

S. C. JOHNSON & SON

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY! #226

NBC - RED

Tuesday 12-5-39

(REVISED)

WRITER:

DON QUINN

6:30-7:00 PM

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 and Molly, with Jimmy Shields, Bill Thompson, and Billy Mills' Orchestra. The show opens with "Anything Goes",

ORK: "ANYTHING GOES" FADE FOR:

(PAGE 3 FOR COMMERCIAL)

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S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.  
Fibber McGee & Molly  
12-5-39  
Tuesday 5:30 PM PST NBC

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

ANNCR: Do you have venetian blinds at your windows? If you do, you will be interested in a letter we have just received from a prominent venetian blind manufacturer. Here is what it says: "Many times we are asked to advise the best method of preserving wood slat venetian blinds. Not a week goes by that we do not recommend finishing them with genuine JOHNSON'S WAX. This makes the slats come out bright and shiny, gives them protection and beauty that will last an indefinite period." If you do have venetian blinds, take the advice of this manufacturer and protect them with a shining coat of JOHNSON'S WAX. In fact, it is good housekeeping practice to JOHNSON-WAX many other articles in your home. WAX your floors and you never need scrub them again. Floors grow more beautiful with every application of JOHNSON'S WAX. WAX your table tops and all your furniture -- WAX your woodwork, window sills -- your shoes and luggage, your parchment lampshades. There are 100 extra uses for genuine JOHNSON'S WAX listed on the package. They will save you work -- and make your home more beautiful.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH

(APPLAUSE)

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

(2ND REVISION)

-4-

WIL: WELL, APPEARANCES ARE CERTAINLY DECEIVING, IMAGINE TWO PEOPLE SITTING ACROSS FROM EACH OTHER AT THE DINING TABLE CALLING EACH OTHER NAMES WITH ABSOLUTELY NO HARD FEELINGS! SUCH IS THE SCENE TONITE AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA AS, CALLING NAMES TO EACH OTHER FOR THEIR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING LIST, WE FIND --

-- FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

(APPLAUSE)

FIB: Harlow Wilcox....

MOL: Harlow Wilcox....

FIB: .....Jimmy Shields.

MOL: Jimmy Shields.

FIB: ....and...uh...oh, yes -- your Uncle Dennis. What're we gonna get for your Uncle Dennis?

MOL: Oh, dear -- I don't know.

FIB: Well, what does he like to do? What's his favorite spot?

MOL: Never mind that -- He's got a cocktail shaker! How about Billy Mills?

FIB: Oh, I got a great idea for him. Have you noticed that little stick he leads the band with?

MOL: Yes.

FIB: Kinda pathetic, ain't it? A band leader of his standing tryin' to control all them wolves with practically a twig!

MOL: I never thought of that.

FIB: Well, I have. I'm gonna get him a stick about six feet long and 2 inches thick - so he can really reach out and wham them wind-jammers.

SOUND: (DOOR LATCH)

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WIL: Say, Fibber....  
FIBBER: Yes, Harlow?  
WIL: Have you got a good set of golf clubs?  
FIB: Why, no, I haven't, Harlow. Why?  
WIL: Oh, I just wanted to know...thanks, pal.  
(DOOR SLAM)  
MOL: I wonder if he's going to give you some golf clubs for Christmas, McGee?  
FIB: By the way - what did you want, Molly?  
MOL: Oh, nothing. Please forget me this year! Just give me a handkerchief or something. Anyway, we couldn't afford it.  
FIB: Afford what?  
MOL: Oh - that diamond wrist watch I saw in the jewelry store window the other night.  
FIB: Now listen Molly -- if that's really what you want...  
MOL: OH, NO MCGEE! PLEASE! IT'S RIDICULOUS! THE IDEA!  
FIB: Well, okay. Probably sold it by this time anyway.  
MOL: No, he hasn't -- he said he'd hold it till Xmas -- er...I mean..uh...

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR

FIB: Come in! Thank goodness!

SOUND: DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

MOL: Oh! Hello, Mr. Gildersleeve.  
HAL: Good day, Mrs. McGee -- How are you, Fibber?  
FIB: Do you really care, Gildersleeve?  
HAL: Well, frankly -- no! Not a bit!  
MOL: What can we do for you, Mr. Gildersleeve?

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HAL: Why -- if it isn't asking too much, Mrs. McGee, I'd like to have my snow-shovel back. The one your husband borrowed last March.  
MOL: Better give it back to him, dearie.  
FIB: I can't. It's busted.  
HAL: OH, IT IS, EH? Just what I might have expected! I'll have to ask you to pay for that shovel, McGee--  
FIB: Oh, you will? Lookit this scar on my wrist, Gildersleeve. You're responsible for that! Lendin' me a shovel with a defective handle! Gettin' them splinters out cost me \$8.50 in doctor bills.  
HAL: Well, that's too bad -- but that shovel cost me \$4.98 -- wholesale.  
MOL: And \$4.98 from \$8.50 is exactly \$3.52, that you owe us.  
FIB: Hear that, Gildersleeve? And on top o' that, there was bandages -- mental anguish...and loss of a week's work. Countin' the value of my time at \$200 a week, plus a dollar's worth o' bandages, and..uh...say, 50 bucks for breach of health -- that's \$254.52. Now what you gonna do about it?  
HAL: MCGEE -- YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME!  
FIB: OH, I can't eh? (LAUGHS) I'll take this up to the United States Supreme Court -- that's where I'll take it up to.  
HAL: Ohhhh! Now, look here, McGee!-- I'm a reasonable man, suppose I give you five dollars and call it square.  
FIB: Twenty bucks.  
HAL: Ten.  
MOL: Fifteen.  
FIB: Twenty-five.

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MOL: Thirty.

FIB: Thirty-five.

MOL: Forty.

HAL: WAIT A MINUTE! WAIT A MINUTE! YOU'RE BOTH BIDDING AGAINST ME!

FIB: Well, then -- speak up, Gildersleeve, Speak up! Move in there and protect yourself. FORTY FIVE!

HAL: FIFTY!

MOL: Sold for \$50. To the gentleman with the busted shovel!

HAL: I still think I'm being taken advantage of. I'll send you a check in the morning, McGee.

DOOR LATCH:

WIL: Say, Fibber, have you got a good pair of skis?

FIB: Why no, I ain't, Harlow.

WIL: You haven't? Okay...thanks.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Maybe he decided not to give me golf clubs for Christmas. But what was we sayin', Gildersleeve?

HAL: I was just remarking McGee...about how you talked me out of fifty dollars. (LAUGHS) You certainly drive a hard bargain...I'm glad you..er....SAY!..THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA.. as you know I'm manager of the Bon Ton Department Store.. and the way you talked me out of fifty dollars makes me think you're just the man I need for our adjustment department. I'll pay you 40 dollars a week and a discount on purchases.

MOL: We'll take it.

FIB: MOLLY...PLEASE....Don't ever snap at a job like that. It shows you're too anxious. Let's find out more about--

HAL: Well, never mind. I just thought --

FIB: I'LL TAKE IT, GILDERSLEEVE. NOW THAT I'VE HAD TIME TO THINK IT OVER. AHM. When do I start?

HAL: Right away...Get right down there. Wait a minute...I'll call them and tell 'em you're coming. May I use your phone?

~~FIB: Sure...just add a nickel to that check you're sending me, Gildersleeve!~~

~~MOL: Myrtle!~~

FIB: EH? ~~Myrtle~~...Here you are, Gildersleeve.

HAL: Thank you. (CLICK) Hello Operator, give me the Bon Ton Department St...OH, IS THAT YOU, MYRT? HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING, MYRTLE.

FIB: Hey cut that out, Gildersleeve!!

HAL: What SAY, MYRTLE?.....BUSY SIGNAL?.....All right, I'll call them later. (CLICK) Well, you get down town right away, McGee -- I'll be waiting for you in my office.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOL: C'mon, McGee -- get your hat. We'll - Where you going?

FIB: Down in the basement, and ease my conscience.

MOL: What do you mean?

FIB: Well, I gotta play fair with Gildersleeve....I'm going down and bust his snow-shovel!

ORK: "SOUTH OF THE BORDER"

FIB: Is this our office, Gildersleeve?

HAL: Yes it is, McGee.

MOL: My! Very pleasant, isn't it? That picture of the seven dwarfs lends such an air of charm.

HAL: That - Mrs. McGee - is not the seven dwarfs -- that's a photograph of our Board of Directors.

FIB: Is it really? I'da sworn that was Dopey on the end there.

HAL: (LAUGHS) That's ME! Now, look -- you know what your duties are?

MOL: Oh yes, Mr. Gildersleeve -- all we do is adjust the claims of dissatisfied customers.

HAL: That's it. And remember our motto - "THE CUSTOMER IS ALWAYS RIGHT!" and -- if you run into difficulty -- just call on me.

FIB: Okay, Gildersleeve -- and the same goes for you. If you want any advice on advertising or merchandisin', sales promotion, or any stuff like that there, our door is always open. Just drop in any time and we'll be glad to --

HAL: OHHHHHHH! --

SOUND: (DOOR SLAM)

FIB: You know, this is the kind of job I've always wanted, Molly. Where I can really use my tact and diplomacy.

MOL: Well, you certainly have plenty of that, McGee....none of it's ever been used!

FIB: Eh? Oh! Look, Molly -- you sit on that side of the desk, and I'll sit on this side, and ....

SOUND: (DOOR LATCH)

WIL: Say, Fibber --

MOL: Oh! It's you again, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: Yes. Say, have you folks got a good cabinet radio?

FIB: Why no, we ain't, Harlow.

WIL: Okay, pal -- just wanted to know!

SOUND: (DOOR SLAM)

MOL: He's havin' a terrible time decidin' what to give you for Christmas, McGee.

FIB: I'll say he is. But I suppose he feels he oughta do some checkin' up before he comes to a decision - like the centipede that got the hot-foot.

SOUND: (KNOCK AT DOOR)

MOL: Oh oh! Here's our first adjustment, McGee -- remember, the customer's always right.

FIB: I know. I know. COME IN!

SOUND: (DOOR LATCH)

BOOM: Ah there, my dear ... and good day to you, Drip-Pan.

FIB: Hiya Boomer.

BOOM: I seem to be in the wrong office. Looking for the adjustment department.

MOL: This is it, Mr. Boomer.

FIB: I'm the adjustor, Boomer!

BOOM: Oh yes - I was afraid of that.

FIB: Come on Boomer, what's on your mind?

BOOM: I have here a large emerald necklace from your jewelry counter that I am not quite satisfied with. Seems to be a flaw in the string. Like to have my money back. \$26,000, I believe was the amount

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS.

FIB: 26 thousand!

BOOM: I'll take it small bills...have to get a shoeshine on the way home.

FIB: Boomer, there's something fishy about this. Let's see your sales slip.

BOOM: Why certainly .. certainly. Have the sales slip right here ... Now where did I put that sales slip.

MOL: Oh dear ..

BOOM: Sales-slip, sales-slip.. ~~here's a small game of checkers... beget it out of curiosity. Somebody told me it was played on the square. The kids had the dog show, Mrs. Gammah and takes a look at the little... I remember, I remember even a pair of... I found a... family... kind of a paper slip, you might... year job... Here's a snapshot of my nephew, Wyandotte Boomer. Splendid name for the lad, -- "Wyandotte". Feather-brained, chicken-hearted, fowl-mouthed, and a cluck in general... Ah, what's this... oh yes... wallet I found in a passing hip pocket.. clumsy fellow!.. He should never have tried to carry the pigskin around the end-zone... Letter from some hobo pals of mine... in upper New York. Hmmm... Bums along the Mohawk..... Newspaper clipping... Seems that my old pal, Inky Blotz, just escaped from Sing Sing! Good old Inky.. always leaking out of some pen!.. Small pocket comb... going in the cloak room after a while and comb some pockets... and a check for a short beer! WELL WELL... IMAGINE THAT... NO SALES SLIP! MUST HAVE SLIPPED OUT OF MY POCKET WHILE I WAS CRAWLING OUT FROM UNDER THE COUNTER!~~

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOL: What a crook!

FIB: Pretty consistent guy though. I seen a baby picture of him shakin' his little fists thru the bars of his crib when the nurse wanted to powder him.

MOL: Really?

FIB: Yeah... the caption was, "OH, SO YE WON'T TALC, EH?"

SOUND: DOOR LATCH

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(2ND REVISION) -17-

WIL: Say, Fibber and Molly...have you got a nice coffee table?  
MOL: Why....er, yes, we have...Mr. Wilcox, but --  
FIB: Listen here, Harlow...shucks, you're goin' to too much  
trouble for just us. Let's just make this a simple Christmas  
WIL: Whaddye mean?  
MOL: Oh, you aren't fooling us. The way you've been bursting in,  
asking us if we have a nice radio, or a coffee table -  
FIB: Or golf clubs or skis...  
WIL: Oh, I was just trying to find out how much Johnson's Wax  
to give you for Christmas.  
FIB: EH?  
MOL: WHAT?  
WIL: You see, all those things, radio cabinets, skis...coffee  
tables...golf clubs...they should all be polished and  
protected with Johnson's Wax...It's really marvelous to  
seal the surfaces of things against scratches and wear!  
FIB: Well, I'll be a rude expression!  
WIL: So, I'm giving all you folks on the show a big can of  
Johnson's Wax for Christmas.  
MOL: That's a grand idea, Mr. Wilcox.  
WIL: Yessir! On the surface, I'd say that Johnson's was the  
best possible gift. Well so long folks!  
SOUND: (DOOR SLAM)  
FIB: He's so enthusiastic about our product I hear he sent a  
sales letter to Albert Einstein, askin' him to try  
Johnson's Wax on his multiplication tables!  
SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR:  
MOL: Come in.  
SOUND: DOOR LATCH

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(2ND REVISION) 18 & 19

FIB: Oh, hello there, little girl.  
TEE: Hi.  
FIB: Lookin' for somebody?  
TEE: Sure.  
FIB: Who?  
TEE: Hm...mmmm?  
FIB: WHO?  
TEE: Hm...mmmm?  
FIB: Who ye lookin' for?  
TEE: Santa Claus, I betcha!  
FIB: Imagine that Molly. She came all the way down here by  
herself to see Santa Claus.  
MOL: Well, McGee...why don't you take her over to see Santa?  
FIB: I'll just do that. Get a kick out of it myself. Come on,  
Sis...take holda my hand...Back in a few minutes, Molly!  
MOL: All right, McGee.  
SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSES: MURMUR OF VOICES: .. TOY DEPARTMENT.  
NOISES.  
FADE FOR:

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FIB: Right over this way, Sis...I'll introduce you to Santa Claus myself.

TEE: Okay, mister.

FIB: I'll bet it'll be a great Christmas at your house this year. Gonna hang up your stockings?

TEE: No.

FIB: EH?

TEE: Hmmmmm?

FIB: YOU AIN'T GONNA HANG UP YOUR STOCKINGS? Why not?

TEE: It's bad luck, I betcha.

FIB: I'm afraid you're mistaken, sis.

TEE: Oh, no I'm not!

FIB: Oh, yes you are.

TEE: OHHH, NO I'M NOT.

FIB: OHHHH, YES YOU (GRUNT) Ooop...sorry, lady...let us through, please...thanks...Look, sis...why is hanging up your stocking bad luck?

TEE: Well, it was for Uncle Charlie.

FIB: How come? They fall off the mantle-piece into the fireplace?

TEE: They weren't on the mantle-piece.. they were on a ~~mantle~~ <sup>tree</sup>.

FIB: ON A ~~mantle~~ <sup>tree</sup>!

TEE: Sure...and UNCLE CHARLIE was in 'em...Gee, they say he never got over it, too, I betcha. HEY LOOK...THERE'S Santa Claus.

FIB: Sure he is. .now don't be afraid of him, sis.

TEE: Okay.

FIB: You walk right up to him and tell him what you want for Christmas.

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TEE: Aw gee!

FIB: Don't be bashful. HI THERE, SANTA CLAUS.

MAN: HELLO THERE.

SOUND: JINGLE BELLS:

FIB: Here's a little girl that wants to speak to you, Santa.

MAN: ALL RIGHT...WHAT IS IT, MY DEAR?

(PAUSE)

FIB: Go ahead, sis...speak up.

TEE: Well, gee....I don't want you to hear me, Mister.

FIB: Eh? Oh.. Okay sis, I won't listen...You go ahead and talk to Santa Claus. (FADE OUT)

MAN: WELL, MY DEAR?

TEE: (GIGGLES) I didn't wanna say anything in front of that man because it might spoil Christmas for him, but mamma said for you to eat downtown today because she was going to the bridge club. So long, papa.

APPLAUSE:

ORCH: ("PRETTY GIRL IS LIKE A MELODY") (FADE FOR INTRO)

FIB: FOLKS, JIMMY SHIELDS SINGS..."A PRETTY GIRL IS LIKE A MELODY".

ORK: "A PRETTY GIRL IS LIKE A MELODY"....SHIELDS.

APPLAUSE:

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THIRD SPOT:

(2ND REVISION)-22-

MOL: McGee...here's a woman waiting to see you. She says she got something in the store she doesn't like.

FIB: Yes, madam?

WOMAN: My name is *Ma Patricia Edgeland* I live at *1617 2nd St. Omaha, Neb.*

FIB: You say you got something at this store you didn't like?

WOMAN: Yes, I did.

FIB: What department?

WOMAN: Home furnishings.

FIB: What was the article?

WOMAN: My husband. When I got him he was the floor walker.

FIB: I see...Well, I'm afraid we can't make any adjustment on...

MOL: Remember, McGee...the customer is always right. What do you want us to do about it, dearie?

WOMAN: I want to exchange him for the manager of the ready-to-wear.

FIB: Okay sis. We'll have the driver pick your husband up in the morning. When you wrap him up be sure and enclose your marriage lic...er...your sales slip.

WOMAN: All right...thank you.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Well of all the dad ratted silly things to want us to exchange.

MOL: Ah ah ah, McGee. Remember our motto "The Customer is Always Right."

FIB: Well they oughta change that.

MOL: To what?

FIB: To "Many Happy Returns of The Stuff".

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(2ND REVISION) -23-

SOUND: DOOR LATCH

OLD MAN: HELLO THERE, JOHNNY...HELLO, DAUGHTER...THIS THE ADJUSTMENT DEPARTMENT?

MOL: Why, yes it is, Mr. Old Timer.

OLD MAN: Good...I bought a radio here tother day and while I was puttin' a aerial up I fell offen the roof...sprained my back.

FIB: That's too bad, Old Timer...but what are we supposed to do about it?

OLD MAN: Adjust it. I think it's this vertezebra right here, Johnny, .....see?

MOL: I'm sorry...but you'd better see a doctor about that.

OLD MAN: EHHHHHHHHHHH?

FIB: You shoul~~d~~a been more careful anyway, Old Timer. With all these new built-in antennaes, you mighta known the aerial business was fallin' off. (LAUGES)

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OLD MAN: Heh heh heh...that's pretty good, Johnny, but that ain't the way I heered it. The way I heered it, one feller says to tother feller, "SAYYYYY", he says, "I SEE WHERE THE NEXT ISSUE O' LIBERTY MAGAZINE IS PRINTIN' A ARTICLE ABOUT THEM RADIO COMEDIANS...FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY".

"ZAT SO?" says tother feller...."I NEVER HEERED 'EM. THEY ANY GOOD?"

"NOT AT THE START," says the first feller, "BUT THE LAST HALF HOUR PICKS UP PRETTY FAST WHEN THAT HOPE FELLER COMES IN!"

Heh heh heh...well, Johnny, if you can't adjust my back fer me, I'll have to....OUCH....there goes that vertezebra again! I better see a chiropractor.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM:

FIB: That old flubdub! I suppose he thinks I'm impressed because I got my name in a magazine. Shucks, I probably won't even read it!

MOL: Then why did you order fifty copies from the boy at the newstand?

FIB: Eh? Why...er...AHE! ~~That's a coincidence.~~ I thought ~~it was a coincidence.~~ <sup>they'd make nice presents</sup> Christmas ~~time~~...er...well... ~~shucks, I~~

SOUND: TELEPHONE:

MOL: (CLICK) ~~ADJUSTMENT DEPARTMENT.~~ WHO?...OH, <sup>my</sup> well, send her right up and we'll talk to her. All right.

(CLICK) They're sending a lady up with a complaint, McGee.

FIB: What kind of a complaint?

MOL: She's dissatisfied with some red flannel underwear <sup>she brought her</sup>

FIB: Okay...I'll talk to her. <sup>meantime</sup> Meantime I'm gonna run out and get a drink o' water.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

MOL: Now, let me see...man at 1414 Oak Street complains that the electric train he bought for his little boy is too easy to operate. The lad runs it while his father is at the office. And the lady's coming in about the red flannel underwear.

SOUND: (DOOR KNOCK)

MOL: Must be her now, come in.

SOUND: (DOOR LATCH)

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

MOL: Oh, how do you do, Mrs. Uppington. Have a chair.

UPP: That's what I stopped in to complain about, Mrs. McGee... I bought some dining room chairs here that simply will NOT do.

MOL: Oh, dining room chairs. We thought...

SOUND: DOOR LATCH AND SLAM:

UPP: Oh, how do you do, Mr. McGee?

FIB: Hiyah, Uppy. (Uppy with red-flannel underwear? Oh well.) Understand you gotta complaint about some stuff you bought here. Smatter with 'em?

UPP: Well, they'RE HORRIBLY uncomfortable, in the first place.

FIB: I can believe that. I used to have some myself. The arms and legs were awful stiff.

MOL: McGee -- I don't think you mean the same --

UPP: But really, my dear, he is absolutely right. Why, one can hardly sit in them for five minutes without squirming.

FIB: I'll say they can't. They ain't much to look at either, Uppy.

MOL: McGee...please...she doesn't mean.

UPP: Mr. McGee is perfectly correct, my dear. And what's more they are extremely unsightly in the dining room! I had guests for dinner last night and they were MOST uncomplimentary about them.

FIB: Kinda personal, weren't they, Uppy? But shucks, we'll be glad to exchange 'em for you. What style you rather have?

MOL: Look, McGee...

UPP: ....I think I shall exchange them for some with leather seats.

FIB: Leather seats? (LAUGHS) Well, I dunno, Uppy...of course they'd wear much longer, but washing 'em might be a bit of a problem.

UPP: Oh, they can easily be sponged off. What kind do you have, yourself, Mr. McGee?

FIB: Wel-1-1- ... er ... mine are white, Uppy.

UPP: Oh...how smart...antique?

FIB: Yeah...kinda...but they'll see me through another winter. Only trouble is, the buttons keep comin' off, the older they get.

MOL: McGee, for the last time, I'd like to explain that -

UPP: It's all right, Mrs. McGee...I undahstand. The buttons DO come off...I don't think the factory nails them on properly in the first place.

FIB: EH? NAILS 'EM ON? Whoever heard o' nails on a suit of red flannels?

UPP: RED FLANNELS! PLEASE MR. MCGEE!...I...I...WELL...I MUST SAY...I HAVE NEVER BEEN QUITE SO INSULTED IN ALL MY...I SHALL REPORT YOUR INSOLENT TO THE MANAGER! GOOD DAY!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

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FIB: What the...hey, what was she gettin' so huffy about, Molly?

MOL: I kept trying to tell you, McGee...she was complaining about some dining room chairs she bought.

FIB: Ohhhh. Dining room chairs. (LAUGHS) I thought she was the one about the red flann....

SOUND: DOOR LATCH AND SLAM:

HAL: LISTEN HERE, MCGEE!

FIB: Oh, hiyah, Gildersleeve. Say, we're doin' a great job for you here. I'll bet you never had a guy in here before that was so --

HAL: BE QUIET, MCGEE...DID YOU JUST INSULT MRS. ABIGAIL UPPINGTON?

FIB: Oh, I wouldn't say INSULTED, Gildy...we just had a slight misunderstanding, and --

HAL: OH, A MISUNDERSTANDING YOU CALL IT, WHEN YOU JOKE WITH A PROMINENT SOCIETY WOMAN OF THIS CITY ABOUT WEARING RED... ER...WELL, I WON'T SAY IT.

MOL: Red flannels.

HAL: er...THANK YOU. MCGEE...WHAT DID I TELL YOU WAS THE MOTTO OF THIS DEPARTMENT?

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ON) -27-

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(REVISED) 27-A

FIBER: "THE CUSTOMER IS ALWAYS RIGHT!"

HAL: WHEN?

MOL: ALWAYS!

HAL: EXACTLY. THE CUSTOMER IS ALWAYS RIGHT. MRS. UPPINGTON  
IS A CUSTOMER. AND SHE SAYS YOU SHOULD BE FIRED!  
GOOD DAY!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM:

ORCH: "IT'S A HUNDRED TO ONE YOU'RE IN LOVE." -- FADE FOR:

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.  
Fibber McGee & Molly  
12-5-39  
Tuesday - 5:30 PM PST-NBC

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

ANNCR: Fibber and Molly  
meantime. can'  
scrubbed her k  
spread old newsp  
with the newsp  
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and fresh. In  
GLO-COAT, all  
Not only that,  
First the colo  
linoleum becom  
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story! There'  
buffing at all  
and behold you  
gay and bright  
beautiful poli  
advise against  
They recommend  
Polishing meth

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC...FADE

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.  
Fibber McGee & Molly  
12-5-39  
Tuesday - 5:30 PM PST NBC

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL

ANNCR: Fibber and Molly will be back in just a moment. In the meantime, can't you remember the days when your mother scrubbed her kitchen floor, on hand and knees, and then spread old newspapers down to protect the linoleum? Even with the newspapers the floor soon got scuffed up again, and with the hardest scrubbing it never really looked bright and fresh. In these days of JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT, all that scrubbing seems terribly old-fashioned. Not only that, but continuous scrubbing is very harmful. First the colors fade and the floor looks dull -- then the linoleum becomes water soaked, bumps and cracks appear and the surface splits. After that, you have to buy new linoleum. But with JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT it's quite another story! There's practically no work -- no rubbing or buffing at all. You simply apply GLO-COAT -- let it dry -- and behold your floor shining with new beauty, the colors gay and bright -- the floor protected with a long-lasting, beautiful polish. Linoleum manufacturers themselves advise against scrubbing -- House-keeping Institutes do, too. They recommend this safe, easy method -- the GLO-COAT Self-Polishing method.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC...FADE ON CUE

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*not used*  
TAG GAG

MOL: Well, McGee...hadn't we better leave the office? After all, we're fired.

FIB: Nope, I still got some business to clear up.

MOL: What business?

FIB: I bought this toy on my employe's discount and now it don't work. So, as the adjuster I gotta settle it with myself. Excuse me a minute.

MOL: All right.

FIB: So you think you're entitled to a refund do ye, McGee? Yes, Mr. McGee I do. The toy was defective. Was it defective when you bought it, McGee? Oh, I'm sure it was, Mr. McGee...Then you think we should refund the full price, McGee? Yes, I do, Mr. McGee. Okay, McGee...make out a refund slip and as long as your a good friend of mine you can keep the toy, too. Gee, thanks, Mr. McGee!!

MOL: Oh heavenly days...come on, both of you!

FIB: Okay, Goodnight!

MOL: Goodnight, all!

ORK: UP TO FINISH

APPLAUSE

CREDITS..SIGNOFF!

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