

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

(REVISED)

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

#270

6:30-7:00 PM
Tuesday - 12/3/40

NBC-Red

(REVISED)

-2-

WIL: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM!

ORCH: THEME

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

The show opens with: "LIZA"

ORCH: "LIZA"....FADE FOR:

(COMMERCIAL....page 3)

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.
Fibber McGee & Molly
12-3-40
Tuesday 6:30 PM PST NBC

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Opening Commercial

ANNOUNCER: Haven't you often noticed how important floors are in 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 have been made more beautiful every year with genuine 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 does away forever with tiresome floor scrubbing. There are more than 100 labor-saving uses for JOHNSON'S WAX in your home. It protects and beautifies furniture and woodwork - windowsills, parchment lamp shades, leather goods. You will find these extra uses listed on the familiar red and yellow package of genuine JOHNSON'S WAX. You can buy this wax in either the PASTE or LIQUID form, or in the CREAM WAX specially formulated for furniture and woodwork. Try some tomorrow.

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

(2ND REVISION) -4-

WIL: WELL, NATIONAL APPLE WEEK HAS COME AND GONE. SO HAS NATIONAL DOUGHNUT WEEK. BUT YOU KNOW WHAT THIS IS? THIS IS NATIONAL "GEE-WHIZ-WE-POSITIVELY-GOTTA-MAKE-OUT-THAT-CHRISTMAS-SHOPPING-LIST-TODAY-FOR SURE" WEEK. AND HERE, AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA, PENS IN HAND, WRINKLES IN BROW AND NO IDEAS IN MIND, WE FIND ---

-- FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY! --

(APPLAUSE)

MOL: For goodness sakes, McGee....THINK! You're not being any help at all, on this Christmas list.

FIB: I'm thinkin'.

MOL: You're no such a thing. You're just sitting there drawing little pictures.

FIB: Well dad rat it, all deep thinkers draw pictures while they're thinkin'. And what you draw shows what kind of a thinker you are. See these triangles and circles with the dots in 'em? That shows that, at heart, I'M a big business typhoon.

MOL: You mean TYCOON.

FIB: I do not. Tycoon was a ball player with Detroit.

MOL: That was Ty Cobb.

FIB: Then what's a typhoon?

MOL: It's a disease. My sister had typhoon and all her hair came out.

FIB: THAT'S TYPHOID. Come to think of it, a typhoon is a big wind, something like a toronto.

MOL: Oh - so that scribbling of yours proves you're just a big wind.

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR

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FIB: OH OH...THERE'S MRS. UPPINGTON! A slice of lemon in the social fingerbowl.

MOL: To see her standing there with her head so high you'd think she only had one chin.

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR

MOL: COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

UPP: How do you do, Mrs. McGee...and Mr. McGee...I am so glad you are at home. Would you care to take a few tickets on our Clubwomans' Raffle?

FIB: Oh, raffling off a clubwoman? No thanks. Wouldn't know what to do with her if I won.

UPP: PLEASE, MR. MCGEE.....

MOL: Stop it, you big tease. What's the raffle for, Mrs. Uppington?

UPP: Oh for a veddy worthy cause, my deah. We are going to present the City with a new statue.

MOL: A statue of who?

UPP: Oh we'll think of somebody. How many chances will you take?

MOL: How much are the tickets, Mr. Uppington?

UPP: Fifteen cents...and the 1st prize is a large sum in cash.

FIB: I'll take one.

MOL: So will I. Here's a quarter, Mrs. Uppington.

FIB: And here's a half a buck. You got change, Uppy?

UPP: Well, no, I haven't, Mr. McGee...now let me see...I owe Mrs. McGee ten cents and you thirty-five cents...that's forty-five cents I owe you both. Here...I have a dollar bill...have you got fifty-five cents more in change?

FIB: Nope.

MOL: Me either. But I got another half-a-dollar.

UPP: Well let me take that...I think I can work it out. Now let me see...I owe you fifty-five cents -

MOL: A DOLLAR five, with that other half.

FIB: Why don't you deduct the tickets, which is thirty cents, from the half a buck I gave you and...no...can't do that. Well, why don't you take the quarter and...no...that won't do...

MOL: How about...er...no...

UPP: OH I KNOW...YOU TAKE THIS HALF A DOLLAR...no...that's wrong...Now let me see...how much have I here?

FIB: Dollar'n a quarter, and we owe you thirty cents.

UPP: Exactly. Thirty cents from a dollar and a quarter is ninety-five cents. Has anyone a nickel?

MOL: Here. Here's a nickel.

UPP: Splendid...and here's a dollar. And here are your two tickets...THANK YOU SO MUCH! GOOD BYEEEEEE.

DOOR SLAM

(PAUSE)

MOL: (TO HERSELF) Dollar'n a quarter...two tickets for fifteen cents would be -

FIB: (TO HIMSELF) - change for a dollar thirty-five would be... let's see, I gave her half a buck...and she gimme a ... HEY SOMEBODY GOT GYPED ON THAT DEAL! WAS IT US?

MOL: Search me. You ought to know. You're the big business
Tyrone.

FIB: That's TYPHOON.

MOL: It is not. A typhoon is a bottle that squirts soda water.

FIB: THAT'S A SYPHON.

MOL: SYPHONS ARE SNAKES.

FIB: Then what's a python?

MOL: A PYTHON IS A SNAKE THAT LOOKS LIKE -

DOOR OPEN

FIB: GILDERSLEEVE!

HAL: Hello there, Mrs. McGee...hello, Fibber. Say, do you mind
if I borrow my coal shovel?

MOL: Why certainly not, Mr. Gildersleeve. You can borrow your
coal shovel any time you need it.

FIB: Don't forget to bring it back though, Gildy. Last time you
borrowed your coal shovel you kept it two weeks.

HAL: I'M awfully sorry about that, McGee... But I ... I paid a
lot of money for that shovel and I ... well, I like to take
a look at it now and then.

MOL: What did you want it for, Mr. Gildersleeve?

HAL: Well, I wasn't home this morning when they delivered my
5 tons of coal. The driver dumped it right on my front
lawn.

MOL: Oh that's too bad!

HAL: I called the coal company and they said one of the neighbors
told him to dump it there. IF I EVER LAY MY HANDS ON THE
LONG-NOSED, INTERFERING, MEDDLESOME FOOL THAT --

FIB: Now ~~wait~~ a minute Gildersleeve. Be careful what you say
about me.

HAL: OH SO IT WAS YOU, WAS IT! MCGEE - YOU'VE RUINED MY LAWN!
AND I'VE GOT TO SHOVEL FIVE TONS OF COAL INTO THE
BASEMENT. AND BY GEORGE YOU'RE GOING TO HELP ME!

FIB: Who, me?

HAL: YES YOU.

FIB: Gildersleeve, if you ain't the most brazen, high-handed
lint-head I ever saw! Here I do you a favor by tellin'
the coal man where to put the coal ... and then you come
bargin' in and ask for YOUR coal shovel to put the coal in
the basement and demand that I help. Why why... it's
un-American.

MOL: I'D refuse to do it, Mc Gee. He can't force you.

HAL: OH I CAN'T I'LL DRAG HIM OUT THERE BY THE SCRUFF OF THE
NECK.

FIB: WHO'LL drag who out by what scruff of whose neck? YOU LAY
A PINKIE ON ME, GILDERSLEEVE, AND I'LL PUSH YOUR CHEST
BACK UP WHERE IT USED TO BE!

HAL: OH YOU WILL!! WHY YOU LITTLE PUPSTART, I'LL SHAKE YOU TILL
YOUR EYES ROLL AROUND LIKE A PIN-BALL GAME.

FIB: Oh yeah? You big mooslebound muss er.... musclebound
moose. I'll choke you till that foghorn voice
sounds like a penny whistle. I'LL DO WORSE'N THAT.
M. LLY!

MOL: Yes, dearie?

FIB: TAKE GILDERSLEEVE'S NAME OFF THAT CHRISTMAS LIST.

MOL: It isn't on.

FIB: Well write it on and then scratch it off again. I'll give
somebody else that Daisy Air rifle!

(2ND REVISION) 9-10

HAL: You're a HAR-R-R-R-D MAN, McGee! Gee whiz, I....I... Oh
I've always wanted a daisy air rifle. I'll...I'll bet you
don't know what I was gonna give you.

FIB: What?

HAL: Won't tell.

FIB: Aw come on. I told you.

HAL: Yes but you're not gonna do it. You're mad at me.

FIB: I ain't mad at you. Honest. Whatcha gonna gimme?

HAL: Well....(LAUGHS) You know how you've always wanted a scout
knife with six blades?

FIB: OH BOY....A REAL SCOUT KNIFE!...One that's got a thing on
it that you can hang it on your belt with?

HAL: Yup.

MOL: I give up!

FIB: Look Gildy....we shouldn't oughtta argue like this...it's
too near Christmas...we oughtta be fulla good will....
brotherhood, love your neighbor and all stuff like that
there. I'll help you shovel in your coal.

HAL: It..it isn't just on account of I'm giving you that Scout
knife?

FIB: Gildersleeve, that knife never entered my mind.

MOL: For a while there, I thought it was going to enter your
throat. Now if you two anthracite athletes are going to
shovel that coal, go ahead and do it.

HAL: Get your hat and coat, McGee...it's pretty cold out.

FIB: Okay....I got an old one in the closet here.

SOUND: DOOR LATCH: TERRIFIC AVALANCHE OF JUNK..BELL TINKLE

FIB: Gotta straighten up that closet one of these days. Come on,
Gildy.

ORK: "FERRYBOAT SERENADE"

APPLAUSE: m

SECOND SPOT

(2ND REVISION) -11-

FIB: Say, this is a nice front yard Gildersleeve's got here,
ain't it, Molly?

MOL: It's beautiful. Even that big pile of coal is very
effective, contrasted with the white snow and all.

HAL: What are you two talking about? You've seen my front yard
a thousand times.

FIB: Pipe down, Gildersleeve, we're plantin' the scene.

HAL: Oh. (LAUGHS) Excuse me.

MOL: Well, get to work, boys. I can hardly wait to see McGee
swing that shovel.

FIB: Don't worry about me. I ain't ----

OLD M: (FADE IN) Well hello there kids....
(AD LIB HELLOES)

OLD M: Wanna buy some plum pudding for the Holidays? Best you
ever et. Make it myself.

MOL: Will it keep?

OLD M: Indefinitely, daughter.

FIB: Fine...ask us again next year.

OLD M: Heh heh heh ... that's pretty good, Johnny, but that ain't
the way I heered it. The way I heered it, - wait a
minute? How about you, Throckmorton? Wanna order a plum
pudding?

HAL: No, I don't.

OLD M: Thought not! THE WAY I HEERED IT, one feller says to
tother feller - SAYYYY, HE SAYS, I .. (wait a minute.
Either of you folks wanna order any mince(meat?)

HAL: Not me.

MOL: I don't believe so.

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OLD M: Okay. ONE FELLER SAYS TO TOTHER FELLER, "SAYYYY", he says,
"I SEE YOU'RE LISTENIN' TO FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY. GONNA"
HEAR 'EM AGAIN NEXT WEEK AT THIS TIME?" "Nope", says
tother feller, "NOT IF THEY'RE THIS WEAK NEXT TIME!"
Heh heh heh..well sorry you kids don't want any plum
pudding. It's gonna be mighty good.

FIB: I didn't know you could even cook, Old Timer.

OLD M: Can't, Johnny. But if I get enough orders, by crimony,
I'll learn! G'bye, boys...

HAL: Good day. All right, McGee.... get busy.

FIB: You start it off Gildy, -- it's your shovel.

HAL: Well, we can't rush into this, McGee.

MOL: Well one of you better start or I'll go back to the house
and bring Uncle Dennis over. HE'LL do it.

FIB: Oh no no no....GET BUSY, GILDERSLEEVE.....HURRY!

SOUND: SHOVEL SGRAPING..THUD...GLASS CRASH:

MOL: Now try shoveling some in with the window OPEN.

HAL: I thought I told you to go down and open that basement
window, McGee?

FIB: I did open the basement window - you threw that in the
living room.

HAL: OHHHHHHH!!!!

FIB: Here...lemme take that shovel. I'll show you how it oughtt
be done....with rhythm.

HAL: What do you mean, rhythm?

MOL: He means you've really got to swing that coal, Porter.
And if he - Oh hello, Mr. Wilcox!

WIL: Hello folks.

FIB: Hiyah, Harlow.

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WIL: What's the matter?

FIB: Whatcha mean, what's the matter?

WIL: I mean the way Gildersleeve's staring at me. What have
I done?

HAL: It's what you're going to do that fascinates me, my boy.

FIB: What's he gonna do, Gildy?

HAL: You know as well as I do what he's going to do. He's going
to give out with some advertising.

MOL: Well, so what?

HAL: I want to see how he gets into it, that's all. Two men
standing over a pile of coal with a shovel. How can he
get into Johnson's Self-Polishing Glocoat from that
situation?

WIL: Why, it's perfectly simple. What happens when you shovel
coal in the snow? You get your feet muddy. You track it
into the kitchen. But do your wives care? Certainly not.
Their kitchen linoleum is protected with Johnson's
Glocoat, the no rubbing polish that shines as it dries.
All she has to do is wipe up the muddy tracks with a damp
cloth. No rubbing -- no scrubbing -- no mopping. Why
Johnson's Glocoat writes its own salestalk in this
situation.

HAL: By George, I guess it does!

MOL: Didn't even have to give it any thought, did you, Mr.
Wilcox?

WIL: Of course not. I just looked down at that pile of coal
there in the snow and there it was - in black and white.
Well...see you later, folks.

FIB: Some day...mark my words - that guy is gonna get stumped.
And what'll happen then?

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HAL: No.
FIB: What?
FIB: He'll cut the stump up into boards, build a floor, cover it with linoleum and go on from there. Well, Gildy...what say we knock off for a little rest?
HAL: Good idea!
MOL: Oh, for goodness sakes. You've thrown one shovelful of coal ~~into~~ into the cellar and you stop to rest. I'M goin' back to the house and finish that Christmas shopping list.
FIB: Hey, Molly...make us a pot o' coffee, will you. We'll be kinda tired and cold before long.
MOL: The way you've been working, I'D suggest tea and ladyfingers. (FADE OUT) I'LL BE BACK IN A HUFF WITH THE STUFF.
FIB: Well, what say we get goin', Gildy.
HAL: Yes, I guess we'd better. You start, McGee...I want to light a cigar.
FIB: No, you start. I wanna unwrap a stick o' gum.
HAL: That's all right...no hurry. This coal has been in the ground two million years...I guess it can wait five minutes longer.
FIB: I'll say so. It's the rush and scurry o' modern living that's devitalizin' the human race. Gum, Gildy?
HAL: No thanks. Have a cigar?
FIB: No thanks....
(PAUSE)
FIB: Nothin' harder'n the world than shovelling coal, is there?
TEE: (FADE IN) Hiyah, Mister. Hiyah, Mr. Gildersleeve.

HAL: No.
FIB: What?
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(PAUSE)
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TEE: (FADE IN) Hiyah, Mister. Hiyah, Mr. Gildersleeve.

HAL: Oh hello, little girl.

FIB: Hiyah, sis.

TEE: Hi. Whatcha doin'!? Hmmm? Whatcha?

FIB: We're shovelin' this coal into Mr. Gildersleeve's basement. And we're very busy - so run along and -

TEE: We got steam heat at our house, I betcha.

HAL: Well, so have I, little girl.

TEE: Then whatcha want the coal for?

FIB: The coal is what makes the steam, sis.

TEE: (GIGGLES) Awwwwwwww!!.

HAL: That's right, little girl.

TEE: (GIGGLES) Aw, how can all that black coal make all that white steam?

FIB: Look, sis, we aint got time to delve into the physical and chemical aspects o' the matter, but roughly, the steam is a result of combustion, in the form of vapor. You know what a vapor is?

TEE: Sure I do, I betcha. We got one on our windshield.

HAL: Oh my goodness...a windshield vapor! NO NO NO, little girl..

TEE: Hmmm?

HAL: Let me explain this. Steam is the result of the evaporation of water under extreme heat. You know what makes the whistle blow on a steam engine?

TEE: Sure. The engineer.

FIB: Now wait a minute, sis. The simple fact remains that we gotta get this coal shoveled in, see? Like everybody else, Mr. Gildersleeve has gotta keep warm this winter, you know.

TEE: Gee does EVERYBODY in the WORLD use coal, mister?

HAL: Practically, yes.

FIB: With some exceptions. Such as Ireland. In Ireland they burn peat.

TEE: Pete who?

FIB: NOT PETE ANYBODYJUST PEAT!

TEE: Oh an orphan, huh?

HAL: NO NOT AN ORPHAN. PEAT, little girl, is semi-carbonized vegetable matter.

TEE: Well gee, I HMMMMMM?

FIB: I better handle this, Gildersleeve. Look, little girl -

TEE: All righty.

FIB: I'll try to explain what -

TEE: Gee that will be peachy, mister. Go ahead.

FIB: I will if you'll quit interruptin' me. You see, the coal -

TEE: I won't interrupt you any more, I betcha.

FIB: That's fine. Now then, you see coal, is --

TEE: Because interrupting people isn't polite, is it?

FIB: NO IT ISN'T. NOW FOR THE LOVE OF PETE -

TEE: If you love Pete, why do you burn him?

~~TEE: ?~~

~~TEE: ?~~

FIB: Oh pshaw.... take it, Gildy.

HAL: All right. Now look, little girl, we're very busy. So you run along and play so we can --

TEE: I can't, I betcha - not till I give you the message.

HAL: What message?

(REVISED) -18-

TEE: My daddy went hunting and brought back a deer. He wants to know if you and Mr. McGee can come over tomorrow night for a vanishing dinner.

FIB: You mean a VENISON dinner, don't you sis?

TEE: Do I?

FIB: Sure.

TEE: Okay.

HAL: You tell your father we'll be delighted to come, little girl.

FIB: Tell him that for me, too, sis. This is the first we ever been invited to your house.

HAL: First time for me too.

TEE: I know it. Papa said he couldn't resist the opportunity, I betcha.

FIB: What opportunity? This is just a venison dinner, isn't it?

TEE: Sure but he said he could hardly wait to see you two passing the buck to each other at close range. Well g'bye now!

ORK: "BAD HUMOR MAN" -- KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE:

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THIRD SPOT

(2nd REVISION) -19-

SOUND: SHOVELING...THUDS...REPEAT TWO OR THREE TIMES...PAUSE:

FIB: Phew....boy! I know you're just as grimy, but are you as groggy as I am, Gildersleeve?

HAL: I'm pretty tired, McGee...but it's good for us. Gives tone to the muscles.

FIB: Yeah. And at the next tone signal, that's my muscles - signing off! If it wasn't for that scout knife you're --

OH OH..... HERE COMES MOLLY WITH A POT O HOT COFFEE.

HAL: WELCOME MRS. MCGEE! WELCOME!

MOL: WELL! Which one of you boys is Amos?

FIB: Don't twit us, Molly... we're wore out.

MOL: Oh that's too bad. Will Mammy's little coal black rose have a mug of java?

FIB: Yeah.....thanks.

CLINK OF CUPS AND SILVER

HAL: This is mighty nice of you, Mrs. McGee.

MOL: Not at all...not at all....How many lumps, Mr. Gildersleeve?

HAL: About half a ton but we'll be thru in.....OH YOU MEAN SUGAR Two, please....and a few drops of cream too....

NICK: (FADE IN) Well for scrim's sake, Fizzer, and Mrs. McGee and Mr. Gildersleeve - hello!

MOL: Good day, Mr. Depopolis.

HAL: Hello, Nick.

NICK: I don't like to be making any derogaterrible remarks, but why don't you wash your faces. My goodness, I didn't know you could get so dirty, on the radio.

FIB: Well you can't shovel coal without gettin' a little grimy, Nick.

k

MOL: Too bad you weren't here a couple of hours ago, Mr. Depopolis. You could have helped them.

NICK: Oh not me, Kewpie! It's too strenuous for me. My doctor says I must not do any violent exercises. You know - Arthritis.

HAL: Oh have you got arthritis?

NICK: Sure, he's my doctor. Dr. Stanopoluous Arthritis.

MOL: What's he treating you for?

NICK: Two dollars a visit.

FIB: Well what have you got?

NICK: A dollar and a half, but my credit is good, Squeegee.

MOL: This isn't getting us any place.

NICK: Where do you want to get, Kewpie? My car is right around the corner.

MOL: It was just an expression, Mr. Depopolis. I'M not going anywhere. I'M waiting to see these two shoveleers get the rest of that coal in.

HAL: We just stopped for a breathing spell, Mrs. McGee.

FIB: You don't mind if we breathe, do you?

MOL: I don't care if you have bell bottomed pants. But I wish you'd get thru and clean yourself up.

NICK: Me too, Kewpie. I think they are a disgraceful to the neighborhood. You know what I would do, if I was shovelin all that coal?

HAL: What would you do?

NICK: I wouldn't do it. Well, I'd better be getting along and don't forget, we want you all to come over to our house for Thanksgiving.

FIB: THANKSGIVING! That's eleven months and two weeks away.

NICK: We can wait. So long now.

MOL: NOW COME ON, BOYS.....GET BUSY.....You'll catch cold standing around here like this.

HAL: Okay, Mrs. McGee....I'll take the rest of it.

SOUND: ~~SHOVELING LIKE MAD....THUDS....SHOVELING...SCRAPING~~

FIB: Nice goin', Gildersleeve.

HAL: Thanks, chum. AND I'LL have to admit you've been a big help.

FIB: Aw it was nothin' that any red-blooded, clean livin' American boy wouldn't o' done, Gildersleeve.

HAL: Oh yes it was, McGee.....my goodness the way you've toiled and slaved to help me today. With your little biceps quivering and your frail little legs tottering -

FIB: GO ON.. I AIN'T GOT LEGS LIKE A FRAIL. (LAUGHS) GET it, Molly? He says something about my frail little legs and I says -

MOL: TAIN'T FUNNY, MCGEE!

FIB: It ain't? Oh well....

MOL: Now come on..put your coat on before you catch your death o' cold.

FIB: My coat...now where did I put.....(LAUGHS) Hey you know what I done, (LAUGHS)

HAL: What'd you do, McGee?

FIB: (LAUGHS) When I went down to open your cellar window I laid my coat down on the floor....and you know where it is now? UNDER FIVE TONS O' COAL! It's a good thing it's an old coat.

HAL & FIB LAUGH LIKE HELL

k

HAL: I'll give it back to you in the Spring

(2nd REVISION)

-22-23

MOL: Well for goodness sakes, McGee...I don't think that's anything to laugh about. Go down there right away and dig it out.

FIB: (LAUGHING) No sir....not me. I'm wore out now. It's --

UPP: (FADE IN) Yoo...hoo....MR. MCGEE...OH MR. MCGEE...I'VE WONDERFUL NEWS FOR YOU.

MOL: What is it, Mrs. Uppington?

UPP: YOU'VE WON FIRST PRIZE ON OUR RAFFLE!!!

FIB: WHAT? HONEST?

(EXCLAMATIONS FROM MOLLY AND GILDERSLEEVE)

UPP: Yes, give me the ticket, Mr. McGee, and I'll give you the prize right now.

FIB: The...er...the ticket?

MOL: YES YES YES....THE RAFFLE TICKETS MCGEE...WHERE ARE THEY?

FIB: Why...er...!...HEY I LEFT 'EM IN MY COAT POCKET...AND MY COAT IS... Oh well I wouldn't shovel five tons of coal again for a hundred dollars.

UPP: Oh, but Mr. McGee, the prize IS a hundred dollars.

FIB: WHAT? IT IS? GIMME THAT SHOVEL GILDERSLEEVE, AND GET OUTTA MY WAY.

MOL: WHAT'RE GOIN' TO DO?

FIB: I'M GONNA SHOVEL FIVE TONS OF COAL AGAIN FOR A HUNDRED DOLLARS.

ORCH: ("HOW HIGH THE MOON") (FADE FOR COME)
(APPLAUSE)

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
12-3-40
Tuesday 6:30 PM PST NBC

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: How many hours work do you save in a year by using JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT? Well, it's a good many, I can tell you -- enough to do plenty of other things -- bridge, movies, playing with your children -- or just plain and fancy sitting around. GLO-COAT is a valuable time saver -- it does away with tiresome floor scrubbing, and requires no rubbing or buffing -- practically no work at all from you. And yet GLO-COAT makes your floors very beautiful, keeps the colors of your linoleum bright and fresh -- makes the linoleum last longer. No wonder JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT has gone on month after month increasing in popularity. If you're not a GLO-COAT fan, try this easy-to-use floor polish just once on your kitchen floor. And by the way, when you're looking for practical, inexpensive Christmas gifts for your friends, why not consider either JOHNSON'S WAX OR JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. I can assure you they'll be as welcome as they are useful.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE

TAG GAG

SOUND: (SHOVELING)
FIB: Five tons o' coal --
SOUND: (SHOVELING)
FIB: For a measly hundred bucks - (GRUNT)
SOUND: (SHOVELING)
FIB: Silly o' me to bury my coat like this -
SOUND: (SHOVELING)
FIB: Look at these callouses - (GRUNT)
SOUND: (SHOVELING)
FIB: Okay, Molly - you've done enough. Hand me the shovel.
I'll do the rest.
SOUND: (SHOVELING)
FIB: Goodnight.
MOL: Goodnight, All.
ORK: ("CLOSING SIGNATURE") (FADE ON CUE)

S.C. JOHNSON
12-3-40

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

S.C. JOHNSON
12-3-40

-25-

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

S.C. JOHNSON & SON
DECEMBER 3, 1940
TUESDAY, 6:30 PM PST NBC
TO FOLLOW CLOSING TAG:

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

CUE: (WILCOX)...inviting you to be with us again next Tuesday night.
Goodnight...

ANNCR: If you're the proud owner of one of those handsome new
two-tone cars, let me make this suggestion. Keep the finish
beautiful by protecting it occasionally with CARNU, JOHNSON'
sensational new auto polish. CARNU will keep the finish
looking like new -- and will save you work in the bargain --
because CARNU actually cleans and wax-polishes in one
operation, two jobs at one and the same time. No longer is
wax-polishing expensive or laborious. Whether your car
is old or new, give it this modern beauty treatment. Ask
your dealer for JOHNSON'S CARNU -- spelled C-A-R-N-U.