

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.
Writers: Don Quinn
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(REVISED)

FIBBER McGEE & MOLLY

288

Tuesday - 3/25/41

NBC - Red

(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 "WHAT THIS COUNTRY
NEEDS IS MORE LOVE."

ORCH: "WHAT THIS COUNTRY NEEDS IS MORE LOVE".....FADE FOR:

Opening Commercial

ANNCR: April, the month of showers, will be here before you can say Jack Robinson...and because of the coming showers, I'd like to pass along to you a very important housekeeping hint that will save you work and worry. It's this: protect your windowsills with genuine JOHNSON'S WAX. Then you won't have to worry if the rain splashes into your open window at night-- or if a sudden shower comes up before you can get home. The tough film of JOHNSON'S WAX guards the finish -- the rain wipes off easily and does no harm. And, of course, the wax makes cleaning windowsills easier all year long, besides turning a dirt spot into a beauty spot. Waxing windowsills is one of the 100 extra labor-saving uses for JOHNSON'S WAX that you will find listed right on the package. These are all in addition to the use of this famous wax polish for your floors, furniture and woodwork.

By all means, JOHNSON-WAX your floors regularly, for beauty, for economy and for saving work. Nothing adds greater beauty to your entire home than floors that gleam under a rich, mellow JOHNSON WAX polish. Buy some tomorrow.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH)

(APPLAUSE)

WIL: LAST WEEK THE MASTER OF 79 WISTFUL VISTA OFFERED HIS SERVICES TO THE NATION - WITH NO TAKERS...AND HE IS STILL MORTIFIED AND CHAGRINED AT THE HUMILIATION. AND HERE IN THE LIVING ROOM, ONE BURNING AND ONE APPLYING THE OLD SALVE, WE FIND --

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

MOL: Well for goodness sakes, don't take it so to heart, dearie.

FIB: Aw it wasn't the army turnin' me down so much, Molly, -- it was everybody scoffin' at me. Nobody even believed my intentions was sincere.

MOL: Well, you've got such a reputation for embroidering the truth, that whenever you start talking, they give you the needle.

FIB: WELL I LIKE THAT! There ain't a more honest, upright, straightforward, guy in the world than me. You know that.

MOL: Yes I know it. But I seem to be unique.

FIB: But WHY? WHY? What'd I ever do to make people doubt me?

MOL: Well, you're always so...so imaginative, dearie. Your memory is too good. You remember things that never happened.

FIB: Why, Molly...I resent that! Just because I kid around a little and josh people, don't mean I --

KNOCK AT DOOR:

FIB: I wonder if they'd believe me if I said "COME IN"!

MOL: Try it.

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

TEE: Hiyah, Mr.

FIB: Oh hello there, little girl.

TEE: Where's your uniform?
FIB: Eh? What uniform?
TEE: Well gee, I thought you enlisted in the army?
FIB: No, I...I...they says I was too o-.. THEY SAYS I WAS TOO IMPORTANT A GUY TO WASTE AT THIS PARTICULAR TIME, SIS. THEY'RE SAVIN' ME FOR A REAL EMERGENCY. So I guess I ain't got any beef comin'.
TEE: Any what?
FIB: Beef.
TEE: I'M HUNGRY!
FIB: Dad rat it sis, you're ALWAYS hungry.
TEE: I KNOW it.
FIB: Well, you gotta learn to control your appetities, sis. It gives you character. Do you realize that when I was a young man, out West, I lived on roots and berries for a whole winter?
TEE: Awwwwwwww.....(GIGGLES)
FIB: IT'S A FACT! AND WHEN SPRINGTIME COME I HAD EVEN GAINED TWELVE POUNDS! AND WAS TOUGHER'N rawhide. Even now I'M a great kid in a street fight and the right guy to have around in a jam.
TEE: In a what?
FIB: In a ja- I KNOW!...YOU'RE HUNGRY! Okay. Mrs. McGee will give you a couple of cookies.
TEE: I don't wanna coupla cookies, I betcha.
FIB: Why not?
TEE: Because I betcha they wouldn't be very good with salt on 'em.
FIB: WHO SAYS YOU GOTTA HAVE SALT ON 'EM?

TEE: My mamma. She says to take everything you handed out with a grain of salt.
FIB: OH SHE DID EH?
TEE: Sure...she says you can pull more wild yarns that a puppy with a sweater.
FIB: IS THAT SO. WELL ----
TEE: FIBBER IS A FIBBERRRRR....(DOOR OPENS)....FIBBER IS A FIBBER ... (DOOR CLOSE)...FIBBER IS A FIBBER.....
DOOR SLAM
FIB: Why that impudent little twerp! I gotta good notion -
MOL: Now now now...take it easy, dearie. She's absolutely right. You ARE a FIBBER!
FIB: I'M NEVER NO SUCH A THING!
MOL: WELL WHEN DID YOU LIVE ON ROOTS AND BERRIES FOR A WHOLE WINTER?
FIB: In 19 ought 11. I was broke, and two families I knew put me up for the winter.
MOL: What two families?
FIB: The Charlie Roots and the Joe Berrys. SOOOO! YOU SEE? I WAS TELLIN' THE TRUTH. AND THIS SETTLES IT. I'M GONNA DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT AND DO IT QUICK.
MOL: About what?
FIB: My name. "FIBBER"!
MOL: How on earth did your parents ever come to call you Fibber in the first place?
FIB: THEY DIDN'T! I was named after my fourth cousin, Walpole J. Fimmer.
MOL: FIMMER!

FIB: Yes, but the minister that christened me had a cold in the head.

MOL: Well, I agree with you, dearie that FIBBER isn't very dignified.

FIB: Course it ain't, and I'm gonna change it - legally.

MOL: Change it to what?

FIB: Well, I might as well have one with some class to it. Somethin' befitting the President of the Chamber of Commerce. Like Chauncey. Or Cyril. Or Archibald.

MOL: How about Pierpont? My grand-father's name was Pierpont Driscoll. He was in the clothing business.

FIB: What's that got to do with it?

MOL: Well, his advertisements always said "GET A DRISCOLL SUIT - WITH TWO PIERS OF PONTS."

FIB: Oh that's terrible, Molly. Besides - it's too trickey. How about Willoughby McGee. Or maybe Marmaduke. Or Parmelee... there's a good one!.....PARMELEE UPTON MCGEE. How's that?

MOL: No good.

FIB: Why not?

MOL: Think of the initials.. P.U. McGee!

FIB: Oh yes....HEY HOW ABOUT RONALD MCGEE. That sounds kinda ritzy, don't it? I kinda like that. Ronald McGee...(FIB & MOL REPEAT) .. Ronald McGee. That does it. From now, on, Molly. I ain't Fibber McGee. I'M RONALD. GET THAT?

MOL: Okay, Ronny. But are you really going to change it legally?

FIB: YOU BET I AM. We're going downtown right now and see a lawyer. Where's my birth certificate?

MOL: In the hall closet.

FIB: Well, you put your hat on while I get it.

MOL: All right, Ronald. (FADE OUT) But I don't know what we're going to do about the initials on your handkerchiefs and everything...

FIB: We'll worry about that later....

SOUND: RATTLE OF DOORKNOB:

FIB: Dad rat this door, anyway...I wonder what...

DOORKNOB RATTLE:

FIB: (CALLS) HEY MOLLY!

MOL: (OFF MIKE) YES?

FIB: DID YOU LOCK THE DOOR TO THIS HALL CLOSET?

MOL: (OFF) WHAT DID YOU SAY, RONALD?

RATTLE OF DOORKNOB:

FIB: I SAYS DID YOU LOCK THE DOOR TO THIS HALL CLOS-

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

(PAUSE)

MOL: (FADE IN) What did you ask me, dearie?

FIB: Never mind!

ORK: "EL MANISERO"

APPLAUSE:

SECOND SPOT:

SOUND: TRAFFIC UP AND FADE:

FIB: Hurry up, Molly, I wanna see these lawyers before they go out to lunch.

MOL: Heavenly days, McGee...what's all the rush! I think this business of changing your name is too silly for words anyway.

FIB: You didn't think it was silly when I changed YOUR name, didja?

MOL: That's different. AND HOW ABOUT ALL YOUR CLOTHES AND BELT BUCKLES AND THINGS WITH YOUR INITIALS ON 'EM. "F.M." How can you use those when you're RONALD McGee?

FIB: Aw, that's a triflin' matter. Shucks, initials don't - OH MY GOSH!

MOL: What's the matter?

FIB: How about the initials I had tattooed on my chest?

MOL: Where your chest is now dearie, they'll never be seen. NOW LOOK, MCGEE...WHY DON'T YOU GIVE UP THIS SILLY IDEA AND GO HOME. You don't want to change your name to Ronald. Not really.

FIB: I DO TOO! WHO WANTS TO BE CALLED FIBBER? Shucks, everytime I meet somebody and say NICE DAY, AIN'T IT? They smile, hold out their hands and look at the clouds. THEY WON'T EVEN TAKE MY WORD FOR GOOD MORNING!

MOL: Well, my goodness, you can't expect to - OH OH....Here comes Mrs. Uppington!

FIB: That's fine. All I need right now is a few haughty whinnies from that horsefaced old hootenanny!

MOL: HUSH...don't talk like that. Mrs. Uppington is NOT horsefaced. (PAUSE) Her eyes are too small. And besides, - OH HOW DO YOU DO, MRS. UPPINGTON. SO NICE TO SEE YOU!

UPP: (FADE IN) Oh how do you do, my deah!

MOL: I believe you know my husband - Ronald McGee.

UPP: Oh yes I - er...WHO?

FIB: Me, Uppy. Ronald McGee.

UPP: Well, I, - RONALD?

MOL: That's his new name, Abigail. He's changing it.

FIB: I'm on my way right now to have it done legal, Uppy. From now on I'M Ronald McGee. You like it?

UPP: It's perfect, Mr. McGee - but tell me---what is the PURPOSE in changing your name?

MOL: He thinks because his name is Fibber, everybody expects him to fib.

UPP: That, is UTTAHLX ridiculous, my deah. My husband's name was Robert and he never robbed anyone.

MOL: Of course not. A mere name means nothing!

FIB: Ohhh, I dunno. You know my cousin Gus?

MOL: Yes?

FIB: Ain't he disgusting?

UPP: Is he really serious about this, Mrs. McGee?

MOL: Yes he is, Abigail. And there's no use trying to talk him out of it. When his mind is made up, he's as stubborn as a mule.

UPP: Don't you mean mule?

MOL: The terms, are synonymous!

FIB: Okay Okay...don't mind me. BUT IT'S MY NAME AND I GOTTA RIGHT TO DO WHAT I WANT WITH IT. AND I'M DETERMINED TO BE RONALD!

UPP: Come to think of it, Mr. McGee...I agree with you.

FIB: Eh? You do?

UPP: Yes. I think Ronald is EXTREMELY fitting for you. It's appropriate, distinctive, and descriptive.

MOL: Why, Abigail, you -

UPP: As a mattah of fact, I OFTEN tell people that the way Mr. McGee talks...and acts, he is CONTINUALLY REMINDING ME of that movie actor Ronald..ah...

FIB: You mean ---

UPP: Yes...RONALD DUCK! Well, I shall be at the christening. Goodbyeeeeeee!!!

FIB: Ronald Duck!! You see what I mean, Molly? Nobody takes me serious. It'll be different when I'm established with a more dignified moniker.

MOL: I don't know why. A can of corn with a pretty label is still a can of corn.

FIB: Oh, so now I'M a can of corn! WELL LEMME TELL YOU, MRS. RONALD MCGEE -

WIL: (FADE IN) WELL, HELLO THERE, FOLKS. What are you looking so grim about, Fibber?

MOL: He won't answer to Fibber, anymore, Mr. Wilcox. His name is Ronald now.

WIL: What? RONALD! (LAUGHS) Since when?

FIB: SINCE I SAID SO - THAT'S SINCE WHEN, [REDACTED]

WIL: Say - what is this anyway? Are you serious?

MOL: I'm afraid he is. He doesn't seem to realize that a rose by any other name would still wind up in a Spanish dancer's teeth.

FIB: Okay, okay ... kid me all you want. Have your fun. I can take it, I BEEN takin' it all my life. AND WHY? Because my name was Fibber, that's why!

WIL: That's why you should keep it. You can't discount the value in an old established name.

FIB: I'll co-operate. WHATCHA MEAN, WILCOX?

WIL: I MEAN suppose the Johnson company changed the name of GLOCOAT. Wouldn't that be ridiculous? JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLOCOAT IS KNOWN TO MILLIONS AS THE FINEST NO-RUBBING, NO-BUFFING POLISH FOR [REDACTED] LINOLEUM EVER MADE, ISN'T IT? THE VERY WORD "GLOCOAT" MEANS "EASY-TO-USE" "LABOR SAVING" AND "ECONOMY".

MOL: He's got a point, there, McGee.

FIB: Tell him to go sit on it!

WIL: Okay .., okay - I know when I'm not wanted, So long, Molly. It's still 'Molly', isn't it?

MOL: Oh yes.

WIL: Good. WELL GOOD DAY, RONALD, OLD CHAP. PIP PIP. CHEERIO! CHIN UP AND ALL THAT! CARRY ON! (EXIT LAUGHING)

FIB: Listen to that comedian, willya? Why don't he just come in, sell his Glocoat and get out. Who does he think he is - Barrymore?

MOL: Why not - you think you're Colman.

FIB: DAD RAT IT, I DO NOT! I'M JUST A GUY THAT NOBODY EVER TAKES SERIOUS. Every time the word goes around that McGee has a idea, everybody starts cheering - from the Bronx! Come on - I gotta see a lawyer.

MOL: What lawyers are you going to see, McGee?

FIB: Biggest firm in town. Feetlebaum, Firestone, Fogarty and Fumble. Other wise known as Fee, Fi, Fo, Fum. Here's their office right here.

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

GIRL: Yes?

FIB: Hiyah, sis. I wanna see one of the partners about a important case. Who's in?

GIRL: Well, Mr. Feetlebaum is in court. Mr. Firestone is out of town, Mr. Fogarty is on vacation and Mr. Fumble is tied up at the moment,

MOL: Tied up?

GIRL: Yes, the other partners always tie him up when they go out. Otherwise he chases ambulances.

FIB: How long's it usually take him to squirm loose?

GIRL: He did it in 39 minutes the last time. He's getting to be a regular Whodunit.

MOL: You mean Houdini, dearie. But maybe we'd better go someplace else if ----

DOOR BURSTS OPEN

OLD M: HEY, CLARA....I DONE IT! IN 27 MINUTES. Had a little trouble with the knot under my chin but....oh! Hello, kids.

FIB: WELL....HELLO THERE, OLD TIMER.

MOL: Don't tell us YOU'RE Mr. Fumble....the lawyer!

OLD M: Sure am, daughter. Specializin' in trespass, easements, public domain and nolo contenderey.

FIB: What was that last?

OLD M: Nolo Contenderey, Johnny. That means if you got a clear case of malfeasance, with no malice aforethought, and the circumstantial evidence shows indications of flotsam or jetsam, with implied breach of garnishee, you should have got his license number!

MOL: Heavenly days! He seems to know a lot of law, McGee!

FIB: Look, Old Timer....Can I consult you a minute on a special case?

OLD M: Why sure, Johnny. Step right into my office. And CLARA!

GIRL: Yes, Mr. Fumble?

OLD M: If there's a phone call for me, tell 'em I want Skinamarink 6 bucks across the board in the fifth. Come on in, kids.

DOOR OPEN & CLOSE

OLD M: You set in the chair, Daughter. You'll have to lean against the water cooler, Johnny. Only got one chair. Never had two clients at once before.

FIB: You'll probably never have one client twice, either. (LAUGHS)

OLD M: Heh heh heh. That's pretty good, Johnny. BUT THAT AIN'T THE WAY I HEERED IT. THE WAY I HEERED IT....

MOL: I object.

OLD M: Objection sustained! Whatcha bein' sued for, Johnny?

MOL: He's not being sued.
FIB: I wanna change my name to Ronald. Fibber is too undignified. It's misleading. It's untrue, immaterial and rear-elephant. Will you handle the case for me?
OLD M: Nope.
MOL: Why not? Aren't you a lawyer?
OLD M: Yep - but you don't need a lawyer to change your name. Just go ahead and change it, Johnny. Law says you don't have to go to court for that.

DOOR OPEN

OLD M: HEY, CLARA!
GIRL: Yes, Counselor?
OLD M: Tie me up again, willya? Bet I can git loose in 19 minutes this time. So long kids!
ORK: "WISE OLD OWL" - KING'S MEN
WIL: The King's Men sing "The Wise Old Owl."

APPLAUSE

THIRD SPOT

MURMUR OF VOICES: FADE

MOL: I don't know why we had to rush down here to the courthouse, McGee. The Old Timer said you didn't need any court's permission to change your name.
FIB: Aw what does that old fuddy-duddy know about law.
MOL: He studied it.
FIB: I studied algebra, too, and I couldn't give you the square root of a geranium. AND IRREGARDLESS OF WHAT HE SAYS, I'M GONNA DO THIS RIGHT. I'M gonna get the court's approval and have it in the record.
MOL: How long do we have to wait for this judicial nip-up?
FIB: Not long. I sent my petition in by the bailiff. He's gonna call me - - -
HAL: (FADE IN)...WELL HELLO THERE MRS. MCGEE.
MOL: Oh hello, Mr. Gildersleeve.
HAL: HELLO, FIBBER.
(PAUSE)
HAL: (LOUDER) HELLO, FIBBER!
(PAUSE)
FIB: You know, Molly...I sometimes think they oughtta have separate courts for the better class of people. The way the public is permitted to holler and yell in our public buildings is a disgra-
HAL: NOW LOOK HERE, MCGEE!.....YOU HEARD ME SPEAK TO YOU!

FIB: Did you mean me, my good fellow?
HAL: YES I MEAN YOU...AND I'M NOT A GOOD FELLOW. ANYWAY, I'M
NOT YOUR GOOD FELLOW. Why dont you answer when somebody
speaks to you.
MOL: Would you answer if he called you Jasper?
HAL: Jasper is not my name.
FIB: Well, Fibber aint my name either, Jasper.
HAL: OHHHHHHHHH!!
MOL: He's changing his name to Ronald, Mr. Gildersleeve.
HAL: WHAT? HE IS? (LAUGHS) What's the idea?
FIB: Because Fibber aint dignified, that's WHAT's the idea. It
aint commesurate with my professional and social standing.
HAL: Your SOCIAL standing! (LAUGHS) You're the Jeeter Lester of
Wistful Vista, ~~and you know it.~~
MOL: Who's Jeeter Lester?
HAL: Have you seen Tobacco Road?
FIB: DONT CHANGE THE SUBJECT! WHO'S JEETER LESTER?
HAL: Why you illiterate little fourflusher, you wouldn't know
if I told you.
MOL: I wouldnt stand for that, McGee. You're not so little.
FIB: Look, here, Gildersleeve. If I didnt have important business
in that courtroom any minute now, I'd teach you a lesson.
HAL: Oh...you would! You couldn't teach multiplication on a
rabbit farm, you ignoramus, AND DONT DOUBLE UP YOUR PUNY
LITTLE FISTS AT ME, EITHER.
MOL: He'll double up his puny little fists at whomsoever he wants
to.
FIB: I'LL SAY I WILL. THAT BULLFROG BARITONE OF YOURS DONT SCARE
ME GILDERSLEEVE. ~~NOT ONE WORD OF IT.~~
HAL: YOU'RRRRE A HARRRD MAN, RONALD!

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MOL: Now look, boys, if -
MAN: Excuse me...MR. McGee's case is being called.
FIB: Thanks, Bailiff...be right in.
HAL: Mr. McGee's case!!! My goodness...are you in trouble,
little chum - why didn't you let me know. Who did you
kill - and I'll bet he deserved it!
MOL: It's just about changing his name, legally, Mr. Gildersleeve.
HAL: Oh. Oh I see. (LAUGHS) Well, good luck, Ronald.
FIB: Thanks, Gildy. Come on, Molly.
DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:
JUDGE: (OFF MIKE) IS MR. MCGEE IN THE COURTROOM? MR. MCGEE?
FIB: Here I come, Judge. I'M McGee.
JUDGE: The court has a petition in your name for legal change
of nomenclature. Are you the petitioner?
MOL: Yes he is, your honor.
JUDGE: And who are you?
MOL: Molly McGee - Molly Driscoll as was, and married to
the defendant for nearly -
FIB: I AIN'T A DEFENDANT, MOLLY. I ain't done anything.

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JUDGE: Now what was the purpose behind your desire to change your name, McGee?

FIB: Business reasons, bud.

JUDGE: BUD?

MOL: McGee...when you speak to bud, say "YOUR HONOR!"

FIB: Oh excuse me, Judge. Yes, I wanna adopt the name of RONALD McGee for business and professional reasons.

JUDGE: What is your business?

MOL: Oh a little of everything. Your honor.

FIB: I think my favorite occupation, - my avocado, you might say -

JUDGE: AVOCATION?

FIB: Yes, my avocation. I think what I do best is fish.

JUDGE: IS THAT SO....I'M QUITE AN ANGLER MYSELF!

MOL: Really? What's your angle?

FIB: He means he fishes, too, Molly. Ever been up in the Soccotash River country, your honor?

JUDGE: Where's that?

FIB: Southwest of the Puyallup Mountains, and East of the San Verde Foothills. Not many fellas know about that place. Be glad to take you up there sometime.

JUDGE: Thank you very much. You really get 'em up there, do you?

FIB: Say, when you - by the way, what's your first name, Judge?

JUDGE: Er....Conrad.

MOL: Tell Connie about the time you caught the forty-five pound bluegill, McGee.

FIB: Oh yeah...well sir, that was in the spring of 19 ought 11, Connie. I had just come back to camp with a big buck antelope for dinner -

JUDGE: Out of season to shoot antelope wasn't it?

FIB: Well, I..er...I...didn't shoot it. I strangled it. In self defense. It attacked me first.

MOL: With a knife, this long.

FIB: No, Molly..not with a knife. That's ridiculous.

JUDGE: Well, go on, McGee, about this big fish.

FIB: What big fi...OH. OH YES! Well, sir, everybody knew there was a big fish in that part of the Soccotash River, but nobody had ever seen it till I come along and caught it.

JUDGE: What bait did you use?

MOL: Two aspirin tablets.

JUDGE: ASPIRIN TABLETS! My word! Never heard of such a thing!

FIB: You didn't? They say they're fine for a headache, too. WELL SIR, I DROPPED MY LINE OVER THE BACK OF THE MOTORBOAT-

JUDGE: MOTORBOAT! How on earth did you ever get a motorboat up in those mountains?

MOL: He packed it in by dogsled, didn't you, dearie?

JUDGE: I didn't know there were any sled dogs in this part of the country.

FIB: I raised these myself. Kind of a sideline with me.

MOL: Personally, I always thought raising those dogs took too much time away from your counterfitting, McGee.

JUDGE: WHAT'S THIS? COUNTERFITTING!

FIB: Yes. I used to build counters and fit 'em into new stores, Judge. I'M a expert cabinet maker.

JUDGE: I see. Quite an all around fellow, aren't you?

MOL: Oh indeed he is, your honor. He's around ALL the time.

FIB: What was I talkin' about. Oh Oh yes. WELL SIR, I SEEN I WAS RUNNIN' OUTA GAS, SO I ADJUSTED MY PARACHUTE AND GOT READY TO BAIL OUT -

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JUDGE: Bail out of what? You were in a motorboat...fishing.

FIB: Eh? Oh yes. (LAUGHS) I just wanted to see if you was payin' attention, Connie, old man. WELL SIR, I NEVER HAD SUCH A BATTLE WITH A FISH IN MY LIFE!! THE MINUTE THE SALMON SMELLED THE ROQUEFORT CHEESE..(I always used roquefort as bait for salmon) --

JUDGE: NOW JUST A MINUTE, MY GOOD MAN...I THINK THIS HAS GONE FAR ENOUGH! I NEVER HEARD SUCH A STRING OF FABLES IN MY LIFE! YOU'RE INSULTING MY INTELLIGENCE.

MOL: He never said a word about your intelligence!

FIB: Why, Judge...Conrad, you mean to set there in your big black nightgown and accuse me of -

GAVEL:

JUDGE: BE QUIET! I'VE HEARD ENOUGH. LEAVE THIS COURTROOM!!

MOL: But how about his petition, your honor?

JUDGE: WHAT PETITION?

FIB: Why, to change my name. I WANNA CHANGE MY FIRST NAME TO RONALD.

JUDGE: FROM WHAT?

FIB: Er.....FIBBER.

JUDGE: PETITION DENIED! NOW GET OUT!

FIB: Okay, bud!

ORK: "TIME OF YOUR LIFE" - FADE FOR -

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

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL

ANNOUNCER: Ronald -- er -- Fibber and Molly will return in just a moment. In the meantime, I'd like to say a word about dogs-- you know, scotties and cocker spaniels and terriers. They're so loyal, they look at you with such kind, dependent eyes -- they really are wonderful pals to have around, aren't they -- especially if you have children. And yet when they come romping across your clean, kitchen floor with wet muddy feet, it takes a woman with a very good disposition not to get angry. I should say, either a very good disposition or a kitchen floor that's protected with JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. After all, you can't put a fence around your kitchen -- the groceries, meat and milk have to be delivered. Why not solve that kitchen floor problem once and for all with GLO-COAT -- the modern floor polish that takes no rubbing or buffing -- that shines as it dries -- and protects your floor with a long-lasting beautiful finish. You simply apply GLO-COAT -- and let it dry. In 20 minutes your floor is protected and beautiful -- and the linoleum colors are as bright as new. Buy a can of JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT right away.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC -- FADE ON CUE)

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TAG GAG

FIB: Hey, Molly.
MOL: Yes?
FIB: Look...when I started to tell that judge about a innocent fishin' trip...why did you have to throw in all that extra stuff. That's what ruined me. I had to back you up.
MOL: I was just demonstrating, dearie, that you're naturally much more of a Fibber than you are a Ronald. You don't really care, do you?
FIB: No...not really. But what burns me up --- that judge deceived me!
MOL: How?
FIB: I been lookin' at the atlas and there AIN'T any Succotash River, in the Puyallup Mountains.
MOL: He didn't say there was. YOU did.
FIB: Eh? Oh that's right. AHM. Goodnight.
MOL: Goodnight, all!
ORK: UP TO FINISH: APPLAUSE:
SIGNOFF:

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

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

-28-

S. C. Johnson
Writers:

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.

MAN: Hello, folks - I'm your garage man. You know, times surely have changed. Why, I remember when it used to take half a day to wax-polish your car -- real hard work, too. And now look how easy the job is with JOHNSON'S CARNU. And look at that row of shiny cars, don't they look swell? Yessir, wax polishing is easy with CARNU, because CARNU both cleans and wax polishes in one operation. Try JOHNSON'S CARNU yourself -- it doesn't cost much.

... speaking for the makers of
JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT ...
us again next Tuesday night.

Tuesday -