

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

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

#291

Tuesday - 4/15/41

NBC - Red

(REVISED)

-2-

WIL: THE 6TH ANNIVERSARY 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 "LET'S BREAK THE ICE!"

"

ORCH: "LET'S BREAK THE ICE!"

(FADE FOR)



Opening Commercial

ANNCR: The other day I read an interesting letter from a talented lady who said she and her husband always listen to Fibber McGee and Molly on Tuesday nights....never miss it because it's her husband's favorite radio show....but he's never bought her any JOHNSON'S WAX or SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT.

That was hard for me to figure out - my wife never asks me if she can buy anything like that. But, ~~just in case there are any more reluctant husbands out there tonight waiting for Fibber to return,~~ let me make just this one little point about JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT.

Forget for a minute all the work it saves your little wife.... forget the compliments she'll get from your friends when they see those gleaming linoleum floors wearing their protective coats of GLO-COAT polish. But think for a moment about this fact....that JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT makes linoleum last much longer....protects it from wear and tear....and I think you'll agree with me that not to insist upon your wife using GLO-COAT is just bad business. Remember, GLO-COAT needs no rubbing or buffing....it's SELF POLISHING.  
Buy some tomorrow.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH)

(APPLAUSE)

WIL: THERE HAS BEEN QUITE AN ARGUMENT GOING ON THIS LAST WEEK AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA. MRS. MCGEE SAYS HER HUSBAND SHOULD GO SEE AN OCULIST AND MR. MCGEE SAYS HE'LL DO NO SUCH THING. SOOOO, HERE, SITTING IN THE OFFICE OF WISTFUL VISTAS' LEADING OCULIST, WE FIND ---

--- FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

(APPLAUSE)

MOL: Now stop your fidgeting, McGee. The doctor will see you in just a few minutes.

FIB: I don't care if he NEVER sees me. This whole idea is silly. I don't need glasses.

MOL: You don't? I suppose you were just kidding this morning when you yelled, "HEY, I FOUND A QUARTER!"....and then picked up the manhole cover?

FIB: Well, shucks, THERE'S NOTHIN' REALLY WRONG WITH MY EYES. I JUST STRAINED 'EM A LITTLE LOOKIN' FOR THAT COMET, IS ALL.

MOL: I'm glad to hear you even admit that. Heavenly days, it's no disgrace to wear glasses.

FIB: You just say that on account of Uncle Dennis.

MOL: He doesn't wear glasses.

FIB: Oh no? He's worn out most of ours, one way and another.

MOL: Well, you'll admit he carries it like a gentleman.

FIB: Yes, he even hiccups with a Harvard accent. But look, Molly, you know very well my eyestrain is just a temporary cond--

DOOR OPEN

OLD M: (CALLS) Much obliged, Doc! Sure is a load off my mind!

DOOR SLAM



FIB: Well, hello there Old Timer. Been getting your eyes examined?

OLD M: Yep. And as the chemist says, when the dye factory blew up, ... "I come out with flyin' colors!" Heh heh heh.

MOL: What did the doctor tell you?

OLD M: He says I didn't have a thing to worry about Daughter. Says I'll be readin' newspapers without glasses when I'm 95!

FIB: That's swell, Old Timer, Glad to hear it. 'Smatter with your eyes?

OLD M: Got a twitch in one of 'em, Johnny.

MOL: Nervous?

OLD M: Not till I had my face slapped the third time.

FIB: They thought you were a masher, eh? Well, as I always says, Old Timer, the trouble with flirtin' is that you're generally flirtin' with trouble. (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, which was tother day, while I was settin' in a little booth gittin' my pants pressed because the garden needed some rain and it always rains when I git my pants pressed which is why they don't have any wimmin in the weather *bureau*.  
~~bureau~~.

FIB: Yes, but the way you heered it ---

OLD M: ONE FELLER SAYS TO TOTHER FELLER, "SAYYYYYYYY," he says, "I SEE WHERE A YOUNG COLLEGE FELLER POLE-VAULTED MORE'N 15 FEET, TO A NEW WORLD'S RECORD LAST SATTIDY. AIN'T THAT WONDERFUL?" "YEAH," says tother feller, ~~who was inclined to be kinda cynical,~~ "BUT HE NEVER COULD O' DONE IT WITHOUT THAT BIG STICK!" Heh heh heh...well, I guess the doctor'll be seein' you in a minute, kids.

MOL: Thanks, Mr. Old Timer. You say he thought your eyes were all right.

OLD M: Yep. Says I'll be readin' newspapers without glasses when I'm 95 - on one condition!

FIB: What's the condition?

OLD M: Gotta learn to read! Well, so long kids!

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: I wonder how old he is, McGee.

FIB: Search me, but I'd swear he wears a teepee.

MOL: You mean a frappe.

FIB: I do not. A frappe is a small sedan.

MOL: That's a coupe.

FIB: Then what's a Teepee?

MOL: A teepee is a wigwam.

FIB: THAT'S WHAT I BEEN TRYIN' TO SAY! TO KEEP HIS WIGWAM HE HAS TO WEAR A TEEPEE!

MOL: That joke was old when radio was just a funny noise from Schenectady! My I wish the doctor would hurry.

FIB: Aw we ain't in any hurry. Besides that other guy is ahead of us.

MOL: Who?



FIB: That guy standin' over there in the corner. Hey - take your hat off, Bud. Here's a lady present!

MOL: McGee! That's a hatrack!

FIB: Eh? Oh. (LAUGHS) Well, I was just -

DOOR OPEN:

DOC: All right, Mr. McGee...you're next I believe...will you step in here please?

FIB: Okay, Doc.

DOC: You may come to, if you wish, Mrs. McGee.

MOL: Thank you doctor.

DOOR CLOSE:

FIB: (LAUGHS) You understand I'm just doin' this to humor my wife, Doc. My eyes are as good as they ever were.

DOC: We'll see, we'll see! JUST GIVE YOU A PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION, MR. MCGEE...YES YES YES...YES...NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT.

FIB: Who's worrying?

DOC: I am.

MOL: What about?

DOC: Oh nothing in particular. I just worry. It gives me that busy professional frown, you know. Very valuable. Impresses people...Yes yes yes...now first, Mr. McGee, I want you to read the chart for me.

FIB: (FAST) X-K-M-Z-O-P-L-B-W!

MOL: Isn't that wonderful, doctor?

DOC: It certainly is. Now I'll put up the chart and see if he can do it. Now then, Mr. McGee...read the top line.

FIB: The top line from the bottom?

MOL: Quit stalling, McGee...Read the chart.

FIB: He cheated. That ain't the chart I'm familiar with.

DOC: Look, Mr. McGee...I'm afraid I'll have to relax the muscles of your eyes before I can examine them properly. They are a bit strained, you know.

MOL: How will you do that, Doctor?

DOC: PUT drops in them. Relaxes the muscles and enlarges the pupil...his vision will be blurred for a few hours and then I want him to come back. Say in about three hours. Yes yes yes.

FIB: AW NOW WAIT A MINUTE. I DON'T WANT -

MOL: MCGEE! WHO KNOWS BEST...YOU OR THE DOCTOR? YOU DON'T EITHER! Go ahead, Doctor.

DOC: Very well...open your eyes wide, McGee...NOT YOUR MOUTH... Your eyes! That's it...yes yes yes...ONE...TWO...THERE! Now that wasn't so bad was it?



FIB: OH I guess I'll live thru it. I ain't scared.  
DOC: Then what are you trembling for?  
FIB: I AIN'T TREMBLING!  
MOL: The doctor ought to know, dearie...your holding his hand.  
FIB: EH? Oh. I thought that was yours. Excuse me, Doc.  
(LAUGHS)  
DOC: That's all right. I'll have the circulation back in that hand in no time! Well, that's all for now, Mr.McGee... remember....back here in three hours. Yes yes yes....  
MOL: What'll we do in the meantime?  
FIB: We might go sit in a movie.  
MOL: Don't be silly...You couldn't see the picture, and the dialogue wouldn't make sense?  
DOC: That's all right, Mrs. McGee...who is he to criticise senseless dialogue? BUT DON'T WORRY ABOUT YOUR EYES, MR. MCGEE...THERE MAY BE NOTHING AT ALL WRONG, YOU KNOW.....NOTHING AT ALL.  
FIB: Aw I ain't worried, Doc. All us McGees have had good eyes. Particularlly the men in my family. Why even when I was a tiny baby people used to ~~remark~~ <sup>say</sup> about my pretty eyes. ~~My nurse always says,~~ "CAN YOU IMAGINE SUCH BEAUTIFUL EYES IN A MUGG LIKE THAT? EYES-A-MUGGIN' MCGEE I WAS KNOWED AS IN THEM DAYS!  
MOL: Oh dear!

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FIB: EYES A MUGGIN' MCGEE! A MAGNIFICENT MASCULINE MESS OF OF MUSCLE AND MENTAL MAGNITUDE, MENTIONED IN MILADY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINES AS THE MIGHTY MALE WHO MANAGED TO MEZMERIZE MOST OF THE MERRY MIN<sup>Y</sup>IES OF MONTE CARLO. THE MAJORITY OF MARCELLED MAIDENS OF MANHATTAN AND MANY OF THE MAGNETIC MISSES OF MISSISSIPPI, MISSOURI, MICHIGAN, MONTANA AND MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA. A MERRY MASS OF MANHOOD WITH A TOUCH OF IRISH ELF - BUT LET'S GET GOING, MOLLY, OR I'LL BELIEVE THIS STUFF MYSELF!

ORK: "MARTHA"

APPLAUSE

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SOUND: (CLATTER OF DISHES...INTERMITTENTLY)

FIB: This was a swell idea of yours, Molly. Stoppin' in here for a bite to eat instead of settin' in the park.

MOL: How are your eyes - is the medicine wearing off?

FIB: Sure...I can see better than I ever -- woops!

MOL: What's the matter?

FIB: (LAUGHS) Guess I'm kinda clumsy today. I dropped the top of the catchup bottle into the sugar bowl.

MOL: That was an olive, and you dropped it in the cream pitcher and there's no ketchup on the table. Heavenly days, it's a good thing I'm with you! Or goodness knows what would -- OH OH .... McGee!

FIB: Eh?

MOL: There's Mrs. Uppington over at that table behind the post.

FIB: What's the old war-horse eating? A bale of hay, au gratin?

MOL: She's polishing off a big piece of chocolate chiffon pie! The next time she tries to tell me about living on Melba toast and skim milk, I'll...OH, HOW DO YOU DO, MRS. UPPINGTON!!! IMAGINE MEETING YOU HERE!

UPP: (FADE IN) How do you do, my dear. Good day, Mr. McGee.

FIB: Hiyah, Uppy.

MOL: Mrs. Uppington is over there, dearie. I'm Mrs. McGee.

FIB: Oh.

MOL: You're looking very well for yourself, Abigail.

UPP: Thank you my deah...though I must be doing something about my weight...I'M simply gaining OUNCES, you know.

FIB: Aw cut it out, Uppy. You gotta wonderful figger. In fact, I never seen you look handsomer, than you do today. You ain't fat - you're just chubby...in a cute way.

UPP: Ohhhhhh FLATTERER!

MOL: Besides what if you do gain a little Abigail. I always said what this country needs is less hustle and more bustle.

FIB: AND THAT'S A MIGHTY DUCKY LITTLE CHAPEAU you're sportin' today too, Uppy.

UPP: Mr. MCGEE!...I'M NOT WEARING A HAT!

FIB: Eh? You ain't? Oh...(LAUGHS) Well you're always so far ahead of the styles I thought you had on one of them new off-the-head hats.

UPP: You say such SWEET things, Mr. McGee...(LAUGHS) My head is easily turned, you know!

MOL: That's because your neck is so skinny. If you'd only -

FIB: You know, Molly, UPPY seems to have took on a entirely new personality lately. Lookin' at her right now she kinda VIBRATES. There's kind of a RADIANCE about her.

UPP: OH NOW NOW NOW!...MR. MCGEE! (LAUGHS) You SILLY BOY! You never talked like that to me before!

MOL: Of course he didn't! He never had an oculist put drops in his eyes before, either.

UPP: Oh, you poor boy! Doesn't it make everything look horribly distorted....ohhh...YOU MEAN ALL THOSE NICE THINGS YOU -- ...WELL! I HAVE NEVAH BEEN SO INSULTED! GOODBYEEE!!! YOU...YOU...YOU SQUIRT.

(PAUSE)

FIB: Did I say something wrong?

MOL: Oh no. But I don't think that was government-inspected baloney you were dishing out. Come on, McGee...let's go.

FIB: You paid the check?

MOL: Yes I did.

SOUND: SCRAPE OF CHAIRS...RATTLE OF DISHES



MOL: Can I help you with your coat, dearie?  
FIB: No thanks...I got it.  
MOL: You got it all right. You got it inside out. Here, let me -- MCGEE...THIS ISN'T YOUR COAT!  
FIB: EH? IT AIN'T? WELL WHERE IS MINE? I put it right on the rack here.  
MOL: Oh dear, somebody must have taken yours by mistake and left this one...look...here's the owner's name on the inside of the pocket. WALLACE WIMPLE!  
FIB: Wallace Wimple eh? Well, whoever he is, he's got a lotta moxie, swipin' my coat! WAIT'LL I GET MY HANDS ON HIM. HE'LL WISH HE --  
WIL: (FADE IN) Well hello there folks...what's the matter?  
FIB: Hiyah Gildersleeve.  
MOL: It isn't Mr. Gildersleeve, dearie. It's Mr. Wilcox. He's being examined for glasses, Mr. Wilcox, and he's got drops in his eyes.  
FIB: HEY HARLOW...SOMEBODY SWIPED MY OVERCOAT!...AND LEFT THIS ONE INSTEAD.  
WIL: You're lucky...that's a good looking coat.  
MOL: Well, we've got to find the owner. Do you know a Mr. Wallace Wimple, Mr. Wilcox?  
WIL: WIMPLE! WIMPLE --- NOT WALLACE WIMPLE!  
FIB: Yeah...you know him?

WIL: ME? KNOW WALLACE WIMPLE? (LAUGHS) WHY SAY, WHEN I FIRST STARTED WORKING FOR JOHNSON'S WAX...BEFORE I EVEN KNEW WHAT A WONDERFUL THING JOHNSON'S WAX WAS FOR BEAUTIFYING AND PROTECTING FLOORS AND FURNITURE AND WOODWORK AGAINST DUST AND DIRT AND DAMPNES, BEFORE I EVEN FOUND OUT WHAT A BLESSING JOHNSON'S WAX WAS FOR PARTICULAR HOUSEWIVES - AND THAT WAS...WELL...LET'S SEE...WE'VE BEEN ON THE AIR FOR JOHNSON'S SIX YEARS TODAY...AND I WORKED FOR THEM FOUR YEARS BEFORE THAT...THAT'S TEN YEARS...YES SIR, TEN YEARS. AND IN ALL THAT TIME I HAVE NEVER KNOWN ANYBODY BY THE NAME OF WALLACE WIMPLE! ISN'T THAT AMAZING!?!  
MOL: It's unbelievable!  
FIB: Wilcox, is your real name O'Sullivan?  
WIL: O'Sullivan? Why no...why?  
FIB: I just wondered. You can find more heels to drag a salestalk in by than anybody.  
WIL: Oh don't say that, pal. You're not a heel. You're a very nice little guy. Of course, you're not too bright, and you talk too much, but outside of that -  
MOL: MCGEE! STOP SWINGING AT MR. WILCOX...WAIT TILL YOU CAN SEE BETTER.  
WIL: (LAUGHS) That's okay, Molly...he was just kidding. So was I. We can't spoil our sixth anniversary together by fighting. Look Fibber...why don't you keep this coat and just call it good luck?



(2ND REVISION) 15 & 16

FIB: BECAUSE I'M TOO HONEST AND IT DON'T FIT! Come on, Molly,  
we gotta find Wimple.... Oh oh...why didn't somebody tell  
me my shirttail was stickin' out.

MOL: BUT MCGEE, THAT -

SOUND: CRASH OF DISHES:

FIB: What the --

MOL: I tried to tell you that wasn't your shirt tail. That was  
the table cloth!

FIB: Oh pshaw!

ORK: "LET'S GET AWAY FROM IT ALL" - KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE:

(THIRD SPOT)

(2nd REVISION) 17-18-19

SOUND: (TRAFFIC UP & FADE)

MOL: Oh dear, I wish we knew who this Wallace Wimple was.  
Did you ask the manager of the gas company?

FIB: Yes, and the light company and the water company.

MOL: Maybe we should hire a private detective.

FIB: I wish my eyes would clear up. As it is, I wouldn't  
know this Wallace Wimple if I saw him.....OUCH!!!!.....  
DAD RAT IT, BUD, WHAT'S THE IDEA JABBIN' ME WITH A  
HANDFUL OF CIGARS? WHO DO YOU THINK--

MOL: Oh now, McGee - he didn't--

FIB: I'LL TEACH HIM TO STAND AROUND IN FRONT OF CIGAR STORES  
AND BUMP INTO PEOPLE. I GOTTA GOOD NOTION TO SLAP YOU  
DOWN, BUD. WHADDYĒ THINK O' THAT? (PAUSE)  
WELL, YOU GOT ANYTHING TO SAY?

MOL: Indians don't talk much, McGee.

FIB: Is he an Indian?

MOL: Yes, and a wooden one, at that!

FIB: Eh? OH. (LAUGHS) Excuse me, Chief! I guess I  
was off the reservation.



TEE:

*Niyah, mister!*

(REVISED) -20-

FIB: OHHHHHHHHH,....HIYAH SIS! I CANT SEE YOU VERY GOOD BUT I RECKNIZED YOUR VOICE. I got some stuff in my eyes and I don't see very well for a while.

TEE: Why?

FIB: Well, they do that so's they can examine your eyes better.

TEE: What's the matter with 'em, mister? You got astigmatism?

FIB: Got what, sis?

TEE: Astigmatism?

FIB: Shucks, sis, we coulda had a cute routine if you'd only of mispronounced that.

TEE: I know it. But it woulda been kinda corny, I betcha.

FIB: Well, maybe it would. And seein' that this is our sixth anniversary for Johnson's Wax, maybe we better go easy on the corn.

TEE: On the what?

FIB: Corn.

TEE: I'M HUNGRY!

FIB: AW FER THE.....What's the matter with you sis? You a food hoarder - you save it for a friend?

TEE: No, but I gotta feed my puppy and my kitty and a turkle and last Sunday my pappa gave me a Easter bunny.

FIB: He did eh?

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I SAY HE DID, EH?

TEE: He did what?

FIB: YOUR FATHER GAVE YOU AN EASTER BUNNY!

(2ND REVISION) -21-

TEE: Gee, did he?

FIB: DAD RAT IT, YOU JUST SAID HE DID.

TEE: I know it.

FIB: WELL THEN...Oh hey sis. DID YOU EVER HEAR OF A GUY NAMED WALLACE WIMPLE?

TEE: Sure.

FIB: When?

TEE: Just now! Why?

FIB: Well, I gotta find him. Say if you hear of anyone named Wallace Wimple, COME AND TELL ME, WILLYA? AND I'LL GIVE YOU A NICKEL.

TEE: It's worth ten cents, I betcha.

FIB: Okay. Ten cents.

TEE: You mean you'll give me ten cents if I tell you how to find him?

FIB: ABSOLUTELY.

TEE: Okay. Gimme a dime.

FIB: YOU KNOW HOW I CAN FIND HIM?

TEE: Sure I do, I betcha.

FIB: OH BOY...OKAY HERE'S TEN CENTS. WHAT DO I DO?

TEE: Look in the telephone book. So long, mister!

TRAFFIC UP AND FADE:

FIB: Well, I'll be a.....I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT. HEY MOLLY... LEAD ME TO THE NEAREST PHONE BOOTH WILL YOU?

MOL: All right, dearie. I don't know how we overlooked such an obvious idea.

FIB: Well, "sometimes the things right under your nose are the hardest to see," as the high school kid says when he tries to raise a mustache. Hey?



TEE: Gee, did he?  
FIB: DAD RAT IT, YOU JUST SAID HE DID.  
TEE: I know it.  
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TEE: Sure I do, I betcha.  
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TRAFFIC UP, AND FADE:  
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MOL: All right, dearie. I don't know how we overlooked such an obvious idea,  
FIB: Well, "sometimes the things right under your nose are the hardest to see," as the high school kid says when he tries to raise a mustache. Hey?

MOL: What?  
FIB: Does drops in your eyes affect your other muscles.... I'm developin' an awful limp!  
MOL: It isn't serious, dearie. You're walking with one foot in the gutter!  
FIB: Eh? Oh! Well, let's go down to Kramer's drug store, and---  
HAL: WELL WELL WELL...HELLO, MRS. MCGEE...HELLO FIBBER!  
MOL: Hello, Mr. Gildersleeve.  
FIB: Is that you, Throcky?  
HAL: Well, what's the matter with you, little chum? What are they leading you around for?  
FIB: Oh don't drip, Gildersleeve - you make me sick with all that...  
MOL: He's been to the oculist, Mr. Gildersleeve and he's got drops in his eyes.  
FIB: Not that it bothers me at the moment, Gildersleeve. You always did look like a big blur to me anyway.  
HAL: IS THAT SO! WHY YOU ASTIGMATIC LITTLE BIOLOGICAL ERROR, FOR TWO CENTS I'D POP YOU ONE RIGHT ON THAT LITTLE RECEDING CHIN OF YOURS...AND IF YOU HAVEN'T GOT TWO CENTS, YOU CAN OPEN AN ACCOUNT!  
FIB: Oh yeah? DROPS IN THE EYES OR NO DROPS IN THE EYES, GILDERSLEEVE, I COULD HANDLE YOU WITH ONE HAND TIED BEHIND ME AND JUGGLING THREE JAPANESE WITH MY FEET!  
HAL: YOU COULDN'T JUGGLE THE ACCOUNTS IN A PIGGY BANK, YOU LITTLE VACUUM!  
FIB: GILDERSLEEVE -



MOL: Oh for goodness sakes stop it. Don't you realize this is our sixth anniversary for Johnson's Wax? Let's all be friends at least for one day.

HAL: Well...all right. For one day. (LAUGHS)

FIB: One day it is, Gildersleeve. But what you doin' tomorrow?

HAL: Nothing.

FIB: Okay. Suppose I meet you back of the firehouse and slap a few of your cheap gold fillings down your noisy epiglottis?

HAL: YOU'RE A HARRRD MAN MCGEE...AND BY GEORGE, -

FIB: Hey, Throcky?

HAL: What, chum?

FIB: You know a guy named Wallace Wimple?

HAL: Wallace Wimple...Wallace Wim....OH WALLACE WIMPLE...WHY CERTAINLY. AN OLD COLLEGE CHUM OF MINE! HE USED TO SLEEP IN THE NEXT SEAT TO ME, IN CHAPEL.

MOL: Oh for goodness sakes...well where does he live, Mr. Gildersleeve?

HAL: WAIT A MINUTE...I have it right here in my address book... Wimple....W...W...W...Here's Wilma...

FIB: Wilma, eh?

HAL: Er, Wilma is a horse. (LAUGHS) She's running in the derby this year. W...W...W...AH HERE IT IS. WALLY WIMPLE.... 1345 OAK STREET. AND WHEN YOU SEE HIM...

MOL: YOO HOO...TAXI...TAXI...(WHISTLES)

SOUND: MOTOR UP FAST AND DOWN WITH BRAKE SCREECH:

MOL: Come on, McGee...get in...quick...NO NO...IN THE BACK SEAT. THAT'S IT...THANK YOU, MR. GILDERSLEEVE.

HAL: WAIT A MINUTE FOLKS..WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT? I MIGHT -

FIB: AW GO TAT A TIPPET, YOU BIG MUGG. I'LL SEE YOU TOMORROW BEHIND THE FIREHOUSE.

HAL: OHHHHH....(CAR DOOR SLAM)

MOL: TO 1345 OAK STREET, DRIVER...AND STEP ON IT!

DOOR SLAMS: MOTOR UP FAST...INTO -

MUSIC: WILLIAM TELL....FADE FOR -

SOUND: MOTOR UP FAST AND OUT WITH BRAKE SCREECH: DOOR OPEN:

FIB: Come on, Molly...

MOL: WATCH THE STEP, MCGEE...HERE...TAKE HOLD OF MY HAND...

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON WALK...UP ON PORCH...FAST...DOOR KNOCK:

FIB: Now let me handle this, Molly. The guy may be a professional crook and I might have to get tough with him.

MOL: What if he's a big bruiser?

FIB: (PAUSE) Well...I...

DOOR KNOCK: DOOR OPEN:

BILL: Yes?

FIB: Hiyah Bud. YOU WALLACE WIMPLE?

BILL: Yes, I am.

FIB: (SOTTO VOCE) Is he a big guy, Molly?

MOLLY: (SOTTO VOCE) No, he's just a little fellow, McGee?

FIB: He is eh? NOW LOOK HERE WIMPLE! YOU GOTTA LOTTA NERVE SWIPIN' MY COAT OUTA THAT RESTAURANT! I GOTTA NOTION TO KICK YOU AROUND AND TEACH YOU RESPECT FOR OTHER POPPLES PREEPERTY. ER...PREEPLES POP..er...WHAT'S THE IDEA TAKIN' MY COAT?



(2ND REVISION)

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BILL: Well, bless my soul, I didn't even know I had taken the  
wrong one!

MOL: IS THIS YOUR COAT, MR. WIMPLE?

BILL: It certainly is, and thank you SO much for returning it.

FIB: THAT ALL YOU GOT TO SAY, WIMPLE? AIN'T YOU GONNA APOLOGIZE?

BILL: Yes I certainly am. It was a VERY ridiculous mistake but  
at the time I couldn't tell one coat from another.

FIB: Why not?

BILL: Well, I went to an oculist this morning and he put some  
drops in my eyes....Isn't that silly?

ORK: "SOMEONE" --- FADE FOR --

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
APRIL 15, 1941  
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

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U.S. CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Fibber and Molly will be back in just a minute.  
(PAUSE 2 SECONDS)

Have you heard about the special bargain offer that many  
JOHNSON dealers are now making? It's one you'll not want  
to miss, so listen carefully. For a limited time, many  
dealers are now giving a long-handled GLO-COAT applicer  
free with a quart of JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT at  
the regular price of 98%. You will find this applicer very  
handy. It is washable, may be used over and over again,  
and it makes the application of GLO-COAT ~~absolutely~~ <sup>amazingly</sup> simple.  
And speaking of saving, GLO-COAT, of course, is a famous  
labor-saver. It's the number one easy-to-use floor polish  
wherever you go. It needs no rubbing or buffing -- you  
just apply and let dry, and in 20 minutes your floor  
gleams with a rich, long-lasting polish. GLO-COAT keeps  
the colors of linoleum fresh and bright -- makes the  
linoleum itself last longer. See your dealer right away  
while this money-saving offer is still available. Ask  
for this long-handled applicer free with one quart of  
JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT at the regular price of 98%.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)



TAG GAG

FIB: Ladies and gentlemen, - tonight's program marks the beginning of our 7th year on the air for Johnson's Wax. And the people in both Racine and Wistful Vista wanna thank you all for your loyalty and friendship.

MOL: Yes indeed. If it hadn't been for you, we -

DOOR OPEN:

BOY: Telegram! Telegram for Fibber McGee and Molly!

FIB: I'll take it, Wallace. Thanks.

MOL: Let me read it dearie. Remember your eyes.

RATTLE OF PAPER:

MOL: Oh how nice! Listen, McGee. CONGRATULATIONS TO FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY ON THEIR SIXTH ANNIVERSARY. YOU HAVE DONE A WONDERFUL JOB AND WE HOPE YOUR SPONSOR APPRECIATES YOU AS MUCH AS WE DO. WE HOPE THEY SIGN YOU UP FOR ANOTHER SIX YEARS!

BOY: That'll be 89 cents, please. It's collect.

FIB: IT IS NOT COLLECT! I PAID FOR THAT TELE- (PAUSE).  
er...I...er..AHEM, GOODNIGHT!

MOL: GOODNIGHT, ALL!

ORCH: (CLOSING SIGNATURE) (FADE ON CUE)

K

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
4/15/41  
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST MEC

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  
APRIL 15, 1941  
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

-28-

TO FOLLOW CLOSING TAG

NOTE: This 40 second closing commercial is to be delivered from a quiet studio.

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

.....  
Special announcement! ~~Have you heard~~ about JOHNSON'S newest product -- the amazing enamel that actually contains wax? JOHNSON'S WAX-O-NAMEL, it's called -- and you have never seen an enamel like it before! Take a piece of furniture that's old and shabby -- brush on a coat of WAX-O-NAMEL in any one of 19 smart colors -- and behold the smoothest finish and most exquisite lustr<sup>you</sup> ever saw. You'll be proud of your decorating effort<sup>with</sup> this new kind of enamel because WAX-O-NAMEL dries w<sup>h</sup> a smoother, more colorful finish, with a satiny wax <sup>lustre</sup> instead of a harsh glare. Besides -- and this is important -- the wax in WAX-O-NAMEL gives it ext<sup>a</sup> protection against wear, makes it easy to keep clean. Your dealer will give you a WAX-O-NAMEL Color Chart free -- ask for one tomorrow.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
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