

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

(REVISED)

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

# 250

5:30-6:00 PM  
Tuesday - May 21, 1940

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 Kings' Men, and Billy Mills'  
Orchestra. The show opens with "Liza".

ORCH: "LIZA"

APPLAUSE:

ORCH: SEGUE "RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN" - FADE -

WIL: WELL, EVERYTHING IS QUIET AGAIN AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA. LAST WEEK, FIBBER AND MR. GILDERSLEEVE SAT DOWN TO PLAY OFF THEIR LONG-STANDING GRUDGE WITH A GAME OF CHECKERS. SO WE HOPE THAT'S SETTLED FOR GOOD AND ALL. LET'S GO AND SEE WHAT'S HAPPENED SINCE THEN AT THE HOME OF

-- FIBBER McGEE & MOLLY!

(APPLAUSE)

(PAUSE)

HAL: IT'S YOUR MOVE, McGEE!

FIB: (SLEEPILY) EH? (YAWNS) What say, Molly?

HAL: I'M NOT MOLLY! I'm Throckmorton P. Gildersleeve and we're playing a game of checkers -- remember?

FIB: Oh...oh yes....(YAWNS) Why don't you concede the game, Gildersleeve. I'm tired.

HAL: YOU'RE tired! I suppose you think I'm enjoying sitting here in your house, day after day...night after night...WHY DON'T YOU MOVE THAT LAST CHECKER OUT IN THE OPEN AND FIGHT LIKE A MAN?

FIB: (YAWNS) Why don't you move yours? Or better still....give up and go home?

HAL: I can stay with this as long as you can, McGee. (YAWNS)

FIB: You're as hard to get rid of as a burr on a donkey's tail.

HAL: (LAUGHS) That's very good. Speaking from experience, I suppose?

FIB: Now look here, Gildersleeve. I'm sleepy and wore out, but I ain't so tired that I can't resent--

SOUND: (DOOR OPEN)

MOL: (FADE IN) Here's another pot of black coffee, boys.

HAL: Thank you, Mrs. McGee.

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FIB: I'm so full o' black coffee now, I breathe like a percolator.

HAL: There's another similarity -- you drip!

MOL: Heavenly days...look at this room. Cigar stubs, coffee cups, smoke...and you two with seven days' whiskers! AREN'T YOU ASHAMED!

HAL: Wel-l-l...gee...

FIB: Ye see, Gildersleeve? Ain't you ashamed, comin' over here and makin' a gambling den of our house? GO ON HOME.

HAL: I WON'T. Not till this game is settled, one way or the other.

MOL: Won't your wife be worried about you?

HAL: No. I called her a little while ago. I told her I was sitting up with a slick friend. (LAUGHS) Say, that wasn't bad, was it?

FIB: It was terrible.

HAL: You're a hard man, McGee!

MOL: Here...have another cup of coffee.

SOUND: CLINK OF CUP AND SAUCER:

HAL: Thank you.

FIB: AND ANOTHER THING, GILDERSLEEVE. WHILE I'VE WOKE UP ENOUGH TO THINK OF IT!! You been usin' the telephone here every hour or so since last Tuesday.

HAL: WHAT OF IT? I HAVE TO KEEP IN TOUCH WITH MY OFFICE, DON'T I? MY GOODNESS, here I am, hidden away, and-

SOUND: TELEPHONE OFF MIKE:

HAL: Oh oh...there's my office calling me now...excuse me, please..(FADE OUT) Keep your eye on him, Mrs. McGee...

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MOL: Look, dearie...you look all worn out...you haven't slept for a week...and I've seen every movie in town. Remember those happy days when just you and I lived here...alone together?

FIB: I'm sorry, Molly. But I refuse to give up, I...I guess I got a strain o' bulldog in me.

MOL: I believe you have, at that. At least you've got this house looking like a kennel. PLEASE, MCGEE...CALL IT OFF..Throw the game to Mr. Gildersleeve, and go to bed.

FIB: WHAT? THROW THE GAME? Why...why Molly...that'd be cheating - and what's worse, it'd be cheating ME!

MOL: Oh, come on. PRETTY PLEASE!

FIB: Molly, as the gal with the busted garter says to the cross-eyed fella who just asked her twin sister to dance, "NO!"

HAL: (FADE IN) McGee...that phone call was for you.

MOL: Go answer it dearie, while I open the window and get a little fresh air into this monkey cage.

FIB: Well, okay..but keep a eye on Gildersleeve while I'm gone. (MUTTERS) That pig-headed, obstinate, stubborn, mulish - HELLO, FIBBER MCGEE SPEAKIN'. Who? Mr. Plummer? Of the Plummer Plumbing and Hardware Company?

MOL: Who is it, McGee?

FIB: Mr. Plummer. HELLO...Well, whadja want, Mr. Plumber? Eh? Why ...why yes...I've had quite a bit of that kind of experience. Yes, indeed. You betcha.

MOL: What Mr. Plummer is that?

FIB: Plummer the Plumber. WHATSAY, MR. PLUMMER? A JOB? Well, I don't ... EH? HOW MUCH? Just one day at 10 bucks? But Mr. Plummer, I -

MOL: Gimme that phone, McGee! HELLO, MR. PLUMMER. HE'LL TAKE IT! Goodbye. (CLICK)

FIB: But Molly, he wants me to take full charge of his hardware and plumbing business today while he's outa town. And I gotta....How can I -

MOL: STOP ARGUIN'. IT'S ALL SETTLED.

FIB: Wel-1-1...okay. After all, I guess it's worth givin' up this silly checker game. Let's go tell Gildersleeve.

MOL: All right. Come on -

SOUND: (SNORES FADE IN)

FIB: (FADE IN) Hey, Gildy. I'm afraid we can't go on with - oh oh.

MOL: Sound asleep.

FIB: I always said he couldn't take it. HEY, GILDERSLEEVE! WAKE UP!

SOUND: SNORES

MOL: The poor man! Let him sleep while you get dressed, McGee. Here..lift his head while I slip a pillow under him. That's it...

SOUND: SNORES

MOL: Take his shoes off, too.

FIB: I can't.

MOL: Why not?

FIB: They are off.

SOUND: SNORES

MOL: Poor, tired, Mr. Gildersleeve. He's simply exhausted. You know, McGee...maybe I shouldn't have accepted that job for you.

SOUND: SNORES

FIB: (Shut up, Gildersleeve!) Why not, Molly?

MOL: Well, in the first place, you don't know any more about hardware and plumbing than a cricket knows about cricket...

FIB: WHO, ME? WHY SAY, I KNOW HARDWARE LIKE -

MOL: Not so loud, dearie, you'll wake Mr. Gildersleeve.

FIB: (SOFTLY)Well, anyway, I know my hardware. Why, I was the best hardware merchandiser in Peoria. It used to kill the boss the way I drilled the other boys in salesmanship. KILLER-DRILLER MCGEE. I WAS KNOWN AS IN THEM DAYS --

(REVISED) -8-

SOUND: SNORE

MOL: SHHHHHHH....Take it easy, McGee.

FIB: (WHISPERS) Killer-Driller McGee, the keen and cunning king of commercial caper-cutters, cleverly convincing customers, constantly consumating colossal contracts;

MOL: Shhhh!

FIB: catering to the comfort of the queens of the kitchen with a complete catalog of corn cures, Kiddie Kars, cookie cutters, candy kettles, custard cups, cuckoo clocks, candid cameras, ~~and~~ and keen-cutting cutlery. Converting crusty cooks into --

MOL: Shhhhh!

FIB: congenial clients by clowning with the kiddies and kissing every cutie - but we better go now, Molly - I'm disturbing Sleeping Beauty.

ORK: "PLAYMATES" - FADE FOR -

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
MAY 21, 1940  
TUESDAY 5:30 PM PST NBC

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WIL: Have you driven your automobile around town today? Were you proud of its appearance? Did your friends turn to look at its beautiful polish -- or were you just a little bit ashamed because it looked dull and dingy? If you were, then JOHNSON'S CARNU was made just for you -- because with CARNU you can give your car a beautiful wax polish, quickly, easily inexpensively. Yesterday it cost real money, or several hours of hard work, to clean and wax-polish your car. Today, you can do both those jobs -- both cleaning and wax-polishing at one and the same time -- one easy operation -- with this sensational, new JOHNSON'S CARNU. Many car owners have told us they did both jobs in one hour. If your car is extra dirty, it may take you a little longer -- but in any case CARNU takes less than half the time formerly required. Find out how easy CARNU is by trying it on your own car. Buy a can from your regular wax dealer, auto supply store or service station. You'll soon be saying, "Your car looks like new when you use CARNU."

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

(2ND REVISION) 11 & 12

MAN: Stop jabbing me in the ribs, McGee. And you can go to work immediately. You'll find everything marked as to price.

MOL: I'm going to stay and help out, Mr. Plummer, if you don't mind. Two heads are better than one, you know.

MAN: In this case, I think two is a slight exaggeration. Well, good luck, McGee... everything is in your hands. See you tomorrow!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

MOL: Well! If I was the owner of a nice business like this I certainly wouldn't go away and trust it to a couple of people like us!

FIB: Aw, forget it, Molly. With my salesmanship and your feminine intuition, we can -

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

FIB: Oh, hello there, Grandmaw...what can I do for you?

WHEE: WHERE'S THE AMMUNITION COUNTER, SHORTY?

FIB: Right over there, -- What kinda ammunition you want?

WHEE: SMOKELESS POWDER, SKIPPY. 'GIMME ABOUT A OUNCE OF IT.

FIB: Okay...here you are. That's two bits.

WHEE: ALL RIGHTY...NEVER MIND WRAPPIN' IT UP, SHORTY...I'LL CARRY IT RIGHT IN HERE.

FIB: HEY...WHAT'S THE IDEA PUTTIN' THAT IN YOUR COMPACT, GRANDMAW? THAT'S SMOKELESS POWDER, NOT FACE POWDER!

WHEE: I KNOW IT, JUNIOR. BUT I'M A RED HOT MAMMA AND I GOT A DATE WITH A FIREMAN...WHOOPEEEEE!!!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: Why, that old...why don't she act her age?

MOL: If she did, she'd still be going around with that sailor.

(2ND REVISION) 13-14-15

FIB: What sailor?

MOL: I don't know, but she must have met one on the Mayflower.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

MAN: Hey, mister.....

FIB: Yeah?

MAN: You sell elephant rifles?

FIB: Yes, we do.

MAN: GREAT GUNS!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: Well, we're doing a big business in door slams, anyway.

MOL: I wish the cash register would open and close as fast as that.

FIB: Say...I wonder if I hadn't better call home and see if Gildersleeve has woken up yet.

MOL: GOOD idea, McGee.

FIB: Where's the telephone? Oh...here tis. (CLICK CLICK)

HELLO, OPERATOR? GIMME THE RESIDENCE OF FIBBER

MCG-----EH? OH, IS THAT YOU, MYRT?

MOL: Oh dear,

FIB: How's every little thing, Myrt? Tis eh? WHAT SAY, MYRT? Your little sister? Oh, that's too bad! I'm

sorry to hear that. Slipped and fell down, eh?

Vertebrae, eh?

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS....How'd it happen, McGee?

FIB: (Myrt's kid sister was in a spelling bee. She slipped on "bananas" and fell down on "vertebrae." WHAT SAY, MYRT? Fibber McGee doesn't answer? Well, maybe he ain't home. Thanks anyway, Myrt! (CLICK)

MOL: YOU'RE FIBBER MCGEE, dearie...remember?

FIB: WELL THEN, WHY DON'T I ANSWER THE TELEPH...oh...Oh, I'm here, ain't I? THEN WHO WAS I CALLIN' AT MY HOU...oh. Oh yes, Gildersleeve. But he's asleep. No wonder he didn't answer it.

MOL: Dearie...you're as baffled as a beachcomber in Death Valley. Why don't you concentrate on what you're doing?

FIB: Well, shucks, I -

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

FIB: If that's another firearm expert wantin' to know if we carry horsepistols, tell him his horse has to have a permit.

MOL: It's a lady, McGee.

FIB: Oh. Good. HIYAH, SIS...WHAT CAN WE DO FOR YOU? We got a special today on magnetic fly paper. Just sprinkle a little sugar on some spinach, the fly eats the spinach, gets full of iron, flies over the magnetized fly paper and Pssst, - There's your fly.

GIRL: Excuse me, but I just wanted to inquire if you handle a good automobile polish?

MOL: Yes, we do, madam. We carry the very best. Johnson's CAR-NU is --

GIRL: Oh YES...JOHNSON'S CAR-NU...THAT'S THE DOUBLE ACTION POLISH THAT CLEANS AND SHINES IN ONE EASY OPERATION.

FIB: That's right, sis. And not only that -

GIRL: OH, I KNOW. I'VE HEARD ALL ABOUT HOW IT'S AS QUICK AND EASY TO USE ON CARS AS JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT IS ON FLOORS AND LINOLEUM.

MOL: Well, you seem to know all about it, miss. But did you know that -

GIRL: OH, I KNOW EVERYTHING ABOUT CAR-NU. AND HOW ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS APPLY IT, LET IT DRY AND WIPE IT OFF AND LEAVES YOUR CAR LOOKING SIMPLY GORGEOUS!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

GIRL: Oh, here's my husband. HELLO, DEAR!

WIL: Hello, sweetie pie. How you comin'?

GIRL: You don't have to sell these people any Car-Nu, darling. They have it in stock.

WIL: They have - well come on honey - let's go.

FIB: Look, Wilcox...what's the idea of --

WIL: Sorry Fibber - we're in a hurry. You take the filling station, angel-puss, - and I'll try the garage across the street.

GIRL: Alright pet!

WIL: See you later, folks.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

MOL: HMMMMMM.....

FIB: WELL! I've heard about salesmen throwin' their hats in the door, but this is the first time I ever seen one throw his WIFE in!

MOL: I bet it'd be fun to go to a party at their house. They probably spend the evening playing Drop-the-Glocoat, and Ring-around-the Car-Nu.

FIB: Yes, or Blind Man's No-Buffering. If that guy don't --  
SOUND: TELEPHONE:  
FIB: (CLICK) HELLO. 'Plummer's Hardware. WHAT SAY, BUD?  
RUBBER DOOR KNOBS? NOPE...SORRY. (CLICK)  
MOL: Who on earth would want a rubber door knob, McGee?  
FIB: The house detective at the Eagle Hotel. Says he's tired  
of bumping his head all the time.  
SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:  
FIB: Oh oh. There's Mrs. Uppington, Molly. Boy, get a load  
o' the new fur coat!  
MOL: Well, she isn't the first old hen to wind up inside of a  
fox.  
FIB: You wait on her Molly - I'm gonna get a drink.  
UPP: (FADE IN) Oh, how do you do, Mrs. McGee...I heard you and  
your husband were in charge here temporarily and I  
thought perhaps I could favor you with a little business.  
MOL: Now, isn't that nice of you, dearie. What was it you  
wanted?  
UPP: Well, I am remodelling the upstairs rooms in my house and  
I wish to install one more bathtub.  
MOL: Well, we'll certainly be glad to make a sale, Mrs.  
Uppington. But McGee had better handle this. YOU HOO!!  
..COME HERE, MCGEE!  
FIB: Hiyah, Uppy. Somethin' I could do for you?  
UPP: Yes...as I was telling Mrs. McGee...I need a bawth.  
FIB: Well, that's very...er..interesting...but...er..I don't  
quite see..where I...

UPP: And I thought that as long as I was in the market for one,  
I should let YOU do the work.  
FIB: You mean you...er...you wanna take it HERE?  
MOL: Don't be ridiculous, McGee...she wants you to come over  
to her house with all the equipment and do the work there.  
FIB: But, gee whiz, Uppy, I don't think I...well, shucks -  
UPP: Oh, come come, Mr. McGee...your wife tells me you're  
EXACTLY the man for the job!  
FIB: Aw pshaw.  
MOL: Of course...you'd be perfectly silly to pass up an  
opportunity like this. My, won't Mr. Plummer be jealous  
when he hears about it?  
FIB: Yeah...I suppose he will, but I still don't - well (LAUGHS  
EMBARRASSEDLY) What kind of a bath you want, Uppy?  
UPP: I shall leave it entirely up to you, Mr. McGee.  
MOL: I like 'em with a shower at the end.  
UPP: Yes, I think a shower is verrrry stimulating. And  
remember, Mr. McGee, I want one that will last me a LONG,  
LONG TIME.  
FIB: Well, I can't exactly guarantee how long -  
UPP: You see, since I bought that great big house of mine most  
people have thought I had four or five bawths. It would  
NEVAH do to let them know I've just had one all this time.  
FIB: HONEST, UPPY? Shucks, I never suspected -

UPP: Oh, not at all, my deah boy...NOT AT ALL...And if you do a good job, I shall recommend you to ALL my friends.

MOL: Why don't you go home with Mrs. Uppington now, McGee, and sort of make a rough estimate.

UPP: Yes, DO Mr. McGee!

FIB: Well.....I...I...NO, DAD RAT IT!!! I WON'T DO IT! I HATE TO ACT PRUDISH, BUT DAD RAT IT, I GOT MY IDEALS. IF YOU WANT A BATH SO BAD, UPPY, YOU CAN TAKE IT YOURSELF! I AIN'T GONNA -

MOL: MCGEE....she wanted to buy a bath TUB.

FIB: Eh? Oh, I thought -

UPP: WELL...I...MUST SAY THAT I NEVAH EXPECTED TO HEAR SUCH A... I MEAN HOW COULD YOU HAVE POSSIBLY MISINTERPRETED...OHHHHHHH...HOW INSULTING! GOOD DAY!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

MOL: Heavenly days, McGee...is YOUR FACE RED!

FIB: Awww...that's just from bendin' over.

MOL: What were you bending over for?

FIB: I was tryin' to see what the King's Men were gonna sing. It's COMIN' THRU THE RYE. Come through, Fellas!

ORK: "COMIN' THRU THE RYE" --- THE KING'S MEN.

APPLAUSE:

MOL: You know, McGee...somchow I don't think you're such a success in the hardware business.

FIB: Don't get impatient. As the guy says when he put his friend's hip-flask in his pocket, 'JUST KEEP YOUR RYE ON ME'.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

OLD M: HELLO there, Johnny...Hello, Daughter. Got any golf balls?

MOL: Yes we have, Mr. Old Timer. Any particular brand?

OLD M: Guess not, daughter. So long's it's a good bouncer.

FIB: Here ye are, Old Timer...best golfball made. They call this golf ball the Night Club Sirloin, because it's so hard to slice.

OLD M: They do, eh? (LAUGHS) That's pretty good, Johnny, BUT THAT AIN'T THE WAY I HEERED IT. The way I heered it, one feller says to tother feller, "SAYYYY", he says, "WHATCHA BEEN DOIN'?" "WELL", says tother feller, "BEEN DOWN TO THE THEATRE TO SEE LILLIAN RUSSELL". "YES, I KNOW", says the first feller, "BUT WHATCHA BEEN DOIN' LATELY?" Heh heh heh...o' course what he really meant was that he'd been down to see the MOVIE o' Lillian Russell but the other feller thought he meant he'd seen the REAL Lillian Russell but it was the misunderstanding, Johnny, that gives the joke that kind of whimsical quality that -

MOL: Yes, we know, Mr. Old Timer. Don't try to explain it.

FIB: No. And how many o' these golf balls you want?

OLD M: One.

MOL: ONE!



FIB: You can't play golf very long with one golf ball,  
Old Timer.

OLD M: Not gonna play golf. Gonna play jacks. Take ye on any  
day, daughter. Ye oughtta see me do sevensies and eightsies!  
Heh heh heh. How much, Johnny?

FIB: 75¢.

OLD M: WHAT? 75¢ for one golf ball! Sayyy, looks like I took up  
a expensive sport, don't it? Guess I better go back to  
flyin' my kite. So long, kids!

SOUND: (DOOR OPEN & CLOSE)

FIB: That old cruller. The trouble with bein' in your second  
childhood is that you don't get that same pretty teacher  
you had in kindergarten.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

MAN: Hey, Buddy. Have you got 22 rifles?

FIB: Why yes, Bud!

MAN: Gee, that's a lot of rifles ain't it! Hah! Hah!

SOUND: (DOOR SLAMS)

FIB: DAD RAT IT, IF ONE MORE GUY COMES IN THAT DOOR AND ASKS IF  
WE GOT A CERTAIN KIND OF A GUN, I'LL - I'LL SAY --

SOUND: (DOOR OPEN & CLOSE):

FIB: Oh, hiyah, little girl.

TEE: HI, mister. Do you sell roller skates here?

FIB: You bet we do, sis. We've got the slickest line of Sidewalk  
Studebakers and Pavement Pontiacs in Wistful Vista.

TEE: Hmhmhmhmhm?

FIB: I says yes, we sell roller skates. Are you in the market  
for a pair of skates? "

TEE: Nope - I'm in the hardware store for a pair of skates.

FIB: Okay, okay, okay....Say, Molly, where's the skates  
located at?

MOL: (SLIGHTLY OFF MIKE) Right above your head, dearie, on the  
top shelf.

FIB: (LOOKING UP) Oh, way up there, hmhmhm! Mean I gotta climb  
way up and...say, sis, how about buying one of these nice  
Girl Scout axes here on the counter?

TEE: No!

FIB: Weenie roaster?

TEE: No!

FIB: Muskrat trap?

TEE: No.

FIB: Aw, come on sis - it's endorsed by Superman.

TEE: No! I just wanna skate.

FIB: Okay...guess I'll have to get 'em down then. Hey, Molly -  
how'm I gonna get those skates down offen that shelf?

MOL: (FADING IN) Heavenly Days, McGee - you're so helpless!  
Use that pole over against the wall - just hook the ends  
of it onto the box. Climb p on the counter.

FIB: Okay - dad rat the dad-ratted. Hey, Molly, have I hooked  
them skates yet?

MOL: Not quite, McGee - more to the left --

FIB: I think I got it now--

MOL: LOOK OUT MCGEE!

SOUND: (AVALANCHE OF POTS, PANS, BELLS, CHIMES, ROLLER SKATES, etc...  
AFTER ALL OTHER SOUNDS DIE OUT, WHIRR OF SKATES CONTINUES)

FIB: (HIS VOICE CRACKING) Here are your roller skates, little  
girl.

TEE: Gee, they're just like Willie Toopses' ain't they?

FIB: Well, isn't that nice?

TEE: Yes, but gee, Mister - (I'm thinkin' to myself, I'm thinkin')  
- why should I buy these when I can borrow Willie's any time  
I want to?

FIB: WHAT?

TEE: Yeah - so you know what I'm gonna do, huh? - Instead of  
buying skates with my nickel, I'm gonna get an ice-cream  
cone.....G'bye, Mister..

SOUND: (DOOR SLAM)

FIB: Dad rat the dad-ratted...I sure am earning this ten bucks.  
If I'd a-knew the hardware business was so hard, I'd have --

SOUND: (DOOR OPEN)

MOL: Oh look, McGee....it's Mr. Plummer...and MR. GILDERSLEEVE.

FIB: Gildersleeve! What's he doin' here? I thought he was  
at our house, sound asleep...HEY GILDERSLEEVE....

HAL: Hello, McGee...my goodness what have you been doing in  
here?

PLUM: THAT'S WHAT I WANT TO KNOW, McGEE....LOOK AT THIS STORE....  
IT'S A SHAMBLES.

MOL: Well, you see, Mr. Plummer, McGee was trying to get a pair  
of roller skates off the top shelf and everything--

PLUM: NEVER MIND THAT. FIRST I WANT TO KNOW WHAT WAS YOUR IDEA IN  
INSULTING MRS. UPPINGTON?

FIB: Well, look, chief. I - you see it was this way. She...or  
rather I....

PLUM: NEVER MIND. GET YOUR HAT AND GET OUT....YOU'RE FIRED!

MOL: Where's our ten bucks.

PLUMB: Shall I pay him, Throckmorton?

HAL: Oh sure...(LAUGHS)...Sure, go ahead.

FIB: WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO SAY ABOUT IT, GILDERSLEEVE?

PLUM: Mr. Gildersleeve is my silent partner, McGee. I just run  
it for him. If it hadn't been for him, you wouldn't have  
been working here.

MOL: WHAT? YOU MEAN MR. GILDERSLEEVE GOT US THIS JOB..

FIB: What's the idea, Gildersleeve?

HAL: You know what the idea was, McGee...(LAUGHS)...I had to  
break up that checker game, some way. (LAUGHS)

FIB: Oh, pshaw!

ORCH: "WHERE DO I GO FROM YOU"

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
MAY 21, 1940  
TUESDAY 5:30 PM PST NBC

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Read in 57 seconds

CLOSING COMMERCIAL: (To be read at approximately 9:57:30 pm New York

Time by Wilcox in Hollywood).

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

(Pause 2 seconds) . . . . .

WIL: Has it ever occurred to you that when you're in the kitchen, that most of the time you're on your feet? That's one of the reasons why the kitchen floor is often a problem floor. It gets more than average wear, and besides you just can't help spilling things now and then. Millions of women have discovered the easy way to solve the problem of their kitchen floors -- with JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. When you apply GLO-COAT to a linoleum floor, you do two things: Number one, you protect the surface of the linoleum, keep its colors bright and fresh, and make it wear indefinitely. Number two, you save work, because it's so easy to keep a GLO-COATED floor clean and spotless. Spilled things are quickly wiped up with a damp cloth. And, of course, there's no rubbing or buffing with GLO-COAT. Nothing could be easier than using this famous floor polish. You simply put it on your floor and in 20 minutes the floor has gleaming, sparkling beauty. That's why GLO-COAT is called SELF-POLISHING. It actually does the work itself. You can use GLO-COAT on your painted and varnished wood floors, too. Get some from your dealer tomorrow.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

(2ND REVISION) -28-

TAG GAG

MOL: McGee.  
FIB: Eh?  
MOL: The circus is coming to town next week. Will you take me?  
FIB: I'll say I will. I'll be glad to get back in the circus atmosphere, too. You know I'm an old lion tamer.  
MOL: Why'd you ever quit?  
FIB: I ran out of old lions. Goodnight.  
MOL: Goodnight, all.  
ORCH: (CLOSING SIGNATURE) ("SAVE YOUR SORROW")  
WIL: (SIGNOFF)

*not*