

AND BETTER DRAMA ON
ITS OF ALL THAT IS FINEST

gonna be on Lux Radio

in' a real dramatic show

ze what that means?

o wash out a shirt for

up enough sandwiches to

nd back. WHERE YOU GOIN',

e bus leaves. Goodnight.

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

(REVISED)

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

#244

6:30-7:00 PM
Tuesday - 4/9/40

NBC-Red

WIL:

ORCH:

WIL:

ORCH:

(REVISED) -2-

WIL: The Johnson Wax Program...with Fibber McGee & Molly!
ORCH: THEME
WIL: The makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Self-Polishing
Glocoat present Marian and Jim Mordan as Fibber McGee
and Molly, with Bill Thompson, The King's Men, and Billy
Mill's Orchestra.

The show opens with "Ooh What You Said"

ORCH: ("OOH WHAT YOU SAID")

(APPLAUSE)

WIL: WELL, AS YO
HEROINE MAD
HISTORY IN
HERE, GLOWI
EAGERLY LOO
HERE, SPEED
TRANSPORTAT
APPROACHING
FI

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: (FADE IN BU

FIB: Any sandwich

MOL: Let me see.

FIB: Boy, it's l

it. Just c

MOL: Yes....do y

FIB: No no - you

MOL: No --you ha

FIB: No - you.

MOL: No - you.

FIB: Stop this.

MOL: Well, I dor

FIB: Oh, I can v

MOL: Well, so ce

SOUND: MOTOR UP WI

BC-Red

WIL: WELL, AS YOU MOST LIKELY KNOW BY NOW - OUR HERO AND HEROINE MADE WHAT THEY FIRMLY BELIEVE TO BE DRAMATIC HISTORY IN HOLLYWOOD ON THE LUX THEATRE OF THE AIR, AND HERE, GLOWING WITH TRIUMPH, AND SWELLED WITH SUCCESS -- EAGERLY LOOKING FORWARD TO THE PLAUDITS OF THEIR FRIENDS -- HERE, SPEEDING HOMEWARD AS FAST AS MODERN STREAMLINED TRANSPORTATION WILL CARRY THEM -- YES, HERE ON THE BUS, APPROACHING WISTFUL VISTA, WE FIND --

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: (FADE IN BUS MOTOR - UP AND DOWN LOW UNDER DIALOG)

FIB: Any sandwiches left, Molly?
MOL: Let me see....(CRINKLE OF PAPER) Yes dearie - just one.
FIB: Boy, it's lucky we're almost home. We'll just about make it. Just one sandwich, you say?
MOL: Yes....do you want it, McGee?
FIB: No no - you go ahead and have it.
MOL: No - you have it.
FIB: No - you.
MOL: No - you.
FIB: Stop this. Why don't you have it, Molly?
MOL: Well, I don't know -- aren't you hungry?
FIB: Oh, I can wait.
MOL: Well, so can I.

SOUND: MOTOR UP WITH HORN - FADE DOWN:

s

FIB: What kind of a sandwich?
MOL: I'll take a look - (PAUSE)
FIB: Oh...ham, eh?
MOL: Let's see....yes, with
FIB: You...er....you don't
MOL: Whatever gave you that
a ham sandwich.
FIB: Oh. Well...aw shucks
too stale by now. He
Personally I don't mind
fact.
MOL: I do too.
FIB: You do? Let's feel
MOL: I know...I had 'em w
FIB: Nothin' like wax to
MOL: That's what I hear.
They say that...OH,
STALLING...HERE...EA
FIB: NO NO NO....I CAN'T
it at me!...
MOL: WELL, DON'T SHOVE ME
FIB: Aw shucks...you drop
I'll get it...
MOL: MCGEE!...LEAVE IT' L
FIB: (OFF MIKE) -I KNOW
SEAT SO WE WOULDN'T
OTHERWISE MIGHT...
(LAUGHS) At least
more...

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OUR HERO AND
O BE DRAMATIC
OF THE AIR, AND
WITH SUCCESS --
OF THEIR FRIENDS --
RN STREAMLINED
HERE ON THE BUS,

UNDER DIALOG)

arie - just one.
ll just about make

ly?
y?

FIB: What kind of a sandwich is it, Molly?
MOL: I'll take a look - (CRINKLE OF PAPER) It's ham.
FIB: Oh...ham, eh? (PAUSE) With mustard?
MOL: Let's see....yes, with mustard.
FIB: You...er....you don't like 'em with mustard, do you, Molly?
MOL: Whatever gave you that idea? That's the only way I do like
a ham sandwich.
FIB: Oh. Well...aw shucks...go ahead and eat it. Unless it's
too stale by now. Hate to have you eat a stale sandwich.
Personally I don't mind stale bread. Kinda like it in
fact.
MOL: I do too.
FIB: You do? Let's feel of it. Hmmm. Oh, that ain't so stale
MOL: I know...I had 'em wrapped up pretty well in wax paper.
FIB: Not in' like wax to preserve things, is there?
MOL: That's what I hear. And from a very reliable source, too.
They say that...OH, HEAVENLY DAYS, MCGEE...LET'S QUIT
STALLING...HERE...EAT THE SANDWICH.
FIB: NO NO NO....I IN'T GONNA...you eat it. But quit wavin'
it at me!....
MOL: WELL, DON'T SHOVE MY HAND AWAY LIKE THAT. It - LOOK OUT!..
FIB: Aw shucks...you dropped it on the floor...(FADE SLIGHTLY)
I'll get it....
MOL: MCGEE!...LEAVE IT LAY....IT'S ALL DIRTY BY NOW....
FIB: (OFF MIKE) I KNOW IT...JUST WANTED TO SHOVE IT UNDER THE
SEAT SO WE WOULDN'T TRAMPLE ALL OVER IT...(UNINTELLIGIBLE)
OTHERWISE MIGHFLT..SCLAMBLE..FLITHPLEW....(FADE IN)
(LAUGHS) At least we don't have to argue about THAT any
more...

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MOL: No...
off y
FIB: Eh?
me i
SOUND: BUS U
MOL: Look.
FIB: How o
MOL: We're
FIB: Town
MOL: We on
FIB: Eh?
worki
you h
MOL: NO, I
dired
FIB: I dur
YOU T
ONE I
CECIE
PUT T
ARE C
MOL: Never
It's
found
FIB: Found
MOL: Certa
FIB: Oh...
Molly
MOL: So d
FIB: How?
a

MOL: No...I guess we don't. Here...let me wipe that mustard
off your chin.

FIB: Eh? Oh. AHEM. I..er..part of it musta flew up and hit
me in the face.

SOUND: BUS UP WITH HORN AND FADE:

MOL: Look...we're getting close to town, McGee...

FIB: How can you tell?

MOL: We're side-swiping more cars.

FIB: Town hasn't changed much since we been away.

MOL: We only been gone a week, foolish.

FIB: Eh? Oh yes...well, it's been a wonderful experience...
workin' with all them actors...and Cecil B. De Mille. Did
you hear De Mille askin' my advice about directing?

MOL: NO, I DIDN'T. Why should he ask your advice about
directing?

FIB: I dunno...but he did. He says, LOOK HERE, SONNY-- DON'T
YOU THINK THIS WOULD BE A BETTER PLAY IF YOU JUST TURNED
ONE PAGE OF THE SCRIPT AT A TIME? and I says, WHY, YES,
CECIL, I SAYS, I BELIEVE IT WOULD...and he says, OKAY...
PUT THAT TAFFY APPLE AWAY TILL AFTER REHEARSAL...YOUR PAGES
ARE GETTIN' ALL STUCK TOGETHER. and I says -

MOL: Never mind. I think we're gettin' close to home, dearie.
It's time we put our dark glasses on and got out our
fountain pens.

FIB: Fountain pens?

MOL: Certainly...autographs, you know.

FIB: Oh..oh yes. (LAUGHS) Now I know how a genuine actor feels,
Molly.

MOL: So do I.

FIB: How?

a

MOL: Hungry. But let
we have to go, M

FIB: Okay...come on.

SOUND: MOTOR UP WITH HO

FIB: One side there,
past.

TEE: You didn't say

FIB: PLEASE!

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I says...(LAUGHS)
Where'd you get

TEE: On the front end

FIB: No no no...I did

TEE: You must've. TH

FIB: DAD RAT IT...I
I MEANT WHERE.

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I...you...Ohhh,
to befuddle me.

TEE: (GIGGLES) Sure.

FIB: (LAUGHS) Go on
befuddle means.

TEE: I betcha I do,
befuddle.

FIB: That's THE FIDD

TEE: What is?

FIB: Befuddle.

b

Wipe that mustard

It flew up and hit

Gee...

away.

ful experience...

Bill B. De Mille. Did

you direct?

advice about

HERE, SONNY - DON'T

IF YOU JUST TURNED

I says, WHY, YES,

and he says, OKAY...

REHEARSAL...YOUR PAGES

says -

use to home, dearie.

and got out our

a genuine actor feels,

MOL: Hungry. But let's go up and ask the driver how much farther we have to go, McGee.

FIB: Okay...come on...

SOUND: MOTOR UP WITH HORN...FADE:

FIB: One side there, sis...get outa the aisle...we wanna get past.

TEE: You didn't say please.

FIB: PLEASE!

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I says...(LAUGHS) Oh well...

Where'd you get on, sis?

TEE: On the front end. Through that little door.

FIB: No no no...I didn't mean that.

TEE: You must've. That's the only one there is, I betcha.

FIB: DAD RAT.IT...I WASN'T TALKIN' ABOUT HOW YOU GOT ON... I MEANT WHERE.

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I...you...Ohhh, sis, sometimes I think you do this just to befuddle me.

TEE: (GIGGLES) Sure.

FIB: (LAUGHS) Go on...I'll bet you don't even know what befuddle means.

TEE: I betcha I do, I betcha. Hi diddle diddle, the cat and befuddle.

FIB: That's THE FIDDLE.

TEE: What is?

FIB: Befuddle.

TEE: You mean

FIB: I MEAN

football

I think

been?

TEE: Mmmmm-M

FIB: You don

labels

TEE: Mmmmm-m

FIB: Sis, do

full of

we been

TEE: Yes.

FIB: Oh, the

TEE: No.

FIB: WHAT?

TEE: Hmmmmmm

FIB: I...loc

(PAUSE)

FIB: Well, c

TEE: No. T

it up.

FIB: Ohhhh,

TEE: Ohhh y

FIB: OHHHHH

Hollyw

TEE: You mean the fiddle's befuddle or befuddle's the fiddle?
FIB: I MEAN THE FUD...ER...THE BEFID...THE...LOOK, sis, as the football players said when they flunked in geometry, I think we better drop the subject. You know where we been?

TEE: Mmmmm-MMMMM.

FIB: You don't? Come on now...guess...You musta seen the labels on our suitcase.

TEE: Mmmmm-MMMMM.

FIB: Sis, do you mean to stand there with your little mouth full of ticket stubs and tell me you don't know where we been?

TEE: Yes.

FIB: Oh, then you DO know!

TEE: No.

FIB: WHAT?

TEE: HMMMMMM?

FIB: I...look sis...WE BEEN CLEAR OUT IN HOLLYWOOD!

(PAUSE)

FIB: Well, don't you believe me?

TEE: No. There isn't any such place, I betcha. You just made it up.

FIB: Ohhh, no I didn't.

TEE: Ohhh yes, you did.

FIB: OHRRHHH, NO I...well, if there ain't any such place as Hollywood, where do all the moving pictures come from?

TEE: Gee, that's easy. They come from that little booth in the back of the theatre.

FIB: If you're so smart - sis, you must know what we were doin' in Hollywood. Musta been in all the papers.

TEE: Can you give me a clue?

FIB: Sure - how what is it that happens every Monday - Cecil B. De Mille is connected with it - and it's got something to do with soap? There - now do you know why we went to Hollywood?

TEE: Yes - you went to deliver Mr. De Mille's washing.

FIB: NO!

MOL: Come on, dearie, you can't make an impression on anything that small.

FIB: I'll bet she's pretty cute out in the garden in her little sunbonnet, -- giving the bees and the flowers the lowdown on Life!

MOL: McGee....do you want me to talk to the driver or will you?

FIB: You ask him. Men drivers are more used to havin' women talk over their shoulders.

MOL: All right. OH DRIVER!

MAN: No lady, we don't stop again till we get to the station in -

MOL: But driver!

MAN: You should have thought of that at the last stop. Now go back and sit down until we get --

FIB: NOW TAKE IT EASY, BUD. We just wanted to ask how soon we got to --

MAN: WISTFUL VISTA!!

SOUND: MOTOR UP WITH HORN AND LOUD BRAKE SCREECH AND HISS:

MAN:ALL OUT, FOR WISTFUL VISTA!

SOUND: SCRAMBLE AND MURMUR OF VOICES:

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MOL: Come on, McGee...I'll take the paper bags and you bring the suitcase.... and be careful...that rope is coming a little loose....

FIB: Hey, Molly...LOOK!...Over there at the railroad station.

MOL: What's all the excitement? There's a brass band and...and a lot of silk hats...and banners...they must be expectin' somebody on the train.

FIB: Yeah, let's go over and see what it's...HEY, WAIT A MINUTE. I KNOW WHO THEY'RE WAITIN' FOR!

MOL: WHO?

FIB: US!

MOL: WHAT?

FIB: Look...who is it that's just come back from scorin' a tremendous success in Hollywood?

MOL: Why...why...oh, McGee...you don't think...

FIB: OF COURSE...THEY PROBABLY EXPECTED US TO BE ALL SWELLED UP AND COME HOME IN A PRIVATE CAR ON THE STREAMLINE TRAIN!

MOL: Well...well...but...WHAT'LL WE DO? THE STREAMLINER ISN'T DUE FOR 30 MINUTES...

FIB: No, but look..we just got time to sneak home...clean up a little bit, whip up a couple o' simple, modest speeches, and get back to the station! Come on...hurry.

MOL: BUT, MCGEE...How can we get off the train and be met by all those people when we aren't even on the train?

FIB: That's a petty detail, Molly...WE'LL DUCK ACROSS THE TRACKS IN THE RAILROAD YARD, AND WHEN THE TRAIN PULLS OUT...THERE WE ARE! IT'S A CINCH! HERE, BOY...take these bags..Get us a taxi...

ORK: "THE WOODPECKER SONG"..FADE FOR:

WIL: COMM'L:

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
 FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
 APRIL 9, 1940
 TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

OPENING COMMERCIAL: (To be read during middle of the second musical number by: Harlow Wilcox from Hollywood, to all stations East of Salt Lake City and West of Cleveland and Pittsburgh, except North Mountain and Southern Stations

Local announcer in St. Louis

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: It reads, "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)

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
 FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
 APRIL 9, 1940
 TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

OPENING COMMERCIAL: (To be read during middle of the second musical number by: Hal Gibney from Hollywood to Pacific Coast Red, California Supplementary and Arizona Stations.

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

(Pause 2 seconds)

.....

The other day I overheard a woman say she felt very lucky to be living today, instead of 100 years ago -- because of the many labor-saving devices modern women have in their homes. The telephone -- washing machine -- vacuum cleaner, electric refrigerators and food mixers -- just to mention a few. And new products, too, that have saved hours of work. Certainly one of the most welcome of these is JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. In a few short years, the number of kitchen floors protected and beautified with GLO-COAT has jumped into the millions. And the reason is simple. GLO-COAT brings out and preserves the bright colors of linoleum. It protects linoleum and makes it wear much longer. And it saves you hours of work because it is SELF-POLISHING. GLO-COAT needs no buffing or rubbing whatsoever. Simply apply and let dry -- and in 20 minutes your floor shines with new beauty. If you're not using JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT, buy a can tomorrow.

2ND SPOT:

FIB: Hurry up, Molly. We ain't got much time. You find me a clean shirt?

MOL: Yes, I laid it on the bed, dearie. Did you find yourself a bite to eat?

FIB: Yup. Found a half a cake in the bread box.

MOL: Heavenly days...I baked that for me birthday two weeks ago. Wasn't it pretty dry?

FIB: Yeah...too dry to eat. But the candles were good. (LAUGHS)
 If I get the wickups, you'll know what done it. (LAUGHS)
 Get it, Molly? Wick...wickups...hicups?

MOL: TAIN'T FUNNY, MCGEE!

FIB: I shouldn't of explained it. Shouldn left it for the smart ones.

MOL: McGee that train's due in 20 minutes. Better hurry and shave?

FIB: SHAVE? -- AND WASH ALL THIS MAKEUP OFF?

MOL: Well then, Mr. Muni - if you're going to leave that makeup on you better touch up your eyeshadow a little --

FIB: WHY...what's the matter with it? I had the best makeup man in Hollywood apply that eye-shadow.

MOL: That was quite a while ago, dearie..it isn't quite even now..your right eye looks dreamy and your left eye looks sinister.

FIB: I'll tell 'em I was playing a dual role. OH SAY...how about a speech? I suppose I gotta say somethin' to the welcoming committee. Let's see..now..."FOLKS".. (that's kind of homey and democratic) "FOLKS - I WISH TO THANK YOU FOR THIS TREMENDIOUS OVATION ON BEHALF OF MYSELF AND MY SUPPORTING CAST, MOLLY MCGEE. WE'RE GLAD -

MOL: Where do you get that "SUPPORTING CAST?" What am I -
a splint on a broken leg?

FIB: Well, shucks...this is just tentative.

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR

MOL: Oh dear. Oh dear. Don't answer it.

FIB: I'll peek thru the curtains. OH OH...IT'S BILLY MILLS AND
UPPY. Shall I let 'em in?

MOL: No no no NO! Goodness No! She's too gabby....we'd never
get to the station.

FIB: Why does she keep comin' round here anyway - we don't
encourage her any. To her we're just common people.

MOL: Search me...Water ought to seek its own level - even if
it's just a big drip!

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR:

FIB: Hey, take a peek at the tender way she hangs onto Billy.
Like she was a Campfire Girl and he was her Marshmallow.

MOL: SHHHHHH...Not so loud.

UPP: (OFF MIKE THROUGHOUT) Apparently the McGees are still
away. Let's not linger any longer, Precious.

MILLS: Okay, if that's the way you feel, Bubbles. I just thought
this gazabo might gimme the lend of a swallow-tail suit
till mine got here.

UPP: But really, I don't think Mr. McGee has one to lend you.
He always struck me as being a rather uncouth person.

FIB: (SOTTO VOCE) Well, of all the -- You hear that, Molly?

MOL: (SOTTO VOCE) I like that! Don't you worry, dearie, you're
just as couth as any man in town..yes -- couter!

UPP: And Mrs. McGee! (LAUGHS) Oh. my....Did you
ever notice the way she dresses - positively dowdy!

FIB: (Howdy, dowdy!!)

MILLS: Well, there's no use sticking around this dump any longer,
Cookie. We'll come back tomorrow and borrow McGee's outfit.

MOL: (Oh, you will, will you?)

UPP: Oh, Dr. Mills..uh -- may I call you William -

MILLS: Just call me Willie.

UPP: Well then, Willie....now that we're alone....there's
something I've wanted to ask you for a long time.

FIB: (Hey, what's this?)

UPP: I just don't know how to say it..but..but being that this
is Leap Year--

MOL: (Heavenly Days, she's proposing to him!)

UPP: - and well, seeing that you and I...that is, I...and you...
or rather, we - Oh, Willie, can't you see what I'm driving
at?

MILLS: (These women drivers!) What is it, Bubbles?

UPP: Tell me Willie - is it true that you sleep with your
moustache in a snood? (LAUGHS) Well, come on, Maestro -
and goodbye to you Mr. and Mrs. McGee - I saw you!!

MOL: They knew we were here all the time, McGee.

FIB: The dirty eavesdroppers.

MOL: McGee -- we've got to get a move on.

FIB: Yeah....I gotta get that speech in shape.

MOL: All right...and then get that clean shirt on. I've got to iron a slip...(FADE)...Now, I want you to be ready when...

FIB: Now lemme see again..."FOLKS...IT IS WITH A TUG AT OUR HEART STRINGS THAT WE COME BACK TO MISTFUL VISTA...A FEELING TINGED, PERHAPS --"

MOL: (FADE IN) McGEE!! ...McGEEEEE!!..., FIBBER!!...DO YOU KNOW WHAT I DID?

FIB: Eh? What?

MOL: I LEFT TOWN WITH ME ELECTRIC IRON TURNED ON AND IT'S BURNED UP ME IRONING BOARD AND BLOWN ALL THE FUSES IN THE HOUSE!

SOUND: (DOOR KNOCK)

MOL: Oh dear. Come in.

SOUND: (DOOR OPEN & CLOSE)

WIL: Well...glad to see you back, folks! How was everything in Hollywood?

MOL: Oh, wonderful thank you, Mr. Wilcox. Simply Wonderful.

FIB: Great place, Harlow. Those people do anything to make you happy. Why I happened to say to a guy Sunday....Look, bud, I says...what's so unusual about this California weather? I says, and you know what? Ten minutes later they put on a eclipse o' the sun!

WIL: Well look, Molly....did you meet Clark Gable?

MOL: No, but when we were down at the beach one afternoon I did sit in one of his row boats.

FIB: Molly, that C.G. painted on it meant COAST GUARD..

MOL: Oh!

FIB: But, say...if you'll excuse us, Harlow, we gotta get goin'.

WIL: What's your hurry?

MOL: Well, confidentially, there's a big crowd at the Railroad station to welcome us.

FIB: They didn't know we come home by bus. And I ain't even got a speech ready. So if you don't mind--

WIL: Wait a minute - I can help you with your speech, Fibber! I've spoken from practically every floor in town. Now look, Fibber, all you have to do is be straight-forward...sincere. Let 'em see that success hasn't changed you. And then say something like...FOLKS...WE KNOW THAT ONE BIG BROADCAST IS NOT A REAL TEST OF OUR DRAMATIC ABILITY. WHY, WE'VE NO MORE THAN SCRATCHED THE SURFACE. AND SURFACE SCRATCHES ON FLOORS AND FURNITURE CAN EASILY BE AVOIDED BY USING JOHNSON'S WAX, THE FINEST PROTECTION THAT MONEY CAN BUY FOR ALL WOOD SURFACES. GOOD HOUSEKEEPERS EVERYWHERE SAY THAT JOHNSON'S WAX IS THE GREATEST....Where are you going, Fibber?

FIB: I'm gonna see if I have as much success changin' my shirt as you have changin' the subject.

WIL: Okay...okay....I try to give you a little friendly help and you walk out on me. So you've GONE HOLLYWOOD, EH?

SOUND: (DOOR SLAM)

MOL: My, he certainly is persistent, isn't he, McGee?

FIB: Yeah....you can't sidetrack a guy with a single-track mind. Where'd you say you put my shirt, Molly?

MOL: On the bed, dearie. And while you hurry and change, I'll make a quick cup of coffee--no I can't either - there's no electricity!

SOUND: (KNOCK AT DOOR)

crowd at the Railroad

And I ain't even got

our speech, Fibber!
oor in town. Now look,
ight-forward...sincere.

ed you. And then say
ONE BIG BROADCAST IS

TY. WHY, WE'VE NO
SURFACE SCRATCHES ON
OILED BY USING

THAT MONEY CAN BUY FOR
EVERYWHERE SAY THAT

Where are you going, Fibber?
My dress changin' my shirt

Little friendly help
ONE HOLLYWOOD, EH?

He, McGee?

With a single-track mind.

Why?

Worry and change, I'll

Get it either - there's no

FIB: Dad rat it, we got more stops than a million-dollar
pipe-organ! COME IN!

SOUND: (DOOR OPEN & CLOSE)

OLD MAN: Hello, daughter...hello, Johnny, wanna buy any books? Got
some dandy ones here! Here's a good one by James Joyce -
smart young feller - writes nothin' but double talk.

MOL: No

OLD M: FIB

FIB: (I

OLD M: TH

FIB: -NO

MOL: He

FIB: (

MOL: (

FIB: W

OLD M: -W

FIB: Y

OLD M: H

MOL: No thank you, Mr. Old Timer....I don't believe we want any books today.

OLD M: EHHHHHHHHH?

FIB: (LOFTILY) We don't have much time for reading these days. my good fellow - our theatrical work, you know.

OLD M: Theatrical work, eh? Whatcha in, kids -- burleycue?

FIB: NO, WE AIN'T IN BURLEYCUE!

MOL: Heavenly Days....I hope not! Imagine me - Gypsy Rose McGee!

FIB: (LAUGHS) Yeah....Imagine that!

MOL: (INDIGNANTLY) Well, what's so funny about it? I suppose you think I haven't got....I mean....I suppose you mean I'm not...er....Well...what DO you mean?

FIB: Why....why shucks, Molly, I only...well, you says.. WELL, WHAT ARE YOU WAITIN' FOR?

OLD M: Who, me, Johnny?

FIB: YES, YOU! As the lumberjack says to the redwood tree, "I think you been standing around here long enough!"

OLD M: Hhh heh heh....that's pretty good, Johnny, I heered a slightly different version. In the slightly different version I heered, one feller says to tother feller, "SAYYYY". he says. "I SEE WHERE THIS FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY HAVE BEEN ON THE AIR FOR JOHNSON'S WAX FIVE YEARS NEXT WEEK." "ZAT SO?" says tother feller. "I LIKE THAT PROGRAM. I LIKE IT BECAUSE IT'S CLEAN!"

"WELL," says the first feller, "WHY SHOULDN'T IT BE? - THEY'RE JUST ABOUT WASHED UP!" Heh heh heh....I thought that was...oh, hey...if you kids are in show business...How about buyin' a good scrap book?

MOL: That's an idea....a scrap book!

FIB: Now you're talkin', Old Timer. Give us the best one you got.

OLD MAN: Here ye are, Johnny. Two bucks.

FIB: THANKS....here's two dollars.

OLD MAN: Much obliged. For 50 cents more I'll leave my right thumb for a book mark. So long, kids!

SOUND: (DOOR SLAM)

FIB: Oh boy....our first scrap-book, (PAUSE) Why, that dirty old - what's he mean - scrap book!

MOL: Why...what is it?

FIB: Look...."How to Box in 10 Easy Lessons!"

ORCH: PINOCCHIO MEDLEY "KING'S MEN"

WIL: (OVER INTRO) The King's Men singing a medley from "Pinocchio".

SOUND: MOTOR HORN

MOL: Come on, McGee...here's our taxi. Grab the suitcases.

FIB: Okay....I'm comin'...

CABBY: You the Mr. Ronald McGee that called for a cab, Doc?

FIB: Why....er....AHEM...Yes, I am, Bud.

MOL: What's this Ronald business, McGee?

FIB: Oh...I...er..well, shucks...what kind of a name is "Fibber" for a big actor. I was just trying out a couple is all. Get in, Molly.

SOUND: CAR DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE...MOTOR UP AND FADE DOWN

CABBY: Where to, Doc?

FIB: Look, bud...we wanna go to the Union station, in a hurry.

MOL: Yes, we're coming in on the streamliner and some people are meeting us.

CABBY: NOW wait a minute, lady. Youse is comin' in on the streamliner?

FIB: But we really come by bus, ye see?

MOL: We're not here yet.

CABBY: Where are youse?

MOL: We're on the train.

CABBY: And youse wanna go down to the station and meet yourselves comin' in, huh?

FIB: That's the idea, bud. They don't realize we got here before the train did. (LAUGHS)

CABBY: Ha ha...so..er..so youse got here before de train did...?

MOL: Yes...and it's due any minute...so hurry!

CABBY: Look, I don't like to be pedantic - you know what I mean? BUT IF YOUSE IS GONNA MEET A TRAIN WHICH YOUSE IS RIDING ON, HOW CAN YOUSE GET OFF LONG ENOUGH TO MEET YOURSELVES COMIN' IN?

FIB: Look, bud...time's a-wastin'. Let us worry about the more abstruse aspects o' the case and you just get us down to the station in time for the streamli-

SOUND: MOTOR FADE IN...UP AND OUT WITH BRAKE SCREECH:

CAR DOOR SLAM!

CABBY: Okay, Doc, here you are. Dolleh forty.

FIB: Okay, bud, here ye are...and five minutes to spare.

CABBY: GEE THANKS. I HOPE DE TRAIN AIN'T LATE SO YOU DON'T KEEP YOURSELF WAITIN'.

SOUND: CAR UP AND OUT:

FIB: Come on, Molly...we'll sneak around this way and walk a block or so up the track...

MOL: Look, McGee...they're raising the welcome banners...the train must be about due. Aren't you excited?

FIB: Yeah...kinda..."FOLKS...WE'RE GLAD TO BE BACK AMONG WITH YOU..."...Er...no..."FOLKS...THIS TREMENDIOUS OVATION"... Come on, Molly...let's sneak a little closer to the crowd...there's so many we won't be noticed...

MOL: Keep your hat down over your eyes, dearie...so they won't recognize you....

welcoming us back it'd be a
or 'em...HEY...Have they got
them banners?
I don't want to be seen...

DISTANCE:

OF WHISTLE...CHEERS...FADE

~~████████████████████~~

FIB: Shucks - it didn't stop.

MOL: You and your ideas. What'll we do now?

FIB: Come on across the tracks - no use in disappointing all those people. We'll tell 'em we got it early.

SOUND: (CROWD NOISES)

FIB: Hello, everybody. Hello - here we are. Hey, Gildersleeve - here we are.

HAL: Oh, hello folks - wasn't it wonderful? Did you see her?

FIB: Wait a minute - where's everybody going. Tell them to come back. He we ----- see who?

HAL: Mrs. Roosevelt - she just passed through on the streamliner.

FIB: Ah pshaw.

MOL: Oh, she did....

HAL: Yes, it sure was an inspiring sight.

FIB: Come on, Molly - let's go.

HAL: Well, well - I see you're all dressed up and have your suitcases with you -- GOING SOME PLACE, MCGEE?

FIB: Going? W 'Ive' been!

HAL: Is that so?

FIB: Yes! - say, didn't you listen to the Lux Theatre of the Air? Didn't you hear that big dramatic play they did? Didn't you pay attention when Cecil B. DeMille introduced the stars?

HAL: Why, no - I didn't. In fact, nobody in town did, McGee.

FIB: Whatcha mean?

HAL: Well, some darn fool went away from home and left an electric iron on and it blew out every fuse in town!

ORCHESTRA: (_____)

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S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
 FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
 APRIL 9, 1940
 TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

CLOSING COMMERCIAL:

ANNOUNCER: Before Fibber and Molly return, I'd like to say a word about Beauty. Smart women know that it's important for them always to look their very best -- for their own satisfaction, and to make the proper impression on their friends. That's the reason for facials and permanents and all stuff like that there, as Fibber would say. Smart housekeepers know, too, that it's important to have their homes as attractive as possible. This doesn't mean expensive furnishings -- it can be accomplished easily, with very slight expense, by giving floors, furniture and woodwork that rich, mellow, glowing beauty that comes with the regular use of genuine JOHNSON'S WAX. JOHNSON'S WAX protects as well as beautifies -- and it saves housework throughout the year. Dust and dirt cannot collect on a smooth wax-polished surface. That's why JOHNSON'S WAX has so many "extra uses" -- for protecting windowsills, lampshades, picture frames, leather goods. You can make your home more attractive and save yourself work -- with a regular use of genuine JOHNSON'S WAX, paste or liquid.

ORCHESTRA: (SWELL MUSIC -- FADE ON CUE)

MOL:

FIB:

MOL:

FIB:

MOL:

FIB:

MOL:

FIB:

MOL:

APPLAUSE:

ORCH:

TAG GAG

MOL: Imagine, McGee ..next week we've been five years on the air for Johnson's Wax!

FIB: Funny you should mention that. I just got a telegram about it...from one of our listeners.

MOL: Did you really..what did he say?

FIB: Here..I got it with me...(RATTLE OF PAPER) He says: MY FAMILY HAVE LISTENED TO YOU FAITHFULLY FOR PAST FIVE YEARS. FEEL THAT THERE IS STRONG BOND BETWEEN US.

MOL: Isn't that sweet!

FIB: Yeah..but listen. He says: BECAUSE WE NEVER GO ANYWHERE ON TUESDAY NIGHT - AND NEITHER DOES YOUR PROGRAM.

MOL: Oh.

FIB: Yeah! Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all!

APPLAUSE:

ORCH: (CLOSING SIGNATURE)

S. C. Johnson
Writers: Don
Len

6:00-7:00 PM
Tuesday - 4/1