

Written by Don Quinn
Phil Leslie

(REVISED)

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY

(Johnson's Wax)

1943 (29)

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

Tuesday, April 13, 1943

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(REVISED)

-2-

WIL: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM - WITH FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

ORCH: THEME: FADE FOR -

WIL: Presenting Fibber McGee and Molly, in their first program of their Ninth year for the makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's self-polishing Glocoat, written by Don Quinn, with music by the King's Men and Billy Mills' Orchestra!

ORCH: "HIGH AND LOW" FADE FOR--

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JOHNSON & SON, INC.
MCGEE & MOLLY
6:30 PM PWT NBC
3, 1943

-3-

COMMERCIAL

I wonder how many of you, hearing Fibber and Molly regularly in your living room, realize that this program is also being heard by a great many of your boys out there in service -- way over in Africa, in India, New Guinea, Guadalcanal? It reaches them by means of short wave radio, and I can tell you it's a thrill to read the letters that come in from them occasionally. Like these few lines from one of our fighter pilots in the South Seas, written after a furious air battle -- "For a time it was tough going; they never stopped coming. Then tonight, we turned on the radio and heard "Fibber McGee and Molly". I wonder if you understand how much their humor meant to us? For a little while we could forget. It was like a blessed interval of sanity in a siege of violent madness." ... And from another boy: "It bridges the gap of thousands of miles, forming a link with our homeland." ... We on the show, and the makers of JOHNSON'S WAX are grateful for these letters. They raise an obligation we do not take lightly.

(SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

-4-

WIL: I BETCHA IF YOU HAD AN UNCLE WHO WAS A HISTORICAL CHARACTER AND HE WAS GOING TO BE GLORIFIED ON A RADIO PROGRAM IN EXACTLY 11½ MINUTES, I BETCHA YOU'D BE PRETTY EXCITED, TOO. AND THAT'S WHY THERE'S SO MUCH TO-DO AND HEY-HEY AND OH-BOY AND WHATNOT AROUND 79 WISTFUL VISTA TONIGHT AS WE MEET ---
---FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: (ANXIOUSLY) What time is it, Molly...what time is it?
MOL: Oh we have ten minutes yet, McGee..sit down and calm yourself. Heavenly days, it's only a radio program.
FIB: Yeah but gee whizz, it's gonna be all about Uncle Sycamore who fought in the Indian wars and got scalped and was a hero and knew Kit Carson and Buffalo Bill as well as I know you. Better, even.
MOL: How could he know them better?
FIB: Well, you're still a mystery to me. How you can make our ration points come out even every month has got me baffled. What time is it now?
MOL: It's still nine minutes before the program and stop biting your nails. Hadn't you better turn on the radio, and let it warm up?
FIB: Don't dare. Worked all day gettin' it fixed again, and I don't wanna turn it on before I have to. Gee, I hope nobody comes in while the program is on!
MOL: Oh no-one will. Calm yourself. You're as jumpy as a 1912 movie. And what did your Uncle Sycamore ever do that he was such a hero?

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FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, WHAT DID HE DO? HE WAS ONE OF THE GREATEST CHARACTERS EVER KNEW IN THE WILD WEST. I EVER TELL YOU ABOUT THE TIME HE WON FOURTEEN BUFFALO HIDES, A BARREL OF CORN MEAL AND A MULE FROM KITTY CARSON IN A WRASSLIN' MATCH?

MOL: You mean KIT Carson.

FIB: This was Kitty Carson. Kit's sister. My Uncle Sycamore said -- HEY WHAT TIME IS IT?

MOL: We have seven minutes yet before the program.

Incidentally, Mogee,....where is your Uncle Sycamore now?

FIB: Last I heard of him, he was tryin' to get into the Marines.

MOL: THE MARINES! WHY YOUR UNCLE MUST BE NINETY YEARS OLD BY NOW!

FIB: That's why he picked the Marines. He read someplace they were the Oldest branch of the service. HEY I GUESS I BETTER TURN ON THE RADIO, EH?

MOL: Yes, go ahead. Anything to keep you from hopping around like a cricket on a hot sidewalk. AND I HOPE THIS RADIO WILL WORK. We can't use the car radio in emergencies any more you know.

FIB: WHY NOT?

MOL: No car.

FIB: Oh. Let's see now ... Station WVJK. That's 567 on the dial, isn't it?

MOL: It was before you fixed it. Heaven only knows where it is now. Don't you know it's illegal to change the wave length of a station without the Government's permission!

FIB: It is? My gosh ... don't tell anybody then. I don't wanna - Hey it's almost time for the program. Listen!

SOUND: CLICK - STATIC OF RADIO WARMING UP:

FIB: I think that new tube I put in is gonna work swell.

MOL: I didn't know you could buy new radio tubes.

FIB: I took one out of the sun lamp. It was just -

FILTER VOICE: This is Station WVJK, the Happy Station! The following program, was given earlier today and transcribed for presentation at this more convenient time, because the man who runs the turntable at the studio found some worms in his Victory Garden and had to go fishing. Stand by, please.

FIB: Come on, Molly. Over here. By the radio.

MOL: What for? I'M comfortable sitting right here.

FIB: YOU HEARD HIM TELL US TO STAND BY, DIDN'T YOU? GEE WHIZZ, WE --

FILTER: PRESENTING: - "THE WINNING OF WYOMING, - or, THE HALF-PINT MAN IN THE TEN GALLON HAT." FEATURING THAT (RADIO SPLUTTERS OUT)

(REVISED)

-8-

MOL: Now what's the matter?

FIB: Oh my gosh, I don't...HEY GET YOUR HAND OFF THE FLOOR LAMP. THE RADIO DON'T WORK WHEN ANYBODY IS TOUCHING ANY METAL IN THE ROOM.

(PAUSE)

MOL: Well?

FIB: GIMME A SCREW DRIVER OR SOMETHING!..I'LL FIX IT!..MUST BE A WIRE LOOSE!..GIMME A HAIRPIN!..NO, GIMME A MATCH!..GIMME ANYTHING!..I'LL SEE IF -

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: MCGEE..THERE'S SOMEBODY AT THE DOOR!

FIB: TELL 'EM WE DON'T WANT ANY!..TELL 'EM WE'RE NOT HOME!..

TELL 'EM WE LOST OUR COUPONS AND STARVED TO DEATH!

(FADE) I gotta get this thing fixed quick....now lemme see...(RATTLE OF TOOLS)

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: Oh dear...COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh, Abigail Uppington...hello darlin'.

UPP: How do you do, my deah. AND Mr. McGee.

FIB: (OFF) Hiyah, Uppy...excuse me, but the radio just went Republican on me, and I gotta get it fixed quick!

UPP: Er...Republican?

MOL: He means it can't decide whether it's going to run again or not. What's on your mind, Abigail?

UPPY: Why I read in the Wistful Vista Gazette, my deah that there was going to be a radio program tonight about Mr. McGee's Uncle, Sycamore, McGee, I just wanted to tell you to listen.

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(2ND REVISION)

-9-

FIB: (OFF) HOW COULD WE HEAR ANYTHING ANYWAY WITH PEOPLE RINGIN' OUR DOORBELL ALL NIGHT LONG? I NEVER SAW IT FAIL. TRY TO HEAR SOMETHING SPECIAL ON THE RADIO AND WHAT HAPPENS? EVERYTHING! - THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS!

MOL: McGee, mind your manners. He's a little excited about his Uncle Sycamore on the radio.

UPP: Oh then you KNEW about the program tonight?

MOL: Yes indeed...we've been waiting all day to hear it and -

FIB: (OFF) LOOK, WILL YOU TWO CHATTER FACES PIPE DOWN A MINUTE....YOU GOT ME AS NERVOUS AS A TWITCH! I JUST ABOUT HAD THIS THING WORKIN'!

MOL: ALL RIGHT, MCGEE...(SOFTLY) Look, Abigail, won't you sit down here and listen to the program with us?

UPP: (SOFTLY) Oh no thank you, my deah...it's a wild west sort of thing, I believe...and I simply CAWN'T STAND all the shooting...My first husband was shot you know.

MOL: Oh really?

UPP: Yes...practically all the time. He was -

FIB: WHAT'S THE MATTER?

MOL: Abigail was just saying that she couldn't listen with us, dearie. Shooting makes her too nervous.

FIB: It does eh? OH well, I...HEY...I GOT IT!! LISTEN!

FILTER VOICE: - and as the dying rays of the sun paved the trail with gold, these hardy pioneers looked about for a place to make camp for the evening....they had traveled twenty miles from Fort Dodge, and as the peaceful campfires --

SOUND: SHOT!! SHOTS!! MORE SHOTS!!

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(2ND REVISION)

UPP: (SCREAMS) OH...I WAS AFRAID OF THAT...I CAWN'T STAND IT!!

SOUND: MORE SHOTS

UPP: OHHHH, LET ME OUT OF HERE....MY NERVES!!.....OHHHHH!!

DOOR SLAM

FIB: OH MY GOSH...THERE GOES THE RADIO AGAIN!...SHE SLAMMED THE DOOR TOO HARD.....GIMME ANOTHER HAIRPIN QUICK!

MOL: All right but....(PAUSE) MCGEE, WHERE DID YOU GET THAT HORSE PISTOL?

FIB: In the desk drawer...I HADDA GET THAT OLD HORSE OUTA HERE SOMEWAY, DIDN'T I? I WAS JUST SHOOTIN BLANKS.

ORCHESTRA: ("BRASIL MORENO")

(APPLAUSE)

SECOND SPOT:

(REVISED)

FIB: HEY, MOLLY...I ALMOST GOT THE RADIO FIXED AGAIN.!!

SOUND: TINKERING:

FIB: How much of the program have we lost?

MOL: Only three or four minutes, McGee...but even that is disheartening. Sometimes I wish the radio had never been invented. And then when I think how we both like to eat regularly, I'm glad it was.

FIB: Yeah...it's sure changed people's way of living. Was a time when everybody used to gather round the piano and sing the old songs. Now they gather round the radio and sneer at the new ones. OH OH..HERE WE ARE.!!

FILTER: -on and on, into the beckoning West, rumbled the covered wagons...on and on, into the promised land of golden grain and grains of gold, marched the hardy argonauts.

MOL: What's an argonaut?

FILTER: Search me, lady. I just read what they give me. SUDDENLY, THE WAGON TRAIN IS HALTED! INDIANS!! A SHOT IS HEARD IN THE DISTANCE, AND RIDING LIKE THE VERY WIND, OVER A NEARBY HILL COMES THE INTREPID SCOUT AND INDIAN FIGHTER, SYCAMORE MCGEE, WHO -

SOUND: RADIO SPUTTERS..CRACKLES...POPS. PINGS AND GOES DEAD...

FIB: DAD-RAT THE DAD-RATTED RAT! QUICK, MOLLY...GIMME A STICK OF CHEWING GUM!!..GIMME ANOTHER HAIRPIN!!..HURRY!!!

MOL: Oh dear, FIX IT QUICK, MCGEE...IT'S JUST GETTING EXCITING.

FIB: I WILL...ALL IT TAKES IS A LITTLE...

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: OH MY GOODNESS...COME IN.!! COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

OLD M: HI THERE KIDS!! SAY, THERE'S A RADIO PROGRAM ON YOU
OUGHTTA BE LISTENING TO. IT'S ALL ABOUT A FELLA NAMED
SYCAMORE MCGEE WHO -

MOL: Yes yes yes!..we know, Mr. Old Timer....we know!..we've
been listening...

OLD M: AIN'T LISTENING NOW, DAUGHTER..WHAT'DJA SHUT IT OFF FOR?
FIB: (OFF) DOGGONE IT, WE DIDN'T SHUT IT OFF!!...THE RADIO IS
GONE HAYWIRE.

OLD M: HEY?
MOL: WIRE?

OLD M: Oh, HAYWIRE!
FIB: HEY BE QUIET, WILL YOU? HOW CAN I HEAR WHAT I'M TRYIN'
TO DO?

OLD M: (SOTTO VOICE) What's the matter with it, daughter?
MOL: Oh McGee's been tinkering with it all afternoon, Mr. Old
Timer. He thinks he's a regular Marconi...with cheese.
Is Bessie home yet?

OLD M: Yes she is, daughter...she...
FIB: I GOT HER!! I GOT 'ER!

OLD M: YOU GOT BESSIE? WHY YOU LITTLE HOME WRECKER -
MOL: NO NO NO..HE MEANS HE'S GOT THE RADIO FIXED...

FIB: YEAH..LISTEN!

STATIC INTO -

FILTER VOICE: - and thus the wagon train was saved! Due to the heroic

OLD M: GLAD YOU GOT IT FIXED, resistance put up by the brave
JOHNNY. Sycamore McGee, the men and

FIB: Shhh.. Listen. women of the group stanch'd

OLD M: KNEW YOU'D WANNA HEAR IT, ON ACCOUNT OF YOUR UNCLE
WAS MENTIONED IN IT AND - their wounds, reloaded their

MOL: QUIET, OLD TIMER!! frightened animals and settled

OLD M: Oh don't mind me, daughter. down for the night. On the
I kinda like these western programs myself. Never miss surrounding hills, keen eyed
Red Rider or the Lonesome Ranger and I always - and alert for savage redskins,

FIB: HEY WILL YOU PIPE DOWN? rode Sycamore McGee and his
WE'RE TRYIN' TO LISTEN. scouts, each and every one

OLD M: GO RIGHT AHEAD, JOHNNY. Hey daughter, you were askin'
me about Bessie and I started trained in Indian warfare and
to tell you Bessie is home skilled in the lore of prairie
now and -- and desert. Theirs not to

MOL: I WISH YOU WERE! reason why - theirs but to do

OLD M: EH? OKAY, I GUESS I KIN TAKE A HINT WITHOUT BEIN' KICKED
IN THE FACE. IF THAT'S THE and die that the West might be
WAY YOU FELL AFTER I COME ALL won. The night wore on and...
THE WAY OVER HERE TO TELL YOU ABOUT THE RADDIO PROGRAM!

I JUD
DOOR SLAM: RADIO GOES DEAD! as the brilliant western stars
shone down on the huddled

MOL: figures of the.....(CUT)

MOL: McGee...he slammed the door so hard he threw the radio off
again!

FIB: THAT DODDERING OLD WALNUT-PUSS! I'D LIKE TO TEAR HIS HEAD OFF
AND THROW IT IN HIS FACE! GIMME ANOTHER HAIRPIN..QUICK!!!

MOL: HERE..TAKE 'EM ALL...I'LL RUN UP AND PUT ON A SHOWER CAP!!
WHAT HA'PENED ON THE PROGRAM, MCGEE?..I DIDN'T HEAR A WORD OF
IT.

FIB: Me either...BUT I'LL HAVE IT FIXED AGAIN IN A JIFFY! IT'S
ONLY...

TELEPHONE:

(2ND REVISION) -14-

MOL: OH FOR HEAVENS SAKE!! KEEP WORKING MCGEE...I'LL GET IT!!

SOUND: RECEIVER UP:

MOL: 79 WISTFUL VISTA..MOLLY MCGEE SPEAKIN'.

PHONE VOICE: (WOMAN) GOOD EVENING. THIS IS A RADIO SURVEY. IS YOUR RADIO TURNED ON?

MOL: I don't know, dearie...hold the wire...MCGEE, IS THE RADIO TURNED ON?

FIB: (OFF) IT'S TURNED ON ALL RIGHT, BUT NOTHING COMES OUT!

MOL: Thanks.

FIB: EH?

MOL: I SAID THANKS.

FIB: FOR WHAT?

MOL: NEVER MIND!

FIB: EH?

MOL: HUSH!!! HELLO, RADIO SURVEY? YES, OUR RADIO IS TURNED ON.

VOICE: THANK YOU, WILL YOU PLEASE ANSWER THESE TWO QUESTIONS? WHAT IS YOUR NAME AND WHAT IS YOUR FAVORITE RADIO PROGRAM?

MOL: My name is Mrs. Fibber McGee, and -

VOICE: THANK YOU. NEVER MIND THE OTHER QUESTION.

RECEIVER UP:

FIB: Who was it?

MOL: A radio survey. Wanted to know if ---

KNOCK AT DOOR:

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(REVISED) -15-

FIB: WHAT IS THIS - A CONVENTION? A CITIZEN AND PROBABLY

MOL: We ought to put a newspaper and cigar stand in here. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh Mr. Wilcox!

WIL: Hello, Molly. Hello, Fibber, I want you to -

FIB: NOW LOOK HERE, JUNIOR.!! WE BEEN TRYIN' TO HEAR A RADIO PROGRAM ALL EVENING, AND I'VE HAD ABOUT ALL THE INTERRUPTIONS I CAN TAKE. I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT YOU WANNA SAY, AND WE'VE ALL HEARD IT, MANY TIMES AND WE CAN FOREGO IT THIS ONCE, SO WHADDYIE SAY YOU POINT YOUR WELL-PRESSED PANTS TOWARD THE GREAT OUTDOORS AND --

WIL: WILL YOU KEEP QUIET?

FIB: Eh?

MOL: Why, Mr. Wilcox!!! What is this?

WIL: This is a very important thing, Molly. First, let me introduce Miss Claudette Colbert. (APPLAUSE) Miss Colbert, Mrs. McGee, and Mr. McGee.

MOL: Oh how do you do, I'M sure!!!

COLBERT: How do you do.

FIB: Hiyah, sis. Look, I don't wanna be rude, but -

WIL: WILL YOU BE QUIET A MINUTE, FIBBER? Go ahead, Miss Colbert.

COLBERT: We'll let you get back to your radio program in just a moment Mr. McGee, but I would like to give you a message first.

MOL: You go right ahead, dearie. Now be quiet, McGee.

FIB: Okay. What is it, sis?

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MOL: We ought to put a newspaper and cigar stand in here. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh Mr. Wilcox! FREEDOM DOES NOT COME FREE.

WIL: Hello, Molly. Hello, Fibber, I want you to - AND COURAGE

FIB: NOW LOOK HERE, JUNIOR.!! WE BEEN TRYIN' TO HEAR A RADIO PROGRAM ALL EVENING, AND I'VE HAD ABOUT ALL THE INTERRUPTIONS I CAN TAKE. I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT YOU WANNA SAY, AND WE'VE ALL HEARD IT, MANY TIMES AND WE CAN FOREGO IT THIS ONCE, SO WHADDYE SAY YOU POINT YOUR WELL-PRESSED PANTS TOWARD THE GREAT OUTDOORS AND - - - AND KEEP

WIL: WILL YOU KEEP QUIET? - - -

FIB: Eh?

MOL: Why, Mr. Wilcox!!! What is this? KEEPING FAITH WITH

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MOL: Oh how do you do, I'M sure!!!

COLBERT: How do you do.

FIB: Hiyah, sis. Look, I don't wanna be rude, but -

WIL: WILL YOU BE QUIET A MINUTE, FIBBER? Go ahead, Miss Colbert.

COLBERT: We'll let you get back to your radio program in just a moment Mr. McGee, but I would like to give you a message first.

MOL: You go right ahead, dearie. Now be quiet, McGee.

FIB: Okay. What is it, sis?

COLBERT: MR. MCGEE...YOU'RE AN AMERICAN CITIZEN AND PROBABLY PRETTY PROUD OF IT. YOU AND I AND ALL OF US ARE PROUD TO BELONG TO A COUNTRY WHICH WAS FOUNDED ON LIBERTY AND GREW TO GREATNESS WITHIN THE FOUR WALLS OF THE FOUR FREEDOMS. BUT FREEDOM DOES NOT COME FREE. FREEDOM MUST BE PAID FOR - IN BLOOD AND TEARS AND COURAGE AND SACRIFICE. OUR GOVERNMENT HAS STARTED ITS SECOND WAR LOAN DRIVE. IT MUST RAISE THIRTEEN BILLION DOLLARS IN THE NEXT THREE WEEKS. THAT MEANS AN AVERAGE OF ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS A PIECE FOR EVERY MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD IN AMERICA. IT MEANS WE MUST ALL BUY WAR BONDS NOW - AND KEEP BUYING THEM UP TO AND BEYOND WHAT WE ALL THOUGHT WAS OUR CAPACITY. WE'RE NOT GIVING UP ANYTHING WHEN WE BUY WAR BONDS. WE'RE KEEPING SOMETHING. WE'RE KEEPING FAITH WITH THE MEN IN OUR ARMED FORCES...AND WE'RE KEEPING ALIVE OUR FAITH IN THE CAUSE FOR WHICH WE ARE FIGHTING. I THINK WE CAN MAKE THIRTEEN BILLION A VERY UNLUCKY NUMBER FOR THE AXIS, DON'T YOU?

FIB: Sis, I sure do!

COLBERT: Thank you - and good night. Come on, Mr. Wilcox.

DOOR SLAM:

APPLAUSE:

MOL: My, isn't she a pretty thing, McGee?

FIB: Yeah...SAY, I'VE SEEN HER AROUND SOME PLACE. IS SHE THE NEW KID THAT WORKS AT KRAMER'S DRUG STORE?

MOL: MCGEE...THAT WAS CLAUDETTE COLBERT...THE MOVIE STAR!

FIB: Lousy sound effects. Sounds like our doorbell.

MOL: IT WAS OUR DOORBELL.

FIB: Eh? It is? Well, it sounded...HEY, THE RADIO IS OFF AGAIN! THE DOORBELL MUST OF SHIRT SOCKETED...SURT SHORKIT...SHICK SOCK...SIS... *shucks*

MOL: Short circuited.

FIB: That's what I says.

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: Oh, dear...COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

TEE: Hi, mister. Hi, Miz' McGee.

FIB: OH, IT'S YOU!

TEE: Sure...hey, mister...can I please listen to "WIN A FIN WITH UNCLE WINN" on your radio? Hmm? Can I please, mister? Hmm? Please?

FIB: NO YOU CAN'T, SIS. SORRY.

MOL: Our radio is not working right, little girl...and anyway, we're trying to hear a program ourselves.

FIB: SO RUN ALONG, SIS...(Hey, where's the glue, Molly?...never mind. I got some scotch tape.) GO ON, SIS!!...DON'T BOTHER ME...I GOT TROUBLE.

TEE: Well gee, mister, I gotta listen to Win a Fin with Uncle Winn on account of I sent him a dandy question and if he uses it he's gonna send me a encyclepeedlema, and if I get one I'll let you ride on it.

FIB: LET ME RIDE ON WHAT?

TEE: My encyclepeedlema, when I get it.

MOL: Look, little girl...AN ENCYCLOPAEDIA is a BOOK.

FIB: Yes, you're thinking of a velocitudo.

MOL: VELOCIPEDA, McGee.

FIB: Go on, a velocipede is a bug with a hundred legs.

TEE: That's a centipede, I betcha.

FIB: CENTIPEDE, MY CLAVICLE. CENTIPEDE MEANS TEMPERATURE. FARENHEIT AND CENTIPEDE.

MOL: THAT'S CENTIGRADE.

FIB: THEN WHAT'S A VELOCITUDE?

TEE: Gee, I dunno, mister.

FIB: WELL WHYDDYE WANTA WIN SOMETHING IF YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT IT IS? THAT'S RIDICULOUS. NOW BEAT IT, SIS... WE'RE TRYIN' TO HEAR A PROGRAM.

MOL: We're not bothering you, McGee...go ahead and fix the radio. WHAT WAS THE QUESTION YOU SENT IN, LITTLE GIRL?

TEE: It was a poodle, Miz McGee.

FIB: A WHAT?

TEE: A poodle. You know. That's a riddle you can't get through your noodle. It was "WHY WAS 'GONE WITH THE WIND' SO POPULAR?"

FIB: Well, why was it? Tell us and scram!

TEE: BECAUSE "GONE WITH THE WIND" WAS SOUTHERN, AND SOTHERN IS A MOVIE ACTRESS AND ACTRESSES MAKE UP, AND YOU CAN'T MAKE UP UNLESS YOU'RE MAD AT SOMEBODY, AND SOMEBODY IS ANYBODY, AND THAT INCLUDES YOU, AND U IS A LETTER, AND A LETTER NEEDS A STAMP AND A STAMP IS RED, AND SO IS THE RED CROSS, AND THE RED CROSS HAS A LOT OF LADIES AND THE LADIES ARE ALL KNITTING AFGHANS, AND BOY, THAT'S SOME YARN, AND SO WAS "GONE WITH THE WIND". So long, mister!

DOOR SLAM: *Everybody Loves a Day Day!*

ORCH: "BEDIN' MY TIME" -- KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE:

THIRD SPOT:

SOUND: TINKERING:

MOL: If you don't get that radio fixed again pretty quick, McGee, it won't be any use. The program will be over.

FIB: I KNOW...I KNOW...I'M WORKING AS FAST AS I CAN. Now lemme see...the peanut tube goes on the left of the static eliminator...AHH...HERE WE ARE, MOLLY. QUIET!

SOUND: STATIC AND HUM:

FILTER: and, vaulting into the saddle, Sycamore McGee rode again!

MOL: I thought he was dying!

FIB: Uncle Sycamore always was an easy bruise but a quick heel.

FILTER: AS THE THUNDER OF HIS HOOFS DIED AWAY IN THE DISTANCE, A SINISTER BRONZE FACE, BEADY EYED AND CRUEL, PEERED THRU A THICKET AT THE PIONEER CHILDREN PLAYING POKER FOR ARROWHEADS AMONG THE WAGONS...THEN, AS A CLOUD OBSCURED THE SUN, A FAINT SOUND WAS HEARD --

DOOR KNOCK:

FIB: Those kids aren't playin' poker. They're playin' knock rummy.

MOL: THAT WAS A KNOCK, RUMMY. AT OUR DOOR. AND THE RADIO IS OFF AGAIN.

FIB: WELL I'LL BE A...IF THIS ISN'T THE DOGGONDEST...WHY CAN'T PEOPLE LEAVE US ALONE!...THAT RADIO WON'T....

MOL: No use trying to fix it now till whoever it is leaves, McGee. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

ROSITA: Buenas noches, senora! Hello, mister!

FIB: OH, IT'S ROSITA. HIYAH, SIS.

MOL: Hello, Rosita. We haven't got much time to talk, dearie..
..we're trying to catch a program...and I DO mean catch.
It bounces.

ROSIE: Oh that is all right, Mrs. McGee. I just want to leave
you two tickets to the fiesta...the er...the celebrate,
tomorrow night at the Wistful Vistah...addit...audlit..

FIB: AUDITORIUM?

ROSIE: SI, SENOR! YOU TOOK THE WORD RIGHT OUT OF MY MOUTH BUT
IT'S OKAY. I WAS THRU WITH IT.

MOL: What's the celebration for, Rosita?

ROSIE: Tomorrow is Pan American day, senora. It is to celebrate
how North America is good neighbors with South America and
to tell everybody that if we stick together, nobody is
going to get stuck.

FIB: Oh, sure. Our company - Johnson's Wax - does a lot of
business with South America, sis. Most of their raw
material comes from down there.

ROSITA: Oh that is fine. I think if North Americans were knowing
South Americans good, and South Americans are knowing
North Americans good...

MOL: Yes...

ROSIE: There will not be any north or south Americans.

FIB: No?

ROSIE: No - there will just be Americans!

MOL: Wouldn't that be wonderful? What part of South America
are you from, dearie?

FIB: Who, me? I'M from Peoria. You know that.

MOL: I DIDN'T MEAN YOU. I meant Rosita.

MOL: Hello, Rosita. We haven't got much time to talk, dearie..
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MOL: I DIDN'T MEAN YOU. I meant Rosita.

(2ND REVISION) - 22 & 23 -

ROSIE: Oh, I started out to be a baby in Mexico. But I have travel all over all countries in Latin America. And every place I go, I like it better than someplace else.

FIB: That's great, and thanks for the tickets, Rosita. We'll go to the celebration. And you know what?

ROSIE: No...what?

FIB: The way you've traveled around and all, it's nice to know we can look at you and see a real Pan American.

ROSIE: Muchas gracias, señor! And it is nice for me to look at you and see a real American pan! Adios, Amigos!

DOOR SLAM:

FILTER VOICE: ...riding..riding..riding riding...into the purple sunset....(DRONES ON UNDER) -

MOL: Listen, McGee...the door slam knocked the radio on again!

FIB: SHHHH!

FILTER: as Sycamore McGee, the last of the great plainsmen, thundered into the Indian encampment - one lone white man against a horde of hostile savages..

FIB: Oh boy! Watch yourself, Syc!

MOL: Be quiet!

FILTER: THEN, A PIERCING SOUND, SLICED THRU THE STILLNESS!

DOOR CHIME:

(REVISED) -24-

MOL: You certainly fixed that radio, McGee!..it stops every time the doorbell rings, or door slams, or anybody

touches the floor lamp or the wind blows from the east.

FIB: WELL, IT'D BE ALL RIGHT IF PEOPLE WOULD LEAVE US ALONE. GIMME ANOTHER HAIRPIN!

MOL: All right...here....COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh hello, Mr. Wimple?

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

FIB: (OFF) Hiyah, Wimp...excuse me while I work on this doggone radio...

WIMP: Oh I hope you get it fixed, Mr. McGee...there's a program on about your Uncle, Sycamore McGee and I came over to tell you....

MOL: YES, WE KNOW, MR. WIMPLE...WE'VE BEEN TRYING TO LISTEN TO IT. Were you listening to it yourself?

WIMP: Oh no, Mrs. McGee...I don't like to be near the radio at this time of the evening. The bedtime stories are always on and Sweetface likes to curl up in my lap and listen to them.

FIB: CURL UP IN YOUR LAP! I THOUGHT SHE WEIGHED ABOUT A 180!

WIMP: 185, Mr. McGee. But she's still just a little girl, at heart.

MOL: Is she really? I DON'T WANT THE RADIO TO GO AWAY...LISTEN!

WIMP: Yes...(LAUGHS)..you should see her take me by one hand and one foot use me for a skipping rope.

FIB: My gosh, Wimp, that's pretty strenuous, isn't it?

WIMP: I usually pass out on the third or fourth whirl, Mr. McGee, so I really don't know.

MOL: I THINK YOUR WIFE IS A VERY CRUEL WOMAN, MR. WIMPLE!

WIMP: Please, Mrs. McGee! You are speaking of the woman I...I..

FIB: Love? *only days, McGee... they've got Uncle Sycamore*

WIMP: Well...(LAUGHS) That's a pretty strong term, Mr. McGee.

Let's say that I ADMIRE her. AND I really do. She has

FILTER: some wonderful qualities. She says. *ARGES AS WE CALL HIM,*

MOL: One of these days you're going to get fed up with all that

WIMP: mistreatment, Mr. Wimple...and I shudder to think what

will happen then.

WIMP: I got even with her yesterday, Mrs. McGee...I had about

all I could stand, so when Sweetface was sitting out in

SOUND: the back yard...I sneaked in the house and got my big

jack-knife... *...MR PITTMAN MAY AD LIB HERE*

FIB: Yes!!! *...MR PITTMAN MAY AD LIB HERE*

WIMP: And I held it behind my back and tippie toed out in the

yard....

MOL: Yes yes!!!! *...really sorry, folks. I didn't realize...*

WIMP: And then I sat down close to Sweetface...

FIB: Oh boy...

WIMP: AND YOU KNOW WHAT I DID.? (GIGGLES) I BEAT HER FOUR

GAMES OF MUBLETYPEG!

MOL: Oh dear; *and you didn't* and I was almost hoping...

SOUND: STATIC AND HUM OF RADIO..

FIB: HEY...BE QUIET!! I GOT THE RADIO GOIN' AGAIN...LISTEN!

FILTER: - and that concludes the saga of THE WINNING OF WYOMING...

BUT AS A SPECIAL SURPRISE FOR OUR LISTENERS...WE HAVE IN

THE STUDIO WITH US..THE HERO OF THESE GREAT EXPLOITS...

THAT HARDY OLD PLAINSMAN AND INDIAN FIGHTER HIMSELF...

SYCAMORE MCGEE.!!

MOL: Heavenly days, McGee...they've got Uncle Sycamore

himself down there...

FIB: SHHHH! QUIET!

FILTER: WE'RE GOING TO ASK UNCLE SYCAMORE (LAUGHS)AS WE CALL HIM,

TO SAY A FEW WORDS TO THE RADIO AUDIENCE.

WIMP: I think, Mr. McGee, if you move this floor lamp a little

closer to the -

FIB: NO NO, WIMP!

MOL: DON'T TOUCH THAT FLOOR LAMP...!!

SOUND: CRACKLE AND SPUTTER OF RADIO...POP OF TUBES...TINKLE...

WHINE AND PING...(MR PITTMAN MAY AD LIB HERE)

FIB: ONE SIDE, MOLLY!!..OUTA MY WAY, WIMP!!! I GOTTA HEAR

THIS!! I THINK I CAN FIX IT QUICK!!

SOUND: PUTTERING AND TINKERING....

WIMP: I'M really awfully sorry, folks. I didn't realize...

MOL: That's all right, Mr. Wimple, you couldn't know that....

FIB: HEY, BE QUIET!!

SOUND: STATIC AND HUM

FILTER: THANK YOU, UNCLE SYCAMORE MCGEE.!!!

FIB: (GROANS & MUTTERS)

SOUND: (BREAK UP THE RADIO SET)

ORCHESTRA: "LET'S GET LOST" - FADE FOR -

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC
APRIL 13, 1943

-27-

(2ND REVISION)

-TAG-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WIL: When you bought your kitchen linoleum, you probably gave very serious consideration to its colors. As a matter of fact, those bright linoleum colors are important in making your kitchen a pleasant room to work in -- and you do spend a good many hours there. So it pays to keep those colors fresh and bright, keep the linoleum from getting that faded-out, gloomy look. Yes, the same JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO COAT that protects your linoleum surfaces, makes them wear so much longer, also protects the colors, keeps them bright and new looking for many years. And don't forget that one of the main advantages of JOHNSON'S GLO COAT is that it needs no rubbing or buffing -- saves you many hours of work. That's why on the label it reads, "JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO COAT".

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

(2ND REVISION)

-28-

-TAG-

FIB: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THIS STARTS OUR NINTH YEAR ON THE AIR FOR JOHNSON'S WAX. YOU'VE BEEN SWELL AND EVERYONE CONNECTED WITH THIS SHOW WANT TO THANK YOU AGAIN FOR YOUR LOYALTY TO US AND OUR SPONSOR'S PRODUCTS....WE MAY NOT BE SO SOPHISTICATED -

MOL: BUT WE'RE GLAD YOU LIKE OUR POLISH!

FIB: GOODNIGHT.

MOL: GOODNIGHT, ALL!

APPLAUSE

ORCH: UP TO FINISH

SIGNOFF:

WILL: 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 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)