

REVISED)

S. C. JOHNSON & SON

WRITERS:

DON QUINN

LEN LEVINSON

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY - #243

NBC - RED April 2,1940 6:30-7:00 PM

Wilcox: The Johnson's Wax Program....with Fibber McGee & Molly!

ORK: THEME

Wilcox: The makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Self-Polishing Glo-Coat present Marian

and Jim Jordan as Fibber McGee & Molly, with Bill Thompson, the King's Men and Billy Mills' orchestra. The show opens with "Say Si-Si"

ORK: "SAY SI SI"

(Applause)

ORK: Segue - "RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN" (FADE)

Wilcox: There's an old saying to the effect that you shouldn't send a boy on a man's errand. The same thing applies to sending a man on a woman's errand. Because here, entering the front door at 79 Wistful Vista with a large bundle to be greeted by his waiting spouse, we find - Fibber of Fibber McGee and Molly!

Applause

SOUND: DOOR OPEN & CLOSE

Fibber: Here I am, Molly. I'm home!

Molly: Did you get it, McGee?

Fibber: Yup. I got it all right.

Molly: What took you so long?

Fibber: Here's your package. Had to go to six different places before I could get one I liked.

Molly: What? Well, what on earth...

Fibber: Here - lemme show ye.

SOUND: RATTLE OF PAPER

Fibber: Looka that. Ain't it a beauty? And listen to the tone of it.

SOUND: CRASH OF CYMBAL

Fibber: Only cost me seven-ninety-five, too. Here.

Molly: What's this all about, McGee? What do I want this for?

Fibber: That's what I kept asking myself ll the time I was shoppin' for it. I kep' thinkin' - now what does Molly need a cymbal for?

Molly: McGee, I said THIMBLE! Not cymbal!

Fibber: Eh? You did? Well, dad rat it, how should I know. You had a mouthful of pins at the time.

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR

Molly: Oh dear. Come in!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS & CLOSES

Old man: Hello there, Johnny. Hello Daughter. How you fixed for sewing supplies. I got thread, needles, safety pins, thimbles.

Molly: Thimbles! Oh, thank goodness. Give me a thimble.

Old man: Sure will, daughter. Here ye are. Two bits.

Fibber: Okay. Here's a quarter, Old Timer. **(LAUGHS)** Kind of a coincidence, you comin' here with thimbles just at this particular time.

Old man: That's what you think, Johnny. I seen you downtown buyin' that cymbal and I thought to myself, I'll bet that darn fool don't even know what he was sent out to get.

Fibber: All right, all right. As the ball-player says when the trainer poured liniment on his charley-horse, "Rub it in, rub it in!"

Old man: Heh-heh-heh. That's pretty good, Johnny, but that ain't the way I heered it. The way I heered it, one feller says to t'other feller, "Sayyyy," he says, "I see where the fashion experts claim that skirts are getting shorter again." "That's interesting," says t'other feller. "First they wear 'em down to their insteps and then they wear 'em up to their step-ins!" Heh-heh-heh. Got a topper for that one, Johnnnny?

Fibber: Nope.

Old man: Okay. So long, kids.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

Applause

Fibber: That guy reminds me of a paycheck. Healthy lookin', but quickly spent!

Anybody call while I was gone, Molly?

Molly: No, it's been very quiet around here, dearie.

SOUND: DOOR KNOCK

Molly: Up till now! Come in!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS & CLOSES

Fibber: Oh, hiyah Gildersleeve!

Gildy: Hello there, Fibber. Hello, Mrs. McGee. My goodness, I'm glad to find you at home.

Fibber: 'Smatter, Gildersleeve?

Gildy: McGee, I'm in a quandary.

Fibber: Is that so? I had a job in a quandary once. All day long, breakin' out slabs o' rock as big as your - bigger!!

Gildy: Now look McGee, I'm all upset. My wife has gone out-of-town for a few days, and I don't know what to do.

Molly: Good for you, Mr. Gildersleeve. Most men can think of too many things to do when their wife leaves town.

Gildy: But here's the situation, I've got to go, too. She just wired me. I'll be gone for about four days and there is no one to take care of our canary and feed the goldfish.

Molly: We'll be glad to keep an eye on your house for you, Mr. Gildersleeve.

Gildy: Oh, thank you, thank you. That's a load off my mind. You won't have to go over until tomorrow morning. Here are the keys, Mrs. McGee.

SOUND: JINGLE OF KEYS

Molly: I hope you're not having to go out of town because of any trouble, Mr. Gildersleeve.

Gildy: Oh no, it's just a little upsetting is all. My wife's sister is having another baby. We go down there every year about this time. Well, thank you very, very much, folks. I'll see you when I get back.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

Applause

Fibber: It's an imposition, that's what it is.

Molly: It's no such thing, McGee.

Fibber: I hope Gildersleeve has got better cigars than the ones he had last time I was over there.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS & CLOSES

Upp: Ohh, Mrs. McGee. I do hope I'm not intruding, but I simply had to run in and tell you about a new little beauty shop I discovered.

Molly: Oh, how nice, Mrs. Uppington.

Upp: My dear, they're simply marvelous. Reahhly!

Fibber: Have they been working on you, Uppy?

Upp: Why-er-why yes. Why?

Fibber: I just wondered. Looks like they'd given your hair a mudpack and your face a marcel. **(Laughs)**

Upp: (Laughs) Yes, their work is simply horrible.

Perfectly ghastly! But the dialogue - oh my. **(Laughs)** I never heard so much scandal in my life, reahhly. I was simply entranced! Why, do you know what they are saying about Mrs. Depopolus? They say she is absolutely the **(whispers)**.

Molly: Oh heavenly days!

Upp: Why don't you come with me next time I have an appointment, my deah. It's such fun.

Molly: Abigail Uppington - if you think for one minute that Molly McGee would go to a beauty shop for the sole purpose of listening to a lot of silly gossip...let's it make it Wednesday.

Fibber: Hmm. There's gonna be more ears burning in this town than you could shake a tube of Ungentine at!

Upp: I know you'll simply love this place, Mrs. McGee.

It's so quaint and amusing. Why, when I told one of the operators I wanted my hair touched up she called to one of the othah girls and said, "Hey, Mable, give the old HENNA RINSE! **(Laughs)** Well, don't forget to call me Wednesday, my deah. Goodbyyyyyyee.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

Applause

Fibber: That old snooper has started more scandals than George White.

Molly: Yes, if the W.P.A. ever wants to fill in the Grand Canyon, she can give 'em enough dirt.

Fibber: Well, come on, Molly, don'tcha think we ought to get over to Gildersleeve's?

Molly: No. He said tomorrow was time enough to ... Still, it hurts to me to think of those poor little goldfish swimming around over there. What if one of them should get a cramp?

ORK: MUSICAL NUMBER

Applause during music

MUSIC FADE FOR-

Wilcox: While we're waiting for Fibber and Molly to return, I'd like your attention for just a minute.

Wilcox, con't: Have you ever waked up in the middle of an April night and suddenly realized it was raining in your window? You get up and close the window. Then chances are you find an old cloth and wipe up the rain so the finish won't be spoiled on your windowsill. That's all right, but I can tell you something better to do. Next morning get out your can or bottle of genuine Johnson's Wax and protect all your windowsills with wax. The hard film of Johnson's Wax acts like a shield. It protects the finish from streaking and spotting. It makes cleaning easier. And it makes windowsills and the entire room more beautiful. Waxing windowsills is one of the 100 extra uses listed right on your package of genuine Johnson's Wax, paste or liquid. Wax your woodwork, table tops, chair arms, your leather goods, lampshades, picture frames. And of course, Johnson Wax your

floors, for rich, mellow beauty and easier house cleaning.

ORK; SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH

Applause

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS OFF WALK ONTO PORCH, JINGLE OF KEYS IN LOCK,

DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

Molly: Well, Gildersleeve got a new rug in the hall, I see. Imitation Oriental.

Fibber: Is it? Do you know Oriental rugs that well?

Molly: No, but I know Mrs. Gildersleeve that well.

Fibber: Okay. Wonder where Gildersleeve keeps his cigars.

Molly: Look at these curtains in the living room, McGee.

She told me she paid \$22.00 for them. If she did, I'm Deanna Durbin. Why I saw the same ones at the Bon-Ton for \$4.98.

Fibber: Lemme feel of 'em. HMMMMMMM. Fell kinda cheap. Any give to 'em?

SOUND: LOUD RIPPING SOUND

Fibber: Nope. No give. They ARE cheap.

Molly: I've seen the same kind of material glued to the back of cheese.

SOUND: PIANO KEYS AT RANDOM

Fibber: Lousy tone on this piano. If I get time I'll tune it for him.

Molly: What do you know about tuning a piano?

Fibber: Saw a guy do it once. All you gotta do is twist the little pegs and hammer on the keys until it sounds good.

Molly: What little pegs?

Fibber: On the inside here. Wait'll I lift the top. Ugh. Guess it's stuck. Ugh

SOUND: WOOD SPLINTER. CRASH AND THUD

Molly: Musta opened it from the wrong side.

Fibber: Oh well, looks more informal this way. What do they think this is, Carnegie Hall?

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR

Molly: I wonder who that is? COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

Man: Mr. Gildersleeve?

Fibber: Whatcha want, bud?

Man: I wanted to get some credit information on the people next door. A Mr. & Mrs. McGee. Are they reliable?

Molly: Oh, extremely. Wonderful people.

Man: Have they any-er-are they pretty well to do?

Fibber: Why, bud, I hear McGee is worth around a hundred thousand. Though he lives pretty quiet. What store did they as for credit at?

Man: Oh, this is for a collection agency. They owe fifty-six bucks on a set of encyclopedias. We were about to give 'em up as hopeless, but if they're that well off we'll really start hounding 'em. Thanks a lot, Mr. Gildersleeve!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

Molly: Now you've done it, McGee. The way you stick your neck out, I think your mother must have been frightened by a giraffe.

Fibber: Well, shucks, I didn't say any more'n you di-Oh, look. Here's that fancy shortwave radio Gildersleeve's always bragging about.

Molly: It is nice, dearie.

Fibber: I'll bet it ain't as good as Gildersleeve says. To hear him talk he gets a better foreign reception than Sumner Welles.

Molly: Let's try it.

Fibber: Okay.

SOUND: CLICK. HUM OF TUBES WARMING.

ORK: FADE IN SPANISH MUSIC WITH CASTANETS. FADE FOR:

Wilcox: (In bastard Spanish) Buenos noches, senors, y senores.

Fibber: Hmm-Sweden!

Wilcox: (Jargon) por la Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat.

Spell Jay-oh-n-s-o-n appa-stroffy s. G-hal-oh-hefan c-ho-hay-t. If you have not used Glo-Coat you have not used any thing. And is pour him on, spread him around and let him dry like a looking glass. And is to make the linoleum muy exquisita., muy hermosa, muy bellize and is positivamente no-rubbing y positivamente no buffing. Memoria. Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat a todo dealers. Your announcer is Pedro Gonzlez Velasquez Castillo Ramirez Diego de Cordoba de Wilcox saying buenos noches y hasta mana, senors y senores from station WAX in Brazeel!

SOUND: CHIMES. CLICK

Applause

Fibber: Brazil is certainly beautiful language, ain't it? Dad rat it, where's Gildersleeve's cigars?

Molly: Well, why you look for 'em, I'm goin' upstairs and take a peek at Mrs. Gildersleeve's wardrobe. And maybe try on a few hats. She has such...

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR

Fibber: Now who in the - COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

Boomer: Well, well, imagine meeting you here, poison puss. Good day, my dear.

Molly: Hello, Mr. Boomer.

Boomer: Like to speak to my old friend Gildersleeve, if you don't mind. And if you do mind I'd still like to speak to him.

Molly: Sorry, Mr. Boomer. Mr. Gildersleeve has gone out of town. We're just keepin' an eye on the place.

Boomer: Is that so! In that case I'll just leave my personal card for Mr. Gildersleeve so he'll know I was in-personal cards-personal cards-let me see now-small package of counterfeit twenties **(LAUGHS)** Yes, yes, that dough is so hot it smells like a bakery wagon. Nasty note from my tailor, the old sew-and-sew. Postcard from Sheila the Shoplifter. Unfortunate girl. Doing a two way stretch for stealing a girdle. Glass eye-taking it downtown to have a cinder removed. And a check for a short beer. Well, well, imagine that, no personal cards. Must have my engraver make some right away though I hate to take him off those twenty dollar bills. Good day, my dear. Bon soir, bird brain.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

Applause

Fibber: Imagine that guy, Molly!

Molly: He's so crooked if he turned around fast he'd bore a hole through the floor.

Fibber: Oh well-Hey! Look at the funny telephone.

Molly: That's a French phone, dearie.

Fibber: Go on-Gildersleeve can't talk French. What's he tryin' to do, put on the dog?

Molly: Those phones talk English, too.

Fibber: They do? Lemme try it. Who can we call up? Oh, I know, I ain't talked to old Mel Shauer in New York for a long time.

Molly: NEW YORK? Won't that be pretty expensive?

Fibber: It's Gildersleeve's phone, Molly, and it ain't polite to ask your host how much things cost.

Molly: That's right. Go ahead.

SOUND: LIFT RECEIVER ON PHONE AND CLICK SWITCH HOOK A FEW TIMES

Fibber: Hello? Operator? Gimme long distance. I wanna talk to New York. The number is Eldorado 55580. **(Hums to pass time)** Hello? Mel? Fibber McGee, Mel. How's every little - get off the line Myrt, I got my party.

Molly: Oh my-you go ahead and talk, dearie. **(Fade)** I'm goin' upstairs and look around.

Fibber: What say Mel? No, nothing special...Naw...Hang the expense. Hey, Mel, have you heard the one about the guy that comes in the bakery shop and orders a birthday cake? This guy comes in see, and he says he wants a birthday cake. **(Fade)** Three layers, six inches high...

ORK: "FU MANCHU" - KINGS MEN

Applause

Wilcox: (Over intro) Here are the King's Men singing, "Fu Manchu."

Applause

Fibber: And here's the payoff, Mel. For the seventh time the guy comes back and says is my cake ready, and it was. And the baker says, shall I wrap it up for you? And the guy says, No, I'll eat it here. **(Laughs like hell)** What say, Mel? Oh, you heard it before. Glad you called, Mel. Eh? Oh, that's right, I called you up, didn't I? **(Laughs)** Okay, so long, Mel.

SOUND: HANG UP PHONE

Fibber: Now let's see, what was I gonna-oh! Hey, Molly!

Molly: **(Fade in)** Here I am, dearie. Look at this hat of Mrs. Gildersleeve's. What a combination-leather and forget-me-nots!

Fibber: Looks like a bull in a flower shop. Did you look

over Gildersleeve's stuff? How many pairs o' pants has he...

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

Molly: COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

Teeny: Hi, mister.

Fibber: Oh, hello there little girl. What'dja want?

Teeny: Well, I came over here to have Mr. Gildersleeve tell me a story.

Fibber: Well, he isn't here, but as long as I'm takin' Gildy's place here I suppose I'll have to follow through. How about Jack and the Beanstalk?

Teeny: Awww, no. That's merely a childish fantasy with much too high an element of improbability, I betcha.

Fibber: It is, eh?

Teeny: Is it?

Fibber: Eh?

Teeny: Hmhmhmhmhmhm?

Fibber: I-well, how about Little Red Riding Hood?

Teeny: Too morbid.

Fibber: The Pied Piper?

Teeny: Too moralistic.

Fibber: Well, dad rat it, sis, if you think I'm gonna take my valuable time to tell you the story of GONE WITH THE WIND, you're mistaken. Besides, I don't know the story.

Teeny: You doan know the story of Goan With the Wind, honey chile...sho' nuff?

Fibber: No, I don't. And you can lay off that Birmingham brogue.

Teeny: Well, sugah, ah'll betch ah kin tell you all the

stoah-y of Goan With The Wind in two sentences, I betcha.

Fibber: Oh, ye can, eh?

Teeny: Hmmmm?

Fibber: Well, do it then, honey chi-er, sis.

Teeny: I sho' nuff will, sugah. GOAN WITH THE WIND: In the book, after reading a 1000 pages, the readah discovahs that the Blue and Grey come togethah in the deep Saotuh.

Fibber: And in the movie?

Teeny: In the movie, sugah lamb, after sitting four hours, the audience discovahs that the Black and Blue come togethah in the same vicinity. Good evenin' suh!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

Applause

Molly: Look, McGee, you don't get up very early in the morning so maybe we better feed the canary while we're over here.

Fibber: That's a thought. Where is the little feathered Flagstadt?

Molly: Out here in the breakfast room. **(FADE OUT AND IN)**

Hello, there, Dickie! Dickie, Dickie, Dickie.

PAUSE

Fibber: Maybe you're bein' too familiar, Molly. How do you do, Richard.

SOUND: CANARY

Fibber: See, you gotta know bird psychology, Molly. I always been...

Molly: McGee! What are you doing?

Fibber: Gonna let him perch on my shoulder.

SOUND: RATTLE OF CAGE, TWITTER OF CANARY

Molly: Isn't he pretty. Don't be rough with him, dearie.

Fibber: Aw, I know how to handle these little fellas. I remember one time-hey!

Come back here, you. Grab him, Molly. Don't let him get away.

Molly: Here Dickie, Dickie, Dickie, Dickie. Come back here. Chase him, McGee!

SOUND: RUNNING FEET. CRASH OF FURNITURE.

TWITTER OF CANARY

Fibber: Where'd he go?

Molly: He's up on the mantle, McGee. Climb up and get him. Here, stand on the coffee table.

Fibber: Okay. Easy now, birdie. Easy.

SOUND: CRACKLE OF WOOD. CRASH. THUD.

Molly: Heavenly days! Are ya hurt, McGee?

Fibber: No. I guess not. But how the heck does Gildersleeve expect anybody to catch a canary with all this cheap furniture around?

Molly: Now you can catch him, McGee. He's perched on top of that picture.

Fibber: I'll have to jump for him. Get ready to grab it. UGH!

SOUND: CLATTER AND GLASS CRASH

Molly: Here he goes, over this way by the piano.

Fibber: You go that way, Molly. I'll take this side.

SOUND: RUNNING FEET. CRASH OF PIANO CHORDS. FURNITURE OVERTURNED. GLASS BREAKS. SUSTAINED.

Molly: Oh, dear, look McGee, I've pulled a run in my stocking.

Fibber: What? You did? Dad rat it, Gildersleeve'll have to pay for that. Come on. There he goes again. Here Dickie. Dickie. Dickie

SOUND: MORE CRASHES. SPLINTERING. THUDS. RUNNING FEET

Fibber: Where'd he go?

Molly: Search me. I don't see him.

SOUND: CANARY SINGING LUSTILY

Fibber: Hey, look! He's back in his cage! Shut the door quick.

SOUND: CLICK. ONE QUESTIONING CHIRP FROM CANARY

Molly: Oh, dear, I'm exhausted.

Fibber: Phew, me, too.

Molly: And I thought you knew bird psychology.

Fibber: I do. But the bird don't. Boy, look at this house. **(Laughs)** Ever see anything like it?

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND SLAM

Gildy: (FADE IN) (SINGING) Oh, my wife's gone to the country! Hooray! Hooray! My wife's gone to the - **(Pause)** Well, what in the...

Fibber: Hiyah, Gildersleeve.

Molly: Hello, Mr. Gildersleeve.

Gildy: Now look here, McGee, what have you done to my house?

Fibber: Well, you see, Gildersl...

Gildy: Look at it. It's a wreck! It's a shambles! What do you mean by this? You weren't supposed to come over here until tomorrow, and here I find you and your...

Molly: But Mr. Gildersleeve...

Gildy: Go take my wife's hat off, Mrs. McGee!

Fibber: Now take it easy, Gildersleeve. Here, have a cigar. Calm down.

Gildy: Those are my cigars. Where'd you find them?

Fibber: In that vase on the mantle.

Never would've found 'em only when the vase

got busted they come rollin' out all over the...

Gildy: Oh, that's enough! I'll have the law on you for this. It's trespass. It's-it's malicious mischief. It's...

Molly: Malnutrition.

Gildy: It's Malnutrition. It is not! I'm going to call the police, that's what I'm going to do.

Fibber: Now wait a minute, Gildersleeve. We can explain everything. You see, your canary got loose and...

Gildy: Be quiet!

SOUND: PHONE PICK UP AND CLICK OF SWITCH HOOK

Gildy: Hello, operator? I want...What's that?

Operator: (Filtered) On your call to New York, Mr. Gildersleeve, the charges will be twenty four dollars

and 75 cents plus 20 cents federal tax.

Gildy: What? On what call to New York? I didn't make any...what's gong on around here? McGee! Did you...McGee! Come back here.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

Gildy: Ohhhhhhhhhhhhh!

SOUND: CANARY-ONE QUESTIONING CHIRP

ORK: SELECTION

Applause

ORK: Fade for:

Wilcox: While we're waiting for Fibber and Molly to return, may I offer a suggestion that may save many of you quite a lot of money. It is this - make your linoleum floor covering last longer by protecting it. In the old days, women used to scrub their kitchen floors at least once a week in an effort to keep them clean. You remember how your mother always spread old newspaper around so you

wouldn't track up her clean, scrubbed floor?

Well, now-a-days we know that continual scrubbing actually ruins linoleum.

It softens the finish, finally makes it warp and split. That's why so

many women write us that JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO- COAT actually makes

their linoleum last six times longer than when it's unprotected. Linoleum

manufacturers themselves recommend this easy, safe method. Self-Polishing

Glo-Coat, besides protecting and beautifying linoleum floors, is a

wonderful labor-saver because it polishes itself. Needs no rubbing or

buffing what-so-ever. If you're not already a Glo-Coat enthusiast, order

a can today. Johnson's Self-Polishing Glo-Coat.

ORK: SWELL MUSIC, THE FADE FOR-

Fibber: Folks, in the interest of bigger and better drama on the air,

we hope that all students of all that is finest in the world of theatre...

Molly: Oh, get to it McGee. Folks, we're gonna be on Lux Radio Theatre next week.

Fibber: Ain't it wonderful, Molly? Us, doin' a real dramatic show out there in Hollywood. You realize what that means?

Molly: I certainly do! It means I have to wash out a shirt for

you, press a skirt for me and make up enough sandwiches

to last us all the way to Hollywood and back.

Where you goin', McGee?

Fibber: Gotta go and find out what time the bus leaves. Good night!

Molly: Good night, all!

ORK: CLOSING SIGNATURE

Applause

Announcer: This is NBC, the National Broadcasting Company.

SOUND: NBC CHIMES