

Written by Don Quinn
Phil Leslie

(REVISED)

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

(Johnson's Wax)

1943 (33)

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

Tuesday, May 11, 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: SELECTION: "BUT NOT FOR ME" . . . (FADE FOR COMMERCIAL)

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
TUESDAY 8:30 PM PWT NBC
MAY 11, 1943

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OPENING COMMERCIAL:

WILCOX: The other day I followed a very nice looking woman down the street. I should add that we just happened to be going the same way, and what made me notice her first was that attractive red, white and blue shopping cart that she wheeled along beside her. I happened to notice a package of JOHNSON'S WAX among her purchases, and I was reminded again that in these times it's very helpful to have such a product available. In protecting your floors, furniture and woodwork, JOHNSON'S WAX ties in beautifully with your wartime housekeeping. It saves you work, because waxed floors and furniture are easier to keep clean, require less dusting -- and much less work at Spring Housecleaning. The regular use of JOHNSON'S WAX enables you to keep up the beauty of your home with little effort and small cost -- and what's more, this same JOHNSON'S WAX polish offers protection, helps you to take better care of the things you have -- not only for the duration, but for long after.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH)
(APPLAUSE)

(2ND REVISION)

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WILL: IT IS A CALM AND PEACEFUL SCENE AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA TONIGHT. THE MISTRESS OF THE HOUSE IS IN THE LIVING ROOM, "DARNING HOLES OUT OF SOCKS", AS LITTLE BENNY SAYS. AND JUST COMING IN THE FRONT DOOR, AS HAPPY AS A KID WITH A NEW TOY, IS THE KID HIMSELF...WITH A NEW TOY, as we meet --

--- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Well, McGee..home already?
FIB: Yup. And I gotta surprise. I bought somp'in.
MOL: For me?
FIB: For both of us. This is something we been needing for years.
MOL: MCGEE....YOU BOUGHT SOME PHONOGRAPH NEEDLES!! YOU DARLING!
FIB: No..no I didn't. Do we need phonograph needles?
MOL: DO WE NEED 'EM!! I played a Dinah Shore record last night and she sounded like Andy Devine.

FIB: Well, remind me sometime, and I'll get some.
MOL: Remind you! I've tied a string around your finger twice and what happened? The first time you bought string, and the second time you bought lady-fingers. Never mind the needles...what have you got there?

FIB: Look!

SOUND: TEARING OF PAPER.....OUT.

FIB: See?

MOL: Oh heavenly days.. a new clock! AND YOU CAN TAKE IT RIGHT BACK TOO. THE HOUR HAND IS MISSING.

FIB: It aint a clock. It's a barometer. I been wantin' one for years.

MOL: A what?

FIB: Barometer.

MOL: What does it do?

FIB: YOU MEAN YOU'RE IGNORANT AS TO NOT KNOWIN' WHAT A BAROMETER IS? IT TELLS THE WEATHER! Why a captain of a ship can look at one of these things and tell right away that there's gonna be a hurricane.

MOL: WELL GET IT OUT OF HERE! WE'LL HAVE NO HURRICANES IN THIS HOUSE!

FIB: Oh now dont be ill-reasonable and unlogical. Barometers dont MAKE the weather. They just tell what it's going to be. From now on we dont have to guess about tomorrow's weather.

MOL: I'M sorry to hear it.

FIB: Eh?

MOL: After being married to you all this time, dearie, the only surprises I had left in life were tomorrow's weather.

FIB: Well, just the same, it's a pretty handy gadget.

MOL: Where are you going to hang it?

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FIB: Well..I dunno. I was gonna hang it in the dining room, so's I could see what the day's weather was when I had breakfast...but I thought better of it.

MOL: Why?

FIB: Wouldnt be accurate in there. Temperature's too changeable On account of so much hot toast and coffee and oatmeal in the morning and cold cuts and ice cream at night. No, I think I'll hang it up in the ---

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN & CLOSE:

OLD M: Hiyah, kids.

FIB: Oh Hiyah, Old Timer.

MOL: Hello, Mr. Old Timer, What can we do for you?

OLD M: Oh, just wanted to ask the kid here if he wanted to go fishin' tomorrow.

FIB: How do you know the weather'll be right for fishin'?

OLD M: How do you know it wont?

MOL: He's just got a new weather indicator, Mr. Old Timer. It ^{wasn't} forecasts the weather, he says here.

FIB: Sure it does. Scientific instrument. Very precise.

OLD M: Dont gimme that scientific ketchup, Johnny. How kin a hunk o' wire and a piece of glass tell the weather? All you need's a good case o' rheumatism, like I got.

MOL: I've heard of people telling the weather by the twinges in their bones.

FIB: That's baloney! I never knew but one guy in my life who could tell the weather by his joints.

OLD M: Who's that?

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OLD M: Who's that?

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FIB: Molly's Uncle Dennis. Every time he starts bending his elbow, we know it's gonna be a damp evening.

OLD M: Well, how about tomorrow, Johnny? My bones say the weather is gonna be okay for fishin'.

MOL: Better check it with that stormostat of yours, dearie.

FIB: Okay....I will....now lemme see...(MUTTERS) barometric pressure...low pressure area...in conflict with...cumulus clouds over the....OH MY GOSH!!!

OLD M: What's it say, Johnny...what's it say?

(PAUSE)

FIB: Snow!

MOL: SNOW!!! ON THE 12th OF MAY? THAT'S RIDICULOUS!!

FIB: It ain't ridiculous if the barometer says so. Sorry Old Timer. No fishin' for me.

OLD M: Homer, you're just bain' silly. Why it ain't any more gonna snow....

FIB: AND DON'T CALL ME HOMER!

MOL: He gave up that Homer K. Frink business, Mr. Old Timer.

OLD M: I mighta know it. He changes his personality like one of them little lizards...one of them simoleons.

MOL: You don't mean a simoleon. You mean a chamelon.

FIB: No he don't, Molly. A chameleon is a actor that does funny stuff.

OLD M: That's a COMEDIAN, Johnny.

FIB: I THOUGHT A COMEDIAN WAS A BOOK FULL O' FACTS AND FIGURES.

MOL: You're thinking of a COMPENDIUM.

OLD M: Sure...I used to read it when I was a kid. The Youth's Compendium.

MOL: That was COMPANION.

OLD M: THEN DAG NAB IT, WHAT'S A SIMOLEON?

FIB: THAT'S SLANG FOR A DOLLAR.

OLD M: WHAT? A DOLLAR FOR A LITTLE PIECE OF SLANG LIKE THAT? I WON'T PAY IT! THAT'S ROBBERY!!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE: LOUD

MOL: Well...I don't know why he got so angry. He didn't have to pay you right away.

FIB: Oh never mind him...what worries me is snow tomorrow.

MOL: MCGEE FOR GOODNESS SAKES....IT ISN'T GOING TO SNOW TOMORROW. Why it hasn't snowed in this part of the country on the 12th of May for a hundred years.

FIB: If it done it once it can do it again. But just for fun, I'm gonna check with the local weather bureau. Gimme the phone.

MOL: Here.

FIB: Thanks. (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR? GIMME THE METER... ER...THE METROLOG...THE METERORILO...GIMME THE WEATHER BUREAU! EH? OH, HIYAH, MYRT.

MOL: Oh dear.

FIB: HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING, MYRT? TIS EH? WHAT SAY MYRT? HEARD FROM YOUR BROTHER IN NORTH AFRICA? HE KNOW-WHERE THE ALLIES ARE GONNA START THE INVASION?

MOL: How does he know that?

FIB: From the way they packed 'em in on the boat goin' over, he says they must be goin' into Sardinia. WHAT SAY, MYRT? OH..WELL, I'LL CALL 'EM LATER. AND HEY...MYRT! WEAR YOUR OVERSHOES TOMORROW...IT'S GONNA SNOW! (CLICK)

ORCHESTRA: "RIGHT KIND OF LOVE"

APPLAUSE:

SECOND SPOT:

SOUND: HAMMERING...

(PAUSE) SOUND OF PULLING OUT NAIL

FIB: No..here's a better place over here...

SOUND: HAMMERING:

FIB: No..too close to the window.....this is better.

SOUND: NAIL OUT: HAMMERING....

MOL: (FADE IN) MCGEE..WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU DOING?

FIB: Tryin' to find the right place to hang my barometer.

MOL: Well goodness sakes..makeup your mind. You've got so many holes in the walls now it looks like we were living in a sponge.

FIB: Okay, I just..HEY YOU KNOW WHAT I DID?

MOL: I haven't the faintest idea and I've crossed my fingers so much I have to signal "X" for victory. What did you do?

FIB: I called up the Wistful Vista Gazette and told 'em it was gonna snow tomorrow. They were real interested.

MOL: I'll bet they were!

FIB: I told 'em it was gonna snow tomorrow and they asked me did I have any dope on when the world was coming to an end, and I says yes, and they says when, and I says when you smart guys learn what's news and what ain't. They realized I had 'em there, and hung up on me.

MOL: They couldn't print that it was going to snow tomorrow even if it was, which it isn't. That's a military secret.

FIB: I always thought that was a lotta malarkey, too. How can you keep the weather a secret? That's about as confidential as fried onions. HEY..HOW'LL THIS BAROMETER LOOK HERE?

SOUND: HAMMERING:

MOL: NO, MCGEE...NO..NOT THERE! IT'S RIGHT OVER THE RADIATOR.

FIB: Eh? Oh yes..(SOUND OF NAIL PULLING OUT) now let's see..

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

MOL: Oh Hello, Abigail, Darling.

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

FIB: Hiyah, Uppity. Throw your coat on the davenport. Take it off first if you wanna.

UPP: Er...thank you. I just stopped by, Mrs. McGee...to remind you of my lawn party tomorrow. You will be theah, won't you?

MOL: Oh, I'LL be there, Abigail. I LOVE lawn parties. I have so much fun tripping over croquet arches.

FIB: It'll be even tougher tomorrow, Molly. Won't be able to see the croquet arches.

MOL: Why not?

FIB: Snow.

UPP: SNOW?

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MOL: Why not?

FIB: Snow.

UPP: SNOW?

FIB: ~~Yup. Snow. Don't you know what snow is, Uppy? That's~~
that white stuff that Hitler when he marched into Russia
never knew there was so much of.

UPP: But what has snow to do with my garden party tomorrow?

MOL: According to my husband, dearie, whom I married because
he could sing Pretty Redwing like nobody's business, it's
going to snow tomorrow.

UPP: SNOW! HOW UTTERLY ABSURD! WHY IT'S PRACTICALLY THE MIDDLE
OF MAY!

FIB: Okay, okay. Scoff if you wanna. DERIDE. But when
you're scrapin' the icicles off the chinese lanterns --
remember what I --

MOL: He's got himself a barometer, Abigail. Heretofore he's
always forecast the weather by wetting his finger and
holding it up.

FIB: Oh you're just -

UPP: AND HOW WOULD THAT FORECAST THE WEATHER, MY DEAH?

FIB: Aw I just -

MOL: If his finger stayed wet for 24 hours it was raining. If
it dried right off, the wind was blowing. If it got
numb, we were having a cold spell.

FIB: You know very well I --

UPP: I have often read of certain primitive types who claimed
to be able to foretell the weathah. Children of nature,
as it were. It is practically a lost art among civilized
people.

FIB: OH, SO I AIN'T CIVILIZED, EH? WELL WHEN MY BAROMETER SAYS-

MOL: I remember when we were just children, and we wanted to
have a picnic, we always asked McGee if it was going to
rain. If he said yes, we went ahead with the picnic.

FIB: IS THAT SO!! AS I REMEMBER IT, YOU NEVER --

UPP: My great grandfathah had a pet chimpanzee he kept in the
attic, who ALWAYS knew when it was raining. We discovered
later that the roof leaked.

FIB: NOW WAIT A MINUTE. JUST BECAUSE A GUY READS A SCIENTIFIC
INSTRU--

MOL: I'll never forget one-time years ago, McGee asked me to go
for a walk one foggy night. He kept saying it would clear
up, but it didn't. It was as thick as pea soup. It even
smelled like pea soup. In fact it WAS pea soup, because
we lost our way and wound up in the kitchen of a cafeteria.

FIB: NOW MOLLY, YOU'RE JUST MAKIN' THAT UP BECAUSE I NEVER --

UPP: Well, I certainly shant worry about it snowing on my lawn
party tomorrow, my deah. Mr. McGee may consider himself a
weather prophet, but I have seen fourcasters on an old
washing machine that were more efficient and did less
squeaking.

FIB: OH YEAH, WELL LET ME TELL YOU, MRS. ABIGAIL UP----

UPP: AND FURTHERMORE, MR. MCGEE, IF IT DOES SNOW TOMORROW. I
SHALL BE HERE WITH A SHOVEL AND CLEAN YOUR SIDEWALKS.
(LAUGHS) GOOD DAY!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Why that old gravy boat! THAT'S WHAT A GUY GETS WHEN HE
TRIES TO DO PEOPLE FAVORS! Reach out a helping hand and
ten to one somebody slams a door on your fingers.

MOL: Now now now...take it easy, dearie. After all, snow on the 12th of May IS a little ridiculous.

FIB: RIDICULOUS, MY CLAVICLE! THAT'S WHAT I GET FOR TRYIN' TO ARGUE WITH A COUPLE O' WIMMIN. WHAT DO WOMEN KNOW ABOUT SCIENCE?

MOL: How about Madame Curie?

FIB: WHAT'D SHE EVER DO?

MOL: She discovered radium.

FIB: SO WHAT IF SHE DID?...IT'S A NUISANCE! TURN IT ON AND ALL YOU HEAR IS A LOTTA BUM GAGS...BLAA BLAA BLAA...CORNEY SERIALS...BLAA BLAA...

MOL: I didn't say RADIO. I said Radium.

FIB: WELL, GEE WHIZ---

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

FIB: BELIEVE ME, THIS IS THE LAST TIME I OFFER FREE ADVICE TO PEOPLE THAT ARE TOO UNGRATEFUL TO USE IT. IF I EVER -

WIL: Hello folks.

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Hiyah, Junior. IF I EVER GO ONE STEP OUT OF MY WAY TO HELP ANYBODY AGAIN, I - Oh, hiyah Wilcox...when did you come in?

WIL: What are you screaming about, pal?

FIB: AWW, THE UNGRATITUDE OF PEOPLE!

MOL: Mrs. Uppington wouldn't believe him when he told her it was going to snow tomorrow, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: SNOW? TOMORROW? (LAUGHS)

FIB: Oh you too, eh? Another septic! Well, this is what always happens when a guy's a little ahead of his time.

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MOL: You're about six months ahead of yours, dearie, with that snow business.

FIB: I can just imagine what happened when Edison come rushin' in and hollers that he's invented movin' pictures. Some lint-head probably sneers and says "YEAH? SO WHO'S GONNA PLAY ALICE FAYE, - LILLIAN RUSSELL?"

WIL: Oh calm down, Fibber. Take it easy. What makes you think it's going to snow tomorrow?

MOL: He's got a new barometer, Mr. Wilcox. He says a ship's captain can take one look at it and tell if he's going to get a load of sugar cane.

FIB: I DIDN'T SAY SUGAR CANE. I SAYS HURRICANE.

MOL: Oh yes.

WIL: Well, I wish you'd take a look at that barometer again, pal. You're making a bum out of lots of smart car owners.

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN?

WIL: Well, gee, this is the time of year when they all get Johnson's Car-Nu, to polish up the old bus for summer, and protect it against dust and rain and sunshine and road-film.

MOL: So take back your weather, man!

FIB: Listen...scoffers. I didn't MAKE this barometer! I BOUGHT it! I don't tell it what to say. I just READ it! It says SNOW tomorrow. Is that my fault? Whaddye want me to do? Kick science in the teeth?

WIL: Look, friend...have you set this barometer for altitude?

MOL: For what?

WIL: Altitude. It has to be regulated for whatever part of the country it's used in. Wistful Vista is 800 feet above sea level.

FIB: SO WHAT? I DON'T CARE IF THIS IS DEATH VALLEY. IF IT'S GONNA SNOW, IT'S GONNA SNOW.

WIL: That may be pal, but I'd rather bet on the instincts of a smart car owner than a palooka with a dime-store barometer. Why, this is the time of year thousands of motorists have been waiting for - so they could go out and give the finish on their cars a new lease on life and beauty, with CAR-NU.

FIB: I'M telling you -

WIL: THOUSANDS OF 'EM, PAL...eager to get out into the warm sunshine and spend a pleasant half hour simply applying Car-Nu, letting it dry and wiping it off with a soft cloth. Getting a brilliant protective polish in one easy application. AND NOW YOU COME ALONG AND SAY IT'S GOING TO SNOW.

MOL: He really believes it too, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: All right. I won't say another word. Everybody's smarter than me. Go home, Junior. Go home and get out the red flannels, and the hot water bag, and the galoshes, because by the Twenty Two Twitterin' Trumpets of Toscanini, it's gonna snow tomorrow!

WIL: Okay, pal. (LAUGHS) I'LL get ready for a blizzard, AND IF IT SNOWS, I'LL BE OVER HERE THE FIRST THING IN THE MORNING AND FIX YOUR FURNACE! (LAUGHS, KILLING HIMSELF)

DOOR SIAM:

MOL: You don't seem to be convincing anybody, dearie.

FIB: Who cares? But I'M surprised at you, Molly. You oughtta know by this time when I'M right and when I'M wrong.

MOL: Oh, I do, dearie. I do.

FIB: You do? Well, that's some satisfact...HEY..WHERE YOU GOING?

MOL: I'M going up and put the extra blankets in the store room. Now that summer is here we won't need 'em any more.

(FADE OUT) I'll be down again in just a little.....

FIB: Hmm. Her too! Oh well...she's been a good kid. Just don't understand scientific stuff. Now lessee..where'd I better put this barometer...AH..HERE'S A GOOD PLACE....

SOUND: HAMMERING: (PAUSE)

FIB: No, that ain't right, either. Too near the door. Get a draft on it.

SOUND: NAIL PULLING:

FIB: This is better over here by the -

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: COME IN, COME IN, COME IN!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

TEE: Hi, Mister.

FIB: Oh, it's you is it, sis? Now don't bother me. I'M busy.

TEE: Doin' what, mister. Hmmm? Whatcha doin'? Hmm? Whatcha?

FIB: I'm puttin' up a barometer.

TEE: Well, I thought maybe you.....HMMMM?

FIB: I SAYS I'M PUTTIN' UP A BAROMETER. B.E.R.O.M.I.T.E.R.
BAROMETER. This thing here.

TEE: What is it?

FIB: It's a barometer.

TEE: What's it for?

FIB: It tells the weather.

TEE: Tells the weather what?

FIB: IT TELLS WHAT THE WEATHER IS GONNA BE.

TEE: Awww....(GIGGLES) I betcha it don't, I betcha. On account
of if the weather don't know what it's gonna be, nobody
can tell it because if you know what the weather is and the
weather don't, it won't know whether the weather is (STOPS
AND GIGGLES) Gee, this is all kind of silly, isn't it,
Mister?

FIB: In spades, sis.

TEE: Hm?

FIB: I SAYS IN SPADES.

TEE: What is?

FIB: WELL YOU SAYS THIS IS SILLY AND I SAYS IN SPADES BECAUSE...
Oh don't bother me.

TEE: Well gee, mister...no foolin'. What's that thing for?
Hmmm?

FIB: It's to make little girls ask questions.

TEE: Okay. Ready?

FIB: Ready for what?

TEE: The first question?

FIB: LOOK, SIS, I DIDN'T MEAN -

TEE: THE QUESTION IS, WHY DOES HITLER WEAR THAT RI-DICK-LOUS
LIL MUSTACHE?

FIB: That is a very silly question and I don't,--

TEE: BECAUSE A MUSTACHE IS HAIR AND A HARE IS A RABBIT AND A
RABBIT HAS A SHORT TAIL AND A SHORT TAIL IS EASILY TOLD
AND SO IS A BELL AND A BELL IS IN A BELFRY AND SO ARE
BATS AND BATS ARE USED FOR BASEBALL AND BASEBALL IS
PLAYED ON A DIAMOND AND A DIAMOND IS FULL OF CARATS AND
SO IS A COW AND A COW IS BEEF AND BEEF IS BETTER WHEN
IT'S HUNG AND SO IS HITLER. So long, mister.

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH: "STEAMBOAT BILL" -- KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE

SOUND: HAMMERING

(PAUSE)

FIB: Nope...that won't do. Too close to the fireplace...

SOUND: NAIL PULLING OUT

FIB: Now lemme see...if I put it on the West wall where it can watch the sun rise, it oughtta...yeah. That's it.

MOL: (FADE IN) MCGEE..HAVEN'T YOU GOT THAT BAROMETER HUNG UP YET?

FIB: No, but this ain't the kind of a thing a guy rushed into. You gotta maul it over in your mind. If I put it on this wall, here --

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: It's getting pretty late for callers. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh, hello there, Doctor Gamble. Come right in.....

DOOR CLOSE:

FIB: Hiyah, Doc.

DOC: WELL...WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU, MY BOY? YOU DON'T LOOK SICK.

FIB: Oh, I'M not sick, Doc. Reason I called you, I wanna know what's the thing to do when a guy smashes his thumb.

MOL: OH, MCGEE...DID YOU SMASH YOUR THUMB WITH THAT HAMMER?

DOC: Take off your shirt, McGee.

FIB: THERE YOU GO AGAIN!..."TAKE OFF YOUR SHIRT!"..."TAKE OFF YOUR COAT"..."TAKE OFF YOUR...WHERE'D YOU TAKE YOUR DEGREE, DOC, IN A BURLESQUE THEATRE?

DOC: COME ON, COME ON...I'M a busy man, McGee...which thumb is it?

FIB: It'll probably be this one on my left hand.

MOL: WHAT DO YOU MEAN, PROBABLY?

FIB: Well, gee whizz, I never pounded a nail yet that I didn't smash my thumb, so I thought it'd be smart to call Doc Gamble, so he'd be here when I done it. Stick around, Doc...hand me that hammer, Molly.

DOC: McGee, the best treatment for a smashed nose --

FIB: I didn't say nose. I says thumb.

DOC: I SAID NOSE. BECAUSE THE VERY NEXT TIME YOU CALL ME OVER HERE ON SOME SILLY ERRAND I AM GOING TO POKE YOU RIGHT ON THE NOSE SO HARD YOU'LL BREATHE DOWN THE BACK OF YOUR OWN NECK.

MOL: I'M sorry, Doctor...he had no business calling you until he was hurt.

FIB: OH NO? WELL, IN CHINA YOU ONLY PAY A DOCTOR WHEN YOU'RE WELL, AND I THINK --

DOC: YOU THINK!! YOU THINK!!! IF A THOUGHT EVER PERCOLATES THROUGH THAT CRANK-CASE OF YOURS, THERE'LL BE DANCING IN THE STREETS. AFTER THIS, NEVER PAY MY BILLS, MCGEE. BUT WHEN YOU DIE, LEAVE ME YOUR BRAIN. I WANT TO MOUNT IT ON THE HEAD OF A PIN AND SEND IT TO JOHNS HOPKINS.
GOOD NIGHT!DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

(REVISED) -22-

FIB: What was he so sore about?
MOL: Doctors are too busy these days to go rushing around on silly calls, McGee. Didnt you notice how tired he looked?
FIB: No, but I aint surprised. If he makes ME tired, think what he must do to himself. Now let's see...if I hang this barometer over the radio here.. .no. No good. A hot band number might affect the -

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: Well for goodness sakes. Who's that?
FIB: Probably Wimple. Everybody else has been accounted for. COME IN.

DOOR OPEN:

WIMP: Hello, Mrs. McGee. Hello, Mr. McGee.
MOL: OH GOOD EVENING, MR. WIMPLE.
FIB: Hiyah, Wimp, old man. Kinda late for you to be out, isnt it?
WIMP: Yes it is, Mr. McGee...but I was out for a walk and I saw the light in your window so I just thought I'd drop in and say hello. Hello.
MOL: Hello.
FIB: Better enjoy your evening walks while you can, Wimp. Gonna snow tomorrow.
WIMP: SNOW! (SNICKERS) Oh Mr. McGee...you're just ragging me. It cant snow on the 12th of May.
MOL: THAT'S what I keep telling him, Mr. Wimple. But his new barometer says snow, so it's snow...use trying to tell him different.

(REVISED) -23-

FIB: Okay..okay. Let's drop the subject. I know what I know. HOW YOU BEEN, WIMP? WROTE ANY NEW POETRY LATELY?
WIMP: As a matter of fact I have, Mr. McGee. I sent one to my publishers just yesterday.
MOL: What was it, Mr. Wimple?
WIMP: It was sort of a campaign poem, Mrs. McGee..to make people save their tires. It went like this....

LET'S ALL DRIVE 35 OR LESS

AND HELP THE WORLD CLEAN UP THIS MESS

BECAUSE WE'RE SHORT OF TIRES YOU KNOW

AND THEY'LL LAST LONGER, DRIVING SLOW

IF YOU TURN SO FAST YOUR TIRES SQUEAL,

YOU KNOW YOU'RE BEING A RUBBER HEEL!

FIB: Hey that's pretty good, Wimp. But there wont be much driving tomorrow...fast OR slow. Be too slippery. Have the snow plows out all day.

MOL: Oh sure...the flowers that bloom in the spring, tra la.

WIMP: Well if you really think it's going to snow, Mr. McGee I'd better tell Sweetface. She was driving to Gunnersville tomorrow and I'd better tell her to go by way of the river road.

FIB: THE RIVER ROAD...OH NO, WIMP. THAT'S TOO DANGEROUS. EVERY TIME IT SNOWS, THE BRIDGE GOES OUT!

WIMP: (SNICKERS) Yes. Goodnight.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Well, McGee....put your barometer on the piano for tonight It's time we got to bed.

FIB: Okay...I'll hang it up in the morning. I'll lock the back door.

d

MOL: No, I will. I have to leave a note for the milkman anyway.
(FADE) You wind the clock and put the chain on the front door...

FIB: Okay...boy will I make chumps out of all these chumps when it does snow tomorrow!! (LAUGHS) They'll be so -

TELEPHONE:

FIB: Aw fer the..(CLICK) HELLO!

GIRL: (ON FILTER) Mr. McGee?

FIB: Yes.

GIRL: (FILTER) I'M sorry to call you so late, Mr. McGee...but we're taking inventory and -

FIB: HEY WAIT A MINUTE..WHO IS THIS?

GIRL: (FILTER) This is Miss Oglethorpe at the Wistful Vista Instrument company. We sold you a barometer today.

FIB: Oh yeah.

GIRL: (FILTER) If you'll bring it back tomorrow, Mr. McGee.. we'll be glad to exchange it for you. The one you have was a display model and has just a dummy dial. So sorry. Goodnight. (CLICK)

(PAUSE)

FIB: Oh my gosh..a dummy barometer!! And I been tellin' everybody...

MOL: (FADE IN) DID I HEAR THE TELEPHONE RING, MCGEE?

FIB: Eh? Oh yeah..yeah..It was er...it was a mistake. Yeah. Mistake.

MOL: A fine time to get a wrong number..well, come to bed dearie...You have to get up early and watch the snow plows, you know.

(LAUGHS)

FIB: (HOLLOW LAUGH) Yeah...

ORCH: ("PLEASE GO WAY") FADE

FIB: -- (SNORES)

HAMMERING ON DOOR...OFF MIKE:

MOL: McGee...MCGEE WAKE UP...THERE'S SOMEBODY AT THE DOOR.. DOWNSTAIRS...

SNORES BREAK OFF

FIB: Wha...wha...who...who time is it?

MOL: I don't know, but it's..daylight:~::~.

HAMMERING ON DOOR OFF MIKE:

MOL: Hurry, McGee...go soo who it is...it must be important...

FIB: (YAWNS) Okay...soon as I can get my slippers on...

MOL: NO NO NO...NOT THOSE...THOSE ARE MY MULES...HERE'S YOUR SLIPPERS...

FIB: Lomme take the mules...I wanna kiek the teeth outa whoever's hammerin' at the door...:

DOOR KNOCK OFF MIKE:

FIB: I'M COMIN'..I'M COMIN'!!

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS RAPIDLY DOWNSTAIRS...PAUSE...DOOR OPEN:

CHOROUS OF AD LIBS FROM:

UPPY

WILCOX

WIMPLE

FIB: What is this - a gag? What's the idea????

WIMP: Look, Mr. McGee - - it's snowing!

AD LIBS: Where do we start? Got an extra shovel, etc., etc.,

FIB: Well, I'll be a (FADE) Hey, Molly! Molly! I was right! Oh boy, what a barometer! If it works this good now, wait'll I get the works in it! Hey Molly, it's snowing!

ORCH: ("OUT OF THIS WORLD") (FADE ON CUE)

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
TUESDAY 6:30 PM FWT NBC
MAY 11, 1943

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Those of you who are doing your Spring Housecleaning this week will be glad to hear me read a letter we just received from a lady in Michigan. It will be especially interesting to those of you who do part of your own decorating, such as cleaning painted walls in your kitchen or bathroom. Here's the letter: "Being Spring Housecleaning time, I thought some of your other listeners would be interested in a wonderful use I have found for JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT. My kitchen and bathroom walls are ivory enamel. After I wash them I go over them with a coat of GLO-COAT. This brings out a wonderful gloss, protects the paint and makes cleaning much easier." Now there's a suggestion that really will save many of you lots of work. If you're in the midst of your Spring Housecleaning now, remember this extra protective use for JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT on your kitchen and bathroom walls, in addition to its primary use on your floors.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
TUESDAY 8:30 PM PWT NBC
MAY 11, 1943

-26-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Those of you who are doing your Spring Housecleaning this week will be glad to hear me read a letter we just received from a lady in Michigan. It will be especially interesting to those of you who do part of your own decorating, such as cleaning painted walls in your kitchen or bathroom. Here's the letter: "Being Spring Housecleaning time, I thought some of your other listeners would be interested in a wonderful use I have found for JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT. My kitchen and bathroom walls are ivory enamel. After I wash them I go over them with a coat of GLO-COAT. This brings out a wonderful gloss, protects the paint and makes cleaning much easier." Now there's a suggestion that really will save many of you lots of work. If you're in the midst of your Spring Housecleaning now, remember this extra protective use for JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT on your kitchen and bathroom walls, in addition to its primary use on your floors.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

(2ND REVISION) -27-

TAG

MOL: MCGEE...YOU KNOW YOU'RE FAMOUS? EVERYBODY IS TALKING ABOUT YOU. THE NEWSPAPER CALLED AND WANTED AN INTERVIEW... AND ONE OF THE AIRLINES WANTS TO HIRE YOU AS A WEATHER EXPERT. OH I'M SO PROUD OF YOU.

FIB: Aw, it's nothin'. I was just lucky.

MOL: LUCKY NOTHING. YOU'RE SMART. And you know what?

FIB: Eh?

MOL: I just looked at your barometer again, and it STILL says "snow". I'M going to get out my fur coat!

FIB: And I'M gonna get out!

MOL: What?

FIB: Never mind. Good night.

MOL: GOODNIGHT, ALL!

ORCH: (CLOSING SIGNATURE)

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'S 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.