

*Kice*

(REVISED)

WRITER:

DON QUINN

S. C. JOHNSON & SON

Fibber McGee & Molly - #215

NBC - Red

Tuesday, September 19 1939 5:30 PM

WIL: The Johnson Wax Program with Fibber McGee and Molly!

ORK: "SAVE YOUR SORROW" - FADE FOR -

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, Bill Thompson and Billy Mills' orchestra. The show opens with "The Best Things in Life Are Free."

ORK: "THE BEST THINGS IN LIFE ARE FREE"

Page Three for Commercial



S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.  
Fibber McGee & Molly  
9-19-39  
Tuesday 5:30 PM PST NBC

(REV.) -3-

Opening Commercial

ANNCR: Yesterday, I received a letter from a housewife who asked me this question: "What does JOHNSON'S WAX really do for my floors?" That's certainly a fair question -- and I guess it's up to me to answer it. Look for a moment at the floor in your own room. It's probably a hard wood floor -- that was very expensive to lay. To make that floor last a long time, it needs protection. To make it attractive, it needs beautification. Varnish and shellac give some protection -- but these finishes themselves wear out and chip under the constant attack of scraping, scuffing feet. But WAX protects both the floor and the finish with an invisible, tough coat that you can renew from time-to-time. When you spread JOHNSON'S WAX over your floor, the WAX goes down into the pores and seals out dirt. It guards against scratches. It keeps dust from collecting. It makes cleaning easy, and scrubbing a thing of the past. If that were all that WAX does, it would still be desirable. But, in addition to protection, WAX adds mellow, glistening beauty to your floors and to your entire home. With every application of wax, floors become more beautiful. Of course, when I say WAX, I mean a high quality, reliable WAX -- perfectly blended. Which is another way of saying JOHNSON'S WAX -- the wax that has given satisfaction in millions of homes for over 50 years. Remember, when you walk on wax, you save your floors.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH

(APPLAUSE)

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

(2nd REVISION)

-4-

WIL: WELL, FOLKS, RADIO IS STRANGER THAN FICTION! JUST AS MOLLY WAS INSISTING THAT FIBBER GET A JOB, THE LONG ARM OR COINCIDENCE REACHED OUT AND TWEAKED OUR HERO'S NOSE. THE GOSSIP COLUMNIST OF THE WISTFUL VISTA GAZETTE WANTED SOMEBODY TO TAKE OVER HIS WORK WHILE HE WENT ON A VACATION. AND HERE, AT THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE, HIS THIRD DAY IN THE JOB, WE FIND THAT WOULD-BE PRINTER'S DEVIL AND HIS ANGEL

-- FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

(APPLAUSE)

THEME

SOUND: (SLOW TYPEWRITER EFFECT...RIP OUT PAPER)

FIB: Oh, I like this newspaper work, Molly. At last I got a job I can put my hearst into.

MOL: How'd you ever happen to get this job, McGee? I didn't know you were a friend of the columnist here.

FIB: Oh, sure. Me and him was old buddies. See these two fingers? Me and him was just like that. The short one's me. Why I mind the time I was a reporter on the old Bloomington Pantagraph. I didn't mind bein' a cub but when they wanted me to hibernate one winter, I quit.

SOUND: (DOOR LATCH)

HAL: Ah there, young man. First chance I've had to drop in on you. How are you getting along?

FIB: Oh, just fine, chief. I've seen you around here checkin' up on things, and wondered if you weren't gonna come in some time.

HAL: Well, I like to have the new people settle down before I disturb them.



(REVISED) -5-6-7-

IB: Well, that's mighty nice of you, Chief. Meet the little woman. She's my best critic and severest friend. (LAUGHS)  
Don'tcha get it Molly, - I says --

OL: Tain't funny McGee.

IB: Well you gotta gimme credit for remembering.

AL: Tell me, McGee --- what ~~literary~~<sup>writing</sup> experience have you had?  
IB: I'm writin' a novel now, Chief. *Oh quite a bit, Chief. Lots of poetry, 2 or 3 magazines, couple of letters and -*

AL: Is that so?

IB: Yes, it's about the dust-bowl farmers. Got a good title for it too. "The Grapes of Wrath".

AL: That's been used.

IB: IT HAS? Doggone it -- I talk too much!

OL: Have you seen any of me husband's newspaper columns, Chief?

AL: Oh yes, indeed, - I have been following your work with a great deal of interest.

(REVISED) -5-6-7-

FIB: Well, that's mighty nice of you, Chief. Meet the little woman. She's my best critic and severest friend. (LAUGHS)  
Don'tcha get it Molly, - I says --

MOL: Tain't funny McGee.

FIB: Well you gotta gimme credit for remembering.

HAL: Tell me, McGee --- what ~~literary~~<sup>writing</sup> experience have you had?  
FIB: I'm writin' a novel now, Chief. *Oh quite a bit, Chief. Lots of poetry, 2 or 3 magazines, couple of letters and -*

HAL: Is that so?

FIB: Yes, it's about the dust-bowl farmers. Got a good title for it too. "The Grapes of Wrath".

HAL: That's been used.

FIB: IT HAS? Doggone it -- I talk too much!

MOL: Have you seen any of me husband's newspaper columns, Chief?

HAL: Oh yes, indeed, - I have been following your work with a great deal of interest.



FIB: "Well, thanks, chief. Nice of you to say so. Like to have you tell me something about candid camera work sometime. I see that's your hobby.

HAL: Candid camera? What makes you think so?

MOL: I imagine McGee noticed the little camera you have hanging on your belt.

HAL: Oh! That isn't a camera.. That's a clock. I'm the night-watchman. See you again some time.

SOUND: (DOOR SLAM)

FIB: Night watchman! Just one big happy family!

MOL: Let me know when you have your next literary conference, McGee. I'll bring the elevator operator and the window washer.

FIB: Well - he fooled you, too! Now let's see...where can I dig up some good gossip items...

MOL: Speakin' of gossip, there's only one thing that worries me about this job, McGee.

FIB: What's that?

MOL: Oh, you say such personal things about people. Don't they ever threaten you or anything?

FIB: Sure, but that don't mean nothin'! There's always some guy with a grudge that's threatenin' to shoot you, or horse-whip you or something! Empty threats, - don't mean a thing.

SOUND: (DOOR LATCH)

GIRL: Mr. McGee?

FIB: Yes, Miss Print.

GIRL: Gentleman to see you.

FIB: What's he want, Miss Print?

GIRL: He says it's a personal matter, Mr. McGee. He's got a horsewhip with him.

FIB: Horsewhip, eh? Tell him we don't want any. And if --- WHAT? A HORSEWHIP? YOU MEAN HE --

MOL: Doesn't mean a thing, McGee -- just an empty threat.

GIRL: What'll I tell him, Mr. McGee?

FIB: Tell him I ain't in. Tell him I've gone home -- tell him anything! Wait a minute. Tell him I'm makin' the rounds of the nightclubs and probably won't show up for days!

GIRL: Yes sir.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Come on, Molly. Let's get outta here. ~~We'll go out the back door.~~

~~MOL: Why don't you see the man and have it out with him, McGee?~~

~~FIB: I don't know. You decide when you see the man.~~

~~SOUND: DOOR LATCH:~~

~~GIRL: I'll tell Mr. McGee and he'll be right with it.~~

~~SOUND: DOOR SLAM:~~

FIB: ~~Come on, Molly. Let's go.~~ No, wait! I better send this copy down to the composin' room first. COPY BOY! COPY BOY!

SOUND: DOOR LATCH:

BOY: Yes, sir?

FIB: Take this copy down to the composing room. AND BOY!!

BOY: Yessir?

FIB: Get me a Press card to stick in the windshield of my automobile.

BOY: Yessir.

MOL: McGee...you haven't got an automobile!

G



FIB: Oh, that's right. BOY!!

BOY: Yessir?

FIB: Get me an automobile to stick the press card into the windshield of.

BOY: Yessir.

(DOOR SLAM)

FIB: Dad rat it -- I wonder what that guy out there wants to horsewhip me for? Maybe I'd better print a retraction.

MOL: How can you make a retraction when you don't even know what item he's angry about?

FIB: I'll make a blanket retraction -- that ought to cover me!  
~~He peek out the door, Molly and see how high he is.~~  
~~No use both of them in a scene.~~ C'mon, let's duck out the back door.

MOL: What if he hears us?

FIB: Shucks, I never thought of that! What can we distract his attention with? Oh, I know -- Hey, Billy! Play *An Apple for the Teacher* ~~and play it loud!~~ and play it loud!

ORCHESTRA: "AN APPLE FOR THE TEACHER"

APPLAUSE:

G

SECOND SPOT:

SOUND: TRAFFIC NOISES UP AND OUT  
*Well, here we are, Molly. The hottest night spot in town.*

~~MOL: FIB!~~  
~~How exciting~~

~~FIB: MOL!~~ ~~How exciting~~ ~~at~~ Gilhooley's Golden Slipper Grand Terrace and Pool Room?

~~MOL:~~ ~~I've always wanted to go to that new one, McGee's The Empire Room at the Municipal Lodging House.~~

FIB: ~~We'll make that one later. Let's start in this one right here.~~ Wonder if it's crowded? HEY, DOORMAN! IS THERE A BIG CROWD INSIDE?

OLD M: Not so many. It's a pretty quiet -- Oh, hello there, daughter --hello, Johnny! They tell me you're writing a gossip column now. I got an exclusive story for you -- it's a Scoop!

MOL: You mean, a scoop!

OLD M: EHHHHHH?

FIB: SCOOP! You know what a scoop is, Old Timer. A scoop is when you get there first to give some second-rater the third degree for the fourth estate. (LAUGHS)

M



(2ND REVISION) -13-

OLD M: Heh heh heh heh! That's pretty good, Johnny. But that ain't the way I heered it! The way I heered it, one feller says tother feller, "SAAYYYYYY", he says, "I SEE WHERE THIS TONY GALENTO PERFORMED A LITTLE DENTISTRY THE OTHER NIGHT". "IS THAT SO", says tother feller, "HOW DO YOU MEAN?" "WELL" says the first feller, "HE CERTAINLY GAVE NOVA CAIN!"

heh heh heh. Make a great story for you, Johnny -- you might caption it, "LOCAL ANAESTHETIC MAKES GOOD!" Go on right in, Kids - the head waiter'll give you a good table.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE: RATTLE OF CHINA - MURMUR OF VOICES

FIB: Here's a good table right here. Hey waiter gimme the steak dinner. You just wanta a salad don'tcha, Molly?

MOL: Yes...a mixed green salad with just a tiny bit of garlic, waiter.

WAITER: Lady, there ain't any such a thing as a TINY bit of garlic. Garlic is garlic. And confidentially -

MOL: Ah ah --

FIB: Listen bud...I'm the gossip columnist for the Gazette...I wish you'd point out any celebrities that are here tonight.

MOL: You know...debutanties, or actors, or gangsters.

WAITER: Sure...see that girl at the third table? That's Brenda Axel-Biddle, the debutante...she just came out.

MOL: She oughtta go back in and put somethin' on. Who, else, waiter?

WAITER: Well, lemme see...Oh yes...see that homely little mugg across the room there? That's Fibber McGee...

FIB: It is not....I'M Fibber McGee.

WAITER: Honest...Well say, that other guy ain't so bad lookin' after all.

P

(2ND REVISION) 14-15-16

MOL: The idea!...we didn't come to a night club to be insulted by the waiters!

WAITER: Then I guess you ain't had much experience with night clubs lady. How you want your steak, Doc?

FIB: Oh, medium tough.

WAITER: Okay. And let me know how you like the french fried potatoes -- we are trying a new recipe. We are frying them in rubber-cement.

SOUND: VOICES: CLATTER OF CHINA ETC.

WIL: (FADE IN) Waiter - take me to Mr. McGee's table. I think he's -- Oh, never mind - I see him! Hey, Fibber!

MOL: Oh, hello, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Hiyah, Harlow? <sup>WIL:</sup> Say Fibber...did you have an item in the Gazette about a "certain wealthy man-about-town and a blonde hat check girl?"

FIB: Yes, I did, Harlow. Neat little item, too. I said, quote "WHAT MAN ABOUT TOWN WHO IS NO AUTHOR IS MAKING A PLAY FOR WHAT LITTLE BLONDE HAT CHECK GIRL, - WHO IS NO ACTRESS. Unquote. (LAUGHS) Kinda nifty, eh?

WIL: Yes...except...that same guy is standing outside this night club waiting for you with a horsewhip.

MOL: Heavenly days! McGee -- he's followed us over here!

FIB: Dad rat the dad ratted luck! So that was the story he was sore about! Listen, Harlow - don't tell him we're in here -- tell him we've gone!

WIL: Okay, Pal -- whatever you say. Incidentally, I've got a little gossip item for your column. I --

MOL: Oh good! What is it, Mr. Wilcox?

P



MOL: The idea!...we didn't come to a night club to be insulted by the waiters!

WAITER: Then I guess you ain't had much experience with night clubs lady. How you want your steak, Doc?

FIB: Oh, medium tough.

WAITER: Okay. And let me know how you like the french fried potatoes -- we are trying a new recipe. We are frying them in rubber-cement.

SOUND: VOICES: CLATTER OF CHINA ETC.

WIL: (FADE IN) Waiter - take me to Mr. McGee's table. I think he's -- Oh, never mind - I see him! Hey, Fibber!

MOL: Oh, hello, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Hiyah, Harlow? <sup>WIL:</sup> Say Fibber...did you have an item in the Gazette about a "certain wealthy man-about-town and a blonde hat check girl?"

FIB: Yes, I did, Harlow. Neat little item, too. I said, quote "WHAT MAN ABOUT TOWN WHO IS NO AUTHOR IS MAKING A PLAY FOR WHAT LITTLE BLONDE HAT CHECK GIRL, - WHO IS NO ACTRESS. Unquote. (LAUGHS) Kinda nifty, eh?

WIL: Yes...except...that same guy is standing outside this night club waiting for you with a horsewhip.

MOL: Heavenly days! McGee -- he's followed us over here!

FIB: Dad rat the dad ratted luck! So that was the story he was sore about! Listen, Harlow - don't tell him we're in here -- tell him we've gone!

WIL: Okay, Pal -- whatever you say. Incidentally, I've got a little gossip item for your column. I --

MOL: Oh good! What is it, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: (CONFIDENTIALLY) Well, don't quote me on this -- but did you know that a certain prominent business man and his wife are separating?

MOL: No!

FIB: Why?

WIL: Well, the way I heard it, this fellow got so fed up with housecleaning every spring and every fall that he just couldn't take it any more. But his wife played it the smart way, see?

FIB: Whatcha mean?

WIL: WELL, SHE TOLD HIM THAT EVERYTHING WAS GOING TO BE DIFFERENT THIS YEAR. SHE SAID THAT SHE'D JUST LEARNED HOW TO SIMPLIFY HER HOUSEWORK. FOR INSTANCE, SHE'S USING JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO-COAT SO SHE CAN POLISH HER LINOLEUM FLOORS IN A JIFFY WITHOUT ANY RUBBING OR BUFFING! AND SHE'S GOING TO USE JOHNSON'S PASTE AND LIQUID WAX ON THE WOOD FLOORS AND FURNITURE AND <sup>make</sup> ~~some~~ DUSTING AND CLEANING ~~work~~ <sup>cover</sup> FOR THE WHOLE YEAR!

MOL: Well, Heavenly Days, Mr. Wilcox, wasn't that enough to reconcile them?

WIL: What do you mean, Reconcile?

FIB: You said they were separating.

WIL: OH,BUT THAT WAS JUST WHILE HOUSECLEANING WAS GOING ON! BUT NOW THAT SHE'S FOUND OUT ABOUT JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT AND JOHNSON'S WAX, YOU CAN'T GET HIM OUT OF THE HOUSE! ISN'T THAT A NICE LITTLE HUMAN INTEREST STORY?



MOL: *Sample dialogue*  
FIB: *But don't afraid that things too big for us* (REVISED) -18-  
*interest My column's just local. That's not national*

~~FIB: Yes, but I'm just running a gossip column. Harious. You~~  
~~get confused with the Hints To Housewives Department.~~

WIL: *Oh, I see. Well, I've got to get going*  
~~Well, I hope they can take a hint. But~~ keep an eye out

for that guy with the horsehip, Fibber --

MOL: Does he look pretty mean, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: MEAN? He's as sore as a pelican with sinus trouble!  
Well, see you later, folks!

SOUND: CLINK OF DISHES: MURMUR OF VOICES: FADE:

FIB: Mmmmmmm....maybe we'd better get out of here, Molly! -I  
don't want *any trouble* ~~to get~~ with that guy -- ~~I don't~~  
~~want to give Nick's right ol' head a name!~~

MOL: No sir! We're not going to run away from him. We'll  
FIGHT!

FIB: Wwww...we...will?

MOL: Certainly we will....besides...you shouldn't worry, didn't  
they tell you at the office that the newspaper was behind  
you in everything?

FIB: Yes, but if I'm gonna get horsewhipped I want something  
thicker'n a newspaper behind me! Come on, Molly -- let's  
go! Let's get outta here before --

UPP: (FADE IN) (VERY GAY) Oh, there you are, Mrs. McGee!.....  
SO nice to see you! Really! AND Mr. McGee, too! And  
Mr. McGee's brothah!

MOL: How do you do, Mrs. Uppington?

FIB: Hiyah, Uppy....Whaddya mean, my Brother?

G

(2ND REVISION) -19-

UPP: (LAUGHS) Oh, wasn't that silly of me? For a moment I  
thought there were two of you! It must be the lighting  
effect in here!

MOL: Oh, I think things are well enough lit in here, Mrs.  
Uppington! Don't you, McGee?

FIB: Ain't you kinda swingin' it a little, Uppy?

UPP: Swinging it? (LAUGHS) Oh yes! (LAUGHS) In fact, I'm  
afraid I'm becoming quite a jitter-insect! I've just been  
learning a new dance step -- the Boompsa-daisy! You swing  
around like this....

SOUND: TERRIFIC CRASH OF CHINA

UPPL: Oh...SO soddy! Clumsy of me, wasn't it? (LAUGHS)

MOL: What on earth have you been drinking, Mrs. Uppington?

UPP: Please! Mrs. McGee! I never touch intoxicating beverages!  
But my waitah suggested a DELICIOUS soft drink! Some kind  
of punch -- PLANTER'S Punch, I believe!

MOL: Oh, yes -- very refreshing!

FIB: (SOTTO VOCE) And very well named, too. One more punch,  
and they'll planter. SORRY WE CAN'T STAY AND JOIN THE  
FESTIVITIES, UPPY -- BUT WE GOTTA BE GOIN'!

UPP: Oh, really? I'm teddibly sorry -- I don't know WHEN  
I've had such a good time! (LAUGHS) But, my goodness,  
Mr. McGee -- you seem teddibly upset about something --  
is there anything wrong?

G



(2ND REVISION)-20-21-

MOL: Nothing that a quick trip to Mexico wouldn't cure, Mrs. Uppington. He's having trouble with his neck.

UPP: REALLY! His neck?

FIB: Yes, I stuck it out too far, Uppy.

UPP: Oh, how veddy amusing! (LAUGHS) EVERYTHING is so amusing tonight! People are so CHARMING! Everything is simply too, too lovely! Why, I can hardly keep my feet on the ground! Oh! There goes my waitah with anotheah of those delightful Planter's Punches! I simply MUST get the recipe for them! (FADE OUT SINGING: "ROLL OUT THE BARREL WE'LL HAVE A BARREL OF FUN")

ORK: CHORD

P.A. VOICE: (VERY CORNY) LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! GILHOOLEY'S GRAND TERRACE CAFE AND POOL ROOM TAKES GREAT PLEASURE IN PRESENTING THAT GREAT LITTLE TENOR, DONALD NOVIS! WHO STARTS OFF OUR FLOORSHOW TONIGHT SINGING, "MELANCHOLY MOOD".

FIB: Come on Molly lets sneak out. We can hear Novis on the radio at the office.

P.A. VOICE: HE WILL BE FOLLOWED BY SNIPPY AND SNAPPY WITH THEIR EXCRUCIATING SONGS AND WITTY SAYINGS AND OUR BEAUTIFUL LINE OF DANCERS, THE GILHOOOLIGANS! HIYA JOE. SEE YA OUT BACK IN A MINUTE. DONALD NOVIS, SINGIN' "MELANCHOLY MOOD!" LET'S GIVE HIM A GREAT BIG HAND, FOLKS!

APPLAUSE

NOVIS & ORCH: ("MELANCHOLY MOOD")  
(APPLAUSE)

THIRD SPOT

(2ND REVISION) -22 & 23-

FIB: Boy, it's good to be back in a nice cozy office, ain't it, Molly?

SOUND: TYPEWRITER EFFECT: DOOR LATCH:

GIRL: Excuse me, Mr. McGee - that man with the whip is here again.

FIB: What? He is? Tell him I can't see him, sis.

GIRL: Yes sir.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: Dad rat it. That guy's gonna be trailin' me around like a busted garter.

MOL: Why do you get yourself in a mess like this, McGee?

FIB: Search me! I wonder how Walter Winchell handles these situations. Shucks, I'm just as smart as he is. What's he got that I haven't got - except that he can talk faster?

MOL: One other little thing - he can think faster! It's a wonder to me, McGee,

SOUND: DOOR KNOCK

FIB: Oh! Oh!...

MOL: D'you suppose that's him, McGee?

FIB: I don't care if it is or not, Hand me that paper knife, Molly! I'm gonna defend myself to the last. Come in!

SOUND: DOOR LATCH!

BOOM: Ah there, Button Beezer! And good evening to you, my dear!

MOL: Good evening, Mr. Boomer.

FIB: Whatcha want, Boomer?

BOOM: Have a juicy little tidbit for your column. Yes indeed! Came across it in a big house up on Fourteenth street where I was a house-guest for several minutes one night last week.

FIB: Juicy little tidbit, eh? Well, if it ain't too scandalous, we can use it, Boomer.



MOL: Let's see it, Mr. Boomer.

BOOM: Certainly, certainly...have it right here somewhere. Now where did I put that juicy little tidbit?...tidbit...tidbit...where'd I put that tidbit?...

~~FIB: Incidentally, what do you expect to get out of this, Boomer?~~

~~BOOM: Well, I thought you might slip me a couple of pesos.~~

~~MOL: Pass on whatya got, Boomer?~~

BOOM: ~~Here, you get any to the First National Bank? Well, make it for the World Series. Now, who would expect that tidbit to contain a tidbit...~~ Here's a snapshot of a friend of mine...little Italian Football player...ah yes - the good old Latin Quarter...handful of precious stones...presented to me unwittingly by a couple of girl-friends...can't remember whether I got that Opal from Ruby or that ruby from Opal...handful of loose bills...part of the gate receipts of a minstrel show...Yes...yes..."GENTLEMEN, BE CHEATED!"...TA DA!...

FIB: Come on, Boomer - the tidbit!

MOL: The juicy little tidbit!

BOOM: Ah yes, the juicy little tidbit! Where could I have put that tidbit? Here's a couple of bunion pads...can always predict the weather by my bunions -- went to a preview last night and I had to get up and leave.

MOL: Preview of what?

BOOM: "The Rains Came". Splendid picture...has a great deal of power, if you care for Tyrone. AHHH...what's this? OH, yes....bill from my hotel...glad to pay it too -- cleanest hotel I ever patronized...they've even changed the lock on my door four times....Let's see now...here's a ticket to the Dog Show....there's one function I like to attend. I always go and hiss the Police Dogs...Here's an abdominal support...nothing like it to help you keep a stiff upper lap...some ant-poison I bought for my uncle...and a check for a short beer. WELL, WELL...IMAGINE THAT! NO JUICY LITTLE TIDBIT! Some unprincipled character must have picked my pocket! THE SCOUNDREL!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: Imagine anybody pickin' his pocket?

MOL: That's like a fly in the soup complaining about the customer!

FIB: Hey, Molly - take a peek out and see if the guy with the whip is still there. (PAUSE)

MOL: Yes, he's still there.

FIB: What's he doin'?

MOL: Swattin' flies with the whip.

FIB: Hmm. Perfectin' his aim, eh? Well, shucks, I --

SOUND: LOUD HAMMERING AT DOOR:

MOL: Well here he is McGee. Whatya gonna do?







TEE: (GIGGLES) More, F. betcha.  
FIB: Oh, is that so?  
TEE: Hm...?  
FIB: I says, is that so?  
TEE: Sure.  
FIB: Listen, sis - I ain't in any mood for fairy tales. I don't care if your Father is a cricket or a June-bug! You'd better go on home.  
TEE: Well, he is a cricket, I betcha. He's a movie cricket.  
FIB: Ohhhh. I get it. He's the movie critic for the paper!  
TEE: Sure. WHAT paper's your father a grasshopper on?  
FIB: He ain't on a paper! I mean, he ain't a grasshopper!  
TEE: You said he was.  
FIB: Oh, no I didn't.  
TEE: Ohh, yes you did!  
FIB: Ohh, no I didn't!  
TEE: Ohh, yes you did!  
FIB: Well, we could go on like this all night, ~~little girl~~ --  
TEE: All right. But I betcha we'd get tired of it, I betcha.  
FIB: Listen, little girl - I ain't in any mood for nonsense. I'm busy! I don't care if your father is a movie critic, he shouldn't let you wander around like this. Whore's your father now?  
TEE: He went to see Stanley and Livingstone.  
FIB: Oh, he has, oh? Do they work on this paper?  
TEE: (GIGGLES) Oh, sure. (GIGGLES) And they have lunch every day with the Wizard of Oz! (GIGGLES) Gee, you're a funny man!  
SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: Precocious kid! But just the same, if I ever meet Stanley or Livingstone I'm gonna give 'em a piece of my mind!  
MOL: I think by the time you meet them, McGee - it won't matter much. Now, what are you goin' to do about the man with the horsehip?  
FIB: Shucks, I dunno. YES, I DO TOO, DAD RAT IT! I'm gonna have it out with him. I'm gonna tell him to come in here and if I start anything he'll finish it. I mean, if he finishes anything, I'll start it!  
MOL: Shall I hold your glasses, dearie?  
FIB: No, I'll keep 'em on. I gotta see where I'm falling.  
SOUND: DOOR LATCH  
FIB: Hey, bud...you with the whip! I'm Fibber McGee - you waitin' to see me?  
MAN: (NASTY VOICE) I certainly am! ARE YOU THE COLUMNIST WHO WROTE THE ARTICLE ABOUT THE MAN ABOUT TOWN MAKIN' A PLAY FOR A BLONDE HAT CHECK GIRL?  
MOL: Yes, he is, and he meant every word of it!  
FIB: Lemme handle this, Molly. What if I did, Bud? Shucks, can't you take a joke? After all, I ... HEY ... YOU KEEP AWAY FROM ME! YOU LEAVE ME ALONE! (Get between us, Molly, before I fly into a blind rago) Now, listen, bud - let's talk this thing over.  
MAN: It's too late for that now.  
FIB: Now look, bud - let's be reasonable.  
MOL: Oh, slug him, dearie!  
FIB: I will, if he touchos me with that whip!



(REVISED) -29-

MAN: Oh, don't be like that. Look - THAT BLONDE HAT CHECK GIRL  
AND I WERE MARRIED SIX MONTHS AGO! AND I FIGURED THAT  
ANYBODY WHO'S AS FAR BEHIND THE TIMES AS YOU ARE OUGHT TO  
BE DRIVING A HORSE AND BUGGY! HERE, TAKE THE WHIP!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

ORK: (SELECTION).....FADE FOR:

WIL: (COMMERCIAL)

9-19-39

(REVISED) 29-A

Closing Commercial

ANNCR: During the past week it's been pretty warm in many parts of  
the country -- and winter may seem a long way off. But  
before you know it the weather man will be saying, "wind -  
rain - snow" -- bad days for automobile finishes. But think  
how lucky you motorists are this year! Think how easy it  
will be to clean and wax-polish your car for winter with  
CARNU -- the revolutionary, new product just perfected in the  
famous JOHNSON'S WAX laboratories. Why, if I could only show  
you on my own car how amazingly easy it is to use CARNU,  
you'd have some in the next 24 hours. In the old days in  
order to clean and wax your car, you had to use a cleaner  
first, then a wax. Two operations. But now, it's all done  
in one single operation with JOHNSON'S CARNU. You put it  
on -- it dries to a powder -- you wipe it off. And there  
stands that beautiful finish you'd almost forgotten - wax-  
protected. Whether your car is 5 years or 5 days old --  
you should wax-polish it with CARNU. Dust and dirt and  
weather stains will wipe off easily -- and for a long time  
your car will be something to be proud of. Stop by and get  
a can of JOHNSON'S CARNU tomorrow -- wherever auto supplies  
are sold or from your regular wax dealer. It's inexpensive  
and when you've used it, you'll say with thousands of other  
car owners, "Your car looks like new when you use CARNU!"

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC...FADE ON CUE)



## Closing Commercial

ANNCR: During the past week it's been pretty warm in many parts of the country -- and winter may seem a long way off. But before you know it the weather man will be saying, "wind - rain - snow" -- bad days for automobile finishes. But think how lucky you motorists are this year! Think how easy it will be to clean and wax-polish your car for winter with CARNU -- the revolutionary, new product just perfected in the famous JOHNSON'S WAX laboratories. Why, if I could only show you on my own car how amazingly easy it is to use CARNU, you'd have some in the next 24 hours. In the old days in order to clean and wax your car, you had to use a cleaner first, then a wax. Two operations. But now, it's all done in one single operation with JOHNSON'S CARNU. You put it on -- it dries to a powder -- you wipe it off. And there stands that beautiful finish you'd almost forgotten - wax-protected. Whether your car is 5 years or 5 days old -- you should wax-polish it with CARNU. Dust and dirt and weather stains will wipe off easily -- and for a long time your car will be something to be proud of. Stop by and get a can of JOHNSON'S CARNU tomorrow -- wherever auto supplies are sold or from your regular wax dealer. It's inexpensive and when you've used it, you'll say with thousands of other car owners, "Your car looks like new when you use CARNU!"

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC...FADE ON CUE)

FIB: AND THIS, MR AND MRS AMERICA, WITH APOLOGIES TO WALTER WINCHELL, BRINGS TO A CLOSE ANOTHER EDITION OF THE JOHNSON JOURNAL. WE REMAIN YOUR WISTFUL VISTA CORRESPONDENTS, FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY, WHO THINK -

MOL: Believe it or not!

FIB: WHO THINK THAT THE BEST PAT AND MIKE STORY IN AMERICA THESE DAYS IS TO SAY OVER THIS MIKE, "LET'S STAND PAT!"  
Good night!

MOL: Good night, all!

ORCHESTRA: UP TO FINISH: APPLAUSE:

CREDITS: THEME SIGNOFF:

WIL: This is Harlow Wilcox, speaking for the makers of JOHNSON'S WAX and JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT at Racine, Wisconsin and reminding you that if the community in which you live does NOT observe daylight saving time, FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY WILL COME TO YOU ONE HOUR LATER, beginning next TUESDAY. Please see your local newspaper for time and station. Goodnight.



SION) -30-

S TO WALTER  
OF THE JOHNSON  
RESPONDENTS,

IN AMERICA  
STAND PAT!"

ers of JOHNSON'S  
t Racine,  
community in which  
time, FIBBER  
ER, beginning  
per for time and

(2ND REVISION) -30-

FIB: AND THIS, MR AND MRS AMERICA, WITH APOLOGIES TO WALTER  
WINCHELL, BRINGS TO A CLOSE ANOTHER EDITION OF THE JOHNSON  
JOURNAL. WE REMAIN YOUR WISTFUL VISTA CORRESPONDENTS,  
FIBBER, MCGEE AND MOLLY, WHO THINK -

MOL: Believe it or not!

FIB: WHO THINK THAT THE BEST PAT AND MIKE STORY IN AMERICA  
THESE DAYS IS TO SAY OVER THIS MIKE, "LET'S STAND PAT!"  
Good night!

MOL: Good night, all!

ORCHESTRA: UP TO FINISH: APPLAUSE:

CREDITS: THEME SIGNOFF:

WIL: This is Harlow Wilcox, speaking for the makers of JOHNSON'S  
WAX and JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT at Racine,  
Wisconsin and reminding you that if the community in which  
you live does NOT observe daylight saving time, FIBBER  
MCGEE & MOLLY WILL COME TO YOU ONE HOUR LATER, beginning  
next TUESDAY. Please see your local newspaper for time and  
station. Goodnight.

p

S. C. Johnson & Son

Writer: Don Quinn

5:30-6:00  
NBC - Red  
Tuesday - 9/26/39