

(REVISED)

WRITERS: Don Quinn
Bill Danch

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

1942 (10)

December 1, 1942

NBC - RED 6:30-7:00 P

(REVISED) 2-

WIL: The Johnson Wax Program! *with Fibber McGee & 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 "Hallelujah".

ORCH: "HALLELUJAH" FADE FOR:

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
Fibber McGee & Molly
December 1, 1942.

-3-

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WIL: At a friend's house last night, I sat alongside the window and couldn't help noticing that the windowsills had been waxed and were shining. I looked around the room, and I'll bet I saw ten other places that had been waxed -- picture frames, venetian blinds, lampshades, ornaments, even the bricks around the fireplace. Of course, the floors and woodwork were waxed, and the furniture, too. I couldn't help thinking how much genuine JOHNSON'S WAX is helping all of us in this critical time to take better care of the things we have. And because germ-laden dirt won't readily adhere to a waxed surface, it's helping keep homes more sanitary, and thereby helping folks guard their health. There are three forms of genuine JOHNSON'S WAX - paste, liquid and cream wax.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH)

(APPLAUSE).

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ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH)

(APPLAUSE)

WIL: WELL - MILEAGE RATIONING HAS JUST COME TO WISTFUL VISTA, AND IN SPITE OF ITS BEING A MEATLESS DAY, GET A LOAD OF THE BEEF BEING PUT UP BY AN AVERAGE CITIZEN, AS WE MEET --

--- FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY! ---

APPLAUSE:

FIB: BUT I TELL YOU IT AIN'T FAIR, MOLLY! THEY CAN'T DO THIS TO ME! FOUR GALLONS A WEEK! IT'S RIDICULOUS!

MOL: I think so too!

FIB: You do?

MOL: Yes...you don't NEED four gallons!

FIB: DOGGONE IT, I DO TOO! FOUR GALLONS IS OUTRAGEOUS! WHERE CAN I GO ON FOUR GALLONS OF GAS?

MOL: Where do you want to go, dearie?

FIB: Well, gee whiz, I...WELL, WHAT IF I DID WANNA GO SOMEPLACE. IN AN EMERGENCY OR SOMETHING.

MOL: You mean like running out of cigars.

FIB: Yes...er...NO! Running outa cigars ain't an emergency.

MOL: You never spoke a truer word, McGee! When I get a whiff of those poison panatelas of yours, I know way tobacco auctioneers talk that way. They're hysterical!

FIB: FORGET MY CIGARS. I'M TALKING, ABOUT THIS MILEAGE RATIONING! I THINK IT'S A DIRTY DEAL! THE WHOLE THING IS SILLY! IT'S GONNA MAKE EVERYBODY STAY AT HOME. WHY IN TWO YEARS, A GUY FROM INDIANA WON'T KNOW WHAT A GUY FROM KANSAS IS TALKIN' ABOUT!

MOL: Where are you from?

FIB: Illinois.

MOL: Then it's happened already. I don't even know what YOU'RE talking about!

FIB: I'M TALKIN' ABOUT GIVIN' ALL THE CAR OWNERS A MEDICINE DROPPER FULL OF GASOLINE. IT'S A INFRINGEMENT ON PRIVATE RIGHTS, THAT'S WHAT IT IS!

MOL: Look, dearie. The main reason they're rationing gasoline is to save tires. Don't you know that if we continue driving like we have been, a MAJORITY of automobiles will be off the road next year?

FIB: GOOD! TOO MUCH TRAFFIC ANYWAY. TOO CROWDED! GET THE CARS OFF THE ROAD! THAT'S SWELL!

MOL: I'M glad you feel that way. Because yours will probably be one of 'em.

FIB: WHAT? ME GIVE UP MY CAR? OHHH, NO YOU DON'T! I PAID FOR MY TIRES AND BY THE LEFT HIND LEG OF LEON HENDERSON, I GOTTA RIGHT TO USE 'EM. I'M GONNA WRITE TO MY CONGRESSMAN THIS VERY MINUTE!

MOL: Who is our Congressman?

FIB: Why it's old er....er...Gee, I dunno. Who is he?

MOL: Oh - just send it to the Congressman from this District.

FIB: OKAY, THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I'LL...er...what District is this?

MOL: Maybe you'd better write to our Senator.

FIB: BETTER YET! I'LL TELL HIM I AIN'T GONNA STAND FOR ANY SUCH... er...who's our Senator?

MOL: Look, dearie...our government has asked us to take less gasoline so we'll drive less and save the country's rubber. And if you haven't got enough interest in the government to know who your representatives are, you haven't got any right to stand around and stomachache.

FIB: Not stomachache...The word is bel---
MOL: I KNOW WHAT THE WORD IS!
FIB: Well, gee whizz - the idea of givin' a important citizen like me just a "A" book! SAVE RUBBER MY CLAVICLE! WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT SYMPATHETIC RUBBER THAT INVENTOR MADE OUTTA MILKWEED? Or was it milk he made out of a rubber plant? Anyway, the -

DOORBELL:

MOL: That's probably Mr. Jeffers, come to explain mileage rationing to you, personally.

FIB: Well, he better talk fast! COME IN, JEFFERS!

DOOR OPEN:

WIL: Hello, folks...busy?
MOL: Not a bit, Mr. Wilcox....come in!
FIB: Hiyah, Junior. What you so excited about? Your rich uncle die and leave you a pound of coffee?
WIL: You mean you haven't heard about Mayor La Trivia?
MOL: Heavenly days...what's happened to him?
WIL: He's joined the Coast Guard! Leaves tomorrow morning.
FIB: WHAT? LA TRIVIA IN THE COAST GUARD? Why I didn't think that guy could pass the Physical for a crossing watchman! He musta pulled some wires.
WIL: He never pulled a wire. He simply went down and enlisted. Passed his examinations like a mice. Great outfit the Coast Guard!
FIB: You think so?
WIL: I know so. Do you realize the first boats ashore in the Solomons and North Africa were coastguard boats?

FIB: BY GEORGE, MOLLY, I THINK I'LL TRY TO JOIN IT, MYSELF! I WANNA GET OUTA HERE ANYWAY. THIS MILEAGE RATIONING HAS GOT ME DISGUSTED.

MOL: He's been raving about it all day, Mr. Wilcox. He thinks the O.P.A. is trying to make an A.P.E. of him.

FIB: AND THEY ARE TOO! A CITIZEN OF MY STANDING..TRYIN' TO GET ALONG ON A "A" BOOK! IT'S A LOT OF FOOLISHNESS! I GOTTA BUSINESS TO TAKE CARE OF!

WIL: What business, pal?

FIB: Well, in the first place, I..er...well, gee whizz..I GOT RESPONSIBILITIES!

MOL: He really has, Mr. Wilcox. He's the sole support of three *puccelle* cribbage players at the Elks Club.

WIL: You talk like a chump, Fibber. Mileage rationing is the only fair way to cut down non-essential driving. When the rubber this country has got is gone, it's GONE. That's all there is. There isn't any more!

FIB: WELL THEY SHOULD OF FORESEEN THAT, AND TOOK CARE OF THE SITUATION.

MOL: Everybody can't be as far-sighted as you are, dearie.

WIL: Is he pretty far sighted, Molly?

MOL: He's uncanny, Mr. Wilcox! He's the one who said we'd lick the Japanese in ten days. Remember?

FIB: Well, shucks, -

MOL: He's the one who said Germany would fold up from starvation last April.

FIB: I know, but circumstances -

MOL: He's the one who said we'd never ship a soldier out of this country. I don't know how he does it. Though I will say he made ONE accurate prediction.

WIL: What was that?

MOL: Last night he said WELL, TOMORROW IS ANOTHER DAY. And sure enough...it was!

FIB: Aw, well -

WIL: Fibber, I'M just a little bit ashamed of you!

FIB: Eh? *oh yeah!*

WIL: If you had the brains of a sea-horse, you'd realize the spot this country is in regarding rubber. Why, England does almost NO civilian driving. Canada has had mileage rationing for months, *since the war started* AND YOU STAND THERE AND SQUAWK - PUTTING YOUR PETTY LITTLE PRIVATE LIFE AGAINST THE IMPORTANCE OF WINNING THIS WAR! GET WISE TO YOURSELF, CHUM! ONLY A MONKEY WOULD EXPECT TO DO "BUSINESS AS USUAL" - AND WE HAVEN'T GOT TIME FOR MONKEY BUSINESS!

DOOR SLAM:

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FIB: Hmm. You know, Molly...maybe I was wrong.

MOL: Well, for goodness sakes..AT LAST YOU'VE BEGUN TO REALIZE -

FIB: As he says, only a monkey could - HEY WAS HE CALLIN' ME A MONKEY? WHY THAT IMPUDENT....JUST BECAUSE I THINK I GOT A RIGHT TO MORE THAN 4 GALLONS O' GAS? (FADE INTO MUSIC) A GUY OF MY STANDING IN THE COMMUNITY...FORCED TO GIVE UP HIS IMPORTANT CONTACTS BECAUSE..ETC..ETC....

ORK: "CARIOCA"

APPLAUSE:

m

FIB: (MUTTERING) ...Four gallons of gas...it's absurd! And I only get twelve miles a gallon. 48 miles! A MAN IN MY POSITION! If that ain't the dumbest....

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS, MCGEE...ARE YOU STILL MOANING ABOUT ONLY GETTING AN "A" BOOK?

FIB: WELL IT BURNS ME UP. I'M GONNA CALL THE RATION BOARD RIGHT NOW AND READ 'EM THE RIOT ACT!

MOL: A lovely idea. I'll bet they come over here in a body, on their hands and knees, dragging a tank car full of gasoline behind 'em.

FIB: YOU WAIT! Gimme the phone.

MOL: Here.

FIB: Thanks. (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR? GIMME RATION BOARD 79-J ON THE CORNER OF OHHHH, IS THAT YOU MYRT?

MOL: Oh dear. This is the sort of thing that SHOULD be rationed.

FIB: How's every little thing, Myrt? Tis eh? What say, Myrt? Your brother? Got stung by a Black Widow?

MOL: My goodness, McGee...was it fatal?

FIB: No, he was just disappointed. Seems like he used to watch a couple of newly-weds neckin' in the house next door. Now they pull the shade down.

MOL: What's that got to do with a Black Widow?

FIB: Did I say Widow? I meant WINDOW. WHAT SAY, MYRT? Oh, no answer eh? Well, never mind, Myrt...I'll write 'em a nasty letter instead. (CLICK) They don't answer, Molly. I'll bet they know who was callin' and they're ashamed to answer.

MOL: That must be it. Or else they're laughing so hard they can't talk.

FIB: LAUGHIN' AT WHAT?

MOL: You, sweetheart. The idea that you, one little citizen in 130 million, thinks he's so much more important than winning the war that -

DOORBELL:

FIB: I'm glad you got interrupted.. I think I was gonna be deeply hurt.

MOL: I think so too.. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh, Abigail Uppington...hello, Abigail!

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

FIB: Hiyah, Uppy.. Have a chair.. Then tear off three coupons and we'll gas a while.

UPP: er...thank you no, Mr. McGee. I merely wished to awsk you some mechanical advice..

FIB: You come to the right guy, Uppy. I'm a mechanical wizard.. Don't let anybody kid you. You know who really invented the Diesel engine?

UPP: GOOD HEAVENS...NOT YOU!

FIB: No.. Fella named Diesel..

MOL: So what?

FIB: So I guess that shows I know something about engines. What's your trouble, Upsy?

UPP: Well, Mr. McGee...like most conscientious citizens, I wish to get the utmost mileage out of the gasoline allowed me, while not exceeding thirty-five miles an hour..

MOL: Yes, -

UPP: So I wondered if it would help to maintain a lower speed if I drove with the emergency brake on?

FIB: Oh my gosh!!! WHY YOU'LL WEAR OUT YOUR BRAKES IN NO TIME, UPPY. AND BESIDES..YOUR ENGINE WILL KEEP STOPPING.

UPP: Yes, I'd noticed that, Mr. McGee. It stopped again as I drove up in front of your house just now.

MOL: That's what you did, Abigail. You killed your engine!

UPP: GOOD HEAVENS!!! AND IT WAS SUCH A GOOD ENGINE, TOO! (SIGHS) Ahh, well, I shall have my butler give it a decent burial in the back yard, tonight. Perhaps a few flowers would --

FIB: No no no!..you don't have to bury it, Uppy! It'll come to life again. AND I'M GLAD YOU MENTIONED MILEAGE RATIONING! YOU KNOW WHAT THEY DONE TO ME, UPPY?

MOL: Oh dear. Here comes the moan of the mistreated motorist again!

FIB: THEY ONLY GAVE ME A "A" BOOK, UPPY! FOUR GALLONS A WEEK! IT'S A INFRINGEMENT ON PERSONAL LIBERTY, THAT'S WHAT IT'S AN INFRINGEMENT ON!

MOL: Taking McGee as an average citizen, Abigail, I'll bet you never realized how low the average was.

UPP: MR. MCGEE, AS USUAL, YOU ARE BEING STUPIDLY SELF-CENTERED. ANY INTELLIGENT PERSON KNOWS THAT EVERY EXTRA, UNNECESSARY MILE OF WEAR ON A SINGLE TIRE IS PRACTICALLY SABOTAGE. DO YOU THINK, FOR ONE SINGLE MINUTE, THAT YOUR DRAB LITTLE DRIVING HABITS ARE OF ANY IMPORTANCE WHATSOEVER DURING TIMES LIKE THESE?

Did not it

FIB: Well, I don't think --

UPP: THAT IS QUITE OBVIOUS! GOOD DAY!

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: You're not getting much support in your anti-rationing campaign, dearie. Everybody understands it but you.

FIB: CAN I HELP IT IF I'M THE ONLY COOL-HEADED, CLEAR THINKER OF THE LOT? WITH ME IT'S THE PRINCIPLE OF THE THING.

MOL: You'd better put your principle in another bank. You're not getting any interest.

FIB: Four gallons of gas. IF THAT ISN'T THE WORST INJUSTICE I EVER HEARD OF. AND ME THAT'S USED TO DRIVING A HUNDRED MILES A WEEK. DO YOU REALIZE, MRS. MCGEE, THAT JUST BECAUSE OF THIS, WE'RE GONNA HAVE BAD CROPS THIS YEAR?

MOL: Leave deeper footprints, dearie....I can't follow you.

FIB: WELL, I'M TELLIN' YOU THERE'S GONNA BE A CROP SHORTAGE. AND WHY? TOO MANY RABBITS. THEY EAT THE CROPS. AND WHY TOO MANY RABBITS? BECAUSE GUYS LIKE ME CAN'T GET ENOUGH GAS TO GO HUNTIN'! IT'S PREPOSTEROUS.

MOL: Look, McGee..I'M tired of arguing about it. You're all wet and I haven't got time to keep drying you off. Now you just sit down and write a letter to Mr. Roosevelt. Pour your little heart out. Make him cry. (FADE OUT) Personally I'M going out in the kitchen and make myself a cup of tea.

FIB: (TO HIMSELF) Not bad idea at that! Lemme see now... "DEAR MR. PRESIDENT". Or is that too formal. DEAR CHIEF...that's it! DEAR CHIEF, I KNOW YOU MUST BE PRETTY BUSY THESE DAYS, BUT I GOTTA VERY IMPORTANT -

DOORBELL:

FIB: Excuse me, Frank -- somebody at the door. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

TEE: Hi, Mister.

FIB: Oh, go away, little girl. I'M in no mood to stand around and fiddle the fiddle with you. I'M SORE!

TEE: Where?

FIB: Wel-l-l....in the driver's seat, if you must know. IT'S THIS MILEAGE RATIONING! THAT'S WHAT I'M SORE ABOUT... ME...ONLY GETTIN' FOUR GALLONS. WHO DO THEY THINK I AM?

TEE: Geeeee, who do YOU think you are? My daddy only got that much and he says he can make it do.

FIB: WELL, YOUR DADDY IS...SAYYY...I'D LIKE TO HAVE A TALK WITH HIM. WHERE IS HE?

TEE: He's out of town, mister. He's in Grand Rapids, Michigan.

FIB: Grand Rapids, eh? I played there many times in vaudeville, sis. Old Empress Theatre. Great little city. Big furniture center. Been lots of big fortunes made there in furniture, sis.

TEE: I know, mister. Lumber jack. (GIGGLES)

FIB: LOOK, SIS...it was me that had the vaudeville act....not you. What's your daddy doin' there?

TEE: He's an engineer, mister, and radio station W.O.O.D. there has got a new transmitter with more power, and he helped 'em install it and they're gonna desecrate it tonight.

FIB: You don't mean DESECRATE, sis. You mean DEDICATE.

TEE: Maybe. Anyway, they carry your program, mister.

FIB: Sis...as I said before, I haven't got the patience today to stand here and dilly the dally with you. Next time you wanta come over and bother me, don't come. Call me up.

TEE: It'll cost a nickel. You wanna give me the nickel, mister?

FIB: No, I don't!

TEE: Cheapskate!

FIB: WHAT WAS THAT?

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: WHAT DID YOU SAY?

TEE: I dunno. I wasn't listening. And look, mister...

FIB: Eh?

TEE: If I were you, I betcha, I'd stop crabbing about mileage rationing, I betcha.

FIB: OH YOU WOULD!

TEE: Sure. How do you think we can keep Doolittle over there if we don't keep doing more over here? So long, mister!

DOOR SLAM:

ORK: "YEAH MAN"

APPLAUSE:

THIRD SPOT

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FIB: (MUTTERS TO HIMSELF) FOUR GALLONS OF GAS! ...I DUNNO WHY THEY COULDN'T OF GIVEN ME MORE AND TRUSTED ME NOT TO DRIVE SO MUCH...SHUCKS, I REALIZE THE RUBBER SITUATION IS BAD, BUT MY GOSH...FOUR GALLONS FOR A MAN IN MY POSITION...

MOL: (FADE IN) McGee...I just decided what I was going to get you for Christmas.

FIB: Eh? You did? What?

MOL: A good bird dog...You've got the longest grousing season of anybody I know!

FIB: WELL, ~~GEE~~ WHIZZ, IT'S AN IMPOSITION. FOUR GALLONS OF --

DOORBELL:

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: WELL, HEAVENLY DAYS...MAYOR LATRIVIA!

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

FIB: HIYAH, LA TRIVIA! ...HEY, what's this Wilcox was telling us about you joining the Coast Guard?

GALE: It's quite true, McGee. I leave tomorrow. I just dropped in to say goodbye.

MOL: Well, we'll really miss you, Mr. LaTrivia. Who's going to be Mayor in your place?

GALE: Oh, they'll probably appoint a Mayor Pro Tem.

FIB: Pro Tem. Eh? I don't think I know him, La Trivia. What's his first name?

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MOL: PRO TEM, McGee, is a French expression, meaning till they get somebody better. Isn't it, Mr. Mayor?

GALE: Well...er...roughly, Mrs. McGee.

FIB: Wasn't joinin' the Coast Guards kinda sudden for you, La Trivia?

GALE: Oh no. I've been trying to wind up my affairs for sometime so I could do it, McGee. I'm very happy that I was accepted.

MOL: Have you had any experience with small boats, Mr. Mayor?

GALE: Why...why yes...in a way...yes.

FIB: WHADDYA MEAN, IN A WAY. WHAT EXPERIENCE HAVE YOU HAD WITH SMALL BOATS?

GALE: Well...I...er...I've been thru the Tunnel of Love, at Coney Island.

MOL: Oh, you're just fooling!

GALE: Yes I am, Mrs. McGee. Seriously I'm rather an expert on small craft. I once had a little sloop on Long Island Sound.

FIB: What kind - clam chowder?

MOL: McGee, he said SLOOP...not SOUP.

FIB: Oh. What'd you go in as, La Trivia? A captain?

GALE: Certainly not. I'm an ordinary apprentice seaman to start with.

MOL: Why, McGee?

FIB: Well, if La Trivia had spoke to me, I mighta got him a commission. I know a certain guy who's got a cousin that knows the secretary of a very important -

GALE: I don't want a commission, McGee. Not till I earn it.

MOL: Anyway, McGee, if you know such important people why do you keep crabbing about only getting an "A" book?

FIB: HEY I'M GLAD YOU BROUGHT THAT UP, MOLLY! LOOK LA TRIVIA, YOU'RE THE MAYOR..ANYWAY FOR ONE MORE DAY. I WANNA ASK A FAVOR, I WANT YOU TO USE YOUR INFLUENCE.

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GALE: In what way, McGee?
FIB: YOU KNOW WHAT THAT RATIONING BOARD DONE TO ME? ONLY
GAVE ME A "A" BOOK. FOUR GALLONS A WEEK! IT'S RIDICULOUS!
A MAN OF MY IMPORTANCE IN THE COMMUNITY -
GALE: Oh, so you're one of the moaners and groaners. One of
those astigmatic individuals who thinks the war is
being fought - only by soldiers and sailors and Marines.
FIB: Well, I -
GALE: LET ME TELL YOU, IT ISN'T! EVERYTHING YOU DO IN YOUR
DAILY LIFE HAS SOME EFFECT ON OUR WAR PROGRAM!
FIB: Yeah? I suppose the way I comb my hair is important, eh?
GALE: YES IT IS. WHAT'S YOUR COMB MADE OF? RUBBER! THAT'S
A PIECE OF RUBBER THAT DIDN'T GO INTO A TIRE. IT WAS
MADE WHEN THIS COUNTRY HAD PLENTY OF RUBBER. AND WE
HAVEN'T GOT PLENTY NOW! WE'RE DANGEROUSLY SHORT OF IT.
WHAT WE HAVE GOT, WE NEED FOR MILITARY PURPOSES AND
ESSENTIAL TRANSPORTATION. DO YOU BELONG TO A CAR POOL?
FIB: Wel-l-l no, but -
GALE: ARE YOU ENGAGED IN ANY IMPORTANT WAR WORK, McGee?
FIB: Well, no, I guess not, but gee whiz -

GALE: THEN FOR HEAVENS SAKE, STOP YOUR GRIPING! YOU'RE LUCKY
YOU'VE GOT A CAR AT ALL! (PAUSE) Excuse me, McGee. When I
get over to Africa, or Australia, or wherever they send me,
I'll be thinking of you, McGee, and the hardships you're
suffering. Well, goodbye, Mrs. McGee...I'll see you when
this is over.
MOL: Goodbye, Mr. Mayor...and happy landings.
GALE: Thank you. Goodbye, McGee.
FIB: Good luck, La Trivia. Don't take any wooden anchors!
GALE: I won't. And McGee...
FIB: Eh?
GALE: When you DO drive, if you get up to 35 miles an hour, think
of somebody who didn't get a rubber lifeboat. Goodbye.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: My isn't he a nice man, McGee?
FIB: Yeah, La Trivia's all right. And you know, Molly..maybe I
been wrong about this whole thing.
MOL: WHAT?
FIB: Yes sir..Maybe I can get along on four gallons all right.
MOL: Oh now, McGee..a man of your importance in the community -
FIB: A MAN OF MY IMPORTANCE OUGHTTA SET AN EXAMPLE TO THESE GUYS
THAT ARE CRABBIN' ABOUT NOT GETTIN' ENOUGH GAS. WHY, WHEN
I --
SOUND: (DOORBELL)

MOL: Well, we're doing a nice business aren't we? COME IN!
DOOR OPEN:
WIMP: Hello, Mrs. McGee...hello, Mr. McGee.
MOL: Oh hello, Mr. Wimple.
FIB: Hiyah, Wimp. Whaddye hear from the mob?
WIMP: Please, Mr. McGee..that's no way to talk about Mrs. Wimple.
MOL: He didn't mean her, Mr. Wimple..that was just a variation
on HELLO JOE, WHADDYE KNOW?
WIMP: Oh. (LAUGHS) Well, I don't know much, folks..did you go to
the football game Saturday?
FIB: No, we didn't, Wimp. You a football fan?
WIMP: Oh indeed I am. It's about the only chance I get to shout
insults at people bigger than me. I wrote a poem about
football.
MOL: Did you really, Mr. Wimple? Let's hear it.
WIMP: All righty. I call the poem "FOOTBALL" - because that's
the title of it.
FIB: I never heard a better reason. Go ahead, Wimp.
WIMP: "FOOTBALL"...

I'VE SAVED MY MONEY FROM SODAS AND GUM
TO BUY A SEAT AT THE STADI-UM
TO SEE A COLLEGE FOOTBALL GAME
THOUGH I DON'T KNOW WHY..THEY'RE ALL THE SAME
BUT I GOT A SEAT ON THE TEN YARD LINE,
WHERE I SHOULD SEE THE GAME JUST FINE,
SO ALL THRU THE GAME, WHAT DID I SEE?
JUST THE BACKS OF THE PEOPLE IN FRONT OF ME.

The End.

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The End.

MOL: Why that's simply a wonderful poem, Mr. Wimple. McGee,
that ought to appeal to you.

FIB: I wonder why it doesn't. Wimp, you mean to tell us there's
a market for that stuff?

WIMP: Oh yes, Mr. McGee..I'm sending this to my publishers right
now. Tell me, if I send it airmail today, will it get to
New York by the end of the week?

MOL: Of course it will, Mr. Wimple.

WIMP: Isn't that wonderful!

FIB: What's so wonderful about it getting to New York in four
days:

WIMP: It's addressed to Philadelphia.

MOL: Does your wife like your poetry, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: Well, no, Mrs. McGee..Sweetface is more the PHYSICAL type.
Did you know she had a job at the filling station last week?

FIB: What doin'?

WIMP: Blowing up tires. But she had to quit.

MOL: Why?

WIMP: Her lips got chapped. Well, I've got to get to the post
office. Goodbye, now.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: I wonder if Mr. Wimple will ever...MCGEE...WHERE ARE YOU
GOING?

FIB: (OFF MIKE) WANNA PEEK OUT THE WINDOW...NO...IT'S
OKAY.

MOL: What's okay?

FIB: WIMPLE'S WALKIN' TO THE POST OFFICE..

MOL: What difference does it make how he gets there?

FIB: WHADD'YE MEAN, WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE? HE
AIN'T GOT ANY RIGHT TO DRIVE DOWN THERE! IT'S ONLY
FIVE BLOCKS. WE CAN'T DRIVE OUR CARS FOR TRIVIAL STUFF
LIKE THAT!

MOL: Well for goodness sakes...when did YOU get converted?

FIB: WELL YOU HEARD WHAT LA TRIVIA SAYS ABOUT THE RUBBER
BOAT? THAT BRUNG IT HOME TO ME! UP TILL THEN I
WAS --

DOORBELL:

FIB: COME IN

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh...er...How do you do..did you wish to see someone?

WOMAN: Yeth. I wath looking for Mithter La Trivia...is he
here? (BABY WHIMPERS) HUTH, THWEEHEART!

FIB: Sorry, sis, La Trivia just left a few minutes ago.

WOMAN: Oh thank you tho much...he probably went home. I am
hith thithter, Mithith Thimpton.

MOL: How do you do, I'm sure....this is my husband, Mr. McGee,
Mrs. Thimpton.

WOMAN: Not THIMPTHON, Mithith McGee. THIMPTHON. ETH, LIKE IN
THANTA CLAUTH, I. M. P. ANOTHER ETH, O. N.

FIB: Oh, Simpson. Glad to know you, sis. But maybe -

BABY CRY:

MOL: Oh, what a sweet little baby! What's his name, dearie?

WOMAN: Thuthan. Thuthan Thimpthon.

BABY CRY:

WOMAN: Now now now...don't cry, Thweetheart...

BABY CRY LOUDER:

WOMAN: No no no...muthn't cry...HERE...HERE' TH YOUR TEETHING RING...

BABY CALMS DOWN:

FIB: HEY, CUT THAT OUT...GIMME THAT!

BABY CRY UP LOUD:

MOL: McGEE...WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

WOMAN: YETH...I CONFETH I DON'T UNDERTHAND...

FIB: DID YOU SEE WHAT THAT KID'S DOIN'? CHEWIN' ON THAT TEETHING
RING? DON'T YOU KNOW THAT'S MADE OF RUBBER?

BABY CRY UP LOUD:

FIB: GO AHEAD, HOWL YOUR HEAD OFF!! I DID TOO, TILL I UNDERSTOOD
THE SITUATION! DON'T YOU REALIZE, KID, THAT HIS RUBBER
THING IS SERIOUS? DON'T YOU REALIZE THAT WE GOTTA UTILIZE
EVERY SCRAP OF RUBBER FOR ESSENTIAL PURPOSES?

BABY WAY UP:

FIB: (SHOUTS OVER BABY INTO MUSIC) OKAY, OKAY...BUT YOU AIN'T
GONNA EAT ANY RUBBER WHILE I'M HERE! DON'T YOU REALIZE
THAT WE ALL GOTTA...ETC.ETC.ETC...

ORK: "EVERYTHING I LOVE" FADE FOR:

December 1, 1942

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WIL: We all know how important transportation is today --
trains, trucks and planes -- all operating at maximum
capacity to help maintain the country's tremendous
war production. How many of you know that wax finishes
made by Johnson play a part in keeping up these
transportation units? Some streamlined trains wear a coat
of specially prepared wax finish to make them easier and
quicker to clean -- and to offer some protection against the
elements. Many thousands of commercial trucks across the
country are waxed with this same special Johnson
transportation wax polish. Planes are given a wax coat also,
particularly those that have to stand up against the
corrosive action of sea air. These wax finishes do much
more than keep up appearances -- they give real protection
and they save maintenance labor when manpower is a vital
issue. Truck operators and transportation executives are
invited to write S. C. JOHNSON & SON, at Racine, Wisconsin,
or Brantford, Canada, for full information about these
wartime uses for wax finishes.

ORCH: (MUSIC SWELL - FADE ON CUE)

(2ND REVISION) -26-

TAG

FIB: Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Gale Gordon - our "MAYOR LA TRIVIA" was with us for the last time tonight, before going into the service. He's only one of many of our group now in our Armed Forces..musicians, engineers, sound technicians, and others behind the scenes whose names you probably wouldn't know, but who were valued members of our company, just the same. We'd like to take this occasion to wish, you, Gale, and all the other boys, the very best of luck, and to assure you of a warm welcome when you come back.

GALE: Thank you, Fibber.

MOL: And if all of you give that BIG SHOW everything you gave our little one, your new sponsor, Uncle Sam, will be very happy.

FIB: Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all!

ORCH: (CLOSING SIGNATURE) (FADE ON CUE)

WIL: The character 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. Goodnight.

This program has reached you from Hollywood.

THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

(CHIMES)

WRITERS: Don Quinn
Bill Danch

(REVI

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

1942 (11)

December 8, 1942

NBC - RED