

S. C. Johnson & Son

Writer: Don Quinn

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

#222

6:30-7:00 PM
Tuesday - 11/7/39

NBC-Red

-2-

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

ORK: 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, the Paul Taylor Choristers, and Billy Mills' orchestra. The show opens with "Great Day".

ORK: "GREAT DAY"

(PAGE 3 for commercial)

Opening Commercial

ANNCR: When your friends come in your front door, what is the first thing they see? What gives them their first impression of your home, and of you as a housekeeper? It's usually your floors. If those floors have a mellow, gleaming, waxed-beauty, then you have something to be proud of. If they are dull and shabby, then you needn't expect many compliments and you'd better call your dealer and put in an emergency order for genuine Johnson's WAX. One application of JOHNSON'S WAX will make a tremendous difference -- both in the appearance of the floors and in protection against wear. JOHNSON'S WAX seals up the pores, guarding the finish against scuffing feet and dirt. A JOHNSON-WAXED floor is more beautiful with every application of WAX -- is easy to clean...and never needs scrubbing again. For over 50 years JOHNSON'S WAX has been giving protection and beauty to floors, furniture and woodwork everywhere. It is sold in practically every country in the world. Order some yourself tomorrow. You'll find more than 100 uses for this labor-saving product listed on the package.

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

SEGUE

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

WIL: WELL, WITH THE WINTER DRAMATIC SEASON SNEAKING UP ON US, THERE HAS BEEN A GREAT PUBLIC CLAMOR FOR FIBBER TO REVIVE HIS ORIGINAL PLAY, "HIAWATHA"; WHICH, YOU MAY REMEMBER, HAD A LONG RUN AT THE BIJOU THEATRE ONE-NIGHT IN NOVEMBER, 1936. AND HERE IN THE LIVING ROOM AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA, DISCUSSING THE REVIVAL, WE FIND --

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: Remember I told you, Molly that someday they'd wanta revive that play of mine.

MOL: ~~What a terrible idea!~~ I don't know how they could revive anything as dead as that!

FIB: Oh, I dunno. I think it's a pretty catchy little play.

MOL: How do you think Mr. Boomer will play the part of the Indian Chief?

FIB: He'll be all right -- if we have a big audience.

MOL: Oh -- temperamental!

FIB: Oh no. But he says he can always play a buck with more confidence when he's got a full house.

MOL: Well, I'm glad Mr. Gildersleeve's going to be in the play.

FIB: Me too. He'll be great; that guy ain't got any more nerves than a set of false teeth.

SOUND: (DOOR OPEN & CLOSE)

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

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

FIB: Hiyah, Uppy.

UPP: I just thought I would drop in and discuss this awfternoon's rehearsal with you....It went splendidly didn't it?

FIB: Oh, I dunno, Uppy....some o' the characters was -

UPP: - and you are simply MAGNIFICENT as a director, Mr. McGee.. tell me,....when did you first become interested in theatrical work?

FIB: Well, I'll tell ye, Uppy. When I was only 7 years old I went to a corn carnival in Peoria. They was advertisin' a peep show for 25¢ and when I went in all they had was a box of baby chickens. It was then I realized there was dough to be made in the theatrical business. Well, sir--

UPP: Tell me, Mrs. McGee....at the rehearsal this awfternoon, did you notice that perfectly ABSURD Indian costume Mrs. Gildersleeve was wearing?

MOL: Wasn't it awful, Mrs. Uppington?

FIB: --- and then, in 19 ought nine, I seen the Dolly sisters, and -

UPP: And did you see Mrs. Depopolis spanking herslef with a hairbrush because she had read somewheah that the Indians tanned their own hides....(LAUGHS) Did you ever HEAR such a fantastic --

FIB: -- and then in about 1914, I seen Raymond Hitchcock in HITCHY COO,----

MOL: But the funniest thing to me was when one of the characters came in wearing an Indian headdress with OSTFICH feathers, and moccasins with 4-inch French heels and it turned out to be YOU. (LAUGHS)

UPP: Yes, wasn't that ridiculous? She looked so terrible in that -- OH...YOU MEAN ME! Well, really my deah, my costumah assured me that --

FIB: - and from there I went to Hollywood, where I got a job as a director - for school kids, at a busy intersection. Well sir --

UPP: OH, and did you see Mrs. Toops, in that Indian Princess costume with a BUSTLE!

MOL: Wasn't that a scream, Mrs. Uppington!

UPP: Simply REVOLTING, my deah. (LAUGHS) I spoke to her about it myself....I said, "REALLY, MRS. TOOPS," I said, "IS THAT A BUSTLE OR HAS YOUR PAPOOSE SLIPPED?"

(MOL & UPPINGTON LAUGH HEARTILY)

FIB: --and by that time, I seen where talkin' pictures had a real future, so what does I do but I --

UPP: OHHHH, GOOD HEAVENS! I didn't realize it was so late...I must be going....AND THANK YOU FOR THAT WONDERFUL TALK about the theatah, Mr. McGee...GOODBYEEEEEE!

SOUND: (DOOR SLAM)

FIB: What she mean -- a talk about the theatre? I couldn't get a word in edgeways...The way you gals like to rip each other up the back it's a wonder you ain't born with zippers on your spines. Thank godness we got some male characters in this play.

MOL: How will Mr. Gildersleeve do?

FIB: He's wonderful -- the only guy I'm absolutely sure of. You see he's in the big moment o' the play (that's where I come in.) --

SOUND: (KNOCK AT DOOR)

FIB: Come in!

SOUND: (DOOR OPEN & CLOSE)

MOL: Oh, hello Mr. Gildersleeve -- we were just talking about you.

FIB: Yes, I was just sayin', Throcky, old man, that if everybody in this show was as dependable as you --

HAL: McGee -- I.... I.... I can't go thru with it!

MOL: WHAT?

FIB: Whatcha mean, Gildersleeve?

HAL: Well, frankly, McGee -- I... I... Well, I don't know. How...uh...do you feel when you have stage-fright?

MOL: Why, that's easy, Mr. Gildersleeve -- with stage fright you have hot and cold running water in your arteries and your hands feel like they belong to somebody else, and you wish they did!

GIL: That's me!

FIB: But Gildersleeve! You don't mean to tell me you have stage-fright! Why, I was depending on you!

HAL: I... I'm sorry, McGee! My goodness -- I don't know what's come over me! I...I...Well, I'm simply terrified!

MOL: Oh, that's too bad, Mr. Gildersleeve.

FIB: Aw, come, come, Throcky! You can do it all right. After all, I seen you make a speech at the Annual Rotary Club's banquet and never even fiddle with a fork!

HAL: Yes -- but that's different -- I've been making that same speech for 20 years -- But this! No....no...no! I can't do it.

FIB: Come on, Gildersleeve -- you only got one line. All you have to say is..."Here comes Hiawatha now." Go ahead -- let's hear you do it!

HAL: I'll try. Here...here....here....comes Hia..Hia...Watha now!

MOL: Well, Heavenly Days -- what's the matter with that? Those pauses were very dramatic!

FIB: Why shucks, Gildersleeve -- you ain't got a thing to worry about. Bein' nervous makes for a good performance.

HAL: Well, I don't....I don't know, McGee....

FIB: And I know what I'm talking about, too. Why, when I was only a kid three years old, I started to be interested in theatricals. When I was four, I built my first theatre -- out of a box, that my father brought home from the office. BOX OFFICE MCGEE, I was knowed as in them days!

MOL: Oh, dear!

FIB: BOX-OFFICE MCGEE! THE BOY BELASCO OF BROADWAY! BUY'N', BOOKIN', BARTERIN' BIG BATCHES OF BACKDROP BITERS, BUSY AS A BEE BRINGIN' A BIG BOOM IN BUSINESS TO BARE BOXES AND BALCONIES, BALLYHOING BURFOONS LIKE BEN BLUE, BEN BERNIE AND BEN HUR AND BRAGGED ABOUT AS THE BEAU BRUMMEL OF THE BARNSTORMERS, FROM BOSTON'S BURLESQUE, BOLD AND RISQUE TO THE BRASSY BANDS ON THE BAY OF BISCAY!

ORK: "LADY BE GOOD"

(APPLAUSE)

SOUND: TRAFFIC UP AND FADE:

FIB: Hurry up, Molly. I gotta get to the theaytre in time to check the scenery and costumes, Here - down this alley here.

MOL: Heavenly Days! Why do all stage doors have to be up a dark, dirty old alley?

FIB: Don't sneer, Molly. It's a valuable tradition. It brings the actors back to reality.

MOL: What do you mean, 'reality'?

FIB: Well, for instance, when a actor playin' Henry the Eighth steps outta the theayter into a alley full o' stray cats and garbage, he realizes he ain't a ~~king~~^{royalty}. He's just a \$50-dollar-a-week mug with a overdue laundry bill and his name spelled wrong in the reviews. (LAUGHS) Sayyyyy, that ain't a bad --

TEE: Hi, mister.

FIB: Oh, hello there, little girl. Whatcha doin'?

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I says whatcha waitin' here for? Gotta friend in the show?

TEE: No.

FIB: Ye ain't, eh?

TEE: Sure.

FIB: Oh, ye have.

TEE: No.

FIB: Eh?

TEE: HMMMMMM?

FIB: I SAYS WHAT THE...Well, never mind.

TEE: Okay. Say Mister...what time do they feed the actors?

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TEE: Sure.

FIB: Oh, ye have.

TEE: No.

FIB: Eh?

TEE: HMMMMMM?

FIB: I SAYS WHAT THE...Well, never mind.

TEE: Okay. Say Mister...what time do they feed the actors?

FIB: (LAUGHS) Well, that's a tough one to answer sis. A lotta actors have asked the same question. (LAUGHS)

TEE: (GIGGLES) Hmnmnm?

FIB: Aw fer the...ONE SIDE THERE SIS...we gotta go in the theaytre...

TEE: Well, gee, can I please have your autogiraffe? Hmnmnm Can I Please Hmnmnm....can I?

FIB: Have my what?

TEE: Your autogiraffe?

FIB: OH MY AUTOGRAPH...why sure...(PAUSE) There ye are.

TEE: Awwww, you you just signed your name.

FIB: Whatja expect? My address, phone number and blood pressure?

TEE: Well, gee, for two bits, I can send to Hollywood and get a big picture of almost anybody that says "TO MY DEAR LITTLE PAL AND FAITHFUL MEMBER OF THE WHOOZIS FAN CLUB WITH THE AFFECTIONATE REGARDS OF".

FIB: Oh ye can, eh? (LAUGHS) I guess you know your way around all right. Incidentally, you're kinda young to be a Stage-Door-Jennie, ain't ye?

TEE: No.

FIB: Oh yes you are. But that's okay. When I was a young feller, I used to be one myself.

TEE: Awwww, honest?

FIB: Why sure...I was always sportin' around with some beautiful actress.

TEE: Gee, Sarah Bernhardt, I betcha.

FIB: Well, I wouldn't exactly go back that far....(Hear her talk, Molly? She don't even know what a Stage Door Johnny is.)

TEE: Ohhh YES I do.

FIB: Ohhh no ye don't.

TEE: Oh yes I do.

FIB: OHHHH NO YE DON'T.

TEE: OHHHHHHHHH YES I DO!

FIB: OHHH NO YE...well, what is it?

TEE: A stage door Johnny is a sap who hangs around with orchids in his hand and dough in his jeans waitin' for a chorus girl with knots in her legs and larceny in her heart. So long, mister.

FIB: Well. Come on Molly....let's go in.

SOUND: DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

OLD TIMER: Sorry there, kids.....you can't come in. Actors only.

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN ACTORS ONLY.....? ~~WHAT DO WE LOOK LIKE? A~~

OLD TIMER: Oh hello, there...Johnny! Hello Daughter!.....didn't reckonize ye. HEH HEH HEH.....

MOL: Has Billy Mills and the Orchestra arrived?

Old MAN: EHEHEH?

FIB: We was wonderin' if Billy Mills and his boys are in the pit. (LAUGHS) Incidentally, you know why they put them fellas down in that pit, Old Timer. It's the only way you can make a musician look up to an actor. (LAUGHS)

Old MAN: 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, "SAYYYYY", he says, "I JUST READ WHERE THERE'S MORE HORSES IN THIS COUNTRY THAN THERE EVER WAS. THINK THEY'LL EVER REPLACE THE AUTOMOBILE?" "NOPE" says tother feller..."NOT ENTIRELY. ANYWAY NOT UNTIL THEY CAN COVER BASEBALLS WITH THE SKIN OF A BUICK!" heh heh heh...SAY, YOU KIDS BETTER GET DRESSED!

SOUND: (VOICES UP)...FADE FOR:

FIB: ALL RIGHT FOLKS...I'm here. Now has everybody got their parts? All the costumes okay?

WIL: (FADE IN LAUGHING) SAY, FIBBER....(LAUGHS)

MOL: For goodness sakes, Mr. Wilcox...not so loud...they'll hear you out front.

WIL: Oh, I'm sorry....(LAUGHS)

FIB: Glad to see you gotta good lookin' Indian Costume, Harlow...

WIL: Thanks..(LAUGHS) Say, do you mind if I make a little curtain speech..to kind of tie in with the show...(LAUGHS)

FIB: Must be a very funny speech...but I'm afraid not, Harlow... if there's any speech makin' to be done I'll do it...

WIL: (LAUGHS)

MOL: Why, Mr. Wilcox?...What did you want to tell them...and what do you mean...tie in with the show?

WIL: (LAUGHS HEARTILY) Well, I wanted to say something about another redskin bites the dust and then something about dust bites another redskin because he didn't have sense enough to avoid dust and dirt in his wigwam by using Johnson's Self-Polishing Glo-coat, the no rubbing, no buffing floor polish that shines as it dries. (LAUGHS) I think it would be a very neat....OHNNHHH! (LAUGHS HYSTERICALLY)

FIB: Say, what's the matter with you, Harlow...that was a cute idea but it wasn't THAT good.

WIL: It wasn't? (LAUGHS) No, I guess it wasn't...(LAUGHS)

MOL: Then what on earth is so amusing?

WIL: What? (LAUGHS) Oh..you mean what am I laughing at? (LAUGHS) I can't help it...the feathers in this darn head-dress keep tickling the back of my neck...(FADE OUT LAUGHING) Hey, will one of you stagehands fix these feathers so....

VOICES: UP AND FADE:

ORCH:NOVIS: & CHO: ("LAST NIGHT")

(APPLAUSE)

WIL: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN....THAT BEAUTIFUL NUMBER BY DONALD NOVIS AND THE PAUL TAYLOR CHORISTERS DENOTED THE LAPSE OF TWO HOURS AND TWO ACTS OF HIAWATHA. SO WE PROCEED WITH THE THIRD SMASHING ACT OF THIS GRIPPING DRAMA!

ORK: INDIAN MUSIC...TOM TOMS...ETC.....

WIL: (SOTTO VOCE), As the curtain rises Pocahontas is talking with her father Chief Powhatan.

MOL: And what does my father, the mighty chief Powhatan, think of my lover?

BOOM: Well now, my little beaver Dam...er...dame..I don't believe I caught the name but if he is a mighty warrior perhaps he is the right lad for yer.

MOL: He is Hiawatha father. And he is strong. He is brave. He is handsome, He is ... well, in fact, popsy, he's Clark Gable with feathers!

BOOM: Why doesn't Pocohontas rave, about some handsome LOCAL brave? I'd like to see you share your tent, with some one who's a local gent.

MOL: Hush Father...He comes! Hiawatha comes!

HAL: Here comes Hiawatha -- Now?

FIB: Hi, yah, Pocohontas.

MOL: Hiyah, Watha? Whither comest thou hither, from?

FIB: From the shores of Hootchie-Kootchie..from the Shining Big Sea Water..I have come for Pocohontas - tell your dad I want his daughter.

MOL: Welcome, welcome, teep our toopee...er...to our tepée, Hiawatha, Mighty Warrior.

FIB: Listen, Pokey, tell your fathah, not to sneer at Hiawatha. If he does not care for stranger, he is just a dog in manger.

MOL: Say not so, My Hiawatha...he is but the Chief, my Father, He is old and though he's flighty, He is Powhatan the Mighty. Father, this is Hiawatha. Hiawatha is mo boy friend.

BOOM: Hello my boy....I hear you're smotten....

FIB: Smoten!

MOL: Smitten!

BLOT: Smot or smotten, smit or smatten, it's the same, there is no difference. Welcome Welcome Hiawatha. Stick around and meet your in-laws. (Incidentally where you from, Kid?)

FIB: I have come from Jamestown thither. They are all in quite a dither. They are planning a Thanksgiving.

BOOM: They should be thankful they are living.

MOL: And what of us, My Hiawatha...How does this affect the redskins?

FIB: We are all invited hither...they're having turkey and I luff it - it's a break, we must not muff it.

BOOM: I should say, so, Hiawatha..I always think that I have got-luck when I'm asked to share some pot-luck. But the sky looks like we'd have wet weather, so I'll go don my rubber feather. (FADE OUT)

MOL: What's this Minnichaha rumor, or has gossip pulled a bloomer.

FIB: Just an old friend of the family. Just a squaw that men forget. She gave me one hah-hah too many..to Minnie... hah-ha's was she giving.

MOL: Ah then, come, my Hiawatha...Let us walk into the forest.

FIB: That's a thought, my Pocohontas...we will walk by Spruce
and Birch tree..by the whispering pines and Hemlocks....

By the gurgling streams and brooklets -

WIL: By a can of Johnson's Glocoat. By and large it is the
finest. ~~Buy it in the largest size...to get your~~

SOUND: TWANG AND SLAP

WIL: Ahgggg....You got me!

FIB: Hiawatha never misses...Come on Pokio, lets try some
kisses!

SOUND: CRASH OF UNDERBRUSH

MOL: Ah what is that? I hear a crashing...Hark! If you can stop
your mashing!

FIB: It's probably a bear or plover --

MOL: Or Henry Wadsworth turning over.

SOUND: (DRUMS AND WAR WHOOPS) (HEP-HEPS)

MOL: Look...they come, my Hiawatha...It is Powhatan my father...
They are noisy..they are fearful...they give me an awful
earful.

FIB: Hiawatha hears them whooping. Listen to that boop-a-dooing.
It is not their spears I fear; it is just their whoops, my
dear.

DRUMS WHOOPING

MOL: ~~You must flee, or they will scalp you, and goodness me,
I cannot help you.~~ *If I were you I'd make for home - they plan to
devastate your home.* You'll lose your hair and I'll lose you,
I wouldn't blame you if you blew.

FIB: Say not so, my sweetheart true, - I'll stay and shoot a
buck or two.

BOOM: Look, my boy, you see it's this way. My warriors, seem to
resent my daughter marrying outside the tribe...the tribe
thinks we should beat your brains out...All right boys...
grab him.

SHOUTS COMMOTION

MOL: Oh father..make them stop that yalping; my lover's bald
and not worth scalping.

FIB: Never mind them, Pocohontas. It appears they just don't
want us - if these boys are really sore that's all there
is....there ain't no more.

BOOM: Blindfold him! That's it...now bring him over to this
stump.....and if he struggles, slug the chump.

MOL: Fatherrrrrr!

BOOM: Careful there...be quiet, daughter. This guy jilted
Laughing Water. Just got this wire...Racine, Wisconsin.
Where Minniehaha works for Johnson. She says she had him
in the halter, but he faded at the altar. All right boys!

SOUND: DRUMS...WAR WHOOPS....

BOOM: All right, boys - let me at him with this tommyhawk. Now
where did I put that tomahawk..tomahawk...tomahawk...
~~.....~~...have it right here someplace...

MOL: Oh, dear.

BOOM: Here's a postcard from my bootblack...says they sent his father back to the prison farm...ah well nothing like making hay while the son shines! Credit card on a Chinese flop house...very luxurious joint, too...orientals all over the floor...And a check for a short beer! WELL WELL... IMAGINE THAT...NO TOMAHAWK...GUESS I'LL HAVE TO USE THIS WAR CLUB! Ready, boys? When I say three...BASH HIS BRAINS OUT! (Maybe we should have brought a smaller club!)

MOL: Oh, Hiawatha, darling - don't let them bump you off!

FIB: Goodbye, Pocohontas. Tell the costumer I died with his moccasins on.

BOOM: Not so, my boy - we cannot do it! If we went on, we both would rue it!

FIB: Eh? Whatcha mean, Powhatan?

BOOM: History says you were saved! And who am I to make a mugg of history?

SOUND: GABBLE OF VOICES: DRUMS FADE OUT: (WILD CHEERING)

MOL: You are saved! Hiawatha is saved! And we will live happily ever after. (PAUSE)

FIB: Well, where's the applause? Didn't they get the idea?

MOL: Didn't who get the idea?

FIB: The audience!

MOL: OH, THEM - They went home LONG ago!

ORK: "MAKE WITH THE KISSES" FADE FOR COMMERCIAL

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.
11-7-39
Tuesday - 6:30 PM PST NBC

Closing Commercial

Libby & Molly will be back in just a moment.

ANNCR: When you buy linoleum, its colors are bright and fresh. Wouldn't it be nice if you could always keep them that way? You can very easily, simply by buying a can of JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT! GLO-COAT will not only keep the colors bright and new-looking, but it will also make the linoleum last years longer than floor covering that is continually scrubbed with soap and water. Too much scrubbing softens and cracks the surface. GLO-COAT protects the surface. Besides this protection, GLO-COAT is a wonderful labor-saver. In the first place, it requires no rubbing or buffing. It is SELF-POLISHING -- just apply, and let dry -- and in 20 minutes you have a sparkling, beautiful floor. In the second place, it is easy to keep a GLO-COATED floor spotless. Spots and stains wipe up quickly with a damp cloth. You can use GLO-COAT for your painted and varnished wood floors, too. You'll find it everywhere -- the attractive red and yellow can of GLO-COAT -- spelled G-L-O hyphen C-O-A-T.

ORCH: SWEET MUSIC...FADE ON CUE

... a moment.
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 e red and yellow can
 C-O-A-T.

FIB: Folks, we're sorry to announce that Donald Novis, who
 has been with us for more'n a year, leaves tonight for
 a personal appearance and concert tour.
 MOL: We're very happy to have had you with us, Don, and we all
 wish you every success.
 FIB: Lots of good luck, Don!
 DON: Thank you, Fibber and Molly.
 FIB: Good night.
 MOL: Goodnight all!

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