

S.C. Johnson & Son, Inc.  
Writers: Don Quinn  
Len Levinson

(REVISED)

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

#262

6:30 - 7:00 PM  
Tuesday - 11/12/40

NBC-RED

-2-

WILCOX: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM!

ORCH: THEME

WILCOX: The makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Self-Polishing  
Glocoat present Fibber McGee & Molly .... written by  
Don Quinn ... with music by Billy Mills' Orchestra, and  
the King's Men.

The show opens with "You and Your Kiss".

ORCH: "YOU AND YOUR KISS".....FADE FOR:

(commercial on page 3)



S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.  
Fibber McGee & Molly  
11-12-40  
Tuesday 6:30 PM PST NBC

-3-

Opening Commercial

ANNCR: No matter how many other labor savers you may have in your home -- don't fail to take advantage of JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT....the no-rubbing floor polish that saves hours of work....that keeps the colors of linoleum fresh and bright....and does away with tiresome and expensive floor scrubbing.

Why is floor scrubbing expensive? Because it ruins linoleum surfaces....as any linoleum manufacturer will tell you. If you want your linoleum to last a long time - protect it with JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT. You can use GLO-COAT on varnished or painted wood floors, too. It needs no rubbing or buffing whatever....you simply apply and let dry. In 20 minutes your floor has a beautiful, lasting polish, easy to keep clean and spotless. If you're not a regular user of JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT, try some right away.

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

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



WILCOX: Well Fibber has had a very busy day. He's discussed the election at Joe's Tavern, done a little sidewalk supervising of a building excavation, and forwarded the Youth Movement by kibitzing for two hours at a corner-lot football game. And here, approaching the house with a glow of satisfaction at a day well spent, we find Fibber, of

-- FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

(APPLAUSE)

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON CONCRETE .... CONTINUE THRU

FIB: (SINGS) Ohhhh, I HAD A LITTLE GOAT AND HIS NAME WAS BLYNKEN - NEVER GOT DRUNK BUT HE SURE GOT HUNGRY ... da da da daa ...

(FOOTSTEPS OFF CONCRETE ONTO PORCH ... UP STEPS ... DOOR LATCH AND SLAM:)

FIB: HEY MOLLY .... I'M HOME!!! (PAUSE) HEY ... MOLLY! IT'S FIBBER. The guy you married on account of his smooth talk and city ways ... (PAUSE) MOLLY! Hmmm... musta gone to the store ... wonder she wouldn't leave a light burning for a guy.

SOUND: (SHARP THUD)

FIB: OUCH! OHHHHHHHHHH ... MY EYE!!! DAD RAT THAT DOOR ... OHHHHHH ... Ohhhhhhhhhhh.....

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

MOL: Can she bake a cherry pie, Billy Boy, Billy -

FIB: GROANS

MOL: Who's in here?

FIB: It's .... It's me, Molly ..... OHHHHHHHH!!!!

MOL: Well what on earth are you doing here in the dark? Why don't you turn the light on ... (CLICK) THERE! THAT'S BETTER. NOW WE CAN ... WELL WHAT ON EARTH'S THE MATTER WITH YOUR EYE?

FIB: I .... I bumped into the door.  
(PAUSE)

FIB: WELL, I DID! Just now.  
(PAUSE)

FIB: You mean ... you don't believe me?

MOL: Of course I believe you. Who ever got a black eye any other way? They ALWAYS bumped into a door ... now sit down there and let mother put something on it.

FIB: But look, Molly, let's get this straight ... I really DID bump into the door ... ye see I -

MOL: Please, McGee ... in the first place it's none of my business how you got the shiner. In the second place when a man spends the day downtown a week after election and discusses politics and comes home with a black eye, it's pretty obvious -

FIB: BUT LISTEN, MOLLY I TELL YOU --

MOL: Never mind, dearie ... it doesn't matter how you got it, Let's put something on it. Does it hurt?

FIB: NOOOOOO ... It feels wonderful. I love it. Think I'll make a hobby of gettin' black eyes. Shucks, -

MOL: Now don't be sarcastic, McGee ... tell me one thing ... What does Mr. Gildersleeve look like?

FIB: Gildersleeve didn't have anything to do with it.

MOL: Well who did? Tell me his name and I'll settle -



FIB: DAD RAT IT, I CAN'T TELL YOU HIS NAME!  
MOL: Oh it was a stranger!  
FIB: YES ... ER ... NO! IT WASN'T ANYBODY. I DONE IT MYSELF!  
MOL: I see. You did it yourself. I suppose you got to talking  
to yourself, and said something you resented, and hit  
yourself in the eye.  
FIB: I ... bumped ... into ... the ... door.  
MOL: (SIGHS) Well, I'm sorry you can't confide in your own  
wife. But let it go. I'll boil some tea ... I read in a  
book that tea leaves are good for black eyes.  
FIB: I read in a book about Aladdin and his Wonderful lamp too,  
but I don't wanna rub this one and have a genius pop up  
from nowhere.  
MOL: That was a genie.  
FIB: It was not. Jeannie was that girl with the light brown  
hair.  
MOL: What'd she have to do with Aladdin?  
FIB: How should I know? Where Jeannie spends her Arabian nights  
is her own business.  
MOL: Well, what's the difference - they were only fractional  
characters anyway.  
FIB: You mean FRICTIONAL.  
MOL: I don't either. Frictional is when you rub something on  
something.  
FIB: THAT'S WHAT I BEEN TRYIN' TO SAY! WE GOTTA RUB SOMETHING  
ON THIS EYE!!!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

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OLD M: Hello there Daughter. Got your Thanksgiving Turkey yet?  
I'm sellin' tickets on a raffle that - (LAUGHS) Well,  
hello there, Johnny. Who was the rat that give you the  
mouse?  
FIB: Nobody gave it to me, Old Timer. I bumped into a door  
in the dark.  
OLD M: Ye did eh? (LAUGHS) THAT'S PRETTY GOOD, JOHNNY, BUT THAT  
AIN'T THE WAY I HEERED IT. THE WAY I HEERED IT, ONE FELLER  
SAYS TO TOTHER FELLER, "SAYYYY", HE SAYS, "DID YOU SEE  
FIBBER MCGEE'S SHINER?" "NO", SAYS TOTHER FELLER, "BUT  
IT'S A QUTE SWITCH, AIN'T IT?" "WHATCHA MEAN?" SAYS THE  
FIRST FELLER?" "WELL", SAYS TOTHER FELLER, "I MEAN HAVIN'  
THE PROGRAM GIVE HIM A BLACK EYE!" Heh heh heh ... well,  
it sure is a beaut Johnny...don't blame it for being all  
puffed up! Heh heh heh .....

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: WHY THAT OLD MOSSBACK! Does this eye really look so bad,  
Molly?  
MOL: It's gettin' so dark, the pupil looks like it was goin'  
to night school. You'd better see the doctor.  
FIB: Maybe I better had, at that. Got your purse?  
MOL: Yes, I've got it. Come on, let's go.

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE. FOOTSTEPS ON PORCH

MOL: Shall we walk?  
FIB: Yes - let's go thru the alley and around by --  
TEE: Hiyah, mister.  
FIB: Oh Hiyah sis. Sorry can't talk to you now. We're on our  
way to the doctor's.

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TEE: Well, gee, I just wanted ... (PAUSE) (GIGGLES) "Criminy, what a shiner! (GIGGLES) Who put the dimmer on your headlight, mister?

FIB: I RUN INTO THE DOOR IN THE DARK, IF YOU MUST KNOW!

TEE: Oh sure! (GIGGLES) A likely story, I betcha. And what does the other fella look like?

FIB: NOW LOOK HERE SIS, I AIN'T GOT TIME TO MASTICATE THE MUSLIN WITH YOU....

TEE: Well gee, mister, I just wanted to ask you if you wanted to invest in a going business.

FIB: I ain't interested, sis. But what's the business?

TEE: Well, there's a PTA meeting next door and I'm running a babby buggy parking lot. I and Willie Toops.

FIB: You mean Willie Toops and I.

TEE: Oh, tryin' to muscle in, huh?

FIB: No, I ain't. But how is business?

TEE: Well, we've taken care of 7 babies already. At a cent apiece.

FIB: Ahhhhh you made 7 cents, eh? As the fella says when he seen the well-dressed weather man - "That's a very neat prophet!"

TEE: Oh no! We gotta dessafit. Ten cents for medical expenses.

FIB: You mean you had to slip one of the tiny tots a pony of paregoric?

TEE: No, but Willie had to buy some iodine for his knee, I betcha.

FIB: For his knee!

TEE: Yes, - he fell down when one of the mothers chased him.

FIB: Now wait a minute, sis. This started out as a financial report but it's developin' kinda clinical. WHAT'D SHE CHASE HIM FOR?

TEE: Well, gee, mister, her baby kep' cryin' and a-cryin' and we couldn't make it stop so we emptied the milk out of its bottle and refilled it.

FIB: With fresh milk.

TEE: No.

FIB: Eh?

TEE: Hummmmm?

FIB: I SAYS IF YOU DIDN'T REFILL IT WITH MILK ... WHAT DID YOU REFILL IT WITH?

TEE: Beer.

FIB: BEER! WHOAA .. WAIT A MINUTE ... OH MY GOSH! YOU SHOULDN'T O' DID THAT, SIS!



TEE: Well gee, my papa says if he drinks a bottle of beer before he goes to bed he sleeps like a baby and if my papa can sleep like a baby isn't it logical that a baby should sleep like my papa? Well, I gotta go check up on Willie.  
So long, mister!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

(APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA: "LOCK LOMOND"

(APPLAUSE)

2ND SPOT:

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON GRAVEL

MOL: McGee, I don't know why we should keep duckin' into doorway every time we meet somebody.

FIB: I'm just doin' it to save my friends embarrassment.

MOL: Oh..so YOU'RE savin' THEM EMBARRASSMENT!

FIB: Sure. When they see this eye, every one of 'em will say, "WELL! -- WHAT DOES THE OTHER GUY LOOK LIKE?" And then they'll realize that's a platitude and be ashamed of their selves. HEY LOOK!

MOL: Where?

FIB: (LAUGHS) Looka the guy down on his hands and knees, pushin' a peanut with his nose! (LAUGHS) WHAT'S THE MATTER, BUD - LOSE AN ELECTION BET?

WIL: (OFF MIKE) What? (ON MIKE) Oh Hello, Fibber, and Molly. Yes, I bet on the wrong man for governor. So I have to pay off with this nut-nudging!

MOL: Oh that's too bad, Mr. Wilcox. Me Uncle Dennis had to do that once. Poor man! He was a little crosseyed and kept falling in the gutter.

WIL: (LAUGHS) Well, I don't mind this a bit. In fact...HEY FIBBER...WHERE'D YOU GET THE BLACK EYE? AND WHAT DOES THE OTHER FELLOW LOOK LIKE? (LAUGHS)

FIB: That ain't a very original observation, Harlow.

MOL: He says he got his black eye bumping into a door in the dark, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: (LAUGHS) Yeah? I suppose he thinks THAT'S original!

(LAUGHS)



FIB: WELL DAD RAT IT I DID BUMP INTO A DOOR. Come on, Molly ...  
let Wilcox go on with his nasal maneuvers...

MOL: We can talk to him a minute. Doesn't that make your back  
ache something terrible, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Yes it does...and I love it!

MOL: WHAT?

FIB: HOW SO COME WHY?

WIL: Well, it's done a lot for me ... It's made me sympathize  
with all the women who have spent weary hours on hands and  
knees, with a scrub brush and pail when a little Johnson's  
Wax would not only eliminate scrubbing, but would  
absolutely SEAL floors and protect woodwork against dirt  
and dampness...

FIB: Harlow, if I was as enthusiastic as you are about Johnson's  
Wax (and I pretty near am,) I'd have it tattooed on my  
chest.

WIL: Oh yeah - well, LOOK! (CLOTH RIPPING)

MOL: Heavenly days...he has!

FIB: Okay Okay...if he thinks I'm gonna get tattooed just to  
top him he's wrong.

WIL: So long Pal. (FADE OUT WITH) "Bumped into a door!" (LAUGHS)

FIB: Ah - go push a peanut!! ----One of these days that guy is  
gonna ---

BOOM: (FADE IN) AH THERE, GOOD DAY, MY DEAR...And a merry  
National Apple Week to you, Togglejoint! Mind if I walk  
along with you?

MOL: Not a bit, Mr. Boomer.

FIB: Well go on, Boomer. I'M waiting. Say it: "WHAT DOES THE  
OTHER FELLA LOOK LIKE?"

BOOM: Had no intention of uttering such a bromide, Tumblebug.  
I come from out West where the only personal question  
permitted is "What'll you have, boys?"

MOL: What part of the West do you come from, Mr. Boomer?

BOOM: From a little hamlet called Fox Pass, a village of three  
hundred souls and a small scattering of heels. It was  
there that I spent my boyhood and the proceeds from a few  
train robberies. Yes yes ... but what are you doing for  
the eye, Oysterfork?

MOL: He's on his way to the doctor's office, Mr. Boomer. And if  
he gets the attention there that he got on his way there,  
he'll do allright.

BOOM: Ought to be wearing dark glasses, Sputterfizz. They'll  
shut off the rays of the sun and the hurrays of your  
friends...have a pair right here if you'd care to borrow  
them.

FIB: Gee, thanks, that's swell! Shoot the gloomers to me,  
Boomer!

BOOM: CERTAINLY CERTAINLY...NOW LET ME SEE...WHERE DID I PUT  
THOSE SUN GLASSES...HAD THEM RIGHT HERE A MOMENT AGO...SUN  
GLASSES, SUN GLASSES...Here's a snapshot of a jug band I  
organized..when I was in the jug....recipe for Tomato  
Surprise ala Boomer....

MOL: What on earth is Tomato Surprise ala Boomer?



BOOM: Old family recipe, my dear...take one can of tomatoes,,  
remove contents, refill can with dynamite, place under  
bank vault, attach lighted fuse and wait for surprise.  
If this fails, stir, for 20 years. Short length of lead  
pipe...giving a fellow a tap lesson tonight...and a check  
for a short beer. WELL WELL....IMAGINE THAT!.....NO SUN  
GLASSES!! Come to think of it, I threw them away last  
night after mistaking three hearts and two spades for a  
spade flush. Sorry, glum-glim, and a good day, my dear ...  
MOL: Come on, McGee...you won't need 'em now anyway...here's  
the doctor's office....

FEW MORE FOOTSTEPS UP AND OUT WITH:DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

FIB: Hiyah Doc! Remember me, Fibber McGee?  
DOC: Ah yes yes yes yes!! Sit down, Mr. McGee...what seems to  
be the trouble?  
MOL: Are you just being tactful, Doctor? Jeepers Creecers, take  
a look at his peepers.  
FIB: I bumped into a door, Doc.  
DOC: Yes yes yes yes yes ....  
FIB: WELL I DID, DAD RAT IT!  
MOL: It's possible, isn't it Doctor?  
DOC: Oh yes...it's possible. (LAUGHS)

DOOR OPEN VIOLENTLY:

FLAN: HEY DOC ... COME OVER TO MY HOUSE RIGHT AWAY, WILL YA?  
DOC: Just as soon as I can, Flanagan - what's the matter?  
FLAN: MY KID'S BEEN SLIDIN' DOWN THE BANWISTER AGAIN.  
BRING YOUR TWEEZERS!

DOOR SLAM

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DOC: Yes yes yes yes .. now what was I .. oh yes ... I want to  
look at your eye, McGee.  
FIB: It's this one, Doc.  
DOC: Yes I know ... turn a little this way ... that's it ...  
now wink ... FINE! ... now wink the other eye. SPLENDID!  
MOL: Now say, "I BUMPED INTO THE DOOR" and wink.  
FIB: Now look Molly - I didn't come here to --  
DOC: Hold still, McGee!! ... HMMMMMM .. yes yes yes .. pretty  
severe contusion.  
MOL: Yes and it's badly bruised too.  
DOC: The capillary engorgement seems to have involved quite an  
area of spidermic infusion, but the iris, cornea and vital  
veinous structures appear to be affected in only a minor  
degree by either impact or abrasion.  
MOL: Is that good?  
DOC: Yes yes yes yes yes ... very good ... very good. Now, one  
question, McGee ---  
FIB: Okay, Doc --  
DOC: Er .... WHAT DOES THE OTHER FELLOW LOOK LIKE? (LAUGHS)  
Now, I'd better write you a prescription ... where are my  
blanks.  
MOL: You just fired one.  
DOC: Ah here they are ... yes yes yes yes ... now just a moment..  
(FAUSE) ... there you are ... (TEARING PAPER) .... Have  
that filled and you won't have any more trouble.  
MOL: Thank you, Doctor.  
FIB: Yeah, so long, Doc.

DOOR SLAM

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FIB: Read the prescription, Molly - I can't see good.

MOL: All right ---

RATTLE OF PAPER

FIB: Well - is it expensive?

MOL: It certainly is -

FIB: What do I have to take?

MOL: "BOXING LESSONS, THREE TIMES A WEEK."

FIB: Oh pshaw!

ORK: "BIDIN' MY TIME".....KING'S MEN

WIL: The King's Men singing -- "Bidin' My Time".

(APPLAUSE)

THIRD SPOT

MOL: Look, McGee....now that we're here alone in our own little home, just a man and his wife, two people who have been thru thick and thin together, why don't you sit down and tell me who hung that shiner on you?

FIB: PLEASE MOLLY....HAVE YOU EVER KNEW ME TO TELL A FALSEHOOD?

MOL: Wel-l-l-l ---

DOOR KNOCK

FIB: Who's that, thank goodness!

MOL: Mrs. Uppington! Look at her! When did they start makin' those Deanna Durbin dresses in size 46?

FIB: I don't wanna talk to her, Molly. IF that old moose gets a peak at this eye, she'll tell everybody in town. You talk to her....I'll hide....

MOL: Where you going to hide?

FIB: In this closet ---

DOOR LATCH: TERRIFIC AVALANCHE OF JUNK AS PREVIOUS WITH LIGHT BELL

TINKLE

(PAUSE)

FIB: H-h-hiyah, Uppy!

MOL: Hello, Mrs. Uppington.

UPP: How do you do, Mrs. McGee ... AND Mr. McGee ... It IS Mr. McGee, isn't it?

FIB: Yes it is, Uppy. And yes, I gotta black eye. And NO, I wasn't in a fight. And YES, I run into a door. That cover everything, Abigail?



UPP: Please, Mr. McGee! As a mattah of fact, I broke my glasses this morning and I cawn't see a thing without them. I should NEVAH have known you HAD a black eye if you hadn't mentioned it!

FIB: Eh? You wouldn't?

MOL: You see, McGee? Every time you open your mouth you put your eye in it. I hope, Abigail, you didn't break those LOVELY spectacles of yours that were on the little stick with the pearl handle that your sister gave you last Christmas!

UPP: Lorgnette, Mrs. McGee.

MOL: Yes, your sister Lorgnette. I think -

UPP: No, my deah ... the GLASSES are called Lorgnette.

FIB: That's kinda silly. Whaddye call your pocketbook? Suzanne?

MOL: Then what was your sister's name, Mrs. Uppington?

UPP: Pearl.

FIB: I thought that's what you called the handle o' them glasses.

UPP: Well, yes ... the Handle is pearl.

FIB: You said PEarl was your sister's handle?

MOL: And who's this Lorgnette?

UPP: PLEASE!!! PLEASE!!! Lorgnette is the one who - I mean I have a pearl-handled sister who ... that is, the Lorgnette itself is called ...

FIB: COME CLEAN, UPPY. YOU'RE BEIN' PRETTY EVASIVE ABOUT THIS!

MOL: Leave her alone, McGee... if she wants to carry a pair of glasses around with three or four assumed names, it's none of our business. <sup>FIB!</sup> What's wrong with your eyes, Abigail? Astigmatprism?

UPP: Something of the sort. Everything seems to be much closer than it really is. For example, when I thrust out my umbrella like this, I feel that I am actually poking you in the eye, and -

FIB: WOW! ... OUCH!!! ... CUT IT OUT, UPPY ... YOU ARE POKIN ME IN THE EYE!!

UPP: Oh really? How nice ... my eyesight must be improving.

MOL: How did you happen to break your glasses, Mrs. Uppington?

UPP: It wasn't I, my deah. You see, Sugarlamb ... er... that is, Billy - Mr. Mills, you know, came ovah this afternoon and accidentally sat on them.

FIB: Serves you right for bein' so careless. Layin' your glasses on a chair where anybody might -

UPP: Oh but I didn't have them on a chair. I had them right on my lap when WILLIAM .. OH! IT ISN'T SO! DON'T BELIEVE IT, NO MATTAH WHO TELLS YOU ... GOODBYEEEEE!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: She sure is romantic, ain't she, Molly? (LAUGHS)

MOL: I think she has a severe case of orange-blössom fever.

FIB: What's that?

MOL: It's like hay-fever or rose-fever, only it starts with a slight itching sensation on the 3rd finger of the left hand. Then it ---

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:



HAL: McGEEE....I JUST HEARD ABOUT IT....TELL ME IT ISN'T SO!  
MOL: What isn't so, Mr. Gildersleeve?  
HAL: THAT SOMEBODY GAVE McGEE A BLACK EYE....TELL ME, McGEE....  
TELL ME IT ISN'T SO!  
FIB: Okay. It ain't so.  
HAL: IT AIN'T? Er...IT ISN'T? Let me see...OHHH IT IS TOO!  
WHY THIS IS TERRIBLE....WHO DID IT? LET ME AT HIM!  
FIB: Take it easy, Throcky. Nobody done it. I bumped into a  
door.  
MOL: Besides, what do you care, Mr. Gildersleeve? You never  
say eye-to-eye with McGee before.  
HAL: THIS IS DIFFERENT....(VERY SCHMALTZY)...NOBODY CAN DO  
THAT TO MY LITTLE PAL!!! Tell me who it was, chum, and  
I'll feed him a handful of knuckles!  
FIB: Maybe you didn't hear me, Gildy - I BUMPED INTO A DOOR!  
HAL: (LAUGHS) Don't give me that, McGee...I CAN KEEP A SECRET..  
COME ON...I'M BIGGER THAN YOU ARE, AND I'LL TAKE CARE OF  
WHOEVER DID THIS DASTARDLY THING! I...I....WANT YOU TO....  
TO LOOK UPON ME AS A BIG BROTHER.  
MOL: Oh thank you, Mr. Gildersleeve!  
HAL: THAT'S ALL RIGHT, SISTER....I mean Mrs. McGee.. COME ON,  
LITTLE PAL - tell me who it was.....  
FIB: I tell ye, Gildy, I done it myself. Oh why doesn't  
anybody believe me?  
MOL: Maybe your story is too true to be good, dearie.  
FIB: WELL I'M GETTIN' TIRED OF THIS. I'll tell ye what I'M  
gonna do. Turn out the lights, Molly.  
MOL: All right -  
SOUND: (CLICK)

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gonna do. Turn out the lights, Molly.  
MOL: All right -  
SOUND: (CLICK)



MOL: - But what on earth --

FIB: (FADE) I'M gonna go out and come in that front door and show you just what happened...you stay here and watch....

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE....(PAUSE)

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS UP ON PORCH

FIB: (SINGING.) Oh - I HAD A LITTLE GOAT AND HIS NAME WAS BLYNKEN ...NEVER GOT DRUNK BUT HE SURE GOT HUNGRY...DE DA DA DE DA.

SOUND: DOOR LATCH & SLAM

FIB: HEY MOLLY...I'M HOME! HMMMMMM...wonder she wouldn't leave a light burning for a guy, so --

SOUND: SHARP THUD

FIB: OUCH!! OHHHHHH....MY EYE....OHMM DAD RAT THAT DOOR.... HEY TURN THE LIGHTS ON AGAIN...QUICK!!!

MOL: ALL RIGHT, McGEE.

SOUND: CLICK

FIB: Ohhhh....Oh...did you hear me?

HAL: Yes we did...

MOL: So that's how you got the black eye!!

FIB: Yes, except for one thing....

HAL: WHAT'S THAT?

FIB: I hit the wrong eye. NOW I GOT TWO OF 'EM!

HAL: Ohhhh!!!

ORK: "WHO AM I?".....FADE FOR:

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.,  
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
NOVEMBER 12, 1940  
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

ANNOUNCER: Before Fibber and Molly return, let me remind you to add JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT to your shopping list. If you like beautiful floors -- if you like to save yourself unnecessary work, you should never be without this modern floor polish by the makers of JOHNSON'S WAX. GLO-COAT is so easy to apply, a child can use it! You simply pour a little onto your clean floor -- spread it around -- and let it dry. Without rubbing or buffing, it dries in 20 minutes to a beautiful polish -- one that is easy to keep clean because spilled things are quickly wiped up with a damp cloth. Especially at this time of year, with wet days ahead, your kitchen floor should be protected with JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT.

ORCHESTRA: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)



(REVISED)

-23-

TAG GAG

MOL: Well, I hope you're satisfied, McGee. You certainly proved  
your story the hard way.

FIB: Look, - if I'D been inventin' a yarn, I'd o' done better  
than that banal old wheeze about bumpin' into a door!

MOL: That's why nobody believed you, dearie.

FIB: Whatcha mean?

MOL: Why, everybody knows you'd rather be trite than be president

FIB: Hmmm. Goodnight!

MOL: Goodnight, all!

ORK: UP TO FINISH:

APPLAUSE:

CREDITS:

SIGNOFF:

-24-

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.  
Fibber McGee & Molly  
11-12-40  
Tuesday 6:30 PM PST NBC

Closing Tag

MOLLY:  
(CUE)

...."Goodnight, All"....

WILCOX:

.....

This is Harlow Wilcox....speaking for the makers of  
JOHNSON'S WAX and JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT....  
inviting you to be with us again next Tuesday night.  
Goodnight.



Tag

.....  
..speaking for the makers of  
N'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT....  
us again next Tuesday night.

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.  
Fibber McGee & Molly  
11-12-40  
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(TO FOLLOW CLOSING TAG)

Note: This 30 second closing  
commercial is to be delivered  
by a separate announcer from  
a quiet studio.

WILCOX:  
(CUE)

....inviting you to be with us again next Tuesday night.

Goodnight.

.....  
Listen to this letter from an enthusiastic car-owner.  
Quote -- "Believe it or not, last evening after dinner,  
I cleaned and wax-polished the car with CARNU...and was  
finished before it got dark. Boy, does that car shine  
now!"

He's writing, of course, about JOHNSON'S CARNU, the  
sensational new auto polish that both cleans and  
wax-polishes your car at the same time - in one operation.  
There's only one way to find out how little work it is  
to wax-polish your car now....and that is to try CARNU  
yourself. Buy it from your dealer....spelled C-A-R-N-U....  
JOHNSON'S CARNU.

S.C. Johnson  
Writers: D

6:30 - 7:0  
Tuesday -