

Written by Don Quinn
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(REVISED)

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

WIL: THE MAKERS OF JOHNSON'S WAX, JOHNSON'S CAR-NU AND

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

(Johnson's Wax)

1943 (31)

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

Tuesday, April 27, 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: "OKLAHOMA" (FADE FOR COMMERCIAL)

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC
APRIL 27, 1943

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WIL: May, the traditional month for Spring Housecleaning, is only four days away. In many homes this year, women won't be able to do so very much of that extra cleaning. War work, Civilian Defense, Red Cross, Victory Gardens -- all these important activities are number one obligations. But in most of those homes, there's a silent partner, helping to cut down on housekeeping work, helping to protect floors, furniture and woodwork. That silent partner is JOHNSON'S WAX. Day after day, month after month, it guards all kinds of surfaces -- wood, leather, metal -- against wear and dirt. An occasional application of either paste or liquid JOHNSON'S WAX gives not only protection, but great beauty to your home. Rooms can be kept in tip-top shape with less work -- many Spring Housecleaning chores become unnecessary. At no time in its more than 50 years of service has genuine JOHNSON'S WAX been more helpful to homemakers than right now.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

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WIL: WHEN A MAN IS ALL OUT OF MEAT COUPONS AND IS HUNGRY FOR A BIG THICK STEAK, HIS MOUTH IS LIABLE TO WATER SO MUCH IT DROWNS HIS CONSCIENCE. SO, AS WE GLANCE DOWN THE ALLEY BEHIND THE POOL HALL IN WISTFUL VISTA WE FIND A LITTLE BUSINESS DEAL GOING ON BETWEEN A MAN WHO SHALL BE NAMELESS (Though there is a number waiting for him) AND AN OLD FRIEND OF OURS, MR. MCGEE OF

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: Oh boy, oh boy oh boy!! A BIG THICK PORTERHOUSE! Wait'll Molly loops a lip over this! I can hardly wait to fling a fang into it myself. You sure this is good and tender, Mr...er..Mr...

MAN: Just call me Eddie, Chum. And don't worry about dis steak. You just take it home, cook it about 45 minutes, smother it wit' onions, load 'er up wit' ketchup and you never et nothin' like it. Dat'll be five bucks.

FIB: FIVE BUCKS!

MAN: Sure...you got over t'ree pounds of steak there, doc!

FIB: Yeah, but - but the ceiling price is -

MAN: DON'T GIMME DAT CEILING PRICE BUSINESS, DOC! I'M A ALLEY BUTCHER AND ALLEYS DON'T HAVE NO CEILINGS.

FIB: Well, I just thought five bucks was -

MAN: I AIN'T CHARGIN' YOU NO SALES TAX, AM I?

FIB: Well, no but --

MAN: I DIDN'T ASK YOUSE FOR NO COUPONS, DID I?

FIB: No, but gee, I just thought...well..I'd kind of liked to have seen it before you wrapped it up, so -

DOC: NOW DON'T WORRY DOC. THAT STEAK'LL MAKE YOUR EYES WATER... I MEAN YOUR MOUTH. AND LOOK..if any o' your friends need anything...tell 'em to ask for Eddie. See?

FIB: Okay..er..Eddie. I guess I better trot home and get this steak on ice.

DOC: (SOTTO VOCE) You ain't kiddin', brother!

FIB: Eh?

DOC: I says, no kiddin', doc. You're gonna enjoy dat steak. So long.

FIB: So long, and much obliged, Eddie. (FADE) OH BOY...A THREE POUND PORTERHOUSE!!! (LAUGHS) DON'T CATCH ME STANDING IN LINE LIKE A DUMMY...WHEN I WANT SOMETHING BAD, I GET IT!

ORCH : WILLIAM TELL...FADE FOR -

MOL: McGee..McGee, where are you?

FIB: (FADE IN) Here I am, Molly. I..er..I just put something in the refrigerator. It's a surprise for dinner tonight.

MOL: A surprise! Has one of your frier.us been on a hunting trip?

FIB: No, but I have. (LAUGHS) This is really gonna knock you over baby!

MOL: HAVE YOU BEEN BUYING LIMBERGER CHEESE AGAIN?

FIB: No sir. This is something you'll LOVE. AND DON'T ASK ME WHAT IT IS. IT'S A SURPRISE. AND DON'T YOU GO OPENING THE PACKAGE!

MOL: How'll I know which package not to open?

FIB: It's wrapped in newspaper and fastened with a piece of tire tape. *It's about this long and*

DOOR BELL:

FIB: Who's that?

MOL: Let me peek. Oh. It's Abigail Uppington.

FIB: What's that old bat lookin' for - a belfry? HEY DON'T ASK HER TO STAY FOR DINNER! SHE EATS TOO MUCH!

MOL: I know she does. Whenever I see anybody with a carriage like hers, I know they eat like a horse. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Well, for goodness sakes...ABIGAIL UPPINGTON. WHAT A SURPRISE!

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

FIB: Hiyah, Uppy. That's quite a fur jacket you got there. You look like a perpendicular fox farm. What's the matter with you Uppy? If you looked any more upset, you'd have to walk on your hands.

UPP: Oh I AM a bit perturbed, Mr. McGee...I am having a group of Naval Officers to dinner tonight.

MOL: Well, they're used to having dinner in a mess. What's wrong?

UPP: EVERYTHING, MY DEAH! I cawn't buy any meat. My butcher is entirely out. He says the black market is taking so much meat that the legitimate dealers have a hard time getting their quota.

FIB: Well, be that as it may or may not be, or not, Uppy, it's all in known' the right people. I can arrange for you to get some.

MOL: What do you know about meat, McGee? You always thought
chuck beef was off a steer named Charles.

FIB: I JUST KNOW MY WAY AROUND, THAT'S ALL. IF ANYBODY WANT'S
MEAT, I KNOW WHERE THEY CAN GET IT. Now look, Uppy,
you're an old pal of mine --

UPP: Let's say ACQUAINTANCE, Mr. McGee. My regard for you falls
somewhat short of complete adoration.

FIB: IT DOES? Well, that's darn decent of you, Uppy! I always
spoke well of you, too. Now look..you know where the
pool hall is, on 14th street? Next door to the
Friend-in-Need Pawnshop?

UPP: Why certainly I....er...I mean...I believe I could locate
it.

FIB: Well, all you gotta do is go down there, duck up the
alley ---

MOL: ARE YOU SUGGESTING THAT ABIGAIL SNEAK UP AN ALLEY, MCGEE?

FIB: How does she usually go up alleys? In a calliope? Just
sneak up the alley, Uppy, when nobody is watchin', and
there's a door at the end. Just whistle twice, like a
snipe, and a guy named Eddie will open the door. You tell
him --

UPP: MR. MCGEE...THIS SOUNDS SUSPICIOUSLY LIKE THE BLACK
MARKET TO ME!

FIB: Don't be silly. This ain't a market at all. It's just a
back room off the pool parlor. And it ain't black. It's
kind of a bilious green. There used to be a bookmaker in
there and he -

MOL: MCGEE, HOW DO YOU KNOW ALL ABOUT THIS?

FIB: HOW DO I KNOW ANYTHING?

UPP: I've often wondered.

FIB: I JUST GO AROUND WITH MY EARS AND EYES OPEN, THAT'S ALL.
Now look, Uppy...when you see this guy Eddie, tell him
you know me. You don't need any coupons, er -

MOL: MCGEE I DON'T LIKE THIS.

FIB: Well, gee whizz, if you really want meat bad enough, you
gotta --

UPP: I DON'T WANT MEAT BADLY ENOUGH TO PATRONIZE A BACK ALLEY
DEAIER, MR. MCGEE. DO YOU THINK I COULD FACE THOSE
SERVICE MEN TONIGHT AFTER DEALING IN THE BLACK MARKET?

FIB: Well, my gosh, Uppy, -

UPP: DO YOU THINK I'D HAVE THE UNMITIGATED EFFRONTERY TO INVITE SERVICE MEN TO DINNER AND SERVE THEM MEAT WHICH WAS PRACTICALLY STOLEN FROM LAW-AIDING CITIZENS? TO OFFER THEM SOMETHING WHICH WAS DAMAGING THE LEGITIMATE BUSINESS OF THE COUNTRY THEY'RE FIGHTING FOR? IF YOU DO, MR. MCGEE, YOU KNOW ABOUT AS MUCH ABOUT ME AS A HYENA KNOWS ABOUT INTERNATIONAL LAW.....AND IF YOU'VE READ THE REPORTS FROM JAPAN THE PAST FEW DAYS, YOU KNOW HOW MUCH THAT IS! GOOD DAY!

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH: "PEOPLE WILL SAY WE'RE IN LOVE"

APPLAUSE

FIB: ...So you see, Molly, THAT'S why I can't tell you about Eddie. It's a secret.

MOL: Well, all right, but I wish you wouldn't recommend this Eddie, whoever he is, to our friends. He sounds pretty illegal to me.

FIB: Well, so what? Nobody thought anything of recommending a bottlegger in prohibition, did they?

MOL: THAT WAS VIOLATING A LAW THAT EVERYBODY KNEW WOULD BE REPEALED. NOBODY CAN REPEAL A WAR, MCGEE. THIS IS A SERIOUS BUSINESS. Speaking of prohibition...have you seen Uncle Dennis tonight?

FIB: I don't think he's in yet.

MOL: Oh dear...sometimes I worry about him.

FIB: So do I...he's like havin' a old shotgun around the house ...you never know when he's loaded. HEY ISN'T IT ABOUT TIME FOR DINNER? I'M gonna cook it, you know.

MOL: YOU'RE GOING TO COOK DINNER?

FIB: Sure. How we fixed for onions?

MOL: We're just out. I looked this morning and -

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN AND SHUT:

OLD MAN: Hello there, kids.

MOL: Oh Hello, Mr. Old Timer.

FIB: Hiyah, you old octopusgenarian. Haul up a chair and give your friend Arthur one, too.

OLD MAN: Arthur who?

FIB: ARTHRITIS! (LAUGHS) GET IT, MOLLY? I SAYS GIVE YOUR FRIEND ARTHUR A CHAIR AND HE SAYS ARTHUR WHO, AND I SAYS --

MOL: TAIN'T FUNNY, MCGEE!

FIB: It ain't? That's odd. I pulled that one at the Elks this morn'ing and they killed theirselves.

OLD M: I don't blame 'em, Johnny. They had nothin' more to live for,

FIB: How you makin' out with meat rationing, Old Timer?

OLD M: I don't pay any attention to it, Johnny. As the suit salesman says when he seen a 44 stub wouldn't fit his customer, "I'LL GET ALONG." Heh heh heh.

MOL: The Elks can have that one, too.

FIB: Well, I was gonna say, Old Timer, if you ever run short of meat, I know a guy that -

OLD M: DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME, JOHNNY. I NEVER EAT THE STUFF.

FIB: So you're a vegetarian, eh?

OLD M: Sure am, Johnny. Can't stand the sight of 'em.

MOL: Well, if you don't eat meat or vegetables, what do you live on?

OLD M: Got a little pension, daughter. Not much, but it keeps me goin'.

FIB: SHE MEANS WHAT DO YOU EAT?

OLD M: Just breakfast and dinner, usually, Johnny. Ye see -

MOL: NO NO NO...WHAT DO YOU HAVE FOR MEALS?

OLD M: Oh. Feller next door, most of the time. He comes over and brings a pail of --

FIB: LOOK, OLD TIMER...WE'RE TRYIN' TO FIND OUT WHAT KIND OF FOOD YOU EAT.

OLD M: Nothin' but the best, Johnny. Mamma made me promise once that I wouldn't eat no cheap --

MOL: MR. OLDTIMER!

OLD M: Eh?

MOL: LOOK. YOU DON'T EAT MEAT. YOU DON'T EAT VEGETABLES. WHAT DO YOU EAT.

OLD M: Chickens, daughter. Chickens and eggs. Eggs and chickens. Fried eggs, scrambled eggs, boiled eggs, shirred eggs, stuffed eggs, deviled eggs and eggs Benedictionary. Roast chicken, fried chicken, stewed chicken, minced chicken, cold chicken, chicken ala king, AND I'VE THREW AWAY MY ALARM CLOCK, KIDS!

FIB: What for?

OLD M: Et so much chicken I don't need it any more. Whenever I
crow in the morning I know it's time to git up. Well, see
you later, kids!

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: If he'd wanted meat, McGee, were you going to send him to
Eddie in the alley?

FIB: Why sure. Eddie done me a favor and I wanna resyncopate,
in some way. After all - HEY I GOTTA ORDER SOME ONIONS.
GIMME THE PHONE!

MOL: Here.

FIB: Thanks. (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR? GIMME JIMMY SALES
GROCERY ON THE BOULEMYRT! HOW ARE YOU MYRT?

MOL: Oh dear...

FIB: HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING, MYRT? TIS EH? WHAT SAY, MYRT?
YOUR UNCLE? CAUGHT A SPY AT THE AIRPLANE FACTORY?

MOL: Oh good for him, McGee!

FIB: I'll say! He knocked his lunch bucket off a shelf.
Dropped all his sandwiches but caught his pie. WHAT SAY,
MYRT? OKAY..I'LL CALL YOU LATER, MYRT. THANKS, MYRT.

(CLICK)

MOL: Now look, McGee, about this package you've got in the
refrigerator. I want you to tell me exactly --

DOOR OPEN:

WIL: HELLO, FOLKS.

MOL: Good evening, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: ~~HIYAH, JUNIOR. MUCH OBLIGED FOR SENDIN' US THAT
PHONOGRAPH RECORD THAT MOLLY WANTED.~~

WIL: ~~Don't mention it. It's one of my favorites, too.~~

FIB: ~~Mine too. I'M nuts about those old Irish songs.~~

MOL: ~~IT WASN'T AN IRISH SONG, MCGEE. IT'S "AS TIME GOES BY".~~

FIB: ~~It is? I just took a quick look at it. I read it "AS
TIM GOES BY". Thought it was a come-all-ye. WELL JUNIOR.
WHAT'S COOKIN'?~~

WIL: ~~The restaurant as far as I'M concerned, tonight. We're
out of meat at our house.~~

MOL: ~~Now, McGee -~~

FIB: ~~OUT OF MEAT EH? WELL DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT, MY FRIEND.
YOU CAN HAVE A NICE BIG STEAK TONIGHT IF YOU WANT IT.
EVERY NIGHT, IN FACT.~~

WIL: ~~Sure..but I've already told you, the Army turned me down.~~

MOL: ~~Don't listen to McGee, Mr. Wilcox. He knows an acrobatic
meat dealer.~~

WIL: ~~Acrobatic?~~

MOL: ~~Yes...ALLEY...OOP!~~

FIB: ~~Look, Son...as it happens, I got a few connections in this
town....~~

MOL: ~~You're on your way toward forming a few more, too, dearie.
With derby hats and flat feet.~~

FIB: ~~Not me, baby. I know what I'M doin'. Now look, Junior,
I happen to be in a position where I can get all the meat
I want, see? And any friend of mine -~~

WIL: ~~WHAT'S THE IDEA, PAL? You a personal friend of the OPA?~~

FIB: WHAT'S OPA GOT TO DO WITH IT? HE'S ON INFORMATION PLEASE.
(VERY CONFIDENTIAL) Look - Here's all you gotta do. Go down the alley next to the Snooker poolroom on 14th street, see, and whistle twice like a snipe...when the guy opens the door, (his name is Eddie - friend of mine) just tell him -

WIL: WHAT IS THIS...BLACK MARKET MEAT?

MOL: If it was any blacker it would make midnight look like high noon.

FIB: Well, gee whizz, if a guy is hungry for meat -

WIL: I'M NOT SO HUNGRY FOR MEAT I WANT TO PATRONIZE A RAT IN AN ALLEY TO GET A STEAK. WHATS THE MATTER WITH YOU, FIBBER? I ALWAYS THOUGHT YOU WERE A PRETTY DECENT GUY.

MOL: Pour it on, Mr. Wilcox..pour it on.

FIB: Well, my gosh, what's a little thing like -

WIL: IT ISNT A LITTLE THING, PAL! THIS IS THE DIRTIEST RACKET THAT'S COME OUT OF THE WAR. THESE CROOKS ARE BUYING UP MEAT, AND SELLING IT ILLEGALLY, WITHOUT ANY SANITATION OR INSPECTION, AND THROWING THE WHOLE BUSINESS OF SUPPLY AND DEMAND OUT OF KILTHER. HOW CAN THE ARMY AND NAVY AND WAR WORKERS GET THE MEAT THEY NEED WHEN SO MUCH OF IT IS CHISELED AWAY INTO THE BLACK MARKET?

FIB: Yes but gee whizz -

WIL: YOU DONT KNOW WHERE THIS MEAT CAME FROM, OR HOW OLD IT IS, WHAT CONDITION IT'S IN, OR ANYTHING.

MOL: We ought to revise the old Spanish American War slogan. REMEMBER THE PTOMANE!

FIB: Look, Junior, I was only trying to be helpful, and you -

WIL: I dont want that kind of help, pal. I BUY NO BACTERIAL BEEF FROM ANY BACK ALLEY BUTCHER. I'LL PAY WITH COUPONS AND KNOW THE DEALER IS RESPONSIBLE TO THE GOVERNMENT!

MOL: My very words, only louder.

WIL: WHEN I BUY THINGS I WANT TO KNOW WHERE THEY CAME FROM AND WHO'S BACK OF THEM AND WHAT THE QUALITY IS. THAT'S WHY I'M PROUD TO BE SELLING JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLOCOAT, WITH A TRADITION OF FIFTY YEARS OF CONSCIENTIOUS QUALITY BEHIND IT.

FIB:

I know where you can get some of that, too. You just
Yes but look, Junior -
sneak up an alley in Pacific & ask for Peter.

WIL:

WHY FOR YEAR AFTER YEAR, JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLOCOAT HAS BECOME A HOUSEHOLD SYMBOL OF YOUR MONEY'S WORTH. THE WAY IT SAVES HOURS OF HOUSEWORK WITH IT'S SHINES-AS-IT-DRIES FEATURE AND THE WAY IT PROTECTS AND PRESERVES LINOLEUM FLOORS AGAINST DIRT AND DAMPNES. YOU DONT FIND ANY BLACK MARKET FOR PRODUCTS LIKE GLOCOAT, FIBBER. HOUSEWIVES ARE PROUD TO BE SEEN BUYING IT AND DEALERS ARE PROUD TO HANDLE IT.

FIB:

Okay Okay Okay....quit shoutin' at me. I aint selling meat. I was only -

MOL:

You weré only drumming up business for a few thieves, dearie. Nothing to be ashamed of.

WIL:

FIBBER, IF I WERE YOU I'D BE ASHAMED OF...(PAUSE) say what am I raving about? You couldnt have been serious..YOU WERE KIDDING! AND I BIT LIKE A CHUMP! (LAUGHS) HERE I THOUGHT YOU WERE ACTUALLY RECOMMENDING A BLACK MARKET! (LAUGHS) A GOOD CITIZEN LIKE YOU! I'M GOING HOME AND TAKE OFF MY PANTS AND KICK 'EM ALL OVER THE HOUSE!

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Well, McGee...why are you so red in the face?
FIB: You know, Molly...this black market might be a serious thing, at that.
MOL: Sweetheart, sometimes you're quicker-witted than at other times, and this is one of the other times. OF COURSE IT'S A SERIOUS THING!
FIB: Well gee whizz, I still can't see why it's so doggone representative to buy a couple o' pounds of steak.
MOL: You don't mean representative. You mean reprehensible.
FIB: I thought reprehensible meant bein' able to pick up things with your toes.
MOL: That's PREHENSILE.
FIB: GO ON..PREHENSIBLE IS STUFF LIKE FRYING PANS. KITCHEN PREHENSIBLES.
MOL: You're thinking of UTENSILS.
FIB: I AM NOT! UTENSILS ARE kind of like an appendix in your neck.
MOL: THOSE ARE YOUR TONSILS.
FIB: THEN WHAT'S REPRESENTATIVE?
MOL: THAT MEANS SOMEBODY WHO ACTS FOR YOU.
FIB: THAT'S WHAT I MEAN. NEXT TIME I WANT A STEAK I'LL SEND SOMEBODY ELSE!
MOL: McGee.
FIB: Eh?

MOL: That package YOU have in the refrigerator. Will you tell me truthfully just what -
DOOR CHIME:
FIB: Ahhhh come in, come in, come in, thank goodness!
DOOR OPEN:
TEE: Hi, mister. Hi, Miz McGee.
FIB: Hiyah, sis. Mighty glad to see you! Sit down..sit down! How are conditions in the Little Red Schoolhouse?
TEE: It isnt red, I betcha. It's brown.
FIB: It is?
MOL: You have to make allowances for Mr. McGee, dearie. Whenever he passes a schoolhouse he sees red.
FIB: Come on, sis, old sis. Sit up here on Uncle Fibber's lap and let's have a nice long chat eh? What say?
TEE: Well, gee, mister, I dunno....always before you never had time to talk to me.
FIB: Oh that was -
MOL: It isnt that he wants to talk to you now, either, little girl. He's just trying to put off talking to me. Go right ahead, McGee...(FADE OUT) I'VE GOT TO SORT OUT THE LAUNDRY.
FIB: Well, sis...whaddye know?
TEE: Hmm?
FIB: I says whaddye know?
TEE: Two and two is four, and cats have nine lives and kangaroos carry their babies in their pockets and there are ten dimes in a dollar and ---

FIB: HEY HEY HEY...WHAT IS THIS?

TEE: I was just telling you what I know, mister. AND SIX TIMES SIX IS THIRTY SIX, AND THERE ARE FORTY EIGHT STATES AND -

FIB: No no no..that was just a 'metaphorical question sis. FATHER
What I meant was, how are things in general?

TEE: All right, I guess, mister. Anyway, they don't rattle.

FIB: Eh?

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: WHAT DON'T RATTLE?

TEE: Things in general.

FIB: WELL DOGGONE IT, SIS, WHY SHOULD THINGS IN GENERAL RATTLE?

TEE: Because he swallowed 'em.

FIB: Who did?

TEE: General. That's my puppy's name. General. And he swallowed a spoon and lil perfume bottle ana watch chain and a marble, but they don't rattle. I shook him and listened.

FIB: Well, puppies are pretty hardy characters, sis.

TEE: You mean like Mickey Rooney?

FIB: What about Mickey Rooney?

TEE: He's a Hardy character too. Mamma took me to the movies one night and I saw him. Gee, he's wonderful.

FIB: Yes, he's a good little actor, sis. Ever see me in the movies?

(PAUSE)

TEE: Well, I guess I gotta go home now, mister.

FIB: HEY NOW, WAIT A MINUTE. QUIT DUCKIN' THE ISSUE. YOU EVER SEE US IN PICTURES?

TEE: No. -But my daddy did, he said.

FIB: Oh, he did, eh? What did he say about 'em?

(PAUSE)

TEE: I'll see you tomorrow, mister, because --

FIB: OH NO YOU DON'T...I WANNA KNOW WHAT YOUR OLD-- YOUR FATHER SAID. COME ON - TELL ME.

TEE: OH YEAH? AND GET MY MOUTH WASHED OUT WITH SOAP? NOTHIN' DOIN', MISTER!! GOODBYE, NOW!!

DOOR OPEN: TERRIFIC AVALANCHE: BELL TINKLE....PAUSE

TEE: Oh. Wrong door, I guess. G'bye, mister.

DOOR SLAM

ORCH: ("CLEMENTINE") - KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE:

THIRD SPOT

MOL: All right, McGee. Tell me.
FIB: Eh? Tell you what, Molly?
MOL: TELL ME WHAT IT IS YOU HAVE IN THE REFRIGERATOR. THE
PACKAGE YOU BROUGHT HOME.
FIB: Ohhhhhh, oh the package. The one I brought home. You
mean that one! Yeah...(LAUGHS) I know the one you mean...
I think. Well, it was like this.....

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: Tell you later, Molly. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

WIMP: Hello, Mrs. McGee. Hello, Mr. McGee.
FIB: Oh, hiyah, Wimp, old man.
MOL: Hello, Mr. Wimple. Have a nice Easter?
WIMP: Oh just splendid, Mrs. McGee. Did you see us in the
Easter parade?
FIB: No, we didn't, Wimp. We miss something pretty spectacular?
WIMP: Indeed you did, Mr. McGee. Sweetface was there with her
new spring outfit on and violets in her hat and there I
was in my striped trowsers and cutaway -
MOL: STRIPED TROUSERS AND CUTAWAY!
WIMP: Yes, my striped trowsers were cut away around the ankle,
so Sweetface could attach a-chain to my leg. She's
always afraid I'll run away. (LAUGHS) I will, too!
FIB: Good for you, Wimp. Did you and Sweetface go calling
Sunday afternoon?

WIMP: Sweetface did, but I didn't. She had arranged an Easter
egg hunt for me, She hid the eggs and told me I couldn't
go outdoors till I'd found a dozen. ANY TWELVE of 'em,
she said.
MOL: How many eggs did she hide?
WIMP: Four. Well, I've got to be running along now, folks...
I've got to go buy some meat for Sweetface.
FIB: MEAT? HEY LOOK, WIMP, IF YOU WANNA SAVE YOUR COUPONS, I
KNOW A GUY NAMED EDDIE THAT -
MOL: MCGEE...NO! I WON'T HAVE IT.
WIMP: I have enough coupons anyway, Mrs. McGee...and a good
thing, too. SWEETFACE EATS SO MUCH MEAT. Though of
course she SHOULD, right now, you know.
FIB: Why, Wimp?
WIMP: Well-l-l...(GIGGLES) I suppose I shouldn't really tell...
but you see...Sweetface is...well..she's eating for
two, now.
MOL: OH FOR GOODNESS SAKES, MR. WIMPLE! ISN'T THAT WONDERFUL!
FIB: SO SHE'S EATIN' FOR TWO NOW, EH?
WIMP: Yes...herself and me. Goodbye, now.
DOOR SLAM:
MOL: All right, McGee. Now let's have it.
FIB: Eh? Have what?
MOL: THE STORY OF THAT PACKAGE IN THE REFRIGERATOR.
FIB: Oh, oh yes! The package. Well, sir, it-all started way
back in Peoria, in 19 ought twelve. Or was it 19 ought
13? No...

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MOL: FOR GOODNESS SAKES, HOW COULD A PACKAGE IN OUR ICEBOX
TODAY START BACK IN PEORIA IN 1913?

FIB: It wasn't 19 ought 13. It was 19 ought 12.

MOL: What was?

FIB: The way this all started. In 19 ought 12, I was...

MOL: JUST SKIP THAT PART, DEARIE. GET TO THE PACKAGE IN THE
REFRIGERATOR.

FIB: Okay. WELL, YEARS WENT BY....AND HERE I WAS IN WISTFUL
VISTA. MARRIED TO THE MOST WONDERFUL WOMAN ON EARTH. SO
ONE DAY...

MOL: Does your black market handle baloney, too? GET TO THE
POINT, AND STOP STALLING, MCGEE!

FIB: I was trying to. Well, sir, at ten o'clock this morning -

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: Oh dear....COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: OH DOCTOR GAMBLE..COME RIGHT IN, DOCTOR.

DOC: Hello, Mrs. McGee. Hello, Fibber. I left my gloves here
last week, I think. Or did I?

FIB: You sure did, Doc. Here they are right here. If they'd
of fit me you'd of never got 'em back, you know that.

DOC: Sure sure...thanks very much folks...sorry I can't stop
to chat but there's an epidemic of ptomaine in town and
I'm pretty rushed.

MOL: Is it the water, Doctor?

DOC: No, the city water is perfectly pure, Mrs. McGee. I think
it's this black market meat some people are buying. Not
that any of 'em will admit it.

k

(REVISED) -24-

FIB: You..er..you mean the meat ain't very good, Doc?

DOC: GOOD! WHY DON'T YOU GROW UP, MCGEE? WHY SHOULD IT BE
GOOD? DOES IT GO THRU THE HANDS OF GOVERNMENT INSPECTORS?
CERTAINLY NOT. IS IT PROPERLY REFRIGERATED? NO! DO
BLACKMARKET OPERATORS CARE IF IT'S SANITARY OR NOT? NO.
AS LONG AS THEY GET THEIR FILTHY MONEY THEY DON'T CARE IF
THEIR CUSTOMERS LIVE OR DIE!

MOL: You seem to feel very strongly about it, Doctor.

DOC: WHY SHOULDN'T I, MRS. MCGEE? I'M A DOCTOR, ~~AND WHILE I
CAN'T KEEP PEOPLE FROM MAKING DARN FOOLS OF THEMSELVES, I
CAN AT LEAST TRY TO PATCH 'EM UP AFTERWARDS. AND IT
INFURIATES ME TO KNOW THAT SOME MEN ARE SO LOW AS TO
BUTCHER MEAT ILLEGALLY, AND THROW AWAY THE PARTS THAT ARE
NEEDED FOR MEDICAL EXTRACTS AND SURGICAL SUTURES, AND
INSULIN AND ADRENALIN. PEOPLE MAY THINK THEY NEED A STEAK
NOW AND THEN, BUT BELIEVE ME, WHEN THEY NEED ADRENALIN,
THEY REALLY NEED IT. McGee...you look bilious. What's
the matter?~~

FIB: Why...uh....I..uh....well....

DOC: GO ON A MILK DIET THE REST OF TODAY AND TOMORROW. YOU'RE
A NUISANCE WHEN YOU'RE WELL. I DON'T WANT YOU TO GET
SICK. GOOD DAY.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: That does it! I'M convinced! I been a fool! I been a
chump to 29 decimals! WAIT HERE, MOLLY!

MOL: All right....

SOUND: RUNNING FEET FADE OUT....DISTANT WINDOW OPEN. WINDOW
CLOSE. FEET RETURN.

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(REVISED) -25-

MOL: Now about that package, McGee, in the ----
FIB: THERE AIN'T ANY PACKAGE IN THE REFRIGERATOR. I THREW IT
OUT THE WINDOW.
MOL: Yes, I know. I was watching out this window. And I'M
afraid I did you an injustice. I thought you had some
meat in that package.
FIB: You thought I....well what makes you think I didn't?
MOL: When you threw it out, Toopses hound dog came by and
sniffed at it and walked away.
FIB: Oh my gosh!
ORCHESTRA: "A CHANGE OF HEART" FADE FOR --

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC
APRIL 27, 1943

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WIL: There's one piece of advice you've probably all heard
so many times that you'll duck your head if I hand it
to you again. And yet there are so many car-owners who
aren't taking proper care of their automobiles, that they
need constant reminders to do so. What I am suggesting is
that you do not overlook the finish of the car. Perhaps
you don't realize that the salt and other chemicals that
are used on streets and roads in wintertime may be on
your finish right now, and will eat into the finish if
they're not removed. If you haven't cleaned and polished
your car since winter, you should do so right away.
Use a cleaner that removes all that scum and dirt without
injury to the finish. Such a cleaner is JOHNSON'S CARNU --
the easy-to-use combination cleaner and polish that does
two jobs at once -- both cleans and polishes with one
application. You apply CARNU -- it dries to a white
powder -- you wipe off the powder and your car sparkles
with almost-forgotten newness. Make a note now to buy
some JOHNSON'S CARNU this week. The cost is little,
the benefits are great.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

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FIB: Ladies and gentlemen, in order to make a point, we've tried to have fun with a subject which, in itself, is not very amusing. There's nothing humorous in children becoming ill from eating doubtful meat. It isn't particularly laughable to find crooks and saboteurs disrupting a fair and just system of distribution of essential foods. So, in the interests of your own health and your own Americanism buy only from a reputable dealer and when anybody offers you a piece of beef without coupons, refuse it --

MOL: It's probably a bum steer - or part of one.

FIB: Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all!

ORCH: UP TO FINISH

APPLAUSE:

SIGNOFF:

WIL: The characters of the Old Timer and Wallace Wimple, heard on this program, were played by Bill Thompson, This is Harlow Wilcox, speaking for the makers of JOHNSON 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)