

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

(REVISED)

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

# 271

6:30-7:00 PM  
Tuesday - 12/10/40

NBC-Red

(REVISED)

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WIL: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM, WITH FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

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: "Crazy Rhythm".

ORCH: ("CRAZY RHYTHM") .... (FADE FOR:)

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
DECEMBER 10, 1940  
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

ANNOUNCER: During the coming holiday season there's probably going to be more activity than usual around your home. There'll be more wear and tear on your floors, especially in the kitchen. If those floors are protected with JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT, you won't have to worry about them at all. If you're not using GLO-COAT now, this would be an excellent time to try it. GLO-COAT offers many advantages. First, it protects linoleum against wear, scratches and dirt. Cleaning is easier, because spilled things are quickly wiped up with a damp cloth. Second, GLO-COAT makes linoleum floors more beautiful, gives them a gleaming polish that keeps the colors fresh and bright. Third, it makes the linoleum last longer. And fourth, it's a wonderful time and labor-saver. JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT is SELF-POLISHING -- it needs no rubbing or buffing. You simply apply and let dry -- in 20 minutes your floors shine with new beauty. Be sure JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT is on your next shopping list.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

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(2ND REVISION) -4 & 5-

WIL: MAILING YOUR CHRISTMAS PACKAGES EARLY IS A GREAT IDEA FOR TWO REASONS. (ONE) - IT GETS THEM OFF YOUR MIND, and (TWO) - THE RECIPIENT HAS TIME TO LOOK HIS GIFT OVER AND CHANGE YOURS FOR SOMETHING CHEAPER. SO HERE AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA, ABOUT TO DEPART FOR THE POST OFFICE WITH ARMS FULL OF PACKAGES, WE FIND  
-- FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

APPLAUSE

MOL: Wait a minute, McGee...let's be sure we've got everything. (RATTLE OF PAPER) Here's the one for Cousin Bess, one for Uncle Dennis - we don't have to mail that. He'll be with us over Christmas.

FIB: He's gonna be with us ever Christmas? OHHHHH, HAPPY YULETIDE!

MOL: MCGEE! Now don't be like that. Where's your Christmas spirit?

FIB: I had it up on my closet shelf and Uncle Dennis found it and--

MOL: MCGEE...THAT'S ENOUGH!

FIB: Yes, it woulda been for me, but that guy is so thirsty.

MOL: PLEASE, PLEASE, PLEASE!!!..Let's not discuss Uncle Dennis anymore.

FIB: Okay. Say - why don't we go to the postoffice after supper? Might be less of a crowd.

MOL: I don't know if they're open that late.

FIB: I'll see. Gimme that phone. Thanks. (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR. GIMME THE POSTOFFICE AND....Oh is that you, Myrt?

MOL: Oh dear.

FIB: HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING, MYRT? TIS, EH? WHAT SAY, MYRT? YOUR 17-YEAR OLD SISTER? HAD HER FACE LIFTED!!!

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS.....What'd she do that for!

FIB: Couldn't help it. She bought a false face for a New Year's party and somebody swiped it. WHAT SAY, MYRT? OH POST OFFICE DON'T ANSWER EH? OKAY, NEVER MIND, MYRT. (CLICK) Well,

b I guess we better go to the postoffice now, Molly.

(REVISED)

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MOL: All right. You got enough money with you for stamps?"

FIB: Don't need any. I got an account with the Government.  
Income tax, FHA, HOLC, --

DOOR KNOCK:

MOL: Oh dear....COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

FLAN: HEY, MISTER MCGEE, COME OVER TO MY HOUSE RIGHT AWAY, WILLYA?

MOL: What's the matter, now?

FLAN: Me brudder was rehoisin' his Santa Claus act and he gotta  
horn caught in his pants.

FIB: Well, he's too old to be playin' with toys like that.

FLAN: IT AIN'T ONE O' THE TOYS - IT'S ONE O' THE REINDEER! HURRY,  
WILLYA?

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Are you going, McGee?

FIB: Naw...he ain't the only guy who get's antlers in his pants  
around Christmas. Now lesee...you take those four  
packages and I'll take - HEY WHAT'S IN THIS BIG ONE HERE?

MOL: Which one? Oh that. That's a new aluminum baking dish I  
got for Aunt Sarah.

FIB: Oh a camisole, eh?

MOL: You mean casserole.

FIB: I do not. Caserole is medicine.

MOL: THAT'S CASTOR OIL.

FIB: THEN WHAT'S A CAMISOLE?

MOL: A camisole is a...is a...well, it's a....

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(2ND REVISION)

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FIB: AHHH YOU SEE? SO IT IS SOMETHING YOU COOK IN.

MOL: Could be....in hot weather.

FIB: Anyway, that's a good present ....

KNOCK AT DOOR

MOL: Oh we'll never get to the postoffice if people keep coming  
in. See who it is, McGee.

FIB: Okay. HEY...IT'S GILDERSLEEVE! WITH AN ARMFUL O' XMAS  
PRESENTS AND A BIG SMILE ON HIS FACE. MUST BE BRINGIN' US  
OUR PRESENTS.

MOL: Oh dear, and I haven't got his wrapped up yet. Oh well...

KNOCK AT DOOR

FIB: COME IN, COME IN, COME IN!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

MOL: (HEARTILY) Well hello, Mr. Gildersleeve...HOW NICE to see  
you!

FIB: (VERY CORDIAL) Hiyah Gildy old man. You're lookin' well.  
New suit?

HAL: Why...why no. This is the same suit I always wear.

MOL: Well it certainly looks nice. Have a chair, Mr.  
Gildersleeve.

FIB: Have a cigar, too.

HAL: Er...no thanks. I just dropped in to --

MOL: How is dear Mrs. Gildersleeve?

HAL: Why er...splendid thank you. But the reason I came over --

FIB: You know, I was just sayin' to Molly. MOLLY, I SAYS, WE  
GOTTA DO SOMETHING NICE FOR GILDERSLEEVE THIS XMAS. HE'S  
BEEN A MIGHTY FINE NEIGHBOR, I says, and ...

MOL: And I says, YES, MCGEE, I SAYS, HE'S BEEN SO NICE TO US, I  
SAYS, THOUGH I HOPE HE DOESN'T GIVE US ANYTHING.

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HAL: I'M glad you feel that way about it, Mrs. McGee, because I'M not giving you anything.

(PAUSE)

FIB: Say that IS the same old suit you got on, ain't it, Gildersleeve? Gettin' pretty baggy, too.

MOL: Was there...er...something you wanted, Mr. Gildersleeve? We were just leaving for the post office.

HAL: Yes, McGee told me this morning you were going to the post office. I just stopped in to see if you'd mail these packages for me, while you were down there.

FIB: Oh...why...shucks, we already got more'n we can carry, so --

HAL: And I wish you'd buy me some stamps, too, while you're at it.

MOL: You might save time, Mr. Gildersleeve, if you get your stamps at Kramer's drug store.

HAL: Oh they're too expensive down there.

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, EXPENSIVE. STAMPS ARE THE SAME EVERYWHERE.

HAL: Yes, I know...but I hate to go into a store and buy stamps - they don't make any profit on 'em. So I usually make a few purchases to ease my conscience.

MOL: Oh I see.

HAL: Last time I bought a two cent stamp in a drug store, I came home with a hot water bottle, a toy submarine, three rolls of film, a rental detective story, a couple of badminton rackets and a big gob of hot fudge on my necktie. (LAUGHS)

FIB: A guy as fat as you are's got no business eatin' hot fudge.

HAL: WHO'S FAT?

FIB: Well, besides you, there's Oliver Hardy, Don Wilson, Paul Whiteman --

HAL:

OHMMMMMMMMH... *You're a hard man, Mc Gee.*

MOL:

Now let's not get into an argument boys. We'll get your stamps for you, Mr. Gildersleeve. What kind do you want?

HAL:

I want two sheets of fives, four sheets of ones, one sheet of twos and three sheets of fours.

(PAUSE)

FIB: Spit out your gum and do it again, Gildersleeve.

HAL:

All right. I want three sheets of twos, two of threes, four of fives and five of fours.

MOL:

How about six of ones and half a dozen of the others?

FIB:

Anyway, Gildersleeve, they don't make any four-cent stamps.

HAL:

Oh yes they do.

FIB:

THEY DO NOT.

HAL:

THEY DO TOO!

FIB:

THEY DO NOT!

HAL:

THEY DO TOO!

MOL:

BOYS...BOYS...STOP FUSSING!

FIB:

Well, if I knew as little about my own government as this chowderhead -

HAL:

DON'T YOU CALL ME A CHOWDERHEAD, YOU LITTLE TERMITE.

FIB:

Gildersleeve, one of these days, you're gonna exonerate me too far. And I still say they don't make any four-cent stamps.

HAL:

How do you know?

FIB:

Because I used to work in the post office, that's how I know.

HAL:

Is that so!

(2ND REVISION)

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FIB: YES THAT'S SO! WHY I started workin' in the post office when I was knee high to a mail-box. I had charge of the branch in the Savoy Hotel. STAMPIN' AT THE SAVOY MCGEE, I WAS KNOWN AS IN THEM DAYS --

MOL: OH dear....

FIB: STAMPING-AT-THE-SAVOY MCGEE, Slick as silk and strong as Sampson at slamming a sack of circulars single-handed on a schooner sailing to the South Seas or a streamliner scheduled to scoot to Sioux City. Celebrated as a salary-saving super-salesman by selling scores of six-cent stamps to sentimental sailors sending souvenirs to sweeties in Samoa, Siam, Ceylon, San Salvador and similar scattered seaports. Smiling and singing as I stamped and sealed stuff sent from city to city and state to state. A solid civil servant, serving citizens and scamps - but let's get down to the postoffice and buy this lug some stamps!

(APPLAUSE)

ORCH: "OUR LOVE AFFAIR".

(APPLAUSE)

SECOND SPOT

(2ND REVISION) -12-

LOUD MURMUR OF VOICES: SUSTAIN.

HAL: General Delivery is four windows down, sir!

CROWD MURMUR

GAL: Where can I find the Postal Savings Department?

CROWD MURMUR

FIB: Phew! Boy these packages are gettin' heavy. I'll sure be glad to unload 'em.

MOL: We won't unload 'em very quick, dearie. Looka the long lines in front o' the windows.

FIB: Oh boy! HEY FOLKS .... MIND IF WE SQUEEZE IN HERE? WE GOTTA IMPORTANT ENGAGEMENT AND ----

ANGRY VOICES

HAL: GET BACK AT THE END OF THE LINE YOU!

BILL: WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE, ANYWAY!

WIL: WAIT IN LINE LIKE THE REST OF US! ETC ETC

FIB: Maybe we better go to the end o' the line, Molly. More democratic.

CROWD MURMUR

MOL: McGee, do you realize how many people are ahead of us in this line? 73.

FIB: And a good thing too. Keeps 'em off the streets.

MOL: (SOTTO VOICE) McGee.

FIB: Eh?

MOL: This man standing in front of me. I wish he'd turn around and face the way everybody else is. He's got a blank look on his face that bothers me, somehow.

FIB: Move aside a little I can't see over these packages. OH! That ain't his face. HEY BUD! You got your toupee on backward.

MAN: My goodness - thanks, loads!

MURMUR OF VOICES UP AND FADE:

MOL: Look, McGee! ... Here comes Mrs. Uppington!

FIB: What's she doin' in a post office? Don't she know these places are infested with common people?

MOL: I see she brought her Pekinese along to lick the stamps for her. OH HO DO YOU DO, MRS. UPPINGTON. SO NICE TO SEE YOU.

UPP: Oh how do you do, Mrs. McGee. AND Mr. McGee.

FIB: Hiya, Uppy. Hiyah, Puppy.

UPP: Good Heavens .. what a lot of people ... do you HAVE to stand in line like that? Don't you know anyone in an executive position who would take care of you?

FIB: Well, me and Jim Farley was great pals, Uppy, but Jim don't work here any more and I don't know the new guy.

MOL: Besides, we're no better than anyone else.

UPP: I think my deah, as the saying goes, "you have something theah". Mailing your Christmas packages?

FIB: Oh no. No. We just brung 'em down here to see if they were wrapped up as pretty as other people's.

MOL: And while we're kickin' the askit basket around, Abigail, what's the idea bringin' that dime-size Dobermann in here?

UPP: Oh you mean Fifi? Isn't she sweet ... mother's little darling! Say hello to Mr. and Mrs. McGee, Fifi.

SHRILL LITTLE DOG BARK

FIB: Wonderful, ain't it, Molly? I always wondered how you said hello in pekinese.

UPP: Hasn't she a sweet little face? Such bright eyes..., such animation. Sometimes I could almost believe she was laughing at me.

MOL: If she's really intelligent, how could she help it?

UPP: Oh she is VEDDY intelligent, Mrs. McGee ... her mothaw was Champion Floradora Conquistadora Brownie, the Fifth of Philadelphia.

MOL: And who was her father - or am I putting Fifi on the spot?

FIB: I knew she was either from Philadelphia or New York, Uppy, .... She's got that muttropolitan look.

UPP: Oh thank you, Mr. McGee .....

MOL: I still don't know why you should bring her into the post office, Mrs. Uppington' .... when everything is so busy.

UPP: Oh, I wanted her to mix with the crowds, Mrs. McGee. To give her some real holiday atmosphere. This is Fifi's first Christmas, you know. Isn't it, Fifi?

DOG BARK

FIB: She muffed that one, Uppy.... she said "Hello" again.

UPP: Well, if she did, she must have had a VEDDY good reason for it. Fifi is a veddy intelligent dog - and veddy valuable too. She is worth at least 2,000 dollars -

MOL: Two thousand dollars!

FIB: Shucks, that's more'n I'm worth!

UPP: Well, some dogs are worth more than others ... Come, Fifi! Goodbyeeeee .....

FIB: "Some dogs worth more than others" - Teddy Roosevelt slayed the Rough Riders with that one.

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FIB: "Some dogs worth more than others" - Teddy Roosevelt slayed the Rough Riders with that one.

MOL: I wish we could get up to the window, this line hasn't moved two feet in a half hour.

FIB: I'll take care of that - watch me. HEY UP AHEAD THERE ... CAN'T YOU MOVE ALONG ANY FASTER?

AD LIB ANGRY CROWD RETORTS:

FIB: Okay Okay Okay ... I was just askin'. Gettin' tired, Molly?

MOL: I certainly am. My feet are beginning to agitate for better working conditions.

FIB: Mine too. I wish we'd -

TEE: Hiyah, mister.

FIB: Oh hello there little girl. What you doin' here?

TEE: Mailing a letter to Santa Claus, I betcha. Are you?

FIB: No, we're not.

TEE: Why?

FIB: Eh?

TEE: HMMMMM?

FIB: Whadja say?

TEE: When?

FIB: Oh, never mind. What'd you ask Santa Claus in your letter?

TEE: I asked him to make the man next door not mad at me any more because I don't think he's gonna give me anything for Christmas, I betcha.

FIB: What juvenile peccadillo aroused his antipathy, sis?

TEE: Well gee, I - what?

FIB: I says what'd you do that made the man next door mad at you?

TEE: Well last summer I went in his back yard and picked some of his permissions.

FIB: SOME OF HIS WHAT?

TEE: Permissions. You know, it's a kind of a fruit that makes the picker pucker.

FIB: Oh I see whatcha mean. Why didn't you ask him if you could pick 'em?

TEE: I was afraid he wouldn't give his persimmon.

FIB: YOU MEAN HIS PERMISSION.

TEE: No, I picked his permissions.

FIB: Look sis. You don't pick permissions. You give Persimmons - er - you Persnip.....say let's start over and make it pears.

TEE: ALL RIGHTY. Grizzly pears or teddy pears?

FIB: Teddy bears. So you're mailing a letter to Santa Claus, are you?

TEE: Sure. See? Here it is.

FIB: SAYYYY, THAT'S PRETTY GOOD HANDWRITIN' SIS.

TEE: I know it.

FIB: Don't tell me YOU wrote that.

TEE: No, my papa wrote it. I always ask him to write my Santa Claus letters.

FIB: That's a very good idea.

TEE: Sure it is, I betcha. All us kids do that because our papas all believe in Santa Claus, and why should we tell 'em any different if it makes 'em happy, ~~is it not~~.

Well so long, mister.

APPLAUSE:

CROWD UP AND FADE

FIB: Hey Molly .. what makes this whole line of people give a sudden jerk every few minutes.

MOL: Don't you know?

FIB: No.

MOL: That seventh man up ahead has got the hiccups.

FIB: Well, all I gotta say is -

WIL: HI THERE FIBBER. HELLO, MOLLY.

MOL: Oh Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Hiyah Harlow. Hey take my place in line a while willya? I wanna go sit down someplace for a while.

MOL: Me, too.

WIL: Gee I'm sorry folks. I'd like to but I haven't got time. I just dashed in here to mail some special orders to Racine, Wisconsin.

FIB: WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY "SPECIAL ORDERS", says he with a sly twinkle in his eye.

WIL: (LAUGH) OH YOU KNOW HOW IMPORTANT IT IS TO HAVE A HOME CLEAN AND SHINING WITH JOHNSON'S WAX WHEN ALL THE FAMILY IS HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS -

MOL: Yes we do, but -

WIL: AND HOW THE GLEAMING HOSPITALITY OF JOHNSON-WAXED FLOORS AND FURNITURE LENDS AN AIR OF CHEERFULNESS TO YULETIDE GATHERINGS -

FIB: Well, naturally, but what -

WIL: AND HOW JOHNSON'S WAX WILL BEAUTIFY AND PROTECT AGAINST THE WEAR AND TEAR OF CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR CELEBRATIONS.

FIB: BUT DAD RAT IT, WHAT'S SO SPECIAL ABOUT THAT?



WIL: Oh just to get the orders in on time ...

FIB: I see - so you can do your Christmas shipping early!  
(LAUGHS HEARTILY) Don't you get it? I says ---

MOL: Tain't funny, McGeel!....."do our Christmas shipping early."  
That's pure Golden Bantam for my money.

WIL: Yeah -- the only difference between Fibber and a corn crib  
is that you can HEAR the corn thru his cracks. Well -- see  
you later, folks -- (CROWD REACTION)

MOL: (SIGHS) Oh dear, who'd have thought we'd have to stand in  
line this long two weeks before Christmas!

OLD MAN: (FADE IN) Blankets....cushions....folding chairs...might's  
well be comfortable while you wait folks...blankets....  
folding chairs...cushions. Get your - OH HELLO THERE KIDS!

MOL: Hello, Mr. Old Timer.

FIB: Since when you been workin' in the Post Office, Old Timer?

OLD MAN: Oh I'm kind of a pensioner around here, kids. They gimme  
the job in memory of my sister ---- Nelly.

MOL: What happened to your sister Nelly?

OLD MAN: (SADLY) We never knew, Daughter. She was a Pony Express  
rider in 1848 and one day she disappeared....mailbag and all.  
Always figgered she musta got caught in a landslide.  
Reckless critter, Nelly was. But me and maw, we never give  
up hope. We always thought that some day, Nelly would -

CROWD MURMUR UP EXCITEDLY: HOOFBEATS GALLOPING IN RAPIDLY:

WHEE: YIPPEE!! -- ONE SIDE THERE!!! MAKE WAY FOR THE UNITED  
STATES MAIL!!!!!!

OLD MAN: IT'S NELLY! HEY NELL! ... IT'S ME....YOUR BROTHER!

WHEE: Hi, ROY...HOW'S MAW?

OLD MAN: FINE....WHERE YOU BEEN?

WHEE: GOT CAUGHT BY INJUNS. JUST GOT AWAY THREE DAYS AGO. SAY --  
GOT GREAT NEWS FOR YOU, ROY!! THEY DISCOVERED GOLD IN  
CALIFORNY!

OLD MAN: YE DON'T SAY!

WHEE: YEP. CLIMB UP IN THE SADDLE, ROY. SOON'S I DELIVER THIS  
MAIL I GOTTA GO HOME AND GET A CLEAN SHIRT. THIS BUCKSKIN'S  
BEGINNIN' TO CHAFE ME. GIDDAP THERE...MAKE WAY FOR THE  
U.S. MAIL, FOLKS!!.....YIPPEEEEEEE!!!.....WAHOO!!!!!!!

HOOFBEATS UP AND OUT FAST

ORK: "HILDY" - KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE

WIL: The King's Men sing "Hildy"!

THIRD SPOT:

(2ND REVISION) -21-

CROWD MURMUR:

MOL: McGee...let me take those packages a while ... your arms must be numb.

FIB: It ain't so much my arms - it's my foot - my foot is - oh, HEY BUD ... YOU ... IN FRONT OF ME THERE ....

MAN: (HAL'S PORTUGESE) Si Senor?

FIB: Look, I don't like to be rude, and you'll please forgive me for introduc'in' myself, but I'M Fibbor McGee.

MAN: Very hoppy to meet you senor. Permeet me to introduce me. I am Pedro Gonzales Cordoba Estoban Martinez Pereira.

FIB: Hiyah, Pete. And now that we know each other, will you please get off my foot?

MAN: Si Senor.

FIB: Thank you very much.

MAN: Por nada, senor. Et is a pleasure to do beesneiss with you. Any time I can get off your foots, please let me know.

FIB: Don't think I won't, Bud.

MOL: My, what politeness! You sound like two gentlemen of the old school, with apples for the teacher. (SIGHS) Oh dear, I'm SO tired.

FIB: Me, too. For two cents, I'D dump these packages - - -

BOOM: (FADE IN) AH THERE, GOOD DAY MY DEAR ... AND A DULL DECEMBER TO YOU, CRABMEAT.

FIB: Hiyah, Boomer.

MOL: What are you doing in the postoffice, Mr. Boomer?

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(2ND REVISION) -22-

BOOM: Always come in here to write my letters, small, smart and smell nice. Wonderful feeling to be able to walk away from a Federal pen without hearing bloodhounds in the distance. Yes yes ....

MOL: I hope you're writing your mother a Christmas letter, Mr. Boomer.

BOOM: Exactly what I AM doing, my dear. Have to be careful what I say too. The warden reads every word of her letters. Let me see what did I do with mother's letter ... like to read it to you.

FIB: Never mind, Boomer. We're too tired to -

BOOM: ...Now where did I put mother's letter .... had it here a moment ago ... here's a short end of an exploded cigar.. hah hah ... just the butt of an old joke, you might say ... Invitation to a New England boiled dinner ... Ought to be interesting ... never been boiled at a New England dinner.

MOL: Never mind looking, Mr. Boomer. We're in no mood to --

BOOM: AHHH WHAT'S THIS? Pair of cellophane gloves .. very handy to let your left hand know what your right hand is doing. Couple of diamond shoulder clips I picked up as I shouldered my way out of a clip joint ... and a check ... WELL WELL IMAGINE THAT .... A CHECK!..... MADE OUT TO A MAN NAMED MORTISPAN. ...EXCUSE ME WHILE I GO PRACTICE A SIGNATURE ... GOOD DAY MY DEAR ... AND TO YOU, GOON-BOY!

FIB: What a crook!

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(2ND REVISION) 23 - 24

MOL: Isn't he though? He was born with a gold chisel in his mouth. How many ahead of us, McGee ... I'm about ready to give up.

FIB: Only three, Molly .... NO, TWO .... Lady just got thru.

MOL: Hold the packages to one side, dearie ... I want to lean against you a few minutes *alright, please mil, madam*.

CLERK: Hey come on... we're next at the window... thank goodness THIS'LL soon be over.

MOL: That's what I say ... I'M completely exhausted ...

CLERK: ALL RIGHT SIR ... YOU'RE NEXT ...

FIB: Bud, you're a sight for sore eyes .... here ....

SOUND: TUMBLE OF PACKAGES ON COUNTER:

FIB: WEIGH THEM AND TELL ME HOW MUCH POSTAGE.

CLERK: Sorry sir ... can't do that here.

FIB: Eh?

MOL: Why not? We've been standing in line here for 3 hours.... and ...

MAN: But this is the money-order window. You'll have to get in that long line over there!

GROANS:

ORCH: "SOME OF YOUR SWEETNESS"

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
DECEMBER 10, 1940  
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL

ANNOUNCER: These certainly are busy times for all of us. There are so many more things to do than we can possibly squeeze into every 24 hours. That's probably one reason why so many women sing the praises of JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT, the floor polish that saves them so many hours of work. With GLO-COAT, the care of floors, especially linoleum surfaces, is remarkably simple. There's practically no work to it at all. Pour a little GLO-COAT onto your clean floor, spread it around and let it dry. Come back in 20 minutes to find a sparkling surface, colors bright and cheerful, protected against scratches and dirt. And GLO-COAT will greatly lengthen the life of your linoleum, too. Ask your dealer for JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT, in the familiar red and yellow can. When you're making up your Christmas list, don't forget that either GLO-COAT or JOHNSON'S WAX makes a very useful and welcome gift for a friend.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

FIB: Ladies and gentlemen, the prevention and control of  
 Tuberculosis is a year-round fight, but only at Christmas  
 time are you asked for financial support and encouragement.

MOL: So be sure your letters and packages are decorated with  
 Christmas Seals.

FIB: Thank you..and good night.

MOL: Goodnight, all!

ORCHESTRA: UP TO FINISH...

APPLAUSE:

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
 FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
 DECEMBER 10, 1940  
 TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

CLOSING TAG

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.

2-27

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S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
DECEMBER 10, 1940  
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

TO FOLLOW CLOSING TAG

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.

ANNOUNCER: Would you rather drive a dull, dingy car -- or a sparkling, shiny one? Maybe you still think the job of wax-polishing is costly or hard work! Then let me urge you to investigate and try CARNU -- JOHNSON'S sensational new easy-to-use auto polish. CARNU does two things at once -- both cleans and wax-polishes in one operation -- in half the time these jobs used to require. CARNU's cost is low -- and once you've seen what beautiful results it gives, you'll say with car-owners everywhere -- "Your car looks like new when you use CARNU" -- spelled C-A-R-N-U.

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

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

# 272

6:30-7:00 PM  
Tuesday - 12-17-40