

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.

(REVISED)

Writers:
Don Quinn
Len Levinson

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

258

6:30-7:00 PM
Tuesday - 10/15/40

NBC-Red

-2-

WIL: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM!

ORCH: THEME

WIL: THE MAKERS OF JOHNSON'S WAX AND JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING
GLO-COAT PRESENT "FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY"....Incident No. 258...
WRITTEN BY DON QUINN, WITH MUSIC BY BILLY MILLS' ORCHESTRA
AND THE KING'S MEN. THE SHOW OPENS WITH "THE WORLD IS IN
MY ARMS".

ORCH: "THE WORLD IS IN MY ARMS"....(FADE FOR:)

WIL: (COMMERCIAL)

(COMMERCIAL....Page 3)

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
OCTOBER 15, 1940
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

ANNOUNCER: Have you ever stopped to think how many labor-saving devices you modern women have in your homes -- compared with the homes of fifty years ago? How would you like to give up your telephone -- your washing machine -- vacuum cleaner, electric refrigerator or food mixer -- just to mention a few? I know the answer, -- and I know something else you wouldn't like to give up -- that labor-saving floor polish, JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. Think of having to go back to old-fashioned scrubbing again to keep your linoleum floors clean. Yes, housekeeping certainly has been made more pleasant with GLO-COAT to save you work every month -- and to make your linoleum wear longer, too. Women who aren't now using JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT in their homes are missing a lot. Because GLO-COAT requires no rubbing or buffing-- you simply apply and let dry. In 20 minutes your floor is sparkling and gleaming with a beautiful, long-lasting polish. If you have any friends who don't know JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT, you will be doing them a favor to mention it to them.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

WIL: WELL, THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A HANDY MAN ABOUT THE HOUSE, IS THERE?

Oh, - IS THERE?

FIBBER WOULD BE A HANDIER MAN IF HE COULD KEEP TRACK OF HIS SCREW DRIVER. HE THINKS IT'S IN HIS TOOL CHEST. SO HE BROUGHT THE TOOL CHEST UP INTO THE LIVING ROOM, WHICH IS NO PLACE FOR A TOOL CHEST. AND HERE, EMPTYING THINGS OUT OF THE TOOL CHEST, WE FIND --

---FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!---

APPLAUSE:

MOL: For goodness' sakes, McGee...what have you got there?

FIB: Tool chest. You heard what the man said.

MOL: Oh. Well did you bring that up out of the basement just to look for a screw driver?

FIB: Yep. Too dark in the cellar. Light socket's busted.

MOL: Why don't you fix it?

FIB: Can't find my screw driver.

MOL: WELL USE THE BLADE OF YOUR JACKKNIFE.

FIB: Can't...point's busted off.

MOL: How'd you do that?

FIB: Usin' it as a screw driver. Now leseeee.....

SOUND: (THUDS....CLANKS)

FIB: Bicycle sprocket...auto. crank....

SOUND: (THUDS...RATTLES)

FIB: Woodburning outfit....

MOL: What's that book there - under the broken alarm clock?

FIB: This? "HELPPFUL HINTS ON HOME HANDICRAFT by HENRY HORACE HEPPELWHITE." Great stuff, too.

MOL: Is that where you got the information about how to fix my sewing machine?

FIB: Yeah...how does it work now?
MOL: Oh fine! Except that the bobbin keeps coming loose and shoots across the room. I nearly got Mrs. Uppington the other day. She was sitting down at the time, too....which wasn't very sporting of me.

SOUND: CLATTER OF JUNK

FIB: Umbrella handle....bear trap....(SOUND: CLANK) Let it lay there Molly, might catch Gildersleeve in it. Hey!...Here's that old shotgun I was gonna fix the trigger spring on.

SOUND: LOUD SHOT: PATTERN OF FALLING PLASTER

FIB: Come to think of it, I DID fix that trigger spring. Isn't that nice. Now you can fix that hole in the ceiling, too. Or make it a little bigger and install a brass pole. Then we'd have a nice guest room for visiting firemen.

FIB: Wouldn't be gettin' sarcastic wouldja?

MOL: No, and incidentally what do you want the screw driver for?

FIB: *Gonna surprise you.*
SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR

FIB: Who's that? Oh oh...it's Mrs. Uppington. The front bumper of the Station Wagon Set!

MOL: The queen of Wistful Vista Society - and wouldn't you love to crown her! COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

MOL: Oh how do you do, Mrs. Uppington?

UPP: How do you do, Mrs. McGee...AND MR. McGee!

FIB: Hiyah, Uppy.

UPP: I just stepped in to --

SOUND: CRUNCH OF BERRY BOX

UPP: Ohhhh...what have I stepped into?

MOL: You stepped into an old camera, Mrs. Uppington. But don't feel badly about it. He never used it anyway.

FIB: Aw --- I WAS GONNA FIX IT WHEN I GOT TIME.

MOL: What was the matter with it?

FIB: Well, when you looked into that ground-glass plate, everything was upside down. I got so dad-ratted tired o' standin' on my head to take pictures....

UPP: Reahhly...how awkward!

MOL: Oh no...he rather enjoyed it, Mrs. Uppington. He was always a bit of a pixie with a Brownie.

UPP: Well, you simply MUST allow me to pay for the damage, I insist on making the loss good.

MOL: Why?...It was no good and it's no loss.

FIB: Why, Molly! How can you be so mean to Mrs. Uppington? You want her to have this thing on her conscience? You want her to go thru life, with the guilty feelin' that's she's broke up a man's hobby with them big clumsy, feet of hers when --

MOL: MCGEE! And don't worry about paying for the camera, Mrs. Uppington.

UPP: OH I wouldn't insult Mr. McGee by offering him money...

FIB: Eh?

UPP: It's just that I feel so badly about interfering with your artistic pursuits. So I am sending you over a little box of water colors I have had ever since I was a slip of a girl. Well, I MUST be going now, so --

MOL & FIB: LOOK OUT!.....LOOK OUT FOR THAT BEAR TRAP!

SOUND: LOUD CLANGING SNAP

MOL: Oh are you hurt, Mrs. Uppington?

FIB: Why should she be? She ain't caught in it...I AM!!!

UPP: (LAUGHS) Oh, I'M so soddy, Mr. McGee..(LAUGHS MERRILY) And I DO hope the water colors will make up for the loss of your camera. Remember the old poem, which I just made up -

LITTLE SPOTS OF COLOR

LITTLE LINES OF INK

YOU MAY THINK YOU'RE AN ARTIST

BUT CONFIDENTIALLY - well...goodbyeeeee.!!!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: Oh, I do, do I? - Hey, Molly. Open this dad ratted bear trap, will you?

MOL: How?

FIB: Well take a screw driver - oh my gosh..no screw driver!
HEY WAIT....I CAN DO IT...

SOUND: RATCHET...CLANK

FIB: Ahhhhh ... boy, is that a relief!

MOL: How on earth did you get it open, McGee?

FIB: Just used a little logic and common sense. I says to myself ..."now keep cool, McGee". "Sure", I says..."Now what kind of a trap is this?"..."Well", says I, "It's a bear trap". "Of course", I says, "so what's the logical way to open a bear trap?" "Shucks", I says, "with your bear hands"...so.

MOL: Well...I'M glad it wasn't a mouse trap. You'd have had to give yourself a Mickey. NOW HURRY UP AND GET THAT JUNK OFF MY FLOOR AND -

FIB: But Molly...I ain't found the screw driver yet.

MOL: OH FOR GOODNESS SAKES..RUN DOWN TO THE HARDWARE STORE AND BUY A SCREW DRIVER.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

OLD M: Hello, Johnny. Hello Daughter. GOIN' TO THE AUTO SHOW?

MOL: I don't think so. Not this year, Mr. Old Timer.

OLD M: Why not Daughter?

FIB: I'll tell you, Old Timer. They've took all the fun out of it. You used to go to auto shows so you could stand on the running boards and watch the salesman show you how easy the clutch and gear shift worked. And now - no gear shift - no clutches...no running boards! All they got left is salesman.

OLD M: Heh heh heh....that's pretty good, Johnny. (IF a trifle exaggerated.) BUT THAT AIN'T THE WAY I HEERED IT. The way I heard it, one feller says to tother feller, "SAYYYYYYYYYY", he says, I see where Fibber McGee and Molly are back on the air. You hear their first two shows? "YEP", says tother feller. "SURE ARE IN THE GROOVE, AIN'T THEY?" "THAT'S AN UNDERSTATEMENT", says the first feller. "THAT AIN'T A GROOVE - THAT'S A RUT"! Heh heh heh....well sorry you ain't goin' to the auto show. Guess I'll take my gal. She's a streamlined cutie with sealed-beam headlights and a choice o' paint jobs. And knee action? (WHISTLE) So long, kids!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

ORCH: "BLUEBERRY HILL"

APPLAUSE

SECOND SPOT:

(2ND REVISION) -10-

MAN: Yes sir...was there something for you?

FIB: Oh hiyah, bud. I want a screw driver. With a black handle.
(We're in the hardware store now, folks) Rattle' some hardware, bud.

SOUND: (RATTLE OF PANS)

FIB: Thanks.

MOL: How about a screw driver?

FIB: With a black handle.

MOL: Why a black handle?

FIB: Why not?

MOL: That's what I say. Get one with a black handle.

MAN: Yes, madam. Screw driver with a black handle. What size?

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, WHAT SIZE? YOU GOTTA BE FITTED FOR 'EM?

MN: Well, we have itty-bitty baby ones for taking watches apart, mamma sized ones for stabbing beer cans open, and DREAT BID PAPPA ONES FOR WEAL WUFF WORK!

FIB: Look, Goldilocks, I'M a medium sized guy, lookin' for a medium sized screw driver for a medium sized job.

MAN: Just step this way, please....mind the wheelbarrow!

FIB: Oh, oh! Lead me past it, Molly....I don't wanna look.

MOL: Why not? It's only a common wheelbarrow...

FIB: Oh, you know...my Cousin Chamberlain. You remember what happened to him when he was working on Boulder Dam.

MOL: No, I don't.

FIB: Well, they found somebody had tampered with the concrete mixture.

MOL: Don't tell me they suspected your cousin!!!

(2ND REVISION) -11-

FIB: Yes, the minute they seen his feet stickin' outa the dam, they knew he was mixed up in it. Him and another guy,

MOL: That must have been the foreman. The poor lad told us he was getting in solid with the boss. You can open your eyes now, dearie. We're past the wheelbarrow.

FIB: Thanks. Okay bud...where's the screw drivers? And make it snappy, because.....

SOUND: DOOR OPEN VIOLENTLY

MUGG: HEY, HARDWARE MAN! COME OVER TO MY HOUSE RIGHT AWAY!

MAN: What's the matter, Mr. Flannigan?

MUGG: EVERY TIME I TRY TO SAIL ME TOY BOATS IN THE SINK, IT OVERFLOWS!

MAN: Well, why don't you use the bath tub?

MUGG: What? And get the coal all wet? Hurry willya?

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: Screw driver, bud - remember?

MAN: Oh yes....(FADE) I'll get it right now.

FIB: Hey, get a load of the old guy with the beard and the bifocals, Molly. He looks kinda familiar to me.

MOL: Well he ACTS kind of familiar, too. He just winked at me.

FIB: Oh he did, eh? LOOK HERE, YOU WITH THE JAW GRASS! WHO DO YOU THINK YOU'RE WINKIN'....

WIL: Shhh.....take it easy, Fibber!

MOL: Heavenly days....Harlow Wilcox!

FIB: Whatcha doin' in the false broccoli, Harlow? Are you -

WIL: SHHHH! I'm making a survey! (QUAVERING VOICE) Oh, Mr. Hardware man.

MAN: (OFF) Yes sir?

WIL: My granddaughter sent me in for some floor wax. What's the best kind?

MAN: (ON) Well, we always recommend Johnson's, sir. Finest polish you can buy for floors, furniture and wood work.

WIL: You don't say!

MAN: Oh yes indeed. It gives a beautiful lasting polish, and protects all wood surfaces from scratches and stains.

(FADE) Wait a minute and I'll get you a can...(FADE)

MOL: That's quite a disguise, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: Gee, thanks, Molly. I modeled it after Mr. Chips....you know - in the movie. Is it okay, Fibber?

FIB: Yes, you look like a well-dunked Donat. That's the worst disguise I ever -

MAN: (FADE IN) Here you are sir. Johnson's Wax. Not only the best protection for your floors and woodwork, but it will add a great deal of beauty to your home.

WIL: (OLD MAN AGAIN) Thanks, sonny. I'll tell my granddaughter what you said about Johnson's Wax. And I'll be back after a bit.

MAN: Certainly - any time, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: What?!!!!. HOW DID YOU KNOW WHO I WAS?

MAN: You sold me this wax - remember?

WIL: Oh gee whiz!! I never thought of that!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

MAN: Now then...was there something for you, sir?

MOL: A screw driver.

FIB: Remember me, bud? The fella that wanted to buy a screw driver with a black handle?

MAN: Ohhhhh yes. Now here's a wonderful screw driver. 12 inch shaft, patented grip, non skid tip, and transparent handle.

MOL: He wants one with a BLACK handle.

MAN: But madam. The transparent handles don't come in black.

FIB: DAD RAT IT, BUD....WHO WANTS A TRANSPARENT HANDLE. ALL I WANT IS A SIMPLE -

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

GRANDMAN: Hello there skippy....GOTTA GOOD STRONG COMFORTABLE BROOM?

MAN: Why yes we have, madam. Here's one....75¢ special today.

GRANDMA: I'll take it.

MAN: Where shall I have the broom sent, madam?

GRANDMA: DON'T SEND IT, SNIFFLES, I'M BUYIN' IT FOR HALLOWE'EN AND I'M RIDIN' IT HOME. One side, everybody....HERE I GO! GIDDAP, SWEEPSTAKES! WHOOPEEEEEEEE.....

SOUND: (WIND WHISTLE TO GLASS CRASH, OFF MIKE)

(PAUSE)

MAN: I beg your pardon sir...have you been waited on?

FIB: Have I been....HAVE I BEEN WAITED ON! LOOK, BUD -- FOR TEN MINUTES I BEEN TRYIN' TO GET YOU TO SELL ME A SCREW DRIVER.

MAN: Oh yes yes yes yes yes. Here you are - I think this is the type of a screw driver you want, - isn't it?

FIB: That's it, bud. How much?

MAN: 2.79.

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS! 2.79!

FIB: Now don't go into a tool-spin, bud. That screw driver ain't worth no 2.79. Why I could get one across the street at the five and dime for twenty cents.

MAN: Then why don't you?

MOL: They're all out of 'em.

MAN: Well, when WE'RE all out of 'em, we sell 'em for a nickel. Good day.

FIB: Well, I'll be a--

MOL: Come on, McGee, maybe we can --

BOOM: AH THERE GOOD DAY, MY DEAR..

MOL: Hello, Mr. Boomer.

BOOM: And a horrible Hallowe'en to you, False Face. Allow me to introduce my little nephew -- Cedric Boomer. Cedric - take your hand out of the gentleman's pocket and say hello to Mr. and Mrs. McGee.

CEDRIC: If you insiast, Neon Nose. Hello, Molly-Dolly. And greetings to you, Snooperman!

MOL: Ahhh, Little Sir Echo!! How do you do!

FIB: HEY IS THAT A REAL REVOLVER HE'S PLAYIN' WITH?

MOL: Heavenly days! Do you permit him to have such dangerous toys, Mr. Boomer?

BOOM: CERTAINLY..CERTAINLY...spare the rod and spoil the child, I always say. (Put the heater away, Cedric, before I kick your teeth down your little pink epiglottis.)

CEDRIC: You lay a knuckle on me, Boom Town, and you'll wind up in a Forest lawn mudpack.

BOOM: Hah hah...Well said, Cedric! Spirited lad, isn't he? Yes indeed!

MOL: Sorry we can't stop for a little more conversation Mr. Boomer, but we have to go home and hunt for a screw driver. These people want 2.79 for one.

BOOM: 2.79! Why that's an outrage. I'll sell you one for only 37 cents myself, Shortcake. Always carry a few tools with me, for one reason and another.

FIB: 37 cents eh? Okay, Boomer, it's a deal. Lesees it.

BOOM: Of course..of course. NOW LET ME SEE...SCREW DRIVER...SCREW DRIVER...WHERE DID I PUT THAT SCREW DRIVER...Here's a letter from the draft board. Asking me to report in the morning. HMMMMM...dated October 15, 1917. I should have dropped in some time ago. ... post card from Jefferson City Moe. Poor old Moe...you should have seen the police report they had on him. Reading time, 20 minutes. Doing time, 20 years... glass eye with a sentimental gleam. AH...WHAT'S THIS IN MY HIP POCKET? - a small grimy hand with arm attached. Oh, it's you, Cedric my lad. TRYING TO FOLLOW IN YOUR UNCLE'S FINGERPRINTS...perhaps you know what became of the above mentioned screw driver.

(2ND REVISION) 17-18

GEDRIC: Of course..of course...now let me see...screwdriver....
screwdriver...where did I put that screwdriver...Here's a
wad of bubble gum that had a blowout..must remember to have
it vulcanized...Boy scout knife...what am I carrying that
for? I wouldn't knife a Boy scout....the butt of a chocolate
cigar...license plate off a hot tricycle, and a check for a
short root-beer. WELL WELL, IMAGINE THAT, NO SCREW DRIVER!!
But come on Uncle Horatio. You said we were going to meet
the mob and ease a couple of joints for a heist.

BOOM: Ah yes...I forgot...tonight is bank nite....Good day, my
dear, and good day to you, Fish Fry.

ORCH: "SAWING A WOMAN IN HALF" --- KING'S MEN.

(ANNOUNCEMENT OVER INTRO)

WIL: The King's Men sing: "Sawing A Woman in Half".

(APPLAUSE)

(3rd SPOT)

(2nd REVISION)

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SOUND: (CLANKS...THUDS...RATTLES)

MOL: For goodness' sakes, McGee....will you hurry up and find
that screw driver - and get this junk out of the living-
room?

FIB: Aw, I'm only halfway thru this tool-chest, Molly. And I'm
findin' MORE STUFF!

(RATTLE OF STUFF...CLATTER & THUD)

MOL: What do you want that screwdriver for, anyway?

FIB: Can't tell you - gonna be a surprise. And you been wantin'
me to fix it for a long, long time----

(KNOCK AT DOOR)

FIB: Come in.

(DOOR OPEN & CLOSE)

TEE: Hiya, Mister.

FIB: Oh hello, little girl.

TEE: Hello. Whatcha doin'? HMMMMMMMM? Whatcha?

FIB: I'm lookin' for somethin'.

TEE: What?

FIB: A screwdriver.

TEE: Where?

FIB: In this tool chest.

TEE: Why?

FIB: Because I -- aw fer the - LISTEN, QUIZ KID, DON'T BOTHER ME
WITH ALL THIS DRIVER. I'M TRYIN' TO FIND A SCREW DRIVEL....
er...I mean...er....

TEE: Well gee you gotta lotta dandy stuff here, I betcha. Awww
look...a NEW baseball bat. Whereja buy it?

FIB: I didn't buy it. It was a gift.

TEE: Who from?

FIB: A man I bought a suit of clothes from last week and stop bothering me. I'm tryin' to locate a--

SOUND: (RATTLE OF STUFF....CLINK OF BOTTLE)

TEE: Hey what's in this bottle, Mister? Hmmm? Medicine?

FIB: Put that back sis. That's just some lotion I used on my arm the time I got tattooed.

TEE: Gee did you get tatoood?...Lessee it.

FIB: I don't wanna. It didn't turn out good.

TEE: Aw come on, Mr. - please!...lemme see your tattoo.

FIB: WELL...OKAY. If you don't tell anybody about it. Wait'll I roll up my sleeve. THERE...SEE?

TEE: Gee, that's a dandy tattoo, I betcha. Who is it supposed to be?

FIB: J. P. Morgan.

TEE: Why?

FIB: Well, the guy that tattooed me was a little deaf, that's why. I told him I wanted a anchor, and he thought I says a BANKER. Now you run alor , because I --

TEE: Hey, mister.

FIB: Now what?

TEE: My daddy wants to know if you're going to join the poker game at the club tonite.

FIB: You tell him I'll be there. And tell you mother that if your daddy comes home smellin' like energine, it's because McGee took him to the cleaners. (LAUGHS HEARTILY)

TEE: (GIGGLES) Hmmm?

FIB: I says tell your old man I'm gonna take him for his roll.

TEE: Awww I betcha you won't I betcha. He says you're a awful bum poker player.

FIB: Oh he does, did he?

TEE: Sure. He said you always played a full house like you were afraid it was haunted. Well, B'Bye, mister.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: Fresh kid! She can cause more trouble than a bee in a coupe. Now lesseeeee....

SOUND: CLATTER OF JUNK

FIB: Oh Molly! Here's that motorcycle engine I been savin'.

MOL: What were you saving that for?

FIB: How many guys do you know that could reach in their tool chest and bring up a motorcycle engine if somebody wanted a motorcycle engine all of a sudden?

MOL: I could count 'em on the fingers of a boxing glove, dearie, if that make's you happy. BUT FOR GOODNESS SAKE.....

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

HAL: AHH THERE, MCGEE....Hello, Mrs. McGee.

MOL: Oh hello, Mr. Gildersleeve.

FIB: Hiyah, Gildersleeve. Set down and make yourself at home... er...NO...DON'T! I've seen how you act at home.

HAL: (LAUGHS) Isn't he a card, Mrs. McGee? (LAUGHS)

MOL: Oh he's a card all right. And to think that I drew him!!

SOUND: (RATTLE OF STUFF)

TEE: (GIGGLES) Hm...mmmm?
FIB: I says tell your old man I'm gonna take him for his roll.
TEE: Awww I betcha you won't I betcha. He says you're a awful
bum poker player.
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chest and bring up a motorcycle engine if somebody wanted
a motorcycle engine all of a sudden?
MOL: I could count 'em on the fingers of a boxing glove, dearie,
if that makes you happy. BUT FOR GOODNESS SAKE,....

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

HAL: AHH THERE, MCGEE....Hello, Mrs. McGee.
MOL: Oh hello, Mr. Gildersleeve.
FIB: Hiyah, Gildersleeve. Set down and make yourself at home...
er...NO...DON'T! I've seen how you act at home.
HAL: (LAUGHS) Isn't he a card, Mrs. McGee? (LAUGHS)
MOL: Oh he's a card all right. And to think that I drew him!!
SOUND: (RATTLE OF STUFF)

HAL: What is all this stuff, McGee?
FIB: You mean the stuff in this tool chest? Well, I was lookin'
for a --
HAL: MCGEE - IF YOU'RE THINKING OF STARTING A JUNK YARD HERE,
I'LL COMPLAIN TO THE AUTHORITIES. THIS IS A RESIDENTIAL
ZONE!
FIB: Is it any of your business?
HAL: YES IT IS MY BUSINESS!
FIB: WELL WHAT'S YOUR BUSINESS DOIN' IN A RESIDENTIAL ZONE?
HAL: OHHHHHHHHHHH!!!
MOL: Oh stop this bickering - both of you. He's just looking
for a screw driver, Mr. Gildersleeve.
HAL: Well I'll help him look for it....what does it look like?
FIB: Oh, it's about this long, black handle....and it's got
T.P.C. CARVED ON THE HANDLE.

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HAL: Well I'll help him look for it...what does it look like?
FIB: Oh, it's about this long, black handle....and it's got T.P.C. CARVED ON THE HANDLE.

HAL: T.P.G. EH? You know what that stands for?
FIB: Eh? I dunno. I always thought it meant TAKE A POWERFUL GRIP, but -
HAL: IT STANDS FOR THROCKMORTON P. GILDERSLEEVE....THAT'S WHAT IT STANDS FOR! THAT'S MY SCREW DRIVER!
MOL: Look, boys...there's no use fighting any more. I just remembered where I saw that screw driver.
FIB: WHAT? YOU DID? WHERE?
MOL: On the shelf in the hall closet. But be careful because -
HAL: I'LL GET IT, MRS. MCGEE...
FIB: YOU STAY WHERE YOU-BARN ARE, GILDERSLEEVE...I'LL GET IT. AFTER ALL, THIS IS MY HOUSE.
HAL: ...AFTER ALL, IT'S MY SCREW DRIVER.
FIB: Okay Okay Okay...YOU CAN HAVE YOUR OLD SCREW DRIVER. I'LL GO GET IT.
HAL: I'll go with you. I don't trust you out of my sight.
FIB: You're so short-sighted I could still get away with plenty. WHERE DID YOU SAY, MOLLY?, ON THE SHELF IN THIS CLOSET?
MOL: YES, BUT BE CAREFUL BECAUSE THAT SHELF IS LOOSE AND IT'S LIABLE TO...
FIB: YEAH, I KNOW...I'LL GET IT. OUTA MY WAY, GILDERSLEEVE WHILE I...
SOUND: DOOR LATCH. TERRIFIC AVALANCHE OF BOOKS...CANS...BOXES... BELLS...ETC.ETC.ETC.
HAL: Ohhhh my goodness.....
~~MOL: Heavenly gods...I found your tool that loose handle McGee!~~
~~.....?~~

MOL: McGee, I warned you about that loose shelf.
 FIB: I know you did, but I had to get that screw driver.
 MOL: What did you want the screw driver for?
 FIB: I wanted it to fix that shelf.
 (APPLAUSE)
 ORCH: (ONCE IN A LOVETIME)~ FADE FOR COMMERCIAL ON CUE

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
 FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
 OCTOBER 15, 1940
 TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

CLOSING COMMERCIAL: (Read in 57 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)

In the meantime, let me answer a question that a lady asked me the other day. She wanted to know why JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT makes linoleum last longer. I can explain that easily. In the old days, women used to scrub their linoleum floors at least once a week, in an effort to keep them clean. Now, every linoleum manufacturer will tell you that continual scrubbing actually ruins linoleum. It softens the finish, and finally makes it warp and split. In the meantime, the colors fade. JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT eliminates this continual scrubbing. It actually covers the linoleum surface with a hard coat that protects it against scratches and scuffing feet -- and preserves the colors bright and fresh. Many women tell us that GLO-COAT makes their linoleum last six times longer than when it is unprotected. Besides this protection and beauty JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT saves hours of work -- because it is SELF-POLISHING -- needs no rubbing or buffing whatsoever. If you don't have a supply of JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT on hand, be sure and add it to your next shopping list.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC -- FADE ON CUE)

TAG

FIB: Folks, we would like to remind you that every hungry child - every neglected boy or girl - every broken or underprivileged American Family is a weak spot at the heart of our country's defense.

MOL: And your Community Chest helps build strong Americans so we hope you'll support it generously.

FIB: Thank you - and goodnite.

MOL: Goodnight, all.

(APPLAUSE)

ORCH: (CLOSING SIGNATURE)

SEGUE

THEME

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
OCTOBER 15, 1940
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

CLOSING TAG COMMERCIAL:

Approx. 9:59:20 EST

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

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HARLOW: 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.