

Written by Don Quinn
Phil Leslie

(REVISED)

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

(Johnson's Wax)

1943 (25)

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

Tuesday, March 16, 1943

(REVISED)

-2-

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

ORCH: THEME: (FADE FOR:

WIL: The makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Self-Polishing
Glocoat present Fibber McGee and Molly, written by Don
Quinn...with music by the King's men and Billy Mills'
Orchestra.

ORCH: "BOJANGLES OF HARLEM" FADE FOR COMMERCIAL

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC
MARCH 16, 1943

-3-

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WIL: The amount of money you make can change -- the value of a rationing coupon can change -- but there's one thing that never does vary -- there are only 24 hours in every day. Nothing you or I can do will ever make it 25... which brings me to an interesting letter we received last week from a woman in busy Detroit. "This is the first fan letter I have ever written," she says, "but when I consider all the time JOHNSON'S WAX has saved me, I just must write. Like nearly everybody else, I now do all my own housework and care for my two-year old son. For all its time saving, I say 'Thank goodness for JOHNSON'S WAX!' -- and for such a nice letter, we say thank you very much to a busy mother in Michigan. It's very true that JOHNSON'S WAX is saving hours of work for women everywhere, besides helping them to take better care of the things they have.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

-4-

WILCOX: IT'S BEEN CLAIMED THAT THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES IS MORE DEADLY THAN THE MALE. BUT WHEN THE MAILMAN IS A WOMAN, ----- WELL, HERE ON PINS AND NEEDLES WAITING FOR HER ARRIVAL, WE FIND -- FIBBER MCGEE OF --

--- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

MOL: For goodness sakes, McGee...settle down. What are you expecting in the mail that's so important?

FIB: You wait and see. It's something that might change the whole course of our lives.

MOL: Well, that appeals to me, too. Though I will say, dearie, that life with you has never a dull moment.

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

MOL: No, I just say that because I'd admire a dull moment now and then. With you, I never know what's going to happen next though I always expect the worst, and I'M rarely disappointed, in spite of the fact that I've lived thru it, which is surprising when I come to think of it, which I try not to.

FIB: Just the same, did you ever stop to realize what a person could do if he knew exactly how to handle every situation as it come up?

MOL: Certainly. He'd go on Information Please and make a mugg of Oscar Levant.

FIB: You don't get me.

MOL: I got you once - do I have to keep doing it?

FIB: Listen - this is serious. I'M expecting something in the mail that's gonna make me rich and healthy and smart.

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS - DOESN'T THE GOVERNMENT HAVE ENOUGH CRITICISM WITHOUT YOU EXPECTING MIRACLES?

FIB: Okay...scoff if you wanna. DERIDE! BUT THIS IS IMPORTANT. WHAT IF SOMETHING HAPPENED THAT I COULD LOOK INTO THE FUTURE AND KNOW EXACTLY WHAT WAS GONNA HAPPEN?

MOL: It would be sickening. Don't we have enough trouble with what HAS happened? Who wants to peek into the future - admitting for the sake of argument that you have one?

FIB: Well, for instance...suppose I had advance knowledge that a certain stock was gonna go up?

MOL: You said you had that knowledge in 1929, and what happened? We were broke for 4 years!

FIB: YES BUT THERE'D BE NO GUESSWORK WITH THIS. I'D KNOW. I COULD BUY say...AMALGAMATED GARBAGE CAN AT 22, RIDE IT UP TO 49, AND SELL OUT. CLEAN UP A MILLION BUCKS IN TWO DAYS. I'D CORNER THE MARKET!

MOL: That reminds me. Run down to the corner market and get a can of beans. Take the ration book and a loaded shotgun.

FIB: But Molly, I gotta wait for the mail because -

DOOR CHIME: MAIL WHISTLE

FIB: OH BOY...HERE SHE IS NOW!!! MARK THIS DAY DOWN ON THE CALENDAR, MOLLY! FROM TODAY ON...WE'RE A SUCCESS!

MOL: You open the door dearie. I can't do it with my fingers crossed.

FIB: THAT I WILL!.THAT I WILL!

DOOR OPEN:

FIB: COME IN, SIS, COME IN, COME IN, COME IN! HEY, MOLLY... IT'S HER, ALL RIGHT...IT'S THE BAGUETTE.

MOL: So I see. Good morning, dear. Won't you sit down and rest your special deliveries?

VIR: No thank you, Mrs. McGee. I've got to keep going and get back to the post office. There's a hole in the bottom of my mail bag.

FIB: Really? The mail must go through.

VIR: Yes, that's our motto, Mrs. McGee.

FIB: Eh? Oh! (LAUGHS) That's very good, sis. Very good. Hah hah...er...well, whatcha got for us this morning?

VIR: Let me see what I have for you folks...AH, YES...HERE IS THAT CARD FROM YOUR AUNT SARAH. WISHING YOU A HAPPY GEORGE WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY. Remember?

FIB: OH NEVER MIND AUNT SARAH. THAT SKINFISTED OLD TIGHTFLINT.

MOL: Now, McGee...stop talking like that about Aunt Sarah. She's a very generous person.

FIB: Sure...she'd give you the back of her shirt. That old miser believes in re-incarnation so she can leave all her dough to herself. COME ON, SIS..WHAT ELSE YOU GOT FOR US? I'M expecting some very important mail.

MOL: Stop trembling, McGee. Anybody'd think your life was at stake..and from what I've seen of your life, it's a pretty tough stake.

VIR: I'M afraid that's all I have for this morning, Mister McGee, but...OH NO...HERE. YOU probably won't want this.. it's just a circular.

FIB: Lessee it...HEY..THIS IS WHAT I'VE BEEN WAITIN' FOR! OH, BOY!...NOW WE'RE GETTIN' SOMEPLACE...THANKS, SIS! Remind me to put in a good word for you with the Department of Labor.

VIR: I work for the Post Office Department, Mr. McGee.

FIB: WELL, WHADDYE CALL THAT - AMUSEMENT?

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: You should be more polite with the mailgirl, McGee. She has a hard job.

FIB: (TO HIMSELF) Put your career into affinity with the universe. Put your future into rhythm with the psychic forces that -

MOL: MCGEE, I WAS SPEAKING TO YOU.

FIB: Eh? Oh, how do you do? (TO HIMSELF) Let the stars foretell what fate has in store for you, and put yourself in tune with the infinite. Your astral plane --

MOL: MCGEE!!!

FIB: EH? OH...HEY, LOOK WHAT I GOT! FROM THE YOU-CAN-BE-WHAT-YOU-WANT-TO-BE HOROSCOPE COMPANY. THE KEY TO SUCCESS IN TWENTY-FIVE PAGES OF WISDOM, DISTILLED FROM THE ANCIENT EGYPTIAN SYSTEM OF ASTROLOGY, AND PERFECTED BY MODERN METHODS OF CHARACTER ANALYSIS! AND ALL FOR TWENTY-SEVEN CENTS, INCLUDING POSTAGE!

MOL: And just what did you get for your 27 cents, Taurus?

FIB: I ain't Taurus. I'M Scorpio. Taurus is the bull.

MOL: So is Scorpio, if you'll ask me.

FIB: Look what the envelope says. YOUR COMPLETE CHARACTER ANALYSIS, TELLS ABOUT MY HEALTH, BUSINESS, MARRIAGE, FRIENDS, LUCKY DAYS, LUCKY NUMBERS, WHEN TO PLANT CORN.. (PAUSE)..You say something?

MOL: Is it necessary?

FIB: No. WHEN TO GO FISHIN'. MY 72-YEAR LIFE CYCLE AND SPECIAL FORECAST FOR EVERY DAY OF THE YEAR.

MOL: What do they do when your 72 years are up? Come and shoot you?

FIB: You wait. Now lemme see...Scorpio...Scorpio...

MOL: WHEREFORE ART THOU, SCORPIO? And when are you goin' to the store for a can of beans?

FIB: Don't say anything in my horoscope about goin' to the store. Now lemme see...December...January...February --

MOL: MARCH!

FIB: Eh? Oh! Okay - I'll get the beans. Be right back.

APPLAUSE:

ORK: "CAXINGA"

APPLAUSE:

SECOND SPOT

SOUND: TELEPHONE BELL OUT OF APPLAUSE: RECEIVER UP

MOL: 79 WISTFUL VISTA, MOLLY MCGEE SPEAKIN'. WHO? MR. MCGEE?
NO, HE ISN'T HERE JUST NOW...MAY I TAKE A MESSAGE? YES ..
YES...AN OLD SCHOOLMATE OF FIBBER'S? YES, I'LL TELL HIM.
WHAT WAS THE NAME AGAIN? STILLWELL? AND THE FIRST NAME?
STUFFY? YES, I'LL TELL HIM YOU CALLED, MR. STUFFWELL..
ER...STIFFWUFF...ER...YES, INDEED. GOODBYE! (CLICK)
That's funny...I don't remember McGee's mentioning anybody
named Stuffy Stillwell...still it might have been a --

(DOOR OPEN & CLOSE)

FIB: Scorpio under the influence of Venus...Hey here's your
beans, Molly.
MOL: Thank you, dearie. What does your horoscope say about
getting some meat for Sunday?
FIB: Nothing, but look what it says about today. It says
"MARCH SIXTEENTH WILL BE A DAY OF SURPRISES FOR SCORPIO."
Hey, incidentally what's a scorpion?
MOL: I think it's Latin for a scorpion, McGee. And a scorpion
is kind of a lizard or something.
FIB: Does a scorpion bite?
MOL: No, but confidentially, it stings. Go on with the reading.
FIB: Okay. It says, "MARCH SIXTEENTH WILL SEE THE PAYMENT TO
SCORPIO OF A LONG-OVERDUE DEBT BY AN OLD SCHOOLMATE." I
dunno what that means.....I can't think of any old
schoolmate that -

MOL: WELL HEAVENLY DAYS I...I ALMOST FORGOT, MCGEE. AN OLD
SCHOOLMATE OF YOURS CALLED UP WHILE YOU WERE AT THE
STORE.

FIB: WHAT? HE DID? WHO WAS IT?

MOL: He said to tell you Stuffy Stillwell called.

FIB: STUFFY STILLWELL!! WELL, I'LL BE A - OLD STUFFY
STILLWELL! NOW THERE'S A GUY THAT --

MOL: That what?

FIB: That I can't quite place. I wonder where I knew a
Stuffy Stillwell. You remember him from school?

MOL: No, I don't. Maybe he was in your geometry class.

FIB: THAT'S IT! THAT'S WHY I DON'T REMEMBER HIM. I NEVER TOOK GEOMETRY!

MOL: Well, maybe there's something to this astrology business after all, McGee. Your horoscope says an old schoolmate will pop up and pay a debt, and sure enough, up pops the old schoolmate.

FIB: AIN'T IT WONDERFUL? WHERE'S HE STAYING?

MOL: He didn't say. He just said to tell you he called.

FIB: WELL MY GOSH...I GOTTA FIND HIM! I CAN'T MAKE A LIAR OUTA MY HOROSCOPE!

MOL: Maybe your horoscope gives his phone number, too. What else does it say?

FIB: Lemme see...NO, IT JUST SAYS *Be On Your Guard Against* BEWARE OF A DARK HAIRED, WELL GROOMED MAN WITH A GLIB TONGUE AND SMOOTH MANNERS. I WONDER WHO -

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

WIL: HELLO, FOLKS. AM I INTRUDING?

MOL: Not a bit, Mr. Wilcox. It's nice to see you. McGee, aren't you going to speak to Mr. Wilcox?

(PAUSE)

FIB: (TO HIMSELF) Darkhaired...well-groomed...glib manner.... smooth tongue. Hm... WELL, WHADDYE WANT, JUNIOR?.... AND WATCH YOUR STEP. I'M ON GUARD!

WIL: What are you talking about?

MOL: He just got his horoscope, Mr. Wilcox. AND it says to beware of a darkhaired, well-groomed man.

FIB: On second thought, I was wrong, Molly. I apologise, Junior. You're not well groomed.

MOL: WHY MCGEE, HE IS TOO!

FIB: He is not! Look at him...no sideburns! No spats! No cane! No carnation! HE LOOKS LIKE A TRAMP!

WIL: I used to have sideburns. But they got too long and I cut 'em off.

MOL: How long did they get, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Well, long enough so people began asking me why I had my hat tied on. What sign were you born under, Fibber? Leo?

FIB: No. Scorpio. What made you think I was Leo?

WIL: Well, Leo means Lion.

MOL: I got it.

FIB: Scorpio is a wonderful sign under which to be born, Junior. Listen to what the chart says about Scorpios. It says SCORPIO NATIVES ARE ENDOWED WITH STRENGTH, DISCRETION, INGENUITY, AND...er...and...TENNA-KITTY.

WIL: What was that last thing you're endowed with, chum?

FIB: Tenna-kitty. See? Says so right here.

MOL: MCGEE, THAT WORD IS TENACITY!

FIB: I KNOW THAT. I WAS GIVIN' IT THE EGYPTIAN PRONUNCIATION. All this astrology stuff comes from the Egyptians you know.

WIL: Sure...their mummies done told 'em. I'm sort of a believer in that stuff myself, folks.

MOL: Are you really, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Sure. Let me show you. When did you buy your kitchen linoleum. In what month?

FIB: I gotta suspicion this is leadin' us into that certain thing, Junior, but we bought that linoleum in 1938...the end of January.

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MOL: Does that prove something?

WIL: CERTAINLY IT DOES. JANUARY 20th to February 19th is AQUARIUS, THE WATER BEARER. AND HOW DOES LINOLEUM BEAR WATER? BECAUSE SMART HOUSEWIVES PROTECT IT WITH JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLOCOAT. KEEPS IT FROM DRYING OUT, LOSING IT'S COLOR, AND GETTING SCUFFED AND SCRATCHED. WHEN DID YOU BUY YOUR LAST CONTAINER OF GLOCOAT, MOLLY?

MOL: Wel-l..let me see...I don't remember but we'll need some more the end of the month.

FIB: First of April...what's that?

WIL: THAT'S ARIES, THE RAM. RULED BY THE PLANET MARS. AND HOW DO YOU PROTECT LINOLEUM AGAINST MARS...AND SCRATCHES, AND dust and dirt and DAMPNES? WITH JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLOCOAT, THAT'S HOW. See how it works out?

MOL: What's the Ram got to do with it?

WIL: That's simple. A ram is a male sheep. And wouldn't you feel sheepish if you kept on with the old fashioned floor scrubbing when you could use Glocoat, that shines as it dries in 20 minutes or less and gives you a lot less work and a lot more leisure?

FIB: Gee, I never realized there was so much to astrology! I'm gonna live up to this every minute of the day. For instance, it says here, "ANYONE WHO CROSSES A NATIVE OF SCORPIO ON THE MORNING OF MARCH 16th WILL RUN INTO DIFFICULTIES. AN ACCIDENT WILL BEFALL HIM."

MOL: Do you really believe that?

WIL: No. It's a lot of horsefeathers.

FIB: IT IS NOT A LOTTA HORSEFEATHERS.

WIL: Oh it is too! IT'S SILLY! (LAUGHS)

FIB: IT IS NOT SILLY AND YOU BETTER LOOK OUT, WILCOX. I'M A SCORPIO AND YOU'RE CROSSIN' ME! AN ACCIDENT WILL BEFALL YOU!

MOL: Oh now, McGee..

WIL: (LAUGHING) Let him go, Molly. You can't argue with people who believe in that stuff. (LAUGHS HEARTILY) SEE YOU LATER, SCORPIO!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

MOL: McGee, you shouldn't be so gullible. After all,--a two bit horoscope --

SOUND OFF MIKE: TERRIFIC CRASH, CLATTER...THUD

MOL: Good heavens..what was that?

FIB: I think Wilcox is studying the stars, Molly. They're tellin' him about that wobbly front step I been meaning to fix. That's what he gets for crossin' a Scorpio. When my horoscope predicts....HEY I GOTTA LOCATE STUFFY STILLWELL!!!

MOL: How?

FIB: He'll be at the Ritz-Vista Hotel.

MOL: That's a very expensive place. How do you know he'll be there?

FIB: Simple logic. He's an old schoolmate. He owes me some dough. When I went to school I never had much dough. Therefore, it was a small amount he owes me. Who likes to dish out their dough in small amounts? Rich people. Where do the rich people stay? At the Ritz-Vista. Gimme the phone.

MOL: McGee, sometimes I think you're almost as smart as you claim. Here.

besides it's the only hotel in town.

FIB: Thanks! (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR? GIMME THE RITZ VISTA HO-HO!! IS THAT YOU, MYRT?

MOL: Oh dear.

FIB: HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING, MYRT? TIS EH.? WHAT SAY, MYRT? YOUR GRANDMOTHER? CAME HOME PLASTERED LAST NIGHT?

MOL: Heavenly days - Her grandmother?

FIB: Yeah...she was knittin' at the Red Cross and the ceiling fell on 'em. THAT'S TOUGH, MYRT. WHAT SAY, MYRT? OH THANKS!. HELLO, RITZ-VISTA HOTEL? I WANNA TALK TO MR. STILWELL. EH? WELL TELL HIM MR. MCGEE CALLED. THANKS. (CLICK) Stuffy's gone out, Molly. You know, I think I remember him now.

MOL: I think I do, too. Stuffy Stillwell. He was the boy who broke his clavicle when he fell off his sled on Underwood's Hill, wasn't he?

FIB: THAT'S THE GUY...THAT'S THE VERY GUY!! AND YOU KNOW WHAT?

MOL: What?

FIB: I loaned him 37¢ once to pay a fine on some library books. If he hadn't of paid that fine, he couldn't of took out any more books. Then he'd of flunked every course! WHY THAT GUY OWES HIS WHOLE EDUCATION TO ME. I PUT HIM THRU HIGH SCHOOL! NO WONDER HE'S GRATEFUL!

MOL: So you loaned him 37¢ which put him thru high school! Why didn't you give him an even half-dollar and send him to collage?

FIB: Would of been bad for his character. He'd of got so he depended on me. Would of been a dime here, and a dime there --

MOL: Well, you study your horoscope, Scorpio. (FADE OUT) I've got to get things ready for lunch.

FIB: Ahhhhh.. there goes a good kid! I'm gonna give her half of whatever old Stillwell gives me, in his gratitude. Well, no...not HALF. I paid for the whole horoscope myself. Make it a third...let's see...what's a third of ten thousand bucks...? Hmmm... you can't do it. Better make it a tenth. A THOUSAND BUCKS! Is she the lucky kid, though! I'll bet most guys wouldn't even --

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: HOT DOG...I'LL BET THAT'S OLD STUFFY NOW! GOOD OLD STUFFY... COME IN, COME IN, COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

TEE: Hi, mister.

FIB: Oh, it's you, is it? Well, come in, but don't bother me, sis. I GOT SOME STUDYING TO DO. Just got my horoscope from the "You-can-be-what-you-want-to-be Horoscope Company."

TEE: Gee, have you gotta horoscope, mister? Can I look thru it once? Hmm? Can I? Hmm, please, mister, can I? Hmm?

FIB: A HOROSCOPE ISN'T SOMETHING YOU LOOK THRU, SIS. You're thinkin' of a telescope...or a microscope...or a periscope....A HOROSCOPE HAS TO DO WITH ASTROLOGY.

TEE: But what's astrollergy, mister?

FIB: ASTROLOGY, SIS, IS THE SCIENCE OF FORECASTIN' EVENTS BY THE MOVEMENTS OF THE PLANETS.

TEE: Gee, my mama was doin' that all morning, mister.

FIB: Studyin' astrology?

TEE: No, movin' planets. She moved her geranium planets off the back porch and moved her tomato planets behind the garage and moved her CROCUS planets --

FIB: No no no...Look, sis... you're all mixed up.

TEE: I know it.

FIB: BY PLANETS, I MEAN THE STARS IN THE SKY! LIKE THE SUN AND THE MOON. You see, everybody's life is influenced by the stars. Everybody is born under some kind of a sign.

TEE: I KNOW IT! I HAD A PUPPY ONCE AND HE WAS BORN UNDER A CIGARETTE SIGN ON THE CORNER OF 14th AND --

FIB: YES YES YES...NEVER MIND. And you better run along, sis. I got work to do, and besides, I'm expecting a guest.

TEE: Who?

FIB: THAT IS NONE OF YOUR AFFAIR! NOW SCRAM!

TEE: Can I tell you a ripple before I go?
FIB: You mean a RIDDLE, sis. A ripple is a wrinkle on
a river. What's the riddle?
TEE: WHAT IS IT THAT RUSSIA AND ENGLAND AND AMERICA AND CHINA
HAVE GOT THAT HITLER HASN'T GOT?
FIB: What has America, and England and Russia, and China got
that Hitler hasn't got?
TEE: Give up?
FIB: Yes.
TEE: So will Hitler. G'BYE, MISTER!

DOOR SLAM:

ORK: "VE DON'T LIKE IT" - KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE:

THIRD SPOT

MOL: Lunch will be ready in just a few minutes, dearie. Better
get washed up.
FIB: Okay...but listen to this, willya? My horoscope says
"FIVE PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES WERE SCORPIO
SUBJECTS. JOHN ADAMS, JAMES K. POLK, JAMES GARFIELD, AND
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.
MOL: That's only four.
FIB: I know. I been thinkin' of goin' into politics myself.
As a friend of mine - Fred Nitney - once said --

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: HEY, I'LL BET THAT'S OLD STUFFY STILLWELL! LET HIM IN,
MOLLY..LET HIM IN! GEE WHIZZ, DON'T KEEP OLD STUFFY
WAITIN' OUT IN THE --
MOL: OH CALM YOURSELF, MCGEE. It's only Mrs. Uppington.
FIB: Aw fer the - what does that old beanbag want?
MOL: I don't know and aren't you forgetting your horoscope?
FIB: Whaddye mean?
MOL: It says for you to be courteous and polite to everyone
up til 12 o'clock noon...remember? And it's still five
minutes to 12.
FIB: Well, do me a favor and tell me when it's twelve o'clock.
Because I -

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Well, hello, Abigail, darlin'.

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

FIB: Good morning, Mrs. Uppington. A VERY good morning to you. You're looking very charming this morning. As the cream and sugar said to the spoon, "Won't you join us in a cup of coffee?"

UPP: er... .thank you. Don't you....aren't you....er...I mean, is anything wrong, Mr. McGee?

FIB: Why no, my dear girl....not a thing. Thank you for inquiring, however. What time is it, Molly?

MOL: (ASIDE) 4 minutes to 12 - (UP) If you mean his unusual politeness, Abigail, his horoscope advised it. He was born under the same sign as little Lord Fauntleroy.

UPP: Oh how utterly fascinating. I used to be SO interested in astrology, and I was going to the DEAREST swami.

FIB: Swami, eh? You a pretty swimmer, Uppy?

MOL: A SWAMI HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH SWIMMING, MCGEE. A swami is a man with a towel around his head who looks into the future.

FIB: Most men I've seen with towels around their heads were moaning about the past. Do tell us more about it, won't you, Mrs. Uppington? I find it MOST interesting. What time is it?

MOL: 2½ minutes to 12 and don't overdue it, McGee. That phoney smile shows more teeth than a hay rake.

FIB: (LAUGHS POLITELY) Very amusing my dear. But come, Mrs. U., I should like to hear more of your experiences in occult affairs.

UPP: Well, it WAS extremely interesting, Mr. McGee. The Swami would look into his crystal.....

FIB: I looked into a crystal just this morning.

UPP: What did it say?

FIB: 8:30. What time is it now, Molly?

MOL: 2 minutes to twelve.

UPP: OH GOOD HEAVENS!..I HAD NO IDEA IT WAS SO LATE!...I MUST BE GOING. I HAVE AN APPOINTMENT AT THE BEAUTY PARLOR AT NOON.

FIB: OH DON'T GO, UPPY!..GEE WHIZZ...NOT FOR A WHILE YET, ANYWAY. STAY A COUPLE OF MINUTES!

UPP: Why, Mr. McGee...how charming of you to insist...but I simply must be going, Really!

MOL: One minute and forty-five seconds.

FIB: (Thanks) COME ON, UPPY...SIT DOWN A WHILE, I HAVE SO MANY THINGS I WANT TO SAY TO YOU.

UPP: Cawn't you tell me later?

MOL: That's the only time he can tell you. (One minute to twelve.)

UPP: GOOD GRACIOUS...ONLY ONE MINUTE TO GET TO THE BEAUTY PARLOR...I MUST RUSH ALONG!!..GOOD DAY MY DEAR!...GOOD DAY MR. MCGEE!...

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Of all the dirty luck! HALF-A-MINUTE MORE AND I COULD-A OPENED UP ON THE OLD WINDJAMMER!

MOL: But WHY, McGee? She hasn't done anything to you.

(REVISED)

-22-

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UPP: Gawn't you tell me later?

MOL: That's the only time he can tell you. (One minute to twelve.)

UPP: GOOD GRACIOUS...ONLY ONE MINUTE TO GET TO THE BEAUTY PARLOR...I MUST RUSH ALONG!..GOOD DAY MY DEAR!...GOOD DAY, MR. MCGEE!...

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Of all the dirty luck! HALF-A-MINUTE MORE AND I COULD-A OPENED UP ON THE OLD WINDJAMMER!

MOL: But WHY, McGee? She hasn't done anything to you.

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(REVISED)

-23-

FIB: I know that. But she rubs me the wrong way.

MOL: You mean she RIBS you the wrong way. Every time you get into an argument with her she pins your ears back. And on you it looks good.

FIB: Well, if she'd only...HEY, I ALMOST FORGOT!...I GOTTA FIND STUFFY STILLWELL!

MOL: It seems to me you're getting awfully excited about a loan of 37¢

FIB: YOU THINK HE'S ONLY GONNA PAY ME-BACK 37¢? YOU REALIZE WHAT THE COMPOUND INTEREST IS ON 37¢ FOR OVER TWENTY YEARS? IT'S AROUND TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS!

MOL: How do you know?

FIB: It's just a rough estimate...Might be more for all I know. But when a rich millionaire like Stuffy Stillwell decides to --

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

BRYAN: Does Mr. Fibber McGee live here? I see Mr. Stillwell.

FIB: WELL I'LL BE AGOOD OLD STUFFY STILLWELL! STUFFY OLD MAN, COME RIGHT IN! LONG TIME NO SEE!

BRYAN: (LAUGHS) Ahhh the same old McGee...still coining phrases! AND MY GOODNESS...ISN'T THIS LITTLE MOLLY DRISCOLL?

MOL: Molly Driscoll as was, Mr. Stillwell, Molly McGee now. Won't you sit down?

FIB: SURE! SIT DOWN, SIT DOWN, SIT DOWN! LET'S TALK OVER THE OLD SCHOOL DAYS, EH? (LAUGHS) REMEMBER THE TIME I LOANED YOU THAT 37¢ TO PAY YOUR FINE AT THE LIBRARY?

(LAUGHS)

[PAUSE]

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BRYAN: No. I don't remember that.

MOL: What?

FIB: You don't? Well then why...I mean, my horoscope says you...er..WELL, YOU SURE LOOK LIKE YOU'D DONE ALL RIGHT IN THE WORLD, STUFFY OLD MAN! HAVE MUCH OF AN INCOME TAX THIS YEAR?

MOL: Don't be so subtle, McGee. YOU KNOW, MR. STILLWELL...IT'S A FUNNY THING, BUT FIBBER'S HOROSCOPE TOLD HIM AN OLD SCHOOLCHUM WOULD SHOW UP TODAY AND REPAY AN OLD DEBT. ISN'T THAT STRANGE?

BRYAN: Oh, I don't know. That's exactly what I came for, Molly.

FIB: AW FORGET IT STILLWELL, OLD MAN. WHAT'S 37¢? WHAT IF IT DID LET YOU COMPLETE YOUR EDUCATION SO YOU COULD GO OUT INTO THE WORLD AND GET RICH? WHAT IF IT WAS THE TURNING POINT IN YOUR LIFE? GEE WHIZZ, I'M PROUD TO BE RESPONSIBLE FOR YOUR SUCCESS.

BRYAN: I don't remember any 37¢ McGee. All I can remember is the time I was sliding down Underwood's Hill on my sled and you hit me with a snowball and knocked me off the sled and I broke my collarbone.

MOL: I TOLD you it was his clavicle, McGee.

BRYAN: -- and I was laid up for two months, and I swore if I ever caught up with you, McGee, I'd pay you back for that. Here you are!

SOUND: SHARP CRACK

FIB: OOOOH!

SOUND: THUD

MOL: Heavenly days!!!

BRYAN: If he wants to make something of this, Molly, he can see me at my office in New York. I am president of the YOU-CAN-BE-WHAT-YOU-WANT-TO-BE-HOROSCOPE COMPANY.

DOOR SIAM:

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

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC
MARCH 16, 1943

-26-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL:

WILCOX: It looks as if spare parts for all your electrical and mechanical gadgets around the house are going to be still harder to get as time goes on. It's very sound advice we're getting from all sides to take extra good care of our toasters, vacuum cleaners, refrigerators. And while we're out there in the kitchen, let's not forget the floor covering. You can make your linoleum floors last 6 to 10 times longer by protecting them regularly with JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO-COAT. That's a great big dividend when you consider that GLO-COAT is so easy to use, because it shines as it dries, without rubbing or buffing. It protects linoleum against wear and dirt -- revives faded colors -- and GLO-COATED floors are easy to keep clean because spilled things are wiped up in a jiffy. If you have children and a cocker spaniel running around the house, you'll be especially grateful for the cleanliness and the labor saving made possible by the regular use of JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO-COAT.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC -- FADE ON CUE)

-27-

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MOL: Does your jaw still hurt, dearie?
FIB: Oh not so bad. That guy sure packs a wallop, don't he?
MOL: Yes and while you were still unconscious he came back and left 37¢ for you.
FIB: WHAT? NO INTEREST?
MOL: And he said that he really intended to kill you, but he saw your elk's tooth, and realized you were out of season.
FIB: Oh pshaw...goodnight!
MOL: Goodnight, all!
ORK: UP TO FINISH: SIGNOFF

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