINCE PRESIDENT WILSON STARTED IT IN THE LAST WAR, THE JUNIOR RED CROSS HAS GROWN TO BE THE BIGGEST ORGANIZATION FOR US KIDS IN THE WORLD?

FIB: That goes without saying, sis.

TEE: You're too late, I already said it.

FIB: I know. What I meant was -

TEE: DID YOU KNOW THAT THE JUNIOR RED CROSS COLLECTED ^{ALMOST} A MILLION POUNDS OF SCRAP, ALMOST, 3 MONTHS AFTER THE WAR STARTED, DIDJA, MISTER, HMM DIDJA, HMM, DIDJA?

FIB: Well, now, I can't say that I -

TEE: DID YOU KNOW THAT WE DONATED OVER 300 THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR RELIEF OF CHILDREN IN WAR ZONES, HMMM DIDJA?

FIB: 3 hundred thousand bucks ain't hay, sis, but what --

TEE: DID YOU KNOW THE JUNIOR RED CROSS SENT OVER A HUNNERT THOUSAND GIFT BOXES TO 33 COUNTRIES LAST YEAR, DIDJA, HMM, DIDJA?

FIB: No, I never realized exactly what ---

TEE: I BETCHA YOU DIDN'T EVEN KNOW WE DONATED OVER 3 MILLION COMFORT AND ENTERTAINMENT ITEMS TO OUR ARMED FORCES, I BETCHA!

FIB: Sis, this begins to, sound like a fairly important hunk of business! What's the procedure as to getting the grip and the password?

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TEE: WELL, WE...Hmm?

FIB: I SAYS WHAT HAS A BOY OR GIRL GOTTA DO TO JOIN UP?

TEE: Gee, it's easy, mister. All they gotta do is ask their teacher to get in touch with the local Red Cross for complete information.

FIB: That's very interesting, sis. And I'm glad you told me about it because I...HEY...WHY WERE YOU ASKIN' ABOUT BOB HOPE?

TEE: Well, we gotta get this message across to a whole lot of people, mister, and I thought if you knew Mr. Hope maybe *you could* ~~help~~ put it on the radio. G'bye now!

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH: "I MET HER ON MONDAY"

APPLAUSE:

SECOND SPOT

FIB: Now just sit down there, my boy, and let's talk this thing over. I ain't gonna lecture you. I was a young fella once, myself. But I was ambitious. Started out as a ragged little newsboy...One day a rich customer gave me a five dollar gold piece thinkin' it was a quarter...and he was gone before I discovered the mistake...WELL, SIR... I'LL ADMIT I WAS TEMPTED!...BUT MY BETTER JUDGEMENT WON OUT AND I NEVER TOLD HIM ABOUT IT. THAT'S WHY I ALWAYS SAY TO YOUNG FELLAS...

MOL: (FADE IN) MCGEE, WHO ARE YOU TALKING TO?

FIB: Eh? Oh, nobody. Just rehearsin' what I'm gonna tell Uppington's nephew tonight.

MOL: Ragged little newsboy! You couldn't sell papers at three for a cent if Mussolini shot Hitler in 96 point type! Is the taxicab here yet?

FIB: No, but he's on his way. DOGGONE, I WISH I COULD THINK OF UPPEY'S NEPHEW'S NAME! THAT'S MADDENING, AIN'T IT?

MOL: We're certainly finding out the expensive way. Maybe if we --

SOUND: AUTO HORN OFF MIKE:

MOL: HERE'S THE CAB, DEARIE...ARE YOU READY?

FIB: All set...come on.

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

FOOTSTEPS ON PORCH...DOWN STEPS..ON SIDEWALK:

CABBIE: You Mr. McGee? Call for a cab?

FIB: You betcha, bud. We wanna go to that spaghetti place on the corner of 14th and Oak.

CABBIE: Oh you don't wanna go there, Doc! Dat's a horrible jernt! That guy serves a meatball dat's strickly a leftover from de National Open. I know a place up on -

MOL: Look, driver. We don't want any other place...we want the one at 14th and Oak. For a certain reason.

CABBIE: Okay, lady. You're the doctor. And if your husband eats there he'll need one. Hop in, folks!

DOOR SLAM: MOTOR UP AND INTO --

ORCH: WILLIAM TELL BIZ: FADE FOR --

SOUND: CAR MOTOR FADE IN, UP AND OUT WITH BRAKE SCREECH

CABBIE: Here you are folks. ~~75 Cents and I didn't drive over 35 miles an hour!~~

~~FIB: Patriotic?-~~

~~CABBIE: Yeah...dat, and carbon.~~

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: You'd better wait for us driver...we'll only be in here a minute.

CAB: Lady, a minute in dat joint is the experience of a lifetime. Me, personally, I gotta bad case of romaine, eatin' in dere one night.

FIB: You mean PTOMAIN, bud...romaine is a kind of a lettuce.

CAB: Maybe it was de lettuce, doc, but it sure gimme a bad case of romaine....

MOL: Come on, McGee...can't you hear that meter going Jingle Jingle Jingle?

FIB: Okay. BACK IN A MINUTE, BUD...

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

OLD M: WELL HELLO THERE KIDS!!..WELLCOME TO THE CHATEAU RAVIOLI!

MOL: For goodness sakes, Mr. Old Timer...how long have you been working here?

OLD M: Seems like ages, daughter. Started this morning. What'll you have kids?

FIB: What would you recommend?

OLD M: (LOWERS VOICE) I'd recommend you et someplace else, Johnny. ~~Food's terrible and the coffee tastes like dishwater. Know why?~~

~~MOL: Why?~~

OLD M: ~~It is!~~

FIB: We didn't come here to eat anyway, Old Timer. Just want some information. You know Mrs. Uppington?

OLD M: Sure do, Johnny. Ain't she one of them Mabels in sables that always looks like she was bein' drove with a check-rein?

NOL: A perfect description. She had a nephew working here a few days ago and we wanted to find out something about him.

OLD M: Oh him! Kind of a musical kid, eh?

FIB: Musical?

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OLD M: Yep. Boss caught him playin' "Pennies From Heaven" on the cash register. Fired him out right on his....second day of work.

MOL: Well tell us ... WHAT was his name?

OLD M: His name?

FIB: YES, NAME...N.A.M.E...NAME! That thing that people always spell wrong in gold letters when they give you a billfold for Christmas.

OLD M: Ohhhhhh his name! Well, lemme think, kids...his name was... was...oh drat it...know it as well as I do my own...

MOL: This has taken us up more blind alleys than a bowling ball. Where did he go from here, Mr. Old Timer?

OLD M: Well daughter, the fry cook told the dishwasher that the garbage man says the kid got a job down to the City Hall.

FIB: CITY HALL...Hmmm. Must have some influence.

OLD M: Yes, probably knows where the tires are buried! Well, come in again kids...sometime when you ain't hungry.

MOL: Thank you...Mr. Old Timer. Good bye.

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

FIB: ~~Remind me sometime, Molly, never to eat in there. Notice what they had on every table? Salt, pepper, catchup and bicarbonate? ALL RIGHT BUD....TAKE US TO THE CITY HALL!~~

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CABBIE: Okay Doc. Anywhere you say! Mine not to reason why, Mine but to do and die!...into de value of debt, rode de six hunnert. CANNON TO DE RIGHT OF 'EM. CANNON TO DE LEFT OF 'EM. CANNON TO DE BEHIND OF 'EM..CANNON...gee don't you get a bang outa poetry, doc?

MOL: Look, Swinburne, it isn't your rhyme that frightens us.. it's your meter....LET'S GET GOING!

CABBIE: Lady, youse is de master...I am your slave. Consider my taxicab your magic carpet, to whisk youse away to far-off

FIB: Now he thinks he's Fitzpatrick! COME ON, COME ON....GET GOIN'!

CABBIE: Doc, - youse is mundane!!!

DOOR SLAM: MOTOR UP AND INTO ---

ORCH: WILLIAM TELL.... FADE FOR -

SOUND: MOTOR UP AND OUT WITH BRAKE SCREECH:

CABBIE: City Hall, folke! The Mucinipal Building. De seat of our local government. It is called de seat of government because if youse is got any kicks to register --

MOL: Please driver...PLEASE...never mind the vaudville.

FIB: AND YOU BETTER WAIT FOR US AGAIN, BUD. WE'RE IN THIS MUCH, WE MIGHT AS WELL KEEP ON!

CABBIE: ~~Want I should switch over to the day rate, Doc?~~

MOL: ~~How much less is it than by the hour?~~

CABBIE: ~~It ain't less, lady...it's more. Dat's on account of winter comin'. The days is gettin' shorter but hours is still the same lenght, see. Therefore --~~

FIB: ~~DOGGONE IT, KEEP IT ON THE REGULAR RATE...COME ON, MOLLY..~~

FOOTSTEPS ON SIDEWALK...UP STEPS: OPEN AND CLOSE DOOR AND CONTINUE

FOOTSTEPS UNDER DIALOG:

MOL: Where do we go, McGee?

FIB: To the mayor's office. I'm a great believer in goin' right to the top.

MOL: I noticed that when you took me to the theatre the other night. We sat so high they had oxygen tanks under the seats.

FIB: ~~Oh you're exaggeratin', Molly. Those were the best seats in the house.~~

MOL: ~~Then they ought to move them down where a body could see something. Why when the curtain went up, I...~~

WIL: WELL HELLO THERE FOLKS...WHAT GOES ON?

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: We gotta see the mayor on a little business, Harlow... hey do you know Mrs. Uppington's nephew?

WIL: Oh I can't say I KNOW him exactly...I've met him. Kind of a roughneck. Why?

MOL: What's his name?

WIL: His name is...is...er...OH I KNOW HIS NAME AS WELL AS I DO MY OWN...!! *But I can't remember it*

FIB: ~~This is where we came in, Wilcox. NOBODY seems to know his name.~~

WIL: ~~Well, why don't you ask Mrs. Uppington?~~

MOL: ~~She took it for granted that we knew him, Mr. Wilcox. We didn't want to embarrass her by not remembering his~~

~~name. HAYES...!!~~

FIB: ^{can it} Nobody else remembers ~~him~~ either. That guy's as anonymous as the Iron Man in the Mask.

WIL: You mean the Man in the Iron Mask, Fibber.

FIB: IT WAS NOT. IT WAS THE IRON MAN IN THE MASK!!

MOL: I think Mr. Wilcox is right, McGee.

FIB: WELL I KNOW BETTER, MOLLY...BEGGIN' YOU PARDON FOR THE ARGUMENT. I REMEMBER EVERYTHING I READ. WORD FOR WORD.

WIL: Do you really?

FIB: Yes, I do.

WIL: Well what does the label on a can of Johnson's Glocoat say?

MOL: He's got you there, McGee!

FIB: OH NO HE HASN'T. Lemme shut my eyes and visualize a minute.. It says JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT FLOOR POLISH.

WIL: Right, so far.

FIB: Then it says "GLOCOAT IS A MARVELOUS FLOOR POLISH THAT NEEDS NO RUBBING OR POLISHING. EASY TO APPLY: SHINES AS IT DRIES TO A BRIGHT TRANSPARENT LUSTER. MADE FOR USE ON LINOLEUM, RUBBER, ASPHALT BASE, TERRAZO - whatever that is - AND VARNISHED, OR PAINTED WOOD FLOORS...

MOL: How's he doing, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Why it's marvelous...word for word!! Go on, Fibber...

FIB: Then it says "SPECIALLY SUITED FOR KITCHEN LINOLEUM AND ALL FLOORS WHICH ARE FREQUENTLY MOPPED BECAUSE OF EASE WITH WHICH GLOCOAT FINISH CAN BE RENEWED. COVERS 3,000 SQUARE FEET TO GALLON. KEEP FROM FREEZING...MADE IN U.S.A. Then on the other side of the container, it says --

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS...!!

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WIL: Fibber, I never heard anything like it. That's terrific!
How did you ever learn to do that?

FIB: Aw it's just a trick. Anybody could do it if I told 'em
how.

MOL: Well, if your memory is so marvelous, why can't you remember
the name of Mrs. Uppington's nephew?

FIB: Simply on account of I never read it anyplace.

WIL: I'll have to admit, pal, you're slightly colossal! WAIT
TILL I WRITE THE JOHNSON PEOPLE ABOUT THIS...IT'S AMAZING...
I THINK I'LL CALL 'EM UP (FADE OUT)...SEE YOU LATER FOLKS..
AND FROM NOW ON IT'S THE IRON MAN IN THE MASK!!

FIB: (LAUGHS)

MOL: What's so funny?

FIB: I'm just happy he didn't let me try to remember what was on
the other side of the container.

MOL: Why? Couldn't you do it?

FIB: No. He had one in his pocket...and I could only read the
side he had stickin' out. (LAUGHS)

MOL: Why you little fraud! How could you be so --

FIB: HEY HERE'S THE 'MAYOR'S OFFICE. COME ON.

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

FIB: Hiyah, La Trivia. Got a minute to spare?

GALE: Just about, McGee. Good day, Mrs. McGee.

MOL: Hello, Mr. Mayor. We'll get right to the point. Do you
know Mrs. Uppington?

GALE: Oh yes indeed. Very charming woman.

FIB: To you, La Trivia, any woman is charming if she's a woman
and can vote.

GALE: Exactly. And if she votes for me, she is not only charming,
but beautiful!

MOL: That's the illogicallest statement I've heard since the
Japs said our invasion of Africa was illegal. Look, Mr.
Mayor, for certain reasons, we want some information on
Mrs. Uppington's nephew.

FIB: - and we heard he was working here in the City Hall.

GALE: If he's really working, it's a political novelty of no mean
proportions, McGee. What is the young man's name?

MOL: We don't know.

GALE: WELL HOW CAN I GIVE YOU INFORMATION ABOUT SOMEONE WHOSE
NAME YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW? I AM NOT A SWAMI.

FIB: So what? I can't swim a stroke myself! All we asked was --

GALE: COME COME COME!! I'M A BUSY MAN AND I HAVE NO TIME TO
WASTE ON RIDICULOUS --

TELEPHONE:

MOL: You answer it, Mr. Mayor. It's probably for you.

GALE: It's quite possible. Excuse me. (CLICK) MAYOR'S OFFICE.
MY HONOR SPEAKING.

FIB: (SOTTO VOICE) Hot shot!

GALE: (INTO PHONE) OH YES...WELL THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO.
GET A GANG OF HUSKIES AND TAKE AN AXE TO 'EM.

MOL: What's this?

GALE: (LOWERS VOICE) YOU HEARD ME...CHOP OFF THEIR HEADS SO
NOBODY WILL RECOGNIZE THEM, SEE? THEN HACK OFF THEIR LEGS
AND CHOP UP THE BODIES AND HAUL 'EM AWAY....NO NO NO...
I'LL MEET YOU THERE AT EXACTLY MIDNIGHT!! OH STOP
WORRYING!. I'LL HANDLE THE POLICE ANGLE...NOW GET GOING.

(CLICK) (NORMAL VOICE) AS I WAS SAYING, MCGEE --

FIB: We heard every word of it, La Trivia!! YOU CAN'T GET AWAY
WITH IT!!..YOU FIEND IN HUMAN FORM!...AXE MURDERER!!

MOL: YOU DOCTOR JELLO AND MR. HYDE! MCGEE..WHAT'LL WE DO?

GALE: Now look here. If you insist on intruding into the affairs of this office...

FIB: SO YOUR AFFAIRS INCLUDE MURDER, DO THEY!! GANGSTER!!
MOLLY...GRAB THAT PHONE AND CALL THE POLICE...I'LL HANDLE THIS GUY...

SOUND: SCUFFLE: CRASH OF LAMP...ETC. ETC..

GALE: STOP IT, MCGEE!..DON'T BE A FOOL!...LET ME EXPLAIN....LET GO OF ME...

MOL: (CLICK CLICK CLICK) GIVE ME THE POLICE...QUICK...

SCUFFLE, LOUDER: LOUD SMACK AND THUD:

FIB: OUGH! FIGHT FAIR, LA TRIVIA! QUIT HITTIN' ME ON THE NOSE!

MOL: HELLO POLICE DEPARTMENT? THIS IS THE MAYOR'S OFFICE AND --

GALE: GIVE ME THAT PHONE!! SERGEANT..THIS IS THE MAYOR...FORGET THIS CALL. (CLICK) NOW BEHAVE YOURSELF, MCGEE...AND GO AWAY!!

FIB: OKAY...WE'LL GO...RIGHT TO THE NEWSPAPERS!! HOW DO YOU LIKE THOSE POTATOES?

GALE: NO NO NO..NOT THAT, MCGEE...THEY'LL MAKE AN ISSUE OF IT. THEY'LL RUIN ME!

MOL: AND HOW ABOUT ALL THOSE PEOPLE YOU'RE GOING TO MURDER?

GALE: THOSE AREN'T PEOPLE! THEY'RE STATUES!

FIB: EH?

GALE: We're chopping up some old statues in the park and turning them in for scrap metal! NOW GET OUT!!! BOTH OF YOU!

DOOR SLAM:

ORCHESTRA: "THIS IS WORTH FIGHTING FOR" KING'S MEN.

APPLAUSE:

THIRD SPOT

SOUND: TRAFFIC NOISES UP AND FADE

MOL: All right driver...we're ready to go home now.

CAB: Okay, lady. I was beginning to get worried about youse.

FIB: Why worried, bud?

CAB: Well, I only got a couple gallons of gas left, see? Though I can get fifteen miles to de gallon, stop-and-go, so I kin still take you anywhere within a radio of t'irty miles.

MOL: You mean a radius.

CAB: No...I never have time to listen, lady.

FIB: Well, take us back to 79 Wistful Vista, bud and -

MOL: WAIT A MINUTE, MCGEE..THERE'S MR. WIMPLE! YOO HOO, MR. WIMPLE!

WIMP: (FADE IN) Oh hello, Mrs. McGee...hello, Mr. McGee.

FIB: Hiya, Wimp, Old Man,...goin' our way?

WIMP: Yes if you're going home, Mr. McGee...

MOL: Well hop right in, Mr. Wimple.

DOOR SLAM: MOTOR UP AND FADE:

WIMP: My goodness, this is simply wonderful of you folks. Won't Sweetiface be surprised when I tell her I had a ride in a real taxicab!

MOL: Where have you been today, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: I've been taking my ocarina lesson, Mrs. McGee.

FIB: Oh the sweet potato, eh?

WIMP: Yes. I've been taking lessons since 1923.

MOL: Heavenly days.. you must be pretty good. Have you got your ocarina with you?

WIMP: Oh no...I haven't got one.

MOL: You haven't?

(2ND REVISION) 23-24

WIMP: No, I haven't got that far yet.

FIB: The way Sweetface slams you around, Wimp, you better skip the sweet potato and study up on the harp!

WIMP: Oh she doesn't mean any harm Mr. McGee...(LAUGHS) She's just playful. We were playing drop the handkerchief all morning.

MOL: You were, really? Was it fun?

WIMP: Not much. She'd drop the handkerchief out the upstairs window and then I'd have to bring it back in the house.

FIB: YOU MEAN SHE MADE YOU RUN ALL THE WAY DOWNSTAIRS AND GET THE HANKY AND RUN BACK UPSTAIRS WITH IT?

WIMP: Oh no, Mr. McGee...she isn't THAT mean to me. I only had to run upstairs...the handkerchief was in my pocket when she dropped it.

MOL: Well, that's different. You're quite a talented man Mr. Wimple...the way you write poetry and play the ocarina...

WIMP: I used to be very good in a business way too, Mrs. McGee.

FIB: In what, Wimp?

WIMP: Salesmanship. They called me a red hot salesman.

MOL: What were you selling?

WIMP: Red hots.

SOUND: MOTOR UP AND OUT WITH BRAKE SCREECH. DOOR OPEN

(REVISED)

-25-

CAB: Well here we are folks. Safe and sound. Dat'll be six bucks and thirty five cents.

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS!

FIB: Well it was in a good cause, Molly. Here's seven bucks, bud. Keep the change, all but fifty cents.

WIMP: Well thank you ever so much for the ride, Mr. McGee and Mrs. McGee...Goodbye now.

MOL: Goodbye, Mr. Wimple.

FIB: So long Wimp.

CAB: Ta ta, Wallie.

WIMP: Goodbye, George. It was a nice ride.

CAB: Tanks, Wallie.

MOL: OH DO YOU TWO KNOW EACH OTHER?

WIMP: My goodness yes...we're old friends..George, this is Mr. and Mrs. McGee.

CAB: Yeah I know, we're old friends, too.

FIB: Eh? We are?

CAB: Sure...you remember me. I'm Mrs. Uppington's nephew... George Uppington.

FIB: Oh pshaw!

ORK: "SUNNY" FADE FOR -

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
NOVEMBER 10, 1942
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL

ANNOUNCER: If you have venetian blinds at your windows, you've probably noticed that they get much dirtier in winter than in summer. We receive many letters from women telling us that right about now is a good time to wax these blinds with genuine JOHNSON'S WAX - not only because they soil less readily but because cleaning their waxed surfaces is so much easier. And while we're on the subject of windows, how many of you have waxed your windowsills recently? When dirt and rain come in at an open window, they can't do much harm when the finish is protected with a coat of JOHNSON'S WAX. And again, cleaning is easier, and waxed surfaces add great beauty to a room.

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

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(OLD REVISION)

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TAG

MOL: McGee...here's a telegram just came for you.

FIB: Thanks.

TEARING PAPER:

MOL: Who's it from?

FIB: It's signed HAPPY WORLEY. We know anybody named Happy Worley?

MOL: Not that I know of. What does it say?

FIB: SAYS: JUST PLAYED YOUR NEW RKO PICTURE, "HERE WE GO AGAIN" IN MY THEATRE AND MUST CONFESS YOU HAVE MADE EVERYBODY IN PEORIA ILL.

MOL: WHAT? LET ME SEE THAT WIRE. (PAUSE) OH THEY'VE GOT THE "HAPPY" IN THE WRONG PLACE. It says - YOU HAVE MADE EVERYBODY IN PEORIA ILL., HAPPY. SIGNED, WORLEY. He's the theatre manager there, remember?

FIB: OH SURE....Imagine me forgetting a name?

MOL: Yes.

FIB: Eh? Oh. AHM GOODNIGHT.

MOL: GOODNIGHT, ALL!

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WILCOX: 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. (PAUSE)
 We invite you to be with us again next Tuesday night.
 Goodnight. This program has reached you from Hollywood....
 ...This is the National Broadcasting Company.

(CHIMES)

F

WRITERS: Don Quinn
 Bill Danch

"FIBBER M

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November 17, 1942

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