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"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR
JOHNSON'S WAX

June 3, 1947

#36

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

ORCH: THEME...FADE FOR:

- WILCOX: The makers of Johnson's Wax Products for home and industry present Fibber McGee and Molly - with Bill Thompson, Gale Gordon, Arthur Q. Bryan, and me, Harlow Wilcox. The script is by Don Quinn and Phil Leslie - music by the King's Men and Billy Mills' Orchestra!

ORCH: THEME UP AND FADE FOR:

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
6-3-1947

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: In many magazines this month you'll see another of these beautiful full-page color advertisements for JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT. You know the ones I mean -- they show linoleum floors that are half dull and half shining. These photographs are our way of showing you what a wonderfully bright shine you can expect when you use JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. GLO-COAT is easy to use -- you simply apply it and let it dry -- but oh! That GLO-COAT shine! Without rubbing or buffing, JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT dries to a bright wax polish that makes linoleum and other floors look really beautiful. And GLO-COAT is such a work saver. Dusting is easy, and spilled things wipe up from a shining GLO-COATED floor with just a damp cloth. Linoleum keeps new looking years longer, too. Why not get some JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT the very next time you shop? After we hear FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY, I'm going to announce a very special offer, so be sure to listen.

ORCH: BRIDGE INTO OPENING:

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FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
6-3-47

(REVISED) -4-

WILCOX: WHEN YOU COME ACROSS ONE OF THOSE "HOW-MUCH-DO-YOU-KNOW"? QUIZZES IN A MAGAZINE, THERE ARE THREE WAYS YOU CAN PLAY IT.

1. THE SMART WAY: SKIP PAST AND PRETEND YOU DIDN'T SEE IT.
2. THE SNIDE WAY: TURN RIGHT TO THE ANSWERS. AND,
3. THE HONEST WAY: GET A PENCIL, SIT DOWN AND MAKE A BUM OF THE EDITORS. LIKE MRS. MCGEE, OF.....

....FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

MOL: Now let me see...number seven, "What kind of fur is used to make felt?"

FIB: That's a trick question, kiddo. Don't let 'em fool you. Felt is made outa old hats. They grind 'em up.

MOL: I think it's rabbit fur. I'll put that down. Rabbit fur.

FIB: (CHUCKLES) Well, don't say I didn't warn you, snooky.

MOL: Question eight: "What is the chemical formula for water?"

FIB: If they mean our city water, that's easy. One part mud, three parts bubbles, and enough chlorine to calamine Paul Whiteman.

MOL: Water is Hydrogen, two parts oxygen. H₂O.

FIB: I was part right. Bubbles is oxygen.

MOL: Question nine: "What was Woodrow Wilson's first name?"

FIB: Skip that one. It's too easy. Woodrow.

MOL: It was Thomas. Thomas Woodrow Wilson.

FIB: Oh sure! (LAUGHS)

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(REVISED) -5-

MOL: And the last question: "Wheredoes quinine come from"?

FIB: The drug store.

MOL: I think it's the bark of the cinchona tree. Let me see now, answers on page 83. (TURNING PAGES) WELL HEAVENLY DAYS ... ONE HUNDRED PERCENT! I ANSWERED THEM ALL RIGHT!

FIB: Well, those questions were very simple of course. You know what I did, in this very room, last monday night?

MOL: Yes, you upset your rootbeer all over the rug.

FIB: I LISTENED TO DR. I.Q. AND IF I'D OF BEEN IN HIS THEATRE AUDIENCE, I'D HAVE WON TWENTY-THREE BOXES OF SNICKERS!

MOL: That's what they give the losers, dearie.

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FIB: YOU'RE NOT A LOSER IF YOU WIN SOMETHING! BY GEORGE, ONE OF THESE DAYS I'LL GET ON INFORMATION PLEASE. THEN JUST WAIT TILL THEY ASK ME TO FINISH THAT POEM ABOUT THE BOY STOOD ON THE BURNING DECK!

MOL: Can you finish it?

FIB: I'll say I can:

THE BOY STOOD ON THE BURNING DECK
WHENCE ALL BUT HIM HAD FLEW -
'T WAS A CATTLE BOAT AND HE SET IT AFIRE
'CAUSE HE WANTED A BARBECUE! And if they ask me anything about Shakespeare, I'll--

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh, it's Mayor La Trivia. Do come in, Your Honor.

DOOR CLOSE:

GALE: Good day, Molly. Hello, McGee.

FIB: Hiya, Politico. Don't tell us you came straight from the City Hall, because nobody ever did.

GALE: That's one man's opinion, and I'll take it for what it's worth, which is practically nothing. Did you vote in the recent municipal elections, McGee?

MOL: No, he didn't, Mr. Mayor.

FIB: I was too busy, La Triv. The hinge broke on my fishing tackle box, and I was all over town tryin' to find a welder.

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(REVISED) -7-

GALE: I see. You're the type of citizen who'd rather cast aspersions than votes. BUT, you can't dampen my spirits today. I just came from Federal Court, where I had a very happy experience.

MOL: Acquitted, were you?

FIB: What were you up for, La Triv? Drawing P-38s on three-cent stamps and using 'em for air mail?

GALE: I WASN'T UP FOR ANYTHING. I WAS IN COURT AS A CHARACTER WITNESS IN SOME CITIZENSHIP PROCEEDINGS. I NEVER SAW A HAPPIER GROUP OF PEOPLE.

MOL: It must mean a lot to them, to be citizens.

FIB: IT SHOULD. IT MEANS A LOT TO ME TO BE A CITIZEN, TOO.

GALE: Can you prove you are a citizen, McGee?

FIB: I DON'T HAVE TO PROVE IT. I WAS BORN IN THE UNITED STATES.

GALE: May I see your birth certificate.

MOL: He hasn't any, Mr. Mayor. It was destroyed when the court house burned down in 1916.

GALE: Really. (LAUGHS) Well, don't come to me for help when they start deportation proceedings, McGee.

FIB: DEPORTATION PROCEEDINGS! I'M A UNITED STATES CITIZEN. THEY CAN'T DEPORTATE ME. (PAUSE) Can they?

GALE: How about you, Molly? Have you anything to prove your citizenship?

MOL: Oh yes, I have a passport. I was going to Europe, once, until I found out how much it would cost.

GALE: A passport is proof enough. You're in the clear.

(REVISED) -8-

FIB: HEY NOW, WAIT A MINUTE. YOU MEAN THE GOVERNMENT CAN SEND ME AWAY SIMPLY BECAUSE I GOT NO PAPERS TO PROVE THAT I... you're kidding, aren't you, La Triv?

(PAUSE)

FIB: He's kidding, isn't he, Molly?

MOL: Oh, for goodness sakes, dearie. Stop worrying. What if they do send you away? You can always come in again, on the quota. I'll meet you at Ellis Island with some sandwiches.

FIB: Well, gee whizz...I...OH, THIS IS ALL A JOKE..(PAUSE) Isn't it?

GALE: It wasn't a joke to the people who got their papers this morning, McGee. They really studied to pass that examination.

FIB: I'LL STUDY! I'LL STUDY LIKE EVERYTHING. I'LL RUN DOWN THERE SOME MORNING AND PASS THE TEST, JUST TO BE SAFE. HOW ABOUT IT, KID? YOU KNOW THE JUDGE. PASS THE WORD THAT I'M JUST DOING IT FOR FUN, SEE? HE'LL GO ALONG WITH THE GAG, AND I'LL HAVE MY PAPERS.

GALE: I'll see what I can do, ~~McGee~~. YOU BE IN JUDGE KRIEGER'S COURT THIS AFTERNOON AT FIVE, MCGEE...I'LL PUT IN A WORD FOR YOU. Good day.

DOOR SLAM:

(2ND REVISION)

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MOL: Well?

FIB: Is this straight, kiddo? Migosh, what if I flunk the test? What if they - (PAUSE) Hey, wait a minute! How can they deport me? Where'll they deport me too?

MOL: A good question.

FIB: If I ain't a citizen, then I ain't FROM any place!

MOL: In that case, dearie, I believe they just haul you around on a ship all the time.

FIB: Boyoboy, that's for me! Travel and see the world! Maybe we can get 'em to deport you with me and we could just cruise around till the cows come home -- OH-OH!!

MOL: What's the matter?

FIB: I just thought of somethin! I can't let 'em deport me now - I got a cabin reserved at Dugan's Lake for 2 weeks in August!

MOL: Oh dear...

FIB: I'LL TAKE THE TEST! I'LL GO DOWN TO THE LIBRARY AND GET SOME BOOKS! I'LL STUDY UP! I'LL BE THE SMARTEST IMMIGRANT THEY EVER SAW. DON'T GO WAY - I'LL.....

ORCH: SELECTION "Russian Rag"

APPLAUSE

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~~FIB: I'LL DO IT! I'LL GET SOME BOOKS. BY FIVE THIS AFTERNOON I'LL KNOW EVERY ANSWER THEY CAN EVER-- Hey, there's one thing I gotta have before I go to the library.~~

~~MOL: What's that?~~

~~FIB: My hat. Where's my hat?~~

~~MOL: I don't know, I'm sure. Maybe you put it in the--~~

~~FIB: I KNOW. IT'S RIGHT HERE IN THE HALL CLOSET, WHERE I--~~

~~DOOR OPEN: CLOSET EFFECT, CRASH, TINKLE, PAUSE:~~

~~FIB: I gotta straighten out that closet, as soon as I get my citizenship papers!~~

ORCH: SELECTION

APPLAUSE:

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SECOND SPOT:

(REVISED) -11-

MOL: Hadn't you better put those books down a while and rest your eyes, dearie? You can't learn everything, all at once, you know.

FIB: Maybe not, but I darn near have! If anything has happened in the United States since 1776 that I don't know about they done it behind my back.

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~~MOL: [REDACTED]~~

~~FIB: [REDACTED]~~

MOL: What kind of questions do you think the judge will ask you?

FIB: Oh, who's the President of the United States, who's the Vice President, who's the --

MOL: HOLD IT! Who IS the Vice President?

(PAUSE)

FIB: ..Er....let's come back to that later. Ask me something else.

MOL: Very well. What qualifications must a man have to become President of the U. S.?

FIB: Gotta be over 21, native-born and not look too foolish when they take his picture holding the fly rod, with a paper mache trout on it. Even if he don't know a croppie from a guppy, he --

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN.

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh it's Mr. Wimple. COME IN, MR. WIMPLE!

DOOR CLOSE:

WIMP: Hello, folks.

FIB: Hiyah, Wimp, old man. If you can't find a vacant chair, sit on a pile of books. Give you a literary background.

WIMP: My goodness, I never SAW so many books. Are you taking a correspondence course in something, Mr. McGee?

MOL: No, he's studying up on American government, Mr. Wimple.
FIB: Gonna take out citizenship papers, Wimp.
WIMP: But that takes two years, Mr. McGee.
FIB: (SCORNFUL LAUGH) That's a lotta mahaha, Wimp. That two
year stuff may be okay for immigrants but not for a guy
like me, that knows a few answers. I got influence. ^{I know} The
right people. I can pull more wires than a cut-rate
piano tuner. I GOT DRAG!
WIMP: My goodness, you talk like an American Citizen already,
Mr. McGee!
FIB: I am a citizen, Wimp, but I got no way to prove it, see?
So, I'm gonna play it safe. Pass the test for citizenship,
take the Oath of Malfesance, and get my papers. Been
studying for it, too. ASK ME SOMETHING!
MOL: Go on, Mr. Wimple. Ask him something.
WIMP: Anything?
FIB: ANYTHING. JUST ASK ME A QUESTION.
WIMP: All right. (PAUSE) May I have a drink of water?
MOL: Certainly, Mr. Wimple, but he means a question about
American history, or government.
FIB: Yeah....
WIMP: Oh. All right. What public body is known as the Nine Old
Men.
FIB: That's a cinch. The Chicago White Sox.
MOL: No, Dearie. It's the United States Supreme court.
FIB: Oh. Oh yeah. Try me again, Wimp.

WIMP: I'm afraid I haven't time for any more, Mr. McGee. I
have to go home and finish some poems. I'm trying to
make enough money to buy Sweetface a new fur coat.
MOL: Sweetface...you mean...
WIMP: Yes...my big old wife. I'm writing some poems that
resort hotels can pin up this summer.
FIB: Got any with you, Wimp?
WIMP: Yes, I have. One of them is for a hotel bedroom wall.
It goes:
OUR GUESTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO PARADE
THRU THE LOBBIES, IN SCANTY ATTIRE.
NEW GUESTS ARE QUITE FREQUENTLY FRIGHTENED AWAY
BECAUSE IT LOOKS LIKE THE JOINT IS ON FIRE!
MOL: Oh that's very good, Mr. Wimple!
FIB: Great, Wimp! Great! You got one for the guy that's
always tipping the canoe?
WIMP: Yes, that's my best one, Mr. McGee. They'll pin that
one up in boathouses. It goes:
A MUSCULAR GIRL NAMED MISS HUBBELL,
GAVE A BOAT-ROCKING JOKER SOME TROUBLE,
AS SHE HELD HIS HEAD UNDER
HE REALIZED HIS BLUNDER
AND SENT UP HIS REGRETS IN A BUBBLE.
Well, I've got to get back home, folks. Goodbye now.
SOUND: DOOR SIAM
FIB: WELL, BACK TO WORK! Now lemme see....where was I? Oh
yes...YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THE BILL OF RIGHTS, MOLLY?

(REVISED) -15-

MOL: Yes, but don't worry about it. I told him we'd pay it by Thursday.

FIB: Who?

MOL: Mr. Wright, the hardware man. He sent us a bill for the...

FIB: No no no..I mean the first ten amendments to the constitution, The Bill of Rights...You see, the first ten amendments were -

SOUND: DOOR OPEN CLOSE

WIL: Hello, Molly. Hello, ^{Fiber} ~~Pal~~. If you're going bowling tonight, I'll - (PAUSE) Oh! You reading, Pal?

MOL: He's going to take out papers, Mr. Wilcox. He wants to be an American Citizen,

WIL: PAL...YOU NEVER TOLD ME...ARE YOU REALLY A FOREIGNER?

FIB: (LAUGHS) Did you swallow that stuff about the good old days in Peoria, Junior? That's camouflage. I was smuggled into this country from a tramp steamer in 19-ought-thirteen. Come ashore one foggy night, just north of San Pedro, California. Four other Chinese fellas and myself.

WIL: FOUR OTHER CHINESE! YOU MEAN YOU'RE A...

FIB: Yes..I'm Chinese, Junior. Used to be a coolie on a melon plantation outside o' Shanghai.

MOL: (SINGS) Come to me my melon-coolie baby!

WIL: But, gee whiz, Pal..your face ...you don't...

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(REVISED) -16 & -17-

FIB: Plastic surgery, Junior...(SIGHS) I often long for those mysterious Oriental nights...with the samisens strumming their mandarins outside of old foo yong, and the golden-throated bo-how-does singing in the branches of the chow mein tree. And those sing-song girls, serving my oolong in fragile little jinrickishaws as the Whangpoo rises over the snowcapped sampans. Some day, maybe...but no...NO, NOW I BECOME VELLY GOOD MELICAN CITIZEN..

WIL: Look, Pal...you told me once that in 1913 you had a vaudeville act in Chicago.

FIB: Sure. Did I tell you what theatre?

WIL: No.

MOL: The Oriental. Right, dearie?

FIB: Right, my Lotus Blossom. Long Tack Sam I was knowed as in them days.

WIL: OH CUT IT OUT!!! ...I DON'T BELIEVE A WORD OF THIS STUFF, PAL! YOU'RE ABOUT AS ORIENTAL AS BUBBLE GUM! What goes on here?

FIB: Haven't got a birth certificate, Junior. Wanna be able to prove I'm a citizen. Getting ready to take the examination.



FIB: ~~I'm all out for the exam, too, Jimmy.~~ ASK ME A QUESTION, *JUVEY*
GO ON. ANYTHING ABOUT OUR HISTORY OR GOVERNMENT.

WIL: Okay. WHO WAS PENNSYLVANIA NAMED AFTER?

FIB: Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians.

MOL: He's going to be on for Johnson's Wax again this summer,
too. Isn't that a coincidence?

WIL: Yes, isn't it? By the way...I don't think I have a birth
certificate either. The courthouse in Omaha burned down
when I was just a little tyke. I even remember the day.

FIB: No kidding?

WIL: Just like it was yesterday. I was sitting on the kitchen
floor, playing soldier ...

MOL: Do you play soldier sitting down?

WIL: I was an officer. Anyway, I remember the kid next door
running past hollering "COURTHOUSE IS ON FIRE!...COURT
HOUSE IS ON FIRE!"

FIB: And I'll bet you trampled down three ^{regiments} ~~regiments~~ gettin'
out the door!

WIL: No. I just sat there. You see, my mother had just
Glocoated the kitchen linoleum before she went shopping,
and the glistening beauty of it had me spellbound.
Couldnt take my eyes off it.

MOL: Yes, but if the courthouse burned down with your birth
certif..

WIL: WELL SIR, FOR MINUTE AFTER MINUTE, I SAT STARING AT THAT
GLITTERING LINOLEUM...ADMIRING THE BRIGHT COLORS
INTENSIFIED BY THE SHINING SURFACE. THREE FIRE ENGINES
WENT BY! I THOUGHT OF MY MOTHER, POURING OUT THAT
GLOCOAT, SPREADING IT AROUND WITH THE LONG-HANDLED
APPLIER...A HOOK-AND-LADDER TORE PAST! I DIDN'T MOVE.

FIB: Dull child, weren't you?

WIL: I REMEMBER HOW HAPPY MY MOTHER WAS WHEN SHE SPREAD THAT
JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT AROUND AND WAITED FOR IT TO DRY...WITH
NO RUBBING AND NO BUFFING...AND HOW DELIGHTED SHE WAS
WHEN IN 20 MINUTES OR LESS IT DRIED TO A GORGEOUS
PROTECTIVE, SHIMMERING SURFACE. AND I REMEMBER HER
TELLING ME HOW EASY IT WAS TO WIPE THINGS UP WITH A
DAMP CLOTH...

FIB: WAXEY!!

WIL: Yes?

FIB: You through?

WIL: Yes.

FIB: Then pick up your damp cloth and go home. I got to
study.

WIL: Okay...ALIEN!

DOOR SIAM:

FIB: Alien, eh? I guess I better finish my studies and get
down to the Federal Building.

MOL: Well, you get with it, dearie. I've got to go upstairs and make the beds. (FADE) LET ME KNOW WHEN YOU'RE READY TO GO!

FIB: OKAY, BABE. Ahhh, there goes a good kid! She deserves to have a well-informed, educated man for a husband. But for ~~the~~ ^{the time being} I'll have to do. Now let me see...

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: Oh fer the-- COME IN!

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

TEE: Hi, mister.

FIB: Oh, hello there, Teeny. I can't stop to dilly-dally right now, sis. This is a crucial day in my life.

TEE: Well, I was just...HMM?

FIB: I'M taking my citizenship test today, Teeny. Get my papers. That's why I got all these history books to study.

TEE: It sure is a lot of books, I betcha.

FIB: I'll say.

TEE: I never saw so - HMM?

FIB: I says "I'LL SAY!!"

TEE: Say what?

FIB: THAT'S QUITE A PILE OF BOOKS.

TEE: That's what I said.

FIB: I know you did.

TEE: Okay.

FIB: Thanks. Now then, you know much about American History, sis? Personally, I never realized how fascinating it was.

TEE: I had quite a lot of it in school, mister. Like Captain John Smith and Hokayontus -

FIB: Pocohontas, sis.

TEE: Sure. Captain John Smith and Hokayontus and Daniel Broom and the battle between the Monitor and that quartet and -

FIB: BETWEEN THE MONITOR AND WHAT?

TEE: That quartette, The Merrymacs.

FIB: Oh yes...the Monitor and the Merrymacs. There was another one between George Washington and the King's Men.

TEE: Sure. And we had all about George Wasimton and his men were so poor they didn't have any shoes and they went barefooted in the snow at Rudy Valley.

FIB: Valley Forge.

TEE: Mmmmmhmm.

FIB: You know, Teeny, I ran across an interesting bit of Americana a few minutes ago. You ever hear of Francis Scott Key?

TEE: Sure I have, I betcha. He wrote the Star ~~Spangled~~ ^{Spangled} Banner.

(REVISED) 22 - 23

FIB: RIGHT! But not many people know about this angle.
You see, Francis Scott Key, and his brother Charlie, got captured by the British and were held on a British gunboat while they bombarded Fort McHenry, see?

TEE: Oh, boy! Exciting!

FIB: Well sir, it was such a thrilling sight to Frances and Charlie to see the flag still flying the next morning that Charlie says to Frances, "FRANK", he says, "I THINK I'LL WRITE A SONG ABOUT THIS!" - "THAT'S FUNNY", says Frances. "I WAS JUST THINKING THE SAME THING! LET'S BOTH WRITE A SONG!" So they did.

TEE: You mean they collabtrated?

FIB: Nobody knows, sis. ONE OF 'EM WROTE THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER, BUT THEY'D NEVER TELL ANYBODY WHICH OF 'EM DID IT. CHARLIE KEY SAYS FRANCIS DID IT, AND FRANCIS KEY SAYS CHARLIE DID IT. ISN'T THAT INTERESTING?

TEE: Why?

FIB: Because to this day, when people sing the Star Spangled Banner, they're never quite sure of the Key.

TEE: Awwwww...

ORCH: KING'S MEN - "LINDA"

APPLAUSE:

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THIRD SPOT

(REVISED) 24-25

DOC: And you say McGee is coming down here to your office this afternoon to take out naturalization papers, Judge?

JUDGE: That's right, Doctor. ^{Mayor} La Trivia says ^{the man} was born in Peoria but he insists on being naturalized - so I'm going along with the Mayor's gag.

DOC: Well, a bookmaker told me years ago that the one race he couldn't dope out was the human. Neither can I. And I've looked at it from all sides, believe me!

DOOR KNOCK:

JUDGE: Oh, oh - this must be my pigeon now. Do I look stern enough?

DOC: You look frightening! Pour it on him now, ^{Judge} - I'll duck out the back door. (FADES) See you at the Elks.

JUDGE: Right....COME IN!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

FIB: (FADING IN) Good morning, Judge - er - good afternoon.

JUDGE: How do you do.

FIB: I'm Fibber McGee, your honor - and this is Mrs. McGee.

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

JUDGE: Mrs. McGee. Have a chair, please...Mayor La Trivia told me all about your case, Mr. McGee. You realize I'll have to ask you a few questions to test your knowledge of our country and our government.

FIB: Fire away, judge! Ask me anything! I'm loaded!

MOL: (SOTTO VOICE) McGee! Watch your language.

JUDGE: I suppose you have read the Declaration of Independence, of course?

FIB: Read it? (LAUGHS) You wanta hear it? Okay. "When in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another and --

JUDGE: Just a minute, please!

FIB: .."and to assume among the powers of the earth"...Oh, did you say something, Judge?

MOL: He knows it all, your honor, forwards and backwards!

FIB: You wanta hear it backwards? "and another with them connected have which bands political..."

JUDGE: Ahem! Never mind that, McGee! I see you know the Declaration. Now, tell me - what kind of government does the United States have?

FIB: Well, now that's a matter of opinion, your honor. Some people holler and scream about the government, but I think it's the finest --

MOL: (SOTTO) No no, McGee! He means is it a monarchy...or a democratic form of government...or --

FIB: (EMBARRASSED CHUCKLE) Oh, excuse me, Your Honor, I didn't understand the question. It's a democratic form of government.

JUDGE: Uh...yes...that's right.

FIB: At least it is now. It might be a Republican government next time...you never can tell how those elections will--

JUDGE: All right...that answer is correct. Now, you know of course that George Washington was our first president.

MOL: Oh, he knows that, Your Honor. We got that in school.

FIB: Yep.

JUDGE: I see. You must have gone to very fine schools. But maybe you don't happen to know who the second president was, McGee.

FIB: (CHUCKLES) You mean John Adams? I toldja I'm loaded with information, Judge! John's boy, John Quincy, was the sixth president. You know he got married while he was overseas, of course?

JUDGE: No, I didn't know --

FIB: Oh, sure! Married his wife in London in 1797. They had three boys and a girl and--

MOL: McGee! Judge Krieger isn't interested in that. My goodness...

JUDGE: No...just answer the questions, Mr. McGee, if you please.

(REVISED) -28-

FIB: Well gee whiz, aren't you gonna ask me some tough ones, Your Honor? Like "Where was the center of the meat packing industry in 1818?" Cincinnati. Or "Where did the majority of Americans live in 1490?" Teepees!

JUDGE: That's very interesting, but--

FIB: Certainly it is! The whole history of this country is interesting! You take from the time Tom Jefferson and Ben Franklin and the boys sat down and wrote the Declaration--

MOL: Oh, McGee...Judge Krieger doesn't want to hear all about that.

FIB: Why, Molly! You mean to say that a judge like Judge Krieger isn't interested in the history of our own country?

JUDGE: Well, of course I'm interested, but--

FIB: Natch! Like I say, there wasn't much money in the country in those days, but there was a lot of heart! The strong hearts of free men and free women - who stuck together and worked together, and cleared a wilderness to build their homes and plant their fields! And the colonies grew and prospered...

ORCH: SNEAK UNDER WITH BRIDGE ("AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL"?)

FIB: (OUT OF BRIDGE)...and in 1947, that little bunch of colonies has gone through wars and depressions, and good times and bad, and all the time it's grown and gathered strength and power till it's the greatest nation on earth today! The United States of America!

MOL: (PAUSE) Why, McGee...that's beautiful!

(REVISED) -29-

JUDGE: My boy, that was a very interesting thing. You've told me things about this country I'd long ago forgotten. What a tremendous knowledge you have!

FIB: Aw, shucks, it's nothing any red-blooded American boy shouldn't ought to know.

JUDGE: I've never had a man before me who was more deserving to be called an American citizen. I'll have your papers made out right away.

MOL: That's wonderful, Your Honor! McGee...you can stay.

FIB: Swell, Judge! Uh...that...that little accent of yours, Judge...Harvard man, are you?

JUDGE: No...I was born in Canada, McGee. Came down here in 1927 and liked it so well I stayed.

MOL: Oh, isn't that nice.

FIB: Yeah...adopted the country, eh? When didja take out YOUR papers, Judge?

JUDGE: Why, back in-- (PAUSE) My papers? Great scott, I completely forgot it!

FIB: Sit down Judge. I'd like to ask you a few questions.

ORCH: "ALMOST LIKE BEING IN LOVE"

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
6-3-47

(REVISED) -30-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WIL: Now here's good news! How would you like to have your own personal car initials? Well, listen to this. You've heard me sing the praises of JOHNSON'S CARNU, the famous car polish that cleans and polishes in one easy application. Now, if you'll discover for yourself how wonderful CARNU is, we'll send you two sets of your own personal initials, for your car. These car initials are really something! They are half an inch high, tastefully designed in striking gold color. You put one set of 3 initials on each side of your car...and believe me, they really look smart. They take only a jiffy to apply, too. And here's all you do to get these handsome decal car initials. First, buy some JOHNSON'S CARNU. Then send the sales slip or the name of the dealer from whom you bought your CARNU, together with a stamped, self-addressed envelope, to Fibber McGee and Molly, Racine, Wisconsin. If you live in Canada address your request for initials to Fibber McGee and Molly, Brantford, Ontario. Print clearly which initials you want ... any three...and get your request in the mail right away. Plan to buy some JOHNSON'S CARNU and send in tomorrow! CARNU is spelled C-A-R-N-U. ~~Side offer is good where not restricted by laws.~~

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC: FADE FOR:

(REVISED) -31-

TAG

MOL: ...and after the judge said he's taking out his papers right away, then what did he say, dearie?

FIB: He says I was an inspiration to him. Says I was the finest example of a real American citizen he ever seen!

MOL: My hero!

FIB: Yep...Wonder if him or La Trivia would fix this dadratted jury summons that come in the mail.

MOL: What?

FIB: Migosh, I'm not gonna sit around any stale courtroom all day. That stuff's for the yokels, that's what that stuff's for! I'm--

MOL: McGee! Citizen!

FIB: Huh? Oh, goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all!

ORCH: PLAYOFF AND SIGNOFF:

WIL: This is Harlow Wilcox, speaking for the makers of JOHNSON'S WAX PRODUCTS for home and industry, and inviting you to be with us again next Tuesday night. Goodnight.

ANNCR: THIS IS NBC - THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

(CHIMES)