

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

FIBBER McGEE & MOLLY

# 290

Tuesday - 4/8/41

NBC - Rec

(REVISED)

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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  
"It's High Time".

ORCH: "IT'S HIGH TIME"

(FADE FOR)

Opening Commercial

WILCOX: Let me ask you ladies a very personal question. Along about this time of year, do you begin to get those spring-housecleaning blues?

WOMAN: Not I, Mr. Wilcox! Several years ago, you sold me on the idea of keeping house with JOHNSON'S WAX, and spring housekeeping just doesn't get me down anymore.

WILCOX: Say, that's great! ~~I hope our sponsor~~ ~~that~~. ~~Sincerely~~, do you mind telling everybody what you mean by keeping house with JOHNSON'S WAX?

WOMAN: Not at all....it's really very simple. You'd be surprised how many things I wax in my home. My floors, of course - and my furniture, too. But that's not all.... I wax my windowsills, venetian blinds, pantry shelves, radiator covers - my baby's highchair, even his kiddy car....and my woodwork and enameled refrigerator.... picture frames, luggage, shoes.

WILCOX: And that's what you mean by keeping house with JOHNSON'S WAX?

WOMAN: Yes - the wax protects all these things against wear and dirt....it makes my entire home more beautiful.... and cleaning, both the regular kind and the big spring cleaning job, is so much easier! Thanks to you, Mr. Wilcox.

WILCOX: Thanks to genuine JOHNSON'S WAX, if you don't mind.... sold by dealers everywhere, the world 'round.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH)

(APPLAUSE)

WIL: BESIDES A CHUMP OF HIMSELF, THERE ARE MANY THINGS A MAN CAN MAKE AROUND THE HOUSE. ONE OF THEM IS A TELESCOPE, AND WOULDN'T YOU JUST KNOW THAT'S WHAT THE MASTER OF 79 WISTFUL VISTA WOULD BE WORKING ON, AS WE MEET ---  
-- FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY?

APPLAUSE

SOUND: HAMMERING....PAUSE....HAMMERING

FIB: Hot dog....this thing is comin' along swell, Molly.

MOL: That's nice.

FIB: Gonna have it finished almost any time now.

MOL: That's fine.

FIB: Gonna be a beauty, too.

MOL: Of course it is.

FIB: Gonna be the best in town.

MOL: Oh, good!

FIB: You wanna use it sometimes?

MOL: I don't know, dearie. What is it?

FIB: WHAT IS IT? WHY, MOLLY, YOU MEAN TO SET THERE WITH YOUR LAP FULL OF BUNGALOW APRON AND TELL ME YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M MAKIN'?

MOL: I just didn't want to be nosy, McGee. But it's very pretty....whatever it is.

FIB: It's a telescope.

MOL: A TELESCOPE! Well, that's very interesting, but if you think I'm going to drag that big thing to the races this summer, or to football games, or the opera---

FIB: IT AIN'T TO CARRY. IT'S FOR ME TO USE IN MY ASTRONOMY.

MOL: In your what?  
FIB: Astronomy. If you'd take more interest in what your husband does, you'd of knew what I been doin' all these weeks.  
MOL: Well, whatever you've been doing, you've been simply RUINING your eyes. Every morning lately you've been coming down to breakfast with your eyes all red and watery. Tomorrow I'm going to take you downtown to see a good optimist.  
FIB: I DON'T WANNA GO TO A OPTIMIST. MY EYES ARE ALL RIGHT. Besides, I been workin' hard.  
MOL: You've been what?  
FIB: I'VE BEEN WORKIN' HARD.  
MOL: Well, while you're having your eyes looked at, I'll go get my ears examined. I could have SWORN you said you'd been workin' hard.  
FIB: DAD RAT IT, I HAVE BEEN! EVERY NIGHT. EXCEPT LAST NIGHT I SAT UP MOST OF THE NIGHT AND READ LAST NIGHT.  
MOL: Now what did you do that for, foolish?  
FIB: Had to. Had a book that I couldn't lay down, once I'D started it.  
MOL: Was it that good?  
FIB: It was terrible. But I was eatin' taffy at the same time and got stuck with it.  
MOL: I DON'T CARE YOUR EYES NEED ATTENTION, and tomorrow morning we're going downtown and have you examined for glasses. I've been trying to get you to do it for months.

FIB: Well, I'M FINISHIN' THIS TELESCOPE TONIGHT AND FROM THEN ON I WON'T HAVE TO STRAIN MY EYES. (SOUND: HAMMERING)  
Boy, but it's gonna be swell to have a nice big telescope. Here I been spending hours every night out in the back yard, watchin' the sky thru them old opera glasses.  
MOL: Who were you expecting - Santa Claus?  
FIB: Don't be ridiculous, Mrs. McGee. I been checkin' a certain section of the sky and I think...I THINK, MIND YOU, THAT I MAY HAVE DISCOVERED A ---  
MOL: Discovered a what?  
FIB: Well, never mind, I wanna do a little more checkin' up before I make any announcements. But mark my words -  
KNOCK AT DOOR:  
FIB: I WONDER WHO THAT IS?  
MOL: Maybe it's Jupiter to complain about peeping toms.  
COME IN!  
DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:  
NICK: Hello, Kewpie...hello, Fizzer. I hope I am not buttling in where angels are afraid to thread but I wanted to tell Mrs. McGee what is happening about her chocolate Easter's rabbit she is ordering from my candy kitchem.  
MOL: Is it ready, Mr. Depopolis?  
NICK: Frankly, Kewpie, yes, and no. Yes, it is done, and NO, it's no good.  
FIB: What's the matter with it, Nick?

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NICK: Well, I will try to explain the situashippuss in a nutmeat. In the first place, which is my candy kitchem at 14th and Oak Streets, I am getting an order for a big chocolate rabbits. Soooooooo, in order, to fill the order, I am getting a big real alive rabbits to serve me as a middle while I muddled it, you grob me?

MOL: You mean you got a real rabbit to work from as a model?

NICK: Presnassly! But if you think those bunnies is sitting still while I am making a picture of him in hot chocolate, you have another guess coming and I'll bet I know what it is, and you're right! NO, HE WOULDN'T.

MOL: That's too bad, Mr. Depopolis, but don't let it get you down. I can do without a chocolate rabbit this year, I guess.

NICK: KEWPIE, NEVER LET SOMEBODY SAY THAT NICKOLAS DEPOPOLIS IS LETTING YOU DOWN, EASY, BECAUSE WHEN YOU ORDER A CHOCOLATE RABBITS FROM ME YOU ARE GETTING A CHOCOLATE RABBITS EVEN IF IT LOOKS LIKE A REINDEER, AND IT CERTAINLY DOES! And I am only charging 40 cents for it. Here ... see?

FIB: (LAUGHS) That don't look even like a reindeer, Nick. That looks like a water buffalo.

NICK: In that case, it will cost 50 cents. I am charging more for water biffalos than I do for reindeer, particularly when they are supposed to be rabbits.

MOL: All right, Mr. Depopolis...here's your fifty cents.

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NICK: Thank you, Kewpie, and I hope I will be seeing you both before long, although if I don't, I guess there won't be any bones broken, unless it's my ankle, from kicking myself for ever taking an order for a chocolate rabbits!

DOOR SLAM:

ORK: "KERRY DANCE" - APPLAUSE

MOL: And it was SO nice of you to drop in, Mrs. Uppington.  
Could I run you up a cup o' tea?

UPP: Oh no thank you, my deah. I just wished to come over and...  
WELL!! MY GOODNESS, MR. MCGEE!! WHAT IS THAT?

FIB: Eh? This? Oh this is a new telescope I'M makin', Uppy,  
I've took up astronomy and I didn't wanna get caught with  
my planets down. (LAUGHS) Get it? I says, I didn't wanna  
get caught-

MOL: TAIN'T FUNNY, MCGEE!

FIB: Well, astronomy is a serious business.

UPP: I'M sure it must be. But tell me, Mrs. McGee...What ARE  
you going to wear in the Easter Parade, Sunday?

MOL: Well now, I haven't quite decided, Abigail. I'M not even  
sure I'll be in it. For years now I've been trying to get  
McGee to get a top hat and a cutaway coat and really dress  
up on Easter -

FIB: WHY I USED TO DO THAT MOLLY! DON'T YOU REMEMBER? How we  
used to walk down Adams Street in Peoria on Easter Sunday,  
- me wi' my spitz and cutaway and you -

UPP: You mean SPATS and outaway, Mr. McGee!

FIB: I mean SPITZ. I always took the dog along with me. But  
don't you remember, Molly? I used to -

MOL: Yes, I remember dearie. Now suppose you go back to your  
sky-prying and let Abigail and I talk.

FIB: But she wants to see my telescope, don't you Uppy?

UPP: Personally, I couldn't be INDUCED to use a telescope. I  
can think of nothing more UTTAHLY boring!

MOL: Why certainly. Why should we squint thru that thing, and  
crack our makeup?

FIB: Okay girls, what if you could use this telescope to look  
into Mrs. Uppington's window and see all her new Easter  
things layin' around the room?

MOL: WHAT WAS THAT!!...HERE!!...LET ME TAKE A LOOK THRU THAT  
THING.

UPP: (SIMULTANEOUSLY) AND I TOO!!!PLEASE...MRS MCGEE..DON'T  
PUSH!!! (SOUND OF SCUFFLE)

MOL: WELL I ASKED FIRST!!!

UPP: BUT I AM YOUR GUEST!!!....PLEASE. I...OH! WHAT AM I  
DOING? I'M MRS. UPPINGTON! - WELL, I'VE NEVER BEEN SO  
INSULTED IN ALL MY LIFE.

FIB: Aw I was just kiddin'. Can't you take a joke, Uppy?

UPP: Not as well as Mrs. McGee.

MOL: Meaning what, Abigail?

UPP: I was just thinking what a joke you took on your wedding  
day. GOOD BYEEEE!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Oh, so I'M a joke, am I?

MOL: Yes but stop me if I've heard you. Now look dearie...let's  
give up this astronomy business for tonight. Your eyes  
look awfully tired. AND I STILL THINK YOU ought to go see  
a good optimist.

FIB: MY EYES ARE ALL RIGHT AND I CAN PROVE IT!

MOL: How?

FIB: Well, I ain't sure...But I'll bet I can. Now lemme see, I  
think if this front lens was closer to the center of  
refraction, it would --

MOL: I don't know why you always have to take up hobbies that  
don't pay off, McGee. Can't you get interested in  
something with a profit?

FIB: Whatcha mean, PROFIT. The astronomy business is lookin' up every day. (DEFLATE) Well now let's see...if I raise the front end of the telescope about 45 degrees, it oughta -

DOOR OPEN & CLOSE

WIL: Hi, folks...what are you doing?

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: I'm buildin' a telescope, Harlow.

MOL: He's decided to change his career. He's given up wool gathering in favor of star gazing.

FIB: OKAY OKAY...deride me, if you like. I'll show you. HEY GIMME A HAND WILCOX....HELP ME LIFT THIS THING OVER TO THE WINDOW...

WIL: Okay, pal.

SOUND: RUMBLE AND THUDS

FIB: Open the window, Molly, willya?

WINDOW OPENING:

WIL: Which way do you want to point it, Professor?

FIB: Which way would any astronomer point a telescope?...UP, you dumbbell!

SOUND: CLATTER AND THUMP:

FIB: THERE WE ARE! SHE'S ALL SET. Take a look thru it, Wilcox and tell me what you see?

WIL: Okay. (PAUSE) OHHH BOY!!....WHAT A SIGHT!

MOL: What do you see, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: The big dipper?

FIB: HOW CAN YOU SEE THE BIG DIPPER WHEN YOU'RE LOOKIN' STRAIGHT SOUTH?

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WIL: This is the big dipper hanging in Mrs. Gildersleeve's kitchen. AND THERE'S MRS. GILDERSLEEVE!

MOL: What's she doing?

WIL: She's putting some Johnson's Self-polishing Glocoat on her kitchen linoleum ... (LAUGHS) SHE'S GOT A BIG SMILE ON HER FACE, TOO! Now she's pouring out a few drops of Glocoat on the floor ..... now she's spreading it around....

FIB: - and to think I built a big telescope for this! It's like askin' Fritz Kreisler to fiddle for a barn dance!

WIL: HEY TAKE A LOOK, MOLLY! .... DOESN'T THAT LINOLEUM LOOK GORGEOUS NOW?

MOL: Oh, beautiful! But where'd Mrs. Gildersleeve go?

WIL: Oh she probably went in the other room to rest or read a magazine. Glocoat dries to a grand glossy finish in 20 minutes or less you know, without any rubbing or buffing. Well, much obliged for the use of the telescope, Fibber.

FIB: Oh that's okay Wilcox! Any time you wanna point it toward Racine to see how your orders are coming in, let me know. Nothin' like makin' science useful!

MOL: You've given me a wonderful idea, Mr. Wilcox. I can certainly keep an eye on the neighborhood now.

FIB: YOU AIN'T GONNA DO NO SUCH A THING! THIS TELESCOPE AIN'T MADE FOR SOCIAL SNOOPING. IT'S MADE TO LOOK FOR NEW STARS.

WIL: In that case I'll give the sponsor a telescope for Christmas. It will come in handy when your option is up. So long kids.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: What'd he mean by that?

MOL: I could never guess, I hope. Now come on McGee ..leave that thing alone. I'M worried about you straining your eyes..

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FIB: AW FORGET MY EYES.  
MOL: I can't .... they're so BEAUTIFUL.  
FIB: AND QUIT KIDDIN' ME. DON'T YOU REALIZE THAT ASTRONOMY IS  
A SERIOUS BUSINESS. DON'T YOU REALIZE THAT -

KNOCK AT DOOR:

FIB: Aw fer the - I wonder if the astronomers at Harvard have  
all this trouble. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

TEE: Hi, Mister.  
FIB: Oh hello little girl. Can't spare any time to talk to you  
now. I'm busy.  
TEE: Doin' what?  
FIB: Studyin' astronomy.  
TEE: What's astronomy?  
FIB: It's the study of the stars, sis. Ma's, Jupiter, Saturn,  
Venus, Bettelgoose, Sirius.  
TEE: Is it?  
FIB: Is it what?  
TEE: Serious?  
FIB: SIRIUS, SIS, IS THE NAME OF A STAR.  
TEE: I don't like the serious stars, I betcha. I like the  
funny ones, like Bob Hope and -  
FIB: I'M TALKIN' ABOUT HEAVENLY BODIES, SIS. LIKE NEPTUNE AND  
MARS AND JUPITER - AND URSUS MAJOR, URSUS MINOR, O'RYAN,  
THE MILKY WAY -  
TEE: Hhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh?  
FIB: THE MILKY WAY  
TEE: I'M HUNGRY!  
FIB: Aw fer the ..... YOU'RE ALWAYS HUNGRY. DON'T THEY FEED  
YOU AT HOME? 1

TEE: (SOBS) No .....

FIB: WHAT? THEY DON'T?

TEE: No. They just give me the food and I have to feed myself.

FIB: Oh that's tough!

TEE: I know it. HEY WHAT'S THAT THING FOR, MR. MCGEE?

FIB: What thi .... oh. THAT'S MY TELESCOPE. Here take a look  
thru it. Here ... wait till I point it at the moon for  
you .... THERE .... NOW LOOK THRU THIS LITTLE APPLATURE  
HERE ..... SEE?

TEE: AWWWWWWWWW .... GEE ISN'T THAT WONDERFUL, MISTER?

FIB: See the man in the moon?

TEE: Is that really a man?

FIB: Why of course it is. (Look at her Molly, I've opened up a  
whole new world for her!)

TEE: Awwwww ..... I betcha that ain't really a man up there, I  
betcha!

FIB: Whatcha mean, sis?

TEE: ~~It has always been my understanding~~. It has always been my understanding  
that the man in the moon was an optical illusion wherein  
the geographic conformations on the lunar surface gave a  
more or less graphic impression of a human physiognomy.  
But if that man-in-the-moon malarkey makes you any happier,  
you have my blessing. So long, Galileo.

DOOR SLAM:

ORK: "THE RELUCTANT DRAGON" - KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE:

THIRD SPOT

(REVISED)

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FIB: BOY, IS THIS FUN! Wanta take another look, Molly?  
MOL: No thank you, McGee...and you'd better quit for the night, too. Remember how bad your eyes are getting. A good nights sleep will do you good.  
FIB: I ain't goin' to bed till I check on a certain part of the sky.  
MOL: Look, McGee....that certain part of the sky has been there for several million years. It can wait another 12 hours.  
FIB: Not for me, it can't. I think I'm on the verge of discoverin' -  
MOL: Discovering what? Don't be so mysterious.  
FIB: I ain't bein' mysterious....I'm just bein' cautious. Us scientists has gotta be careful what we tell the public. They're inclined to be a trifle gulliver.  
MOL: You mean GULLIBLE. Gull, as in BIRD and BULL as in - McGee! What are you doing?  
FIB: I'm just tryin' to adjust this telescope to -

KNOCK AT DOOR

MOL: COME IN, G

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

HAL: AH THERE FOLKS.....LOVELY EVENING, ISN'T IT?  
FIB: Hiya, Gildy.  
MOL: Yes it is a nice night, Mr. Gildersleeve. And your kitchen floor looks simply LOVELY with that fresh application of Johnson's Glo-Coat.  
HAL: Yes, my wife thinks there's absolutely nothing like Glo-Co - HOW DID YOU KNOW SHE JUST GLO-COATED THE FLOOR?  
FIB: You can't keep a secret from science, my good man.

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HAL: WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? WHAT'S SCIENCE GOT TO DO WITH IT  
MOL: McGee's studying astronomy, Mr. Gildersleeve. And the telescope just happened to be pointed at your kitchen window, and -  
HAL: OH....IT JUST HAPPENED TO BE DID IT! NOW LOOK HERE, MCGEE... YOU PRYING LITTLE WINDOW-PEEPER, IF I EVER HEAR OF YOU PEEKING INTO MY HOUSE AGAIN WITH THAT SILLY SPY-GLASS, I'LL -  
FIB: Hey, them rings around Saturn sure are pretty tonight!  
HAL: ARE YOU LISTENING TO ME, MCGEE!  
FIB: No. Hey, Molly...hand me a pencil and paper will you? I gotta make some notations.  
MOL: All right, dearie.  
HAL: MCGEE.....I'M TALKING TO YOU!  
FIB: I know it, and I wish you'd shut up, Gildersleeve. I got work to do. Now lemme see....if Venus comes within 26 million miles of the earth, that means -  
MOL: What's the matter, Mr.Gildersleeve? What are you fidgefing about?  
HAL: Well, I..I..(LAUGHS) Gee I wish I could look thru that thing. May I McGee...please!.....Just one little peek?  
FIB: Not now, Gildersleeve...but if you behave yourself, I'll let you look at Halley's comet next time it comes past.  
HAL: Gee, thanks, little pal.  
MOL: When does Halley's comet come by again, McGee?  
FIB: 1986.  
HAL: I'd better sit down then. That will be quite a....WHAT? 1986! NOW LOOK HERE, MCGEE!!!!.  
FIB: HOT DOG.....THERE IT IS!  
MOL: What?  
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HALLEY'S COMET?

NO...MCGEE'S COMET! I JUST DISCOVERED ONE MYSELF!  
Well, you had me startled there for a minute, McGee.  
Me too! (LAUGHS) How many comets do you discover  
per evening, McGee....and how much are they a dozen?  
OKAY OKAY...LAUGH IF YOU WANNA!!! BUT I TELL YOU I'VE  
DISCOVERED A NEW COMET! I THOUGHT SO WEEKS AGO, AND THAT'S  
WHY I BUILT THIS TELESCOPE.

What makes you think it's a new one, McGee?

BECAUSE IT AIN'T LISTED ON ANY OF THE SKY CHARTS, THAT'S  
WHY! OH BOY OH BOY OH BOY!! MCGEE'S COMET! THIS'LL MAKE  
ME NOTORIOUS ALL OVER THE WORLD!

By George, he really believes it! Why you poor, deluded  
little squirt - you don't know any more about astronomy than  
astronomy knows about you! And you could hide that under  
an eye-lash with its feet sticking out!

(LAUGHS) GO AHEAD...LAUGH ALL YOU LIKE...I KNOW WHAT I'M  
DOIN'. HEY MOLLY...TAKE A LOOK THRU HERE....Now don't jar  
the telescope...What do you see?

Heavenly days...this is a powerful telescope...I see an  
angel...Oh no...it's a moth.

Don't you see that little star down low on the horizon?

The one with a tail on it?

That's IT,..THAT'S A COMET!! AND I DISCOVERED IT!! IT'S  
MCGEE'S COMET!

(LAUGHS) Is that so?

Yes that's so! HERE, GILDERSLEEVE, - IF YOU'RE SO SKEPTICAL  
...TAKE A LOOK!

HAL: HALLEY'S COMET?

FIB: NO...MCGEE'S COMET! I JUST DISCOVERED ONE MYSELF!

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MOL: The one with a tail on it?

FIB: That's IT,..THAT'S A COMET!! AND I DISCOVERED IT!! IT'S  
MCGEE'S COMET!

HAL: (LAUGHS) Is that so?

FIB: Yes that's so! HERE, GILDERSLEEVE, - IF YOU'RE SO SKEPTICAL  
...TAKE A LOOK!

(PAUSE)

HAL: By George, it IS a comet!

FIB: SURE IT'S A COMET, YOU BIG DODO! AND IT AIN'T MENTIONED IN ANY OF THE BOOKS, EITHER. IT'S A NEW ONE!

MOL: My goodness, Mr. Gildersleeve, do you really think he--

HAL: Mrs. McGee....I think he's done it! Think of it...my little buddy. Discovering a new comet....I'M GOING TO TELEPHONE THE NEWSPAPER! GIVE ME THE PHONE. (CLICK) GIVE ME THE WISTFUL VISTA GAZETTE....

HELLO.....GAZETTE?.....THROCKMORTON P. GILDERSLEEVE SPEAKING. I HAVE GREAT NEWS FOR YOU. WE HAVE DISCOVERED A NEW COMET IN THE EASTERN SKY. UNDER THE FRIENDLY SUPERVISION OF HIS LIFE-LONG FRIEND AND ASSOCIATE, MR. THROCKMORTON P. GILDERSLEEVE....(Yes, I think you have my picture in the file down there)...A NEW COMET WAS ACCIDENTALLY DISCOVERED TONIGHT BY A LOCAL MAN.....MR. THROCKMORTON P. GILDERSLEEVE MAY BE QUOTED AS SAYING THAT--

MOL: GIVE ME THAT TELEPHONE!

FIB: NO YOU DON'T....GIVE IT TO ME....HELLO, EDITOR....I'M FIBBER MCGEE, 79 WISTFUL VISTA, AND I'M THE GUY THAT DISCOVERED THIS COMET AT EXACTLY....(FADE OUT)...11:53, AND TWENTY SECONDS....

ORCH: WILLIAM TELL OVERTURE....FAST & OUT

NEWSBOYS: (FADE IN) EXTRY!....GET YOUR EXTRY PAPERS HERE!.....NEW COMET FOUND.....READ ALL ABOUT MCGEE'S COMET!.....EXTRY!..... GET YOUR EXTRY PAPER HERE!.....(FADE OUT)

ORCH: BRIDGE....FAST & OUT

RADIO ANNOUNCER: THIS IS THE MIDNIGHT EDITION OF THE WISTFUL VISTA NEWS. AT A LATE HOUR TONIGHT....THE REPORT SEEMED TO BE CONFIRMED THAT THE NEW COMET DISCOVERED BY A MR. FLABBER MCGRAW, OF 76 WISTERIA VISTULA, IS ABSOLUTELY AUTHENTIC. ....THE HEAD OF THE MOUNT WHITNEY OBSERVATORY, PROFESSOR WIDDIKIND, IS ON HIS WAY TO CONSULT MR. MCGREW ABOUT HIS DISCOVERY....SOME SKEPTICISM HAS BEEN EXPRESSED IN SCIENTIFIC CIRCLES BECAUSE THE LAST COMET DISCOVERED BY AN AMATEUR ASTRONOMER TURNED OUT TO BE THE 9:36 MAIL PLANE TO CINCINNATI (HA - HA) IS YOUR STOMACH EASILY UPSET? IF YOU WAKE IN THE MORNING WITH THAT SLUGGISH FEELING...(FADE OUT)....TRY A BOTTLE OF--

ORCH: BRIDGE....FADE:

SOUND: DOOR OPEN....BABBLE OF EXCITED VOICES

FIB: 1. What's the idea barging in our home like this?

FRANK: 2. How about a picture, Doc...Stand over there by the telescope....you too, Mister!

BILL: 3. Mr. McGee, I represent the International Association of Astronomers....

(BABBLE OF VOICES UP)

FIB: HEY HEY HEY....WHAT IS THIS....QUIET, EVERYBODY!

(BABBLE OUT)

GALE: YES, PLEASE BE QUIET WHILE I VERIFY MR. MCGEE'S DISCOVERY?

FIB: Who are you, bud?

GALE: I am Professor Hercules Widdikind of Mount Whitney Observa'try.

MOL: Oh, how do you do, I'm sure.

FIB: GLAD TO KNOW YOU, HERK. Have a chair.  
GALE: Never mind that....let me see that telescope!  
FIB: What's the matter? Won't you take my word for it?  
GALE: WELL, THERE IS SOME QUESTION IN ACADEMIC CIRCLES WHETHER  
OR NOT THIS IS THE OLD PAZOOSKA COMET WHICH WAS DISCOVERED  
IN 1765 AND SUBSEQUENTLY MISLAID.  
FIB: NO SIR...THIS COMET IS STRICTLY ORIGINAL....There's no  
record of it in the books. Here....take a look thru the  
telescope....WELL!....SEE IT?

(PAUSE)

MAN: By George, Mr. McGee....I CONGRATULATE YOU! IT IS A  
NEW COMET!

(CROWD REACTION)

FIB: Why of course it is. Did you doubt it?  
MAN: Er...FRANKLY...YES. After all, a new comet is not  
discovered every day.  
MOL: McGee always discovers his at night, don't you McGee?  
He can see the stars better then, he says.  
MAN: TELL ME, MR. MCGEE, HOW DO YOU ACCOUNT FOR THE FACT THAT  
OF ALL THE PEOPLE IN THE WORLD - YOU, A RANK AMATEUR,  
WITH A HOME-MADE TELESCOPE - DISCOVERED THIS COMET?  
FIB: I had to.  
MAN: You....you HAD to?  
FIB: Yeah. I had to do SOMETHING to prove to my wife that I  
didn't need glasses.

ORK: MUSIC

FIB: GLAD TO KNOW YOU, HERK. Have a chair.  
GALE: Never mind that....let me see that telescope!  
FIB: What's the matter? Won't you take my word for it?  
GALE: WELL, THERE IS SOME QUESTION IN ACADEMIC CIRCLES WHETHER  
OR NOT THIS IS THE OLD PAZOOSKA COMET WHICH WAS DISCOVERED  
IN 1765 AND SUBSEQUENTLY MISLAID.  
FIB: NO SIR...THIS COMET IS STRICTLY ORIGINAL....There's no  
record of it in the books. Here....take a look thru the  
telescope....WELL!....SEE IT?

(PAUSE)

MAN: By George, Mr. McGee....I CONGRATULATE YOU! IT IS A  
NEW COMET!

(CROWD REACTION)

FIB: Why of course it is. Did you doubt it?  
MAN: Er...FRANKLY...YES. After all, a new comet is not  
discovered every day.  
MOL: McGee always discovers his at night, don't you McGee?  
He can see the stars better then, he says.  
MAN: TELL ME, MR. MCGEE, HOW DO YOU ACCOUNT FOR THE FACT THAT  
OF ALL THE PEOPLE IN THE WORLD - YOU, A RANK AMATEUR,  
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didn't need glasses.

ORK: MUSIC

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

ANNOUNCER: Have you noticed how the days are getting longer and longer? Pretty soon when you sit down to an early dinner it will seem like the middle of the afternoon. That may be a slight exaggeration, but you know what I mean -- and you know, too, how nice it is to have those extra daylight hours for being out of doors, working in the garden, playing with the children, or visiting with your friends. During nice weather most women appreciate more than ever the time and work-saving advantages of JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT, the modern floor polish. GLO-COAT keeps your floors beautiful with practically no work at all. Take your kitchen linoleum, for example. Pour a little GLO-COAT onto the clean linoleum floor, spread it around and let it dry. Come back in 20 minutes, and you'll find a floor that is sparkling with new beauty, its colors as bright and fresh as new, protected against wear, and easy to keep spotless. Besides that, GLO-COAT actually makes your linoleum last longer. So if I ask you to try JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT on your floors, you'll pardon my enthusiasm, won't you?

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

TAG GAG

FIB: HOT DOG! I'M FAMOUS, MOLLY! "FIBBER MCGEE...DISCOVERER OF THE MCGEE COMET!" I TOLD YOU I'D PROVE I DON'T NEED GLASSES!

MOL: All right. So you've proved you don't need glasses. Now come to bed.

FIB: Wait'll I put these tools away first. Hand me that pair of pliers, will you?

MOL: What pair of pliers?

FIB: Right there on the table.

MOL: That's a hairpin.

FIB: Eh? Oh! (LAUGHS EMBARRASSEDLY) Looked like a pair of pliers. AHEM. Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all!

ORK: (CLOSING SIGNATURE)  
(APPLAUSE)

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
4-8-41  
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

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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.

(2ND REVISION)

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CARNU TAG COMMERCIAL

(TO BE DELIVERED IN A QUIET STUDIO ON CUE)

CUE: "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."

-----  
SOUND: (MOTOR SOUND.....POLICE WHISTLE)

COP: (VERY TOUGH) Hey, you, pull over to the curb.

SOUND: (MOTOR UP AND OUT WITH BRAKE SCREECH)

CAR OWNER: What's the matter, officer, I wasn't doing anything, was I?

COP: (KINDLY NOW) No, not this time. I was just interested in  
that car of yours...looks pretty neat for an old car...what  
do you use on it?

CAR OWNER: Oh, that - I use JOHNSON'S CARNU.

COP: Well, I don't have but two days off a month, and --

CAR OWNER: Oh, but CARNU cleans and wax polishes your car in one  
operation, in half the time it used to take. It's really  
sensational.

COP: It is, eh? Well, I'll be sure and try some on mine. You  
can go now...and much obliged for the tip about CARNU.

ANNOUNCER: THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

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