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Uncle Spud McGee of

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ght. Goodnight.

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

(REVISED)

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

239

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

NBC - Red

WIL: The

ORCHESTRA: THE

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WIL: The Johnson's Wax Program....with Fibber McGee ' Molly!

ORCHESTRA: 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 "SHINE!"

ORCH: "SHINE"

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

WIL: (VERY DRAMATIC) (A LA MORNING SCRIPT SHOW)

- AND ONCE AGAIN IT'S FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY TIME! FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY, -- THE DRAMATIC STORY OF A WOMAN WITH HER FAITH IN A MAN /- AND A MAN WITH HIS FAITH IN A NEW PAPER. WILL SOMETHING EXCITING UNUSUAL OR MOMENTOUS TAKE PLACE IN THE LITTLE FRAME HOUSE AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA TONIGHT? OR IS THAT EXPECTING TOO MUCH? YES, I GUESS IT'S EXPECTING TOO MUCH. ANYWAY, HERE THEY ARE --

-- FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: RATTLE OF NEWSPAPER:

MOL: Anything interesting in the paper, dearie?

FIB: Well, here's a interesting article on crop surpluses, Molly.

MOL: You don't say.

FIB: Yei! Now take corn, for instance -

MOL: Certainly, We can take it, and we can dish it out.

FIB: Hey, I'm serious. This writer says that if conditions keep up the small farmer will be completely Anna-Hiliated. Hey - what's Anna-Hiliated?

MOL: Anna-Hiliated? Why that means, - er, well when a farmer, - well for instance, er --

FIB: Where's the dictionary?

MOL: Probably in the closet with the rest of your stuff. Give me your key and I'll get it for you.

FIB: Oh, no YE DON'T...YOU LAY OFF THE STUFF IN THAT CLOSET. I GOT ALL MY STUFF ARRANGED IN THERE JUST THE WAY I WANT IT.

MOL: Don't be silly. Give me the key.

FIB: Okay...now lesseeeee....

SOUND: LOUD JINGLE OF KEYS

MOL: Heavenly days...why do you carry all those keys? Does it make you feel important or something?

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, IMPORTANT? EVERY ONE O' THESE KEYS IS NECESSARY.

MOL: What's that little key there?

FIB: That's a padlock key.

MOL: What padlock?

FIB: For the back yard gate we used to have in Peoria.

MOL: What are you keeping that for? You homesick?

FIB: No, but if we ever move back to Peoria, I'd try to rent the same house because this key fits the padlock there. You gotta think ahead in these things. AND YE SEE THIS KEY HERE;

MOL: It looks like the key to a can of salmon.

FIB: Nope. Sardines. I use it to clean my pipe with.

FIB: Now lessee - which one o' these keys is the closet door key.

SOUND: (JINGLE OF KEYS)

MOL: Maybe we better see if the closet is locked. Let me look.

FIB: Oh, it's locked all right. You don't think I'd leave all my personal stuff layin' around for any prowler to --

SOUND: DOOR LATCH:

MOL: MCGEE....IT ISN'T LOCKED. It's --

SOUND: THUMP OF BOX FALLING ... REPEAT

MOL: Better give me a hand McGee - this stuff is all falling out.

SOUND: MORE THUDS & CLATTER .. BUILDING UP TO TERRIFIC AVALANCHE:

MOL: McGee...help...I'm buried alive! Get this junk off of me!

FIB: All right, but dad-rat it. You mighta been more....

MOL: QUICK!.. HELP!...THERE'S FUNNY LITTLE INSECTS ALL OVER ME... BRUSH 'EM OFF...QUICK!

FIB: Calm yourself...them are my trout flies. Doggone it, Molly, why did you have to go and --

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR

MOL: Oh dear COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR LATCH

MAN: Fibber McGee & Molly?

MOL: Yes?

MAN: Tell me, with all these radio shows being changed, is it true that you are going to cut your program down to a half hour?

FIB: Whaddye mean, cut it down? It's only a half hour now!

MAN: What? Boy, it sure SEEMS like an hour.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: HMMMMM! As the guy says when he fell offa horse and heard something bust, "That sounded to me like a rib!"

MOL: Well, never mind that now. (SLIGHT RUSTLE OF JUNK) Look at all this junk that fell outa that closet.

FIB: Don't worry ... I'll put it back.

MOL: OH, NO YOU WON'T! WE'RE GOING THROUGH THAT PILE OF WHATNOTS AND THROW EVERYTHING OUT WE DON'T NEED!

FIB: Oh yeah? Well, I been through this stuff a hundred times and there ain't a thing I can spare.

MOL: Oh, there isn't! What's this old rusty horseshoe for?

FIB: Well, I found that in 19-ought-11. As soon as I find three more we can pitch horseshoes in the back yard.

MOL: I see...you expect to find 3 more. Don't think the automobile is here to stay?

FIB: It won't be - if we don't catch up with the payments!

SOUND: DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

TEE: Hiyah, Mister.

FIB: Oh, hello there, little girl. Whatcha want?

TEE: Remember that job you promised me to take care of your baby only you didn't have one so I was gonna bring my little brother over and take care of him, remember? HMMMMMM Do you? HMMMMMM?

FIB: Yes, yes yes ... but I didn't --

TEE: Well, the deal is off, see?

FIB: WHATCHA MEAN THE DEAL IS OFF? IN THE FIRST PLACE THERE WASN'T ANY DEAL AND IN THE SECOND PL-----

TEE: My mommy had to take my little brother to the doctor, today, so I can't bring him over.

FIB: Oh...that's too bad... What's the matter with your little brother? Anything serious?

TEE: My momma thinks so. She thinks he swallowed a dime. (GIGGLES)

FIB: SWALLOWED A DIME! Well, say, that IS serious!

TEE: Ohh, no it isn't.

FIB: Ohhhh, yes it is.

TEE: OHHHHHH, NO it isn't.

FIB: OHHHHHHHHHHH, YES it is.

TEE: OHHHHHHHHHHHHH, he didn't swallow a dime, I betcha.

FIB: Eh?

TEE: It was only eight cents.

FIB: How do you know?

TEE: We were playing slot machine...and I fed 'em to him. Hey, whatcha doin', Mister?

FIB: Well....we're cleanin' out this closet, if you must know.

TEE: I mustn't.

FIB: Mustn't what?

TEE: Know.

FIB: No?

TEE: Yes.

FIB: WHAT?

TEE: HMMMMMMMM?

FIB: I SAYS...Aw fer the...LISTEN SIS. SUPPOSE YOU GO ON HOME AND ANNOY SOMEBODY ELSE. GO BOTHER YOUR DADDY.

TEE: He isn't home. He's working on the senseless.

FIB: On the what?

TEE: The senseless. He goes to people's doors and asks 'em how many people in the family and how old are you and all stuff like that there, I betcha.

FIB: OH, YOU MEAN THE CENSUS!

TEE: HMMMMMMMM?

FIB: (LAUGHS) Shucks, I didn't even think a kid your age knew what a census was...

TEE: Well, I do, I betcha. A census is "Information Please" on the Red, White and Blue Network! G'bye, Mister. (EXIT WITH - "STARS & STRIPES FOREVER")

SOUND: (DOOR SLAM)

APPLAUSE:

ORK: "GROUCHO SERENADE" or "THE MARX OF THE WOODEN SOLDIERS"
(FADE FOR)
(COMMERCIAL)

C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
MARCH 5, 1940
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

8-A

ANNOUNCING COMMERCIAL: (To be read during middle of the second musical number by:

Wilcox in Hollywood to all stations except for Canadian and Eastern cut-ins.)

WILCOX: (Wilcox) ... While we're waiting for Fibber and Molly to return, I'd like your attention for just a minute. (Pause 2 seconds)

WILCOX: If you have valuable jewels, you protect them by keeping them in your safe, or in a secret compartment. Valuable papers you keep in a strong box or vault. How can you protect your valuable furniture, floors and woodwork? By locking them under a safe, protective shield of genuine JOHNSON'S WAX. That may seem like a strong statement, but it's really true. When you apply a coat of JOHNSON'S WAX, you are completely covering the surface with an invisible, yet very tough shield of real WAX. This WAX guards the floors, and furniture surfaces against wear, and against dirt and moisture. From time to time you renew the coating of JOHNSON'S WAX -- and your floors and furniture are given permanent protection. What is equally important, they have that rich, WAX-polished glow that good housekeepers cherish. If your home is not WAX-protected, and WAX-beautified, order genuine JOHNSON'S WAX, paste or liquid, tomorrow.

WILCOX: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

SECOND SPOT:

(2ND REVISION) -9-

SOUNDS: THUDS...CLATTERS...ETC.

MOL: Heavenly days, McGee...imagine all this stuff fallin' out of one little closet. How'd you EVER get it all in there?

FIB: I dunno....I guess I just inherit a gift for packin'. My Great Aunt Minnie had a job stuffin' pimentoes in olives. HEY...LOOKA THIS... THE TABOURETTE I MADE IN MANUEL TRAINING

MOL: Didn't you ever finish ANYTHING? It's only got three legs.

FIB: Well, they wouldn't lemme stay in the fifth grade another year.

MOL: Oh - MCGEE...LOOK!!! ONE OF OUR OLD DANCE PROGRAMS... Before we were married! Oh, I didn't know you were so sentimental.

FIB: Is that a dance program? I was savin' it on account of that little pencil hangin' onto it. Never know when you'll need a pencil.

MOL: Listen to this...WALTZ...WALTZ...TURKEY TROT...WALTZ... BUNNY HUG...WALTZ...TEXAS TOMMY...WALTZ...GRUZZLY BEAR... WALTZ.... And you had every dance with me but the last waltz. MCGEE, WHO DID YOU DANCE THAT ONE WITH?

FIB: Nobody. We sat that one out...in the buggy, remember?

MOL: Ohhh, yes....(LAUGHS) And we couldn't go back to the dance because you sat on a box of Lowney's chocolate-covered cherries and spoiled your white pants!

FIB: That was the night we got engaged, wasn't it? I dunno how you ever got ----

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR:

FIB: COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR LATCH AND SLAM:

MOL: Never mind that, McGee, isn't there ANY of this junk we can throw away?

FIB: Well, lemme see, Molly. How about this old Photograph album!

MOL: I SHOULD SAY NOT....that's got all our family pictures in it.....Who's this funny looking man with the walrus mustach, McGee?

FIB: That's my great-uncle Roscoe. We were pretty proud of him, too. He was the first white child in the county - to be blackballed by the Elks.

MOL: --and here's one of my Aund Ad and Aunt Carrie. They both had big families.

FIB: How many children'd they have, anyway?

MOL: Ten, between them. Ad six and Carrie four. MCGEE....
WHAT ARE YOU -----

SOUND: (DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE)

WIL: Hello, folks. I was just going by and - WELL! WHAT GOES ON HERE? BEEN BUYING OUT AN ANTIQUE STORE?

FIB: Hiyah, Harlow.

MOL: This is just a lot of stuff McGee's been hoarding in the closet Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: Isn't it wonderful how much you can pack into so little space? For instance, you only give me about six lines to tell how Johnson's Glocoat saves hours of housecleaning because it beautifies and protects linoleum with absolutely no rubbing or buffing. But in those six lines I think I can get the idea across pretty well that a self-polishing preparation like Glocoat is the very ESSENCE of good housekeeping. It's so easy to use that it's easy to tell about it.

FIB: Ain't he marvelous, folks? That guy has dedicated his life to Johnson's Glocoat!

WIL: What do you mean, Fibber?

LD MAN: Hello there, Johnny - Hello, Daughter. Say, I'm lookin' for a nice room in the neighborhood...got one to rent?

OL: No, I don't believe so, Mr. Old Timer.

LD MAN: Aw, come on, kids....I'll pay three bucks a week with meals, or two bucks a week and eat out, or two-and-a-half if ya lemme see the funny paper first on Sundays!

LB: Nothin' doin', Old Timer...we ain't takin' boarders.

LD MAN: EHHHHHHHHHHH?

OL: Absolutely not!

LB: The last boarder we had was a tap dancer. Kept me awake all morning. I finally got tired of it, knocked him cold with one of his steel-plated shoes and stuffed him into his own trunk.

LD MAN: EHHHHHHHHHHH?

OL: Incidentally, McGee...where did you slip that trunk?

B: Off to Buffalo. (LAUGHS)

LD MAN: Heh heh heh ...that's pretty good, Johnny. BUT THAT AIN'T THE WAY I HERRED IT. The way I herred it, one feller says to tother feller, "SAYYYYYY", he says, "I SEE WHERE SCARLETT O'HARA GOT THE ACADEMY AWARD."
"YEP," says tother feller. "SHE LOST OUT WITH RHETT BUT SHE SURE GOT HER OSCAR!" Heh heh heh!
Well, sorry you ain't got a room for me. Slept in the park all last summer, and didn't like it. The roof leaked. So long, kids!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM:

B: That old kafoozelum! And I'm gettin' a little tired of all them "Gone With the Wind" gags. I dunno how a picture about the Blue Grass Country could produce so many bum plugs!

FIB: Harlow, they tell me that way back when you were in college, they wanted you to stroke the crew and you said "NO! NO STROKING, NO RUBBING AND NO BUFFING - EVEN FOR DEAR OLD UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA!"

MOL: Is that true, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: No. I wasn't a crew man. I went out for R.O.T.C.

FIB: Oh...Reserve Officers' Training Corps?

WIL: No...Revolutionizing Old Time Cleaning. Well so long, folks.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM:

MOL: He got you there, McGee.

FIB: Yes...as the golf ball says when it landed five feet from the tee, "I think I've been topped!" Well, let's get busy, Molly, and put this stuff back in the closet.

MOL: You mean you're going to KEEP all this junk? Can't we throw ANY of it out?

FIB: No sir. I gotta use for every one o' these things.

MOL: You don't need this, do you? What good is one snowshoe?

FIB: One WHAT?

MOL: Snowshoe.

FIB: Well, I'll be a...IS THAT A SNOWSHOE? Shucks, no wonder Billy Mills beat me so bad playin' tennis last summer!

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR:

MOL: Now what? COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR LATCH:

FIB: Hiyah sis...what can we ...Oh...HEY MOLLY...LOOK...IT'S GRACIE ALLEN!

APPLAUSE:

MOL: Hello, Gracie...won't you come in?

GRACIE: No thank you, Molly. And I wouldn't have dropped in if I'd known you were entertaining.

FIB: We ain't entertaining.

GRACIE: Oh, you are too. I think you're VERY entertaining. Now you say something nice about Georgie and me.

MOL: Oh, a T.L.! Well, I heard, Gracie, that the difference between our shows is that yours is always in the middle of the week and ours is always weak in the middle.

FIB: Gracie...what's this I hear about you running for President of the United States?

GRACIE: Oh, there's nothing to it.

MOL: You mean you're NOT running for president?

GRACIE: I mean I'll be elected. There's nothing to it.

FIB: Oh yeah? Well, I ain't one to indulge in no idle gossip, Gracie, but I've heard whispers about Dewey and Hull and Garner and Taft bein' in the White House next year. But I suppose those are just rumors.

GRACIE: They are not. I'LL be running the White House, and I'm not going to take in any roomers.

MOL: What's your party, Gracie?

GRACIE: Oh...it's my own Party. The Surprise Party.

MOL: What an adorable name, dearie!

GRACIE: I'm SO glad you like it.

MOL: Well, you can count on our votes, Gracie. I always said there should be a woman in the White House.

FIB: How about Mrs. Roosevelt?

MOL: She's never in the White House.

GRACIE: Do you play bridge, Molly?

MOL: No, I don't.

GRACIE: Oh, that's too bad. I'm forming my Cabinet and I need seven more bridge players.

FIB: How big a cabinet you gonna have?

GRACIE: Just two tables.

FIB: You need a good pool player?

GRACIE: No. I'm having the pool table taken out. The eight-ball gets in front of too many people.

MOL: By the way, Gracie...when do you expect to move into the White House?

GRACIE: January First.

FIB: January FIRST! You ain't gonna be inaugurated on New Year's Eve, are you?

GRACIE: Well, I may not be inaugurated, but I'll be feeling pretty good! I guess I'll be running along now.

FIB: Well, glad you dropped in, Gracie. You think you can handle your campaign all right?

GRACIE: Oh yes. I can handle my campaign. Though the bubbles always tickle my nose a little. Well, thank you both-- and don't forget my slogan:

GRACE THE WHITE HOUSE WITH GRACIE! Goodnight!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM:

APPLAUSE:

ORK: "KAFOOZELUM" -- THE KINGS MEN

APPLAUSE:

*Watch
Fib*

MOL: McGee...I've about exhausted my impatience with you.
 FIB: Why?
 MOL: Packing all this useless junk back in that closet. How about these books?
 FIB: Lessee 'em. Oh, them! That's my correspondence course in taxidermy.
 MOL: Why on earth did you want to study taxidermy?
 FIB: Shucks, how did I know it meant stuffin' birds and animals? And there I was, stuck with a chauffeur's license, a city map, and a pair o' puttees.
 MOL: Well, hurry up and put your playthings back in the closet... it looks terrible layin' out here on the floor where --
 SOUND: (TELEPHONE)
 FIB: I'll get it. (CLICK) Hello. No, this is the McGee residence. You got the wrong number...eh? Oh, is that you, Myrt?
 MOL: EGAD!...EVERY WEEK THE SAME THING! With apologies to Skinnay Ennis.
 FIB: How's every little thing, Myrt? What say?...Your Uncle Gulliver? Oh, that's too bad, Myrt! And they ain't found the body yet, eh?
 MOL: Heavenly days, McGee... what happened?
 FIB: Myrt's Uncle drove his car off a cliff, and had to walk home. They found the chassis up in a tree, but they don't know where the body is. WHAT SAY, MYRT? OH, THAT'S OKAY. Everybody has a wrong number, now and then except Irving Berlin. (CLICK) Now, let's see...
 MOL: McGee...why are you saving this long stick of bamboo?

FIB: Why, Molly...that's gotta very definite purpose. If I was offered a job/as sparrin' partner for Joe Louis, that's the ten-foot pole I wouldn't touch it with. You see, I...
 SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR
 MOL: Oh, for goodness sake....COME IN!
 SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE
 MOL: Oh, how do you do, Mrs. Uppington! So nice to see you!
 UPP: How do you do, Mrs. McGee....And Mr. McGee.
 FIB: Hi, Uppy.
 UPP: Good Heavens...what are you...I mean.. It looks as if there had been an explosion in here.
 FIB: I ~~wasn't here~~.
 MOL: Oh no...just some things that fell out of the closet, Mrs. Uppington. McGee had everything in there but the kitchen sink.
 UPP: (LAUGHS) Really...everything but the kitchen sink.... isn't that amusing...but what I came in for, Mrs. McGee... was to tell you about the Symphony Concert I have been planning with Maestro Mills.
 MOL: Oh yes...the Symphony Concert. It's about time something was happening about that, Mrs. Uppington.
 FIB: Yes, I been waitin' so long for that concert, Uppy, I'M even gettin' suspicious of Billy Mills. I'm afraid He's a non-conductor..
 UPP: Well, we must be patient, you know...there have been SO many difficulties, really. For one thing, we are having trouble with the facilities at the Eagle's Hall.

MOL: Oh...what's wrong, Mrs. Uppington?

UPP: It's the Eagles, my deah. They are all roosting in the rafters and during rehearsals they drop eggs on the orchestra.

FIB: You oughtta call 'em down and give 'em seats in the first row, Uppy. Them birds are critics!

UPP: Yes, they certainly...er...AHM. Please, Mr. McGee, Its discouraging enough as it is.

FIB: I hear they had kind of an accident during rehearsal the other night, Uppy.

UPP: Oh yes....it was SO embarrassing. The musician playing the electric guitar reached for a high note and blew every fuse in the building! But those dear DEAR boys went right on playing, as if nothing had happened.

OL: Really, Mrs. Uppington? But how could they read their music in the dark?

UPP: (LAUGHS) My deah, that's exactly what I awsked Dr. Mills, and he said...in his most delightful mannah...DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT, BABE, THOSE MUGGS CAN'T EVEN READ MUSIC WITH THE LIGHTS ON! (LAUGHS) Really, I thought it was just too gay! Or am I just being a silly Girl? (LAUGHS) Well, I simply must be going.. Good byeeeee!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOL: Isn't she ridiculous, McGee? All the time she's backing that symphony orchestra she's dreaming about Billy Mills.

FIB: Well, that's always been a pretty romantic spot - down by the Old Mills Dream. (LAUGHS) Doncha get it, Molly? I says Down by the Old Mills Dre-

MOL: TAIN'T FUNNY, MCGEE!

FIB: Well, it was spontaneous. Now, where was I...oh yes...

MOL: Do you think you can get all this stuff back in there?

FIB: Sure I can - and I don't want anybody touchin' these things but me either. They're too valuable. I'd a done it an hour ago if I hadn't been interfered with.

MOL: Allright you do it then - I've got some work to do in the kitchen ----

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR:

FIB: Dad rat the dad ratted - I wish somebody would crawl in the window, just for the novelty of it. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

HAL: Ah there, McGee...Just thought I'd come by and tell you -- Well, my goodness, - what's all this?

FIB: Oh just something outta my closet. I'm straightening it out. HEY, PUT THAT HATCHET DOWN!

HAL: I'll do no such thing. That's my Boy Scout hatchet you borrowed last summer.

FIB: DAD RAT IT, IT AIN'T NOTHIN' O' THE KIND. That's MY Boy Scout Hatchet. Looka the insignia on the handle there. Owl Patrol.

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D. That's MY Boy
he handle there.

HAL: Well, I belonged to the Owl Patrol, too.

FIB: Oh, YEAH? YOU -- in the Owl Patrol...(SCORNFUL LAUGH)
Why, you don't even know the password of the Owl patrol!

HAL: WHO?

FIB: That's right...somebody musta told you. I'll betcha you
dunno a thing about Scoutin'.

HAL: I do too. I was an Eagle Scout with twenty-six Merit
Badges...

FIB: Go on...Can you tie a sheepshank? Can you imitate the
mating cry of the chimney swallow? Can you tell which way
is North when you're lost in the woods?

HAL: Certainly?

FIB: How?

HAL: I face South and then turn around, quick! (LAUGHS)

FIB: Aw fer the....LOOK, GILDERSLEEVE...IF you're really a
Scout, you can do your daily good turn by scrammin' outa
here and lettin' me finish puttin' this stuff back in the
closet.

HAL: Well, all right, McGee. You're sure that isn't my hatchet?

FIB: On my word of Honor as a member of the Owl Patrol,
Gildersleeve.

HAL: Well,...all right, McGee....See you later. Give me the
password again.

FIB: WHOOOOO!

HAL: WHOOOOO! (LAUGHS)

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

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MOL: Yes?

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ORK: ("IT

FIB: Him a Boy Scout!! That guy couldn't build a fire in a hay mow if he rubbed two sticks o' dynamite together! OH, well.

SOUND: THUDS....CLANK....THUDS....DOOR SLAM

FIB: There!!!! It's all packed back in there. Boy what a job. Hey Molly...Molly?

MOL: (FADE IN) What is it, McGee? Look,...I GOT ALL THAT STUFF BACK IN THE CLOSET....All straightened out.

MOL: Splendid, Dearie...SPLENDID....

FIB: After this when you want somethin' outta there, let ME get it.

MOL: All right. But now that you got the dictionary outta there, why don't you leave it out? We may need it again.

(PAUSE)

MOL: What's the matter?

FIB: I forgot to leave it out. I packed it back in there.

MOL: Heavenly days....what --

FIB: HEY....STAY AWAY FROM THERE, I KNOW EXACTLY WHERE I PUT IT.

SOUND: DOOR LATCH

FIB: I can get it out without disturbin' a single--

SOUND: THUMP OF BOX FALLING....REPEAT

FIB: HEY MOLLY!!!!....HELP!.....GRAB A HOLD OF THE--

SOUND: MORE THUDS & CLATTER....BUILD UP TO SAME AVALANCHE

(PAUSE)

FIB: (SMOTHERED) Hey Molly...Molly!

MOL: Yes?

FIB: I found the dictionary....How do you spell anna-hiliated?

ORK: ("IT'S A HAP-HAP-HAP-PY DAY!") (FADE FOR: COM'L ON CUE)

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
MARCH 5, 1940
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

CLOSING COMMERCIAL:

WILCOX: Fibber and Molly will be back in just a moment. In the meantime, I'd like to read you a brief letter received recently from a gentleman in New York State. "For the past 15 years", he writes, "I have installed many linoleum floors, as I am a linoleum layer. Most every time, upon completion of an installation, I am asked this question: "How can I preserve or improve the finish?" Since GLO-COAT has been on the market, I have used it with perfect satisfaction, so I always answer? "Use JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT and no other!" (Coming from a man who knows his linoleum, that is a pretty sound recommendation. GLO-COAT does preserve and improve linoleum, whether it's new or old. It makes linoleum last longer -- makes it easy to keep clean -- brings out the colors. And remember, there's no rubbing or buffing with GLO-COAT, because it's SELF-POLISHING. You simply apply and let dry. In 20 minutes your floor is sparkling with new beauty. Try JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT on your floors -- order a can tomorrow.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC -- FADE ON CUE)

TAG GAG

MOL: Now look, McGee...that junk of yours is POSITIVELY NOT going back into that closet!

FIB: Ohhh yes it is.

MOL: OHHH NO IT ISN'T.

FIB: OHHH yes...wait a minute...wrong routine.

MOL: Well, all right then...but if it does go back in there I'll arrange it myself. You keep your hands off it this time.

FIB: You gonna do it all by yourself?

MOL: I am.

FIB: Well, as the fat lady says when she took off her corset... "I guess that let's me out!"

MOL: McGee!

FIB: AHEM. Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all.

ORCH: (CLOSING SIGNATURE) SEGUE ("SAVE YOUR SORROW") FADE ON CUE

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

NBC ANNCR: (SIGNOFF) CHIMES

just a moment. In the brief letter received from New York State. "For the floor we installed many linoleum tiles. Most every time, upon being asked this question: "When will it finish?" Since GLO-COAT makes it with perfect results. "Use JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT who knows his linoleum, the reason for this is the reason. GLO-COAT does make either it's new or old. makes it easy to keep. And remember, there's no reason because it's SELF-POLISHING in 20 minutes your floor is shining. JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING can last a can tomorrow.