

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

(REVISED)

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

210

5:30-6:00 PM
Tuesday - June 20, 1939

NBC-Red

(REVISED)

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WIL: The Johnson Wax Program!

ORCHESTRA: 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 "Don't Ever Leave
Me".

ORCH: "DON'T EVER LEAVE ME"....FADE FOR:

WIL: (OPENING COMMERCIAL)

S. V. Johnson & Son, Inc.
Fibber McGee and Molly
6-20-39
Tuesday - 5:30 PM PST NBC

(REVISED) -3-

Opening Commercial

ANNOUNCER: Car owners attention! If you had a chance to trade a dirty, discolored automobile for a beautiful, shining car that your family would be proud to ride in, you'd make the trade in a hurry, wouldn't you? Well, do you know that if your car is now foggy, streaked and neglected-looking you can, within an hour, change its appearance completely so that the finish will shine like a mirror? All this is possible if you use JOHNSON'S CARNU, a remarkable new type auto polish that both cleans and wax polishes your car with one application. JOHNSON'S CARNU takes the work out of polishing automobiles just as JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT has taken the work out of polishing floors. With CARNU the complete job takes less time and effort than was formerly required for the cleaning process alone. The results are almost miraculous! Although CARNU has been on the market only a few months, thousands of car owners will tell you that this double-action cleaner and wax polish is the easiest, most satisfactory product they have ever used. Women can wax-polish their cars alone with this easy-to-apply, liquid polish which requires no hard rubbing. CARNU dries quickly to a white powder, wipe off the powder and all the dirt and road film disappear. Your car takes on a dazzling brilliance that will make you exclaim "why your car looks like new when you use CARNU"! -- C-A-R-N-U -- JOHNSON'S CARNU -- Buy it where automobile supplies are sold or at your regular wax dealers.

ORCHESTRA: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH....(APPLAUSE)

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

(2ND REVISION) -4-

WIL: WELL, THE PAPERS ARE FULL OF TRACK MEETS, OLYMPIC CANDIDATES AND OTHER SPORTING NEWS, BUT FIBBER IS STAYING HOME WITH A LITTLE ORAL ATHLETIC EVENT OF HIS OWN -- A JUMPING TOOTHACHE! AND HERE IN THE LIVING-ROOM AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA, WE FIND A DERELICT OF DENTAL DEVASTATION, SOOTHED BY A SYMPATHETIC SPOUSE --

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

(APPLAUSE)

THEME

FIB: (GROANS)

MOL: Oh, you poor dear.

FIB: Is my face any more swollen, Molly?

MOL: It certainly is -- on one side. You look like a composite photograph of Laurel and Hardy.

FIB: Well, believe me, if I'm hardy enough to last thru the day with this toothache. I can rest on my laurels...Ha ha ha. OUCH! Dat rat it!

MOL: Look, McGee -- you've either got to make up your mind to go to the dentist or do something else.

FIB: (WEAKLY) Okay.

MOL: Okay what?

FIB: Let's do somethin' else! COME IN!

MOL: Did somebody knock?

FIB: No, but they're gonna. This tooth has got me so sensitive I anticipate things.

SOUND: (KNOCK AT DOOR)

FIB: You see? Come in!

SOUND: (DOOR LATCH)

MAN: Mr. Benny?

MOL: No, this is Tuesday.

MAN: Oh, darn it! I must have overslept!

SOUND: (DOOR SLAM)

FIB: How does my face look now, Molly?

MOL: Well, to be sympathetic....not so bad...but to be frank... it's terrible! Listen, McGee...remember how people used to put a string around a loose tooth and tied it to the doorknob?

FIB: Yes, but, - hey YOU AIN'T GONNA DO THAT TO ME, ARE YOU MOLLY?

MOL: Well, it seems to be a choice between the door-knob or the dentist.

FIB: (GROANS) Okay, I'll take the door-knob. The dentist is definite -- but the string might slip. Go ahead, there's some string in that drawer.

SOUND: (DRAWER OPENING)

MOL: Heavenly days!...Look at this drawer! It looks like a tornado in a ten-cent store! Fishing tackle, pipe cleaners, dominoes, bicycle clips --

FIB: Is that where them bicycle clips are? I been looking for them since 1912! OUCH!

MOL: Be brave, dearie -- 'it won't be long now. Here's the string. Now open your mouth wide I want room to tie a nice bow-knot.

FIB: Bow-knot! On my tooth?

MOL: Yes, -- I want it to look neat if anybody should come in. There! Now, you sit in that chair and make yourself comfortable, while I tie the other end to the doorknob. (RATTLE OF DOOR KNOB) There!

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR

FIB: DON'T COME IN! NOBODY HOME!

MOL: Oh, for goodness' sakes, McGee! You can't put it off forever! You oughta be glad there was no suspense. Now, brace yourself --

FIB: Okay.

MOL: Come in!

SOUND: (DOOR LATCH....FIBBER HOWLS....LOUD THUD!)

FIB: Ow - oh oh oh oh oh! Is my tooth out, Molly?

MOL: No, dearie -- it pulled the knob off the door! What was it you wanted sir?

MEL: Would you be interest - (HICCUP) - I'm taking subscrip - (HIC) - I'm working my way thru the univers - (HICCUP) - Do you need any maga - (HICCUP) - Do you take "Time"?

MOL: Time for what?

MEL: I am referring to the publica - (HICCUP) - to the public - (HICCUP) - you see, we're having a sales competit - (HICCUP) - a sales competit - (HICCUP) - Well, how about "Collier's?"

FIB: No, thanks, bud -- I gotta bad eye tooth and I can't read.

(REVISED)

MEL: Well, for just this week we're featuring a combina - (HICCUP)
A combina - (HICCUP) - this offer is so spectacu (HICCUP)-
so spectacu -- (HICCUP) spectacu - (HICCUP) - Say, excuse me,
brother -- but there's a piece of string hanging out of your
(HICCUP) - there's a piece of string hanging - (HICCUP) -
Hey, lady, you've got him hooked - why don't you pull him
in?

SOUND: (DOOR SLAM)

FIB: I think he's got a string on his own teeth...with slip-
knots.

MOL: Well, as long as the door-knob idea didn't work, McGee..
you've got to go to the dentist. Let's go down and see
Doctor Gildersleeve.

FIB: ~~I don't like that guy...~~ *Aw, not Gildersleeve.*

MOL: Why he's a very good Dentist. And we used to go to school
with him, remember? (LAUGHS) I think you don't like him
because he used to have a crush on me.

FIB: Oh, I've outgrew that. But I never liked that guy.
I wouldn't let him fill a tooth in my pocket comb. I ain't
goin'.

MOL: You're not?

FIB: No.

MOL: What?

FIB: I..er..I says shall we walk or take the car?

MOL: We'll walk...the fresh air'll do yo good. Come on.

FIB: (WEAKLY) Okay...

SOUND: (DOOR OPEN AND SLAM....FOOTSTEPS OFF PORCH ONTO SIDEWALK

FADE AND UP AGAIN

FIB: *With me, Molly?*
MOL: *Yes, sure* Do yo feel any better now, ?

FIB: (GROANS) -- Every
It
step I take, I get a sharp shooting pain in tooth.

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(REVISED)

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MOL: Oh, Heavenly Days! Here, open your mouth, McGee.

FIB: Ahhhhhhhh.

MOL: There! Is that better?

FIB: Oh boy! I'll say it is -- what'd you do?

MOL: I took the string off. You've been draggin' that door-knob
for two blocks!

ORCH: "THE ONE ROSE".....NOVIS

(APPLAUSE)

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FIB: Folks, that was Donald Novis, singin' "THE ONE ROSE".
Beautiful song, too, Don. Didn't you think so, Molly?

MOL: I certainly did, Mr. Novis.

DON: Well, thanks, but say, folks, did you ever hear how that song came to be written?

FIB: "The One Rose?"...no, I don't believe so, Don. How?

DON: Well, down in Tin Pan Alley, one composer got jealous of another composer and put a firecracker under his piano stool.

MOL: What happened?

DON: The One Rose....Well, - see you later.

SOUND: (DOOR SLAM)

FIB: The One Rose! Well after a bloomer like that, (LAUGHS)
Ouch - dad rat it!

UPP: (FADE IN) Why...what seems to be the mattah, Mr. McGee?

MOL: Oh how do you do, Mrs. Uppington.

UPP: How do you do, Mrs. McGee...AND Mr. McGee.

FIB: Hiyah, Uppy.

UPP: Do you realize that your face is horribly swollen, Mr. McGee?

MOL: Yes, I think he's noticed it, Mrs. Uppington..haven't ye dearie?

FIB: Yeah....I saw it in a mirror this morning. So I looks at it and says....
"MIRROR, MIRROR ON THE WALL,
D'YE THINK THIS DAD-RATTED SWELLING WILL
BE GONE BEFORE FALL."

UPP: How ridiculous!!! But reahhly, Mr. McGee...you should do something about that face of yours, immediately!

FIB: That's a co-incidence, Uppy. The first time I met you, I says the very sa-

MOL: MCGEE!!..

FIB: AHEM!

MOL: He's gotta bad toothache, Mrs. Uppington..we're on our way to the dentist.

UPP: Oh..I..er..I see. But confidentially, I am rawtheh superstitious about mirrors myself. They DO tell you the truth about yourself...For instance, look at this one in my handbag, Mr. McGee...does it say anything to you?

FIB: I dunno....it's kinda cracked, Uppy.

UPPY: Yes...isn't it? Well SO nice to have seen you again...
goodbyeeee!

MOL: Well, you certainly walked right into that one, McGee!

FIB: Ye know, sometimes I wonder if Uppy ain't a little smarter'n she looks, - and thon again, I realize she'd almost HAVE to be!

SOUND: HORSES HOOFS FADE IN...

OLD MAN: WHAOAAAA there, Johnstown!...WHAOAAAA!!...Hello there Johnny
..Hello Daughter....Know where I can find a good dentist?

FIB: There's several right down in the middle of the block, Old Timer; I'm on my way to one myself.

OLD MAN: Much Obliged...Johnstown here's gotta bad wisdom tooth.

MOL: You mean that MULE? You takin' HIM to the dentist?

OLD MAN: EHHHHHH?

FIB: She says you can't take a mule to a dentist's office. The proper place for mules is behind a plow or under the bed!
(LAUGHS)

OLD MAN: Hoh heh hoh...that's pretty good, Johnny...and that's JUST ABOUT THE WAY I heered it. Only the way I heered it, a feller named McGee says to me, "SAYYYYY, HE SAYS, "YOU CAN'T TAKE A MULE TO A DENTIST!" "WHY NOT?" says I, takin' a burr out of his tail, "IF HE HADN'T BEEN A JACKASS HE WOULDN'T OF NEGLECTED HIS TEETH!"...Heh heh heh.

MOL: That's an 'awfully funny lookin' Mule, Mr. Old Timer...his left shoulder's a little high.

OLD MAN: Yep. He's a California Mule...very unusual wither. Come on Johnstown...

SOUND: HOOFS UP AND OUT

FIB: Silly business...takin' a mule to a dentist!

MOL: Oh, so I'm actin' silly, am I?

FIB: I didn't mean you. I meant...SAY, DO YOU MEAN ME?

MOL: Come on, McGee...here's Doctor Gildersleeve's office.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

FIB: Well..I hope he gets this over with quick.

MOL: So do I...what's that magazine there, McGee...

FIB: This'n? Leslie's Weekly of April, 1911?

MOL: Give me the -

SOUND: DOOR LATCH

WIL: (FAST) Hello, folks -- say, have I got news for you!

MOL: What is it, Mr. Wilcox?

FIB: Has peace broken out in Europe?

WIL: No, but listen -- I was telling the dentist next door all about Car-Nu -- you know, that new Johnson auto polish that takes almost no effort to use?

FIB: Yes, we know, Harlow. We got the same sponsor, remember?

MOL: What about it, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: (WITH ENTHUSIASM) Well, I was telling this dentist how Car-Nu would give his dingy old automobile a gorgeous, glittering, sales-room appearance. How all he has to do is apply it to the clean surface - let it dry; wipe it off, and PRESTO! His car looks so high-hat he's afraid to drive under a viaduct! Of course, being a dentist he appreciated the value of a product like Car-Nu that would clean and polish in one operation.

FIB: Ain't he wonderful, folks? We had to train him to do that without gestures, so he wouldn't knock himself out!

MOL: ~~But what's so unusual about that?~~ ^{But} Mr. Wilcox, What's so unusual in tellin' a dentist about Johnson's Car-Nu?

WIL: Don't you get it? It's the old story, MAN BITES DOG -- "PATIENT GIVES DENTIST WAX IMPRESSION!" Is that terrific, or is that terrific?

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: "Patient gives dentist wax impression!" What old Harlow needs is a pivot-tooth - all his conversation revolves around Johnson's Wax!

~~Yes, that's what I was saying -- Johnson is a lot cheaper than beautiful, your teeth -- the only difference is that --~~

FIB: ~~Standard toothpaste.~~ (LAUGHS) OUCH! Dad rat it! There it goes again!

MOL: Well, I don't imagine we'll have to wait long. ^{FIB} There's nobody ahead of us.

TEE: I betcha there is, I betcha.

FIB: Oh hiyah little girl.

MOL: Are you waiting to see the dentist, little girl?

TEE: Hmmmammm?

WIL: (WITH ENTHUSIASM) Well, I was telling this dentist how Car-Nu would give his dingy old automobile a gorgeous, glittering, sales-room appearance. How all he has to do is apply it to the clean surface - let it dry; wipe it off, and PRESTO! His car looks so high-hat he's afraid to drive under a viaduct! Of course, being a dentist he appreciated the value of a product like Car-Nu that would clean and polish in one operation.

FIB: Ain't he wonderful, folks? We had to train him to do that without gestures, so he wouldn't knock himself out!

MOL: ~~But he's a dentist, Mr. Wilcox.~~ ^{But} Mr. Wilcox. What's so unusual in tellin' a dentist about Johnson's Car-Nu?

WIL: Don't you get it? It's the old story, MAN BITES DOG -- "PATIENT GIVES DENTIST WAX IMPRESSION!" Is that terrific, or is that terrific?

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: "Patient gives dentist wax impression!" What old Harlow needs is a pivot-tooth - all his conversation revolves around Johnson's Wax!

~~Yes, that's right, but a pivot is a lot cheaper than wax. It's a lot cheaper than wax. It's a lot cheaper than wax.~~

FIB: ~~Standard dental practice.~~ (LAUGHS) OUCH! Dad rat it! There it goes again!

MOL: Well, I don't imagine we'll have to wait long. ^{FIB} There's nobody ahead of us.

TEE: I betcha there is, I betcha.

FIB: Oh hiyah little girl.

MOL: Are you waiting to see the dentist, little girl?

TEE: Hmmmmmm?

FIB: ARE YOU WAITIN' TO SEE THE DENTIST?

TEE: No, I've seen one. He wears a white apron..like a butcher..

FIB: GROANS...Please sis...that ain't a very pleasant picture you're ^{paintin'} ~~showin'~~ for me.

TEE: I'm not ^{paintin'} ~~showin'~~ a picture I betcha...I'm just sitting here.

FIB: Oh ye are, eh? (LAUGHS)

TEE: (GIGGLES) Hmmmmmm?

FIB: She's kinda young for dental trouble ain't she, Molly? What seems to be your trouble, sis? I hope you ain't been eatin' too much candy.

TEE: Why?

FIB: Well, it ain't good for you. It's all that rich stuff that ruins your teeth, when you're young. Remember that.

TEE: Well gee, I betcha I Hmmmmmm?

~~But~~ you better take good care of your teeth while you're little, dearie.

FIB: Yes...or your liable to lose 'em...premature.

TEE: Awwwwwwwwww.

FIB: Don't you believe me?

TEE: ^{Infinitely no!} ~~Well, not statistically speaking, mister.~~ Dental decay is not necessarily and arbitrarily due to the consumption of foods high in caloric values - although undoubtedly there is a definite connection between dietary deficiencies and oral hygiene. It is my personal belief that hereditary factors are far more important; or in other words, if you're a guy with bum teeth, so's your old man! So long, mister.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

ORK: "HOORAY FOR SPINACH" - 4 NOTES

APPLAUSE
P

FIB: That was the Four Notes, Singin' "HOORAY FOR SPINACH!"
garnished with a few hard-boiled eggs led by Billy Mills.
Very commendable, kids. Hey Molly....if Doc Gildersleeve
don't call us pretty soon -----

SOUND: DOOR LATCH

HAL: AH THERE, MOLLY.....Hello, McGee. Nice to see you.
Step right in.

MOL: Thank you Doctor...

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOL: McGee has a tooth that's bothering him.

DOC: Yes, bad looking face there. Sit right in the chair here,
McGee...

FIB: Okay.

DOC: Lift your chin while I put this bib on you.

FIB: Oh I dont believe I could eat anything right now, Doc.
I -

MOL: Be quiet, McGee..the Doctor knows what he's doin'. Take a
good look at that tooth Doctor...I think maybe it's
ulsterated.

HAL: Certainly, Molly..certainly.....which one is it, McGee...

SOUND: LOUD CLINK.

FIB: YOWLS.

HAL: That's it all right.....looks very bad...too.....afraid
I'll have to give you gas.

MOL: (SOTTO VOCE) Man bites dog again....somebody gives McGee
gas!

FIB: Have I gotta take gas, Doc.....aint you got any other
anaesthetics?

HAL: Oh, several, McGee - cocaine, novacaine, monocaine,
copracaine, libracaine, and ambracaine --

MOL: Take your choice, McGee. The cane you ring is the cane you
get!

FIB: (GROANS) Listen, you two -- lay off the vaudeville! Go
ahead, Doc - gimme novacaine - gimme sugar-cane - gimme
gas, - but gimme. And don't hurt any more'n you have to.
Just remember our boyhood friendship and take it gentle.

HAL: Yes, the good old days! Public school 14. I had quite a
crush on you in those days, Molly.

MOL: Oh, now Wilbur -- I mean, Dr. Gildersleeve. You didn't
really.

HAL: Oh, excuse me, McGee. I'll take the cane
back and take it easy.

FIB: I'll lean back and you take it easy!

HAL: Now, just put this mask over your face...and breathe
deeply.

MOL: Is that for the gas, doctor?

HAL: Yes, I'll give him nitrous oxide - although for actors, I
usually give mustard gas - it goes well with the ham.

FIB: (MUMBLES)

HAL: Quiet, McGee...just breathe deeply...I'll turn on the gas.

SOUND: HISSING NOISE: FADE DOWN AND CONTINUE THROUGH DIALOGUE

MOL: Will it hurt him, doctor?

HAL: Oh - he'll never know what's happening. You know Molly,
I often think of those old days in the little Red School
House.

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FIB: (STARTS MUTTERING)
MOL: (LAUGHS) Oh you mean the one that..... LISTEN DOCTOR!
FIB: (MUTTERS) GOTTA HURRY....DON'T WANNA BE LATE...FOR SCHOOL...
HAL: He's dreaming...heard us mention the old school days....
people under gas are very impressionable...
FIB: (MUTTERS) WANNA GET THERE BEFORE.....OLD FIDDITCH.....
(LAUGHS) .. GOTTA GREAT TRICK I'M GONNA PLAY ON...WILBUR
GILDERSLEEVE..NEVER KNOW....WHO DONE IT...EITHER...(MOANS)

SOUND: HISSING NOISE

ORCHESTRA: (SNEAK IN WITH "SLEEP SLEEP SLEEP" - SEGUE "SCHOOLDAYS" -

FADE

FIDDITCH: ALL RIGHT CHILDREN....SCHOOL IS DISMISSED!

CHORUS: VOICES LAUGHING TALKING YELLING....SUSTAIN IT - FADE

SLIGHTLY

G

to it.

CHORUS: (LAUGH LIKE HELL)

G

110

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FADE

FIDDITCH: ALL RIGHT CHILDREN....SCHOOL IS DISMISSED!

CHORUS: VOICES LAUGHING TALKING YELLING....SUSTAIN IT - FADE

SLIGHTLY

G

FIB: Hey, Molly, can I carry your books?

MOL: Shure and ye can, Stinky McGee. But don't let the teacher see ya. She'd faint if she saw ya with a book in yer hand.

CHORUS: VOICES SWELLS UP AGAIN AND STOPS ABRUPTLY AS NEXT LINE IS READ.

FIDDITCH: Wilbur! Wilbur Gildersleeve! Come back here!

HAL: Who me, Miss Fidditch? What for?

FIDDITCH: You know very well what for, young man.....YOU MARCH RIGHT IN HERE.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOL: Faith and it looks like Wilbur's playin' in hard luck, now... did yez see the picture of Miss Fidditch he was after drawin' on the blackboard?

NICK: Sure, Molly. But he is being a darn fool-hardy for signing his own name to it, I'm thinking, don't you, Stinkypuss?

FIB: Hey, listen kids, I drew that picture and signed his name to it.

CHORUS: (LAUGH LIKE HELL)

WIL: Gee, I wish teacher hadn't kept him after school. She promised me I could polish all the desks.

MOL: Faith and ye're always wantin' to be polishin' somethin', Harlow.

WIL: Well, I like to polish things...geee. Hey Stinky...what'cha got on?

FIB: A badge....

MOL: And what's the letterin' on it say now?

FIB: Read it.

MOL: "TWENTY THREE SKIDOOO....I LOVE MY WIFE BUT OH YOU KID!".... Ah, faith, and tis a lot of nonsense.

NICK: I am having a badges, too, kids....and it is saying on it a very good joke....CHICKEN INSPECTOR! Ho ho ho ho....

FIB: Wanna wear my badge, Molly?

MOL: Sure...Stinky....and would be comin' over to my house tonite fer a bit of Run Sheep Run?

FIB: Naw...can't...^{dad read it} gotta chop some wood and bring in some coal, ~~haul out the coals~~ ^{stuff him what else}.....

NICK & WILCOX: FIBBER'S GOTTA GIR-RUL!...FIBBER'S GOTTA GIR-RUL!... FIBBER'S GOTTA GIR-RUL!

FIB: Aw I have not!

MOL: FAITH AND STINKY MCGEE....YE JUST TOLD ME THIS MORNIN' THAT YE LIKED ME....

FIB: Awww....shucks....

NICK: Hey who is wanting to play a games of mumblety-pug?

WIL: Aw you mean mumblety peg.

NICK: That's what I am saying....pumblety-mug....It is a --

~~8~~ ~~←~~

~~MOL: Faint new, will you listen to that Wilbur's got that
where the chicken got that...~~

~~FIB: (LAUGHS) ... you got Mr. Sunday Dinner!~~

SOUND: OFF MIKE. SLAPS AND HOWLS...DOOR OPEN

FIDD: Now let that be a lesson to you, Master Gildersleeve...the idea of drawing that terrible picture of me...YOU SHOULD BE ASHAMED.

HAL: (CRYING) I DIDN'T DO IT, I TELL YOU...I DIDN'T...SOMEBODY ELSE DID IT...AND SIGNED MY NAME TO IT...!!

FIB: YEAAAAAA...TELL IT TO SWEENY!

JEERS AND LAUGHTER

MOL: Sure, 'an I've an idea ye'll do yer drawin' standin' up now fer a while, Wilbur...

LAUGHTER:

HAL: (CRYING) ALL RIGHT...ONE OF YOU FELLAS DREW THAT PICTURE.. AND I'LL FIND OUT WHO DID...I'LL GET EVEN ONE OF THESE DAYS.
(FADE OUT) YOU'LL SEE....

CHORUS: JEERS...LAUGHTER...WILBUR IS A CRY BABY WILBUR IS A CRYBABY...

ORK: ^{into:} SNEAK INTO "SCHOOL DAYS"...BLEND INTO SLEEP SONG..AND OUT.

OVER

SOUND: HISS OF GAS...OUT OF MUSIC...CUT:

MOL: Look, doctor...he's comin' out of it... He must of been dreaming something amusing...look at him smile...

FIB: (MUTTERS) WILBUR IS A CRY BABY WILBUR IS A...HAH HAH.... MOANS....

MOL: MCGEE...MCGEE...Snap out of it Dearie...the Doctor is all thru.

HAL: All right, McGee...sit up.

FIB: What...where...OH HHHH...Oh Hiyah Molly...where...what... Where am I?

MOL: Don't ye remember, Dearie? In Doctor Gildersleeve's office....Little Wilbur Gildersleeve that we went to school with?

FIB: Oh oh yes....

~~MOL:~~ How do you feel, ^{dearie?} ~~dearie?~~....

FIB: (MUMBLES)...

HAL: By the way, McGee - you remember that picture on the blackboard - that gag you pulled on me?

FIB: (MUMBLE-LAFF)

~~MOL:~~ ~~What about it, Doctor?~~

HAL: Well, I just got even....I just pulled all ^{your} teeth!

~~MOL:~~ ~~What?~~

FIB: WHY YOU NEVER NO SUCH A TH...You...uh...OH HE DID TOO! OH PSHAW!

ORK: CLOSING NUMBER...FADE FOR:

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
JUNE 20, 1939
TUESDAY 5:30 PM PST NBC

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

ANNOUNCER: Fibber and Molly will be back in just a moment and now may I recommend that when you go to the New York World's Fair you visit, without fail, the "Town of Tomorrow". There you will see the most delightful model homes you can imagine -- every detail carried out to perfection. When you are admiring the interiors of these houses -- the lovely polished floors and woodwork -- the furniture with its shining wax lustre, please take note that all the linoleum and wood surfaces are protected from daily wear -- shielded from dirt and dust by the famous JOHNSON WAX products. JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT, JOHNSON'S PASTE AND LIQUID WAX and JOHNSON'S FURNITURE POLISH are used exclusively in all of these model homes. These dependable polishes give greater charm to every room from front hall to kitchen. Thousands of World's Fair visitors leave the "Town of Tomorrow" determined that as soon as they get home, they will buy JOHNSON'S WAX, JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT and JOHNSON'S FURNITURE POLISH to give new beauty and protection to the things in their own homes. Be sure you get the genuine JOHNSON WAX products for brighter luster -- longer wear!

ORCHESTRA: (SWELL MUSIC -- FADE ON CUE)

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(2nd REVISION)

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TAG GAG

FIB: I still think Gildersleeve ain't much of a dentist, Molly.
MOL: WELL, I DON'T KNOW, MCGEE...HE DID SOME BEAUTIFUL WORK FOR AUNT SARAH.
FIB: WHAT WAS HER TROUBLE?
MOL: HER SWEET TOOTH. SHE SAW SOME FRENCH PASTRY ONE NIGHT AND HER MOUTH WATERED SO FAST IT WASHED OUT TWO BRIDGES.
FIB: Aw fer the...FOLKS, SPEAKIN' OF PLAYIN' TRICKS WITH THE IVORIES, WE ARE DELIGHTED TO ANNOUNCE THAT NEXT WEEK, WE'LL HAVE AS OUR GUEST, THAT BRILLIANT MUSICAL HUMORIST, THE STAR OF OUR SUMMER SHOW...MR. ALEC TEMPLETON!
Don't miss him, folks! Goodnite.
MOL: Goodnite, all!
ORK: UP
(APPLAUSE)
ORK: FADE FOR: CREDITS
THEME

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