

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.  
Writer: Don Quinn

(REVISED)

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

#256

6:30-7:00 PM  
October 1, 1940

NBC-Red

(REVISED)

-2-

WIL: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM!

ORCH: THEME....FADE FOR:

WIL: The Makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Self-Polishing  
Glocoat present - FIBBER MCGEE and MOLLY -- incident  
No. 256 - written by Don Quinn....with Music by the  
King's Men and Billy Mills' Orchestra. The show opens  
with: "Get The Moon Out Of Your Eyes".

ORCH: "GET THE MOON OUT OF YOUR EYES"....FADE FOR COMMERCIAL:

WIL: (Opening Commercial)

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
OCTOBER 1, 1940  
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

ANNOUNCER: It's hard to realize that we're already into the month of October -- tenth month of the year. It's a glorious month -- full of wonderful colors -- and a good month to talk about how to care for your linoleum floors. How can you keep the colors of your linoleum bright and sparkling? How can you make the linoleum itself last longer? Here's how: With JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT, use with great satisfaction in many thousands of homes from Montreal to Mexico. Ever since GLO-COAT was introduced a few years ago, its popularity has increased steadily. It makes floors gleam with beauty -- gives a long-lasting polish that is easy to maintain -- protects linoleum and other floor surfaces against wear -- does all these things at low cost and with practically no work. GLO-COAT is SELF-POLISHING -- it takes no rubbing or buffing. Simply apply, and let dry -- and in 20 minutes your floor is like new. Be sure JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT is on your next shopping list.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

(REVISED) -3-

(2ND REVISION) -4-

WIL: MAYBE IT'S THAT OLD JOHNSON WAX FEELING FOR SNAPPY APPEARANCES OR MAYBE IT'S JUST YEARS OF PERFECT RADIO TIMING - OR, AGAIN, MAYBE JUST A COINCIDENCE - BUT JUST AS WE OPEN THEIR SHOW TONIGHT, WHO SHOULD BE DRIVING UP IN FRONT OF 79 WISTFUL VISTA, HOME FROM THEIR VACATION BUT -  
"FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!"

APPLAUSE

SOUND: MOTOR UP AND OUT WITH BRAKES:

FIB: Gotta get them brakes fixed.

SOUND: CAR DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

FIB: Ahhh....home again! Help me unload these bags and stuff, Molly.

MOL: All right, but what on earth is this - in the greasy paper bag?

FIB: Eh? Oh. That's the rest of that t-bone steak I had at that road-house this noon. Couldn't finish it so I brung it home for the dog.

MOL: We haven't got a dog.

FIB: Well, I'll bury it till we get one.

HAL: (FADE IN) AH THERE, FOLKS...WELCOME HOME!

MOL: Oh hello, Mr. Gildersleeve!

FIB: Hiyah Throckmorton, old man! Certainly is good to see the old faces again. And if mine was as old as yours I'd trade it in! (LAUGHS)

HAL: HAH HAH HAH....Same old Fibber, isn't he, Mrs. McGee?

MOL: Oh dear....is he?

FIB: Well, how's everything been, Throcky, old pal? You been keepin' a eye on our house for us? Like you promised?

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HAL: Yes, indeed I have, Fibber. I think you'll find everything in fine shape - except for the umbrella stand in the hall. That got broken.

FIB: Yeah? How'd it get busted, Gildersleeve?

HAL: Well, - I think the carpenters must have done it when they were re-hanging the dining room door.

MOL: Re-hanging the dining room door! But what -

HAL: Oh that's right. You wouldn't know about that would you?

FIB: Yes, the dining room door fell off when the floor gave way.

FIB: WHAT ARE YOU TALKIN' ABOUT? WHAT FLOOR GAVE WAY?

HAL: Why the dining room floor, of course. You couldn't expect any flooring to hold all that water without something happening.

MOL: ALL OF WHAT WATER?

HAL: Why the water that came thru the dining room ceiling. From the bathroom upstairs. What was the idea of leaving the water running in the bathroom - so it would be hot when you came home? (LAUGHS)

FIB: (GROANS) OHHHHHH.....a fine homecoming! I knew I shouldn't o' trusted you to look after things, Gildersleeve. Of all the careless, slipshod, ignorant, lackadaisychain --

HAL: NOW LOOK HERE, MCGEE --

MOL: Oh boys...BOYS...stop it! You mustn't start quarreling the very minute we get home! Or must you?

FIB: Well...no...It...it ain't compulsory, I guess.

HAL: I should say not. We might at least wait till tomorrow.

FIB: What time, Gildersleeve?

HAL: How's ten thirty?

FIB: Make it eleven. We had a long drive and I'm tired. Come on, Molly...we better start unloading this stuff.

MOL: Fine! I'LL take these boxes and the bag of laundry and you bring -

HAL: NOW NOW NOW...YOU FOLKS MUST BE JUST ABOUT WORN OUT...let me carry that stuff in for you...GIVE ME THAT STEAMER TRUNK...THAT'S IT...(GRUNTS) Ahhh .....I'll be back for another load in a minute, friends....(FADE OUT)

FIB: Well, I'll be a monkey's uncle!

MOL: On your mother's side or your father's side?

FIB: On my fath- EH? Oh. AHEM.

MOL: Isn't Mr. Gildersleeve nice? He has a heart as big as all outdoors.

FIB: Yes, and it can get just as windy and cold, too. Oh well. Now let's see...I guess I left my fishin' tackle in the trunk compartment and -

WIL: (FADE IN) WELL HELLO THERE FIBBER...HELLO, MOLLY... WELCOME HOME!

MOL: MR. WILCOX! How nice!

FIB: What's the name, bud? Oh! Hiyah, Harlow! Glad to see you!

WIL: Sayyyy - by the looks of your car you've certainly been places! Look at that dust! Tell you what you better do. Get a can of Johnson's Car-Nu and --

FIB: Okay, okay, okay. We know the car's dirty. And we know what to do about it, too. Now let's go on from there. Friendly and non-commercial.

WIL: (LAUGHS) All right..can I help you unload that luggage?

MOL: No thank you. Mr. Gildersleeve is helping me.

FIB: Besides we don't want you to see the present we brung you before we're ready. You'll LOVE it, Harlow!

WIL: Gee...what is it?

MOL: Now don't be impatient. You drop by later and we'll give it to you.

WIL: All right...(FADE OUT) And if there's anything I can do, just give me a ring.

FIB: Ahhhh good old Harlow.

MOL: Incidentally, what DID we bring him, McGee?

FIB: I dunno. We'll find something. How about that sewin' basket with the beads on it we bought from the Indians in Walla Walla?

MOL: It'll have to be cleaned first. You carried your bait in it for two weeks.

HAL: (FADE IN) WELL, I CARRIED THAT STEAMER TRUNK RIGHT UP TO YOUR ROOM, FOLKS...NOW GIMME ANOTHER LOAD...I WON'T BE SATISFIED TILL I GET EVERY BAG OUT OF THAT CAR!

MOL: Let McGee help you.

HAL: NO NO NO...I'LL GET THIS BIG BOX...AND McGee...you hoist that outboard motor up on my shoulder...(GRUNTS) ...THAT'S IT.

MOL: Better straighten the rudder on it, McGee, or you'll have him goin' around the block.

HAL: HAH HAH HAH...That's very good, Mrs. McGee!...I'LL BE BACK FOR ANOTHER LOAD IN A MINUTE...(FADE OUT)

FIB: What's got into that guy anyway! He's workin' like a beaver - except his tail ain't so flat.

MOL: It will be by the time he lugs in a couple more trunks. Now stop critisin' a helpful neighbor and get to work, McGee.

FIB: Okay...okay...now let's see...

MOL: OH LOOK...MCGEE...HERE COMES THAT LITTLE GIRL FROM ACROSS THE STREET.

FIB: (LAUGHS) What's she lookin' so haughty about? HIHAY THERE SIS!

TEE: Oh. How do you do. (FADE OUT) (HUMMING)

FIB: HEY...COME BACK HERE A MINUTE! HEY...SIS!

TEE: Hmmm? Were you addressing me, sir?

FIB: What you gettin' so high hat about?

TEE: Well, gee, it was my thought that inasmuch as our business relationship had more or less culminated, there was no further point in assuming a false heartiness upon a casual contact with my former employers, I betcha.

FIB: Your FORMER employers. You ain't leavin' our show are you?

TEE: Well, I've had some very good offers. And when you've been in show business as long as I have, - Chief -

FIB: All right, all right, so who's been makin' you offers?

TEE: My agent told me not to tell, I betcha.

MOL: Who's your agent, little girl?

TEE: Willie Toops. But you can't talk to him now on account of he had to go to bed early on account of he broke a window with his football on account of a belief.

FIB: He broke a window on account of a belief?

TEE: Sure. He believed he could kick it clear over the house.

FIB: Oh, I see.

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I said I SEE.

TEE: Well don't expect any credit for it. It was pretty obvious.

FIB: Okay sis...okay. Anyway, I wish you a lotta luck with your new show...whatever it is...and I hope you'll always think well of old Fibber and old Molly.

MOL: Lemme outta this.

TEE: We've had a lotta fun together haven't we?

FIB: Yes, we have, sis, but whatever you do, we wish you well. BUT - if I was you, I'd talk it over with your mother.

TEE: With who, mister?

FIB: Your mother.

TEE: My Mother?

FIB: YES YES YES...YOUR MOTHER! (SCHWALTZY) Who is it that you can always depend on to tell you a story at bedtime... who sings to you and makes you laugh, and makes you brush your teeth every night?

TEE: Oh - BOB HOPE! Well, so long, mister, I'll see you next week.

APPLAUSE

FIB: (LAUGHS) Bright kid! I think a smart youngster like that really deserves a pat on the back - with a hairbrush! The little pup --- Oh HIYAH GILDERSLEEVE...much obliged for helpin'. Couple more trips and you oughtta be about thru, eh?

HAL: Yes, but as I said, I won't be happy till I get every bag out of that car.

MOL: Well, there's only one more bag left, Mr. Gildersleeve. The gladstone YOU bring that, McGee.

FIB: Okay, I'll--

HAL: OH NO YOU DON'T....MCGEE.....I'LL TAKE THAT.

FIB: Oh come come, Throcky....you done enough.

HAL: YOU THINK I HAVE? WELL WATCH THIS!

SOUND: (CLICKS....CLATTER OF STUFF ON PAVEMENT)

FIB: HEY WATCH WHAT YOU'RE DOIN' THERE!

MOL: YOU'RE SPILLING EVERYTHING OUT ON THE SIDEWALK!

HAL: THAT'S WHAT YOU GET FOR PUTTING MY BAG ON THE BOTTOM OF THE PILE. WHEN YOU BORROWED IT LAST SUMMER YOU DIDN'T TELL ME YOU'D BE GONE 13 WEEKS. MY WIFE HAS BEEN WANTING TO GO AWAY ON A VISIT FOR TWO MONTHS.... (QUAVERINGLY) AND NOW MAYBE SHE WON'T EVEN GO! SO.....YOU SEE WHAT YOU'VE DONE!

ORCH: "I'M NOBODY'S BABY!"

(APPLAUSE)

MOL: Where have you been, McGee!

FIB: Puttin' the car in the garage - why?

MOL: Well, I've emptied everything out of the bags and suitcases and I can't find your purple sweater. Where do you suppose it is?

FIB: Search me. I....(PAUSE) Oh oh. I remember. It was took by a moose.

MOL: Anybody that would take that sweater is no moose. He's an odd fellow.

FIB: No no...this was a REAL Moose. Honest. Remember the night you spent with your Aunt Hattie up in Winnipeg and I stayed in the tourist camp.

MOL: Yes.

FIB: Well, when I went to bed that night, here was this moose with his head stuck thru the window. I didn't know it was a real moose - I thought it was just a moose's head, mounted. So I hung all my clothes on it. He got away with my orange and blue necktie and my green slacks, too.

MOL: Hmmm. Pretty snappy outfit for a moose. He ought to do alright in the mating season.

FIB: I sure hated to lose that sweater. Anything else missing?

MOL: I haven't check everything yet...why?

FIB: Oh I dunno....I still got the feeling we forgot something fairly important.

MOL: Well, don't worry about it. It'll probably show up sooner or later. Now let me see...here's my beach shoes....

SOUND: (KNOCK AT DOOR)

FIB: COME IN!

SOUND: (DOOR OPEN & CLOSE)

MAN: Fibber McGee & Molly?

MOL: Yes?

MAN: Who's sponsoring you this year?

FIB: Some people, bud. Johnson's Wax.

MAN: Didn't they sponsor you last year?

MOL: For the last FIVE years, in fact.

MAN: And who are you going to work for NEXT year, may I ask?

FIB: Johnson's Wax.

MOL: For the next FIVE years.

MAN: 10 years with one outfit! And they call this a VARIETY program! It's reprehensible!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: Fresh guy! What does he expect us to do - change sponsors as often as we change our jokes?

MOL: QUICK!! Keep on talking! You left yourself wide open!

FIB: Okay okay..hey let's go over these souvenirs and gifts - and see what we're gonna give to who.

MOL: All right. I've put 'em all over here on this end table.

FIB: Now lesee what we got. There's that snakeskin hatband... and the abalone shell table lamp...and the little Indian squaw doll holding the paprika.

MOL: PAPOOSE

FIB: Go on, a papoose is what they hitch on the end of a freight train.

MOL: That's a caboodle.

FIB: Oh yes. Then what's a paprika?

MOL: Red Pepper.

FIB: Oh, Well, all I gotta say is, that's a heck of a name for a Indian baby. Red Pepper! Of all the dumb---

SOUND: LOUD KNOCK ON DOOR

FIB: Ahhh, Old Home Week!

MOL: If they pound on that door as often as they did last year it'll make the Old Home week, all right. COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

UPP: AHH THERE MY DEAHS....WELCOME HOME!

MOL: MRS. UPPINGTON!!! How nice!

FIB: And Billy Mills..Hiyeh Uppy. Hiyeh Billy..

MILLS: Hello, kids. I sure am glad to see you back.

MOL: Getting lonesome, Mr. Mills?

MILLS: Nope. Getting broke, baby.

UPP: I should liked to have had a vacation myself, but what with my rhumba lessons you know -

FIB: Well, a vacation's a wonderful---WHAT'D YOU SAY?  
RHUMBA LESSONS!

MOL: Heavenly days...imagine!

UPP: Well, reahhly, I don't see why you are so surprised. Simply EVERYONE is rhumbe-ing, you know. Are they not, William?

MILLS: That's right, snooky. If you don't rhumba, you're a little behind, and if you do, -

UPP: WILLIAM!

MILLS: Okay Toots.

UPP: But reahhly, Mrs. McGee...you MUST take it up. It's simply fascinating. So exhilarating. I've just finished my fifth lesson with Madame Lazonga, and next week I am to give an exhibition at the Country Club. You MUST come!

FIB: I wouldn't miss that for all the tea in Panama.

MOL: You mean China.

FIB: We can't say China. It's controversible. We'll be there the night you make the exhibition of yoursel..er..I mean.. the night you put on the exhibition, Uppy.

MOL: SOMEHOW I can't picture you as a rhumba dancer, Mrs. Uppington.

UPP: Well, reahhly...and why not, my deah?

MOL: Oh, I don't know. You always seemed more the type to spend an evening with the masurka.

FIB: Yes, a mazurka tonight, and schotisch at sunrise.

UPP: Oh come! (LAUGHS GALLY) One must be more receptive to new ideas or one becomes stodgey!

FIB: That's stodgey.

UPP: Not on this show. Here...let me show you how the rhumba is done! WILLIAM...THE PIANO!

MILLS: Yeah I saw it. Ain't it a dilly?

UPP: No no no..I mean PLAY, WILLIAM...A RHUMBA...I wish to show Mr. & Mrs. McGee how simple it is.

FIB: Aw never mind. We don't -

MILLS: And a one, and a two, and a -

PIANO: RHUMBA; FADE DOWN FOR

UPP: (HUMS TO MUSIC..) See, Mrs. McGee? (HUMS)

MOL: Heavenly days...

FIB: Looka that, will you, Molly? She's hipper'n a bull-fiddle.

PIANO UP LOUDER TO:

SOUND: TERRIFIC CRASH...GLASS CRASH...FINAL LITTLE TINKLE

UPP: Oh...I...I....I'M SO SODDY, MRS. MCGEE...I...I didn't realize I was so close to that floor lamp, reahhly...I'M afraid I stumbled over the wire....

FIB: You sure tripped the light, Fantastic!

MOL: MCGEE! She couldn't help it.

FIB: I know it. Just to show you there's no hard feelings get up and come over here to this end table and select a souvenir of our trip.

MOL: Yes - how about that little hunk of petrified wood, Mrs. Uppington?

FIB: Or that snakeskin hatband?

UPP: Oh now reahhly, I..I hardly know WHAT TO select. All these things are SO..er....unusual, you know, WILLIAM... come here and help me decide...what shall I take?

MILLS: You want my candid opinion, snooky?

UPP: Of course!

MILLS: Take the end-table.

UPP: Oh SPLENDID!!....I WILL.

SOUND: CLATTER OF ~~DISHES~~ FLOOR

UPP: Thank you SO much, Mr. and Mrs. McGee...and I do hope I'll see you at the Country Club. COME WILLIAM.

DOOR SLAM

MOL: Well!!!. I'm glad I didn't put those things on the piano!

FIB: I can't get over Uppy doin' that rhumba. (PAUSE) HMMMMM...

MOL: Now what?

FIB: I got that feeling again.

MOL: What feeling?

FIB: That we forgot somethin'. You sure all my fishin' tackle was unpacked? Because I'm positive that - -

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

WIL: Hey ... where's my present?

FIB: Whatcha mean where's your present? Is that anyway to come bustin' in here, when we ain't hardly unpacked yet?

WIL: Well gee whiz; you promised. Lemme see it....come on.

FIB: Oh all right. Here it is. How do you like it, Harlow?

(PAUSE)

WIL: What is it?

MOL: Well, you see, Mr. Wilcox, you put that little flower in your button hole and the bulb has water in it and when somebody smells of the flower, you squeeze the bulb and squirt 'em in the eye.

WIL: HMMMMM.

FIB: I kinda envy you, Harlow. You can have a lotta fun with that.

WIL: Yeah, I'll be a social panic with this. It reminds me of a magic plate lifter I had once. You know ... put it under the tablecloth, squeeze a bulb and somebody's plate jumps up and down. (LAUGHS) Oh I was a card!



(2ND REVISION) 20-21

FIB: Gee, I'D like to have one o' them. Still got it, Harlow?  
WIL: Nope. Johnson's Wax just about ruined that gag.  
MOL: WHAT'S THAT?  
WIL: Yeah. When people began to realize what beauty there was  
in a dining room table polished with Johnson's Wax...and  
how easy-it was to KEEP it looking beautiful, to say nothing  
of protecting the surface from scratches and stains, a lot  
of them quit using tablecloths. Gee, sometimes there'd be  
WEEKS go by before I had a chance to use my Magic Plate  
lifter.  
FIB: That's pretty tough, Harlow...but you can't stop Progress.  
WIL: No, I guess not. Did you have a nice trip?  
MOL: Oh wonderful, Mr. Wilcox. I don't know who enjoyed it the  
most, - McGee, or me, or the Old Timer.  
WIL: Oh was he with you?  
FIB: Sure he was. And he was more fun than a barrel of monkeys,  
too.  
MOL: At least we THINK he was. Next trip we make we're taking a  
barrel of monkeys instead - just for comparison.  
WIL: Catch any fish, Fibber? Or are you a fisherman?  
FIB: AM I A FISHERMAN! (LAUGHS) Hear that, Molly? AM I A  
FISHERMAN!!  
MOL: We're both waiting for the answer, dearie.  
FIB: Why, I caught more fresh and salt-water fish than anybody  
in town. I caught so many o' one perticklar species they  
even nicknamed me after 'em - I think. BULLHEAD MCGEE I  
WAS KNOWED AS IN THEM DAYS.....  
MOL: Oh dear....

(2ND REVISION) -22-

FIB: BULLHEAD MCGEE, THE BLUE-EYED, BROWN-HAIRED BAREFOOT  
BOY BRAVELY BOUNCIN' ON THE BOSOM O' THE BRINY IN A  
BATTERED BOAT TO BRING IN BOUNTIFUL BATCHES O' BLACK  
BASS AND BLUEGILLS FOR BREAKFAST. BEST BARRACUDA  
BATTLER THAT EVER BRACED A BACK ON A BULKHEAD TO  
BELABOR THE BIG BABIES THAT BASK IN THE BILLOWS AND  
THEN BITE THE BAIT AND BEND THE BAMBOO TILL IT'S  
ABOUT TO BUST. BARGIN' BACK TO THE BEACH WITH A  
BURSTIN' BASKET O' BREATH-TAKIN' BEAUTIES FROM THE  
BOTTOM O' THE BAY AND BOASTED ABOUT IN THE BEST  
BOATHOUSES AS THE BRIGHTEST BOZO OF BRAINS AND BRAWN -  
But I say, King's Men, will you carry awn?

ORK: "THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT" --- KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE:

WIL: (OVER INTRO) -- The King's Men singing "The House That  
Jack Built".

(APPLAUSE)

(2ND REVISION) -22-

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APPLAUSE:

WIL: (OVER INTRO) -- The King's Men singing "The House That  
Jack Built".  
(APPLAUSE)

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3RD SPOT

(2ND REVISION) 23-24

FIB: Hey, Molly. Gimme a pencil and paper.  
MOL: What for?  
FIB: I'm gonna write a list of everything we took with us and  
check it against what we brung back. I KNOW we left  
somethin' someplace and I can't for the life o' me remember  
just what -  
SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE  
MOL: Oh Hello, Mr. Depopolis.  
NICK: WELL FOR SCRIM'S SAKE, FIZZER AND KEWPIE ... WELCOME HOME  
AGAIN AS I LIVE AND BREATHE THE BEST  I CAN WITH  
THIS HAY FEVER.  
FIB: Thanks, Nick ... glad to see you.  
NICK: My goodness gracious it must have been a wonderful thing to  
be driving all over the Western Hemisfever and doing all  
that seat-sighing.  
MOL: You mean sight seeing.  
NICK: On a long trip you can do both, I'm thinking. I'm going  
to take Mrs. Depopolis and the kids on a long trips one of  
these days ... EVERY night my biggest boy, Demetrios is  
bringing home a lot of road mops -  
FIB: Road MAPS.  
NICK: ROAD MOPS. He's in the street cleaning department. But  
what was I saying before somebody is blowing the whistle  
on my train of thoughtfulness?  
MOL: You want to take a trip sometime.  
NICK: Oh yes. The only thing is I think we'll have to ask you  
to take care of our cat.  
FIB: What kind of a cat is it?

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NICK: She's a miser.  
MOL: A miser! Your cat is a miser?  
NICK: Sure ... she's a terrible little miser.  
FIB: How much money has she got?  
NICK: Oh she hasn't got any money. She works for nothing.  
MOL: Works for nothing doing what?  
NICK: CATCHING MICE.  
FIB: Oh you mean she's a MOUSER ...  
NICK: I stand connected, Fizzer. Well, I've got to get home now so I can hear Kay Kouser on the radio.  
MOL: That's KAY KYSER.  
NICK: Miser, Mouser, Kyser, Kouser, what difference is it making to anybody but a men or a mice? Incidental floss, Fizzer, where were you going on this big vacasim of yours?  
MOL: Up in the High Sierras, Mr. Depopolis. And believe me, you get some beautiful panoramas from some of those mountain peaks.  
NICK: Yes. I wouldn't be a bit ... YOU GET WHAT. KEWPIE?  
FIB: Some beautiful panoramas.  
NICK: Oh. (LAUGHS) Well, I guess that wouldn't be very appealing to me, those panoramas. I like the old fashim night shirts. Well so long Fizzer and Kewpie. If you get a chance to drop down by my candy kitchen, why bother?  
SOUND: DOOR SLAM  
MOL: I think it would do Mr. Depopolis good to take a motor trip with his family, McGee. By the way, how many children has he got?

FIB: How should I know. We been away all summer. DADRAT IT, I WISH I COULD REMEMBER WHAT IT WAS THAT WE FORGOT. I WON'T SLEEP A WINK UNTIL I REMEMBER -  
MOL: Oh stop worrying. Whatever it is, it'll show up sooner or later. OH ... I better call the grocery and order something for supper. Is the phone working?  
FIB: I dunno. I'll see.  
SOUND: PHONE CLICK  
FIB: Hello, Operator? Never mind, I just wanted to see if - OH ... IS THAT YOU, MYRT?  
MOL: Heavenly days!  
FIB: How's every little thing, Myrt? Tis eh? EH? YOUR OLD MAN? HE WHAT? GOT SHOT IN THE LEG? (LAUGHS) Honest? Myrt? (LAUGHS)  
MOL: MY GOODNESS, I don't think getting shot in the leg is anything to laugh at, McGee.  
FIB: You don't understand, Molly. He was loading some cartridges and got some shot down his pants leg. Pretty near ticked him to death. WHAT SAY, MYRT?  
MOL: Now what?  
FIB: She says she's got a long distance call for us. OKAY MYRT ... PUT 'EM ON.  
SOUND: PHONE CLICKS ..... STATIC .....  
FIB: HELLO HELLO ....  
OLD MAN: Is that you, Johnny?  
FIB: OH HIYAH OLD TIMER...WHERE ARE YOU TALKIN' FROM?

OLD MAN: YOU KNOW DARN WELL WHERE I AM, JOHNNY. I'M IN THAT  
FILLING STATION IN GOLD BEACH, OREGON - WHERE YOU DROVE,  
AWAY AND LEFT ME.

FIB: OH MY GOSH ..... THAT'S WHAT WE LEFT BEHIND!

ORCH: "OUR LOVE AFFAIR" - - FADE FOR -

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
OCTOBER 1, 1940  
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

CLOSING COMMERCIA: (Read in 54 seconds) Approx. 9:57:30 EST

By: Wilcox from Hollywood to stations West of and  
including Denver

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

(PAUSE 2 SECONDS)

.....  
ANNOUNCER: In the meantime, let me suggest how you can save yourself  
some money -- and save yourself hours of work. You can  
accomplish both merely by protecting your linoleum floors  
with JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. GLO-COAT will  
save you money by making your linoleum last longer --  
actually six times longer than unprotected surfaces,  
according to users own statements. GLO-COAT will save you  
work every week of the year -- first, because it is so  
easy to apply, and second, because it is easy to maintain.  
JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT is SELF-POLISHING -- needs absolutely  
no rubbing or buffing. Simply apply and let dry -- and  
in 20 minutes your floor is gleaming and sparkling with a  
long-lasting, beautiful polish. The colors stay fresh and  
bright -- and spilled things are wiped up in a jiffy with  
a damp cloth. Put JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT on  
your next shopping list --- be sure there is always a  
supply of this labor saving floor polish on your shelf.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

TAG

FIB: Folks, me and Molly just want to say that we're really glad to be back with you again and --

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

MUGG: Hey ... You Fibber McGee and Molly?

MOL: Yes, we are.

MUGG: I'M WARNIN' YOUSE ... YOU BETTER GET OUTA HERE -- QUICK

MOL: Why?

MUGG: THEY'RE FOLLOWIN' YA - RIGHT NOW!

FIB: Eh? Wh-wh-who's followin' us?

MUGG: BOB HOPE AND HIS MOB!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: Mmmm. Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all!

ORK: (CLOSING SIGNATURE) Segue (CLOSING THEME)

(FADE ON CUE)

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
OCTOBER 1, 1940  
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

CLOSING TAG COMMERCIAL:

Approx. 9:59:20 EST

CUE: (MOLLY) ... "Good Night, All"

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ANNOUNCER: This is Harlow Wilcox reminding you that when you buy any one of the JOHNSON WAX products, you get your full money's worth in satisfaction. Be sure to ask your dealer for JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT for your linoleum -- JOHNSON'S WAX for your floors, furniture and woodwork -- and JOHNSON'S CARNU for your car. All these superior products are manufactured by S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC., Racine, Wisconsin. We hope you'll be with us again next Tuesday night, same time, same station. Goodnight!