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The sponsor's copy of scripts for
three radio programs:

Hap Hazard, 1941, July 1 - Sept. 22

Fibber McGee and Molly, 1935 - 1950

The Great Gildersleeve, 1942 - 1954

Loaned for microfilming by Richard
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Fib

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| vo

Sum

Scr

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

(REVISED)

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

#282

6:30-7:00
2-25-41

(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: "I SEE THE MOON
AT NOON".

ORCH: "I SEE THE MOON AT NOON"

(FADE FOR)

(COMMERCIAL....PAGE 3)

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
FEBRUARY 25, 1941
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

-3-

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WOMAN: Mr. Wilcox, why should I wax my floors? What does the wax really do for them?

WILCOX: Well, that's a good fundamental question -- and I can answer it very clearly. Have you ever rubbed an apple to make it shine? Did you realize that what made it shine was a thin coat of wax with which Nature protects fruit and flowers? It's true -- and the use of genuine wax on floors is also for protection. When you put JOHNSON'S WAX on your floors, you are protecting them against scratches, stains, and wear of all kinds. The wax coat is a glowing shield of protection. And, just as rubbing the apple made it more beautiful, polishing your floors with genuine JOHNSON'S WAX adds greatly to their beauty -- and for that matter, to the beauty of your entire home. There is a third reason for JOHNSON-WAXING your floors -- it saves you work all year, does away with tiresome floor scrubbing. Besides floors, there are 100 extra uses for JOHNSON'S WAX in your home ...

May I urge you to buy some tomorrow?

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

(REVISED) -4-

WIL: FOR THE LAST FEW YEARS A CERTAIN CITIZEN OF WISTFUL VISTA HAS BEEN QUIETLY COLLECTING BOTTLES. (IF YOU CAN COLLECT BOTTLES QUIETLY). AND HERE, LOADING HIS LOOT INTO THE CAR TO TAKE IT DOWNTOWN AND SELL IT, WE FIND THAT COLLECTOR OF INFERNAL RESIDUE AND HIS PATIENT SPOUSE -

-- FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

SOUND: CLATTER OF BOTTLES

FIB: Thank goodness-that's about all...ain't got room for many more in that back seat...hand me that last carton, will you, Molly?

SOUND: CLANK OF BOTTLES....THUD & RATTLE OF GLASS

FIB: Thanks.

MOL: You're welcome, dearie. Now you can do something for me.

FIB: Sure...what?

MOL: Look. Since 1938, you've carefully saved every bottle that came into the house. And I never asked you why. I was never one to pry into your private life. If you wanted to collect bottles, or buttons, or butterflies, or baboons, it was all right with me. But now, I'd like to know what your idea was - AND IF YOU DON'T TELL ME I THINK I'M GOING TO SCREAM!

FIB: Gee, I'm sorry, Molly. I thought all the time that you knew I been savin' 'em for the refund.

MOL: THE REFUND!

FIB: Sure. Instead of trottin' down to the grocery every day with two ginger-ale or rootbeer bottles and comin' home with a dime, I thought I'd save 'em for a couple o' years and really collect some dough. Catch onto it?

MOL: Well heavenly days! And how much do you expect to get for the lot, my bold financier?

FIB: Well, averagin' two cents per bottle, and I got exactly five hundred and 37 bottles, I figger I'll get about eleven bucks. And that ain't hay!

MOL: And to think how many glass-blowers have been wasting their breath when they might of been learnin' the piccolo! Eleven dollars! For 3 years' work!

FIB: Whaddye mean, three years work....IT AIN'T BEEN WORK. IT'S BEEN FUN! It's been my hobby. It's...It's kept me off the streets.

MOL: Well, where are you taking 'em?

FIB: Grocery store. Wanna go along?

MOL: I wouldn't miss it for a 40-acre farm with Clark Gable as hired man. Let's go.

FIB: Okay.....climb in.

MOL: Where'll I sit? You got both seats full of bottles.

FIB: Sit up in front there....you can make kind of a little nest among the root beer and ginger ale bottles.

MOL: Oh fine. They were soft drinks, so I ought to be quite comfortable.

SOUND: RATTLE OF BOTTLES:

FIB: Now don't bust any of 'em. I got a lot of time and money in this stuff.

MOL: You got a lot of water in 'em too. Something's dripping down my neck.

FIB: That's just the rinse water. Some of 'em ain't quite dry, yet. Well, here we go!

SOUND: STARTER. REPEAT:

OLD MAN: (FADE IN) Hey there, Johnny Hello Daughter!

MOL: Oh hello there, Mr. Old Timer.

OLD M: If you're goin' downtown would you mind if I rode as far as - (PAUSE) (WHISTLE) Hey ... whatcha doin', Johnny? Bootleggin'.

FIB: NO I AIN'T BOOTLEGGIN'. I'm takin' these bottles back for a refund.

OLD M: Zat so! From the looks o' the bottles, you must of threw quite a party, kids. Why didn't you invite me? I'm great at parties ... do card tricks, impersonations and I can take my vest off without removin' my coat.

MOL: That's very interesting, Mr. Old Timer ... but we didn't give a party.

FIB: I been savin' these bottles for three years, Old Timer.

OLD M: What for, Johnny?

MOL: It's just a hobby with him, Mr. Old Timer. Haven't you got a hobby?

OLD M: I got two hobbies, daughter. I'm a string-saver, and I never step on cracks in the sidewalk.

FIB: Well, every man to his taste, Old Timer. I collect bottles you collect string -

MOL: - and I've got a blue serge coat that collects lint.

SOUND: TRAFFIC NOISE UP...FADE TO:

SOUND: MOTOR UP...AND FADE IN WITH BRAKE SCREECH: (CLINK OF BOTTLES AS CAR STOPS)

FIB: Gotta get them brakes fixed! Well, come on, Molly. Here's the grocery store.

MOL: All right, dearie. And believe me it'll be a relief to get up off these things...

CLINK OF BOTTLES: CAR DOOR OPEN

FIB: How so come why?

MOL: Well there were three mustard bottles leering at me like I was a piece of corned beef.

FIB: I'll take in a few samples, first. Now lemme see....

SOUND: CLINK OF BOTTLES:

FIB: One ginger ale...(CLINK) .. one ketchup...(CLINK)...one grape juice...(CLINK)...one rootbeer...(CLINK) ...and one horseradish. That oughta give 'em an idea..

MOL: It would give me one, if I was them...but I hope they don't think of it. Well...good luck, dearie.

FIB: Thanks...I'll be back in just a minute and you can help me carry in the rest of the...OOOOOP!

SOUND: GLASS CRASH:

FIB: DAD, RAT IT, BUD, WHY DON'T YOU LOOK WHERE YOU'RE - Oh. Oh Hiyah Nick.

NICK: Well for scrim's sakes, Fizzer. Excuse me for being such a big clumsy. I guess my feet are all thumbs!

MOL: Don't worry about the bottles you broke, Mr. Depopolis..they were just a handful of empties.

FIB: IS THAT SO? I'D OF GOT AT LEAST 11¢ REFUND ON THEM BOTTLES! You gonna pay me for 'em, Nick?

NICK: SMERTAINLY! How much?

MOL: I think he said eleven cents, Mr. Depopolis.

NICK: Oh yes...here's a two bits piece, Fizzer.

FIB: Sorry Nick...I can't make change.

MOL: Take the quarter McGee...I'll give Mr. Depopolis three more bottles. Here, Mr. Depopolis. Here's your change.

NICK: Thank you.

SOUND: THREE GLASS CRASHES

NICK: (LAUGHS) That is being a lot of fun, Kewpie. Here's two dollars. Give me some more -----

FIB: HEY, CUT THAT OUT!...THINK I WANNA GET PINCHED FOR ALL THIS BROKEN GLASS ON THE SIDEWALK? Lay off, Nick!

NICK: Uckly Duckly, Fizzer. And look...Mrs. Depopolis is telling me to ask you, if you are caring to stop at our house some nights this week for a game of compact bridge, don't do it, because she hate bridge! So long, Fizzer. So long Kewpie!

MOL: Goodbye, Mr. Depopolis. McGee...don't step in any of that broken glass.

FIB: I already did.

MOL: OH DEAR...LET ME SEE IT...MAYBE I CAN...

FIB: It's all right. I stepped in some iodine, too. (PAUSE)

FIB: Funny...that got a big laugh last week! Oh well...

SOUND: CLINK OF BOTTLES

FIB: Come on, Molly...hold the door open for me.

MOL: All right.

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

FIB: Hiyah, Mr. Sale, can you -

(2ND REVISION) -11-

MAN: BE WITH YOU IN JUST A MINUTE, MR. MCGEE. I'M WAITING ON A CUSTOMER. Was there anything else, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: (OFF MIKE) Well, let me think. Oh yes, I want a small box of curry powder. And send all this stuff right over to my apartment, please.

MOL: Yoo Hoo! Mr. Wilcox!

FIB: Hiyah Harlow. What was that stuff you just asked for?

WIL: Hello folks. I just asked for a small box of curry powder.

MOL: CURRY POWDER!

FIB: Shucks, you never told us you had a horse, Harlow!

WIL: I haven't. This is the powder I put in the sauce when I make curry.

MOL: YOU MEAN YOU COOK, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Sure.....doesn't Fibber?

MOL: HE DOES NOT.!...AND I WOULDN'T THINK OF LETTING HIM MESS UP MY KITCHEN, EITHER.

WIL: MOLLY..... I'M Ashamed of you!

MOL: What?

WIL: Why there's no excuse for husbands not messing around in the kitchen these days, if they want to. What if they do mess up the floor?

FIB: (Excuse us folks, but this is the part of the thing that pays for the stuff.) WHATCHA MEAN, HARLOW?

WIL: I mean about the linoleum being properly protected with Johnson's Self-Polishing Glo-Coat - the no rubbing, no buffing polish that shines as it dries. And what well-kept kitchen floor isn't, these modern times? - Why, what if the old man does spill a gob of gravy or a splatter of hen-fruit on the floor? Who cares? It can be wiped up in a jiffy with a damp cloth.

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FIB: Say that would be a great premium to give away with every can of Johnson's Self-Polishing Glo-Coat, wouldn't it?

MOL: Wouldn't what?

FIB: A jiffy. A pearl handled jiffy to wipe spots off the floor in.

WIL: Oh don't be silly.

FIB: Don't you be silly!

MAN: Excuse me, Mr. McGee...you're next.

FIB: Thanks, Mr. Sale. Well, see you later, Wilcox.

MOL: And keep your curry up, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: And stop in at our house sometime, I'll fry you a nice batch of stupefied crandelwhims, with raisins. You like 'em?

WIL: I love 'em, if they're fried in deep - fat!

DOOR SLAM:

MAN: Now then...what was it for you, Mr. McGee?

FIB: I wanna refund on these bottles.

SOUND: THREE BOTTLES ON COUNTER:

MAN: Well now let me see....you have a penny coming on the root-beer...a nickel on the ginger-ale...and...er what's this?

FIB: A horseradish bottle all washed and sterilized.

FIB: Say that would be a great premium to give away with every can of Johnson's Self-Polishing Glo-Coat, wouldn't it?

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FIB: A horseradish bottle all washed and sterilized.

MAN: Sorry. No refund on those.

MOL: How about the grapejuice?

MAN: We don't carry that brand any more...

FIB: Mustard?

MAN: Nope, Just on the rootbeer and ginger ale. Here's ten cents and you can -

FIB: HEY WAIT...I GOTTA CAR FULL O' THEM OUTSIDE BUD. JUST WAIT TILL I --

MAN: WAIT A MINUTE, MR. MCGEE...HOW MANY ROOTBEER AND GINGER ALE BOTTLES HAVE YOU?

FIB: Oh, I'd say about 170, which would come to about 5.75.

MAN: OH NO YOU DON'T! YOU HAVEN'T BOUGHT A DOZEN BOTTLES OF THAT STUFF FROM ME IN FIVE YEARS. TAKE 'EM BACK WHERE YOU GOT 'EM! THIS IS A GROCERY, - NOT A JUNK YARD!

MOL: Now look here, Mr. Sale...if that's the way you're going to act, you're liable to lose our account.

MAN: MRS. MCGEE...I'VE BEEN TRYING TO LOSE YOUR ACCOUNT EVER SINCE YOU OPENED IT. IT'S MORE BOTHER THAN IT'S WORTH.

FIB: Oh yeah? Well it'll be all right with us, too, bud. That last spinach you sent us had so much sand in it I had to eat it with a niblick!

MOL: But Mr. Sale...why has our account been so much trouble?

MAN: I'll show you...look! Here's your last order slip. Our delivery truck went clear across town to bring you ONE EGG, TWO APPLES, FOUR MACAROONS and a box of toothpicks.

MOL: Who ordered those toothpicks?

FIB: I did, Molly.

MOL: What for?

FIB: Well, I was workin' on my ship model and I ran outa lumber. WELL, OKAY BUD...if that's the way you feel about it, gimme my dime for these two bottles -

SOUND: CLATTER AND GLASS CRASH:

MAN: NOW LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE!!!...YOU GOT BROKEN GLASS ALL ~~over my~~ *over my shudab*...GET OUT OF HERE!!!...AND DON'T COME BACK!..

FIB: But look, I gotta car full of bottles that I been savin' for -

MAN: (YELLS) I DON'T CARE IF YOU'VE GOT A PRAIRIE SCHOONER FULL OF PLATINUM.....I DON'T WANT IT....GO AWAY!

DOOR SLAM:

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON SIDEWALK...CAR DOOR OPEN...RATTLE OF BOTTLES:

CAR DOORS SLAM.

MOL: Home?

FIB: No.

MOL: Where?
FIB: Drugstore.
MOL: Oh.
SOUND: (STARTER GRIND...MOTOR UP...FADE INTO MUSICAL BRIDGE)
(DOOR OPEN)

FIB: (OFF).....AND FURTHERMORE, MR. KRAMER, IF I'D OF EVER
SUSPECTED YOU WASN'T GONNA MAKE GOOD ON THEM BOTTLES,
I'D O' NEVER BOUGHT ALL MY POSTAGE STAMPS IN YOUR
DRUGSTORE.

DOOR SLAM: FOOTSTEPS ON SIDEWALK...CAR DOOR SLAM

MOL: What'd he say?
FIB: Shook his head.
MOL: What'd you do?
FIB: Shook my fist.
MOL: What'd he do?
FIB: Shook a shotgun.
MOL: What'd you do?

FIB: Shook.
SOUND: STARTER...CAR UP AND FADE OUT WITH CLINK OF BOTTLES...INTO-
ORCH: SHORT BRIDGE...FADE:
FIB: Hey, sis, I got these bottles here a while back and I'd
like to get a refund if you -
WOMAN: Sorry, sir. That was when we were under the N.R.A. No
refunds now.
FIB: But I WANT MY DIME!
WOMAN: You can't have it. You've washed off the little Blue Eagle.
ORCH: SHORT BRIDGE: FADE
FIB: Hey, bud, I gotta few bottles --
MAN: Sorry! - I've taken the pledge!
DOOR SLAM:
ORCH: SHORT BRIDGE: (VERY TIRED).....FADE -
FIB: Look, Mister, do you refund money on -
MAN: ON NUTTIN'! BEAT IT.
DOOR SLAM:
SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON SIDEWALK: CAR DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE WITH CLINK
OF BOTTLES:
MOL: Well?
FIB: I guess I'M a chump, Molly. It's no use. Shucks, I
thought I had a swell idea collectin' these bottles, but -
well...I guess I...I flopped.
MOL: Now now now...don't take it to heart, dearie. Everybody
sticks their neck out now and then. That's why they have
portholes on boats.
FIB: Yeah, but shucks, -
UPP: (FADE IN) AHH, THERE YOU ARE, MR. MCGEE! I have been
looking all over Wistful Vista for you!

FIB: (WEARILY) Hiyah, Uppy.
MOL: Hello Abigail. What was it you wanted?
UPP: Someone told me that Mr. McGee had several hundred old bottles he wanted to sell, and I was SO afraid he would dispose of them before I found him!
FIB: Well, there's no use in.....WHAT? WHAT'D YOU SAY, UPPY?
MOL: She sounds like an angel in disguise, McGee...and one of the CLEVEREST disguises I ever saw!
FIB: You..you mean YOU wanna buy these bottles, Uppy?
UPP: INDEED, I DO, Mr. McGee....how many have you?
FIB: Why...why about five hundred, but what -
UPP: OHHH, SPLENDID!! SPLENDID!! WHAT A LUCKY GIRL I AM, REALLY! FIVE HUNDRED PERFECTLY GOOD BOTTLES! But I warn you, Mr. McGee...I drive a hard bargain! I am offering you fifty dollars for the entire lot!
MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS.....FIFTY DOLLARS!
UPP: Well, sixty then!
FIB: Oh now wait a minute, Uppy. That's ridiculous! When I tell you how much I expected to get for these bottles you wouldn't -
UPP: SEVENTY FIVE DOLLARS AND THAT'S MY FINAL OFFER.
MOL: SOLD! To the lady in the prematurely gray fur coat!
FIB: Say, I den't quite...this is so sudden I hardly....look.. what'd you want 'em fer, Uppy?

FIB: (WEARILY) Hiyah, Uppy.
MOL: Hello Abigail. What was it you wanted?
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UPP: AHH, DON'T YOU WISH YOU KNEW, YOU CLEVER BOY!
 (LAUGHS) YOU KNOW THE OLD SAYING - "Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no, - anyway!" (LAUGHS)
 Here, Mr. McGee...here is the seventy-five dollars.
 And you may dump those bottles in my back yard any time today.

MOL: Pinch me, McGee...OUCH! Thank you. AND THANK YOU Abigail....

UPP: Oh no thank you....And now...to celebrate the deal...
 I INSIST ON TAKING YOU TO DINNAH AT THE 400 Club....
 COME NOW! I SHANT TAKE NO FOR AN ANSWER!

MOL: There's no danger of you getting it for an answer, Uppy.

FIB: I should say not. I suddenly got an appetite that'd make a steam shovel lower it's bucket in shame. CLIMB IN UPPY...
 AND LET'S GO....

SOUND: (CAR DOOR OPEN)

UPP: But..but where shall I sit, Mr. McGee...

MOL: Here...I'll make room for you, Abigail...

SOUND: CLATTER AND CLINK OF BOTTLES (CAR DOOR SLAM)

UPP: OHHH WHAT FUN...REALLY... (LAUGHS)

FIB: Ain't it though? (LAUGHS)

MOL: Well here we go...AND DON'T LET THE HORSERADISH GET SMART WITH YOU, ABIGAIL!!... (LAUGHS)

LOUD LAUGHTER FROM ALL THREE...INTO:

SOUND: CAR STARTER..MOTOR UP AND FADE WITH GLASS JANGLING:

ORK: "COVERED WAGON ROLLS RIGHT ALONG"...KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE:

WIL: The King's Men Singing "Covered Wagon Rolls Along."
 (APPLAUSE)

FIB: Boy, oh boy, oh boy!...what a day! (LAUGHS) You know, Molly, for a while there today, I almost begun to have doubts if I could sell them bottles? (LAUGHS)

MOL: What on earth do you suppose Mrs. Uppington wants 'em for?

FIB: I don't know but I kinda regret leavin' 'em go at 75 bucks. Wish I'd ask a hundred.

MOL: It cost her almost that anyway. I saw the bill she signed for dinner at the 400 club. You know how much? 22 dollars!

FIB: Oh that couldn't be just for that one-meal for the three of us! She must be boardin' there by the week.

MOL: NO SIR.....it was nearly seven dollars apiece.

FIB: Sayyyy, that was a mighty tasty dinner, wasn't it?

MOL: I thought you said it wasn't so hot?

FIB: That was before I knew it cost seven bucks. And I still say that was the worst cider I ever drunk.

MOL: That wasn't cider. That was champagne.

FIB: Eh? It was? I thought the waiter said his mother made it.

MOL: He did not. He said it was 'Mumms'!

FIB: Oh! Well, anyway----

KNOCK AT DOOR:

FIB: Who's that?

MOL: Search me. Better get that 75 dollars out of sight.

COME IN.

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

HAL: Well hello there folks...how's every little thing?

MOL: Just wonderful Mr. Gildersleeve.

FIB: Better'n they been for a long time, Gildy old man.

HAL: (IN GREAT SURPRISE) Really?

MOL: Why certainly...

HAL: Well! That's er -- that's fine!...I just stopped in, McGee, to ask you if you could get into one of my suits?

FIB: We could both get into one of your suits, - but why should we?

MOL: He's got clothes of his own.

HAL: Yes.. yes I know...but I thought...well, I was....
(VERY CONFIDENTIALLY) Say how are you fixed for groceries?

MOL: Groceries?

FIB: HEY WAIT A MINUTE...WHAT IS THIS?...FIRST YOU OFFER ME YOUR OLD CLOTHES AND THEN YOU OFFER US FOOD. Dad rat it, Gildersleeve if you think for one minute that we -

HAL: Now now now...take it easy, little chum. Take it easy.
It's no disgrace to be poor.

MOL: Of course it isn't!

FIB: WHAT ARE YOU DRIVING AT YOU BIG BABOON?

HAL: Now look here, little pal. Why don't you let me make you a small loan...sort of tide you over until...

FIB: DAD RAT IT GILDERSLEEVE YOU CUT THAT OUT...I DON'T WANT ANY MONEY AND I DON'T WANT ANY CLOTHES AND I DON'T WANT ANY GROCERIES. Shucks, anybody'd think we didn't know where the next meal was comin' from?

HAL: Well....do you?

MOL: WHAT'S THAT?

HAL: Now, Mrs. McGee...maybe I can talk sensibly with you. I know all about it. Mrs. Uppington told me.

FIB: SHE TOLD YOU WHAT, GILDERSLEEVE?

HAL: About how she got word you had your bar full of junk... trying to sell it. Imagine, Fibber McGee...my pal., my NEIGHBOR...reduced to selling old bottles. WHY didn't you let somebody know?...We'd all have been glad to help,

MOL: Well of all the -

FIB: Well I'll be a -

HAL: It's all right, chum. We won't say a word about this outside. But when Mrs. Uppington told me she felt so sorry for you that she took you in and bought you a warm meal...and then paid you SEVENTY FIVE DOLLARS for a useless ton of old bottles...well, that got me!

MOL: (GROANS) Ohhhhhhh, so THAT'S WHY SHE.....OHHHHHHHHH!!....

FIB: That does it! THAT ABSOLUTELY DOES IT! MOLLY, NEVER LET ME SEE ANOTHER BOTTLE IN THIS HOUSE AS LONG AS I LIVE!

MOL: There's only one bottle left in the house, dearie.

FIB: Where?

MOL: Upstairs.

FIB: Well, go get it and throw it away!

MOL: Impossible!

FIB: Why?

MOL: Uncle Dennis won't let go of it!

FIB: Oh pshaw!

ORK: "YOU SHOULD BE SET TO MUSIC" - FADE FOR

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
FEBRUARY 25, 1941
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Fibber and Molly will be back in just a moment. When that young son of yours goes tromping across your clean kitchen floor in his wet muddy shoes, do you scold him -- and then feel sorry about it afterwards? It's a natural thing to do -- but isn't it better to protect your floors with JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT -- and not have to worry about it at all? GLO-COAT is the easy, modern way to keep linoleum floors clean and sparkling -- with a minimum of work. All you do is apply and let dry -- without any rubbing or buffing, your floors are protected with a gleaming, long-lasting polish. GLO-COAT keeps the colors of linoleum looking like new -- makes the linoleum itself last much longer. So you see, GLO-COAT saves twice -- saves you tiresome work, saves your linoleum. In millions of homes women swear by JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. Be sure to buy a can tomorrow. Remember -- you save money on the large sizes.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

(2nd Revision)

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TAG GAG

FIB: You know, Molly, - I'm gonna buy Gildersleeve a big expensive present because he tried to be nice to us.

MOL: Mrs. Uppington was nice too, McGee. Though she didn't have to run and tell Mr. Gildersleeve about it.

FIB: No, but I certainly give her a lotta credit.

MOL: You're going to pay the money right back aren't you?

FIB: No, for that she's gotta give ME a lotta credit.

Goodnight!

MOL: Goodnight, all!

ORK: (CLOSING SIGNATURE - THEME - FADE ON CUE)

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
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CLOSING TAG

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

WILCOX: This is Harlow Wilcox ... speaking for the makers of
JOHNSON'S WAX and JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT ...
inviting you to be with us again next Tuesday night.
Goodnight.

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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.
.....

ANNOUNCER: Here is a special message to all high school boys:

BOY LIKE
TETLEY:

(LIKE A SPEECH TO THE CLASS)

Fellow classmen! If your folks are like mine and say you
should have some real work to do around the house, here's
a tip. Ask for the job of cleaning and waxing the car.
There's nothing to it. Use JOHNSON'S CARNU - C-A-R-N-U --
it cleans and wax polishes in one simple operation and if
you're any good at all, you'll be finished in about an
hour! Don't forget the name -- JOHNSON'S CARNU.