

Writers: Don Quinn
Bill Danch

(REVISED)

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

1943 (20)

February 9, 1943

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

(REVISED)

-2-

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: "OF THEE I SING" FADE FOR:

P

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
Tuesday 6:30 PM PWT NBC
February 9, 1943

-3-

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

WILCOX: From reports sent from all around the country, it seems to me that Old Man Weather has been about as fickle and changeable this year as any I can remember. There have been so many ups and downs -- snowing and freezing one day, melting the next. I hope all of you good ladies have had your floors waxed! There's nothing like regular applications of genuine JOHNSON'S WAX for protecting all floor areas against the increased wear of winter. Especially the front and back hallways -- and all extra-heavy traffic spots. You know, of course, that one of the advantages of JOHNSON'S WAX is that you can touch up these places that get harder wear, without having to rewax the entire floors. While you're waxing your floors, don't forget to use that same JOHNSON'S WAX on your furniture and woodwork. It makes cleaning so much easier, saves hours of your time, adds beauty to every room in your home.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH)
(APPLAUSE)

(REVISED)

-4-

WIL: IT'S AN OLD ESTABLISHED AMERICAN CUSTOM FOR THE WIFE TO SIT AND DO THE MENDING WHILE HER HUSBAND READS THE EVENING PAPER TO SEE WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE WORLD. WARS...FLOODS...SCANDALS...POLITICS - THERE ARE SO MANY THINGS TO KEEP TRACK OF! AND HERE WE FIND THE MAN OF THE HOUSE KEEPING HIS WIFE INFORMED OF IMPORTANT DEVELOPMENTS, AS WE MEET --

---FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!---

APPLAUSE:

RATTLE OF PAPER:

Boy, is Tarzan in a mess now.
FIB: ~~- So, this gorilla teases Tarzan over the edge of the roof, see? And in the next picture -~~
MOL: NEVER MIND ABOUT TARZAN! Give me the IMPORTANT news of the day.
FIB: Such as what?
MOL: Such as what's happening with Lil' Abner down in Dogpatch!
FIB: Haven't got to Lil' Abner yet. (RATTLE OF PAPER)
OH, MY GOSH!...HEY, WHAT DAY IS THIS?
MOL: TUESDAY.
FIB: NO NO NO!...WHAT DAY OF THE MONTH?

MOL: What's the date on that paper?
FIB: I can't tell from this...it's yesterday's paper.
MOL: Well, just add one day, silly! What are you so excited about?
FIB: LISTEN...It says: "TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 9TH, HAS BEEN ANNOUNCED AS THE DEADLINE IN THIS STATE FOR APPLICATION FOR AUTOMOBILE LICENSES!
MOL: Heavenly days...AND WE HAVEN'T GOT OURS!...What's the penalty?
FIB: Gee, I dunno! But every government form I ever signed yet says A FINE OF NOT LESS THAN FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS AND SIX MONTHS IMPRISONMENT! NOT LESS, MIND YOU!
MOL: McGee...this is terrible! We haven't got five thousand dollars.
FIB: You mean I gotta go to PRISON? OH, THEY CAN'T DO THAT TO ME. (PAUSE) CAN THEY?
MOL: Certainly - but maybe I could save you, dearie. I could put on a lot of rouge and lipstick and wear a short skirt and make eyes at the jury and maybe they'd --

FIB: MOLLY...STOP IT! LOOK, MAYBE IT AIN'T TOO LATE TO GET OUR CAR LICENSES...MAYBE THEY'RE OPEN EVENINGS!
MOL: Better call up and find out then..here..here's the phone.
FIB: Thanks..(CLICK) Oh this is terrible..what was I thinkin' of not to have...HELLO...HELLO, OPERATOR? GIMME THE AUTO LICENSE BUREAU OF THE - EH? OH, IS THAT YOU, MYRT? WELL, LOOK, MYRT, I'M IN A JAM. I AIN'T GOT TIME TO STAND HERE AND...EH? WHO? YOUR BROTHER? I DON'T CARE, MYRT...TELL ME SOME OTHER TI....EH? HE DID WHAT?
MOL: You'll hear about her brother and like it, McGee.
FIB: WHAT SAY, MYRT? HE DID? SHOT IT OUT UP A DARK ALLEY WITH TWO COPS?
MOL: Heavenly days! Was he hurt?
FIB: Hurt? He won twelve bucks! Says he never saw a cop yet that could shoot craps. NOW LOOK, MYRT! I GOTTA FIND OUT IF THE AUTO LICENSE BUREAU IS OPEN THIS EVENING SO I... EH? IT IS? GEE, THANKS, MYRT! G'BYE! (CLICK) COME ON, MOLLY.. IT'S OPEN! LET'S GO!
MOL: Wait a minute...it's too late to get to the bank..how much money have you got?
FIB: Lese..(CLINK OF COINS) I got three sixty-five....

Sue got \$4.90 but
MOL: No. That's only \$8.55. We need another nickel.

FIB: OH MY GOSH..ONE NICKEL BETWEEN ME AND STATE'S PRISON! THIS IS AWFUL! BUT MAYBE IF...

DOORBELL:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

TEE: Hi, mister. Hi, Miz McGee.

FIB: OH HELLO THERE SIS..Look..we're awful busy.

MOL: Yes, little girl, we've got to go downtown right away.

FIB: So come back tomorrow sis.

TEE: Okay, mister. I was just on my way to the drug store anyway, to spend my nickel.

(PAUSE)

FIB: You..er...you got a nickel?

MOL: MCGEE!...NO! YOU CAN'T DO IT!

FIB: I can try, can't I? You think I'm gonna let a couple dimples and a hair ribbon send me to the chain gang? WELL, IT SURE IS NICE TO SEE YOU, SIS, OLD SIS! AND I WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT THERE'S NO HARD FEELINGS ABOUT LAST WEEK.

TEE: Hmmmm?

FIB: You know...(LAUGHS) Very funny gag. Most guys would be pretty sore about that - but not me.

TEE: I don't know whatcha mean, mister.

FIB: Oh sure you do.

TEE: You mean about me telling that lady you were my father when she caught me climbing that telephone pole and came in and scolded you?

FIB: Yeah.

TEE: I don't remember that.

FIB: YOU DO TOO! AND YOU COST ME A NICKEL, TOO!

MOL: How did she, McGee?

FIB: I hadda call up the authorities and tell 'em she wasn't my little girl and I wasn't neglecting her, didn't I? AND PHONE CALLS COST A NICKEL, DON'T THEY?

TEE: Not on a monthly rate, mister. You haven't got a nickel phone.

FIB: HOW DO YOU KNOW?

TEE: Because me and Willie Toops were over here once and we took it all apart and there wasn't any nickels in it, I betcha. Just a lot of old wires and stuff *like that there*.

FIB: OH, SO THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED THAT TIME WHEN -

MOL: Look, McGee, we haven't got time to stand here and argue. We've got to get downtown.

FIB: But Molly...it's either five minutes now or five years on the rockpile. Look, darling -

TEE: You mean me or Miz McGee!

FIB: I mean you. Come here and sit on Uncle Fibber's knee. That's a dear little girl. Uncle Fibber is very, VERY fond of you...You remember all the times I've told you nice stories, and fixed your tricycle, and got your kite out of the tree and put a new rope on your sled, and everything? AND DON'T IT MAKE YOU PRETTY HAPPY TO KNOW YOU FINALLY GOT A CHANCE TO DO SOMETHING NICE FOR UNCLE FIBBER?

TEE: No.

FIB: Eh?

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: YOU MEAN YOU DON'T WANNA DO UNCLE FIBBER ONE TEENY LITTLE FAVOR?

TEE: Gee, I'd like to, mister, but it wouldn't be good for your character.

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, GOOD FOR MY CHARACTER?
TEE: My teacher says when you do nice things for people you shouldn't do it with the idea of being paid back, she says. She says knowing you're doing a good deed is enough reward for anybody. You oughtta be happy because you did all those things for me.
FIB: OH I AM! I AM! I REALLY AM, SIS. AND NOW IS YOUR CHANCE TO BE HAPPY, BY DOING SOMETHING NICE FOR ME!
MOL: Would it help the act any if I played Hearts and Flowers on the piano, McGee?
FIB: LOOK, LITTLE GIRL, DO YOU KNOW THAT I'M LIABLE TO GO TO PRISON FOR FIVE YEARS IF I DON'T GET A NICKEL TONIGHT? ONE FIVE CENT PIECE. ONE DIRTY LITTLE JITNEY.
TEE: Awwwwwww -
FIB: It's a fact! HOW CAN YOU BE SO SELFISH WHEN YOU THINK OF ME, GETTIN' OLD AND GRAY. SPENDING THE BEST YEARS OF MY LIFE...BEHIND PRISON WALLS...A LONELY, BROKEN OLD MAN.. DEPENDING ON HIS FEW FRIENDS TO BRING HIM CIGARETTES... CHEWING GUM...YEARNING FOR A GLIMPSE OF THE BLUE SKY... THE SONG OF A BIRD...
TEE: (SOBS)
FIB: (BROKENLY) EATIN' MY HEART OUT BEHIND THEM GRAY PRISON WALLS...NEVER A SIGHT OF A FRIENDLY FACE...DAY AFTER DAY...WEEK AFTER WEEK...YEAR AFTER YEAR...
TEE: (STARTS CRYING)
FIB: You see, sis? You begin to see what a nickel can mean to a desperate man?

TEE: (SOBBING) Sure I do, I betcha...and I won't spend it for
.... ...jelly beans...(SOBS) I'm gonna save it. ^{my nickel} And when
you go to prison (SOBS) I'M GONNA BUY YOU SOME CHEWING
GUM...(SOBS LOUDLY TO...)

DOOR SLAM

ORK: "TICO, TICO NO TUBA"

APPLAUSE

SECOND EFFORT:

MOL: It's no use, McGee.. I've searched and searched, all over the house and I can't find another nickel any place!

FIB: WELL GEE WHIZZ, MOLLY.....WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO? WE ONLY GOT 8.55 AND OUR CAR LICENSES COST 8.60 AND WE GOTTA GET 'EM TODAY! WE GOTTA GET A NICKEL....
.....SOMEPLACE.

MOL: Oh, we must know SOMEBODY that would lend us a nickel. After all.....

DOORBELL:

FIB: Who's that?

MOL: Let me peek,...Oh, it's Abigail Uppington!

FIB: HOT DOG!! THERE'S A POWER THAT WATCHES OVER ME, BABY! Here we are, desperate for a nickel, and who rings the doorbell, but the richest old bag o' banknotes in town!

MOL: You'll never get a nickel out of her, the way you and she always insult each other.

FIB: I AIN'T INSULTIN' HER TODAY, TOOTSIE! I'm gonna flatter the snood off the old shark! I'M gonna give her the old banana oil thru a fire hose! I'll lay it on so thick she

DOORBELL:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Well, for goodness sakes...Abigail Uppington...what a surprise!

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

SECOND EFFORT:

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

(2ND REVISION) 13-14

FIB: Uppy, you don't know how glad I am to see you. You're the breath of spring! Your refreshing personality always makes me think of birds twitterin' in the trees...brooklets gurglin' in the piney woods...crocuses stickin' their little green necks up into the sunlight.

UPP: REALLY, MR. MCGEE!!...I HADN'T REALIZED THAT I GAVE THE IMPRESSION OF EITHER FLUTTERING, GURGLING, OR STICKING MY LITTLE GREEN NECK OUT. THANK YOU FOR TELLING ME!

MOL: But Abigail, darling...McGee was merely trying to be complimentary. He says you're one of the finest people he knows.

FIB: No kiddin', Uppy. I think you're a great gal. I'll bet if one your friends was in desperate need of some paltry little sum...like maybe...oh, say a nickel, or something, I'll bet you'd be right there ^{giddy as the cat on a hot tin} with a helping hand!

UPP: IF ANY OF MY FRIENDS WERE CARELESS AND INEFFICIENT ENOUGH TO GET THEMSELVES INTO SUCH A SITUATION, MR. MCGEE, I SHOULD CROSS THEM OFF MY LIST! SUCH STUPIDITY DISGUSTS ME.

FIB: Well, gee, I.. er... (LAUGHS) Incidentally, Uppy, that's one of the best lookin' dresses you ever wore. That white edging around the edge of the skirt there is really smart.

UPP: WHITE EDGI-...MR. MCGEE!! PERHAPS MY SLIP IS SHOWING A TRIFLE, BUT YOUR CLUMSY SARCASM IS ENTIRELY UNWARRANTED! WHITE EDGING, INDEED!

(REVISED) -15-

MOL: Oh he didn't know it was your slip showing, Abigail. He thought it was part of the dress.

FIB: Sure...hah hah...the only fashion magazine I read is Esquire and they don't go in much for slips showing. Hah hah hah....

MOL: He always says you're one of the best-dressed women in the country, Abigail.

FIB: That's exactly what I says, Uppy. You're chick!

UPP: CHIC!

FIB: WHO'S A SHEIK? JUST BECAUSE I TRY TO BE NICE TO YOU, YOU BIG -

MOL: STOP IT, MCGEE, SHE DIDN'T MEAN -

FIB: I KNOW WHAT SHE MEANT, THE HIGH-HANDED OLD HAY HORSE! AND LEMME TELL YOU --

UPP: PLEASE, MR. MCGEE!

FIB: NO, YOU DON'T PLEASE MR. MCGEE AND MR. MCGEE DON'T PLEASE YOU, SO WHADDYE SAY WE CUT OUT THE PHONUS BALONUS AND GO BACK TO HATING EACH OTHER?

UPP: THAT SUITS ME TO A T, YOU MISERABLE LITTLE MICROBE!

MOL: Oh dear oh dear oh dear.....

UPP: AND I HOPE THAT NEXT TIME I COME TO CALL, I AM LUCKY ENOUGH TO FIND ONLY MRS. MCGEE AT HOME, YOU...YOU ICICLE!

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, ICICLE?

UPP: EVEN IN YOUR COLOSSAL IGNORANCE, MR. MCGEE, YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT AN ICICLE IS A BIG DRIP THAT ISN'T GOING ANYPLACE. GOOD DAY!

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: You've certainly got a way with women, dearie. Too bad it's the wrong way.

IB: That babe carries more chips on her shoulder than a roulette table. NOW WHERE ARE WE GONNA GET THAT NICKEL?

MOL: I haven't the slightest idea, McGee. Maybe Kramer's drug store would let you borrow one.

IB: Nah...Kramer's sore at me.

MOL: What for?

IB: Because I didn't believe him when he said he was down in Florida last winter and got bit by an allegory.

MOL: You don't mean allegory, you mean alligator.

IB: I do not. An alligator is a guy that tells a pilot which way to steer a ship.

MOL: THAT'S A NAVIGATOR.

IB: GO ON....YOU'RE THINKIN' OF THOSE GUYS ON THE RADIO THAT TELL THE PLOT...LIKE ORSON WELLES.

MOL: A NARRATOR?

IB: CERTAINLY. A NAVIGATOR IS A FELLA THAT FLIES AN AIRPLANE.

MOL: A MAN WHO FLIES AN AIRPLANE IS AN AVIATOR.

IB: THEN WHAT'S AN ALLEGORY?

MOL: Well, it's likely to be a story that -

IB: THAT'S WHAT I TOLD KRAMER! A LIKELY STORY, I SAYS, YOU NEVER EVEN BEEN DOWN IN FLORIDA! And he got sore, I ain't askin' that guy for no nickel!

MOL: All right, McGee...but remember the penalty...6 months to five years imprisonment!

IB: OH MY GOSH....I'D FORGOT THAT...COME ON...LET'S GET DOWN TO THE CITY HALL. MAYBE WE'LL MEET SOMEBODY THAT WILL LEND US A NICKEL!!!

MOL: I'M all ready...Wait a minute...where's my gloves...
oh here they are....

FIB: HOLD EVERYTHING!..I GOTTA GET A HANDFUL OF CIGARS....

SOUND: MUSIC BOX: UP AND OUT SHARPLY WITH LID CLOSING:

FIB: ALL RIGHT....IS THE BACK DOOR LOCKED?

MOL: YES, I LOCKED IT MYSELF....

FIB: FURNACE TURNED DOWN?

MOL: Yes, it's all right...

FIB: PUT THE CAT OUT?

MOL: We haven't got a cat.

FIB: Then who ate my last can of King Oscar sardines?

MOL: Uncle Dennis..

FIB: Then when we come ^{home} back remind me to put him out. COME ON!

DOOR OPEN: SHUT: FOOTSTEPS ON PORCH DOWN STEPS...ON SIDEWALK...FAST:

ORCH: WILLIAM TELL UP AND OUT:

SOUND: MURMUR OF VOICES:

MOL: Where do we go to get auto licenses, McGee?

FIB: I dunno...but here's a information desk. HEY BUD!

MAN: Yeh?

MOL: Where do we go for a license?

MAN: License for what, lady? We sell licenses for everything. You wanna marry this guy, shoot him, tear him down, open him up, build an addition, or make like he's an Airedale?

FIB: ^{Excuse me,} Don't look now, bud, but your lip is unbuttoned.

MAN: Yeh? How would you like a kick in the teeth, Taxpayer?

FIB: Why don't you climb out of your pigpen and have a go at it, Porky? But after it's over don't ask me to help you find your eyeballs. NOW WHERE'S THE AUTO LICENSES, AND IF I DON'T GET A CIVIL ANSWER I'M COMIN' IN THERE AND SEE WHAT AN ALDERMAN'S NEPHEW LOOKS LIKE WITH HIS HEAD IN HIS HIP POCKET!

MOL: Boys...boys!!

MAN: Fourth door down the hall, and ask for Kutchinski.

FIB: Who's Kutchinski?

MAN: How would I know? You're the guy that's askin' fer him.

FIB: One more question, Funnyboys. Is there a bounty on rats?

MAN: Yeh. Fifty cents.

FIB: Well, go poison yourself and collect. COME ON, MOLLY....

CROWD MURMUR UP AND FADE:

MOL: This must be the room, McGee...See the sign? "MARRIAGE LICENSES, DOG LICENSES, HUNTING LICENSES, BUILDING LICENSES, AUTO LICENSES, POETIC LICENSES, AND IF YOU HAVEN'T GOT IT, DON'T DO IT, 'CAUSE IT TAIN'T FER IT!" Isn't that cute! Now if we only could -

WIL: (FADE IN) The Best Wax of All is used in Carnegie Hall! Yes, the Best Wax of all is used in Carnegie Hall! WELL HELLO THERE FOLKS! What goes on?

FIB: Oh Hiyah, Junior. Just the guy we wanted to see. You got a nickel to spare?

WIL: A nickel?

MOL: That's right, Mr. Wilcox. We've got to get our auto licenses before the deadline tonight, and we're short just five cents.

FIB: How's about it, Kid?

WIL: WHY SURE!!!. I'm not positive I have a nickel in change but.... now wait a minute....I know...I had....(PAUSE) WELL, CAN YOU BEAT THAT! I HAVEN'T GOT A PENNY ON ME! LEFT THE HOUSE WITHOUT A CENT!

(PAUSE)

MOL: Where's this power you say watches over you, McGee? Out to lunch?

FIB: Oh well...we'll handle this some way.

WIL: I really am sorry, folks. Be glad to let you have any amount of dough if I had it. You know that!

MOL: Oh sure...

FIB: Yeah, we know that, Junior. There ain't a more liberal guy on earth than the one who's just left his wallet at home. AND WHAT ARE YOU gettin' a license for?

WIL: Oh I come down here to the marriage license bureau every year, and as I stand in line, I get a chance to tell the little brides and grooms all about Johnson's Self Polishing Glocoat. Nothing like starting off right in your married life.

MOL: For a Cupid, Mr. Wilcox..you're a little over-dressed.

FIB: ~~He knows he's safe buttin' in on these young lovers anyway, Molly. They're all holdin' hands so tight, they won't let loose long enough to pop him one.~~

WIL: ^{newly-weds} ~~THEY WOULDN'T ANYWAY.~~ YOU'D BE SURPRISED HOW INTERESTED THEY ARE IN JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT, WHEN I TELL 'EM HOW IT SHINES AS IT DRIES, AND WILL MAKE THAT NEW LINOLEUM IN THEIR LITTLE LOVE NEST KEEP ITS SPARKLE AND BEAUTY ALL THRU THEIR MARRIED LIFE. AND HOW IT SAVES THE LITTLE BRIDE'S TIME AND WORK BY MAKING HOUSEWORK SO EASY....

MOL: You'd think their mothers would have told 'em all that!

WIL: OH MOST OF 'EM HAVE. BUT THEY'RE GLAD TO HAVE THE ADDED WEIGHT OF MY AUTHORITY..AS A JOHNSON EMPLOYE AND A MARRIED MAN. I TELL 'EM HOW MY WIFE WOULD SIMPLY BE LOST WITHOUT JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT, PARTICULARLY WHEN SHE KNOWS HOW MUCH MORE SANITARY IT MAKES OUR KITCHEN BY SEALING THE LINOLEUM AGAINST DUST AND DAMPNES - AND THEN I TELL 'EM -

FIB: Look, Junior....

WIL: Yeah?

FIB: Look. What do you do, when they ask what a old married man like you is doin', standing in line to get a marriage license?

WIL: Why, don't be silly. I've got a perfect right to get a marriage license. In fact I HAVE to get one. I'm married.

MOL: Wait a minute. You got one before you were married, didn't you?

WIL: Certainly.

FIB: And.....and you been gettin' one every year since?

WIL: Of course. Think I want them to come and take my wife away from me?

(PAUSE)

MOL: Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: What?

MOL: A marriage license isn't like a dog license. You don't have to renew it every year. ~~Didn't anybody ever tell you?~~

WIL: ARE YOU KIDDIN'?

FIB: That's the truth, Junior.

WIL: Well, take my B card and leave me my honey! WHY DOESN'T SOMEBODY TELL ME THESE THINGS!! Two bucks a year... for four years...what a chump...what a dope. (PAUSE)... (FADE OUT) Oh well, the Best Wax of all is used in Carnegie Hall - Yes, the Best Wax of all is used in Carnegie Hall....

MOL: Look, McGee...I think that's the line for auto licenses across the room.....What are you going to do about that other nickel?

FIB: Don't worry. I'll handle it. I got an idea.....

OLD MAN: (FADE IN) Well, hello there, kids.....

MOL: Oh, hello, Mr. Old Timer. What are you doing down here?

OLD MAN: Gittin' me a marriage license.

FIB: Really? WHO YOU MARRYIN'?

OLD MAN: Well, I'll tell you, Johnny...it was love at first sight! There she stood, like the statue of liberty...with a blow torch in one hand and a roll o' blueprints in the other....

MOL: WHO?

OLD MAN: My boss. Out at the shipyards, daughter. Blowtorch Bessie, the Spirit o' the Graveyard Shift. Cute, too. Red headed widow from Rhode Island.

FIB: Oh...a Rhode Island Red! Look, Old Timer....you realize this is a serious step you're takin'? Marriage is quite a responsibility. Think you can handle a family at your age?

OLD MAN: I'd only have the widow to handle, Johnny. Her oldest kid is only 14, and I know I kin lick him. Now look, this is all confidential, see?

FIB: Oh, sure but somehow I can't imagine you gettin' married,
Old Timer.....

MOL: Now, don't you go talking him out of it, McGee...after all,
he's only young twice.

OLD MAN: Had to git me the license while Bessie was in the mood,
kids. Much as told me a couple times, she'd jilt me if she
only had the power.

MOL: Willpower?

OLD MAN: No. Tyrone Power. Well, see you in church, kids. (EXIT
HUMMING WEDDING MARCH) ---

ORK: "CHOOOL" - KING'S MEN.

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: MURMUR OF VOICES: FADE

MOL: Heavenly days, McGee...look at this mob of people getting auto licenses. I didn't know there were that many cars still running.

FIB: There aren't. People are just buyin' 'em from memory.
HEY QUIT SHOVIN' BACK THERE!!

ANGRY MURMUR: FADE:

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

MOL: Oh hello, Mr. Wimple.

FIB: Hiyah, Wimp.

WIMP: If anyone in this crowd is giving you trouble, Mr. McGee, you just point them out to me, and I'LL give them a good hard slap.

MOL: Why Mr. Wimple! When did you get so aggressive?

WIMP: Oh, I'M a different man, now, Mrs. McGee. I'M taking a course in body building. See my muscle?

FIB: Muscle my clavicle! I'VE seen more meat than that on a Tuesday Blue Plate.

MOL: Don't worry, Mr. Wimple. You keep right on. You'll have the physique of a movie hero yet.

FIB: Sure...remember, - Romero wasn't built in a day.

MOL: I do believe you're looking better, Mr. Wimple. How much do you weigh now?

WIMP: 78 pounds. And not an OUNCE of fat!

FIB: Whaddye do in these body building exercises, Wimp? Skip rope, and jump over stuff...and stuff?

WIMP: Well, after I finish my morning exercises, I go for a little swim.

FIB: How far?

WIMP: Just till my sides began to get bruised.

MOL: BRUISED ON WHAT?

WIMP: The hot water faucet. We have a rather small tub. I keep bumping into it when I turn. Well, if you'll excuse me now, I'll --

FIB: HEY WAIT A MINUTE, WIMP!

WIMP: Yes?

FIB: You..er...you got a nickel you can spare? We're gettin' our auto licenses and we're short a nickel.

WIMP: Oh, I'M dreadfully sorry, Mr. McGee...but I haven't got a cent with me. Sweetface doesn't approve of my running around town with a pocket full of money. Not since I got in trouble that time.

MOL: Oh, what trouble, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: Oh I found a dandy movie I liked, in a penny arcade and I must have spent 21 cents on it, playing it over and over and I lost track of the time and I didn't get home till LONG after nine o'clock. My goodness, Sweetface was simply frantic!

FIB: What did she do, Wimp?

WIMP: I asked everybody in the hospital and no one would tell me. Well goodbye now.

CROWD MURMUR:

MOL: Get your money ready, McGee...we're next.

FIB: Okay..

MOL: How about the extra nickel?

FIB: Watch me.

GORDON: Step up, please, you're next. Make and model of car?

FIB: Chandler, 1923.

GORDON: Cylinders?

MOL: Oh yes indeed. Several of them.

GORDON: HOW MANY CYLINDERS PLEASE?

FIB: Five.

GORDON: DO YOU MEAN FOUR, OR SIX?

FIB: I mean five. It was six, originally, but one of 'em hasn't worked for years.

GORDON: Six cylinders. Horsepower?

MOL: No, gasoline engine.

GORDON: PLEASE! WHAT HORSEPOWER WAS THE ENGINE?

FIB: Oh about 27. But 6 of 'em had the heaves.

GORDON: Thank you. Name, please?

FIB: You want the first name last and the last name first?

GORDON: YOUR FIRST NAME, PLEASE?

MOL: Well, his first name was Hugo, and then his parents decided they didn't like that and they named him Eldred. Then they found they had a rich uncle named Fibber, so they -

GORDON: MADAM, WILL YOU LET THE GENTLEMAN SPEAK, PLEASE.

MOL: ~~Certainly... speak, gentleman!~~

FIB: ~~BARKS.~~

MOL: ~~(OFF MIKE, WEARILY) WILL YOU QUIT CLOWNING UP THERE AND GET THRU?~~

FIB: Fibber McGee, 79 Wistful Vista, sis.

GORDON: That's all...sign here please....(PAUSE) Thank you... that will be Eight Dollars and sixty cents.

MOL: Eight dollars and sixty cents miracle man.

FIB: Eight dollars and sixty cents...Yes, sir!....got it right here, sis, - exact change....Here's five bucks...six, seven...eight...and here's 25, thirty five, forty five, fifty five, -six---HEY, QUIT SHOVIN' BACK THERE!

SOUND: CLATTER OF COINS ON FLOOR: CONFUSION:::

FIB: Doggonne it..knocked all my money off the counter...I'M sorry, sis....did you get it all?

GORDON: I found it all but a nickel, sir. I imagine we'll find that when they sweep out in the morning. Here are your licenses.

MOL: OHHHHHHHHHH, my!

GORDON: I beg your pardon, madam?

MOL: I didn't say a word....come on, McGee.....

CROWD MURMUR AND FOOTSTEPS: CROWD FADES OUT:

FIB: (LAUGHING) Hey, Molly..remind me to mail the State another nickel when I get one.

MOL: Fibber McGee, you're a regular confidence man. Nobody shoved you, when you dropped that money.

FIB: (LAUGHS) Well so what? I got my auto licenses didn't I? And as soon as I put 'em on the car, we'll --7

(PAUSE)

FIB: Oh my gosh!

MOL: What?

FIB: DON'T YOU REMEMBER? WE SOLD THE CAR LAST MONTH!!!

ORK: "DON'T CRY" - FADE FOR -

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC
FEBRUARY 9, 1943

-29-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WIL: I have quite a lot to say on this program about using wax for protection. After all, that is its primary function -- to protect wood, leather, enamel and metal surfaces against wear and minor scratches. Every now and then letters come in from some of you listeners that are so strong and emphatic on the subject of protection that I would hesitate to read them on this program. For example, in the same mail last week came two letters. One was from a woman whose home had just been under flood -- the floors covered with slimy mud. But when the mud was washed off, so this lady says, the floors were like new, because they had been regularly waxed. The other letter was from a woman whose piano had been drenched and sprayed with steam from a nearby radiator -- and because she had just waxed the finish, the steam didn't damage it. We don't like to say too much about extreme cases like this -- but the fact remains that women do appreciate the protection that JOHNSON'S WAX gives their precious possessions -- especially in times like these.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

(2ND REVISION) -30-

TAG GAG

MOL: I'M GLAD THAT'S OVER. ALL THAT FUSS OVER A MEASLY NICKEL.
FIB: WHAT D'YUH MEAN MEASLY NICKEL, IT'S ONE OF THE BEST COINS WE HAVE. IT'S BETTER THAN A DIME OR A QUARTER OR EVEN A HALF DOLLAR.
MOL: WHY SHOULD A NICKEL BE BETTER?
FIB: JUST LOOK IN THE COLLECTION PLATE SOME TIME AND SEE WHICH GOES TO CHURCH THE OFTENEST! GOOD NIGHT.
MOL: GOOD NIGHT ALL!
ORK: UP
APPLAUSE

WIL: The characters of the Old Timer and Wallace Wimple, 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)