

(REVISED)

WRITERS: Don Quinn
Bill Danch

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

1942 (8)

November 17, 1942

NBC - RED 6:30-7:00

(REVISED)

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WIL: The Johnson Wax Program!

ORCH: 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 "This Is The Army."

ORCH: " " FADE FOR:

(COMMERCIAL PG. 3)

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER McGEE & MOLLY
NOVEMBER 17, 1942
TUESDAY, 6:30 PM PWT NBC

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WIL: Every now and then I overhear a friendly argument about who has the hardest job in a family -- the man who earns the money or the woman who takes care of the home. I know I should side with the man -- and of course most men are working harder today than ever before in their lives -- but aren't you ladies doing that, too? I'll say you are, and my hat is off to you. With less help and more outside activities and war work, you still have all the family chores, and besides that you've got to take better care of everything you have, to make it last. You can't neglect your cleaning, either, because dirt wears things out. What you can do is to practice protective housekeeping -- protect your floors, furniture, woodwork with genuine JOHNSON'S WAX. The coat of wax acts as a shield against dirt and wear -- guards finishes against scratches and fingerprints. In the bargain, JOHNSON'S WAX protection saves you hours of work, reduces daily cleaning to a minimum, and adds greatly to the beauty of your home.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH)

(APPLAUSE)

(REVISED) -4-

WIL: ISN'T IT FUN TO GO FOR A WALK IN THE NEW-FALLEN SNOW,
WITH THE ICY WIND BRINGING A TINGLE TO YOUR BLOOD, AND
WHIPPING THE ROSES INTO YOUR CHEEKS?
YOU DON'T THINK SO?
WELL, NEITHER DO --

-- FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: Boy, I'M sure glad I ain't out in that snow! I'll take my flakes made outa corn, with cream and sugar.

MOL: I love the first snow of winter, myself.

FIB: You do?

MOL: You'll have to admit it's beautiful, McGee. Just think... a foot and a half of snow, and made of billions and BILLIONS of little crystals... each one a tiny little work of art!

FIB: Yes, and you take a handful of them little works of art, sprinkle 'em on the top step of the porch, and WHAM! ... they carry you inside with a busted clavicle!

MOL: Oh, don't be like that. You haven't any appreciation of Nature, McGee.

FIB: Aw. I have too! Nobody gets a bigger honk out of a beautiful sunset than I do.

MOL: And why? Because right after the sunset comes supper!

FIB: Well, gee whizz - anyway, I'M glad it's stormy, and I can't go anyplace.

MOL: That's fine. Then you can help me clean out the attic.

FIB: WHATDYA MEAN, CLEAN OUT THE ATTIC? WE JUST DID!

MOL: When?

FIB: WHY JUST LAST...ER...WELL, IT WAS JUST BEFORE...er...

MOL: Just before election day?

FIB: YES!

MOL: And who got elected?

FIB: Roosevelt.

MOL: Which one?

FIB: TEDDY. BUT MY GOSH, THE ATTIC CAN'T HAVE GOT SO VERY DIRTY SINCE -

MOL: McGee..we've got to do it.

FIB: But, Molly, I ain't gonna have time to -

MOL: Besides, I think I saw your old Army uniform up there.

FIB: I DON'T CARE! THE ATTIC HAS GONE THIS LONG ANDeh? You saw what?

MOL: I think I saw your old army uniform. The one you've been looking for all these years.

FIB: WELL WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO! DID IT HAVE MY SHARPSHOOTER'S MEDAL ON IT?

MOL: I didn't notice. Were you a sharpshooter?

FIB: WAS I A SHARPSHOOTER!! (SCORNFUL LAUGH) YOU KNOW WHAT I USED TO DO? I used to hold my rifle over my shoulder, with a lookin' glass in my left hand and knock a cigarette out of a soldier's mouth at 200 yards!

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS!! who on earth would volunteer to let you do that?

FIB: An old buddy of mine. One-Ear Coggins. He was always -

MOL: You mean he only had one ear? How'd he lose the other one?

FIB: Well, (SMALL PAUSE) if you must know, even a sharpshooter like me has his off days. COME ON, LET'S GO UP IN THE ATTIC AND -

MOL: Wait a minute...you better put on some old clothes. It's pretty dusty up there.

FIB: My old clothes don't fit any more. I tried on those old green pants of mine this morning and split the whole seat out of 'em.

MOL: MCGEE.! YOU DIDN'T HAVE ANY GREEN PANTS...THOSE WERE MY NEW SLACKS!!!

FIB: Eh? They were?

MOL: Yes, and they cost me seven ninety five, too! OH MCGEE...

FIB: Okay Okay..I'm sorry. But that's what women get for wearin' trowsers. There was a time when a man knew what was his and what was his wife's. Now if he dresses in the dark he's lucky if he don't get whistled at by the guys in front of the cigar store!

MOL: Just the same, I'M in favor of -

FIB: Shucks, it used to be "IN YOUR SWEET LITTLE ALICE BLUE GOWN". Now it's "IN YOUR BAGGY OLD HARRIS TWEED SLACKS!"

MOL: My slacks are NOT baggy, McGee!

FIB: Maybe yours aren't, but did you ever see Mrs. Uppington in hers? She looks like she's walkin' around sittin' down. Aw well..let's go up in the attic and -

DOORBELL:

MOL: For goodness sakes!..I wonder who's out on a day like this!

FIB: Must be some friend of ours. I dunno any strangers that silly! COME IN!

DOOR OPEN: WIND WHISTLE: OUT WITH DOOR SLAM:

TEE: Hi, mister!

FIB: Oh helle little girl!

MOL: Hello there, dear. McGee, if you'll excuse me, I'M going up in the attic. (FADE) You come up as soon as you can.

FIB: Be right up, Molly. As soon as I get rid of..er..I mean BE RIGHT UP! Well, what's on your mind, sis?

TEE: Hey - there's a dandy lot of snow out now, mister, and I thought maybe you'd wanna pull me on my sled. Hmm? Willya? Hmm? Willya?

FIB: ~~WHADDYE MEAN, I MIGHT WANNA PULL YOU ON YOUR SLED? DO I LOOK LIKE AN ESKIMO DOG?~~

TEE: ~~I dunno. I never saw a Eskimo dog.~~

FIB: Well, ~~be that as it may or may not be...or not, sis, I'M~~ stayin' in. ^{No I won't} You couldn't get me outa the house today with dynamite.

TEE: You mean you won't pull me on my sled? Don't you LIKE littul child-run?

FIB: YES I DO!! BUT I'M VERY FOND OF MY HEALTH, TOO. The only time I wanna play on the ice now is when my upper lip coasts down a cold cube in a tall glass of root-beer. Catch on?

TEE: According to my daddy, you're going to play outdoors a lot this winter, I betcha.

FIB: AND STOP QUOTING YOUR OLD MAN AT ME, TOO! HE WAS BORN DUMB AND BEEN LOSIN' GROUND EVER SINCE!

TEE: You can't talk that way about my Daddy. He's a NICE MAN.

FIB: Well, you're the one who brought him up, and he's the one who brought you up, and two wrongs don't make a right! ANYWAY, HOW DOES HE KNOW HOW MUCH I'M GONNA PLAY OUTSIDE?

TEE: I dunno...but after he heard your last couple of programs he said "Boy, that mugg is gonna have some hard sledding this winter!"

FIB: OH HE SAID THAT, DID HE?

TEE: Sure...but I don't think he meant it.

FIB: YOU DON'T?

TEE: No. He looked awful happy when he said it.

FIB: LOOK, TOO-LITTLE-AND-TOO-LATE, I AIN'T GOT TIME TO STAND AROUND AND RATTLE THE CUP WITH YOU. GO ON HOME. BEAT IT! I'M BUSY.

TEE: What doin'?

FIB: Gonna clean out the attic. Mrs. McGee just found my old uniform from the last war up there.

TEE: Gee were you in the last war, Mister? Were you a general?

FIB: Wel--l,..no, I wasn't. Though if it hadn't been for petty politics...but that's a long story. YOU KNOW WHAT GENERAL PERSHING SAID WHEN I ASKED HIM TO MAKE ME A CAPTAIN?

TEE: No.

FIB: Who told you? I mean...LOOK SIS...YOU DROP IN SOMETIME AND I'LL SHOW YOU MY SHARPSHOOTER'S MEDAL.

TEE: All righty. Gee, I never knew you hadda shartshoopers medal.

FIB: Well, I have.

TEE: Whadja get it for? Hmmm? Whadja?

FIB: ~~WHADDYE THINK I GOTTA SHARPSHOOTER'S MEDAL FOR? PEELIN' SPUDS?~~

TEE: ~~Gee, didja?~~

FIB: ~~NO, I DIDN'T! I GOT IT FOR SHARPSHOOTIN'. I USED TO HIT THE BULL'S-EYE 99 TIMES OUT OF A HUNDRED!~~

TEE: Didn't it hurt him?

FIB: HURT WHO?

TEE: The bull?

FIB: THERE WASN'T ANY BULL TO IT!

TEE: (GIGGLES) Ohhhhhh no? 99 times out of a hundred?

(GIGGLES) G'Bye, Mister!

DOOR SLAM:

ORK: "DAYBREAK!"

APPLAUSE:

MOL: Look at this attic, McGee...did you ever see so much junk?

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, JUNK....THERE'S A LOTTA VALUABLE STUFF HERE!
HEY where'd you see my old uniform?

MOL: Right there behind you. Isn't that it?

FIB: WELL I'LL BE A...IT SURE IS! Look...here's where I tore
the knee climbin' into a truck outside o' St. Nazaire!
And here's where a bayonet went thru the shoulder!

MOL: HEAVENLY DAY, MCGEE!IN A HAND-TO-HAND FIGHT?

FIB: No, on a dark road. I stumbled and fell on my Springfield.
AND HERE'S MY SHARPSHOOTER'S MEDAL!" DID I EVER TELL YOU
HOW...

MOL: McGee...

FIB: Eh?

MOL: You never told me you were in the air force!

FIB: I wasn't!

MOL: Then what are those wings on the left breast of your coat?

FIB: Where? I don't see - Oh...that's a moth! SHOO!...SCRAM!.

BEATING OF CLOTH:

MOL: Oh look, McGee..(RATTLE OF PAPER) HERE'S A NEWSPAPER FROM
SEPTEMBER THIRD, 1922. Twenty years ago. And listen to
this headline:- "GERMAN PRINTING PRESSES POUR OUT 100
BILLION MARKS EVERY DAY!" Why were they printing all that
money, McGee?

FIB: Inflation. Terrible mess. In Germany, after the last war,
it took a bushel basket of money to buy a pair of shoestrings
If anybody had the shoes to put 'em in.

MOL: Heavenly day...does every war do that?

FIB: It don't have to. That's why the government want us to
buy War Bonds and pay off our debts and buy only what we
need. If they keep things under control - then after the
war our money will really be worth something. Do something
for me, will you, Molly?

MOL: What?

FIB: Save that headline. And every time I start yipping about
taxes, wave it in my face!

MOL: It's a promise. Every time you...WHAT HAVE YOU GOT THERE?

FIB: Bunch of old letters in the bottom of this trunk. HERE'S
ONE FROM MY GRAND UNCLE JEFFERSON! I ain't heard of that
snarly old coot for years.

MOL: Is it addressed to you?

FIB: I dunno. It says "TO WHOMSOEVER IN THE MCGEE FAMILY IT
MAY CONCERN". I guess that's me as much as anybody.

RIPS OF PAPER:

FIB: Here...you read it. The stingy old twerp must of wrote it
with a toothpick in home-made ink.

MOL: Well, it's probably nothing that...(PAUSE)...MCGEE!....

FIB: Eh?

MOL: LISTEN TO THIS! IT SAYS: "SHOULD ANY OF MY DESCENDANTS
READ THIS NOTE, THIS IS TO INFORM THEM THAT I HAVE
CONCEALED 20,000 DOLLARS IN THE UPHOLSTERY OF MY HORSEHAIR
SOFA.

FIB: My gosh...twenty thousand bucks!

MOL: "IF THIS LETTER IS NEVER FOUND, IT WON'T MATTER MUCH,
BECAUSE NO MCGEE COULD EVER BE TRUSTED WITH MORE THAN THREE
DOLLARS AT A TIME. Signed, Jefferson McGee. August 13th,
1867.

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FIB: WHY THAT DIRTY OLD ...TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS!...AND WHO KNOWS WHERE THAT OLD SOFA IS NOW?

MOL: That's funny..I wrote a note just a day or so ago about a horsehair sofa.

FIB: WHAT? YOU DID? WHERE? MY GOSH, MOLLY...MAYBE WE CAN FIND IT...WHAT DID YOU WRITE? WHAT WAS IT? WHERE DID -

MOL: Oh calm yourself. I'm thinking. Now let me see...where did I....I think I had it in the desk, downstairs....

FIB: WELL WHAT ARE WE WAITIN' FOR...COME ON...HURRY UP DOWN! CLATTER OF JUNK...FOOTSTEPS RAPIDLY RUNNING DOWNSTEPS. DOOR SLAM. FOOTSTEPS DOWN ANOTHER FLIGHT...RUNNING ON CARPET....

FIB: YOU GO THRU THAT DESK WITH A FINE TOOTH COMB, MOLLY! IF WE CAN ONLY TRACE THAT HORSEHAIR SOFA WE'LL BE RICH!

DESK DRAWER OPENING:

MOL: I'll look for it, McGee...but I'M not sure what it said about a sofa...and maybe it wasn't even the same sofa.

FIB: YOU THINK THE MCGEES EVER HAD TWO HORSEHAIR SOFAS? NO SIR! WE WERE A ONE-HORSE FAMILY! COME ON...COME ON.. GET BUSY....

MOL: WELL STOP NUDGING ME!!! I'M LOOKING...Now let me see...

DOORBELL:

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN...WIND WHISTLE...OUT WITH DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Oh hello, Mr. Mayor.

GALE: Good day, Mrs. McGee.....Hello, McGee....You look excited.

FIB: I AM EXCITED, LA TRIVIA. I'M AN HEIRESS. I JUST COME INTO TWENTY THOUSAND BUCKS!! FROM MY GRAND UNCLE JEFFERSON!

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MOL: No, you haven't, McGee. First I have to find that note I wrote...then we have to locate the sofa, if it's the same one...then we have to see if the money is still in it.

GALE: Good heavens....what is this all about? Why did he leave the money in a sofa?

MOL: Because he knew a McGee would spend most of his life lying down, Mr. Mayor.

FIB: HE NEVER KNEW ANY SUCH THING, LA TRIVIA. He wanted it to be discovered by a McGee with initiative....with brains... ingenuity. AND ENOUGH INTEREST IN HIM TO READ THE LETTERS HE LEFT BEHIND HIM. Which I did.

MOL: Which you did nothing of the kind, McGee. You refused to read it.

FIB: COULD I HELP IT IF I HAD TEARS IN MY EYES? Poor old Grand Uncle Jeff!

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GALE: You realize, I hope, McGee, that the possession of wealth entails certain responsibilities?

MOL: Yes, you've got to live up to it, McGee. Now when a panhandler asks you for a cup of coffee, DON'T just give him a dime. Go with him and see where he gets it. And get me some!

FIB: First thing I'M gonna do is endow the Elks Club. Gonna stake 'em to a new deck of cards. That pack they're usin' now are so worn the kibitzers can't read 'em over your shoulder any more. They have to sit in your lap.

GALE: That isn't what I was referring to, McGee. I meant that riches bring obligations to the possessor. You must set an example to those who are not so well off. Help the underdog.

MOL: Oh he loves dogs, don't you, McGee.

FIB: I'll say I do. I'm gonna get me a nice Irish setter pup and -

GALE: I DIDN'T MEAN REAL DOGS, MCGEE, I-

MOL: How can you help a dog if he isn't real?

GALE: I was referring to PEOPLE, Mrs. McGee, People who -

FIB: OH SO YOU THINK PEOPLE ARE DOGS, DO YOU, LA TRIVIA! A FINE ATTITUDE!

GALE: (GETTING ANGRY) I DIDN'T SAY PEOPLE WERE DOGS. I MERELY SAID THAT I, AS A LEADER OF THE PEOPLE -

MOL: Calm yourself, Mr. Mayor. We can't have the leader of the people turning purple.

GALE: I AM NOT TURNING PEOPLE! I MEAN PURPLE! I STARTED TO SAY THAT AS A PUP....ER...PURP....I MEAN PERSON, I POP.....

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FIB: He's got the pip.

GALE: I've got the pip. I HAVE NOT! (SHOUTS) I WAS TRYING TO SAY THAT IF A PUPSON....er...PERSON WANTS TO BE A PUP... er... POPULAR, HE'LL PUPPABLY...ER...PROBABLY....(PAUSE) Excuse me if I go out on the porch. I think I have a flea!

LOUD DOOR SLAM:

FIB: You know, Molly, on second thought I won't buy that Irish setter La Trivia was tryin' to sell me. I'd rather have a good springer. A springer is -

MOL: You can't buy a hot dog till you find that money, McGee.

FIB: WELL I'LL FIND IT. AND THAT DOUGH IS RIGHTFULLY MINE, TOO. That horsehair sofa was in our house in Peoria for years.

MOL: And what became of it?

FIB: I dunno. Us kids divided up the furniture. I remember all I got was a lot of old pictures - must of 'been 50 of 'em... but I threw 'em away. Too old fashioned.

MOL: Who painted 'em?

FIB: Oh a couple of amateurs named Currier and Ives, or something like that. Corny stuff.

MOL: I see. So you threw away fifty Currier and Ives pictures!

FIB: Yeah but I was no fool! I saved the frames. Kept us in kindling wood for months. HEY YOU BETTER GET BUSY AND FIND THAT NOTE YOU WROTE!

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MOL: Oh yes...I wish I could remember just what I...let me see now..horsehair sofa...horsehair sofa...

DOOR OPEN:

WIL: Hello folks...am I intruding?

MOL: No not a bit, Mr Wilcox..come right in.

FIB: Hiyah Wilcox. Don't worry about trackin' snow in here. We're movin' very shortly.

WIL: MOVING! WHERE TO?

MOL: Don't look at me, Mr. Wilcox. It isn't my idea.

FIB: We'll probably take a penthouse in New York, Wilcox. For the winter season anyway. Possibly a few Months at Virginia Hot Springs. Then we may summer in the White Mountains of Lake Louise. Hope you can visit us for a week-end, old fellow. Get in some golf, you know.

WIL: Pardon me for pointing, - but do you feel all right?

MOL: He's a bit seasick, Mr. Wilcox. His Dream Boat is a little rocky.

FIB: (LAUGHS GENTLY) Come come, Mrs. McGee..let us maintain our dignity. In our position we must not descend to bandying words with the tradesmen.

MOL: That's you, Mr. Wilcox. You're a tradesman. Take it from there.

WIL: WHAT GOES ON HERE ANYWAY? DON'T GIVE ME THAT PARK AVENUE PICCALLI, FIBBER! I KNEW YOU WHEN YOU THOUGHT A COUNTRY CLUB WAS A HOE!

FIB: TUT TUT...None of your impudence, my good man, cr I shall have to report you to your superiors...the..er.. Henderson Mop Company of Cheboygan, I believe?

MOL: S.C. JOHNSON & SON INCORPORATED, McGee of Racine.

FIB: Ah yes..make a note of that Mrs. McGee. Report of insolent employee.

WIL: WHAT IS THIS? YOU KNOW DARN WELL WHO WE WORK FOR! AND YOU KNOW THEY MAKE SELF-POLISHING GLOCOAT. THE PROTECTIVE FLOOR POLISH THAT SHINES AS IT DRIES.

FIB: I believe I have heard some such--

WIL: YOU'VE HEARD IT PLENTY, BROTHER! AND YOU'LL HEAR IT SOME MORE.(GETTING LOUDER) YOU'LL KEEP ON HEARING THAT JOHNSON SELF-POLISHING GLOCOAT PROTECTS AND PRESERVES LINOLEUM AGAINST DUST AND DAMPNES AND THAT IT SAVES HOURS OF HOUSEWORK BECAUSE IT ELIMINATES OLD FASHIONED FLOOR SCRUBBING. AND YOU'LL HEAR THAT -

FIB: I say, old man! Is it quite necessary to be so beastly raucous?

WIL: SO NOW I'M RAUCOUS! I'M AN INSOLENT, RAUCOUS TRADESMAN, AM I! I DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT, PAL, BUT SOMETHING TELLS ME THAT THERE'S GOING TO BE A NEW FACE AROUND HERE! I WONDER WHAT ED WYNN IS DOING NOW!

DOOR OPEN AND SHUT:

FIB: (LAUGHS)

MOL: Didn't you overdo it a little, McGee? After all, you're not rich yet, you know.

FIB: NAW, BUT I SOON WILL BE. That 20 thousand bucks is just as good as in my pocket this minute. ~~AND YOU KNOW WHY?~~

MOL: Why?

DOORBELL:

MOL: Look, McGee..whoever that is at the door, let's say nothing about the 20 thousand dollars.

FIB: Okay. Maybe the less we say about it the better. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN

MOL: Oh Hello, Mrs. Uppington.

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

FIB: Hiyah, Uppy. Beautiful day, ain't it?

UPP: DEFINITELY NOT, MR. MCGEE. It's horrible! The snow has drifted clear up to -

FIB: Your clavicle, Uppy? That can't be right, because your clavicle is your collarbone.

MOL: You'll have to excuse him Abigail. Clavicle is the only bone he knows the name of.

UPP: I understand, Mrs. McGee. Anyway, I was merely going to say that the snow was way up past my sparetire.

FIB: (LAUGHS) Keep walkin' in the snow and you'll lose that, Uppy!

MOL: MCGEE!

FIB: Okay!

MOL: So the snow is really pretty deep, is it, Abigail?

UPP: It's dreadful, my deah. But I felt I should come over to ask you to return my snow shovel. My houseman informs me that Mr. McGee has had it since last winter.

FIB: Why sure! Tell him to come and get it anytime, Uppy. Of course he'll have to sign for it in triplicate. When I borrow things, I do it systematic.

MOL: You know, you look like you enjoyed being out in this weather, Abigail.

UPP: Oh, I really don't mind it, my deah. I am a trouper, you know. And, as an actress who has traveled from coast to coast, I -

FIB: Incidentally, Uppy...did you know the Cherry Sisters?

UPP: OH, THEY WERE MY DEAREST F....er...No. Of course not. Much before my time. Though my father probably knew them. He was connected with the stage for many years.

MOL: He was?

FIB: Sure he was, Molly. He drove it between here and the county seat till the railroad come in.

UPP: AND WHO, MAY I AWSK, TOLD YOU THAT?

FIB: Oh I heard!

MOL: Well, Abigail, I....WELL WHAT'S THE MATTER, DEARIE? ARE YOU COLD? YOU'RE SHIVERING.

UPP: No, Mrs. McGee. I am not cold. I was being shaken by the conflict between my patriotism and my desires.

FIB: Whatcha mean, Uppy?

UPP: I mean, Mr. McGee...that in spite of this being a meatless day, I was sorely tempted to give you a few chops with the handle of my umbrella! GOOD DAY!

DOOR SLAM:

ORK: "ABRAHAM" -- KING'S MEN.

APPLAUSE:

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THIRD SPOT:

FIB: (TO HIMSELF) Lemme see now...20 thousand divided by...with a surtax of 4 percent on top of a secondary bracket...that will be sixteen thousand seven hundred...minus accrued interest in investments plus depreciation...Oh my gosh! HEY MOLLY!

MOL: Yes, McGee?

FIB: YOU KNOW WHAT MY INCOME TAX ON THAT 20 THOUSAND BUCKS IS GONNA BE?

MOL: What?

FIB: SEVENTY-FOUR THOUSAND, SIX HUNDRED AND SEVENTY TWO DOLLARS AND NINE CENTS!!! I'M GONNA BE WORSE OFF 'N I WAS BEFORE! I wish you could find that note so --

DOORBELL:

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

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

MOL: Oh, hello, Mr. Wimple. Terrible weather, isn't it?

MOL: Terrible weather isn't it, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: Oh I don't know, Mrs. McGee. I really don't mind the snow. I find it rather inspiring.

FIB: Me too, Wimp; It inspires me to stay inside with my slippers on.

MOL: I think he means poetically, McGee. Don't you, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: Yes, Mrs. McGee. I love to sit in the park on a snow-snow-snowy day and feed the squirrels and think up poems.

FIB: Have you batted out any beautiful ballads of late, Wimp?

WIMP: I just wrote one this afternoon, Mr. McGee. I call it "TO MY DEAR WIFE."

MOL: Oh how sweet! It must be wonderful to have a husband who writes poetry to you.

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, IT MUST BE. I USED TO WRITE POETRY TO YOU!

MOL: I know, dearie. But that was free verse.

WIMP: Oh, did Mr. McGee write free verse, Mrs. McGee?

MOL: Yes, he took it freely from Longfellow, Byron, and Burns.

FIB: Well he was a great poet, that Byron. I still think he should have been President.

WIMP: Oh he couldn't have been, Mr. McGee. He was an Englishman.

FIB: WILLIAM JENNINGS BYRON WAS AN ENGLISHMAN? GO ON, WIMP, HE WAS --

MOL: Skip it, McGee. I want to hear Mr. Wimple's poem. TO HIS DEAR WIFE. How does it go, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: (COYLY) Oh it's just a simple little thing, Mrs. McGee. It goes. "TO MY DEAR WIFE."

I WISH I WAS A LITTLE SQUIRLY -

FIB: That wish is granted, Wimp. You got two more coming.

MOL: BE QUIET, MCGEE! Go on, Mr. Wimple.

WIMP: (RECITES) I wish I was a little Squirly,
Frisking in the trees so early,
Chattering down at passerbyes,
And throwing twigs down in their eyes
Scampering gaily, here and there,
Leaping gracefully thru the air,
Storing food up three whole seasons
To last thru winter, and other reasons,
Over one of which I often brood,
So when I climb down to dig up food,
And bring back breakfast to my wife so true,
I can say "Here, Sweetheart, Nuts to you!"

FIB: Why that's very good, Wimp.

MOL: How did your wife like it, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: Sweetface? Oh I haven't shown it to her, Mrs. McGee. Besides she isn't much for modern poetry. She likes limericks.

FIB: Ever write her any limericks, Wimp?

WIMP: Oh I started to once. I wrote:
THERE ONCE WAS A WOMAN NAMED SWEETFACE
WHOSE FIGURE HAD MANY A MEATY PLACE -

MOL: Well?

WIMP: Yes, I am now. But I was laid up for weeks and weeks.

FIB: Boy what a woman she is! How do you stand it, Wimp?

WIMP: ~~(LAUGHS) Oh she isn't so bad, Mr. McGee...Sweetface has her romantic moments too.~~

MOL: Every woman has, Mr. Wimple.

WIMP: ~~Yes....just last night she called me out on the balcony to see the stars.~~

FIB: No kiddin'!

WIMP: ~~But I'll admit I was terribly let down.~~

MOL: No stars?

WIMP: ~~No balcony. Well, goodbye now!~~

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: McGee..I'm going to take one more look thru the desk and see if I can't find that note I wrote.

FIB: And if that fails, I'm gonna wire all my relatives and see what become of that horsehair sofa.

MOL: (OFF MIKE) That might be a very good idea. Maybe they'll (PAUSE) MCGEE.....HERE IT IS!! I FOUND IT!

FIB: WHAT DOES IT SAY, WHAT DOES IT SAY, WHAT DOES IT --

MOL: STOP SHAKING MY ARM! LISTEN..IT SAYS...."How about new slip cover for horsehair sofa?"

FIB: BUT WHAT DOES THAT MEAN? I DON'T --

MOL: IT MEANS THIS IS THAT HORSEHAIR SOFA RIGHT HERE! REMEMBER I MADE THIS SLIP COVER FOUR YEARS AGO? THIS IS THE SOFA THAT WAS SENT FROM PEORIA!

FIB: Oh my gosh...YOU MEAN I BEEN SETTIN' RIGHT HERE ON TOP OF TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS? GIMME MY JACKNIFE..QUICK...I'LL SOON KNOW....

MOL: MCGEE..DON'T CUT IT TO PIECES!!..TAKE IT APART CAREFULLY AND --

FIB: CAREFULLY MY CLAVICLE! I GOTTA KNOW..AND KNOW QUICK!

SOUND: RIPPING OF CLOTH:

FIB: I'll show old Uncle Jeff he was ---

MOL: MCGEE....STOP!! HERE IT IS!!! LOOK!!

FIB: WOW!! LOOK AT THAT STACK OF DOUGH!! OH MAMMA! WE'RE RICH, MOLLY!! WE'RE RICH!! HERE!! TAKE A HANDFUL!! TAKE TWO HANDSFUL... (LAUGHS GAILY) HOT DIGGETY!! TONIGHT WE GO OUT AND PAINT THE TOWN RED!!..TONIGHT WE CELEBRATE! TONITE....(PAUSE) What's the matter, Molly? Somethin' wrong?

MOL: McGee...where was your Grand Uncle Jeffery from?

FIB: Richmond, Virginia. Why?

MOL: Oh nothing, Except this is Confederate Money.

FIB: WHAT? YOU MEAN....why that nasty old skinflint...that (FADE OUT) sourpussed old goat...that horsefaced old tightwad...that -

ORK: SELECTION: "I'M OLD-FASHIONED".....FADE FOR

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
NOVEMBER 17, 1942
TUESDAY, 6:30 PM PWT NEC

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WIL: Right this minute in thousands of closets and attics across the country are leather suitcases and handbags and other luggage that all need the same thing -- a coat of wax. Have you tried putting a coat of JOHNSON'S WAX on a suitcase recently? Then you'll know what I mean. Remember how the leather seemed to take on new life and resilience -- as well as better appearance? Yes, the wax does protect the leather, and helps to keep it from drying out. In fact, most leather objects benefit by an occasional waxing with JOHNSON'S PASTE or LIQUID WAX. Boots and shoes, for example, and ~~rubbers, too.~~ Also book covers, brief-cases, straps, belts and purses. And by the way, when you're through using the can or bottle of JOHNSON'S WAX, don't forget to put the lid back on tightly. That will prevent evaporation, and help keep the wax in best condition.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

(2ND REVISION) -30-

FIB: You know, Molly, I don't regret losin' that 20 thousand bucks. What could I of done with it? Buy clothes - they go outa style. Buy diamonds... they get stolen. Buy a yacht... it sinks. What good would it of been?

MOL: For twenty thousand dollars you can buy a wonderful stake.

FIB: WHAT KIND OF A STAKE WOULD BE WORTH TWENTY THOUSAND BUCKS?

MOL: A stake in our country, McGee. War Bonds.

FIB: Oh. Oh yes! Goodnight!

MOL: Goodnight, all!

ORK: UP TO FINISH, APPLAUSE, ETC.

SIGNOFF

WIL: The part of Wallace Wimple, heard on this program, was 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.

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