

Written by Don Quinn
Phil Leslie

(REVISED)

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

(Johnson's Wax)

1943 (26)

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

Tuesday, March 23, 1943

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WILSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
TUESDAY 6:30-7:00 P.M.

(REVISED)

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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: "YOU DO SOMETHING TO ME" FADE FOR COMMERCIAL

(COMMERCIAL TO COME - PAGE 3)

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S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC
MARCH 23, 1943

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: This morning, bright and early, I had an idea. Oh yes, I have ideas once in a while! Why not start a special little department here on the show, call it the "Department of New Or Unusual Uses for JOHNSON'S." I could even ask you people to write in and tell me about new uses you've discovered for wax -- and maybe we'll read them on future programs. Isn't that a good idea? For one thing we may all get some very timely suggestions, either for saving work or protecting our things. I could start this Department of New Uses off with a letter that came in the other day from a lady in Illinois. Here it is: "I always wax my oilcloth table tops and pantry shelves. I wonder how many other women have discovered this new use for your wonderful JOHNSON'S WAX? It keeps the oilcloth glistening, easy to clean, makes it last longer, and the dishes don't stick to the cloth". Yessir, folks, that's just one of the 100 extra uses for JOHNSON'S WAX -- for protecting, beautifying, taking better care of the things you have.

ORCHESTRA: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH)

(APPLAUSE)

(REVISED)

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WILCOX: IT'S A STRANGE AND WONDERFUL THING THAT IN TIMES OF GREAT NATIONAL EMERGENCY, SOME BORN LEADER ALWAYS ARISES TO LEAD HIS PEOPLE TO VICTORY. IN ENGLAND THERE IS CHURCHILL, IN AMERICA THERE IS ROOSEVELT, IN RUSSIA THERE IS STALIN, IN CHINA THERE IS CHANG KAI CHEK AND IN WISTEFUL VISTA, DURING THE RED CROSS DRIVE, THERE IS -- WELL WOULDNT YOU JUST KNOW IT? AND HERE HE IS, AS WE MEET, --

--- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

MOL: So you've been appointed to collect funds for the American Red Cross, have you? When do you have to go to Washington?

FIB: Oh I won't have to go to Washington. Too crowded. I couldn't do my best work there. They say they got people sleepin' on billiard tables down there.

MOL: Oh, what's another 7 hours behind the eightball to you?

FIB: ANYway, I'm not exactly the NATIONAL collector for the Red Cross.

MOL: Oh, just for this state.

FIB: Wel-l-l, no...not exactly for the whole state. You see, I -

MOL: Just for Whistful Vista?

FIB: Practically, yes....I'm in charge of this neighborhood. Or, to be strictly accurate, of this street.

MOL: THE WHOLE STREET?

FIB: N-n-o...just this SIDE o'the street.

MOL: Well, heavenly days...even that's a responsibility. The whole of one side of the street.

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FIB: Oh it ain't exactly the WHOLE side of the street. Just this end of this side of the street.

MOL: Your territory is getting more exclusive by the minute, dearie. You sure your not just in charge of the last four feet of the east side of our coal cellar?

FIB: NO SIR...I GOT THE RESPONSIBILITY OF COLLECTIN' FUNDS FOR THIS WHOLE END OF THE STREET. MY QUOTA IS FIFTY BUCKS.

MOL: FIFTY DOLLARS! Isn't that a lot?

FIB: Fifty bucks is just a drip in the sink, baby. You realize that the Red Cross has already turned out 520 MILLION surgical dressings? Did you know that the Red Cross operates 150 service clubs and recreation centers for the guys overseas? Do you realize -

MOL: WAIT A MINUTE, DEARIE. You don't have to sell me the Red Cross. I'm one of their admirers. What I want to know is who appointed you?

FIB: Well, you see, it was kind of a volunteer thing. They were -

MOL: WHO APPOINTED YOU?

FIB: Well, frankly, it boiled down to the choice of -

MOL: WHO APPOINTED YOU?

(PAUSE)

FIB: I did.

MOL: And who set your quota at fifty dollars?

FIB: I did. AND I'LL COLLECT IT, TOO! IF ANYBODY COMES TO THIS HOUSE TODAY WITHOUT KICKIN' IN SOME DOUGH, I AIN'T THE SALESMAN I THINK I AM.

MOL: All right...you don't have to stick your chin out at me. It's a wonderful idea and I'll help you. How much does the Red Cross need in all?

FIB: Hundred and twenty-five million.

MOL: You may have a hard time collecting money for anything, just after people have turned their pockets inside out to pay income taxes.

FIB: This ain't a matter of reachin' into your pocket. This is a matter of reachin' into your heart. You pay taxes on a percentage of your income to support the government. You give to the Red Cross on a percentage of your belief in humanity. Excuse me if I sound a little drippy, but that's how I feel about it!

MOL: In that case, I think \$50 is too low a quota.

FIB: OKAY, I'LL DOUBLE IT. I'LL MAKE IT A HUNDRED BUCKS. AND IF I DON'T COLLECT IT, I'LL WRITE MY PERSONAL CHECK FOR THE DIFFERENCE.

MOL: Sure. Give them your check and a fielder's glove. Maybe they can catch it on the third bounce.

FIB: DON'T WORRY...THE BANK KNOWS ME.

MOL: They should. You've worn out one of their rubber stamps. The one that says "WE REGRET TO INFORM YOU..."

FIB: Well, you know how bankers are. They been peekin' thru those brass bars so long they gotta very narrow outlook. You know why old MacDonald down at the Third National has took to wearin' sport shirts?

MOL: No.

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FIB: Because shakin' his head "no" all day in a high collar he was sawin' his head off. As a friend of mine, old Fred Nitney of Starved Rock Illinois, used to say --

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: WELL FOR GOODNESS SAKES...IF IT ISN'T ABIGAIL UPPINGTON!

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

FIB: Hiyah, Uppy! Fling your frame on a chair and save a third of coupon 17. I was just talkin' about you.

UPP: Er..you were?

FIB: YES SIR! I WAS JUST SAYIN'...NOW YOU TAKE UPPY, I SAYS, THERE'S A GAL THAT'S AS OPEN-HANDED AS THEY COME! ALWAYS READY TO TOSS A BUCK ON THE DRUM FOR A GOOD CAUSE! AS WARM-HEARTED AS A HOT HAMBURGER AND AS GENEROUS AS THE DAY IS LONG IN THE ARCTIC CIRCLE.

(PAUSE)

UPP: How much do you want...and for what?

MOL: You have the subtle approach of a 20-mule team crossing a wooden bridge, McGee. It's ABOUT THE RED CROSS WAR FUND, ABIGAIL. McGee is collecting for it.

FIB: I've set a quota of a hundred bucks for this end of the street, Uppy. And it's a darn good cause.

MOL: How much do you want to give, Abigail?

UPP: Nothing, at the moment, my dear. (EXCLAMATIONS) I sent them a large check yesterday morning.

FIB: Oh my gosh...and I was countin' on you, Uppy. HEY..YOU GOT ANY SPORTING BLOOD, KID?

(2ND REVISION) -8-9-

MOL: Now what, McGee?

SOUND: (RATTLE OF DICE)

FIB: Ever see a pair of these before, Uppy?

UPP: Why what INTERESTING LITTLE OBJECTS, Mr. McGee. Made of ivory are they not?

MOL: They're called DICE, Abigail. Otherwise known as Memphis Marbles, Birmingham Dominoes and Gutter Golfballs.

you plays game with 'em
FIB: It's called craps, Uppy..WHADDYE SAY WE TRY A GAME WITH THESE DICE...SAY FOR A NOMINAL SUM. WINNINGS TO BE DONATED TO THE RED CROSS. Whaddye say?
MOL: Oh McGee..don't take advantage of Abigail's ignorance.
UPP: My deah, I should LOVE to try it. What does one do with the deuce?
FIB: Dice, Uppy.
UPP: But there are two of them. Dice, singular..DEUCE, plural
MOL: They're still dice, Abigail, and it's singular what people can do with 'em plural. Show her, McGee.
FIB: Look, Uppy...you shake 'em in your hand, like this, see? (RATTLE) Then throw 'em out try and throw a seven - but if the dots on top add up to say..8..that's your point. You gotta throw 'em again and try to make an eight, see? If you get a seven, before you make your point you lose... otherwise keep tryin' for the eight.
UPP: It sounds ridiculously easy, Mr. McGee.
MOL: Famous last words.
FIB: You got the right spirit, Uppy. AND WHATEVER I WIN, I'LL GIVE TO THE RED CROSS. HOW MUCH WANNA PLAY FOR?
UPP: You said some nominal sum.. let's say 20 dollars?
MOL: That isn't nominal...that's PHEnominal!
FIB: (LAUGHS) TWENTY FIVE BUCKS IT IS! Take the dice Uppy... here...NO NO NO!...IN THE PALM OF YOUR HAND..NOT BETWEEN THUMB AND FINGER..TWENTY BUCKS ON THE CARPET AND I'LL COVER IT...NOW KNEEL DOWN AND ROLL 'EM OUT...

UPP: (GIGGLES) OH ISN'T THIS FUN, REALLY?...I should warn you, Mr. McGee, I was very good at playing jacks, when I was a girl. Ready?
FIB: Ready.
MOL: Shoot 'em.
UPP: (GOES COMPLETELY PROFESSIONAL CRAPSHOOTER)
Come on babies...talk to mamma!..(RATTLE OF BONES) SEVEN COME ELEVEN!...a four and a trey and we're here all day! (RATTLE RATTLE) A five and a two, Cause the rent is due!!! (RATTLE RATTLE) (SNAP OF FINGERS) AHHH, SEVEN IT IS.!! COVER THAT TWENTY AND YOU'RE GONNA NEED PLENTY! ROLL 'EM OUT AGAIN, ABIGAIL!! (RATTLE RATTLE RATTLE) (SNAP OF FINGERS) ANOTHER SEVEN, STRAIGHT FROM HEAVEN! WOW! AM I HOT TONIGHT.!! (RATTLE RATTLE RATTLE) COME ON RATION BOOK, MAMMA NEEDS SHOES! (SNAP OF FINGERS) AHHH. EIGHTER FROM DECATUR! EIGHT'S MY POINT AND I'LL CLEAN THE JOINT.!! FADE ME, BUDDY!!...FADE ME.!!
FIB: Well, I'll be a....
MOL: Look out, Wolf...here comes little Red Riding Hood!
UPP: (RATTLE RATTLE) HERE WE GO AGAIN...COME SEVEN.!!!
MUSIC IN:
UPP: (FADE INTO MUSIC) SEVEN OR ELEVEN!!..COME SEVEN! COME ELEVEN!!....
ORK: "PLEASE THINK OF ME"
APPLAUSE:

MOL: How much did Abigail finally take you for, McGee?

FIB: 37 bucks. But she promised she'd give it to the Red Cross
HEY CAN YOU IMAGINE HER PLAYIN' BRIGHT-EYED INNOCENCE AND
ALL THE TIME SHE SHOOT\$ CRAPS LIKE SHE'D SERVED SEVEN
HITCHES IN THE MARINES?

MOL: I never say anything like it. She handled those ivories
like she'd been a personal friend of the elephant that
grew 'em.

FIB: I wonder if she's ever had any bone operations. I'll bet
those dice were carved out of her own clavicle. Of all
the dirty tricks!

MOL: Did you give Abigail 37 dollars in cash?

FIB: Naw...I gave her a check!

MOL: A CHECK!..WHY YOU HAVEN'T GOT THAT MUCH IN THE BANK.

FIB: I will have...before the day is over.

MOL: BUT THAT MONEY WILL BE FOR THE RED CROSS.

FIB: Sure it is. I give her my check...she gives it to the Red
Cross, I cover it with what I collect. AS LONG AS THE
RED CROSS GETS A HUNDRED BUCKS, THAT'S ALL I CARE.

MOL: You've got me all confused. You'd better call Mr.
MacDonald at the Third National and tell him you might
be a little overdrawn.

FIB: CALL THAT PENNY-PINCHIN' OLD PETTIFOGGER? NO SIR. HE
AIN'T HUMAN. HE'S AN ICEBERG THAT WAS LEFT OVER FROM THE
GLACIAL PERIOD AND THEY BUILT THE BANK AROUND HIM.

MOL: I think Mr. MacDonald is very nice. He always bows to
me.

MAIL WHISTLE:

FIB: Oh oh...there's the mail girl...the baguette...COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Hello there, dearie. Any mail for us today?

VIR: Nothing but a postcard, Mrs. McGee. It's from Mr. McGee's
Uncle Sycamore in Horse's Head, New York. It's way down
in the bottom of my mailbag, but I can dig it out in
ten or fifteen minutes.

FIB: Oh, don't bother, sis. Remember what the message was?

VIR: Yes, he says he struck oil on his farm last week and
he hopes you'll forgive him.

MOL: FORGIVE HIM...FOR STRIKING OIL?

FIB: Oil is the name of a hound dog I gave him, Molly.
They call him Oil because he acts so crude... HEY, SIS,
YOU GOT A MINUTE TO SPARE?

VIR: Certainly.

FIB: Well, look...this is my territory to collect money for
the Red Cross War Fund, sis. They're puttin' on a
drive this month in this country and Canada.

VIR: But I already signed a pledge in my own neighborhood,
and --

FIB: LOOK, SIS...I'LL MAKE YOU A SPORTING PROPOSITION. HOW
MUCH DOUGH YOU GOT WITH YOU?

VIR: Three dollars and thirty cents.

FIB: Okay. WE'LL CUT THE CARDS FOR THREE BUCKS. WHICHEVER
OF US WINS, GIVES THE DOUGH TO THE RED CROSS. HOW
ABOUT IT?

VIR: That's fair enough.

MOL: Here's a deck of cards, McGee.

FIB: You cut 'em first, sis...(FLIP OF DECK) Just draw a card...ANY CARD.

VIR: All right. Here you are...the ace of spades!

MOL: No use you drawing, McGee...you can't beat the ace of spades.

FIB: You win, sis...JUST SEND THE THREE BUCKS TO THE RED CROSS.

VIR: Very well, Mr. McGee...NO - you send it.

FIB: Eh? Oh! Okay!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Well, now I'M out forty bucks. IMAGINE THE LUCK OF THAT GAL? OUT OF FIFTY-TWO CARDS, SHE HAS TO DRAW THE HIGHEST ONE IN THE DECK!

MOL: (LAUGHS) Oh, McGee...you know what I did? I gave you the wrong deck.

FIB: Whaddye mean?

MOL: This is that pack of cards you bought at the magic shop to do tricks with. EVERY CARD IN IT IS THE ACE OF SPADES!

FIB: Oh pshaw...

MOL: And I still think you ought to call Mr. MacDonald about the check you gave Mrs. Uppington.

FIB: I AIN'T CALLIN' MACDONALD TILL I ABSOLUTELY HAVE TO. HE'S TOO TOUGH! That guy won't even let his kids play the piano because they might negotiate a couple of bad notes.

MOL: Well, as a collector for the Red Cross, you're not exactly a --

DOOR OPEN:

WIL: Hello, folks. Glad to find you at home.

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Harlow, you're just the guy I was hopin' to see. I'm campaigning.

WIL: For what? Fewer ration points on corn?

FIB: Don't irk me, Junior!

MOL: No, don't, Mr. Wilcox. He's had a long enough irking day as it is.

WIL: Well, what's the campaign?

FIB: Look, son. Who is it that goes all over the world bringin' good health, and good cheer, and a helping hand... who represents the finest and best in unselfish devotion to the cause of makin' the old world a better place to live? AND DON'T SAY "THE JOHNSON WAX MAN!"

WIL: I wasn't going to. I was going to say the Red Cross.

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FIB: Okay Okay...calm yourself, Junior! And look - I'm the collector in this neighborhood for the Red Cross War Fund. How's about throwin' five or ten bucks on the drum?

WIL: Be glad to chum, but I'm a little short at the moment. Will Thursday do?

MOL: Of course it will.

FIB: NO IT WON'T. I WANT IT TODAY...AND WHILE IT DIDN'T WANNA MENTION IT, JUNIOR. YOU CAN PAY ME THE 25 BUCKS YOU OWE ME. I'LL GIVE THAT TO THE RED CROSS AND CALL THE DEBT PAID.

WIL: WHAT 25 bucks?

FIB: YOU KNOW. THE TIME YOU WERE SHORT ON YOUR INCOME TAX IN 1934. I loaned you 25 bucks..

MOL: Did he, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Yes he did...and that reminds ME. HOW ABOUT THAT FIFTY I GAVE YOU TO BRIBE THAT COP THE TIME YOU KNOCKED OVER THE TRAFFIC LIGHT? YOU OWE ME 25 BUCKS..AND I CAN USE IT!

FIB: My gosh, I'd forgot all about that. Look, if I give you a check for it will you send it to the Red Cross?

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WIL: I certainly will, pal. I'll endorse it to 'em right here and now.

MOL: Now McGee...if you write another check, Mr MacDonald WILL be angry.

WIL: Who's Mr. MacDonald?

MOL: He's the man who'll be angry if McGee writes another check.

WIL: Oh.

FIB: HERE YOU ARE, JUNIOR...LEMME SEE YOU ENDORSE IT TO THE RED CROSS.

WIL: All right...give me your pen....PAY..TO ORDER OF AMERICAN RED...CROSS.

MOL: Gee he writes fast.

WIL: I'll get this right in the mail, Pal. So long, Molly.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Let me see...forty and 25...that's SIXTY FIVE DOLLARS you've overdrawn, McGee. YOU CAN'T HAVE PEOPLE SENDING THE RED CROSS BAD CHECKS.

FIB: THEY'RE NOT BAD! YOU THINK I'M A CROOK? I'll make those checks good. Old MacDonald at the bank will cover me.

MOL: He wouldn't if he knew what you say about him.

FIB: But he DON'T know. He don't know I think he's a miserly old peepsquawk...er...squeakpop...er...poopsquick..WHAT DO I MEAN?

MOL: Pipsqueak?

FIB: Yes. Remember the trouble we had with him when we bought this house and he put the deal thru escort?

MOL: You don't mean escort. You mean ESCROW.

FIB: I do not. Escrow is a magazine for men.

MOL: You're thinking of ESQUIRE.
FIB: I THOUGHT AN ESQUIRE WAS A GUY THAT LIVED IN A IGLOO AND
ATE BLUBBER.
MOL: THAT'S ESKIMO!
FIB: THEN WHAT'S AN ESCORT?
MOL: An escort is somebody who takes you places.
FIB: THAT'S MACDONALD ALL RIGHT...HE SURE TOOK US!
MOL: Well, all I can say dearie, is - - -

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: Come in!

DOOR OPEN:

WIMP: Hello, Mrs. McGee..Hello Mr. McGee.
MOL: Well, heavenly days...MR WIMPLE!
FIB: HIYAH, WIMP, OLD SOCK! WHERE YOU BEEN ALL THIS TIME?
WIMP: Out of town, Mr. McGee. I went to New York to see my
publishers. They bought one of my poems.
MOL: OH ISN'T THAT WONDERFUL! What poem wimp it, Mr. Wuzzle?
I mean was it, Mr. Wimple?
WIMP: I called it "KISKA". In honor of the men in the
Aleutian Islands.
FIB: How does it go, Wimp?

WIMP: It goes:

A-kiska, a-kaska,
A green and yellow baska.
I wrote a letter to a friend,
Way up ~~there~~ in Alaska
The Military Censor took
The Letter he sent back
And cut out almost every line
Alas, Alas, alack!
The answer that I got at last
Was brief, as letters go;
It said "DEAR MR. WIMPLE,
YOUR VERY TRULY, - JOE.

FIB: That's very good, Wimp!! You get much for a poem like
that?

MOL: MCGEE, IT'S NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS!

WIMP: Oh I don't mind, Mr. McGee. They paid me seventeen
dollars and fifty cents, Mr. McGee. See? Here's the
check.

FIB: Hmmm. 17.50, eh? Look, Wimp, you know the Red Cross has
got a drive on for War Funds this month. And I'M
collectin' for this block. Why don't you give 'em this
check? You'll never spend dough in a better cause.

WIMP: Oh I know that, Mr McGee...and I'd willingly give it if
Sweetface will let me. Remember how I helped you with
the scrap drive?

MOL: You certainly did, Mr. Wimple. That was when you both
cleaned out our hall closet.

WIMP: It goes:

A-kiska, a-kaska,
 A green and yellow baska.
 I wrote a letter to a friend,
 A Way up ~~there~~ in Alaska
 The Military Censor took
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 And out out almost every line
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FIB: Hmmm. 17.50, eh? Look, Wimp, you know the Red Cross has got a drive on for War Funds this month. And I'M collectin' for this block. Why don't you give 'em this check? You'll never spend dough in a better cause.

WIMP: Oh I know that, Mr McGee...and I'd willingly give it if Sweetface will let me. Remember how I helped you with the scrap drive?

MOL: You certainly did, Mr. Wimple. That was when you both cleaned out our hall closet.

WIMP: (LAUGHS) Yes...but I'll bet it didn't STAY cleaned out.

FIB: (FAST) THAT'S A BET, WIMP! I'LL BET YOU 17.50 IT DID STAY CLEANED OUT. WINNER TO GIVE THE 17.50 TO THE RED CROSS.. IS IT A DEAL? .. OKAY!

MOL: Now, McGee...

WIMP: But I didn't --

FIB: STAY RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE WIMP, AND GIVE A LOOK! THIS IS A SURE THING BECAUSE I LOOKED IN THERE DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY!

PRESTO,!!! OPEN!

DOOR LATCH: TERRIFIC AVALANCHE OF JUNK..BELL TINKLE...

(PAUSE)

FIB: What in the...who in the...how in the...

MOL: I tried to tell you, McGee. Mrs. Uppington is using the closet to store some spare parts for her A.W.V.S. Ambulance.

WIMP: If you'll just write me a check for 17.50, Mr. McGee... I'll send it to the Red Cross.

FIB: Have either of you got a feather?

MOL: What do you want a feather for, dearie?

FIB: I'm gonna beat my brains out! (FADE INTO MUSIC) 37.50 to UPPINGTON...25 bucks, to Wilcox..17.50 to Wimple 8¢ BUCKS IN THE SOUP AND I HAVEN'T COLLECTED A NICKEL...

ORCH: "SKY ANCHORS AWAY" KINGS MEN.

APPLAUSE:

THIRD SPOT

(2ND REVISION) -23-

FIB: (TO HIMSELF) Lemme see, now...37 bucks to Uppington...
25 to Wilcox...17.50 to Wimple...Wow! Eighty bucks!
(CALLS) HEY, MOLLY!
MOL: (OFF MIKE) DON'T BOTHER ME, McGEE...I'M MAKING THE BEDS.
FIB: (YELLS) DID YOU LOOK AND SEE HOW MUCH I HAD LEFT IN MY
CHECK BOOK?
MOL: (OFF) Yes I did.
FIB: (YELLS) HOW MUCH?
MOL: (OFF) 13¢.
FIB: (YELLS) THANKS! My gosh...thirteen cents...\$80.00 from
thirteen cents is...can't subtract that... well, it looks
like I gotta go see old MacDonald! That old nickel nurse
is sittin' on 7 million bucks, and he'll scold me for
80 dollars! If I wasn't collectin' for the Red Cross...

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

TEE: Hi, mister!

FIB: Oh hello there, little girl. Don't bother me today.
I got heavy responsibilities.

TEE: Hmm?

FIB: I says I got heavy responsibilities. I'm collectin' today
for the Red Cross.

TEE: How much have you collected for 'em so far, mister?

FIB: Well...er...I haven't exactly collec-- I mean, no actual
cash has-- that is, WELL, THE RED CROSS IS GETTIN' ABOUT
80 BUCKS SO FAR, SIS.

TEE: Gee, that ain't hay, is it, mister?

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(2ND REVISION) -24-

FIB: No, but we gotta do better. YOU GOT ANY MONEY, SIS?

TEE: Sure I have, I betcha.

FIB: How much?

TEE: I got half a dollar.

FIB: Well, who am I to sneer at half a buck? Lemme take it,
sis, and I'll match you for it. Winner to give it to the
Red Cross!

TEE: Okay, mister. Here.

FIB: I'll flip and you call it. HEADS OR TAILS...GO!

TEE: HEADS!

SLAP OF COIN:

FIB: Well, I'll be a...HEADS IT IS! YOU WIN, SIS! HERE'S
YOUR HALF A BUCK AND ANOTHER ONE. WANNA DO IT AGAIN?

TEE: No thanks, mister. If we keep on playing you might win
my half a dollar, and you couldn't spend it, anyway.

FIB: WHY COULDN'T I?

TEE: Because that's why my daddy gave it to me. It's got two
heads on it. So long, mister. (DOOR CLOSES)

FIB: Well, that settles it. I'm gettin' in too deep. HEY,
MOLLY!

MOL: (OFF MIKE) YES, DEAR?

FIB: GET YOUR HAT...WE GOTTA GO SEE OLD MacDONALD!

ORK: WILLIAM TELL BRIDGE - FADE OUT

FIB: Now look, Mac, old man...I've always spoke very highly
of you.

MOL: (COUGHS)

MAG: Have you a cold, Mrs. McGee?

MOL: No, Mr. MacDonald...no...I...er...don't let me interrupt.

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MAC: You were saying, Mr. McGee?
FIB: I was sayin' that I been overdrawn before, Mac. You've always covered me. And I always made it good. Gee whizz, what's a mere 83 bucks.
MAC: Mr. McGee...I am a banker. I am responsible to hundreds of despositors in this bank. I MUST know, when we advance money, that it isn't going for something foolish. What became of the 83 dollars you want me to replace in your checking account?
MOL: He lost 37 in a crap game and 25 to --
MAC: A CRAP GAME! NOW LOOK HERE, McGEE...
FIB: NOW WAIT A MINUTE, MAC...NOW WAIT A MINUTE...
MAC: Be quiet a minute, McGee. What about the 25 dollars, Mrs. McGee?

MOL: Oh, that was perfectly legitimate, Mr. MacDonald. He paid off an old debt to Mr. Wildox that he'd owed for seven or eight years.
FIB: Yes. That shows I'M honest, don't it?
MAC: HONEST! LETTING A DEBT GO FOR SEVEN YEARS BEFORE YOU PAID IT OFF? HOW LONG WOULD IT TAKE YOU TO PAY OFF THE HUNDRED^{money} YOU'LL OWE THIS BANK...? NO, McGEE, I'M AFRAID --
MOL: Of course the 17.50 he lost was perfectly legitimate, Mr. MacDonald. He merely made a wager and lost to Mr. Wimple.
MAC: A WAGER! HE GAMBLES, HE BETS, HE LETS HIS DEBTS RIDE FOR YEAR AFTER YEAR!!!
FIB: Yeah, but look, Mac, old man --
MAC: IT'S NO USE, McGEE. YOU'RE THOROUGHLY IRRESPONSIBLE! I CAN'T GIVE YOU A CENT! YOU'LL HAVE TO MAKE THOSE CHECKS GOOD THE BEST YOU CAN.
FIB: Yes, but...but but but but...
MOL: But how about the Red Cross?
MAC: THE WHAT?
FIB: The Red Cross, Mac. I was just tryin' to collect the money for them. A hundred bucks was my quota. All my checks were endorsed to them.
MAC: (SHOUTS) WELL, WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO? WHY WERE YOU WASTING MY TIME? DON'T YOU KNOW I HAVE A SON IN THE ARMY AND A NEPHEW IN THE AIR CORPS AND A NIECE IN THE WAVES?

MOL: No, we didn't kn--

MAC: (FURIOUS) DON'T YOU THINK I WANT TO BACK THEM UP WITH EVERYTHING I CAN? FOR GOODNESS SALES, DO YOU THINK ANY OF US CAN AFFORD TO LET THE RED CROSS DOWN WHEN THEY ARE FEEDING STARVING CHILDREN ALL OVER THE WORLD, MAKING LIFE BEARABLE FOR PRISONERS OF WAR...SAVING LIVES WITH BLOOD PLASMA...TRAINING NURSES FOR ALL BRANCHES OF THE SERVICE? WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU, McGEE?

FIB: Well, gee whizz, I --

MAC: WHAT'S THE IDEA OF LOSING ONLY A MISERABLE 37 DOLLARS SHOOTING CRAPS WHEN THE MONEY GOES TO THE RED CROSS?

MOL: Well, he --

MAC: Don't interrupt me. MR. SWALLOW...COME HERE A MOMENT!

VOICE: Yes, Mr. MacDonald?

MAC: PUT A HUNDRED DOLLARS IN MR. McGEE'S CHECKING ACCOUNT, IMMEDIATELY. AND LISTEN TO ME, McGEE: IF I EVER HEAR OF YOU MAKING ANY MORE SILLY BETS FOR LESS THAN A THOUSAND WHEN THE RED CROSS GETS THE MONEY, I'LL CLOSE YOUR ACCOUNT. NOW GET OUT!

ORK: "IT CAN'T BE WRONG" - FADE FOR:

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC
MARCH 23, 1943

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: In going around into people's homes, I always notice the floors. I guess you'd expect that from me, wouldn't you -- like a busdriver on holiday? Of course, I see all kinds of floors -- and all kinds of linoleum. I always get a big kick out of finding a piece of linoleum that looks like new, colors bright and fresh -- only to find out that it's actually 15 or 20 years old. "It's been waxed ever since we put it down -- and now it's protected regularly with JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO COAT." That's the answer I get. And there on the pantry shelf, sure enough, is the familiar can or bottle of JOHNSON'S GLO COAT that takes such good care of that linoleum, increases its life 6 to 10 times. All in addition to saving many hours of your time, because GLO-COAT needs no rubbing or buffing. It shines as it dries. JOHNSON'S GLO COAT is your real friend and ally.

ORCHESTRA: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

TAG

MOL: McGee, there's something I want to say to you.

FIB: Look Molly, if it's about shootin' craps, I promise
I'll NEVER, NEVER --

MOL: IT WASN'T ABOUT SHOOTING CRAPS. I just -

FIB: I know. LETTIN' THAT DEBT TO WILCOX RUN SO LONG.
GEE WHIZ, I JUST FORGOT IT, THAT'S ALL...AND AFTER THIS
I PROMISE I'LL ALWAYS --

MOL: It wasn't about your debts. I merely wanted to -

FIB: ALL RIGHT, SO I DID MATCH COINS WITH THAT LITTLE GIRL,
BUT MY GOSH, SHE'S OLD ENOUGH TO -

MOL: I WASN'T GOING TO SAY ANYTHING ABOUT MATCHING COINS.
ALL I WAS -

FIB: AND IF IT WAS TALKIN' DIRTY ABOUT OLD MACDONALD, I TAKE
IT BACK, HE'S OKAY. BUT I NEVER KNEW HE --

MOL: WILL YOU BE QUIET A MINUTE?

FIB: All right. Let's have it. What did you wanna say?

MOL: Goodnight.

FIB: Eh? Oh. Goodnight.

MOL: GOODNIGHT, ALL!

ORK: UP TO FINISH: APPLAUSE: SIGNOFF:

WILCOX: The character of Wallace Wimple heard on this program was
played by Bill Thompson. This is Harlow Wilcox, speaking
for the makers of JOHNSON WAX FINISHES for home and
industry, inviting you to be with us again next Tuesday
night. Goodnight. This program came to you from
Hollywood....This is the National Broadcasting Company.

(CHIMES)

Written by Don Quinn
Phil Leslie

"FIBBER MC

(John

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NBC-RED 6:30 - 7:00 PM PWT