

WRITERS: Don Quinn
Bill Danch

(REVISED)

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

1943 (16)

January 12, 1943

NBC - RED 6:30 - 7:00 P.M.

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(REVISED)

-2-

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 " Be Young Again".

ORCHESTRA: " BE YOUNG AGAIN" ... FADE FOR:

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S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
Fibber McGee and Molly
January 12, 1943

-3-

OPENING COMMERCIAL

ANNOUNCER: Along about this time of year we always receive a number of letters from customers and friends, who find out its a a good thing to put wax on their shoes and boots. "Why don't you tell everybody", they write, "that Johnson's Wax helps to make shoes water and weather proof, keeps them soft and pliable and protects the leather?". Well, I certainly haven't any objection to passing that good word along, because I use wax on my own shoes -- and on my riding boots and saddle, and leather gloves, too, -- and my luggage. Fact is, I've always been a great booster for using Johnson's Wax on things made of leather. So if any of you think Wax is only meant for your floors, furniture and woodwork, you only know half the wax story. There are 100 extra ways to use Johnson's Wax around your home, for the conservation and protection of your things, to make them last longer, look better and clean more easily.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH)

(APPLAUSE)

WIL: IF YOU WERE SECRETARY OF THE WISTFUL VISTA CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, AND WANTED TO APPOINT SOMEBODY TO GO TO THE HOSPITAL AND VISIT ONE OF THE MEMBERS WHO WAS ILL, YOU'D WANT SOMEBODY WHO WAS QUIET, AND MODEST, AND SOOTHING, AND THOUGHTFUL, AND TACTFUL AND SOFT-SPOKEN, WOULDN'T YOU? SOMEBODY LIKE FIBBER MCGEE, OF --

-- FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY --

APPLAUSE

FIB: --So when I volunteers to go visit this sick member, there was a dead silence. Probably dumfounded to see a man of my importance takin' time for such a kindly act.

MOL: That must have been it. Who you goin' to the hospital to cheer up - in spite of everybody.

FIB: I...er..I..well, my gosh...imagine that! The Secretary forgot to tell me. Anyway, I gotta go down and cheer him up. Take him some candy and cigarettes, and tell him a few funny gags.

MOL: What's the matter with this unknown patient? Up till now?

FIB: I dunno.

MOL: You'd better find out. If he's got appendicitis, you can't take him candy. If he's had his tonsils out, he can't smoke. If his jaw is dislocated, he can't laugh at those funny jokes. See?

FIB: Gee, I never thought of that. I better call the secretary right now. Hand me the phone.

MOL: Here.

FIB: Thanks. (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR? GIMME THE WISTFUL
VISTA CHAMBER OF COMMERCE ON THE SECOND FLOOR OF MYRT,
IS THAT YOU?
MOL: Oh dear.
FIB: HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING, MYRT? 'TIS EH? WHAT SAY, MYRT?
YOU HAVEN'T?
MOL: She hasn't what?
FIB: Hasn't heard a word from any of her relatives.
MOL: Well, thank goodness!
FIB: WHAT SAY, MYRT? (ASIDE) Except her cousin, she says.
MOL: Oh!
FIB: WHAT ABOUT YOUR COUSIN, MYRT? EH? HE BOUGHT WHAT?
FIFTEEN HUNDRED POUNDS OF HORSE-MEAT!
MOL: Heavenly days...to eat?

FIB: No. Gonna ride it to work and save his tires. WHAT SAY,
MYRT? OH YOU GOT THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE? HELLO..THIS MR.
POWERS? FIBBER MCGEE SPEAKIN. YEAH...SAY WHO AM I
SUPPOSED TO VISIT IN THE HOSPITAL AND WHAT'S THE MATTER
WITH HIM? WHO? OH MY GOSH...I'LL GET RIGHT DOWN THERE, MR.
POWERS! OKAY. G'BYE. (CLICK)
MOL: Who is it, McGee?
FIB: Billy Mills!
MOL: No! What's wrong with him?
FIB: They dunno. ^{said it was nothing} Can't be anything serious, though. I saw him
yesterday and he looked as good as I do.
MOL: As bad as that? I wonder if I hadn't better make him a bowl
of soup or something.
FIB: Naw...might hurt the hospital's feelings. HEY LET'S TAKE
HIM THAT FRUIT CAKE AUNT SARAH SENT US FOR CHRISTMAS!
MOL: Fruit cake....for a sick man?
FIB: Well, he's already sick, ain't he? And personally I can't
stand the stuff. And then I'll stop and get him some
cigars...and some candy and a book of Chief Wahoo comics.
MOL: Poor Billy!...I certainly hope it's nothing serious.
FIB: Aw he probably got a little touch of bandleader's bumps.
MOL: What on earth are bandleader's bumps?
FIB: That's what you get when you play Mr. Five By Five so much
somebody socks you with a 2 x 4. Now let's see..what've I
gotta get....candy...magazines....cigars.
MOL: I don't think Mr. Mills smokes cigars. He smokes cigarettes
FIB: Well, it's time he learned to smoke cigars. Why when I was
only 17 years old I --

DOORBELL:

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FIB: No. Gonna ride it to work and save his tires. WHAT SAY, MYRT? OH YOU GOT THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE? HELLO..THIS MR. POWERS? FIBBER MCGEE SPEAKIN. YEAH...SAY WHO AM I SUPPOSED TO VISIT IN THE HOSPITAL AND WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HIM? WHO? OH MY GOSH...I'LL GET RIGHT DOWN THERE, MR. POWERS! OKAY. G'BYE. (CLICK)

MOL: Who is it, McGee?

FIB: Billy Mills!

MOL: No! What's wrong with him?

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MOL: I don't think Mr. Mills smokes cigars. He smokes cigarettes.

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DOORBELL:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPENS:

OLD M.: HELLO THERE KIDS...WELCOME HOME!

MOL: Well, Mr. Old Timer...it's nice to see you again!

FIB: And whaddye mean, WELCOME HOME? You're the one that's been away.

OLD M.: I CERTAINLY HAVE? I mean, I CERTAINLY HAVE! HAD A WONDERFUL TRIP, TOO! SPENT THREE WEEKS IN CHICAGO.

MOL: Ah, the old Windy City!

FIB: How's the old town since we left, Old Timer?

OLD M.: NOT SO WINDY, JOHNNY! NOT SO WINDY! Slowed down to a breeze.

MOL: Did you go on the train, Mr. Old Timer?

OLD M.: Sure did, daughter. Wonderful trip. Got to talkin' to a sergeant just back from the front. Told me all about the war.

FIB: Hope he didn't spill any military secrets.

OLD M.: Nope. Too smart for that, Johnny. When he come to a secret he'd just say some vegetable instead.

MOL: How do you mean?

OLD M: Well sir, daughter, he tells me his troopship, the S.S. Rutabaga left the harbor of Sweet Potato on the lima bean of green peas. Says they was escorted by three big golden bantams and a small fleet of turnips, with four motored onions flyin' overhead.

FIB: Must have been a very nourishing experience.

OLD M: It was kinda thrilling, Johnny. He says they arrived at North Succotash about the fourteen of celery and went into action immediately! ~~SAYS THEY KILLED THREE THOUSAND CABBAGES AND CAPTURED SIX HUNDRED RADISHES.~~ (LOWERS VOICE) He says don't repeat it to anybody but he got inside information that the war'll be over by the squash of April, nineteen hundred and garlic.

MOL: Nineteen hundred and garlic! Well, we won't breathe a word of it.

OLD M: HEH HEH HEH...THAT'S PRETTY GOOD DAUGHTER. WELL, I GOTTA BE RUNNIN ALONG NOW.

MOL: What's your hurry, Mr. Old Timer?

OLD M: Wanna git me a paper and see if there's any answer to my ad, daughter.

FIB: What ad?

OLD M: I put a ad in the paper, Johnny. "WANTED, WOMAN WITH POUND OF BUTTER AND A PIG TO MEET MAN WITH CAN OF SYRUP AND A FRYING PAN. OBJECT, WHEATCAKES AND SAUSAGE." See you later!

DOOR SLAM:

ORK: "BRAZIL"

APPLAUSE:

FIB: Well, here's the hospital, Molly. You got the fruitcake and the candy?

MOL: Yes, have you got the magazines and the cigars and the malted milk and the doughnuts?

FIB: Yep. I got him a taffy apple, too, but it looked so good I ate it myself. Got him some bubble gum instead. With bubble gum, you -

MOL: Wait a minute, McGee...here comes Mrs. Uppington.

FIB: Ahh, old Nightmare Nellie, the Girl of my dreams. Wonder what she's been doing at the hospital.

MOL: / Maybe getting an estimate on having her face lifted.

FIB: WHAT, AGAIN? Her mugg has been hoisted so many times now it's all she can do to keep her feet on the ground!

MOL: Oh now, McGee, I don't think..WELL HELLO THERE ABIGAIL, DARLING. SO NICE TO SEE YOU!

UPP: (FADE IN) How do you do, Mrs. McGee...and Mr. McGee!

FIB: Hiyah, Uppy. Congratulations. You got the right spirit.

MOL: The right spirit about what, McGee?

FIB: Can't you see? She's pooling her shoulders to take all those little minks for a ride.

UPP: How VEDDY VEDDY, AMUSING, MR. MCGEE. May I ask your wife a question?

MOL: Certainly Abigail. What is it?

UPP: Tell me, what is the annual yield of corn from one little wise-acre like Mr. McGee.

FIB: Oooooooh!

MOL: (LAUGHS) Well, if it was all piled up in one corner of the field, Abigail, it would be quite a shock. But what are you doing down here at the hospital?

UPP: I came down heah to visit my housekeeper - Mrs. Underwood.

FIB: 'Smatter with her, Uppy?

UPP: She sprained a ligament in her arm, the poor soul.

MOL: Ohhhhh, how?

UPP: We had unexpected guests for dinnah last evening and she tried to stretch a ~~filet~~ mignon. Well, I simply MUST go buy my War Bond, thanks to Mr. McGee.

FIB: Eh? Why thanks to me?

UPP: Because every time I see you, Mr. McGee, I think of inflation, and when I think of inflation, I think how important it is that this country maintain financial control during and after this war which means EVERYONE MUST buy all the War Bonds he possibly can, so PLEASE stay out of my sight the rest of this week. I am over my budget now. Good day, Mrs. McGee.

MOL: Goodbye, Abigail... come on, Inflati....er...I mean McGee.

FIB: I'm glad you didn't tell Uppy about Billy Mills. She could never cheer anybody up. She's a walking lull if I ever saw one. Come on...

DOOR OPEN & CLOSE:

MOL: Better ask the nurse at the desk where Mr. Mills is, McGee.

FIB: Look at her givin' us the once over. Why do all hospitals have some eagle-eye at the desk that looks at you like you'd come in to blow the joint up? HEY SIS, COULD YOU TELL US --

NURSE: SHHHHHH! Please.....be more quiet.

MOL: All right. But we wanted to know where we could find Mr. Mills. He's a patient here.

NURSE: Mills?

FIB: That's right.

NURSE: Just a minute, I'll find out. (SHOUTS) HEY, CONSIDINE, WHAT ROOM IS MILLS IN?

NURSE #2: (WAY OFF MIKE AND SHOUTING) WHO?

NURSE: MILLS!

NURSE #2: ROOM 502!

NURSE: MUCH OBLIGED, CONSIDINE.

NURSE #2: WHAT SAY, MURPHY?

NURSE: I SAID THANKS!

NURSE #2: OH...DON'T MENTION IT!

MOL: So Mr. Mills is in room five -

NURSE: SHHHH! Not so loud please. I'm afraid --

SOUND: (TELEPHONE BUZZER)

NURSE: Excuse me. WISTFULL VISTA HOSPITAL. MISS MURPHY SPEAKING. WHO? NO, MADAM I'M SORRY BUT DOCTOR CASE IS OUT ON A BENDER...I MEAN DOCTOR BENDER IS OUT ON A CASE. YES, (FADE) I'LL BE GLAD TO TELL HIM WHEN...

FIB: Come on, Molly. (FOOTSTEPS) Room 502...Don't drop the fruitcake! HEY THERE AINT ANY ELEVATOR MAN!

MOL: Shhhh..not so loud, McGee...and this is one of those elevators yourun yourself....get in and press the button with the five on it. (FOOTSTEPS OUT)

FIB: Okay...ready?

MOL: Ready.

FIB: Here we go.

SOUND: LOUD BUZZ. TERRIFIC CLANK OF DOORS...AWFUL GRINDIN AND WHEEZING OF ELEVATOR: SUSTAIN.

MOL: Heavenly days!! Noisy, isnt it?

FIB: EH?

MOL: (SHOUTS OVER ELEVATOR) NOISY, ISNT IT?

FIB: WHAT??

MOL: (LOUDER) I SAY, IT'S AWFULLY NOISY, ISNT IT?

FIB: (SHOUTS LOUDER) TELL ME LATER! ELEVATOR MAKES SO MUCH
NOISE I CANT HEAR YOU!

SOUND SUSTAINED FOR FEW SECONDS: WHEEZING AND GRINDING OUT. LOUD CLANK
OF DOOR OPENING.

MOL: Well! I'm glad that's over.

FIB: Me too. HEY SIS, CAN YOU TELL US -

NURSE: Shhhh. What was it, please?

MOL: We're visiting one of the patients. Room 502.

NURSE: Oh, I'm sorry... The patient has just gone to the delivery
room.

FIB: Delivery room? He expecting some packages?

MOL: MCGEE...THE DELIVERY ROOM IS...OH MY GOODNESS!!! THERE MUST
BE SOME MISTAKE!

NURSE: Oh no there isn't, Madam. And I may tell you the whole staff
is interested in this case. It's going to be twins...at
least.

FIB: HEY, WHAT THE...TWINS!!! YOU MEAN BILLY MILLS?

NURSE: Shhhh...quiet, please...and who did you say?

MOL: Mr. Mills. Billy Mills in 502. The man we came here to see.

NURSE: Oh, they gave you the wrong card at the desk. We have a
Mrs. Millie Bills, in 502. You want room 306.

FIB: Oh! Much obliged, sis.

MOL: Back in the elevator, McGee!

FIB: Okay, but don't crowd me..this malted milk is drippin' as
it is. And the candy is -

NURSE: SHHHHHHHH! ... Not so loud, please!

MOL: All right, dearie. Press button number three.

FIB: Okay.

SOUND: LOUD BUZZ: LOUD CLANK OF DOORS SHUTTING. AWFUL GRINDING AND WHEEZING. SUSTAIN. OUT WITH LOUD CLANK OF DOORS OPENING

FIB: Remind me to write to General Eisenhower about that elevator Molly. Imagine a tank that goes straight up and down!

MOL: McGee!

FIB: Eh?

MOL: I'd have sworn I saw Mr. Wilcox go in that third door there.

FIB: You're imagining things. What would he be doing down here on a Tuesday night? Which door was it - this one?

MOL: Yes, it says "NURSE'S TRAINING". You suppose he's got a date with a nurse?

FIB: Let's peek and see.

MOL: Oh no... that wouldn't be right, McGee.

FIB: I'm gonna do it anyway.

MOL: Well, don't be selfish...let me see, too.

(DOOR OPEN)

WIL: (SLIGHTLY OFF) SO WHEN YOU GIRLS GO OUT ON A CASE, ALWAYS BE SURE THAT STRICT SANITATION PREVAILS WHERE EVER FOOD IS PREPARED. BE SURE THE LINOLEUM FLOORS ARE SPARKLING AND IMMACULATE. THIS CAN BEST BE DONE WITH JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLOCOAT, WHICH IS VERY EASILY APPLIED AND SHINES AS IT DRIES WITH NO RUBBING OR BUFFING. GLOCOAT SEALS SURFACES AGAINST DUST AND DIRT AND DAMPNESS WHICH IS VERY IMPORTANT FROM A HEALTH STANDPOINT. (Miss Demmulling, please put that gum in the waste basket!) YOU WILL FIND, GIRLS, THAT MOST HOUSEKEEPERS TODAY USE JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT, BUT IN THOSE RARE CASES WHERE -

(DOOR SLAM)

FIB: Hmmm. Old Professor Wilcox, M.D.

MOL: M.D.?

FIB: Mighty Determined, to sell his wax, one way or another. Well, come on, before this malted milk goes flat. We won't --

MOL: Wait a minute, McGee...here comes a doctor.

FIB: Where? Oh, the guy in the white coat? Hiyah, Doc.

DOC: (VERY DIGNIFIED) Good afternoon. You are visitors?

MOL: Yes, to see Mr. Mills. How's he getting along?

DOC: Splendidly. Splendidly. What was the name again?

FIB: Mills. Billy Mills.

DOC: Oh yes...of he's doing very nicely. Isn't he the tall thin dark chap?

MOL: No, Mr. Mills is short and heavy set and..er..he's blond, isn't he, McGee?

FIB: I don't remember and I doubt if Billy does. Anyway, he's the guy in 306, Doc.

DOC: Ahhh yes, 306. Getting along nicely..though we don't like to make specific statements in most cases..everything is relative, you know, yes, indeed..things are never what they seem..for instance, there is nothing so permanent as a temporary filling, or as temporary as a permanent wave... Hah hah...well, if you'll excuse me. You'll be very quiet, won't you...

MOL: Yes, we will, Doctor.

DOC: Thank you. Goodbye, Mr. Mills!

MOL: Come on, McGee..I'm tired of carrying these packages..

FIB: Here's 306, right here.

(DOOR OPEN)

MILLS: Well, hello, Mom. Hello, Skimp.

MOL: Hello, Mr. Mills.

FIB: (SUPER-CHEERFUL) HIYAH, BILLY, OLD BOY, OLD BOY, OLD BOY!... WE COME DOWN TO CHEER YOU UP..YES SIR..HAH HAH HAH...WELL HODDYA FEEL? KINDA ROCKY, EH? HERE..HERE'S A CHOCOLATE MALTED FOR YOU..AND SOME DOUGHNUTS..GIVE HIM A HUNK O' FRUIT CAKE, MOLLY..HEY, BILLY DID YOU EVER HEAR THE ONE ABOUT THE FELLA THAT..Oh I almost forgot..here...have a cigar. YOU EVER HEAR THE ONE ABOUT...Toss him those magazines, Molly. IT'S A VERY FUNNY STORY, BILLY, ABOUT THE FELLA THAT - Hey you like bubble gum? It's fun. ANYWAY, IT SEEMS HERE WAS THESE TWO FELLAS, PAT AND MIKE, WE'LL CALL 'EM, AND --

MOL: McGee!

FIB: Eh?

MOL: Stop alapping Mr. Mills on the knee!

FIB: Aw that's okay. I won't catch anything. I got my gloves on. HEY HERE'S A BOX OF CANDY FOR YOU, BILLY, OLD MAN, CHOCOLATE COVERED CHERRIES.

MOL: For goodness sakes, McGee...be quiet a minute. This is no way to treat a sick man. Are you very sick, Mr. Mills?

MILLS: Not sick at all, Mom. Feel swell.

FIB: YOU'RE NOT SICK! THEN WHATCHA HERE FOR?

MILLS: Spend a couple of days here every two years. Get checked up. Gives me a nice rest, too.

MOL: Two days in the hospital when you're not even sick? Don't you get lonesome?

MILLS: Nope. Anyway, I had a roommate up till this morning.

FIB: Too bad he couldn't of stayed.

MILLS: I know. He'd have been gone even sooner but he took a turn for the nurse. Have a doughnut, yourself, Skimp.

FIB: Thanks, I will. Doughnut, Molly?

MOL: No thanks. So you're not sick at all, Mr. Mills.

MILLS: Never felt better, Mom.

FIB: Mind if I drink this malted milk, Bill?

MILLS: Help yourself. Eat the candy too. I never touch it.

MOL: Mr. Mills, I'll bet you're really sick and won't tell us!

MILLS: Honest, Mom!

MOL: Stick out your tongue!

MILLS: AHHHHHHH.

FIB: MY GOSH...LOOK AT IT, MOLLY! IT'S ALL BLACK!

MOL: Heavenly days!!!!

MILLS: It's nothing. My nurse is nearsighted. Took my temperature this morning with her fountain pen.

FIB: Have some bubble gum, Billy?

MILLS: No thanks. Hey mom.

MOL: Yes?

MILLS: Press that button on the wall there will you? Thanks.

FIB: What does that do?

MILLS: That's the signal for the nurse.

MOL: Maybe we'd better leave, McGee.

MILLS: NO NO NO. Stay here, Mom. I always press that button when I don't want to be disturbed for an hour or so.

FIB: Well, I'm sure glad you ain't sick, Will. Here...have a chocolate covered cherry.

MILLS: No thanks, drip.

FIB: Eh?

MILLS: I said no thanks. They drip.

FIB: Oh. I missed a word.

MOL: I think he looks wonderful, don't you, McGee? Except that he's kind of drawn around the mouth. Been suffering much pain, Mr. Mills?

MILLS: I'm not sick, Mom. I feel fine. Just here for a checkup.

FIB: People get that look sometimes BEFORE they get sick, Molly. You know that. Anyway, that ain't what worried me. What gets me is that twitch in his left temple...see? ^{sure sign} That's ~~fallen arches~~ high blood pressure.

MOL: Is that what makes his lips so blue-looking?

FIB: Absolutely. Though the whites of his eyes lookin' so yellow don't mean a thing. That could be a simple case of either jaundice or low metabolism. I knew a guy once --

SOUND: SNORE

MOL: (WHISPERS) Come on, McGee....

FIB: Eh? Where?

SNORE:

MOL: Mr. Mills has fallen asleep....we've got to go.

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN WE GOTTA GO? AFTER ALL THE TROUBLE WE TOOK TO COME DOWN HERE AND CHEER HIM UP? NO SIR....HEY BILLY...WAKE UP! WHERE'S YOUR MANNERS?

MOL: McGee...for goodness sakes, don't --

FIB: Look, when I come down to a hospital to cheer somebody up, they're gonna cheer up and like it, see?

SNORE:

FIB: HEY BILLY...WAKE UP...GRAB HIS OTHER SHOULDER MOLLY...WE'LL SHAKE HIM AWAKE....HEY...BILLY!

SNORE BREAKS OFF: What time is it?

MOL: Oh, McGee...this is terrible...we shouldn't --

FIB: SNAP OUT OF IT, BILLY... I GOT SOME GREAT GAGS TO TELL YOU. YES SIR...HAH HAH HAH ... BOY THERE'LL KILL YOU! (ASIDE) If he gets drowsy again, Molly...slap him ^{in the face} with a wet towel. HEY BILLY...EVER HEAR THE ONE ABOUT THE KNIGHT OF THE ROUND TABLE WHO WAS SCARED OF HORSES? (LAUGHS HEARTILY) THIS IS A HONEY! (LAUGHS) WELL SIR, THIS KNIGHT WOULDN'T RIDE A HORSE...HE PUT A SADDLE ON A BIG GREAT DANE DOG AND (FADE INTO MUSIC) HE'D RIDE ALL OVER THE KINGDOM ON THIS DOG, SEE? (LAUGHS).....

ORCH: "LULLABY OF THE HERD" KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE

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ORCH: "LULLABY OF THE HERD" KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE

FIB: (ROARING WITH LAUGHTER THRUOUT) - SO THE INNKEEPER GOME
SPLASHING OUT IN THE RAIN, JUST AS THE KNIGHT WAS CLIMBIN'
UP ONTO THE GREAT DANE, SEE? AND HE SAYS, "OKAY", he says,
changed my mind "I'LL GIVE YOU A ROOM. I WOULDN'T TURN A KNIGHT AWAY ON A
DOG LIKE THIS!" HAH HAH HAH HAH...Hey you better finish up
this fruit cake, Billy. Only a little piece left.

MILLS: No thanks.

MOL: Heavenly days...have you eaten all that fruit cake, McGee?

FIB: No, not all of it. I dropped a little hunk of it in Billy's
bed, I'M afraid.

MILLS: Part with some nuts and raisins in it, too.

FIB: You're lucky I didn't drop a chocolate covered cherry...

HEY...WHERE ARE THEY?

MOL: You ate those, too.

FIB: I did? Well, Billy shouldn't be eatin' rich stuff like that
anyway...just laying there in bed. No exercise. HEY BILLY,
YOU EVER HEAR THE ONE ABOUT ---

DOOR KNOCK:

MILLS: What is this - haloween? COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Well, Mr. Wimple!

WIMP: Hello, folks. Hello, Mr. Mills.

MILLS: Hello, Wallace.

FIB: Glad to see you back, Wimp, Old Man. Have a nice trip?

WIMP: Oh just gorgeous, Mr. McGee. It's a beautiful trip from
here to Philadelphia. I never saw such scenery.

MOL: What was it like, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: I never saw it. They had the shades down for the blackout.

MILLS: Miss Sweetyface, Wallace?

WIMP: Oh not very much, Mr. Mills. I had her picture with me all the time. The one she sent me when we were corresponding thru the matrimonial agency.

FIB: Oh so that's how you met Sweetyface - thru ^a Bride and Batchelor Bingo Club.

WIMP: Yes,.....I sent her my picture and she sent me her picture.

MOL: Was it love at first sight?

WIMP: It was for her, Mrs. McGee. It took me longer, You see, Sweetyface sent me her picture on a jigsaw puzzle, so the shock wouldn't be too sudden. (LAUGHS) There's still a piece missing out of her nose, but off her it looks good.

MILLS: She glad to see you back, Wallace?

WIMP: Oh indeed she was! She grabbed me and almost smothered me.

MOL: With kisses.

WIMP: No. Just smothered me. She was mad because I lost one of my shirts in the laundry.

FIB: Well, it was nice of you to come down and see Billy on your first day home, Wimp. How'd Sweetyface ever let you out?

WIMP: Oh she didn't want me to go, but I insisted. So she finally said, all right, go down to the darn old hospital if you must, but let's make it worth while. So she broke my arm. See?

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS!! YOU'D BETTER GO GET IT LOOKED AFTER!

WIMP: (LAUGHS) Oh it's all right, Mrs. McGee. This is the one she always breaks. Last time I had them put a hinge on the bone. Well, goodbye, now.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Well, now that we've cheered Billy, up, Molly..I suppose we better go. Just as soon as I finish this last doughnut.

MILLS: Don't hurry away.

MOL: Well we'd better -

DOOR OPEN:

NURSE: Did you ring, Mr. Mills?

MILLS: Yes, but you didn't have to drop everything and run in here, baby. When can I leave?

NURSE: Right now, if you like. Your reports are all in and everything's fine. You're visitors can either step outside or you can dress behind this screen.

MOL: Oh we'll just step outside for a few -

FIB: (GROANS)

MILLS: Hey, look at Skimp! He's turning purple!

MOL: MCGEE...WHAT'S THE MATTER?

FIB: (GROANS).....OHHHHH!...I...I...DON'T FEEL GOOD!

NURSE: Get out of that bed, Mr. Mills..here, Madam..help me get this man up there..take off his shoes.

FIB: (GROANS) NEVER MIND MY SHOES..MY FEET DON'T HURT..IT'S MY STUMMICK.

NURSE: Looks like acute indigestion..what's he been eating?

MILLS: Box of candy. Fruit cake. Malted milk, six doughnuts and some bubble gum.

MOL: MCGEE....DARLING....LIE DOWN....LET MOTHER LOOSEN YOUR COLLAR....GET A DOCTOR, NURSE.

NURSE: Yes...right away...this looks serious.

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

FIB: (GROANS)...OHHHH...and I TOLD 'em not to put an egg in that malted..(GROANS)

MOL: Well now you just be calm, dearie..the doctor will be here in a minute...what's the matter Mr. Mills?

MILLS: Hand me the phone, mom. Thanks.

FIB: (GROANS ALL THRU FOLLOWING)

MILLS: (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR? GIVE ME THE WISTFUL VISTA CHAMBER OF COMMERCE...YEAH. OH IS THAT YOU, MYRT?

FIB: (SHARP GROAN)

MILLS: NEVER MIND THAT, MYRT. GIMME THE CHAMBER OF COM...^{Hello, So} THIS YOU, MR. POWERS? BILLY MILLS SPEAKING. FROM THE HOSPITAL ...MR. MCGEE IS SICK DOWN HERE AND I WANT YOU TO SEND SOMEBODY DOWN TO CHEER HIM UP.

MOL: Oh how nice!

MILLS: YES....BORIS KARLOFF, IF YOU CAN GET HIM!

FIB: (GROANS)

ORK: "DO I LOVE YOU"....FADE FOR:

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
Fibber McGee & Molly
Jan. 12, 1943

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

ANNOUNCER: The word "sabotage" has become very familiar to all of us this past year. If I used the expression Dirt-sabotage, I wonder how many of you ladies would know just what I mean. All right, then, I'll explain. During the winter months, dirt is really a problem. It comes into the house at the front and back doors, on shoes, rubbers and on the feathery feet of that favorite cocker spaniel of yours. I know! And there's another dirt spot in winter - around the radiators, and especially on window sills. Now if that dirt isn't removed, it soon gets all through the house, and not only does damage to the finish of floors and furniture, and to rugs and fabrics, but it can be a health menace, too - because dirt favors germs. And so dirt that isn't controlled does cause sabotage. Now what can you do about it? Well, you all know by now that regular applications of Johnson's Wax - Paste, Liquid or Cream - at those dirt spots - on the floors, in front of doorways, and on windowsills - makes it much easier to keep them clean - to keep the whole house gleaming and more sanitary.

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

TAG GAG

NOL: HOW DO YOU FEEL NOW, MOGNET?

PIB: MUCH BETTER, THANKS. GUESS I SHOULDN'T HAVE EATEN ALL OF THAT STUFF.

NOL: I'M ASHAMED OF YOU.

PIB: YEAH. "WALLACE WIMPLE AND MOLLY"

NOL: MAKING A PIG OF YOURSELF! (17)

PIB: YEAH.

NBC - RFD 6:30 - 7:00 P.M.

NOL: A GREAT BIG PIG!

PIB: YEAH.

NOL: AND ON A MEATLESS DAY.

PIB: EH! OH! GOODNIGHT.

NOL: GOODNIGHT ALL.

ORCH: (CLOSING SIGNATURE)

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.

(CHIME)