

Writers Don Quinn
Bill Danch

(REVISED)

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

1943 (19)

February 2, 1943

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

(REVISED)

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WIL: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM WITH FIBBER MCGEE AND 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.

ORCHESTRA: "FUN TO BE FREE" FADE FOR

P

JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC
JANUARY 2, 1943

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

Have you ever stopped to think, with all the millions of pounds of goods that are being shipped to our armed forces, what a job it must be to package all of these items, wrap them securely so the salt air and moisture can't get to them? Many things now have to be wrapped in paper or cardboard to save metal. Do you know what is helping greatly to make these cartons moisture and weather proof? WAX -- yes, special wax preparations have been developed by the makers of JOHNSON'S WAX, and countless thousands of these cartons are actually dipped in this wax, completely immersed in a wax-bath that impregnates the paper boards and acts as a seal against air and moisture. These special JOHNSON CARTON-SEALING WAXES are already in use for food containers and soldiers' ration kits -- for cartons containing small-arms ammunition, small machinery and automobile parts, surgical instruments. Almost every week new uses are found for them -- and any manufacturer with a carton-sealing problem is invited to write immediately for full information to S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Racine, Wisconsin, or Brantford, Canada.

(SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH)

(APPLAUSE)

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WILCOX: WANTED!: ONE FAMILY-SIZE SKELETON FOR CLOSET. TO REPLACE TWO TONS OF ACCUMULATED JUNK. APPLY AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA, TO --

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!!! --

APPLAUSE:

MOL: McGee, you've been promising and promising...YOU'VE SIMPLY GOT TO CLEAN OUT THAT HALL CLOSET!

FIB: If I do, we oughtta get quite a little scrap out of it.

MOL: If you DON'T, we'll get quite a little scrap out of it, too, dearie. So get busy.

FIB: Have I got time to finish a crossword puzzle?

MOL: How far have you got with it?

FIB: I ain't started it yet, but there oughtta be one in one of these old newspapers.

MOL: MCGEE...YOU'RE STALLING AGAIN! Why do you dread it so much?

FIB: On account of my fingernails. Look at 'em. Haven't been trimmed in weeks. I'll bet I could run up a tree like a cat.

MOL: What have they got to do with cleaning out the closet?

FIB: BECAUSE I CAN'T FIND MY NAIL CLIPPERS AND I THINK THEY'RE IN THE CLOSET AND IF I OPEN THE CLOSET I'LL FIND 'EM AND EVERY TIME I USE 'EM I CUT MY FINGERS, that's why!

MOL: You can think up more far-fetched excuses! Hitler ought to hire you to tell his people about Russia. Now get busy and -

TELEPHONE:

MOL: I'll get it. (CLICK) HELLO..WHO? YES, I'LL TAKE THE ORDER.

FIB: You'll take a order for what?

MOL: (INTO PHONE) JUST A MINUTE TILL I WRITE THAT DOWN...YES...
THREE POUNDS OF BACON, SLICED THIN...SEVEN POUND RIB ROAST
OF BEEF... HOW ABOUT SOME NICE PORK CHOPS? ABOUT SIX?
ALL RIGHT... AND A POUND OF BUTTER? OH YES INDEED. NO,
DON'T USE UP YOUR GASOLINE... WE'LL DELIVER IT FIRST THING
IN THE MORNING. DON'T MENTION IT! GOODBYE! (CLICK)

FIB: Who was that?

MOL: Wrong number. They were calling some butcher shop.

FIB: WELL WHAT DIDJA TAKE THAT BIG ORDER FOR? THEY WON'T
GET IT.

MOL: No, but they'll have a wonderful night's sleep! Now look,
McGee, this hall closet is -

KNOCK AT DOOR:

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MAN: (SMOOTHLY) How do you do. I am making a radio survey.
What radio programs do you listen to regularly?

MOL: Oh, Lum and Abner, Fred Allen, ^{Bob Hope} Dick Powell, The Great
Gildersleeve and lots of things.

MAN: How about "DAVID'S FIRST WIFE'S SECOND HUSBAND".

FIB: I don't think we know him, bud.

MAN: It's a radio program. What do you think is the main point
of interest in David's First Wife's Second Husband?

MOL: I'M afraid we don't hear it, sir.

MAN: It's really a splendid program. Very interesting.

FIB: I'm sure it is, bud.

MAN: Thank you. Wait till I write that down..."THINK IT IS
VERY INTERESTING PROGRAM".

FIB: We used to hear a lot of radio shows, bud, but we don't
have the time now. I can't say we miss 'em, either.

MAN: Oh that's splendid. I'll put that down, too. "NEVER
MISSES 'DAVID'S FIRST WIFE'S SECOND HUSBAND'". Now
tell me, what is your very FAVORITE program?

MOL: (COVLY) Oh, I hate to say.

MAN: I see. "HATES RADIO". Thank you very much folks.
Good day.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: That's the first pair of spats I've seen in years. But,
I guess you don't have to keep mending 'em like you would
if you wore socks.

MOL: Look, McGee...are you going to clean out that closet like
you promised?

FIB: Oh, I suppose. Go ahead. Open 'er up.

MOL: Oh no. You open it.

FIB: Oh no you don't. The last time...

DOORBELL:

MOL: Oh dear...COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

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

MOL: Well, heavenly days, MR. WIMPLE!

FIB: Hiyah Wimp, Old Man...you're in early tonight.

WIMP: Yes, I know, Mr. McGee..but I just couldn't wait to read
you my new poem.

MOL: Oh a new poem! Isn't that wonderful, McGee?

FIB: We used to hear a lot of radio shows, bud, but we don't
FIB: have the time now. I can't say we miss 'em, either..
MAN: Oh that's splendid. I'll put that down, too. "NEVER
MOL: MISSES 'DAVID'S FIRST WIFE'S SECOND HUSBAND". Now
tell me, what is your very FAVORITE program?
MOL: (COYLY) Oh, I hate to say.
MAN: I see. "HATES RADIO". Thank you very much folks.
Good day.
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if you wore socks.
MOL: Look, McGee...are you going to clean out that closet like
you promised?
FIB: Oh, I suppose. Go ahead. Open 'er up.
MOL: Oh no. You open it.
FIB: Oh no you don't. The last time...
DOORBELL:
MOL: Oh dear...COME IN!
DOOR OPEN:
WIMP: Hello, Mrs. McGee...Hello, Mr. McGee.
MOL: Well, heavenly days, MR. WIMPLE!
FIB: Hiyah Wimp, Old Man...you're in early tonight.
WIMP: Yes, I know, Mr. McGee..but I just couldn't wait to read
you my new poem.
MOL: Oh a new poem! Isn't that wonderful, McGee?

WIMP: All right. Have you got a typewriter?
FIB: Yeah! What's the title, Wimp?
WIMP: I call it - "FLOWER ARRANGEMENT".
MOL: Isn't that beautiful! Flower Arrangement! How does it
go?
WIMP: It goes ---
THE JAPANESE ARE VERY NASTY FIGHTERS
BUT GOOD AT ARRANGING FLOWERS, THE SILLIES!
SO LET'S GIVE THEM A LOT OF PRACTICE, THE
BLIGHTERS, --- WITH LILIES!
FIB: Not bad, Wimp. Like to have a copy of that.
MOL: Well, by gosh, look at all the stuff!
WIMP: Well, Mr. McGee, you're trembling. What's the matter?
WIMP: Oh, it's just that noise and confusion, Mrs. McGee...
FIB: Can't see for typewritten any place, Wimp. Sorry the
noise upset you. Can I give you something to brace
up?
WIMP: That would be wonderful, Mr. McGee...make it half and
half.
MOL: Half what and half what?
WIMP: Half water and half milk.
FIB: I don't think we got a drop of milk in the house, Wimp.
How about some root beer?
WIMP: CHEESE No, I don't care, Mr. McGee! I want home with
some ginger ale on my breath once and Sweetface said
No!

IMP: All righty. Have you got a typewriter I could make some copies on?

MOL: No, we loaned our typewri--

FIB: WHY SURE WE HAVE, WIMP! YOU BELCHA!

MOL: Why, McGee, you know very well we -

FIB: NOW LEMME THINK...WHERE'S THAT TYPEWRITER. OH YES... RIGHT IN THERE IN THE HALL CLOSET, WIMP. RIGHT ON THE SHELF. HELP YOURSELF.

WIMP: Thank you...right in here?

MOL: NO NO, MR. WIMPLE, DON'T--

DOOR OPEN: ~~Yeah, that's not wrong~~ TERRIFIC AVALANCHE OF JUNK. BELL TINKLE...

FIB: Well, my gosh...look at all the stuff! Guess I might as well clean it out, now that it's open.

MOL: Why, Mr. Wimple, you're trembling. What's the matter?

WIMP: Oh, it was all that noise and confusion, Mrs. McGee... (LAUGHS) My goodness, you people go to any lengths to make a person feel at home, don't you?

FIB: Can't see the typewriter any place, Wimp. Sorry the noise upset you. Can I give you something to brace you up?

WIMP: That would be wonderful, Mr. McGee...make it half and half.

MOL: Half what and half what?

WIMP: Half water and half milk.

FIB: I don't think we got a drop o' milk in the house, Wimp. How about some root beer?

WIMP: OHHHHH no, I don't dare, Mr. McGee! I went home with some ginger ale on my breath once and Sweetface raised Ned.

MOL: She did?

WIMP: Yes...Ned is our gardner. Sweetface raised him way up over her head and threw him at me.

FIB: Hmmm. That frau of yours really dishes it out, doesn't she?

WIMP: Oh, she's just a big impulsive girl, Mr. McGee...(LAUGHS)

MOL: And that reminds me...I've got to be getting on home. I promised Sweetface I'd clean her army rifle today.

MOL: Is she quite a marksman, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: Indeed she is, Mrs. McGee...She's going out to the rifle range this afternoon. I put a cork ^{plug} in the end of her rifle so the snow wouldn't get into it.

FIB: ^{Plus} A GORK! MY GOSH, WIMP! IF SHE FIRES THAT GUN WITH THE ^{plug} CORK IN IT, SHE'LL BLOW HER HEAD OFF!

WIMP: (LAUGHS) Yes. Well, goodbye now.

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH: "HEY, GOOD LOOKIN!"

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: CLATTER OF JUNK

MOL: Isn't it terrible how this stuff piles up, McGee? We just cleaned this closet out four months ago.

FIB: I think the pixies do it. I think the pixies go around at midnight and steal stuff outa junkyards and attics to put in this closet.

MOL: Now don't joke about the pixies. I have a grandmother in Ireland who really believes in the Little People.

FIB: That's nothin'. I got a grandfather in Peoria that nobody believes in. Even big people. HEY, LOOKA THE BOX I FOUND IN THIS JUNK. TO KEEP MY CIGARS IN. GOT A MUSIC BOX IN IT!

SOUND: MUSIC BOX: (OLD GRAY MARE) OUT:

MOL: Isn't that sweet. What does it say on the cover? Oh.. "SOUVENIR OF PETOSKEY, MICHIGAN".

FIB: Remember the spring we were up there, and the Indians were selling those flowers on the street corners? Trailing Arthritis, I think it was.

MOL: You don't mean arthritis. You mean trailing Arbutus.

FIB: I DO NOT! ARBUTUS WAS A GUY IN SHAKESPEARE. HE STABBED CAESAR IN THE TOGA.

MOL: THAT WAS BRUTUS!

FIB: GO ON!...YOU'RE THINKING OF THAT FAIRY TALE..PUSS IN BRUTUS.

MOL: IT WASN'T PUSS IN BRUTUS. AND I TELL YOU WHAT YOU MEAN IS ARBUTUS.

FIB: THEN WHAT'S ARTHRITIS?

MOL: IT'S SORT OF A RHEUMATISM THAT MAKES YOUR JOINTS SWELL.

FIB: THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I SAYS! ANY PLACE THAT SELLS
FLOWERS ON EVERY STREET CORNER IS A SWELL JOINT!

MOL: Well, this isn't getting this junk cleared away.

~~CLATTER OF STUFF: TINKLE OF MUSIC BOX: UP AND OUT:~~

MOL: ~~NOW DON'T KEEP PLAYING WITH THAT SILLY MUSIC BOX.~~

FIB: ~~I was just gettin' a cigar out of it. Can I help it if---~~

SOUND: DOORBELL:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

OLD M: Hello, there kids...say help me out, will ya?

FIB: Sure, Old Timer...what's on your mind, besides the worst
lookin' fedora I ever saw this side of Olsen and Johnson?

MOL: Don't let him annoy you, Mr. Old Timer. What's the
trouble?

OLD M: Well, look, kids..I gotta be toastmaster at a party
tomorrow night, and I thought you could gimme some advice.

FIB: You come to the right authority, my optimistic old
octogenarian. I, personally, am known from coast to coast
as the greatest after-dinner speaker now living.

MOL: And the reason you're now living is that you gave it up.

OLD M: Well, what's the procedure, kids?

FIB: You know any good jokes?

OLD M: Wel-l-l...it's a mixed party, Johnny.

FIB: In that case, you gotta stick to Whimsy.

OLD M: I'm gonna be pretty nervous. Up there, with all those
people lookin' at me.

FIB: Nothin' to be nervous about. Only thing is, Old Timer,
to be a good toastmaster, you gotta be fast on your feet.

OLD M: OH THAT'S EASY JOHNNY...WATCH THIS..

SOUND: TAP DANCE:

MOL: No no no...he means mentally, Mr. Old Timer. You have to THINK fast. Be witty.

FIB: Best thing to do is look over the personalities present and think of some cute thing to say about each one of 'em. Then when you get a break..BOOM!..let 'em have it.

OLD M: Won't they think I'm kinda buttin' in?

MOL: WHY SHOULD THEY? YOU'RE THE MASTER OF CEREMONIES AREN'T YOU?

OLD M: No...I'M the toastmaster. I stand over by the sideboard and make the toast...then they put it on a plate and pour chicken ala king over it. WELL - MUCH OBLIGED FOR THE HELP, KIDS...HOPE I CAN REMEMBER...(TO HIMSELF)...be witty ...fast on my feet...(TAP STEPS)...Personalities...BOOM! Let 'em have it.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: What a toastmaster! HEY, WHY DO THEY CALL IT A TOAST WHEN SOMEBODY GETS UP AND SAYS 'let's all toss off a slug of Old Mutiny in honor of our dear pal, Fred Nitney'? Why "TOAST?"

MOL: Search me, dearie. Unless it's because somebody with a lot of crust gets up and burns somebody to a crisp or butters them till they're soggy. A good toastmaster is bread in the bone, no matter how thick he slices it. NOW COME ON...THERE'S A LOT OF WORK TO BE DONE HERE YET.

SOUND: TINKLE OF MUSIC BOX: OUT:

MOL: AND FOR GOODNESS SALES, STOP PLAYING WITH THAT MUSIC BOX!

FIB: Just wanted to see how many cigars I had left...

CLATTER OF JUNK...CLINKS AND CLANKS AND STUFF...

MOL: Look, McGee...HERE'S THAT WEDDING PRESENT WE GOT FROM
AUNT SARAH! I WONDERED WHERE THAT HAD GONE TO!

FIB: I was hoping it would never show up again. Who wants a
marble Venus with a clock in her stomach?

MOL: I think it's beautiful. Here...wind it up and see if
it'll run.

FIB: You wind it up, or I'll run. I get too embarrassed.

DOOR OPEN & CLOSE:

WIL: Hello, folks...am I intro-- ...OH OH. WHO OPENED THE
CLOSET?

FIB: We're cleaning it out, Junior.

WIL: Sure is a pile of inconsequential junk, isn't it?

FIB: You gonna just stand there and criticise, Wilcox? Why
don't you help us?

MOL: OH, MR. WILCOX DOESN'T HAVE TO MESS WITH THIS STUFF, MCGEE

WIL: I wouldn't mind it a bit, Molly. Except that I have an
appointment in just a few minutes.

FIB: Look, Junior. The older I get, the less patience I got
for beatin' around the bush.

MOL: What do you mean, McGee?

FIB: I mean we ain't fooling anybody. He come in here to say
something nice about Johnson's Wax. So why don't he do
it, and then climb back on his horse and ride away into
the purple sunset, singin' a vagabond song.

WIL: OH, I CAN'T DO IT LIKE THAT. IT'S TOO CRUDE! NO FINESSE!

FIB: FINESSE, MY CLAVICLE!

MOL: Stop picking on Mr. Wilcox and get busy, McGee... hurry.

CLATTER OF JUNK: NO YOU HARRY?

MOL: For instance, what are we going to do with this old box
of phonograph records.

WIL: What records are they? Oh...Here's "TELL ME PRETTY
MAIDEN".

MOL: And "UNCLE JOSH IN THE CHINESE LAUNDRY". You better

throw 'em out, McGee.

WIL: Oh, wait a minute. Gee, it hurts me to see ANything
made of wax thrown away.

MOL: Isn't it a shame? did Molly ever get all this junk...

WIL: Yes, particularly nowadays, when wax is used so much to
PRESERVE things...

FIB: If this is finesse, I'll take vanilla!

WIL: WHY THERE'S ENOUGH WAX IN THESE OLD RECORDS TO PROTECT
AND BEAUTIFY HUNDREDS OF THINGS. THOUGH IT'S A DIFFERENT
KIND OF WAX FROM JOHNSON'S, WHICH IS SPECIALLY PREPARED
TO GUARD ALL WOOD AND ENAMELED SURFACES FROM DUST AND
DIRT AND WEAR AND MAKE A HOME HEALTHY AND SANITARY.

MOL: HERE'S "COHEN ON THE TELEPHONE".

WIL: Tell him I'm not here. YES SIR, IN TIMES LIKE THESE,
FOLKS, IT'S PRETTY IMPORTANT TO PROTECT THE THINGS YOU
HAVE WITH JOHNSON'S WAX. FLOORS, FURNITURE, LAMPSHADES,
WINDOWSILLS...LUGGAGE...WHY, WHEN I THINK HOW MUCH
HOUSEWORK IS SAVED WITH JOHNSON'S WAX, I - Hey, what time
is it? OH JIMINY...I GOTTA SCRAM! SEE YOU LATER, FOLKS!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: So that was Finesse! No wonder he left in such a hurry.

MOL: What do you mean?

FIB: He had to rush that tired old plug to a veterinarian.

MOL: Come on, McGee...I've got a thousand things to do, so let's get this stuff cleared away.

FIB: LOOK...LEMME HANDLE THIS. YOU GO DO YOUR HOUSEWORK, THIS IS A JOB I CAN DO BETTER ALONE, ANYWAY.

MOL: Wel-l-l-l...all right. (FADE) BUT IF YOU NEED ANY HELP, YOU CALL ME.

CLATTER OF JUNK - MORE CLATTER-CLATTER:

FIB: Dad rat it, where did Molly ever get all this junk... take me all day to --

DOORBELL:

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

GORDON: THIS ONE MIGHT HERE! Come in here, little girl.

MOL: Hi, papa.

FIB: Goooooo...so it's YOU, is it? I should of known it was ...AND WHO YOU CALLIN' PAPA?

MOL: You, papa!

FIB: GOSDAMN IT, STOP THAT! YOU CALL ME PAPA AGAIN AND I'LL BEAT YOUR LITTLE BRAINS OUT, IF THEY'RE WHERE I THINK THEY ARE, AND IF THEY ARE, YOU WON'T SIT DOWN FOR A WEEK!

GORDON: WHY YOU BIG BRUTE! WHAT KIND OF A FATHER ARE YOU, TO TALK TO YOUR LITTLE GIRL LIKE THAT!

GORDON: WHAT KIND OF A FATHER ARE YOU, ANYWAY, TO LET YOUR LITTLE GIRL RISK HER LIFE CLIMBING THIRTY FIVE FEET UP A TELEPHONE POLE?

FIB: Who, me. Well, gee whizz, sis, I haven't -

GORDON: THERE OUGHT TO BE A LAW AGAINST IRRESPONSIBLE PARENTS LIKE YOU! THE IDEA, LETTING A SWEET LITTLE GIRL RUN WILD IN THE STREETS! FOR SHAME!

FIB: Look, lady, I don't think you -

GORDON: HERE YOU ARE, PUTTERING AROUND WITH A PILE OF WORTHLESS JUNK WHILE A LITTLE CHILD IS RISKING LIFE AND LIMB IN THE STREETS, AND --

FIB: Hey hey hey...cut it out! I haven't got any -

GORDON: IT'S A GOOD THING I CAME ALONG WHEN I DID. I HAVE A GOOD MIND TO REPORT YOU TO THE AUTHORITIES!

FIB: If you really had a good mind, sis, you'd quit shakin' your pocketbook at me and listen a minute. WHAT CHILD ARE YOU TALKIN' ABOUT?

GORDON: THIS ONE RIGHT HERE! Come in here, little girl.

TEE: Hi, papa.

FIB: Ohoooooooo....so it's YOU, is it? I might of known it wasAND WHO YOU CALLIN' PAPA?

TEE: You, papa!

FIB: DOGGONE IT, STOP THAT! YOU CALL ME PAPA AGAIN AND I'LL *spank you so hard* BEAT YOUR ~~LITTLE BRAINS~~ OUT, IF THEY'RE WHERE I THINK THEY ARE, AND IF THEY ARE, YOU WON'T SIT DOWN FOR A WEEK!

GORDON: WHY YOU BIG BRUTE! WHAT KIND OF A FATHER ARE YOU, TO TALK TO YOUR LITTLE GIRL LIKE THAT?

FIB: Who says she was my little girl?

GORDON: SHE DID!

FIB: Did you, sis?

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: QUIT STALLIN'! DID YOU TELL THIS OLD...er...DID YOU INFORM THIS NOSEY...er...this LADY THAT YOU LIVED HERE?

TEE: Sure I did, I betcha. Can I stay out and play a little while longer, papa?

FIB: I'LL SAY YOU CAN. YOU CAN GO OUT AND PLAY FOR THE NEXT TEN YEARS, YOU LITTLE DOUBLE CROSSER!

GORDON: (GASPS) WELL! IF THIS ISN'T THE WORST CASE I EVER... LITTLE GIRL...YOU STAY RIGHT HERE TILL I CAN NOTIFY THE AUTHORITIES. WHAT IS YOUR NAME, SIR?

FIB: Fibber McGee, and the authorities know I haven't got any -

GORDON: THEY KNOW YOU HAVEN'T GOT ANY RIGHT TO TREAT A CHILD LIKE THIS! YOU JUST WAIT!

DOOR SLAM:

(PAUSE)

FIB: Look, sis...what goes on here? WHAT WERE YOU DOING UP ON THAT TELEPHONE POLE?

TEE: I was a lookout, mister. You see, we were playing G-Man and Gangsters and Willie Toops was a G-Man and I was a gangster, and then this lady came along, and started hollering at me, and gee, I didn't want her to know I had a daddy that would let me do things like that, would you? Hmmmmmm. Wouldja, Hmmmm? Wouldja?

FIB: SO YOU PUT THE BLAME ON ME, EH?

FIB: Who says she was my little girl?

GORDON: SHE DID!

FIB: Did you, sis?

TEE: Hmmm?

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DOOR SLAM:

(PAUSE)

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FIB: SO YOU PUT THE BLAME ON ME, EH?

TEE: Sure. (GIGGLES) Hey you think the moll is gonna rat on us, mister?

FIB: Eh?

TEE: I betcha she's gonna squeal to the cops, I betcha. Gee, if they hang this rap on us, Chief, they'll throw the book at you. You'll get the hot squat or my name isn't Bump-'Em-Off-Bessie, the Bad Bimbo of Brooklyn!

FIB: Look, sis...don't talk like that. You're too sweet and -

TEE: Don't gimme that, Chief. The heat's on. They'll have every harness bull in town on our tails...^{all}and..MEATLESS DAY OR NO MEATLESS DAY, I'M TAKIN' IT ON THE LAMB, SEE? AND JUST SO YOU WON'T TALK...(IMITATES MACHINE GUN)

DOOR SLAM

ORK: "HIT THE ROAD TO DREAMLAND".....KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE:

TEE: Sure. (GIGGLES) Hey you think the moll is gonna rat on us, mister?

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DOOR SLAM

ORK: "HIT THE ROAD TO DREAMLAND".....KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: MUSIC BOX: STOP. START AGAIN..STOP..START AGAIN..STOP

FIB: (TO HIMSELF) Wonderful little gadgets, Music Boxes! When you think how clever them Swiss are at stuff like this, you wonder how they can make cheese with so many holes in it!

MOL: (FADE IN) McGee, I wish you'd stop playing that music box. It's awfully irritating. And besides the spring in it might -- (PAUSE) WELL, HEAVENLY DAYS!

FIB: What's the matter?

MOL: Why you wonderful man! YOU'VE CLEANED AWAY ALL THAT JUNK OUT OF THE CLOSET!

FIB: Aw it was nothin'. I'm strictly the kind of a guy that when there's a job to be done, and he can't get anybody else to do it, he does it!

MOL: Well thanks for cleaning up the mess, McGee. Mind if I take a peek in the closet and see how it looks?

FIB: Go ahead!

DOOR LATCH: (PAUSE) DOOR SLAM

MOL: McGee..you're wonderful!..there's not a thing left in the closet but one old briefcase.

FIB: I know it.

MOL: What did you leave that in there for?

FIB: Bait.

MOL: BAIT!

FIB: Yeah. We gotta start the next pile of junk with SOMETHING, haven't we?

MOL: (LAUGHS) Well, anyway, thanks very much for cleaning up the mess..AND JUST FOR THAT, I'M GOING TO DO SOMETHING NICE FOR YOU.

FIB: What?

Dinner
MOL: I'M GOING TO THROW A TEA PARTY JUST FOR THE TWO OF US.
WITH CANDLES AND THE NEW TABLECLOTH I GOT FOR CHRISTMAS,
AND OUR BEST SILVER AND --

DOORBELL:

FIB: We get about as much privacy as a birdstore canary. COME
IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh..er..how do you do?

ROSIE: Buenas noches, senor y senora, pero mi estufa se ha
descompuesto un poco y no puedo hacer la cena para mi
hermano como no la arregle enseguida, y no puedo arreglarla
como no tenga A SMALL MONKEY WRENCH?

(PAUSE)

FIB: You understand French good enough to know what she said,
Molly?

MOL: I think it was Spanish, McGee. I recognized the words
MONKEY WRENCH.

FIB: Gee so did I...I never knew I spoke Spanish! LOOK, SIS...
WE DIDN'T QUITE GET IT. WHAT WAS IT ABOUT A MONKEY WRENCH?

ROSIE: Si, senor, y como no encuentre una, no puedo hacer la
comida para el si viene a casa, y a mi me gusto tanto
sorprenderle cuando llega a la casa y no sabe lo que WHAT'S
COOKING?

MOL: I'd like to know what's cooking myself. She's a pretty
little thing, isn't she?

FIB: Yeah..cute! YOU SPEAK ANY ENGLISH, SIS?

ROSIE: Ooooooh, si, senor! I spik the English much good.

MOL: She's not DOING it much good. YOU LIVE AROUND HERE, DEARIE?

ROSIE: Si, Senora. Mi casa esta muy cerca down the street.

FIB: Must be a new neighbor. AND YOU WANNA BORROW A MONKEY WRENCH, EH, SIS?

ROSIE: Si.

FIB: Yes, I see. See, Molly?

MOL: Yes, I see, too. She wants to borrow a monkey wrench.

FIB: Shucks, Spanish is a cinch for me! WHATCHA WANT THE MONKEY WRENCH FOR, SIS?

ROSIE: My stove. He is broken. I feex him. I cook. My brother, she is coming home soon, esta noche. No feex. No dinner, y si una mujer no tiene la comida lista cuando el hermano llega, entonces ella esta STICKING HER NECK OUT, NO?

MOL: I think I get it, McGee. She wants to take the wrench and fix her stove.

FIB: So she can cook dinner for her brother. That's right, Sis?

ROSIE: Si senor. YOU ARE A VERY SMART ALECK.

FIB: Eh?

MOL: Never mind, McGee..hand her that little wrench there you were fixing the music box with..that's it. I HOPE YOU GET YOUR BROTHER'S DINNER ALL RIGHT, DEARIE. BY THE WAY, WHAT DOES HE DO?

ROSIE: He eats the dinner.

FIB: WE MEAN WHAT DOES HE DO FOR A LIVING, SIS? WHAT'S HIS JOB?

ROSIE: Oh. He flews.

MOL: He what?

ROSIE: He flews! Es piloto. He flews the aeroplano.

FIB: OHHH, HE FLIES AN AIRPLANE.!

P

ROSIE: Si señor. He is a much good flewer, my brother. Por mucho anos el esta volando un areoplano, y el siempre tiene --

SOUND: AIRPLANE IN FAST UP LOUD AND FADE OUT FAST:

ROSIE: CARLOS! THAT IS MY BROTHER! HE FLEWS OVER THE HEAD!

MOL: I thought for a minute he was going to flew down the flue.

ROSIE: Always he is flewing close over the head. He flew ONCE, he is not coming home for dinner. He flew TWO TIMES, he comes home.

FIB: Oh, signals, eh? Well, I guess he ain't coming home for dinner tonight, sis so you better just -

AIRPLANE EFFECT IN AGAIN FAST AND OUT

ROSIE: AH...TWO TIMES HE IS FLEW. OVER THE HEAD! CARLOS IS COME HOME FOR DINNER! Muchas gracias, amigos, por ayudarme, lo devolverie en cuanto me sea possible...IS OKAY WEETH YOU KIDS?

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: I think I know who she is, McGee...there's some South American Pilots stationed out at the airport...I'll bet her brother is one of 'em.

FIB: If she's gonna be a neighbor, you better brush her up on English. She's liable to come over to borrow two eggs and go home with a catcher's mitt and the piano stool.

MOL: Well, never mind that now. YOU COME WITH ME...

FIB: Where?

MOL: Never mind. Come along.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS

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SOUND: FOOTSTEPS

FIB: What are we gonna do?

MOL: We're going to have a little dinner party all by ourselves. I'll get out the silver and the candlesticks and you get my new tablecloth out of the linen cabinet.

FIB: Oh now, Molly, you shouldn't go to all this trouble, just because -

MOL: BUT DARLING, I WANT TO! YOU'VE WORKED HARD AND YOU DESERVE IT. YOU BEEN A GOOD KID. GO ON...GET OUT THE TABLECLOTH.

FIB: Naw, let's use an old one. I'M kinda dirty from workin' and -

MOL: NO SIR! THE BEST IS NONE TOO GOOD FOR YOU, DEARIE.

FIB: Well, gee, I don't think we -

MOL: MCGEE, YOU DO WHAT I SAY. GET THAT TABLECLOTH OUTTA THE CABINET.

FIB: But look, I -

MOL: WELL, IF YOU WON'T, I WILL!

DOOR OPEN: TERRIFIC AVALANCHE OF JUNK. BELL TINKLE:

(PAUSE)

FIB: I theenk I better flew!

ORCH: "TAKE IT FROM THERE"...FADE FOR:

S.C. JOHNSON & SONG, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC
FEBRUARY 2, 1943

-25-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Right here and now I've got to break down and make a confession. The other day a woman accused me of telling only half the truth. It was in connection with a story I've told you several times on this program about how JOHNSON'S WAX helps to keep your home sanitary and healthful -- because a waxed home is a clean home. She said I had completely forgotten to tell you one of the main reasons why JOHNSON'S WAX keeps things clean -- because it cleans as it polishes. That's true, folks, and I'm sorry if I haven't made that clear. You see, all three forms of JOHNSON'S WAX -- the paste, liquid and cream -- contain one or more active cleaning agents. When you apply them, they remove dirt and grease -- and at the same time leave a tough film of wax that seals the surface against dirt, and guards it against wear. Then when you rub the waxed surface, it glows with that matchless mellow beauty that good housekeepers and decorators so much admire.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

TAG

MOL: What's that you got there, McGee?

FIB: Oh a old handbill I found in that closet junk. Advertisin'
the act I had in Chatauqua. See?

MOL: WELL HEAVENLY DAYS!... "FIBBER MCGEE AND HIS TALKING
ROOSTER!" Why I never knew you'd been in Chatauqua!

FIB: It was just for one summer. I missed a train and got
stranded in Shinglehouse, Pennsylvania. Anyway, the
rooster didn't really talk. I used ventriloquism.

MOL: Like Edgar Bergen?

FIB: Yeah...only MUCH smarter.

MOL: GO ON!...YOU WERE SMARTER THAN EDGAR BERGEN?

FIB: Certainly. IS BERGEN SMART ENOUGH TO HAVE A PARTNER HE
CAN EAT, ~~IF HE GETS STRANDED IN SHINGLEHOUSE,~~
~~PENNSYLVANIA?~~ No. Goodnight.

MOL: GOODNIGHT, ALL!

ORCH: UP TO FINISH: APPLAUSE

SIGNOFF: