

S. C. Johnson & Son

Writer: Don Quinn

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

215

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

Kice

(REVISED)

-2-

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

ORCH: THEME

WIL: The makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Self-Polishing Glo-Coat present Marian and Jim Jordan as Fibber McGee & Molly, with Donald Novis, Bill Thompson and Billy Mills and his orchestra. The show opens with "A New Sun in the Sky".

ORCH: "A NEW SUN IN THE SKY"....FADE FOR:

(INSERT COMMERCIAL....PAGE 3)

Opening Commercial

ANNCR: After last week's show, I had a telephone call from one of our listeners. And it looks like I've got another question to answer. This lady said: "I know I should wax my floors. But what about all those extra uses I've heard about for JOHNSON'S WAX? Are they really important?" Well, I'll say this -- if you could take a peek at the letters that come in here every day, you'd know they are important. One woman writes, "I wax my windowsills and painted woodwork".

Another: "I wax my parchment lampshades, ornaments, picture frames". A third writes: "I wax my enameled refrigerator and my pantry shelves." Why do they wax all these things? For the same reasons they wax their floors - for protection -- beautification - labor-saving. Protection against finger prints, surface scratches, and stains. Adding a rich, mellow beauty to every corner of the house. Saving work throughout the entire year -- because a waxed surface sheds dirt and dust, is easily kept spotless. If you haven't tried these extra uses for JOHNSON'S WAX, you're missing a good bet. But be sure you get the genuine JOHNSON'S WAX in either paste or liquid form -- the wax that has given such lasting satisfaction for over 50 years. And remember, you can save one-third by buying the larger sizes.

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

SEGUE

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

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

SEGUE

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

WIL: WELL, THERE HAS BEEN QUITE A DISCUSSION AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA. A DISCUSSION AS TO WHETHER OR NOT FIBBER SHOULD GET BUSY AND TAKE DOWN THE WINDOW SCREENS FOR THE WINTER. IT WAS QUITE AN ARGUMENT WHILE IT LASTED. AND HERE ON A STEPLADDER, TAKING DOWN THE WINDOW SCREENS, IS THE LOSER, VERY BUSY UNDER THE WATCHFUL EYE OF THE WINNER -- MRS. SIMON LEGREE MCGEE, A COMBINATION OTHERWISE KNOWN AS --
 --FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: (LOUD CREAK & RATTLE OF WOOD....THUDS:)
 FIB: There! I guess that's enough for today, Molly. I'll take the rest of 'em down ~~later~~.
 MOL: Oh, no you don't, McGee -- ~~catching that ladder~~.
~~What do I care what the neighbors think?~~ If we don't get the screens off and the curtains cleaned and all, what on earth will the neighbors think?
 FIB: What do I care what the neighbors think? If they don't think we're clean, they got dirty minds. (LAUGHS)
 "Tattle-tale grey-matter," you might say. (LAUGHS HEARTILY)
 Doncha get it, Molly? TATTLE TALE GREY -- ~~catching that ladder~~?
 MOL: Tain't funny, McGee!
 FIB: It ain't? Shucks, I got up in the middle of the night to write that one down!
 MOL: Well, after this, McGee -- keep your nightmares to yourself. Now, get busy on that next screen.
 FIB: Oh, all right.
 SOUND: (HAMMERING: CLATTER OF WOOD)

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 FIB: Oh, all right.
 SOUND: (HAMMERING: CLATTER OF WOOD)

OLD M: (FADE IN) Hello there, Johnny. Hello, daughter! Need a handy man to help take down them screens?

MOL: No thank you, Mr. Old Timer, me husband can handle it all right.

OLD M: EHHHHHHH?

FIB: She says I can do it myself. She's startin' a new production next week called "Paintin' the Garage" and this is my screen test. (LAUGHS)

OLD M: 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 to the other feller, "SAAYYYYYY" he says, "SEE WHERE THEY CLAIM THAT THE WEATHER IS CAUSED BY SPOTS ON THE SUN. EVER SEE MY KID'S FRECKLES?" "WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH IT?" says tother feller. "WELL", says the first feller, "I GOTTA THEERY THAT THE SPOTS ON MY SON ARE CAUSED BY THE WEATHER." HEH HEH HEH! Well don't strain yourself, Johnny! Remember, if muscles were meant to be so important they wouldn'ta been hid under your skin. (FADE OUT) Heh Heh Heh!

SOUND: (RATTLE OF LADDER)

FIB: Hold the ladder, Molly - I'm comin' down.

MOL: What for? You've only taken down two screens.

FIB: I know, but I...I feel kinda faint. Help me down, willya?

MOL: Oh, you poor dear. (SOUND: FOOTSTEPS DOWN LADDER) Where do ye feel the worst?

FIB: Up on the ladder. (GROANS)

MOL: Well, there's only one thing for you to do, dearie - and that's go to bed. Now, come on in the house and lie down.

SOUND: (FOOTSTEPS ON PORCH: DOOR SLAM)

FIB: Wait a minute, Molly. I can't go to bed - I just happened to think. There's a smoker at the club tonight - and I gotta interview a lot of talent. Did I tell you about that guitar player I discovered? He's terrific! He's marvelous! He's---

MOL: Don't excite yourself, McGee, you better run up to bed.

FIB: Aw -- I don't wanta go to bed!

MOL: YOU'RE GOIN' TO BED!

FIB: But Molly --

MOL: YOU'RE GOIN' TO BED!

FIB: That's what I say - I think I oughtta go to bed. On second thought, Molly - I'll just lie down here on the davenport.

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR:

MOL: Come in!

SOUND: DOOR LATCH

PINCH: Good day, madam. I'm from the Wistful Vista Exterminating Company. Are you troubled with pests?

MOL: Yes.

PINCH: What kind?

MOL: Salesmen from Exterminating companies.

PINCH: I get it!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: Who was that, Molly?

MOL: Oh, that was just a man from the exterminating company.

FIB: Oh. Too bad you couldn't've given him some work to do, Molly. Them fellows just live from hand to moth. Oooh am I sick!

SOUND: TELEPHONE:

FIB: I'll get it, Molly. It's most likely that guitar player...
 he-

MOL: LIE STILL DEARIE...DON'T EXERT YOURSELF...I'll answer it.
 (CLICK) 79 Wistful Vista, Molly McGee speakin'. YES.....YES.
 NO.....NO.....WHAT? NO.....
 YES, THAT'S RIGHT....DON'T MENTION IT. GOODEBYE!
 (CLICK)

FIB: Who was that?

MOL: Wrong number.

FIB: That was a lotta conversation for a wrong number.

MOL: Oh don't be so suspicious, McGee...Somebody wanted to know
 if Billy Mills' next number was goin' to be Sweet Sue, and
 that was wrong. The right number is "PAGAN LOVE SONG."

FIB: Oh. Prop me up, Molly...I wanna hear it.

ORK: "PAGAN LOVE SONG"

APPLAUSE

FIB: (WEAKLY) You ain't serious about keepin' me layin' down all
 the rest o' the day, are ye, Molly?

MOL: I certainly am. I've even called the doctor... In the
 meantime ... take this medicine...

SOUND: CLINK OF SPOON AND BOTTLE

FIB: What is it?

MOL: I don't know, but the label says it's good for man or beast -
 and you've been workin' like a dog. HERE...TAKE IT...

SOUND: CLINK

FIB: ~~Now look, Molly, I've been gettin' down down and~~
~~gittin' that stuff to a dog, man, I bet. I bet I bet~~
~~now look, Molly, I've been gettin' down down and~~

KNOCK AT DOOR:

FIB: Oh oh... I hope that's my guitar player...

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR LATCH:

LOC: How do you do, madam...did you call for a doctor?

MOL: Oh yes...how do you do, Doctor...I want you to look at my
 husband. He was suddenly took ill whilst takin' down the
 window screens.

DOC: Ah yes.....quite an epidemic of that these days....I think
 I'd better give him a shot in the arm.

SOUND: SHOT:

FIB: OUCH!!.....Hey what's the idea?

DOC: Now now now...don't get excited...just a flesh wound....let
 me put a bandage on it....there you are! Lucky thing I was
 here when this happened!

MOL: Give him a good looking over, doctor.

DOC: Certainly, Certainly.

FIB: Incidentally, Doc, you don't look very good yourself.

DOC: I don't?

FIB: No -- your color's bad. Let's see your tongue.

DOC: NYAAAAAAH.

FIB: Hmmmm. Very bad! Lemme feel your pulse, Doc -- No --
the other foot. (PAUSE)

DOC: You think it's anything serious? I've been working pretty
hard.

FIB: Well, it's pretty hard to tell Doc, on a hasty examination.
Do you ever have dizzy spells?

DOC: Well, I --

FIB: Any loss of appetite?

DOC: Now that you speak of it, I --

MOL: Shall I leave the room while you examine the doctor, McGee?

FIB: No, never mind, Molly. I'm nearly thru. Now, listen, Doc--
I don't wanna alarm you, but you've gotta bad shape -- I
mean you're in bad shape. I'd advise a complete rest. No
excitement and a bland diet.

DOC: Oh, my gosh! I'd better get home and go to bed.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM:

FIB: What a doctor!.....I wouldn't let him doctor my horse.

MOL: You haven't got a horse.

FIB: Well; I got a good mind to get one, just to not let him
doctor it! Aw lemme get up, Molly.....I....I feel better....
besides, I gotta take that guitar player down to the club
when he comes. You oughtta hear him. Why he's Nick Lucas
and Bing Crosby all rolled into one.

MOL: That must be very uncomfortable for both of them. Now you
lie still and get some rest while I take down the rest o'
the curtains... (FADE) and if you want anything, just call
me...

G

FIB: (TO HIMSELF) This is a fine state of how-do-ye-do! I can
get myself into more scrapes than an old-fashioned razor.

SOUND: DOOR LATCH:

NICK: Hello, Fizzer.

FIB: Hiyah, Nick!

NICK: What is this I am hearing about you being under the climate?

FIB: You mean, under the weather, Nick. Yes, that's right. I
guess I just been overworkin'.

NICK: Well, for scirms sake! I hope it is only being slightly
fatal. I am hearing that there is quite an epidermis of
hay fever.

FIB: Not epidermis.....EPIDEMIC! Epidermis is your skin.

NICK: It is? That's funny.....I never noticed it. How does it
feel?

FIB: How does what feel?

NICK: Well, maybe not. Anyway, I am being quite susceptible to
hay fever myself, about thistime of the year, in September,
Actsober and Nowonder.

FIB: Ye are eh? What makes you think you have hay fever?

NICK: Oh. Well, every night half-past Amos 'n Andy I am
getting in a terrible fever to hit the hay, you grob me?

FIB: Yes, maybe that's what I got, Nick.

NICK: Is that so! You must be in a very serious condisim. If
I were you, Fizzer, (and thank goodness, I'm somebody else)
.....I would watch my stomach very closely. And the best
way to do it is to cut a little hole in the front of your
shirt. Well, I hope you are back on my feet again soon.
If you are not feeling better tomorrow, don't you wish
you had been more careful yesterday?

SOUND: DOOR SLAM:

G

FIB: Cheerful guy!
MOL: (FADE IN) Did I hear you talkin' to someone, McGee?
FIB: Yeah. Nick Depopolis was just in. Whatcha got there,
Molly?
MOL: A thermometer. I want to take your temperature.
FIB: Where'd you get the thermometer?
MOL: What a question! You've seen it a thousand times! It's
been hangin' outside the kitchen door for two years!

FIB: Oh yes. Well, wait'll I put my hat on, Molly -- I'd rather
know what my temperature is in the shade!
SOUND: DOOR LATCH:
MOL: Oh, hello, Mr. Wilcox.
WIL: Hello, Molly. What's the matter with you, Fibber?
FIB: (WEAKLY) Oh Hiyah Harlow...Oh, I guess I been overdoin'
things a little. Got took sick right in the middle o'
takin' down the window screens. Come on me just like...
just like...(snap your fingers for me, Harlow...I'm kinda
weak.)

SOUND: SNAP

FIB: Thanks...come on me just like that!
MOL: Just sit down and make yourself at home, Mr. Wilcox...but
don't you tire yourself talking too much, ~~McGee~~ ^{Mr. Wilcox} (FADEOUT)
~~I've got to cook my supper~~

FIB: Okay, Molly....(PAUSE) Hey Harlow...shut the door...

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

WIL: What's the matter, pal?

FIB: Shhhhhhh...not so loud. Bend down here a minute....

WIL: Yes.....

FIB: (SOTTO VOCE) Look...I ain't really sick....I'm gold-brickin'
I got so dad ratted tired o' workin' around here I pulled
a fake. Catch onto it?

WIL: Sure...I know how it is...(SOTTO VOCE) All men get panicky
about housecleaning time...but it doesn't bother smart
housewives any more.

FIB: Eh? It don't?

WIL: No...not the ones that have learned about Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Self Polishing glocoat. Glocoat has practically gone away with old-fashioned floor scrubbing, you know...it gives linoleum a beautiful wax finish without any rubbing or buffing....

FIB: (SOTTO VOCE) Hear that, folks? Use Johnson's Wax and you can drag a commercial in by the heels without leavin' a scratch. Go on, Cuddles.

WIL: That's all...except that Johnson's paste or liquid wax on wood floors and furniture makes old time housekeeping as simple as A B C...and when I say A B C, I mean Always Bright and Cheerful. ~~Why don't you know, Fibber?~~ -

SOUND: DOOR LATCH

MOL: McGee, why don't you...well, what are you two whispering about?

FIB: Who, us?

WIL: I just didn't want to disturb Fibber too much, Molly. He's a pretty sick fellow.

MOL: I'm afraid he is, too, Mr. Wilcox. I don't know exactly what to do about it?

WIL: If I were you, I'd give him a good dose of castor oil, rub his chest with bear's grease and keep him off cigars for a week or so. Well, take care of yourself, Fibber!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Well of all the dirty...if that ain't the worst ingratitude....Bear's Grease!

SOUND: (KNOCK AT DOOR)

FIB: Hey, Molly...that must be that guitar player... if it is stick around and listen...the guy's tremendous. What a voice!! What a--

MOL: Easy, dearie...easy...don't get excited...COME IN!

SOUND: (DOOR LATCH)

UPP: (FADE IN) Oh how do you do, Mrs. McGee...and Mr. McGee!

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

FIB: Hiyah, Uppy.

UPP: My it's so nice to see you both looking so well.

FIB: I ain't well, Uppy -- I'm sick!

UPP: Really! (LAUGHS) Please, Mr. McGee---I'm afraid you're pulling my -- (LAUGHS) But that's what I admire about you --- your drollery!

FIB: Hand me a handkerchief, Molly -- Uppy says I'm drolling!

MOL: Be quiet, McGee. No fooling, Mrs. Uppington -- he IS sick.

UPP: Then it's probably just the change in temperature.

Personally, I make every effort to keep in perfect physical condition. I've been going to a trainer three times a week. At the gymnasium, you know.

FIB: How are you on the trapeze, Uppy? (SNICKERS) Can't you just see her, Molly -- I'll bet she flies through the air with the greatest of effort?

MOL: Oh, I don't know, McGee -- I think it's very sensible of Mrs. Uppington to keep herself in condition.

UPP: Yes, you have no idea how it tones one up. Why, I can actually feel my wrinkles just fading away!

MOL: Not really!

FIB: What's wrong with a few wrinkles Uppy? After all, a wrinkle is just a dimple that got up to stretch and never set down again. (LAUGHS) Get it, Uppy -- I says --

UPP: Oh yes! (LAUGHS) Veddly amusing! But you simply MUST try my athletic trainer, Mrs. McGee....he is so delightfully BRUTAL! Why I have seen him tear a telephone book in two with his BARE hands...(LAUGHS) I awsked him how on earth he ever learned to do it, and do you know what he said? (LAUGHS) It was SO amusing..he said he got started tearing up one telephone number at a time when he got married! Wasn't that justoo Silly? (LAUGHS) Well, I simply MUST be going....Goodbyeeeeeee!!!

SOUND: (DOOR SLAM)

ORCHESTRA: "THE MAN WITH THE MANDOLIN" - NOVIS

FIB: (OVER MUSIC) Folks, here is a rare bit from our Welsh Warbler. Donald Novis singing "The Man with the Mandolin!"

(APPLAUSE)

MOL: That was grand, Mr. Novis....

DON: I'm glad you liked it, Molly. I used to play the Mandolin myself, you know.

FIB: Honest, Don? Ain't that kind of a tough instrument to learn?

DON: Yes it takes a lot of pluck. Well, see you later, kids.

SOUND: (DOOR SLAM)

MOL: How do you feel now, dearie?

FIB: Still kinda weak, Molly...and speakin' o' the man with the mandolin, I wish that guy with the guitar'd show up... I gotta-----

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR:

FIB: Oh-oh...that must be him now...

MOL: Don't get up, McGee...mustn't tire yourself...I'll see who 'tis.

SOUND: DOOR LATCH

TEE: Hi.

MOL: Oh hello, little girl....McGee...it's only the little girl from across the street.

FIB: (WEAKLY) Oh, hiyah, sis. You better run 'on home. I'm sick.

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I says I'm sick.

TEE: Why?

FIB: Dad rat it - how do I know why? I just am, that's all. Probably just got a little run down.

TEE: Gee, did you get the license number?

FIB: Whose?

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: Eh?

TEE: Sure.

FIB: Listen sis...You better get outta here. Maybe I got something serious. You wouldn't want to get one of my germs, would you?

TEE: I dunno. Let's see one.

FIB: Go on, you can't see a germ!

TEE: Why?

FIB: They're too little. That's why.

TEE: Maybe we can wait till they grow up.

FIB: They don't grow up! They always stay little.

TEE: Maybe they don't eat their spinach, I betcha.

FIB: Don't be like that -- germs don't like spinach!

TEE: Gee, maybe I'm a germ - I don't either.

FIB: Oh, you don't eh? (LAUGHS)

TEE: (GIGGLES) Hmmm?

FIB: I says - aw fer the...LISTEN SIS...GO ON HOME...Suppose I had the mumps...or the measles...or the chicken pox, or somethin'?

TEE: Gee that would be dandy I betcha..can I stay and watch?

FIB: WATCH WHAT?

TEE: Well, gee, if you got chicken pox maybe you'll lay an egg.

FIB: Go on....I don't lay eggs.

TEE: Awww... (GIGGLES) That ain't the way I heered it, I betcha.

DOOR SIAM

FIB: You hear what she says, Molly? Dad rat it, the way I lead with my chin I oughtta be wearin' a beard for a shock absorber.

MOL: Calm yourself, dearie...after all, you're a sick man and mustn't get excited.

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR

MOL: COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR LATCH

FRANK: Mr. McGee.....live here?

MOL: Yes he does...but he's not very well...and...OH IS THAT A GUITAR YOU HAVE WITH YOU?

FRANK: If it isn't I'm out seven dollars and ninety-eight cents.

MOL: Well, come right in, Mr...er....Mr....

FRANK: Saputo, Frankie Saputo. The Czar of the Guitar!

MOL: You don't say! Well, come right in Mr. Saputo...

FIB: Oh hiya bud...shucks, I'd about give you up. And listen, Frankie....don't tie up with nobody as manager till you talk to me, see?

FRANK: Okay, Mr. McGee.

FIB: Cause after tonight, Frankie, you'll have more offers than you can handle!

MOL: My goodness, McGee - Mr. Saputo must be wonderful.

FIB: Wonderful! He's a sensation. And he's been right here in Wistful Vista all this time...workin' in a filling station. I discovered him myself

Where did you hear him play, McGee?

Eh? Why...er...well, as a matter o'fact I never did hear him play.

Then how do you know he's so wonderful?

I told him.

That's right...Molly...he...er...well, I know he was sincere about it too. Unlimber the old strum-bucket and tear off a little swingeroo. Get this Molly, he not only plays, but he sings at the same time.

No!

Whatcha gonna do bud?

Well, my most terrific number is "Lazybones."

Light the fuse, Frankie!

PLAYS AND SINGS "LAZY BONES"

Well...I...I must say, McGee...that Mr. Saputo is certainlyer....DIFFERENT.

Yes he's different than even I...er...WELL MUCH OBLIGED FRANKIE, MY BOY...I'll let you know what the committee decides...

Okay, Mr. McGee....

DR SLAM

Hmmmm! So you dug him up all by yourself...well all I got to say is you better bury him again!

Shucks, I didn't reall..er...I mean I thought...well.... I guess it's just as well I didn't take him down to the club. I'm sicker'n ever now.

Well, you just lie there and get some rest...I want you to be well enough tomorrow to finish takin' the window screens down.

FIB: (WEAKLY) Wouldn't be surprised if you hadn't better get somebody else, Molly...I gotta hunch this is the beginning of a long illness...

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

(REVISED) -23-

FIB: Ohh...why can't people leave a sick man' alone...

MOL: Hush dearie...don't fret...I'll see who it is..(FADE OUT)

FIB: What a day....I've darn near convinced MYSELF.

SOUND: DOOR LATCH:

MAN: Hello, lady. We had a rush call for a stretcher. Is this the place?

MOL: Oh, yes...the stretcher. Bring it right in, please.

MAN: Okay. Come on, Joe -- bring it in.

FIB: STRETCHER! OH OH! OH, NO THEY DON'T! THEY DON'T TAKE ME OUTTA HERE ON A STRETCHER! HEY, MOLLY!

MOL: What is it, McGee?

FIB: Tell 'em to take it away (LAUGHS) I ain't sick - I was just kiddin'.

MOL: WHAT?

FIB: (LAUGHS MERRILY) I was just fakin', Molly -- I ain't really sick. Kinda had you fooled, though, didn't I? (LAUGHS) Well, I guess I'll go out and take down the rest of the screens. Take the stretcher away, fellers, we don't need it.

MOL: Oh, yes we do, McGee!

FIB: Eh?

MOL: That's the stretcher for my curtains!

FIB: You mean I....you weren't - they wasn't gonna....Oh, pshaw!

ORK: "I LONG TO BELONG TO YOU"....FADE FOR:

(Insert Commercial)

P

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.
Fibber McGee and Molly
9-26-39
Tuesday - 5:30 PM PST NBC

-24-

Closing Commercial

WILCOX: You've often heard the expression, "You can't do two things at once." Well, you can put that down as wrong, and I'll tell you two things you can do at once. You can clean and wax polish your car at once -- in the same operation -- with CARNU, that revolutionary new auto product developed by the makers of JOHNSON'S WAX. Before the days of CARNU, you had to use a cleaner first, then a wax. Two products. Today, CARNU does both jobs, in half the time it used to take. Simply put it on -- it dries to a powder -- you wipe it off. That's all there is to it. If your car is brand new, 1940 model -- or if it's ten years old -- you should wax polish it right now with CARNU. Get it ready for those "bad weather" days that are ahead. Make your job of winter cleaning easy. You can buy CARNU wherever auto supplies are sold -- or from your regular wax dealer. Everybody's buying it -- and they're all beginning to say, "Your car looks like new when you use CARNU."

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC....FADE ON CUE

C

mercial

on, "You can't do two things
 at down as wrong, and I'll tell
 ce. You can clean and wax
 the same operation -- with
 auto product developed by the
 re the days of CARNU, you had
wax. Two products. Today,
 the time it used to take.
 o a powder -- you wipe it off.
 your car is brand new, 1940
 old -- you should wax polish
 it ready for those "bad
 Make your job of winter
 RNU wherever auto supplies
 ar-wax dealer. Everybody's
 eginning to say, "Your car
 RNU."

TAG GAG

MOL: McGee, I never thought you'd try to get out of doin' your
 work by pretendin' to be sick. AREN'T YOU ASHAMED?
 FIB: Yes, I am, Molly. I'm ashamed I didn't think of it before.
 (LAUGHS) I'd o' got away with it, too, if you hadn't brung
 in that stretcher. That's when I lost Hope.
 MOL: Oh, HOPE...Oh, my goodness...come on, McGee....LET'S HURRY
 HOME AND LISTEN TO THE RADIO! HE'S BACK TONIGHT!
 FIB: Who?
 MOL: Bob Hope!
 FIB: Oh. Okay. Goodnight!
 MOL: Good night, all!
 (APPLAUSE)
 ORCH: (CLOSING SIGNATURE (SEGUE) - ("SAVE YOUR SORROWS"))

S. C. Johnson
 Writer: Don C

NBC-Red 10/3
 Tuesday - 5:30

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