

(REVISED)

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.

WRITERS:
DON QUINN
LEN LEVINSON

"FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY" #259

NBC-RED

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 22nd, 1940

6:30 - 7:00 PM

(REVISED)

-2-

WIL: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM!

ORK: THEME:

WIL: The makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Self-Polishing
Glocoat present FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY - Incident #259 -
written by Don Quinn. Music by Billy Mills' Orchestra
and the King's Men. The show opens with "Our Love Affair".

ORK: "OUR LOVE AFFAIR"

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
OCTOBER 22, 1940
TUESDAY - 6:30 PM PST NBC

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

WIL: Haven't you often noticed how important floors are to the appearance of a home? It is a fact that mellow, gleaming, waxed floors bring out the beauty of everything in the room -- adding a rich charm that you can acquire in no other way. Throughout America there are countless floors that are made more beautiful every year with JOHNSON'S WAX. Every application of this famous floor wax gives increased protection and beauty. JOHNSON'S WAX gets down into the pores of the wood -- seals out dirt -- protects the finish against scuffing feet and sharp heels -- and it does away forever with tiresome floor scrubbing. Besides its use on floors, there are more than 100 extra labor-saving uses in your home for genuine JOHNSON'S WAX. It protects and beautifies furniture and woodwork -- windowsills, parchment lampshades, leather goods. You can buy JOHNSON'S WAX in the familiar PASTE or LIQUID form -- or in the new CREAM WAX especially formulated for easy use on furniture and woodwork. Order some tomorrow.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

WIL: IT WILL PROBABLY BE NEWS TO EVERYBODY THAT THROCKMORTON P. GILDERSLEEVE KEEPS A DIARY.

AND IT WILL BE BAD NEWS TO MR. GILDERSLEEVE THAT A CARELESS MAID HAS THROWN IT OUT ON THE TRASH PILE. BUT HEAVEN KNOWS WHAT WILL HAPPEN WHEN HE DISCOVERS IT WAS PICKED UP BY ---

-- FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: (LAUGHS) Oh boy oh boy oh boy....imagine ME, of all people, findin' Gildersleeve's diary. We sure got the goods on old rumble-tummy now. I'll bet this is gonna be rich readin'!

MOL: How can you read it? It's gotta padlock on it.

FIB: Oh padlocks can be picked.

MOL: WHY..WHY THAT'S JUST PLAIN BURGLARY.

FIB: Aw - who ever got pinched for opening a book?

MOL: My Uncle Dennis did....He opened a book at 14th & Oak streets. And the cops raided the joint before the first race was over.

FIB: Well, be that as it may or may not be - or not, I'M gonna open this diary and read it.

MOL: Now look, McGee....I'M pleading with you. I BEG OF YOU! DON'T PRY INTO MR. GILDERSLEEVE'S DIARY. IT'S NONE OF OUR BUSINESS AND WE HAVE NO RIGHT TO. (PAUSE) Could you open it with a nutpick?

FIB: HEY THAT'S AN IDEA...gimme a nutpick!

MOL: We haven't any nutpicks. But I could run----

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR:

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS....HIDE THAT DIARY....QUICK! IT'S MR. GILDERSLEEVE!

FIB: (IN PANIC) Oh my gosh!!..here, you take it!...No, I'll hide it!...No, you better take it!...no..I'll sit on it!OUCH!....darn that padlock!!

MOL: Calm yourself..calm yourself...COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR LATCH

HAL: Ah there, Mrs. McGee...hello, Fibber.

FIB: I er...did you er...it's a...er..hlyah, Gildersleeve!

HAL: Well! What's the matter with him, Mrs. McGee? What makes him so twitchy?

MOL: I'm sure I don't know, Mr. Gildersleeve. Something wrong, McGee?

FIB: N-no..whatever it is, I'll get over it. In fact, I gotta feelin' I'm right over it..I mean I'm over it right now. Hey, Gildersleeve...you carry any keys with you?

HAL: CERTAINLY MCGEE...I ALWAYS CARRY QUITE A BUNCH OF THEM! SEE?

SOUND: JINGLE OF KEYS

FIB: You..er..got one...a LITTLE TINY one...say, that will open a brief case?

HAL: Yes indeed...here you are. I think this little one will do it.

MOL: Oh what a cute little key. What's it for, Mr. Gildersleeve?

HAL: Why that's the key to my di...er...well now, let me see... what IS that key to? (LAUGHS) That's odd...I...er...I don't remember.

FIB: (LAUGHS) You don't eh?

MOL: (LAUGHS) Oh, you men! Always carrying keys and not even knowing what they open!

SOUND: EVERYBODY LAUGHS LIKE HELL

HAL: Wait a minute. What are we laughing at?

FIB: Eh? I dunno.

MOL: Search me.

HAL: Silly, isn't it? Well, here's the key, McGee.

FIB: Thanks, Gildy, I'll return it to you tomorrow.

HAL: No hurry. What's mine is yours you know.

MOL: Yes, he knows.

HAL: Oh by the way, McGee...I almost forgot...here's a fish for you.

FIB: a....a...fish? for me?

HAL: Yes...my brother came home with a big mess of trout.

MOL: Well thank you, Mr. Gildersleeve.

HAL: Hope you enjoy it. Cost about 18 dollars.

FIB: I thought your brother caught it.

HAL: He did. And the game warden caught my brother. (LAUGHS) Well good day folks.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: Did you get that, Molly? Tryin' to BRIBE me, that's what he's doin'!

MOL: Bribe you to what?

FIB: Not to open this diary.

MOL: He doesn't even know you've GOT his diary.

FIB: That makes it worse. Tryin' to bribe me even before he knows what's happened. THAT SETTLES IT. NOW I WILL READ IT! Gimme that little key!

SOUND: RATTLE AND CLICK

FIB & MOL: Ahhhhh....

MOL: Oh dear....this is a shameful thing we're doin', McGee. It's like readin' somebody else's mail. I'm SO ashamed. (PAUSE) WELL, FOR GOODNESS SAKES...WHAT DOES IT SAY?

FIB: Boy he's sure been keepin' this diary a long time. Look.... It says: Friday, August 19, 19 ought 11. Stayed in bed all day today. Saturday, August 20th. Stayed in bed all day again today. Sunday, August 21st. Stayed in bed all day. Monday, August 22nd. Pants returned from cleaners. Note: In future, don't send pants out on Friday, as it makes for a tedious week end. Hey wait a minute....I just thought o' somethin'.

MOL: What?

FIB: I'm leavin' my fingerprints all over this diary.

MOL: AHAAA....I THOUGHT your conscience would finally catch up with you. Now then - are you going to close up that diary and give it back to Mr. Gildersleeve?

FIB: What else can I do?

MOL: You could wear gloves.

FIB: HEY....I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT! Where are my gloves.

MOL: In the hall closet.

FIB: In here?

MOL: Yes....on the shelf.

FIB: Okay. As soon as I put these on -

SOUND: DOOR LATCH. TERRIFIC CLATTER OF JUNK...BOXES...ETC,ETC,ETC.
AS OF LAST WEEK.

(PAUSE)

FIB: Hey Molly!

MOL: Yes?

FIB: Remind me to straighten out this closet tomorrow!

ORCH: "LITTLE BOY LOVE"

APPLAUSE

FIB: (LAUGHING TO HIMSELF) HEY MOLLY...COME HERE A MINUTE.
THIS IS WONDERFUL STUFF.

MOL: What is?

FIB: This diary o' Gildorsloeves. For instance, hero's a item
for Friday, October 23rd, 1929. HEY THAT MUSTA BEEN THE
DAY THE STOCK MARKET CRASHED!

MOL: What makes you think so?

FIB: Well, all Gildersleeve has got down here for that day is -
"OHMMMMMMMMMMMM, MY GOODNESS!"

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR

FIB: Come in!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

TEE: Hi, mister. Whatcha doin'. HMMMMMMMM? Whatcha?

FIB: Readin', Sis.

TEE: Whatcha readin'?

FIB: Why...er....a diary.

TEE: HMMMMMMMM?

FIB: A diary, DIARY. You know what a diary is?

TEE: No - what?

FIB: Well, a diary is sort - of a personal fairy tale with
yourself as the hero. You keep a diary?

TEE: No.

FIB: Why not?

TEE: I don't like fairy tales, I betcha. Gee, I quit reading
'em YEARS ago.

FIB: Whatcha read now, sis?

TEE: Oh, John Steinbeck, and Eugene O'Neill, and Ernest
Hemingway, and all stuff like that there.

FIB: Sis, do you mean to stand there with your little cheeks full
of roses and your little tongue full of thorns, and tell me
you don't like Cinderella, or Jack ~~and~~ the ^{Saint Miller} ~~Princess~~ any
more?

TEE: I do.

FIB: Well what on earth -

TEE: WHAT DID THE FAIRY GODMOTHER EVER GIVE CINDERELLA THAT
SCARLETT O'HARA DIDN'T GET THE HARD WAY? And Jack the
Giant Killer - He's a cream puff. He'd be a pushover for
Superman!

FIB: I'll bet there's ONE fairy tale you still like.

TEE: What?

FIB: Little Red Riding Hood. All the kiddies like that one.

TEE: Not me, mister -

FIB: You don't like little Red Riding Hood? Why think of that
beautiful, golden-haired -- little girl - full o' trust and
innocence - with a heart full o' love and a basket full o'
groceries - alone in that secluded cottage WITH A VICIOUS,
CRUEL, BLOODTHIRSTY ANIMAL!

TEE: Oh phooey.

FIB: WHAT? You mean you don't feel the slightest twinge o'
sympathy for Little Red Riding Hood....facing that terrible
fate?

TEE: Emotionally, mister, it leaves me undisturbed. And intellectually, I have only the utmost contempt for any little twerp, golden hair or no golden hair, who can't tell her own grandmother from a wolf! G'bye now!

SOUND: DOOR-SLAM

FIB: The book publishers better get busy on some new children's books. Looks like their Mother Goose is cooked. Lemme see now...what'd I do with Gildersleeve's diary?

MOL: I have it right here, dearie. Listen to this item. It says: (DEAR DIARY: I TOOK MY FIRST AIRPLANE FLIGHT TODAY. IT WAS A WONDERFUL SENSATION AND I PREDICT THE DAY WILL COME WHEN PEOPLE WILL TRAVEL FROM COAST TO COAST IN AN AIRPLANE IN TEN HOURS."

FIB: Sayyyy, that was a pretty smart hunch o' Gildersleeve's. How long ago did he write that?

MOL: Let me see....Last Sunday.

FIB: Hey lemme take that diary. I wanna see how many wimmin there was in his life.

MOL: I've seen all thru it and there's just one. He married his childhood sweetheart. Isn't that romantic?

FIB: It's romantic, but it's awful dull.

MOL: It's no such a thing. Mr. Gildersleeve is just a one-woman man!

FIB: Yeah, I know. You'd call it faithfulness, he'd call it love and I'd call it just plain unpopularity!

MOL: Well, just remember the old saying I just made up: "If you're on the square, you can't be a Rounder".

FIB: Yeah...and a guy who keeps his feet firmly on the ground will never kick a field goal, either. Come on - lemme take that Diary. I'd only got to the part where Gildersleeve had....

(DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE)

WIL: Hiyah, Folksies...what's doing?

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: We stumbled across Gildersleeve's diary, Harlow. Imagine that big beanbag keepin' a diary, Harlow.

WIL: Why not? I keep one.

MOL: WHAT?

FIB: YOU DO!?

WIL: Certainly! My Diary is simply a record of all the women who have loved me. It's one of my dearest possessions.

MOL: WELL HEAVENLY DAYS...HEAR THE MAN TALK!

FIB: Look, tall, dark and mistaken - don't gimme that Great Lover business. I've known you for a long time, and heartburning you've caused wimmin, was from takin' 'em to cheap restaurants.

WIL: Now wait a minute, short sharp and shapeless! I didn't claim to be a great lover. I was referring to the women who love me because of what I've done for them. Like bringing Johnson's Self-Polishing Glocoat into their lives. Why I've been instrumental in giving thousands of women more leisure, more health and more happiness.

MOL: You mean every time a woman looks at a dirty, old-fashioned mop she thinks of you?

WIL: Yes -- er NO! I mean I represent the hours of drudgery saved by using Johnson's Glocoat. Why when I consider that a housewife just has to pour a small amount on the floor.... spread it around and let it dry, with no rubbing and no buffing to get a beautiful polished kitchen linoleum in 20 minutes or less...why...why...it just makes life worth living to me. I go home at night so proud and happy... I pour out my gladness to my diary...it's all so wonderful... so beautiful....OH YOU WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND.

SOUND: (DOOR SLAM)

FIB: Well! We just solved the secret of Perpetual Emotion. Just talk to Wilcox about Glocoat.

MOL: Yes, he thinks the capital of the world is Racine, Wisconsin. (BELLIGERENTLY) AND IS THERE ANYONE IN OUR LITTLE GROUP WHO THINKS OTHERWISE?

(PAUSE)

FIB: Smart bunch of actors. Now lessee...where was I in this Diary, Molly?

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

NICK: Hello, Fizzer...hello Kewpie.

MOL: Oh hello, Mr. Depopolis.

FIB: What's on your mind, Nick?

NICK: I just passing you up when I happened to think about that footsiball game we are going to. How are we going?

MOL: We're all going in our car, Mr. Depopolis.

FIB: Yeah...We'll all chip in for gasoline. Say about 3 bucks apiece.

NICK: Hmm...three bucks, 8 of us at 3 dollars apiece is being about 24 dollars! Which way are we going - by the Burma Road?

MOL: We'll have a wonderful time, Mr. Depopolis. You and us and Mrs. Uppington and Mr. Boomer and Mr. Wilcox and Mr. Gildersleeve.

FIB: And the Old Timer.

NICK: Well, that smertainly is a deterogenipuss collection of personalities, isn't it? If I do say so myself, and why shouldn't I? - I'm one of them.

MOL: You're three of 'em, if the facts were known.

NICK: Heh heh heh...that's pretty good Kewpie, BUT THAT AIN'T THE WAY I HEERED - Oh! Wrong characters! Say what is that little volume of a book you have there, Fizzer?

FIB: This happens to be Gildersleeve's personal diary, Nick. (LAUGHS) Pretty mushy readin' too! That guy drips like a rented bathing suit.

NICK: Is that so! Well - I hope for the heavenly sakes of goodness that Mr. Goldensleeve is underwear of the facts that you are reading out of his diary!

FIB: HEY YOU AIN'T GONNA MENTION THIS TO HIM ARE YOU, NICK?

NICK: Aw n'w, Fizzer. Are you afraid of this man Goldensleeve?

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN AFRAID OF HIM? Why I can take old Gildersleeve like nobody's business. One swing from me, and ho'll be hearin' music from them heavenly zephyrs.

MOL: You mean zithers.

(REVISED)

-17, 18 & 19-

NICK: I think he means a heifer.
FIB: I do not...a heifer is a guy that dances in vaudeville..
MOL: That's a hooper.
FIB: Then what's a zephyr?
NICK: It's a horse with stripes on him.
MOL: That's a zebra.
FIB: DAD RAT IT, WHAT'S ALL THIS GOT TO DO WITH GILDERSLEEVE?
NICK: Nothing, unless Goldensleeve has got a striped heifer that dances in vaudeville. And if he has, it's too bad, because there's no vaudeville. Well, see you later, kids.

SOUND: (DOOR SLAM)

ORCH & KING'S MEN INTRO: (FADE FOR)

WIL: The King's Men singing "I Dream of Jeannie With The Light Brown Hair".

ORCH & KING'S MEN: "I DREAM OF JEANNIE WITH THE LIGHT BROWN HAIR")

(APPLAUSE)

(REVISED)

-17, 18 & 19-

NICK: I think he means a heifer.
FIB: I do not...a heifer is a guy that dances in vaudeville..
MOL: That's a hooper.
FIB: Then what's a zephyr?
NICK: It's a horse with stripes on him.
MOL: That's a zebra.
FIB: DAD RAT IT, WHAT'S ALL THIS GOT TO DO WITH GILDERSLEEVE?
NICK: Nothing, unless Goldensleeve has got a striped heifer that dances in vaudeville. And if he has, it's too bad, because there's no vaudeville. Well, see you later, kids.

SOUND: (DOOR SLAM)

ORCH & KING'S MEN INTRO: (FADE FOR)

WIL: The King's Men singing "I Dream of Jeannie With The Light Brown Hair".

ORCH & KING'S MEN: "I DREAM OF JEANNIE WITH THE LIGHT BROWN HAIR")

(APPLAUSE)

THIRD SPOT

FIB: HEY MOLLY...(LAUGHS) Listen to this item.

SOUND: DOOR KNOCK

MOL: Put Mr. Gildersleeve's diary away, McGee. It's Mrs. Uppington.

FIB: Not Mrs. Abigail Uppington -

MOL: In the flesh. In the powdered, painted, and well-girdled flesh!

FIB: Not so loud - the old moose'll hear you. COME IN, ABIGAIL!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

UPP: How do you do, my dear ... and Mr. McGee.

FIB: Hiyah, Uppity. Say, that's a pretty weird pair of ridin' breeches you got on there.

UPP: Please, Mr. McGee...these are Jodhpurs!

MOL: Well, I hope they fit him better'n they do you, Abigail. But won't you sit down, dearie?

UPP: Oh no..thank you...I..wv..I have been riding for three hours in the park and I ...er...well, no thank you.

FIB: I used to own a great little saddle horse Uppy. Very high spirited too. Shoulda seen him roll his eyes.

MOL: That wasn't high spirits. He was just trying to see if he was still pullin' a street car. You have your own personal horse haven't you, Mrs. Uppington?

UPP: Why yes, my dear...he is so SWEET, reahhly. And so well trained! He is a high school horse.

MOL: You don't say! I heard a few whinnies at the commencement exercises, but I thought it was the principal.

UPP: (LAUGHS) Oh but I simply LOVE to ride. When I'm cantering thru the park, all my cares fade away...I feel free as a bird!

FIB: Yeah, but you can't fool a horse, Uppy. He knows there's more than a handful o' feathers in that saddle! (LAUGHS)

OUCH!!! Dad rat it, I sat on that padlock again?

UPP: Padlock?

MOL: Yes, this padlock is on a book, Mrs. Uppington. (LAUGHS)

Don't say anything - but we come across Mr. Gildersleeve's Diary. It gives his personal history from wayyyyy back. See? Here it is.

UPP: WHAT? MR. GILDERSLEEVE'S OWN DIARY? OH LET ME SEE IT!!!

MOL: HEY LEGGO, MRS. UPPINGTON...STOP IT...MCGEE, HELP!!!

FIB: Let loose Uppy...come on now...

UPP: BUT I JUST WISH TO...

SOUND: SCUFFLE...THUDS...GRUNTS...

FIB: DAD RAT IT, UPPY, LEGGO THAT BOOK!...ahh..that's better. Sapy - what's this diary to you, Uppy?

UPP: WHAT IS IT TO ME! WELL, IF YOU COME ACROSS ANY ENTRY DATED JUNE 21st, 1912, ABOUT THROCKMORTON TAKING A CANOE RIDE WITH A CERTAIN YOUNG BRUNETTE...

FIB: But you're a blonde, Uppy.

UPP: Not in 1912...Ohh...what am I saying..well goodbye.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOL: McGee...I'll bet she runs right over and tells Mr. Gildersleeve we got his diary.

FIB: You mean she ain't discreet?

MOL: Discreet! That woman whispers like a taffeta petticoat!

FIB: Hmmm...Tell you what I better do, Molly. I better run
over - -

SOUND: TERRIFIC KNOCKING AT DOOR

HAL: (OFF MIKE) ARE YOU IN THERE, MCGEE?

SOUND: MORE LOUD KNOCKING

MOL: Well...here it comes, dearie. Better roll up your sleeves..

FIB: Oh my gosh....

MOL: I said your sleeves...not your trousers...

FIB: How can I climb a tree with my pants catchin' on every -

SOUND: TERRIFIC KNOCKING: DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

(PAUSE)

HAL: (IN DEADLY RESTRAINT) How do you do, Mrs. McGee. Good day,
Fibber. It's a...lovely day...isn't it?

FIB: Why...er...yes it is, Throcky, old pup. Peach of a day.
How's...er...how's everything with you?

HAL: (SHOUTS) DON'T YOU HOW'S -EVERYTHING WITH ME, MCGEE!
WHERE'S MY DIARY!

MOL: Diary?

FIB: D-d-d-d-iary? Well let me tell you what happened, Gil!

HAL: I DON'T CARE WHAT HAPPENED! ALL I KNOW IS THAT BY HOOK
OR CROOK YOU TOOK MY BOOK....

MOL: Why didn't you write poetry like that in your diary,
Mr.Gildersleeve?

HAL: NEVER MIND MY DIARY!

FIB: Yes, never mind his diary, Molly. And I don't mind sayin'
I'M glad we got off the subject. Now about this Notre
Dame Football game, Gildersleeve. How about -

HAL: You're a harrrrrd man, McGee...AND I'M GOING TO SOFTEN YOU
UP RIGHT NOW!

k

MOL: Now you leave him alone, Mr. Gildersleeve.

FIB: Aw, I ain't a-scared o' him. Molly. Here, take your old
diary, Gildersleeve. AND YOU KNOW WHAT?

HAL: WHAT?

FIB: On page 713, under March 12th, 1919, you spelled 'hangover'
with two 'G's'.

HAL: OHHHHHHHHHHH!!! THAT'S ENOUGH, MCGEE....TAKE OFF YOUR
GLASSES!

MOL: He doesn't wear glasses.

FIB: I do too. LOOK!

MOL: Where on earth did you dig those up!

HAL: Take 'em off, McGee! WHY YOU LITTLE BOOKNAPPER, I'M GONNA
HAMMER YOU INTO A MEAT PIE AND COVER YOU WITH YOUR OWN
CRUST!

FIB: YOU JUST TRY IT! I'LL GIVE YOU ONE PUNCH IN THAT PAUNCH
AND YOU WON'T WAKE UP TILL THE SWALLOWS COME BACK TO
CAPISTRANO.

HAL: YOU'RE A HARD MAN, MCGEE. PUT UP YOUR DUKES, MCGEE....HERE
I COME!!!

FIB: OKAY OKAY OKAY!!!.....BUT I WARN YOU -

MOL: (FADE IN) BOYS BOYS BOYS!!..STOP THAT NOISE!!...CAN'T YOU
SEE I'M TALKING ON THE TELEPHONE?

FIB: Oh...excuse me, Molly.

HAL: Sorry, Mrs. McGee.

FIB: Have a chair, Gildersleeve...she'll be thru in a minute.

HAL: Very well.

FIB: Have a cigar?

HAL: Thanks, I have one.

FIB: You got two? Thanks...

7

MOL:(CLICK) (CLICK) Hello....Hello....oh yes...Yes it is...
No, the diary belongs to a next door neighbor...
Mr. Gildersleeve. No. Throckmorton P. Gildersleeve.
What? Just a minute, he's right here, (ASIDE) What does
the P. stand for, Mr. Gildersleeve?
HAL: er...Philharmonic. (LAUGHS) My father played the oboe in
Philadelphia. But who wants to know what --
MOL: HELLO? IT'S THROCKMORTON PHILHARMONIC GILDERSLEEVE. NO....
I think the diary is the only thing he's written.
FIB: Say what the -
MOL: WHAT? YES, WE KNEW IT HAD GREAT LITERARY MERIT THE MINUTE
WE SAW IT. OH YES INDEED.....NO.....NO.....OH NO I'M SURE
HE WOULDN'T SELL THE RIGHTS TO IT.....
HAL: Here here here...wait a minute...BY GEORGE, I DON'T --
FIB: Pipe down, Gildersleeve. You don't know what this is all
about - (TO HIMSELF) Either.
MOL: YES...WELL I'LL INQUIRE BUT I DON'T THINK TEN THOUSAND
DOLLARS AND ROYALTIES WOULD INTEREST HIM....NO....
HAL: SAYYYYYYYYYY....TEN THOUS-
MOL: All right...Oh don't mention it. Goodbye. (CLICK)
All right, McGee. Give the big crybaby his diary and let
him go home.
FIB: Here, Gildersleeve. Take it.
HAL: Oh now wait a minute folks...I...I...well, maybe I was a
bit hasty...But...er...what was this about a publisher
wanting my diary?

MOL: Oh what difference does it make? No publisher would
touch the thing anyway in its present form and it would
cost twenty-five dollars to make carbon copies of it....
HAL: Oh, I'LL GLADLY PAY THAT...HERE. HERE'S THIRTY DOLLARS.
YOU DO WHAT YOU CAN TO PROMOTE IT FOR ME AND I'LL GIVE YOU
A GENEROUS SLICE OF THE PROFITS.
HAL: IS IT A DEAL?
MOL: Wel-l-l....I don't know....after the way you acted, I--
HAL: I'M SORRY ABOUT THAT, MRS. MCGEE....I REALLY AM. I WAS A
BOUNDER. I WAS A CAD. I'M GOING TO LEAVE MY DIARY HERE.
NOW I'LL GO...AND LEAVE YOU TO YOUR WORK. AND I DON'T
KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU..BOTH. GOOD DAY!
SOUND: (DOOR SLAM)
FIB: Well, I'll be a--
MOL: Quick, McGee - give me that thirty dollars, and get your
hat.
FIB: Eh? What for? Where we goin'?
MOL: Down to the telephone company and pay our bill. Our phone
has been shut off for two days.
FIB: WHAT? IT HAS? Oh pshaw!
ORCH: "WHERE DO YOU KEEP YOUR HEART"(FADE ON CUE)

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
OCTOBER 22, 1940
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

-29-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL (Read in 54 seconds) Approx. 9:57:30 ES

By: Wilcox from Hollywood to all stations but
WLW, WIRE, WAVE, WSM.

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

(Pause 2 seconds)

ANNCR: In the meantime let me suggest that right now is a good time to protect your linoleum floors with JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. Bad weather days are ahead -- and you know how hard it is to keep the children and delivery boys from tracking across the kitchen floors with wet, soggy feet. But if these floors are protected with JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT, you won't have to worry -- because a damp cloth will quickly make them clean and sparkling again. GLO-COAT brings out the beauty of linoleum, keeps its colors fresh and clear. Many users tell us that GLO-COAT actually makes their linoleum last six times longer than if it were unprotected. And, of course, one of GLO-COAT's principal advantages is that it's a wonderful labor saver. It requires absolutely no rubbing or buffing, you know -- you simply apply and let dry -- and in 20 minutes you have a floor to be proud of. If you don't already have JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT on hand, buy some from your dealer.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC -- FADE ON CUE

(2nd REVISION)

29-A

TAG GAG

FIB: FOLKS, NEXT WEEK WE'RE TAKIN' THE WHOLE GANG TO THE NOTRE DAME-WEST POINT FOOTBALL GAME IN OUR CAR AND --

MOL: Oh McGee...wait a minute.

FIB: Eh?

MOL: What are you going to do about those two flat tires?

FIB: Uppington and Gildersleeve? Oh just put 'em in the rumble seat and ignore 'em.

MOL: Oh.

FIB: Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all.

ORCH: (CLOSING FANFARE) SEGUE (CLOSING SIGNATURE)
(FADE ON CUE FOR ANNCR.)

2nd REVISION)

29-A

THE WHOLE GANG TO THE
L GAME IN OUR CAR AND --

t those two flat tires?
Oh just put 'em in the

SING SIGNATURE)

-30-

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
OCTOBER 22, 1940
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

CLOSING TAG COMMERCIAL

Approx. 9:59:20 EST

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

.....
ANNCR: / 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.

S.C. JOHNSON &
"FIBBER MCGEE
NBC-RED
TUESDAY, OCTOBER