

(REVISED)

S. C. JOHNSON & SON

WRITERS:

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY - #248

Don Quinn,
Len Levinson

NBC-Red

Tuesday, May 7th, 1940
5:30-6:00 PM

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

ORK: 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 "Crazy Rhythm".

ORK: "CRAZY RHYTHM."

WIL: THIS IS THE MATINEE OF THE PLAY, WRITTEN, DIRECTED AND
PRODUCED FOR THE WOMAN'S CLUB BY FIBBER MCGEE. IT IS
ENTITLED: "WHEN KNIGHTHOOD WAS THE STUFF", or "WHO WANTS
TO WRANGLE IN THE CASTLE," AND THE CURTAIN HAS JUST RISEN
ON THE THIRD GRIPPING ACT, WHERE IN A GLEAMING SUIT OF
ARMOR, - SIR LANCELOT IS SEEN TALKING TO THE FAIR ELAINE.
THESE TWO PARTS - (We see by the program) ARE TAKEN BY -
--- FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!---

APPLAUSE:

MOL: Ahhh, Sir Lancelot...do not be so distant...cometh closer
to me, Fair Knight!

FIB: Aw pshaw!

SOUND: CLANK CLANK CLANK:

MOL: Wouldst that thou didst not have to fight the Black Knight
in yon tournament today. I fear me that some harm will
perchance comest to thou.

FIB: Say not so, Fair Maid. Methinks I can best this Black
Knight with one eye tied behindest me. Verily, Elaine, he
is a palooka. A pushover, forsooth.

MOL: There speaketh my own true Lancelot! Remember, I am
banking on you my fair knight!

FIB: Ah yes...Bank Knight! (LAUGHS) Dost thou not get it,
Elaine? Thou said thee are banking on me and I cometh
back with a goodly quip -

MOL: TAIN'T FUNNY, MCLANCELOT!

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FIB: Gadzooks! I wouldst fain ha
iron pants crampeth my style

SOUND: TRUMPET FANFARE OFF STAGE

MOL: Listen, my Lancelot! Someo
Could it be the man who come
gone away?

FIB: Nay, fair maid - it is the
to do battle for thy hand.
perforce be given in marria

MOL: (SIGHS) Ah, these are trou
against her will. Merlin th
hath looked into the future

will hath supplanted the br

FIB: Merlin, BAH! A faker! A r
He is always taking an oran
(LAUGHS) But I must go for

SOUND: TRUMPETS LOUDER:

FIB: Ahaaaa...he cometh!

MOL: It is Sir Throckmorton, the

SOUND: CLANK OF ARMOR FADE IN:

FIB: Halt, Black Knight! It is
thou to combat.

HAL: Ah yes...good day, good Kni

MOL: Speaketh not to the Maid of
thou hast bested thy oppone
combat.

FIB: Yes...draw and defend thysel

P

FIB: Gadzooks! I wouldst fain have done better did not these iron pants crampeth my style, somewhat.

SOUND: TRUMPET FANFARE OFF STAGE

MOL: Listen, my Lancelot! Someone approacheth the draw-bridge. Could it be the man who cometh to our house, when papa's gone away?

FIB: Nay, fair maid - it is the Black Knight. And now I must go to do battle for thy hand. For shouldst I fail, must thou perforce be given in marriage to the Black Knight.

MOL: (SIGHS) Ah, these are troublous times when a maid must wed against her will. Merlin the magician telleth me that he hath looked into the future unto the time when the shot-gun will hath supplanted the broad-sword to this purpose.

FIB: Merlin, BAH! A faker! A reader of tea-leaves, forsooth. He is always taking an orange peekoe into the future...

(LAUGHS) But I must go forth to battle, Elaine...

SOUND: TRUMPETS LOUDER:

FIB: Ahaaaa...he cometh!

MOL: It is Sir Throckmorton, the Black Knight of Gildersleeve!

SOUND: CLANK OF ARMOR FADE IN:

FIB: Halt, Black Knight! It is I, Sir Lancelot, challenging thou to combat.

HAL: Ah yes...good day, good Knight. (LAUGHS) Hello, Elaine.

MOL: Speaketh not to the Maid of Astolat, Black Knight, until thou hast bested thy opponent, Sir Lancelot, in mortal combat.

FIB: Yes...draw and defend thyself, Violet!

HAL: (SOTTO VOCE) The word is VARLET, McGee.

FIB: Eh? Oh. Oh yes. DRAW AND DEFEND THYSELF, VARLET!

MOL: And may the best man win!

FIB: TO ARMS, KNAVE!

SOUND: CLANK OF METAL: CLINK OF SWORDS:

MOL: Go to it, Lancelot, me bully boy! Try a left jab with thy broad sword!!!!

SOUND: CLINKING AND CLANKING:

MOL: Verily it soundeth like a boiler factory!!!! I fear me this play clanketh louder than yon armor!

DIALOG OVER CLANKING:

FIB: None o' your tricks now, Gildersleeve!!! Remember, I'm supposed to win!

HAL: All right, McGee, but we've got to make this look good. Otherwise, we...OUCH! Hey, cut that out, you stuck me!

FIB: Well, I couldn't help it...you're so darn clumsy...

HAL: Oh, is that so...well, let me tell you...OUCH...NOW YOU STOP THAT STUFF, MCGEE...OR I'LL BANG YOUR IRON PAJAMAS INTO A WAD OF TIN FOIL...

FIB: Allright you bangl-but don't gimme any more of your lip.

SOUND: SWORDS LOUDER AND FIERCER:

MOL: Heavenly knights! -- er - days! ... Look at 'em go, will you!

SOUND: CLANKING UP

HAL: Now look here, Lancelot....I've had just about enough of this.

SOUND: BONG

HAL: (HEAVY TAKE) Ohhhh.....

SOUND: TERRIFIC CLATTER OF METAL AND CRASH

MOL: One...two...three...four...five...six...seven...eight... nine...TEN! OUT!

SOUND: GONG

MOL: Ladies and gentlemen...the WINNAH AND STILL CHAMPEEN, SIR LANCELOT!

CHEERS:

FIB: And now that I have won thy hand in a fair combat, Elaine - willst marry me?

MOL: I wilt, indeed, Brave Lancelot! Oh, do I wilt!

FIB: But...fair maid...thou seemest sad...what botherest thou?

MOL: Tell me, Lancelot - hath America yet been discovered.

FIB: Nay...not until eight centuries hence...

MOL: Then how canst thou take thy bride to Niagara Falls!

ORK: ("WEDDING MARCH") (APPLAUSE)

BUZZ OF VOICES:

FIB: Gee, am I glad that's over! How'd it go, Molly?

MOL: I think it was wonderful dearie. It's the best play you ever wrote.

UPP: (FADE IN) Oh, Mr. McGee...what a WONDERFUL performance, really! You were simply MARVELOUS...and YOU, Mrs. McGee... you were simply PERFECT for the part.

MOL: Oh, thank you, Mrs. Uppington. You really think so?

UPP: Oh, I do indeed. The minute I saw you come out on the stage in that costume, I said to myself, HOW DELIGHTFULLY SHE PORTRAYS A GIRL OF THE MIDDLE AGES!!!... SO MIDDLE AGED!...Really...(LAUGHS)

MOL: Now, LOOK HERE, MRS. UPPINGTON--

FIB: Oh...er...excuse me, girls...to lay aside my sword and get sordid, Mrs. Uppington...how about the gate receipts? How'd we come out financially?

UPP: SPLENDIDLY, Mr. McGee...as you know, before we started, The Club had a 300-dollar deficit.

FIB: How's it now?

UPP: Now it is 950 dollars. Isn't that wonderful? THE BIGGEST DEFICIT WE EVAH HAD. OH, I am SO thrilled!

FIB: How was the audience reaction, Uppy? Good?

UPP: Oh, I was extremely disturbed about that for a time during the second act.

MOL: Why, Mrs. Uppington?

UPP: Well, the steam radiators were hissing so loudly - and when I ran down to turn them off, -- there were no radiators. (LAUGHS) Wasn't that amusing...well GOODEBYEEEE. (APPLAUSE)

FIB: Hummmmm...Can you imagine that.

MOL: Well, don't feel too badly, dearie. You did your best. Though I DO think you overplayed your part a little when you slapped Mr. Gildersleeve down with your sword.

FIB: (LAUGHS) Say, that was quite a wallop I gave him, wasn't it? I'll bet he thought he was playin' with Olsen and Johnson in Helmet's-a-Poppin'. (LAUGHS) Oh oh...here he comes!

HAL: (FADE IN) Now, look here, McGee...

MOL: Oh, hello, Mr. Gildersleeve...My, you were wonderful as the Black Knight. SO realistic!

FIB: I'll say you were, Gildersleeve. I think you got definite talent. In fact, I think you'd make a great character actor, if you only had a little more character...and could act. (LAUGHS)

HAL: IS THAT SO! WELL, WHAT WAS THE IDEA OF KNOCKING ME COLD IN THE LAST ACT? THAT BASEBALL BAT WASN'T IN THE SCRIPT?

FIB: That was just a sudden inspiration Gildy. (LAUGHS) Did you see that dent in his helmet, Molly. That was the biggest depression I've seen since 1930!

HAL: THAT'S ENOUGH FROM YOU, MCGEE....TAKE OFF THAT ARMOR AND MEET ME MAN TO MAN. I'LL...I'LL...I'LL BLITZKRIEG YOU!

MOL: Oh, now, Mr. Gildersleeve -

FIB: That's okay, Molly. If that's the way he wants it. Beat it now, Gildersleeve and I'll meet you outside in five minutes.

HAL: OH, NO YOU WON'T. I'm gonna wait right here for you.

MOL: Oh, why do you two always have to be fighting. Why don't you patch things up, McGee?

FIB: When I get through with this guy, they won't even be able to patch HIM up. Why, I'lll...I'lll...lemme at him - hey, where's the dingus that unhooks this armor?

HAL: Here - let me help you.

FIB: DON'T YOU DARE TOUCH ME, GILDERSLEEVE - not while I'm in this condition. I'll get out of this my own way. Now.. how'd I ever get into it?

MOL: Don't you remember, dearie?

FIB: No - I was so busy rehearsing my lines that...maybe this is -

SOUND: CLANK AND CLINK OF METAL

FIB: Nope...it don't come off that way -

HAL: Quit stalling - you little weasel.

FIB: Quit rushing me - you big nasty.. er..nasty..er..nasturtium! ...now lesseeee....

MOL: Heavenly days...~~no wonder they called it the Middle Ages.~~
~~Get in the middle of a battle the way that takes you ages.~~
~~Ye poor boy. Is there anything your Molly kin do fer ye?~~

FIB: I guess not, thanks...lemme try once more,
 SOUND: CLINK AND CREAK
 HAL: Take the helmet off first, why don't you?
 FIB: Yeah...why don't I? How do you get it off?
 HAL: Mine wasn't even fastened but maybe yours screws off like
 a diver's helmet - lemme show you....
 SOUND: SQUEAK

FIB: HEY, CUT THAT OUT, YOU'RE TWISTING MY HEAD OFF!
 HAL: (LAUGHING) IS THAT SO?
 FIB: STOP IT! WHADDYE THINK I AM...A POOPET?
 MOL: Puppet, dearie.
 FIB: Well, whatever it is, I ain't one of 'em. Dad rat it -
 lemme think a minute - maybe I can remember how I got into
 this thing.
 PAUSE:
 HAL: WELL...WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO...STAND THERE ALL NIGHT
 LIKE A CAN OF TOMATOES?
 FIB: There's only one thing to do - I gotta get to a blacksmith.
 HAL: Alright, I'll go along.
 FIB: Nothing doing - I'll feel silly enough walking down the
 street with this thing on - let alone with you along.
 MOL: McGee - do you mean we're going to walk?
 FIB: Sure - I gotta keep this thing loosened up, don't I?
 MOL: Now look, McGee...if you think I'm going to parade around
 town with the Man in the Iron Pants, just so you can show
 off -
 FIB: Why...why Molly! What a thing to say!!! I never THOUGHT
 o' such a Ohhhh, MOLLY!

FIB: HEY, CUT THAT OUT...YOU'RE TWISTING MY HEAD AROUND...
 WHADDYE THINK I AM...A POOPET?
 MOL: Puppet, dearie.
 FIB: Well, whatever it is, I ain't one of 'em. Dad rat it -
 lemme think a minute - maybe I can remember how I got
 into this thing.
 PAUSE:
 MOL: WELL...WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO...STAND HERE ALL
 EVENING LIKE A CAN OF TOMATOES?
 FIB: There's only one thing to do, Molly. I gotta find
 a blacksmith. You come with me and hold this
 sword over my head.
 MOL: What on earth for?
 FIB: Thunderstorm comin' up, - and in this outfit I need
 a lightning rod.
 ORK! "YOU, YOU DARLIN'!" - FADE FOR
 (APPLAUSE)

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
MAY 7, 1940
TUESDAY 5:30 PM PST NBC

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Do you get a big thrill out of driving a beautiful, shiny, new automobile? Then listen carefully to what I am going to tell you about JOHNSON'S CARNU! This startling, new product will give you almost the same thrill -- at a trifling cost. You'll admit that the best polish for any car is a wax polish -- that protects the beauty of the finish. Now here is a product that both cleans and wax-polishes in one easy operation -- eliminates the old time high cost and hard work. Many car owners write that cleaning and wax-polishing took them only about one hour with CARNU. It might take you a little longer if your car is very grimy -- but I'll bet you'll end up the job by saying, "Boy! What a thrill!" You rub CARNU over your car finish -- it dries to a white powder -- you wipe off the powder. There's a minimum of work -- So buy a can of JOHNSON'S CARNU tomorrow from your regular wax dealer -- auto supply store or filling station. You'll agree with me, "Your car looks like new when you use CARNU."

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

SECOND SPOT

(2ND REVISION) -11-

SOUND: TRAFFIC NOISES: FADE DOWN INTO STEADY CLANK OF MAN WALKING IN ARMOR.

MOL: Heavenly days...aren't you getting tired, McGee? We must have walked five miles looking for a blacksmith shop.

FIB: Oh well...I think there's one around this next corner..

HAL: OH NO THERE ISN'T MCGEE.

MOL: Now look here, Mr. Gildersleeve...how many times must we tell you to stop following us.

FIB: Go wan home Gildersleeve..BEAT IT. SCRAM.

HAL: I won't do it. I want to be there when you get that armor off.

FIB: Well, I wish I could get it off right now, Gildersleeve... I'D show you. Now run along and quit tagging us.

HAL: I'LL FOLLOW YOU AS LONG AS I WANT TO. THIS IS A FREE COUNTRY

FIB: Oh yeah? Well lemme tell you Gildersleeve -

GOP: ALL RIGHT ALL RIGHT..BREAK IT UP THERE..AND YOU!..WHERE'S YER LICENSE?

MOL: License for what, officer?

OP: Fer holdin' a procession inside the city limits. Come on now..dig down into that chromium cutaway and show me yer license?

FIB: DAD RAT IT, I AIN'T HOLDIN' A PARADE. THIS IS A THEATRICAL COSTUME.

OP: ~~OH~~...WELL, WHY DON'T YE LEAVE YER COSTUME IN YER DRESSIN' ROOM, YE....YE SHOWOFF...QUIT ACTIN' LIKE A KID... NOW, BE ON YER WAY OR I'LL THROW YE IN THE CAN!

FIB: Oh yeah?...well where do ye think I am now? Come on, Molly.

SOUND: CLANKING WALK:

WIL: WELL, HELLO THERE, Molly! ... Who's your friend in the galvanized gabardine?

MOL: It's Fibber, Mr. Wilcox...we're looking for a blacksmith shop, so we can get him out of it.

FIB: Otherwise, I'm gonna be a knight the rest o' my days, Harlow.

WIL: That's a tough spot you're in, Pal. But those Knights of the Round Table had the right idea, at that.

MOL: How so, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Well, they knew that there was nothing like a hard, smooth outer layer of protection.

FIB: Oh oh! We will now hear from that polished nobleman, Sir Cassian Walnut.

WIL: (LAUGHS) Well, it's true...Johnson's Wax gives floors and furniture a suit of armor that gives positive protection in the battle against dirt and dust and wear and scratches.

MOL: Did King Arthur use Johnson's Wax on the Round Table, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Why, he must have, Molly. Johnson's Wax is good for round tables, square tables, coffee tables, card tables, ping pong tables, kitchen tables, hall tables, night tables, dining tables, -

FIB: Oh get to the end, Wilcox.

WIL: Okay - and end tables.

FIB: Ain't he marvelous, folks? You couldn't dampen that guy's enthusiasm with a firehose! Sure you don't know where there's a blacksmith shop, Harlow?

WIL: No, I don't, Fibber. But wait till you read what the newspapers say about that play of yours.

MOL: What's that got to do with his getting out of that suit of armor?

WIL: Plenty. He'll feel so small he can crawl out through the visor. Well, so long, pal!

SOUND: CLANKING WALK:

MOL: McGee....

FIB: Eh?

MOL: Mr. Gildersleeve is still following us!

FIB: He is? Shucks, if he's got a grudge why don't he come up to me and fight it out like a man?

MOL: Oh be careful, McGee. Remember its his great big bare fists against you in that poor little suit of iron armor. Don't take any chances.

BOOM: (FADING IN) Ah, there, my dear! Who's your friend in the noisy knickers?

MOL: It's me husband, Mr. Boomer. We're looking for a blacksmith to get him out of the armor.

FIB: Maybe you're the guy we been lookin' for, Boomer. As Mr. Roosevelt says to Mrs. Farley.."HOW ABOUT THE LOAN OF YOUR JIMMY FOR A WHILE?"

BOOM: That's very good, rattle-rompers, very good. And I've got

(2ND REVISION) #13-14

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MOL: You have?

BOOM: Certainly have!
Gem Can Cutter.
Pullman window w

FIB: That doesn't sou

BOOM: Why Sleeve-Garte
come out of that
can - well, quic

MOL: Well, trot it ou
you've made a se

BOOM: Alright, my dear
here - someplace
..Let me see..he
should encounter
pop off my pop..
hand..in fact th
too..well, well
pocket?...here's
deliver to the
thirty years and
going to run for
you'll pardon me
for a small por
NO LITTLE GEM CA
done me a good
invent the Litt
long to you, de

ORK: "WE PLAY HOOPS"

APPLAUSE

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MOL: You have?

BOOM: Certainly have! A little invention of my own - the Little Gem Can Cutter, and Oyster Opener. Guaranteed to open any Pullman window with one smart blow of the glass.

FIB: That doesn't sound bad, do you think it'll work on me?

BOOM: Why Sleeve-Garters, one twist of the Little Gem and you'll come out of that sardine sarcophagus quicker than a rabbit can - well, quicker than a rabbit can.

MOL: Well, trot it out, Mr. Boomer, trot it out. This time you've made a sale.

BOOM: Alright, my dear - I have a Little Gem can opener right here - someplace..now what did I do with that Little Gem? ..Let me see..here's a sprig of mint leaves - in case I should encounter a leg of lamb. .a little pop gun I used to pop off my pop...here's a small object no larger than a man's hand..in fact that's just what it is!..looks mighty familiar, too...well, well...it's mine!...but what was it doing in my pocket?...here's a letter that Louie the Lifer asked me to deliver to the governor..it says "I've been in here for thirty years and again Roosevelt and Taft and Dewey are going to run for president. I'd like to get out now, if you'll pardon me - this is where I came in!..." And a check for a small portion of pilsner..WELL WELL, imagine that! NO LITTLE GEM CAN OPENER!...come to think of it, you've done me a good turn, Foul Fly. I'm going right home and invent the Little Gem right now. Goodbye my dear, and so long to you, demountable-drawers!

ORK: "WE PLAY HOOPS" - KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE

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3RD SPOT:

SOUND: CLANKING WA

FIB: Hey....Moll!

MOL: Yes, dearie

FIB: Is Gildersl

MOL: Yes, he is.

FIB: Lucky for h

flatter tha

he's up aga

MOL: Ah well...t

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SOUND: CLANK CLANK

FIB: I still dor

What are h

MOL: You poor b

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FIB: Not a bad

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OLD M: (FADE IN)

the rivets

MOL: This is Mr

OLD M: Tis eh? H

FIB: Just overd

in my syst

OLD M: Heh heh he

k

3RD SPOT:

SOUND: CLANKING WALK:

FIB: Hey....Molly.

MOL: Yes, dearie?

FIB: Is Gildersleeve still followin' us?

MOL: Yes, he is. I just saw him duck around the corner.

FIB: Lucky for him I can't get this armor off. I'd pound him flatter than yesterday's beer. That guy don't know what he's up against tacklin' me.

MOL: Ah well...that's human nature, McGee...goin' up against hopeless odds. Think of the man who ate the first lobster.

SOUND: CLANK CLANK CLANK:

FIB: I still don't see any blacksmith shops, Molly. (LAUGHS)
What are horses wearin' nowadays anyway - bedroom slippers?

MOL: You poor boy...you must be simply worn out, draggin' around in that pile of scrap iron. We're right near our house... why don't you go home and lie down a while.

FIB: Not a bad idea, Molly. After I get a rest, maybe I can remember how I got this thing on. It's a -

OLD M: (FADE IN) Well, hello there, Daughter. Who's the rummy in the rivets?

MOL: This is Mr. McGee, Mr. Old Timer.

OLD M: Tis eh? How'dja ever git in there, Johnny?

FIB: Just overdid my diet, Old Timer. Didn't have enough iron in my system and now I got too much system in my iron.

OLD M: Heh heh heh. That's pretty g-....I don't git it.

MOL: He had to wear this costume in a stage play, Mr. Old Timer. He was very much on his mettle - and vice versa.

OLD M: Heh heh heh...now THAT'S pretty good, daughter, but that ain't the way I HEERED IT!

FIB: Oh pshaw...

OLD M: THE WAY I HEERED IT, ONE FELLER SAYS TO TOTHER FELLER, "SAYYYYYY", he says, "IT WON'T BE LONG NOW TILL ALL THEM POLITICAL CANDIDATES START CALLIN' EACH OTHER NAMES OVER THE RADIO. IF THEY WERE SMART THEY'D ALL TAKE A TIP FROM THIS PROGRAM." *and just Johnson's Way on this platforms.*

"WHATCHA MEAN?" says tother feller.

"WELL", says the first feller. "YOU KNOW WHAT WILCOX SAYS - 'DIRT CAN'T CLING TO A JOHNSON WAXED SURFACE!'" Heh heh heh...it's commercial, but it's cute. Hey, Johnny.

FIB: Yeah?

OLD M: You gonna be wearin' that suit o' heavy over-wear all day?

MOL: It looks like he'd have to, Mr. Old Timer...why?

OLD M: Well, I'm-gonna make some fudge tonight, and I'll give him fifty cents to come over and roll on the walnuts. Think it over, Johnny. So long, daughter...heh heh heh...

FIB: THAT old twerp. He's got more silly notions than a 5 & 10 cent store!

SOUND: CLANKING WALK:

FIB: Phew...boy, am I tired!

MOL: Well, we're almost home, dearie...and I'll make you a nice cuppa tea. Then I'll look in the classified directory for somebody to get you out of that thing.

FIB: Might be a good idea to start lookin' under FILING SYSTEMS.
(LAUGHS) Otherwise I don't know how, -

TEE: Hiyah, mister.

FIB: Oh, hello there, little girl. Say, I seen you at our play tonight. Howja like it?

TEE: Well, I attended the play in my professional capacity, I betcha.

FIB: Whatcha mean?

TEE: Well - I'm the Dramatic Editor of our Kindergarten paper, and I have to see all the plays, - good, bad, and no different.

FIB: Well professionally then, sis - whadja think of the underlying premise of our production.

TEE: The underlying prem....HMMM?

FIB: WHADJA THINK OF THE SHOW?

TEE: Oh. Well, I have always thought that the days of Knighthood was a very romantic period.

FIB: But what did you think of my performance?

TEE: I thought you were very UNromantic, -- period.

FIB: Don't you think I was pretty impressive in this suit of armor?

TEE: Geeee, that's funny...that's JUST what Willie Toops asked me.

FIB: He did eh? He asked you what you thought of me in my armour, eh?

TEE: Sure.

FIB: - and what'd YOU say?

TEE: (GIGGLES)

FIB: Aw come on sis. I can take it. Flattery don't turn MY head. What'd you tell Willie Toops about me?

TEE: (GIGGLES) I said...CONFIDENTIALLY, WILLIE - HE CLINKS! You asked for it, mister. G'Bye now... k

FIB: Frèsh kid! You know Molly, I still think she's a midget! Well thank goodness we're home.

HAL: AHHH THERE MCGEE...I've been waiting for you. You're -- (DISAPPOINTED) Oh...so you haven't got that armor off yet, eh?

FIB: That's a pretty acute observation, Gildersleeve. NOW OUTA MY WAY BEFORE I FLATTEN YOUR ARCHES WITH THESE IRON OXFORDS.

HAL: You're a HARRRD man, McGee! BUT WAIT TILL YOU CLIMB OUT OF THAT CHAFING DISH...YOU'LL BE SORRY!

FIB: IS THAT SO!

HAL: YES THAT'S SO!

FIB: Oh, yeah?

HAL: Yeah!!!

MOL: Who writes that snappy dialog for you boys - Noel Coward?

FIB: Well, why should I waste any brilliant epigrams on this lowbrow?....

HAL: Ohhhhhhh!?

FIB: Come on, Molly.

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

FIB: Quick..lock the door.

SOUND: DOOR LOCK

FIB: Thanks...now let's see...I jiggle this little gadget on the shoulder here...(CLINKING) Unhook the front...slide the helmet back...

SOUND: LOUD CLATTER OF ARMOR:

FIB: Boy, is that a relief! Gimme the evening paper, Molly.

b

(2ND REVISION)

-21, 22 & 23-

MOL: Here - (PAPER RATTLE) And here's your spectacles. But look here, McGee - if you could take that armor off so easily, why didn't you do it at the theatre?

FIB: What - and get my block knocked off?

SOUND: (LOUD KNOCKING)

HAL: (OFF MIKE) Hey, McGee - have you got that armor off yet?

FIB: Eh - oh, yes, ^{but my armor off} but I got my glasses on now.

HAL: (OFF MIKE) OHHHHH!

FIB: Good night, Black Knight!

ORK: "WHERE DO I GO FROM YOU"

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.
Fibber McGee & Molly
May 7, 1940
Tuesday 5:30 PM PST NBC

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Closing Commercial (TO BE READ AT APPROXIMATELY 9:57:30 EDST
BY WILCOX FROM HOLLYWOOD TO U.S. STATIONS)

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

(PAUSE....2 SECONDS)

Which room in your house is used most? Well, it's probably your kitchen -- that's where you have to spend a great many hours -- and it's a room that is mighty important to the whole family. Then, shouldn't the kitchen be as bright and cheerful as you can make it?

There are many things you can do to accomplish this -- but nothing will help more than to keep your linoleum floors glistening and spotless with JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. And nothing will save you as much work as GLO-COAT. This easy-to-use polish needs no rubbing or buffing at all. You simply pour it onto your floor, spread it around, and it polishes itself in 20 minutes while it is drying. GLO-COAT gives a beautiful polish that is long-lasting, and easy to keep clean. Spilled things wipe up easily with a damp cloth. Many users write us that GLO-COAT makes their linoleum last six times longer than unprotected surfaces. And, of course, GLO-COAT does away with old-fashioned floor scrubbing. Buy a can of GLO-COAT tomorrow -- it's spelled G-L-O hyphen C-O-A-T.

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

APPROXIMATELY 9:57:30 EDST
(HOLLYWOOD TO U.S. STATIONS)

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O-A-T.

TAG GAG

FIB: Folks, next Sunday is not only dedicated to
Mothers....it is also National Hospital Day,
in honor of the birthday of Florence Nightingale,
the Founder of Nursing.

MOL: So may we suggest you pay a visit to your hospital
and get acquainted with your most helpful neighbor.

FIB: Don't forget, it's the men and women in white we
turn to when everything looks black.
Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all!

ORK: UP TO FINISH

(APPLAUSE)

CREDITS...SIGNOFF