

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

(REVISED)

File

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

247

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

NBC-Red

(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
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 "Bojangles of Harlem".

ORCH: "BOJANGLES OF HARLEM"

(APPLAUSE)

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

WIL: AS CONFUCIOUS NEVER SAID, QUOTE: LIFE IS NEVER POINTLESS
WHEN YOU ARE ON PINS AND NEEDLES. UNQUOTE. WHICH DESCRIBES
THE MENTAL STATE OF OUR HERO THIS WEEK UNTIL JUST A MOMENT
AGO WHEN HE RECEIVED A TELEGRAM IN REPLY TO A THEATRICAL
ADVERTISEMENT HE ANSWERED. AND HERE, WHILE HIS MUCH BETTER
HALF IS BUSY FOR A MOMENT IN THE KITCHEN, HE READS THE WIRE
THAT MAY MARK A GREAT CHANGE IN THE LIVES OF --

-- FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

APPLAUSE

FIB: Gotta read this fast before Molly comes in... (TEARING PAPER
AND RATTLE) Now take it easy, McGee....calm down...You're
as shaky as a right hand at a class re-union. (RATTLE OF
PAPER) Shucks, I'm so excited I can't even read...oh...
got it upside down..(PAPER RATTLE)

FIBBER MCGEE, 79 WISTFUL VISTA

YOUR ANSWER TO OUR AD RECEIVED. APPLICATION FOR
POSITION AS STAGE DIRECTOR APPROVED AND ACCEPTED.
CONGRATULATIONS. (Oh boyohboyohboyohboyohboy!) COMPANY
HIGHLY IMPRESSED YOUR ASSOCIATION SUCH FIGURES AS
BELASCO, DE MILLE, REINHARDT, TOSCANINI AND MINSKY.
BELIEVE WE HAVE IMMEDIATE ASSIGNMENT FOR YOU. (Hot dog!)
WIRE \$50 AT ONCE TO COVER BOOKKEEPING, POSTAGE,
ET CETERA, - AND WE WILL TELEGRAPH FULL DETAILS.

Signed, CHIPPEWA ENTERTAINMENT BUREAU

Basil T. Chippewa, Pres.

Hot diggety...they got a job already waitin' for me!!! What
a break! WHOOPEEEE!! Good old Chippewa! I'll send that
fifty bucks so fast it'll dazzle Basil! Hey, Molly..MOLLY!!

MOL: (FADE IN) Heavenly days, McGee...stop that hollering.
What's the matter with you?

FIB: Just got some good news, Mol
been lookin' for all my life

MOL: You don't say!

FIB: YES SIR! As the pigeon says
hall clock, "It looks like

MOL: Take it easy, dearie...you'
time before, and you always
What's this all about?

FIB: Well, in the first place, I
I ain't gonna tell you. Not
as well know I may have to
run down town and send a wi
checkbook?

MOL: Up on your dresser.

FIB: Okay, I'll run up and get i

MOL: (SIGHS) Whatta man! He can
neck out than a chicken in

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR:

MOL: Come in!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

MOL: Oh, Mrs. Uppington! Do sit

UPP: Thank you, my deah...I don

MOL: Neither do I...but it sound
it?

UPP: (LAUGHS) Yes, indeed...qu
about our Woman's Club May
stopped in to tell you tha
a Queen of the May.

k

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d old Chippewa! I'll send that

dazzle Basil! Hey, Molly..MOLLY!!

McGee...stop that hollering.

FIB: Just got some good news, Molly! I just got the break I
been lookin' for all my life!

MOL: You don't say!

FIB: YES SIR! As the pigeon says when he smacked into the city
hall clock, "It looks like I've finally hit the Big Time!"

MOL: Take it easy, dearie...you've thought you were in the big
time before, and you always wound up getting the works.
What's this all about?

FIB: Well, in the first place, I answered a ad for a--(PAUSE) No.
I ain't gonna tell you. Not till I make good. But you might
as well know I may have to leave town any minute. I gotta
run down town and send a wire. (LAUGHS) Where's my
checkbook?

MOL: Up on your dresser.

FIB: Okay, I'll run up and get it - back in a minute.

MOL: (SIGHS) Whatta man! He can discover more ways to stick his
neck out than a chicken in a crate! But, I suppose he's -

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR:

MOL: Come in!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

MOL: Oh, Mrs. Uppington! Do sit down and have a cigarette.

UPP: Thank you, my deah...I don't smoke.

MOL: Neither do I...but it sounds kind of kind of tony, doesn't
it?

UPP: (LAUGHS) Yes, indeed...quite in the mud..er...MODE. But
about our Woman's Club May Festival, Mrs. McGee...I just
stopped in to tell you that as President, I have appointed
a Queen of the May.

MOL: Oh... and who is it, Mrs. Uppington!

UPP: (LAUGHS DELIGHTEDLY) My dear..you'll NEVER guess. It's the ONE membah of the Club who has the most poise... and ah..personality, if you don't mind my being personal...

MOL: PERSON- (COYLY) Oh, now, Mrs. UPPINGTON...YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE IT!" I just KNOW I'll have stage fright!

UPP: Imagine me...QUEEN OF THE MAY!

UPP: Pardon me, Mrs. McGee. I didn't mean you. I meant ME!

MOL: Oh.

UPP: Yes...I..er..didn't wish any of the othah girls to be put to any expense with costumes you know..and...er...as I happened to be the only membah with a gold crown -

MOL: Yes, I've often noticed it. On the left side, isn't it?

UPP: Yes, the second molar of the - PLEASE! I didn't mean... (LAUGHS) Oh, I almost forgot, Mrs. McGee..we have arranged for a professional director for the festival.

MOL: Well I hope he's better than the old flowerpot we had last year. Where did you get him?

UPP: From the Chippewa Entertainment Bureau, and, my deah, he has been associated with such people as Belasco, Demille, Reinhardt, Toscanini and Minsky.

MOL: MINSKY...well, that's different! When's he coming?

UPP: Just as soon as I wire them fifty dollars to cover bookkeeping, postage, etcetera. Oh, it's a WONDERFUL feeling to know that there is an expert at hand...with you every step of the way...someone who's very VOICE gives you confidence...

FIB: (FADE IN) Ohhh, I had a cat and her name was Nelly She had fur on her back but none on her kittens.. Oh, hiyah, Uppy.

UPP: How do you do, Mr. McGee? Well, I must be going, my deah. I see you have your hat on, Mr. McGee...do you walk my way?

FIB: No, I don't, Uppy. I've often tried it to amuse Molly, but somehow I can't quite get that haughty, flat-footed effect.

UPP: That flat-footed eff...WELL.....I MUST SAY. I..I... WELL... GOODBYEEEEEEEE!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: (SNICKERS) What's old Uppy the Guppy swimmin' around in our fishbowl for?

MOL: It's about our May Festival, McGee. And it's going to be beautiful, too. A parade, with floats, and a stage play -

FIB: Yeah...home talent stuff! Shucks, any minute now I'll be tied up with a mob that'll make your little cupcake rodeo look like a flea circus. (LAUGHS)

MOL: Really!!! Don't be so conceited, McGee. It's too early in the Spring to start ridin' for a Fall.

FIB: Don't worry. I'm gonna be the biggest -

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR

FIB: I'll get it, Molly...I'll get it! Might be a telegram for me!!!

MOL: For goodness sakes, McGee!! ... what's got into you? COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

OLD M: Hello there, Johnny. Hello, Daughter,
FIB: Sorry I ain't got time to talk to you now, Old Timer...
gotta run downtown and send a telegram.
OLD M: Goin' that way myself, Johnny...Wait a minute, and I'll
give you a lift. Say, how you kids fixed for Christmas
Cards.
MOL: CHRISTMAS CARDS! Why, this' is only April 30th, Mr. Old
Timer....it's 238 days till Christmas.
OLD M: Sure it tis, Daughter, But you won't wanna shop on
Saturdays and Sundays, and that takes off 68 days...so
that leaves only 170 days. Then there's 6 holidays, and
25 broadcast days, that leaves 139. There's two Friday
the 13ths between now'n Christmas...you don't wanna shop
them days...leaves 137. Gotta allow about 30 days for
engravin' and ten days for delivery. Another ten days for
addressin' and mailin' 'em - you'll be outa town 62 days
this summer - makin' it only 25 days... count off about a
week to select the cards ye want...that leaves 18 days...
SAY...YOU KIDS BETTER MAKE IT SNAPPY! YOU GOT LESS'N
THREE WEEKS!

MOL: You shouldn't be sellin' Christmas Cards, Mr. Old Timer.
The way you stuff dates you oughtta be workin' in a
confectionery. (LAUGHS)
OLD M: Heh heh heh...that's pretty good, Daughter...but THAT AIN'T
THE WAY I HEERED IT! The way I heered it -
FIB: Look, Old Timer...I ain't got time just now to hear the way
you heered it. I gotta get down to the telegraph office...
Got your car out in front?
OLD M: Haven't gotta car, Johnny.
MOL: But you said you'd give him a lift to the telegraph office.
OLD M: I am, Daughter. Gonna carry him piggy-back. Hop on,
Johnny.
FIB: Okay, Old Timer...here I come...
OLD M: (GRUNTS)
FIB: Be right back, Molly.
OLD M: Hey...get your feet outa my hip pockets, Johnny. (GRUNTS)
So long, daughter!
SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE
ORK: "SO FAR SO GOOD" -- FADE FOR

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.
Fibber McGee & Molly
4-30-40
Tuesday 5:30 PM PST NBC

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Opening Commercial

ANNOUNCER: Which wears longer -- wood or stone? Most people would say stone, without much hesitation -- and yet there are in ancient palaces of Europe wooden floors that are still intact and beautiful, while the stone steps outside have worn away during the centuries. In fact, in the beautiful, new JOHNSON office building at Racine, Wisconsin, there is a section of one of those old floors -- nearly 400 years old. It is still in excellent condition -- and mellow and rich in its beauty -- because all during those years it was protected with WAX.

In our American homes we can have beautiful floors with much less work than in those olden days. There are easy-to-use weighted brushes -- and there is the JOHNSON ELECTRIC FLOOR POLISHER that you can rent from your dealer at small cost. And every good dealer sells genuine JOHNSON'S WAX, in either paste or liquid form. With this famous wax polish, you can protect your floors against wear -- give them rich beauty -- save yourself hours of housework. And what's more, there are over 100 extra uses for genuine JOHNSON'S WAX -- such as furniture, woodwork, windowsills, lampshades. You will find these labor-saving uses listed on the familiar red and yellow JOHNSON'S WAX package. Try some tomorrow.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH

(APPLAUSE)

2ND SPOT

(2ND REVISION) -9-

FIB: Any messages come for me while I was gone, Molly?
MOL: No. And were you serious about havin' to go out of town?
FIB: SERIOUS! I'll say I am. (LAUGHS) As the guy says when the elephant sat in his lap, "This is the biggest thing that ever happened to me!"
MOL: What is?
FIB: This job I got.
MOL: Tell me more about this great job McGee - who's it with?
FIB: Big theatrical outfit.
MOL: A fine thing...if you're such an expert on shows and things why don't you stay here in your own home town and help us with our Woman's Club festival?
FIB: THAT WEENIE ROAST! (LAUGHS) Go on...I should waste my talents on a small-time corn-carnival like that! May Festival! (LAUGHS) Bunch o' bustles bouncin' around a maypole with gay laughter...NOT FOR ME, BABY!
MOL: Oh, don't be so superior! But I suppose it's just as well you won't help us. We're gettin' a real stage producer. Somebody with experience.
FIB: I'll bet. (LAUGHS) I hope I get a peek at the broken down old ham. Probably a old buck-and-wing man. You know...stand in the wings and try to borrow a buck. (LAUGHS) Don't you get it, Molly? I says an old buck and wing --
MOL: TAIN'T FUNNY, MCGEE!
FIB: It ain't? Okay you can have it for your pageant.
SOUND: DOOR KNOCK:

FIB: Oh oh ... I'LL GET IT, MOLLY...I'LL GET IT...That's probably the telegram I'm waitin' for. Come in, come in, whoever you are!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

NICK: It's only me, Fizzer. Nickolas Stavinopolis Petronius Constantly tedious Magnanimous X. Depopolis.

MOL: What's the "X" for, Mrs. Depopolis?

NICK: "X" marks the spot where I had another middle name, Kewpie, but I always remember to forget what it is.

FIB: What did you want to see us about, Nick?

NICK: This big parades that is being put on in Wistful Vista by the Ladies Clubs.

MOL: The Woman's Club, Mr. Depopolis?

NICK: What -- no ladies?!!!!

FIB: Well, get to the point, Nick...I may get a message callin' me outa town any minute.

NICK: Sure, Fizzer. I am disgusting with your wife...no, that's not right. You wife is the one which is disgusting...no, that's worse...isn't it simply DISCUSSING?

FIB: What were you discussing?

MOL: Well, Mr. Depopolis and I were making arrangements to serve sandwiches and soft drinks all along the line of march.

NICK: I am taking care of all the arrangements, Kewpie, but don't you think it would be more efficienpuss if we just let the parade go right through my Kandy Kitzem?

FIB: You mean let Mohammed come to the fountain?

MOL: Oh, stop it, McGee. No, Nick, I'm afraid that wouldn't work. Now tell me, how much lemonade are you going to make?

NICK: Fifty gallons.

MOL: Fine - now be sure it's good lemonade.

NICK: Oh, my stars, yes. I am getting two of the finest lemons money can buy.

MOL: Well, aren't you going to sell any sandwiches or hamburgers or hot dogs?

NICK: You said it kewpie, I am making up a special hamburgers that I am calling "A Banquet in a Bun", with onions, pickle, mustard, ketchup, relish, tomato, lettuce, chile, salt and pepper.

FIB: Say, that sounds marvelous. But how can you make any money puttin' all that stuff in a sandwich?

NICK: That's the secret of it, Fizzer -- by that time the sandwich is so full, - there is no room for the hamburger. Well so long, Fizzer, - so long Kewpie.

SOUND: (DOOR SLAM)

MOL: Doesn't Mr. Depopolis make you feel a little ashamed of yourself, McGee?

FIB: How so?

MOL: Well...look what HE's doing to support our May Festival. While you run out of town on some wild goose chase.

FIB: Look, Molly...this time the goose is chasin' me. And any time a goose wants to put a feather in my cap, I'll take a gander at it, see?

SOUND: DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

WIL: Hello, Fibber - say, Molly, about this pageant the Woman's Club is putting on. Is there any limit to the size of the floats in the parade?

MOL: No there isn't, Mr. Wilcox. Why - are you entering a float?
WIL: I'll say I am. I'm building one for Johnson's Self Polishing Glocoat that --
FIB: Don't you love the way we sneak these things in, folks? With all the delicate restraint of a puppy in a shoe closet.
MOL: Be quiet, McGee...go on, Mr. Wilcox.
WIL: Well look...I'm building our float on a forty foot truck, see? The driver will be sitting in a big facsimile of a can of Glocoat.

FIB: A reasonable facsimile, I hope.
WIL: Aw lay off, Fibber. Along the sides of the truck, worked out in flowers are the words, "JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. Then on one end of the truck I'm having two beautiful girls in bathing suits with ribbons over their shoulders....one is lettered NO RUBBING...and the other NO BUFFING. THEN - a big banner with the words "JUST APPLY... AND LET DRY" and over the whole thing a tremendous alarm clock with 20 minutes marked off in different colored flowers indicating that Johnson's Self-Polishing Glocoat on your linoleum dries to a mirror-like finish in 20 minutes or less. I think it should be VERY effective.
MOL: It sounds marvelous, Mr. Wilcox. But why have those two girls in bathing suits?
WIL: Symbolical.
FIB: Whatcha mean symbolical? What have two gals in bathing suits got to do with Glocoat?
WIL: Popular product and figures to prove it.
FIB: Ohhh! (TAKE)
WIL: I'll show you the sketches tomorrow, Molly. So long, Fibber.
(DOOR SLAM)
FIB: Figures to prove it! The way that guy's got linoleum on his mind you'd think he spent his life standin' on his head!
MOL: Just the same, I LIKE Mr. Wilcox. He's a gentleman. And what's more he can be counted on to support any local project
FIB: Oh. I suppose you are tryin' to imitate that I oughtta--
MOL: INTIMATE, dearie.

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 NSON'S SELF-POLISHING
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 ith ribbons over their
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FIB: That's what I says. I suppose you're tryin' to imitate
 that I oughtta pass up the opportunity of a lifetime just so
 I can stay here and watch a puny little pantywaist pageant.
 SOUND: (TELEPHONE)
 FIB: OH BOY!!!...AT LAST!! GET READY TO PACK MY BAG, MOLLY....
 THIS IS IT. (CLICK) Hello...HELLO...Oh! For you, Molly.
 MOL: Climb back in your cartridge belt, big shot. HELLO...OH
 YES....MRS. UPPINGTON...YES....YOU HEARD FROM THEM AGAIN?
 WHAT? I'M SUPPOSED TO PROVIDE ROOM AND BOARD FOR THE
 DIRECTOR DURING THE PAGEANT? WHY CERTAINLY...I'LL SEE THAT
 HE GETS PLENTY TO EAT, AND HE CAN SLEEP WITH MCGEE.
 FIB: Hey....what the--
 MOL: ALL RIGHT, MRS. UPPINGTON. GOODEBYE! (CLICK) Now look,
 McGee...forget about goin' outa town. You can't do it.
 I've got to put the director of our pageant up at the house
 here.
 FIB: But Molly....PLEASE....you dunno what this means to me....
 Let that scenery chewin' cluck go sleep in the park. I can't-
 SOUND: (KNOCK AT DOOR)
 FIB: I'LL GET IT....THAT'S MY TELEGRAM! COME IN!

M

MOL:
 SOUND:
 TEE:
 FIB:
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MOL: ~~It would do you a bit of good. You're not going anywhere.~~

~~COME IN:~~

SOUND: (DOOR OPEN & CLOSE)

TEE: Hi, Mister. Wanna buy some flowers. Hmmm? Do ye, Hmmm?
Only got half a dozen left, mister.

FIB: What are they, sis?

TEE: The Six Best Smellers of 1940.

FIB: They are, eh? (LAUGHS)

TEE: (GIGGLES) Hmmm?

FIB: I....look sis....last year about the first of May, you come around and hung a basket o' flowers on our doorknob. How come you're sellin' 'em this year?

TEE: Well, I'm no longer on a sustaining basis, I betcha.

FIB: Ye aren't, eh? (LAUGHS) Okay...I'll buy 'em. How much.

TEE: Nickel apiece.

FIB: Here's thirty-five cents. Got a nickel change?

TEE: No - but I'll pick you another flower.

FIB: Okay...how far you gotta go for it?

TEE: Right in your back yard.

FIB: WHAT? YOU MEAN TO STAND THERE WITH THE ROSES IN YOUR CHEEKS AND MY GERANIUMS IN YOUR HANDS AND TELL ME YOU DELIBERATELY TOOK....(LAUGHS) Oh well...it was a pretty good stroke of business, sis. Hey, Molly.

MOL: Yes?

FIB: You oughtta hire the kid here as business manager for the May Day Festival.

MOL: Don't tell me what to do about the Festival, McGee. ~~You've~~ *Who made*

TEE: ~~you an authority?~~ *Yeah, who made you an authority?*

FIB: Who me? Why, in my younger days sis, I was ALWAYS directin' some big theatrical production. In fact, I never felt at ease without a script in my hand. SCRIPT-EASE MCGEE I WAS KNOWED AS IN THEM DAYS.

TEE: (GIGGLES) Geeee,....

FIB: SCRIPT-EAST MCGEE, THE SENSATIONAL AND SUPER-SOPHISTICATED SHOWMAN OF STAGE AND SCREEN, SCHOOLING SAPPY CINEMA STARS IN THE SUBTLE SCIENCE O' SCREAMIN' AND SCOWLIN', SMILIN' AND SMIRKIN', SNEERIN' AND SNORTIN', SNIFFIN' AND SNICKERIN', SNEEZIN' AND SNARLIN', SHOUTIN' AND SHOOTIN', - SKILLFULLY SUPERVISIN' STUPENDOUS SPECTACLES, SHOOTIN' SMOOTH AND SUSTAINED SCENARIOS, SHAMIN' SHAKESPEARE AND SHOWIN' UP SHAW FOR HIS SHABBY SHODDINESS - SOUNDLY SEASONED BY STORMS AND STRESSES, - but tak@ it, King's Men...it's tough with these S's!

ORCH: "WITH THE WIND AND THE RAIN IN YOUR HAIR"....KING'S MEN
(APPLAUSE)

FIB: Now look, Molly. I don't care if you got 18 imitation impressarios boardin' here during the pageant...I GOTTA GO OUTA TOWN. Any minute now I might get a telegram orderin' me to Walla Walla...or...or Kalamazoo, or somewhere.

MOL: You might as well understand right now, McGee....You're not going. Think how people would talk....a stranger livin' in the house with you outa town.

FIB: (WAILING) Dad rat it, it ain't fair. Here I go on my own initiative and get me a wonderful job and you won't lemme take it. You're....you're wreckin' my career, that's what you're doin'.

SOUND: (KNOCK AT DOOR)

FIB: Lemme get it....that's my telegram! COME IN!

SOUND: (DOOR OPEN & CLOSE)

MOL: Oh, hello, Mr. Gildersleeve.

HAL: Hello, Mrs. McGee...well...what's the matter with you, McGee?

FIB: If it's any of your business, Gildersleeve, I gotta chance to leave town on a big new job and Molly...er... I mean something has come up - that...er....

MOL: I just don't want him to leave during the May Day Festival, Mr. Gildersleeve. We're getting a big director to handle it for us and he's staying at our house.

HAL: Well, you're quite right about it, Mrs. McGee. He doesn't -

FIB: YOU STAY OUTA THIS, GILDERSLEEVE. ANY TIME I WANT YOUR ADVICE, I'LL ASK FOR IT. BUT DON'T SIT UP ALL NIGHT..WAITIN'.

HAL: Now look here, McGee...don't take that tone of voice with me!

FIB: I'll take any tone of voice I wanna with you. What have I gotta do...take vocal exercises just to bandy words with a weisenheimer like you that butts in where...

MOL: McGee...don't be so rude. Was there something you wanted, Mr. Gildersleeve?

HAL: Why...er... yes, Mrs. McGee. Remember you asked me if I wanted to play the male lead in your stage production? Well..(LAUGHS) I...I'll do it, by George!

MOL: Oh, how wonderful!

FIB: Whatcha mean, wonderful! What does Gildersleeve know about actin'? I'll bet he's never been on a stage in his life.

HAL: I have too. My theatrical experience goes back nearly 40 years. I played the part of the middle-sized bear in Goldilocks and The Three Bears when I was only five years old. (LAUGHS) I was cute, too.

FIB: I'll bet you were! You probably stopped right in the middle of the play and held up your little paws for station identification.

HAL: I DID NO SUCH A THING! AND I'M GETTING A LITTLE TIRED OF YOUR SCURRILOUS COMMENTS, MCGEE.

FIB: OH, YEAH? WELL, I'LL MAKE ALL THE SCURL..SQUIRREL..what was that word again?

MOL: Scurrilous, dearie.

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FIB: (ASIDE) Is it bad?
MOL: (WHISPERS) Terrible.
FIB: (SOTTO VOCE) Tis, eh? SO I'M SQUIRRELOUS, AM I,
GILDERSLEEVE? I'M AFRAID I'LL HAVE TO ASK YOU TO STEP OUTSIDE
HAL: ALL RIGHT, McGEE....IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU WANT IT.
MOL: Boys..boys...come come....
FIB: Sorry, Molly....I've taken enough of that guy. (DOOR OPEN)
OUTSIDE, GILDERSLEEVE.
HAL: CERTAINLY. I'LL KILL THIS GUY.
SOUND: (DOOR CLOSE)
FIB: Now then....what were we talkin' about, Molly?
MOL: I thought you were going outside with Mr. Gildersleeve.
FIB: Who, me? Oh no. I just asked HIM to step outside. I was
afraid I'd lose my temper if he stayed in here. But look,
Molly..you ain't really gonna keep me from acceptin' that
big job, are you?
MOL: Temporarily, I am, McGee. If you hadn't been so high hat
about everything you might have got the job directin' our
pageant. But now you'll just have to stay and watch an
imported expert.
FIB: Expert, my eye! If this guy that's comin' is any good,
what's he doin' messin' around with little amateur tank-town
theatricals that--
SOUND: (DOOR KNOCK)
FIB: I'll fix that guy!
SOUND: (DOOR OPEN)
FIB: NOW LOOK HERE, GILDERSLEEVE. I DON'T...Oh..Oh hiya bud....
whatja want?
BOY: Telegram for Fibber McGee.
FIB: Thanks, Bud!
SOUND: (DOOR SLAM)

FIB: (TEARING PAPER) Molly, if this wire says what I think it
does....you're gonna have a awful struggle keepin' me from
leavin' town. Listen -- It says: REPORT AT ONCE TO DIRECT
AND STAR IN STUPENDOUS SPRING PAGEANT. YOU WILL BE IN FULL
CHARGE OF PRODUCTION. CHAIRMAN WILL PROVIDE ROOM AND BOARD
DURING STAY. REPORT TO -- MRS. MOLLY McGEE - 70 WISTFUL
VISTA. Chippewa Entertainment Bureau. Well, I'll be a --

MOL: You'll be a what?
FIB: I'll be a director of your pageant, I guess.
ORK: "NIGHT AFTER NIGHT AFTER YOU" - FADE FOR:

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

CLOSING COMMERCIAL: (To be read at approximately 9:57:30 New York Time in 54 seconds)

By Wilcox from Hollywood to stations East of Salt Lake City including North Mountain States.

Local announcer, KSD, St. Louis.

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

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

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

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

CLOSING COMMERCIAL: (To be read at approximately 9:57:30 New York Time
in 54 seconds)

by Cut-in announcer from Hollywood to Pacific
Coast Red, California Supplementary and Arizona
Stations.
Chicago announcer for line to South Central and
Southwest.
Washington announcer for line to Southeast and
Florida.

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

.....

WILCOX: How old is your automobile? Ten years -- one year --?
-Whichever it is, you're very lucky -- because now you can
keep it shining like new at small cost and with comparatively
little effort. All because of that sensational, new product,
JOHNSON'S CARNU -- that cleans and wax-polishes in one easy
operation. One product that takes the place of two. Now
there's no excuse for driving a dull, dingy car. You women
know what JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT does for your
floors. Well, that's what CARNU does for your car. Many
car owners have written that it took them only one hour to
clean and wax-polish their car with CARNU. If your car is
very grimy, it might take you a little more -- but you'll
still say it's a miracle worker. You rub CARNU over the
finish with a cloth -- it dries to a white powder -- wipe
off the powder and behold a shiny automobile! JOHNSON'S
CARNU is stocked by your regular wax dealer -- auto supply
store or filling station. The cost is low -- buy a can
tomorrow.

(RETURN TO NETWORK AS MUSIC SWELLS)

m

FIB: Folks...tune in again next we
Festival. Arranged, produce
Floats built under the superv
routined by Fibber McGee. Th
and scenery designed by Fibbe
portrayed by Fibber -

MOL: McGEE!

FIB: Who else? Goodnight!

MOL: Goodnight, all!

ORCH: (CLOSING-SIGNATURE) SEGUE (U

WIL: This is Harlow Wilcox, speaki
JOHNSON'S WAX and JOHNSON'S S
inviting you to be with us a
Goodnight!

b

:30 New York Time
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South Central and
a to Southeast and
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rub CARNU over the
white powder -- wipe
omobile! JOHNSON'S
dealer -- auto supply
s low -- buy a can

TAG GAG

FIB: Folks...tune in again next week for Wistful Vista's May
Festival. Arranged, produced and directed by Fibber McGee.
Floats built under the supervision of Fibber McGee. Dances
routined by Fibber McGee. Theatrical production coached
and scenery designed by Fibber McGee. Leading role
portrayed by Fibber -

MOL: McGEE!

FIB: Who else? Goodnight!

MOL: Goodnight, all!

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

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

b

S. C. JOHNS

FIBBER MCGE

NBC-Red

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