

\*\* JOHNSON'S WAX PROGRAM \*\*

May 31, 1937

*Not Correct*

ORCHESTRA: 1st PHRASE:

WIL: The JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM!

ORCHESTRA: 2nd PHRASE:

WIL: Presenting Marian and Jim Jordan as Fibber McGee & Molly!

ORCHESTRA: FINISH THEME:

WIL: JIMMY GRIER AND HIS ORCHESTRA OPEN THE SHOW WITH  
"YOU'RE NO. 1 IN MY HIT PARADE"..!

ORCHESTRA: "YOU'RE NUMBER ONE IN MY HIT PARADE" - (DOWN FOR COMM'L)

WIL: COMMERCIAL #1.

FIRST COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Tonight the makers of Johnson's Auto Wax and Cleaner announce the third great week in their nation-wide Trailer contest in which they are giving away twelve de luxe Covered-Wagon Trailers and 348 cash prizes. Each week for twelve weeks somebody is going to win a beautiful Covered-Wagon Trailer, completely equipped for enjoyable living. If you would like to own a luxurious, modern trailer (\$1,000 value delivered to your door,) be sure to enter this weeks contest. All you have to do is complete this sentence: "I like Johnson's Auto Wax and Cleaner because---" Finish this sentence in fifty words or less telling why you like these fine products. Printed contest rules are found in the combination package containing Johnson's Auto Wax and Cleaner. Don't delay. Buy Johnson's Auto Wax and Cleaner at once from your regular Johnson Wax dealer, Auto Supply store, Garage or Filling Station. Read the contest rules carefully, then mail your entry to S. C. Johnson & Son, - Racine, Wisconsin.

ORCHESTRA: (SWELL - "YOU'RE NUMBER ONE IN MY HIT PARADE")

(APPLAUSE) SECUE --

ORCHESTRA: ("RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN") (FADE OUT)



ORCHESTRA: MCGEE THEME: DOWN FOR ANNOUNCEMENT

WIL: WELL, MCGEE HAS FINALLY DECIDED UPON A PROFESSION FOR HIMSELF, AND FOR ONCE, WITH MOLLY'S COMPLETE APPROVAL, HE IS NOW A BUDDING INSURANCE SALESMAN FOR AN INSURANCE COMPANY. AND HERE, AMONG THE OTHER GO-GETTING, DYNAMIC REPRESENTATIVES OF THE COMPANY, LISTENING TO MR. BUMRISK, - THE SALES MANAGER, GIVING HIS FINAL INSTRUCTIONS, WE FIND -- FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

(APPLAUSE)

FIB: I wish that guy would hurry up, I'm anxious to get goin'!

MOL: Quiet, McGee, he's starting in again.

MAN: - AND IN CLOSING, I MAY SAY THAT THERE ARE SEVERAL INTERESTING APPROACHES WHICH YOU MUST NEVER FORGET. NUMBER ONE (POUND) - IF A LADY APPEARS AT THE DOOR, YOU SAY - GOOD DAY, MADAM...WHAT IF YOUR HUSBAND SHOULDN'T COME HOME TONIGHT? (POUND) THAT IMMEDIATELY GETS HER ATTENTION. AND ANOTHER THING (POUND)...NEVER FORGET THE STATISTICS I HAVE ASKED YOU TO MEMORIZE. (POUND) STATISTICS ARE VERY IMPRESSIVE. AND FINALLY (POUND)... BE SURE THEY UNDERSTAND ALL POINTS OF YOUR SALES TALK. (POUND) ALWAYS ASK THEM IF THERE ARE ANY QUESTIONS. AND NOW...MAY I WISH YOU EVERY SUCCESS AS REPRESENTATIVES OF OUR COMPANY.

APPLAUSE: CHEERS. CROWD RECORD.

MAN: Any questions, gentlemen?

FIB: I got one question, bud.

MAN: Ah yes, McGee..what is it?

FIB: Can I sell you some insurance on that right hand of yours? The way you pound that desk, you're gonna sprain it one o' these days. Come on, Molly...

CROWD: RECORD UP...AND OUT....TRAFFIC NOISES IN

MOL: Well, McGee...this is your chance to make something of yourself.

FIB: Don't worry about me, Molly. I'm gonna sell everybody and anybody. You know what they say...make enough calls and you're BOUND to get results on the law of averages. For instance, ye make 100 calls, and ye get thirty seven rebuffs, 26 possibles, 17 good leads, 19 direct sales.

MOL: That accounts for 99, only.

FIB: I know. The other place keeps a police dog.

MOL: Do ye think you can make good at this, McGee.

FIB: Who, me? (LAUGHS) Say, I used to be the top insurance man in Peoria, sellin' 100-year endowments.

MOL: 100 year endowments! How silly. Nobody hardly ever lives to be a hundred. How could you sell endowments like that?

FIB: Say, I never thought o' that. I WONDERED why them policies weren't snapped up faster. Let's try this door here, Molly. This house looks prosperous.

MOL: What can we lose?

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR.

FIB: (TO HIMSELF) Good day, madam, suppose your husband doesn't come home tonight?

MOL: (SOTTO VOCE) Don't forget the statistics, McGee...

SOUND: DOOR LATCH

MAN: Well, what is it?

FIB: SUPPOSE YOUR HUSBAND DOESN'T COME HOME..ER..I MEAN..DID YOU EVER STOP TO THINK -



MAN: If I had I wouldn't have opened the door.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOL: Well, only 36 rebuffs to go.

FIB: That wasn't a fair sample. Here comes a woman. Watch this. Hiyah sis...WHAT IF YOUR HUSBAND SHOULDN'T COME HOME TONIGHT?

WOMAN: Why, that wouldn't surprise me in the least.

FIB: Oh used to it, eh?

WOMAN: No. I'm not married.

FIB: You're not m-...LISTEN S S. HOW ABOUT A POLICY THAT INSURES YOU AGAINST MICE IN YOUR BASEMENT?

WOMAN: I haven't got a basement.

MOL: We'll build you one.

WOMAN: BUT I DON'T WANT A BASEMENT.

FIB: Well, then let the mice go somewhere else. I can't stand here all day and worry about a mouse. Good day, madam. Come on, Molly.

SOUND: TRAFFIC UP AND DOWN.

MOL: Well, maybe this was MY mistake. Maybe Insurance ISN'T your line.

FIB: Sure it is. Just wait and see. Why back in Peoria I collected more advance premiums than anybody else. Paid-up McGee I was knowed as in them days.

MOL: Oh dear.

FIB: PAID-UP MCGEE, THE PEPPY PERSONALITY POLICY PEDDLER, PROVIDIN' PROVEN PROTECTION FOR PEOPLE AND PROPERTY AND PUTTIN' OUT PLENTY OF PERMANENT PAYMENTS FOR POOR PITIFUL PUNKS FROM PERU TO PEORIA.

(APPLAUSE)

MOL: What company did - - -

FIB: Oh oh...watch me nail this guy with a million straight life. Hiyah, bud.

SCOT: Good day to ye, laddie. Good day, lassie.

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

FIB: Listen Scottie, I'm an insurance man. Do you realize, brother, that out of every 896 pedestrians on a busy Wednesday, only 423 will ever have anything? How old are you?

SCOT: Forryrry thrrrrreeee.

FIB: FINE. At your age brother, you oughta be lookin' toward the future. Have you made any provision for your old age?

SCOT: Aye.

MOL: What?

SCOT: I've marrried my daughterrr to a hotel mon, my son to a grroccery store ownerrrs girl and as for masel', I'm cccocrrrtin' the widow of a distiller. I dinna think I can lose, laddie. (EXIT SINGING)

MOL: You forgot to ask him if there were any questions.

FIB: A guy like that is so full of answers, he ain't got time for questions. Hey..here comes Jimmy Grier. Maybe I can get some group insurance on his band. Hiyah, Jimmy.

MOL: Hello, Jimmy.

JIM: Hello, Fibber..Hello, Molly.

FIB: Listen, Jimmy. I got a policy -

JIM: I know, You have a policy on your program of good fast music. How is this number: "SWING FOR SALE"

FIB: Well, I didn't mean -

ORCHESTRA: "SWING FOR SALE"

(APPLAUSE)



MOL: Well, this looks like a nice prosperous neighborhood, McGee. You ought to be able to sell some insurance around here.

FIB: I think so, too. I'll try this house here. Ring the bell while I skim through the rate book.

SOUND: DISTANT DOORBELL.

MOL: I'm beginning to think, McGee, that -

SOUND: DOOR LATCH.

WHEE: How do you do?

FIB: Hiyah sis. WHAT IF YOUR HUSBAND SHOULDN'T COME HOME TONIGHT?

WHEE: Here's five dollars. See if you can arrange it. WHOOPEE!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM.

FIB: Ahem.

MOL: I don't believe you'll ever be an insurance salesman.

FIB: Oh I dunno. The salesmanager says I looked like the type. And he's supposed to be a good judge.

MOL: He may be a judge now, but he'll never be re-elected. Try this place.

FIB: Okay.

SOUND: KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK.

FIB: I think statistics are better, myself. I'll -

SOUND: DOOR LATCH.

OLD MAN: Will you kids stop ringing this doorbell?

MOL: We didn't ring any bell. We knocked.

OLD MAN: Eh? What say?

FIB: Skip it, Molly. HIYAH, OLD TIMER. I REPRESENT THE M. M. M. M. MUTUAL.

OLD MAN: I RESENT 'EM MYSELF.

MOL: He didn't say he RESENTED THEM. WE REPRESENT THEM.

OLD MAN: Who?

FIB: US. I mean the Minimum Mortality Maximum Money Mutual Health and Accident Corporation, Incorporated! BROTHER. HOW ARE YOU FIXED FOR ACCIDENT AND HEALTH?

OLD MAN: What say?

MOL: ACCIDENT AND HEALTH.

OLD MAN: Oh yes..fine things, both of 'em. Yes sir.

MOL: YOU SHOULD TAKE OUT PROTECTION ON YOUR LIFE!

OLD MAN: Haven't got one. She ran away.

FIB: Listen bud. (LOUDER) DID YOU KNOW THAT OUT OF EVERY THOUSAND PEOPLE, 500 IS EXACTLY HALF? DID YOU KNOW THAT FOR EVERY BED IN ALL THE HOSPITALS IN THE COUNTRY, THE NURSE DON'T ANSWER THE BELL TILL SHE GETS GOOD AND READY? NOW THEN...HAVE YOU THOUGHT OF YOUR LOVED ONES? ARE YOU PROTECTING THEM AGAINST THE ONSLAUGHTS OF ECONOMIC DISASTER? Any questions?

OLD MAN: What say?

MOL: ANY QUESTIONS?

OLD MAN: Yes...what are you selling?

FIB: DAD RAT IT..HEALTH AND ACCIDENT.

OLD MAN: WELL AS LONG AS I KEEP MY HEALTH I DON'T THINK I'LL HAVE ANY ACCIDENTS.

FIB: That's no way to look at it, brother. Suppose your beard should catch fire? Are you protected against boll weevils in that chin grass?

OLD MAN: (LAUGHS) That's pretty Good. Only that ain't the way I heard it. The way I heard it, they found her playin' halfback for Yale. HEE HEE HEE.



MOL: Listen, we didn't -

OLD MAN: (LAUGHS) Stop around again any time. Always like to talk to you people. Great line of guff, these high school kids have got!

SOUND: DOOR CLOSE.

FIB: Well, it just goes to show you, Molly, that people WILL talk to you. Ye see - well fer the..look who's comin' down the street. Mrs. Wearybottom, HIYAH WEARY?

WEARY: (FADE IN) OH HELLO FOLKS...I HEARD YOU WERE SELLING INSURANCE NOW OF ALL THINGS TO SELL YOU CERTAINLY PICKED THE TOUGHEST MY BROTHER TOOK OUT A POLICY WITH A NEWSPAPER FOR TEN CENTS AND IT WOULD HAVE PAID HIM TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR THE LOSS OF A FOURTH RIB ON THE LEFT SIDE IF HE WAS RIDING ON A STREET CAR GOING NORTH AT TWO O'CLOCK ON A WEDNESDAY IF THE MOTORMAN WAS PROVEN SOBER AND HE WAS ON COMPANY BUSINESS BUT MY BROTHER THOUGHT HE COULD NEVER COMPLY WITH ALL THOSE REGULATIONS SO IF HE BREAKS A RIB NOW HE'S ON HIS OWN DID YOU KNOW THERE WAS GOING TO BE AN ECLIPSE IN JUNE?

(APPLAUSE)

FIB: Well, I'm glad I didn't try to sell her any insurance. A dame with an outlook like hers will probably live forever.

MOL: Try this house here, McGee.

FIB: Watch this one, Molly. I gotta feeling this is a sale.

SOUND: DOORBELL:

FIB: (TO HIMSELF) See if I got this right, Molly. Madam, did you know that out of ten thousand people, half of 'em never sit through a newsreel? Did you know that statistics prove

SOUND: DOOR LATCH:

HAUGHTY WOMAN:

Yes?

FIB: Hiyah, sis. I represent the M.M.M.MUTUAL Insurance Company. WHAT WOULD YOU SAY IF YOUR HUSBAND DIDN'T COME HOME TONIGHT?

WOMAN: I'd say that was completely within the bounds of possibility.

MOL: Oh you know where he is, then?

WOMAN: Well, roughly, yes. He was a mountain climber and was lost in an avalanche in 1912.

FIB: Well we can't do any business here, Molly. He's completely covered. Good day, sis.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM.

MOL: Well, McGee...why don't you try some other approach? You've tried the fear technique and the statistical method, Why - WELL HEAVNLY DAYS...SILLY WATSON!

SIL: HIYAH MA'AM...HIYAH BOSS.

FIB: HI THERE SIL...SHUCKS, BOY..I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU. WHERE'D YOU GO ON YOUR VACATION?

SIL: Ah was visitin' wif mah cousin' Wallaby. Wallaby Watson.

MOL: Where does he live?

SIL: Wah?

FIB: Where does your cousin' Wallaby live?

SIL: He don' live noplase please suh. He jus' goes visitin' too.

FIB: I don't suppose you knew I was an insurance man now.

SIL: Honest?

FIB: You betcha. How you fixed for health and accident, Sil?

SIL: Well suh...yes...an' NO. How much is the chromiums?

MOL: The what, Silly?



SIL: The chroniums, ma'am. What you gotta pay every month until you fo'gets to pay one the day befo' you got a accident?

MOL: That depends, Silly.

FIB: It don't really matter anyway, Sil. What I wanta know is are you in a receptive mood for a proposition?

SIL: Yassuh - newsuh - eh?

FIB: Listen. I been tryin' the door to door stuff but it's a little slow. What I need is leads.

SIL: Leads?

MOL: Yes, leads. You know what a lead is?

SIL: Yas'm. Fo'th from the longest an' strongest.

FIB: No, no, that's bridge, Sil. You don't catch on at all. What I mean is this: You give me a prospect's name, and if I sell 'em any insurance, I give you a percentage of my commission. Catch on?

SIL: Yassuh. Ah'm goin' right now and fin' somebody fo yo'.

MOL: Is they oughtta be healthy folks?

SIL: Certainly Silly. The healthier they are the better risks they are.

FIB: Wah?

MOL: A healthy man is a better risk than an unhealthy man, Sil.

SIL: That's funny. Ah always thought they was much mo' risk bein' sick. But don' worry boss...ah'll fin' somebody.... so long, ma'am..so long boss..it who is good to see you again...

FIB: Good old Sil!

MOL: It's very nice to have him back...and maybe he'll find you some prospects.

FIB: Well, even if he don't, I'll get along. I know the ins and outs of the insurance business.

MOL: Sure you do. You walk in, and get thrown out! Try this place.

FIB: Okay.

SOUND: KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK. DOOR LATCH.

FIB: Hiyah, bud. DID YOU KNOW THAT OUT OF EVERY MILLION PEOPLE, YOU CAN ONLY EXPECT TO BE ONE OF 'EM? DID YOU EVER STOP TO THINK THAT IF EVERY ACCIDENT ON OUR MAIN STREETS WAS PLACED END TO END, IT WOULD DRIVE A TRAFFIC COP NUTTY? DID YOU -

TOMMY: SAY WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

MOL: Heavenly days..it's Tommy Harris. It's so dark in the doorway I didn't recognize you.

FIB: You're just the man I want to see Harris. Is your voice protected against wind, weather and tornado? Suppose you had to sing "The Road to Mandalay" in an open canoe on a windy night? Do you realize how soon they'd tip you over?

HARRIS: Yes, but I'm not singing "On The Road To Mandalay" in a canoe, on a windy night.

FIB: Well what are you singing?

HARRIS: "The You And Me That Used To Be"

FIB: Go ahead, Tommy,

(APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA: "THE YOU AND ME THAT USED TO BE" -- HARRIS

(APPLAUSE)



MOL: Well, McGee...how much insurance have you written up so far?

FIB: Actual or estimated?

MOL: Actual.

FIB: None. But wait'll I get through with these people here. They look like they might be good for fifty grand.

SOUND: KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

FIB: (TO HIMSELF) Do you realize, sir, that out of every two million people, several of 'em are men and women? Did you ever stop to think that --

SOUND: DOOR LATCH

FIB: HIYAH, BUD. DID YOU EVER STOP TO REALIZE THAT YOU CAN, WITH A MINIMUM EXPENDITURE, -

WIL: PROTECT MY CAR AGAINST SUN AND DUST WITH JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX? I CERTAINLY HAVE, MY BOY -

FIB: HARPO.

MOL: Oh, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: Hello, folksies. Won't you come in?

FIB: Thanks, Harpo, Come on in, Molly.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOL: Nice place you have here, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: I like it. Won't you sit down?

FIB: No thanks, Harpo. I think better on my feet.

MOL: Sure...after a long hike through the woods you can even remember your own name.

FIB: AHEM. Listen here Harpo...how about signin' you up for a little health and accident policy? Just sit down there, and I'll fill out an application blank.

WIL: Oh, I don't believe I'd care to -

FIB: NOW THEN. Full name...I got that...address.. I got that.. occupation..what's your occupation, Harpo?

MOL: He's a radio announcer, McGee.

FIB: (LAUGHS HEARTILY) Oh yeahhhh? (LAUGHS) Come come Harpo, that's not the right attitude to take.

WIL: I'm not taking any attitude.

MOL: Well, take one. We have plenty.

FIB: Now then, Harpo. Your health history. EVER HAVE DIZZY SPELLS? Don't answer. I KNOW. EVER HAVE HOUSEMAIDS' KNEE? TONSILITIS? ANY SERIOUS OPERATION. NO. YES. NO. NO. YES. EVER HAVE A COUSIN WITH THE RICKETS?

WIL: NO BUT I HAVE A NEPHEW WITH THE YANKEES.

MOL: DEAR ME....how's he doing..any better?

WIL: No. They've given him up. He's going with the Red Sox in July.

FIB: Tsk Tsk Tsk! Bad family history. THE PREMIUMS ON THIS POLICY, HARPO ARE PAYABLE SEMI ANNUALLY, MONTHLY, QUARTERLY, YEARLY OR YOU CAN JUST LET IT LAPSE. ANY QUESTIONS?

WIL: Well, yes. Don't you think that Johnson's Wax is about the finest household product you ever -

FIB: So long, Harpo!

MOL: Oh dear...well I..OH LOOK MCGEE...HERE COMES A MAN DOWN THE STREET..TRY HIM.

FIB: Okay. The husband thing is no good for him. I'll sock him with a statistic. HIYAH, BUD, CAN YOU GIMME A MINUTE OF YOUR TIME?

CRACKVOICE: Well, I..well..what's it all..what's it all about?

FIB: I represent the M.M.M.M. Mutual Insurance Company, bud. DO YOU REALIZE THAT OF EVERY FOURTH PERSON BORN IN THE WORLD, SOMEBODY PULLS A CHAIR OUT FROM UNDER SOMEBODY.



MOL: HAVE YOU EVER STOPPED TO THINK THAT ONE PERSON IN EVERY HUNDRED THOUSAND IS PRACTICALLY UNKNOWN TO MEDICAL SCIENCE?

CRACKVOICE: WELL...GEE..THAT'S...THAT'S PRETTY SERI..PRETTY SERIOUS, ISN'T IT?

MOL: Oh you have no idea.

CRACKVOICE: WHAT KIND OF A POLICY SHOULD I HAVE? SHOULD I HAVE?

FIB: WITH A VOICE LIKE THAT you need double indemnity.

CRACKVOICE: THANK YOU.. thank you very VERY MUCH, - (FADE OUT)

MOL: Nice work, McGee. I wonder if -

SIL: HIYAH MA'AM..HIYAH BOSS...

MOL: Oh Hello Silvius.

FIB: Hiyah, SIL. You got any prospects for me?

SIL: Yassuh. Ah sho have, Mist McGee. Yassuh.

FIB: Fine..just gimme the name and address and if I make a deal, I'll take care of you.

SIL: Wah?

MOL: Just give us the name and address, Silly.

SIL: Nam an' address of who?

FIB: The prospect..dad rat it.. the PROSPECT. Who is it?

SIL: Search me, boss. He say he don' want none.

FIB: He don't want any! They WHY BOTHER ME WITH IT. Listen, SIL. A PROSPECT IS A GUY WHO WANTS some insurance.

SIL: Who dat?

MOL: Well, we don't know. That's up to you.

SIL: Yas'm. (PAUSE) (THOUGHTFULLY) Ah think ah knows somebody. He ben fussin' roun' mah gal Rosebud Jackson an' ah don' reckon he aint immortal. (FADE OUT) Ah go see what ah kin do wif.....

MOL: Oh well...I suppose this is just the breaks of the game, McGee..try this place.

SOUND: DOORBELL. LATCH

WOMAN: Yes..what is it?

FIB: SIS..WHAT IF YOUR HUSBAND DIDN'T COME HOME TONIGHT?

WOMAN: OH YOU'RE TRYING TO GET HIM INTO ANOTHER POKER GAME ARE YOU? WELL LISTEN HERE YOU HOME WRECKER -

FIB: Now wait a minute sis. I only -

WOMAN: THE IDEA KEEPING A HOME LOVING MAN OUT TILL ALL HOURS OF THE NIGHT WHEN HE OUGHT TO BE GETTING HIS REST..AREN'T YOU ASHAMED?

MOL: But madam, we just -

WOMAN: AND YOU SHOULD BE ASHAMED TO ASSOCIATE WITH A LOW FELLOW LIKE THIS. LET ME WARN YOU...IF YOU KEEP MY HUSBAND OUT AFTER TWELVE

FIB: Listen sis, I'm an insurance man, and -

WOMAN: I DON'T CARE IF YOU'RE SECRETARY TO THE SULTAN OF SWAT. IF HE ISN'T HOME BY MIDNIGHT I'LL KNOW WHO'S RESPONSIBLE... NOW GET OUT.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOL: Hmm. Any questions, McGee?

FIB: Yes, will Jimmy Grier please play "THE SHINE ON YOUR SHOES?"

ORCHESTRA: "THE SHINE ON YOUR SHOES"

(APPLAUSE)



FIB: Ye know, Molly, this insurance game is a great test of a fellas persistency. In this business you gotta have sticktoitiveness.

MOL: I'd like a little slice of let'scallitoffiveness, myself.

FIB: You give up too easy, Molly. Watch my technique on this one.

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR. DOOR LATCH.

FIB: GOOD DAY, BUD. I REPRESENT THE M. M. M. M. MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY ACCIDENT AND HEALTH. YOU DON'T LOOK VERY GOOD. HOW ABOUT -

MAN: AND YOU DON'T LOOK GOOD TO ME EITHER. SCRAM!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOL: That was wrong, McGee...nobody likes to be told they don't look good.

FIB: Wel-l-l maybe you're right. I'll try this one.

SOUND: DOORBELL

FIB: (TO HIMSELF) DO YOU REALIZE, SIR, THAT OUT OF EVERY FIFTY PEOPLE WHO WEAR SPATS, THERE'S ALWAYS A FEW BUTTONS MISSING? DO YOU -

SOUND: DOOR LATCH.

FIB: HELLO THERE. MADAM WHAT IF YOUR HUSBAND SHOULDN'T COME HOME TONIGHT?

TEE: Well gee, I haven't got a husband, I betcha.

FIB: OH..is the lady of the house at home?

TEE: What house?

FIB: THIS house.

TEE: Hmm?

FIB: DAD RAT IT...Listen, I represent the M.M.M.M. MUTUAL, sis. I want to talk to your mother or father.

TEE: Why?

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FIB: THIS house.

TEE: Hmm?

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TEE: Why?



FIB: Well, I think they'd be interested in a little proposition I got.

TEE: Let's see it.

FIB: (SIGHS) Aw fer the...listen. I'M HERE ON BUSINESS, SIS. I GOT A VERY IMPORTANT MESSAGE FOR YOUR MOTHER OR FATHER. NOW WILL YOU PLEASE TELL 'EM I'M HERE?

TEE: Well, gee, I can't I betcha.

FIB: Why not?

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I SAYS WHY CAN'T YOU TELL 'EM I'M HERE?

TEE: They aren't home.

FIB: WELL WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME THAT IN THE FIRST PLACE?

TEE: Why didn't you ask me?

FIB: I did.

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: Skip it, I'll see him at his office. Where does he work?

TEE: Downtown.

FIB: I KNOW THAT..ANY WAY I SUSP..THAT IS..I'M AN INSURANCE MAN.

TEE: Well did you know that out of fifteen million people who come to our door every day, I betcha most of 'em are insurance men? Any questions?

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: AHEM. Come on, Molly. A few more steps and I'm washed up.

MOL: Where's that old McGee sticktoitiveness?

FIB: I'm stuck with it. I'll try this guy...comin along here. HIYAH BUD. I'M AN INSURANCE MAN..HEALTH AND ACCIDENT AND WHILE I KNOW YOU'RE PROBABLY BUSY...

MAN: An insurance man, eh? Health and accident! Do you know what happened this morning at the corner of Fifth and Main?

FIB & MOL: (EXCITED) NO..WHAT?

MAN: I wish I knew. I always come by way of 14th and Oak Streets. Well, glad to have seen you.

FIB: Dad rat the dad ratted - THIS IS THE LAST PLACE, MOLLY, I'M GETTIN' DISGUSTED.

MOL: To think that we should (PAUSE) - MCGEE!

FIB: S'matter?

MOL: Look at the name on the door.. Bedford B. Bumrisk.

FIB: BUMRISK! Why..why he's the salesman of the M.M.M.M. Mutual! He's the one that give us that last sales talk!

MOL: I'm glad we discovered it in time. Come on..let's go.

FIB: Whaddye mean, let's go? NO SIR. I got an idea.

MOL: Ohhhh, my.

FIB: **No**, look, Bumrisk WON'T BE HOME AT THIS TIME O' DAY. SUPPOSE I SHOULD SELL HIS WIFE A BIG GOB OF INSURANCE. IMAGINE WHAT THAT'D DO FOR ME WITH THE COMPANY? PROBABLY MAKE ME GENERAL MANAGER IN CHARGE O'SALES, OR SOMETHING. (LAUGHS) This is colossal. Ring the bell.

SOUND: DOORBELL FAINTLY

MOL: I don't like it, McGee.

FIB: Can't lose, Molly. All his wife can say is no. And if I SHOULD sell her..oh boy, will the old-

SOUND: DOOR LATCH.

WOMAN: YES? What was it please?

FIB: Like to speak to Mrs. Bumrisk, sis..and listen..why don't you wash your hands before answerin' the door? Look at 'em... covered with grease! Does Mrs. Bumrisk know you admit guests lookin' like a stoker?

WOMAN: I am Mrs. Bumrisk. I have been trying to fix my washing machine. What was it you wanted?



MOL: Well, you see, Mrs. Bumrisk, me husband represents the -  
FIB: Ye see, Mrs. Bumrisk, I'm with your husband's company and I  
was jest goin' by..and..er..say can I help you with that  
washing machine?  
WOMAN: Well-1- ...I wish SOMEone would. It simply WONT run..  
and my cleaning woman is not here and my maid is ill..  
won't you come in.  
MOL: Oh thank you.  
SOUND: DOOR SLAM. CLATTER ON WOODEN STEPS.  
WOMAN: Right down in the basement here...(FADE OUT)  
FIB: Now we're gettin' somewhere, Molly. The first step is  
gettin' IN.  
MOL: I don't like this at all. I think it's silly.  
FIB: Shhhh.. WELL YOU CERTAINLY GOT THAT WASHING MACHINE ALL  
APART HAVEN'T YOU SIS?  
WOMAN: Oh yes...and if you can only fix it, I'll be very grateful.  
What is your name, please?  
FIB: Fibber McGee, sis. This is my wife, Molly.  
WOMAN: How do you do.  
MOL: How do you do, I'm sure.  
FIB: Say the wringer is stuck ain't it, Mrs. Bumrisk...I'll  
fix that in a jiffy...I'll hang my coat right up here...  
SOUND: CLANKS AND POUNDING..RATCHETS ETC..  
FIB: You shouldn't be doin' this kinda work, sis. After all  
you're only young and beautiful once, ye know.  
WOMAN: Oh now, PLEASE, Mr. McGee.  
FIB: AHEM. Did you EVER STOP TO THINK, SIS THAT OUT OF EVERY  
13,456 WASHDAYS, LOTS OF WOMEN GET PRETTY TIRED? DO YOU  
REALIZE THAT IN EVERY ONE MILLION WOMEN IN HOMES, 876  
ARE DOOMED TO GET SMACKED BY KIDDIE CARS, RIGHT IN THE -

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MOL: MCGEE!

FIB: IN THE PRIME OF LIFE? (POUNING) I THINK YOU SHOULD BE PROTECTED AGAINST WORK LIKE THIS SIS. AS THE WIFE AN INSURANCE MAN, I'M SURPRISED YOU DON'T KNOW THAT. NOW I HAVE A POLICY....

WOMAN: Please, I don't think -

FIB: AH AHH..THINK OF THAT GIRLISH HEALTH, SIS...NOW THIS POLICY IS AGAINST HEALTH AND ACCIDENTS AND COSTS YOU ONLY 29.50 PER ANNUM, OR 42.20 A YEAR. ANY QUESTIONS?

WOMAN: Well, I..er..MRS. MCGEE..WILL YOU COME UP AND HAVE A CUP OF TEA WITH ME?

MOL: Oh yes..THANK YOU.

WOMAN: (FADING) AND I'D LIKE TO GET THIS GRIME OFF MY HANDS... WHEN YOU FINISH FIXING THE WASHER, MR. MCGEE...WILL YOU COME UP?

FIB: O...o-kay, sis. (CLANK OF WHEELS) Now let's see... this thing goes here...or does it? and this cogwheel... (CLANKS FADE OUT)

SOUND: STEPS ON STAIR.

WOMAN: It was SO SWEET of your husband to offer to help me with the washing machine.

MOL: Oh yes..he's a great hand to fix things, McGee is. He's...

SOUND: DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

BUMRISK: HELLO MY DEAR...DEDN'T EXPECT TO SEE ME HOME SO SOON DID YOU? (LAUGHS) I...oh excuse me.

WOMAN: Hello, Bedford. This is Mrs. McGee. Her husband very kindly offered to help me fix my washing machine.

SOUND: CLANKS IN DISTANCE

BUMRISK: Oh how do you do, Mrs. McGee.

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

BUMRISK: WELL. IT'S BEEN QUITE A DAY DEAR. STARTED A NEW BUNCH OF SALESMEN OUT. AND IT'S THE WORST PACK OF DIMWITTED, SORAGGY, LOOKING AIREDALES I EVER SENT -

MOL: ME HUSBAND IS ONE OF 'EM, BUMRISK. CAREFUL HOW YOU TALK..

BUMRISK: Oh..I..I'm..I didn't realize...you say your husband is one of the salesmen I sent out this morning?

MOL: Yes he is...and he's kind enough to offer to fix the wash -

BUMRISK: Now now now..I WAS ONLY JOKING...I'LL GO SPEAK TO HIM...

SOUND: CLANKING IN DISTANCE.

BUMRISK: (CALLS) OH MCGEE...ARE YOU DOWN THERE? COME ON UP.

FIB: (OFF MIKE) I CAN'T NOW....(CLANKS) WHO IS IT?

BUMRISK: THIS IS BUMRISK, MCGEE...HOW DID YOU DO TODAY? DID YOU USE THE SUGGESTIONS I OFFERED YOU? DID YOU QUOTE THE STATISTICS I GAVE YOU? IS THERE ANYTHING THAT STILL PUZZLES YOU? ANY QUESTIONS?

FIB: (OFF MIKE) Yes, I got one question. (CLANK CLANK CLANK)

BUMRISK: What's that?

FIB: HOW I CAN GET MY ARM OUTATHIS DAD-RATTED WRINGER!

(APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA: TOODLEOO...OVER APPLAUSE. (DOWN FOR COMMERCIAL AND UP.)



SECOND COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Now we announce with pleasure the winner in last week's Trailer contest sponsored by the makers of Johnson's Auto Wax and Cleaner. At this moment, in RADIOLAND, at the GREAT LAKES EXPOSITION, in Cleveland, a luxurious Covered-Wagon Trailer is being presented to Mrs. Effie Buda, of Elyria, Ohio. Congratulations, Mrs. Buda, we hope you'll have a grand vacation with your de luxe trailer. We know you'll always be proud of its appearance if you keep it shining with Johnson's Auto Wax and Cleaner. Checks have been mailed to the 29 winners of cash prizes. Everyone who would like to win a handsome Covered-Wagon Trailer - or a cash prize - is invited to enter this weeks Trailer contest. Just finish the following sentence: "I like Johnson's Auto Wax and Cleaner because---" Complete this sentence in fifty words or less. After you see the gleaming, protective polish that Johnson's Auto Wax and Cleaner give to your car, you'll enjoy telling why you like these remarkable products. Your contest entry must be received by S. C. Johnson & Son, - Racine, Wisconsin, - by midnight Saturday, June 5th. Each Saturday night thereafter another weeks contest closes. Contest rules are to be found in the special combination package containing Johnson's Auto Wax and Cleaner, for sale at your dealer. Buy a package at once! You may easily win a magnificent Covered-Wagon Trailer!

ORCHESTRA: SWELL - "TOODLE-OO" - FADE OUT ON CUE

TAG GAG

MOL: McGee...what did you say they called you, when you sold insurance back in Peoria?  
 FIB: Oh back then? PAID-UP McGEE, I was called then. OLD PAID-UP.  
 MOL: O.P.U. McGee.  
 FIB: Yes, O.P.U...AHM...Goodnight.  
 MOL: Good night all!

ORCHESTRA: SIGNATURE - SEQUE "YOU'RE NUMBER ONE IN MY HIT PARADE"



CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: If you want your car to always stay beautiful as new, protected from dirt and discoloration---if you want to cut down on car-washings and greatly increase the trade-in value - Don't delay another day - Wax your car the Johnson Way!

This is Harlow Wilcox, speaking for the makers of Johnson's Wax, at Racine, Wisconsin, and inviting you to be with us again next Monday night. Goodnight!

ANNOUNCER: (MUSIC CREDITS)

This program has come to you from Hollywood through the Red Network of the National Broadcasting Company.

SOUND: CHIMES.