

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

(REVISED)

FIBBER McGEE & MOLLY

280

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

(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 & MOLLY...WRITTEN BY
DON QUINN, WITH MUSIC BY THE KING'S MEN AND BILLY MILLS'
ORCHESTRA. THE SHOW OPENS WITH "HERE'S MY HEART"

ORCH: "HERE'S MY HEART"

(FADE FOR)

(Commercial....page 3)

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.
Fibber McGee & Molly
2-11-41
Tuesday 6:30 PM PST NBC

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Opening Commercial

ANNCR: When your friends come to visit you, are you glad to invite them back to your kitchen? Are you proud of the looks of that kitchen floor, for example? You can be, if it's protected with a beautiful, lasting GLO-COAT polish. Then your friends will admire its sparkling beauty -- the freshness of the colors, too -- and if they ask how you do it, you can say -- with JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT.

So many housekeepers have switched to the easy GLO-COAT way of keeping linoleum clean and spotless. GLO-COAT saves work -- because it requires no rubbing or buffing -- and GLO-COAT saves the linoleum, too, making it last much longer. So, for your linoleum, and other floors, too, save work with JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH

(APPLAUSE)

REVISED -4-

WIL: Ladies and gentlemen - FATE IS ABOUT TO KNOCK AT THE DOOR AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA. AND HERE, IN THE LIVING ROOM AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA, WHERE FATE IS ABOUT TO KNOCK AT THE DOOR, WE FIND --

-- FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

(APPLAUSE)

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR

FIB: Who's that?

MOL: You heard the man. It's Fate.

FIB: Oh! COME IN, FATE!

DOOR OPEN

MAN: Mr. Fragile live here?

FIB: Who?

MAN: Mr. Fragile. I gotta express package for him. This is 79 Wistful Vista, ain't it?

MOL: That's right...let's see the package....OH THIS SAYS MR. FIBBER MCGEE...that "fragile" refers to the contents.

MAN: Oh. Excuse me. Sign for it, right here, buddy.

FIB: Okay...There you are. Who's it from? Is there a return address?

MAN: Lemme see. Oh yes. It's from USE NO HOOKS. G'bye.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: To Mr. "Fragile" from "Use No Hooks." Where will "THIS END UP"?

MOL: What's the package, McGee?

FIB: Search me. It's insured for 800 bucks. So it couldn't be that model airplane kit I sent for.

MOL: It's marked fragile - maybe they sent a hostess with it.
OH, I THINK I KNOW WHAT IT IS.

FIB: You do? What?

MOL: You open it and see. It's a surprise.

SOUND: PAPER RATTLE

FIB: HMMMMMM...a nice leather case....AND LOOK....IT'S GOT MY NAME
STAMPED ON IT....IN GOLD LETTERS! WHAT THE - Listen: It
says: "FIBBER MOGEE, SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE OF THE
MEANING WATCH CORPORATION".

MOL: Surely, you've read the advertisements about Meaning
Watches. "Every Little Meaning Has a Movement All Its Own"?

FIB: Yeah, but, I ain't their representative.

MOL: Oh yes you are.

FIB: Eh?

MOL: I met the President of the watch company at a bridge party
at Mrs. Uppington's. He said he was looking for a local
representative, and I suggested you.

FIB: Well, gee, Molly...I..I appreciate this...but...but...BUT
DAD RAT IT, I AIN'T GOT TIME TO HANDLE WATCHES! I'M TOO
BUSY WITH MY STAMP COLLECTION.

MOL: You haven't got a stamp collection.

FIB: I can start one. can't I?

MOL: Yes, but on this job you get a fifty-dollar drawing account
and ten percent commission.

FIB: I do? Oh boy....SAYYYYY, THIS IS A JOB AIN'T IT?
Lessee now....if I sell a hundred watches at a hundred
apiece....that's ten thousand...ten percent of ten thousand
is a thousand....OH BOY, A THOUSAND BUCKS A WEEK!

MOL: But look, it --

FIB: (EXCITED) HEY LET'S MOVE OUTA THIS DUMP AND TAKE A SUITE
AT THE HOTEL! THIS AIN'T ANY PLACE FOR A GUY MAKIN' A
THOUSAND BUCKS A WEEK. I gotta position to maintain.

DOOR KNOCK

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPENS

OLD MAN: Hello, kids. Hey can I use your names for reference? I
wanna be a scoutmaster.

MOL: Why certainly Mr. Old Timer. Go right ahead.

FIB: I didn't know you were interested in scoutin', Old Timer.
Do you know how to build a fire without matches?

OLD M: Yep. Rub two sticks o' wood together. I done it once.
Hard work, too.

FIB: Did you start a fire?

OLD M: Nope. But I got so warm I didn't need one.

MOL: Well go ahead and use our names as reference, Mr. Old
Timer.

OLD M: Thanks, baby.

FIB: The way you're covered with moss maybe the scouts can use
you to tell which way is North.

OLD M: HEH HEH HEH. That's pretty good, Johnny. BUT THAT AIN'T
THE WAY I HEERED IT. The way I heered it, one Lithuanian
feller says to tother Lithuanian feller, "SAYYYYY," he says -

PAUSE

MOL: Well, what did he say?

OLD M: Dunno, Daughter. I don't savvy Lithuanian. So long, kids.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Well, come on, Molly. I'm kinda anxious to get started sellin' these watches. Boy, they're beautiful ain't they?

MOL: Yes, and you better take very good care of them.

FIB: Don't worry. I'm used to takin' care of beautiful things - ever since I married you.

MOL: WHY McGEE....WHAT A SWEET THING TO SAY!

FIB: Well, remember I said it, in case I don't get time to buy you a Valentine. Now let's see....who'd I better call on first.

MOL: How about the Wistful Vista Friendly Credit Jewelers?

FIB: They're the time payment outfit, aren't they?

MOL: Yes, "A Dollar Down and Let's Grow Old Together". But that's a good place to start.

~~It's a good place to start.~~ Want me to go with you?

FIB: Absolutely. You got me this job, didn't you?

MOL: Yes, but--

FIB: That's why I want you along. You had faith in me and you're too young to have your faith lifted. How do I look?

MOL: Better wear a necktie.

FIB: Aw I don't wanna wear a neckt--

MOL: REMEMBER....A THOUSAND DOLLARS A WEEK.

FIB: Eh? Oh that's right. I'll wear my spats, too. Where's my spats?

MOL: Search me, I don't believe I--

FIB: I KNOW....I LEFT 'EM HERE IN THE HALL CLOSET....

DOOR LATCH: TERRIFIC AVALANCHE ENDING WITH BELL TINKLE

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

MOL: Why don't you do it now?

FIB: That's too soon.

MOL: Why?

FIB: It still gets a laugh! COME ON....BRING MY SAMPLE CASE AND

ORK: "WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG, MAGGIE"

(APPLAUSE)

SECOND SPOT

TRAFFIC NOISES UP AND FADE:

MOL: McGee, did you read the little pamphlet that came with the samples? On how to give a salestalk?

FIB: Nope. I didn't need to. These watches sell themselves.

MOL: How do you know?

FIB: Said so in the pamphlet! Shucks, why I can ---

TEE: (FADE-IN) HIYAH, MISTER.

FIB: Oh hello there Little girl....what you doin' downtown?

TEE: I'M giving Abraham Lincoln a Birthday party and I hadda come down and get some decorations.

FIB: Well that's very patriotic of you to celebrate Lincoln's Birthday, sis. He was a wonderful man.

TEE: I know it. My teacher said he walked 20 miles thru the snow to take back a book he borrowed.

FIB: Yes, I guess people were more honest in them days, sis.

TEE: I know it.

FIB: Nowadays if one of your friends borrows a book you can kiss 'em goodbye, and if Madeleine Carroll is listening I'll be glad to loan her Robinson Crusoe. (LAUGHS) Just kidding, Molly.

MOL: Did you get Bob Hope's permission to use Madeleine Carroll's name?

FIB: Well shucks, I --

TEE: Hey Mr. McGee...why did they call Mr. Lincoln the great eman-eman-eman----

FIB: Emancipator!

TEE: Yes. Why did they call him that? Hmm? Why did they?

FIB: Because he emancipated people. He set 'em free.

TEE: Gee, then Willie Toopses brother is one of those, I betcha.

FIB: Whatcha mean, sis?

TEE: He's a usher at the Bijou theatre, and when Willie and I go in, he sets us, free.

FIB: Well, I'm glad you're learning about Lincoln, sis. He was one of the world's really great man. And there's no bunk about that!

TEE: Oh yes there is, I betcha.

FIB: OHHHH NO there isn't.

TEE: OH YES THERE IS.

FIB: OHHHH NO THERE ISN'T.

TEE: OHHHHH YES THERE IS!

FIB: OHH NO - Well what did you ever hear about Lincoln that you couldn't believe?

TEE: That stuff about him living in a log cabin, I betcha.

FIB: What?...WHAT'S SO HARD TO BELIEVE ABOUT LINCOLN LIVIN' IN A LOG CABIN?

TEE: (GIGGLES) Well he was too tall in the first place, and in the second place he would have drowned in all that syrup. So long mister.

TRAFFIC UP AND FADE:

FIB: Well come on, Molly I got to GET STARTED SELLIN' THESE WATCHES.

MOL: Are you sure you know what your sales approach is going to be?

WIL: HELLO FOLKS...WHAT'S THIS ABOUT A SALES APPROACH?

MOL: McGee is the agent for some expensive watches, Mr. Wilcox. Maybe you can help him.

FIB: He can't help me, Molly. Selling Johnson's Glo-Coat is one thing, and selling watches is entirely different.

WIL: Oh I don't know. They're both quality products, aren't they? Each is the best of its kind.

MOL: Yes, but a good watch tells you what time to go places and do things.

WIL: Yes and Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat GIVES you the time to go places and do things, by saving hours of housework.

MOL: But look, a nice watch is something that can be handed down from generation to generation. It's an heirloom.

WIL: So is a knowledge of good housekeeping. And no burglar can sneak in and steal THAT, you know.

FIB: Wait a minute, Harlow...let's put it this way. Suppose you were broke and hungry, and all you had in the world was one of my watches and a can of you-know-what. Which would be the most valuable to you?

WIL: It's about even. You could hock the watch to get some food and with Glocoat on the linoleum you wouldn't need any furniture...you could eat off the floor! Well, good luck to you, pal. So long, Molly! (APPLAUSE)

FIB: Imagine him. They say he's always been so interested in kitchen linoleum that when he was a kid his Mother kept two dishes under the kitchen table. One marked "For Fido" and one marked "For Harlow". Here's the jewelry store Molly, come on in.

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

BERN: Good afternoon. What was it you wanted please...we are having a special boggin sale today on precious stones. Look!...here's a beauty!

FIB: What is it? Never saw a pink stone like that.

BERN: That is a pigeon's blood ruby.

FIB: Yeah? I think your pigeon needs a transfusion.

BERN: How much are you charging?

MOL: Look, McGee...you'd better be getting down to business.

FIB: Oh yes, look, sis, I am the exclusive representative for the Meaning Watch Company, "The Watch, With The Hands That Go Round In The Best Circles."

MOL: Yes, "WITH A MEANING IN YOUR POCKET THERE'S A MEANING IN YOUR LIFE!"

FIB: Now, I'M sure that you are familiar with the quality of our product, sis. The name "MEANING" on a watch is like "Sterling" on silver; like "Johnson" on Wax and like...er... like er...

MOL: "Wiggly" on woolen underwear.

BERN: Excuse it, please, but our clientilly don't buy such expensive watches.

MOL: Show her some samples, dearie. That'll break her down.

FIB: Good idea. Now look Miss...er...what was your name, sis?

BERN: Callahan. Rebecca Callahan.

FIB: Okay, mucushla. Now if you'll just cast them smiling Irish eyes of yours over these beautiful examples of the watchmaker's art, I think you'll admit --

DOOR OPEN VIOLENTLY; (PAUSE - DEADLY QUIET)

TOUGH: OKAY, EVERYBODY...UP WIT YOUR HANDS...DIS IS A STICKUP!

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS!!!

(2ND REVISION) 13 & 14

TOUGH: SHODDOP! AND YOU, SISTEH, HAND OVER ALL THE DIAMONDS AND EMERALDS...

BERN: (CALLS) OI, UNCLE LOUIE! - IT'S HEPPENED!!!

SOUND: LOUD ALARM BELL: SUSTAIN

TOUGH: (OVER ALARM) HEY WHAT THE - WHO TOINED IN DAT ALARM? I'LL LOIN YOUSE TO GET SMART WIT' ME!

SOUND: SHOTS...BREAKING GLASS

MOL & BERN SCREAM: FIBBER SHOUTS:

TOUGH: I'LL BE BACK AND GET YOUSE LATER, SISTER!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Why that big hoodlum - I'll --

MOL: McGee...come back here! You'll get shot!

FIB: I DON'T CARE! THAT GUY CAN'T RUIN A SALE FOR ME AND GET AWAY WITH IT!...YOU STAY HERE, MOLLY!

MOL: I'LL DO NOTHING OF THE KIND!...IF YOU'RE GOING AFTER HIM, I'M GOING AFTER YOU!

FIB: COME ON THEN! BRING THE SAMPLE CASE! HURRY UP!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE: TRAFFIC...RUNNING FEET.

FIB: (YELLS) HEY, STOP THAT MAN! IT'S A HOLDUP!

RUNNING FEET:

MOL: STOP, THIEF!

POLICE WHISTLE: CROWD MURMUR:

FIB: HEY OFFICER...GRAB THAT MAN DOWN THE STREET THERE! IT WAS A HOLDUP!

MOL: HE TRIED TO ROB THE JEWELRY STORE!

COP: (FADE IN) ALL RIGHT, NOT SO FAST THERE ME BUCKO...WHAT'S ALL THE SHOOTIN' FOR...GIMME YOUR GUN, OR I'LL BOP YE WITH ME NIGHTSTICK...

FIB: DAD RAT IT, I HAVEN'T GOT A GUN.!!

(2ND REVISION) -15,16 & 17-

MOL: THIS MAN ISN'T THE THIEF, OFFICER ... THE HOLDUP MAN WENT THAT WAY.

COP: YEAH ... I'VE HEARD THAT ONE BEFORE! Now calm down and explain yourselves.

FIB: I'M TELLIN' YOU, YOU BIG LUG! THAT GUY TRIED TO HOLD UP THE JEWELRY STORE, ARE YOU GONNA STAND HERE AND LET HIM GET AWAY? YOU OUGHTTA BE -

COP: PIPE DOWN, YOU. AND WHAT HAVE YOU GOT IN THAT CASE?

FIB: LET GO O' THAT THEM ARE MINE!!! THAT IS, I'M IN CHARGE OF 'EM. AT LEAST

COP: AHAAAA!!! A DOZEN GOLD WATCHES! CAUGHT YE WITH THE GOODS, DIDN'T I ME BUCKO! (YELLS) CALL THE WAGON, SOMEBODY !!!!

CROWD MURMUR:

FIB: DAD RAT IT, YOU GIMME BACK THEM WATCHES!!!!

COP: SONNY, WHERE YOU'RE GOIN' TIME DON'T MEAN A THING!

MOL: BUT OFFICER ... THOSE WATCHES AREN'T HIS!

COP: YOU'RE TELLIN' ME!

FIB: NO, BUT I CAN EXPLAIN

SOUND SIREN FADE IN RAPIDLY ... CROWD MURMUR UP:

COP: ALL RIGHT COME ALONG QUIETLY NOW ... OR I'LL PUT THE NIPPERS ON THE BOTH OF YE

FIB: (ALMOST CRYING) You'll be sorry for this I'm a respectable citizen and I can prove that -

ORCH: "COMIN' THRU THE RYE" --- KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE:

THIRD SPOT:

(2ND REVISION) -18-

MURMUR OF VOICES:

FIB: Now don't worry about anything, Molly. I gave the cop a list of people to identify us. We'll get out of this all right.

MOL: But when? I don't want to spend 90 of the best days of my life in jail on bread and water. Though it would be a good way to take off a few pounds. Why it would be a good WONDERFUL way to take off a few pounds ...

FIB: HEY HEY HEY ... DON'T TALK YOURSELF INTO IT! We wanna get outa here. Now look I've ..

SOUND: GAVEL:

MAGISTRATE: All right, officer. Bring the suspects up to the bench.

COP: ON YER FEET, YOU TWO ... STEP UP TO THE BENCH.

SCUFFLE OF FEET:

FIB: Now look here, judge ... I'll have you to understand -

JUDGE: ^{MOL} BE QUIET! What's the charge, Officer?

COP: Well your Honor, there was a jewelry store stuck up at 14th and Oak, and a lotta excitement and these two were runnin' away from the scene of the crime and I nabbed this bird with a bag full o' gold watches ...

FIB: Ladies and gentlemen - any Irish characters heard in this production - are not to be confused with the Abbey players.

LAUGHTER: GAVEL:

MAG: ORDER PLEASE ORDER Now then, what's your name?

FIB: Fibber McGee, 79 Wistful Vista and we wanna get off at Kansas City.

MAG: What are you talking about?

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(2ND REVISION) -19-

MOL: You're tryin' to railroad us, aren't you?

FIB: HOW ABOUT THE PRESIDENT OF THE MEANING WATCH COMPANY THAT I REPRESENT? WHY DON'T YOU GET IN TOUCH WITH HIM?

MAG: We've already wired him. With a full description of you. But I'll warn you ... it looks pretty serious. You were practically caught in flagrante delicto -

MOL: THAT'S A LIE WE WERE CAUGHT RIGHT HERE IN WISTFUL VISTA!

MAG: SILENCE! Now while we are waiting for witnesses -

DOOR OPEN:

WIL: (FADE IN) Say Judge, are you holding a couple of friends of mine on some silly charge? OH HELLO FIBBER ... MOLLY ... WHAT IS THIS?

FIB & MOL: (BOTH TALK AT ONCE) Look, Harlow - tell the Judge here that

GAVEL:

MAG: QUIET! What's your name, mister?

WIL: I'M HARLOW WILCOX. AND I CAN VOUCH FOR --

COP: Wait a minute, you? Didn't I give you a ticket for parkin' overtime last week - and did you ever show up to pay the fine?

WIL: Oh gee whiz, I forgot all about --

MAG: SO YOU'RE DEFYING THE LAW, TOO, EH? A FINE BUNCH OF CRIMINALS ...

WIL: But wait a minute these people --

MAG: WE KNOW ALL ABOUT THESE PEOPLE Officer, hold this man Wilcox on an open charge.

FIB: Well, thanks for comin' in, anyway, Harlow.

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MOL: Yes, it'll be nice to look across the prison yard and see one of the old familiar faces.

GAVEL:

MAG: All right ... let's get on with this.

DOOR OPEN & CLOSE

BOOM: (FADE IN) IT'S AN OUTRAGE, I TELL YOU I HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH STEALING THAT ELEPHANT. WHY, I AH THERE, GOOD DAY MY DEAR ... AND TO YOU, WEASELPUSS.

MOL: Oh hello, Mr. Boomer. Will you identify us to this judge.

FIB: Yes, look, Boomer ... tell the judge how I was elected President of the Chamber of Commerce, will you?

BOOM: AH YES ... GLAD YOU MENTIONED THAT, STRING BEAN. HAVE A NEWSPAPER CLIPPING OF THE EVENT RIGHT HERE.

MAG: LET ME SEE IT, PLEASE.

BOOM: CERTAINLY CERTAINLY ... HAVE IT RIGHT HERE, SOMEPLACE Now, let me see ... where did I put that clipping...

FIB: (GROANS)

BOOM: Clipping, ... clipping ... clipping ... Here's a pair of little pink panties I carry in memory of the best lambchops I ever ate ...

Small box of bicarbonate of soda ... I'm going to settle somebody's hash ...

Wire from home ... saying our cat just had kittens.... oh, not little Tommy!!

And a check for a short beer. WELL WELL IMAGINE THAT!! NO CLIPPING!

MOL: Oh dear

BOOM: COME TO THINK OF IT, I USED THAT CLIPPING TO CLEAN MY RAZOR, JUST BEFORE I USED THE RAZOR TO CLEAN A BOOKIE JOINT WHERE I HAD JUST BEEN CLEANED.

MAG: Hold this man, too, officer. Now look, McGee, before the rest of your gang shows up to make things tougher for you... why don't you confess?

FIB: DAD RAT IT, I AIN'T GOT ANYTHING TO CONFESS. YOU CAN'T CONVICT ME ON NOTHIN' BUT CIRCUMSTANGICAL EVIDENCE AND I DEMAND --

DOOR OPEN & CLOSE

COP: Here's Mrs. Abigail Uppington, Your Honor. She says she knows the suspects.

UPP: Well, I MUST SAY this is WHAT IS ALL THIS, MAY I AASK.

MAG: Mrs. Uppington, these people are charged with holding up a jewelry store. Can you vouch for them?

UPP: Why of course I can, your honor.

FIB: Attagirl, Uppy. We sure appreciate this.

UPP: Oh - not at all, Mr. McGee.... I OWE you a favor, after all the trouble you saved me about Fifi.

MAG: WHO'S FIFI?

FIB: That's Uppy's puppy!!

UPP: My Pekinese, your honor. I started out to get a 1941 dog license for her, but Mr. McGee told me I didn't need a license for so small a dog. Which saved me NO END of trouble because --

MAG: OH SO HE SAID YOU DIDN'T NEED ANY DOG LICENSE DID HE
OFFICER!
COP: Yes sir?
MAG: Add another charge against this man. Conspiracy to defraud
the city. AND HOLD THIS WOMAN FOR NON-PAYMENT OF TAXES.
UPP: YOUR HONOR, I PROTEST....
MAG: Officer, I think we've stumbled into something big, here.
This looks like a regular crime ring!
MOL: YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO HOLD MRS. UPPINGTON. SHE'S ONE OF
THE WEALTHIEST WOMEN IN WISTFUL VISTA.
MAG: That's very interesting. Officer. Make a note to
investigate this woman's income tax returns. She might
be the fence.
UPP: Oh so I'm a fence, am I!
FIB: Greetings, gate!
MAG: BE QUIET, YOU! Now before I set your bail, McGee, I
want you to know -

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

HAL: (FADE IN) WELL WELL WELL..WHAT'S GOING ON HERE! GOOD DAY,
MRS. MCGEE, HELLO FIBBER...AH, MRS. UPPINGTON...AND MR.
WILCOX....AND MR. BOOMER.

AD LIB HELLOES

FIB: Look, Gildy...they're holding us here on a bum rap. Tell
this ham-handed horses neck with the hickory hammer who
we are, willya?

GAVEL:

MAG: ORDER IN THE COURT. A FEW MORE OFFENSIVE REMARKS LIKE THAT,
MY GOOD MAN AND YOU'LL BE CHARGED WITH CONTEMPT.

MOL: I'd like to open a charge account here, too.
HAL: NOW WAIT A MINUTE FOLKS...I'M sure this can be ironed out.
Your honor, this man is my next door neighbor. And a
respectable citizen.
MAG: AND WHO ARE YOU?
HAL: I am Throckmorton P. Gildersleeve, President of the
Gildersleeve Girdle and Garment Company. Your wife probably
wears a Gildersleeve girdle.
MAG: She does, and she thinks they're terrible. Incidentally
aren't you the Gildersleeve who occasionally writes about
civic affairs for the newspapers?
HAL: WHY...WHY YES....(LAUGHS) Nothing very literary you know,
but on occasion, I flatter myself that I -
MAG: DIDN'T YOU WRITE A LETTER LAST WEEK COMPLAINING ABOUT THE
GRAFT AND INEFFICIENCY IN THE POLICE DEPARTMENT?
HAL: WHY...ER...WELL, YOU SEE, YOUR HONOR....
FIB: Oh oh!
MOL: You can sit between Mr. Wilcox and Mrs. Uppington, Mr.
Gildersleeve. Move over, Mr. Boomer.
MAG: Book Mr. Gildersleeve, Officer!
COP: Yes sir!
HAL: YOU CANT DO THIS TO ME! I DEMAND TO KNOW WHAT I AM
BEING CHARGED WITH!
MAG: Just call it a little personal revenge, my friend. Your
girdles pinched my wife - I'm pinching you.
HAL: YOU'RE A HARRRRRD MAN, YOUR HONOR!
MAG: ALL RIGHT OFFICER...TAKE ALL THESE PEOPLE AWAY AND LOCK
THEM UP.

COP: ALL RIGHT.....COME ALONG NOW.....ALL OF YE!!

SOUND: SCUFFLE OF FEET...LOUD PROTEST FROM EVERYBODY

HAL: BY GEORGE THIS IS AN OUTRAGE!!

BOOM: Hope I get my usual cell...I left a cigar on the radiator
and -

UPP: I shall take this up with the woman's club, and -

WIL: Wait till I write to Racine about this....

SOUND: RATTLE OF KEYS...CREAK OF STEEL DOOR

COP: ALL RIGHT...IN YE GO...

MURMUR OF VOICES: (FOOTSTEPS)

SOUND: DOOR CLANG:

MOL: Well, I guess I'm sort of the hostess here, folks....so make
yourselves comfortable....

UPP: PLEASE...MRS. MCGEE...HOW CAN YOU BE SO..SO..WELL..SUCH
LEVITY IN THIS TEDDIBLE PREDICAMENT! THINK OF IT...AN
UPPINGTON, IN JAIL!

FIB: You don't have any social position in the clink, Uppy.
There's no Whoose Whoo in the Whosegow.

HAL: BY GEORGE IF IT WASN'T FOR ONE THING, I'D WRITE TO MY
CONGRESSMAN ABOUT THIS.

BOOM: What's that one thing, Throckmorton?

HAL: Well, no matter what I write to him about he always sends me
a package of seeds! And always petunia seeds...AND I HATE
PETUNIAS.

MOL: Quiet, Mr. Gildersleeve. Or they'll bring another charge
against you. Hating flowers.

WIL: Gee wiz, I've got to get out of here. I've still got six
Johnson Wax dealers to call on today, and ---

UPP: PLEASE MR. WILCOX! ... AFTER ALL, YOUR COMMERCIAL
DIFFICULTIES SEEM A BIT TRIVIAL IN VIEW OF ---

FIB: Look, everybody ... take it easy. We'll be outa here just
as soon as they hear from the President of the Watch
Company, for whom I'm the local representative of, - for,
HEY ... OFFICER ... DIDN'T YOU GET A WIRE FROM MR. MEANING
YET?

GOP: SURE WE DID, LADDIE.

CHEERS:

FIB: WELL, THEN LET US OUTA HERE HE VERIFIED THE FACT THAT
I WAS SELLIN' WATCHES FOR HIM, DIDN'T HE?

GOP: No.

CHORUS: WHAT?

FIB: WHATCHA MEAN, BUD?

GOP: HE SAID HIS WISTFUL VISTA REPRESENTATIVE WAS TALL, DARK AND
HANDSOME, MARGNETIC PERSONALITY AND A SNAPPY DRESSER. AND
IF YOU'RE THAT, I'M RONALD BOYAY! (FADES OUT) NOW SHUT UP
AND DON'T BOTHER ME AGAIN!

FIB: Well, I'll be a....how did he ever get THAT description of
me! I never told him I was..WHY I DIDN'T EVEN APPLY FOR
THE JOB. MOLLY GOT IT FOR ME WHEN....Oh oh....Hey...Molly!

MOL: (MEEKLY) Yes, dearie.

FIB: JUST WHAT DID YOU TELL THE PRESIDENT OF THE WATCH COMPANY
TO GET ME THIS JOB?

MOL: I..I..well, I told him you were tall, dark and handsome,
and that -

FIB: WHAT WAS THE IDEA??..YOU KNOW I AIN'T TALL DARK AND HANDSOME!

MOL: (SIGHS) Well, - I can dream, can't I?

ORCH: "SENTIMENTAL ME" Fade for -

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.
Fibber McGee & Molly
2-11-41
Tuesday 6:30 PM PST NBC

Closing Commercial

ANNCR: Do you know what is the most inexpensive way to make
your home more beautiful? It's by the regular use of
genuine JOHNSON'S WAX on your floors, furniture and
woodwork. Every application of this world-famous
wax polish adds mellow, rich beauty -- and every
application also adds greater protection and makes
house-cleaning easier. In fact, I don't know of any
product that you can buy that offers more advantages.
Floors that are wax-protected with genuine JOHNSON'S
WAX take on a soft, satiny lustre and gleam that set off
all your furnishings. The hard film of JOHNSON'S WAX
protects floors against scuffing feet and scraping heels.
Dust is whisked away in a jiffy. And there are 100
extra uses for JOHNSON'S WAX -- for windowsills,
lampshades, picture frames, furniture, leather goods.
You can buy JOHNSON'S WAX now in three forms -- the
familiar PASTE and LIQUID forms, and the new CREAM WAX
especially formulated for furniture and woodwork.
Order some tomorrow.

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

TAG GAG

FIB: It's a good thing you had sense enough to wire the Johnson Wax Company, Molly, or we'd o' still been in that calaboose.

MOL: Well, now that you're out, McGee, are you going to keep on with the job?

FIB: I SHOULD SAY NOT!!..AND WHAT'S MORE, THE FIRST GUY THAT SAYS "WATCH" TO ME IS GONNA GET SOCKED RIGHT IN THE EYE! WHY WHEN I THINK -

VOICE: You've only got ten seconds more, Fibber. Watch yourself!...

SOUND: SMACK

VOICE: OUCH!

FIB: Goodnight.

MOL: GOODNIGHT, ALL!

ORK: UP TO FINISH: APPLAUSE:

SIGNOFF:

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
FEBRUARY 11, 1941
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

CLOSING TAG

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

.....
WIL: 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
2-11-41
Tuesday 6:30 PM. PST NBC

(TO FOLLOW CLOSING TAG)

Note: This 30-second closing commercial
is to be delivered from a quiet
studio by a separate announcer.

WILCOX:
(CUE)invite you to be with us again next Tuesday night.
Goodnight.

.....
(SOUND OF TELEGRAPHIC MESSAGE COMING IN -- dot, dash, dot,
dash)

WILCOX: Here, wait a minute, George, while I take the rest of this
message. (DOT, DASH, DOT, DASH) -- Now, let's see how it
reads. "Just cleaned and wax-polished my car with
JOHNSON'S CARNU. Boy, was it a cinch! Half the time,
half the work it used to take. CARNU cleans and wax
polishes in one operation. Low cost. Tell your friends
to buy C-A-R-N-U -- JOHNSON'S CARNU."

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

FIBBER MCGEE &

#281

6:30-7:00
2-18-41

JOHNSON'S
ing you