

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

(REVISED)

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

245

6:00-7:00 PM
Tuesday - 4/16/40

NBC-Red

(REVISED)

-2-

WIL: The Johnson 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 Kings' Men, and Billy
Mills' Orchestra. The show opens with "This Can't Be Love"

ORCHESTRA: "THIS CAN'T BE LOVE"

(APPLAUSE)

IL: TODAY, FOLKS, WE ENTER 79 WISTFUL VISTA RIGHT
ALONG WITH THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE. AS HE OPENS THE
FRONT GATE....

SOUND: (CREAK OF GATE)

IL: -- WE FOLLOW CLOSE BEHIND. AS HE RUNS UP THE PORCH
STEPS --

SOUND: (ONE MAN LIGHTLY RUNNING UP STEPS)

IL: -- SO DO WE. AS HE OPENS THE FRONT DOOR --

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

IL: -- WE ALSO SLIP IN.

SOUND: (DOOR CLOSE)

IL: -- AND AS HE KISSES HIS WAITING WIFE....(AHM)
WE FIND --

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

APPLAUSE)

IB: Hiyah, Molly!

OL: Hello, dearie -- what are you hiding behind your back --
let me see --

IB: Oh, nothing much -- just a few flowers. Here -

OL: Oh, a bouquet of roses....(SNIFFS) Ah, they're so lovely.
(CHANGE OF VOICE) McGee -- what have you been up to?

IB: Whatcha mean, Molly?

OL: You know very well what I mean, McGee. AND WHEN A MAN
BRINGS HIS WIFE FLOWERS, FOR NO REASON -- THERE'S A
REASON!

FIB: Look, Mrs. McGee....this is an anniversary. JUST FIVE
YEARS AGO TODAY -- on the 16th of April....we went on
the air for Johnson's Wax!

MOL: OH, HEAVENLY DAYS!!....(For the purposes of the script) --
imagine me forgetting that!

FIB: Yes sir, imagine us....talkin' ourselves red in the
network, every Tuesday night for five years!

MOL: Remember that first broadcast in New York, McGee? And
what we overheard one of the NBC vice-presidents sayin'
afterwards?..

FIB: What'd he say?

MOL: He said, "Well, Bill, they just hatched a turkey in
Studio H....but it won't live till Thanksgiving!"

FIB: Well, I knew we could make a go of it. I had faith!

MOL: Yes, you did! It took three options to get you to
move out of that tourist camp!

SOUND: (DOOR KNOCK)

FIB: Come in - by all means!

SOUND: (DOOR OPEN & CLOSE)

OLD M: Hello, Johnny....hello, Daughter. Telegram for ye....
sign here.

FIB: Thanks, Old Timer.

MOL: Who's the wire from, McGee?

FIB: Oh, boy....the president o' one o' the big film companies!!
Rodney Goldbugel, head of 19th-Century-Wolf!!

MOL: Really? What's it say?

FIB: Says - "MY STAFF FEELS THAT AFTER FIVE YEARS ON RADIO YOU HAVE TREMENDOUS BOX-OFFICE POSSIBILITIES. Stop. BUT I DON'T THINK SO AND THAT'S THAT! Signed, Goldbugel.

MOL: Wonder he didn't send it collect!

OLD M: He did.

FIB: WHAT?

OLD M: EHHHHHHHHHHH?

FIB: Well, freeze my lagoon and call me Sonja! (LAUGHS)

OLD M: That does it, Johnny. THAT ABSOLUTELY DOES IT!
"Freeze my lagoon and call me Sonja". THAT'S GOIN' TOO FAR!

MOL: Why, what do you mean, Mr. Old-Timer?

OLD M: Look, daughter...for five years now...rain or shine... fair weather and foul -- week in -- week out....I been comin' in here to listen to your husband's bum jokes.... JUST SO I COULD TELL HIM THE WAY I HEERED IT. Hopin' and prayin' that mebbe I could improve his sense of humor.... But I give up. I'M THRU! WASH MY HANDS O' THE WHOLE BUSINESS!!....So long, Kids...(DOOR OPEN)....see you next week!

SOUND: (DOOR SLAM)

FIB: That old spindle-shank! If he thinks --

SOUND: (DOOR OPEN)

OLD M: The way I heered it, one feller says to tother feller -

FIB & MOL: GO AWAY!

SOUND: (DOOR SLAM)

MOL: Listen, McGee....don't you think it would be nice if we thanked the sponsor for our lovely five years of work?

FIB: Sayyyyyy, that ain't a bad idea, Molly. I'll call him up, long distance!

MOL: Oh, wonderful.

FIB: Gimme the phone. (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR? I WANT S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC., RACINE, WISCONSIN.....eh? Oh, is that you, Myrt?

MOL: Oh dear.

FIB: How's every little thing, Myrt? Tis, eh? WHAT SAY, MYRT? YOUR BROTHER?....THE ONE THAT'S IN THE NAVY, EH?...OH, LOST AT SEA, EH?

MOL: Oh, that's terrible!

FIB: No it ain't, Molly. They was just tryin' to teach him the Morse Code. He learned A & B all right, but he always got lost at C! WHAT SAY, MYRT? Oh, never mind..Racine probably call us after this show. So long, Myrt. (CLICK)

MOL: Why don't you write 'em a letter, McGee?

FIB: Good idea - where's my pen?

MOL: Right there in the desk.

FIB: Awww!

MOL: WELL, NOW WHAT'S THE MATTER?

FIB: This pen...it's empty again.

MOL: It's no such a thing...you just filled it yesterday.

FIB: Guess it'll be all right if I just shake it, I guess...just clogged up on the poi....OOOOOPS!!!!..Oh oh!

MOL: OH, MCGEE....LOOK WHAT YOU DID!! YOU GOT A BIG GOB OF INK RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE CARPET!!

FIB: Now how do you suppose that happened? All I done was to shake the pen like this and...WOOOOOOPS!! Dad rat it... did it again!

MOL: (WEARILY) All right dearie. Give it one more squirt. We might as well make this worth while. NO, NO, NO! I DIDN'T MEAN THAT!

FIB: Gee...that's a awful lookin' spot, ain't it? Better get some salt and milk quick.

MOL: Salt and milk? What's that for?

FIB: Best way to take the spot out..ye see, the principle is, that the salt absorbs the ink and when it dries you just brush it away.

MOL: Then what's the milk for?

FIB: To get the salt wet. If it ain't wet, how can it dry?

MOL: Well, I'll try anything. (FADE OUR) Now, don't monkey with that spot until I get back...I don't want to have to...

SOUND: DOOR KNOCK

FIB: Come in!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

TEE: Hi, Mister - wanna go fishin'?

FIB: No, I don't wanna go fishin'!

TEE: Aw, come on - it's fun. I got the net and everything.

FIB: That ain't a fish net - that's a hair-net.

TEE: I know it.

FIB: You...well what kind of fish you expect to get in a hairnet?

TEE: Hairing.

FIB: Aw fer the ---

TEE: Don'tcha wanna go - hm? Dontcha?

FIB: No - I don't! Now run along. I'm busy trying to get an inkspot outta the carpet.

TEE: How?

FIB: Milk and salt.

TEE: Honest?

FIB: Sure - just spread salt on the spot and pour milk all over it.

TEE: Oh, sure....(GIGGLES)

FIB: Well...don't you believe me?

TEE: Yeah...(GIGGLES) And the way it works, I suppose the salt makes the inkspot so thirsty it drinks too mach milk and gets the stummick ache and when it rolls over you pull the carpet out from under it!! (GIGGLES) Horsefeathers says I!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

ORK: "LET'S ALL SING TOGETHER" -- FADE FOR

B.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
 FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
 APRIL 16, 1940
 TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

WILCOX: Is April, in your house, a month of joy and sunshine ...
 or are you living under gray clouds of the Spring
Housecleaning bugaboo? You know, I've been in some homes
 where you could just feel that Spring Housecleaning coming
 on like the villain in an old-time melodrama. And yet,
 in other homes it doesn't seem to cause much stir. Why?
 Well, I can give you one good answer. Chances are, the
 housekeeper who takes the annual cleaning job in her
 stride, uses the genuine WAX method of housekeeping.
 She uses genuine JOHNSON'S WAX regularly throughout the
 year to protect her floors, furniture and woodwork -- also
 her windowsills, lampshades, refrigerator, leather goods.
 The coat of JOHNSON'S WAX protects these surfaces -- keeps
 them glowing with beauty -- makes cleaning infinitely
 easier because dust, dirt and smudgy finger-prints can't
 collect on a smooth, waxed surface. Result: the properly
 WAXED home is cleaner all year -- much labor is saved --
 and Spring Housecleaning is not a great worry. You can
 prove this to yourself -- by using genuine JOHNSON'S WAX
 regularly in your home.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

SEGUE

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

2ND SPOT

SOUND: SCRUBBING

MOL: More milk, McGee!

FIB: Okay.

SOUND: CLINK OF BOTTLES & GURGLE OF MILK POURED ON CARPET

MOL: Now some more salt...bring it around here...

FIB: Okay...

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS CRUNCHING OVER ROCK SALT: DRY POURING SOUND:

MORE SCRUBBING:

MOL: Heavenly days...the more I do to it, the worse it looks!
 McGee, I could...I could just SPANK you for makin' all
 this trouble.

FIB: I don't blame you, Molly. And if we weren't gonna have
 spareribs for supper I'd put myself to bed without any.
 I'm naughty.

MOL: Oh, no you're not.

FIB: I am, too, I'M...I'M BAD. (LAUGHS) Boy, look at this room!
 I ain't been in personal contact with so much salt since I
 got shot out of a watermelon patch in 19 ought 12.

SOUND: SCRUBBING

MOL: Pour some more milk over in Mexico there, McGee.

FIB: Mexico?

MOL: Yes....south of the border...

FIB: Oh. Okay.

SOUND: MILK POURING

FIB: Look...Molly. I gotta idea! Where's there a pair of
 scissors?

MOL: What do you want scissors for?

FIB: Well, the best way to get stains out is to neutralize 'em
 see?

MOL: Go on...maybe we're finally gettin' somewhere.

FIB: Why sure...now to neutralize a stain, you first gotta know what the stain is, chemically. SOOO, the logical thing is to take a sample o' the stain to a chemist. You following me?

MOL: Yes, and if you stop again, I'll run over you. Go on.

FIB: SOOO, I had a sudden inspiration. I'LL CUT THAT SPOT OUTA THE CARPET, TAKE IT TO A GOOD CHEMIST... (PAUSE) No... that'd leave a hole in the carpet, wouldn't it?

MOL: Yes, it would. Even at that I'm not so sure it isn't a smarter idea than this salt and milk! LOOK AT IT! This living room's a foot deep in salt!

FIB: What say we bust fifty dozen eggs in here and set fire to the house. WHAT AN OMELETTE! (LAUGHS) Boy, would I ever

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR

FIB: May be the milk man. I called him up to run over here special. COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

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

UPP: Come, come, Mr. McGee. Don't be so formal. Hi!

MOL: You seem in wonderful spirits today, Mrs. Uppington. Your eyes are just sparkling!

UPP: That's because I mislaid my glasses some place. Did I leave them here the last time I visited?

FIB: I don't think so, Uppy. Say, I like you better without 'em.

UPP: You do?

FIB: Yeah..whatcha got - apigmatrism?

MOL: That's astigmatrism, McGee.

UPP: Whatever it is - it's most inconvenient without them. Just now the wind blew my hat off and after I chased it for two blocks I found I was pursuing Mr. Gildersleeve's bantam rooster. (LAUGHS)

MOL: (Well, now we know which came first - the hen or the rooster)

UPP: You know, without glasses my eyes are so bad that I actually see a great big black spot in the center of your rug.

FIB: That's a ink spot I spilled on the carpet.

UPP: Inkspot? Oh..oh yes..I..and what is all that.. white foam?

MOL: Milk and salt, Mrs. Uppington. We had a vague idea that was supposed to take out the inkstain.

UPP: Oh, it does, my deah. It does. That's what we ALWAYS used back in the days when I worked in the laundr..er..I MEAN..THAT'S WHAT MY MAID TOLD ME!

MOL: Well, Mrs. Uppington - you certainly ironed that slip out in a hurry.

FIB: Don't worry, Uppy, Molly and I don't mind if we mangle with a mangle-minder.

MOL: Yes, and it's more to your credit, Abigail, if you wiggled your way up the social ladder on your own hook.

FIB: Hook-and-Ladder Uppington she was knowed as in them days -

UPP: Well, really -- It's all very well to joke - but remember, I'm admitting nothing. After all I come from one of the oldest families in the state.

FIB: Is that so?

UPP: Yes, my father, the late Titus J. Bigglesworth, was the founder of Bigglesworth's Wet Wash - OH MY GOODNES!
Excuse me, I just remembered an appointment. Goodbye!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: What a woman! She sure dresses up fit to kill, don't she, Molly?

MOL: Yes, she does...At least that coat certainly looked like a shooting jacket, but...this isn't gettin' this inkstain taken out, McGee. Are you SURE salt and milk is the best way?

FIB: Absolutely....I think it's workin', too. You can't see the stain, can you?

MOL: I can't even see the carpet. Now lemme think...I believe the stain was over here someplace...wait till I scrape the salt away...

SOUND: SCRAPING

FIB: THERE IT IS!

MOL: Well...look at it...I thought the wet salt was supposed to absorb the stain!

FIB: Hmmm. Maybe we should o' used buttermilk. Here...more salt.

SOUND: DRY POURING

s

MOL: Now some more milk.

SOUND: MILK GURGLE AND POURING:

MOL: I think we better go up to McGee. It's gettin' pre

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

WIL: Telegram for Fibber McGee

SOUND: CRUNCHING OF FOOTSTEPS:

MOL: Here here here, boy!... this salt and milk all take the telegram.

FIB: Okay.

SOUND: CRUNCH OF FOOTSTEPS:

FIB: ...Where's the

WIL: I'm supposed to sing it

MOL: Oh dear...

FIB: Okay..my epistolary Pag

WIL: Sure. (CLEARS THROAT:

Happy annivers

Happy annivers

WIL: Happy ANNIVERS

Molly, present

and Johnson's

no buffing flo

20 minutes or

HAPPY ANNIVERS

SOUND: DOOR SLAM:

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Titus J. Bigglesworth, was the
 's Wet Wash - OH MY GOODNESS!
 bered an appointment. Goodbye!

dresses up fit to kill, don't she,
 t that coat certainly looked like
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it's workin', too. You can't see the
 arpet. Now lemme think...I believe
 e someplace...wait till I scrape the

thought the wet salt was supposed to
 d o' used buttermilk. Here...more

MOL: Now some more milk.

SOUND: MILK GURGLE AND POURING:

MOL: I think we better go upstairs and put our bathing suits on,
 McGee. It's gettin' pretty deep!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

WIL: Telegram for Fibber McGee & Molly.

SOUND: CRUNCHING OF FOOTSTEPS:

MOL: Here here here, boy!!...Stay where you are and don't track
 this salt and milk all over. McGee...splash over there and
 take the telegram.

FIB: Okay.

SOUND: CRUNCH OF FOOTSTEPS:

FIB: ...Where's the telegram, Bud?

WIL: I'm supposed to sing it to you, Mr. McGee.

MOL: Oh dear...

FIB: Okay..my epistolary Pagliacci. Let's have it.

WIL: Sure. (CLEARs THROAT: SINGs:)
 Happy anniversary to you,
 Happy anniversary to you...

WIL: Happy ANNIVERRRRRRRRRSARY, Dear Fibber McGee and
 Molly, presented by the Makers of Johnson's Wax
 and Johnson's Self-Polishing Glocoat the no-rubbing
 no buffing floor-polish that shines as it dries in
 20 minutes or less and saves hours of housework,
 HAPPY ANNIVERSARY, T0000000000 YOUUUUUUUUUUU!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Well, can you imagine old Harlow? That guy can squeeze himself in more places than a fat lady with a new girdle!

MOL: Look, McGee..if we're goin' on with this milk and salt treatment we're going to need more milk. We're down to the last seven bottles.

FIB: Oh, I dunno...I think we got enough on there now. All we gotta do is let it dry now..and then brush it off.

MOL: LET IT DRY! This mess won't be dry before Labor Day.

SOUND: DOOR KNOCK

FIB: I'll answer it, Molly!

SOUND: (CRUNCH - CRUNCH - CRUNCH -- CRASH OF BOTTLES - SPLASHING THUD)

FIB: (SPLUTTERING) Dad rat it. Fell right in the milk - in the deep end of the pool too. (WET SLAPPING)

MOLL Well get up out of it and answer the door.

SOUND: DOOR LATCH

BOOM: Ah, good day, m
Man, isn't it?

FIB: NO IT AIN'T THE

MOL: That isn't a wh

BOOM: Is that so! Fe

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of all this lac

FIB: If you must kno

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BOOM: What a coincide

recipe for remo

IS a carpet und

MOL: Yes, there is..

Mr. Boomer. We

BOOM: Ah, good day, my dear...good day, er...the Good Humor Man, isn't it?

FIB: NO IT AIN'T THE GOOD HUMOR MAN, BOOMER.

MOL: That isn't a white suit, Mr. Boomer..he fell in the milk.

BOOM: Is that so! Fell in the milk. (LAUGHS) Must be studying to be a Human Fly. But what, may I inquire, is the cause of all this lactic lavishness and the surrealistic salinity?

FIB: If you must know, Boomer, I spilled some ink on the carpet and we're tryin' to get it out.

BOOM: What a coincidence. I have with me the famous Old Boomer recipe for removing stains from carpets..I take it there IS a carpet under all this waffle batter?

MOL: Yes, there is...and let's see your stain-removing recipe, Mr. Boomer. We're desperate enough to try anything.

BOOM: Certainly..certainly..only charge you a small fee for the service...now let me see..where did I put Grandmother Boomer's Stain-Removing recipe...recipe...recipe...here's a small address book..I call it my Lollypop Ledger - (HAH HAH) Sucker list, you know...letter from an old cellmate of mine..getting paroled next week and wants me to meet him outside the gates with a horse and buggy... poor old Archibald...has he been in THAT LONG? Advertising circular of the Dodge station wagon. Beautiful car..but not for me...all my life I've had to Dodge Station wagons. Passport photo of my brother Burbank..(LAUGHS) Looks like a criminal, doesn't he? And why not? Rabbit's foot with a fallen arch, and AHAH....a sign of spring...a check for a short BOCK beer! WELL, WELL, IMAGINE THAT.....NO RECIPE!

MOL: Oh, for goodness sakes!

BOOM: Probably would have been too technical for young Limabean here to have handled anyway, my dear.

FIB: OH YEAH? I'll have you know, Boomer, that I know as much about handy stuff about the house as anybody.

BOOM: Is that so!

FIB: Yes, that's so. Why, even as a kid, Boomer, I used to spend all my dough for some little gadget to make my mother's work easier. Why buyin' things for that house used to keep me broke - HOUSE BROKE MCGEE, I WAS KNOWED AS IN THEM DAYS...

MOL: Heavenly Days..!!!

FIB: HOUSE BROKE MCGEE, THE HALE AND HEARTY HANDYMAN, HEAVIN' AND HAULIN' HEAVY HUNKS O' HEFTY HICKORY TO HURL ON THE HEARTH TO HELP HANNAH (HANNAH WAS THE HIRED HOUSEMAID), HAPPILY HUMMIN' A HEY-DE-HEY AND A HI-DE-HO ABOUT IT "TAKES A HECK OF A HEAP O' HOKUM TO MAKE A HOUSE A HOME": WHOOPIN' AND HOLLERIN' AS I HANDILY HEMMED A HANDFUL O' HANKIES OR HAMMERED A HANDLE ON A HARDWOOD HIGHBOY: HAGGLIN' WITH HUCKSTERS ABOUT A HATFUL OF HONEYDEWS AND HITTIN' THE HAY WITH THESE WORDS IN MY EARS - HAVE I handled this hocey for five long years?

ORK: "MAD DOGS AND ENGLISHMEN"

APPLAUSE:

(3RD SPOT)

SOUND: SCRUBBING.....SWISH OF LIQUID....SCRUBBING:

FIB: How's it comin', Molly? Started to fade yet?

MOL: No...it hasn't. That spot is getting bigger and blacker by the minute.

FIB: Well, don't give up. Keep scrubbin' away and it'll come out all right. (RATTLE OF PAPER) Say, I see here by the paper that --

MOL: PUT THAT PAPER DOWN AND GET TO WORK, MCGEE! Heavenly days...you got us into this milk-and-salt mess and you'll help get us out. I'VE SCRUBBED THAT INKSPOT. TILL I'M WORN OUT. BETWEEN THAT AND THE SMELL OF ALL THIS MILK AND SALT -

FIB: (LAUGHS) You mean, confidentially the ink-stays!

(LAUGHS) Don't you get it? I says -

MOL: TAIN'T FUNNY, MCGEE...

FIB: I thought that was pretty apt.

MOL: Oh, it was. It's pretty apt to get you down here on your knees with another scrub brush. WALK OVER HERE AND TAKE A LOOK AT THIS GOO!

FIB: Okay.

SOUND: CRUNCH OF FOOTSTEPS: (PAUSE)

FIB: Hmmmmmmmm. Am I wrong or is the color all comin' outa the rug?

MOL: No. For once you're not wrong, dearie. We've absolutely RUINED a lovely Oriental carpet that set us back 27 dollars and 95 cents.

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR:

FIB: Come in!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

HAL: Good day, Mrs. McGee...Hello, Fibber. I - WELL
...WHAT'S THIS? SPILL SOME SALT?

MOL: Yes, Mr. Gildersleeve...AND some milk.

FIB: I got a gob of ink on the carpet, Gildersleeve,
and we're tryin' to take it out, by the salt, and
milk method.

HAL: It won't work.

MOL: WHAT?

FIB: Whatcha mean, it won't work, Gildersleeve?

HAL: Tried it myself, McGee. It's no good. Best
thing for inkstains on the carpet is rootbeer.

MOL: ROOT BEER!...I never heard of that. Do you
just pour it on?

HAL: No...you go out in the back yard and drink it.
That takes your mind off the stain and you come back
in, throw a small rug over it and forget it. (LAUGHS)

FIB: You're a big help, Gildersleeve. Here we are in a
jam and you bust in here with a -

HAL: WELL, I DIDN'T SPILL YOUR DARNED OLD INK.

FIB: WHO SAID YOU DID?

HAL: AND...IF YOU WEREN'T SO HAM-HANDED YOU WOULDN'T ALWAYS BE
IN A MESS LIKE THIS. YOU'RE TOO PRIMITIVE TO BE TRUSTED
WITH PEN AND INK ANYWAY. WHAT YOU NEED IS A CHISEL AND
A SLAB OF ROCK. (LAUGHS)

FIB: IS THAT SO! ONE MORE CRACK LIKE THAT, GILDERSLEEVE, AND
I'LL BOX YOUR EARS, -- if I can find a big enough box!

HAL: NOW LOOK HERE, McGEE...NONE OF YOUR IMPUDENCE, OR MY RIGHT
HAND WILL PLAY MY LEFT HAND A GAME OF PING-PONG WITH YOUR
SKULL!

FIB: Yes, and you can use your beard for a net!

HAL: I HAVEN'T GOT A BEARD!

FIB: YOU WILL HAVE BY THE TIME YOU'RE OLD ENOUGH TO TACKLE ME!

HAL: OHHHHHHH!!

FIB: YOU CAN'T INTIDIMATE ME. GILDERSLEEVE!

MOL: That's intimidate, dearie.

FIB: It is?

HAL: Certainly it is, stupid. Intimidate, from the Latin
"TIMIDO." TIMIDO, TIMIDAS, TIMIDAT. TIMIDAMUS, TIMIDATUS,
TIMIDANT! (LAUGHS) Say, that's not bad to remember from
my college days, is it?

FIB: Yeah? Your knowledge may be from college, but your latin's
from Manhattan.

HAL: IS THAT SO!!...WHY, YOU LITTLE --

MOL: Now now now...wait a minute...this is all beside the point.
Look, Mr. Gildersleeve....in your opinion should we go on
with this milk and salt treatment for that inkstain?

HAL: No.

FIB: Why not?

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 A CHISEL AND
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 t inkstain?

HAL: Well, why should you? The carpet is ruined now. Look at it! It wouldn't dry out for several months anyway. What do you want in your living room.....a swamp?

MOL: I think he's right, McGee...we might as well throw the carpet away.

FIB: Wel-l-l...Okay. Can't say we didn't try. Grab a holt of the far end there, Gildersleeve, old pal...and we'll roll it up.

HAL: How about all these milk bottles and all this salt and stuff?

MOL: Oh...er...OH, ROLL IT UP INSIDE THE RUG...I'LL OPEN THE WINDOW AND YOU CAN THROW THE WHOLE WORKS OUT...GO AHEAD, BOYS...

FIB: READY?

HAL: CONTACT!

SOUND: GRUNTS...CLANK OF BOTTLES...RAIN OF SALT...GRUNTS...THUDS...
 ETC.

FIB: Okay, Gildersleeve....over this way...

HAL: I got it, McGee....

MOL: RAISE IT UP A LITTLE, MCGEE...THAT'S IT...NOW HEAVE IT OUT!

SOUND: SLITHERING...AND THUD...!

MOL: Well...thank you, Mr. Gildersleeve, (WINDOW CLOSED) and thank YOU, McGee...for ruining me carpet with your fine ideas. Look at that bare floor. LOOK AT IT!!

FIB: I am...(LAUGHS LIKE HELL) Boy have we been dumb! (LAUGHS) Why didn't we think of this before? (LAUGHS)

MOL: Well, what's so funny?

FIB: WON'T THAT FLOOR LOOK BEAUTIFUL WITH JOHNSON'S WAX ON IT?

MOL: Well, heavenly days...after five years!

ORK: ("MY WONDERFUL ONE - LET'S DANCE")

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S.C. JOHNSON & SON, I
 FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
 APRIL 16, 1940
 TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST N

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 and let
 beauty,
 JOHNSON
 ORCH: (SWELL

k

ained now. Look at
months anyway. What
swamp?

s well throw the

ry. Grab a holt of
al,..and we'll roll

ll this salt and

G...I'LL OPEN THE
KS OUT...GO AHEAD,

LT...GRUNTS...THUDS..

ET...NOW HEAVE IT OUT!

WINDOW CLOSED) and
pet with your fine.
K AT IT!!

been dumb! (LAUGHS)
(LAUGHS)

JOHNSON'S WAX ON IT?

s!

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
APRIL 16, 1940
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

(Wilcox in Hollywood to stations East
of Salt Lake City)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

CUE: (WILCOX) ... Fibber and Molly will be back in just a
moment. (Pause 2 seconds)

.....
WILCOX: Did you know that this week has been set aside by the
American Humane Association as "Be Kind to Animals Week?"
Any man, woman or child who has ever looked down into the
trusting eyes of his or her cocker spaniel or Scottie doesn't
need much persuading on the subject of "Be Kind to Animals."
Of course, they do get into mischief -- they do come tearing
across the kitchen floor with muddy feet -- but you
shouldn't put them in the doghouse for that. There's a much
easier, pleasanter remedy -- protect the linoleum with
JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. Then you'll really be
doing three things at once: protecting and beautifying the
floor -- saving yourself hours of work -- and being kinder
to your pets. If you're not already using GLO-COAT, you've
no idea what a labor saver it is. GLO-COAT is SELF-POLISHING
-- requires no rubbing or buffing whatsoever. Just apply
and let dry -- in 20 minutes your floor is shining with new
beauty, its colors fresh and bright. Buy a can of
JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT from your dealer tomorrow.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

S. C. Johnson
Fibber McGee
4-16-40
Tuesday - 6:30

Closing Comm

(Hollywood ar
California Su

CUE:
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(RETURN TO N

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

MOL: Well, McGee.....we did it. FIVE CONSECUTIVE YEARS FOR
JOHNSON'S WAX! ISN'T IT THRILLING?

FIB: Yes, it is....sorry I had to spoil the day by spillin' that
ink.

MOL: Oh, that's all right, dearie. If I hadn't worked so hard
tryin' to scrub it off, the excitement of the anniversary
would of got me, anyway.

FIB: Me, too. I'm wore to a frazzle. I'd go right up to bed,
if I had any brains at all.

MOL: But as it is let's go to a movie.

FIB: EH? OH. Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all!

ORK: UP TO FINISH:

APPLAUSE:

CREDITS: SIGNOFF

Tuesday - 4/23/40
6:30-7:00 PM