

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
Census Enumerator

WRITERS:
DON QUINN
#30
PHIL LESLIE
(REVISED)

TUESDAY, APRIL 4TH, 1950
6:30 - 7:00
PM
PST

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

ORCH:
THEME . . fade for:

WILCOX:
The makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Water Repellant Glocoat present Fibber McGee and Molly, with Bill Thompson, Arthur Q. Bryan, Dick Le Grand, Cliff Arquette, Elvia Allman, 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:

WILCOX:

APPLAUSE:
A HUNDRED AND FORTY THOUSAND MEN AND WOMEN STARTED WORK LAST WEEK ON "OPERATION NOSECOUNT" - THE 1950 CENSUS. A HUNDRED AND THIRTY-NINE THOUSAND, NINE HUNDRED AND NINETY-NINE OF THESE PEOPLE ARE INTELLIGENT, COURTEOUS AND CONSIDERATE. . . HERE'S ANOTHER ONE - CENSUS ENUMERATOR MCGEE OF - FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

FIB:
AHHH, I got a feelin' I'm gonna love this job, Molly!
Imagine gettin' paid good money, just for askin' personal questions:
BOYBOY, WILL I GET NOSEY!!

MOL:
And boy, you're just the boy who can do it, too!

FIB:
Betcha - and this time I got the government back of me. "FIBBER MCGEE

-

GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL!" Hey I wish I had me a badge to wear.

MOL:

A badge? Well, Uncle Dennis has one. It's upstairs in his drawer.

FIB:

Swell - I'll get it. What does it say?

MOL:

"CHICKEN INSPECTOR" He got it at a Legion convention - at the Poultry Exhibit, he said - although I don't know the -

FIB:

That's okay, kiddo - never mind. I got authority enough without the badge. Lemme run through the procedure here before I start out again a minute. First of all, I ring the door bell, see - and when somebody answers, I say, "good morning, madam" -

MOL:

What if a man answers?

FIB:

Hang up!! Ohhh, you mean if a man answers the door! Well, in that case I simply say, "Good morning, bud", I say I represent the United States Censor for this block and -

MOL:

On no, dearie - no! Not the Censor - - the Census!

FIB:

Yeah? What's the difference?

MOL:

Well - the Census asks people what they do. The Censor says they mustn't do it.

FIB:

Oh. Well anyhow, this is gonna be quite an experience. Lemme see now, I got my book of instructions, "The Enumerator's Reference Manual" - My fountain pen - blank forms - my I-D cards -

MOL:

Say, I've heard of those I-D cards. What does that stand for, anyhow - "Doctor of Innumeration"?

FIB:

(CHUCKLES TOLERANTLY) No, no, nothin' like that, tootsie - this is just my identification. When you don't wanna stand out on a drafty porch askin' questions, you flash the I-D card to get IN-DOORS - Catch on?

MOL:

Isn't that simple! I think the Census is a wonderful idea because -
Heavenly Days,
is that the questionnaire you fill out?

FIB:

Yep. (PAPER RATTLE)

MOL:

Look at the size of that thing! It looks like Barnum and Bailey's main
tent!

FIB:

Yeah, and I'm gonna have a circus with it, too.
I may switch the questions around a little of course, when I get the
hang of it.
Liable to sound pretty dull, askin' the same questions all day long.

MOL:

Oh, you can handle it, dearie - you've had experience.

FIB:

Askin' questions?

MOL:

Sounding dull. Say, speaking of Uncle Dennis again - he'd be wonderful
at this job.
He starts every day of his life with the same question.

FIB:

Yeah? What's his question?

MOL:

"Where am I?" ...You know - that's about the only question they don't
have
on these blanks here?

FIB:

They got it. Right here - Question 15 - "What were you doing last
week? Working,
keeping house, or something else"?

MOL:

What else is there? Heavenly days, a busy housewife -

FIB:

Look, tootsie - don't YOU start givin' me trouble - before I even ring
my first
doorbell. Come on, let's get started - I wanta gather up those vittle
statistics.

MOL:

You mean "Vital," dearie

FIB:

No - vittles. I'm gonna ask 'em what they had for lunch. And if
there's any left -
because by the time I ring a few doorbellls I'll be hungry enough to -

SOUND:
DOOR CHIME

MOL:
Hold it, G-man! Company!

FIB:
Well, don't let 'em delay us, whoever it is. Hand me them questionnaires and stuff, so it looks like we're leavin'. (RUSTLE OF PAPERS) COME IN!

SOUND:
DOOR OPENS

MOL:
Oh, hello, Mr. Old Timer. Come in.

OLD M:
HELLO THERE, DAUGHTER - HI - OHHHH, PUT THAT RACIN' FORM AWAY, JOHNNY!
SAVE YOUR RENT
MONEY, SON! YOU CAN'T BEAT THE PONIES!

FIB:
No, no, this is not a racing -

OLD M:
Don't let the boy gamble, daughter - bad for his character!
I mind poppa used to bet the horses, when I was just a kid.
Ruined his life completely.

MOL:
Well, that's too bad, but -

OLD M:
Yep, poppa hung around the stables so much, he developed a hamstrung fetlock - and a bad case of heaves. Took to having his shoes custom-made at the blacksmith shop, and I can hear him now, whinnyin' as he galloped up the front steps. It was six furlongs to the drug store and Poppa -

FIB:
Yeah, yeah - Look, that's all very fascinating, but I got work to do. We gotta go.

OLD M:
Well, I don't wanna hold you up, kids. Take a lesson though, from Poppa. He got a tip from a jockey friend - mortgaged momma's sewin' machine - and bet every dime we had on a horse named Glue Boy!

MOL:
Glue Boy? Sounds like a sticky proposition.

OLD M:

Glue Boy put everything he had into that run, kids - and he was the first across the finish line in the last race of the day!

FIB:
Good.

OLD M:
Papa lost everything!

FIB:
LOST? You said the horse came in first, in the last race!

OLD M:
Yep - But he started out in the first race! (CHUCKLES)
Never trust a horse, Johnny - he'll make a jackass out of you every time!

MOL:
Well, I'm sure there must be a fine moral in there somewhere, Mr. Old Timer,
but these papers have nothing to do with racing forms - they're questionnaires.

FIB:
Yep - I just been appointed Censor Takus for this district.

MOL:
Census Taker, dearie.

FIB:
YEah!

OLD M:
IS THAAAT SO?

FIB:
Yep. It's just a subordulent job now, of course - but the next census they take, I may get appointed head.

OLD M:
Johnny, I got news for you - you got one now!

FIB:
Look, if I were you, boy - I wouldn't get too flip with a government official. I'm with the government, you know.

OLD M:
Oh, that's okay - I'm a government man myself.
You see the safety pin in the back of my pants?

MOL:
Heavenly days - what's that for?

OLD M:
Rent control, daughter - I tore 'em.

FIB:

Yeah? How?

OLD M:

Comin' downstairs, Johnny - I fell over a barrister

MOL:

You mean a bannister.

OLD M:

This was in the courthouse, daughter - a lawyer got in my way.
Well, come on kids - I'll drive you downtown, if you got your car out front.

MOL:

Thanks, but we're walking

FIB:

Yep, let's get goin'. We been waitin' long enough for people to come to their senses - now we're gonna take the Census to the people.

OLD M:

HEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHE, THAT'S PRETTY GOOD, JOHNNY - THAT AIN'T THE WAY I HEERED IT!

FIB:

Oh, pshaw

OLD M:

(APPLAUSE)

The way I heered it, one feller says to t'other feller - when he heard McGee was takin' the Census, "SAYYYY," he says, "WHY IS THE WISTFUL VISTA CENSUS LIKE A RIDE ON A ROCKET SHIP"?... "SIMPLE," says t'other feller, "BECAUSE THEY BOTH START OFF WITH A BIG JERK!" (LAUGHS) So long, kids.

ORCH:

"IF I'D HAVE KNOWED, ETC."

SECOND SPOT

FIB:

All right, Mrs. Mulks, I guess I got all the information I need about you.
Now for the rest of your family. Who else lives at this address?

Mrs. M:

Just myself and Bozwell, that's all.

FIB:

Lemme put that down, sis. B.O.Z.W.E.L...

MOL:

That's Mr. Mulks, is it?

MRS. M:

Oh gracious no. Bozwell is only four years old.

FIB:

(WRITING) Bozwell Mulks... age 4... your son, sis?

MRS. M:

Wel-l-l no. He's adopted.

MOL:

How nice.. What nationality is he?

MRS. M:

Well, his papers didn't say exactly, but from the shape of his tail and his long drooping ears, we think he's a beagle.

FIB:

Beagle!

MRS. M:

Yes. Oh here he is now. BOZWELL.. MEET THE NICE PEOPLE!

BOZ:

ARF,ARF,ARF!!!!!!!!!!!!

FIB:

DOOR SLAM

Oh for the ..come on, Molly. Thanks, sis!

MOL:

My this is very interesting work, isn't it? How many names have we got now?

FIB:

DOOR KNOCK,

DOOR OPEN:

Lemme check... mmmhmmmm. Well, countin' the four people that weren't home, and the lady that was takin' a bath and hollered out the window at us, and the guy that was holdin' his thumb in the leakin' water pipe and said "come back tomorrow", and the place with the measles sign on the door, I got just one. Mrs. Mulks. Well, here we go again.

FIB:

Good morning, sir. I am the U.S. Censor Takus.

MOL:

Census Taker!

FIB:

Yeah, and, OH, HIYAH, OLE!

OLE:

Hello, McGee..Hello Missus. You're what kind of a tooker?

MOL:

The United States Census, Ole. The government needs a lot of information about population and housing and -

OLE:

Oh sure. I been waiting for census tooker. I think McGee is good man to ask questions. Everybody say so.

FIB:

They do, Ole? What do they say?

OLE:

They say McGee is a questionable character. Well, go ahead, Census tooker. Ask questions.

MOL:

Your name we have. And the address. Born?

OLE:

Sure. Not lately though. Was long time ago.

FIB:

Who's the head of this household?

OLE:

Wait till I close door. (DOOR CLOSES) (LOUDLY) I AM!

MOL:

Where were you born, Ole?

OLE:

Davenport.

FIB:

Iowa?

OLE:

No, Stockholm. Mamma didn't have time to get to hospital. I was born on davenport.

FIB:

How many people live at this address?

OLE:

Well, if you call it living, there's me, and my missus, and the kids - Christina, Lars, Sven, little Ole, Yasmin and better leave one space for next January.

FIB:

Now then. . one more question.

OLE:
Okay.

MOL:
What time is it?

OLE:
About half past.

FIB:
Thanks. . we better get going. Thanks, Ole.

OLE:
DOOR SLAM
That's all right, McGee. Nothing is too good for the government, they seem to think.

MOL:
Isn't this fun, McGee? Who's next on the list?

FIB:
I dunno, but I wish it was Edgar Bergan.

MOL:
Why?

FIB:
DOOR KNOCK:
DOOR OPEN:
I'd like to ask him if he feels lonesome since McCarthy go to be a Senator.
Well, here we are, kiddo.

WOMAN:
Yes?

FIB:
Good morning madam - I represent the -

WOMAN:
DOOR SLAM:
WE DON'T WANT ANY!

FIB:
She don't want any, Molly - let's try next door and - HEY WAIT A MINUTE!
I ain't sellin' anything! I'm the Censor Takus!

MOL:
It's Census Taker! Try again.

FIB:
DOOR OPENS:
I'll say I'll try again! HAMMERS ON DOOR
Open up in there! I'm from the Census! By George --

WOMAN:

(SWEETLY) Ohh, why didn't you say so! I didn't understand.

FIB:

Neither did I. I'd like to talk to the head of the house. You married?

WOMAN:

Yes indeed, I am. But you'll have to come back later. My husband is in Atlantic, Georgia.

MOL:

Oh the lucky man! In the beautiful south. What's he doing there, madam?

WOMAN:

DOOR SLAM:

Twenty years! Good day!

FIB:

Well, the government has solved his housing problem.

MOL:

If they convicted him of being a masher, they've also solved the surplus potato problem. Who lives in this next house, McGee?

FIB:

Fella named Crabtree. I know him from the Elk's Club. But I'm skipping him.

MOL:

Afraid he isn't home?

FIB:

Afraid he is home.... I owe him ten bucks. Let's take this next one. Beautiful house..must be millionaires.

DOOR CHIME:

DOOR OPEN:

OFF, PLAYS "WE'RE IN THE MONEY"

BUTLER:

(THOMPSON) Yes?

FIB:

Good day, madam, or bud, and in your case it's bud, I am the U.S. Censor Takus for this district.

MOL:

Census Taker, he means.

BUTLER:

I regret to say, sir, and madam, that the Master, Mr. Wilks-Farthington is unavailable for interruption at the moment. If you could return in about a fortnight...

VOICE:

(OFF) Now raise the anchor a little, Joe .. (OUCHHH

FIB:

What the -

BUTLER:

As I was about to say, sire - if you could return at a more convenient time.

FIB:

Convenient for who? This is convenient for us, bud.

BUTLER:

Quite! However, I'm afraid -

VOICE:

(OFF) Now one more star in the flag, Joe.. YEEOOOWWWWW!

MOL:

What on earth is going on in there?

BUTLER:

DOOR SLAM:

Mr. Wilks-Farthington is being tatoood, Madam! Good day!

FIB:

(GRUMBLING) Come back at a more convenient time, my clavicle! Gettin' paid by the name, and make a dozen trips! That's the kind of stuff that gets under my skin.

MOL:

Judging from the yelps, they were getting under Mr. Wilks-Farthington's too!
Try this place.

RAP ON DOOR:

DOOR OPEN:

FIB:

Good day sir, or madam. I am --

LADY:

Oh yes, of course, I've been expecting you all day, Mr. Wilcox, because my housework is SO -

MOL:

Excuse me. madam, we are not Mr. Wilcox. I mean -

FIB:

We're takin' the United States Census, sis, and -

LADY:

Oh, I wish I had time to talk to you, but this big house keeps me so busy and this Mr. Wilcox promised to come and show me how he can simplify it and -

MOL:

(WARMLY) Well, he's just the lad that can do it, too! Because when he shows you how Johnson's Water Repellant Glocoat can save you so much time and work you'll simply be amazed!

FIB:

You betcha. Now then, sis, my first question is about -

LADY:

Johnson's Water Repellant Glocoat?

MOL:

Yes..

FIB:

No, my question is -

MOL:

You see, madam, I'm a housewife myself and I KNOW what Glocoat will do. You know those dingy, milky-looking streaks on the linoleum when you mop it a few times? Well, that's a thing of the past.. because Water Repellant Glocoat stays on and stays bright, even after repeated damp moppings...

FIB:

Now my second question, sis, is -

LADY:

How does it go on?

FIB:

Well, at the rate we're going, sis, it'll go on all day, but -

MOL:

She means the Glocoat, McGee. Well, Mrs....er...

LADY:

Koury. Mary Koury.

FIB:

Well, I finally got some information. What was the first name?

MOL:

Johnson's. Johnson's Water Repellant Glocoat.

FIB:

No, I meant -

MOL:

Quiet, dearie. Mrs. Koury and I are talking. You see, Mrs. Koury, Glocoat is very easy to apply. You just pour a little out, spread it around and let it dry. In 20 minutes or less it gives your linoleum a lovely, glossy protective wax coating that WAIT A MINUTE... HERE COMES

MR. WILCOX, NOW! He can tell you the rest of it. Hello, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL:

(FADE IN) Hiyah, Molly. Hi, pal. Hello, Mrs. Koury. I'm sorry to be late, but the census taker was at my house and -

FIB:

Look, Junior... I'm takin' the census myself -

WIL:

This will only take a minute, pal. I want to tell Mrs. Koury about -

LADY:

This lady has already told me, Mr. Wilcox. It seems that one can of Glocoat will cut my housework in half, so bring me two cans right away, because that will take care of ALL my housework and now I have the rest of the day to talk to you nice people, so do come in and sit down. Good day, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL:

DOOR SLAM:

Well this is a fine... I'M going downtown and look up the law on horse-thieving. Somebody stole my plug! So long now!

ORCH:

BRIDGE

FIB:

Well, that was the best client I've had yet.

MOL:

Yes, a very pleasant woman! How old did she say she was?

FIB:

Can't tell you, kiddo. The Manual says we ain't supposed to diverge any information accumulated in the course of duty ... You shoulda listened.

MOL:

Well, it was nice to talk to one citizen that made sense for the census. Now, where do we go?

FIB:

DOOR KNOCK:

DOOR OPENS:

Right here.

FIB:
Hiyah, bud.

CLIFF:
How do you do.

FIB:
I'm the Census Taker, bud - and this is my wife, Molly.

MOL:
How do you do I'M sure.

CLIFF:
How are you, Mrs. Taker? Won't you come in?

FIB:
Thanks, bud. (DOOR CLOSE) But it ain't Mrs. Taker -
It's Mrs. McGee. I'm taking the census.

CLIFF:
Really? That's peculiar. I had a letter from one of my cousins in
Idaho -
and she claims that she was taking the census.

FIB:
Oh, you got cousins in Idaho? Boise??

CLIFF:
No, they're all girlsie

MOL:
Here's a new pencil, McGee. You'd better get busy now.

FIB:
Now you understand, bud, that this is the regular annual ten-year
census.
Okay, bud, now how about a few questions?

CLIFF:
Good! I love this! First question - can you quote Napoleon's farewell
to
to his men after the battle of Waterloo in three words?

(2ND REVISION)

MOL:
We're supposed to ask the questions.

CLIFF:
I'm sorry - that's six words and you lose. The correct quotation is
"so long, fellas"!
Now my next question -

FIB:

HEY, HEY,, Hey, Hey, Hey!

MOL:

PLEASE!! Now WE ask the questions.

FIB:

Yeah... now, then, bud... your name please?

CLIFF:

Baker

MOL:

Your occupation?

CLIFF:

No, that's my name. Baker. Axelrod P. Baker.

FIB:

Well, what IS your occupation, Baker?

CLIFF:

Butcher. My father, Chauncey Baker was also a butcher.

MOL:

You mean that was her maiden name?

CLIFF:

No, her maiden name was Binkstoffel. Emily Binkstoffel.
That made her Emily Binkstoffel Baker, junior.

FIB:

How do you spell that?

CLIFF:

J.U.N.I.O.R. Now do you want to ask some questions, Miss Taker?

FIB:

McGee, Baker, not Miss Taker.

CLIFF:

Not mistake her for whom, sir?

MOL:

McGee.

CLIFF:

Oh, I'd never mistake you for HIM, you're much prettier and besides --

FIB:

OH CUT IT OUT ... LOOK WE AIN'T GETTIN' ANY PLACE.

CLIFF:

You should have thought pf that before you went into government work,
sir.

I realize it's a very safe job and gives you a certain security, but --

MOL:

WAIT A MINUTE. PLEASE...MR. BUTCHER>

CLIFF:

The lady is speaking to you, Mr. Butcher.

FIB:

I'M NOT BUTCHER. I'm McGEE. YOUR NAME IS BUTCHER.

CLIFF:

No, My name is Baker. You'll remember that I said my mother, who was a Binkstoffel, married my father --

MOL:

NEVER MIND THAT!!! IT ISN'T IMPORTANT.

CLIFF:

It is to me, madam!

FIB:

OH, FOR THE LOVE OF MIKE!!!

CLIFF:

No, Chauncey... Mike was my uncle. It was for the love that a girl named Marjory Pincus - -

MOL:

STOP IT, PLEASE!

FIB:

Look.... buster.... just let me ask a couple more simple questions, willya?
Please? It ain't too much to ask, is it?

CLIFF:

You go right ahead, sir. Questions in regards to what?

FIB:

Education...

CLIFF:

Very well. How far did you go in school?

FIB:

Well after my third year in the eighth grade in Peoria, I -

MOL:

McGee... You're supposed to ask HIM.

FIB:

Oh yes... We'll skip the education. How much money did you make last year, Baker?

CLIFF:

Two million, five hundred thousand dollars. But I had to burn it.

MOL:
BURN IT!!

CLIFF:
Yes, I forgot to put a beard on Lincoln. You see, I had a little engraving plant back of my butcher shop and -

FIB:
DOOR SLAM:
Come on, Molly. Let's go. I'm markin' this residence down as "VACANT". So long, bud!

ORCH:
APPLAUSE:
AND KING'S MEN: "HAVE I TOLD YOU LATELY?"

THIRD SPOT

FIB:
Well, we only got two more stops today, kiddo. Here's the first one.

MOL:
Nice house. Who lives here?

FIB:
Lemme see... accordin' to my notes, a fella named Harris. Phillip Harris, bandleader with a rich wife.

MOL:
Well ring the bell!

FIB:
I did, but I couldn't hear it ring.

MOL:
Maybe it's out of order.

FIB:
Maybe the door is unlocked. I'll peek in -

SOUND:
DOOR OPEN LOUD CORK POP! GURGLE GURGLE GURGLE
DOOR CLOSE

FIB:
We better come back when he's feelin' better, Molly. He's takin' some medicine.

SOUND:
FOOTSTEPS OFF PORCH...ON STREET...

MOL:
Well, one more house, dearie, and we can go home. How many people did we call on today?

FIB:

According to my list - we knocked on 62 doors, kiddo.

MOL:

A good day's work.

FIB:

Yep, 62 houses - and the people were at home in all but 48 of 'em.

MOL:

That leaves 14.

FIB:

But not only that, 9 of the 14 answered my questions - three of 'em without even beefing - not a bad day's work for my first day as a Censor Takus.

MOL:

It's Census Taker.

FIB:

Right - Censor Takus - when I get goin' tomorrow OH * OH (HAPPILY) LOOK, KIDDO, LOOK WHO'S COMIN' ACROSS THE STREET! DOC GAMBLE! BOYBOY, HAVE I BEEN WAITIN' FOR THIS!

MOL:

Oh yes, that is the Doctor, isn't it? I recognize the walk.

FIB:

You said it (Laughs) That guy's got a waddle like a pregnant moose. Look at him! He walks like a chapped duck. Hey! Fatso!

DOC:

(FADING IN) Hello there, Molly. Nice to see you.

MOL:

Thank you, Doctor -

DOC:

Hello, warthead

FIB:

Hi

DOC:

What's the briefcase and the leer for - you peddling Mississippi bubble stock? Or is that thing full of snake oil, in case you run across a rusty snake?

FIB:

(HAPPY CHUCKLE) You'll find out, boy! Ohh, is this gonna be fun! Hand me the blank, Molly.

MOL:

He's working, Doctor, for the United States government.

DOC:

Him? How do I get my citizenship cancelled?

FIB:

Well, you'll be happy to know, Doctor, that I have just been appointed Census Taker for this district -

MOL:

It's CENSOR TAKUS!!

FIB:

What?

MOL:

Er, no...

DOC:

WHAT????? OHH NO!

FIB:

(HAPPILY) Yep, you're lookin' at a duly qualified minor OFFICIAL, Buster.
Prepare to have your census took.

DOC:

Look, catch me later! I've got calls to make - people sick, maybe might be an operation -

FIB:

(HAPPILY) Look at him squirm, kiddo, look at him!
(SWEETLY) Maybe I ought to read you the law about answering questions, Doctor.

DOC:

Oh now look, McGee, I -

FIB:

On page 98, section 9, it says, and I cheerfully quote,
"Any person who shall willfully refuse to answer, shall be deemed guilty of -

DOC:

All right, all right, you double-crossing little snoop! Go on - ask me!

MOL:

Oh, now, Doctor, that's no way to act!

DOC:

Welllll - why does HE have to be the one?

FIB:

I consider it my civic duty, Doctor. It's not easy, either.
A job like this takes a lot out of a guy!

DOC:

Yes-and you had so little to start with, too.

MOL:

Just you relax, Doctor. You know that any information you give him is confidential.

FIB:

Certainly it is. (CHUCKLES) And besides, it'll make a swell chapter for the book I'm writin' about you, Docky. It's called "Inside Doc Gamble - OR Boy, it's Dark in Here!"..

DOC:

Get on with the questions!

FIB:

Okay - Name...address.... All right - how old are you, Doctor?

DOC:

Forty-seven!

MOL:

You don't look 47.

FIB:

No, and he ain't forty-seven any more. He's 96 if he's a day! Come clean, Fatso!

DOC:

Make it 48.

FIB:

That's better. Next question - How much money did you make last year?

DOC:

Twelve thousand dollars.

MOL:

Twelve thousand? Honestly?

FIB:

Part of it, kiddo, part of it. Say about three dollars of it honestly. Eh, Fatso?

DOC:

Get on with the questions, Nosey.

FIB:

Okay - next question - are those your own teeth, Doctor?

DOC:

Certainly - I have the receipt for 0000000000ps!

FIB:

Boy, this is wonderful
Next question - Is it true that you were holding hands with a Miss Fifi Tremayne

in the balcony of the Bijou Theatre last night and the usher had to come-

MOL:
McGEE!!!!

FIB:
Okay. Have you ever been married, Doctor?

DOC:
No.

FIB:
Are you thinking of getting married?

DOC:
Yes, I'm secretly engaged.

FIB:
Yeah? WHOM TO?

DOC:
Miss Tremayne

MOL:
Heavenly Days, Doctor! We didn't know that - Miss Tremayne, huh?

FIB:
Boyoboy! Is that something for the gang at the Elks! (LAUGHS)
Well it's sure nice of you to give me all of this dope about your private life, Docky! And I got news for ya! CHUCKLES)
You ain't in my census district. (LAUGHS)
There'll be a guy around to take your census next week.

MOL:
WHA-A-T?

FIB:
Thanks, pigeon!

DOC:
You're welcome, chiseler, And I have news for you, too.

MOL:
What, Doctor?

DOC:
I know I'm not in his district. That's why I gave him all wrong answers.
So long, sucker!

FIB:
WHAT? Why that double-crosser! Takin' advantage of my faith in him to deliberately lie to me and -

ORCH:
BRIDGE

MOL:

Well, this has been quite a day, hasn't it? Very interesting work.

FIB:

Sure has, Tootsie.

MOL:

Now what do you do?

FIB:

Well, first thing I do is check over my papers and look at the reference manual, to see if I done everything right. Then I check with the crew chief and turn in the day's records. Hand me the manual, Tootsie. I wanna look up my legal responsibilities.

MOL:

Here you are. Legal responsibilities are on page 18. Sections 57 and 58.

FIB:

Page 18? Lemme see...(RUSTLE PAGES) (READS) (MUTTERS)
Not to be accompanied or assisted by unauthorized persons...not permit anyone
to accompany you, except duly authorized....Hmmm!
OH MY GOSH!!! HAND ME THE PHONE....QUICK....THEN RUN UP AND PACK OUR BAGS!!!

MOL:

Here's the phone, but what on earth is the -

FIB:

CAN'T TALK NOW, KIDDO.. WE'RE IN A JAM... HELLO, OPERATOR?
GIMME THE AIRPORT... HELLO, AIRPORT. TWO RESERVATIONS TO SOUTH AMERICA
ON THE FIRST PLANE OUT.... EH?... MIDNIGHT?

MOL:

McGee what are you -

FIB:

WHAT SAY, SIS? THE NAMES....OH...ER... MR. FOSDICK J. ALLARDYCE AND WIFE....
WHADDYE MEAN, HOW DO I SPELL ALLARDYCE? MAKE IT JONES... OKAY...WE'LL BE THERE..!
(RECEIVER DOWN) Hey, Molly..get packed - quick..shut off the gas and the water and the electric -

MOL:

McGEE...PLEASE....WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? WHAT IS THIS?

FIB:

We're in trouble, baby...THAT'S WHAT THIS IS... LOOK AT THIS CENSUS MANUAL.
BY LETTIN' YOU GO WITH ME, AND READ THIS CONFIDENTIAL STUFF
I'M LIABLE TO A THOUSAND BUCK FINE AND TWO YEARS IN THE POKEY!! (MUSIC IN)
Now get your hat and make some jelly sandwiches - I'll mail in my

resignation when we get to Hong Kong!

ORCH:

SELECTION: FADE FOR:

FIB:

Ladies and gentlemen, the 1950 Census is under way. When the Census Taker calls on you, ask to see his card - invite him in - and answer his questions accurately.

MOL:

A true picture of the size and condition of our country depends on true answers from all of us. And a true picture is of vital importance.

FIB:

Remember that the information you give your census taker is completely confidential. By law, no other agency of the government can ever use it - for taxation, investigation, or anything else.

MOL:

And remember too, that you won't find a census taker like McGee anywhere but in Wistful Vista.

FIB:

I guess that's right, kiddo, I guess I just got a natural curiosity, huh?

MOL:

Yes you are..

FIB:

Are what?

MOL:

A natural curiosity.

FIB:

Oh. Goodnight.

MOL:

PLAYOFF

Goodnight, all.

WIL:

SWITCH TO HIKE

The makers of Johnson's Water Repellant Glocoat - Racine, Wisconsin and Brantford, Canada - bring you Fibber McGee and Molly each week at this time.

Be with us next Tuesday night, won't you?

