

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

(REVISED)

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

279

6:30-7:00
2-4-41

(2ND REVISION) -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 & MOLLY ... WRITTEN BY
DON QUINN, WITH MUSIC BY THE KING'S MEN AND BILLY MILLS'
ORCHESTRA.. THE SHOW OPENS WITH: "LET'S BREAK THE ICE."

ORCH: ("LET'S BREAK THE ICE")

(FADE FOR)

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.
Fibber McGee & Molly
2-4-41
Tuesday 6:30 PM PST NBC

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Opening Commercial

ANNCR: The other day I was talking to a friend of mine - a lady who has a very nice home and does her own work. Somehow or other, the conversation, as you might expect, happened to swing around to GLO-COAT....you know, JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. "I'll tell you what I like best about GLO-COAT," my friend said. "Of course I know that it saves me hours of work, because it's self polishing. But what pleases me most is that it keeps my kitchen so cheerful....and I hate to have to get dinner in a gloomy kitchen."

Well, there you are -- one very good reason for using GLO-COAT on your kitchen floor. It makes it more cheerful. It keeps the colors of the linoleum fresh and bright -- keeps the floor sparkling with a beautiful long-lasting polish -- protects the linoleum itself from wear, makes it last longer. And all this in addition to the fact that GLO-COAT, because it needs no rubbing or buffing, saves you the work of floor scrubbing. So, I ask you, do you have JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT on your linoleum floors?

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

(2ND REVISION) -4-

WIL: WHEN A MAN ENTERS THIS WORLD, HIS CLOTHES DON'T MEAN MUCH TO HIM AS LONG AS THEY ARE COMFORTABLE AND THERE ARE NO PINS STICKING INTO HIM. WHEN HE GROWS UP, THOUGH, STYLE BECOMES PRETTY IMPORTANT. AND FINALLY, HE GETS OVER THAT AND COMPLETES THE CYCLE BY THROWING STYLE OUT THE WINDOW AND DEMANDING COMFORT AGAIN. WHICH, ROUGHLY, IS THE SUBJECT FOR DISCUSSION AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA BETWEEN---

-- FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

APPLAUSE

FIB: -- and furthermore, Molly, what's the matter with this suit? Except maybe it needs a little pressing.

MOL: A LITTLE PRESSING! Look at the knees of those pants. They look like you'd been smuggling canteloupes in 'em!

FIB: Well, I never claimed to be no dude. I dress for comfort. I can't wear spats and a cutaway coat and a when-will-we-two-meet-again collar when I gotta run down and fix the furnace every couple hours.

MOL: That's not the point. Look at Mr. Gildersleeve. Look at Mr. Wilcox. Look at Uncle Dennis. They always manage to look well-dressed.

FIB: Aw - they're a bunch o' featherheads. All they think of is clothes. They can have the pleats, give me the wrinkles.

DOOR KNOCK:

FIB: Come in!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

TEE: Hi, mister.

FIB: Oh hello there sis. What's on your mind?

TEE: Hummm?

FIB: Whatcha want? What was the underlying purpose of this unexpected intrusion into our domestic tranquillity?

TEE: You wanna know what I came in for?

FIB: Now you're cookin' with gas, sis. YES ... WHATCHA WANT?

TEE: Well, I've just gone into business, mister.

FIB: You have eh? Well, I'm always glad to see a tyke turn into a tycoon. What's your biz, sis?

TEE: I've muscled into the valentine racket, mister, and gee, I gotta swell line of stuff, too, I betcha.

FIB: Well, never let it be said that Fibber McGee was deaf to the plaintive cry of sentiment. Though you might be wasting your time, sis. Mrs. McGee is the only one I'd send a Valentine to.

TEE: Oh no she isn't.

FIB: OHHHH YES SHE IS.

TEE: OHHHH NO SHE ISN'T.

FIB: OHHHH YES SHE IS.

TEE: OHHHH NO SHE ISN'T.

FIB: OH YES SHE Well who else would I be sendin' a valentine to?

TEE: I meant Mr. Gildersleeve.

FIB: GILDERSLEEVE!

TEE: Sure - he's gonna send you one, I betcha. A twenty-five center, too!

FIB: EH? HONEST? Oh I'm glad you told me, sis. I ain't gonna be outdone in neighborliness and friendship. You got any that cost fifty cents?

TEE: Sure. Here's one right here. Looka all the pretty lace on it too.

FIB: Whatcha want? What was the underlying purpose of this unexpected intrusion into our domestic tranquillity?

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FIB: EH? HONEST? Oh I'm glad you told me, sis. I ain't gonna be outdone in neighborliness and friendship. You got any that cost fifty cents?

TEE: Sure. Here's one right here. Looka all the pretty lace on it too.

FIB: How does the verse read, sis?
TEE: It says: Quote: WHEN THE RIVER OF LIFE IS DARK AND MUDDY
I'LL STILL HAVE YOU-- MY PAL AND BUDDY!
Unquote.
FIB: Sayyyy, that's pretty sweet. And he IS my pal and buddy
too. In spite of the fact that we have our little squabbles.
TEE: Gee, have you?
FIB: Have I what?
TEE: Hummmm?
FIB: I SAYS HAVE I WHAT?
TEE: Have you got little squabbles?
FIB: Sure ... don't everybody?
TEE: No. My papa started to raise squabs once, but he never
got any little squabbles.
FIB: Oh. AHM. Well let's skip the ornithology and stick to
the humanities, sis. I'll take this valentine.
TEE: All righty ... here you are mister. And I hope Mr.
Gildersleeve doesn't feel bad because his wasn't as pretty
as yours.
FIB: Well, it's the sentiment that counts, sis. What does his
say.
TEE: It says QUOTE: IF THERE'S ONE THING I ABHOR
IT'S THAT NASTY LITTLE BORE
THAT SHRIMP WHO IRKS ME TO THE CORE
THE LITTLE SQUIRT WHO LIVES NEXT DOOR.
Unquote and don't tell him I told you. So long, Mister.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: What were we talkin' about, Molly?
MOL: About your appearance..it's SO discouraging! When I think
how dapper you looked when we were married...you, with
your fancy vest and your pointed shoes, and your hat
turned up in front and all...
FIB: Remember that yellow topcoat I had with the black velvet
collar? That was pretty hot stuff.
MOL: Yes - and that long ivory cigarette holder you carried.
FIB: Inhaled every puff, too.
MOL: (SIGHS)...and now you just don't seem to care. Of course,
you haven't got the athletic build you used to have when--
FIB: I HAVE TOO!!! I GOTTA BETTER BUILD NOW THAN I HAD THEN.
I've filled out more.
MOL: Where?
FIB: Well...never mind. But if I wanted to, I could make
Wilcox and Gildersleeve and Uncle Dennis look like a bunch
o' okies. Shucks, take away them open-work shoes and
padded shoulders o' theirs and what would you have left?
Three sneers from the draft board.
MOL: Don't give me that, McGee. Why you should have heard
what the tailor said when I took your other suit out
to be mended again.
FIB: Whad he say?
MOL: Again?
FIB: Well, I TOLD you that suit was too old to be mended again.
I told you to give it to the Salvation Army.

MOL: I did. And they sent it back with a basket of groceries. Oh well, I guess I'll spend the rest of our married life hearing people make unkind remarks about that careless old man, Fibber McGee.

FIB: DAD RAT IT, I AIN'T OLD AND I AIN'T CARELESS.

MOL: Of course, you're not, dearie. You just like to be comfortable, that's all. Personally I LOVE you with your elbow all shiny and your trowser cuffs frayed like that. What if you DO bulge in all the wrong places?

FIB: I DO NOT BULGE IN THE WRONG PLACES....HERE!....LOOK AT THIS CHEST EXPANSION!.....(TAKES LONG BREATH)

SOUND: LOUD SNAP

MOL: What was that?

FIB: Hmmm. Busted my belt. Well, I needed a new one anyway.

MOL: Why don't you go downtown and get one now?....and maybe you could get a new suit to go with it.

FIB: I might at that. Come to think of it, I'll get a whole new outfit. Yes, by jiminy, I'll get a flock of duds that'll make Gildersleeve and Wilcox and Uncle Dennis look like hitchhickers on Tobacco Road. Why, when I --

KNOCK AT DOOR

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN

OLD M: Hello there, Daughter....Hello, Johnny. I'M the new milk man. Want any milk today?

MOL: No, thank you, Mr. Old Timer. We're going out and we'll probably eat downtown.

FIB: And believe me, Old Timer, when I get back I'll look like a page outa Esquire. And I mean PRETTY...not PETTY.

OLD M: Heh heh heh...that's Petty good, Johnny, but THAT AIN'T THE WAY I HEEERED IT! The way I heered it, one feller says to tother feller, "SAYYYYY," he says, "How come YOU BEEN STEPPIN' OUT WITH THAT ESKIMO NURSEMAID FOR SIX MONTHS?"

"Well," says tother feller, "THIS IS HER NIGHT OUT!"

Heh heh heh...sure you don't want a milk today, kids?

MOL: No thank you, Old Timer.

OLD M: Okay. Come on, Elsie! Watch them steps!

SOUND: MOOOOOO! COWBELL CLANKING...HOOF'S FADE TO DOOR SLAM:

ORK: ("ORIENTALE")

APPLAUSE:

2ND SPOT:

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TRAFFIC NOISES UP AND FADE:

FIB: Hey wait a minute, Molly. Before we go inside the store let's look in the window a minute.

MOL: All right. Let's see what the well-dressed dummy is wearing this spring.

FIB: Nothing personal?

MOL: Did you think there was?

FIB: I HOPED there was.. I always wanted to cultivate the air that a clothing store dummy has got. Kinda nonchalant, and supercilious and haughty, and all stuff like that there. It takes six generations of money in the family to achieve a expression like that.

MOL: Yes, it's strange how often a vacant face goes with a full pocket. Which ought to give you a very expressive countenance, dearie.

FIB: Thanks. Hey looka that silly lookin' suit there...third from the left. It's chevrolet, ain't it?

MOL: You mean cheviot.

FIB: I do not. Cheviot means Russian. Like in the Cheviot Government.

MOL: That's SOVIET.

FIB: You're thinkin' of SERVIETTE, ain't you?

MOL: No. A serviette is a napkin.

FIB: Couldn't be. Russians don't use napkins. They grow beards, instead.

MOL: That's what I've been trying to say. You'll have a beard down to here before I let you buy a suit like that.

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(2ND REVISION)

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FIB: I didn't want it anyway. Personally I go for that outfit in the middle there. The one with the green tweed coat, and the yellow sweater and the fawn-colored pants. I seen a photo of Bob Hope wearin' a combination like that.

MOL: That's different. Bob Hope is a successful actor.

FIB: What's he got that I haven't got?

MOL: Two things. He's successful and he's an actor.

FIB: Well shucks, if he can - Oh oh!!! let's get inside, quick!.. here comes Mrs. Uppington.

MOL: Too late...she sees us! And speakin' of clothes, McGee... take a good look at HER.

FIB: Yeah...fur coat by Bergdorff-Goodman, shoes by I. Miller and a face by a crosseyed sculptor with the hiccups.

MOL: Well you can't begrudge an old warhorse a new harness when...

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.

MOL: We were just commenting on HOW LOVELY you looked today, Abigail.

FIB: New coat, Uppy?

UPP: Yes, baby lamb.

FIB: Really, cutie pie?

MOL: MCGEE!!! She means the coat is baby lamb.

FIB: Oh! Well, speakin' o' clothes, Uppy, I'm down here to get me a new outfit, myself.

UPP: Reahhly! I don't blame you!!

FIB: If you're referrin' to this suit I got on, Uppy, I admit it looks a little tired, but when I bought it, it was pretty snappy.

b

MOL: Yes, it was the first English droop in town.

UPP: English DRIP!!

FIB: English DRAPE!

UPP: Oh droop, drip, drape...let's drop it. But I should imagine you would be a veddy difficult person to fit, Mr. McGee.

FIB: Whatcha mean, Uppy?

UPP: I..er..I mean, Mr. McGee..you would be high, wide and handsome, if you were a little higher and a little handsomer.

MOL: He is a little wide, isn't he, Abigail. It's a sleeper jump between his handkerchief and his wallet.

FIB: Okay Okay...you kids go right on and have fun at my "expanse".

UPP: (LAUGHS) Oh, please don't take it seriously, Mr. McGee... in fact, I was defending your appearance to a group of ladies at the club just this morning.

MOL: Oh that was sweet of you, Abigail. What did they say?

UPP: Oh they said something about Mr. McGee always looking like a scarecrow -

FIB: OH YEAH? WELL, I'LL -

UPP: BUT I IMMEDIATELY RUSHED TO YOUR DEFENSE, MR. MCGEE, I SAID, INDEED, AND WHY SHOULD HE NOT LOOK LIKE A SCARECROW. HE HAS TO DO SOMETHING TO PROTECT ALL THAT CORN! Well, Goodbyeeee!!

FIB: Well, I'll be a.. did you hear that old turtle, dove? What does she know about style? Why you look better in a kitchen apron than she does dressed for the Governor's ball.

MOL: You're wrong, dearie, when it comes to putting on the Waldorf I can't hold a candle to her, much as I would like to, if it was lit. Now come on in and let's get you some clothes.

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

FIB: Boy...pretty doggy place ain't it, Molly?

MOL: Yes, but don't forget you're used to walkin' upstairs and savin' ten dollars. This is the first time you ever bought a suit at sea level.

MAN: Yes sir? Have you been waited on, sir?

FIB: Oh hiyah bud. Lemme see something in a snappy suit o' clothes.

MAN: Yes sir...just have a chair sir....and I'll show you some samples. Have a cigarette sir....

FIB: Thanks, bud..

MAN: Would modom care for tea?

MOL: Yes I would. And a ham on rye.

MAN: (FALSE LAUGH) Madam is very amusing. Now then, sir.... what sort of a suit did you have in mind. Would you like something in a sack?

FIB: Better put it in a box, bud. Liable to get all wrinkled in a sack. -

MAN: Oh no, sir...I meant what STYLE. What was the..er... the PURPOSE of this suit?

FIB: What's the purpose of any suit? To keep you from gettin' pinched ain't it? Come on, bud...quit stalling.

b

MAN: Suppose we approach this problem from another angle sir.
Did you have any particular material in mind?

FIB: Yes, cloth! (LAUGHS)

MOL: (LAUGHS HEARTILY) Oh McGee, you're a riot. I LOVE to shop with you!

FIB: Jokin' aside, Chauncey, what material do you think would fit my personality best?

MAN: Do you care for this herringbone material? It drapes beautifully and -

MOL: Oh that's a lovely suit, McGee! But it must be very expensive.

FIB: Yeah, and think how many little herrings must have gone into a yard of that.

FIB: How much is that suit bud?

MAN: Well sir, that suit is --

BOOM: (FADE IN) Ah there...just a moment, my handsome young tailor - and I don't mean Robert.

MAN: Oh good day, Mr. Boomer.

MOL: Hello, Mr. Boomer.

BOOM: Good day my dear...and a tittering Tuesday to you, Titmouse. If you'll permit me to interrupt for one moment, I have a complaint to register in this emporium.

MOL: Certainly, Mr. Boomer...we're in no hurry.

FIB: Smatter, Horatio? Buy a sharkskin suit and discover they'd gypped you out of a fin?

BOOM: It was gaberdine, Gabby, and at the next tone signal, it will indicate that I have converted your primitive skull into a Chinese gong!

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MAN: Oh good day, Mr. Boomer.

MOL: Hello, Mr. Boomer.

BOOM: Good day my dear...and a tittering Tuesday to you, Titmouse. If you'll permit me to interrupt for one moment, I have a complaint to register in this emporium.

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MAN: Was that complaint in reference to that suit you are wearing, Mr. Boomer.

BOOM: Certainly was, Swatch-both. Now let mee...complaint, complaint...now where did I put that complaint...here's a short length of lead pipe I took away from a girl friend last night....stunning creature! Postcard from Sheila the Shoplifter. Says she's ^{in jail with} the measles. Yes, yes...I knew she'd be spotted sooner or later...and a check for a short beer. Seems to have been a very brief routine, don't you think? I wonder what....AHHH YES...THAT WAS MY COMPLAINT... NOT ENOUGH POCKETS! I'LL SEND THIS SUIT BACK TOMORROW. GOOD DAY, GENTLEMEN, AND TO YOU, Fragile, Fresh, and Fragrant!

FIB: Look bud...how much you say this herringbone suit is?

MAN: A hundred and twenty-five dollars..including alternations.

FIB: How much without the alterations?

MAN: \$42.50.

MOL: We'll take it and I'll make the alterations myself.

FIB: Wrap it up bud...and make it snappy...I gotta go buy a hat.

MAN: You can get a hat in our haberdashory department sir... right thru the archway.

FIB: Y'know Molly, I took a shine to that suit the minute I set eyes on it.

WIL: (FADE IN) What was that Fibber? You took a shine to what?

MOL: Oh hello, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: I shoulda known better'n to use the word "SHINE" - Wilcox. You grab at a cue like a Chinese barber.

MOL: McGee's just got himself a new suit, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Yes, from now on, Wilcox - you can be the second best-dressed man in Wistful Vista.

WIL: Well, being well dressed is a matter of business with me, Chum. I can't go in dressed like a bum, and talk to dealers about a high-class product like ours. Why, everybody knows that Johnson's Wax is the finest protection for floors and furniture that money can buy, and I'd be pretty silly to interview a dealer or wholesaler with the back of my blue serge pants looking like a personal demonstration, wouldn't I? But if you want my advice about clothes, Fibber, --

FIB: I don't.

WIL: You don't?

FIB: No, I don't. I've forgot more about clothes than you ever knew, Wilcox.

MOL: Oh now, McGee...

FIB: Well, I have. Why back in Peoria, I become so well known as a style-setter, that I still get letters now and then addressed to "FIBBER MCGEE, ESQUIRE!"

WIL: Yes but in buying clothes nowadays, you --

FIB: WHY WHEN I WALKED INTO A CLOTHING STORE, AND SLIPPED INTO A COAT, THE SALESMAN WOULD JUST STAND THERE AND GLOW. GLOCOAT MCGEE I WAS KNOWED AS IN THEM DAYS.

MOL: Oh dear...

(2ND REVISION) 18-17

FIB: GLOCOAT MCGEE, GREETED FROM GOTHAM TO THE GOLDEN GATE
AS THE GAUDY, GALAHAD OF THE GIDDY GET-UPS. GETTIN'
THE GALS GOO-GOO AND GA-GA WITH MY GLORIOUS GRAVY-GRAY
GABARDINES, GOSSAMER GALUSSES AND GARISH GARTERS GARNISHED
WITH GLEAMING GARNET GEW-GAWS. GRACEFUL AND GAY IN GREEN
AND GRENADINE, AND GETTIN' THE GOATS OF GUYS LIKE GABLE
WITH THE GLITTERING GRANDEUR OF MY GOLFING GARMENTS. A
GORGEOUS GOLIATH, YOU'D KNOW AT A GLANCE, WAS GLOCOAT
MCGEE IN HIS GUNNYSACK PANTS!

APPLAUSE

WIL: The King's Men sing "Clementine."
(APPLAUSE)

THIRD SPOT:

(2ND REVISION) 18-

MAN: You wished to see something in a hat, sir?
FIB: Bud, I wish to BE something in a hat. Show me the best you
got.
MAN: Yes sir. What size do you wear?
MOL: He takes a six and seven eighths, with a haircut; - 7½ for
the other fifty weeks of the year.
MAN: Any preference in color?
FIB: Oh gimme something snappy, bud. Gotta green one with a red
feather in the band?
MAN: Oh certainly sir ... several of them. Very swanky too. Now
here is our latest Alpine model... green felt .. welt brim,
and TWO feathers, one on each side.
MOL: Oh that's wonderful. If you could wiggle your ears, McGee,
you could FLY home in that hat.
FIB: Tell you what, bud ... just put a stack o' these katies on
th: nter here and I'll try 'em on one at a time.
MAN: Certainly sir ...
SOUND: SOFT THUDS...
MAN: Here you are ... a full range of styles, sir.
FIB: Wellllll now leseeee ... There's so many of 'em here I'm
kinda confused ---
MOL: How about this fuzzy gray one, McGee?
FIB: Too shaggy. I'd be comin' outa the barber shop with my hat
parted in the middle.
HAL: (FADE IN) AHHH THERE FOLKS ... IMAGINE MEETING YOU HERE.
BUYING A HAT, MCGEE?

FIB: Who, me? Why no, Gildersleeve. I come in here on a checkup survey for my cousin, Yehudi McGee. He's my midget cousin, you know.

MOL: - and very prominent in the hat industry, too.

HAL: A midget? What does he do in the hat industry?

FIB: He crawls into the hats and ties them little white bows in the back o' the sweatband.

HAL: (LAUGHS) THAT'S VERY GOOD, MCGEE! NOW IF YOU'LL STAND ASIDE, I'D LIKE TO SELECT A HAT.

MOL: McGee was here first, Mr. Gildersleeve.

MAN: Oh I think there is room for both of these gentlemen. (LAUGHS)

MOL: If you think that, you've never been in the same room very long with both these gentlemen.

FIB: You can pick out a hat when I get thru, Gildersleeve. I get first choice.

HAL: Well, your choice would never be my choice anyway, McGee. So go ahead.

FIB: Don't worry....I will. And I'm gonna take my own sweet time about it too.

HAL: Why not? What's an hour or so in buying it when you wear 'em for seven years!

MOL: HE DOES NOT WEAR 'EM FOR SEVEN YEARS. They look like that because he worries. Here, dearie...try this one on...

FIB: Okay...but I don't like the shape of it.

MAN: Oh that's one of our newest models, Mr. McGee. It's a pork pie.

HAL: Haven't you got one made of rye-crisp? His head is too fat now, (LAUGHS)

FIB: PIPE DOWN, GILDERSLEEVE, OR I'LL TAKE A FEATHER OUT OF ONE OF THESE LIDS AND KNOCK YOU DOWN WITH IT.

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HAL: Why you pediculous little grunion - you get smart with me,
and I'll scatter you around like a Sunday paper.

MAN: Now now now..gentlemen....let's not have any acrimony.

MOL: Why should they want acrimony...they're both still married.

MAN: They are? Well, congratulations gentlemen.. I hope you'll
both be very happy!

HAL: OHHHHHHHH...

FIB: Now let's see.....I think....DAD RAT IT, GILDERSLEEVE, QUIT
MESSIN' AROUND WITH THEM HATS.....YOU'RE GETTIN' ME ALL
CONFUSED!

HAL: I've got a right to look at 'em if I want to! How much
is this hat, Clerk?

MAN: Well, Mr. Gildersleeve -

FIB: PUT THAT HAT DOWN, GILDERSLEEVE....THAT'S MINE.

HAL: IT IS NOT.

FIB: IT IS TOO...I LAID IT THERE WHEN I STARTED TRYIN' EM ON..
GIMME THAT HAT!!!

HAL: I WILL NOT...

MOL: Wait a minute, McGee, I don't think ---

FIB: NEVER MIND, MOLLY...I CAN HANDLE THIS....GILDERSLEEVE, IF
YOU DON'T LET GO THAT HAT, I'M GONNA SKIN YOU ALIVE AND USE
YOUR HIDE TO BIND A FIRST EDITION OF "FOR WHOM THE BELL
TOLLS."

HAL: WHY YOU PERNICIOUS LITTLE ANEMIC, YOU COULDN'T SKIN A
GRAPEFRUIT WITHOUT GETTING LOST AMONG THE REST OF THE
LITTLE SQUIRTS. LET GO THAT HAT!

FIB: OHHH NO YE DON'T!!!!

MAN: GENTLEMEN, PLEASE...LET ME SETTLE THIS FOR YOU. I CAN -

HAL: YOU STAY OUT OF THIS!

MAN: BUT I WORK HERE!

K

FIB: THEN QUIT! COME ON GILDERSLEEVE...DAD RAT IT...

HAL: STOP IT, MCGEE...YOU'LL TEAR THE HAT.

FIB: WELL IT'S MY HAT.

SOUND: SCUFFLE: GLASS CRASH:

MOL: Oh dear....now look what you did.

MAN: ONE OF YOU MEN WILL HAVE TO PAY FOR THAT SHOW-CASE...

HAL: ALL RIGHT, MCGEE... BUT YOU HAVEN'T HEARD THE END OF THIS...
(CRYING) I'M GOING IN AND SEE THE MANAGER ABOUT THIS...
(FADE OUT)...BY GEORGE IF A MAN CAN'T BUY A HAT WITHOUT
SOME LITTLE CHISELER...

FIB: (LAUGHS) Listen to the cry baby, Molly. I'll teach him
he can swipe my hat and get away with it.

MOL: But, McGee, I don't think -

MAN: I'm sorry you had all this trouble, Mr. McGee, ..now let's get
right down to business and select a hat that will really -

FIB: Nothin' doin', bud. I ain't buyin' any hats in a place that
allows stuff like this. I'll go right on wearin' my old one.
Come on, Molly.

MOL: All right, but -

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE: TRAFFIC UP AND FADE:

FIB: Well, anyway, I sure got a bargain in that suit, didn't
I Molly?

MOL: I don't know about the suit, McGee...but you got a rare
bargain in that hat.

FIB: Whatcha mean?

MOL: When you went in there, you weren't wearin' a hat!

FIB: ~~Oh...that's...~~
Oh...that's...

ORK: SELECTION FADE FOR:

No Title

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(2nd REVISION)

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FIB: THEN QUIT! COME ON GILDERSLEEVE...DAD RAT IT...

HAL: STOP IT, MCGEE...YOU'LL TEAR THE HAT.

FIB: WELL IT'S MY HAT.

SOUND: SCUFFLE: GLASS CRASH:

MOL: Oh dear....now look what you did.

MAN: ONE OF YOU MEN WILL HAVE TO PAY FOR THAT SHOW-CASE...

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FIB: Well, anyway, I sure got a bargain in that suit, didn't
I Molly?

MOL: I don't know about the suit, McGee...but you got a rare
bargain in that hat.

FIB: Whatcha mean?

MOL: When you went in there, you weren't wearin' a hat!

FIB: *Oh, what a*
chance!

ORK: SELECTION FADE FOR:

S. C. Johnson
Fibber McGee & Molly
Tuesday 6:30 PM PST NBC
2-4-41

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Closing Commercial

ANNGR: Now I'd like to offer a word of advice to everybody
who has bought new linoleum this year -- or who intends
to buy some soon. Wouldn't you like to know how experts
advise caring for linoleum? Both linoleum manufacturers
and housekeeping institutes advise strongly against
scrubbing. Continuous scrubbing weakens the surface --
causes it to crack and split -- and wear out before it's
time. The recommended way to protect your linoleum
floors is with JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT.
This easy-to-use floor polish protects linoleum against
wear and scratches...actually makes linoleum last much
longer. GLO-COAT gives a sparkling long-lasting polish --
preserves the beauty of the colors -- and all this in
addition to saving you hours of work because GLO-COAT
needs no rubbing or buffing. Simply apply and let
dry -- in 20 minutes your floor is gleaming with new
beauty. Will you take my advice -- just try JOHNSON'S
SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT once?

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC...FADE ON CUE

No Title

TAG GAG

MOL: Oh, McGee, look at all the lovely valentines in
the stationer's window!

FIB: Yeah - but I was going to get you a box of candy
for Valentine's Day, like I always do.

MOL: Welll, I don't know -

FIB: You mean you don't want a box of candy?

MOL: No, dearie, make it a Valentine - you can't send
me that and then eat it all yourself.

FIB: Eh ? Oh! Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all.

ORCH: THEME

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.
Fibber McGee & Molly
2-4-41
Tuesday 6:30 PM PST NBC

Closing Tag

MOLLY:
(CUE)"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
2-4-41
Tuesday 6:30 PM PST NBC

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TO FOLLOW CLOSING TAG

(NOTE: This 30 second closing commercial is to be delivered from a quiet studio by a separate announcer.)

WILCOX:
(CUE)

....inviting you to be with us again next Tuesday night. Goodnight.

SOUND: TELEPHONE BELL

ANNOUNCEMENT: Hello, yes, oh, I'm sorry -- Fibber McGee has just gone off the air. Yes, next Tuesday again -- Yes, yes, well I can answer that. The name of that new polish for automobiles is JOHNSON'S CARNU. It both cleans and wax-polishes your car in one easy operation. You simply apply it to the finish after washing, let it dry to a white powder, wipe it off, and there is that show-room shine again. Remember the name. JOHNSON'S CARNU -- C-A-R-N-U. Better try some! You're welcome. Goodbye.

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

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

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6:30-7:00
2-11-41