

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

(REVISED)

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

#273

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

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
Glo-coat present Fibber McGee and Molly...written by
Don Quinn...with music by the King's Men and Billy
Mills' orchestra.

The show opens with: "Keep An Eye On Your Heart". (BMI)

ORCH: "KEEP AN EYE ON YOUR HEART"....(BMI)

(APPLAUSE)

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.
Fibber McGee & Molly
12-24-40
Tuesday 6:30 PM PST NBC

-3-

Opening Commercial

ANNOUNCER: Tomorrow your kitchen floor is going to have one of its hardest days! Does that worry you? Well, not if the linoleum is protected with JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. Then, no matter how many feet go scuffing and scraping across the floor, the linoleum itself is safe - unharmed. Also, if you should spill anything on the floor, a damp cloth quickly wipes it up. Not only that, but linoleum that is kept shining with GLO-COAT is as bright and colorful as the day it was first put down - and everybody knows that it's easier to work in a cheerful kitchen than in a dull one. JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT, as you know, is SELF-POLISHING -- which means it needs no rubbing or buffing, practically no work from you.

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ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH)
(APPLAUSE)

WIL: IT'S A WONDERFUL FEELING TO HAVE YOUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING
 ALL DONE AND WRAPPED AND SENT OUT - AND CARDS
 ALL MAILED -- SO YOU CAN SIT DOWN AND RELAX BY AN OPEN FIRE..
 AH, PEACE - IT'S WONDERFUL!
 AND HERE, AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA SETTLING DOWN TO ALLOW IN
 THAT WONDERFUL FEELING WE FIND --

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: Boy, aint this a picture! Snow softly falling, candle in
 the window, fire in the fireplace -
 MOL: And no wood in the basket. Better go out and get a couple
 more logs, dearie.
 FIB: Aw let it go. We'll be goin' to bed very shortly.
 MOL: You going to let the fire go out?
 FIB: Sure. Who am I to give Santa Claus the hotfoot? Besides,
 the wood is outside and it'll be all wet from the snow.
 MOL: Oh it'll burn all right.
 FIB: Yes but it'll sputter and throw sparks out on the floor.
 Might catch the rug on fire....then it might spread to the
 curtains and the furniture...(GETTING EXCITED) SHUCKS, THE
 WHOLE HOUSE MIGHT GO UP IN A BLAZE!!!....MIGHT EVEN TOUCH
 OFF THE HOUSE NEXT DOOR.....OH GEE WHIZ.....
 MOL: MCGEE..WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
 FIB: GONNA THROW THE PIANO OUT THE WINDOW!!....WE CAN SAVE THAT!!
 YOU RUN UP AND GET YOUR JEWELRY....I'LL CALL THE FIRE
 DEPARTM---
 MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS!!!..STOP IT!!!!...There isn't any fire.
 FIB: Eh? Oh...oh that's right. Boy, I shoulda been a salesman!
 I can convince myself that almost anything is -

KNOCK AT DOOR:

WIL: IT'S A WONDERFUL FEELING TO HAVE YOUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING
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KNOCK AT DOOR:

MOL: I wonder who that is. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MAN: Delivery for you lady .. Bon Ton Department Store..okay Joe
...bring it in...

SOUND: SCUFFLE...THUDS...LOUD THUMP!

FIB: Hey, look a that willya, Molly? Wonder who sent us that.

MOL: Search me...the name is on the inside, no doubt. Thank you,
boys, and a merry Christmas to you.

MAN: Thanks, lady...same to you. *and many others.*

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Heavenly days, what a whopping big package! Wonder what's
in it.

FIB: Well, what say we see who it's from?

SOUND: TEARING AND RIPPING OF PAPER...VERY LOUD

MOL: OH LOOK, MCGEE...HERE'S A CARD ON THE WRAPPINGS.

FIB: Well - who sent it to us.

MOL: It isn't ours. IT'S ADDRESSED TO MR. GILDERSLEEVE! They
delivered it to the wrong house.

FIB: Aw fer the - look - maybe it's really ours and they got
Gildersleeve's name on it by mistake.

MOL: Don't be silly. Don't unwrap it any further. My goodness, we

FIB: NO SIR. I'VE STARTED IT AND NOW I'M GONNA SEE WHAT IT IS.
We can wrap it up again later. Where's the scissors?
I gotta cut this string.

MOL: On the shelf in the hall closet.

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FIB: Okay..in here?

MOL: Yes.

SOUND: DOOR LATCH (PAUSE)

FIB: Hey somebody must have straightened up this -

SOUND: TERRIFIC AVALANCHE OF JUNK: BELL TINKLE: (PAUSE)

FIB: I gotta straighten out that closet one o' these days!...

MOL: Never mind that now. Bring the scissors and cut the string,
if you must, and I don't think we should, but if we have to
- hurry up. I want to see what's in it.

SOUND: (SNIP OF SCISSORS - RATTLE OF PAPER)

MOL: Oh for goodness sake. LOOK, MCGEE...A COMBINATION RADIO
AND PHONOGRAPH...AND BEAUTIFUL, TOO!

FIB: Some stranger must think pretty highly o' Gildersleeve.

MOL: How do you know it's a stranger?

FIB: Must be, if he thinks highly of Gildersleeve. Hey LOOK...
this thing has gotta automatic record-changer. Plays eight
records in succession. Let's try it.

MOL: No, McGe...that wouldn't be right. It isn't ours. Besides,
we haven't got any records.

FIB: There's records inside the cabinet.

MOL: Well, alright. I don't think Mr. Gildersleeve would mind
even if he knew and he wont. Do you know how to run the
thing? It looks pretty complicated.

FIB: It's a cinch! All you gotta do is put eight records on this
gadget here....

CLATTER OF RECORDS:

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FIB: Turn the volume on...set it for phonograph...put the lever down...insert a needle - HEY PLUG THE CORD IN THE WALL-SOCKET, MOLLY.

MOL: All set, McGee.

FIB: Okay...here she goes! AND NOW FOR A HALF HOUR OF UNINTERRUPTED MUSIC THAT -

SOUND: RUMBLING AND GROANING

MOL: McGee...SHUT IT OFF...QUICK! SOMETHING'S WRONG!

FIB: COULDN'T BE, I KNOW HOW TO -

SOUND: RUMBLING LOUDER...CLATTER...WHANGGGGGG OF SPRING...WHIRRING NOISE....CRASH OF RECORD:

MOL: DUCK, MCGEE.....IT'S THROWING THE RECORDS AT US!

FIB: HEY, REACH IN AND SHUT IT OFF!

MOL: I DON'T KNOW HOW!....SHUT IT OFF YOURSELF!

FIB: IT AIN'T MAD AT YOU - IT'S MAD AT ME!

SOUND: WHIRR AND CRASH: REPEAT: AGAIN

FIB: Oh my gosh!!!

MOL: I'LL SNEAK ALONG THE FLOOR AND PULL THE PLUG OUT...

FIB: Don't let it see you or -

SOUND: TERRIFIC GRINDING NOISE...SEVERAL HEAVY THUDS AND CLATTERS

TINKLE OF PARTS....PAUSE

MOL: Heavenly days...the whole thing fell apart!

FIB: Looka that pile o' junk! WE'LL NEVER GET THAT PUT BACK TOGETHER!

MOL: But what are we going to do? We'll never be able to explain to Mr. Gildersleeve ---

KNOCK AT DOOR

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FIB: Oh oh...there he is now! Don't answer the door.

MOL: But what'll we do?

HAL: (OUTSIDE OF DOOR) Oh McGeeeeeeee!

FIB: THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO...WE GOTTA GET HIM A DUPLICATE PHONOGRAPH.

MOL: BUT WHERE?

FIB: Same place this one came from - AT THE BON TON...Come on - no, wait'll I get my hat - where's my hat?

MOL: In the hall closet.

FIB: I'll go bareheaded.....Let's go!

ORK: MUSIC: SKATER'S WALTZ

APPLAUSE:

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2ND SPOT:

(2ND REVISION) -11-

SOUND: TRAFFIC.....BUZZ OF VOICES

FIB: Oh boy ... look at that crowd in front of the Bon'Ton,
Molly! We'll never be able to fight our way thru the
revolving door.

MOL: Well - we've got to try it, McGee ... it's our duty. Kiss
me, and let's go.

SMACK:

FIB: Goodbye, Molly ... and if I don't see you again, inside, -
well, you been a good wife, and I'm glad to of knew you.

MOL: Thank you ... and remember - whichever of us fights his
way thru - he must carry on! GOODBYE ... SWEETHEART!

FIB: GOODBYE! Are you ready?

MOL: Ready!

FIB: Okay. Signals 16 - 19 - 42 - Hip!!

SOUND: CROWD UP... SHOUTS... CONFUSION ... WHIZZ OF REVOLVING DOOR
... MORE CROWD ... MORE WHIZZING ... SUSTAIN.

BUZZ OF VOICES:

MOL: (OFF MIKE) McGee .. where are you ... McGEEE!!!!

FIB: OVER HERE, MOLLY!!!!

MOL: (FADE IN) Ohh thank goodness .. you made it! Well, now
that we're in - where do we go?

FIB: Search me ... maybe we better ask a floorwalker. Hey,
FLOORWALKER.

MEL: Yes sir?

MOL: Will you please tell us where we can buy a phonograph?

MEL: CERTAINLY, Madam. You'll find the phonogra-(HIC) The
phonogra-(HIC) The phono-(HIC) I think they are
locat-(HIC) That departme-(HIC) What kind of a
phonograph?

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(2ND REVISION) 12 & 13

FIB: A combination phonograph and radio, bud.

MEL: I think I know exactl-(HIC) Exactly-(HIC) three aisles
over, in the home furnishi-(HIC) in the home furnishi-(HIC)
I hope you'll excuse me, folks. I seem to have the (HIC)..
I seem to have the (HIC)-

MOL: Hiccups?

MEL: Exactl-(HIC) How did you know?

FIB: You had me fooled....I thought you'd swallowed a cap pistol.
Three aisles over eh? Much obliged, bud.

MEL: Not at all sir. Just ask for the manager of that
depart-(HIC) the man in charge of radios is Mr.
Hannaf-(HIC) Mr. Hannaf-(HIC) Mr. George P. Hannaf-(HIC)
Hannaf-(HIC) Ask for Jones.

BUZZ OF VOICES UP AND FADE:

MOL: Fine floorwalker! Incidentally, McGee...have you thought
of the COST of this outfit we're getting?

FIB: Yes, but we gotta do it. We can arrange it on the budget
plan.

MOL: Budget plan!

FIB: Yes, you know, - A Life Membership in the We-Bit-Off-
More'n-We-Could-Chew-Club.

WIL: (WAY OFF MIKE) Hey, Fibber...MOLLY!!!

MOL: Who's that?

FIB: Sounds like Wilcox. I'd know that voice any place --
Oh there he is.....HIYAH HARLOW!

WIL: (FADE IN) Hello folks...doing a little last minute
shopping?

MOL: Yes we are...what have you got there, Mr. Wilcox?

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WIL: Oh this? Christmas present from the sponsor...I'm taking it up to get it framed.

FIB: Framed? What is it?

MOL: That's a silly question, McGee..It must be a picture.

FIB: Not necessarily. I'd like to frame Uncle Dennis, and he's no picture.

WIL: Oh but this is a honey...here let me show you -

SOUND RATTLE OF PAPER

MOL: Well heavenly days...a life-size photograph of you, with a can of Johnson's Wax in each hand.

WIL: It's a beauty, isn't it? AND JUST WHAT I WANTED.

FIB: Sure looks like you, Harlow..but maybe you can have it retouched.

MOL: It certainly is a speaking likeness!

WIL: Yes I almost expect to hear myself saying:

JOHNSON'S WAX IS THE FINEST PROTECTION FOR FLOORS AND FURNITURE THAT MONEY CAN BUY.

FIB: That's funny...I can hear you sayin' that, too.

WIL: - and just look at those cans of wax there. Aren't they perfect? Looks like you could take them right out of my hands and use them on the woodwork and lampshades and everything that needs a film of protection against wear and dampness and scratching.

MOL: But why TWO cans?

WIL: That's significant. On one hand we have the paste wax - and on other other hand, the liquid wax is good, too. But it's the likeness of me that's so wonderful. You'd almost expect me to step right out of the picture.

FIB: Well why don't you?

WIL: What? OH...Oh all right....See you later folks.

MOL: McGee.....what makes you so rude to Mr. Wilcox all the time. He's such a nice boy.

FIB: I know. I just throw that in for dramatic conflict.

BUZZ OF VOICES:

FIB: We better go over this way, Molly....the crowd ain't so -

TEE: HIYAH, MISTER.

FIB: Oh Hello there little girl. What you doin' down here in all this mob?

TEE: Oh I just came in to look at the dolls.

FIB: That's fun, ain't it? Before I was married I used to -

MOL: MCGEE!

FIB: AHHEM...I...you..er..thinkin' of buyin' one, sis?

TEE: Oh no. I was just looking at a new kind of a little doll, is all. Maybe I can have one some time, if I'M a good girl. Thought it's an awful price to pay, I sometimes think.

FIB: (LAUGHS) You think so eh? (LAUGHS)

TEE: (GIGGLES) Hmmmmmmm?

FIB: Well it's nice to have seen you sis. And a Merry Christmas to you.

TEE: AND THE SAME TO YOU, MR. MCGEE AND YOU TOO, MRS. MCGEE. Gee it's been nice seeing you. You're such nice people.

FIB: We are?

TEE: Sure you are, I betcha. You're always so nice to little girls like me.

FIB: Well shucks, sis, I -

TEE: You know, when I was looking at that new kind of a little dolly, I said to myself, "sis," I said, "I betcha if Mr. McGee was here and saw that this doll was 2.95 and I only had two dollars, I betcha he'd buy it for me just like, just like - (Gee, I wish I could snap my fingers)

FIB: What's so special about this particular doll, sis?

TEE: Oh gee, it holds things in its hands, - on account of - it's got electric magnetiz.

FIB: 'TISM.

TEE: Tis too!

FIB: Eh?

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: Let it go.

TEE: I'll have to I guess...I only got two dollars. But gee I shouldn't be telling you my troubles, mister. You're so big and important you've probably got your own troubles, I betcha. Well, G'bye now, I -

FIB: HEY WAIT A MINUTE, SIS.....Here...here's a extra buck. You go get that doll.

TEE: Ohhh!! Mister!...THANKS EVER SO MUCH.....This is wonderfulIt's...it's just these little things that restore a woman's faith in human nature...I never expected you to do a thing like this.

FIB: (LAUGHS) You didn't eh?

TEE: No. I didn't have you pegged for more'n two bits. MERRY CHRISTMAS MISTER!!

BUZZ OF VOICES

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FIB: Hey, Molly...look...here's a radio just like the one that came for Gildersleeve.

MOL: Oh that's perfect. Now if we can just get a salesman to -

MAN: Have you been waited on, folks.

FIB: We'll take this radio-phonograph, bud. Can we get it sent out special...right away? It's an emergency.

MAN: Have you an account with this store, sir?

MOL: No, but we'll take this machine on your budget plan.

MAN: Very well...now if you'll sit down here and answer a few questions. Name?

FIB: Fibber McGee.. 79 Wistful Vista.

MAN: Have you any other accounts in the city?

MOL: No we haven't. We always pay cash.

MAN: OH THAT'S BAD! You can't expect to have good credit if you always pay cash. Where do you do your banking?

MOL: The Corn Exchange, and skip the wise cracks.

MAN: I see. Well, I'm sure it will be all right. Now the price of the machine you are purchasing is \$450.00 - and -

MOL: OHHHHHHH, mother!

FIB: FOUR HUNDRED AND FIFTY BUCKS!...Now wait a minute, Jeannie with the light-brown bald-spot. We -

MAN: That however, includes two packages of needles for the phonograph.

MOL: Well, that's different!

FIB: Yeah...sounded a little steep there for a minute. Now about this bud plan, budget? I mean..er... the budget plan, bud?

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MAN: Oh that. Well we prorate the four hundred and fifty dollars, plus sales tax, of course, over a period of say 18 months. Now let me see...with carrying charges, 12 percent to financing and another 14% to demurrage...5% to cabbage -

MOL: Cabbage?

MAN: Yes, when we repossess it - we always take a cab! Let me see.....531...dismal point...23.....

FIB: You mean DECIMAL point, bud.

MAN: You'll find it's dismal, in this case...AH HERE WE ARE.. ALL WORKED OUT. YOU BRING IN 29.52 ON THE FIFTEENTH OF EVERY MONTH - And ---

FIB: Okay bud - okay - NOW LOOK, ... WE GOTTA GET THIS MACHINE OUT RIGHT AWAY...THERE'S A FELLA WAITIN' FOR IT...AND...

MAN: I'll take care of that folks...don't worry. There's a truck leaving for your neighborhood in just a few minutes... HEY CHARLIE!...HERMAN!.....LOAD THIS RADIO ON THE TRUCK AND GET IT RIGHT OUT.

THIRD SPOT

SOUND: THUDS..GRUNTS...

MAN: Where do you want this radio put, lady?

MOL: Just set it anywhere, boys...

SOUND: HEAVY THUD

FIB: Much obliged, fellas...nice of you to get it out here
so quick.

MAN: Aw dats okay, Doc. Ain't it Hoiman?

MAN: Yeah.

MOL: Well..what are you waiting for? OH, MCGEE...WE HAVEN'T
WISHED THEM A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

FIB: Oh that's right. MERRY CHRISTMAS, FELLAS!

MAN: Tanks...IS DAT ALL?

MOL: McGee...

FIB: EH? Oh. HAPPY NEW YEAR TOO, FELLAS!

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Hmmmm. Must be tired. Well, let's take the wrapping
off, Molly.

MOL: NO NO NO....Leave them on. Then when Mr. Gildersleeve
comes in, he -

KNOCK AT DOOR

FIB: Is that him? Lemme look...oh pshaw...it's only the
Dutchess of Uppington.

MOL: Dutchess?

FIB: Yes, that's one of her dukes, bangin' on the door.

DOOR KNOCK

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

UPP: Yuletide greetings, Mrs. McGee. AND Mr. McGee!

FIB: Same to you, Uppy. And say - thanks for that Christmas
present you sent me.

UPP: Oh, Mr. McGee! You've unwrapped those cigars already!

FIB: Didn't have to, Uppy - they came right out of the wrappers
by themselves.

UPP: I hope you enjoy them. I went to a lot of trouble, drying
those cigars in the oven - so they'd burn better.

MOL: You did!

UPP: Yes. I hope you like them, Mr. McGee.

FIB: Uppy, I can't tell you what I think of those cigars.

UPP: I knew you would like them...my grandfather brought them from Porto Rico in 1847....and he only smoked the best.

MOL: When your grandfather settled here, he owned most of this town, didn't he, Abigail?

UPP: Yes, I believe he did, my dear. Most of the land was acquired by...er....croucher's rights, I believe.

FIB: Don't you mean SQUATTERS' rights?

UPP: Well yes, Mr. McGee. But CROUCH seems so much more refined than er....SQUAT.

MOL: Can't you just see her as a little girl, McGee....playing crouch tag?

UPP: Well - I must go now,..William - that is, Mr. Mills, asked me to order twelve quarts of milk for tomorrow morning.

FIB: Twelve quarts of milk?

UPP: Yes, he's bringing over a few friends to drink my health on Christmas Day.

MOL: Well, that's very temperate of them to drink your health in milk.

FIB: They can't be musicians...who are they?

UPP: Well, I didn't get the names of all of them, but two of them are old friends of Mr. Mills - Tom and Jerry.

Goodnite and Merry Christmas!

SOUND: (DOOR SLAM)

MOL: You know, McGee...she's a very good-hearted woman, at heart.

FIB: Sure, I know. I heard the only reason she's so light-headed is her father was a feather merchant down in Kentucky.

MOL: He was?

FIB: Yes, he weighed down, upon the Swanee River. (LAUGHS)

Don't you get it, Molly? I says he was a feather merchant and weighed down upon the Swan--

MOL: TAIN'T FUNNY, McGee!

FIB: It ain't? I was kinda tickled by that feather merchant myself, but -

KNOCK AT DOOR:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

HAL: Ah there, folks. Say did the Bon Ton Department store leave a package here for me - AHHH THERE IT IS!

FIB: Yes..er..it..er..just come a few minutes ago, Gildersleeve.

MOL: Good thing it didn't come before, because we were out.

HAL: WELL I'M CERTAINLY GLAD IT FINALLY GOT HERE. YOU SEE I TOLD THE BON TON IF I WASN'T AT HOME TO BRING IT OVER HERE.

FIB: I don't suppose you ever stopped to think, Gildersleeve, that we might not care to have your Christmas junk all over our living room.

MOL: Now, McGee, for goodness sakes -

FIB: WELL I DON'T CARE! NEXT TIME HE EXPECTS A TON OF MERCHANDISE, LET HIM STAY HOME AND GET IT.

HAL: NOW LOOK HERE, MCGEE.....

FIB: I WON'T LOOK HERE. ALL YEAR LONG I'VE TOOK YOUR PETTY LITTLE ANNOYANCES, GILDERSLEEVE, YOU'D THINK AT LEAST ON CHRISTMAS YOU'D LEAVE US IN PEACE. NOW TAKE YOUR DAD RATTED PACKAGE AND GO ON HOME.

HAL: (SOFTLY) You're a hard man, McGee...but I'll go. But let me wish you a Merry Christmas..both of you..

MOL: Thank you, Mr. Gildersleeve...the same to you. AND DON'T FORGET YOUR BIG PACKAGE.

HAL: It isn't mine.

FIB: OH NO? WHOSE IS IT?

HAL: It's yours, McGee..I was giving you that for Christmas....

(PAUSE)

MOL: Ohhhh dear....

FIB: You mean you - well look -- Gildersleeve..I..I...I never realized it..er..I mean..

MOL: He never realized, Mr. Gildersleeve...but I'll keep reminding him - on the 14th of every month....

FIB: GILDERSLEEVE, I'M A RAT, A TRIPLE-PLATED, 14-KARAT, FUR-LINED, RABBIT-EARED RAT. I HAD NO EXCUSE POPPING OFF LIKE THAT - AND TO YOU - MY BEST FRIEND. WHY DO PEOPLE ACT LIKE THAT? ESPECIALLY AT THIS TIME OF YEAR. I'M SORRY. I APOLOGIZE.

HAL: (LAUGHS) Oh that's all right, McGee. No hard feelings. But why don't you unwrap it and see what it is?

MOL: I WONDER what it could be!

FIB: You unwrap it, Gildy. SURPRISE US!

HAL: ALL RIGHT, BY GEORGE...I WILL....

SOUND: TEARING OF PAPER:

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MOL: YOU CAN OPEN YOUR EYES NOW, McGEE....LOOK!

FIB: SAYYY...a combination radio and phonograph! GEE THAT'S WONDERFUL GILDERSLEEVE...THANKS A MILLION.

MOL: Isn't it wonderful?

HAL: I thought you'd like it; folks. I have one just like it myself. Wonderful machines. Play eight records in succession.

MOL: Oh, not really?

FIB: Well, whaddye know!

HAL: Here let me show you....Now all you have to do is put the records on here..(CLATTER OF RECORDS)..turn on the volume..(CLICK)..be sure the needle is tight..

MOL: Watch this closely, McGee.

HAL: Turn it on here and relax..for a half hour of lovely music.

SOUND: (SLIGHT GRINDING NOISE)

HAL: MY GOODNESS...WHAT'S THAT? (GRINDING NOISE INCREASES SLIGHTLY)

MOL: LOOK OUT, MR. GILDERSLEEVE....

FIB: COME ON UNDER THE TABLE HERE WITH US, GILDERSLEEVE...
(GRINDING NOISE INCREASES)

HAL: WHAT'S THE IDEA OF -

(TERRIFIC GRINDING NOISE ENDING WITH SMASH OF RECORD)

HAL: OUCH!...IT THREW A RECORD AT ME....MOVE-OVER, YOU TWO!!
(SLIGHT GRINDING NOISE AGAIN)

HAL: OH MY GOODNESS...THIS IS TERRIBLE...HOW DID YOU HAPPEN TO THINK OF GETTING UNDER HERE SO QUICK?

FIB: OH THIS IS WHERE WE ALWAYS GO...LOOK OUT...(NOISE COMES UP)
...HERE COMES SOME MORE...(REPEAT SAME EFFECT AS ABOVE ONLY MUCH FASTER)

(APPLAUSE)

ORCH: ("SOMEONE") (FADE FOR COMMERCIAL ON CUE)

b

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.
Fibber McGee & Molly
12-24-40
Tuesday 6:30 PM PST NBC

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Closing Commercial

ANNCR: Many of you this evening have interrupted your Christmas Eve activities to listen to Fibber McGee and Molly. Perhaps you have just enjoyed a holiday feast spread out on a gleaming, wax-polished table top. Or perhaps you are in the midst of that most pleasant of all Christmas duties....wrapping your gifts and placing them under the tree on the wax-protected living-room floor. Before Fibber and Molly return, may I say just a word for our sponsors, the makers of JOHNSON'S WAX and JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT....to express their appreciation for your loyalty during this past year, both to their products and to this program....and to wish you, one and all, a very merry Christmas?

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC....FADE ON CUE)

(2ND REVISION) 29-A

TAG GAG

FIB: Folks, before we say goodnight, we wanna wish you all a very Merry Christmas from us and all our cast.

MOL: Our cast isn't all here, McGee.

FIB: Whatcha mean?

MOL: Where's Nick Depopolis, Horatio K. Boomer and the Old Timer?

FIB: Oh, him! He went to Chicago to spend the holidays with his folks. Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all!

ORK: (CLOSING SIGNATURE) (FADE ON CUE)

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.
Fibber McGee & Molly
12-24-40
Tuesday 6:30 PM PST NBC

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Closing Tag

CUE:
(MOLLY): "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. -

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.
Fibber McGee & Molly
12-24-40
Tuesday 6:30 PM PST NBC

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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.

.....
Some of you may be getting new cars for Christmas --
if you've been very, very good. But any one of you
could have had a new looking car....at very little
cost and with very little work. Wouldn't it be more
fun driving a bright, shiny automobile - one that's
wax-polished with JOHNSON'S CARNU? This sensational
new auto polish both cleans and wax-polishes in one
easy operation - 'n half the time it used to take.
Ask your dealer for JOHNSON'S CARNU, spelled C-A-R-N-U.