

(REVISED)

S. C. JOHNSON & SON

Writers:

Don Quinn
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FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY - #254

NBC - Red

Tuesday, June 18, 1940

5:30-6:00 PM

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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 "Do It Again"!

ORK: "DO IT AGAIN".

WIL: WHEN A MAN TRAVELS, HE WANTS TO KNOW EXACTLY WHERE HE IS.
WHEN A WOMAN TRAVELS, SHE WANTS TO KNOW EXACTLY WHAT TO
WEAR. AND HERE, AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA, ONE STUDYING A ROAD
MAP AND THE OTHER CUTTING OUT A DRESS FOR A VACATION
WARDROBE, EACH INTENT ON HIS OWN BUSINESS, WE FIND --

--FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY--

APPLAUSE:

FIB: (RATTLE OF PAPER) Lessee now - we proceed along highway
99 for - 122 miles - then turn left at a red schoolhouse
for a distance of --

MOL: Five inches, down to the hips -

SOUND: SNIP SNIP

FIB: - then detour 20 miles because the regular road has --

MOL: six buttonholes. Now let me see. They start at the
neckline, and -

FIB: -- stop at the Pattycake Hotel in Niagara Falls, where the
manager will greet you -

MOL: -- with a belt in the back.

FIB: Eh?

MOL: McGee, I'm afraid this dress pattern is a little too
complicated for me. I'll have to call the dressmaker after
all. Hand me the phone.

FIB: Okay - here --

MOL: Thank you (CLICK) HELLO OPERATOR? GIVE ME MISS AMELIA
FEATHERSTITCH AT WISTFUL VISTA 687 - WHAT? Oh, is that you,
Myrt?

FIB: Heavenly Days.

MOL: HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING, MYRTLE? IT IS, EH? WHAT'S THAT?
OH, NOT REALLY!! OH, THAT'S TERRIBLE, MYRT!

FIB: What is, Molly?

MOL: Quiet, McGee...TELL ME THAT AGAIN, MYRTLE..YES...YES...OH
DEAR...HOW PERFECTLY AWFUL!

FIB: Aw, come on, Molly...I always tell YOU.

MOL: WHAT SAY, MYRTLE? YES, IT SIMPLY RUINS EVERYTHING FOR ME..
ALL MY PLANS AND WORK, AND ALL...

FIB: HEY! DAD RAT IT! WHAT HAPPENED?

MOL: Myrt says skirts are going to be two inches longer this
year!

FIB:

MOL: WHAT, MYRTLE? Oh, the dressmaker doesn't answer? Well,
thank you anyway. Goodbye. (CLICK) Well, McGee...you're
going to have to help me with this dress.

FIB: Okay...thread me a needle and I'll show you my famous
speedboat stitch.

MOL: Speedboat stitch?

FIB: Yeah..forty knots an hour. (LAUGHS) Don't you get it,
Molly? Knots? You says --

MOL: TAIN'T FUNNY, MCGEE -

FIB: Oh well, its getting near the end of the season and every
laugh counts.

MOL: Besides, I don't want you to help me sew. I want you to
slip this dress on so I can see how I'm doing.

FIB: Okay...just gimme the dre...EH? WHAT'D YOU SAY? ME PUT
A DRESS ON? OH NO! NO SIR! NOT ME! WHAT IF SOMEBODY
SHOULD COME IN? (and I been on this show too long to think
they won't).

MOL: Oh, don't be silly! Take your vest off and slip this on...

FIB: Aw, Molly, I don't wanna. Gee whiz...

MOL: McGee...You OWE me that much.

FIB: Why do I?

MOL: Who was it that ruined my dress form by shooting it full of arrows? Tell me that?

FIB: Wel-1-1, me and Gildersleeve. But shucks, it was the only thing we could find to shoot at.

MOL: Two grown men shooting bows and arrows!

FIB: Well, Gildersleeve had to do SOMETHING with that bow and arrow. He bought it for his father for Father's Day and his father couldn't use it.

MOL: Why not?

FIB: The instructions says to hold the bow in the left hand - the arrow in the right hand, and draw the feathered end back as far as the teeth. And he just couldn't do it.

MOL: No strength?

FIB: No teeth!

MOL: SEE HERE, DEARIE...THAT'S ENOUGH NONSENSE...HERE...SLIP THIS ON...

FIB: Wel-1-1...lock the door first. And pull down the shades.

MOL: I WILL NOT! ANYBODY'S THINK THIS WAS THE FIRST TIME YOU EVER HAD A DRESS ON.

FIB: When did I ever?

MOL: Remember that masquerade party you went to - as Mary Pickford?

FIB: That was different. I was just --

MOL: TAKE OFF YOUR VEST...That's better...now hold your arms up ...that's a nice boy...

FIB: (MUTTERS) Fine job for a man...

MOL: McGee! Stand still a minute....There..it looks lovely on you.

FIB: Shucks.

SOUND: DOOR KNOCK

FIB: Oh, my gosh...where can I hide...HEY, WHERE CAN I HIDE... QUICK.

MOL: Oh hush...COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

MAN: (BILL'S MUG VOICE) THIS THE BOB HOPE PROGRAM?

MOL: No...this is the Fibber McGee and Molly program.

MAN: Oh...I saw you two girls through the window and thought it was Brenda and Cobina! I'M SORRY!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: Brenda and Cobina! ... THAT'S ENOUGH! I'VE HAD ENOUGH!HEY, BILLY MILLS!.....

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MILLS: Yeah?
FIB: Whaddye gonna play while I take this dress off?
MILLS: "OUTSIDE OF THAT, I LOVE YOU".
FIB: (GROANS)
ORK: "OUTSIDE OF THAT, I LOVE YOU" -- FADE FOR -

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
JUNE 18, 1940
TUESDAY 5:30 PM PST NBC

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OPENING COMMERCIAL:

WILCOX: One thing that's welcome any time is a new product or a new idea that will save work. That's just as true in the home as it is in an industry. Look how successful JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT is -- because it has saved housewives millions of hours of work in taking care of their floors. Just as much of a work saver for you men is JOHNSON'S sensational, new auto polish -- CARNU. CARNU does two jobs at once -- both cleans and wax-polishes your car in one easy operation. Formerly to do these jobs cost real money -- or several hours of hard work. Now, with JOHNSON'S CARNU, many car owners tell us they do both jobs in an hour. Imagine, cleaning and wax-polishing your car in one hour! If your car is very dirty, it may take you a little more -- but you'll still say CARNU is a miracle worker. As a matter of fact, thousands of the country's leading service stations are now using CARNU for polishing customer's cars. There's only one way to find out how easy CARNU is to use, what a beautiful "showroom shine" it gives your car. Try it yourself. Get a can tomorrow from your regular wax dealer, auto supply store or service station. Remember, "Your car looks like new when you use CARNU."

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

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SOUND: RATTLE OF PAPER

FIB: Now lessee...Lincoln Highway to Cleveland, then over to Buffalo...Hmmm...

MOL: All right, McGee. Put the map down. I want you to try this dress on again.

FIB: WHAT? NO SIR, DAD RAT IT, I AIN'T GONNA! NOT AGAIN! YOU WANT ME TO GROW UP TO BE A SISSY?

MOL: It would be nice if you just grew up! Now don't be so ---

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

MOL: COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR LATCH

TEE: Hiyah, mister.

FIB: Oh hello there, little girl.

TEE: Whatcha doin'?

FIB: I was just about to put on my dress...er...Oh, nothin'. Why?

TEE: Well, Georgie Depopolis and Willie Toops and I are getting up a game of Run, Sheep, Run, and we need a fourth. Wanna play?

FIB: No, I don't. And what made you think of me?

TEE: Oh, I dunno, mister. We just tried to think of somebody we knew who looked kinda sheepish, I guess.

FIB: Well, gee....thanks, sis!! You mean I'm sorta gentle and kind and useful?

TEE: No....you're kind of dumb and frisky and always need a haircut. (GIGGLES)

FIB: Okay okay okay....I get it. Now suppose you go play your "Mutton, Mutton, Who's Got the Mutton" someplace else.

(LAUGHS)

TEE: (GIGGLES) Hmmm...

FIB: I SAYS GO PLAY SOMEPLACE EL...Er...look sis. Let's not quarrel. After all, we're goin' away on a vacation next week and I don't wanna have any hard feelings.

TEE: Okay mister. Let's bury the machine gun.

FIB: You mean bury the HATCHET.

TEE: I know...but hatchet always sounds so corny, somehow.

FIB: Oh no it don't.

TEE: Oh yes it does.

FIB: Oh, no it don't.

TEE: Ohhh, yes it does.

FIB: OHHHHH!! *No, it don't.*

TEE: Ohhhh, saay, mister --

FIB: EH?

TEE: I GOTTA phonograph in my bedroom, and you know what?

FIB: No, what?

TEE: My mamma bought a recording of one of your broadcasts and she plays it for me sometimes, I betcha.

FIB: She does, eh? When you've been a good girl?

TEE: No, when I've been bad. BOY, DOES THAT KEEP ME IN LINE! I just can't take it. Well, so long, mister.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM:

FIB: If all the fresh kids like her were placed end to end, what I couldn't do with a hairbrush!

MOL: Come on, McGee...Slip this dress on again.

FIB: BUT MOLLY...I DON'T WANNA! THINK OF MY DIGNITY....THINK OF MY PRIDE..

MOL: THINK of the three bucks I'm saving on a dressmaker.

FIB: EH? Wel-l-l....that's right, too. Okay. Slip the garment to me, varmint! (LAUGHS)

MOL: Take that cigar out of your mouth first....Hold your arms way up...UP HIGHER..AND STOP WIGGLING!

FIB: I thought you HAD to wiggle putting on a dress. YOU always do!

MOL: NEVER MIND WHAT I ALWAYS DO. There...now don't sit down for a few minutes....I don't want it all split out in the hips.

FIB: Why, Mrs. McGee...are you insinuating that I'm broader across the pistol pockets than you are?

MOL: I not only ---

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR:

FIB: Shucks!...HERE COMES SOMEBODY AGAIN! I'll run upstairs until -

MOL: OH, STOP FUSSING...JUST TURN AROUND AND FACE THE WALL. COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

OLD M: Hello there, Daughter. Hello, Johnny...Oh, excuse me, ma'am. Where's Johnny, Daughter?

MOL: Why he...er...he...

FIB: Never mind, Molly. As long as it's just him. HERE I AM, OLD TIMER...YOU WANNA MAKE SOMETHIN' OUT OF IT?

OLD M: Heh heh heh...Nope. Heh heh heh. But you do look kinda like a one-man revolt against Father's Day, Johnny. Heh heh heh.

MOL: Don't get the idea that he's ENJOYIN' wearin' that dress Mr. Old Timer.

FIB: I ain't exactly what you might call slip happy. (LAUGHS)

OLD MAN: Heh heh heh, That's pretty good, Jennie...er...JOHNNY! But that ain't the way I heered it. THE WAY I HEEBERD IT, ONE FELLER SAYS TO TOTHER FELLER, "SAXYYY", he says, "THIS HERE IS THE NEXT TO THE LAST FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY BROADCAST TILL OCTOBER, AIN'T IT?" "YEP", says tother feller. "THEY ONLY HAVE ONE MORE WEEKS' SHOW!" Heh heh heh. Ye see, kids the point of the joke was in the phrase "week's show". Sort of a pun. The casual listener would think it meant w-e-a-k, ye see, and -

FIB: STOP EXPLAINING THOSE JOKES, WILL YOU? Dad rat it....

OLD M: All right, Johnny. Just didn't want you to muff it. Well, so long daughter....keep your girdle down, Johnny!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Keep my girdle dow-- why that old --

MOL: Now now now... keep your temper, McGee. He was just kidding. He's really a very nice old man.

FIB: Yeah... he'd be a very clean cut sort of a guy if I had a razor handy!

MOL: Stop waving your arms around in my new dress, and stand quiet whilst I do a little basting....

FIB: BASTING! OH NO YE DON'T... YOU AIN'T GONNA POUR NO HOT GRAVY OVER ME!

MOL: Oh be quiet. Basting is temporary stitches. Now let me see....

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

WIL: HELLO THERE, MOLLY, HELLO - er hello.

MOL: Oh, hello, Mr. Wilcox. Turn around, McGee. It's Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Hiyah, Harlow.

WIL: WELL... HELLO FIBBER! I didn't recogni...er.. (SMOTHERS LAUGH) I...er..

FIB: Come on...COME ON... Say it!

WIL: (SMOTHERS A LAUGH) I just wanted to tell you that if you're taking that motor tour this summer (LAUGHS) (excuse me) You mustn't forget to take along some Johnson's Car-Nu.

MOL: Oh... well, thank you for reminding us, Mr. Wilcox. We'll do that.

WIL: (LAUGHS.. BREAKS IT OFF) I hope so...because, as you know, Car-Nu will protect the finish from all the road dust.. and rain and scratches... and Fibber can make the whole car shine like new with just a few minutes work before you leave your hotel in the morning...(LAUGHS) ... and of course all you have to do...(LAUGHS).. is apply it... let it dry and wipe it off... (LAUGHS)

FIB: Oh get a hold of yourself.

WIL: And there's your car, gleaming like.... (LAUGHS) Well, as I always say, Johnson's Car-Nu is as sensational for cars...(LAUGHS) as Johnson's GLOCOAT IS FOR FLOORS AND LINOLEUM...!!! (BREAKS INTO UNCONTROLLABLE LAUGHTER) OH BOY, FIBBER, DO YOU LOOK FUNNY!!!!!! (EXIT LAUGHING LIKE HELL)

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: That does it! THAT ABSOLUTELY DOES IT! TAKE THIS DRESS OFFA ME, MOLLY! TAKE IT OFF.

MOL: Now now now...take it easy, dearie... it won't be long now.. and besides, there isn't much likelihood of anybody else coming in to embarrass you, because -

UPP: (OFF MIKE) Yoo hooo... anybody at home in theah? Yo hooo!

FIB: (GROANS) ... It's MRS. UPPINGTON, MOLLY!!! SHUCKS, IF SHE SEES ME IN THIS DRESS -

MOL: Take it easy, McGee... she wouldn't talk.

FIB: OH NO? She's about as close-mouthed as a steam shovel.
Yes and she digs up more dirt, too!

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR

MOL: Oh dear...now calm yourself, dearie. Be nice to her because
I want her advice on this dress. I won't take it, but I
want to hear it. COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

UPP: Oh how do you do, my dear - AND MR. MCGEE...(LAUGHS) It..er..
it IS Mr. McGee, isn't it?

MOL: Yes, the dear boy is helping me with my new dress.

UPP: Ah - a model husband - or is he just being a silly girl?

MOL: How do you like the dress, Mrs. Uppington?

UPP: Oh, yes. It's so charming...SO FLATTERING!...SO CHIC!

FIB: SO WHAT!

UPP: And those puff sleeves are so LOVELY, my deah. But here..
let me set them in a little closer...have you some pins?

MOL: Yes...here....

UPP: Thank you...you see the real leg-of-mutton shoulder--

FIB: Whaddye know about it, Uppy? You do so much more haw-ing
than you do HEM-ing - OUCH!!! Lookout where you're
sticking them pins.

UPP: Oh excuse me...There...you see, Mrs. McGee?

MOL: Yes, that does look better, doesn't it. Turn around,
McGee...slowly.

FIB: NOW LOOK HERE, YOU TWO! I POSITIVELY REFUSE TO STAND
HERE MUCH LONGER. ARE YOU JUST TRYIN' TO MAKE ME LOOK
FOOLISH?

UPP: Mr. McGee...how can you say such a thing! Make you look
foolish! Reahhhly..what a superfluous gesture...now you
see, Mrs. McGee...the sides...I think a small gore right
here.

FIB: Careful Uppy, you've gored me enough..OUCH!!.. HEY, CUT
THAT OUT! You stuck me again.

UPP: Oh..so soddy!

MOL: I think I see what you mean, Mrs. Uppington. Now how about
the skirt?

UPP: Oh he'll be all right for a moment or two, won't you, Mr.
McGee?

FIB: Yes, I suppose I....SAY WHADDYE MEAN. YOU CALLIN' ME A
SKIRT? OUCH!!.. now look here, Uppy....I don't mind your
makin' a stab at helpin' Molly, but stab the dress, not me.
You think I'm fulla sawd ust?

MOL: Yes, you little doll! Now keep quiet, for just another
minute. HOW'S THE LENGTH OF THE SKIRT, Abigail?

UPP: Personally, my deah..I'd like to see it a bit shortah...
like this - anothah pin, please....I should say about up
to...er..HEAH!

FIB: OWWWWW!!!! UPPY, One more jab like that -

UPP: Of course, it's difficult to estimate the length of the
skirt, Mrs. McGee. Those trowser legs of Mr. McGees are
a bit distracting, you know.

FIB: TROUsers have always been kinda distracting to you, ain't
they, Uppy?

MOL: MCGEE...IS THAT ANY WAY TO TALK TO MRS UPPINGTON?

UPP: Nevah mind, Mrs. McGee...Good day, my deah...and Mr. McGee!

FIB: Yeah?

UPP: I would suggest that you take that dress off before you stretch it too much. They are not wearing bustles this season! GOOD DAY!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: I'VE HAD ENOUGH...!!! DOGGONE IT...TAKE THIS THING OFF, MOLLY! I'M GOIN' DOWN TO THE POOL ROOM WHERE MEN ARE MEN AND A GUY CAN STRIKE A MATCH ON HIS PANTS! YOU GET A DRESSMAKER SOMEPLACE.

MOL: ...BUT MY DRESSMAKER DOESN'T answer the phone.

FIB: Well, get another one. Ask somebody...Look in the classified...look in the want ads...

MOL: That's a good idea.. Run out on the porch and get the paper, will you please?

FIB: IN THIS DEANNA DURBIN OUTFIT? NO SIR...YOU GO OUT AND GET IT.

MOL: Oh, don't be silly...here...put on my hat with the veil and nobody will know you. (FADE) I've got to go upstairs and find another thimble...

FIB: (MUTTERS) Dad rat the dad ratted...oh well...~~.....~~

SOUND: (DOOR OPEN) (FOOTSTEPS ON PORCH)

FIB: Now where'd that kid throw the paper? He oughtta carry a little shovel with him and bury the paper under a rosebush where - Oh. Here it is. And thank goodness nobody saw me...I'll...

SOUND: DOOR SLAM LOUD

FIB: DAD RAT THAT DOOR...

RATTLE OF KNOB:

FIB: Shucks...LOCKED! If this ain't the worst...

SOUND: RATTLE OF KNOB

FIB: (LOUD WHISPER) Hey, Molly....lemme in...I ain't got no key..and even if I did have I couldn't git at it...Hey... Molly! ~~.....~~...

SOUND: RATTLE OF KNOB. DOOR KNOCK

FIB: Shucks...first I get wangled into puttin' on a dress... then I get razzed by all my friends...and now I get locked out! MRS. Roosevelt, if this is "Your Day" - YOU'RE WELCOME TO IT.

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR: LOUDER AND MORE INSISTENT: INTO

ORK: "EZEKIAL SAW THE WHEEL" - KING'S MEN.

(APPLAUSE)

THIRD SPOT:

SOUND: (OUT OF APPLAUSE) KNOCKING AT DOOR:

FIB: HEY MOLLY...MOLLY...LEMME IN!!! IT'S FIBBER...I'M LOCKED OUT!

SOUND: KNOCKING:

HAL: (FADE IN) AHH THERE, MADAM...excuse me, but I don't think the McGee's are at home.

FIB: (FALSETTO) Oh really?

HAL: No...(LAUGHS) I imagine they've gone downtown shopping. They're leaving on their vacation next week...thank goodness!
(LAUGHS)

FIB: (HIGH VOICE) Oh, I'm sure somebody must be home.

HAL: Are you a relative of McGee's, lady? Your voice has a familiar ring.

FIB: We-1-1-1-1 -- Are you Mr. Gildersleeve, the breezy young man who lives next door?

HAL: WHY...WHY YES, I am...Breezy eh? Did McGee say I was breezy?

FIB: Not exactly...he used the word WINDY!

HAL: OHHHHHHH!!!!

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR:

HAL: Incidentally, lady, I might as well tell you that if you're trying to sell the McGees something, you're out of luck.

FIB: Is that so?

HAL: Yes...(LAUGHS) That little squirt McGee thinks the eagle on a quarter is the world's most beautiful creature.

He's got a bird sanctuary in his pants pocket. (LAUGHS)

FIB: (GIGGLES) How amusing!

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HAL: Yes, isn't it! (LAUGHS) But come come...a pretty girl like you - and I'll bet you ARE pretty under that veil.

FIB: Aw Pshaw!

HAL: You can't spend the afternoon beating on people's front doors...let's walk down to the drug store and get a soda. We - er - we might get to be very good friends!

FIB: Oh really...I couldn't...my husband, you know...he's very jealous. The last man I flirted with was found floating down the river.

HAL: WHAT? HE WAS?

FIB: Yes...and I was with him. He had a LOVELY little canoe.
(TITTERS)

HAL: Oh. (LAUGHS) That's very good, Miss...er...Miss...what was your name again? NO..DON'T TELL ME...LET ME GUESS! GERTRUDE? NO? LORRAINE? BEATRICE? er...IT MUST BE DAISY...BECAUSE YOU WON'T TELL...(LAUGHS)

SOUND: (DOOR OPEN LOUD)

MOL: FOR GOODNESS SAKE, MCGEE - Oh, hello, Mr. Gildersleeve.

HAL: HELLO, MRS. MCGEE...I...was...er...just talking to your charming little visitor here. (LAUGHS) Tell me - to paraphrase an old joke - "WHO IS THIS LADY YOU SEEN ME WITH TONIGHT?"

MOL: THAT'S NO LADY, THAT'S MY HUSBAND!"

HAL: WHAT? MCGEE?

FIB: (LAUGHS LIKE HELL) Boy, wait till your wife hears about this, Gildersleeve! Or do you wanna pay me so much a month to keep quiet?

HAL: YOU'RE A HARD MAN MCGEE..DON'T YOU TELL MY WI...(LAUGHS) GO ON...I KNEW IT WAS YOU ALL THE TIME!

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FIB: You never no such a thing. (LAUGHS) Hey Molly, you know what Gildersleeve says about me? He says -

MOL: LOOK, MCGEE..WE'VE NO TIME TO TALK. I GOT A DRESSMAKER ON THE TELEPHONE AND SHE SAYS TO COME RIGHT OVER..she can't get away to come here.

FIB: Okay..wait till I run in and get outa this dress...

MOL: THERE'S NO TIME FOR THAT...THERE'LL BE A CAB HERE IN A MINUTE. I'VE GOT THAT DRESS BASTED UP JUST WHERE I WANT IT.

FIB: But Molly..I can't parade around town in this thing!

HAL: Oh, this is rich...(LAUGHS) Wait'll I tell the boys down at the Elks. This will be something for them to get their teeth into. (LAUGHS)

SOUND: MOTOR IN AND UP FAST...SCREECH OF BRAKES...MOTOR HORN

MOL: COME ON, MCGEE...here's our taxicab...

FIB: But Molly, I can't -

MOL: YOU'VE GOT TO. HERE..let me take your arm so you won't trip and tear my dress..

CABBY: Where to, ladies?

MOL: (TO MCGEE) I forget the street number, dearie - but it's right next door to the hospital. TO THE WISTFUL VISTA HOSPITAL - DRIVER - AND HURRY!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

HAL: Just a minute, driver...

CABBY: Yeah?

HAL: (LOWERS VOICE) Better drive fast!!!! THAT LADY WITH THE VEIL IS....well...you know...

CABBY: I GETCHA BUDDY....I'M A FAMILY MAN MYSELF...AND I KNOW AN EMOIGENCY I SEE IT!!!!

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HAL: I thought you would....(LAUGHS)

SOUND: (MOTOR UP FAST...MOTOR HORNS...FADE FOR:)

MOL: My, isn't he driving awfully fast?

FIB: I'll say he is...we just went thru a stoplight.

MOL: I better tell him to slow down. (RAP ON GLASS) Oh, driver. DRIVER!

CABBY: Hold everything, Lady!...I'LL GET YOUSE THERE IN TIME.... I'VE GOT FIVE OF 'EM MYSELF.

SOUND: (MOTOR UP - HORNS) FADE FOR:

FIB: *Hey Molly, this dress is still full of pins*
~~OUCH!!!~~...Molly, I WOULDN'T GO THRU THIS AGAIN FOR ANYTHING IN THE WORLD.

CABBY: (LAUGHS) I KNOW JUST HOW YOU FEEL, LADY. THAT'S WHAT MY WIFE SAYS -- EVERY TIME!

ORCH: (YOU LITTLE HEARTBREAKER YOU) FADE FOR COME

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S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
JUNE 18, 1940
TUESDAY 5:30 PM PST NBC

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL:

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

.....
When you left your kitchen a little while ago, did you happen to notice your linoleum floors? Were they something to be proud of -- or ashamed of? Are the colors still fresh and bright -- or are they faded and gloomy? Is the floor sparkling and gleaming, so you're happy to work there -- or is it the kind of floor that never seems to get clean? Those of you who already use JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT, know how easy it is to have beautiful kitchen floors -- with practically no work. Those of you who don't know GLO-COAT, order a can tomorrow. Pour it onto your floors -- spread it around -- and let it dry. That's all there is to it -- there's no rubbing or buffing with GLO-COAT. In 20 minutes it dries to a beautiful, hard, long-lasting polish that brings out the colors of your linoleum, saves you cleaning work, and makes the linoleum itself last practically forever. You really couldn't ask for more than that from any polish, could you? Remember the name -- JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT -- Spelled G-L-O hyphen C-O-A-T.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

(2ND REVISION)

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TAG GAG

FIB: Hey Molly - wanna run down town with me?
MOL: Where you going, McGee?
FIB: Gotta go to a music publisher and get some music, and then come home and start practising.
MOL: What music.
FIB: It's a request number. Next week bein' our last show for the summer, people been writin' in from all over the country sayin' they could hardly wait to hear my Swan Song. Goodnight.
MOL: Good night, 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-POLISHING GLO-COAT at Racine, Wisconsin, and inviting you to be with us again next Tuesday night. Goodnight.

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