

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

(REVISED)

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

272

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

NBC-Red

(REVISED)

-2-

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: "Of Thee I Sing".

ORCH: "OF THEE I SING"

COMMERCIAL....PAGE 3

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.
Fibber McGee & Molly
12-17-40
Tuesday 6:30 PM PST NBC

-3-

Opening Commercial

ANNCR: With so many extra things to do around the house at Christmas time - any product that really saves work is most welcome. Many women have told us they are especially grateful at this time of year for JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT...not only because it does save so much work, but also because it gives them such cheerful, bright kitchens.

There really is a world of difference when your linoleum floors are sparkling with a beautiful GLO-COAT polish! For one thing, the colors are kept as bright and fresh as the day you first put the linoleum down. And what's more, the linoleum lasts much longer when it's protected this easy GLO-COAT way.

Add to these advantages the simple fact that GLO-COAT takes no rubbing or buffing, and you can understand why it has become America's No. 1 floor polish. Be sure JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT is on your next shopping list.

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

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

WIL: ONE THING ABOUT HAVING NEIGHBORS WHO RUN IN AND OUT OF YOUR HOME - IT'S EASIER FOR THEM TO RUN IN THAN FOR YOU TO RUN THEM OUT. FOR INSTANCE...HERE AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA INDULGING IN SMALL TALK WITH A LARGE NEIGHBOR, WE FIND --

-- FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY --

(APPLAUSE)

MOL: Glad you dropped in Mr. Gildersleeve.

FIB: Yeah, what's on your mind?

HAL: Wel-l-l...I...er...er...I...er...wanted to ask you something, McGee.....Something that I...er...that I...well, I wouldn't want you to think I was -

MOL: WELL FOR GOODNESS SAKES...LOOK AT THE MAN BLUSH!

HAL: Oh I'm not either.....(LAUGHS)

FIB: You are too! You're scarlet up to the roots of your O'HARA. Come on.....Speak up.

HAL: WELL...I.....I....Well, first of all, let me assure you that in saying what I'm going to say, I have only the best interests of Wistful Vista at heart. And while I am only an humble citizen....

MOL: Or, get to the point, Mr. Gildersleeve.

HAL: ALL RIGHT....I WILL. The Chamber of Commerce is electing a new president this week and I thought...well, it's a position that calls for a dynamic personality, a go-getter, a man with vision. A man who could -

MOL: OH..YOU WANT MCGEE TO RUN! ISN'T THAT WONDERFUL DEARIE -

HAL: Now wait. I --

MOL: THINK OF YOU AS THE PRESIDENT OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, MCGEE! MY, WILL I BE PROUD OF YOU!

FIB: Shucks, it's only the first step, Molly, I planned it all out. President of the Chamber of Commerce, Chairman o' the State Board o' Trade. Then to the Inter-State Commerce Commission and ... well - who knows - maybe even - well, how would you like to be First Lady of the Land, Molly?

MOL: AND WRITE A NEWSPAPER COLUMN!.....OH WONDERFUL!

FIB: First thing I'll do when I'M president is change the dates of a few holidays. I'll make the Fourth of July come on the 15th, after this.

MOL: Why?

FIB: Well, too many kids get hurt on the Fourth. Then I'll -

HAL: FOR GOODNESS SAKES WILL YOU LISTEN TO ME A MINUTE?

FIB: Certainly, Gildersleeve. Always glad to hear from a constituent.

HAL: OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

HAL: NOW LOOK HERE, MCGEE...WILL YOU COME OUT OF THE WHITE HOUSE FOR A MINUTE AND LET ME SAY A FEW WORDS? I WASN'T SUGGESTING THAT YOU RUN FOR PRESIDENT OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE. I MEANT ME.

MOL: WHO?

FIB: YOU?

HAL: Yes, me.

FIB: That's pretty dirty politics, Gildersleeve. Come over here and insist I run for President of the Chamber and then snatch it away and run yourself.

MOL: For shame!

HAL: Now wait a minute folks...this is all wrong...I.... I only wanted to ask McGee's support for my nomination. After all, I am familiar with Chamber of Commerce work. I am a business man and I've been a member for 22 years.

FIB: That's just the trouble. We need a younger man. Fresh blood --

HAL: I'VE HAD A GREAT DEAL OF EXPERIENCE IN --

MOL: Experience is a drug on the market. We need new ideas.

HAL: BUT I HAVE THE RESPECT OF -

FIB: BOULDER DAM HAS GOT RESPECT, TOO. BUT IT WOULD LOOK FUNNY IN THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE. You see, Gildersleeve -

HAL: AND I CAN AFFORD TO HANDLE A JOB THAT CARRIES NO SALARY.

(PAUSE)

FIB: Oh. No salary, eh?

MOL: You wouldn't have time for it anyway, dearie. You haven't finished your ship model yet, you know.

FIB: I ain't even started it yet. Look, Gildersleeve - as long as I can't run for president - why don't you? Ever consider that?

HAL: (LAUGHS) Well, now that you mention it, McGee ---

MOL: NOW DON'T BE MODEST, MR. GILDERSLEEVE. I THINK YOU'D MAKE A WONDERFUL PRESIDENT FOR THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

HAL: Well...gee..I...I...I'M a little overwhelmed, folks - You've kind of swept me off my feet. All right - By George I'll do it!

FIB: Fine - I'll handle your campaign. Now you run along...I gotta get busy.

HAL: MCGEE....I...I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU FOR THIS.

MOL: Why it's nothing, Mr. Gildersleeve. It's a good thing you happened to stop in or McGee would never have thought of you.

HAL: Yes, isn't it? (LAUGHS) All right, McGee...I'M depending on you. See you at the meeting tonite.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Molly, the more I think of Gildersleeve as President of the Chamber of Commerce, the more I like the idea.

(2ND REVISION) 8-9-10-11

MOL: Particularly as there's no salary.
FIB: AND HE'LL BE WORTH EVERY CENT OF IT. Now lemme see...
I gotta line up a few people with the influence to
swing this election -
MOL: I'll run upstairs and wake Uncle Dennis. Maybe
he'll have some ideas that will -
FIB: NO NO NO....I said people WITH the influence - not
under it!
MOL: You haven't got much time to campaign for Mr.
Gildersleeve, McGee. Election of officers is
tonight.
FIB: I know....I GOTTA GET BUSY AND CONTACT A LOTTA
BUSINESS MEN....COME ON.....LET'S GO.....WHERE'D
I PUT MY HAT AND COAT. OH I REMEMBER - I HUNG 'EM
IN HERE WHERE --
SOUND: DOOR LATCH: AVALANCHE OF JUNK WITH BELL TINKLE.
FIB: Hey, Molly....I gotta straighten up that closet
one o' these days.
MOL: Never mind that now....hurry up.
FIB: Okay. Come on.
SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE
ORCH: "CARIOCA"
(APPLAUSE)

P

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(APPLAUSE)

P

(FOOTSTEPS ON CONCRETE)

FIB: Well, everybody we've called on has promised to vote for Gildersleeve.

MOL: Didn't he run for office once before?

FIB: ONCE!! HE'S ALWAYS RUNNING FOR SOMETHING. Born politician. Had his face on so many campaign buttons, his skin is slowly turning to celluloid.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS UP ON PORCH RING OF DOORBELL

FIB: Who lives here?

MOL: Mrs. Goldfarb. She runs a dress shop at 14th and Oak and --

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

BERNER: I have all I need, thank you.

FIB: You have all you need of what, sis?

BERN: Christmas cards, magazines, nosins ... whatever you're sellink.

MOL: We're not selling anything Mrs. Goldfarb.

FIB: You're a member of the Chamber of Commerce aren't you, sis?

BERN: And paid hop.

FIB: Yes, I know ... I'm Mr. McGee and the reason I'm here is to see if you'll support my candidate for the new President, Mr. Gildersleeve. We're voting at the meeting tonight, you know?

BERN: Gildersliv Gildersliv is he that heavy-settled man with dok coily hair and a dip voice?

MOL: THAT'S THE ONE!

BERN: I dunt think I know him.

MOL: Nevertheless ... We hope you'll support him. He's the best man for the job.

BERN: Okay. For an old customer like you I'm shaking my head, yes.

MOL: And be sure and be at the meeting tonight.

BERN: If I can get somebody to minding the baby.

MOL: We'll see if we can help you find somebody. How old is the baby?

BERN: Potter is two, going on four. Is he growing fast?

FIB: Potter? That's an odd name.

BERN: Yes for good luck we are naming him after the radio program Potter Goldfarb

MOL: Well, thank you very much for your co-operation.

BERN: Don't mensin it, please. And I hope you will stop in and see me, Mrs. McGee. I have a lovely little evening wrap which is fitting you poifect .. with leg of pork sleeves ...

FIB: You mean leg o'mutton.

BERN: Okay so I'm broadminded. Good day.

DOOR SLAM: FOOTSTEPS OFF PORCH AND ON SIDEWALK ... SUSTAIN

FIB: Boy, am I lining 'em up for Gildersleeve. You know, Molly I'll bet one of the big political parties would like to have me as a campaign manager. Why with my personal magnetism, and my memory for names and faces

MOL: YOUR WGAT? Why McGee, you're the most forgetful man on earth?

FIB: WHO ME? Why I'd put my memory up against anybody's and win hands down, just as sure as my name is er is ... er ...

MOL: FIBBER MCGEE.

FIB: Oh yes. What I mean to say is -
MOL: Well, here's Mr. Wilcox's house, McGee.
FIB: Yep.

FOOTSTEPS ON PORCH

FIB: I can handle Harlow all right. (KNOCKING) As the gal says when she bought her boy friend a tandem bicycle - He'll have to go along with me on this thing."

DOOR OPEN:

WIL: Well hello there Molly. Hello, Fibber.
MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox.
WIL: Come on in and set a spell.
FIB: No thanks, pardner ... just wanted to speak to you about something. Gotta minute to spare?
WIL: Sure I'm not doing anything.
MOL: We thought you might have an appointment ... I see you've got your watch in your hand.
WIL: Oh this is a new watch I got for Christmas. See? It tells time in the dark?
FIB: Oh, radium dial?
WIL: No, there's a flashlight goes with it.
FIB: Oh.
MOL: Look, Mr. Wilcox ... you belong to the Chamber of Commerce don't you?
WIL: Yes indeed.
MOL: And you know Mr. Gildersleeve, don't you, Mr. Wilcox?
WIL: DO I KNOW GILDERSLEEVE! You see these two fingers? He and I are just like that!

FIB: Which one's Gildersleeve...the one with the hangnail? But look Harlow...he's runnin' for President o' the Chamber tonight - can we depend on your vote?

WIL: Absolutely. As the sailor said when he had the adding machine tattooed on his chest....you can count on me, brother. See you tonight.

DOOR SLAM...FOOTSTEPS OFF PORCH ON CONCRETE

FIB: Good old Harlow...there's a right guy...and a great business man. Why he-- Hey!
MOL: What's the matter, McGee?
FIB: You realize what happened? HARLOW NEVER SAYS A WORD ABOUT JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT!
MOL: Heavenly days....he DIDN'T, did he? Not a single word about how Glocoat is so easy to apply, and how it requires no rubbing or buffing. Or how it shines, as it dries.
FIB: The worst thing is he never peeped about how it saves hours of housework and makes linoleum look like new again with almost no effort. Or about buyin' Johnson's Self Polishing Glocoat today at your nearest dealers...
MOL: Oh this is terrible....maybe we better go back.
FIB: No, he'd feel awful when he realized what he's done. I hope the sponsor don't fire him because JOHNSON'S Self-Polishing Glocoat didn't get a mention.
MOL: To think of it....after nearly six years, that he'd do a thing like that.
OLD M: (FADE IN) WELL HELLO THERE, DAUGHTER...HELLO, JOHNNY... 'Whatcha doin'?'
FIB: Oh I'm rounding up votes for Gildersleeve, for president of the Chamber of Commerce, Old Timer.

OLD M: Zat so? Tried to join that outfit once myself. But they says I didn't have any business belonging to it.

MOL: Why not?

OLD M: Didn't have any business. Heh heh heh. That was before I started my dance studio.

FIB: Dance studio! You running a foxtrot factory?

OLD M: Yep. But only in the summer months, John.

MOL: Why not in the winter? No patrons?

OLD M: No rheumatism.

FIB: I see. Molly's Uncle Dennis has the same trouble. He gets stiff in more joints than--

MOL: McGEE!

OLD M: Heh heh heh....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, "Sayyyyyyyyyy," he says, "WHAT'S THE IDEA TRYIN' TO EAT THAT SOFA CUSHION?" "WELL", says tother feller, spittin' out a few feathers, "MY SANTA CLAUS SUIT IS TOO BIG AND SOMEBODY TOLD ME TO STUFF A PILLOW IN MY STUMMICK". Heh heh heh....well, I gotta get along, kids.... gotta give a girl a acrobatic dancin' lesson in half an hour.

MOL: ACROBATIC!!!! I thought you had rheumatism.

OLD M: Oh I have my good days, daughter. Watch me do a split.... Ta da de da da daaaaaa....

SOUND: LOUD RUSTY CREAK

OLD M: WOOOOOP!!!!...Guess this ain't one o' my good days! Well, see you later, kids!

MOL: Come on, McGee...we still have to call on Mrs. Uppington - and here's her house right here.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON PORCH....KNOCK AT DOOR

MOL: I didn't know Mrs. Uppington belonged to the Chamber of Commerce.

FIB: She belongs to everything, but the Girl Scouts.

MOL: Oh - she belongs to the Girl Scouts.

FIB: She does? When she join them?

MOL: Last Spring - right after she had her knees lifted.

DOOR OREN & CLOSE

UPP: Oh how do you do, Mrs. McGee....And Mr. McGee!

FIB: Hiyah, Uppy.

UPP: My it's SO nice of you to call - really. Won't you sit down? Take that chair, Mrs. McGee.

MOL: Thank you.

FIB: Much obliged, Uppy. I'LL set here on this little gold--

UPP: OH NO NO NO....NOT ON THAT, PLEASE, IT--

SOUND: CRASH & SPLINTER OF WOOD....HEAVY THUD

MOL: Where are you hurt, dearie?

FIB: Where would you be hurt if you started to set down and the chair fell apart?

UPP: Oh my beautiful Louis 16th chair! Do you realize, Mr. McGee, that that chair is IRREPLACEABLE?

MOL: Oh out of stock? Well, out of stock, out of style is what I always say!

FIB: I'M sorry I busted it, Uppy. Send me a bill for the repairs.

UPP: Oh I wouldn't think of it, Mr. McGee....everyone makes mistakes. (LAUGHS) I made mine when I opened the door.

MOL: Oh is that so. Come on, McGee....let's go.

FIB: Okay. We know when we're not wanted.

UPP: Oh now please, Mr. McGee, I didn't mean what I said when.. that is, I didn't say what I...I mean, if you thought I meant what I - OHH WHAT DO I MEAN!

FIB: I'll bring you a dream book next time I come. But don't wait up.

MOL: Now where did I put my umbrella...OH there it is..leaning against the whatnot cabinet. Get it for me like a dear boy, McGee.

FIB: Okay, Never let it be said that a McGee was lacking in the little courtesies that make -

SOUND: CHINA AND GLASS CRASH OF SOME DURATION.

FIB: (LAUGHING LIKE HELL) If I ain't the CLUMSIEST GUY!

MOL: You should have been more careful. Dearie. Look - you bent the handle of my umbrella. Oh well....never -

FIB: HEY WE ALMOST FORGOT WHAT WE COME FOR. Are you a member of the Chamber of Commerce, Uppy?

UPP: I am. Why do you ask?

MOL: Well there is an election of new officers tonight and McGee is promoting one of the men for president ...

FIB: So we thought if you swung what little influence you might have his way, we'd appreciate the -

UPP: WHAT. AFTER WHAT YOU HAVE DONE TO MY HOUSE? YOU HAVE THE UNMITIGATED EFFRONTERY TO ASK MY SUPPORT FOR YOUR CANDIDATE? I AM SORRY, MR. MCGEE...I CANNOT VOTE FOR YOUR MAN. I AM GOING TO VOTE FOR MR. GILDERSLEEVE! GOOD DAY!

DOOR SLAM:

ORK: "A LITTLE CLOSE HARMONY" -- KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE

K

SOUND: (FOOTSTEPS ON CONCRETE)

FIB: Hurry up, Molly - we don't wanna be late for the meeting.

MOL: Incidentally McGee - what's the purpose of a Chamber of Commerce?

FIB: Oh, a Chamber of Commerce is just a bunch o' go-getters, gettin' together to decide what to go get.

MOL: Well let's get going!

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON CONCRETE

NICK: (FADE IN) WELL HELLO THERE FIZZER..HELLO KEWPIE! Are you going to the meeting of the Shambles of Commerce?

FIB: Yes we are, Nick and you're just the guy we wanna talk to. You know Throckmorton Gildersleeve....

NICK: Sure. I know Goldensleeve...He is a very fine mon - only I don't like him.

MOL: Why don't you like him?

NICK: Because he doesn't like me.

FIB: And why doesn't he like you?

NICK: Well, he is eating his dinner in my restaurances one night, - I remember he is having the blue plate special, with corn fritties, - and some theek sneef is swiping his overcoat, you grob me?

MOL: Well, I don't blame him for being angry, Mr. Depopolis.

NICK: I don't too, either. If I was Goldensleeve, I would feel just as mad as he did, only I am not Goldensleeve - I am Depopolis and he can't talk that way to me!

K

FIB: Is he suing you?
NICK: He can't....he don't have to undress, legally.
FIB: You mean you didn't have any legal REDRESS.
NICK: How can you redress unless you undress first?
FIB: You got me.
NICK: I don't want you.
MOL: I'll take him.
FIB: Well look, Nick, we're promoting Mr. Gildersleeve for President of the Chamber of Commerce. Vote for him as a favor to me, willya?
NICK: Smertainly! As the sailor is saying when he had the adding machine tattle tooed on his chest - "You can count on me, squeegee."
MOL: Saaay - Mr. Wilcox did that one.
NICK: Yes, we know the same sailor. Well, I'll probably see you at the meeting if I don't look out. So long Fizzer - so long Kewpie.
SOUND: (FOOTSTEPS)
FIB: Well we haven't had a refusal yet, Molly -
MOL: I do hope we can elect Mr. Gildersleeve unanimously.
FIB: It'll be practically unanimous. When I run a campaign ---
HAL: (HURRIEDLY) Ah there you are, McGee...hurry up...the meeting is half over....here....come in this door.
SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE: CASUAL MURMUR OF VOICES:
HAL: Well....how does it look, McGee....have any luck?
MOL: It's all set, Mr. Gildersleeve.

K

FIB: You're practically President right now, Gildy, old man. I've got everything lined up.
HAL: Splendid...splendid...but you'd better get in there...the nominations are being made now...
MOL: Come on, Mr. Gildersleeve.
HAL: No..I'll...I'll wait out here, Mrs. McGee...then when I am elected you can come and get me. (LAUGHS) It will be more impressive that way.
FIB: We'll carry you into the hall on our shoulders, Gildy. No wait... how much you weigh?
HAL: Er...232.
FIB: On second thought I'll lead you in by the hand. Well, stand by, Gildy...it's all over but the shoutin'. Come on, Molly.
DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE: LOUD MURMUR OF VOICES:
MOL: My, this is quite a turnout. It's -
SOUND: (GAVEL)
GALE: (IN DISTANCE) AND NOW, IF THERE ARE NO FURTHER NOMINATIONS, WILL SOMEONE MAKE A MOTION TO CLOSE THE -
FIB: HEY, JUST A MINUTE THERE, MR. CHAIRMAN....I'D LIKE TO SAY A FEW WORDS.
SOUND: (CHATTER & GAVEL)
GALE: The chair recognizes Mr. McGee.
MOL: Oh, isn't that nice!...McGee, they recognized you!
GALE: Will Mr. McGee please come to the chair.
FIB: Thanks, bud. AHM.
GAVEL:

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FIB: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE...FELLOW MEMBERS, VISITING GUESTS, MR. CHAIRMAN - Before we close the nominations, I would like to suggest for President a man who you all know. A man who would make the best president of this organization we ever had...and I speak from experience.

VOICE: Oh yeah? WHAT EXPERIENCE? (CROWD REACTION)

SOUND: GAVEL

GALE: Order please...regardless of what we all think...let us have order.

FIB: YES, I SAID EXPERIENCE. I BEEN A GREAT EXECUTIVE IN MY DAY - AND I GOT THERE THE HARD WAY. I TELL YOU BECOMIN' A BUILDER OF BIG BUSINESS ISN'T EASY. I SPENT YEARS IN STRUGGLE, AND TOIL, AND PAIN, BEFORE I GOT THE KNACK. PAIN IN THE KNACK McGEE I WAS KNOWED AS IN THEM DAYS....

MOL: Oh dear!

FIB: PAIN-IN-THE-KNACK McGEE! THE PROUD AND PEERLESS PLUTOCRAT OF THE PADUCAH PLANTATIONS AND THE PALPITATIN' PAPPA OF PEORIA POTATO PLUNGERS. A PAST MASTER AT PLEASING THE PUBLIC BY PEDDLING PALE PILLS FOR PINK PEOPLE AND PRETTY PICKLES AT A PRETTY PENNY FOR A POWERFUL PROFIT. PREMIER PROVISIONER OF THE PRAIRIES, PERSUADING PROSPEROUS PERSONS TO PURCHASE PRETTY PAJAMAS, PORK-PIE PANAMAS, PURPLE PACKARDS AND PEDIGREED POOCHES. PREVENTING PANICS AND PROTECTING PROFITS BY PLACING PAY ROLL PADDERS IN THE POKEY AND PUNISHING PIKERS FOR PINCHIN' PENNIES FROM POOR PEOPLE. AND I PERSONALLY, PURPOSELY, PUT OUT THIS PLEA: WHEN YOU PICK OUT A PRESIDENT, FOLLOW McGEE!

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APPLAUSE: CHEERS

VOICE: MCGEE FOR PRESIDENT!

CHEERS:

FIB: HEY NOW WAIT A MINUTE....I DIDN'T MEAN -

WOMAN: I NOMINATE FIBBER MCGEE FOR PRESIDENT.

MAN: SECOND THE NOMINATION!

CHEERS:

MOL: Oh heavenly days!

FIB: WAIT A MINUTE FOLKS....I WAS MERELY -

SOUND: (POUNDING OF GAVEL)

GALE: THE NOMINATION HAS BEEN MADE AND SECONDED THAT FIBBER
MCGEE BE ELECTED PRESIDENT BY-ACCLAMATION. ALL IN FAVOR---

SUSTAINED CHEERS...WHISTLES....ETC.

SOUND: (GAVEL)

GALE: CONTRARY?

PAUSE:

GALE: I HAVE THE PLEASURE TO ANNOUNCE THAT THE PRESIDENT OF THIS
CHAMBER OF COMMERCE FOR THE COMING YEAR IS MR. FIBBER MCGEE!!

CHEERS:

FIB: Oh my gosh...come on, Molly...hey lemme thru there willya
folks...please..lemme thru please....one side there.

MURMUR OF VOICES...DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE: SHUT OFF VOICES:

FIB: Hey, Gildersleeve!!!

HAL: (LAUGHS) You don't have to tell me, McGee....I heard the
cheers....You did a great job.

MOL: You mean you...you know what happened?

HAL: Why certainly. When my little pal here starts out to do
something, he really does it. I don't know how to thank
you, McGee. Well, maybe I'd better go in and make my
acceptance speech.

(PAUSE)

FIB: But er...look Gildy...I...er...oh gosh!

HAL: What's the matter?

MOL: Mr. Gildersleeve....they elected McGee.

HAL: Well that's fine. I always know.....THEY DID WHAT?

FIB: I'm sorry, Throcky, old man..I didn't know what....that is,
.....well, - I started out all right - but it got away
from me.

HAL: OHHHHHH.....LET ME GET MY HANDS ON YOU, YOU LITTLE
DOUBLE CROSSER.....

FIB: HEY NOW CUT THAT OUT GILDERSLEEVE....LEGGO O' ME.....
HEY MOLLY....HELP!

HAL: NOW I'M REALLY GOING TO DO IT, MCGEE.....THIS IS THE LAST
STRAW. I'VE BEEN PROMISING THIS FOR A LONG TIME AND NOW -

SOUND: (SCUFFLE)

FIB: Hey - stop it - I can explain everything. Ouch - Help!

SOUND: SHARP CRACK.....GILDERSLEEVE GROAN.....HEAVY THUD:

MOL: Look! That's the second time tonight I've bent this
umbrella!

ORCH: "ONCE IN A LOVE TIME"

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
DECEMBER 17, 1940
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

ANNOUNCER: What can you do at small cost that will add great beauty to your home -- make your living room cozier, richer looking -- your dining room table top a more perfect setting for your fine china and silver? It's the same answer for both. A small, inexpensive package of genuine JOHNSON'S WAX, PASTE or LIQUID, will work wonders throughout your entire home. Your floors, when you have them protected with JOHNSON'S WAX, will take on that richly polished gleam that is the pride of good housekeepers everywhere. Your table tops and sideboard, under a wax polish, will win the compliments of your friends -- will be a more beautiful setting for your dinner service and accessories. And not only will you increase the beauty of your home with this use of JOHNSON'S WAX -- but the wax will protect your floors and furniture against wear, scratches, dirt -- and make your housework easier all year, because dirt and dust do not cling to a wax-polished surface. And by the way, if you are looking for an inexpensive gift for a neighbor or friend, why not consider a package of JOHNSON'S WAX or JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT?

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

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ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

TAG GAG

FIB: Hey, Molly. Did you apologize to Gildersleeve for
 toping him with the umbrella?

MOL: Yes, dearie. He's forgiven us both - and just to patch
 things up he's going to take me out and buy me some ribs.

FIB: HEY, I'M GOIN' TOO....I LOVE RIBS.

MOL: There's not much meat on these - they're for my umbrella.

FIB: Oh. Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all!

ORCH: (CLOSING SIGNATURE & THEME)

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
 FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
 DECEMBER 17, 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.

.....
g for the makers of
POLISHING GLO-COAT ...
next Tuesday night.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
DECEMBER 17, 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: This is certainly dirty-car weather, isn't it? And it
isn't much fun driving a mud-spattered, dingy-looking
automobile. But how can you keep your car clean and
shining without a lot of work? A five letter word is the
answer -- C-A-R-N-U -- which spells JOHNSON'S CARNU,
the sensational new auto polish that both cleans and
wax-polishes in one operation. CARNU cuts the work of
wax-polishing right in half -- makes it cost very little.
The job is now so easy you'll gladly do it yourself --
and you'll agree with everybody else -- "Your car looks
like new when you use CARNU."

b

S.C. JOHNSON & SON,
Writers: Don Quinn
Len Levinson

6:30-7:00 PM
Tuesday - 12-24-40