

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

(REVISED)

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

293

Tuesday - 4/29/41

NBC - Red

(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 "I STRUCK A MATCH ON THE
MOON."

ORCH: "I STRUCK A MATCH ON THE MOON"

(FADE FOR)

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S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
APRIL 29, 1941
TUESDAY 5:30 PM PST NBC

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

ANNCR: Ladies, what's the most popular room in your house? ^{most people} ~~I~~
^{say} the living room with the easy chair pulled up alongside the
radio, ^{but personally} ~~if it is, don't bug the girl on me, because I~~
~~haven't finished~~ I want to put my vote down for the
kitchen. I spend more time in people's kitchens -- and
in my own -- than anywhere else. I suppose the icebox has
something to do with it -- but whatever it is, the kitchen
is a cosy room and deserves to be a cheerful one. You can
make it cheerful, too, without spending much money -- gay
curtains at the window, fresh oilcloth -- and JOHNSON'S
SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT on the floor. GLO-COAT not only
gives linoleum floors sparkling beauty and keeps the colors
as bright as new -- but it protects them against wear, makes
them last longer. And it does all this in addition to
saving you hours of work -- because GLO-COAT needs no
rubbing or buffing. Just apply and let dry -- GLO-COAT
does the rest. May I suggest that you add JOHNSON'S
SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT to your next shopping list?

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH)

(APPLAUSE)

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-4-

WIL: A MAN CAN FOOL SOME OF THE PEOPLE ALL THE TIME,
AND ALL THE PEOPLE SOME OF THE TIME, AND HIS WIFE ALMOST
NONE OF THE TIME. SO, WHEN OUR HERO SEEMS UNUSUALLY GAY
AND LIGHT-HEARTED, LAUGHING AT ANYTHING, HIS BETTER HALF
SUSPECTS THE WORST. IN OTHER WORDS, WHEN A GUY DOESN'T
GROUSE, HIS SPOUSE SMELLS A MOUSE. THAT'S THE WAY IT IS
TONIGHT WITH--

---- FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

(APPLAUSE)

FIB: (LAUGHING LIKE EVERYTHING) -- so, when I seen Egghead
Vanderveen there in front of Joe's Tavern, I walks up to
him... (LAUGHS) HIYAH, EGGHEAD, I says - WHAT'S COOKIN'!
(LAUGHS)....and he says, I AM! -- THEY JUST GIMME THE
HOTFOOT! (LAUGHS) Well, sir, that just about tore my
upholstery because Egghead is the kind of a guy who--
MOL: McGee.
FIB: -- the kind of a guy who...er...EH?
MOL: What's the matter with you? You're as merry as a grig
over nothing. What's on your mind?
FIB: On my mind? Why...er...why nothing. But lemme tell you
about Egghead. (LAUGHS HEARTILY) So I says to Egghead,
I says--
MOL: I DON'T WANT TO HEAR ABOUT EGGHEAD. I WANT TO KNOW ABOUT
YOU. You always act like this when you're covering up
something. Look - did you mail that special delivery letter
for me yesterday morning?
FIB: Special deliv...OH THAT! DON'T GIVE IT A THOUGHT, MOLLY.
But to get back to what I says to Egghead-- ,
MOL: DID YOU MAIL THAT LETTER?

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FIB: Why, Molly! Am I the kind of a guy who when you tell him to do something you want done, don't mail it?

MOL: Never mind that. I just asked a simple questi-

FIB: DID YOU EVER ASK ME TO DO ANYTHING THAT I WASN'T ONLY TOO GLAD TO CO-OPERATE INTO DOING IT? NO SIR!

MOL: MCGEE! DID YOU MAIL THAT LETTER?

(PAUSE)

FIB: No.

MOL: Well the reason I wanted to know is -

FIB: - BUT I'LL DO IT RIGHT AWAY. WAIT'LL I GET MY COAT (FADE) AND AS SOON AS I CAN RUN ACROSS THE STREET, I'LL -

MOL: But McGee, let me -

FIB: NO I'LL DO IT...SHOULD O' DONE IT YESTERDAY!...(FADE IN -)

~~MIKE~~ SORRY I FORGOT BUT YOU CAN CONSIDER THE ERROR RECTIFIED!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: (OFF MIKE) Wait a minute, McGee, that letter is -

FIB: (LAUGHS) I'LL JUST DASH ACROSS THE STREET TO THE MAILBOX, MOLLY. BE RIGHT BACK!

FOOTSTEPS ON STEPS....SIDEWALK...FAST:

MOL: (WAY OFF MIKE) MCGEE!! WAIT A MINUTE!! I DIDN'T!!!

Oh dear...

FIB: (LAUGHING) Sometimes I wonder why the government always puts mailboxes on the corner where somebody ELSE lives! If I had my way, I'd - HIYAH GILDERSLEEVE!

HAL: (OFF MIKE) HELLO MCGEE! HEY DON'T RUN ACROSS THAT PAVEMENT!! CAN'T YOU SEE THEY'VE JUST -

FIB: AW - GO BOUNCE A MEATBALL, YOU BIG APE! I KNOW WHAT I'M...

SOUND: (SUCKING NOISE AS COWS-HOOF-IN-MUD)

FIB: Hey what the...WHAT IS THIS? FRESH TAR!

HAL: (~~OFF MIKE~~) GET OUT OF THERE, MCGEE!..THEY'VE JUST RE-SURFACED THAT PAVEMENT - YOU'LL GET STUCK!

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, GET STUCK.....I AM STUCK! WHY DIDN'T YOU WARN ME, YOU DUMBELL?

HAL: (OFF) I TRIED TO, YOU LITTLE TWERP! IF YOU HADN'T.....AH THERE, MRS. MCGEE!

MOL: Hello, Mr. GILDERSLEEVE. MCGEE! COME OUT OF THAT THIS MINUTE!

FIB: I CAN'T.....CAN'T PICK UP MY FEET! WHAT IS THIS, ANYWAY - TAR?

HAL: NO..IT'S A NEW PATENT PAVING MATERIAL THEY'RE TRYING OUT. (LAUGHS) YOU LIKE IT?

FIB: I love it! IN FACT, I'M STUCK ON IT! Well, dad rat it, DO something. Get me outa here!

MOL: Can't you pull your feet up, dearie?

FIB: No...Wait...lemme try again.

SOUND: SUCKING NOISE:

FIB: Nope...it's no use....harder I try the deeper I get in!

HAL: You see, Mrs. McGee? (LAUGHS) Confidentially, he sinks!

FIB: DAD RAT IT, GILDERSLEEVE, IF YOU DON'T -

MOL: Now now now....let's all keep calm and think this thing out. McGee...can you slip out of your shoes?

FIB: Yes, but I ain't gonna. I just ~~had~~ *had 'em half soled* ~~had 'em half soled~~ *had 'em half soled* for 'em.

MOL: Come on, McGee....don't stand there arguing....you're attracting a crowd. Take your shoes off and start running.

FIB: Okay....(GRUNTS....AGAIN) OKAY....HERE I COME!

SOUND: (SUCKING NOISES....PAUSE)

HAL: Well....come on!

FIB: Can't. I'm stuck again!

MOL: Take off your socks and start over.

FIB: Okay....I'll try anything. (GRUNTS....AGAIN) NOW!

SOUND: (SUCKING NOISE....PAUSE)

FIB: Well....what do I do now - take off my feet?

MOL: Oh dear!!!! Who shall I call, dearie? The street commissioner, the fire department....the police or the Gallup Poll.

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, THE GALLUP POLL?

MOL: Well, you're the Man in the Street, all right. What shall we do, Mr. Gildersleeve?

HAL: (LAUGHS HEARTILY) I don't know what you're going to do, Mrs. McGee, but I'M going home and get my movie camera. (LAUGHS) BY GEORGE I NEVER SAW ANYTHING SO FUNNY IN MY LIFE!

FIB: DAD RAT IT, YOU STAY WHERE YOU DARN ARE, GILDERSLEEVE, YOU BIG HEEL!

HAL: OHHHHHHHH!!

MOL: McGEE! You mustn't call Mr. Gildersleeve a heel!

FIB: Wel-l-l....maybe not. But I'll bet he could have a lot of fun sliding down a shoe horn! HEY AIN'T ANYBODY GONNA GET 'E OUTA HERE?

MOL: How don't get excited, McGee....we'll do everything we can to--

OLD M: (FADE IN) Hello there daughter. H'lo, Gildersleeve. Hiyah, JOHNNY - 'WHATCHA DOIN'?

FIB: Whaddye think I'm doin', you old dodo! TAP DANCIN'?

OLD M: Tap dancing, eh? (ASIDE) You never told me he could tap dance, daughter! LESEE YOU DO A OFF-TO-BUFFALO, JOHNNY!

MOL: For goodness sakes, stop teasing him....he's in a terrible predicklement!

OLD M: Hey what's this all about, kids? What's he doin' out there in the street, daughter?

MOL: He's stuck in that fresh pavement, Mr. Old Timer. Know any way we can get him out?

OLD M: Sure!

HAL: How?

OLD M: (EXCITED) Look!....git a couple shovels!...see? Then GO DOWN INTO THE BASEMENT OF YOUR HOUSE....Dig a tunnel till you're right under him....then dig up till you reach him and pull him down thru!

FIB: (GROANS)

HAL: Oh, my goodness!

MOL: That's silly!

FIB: It ain't only silly, it's callous and cruel. Everybody makin' wisecracks, while I stand here and suffer!

DON'T YOU REALIZE THIS PAVIN' MATERIAL IS GETTIN' HARDER EVERY MINUTE? CALL SOMEBODY. DO SOMETHING!

MOL: But what will we do?

FIB: HOW SHOULD I KNOW!! IF YOU CAN'T THINK OF ANYTHING ELSE, THRO' ME A RED AND GREEN LANTERN...AND I'LL SPEND THE REST OF MY LIFE HERE AS A TRAFFIC SIGNAL!

OLD M: Heh heh heh...that's pretty good, Johnny, BUT THAT AIN'T THE WAY I HEERED IT! The way I heered it, one feller says tother feller, "SAYYYYYY", he says, - but hey... this ain't any time for jokes, is it - with poor little Johnny out there, stuck in the tar!

MOL: It certainly isn't!

HAL: Of course not!

OLD M: Though, on the other hand, it might cheer him up. THE WAY I HEERED IT, ONE FELLER SAYS TO TOTHER FELLER, "SAYYYYY", HE SAYS, "I SEE WHERE GROUCHO MARX IS GONNA BE A PROFESSOR OF HUMOR AT HARVARD". "ZAT SO?" says tother feller. "WHERE'S HARPO GOIN' - TO WELLESLY?" Heh heh heh....

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FIB: (LAUGHS) I guess you got somethin' there, Old Timer. That Harpo is a great guy for blondes but (LAUGH STOPS ABRUPTLY) HEY WHAT AM I LAUGHIN' AT? DAD RAT IT, GET ME OUTA HERE! DO SOMETHING SOMEBODY...DON'T JUST STAND THERE...HELLLP!! HELLP!! ETC ETC INTO -

ORK: "POUPEE VALSANTE", or "BUDDY, YOU WALTZ LIKE A POOP".

APPLAUSE:

SECOND SPOT:

CROWD MURMUR: LAUGHTER:

- VOICES: 1. What's that guy doing out there in the street? Advertising something?
2. No, they say he got stuck in that fresh pavement.
3. Well, if he saw they were going to pave the street, why didn't he get out of the way?

(LAUGHTER)

4. They ought to put a rail around him and use him as a statue of a leading citizen!

(LAUGHTER) MURMUR OF VOICES:

FIB: HEY, MOLLY!!...MOLLY!!!

MOL: Yes dearie...here I am! AND HERE'S A LITTLE FOOTSTOOL FOR YOU TO SIT ON....CATCH!

SOUND: WIND WHISTLE....THUD:

FIB: Much obliged...IS SOMEBODY COMIN' TO GET ME OUTA THIS? WHOJA CALL?

MOL: Well, first Mr. Gildersleeve and I called the Commissioner of streets. And he referred us to the Department of Health.

FIB: THE DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH!

HAL: YES, HE SAID IT WASN'T HEALTHY TO STAND THERE IN THE STREET NIGHT AND DAY...(LAUGHS)

FIB: Well what did the Health Department say?

MOL: They referred us to the License Commissioner...because they said you were making an exhibition of yourself!

FIB: (GROANS)

HAL: Yes, and the License Commissioner sent us to the Board of Education.

FIB: DAD RAT IT, WHAT'S THE BOARD OF EDUCATION GOT TO DO WITH IT?

HAL: THEY SAID THEY'D TEACH YOU TO STAY OFF OF FRESHLY PAVED STREETS! - (LAUGHS)

MOL: But we finally got to the right people, McGee!!...This is a new type of paving and they're sending the inventor of it out!

FIB: Well thank goodness -- at last! When will--

VOICE: HEY STICK-IN-THE-MUD!! -- CAN I HAVE YOUR AUTOGRAPH!!

FIB: Why certainly, bud! Throw me your death certificate!

LAUGHTER...CROWD MURMUR

MOL: Oh dear, Mr. Gildersleeve, if that man doesn't get here pretty soon I don't know....OH HOW DO YOU DO, MRS. UPPINGTON?

UPP: How do you do, my deah....and Mr. Gildersleeve.

HAL: AHHHH GOOD DAY, ABIGAIL!

UPP: What on earth is the cause of this boisterous crowd, my deah?

MOL: It's McGee, Abigail. He's stuck out there in the middle of the street....see?

UPP: Well.....REAHHLY! How...er...what did...I mean...did he step on some chewing gum?

HAL: (LAUGHS) Oh no! He just started to trot across a freshly paved street -- the silly asphalt runner!

MOL: NOW LOOK HERE, MR. GILDERSLEEVE....

UPP: But Mrs. McGee...we simply CAWN'T have your husband making a spectacle of himself...he is lowering the tone of the whole neighborhood!

MOL: Don't give me that Vassar vaseline, dearie! Next thing you'll get so exclusive you'll want our fire department to have an unlisted phone number!

UPP: Well, REAHHLY, MRS. MCGEE!! I...

HAL: (LAUGHS) Wait a minute girls, -- HEY MCGEE!!! ^(laughs) HERE'S MRS. UPPINGTON. SHE WANTS YOU TO GET OUT OF THERE! YOU'RE LOWERING REAL ESTATE VALUES!

FIB: Oh, I am, eh? Uppy, YOU MEAN TO STAND THERE, WABBLING ON YOUR WEDGIES, AND ACCUSE ME O' DOIN' THIS ON PURPOSE?

UPP: I reahhly wouldn't know, Mr. McGee...but if you're posing as a personal investigator of paving material...I have a suggestion to make.

FIB: YEAH? WHAT'S THAT?

UPP: Did you ever hear of a certain place which is said to be paved with good intentions?

FIB: You mean.....?

UPP: Yes!..And when you get thru heah...go THEAH! GOOD ~~BYE!~~ ^{Bye!}

CROWD MURMUR:

FIB: HEY MOLLY...WHERE'S THE GUY WHO INVENTED THIS STUFF... WHEN'S HE COMIN'?

MOL: Just as soon as they can get hold of him, dearie.

FIB: Just wait till I get hold of him! I'll -

WIL: (FADE IN) HEY WHAT IS ALL THIS?...COME HERE A MINUTE FIBBER!

FIB: No, you come here, Wilcox.

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FIB: No, you come here, Wilcox.

WIL: All right. I'll -

MOL: NO! NO! NO! MR. WILCOX!!!..YOU'LL GET STUCK, TOO!

HAL: MCGEE IS HELD TIGHT IN THAT NEW PAVING MATERIAL, HARLOW. DONT SET FOOT ON IT!

FIB: Aw why didn't you let him come? He always claimed he was a guy that would stick by his friends.

WIL: Say - you're in a tough spot, pal! Can't you pull yourself loose?

FIB: Who, me? Why sure, Wilcox. I'M just standin' here till the steam roller comes by. Then I'll lay down and get my pants pressed.

~~WIL: Oh yeah?~~

~~MOL: That's his story and he's stuck, Mr. Wilcox~~

WIL: Well, I can really sympathize with you, Fibber. Standing in that tar, you're typical of the stories I hear every day.

FIB: Whaddye mean, I'M typical!

WIL: You're tarred, aren't you?

FIB: SURE I'M TARRED, BUT -

WIL: WELL SO IS EVERY HOUSEWIFE IN THE WORLD! TARRED OF THE EVERLASTING SCRUBBING AND CLEANING AND DUSTING!..TARRED OF DUST AND DIRT AND DAMPNES!..TARRED OF TRYING TO KEEP HOUSE WITH OLD FASHIONED, INEFFICIENT METHODS! THAT'S WHY THEY ALL LOVE JOHNSONS WAX! BECAUSE IT CUTS HOUSEWORK TO A MINIMUM AND KEEPS FLOORS AND FURNITURE SHINING AND BEAUTIFUL AND PROTECTS THEM AGAINST WEAR AND DIRT. GET SOME TODAY - JOHNSONS WAX FOR THAT TARRED FEELING!!!

FIB: WILCOX!

WIL: WHAT?

FIB: YOU'RE FARRED!

WIL: I AM NOT!! YOU DIDN'T HARR ME AND YOU CAN'T FARR . . AND I
CAN PROVE IT.

MOL: How, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: (FADE OUT) I'M GOING TO SEND THE SPONSOR A WARRRR!

FIB: Send the sponsor a warrrr! If he'd spend more time listening
to Fibber McGee & Molly, and less to Lum and Abner, - HEY
WHEN AM I GONNA GET OUTA HERE?

HAL: Now now now...take it easy little chum..take it easy! We'll
just have to wait till that paving expert gets here...

FIB: DON'T "LITTLE CHUM" ME, YOU BIG CHUMP! ALL YOU'VE DONE
SINCE I BEEN STUCK HERE IS STAND AROUND AND CRACK WISE!

HAL: IS THAT SO! WHY YOU UNGRATEFUL LITTLE GRUNION! YOU LIPPY
LITTLE LIZARD! YOU WAIT TILL YOU GET OUT OF THERE AND I'LL
TEACH YOU A FEW MANNERS.

FIB: GO ON..YOU COULDN'T TEACH A WORM TO SQUIRM! YOU BIG OAF!
BY THE TIME I GET LOOSE FROM HERE I'LL BE IN JUST THE MOOD TO
KICK YOU RIGHT IN THE TEETH - AND I DON'T CARE IF THEY AIN'T
PAID FOR YET!

MOL: NOW NOW NOW FOR GOODNESS SAKES, BOYS! STOP IT!

FIB: Let him come out here, I'll show him.

MOL: You can't fight here, AND MCGEE!

FIB: Eh?

MOL: You owe Mr. Gildersleeve an apology. He's done everything he
could to get the city officials to come out here and get you
loose.

FIB: Yeah...and it's like most of his arrangements. Nothing
happens.

HAL: IS THAT SO!

FIB: YES THAT'S SO!

HAL: WHY YOU ABBREVIATED ANTHROPOLOGICAL ABBERRATION -
P

FIB: WHO'S AN ANTHROPOLOGICAL ABBERRATION?

HAL: YOU ARE?

MOL: HE IS NOT!

FIB: I AM TOO!

HAL: YOU ARE NOT!

MOL: WELL MAKE UP YOUR MIND! Now stop this bickering, both of
you. Come on, Mr. Gildersleeve..let's go call up the Street
Commissioner again.

HAL: All right. (SWEETLY) Now don't worry, little chum...we'll
be right back.

FIB: Okay, Throcky.....and hurry back, Molly...

MOL: All right, dearie...

CROWD MURMUR:

VOICES: Come on, Joe...Let's beat it. He ain't gonna do nothin'...
naw, he just stands there like a dope..come on..Charlie.

CROWD MURMUR: FADE OUT:

FIB: HEY!! DON'T EVERYBODY LEAVE!!...SOMEBODY STAY AND TALK TO
ME! HEY!...Aw, dad-rat the dad-ratted luck..why does
everything have to happen to me! If I'd of only mailed that
letter of Molly's when I ought to of, this wouldn't of -

TEE: Hiyah, Mister!

FIB: Sorry sis, I ain't got time to talk to you now. I'm in a
hurry.

TEE: Where you goin'?

FIB: I'm goin' down to the...I'm goin'...I'M...sassy, come to
think of it, I ain't...WELL WHADDYE WANT, SIS?

TEE: Whatcha doin' out there in the street, Mister? HMMMMMM?
Whatcha doin? HMMMMMMMM? Whatcha?

FIB: I'm a scare-sparrow.

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I says I'M A SCARE-SPARROW. That's the same as a scarecrow, only I don't scare crows - I scare sparrows.

TEE: Why?

FIB: Well, they make too much noise. They disturb the frenistans.

TEE: What's a frenistan?

FIB: That's a kind of a thing that gets disturbed at sparrows.

TEE: Oh. Well I betcha you can't scare the widdicums, I betcha.

FIB: What's a widdicum?

TEE: It's a little girl who doesn't believe that frenistan stuff.

FIB: (LAUGHS) I'M glad you come along, sis. You cheer me up.

TEE: No, you cheer me up.

FIB: You cheer me up first.

TEE: All righty. Shall I tell you a story?

FIB: Sure - tell me a story.

TEE: How about Cinderella?

FIB: It ain't riskay, is it?

TEE: Well, gee, I - Hmmm?

FIB: Never mind. Tell me about Cinderella. And take your time, sis. I ain't goin' anywhere for a while.

TEE: All righty. ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A LITTLE GIRL NAMED CINDERELLA AND SHE HAD A NASTY OLD STEPMOTHER AND SHE WENT TO A BALL AND LOST HER SLIPPER AND THE PRINCE FOUND IT AND HE MARRIED HER AND THEY LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER YOU WANNA HEAR ANOTHER ONE?

FIB: No thanks. I was gonna ask for the one about Peter Rabbit, but the way you boil 'em down, it'd turn out to be hausenfeffer.

TEE: I can recite pomes, too.

FIB: You can? B

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I SAYS YOU CAN?

TEE: Can what?

FIB: Cherries. And be sure you get all the pits out of 'em.

TEE: You're silly, mister.

FIB: I guess I am at that, sis. Go ahead and recite somethin'.

TEE: All righty. This is gonna be a dandy one, I betcha.

THE BOY STOOD ON THE BURNING DECK
MENDING A PAIR OF SOCKS
IT ROUSED HIS IRE WHEN THE THREAD CAUGHT FIRE -
HOT DARN! (GIGGLES)

FIB: If you don't mind, sis, I think that ought to conclude your benefit performance. You wanna earn a nickel by running an errand for me?

TEE: No.

FIB: You don't?

TEE: No. I wanna earn a dime.

FIB: You're takin' advantage of my desperation sis. I'm gonna report you to ^{the Labor Board.} ~~Finance Police~~. OKAY...IT'S A DIME. Now look.

TEE: All righty.

FIB: Run down to Kramer's drug store and have 'em throw me a evening paper. Then run over to my house and tell Mrs. McGee I want a little table and a deck of cards. So I can play solitaire. Oh yes...and a portable radio.

TEE: All righty. Shall I tell her anything else?

FIB: Yes.

TEE: What?

FIB: I'M HUNGRY!

TEE: Oh, PSHAW!

ORK: "LITTLE BROWN JUG" -- KING'S MEN (APPLAUSE) b

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(APPLAUSE) b

THIRD SPOT

CROWD MURMUR:

MOL: Have you had enough to eat now, McGee?

FIB: Not quite...toss me one more cookie!

SOUND: SHORT WIND WHISTLE

FIB: Thanks.

HAL: How about coffee, McGee...want some more?

FIB: No thanks, Gildersleeve...you can pull in the hose now.

HAL: OKAY!

FIB: HEY WHEN IS THAT GUY GONNA GET HERE?

MOL: You mean the man who invented this paving material? He's due any minute, McGee...just be patient. Are you terribly tired?

FIB: I ain't as tired as I am disgusted...I'm disgusted and humiliated. And my feet are gettin' numb. This stuff is gettin' hard. Hey did you call the City Hall again?

MOL: Yes I did, dearie.

FIB: Who'd you get?

MOL: Myrt.

FIB: MYRT! WHAT'D SHE HAVE TO SAY?

MOL: She said her cousin overturned his canoe yesterday.

FIB: Yeah? Did he get drowned?

MOL: Oh no. He just got tired of paddling and overturned it to his brother.

FIB: Overturned it to his brother! If that ain't the farthest fetched gag I ever heard and me standing here helpless.

CROWD MURMUR:

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HAL: BY GEORGE, HERE HE COMES, MCGEE...IT WON'T BE LONG NOW!
FIB: What? WHO?
MOL: It's the inventor of this paving material, McGee...he'll know how to get you loose!...Make way there please, folks...
LET THE MAN THRU.

CROWD MURMUR:

MOL: MCGEE!..HERE'S THE EXPERT!
FIB: HIYAH, BUD...GLAD TO SEE YOU!
WIMP: Hello.
HAL: OH MY GOODNESS...IT'S WALLACE WIMPLE!
MOL: Are you really the inventor of this pavement, Mr. Wimple?
WIMP: Yes I am. And I'M DREADFULLY sorry that your husband got stuck, Mrs. McGee...it just makes me miserable to think of it.
FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, IT MAKES YOU MISERABLE! Whaddye think of me?
WIMP: I'd rather not say - in front of all these people.
MOL: Well how do we get him out of there, Mr. Wimple?
WIMP: Well, Mrs. McGee...as I see it, the whole thing depends on a chemical analysis of the material. Maybe we can dissolve some of it around his feet.
FIB: That's the first sensible remark that's been made today.
What's the chemical formula, Wimple.
WIMP: Oh that's a secret, Mr. McGee.
MOL: WHAT DO YOU MEAN IT'S A SECRET?
WIMP: That's what I mean - it's a secret.
HAL: WELL, YOU KNOW WHAT THE SECRET IS, DON'T YOU?
WIMP: No, but my wife does.

FIB: YOUR WIFE! WHAT'S SHE GOT TO DO WITH YOUR INVENTION?
WIMP: Well, she's really the inventor. I'M only the one who saw the possibilities in it for paving material.
MOL: What was it in the first place?
WIMP: Her recipe for chocolate pudding. The minute I tested it, I said to her, I said "Cornelia", I said, "this would make WONDERFUL paving material!"
HAL: And what did she say?
WIMP: I don't know...everything went black...but here's what we better do Mr. McGee.
FIB: I DON'T CARE WHAT WE BETTER DO...BUT LET'S DO IT!
WIMP: All righty. I'll go home and analyze this material, and see how we can dissolve it around your feet.
MOL: Will your wife give you the formula?
WIMP: If she won't, Mrs. McGee...we'll have to use air hammers and chop him loose..
ORK: BRIDGE: "WILLIAM TELL"...OUT OF MUSIC WITH CONCRETE BREAKING AIR HAMMER EFFECT.
FIB: Hey GO EASY, FELLAS! You're gettin' awful close to my feet.
MOL: Be patient you're nearly free, dearie!
SOUND: HAMMER...SOUND: THUDS...CLANKS:
MAN: Dere you are, buddy! Sorry you gotta go home wit' a hunk o' pavement on each foot, but dat's de best we could do.
HAL: I imagine you can soak that off with turpentine, McGee...
MOL: Come on dearie...I'll take one arm and Mr. Gildersleeve the other...

FIB: Okay...MUCH OBLIGED FELLAS...ALL RIGHT...ONE SIDE THERE
EVERYBODY.

CROWD MURMUR:

HAL: Can you walk, little chum?

FIB: I think so...lemme try...

SOUND: HEAVY CLUNKS

FIB: Yeah...I can manage.

SOUND: CLUNKING WALK CONTINUE THEN

FIB: BOY IS THIS A RELIEF!...I THOUGHT I'D NEVER GET OUTA THERE.
You know what the first thing I'm gonna do is, Molly, after
I get these hunks o' pavement offa my feet?

MOL: What, dearie.

FIB: I'M GONNA RUN RIGHT OUT AND MAIL THAT LETTER FOR YOU!

MOL: Give it here, McGee.

FIB: NO SIR...I STARTED OUT TO MAIL IT, AND BY THE SEVEN SISTERS
OF MAUD KELLY, I'M GONNA MAIL IT! (*Faststeps out*)

MOL: It's no use dearie. That letter's no good now.

FIB: Whatcha mean. Who was it to.

MOL: The Street Commissioner.

HAL: My goodness, Mrs. McGee...what did you want him to do?

MOL: Pave the street in front of our house.

FIB: Oh pshaw!

SOUND: CLUNKING WALK INTO

ORK: SELECTION: FADE FOR:

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
APRIL 29, 1941
TUESDAY 5:30 PM PST NBC

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL

ANNCR: Fibber and Molly will be back in just a moment.

Here's a question several people have asked me lately:
Is JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT good for other kinds of floors besides
linoleum? Yes, it most certainly is. It's good for painted
or varnished wood floors -- and for floors covered with
rubber or asphalt tile. GLO-COAT gives all these floors
a real coat of protection -- enhances their beauty -- makes
cleaning easy. And it's just as easy to apply GLO-COAT to
these floors as it is to linoleum. When the floor is clean
apply GLO-COAT with a cloth or long-handled GLO-COAT
applier and let it dry for 20 minutes. GLO-COAT polishes
itself, without any rubbing or buffing -- that's why it is
called SELF-POLISHING. Most women find GLO-COAT especially
helpful in protecting their kitchen linoleum floors, because
these floors get more than average wear. Linoleum
manufacturers themselves recommend this easy no-rubbing
method for keeping linoleum clean, making it last longer.
Try JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT on your floors.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

K

TAG GAG

FIB: (MUTTERS) Of all the dad ratted...if that wasn't the darndest...

MOL: Who you talkin' about, McGee? - Egghead Vanderveen?

FIB: No. Egghead McGee. I'm disgusted. Makin' a spectacle of myself, everybody jeerin', pointin' at me - and me squawkin' and hollerin' there like a -

MOL: Oh stop fussin about it. It wasn't that bad. And anyway. I'll give you credit for one thing!

FIB: What's that?

MOL: It's the first time you ever put your foot in it and THEN opened your mouth!

FIB: Eh? Oh. Goodnight!

MOL: Goodnight, all!

ORCH: (CLOSING SIGNATURE) (FADE ON CUE)

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
 FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
 APRIL 29, 1941
 TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

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.

.....
e makers of
NG GLO-COAT....
esday night.

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
APRIL 29, 1941
TUESDAY 5:30 PM PST NBC

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

TO FOLLOW CLOSING TAG

NOTE: This 35 second closing commercial is to be delivered from a quiet studio.

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

WOMAN: Mr. Jones, do you have that new kind of enamel that contains wax?

DEALER: Yes, indeed I have, and lots of my customers are buying it. Here it is -- JOHNSON'S WAX-O-NAMEL, and a wonderful enamel it is! See those 19 stunning colors -- all selected by prominent decorators. WAX-O-NameL gives a smoother finish and a more beautiful lustre than any enamel I've ever handled -- not a harsh glare at all. And the wax in WAX-O-NAMEL gives it added protection against wear and makes it easier to clean. Here's a free color chart for you -- just try WAX-O-NAMEL on old furniture or on your bathroom or kitchen walls.

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FIBBER

5:30-6:00 PM PDST
5-6-41

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