

Written by Don Quinn
Phil Leslie

(REVISED)

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

(Johnson's Wax)

1943 (30)

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

Tuesday, April 20, 1943

(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, Johnson's Car-Nu 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: "BLOW GABRIEL, BLOW" FADE FOR COMMERCIAL:

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
APRIL 20, 1943
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WIL: Quite a few letters have come in recently giving us new items to be mentioned in our Department of New and Unusual Uses for JOHNSON'S WAX. One woman writes, "I have just finished waxing the brickwork around my livingroom fireplace. Now it looks so beautiful -- and I know it will be much easier to keep clean. Tell this one to your many listeners". I will, indeed. And I know that any of you who have brick or tile around your fireplace will find this suggestion very helpful. You can use either the Paste or Liquid JOHNSON'S WAX. The job takes only a few minutes, and the benefits last a long time. Here's another item I like. A woman in Illinois says that she always uses a little of the regular JOHNSON'S WAX on her electric light switch plates. When these are painted in light colors, you know, they are apt to show dirty fingerprints quickly. The wax protects them and makes cleaning easy, and adds just one more touch of beauty to your home. I hope you'll all try these new protective uses for genuine JOHNSON'S WAX. They will help you take better care of your things -- and save you work -- both very worthwhile today.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

(2ND REVISION) -4-

WILCOX: IT'S A RAW, WINDY SPRING DAY IN WISTFUL VISTA. JUST THE KIND OF A DAY A MAN LIKES TO STAY INDOORS WITH A PIPE AND A GOOD BOOK. OR, IN THIS CASE, A NICKEL CIGAR AND A COPY OF FLASH GORDON COMICS. THE LADY OF THE HOUSE IS OCCUPIED WITH A DRESS PATTERN, AS WE MEET --

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

MOL: McGee I'M so exasperated.

FIB: What about?

MOL: Oh, this dress pattern. I can't seem to figure it out. It's been so long since I made a dress for myself, I'm all out of practice.

FIB: I thought you could buy dresses about as cheap as you could make 'em.

MOL: Not quite. Anyway, we agreed that we'd buy War Bonds instead of Easter clothes, didn't we? So I had this material and I bought a pattern for 35¢

FIB: Lemme see it. (PAUSE) Hmm. This don't look so tough. All you gotta do is lay the pattern out on the cloth and cut around it.

MOL: Oh is that all?

FIB: Certainly. It's a cinch.

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MOL: Look who's talking! I saw a sock you darned once. You bunched it up around the hole, tied a string around it and pounded it down with a hammer.

FIB: THAT WAS AN EMERGENCY. This is simply a matter of intelligence.

MOL: I suppose you could work out this dress pattern in nothing flat.

FIB: Certainly. With one eye tied behind me.

MOL: All right. Go ahead.

FIB: Eh?

MOL: I said go ahead. You've got the job.

FIB: HEY NOW WAIT A MINUTE. I MERELY SAID I COULD. AFTER ALL -

MOL: YOU MEAN YOU REFUSE TO DO IT, WHEN YOU KNOW HOW AND I DON'T?

FIB: NO, I'M NOT REFUSING. I JUST SAID I -

MOL: THEN YOU WILL? OH YOU DARLING...I COULD JUST KISS YOU FOR THAT, BECAUSE --

FIB: WAIT A MINUTE!!!..WAIT A MINUTE!!!! I'M NO DRESSMAKER. I WAS JUST TRYING TO POINT OUT -

MOL: I'M SO GLAD I MARRIED A MAN WHO COULD DO THINGS...(FADE OUT) YOU'RE SO SWEET TO PROMISE TO DO THIS, MCGEE...YOU GET STARTED WHILE I RUN UP AND GET THE SCISSORS AND THE PINS AND EVERYTHING..I'LL BE RIGHT BACK AND

FIB: Well, I'll be a Why cant I keep my big, busy, fat, loud mouth shut? I got about as much business cuttin' out dresses as Doolittle has ridin' the subway. I can get myself into more --

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: COME IN!!

DOOR OPEN: WIND EFFECT: DOOR SLAM:

OLD M: Hi, there, Johnny. Kinda breezy out, aint it? Havent been pushed around by the wind so hard since I marched in the parade last fourtha July.

FIB: There wasnt any wind that day.

OLD M: There was where I marched, Johnny. Right in front of the tuba player. Whatcha doin'?

FIB: If you must know, my nosey friend, at this moment I am old Joe Butterick. I am Mr. Modiste, in person. I'M a unstrung Harper from Harper's Bazaar and when I do this... that aint V for Victory...that's for Vogue!

OLD M: What you talkin' about, Johnny? Whatcha sore about?

(2ND REVISION) -7-

FIB: I'M SORE AT MYSELF! I STUCK MY NECK OUT, AND WHEN I HAULED IT BACK IN I WAS WEARIN' A HORSECOLLAR. I GET MYSELF INTO MORE JAMS THAN CROSSE AND BLACKWELL! YOU WANNA BUY TEN SHARES OF STUPIDITY? I JUST CORNERED THE MARKET.

OLD M: Now now now...take it easy, Johnny. You better tear up your red stamps...you're eatin' too much meat.

FIB: Look...see this dress pattern? I just elected myself to make something out of it. And me that dont know a reat pleat from a stuff cuff on a freak frock.

OLD M: You're in a bad spot, Johnny. Sorry cant help you out. Just bull your way thru, kid. Mebbe you kin figure out where the bodice is buried. HEH HEH HEH! If Bessie was here -

MOL: (FADE IN) MCGEE, HOW ARE YOU GETTING ALONG WITH THE...Oh Hello, Mr. Old Timer?

OLD M: Hi, there Daughter. Understand Johnny here is gonna help you with your new dress. WELL, HE'S JUST THE KID THAT KIN DO IT!

FIB: Oh pipe down, will you?

OLD M: Oh you'll make out all right, Johnny. I knew a kid once, much dumber'n you, that used to make all his own neckties. I was one of his pallbearers.

MOL: Heavenly days..what happened to him?

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OLD M: Made a novelty necktie outa rawhide, daughter. Went out in the rain with it. Sun come out later, dried the rawhide and strangled him. We seen him gittin' red in the face and keep pointin' to the necktie, butwe thought he was blushin' and askin' our opinion of it. We just stood there, smilin' and noddin' at him till the pore feller was gone. WELL, GOOD LUCK, JOHNNY! SO LONG DAUGHTER.

DOOR OPEN; WIND WHISTLE; DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Well, let's get at it, McGee...or rather let's YOU get at it. Here's a paper of pins and some scissors and a blue pencil. Will you need anything else?

FIB: A good ^{swell} stiff shot of...er..No. I guess not. Now let's see...First I better read the instructions....(MUTTERS)

MOL: Oh I'M so PROUD of you, dearie. Imagine a man being able to do this.

FIB: HEY, WE GOT A BIAS?

MOL: A what?

FIB: A bias. Part of this has gotta be cut on the bias. AW NEVER MIND. I'LL CUT IT ON THE FLOOR. MORE ROOM ANYWAY. Now lemme see....first I lay out the material, ~~see~~

MOL: Yes...better pin it to the rug, McGee so it wont slip.

FIB: I was just going to...hand me a thumbtack.

MOL: Why dont you use pins?

FIB: I always use thumbtacks for this stuff. Holds it flatter.

MOL: My goodness, I never would have thought of that! But we havent got any thumbtacks. You used them all in your war maps and ---

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: OH FER THE...COME IN!

DOOR OPEN; WIND WHISTLE; DOOR SLAM:

TEE: Hi, mister.

FIB: DOGGONE IT, SIS, LOOK WHAT YOU DID! I HAD THIS PATTERN ALL LAID OUT AND YOU HAD TO OPEN THE DOOR AND BLOW IT ALL OVER THE PLACE. WHY DON'T YOU LOOK WHERE YOU'RE...I MEAN WHY DON'T YOU BE MORE....WHADDYE WANT?

MOL: Oh don't be so grouchy, McGee....she can't help it if it's so windy outside. Or inside either, for that matter.

FIB: WELL GEE WHIZZ. HOW CAN A GUY CONCENTRATE WITH A FORTY MILE GALE BLOWIN' THRU THE JOINT?

TEE: Whatcha doin', Mister? Hmmm? Whatcha? Hmmm?

FIB: I'm..er.....I'm....cuttin' out a dress. AND DON'T GO BLABBIN IT ALL OVER THE NEIGHBORHOOD!

MOL: What difference would it make. It's no disgrace to know how to do things.

FIB: It's a disgrace to have people think you know how to do certain things better'n you do.

TEE: Maybe I can help you mister. Look...if you put some plackets under the arms, the frolem will franistan the sagitar and then give you enough cammiden to put a kickpleat in the skirt.

FIB: I know that, sis. I'm no dumbbell. But what was it you wanted?

TEE: I wanted Mr. McGee to help me build a model airplane. I got all the stuff.

FIB: I'm sorry sis. I haven't got time today. COME BACK TOMORROW.

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TEE: Okay, but have you got time for a poodle?

FIB: I dunno..

MOL: What is it?

FIB: And make it snappy.

TEE: WHY IS A ELEPHANT AFRAID OF A MOUSE?

FIB: Well, why is he?

TEE: BECAUSE A ELEPHANT HAS A TRUNK AND A TRUNK HAS THREE TRAYS AND THREE THREYS BEATS TWO PAIRS AND PAIRS GROW ON TREES AND TREES HAVE BARK AND SO DOES A DOG AND A DOG IS MAN'S BEST FRIEND AND YOUR BEST FRIENDS WON'T TELL YOU AND NEITHER WILL I. SO LONG, MISTER.

(DOOR SLAM)

ORCH: "DO I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING?"

APPLAUSE:

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RUSTLE OF PAPER:

MOL: Now don't forget, McGee...allow for a zipper on the skirt.

FIB: Don't worry..I got it figured in. I also got a place for another one.

MOL: Where?

FIB: Right across my big, noisy mouth. Next time I talk myself into a woman's job like this, I'll - Hey, are you sure we haven't got any thumbtacks?

MOL: No, we haven't dearie.

FIB: I'm gonna call the drugstore and have Kramer send some over. Hand me the phone.

MOL: Here.

FIB: Thanks. (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR? GIMME KRAMERS' DRUG STORE ON THE CORNER OF MYRT! HOW ARE YOU, MYRT?

MOL: Oh, dear...

FIB: HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING, MYRT? TIS EH? WHAT SAY, MYRT? YOUR GRANDFATHER? GOT CLIPPED ON THE PUSS?

MOL: Good heavens..what happened, McGee?

FIB: He got stuck forty bucks for a Persian cat that was only worth ten. WHAT SAY, MYRT? NEVER MIND...IT WASN'T IMPORTANT. THANKS MYRT. (CLICK) Kramer's is busy.

MOL: Well, you can use pins. Here...here's the pattern for the front.

RATTLE OF TISSUE PAPER:

FIB: Now lemme see...Hand me some safety pins there.

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

FIB: HEY, WATCH OUT FOR THE -----

DOOR OPEN: WIND EFFECT: (TISSUE-PAPER FLAPPING)

FIB: HEY GRAB THAT TISSUE PAPER!!!! MOLLY!!!! WATCH THE PATTERNS!!!! SHUT THE DOOR!!!!

DOOR SLAM: WIND OUT:

MOL: Well, my goodmess...ABIGAIL UPPINGTON. HELLO DARLING.

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

FIB: Yiyah, Uppy. Excuse me, but would you be so good as to hand me the back of my skirt?

UPP: THE WHAT?

MOL: He's lost the back of his skirt, Abigail.

UPP: Good heavens...the back of HIS skirt! AND WHAT HAVE I TO DO WITH IT?

FIB: It's in your hat.

UPP: IN MY HAT!

FIB: YES, IN YOUR HAT!

UPP: I BEG YOUR PARDON, MR. MCGEE...I DIDN'T COME HERE TO BE -

MOL: Now now...you don't understand, Abigail...McGee's laying out a dress pattern for me. When you opened the door the pattern for the back of the skirt blew up, and landed on your hat.

UPP: Oh....I see. (RUSTLE OF PAPER) Here, Mr. McGee.

FIB: Thanks. Pretty embarrassing the way a fella's skirts blow around, isn't it? Now lemme see....a panel under the arm here....

UPP: WHAT ON EARTH ... I HAD NO IDEA YOU WERE SO VERSATILE, MR. MCGEE. WHEN DID YOU EVER LEARN DRESSMAKING?

MOL: He never did, Abigail. He said that anybody with brains could make a dress and since he admits he has brains, I'M letting him do it.

FIB: HEY GRAB THAT TISSUE PAPER!!!! MOLLY!!!! WATCH THE PATTERNS!!!! SHUT THE DOOR!!!!

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FIB: It's a cinch, girls. In fact, I'M thinkin' of opening up a tailor shop after the war. Get Fred Nitney of Starved Rock, Illinois, to go in with me.

MOL: Where did you know this Fred Nitney, McGee. I've heard you speak of him so often.

FIB: I was in vaudeville with Fred. We done a black face act.

MOL: McGee's always loved vaudeville, Abigail. Even when he was three and four years old he was putting on blackface and playing minstrel show.

UPP: Reahhly!

FIB: Yes sir...I was a actor at heart from my second year. I got so obnoxious to my father he took me out into the woodshed and beat it outa me with a hickory stick. For years afterward, I was known as "The Hickory Cured Ham." HEY UPPY.

UPP: Yes?

FIB: I almost forgot to tell you. I think you got the right spirit.

MOL: Why, McGee?

FIB: You know. I told you. She worked all day long in her victory garden yesterday...In her old clothes, - and that derby hat. Never saw you looking so healthy and happy.

UPP: I was not in my garden, yesterday, Mr. McGee....THAT was my scarecrow. GOODDAY!

DOOR OPEN: WIND WHISTLE: DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Look at those patterns! BLOWN ALL OVER THE PLACE! Help me get 'em together Molly...

MOL: All right...

SOUND: RUSTLE OF PAPER

MOL: When you get the dress all cut out McGee, you can slip it on while I see how it looks....

FIB: OH NO YOU DON'T...NOT ME, BABY! I MAY NOT BE BRIGHT, BUT I'M NO DUMMY. Anyway, you can't fit your dress on me. It wouldn't prove anything. You and I don't throw the same shadow.

MOL: Well, my goodness, it would just be ---

DOOR OPEN: WIND WHISTLE: DOOR SLAM:

WIL: HELLO, FOLKS.

MOL: Oh Hello, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: "HELLO, FOLKS" says he, in that jolly-good-fellow way! WHY DON'T YOU KNOCK BEFORE YOU BUST INTO PEOPLE'S HOUSES, JUNIOR? LOOK WHAT YOU DID TO ALL THESE DRESS PATTERNS! BLEW ALL OVER THE ROOM!

WIL: Oh, I'm sorry. I really am, Molly. I didn't know you were working on a dress.

MOL: I'm not. McGee is.

WIL: WHAT? HE IS?

FIB: YES I AM AND I DON'T WANNA HER ANY WISE CRACKS, EITHER.

WIL: I wasn't going to crack wise, pal. If a fellow likes to make dresses, it's none of my business. Everybody is entitled to a hobby. Why I know a guy who spends practically ALL DAY LONG, POLISHING HIS CAR, IT DOESN'T NEED IT, BUT HE LOVES TO DO IT, BECAUSE HE SAYS HE GETS A KICK OUT OF USING JOHNSON'S CAR-NU. THE EASE WITH WHICH IT'S APPLIED...AND WIPED OFF..THE DOUBLE JOB IT DOES IN BOTH CLEANING AND POLISHING, WHY HE'S NEVER GOTTEN OVER IT.

FIB: Well, don't look at me. We haven't got a car.

WIL: I know that, pal. I was just saying how Johnson's Car-Nu does impress people. They can't get over how it cleans and polishes in one simple easy application. How it protects and preserves the finish these days when you can't just run out and trade in your car for a new one. But they know you can trade in that dust and road grime for a nice dazzling shiny polish. By using Car-Nu.

MOL: How did we get on this subject?

FIB: Leave it to Junior to throw in that businesslike touch. I'M gettin' so I can't look at his map without tryin' to find Racine, Wisconsin on it!

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MOL: How did we get on this subject?

FIB: Leave it to Junior to throw in that businesslike touch. I'M gettin' so I can't look at his map without tryin' to find Racine, Wisconsin on it!

WIL: Well, I won't bother you any longer Pal. If you get to where you want to get out with the menfolks, come on over to my house and bring your crocheting. We can sit on the porch and rock. HAPPY HEMSTITCHING, OLD BOY!

DOOR OPEN: WIND: DOOR CLOSE:

FIB: WHY THAT BIG -- !! ONE OF THESE DAYS, HE'S GONNA IRRITATE ME ONE TOO MANY, AND I'LL CRACK HIS CLAVICLE!

MOL: I wouldn't if I were you. Mr Wilcox is an old polo player, you know. He's in pretty good condition.

FIB: SO WHAT'S POLO? HOCKEY ON A HAYBURNER! BADMINTON ON A BURRO! GOLF AT A GALLOP! SOFTBALL IN A SADDLE! ANYBODY WHO HAS THE LEAST....(PAUSE)

MOL: McGee!! WHAT'S THE MATTER? ARE YOU ILL? YOU'RE WHITE AS A SHEET, TO COIN A CLEVER PHRASE. MCGEE....SAY SOMETHING!!

FIB: I...I.....Is there...is there a safety pin on the floor... near my feet?

MOL: No..no, I don't see any. None anywhere near around.

FIB: Then...I...I swallowed it. GET A DOCTOR..QUICK!!! I SWALLOWED A SAFETY PIN!!

MOL: What makes you think you did?

FIB: Had it...in my mouth..pinning patterns...when Wilcox..OH GET THE DOCTOR...QUICK!!

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS, MAYBE I BETTER....LIE DOWN ON THE COUCH, DEARIE...

FIB: No...I....I don't dare move...it might spring open in me.....

MOL: OH THIS IS TERRIBLE....(CLICK) HELLO OPERATOR, QUICK!
GIVE ME DOCTOR J. RAMSEY GAMBLE IN THE..NO NO NO, MYRTLE..
NOT NOW...GET ME THE DOCTOR....

FIB: GROANS...Tell him to bring a small cork...maybe I can
swallow the cork and turn a few somersaults...and get the
cork stuck on the end of the pin so --

MOL: HELLO, DOCTOR? MRS. MCGEE..MY HUSBAND SWALLOWED A SAFETY
PIN... WHAT? NO, HE WASNT...WE HAVENT GOT A BABY....NO...
HURRY RIGHT OVER DOCTOR...THANK YOU. (CLICK) He said for
you to lie quietly, McGee till he got here.

FIB: What'd he think I was gonna do? Organize a softball team?
(OHHHHHHH) Why did I ever say I was smart. Why did I
ever get myself into such a -

DOOR BELL:

MOL: MY GOODNESS THE DOCTOR GOT HERE QUICKLY! COME IN!

DOOR OPEN: WIND WHISTLE; DOOR SHUT:

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

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wimple...

FIB: (GROANS) HI, Wimp....

WIMP: My goodness, what's the matter with Mr. McGee?

MOL: He swallowed a safety pin, Mr. Wimple.

WIMP: He did? Does he like safety pins?

FIB: NO I DONT LIKE SAFETY PINS...I SWALLOWED IT INADVERDENTLY.
OHHHHHHH...

WIMP: If there's anything I can do for him...I'M on my way to
the drug store anyway, Mrs. McGee...

MOL: No thank you, Mr. Wimple..the doctor is on his way over.
He says he just has one stop and he'll be here.

WIMP: If it's Dr. Gamble, he's stopping at our house first.

FIB: You're wife sick, Wimp?

WIMP: Who, Sweetface? Oh no, Mr. McGee...she's as strong as
a horse. Stronger, even.

MOL: STRONGER?

WIMP: Yes...she was horseback riding yesterday and the horse
threw Sweetface over a fence. So Sweetface came back,
picked up the horse and threw HIM over the fence.

MOL: Then why is Dr. Gamble coming to your house, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: Oh one of Sweetface's wrestling and boxing students
needs medical attention, Mrs. McGee.

FIB: (WEAKLY) What kind of attention Wimp?

WIMP: Oh Sweetface gave him a rabbit punch, and for two hours
he's been sitting on the floor wiggling his ears and
twitching his nose. And his eyes are pink, too. And he
~~doe-doe-ed on the floor.~~

MOL: How Sweet! She ought to keep him like that over Easter.

WIMP: The trouble with Sweetface is, she knows her own
strength. Are you sure I can't get you anything at the
drugstore, folks?

FIB: (WEAKLY) No thanks, Wimp, old man....

WIMP: It wont be any trouble...all I'M going for is to get
some gunpowder.

MOL: GUNPOWDER!

WIMP: Yes...I use it to brush my teeth with.

FIB: What's the idea?

WIMP: It's the only way I can shoot my mouth off around our house. I hope they find the pin, Mr. McGee. Goodbye, now.

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH: "SONG OF THE MERCHANT MARINE" - KING'S MEN.

APPLAUSE:

MOL: The doctor ought to be here any minute now, McGee...how do you feel?

FIB: I..I dunno...kinda numb....have I...have I been unconscious?

MOL: Yes, for about ten minutes... and it was the LOUDEST case of unconsciousness I ever heard! Did you swallow a safety pin or a sawmill?

FIB: FINE THING...Here I go make myself a object o' ridicule by trying to help you make a dress, and -

MOL: INCIDENTALLY, WHAT DID YOU DO TO THAT PATTERN? THERE ARE SOME PIECES OF IT I NEVER SAW BEFORE!

FIB: Maybe some of 'em got tore in two when the wind blew 'em around...

MOL: No, I don't think so. There's one piece of pattern that's shaped like no part of me that anyone ever told me about. And several of them are -

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: (GROANS)

MOL: Oh stop groaning, just because you think it's the doctor...
COME IN!

DOOR OPEN: WIND WHISTLE: DOOR CLOSE:

MOL: Hello, Doctor Gamble...

DOC: Hello, Mrs. McGee...well..where's the human scrap pile?

FIB: OHHHHHH, you..you think you're gonna have to operate, Doc?

DOC: Now now now..stop shaking, McGee...swallowing a safety pin isn't necessarily fatal, you know...

MOL: Do you think he really swallowed it, Doctor?

DOC: My goodness, I hope so!

FIB: OHHHHH, YOU HOPE....SO....

DOC: Yes, indeed. I've just invented a new instrument for extracting swallowed objects - I call it the Gamble Grab - and I'm AWFULLY anxious to try it out on somebody. I've been buying the little boys in the neighborhood marbles all spring, but nothing has happened yet... ~~Open your mouth, McGee...~~

FIB: ~~Nyahhhht!!!~~

MOL: ~~Would an ex-ray show it, doctor?~~

DOC: ~~Certainly it would, Mrs. McGee...but that takes all the fun out of guessing. Take off your pants, McGee...~~

FIB: You..you don't understand, Doc...I...I didn't sit on it. I SWALLOWED IT.

DOC: Stop arguing..take off your pants.

MOL: OH, DON'T LOOK LIKE THAT, McGEE..YOUR PURPLE SHORTS ARE AN OLD STORY TO ME. DO WHAT THE DOCTOR SAYS.

FIB: O..O..Okay..

DOC: What was he doing when he swallowed this safety pin, Mrs. McGee?

MOL: Cutting out a dress.

DOC: CUTTING OUT A DRESS!!! AND WHAT WERE YOU DOING... PLAYING POOL AT THE ELKS?

MOL: He was doing it for me, Doctor. He said there was nothing to it if a person had brains, so I...

FIB: Okay, Doc...YOU..YOU WANNA EXAMINE ME?

DOC: No. I want to examine the pants.. HAH...JUST AS I THOUGHT, HERE'S YOUR SAFETY PIN!

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MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS...WHERE WAS IT?

DOC: Where I usually find things people think they've swallowed. In the cuff of his pants.

FIB: Boy, is that a relief...(LAUGHS) Sorry to have brought you over here on a wild goose chase, Doc.

DOC: Oh, it wasn't a wild goose chase at all, my boy. My bill will still be seven dollars.

MOL: Why, certainly.

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, "WHY CERTAINLY"! HE DIDN'T DO ANYTHING, DID HE? I CAN GET MY TROUSERS LOOKED AT BY A TAILOR FOR FREE. AND OPERATED ON FOR FIFTY CENTS!

DOC: ~~Of course you can, McGee. And next time you break your leg, just call the tailor. Maybe he can press your pants so it won't show.~~

MOL: Oh, don't pay any attention to him, Doctor. He's so relieved at finding that safety pin, he doesn't know what he's saying.

FIB: OH NO? WELL, I AIN'T PAYING ANY SEVEN BUCKS FOR HAVING A PIN TOOK OUTA THE CUFF OF MY PANTS! THAT'S ROBBERY!

DOC: NOW LOOK HERE, YOU UNGRATEFUL LITTLE NATURE FAKER! IF YOU THINK I ENJOY NEGLECTING SOME REALLY SICK PEOPLE TO TAKE CARE OF A HYPOCHONDRIAC LIKE YOU --

FIB: WHO'S A HYPOCANADRIAC?

DOC: YOU ARE!

FIB: IS THAT SO!

DOC: YES, THAT'S SO!

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FIB: IT IS, EH?
DOC: YES IT IS.
(PAUSE)
FIB: Hey, Molly..what's a hypocanadriac?
MOL: Somebody who always has imaginary ailments.
FIB: Is that right, Doc?
DOC: Certainly. You're as healthy as a goat. You've never called me yet when there was really something wrong.
FIB: You hear that, Molly?
MOL: Yes...why?
FIB: BECAUSE HE'S JUST ADMITTED HE'S BEEN CHARGIN' ME FOR TREATMENTS WHEN THERE WAS NOTHIN' THE MATTER WITH ME! I'M GONNA REPORT HIM TO THE AMERICAN MEDICINAL ASSOCIATION FOR MALNUTRITION!
DOC: You mean malpractice, McGee. (LAUGHS) You could never get me on a malnutrition charge.
MOL: Why couldn't he?
DOC: (ROARS) BECAUSE I'M THOROUGHLY FED UP! GOOD DAY!
DOOR OPEN: WIND WHISTLE: DOOR CLOSE:
FIB: (LAUGHS) I guess I gave him a scare at that, didn't I?
MOL: Oh, sure. He's frightened out of his wits. NOW COME ON, MCGEE..HELP ME MAKE SENSE OUT OF THIS PATTERN! Look at this piece here...
FIB: Hmmm. That's part of the insert that goes under the...no it isn't either...is there a number on it? All the pieces are numbered.
RUSTLE OF PAPER:
MOL: Yes, this is B-19.

FIB: B-19...can't go next to B-20, because that's part of the shoulder...HEY, WHAT'S THIS ONE HERE?
MOL: P-38. AND IT DOESN'T FIT ANYPLACE. LOOK AT THE SHAPE OF IT... MCGEE, I'M SORRY I EVER ASKED YOU TO DO THIS FOR ME.
FIB: YOU'RE SORRY!! MY GOSH, I -- SAY..THERE'S ABOUT TWELVE MORE PIECES OF THIS PATTERN THAN WHEN I STARTED. DID YOU ADD SOME?
MOL: No. I didn't. But it MUST make sense somehow...let's piece them together and see how far we get...
FIB: Okay...
RUSTLE OF PAPERS...AD LIES OF "This goes here"..."No, that goes over there"..."How about this one?"...RUSTLE OF PAPERS, ETC.
MOL: I GIVE UP, MCGEE. IT'S HOPELESS!
FIB: I'M darned if I know what happened. If you ever got that thing together and wore it, you'd look like you were going to a costume party as the Wreck of the Hesperus. How in the...
DOOR CHIME:
MOL: OH, DEAR...COME IN!!!
DOOR OPEN: WIND: DOOR CLOSE:
TEE: Hi, mister. Hi, Miz McGee.
FIB: SIS, I TOLD YOU ONCE TODAY, I'M BUSY. NOW BEAT IT.
TEE: You won't help me build my model airplanes, mister?
FIB: NO!
TEE: Then can I please have my patterns back? I left 'em on the floor when I was here last time.
FIB: You left.....oh, pshaw!
ORCH: "I'M OLD FASHIONED" -- FADE FOR:

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
APRIL 20, 1943
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: There are three places in your home where you might very likely be using linoleum. One, of course, is the kitchen. A second is the bathroom. A third is the front entrance hall. All three of these spots are apt to have extra heavy wear, exposed to dirt and dampness. Two of them are your front-line trenches against the weather and wet muddy feet. Good linoleum is ideal floor covering for such places -- and JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT is the ideal way to keep such linoleum clean, sparkling and long-wearing. GLO-COAT, as you may know, makes linoleum last 6 to 10 times longer than if it were unprotected. That's important today, when replacements of all things are more difficult. GLO-COAT also saves you hours of cleaning time. It takes no rubbing or buffing, is completely self polishing. Dirt and spilled things wipe up in a jiffy. If you're not already using JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT for all of your linoleum floor coverings, I suggest that you try it.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE

(2ND REVISION) -28-

TAG

MOL: Well, McGee...thanks to you, I'll have to wear an old dress next Thursday.

FIB: What happens next Thursday?

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS..HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN? WE'RE VISITING THE KRAFT MUSIC HALL!

FIB: Oh my gosh...HOW COULD I OF FORGOT THAT! ESPECIALLY AFTER THAT SWELL TELEGRAM THEY SENT ME.

MOL: What was that? You didn't tell me.

FIB: I didn't? It says something about how glad they'd be to see you and in my case how the Biggest Cheese of All Goes to the Kraft Music Hall. I thought that was pretty nice.

MOL: You did?

FIB: Don't you? (PAUSE) OH!! OH, I GET IT, GOODNIGHT.

MOL: GOODNIGHT, ALL!

APPLAUSE: MUSIC: SIGN OFF:

K