

WRITERS: Don Quinn
Bill Danch

(REVISED)

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

1943 (15)

January 5, 1943

NBC - RED 6:30-7:00 PM

P

(REVISED)

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WIL: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM WITH FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

ORCHESTRA: 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 Billy Mills Orchestra, and the King's
men.

The show opens with..." Sing My Heart".

ORCHESTRA: " SING, MY HEART".....FADE FOR:

P

C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
WEDNESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC
JANUARY 5, 1943

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

Here we are with that same old problem that hits us about this time every year -- trying to remember to write 1943 instead of 1942. May I suggest one easy way to help you remember? Take a pencil and paper and write this sentence down ten times -- "This year, 1943, I will take better care of the things I have". Now, if you want to make the sentence complete, you can add -- "With genuine JOHNSON'S WAX". It's true, if you will wax your floors, furniture and woodwork regularly during 1943 you will be giving them real protection against wear and dirt -- at almost negligible cost. And you will be saving yourself many hours of work, besides adding to the beauty and cleanliness of your home. Housekeeping authorities call this protective housekeeping. And remember, there are 100 extra labor-saving uses for JOHNSON'S WAX in your home -- windowsills, leather goods, lampshades, venetian blinds, many others.

(SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH)

(APPLAUSE)

(2ND REVISION)

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WIL:

TONIGHT WE OFFER YOU A RARE PIECE OF AMERICANA! A PICTURE OF A PLAIN AMERICAN CITIZEN TOO FULL OF HIS WIFE'S GOOD DINNER TO SQUAWK ABOUT THE NEW TAXES. TOO CONTENTED WITH HIS CHRISTMAS CIGAR TO CRITICIZE MacARTHUR AND EISENHOWER. TOO COMFORTABLE IN HIS SLIPPERS AND SHIRTSLEEVES TO GRIPE ABOUT RATIONING, AND JUST TOO, TOO SATISFIED WITH HIS OWN STATUS QUO TO WORRY ABOUT ANYTHING AT ALL!
SO, BEFORE THIS BEAUTIFUL SCENE FADES, QUICK LIKE A BUNNY RABBIT LET'S JOIN...

--- FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY! ---

APPLAUSE:

FIB:

(SIGHS) Molly, that was really a dinner you dished up tonight. I dunno how you can be so beautiful and be such a good cook, too.

MOL:

Oh stop it, McGee. That was a very ordinary dinner.

FIB:

It was the finest feed I've flung a fang into in many a moon, baby! And for another thing, this is the best cigar I ever smoked...

MOL:

Where'd you get it?

FIB:

Got it for Christmas. Gotta whole box of 'em.

MOL:

From whom?

FIB:

Cousin Waldorf. Found it in the mailbox.

MOL: Who on earth is cousin Waldorf? I never heard of him.

FIB: You didn't? Gee, I thought he must be a cousin of yours. I never heard of him either.

MOL: Who was it addressed to?

FIB: The tag just says "TO STINKY, FROM COUSIN WALDORF". So I naturally thought it was for me.

MOL: Why Fibber McGee, those were left here by mistake. Neither of us has a cousin Waldorf.

FIB: We have now. Whoever he is, I hereby adopt him. Anybody that can pick out a cigar like this is a cousin of mine. (SIGHS) Ahhh do I feel wonderful! And looka the way these slippers fit! Snug in the heel and room enough so's I can wiggle my toes! I hope nobody comes in tonight and wants to borrow a million bucks. Because they could have it!

MOL: *What's in these cigars*
~~Is there anything besides tobacco in these cigars?~~

FIB: Ahh don't worry. I just feel good.

MOL: You certainly do. It isn't normal. But while you're in this genial mood, suppose you tell me what you want done with that blue pin stripe suit in the hall closet.

FIB: I ain't worn a blue pin-stripe suit for years. Must be an old one. Give it to somebody.

MOL: Oh I hate to give it away. It's in wonderful condition.

FIB: All old clothes look in wonderful condition till you try and wear 'em. The moths have probably been using that suit for a aircraft carrier.

MOL: There isn't a moth hole in it. It's as good as new. Though it looks a little large for you now.

FIB: All my clothes are gettin' too big. The way I been cuttin' down on butter and sugar and walkin' so much, I'M losing my business-man's bulge.

MOL: Well, the world's getting smaller every day - no reason why you shouldn't lose your little globe.

FIB: Oh, I dunno - HEY!

MOL: What?

FIB: You been talkin' about buyin' a new suit!

MOL: Yes, but I bought some war bonds instead. We mustn't buy anything we don't need.

FIB: BUT YOU DO NEED A SUIT! LOOK...YOU CAN HAVE THIS ONE CUT DOWN TO FIT YOU FOR TEN OR FIFTEEN BUCKS! AND I MUSTA PAID AT LEAST \$47.50 for it when it was new!

MOL: I've been with you every time you've bought a suit since we were married, McGee, and \$37.50 is your top price.

FIB: I was countin' the ten bucks I always save by walkin' upstairs.

MOL: Remember the last suit you bought? That sharkbone herringskin?

FIB: It was a sharkskin herringbone.

MOL: All right, but remember how the man talked you into buying it because a mandolin went with it?

FIB: He never talked me into anything! I had my choice between the mandolin and a Pepper Martin Baseball Bat.

MOL: You should have taken the ball bat. You never got to first base with the mandolin.

FIB: (LAUGHS) I guess I didn't, at that. I turned out to be kind of a false-ador.

MOL: What's a false-ador?

FIB: That's a true-bador that went sour. (LAUGHS) Get it? True-bador...False-ador? It's a play on words that --

MOL: TAIN'T FUNNY, McGEE.

FIB: It ain't? Wait'll I see Skelton. I paid him two bucks for that! ANYWAY, YOU TAKE THAT SUIT AND HAVE IT MADE OVER FOR YOURSELF!

MOL: Oh, McGee, I hate to do that. You might want it again and--

FIB: AW, FORGET IT. YOU DESERVE IT. YOU BEEN A GOOD KID! Now call up my tailor and --

~~MOL: BUT McGEE, IT'S REALLY LOVELY MATERIAL AND I DON'T LIKE TO--~~

~~FIB: THE BETTER IT IS THE MORE YOU DESERVE IT! GO ON, CALL MY TAILOR.~~

MOL: What do you mean your tailor? You never had a tailor-made suit in your life?

FIB: HE'S STILL A TAILOR IF HE ONLY SETS THE BUTTONS OVER, AIN'T HE? ANYWAY, HIS SIGN SAYS TAILOR. Here...gimme the phone.

MOL: Oh now, McGee, you're too impulsive. Let's not rush into--

FIB: IMPULSIVE, MY CLAVICLE! YOU DESERVE THE BEST THERE IS, BABY. IF I HAD THE TIME I'D RAISE SOME SHEEP, CLIP 'EM, AND WEAVE YOU A ALL-WOOL SUIT WITH MY BARE HANDS!

MOL: You spin enough yarns for the House of Kuppenheimer as it is, dearie. Here...here's the phone. But I still don't think you--

FIB: Quit arguin'. You're gonna be the best dressed woman in town if I have to make over all the old clothes I own!
(CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR? GIMME THREADBAUM THE TAILOR NEXT DOOR TO MYRT! IS THAT YOU?

MOL: Oh dear.

FIB: HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING, MYRT? T'IS, EH? WHAT SAY, MYRT?
YOUR NEPHEW? WELL HE SHOULD OF KNOWN THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH
CLUB COULDN'T DO THAT!

MOL: What did he want 'em to do?

FIB: Send him a new "A" book every thirty days. WHAT SAY, MYRT?
OKAY...CONNECT ME! HELLO, THREADBAUM? FIBBER McGEE
SPEAKIN'. HEY, DO YOU CUT DOWN MEN'S SUITS FOR WIMMEN?
EH? OH, IS THAT SO!

MOL: What did he say?

FIB: He says he couldn't cut one of mine down for more than
three women. LOOK, THREADBAUM, HOW LATE YOU OPEN? OKAY,
WE'LL BE RIGHT OVER, THREADBAUM! (CLICK) COME ON, MOLLY,
GET YOUR HAT AND COAT AND THE SUIT, AND I'LL PUT MY SHOES
ON AND WE'LL GET RIGHT OVER TO....

DOORBELL:

FIB: Did we ever start to go anyplace that the doorbell didn't
ring?

MOL: It just seems like that, dearie. Because if we've already
gone we don't hear it ring. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Well, hello there, Abigail, darling!

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

FIB: Uppy, if you ain't a sight!

UPP: What?

FIB: For sore eyes! Have a chair, Uppy. Take two. They're so
small and you're so...

MOL: McGEE! Sit down, Abigail, we're not going out for several
minutes yet.

UPP: Oh, I won't delay you, my deah...I merely wished to inquire
if you had a pair of ice skates I could borrow...with shoes
attached, of course.

IB: ICE SKATES! Well, freeze my lagoon and call me Sonia!
OL: I'm sorry, Abigail, I have some but I don't know where they
are. I'll look for them tomorrow.
PP: Oh thank you SO much. I start skating lessons Thursdays and
I don't wish to buy skating shoes until I am sure I shall
continue.
IB: What size you wear, Uppy?
PP: Well..er..of course one must allow for heavy wool stockings,
you know, and --
OL: Oh, of course, Abigail. But what size shoe do you wear?
PP: Doesn't one wear a larger ice skating shoe than one's
ordinary size? I should think that, allowing for proper
circulation, one should -
FIB: WHAT SIZE, UPPY?
PP: My instructor told me to get them as large as possible, so ---
OL: Yes, what size?
PP: Because, at first, with the unaccustomed exercise -
FIB: What size?
PP: Er.....11 $\frac{1}{2}$.
FIB: (WHISTLES) Ever do any skiing before, Uppy?
PP: I am not SKI-ING, Mr. McGee..I'm SKATING.
OL: The size threw him off, Abigail. And I'll call you as soon
as I find them.
FIB: WHATCHA KIDDIN' HER ALONG FOR, MOLLY? You wear a five and a
half shoe. How can she squeeze those landing barges of
hers into -
OL: MCGEE!
FIB: Eh?

MOL: Abigail's big feet are no concern of yours. From whom
are you taking lessons from, dearie?
UPP: From the same instructor Mr. McGee had two years ago.
FIB: Gee, honest? He remember me, Uppy?
UPP: OH, HE DOES INDEED, MR. MCGEE! HE SAID YOU WERE
THE ONLY SKATER HE EVER KNEW WHO COULD MAKE A
FIGURE EIGHT THE WAY YOU DID.
MOL: What way was that, Abigail?
UPP: Mr. McGee would make a 2 with the left foot, a
five with the right foot and a figure one, twenty
feet long, with his head. It added up to eight.
FIB: I guess I was pretty good, at that. When I was
a kid in Peoria, I --
UPP: HE ALSO SAID THAT MR. MCGEE MUST HAVE HAD MUSCLES
OF IRON.
MOL: My goodness. I never realized...
UPP: BECAUSE OTHERWISE THEY COULDN'T HAVE GOTTEN SO
RUSTY BETWEEN LESSONS.
FIB: Aw, that was...
UPP: AND FURTHERMORE, HE SAID MR. MCGEE SHOULD TAKE UP
HOCKEY.
MOL: HOCKEY?
FIB: Say! You gotta be pretty good on skates to play
hock--
UPP: He said it would give Mr. McGee a chance to skate and
carry a cane at the same time! GOOD DAY!
DOOR SLAM:
ORK: "I HAD THE CRAZIEST DREAM"

APPLAUSE:

ACT TWO:

SOUND TRAFFIC UP AND FADE

MOL: Where is this tailor shop, McGee?

FIB: Right down the street here...but don't hurry, I wanna
finish this cigar Cousin Waldorf sent me. I'll bet these
cost two bits a piece if they cost a nickel!

MOL: I still can't think who Cousin Waldorf is. I'M sure he's
not on my side of the family!

FIB: Anybody that sends cigars like this can be on my side. I'm
glad I got one relative that ----

BUM: Excuse me, Lady. HEY, BUDDY, CAN YOUSE SPARE A HALF A BUCK
FOR A LITTLE LICKER?

FIB: NO I CAN'T!

MOL: AND YOU OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED!

BUM: I dunno why, lady. Fifty cents will buy five War Savings
stamps.

FIB: I THOUGHT YOU WANTED IT FOR A LITTLE LIQUOR!
BUM: Dat's me kid brudder. He'd rather lick a War Savings
Stamp dan a lollypop. GEE, TANKS, MISTER!

TRAFFIC UP AND FADE:

FIB: Here's the tailor shop, Molly.
MOL: I'm glad we're here. This suit box was getting pretty
heavy.
FIB: You should of told me. I'd of carried it a little ways
for you. COME on.

DOOR OPEN: BELL TINKLE...DOOR CLOSE:

TAILOR: Heppy New Year to both of you, one and all.
FIB: Hiyah Threadbaum, old man. Remember me? Fibber McGee?
TAILOR: Certainly, McGee. How could I forget an old friend and a
customer who still owes me three dollars twenty five cents.
for repairing an overcoat in October? SO WHAT COULD I
DO FOR YOU, PLEASE?
FIB: Oh yes, we came here...oh excuse me, Mr. Threadbaum, my
wife, Molly.
MOL: How do you do, I'M sure. My husband thinks this old suit
could be cut down to fit me.
TAILOR: Well, what could we lost by lookin' at it?
SOUND: BOX OPEN
TAILOR: HMMMMM. A nice febric.
FIB: How's the material?
MOL: Fabric IS material, McGee.

FIB: Oh.

TAILOR: Is a very nice piece goods, McGee. It's a shame to cutting it up for a mere trifle like 12.50 so let's make it 14.95? Eh?

MOL: 12.50 or nothing.

TAILOR: Who makes anything on nothing? 12.50 it is. McGee... hand me my tape measure. Please.

FIB: I don't see any.

TAILOR: Standing in the corner.

MOL: That's a yardstick.

TAILOR: So everything is frozen now. Even tape measure. Stend still please, Mrs. McGee. (VERY FAST) Back a dozen and a half a shoulder two by the heeps and a drop the armhole for 12 inch hem lapels as is only take in 5 inches on reverse basting 14, better make it 15, okay it's fifteen, narrow cuff piece in with the vest two button style allow for left shoulder a trifle up, keep the swing natural shoulders skirt seventeen inches

~~SOUND: RIPPING...REPEAT FAST: DURING MONOLOG:~~

fill out the collar so it shouldn't droop pockets on the side can you come in Thursday for a fitting?

FIB:Er....what?

MOL: He wants me back Thursday for a fitting. Yes, I can make it, Mr. Threadbaum.

TAILOR: Good good good. (RIPPING SOUND) This was a beautiful suit, McGee. (RIPPING) Good tailoring..(RIPPING) It's a pleasure to work a febric like this. (RIPPING)

FIB: It seems to be. Now let's see, Wellington, old man, that'll be \$12.50 plus the three and a quarter I owe you. \$15.75
Is that right?

TAILOR: No, Sixteen and a quarter.

MOL: How's that?

TAILOR: When you pay cash, there's a slight additional charge.

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, AN ADDITIONAL CHARGE? YOU OUGHTTA GIVE A LITTLE DISCOUNT FOR CASH.

TAILOR: Look. Cash means no bookkeeping. No bookkeeping means I got nothing to do Saturday night. So Saturday night I go to a moving picture. Who's paying for that? Me?

MOL: Make it sixteen dollars even and sit in the balcony.

TAILOR: It's a deal. Thursday, Mrs. McGee.

FIB: She'll be here, Threadbaum. AND DO A NICE JOB. THE BEST IS NONE TOO GOOD FOR MY WIFE.

MOL: Oh now, McGee...

TAILOR: McGee, I'M building a suit that Lucius Beebe is making at with goo-goo eyes! I'M making a suit that -

TELEPHONE:

TAILOR: Excuse me, please. (CLICK) THREADBAUM THE TAILOR, ON PINS AND NEEDLES TILL YOU ORDER A SUIT. WHO'S IT PLEASE? OH MR. ADOLPHE MENJOU. JUST A MINUTE MR. MENJOU. (ASIDE) An old customer...see you Thursday, Mrs. McGee.

FIB: Okay, COME ON, MOLLY.

DOOR OPEN: TINKLE OF BELL

TRAFFIC UP AND FADE:

MOL: Did you hear that, McGee..ADOLPHE MENJOU! The best dressed man in the movies!

FIB: Yeah..and Threadbaum rang that telephone bell with his foot I saw him step on the button. But don't worry. He's a good tailor. I mind one time he --

WIL: WELL, HELLO THERE FOLKS...

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Hiyah, Junior. Have a Cigar. And a CIGAR, what I mean. Got 'em for Christmas.

WIL: Then this isn't one of your usual brand?

FIB: AND WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH MY REGULAR BRAND?

WIL: Oh nothing. But I imagine if a polecat smoked cigars, those would be the kind he'd give the boys when Mrs. Polecat had a baby.

FIB: OH YEAH. WELL LEMME TELL YOU, MY FINE-HAIRED FRIEND...

MOL: Oh stop it, McGee..I'm getting a new suit, Mr. Wilcox. A beautiful pin stripe. The tailor is making it from one of McGee's old suits...

WIL: That's great, Molly. What's he going to do with the material left over? Make slip covers for your car?

FIB: (LAUGHS) Go on, Junior..you can't make me mad tonight. I feel too good. Had a fine dinner, been smokin' the best cigars I ever had, from a cousin Waldorf I never heard of, ordered Molly a new suit, and I hear they're gonna ration spinach. Everything is rosy!

MOL: You look pretty contented yourself, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: I am, Molly, ONE of my Johnson Wax customers told me to get out of her house and never come back.

FIB: WHAT? YOU GOT THREW OUT?

P

WIL: Well no, not exactly. She just said I'd insulted her, is all.

MOL: WHY MR. WILCOX. I NEVER WOULD HAVE THOUGHT ---

WIL: Oh she was just kidding. She said I'd insulted her intelligence by assuming she didn't know all the hundreds of uses for Johnson's Wax for floors and furniture and woodwork. She said she'd been using Johnson's Wax in her house before I was in rompers, and if any young pup thought he could tell her any use for it she hadn't already discovered he was mistaken because she'd brought up a large, healthy family with her Johnson Wax housekeeping and knew there was nothing like it to seal surfaces against dust and dirt and dampness.

FIB: She must of threw you out awful slow, to tell you all that.

WIL: It's a pleasure to be tossed out of a place with an accompaniment like that, Pal. But what's this about Fibber's cousin Waldorf?

MOL: I don't think he's got one, Mr. Wilcox. And I know I haven't.

FIB: Somebody left a box of cigars in our mailbox, Harlow. Says "from Cousin Waldorf!" What was I supposed to do? Scour the town for him? Drag out the throw net?

MOL: IT'S THROW OUT THE DRAGNET, MCGEE.

FIB: Oh yes.

WIL: Well, Waldorf is an unusual name. If I hear of anybody like that, I'll let you know. Thanks for the cigar, Fibber.

FIB: Lemme know how that cigar smokes, Wilcox.

WIL: Oh I never smoke 'em. I grind 'em up and put 'em in my pipe.

SEE YOU LATER.

TRAFFIC UP AND FADE

FIB: DID YOU HEAR THAT, MOLLY?

MOL: Hear/what?

FIB: HE GRINDS UP CIGARS AND SMOKES 'EM IN HIS PIPE! WHY THAT'S PRIMITIVE! HE AIN'T CIVILIZED! ANY GUY WHO'D SMOKE A TWO-BIT CIGAR IN A PIPE WOULD PUT KETCHUP ON ICE CREAM. I NEVER...Hey, where you going?

MOL: I'M going in the drug store here to get a fashion magazine. I want to get an idea of some accessories to go with my new suit. (FADE) I'll be right out!

TRAFFIC UP AND FADE:

FIB: Ahh she's a good kid! And really thrilled about her new outfit. But she deserves every old suit I got! What's it to me if -

TEE: Hi, mister.

FIB: (ABSENTLY) Hi, kid! (TO HIMSELF) What's it to me if she... OH HI, SIS. DIDN'T REALIZE THAT WAS YOU.

TEE: It is, though, I betcha.

FIB: Hey, ain't it kinda late for you to be out on the street?

TEE: No. My daddy's in the drug store and I'M waiting for him. He's getting some cigarette lighters.

FIB: Cigarette lighters...forget to buy a few Christmas presents?

TEE: No.

FIB: Eh?

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: WHAT'S HE GETTIN CIGARETTE LIGHTERS FOR?

TEE: Oh gee he's been buying hundreds of 'em, mister.

FIB: BUY WHY...WHY WHY WHY???

TEE: You won't tell?

FIB: I won't breathe a word to a soul, sis. Gimme the Inside Winchell on it.

TEE: Okay. (LOWERS VOICE) He buys a lot of cigarette lighters and has the drugstore man fill 'em up, and when he gets home he takes the cotton out of 'em and squeezes the cotton into the gasoline tank on his car. Then he throws the empty cigarette lighters on the scrap pile.

FIB: Hmm. That's pretty expensive transportation, sis. He must be payin' around five hundred bucks a mile.

TEE: Oh we don't drive anyplace, mister. That wouldn't be patriatic.

FIB: Then why put all that stuff in the gas tank?

TEE: Well, gee, every couple of nights my daddy says "WELL WHO WANTS TO GO FOR A LITTLE TRIP?" AND EVERYBODY SAYS "I DO", AND THEN...

FIB: Now wait a minute, sis.. first you tell me you don't go anyplace in your car and then you tell me --

TEE: WELL GEE, I'M TRYING TO TELL YOU, MISTER. We DON'T go anyplace. Our car hasn't even got any wheels on it. It's up on some wooden blocks.

FIB: THEN HOW CAN YOUR FATHER TAKE YOU FOR A RIDE?

TEE: He doesn't.

FIB: BUT YOU JUST SAID HE DID.

TEE: I did not, I betcha. I just said he asked us if we wanted to go for a ride and we all say yes.

FIB: I wish Ellery Queen would come past this corner. NOW LOOK, SIS, HOW CAN YOU GO FOR A RIDE WITHOUT ANY WHEELS ON YOUR CAR?

TEE: Well, we all get in and daddy starts the engine and we gotta moving pitcher machine on the front seat and a screen up on the garage wall and gee last week we went to Yellowstone Park and the week before that we went to South America and once we went on a trip sooo loooooong---

FIB: So long what?

TEE: So long Mister.

TRAFFIC UP INTO

ORK: "HITCH OLD DOBBIN TO THE SHAY AGAIN" KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE

MOL: Here McGee, here's your slippers.

FIB: Thanks.

MOL: You're just the sweetest man..to give me that suit of yours.

FIB: Aw ferget it, baby. Glad to do it. I never liked a pin stripe much myself anyway. Makes me feel like I was in a cage.

MOL: Oh I like them. I can hardly wait to get it from Mr. Threadbaum. And it nearly broke my heart to see him rip it to pieces.

FIB: Good little tailor, that Threadbaum. I had a old checkered vest once and he put some chamois sleeves into it for me. Made a wonderful sport jacket.

MOL: Why don't you ever wear it?

FIB: Can't. It don't fit good. It was a vest I had in my college days and I've grew a little since then.

MOL: YOUR COLLEGE DAYS!

FIB: Sure..you remember when I was takin' that correspondence course in short-story writing from the New York College of Journalism and Electrical Engineering? Used to wear my sport jacket down to the Post Office and back every day.

MOL: Oh yes...I remember. You used to wear your hat turned up in front and smoke a pipe. Did you ever complete that course?

FIB: No, I had to give it up. Couldn't keep the pipe lit.
HEY YOU KNOW WHAT WOULD LOOK SMART WITH THAT SUIT WHEN YOU GET IT? I THINK IF YOU---

DOORBELL:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

BOY: Telegram for Mr. McGee.

FIB: I'll take it bud. And here's thirty five cents for yourself.

BOY: Gee, thanks...and don't forget to give this telegram to Mr. McGee.

MOL: This IS Mr. McGee, sonny.

BOY: It is? And he gimme 35 cents? I guess those other messengers don't know what they're talkin' about! Thanks, mister.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: You'd better give up smoking those expensive cigars of Cousin Walderf's, dearie. You're getting delusions of grandeur. Who's the telegram from?

FIB: Lemme see...(TEARING PAPER) HEY..IT'S FROM WALLACE WIMPLE!

MOL: Oh LITTLE MR. WIMPLE...I've really missed him around here. What does he say?

FIB: He says: (READS) WILL BE HOME NEXT WEEK. MISS SWEETFACE TERRIBLY. HOPE SHE MISSES ME, TOO. IF SHE DOES, HER AIM ISN'T WHAT IT USED TO BE. REGARDS. WALLACE WIMPLE. Imagine that, Molly? It'll be nice to see the Little twerp again.

MOL: Yes, I hope he's all healed up by now. What were you --

DOORBELL:

FIB: Aw for the...who's that?

MOL: Let me peek..oh it's that Mr. Tolliver..the man who moved in the house down the street.

FIB: Wonder what that big blowhard wants. Every time I see that guy I wanna cancel my good neighbor policy.

SOUND: LOUD HAMMERING AT DOOR:

MOL: Heavenly days...he's impatient isn't he? COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

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DOOR OPEN:

TOLLIVER: OH SO THERE YOU ARE, YOU NASTY LITTLE GYP ARTIST. THOUGHT YOU COULD GET AWAY WITH IT, DIDN'T YOU?

FIB: What are you talkin' about Tolliver, you big noise in a small character?

TOLLIVER: YOU KNOW WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT! YOU THOUGHT IT WOULD NEVER BE TRACED, DIDN'T YOU? COME ON...WHERE IS IT?

MOL: Where is what and keep your voice down to a bellow, if possible.

TOLLIVER: (SHOUTS) MY BLUE PIN STRIPE SUIT!

PAUSE:

FIB: Your...

MOL: Blue...

FIB: Pin

MOL: Stripe

FIB: Suit?

TOLLIVER: (GETTING LOUDER ALL THE TIME) YES YES YES...MY BLUE PIN STRIPE SUIT! MY TAILOR LEFT IT HERE BY MISTAKE YESTERDAY AND I CAN PROVE IT! YOU'LL EITHER GIVE IT BACK OR PAY ME A HUNDRED AND TWENTY FIVE BUCKS, MCGEE!

FIB: Oh my gosh..you don't mean I...it isn't...er...

MOL: This is all a terrible mistake, Mr. Tolliver..we didn't know...I mean we thought...

TOLLIVER: COME ON!...WHERE IS IT..WHERE IS IT..WHERE IS IT? THAT SUIT WAS A CHRISTMAS PRESENT AND IF ANYTHING HAS HAPPENED TO IT, YOU LITTLE INSECT, I'LL PIN YOUR EARS BACK WITH YOUR OWN TEETH!

FIB: Now now..now wait a minute Tolliver..this is all a misunderstanding..take it easy. Calm yourself. Here..have a cigar. Molly, give Mr. Tolliver a match.

MOL: Here, Mr. Tolliver. I know you'll like that cigar. It's a very expensive one. Mr. McGee got 'em from his cousin Waldorf.

TOLLIVER: I DON'T CARE IF --- HIS COUSIN WALDORF! SO THAT'S WHERE MY CHRISTMAS CIGARS WENT! WALDORF IS MY COUSIN. AND IT WAS WALDORF WHO GAVE ME THAT NEW PIN STRIPE SUIT. AND YOU'D BETTER DO SOMETHING..(PAUSE) MCGEE! IF THAT SUIT ISN'T OVER AT MY HOUSE INSIDE OF ONE HOUR, YOU'D BETTER GET IN TOUCH WITH SIX FRIENDS AND AN ORGANIST!

DOOR SLAM:

(PAUSE)

MOL: McGee.

FIB: Eh?

MOL: Don't look now, but I think you're going to have a new suit yourself...with two pairs of subpoenas!

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

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

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC
JANUARY 5, 1943

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL

ANNOUNCER: Haven't you had the experience of going into a home that is so spick and span and orderly that it makes you feel good to be there -- floors and furniture gleaming, woodwork free from smudgy fingerprints, no dust accumulation? You know it is true that most of us feel more comfortable and happier in a clean, tidy, orderly home. And what's more, we're likely to be healthier there too, because a clean home is a sanitary one. Where there's less dirt, there's apt to be fewer germs. That's another good reason for using genuine JOHNSON'S WAX, Paste, Liquid or Cream, in your housekeeping regularly - because a waxed home is really a clean home.

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

TAG GAG

MOL: DON'T FORGET MCGEE...WE'RE GOING TO SUMMERFIELD NEXT SUNDAY,
TO VISIT MR. GILDERSLEEVE.

FIB: I KNOW. YOU GONNA WEAR YOUR NEW SUIT?

MOL: I THINK SO. DID YOU PAY MR. TOLLIVER OFF?

FIB: HUNDRED AND TWENTY FIVE BUCKS.

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS....COUNTING THE ALTERATIONS, THAT SUIT IS
RUNNING INTO A NICE FIGURE.

FIB: WELL, THERE'S A NICE FIGURE GOING INTO THAT SUIT.

MOL: OH, STOP IT!

FIB: OKAY. GOODNIGHT.

MOL: GOOD NIGHT ALL!

ORCH: (CLOSING SIGNATURE)

WIL: 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)