

WILCOX: The Johnson Wax Program, with Fibber McGee and Molly!

MUSIC: Theme up and under.

WILCOX: The makers of Johnson’s Wax, Johnson’s Car-Nu, and Johnson’s self-polishing Glo-Coat, present Fibber Mc Gee and Molly, written by Don Quinn, with music by the King’s Men and Billy Mills’ Orchestra!

ORCH: “It’s Gonna Be a Great Day”, fade under.

WILCOX: When you walk into a store to make a purchase, whether it’s Johnson’s Wax, or soap, or shoes, does it occur to you that your dealer renders you a valuable service? And never so valuable as now, when wartime restrictions complicate his operations. He buys a little of this, a little more of that – things he believes you’re going to need – and he puts them on his shelf until you come to buy them. He has to have a convenient location, people to wait on you, and maybe delivery service. Now, if that’s all he did, you still couldn’t get along without him. But he does more. He exercises buying judgment on your behalf; selects from among the goods offered those that he can recommend to you and stand back of. For your protection Johnson’s Wax, Johnson’s self-polishing Glo-Coat, and Johnson’s Car-Nu are sold only through recognized dealers, never by independent, door-to-door canvassers. Remember this if a house-to-house canvasser ever offers you such a product under a Johnson name.

ORCH: Up and out.

APPLAUSE

WILCOX: Ah, what is so rare as this time of year,
when city dwellers full of cheer
start making for the lakes and woods
with tons and tons of sporting goods?
With suntan lotion, bathing suits,
fly rods, rifles, wading boots,
camp stoves, tents, and hunting knives,
dark glasses, beer, and weary wives!
Full of fun and fancy follies –
And plans like FIBBER MC GEE AND MOLLY’S!

APPLAUSE

FIBBER: ‘Course, what I’d really like to do is to go into the wildest part of the Rocky Mountains, with nothin’ on me but a blanket and a huntin’ knife. That’s really what I’d like to do.

MOLLY: *(laughs)*

FIBBER: What’s so funny?

MOLLY: You.

FIBBER: Huh?

MOLLY: *(gently sarcastic)* I can picture you prowling around the mountains with a blanket and a knife.

FIBBER: What’cha mean?

MOLLY: Why, you can’t even peel an apple without losing a few fingers!

FIBBER: Oh. And why? *(Becomes dramatic)* Because I’m soft.

MOLLY: *(giggles under)*

FIBBER: I’ve been livin’ too easy. Couple o’ weeks in the woods, and I’d harden up like a boarding house mattress.

MOLLY: *(more giggles)* Well, somehow a week or two of camping out doesn’t have much appeal for me. Let’s stay home, McGee, and play rummy and go to a few movies . . .

FIBBER: No, sir; nothin’ doin’! Why, I want to get away from things.

MOLLY: What things?

FIBBER: Well . . . things. People. Telephones, ‘n’ mail, ‘n’ newspapers, ‘n’ . . .

MOLLY: Well, where are we goin’? Have you decided?

FIBBER: Oh, I think so. ‘Course, we can’t take the train anyplace, and we haven’t got a car, so I had to pick a place nearby. Lake Dugan.

MOLLY: Lake Dugan?!

FIBBER: Yep.

MOLLY: Why, that’s right on the edge of town.

FIBBER: Sure. Take all our stuff out there right on the streetcar. I can run in every morning and get the mail and the newspapers an’ see if there was any phone calls. Swell swimmin’ there too.

MOLLY: Yes-- if you can find a place between the rowboats. That’s a fine place to get away from people.

FIBBER: Huh?

MOLLY: Why, you can’t roast a marshmallow out there without burning a hole in somebody’s bathing trunks.

FIBBER: That reminds me, where’s my Boy Scout hatchet?

MOLLY: Well, uh, you threw it away.

FIBBER: I did?

MOLLY: Sure, because you cut your wrist when you tried to open a can of tomatoes with it.

FIBBER: Huh?

MOLLY: Remember? I washed your wrist off with boric acid and your mouth out with soap?

FIBBER: Where’s my rifle?

MOLLY: Well, it’s practically all rusted to pieces.

FIBBER: Rusted? How’d it get rusted?

MOLLY: Well, you said it was almost impossible to get cartridges for it now, so I had to have something to stir the wash with.

FIBBER: Oh my gosh, all my equipment is shot! Why--

SFX: DOORBELL

FIBBER: Come in!

SFX: DOOR OPENS

WOMAN: How do you do, Mr. McGee? Hello, Mrs. McGee.

FIBBER: *(uneasily)* Uh, hi, Sis. Hi.

MOLLY: *(equally at a loss)* Well, how do you do, I’m sure.

WOMAN: I just stopped in to tell you I’m going on my vacation for the next two weeks, and to wish you a very pleasant summer.

FIBBER: Well, gee, Sis, heh, thanks. Thanks very much. Same to you.

MOLLY: Yeah, we hope you have a nice time too, dearie.

FIBBER: Yeah, sure. Heh. Uh, sure.

WOMAN: It’ll be nice to hear your voice again in the fall. Well, good day!

FIBBER: *(mystified)* Good day.

MOLLY: Good day.

SFX: *DOOR CLOSES*

FIBBER: Whozat?

MOLLY: I don’t know; I thought you knew!

FIBBER: I never saw her before in my life. I was gonna ask you--

MOLLY: Why, this is terrible. I’m gonna ask her.

FIBBER: Yeah, you better find out.

SFX: *DOOR OPENS*

MOLLY: *(calling)* Yoo-hoo! Wit a minute, dearie, what’s your name?

WOMAN: *(off)* Myrt!

MOLLY: *(comes the dawn!)* Oh! Thank you!

SFX: *DOOR CLOSES*

MOLLY: *(pauses for applause if any)* Ah, Myrt!

FIBBER: Yeah. My gosh, I knew I’d heard that voice someplace.

MOLLY: *(chuckles)*

SFX: *DOORBELL RINGS*

FIBBER: Whom now?

MOLLY: Abigail Uppington, and be nice, McGee, we won’t be seeing her all summer.

FIBBER: I wish somebody’d write music to that. Those are the prettiest lyrics I’ve ever heard.

MOLLY: Now McGee, you’re not being fair. She doesn’t mean to be so uptown. She’s just got an inferiority complex.

FIBBER: Inferiority complex, my clavicle! That’s the excuse everybody gives for somebody bein’ bad-mannered, high-hat, and generally disagreeable. Why, that old whippet never had a--

MOLLY: (*hushed*) Hush, hush!

SFX: *DOORBELL RINGS AGAIN*

MOLLY: (*continuing*) She’ll hear ya. (*full voice*) Come in!

SFX: *DOOR OPENS, THEN CLOSSES UNDER FOLLOWING DIALOGUE*

MOLLY: For goodness’ sakes, if it isn’t Abigail Uppington.

ABIGAIL: Oh, how do you do, my dear, and Mr. McGee?

FIBBER: Hi, Uppity! Fling the frame on a chair and I’ll tellya how we celebrated Father’s Day in (?????????????)

ABIGAIL: Oh? And how did we, Mr. McGee?

FIBBER: It was “Pop-Pop-Pop,” all day long.

ABIGAIL: (*unimpressed*) Oh.

FIBBER: (*laughs*) You get it, girls? Father? Pop? It’s kind of a subtle play on words--

MOLLY: ’Tain’t funny, McGee.

FIBBER: Oh. Personally, I thought it rather provocative of mirth. Well, Uppie, what are your plans for the summer, just to start the conversation, because I don’t really give a hoot--

MOLLY: McGee! Mind your manners.

ABIGAIL: Oh, not at all, Mrs. McGee, please, heh. After all, one expects a certain natural rudeness in the virile, masculine, rrough-diamond, outdoor type of man.

FIBBER: Well, gee, thanks, Uppie! You don’t just say that to--

ABIGAIL: Although, in the anemic, undersized, poolroom type like you, Mr. McGee, it’s just merely irritating.

FIBBER: (*incensed*) Oooh, yeah?! Why, you triple-chinned, non-flying fortress!

MOLLY: McGee!

FIBBER: If you--

MOLLY: McGee! Stop it this minute. My goodness, you oughtta be ashamed. Now apologize to Abigail.

FIBBER: (*chastened*) Okay. I apologize, Uppie. It’s... it’s my inferiority complex. Makes me nasty.

ABIGAIL: (*magnanimously*) Oh-ho, these little outbursts don’t upset me in the least, Mr. McGee. I merely say to myself, “Abigail,” I says to my-- I mean, uh (*clears throat*) “Abigail,” I *say*, “Why should you be annoyed because some inflated little guttersnipe goes away and leaves his voice running?”

MOLLY: But Abigail, uh--

ABIGAIL: (*laughs archly*)

MOLLY: Listen...

ABIGAIL: Oh, no, these little arguments do not affect my social equilibrium in the slightest degree. That is due to my theatrical training.

FIBBER: (*grandly*): Oh!

ABIGAIL: Oh, yes, in the *the-a-tah*, one is trained not to be overwhelmed by the stress of emotional scenes, and in spite of them, to make a grrraceful exit.

FIBBER: Uh-huh.

ABIGAIL: (*smug chuckle*) Good day.

MOLLY: Wait, Abigail, don’t!

FIBBER: *(shouting)* Hey, Uppie, that’s the door to the---

SFX: *ABIGAIL OPENS THE DREADED HALL CLOSET WITH THE USUAL CATASTROPHIC RESULT*

ABIGAIL: *(taking it amazingly well)* Oh! Wrrong exit, heh! Goodbye!

SFX: *DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES*

ORCH: *Transitional music (we can’t of course use the whole number)*

SFX: *STREET SOUNDS*

MOLLY: Now, do you know what you need for this camping trip, McGee?

FIBBER: Sure, I know what I need for a camping trip, I been camping out ever since I was a kid. Nothin’ healthier too, either.

MOLLY: Yes, I guess so.

FIBBER: Used to sleep like a log. Matter of fact, up in the Canadian Rockies once I slept so much like a log, they rolled me into the river and I was halfway down to the sawmill before I woke up. It was only because of my--

OLD TIMER: Well, hello there, kids, where’re ya goin’?

MOLLY: Hello, Mr. Old Timer!

FIBBER: Goin’ down to the Wistful Vista Sports Shop, Old Timer. Startin’ our vacation tomorrow and need some campin’ equipment.

OLD TIMER: Ah, that’s great stuff, kids, great stuff! Used to be quite a outdoor man m’self. Used to own a ranch in Wyoming.

FIBBER: That’s what you says last week. What was your brand?

OLD TIMER: Two gitters, a fiddle, a banjo, and a jug. One a’ the fellers used to--

MOLLY: No, no, no.

OLD TIMER: Huh?

MOLLY: Not band, brand!

FIBBER: Yeah, didn’t you brand your cattle?

OLD TIMER: Nope. Started to once, but I accidental’ set down onto a hot brandin’ iron.

FIBBER: I see.

OLD TIMER: What happened to me shouldn’t occur to a cow.

MOLLY: (*chuckles*) Well, if you spent so much time on a ranch, Mr. Old Timer, how come you’re not bow-legged?

OLD TIMER: Used to be awful bow-legged, daughter.

FIBBER & MOLLY: Oh.

OLD TIMER: I was so bow-legged I had a terrible time in church for a while.

FIBBER: Hmm!

OLD TIMER: Took me three pews to kneel down.

FIBBER: How’d you ever get your gams ironed out?

OLD TIMER: I took a trip to New York. Got caught in a subway rush. Come out knock-kneed.

MOLLY: (*laughs*) Well, I always knew you were a Westerner, Mr. Old Timer. You know, you’ve got that squinty look around the eyes that comes from gazing across the sunlit desert... or tryin’ to find the pork in a can of pork and beans.

OLD TIMER: (*laughs*) That’s pretty good, daughter. (*laughs again*) But that ain’t the way *I* heered it! Way I heered it, one feller says to... uh-oh, I gotta get goin’. Have a nice summer, kids, see ya in the fall.

FIBBER: Hey, hey, what’s the rush?

OLD TIMER: Oh, I got a date with my gal, Johnny. Liberrian at the liberry.

FIBBER: Oh!

OLD TIMER: She reads to me every afternoon. We’re on *Black Beauty* now an’ I’m pretty worried how it comes out.

FIBBER: Oh.

OLD TIMER: Things the way they are now, I’m scared Black Beauty’s gonna wind up on a blue plate! *(fading off)* Have fun, kids!

SFX: *STREET SOUNDS REASSERT THEMSELVES, THEN FADE OFF AGAIN*

MOLLY: You know, I hope you’ll be as young as he is when you’re as old as he is, McGee.

FIBBER: I hope I never look that old. His face looks like it had wore out three bodies. Oh, here’s the sports shop, Molly, come on.

SFX: *DOOR OPENS, STREET SOUNDS FADE OUT, DOOR CLOSES*

CLERK: Good day, Sir, what can I do for you? We’re having a special today on moose calls; genuine Brazilian birch bark. They come in three tones: Plaintive, Urgent, and Imperative.

FIBBER: No thanks, bud, I don’t want one.

CLERK: But Sir! Why, in our last order we asked for six gross. And do you know how many we got? Half a dozen, of which this is the last one.

FIBBER: Oh.

CLERK: There won’t be any more, you know, for the duration.

MOLLY: *(not taken in)* Oh, how terrible.

FIBBER: *(taken in)* Well gee, maybe I better take one while I got--

MOLLY: No, no! We don’t want it, McGee. We need a moose call like you need a hole in the head.

CLERK: In his case, that might be exactly what--

FIBBER: Pipe down, bud! If my wife says I don’t need a moose call, by George, I don’t need a moose call, see? *(less decisively)* Uh, I-I would like to try it once, heh. I never blew a moose call.

CLERK: Certainly, Sir, go right ahead.

SFX: *DOLOROUS, FOGHORN-LIKE MOOSE CALL*

MOLLY: Well, *(laughs)* that didn’t seem to arouse any partic-- oh, look, McGee, here comes Mr. Wilcox!

FIBBER: Why, this is a wonderful little gadget, Molly! One honk and in comes Wilcox.

MOLLY: Yes, but he’s not a moose.

FIBBER: Well, he’s an Elk, ain’t he? It’s awful close. Hi, Junior!

WILCOX: Hello, Fibber! Hello, Molly!

MOLLY: Hello, Mr. Wilcox. Say, you’re an expert on better homes. Won’t you help McGee pick out a pup tent?

WILCOX: Oh, sorry, I can’t do it Molly. I have to be at a war plant in twenty minutes.

FIBBER: Oh.

WILCOX: I just dropped in here to have my tennis racket restrung. Uh, take care of it, will you, Abercrombie?

CLERK: Certainly, Mr. Wilcox, I’ll have our racketeer go right to work on it.

FIBBER: What you-all a-goin’ to a war plant for, Junior?

WILCOX: Well, I’ve got to give a short talk.

MOLLY: On what, as if we could never guess?

WILCOX: On nutrition.

FIBBER: Well! That’s a new way to approach the-- on what?

WILCOX: Nutrition.

MOLLY: Oh now, come, come, Mr. Wilcox.

FIBBER: *(laughs knowingly)*

MOLLY: It’s a fine product, we know, but even we who love it so dearly wouldn’t eat it.

WILCOX: Well, I’m not talking about that. I’m going to give a talk on the importance of war workers, yes, and other workers too, maintaining their health by eating the right kind of body-building food, primarily butter and milk and cheese products. That’s Group Four of the government’s nutrition program.

FIBBER: (*sounding thoroughly intrigued*) I see.

WILCOX: Yes, it seems the nutrition experts have divided all food into seven groups, and to keep in fighting trim we must have at least one food out of each group every day. Milk is one of the most necessary items in the whole list.

FIBBER: So what if I don’t like milk? My gosh, if I get plenty of meat and potatoes, then I--

WILCOX: You see, the milk and cheese group of the nutrition plan contains some of the most vital elements to human health. Milk furnishes about three fourths of the calcium we need every day to build our bone structure properly. Milk and cheese are full of Vitamin A, and without Vitamin A our eyesight is impaired. All grocery stores have lists of the seven basic food groups posted up, and it’s easy to refer to them when you do your shopping. Well, I think I’ll close my little talk by saying-- (*clears throat*) Vitamins for Victory! There’s a *great day* coming, so drink your *Grade A* today!

FIBBER: (groans)

WILCOX: D’you like that?

FIBBER: No, I don’t!

WILCOX: You don’t? Then it must be good. I’ll use it! See you later, folks!

MOLLY: Goodbye, Mr. Wilcox!

FIBBER: Hasta la Wistful Vista, Junior.

CLERK: Is there anything in particular I could show you now, Sir?

FIBBER: Not right away, bud. I wanna kinda look around first.

MOLLY: Yeah, we’re mostly interested in camping equipment. He wants a pip tent.

FIBBER: Pup tent.

MOLLY: Well, they give me the pip. Every time-- oh, look, McGee, here comes Dr. Gamble. Hello, Doctor!

GAMBLE: Hello, Mrs. McGee. Hello, McGee.

FIBBER: Hi, Doc!

GAMBLE: Buying something, or did you just come in to get out of the fresh air?

FIBBER: Startin’ my vacation tomorrow, Doc. Gonna go campin’.

GAMBLE: (*not thrilled*) Oh, that’s great.

FIBBER: Yeah.

GAMBLE: I can hardly wait to treat you for sunstroke, poison oak, chiggers, water in the ear, spider bites and fishhooks in the gluteus maximus!

MOLLY: You know, I’m gonna make him be more careful this year, Doctor.

GAMBLE: Oh, it’s no use, m’dear, he’s the kind who needs a lifeguard when he washes his hair. I think there ought to be a law against vacations. Here we build a man up and keep him in shape to do his daily work for fifty weeks out of the year and what happens? He takes a vacation.

FIBBER: Well?

GAMBLE: He sleeps outdoors in a damp cot, exercises like a commando when his greatest effort for the past year has been tearing the band off a cigar, swallows gallons of muddied lake water--

FIBBER: Oh, tush-tush-tush-tush-tush-tush! You’re just an old sourpuss, Doc. You think everybody oughtta go through life chewin’ on a thermometer and walkin’ on their hands so they won’t get their feet wet.

MOLLY: Well, the doctor just doesn’t like to see people make fools of themselves, dearie.

FIBBER: Well...

GAMBLE: You’re quite right, Mrs. McGee, but it’s like trying to keep an apple seed from making an apple of itself. Well, I hope you folks enjoy yourselves this summer. Take a good rest, m’boy.

FIBBER: Thanks, Doc.

GAMBLE: And, eh, m’boy, don’t be like most men on a vacation.

FIBBER: Huh?

GAMBLE: Remember this little woman is your wife, not a redcap, a washing machine or a nursemaid. Let *her* have some fun, too! And I’m glad you’re getting out of town for a while, McGee.

MOLLY: You think it’ll do him good, Doctor?

GAMBLE: I doubt it, but it’ll give me a new lease on life. Goodbye now!

ORCH: *Transitional music*

CLERK: Now, this is a very humane rabbit trap, Mr. McGee.

FIBBER: Mm-hmm.

CLERK: Here’s how it works.

FIBBER: Mm-hmm?

CLERK: We put a piece of lettuce on the trigger here, cock the spring, then Mr. Rabbit comes along, see? He (*sniffs for emphasis*) sniffs the lettuce, takes a bite, and---

SFX: BLANK CARTRIDGE EXPLODES

CLERK: That blank cartridge explodes. Ingenious, isn’t it?

FIBBER: Yeah, but that would scare the rabbit away.

CLERK: Of course! That’s why this is the most humane trap made.

MOLLY: Well, I think that’s ridiculous, and furthermore I don’t know--

LaTRIVIA: (*approaching*) Well, hello there, McGee, hello, Mrs. McGee.

MOLLY: Why, Mr. Coast Guardsman LaTrivia, how nice!

FIBBER: Hi, LaTriv! You still on leave?

LaTRIVIA: My leave is up tomorrow, McGee.

FIBBER: Oh, gonna stop coasting and start guarding again, eh? (*laughs*)

LaTRIVIA: (*unimpressed*) Yes, yes. (*clears throat*) As I was saying to one of our petty officers last week--

MOLLY: Now, that isn’t a very nice way to talk about your officers, Mr. LaTrivia.

LaTRIVIA: I said nothing derogatory, Mrs. McGee. In the Navy, an officer’s rank--

MOLLY: If an officer’s rank, you should keep quiet about it. Sure, nobody’s perfect, Mr. LaTrivia. Remember that!

LaTRIVIA: (*getting irked*) Mrs. McGee, please! I merely made the statement that a superior officer--

FIBBER: You’ve got an inferiority complex, LaTrivia. They just seem to be actin’ superior because you got no gold braid, see?

LaTRIVIA: (*raising his voice*) I didn’t say they acted superior! They’re superior officers because the higher the rank--

FIBBER: They hire the rank what? Go on and say it, LaTrivia, but remember: enemy ears are all about us. No disloyalty!

LaTRIVIA: Don’t accuse me of disloyalty, McGee! I was only trying to tell you that an ordinary seaman--

MOLLY: Don’t you dare call our sailor boys ordinary seamen, Mr. LaTrivia! Why, our sailors are the best seamen there are!

FIBBER: Yeah! Just because you think your officers are petty and act superior, LaTrivia, don’t you think--

LaTRIVIA: **I DON’T THINK ANYTHING!** I mean, I didn’t think what I was saying. You-- you’ve twisted everything I’ve said. Now, let’s start at the beginning.

FIBBER: Okay.

LaTRIVIA: I said that one of our petty officers--

FIBBER: Now LaTrivia, I warn you, if you persist in that attitude, I’ll be forced to report you.

MOLLY: Yes, and you’ll be thrown in the grog for ninety days, and how’ll you like that?

LaTRIVIA: It isn’t a grog, it’s a brig! Grog is an old navy term meaning rum.

FIBBER: Yeah, well, what’s so rum about a term in one of our grogs?

LaTRIVIA: I tell you, it isn’t a grig-- a brog! (*getting flummoxed*) A grig is a bring-- no, that’s brog. In a navy grib-- er, brig-- dog-- brog.--

MOLLY: Say! Have you been drinking, Mr. LaTrivia?

LaTRIVIA: **I don’t drink and you both know it!!** But before I go, I’d like to straighten you out on--

FIBBER: Don’t you threaten my wife, you big bully! You’ll have to straighten *me* out before you lay a finger on her!

MOLLY: Yes, for shame! A man in the United States uniform threatening women with violence.

FIBBER: Tush-tush!

MOLLY: Mr. LaTrivia, I was never so--

LaTRIVIA: **PLEASE**, please, please! Just listen to me for a moment!

FIBBER: Okay, LaTrivia, but make it snappy before I call the FBI.

LaTRIVIA: (*not quite on the point of tears, but quite overcome*) Now look, you’ve got me all wrong. I didn’t mean to say... my observations were mere... my officers are the finest... I--

FIBBER &

MOLLY: (laughing)

LaTRIVIA: Say, what is this?

MOLLY: Ah, dear.

LaTRIVIA: Have you been pulling my leg?

FIBBER: Yeah, and I don’t mind telling you, LaTrivia, you got the stretchin’est leg we ever pulled.

MOLLY: Ah, don’t be angry, Mr. LaTrivia, but it was just like old times and we just couldn’t resist it.

FIBBER: Yeah. (*laughs again*)

LaTRIVIA: Angry? Oh, I’m so relieved I could kiss you. I think I will.

FIBBER: Hey...

SFX: LaTRIVIA KISSES MOLLY

MOLLY: Oh, thank you!

LaTRIVIA: Now, McGee!

FIBBER: **Oh**, no you don’t! You get away from me, I ain’t gonna--

LaTRIVIA: Oh, don’t be silly! I just wanted to shake hands.

FIBBER: Oh, that.

LaTRIVIA: That’s it. Wish you a nice vacation, both of you.

FIBBER: Thanks.

LaTRIVIA: Good luck. And I hope when we meet again, the box score will be: no Hitlers, no ruins, no terrors.

FIBBER: Well, I hope so too, LaTrivia. Happy landings, boy.

LaTRIVIA: Goodbye now!

CUE APPLAUSE

FIBBER: Ah, great little guy, LaTrivia.

MOLLY: Little?!

FIBBER: Yeah.

MOLLY: Did you see his chest? I was scared to death he’d take a deep breath and push us right through a showcase.

FIBBER: Yeah, he’s a pretty husky little-- ah, you got that sleeping bag I asked for, bud?

CLERK: Yes, Sir, a genuine SnugBug sleeping bag.

FIBBER: Uh-huh.

CLERK: We have two of these, though the other one is damaged, which makes this one the last one we have in stock.

MOLLY: For the duration.

CLERK: Yes.

FIBBER: Say, that’s pretty good. A sleeping bag. Just crawl in and zip it up, eh, bud?

CLERK: That’s all! Waterproof, sun fast, and guaranteed as long as it lasts.

MOLLY: Now listen, McGee, I don’t think you want to-- oh! Hello there, Mr. Wimple!

WIMPLE: Hello, Mrs. McGee, hello, Mr. McGee.

FIBBER: Hi, Wimp, ol’ man! You like this sleeping bag? I’m thinkin’ about buyin’ it for a little campin’ trip Molly an’ me are goin’ on.

WIMPLE: Oh, I don’t care much for them, Mr. McGee. “Let sleeping bags lie” is my motto.

MOLLY: (*laughs*) Mr. Wimple! Were you buying some vacation things?

WIMPLE: No, Mrs. McGee. Sweetie Face sent me down to pick up a couple of dumbbells.

FIBBER: Oh.

WIMPLE: My goodness, I never expected to find *you* here.

FIBBER: Is that a crack, Wallace?

WIMPLE: Of course not, Mr. McGee, I never make cracks.

FIBBER: Oh.

WIMPLE: I learned my lesson last week when I flew off the handle with Sweetie Face.

FIBBER: Oh!

MOLLY: You did what, Mr. Wimple?

WIMPLE: I flew off the handle.

FIBBER: You finally did it.

WIMPLE: Yes, I was out in the kitchen frying some eggs and Sweetie Face came in.

FIBBER: (*expectantly*) Yeah?

WIMPLE: She grabbed the frying pan, but I hung on to it.

FIBBER: Uh-huh?

WIMPLE: So she started whirling me around her head.

FIBBER: Oh!

WIMPLE: Finally I flew off the handle and crashed into the china cabinet.

FIBBER: I’ll be she was sorry she did that.

WIMPLE: No, that made her more angry than ever. She said, “A-ha! In your cups again!” and sloughed me with the refrigerator.

MOLLY: Very violent woman, I’d say.

WIMPLE: Yes. You gonna buy this sleeping bag, Mr. McGee?

FIBBER: Well, I don’t know, Wimp. Mind if I try this one on for size, bud?

CLERK: Very happy to have you, Mr. McGee. We don’t close ‘till five-thirty, if you’d care to take a little nap in it.

MOLLY: Oh, no! No, no, McGee, you don’t--

FIBBER: I ain’t sleepy anyway, Molly. Here, hold the top open while I wiggle into it. That’s it, a little wider. That’s it!

CLERK: Fits nicely around the hips, doesn’t it?

WIMPLE: My goodness, he looks like a little caboose in there, doesn’t he, Mrs. McGee?

MOLLY: (*chuckles*) You mean papoose, Mr. Wimple. A caboose is the rear end of a freight train.

WIMPLE: Yes, I know.

FIBBER: Okay, zip it up, bud!

SFX: *LONG ZIPPER BEING ZIPPED UP*

FIBBER: (*muffled*) Hey, this is wonderful! I’ll buy this, bud. Uh, you better let me out, now, it’s too hot in here--

CLERK: (*alarmed*) Oh dear me!

MOLLY: What’s the matter?

- CLERK: The little piece that unzips it has broken off! So careless of me.
- FIBBER: Well, get a knife, cut me out of this! I’m smothering!
- MOLLY: Sure!
- CLERK: Good heavens, man, this is a thirty-two dollar sleeping bag!
- MOLLY: Well, he’s worth more than that to me alive! Rip it open!
- FIBBER: Yeah, hurry up, bud, hurry up! **LEMME OUTTA HERE!**
- CLERK: Just be patient, Sir! I have no authority to injure the property of the store.
- FIBBER: Well, of all the dadratted dirty luck! Why does everything hafta happen to me?
- WIMPLE: (*chuckling*)
- MOLLY: What do you find so amusing, Mr. Wimple?
- WIMPLE: It just struck me funny, Mrs. McGee, to have you end the season on this note.
- MOLLY: On what note, Mr. Wimple?
- WIMPLE: Well, (*chuckles*) for once, the bag is holding McGee!
- MOLLY: Oh, dear.
- ORCH:* *Transition to commercial*
- WILCOX: There’s one thing we all have in common right now; we’re very busy. There are so many demands on our time, both on the job and at home, that we’re tempted to let certain things slide, just not get them done. You might think, for example, you could just forget the finish of your car, let it look shabby as long as you watch things like the tires and batteries. But there’s more to it than meets the eye. That dirt and grease and road scum that collect on the finish may be doing serious damage by chemical action. The only safe procedure is to remove that shabby film of dirt and keep the finish clean; then it won’t deteriorate. You can keep it clean so easily with Johnson’s Car-Nu, the easy-to-use polish that both cleans and polishes with one application, two jobs at once. Car-Nu is a liquid; it dries to a powder which is easily wiped off. You’ll gladly do a Car-Nu job yourself, and you’ll be surprised what it will do for your self-respect and for your driving pleasure.

WILCOX: Remember the name Johnson’s Car-Nu, spelled C-A-R-N-U!

ORCH: *Music transitions back to the show, then fades out*

FIBBER: Ladies and gentlemen, on behalf of our sponsors and all of us connected with this show, we want to thank you once more for your wonderful support and loyalty. This last season, as you know, the makers of Johnson’s Wax dedicated every fourth program to the presentation of some government message, some phase of the war effort which we thought we might make a little clearer to you in our own peculiar way. We want to thank Mr. Elmer Davis, his Office of War Information, for the highly efficient cooperation we’ve had in getting our facts straight and eliminating conflict with other programs.

MOLLY: Yes, and keep tuning in this summer at this same hour, ‘cause you know Johnson’s Wax is again presenting MGM’s outstanding teller of amazing tales, John Nesbitt, in his dramatic *Passing Parade*. Now, if you remember his famous letter to Hitler last summer, which was so widely reprinted, you’ll be interested to know that in his first show next week, he gives you a new letter to Hitler. It’ll be a wonderful series and we know you’ll enjoy it. So until McGee and I see you nice people again:

FIBBER: Good night.

MOLLY: Good night, all!

CUE APPLAUSE

ORCH: *Closing theme*

WILCOX: That was the last in the current season of *Fibber McGee and Molly*, starring _____ as Fibber and _____ as Molly. Also heard were _____ as Myrt, _____ as Mrs. Uppington, _____ as the Old Timer, _____ as Doc Gamble, _____ as Mr. Abercrombie the clerk, _____ as Coast Guardsman LaTrivia, and _____ as Wallace Wimple. This is _____ as Harlow Wilcox, speaking for the makers of Johnson Wax Finishes for Home and Industry, inviting you to be with us again next Tuesday night, when we bring you that outstanding teller of amazing tales, John Nesbitt, in his *Passing Parade*. This program has reached you from Hollywood. This is the National Broadcasting Company.

SFX: *NBC CHIMES*