

WRITERS: Don Quinn  
Bill Danch

(REVISED)

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

1942 (9)

November 24, 1942

NBC - RED 6:30-7:00

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(REVISED)

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WIL: The Johnson Wax Program, with Fibber McGee and Molly!

ORCH: THEME: FADE FOR -

WIL: The makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Self-Polishing  
Glocoat, present Fibber McGee and Molly, written by Don  
Quinn, with music by the King's Men and Billy Mills'  
Orchestra. The show opens with "Who Knows".

ORCH: " WHO KNOWS?" -- FADE FOR:

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC  
NOVEMBER 24, 1942

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

ANNOUNCER: Last night I was reading an interesting article about how those famous paintings in the Louvre Art Galleries, like the Mona Lisa, were moved out of Paris ahead of the Germans. The thing that interested me most was how carefully those treasures were wrapped for their protection. And of course I thought immediately about how, in our homes, we wrap many things for protection -- wrap them in a coat of wax. Does that seem like a new idea to you? Actually that's what you do when you protect your dining room table, your piano, windowsills or your floors with genuine JOHNSON'S WAX. You cover them with a protective shield of wax -- a coat of wax that guards them against dirt and wear, against scratches and fingerprints. In these days when we all have to take better care of our things, isn't it fortunate that we can do that inexpensively with JOHNSON'S WAX, which also saves work and makes floors, furniture and woodwork gleam with mellow beauty.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH)

(APPLAUSE)

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WIL: "EARLY TO BED AND EARLY TO RISE"  
MAYBE ALL RIGHT FOR THOSE COPYBOOK GUYS -  
BUT WHEN WINTER HITS ZERO, IT ISN'T SO JOLLY -  
AS WITNESS WHAT HAPPENS WITH --

---- FIBBER & MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: SNORES....REPEAT:

MOL: McGee. Wake up!

FIB: SNORES.

MOL: MCGEE!! WAKE UP!

FIB: SNORE BREAKS OFF. Wh-what..what's the matter?

MOL: Nothing's the matter. It's time to get up.

FIB: (YAWNS) Eh?

MOL: I SAID IT'S TIME TO GET UP.

FIB: Can't be. Still dark. Can't see a thing.

MOL: You could if you'd open your eyes. COME ON NOW...I'VE HAD MY SHOWER AND I'M ALL DRESSED AND GOT THE COFFEE ON. Now hurry.

FIB: Can't I go back to sleep just long enough to finish a dream I started? Gee, I can't leave five brand-new white-side-wall tires just layin' there!

MOL: Where?

FIB: In my dream.

MOL: Don't worry about 'em. You can go to bed early tonight and pick 'em up then.

FIB: Yeah but suppose somebody else dreams about 'em and get's there before I do? I'll never -

MOL: MCGEE..YOU'RE STALLING! GET UP AND WASH YOUR FACE AND BRUSH YOUR TEETH AND COME DOWN IN YOUR BATHROBE. HERE'S YOUR SLIPPERS.

FIB: But Molly...it's too cold.

MOL: Well..maybe it is, dearie. I keep forgetting you're not as young as you used to be. You just stay in bed and build up your strength.

FIB: Well, gee whizz --

MOL: Mother won't bother the tired old man any more...You go back to sleep...maybe this evening you can totter downstairs for a few minutes. (FADE OUT) I've got to go and get my coffee off the stove before...

FIB: (TO HIMSELF) OH..So I'm a tired old man, am I! Just because I like to get forty winks of sleep. I AIN'T AS YOUNG AS I USED TO BE, AM I. I'LL SHOW 'EM.

SOUND: CREAK OF SPRINGS: THUD

FIB: Wow. This floor is colder'n the keel of a kayak. Where's my slippers...Oh - here, -- Br-r-r-r. (CLICK: RADIO HUM INTO VOICE:) I'll get some hot music on the radio to warn it up in here.

FILTER VOICE: (VERY CHEERY) AND NOW, MY LITTLE SLUG-a-BEDS, THRU THE COURTESY OF MOOTWELL'S MARVLOUS MIXTURE FOR MUMPS, MEASLES, E- MIGRAINE.

FIB: I feel like I had all of 'em.

VOICE: WE BRING YOU YOUR MORNING SETTING-UP EXERCISES.

FIB: That's an idea....that'll warm me up.

VOICE: ARE YOU A MAN OR A MOUSE? ARE YOUR MUSCLES FLABBY? IS YOUR TUMMY SITTING ON YOUR LAP? REMEMBER, YOU CAN'T GET GASOLINE IF YOU HAVE AN EXTRA SPARE TIRE. HA. HA. HA. ALL READY NOW, MY LITTLE LAZYBONES...PUT YOUR HANDS ON YOUR HIPS...

FIB: I'd like to put mine around his throat!!...

VOICE: NOW NOW...NONE OF THAT.

FIB: Okay.

VOICE: NOW ON THE COUNT...UP ON TIPTOES AND HANDS UP TO SHOULDER HEIGHT, THEN RESUME POSITION...READY? ONE - TWO. ONE - TWO. ONE - TWO. ONE - TWO. VERY, VERY GOOD. NOW HANDS ABOVE HEAD...RAISE THE RIGHT LEG SLOWLY..THAT'S IT!!! WAYYYYYY UP...NOW HOLD THAT LEG UP IN THE AIR...NOW RAISE THE OTHER LEG.....SLOWWWWWLY....

SOUND: CRASH AND THUD:

FIB: Doggone it, you can't do it.

VOICE: THEN LET'S TRY SOMETHING EASIER...ROLL OVER ON YOUR BACK... THAT'S IT...NOW MAKE WITH THE TOOTSIES LIKE RIDING A BICYCLE. AHHHH...FINE.... NOW FASTER...FASTER...FASTER... NOW LET'S ALL --

RADIO CUTS OFF WITH CLICK:

MOL: MCGEE.....WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU DOING?

FIB: (OFF MIKE) Ridin' a bicycle.

MOL: Wake up - you're still dreaming. Didn't you hear me calling you for breakfast?

FIB: I am not. I'm just takin' my setting-up exercises. I always feel better when I exercise in the morning.

MOL: And when did you ever exercise in the morning? Or any other time?

FIB: WELL IT'S TIME I DID. I'M GONNA DO IT EVERY DAY. I'M GONNA DIET TOO. AND TAKE LONG WALKS. WHY, I'M GETTIN' A BAY WINDOW TEN PEOPLE COULD WATCH A PARADE FROM.

MOL: Yes, I'd noticed you were bulging a bit in the belt buckle, but you'll have to make your old body do till after breakfast. Run in and brush your teeth while I straighten up in here...

FIB: Okay...be right out....

DOOR SLAM: (SLAP OF PILLOWS..MOVING FURNITURE DURING---

MOL: (TO HERSELF) What a man. If I'd known what a circus life would be with him I'd have made him marry me with a three ring ceremony.

DOOR OPEN:

FIB: (FADE IN) Okay Molly. I'm ready.

MOL: You can get washed up quicker than a german general.

FIB: And look...no bacon...and no butter for me for breakfast. And no cream and sugar. Just orange juice and black coffee.

FOOTSTEPS DOWNSTAIRS:

MOL: Just as you say, McGee. I hope it won't bother you when I eat my buckwheat cakes.

FIB: Not a bit. I'll just ..... eh? BUCKWHEAT CAKES?...  
BUCKWHEAT CAKES AIN'T PARTICULARLY FATTENING ARE THEY?

MOL: Terribly.

FIB: Even if you only eat seven or eight?

FOOTSTEPS OUT:

MOL: You stick to your orange juice and coffee, dearie. Anyway you always hide behind the morning paper so you'll never notice what I eat and that way --

DOORBELL:

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MOL: I wonder who that is.

FIB: HEY WE CAN'T ANSWER THE DOOR WITH ME IN MY PAJAMAS AND BATHROBE. Oh, we can too. Probably just a salesman and you can tell him I got smallpox. COME IN.

DOOR OPEN

MOL: Well for goodness sakes....ABIGAIL UPPINGTON.

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

FIB: Hi, Uppy.

MOL: You'll have to excuse McGee's informality, Abigail. He just didn't feel like dressing for breakfast.

UPP: Oh that's quait all right, my deah. My that's quite a loud bathrobe, isn't it, Mr. McGee?

MOL: So what Abigail? He doesn't put it on till he's awake.

UPP: I was referring to the pattern, my deah. POPPIES, isn't it?

FIB: Of course it's poppies. Mommy has a pale blue one with roses on it. (LAUGHS) Get it, Molly? She says it is Poppies and I says yes, Mommy has one with -

MOL: TAIN'T FUNNY, MCGEE.

FIB: No? I thought I was really in the groove with that one.

UPP: That's not a groove....that's a rut.

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MOL: Quiet, McGee...were you on your way downtown, Abigail?  
UPP: Yes but I simply HAD to stop and tell you about lahst night, my deah. I was a hostess at the canteen, and I dawnced with some of the most CHARMING soldiers.  
FIB: Now I know what they mean by "bravery beyond the call of duty".  
MOL: Did you meet some nice officers, Abigail?  
UPP: Oh my deah.. I dawnced several dances with a British lad... a Membah of Parliament, no less!  
MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS!  
FIB: How do you know he was a member of Parliament, Uppy?  
UPP: He told me. And he showed me the insignia right on his arm. "M.P." in big white letters.  
MOL: Oh, yes! M.P!  
UPP: Yes, oh, I really had a LOVELY TIME, my deah! Those deah boys! Most of them wanted to twitterjug, you know.  
MOL: Jitterbug, you mean.  
UPP: Is that what it is? Anyway it was SUCH fun, really. Although I might have had a nasty fall if it had not been for the handsome young marine I was dawncing with.  
FIB: He grab you in time, Uppy?  
UPP: No, we both fell, Mr. McGee..but fortunately he cushioned my fall.  
MOL: How lucky!  
UPP: Exactly what I said, and he said "NO, MADAM, IT WAS NOT LUCK. THE MARINES ARE ALWAYS THE FIRST TO LAND! Well, I must be off,..good day!

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH: "MISTER FIVE BY FIVE

APPLAUSE

SECOND SPOT

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SOUND: CLATTER OF CHINA AND TINKLE OF SILVER:  
FIB: Boy, were those buckwheat cakes good!  
MOL: Sure you won't have another, McGee? There's still a little batter left.  
FIB: Don't think I could, Molly. I already had fourteen.  
MOL: Anything else you want?  
FIB: Just my orange juice and black coffee. I'll probably bust but if I'm gonna start that diet, I might as well do it now! And let the dishes go for a while. Come on in the other room. I want you to oversee my exercises.  
MOL: Overlook would probably be a better word. But all right. This is going to be very interesting.  
FIB: Now you sit in that chair there and watch. And any time you see me gettin' too big in the shoulders or anywhere, you stop me. I don't wanna get overdeveloped.  
MOL: You're very broadshouldered in the hips right now, dearie. And those fourteen buckwheat cakes didn't harden your stomach up any.  
FIB: Oh yes they did! I feel like I was full of lead.  
MOL: Could be. I've heard rumors to that effect. What exercises are you going to start with?  
FIB: ~~Ohhh, I dunno. I used to be able to chin myself 97 times without bending my knees, but, maybe...~~

DOORBELL:

FIB: COME IN.

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh, Mr. Wimple!

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

FIB: Hiyah, Wimp, old onion. Pardon my pajamas and bathrobe, but I always wear something loose when I'm in training.

WIMP: Oh, that's all right, Mr. McGee. I always slip into some trunks, myself, when Sweetysface wants a workout.

MOL: Are trunks comfortable, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: Not always, Mrs. McGee. Once Sweetysface caught me when I was slipping into one, and slammed the lid on my head.

FIB: Tough, Wimp!

WIMP: Oh, it was my own fault, Mr. McGee. I'd forgotten to take the top tray out. But what are you training for?

MOL: Just building himself up generally, Mr. Wimple. He was getting so pudgy it exhausted him to climb up a short flight of fancy.

FIB: Oh, I dunno. I'M still in pretty good shape. I ever tell you about when I was just a kid, I used to pull an automobile with my teeth?

WIMP: My goodness, Mr. McGee...that isn't what you told me, once.

MOL: What did he tell you, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: He told me his father used to pull his teeth with an automobile. He said they'd tie a string to his tooth, and -

FIB: OKAY, OKAY...ANYWAY, I WAS A MIGHTY STRONG YOUNGSTER. Shoulda seen me in the gymnasium! Used to skip rope by the hour.

MOL: I wish you'd skip some of those you've been smoking lately.

WIMP: What did you say you were in training for, Mr. McGee?

MOL: Just getting into condition, Mr. Wimple.

FIB: Yes, I kinda let myself run down, Wimp. Gettin' kinda short winded.

WIMP: You're just modest, Mr. McGee. You're one of the longest-winded people I know.

FIB: Really, Wimp? That ain't just Hero Worship?

WIMP: Oh, no. And you know what I'M going to do for you, Mr. McGee?

FIB: Eh?

WIMP: I'M going to ask Sweetysface to drop over and <sup>help</sup> teach you ~~jiu-jitsu~~ My goodness, she'll have you built up in no time!

MOL: OH MY GOODNESS, MR. WIMPLE, I DON'T THINK --

FIB: NOW WAIT A MINUTE, WIMP, LET'S NOT MAKE ANY SNAP DECIS--

WIMP: - And you'll be doing both Sweetysface and me a great favor.

MOL: How, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: If you don't let her come over, she'll be all broken up - and so will I - if you know what I mean. (FADE) I'LL TELL HER TO COME RIGHT AWAY!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: HEY, WIMP, DON'T--- Oh my gosh...Now I am in a <sup>pickle</sup> pickle! If that corset-covered commando ever gets her hands on me, I'll.. I'lll...gee....what WILL I do, Molly?

MOL: Maybe you'd better leave town a few days, dearie.

FIB: That wouldn't do any good! She'd find me. She flies by night on a broomstick!

MOL: Well, if she comes to the door, I'll tell her you're ill.

FIB: You ain't kiddin', either. I AM ILL! The very thought of that gorilla-in-a-girdle tossin' me around is enough to -

DOOR OPEN:

WIL: Hello, folks. How's every - why, what's the matter, Fibber? You sick?

MOL: He thought you were Sweetysface Wimple coming in, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Wilcox, even with that cookie duster on your upper lip, you aren't any Ronald Colman, but you never looked more beautiful to me. You're a sight for the sore eyes I would of had if you'd been Sweeteyface.

WIL: What's all this Sweeteyface business? Why are you so scared of her?

MOL: Mr. Wimple said he was sending her over here to start training with McGee, and he's scared to death.

WIL: Oh, Mrs. Wimple isn't so bad.

MOL: She isn't?

WIL: No. I got along with her very nicely. I was demonstrating some Johnson's Self Polishing Glocoat to her, and --

FIB: Oh oh! Do you HAVE to bring that in every week, Junior?

WIL: Why not? That brings YOU in every week.

MOL: He's got you, McGee!

FIB: Okay...but how about Sweeteyface, Wilcox?

WIL: Well, I was showing her how Glocoat would bring out the color and beauty of her kitchen linoleum, and she said she didn't care so much about the beauty of it, but her husband kept scuffing it with his feet, as she dragged him around, and I told her Glocoat would protect it against scuffing because it gave a protective wax finish to it, and --

MOL: Our linoleum has Glocoat on it too, McGee, so if she drags you around, don't worry about --

FIB: PLEASE, MOLLY!...I'M nervous enough! Go on, Junior.

WIL: Then I showed her how all you had to do was pour out a little Glocoat, spread it around, let it dry, and in 20 minutes or less it dried to a grand dust-and-damp proof finish. Oh, she LOVED it. She was so pleased she slapped me on the back as I went through the door. Lucky me!

MOL: Why lucky you?

WIL: Lucky I was facing the door. Otherwise I'd have gone thru the wall. WELL, HAPPY EXERCISES, PAL! DON'T TAKE ANY WOODEN KNUCKLES!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Wooden knuckles! If he isn't the --

MOL: Look, McGee...why don't you call Mrs. Wimple and tell her you've just broken your leg, or something.

FIB: Yeah? And have her come over with a horse pistol and shoot me?

MOL: Well, tell her you've suddenly been called out of town. Tell her the Boy Scouts have re-classified you and you're being examined for a merit badge in zither-stringing. Tell her anything!

FIB: Okay...gimme the phone!

MOL: Here.

FIB: Thanks. (CLICK) Gee, I hope I can talk her out of...HELLO, OPERATOR? GIMME THE RESIDENCE OF WALLACE WIMPLE ON - OH, IS THAT YOU, MYRT?

MOL: Oh dear.

FIB: HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING, MYRT? T'IS, EH? WHAT SAY, MYRT? YOUR BROTHER? HE IS, EH? WELL, THAT SURE IS A SWITCH, AIN'T IT, MYRT? GLAD THEY GOT HIM STRAIGHTENED OUT. (ASIDE) Hey, Molly...Myrt's brother is a Lieutenant, now. Got a bar on his shoulder.

MOL: What's the switch?

FIB: He always used to have his shoulder on a bar. WHAT SAY, MYRT? OH, YOU GOT MY NUMBER? (She's ringin' Wimple's phone, Molly!)

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MOL: Now be diplomatic, Mcgee. Maybe she won't -  
FIB: HELLO, IS THIS SWEETYF- I MEAN IS THIS MRS. WIMPLE? WELL,  
THIS IS MR. MCGEE AND I -  
SOUND: TERRIFIC SPARK-GAP CRACKLE. CLATTER OF PHONE..THUD AND  
LOUD CRASH:  
MOL: MCGEE!!..MCGEE DARLING!!..ARE YOU HURT? GET UP, DEARIE AND  
TELL ME!..WHAT HAPPENED?  
FIB: (GROANS) Ohhhh what a woman!! Hang the receiver up, Molly  
...I ain't talkin' to her any more!!!  
CLICK:  
MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS!!..WHAT DID SHE SAY THAT WOULD KNOCK YOU CLEAR  
ACROSS THE ROOM?  
FIB: It wasn't so much what she said as the way she must of said  
it....BOY!!..IF THAT'S THE EFFECT SHE HAS OVER THE PHONE, I  
HOPE I NEVER  
DOORBELL:  
FIB: Oh my gosh...HIDE ME, MOLLY...THAT'S HER! GET ME OUTA HERE!  
MOL: Now don't be silly, McGee..she couldn't of gotten over here  
in 30 seconds. You go see who it is while I go make you  
some tea....you're shaking like a leaf....  
FIB: I'll say I am. Hey - get me some good-looking shorts for  
Christmas Molly....it's gettin' so every little thing  
scares the pants off me!  
DOORBELL:  
FIB: COME IN!  
DOOR OPEN:  
TEE: Hi, mister.

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MOL: Now be diplomatic, Mcgee. Maybe she won't -  
FIB: HELLO, IS THIS SWEETYF- I MEAN IS THIS MRS. WIMPLE? WELL,  
THIS IS MR. MCGEE AND I -  
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in 30 seconds. You go see who it is while I go make you  
some tea....you're shaking like a leaf....  
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Christmas Molly....it's gettin' so every little thing  
scares the pants off me!  
DOORBELL:  
FIB: COME IN!  
DOOR OPEN:  
TEE: Hi, mister.



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FIB: Oh, Hello, sis. Look, I'm in no state of mind to stand here and punch the bag with you. So state your business briefly and go fly your hoop. I mean roll your kite. I mean SCRAM!

TEE: Okay, mister. I won't bother you but just a minute, I betcha.

FIB: I betcha you won't either, I betcha. Because I'M just in the mood to take you by one pigtail and one leggin' and fling you into a snowbank.

TEE: Gee, that'll be fun! Let's do it. Hmm? Shall we? Hmm?

FIB: If it's fun, I refuse. Whatcha want, sis?

TEE: I'M selling chances, mister. On a punchboard.

FIB: You mean a PUNCHboard. How much are the chances?

TEE: Fifty cents.

FIB: FIFTY CENTS!!! Ouch.

TEE: See? That's the pinch.

FIB: Four bits a jab is a pretty steep gimmick, sis. Isn't there any ceiling price on punchboards?

TEE: What's a ceiling price, mister?

FIB: A ceiling price, sis, is a price that the government don't want people to pay any more than, or merchants to CHARGE any more than, on account of they wanna stabilize prices to keep down the cost of living so as to control the post-war economic situation with a greater degree of success.

(PAUSE)

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I SAYS CEILING PRICE----oh never mind. AND WHY BOTHER ME WITH YOUR PUNCHBOARD? WHY DON'T YOU DO WHAT I DID WHEN I WAS A KID? SELL EVERYTHING TO YOUR OWN FAMILY?

TEE: Gee, I can't, mister. My mamma's rolling bandages down to the Red Cross and my daddy is out of town. (TEARFULLY) I'M practically an orpheum, I guess. z

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FIB: ORPHAN, sis.

TEE: Hmm?

FIB: I says it's ORPHAN.

TEE: No it isn't. Not very orphan. Only when my daddy goes out of town.

FIB: Never mind. Now take your little punchboard and scram outahere before I -

TEE: Gee, mister, don't you wanna take a chance on a turkey?

FIB: ON A TURKEY!! WELL WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO? WE HAVEN'T ORDERED OURS YET. WILL I KNOW RIGHT AWAY IF I WIN?

TEE: Sure you will, I betcha. The winning number is 100 and nobody has got it, yet.

FIB: They haven't eh? How many punches you got left on the board?

TEE: Six.

FIB: Wait now..lemme figger a minute...(TO HIMSELF) six punches at four bits a throw...three bucks...can't buy a turkey for much less than five dollars...shucks, I can't lose. OKAY SIS, I'LL BUY THE REST OF THE BOARD. HERE'S THREE BUCKS.

TEE: Gee, thanks, mister. And here's your prize.

FIB: Well, I never expected to - HEY WHADDYE MEAN, PRIZE? THIS IS JUST A TICKET TO YOUR SCHOOL PLAY.

TEE: I know it!

FIB: I THOUGHT THIS WAS FOR A TURKEY!!

TEE: Mister, if it's anything like the one we had last year, it's gonna be the biggest turkey YOU ever saw! G'bye now!

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH: "BY THE LIGHT OF THE SILVERY MOON!".....KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE:

FIB: Hey, Molly...did you lock the front door?

MOL: No...why should I?

FIB: Well, my gosh, if Sweetface Wimple comes over here, she's just the type to barge right in. And I say BARGE advisedly. If she ain't a female flatboat I never -

MOL: Oh stop worrying, McGee.! Just because she blasted you on the telephone is no reason she's coming over here and do it personally.

FIB: I know, but -

MOL: ANYWAY, WHAT IF SHE DOES. You wanted some exercise. You wanted to start training, didn't you?

FIB: Yeah but not with that Flying Tiger! The very thought of it makes my blood stand on end.

MOL: I think you're just -

DOORBELL:

FIB: OH MY GOSH!..THERE SHE IS!..I'LL RUN UPSTAIRS AND HIDE IN THE LINEN CLOSET! IF SHE COMES UP I'LL BE WHITE AS A SHEET ANYWAY AND SHE'LL NEVER -

MOL: McGee...control yourself. It's only Mayor La Trivia.

FIB: You sure?

MOL: Certainly I'm sure...I just peeked out. Now calm down. COME IN.!

DOOR OPEN:

FIB: Oh...LaTrivia. HIYAH, LA TRIVIA!

GALE: Good day, McGee...Hello, Mrs. McGee.

MOL: Hello, Mr. Mayor. Nice to see you.

GALE: Thank you. But what's the matter with you, McGee?

FIB: DOES THERE HAVE TO BE SOMETHING THE MATTER WITH A GUY IF HE WANTS TO BE COMFORTABLE IN A BATHROBE?

GALE: If he could be comfortable in THAT bathrobe, yes. What an atrocious pattern!

(PAUSE)

GALE: Did I..er..did I say something?

MOL: It's..it's nothing, Mr. Mayor. I'm sorry you don't like the bathrobe. I gave it to McGee for his birthday.

FIB: Bought it out of the egg money too.

GALE: OH, I..er..I..well, what I meant, when I said the pattern was atrocious, was not that the pattern ITSELF was atrocious. I meant that with such attractive material, they should have put better tailoring into it..er..yes...yes that's what I meant.

(PAUSE)

GALE: Er...did I...er...?

FIB: Molly bought the material and made it herself, La Trivia. Sat up nights for weeks doin' it.

MOL: Oh now, McGee...I really didn't do a very good job. After all..

GALE: MY DEAR MRS. MCGEE..YOU DID A PERFECTLY AMAZING JOB! AND THOSE ELBOW LENGTH SLEEVES ARE A VERY SMART TOUCH! VERY. PERSONALLY I DESPISE FULL LENGTH SLEEVES ON A BATHROBE. OLD FASHIONED...I MIGHT EVEN SAY...CORNEY! YES - I WILL SAY CORNEY. CORNEY!

(PAUSE)

GALE: Now, what, may I ask...

FIB: These are full length sleeves, La Trivia! I got 'em rolled up.

MOL: Oh well, maybe they are corny, McGee...I didn't realize...  
GALE: OH I DIDN'T MEAN THOSE SLEEVES, MRS. MCGEE...for that  
bathrobe, those sleeves are perfect. What I meant was that  
if the material was...I mean the pattern OF the material...  
er...that is, the tailoring couldn't help being...er...well,  
if the sleeves...GOOD HEAVENS.. IS THAT CLOCK RIGHT?...I  
MUST BE DASHING ALONG...GOOD DAY!!

DOOR SLAM:

MOL & FIBBER BURST OUT LAUGHING

MOL: I never saw a man turn so red in my life, McGee. He must  
have Indian blood.  
FIB: (LAUGHS) If he ever found out I won this bathrobe for 60  
cents at the county fair, throwin' balls at milk bottles,  
he'd tear a ligament. One of mine, probably. (LAUGHS)  
MOL: AND WHEN YOU SAID I BOUGHT IT OUT OF THE EGG MONEY, I  
THOUGHT I'D -

DOOR BELL:

FIB: OH OH! SWEETTYFACE!!! THAT'S HER! I'LL RUN UPSTAIRS...  
TELL HER I CHANGED MY MIND ABOUT THE EXERCISES..TELL HER  
IT'S AGAINST DOCTOR'S ORDERS..TELL HER HE SAYS I GOTTA  
LEAKY CLAVICLE OR SOMETHING. TELL HER I -  
MOL: FOR GOODNESS SAKES, MCGEE...Stop leaping around!..this  
isn't her either. It's Mr. Wimple. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

WIMP: Oh Mr. McGee...I'M SO sorry...I'm afraid I've upset all  
your plans?  
FIB: What'cha mean WIMP?  
WIMP: Sweetyface won't be able to come and help you exercise.  
MOL: OHHH TOO BAD!

FIB: Lemme sit down...this..this just kinda breaks me up, Wimp.  
What happened?

WIMP: Oh, I'd no sooner got home than somebody called Sweetyface  
up on the telephone and it almost killed her.

MOL: Almost killed HER.

WIMP: Yes...you see she was sitting in the bathtub taking a bath  
when I handed the telephone into her.

FIB: No wonder I got slammed across the room! DIDN'T YOU KNOW  
ANY BETTER THAN TO HAND A PERSON A <sup>telephone</sup> LIVE WIRE WHILE THEY'RE  
SITTIN' IN A BATHTUB, WIMP?

WIMP: Well, my goodness, Mr. McGee, I took the precaution of wetting  
the cord first.

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS! MR. WIMPLE! THAT'S THE WORST THING YOU  
COULD DO! YOU MIGHT HAVE ELECTROCUTED HER!

WIMP: (CHUCKLES) Yesssss!

ORK: "MY FLAME WENT OUT LAST NIGHT" -- FADE FOR:

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
NOVEMBER 24, 1942  
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Collecting metal for salvage has made all of us realize that we should take better care of any things we have that are made of metal. Things like iron pipe should be painted to keep them from rusting. But for objects made with chromium or polished metals, there's an easier way -- you can protect them with regular applications of genuine JOHNSON'S WAX. Wax your chromium towel bars and bathroom and kitchen fixtures -- also chromium chairs or tables if you have any. Use the same JOHNSON'S WAX with which you protect your floors, furniture and woodwork -- and use it the same way. The wax forms a protective shield, guards the chromium against the corrosive action of weather and fingerprints -- also minor scratches. Especially now, when conservation is so important, protect all chromium surfaces in your home with genuine JOHNSON'S WAX.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC -- FADE ON CUE)

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TAG GAG

FIB: Know what I'm gonna do, Molly? Starting from right now I'm really going on a strict routine. Jump into an icy shower...do a flock of setting up exercises..take a brisk walk around the block...do a little shadow boxing before lunch...after lunch I'll play an hour of fast tennis..then I'll zip through a snappy game of hand ball ...after that I'll go to the gym and work out. Well, see you later, Molly!

MOL: Where you going now?

FIB: Goin' back to bed....Goodnight!

MOL: Goodnight, all.

ORCH: (CLOSING SIGNATURE) (FADE ON CUE)

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...  
THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

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