

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.
Writer: Don Quinn

(REVISED)

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

208

5:30-6:00 PM
Tuesday, June 6, 1939

NBC - Red

-2-

WIL: The Johnson Wax Program!

ORCH: THEME

WIL: The makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's self-polishing
Glo-Coat present Marian and Jim Jordan as Fibber McGee
and Molly, with Donald Novis, The Four Notes, and Billy
Mills' orchestra. The show opens with...."The Lady's in
Love With you!"

ORK: "THE LADY'S IN LOVE WITH YOU"....FADE FOR:

WIL: (OPENING COMMERCIAL)

(page 3 for commercial)

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.
June 6, 1939
Tuesday - 5:30 PM PST NBC

(2nd REVISION)

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Opening Commercial

ANNOUNCER: A few weeks ago, we announced a sensational new labor-saving product -- a double-action cleaner and wax polish for automobiles, called JOHNSON'S CARNU -- C-A-R-N-U.

Since then, unsolicited letters have been pouring in from listeners everywhere who say that JOHNSON'S CARNU is even easier to use....gives more wonderful results than they believed possible. Some of these comments are from women who wax polished their own cars without help! Now, if you want your car to take on a brilliant, gleaming polish -- if you want the finish to look as bright as it did the day it was new, then get a can of JOHNSON'S CARNU at once. Remember, this is a double-action cleaner. It cleans and wax polishes your car in one simple easy operation. The liquid is easily and quickly applied. It dries almost immediately to a white powder. Wipe off the powder and off goes the old, dirty film. Streaks and stains disappear like magic -- your car shines like a mirror without any hard rubbing. The whole job can be done in one hour! JOHNSON'S CARNU is for sale at filling stations, auto supply stores, garages and at your regular wax dealers. Try it and you'll agree "that your car looks like new when you use CARNU."

ORCHESTRA: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH

(APPLAUSE)

SEGUE...."RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN"....FADE

(2nd REVISION)

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WIL: WELL FIBBER IS DETERMINED TO FIND OUT JUST WHAT SORT OF A GUY HE REALLY IS. OF COURSE, HE COULD ASK PEOPLE, BUT FIBBER WAS NEVER ONE TO STICK HIS NECK OUT UNNECESSARILY. SO - HERE IN THE LIVING ROOM AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA, TYPING A LETTER TO THE FAMOUS HANDWRITING ANALYST, PROFESSOR JOHN HANCOCK, WE FIND -

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE: THEME

SOUND: TYPEWRITER EFFECT: GONG: CARRIAGE RETURN:

MOL: My, that's an awful' loud bell on that typewriter, McGee.

FIB: I know. Used to belong to a sport writer: -- Used it at prizefights.

SOUND: TYPING

FIB: I am enclosing a coin...in...loo...of the....25 cents in stamps....Hey, Molly, how d'you spell "loo"?

MOL: Lew who?

FIB: Not Lew anybody -- I mean loo as in "in loo of" --

MOL: Oh, that! "l - o - o", McGee.

FIB: That's what I've got. (LAUGHS) Funny how you can spell a word correct and it still don't look right.

FIB: Awaiting your immediate reply --- I am, yours truly....
Fibber McGee.

SOUND: PAPER RIPPING OUT OF TYPEWRITER

FIB: Now let's see -- I'll have to enclose a sample of my handwriting ----

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR!

MOL: Come in!

SOUND: DOOR LATCH

PINCH: Fibber McGee?

FIB: You betcha, bud.

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PINCH: Do you need a gag writer?

FIB: No, we don't.

PINCH: (LAUGHS) Oh, no?

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: You think he got us confused with somebody else, Molly?

MOL: No, I think we got him confused with us! What do you expect this handwriting expert to tell you, McGee?

FIB: Well, I'll bet he tells me that I'm the creative type -- a dreamer --

MOL: How wonderful!Bein' a dreamer and still able to do things!

FIB: You think so?

MOL: Yes. Anyone who can dream and snore at the same time ---

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR

FIB: Wonder if that's an answer from the handwriting expert?

MOL: You haven't mailed your application yet!

FIB: Oh, that's right. Come in!

SOUND: DOOR LATCH

BOOM: Ah, there, Drop-Stitch! And good day to you, my dear! Just dropped in with a little proposition. Splendid investment! I plan to open a small casino on the outskirts of town, where an adventuresome citizen may do his best to repeal the laws of chance --

MOL: (PRIMLY) We wouldn't be interested, Mr. Boomer! It's against the law!

BOOM: What a coincidence -- so am I! Have the floor plans right here. Plan to call it the Safety Pin!

FIB: Safety Pin, eh? Oh I get it. Everytime it opens somebody gets stuck. (LAUGHS) Don't-cha get it, Boomer, I says ---

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BOOM: Sorry, we don't pay off on double zero! Now where did I put those floor-plans...here's a heavy rubber band.... found it in an overcoat in a restaurant...around a roll of bills...Little Dandy Glass-Cutter --- very therapeutic for jewelry store windows -- minor operation and the PANE is gone.....pair of white gloves -- ducky, aren't they? -- made by the Snow White Glove Company -- guaranteed not to leave your prints.....

MOL: Well, well - imagine that, no floor-plans!

BOOM: Wait till the wheel stops spinning, my dear. Now, where did I put those floor plans?...Here's a gold-plated shoe horn -- very useful -- never know when some heel's going to get into a tight spot...ah! What's this?..... invitation to an art exhibit! Must drop in and see the new sculpture -- always like to know what the other chisellers are doing! Elk's tooth -- needs brushing....maybe Bob Hope would give it a guest appearance...Greetings, chum - let's Irium!...small revolver...dangerous little weapon... an old friend of mine was shot with this six times.....

SOUND: SHOT

BOOM: My mistake, five times!..... WELL, WELL! IMAGINE THAT! NO FLOOR PLANS! WONDER WHAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED TO THEM?

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(REVISED)

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FIB: Probably the same thing as the egg the little red hen
dropped in the mud, Boomer. Not lost, just mislaid! (LAUGH)

BOOM: Ha-ha! Not a bad yolk if you could clean it up! Good day,
~~Boomer~~ *Boomer* ~~Boomer~~!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

ORK: "A NEW MOON AND AN OLD SERENADE" - NOVIS

APPLAUSE

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SECOND SPOT

(REVISED)

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FIB: Folks, that was Donald Novis singin' "A New Moon and An
Old Serenade" -- and, Don -- as one creative artist to
another - I can't speak too highly of your rendition!

DON: Thanks, Fibber -- what have you created lately?

MOL: He's creating an imaginary character for himself, Mr.
Novis! He just mailed a letter to have his handwriting
analyzed.

FIB: Y'see, Don, I just want to verify everybody's opinion
of me as bein' the artistic type. You know, sensitive --
~~poetic~~ *poetic* -- emotional. ^{poetic} Personally, I think it's a very
valuable thing to get acquainted with yourself.

DON: Welll-l-l-l, yes. But, you meet some awfully strange
people that way. See you later, folks.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: There's too many comedians on this show!

MOL: Name one!

FIB: If I get any more ribs tonight I'm gonna open up a
barbecue joint! Shucks, just because a guy wants to improve
himself --

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR

FIB: Come in!

SOUND: DOOR LATCH AND CLOSE

MOL: ~~Oh, Mrs. Uppington!~~ ^{Oh} How do you do, Mrs. Uppington?

UPP: How do you do, Mrs. Mcgee! and Mr. Mcgee!

FIB: Hiyah, Uppy?

UPP: I just stopped in to inquire if you knew who is the best
interior decorator in town.

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FIB: ~~Well, there's a guy down at the corner of Fourteenth and Oak, Uppie, that's pretty good. He's got some things called "Old McGeek" that'll give you some satisfaction for any amount of money.~~ --

UPP: ~~"Old McGeek" who?~~

MOL: ~~She's the principal interior decorator, McGeek. With her hand on his hip.~~

UPP: ~~Why~~ you see, I'm having my house completely done ovah. I want everything done in moderne --

FIB: In your dern what?

MOL: She means modern, dearie...you know -- the kind of furniture that looks like it was designed by an acrobat and built by a geometry teacher!

UPP: Oh, but it's so effective, my dear! And it does need decorating so badly! Let me see, it hasn't been done completely ovah since...er...Now, let me see. I think it was...uh...four years ago...no, five years ago -- on my birthday. I had just turned thirty-two!

FIB: Thirty-two! Careful there, Uppy -- you took that turn awful' fast!

MOL: It's safe for her, Mcgee. ~~McGeek's~~ ^{She's} well banked!

UPP: (SHORT LAUGH) Veddy amusing, I'm suah!

FIB: Tell you what, Uppy -- I don't know where you could get any better advice on interior decoration than I could give you --

UPP: Oh, reaaaly! Did you ever do any decorating, Mr. Mcgee?

FIB: Did I? Remember that new ritzy residential suburb - "Snob Hollow" that was built a couple of years ago?

UPP: Yeess.

MOL: Well, Mcgee designed every mustache on every billboard in the whole suburb.

FIB: Why, I did not, Molly! I done the beards. Mort Toops done the mustaches. He was taller'n I was. But frankly, Mrs. Uppington -- I've always been interested in artistic things. Now, I think for your living room --

UPP: You mean, my drawing room?

MOL: ~~McGeek~~ Mcgee doesn't know any better, Mrs. Uppington. "Drawing room" is the proper term, McGeek. ~~Don't you remember last time we were over there, all those~~ ~~beards~~ ~~McGeek?~~

FIB: Oh ~~McGeek~~ But as I was sayin', ~~Uppy~~ -- for your ^{front parlor} ~~room~~ I'd do the upholstery in a shirred mulberry cransafrenz, with a wide edging of petit-point grasnavitz, don't you think so, Molly?

MOL: Well, yes. If you're sure they'd go with the pastel bofnipkins --

UPP: Good heavens! Reaally -- I must be dreadfully behind the times! What on earth is a bofnipkin?

FIB: Oh that's the latest thing in davensquaddles, Uppy. But you can only use 'em in a room that has a large planatray completely around the crevasite!

UPP: ~~McGeek~~ ^{I'm so fond to hear it.} ~~McGeek~~ I never suspected that you were so familiar with modernism! ~~Well, now, wouldn't it be a terrible imposition if I were to ask the decorator to consult you before going ahead?~~ Perhaps I'm just a silly girl, but if bofnipkins are the thing -- I shall insist on bofnipkins!

FIB: Always glad to help, Uppy. That's characteristic of me -- an artistic streak with a strain of uh...of uh....

MOL: Just make it a strain, dearie!

UPP: Well, I shall appreciate it so much, really! And I do admire your artistic restraint, Mr. McGee.

FIB: Restraint?

UPP: Yes, I see you have restrained yourself from doing anything artistic with this house! Or perhaps you found the bofnipkins too brantiffle for the creguarp of your particular upper stratahoot! Thank you so much! Good byeeeeeee!

SOUND: (DOOR SLAM)

FIB: I bet she didn't know what she was talkin' about.

MOL: I didn't either.

FIB: Me, too!

WIL: Same here.

FIB: OH, hiyah, Harlow? Glad you came in! -- I just wrote for an analysis of my handwriting. I wanta see what it indicates besides initiative, imagination and dramatic ability.

WIL: Oh, there's nothing like dramatic ability. THE PLAY'S THE THING! THE SHOW MUST GO ON!

MOL: Yes, it sho' must!

FIB: What do you know about it, Harlow? You're the practical type! Full of hard facts, brass tacks, and Johnson's Wax!

WIL: Well, I got imagination, too. Look, here's a little dramatic playlet I dashed off. Let's run thru it and see how it sounds.

FIB: Oh, pshaw!

WIL: Here's a part for you, Fibber -- and here's your part, Molly. (RUSTLE OF PAPER) I've got mine here. It's a one-act play laid in ancient Egypt --

MOL: And something tells me you should have left it lay.

WIL: Now, look. Molly, you play the part of Cleopatra. I'm Marc Antony, and Fibber you're King Tut. On stage everybody! Curtain! Music, maestro, please!

ORK: VERY THIN HOOCHIE KOOCHIE MUSIC: CLARINET AND TOM-TOM

FIB: Ah there, Marc Antony! Sit thee down -- (CLAPS HANDS) Slave! Bring Mr Antony a hunk of ambrosia and a slug of nectar!

WIL: Thanks, Tut. Nice pyramid you've got here!

FIB: Not bad. Still workin' on it -- as a matter of fact, if you coma back years later you'll still find me all wrapped up in it.

WIL: I hope you got the flowers I sent you from Rome for Mummie's day.

FIB: Yes, *I did.* ~~you shaw said it was the finest lettuce in the country -- a very bit of it!~~

WIL: ~~That wasn't lettuce -- that was lettuce!~~

FIB: ~~Oh, well -- what difference does it --~~ Ah! Come in, Cleopatra! Here's your Roman Romeo!

WIL: Hi, Cleo! I saw you in your last picture "The Dance of the Seven Veils" and if you'll take my advice you'll demand a recount! (LAUGHS)

MOL: Easy, Marc! I mean...uh.....none of your lip, Mr. Antony!

WIL: Put your scarabs on, honey -- and let's take a chariot ride! I know a swell joint to eat in. It's called "Nebuchadnezzar's Nook on the Nile" -- and baby, you ought to taste their barbecued camel!

MOL: Oh, no you don't! The last time one of you Romans took me for some barbecued camel I had to walk back a mile! Besides, I refuse to ride in that awful old dusty chariot of yours --

FIB: Oh-oh! Boy loses girl - Wax gets plug!

WIL: Oh, you should see my chariot now, Cleo! A wise man -- the son of John -- brought me some precious ointment out of the West -- it is called JOHN'S-SON'S-CAR-NU!

MOL: Yes, I read about it in this mornin's parchment.

WIL: Oh, it's WONDERFUL STUFF, CLEO! BOTH CLEANS AND WAX POLISHES IN ONE SIMPLE OPERATION! YOU JUST APPLY IT TO THE CLEAN SURFACE OF YOUR CHARIOT, LET IT DRY AND WIPE IT OFF! AND THERE'S YOUR CHARIOT WITH A BEAUTIFUL WAX POLISH GLEAMING AND SPARKLING LIKE THE MORNING SUN ON THE RED SEA!

MOL: Oh, that's wonderful, Marc -- it's very dusty on the desert at this time of year!

WIL: WELL, LEAVE IT TO CAR-NU TO PROTECT YOUR CHARIOT AGAINST THE SUN AND THE SAND AND THE RAIN -- BETTER GET SOME YOURSELF, TUT!

FIB: I'll do that, bud! But it's goin' to throw a lot of slaves outta work! Well, run along, kids, and have a good time!

MOL: Okay, pop.

WIL: Come on, Cleo -- I have to be back in Rome tomorrow. We're building a dam across the Tiber river --

FIB: What's that for, Marc?

WIL: To hold that Tiber.....HOLD THAT TIBER -- HOLD THAT TIBER---

ORK AND CHORUS: "HOLD THAT TIBER...HOLD THAT TIBER...(UP TO BIG FINISH)

MOL: My, wasn't that realistic, McGee? Excuse me while I dump the sand out of my sandals.

FIB: Oh, it wasn't bad. But the plot wasn't consistent -- if Antony had used Car-Nu you'd never of met him.

MOL: Why not?

FIB: Well, after you use that stuff on your chariot there's ~~some~~ a Marc on it!

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR

MOL: CRAWL IN! Oh, excuse me! I thought we were still in the pyramid!

SOUND: DOOR LATCH

OLD MAN: Hello, there, Johnny! Here's a letter for you --

MOL: Oh, thank you Old Timer! Are you a mail carrier now?

OLD MAN: Ehhhhhhhhhhhh?

FIB: She said "are you a mail carrier now?" I think it's a good job for you, Old Timer, With your pigeon-toes -- you'd make a good carrier.

(LAUGHS)

MOL: Okay, pop.
WIL: Come on, Cleo -- I have to be back in Rome tomorrow.
We're building a dam across the Tiber river --
FIB: What's that for, Marc?
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pyramid!

SOUND: DOOR LATCH

OLD MAN: Hello, there, Johnny! Here's a letter for you --
MOL: Oh, thank you Old Timer! Are you a mail carrier now?
OLD MAN: Ehrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr?
FIB: She said "are you a mail carrier now?" I think
it's a good job for you, Old Timer. With your
pigeon-toes, -- you'd make a good carrier.
(LAUGHS)

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OLD MAN: Heh Heh Heh. That's pretty good, Johnny -- But that ain't
the way I heered it! The way I heered it, a moonshiner
says to a revenue officer, "SAYYYYYYYYYY" he says, "DID YOU
GET THE MESSAGE I SENT YOU ABOUT THAT STILL UP ON THE RIDGE?"
"YES", says the Revenuer, "BUT I TORE IT UP! THOUGHT IT WAS
JUST ANOTHER MASH NOTE!" Heh heh'heh! I know that mountain
country pretty well, Johnny - Been up there collectin'
jokes - On the Trail of The Lonesome Pun. Heh - Heh - Heh!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOL: Who's the letter from, McGee?
FIB: Lemme see. Say, c'n you beat this? It's an answer from
Professor Hancock, the Handwriting expert --
MOL: What, already? You only mailed your letter fifteen minutes
ago. That's wonderful service! Mr. Farley must be running
for President, too!

SOUND: TEARING PAPER

FIB: Listen to this, Molly. It says:
"DEAR CLIENT: AS THE FOREMOST EXPONENT OF
GRAPHOLOGY --

Hey, Molly -- what's graphology?

MOL: That's easy, McGee. "Ology" means "the study of" and
"graf" means "Zeppelin"! He's got you analyzed as a big
gas-bag!

FIB: Well, c'n you imagine this, Molly? I ain't artistic. I was
all wrong! He says I'm the muscular, athletic type! He says
I got the same handwriting as all the great wrasslers --
Strangler Louis, Stanislouse Zbysko, and Man Mountain Dean.

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MOL: Well you can't make a mountain out of a molehill.

FIB: I got half a mind to get back in trainin' right away, and make some big dough. C'mon, get your hat, Molly! We're goin' down to the Athletic Club! ONE SIDE, EVERYBODY!

HERE COMES MAULER MCGEE!

MOL: Oh dear.

ORK: "WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG MAGGIE" - FOUR NOTES

APPLAUSE

FIB: Nice goin', kids! Folks, that was the Four Notes singin' "When You and I were Strong...er...When You and I Were Young, Maggie." (LAUGHS) Guess I got muscles on the brain tonight, Molly --

MOL: They'll never get any exercise there!

FIB: I wonder if five thousand bucks is too much to ask for my first bout? If I can get a bout -- Here's the athletic club, Molly, let's go in!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN & CLOSE...MURMUR OF VOICES...OCCASIONAL THUDS AND GRUNTS

MOL: Heavenly days! What a place! How can these wrestlers train in all this cigar smoke, McGee?

FIB: That's part of the trainin', Molly. It'd be silly to train in fresh air and then wrestle in a lotta cigar smoke!

HAL: Is dere somethin' youse folks wanted? I'm da manager of da joint!

FIB: Just a professional visit, Bud, I'm a wrassler myself. Ever hear of "Mauler McGee, the Mad Mastadon of the Mat"?

HAL: Oh, yesh -- usen't youse to be da heavyweight wrasslin' champeen?

FIB: No, I never was, bud!

HAL: Well, fer goodness sakes! HEY, JOIKY, C'MERE A MINUTE! HERE'S A WRASSLER WHO WAS NEVER DA HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION! Meet up wit Mauler McGee and his Moll!

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

FIB: Hiyah, Jerk?

MEL: I'm very pleased, to make your acquaint- (HICCUP) -
pleased to make your acquaint-- (HICCUP) -- to make
your --- (HICCUP) -- Hello, folks!

MOL: Are you a wrassler too, Mr. Jerk?

HAL: Naw, he works for Gabby the Grunt.

FIB: Manager?

MEL: No, I'm employed in another capaci-- (HICCUP) -- in
another capaci-- (HICCUP) -- I'm not his manag-- (HICCUP)
-- I'm not his manag-- (HICCUP) -- My job is more in the
natur-- (HICCUP) -- in the nature of -- (HICCUP) --
Say, let's start over!

MOL: Why, certainly! What do you do for Mr. Gabby the Grunt?

MEL: I'm his instructor in elocu -- (HICCUP) -- I'm his
groaning instructor!

FIB: Well, there's more to this business than I thought! Have
they got somebody else to teach 'em to make all them
faces?

MEL: Oh, there's nothing artificia-- (HICCUP)-- there's
nothing artificia-- (HICCUP) -- I mean if you're born
with a countena-- (HICCUP) -- with a physigno-- (HICCUP)
-- what I mean to say -- (HICCUP) -- wrasslers don't make
faces like that -- (HICCUP)-- It's faces like that that
makes wrasslers! Well, I'm very glad to have made your
acquain-- (HICCUP)-- glad to have made your acquaint--
(HICCUP) -- OH, I tried that before, didn't I? Good
night, folks!

SOUND: (TERRIFIC BANGING & THUMPING...GRUNTING & GROANING)

MOL: Heavenly days! Look at those big bruisers, Mcgee!
Do they have to play so rough?

FIB: Oh, we get used to it, Molly. I remember ~~there was a~~
~~champion wrassler got robbed of his title, but they~~
~~caught the guy that did it. Seems he left footprints on~~
~~the guy's stomach!~~

MOL: ~~Well, it seems to me~~ ~~Well, my goodness!~~ ^{oh} LOOK,
MCGEE! What's that little girl doin' in a place like this?

FIB: Search me. ^{hello} ~~What~~, little girl!

TEE: Hi, pal.

RIB: Ain't you kinda young to be hangin' around a place like
this?

TEE: Why?

~~MOL~~ FIB: You oughtta be home and in bed!

TEE: I betcha I hadn't, I betcha.

FIB: Oh, yes, you had!

MOL: Why, certainly! This is no place for a little girl.

FIB: I think we better report this to the juvenile authorities.

TEE: Gee, I bet you're just the man my papa was talkin' about, I betcha -

FIB: Eh?

TEE: Hmmmummm?

~~_____~~

MOL: Who IS your papa?

TEE: Gus the Gorilla. And he's one of the best guys in the racket too, I betcha.

FIB: (LAUGHS) Oh, he is, eh?

TEE: (GIGGLES) Hmmmummmmm?

FIB: I says, --- well, what did you mean, your papa was talkin' about me? He don't know me --

TEE: Gee, maybe he didn't mean you -- you're kinda bald.

FIB: Whatcha mean, sis?

TEE: Well, my papa told me if anybody made any wisecracks to me to tell him, and he'd pin the so-and-so's ears back--- but your hair's too short, mister. G'bye now, I gotta go see if Bull Face Benny is through using my skioping rope.

SOUND: THUDS...GRUNTS...GROANS

FIB: ~~_____~~

Look at them muggs wrassle, willya? I could lick any two of 'em if I was blindfolded and had arthritis.

HAL: You been in da wrasslin' game long, Buddy?

MOL: Oh, several minutes.

FIB: Who, me - Bud? Shucks, I been a wrassler ever since I was born. Used to take my nursemaid twenty-two minutes to pin my shoulders down to my crib!

HAL: Yez don't say!

FIB: Yep. I was booked for matches all over the country. When I opened up, the heat was on! BOOK MATCH McGEE, I WAS KNOWED AS IN THEM DAYS!

MOL: Oh, dear!

FIB: BOOK MATCH McGEE! THE BRAWNIEST, BRAINIEST BRAWLER THAT EVER BATTLED A BATCH OF BEETLE-BROWED BOZOS TO A BADLY BATTERED BUNCH OF BRUISED BONES. BLURBED AS THE BIGGEST BOX-OFFICE BONANZA OF THE BIFF-BANG BUSINESS, BOOED BY BILLIONS OF BRAINLESS BUMS FOR MY BRUTAL BOMBARDMENT OF BULL-HEADED BOOBS, AND BALLYHOOD AS THE BEST BICEP-BULGER FROM BOSTON WHERE I BEAT THE BEST TO THE BOULEVARDS OF BUDAPEST!

APPLAUSE:

HAL: Say, I tink yer just the guy we're lookin' fer'!. Gabby da Grunt has been lookin' fer a guy to woil out wid --

FIB: Oh, he has, has he? (LAUGHS) Lemme in there with that guy. I'll show him some new twists. (FADING) Hold my coat, Molly.

MOL: Oh, now - wait a minute, McGee! After all -- (CALLS) McGee!

HAL: Go on lady, let him have his fun. (LAUGHS)

SOUND: MURMUR OF VOICES: SLIGHT COMMOTION:

MOL: Heavenly days! Look at poor little McGee! In the ring with that big bruiser! It looks like a ventriloquist act!

HAL: Oh, I dunno. Not wit two dummies! Hey, lookit 'em go!

SOUND: (SLAPS...GRUNTS...THUDS)

MOL: McGEE! BE CAREFUL! GET DOWN OFF THAT MAN'S HANDS!

HAL: Better stand aside, lady -- he's gonna throw him this way!

SOUND: (SLAPS...GRUNTS...DRUM ROLL...WIND WHISTLE...CYMBAL CRASH)

FIB: (GROANS)

MOL: Oh dear oh dear oh dear! Are you hurt, darlin'?

FIB: (GROANS)

HAL: Oh, dat's too bad, Pal. Here comes Gabby the Grunt to apologize.

FIB: (GROANS) Oh hiyah Gabby. Boy are you strong - you musta been wrasslin' a long time.

GABBY: No it's just a hobby....I have to keep in trim after sitting at a desk all day long.

FIB: At a desk? Ain't you a professional wrestler?

GABBY: No. Confidentially I'm professor John Hancock, the handwriting expert.

FIB: Aw pshaw!

ORCH: SELECTION....FADE FOR

WIL: (CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
JUNE 6, 1939
TUESDAY 5:30 PM PST NBC

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

ANNOUNCER: In the summer months the wise woman plans her work so she can have more time to be out of doors enjoying herself - more time to spend with her family. Do you know that there's an easy way to keep your floors sparkling and clean without scrubbing? Just let JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT shine your floors for you. GLO-COAT quickly gives a sleek, glossy polish that defies dirt. Wouldn't you rather rest or read -- or go to a movie, then to spend your time scrubbing floors? Of course, you would! Tomorrow then, buy a can of JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT. Spread this remarkable liquid lightly over the clean floor with a soft cloth or long-handled GLO-COAT applicator. Then, take it easy for twenty minutes while GLO-COAT dries to a gleaming polish that protects the floor from children's scuffing shoes -- from dirt and stains. Ask for GLO-COAT --- G-L-O hyphen C-O-A-T -- JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT, the easy-to-use polish that makes floors and linoleum shine like new without rubbing or buffing!

ORCHESTRA: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

(2ND REVISION)

-26-

TAG GAG

SOUND: CLINK OF BOTTLES

FIB: (GROAN) Put another pillow under my back.

MOL: All right, dearie. Better let me take your spoeks, too.

~~FIB:~~ *What the matter, are they loose?*
MOL: I'll put 'em away until your ears straighten out again!

FIB: (GROANS) -- Good Night!

MOL: Good Night all!

APPLAUSE:

CREDITS: SIGNOFF

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S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.
Fibber McGee and Molly
5-23-39 thru 6-27-39
Final Tag Commercial

(2nd REVISION)

AFTER TAG GAG
TAG COMMERCIAL

ANNOUNCER: May we suggest that when you visit the New York World's Fair, you be sure to see the fifteen beautiful model homes in the "Town of Tomorrow". On all the floors and woodwork of these homes, Johnson's Wax polishes are used exclusively!

This is Harlow Wilcox, speaking for the makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Self-Polishing Glo-Coat at Racine, Wisconsin, inviting you to be with us again next Tuesday night. Goodnight.

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