

ND REVISION)

-28-

without telling a lie.

o.

t fur coat,

on't. (LAUGH)

bought that coat

AVE YOUR SORROW")

for the makers of

F-POLISHING GLO-COAT,

n next Tuesday night,

NG COMPANY,

S. C. Johnson & Son

(REVISED)

Writers:
Don Quinn
Len Levinson

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

#238

6:30-7:00 PM -
Tuesday - 2/27/40

NBC-Red

WIL:

ORCH:

WIL:

ORCH:

(REVISED)

(REVISED)

-2-

WIL:

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 Bill Thompson, The King's Men and Billy Mills' orchestra.

The show opens with "Louisiana Hayride".

ORCH: ("LOUISIANA HAYRIDE") (APPLAUSE)

SEGUE

("RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN") (FADE)

APPLAUSE

FIB:

MOL:

FIB:

MOL:

FIB:

NBC-Red

MOLLY

(REVISED)

-2-

ber McGee & Molly!

Johnson's Self-Polishing
Jordan as Fibber McGee &
ng's Men and Billy Mills'

ryide".

(E)

(2ND REVISION) -3-

WIL: AT LEAST ONCE TO EVERY MARRIED MAN COMES THIS HAUNTING
QUESTION. "BUTTON, BUTTON, WHO'S GOT A BUTTON"? AND HERE,
WITH A BUTTONLESS SHIRT IN HIS LEFT HAND, AND POINTING AN
ACCUSING FINGER AT HIS SPOUSE WITH HIS RIGHT, WE FIND --
FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE

FIB: ... and what's more, I'm gettin' pretty tired o' findin'
my shirts with no buttons on 'em. Do you realize, this
is the THIRD time this has happened?

MOL: When were the other two times?

FIB: Wel-1-1, once was in June of 19-ought-8. And the
other time was in 1920.... Wait ... lemme see. In 1917 the
Army turned me down on account o' flat feet...in 1918 they
took me anyway....IT WAS IN 1919, that's when it was! Or
was it? Or was it in 19-

MOL: Never mind, dearie. Hand me my sewin' basket and I'll
sew a button on that shirt.

FIB: Now, is this just a sewing basket? Lookit the stuff you
got in it! A reader's Digest - bag of gum drops, deck
o' cards, a radio script a compact, and - Well. I'll
be a - LOOK! A HARD BOILED EGG!

MOL:

FIB:

MOL:

FIB:

MOL:

FIB:

MOL:

FIB:

MOL:

FIB:

MOL:

FIB:

MOL:

FIB:

MOL:

SOUND:

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p

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compact, and - Well. I'll
D EGG!

MOL: That's a china egg, foolish. I use it to darn socks.

FIB: Oh. Well, I wish you'd keep our scripts and our eggs in different places.

MOL: (HUMS)

FIB: Well, come on...come on...hurry up. I gotta get downtown on important business.

MOL: What important business?

FIB: I don't suppose you think it's important who's gonna be the next President of the United States.

MOL: Certainly it's important, but what have YOU got to do with it?

FIB: I'm gonna meet the fellas in front of Joe's Tavern and we're gonna discuss it.

MOL: Oh yes - the poolroom primaries! You always - oh, McGee!

FIB: Now what?

MOL: I haven't any white thread. I'll have to run over to the ten cent store and get some. Get ready and come with me, now hurry!

FIB: I can't hurry.

MOL: Why not?

FIB: I'm puttin' on a turtle-neck sweater and it's slowed me down. All this fuss about a little white thread! Say, Molly! It's too warm to wear a fur coat.

MOL: It's never too warm to wear a new fur coat. Anyway, if it gets too warm I'll just close my eyes and remember how much it cost. That always gives me a chill. Let's go.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE...FOOTSTEPS ON PORCH...ON SIDEWALK....
SUSTAIN.

MOL
FIB
MOL

FIB

MOL
FIB
MOL

UPP
FIB

UPP

MOL

UPP
MOL

MOL: I think I'm going to be a success in this fur coat, McGee.

FIB: Whatcha mean?

MOL: I just saw the curtains twitch in Mrs. Gildersleeve's front window.

FIB: Oh, she stands in the window all day and checks up on the neighbors. When she was younger and her hair was redder, they called her the Orange Peekoe! Hey, LOOK..here comes Mrs. Uppington!

MOL: Oh, goody. I was hopin' we'd meet her today.

FIB: GOODY? Oh. -(LAUGHS) On account o' the new fur coat, eh?

MOL: Yes, and if it doesn't make her face fall farther than they lifted it the last time, I'll...OH, HOW DO YOU DO, MRS. UPPINGTON? SO NICE TO SEE YOU!

UPP: Oh, how do you do, Mrs. McGee,...and Mr. McGee!

FIB: Uppy, as the amateur ski-jumper says when they asked him how the take-off looked, -- "Hi"!

UPP: My, isn't it a simply lovely day to - Oh...my DEAH! What a GORGEOUS fur coat!

MOL: Fur coat? Oh..OH yes....THIS...(LAUGHS) Yes, it's just a little thing I had made up to bum around in. *It's a Siberian Chumilla*

UPP: Reahhhly...you had it MADE...oh, then it's YOURS!

MOL: Why, of course it's mine. I got it at the same place where you got the ermine wrap you wear at the opera - you know, the one you always have sent home on approval?

~~My, isn't it a simply lovely day to - Oh...my DEAH! What a GORGEOUS fur coat!~~

UPP: We

MOL: Oh

UPP: Oh

MOL: No

FIB: Yes

MOL: So

UPP: Oh,

MOL: Wel

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UPP: Well, it really looks devastating on you, Mrs. McGee! It takes away that dumpy..er..I mean, you don't look so pudg..er....WELL, IT SIMPLY DOES WONDERS for your figure, my dear.

MOL: Ohhh, THANK YOU, Mrs. Uppington. So SWEET of you. And I DO value your opinion so much.

UPP: Oh now PLEASE, My Deah....

MOL: No, really! They say you were one of the BEST DRESSED women in the country...in your day.

FIB: Yeah, in the country.

MOL: So you really like my coat?

UPP: Oh, indged I do, Mrs. McGee...I think I shall order two of them exactly like it - they'd make CHARMING little rugs for the rumpus room. They'll feel so LOVELY underfoot.

MOL: Well, I wouldn't know about that, Mrs. Uppington -- so few of our guests come barefooted.

UPP: Yes...I...what? You mean my guests are not --- Well, - Goodbye.

(APPLAUSE)

FIB: You shoulde gotta pilot's license with that coat, Molly. I thought the fur was gonna fly any minute. I'm kinda sorry you and Uppy ain't better friends.

MOL: Why, McGee?

FIB: Well, you two girls could have such a lotta fun together hunting mice.

MOL: Are you inferring, Fibber McGee...that your wife is catty?

FIB: Oh no. But it wouldn't surprise me to see you two sittin' on a back fence some moonlight night, singin' a duet.

(LAUGHS)

MOL: Now look here, dearie, if you think I'm going to stand here and -

FIB: Ahhhhhhhhhhh...OHOOOOOOOOO!

MOL: MCGEE...YOU'RE CATCHING COLD!

FIB: Aw, I ain't either.

MOL: You must be...your eyes are watering and your nose is all red.

FIB: That don't prove anything. Your Uncle Dennis always had a red nose and watery eyes too, but he didn't have a cold.

MOL: We won't discuss my Uncle Dennis.

FIB: Okay. I think he's pretty unspeakable myself. (LAUGHS)

.....AH CHOOOO!! (SNIFFLE) Dad rat it...

~~MCGEE: Now look McGee, I think I should have a little home treatment~~
~~..... I TOLD you I should have a little home treatment. Oh, look, ah~~
~~you should --~~

HAL: (FADE IN) AHH THERE, MRS. MCGEE...~~.....~~.....

HELLO FIBBER.

MOL: Oh, how do you do, Mr. Gildersleeve.

FIB: Hiyah, Throcky. (SNIFF SNIFF)

HAL: Well, what are you sniffing for, McGee? Catch a little cold?

FIB: Who, me

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HAL: Hah hah

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FIB: Oh yeah

Ah-CHOO

MOL: Hear th

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HAL: I certa

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MOL: Heavenl

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HAL: (LAUGHS

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HAL: (FADE IN) AHH THERE, MRS. MCGEE...
HELLO FIBBER!

MOL: Oh, how do you do, Mr. Gildersleeve.

FIB: Hiyah, Throcky. (SNIFF SNIFF)

HAL: Well, what are you sniffing for, McGee? Catch a little
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McGee I think I'd like to see you at home and put

I ~~FOID~~ got it from you. I got it from you. I got it from you.

) AHH THERE, MRS. MCGEE... ..

BBER

do you do, Mr. Gildersleeve.

hrooky. (SNIFF SNIFF)

at are you sniffing for, McGee? Catch a little

FIB: Who, me? Oh no. I'm just rehearsin' for a masquerade party tonight. I'm goin' as a bird-dog. (SNIFF SNIFF)

HAL: Hah hah hah...as a bird dog, eh? HAH HAH AH...Sorry you're NOT a bird dog, McGee...I'd LOVE to walk along behind you with a shotgun. (LAUGHS)

FIB: Oh yeah? Well look here, Gildersleeve. I...I...I... Ah-CHOOOO!

MOL: Hear that, Mr. Gildersleeve...don't you think McGee should go home and take care of that cold?

HAL: I certainly do, Mrs. McGee...I'd take him home, give him an ice-cold shower, let him take twenty long breaths in front of an open window and then pile into bed with just a sheet over him. And an ice pack on his head.

MOL: Heavenly days--

FIB: Go on...that'd kill me!

HAL: (LAUGHS) Yes, I believe it would. (LAUGHS)

FIB: Well, I didn't expect any sympathy from you, Gildersleeve. You got about as much tenderness as a night club sirloin!

HAL: IS THAT SO! And you deserve about as much sympathy as a tarantula with the toothache!

FIB: OH YEAH? And you --

MOL: All right....break it up, boys!..break it up! MCGEE..ARE YOU GOING TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THAT COLD.

FIB: Yes, and the first thing I better do is get outta this big wind that's blowin' around here.

HAL: What you really ought to do is go home and get a coat on, McGee...That turtle-neck sweater you've got on is terrible...

(REVISED)

-9-

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e-neck sweater you've got on is terrible...

(2ND REVISION) --10-

FIB: Don't tell me what to wear, Gildersleeve. I know clothes.
I been known as a snappy dresser all my life. Why, even
as a tiny baby, I can remember my nurse showin' me off to
people and sayin', "Ain't he a dapper little fellow?"
DAPPER-DIAPER MCGEE I WAS KNOWN AS IN THEM DAYS --

MOL: Oh dear!!!

FIB: DAPPER-DIAPER MCGEE, THE DING-DONG DADDY O' DOGGY DRESSERS,
DEVASTATING DIMPLED DEBUTANTES AS I DINED AND DANCED FROM
DAWN TO DUSK IN MY DEVILISH DANDIFIED DIGGETY DUDS..DUKED
IN DENIM OR DOLLED UP IN DINNER DRESS, WITH DIAMONDS
DANGLIN' FROM MY DIGITS, DRAWIN' DIRTY DIGS FROM
DISAPPOINTED DUMBELLS THAT DIDN'T DARE DUDE UP IN DECENT
DRY-GOODS, AND DAWGGONE IF I WASN'T DISCUSSED AND DERIDED
FROM MY DILLY DRAPERY FROM DUTCH GUIANA'S DELLS OF DEATH
TO -THE -

Take it, Billy, I'm outta breath!

ORCH: "HE'S A LUCKY GUY"

APPLAUSE

(2ND REVISION) --10-

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I'm outta breath!

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.
Fibber McGee & Molly
2-27-40
Tuesday 6:30 PM PST NBC

-11-

Opening Commercial

CUE:
(WILCOX)

While we're waiting for Fibber and Molly to return,
I'd like your attention for just a minute.

(PAUSE 2 SECONDS)

Here's some great news from Racine. Listen to this
letter: "Dear Harlow: Don't forget to tell our
listeners about the new Consumer Dividend we have just
declared for all our loyal customers -- a dividend of
one-third more for their money when they buy JOHNSON'S
SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT and JOHNSON'S Paste or Liquid
WAX. Tell every housewife that right now, on most
dealer's counters, she will find extra-large packages
of GLO-COAT and JOHNSON'S WAX -- containing one-third
more than the regular sizes. She pays only the regular
price. The extra one-third is her Free Consumer
Dividend. Tell her we declared this Dividend in
appreciation of the way she has been buying these famous
polishes. This offer is good on all important sizes --
pints, pounds, quarts, gallons, etc. -- but only while
the supply of these extra-large packages lasts. Tell
her to hurry -- if she wants to get one-third more
Free next time she buys JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT or JOHNSON'S
Paste or Liquid WAX!"

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

Opening Commercial

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... r Liquid WAX!"

FINISH)....(APPLAUSE)

SECOND SPOT:

(2ND REVISION)

MOL: Look, McGee...let's not walk any farther. I think you
ought to go home and go to bed. You're sniffing and
sneezing like ---

FIB: Oh no no no...I'm okay, Molly. I...I...Ahhhhhhh..CHOOOO!
Boy, this sure crept up on me quick, didn't it?

MOL: Try and close your pores a few minutes, dearie.

FIB: All right, I'll...WHADDYE MEAN, CLOSE MY PORES? Whaddye
think my skin is made of -- venetian blinds? (SNIFF SNIFF)
Dad-rat it, why did this have to happen to me just w----

TEE: Hi, mister.

FIB: Oh, hello there, little girl. Better not get too close
to me.

TEE: WHY?

FIB: I gotta cold in the head, or something.

TEE: It must be a cold.

FIB: Eh?

TEE: Hummmmm?

FIB: I says...look...don't you know colds are contagious?

TEE: I know it. Say, Mister, you remember my doggie...Margaret?
He's gotta bad cold too.

FIB: Oh, she has, has he? Incidentally, what kind of a dog
is Margaret?

TEE: A poinsetta.

FIB: Go on...a poinsetta is a flower. It ain't a dog!

TEE: Ohhhh, yes it is.

FIB: Ohhhh, no it ain't.

TEE: Ohhhh, yes it is.

FIB: Ohhhhhh, NO IT AIN'T.

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IN'T.

TEE: OHHHHHHHH, YES IT...well, I betcha Margaret is, I betcha.

FIB: YOU MEAN TO STAND THERE WITH YOUR LITTLE HALF SOCKS FULL
O' ANKLES AND TELL ME YOUR DOG IS A POINSETTA?

TEE: Sure...his mother was a pointer and his father was a
setter. Hey, mister...will you give me a job after
school?

FIB: Go on! What could a kid your age do?

TEE: Take care of your baby.

FIB: We ain't gotta baby. If we had a baby, I'd be glad to
help you out.

TEE: Oh, that's okay, Mister. I'll bring my little brother
and take care of him. (FADE OUT SINGING) I GOTTA JO-OB...
I GOTTA JO-OOOOOEB....I GOTTA JO-OOOOOEB.

FIB: Hey, wait A MI...YOU CAN'T...Well, grow me a beard and call
me Orson! Hear that, Molly? She's gonna... (SNEEZE)

MOL: Come on, McGee...I think it's time you did something for
that cold.

FIB: Maybe I had better get a checkup, Molly. What doctor we
goin' to?

MOL: THERE'S A doctor's office right over there. See the sign?
Dr. Snaffle.

WIL: Hello, folks. How's everything?

FIB: I gotta bad cold.

MOL: By the way, Mr. Wilcox, what do you know about that Dr.
Snaffle across the street?

WIL: Oh, he's all right. Great hand with animals!

FIB: Animals? Oh - he's a horse doctor!

WIL: Sure. But he'll take care of you, Fibber. You're full
of horsefeathers. You see he being a doctor I often
talk to him about how...

...well, I betcha Margaret is, I betcha.
HERE WITH YOUR LITTLE HALF SOCKS FULL
ME YOUR DOG IS A POINSETTA?

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FIB: Look, Harlow..I..I....AHHH...Hey, leggo o' me... (MUFFLED)

MOL: What's the idea, Mr. Wilcox? If you pull the neck of that
sweater over his face like that he'll smother..

WIL: Oh no he won't..but I wanted to tell you how I sold
Johnson's Wax to Doc Snaffle. I said "LOOK, DOC," I said..
"BEING A DOCTOR YOU'VE GOT TO HAVE AN OFFICE THAT'S NOT
ONLY IMMACULATELY CLEAN, BUT CAN BE KEPT CLEAN WITH VERY
LITTLE EFFORT.".....

FIB: Hey, I... (MUFFLED REMARKS)

WIL: (Just a minute, Fibber.) I TOLD HIM THAT JOHNSON'S WAX
WOULD CUT HIS OFFICE CLEANING DOWN TO A MINIMUM AND WOULD
GIVE THAT INSTANT IMPRESSION OF GLEAMING, POLISHED
SANITATION SO IMPORTANT TO A DOCTOR'S OFFICE. NO DUST..
NO FINGERPRINTS..ALL HIS STUFF SEALED AGAINST DIRT AND
DAMPNESS. SO I SOLD HIM A BIG ORDER OF JOHNSON'S WAX..
Okay, Fibber..what were you saying?

FIB: DAD RAT IT, WHAT'S THE IDEA O' PULLIN' MY SWEATER OVER
MY FACE AND ME WITH A SNEEZE - COMIN' ON!!

WIL: Look...Well the way Johnson's Wax beautifies and protects
floors and furniture is nothing to sneeze at and you know
it! Well, hope it's nothing serious, pal. If I were you
I'd try Doctor Cyclops down in the next block. So long
kids!

FIB: Sure loves his work, don't he? That guy wouldn't mind
goin' to the electric chair if it had Johnson's Wax on it.
It'd be just a love-seat to him!

MOL: Oh well, I suppose he.....

s

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the next block. So long

That guy wouldn't mind

it had Johnson's Wax on it.

m!

BOOM: Ahhh, good day, my dear...and good day to you, Knuckle-
Brush. What seems to be your trouble?

MOL: He's got a bad cold, Mr. Boomer. I'm taking him to a
doctor right now.

BOOM: Totally unnecessary, my dear, I have with me the famous
old Boomer remedy for a cold which has been in my family
for generations.

FIB: Which has - the cold or the remedy?

BOOM: Both, Sniffle-Schnozzle. We were so susceptible to colds
and coughs we became known as the Whooping Boomers. This
remedy was devised by my great grandmother, Beulah Boomer,
who was stolen by the gypsies when a mere child.

MOL: Oh, not really...

BOOM: Yes, indeed...but she came back the next morning with four
gypsies which she had stolen herself.

FIB: Well, let's see the cold remedy, Boomer...might save me a
doctor bill.

BOOM: Certainly, certainly...now where did I put Grandma Beulah's
cold cure..have it right here somewhere..cold cure, cold
cure..here's a small bottle of nitro-glycerine..have to be
pretty careful with that. I remember young Louie the Lam
from Alabam' got blown up that way, the careless fellow!..
but that was Louie - all over! And here's a note from
another unfortunate lad. Poor chap...just discovered a
gold mine in California! Terrible predicament!

MOL:

BOOM:

FIB:

BOOM:

ORK:

FIB:

ORK:

my dear...and good day to you, Knuckle-
seems to be your trouble?
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ifornia! Terrible predicament!

MOE: What's so terrible about that?
BOOM: My dear, he struck gold while digging a tunnel under a wall
at Alcatraz!.....AH...WHAT'S THIS? Oh yes...small electric
battery for a jockey's saddle...tell me, do the horses
around here run on AC or DC?
FIB: Can't you tell by lookin' at the plugs?
BOOM: Go scratch yourself, Seabiscuit! Let me see now here's an
entry blank in the Bob Hope Baby-naming contest...odd
circumstance!...toothpaste program giving a prize to name
-a person with no teeth! -- and a check for a short beer...
WELL WELL!....IMAGINE THAT!....NO GOLD CURE! I MUST GET
BUSY WITH THE OUIJA BOARD AND ASK GRANDMA FOR ANOTHER COPY.
GOOD DAY, MY DEAR...GOOD DAY, BEAN-BAG!

(APPLAUSE)

ORK: (INTRO. "LAZY ROLLS THE RIO GRANDE")

FIB: Folks...the King's Men present their own arrangement of
"LAZY ROLLS THE RIO GRANDE".

ORK: KING'S MEN "ROLLS THE RIO GRANDE"

(APPLAUSE)

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(THIRD SPOT)

(2ND REVISION) -18-

FIB: Dad rat it...why did I have to go and catch this---(SNEEZE)

MOL: Heavenly days...hurry dearie...the doctor is just a few doors
down the street and -

NICK: Well, for scrim's sake...hello there, Kewpie....Hello, Fizzer.

MOL: Hello, Mr. Depopolis.

FIB: Hiyah, Nick.

NICK: What in the name of for the Love of Goodness sakes is the
matter with Fizzer, Kewpie?

MOL: The poor boy seems to have just caught a bad cold in the head.

FIB: (SNIFF SNIFF)

NICK: That's too bad, Fizzer. Why don't you try the remedies I am
getting from my brother. He just sent it to me day behind
yesterday.

FIB: WHO sent it to you, Nick?

NICK: My brother....Louse.

MOL: That's a fine way to talk about your brother!

NICK: Oh, that is not meaning to be a derogaterry remarks, Kewpie.
That's my brother's name. Louse. You see, when I am being
born my mother is meaning to call me Nickelous, but I am
turning out to be twins, -

FIB: Twins?

NICK: Sure, and so my mother is calling me Nicky, and my brother
Lousy. It was all very confusing, I'm thinking! All day
long people were always asking me, BOY, ARE YOU....him?

FIB: But what about that cold cure, Nick?

NICK: Oh yes! Well, first, Fizzer, you take a Greek steam bath.

MOL: What's that?

NICK: Well, it's kind of a wet hot-foot, -- but ALL OVER.

FIB: Kind of a T

NICK: EXACTLY - of
bath, you a
hurt that

MOL: Is that all

NICK: No.....ther
between the

FIB: Between the

NICK: To press the
pills....

MOL: What kind of

NICK: Personally,
taking a hot
a different

MOL: It sounds ve

NICK: What's the d
remember all

FIB: Sure....Turk
Hot Egg Nog.

MOL: That sounds

NICK: Say, it DOES
me sometime
THANK YOU VER
Fizzer. So l

APPLAUSE:

MOL: What we reall
we know who k

FIB: Here's Doctor

SOUND: (DOOR OPEN AN

FIB: Kind of a Turkish bath, eh?

NICK: EXACTLY - only it's entirely different. With a Greek steam bath, you are leaving all your clothes on.....and it wouldn't hurt that suit a bit.

MOL: Is that all there is to it?

NICK: No.....then you are going right to bed and lay all night between the spring and the nattripuss.

FIB: Between the spring and the mattress! What's that for?

NICK: To press the suit. Then in the morning you are taking three pills....

MOL: What kind of pills?

NICK: Personally, - I like the round ones. AND THEN, - you are taking a hot egg nogs, and believe me, you are feeling like a different man!

MOL: It sounds very efficacious.

NICK: What's the difference how it tastes, Kewple? Can you remember all those direcsums, Fizzer?

FIB: Sure....Turkish Bath, Good night's Sleep, a few round pills, Hot Egg Nog.

MOL: That sounds like a MARVELOUS REMEDY.

NICK: Say, it DOES, doesn't it! I wish you would write it down for me sometime in case I am getting a case of influenema. And THANK YOU VERY MUCH for telling me about it. Well, so long Fizzer. So long, Kewpie!

APPLAUSE:

MOL: What we really need, McGee, is a sure cure for all the people we know who know sure cures!

FIB: Here's Doctor Cyclop's office.

SOUND: (DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE)

m

GIRL: How do you do? I

Cyclops. He's ext

MOL: How's he getting a

GIRL: Oh, he's - why, he

a book?

MOL: Why should he be a

FIB: I was gonna write

about a Doctor tha

one day he started

her, she gives him

"DR Livingstone, Y

The climax o' the

(DOOR OPEN & CLOSE

SOUND:

GIRL: Good morning, Dr.

DOC: Good morning, Miss

interesting case a

stop laughing. Si

now.

FIB: What was wrong with

DOC: What? Oh...just o

Ahhhhh...you were

MOL: Yes, we were, Docto

FIB: I'm Fibber McGee, I

MOL: How do you do, I'm

DOC: Yes yes yes...yes

And Miss Jones....

GIRL: Yes, Charlie?

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With a Greek steam
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of influenema. And
it. Well, so long

e for all the people

GIRL: How do you do? I hope you have an appointment with Dr.

Cyclops. He's extremely busy these days,

MOL: How's he getting along with his book, dearie?

GIRL: Oh, he's - why, how did you know the Doctor was writing
a book?

MOL: Why should he be an exception?

FIB: I was gonna write a medical book myself, once, sis. It was
about a Doctor that had his practice in Africa, see? And
one day he started to give a gal a hypo, and when he pushed
her, she gives him a dirty look and says, real haughty
"DR Livingstone, YOU PRESUME!" That ends the first chapter.

The climax o' the book --

SOUND: (DOOR OPEN & CLOSE)

GIRL: Good morning, Dr. Cyclops....

DOC: Good morning, Miss Jones....My my.....just had an
interesting case at the Hospital. Man came in who couldn't
stop laughing. Simply howling with glee. But he's resting
now.

FIB: What was wrong with him, Doc?

DOC: What? Oh...just overwork. He was a Good Humor salesman.
Ahhhhh....you were waiting to see me?

MOL: Yes, we were, Doctor. Me husband seems to have a bad cold.

FIB: I'm Fibber McGee, Doc, and this is Mrs. McGee.

MOL: How do you do, I'm sure!

DOC: Yes yes yes...yes yes...just step into my office, please...
And Miss Jones....

GIRL: Yes, Charlie?

DOC:

GIRL:

DOC:

FIB:

DOC:

MOL:

GIRL:

MOL:

SOUND:

DOC:

FIB:

DOC:

MOL:

DOC:

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VISION) -20-
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just had an
came in who couldn't
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od Humor salesman.
to have a bad cold.
McGee.
my office, please...

DOC: Ahh ah...patients present, my pet. HARRUMPH! I..er...if
Mr. Dobson calls again, tell him it is medically impractical
to build up the fatty tissue in any particular location.
GIRL: Yes, sir.
DOC: Tell him that if he MUST go to the double-header baseball
game this summer to take a cushion. That's all. Right this
way, Mr. McSniffle.
FIB: McGee...
DOC: Oh yes...yes..yes yes..yes yes...
MOL: May I leave me fur coat with you, Nurse?
GIRL: Certainly madam.
MOL: Oh, thank you. Go ahead, Doctor.
SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:
DOC: Sit down, please....now then, Mr. McGee..you say you are a
Good Humor salesman?
FIB: NQ, I AIN'T A GOOD HUMOR SALESMAN. That was that other
case - remember?
DOC: Oh yes..yes..yes yes yes yes...yes yes yes...
MOL: Look doctor...me husband is suffering from a cold in the
head. Will you examine him please?
DOC: Of course, of course...pulse, please...Hmmm. Yes yes yes..
Pulse normal. Stick out your tongue.
FIB: AHHHHHHH.....
MOL: Show him how you can wiggle your ears too, McGee.
FIB: How am I, Doc?
DOC: Hard to tell..hard to tell...ever had a bursitis?...Any
history of green-apple colic, bicycle knees? Feel any
stiffness after seeing "Gone With The Wind"?

FIB: Wel
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DOC: Mr.
No
FIB: Boy
MOL: Wel
DOC: Yes
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MOL: Good
FIB: So I
SOUND: DOOR
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VISION) -22A-

I AIN'T GOT

FIVE MINUTES.

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your name

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day.

I I'm glad

Hold me coat,

temporary

(DIFF)

AIN' WRONG

on it, sir.

AIN' FOR MY

, That would

ow of.

FIB: Nope...only thing I was ever allergic to was rabbits.

MOL: Oh, that's right. Rabbit fur always did make you sneeze and --

FIB: RABBITS!!!..HEY,.. MOLLY!...RABBITS!!! DON'TCHA GET IT?

MOL: Get what?

FIB: THAT FUR COAT... [REDACTED] ...IT'S RABBIT....YOU GOT GYPED!

MOL: WHAT? I DON'T BELIEVE IT.

FIB: THAT AIN'T A SIBERIAN CHINCHILLA...THAT'S A HAUSENPFEEFFER HOUSECOAT! (LAUGHS) Don't you get it, Molly? *Taint Siberian Chinchilla!*

MOL: IT AIN'T BUNNY, MCGEE!

FIB: AW PSHAW!
(APPLAUSE)

ORCH: ("DO I LOVE YOU") (FADE FOR COMMERCIAL ON CUE)

S.O. JOHNSON & S
FIBBER MCGEE & MO
FEB. 27. 1940
TUESDAY 6:30 PM P

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S.O. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
FEB. 27. 1940
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

-25-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

ANNOUNCER: Yesterday a lady asked me "just what is genuine JOHNSON'S WAX?" I answered, "it is a blend of pure waxes, including the extremely durable Carnauba* wax from South America, carefully blended to provide the toughest, most wear-resistant material you can possibly put on your floors". In order to have the very best waxes that money can buy, S.C. JOHNSON & SON maintain their own research laboratory right in Brazil, in the heart of the Carnauba* wax country. There are many kinds of natural waxes -- some would be too hard for you as a housewife to use - others would be too soft. But JOHNSON chemists have had 50 years experience in perfecting the blend of pure waxes which you buy as genuine JOHNSON'S WAX. They probably know more about protective household waxes than anybody else in the world. That is why genuine JOHNSON'S WAX gives such complete satisfaction-- why it protects and beautifies the floors, furniture and woodwork of so many thousands of homes the world over.

*pronounced Car-na-oo-ba.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC.....FADE ON CUE)

TAG GAG

MOL: McGee....what's that crate of p
Where'd that come from?
FIB: Oh, didn't you know, Molly? Gov
sent us them.
MOL: No! Really!
FIB: Sure....remember how we mention
Pocatello, Idaho, a couple weeks
appreciated the plug and sent us
MOL: Isn't that NICE!
FIB: Yeah - so next week I'd kinda pl
around one of the big automobile
Cadillac -- or Lincoln.
MOL: Wonderful ARE YOU LISTENING
FIB: Ahem. Goodnight.
MOL: Goodnight, all.
ORK: (CLOSING SIGNATURE) SEGUE ("SAVE

APPLAUSE:

WIL: This is Harlow Wilcox, speaking f
WAX and JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING
you to be with us again next Tues

TAG GAG

MOL: McGee....what's that crate of potatoes on the back porch?
Where'd that come from?

FIB: Oh, didn't you know, Molly? Governor Botolfson of Idaho
sent us them.

MOL: No! Really!

FIB: Sure.....remember how we mentioned my Uncle Spud McGee of
Pocatello, Idaho, a couple weeks ago? Well, Idaho
appreciated the plug and sent us a box o' potatoes.

MOL: Isn't that NICE!

FIB: Yeah - so next week I'd kinda planned on writin' a show
around one of the big automobile plants in Michigan. Like
Cadillac --- or Lincoln.

MOL: Wonderful ARE YOU LISTENING, GOVERNOR DICKENSON?

FIB: Ahem. Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all.

ORK: (CLOSING SIGNATURE) SEGUE ("SAVE YOUR SORROW")

APPLAUSE:

WIL: This is Harlow Wilcox, speaking for the makers of JOHNSON'S
WAX and JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT, and inviting
you to be with us again next Tuesday night. Goodnight.

S. C. Johnson & Son
Writers: Don Quinn
Len Levinson

FIBBER MCGEE
239

6:30-7:00 PM
Tuesday - 3/5/40