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(REVISED)

#3

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

Johnson's Wax

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1943

NBC

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FILE  
1943

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: "SING, MY HEART" - FADE FOR:

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY  
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC  
NOVEMBER 16, 1943

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WIL: Before we go on with the show, I'd like to make an important announcement. Apparently there are some people who think you can't buy JOHNSON'S WAX PRODUCTS today. I don't know how such a rumor got started, but I do want you to know that you very definitely can buy these famous JOHNSON PRODUCTS -- PASTE and LIQUID WAX, SELF POLISHING GLO COAT, CREAM WAX and CARNU AUTO POLISH. It may be that your dealer doesn't have all sizes at all times. But he gets his fair share of the supply, and he will give you your fair share. It's true that the makers of JOHNSON'S WAX are turning out millions of packages of protective finishes for war uses, and are proud of it. But by stepping up production and without interfering with the war job, they are also able to make good quantities of the JOHNSON'S WAX POLISHES that are so important for protecting your floors, furniture, woodwork, leather goods. You can help by not wasting any WAX -- use it sparingly, because a little goes a long way.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

WILCOX: IF THERE'S ANYTHING WE LOVE TO SEE, IT'S THE THOUGHTFUL LITTLE COURTESIES OF COURTSHIP EXTENDED INTO MARRIED LIFE. THE WAY A MAN LEAPS UP TO OPEN A DOOR FOR HIS WIFE. THE WAY HE HANDS HER A DROPPED HANDKERCHIEF WITH A SMILE AND A GRACEFUL BOW. THE THOUSAND AND ONE TENDER LITTLE WAYS HE WAITS ON HIS BELOVED.....FOR INSTANCES, HERE ARE -- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

MOL: MCGEE, I'VE ASKED YOU SEVEN TIMES NOW...WILL YOU PLEASE GET ME A GLASS OF WATER?

FIB: Eh? Oh. Yeah...in a minute. HEY....did you read in the paper here how bad the insects are over there in Italy? They're so bad they have to fight 'em with airplanes.

MOL: Where does it say that?

FIB: (RATTLES PAPER) Right here. Says "INCREASED ACTIVITY BY MOSQUITO BOMBERS." And here's a picture that -

TELEPHONE:

MOL: You expecting any phone calls, McGee?

FIB: Since Alice Darling flew into our little nest, I been expectin' calls at three-minutes intervals.

TELEPHONE:

FIB: Yes, and gettin' 'em, too. (FADE) You answer it while I get you a drink o' water.

MOL: All right, McGee.

TELEPHONE: CUTS OFF WITH CLICK:

MOL: 79 Wistful Vista, Molly McGee speaking. No. I'M sorry, but Miss Darling is asleep. Who? Oh. Yes...yes, I'll tell her. Goodbye. (CLICK)

FIB: (OFF MIKE) WHO WAS THAT?

MOL: (CALLS) Some soldier. Says he's a friend of Alice's, and simply won't go back to camp till he sees her.

FIB: (OFF MIKE) WHO WAS THAT?

MOL: (CALLS) Some soldier. Says he's a friend of Alice's, and simply won't go back to camp till he sees her.

FIB: Leave his name?

MOL: No. Just his initials. A.W.O.L.

FIB: (SNICKERS) That ain't nobody's initials....that's.....

DOGGONE IT, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THIS FAUCET?

MOL: Why?

FIB: Clogged up, or something. Nothing comes out.

SQUEAK OF FAUCET BEING TURNED:

FIB: Hot water faucet don't work, either. HEY, YOU SUPPOSE I DID SOMETHING WRONG WHEN I FIXED THE WATER HEATER THIS MORNING?

MOL: WHAT? A MASTER CARPENTER LIKE YOU? DO SOMETHING WRONG?

FIB: You mean a master plumber.

MOL: When it comes to carpentering, yes. But when it comes to plumbing, you're a master carpenter.

FIB: CAN YOU FEATURE THIS? Here you are - thirsty like a blotter - dry as an A-card gas tank - and can't get a drink o' water in our own - or mostly our own - house. By George, if --

TELEPHONE:

MOL: You answer this one, McGee. (FADE) I'll run upstairs and see if the water's on up there.

FIB: Okay. (CLICK) HELLO. YES. NO, MISS DARLING IS ASLEEP,  
BUD. NO, I WON'T WAKEN HER UP. THE KID WORKS HARD AND  
NEVER GETS ENOUGH SLEEP AS IT IS...TEARIN' AROUND TO  
DANCES AND EVERYTHING. 'EH? YES, I THINK SHE IS WORKIN'  
TOO HARD. NO SHE DON'T. SHE LOOKS TERRIBLE. SO IF  
YOU'RE ONE OF THESE JITTER-CUTTIN' RUG BUGS -- EH? (PAUSE)  
OH. Oh. Yes, Mr. Darling...I'll tell your daughter you  
called. (CLICK) Boy, I sure put my best foot in my mouth  
that time.

MOL: Who was it, McGee?

FIB: Alice's old man. I thought he was one of the boyfriends  
and gave him the old razzle-dazzle about the kid whoopin'  
it up. He'll scoop her out of here like a oyster out of  
a stew. I don't mind losin' the twelve bucks a week, but  
she'll take her ration books with her.

MOL: Oh, I'll explain it to him. And I found out what's the  
matter with the water.

FIB: You did? What?

MOL: You left your blue coat hanging on the bathroom door.

FIB: So what? If the plumbing is so bad here that hangin' a  
coat on a doorknob will --

MOL: -- AND IN THE POCKET...I FOUND THIS!

FIB: What...OH MY GOSH!...THE CHECK FOR THE WATER BILL!! I  
THOUGHT I MAILED THAT THING!!!

MOL: I thought you had, too. It's been a week since we got the  
notice that said our water would be shut off in three days  
if the bill wasn't paid.

FIB: - (STARTS TO BURN) SOOOO, THEY SHUT MY WATER OFF, DO THEY!  
FOR FIFTEEN YEARS, I BEEN PUTTIN' OUT MY HARD-EARNED  
DOUGH ... FOR WHAT? FOR THE DOUBTFUL PRIVILEGE OF  
STRANGLIN' MYSELF ON THEIR MUDDY OLD SOUP... AND THEY  
SHUT ME OFF!!! THE NERVE OF 'EM!! WHY, THOSE H<sub>2</sub>O-  
VERCHARGIN' CHISELERS! I'LL)---

MOL: Oh, stop it, McGee. It was our own fault. We had  
plenty of warning.

FIB: THAT'S BESIDE THE POINT...IT'S THE PRINCIPLE OF THE  
THING. WHY, SUPPOSE THIS HAPPENED TO BE A HOSPITAL,  
OR A CHILDREN'S HOME ... THINK OF ALL THOSE SUFFERING  
PEOPLE ... PARCHED WITH THIRST... NO WATER TO WASH WITH  
... UNSANITARY CONDITIONS ... THAT'S HOW AN EPIDERMIS  
GETS STARTED --

MOL: You don't mean Epidermis. You mean EPIDEMIC.

FIB: I do not. An epidemic is a little squirt-gun with a  
needle on it that a doctor says this won't hurt and it  
always does.

MOL: That's a HYPO.

FIB: I thought Hypo was one of the Marx Brothers.

MOL: You're thinking of Harpo.

FIB: THEN WHAT'S AN EPIDERMIS?

MOL: EPIDERMIS IS SKIN.

FIB: THAT'S WHAT I SAYS! THIS THING HAS GOT UNDER MY SKIN.  
SHUTTIN' MY WATER OFF AFTER ALL THESE YEARS OF FAIRLY  
PROMPT PAYMENT EVERY MONTH IS ... I'M gonna call those  
nickel-hungry mugs and.. where's the phone book?

MOL: Here.

FIB: Lemme see...(RUSTLE OF PAPER) Wistful Vista Arch Support...  
Wistful Vista Cat and Dog...Wistful Vista Wet Wash...  
oh-oh, too far...Wistful Vista AHHEH, 1-9-0-0. I'll give  
them penny-ante faucet pluggers a blistering that --

TELEPHONE:

FIB: (CLICK) HELLO!!! THIS IS FIBBER McGEE OF 79 WISTFUL  
VISTA, AND WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE, SHUTTIN' OFF MY  
WATER? YOU GET ONE OF YOUR WRENCH-MONKEYS OUT HERE,  
AND...eh? Who? Oh. No, Miss Darling can't come to the  
phone right now. Okay, I'll tell her you called. (CLICK)  
Add Gordon to Alice's list of callers, Molly.

MOL: If she starts calling today's list as soon as she gets up,  
she'll reach Gordon about the Fourth of July.

FIB: And now I've forgotten the number of the water company.  
Where's the phone book? Oh...here. (RUSTLE OF PAGES)  
Wistful Vista Arch Support...Wistful Vista Cat and Dog...  
Wistful Vista Wet Wash...no...Wistful...OH. 1-9-0-0.  
Gimme the phone again. I'll give those frog pond tycoons  
a piece of my mind that --

SOUND: DOOR OPEN



- ALICE: Hello, Mr. McGee... Say, Mrs. McGee, honey, what's the matter with the water? I just tried to take a shower, and the faucet just hissed at me.
- FIB: Don't tell me the faucet's been gettin' outa bed and answering the phone for you, too!
- MOL: Frankly, Alice dear, we forgot to mail the water company a check, and they've shut it off.
- ALICE: OH, GOODIE! NOW I DON'T HAVE TO TAKE A COLD SHOWER!! Aren't cold showers invigorating and horrible? ... Oh, well, I've got to go downtown and shop for silk stockings, and maybe the water will be on again when I come back.
- FIB: SHOPPIN' FOR SILK STOCKINGS!! Aren't you a little optimistic, Alice?
- ALICE: My dear, I'M a complete stoop, and I know it! But I found four pair last week, so I don't mind being a stoop. Where there any phone calls for me?
- FIB: ANY PHONE CALLS!! LOOKA THIS CAULIFLOWER EAR, TOOTSIE! YOU THINK I GOT THAT FROM SLEEPIN' IN A ROCK GARDEN? My gosh, it's gettin' so when the phone DON'T ring, I jump outa my skin!

MOL: (LAUGHS) It isn't really that bad, Alice. And there's a list of your phone calls on the hall table. Add Gordon to it.

ALICE: Oh, that's Gordon Fox. I've got a date with him Saturday. I don't like him.

FIB: YOU DON'T LIKE HIM? AND YOU GOTTA DATE WITH HIM?

ALICE: Yes. I thought it would be a novelty to go out with a Fox, just once. ~~You know...sort of a change.~~

MOL: Does Mr. Fox work at the airplane plant too, Alice?

ALICE: Oh no, Mrs. McGee. Poor Gordon! He's got such a delicious voice - so masculine and everything and he's tried and he's tried to get a job as a radio announcer. But they all tell him the same thing.

FIB: What's that?

ALICE: Too short.

MOL: That's an odd reason for not wanting an announcer.

ALICE: Well, he doesn't speak very good English, either. You see, he's a Lithograph, though he's lived in this country for years and years.

FIB: HE'S A WHAT?

ALICE: A Lithograph. You know. From Lithuania.

FIB: Oh, yes. Lithograph. I was afraid for a minute he might be a big Aus, from Australia.

ALICE: (LAUGHS MERRILY) OH, MR. MCGEE, YOU'RE JUST BEING RIDIC! YOU know very well people from Australia are Austriches. I'M sorry if the phone calls have been bothering you. Some of those characters at the plant think they can call a girl up any time they want to simply because her phone number happens to be embroidered on the pocket of her coveralls. Well, g'bye now.

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

FIB: (TO HIMSELF) SHUT MY WATER OFF, WILL THEY!! DON'T THEY  
KNOW THERE'S A WAR WORKER LIVIN' HERE? BY GEORGE, IF I...  
Hey, I was gonna call 'em up. What was that number again,  
Molly?

MOL: I don't remember, dearie. Here's the phone book.

FIB: (RUSTLING PAGES) Wistful Vista Arch Support...Wistful  
Vista Cat and Dog...Wistful Vista Wet Wash...OOOP, passed  
the laundry again! AHHH, HERE WE ARE. 1-9-0-0. Gimme  
the phone!

MOL: Here, but what good will it do? You can't pay a bill  
over the phone.

FIB: YOU'RE RIGHT! WE'LL GO DOWN THERE IN PERSON! WHERE'S  
MY HAT?

MOL: I don't know.

FIB: I DO. IT'S RIGHT HERE IN THE HALL CLOS--

SOUND: DOOR LATCH: TERRIFIC AVALANCHE OF JUNK: BELL TINKLE

PAUSE:

FIB: Gotta straighten out that closet one of these days!

ORCH: "MY HEART TELLS ME"

APPLAUSE:

FIB: COME ON, MOLLY. COME ON.!! Gee whizz, I been waitin' here for fifteen minutes with my hat on. WHATDDYE DOING?

MOL: (OFF MIKE) Trying the faucets once more dearie. I'll be there in a minute.

FIB: OKAY. (TO HIMSELF) Ahh, there's a good kid! She knows darn well I haven't got a leg to stand on in this thing. But what does she do? BAWL ME OUT? No. She gets sore at the water company right with me. That's the kind of a wife --

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN & CLOSE:

TEE: Hi, mister.

FIB: Oh hello there, sis. Don't take off your mittens, kitten, because I and my wife are scrammin' outa here in a minute.

TEE: Why?

FIB: Because we got important business downtown, that's why. With a big utility man. A technical point has arose, which has to do with the legality of service continuance during a lapse of mcnetary return from the consumer.

TEE: Well, I always.....Hrummmmmmm?

FIB: Never mind. Know what they used to say when I was a lad, sis? When they wanted somebody to scam? They'd say PUT AN EGG IN YOUR SHOE AND BEAT IT. (LAUGHS)

TEE: Gee, you sure went with a corny bunch of kids, didn't you, mister?

FIB: Oh yeah? What does YOUR little group of intellectuals say?

TEE: We say, BLOW, JOE! Or, TAKE A POWDER, PIGEON! Or DO YOU HAVE TO LEAVE, STEVE? Anything like that.

FIB: Okay, okay. The idea is, sis, that I got no time to talk ---

TEE: Hey, can I have a drink of water, mister? Hmmm? Can I please? Hmmm?

FIB: NO!

TEE: Why?

FIB: Because our water is...er...BECAUSE THERE IS SOMETHING... er...No, you better not.

TEE: Well gee, mister, I'M awful thirsty, I betcha. Come on... jus' one lil sip of water? Hmmm? Please?

FIB: I'M sorry, sis. Go home and get a drink.

TEE: You mean you won't give a thirsty lil child a drink of water? Don't you LIKE littul child-run?

FIB: CERTAINLY I LIKE LITTLE CHILDREN. I WAS A LITTLE CHILDREN...ER...CHILD, ONCE, MYSELF. NOW LOOK, SIS, I DON'T LIKE TO BE NASTY WITH YOU, BUT DURING THIS NICE AUTUMN WEATHER A KID LIKE YOU SHOULDN'T SPEND SO MUCH TIME IN THE HOUSE. PARTICULARLY THIS HOUSE. HIT THE GRIT, SNIP.

TEE: Look, mister, I don't mind so much your refusing a littul thirsty child a drink of water, even though water is the about the cheapest thing there is, but you DECEIVED me, I betcha.

FIB: EH? WHADDYE MEAN, I DECEIVED YOU?

TEE: Don't gimme that prune whip, mister. We saw the water man  
turn off your water this morning because you didn't pay  
your bill, and my daddy says he wished there was some  
utility he could go to and get your hot air shut off.  
IF YOU'D OF OFFERED ME A GLASS OF ROOTBEER OR SOMETHING,  
I'D OF CLAMMED UP, MISTER. BUT NOW...OH, BROTHER!!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Why, that little blackmailer! Gonna blab it all over  
the neighborhood, is she? My gosh, I...HEY, MOLLY...  
HURRY UP, WILLYA?

MOL: (FADE IN) Coming, McGee...the water is shut off,  
all right. There's not a faucet in the house that  
YOU GOT THE WATER BILL.

MOL: No, have you?

FIB: Yes. You got any money?

MOL: No, have you?

FIB: Yes. Wanna call a cab?

MOL: No. Do you?

FIB: Yes. Can we afford it?

MOL: No.

FIB: OKAY. COME ON!

DOOR OPEN & CLOSE:

ORCH: BRIDGE - "WILLIAM TELL" - FADE OUT:

FIB: Here we are, Molly. This is the Wistful Vista Utility Building.

MOL: I don't know how it can be. We didn't pass the Wistful Vista Arch Support, or the Wistful Vista Cat and Dog, or the --

WIL: (FADE IN) HELLO THERE, MOLLY. HYAH, PAL! I was looking for you folks.

FIB: Oh, hiyah, Junior.

MOL: Why were you looking for us, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Well, I was hoping you'd be home this afternoon, but as long as you're not, may I take the key to your house?

FIB: THE KEY TO OUR HOUSE! What's the idea, Junior?

WIL: I wanted to bring a customer over and show her your kitchen linoleum. Yours is such a wonderful example of how Johnson's Glocoat preserves the beauty of the pattern and protects against scuffing and cracking.

FIB: Oh well, in that case, Junior, I see no objection. The only --

WIL: You see, I'm going to show this woman how beautifully Glocoat has protected your linoleum, Molly. Then I'm going to toss a little goo of some kind on the floor and show her how easily it will wipe off a Glocoated surface with a damp cloth.

MOL: And where will you get the damp cloth, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Oh, I'll take an old cloth with me, and hold it under the faucet in your sink for a minute.

(PAUSE)

WIL: - What's the matter?

FIB: Isn't there...a...er...isn't there any other place where...I mean, well, gee whizz, Junior, do you have to use OUR HOUSE for this demonstration?

MOL: Haven't you any OTHER customers with Glocoated Linoleums?

WIL: SAY WHAT IS THIS? A RUN-AROUND? ARE YOU BRUSHING ME OFF?

FIB: No no no...get that idea outa your curly little head, Junior. We only..er...well, with our roomer...Miss Darling, trying to sleep, we don't want any disturbance to--

WIL: MISS DARLING IS DOWNTOWN SHOPPING. I SAW HER TEN MINUTES AGO.

MOL: He didn't mean Miss Darling, Mr. Wilcox. He meant Uncle Dennis. He sleeps late too, and we wouldn't want to disturb ---

WIL: UNCLE DENNIS ISN'T HOME, EITHER. I saw him downtown, too. He was going into a bookie joint ~~just as I was comi-----~~ I mean...WELL, HE ISN'T HOME. So may I please take your key?

(PAUSE)

FIB: Er....can you make it tomorrow, Junior?

WIL: NO, I CAN'T! AND YOU JUST WAIT TILL RACINE HEARS ABOUT THIS! WON'T EVEN CO-OPERATE WITH ME TO MAKE A LIFETIME CUSTOMER FOR JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT!! A FINE THING -

FIB: But look, Junior -



WIL: SKIP IT! ANYBODY'D THINK I WAS GOING TO WRECK YOUR HOUSE. WHAT DID YOU THINK I WAS GOING TO DO ANYWAY? GO AWAY AND LEAVE THE WATER RUNNING? (FADE OUT, MUTTERING)

(SLIGHT PAUSE)

FIB: Wow.....is he sore! But we couldn't tell him our water'd been shut off, could we?

MOL: It might have been better, at that. Do you think he'll really report us to Racine?

FIB: Naw....Junior's chicken-hearted, but he ain't pig-headed.

MOL: What do you mean?

FIB: He'll squawk, but he won't squeal.

MOL: Well, we'd better get that bill paid. Before there are any new complications. Where do we go?

FIB: Right in here, I think. This is where I came the last four times they shut it off. In 1927, 1930, 1936 and '41.

DOOR OPEN AND SHUT. TYPEWRITERS IN BACKGROUND ETC. FADE -

GIRL: Yes, what was it please?

FIB: WE WANT THE WATER TURNED ON AT OUR HOUSE, SIS. BUT QUICK.

GIRL: Very well. Please see Mr. Snavelly at window twelve. Mr. Snavelly is in charge of new accounts.

MOL: But this isn't a new account, dearie. This is one of your old, tired accounts. And I think it's tired, account of we keep forgetting to pay the bill.

FIB: LOOK, SIS. WE' BEEN USIN' YOUR CHLORINE-FLAVORED  
- CLOUD-JUICE FOR TWENTY YEARS NOW AND THE ONLY COURTESY  
WE EVER HAD, WAS ONCE A FISH CAME OUTA THE FAUCET AND  
BOWED TO US.

GIRL: Just what was your trouble, please?

FIB & MOL: OUR WATER HAS BEEN SHUT OFF!!!

GIRL: I see. Please sit down while I look up the account,  
What was the name?

FIB: Fibber McGee, 79 Wistful Vista. AND LEMME TELL YOU,  
SIS, IF I DON'T GET BETTER TREATMENT, YOU CAN CLOSE  
THE ACCOUNT AND I'LL DEAL DIRECT.

MOL: Direct with who, McGee?

FIB: WELL, IT STILL RAINS AND SNOWS DON'T IT? I CAN CATCH  
IT IN TUBS ON THE ROOF CAN'T I? JUST BECAUSE THIS  
COMPANY HAS GOT A MONOTONY ON WATER SERVICE IN THIS  
TOWN --

GIRL: I think you mean MONOPOLY, sir.

FIB: WHAT'D I SAY?

MOL: You said monotony.

FIB: What does that mean?

GIRL: That means the same thing, over and over.

FIB: AND IT IS!!! I BEEN THRU THIS SAME THING IN 1927, 1930,  
'36 and '41. Here's the check, sis.....now get busy,

GIRL: - Just sit down, sir, while I check the account.

TYPEWRITER EFFECTS UP AND FADE -

MOL: It's about time you learned this lesson, McGee.

FIB: What lesson?

MOL: The futility of arguing with a utility. Heavenly days, you'll never -- OH THERE'S DOCTOR GAMBLE. HELLO DOCTOR!!

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

FIB: Hiyah, Arrowsmith. What's your complaint to the water company? Find a germ in your garden hose?

DOC: I have no complaint to make, my boy. I just came down to check up on one of the officers of the company.

MOL: What's the matter with him, Doctor!

FIB: Probably drank some of the company's water and he's so full of mud he wants Doc to subdivide him.

DOC: THERE'S NOTHING REALLY WRONG WITH THE MAN. HE'S JUST OVERWORKED. LOST A LOT OF HELP. AND HE SAYS THERE'S AN EPIDEMIC OF LINT-HEADS WHO HAVE BEEN FORGETTING TO PAY THEIR WATER BILLS, AND WHEN THE WATER'S SHUT OFF THEY COME SCREAMING DOWN HERE AND ACCUSE THEM OF EVERYTHING BUT THE BURNING OF ROME AND THE KANSAS DUSTBOWL. Incidentally, what are you here for?

MOL: Oh...er...

FIB: We...er...

MOL: Just...er....

FIB: Merely...er....

GIRL: (CALLS) Oh, Mr. McGee!

FIB: Yeah?

GIRL: (OFF) IF YOU WILL TAKE THIS CHECK OVER TO THE DELINQUENT ACCOUNT DEPARTMENT, WINDOW 17, THEY WILL ARRANGE TO TURN YOUR WATER BACK ON.

MOL: Thank you, miss.

DOC: Oh! You too, eh, McGee? (LAUGHS) So you're one of the yapping citizens who is always screaming for service but gets writer's cramp at the sight of a checkbook.

FIB: IS THAT SO!! WHY YOU BIG DEEP-SEA IODINE SPRINKLER --

MOL: Why deep sea, McGee?

FIB: YOU'VE SEEN HIS SIGN..."PHYSICIAN AND STURGEON". I'D LIKE TO SEE YOUR DIPLOMA SOMETIME, YOU BIG MEDICINE-SHOW BANJO-PLAYER. I'LL BET YOU GOT LESS STANDING THAN SITTING BULL!

DOC: AND YOU'VE GOT AS MUCH BULL STANDING AS SITTING, YOU PATHETIC LITTLE BIOLOGICAL SPORT.

FIB: Eh? You hear that, Molly? Doc thinks I'M a biological sport.

MOL: Isn't that nice!

FIB: Did you...er....really mean that, Doc? You're not just sayin' that because you admire me?

DOC: No, indeed!!

FIB: Well...gee, thanks. Confidentially, I kinda gotta sneakin' admiration for you too, Doc.

DOC: - Thanks. See you at the Elks tonight?

FIB: Yeah. Be there early Doc and we'll sneak a few hands  
o' cribbage. So long.

DOC: Good day.

MOL: Goodbye, Doctor. Isn't he nice, McGee?

FIB: Oh great guy. Great guy! (FADE) Imagine him, thinkin'  
I'M a biological sport, does he? Well, I'll certainly  
try to live up to that!

MUSIC: KINGS MEN: "SUNSHINE OF VIRGINIA"

(APPLAUSE)

THIRD SPOT

SOUND: WALKING ON SIDEWALK:

MOL: Now aren't you ashamed you made all that fuss, McGee?  
They said the water would be turned on long before we got home.

FIB: Sure will be good to walk in and get a cold glass of water, won't it? You know, Molly...them guys at the water company never learn. They're stupid!

MOL: Why?

FIB: THEY NEVER LEARN THAT I ALWAYS PAY MY BILL. My gosh, countin' today, that makes FIVE TIMES they've shut my water off because I forgot to mail a check. AND FIVE TIMES, they've had to turn it back on again. (LAUGHS TOLERANTLY)  
They never learn! Why, if I ever --

DENNIS: (FADE IN) WELL HELLO THERE, MOLLY DARLIN'. AND FIBBER LAD.

MOL: Hello, Uncle Dennis.

FIB: Hiya, Unk. What's this a friend of ours tells us about seein' you goin' into a bookie joint?

MOL: Now, McGee, if Uncle Dennis wants to buy a book, what of it? I think it's nice he wants to improve his mind.

DENNIS: AH. T'was not buyin' a book I was, Macushla. I was just droppin' in an old friend of mine (May his shadow never grow smaller, fat as he is) who has a small business up an alley out of the high rent district and the sight of the cops, may they all swallow their whistles and blow out their brains.

MOL: Why, Uncle Dennis...what have you got against policemen?

FIB: Yeah, you're always tryin' to get on the police force yourself, Unc.

DENNIS: AND WHY AM I NOT ON THE FORCE AT THIS MOMENT, I'D INQUIRE OF YE? JEALOUSY, TIS ALL IT TIS! Blackballed me, they have -- may their meat coupons blow out the window -- and all because when I took the pre-laminnery examinations (and a more childish set of questions I couldn't answer, not being a child) one of the questions was how do you stop a runaway horse, and out of my great experience I answered PUT A FIN ON HIS NOSE because I've never done it yet that a horse didn't slow to a walk. And where have you been going this fine day now?

MOL: Oh, we forgot to mail a check for the water bill, Uncle Dennis, and they shut our water off.

FIB: We couldn't get enough outa the faucet to wet a air mail stamp.

DENNIS: SHUT OFF THE WATER, DID THEY, THE BLACKGUARDS!!! AND MAYBE A GOOD THING FOR YE IT WAS!

MOL: Why?

DENNIS: Because the very same thing happened to a friend of mine, Rory McShane, which just goes to show that history and radishes repeat themselves, and twas McShane who did a wonderful thing for the City of Boston by movin' his wife - and a finer woman with a cookstove never breathed the breath of this life, such as it is, - and all the twelve little ones, - I remember they had a dozen, McShane being a baker at the time, to the town of Elkhart, Indiana.

FIB: AH GOOD OLD ELKHART INDIANA! Remember me speakin' of Elkhart, Molly? I and Fred Witney played there many's the time with our vaudville act.

MOLLY: You must have changed the fact. You could never have played any place twice with the one I've heard about.

FIB: Oh I dunno...we had some pretty smart stuff, Fred and me.

DENNIS: The reason I remember old Rory McShane, he was always tryin' to pickupacoupleo'bucks and --

FIB: I'LL NEVER FORGET THE GAG I AND FRED HAD WHERE I come out on the stage and says -----

DENNIS: YES SIR, OLD RORY McSHANE, may his future be as rosy as his nose, which doesn't seem possible at first glance, though nobody was ever satisfied with just one glance.... what were we talkin' about now?

MOLLY: Never mind, Uncle Dennis.....we'll see you later.

FIB: Yeah...we gotta hurry in the house and see if they - turned the water on.

MOLLY: Good afternoon, Uncle Dennis.

DENNIS: AND THE BALANCE OF THE EVENIN' TO YOURSELF, MACUSHLA.

SOUND: WALKING ON SIDEWALK.....UP ON STEPS, ON PORCH....PAUSE.

FIB: Where's my keys? Oh, here....(JINGLE OF KEYS) Believe me, Molly, if those mugs HAVEN'T turned our water on, I'M gonna go back down there, and --



SOUND: DOOR OPEN: NIAGARA-LIKE RUSH OF WATER. THE JOHNSTOWN FLOOD. A CLOUDBURST. IT'S A TORRENT. BEAUCOUP AQUA!

MOLLY: (WAILS) OHHHHHH, HEAVENLY DAYS.....OUR POOR HOUSE....  
IT'S ANKLE-DEEP IN WATER.

FIB: OH MY GOSH, WE LEFT ALL THE FAUCETS TURNED ON!!!

MOLLY: Well, go shut 'em off.

FIB: OKAY....

SOUND: SWISHING THRU WATER:

FIB: WAIT A MINUTE.....HERE'S A NOTE ON THE MANTEL.....LOOK.....  
IT'S FROM ALICE!

MOLLY: NEVER MIND THAT NOW! ... SHUT THE FAUCETS OFF! ... WHAT  
DOES IT SAY?

FIB: It says "I GOT TIRED OF WAITING FOR THE WATER TO BE  
TURNED ON, SO I WENT TO A MOVIE BECAUSE ALL MY FAVORITES  
WERE PLAYING THERE, CLAUDE RAINS, ETHEL WATERS, AND  
DONALD DUCK".

MOLLY: Oh pshaw!!

SOUND: WATER SPLASHING, INTO:

ORCH: "I'D LIKE TO SET YOU TO MUSIC" -- WHICH SEEMS TO BE AN  
ODD CHOICE OF VERBS -- FADE FOR:

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY  
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC  
NOVEMBER 16, 1943

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WIL: It's a natural thing, with the war tides running in our favor, to think we can relax a bit. But that's exactly what we can't afford to do. In war plants we've got to work even harder to keep production up to the pace of the war. And in the home we've got to take even better care of our things, because it will be a long while before industry can get back to peacetime goods. Look around your home tonight -- and make sure you're doing all you can to practice conservation. When you reach the kitchen, look at your linoleum floor. If it's not regularly protected with a good polish, get some JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO COAT right away. GLO COAT will not only keep that linoleum looking beautiful, colors like new -- not only save you hours of work, because it takes no rubbing or buffing -- but GLO COAT will actually make your linoleum last 6 to 10 times longer. Protect your floors with JOHNSON'S GLO COAT.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

TAG GAG

SOUND: SWEEPING OF WATER...SWISHING

MOLLY: (SIGHS) Heavenly days! This is such a mess, McGee,  
I'll never get it cleaned up.

FIB: (CHUCKLING) I just thought of somethin', Molly!  
(LAUGHS LIKE HELL)

MOLLY: Well, let's hear it. I can stand a good laugh right now!

FIB: Them guys at the water company are so smart! (LAUGHS)  
The joke's on them, after all! I know why I didn't  
mail that check before! (LAUGHS)

MOLLY: Why?

FIB: Because (KILLING HIMSELF) We ain't got that much money  
in the bank!

MOLLY: Oh, fine!

FIB: (STILL LAUGHING) Goodnight.

MOLLY: Goodnight, all.

ORCH: (CLOSING SIGNATURE)

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)

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