

WRITERS: Don Quinn
Bill Danch

(REVISED)

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

1942 (11)

December 8, 1942

NBC - RED 6:30-7:00

(REVISED) -2-

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 "New Sun In The Sky"

ORCH: " NEW SUN IN THE SKY" ...FADE FOR.

OPENING COMMERCIAL

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ANNCR: You'll agree with me that the looks, the character and the charm of a home certainly do not depend upon the amount of money spent on it. A piece of furniture, a hanging or a floor covering may be in very good taste -- and be very inexpensive. No, it isn't the money - it's all the little things you do that make your home friendly and cozy. The use of wax is one of these things - because certainly where floors and furniture and woodwork are regularly waxed, they give beauty and charm to an entire home. And wax also is inexpensive -- a small bottle or can of JOHNSON'S PASTE, LIQUID or CREAM WAX goes a long ways -- pays for itself many times over in hours of work saved and in the protection that a shield of genuine JOHNSON'S WAX gives to wood, leather and metal finishes.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

-4-

WIL: THE SQUIRE OF 79 WISTFUL VISTA IS A MAN OF MANY PARTS. SO IS A VACUUM CLEANER. THE PARTY OF THE FIRST PART IS JUST NOW FINDING OUT ABOUT THE PARTY OF THE SECOND PART HAVING SO MANY PARTS AS WE JOIN -- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE

SOUND: CLATTER OF PARTS & TOOLS

FIB: (MUTTERS) Of all the doggone, complicated -- I dunno why it takes so much machinery to create a vacuum! This is like building a million-dollar laboratory to split an atom!

CLATTER OF JUNK

MOL: Haven't you got that vacuum cleaner fixed yet, McGee?

FIB: Nope. I been workin' on it all day, and all I can see wrong with it is there's a little gadget missin' off the thingamajig that goes under the whatis behind the hootenanny here.

MOL: Yes, I know. I told you that before you started.

FIB: YOU DID?

MOL: Certainly. But you wouldn't listen. You kept saying "WHAT DO WOMEN KNOW ABOUT MECHANICS?" and brushed me off.

FIB: Well, they DON'T know anything about mechanics. Matter of fact, women don't know much about anything.

MOL: WHY FIBBER MCGEE, HOW CAN YOU --

FIB: OHHH, they're sweet and nice and all that, but when it comes down to actually DOIN' things, it takes a man.

MOL: Well, who'd we better get?

FIB: I dunno. Maybe Mort Topcs might...WHADDYE MEAN, WHO'LL WE GET?

MOL: Well, I don't agree with you that men are smarter than women.

FIB: Oh you don't? Who does all the important work in this world and earns the dough so you women can eat and have good clothes and a home and stuff? MEN, THAT'S WHO!

MOL: I see. We take what you earn, so you think that makes you smarter than we are. (LAUGHS)

FIB: Yeah, but it's men that make life easy for you. A woman couldn't even open a can of beans if some man hadn't invented the can opener.

MOL: You really said something there, dearie!

FIB: Eh? Whatcha mean?

MOL: Look - for a thousand years, women have been cooking beans in an oven and then serving 'em in dishes. Then along comes Mr. Man, the Smartypants. Going to save us a lot of trouble. So he invents a tin can to put the beans in. Then he finds he has to invent a can opener to get the beans OUT. Then he spends so much time trying to sell his new gadget from door to door, he gets home late, and his wife has to heat the beans over again in the oven and might just as well have cooked them there in the first place!

FIB: Yeah, but I maintain -

MOL: I'M sorry, dearie, the Battle of the Sexes is another program. I've got things to do and you've got to fix that vacuum cleaner.

FIB: Can't fix it till I get one of them little thingumabobs that attaches to the whatsis. Gimme the phone. I'll have the hardware store send one over.

MOL: The phone's out of order.

FIB: AHHH, THE PHONE'S OUT OF ORDER, SHE SAYS! THERE'S A FINE SAMPLE OF WOMEN'S INEFFICIENCY! WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME, SO I COULD OF REPORTED IT, AND HAD IT FIXED?

MOL: I reported it myself, first thing this morning.

FIB: Eh! Oh!..Well, I..er..they sending somebody out?

MOL: Naturally. They said there'd be a repairman out immediately.

FIB: A repairman, eh! (LAUGHS) I don't suppose you know any WOMEN that could of fixed it?

MOL: A woman wouldn't have invented the telephone in the first place. Who wants a nickel's worth of gossip when the back fence is free?

DOORBELL:

FIB: That must be the repairman now. COME IN, BUD!

DOOR OPEN:

WOMAN: McGee's residence?

MOL: Well, we're still arguing that point with the F.H.A., but we live here.

WOMAN: I'm from the telephone company. You reported your phone out of order?

FIB: DOGGONE IT, SIS, DID YOU HAVE TO COME WAY OUT HERE JUST TO CHECK UP ON THAT? WHY DIDN'T THEY SEND A REPAIRMAN?

WOMAN: I'm the repairman. Where's the telephone?

MOL: Right here. It went dead this morning and I don't know just what-

WOMAN: Don't worry. I'll find it. (SOUND: CLICK CLICK CLICK)

FIB: (SNICKERS) Boy this is gonna be good! Better fix up the guest room, Molly. She'll be here a week!

MOL: That'll be nice. Maybe she'll tell me how the phone company trains those bumble-bees.

FIB: What bumble-bees?

MOL: The ones that give you that busy signal...

WOMAN: Hand me my screw driver, please..thank you...

SOUND: SLIGHT CLANK...SOUNDS OF TOOLS, ETC.

FIB: (LAUGHS) Oh this is rich! Alexandria Graham Belladonna!
I'll bet she don't know a transmitter from a -

WOMAN: Quiet please. (CLICK CLICK) HELLO! THIS IS NUMBER 29,
TESTING...1.2.3.4.5.6.7.....WOOF WOOF!! OKAY? RING
ME BACK, PLEASE.

SOUND: RECEIVER CLICK: LOUD RINGING: CLICK

WOMAN: HELLO. OAKY NO!! ALL CLEAR.

(CLICK)

WOMAN: It's all right now sir. I don't think you'll have any
more trouble.

FIB: WHAT? IT'S FIXED ALREADY? WHAT WAS THE MATTER WITH IT,
SIS?

WOMAN: The diaphragm was full of cigar ashes.
Good day!

DOOR SLAM:

(PAUSE)

FIB: So that's where those ashes went last nite!!

MOL: Why didn't you ask her to fix the vacuum cleaner for you,too,
sweetheart?

FIB: PAHHHH! Just because she managed to make a simple
adjustment on the telephone, by some fluke, don't mean she
could - AND I'LL BET THE PHONE DON'T EVEN WORK NOW!

MOL: Try it.

FIB: I will. Gimme!

MOL: Here.

FIB: (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR? GIMME THE HARDWARE STORE.
THE NUMBER IS WISTFUL VISTA, O.O.O.OH, IS THAT YOU, MYRT?

MOL: Now, I'm sorry she DID get it fixed!

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FIB: HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING, MYRT? T'IS, EH? WHAT SAY,
MYRT? YOU'RE UNCLE? WELL, HE'S SURE GOT THE RIGHT
SPIRIT, MYRT, BUT IF HE'S OVER 38 YEARS OLD, I DON'T
THINK HE CAN GET BACK IN.

MOL: The Army, McGee?

FIB: No, High School. WHAT SAY, MYRT? WELL, MAYBE I
BETTER GO DOWN THERE MYSELF ANYWAY. THANKS, MYRT.
(CLICK) Line's busy at the hardware store, Molly.
Wanna go down there with me?

MOL: If you'll walk.

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, IF I WALK!!! FOUR GALLONS OF GAS!
I gotta save that for something non-essential.
Come on, let's go.

MOL: I'll be with you in just a minute. I've got to
fix my hair a little and put on my face...(FADE)
I'LL BE DOWN IN JUST A JIFFY...

FIB: (TO HIMSELF) AHHHH, WOMEN, WOMEN, WOMEN!!! Put
on their face, fix their hair, find their gloves,
get a hanky, squirt on some perfume, straighten
their seams, change their earrings, pull down their
girdle, where'd I put my purse? Does my slip show?
OF ALL THE DUMB, INEFFICIENT --

DOORBELL:

FIB: COME IN! COME IN! COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

WOMAN: Mr. McGee?

FIB: Yes.

WOMAN: 30 cents please. I'm collecting for the evening paper.

FIB: Okay. Here you are sis. BUT WHY DON'T THE PAPER BOY
COLLECT?

WOMAN: I'm the paper boy now. Thank you!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Boy, what a changing world! HEY, MOLLY. HURRY UP!

MOL: (WAY OFF MIKE) What's all the rush, McGee?

FIB: I WANNA GET OUTA HERE BEFORE THE FINANCE COMPANY SENDS A
COUPLE OF CUTIES OUT TO PICK UP THE PIANO!

ORK: "SWAMPFIRE"

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: WALKING ON SIDEWALK: OCCASIONAL TRAFFIC NOISES:

FIBBER: Women, women, women!! Women telephone repairmen, women
wrestlers, women mechanics..women paper boys!!

MOLLY: Oh stop your complaining, McGee..I imagine a woman delivering
the evening paper will be very conscientious.

FIBBER: THAT'S JUST IT! I'M SO USED TO LOOKIN' ALL THRU THE SHRUBBERY,
HOW CAN I EVER FIND THE PAPER IF IT'S LAYIN' RIGHT THERE ON
THE PORCH?

MOLLY: Incidentally, McGee...I forgot to tell you.

FIBBER: Forgot to tell me what?

MOLLY: Next time you write a note for the milkman, you better let
me do it. She's a redhead.

FIBBER: YOU MEAN EVEN THE MILKMAN IS A WOMAN NOW? OH my gosh!! I
dunno what this country is comin' to when -

MOL: MCGEE..LOOK WHO'S COMING...MRS. UPPINGTON!

FIB: Get a load of the uptown strut! Andybody'd think a peacock
brought her, instead of a common stork.

MOL: Now don't be unpleasant, dearie. It isn't nice to hate people
just because they're rich.

FIB: I don't hate her just because she's rich. Though that helps.
It's the way she looks down her nose at me. I tried starin'
back at her once and I was crosseyed for three days.

MOL: Well don't try to embarrass her, McGee. It frightens me.

FIB: It does?

MOL: Yes, - she's so aristocratic she turns blue when she blushes.
And besides, she-- OH HELLO THERE ABIGAIL, DARLING!

UPP: (FADE IN) Oh how do you do, Mrs. McGee...AND Mr. McGee!

FIB: Hiyah, Uppy. You on your way somewhere, or have you been where
you're going?

UPP: Oh this is strictly business, Mr. McGee. (LAUGHS GAILY) I am
a working girl now, you know!

FIB: You may be working but you're no gir-

MOL: MCGEE!

FIB: Eh? Oh!

MOL: YOU, WORKING, ABIGAIL? Heavenly days, who on earth would ever
hire...I mean what could you possibly do that would be worth-
..that is, WELL, WHERE ARE YOU WORKING?

UPP: Ahhhhh, that's my little secret, Mrs. McGee. I am trying to
avoid any publicity, you know. It is SO boring to have one's
picture continually in the newspapers.

FIB: It sure is, Uppy, - I used to keep seeing your picture in the
paper and I was never so bored in my -

MOL: AND YOU WON'T TELL US WHAT YOU ARE DOING, ABIGAIL?

UPP: Please, no, Mrs. McGee. It is QUAIT confidential. But it
is SO thrilling, to feel onesself a part of the humming
business life of the city. To feel that one, in one's small
way, is doing one's best to help one's fellow man.

FIB: I'll give you a fin for those five ones, Uppy.

UPP: I BEG YOUR PARDON, MR. MCGEE?

MOL: Oh he was just trying to be smart, Abigail.

UPP: Really! I am sorry I seem to be always present when the
attempt fails. Have you ever achieved it, Mr. McGee?

FIB: Whatcha mean, Uppy?

UPP: I MEAN, MR. MCGEE, THAT I DO NOT WISH YOU TO THINK THAT YOUR
ATTEMPTS AT HUMOR ARE ENTIRELY UNAPPRECIATED.

FIB: Honest? You don't just say that because you admire me?

UPP: MY ADMIRATION STOPS SOMEWHAT SHORT OF ADULATION. IN SHORT,
I CONSIDER YOU A HUMORIST IN A CLASS WITH MARK TWAIN!

MOL: Isn't that grand!

FIB: Mark Twain, eh? Is he dead?

UPP: VERY! I see you have grasped my point. And now, if you will excuse me, Mrs. McGee, I must be going.

MOL: Oh don't rush off, Abigail. I'd like to hear more about this new work of yours.

FIB: Me too, Uppity. Gee, it must give you a lotta satisfaction to hold down a real man's job.

UPP: Indeed it does, Mr. McGee. You must try it sometime. Well, goodbye, Mrs. McGee...I just have time to get to the office and put on my uniform.

MOL: UNIFORM!

UPP: Yes..such fun, really. There is nothing like wearing a uniform you know, to give one a feeling of esprit de corps.

FIB: Ain't it the truth, Uppy? I rented one from a costume company once and I had that feeling for weeks. Itched all over. Maybe it was just my imagination, but I'd of swore ---

UPP: PLEASE, MR. MCGEE! Good day, Mrs. McGee.

TRAFFIC UP AND FADE:

FIB: Did I say something wrong?

MOL: I don't know, McGee, but I DO wish you two would stop snarling at each other. I always feel like I'd spent the day climbing in and out of a ring with a towel and a pail of water.

FIB: Ahhh, she's so doggone high hat. She burns me up. She always acts like she just stepped off Plymouth Rock and I was something that crawled out from under it.

MOL: I wonder what kind of a job she's got.

FIB: I dunno, but it's gettin' worse and worse. The way women are takin' mens' jobs is awful.

MOL: Oh, it isn't that bad...come on...we've got to get to the hardware store...NO NO NO!!.. WE CAN'T CROSS THE STREET NOW. THE LIGHT'S AGAINST-US!

FIB: Aw come on. There's hardly any traffic...

SOUND: TRAFFIC UP: SEVERAL SHORT, LOUD BLASTS ON POLICE WHISTLE

WOMAN: (OFF MIKE) (FLANNELMOUTH IRISH) WATCH YER STEP, THERE, OR I'LL BE RUNNIN' YE IN FER JAYWALKIN'!!! GO WAN BACK TO THE CURB NOW - BOTH OF YE!!

MOL: Heavenly days...a policewoman!

FIB: THIS IS TOO MUCH! I'M GOIN' HOME AND LEARN HOW TO CROCHET!

MOL: Now now now...this is war, McGee...somebody's got to take the men's places. Come on...we've got the light...

(TRAFFIC UP, HOLD, AND FADE ON CUE:)

FIB: (MUTTERS) Women - women cops....

WIL: (FADE IN) WELL, HELLO, FOLKS...DOING YOUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING?

MOL: Oh, hello Mr. Wilcox. No, we're just down to buy a part for our vacuum cleaner.

FIB: Hey, Harlow...you still workin' for Johnson's Wax?

WIL: Certainly. Why?

FIB: You mean no woman has taken your place yet?

WIL: What are you talking about, chum?

MOL: He's frightened, Mr. Wilcox...

FIB: You ain't kiddin'. I really am! The women are movin' in on us, Wilcox! I'M scared.

WIL: Oh, don't be like that!

FIB: I'M telling you - the first time I see a bunch of girls standing on a corner, watchin' men get on the street car - I'M OFF FOR THE TALL TIMBER!

MOL: He's had a bad day, Mr. Wilcox. We've got a lady milkman, a lady paper-boy, the telephone repairman was a woman, and we just got bawled out by a female cop.

WIL: Personally, Fibber, I think it's a great thing.

FIB: TRAITOR!

WIL: Not at all. We wouldn't be in business if it weren't for women being so smart.

MOL: How's that, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Well, if women hadn't demanded an easier, simpler way to protect and preserve their kitchen linoleum, Johnson's Self-Polishing Gloccoat would never have been developed.

FIB: That's all very well, but suppose -

WIL: WHY IT'S THE WOMEN WHO REALIZED THAT A PROTECTIVE WAX POLISH LIKE JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT WAS REALLY A VERY IMPORTANT HEALTH MEASURE, TOO.

FIB: I don't quite -

WIL: BECAUSE IT SEALS SURFACES AGAINST DUST AND DIRT AND DAMPNES AND MAKES A KITCHEN WHERE FOOD IS PREPARED A GREAT DEAL MORE SANITARY PLAGE. WHY WHEN YOU STOP TO THINK THAT JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLOCOAT DRIES TO A BEAUTIFUL, MIRROR LIKE FINISH IN 20 MINUTES OR LESS, YOU....

(PAUSE)

MOL: What's the matter?

WIL: Oh nothing...but Fibber usually interrupts me about that point.

FIB: Not any more, I don't. Go right on. Give it everything. Talk as long as you like. I want you to keep your job.

MOL: Why, McGee?

FIB: YOU THINK I WANNA BE LEFT IN THIS TOWN WITH NOBODY BUT WOMEN? You're too old for the army aren't you, Wilcox?

WIL: Well, yes, but what -

FIB: AHHHHH, GOOD! We gotta see more of each other, pal. Drop around the house oftener. Let's go bowling together. And hunting. Gee Whiz, we can be a regular Damon and Runyon.

MOL: This is all very touching, McGee. It's a beautiful friendship, but we've got to get that vacuum cleaner fixed. We'll see you later, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: Okay, Molly. AND FIBBER...YOU MIGHT AS WELL STOP WORRYING ABOUT THIS BEING A WOMAN'S WORLD.

FIB: You mean you don't think it will be?

WIL: I mean it always has been! SO LONG, KIDS!

TRAFFIC UP AND FADE:

MOL: Better take his advice, McGee....you haven't got any job a woman could get anyway.

FIB: I know, but...OH OH!!

MOL: Now what?

FIB: I'm fresh outta cigars! Excuse me while I duck in this tobacco shop and get a handful.

MOL: All right.

DOOR OPEN:

WOMAN: Yes sir?

FIB: Oh my gosh...another woman! YOU GOT ANY O' MY BRAND O' CIGARS, SIS? EL HOPO DE CABAGGO IN THE TWO FOR A NICKEL SIZE?

WOMAN: Certainly sir. Here you are. Though we have a milder brand in a pure Havana with the long filler. Those you are smoking are a combination of Virginia short fiber combined with a Turkish leaf which has been crossed with the Louisiana perique. We have found in the selection of tobaccos that, under chemical analysis, the nicotine content is ---

FIB: NEVER MIND! I DON'T EAT 'EM...I JUST SMOKE 'EM. HERE'S A DIME. SO LONG!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Women, women women!!! IT'S A PLAGUE!! I'M HAUNTED!!

MOL: Now what's the matter, McGee?

FIB: A WOMAN CIGAR CLERK!! WHERE'LL THEY BE NEXT! AIN'T THERE ANY MEN WORKIN' ANYWHERE ANY MORE? HAS THE WHOLE WORLD GONE SOPRANO?

MOL: Oh now for goodness sakes, McGee. STOP RANTING! Have you seen any women who weren't doing a good job at what they were doing?

FIB: ~~No, that's just it! That's what scares me. It ain't normal! Women cops, women newsboys, women cigar salesmen, women -~~

MOL: ~~Well, what do you want, anyway? You want business just to shut up shop while all the men are away in the service? Can't you adjust yourself to the idea that -~~

OLD M: Hello there Daughter....hello, Johnny!!

FIB: Thank goodness...a MAN'S VOICE!

MOL: Hello, Mr. Old Timer. We haven't seen you for a long time.

OLD M: No, I been workin' on the other side o' town, daughter.

FIB: Doin' what, Old Timer?

OLD M: Filling station. But the boss fired me.

MOL: What did he do that for?

OLD M: Wasn't a he. It was a SHE. Got mad because I tried to kiss her. She says it was a filling station, not a pet shop. Says if I wanted to be a wolf, I better git me some new teeth. Says I didn't have the technique for a Casanova or the legs for a Romeo. Says if I wanted to make passes so bad, why didn't I go out for football? Says she loved children, but I was in my second childhood and and she only loved 'em the first time around. That got me, kids!...and I quit!

FIB: I thought you said she fired you!

OLD M: Well, anyway, I got my walkin' papers.

MOL: So has McGee. Only in his case they call it an "A" book.

OLD M: Heh heh heh...that's pretty good, daughter, but that ain't the way I heered it!

FIB: Oh pshaw...

OLD M: THE WAY I HEERED IT, ONE FELLER SAYS TO T'OTHER FELLER, "SAYYYYYYYY," HE SAYS - Hey, where you kids goin'?

MOL: We're going down to the hardware store in the next block. Why?

OLD M: Just wondered. BUT THE WAY I HEERD IT, ONE FELLER SAYS TO T'OTHER FELLER, "SAYYYYYYY," he says, "WHAT'S GONE WRONG WITH OLD MUSSOLINI?" "Oh," SAYS T'OTHER FELLER, "DIDN'T YOU KNOW? HE AIN'T GOT ANY ACES AND THE DUCE IS WILD!" Heh heh heh...well, see you later, kids. Keep it down to 35 on the road and 38 on the draft board!

ORK: "NO MORE COFFEE IN THE POT"...KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE:

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APPLAUSE:

TRAFFIC UP AND FADE: FOOTSTEPS WALKING:

MOL: I certainly would like to know what Abigail Uppington is working at, McGee. That puzzles me.

FIB: Me, too. I'll bet she's a supervisor for the police department - enforcing the blackout.

MOL: What makes you think so?

FIB: I can't think of any other use for a dim bulb like her.

MOL: ~~Oh Abigail isn't so dumb, McGee. She got very high marks on college.~~

FIB: ~~If she did, it was because she was the tallest girl in the class. That babe couldn't find the square root of a fence post!~~

MOL: Well, I like her! Though I WOULD like to know why she's keeping this job of hers such a secret.

FIB: What ever it is, I'll bet she -

MOL: HERE, MCGEE...HERE'S THE HARDWARE STORE...now do you remember what you need for the vacuum cleaner?

FIB: Sure I do. Come on.

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

WOMAN: Good day...what could I do for you?

FIB: Well, I'll be a...LOOK, SIS, COULD I SEE THE MANAGER?

WOMAN: Certainly...I'M the manager.

MOL: We hardly expected to see a woman managing a hardware store.

FIB: Maybe you didn't, Molly, but I'm gettin' so I expect to find 'em managing anything. I'll bet I can look out the back window tomorrow morning and see our garbage man powdering her nose.

WOMAN: What could I do for you, please?

MOL: Well, I don't suppose you'd know anything about it, dearie, but our vacuum cleaner is broken and we need a little er... you tell her, McGee.

FIB: Okay...look, sis, a vacuum cleaner is a pretty complicated mechanism, so I'll try to explain what I want in words of one syllable. You see -

WOMAN: What kind of a vacuum cleaner is it, please?

MOL: A Rover.

WOMAN: I see. Then you undoubtedly need the little flange that fits over the gear housing to keep the brush unit from meshing with the speed governor. That would be 237-j-129 in the new catalog, and I think I have one right here....

CLATTER OF PARTS:

WOMAN: Is this what you wanted?

(PAUSE)

MOL: WELL..IS IT, MCGEE? (PAUSE) MCGEE, CLOSE YOUR MOUTH AND STOP POPPING YOUR EYES, AND TELL ME!

FIB: Eh? Why..er...why...well, I..WHY YES...THAT'S THE VERY THING! How did you know, sis?

WOMAN: That is usually what is wanted to repair the Rover machine. That is because there is too much vibration in the gear housing for the tensile strength of the material. It causes what we call "metal fatigue" which results in undue wear. Now in the earlier models, the disc which is superimposed on the power shaft, directly under the intermediate --

MOL: MCGEE...STOP SHAKING!!! (ASIDE) I think my husband is a little ill, dearie,..I'd better get him out into the fresh air. How much is this?

WOMAN: The ceiling price is 47 cents. Though in the catalogs from 1934 to 1941, inclusive, it was listed as --

MOL: NEVER MIND...HERE'S A HALF A DOLLAR...THANK YOU VERY MUCH. Come on, McGee...brace up...IT'S ALL OVER!!!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE: TRAFFIC UP AND FADE:

MOL: MCGEE...SNAP OUT OF IT!!

FIB: Was..was I hearing things, Molly? Was that a woman? Did she know all that about vacuum cleaners?

MOL: IT WAS, AND SHE DID, AND NOW MAYBE YOU'LL BELIEVE THAT WOMEN ARE USEFUL AT TIMES.... Come on let's go home!

FIB: Boy what a day this has been!!.. Women everywhere! I'm tellin' you..it scares me!

WIMP: (FADE IN) What scares you, Mr. McGee?

MOL: OH, MR. WIMPLE....I DIDN'T SEE YOU!

FIB: Hiyah, Wimp, old man. I was just sayin' that with-all these women takin' men's places in business, I fell kinda lost. Us guys are gonna have a tough time gettin' back into circulation again!

WIMP: Oh I wouldn't worry about it, Mr. McGee...I often tell Sweetieface that woman's place is in the home.

MOL: YOU TELL HER THAT?

WIMP: Yes...and then when she gets up to start after me I tell her that wherever she is, is home to me.

FIB: Hey, what's the matter with your lips, Wimp? Fall down, or something?

WIMP: Oh no, Mr. McGee...they're just a little bruised. Cigarettes, you know.

MOL: How could you smash your lips all up with a cigarette?

WIMP: (LAUGHS) Well, sweetieface is so afraid of fire, in her feminine way, that every time she sees a lighted cigarette she stamps it out with her foot! I guess I didn't spit it out quickly enough.

MOL: You poor man. And what have you been doing downtown today?

WIMP: I went to the Bon Ton department store, Mrs. McGee. To tell Santa Claus what I wanted for Christmas.

FIB: Did you sit on his lap, Wimp?

WIMP: Oh Mr. McGee...that's ridiculous...Santa Claus hasn't got any lap!

MOL: Well what did you ask him for, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: A pair of stilts.

FIB: STILTS!

MOL: Isn't that a little childish, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: Not in this case, Mrs. McGee. I read someplace that you can tame a wild beast if you look him straight in the eye, and Sweetieface is so much taller than I am.

FIB: I get it. How's everything in the poetry department, Wimp?

WIMP: Oh I keep right on with it, McGee. I just finished a Christmas poem.

MOL: Oh let's hear it, Mr. Wimple...come on!

WIMP: All righty. I call it "THE MORNING AFTER THE NIGHT BEFORE CHARISTMAS" and it goes (CLEARS THROAT)

FIB: Hey that's the best one you've written yet!

WIMP: I was just clearing my throat, Mr. McGee.

FIB: Oh!

MOL: Natural mistake. Go on, Mr. Wimple.

WIMP: All righty. (RECITES)

FROM THE ARCTIC CIRCLE DOWN TO THE ISTHMUS,
WE'RE WAITING EAGERLY FOR CHRISTMAS,
WITH JOYOUS HEARTS AND SPARKLING EYES
FOR SANTA'S ANNUAL SURPRISE
AND I ALWAYS WIN, IN THE YULETIDE RACE
'CAUSE I STEAL SOME HOSE FROM SWEETIEFACE
AN IDEA, I THINK IS VERY CLEVER,
AS HERS HOLD MORE THAN MINE WOULD, EVER,
WITH A GAY LITTLE CAROL AND A RAZZAMATAZZ...
OH, WHAT A SOCK THAT WOMAN HAS!

Excuse me now folks...here comes my street car...goodbye!!

FIB: What a poem!

MOL: Didn't you like it, McGee?

FIB: I've read better ones on Burma Shave signs with the last two posts missing. Come on..let's go home. I'm wore out.

MOL: Well, you've had a hard day, dearie. It's been a great emotional strain on you, finding women so efficient in everything.

FIB: Well gee,whizz!...they don't have to take over EVERYTHING, DO THEY? They can leave a FEW jobs open for men. After all...

SOUND: FADBIN - HANDBELL RINGING OFF MIKE...SMALL SCHOOL BELL

MOL: McGee...give me some change...I want to drop it in the box for that Santa Claus on the corner.

(REVISED)

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FIB: Okay...here you are...I better stand back so my cigar won't set his beard on fire...

SOUND: BELL RINGING UP AND OUT.

MOL: HERE YOU ARE SANTA CLAUS!! HERE'S A LITTLE PRESENT FOR YOU!

SOUND: CLATTER OF SMALL CHANGE

UPP: Oh thank you veddy much, Mrs. McGeel!!!.

MOL: ABIGAIL!!!.

FIB: UPPY!

SOUND: BELL RINGING

UPP: (SINGING) Jingle bells, Jingle bells, jingle all the day,
Oh what fun -----

ORCH: IN FAST "OUT OF THIS WORLD"...FADE FOR:

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL

ANNCR: You've had the experience, I am sure, of walking into a wax-protected home where the floors, furniture and woodwork gleamed with that mellow, rich beauty that only wax can give. I wonder if you realized that there was something awfully important in that home besides beauty. I mean its cleanliness, and what that means in healthful living. When you wax your floors, furniture, woodwork and baseboards with JOHNSON'S WAX, you not only protect those surfaces against wear, but you actually prevent dirt from collecting there. You seal the surfaces against moisture penetration, too. And germs do not like clean, dry places. Yes, a waxed house is a clean house, and a clean house is a sanitary, healthful one. Let JOHNSON'S WAX, PASTE, LIQUID or CREAM, help you, especially in these times, to keep your home immaculate as well as beautiful.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

TAG GAG

FIB: WHERE'S THAT VACUUM CLEANER, MOLLY? I WANTA PUT THIS
THINGAMAJIG IN IT.

MOL: RIGHT WHERE YOU ALWAYS LEAVE IT. IN THE CENTER OF
THE ROOM.

FIB: OH YEAH. NOW LEMME SEE...I THINK IF I...

SOUND: (WHIRR OF SWEEPER)

FIB: HEY! WHAT THE.....IT'S FIXED!

MOL: I KNOW, I FIXED IT.

FIB: YOU DID? HOW?

MOL: I PLUGGED IT IN.

FIB: HUH? WHY OF ALL THE DOGGONED INEFFICIENCY! AIN'T THAT
JUST LIKE A WOMAN! IF YOU'D A PLUGGED IT IN THE FIRST
PLACE WE WOULDN'T A HAD ANY TROUBLE.

MOL: NO. AND WE WOULDN'T A HAD ANY SHOW, EITHER!

FIB: GEE. I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT! GOODNITE.

MOL: GOODNIGHT, ALL!

ORK: UP TO FINISH

APPLAUSE

WIL: 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, inviting you to be with us
again next Tuesday night. Goodnight. This program has
reached you from Hollywood....

THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

(CHIMES)

WRITERS: Don Quinn
Bill Danch

(REVISED)

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

1942 (12)

December 15, 1942

NBC - RED 6:30 - 7:00

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