

WRITERS: Don Quinn
Phil Leslie

(REVISED)

#3

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

Johnson's Wax

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1943

NEC - RED

(REVISED)

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WILCOX: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM: - WITH FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

ORCH: THEME - FADE FOR:

WILCOX: The makers of Johnson's Wax, Johnson's Car-Nu and Johnson's Self-Polishing Glocoat present Fibber McGee and Molly, written by Don Quinn, with music by the King's Men and Billy Mills' orchestra.

ORCH: "BLOW, GABRIEL, BLOW" - FADE FOR:

C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER McGEE & MOLLY
WEDNESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC
OCTOBER 12, 1943

(REVISED)

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VENING COMMERCIAL

L: The primary reason you use wax in your home on wood, leather, enameled and metal surfaces is for their protection. Considering this fact, isn't it very natural that JOHNSON'S WAX FINISHES have been called upon to render this same protective service to countless products used in the war? WAX coatings for steel shell cases -- airplane finishes -- black wax for bayonets. The list is much too long to read to you. It even includes paints impregnated with WAX -- and special WAX finishes to render soldiers' uniforms and tents water repellent. The makers of JOHNSON'S WAX have turned out many millions of packages of these special products for war use -- and they are proud to be able to do so. The next time you use one of the familiar JOHNSON'S WAX products on your floors, furniture and woodwork, remember that WAX also has gone to war, and you can help by conserving your own supply of JOHNSON'S WAX. A little goes a long way.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

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WILCOX: NOBODY WORRIES MORE ABOUT PUBLIC AFFAIRS, OR CARRIES MORE KEYS ON HIS CHAIN, OR WAITS MORE IMPATIENTLY FOR THE MORNING MAIL, THEN A GUY WHO HASN'T MUCH OF ANYTHING TO DO. AND HERE, BUSTLING IMPORTANTLY INTO THE HOUSE WITH A HUGE STACK OF LETTERS, WE FIND THE SQUIRE OF 79 WISTFUL VISTA, AS WE MEET --

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: HEY, MOLLY...LOOKA THE MAIL..MUST BE A DOZEN LETTERS HERE... TWENTY, MAYBE !!...AND SEVERAL SPECIAL DELIVERIES!

MOL: Special deliveries !..The butcher and the grocer must be getting impatient.

FIB: These aren't bills. Let's see, now...Oh, here's one for our new roomer, Alice Darling. From Fort MacArthur. Boy, he's got it bad! Put a comma between Alice and Darling. Look!

MOL: My goodness, this IS a stack of mail, isn't it? And here's another one for Alice Darling. And another...and ALL these special deliveries are for her.

FIB: Fine thing !!...that's what you got for bein' big hearted and rentin' a room to somebody. They gotta hog all the mail. WHAT'S SHE DOIN' - RUNNIN' A LONELY HEARTS CLUB?

MOL: Don't be silly. She's a very attractive girl and must have a lot of friends.

FIB: She's just a flapper gettin' a lotta mushy letters from a gang of cake eaters.

MOL: McGee, your slang is strictly 1919. You mean she's a slick chick getting a neat note from a large sarge.

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FIB: Yeah, but --

TELEPHONE:

FIB: Ah, fer the - IF I'VE ANSWERED THE PHONE FOR THAT SLEEPING BEAUTY ONCE THIS MORNING, I'VE ANSWERED IT FOURTEEN TIMES.

MOL: Well, it's nice to have a little activity in the place. Personally, I welcome a little troubled water on the old oil.

TELEPHONE:

MOL: Answer the phone, dearie.

FIB: Okay. (CLICK) McGEE'S RESIDENCE. EH? WHO? MISS DARLING.

SORRY, BUD, SHE CAN'T COME TO THE PHONE. SHE'S GONE BYE-BYE WITH WYNKEN, BLYNKEN AND NOD. EH? OKAY, GEORGIE.

(CLICK) He says to tell those three bums to lay off if they don't want a poke in the nose.

MOL: I'll add Georgie to the list. She'll be very...Oh. HERE'S A LETTER FOR YOU, McGEE.

FIB: Not really!! You sure it isn't for Alice Darling in CARE of Fibber McGee?

MOL: No, this is for you. Who's it from?

FIB: (TEARING ENVELOPE) Well, I'll be a...IT'S FROM GOOD OLD FRED NITNEY OF STARVED ROCK, ILLINOIS. Probably wants me to go back into vaudeville with him.

MOL: What kind of an act did you have, she asked, with a shudder.

FIB: Songs and witty sayings. Played the Butterfield Circuit. We wore straw hats and carried canes, and done harmony and wise cracks. You know, like "DID YOU TAKE A BATH?" "NO, IS THERE ONE MISSING?" and all stuff like that there.

MOL: What were you carrying canes for - self defense?

FIB: Oh, we murdered 'em! I'll never forget one time --

MOL: Never mind, dearie... Read your letter.

FIB: Eh? Oh. Oh, yes..it says DEAR FIBBER...(MUMBLE, MUMBLE)

(MUMBLE, MUMBLE, MUMBLE)

(LONG PAUSE)

MOL: Well - go on.

FIB: Can't - there's a big blank space here where Fred went out to sharpen his pencil. Ah...here he is, back again... Oh, my gosh - (MUMBLE, MUMBLE, MUMBLE) Hey, you know what? FRED'S KID IS IN WISTFUL VISTA!

MOL: Who?

FIB: Fred's kid. Anita Nitney. He says she's gonna join the Wacs, and wants to use my name as a referendum. And by George, any daughter of old Fred Nitney has got my approval. I couldn't do too much for old Fred!! ... BY GEORGE, IF I DON'T

MOL: McGee, you can't do that.

FIB: WHY CAN'T I? I GUESS I KNOW A FEW PEOPLE IN THIS TOWN...I GUESS I CAN PULL A FEW STRINGS ON BEHALF OF DOING SOMETHING FOR A PAL LIKE FRED NITNEY!

MOL: But the Wacs don't do business that way. The girl will have to enlist and EARN her promotions.

FIB: Oh yeah? (LAUGHS) I guess you never watched me do any political maneuvering, Mrs. McGee. I got more angles than a folding ruler. Why, down at the City Hall, they call me the Sectar, on account of I know where all the bodies are buried.

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MOL: Well - go on.

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MOL: Nevertheless, it won't do you any good in getting anybody a commission.

FIB: No? Jimmy Doolittle is a friend of mine, ain't he?

MOL: Yes, but --

FIB: AND HE'S NOW A GENERAL, AIN'T HE? So draw your own conclusions. Come on...let's go downtown. I'll contact a few of my connections, and --

DOOR OPEN:

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

FIB: Oh, hiyah, Alice.

MOL: Good morning, Alice dear. Heavenly days, child, you ought to be in bed. You didn't get home from work till 8:30 this morning.

ALICE: I know, Mrs. McGee...I'm going back to bed in a few minutes. Where there any phone calls for me?

FIB: ANY PHONE CALLS!! ~~Sis, I been hearin' more strange voices than Joan of Arc.~~ You got calls from Georgie, Al, Frankie, Mokie, Slim, Cecil, Pete, Herb and a guy with a lisp that when I picked up the receiver he says "GUETH WHO THITH ITH?"

ALICE: Oh, that would be Andy. He doesn't really lisp.

MOL: He doesn't?

ALICE: No. He works on the same shift I do, and burned his tongue trying to see if his soldering iron was hot---and it was. I'm sort of engaged to Andy, though not really engaged, because I don't think a girl is committed to anything just because she wears a man's A.F. of L. pin on her sweater....Am I....er....does it? I mean is she?

MOL: Certainly not. A girl isn't really committed to anything until she loans a man enough to make the final payment on the engagement ring.

FIB: Incidentally, sis, there's a flock of mail for you. Most of it's from the Army and Navy. And a couple from the Marine Corps. Haven't you got any chums in the Cavalry?

ALICE: I used to have, but I broke off with him on account of he was always writing me that he got thrown off his horse again, and I always say that if a man's own horse doesn't like him I don't think he's the kind of a fellow a girl should be engaged to him. Don't you?

MOL: Very shrewd of you, dearie. If a man can't stick to one horse, he'd never be true to one woman. Now you go back to bed. And when you get up, there'll be coffee on the stove and you'll find bacon and eggs in the refrigerator.

ALICE: Oh, you're so sweet, Mrs. McGee. I'm afraid I'm an awful lot of trouble.

FIB: I'll say you --

MOL: McGEE!

FIB: Eh? Oh...Well, when you come down again, sis, don't forget to call Georgie, Al, Frankie, Mokie, Slim, Cecil, Pete, Herb and Andy.

ALICE: You mean I didn't get a call from Bert?

MOL: No, that was all, Alice.

FIB: Who's Bert?

ALICE: Oh, he's my REALLY boy friend. He's tall, dark and time-and-a-half. Well, thank you for everything, and don't worry about disturbing me.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Don't worry about disturbin' her, she says! Ain't that a pip? That kid's got more brass than all the hats in the Pentagon Building. WELL, COME ON, MOLLY, I GOTTA GET DOWN TOWN AND SEE ABOUT GETTIN' FRED NITNEY'S KID A COMMISSION.

MOL: I warn you, McGee, getting a commission in the Wacs won't be --

TELEPHONE:

FIB: (CLICK) (FAST) HELLO, SHE'S ASLEEP, GOODBYE! (CLICK) COME ON!

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

APPLAUSE:

TRAFFIC NOISES UP AND FADE:

MOL: Where are we going, McGee? Where IS the recruiting office for the WAC's?

FIB: Same place as the regular army. Next door to the post office. (CHUCKLES) Boy, won't Fred Nitney's kid be surprised when I look her up and hand her a colonel's commission! I'll probably have to catch her when she faints.

MOL: Bring a friend with you, McGee. Somebody'll have to catch me, too.

FIB: Still skeptical, eh? Who do you think pulled the strings with President Wilson to make Pershing Commander-in-chief in the last war?

MOL: You?

FIB: (LAUGHS) Don't you wish you knew?

MOL: Yes, don't you?

FIB: Well, there's no use havin' political influence if you can't use it for your friends.

MOL: I wish you'd stop bragging about your political pull, McGee. Or use it to get our garbage hauled away more than once every three weeks.

FIB: I already took care of that. The Sanitary Commissioner lost his job last week. didn't you hear? That's what happens when they trifle with McGee!

MOL: YOU MEAN THE SANITARY COMMISSIONER WAS FIRED?

FIB: Practically. He was kicked upstairs, as we say in politics. He's City Treasurer now.

MOL: I hope you never get sore at the Mayor. He'd make a very poor Governor. McGee...look who's coming down the street -- Uncle Dennis...

FIB: He said he was goin' out this morning to look for a job. But anybody who hires that mugg would have to be pretty desparate. Uncle Dennis could work twenty four hours a day and still be an absentoo.

MOL: Well, just the same, poor old Uncle Dennis is...OH HELLO THERE, UNCLE DENNIS...

FIB: Hiyah, Unk.

DENNIS: (FADE IN) Ah, hello there now. HAVE YE HEARD THE NEWS?

MOL: Have the Yanks taken Rome?

DENNIS: No, just Saint Louis. Had a little bet on Saint Louis too...Thought I might pickupacouplebucks. But...I guess it wasn't in the cards, you might say. Ha hah hah.

FIB: I thought you were goin' out to look for a job. Or didn't you have any invisible ink to write your character references with?

MOL: Now, McGee -

DENNIS: YOU WOULDN'T DARE SAY THAT TO ME IF I WASN'T WEARIN' GLASSES!

FIB: You're NOT wearin' glasses.

DENNIS: All the more shame to ye, pickin' on a man that can't see his face in front of his hand.

MOL: Did you have any luck getting a job, Uncle Dennis?
DENNIS: Not a bit, macushla. Not a bit. Here I am, trampin' the streets from mornin' till night, just an honest man tryin' to pickupacoupleobucks, and what happens? Nothing. Why one place they wouldn't even open the door and talk to me. I hammered on the door for two hours...
MOL: What place was that, you poor darling?
DENNIS: Twas the flyswatter factory across the river.
FIB: THEY BEEN OUTA BUSINESS FOR TWO YEARS AND YOU KNEW IT.
DENNIS: IF THEY'D OPEN THE DOOR AND LISTEN TO ME, THEY'D BE BACK IN BUSINESS. I HAD A GREAT IDEA FOR 'EM. TWO FLYSWATTERS FOR THE PRICE OF ONE...USE ONE IN EACH HAND...LILY CAN'T WATCH BOTH AT ONCE....BAM!!!...YOU GOT HIM!!
MOL: You see, McGee? With ideas like that, Uncle Dennis would be a success anywhere.
FIB: Where else did you try, Unk?
DENNIS: Tried the airplane plant, too.
MOL: THE AIRPLANE PLANT!...WHY THEY'VE BEEN ADVERTISING FOR HELP EVER SINCE PEARL HARBOR! DIDN'T THEY HAVE ANYTHING FOR YOU?
DENNIS: Of course they did...and you know what they wanted to pay? SIXTY DOLLARS A WEEK AND OVERTIME!!!!
FIB: What was the matter with that?
DENNIS: IT'S TOO MUCH. I'M NOT WORTH IT. I TOLD 'EM THAT, AND THEY SAID I WAS TOO. I SAID I WAS NOT. THEY SAID I WAS TOO. I SAID I WAS NOT, AND THE BATTLE WAS ON. HE LED WITH HIS RIGHT....
MOL: Yes..yes..

DENNIS: That's all. He connected. AND I'LL NOT WORK FOR A MAN THAT USES HIS FISTS ON HIS EMPLOYEES!
FIB: The trouble with you is you're just lazy.
DENNIS: STEP OUTSIDE AND SAY THAT!!
FIB: We are outside.
DENNIS: Ah, so we are, and I'm not the one to be makin' a scone in a public place. Well, I'll be runnin' along now...there's still time for a well meanin' man to pickupacoupleobucks, (FADE OUT) even if it means trampin' the streets from mornin' till night...

TRAFFIC UP AND FADE

MOL: Poor, Uncle Dennis He tries so hard.
FIB: He succeeds, too. ^{a job} Hasn't caught up with ^{her} a job yet. HEY WE BETTER GET GOIN'. I DUNNO WHAT TIME THE RECRUITIN' OFFICE CLOSES.
MOL: McGee, I wish you'd reconsider this thing. In the first place you don't even know Anita Nitney.
FIB: I DON'T HAVE TO KNOW HER. Any daughter of good old Fred is bound to be a fine woman, Just the type to be a wonderful WAG officer. (LAUGHS) I can hardly wait to see the kids face when I pin those Oak Leaves on her shoulder and say, "WELL, COLONEL NITNEY, ----"
MOL: COLONELS HAVE EAGLES ON THEIR SHOULDERS!
FIB: Well, I can scare 'em away long enough to pin the oak leaves on. Besides, if she -
WIL: (FADE IN) Hello, folks...where you going?

MOL: Oh hello, Mr. Wilcox. McGee's on his way to the WAC's recruiting office.

WIL: To the WAC's recruiting office! You'll never get away with it, Pal. They'll spot you for a man right away.

FIB: I'M NOT GOIN' ON MY OWN ACCOUNT, YOU CHOWDERHEAD. I'm merely usin' my influence to get a friend's of mine's daughter a commission.

MOL: He claims it's all a matter of influence, Mr. Wilcox. Just because he knows a couple of aldermen -

FIB: I KNOW MORE THAN JUST ALDERMEN. I GOT WIRES RIGHT INTO THE WHITE HOUSE.

MOL: He really has, Mr. Wilcox. Two shares of A.T.&T.

WIL: Look, pal, before you make a complete chump of yourself, don't start monkeying with the Army. The WAC's ARE part of the Army, you know, and they're slightly allergic to hot-shot civilians messing up the detail.

FIB: I KNOW WHAT I'M DOIN', JUNIOR. I'M AN OLD ARMY MAN MYSELF!

MOL: Remind me to show you a picture of him in his 1918 uniform, Mr. Wilcox. It fits him like a glove... a first baseman's glove.

FIB: THAT'S NEITHER HERE NOR THERE!

MOL: And that's where it fits, too.

WIL: LOOK, FIBBER -

FIB: Yeah?

WIL: I HAVE A COUSIN who's a lieutenant in the WAC's. And I happen to know you can't pull any wires or use any influence to get commissions. Promotions are strictly a matter of merit.

FIB: (SCORNFUL LAUGH) AHFFF, DON'T BE SO UNDERSOPHISTICATED, WILCOX! A drag is a drag, in or out of the Army.

WIL: Okay, pal. Go ahead and stick your neck out. But I know my WAC'S.

(PAUSE)

MOL: Go ahead, Mr. Wilcox. You made your opening, so get to it.

WIL: Get to what?

FIB: Get to what, get to what, get to what?! WHADDYE YOU USUALLY GET TO?

WIL: I don't know what you mean, Fibber. All I'm trying to say is that a woman who joins the WAC's isn't subject to outside political pull. She's in the Army, and it's strictly up to her and the Army how far she rises in the ranks. And a smart woman can go far, just as a smart woman in civilian life finds out the best way to run a home.

(PAUSE)

MOL: Well..go on.

WIL: Eh?

FIB: GO ON, GO ON!! GET IT OVER WITH.

WIL: Get what over with?

FIB: DAD RAT IT, WILCOX, QUIT STALLIN'. WE KNOW YOU WANNA TALK ABOUT --- WHAT YOU WANNA TALK ABOUT!

WIL: Look, pal, I was trying to be a right guy, see? I was trying to show you I don't have to throw in a pitch for the product every time I open my mouth.

MOL: Well, we just thought -

WIL: SO WHAT HAPPENS? YOU WON'T LET ME BE JUST A FRIEND. YOU GOTTA FORCE ME TO TALK BUSINESS...

FIB: Well, gee whiz, kid, we only -

WIL: Allright, so you asked for it! So Johnson's Wax DOES SAVE HOURS OF HOUSEKEEPING, BY SEALING SURFACES AGAINST DUST AND DIRT AND DAMPNES.

FIB: All right, all right, we merely -

WIL: SO IT'S THE FINEST PRODUCT OF ITS KIND THAT MONEY CAN BUY, AND MOST HOUSEWIVES KNOW IT AND I KNOW IT AND YOU KNOW IT, AND DOGGONE IT, WHAT IF I AM PROUD OF IT? (FADE OUT) HERE WE were, talking on an entirely extraneous subject and what happens...you gotta rib me into talking business... if that isn't the pettiest.....

TRAFFIC UP AND FADE:

MOL: My goodness, McGee, maybe he HADN'T intended to talk about it.

FIB: Don't worry! Racine don't send him that dough every week for reticence, and he knows it. He's just a smart old... OH HIYAH, DOC!!

DOC: (FADE IN) Hello, McGee. Hello, Mrs, McGee.

MOL: Hello, Doctor Gamble.

FIB: Can't stop and bat the fat with you now, Doc. Got to get down to the Army Recruiting Office. It's in the next block

DOC: THE ARMY RECRUITING OFFICE!!!!. If they're letting the bars down that far, I'll tell my grandfather. He's been itching to get back in the Army ever since Bull Run. And he's in better shape than you.

MOL: It isn't on McGee's own account, Doctor. He's going to make some inquiries about the WAC's

FIB: Gonne get a commission.
DOC: Well, I'll bet Oveta Culp Hobby will be very, very unhappy about this! I knew the Army girdled the globe, but you've got a globe there that a G.I. girdle wouldn't come anywhere near --
FIB: CUT IT OUT, WILLYA? I'M NOT JOINING THE WACS. I'M DOIN' THIS FOR A FRIEND OF MINE'S DAUGHTER. I'm gonna wangle her a captaincy or a colonelcy or a majorcy, see?
MOL: I've been trying to tell him he can't do it, Doctor. Am I right?
DOC: Certainly you're right! Look, my boy, nobody needs any drag to get into the Wacs. All she has to do is fill out an application. If she's qualified, she'll get in.
FIB: Sure, as a doe private...but that ain't the --
MOL: As a what, McGee?
FIB: A doe private. That's a female buck private. But this is a friend of mine's daughter, Doc, I owe it to him to get the kid a commission.
DOC: DON'T TALK POPPYROT, MCGEE. It'll take more than a two-bit City Hall hanger-on like you to get her a commission. The Army isn't taking superfluous advice from civilian fatheads.
FIB: WHO'S A CIVILIAN FATHEAD?
DOC: ANY CIVILIAN IS A FATHEAD WHO THINKS HE CAN KID THE ARMY INTO COMMISSIONING A RAW RECRUIT...

FIB: DON'T YOU CALL FRED NITNEY'S DAUGHTER A RAW RECRUIT! BY GEORGE --
MOL: Oh stop it, McGee...you're way out on a limb with this thing, and you know it.
FIB: I DON'T KNOW IT, AND I'VE TOOK ABOUT ALL THE KIDDING I'M GONNA. ONE MORE SMART CRACK OUTA YOU, DOC, AND I'LL FORGET YOU'RE 20 YEARS OLDER THAN I AM AND SLAP YOU SO HARD ON THE CHOPS YOU COULDN'T GET TWO RED POINTS FOR 'EM!
DOC: You don't say! YOU MAKE ONE PASS AT ME, MOOSE-JAW, AND YOU'LL SPEND THE NEXT THREE MONTHS KNITTING AN AFGHAN IN THE FRACTURE WARD.
MOL: Oh, we have an afghan, doctor. Let him make a sweater.
FIB: IF THERE'S GONNA BE ANY KNITTING IN THE FRACTURE WARD, YOU PILL-PEDDLING PALOOKA, IT'LL BE BETWEEN YOU AND YOUR BONES. JUST BECAUSE YOU CHISELED SOME ~~ONE-HORSE~~ ASPIRIN ACADEMY OUT OF A MEDICAL DEGREE, DON'T COME THE HIGH AND MIGHTY ON ME. TAKE YOUR MAIL-ORDER STETHOSCOPE AND GO LISTEN TO A HORSE!
~~MOL: Now boys, for goodness sakes --~~
DOC: I AM LISTENING TO A HORSE, YOU WHINNYING LITTLE SELLING-PLATER! OF ALL THE DUMB ANIMALS I EVER HEARD TALK, YOU MAKE LESS SENSE THAN A GOOSE WITH A GOITER. PUT UP YOUR DUKES!
FIB: OKAY, I WILL, AND IF YOU'LL JUST TELL US WHERE TO SHIP THE BODY, I'LL -- Hey, what time is it?
MOL: Quarter to five, McGee.
FIB: What time does the recruiting office close?
DOC: Five o'clock.

FIB: Thanks...my gosh, I didn't know it was so late. Come on, Molly...see you later, Doc. Old man.

DOC: I'M going to the recruiting office myself, McGee. I'M the medical examiner for the Wacs here.

MOL: Are you really, Doctor.

FIB: Well come along then, Doc. Watch me get a commission for this friends of mines daughter...

DOC: Yes...THIS....I SHALL HAVE TO SEE!!

TRAFFIC UP INTO -

ORCHESTRA: "I'VE GOT SIXPENCE"

KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE:

DOC: Here we are, McGee...and ten minutes to spare.. Not that it will take that long to find out you can't "WANGLE" a commission, as you call it.

FIB: We'll see, smart guy.

MOL: Come on, McGee...time's a-wasting.

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

DOC: Hello, Sergeant.

VIRG: Good evening, Doctor. Could I do something for you?

DOC: Yes, you can tell these people something about the Wacs, if you will.

VIRG: Certainly. Won't you sit down, please...

SCRAPE OF CHAIRS:

~~VIRG: Here is an application blank, Madam, if you'd care to --~~

~~MOL: Thank you, dearie...but it was my husband, here, who wanted the information.~~

VIRG: Your...your husband? But the Wacs don't accept --

FIB: I'm makin' inquiries for a friend's of mine's daughter, sis.

DOC: Call her Sergeant, my boy.

MOL: Tell him something about the Wacs, Miss Sergeant. I have an idea he doesn't realize some of the facts of your life.

DOC: In fact, Sergeant, he is laboring under the delusion that all you have to do to get a commission in the Wacs is know the right people.

VIRG: That's true, in a way, but --

FIB: AHFFF, WHAT'D I TELL YOU?

VIRG: The right people are the ones you meet in your five weeks of basic training, and then you may apply for Officer Candidate School, where you learn the right things to be an officer.

MOL: Doesn't influence count for anything?

VIRG: Oh, indeed it does!!

FIB: AHHHHHHH!! YOU SEE, DOC, WHAT I --

DOC: Be quiet a minute. Go on, Sergeant.

VIRG: In your training, basic and advanced, you come under the influence of the best instructors the Army can supply. Furthermore, in a very short time a Wac is in finer health than she has ever experienced in civilian life - her posture is better, and she has a new poise and assurance that will last her the rest of her life.

MOL: Then you don't think it's possible for somebody to get somebody a commission right off?

VIRG: Definitely not, Madam.

FIB: OH NO? (LAUGHS) I guess you're kinda naive, sis. Pull is pull, wherever it is. I got an idea if I could get to some of your top people, I could do some finagling. Kinda lobby with Hobby, if you get what I mean.

VIRG: IF YOU ARE REFERRING TO COLONEL HOBBY, SIR --

DOC: Don't get upset, Sergeant. My friend, here, is one of those citizens who had a traffic ticket fixed once, and got the idea that everybody can be bought. Tell him some more about the Wacs.

MOL: Yes, do. It's very interesting. I'd like to join myself but I'm afraid of guns. (LAUGHS) I guess I'm just naturally not a pistol-packin' mamma.

VIRG: The Wacs are not a combat unit, madam. BUT, for every woman who joins the Wacs, a man is free to move up to the front line. We need hundreds of thousands of women to join us, so our army will be that much stronger. There are now 155 jobs a woman can do, just as well or better than men, and the sooner those jobs are filled, the sooner we'll have the strength to end the war.

FIB: BUT ABOUT GETTIN' A COMMISSION, SARGE --

VIRG: (GOING ON) Wacs receive regular Army pay, and all the extra benefits that regular army men do. A private receives 50 dollars a month free and clear of all her expenses, which is a great deal more than most of them ever had left at the end of the month in civil life.

FIB: FOR INSTANCE, IF THIS FRIEND'S OF MINE'S DAUGHTER ONLY GOT TO BE A CAPTAIN RIGHT OFF THE BAT, IT WOULD --

DOC: HOW MANY TIMES DO YOU HAVE TO BE TOLD YOUR FRIEND WILL HAVE TO EARN A COMMISSION?

FIB: PIPE DOWN, DOCTOR! NOW LOOK, SIS, HERE'S WHAT I WANT YOU TO DO, SEE? GET IN TOUCH WITH A FEW OF THE GALS AT THE TOP, SEE? TELL 'EM IF THEY CAN SWING A COMMISSION FOR THIS FRIEND OF MINE, I'M IN A POSITION TO GET A FEW FAVORS AT THE CITY HALL, SEE? SQUARE DEAL ALL AROUND.

VIRG: JUST A MOMENT, SIR. (VERY ANGRY) YOU DON'T SEEM TO REALIZE THAT WHAT YOU ARE PROPOSING IS TANTAMOUNT TO BRIBERY.

FIB: Tantamount had nothin' to do with it. I did tell a few
guys from R.K.O. but they -

VIRG: I MUST INFORM YOU THAT AN ATTEMPT TO USE UNDUE INFLUENCE
ON AN OFFICER OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY IS A FEDERAL
OFFENSE, AND IN WAR TIME, APPROACHES THE CRIME OF TREASON!

DOC: (PAUSE) This is what I came to see. Carry on, Sergeant!

FIB: NOW WAIT A MINUTE, SIS. YOU DON'T SEEM TO REALIZE WHO
YOU'RE TALKIN' TO. I'M FIBBER MCGEE, AND I'M ONE OF THE
BIGGEST -

VIRG: Who did you say?

MOL: Fibber McGee.

DOC: He's one of the biggest.

VIRG: Why...I've often heard my father speak of you, Mr. McGee.

FIB: You have eh? Local guy, your old man?

VIRG: No, Starved Rock, Illinois. Mr. Fred Nitney.

FIB: FRED NIT ---

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS!! ARE YOU ANITA NITNEY?

VIRG: Yes, madam.

FIB: WELL, I'LL BE A MONK'S UNCLE!

VIRG: YOUR GENEALOGY IS BESIDE THE POINT, MR. MCGEE. And I
owe you an apology.

DOC: YOU owe HIM an apology!

VIRG: Yes. My father gave me a letter to mail to him six months
ago, and I just found it yesterday in the bottom of my
suitcase. I hope you got it. And now I'm very sorry,
Mr. McGee, but if you'll excuse me, it's time to close
the office.

MOL: That's quite all right, dearie, I'm sure -

FIB: AND WE WANT YOU TO COME UP TO THE HOUSE SOME NIGHT, SIS.
AND WE'LL GIVE YOUR OLD MAN A GOOD KICKIN' AROUND.
AHHHHH...GOOD OLD FRED! WHY TO THINK -

VIRG: Goodnight, Mr. McGee. Goodnight, Doctor!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: My gosh...she almost threw us out. Fred Nitney's kid,
throwin' ME out of her office! Why that would break
Fred's heart if he knew it.

DOC: You're just lucky she didn't throw you in Leavenworth,
my boy.

MOL: Aren't you a little ashamed of trying to be a big shot,
McGee?

FIB: On the contrary - you ought to congratulate me!

DOC: Congratulate you for what?

FIB: In all my army experience, this is the first time I ever
argued with a sergeant and didn't wind up peelin' potatoes!

ORCH: "HOW SWEET YOU ARE" FADE FOR --

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC
OCTOBER 12, 1943

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Most of you have linoleum floor coverings in your kitchens. Many of you also have gay patterns of linoleum in your entrance halls, or on your bathroom floors. If you're not protecting those linoleum surfaces, let me add a word of caution. Don't clean them by the old-fashioned scrubbing method. Linoleum manufacturers themselves and housekeeping institutes recommend that linoleum floors be protected and maintained by a polish like JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT. Chances are you'll find that many of your neighbors are already using GLO-COAT on their own floors. They'll tell you that there's practically no work to it ... because GLO-COAT is SELF POLISHING. It needs no rubbing or buffing. You simply apply and let dry. I'm sure they'll also tell you that GLO-COAT makes their floors sparkle with beauty....easy to clean, because spilled things are wiped up in a jiffy. And for your own information, the regular use of JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO-COAT actually makes linoleum last 6 to 10 times longer. And that isn't hay, is it?

ORCH : (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

(2ND REVISION) -29-

TAG

FIB: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...or, I should say, just LADIES!
If you're between twenty and fifty, in good health, are an American citizen and think you can pass a mental alertness test equivalent to two years of high school, the WAC's need you!
You can get all the information you want at any Army recruiting station. So if you want to do a great job for Uncle Sam now, - and make a fine one for yourself after the war, fill out an application tomorrow!
MOL: The Army needs your skill. Remember, a WAC with a knack can REALLY back the attack!
FIB: Goodnight.
MOL: Goodnight, all!
ORCH: (CLOSING SIGNATURE) (FADE ON CUE)
WIL: 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)