

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

(REVISED)

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

257

6:30-7:00 PM
Tuesday - 10-8-40

NBC-RED

-2-

WIL: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM!

ORCH: THEME

WIL: The Makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Self Polishing
Glocoat present FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY - Incident #257 -
written by Don Quinn, with The King's Men and Billy Mill's
orchestra. The show opens with - "THERE'S A GREAT DAY
COMING MANANA!"

ORCH: "THERE'S A GREAT DAY COMING MANANA"....(FADE FOR:)

WIL: (COMMERCIAL)

(COMMERCIAL....PAGE 3)

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S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.
Fibber McGee & Molly
10-8-40 Tuesday 6:30 PM PST NBC

Opening Commercial

ANNCR: Do you know what is the most inexpensive way to make your
home more beautiful? It's by the regular use of genuine
JOHNSON'S WAX on your floors, furniture and woodwork.
Every application of this world-famous wax polish adds mellow
rich beauty -- and every application also adds greater
protection and makes house-cleaning easier. In fact, I
don't know of any product that you can buy that offers
more advantages.

Floors that are wax-protected with genuine JOHNSON'S WAX
take on a soft, satiny lustre and gleam that sets off all
your furnishings. The hard film of JOHNSON'S WAX protects
floors against scuffing feet and scraping heels. Dust is
whisked away in a jiffy. And there are 100 extra uses
for JOHNSON'S WAX -- for windowsills, lampshades, picture
frames, furniture, leather goods. It's just good
housekeeping to have a can of JOHNSON'S paste or liquid
WAX always on hand.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH)...(APPLAUSE)

WIL: FIBBER DOESN'T FEEL VERY WELL. WHAT'S THE BEST THING TO DO
HEN YOU DON'T FEEL VERY WELL? GO TO A DOCTOR. SOOOOO-0-0-0,
HERE IN THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE, WHERE OUR HERO IS BEING
EXAMINED FOR THIS AND THAT, AND SINUS, WE FIND --
-- FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY --

APPLAUSE

FIB: Now just a minute, Doc. Before you start this examination,
what's it gonna cost me.
DOC: Take off your shirt!
MOL: Heavenly days! - That's cheap enough!
DOC: No no no....I want the shirt off so I can examine him
properly. As for my fee, Mr. McGee....well, it depends on
circumstances.
FIB: My circumstances or yours?
DOC: Come come come....off with the shirt.....ah, that's it.
Now then what have been your symptoms.
FIB: I could o'told you them with my shirt on.
MOL: Don't be so impudent. He's been having headaches, doctor.
DOC: Where?
FIB: Oh now look, Doc....where do you usually have headaches -
in your --
MOL: McGee!
DOC: Sit down, McGee. That's it....(CALLS)...OH MIES GRIBBEL.
Bring me Mr. McGee's history.
MOL: I've got one of his old geographies at home too, Doctor,
if you need that.
DOC: No thank you. Now, McGee, according to your history --
SOUND: (DOOR RATTLE VIOLENTLY,...OPEN & CLOSE)

b

MUGG: (EXCITED) HEY DOC....COME OVER TO MY HOUSE RIGHT AWAY --
MY WIFE'S BROKE HER LEG!
DOC: I'll be over as soon as I can, Flanagan. What was she doing
when she broke her leg?
MUGG: SKIING!
DOC: Skiing!! But there's been no snow since last winter.
MUGG: THAT'S WHEN SHE BROKE IT. HURRY UP, WILL YA, DOC?
SOUND: DOOR SLAM
DOC: Now let's see -- according to your history, McGee, you've
had insomnia for years.
FIB: I have.
DOC: Yes. Any bad habits?
FIB: Yes, I don't sleep good.
DOC: Yes, I know. Do you drink heavily, McGee?
FIB: Nope. I don't. But Molly's Uncle Dennis is an awful old
soak--
MOL: NEVER YOU MIND ABOUT MY UNCLE DENNIS.
DOC: You smoke heavily, McGee?
FIB: Ohhhh, I dunno, Doc. I never smoke more than three or four
cigarettes a day.
DOC: Well, that's moderate.
MOL: --and 25 cigars.
DOC: AHAAA....Now we're getting somewhere! McGee, I WANT YOU TO
CUT OUT TOBACCO ENTIRELY FOR ONE WEEK and go on a bland
diet.

b

FIB: Go on a what?
DOC: A bland diet.
MOL: Heavenly days...and I don't think we have a bland in the house.
FIB: Now wait a minute, Doc. I smoked all my life...you can't expect me to -
DOC: Those are my orders. NO SMOKING FOR ONE WEEK.
Then come and see me again.
FIB: You better come see me. I'll be too weak to go out.
MOL: Don't be silly, McGee. I've been telling you for years to cut down on your smoking. Is that all, Doctor?
DOC: For now, yes, Mrs. McGee. And MCGEE.
FIB: Eh?
DOC: DRINK FOUR FULL GLASSES OF WATER, RIGHT NOW! YOU'LL FIND A WATER COOLER IN THE RECEPTION ROOM. HURRY.
FIB: Well, what's the idea o' -
MOL: MCGEE....GO ON!
FIB: O-O-Okay!
SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE
MOL: What was the idea of making him drink four glasses of water, Doctor?
DOC: So I could talk to you privately a minute. Now look ... it's going to be a great strain on his will power to quit smoking abruptly.
MOL: You can get Gutzum Borglum to carve THAT on a mountain, too. McGee'll never do it, Doctor.
DOC: He'll have to. And you can help.

MOL: How?
DOC: Here...take this little bottle of medicine. When he begins to weaken...put about three drops into his coffee. It won't hurt him but it makes tobacco taste simply terrible. Understand?
MOL: Certainly. Would it cure him quicker if I dumped the whole bottle in at once?
DOC: NO NO NO NO....GOODNESS NO.
SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE
DOC: Now remember - just 3 drops --
FIB: Yes. Three drops of what?
MOL: The doctor was just going to say that three drops of prevention was worth six pounds of cure.
FIB: How do you know he was gonna say that? He hadn't got to it yet.
MOL: I read lips.
FIB: Oh. Well, I'll certainly give your treatment a whirl, Doc. And much obliged.
DOC: Think nothing of it!
FIB: I do - just about.
SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE
MOL: You'll never be able to do it, McGee. You can't quit smokin'.
FIB: WHO SAYS I CAN'T? HERE TAKE THESE CIGARS AND HIDE 'EM.
MOL: Alright! I will.
FIB: And hide 'em someplace where I can't possibly find 'em. Sassy, in the bottom drawer of your dressing table. That's a good place.
MOL: HURRY MCGEE...THE ELEVATOR IS WAITING.

OLD MAN: Call your floors, please.

MOL: Well, hello there, Mr. Old Timer. I didn't recognize you.

OLD MAN: Didn't eh? Heh heh heh. AND THE MINUTE YOUNG JOHNNY
HERE DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING TO ME ABOUT "LIFE HAVIN' ITS UPS
AND DOWNS", I DIDN'T RECOGNIZE HIM, EITHER! heh heh heh

FIB: (LAUGHS) That's pretty good, Old Timer!

OLD MAN: YES, - BUT THAT AIN'T THE WAY I HEERED IT.

FIB: Eh?

OLD MAN: THE WAY I HEERED IT, ONE FELLER SAYS TO TOTHER FELLER,
SAYYY HE SAYS, I SEE WHERE THEY'RE AGITATIN' FOR
PROHIBITION IN THE AREAS WHERE THERE'S ARMY ENCAMPMENTS.
ZAT SO, says tother feller. WELL, THERE'S ONE THING THEY
BETTER LET THE BOYS HAVE.
WHAT'S THAT SAYS THE FIRST FELLER?

MOL: DRAFT BEER! Come on, McGee!

OLD MAN: Darn you, daughter - you little point-killer!
Main floor all out...

ORCH: "THAT'S FOR ME!"

(APPLAUSE)

2ND SPOTSOUND: TRAFFIC NOISES UP AND OUT

FIB: You know, Molly I shouldn't bust off smokin' so abrupt as
this. I oughtta quit gradual. Think what this is liable
to do to my metibulasm.

MOL: Metabolism, And if the doctor says ---WHERE ARE YOU,
GOING, MCGEE?

FIB: Drug store. Gotta make a phone call. Be right out.

MOL: All right. Hurry up.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

GIRL: Yes sir?

FIB: Quick, sis, gimme a cigar - make it a El Ropo Pantella.

GIRL: Yes sir. Here you are.

FIB: Thank you.

SOUND: CASH REGISTER

GIRL: We're having a sale on these El Ropos today, sir. A box
of fifty for 1.95.

FIB: Oh boy, I'll take..er..no. Here, send me a box. Fibber
McGee c/o The Elk's Club.

GIRL: Yes sir, thank you.

FIB: (LAUGHS) Thank YOU!!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

MOL: Who did you have to call, McGee?

FIB: Well, the Elks are puttin' on a show next Thursday, and
I ordered a box.

MOL: Oh that's fine! AND what's that in your hand behind your
back.

FIB: Eh? Well, for goodness sake, a cigar!!

MOL: Hand it over!

FIB: Oh now, Molly... I ain't gonna smoke it. Honest. I'm just keepin' it to tempt myself.

MOL: I know you, McGee. You can resist anything but temptation.

FIB: Look, Molly. Ain't it more to my credit if I have a good cigar in my hand and don't smoke it, than if I DIDN'T have a good cigar in my hand - and didn't smoke it?

MOL: Wel-l-l yes, I guess it is, but -

FIB: I even gotta better idea. I'll betcha I could light it take one drag on it and throw it away! (LAUGHS) I guess that'll prove I got will power. Why, shucks, I got even more will power'n that. I can take FIVE drags and throw it away. Yes, or even ten. WHY I COULD SMOKE IT CLEAR DOWN TO THE BEST PART AND TOSS IT IN THE GUTTER WITHOUT EVEN A BACKWARD LOOK. Gotta match?

MOL: OH LOOK, MCGEE... Here comes Mrs. Uppington.

FIB: That old over-age battleship! Why didn't somebody trade HER in for a naval base?

MOL: Battleship is right. That hat of hers would make a lovely crow's nest! If that isn't the silliest - OH HOW DO YOU DO, MRS. UPPINGTON. SO NICE TO SEE YOU!

UPP: (FADE IN) HOW DO YOU DO, MRS. MCGEE...AND MR. MCGEE?

FIB: Hiyah, Uppy.

UPP: I missed you the othah evening when I gave my rhumba exhibition at the country club. Reahhly, you missed a delightful evening!

FIB: Sorry Uppy. We had to see a man about a horse.

MOL: Yes - Gene Autrey at the Bijou Theatre. But how did the Rhumba exhibition go, Mrs. Uppington?

UPP: Oh, marvelously, my deah..marvelously! I was in splendid form.

FIB: I know you were, Uppy. A musician friend o' mine was there. Charlie Rimshot. He says after seein' you rhumba he was gonna take it up himself.

UPP: Oh really....is he going to take it up with me?

MOL: No, - with the Cuban Government.

UPP: I..er..I do not considah that veddy amusing, Mrs. McGee. But then I should know bettah than to discuss anything aesthetic with persons of such bourgeois mentality.

MOL: What's boozwah mentality?

FIB: That's highbrow for lowbrow. Tell me, Uppy. In this rhumba dancing - you make up the steps as you go along?

UPP: Odd that you should awsk me that, Mr. McGee. William - Mr. Mills, you know - asked me the same question? Snooky, he said, Do you ad lib the ankle stuff? Why of course not, Lambie-pie, I said. There is a definite routine to follow. Why did you awsk? And he said, well, babe, it always looks so hip-hazard to me! (LAUGHS) Oh William is SO amusing. Well, nice to have seen you - Good day!

SOUND: TRAFFIC UP AND DOWN

MOL: Ah, dear Mrs. Uppington. There's ONE share of Mayflower stock that never paid a dividend!

(SNIFF SNIFF)

MOL: What are you sniffing at?

FIB: Oh boy...did you get a whiff of that cigar that just went past? Was that delicious.

MOL: Are you really that hungry for a cigar?

FIB: AM I! I'd like to get caught in a avalanche of stogies and have to smoke my way out! As the gal says when she split her ridin' breeches at the Horse Show, "This is a heck of a way to bust an old habit!"

MOL: Calm yourself, dearie...you'll get over it. It's just -

WIL: (FADE IN) Well, hello there folksies...what's the matter, Fibber? What are you looking so disgusted about?

FIB: Oh hiyah, Harlow.

MOL: He's been smoking too much, and the doctor's made him quit cigars for a week.

WIL: Well, he's probably right. People smoke a lot more than they used to. They say it's because of the fast pace - the rush and bustle of modern living. But I think it's a lot of bunk.

FIB: Why? Said he, innocently, knowing very well he was givin' Mr. Wilcox a opening he could drive a truck through - loaded with Johnson's Glocoat.

WIL: (LAUGHS) Well, take housewives for instance. They have hours and hours more leisure than they had in the old days of floor scrubbing.

MOL: Will you amplify that statement, Mr. Wilcox, for the benefit of our listeners - and in the interests of our better relationship with the sponsor?

WIL: Why gladly, Molly. You see, instead of the old-fashioned back-breaking mop-and-pail days, we now have Johnson's Self Polishing Glocoat. The floor polish that does everything but bawl out the ice-man for tracking in mud. And what's a little mud to Glocoat?

FIB: It's your story, you tell it.

WIL: Why, spots and dust can be wiped up in a jiffy from a Glocoated floor. And when you think that all you have to do to apply it is pour a little out on the floor...spread it around and wait twenty minutes or so for a beautiful gleaming, polished linoleum, with no rubbing - no buffing... And if life is so much simpler and easier for housewives why should a mere man get in such a nervous uproar?

FIB: I dunno - but I'm certainly in one. I'm DYIN' for a smoke.

WIL: I know - I quit smoking for a week once. And when I went back to it, I went in for Egyptian cigarettes, because I'd aged about two thousand years. Well, so long, Fibber. Don't let it get you down. So long, Molly.

MOL: Goodbye, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Egyptian Cigarettes! And he promised his mummy he'd never smoke. Dontcha get it Molly, I says --

MOL: 'Tain't funny, McGee.

FIB: Oh well I'm nervous. Let's stop someplace for a cuppa coffee. I gotta have SOMETHIN' to calm my nerves.

MOL: Let's go home where I can make you a GOOD cup of coffee. Then we can -

BOOM: AH THERE, GOOD MORNING, My dear.

MOL: Hello, Mr. Boomer!

BOOM: And goodday to you Rattletrap. What are you looking so dismal about?

FIB: Don't twit me, Boomer. I feel kinda edgy today, and I'm liable to be a little cutting.

MOL: He's had to give up cigars, Mr. Boomer. Doctor's orders, you know.

BOOM: Ah yes...pernicious habit, cigar smoking. Never use the weed myself.

FIB: Don't gimme that malarkey about you not smokin', Boomer. You always got a cigar in your puss.

BOOM: Certainly, half-dome, certainly. But mine are a special brand. The nicotine content has been chemically removed. A child could smoke them. In fact my little nephew, aged three and a half, smoked five of them yesterday. Yes.. yes...They turned him a rich purple, like a meerchaum pipe. Very pretty effect, if I do say it myself. Care to try one, Sassafrass? Have one right here with me.

FIB: Okay, Boomer...gimme one of your painless panatelas.

BOOM: Willingly...willingly. Have it right here..now where did I put that sterilized stogie...let's see now...here's a camel's-hair paint brush..wonderful thing - can go seven days without watercolors...here's a better mousetrap my brother invented...

MOL: Did the world beat a path up to his door?

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BOOM: And goodday to you Rattletrap. What are you looking so dismal about?

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(REVISED) 18 & 19

BOOM: Yes, and then beat up my brother. Ahh what's this? Oh yes...postcard from Sheila the Shoplifter - unfortunate girl! Got caught with a hot piano - when the stool turned and squealed on her!...A dozen assorted wallets given to me by a pickpocket pal...(SINGS) "Oh it's always fair leather, when good felons get together.." Here's a false beard, with a bit of egg on it, for realism. - And a check for a short beer. WELL WELL...IMAGINE THAT, NO CIGAR! SORRY SADPUSS!... I'll have to try and pick one up for you someplace.

APPLAUSE

ORCH: "THE BREEZE AND I" - KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE:

THIRD SPOT

(2ND REVISION)

-20-

SOUND: CLINK OF DISHES AND SILVER:

MOL: (TO HERSELF) Now what was it the doctor said - three drops in each cup of coffee?...that's it...one!...two!...three!and one for luck!

FIB: (OFF MIKE) HEY MOLLY...WHERE ARE YOU? WHATCHA DOIN'?

MOL: I'm out in the kitchen dearie - makin' you a nice cup of coffee.

SOUND: CLINK OF DISHES:

MOL: Here you are. Drink this and you'll never miss your horrid old cigars.

FIB: Aw can't I have a cigar instead Molly? PLEASE...Gee whiz, I'm really suffering.

MOL: Well open the window and get some fresh air. It's awfully hot in here.

FIB: It ain't the heat, it's the humidior. I WANNA SMOKE!

MOL: Oh don't be such a baby. Drink your coffee.

FIB: Okay....

SOUND: CLINK OF SILVER AND DISHES:

FIB: OOOOOOOOH...Fyeh! Nyahhhhhh!.....aghhhhh! What is this java or lava? It tastes awful!

MOL: Of course it does dearie...when you get all that nicotine in your system. Where are you going?

FIB: I'm goin' upstairs...and lie down...I...I don't feel good. And Molly....

MOL: Yes?

(2ND REVISION) 21 & 22

FIB: If you should smell smoke up there, it'll be incense. I'm
in kinda of a Oriental mood. You know...fatalistic.

MOL: If I smell smoke up there I'll smell a rat. If you try
to smoke a cigar behind my back...

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR

MOL: I wonder who that could be?

FIB: It's gotta be either Gildersleeve or that little girl.
Unless they rung in a new character on us. COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

HAL: Ah, there, Mrs. McGee...Hello, Fibber. Say I just won
twenty dollars on the Cincinatti Reds. (LAUGHS) So I
thought maybe -

FIB: DAD RAT IT, GILDERSLEEVE, QUIT WAVIN' THAT CIGAR IN MY
FACE! KEEP YOUR FILTHY HABITS TO YOURSELF!

HAL: Ohhhhhh!

MOL: Why McGee...is that any way to talk to Mr. Gildersleeve?

FIB: No, I guess it ain't. But it'll be better when I get goin'
good. Now look, Throckmorton, if you think you can come
into my house, and poison the air with them cheap stogies
of yours, smellin' up our new draperies and -

HAL: NOW LOOK HERE, MCGEE...

MOL: Excuse me, Mr. Gildersleeve. You'll have to make allowances
for McGee today. He's a little on edge because he's quit
cigars.

HAL: Oh...(LAUGHS) I see...Well I'll never give up cigars as
long as I live.

P

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long as I live.

P

MOL: But think of your health, Mr. Gildersleeve.

HAL: What's the matter with my health? I'M as strong as an ox.

FIB: Yes, and just as dumb.

HAL: What?

FIB: You may think you're as dumb as an ox, Gildersleeve but how's your wind? Could you protect your wife from the insults of some street corner bully?

HAL: Well, I -

MOL: Has your hair been getting a little thin lately?

HAL: Come to think of it, - I believe it -

FIB: You noticed that you pant a little when you lean over to tie your shoes in the morning?

HAL: Sayyy, now that you speak of it, I -

MOL: When you walk into a dark movie theatre, do you keep seeing Don Ameches in front of your eyes?

HAL: By George, I believe -

FIB: THINK IT OVER GILDERSLEEVE!! Don't you think you owe it to your loved ones -

HAL: WHO TOLD YOU ABOUT HER? Oh!!.. you mean my wife.
(LAUGHS)

FIB: I'M serious, Gildersleeve. Remember, your health is the most valuable thing you got. Ain't you man enough to give up a trifling habit like cigars, to preserve the precious heritage of health?

HAL: Oh my goodness...where's an ashtray, Mrs. McGee?..I want to put this cigar out.

MOL: Right here, Mr. Gildersleeve.

SOUND: THUD THUD THUD:

HAL: There!

FIB: (NASTY LAUGH) That ain't enough, Gildersleeve. You can't do it by putting out one cigar! You gotta make a clean break. You gotta say to yourself, THROCKMORTON -- er -- what do you call yourself when you talk to yourself?

HAL: Gil.

FIB: Thanks.."GIL" you gotta say to yourself, "GIL, FROM TODAY ON, I'M GONNA BE A MAN. WHY SHOULD I BE A SLAVE TO NICK, NICKOTINE....OUT WITH THE INSIDIOUS CIGARETTE...OUT WITH THE CHARACTER-SAPPIN' CIGAR. I'M TURNIN' OVER A NEW LEAF. That's what you gotta say to yourself Gildersleeve, my boy.

HAL: McGee...you've made me see things in a new light. Open the window, will you, Mrs. McGee?

MOL: Certainly, Mr. Gildersleeve.

SOUND: WINDOW OPENING

FIB: If you intend to jump out, Gildersleeve, don't forget this is the ground floor. But there's a window up in the attic that --

HAL: I'M NOT JUMPING OUT!...I'M TOSSING THESE CIGARS AWAY. There they go!! (DUSTS HIS HANDS) NEVER LET IT BE SAID THAT A MERE PIECE OF VEGETATION EVER LICKED THROCKMORTON P. GILDERSLEEVE. AHHH...I FEEL BETTER ALREADY. McGee... I..I don't know how to thank you for this.

FIB: Gildersleeve...my reward is in seein' your footsteps planted on the golden trail of health and happiness... Now go....and may you never relapse into your old evil ways.

(2ND REVISION) -25, 26 & 27-

HAL: You're a good man, McGee.

FIB: (SCHMALTZY) Goodnight, -- Gil.

HAL: Goodnight....Fib.

MOL: Goodnight!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

MOL: McGee, that was a dirty trick!

FIB: Well, I'm in a dirty mood. Here I am dyin' for a smoke and that big foghorn comes in and waves a fifty-cent Colorado Clara under my nose. I had to convert him in self-defense. Another week of this and I'll be walking down the street throwin' rocks at little children and kickin' heads off the tulips.

MOL: There won't be any tulips. Not until next Spring.

FIB: I'll wait. I can hold a grudge.

MOL: Don't be such a sourpuss, McGee. Don't forget the old saying, that I just made up, "PEOPLE AND PARING KNIVES THAT LOSE THEIR TEMPER ARE PRETTY DULL TO HAVE AROUND."

FIB: Aw fer the -

MOL: Here..have some more hot coffee.

FIB: Well..okay.

SOUND: CLINK OF CUP AND SPOON

FIB: Thanks, Molly. (GURGLE) Ohhhhh Phooey...Oh that's awful. I can't even enjoy a cup of coffee!

MOL: So you're convinced, now?

FIB: Yes...I'M convinced. You're absolutely right, Molly. I'M THROUGH I'M THROUGH FOR GOOD! FROM THIS DAY ON, I'M SWEARIN' OFF.

MOL: I KNEW YOU COULD GIVE UP TOBACCO IF YOU REALLY TRIED!

FIB: TOBACCO! I'M GIVIN' UP COFFEE! Bring me a cigar and a glass of milk.

ORK: ("ONE LOOK AT YOU") -- FADE FOR COM'L

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.
Fibber McGee & Molly
10-8-40
Tuesday 6:30 PM PST NBC

-28-

Closing Commercial

(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)
.....

Is your kitchen floor a problem to you? Are the colors of the linoleum becoming dull and faded? Then just try JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT once -- give your floor one application of this easy-to-use, no-rubbing floor polish -- and the problem will vanish. GLO-COAT is so easy to use -- there's no rubbing or buffing whatsoever. You simply apply it with a cloth or long-handled applicator, spread it around and let it dry. In 20 minutes your floor is fairly glistening with new beauty, the colors bright and fresh again. And spilled things are quickly wiped up with a damp cloth.

You can use JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT on your varnished and painted wood floors, too. The results are always satisfactory because of the uniform high quality of this popular product. Remember the name -- G-I-O hyphen G-O-A-T -- JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT -- in the familiar yellow and red can everywhere.

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

(REVISED)

-29-

(TAG GAG)

MOL: Oh McGee....PSSSSSSSS T!

FIB: (WHISPERS) What's the matter, Molly?

MOL: Call the police...I heard a noise under our window.

FIB: Oh that's okay. That's just Gildersleeve...lookin' for them cigars he threw out.

MOL: Well why don't you be nice and go help him look?

FIB: It's no use. They ain't there.

MOL: You mean---?

FIB: Yes.

MOL: Oh!

FIB: Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all.

ORK: UP TO FINISH

APPLAUSE:

SIGNOFF:

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.
Fibber McGee & Molly
10-8-40
Tuesday 6:30 PM PST NBC

-30-

Closing Tag Commercial

(Approx. 9:59:20 EST)

WILCOX: 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.