

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

(REVISED)

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

#290

5:30-6:00 PM PDST
5-27-41

NBC-Red

(2nd REVISION)

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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
GLOCOAT PRESENT FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY, WRITTEN BY DON QUINN,
WITH MUSIC BY THE KING'S MEN AND BILLY MILLS' ORCHESTRA.
THE SHOW OPENS WITH -- "SO SWEET".

ORCH: "SO SWEET"

(FADE FOR)

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S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.
Fibber McGee & Molly
5-27-41
Tuesday 5:30 PM PST NBC

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Opening Commercial

ANNCR: When you buy linoleum, its colors are bright and fresh. Wouldn't it be nice if you could always keep them that way? You can very easily, simply by buying a can of JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT! GLO-COAT will not only keep the colors bright and new-looking, but it will also make the linoleum last years longer than floor covering that is continually scrubbed with soap and water. Too much scrubbing softens and cracks the surface. GLO-COAT protects the surface. Besides this protection, GLO-COAT is a wonderful labor saver. In the first place, it requires no rubbing or buffing. It is SELF-POLISHING....just apply, and let dry....and in 20 minutes you have a sparkling, beautiful floor. In the second place, it is easy to keep a GLO-COATED floor spotless. Spots and stains wipe up quickly with a damp cloth. You can use GLO-COAT on your other floors, too....painted and varnished wood, rubber and asphalt tile. You'll find it everywhere....that attractive red and yellow can of JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH)

(APPLAUSE)

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WIL: WHAT IS SO RARE AS A DAY IN SPRING IN WISTFUL VISTA WITH MRS. MCGEE SITTING READING ON THE PORCH, HER HUSBAND PICKING WEEDS OUT OF THE LAWN AND HIS ON-AND-OFF PAL, GILDERSLEEVE, FIXING WINDOW-SCREENS NEXT DOOR? WE CAN'T THINK OF ANYTHING. BUT THAT'S HOW IT IS TODAY WITH --
-- FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY.

(APPLAUSE)

SOUND: BIRDS TWITTERING

FIB: (off) Hey, Molly. I gotta notion to go fishin', I just found a worm.

MOL: (~~SLIGHTLY OFF MIKE~~) Well, keep scratching around, dearie. Maybe you'll find a horse shoe and we can go horseback riding.

FIB: (off) Hey, how many dandelion greens you gotta have to make dandelion wine?

HAL: (WAY OFF MIKE) The way you're working, McGee, you won't have enough by September to get a cucuracha cockeyed. (LAUGHS)

FIB: You pipe down, Gildersleeve. I was talkin' to my wife.

HAL: Well, I thought I'd take over your conversation for a while. She must get pretty tired of it.

MOL: Aren't you men going to play tennis this afternoon? Or is it too strenuous for you athletes?

FIB: Aw, Gildersleeve says he had to fix the window-screens. I dunno why. I've seen all his clothes and if I was a moth I wouldn't want 'em.

HAL: Tell her the real reason, McGee. You got smart and started bouncing the ball and it landed on the roof.

MOL: Well, get it down again. Heavenly days, I'll even buy you a new one.

FIB: Eh? You will?

MOL: Yes, I will. Anything to keep you two quiet. I'm tryin' to read this article about us in Liberty Magazine.

FIB: Okay....I can take a hint even if Gildersleeve can't. Hey, GILDY....COME DOWN OFF THAT LADDER A MINUTE. I WANNA GET MY TENNIS BALL OFF THE ROOF.

HAL: WHO ARE YOU GIVING ORDERS TO, YOU LITTLE CIGAR-HOLDER? Get a ladder of your own.

FIB: WELL OF ALL THE NERVE! "GET A LADDER OF YOUR OWN," HE SAYS! THAT'S MY LADDER YOU'RE ON, AND YOU KNOW IT, GILDERSLEEVE! YOU BORROWED IT THREE WEEKS AGO.

HAL: YOU MEAN I MANAGED TO GET IT BACK, THREE WEEKS AGO.

FIB: WHY YOU BIG SALAMI, YOU KNOW VERY WELL YOU JUST TOOK IT TO FIX THAT SMOKIN' CHIMNEY LAST APRIL.

HAL: Yes and you borrowed it in January to get your alarm clock out of the elm tree.

MOL: (off) What was our clock doing in the tree?

FIB: I threw it at a cat one night. (Sn) NOW LOOK, GILDERSLEEVE, I WAS THE ORIGINAL OWNER OF THAT LADDER, AS YOU VERY WELL KNOW. AND I BEEN PRETTY GOOD-NATURED ABOUT YOU USIN' IT. NOW GET OFF. I WANT IT BACK!

HAL: (Sn) YOU GOT AS MUCH CHANCE OF GETTING IT AS I HAVE OF BAILING OUT OVER SCOTLAND! AND GET AWAY FROM THIS LADDER.... YOU MAKE ME NERVOUS!

MOL: (OFF MIKE) McGEE....Don't shake that ladder....you'll make him fall!

FIB: So what? Might jar a little sense into him! YOU GONNA GET DOWN OFF THAT LADDER, GILDERSLEEVE, OR DO I SHAKE YOU OFF LIKE A ROTTEN APPLE?

HAL: I won't get down, BY GEORGE, THIS IS MY LADDER AND I HAVE A RIGHT TO-- HEY STOP THAT! MRS. McGEE!...MAKE HIM STOP TEASING ME!

FIB: AW QUIT RUNNING TO MAMMA, YOU BIG SQUEALER. AND I'LL GIVE YOU TILL I COUNT TEN TO GET OFF THAT LADDER!

HAL: (LAUGHS) GO ON...YOU CAN'T COUNT UP TO TEN, YOU LITTLE... HEY STOP SHAKING THAT LADDER!...STOP IT!

MOL: (off) McGEE....BE CAREFUL! HE MIGHT FALL ON YOU AND HURT YOU!

FIB: I can dodge him. That big blimp is so slow he can't even FALL fast. WELL...YOU COMIN' DOWN, GILDERSLEEVE?

HAL: NO I'M NOT...AND WHEN I LAY HANDS ON YOU, YOU MISERABLE LITTLE MONKEY, I'LL....

FIB: OKAY...YOU ASKED FOR IT...(LAUGHS) HERE YOU GO!

SOUND: (RATTLE & BUMP OF WOOD)

HAL: McGEE....STOP....STOP IT! OHHHHHHHHH....

MOL: (SCREAMS)

FIB: Oh oh!...Pushed a little too hard....

SOUND: (TERRIFIC CRASH INTO CRACKING WOOD)

HAL: (Sn) (GROANS)

MOL: (Sn) Heavenly days....is he hurt, McGee?

FIB: 'Course he ain't hurt! He bounced eight feet, the big bladder

MOL: WELL I'M ASHAMED OF YOU...BOTH...NOW YOU COME RIGHT IN THE HOUSE BEFORE YOU HAVE ANY MORE TROUBLE.

FIB: Aw. Molly, I don't wanna --

HAL: (IN STIFLED RAGE) WAIT TILL I GET HOLD OF YOU, YOU...YOU...--

FIB: Whatcha want me to go in the house for, Molly? Want to talk something over? Okay - Let's go.

SOUND: RUNNING FEET UP ON PORCH:

HAL: (OFF MIKE) WAIT A MINUTE, THERE! I HAVE SOMETHING I WANT TO --

SOUND: DOOR OPEN: SLAM:

FIB: (PANTING) Whadya wanna talk about, Molly?

MOL: McGee...I'm ashamed of you! Fighting and arguing in front of all the neighbors.

FIB: Aw they love it!

MOL: But you had no right to push that ladder over with Mr. Gildersleeve on it.

FIB: Shucks, it's no fun pushin' over a EMPTY ladder. Besides, I didn't mean to push it so hard.

MOL: But you were wrong in the first place. It's HIS ladder.

FIB: Why, Molly - how can you stand there, with your neck stickin' thru that string of seashells I bought you one Christmas before we were married and say a thing like that. It is TOO my ladder.

MOL: Oh no it isn't.

FIB: DAD RAT IT, IT IS TOO! I DISTINCTLY REMEMBER TEARIN' THE WRAPPINGS OFF IT THE DAY IT COME FROM THE HARDWARE STORE! DON'T YOU REMEMBER THAT?

MOL: Yes I do.

FIB: Ahaaa.....

MOL: BECAUSE YOU BORROWED IT FROM MR. GILDERSLEEVE BEFORE IT WAS EVEN OFF THE TRUCK!

FIB: WHAT? I DID? Oh pshaw!

ORK: "ADIOS"

APPLAUSE:

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SECOND SPOT:

MOL: --- and even though you've always claimed Mr. Gildersleeve was a push over, you didn't have to prove it.

FIB: Well, gee whiz, I didn't mean to push it so hard.

MOL: Nevertheless, I want you to march right outside and offer your apologies.

FIB: Okay...Okay. Come on.

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

FIB: HEY...GILDERSLEEVE...I WANNA TALK TO YOU A MINUTE.

HAL: (OFF MIKE)(VERY CORDIALLY) That's fine, little chum. That's fine...I wanta talk to you, too!

FIB: Swell!

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS DESCENDING PORCH: (VOICE OVER SOUND)

FIB: About that little ladder episode, Throcky, I -

MOL: LOOK OUT MCGEE...HE'S GOT A BASEBALL BAT BEHIND HIS BACK!

FIB: Oh oh!

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS RAPIDLY ONTO PORCH:

HAL: (OFF MIKE) COME ON BACK DOWN HERE, YOU LITTLE ASSASSIN AND I'LL WHAM A LITTLE OF THE WHIMSY OUT OF YOUR SKIMPY LITTLE SKULL!

MOL: Now just a minute, Mr. Gildersleeve. All McGee wanted was - to -

FIB: Don't tell him, Molly. It's all off! IF YOU WANT ME SO BAD, GILDERSLEEVE, COME ON UP HERE AND GET ME.

HAL: (FADE IN SLIGHTLY) ALL RIGHT, BY GEORGE, I WILL!

FIB: (FAST) ONE STEP FARTHER AND I SUE YOU FOR TRESPASS!

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HAL: COME ON DOWN HERE ON CITY PROPERTY AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS,
YOU FEEBLE LITTLE FUGITIVE FROM A FLIT GUN.

FIB: WHY YOU OVER-INFLATED BLIMP, IF I EVER CAME DOWN THERE, I'D
SLAP YOU SO FLAT, YOU COULD GO TO THE HOSPITAL BY MAIL!

HAL: OOOHHHH!

MOL: (SOTTO VOICE) Look, McGee...you'll never get together
with him this way,

FIB: Well, what'll I do?

MOL: Go inside and call him up.

FIB: Think he'll lemme talk?

MOL: It's worth trying...come in!

HAL: OH RUNNING AWAY, EH?

FIB: AW, GO SMOKE SOME CORNSILK, YOU ADOLESCENT APPLEKNOCKER!
Come on, Molly...

HAL: (MUTTERS) BY GEORGE IF HE EVER CAME WITHIN REACH OF -
DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE, CUTTING OFF GILDERSLEEVE:

FIB: Gimme the telephone.

MOL: Here, I'll watch out the window and see if his wife calls
him in.

FIB: Okay. (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR. GIMME THE RESIDENCE OF
THROCKMORTON P. GIL....EH: OH IS THAT YOU, MYRT?

MOL: Oh dear!

FIB: HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING, MYRT? TIS EH? WHAT SAY, MYRT?
YOUR BABY SISTER? GOT TWO NEW TEETH THIS MORNING, EH?

MOL: Oh how sweet! How old is the little tyke, McGee?

FIB: 19. Had some teeth kicked out Saturday night in a
jitterbug contest. WHAT SAY, MYRT? OH...OKAY. THANKS
MYRT. (CLICK) No answer, Molly.

MOL: Well, you've simply got to apologize. Send him a telegram,

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FIB: SAYYYY, NOW YOU'RE USIN' GLOCOAT! THAT'S A GREAT IDEA.
I'LL - (PAUSE) No, that ain't a good idea either.

MOL: Why isn't it?

FIB: He'd just fly into another rage when he saw it was sent
collect. If there was only SOME way I could make him
listen to me without knowin' what.....HOT DOG!....
I GOT IT! (Get this folks!.....it's the crux of the
whole program!)

MOL: What is it?

FIB: Look...what say I go down to the Wistful Vista Recording
Studios, and make a phonograph record of a handsome
apology...and send it to Gildersleeve! He'd play it outa
curiosity and it'd be over before he knew what it was all
about!

MOL: Why that's a wonderful idea! Get your hat and ---
KNOCK AT DOOR:

FIB: Oh oh...is...is that...Gildersleeve?

MOL: Let me peek...no. It's Mrs. Uppington.

FIB: Oh swell....WATCH ME INSULT HER TOO...SO I CAN MAKE AN
EXTRA RECORD!

MOL: Now McGee...please...don't do that. We've got trouble
enough.

FIB: Aw, it's all in fun, Molly. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

MOL: Don't do it, McGee...she's too dumb to realize what...OH
HOW DO YOU DO MRS. UPPINGTON!

UPP: How do you do, Mrs. McGee..AND Mr. McGee. My goodness,
what IS wrong with Mr. Gildersleeve? I just met him
outside.

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MOL: He's angry with my husband, Abigail. McGee knocked him off a ladder.

UPP: Good heavens...what on earth caused you to do that, Mr. McGee?

FIB: Just a impulse, Uppy. I get 'em now and then. For instance I never see you ridin' along in that limousine of yours, settin' there simperin' like a dummy in a show-case without wantin' to heave a rock thru the window! (LAUGHS)

MOL: Oh dear...MCGEE!!...I TOLD YOU NOT TO -

UPP: REALLY, MR. MCGEE...I FIND YOUR SENSE OF HUMOR IN VEDDY BAD TASTE, IF I MAY SAY SO.

MOL: You may say so, Abigail.

UPP: Thank you, my deah. MR. MCGEE...YOUR SENSE OF HUMAH IS IN VEDDY BAD TASTE.

FIB: Aw don't be a guppy, Uppy. You couldn't take a joke if it was tattooed ---

MOL: MCGEE...STOP IT THIS MINUTE! HE'S JUST TRYING TO INSULT YOU, ABIGAIL. DON'T PAY ANY ATTENTION TO HIM.

UPP: But I don't undahstand, Mrs. McGee. Why should he wish to insult ME?

MOL: He wants to make a record.

UPP: What? ANOTHAAH ONE?

FIB: Whaddye mean, - ANOTHER one?

UPP: Why you already HOLD the record for being the most boorish, insignificant, maladjusted little malamute in the neighborhood, if I may say so.

MOL: You may.

UPP: I DO.

FIB: You did!

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UPP: I know. GOOD DAY!

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Well, you asked for it, dearie.

FIB: Yeah. I know. (LAUGHS) The old moose tosses a pretty sassy adjective don't she? Hey, is Gildersleeve still out in front any place?

MOL: Let me look....No, I don't see...wait a minute. WHAT'S THAT STICKING OUT FROM BEHIND THAT TREE?

FIB: Leseeee...oh..that's Gildersleeve's stomach! (LAUGHS) He thinks he's hiding! Like trying to hide a horse in a handbag. Well, let him wait...come on, let's go out the back door.

ORK: BRIDGE: FADE INTO:

GALE: Ah, welcome to the Wistful Vista recording studios, my friends. Is this your first visit?

MOL: Yes it is, Mr..er..Mr. -

GALE: Tate. Asa M. Tate. and if I do say so myself, an Asa Tate record is the best record made.

FIB: Well, look, bud...my name is Fibber McGee and -

GALE: NOT THE FIBBER MCGEE!

MOL: What do you mean, THE Fibber McGee.

GALE: THE Fibber McGee who came in just now to make a recording!

FIB: Yes, that's me, Mr. Toot.

GALE: Tate.

MOL: Tate?

GALE: Yes, as in TATE FUNNY, MCGEE. Now what we do for you-----

MOL: Well, you see, Mr. Taint, McGee insulted a man next door and we want to send him a recording of an apology.

GALE: I SEE...I SEE. Splendid idea. We can handle that just as soon as we have a free studio.

MOL: Are you pretty busy here now?

GALE: Oh thriving, Mrs. McGee..thriving! This idea has taken hold like a lady wrestler on a masher. EVERYONE is recording. Valentines...love messages....speeches... legal documents...

FIB: Whatcha mean, legal documents.

GALE: Oh yes...the human voice is accepted in court just like a signature. For instance, there is a gentleman in Studio C who is making a recording of his last Will and Testament. Step this way and we'll peep in for a moment.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS:

GALE: Now be very quiet, please.....

DOOR OPEN:

WIL: - AND TO THE REST OF MY HEIRS AND ASSIGNS, I BEQUEATH THE RESIDUE OF MY ESTATE INCLUDING HOUSE AND FURNITURE AND ALL THINGS APPERTAINING THERETO, WITH THE PROVISO THAT DURING THEIR LIVES THEY SHALL PROTECT ALL WOOD AND ENAMEL SURFACES AGAINST DAMPNES, DIRT AND WEAR WITH JOHNSON'S WAX, THE FINEST PROTECTIVE POLISH THAT...

FIB: ^{Wilcox!} HIYAH, HARLOW!

SOUND: BELL RINGS:

GALE: Oh dear me...you broke right into the middle of the recording.

FIB: Shucks, I'M sorry!

WIL: HELLO THERE FOLKS!...

MOL: Why the record, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Well, it's logical, Molly. This is my will. I'm recording.

FIB: Yeah we know - but why -

WIL: Look, you put wax on your most important things don't you? So why shouldn't you put your most important things on wax?

FIB: There's another similarity, too, Harlow.

WIL: What's that?

FIB: You OUGHTTA have it on a record, because you been goin' round and round on the same subject for six years!

GALE: I HOPE YOU'LL EXCUSE THE INTERRUPTION, MR. WILCOX... I DIDN'T KNOW THESE WERE FRIENDS OF YOURS.

WIL: I'm not sure now.

MOL: Oh now, Mr. Wilcox. You know very well we -

BELL RINGS:

WIL: (TO DOOR SLAM) AND BE IT HEREBY EXPRESSLY DEvised; THAT IN THE COURSE OF PROTECTING AND BEAUTIFYING SAID HOUSEHOLD APPURTENANCES, JOHNSON'S WAX IS POSITIVELY THE MOST DEPENDABLE, DURABLE, LABOR-SAVING PROTECTION FOR WOOD, LEATHER, AND ENAMEL SURFACES,

FIB: (Come on, Molly)

WIL: THAT EVER -----

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Isn't Mr. Wilcox very young to be making out his will, McGee?

FIB: Not necessarily. He knows he's gonna kill himself one of these days tryin' to think up new ways to say the same thing! Look, bud...how soon can I make my recording?

GALE: Now don't be impatient, Mr. McGee...we're very very busy you know. Let me think now...

OLD M: (FADE IN) WELL, HELLO THERE JOHNNY!..HELLO, DAUGHTER!

MOL: Well hello there, Mr. Old Timer. What are you doing here?

GALE: Well, do you two know this gentleman, too?

FIB: There's another similarity, too, Harlow.
WIL: What's that?
FIB: You OUGHTTA have it on a record, because you been goin' round and round on the same subject for six years!
GALE: I HOPE YOU'LL EXCUSE THE INTERRUPTION, MR. WILCOX...
I DIDN'T KNOW THESE WERE FRIENDS OF YOURS.
WIL: I'm not sure now.
MOL: Oh now, Mr. Wilcox. You know very well we -
BELL RINGS:
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FIB: (Come on, Molly)
WIL: THAT EVER -----
DOOR SLAM:
MOL: Isn't Mr. Wilcox very young to be making out his will, McGee?
FIB: Not necessarily. He knows he's gonna kill himself one of these days tryin' to think up new ways to say the same thing! Look, bud...how soon can I make my recording?
GALE: Now don't be impatient, Mr. McGee...we're very very busy you know. Let me think now...
OLD M: (FADE IN) WELL, HELLO THERE JOHNNY!..HELLO, DAUGHTER!
MOL: Well hello there, Mr. Old Timer. What are you doing here?
GALE: Well, do you two know this gentleman, too?

FIB: Sure...he's one of our oldest friends. Aren't you, Old Timer?
OLD MAN: If you can think of one that's older, bring him around Johnny, and I'll wrestle him for fifty cents, Heh heh heh...
MOL: What did you say you were doing here?
OLD MAN: Who me? Oh we just finished recordin' some hot jive, daughter? Me and my band.
FIB: YOUR BAND! You gotta band!
OLD MAN: Yep. Small combo, Johnny. Hot and sweet. Call 'em THE OLD TIMER AND HIS SEXAGENARIANS. Ain't a one of us under sixty and we make Goodman and them Dorsey kids sound like hand-organs in a hailstorm! If I do say so myself, as shouldn't, and why shouldn't I?
MOL: Well, heavenly days!.....Imagine that.!! Are you making anything out of it, or do you work like George Bernard Shaw...for your beard and room?
OLD MAN: Heh heh heh...that's pretty good, daughter. But that ain't the way I heered it. The way I....OH OH....say, you gotta excuse me kids....gotta run down the hall and git some refills.
FIB: Refills for what?
OLD MAN: My comb. That's what I play in the band. Comb and tissue paper. SEE YOU LATER, KIDS, AND I'LL SEND YOU ONE OF MY RECORDS. (APPLAUSE)
FIB: Well, this ain't gettin' us anyplace bud. I wanna get busy. Ain'tcha got a studio we can use.

GALE: Of course of course..YOU CAN USE STUDIO E' JUST AS SOON AS
THE KING'S MEN GET THRU RECORDING THEIR VERSION OF
"Open Your Heart and Say Ah!" Right in here, please.

DOOR OPEN:

ORK: "OPEN YOUR HEART AND SAY AH!" KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE:

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MOL: McGee....the man in the little glass booth is waving at
you again.

FIB: Eh? Oh. HOW'M I DOIN', Mr. Tate.

GALE: (OVER P.A.) VERY VERY GOOD, MR. McGEE. THE FIRST PART
RECORDED VERY WELL, BUT FOR THIS NEXT PART GET INTO THE
MICROPHONE A LITTLE MORE....THAT'S IT. AND IT WILL HELP
IF YOU TAKE THE CIGAR OUT OF YOUR MOUTH....AHHH, THANK
YOU!

MOL: It's about time you ditched that stogie, McGee....I didn't
know whether you were recording an apology, or "Smoke Gets
In Your Eyes".

FIB: READY TO CUT THE REST OF IT, BUD?

GALE: ALL READY, MR. McGEE....START TALKING WHEN THE BELL
RINGS. READY?

FIB: Ready?

BELL

FIB: -- And that's why I want you to know, Gildy, Old Man, that
I am sorry I pushed you offa the ladder. I hope we can
be friends again from now on and in honor of the
occasion here is a little poem I wrote:--

THE WORLD WOULD BE A BETTER PLACE TO LIVE IN,
IF GUYS LIKE I WOULD ADMIT THEY'RE WRONG AND GIVE IN
WITHOUT THEIR WIFE FORCING 'EM, ALMOST, TO DO IT,
BUT I KNOW IF I HADN'T DID IT, I WOULD RUE IT.
SO HERE'S TO YOU
A FRIEND TRUE-BLUE
FROM YOUR LITTLE CHUM NEXT DOOR, DEAR THROCKY,
TO HAVE YOU AS A PAL, I CONSIDER MYSELF PRETTY LOCKY.

BELL RINGS

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FIB: There! How was it, Molly?

MOL: Fine, dearie. All but that poem.

FIB: Well, maybe it coulda been polished a little....but it's the sentiment that counts.

MOL: Sediment.

FIB: I says SENTIMENT.

MOL: I know. I said SEDIMENT. That's what's left after the drip has stopped.

FIB: Well, I'm afraid you don't appreciate the finer--

GALE: (FADE IN) Well, everything is splendid, Mr. McGee.... splendid. And I hope you can use our services again sometime.

MOL: Thank you, Mr. Tate.

FIB: YOU GOT THE ADDRESS WHERE TO SEND THAT RECORD, DIDN'T YOU, BUD?

GALE: Oh yes, Mr. McGee....Mr. Throckmorton P. Gildersleeve, 83 Wistful Vista.

FIB: Yes and send this note with it.

GALE: It'll be on its way in half an hour. Good day.

MOL: Good day, Mr. Tate.

SOUND: (FOOTSTEPS WALKING)

MOL: Frankly now, McGee....don't you feel better for having made that apology....even if Mr. Gildersleeve hasn't seen it yet?

FIB: Yeah....I guess I do.

WIMP: Hello, Mr. McGee....Hello, Mrs. McGee.

FIB: Hiyah, Wimple!

MOL: My you're looking happy and cheerful for a change, Mr. Wimple.

WIMP: Oh I am. I'm just a different person when I come down here to make my records. It cheers me up no end.

FIB: What kinda records you make, Wimple? You a singer?

WIMP: Oh no. I just talk.

MOL: Oh recitations.

WIMP: In a way, yes. (LAUGHS) You see, I record the things I would like to say to my wife. I spend the first half hour working myself into a rage, and then I make a recording of giving her the most terrible bawling out. Then I sit here and play it to myself....over and over and over.

FIB: (LAUGHS) Sure gets it out of your system, doesn't it, Wimple? Ever think what would happen if she ever got hold of one of those records?

WIMP: Yes I have. I wake up nights in a cold sweat about it. But it's worth all the risk, Mr. McGee.

MOL: Look, Mr. Wimple....why don't you brace up and really send her one of the records....It would show her that you really have a little spirit.

WIMP: Mrs. McGee....it would not only show her that I have one, but five minutes after she heard it, I'd BE one. Well, goodbye.

FIB: So long, Wimple....come on, Molly....let's get home and wait for Gildersleeve's reaction.

MOL: All right.

ORK: BRIDGE

FIB: Hey, he oughtta be comin' over any minute now, Molly. I seen a motorcycle messenger just deliver a package.

MOL: Oh that's fine, dearie. I'll be SO glad when this is straightened out. All this senseless bickering and quarrelling. Anybody would think you hated each other.

FIB: We do, down underneath. But on the surface, there never was two finer friends. Why when I think --

TERRIFIC HAMMERING ON DOOR

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS!.. WHAT ON EARTH --

TERRIFIC HAMMERING..DOOR WRENCH OPEN WITH SPLINTERING WOOD.

HAL: (FADE IN) (SHOUTING) THERE YOU ARE, YOU LITTLE WEISENHEIMER! YOU PRACTICAL JOKER! YOU CUSTARD-PIE COMEDIAN! SEND ME A SMART ALECK PHONOGRAPH RECORD AND A SARCASTIC NOTE, WILL YOU! BY GEORGE, I'LL --

FIB: Hey now wait a minute...what's the matter? Whaddye mean a sarcastic note?

HAL: LISTEN TO THIS: "DEAR THROCKY. (~~Dear Throcky my grandmother!~~)

"DEAR THROCKY: FORGET WHAT HAPPENED THIS AFTERNOON AND PLAY THIS RECORD. AS A LITTLE TOKEN OF MY ESTEEM. THEN YOU'LL KNOW WHAT I REALLY THINK OF YOU,

(Signed) YOUR LITTLE CHUM, FIBBER".

MOL: I don't see anything wrong with that. Didn't you play the record, Mr. Gildersleeve?

HAL: (SHOUTS) YES I DID! AND I WANT TO TELL YOU RIGHT NOW, MCGEE, IF YOU WERE WORTH SPOILING A GOOD TEN-CENT SHINE ON, I'D KNOCK YOU DOWN AND KICK YOUR EARS OFF! AS IT IS, I'LL JUST BREAK THIS RECORD OVER YOUR DILLY LITTLE DOME!

SOUND: RECORD CRASHING

FIB: OUCH! HEY, WHAT THE -

HAL: AND NEVER SPEAK TO ME AGAIN, YOU CRUMB-WIT!

DOOR SLAM: (PAUSE)

FIB: Well, I'll be a - what's the matter with him? Ain't he got any sense of justice? I put my whole heart and soul into that record!

MOL: Maybe it was that poem that got him. Though I don't quite -

OHHHHHHH, HEAVENLY DAYS! LOOK! LOOK AT THE LABEL!

FIB: Eh?

MOL: THEY SENT HIM THE WRONG RECORD! THIS IS THE ONE THE OLD TIMER WAS SENDING TO US! NO WONDER MR. GILDERSLEEVE GOT MAD!

FIB: Whaddya mean?

MOL: Look at the title! "I'LL BE GLAD WHEN YOU ARE DEAD, YOU RASCAL YOU!"

FIB: Oh pshaw!

ORK: "WHAT HAS HAPPENED" (FADE FOR)

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.
Fibber McGee & Molly
5-27-41
Tuesday 5:30 PM PST NBC

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Closing Commercial

ANNCR: *Fibber and Molly will be back in just a moment.*
^ Say, aren't these just about the busiest days you could imagine? There are so many things to do every hour of the day, it almost seems like the days are getting shorter instead of longer. Of course, that makes us all grateful for anything that saves us time and work....that is unnecessary work. Which brings me naturally to JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT, the modern floor polish that goes on saving hours of work every day for women everywhere. The main point about GLO-COAT is that it not only saves work...it makes floors more beautiful, protects them against wear, keeps the colors of linoleum fresh and bright indefinitely...in fact, makes your whole kitchen a more cheerful place to work in. It's because GLO-COAT has so many advantages...at such small cost....that its popularity just goes on increasing month after month. GLO-COAT needs no rubbing or buffing....remember that. You just apply and let dry....in 20 minutes you have a floor that sparkles with beauty. Need I say more? Order JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT tomorrow.

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

(REVISED) -26-

MOL: It's really too bad the records got mixed up, McGee. But you can have the man at the recording studio send Mr. Gildersleeve an explanation.

FIB: Yeah....I can straighten that out okay, I'd even kinda like to go down and make some more records.

MOL: All right...let's. You have a dandy voice for it.

FIB: Honest? You think so?

MOL: Oh I certainly do. You might even get a job as a news commentator, like Raymond Gram-Jazz.

FIB: SWING.

MOL: You could try that too, but commentating is more dignified.

FIB: Yeah. Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all!

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.
Fibber McGee & Molly
5-27-41
Tuesday 5:30 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 finishes for the home and for industry....
inviting you to be with us again next Tuesday night.
Goodnight.

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.
Fibber McGee & Molly
5-27-41
Tuesday 5:30 PM PST NBC

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TO FOLLOW CLOSING TAG

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

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

.....
Folks, I'm the cop down here on the corner of 14th and
Oak Streets - you know, where all the traffic swings East.
I've been noticing lately that so many of the cars are all
polished up fit to kill - so I stops one of them today
and asks how come. "Well, officer," he says. "it seems
like all the boys have suddenly discovered a new auto
polish - that does a double job - cleans and wax-polishes
in one application. It's a cinch now - don't the old bus
shine?" "Sure does," says I. "And what's the name of this
new auto polish?" "JOHNSON'S CARNU," he says - "C-A-R-N-U"
- made by the makers of JOHNSON'S WAX."