

(REVISED)

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.

WRITERS: DON QUINN  
LEN LEVINSON

"FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY #275

NBC - RED

6:30 - 7:00

JANUARY 7th, 1941.

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(REVISED)

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

ORK: THEME

WILL: 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 -  
"MY MIND'S ON YOU".

ORCH: "MY MIND'S ON YOU"

WIL: COMM'L:

P. 3 for Comm'l.

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.  
Fibber McGee & Molly  
1-7-41  
Tuesday 6:30 PM PST NBC

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Opening Commercial

ANNCR: Here we are again with that old problem - how to remember to write 1941 instead of 1940 on the top of our letters. May I suggest an easy way to solve that problem? Get out your pencil and paper and write down ten times this sentence: "This is 1941 and I am going to use JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT on my linoleum floors this year."

If you keep that resolution you'll be doing yourself a great favor...because GLO-COAT not only saves time and work, but it saves you...saves your hands and your back by doing away with tiresome floor scrubbing. GLO-COAT also saves your linoleum, makes it last much longer....and keeps it fresh and new-looking. GLO-COAT needs no rubbing or buffing - that's why it's called SELF-POLISHING.

Simply apply and let dry, and in 20 minutes your linoleum floor is something to be proud of. If you're not already using JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT -- don't put off trying it.

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

(2ND REVISION) -4-

WIL: WELL, NOW THAT THE MCGEES HAVE RE-FINANCED ALL THEIR LAST YEAR'S BILLS...ALL THEY HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT IS 1941 - or, in other words, from now on!  
AND HERE, AT THE 14th NATIONAL BANK, AT 14th & OAK, WISTFUL VISTA, DRAWING A HUNDRED DOLLARS FOR CURRENT EXPENSES, WE FIND --

-- GUESS WHO!

APPLAUSE

FIB: Here you are, Cashier. Give us a hundred dollars, please.

MAN: How do you want it - what denominations?

MOL: Never mind that. You go to your church and we'll go to ours. Just give it to us in cash.

MAN: Yes, madam...but what size bills?

FIB: Hey look bud - for once in my life I wanta feel prosperous. Gimme a crisp, crackly hundred dollar bill, bud.

MOL: Don't you need some small change McGee?

FIB: No - just a quarter for the parkin' lot and I got that.

MAN: Here you are, Mr. McGee - a one hundred dollar bill.

SOUND: CRACKLES OF CRISP PAPER:

FIB: Oh boy! A hundred dollar bill! Ain't it beautiful. Come on, Molly, let's go out and see if we can meet a few friends.

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE: (FOOTSTEPS ON SIDEWALK)

MOL: I don't think you should a got that hundred all in one bill, McGee. Better let me carry it.

FIB: Naw...I'll carry it. I only hope we meet Gildersleeve.  
I'll pull this bill out kinda nonchalant and just stand  
there and watch his eyes bug out!

MOL: Yes - or Mrs. Uppington!

FIB: Yeah! I'd LOVE to flash this on her. As it is, she thinks  
we're pretty impeculiar.

MOL: You mean impecunious.

FIB: I do not. Impecunious is when you do stuff without thinkin'.

MOL: That's IMPETUOUS.

FIB: I thought impetuous meant a girl who doesn't pet.

MOL: That's non-competitive.

FIB: Oh. Then what does impeculiar mean?

MOL: There isn't any such word.

FIB: There ain't? WELL THAT JUST GOES TO SHOW YOU HOW STIMULATIN'  
IT IS TO CARRY A FLOCK O' DOUGH! I get a hundred-dollar  
bill and first thing you know I'm makin' up new words!

MOL: Well, keep 'em clean, dearie. Here's the parking lot. And  
you'd better let me take that money.

FIB: Aw, I'm of age. You know I never lose money. HEY BUD...  
GET MY CAR WILLYA?

MAN: Okay, Mister - 2 bits, please.

FIB: Here's a quarter bud...I - OOOOOPS! (CLATTER OF COIN ON  
FENDER)...(PAUSE) GRAB THAT QUARTER!

MOL: (FADE OFF) Oh dear....I think it went under this car here,  
Mr. Attendant.

MAN: (OFF MIKE) I don't see it, lady.

FIB: It rolled over that way, I think. Hey, Molly. It didn't  
go that far!

MOL: It didn't?

FIB: No, come out from under that Cadillac. See that quarter any  
place, bud?

MAN: No, I don't.

MOL: Give him another quarter, dearie.

FIB: I...er...I ain't got another quarter. You give him a  
quarter.

MOL: I haven't got a cent with me.

FIB: HMMMMM. Well look, bud...all I got with me is this hundred  
dollar bill? See? I guess that'll show I'm responsible.

MAN: Aren't you Fibber McGee....the actor?

MOL: That's right.

MAN: I thought so. Put that stage money away and show me two  
bits in cash. And hurry up....I ain't got all day.

FIB: Now wait a minute...after all there's a quarter layin'  
around here somewhere. You let us take our car and when  
you find the quarter -

MAN: (FADE) I'M SORRY. NO QUARTER....NO CAR. (FADE)

FIB: Guess we better go back to the bank.

MOL: We can't.

FIB: Why not?

MOL: It's ten after three. The bank's closed.

FIB: They'd open up again for a good customer.

MOL: I know. But that doesn't do US any good.

FIB: OH I KNOW.....we'll walk up to the Elk's Club and I'll pay my back dues. (LAUGHS) Shucks, they'll be so glad to get 'em they'll change this bill without blinkin' a --

MOL: How much are your back dues?

FIB: Lemme see...I'm paid up thru 1938...or is it 1937...couple of assessments...locker fees...tore the cloth on the pool table in 1939....OH ABOUT 97 DOLLARS.

MOL: I see. So you'll come out of the Elk's with only three dollars. Why that's enough to set your tooth on edge!

FIB: Then we'll have to tramp around town and find somebody to change this bill before....OH OH...WE'RE SAVED! HERE COMES MRS. UPPINGTON! For once in my life I'm glad to see the old moose.

(FOOTSTEPS FADING IN)

MOL: MCGEE! STOP REFERRING TO MRS. UPPINGTON AS AN OLD MOOSE... FOR SHAME!...And you, who pretend to love animals! Why it's ...OH HELLO! ABIGAIL DARLIN'!!! SO nice to see you.,and I DO mean nice!

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

FIB: Hiyah, Uppy. Hey how much dough you got?

UPP: Well, counting my stock in United States Steel, my A.T. & T. and my Government bonds, I don't consider it any of your business, Mr. McGee.

MOL: Look, Abigail....he wasn't being personal. That was just his tactful way of asking how much you have on you?

UPP: Well, I have on some long woolen - PLEASE!!! It IS STILL NOT ANY OF YOUR BUSINESS!!!!

FIB: HEY....UPPY.....LOOK.....SEE THIS? A HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL!

UPP: ~~Well, it seems that must be very gratifying to you, BUT WILL~~  
*yes but*  
PLEASE STOP WAVING IT IN MY FACE, MR. MCGEE. DON'T YOU REALIZE THAT PAPER MONEY IS SIMPLY LADEN WITH GERMS?

MOL: Well, that's the first good news I've had today. I'D LOVE TO get caught in an epidemic of hundred dollar bills!

FIB: Mrs. Uppington...to make the whole thing short and sweet. Can you make change for this?

UPP: To be equally short and not quite so sweet, Mr. McGee. NO! I CANN'T. And if I may presume to advise you, I think you are being rawtheh foolish to flourish such large sums of money about.

FIB: Aw don't worry about me, Uppy. I'm used to handlin' big hunks o' mazuma. Why when I was in vaudeville I used to carry a roll o' bills as big around as your arm.

(REVISED)

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MOL: Bigger, McGee.....she's pretty skinny in the arms.  
UPP: PLEASE, MRS. MCGEE, I -  
FIB: YES SIR...I NOT ONLY CARRIED MY OWN MONEY BUT EVERYBODY IN  
VAUDE OWED ME DOUGH. VAUDE-DE-OWED-DOUGH MCGEE, I WAS  
KNOWED AS IN THEM DAYS...  
MOL: Oh dear...  
FIB: VAUDE-E-OWE-DOUGH MCGEE. VOTED BY "VARIETY" THE VERSATILE  
VIRTUOSO OF THE VIOLIN, THE VIOL AND THE VELOCIPEDA.  
VOYAGING FROM VENICE TO VENEZUELA, VIA VANCOUVER AND  
VICKSBURG WITH A VALISEFUL OF VARIED VALUABLES; VETERAN  
VENTRILOQUIST WITH A VOICE AND VOCABULARY AS VOCIFEROUS  
AND VOLUBLE AS THE VOLCANO VESUVIUS - AND VICE VERSA.  
VERY VAIN OF MY VOCATION AS A VOWEL AND VERB VOCALIST,  
VOICING AND VERSIFYING THE VALUABLE VOLUMES OF VIRGIL, VERDE,  
VOLTAIRE AND VINCHELL - WITH A VIGOR AND A VERVE AND A VOOM  
AND A VIM - THE VANDERBILT OF VAUDEVILLE - AND I WAS HIM.

APPLAUSE:

ORCHESTRA: "FRENESI"

APPLAUSE:

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2ND SPOT

(2ND REVISION) -10-

MOL: I still think we should go back to the parking lot, McGee...  
and look for that quarter you lost.  
FIB: WHAT? Me with a hundred dollar bill - grubbin' around in  
the dirt for a lous-..for a measly two bits? (LAUGHS) Why  
that's like askin' R. J. Reynolds to roll his own cigarettes.  
MOL: Look, dearie....you've tried to get that bill changed in five  
different places - and I'm gettin' tired of walking, and I'm  
cold, too - and hungry. How far are we from home?  
FIB: Oh about 2½ miles. You tired?  
MOL: TIRED...I'M so tired my calves are mooing at each other!  
If you hadn't been so careless about losing that quarter--  
FIB: HEY WAIT....AIN'T THIS WHERE THE OLD TIMER LIVES?  
MOL: Search me...is it?  
FIB: Sure it is...there he is in the window... HEY OLD TIMER...  
WE WANNA TALK TO YOU...STICK YOUR HEAD OUT THE WINDOW!  
SOUND: GLASS CRASH  
OLD M: Hello there kids...happy New Year!  
MOL: Heavenly days...you stuck your head right thru the glass,  
Mr. Old Timer.  
OLD M: Ain't that what Johnny told me to do?  
FIB: I just said to stick your head out...why didn't you open  
the window?  
OLD M: Didn't wanta. Too cold.  
MOL: Well, look, Mr. Old Timer....we have a hundred dollar bill  
that nobody can change...how about lendin' us cabfare home?

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OLD M: *None. Cont.*  
MOL: Why not?  
OLD M: Spent all my dough New Year's Eve.  
FIB: Well how about drivin' us home in your car?  
OLD M: Can't.  
MOL: Why not?  
OLD M: Ain't got any pants, daughter. Split 'em doin' the rhumba New Year's Eve.  
FIB: Then how about lendin' us your car for a couple o' hours?  
OLD M: Can't.  
MOL: Why not?  
OLD M: Ain't got a car. Wrecked it New Year's Eve.  
FIB: Well, I guess that's that, then. ~~Sorry~~. Sorry to of bothered you, Old Timer. As the ball-player says when he kissed the third baseman goodbye, "I better be gettin' home!" (LAUGHS)  
OLD M: Yes, and as the boy says when he joined the army... "I better be gettin' in before the draft gits me!"  
SOUND: WALKING ON PAVEMENT  
FIB: Ain't this a panic, Molly?....(LAUGHS).....Me with a hundred dollar bill in my pocket and we can't even buy a ride home. Anybody'd think we -- OUCH!!  
MOL: What's the matter?  
FIB: My foot. Gettin' a blister, I guess. Let's walk a little slower so I can ---  
WIL: (FADE IN) Well hello there, Fibber....Hello, Molly...JUST the people I wanted to see!

FIB: Hey, you're just the 'guy we wanted to see, too, Harlow. Look, can you---  
WIL: Wait a minute....I want to show you a letter. It's from the sponsor. It says -- DEAR HARLOW...THE MAKERS OF JOHNSON'S WAX AND JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLOCOAT--  
FIB: Get on with the letter. We know what they make.  
WIL: Quit interrupting me. THE MAKERS OF JOHNSON'S WAX AND JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLOCOAT WISH TO EXPRESS THEIR APPRECIATION OF YOUR WORK DURING THE PAST YEAR.  
MOL: Oh heavenly days....Mr. Wilcox has got a job, McGee! Where you working, Mr. Wilcox?  
WIL: DAWGONNE IT, THEY MEAN MY WORK ON THIS PROGRAM.  
FIB: Ohhhhhh THAT! Well, go on.  
WIL: YOU HAVE DONE SUCH A WONDERFUL JOB OF TELLING PEOPLE THE REAL MERITS OF JOHNSON'S WAX....OF ITS HUNDREDS OF USES IN PROTECTING AND BEAUTIFYING SURFACES AGAINST SCRATCHES AND DIRT AND WEAR, AND OF ITS MANIFOLD BENEFITS --  
FIB: I should think a manifold would get pretty hot to use Johnson's wax on...but maybe---  
MOL: Quiet, dearie. Go on, Mr. Wilcox.  
WIL: That's about all....but the best part is that they enclosed FIVE ONE HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS AS A CHRISTMAS PRESENT! ISN'T THAT WONDERFUL? Look....ever see one before.  
FIB: Yes, we've seen one before.

WIL: AND THAT'S EVERY CENT I HAVE WITH ME. NOT ANOTHER NICKEL!  
Imagine that? .. (LAUGHS)....Can you lend me a couple of  
bucks, till I can break a bill? (ALL LAUGH) What're  
you laughing at?

FIB: Believe it or not, Harlow...we were just gonna ask you  
the same thing. Look...all we got is a hundred dollar  
bill, too.

WIL: Well, imagine that. That's one for Ripley, isn't it?  
ALL LAUGH LIKE HELL

SOUND: (CAR FADE IN)

WIL: Hey here comes my wife...she'll give me a ride downtown..  
HEY WILCOX...GIMME A LIFT!

(CAR UP AND STOP)

FIB: HOW ABOUT IT, HARLOW?? CAN YOU DROP US AT OUR HOUSE?  
I GOT A SORE FOOT.

WIL: Sorry, pal. Don't you see the sign on our windshield?  
"NO RIDERS?" (CAR DOOR SLAM) Step on it, sweetie-pie...I'm  
late. So long, folks!

CAR UP AND OUT

FIB: Why, I'll be an old Hemingway Expression!

~~MOL: MCGEE...STOP IT!~~

~~TEE: Well, Hemingway gets away with it!~~

MOL: You're not Hemingway. You're not even earnest!  
If you were you'd of spent more time lookin' for that  
quarter you lost. 2 miles from home and....

FIB: Oh take it easy, Molly. I'll stop in somewhere and call  
somebody up - Gildersleeve will drive down and rescue us.

MOL: What are you going to use for a nickel to call him up?

FIB: Eh? Say I never thought o' that, I...Let's see now....

I -

TEE: (OFF-FADE) Hiyah, Mr. McGee.

FIB: Oh-hello there, little girl. Where you goin'?

TEE: Down to the candy store and buy some candy, I betcha.  
Look, I got four cents.

FIB: Four cents, eh? HMMMMM. Sure you ain't got five cents?

TEE: No, just four.

FIB: Well, what say we make a deal, sis? You lend me your  
four pennies until tomorrow and I'll give you four pennies  
back and TWENTY-FIVE PENNIES TO BOOT!

TEE: To boot who?

FIB: Not to boot anybody. I mean twenty-five pennies INTEREST.  
Then you'll have 29 pennies. Think how much candy you  
can buy for 29¢!!

TEE: No thanks, Mister. I'd rather HAVE a sucker today than  
be one tomorrow. I always say.

FIB: Ye would eh? (LAUGHS)

TEE: (GIGGLES) Hmmm?

FIB: I say..er...Let's discuss this a little further, sis.  
I think we can make a deal somehow. Look I'll tell you  
what...you give me your four cents today...and I'll give  
you a dollar tomorrow.

TEE: (WHISTLES)

FIB: Is it a deal?  
TEE: Shake, pardner!  
FIB: Fine. Gimme the pennies.  
TEE: Here.  
FIB: Thanks, sis. You're a fine little girl.  
And you've helped us out of a bad spot.  
Aren't you glad?  
TEE: Yes I is.  
FIB: You mean yes I am.  
TEE: No, I mean yes I IS.  
FIB: That ain't grammatical, sis. It ain't proper to say  
I IS.  
TEE: It is too, I betcha.  
FIB: What's your authority?  
TEE: Well, what's the ninth letter in the alphabet?  
FIB: "I" is.  
TEE: AHHHH, YOU SEE? Well, see you tomorrow-morning, early.  
So long, Mister!  
FIB: Hot dog...now we're gettin' somewhere, Molly.  
Now I can call up Gildersleeve and -

MOL: WAIT A MINUTE McGEE!...FOUR CENTS ISN'T A NICKEL, What are  
you going to do for the other penny?  
FIB: I got one on my watch chain, see? My lucky piece. It'll  
have a hole in it, but it's still good. Wait'll I yank it  
off...

RATTLE OF CHAIN...CLINK:

FIB: There. Now come on in this cigar store while I call Giddy.

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

FIB: HEY BUD...GIMME A NICKEL FOR THESE PENNIES, WILLYA?

MAN: Okay, *Mister*.

CASH REGISTER: CLINK OF COINS:

FIB: Thanks!! Now - where's the telepho...oh here it is.

SOUND: CLICK: RATTLE OF COIN IN PHONE:

FIB: HELLO, OPERATOR? GIMME THE RESIDENCE OF THROCKMORTON P.  
GILDER- EH? Oh is that you, Myrt?

MOL: Oh dear!

FIB: HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING, MYRT? TIS EH? WHAT SAY, MYRT?  
YOUR LITTLE BROTHER? ~~HE'S IN THE~~ I'LL BET THAT  
MADE HIS HAIR STAND ON END!

MOL: Heavenly days..what made his hair stand on end, McGee?

FIB: He hung a carrot from the top of the rabbit hutch. LOOK,  
MYRT, I'M TRYIN' TO CALL GILDERSLEEVE BECAUSE WE'RE STUCK  
DOWNTOWN WITHOUT....HELLO...MYRT!?.HELLO!!! (CLICK CLICK)  
HEY MYRT!!! ANSWER ME, MYRT!! (CLICK CLICK) HEY MYRT,  
GIMME MY NICKEL BACK!! (CLICK - CONTINUE INTO)

ORK: "I HEAR A RHAPSODY" - KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE



SOUND: (CLICK CLICK...CLICK)  
(OUT OF APPLAUSE)

FIB: (HOARSE BY NOW) MYRT!:. ANSWER ME!:. I WANT MY NICKEL BACK!:  
HEY MYRT!:. (CLICK CLICK) CAN'T YOU HEAR ME, MYRT? IT'S  
FIBBER MCGEE!:. (CLICK CLICK) Aw dad-rat the dat-ratted  
luck: (RECEIVER UP) We were out off, Molly.

MOL: So I gathered.

FIB: HEY BUD ... YOU GOT CHANGE FOR A HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL  
IN THE CASH REGISTER?

MAN: Brother, all there is in this till is 87 cents, three  
I.O.U's and the boss' false teeth.

FIB: Okay. Come on, Molly.

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE: SOUND WALKING

MOL: Well,...how does that big bill look to you now, dearie?

FIB: Now I know what they mean by 'cold cash. This asset is  
frozen so hard it looks like the Green River in February.  
Gee, I'd like to siddown and take this shoe off. My feet  
are killin' me.

BOOM: (FADE IN) Ah there, a Happy New Year to you, My Dear!...  
and a fantastic '41 to you, too, Berptwerp!

MOL: Thank you, Mr. Boomer, the same to you.

FIB: Hiyah, Boomer. Hey can you change a hundred dollar bill?

BOOM: Why certainly - I've changed thousands of 'em. What do  
you want it changed to - a five hundred dollar bill? If  
you change it too much the Great White Father down in  
Washington is liable to become slightly annoyed.

MOL: No, Mr. Boomer..NO....you don't understand. We want the  
bill BROKEN....

FIB: We need some smaller bills.

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BOOM: Oh I see - How do you want it, Lardcan?

FIB: Just give us something we can SPEND, that's all.

BOOM: Certainly certainly...have a number of small bills right  
here somewhere....now where did I put those small bills...  
bills bills bills....here's a memo to visit my lawyer's  
office .....my late uncle left me an alarm clock and I  
must wind up the estate.....Message from Sheila the  
Shoplifter.....says she got into an argument with a couple  
of detectives and was dragged in by the heels.....Pawn  
ticket for a smoking jacket....Yes yes....all that's left  
of a hot overcoat.....bottle of peroxide for my old  
Gray Mare.....just to make it a horse of a different  
color.....and a check for a short egg-nppg...WELL WELL...  
IMAGINE THAT...NO CHANGE FOR A HUNDRED! As the Union  
Organizer said when he dug the buckshot out of his agent -  
"Somebody's pocked my picket!" Well good day, my dear...  
and to you, Birdbrain!

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: WALKING.....SUSTAIN: STOP SHORT:

MOL: What's the matter, McGee?

FIB: My foot. Must have a blister on it. Oh what a day ---

HAL: (FADE IN) Well hello there folks. Lovely day for a walk,  
isn't it?

FIB: No, it ain't.

MOL: We're not walking from choice, Mr. Gildersleeve. McGee lost  
our last twenty five cents and we couldn't get our car out  
of the parkin' lot.

FIB: Well shucks, I couldn't -

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HAL: What makes you so clumsy, McGee? My goodness you even play cards like you had boxing gloves on.

FIB: Oh yeah? You ain't any gazelle yourself, you big gazabo.

HAL: I'm not as ham-handed as you are. Look, I've got long, tapering fingers...like an artist.

FIB: You got a long tapering nose for other people's business, too.

HAL: YOU'RE A HARRRRRD MAN, McGEE!!!! And by George--

MOL: Look, Mr. Gildersleeve...we'll forget the lost quarter. But have you got change for a hundred dollar bill?

HAL: Well, I don't know, Mrs. McGee...let me look....

FIB: Usually when I carry a wad of hundred dollar bills, Gildersleeve, I carry some small stuff, too. Got caught short today.

HAL: Don't give me that baloney, McGee...Wad of hundred dollar bills!...(LAUGHS) I'll bet you carry a roll that would choke a june-bug!...(LAUGHS) Let me see that bill.

FIB: Here. Take a good look.

MOL: What are you picking at it for, Mr. Gildersleeve?

HAL: Want to see if it's genuine. If it hasn't got little silk threads in the paper it's no good.

FIB: Maybe we shoulda got a written guarantee from the worm that spun the silk, Gildersleeve. Matter-of-fact, I tried to get one but he wiggled out of it...(LAUGHS) Don't you get it? I says he--

MOL: TAIN'T FUNNY, MCGEE.

FIB: I know it. Kinda repulsive, too. WELL, GILDERSLEEVE?

HAL: I guess it's good all right. Here...here's three twenty's, three tens, a five and five ones. How's that?

FIB: Gee - thanks!

HAL: (LAUGHS) I'll have a lot of fun flashing this hundred dollar bill on my friends.

MOL: Ah yes...Famous Last Words. Well, good day, Mr. Gildersleeve.

HAL: So long folks. (OFF MIKE) Oh boy - a hundred dollar bill!!

FIB: Ah good old Gildy! Great guy. Well, come on, Molly...let's call a taxicab and -

MOL: MCGEE...DON'T YOU REALIZE WHERE WE ARE?

FIB: Eh? Whatcha mean?

MOL: Look...we're right in front of our own house!

FIB: ~~The <sup>new hallway</sup> fine place to get that ~~blister~~ changed, and -~~  
Well come on in...I gotta do something about this foot.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON PORCH...RATTLE OF KEY...DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

MOL: Heavenly Days.....home sweet home!

FIB: Ain't it wonderful...get me some iodine, willya, Molly....I think I gotta big blister on my foot.

MOL: Let's see it, dearie.

FIB: Wait'll I get my shoe off...(GRUNTS) Ugh...There. Shucks, I -

SOUND: TINKLE OF COIN:

MOL: What was that?

FIB: Er....what was that, Molly?

MOL: I thought I heard something drop.

FIB: You did? Must have been some..HEY LOOK..I AIN'T GOT A BLISTER AT ALL...MUSTA BEEN A WRINKLE IN MY SOCK! (LAUGHS)  
Boy what a relief! I thought for a while that -

MOL: MCGEE!...LOOK ME IN THE EYE!

FIB: Which one?

MOL: BOTH OF 'EM. WHAT DID I HEAR DROP WHEN YOU TOOK YOUR SHOE OFF?

FIB: Why...er...what'd it sound like?

MOL: You tell me!

FIB: Did it sound like...er...a quarter that somebody might have dropped and couldn't find and there it was in his shoe all the time?

MOL: It did!

FIB: It was.

ORK: "YOU WALKED BY" - FADE FOR

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
JANUARY 7, 1941  
TUESDAY 6:30 PM. PST NBC

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

ANNOUNCER: I'd like to talk just for a moment to the new housewives in our audience, Will the rest of you, who have heard my story before, pardon me for a moment? Your grandmothers tried to keep their linoleum floors clean by continually scrubbing them -- putting down newspapers while they were drying. What did that continuous scrubbing accomplish? First, it was hard work. Second, it never really kept the linoleum clean -- it never protected it. Third, it actually, in time ruined it -- cracks and bumps appeared, the linoleum split and had to be renewed. But that was before the days of JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. You'll never have a linoleum floor problem again once you start protecting your kitchen floors with this easy-to-use floor polish. GLO-COAT needs no rubbing or buffing -- it is SELF-POLISHING. It dries in 20 minutes, leaving your floor sparkling with beauty and protected against scratches, dirt and wear -- easy to keep clean -- colors fresh and bright. So let me urge you to buy a can of JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT right away -- and save yourself many hours of work all year.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

TAG GAG

FIB: That was some hike we had, wasn't it, Molly?

MOL: It certainly was, McGee. Shall I get your house slippers for you?

FIB: Naw you're tired, too. I'll get 'em. Where are they?

MOL: On the shelf in the closet.

FIB: In here?

DOOR OPEN: TERRIFIC AVALANCHE OF JUNK, BELL TINKLE

(PAUSE)

FIB: ~~Hummmmmmm~~. Goodnite.

MOL: GOOD NITE, ALL!

ORCHESTRA: (CLOSING SIGNATURE) (FADE ON CUE)

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
 FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
 JANUARY 7, 1941  
 TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

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.  
JANUARY 7, 1941  
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.

.....

Attention, Carowners! Have you tried JOHNSON'S sensational new auto polish - called CARNU? Do you know that CARNU has cut the job of wax-polishing right in half - makes the cost very low? CARNU actually does two jobs at one and the same time - cleans and wax-polishes your car in one operation. So now it's a cinch for you to keep your car new looking - and everybody knows it's more fun driving a shiny car than a dingy one. Buy a can of JOHNSON'S CARNU right away - spelled C-A-R-N-U.

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

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

# 276

6:30-7:00  
1-14-41