

Written by Don Quinn
Phil Leslie

(REVISED)

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

(Johnson's Wax)

1943 (39)

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

Tuesday, June 22, 1943

(REVISED)

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

ORCHESTRA: 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.

ORCHESTRA: SELECTION: "GREAT DAY" (FADE FOR COMMERCIAL)

(COMMERCIAL TO COME - PAGE 3)

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC
JUNE 22, 1943

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WIL: When you walk into a store to make a purchase, whether it's JOHNSON'S WAX or soap or shoes, does it occur to you that your dealer renders you a valuable service? And never so valuable as now, when wartime restrictions complicate his operations. He buys a little of this, a little more of that - things he believes you are going to need, and he puts them on his shelf until you come to buy them. He has to have a convenient location, people to wait on you, and maybe delivery service. If that's all he did, you still couldn't get along without him. But he does more. He exercises buying judgment on your behalf -- selects from among the goods offered those that he can recommend to you, and stand back of. For your protection, JOHNSON'S WAX, JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO COAT and JOHNSON'S CARNU are all sold only through recognized dealers -- never by independent door-to-door canvassers. Remember this, if a house-to-house canvasser ever offers you such a product under a JOHNSON name!

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH)
(APPLAUSE)

(2ND REVISION)

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WIL: AHFFF, WHAT IS SO RARE AS THIS TIME OF YEAR,
WHEN CITY DWELLERS, FULL OF CHEER
START MAKING FOR THE LAKES AND WOODS
WITH TONS AND TONS OF SPORTING GOODS.
WITH SUN-TAN LOTION, BATHING SUITS;
FLY RODS, RIFLES, WADING BOOTS;
CAMP STOVES, TENTS AND HUNTING KNIVES
DARK GLASSES, BEER AND WEARY WIVES
FULL OF FUN AND FANCY FOLLIES
AND PLANS LIKE ---

---- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY'S!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: ..Of course, what I'd really like to do is go into the wildest part of the Rocky Mountains, with nothin' on me but a blanket and a hunting knife. That's REALLY what I'd like to do.

MOL: (LAUGHS)

FIB: What's so funny?

MOL: You. I CAN PICTURE YOU PROWLING AROUND THE MOUNTAINS WITH A BLANKET AND A KNIFE. WHY YOU CAN'T EVEN PEEL AN APPLE WITHOUT LOSING A FEW FINGERS.

FIB: AND WHY? BECAUSE I'M SOFT! I BEEN LIVIN' TOO EASY. COUPLE O' WEEKS IN THE WOODS AND I'D HARDEN UP LIKE A BOARDING-HOUSE MATTRESS.

MOL: Well, somehow a week or two of camping out doesn't have much appeal for me. LET'S STAY HOME AND PLAY RUMMY AND GO TO A FEW MOVIES.

FIB: Nothin' doin'. I wanna get away from things...

MOL: What things?

FIB: Wel-l-l-.....er.....THINGS! PEOPLE! TELEPHONES! MAIL! NEWSPAPERS!

MOL: Where are we going - have you decided?

FIB: I think so. Can't take the train anyplace....and we haven't got a car, so I had to pick a place nearby. Lake Dugan.

MOL: LAKE DUGAN!! Why that's **right** on the edge of town.

FIB: Sure. Take all our stuff out on the street car. I can come in every morning and get the mail and the newspapers and see if there was any phone calls. Swell swimmin' there too.

MOL: Yes, if you can find a place **between** the row-boats. That's a fine place to get away from people. You can't roast a marshmallow out there without burning a hole in somebody's bathing trunks.

FIB: Hey, where's my Boy Scout hatchet?

MOL: You threw it away. Because it cut your wrist when you tried to open a can of tomatoes with it. Remember, I washed your wrist off with boric acid and your mouth out with soap?

FIB: Where's my rifle?

MOL: It's practically all rusted to pieces.

FIB: RUSTED!! HOW'D IT GET RUSTED?

MOL: Well, heavenly days, you said it was almost impossible to get cartridges for it now and I had to have SOMETHING to stir the washing with.

FIB: OH MY GOSH!!! ALL MY EQUIPMENT IS SHOT!!

DOORBELL

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

VIRGINIA: How do you do, Mr. McGee. Hello, Mrs. McGee.

FIB: Hiyah, sis.....er...Hiyah!

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

VIRG: I just stopped in to tell you I'M going on my vacation for the next two weeks. And to wish you a very pleasant summer.

FIB: Well, gee, sis.....er....thanks. Thanks very much. Same to you.

MOL: Yes, we hope you have a nice time, too.

FIB: Yeah...er...sure, sure!

VIRG: It'll be nice to hear your voice again. In the fall. Well, good day.

FIB: Good day.

MOL: Good day.

DOOR OPEN AND SHUT:(PAUSE)

FIB: Who's that?

MOL: WHY I DON'T KNOW!! I THOUGHT YOU KNEW!

FIB: Never saw her before in my life. I was gonna ask you,

MOL: OH THIS IS TERRIBLE!...I'M GOING TO ASK HER....

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: YOHO HO!! WAIT A MINUTE, DEARIE!!! WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

VIRG: (OFF MIKE) MYRT.

MOL: Oh. Thank you.

DOOR SHUT:

MOL: Myrt!

(2ND REVISION)

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FIB: Oh my gosh - I KNEW I'd heard that voice someplace. She
always --

SOUND: (DOOR CHIME)

FIB: Whom now?

MOL: Abigail Uppington and be nice, McGee. We won't be seeing
her all summer.

FIB: I wish somebody'd write music to that. Those are the
prettiest lyrics I ever heard.

MOL: Besides, she doesn't mean to be so uptown. She's just got
an inferiority complex.

FIB: INFERIORITY COMPLEX MY CLAVICLE!...THAT'S THE EXCUSE
EVERYBODY GIVES FOR SOMEBODY BEIN' BAD-MANNERED, HIGH HAT,
AND GENERALLY DISAGREABLE. THAT OLD WHIPPET NEVER HAD
A --

MOL: Hush! She'll hear you and --

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

MOL: Well for goodness sakes...if it isn't Abigail Uppington!!

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

FIB: Hiyah, Uppity. Fling the frame on a chair and I'll tell
you how we celebrated Father's day in Sicily.

UPP: And how did we, Mr. McGee?

FIB: It was POP POP POP, all day long. (LAUGHS) GET IT, GIRLS?
FATHER? POP? IT'S KIND OF A SUBTLE PLAY ON WORDS THAT --

MOL: TAIN'T FUNNY, MCGEE!!!

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((2ND REVISION))

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FIB: It ain't? Personally, I thought it rather provocative
of mirth. WELL, UPFY, WHAT ARE YOUR PLANS FOR THE SUMMER,
JUST TO START THE CONVERSATION BECAUSE I DON'T REALLY
GIVE A WHOOP.

MOL: McGee! Mind your manners!

UPP: Oh not at all, Mrs. McGee....Please. After all, one
expects a certain natural rudeness in the virile,
masculine, rough-diamond, outdoor type of man.

FIB: Well gee, thanks, Uppy! I didn't reali-

UPP: Although in the anaemic, undersized, poolroom type like
you, Mr. McGee, it is merely irritating.

FIB: OH, YEAH?? WHY YOU TRIPLE-CHINNED, NON-FLYING FORTRESS,
IF YOU EVER --

MOL: MCGEE!! Stop it...this minute. My goodness, you ought
to be ashamed. Apologize to Abigail!

FIB: Okay. I apologize, Uppy. It's my inferiority complex.
Makes me nasty.

UPP: These little outbursts do not upset me in the least, Mr.
McGee. I merely say to myself, "Abigail," I say, "why
should you be annoyed because some inflated little
guttersnipe goes away and leaves his voice running?"

MOL: But Abigail, he --

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UPP: SOOO, THESE LITTLE ARGUMENTS DO NOT AFFECT MY SOCIAL EQUILIBRIUM IN THE SLIGHTEST DEGREE. THAT IS DUE TO MY THEATRICAL TRAINING. IN THE THEATAH, ONE IS TRAINED NOT TO BE OVERWHELMED BY THE STRESS OF EMOTIONAL SCENES, AND IN SPIITE OF THEM TO MAKE A GRACEFUL EXIT. GOOD DAY..

MOL: Wait, Abigail, dont - *See to the ---*

FIB: HEY UPPY, THAT'S THE CLOSET THAT --

DOOR OPEN: TERRIFIC AVALANCHE OF JUNK: BELL TINKLE:

(PAUSE)

UPP: Oh. Wrong exit. Good day!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

ORCH: "IF YOU PLEASE"

APPLAUSE:

SECOND SPOT:

(2ND REVISION) -12-

TRAFFIC NOISES UP AND FADE:

~~MOL: I don't know why I had to come down to the Wistful Vista Sport shop with you, McGee. You could buy a pup tent without me.~~

~~FIB: Yeah, but I need your restraining influence. When I get into a store like that, I go all haywire. Wanna buy everything. Went in there once to have my skates sharpened and come out with a sking outfit, a skeet gun, two canoes and a harpoon.~~

~~MOL: We shouldn't spend much money now, you know.~~

~~FIB: I know..it's mostly little stuff I need. Like a fish-sealin' knife and a compass -~~

MOL: Sure you know what you need for this camping trip?

FIB: Sure, I do. I been campin' out ever since I was a kid. Nothin' healthier. Used to sleep like a log. Matter of fact, up in the Canadian Rockies once, I slept so much like a log, they rolled me into the river and I was half way down to the sawmill before I woke up. It was only -

OLD M: (FADE IN) WELL HELLO THERE KIDS. WHERE YA GOIN'?

MOL: Hello, Mr. Old Timer.

FIB: Goin' down to the Wistful Vista Sport Shop, Old Timer. Startin' our vacation tomorrow and I need some campin' equipment.

OLD M: Ah, that's great stuff, kids! Great stuff. Used to be quite a outdoor man myself. Used to own a ranch in Wyoming.

FIB: That's what you says last weesk. What was your brand?
OLD M: Two guittrars, a fiddle, banjo and jug. One of the fellers -
MOL: No no no..not BAND! BRAND.
FIB: Didn't you brand your cattle?
OLD M: Nope. Started to once. But I accidental set down onto a hot brandin' iron. What happened to me shouldn't occur to a cow.
MOL: If you spent so much time on a ranch, Mr. Old Timer, how come you're not bowlegged?
OLD M: Used to be awful bowlegged, daughter. I was so bowlegged I had to quit goin' to church ~~for a while~~. Took me three pews to kneel down.
FIB: How'd you get your gams ironed out?
OLD M: Took a trip to New York. Got caught in a subway rush. Come out knockkneed.
MOL: I always knew you were a Westerner, Mr. Old Timer. You've got that squinty look around the eyes that comes from gazing across the sunlit desert - or trying to find the pork in a can of pork and beans.
OLD M: Heh heh heh...that's pretty good, Daughter. BUT THAT AIN'T THE WAY I HEBERED IT! THE WAY I HEBERED IT, ONE FELLER SAYS TO - Oh oh! I gotta git goin'. HAVE A NICE SUMMER KIDS...SEE YOU IN THE FALL...
FIB: Hey, what's the rush?

OLD M: Gotta date with my gal, Johnny. Liberrian at the liberry. She reads to me every afternoon. We're on Black Beauty now and I'M pretty worried how it comes out. Things the way they are now, I'm skeered Black Beauty's gonna wind up on a Blue Plate. HAVE FUN, KIDS..!!

TRAFFIC UP AND FADE:

MOL: I hope you'll be as young as he is when you're as old as he is, McGee.
FIB: I hope I never look that old. His face looks like it'd wore out three bodies. Here's the sport shop, Molly. Come on.

TRAFFIC UP AND OUT WITH DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

SALESMAN: Good day, sir. What could I do for you? We are having a special today on moose calls. Genuine Brazilian Birch Bark. They come in three tones; plaintive, urgent and imperative.
FIB: No thanks, bud....don't want one.
SALESMAN: But sir...~~these are the last two in stock~~. Why in our last order we asked for six gross..and you know how many we got? Half a dozen...of which THIS is the last one. There won't be any more, you know, for the duration.

MOL: How terrible!!
FIB: Gee, maybe I better take one while I -
MOL: NO. WE DON'T WANT IT, MCGEE. You need a moose call like you need a hole in the head.
SALESMAN: In his case, that might be exact-
FIB: PIPE DOWN, BUD. IF MY WIFE SAYS I DON'T NEED A MOOSE CALL, I DON'T NEED A MOOSE CALL, SEE? But I..I'd like to of tried it, onco. I never blew a moose call..
SALESMAN: Certainly sir...go right ahead.

SOUND: TRUMPET BLAST:

MOL: Well, that didn't seem to arouse any particu - OH LOOK, MCGEE...HERE COMES MR. WILCOX!!
FIB: Well, I'll be a WHY THIS IS A WONDERFUL LITTLE GADGET, MOLLY! ONE HONK AND IN COMES WILCOX...
MOL: BUT HE'S NOT A MOOSE.
FIB: HE'S AN ELK, AIN'T HE? THAT'S AWFUL CLOSE!!! HIYAH, JUNIOR!!!
WIL: (FADE IN) Hello, Fibber. Hello, Molly.
MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox. You're an expert on better homes. Won't you help McGee pick out a pup tent?
WIL: Oh I cant do it, Molly. I have to be at a war plant in 20 minutes. Just dropped in here to have my tennis racket restrung. TAKE CARE OF IT, WILL YOU, ABERCROMBIE?
SALESMAN: Certainly, Mr. Wilcox. (FADE OUT) I'll have our racketeer get right to work on.....
FIB: Whatcha goin' to a war plant for, Junior?
WIL: Got to give a short talk.

MOL: On what, as if we could never guoss?
WIL: On nutrition.
FIB: Well, that's a new way to approach the...ON WHAT?
WIL: NUTRITION!!
MOL: Oh come come, Mr. Wilcox...it's a fine product, we know, but even we, who love it so dearly, wouldn't eat it.
WIL: I'M NOT TALKING ABOUT THAT. I'M going to give a talk on the importance of war workers - yes, and other workers too, maintaining their health by eating the right kind of body building food. Primarily butter and milk and cheese products. That's group Four of the Government's Nutrition Program.
FIB: I seq.
WIL: It seems the Nutrition experts have divided all food into 7 groups and to keep in fighting trim we must have at least one food out of each group every day. Milk is one of the most necessary items in the whole list.
FIB: SO WHAT IF I DON'T LIKE MILK? My gosh - if I get plenty of meat and potatoes -

(2ND REVISION) -17-

WIL: YOU SEE, THE MILK AND CHEESE GROUP OF THE NUTRITION PLAN CONTAIN SOME OF THE MOST VITAL ELEMENTS TO HUMAN HEALTH. Milk furnishes about three fourths of the calcium we need every day to build our bone structure properly. Milk and cheese are full of Vitamin A, and without Vitamin A, our eyesight is impaired. All grocery stores have lists of the 7 basic food groups posted up, and it's easy to refer to them when you do your shopping. I think I'll close my little talk by saying "VITAMINS FOR VICTORY! THERE'S A GREAT DAY COMING SO DRINK YOUR GRADE A TODAY!" You like that?

FIB: No. I don't.

WIL: You don't? Then it must be good. I'll use it. SEE YOU LATER, FOLKS.

MOL: Goodbye, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Hasta la Wistful Vista, Junior.

SALESMAN: Is there anything in particular I could show you now, sir?

FIB: Not right away, bud...I wanna kinda look around first.

MOL: We're mostly interested in camping equipment. He wants a pip tent.

FIB: PUP tent.

MOL: Then give me the pip. Everytime I - - - OH LOOK, MCGEE... HERE COMES DOCTOR GAMBLE. HELLO DOCTOR!

DOC: Hello, Mrs. McGee. Hello, McGee. Buying something or did you just come in to get out of the fresh air?

FIB: Start my vacation tomorrow, Doc. Gonna go camping.

DOC: Oh that's great. I can hardly wait to treat you for sunstroke, poison oak, chiggers, water in the car, spider bites and fishhooks in the glutous maximas.

(2ND REVISION) -18-19-20-21 & 22-

MOL: I'M going to make him be more careful this year, Doctor.

DOC: It's no uso, my dear. He's the kind who needs a life guard when he washes his hair. I think there ought to be a law against vacations. Here we build a man up and keep him in shape to do his daily work for fifty weeks out of the year, and what happens? He takes a Vacation. He sleeps outdoors on a damp cot; exercises like a Commando when his greatest effort for the past year has been tearing the band off a cigar; swallows gallons of muddly lake water - - -

FIB: You're a scorpuss, Doc. You think everybody oughtta go thru life chewin' on a thermometer and walkin' on their hands so they won't get their feet wet.

MOL: The doctor just doesn't like to see people make fools of themselves, McGee.

DOC: You're quite right, Mrs. McGee. But it's like trying to keep an apple seed from making an apple of itself. Well, I hope you folks enjoy yourselves this summer. Take a good rest, my boy.

FIB: Thanks, Doc.

DOC: And don't be like most men on a vacation. Remember, this little woman is your wife - not a red-cap, a washing-machine or a nursemaid. Let her have some fun, too...and I'M glad you're getting out of town for a while, McGee.

MOL: You think it will do him good, Doctor?

DOC: I doubt it...but it will give ME a new lease on life. Goodbye now.

ORCH: ("CLOSE HARMONY") - KING'S MEN
(APPLAUSE)

THIRD SPOT

SALESMAN: Now this is a very humane rabbit trap, Mr. McGee...here's how it works. We put a piece of lettuce on the trigger, here...Cock the spring...then Mr. Rabbit comes along. See? He sniffs the lettuce, takes a bite and -

SOUND: BANG:

SALESMAN: That blank cartridge explodes. Ingenious, isn't it?

FIB: Yes, but that would scare the rabbit away.

SALESMAN: Of course. That's why this is the most humane trap made.

MOL: I think it's ridiculous, and furthermore ---

GALE: (FADE IN) WELL, HELLO THERE MCGEE. HELLO MRS. MCGEE.

MOL: Why Mr. Coastguardsman La Trivia. How nice!

FIB: Hiyah, La Triv. You still on leave?

GALE: My leave is up tomorrow, McGee.

FIB: Gonna stop coasting and start guarding again, eh?

(LAUGHS)

GALE: Yes! As I was saying to one of our petty officers last week....

MOL: That's isn't a very nice way to talk about your officers, Mr. La Trivia!

GALE: I said nothing derogatory, Mrs. McGee. In the navy, an officer's rank ---

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MOL: IF AN OFFICER'S RANK, YOU SHOULD JUST KEEP QUIET ABOUT IT. NOBODY IS PERFECT, MR. LA TRIVIA. REMEMBER THAT.

GALE: MRS. MCGEE....PLEASE. I MERELY MADE THE STATEMENT THAT A SUPERIOR OFFICER WAS -

FIB: You got an inferiority complex, La Trivia. They just SEEM to be actin' superior because you got no gold braid, see?

GALE: I DIDN'T SAY THEY ACTED SUPERIOR. THEY'RE SUPERIOR OFFICERS BECAUSE THE HIGHER THE RANK -

FIB: THEY HIRE THE RANK WHAT? GO ON AND SAY IT, LA TRIVIA. BUT REMEMBER.....ENEMY EARS ARE ALL ABOUT US. NO DISLOYALTY.

GALE: DON'T ACCUSE ME OF DISLOYALTY, MCGEE, - I WAS ONLY TRYING TO TELL YOU THAT AN ORDINARY SEAMAN --

MOL: DON'T YOU DARE CALL OUR SAILOR BOYS ORDINARY SEAMAN, MR. LA TRIVIA. OUR SAILORS ARE THE BEST SEAMAN THERE ARE!!!

FIB: Just because you think your officers are petty and act superior, La Trivia, don't think you can -

GALE: I DON'T THINK ANYTHING...I MEAN I DIDN'T THINK WHAT I WAS...YOU'VE TWISTED EVERYTHING I'VE SAID. NOW LET'S START AT THE BEGINNING. I SAID THAT ONE OF OUR PETTY OFFICERS -

FIB: La Trivia...I warn you.. If you persist in that attitude, I'll be forced to report you.

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MOL: You'll be thrown in the grog for ninety days, and how will you like that?

GALE: It isn't a grog. It's a brig. Grog is an old Navy term meaning rum.

FIB: YEAH? WHAT'S SO RUM ABOUT A TERM IN ONE OF OUR GROGS?

GALE: I TELL YOU IT ISN'T A GRIG...ER...BROG...A DRIG IS A GRINK OF...NO, THAT'S GROG. IN A NAVY A GRIB...ER...DRIG...BOG..

MOL: Have you been drinking, Mr. La Trivia?

GALE: I DON'T DRINK AND YOU BOTH KNOW IT! BUT BEFORE I GO, I'D LIKE TO STRAIGHTEN YOU OUT ON -

FIB: DON'T YOU THREATEN MY WIFE, YOU BULLY!! YOU'LL HAVE TO STRAIGHTEN ME OUT BEFORE YOU LAY A FINGER ON HER!!

MOL: For shame...a man in the United States Uniform threatening women with violence. Mr. La Trivia, I was never so -

GALE: PLEASE...PLEASE PLEASE....JUST LISTEN TO ME A MOMENT.

FIB: Okay, La Trivia. But make it snappy, before I call the FBI.

GALE: Look...(ALMOST TEARFULLY) You've got me all wrong...I... I didn't mean to say that...my observations were merely... my officers are the finest....

MOL: (SNICKERS)

GALE: I...SAY WHAT IS THIS? HAVE YOU BEEN PULLING MY LEG?

FIB: Yes, and I dont mind tellin' you, La Trivia, you got the STRETCHINGEST leg we ever pulled.

MOL: Dont be angry, Mr. La Trivia. But it was just like old times and we couldnt resist it.

GALE: ANGRY!! I'M SO RELIEVED I COULD KISS YOU. I THINK I WILL. (SMACK)

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MOL: Oh. Thank you!

GALE: AND MCGEE -

FIB: OH NO YOU DON'T, LA TRIVIA!! GET AWAY FROM ME!! I AIN'T GONNA --

GALE: Oh don't be silly. I just wanted to shake hands...that's it...And wish you a nice vacation, both of you. Good luck. And I hope when we meet again, the box score will be No Hitlers, No Ruins, No. Terrors.

FIB: I hope so too, La Trivia. Happy landings, boy.

GALE: Good bye for now.

APPLAUSE:

FIB: Great little guy, La Trivial

MOL: LITTLE!! Did you see his chest? I was scared to death he'd take a deep breath and push us thru a showcase.

FIB: Yeah, he's a pretty husky - AH, YOU GOT THAT SLEEPING BAG I ASKED FOR, BUD?

SALESMAN: Yes sir. A genuine, SNUG-BUG SLEEPING BAG. We have two of these. Though the other one is damaged. Which makes this the last one we have in stock.

MOL: For the duration.

SALESMAN: Yes.

FIB: Say, that's pretty good. A sleeping bag. Just crawl in and zip it up, eh bud?

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SALESMAN: That's all...waterproof, sunfast, and guaranteed as long as it lasts.

MOL: McGee, I dont think you want a - OH HELLO THERE MR. WIMPLE.

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

FIB: Hiyah, Wimp, old man. How you like this sleeping bag? Might buy it for a little camping trip Molly and me are going on.

WIMP: Oh I dont care much for them, Mr. McGee. "LET SLEEPING BAGS LIE," is my motto. (SNICKERS)

MOL: Oh, Mr. Wimple...!! Were you buying some vacation things?

WIMP: No, Mrs. McGee. Sweetface sent me down to pick up a couple of dumbbells. My goodness, I never expected to find YOU here.

FIB: Is that a crack, Wimp?

WIMP: Oh of course not, Mr. McGee. I never make cracks. I learned my lesson last week, when I flew off the handle with Sweetface.

MOL: You did what, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: I flew off the handle. I was out in the kitchen frying some eggs and Sweetface came in. She grabbed the frying pan but I hung onto it, so she started whirling me around her head. Finally I flew off the handle and crashed into the china cabinet.

FIB: I'll bet she was sorry she did that.

WIMP: No, that made her more angry than ever. She said "AHA... IN YOUR CUPS AGAIN!!" and hit me with the refrigerator.

MOL: A very violent woman, I'd say.

WIMP: Yes. You going to buy this sleeping bag, Mr. McGee.

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FIB: I dunno, Wimp. MIND IF I TRY THIS ONE CN FOR SIZE, BUD?

SALESMAN: Very happy to have you, Mr. McGee. We dont close till five-thirty, if you'd care to take a little nap in it.

MOL: OH NO YOU DONT, MCGEE...

FIB: I aint sleepy anyway, Molly...here, hold the top open while I wiggle into it....(OFF MIKE) a little wider.... that's it....

SALESMAN: Fits nicely around the hips, doesn't it?

WIMP: My goodness he looks like a little caboose in there doesnt he, Mrs. McGee?

MOL: You mean PAPOOSE, Mr. Wimple. A caboose is the rear end of a freight train.

WIMP: Yes..I know.

FIB: (OFF MIKE) OKAY...ZIP IT UP, BUD.

SOUND: ZIP:

FIB: HEY THIS IS WONDERFUL. I'LL BUY THIS BUD...BUT LEMME OUT. IT'S TOO HOT.

SALESMAN: Oh dear me.

MOL: What's the matter?

SALESMAN: The little piece that unzips it, is broken off...So careless of me.

FIB: WELL GET A KNIFE...CUT ME OUT OF THIS!! I'M SMOTHERING!

SALESMAN: CUT IT? Good heavens, man...this is a thirty-two dollar sleeping bag.

MOL: Well, he's worth more than that to me alive. RIP IT OPEN..

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FIB: HURRY UP BUD!! HURRY UP!!!! LEMME OUT.
SALESMAN: Just be patient, sir...I have no authority to injure the property of the store...
FIB: OF ALL THE DAD RATTED, DIRTY LUCK...WHY DOES EVERYTHING HAPPEN TO ME!!
WIMP: (SNICKERS)
MOL: What do you find so amusing, Mr. Wimple?
WIMP: Oh it just struck me funny, Mrs. McGee...to have you end the season on this note.
MOL: ON WHAT NOTE, MR. WIMPLE?
WIMP: WELL...(GIGGLES) FOR ONCE, THE BAG IS HOLDING MCGEE!
MOL: Oh dear...
ORCH: "MORE THAN EVER" FADE FOR -

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC
JUNE 22, 1943

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WIL: There's one thing we all have in common right now -- we're very busy. There are so many demands on our time, both on the job and at home, that we're tempted to let certain things slide -- just not get them done. You might think, for example, you could just forget the finish of your car -- let it look shabby -- as long as you watch things like the tires and batteries. But there's more to it than meets the eye -- that dirt and grease and road scum that collects on the finish may be doing serious damage, by chemical action. The only safe procedure is to remove that shabby film of dirt and keep the finish clean -- then it won't deteriorate. You can keep it clean so easily with JOHNSON'S CARNU -- the easy-to-use polish that both cleans and polishes with one application -- two jobs at once! CARNU is a liquid -- it dries to a powder, which is easily wiped off. You'll gladly do a CARNU job yourself -- and you'll be surprised what it will do for your self respect and for your driving pleasure. Remember the name, JOHNSON'S CARNU -- spelled C-A-R-N-U.

ORCH: (MUSIC SWELL - FADE ON CUE)

TAG

FIB: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, ON BEHALF OF OUR SPONSORS AND ALL OF US CONNECTED WITH THIS SHOW, WE WANT TO THANK YOU ONCE MORE FOR YOUR WONDERFUL SUPPORT AND LOYALTY. THIS LAST SEASON, AS YOU KNOW, THE MAKER'S OF JOHNSON'S WAX DEDICATED EVERY FOURTH PROGRAM TO THE PRESENTATION OF SOME GOVERNMENT MESSAGE - SOME PHASE OF THE WAR EFFORT WHICH THEY THOUGHT WE MIGHT MAKE A LITTLE CLEARER TO YOU IN OUR OWN PECULIAR WAY. WE WANT TO THANK MR. ELMER DAVIS AND HIS OFFICE OF WAR INFORMATION, FOR THE HIGHLY EFFICIENT CO-OPERATION WE'VE HAD IN GETTING OUR FACTS STRAIGHT, AND ELIMINATING CONFLICT WITH OTHER PROGRAMS.

MOL: AND KEEP TUNING IN THIS SUMMER AT THIS SAME HOUR. JOHNSON'S WAX IS AGAIN PRESENTING MGM'S OUTSTANDING TELLER OF AMAZING TALES, JOHN NESBITT, IN HIS DRAMATIC "PASSING PARADE." IF YOU REMEMBER HIS FAMOUS "LETTER TO HITLER"; LAST SUMMER, WHICH WAS SO WIDELY REPRINTED, YOU'LL BE INTERESTED TO KNOW THAT IN HIS FIRST SHOW, NEXT WEEK... HE GIVES YOU A "NEW LETTER TO HITLER". IT'LL BE A WONDERFUL SERIES AND WE KNOW YOU'LL ENJOY IT. SO, UNTIL MCGEE AND I SEE YOU NICE PEOPLE AGAIN -

FIB: GOODNIGHT!

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 WAX FINISHES for home and industry, and inviting you to be with us again next Tuesday night when we bring you that outstanding teller of amazing tales, John Nesbitt, in his Passing Parade. This program has reached you from Hollywood.....

THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

(CHIMES)