

WRITERS: Don Quinn  
Phil Leslie

(REVISED) #15

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

Johnson's Wax

TUESDAY, JANUARY 4, 1944

NBC

(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: "THERE'S A GREAT DAY COMING" ... FADE FOR

lenses and other equipment are treated with special wax emulsions; many of them developed and used by the makers of JOHNSON'S WAX. The quality of this wax treatment are very important. It keeps the surface dry; makes laundry and cleaning work easier; helps prevent fabric deterioration. With a special wax emulsion protects against mildew. One of these days you'll hear a lot about JOHNSON'S DRAX -- spelled D-R-A-X. That's one of this new wax emulsions for cleaning. Think of the advantage of having your clothes and work clothes and things like curtains and drapes made water-repellent and stain-resistant with DRAX at your laundry or cleaner's at small cost. Or you may be able to do this yourself at home, quite easily. Converters and textile manufacturers are not already using JOHNSON'S DRAX may get all information by writing to JOHNSON & SON, Wisconsin or Portland, Oregon.

ORCH: (MUSIC TO FINISH) (EXPLOSION)

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S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER McGEE AND MOLLY  
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT  
JANUARY 4, 1944

OPENING COMMERCIAL

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ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

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WILCOX: IF YOU WANT TO SEE A BUSY PLACE THIS MORNING, DROP IN AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA. (TELEPHONE) TELEPHONES RINGING... (DOOR SLAM) PEOPLE RUSHING IN AND OUT, THE AIR FULL OF BIG DEALS....

(FIB: (YELLING. OFF MIKE) Hey, where's my pencil sharpener?

(MOL: (OFF MIKE) Here I am, dearie!

WILCOX: WHAT GOES ON? WHY THE SQUIRE HAS GONE INTO BUSINESS, THAT'S ALL! (TELEPHONE) GET A LOAD OF A BIG TYCOON TYCOONING, AS WE MEET --

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE

FIB: (OH PHONE) YES YES YES...I GOT THAT, DINWIDDY. TEN THOUSAND RED AND TWENTY THOUSAND WHITE. HOW ABOUT GREEN? SIX THOUSAND. OKAY DINWIDDIE. YES YES YES...I'LL SHOOT THE ORDER RIGHT THRU. WHAT? CERTAINLY THEY'RE PRE-WAR QUALITY!! YOU START GETTIN' FUSSY, DINWIDDIE, AND WE WON'T SELL YOU ANY MORE STUFF. OKAY. (CLICK) Where's my order blanks?

MOL: In your hand.

FIB: Oh yes...pencil...PENCIL...WHERE'S MY PENCIL?

MOL: Behind your ear.

FIB: Which ear, come, come...this is my busy day...WHICH EAR?

MOL: Your left ear, and don't get executive with me, dearie! I knew you when you thought a dotted line was a leopard.

FIB: WELL, GEE WHIZZ, BEIN' WESTERN REPRESENTATIVE FOR THE AY-JAY-BEE CORPORATION IS NO CINCH! HEY, WHY DON'T THAT GUY FROM THE TYPEWRITER COMPANY SHOW UP?

MOL: He's waiting out in the hall now. Shall I bring him in?

FIB: OF COURSE NOT!! WHAT KIND OF A BUSINESS MAN WOULD I BE TO SEE A GUY THE MINUTE HE ARRIVES? KEEP HIM WAITING.

MOL: It always makes you angry to be kept waiting.

FIB: That's a different matter. When you're a driver you hate pedestrians. When you're a pedestrian, you hate drivers. That's life.

MOL: If that's life, I'll take the Ladies Home Journal.

FIB: Okay. But look, I'm very busy today and I don't wanna be dist ----

TELEPHONE

FIB: I'll get that.

MOL: That's very sweet of you, considering you've got the phone in your hand.

FIB: (CLICK) WESTERN BRANCH, AY-JAY-BEE CORPORATION. MCGEE SPEAKIN'. WHO? OH YES, CONWAY. WHAT? WELL, WAIT TILL I GET ONE OF MY EMPLOYEES TO LOOK THAT UP. (ASIDE) HEY, MOLLY - LOOK IN THE ORDER FILE AND SEE WHEN THE SHIPMENT WENT OUT TO CONWAY, AT CLEVELAND...INDIANA.

MOL: CLEVELAND is in OHIO.

FIB: That must be where I made my mistake. (IN PHONE) HELLO, CONWAY? YOUR ORDER WAS RE-ROUTED THRU INDIANA BECAUSE OF SHIPPING DIFFICULTIES...YOU'LL GET IT TOMORROW. YES YES YES...SEVENTY THOUSAND RED AND TWENTY THOUSAND GREEN. OKAY CONWAY. (CLICK)

MOL: How about the typewriter man...want to see him now? Or shall I put him in the spare bedroom till Thursday?

FIB: How long have I kept him waiting? Hmmm. Ten minutes. Well, that ain't very impressive, but bring him in.

MOL: Yes, Mr. McGee.

FIB: YOU DON'T HAVE TO CURTSEY EVERY TIME YOU SPEAK TO ME.

MOL: It's just a mark of respect and a tight girdle.

DOOR OPEN

MOL: Mr. McGee will see you now, please.

DOOR SLAM

MAN: I'm from the Wistful Vista Type --

FIB: JUST A MINUTE, MY MAN! *Mrs. McGee* Miss Driscoll, did that letter come thru from Secretary Morgenthau? In answer to my wire?

MOL: Yes, sir. He said that just as soon as the time comes, he wants you to act in an advisory capacity.

FIB: What does he mean, "when the time comes?" What'd he say exactly?

MOL: Well, exactly, he said: "WHEN I WANT YOUR ADVICE I'LL ASK FOR IT."

FIB: *Hank* Ahh, good old Henry! NOW THEN, MY GOOD MAN, STATE YOUR BUSINESS BRIEFLY. THIS IS MY BUSY DAY.

MAN: I'm from the Wistful Vista Typewr ----

TELEPHONE:

FIB: Hold it a minute. (CLICK) WESTERN BRANCH, AY-JAY-BEE CORPORATION. WHO? LONG DISTANCE? OKAY, CONNECT ME. (PHONE RATTLE) OH HELLO THERE! HOW ARE YOU? OKAY, GLAD TO HELP YOU, BUD. (PAUSE) NO, THAT'S WRONG. WHEN YOU LAND, KEEP YOUR FLAPS DOWN, SEE? THAT KILLS YOUR LANDING SPEED. EH? OH NOT AT ALL. GOOD LUCK! (CLICK)

MOL: Who was that?

FIB: Jimmie Doolittle. That's a funny thing...you get to be big business man and people want your advice about everything. Now let's see, OH YES, I GOTTA CALL THE SNARK-OFFENBACK COMPANY IN ST. LOUIS...THEY ---

MAN: Look, mister, I'm from the Wistful Vista Typewriter and We-Fix-Fountain-Pens-While-You-Wait-Only-Not-Any-More-Till-The-War's-Over-Company. I brung you a typewriter.

MOL: Better take it, McGee...they're pretty hard to get.

FIB: Let's see it, bud....set it on the desk here.

MAN: Okay.

THUD

FIB: Hmm... (RATTLE OF TYPEWRITER KEYS) Seems to have all the letters on it. How about numbers? HEY WHERE'S THE FIGURE ONE? WHAT? (YELLS) I DON'T CARE!

MAN: Uh...you uh...they always use the letter "L" for the figger one, mister.

MOL: Lower case "l", McGee... put it, with the ---

FIB: WELL I DON'T WANT ANY TYPEWRITER THAT HAS TO USE A MAKESHIFT NUMBER LIKE THAT!! THAT'S RIDICULOUS. I WANNA TYPEWRITER WITH ALL THE NUMBERS, FROM ONE TO TEN, EXCLUSIVE.

MAN: They...uh...they don't make 'em, mister. They're all like this.

FIB: WELL I DON'T WANT IT, SEE. YOU DON'T PUT ANYTHING LIKE THAT OVER ON ME!

MAN: Well....uh...what'll I do with it, mister....take it back?

MOL: Yes, I think that would --

FIB: IT MAKES NO NEVER MIND TO ME WHAT YOU DO WITH IT. THROW IT OUT THE WINDOW, I DON'T CARE.

MAN: I don't....uh....care either. It ain't my typewriter.

GLASS CRASH: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

FIB: Why that....impudent....STUFF SOMETHING IN THAT BROKEN WINDOW, PLEASE, MRS. MCGEE. WE GOT WORK TO DO HERE. I'LL-----

TELEPHONE

FIB: MCGEE SPEAKIN'. WESTERN BRANCH OF THE AY-JAY-BEE CORP. EH? WHADDYMEAN.THEY WEREN'T WRAPPED AS USUAL? HAVEN'T YOU HEARD OF THE PAPER SHORTAGE, BUD? WE'RE NOT WRAPPING THINGS AS FANCY AS WE USED TO. DO YOU REALIZE IT TAKES 25 TONS OF BLUEPRINT PAPER TO BUILD A BATTLESHIP? THAT EVERY 500-POUND BOMB TAKES 12 POUNDS OF PAPER? WHAT? (YELLS) I DON'T CARE IF YOUR WIFE DOES LIKE TO BLOW UP THE PAPER BAGS.....WE GOT A WAR ON! (CLICK) Now lemme see....where's my memo pad?

MOL: Right here where you put it, with the outgoing mail.

FIB: Oh yes. LOOK,..WE GOTTA FIX-----

DOOR OPEN

ALICE: Hello, Mr. McGee....Hello Mrs. McGee....Creepers, what's going on around here?

FIB: WELL I DON'T WANT IT, SEE. YOU DON'T PUT ANYTHING LIKE THAT OVER ON ME!

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DOOR OPEN

ALICE: Hello, Mr. McGee....Hello Mrs. McGee....Creepers, what's going on around here?

MOL: Hello, Alice. Well, Mr. McGee is now the Western representative for the AY-JAY-BEE CORPORATION OF NEW YORK.

FIB: Gettin' this whole territory sewed up, Alice.

ALICE: But what are you selling, Mr. McGee?

MOL: Why the AY-JAY-BEE Corp ---

FIB: AH AH AHH...WE CAN'T TELL, ALICE. GOTTA FINISH SEWIN' UP THE TERRITORY FIRST....HEY, ALICE, YOU WRITE SHORTHAND?

ALICE: Shorthand?

MOL: Yes, didn't you have Gregg in High School? Or Pittman?

ALICE: I didn't know any Pittman, but Helen Bonfield had Gregg and I had a fellow named Artie, which he was forward on the basketball team and backward at everything else, and----

FIB: NO NO NO....CAN YOU DO SECRETARIAL STUFF? CAN YOU TAKE DICTATION?

ALICE: Oh, yes. But not very fast. On account of I never know whether the "I" comes before the "E" or the "E" before the "I" in words like peanut-butter.

MOL: You don't have to be expert, Alice. Since Mussolini fell on his face, McGee is the world's worst dictator!

FIB: COME COME COME!!! NEVER MIND THE IDLE GOSSIP, GIRLS. THIS IS A BUSINESS OFFICE! READY, MISS DARLING?

ALICE: I'm off in a cloud of eraser crumbs.  
 MOL: Who's this letter to, McGee?  
 FIB: It's very urgent. Been tryin' to get this out all week.  
 HERE WE GO, ALICE. THE ADDRESS IS--

TELEPHONE:  
 FIB: Just a minute. (CLICK) HELLO...CALL ME BACK! (CLICK)  
 The address is MR. FRED NITNEY, STARVED ROCK, ILLINOIS.  
 MOL: Oh, dear!  
 FIB: (CLEARS THROAT) DEAR FRED...

ORCH: "COULD IT BE YOU"

APPLAUSE:  
 (Faint, mostly illegible text follows, including lines like "So good-bye for now, Fred, old man, and Happy New Year...")

FIB: (STILL DICTATING) "...and in conclusion, Fred, I must say that I don't think going out again with our old vaudeville act will be feasible at this time because I am now exclusive representative in this territory for the AY-JAY-BEE CORP., OF NEW YORK, AND BESIDES I'd be a little slow at pickin' up our old dance routines."

MOL: I'll say you would, dearie...It's been so long since you danced with me that "Pretty Baby" has three sons in the Marines.

ALICE: Is that all, Mr. McGee?

FIB: No. "So good-bye for now, Fred, old man, and Happy New Year. Signed, Your old pal and partner, Fibber (Don't Send Out Your Laundry) McGee." That's all, Alice.

ALICE: All right, Mr. McGee...here you are.

FIB: HEY, I DON'T WANT THIS. I CAN'T READ SHORTHAND.

ALICE: You can't? Can you, Mrs. McGee?

MOL: No, I can't, Alice. Can't you?

ALICE: Why, no. I learned to write it, but I never learned to read it.

FIB: As a private secretary, Alice, you'd be a little too private. A guy couldn't even read his own letters. But thanks very much, anyway.

ALICE: Oh, that's all right, Mr. McGee...I was glad to help. Goodbye.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: She was glad to help! That kid is as bright as a new dollar. In paper money. Now, let's see --

TELEPHONE:

MOL: I'll get it. (CLICK) WESTERN BRANCH OF THE AY-JAY-BEE CORPORATION, OTHERWISE 79 WISTFUL VISTA, MOLLY MCGEE SPEAKIN'. YES, I'LL TAKE THE ORDER. Get this, McGee. FORTY THOUSAND RED...  
 FIB: 40 thousand red.  
 MOL: SIXTY THOUSAND GREEN...  
 FIB: Sixty thousand green...  
 MOL: Eight thousand black...  
 FIB: 8 thousand black.  
 MOL: Twelve thousand...er...what? MCGEE, DOES THE AY-JAY-BEE CORPORATION MAKE PURPLE ONES?  
 FIB: Nope. Discontinued. Can't get the dyes for 'em.  
 MOL: HELLO, NO, THE PURPLE HAS BEEN DISCONTINUED. WHY DON'T YOU GET MORE RED AND SOME BLUE, LINE 'EM UP ON A SHELF AND SHAKE YOUR HEAD AT THEM? THEY'LL LOOK PURPLE. YES, WE'LL SHIP 'EM RIGHT AWAY. (CLICK) Oh, I didn't thank them for the order.  
 FIB: You should thank them for the order!! Ha hah! That's a good one. They should be happy we even talk to 'em on the phone. Who was it?  
 MOL: They didn't say.  
 FIB: THEY DIDN'T SAY!!! AN ORDER FOR A HUNDRED 'N EIGHT THOUSAND AND...Oh my gosh...let me answer the phone after this. Look, empty this waste basket, will you? And who's actin' as reception clerk?  
 MOL: Nobody, dearie. I was, but I quit. You embarrassed me by keeping people waiting so long.

FIB: WELL DOGGONE IT, A BIG EXECUTIVE CAN'T HAVE PEOPLE SITTING ON THE EDGE OF HIS DESK ALL DAY LONG!  
 MOL: Yes, they might be in the way if you wanted to make an extra-long chain of paper clips.  
 FIB: WHERE'S UNCLE DENNIS?  
 MOL: Upstairs, with the flu.  
 FIB: HE'S FAKIN'!  
 MOL: HE'S NO SUCH A THING! HE HAS A TEMPERATURE OF 105°!  
 FIB: He's had that for thirty years. Ever since he found out they dip the thermometers in alcohol. I never knew how--  
DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:  
 MOL: Yes sir? Whom was it you wished to see about?  
 VON: I want to see Mr. McGee. A friend of yours suggested I drop in.  
 FIB: Oh-oh! (ASIDE) (This is a touch, Molly. I can smell 'em a mile.) JUST SIT DOWN, BUD. THIS IS MY BUSY DAY. BE WITH YOU SHORTLY.  
 VON: All right, sir. I'll just read one of these books, if you don't mind.  
 MOL: Not at all. Try this one: "The Rover Boys in Southern Waters."  
 FIB: HEY, DON'T LOSE MY PLACE IN THAT!  
 VON: I think I'll read A Tree Grows in Brooklyn. I've been out on a limb with the Dodgers so often, myself.  
 MOL: Just make yourself at home. Well, McGee?  
 FIB: TAKE A TELEGRAM.  
 MOL: Night letter?



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MOL: Night letter?

FIB: Day letter. They got girls deliverin' 'em now, and I don't wanna keep 'em out after dark. To: CRADDOCK, O'HALLORAN AND CROOP. CINCINATTI. YOU ARE RASCALS, PIRATES, CROOKS, BUMS, GANGSTERS AND HORSETHIEVES.

(SIGNED) Fibber McGee.

MOL: That's only 9 words. You've got one word coming.

FIB: Add "REGARDS". Get that off right away, please. NOW THEN, BUD, STATE YOUR BUSINESS BRIEFLY. Who sent you?

VON: Mr. Wilcox. Harlow Wilcox. He is incapacitated.

MOL: How far is that from here?

VON: I mean he is ill, Mrs. McGee. He has the flu.

FIB: WHAT? JUNIOR GOT IT, TOO? THAT'S TOO BAD...er...what was your name again, bud?

VON: Von Zell. Harry Von Zell.

MOL: OH, HOW DO YOU DO, I'M SURE!! We saw you one night when we went to see an Eddie Cantor broadcast.

FIB: That Cantor!! Where does he get all that energy, Von Wilcox?

VON: Von Zell.

FIB: Yeah. Where does Cantor get all that energy, Von Zell?

VON: He just saves it up from not having to play football with his little boys.

MOL: Well, fancy meeting the famous Harlow Von Zell!

VON: Er...HARRY Von Zell, Mrs. McGee.

MOL: Oh, yes.

FIB: Well, what did Wilcox want, bud? He send us a message of any kind?

VON: Well, yes he did, Mr. McGee. He was worried about what those people up in...er...Oshkosh...er...Milwaukee...that place in Wisconsin --

MOL: RACINE?

VON: RACINE!! That's it. He was worried about what they'd think if somebody didn't drop in and say something nice about that...er...stuff that...er...that...well, you know...

FIB: Johnson's Wax?

VON: JOHNSON'S WAX!! YES!! He says it's the finest...er... well, it seems that if you...it's very good for...

MOL: IT'S THE FINEST WAX PROTECTION OBTAINABLE FOR FLOORS, FURNITURE, WOOD-WORK AND ALL ENAMELED SURFACES. Is that it?

VON: THOSE WERE ALMOST HIS EXACT WORDS! HOW DID YOU KNOW?

FIB: We know him, bud. Johnson's Wax is the biggest thing in his life...ever since he left school in Omaha.

MOL: They say that when he was supposed to deliver the class oration, he took a look at the floor of the auditorium and forgot his speech. All he could say was TSK! TSK, TSK!

VON: There was one more thing he wanted me to say. Something to the effect that...er...now, wait a minute...I think it was...that is...er...this product...

FIB: Johnson's Wax.

VON: Yes, that JOHNSON'S WAX IS EXTREMELY IMPORTANT RIGHT NOW BECAUSE IT...ER...it...er...Oh, darn it...WHY is it important right now?

MOL: Because these days we have to give our things added protection and make them last, and Johnson's Wax seals surfaces against dust and dampness, thus giving them greater beauty and longer life.

VON: EXACTLY, Mrs. McGee...THAT WAS IT!! Well, nice to have seen you both.

FIB: Thanks. Drop in again, Von Zell.

VON: The name is Von Wilcox...er...NO IT ISN'T, EITHER. IT'S VON ZELL. HARLOW VON ZE---NO. IT'S HARRY VON WILC-- Who am I?

MOL: Milton Cross.

VON: Gee, I better watch my diction: GOODBYE, NOW!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

FIB: Hope Junior hasn't got it too bad.

MOL: I'll send him some ~~jelly~~ *chicken soup* and a

TELEPHONE:

FIB: I got it. (CLICK) WESTERN BRANCH, AY-JAY-BEE CORP. YES... YES YES...YOU A RETAILER, BUD? WE ONLY SELL TO ROBBERS AND WHOLESALERS.

MOL: Read that again, dearie.

FIB: EH? Oh. (IN PHONE) I SAY WE ONLY SELL TO JOBBERS AND WHOLESALERS, BUD. OKAY. TWENTY THOUSAND EACH OF RED, WHITE, GREEN, YELLOW AND BLACK. NO BROWN? OKAY. AND WE SHIP THE STUFF IN BULK, BUD. NO FANCY WRAPPINGS, ON ACCOUNT OF WE'RE CONSERVING PAPER. GOVERNMENT SAYS IF WE CUT DOWN OUR WRAPPING PAPER USAGE 25%, IT'LL SAVE 250,000 TONS O' PAPER ANNUAL. THEY CAN PACK A LOT OF BLOOD PLASMA IN THAT, BUD. OKAY. GOODBYE. (CLICK) Put that down, Molly. A hundred thousand to Murdock, Peasley and Grooblestem.

MOL: Why don't you do it yourself?

FIB: Haven't got time. I'm busy. Gee whizz -- you'd think all I had to do was set around and make paper airplanes.

MOL: You don't know how, anyway!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

MOL: HENH, MAKING PAPER AIRPLANES, I SEE. THE NAME

there's one man in town who has some...

FIB: I'M NOT INTERESTED!

MOL: HE HASN'T GOT TIME TO DO IT... I'VE GOT TO GO...

because I can't afford it... I don't have time...

might have time for that some time...

...now could anybody like to make a...

...laugh!

...I'M A VERY BUSY MAN...

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...I'M A VERY BUSY MAN...

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FIB: OH, I WOULDN'T, WOULDN'T I? GIMME ONE OF THEM LETTERHEADS. LOO... (RUSTLE OF PAPER) YOU MERELY FOLD IT DOWN THE MIDDLE... TAKE THE TWO CORNERS, AND --

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

DOC: AH H H H, MAKING PAPER AIRPLANES, I SEE. I'm glad there's one man in town who has sense enough to loaf.

FIB: I'M NOT LOAFING!!!

MOL: He was just showing me how to make a paper airplane because I said he couldn't do it when he said he didn't have time for that sort of thing, Doctor.

DOC: I see. Now would anybody like to explain the explanation?

FIB: LOOK, DOC... I'M A VERY BUSY MAN TODAY. I JUST BEEN MADE WESTERN REP OF A VERY BIG CONCERN.

DOC: What's a rep? A Reprobate, a Republican or a Reprehensible Representative?

MOL: It means he's got this whole territory--

FIB: Territory!

DOC: TERRITORY!

FIB: I GOT THIS WHOLE DISTRICT FOR THE AY-JAY-BEE CORPORATION OF NEW YORK.

DOC: Never heard of 'em. But if it'll help you any, you can reserve me a berth to San Francisco in some plane, leaving next week.

MOL: Reserve you a berth in a plane?

FIB: What's that got to do with me?

DOC: I don't know. I just thought anybody that would hire you as a representative must be a fly-by-night outfit. And I like to fly by night. It's not so bumpy.

FIB: I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW, DOCTOR GAMBLE, THAT THE AY JAY BEE CORP. DOES MORE BUSINESS PER ANNUM THAN ANY SIMILAR BUSINESS IN ITS FIELD!

DOC: And what is the field, dear boy?

MOL: They make those --

FIB: AH AH AH H!! EASY, MOLLY. CAN'T TELL ANYBODY FOR A WHILE, DOC. DAY OR SO ANYWAY. I'M TAKIN' THIS ON TRIAL, SEE AND UNTIL I GET THE TERRITORY SEWED UP, I'LL --

TELEPHONE:

FIB: Excuse me.

DOC: Not at all. And I won't pretend that I'm not listening.

FIB: (CLICK) AY-JAY-BEE CORP. MCGEE SPEAKING. YES. WHO? ZACHARY, FINSTON, PLUMTREE AND GERCH? YES... WE CAN GIVE YOU TWENTY THOUSAND RED, FOURTEEN THOUSAND YELLOW, AND NINE THOUSAND BROWN. HOW ABOUT BLACK? STILL GOT A STOCK? OKAY, PLUMTREE. AND DON'T EXPECT OUR USUAL FANCY WRAPPINGS, SEE? WE'RE WORKIN' WITH THE GOVERNMENT TO CONSERVE PAPER. EH? SHORTAGE OF MANPOWER TO CUT TIMBER AND EXTRA DEMANDS FOR PAPER IN THE WAR. WELL, IT'S AS GOOD AS DONE, PLUMTREE! GOODBYE. (CLICK)

MOL: And what's as good as done for old Plumtree?

FIB: He says he wants to save paper, too. Says if we can send him some goods to sell, he can maybe take the cardboard out of his shoes.

DOC: I admit to a burning curiosity, McGee. Just what can you be selling in 43-thousand lots? Grasshoppers?

MOL: He won't tell, Doctor. He's very close-mouthed when he wants to be.

DOC: Really? He's usually popping off like a Japanese light bulb.

FIB: IS THAT SO!!! IF YOU COME IN HERE TO INTERRUPT A BUSY MAN AT HIS WORK -

DOC: BUSY MAN, MY MEDULLA OBLONGATA! WHEN I CAME IN HERE YOU WERE BUSY MAKING A P. 38. P FOR PAPER.

MOL: I explained that, Doctor.

DOC: Not to my satisfaction, my dear.

FIB: AND WHO ARE YOU THAT WE HAVE TO EXPLAIN THINGS TO, YOU BIG EPIDEMIC CHASER?

DOC: DON'T TAKE THAT TONE TO ME, MCGEE.....

MOL: Now boys --

DOC: BECAUSE IN THE FIRST PLACE, YOU CAN'T BACK YOURSELF UP, PHYSICALLY, AND VERBALLY I CAN SPOT YOU SIX MILLION ADJECTIVES AND STILL PIN YOUR EARS BACK TO YOUR ODDLY -SHAPED CRANIUM.

FIB: WHY YOU GREAT BIG --

TELEPHONE:

MOL: I'll get it, McGee. (CLICK) WESTERN OFFICE, AY JAY BEE CORPORATION. YES...WHO? FRISBY, CANTWELL, AND SNAGG? I'LL TAKE THE ORDER. TEN THOUSAND RED....

FIB: Ten thousand red.

MOL: FIFTEEN THOUSAND WHITE -

FIB: >15 THOUSAND WHITE.

DOC: That's a low count. Must be anaemic.

MOL: TWELVE THOUSAND GREEN. IS THAT ALL? THANK YOU. (CLICK)

FIB: Got that, McGee?

FIB: I got it. Now lemme see....what was I saying?

DOC: Your last words were WHY YOU GREAT BIG.

FIB: Eh? Oh yes. WHY YOU GREAT BIG IODINE PEDDLER -

(MUSIC SNEAK IN)

- YOU GOT A LOTTA NERVE TO COME BUSTIN' INTO A BUSINESS MAN'S OFFICE AND STARTIN' A FUSS. ONE OF THESE DAYS YOU'LL -----

ORCH: "THE TIME IS NOW" - KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE

DOC: SMILE & CLAP

DOC: AND IF I HAD MY OWN, MRS. CLANDERHAWK, I'D LIKE A THIRTYFOUR OF CLIPPER'S BAKERS' BREAD FOR MY TWO HOUSES, AND LET ME KNOW IF YOUR EYESHOTS ARE GETTING WORSE. DON'T MENTION IT, MRS. CLANDERHAWK. GOOD BYE. (CLICK)

FIB: Mrs. Clanderhawk, look

DOC: One of my patients. Fine. And, Mrs. C. I will have a few minutes later. It's a very nice woman.

DOC: Come on, McGee. Tell me what you're selling.

FIB: I CAN'T TELL YOU, DOC. NOT TILL I GET THIS TORRITARRY SEWED UP EXCLUSIVE. BESIDES, DON'T YOU KNOW THERE'S A WAR ON?

DOC: What's that got to do with it?

FIB: I donno. But that's gettin' to be the stock answer, so -

MOL: Look, McGee...can you take time off for a few minutes to help me? I want to defrost the refrigerator and you can help me take the things out.

FIB: Okay. EXCUSE US A MINUTE, DOC.

DOC: Go right ahead, my boy. Mind if I use the phone?

MOL: (FADING) Not at all Doctor. No use letting it cool off.

DOOR SLAM:

DOC: (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR? GIVE ME WISTFUL VISTA 8976.  
(HUMS) HELLO, PETE? DOC GAMBLE. GET THIS THE FIRST TIME.  
I DON'T WANT TO REPEAT. COME TO 79 WISTFUL VISTA. WEAR THAT PHONEY POLICE BADGE. MAN NAMED MCGEE HERE. MAKE HIM TELL YOU WHAT HE'S SELLING. WHAT? NO NO NO...BUT HE'S SUCH A COCKY LITTLE WEISENHEIMER, I WANT TO SEE HIM SQUIRM. AND LOOK...YOU AND I ARE STRANGERS, SO IF HE ---

DOOR OPEN & CLOSE

DOC: AND IF I WERE YOU, MRS. CLADDERHATCH, I'D TAKE A TEASPOONFUL OF CITRATE OF PARENTHESIS EVERY TWO HOURS. AND LET ME KNOW IF YOUR EYEBROWS KEEP TWITCHING. DON'T MENTION IT, MRS. CLADDERHATCH. GOOD BYE. (CLICK)

FIB: Who's Mrs. Cladderhatch, Doc?

DOC: One of my patients. Fine woman. Mind if I wait here a few minutes, McGee? I'm expecting another call.

FIB: No I don't care, Doc.. Long's it don't interfere with the business of the AY-JAY-BEE CORP. They always.....

TELEPHONE

MOL: Shall I get it, McGee? He's been using the telephone so much today, Doctor, he started dialing his swiss cheese at lunch.

FIB: No, I'll get it. (CLICK) WESTERN BRANCH, AT JAY BEE CORP. MCGEE SPEAKIN': WHO? SNODGRASS, HANSON AND PRENTWHISTLE? OKAY, HOW MANY: FORTY THOUSAND GREEN AND THIRTEEN THOUSAND ORANGE. OKAY, SNODGRASS, AND SNODGRASS!! DON'T EXPECT ANY FANCY PACKAGING. WE'RE CUTTIN' DOWN ON UNNECESSARY WRAPPING THESE DAYS. TO SAVE PAPER. OKAY. AND A PROSPEROUS 1943 TO YOU, SNODGRASS. (CLICK) Write that order up, will you, Molly?

MOL: All right.

DOC: Why did you wish the man a prosperous 1943, McGee? This is 1944. Remember?

FIB: Certainly. But have you seen the new tax blanks? You won't know whether you've had a prosperous 1944 until about 1956. That's why I always---

DOOR OPEN & CLOSE:

MAN: WHICH ONE OF YOU GUYS IS MCGEE?

DOC: This gentleman is Mr. McGee. I am Doctor Gamble.

FIB: WHATEVER YOUR SELLIN', BUD. I DON'T WANT ANY. THIS IS A VERY BUSY DAY FOR ME AND -

MAN: What's your business, McGee?

FIB: Whatever it is, it's none of yours. Now go away and -

TELEPHONE:

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MAN: What's your business, McGee?

FIB: Whatever it is, it's none of yours. Now go away and -

TELEPHONE:

FIB: Excuse me. (CLICK) WESTERN BRANCH, AY-JAY-BEE CORP. YES YES....HAGSTROM, FLANDERS AND QUIMBY? OKAY...TEN THOUSAND RED AND SEVEN THOUSAND GREEN. NO BLACK. OKAY, HAGSTROM. I'LL PUT THE ORDER RIGHT THRU. (CLICK) Let's see now, ten thousand red....

MAN: TEN THOUSAND RED WHAT?

FIB: What's it to you? NOW LOOK, BUD, I'M A BUSY MAN AND I HAVEN'T GOT TIME TO....(PAUSE) Oh. A cop eh? What's wrong, officer?

(REVISED) -27-

MOL: (ENTERING) McGee, where did you put the...Oh excuse me.  
FIB: My wife, officer.  
MOL: How do you do, I'm...OFFICER! WHO CALLED THE POLICE?  
DOC: He just came in, Mrs. McGee. He wants to know what your husband is selling.  
FIB: THAT'S NOBODY'S BUSINESS BUT...but...but...whaddye wanna know for?  
MAN: Been complaints. Tying up the telephones...suspected of running a boiler room.  
MOL: What on earth is a boiler room?  
DOC: That's a high pressure outfit that does a phoney business over the telephone, Mrs. McGee. Of course in this case, there's no....  
MAN: YOU STAY OUT OF THIS, MISTER. NOW LOOK, MCGEE...WE WANT TO KNOW ABOUT THIS...IF IT'S ON THE UP AND UP, OKAY... OTHERWISE...  
MOL: THIS IS A PERFECTLY LEGITIMATE BUSINESS. MY HUSBAND IS THE WESTERN REPRESENTATIVE OF THE AY-JAY-BEE CORPORATION OF NEW YORK.  
FIB: Absolutely.  
MAN: WHAT ARE YOU SELLING?  
(PAUSE)  
DOC: Does he HAVE to tell, officer?  
MAN: CERTAINLY. I HEARD HIM MYSELF...TEN THOUSAND RED...SEVEN THOUSAND GREEN. COME COME...SPEAK UP, MCGEE. WHAT ARE YOU SELLING?  
(PAUSE)  
FIB: Jelly beans.  
DOC: JELLY BEANS!! OH THIS IS RIDICULOUS! COME ON, PETE!  
MUSIC: "DO I LOVE YOU" FADE FOR:

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
TUESDAY 8:30 PM PWT NBC  
JANUARY 4, 1944

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL

ANNOUNCER: From the many letters we have received during this past year, it's apparent that JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO COAT is an important product in most households today. It does save you many hours of work, and it does make your linoleum last so much longer -- actually 6 to 10 times longer. It's one way you can practice conservation right in your own home. JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO COAT, for those of you who haven't tried it yet, is the easy-to-use floor polish that needs no rubbing or buffing, that shines as it dries, with practically no work. It keeps the colors of linoleum bright, because it gives protection as well as gleaming beauty to the surface.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)



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 SELF POLISHING GLO  
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 y to the surface.

TAG

FIB: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE PAPER SHORTAGE IS REALLY  
 SERIOUS. PAPER IS AN ESSENTIAL WAR MATERIAL AND THE  
 MANPOWER SHORTAGE IN 1943 CUT THE PRODUCTION OF PULPWOOD  
 WAY DOWN. IT'LL BE EVEN MORE SERIOUS IN 1944.

MOL: SO LET'S DISCOURAGE WASTING OF PAPER. ACCEPT UNWRAPPED  
 GOODS WHEREVER POSSIBLE. USE AND RE-USE YOUR OWN  
 SHOPPING CONTAINERS.

FIB: AND SPEAKING OF SHORTAGES, WE'RE A LITTLE SHORT  
 OURSELVES TONIGHT.

MOL: YES, WE'RE SORRY THAT HARLOW AND BILLY MILLS AND RANSOM  
 SHERMAN COULDN'T SHAKE OFF THEIR FLU FAST ENOUGH TO BE  
 WITH US TONIGHT.

FIB: BUT WE HOPE THEY'LL ALL BE BACK WITH US NEXT WEEK -- --  
 migosh, all this work pilin' up on me --

MOL: MCGEE!

FIB: Eh? Oh - goodnight.

MOL: GOODNIGHT, ALL.

ORCH: (CLOSING SIGNATURE) SEGUE (THEME) FADE ON CUE.

VON ZELL: This is Harry Von Zell, batting for my good friend,  
 Harlow Wilcox, and inviting you, on behalf of the makers  
 of JOHNSON WAX FINISHES for home and industry, to tune  
 in again next Tuesday night. Goodnight.

WRITERS: Don Quinn  
 Phil Leslie

"FIB

TUESDAY, JANUARY 11, 1944