

(REVISED)

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

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

#274

6:30-7:00 PM
Tuesday - 12-31-40

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
Mill's orchestra.

The show opens with: "There's a Great Day Coming Manana".

ORCH: "THERE'S A GREAT DAY COMING MANANA"

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.
Fibber McGee & Molly
12-31-40
Tuesday 6:30 PM PST NBC

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Opening Commercial

ANNCR: There's color and magic in the very sound of the name, New Year's Eve! I wish I could see into the homes of our many listener friends tonight. In my mind I can picture gay, lighted rooms, friends laughing merrily, music and dancing. I can see floors that are gleaming with a beautiful wax-polish, that say to all the world, "There's a good housekeeper in this home." I can see table tops, richly polished with genuine JOHNSON'S WAX -- windowsills, woodwork and many other objects protected and beautified with this famous, 50-year-old wax polish. And it makes me feel very glad to see these beautiful JOHNSON-WAXED surfaces -- because I know how much work will be saved every month during 1941, because waxed floors, furniture and woodwork are so much easier to keep clean.

And so, here's to 1941 -- may it be a gleaming, happy, prosperous year for you!

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC UP TO FINISH

(APPLAUSE)

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WILL: AT THIS TIME OF YEAR, THE CHINESE HAVE A WONDERFUL CUSTOM. THEY PAY UP ALL THEIR DEBTS BEFORE THE OLD YEAR ENDS. OUR TWO RESIDENTS OF 79 WISTFUL VISTA AREN'T CHINESE, BUT THEY'VE ADOPTED THIS OLD ORIENTAL CUSTOM. AND HERE... JUST AS THEY SETTLE UP FOR THE LAST OF THEIR BILLS, WE FIND:--

--- FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY'.

APPLAUSE

FIB: We're all clear now...eh, bud?
MOL: No more bills hanging over us?
MAN: Not a single one, folks - except this one. When you sign this paper your debts are refinanced for another year.
SOUND: PEN SCRATCHING
FIB: There you are, bud! Ain't this wonderful, Molly...all our eggs in one basket!
MOL: Something tells me we're payin' more for the basket than we did for the eggs.
MAN: Oh, I'm sure you'll find this a great convenience. For instance, take this item for five hundred dollars...for a radio-phonograph you purchased at the Bon Ton Departm---
FIB: PLEASE, bud. Let's not talk about that. That's water over the er...over the "OBSTRUCTION", as we say on the radio. Well, are we all set now?
MAN: Yes, indeed, Mr. McGee. Now that we have a chattel mortgage on your home, your car, your life insurance and your furniture you have nothing more to worry about.

MOL: Well, we'll try and make the payments promptly.

MAN: Oh I'm sure you will. But any time you don't, you'll find me right at your door. (LAUGHS GENIALLY)

FIB: Right at our door, eh? (LAUGHS) Well, we'll be seein' you, Mr... er...Mr.....?

MAN: Wolf. Good day!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:....TRAFFIC UP AND FADE

MOL: My isn't it nice to owe just one big whopping sum of money instead of a mere flock of big bills?

FIB: Wonderful! I feel like I was walkin' on air. Though it could be that I need a new pair o' shoes. These soles are so thin I could stand on a phonograph record and tell you whether it was Jimmy Dorsey or Tommy Dorsey.

MOL: Well, maybe we can squeeze enough out of the budget to get you a new pair of - Oh dear!!!

FIB: S'matter?

MOL: Here comes Mrs. Uppington. ~~The~~

FIB: Get a load of the new fur coat. I'll bet them little minks sometimes wonder why they ever get married and have children!

MOL: If that's mink, there's many a magician that's pulled a fortune out of a silk hat. She's so - OH HOW DO YOU DO, MRS. UPPINGTON! SO NICE TO SEE YOU!

UPP: (FADE IN) Oh how do you do, Mrs. McGee...AND Mr. McGee.

FIB: Hi, Uppy.

UPP: My how fortunate that I ran into you! I am giving a party New Year's night...that's tomorrow night you know... and I want you BOTH to come!

MOL: Well, thank you, Mrs. Uppington. Is it a costume party?

UPP: I imagine YOU would consider it so, Mrs. McGee. It's formal.

MOL: Oh I don't know, Mrs. Uppington...we get around a bit. And I have a new strapless evening gown I haven't even had on yet.

FIB: It ain't have you had it on, Molly. It's can you KEEP it on. Better fill your compact with glue before you go or--

MOL: Hush dearie. And incidentally, you'd better get your tuxedo pressed.

UPP: Oh please, Mrs. McGee...not his tuxedo. White tie, you know

FIB: That's for me, Uppy. Nothin' snappier than a dark blue shirt with a white tie.

UPP: (LAUGHS) Oh Mr. McGee...you are SO amusing!

MOL: What's so amusing about a blue shirt and a white tie? OH... I GET IT....(LAUGHS) McGee, she thinks you're forgetting your trousers! (LAUGHS HEARTILY) Oh Abigail...you slay me!

UPP: But you WILL come, won't you? And do bring dear Uncle Dennis. Otherwise we shall have 13!!

MOL: Oh Uncle Dennis will love it. He'll be there with bells on.

UPP: Bells on?

FIB: Yes, he jingles quicker that way.

MOL: MCGEE, HE NEVER--

UPP: Dennis is SUCH an interesting man. And so handsome. Tell me - is it true that he was once a model for collar ads?

MOL: Yes it is, Mrs. Uppington - quite true.

FIB: Yes he modeled for collar ads til the automobile come into style, and ruined the harness market. Don't let him give you that malarkey, Uppy. He never posed for ads. That was mo.

UPP: YOU?
MOL: What ads did you ever pose for, McGee?
FIB: Well when I was a child -- a chubby little rosy cheeked
> child -- I used to pose for calendars. Remember that one of
the little kid that had just been pulled outa the water by
the big St. Bernard dog?
UPP: OH YES!!! That was always one of my favorites. So YOU
posed for that, Mr. McGee.
FIB: Yep. That was me.
UPP: How interesting - and WHO POSED AS THE CHILD? But never
mind that....Don't forget the party. GOODBYEEEEEE!!!!

TRAFFIC UP & FADE

FIB: (MUTTERS) Who posed for the child....if she ain't the---
MOL: My Uncle Dennis will be pleased to hear he's invited. He
doesn't go around much.
FIB: His head does. And speakin' of Uncle Dennis - what's that
layin' there in the gutter?
MOL: What? Where? Oh it's just an old --
FIB: (OFF MIKE) HEY LOOK,...A GOLD WATCH! Somebody musta lost
it.
MOL: It's a beautiful one, too. Hardly any thickness to it.
FIB: I can carry it to Uppington's party. I expect to have a
pretty thin time over there. Boy this is my lucky day! I
can USE a good watch like this.
MOL: OH NO YOU CAN'T. You'll find the owner and give it back.
Don't forget - you're the President of the Chamber of
Commerce. You can't go around stealing watches.
FIB: Let's have it appraised. If it's worth a lotta dough, I
can resign as President of the Chamb---

MOL: McGee....DON'T TALK LIKE THAT. We're gonna advertise for
the owner of this watch. Here's the Wistful Vista Gazette
office right here. Come on in.

DOOR OPEN & CLOSE...MURMUR OF VOICES

FIB: Over here, Molly. HEY, BUD.....YOU THE LOST AND FOUND
AD-TAKER?
MAN: Yes sir - are you lost?
FIB: No, I AIN'T, I was ---
MAN: OH YOU WERE FOUND! Did you find him, lady? Well the law
reads that you can keep him for thirty days and if nobody
wants him (and why should they,) you can keep him. That is
unless --
MOL: FOR GOODNESS SAKES, KEEP QUIET! We want to insert an ad
about a watch.
MAN: OH GOOD GRAVY!...ANOTHER WATCH!....ALL I HEAR FROM MORNING
TO NIGHT IS WATCHES AND DOGS!...DOGS AND WATCHES!...DOGS,
DOGS, DOGS!..WATCHES, WATCHES, WATCHES!...WHY DOESN'T
ANYBODY EVER LOSE A WAFFLE IRON OR A BIRD-CAGE?
FIB: You..er...you ain't mad at us because we come in here, are
you, bud?
MAN: No, of course not. It's just the monotony of it all that
gets me sometimes. Do you want me to help you make out
your ad?
MOL: Are you an expert?
MAN: AMII! See this gold star in my lapel? I won that.
FIB: What for?
MAN: For abbreviating ads. I can compress an advertisement into
such a few words that it's absolutely meaningless.
MOL: Well, we want this to mean something. We wanta do the right
thing.

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MAN: Sometimes the right thing is the wrong thing, madam. Do you know what happened to me when I was a little boy. I found a thousand dollars in a wallet. AND I returned it to the rightful owner.

FIB: He give you a reward, bud?

MAN: He gave me a slap on the ear for walking across his lawn. That's why I say - KEEP the watch. Nobody'll ever know the diff---

MOL: I'LL HEAR NO MORE OF THIS INSIDIOUS TALK. Now make out an ad for us please. Something like this: FOUND: WATCH, AT CORNER OF 14th & OAK STREETS.

MAN: You don't need the words streets. Just say 14th and Oak.

FIB: That's right, we dont. FOUND: WATCH, AT CORNER OF 14th & OAK ...

MAN: You don't need CORNER, either. Everybody knows 14th & Oak is an intersection.

MOL: That's true. Then say: FOUND: WATCH. AT 14th & OAK: OWNER CAN HAVE -

MAN: May have.

MOL: OWNER MAY HAVE

MAN: Recover.

FIB: OWNER MAY RECOVER -

MAN: That's not good. Sounds like he's been sick.

FIB: DAD-RAT IT, BUD...QUIT BUTTIN' IN, WILL YOU?

MAN: Just trying to help. That's why I'm here.

MOL: I was beginning to wonder. NOW PUT THIS DOWN. "FOUND: WATCH; AT 14th & OAK, OWNER MAY HAVE BY DESCRIBING AND PAYING FOR THIS AD." How's that?

MAN: Well, it won't take the *Bulet* prize for literature. But you're paying for it. Do you want a box?

FIB: Yes I do, bud. Take off your glasses.

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MAN: No, I mean... a box NUMBER. Or do you want your name and address on the ad?

MOL: Just say CALL OR PHONE FIBBER MCGEE, 79 WISTFUL VISTA. Now how much do we owe you?

MAN: \$1.95.

FIB: Here you are bud, - dollar ninety-five.

MAN: Gee, thanks. (YELLS) Hey, Chief! I just took in a dollar ninety-five.

2nd MAN: A dollar ninety-five!!! Wonderful! Now we can go to press. Hey, boys, let 'em roll.

(SHOUTS - CONFUSION - GONGS - BELLS - TELETYPE PPS - PRESSES ROAR.

ORCH: ("SO YOU'RE THE ONE")
"APPLAUSE)

SECOND SPOT:

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FIB: Well, we can sit down and relax, Molly. I imagine the calls will start comin' in any time now. Though I hope nobody shows up to claim this watch.

MOL: It is beautiful, isn't it?

FIB: Not only beautiful, - it's smart. Most intelligent watch I ever saw?

MOL: Intelligent?

FIB: Yeah...look - it's got Arabic Numerals, a Swiss movement and keeps time in English. Why shucks, it -

DOOR KNOCK:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

MAN: Fibber McGee live here?

FIB: I'M Fibber McGee, bud.

MAN: Well, I came to claim that watch I lost.

MOL: Can you identify it in any way?

MAN: Yes, I can. It has my name on it.

FIB: What is your name, bud?

MAN: Hamilton Bulova Waltham, of Elgin, Illinois.

MOL: Well we're sorry - this is a Lonjeannie with a light-brown hairspring.

MAN: Oh - sorry!

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Does that watch keep pretty good time, McGee?

FIB: Search me. Accordin' to that clock on the dining room wall it's pretty fast.

MOL: That isn't a clock. It's a barometer.

FIB: Oh. Oh, that's right. I thought half past cloudy was a little vague.

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DOOR BURSTS OPEN:

WIL: (IN GREAT EXCITEMENT) HEY FIBBER!!! MOLLY!!! DID YOU FIND A WATCH?

MOL: Yes, we did, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Now don't tell me, Harlow that you -

WIL: DID YOU FIND IT AT 14th & OAK STREETS?

MOL: Yes we did. But why ---

WIL: DID YOU FIND IT ABOUT ELEVEN O'CLOCK THIS MORNING?

FIB: Yes but you'll have to descri-

WIL: LOOK....JUST BEFORE ELEVEN O'CLOCK I JUMPED A PUDDLE AT THE CORNER OF 14th AND OAK....I WAS IN A HURRY, SEE? BECAUSE I WAS GIVING A DEMONSTRATION OF JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT AT ONE OF OUR DEALERS.

MOL: You mean you think this watch fell out of-

WIL: (FAST) WELL, I DASHED OVER TO THIS DEALERS STORE TO SHOW THEM HOW GLO-COAT IS SO QUICK AND EASY TO USE AND REQUIRES NO RUBBING OR BUFFING AND DRIES TO A MIRROR-LIKE POLISH IN 20 MINUTES OR LESS, SO I WAS REALLY HURRYING, SEE?

FIB: Look Harlow - as the cannibal said when he tasted the soup, "You're a fine broth of a boy", but if you want this watch you gotta describe it to us.

WIL: OH, THE WATCH ISN'T MINE. I HAD MINE AT THE DEMONSTRATION BECAUSE I REMEMBER I NOTED THAT THE GLO-COAT DRIED TO A GRAND HARD POLISH IN EXACTLY 18 MINUTES AND TWELVE SECONDS - AND THEY ORDERED THREE CARLOADS, SO IT JUST GOES TO SHOW YOU HOW USEFUL A GOOD WATCH CAN BE, SO I HOPE YOU CAN KEEP IT. WELL, SO LONG, NOW.

DOOR SLAM:

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DOOR SLAM:

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FIB: Some day we're gonna be in a situation that Harlow can't tie up with a sales talk.

MOL: I wonder what he'll do then!

FIB: I know what he'll do. He'll be so mortified he'll lay down and bang his head on the floor only it won't hurt the floor because he'll see that it's been protected with a beautiful coat of Johnson's -

KNOCK AT DOOR:

MOL: Well, I hope this isn't somebody else that HASN'T lost a watch. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

FIB: Hiyah, bud. I suppose you come in toHEY,...AIN'T I SEEN YOU SOMEWHERE BEFORE?

MAN: It's quite possible. I came in to claim the watch you found at 14th and Oak Streets this morning.

MOL: Can you describe this watch?

MAN: Certainly. It's a gold watch - Arabic numerals and a second-hand...no fob or chain, round stem, 17 jewels, Swiss movement - so shoot the Gruen to me, Bruin.

FIB: Aw dad rat it. I'm afraid you're right, bud. Just make out a receipt and you can have the -

MOL: WAIT A MINUTE MCGEE.....I KNOW THIS MAN.

FIB: Eh?

MOL: HE'S THE MAN AT THE GAZETTE OFFICE WHO TOOK OUR WANT AD THIS MORNING. WE SHOWED HIM THE WATCH THEN - REMEMBER?

MAN: AW WELL!...Nothing ventured, nothing gained, is what I always say. Now, let's see...where's my next stop. Oh yes....lady found a diamond necklace. If I don't have better luck the rest of the week I'm going to start asking for a salary!

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DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Why that dirty gypper! He'll never get anywhere with that crooked business - until he gets sense enough to wear a false mustache or somethin'. Of all the shady -

TELEPHONE:

FIB: Oh another one - (CLICKS) HELLO...YES.....WE FOUND A WATCH. YES...IN THE GUTTER AT 14TH & OAK....EH? WHADDYE MEAN WHY CAN'T WE MIND OUR OWN BUSINESS? WHY YOU BIG - HELLO...HELLO(CLICK) (CLICK).

MOL: Who was that?

FIB: Business Manager O' the Street Cleaner's Union. He -

DOOR OPENS:

TEE: HIYAH, MISTER. WHATCHA DOIN'?

FIB: Oh just settin' here watchin' for watch wanters. Whatcha want?

TEE: Oh, I thought maybe you'd like to come over to our house and play with my electric trains.

FIB: No, thanks just the same sis. but I wouldn't deprive your father of the pleasure.

TEE: Oh, he isn't playing with it any more - not since he blew out the fuse.

FIB: Oh, I see - you want me to come over and locate the short circuit?

TEE: No - I want you to come over and locate Papa.

FIB: Sorry I can't make it, but I gotta hang around here. What else did you get for Christmas - besides the train?

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TEE: Oh, I got a lot o' things. A pair of skates and a suit case and a Molly Dolly - and a -

FIB: Hey, wait a minute - what's a Molly Dolly?

TEE: Oh, the kind that says, "HEAVENLY DAYS"!

FIB: What else did you wangle out of Kringle?

TEE: Well, I got a new game, dad rat it.

FIB: Watch your language. Sis....this is a family program. What game you talkin' about?

TEE: Dad rat it, I told you.

FIB: Now just a minute, sis.....you don't seem to know what I'm driving at.

TEE: What are you driving?

FIB: I'm not driving anything!

TEE: But you just said -

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FIB: No, sis -
TEE: But I heard you stinctly say -
FIB: But I didn't - look, little girl, how about going back to
the beginning, huh?
TEE: Alllllllrighty.....ready?
FIB: Okay.
TEE: Hiya, Mr. McGee -
FIB: No - no - all I want to find out is the name of the game,
dad rat it!
TEE: That's it!
FIB: What's it?
TEE: Gee, Mister, I've been trying to tell you all along - the
name of the game is "Dad Rat It."
FIB: Eh? Oh, come now, sis - there's no such game ~~and~~ that

TEE: There is too, I betcha!
FIB: Ohhh, no there's not, I betcha!
TEE: OHHHHHHHH, YES THERE IS! I betcha!
FIB: OHHHHHHHH - Well, HOW DO YOU PLAY IT?
TEE: Well, everybody gets a card with a lotta numbers on it.
And then a man starts calling out these numbers and everybod
puts beans on his numbers and pretty soon one of the players
says; "Bingo" and then everybody else yells "DAD RAT IT!"
G'bye, Mister and a Happy New Year.

APPLAUSE

ORK: "THE WINTER'S SONG," or "DON'T TELL ME YOU FROZE YOUR
ASCAP!!" KING'S MEN

(REVISED) -17-

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THIRD SPOT:

FIB: Well, nobody's claimed this watch for quite a while, Molly. Looks like it's mine all right.

MOL: Not for thirty days, McGee. After all, you can't...
HERE HERE...STOP TAPPING ON THAT CRYSTAL!

FIB: Aw this don't hurt it. It's a unbreakable crystal, so -

SOUND: TINY TINKLE OF GLASS:

FIB: Shucks, I'D a swore this was a unbreakable crystal!

MOL: And when did you become an expert on watch crystals?

FIB: Took a course in the chemical structure of glass once. Ye see, the thing that makes a crystal breakable or unbreakable is the microscopic arrangement of the little Mollycoddles -

MOL: You mean molecules.

FIB: I do not. A molecule is a old-fashioned handbag.

MOL: That's a reticule.

FIB: GO ON...RETICULE IS WHEN YOU MAKE FUN OF SOMEBODY.

MOL: You're thinking of RIDICULE.

FIB: I am? Then what's a mollycoddle?

MOL: A sissy.

FIB: THEN I WAS RIGHT THE FIRST TIME. THIS CRYSTAL IS A SISSY
OR IT NEVER WOULD'A BROKE! Shucks, I guess I know.-----

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

HAL: AH THERE, MCGEE...HELLO, MRS. MCGEE. What's this I hear about you finding a valuable watch?

MOL: Yes, we found it at 14th and Oak Streets this morning, Mr. Gildersleeve. Been advertisin' for the owner. Show it to him, McGee!

FIB: See, Gildy?

HAL: Hmmm. The crystal's broken!

MOL: McGee just did that. He discovered that the molecules are mollycoddles.

HAL: He did, eh? (LAUGHS) I'LL bet that would be very funny if I knew what you were talking about. Look, McGee...you bent one of the hands when you broke the crystal.

FIB: I did...which one?

MOL: The second hand.

FIB: The second hand from the right - or from the left?

HAL: JUST THE SECOND HAND, YOU DUMBELL. That little tiny hand. Here let me straighten it, McGee. I'VE got a steadier hand than you have.

FIB: OH YEAH. Your hand shakes like a grass skirt at a stag party. I'LL do this myself. Lend me the loan of your boy scout knife. I always was a whiz at fixin' watches.

MOL: (PROUDLY) McGee is part Swiss, Mr. Gildersleeve.
HAL: He is?
MOL: Yes, when he was a little tiny baby they always used him to bait mousetraps with.
FIB: AW QUIT KIDDIN'... CAN'T YOU SEE I'M DOIN' A DELICATE JOB HERE? Now let's see...if I take out this little screw on the side here -
HAL: WAIT A MINUTE MCGEE!...THIS IS NO PLACE TO DO A JOB LIKE THAT. TAKE IT OUT ON THE DINING ROOM TABLE SO YOU CAN KEEP TRACK OF THE PARTS.
FIB: Good idea.
MOL: Look, boys..if you're so afraid of losing part of the works why don't you go sit in the bath tub and take it apart?
HAL: OH MY GOODNESS...(LAUGHS) What a silly idea.
FIB: IT IS NOT A SILLY IDEA.
MOL: It is too.
HAL: IT IS NOT.
FIB: QUIT ARGUIN' WITH MY WIFE, GILDERSLEEVE! IF SHE SAYS TO GO SIT IN THE BATH TUB, THAT'S WHERE WE'LL ---

TELEPHONE

MOL: Oh oh....excuse me. (CLICK) 79 WISTFUL VISTA...MOLLY MCGEE SPEAKIN'. YES...YES...WELL CAN YOU DESCRIBE THE WATCH? Yes..ER..NO...NO....YES....NO....WELL THAT'S NOT A VERY GOOD DESCRIPTION. I'M SORRY! (CLICK)
HAL: Didn't they describe it accurately, Mrs. McGee?

MOL: No. They never said a thing about the crystal bein' broken or the second hand bent. Just another faker I guess.
FIB: WELL, COME ON, GILDERSLEEVE...Let's get in the bath tub.
HAL: ALL RIGHT...(LAUGHS)Gee, THIS OUGHT TO BE FUN!
SOUND: DOOR LATCH:
MOL: Better take off your shoes, boys. I don't want that tub all scratched up.
HAL: Okay.
FIB: Okay.
SOUND: FOUR THUDS:
HAL: After you, McGee.
FIB: You first, Gildy. And set in the front end will you? It makes me dizzy to ride backwards...
SOUND: CLANG OF CLIMBING INTO TUB:
FIB: Make sure the drain pipe is stoppered, will you, Molly?
MOL: Too bad Mr.Wilcox isn't here to put the plug in. (HEARTY LAUGH) ALL RIGHT BOYS...HERE'S THE WATCH...AND THE JACK KNIFE....AND TWO HAIRPINS....Now go to it!
HAL: I hope to goodness this isn't a violation of the Wagner Act.
FIB: What'dya mean, Gildy?
HAL: Laying off the hands and closing down the works without notice. (LAUGHS) Get it, folks? I said -
MOL: TAIN'T FUNNY, MCGEE!
FIB: I didn't say it!

MOL: You would of if you'd thought of it first.

FIB: Now let's see...I take this thing here and (Oops)

SOUND: BUZZ AND PING

HAL: (LAUGHS) What's that?

FIB: Search me...all I done was to pry up a little on the face of it.

HAL: How?

FIB: Like this - I just - (Oops)

SOUND: WHIZZ...BURRRR....TINKLE AND POP

MOL: Oh! That lovely, beautiful watch!!

HAL: My goodness...I haven't seen so many wheels since DeMille made the Covered Wagon. (LAUGHS) Isn't this fun, though?

MOL: WAIT A MINUTE BOYS...I THINK THE HOT WATER FAUCET IS LEAKING A LITTLE...

FIB: Well shut it tight, Molly. We don't want any water to get on these delicate parts or -

SOUND: SUDDEN SHOWER OF WATER...GILDERSLEEVE YELLS...McGEE YELLS

SOUND OUT

MOL: Oh, I'm sorry...I must have turned it the wrong way.

FIB: That's okay, Molly. Nobody got wet but Gildersleeve.

HAL: Oh, don't mind me. I never saw a watch get its face washed before. (LAUGHS)

FIB: Quit jigglin', Gildersleeve, and get your foot outa my pocket! Now let's see...if I unscrew this little....

SOUND: BUZZ...WHANGGGGGGG...TINY CLATTER OF PARTS

HAL: (LAUGHS HEARTILY) WELL, I'M GLAD THIS ISN'T MY WATCH!

FIB: Hey. You know what we been doin' wrong, Gildersleeve? We been startin' on the wrong side. We oughtta of took the back off-first.

d

HAL: Oh goody - let's try it!! I like to see the springs jump out. (LAUGHS)

SOUND: GLICK

FIB: Here, Molly...you hold the back cover, willya?

MOL: Certainly dearie. Do you want me to get in there with you?

HAL: Might be a little crowded, Mrs. McGee. As it is, I keep banging my head against the soap dish.

FIB: That's okay, Gildy. On you that ivory looks very good.

MOL: OH! HEAVENLY DAYS!! MCGEE!! MR. GILDERSLEEVE!!!

HAL: What's the matter now?

MOL: LOOK!...THERE'S AN INSCRIPTION INSIDE THE BACK HERE!

HAL: WHAT?

FIB: THERE IS?

HAL: (LAUGHS) IMAGINE THAT! WHAT'S THE POOR SAP'S NAME?

MOL: Listen...the inscription says: Happy New Year From The Boys At The Factory to our Beloved Boss THROCKMORTON P. GILDERSLEEVE.

HAL: Oooooohhh!!!!

FIB: (LAUGHS LIKE HELL)

ORCH: "SOMEONE" - FADE FOR

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S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
DECEMBER 31, 1940
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

(REVISED)

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL

ANNCR: -Before Fibber and Molly return, I'd like to suggest one more resolution for you for 1941. Here it is -- to save work, to save your linoleum floors, resolve now to do away with floor scrubbing -- resolve now to protect your floors the easy, modern way with JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. Continuous scrubbing ruins linoleum -- GLO-COAT protects it, makes it last longer, keeps its colors bright and fresh -- and in the bargain, GLO-COAT takes practically no work at all. It needs no rubbing or buffing. Just apply and let dry -- and in 20 minutes your floor is sparkling with beauty, and is easy to keep spotless. If you haven't been using GLO-COAT in 1940, try it in 1941 -- And once again, may I wish you on behalf of the makers of JOHNSON'S WAX and GLO-COAT, a happy, useful and prosperous 1941.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

(2ND REVISION)

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TAG GAG

FIB: Say, Mollie. Next time me and Gildersleeve get in the bathtub to fix a watch, remind me to have that leaky faucet fixed.

MOL: That's a good idea. Three drips in one tub is too many.

FIB: Eh? Oh. AHEM. Have a good time tonight, everybody, but drive carefully. Goodnight.

MOL: A HAPPY NEW YEAR, TO YOU! And goodnite, all!!!!

ORCH: (CLOSING SIGNATURE)

APPLAUSE

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S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
DECEMBER 31, 1940
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

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CLOSING TAG

CUE: (MOLLY) ... "Goodnight, All"

.....
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
DECEMBER 31, 1940
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.

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

.....
Many of you are going out in your car tonight. Before
you take the wheel, take a good look at the finish -- and
ask yourself why you haven't given your car a beauty
treatment -- with CARNU, JOHNSON'S sensational new auto
polish. CARNU, you know, actually cleans and wax-polishes
in one operation -- in half the time it used to take.
CARNU will make your car sparkle, will make the finish
easier to keep clean. In fact, you'll agree with all
others who say, "Your car looks like new when you use
CARNU."