

(REVISED)

S.C. JOHNSON & SON

WRITERS:

Don Quinn
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FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY - #253

NBC - Red

June 11, 1940

5:30 - 6:00 PM.

(REVISED) -2-

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 "You".

ORK: "YOU"

WIL: FOLKS, YOU WHO LOVE TO TAKE LONG WALKS DOWN THE FAMILIAR STREETS OF YOUR HOME TOWN - YOU, WHO LIKE TO MEET AND PASS THE TIME OF DAY WITH THE NEIGHBORS - YOU, WHO KNOW THE SWEET LOVELINESS OF A DAY IN JUNE - YOU, WHO -

MOL: Yoo hoo, Mr. Wilcox!

WIL: YOO HOO...Oh! Well! ANYWAY, HERE, WINDOW SHOPPING DOWN FOURTEENTH STREET, WISTFUL VISTA, WE FIND --

--FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!--

APPLAUSE:

MOL: MY ISN'T IT LOVELY OUT TODAY, MCGEE? "AHHHHH, what is so rare as a day in June!"

FIB: Thirty-one days in September.

MOL: Yes, but I -

MAN: HI, FIBBER!

FIB: HIYAH, BUD! Hey, Molly...how does this straw hat look on me?

MOL: Wel-l-l...not bad, McGee...but what are those two big holes on the sides for?

FIB: Ears.

MOL: EARS!

FIB: Yeah...I picked this hat up at a bargain. The Wistful Vista Dairy Company just put in motor trucks. Sold all their horses.

MOL: I see. Didn't they have any shoes that would fit you?

FIB: (LAUGHS) Well, I -

MAN: HIYAH, FIBBER!

FIB: Hiyah, Bud! What was I sayin', Molly?

MOL: About buyin' a horse's wardrobe.

FIB: Oh yes. Well sir, when I heard the Dairy Company was sellin' these straw hats, I dropped in and I says SAY, DID ANY OF THESE HORSES WEAR A 6 and 7/8THS HAT? AND THE FELLA SAYS, WELL, HE SAYS -

MAN: HIYAH, FIBBER!

FIB: HIYAH, BUD.

MOL: My goodness, you know everybody, don't you, McGee?

FIB: Oh, I get around. Well anyway -

MAN: HIYAH, BUD!

FIB: Hiyah, Fibber...er...no! That ain't - SAY WHERE DID HE GET THAT HIYAH, BUD, STUFF?

MOL: Who was that fat man you just spoke to?

FIB: I dunno. I have such a circle of wide acquaintances. (LAUGHS) Don't you get it, Molly? I says -

MOL: TAIN'T FUNNY, MCGEE!

FIB: It ain't? Shucks, I thought - Hey look at the crowd in front of Needham's Wallpaper store. Looks like an auction sale.

MOL: OHHH, GOODY....LET'S GO OVER AND LISTEN. I LOVE
AUCTIONS!

FIB: I hate auctions.

MOL: Do you love me?

FIB: Yes,...

MOL: WELL, I LOVE AUCTIONS.....so come on...

CROWD MURMUR UP: FADE FOR:

FIB: Oh oh...get a load of the auctioneer...HORATIO K.
BOOMER!

BOOM: (FADE IN) AND NOW, FRIENDS...ITEM 47! THIS IS A
VERY CHOICE SELECTION OF FLOWERED PAPER SUITABLE
FOR BOUDOIR...LIVING ROOMS OR....ahhh....good day,
there, Chipmunk...and good day to you, my dear...

MOL: Hello, Mr. Boomer.

FIB: Hiyah, Boomer. When did you get to be an authority
on interior decoration?

BOOM: It's hereditary, Twitchy-Puss...my father was a
bartender...AND NOW FRIENDS...WHAT AM I BID FOR
THIS LOVELY WALLPAPER...ITEM 47....NOTE THE
DELICATE SHADINGS ON THIS BORDER OF INTER-TWINED
CHRYSANTHEMUMS....

MOL: Those aren't chrysanthemums, Mr. Boomer...those
are zinnias.

BOOM: My dear, considering your unfortunate marriage to
little tinker-toy there, I defer to your superior
knowledge of wallflowers.

CROWD LAUGHTER:

FIB: OH YEAH? LOOK HERE, BOOMER, IF YOU THINK -

BOOM: NOW, ON WITH THE BIDDING FOR ITEM 47, FRIENDS...
THIRTY ROLLS OF MURAL DELIGHT...PAPER YOUR ROOM WITH
THIS LOVELY PAPER AND BOUND OUT OF BED INTO A BOWER
OF BLOSSOMS...WHO'LL START THE BIDDING?

FIB: I won't, for one.

BOOM: I HEAR ONE! ONE DOLLAR BID...WHO'LL MAKE IT TWO?

MOL: I don't know what anybody'd want that stuff for.

BOOM: FOUR...I HEAR FOUR...ONLY FOUR DOLLARS BID FOR THIS
GLITTERING GALAXY OF GORGEOUS GERANIUMS AND
GLAMOROUS GOLDENROD....

FIB: We better be quiet, Molly. If he thinks we're bidding we'll find ourselves behind the eight ball!

BOOM: WHAT BALL?

FIB: EIGHT!

BOOM: Thank you - the gentleman says 8! EIGHT I'M BID...FOLKS... ONLY EIGHT DOLLARS FOR THIS TREMENDOUS BARGAIN IN BOUDOIR BILLBOARDING, WHO'LL MAKE IT NINE?

CROWD UP AND FADE:

MOL: Now wait a minute, Mr. Boomer...we weren't bidding...

BOOM: Ah, yes you were, my dear...heard you distinctly...

FIB: OH YEAH?...LOOK HERE, BOOMER - ONE MORE CRACK -

BOOM: ONE MORE...THAT MAKES IT NINE...NINE DOLLARS FOLKS...FOR ITEM 47...COME COME COME! THIS IS RIDICULOUS...MY YOUNG FRIENDS HERE HAVE BID NINE --

MOL: He did not, Mr. Boomer, and if you intend -

BOOM: TEN I HEARD...TEN DOLLARS BID...WHO'LL MAKE IT ELEVEN... ELEVEN.....DO I HEAR ELEVEN.

FIB: NO, YOU DON'T HEAR ELEVEN. AND IT DOESN'T MATTER -

BOOM: AH, A DOZEN...THE GENTLEMAN MAKES IT TWELVE...TWELVE DOLLARS!...TWELVE, I'M BID...TWELVE DOLLARS...GOING ONCE AT TWELVE...GOING TWICE AT TWELVE...(THAT'S TWENTY FOUR) GOING THREE TIMES AT TWELVE...AND THREE TIMES TWELVE IS 36....GOING, GOING, GONE! AT 36 DOLLARS TO THE GENTLEMAN IN THE HORSE'S HAT!

CROWD MURMURS UP AND FADE:

FIB: Now look here, Horatio K. Boomer...don't try them carnival tactics on me! I wasn't bidding, and you know it!

BOOM: Sorry, Twaddle-tongue, but you made your bid, now don't try to lie out of it. JOE...GIVE THE MAN HIS WALLPAPER! 36 DOLLARS PLEASE -

MOL: Mr. Boomer, we didn't buy that paper and -

FIB: And we won't pay for it!

BOOM: AHHH...TRYING TO WELSH, RABBIT? COME COME...I DON'T LIKE TO BE DISAGREEABLE...BUT DO YOU PAY FOR THIS PAPER OR SHALL I CALL AN OFFICER? (RAISES VOICE) FRIENDS...YOU HEARD THESE PEOPLE BID...YOU ALL WITNESSED THE TRANSACTION...

MURMURS OF ASSENT:

MOL: He's got you, dearie...pay him and let's go.

FIB: Okay okay okay...gimme the wallpaper, Boomer. I'll go out and raise thirty six bucks, someplace.

BOOM: SPLENDID, SPLENDID...and if you can't raise the cash, Dream-Boat, just send me a check and I'll raise it. Yes yes..

CROWD MURMUR UP AND FADE: FOOTSTEPS UP AND FADE:

FIB: That dirty crook...hey, take hold o' my arm, Molly.. I can't see over this stack o' wallpaper.

MOL: All right, dearie...right this way...oh dear..thirty six dollars thrown away.

FIB: Oh, I wouldn't say that. I'm gonna use this wallpaper.

MOL: What for? A bonfire?

FIB: No sir. I'm gonna paper the living room with it.

MOL: Ohh, now wait, a minute...did you say YOU were going to do the papering?

FIB: Sure. Why not? Nothin' tough about that.

MOL: Oh dear...McGee, you can't even stick a stamp on an envelope without getting a nasty look from the mailman!

FIB: Oh come come. Shucks -

TEE: Hi mister.

FIB: WHO SAID THAT? Oh...hello there, little girl.. I couldn't see you on account o' this load of wallpaper. (LAUGHS)

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
JUNE 11, 1940
TUESDAY 5:30 PM PST NBC

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

WIL: Last week-end I had my car out on the highways headed for a pleasant time in the country -- and so did nearly everybody else! Isn't it amazing how a sunny day in June brings out all the cars in town? You know, there's one thing I noticed -- some of these cars seemed to hold their heads higher than others, carry their families more proudly down the road. And no wonder -- they were all shined up for the occasion with JOHNSON'S CARNU. You could almost hear those cars saying, "Your car looks like new when you use CARNU." Until the JOHNSON WAX people perfected CARNU, it used to be a chore to clean and wax-polish your car -- either you spent real money for the job, or worked several hours at it yourself. With CARNU you do these two jobs at the same time -- both clean and wax-polish in one easy operation -- in half the time it used to take. And you won't believe what a beautiful "showroom shine" you get until you try CARNU on your own car. Do it now and be ready to join the parade this week-end with a car your family can be proud of. Ask for JOHNSON'S CARNU -- from your regular wax dealer, auto supply store or filling station. CARNU costs very little.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

2ND SPOT

SOUND: RUMBLE AND THUD OF MOVING FURNITURE...CLINK OF GLASS:

MOL: McGee...what are you doing?

FIB: Movin' all the furniture and bric-a-brac, Molly. So I can start paperin'!

MOL: Oh, heavenly days...you're not SERIOUS about doing the papering yourself, are you?

FIB: Sure I am. And quit worryin'. As the horse says when the cowboy buckled the strap around his belly - "This is gonna be a cinch!" Here - take this portrait of Uncle Dennis, will you?

MOL: But, McGee -

FIB: (LAUGHS) By the way, you ever notice they got the picture wire fastened to the wrong side of that picture?

MOL: They've no such a thing. If the wire was on the other side Uncle Dennis would face the wall.

FIB: That's what I meant.

SOUND: DOOR KNOCK

MOL: COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

OLD M: Hello, Johnny. Hello, Daughter. Just thought I'd stop in and pass the time of day.

FIB: Okay...pass it.

OLD M: 2:15 PM.

MOL: Thank you.

OLD M: That's okay, daughter. Hey..whatcha doin', Johnny?

FIB: Gonna paper this room, Old Timer.

OLD M: Know anything about it?

MOL: To hear him talk, Mr. Old Timer, he's a paste master at it.

OLD M: Paste master, eh? Heh heh heh!! That's a play on words, ain't it? Past master...paste master!! Heh heh heh... THAT'S PRETTY GOOD DAUGHTER.....

(PAUSE)

FIB: Well?

OLD M: Eh? Oh! OH YEAH! BUT THAT AIN'T THE WAY I HEERED IT! THE WAY I HEERED IT, ONE FELLER SAYS TO TOTHER FELLER, "SAYYYY", he says, "I JUST THOUGHT UP A JOKE. THINK FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY'D USE IT IF I SENT IT TO 'EM?"

"IS IT A GOOD JOKE?" ~~says the first feller.~~

"NOPE", says the first feller.

"YUP!" ^{That'll use it.} SAYS tother feller, Heh heh heh. Say, speakin' o' wall paper, you kids know the Wallpaper Song?

MOL: Wallpaper Song?

OLD M: Sure...(SINGS QUAVERINGLY) "SOUTH OF THE BORDERRRRR," DA DA DE DA DAAAAAAA!!! Heh heh heh! (PAUSE) Oh...too corny, eh? Well, see you later, kids!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Now let's see...oh yes...HELP ME MOVE THIS DAVENPORT OUT FROM THE WALL, WILL YOU, MOLLY?

SOUND: MOVING FURNITURE:

MOL: Look, McGee...let's stop this nonsense. If you insist on doing the papering yourself, why don't you get somebody else to do it instead?

FIB: Go on...I can ^{hang paper} do it as good as nobody...~~I'll be the one to~~
~~all wrapped before you know it. McGEE, YOU'RE~~
~~LEAVING ME!~~

MOL: (SIGHS) Dearie...if you had as much ability as you've got confidence, you'd go a long way - and maybe it would be a good thing!

FIB: HEY...I KNOW WHAT I FORGOT...I need another ladder. I'll call Gildersleeve and see if I can borrow the loan of his.

SOUND: (TELEPHONE)

FIB: HELLO, OPERATOR? GIMME THE RESIDENCE OF THROCKMORTON P. GILDERSLEEVE -....Oh, is that you, Myrt? How's every little thing, Myrt? 'Tis, eh? Whatsay, Myrt? YOUR BROTHER? GOT PINCHED FOR HOLDIN' UP A TRAIN? SHUCKS, HE SHOULDA KNEW HE COULDN'T GET AWAY WITH THAT STUFF!

MOL: Heavenly days, McGee...what train did he hold up?

FIB: THE ONE ON HIS AUNT'S BRIDAL GOWN. HELD IT UP TOO HIGH AND GOT PINCHED ON THE EAR FOR BEIN' A SMARTY! What say, Myrt? Oh, no answer, eh? Okay. As long as we got the gag in, - such as it was. Thanks, Myrt. (CLICK)

MOL: Here's the ironing board, McGee...

SOUND: THUD:

MOL: - and don't be spillin' paste all over it either. And furthermore -

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

WIL: Hello, Molly. Hello, Fibber.

MOL: Oh, hello, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: S'matter with you, Harlow? You look like somebody'd turned a blow torch on your ice cream cone.

WIL: Well, I've got a problem, folks. I have a friend who works in New York and lives over in Jersey and I've wanted to sell him some Johnson's Car Nu for a long time. So I told him to listen to me on this program tonight...

FIB: Listen to you?

WIL: Sure, who else. But my friend is always driving home at this particular time and has to hear the show on his car radio.

FIB: Look, Harlow...time's a-wastin'. Tell us, in your refined Racine accent, what goes with the guy who has to hear your dulcet tones on his car radio?

WIL: Well, suppose I were to say: Folks, JOHNSON'S CAR-NU IS A WONDERFUL NEW DOUBLE ACTION PRODUCT THAT MAKES YOUR CAR SHINE LIKE NEW AGAIN, WITH AN ABSOLUTE MINIMUM OF EFFORT. IT CLEANS AND WAX POLISHES IN ONE SIMPLE OPERATION. JUST APPLY JOHNSON'S CAR-NU, ALLOW IT TO DRY, WIPE IT OFF. AND THERE IS A BEAUTIFUL SPARKLING WAX POLISH THAT LOOKS LIKE IT JUST CAME OFF THE SALESROOM FLOOR. TRY CAR-NU TODAY...IT'S AS SENSATIONAL FOR CARS AS JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT IS FOR FLOORS AND LINOLEUM.

FIB: Well, where's your problem? He can hear that plain enough, can't he?

WIL: No! He's driving through the HOLLAND TUNNEL! (LAUGHS)

So long, pal.

SOUND: (DOOR SLAM)

MOL: You know, McGee...(and I hate to say this)...but sometimes I suspect Mr. Wilcox of just inventing excuses to talk about Johnson products!

FIB: Please, Molly...don't be so cynical. Hand me that roll of wall paper there.

MOL: Is it all cut to the right length?

FIB: Whatcha mean, the right length?

MOL: Well, all living rooms aren't the same height, dearie. I don't want it drooping from the molding or having thirty or forty inches of it festooned over the floor.

FIB: Say, that's a thought, ain't it?

MOL: Yes, it is. Imagine having guests come in, look around, and then come up and whisper..."pardon me, Mrs. McGee... your your wallpaper is showing!"

FIB: We'll worry about that later - I gotta put this ceiling piece up first.

MOL: What's that big hole for, McGee?

FIB: For the chandelier to go thru. You hold the davenport, Molly, while I climb up. Now, when I reach this end up to the ceiling, you tell me how far -

MOL: LOOK OUT, MCGEE!! THE DAVENPORT IS TIPPING!!!!

SOUND: CRASH AND THUD RATTLE OF PAPER

MOL: MCGEE...WHERE ARE YOU...DOWN BEHIND THE DAVENPORT?

FIB: (OFF MIKE) No...I'm up here!! Hangin' onto the chandelier!

MOL: You come right down before you break a bulb!

FIB: (OFF MIKE) Oh, don't worry about me, I can hang on here indefinitely. Used to do this on a trapeze in vaudeville. Ever hear of a act called William William? That was me.

MOL: WILLIAM WILLIAM!

(2ND REVISION) 17-18-19

FIB: Sure...DOUBLE BILL MCGEE, I WAS KNOWN AS IN THEM DAYS!

MOL: Oh dear...

FIB: (STILL OFF MIKE) DOUBLE-BILL MCGEE, THE DASHING, DEBONAIR DAREDEVIL, DEFYIN' DEATH DAILY WITH DIZZY AND DIFFICULT DEMONSTRATIONS OF DAZZLING DEXTERITY. DAUNTLESSLY DANGLING FROM DAWN TO DARK AND DUMFOUNDING DIMPLED DAMSELS AND THEIR DING DONG DADDIES WITH MY DILLY, DIPSY-DOODLE DOUBLE-DROP, DECORATED BY DUKES AND DUTCHESSSES FOR MY DELIGHTFUL DISREGARD OF DANGER, WHILE DOIN' MY DIVE TO THE ROLL OF THE DRUM -

BUT LOOK OUT BELOW, MOLLY...HERE I COME!

SOUND: WIND WHISTLE TO TERRIFIC CRASH:

ORK: "SAY IT" -- KING'S MEN:

(ANNOUNCEMENT OVER INTRO.)

(THIRD SPOT)

(2ND REVISION)

-20-

FIB: Look, Molly....you better drape some bedsheets over all the furniture....this wallpaper paste gets kinda indiscriminate.

MOL: Maybe you'd like to have me take the walls down and lay 'em on the floor for you. Would that help?

FIB: Come on, come on....I'm anxious to get started...this job is just...

SOUND: (KNOCK ON DOOR)

FIB: Oh, dad rat it....COME IN!

SOUND: (DOOR OPEN & CLOSE)

MOL: Oh, Mrs. Uppington.

UPP: Yes...how do you do, my doah...and Mr. McGee.

FIB: Hiyah, Uppity.

UPP: What, may I awsk, are you...Oh....wallpapah! Are you expecting the decoratahs?

MOL: McGee's the decorator....he says. He's going to paper this room himself.

UPP: Reahhly! Isn't it amazing what is being taught in the public schools nowadays.

FIB: Eh? Oh....HEY, WHADDYE THINK OF THE WALLPAPER, UPPY?

SOUND: RATTLE OF PAPER:

MOL: It'll be much prettier after it's hung....I hope. Like it, Mrs. Uppington?

UPP: Well, frankly, Mrs. McGee...I think hanging is much too good for it! (LAUGHS)

MOL: Well, now -

FIB: Uppy, as the hostess says when she found the guest under the piano the day after the party, "I think that one was uncalled for".

MOL: What kind of paper have you got in YOUR living room, Mrs. Uppington?

UPP: My drawing room, Mrs. McGee...is NOT papahed.

FIB: Remember, Molly? It's all done in Sinful Cedar.

UPP: Sinful Cedar?

FIB: Sure...you know -- naughty pine! (DEFLATE) SO YOU DON'T LIKE OUR CHOICE OF WALLPAPER, EH, UPPY?

UPP: Mrs. McGee...anyone who would be so indiscriminating as to purchase such an important item as wallpapah at a cheap, common, sidewalk AUCTION SALE, is -

FIB: Hey, wait a minute. How'd you know we got this stuff at a auction?

UPP: Because, Mrs. McGee, I just purchased the same pattern there also, and the scoundrel who sold it to me ASSURED me that I had it exclusively North of fourteenth street and West of the railro.... OH...WHAT AM I SAYING...I...WELL.... GOODBYE!!!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOL: That woman never has a kind word to say about anything.

FIB: I know...she's lookin' at the world through razz-colored glasses. Well, come on, Molly. Hand me another roll o' wallpaper,...thanks....

SOUND: SLAP OF BRUSH AND RATTLE OF PAPER: BUT LOUD:

MOL: Heavenly days, McGee...don't splash that paste around so enthusiastically...you're getting it all over everything...

FIB: Aw, it'll wash off...(SLAP SLAP SLAP) THERE...pretty good, oh?

MOL: It's beautiful...except for one thing.

FIB: What's that?

MOL: It's upside down.

FIB: It is? Good thing that was only the second strip I put on. Now all I gotta do is put every other one on upside down, and it'll look like that's the way the pattern goes. Ye see? Just use your brains in a case like this and -

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

HAL: AH, THERE, MCGEE...Harlow Wilcox told me you were paperhanging...Let me help, will you?...Gee, this ought to be fun.

FIB: No, I'm sorry, Throcky, but I'm afraid you can't ---

HAL: You're a har-r-d man, McGee!

FIB: Oh I am not. Here..grab a brush you big ninny - and get busy...

HAL: All right...(LAUGHS) Oh boy, always wanted to do this...

SOUND: SLAP OF PASTE BRUSH...RATTLE OF PAPER...FIB AND HAL HUMMING:

MOL: FOR goodness sakes, boys...don't be so sloppy with that paste! I feel like I was in a slightly sticky snowstorm.

SOUND: SLAP OF PASTE AND RATTLE OF PAPER:

FIB: Okay, Gildy...bring it over this way...NO NO NO...AROUND THE LADDER, NOT THROUGH IT!

SOUND: RIPPING OF PAPER:

HAL: Oh, I'm sorry, McGee...my, this is tender paper, isn't it?

FIB: Whadja think I paper walls with, you dumbell -- adhesive tape?

HAL: NOW LOOK HERE, MCGEE...

MOL: OH STOP IT AND GET TO WORK, YOU TWO.....

FIB: Yeah...come on...get busy, Gildy...

SOUND: SLAP SLAP SLAP...RATTLE RATTLE:

HAL: It's my first turn to get up on the ladder, McGee...

FIB: Okay okay okay...GO ON...I'll take this end and you -
SOUND: SMALL CRASH AND GLASS TINKLE
MOL: OH DEAR...NOW LOOK WHAT YOU DID...KICKED A HOLE IN UNCLE
DENNIS!
HAL: What's he doing behind the davenport? COME OUT OF THERE,
YOU...AND GET TO WORK!!!
FIB: Pipe down, Gildersleeve...that's a PICTURE of Uncle Dennis...
HAL: Oh...(LAUGHS) Oh yes...well come on, McGee...
SOUND: RATTLE OF PAPER: SLAP OF BRUSH:
FIB: Little more to the left there, Gildy...THAT'S IT...
(SLAP SLAP) OKAY...NOW ANOTHER STRIP...
SOUND: CLATTER OF LADDER...RATTLE OF PAPER...SLAP SLAP SLAP:
FIB: HEY, LOOK OUT...YOU'RE SPLASHIN' PASTE ON ME...
HAL: Well, get outa the way then, McGee...(LAUGHS)
FIB: Oh yeah...well; see how you like it...
SOUND: WET SLAP:
FIB: THERE!! HOW YOU LIKE THE TASTE O' THAT?
HAL: (LAUGHS) TASTES JUST LIKE THAT SPAGHETTI YOU MADE LAST
WEEK, MCGEE...ONLY MORE FLAVOR...
HAL: (LAUGHS) HERE, TRY SOME MORE YOURSELF...
SOUND: (WET SLAP)
FIB: OH YEAH...(LAUGHS)
SOUND: FURIOUS SLAPPING AND LAUGHTER:
MOL: (FADE IN) HERE HERE HERE...Give me one of those brushes - I
might as well get some fun outta this too!!
SOUND: (LAUGHTER - GRUNTS - SLAPPING - YELLING FROM ALL THREE)
(DOOR OPEN & CLOSE)

WIL: (FRANTICALLY) Say, Fibber...Molly...
MOL: What, Mr. Wilcox?
WIL: You'll have to hurry. Your time's about up.
FIB: YOU MEAN WE AIN'T GOT TIME TO FINISH THE SHOW?
WIL: That's right...
FIB: WELL, THANK GOODNESS...I WONDERED HOW WE WERE GONNA GET
OUTA THIS MESS...PLAY, BILLY!!
ORK: "WHERE DO I GO FROM YOU?" FADE FOR:

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
JUNE 11, 1940
TUESDAY 5:30 PM PST NBC

CLOSING COMMERCIAL: (To be read by Wilcox to NBC Network except WMAQ)

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

.....

WIL: Last year the New York and San Francisco World's Fairs drew millions of visitors. This year they're out to break last year's records -- both in attendance and entertainment. If you attend the New York Fair, you should certainly spend some time in the fascinating Town of Tomorrow. The fifteen model homes here are filled with inspirations of home building, home decoration, and home furnishing. Do you know how the floors, furniture and woodwork of every one of these homes are protected and beautified? You've guessed it -- with JOHNSON WAX Polishes exclusively. Genuine JOHNSON'S WAX on floors, furniture, woodwork, paneling -- JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT on kitchen linoleum, rubber and asphalt tile floors -- JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX Furniture Polish on furniture and table tops -- even JOHNSON'S CARNU on the new cars displayed on the grounds. JOHNSON WAX Polishes protect the floor and wood surfaces of the great majority of all World's Fair Buildings and Exhibits. So you see, you can't go wrong yourself when you insist upon JOHNSON WAX Polishes for your own home.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

MOLLY: McGee, look at the mess this room is in - I told you you'd never get this room papered.

FIB: I know what was wrong, Molly! It was the paste...

MOLLY: What was wrong with the paste?

FIB: How do you expect me to paper the living room with Library Paste! Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all.

ORK: (CLOSING SIGNATURE) (APPLAUSE)