

Written By Don Quinn
Phil Leslie

(REVISED)

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

(Johnson's Wax)

1943 (35)

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

Tuesday, May 25, 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: "WHO" (FADE FOR COMMERCIAL)

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
MAY 25, 1943
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WIL: During the past few weeks I've mentioned quite a few unusual uses for JOHNSON'S WAX. As a matter of fact, I've been getting some very interesting letters passing along more of these helpful suggestions -- and I intend to mention them from time to time. But today I'd like to go back for just a moment to fundamentals -- and talk about the real Number One purpose of JOHNSON'S WAX -- the principal reason for using it. It's protection, of course -- protection for the finish of your floors, your table tops, windowsills -- yes, and your leather goods, refrigerator and countless other things. The wax itself takes the wear -- the finish underneath is safe. That's why in times like these it's so important to keep your floors, furniture and woodwork regularly waxed. After all, it does save you hours of work, too, and that's important right now for all of us. And it makes your entire home gleam and glow with protected beauty.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

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WILCOX: MEN DO THREE THINGS SO BADLY THEY NEVER FAIL TO SEND THEIR EVER-LOVIN' WIVES INTO GALES OF SCORNFUL LAUGHTER. 1. SEW ON BUTTONS. 2. CHANGE THE SCENERY ON A BABY. AND 3. PACK A SUITCASE, GET A LOAD OF NUMBER THREE, AS WE MEET, --

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!!

APPLAUSE

FIB: Hey, Molly...did you leave this suitcase of mine in a damp place someplace?
MOL: Of course not...why?
FIB: It's shrunk. I can't get the stuff into it, I use to. Look..hardly room for my black shoes.
MOL: So I see. Are you packing your tan shoes, too?
FIB: I already got those in.
MOL: What are you going to wear on the train...just your socks?
FIB: Eh. Oh my gosh...I packed both pair of shoes.....oh well, this is just a short trip...I can wear my tennis shoes.
MOL: You never did tell me why we were taking this trip to Middleton.
FIB: I gotta see a friend of mine on some very important business. Now lemme see...I got my fishin' tackle.. squirt gun....
MOL: WHY THE SQUIRT GUN?
FIB: That's in case we have to come home on a night train. I always got a berth above some guy that snores. Now what else...HEY...YOU BETTER GET PACKED...WE HAVEN'T GOT MUCH TIME.

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MOL: I've been packed for two hours. And I still don't know why. I have a sneaking suspicion this trip is silly and unnecessary.

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, UNNECESSARY? I GOTTA SEE A GUY IN MIDDLETON THAT'S HOME FOR A FEW DAYS FROM WASHINGTON AND IT MAY MEAN MY WHOLE FUTURE IS AT STAKE.

MOL: Your future! Let's just sit here and live in the past.

FIB: NO SIR. THIS IS A NECESSARY TRIP. THIS WILL AFFECT THE WHOLE POST-WAR TRAVEL INDUSTRY OF AMERICA.

MOL: You don't say!

FIB: I DO INDEED SAY...this is the greatest idea I ever had. In the years to come the name of McGee is gonna be anonymous with travel.

MOL: You mean synonymous.

FIB: I do not. Synonymous means moving pictures.

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MOL: That's cinemas.

FIB: Horsefeathers! Cinema is a spice they never put enough of in apple pie.

MOL: THAT'S CINNAMON.

FIB: Cinnamon. (LAUGHS SCORNFULLY) I don't suppose you'd be thinkin' of those fish that swim up the Columbia river every year to pawn their young?

MOL: YOU MEAN SALMON AND YOU MEAN SPAWN AND I'M NOT THINKING ANY SUCH THING.

FIB: Then doggone it, what's anonymous?

MOL: Anonymous means without a name.

FIB: EXACTLY! ONLY NOW IT'S GOT A NAME, AND THE NAME IS MCGEE. "THE MCGEE SYSTEM OF WORLD TRAVEL."

MOL: Well, by an odd coincidence, my name is McGee, too...so would you mind breaking it to me..gently...of course?

FIB: It's very simple. Buy up a couple of old aircraft carriers. Get a few planes and some good pilots, and WHAMMO! I can land tourists any where in the world without even dockin' the boat! Get it?

MOL: Well heavenly days...you've actually got an idea there, McGee!

FIB: OF COURSE I HAVE! IT'S gonna revelationize travel. THAT'S WHY THIS TRIP IS SO IMPORTANT. THIS IS GOVERNMENT BUSINESS. HEY WE GOT TIME TO HAVE A LITTLE LUNCH?

MOL: We'll eat on the train. They say the dining cars are so crowded and so short of help now, it's hard to get anything to eat, so I'm putting up a little box lunch for us.

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FIB: Oh that's swell!

MOL: You know, I feel guilty about going on this trip, McGee.

FIB: Whaddye mean, Guilty?

MOL: Well, we shouldn't travel unnecessarily now, If I stay home, that's one more seat for a soldier or sailor.

FIB: WHAT HAVE THEY GOT TO DO THAT'S AS IMPORTANT AS WHAT I GOTTA DO?

MOL: Oh-- Just win the war is all..nothing urgent.

FIB: Well, one seat on a train ain't gonna lose the war. COME ON, GET YOUR GRIP AND WE'LL ---

MOL: Look, McGee. Why can't you do your business by mail? Or even by telegram?

FIB: BECAUSE THIS IS A THING WHERE I GOTTA POUND ON A GUY'S DESK AND SHOUT AT HIM. YOU CAN'T DO THAT IN A LETTER BECAUSE - -

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: Aw fer the --- We never started any place yet that we didn't have a few dear, dear friends drop in for a lovely, lovely chat.

MOL: The way they keep coming back after we brush 'em off, you'd think they were lint and we were blue serge.

COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

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

MOL: Oh Hello, Mr. Wimple.

FIB: Hiyah, Wimp, old Man. Haven't got much time to bat the fat with you on account of we're grabbin' the Iron Horse for Middleton in a few minutes. Little business trip.

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WIMP: Really? Well, I may see you at the station then, folks. I'M going to meet a few trains. Sweetyside has been away on a trip, you know.

MOL: What time is she coming in, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: Friday, at 4:30.

FIB: Then whatcha meetin' today's trains for?

WIMP: Oh I just thought it would be fun to see some trains come in that didn't have Sweetyside on them. (LAUGHS) She sent me a post card and said the trains were so crowded it was no fun traveling now.

FIB: No, I guess not, Wimp. Between the army and the navy and the civilians, the railroads have bitten off about as much as they can choo-choo, if you get what I mean, and you should, because its one o' my simpler jokes.

MOL: Where has your wife been, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: She went to one of the Eastern Army camps, Mrs. McGee... for a two week special Commando training course. She's learning 43 new ways to kill a man.

FIB: New ways!

WIMP: Yes. She knew 57 before she left, and wanted to make it an even hundred. She's been gone ten days now.

MOL: Heavenly days.

WIMP: (DREAMILY) Yes...10 heavenly days.

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FIB: Personally, Wimp, I'd be a touch twitchy about livin' with a wife that could bump me off in a hundred different ways.

WIMP: Oh, I'm not afraid, Mr. McGee. (LAUGHS) I have a few little tricks of my own.

MOL: Such as what, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: Ohhhh, such as hiding a little bottle of nitro glycerine.

FIB: Hiding it where?

WIMP: (GIGGLES) In her punching bag. Well....I'll probably see you at the station, folks. Goodbye now.

DOOR SLAM:

ORCHESTRA: "YOU'LL NEVER KNOW"

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: RAILROAD STATION EFFECT: UP AND FADE FOR DIALOGUE:

RE-ESTABLISH AT INTERVALS THRUOUT 2ND AND 3RD SPOTS

MOL: Heavenly days, McGee...did you ever see such a busy place. And did you ever see so many men in uniform? Every bench is full of 'em.

FIB: And all lookin' thoughtful, too. This must be the Army of Pre-Occupation. (LAUGHS) Get it, Molly? Thoughtful? Pre-Occupation? It's a play on words that --

MOL: TAIN'T FUNNY, MCGEE!

FIB: It ain't? - And I gave Bob Hope three jokes about "she-was-so-fat-that" in trade for it!

MOL: By the way - did you make reservations for Middleton, McGee?

FIB: They wouldn't make any reservations. Said everything was full up. Our only chance is for somebody to make a cancellation.

MOL: I TOLD you we had no business travelling anywhere these days. Citizens ought to sit and let the troops have the trips.

FIB: I TELL YOU THIS IS IMPORTANT STUFF. THE MCGEE SYSTEM OF POST-WAR TRAVEL IS ONE OF THE GREATEST IDEAS ANYBODY EVER--

OLD M: (FADE IN) WELL, HELLO THERE, KIDS...GOIN' SOMEPLACE?

MOL: Hello, Mr. Old Timer. Yes, McGee is going to see a man in Middleton about promoting an idea.

FIB: Fella from Washington, Old Timer. He's a big man down there!

OLD M: Zat so? I gotta cousin down in Washington, Johnny. He's a bureau-crate

MOL: You mean bureauGRAT.

OLD M: No, bureau-crate. He crates bureaus for people that got no place to put their furniture. Washington's pretty crowded now, kids.

FIB: Well, if this idea of mine goes the way I think it will, we'll most likely move into the White House, Old Timer.

MOL: And if it goes the way your ideas usually go, we'll move into the dog house.

FIB: Anyway, if Washington is too crowded, I'll move my headquarters to New York.

OLD M: Gittin' kinda of ahead of yourself, aintcha, Johnny? It's always been a big job fer you to move your hindquarters.

FIB: IS THAT SO! WELL LEMME TELL YOU, OLD TIMER -

MOL: Take it easy, McGee. And you'd better be doing something about tickets or we won't go anyplace. Which will be all right with me.

OLD M: Well, I won't keep you kids any longer. But if you'll take my advice, you'll git onto the street car and go home.

FIB: OH YEAH?

OLD M: Yes sir! Look at all them boys in uniform. Bad enough for 'em to be fightin' Japs and Germans without havin' to fight Americans for a seat in a train. Think it over, Johnny!

STATION NOISES UP AND FADE:

FIB: Why that nosey old gravedigger! HERE I AM WITH THE MOST IMPORTANT GOVERNMENT PROJECT OF THE CENTURY ---

MOL: I think he's right, McGee. Your idea may be good, but it's not a government project.

FIB: NEITHER WAS THE WAR TILL IT WAS FORCED ONTO US. AND THIS IDEA OF MINE IS GONNA BE THE PEARL HARBOR OF TRANSPORTATION IT'S GONNA WAKE PEOPLE UP. IT'S GONNA - hey...let's get to the Information Desk while we gotta chance....

MOL: All right...I'll go with you and help you think up some foolish questions...

TRAIN SOUNDS UP AND FADE:

FIB: Hiyah, sis.....what about trains to Middleton?

GIRL: Yes.

MOL: Yes what, dearie?

GIRL: Yes, there are trains to Middleton.

FIB: DOGGONE IT, I KNOW THERE'S TRAINS TO MIDDLETON. BUT WHEN?

GIRL: 1:32 A.M., 4:27 A.M., 8:50 A.M., 11:00 A.M., 2:56 P.M., 6:18 P.M. and Midnight. Do you like to travel with the Cream of Society?

FIB: ABSOLUTELY, SIS.

GIRL: Then I'd suggest the Jersey Special at 4:27 A.M. That's the Milk Train.

MOL: Is it true that the trains are pretty crowded right now, dearie?

OLD M: Yes sir! Look at all them boys in uniform. Bad enough for 'em to be fightin' Japs and Germans without havin' to fight Americans for a seat in a train. Think it over, Johnny!

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GIRL: Yes, Madam! But you must realize that space for civilian travel is necessarily restricted because of troop movements and war business.

FIB: THIS IS A FINE STATE OF HOW-DO-YOU-DO! WHO'S IN CHARGE OF TRANSPORTATION FOR THE GOVERNMENT? I'M GONNA WRITE HIM A DIRTY LETTER!

GIRL: Mr. Joseph B. Eastman.

MOL: OH HE'LL HELP US. WE'VE BEEN USING ONE OF HIS CAMERAS FOR YEARS.

GIRL: Splendid. I'M sure he'll send you one of his best negatives. Excuse me, please. (FADE OUT)

Yes sir, was there something

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STATION EFFECT UP AND FADE:

MOL: It looks like we'd be eating our box lunch right here in the station, McGee.

FIB: IT'S AN OUTRAGE, THAT'S WHAT IT IS! MY GOSH, YOU'D THINK WE WERE ASKIN' FOR A SPECIAL TRAIN ON A PRIVATE TRACK WITH A CREW OF COVER GIRLS! ALL WE WANT IS A SEAT ON ONE OF THEIR SOOTY OLD BONE SHAKERS.

MOL: You're being slightly unreasonable, dearie.

FIB: UNREASONABLE MY CLAVICLE! IS IT UNREASONABLE TO WANNA GO A MERE 250 MILES TO TRANSACT SOME LEGITIMATE BUSINESS?

MOL: Certainly not, sweetheart. What if some soldier or sailor DOES have to spend his 10-day furlough in a railroad station because some civilians grabbed all the accomodations. Maybe they LIKE railroad stations. They can have fun playing Redcap, as long as they're left holding the bag anyway.

FIB: WELL, YOU WAIT TILL THE MCGEE SYSTEM OF TRANSPORATION IS -

WIL: (FADE IN) Well hello there folks...where you bound for?

MOL: Oh Hello, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Hiyah, Junior. Do you smell something burning?

WIL: (SNIFF SNIFF) No..what's burning?

FIB: I am!

MOL: He wants to go see a man in Middleton on business, Mr. Wilcox, and there's no space on the train.

WIL: What made him think there would be? Have you heard about the war, Pal? It all started when the Japs smacked us at Pearl Harbor, and then -

FIB: DOGGONE IT, OF COURSE I KNOW ABOUT THE WAR!

MOL: ~~You're not acting much like it, dearie.~~
WIL: ^{well then} You know better than to try to travel on trains these days, pal. They've got all they can handle with soldiers and sailors and government employes, and military supplies.
FIB: I'M PRACTICALLY A GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL MYSELF, WILCOX. OR I WILL BE AS SOON AS THEY TAKE A GANDER AT MY NEW TRANSPORTATION SYSTEM.
MOL: He won't be happy till he gets that system out of his briefcase, or gets that briefcase out of his sytem, ~~Mr. Wilcox.~~
WIL: Well, take it easy, friend. These days railroads are like a kitchen linoleum, When they have to handle too much traffic, something has to be done about it. With the railroads they have to cut down on traveling. With linoleum, the best treatment is Johnson's Self Polishing Glocoat.
FIB: Ever have a shoe come off in your hand, draggin' 'em in by the heels like that Junior?
WIL: Protection, that's the answer! The railroads have to protect themselves against breakdowns and overloading by persuading people not to travel unnecessarily. Just like linoleum is protected against wear and dampness and grinding dirt particles by Johnson's Glocoat. AND I'LL BET THE RAILROADS WISH THEY HAD SOME SYSTEM OF PROTECTION AS EASY TO USE AS GLOCOAT THAT THEY COULD JUST APPLY AND LET DRY AND HAVE THE WHOLE JOB DONE IN 20 MINUTES OR LESS.
MOL: What are you doing down here in the railroad station, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: I was waiting for somebody.
FIB: Who?
WIL: You.
MOL: What did you want to see McGee about, Mr. Wilcox?
WIL: I had a message for him.
FIB: Well, give it to me. What was the message?
WIL: Oh the usual one. About Johnson's Glocoat. I just gave it to you. So long now!

STATION EFFECT UP AND DOWN.

MOL: He's getting so he follows you all over town just to tell you about Johnson's Products, McGee.
FIB: I know. He keeps hoping he'll floor me, and the minute he does, I'll be glocoated from scalp to scupper. I sometimes think he -
MOL: Look, McGee...here's your chance to get to the ticket window...
FIB: Eh? Oh...Come on....hurry.

TRAIN NOISES UP AND FADE:

FIB: Hiyah, bud, I -
MAN: Where to?
MOL: Middleton.
MAN: Sorry....sold out!
FIB: But look, bud....this is important government business. I'M the -

MAN: Don't gimme that government business business, brother. I've heard all the switches on that gag, and ~~every two-bit can-opener salesman that has a Federal revenue stamp on his cigarette package tells me he's on Government business...I've had GOVERNMENT thrown at me so long, even my stomach is U.S. And I do mean UP - SET!~~

MOL: But if you have any cancellations on the train to Middleton --

MAN: IF I DO, LADY, YOU'RE NUMBER 739 IN LINE FOR 'EM. WHY DON'T YOU GO HOME AND BAKE A CHERRY PIE?

FIB: DON'T YOU TALK THAT WAY TO MY WIFE, YOU BIG RUBBER-STAMP WRASTLER. KEEP A CIVIL TONGUE BETWEEN YOUR TEETH WHILE YOU STILL GOT TEETH. I GOTTA GOOD NOTION TO --

MAN: Move along, please. NEXT!!

STATION NOISES UP AND FADE:

MOL: Personally, McGee...I'M convinced.

FIB: WELL I'M NOT! I GOTTA LEGITIMATE REASON FOR TRAVELLING, AND BY THE CAST-IRON COWCATCHER OF CASEY JONES, I'LL --

MOL: Oh-oh...McGee...Here comes Mrs. Uppington!

FIB: Oh, fine...that's all I needed! One look at that prune-passed old pouter pigeon and I'M as happy as a flea in a fox-farm! If that super-annuated old water-spout tries to --

MOL: HUSH...I'll admit she's a nuisance but OH HELLO, ABIGAIL DARLING...IT'S SO NICE TO SEE YOU.

UPP: (FADE IN) How do you do, Mrs. McGee...AND MR. MCGEE!

FIB: (SHORTLY) Hi.

UPP: Well, what on earth is the matter with you, Mr. McGee?

Or perhaps you are having the same difficulty I am.

MOL: He's got his nose out of joint because he can't get a seat on a train Abigail.

FIB: IT'S RIDICULOUS! KEEPIN' A BUSINESS MAN OFF THE TRAIN WHEN HE'S GOT THE GREATEST TRANSPORTATION IDEA OF THE CENTURY IN HIS BRIEFCASE AND (PANICKY)..Hey! ..where's my briefcase?

UPP: Under your arm, Mr. McGee!

FIB: WHERE...WHICH ARM?

MOL: Your left arm...NO...THE OTHER ONE!

FIB: Oh..Oh yes. I think there's spies around here, Molly. I'd of swore I had this briefcase under the other arm.

UPP: Are you traveling with important documents, Mr McGee.

MOL: He isn't exactly travelling, Abigail...but he has a pretty good idea in that briefcase.

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN "PRETTY GOOD"? Look, Uppy...you done a lotta travelling haven't you?

UPP: I have, Mr. McGee. I have circumnavigated the globe three times.

MOL: Not only that, but she took a trip around the world once too, McGee.

FIB: Well then you oughtta be a judge, Uppy. Look...what if you could get on a boat in New York...sail for two days, hop in a airplane, and land anywhere you wanted to in Europe inside of six or eight hours?

UPP: Why not take an airplane in the first place? I imagine after the war the Clippers will go almost everywhere.

MOL: Heavenly days, I never thought of that!

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FIB: I did. But with the McGee system, Uppy, you don't have to depend on regular schedules, see? Make up your mind at the last minute, and go anyplace you wanna, in practically your own private plane.

MOL: He's got the idea all worked out and he wants to go see a man from Washington in Middleton, Abilgail.

FIB: YES, AND I CAN'T GET A SEAT ON ONE OF THEIR FLAT-WHEELED OLD CINDER-BUCKETS! IMAGINE THAT? ME, THE GREATEST BRAIN IN THE TRANSPORTATION INDUSTRY!! AIN'T THAT A LAUGH?

UPP: I think it's splendid.

FIB: Eh?

MOL: Why, Abigail?

UPP: Mrs. McGee - I CAME DOWN HERE TO MEET MY NEPHEW WHO IS IN THE MARINES. HE HAD FIVE DAYS' LIBERTY BEFORE LEAVING THE COUNTRY. AND WHAT HAPPENS? I JUST RECEIVED A WIRE THAT HE HAD TO GO BACK TO CAMP BECAUSE THERE WAS NO ROOM ON THE TRAINS. AND WHY? BECAUSE SELFISH, UNTHINKING, ME-FIRST CIVILIANS HAVE TAKEN ALL THE EXTRA SPACE! SO DON'T COMPLAIN TO ME ABOUT YOUR PETTY TROUBLES, MR. MCGEE. IF YOU INSIST ON BEING BULL-HEADED, WHY DON'T YOU TAKE A CATTLE CAR! GOODDAY!

ORCH: "IN MY ARMS" - KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE:

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THIRD SPOT:

STATION EFFECTS: UP AND FADE FOR --

FIB: (MUTTERS) A fine thing!! Guy with legitimate business to transact somebody with, can't even get a seat on a train! It's a dirty imposition! Pushed around like a hob-nailed peasant...it's discriminatory, that's what it is! I'M a patient man, but by George --

MOL: OH STOP YOUR GROUSING, MCGEE.

FIB: Well, gee whizz --

MOL: Anybody'd think this war was a plot against you personally. The railroads now are for soldiers and sailors who want to go places and do things...not for people like us who just want to go places.

FIB: Well, my gosh -

MOL: Did you ask the man again about cancellations?

FIB: Yes and all I got was an evasive answer. He told me to go to blazes. I gotta good notion to...oh, there's Doc Gamble. HIYAH, DOC!

DOC: (FADE IN) Hello there McGee. Hello, Mrs. McGee, meeting somebody?

MOL: No, doctor...we're trying to get a seat on the train to Middleton. Without any spectacular success, so far.

DOC: Is it a matter of life and death that you go to Middleton?

FIB: Well, no, but -

DOC: (ROARS) THEN WHY DON'T YOU STAY HOME?

MOL: But you see, Doctor -

DOC: ALL I CAN SEE IS A LOT OF HOME-HATING HOBOES, WITH MORE MONEY THAN SENSE, CLUTTERING UP THE COUNTRY'S TRANSPORTATION SYSTEM WITH THEIR LITTLE PENNY-ANTE PROJECTS, AND THEIR FISHING TRIPS. A LOT OF SHORT-SIGHTED STOOPS WITH ANTS IN THEIR ITINERARIES.

FIB: Yeah, but look, Doc, I gotta very important hunk of business to transact a guy with, that'll mean a great deal to this Government after the war. IT AIN'T RIGHT THAT I'M BEIN' KEPT OFF A TRAIN, JUST BECAUSE A LOT OF OTHER PEOPLE HAVEN'T GOT SENSE ENOUGH TO STAY HOME. IS IT?

PAUSE:

DOC: Take off your shirt, McGee.

MOL: Oh dear...

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, TAKE OFF MY SHIRT? WHAT FOR?

DOG: Just for a gag. I want to stuff it in your mouth to keep you from talking about how important you are. (GETS MAD) WHY WHEN I SEE SELF-INFLATED LITTLE BIG SHOTS KEEPING SERVICE MEN FROM GETTING SEATS ON TRAINS - KEEPING THEM FROM SEEING THEIR FAMILIES BEFORE THEY GO SOMEPLACE TO SAVE THE COUNTRY FOR PEOPLE LIKE YOU, IT GIVES THE DARWINIAN THEORY A BEAUTIFUL NEW MEANING. WE'VE CERTAINLY DESCENDED FROM MONKEYS! GOOD DAY!

TRAIN NOISES UP AND FADE:

MOL: I'd hate to be a doctor, and understand people as well as he does.

FIB: What a bedside manner! It'd take a crab-apple a day to keep that doctor away. *If I didn't know he was --*

TRAIN NOISES UP - AND FADE WITH CROWD MURMUR:

MOL: Better stand to one side, McGee...a train just came in and we'll get trampled in the rush....

FIB: Boy, look at 'em! Hurryin' and scurryin' like a swarm of-- MY GOSH...THERE'S DON STAUFFER!

MOL: Who's Don Stauffer?

FIB: HE'S THE GUY FROM WASHINGTON I WAS GONNA GO TO MIDDLETON TO SEE ABOUT MY IDEA!! HEY...DON...HEY!!

MAN: (FADE IN) Oh hello there McGee....glad to see you...

FIB: Molly, this is Mr. Stauffer...Stauffy, old man...my wife.

MOL: How do you do, I'M sure.

MAN: How do you do. Sorry I can't stop and talk, McGee...have an appointment in ten minutes.

FIB: But look, I got the most wonderful idea for -

MAN: Write me a letter about it. I'M working on a very important project right now...

MOL: Something secret?

MAN: Not necessarily. We're thinking of buying up old aircraft carriers after the war and using them for ocean tourist travel. Carry a lot of small planes and land people anywhere in the world in just a few hours. WELL NICE TO HAVE SEEN YOU, MCGEE. HOPE WE'LL MEET AGAIN, MRS. MCGEE... (FADE OUT) IF YOU'LL excuse me....

SOUNDS UP AND FADE:

FIB: Well how do you like that! THEY STOLE MY IDEA!! THEY PICKED MY BRAIN!

MOL: Oh they didn't either, dearie. Somebody else was bound to think of it. After all, there are other people in the world that are just as smart as you are.

FIB: Yeah...I suppose there are. But gee whizz....

MOL: McGee...I'M worn out, with all this standing around. Let's sit down on a bench and open the lunch. It's so late, we -

FIB: Oh my gosh - ^{The} Wally - the lunch!! Look!!

MOL: Look where?

FIB: THAT GUY OVER THERE...HE'S EATIN' OUR LUNCH! RIGHT OUTA THE SHOE BOX.!! I'LL FIX HIM!!

MOL: But McGee, you mustn't -

FIB: HEY YOU!! YOU BIG LUNCH-NAPPER! WHADDYE THINK YOU'RE DOING?

FLAGARIAN: Naha, Makoovian...neiadar door schmallovy!

FIB: A LIKELY STORY.!! YOU GOTTA LOTTA NERVE, GRABBIN' OUR LUNCH...

MOL: Now McGee, please -

FIB: DOGGONE IT, IF HE WAS THAT HUNGRY I'D HAVE BOUGHT HIM A SANDWICH!!! PUT THAT BOX DOWN, YOU PICKLE THIEF.!! OR I'LL DRIBBLE YOUR SKULL AROUND THIS STATION LIKE A BASKETBALL.!!

FLAG: Dar shollahah.!! Niedah fray polmoi!! agnatta froitrah! NYEH?

MOL: McGee..leave him alone. He's a foreigner..he doesn't understand, and besides -

FIB: BESIDES NOthin'. I'LL TEACH HIM TO SABOTAGE OUR SANDWICHES! DROP THAT GRUB, BUB, AND I'LL GIVE YOU A LESSON IN THE MANLY ART OF ASSAULT AND BATTERY.!! COME ON NOW.!!

FLAG: (LONG STRING OF FLAGARIAN. FADE OUT:

FIB: HEY..COME BACK HERE..YOU.!! COME BACK HERE OR I'LL BEAT THE *Reg*

MOL: Let him, go, McGee...he's dropped the lunch...Here...He hardly touched it. Poor fellow was scared to death!! Now sit down and calm yourself.

FIB: Okay. Lemme take a sandwich....

MOL: Help yourself.

FIB: This looks good. Garlic sausage on rye bread.

MOL: I'll have one of --WHAT?!! GARLIC SAUSAGE ON RYE BREAD!!!

FIB: Yeah..wanna bite? It's wonderful. You sure put up a swell lunch, baby. I could eat a -----

MOL: MCGEE, THIS ISN'T OUR LUNCH,..I JUST REMEMBERED. I LEFT OURS IN THE TAXICAB!

FIB: You mean that guy wasn't....he didn't....I shouldn't you hadn't.....Oh pshaw.!

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

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
MAY 25, 1943
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: There are thousands of cars on the road right now that badly need a spring clean-up. Not just for beauty's sake -- though it is lots more fun driving a clean, shining automobile than one that's dull and gloomy looking. No, for a more important reason -- if you don't remove that winter scum, it may damage the finish permanently. It may contain salt or other chemicals used on the winter highways. Your only safe procedure is to clean the finish thoroughly -- but with a safe cleaner -- one that doesn't injure the finish -- preferably one that both cleans and polishes with a single application. Yes, I mean JOHNSON'S CARNU, the double-purpose cleaner and polish made by the makers of JOHNSON'S WAX. CARNU is an easy-to-use liquid. Apply it; it dries to a white powder; you wipe off the powder. Ask any CARNU user for his opinion -- you'll be willing to spring-clean your own car, because with JOHNSON'S CARNU the job is relatively easy.

ORCHESTRA: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

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TAG

FIB: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...WHEN YOU HAVE SONS AND BROTHERS... YES AND SISTERS AND DAUGHTERS, IN THE SERVICE, IT'S NICE TO HAVE THEM COME HOME, WHEN AND IF THEY CAN. AND IT'S HEARTENING TO KNOW THAT THE RAILROADS OF THIS COUNTRY ARE DOING A TREMENDOUS JOB OF TRANSPORTING ESSENTIAL MILITARY AND CIVILIAN SUPPLIES. SO LET'S NOT GET IN THEIR WAY. LET'S NOT DO ANY TRAVELLING THAT ISN'T ABSOLUTELY ESSENTIAL.

MOL: THE FISH WILL STILL BE BITING AND THE SCENERY WILL STILL BE HERE AFTER THE WAR - SO LET'S ALL PACK OUR SUITCASES, - BACK IN THE CLOSET.

FIB: Goodnight.

MOL: GOODNIGHT, ALL!

SIGNOFF: