

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

(REVISED)

FIBBER McGEE & MOLLY

#284

6:30-7:00
3-11-41

(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: "LOVE IS".

ORCH: "LOVE IS"

(FADE FOR)

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.
Fibber McGee & Molly
3-11-41
Tuesday 6:30 PM PST NBC

-3-

Opening Commercial

WOMAN: I wish my floors could be as beautiful as Mrs. Clark's....
as rich-looking!

WILCOX: Pardon me, Madame, but your floors can be as beautiful as
anybody's, if you'll polish them regularly with genuine
JOHNSON'S WAX. I know, because I've watched many floors
that looked dull and lifeless become gleaming beautiful
floors under the magic touch of JOHNSON'S PASTE OR
LIQUID WAX. In fact, they seem to take on more beauty
with every waxing. And, of course, the tough coat of wax
protects the finish against scratches, stains and wear....
and cuts housework way down because dust and dirt cannot
cling to a smooth, waxed surface. And did you know that
smart housekeepers have discovered over 100 extra uses for
genuine JOHNSON'S WAX? They wax window sills, furniture,
picture frames, woodwork, venetian blinds, leather goods....
well, you'll find these 100 extra uses listed right on the
JOHNSON'S WAX package. And before I forget, you can now
buy JOHNSON'S WAX in 3 forms....the familiar PASTE and
LIQUID form, plus the new CREAM WAX especially formulated
for furniture and woodwork.

ORCHESTRA: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH)

(APPLAUSE)

(REVISED)

-4-

WIL: LAST WEEK, A QUARANTINE OF MEASLES BOTTLED UP THE CREAM OF
WISTFUL VISTA SOCIETY IN THE MCGEE HOME. DURING THE WEEK
THAT HAS JUST PASSED, THE CREAM HAS SOURED CONSIDERABLY.
AND HERE, AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA, JUST ONE BIG UNHAPPY FAMILY,
WE FIND A NUMBER OF UNWILLING GUESTS AND --

-- FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

APPLAUSE

FIB: Now wait a minute, Gildersleeve. The doctor hasn't given
permission to anybody to leave yet, so--

HAL: WELL BY GEORGE, I'M LEAVING ANYWAY! MY BUSINESS IS GOING
TO WRACK AND RUIN, WHILE I--

MOL: Take your hand off that doorknob, Mr. Gildersleeve, or you'll
regret it. We'll ALL regret it.

HAL: I WON'T DO IT! I've been cooped up here for a week and
I'M GOING TO LEAVE RIGHT NOW!

FIB: DON'T YOU DARE OPEN THAT DOOR, GILDERSLEEVE!

HAL: I WILL TOO!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN....AVALANCHE OF JUNK....BELL TINKLE

FIB: Tsk! Tsk! Tsk!! I gotta straighten out that closet one of
these days.

HAL: WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME THIS WAS A CLOSET?

MOL: You've been here a week....you should have known. Besides,
I don't know why you're worried about your old factory.
Your wife has taken charge of the Gildersleeve Girdle
Company.

HAL: OH WHAT DO WOMEN KNOW ABOUT GIRDLES?

FIB: Plenty--if they got the proper foundation. (PAUSE) and
background. But--

UPP: (FADE IN) Oh Mr. McGee....when...OH WHEN, ARE WE GOING TO
GET OUT OF THIS HORRIBLE HOUSE?

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MOL: OH...SO THIS HOUSE IS HORRIBLE, IS IT? Now you listen to me, Abigail Uppington! I DON'T MIND YOUR SLEEPING IN MY BED, OR USING MY VANISHING CREAM AND MY BOBBY PINS, BUT WHEN YOU SAY THIS IS A HORRIBLE HOUSE....I agree with you. I've never spent such a week in my life!

FIB: LIFE! Has this only been ONE life!

UPP: But when CAN we leave, Mr. McGee....? Surely, they can't legally keep us chained up here like wild beasts when--

HAL: WHO'S A WILD BEAST?

FIB: If the fur fits - wear it, Gildersleeve.

HAL: OHHHHHHHHH!

MOL: Well, I'm sure it can't be much longer, Mrs. Uppington. We're just as anxious to have you leave as you are to go. McGee, may I have a private word with you?

FIB: Sure. You mind if we have a minute alone, folks?

HAL: If by "ALONE" you mean without me, McGee, you can have three thousand years of it! Come on, Abigail....let's go and sneer at their photograph album again! (LAUGHS)

FIB: Smatter, Molly?

MOL: Look - we've all been getting in each other's hair here for a solid week. And the doctor hasn't been back once!

FIB: I know....he called up right after he left, though, that night we got quarantined.

MOL: What'd he say?.

FIB: I'm darned if I can remember. It was some big medical word. You know how doctors are.

~~MOL: YOU'RE GOING TO FORGET ME, McGEE, DON'T YOU REMEMBER?~~

~~FIB: Shucks - I BEEN trying all week. It'll come to me, sooner or later.~~

MOL: I hope so. Heavenly days, if they quarantined doctors, too, they wouldn't be so anxious to keep people locked up like this. Where is everybody, McGee?

FIB: Down in the basement. Boomer and Wilcox and the Old Timer got a poker game goin'.

MOL: Oh they have! It wasn't enough that I was running a boarding house and a hospital - NOW I GOT A GAMBLING JOINT ON MY HANDS!

FIB: They ain't doin' any harm.

MOL: Just the same I'm not going to have my home turned into any Monte Christo.

FIB: You mean Monte Carlo. Monte Christo was a count.

MOL: Then he should have had more manners than to turn somebody's home into a gambling joint.

FIB: HE DIDN'T GAMBLE. HE WAS JUST A GUY IN A BOOK.

MOL: OH HE RAN A BOOK, TOO! That's all I wanted to know! You go and see how the little girl is getting along, McGee...

AND IF YOU HEAR A RIOT DOWNSTAIRS, THAT'S ME BREAKING UP THE POKER GAME. (FADE OUT)

FIB: Hmmmm!...G'bye Mr. Chips!

DOOR OPEN

TEE: Hiyah, Mister McGee.

FIB: Hiyah there sis? How's everything? Got enough blankets - or too many? Window open enough - or too much? Is it too light in here...or too dark?

TEE: Yes.

(REVISED)

-7-

FIB: Eh?

TEE: Hey will you tell me a story, Mr. McGee? Huh. Will you please? Hmm. Will you? Hmmm?

FIB: Okay ... but you stay tucked in there... I don't want you to catch cold. What story you want me to tell you?

TEE: Goldilocks I betcha.

FIB: Okay. ONEE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A BEAUTIFUL LITTLE GIRL NAMED GOLDILOCKS AND ONE DAY SHE STARTED TO TAKE HER GRANDMOTHER A BASKET OF DELICIOUS PIES AND CAKES AND SANDWICHES AND ~~ALL STUFF THAT THERE WAS~~ -

TEE: I'm hungry.

FIB: Eh?

TEE: I'm hungry. Can I please have something to eat, Mr. McGee? Please?

FIB: Oh I guess so, sis. How about a apple? Make you nice and strong to eat apples.

TEE: Gee, like Superman, huh? HEY WILL YOU GET THE PAPER AND READ ME ABOUT SUPERMAN, MR. MCGEE?

FIB: Aw fer the okay okay ... anything to oblige. Where's the paper ... ~~Oh ...~~ ... (RATTLE OF PAPER) Well, today, Superman is fightin' for his life among the gangs that have mushroomed up in the -

TEE: Have what, Mr.?

FIB: Mushroomed.

TEE: I'm hungry.

FIB: LOOK, WILL YOU MAKE UP YOUR MIND? FIRST YOU WANT A STORY THEN YOU WANT SOMETHING TO EAT. NOW WHICH'LL IT BE?

(REVISED)

-8-

TEE: A story.

FIB: Okay. SHALL I TELL YOU ALL ABOUT THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN?

TEE: Who's he?

FIB: Well, he was the guy who got rid of all the rats by playin' his flute and -

TEE: GEE I LOVE FLUTE! STEWED FLUTE AND FLUTE JELLO AND -

FIB: THAT'S FRUIT AND WE HAVEN'T GOT ANY! And furthermore if I detect any -

TEE: I LIKE detectives too. Will you please read me about Dick Tracy?

FIB: I THOUGHT YOU WANTED SOMETHING TO EAT.

TEE: I know it. That's why I want you to read me about Dick Tracy. Gee I just eat that up, I betcha.

FIB: Well all right. (RATTLES PAPER) Well, it says here that Dick Tracy is on the trail of a crook that's just taken it on the lam --

TEE: On the what?

FIB: LAM.

TEE: I'm hungry.

FIB: I DON'T CARE HOW HUNGRY YOU ARE, DAD RAT IT! YOU'RE GONNA GET DICK TRACY AND LIKE IT!

TEE: (CRIES) WAHHHHHHH!!!

FIB: Oh-hey hey hey ... wait a minute, sis ... I ... I'm sorry! I guess I'm just kinda on edge ... after all this quarantine Excuse me for hollerin' atcha, willya?

TEE: (SNIFFLES) Okay, mister.

FIB: Thanks. The idea... a big guy like me shoutin' at a little kid like you, sick with the measles. I oughtta be ashamed!

TEE: Sure you had, I betcha.

FIB: Well, I am. Now which do you want, honey? A story or something to eat.

TEE: A story.

FIB: Fine. And just so's I won't arouse any gastronomic yearnings in your little corpus delicti, I'll try and tell you one that ain't connected in any way with something to eat.

TEE: All righty. (GIGGLES)

FIB: Here we go. LITTLE JACK HORNER SAT IN THE CORNER EATING HIS CHRISTMAS P. Oh Oh! ONCE UPON A TIME, THERE WAS A BOY NAMED JACK WHO LIVED WITH HIS POOR OLD MOTHER, AND ONE DAY HE WENT TO TOWN AND SOLD THE COW AND ALL HE GOT FOR IT WAS A HANDFUL OF BEA -- Hmmm... That won't do. LITTLE MISS MUFFET SAT ON A TUFFET, EATING er.... SIMPLE SIMON MET A PIE -- MARY HAD A LITTLE LA --ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A LITTLE GIRL NAMED CINDERELLA Ahh ... Now I got it! AND ONE DAY A FAIRY PRINCESS CAME TO HER AND SAID SHE COULD GO TO THE BALL, AND CINDERELLA SAID YES, BUT HOW WILL I GET THERE? AND -

TEE: And the fairy princess made her a coach out of a big, juicy punkin. (YELLS) I'M HUNGRY!

FIB: Oh pshaw!

ORK: "SCHEREREZADE"

APPLAUSE:

SECOND SPOT

FIB: Now look, Nick..be reasonable, will you? Shucks, I didn't impose this quarantine and I don't -

NICK: But for scrim's sakes Fizzer. I am asking you once and for always, on my bended elbows with tears in my face, how long can this quaranpreem last? I am getting so I hate everybody around here, including me, which I don't like, because I have always admired me very much, if you can understand that, and if not, I hate you too!

FIB: Believe me, Nick..I'm sorry. I wouldn't of had this happen for the world, but it did, and we gotta make the best of it. Can't you find any way to amuse yourself?

NICK: Such as, for instance, what?

FIB: Well, do some crossword puzzles.

NICK: No sir...no crossword puddles for me, Fizzer! I'm ~~amusing myself in a whole different way~~ It's too much exercise, I'm thinking.

FIB: Whaddye mean? There ain't any exercise to workin' crossword puzzles.

NICK: Sure there is...first you lay down on the floor and do a word..then you are standing up and doing a word..then you are lying down and doing one -

FIB: BUT WHY?

NICK: BECAUSE THAT IS WHAT IT IS SAYING TO DO! Horizontiple, perspindicular!! horizontiple, perspindicular!! UP AND DOWN, UP AND DOWN!!!! If that's being anyway to do a puzzle I've got a cross word for it that will make your hair stand on its hind feet! (FADE OUT) 'And if I don't get outa of here before long.....

FIB: Hummmmm. I know it takes all kinds of people to make a world, but sometimes I think they went to extremes.

HAL: (FADE IN) AH THERE YOU ARE, MCGEE....I'VE LOOKED ALL OVER THE HOUSE AND I CAN'T FIND ANYBODY.

FIB: No, and if I'd of seen you comin', you wouldn't o' found me. Are you gettin' as tired of me as I am of you, Gildersleeve?

HAL: At least, McGee. As soon as this quarantine is lifted, if it ever is, I'M going to move to San Francisco or some place. I'll never want to see your face again.

FIB: That's funny. That's exactly the way I feel about you. I'm gettin' so I detest you.

HAL: I know. I despise you, too. (LAUGHS) It's a good thing we're friends, or this would end up in hard feelings.

FIB: I'll say so. It's nice we can hate each other in a chummy sort of a way.

HAL: Yes indeed. BUT WHERE IS EVERYBODY, MCGEE? (GETTING ANGRY) BY GEORGE IF YOU'VE KEPT ME HERE AND LET THE REST GO, I'LL -

FIB: Aw don't get your teeth in a turmoil, Gildersleeve. Everybody's down in the basement.

HAL: What for?

FIB: They had a poker game going there, but Molly went down to bust it up. She's probably got 'em all locked in the coal bin by now...(LAUGHS) Come on..let's go see....

HAL: (LAUGHS) All right.

SOUND: (DOOR OPEN. FOOTSTEPS ON HOLLOW STAIRS...FADE IN RATTLE OF POKER CHIPS).

BOOM: (OFF MIKE) How many cards for you, Glo-Coat?

WIL: Three, Boomer.

SOUND: (CARDS FLIPPING)

OLD M: Gimme two, Horatio.

SOUND: (CARDS FLIPPING)

MILLS: Two for me, too.

BOOM: Here you are my little Tosca-niny...(CARDS) And how many for you?

MOL: (LOUD) None - I'm standing pat.

WIL: Mrs. Uppington, you opened - what are you doing?

UPP: The membership fee for this round will be three blue ones.

RATTLE OF CHIPS: MURMUR OF VOICES: "I'M in...I'm in"...etc.....

MOL: Do you mind if I put in five more - I seem to have so many.

WIL: I'm out.

OLD M: See you, daughter! Don't think you got 'em.

MOL: Mr. Boomer?

BOOM: Sorry, my dear. I'm out. I'm shy 2 feathers on a bobtail flush.

UPP: I am going to call you, Mrs. McGee.

CLATTER OF CHIPS:

MOL: But why? I'm right here.

UPP: No - I mean, let's see your cards.

MOL: Oh, sure, but they don't amount to anything, really - I was bluffing - all I've got is a five-spot and four ones.

LAUGHTER AND CONFUSION...CLATTER OF CHIPS:

FIB: (FADE IN) Hey what's goin' on here? I thought you were gonna bust up this game, Molly?

BOOM: Believe me, she did, Skee-ball! You've heard about the chicken in every pot? Well, she's the chicken!

MOL: Isn't it wonderful, McGee? Look at all the pretty chips I've won. I'm going to punch holes thru 'em and string 'em together for a necklace.

FIB: HEY DONT DO THAT!..CASH 'EM IN!..THEY'RE WORTH MONEY!

MOL: Dont be silly. They were only worth a dollar ninety-eight when we bought 'em and I even doubt if the drug store would take 'em back!

HAL: Didn't anybody else win anything? How about you, Wilcox? Did you lose?

WIL: Oh I'm not hurt much. I just like to play. It's useful to me in my business.

UPP: Why how can that be, Mr. Wilcox?

FIB: I wish you hadn't asked that question, Uppy. It's just like wavin' a bull in front of a red rag.

WIL: Well, I've always had a suspicion that poker was invented by a salesman for Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat.

FIB: Now see what you've done, Uppy!

~~MOL~~ MOL: Explain yourself, Wilcox.

WIL: Well, look, suppose housewife has a full house and somebody spills a tray on the kitchen linoleum. Does she raise the deuce? Not if she's got Johnson's Self-Polishing Glo-Coat on the floor. It's aces when it comes to protecting and beautifying linoleum, and it takes very little jack. And what's more, it puts old-fashioned floor-scrubbing in the discard. Call your dealer today!

OLD M: Heh heh heh....That's pretty good, Waxey, but THAT AIN'T THE WAY I HEERED IT! The way I heered it, one feller says to tother feller, "SAYYYYY", he says, (PAUSE) Any you kids got a good joke to fill in here with?

FIB: If you haven't got a joke why did you start that thing?

OLD M: Don't gimme that, Johnny. I've heard you start a whole show without one.....hey we gonna play any more rummy, kids?

UPP: Why Mr. Old Timer...we haven't been playing rummy. We've been playing poker.

OLD M: EH, WE HAVE? No WONDER I ain't been havin' any luck.

HAL: What I want to know is WHEN ARE WE GOING TO GET OUT OF HERE? WHAT'D THE DOCTOR SAY, MCGEE?

FIB: You heard ^{what he said} ~~him say we were quarantined, didn't you?~~ Anyway, what are you squawkin' about Gildersleeve. You ain't any worse off than the rest of us.

BOOM: Certainly not, Dull dark and dumpy. Matter of fact I'm thinking of starting suit against McGee for making me miss an important Board meeting.

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN STARTIN' SUIT AGAINST ME. What board meeting did you miss?

BOOM: Show you in just a minute, Chiselchin. Have the notice right here in my pocket..notice,..notice notice....had it here just a minute ago. Now where did I put that notice -

UPP: I think I shall start suit myself. For false imprisonment, malicious mischief and sleeping on an ironing board.

BOOM: Quiet, Abigail, my dear...I'm trying to find the notice of that meeting...here's an income tax blank...got me right in the middle there. If I don't show the source of my income I go to prison...and if I do show it, I go to jail. Here's a confederate hundred dollar bill...

WIL: What good is a confederate bill?...You can't spend it.

BOOM: I can spend this one, my boy. I was a confederate in a bank robbery, Yes yes...now let me see...here's a small package of sleeping powders -

FIB: Go on...that's a blackjack!

BOOM: Don't be crude, Liverlip! Here's a postcard from Sheila the Shoplifter...says she tried to get away with an accordian but it squealed on her...letter from my brother, McClelland Boomer, the portrait man, unfortunate fellow!!

MOL: What happened to him, Mr. Boomer?

BOOM: He sat down on his palette. Poor lad...I always said he'd get caught with his paints down. And a check for a short beer! WELL WELL IMAGINE THAT...NO NOTICE OF THE BOARD MEETING.

FIB: What board meeting was it, Boomer?

BOOM: The Parole Board, scrimshank! AH WELL,..THERE WASN'T MUCH CHOICE ANYWAY...THEY'RE A MEASLEY BUNCH TOO!

ORK: "THERE'S A TAVERN IN THE TOWN" -- KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE:

FIB: (TO HIMSELF) Boomer ... Uppington ... Gildersleeve ... Depopolis ... Wilcox ... Old Timer ... little girl ... that's seven ... seven times five is thirty-five ... times seven is 245 SAYYYY, THAT AIN'T BAD AT ALL, MOLLY?

MOL: What are you talking about? What isn't bad?

FIB: Look, there's seven people here besides us. All of 'em eatin' and sleepin' at our expense. So I figgered if I charged 'em a nominal five bucks apiece a day, that comes to 245 DOLLARS A WEEK!

MOL: McGee ... you can't charge them for staying here. They couldn't help it.

FIB: WELL DAD RAT IT, I COULDN'T HELP IT EITHER!

MOL: Then it's even.

FIB: OKAY SO IT IS EVEN. SO I'LL SPLIT THE DIFFERENCE AND MAKE IT 2.50 A DAY. THAT'LL COME TO A HUNDRED TWEN-

MOL: MCGEE STOP IT! That's taking advantage of people when they're helpless.

FIB: Well shucks, that's the best time, ain't it?

MOL: Just the same I won't let you do it. We're all quarantined here together and we've just got to make the best of it.

FIB: Yeah but think of the expense. We're gonna have a grocery bill that'll make the defense program look like matching pennies! Why when you think -

UPP: Pardon me ... may I have a word with you, please?

MOL: Why certainly, Mrs. Uppington ... do come in. What's the matter?

UPP: MRS MCGEE ... I DEMAND TO KNOW HOW LONG WE ARE TO BE
INCARCERATED HERE?

FIB: Look, Uppy, we don't like to be incapacitated in here any
more 'n you do. But a quarantine is a quarantine. You
don't want the measles to spread all over town do you? You
don't wanna start a epidermis, do you?

MOL: You mean hypodermic, McGee.

UPP: He means EPIDEMIC.

FIB: Then what's a epidermis?

UPP: Epidermis refers to the skin.

FIB: That's what I says ... you wanna skin outa here and spread
the measles all over town.

UPP: I WISH TO DO NO SUCH A THING, MR. MCGEE ... AND I BITTERLY
RESENT THE INSINUATION. BUT I DO DEMAND, AS AN AMERICAN
CITIZEN -

FIB: Leseee your papers.

UPP: Papers?

MOL: Your citizenship papers.

UPP: Why -- why -- YOU SPEAK AS IF I WERE AN ORDINARY IMMIGRANT!

FIB: Look, Uppy - the only Americans that ain't immigrants or
descended from immigrants are Indians, and you wouldn't
know a teepee from a toupee. So don't give us that Mayflower
malarkey.

UPP: MR. MCGEE ... I I.. WHY I HAVE NEVER BEEN SO INSULTED
IN MY LIFE!

MOL: You must have led a pretty sheltered life, Abigail. But I
agree with you that we ought to find out how long this
quarantine -

WIL: (FADE IN) HEY FIBBER!! ... HOW LONG IS THIS GOING ON? How
can I sell Johnson's Wax when I'm locked up in here? 1

UPP: THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I WISH TO KNOW, MR. WILCOX!

FIB: Oh yeah? When did you start sellin' Johnson's Wax, Uppy?

UPP: I DID NOT CLAIM TO SELL JOHNS -

NICK: Say for Scrim's sakes, Fizzer, how long is it going to be
until I can have a re-onion with my wife and kidneys?

MILLS: That's what I want to know, Fibber.

TEE: Me too, I betcha.

MOL: For goodness sakes, Little Girl ... you get right back in
bed.

FIB: YES ... YOU'LL CATCH COLD, SIS.

TEE: I'm hungry!!!!

OLD M: Look here, Johnny, I've missed five rhumba lessons since I
been here and I want to get goin.

VOICES UP IN CONFUSION ... THREATENING AND DEMANDING

UPP: Well, Mr. McGee .. what do you propose to do about this
situation?

FIB: I'll tell you what we're gonna do, folks, I'm just as
anxious as you are to know how long they quarantine for
measles. I'm gonna call the health department, right now!

CHORUS OF APPROVAL

MOL: Here's the phone, McGee.

FIB: Thanks. (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR? GIMME THE HEALTH
DEPARTMENT -- eh? OH IS THAT YOU, MYRT?

GROANS:

(REVISED) -19-

FIB: How's every little thing, Myrt. Tis eh. WHAT SAY, MYRT?
YOUR BROTHER? THE ONE THAT WORKS IN THE AIRPLANE PLANT?
CAUGHT A SPY EH?

MOL: Heavenly days....how thrilling!

FIB: Oh I dunno. He knocked over his lunch pail. Spilled all
the sandwiches but he caught his pie. WHAT SAY, MYRT?
Oh no answer eh? Okay...I'll try later. (CLICK)

HAL: WAIT A MINUTE, MCGEE! LOOK!

FIB: Eh? Smatter with you, Gildersleeve?

HAL: LOOK WHAT I FOUND! IN THE ALMANAC!

WIL: What are you doing with the almanac?

HAL: It's the only thing there is to read around here except
'Black Beauty' and The Peoria High School annual for 1911.

MOL: Well what about the almanac, Mr. Gildersleeve?

HAL: LISTEN TO THIS.: IT'S AN ARTICLE ON CONTAGIOUS DISEASES,
AND IT SAYS THAT "QUARANTINING FOR MEASLES IS OBSOLETE."

MURMUR - REACTION:

FIB: I remember now! That's what the doctor told me over the
phone. IT'S OBSOLETE, AND THERE'S NO GETTIN' AROUND IT!

UPP: Good heavens...I believe the man doesn't know what the
word obsolete means!

FIB: DAD RAT IT I DO TOO...OBSOLETE MEANS...OBSOL..Ob...ABSOLU...
Oh my gosh...I WAS THINKIN' OF "ABSOLUTE"!

CHORUS OF VOICES: (IN RAGE) "DO YOU MEAN TO TELL US".."DOGGONE YOU,
MCGEE"...ETC ETC ETC...into -

ORK: "BECAUSE OF YOU" -- FADE FOR --

(REVISED) -19-

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Fibber McGee & Molly
3-11-41
Tuesday - 6:30 PM PST NBC

-20-

Closing Commercial

ANNCR: Have you ever stopped to think how much more active life is today than, say, twenty-five years ago? Automobiles, movies, airplanes have certainly increased the tempo of living... until one of our big problems is how to find the time for all we want to do. Fortunately, scientists have given us many labor-saving devices and products. Take, for example the care of floors. No longer do you have to scrub kitchen floors on your hands and knees to keep them clean. No sir! JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT has certainly solved that problem...saved women many, many hours of work. GLO-COAT, in case you don't know it, needs no rubbing or buffing. It is the easiest-to-use of all floor polishes. You simply apply and let dry...GLO-COAT polishes itself, gives beautiful floors with practically no work, saves linoleum from wear, makes it last longer. But you surely know all these things by now...and I'll bet you use JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT on your own floors! If not, try it.

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

(2ND REVISION) -21-

TAG GAG

FIB: Is everybody gone, Molly?
MOL: Yes, and a good riddance, too. Let's go to bed.
SOUND: KNOCKING ON DOOR
HAL: (OFF MIKE) OH, MCGEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!
SOUND: DOOR OPEN
FIB: Whatcha want, Gildersleeve?
HAL: My wife's gone away and I can't get into the house.
FIB: Well, what do you want with us?
HAL: I'M HUNGRY!
FIB: Aw, pshaw! Goodnight.
MOL: Goodnight, all.
ORK: CLOSING SIGNATURE (FADE ON CUE)

M

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
3/11/41
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

-22-

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
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC
MARCH 11, 1941

-23-

TO FOLLOW CLOSING TAG

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

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

.....
WOMAN: Hello, George -- say, that's the most work I've seen you do
in months!

GEORGE: (COLORED DIALECT) This ain't work, Mrs. Brown -- no sirree.
Polishing a car with this here JOHNSON'S CARNU is an éasy
job now! Jest massage it on kinda gentle, let it dry, and
wipe it off -- then that little old car shines just as
purty!

ANNOUNCER: Yes, sir, folks, if you haven't used JOHNSON'S CARNU on
your car, take my tip and buy a can this week. It really
cleans and wax polishes in one operation -- in half the
time it used to take. Remember the name -- C-A-R-N-U --
JOHNSON'S CARNU.