

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

(REVISED)

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

# 299

6-3-41  
5:30-6:00 PM PDST

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

ORCH: "HERE'S MY HEART"

(FADE FOR:)



S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
June 3, 1941  
TUESDAY 5:30 PM PST NBC

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WIL: Would you stand for old Professor Wilcox saying a few words on how to bring up your children? You would? Thanks! Well, first, be a pal with your youngsters. Don't always be saying "don't" or "no". And make your home their headquarters, the one place where they'd like to bring their friends. And if they track a little dirt and mud over the kitchen floor, or scuff it up a bit, don't scold them and shoo them out of the house. No, there's a much better and easier way to stop worrying about these floors -- you've guessed it! Protect them with GLO-COAT -- JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. Then your floors will be safe from harm. They'll be easy to keep clean and sparkling. Your own work will be less -- your nerves will be unruffled because you won't have to scold the children -- and the youngster's themselves will be happier. GLO-COAT actually will do all that for you -- it does protect floors -- it does keep them beautiful -- it saves you hours of work because it needs no rubbing or buffing. Try it once -- JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

(2ND REVISION)

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SOUND: (LOUD KNOCKING AT DOOR....AT INTERVALS THRU ANNC'MT)

WIL: WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF A POLICE AUTOMOBILE SCREAMED TO A STOP AT YOUR HOUSE....(KNOCKING)....AND A COP RAN UP YOUR FRONT STEPS AND STARTED POUNDING ON YOUR DOOR? (KNOCKING) YOU DON'T KNOW? (KNOCKING) WELL, NEITHER DO --  
-- FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

(APPLAUSE)

SOUND: (HAMMERING AT DOOR....OFF MIKE)

FIB: But I tell you, Molly, I don't know what they want - I ain't done anything.  
MOL: Are you sure...no running thru red lights? No double parking?  
FIB: Not that I can remember. My conscience is perfectly clear.  
MOL: Well then, what are we doing, hiding here under the dining room table? Come on....  
FIB: Listen! (PAUSE) They've stopped knocking....maybe they've gone away.  
MOL: NO--LOOK!..THEY'RE SITTING OUT THERE IN THE SQUAD CAR.... WAITING FOR YOU.  
FIB: I don't know why - OH MY <sup>gosh</sup> GOODNESS...I JUST REMEMBERED -  
MOL: What?  
FIB: I did break the law - last Thursday. I expectorated on the sidewalk!  
MOL: NOT REALLY!  
FIB: Yeah, but I had to. I stuck the wrong end o' my cigar in my mouth.  
MOL: With those cigars you smoke, both ends are wrong. Besides, no policeman would --

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FIB: Hey look, Molly, let's sneak out the back door...down the alley, register at a hotel under a assumed name and hide out till this thing blows over.

MOL: You sound like a bit part from BIG Town. We'll do no such a thing. We're decent citizens and we don't have to run away from -

KNOCK AT DOOR:

FIB: Oh oh..here they are again! At the back door!

KNOCK AT DOOR:

HAL: (OFF MIKE) OH MCGEEEEEEEEEE,eeeeeee!!!!

MOL: Heavenly days...it's Mr. Gildersleeve!

FIB: Don't answer the big chowderhead. Maybe he'll go away.

HAL: OH MCGEEEEEEEEEE!!!!...COME ON OUT! I KNOW YOU'RE THERE BECAUSE YOUR CAR IS IN THE GARAGE!

MOL: Better latch the back door before he walks in and -

DOOR OPENS:

FIB: Too late.

HAL: (FADE IN) (LOUDLY) What's the idea, McGee. Pretending your not home. Afraid of something?

FIB: Look, you thick-witted wampus, there's a cop out in front layin' for me. And you come whoopin' and bellerin' in here like a baritone in a bathtub.

HAL: Now now now...take it easy. I didn't know you were a fugitive from justice.

MOL: HE'S NOT A FUGITIVE FROM JUSTICE! He's merely hiding from the cops.

HAL: WELL WHAT'S HE DONE?

FIB: Nothing!

MOL: All we know is that a policeman drove up out in front and started banging at the door. We don't know what it's all about.

HAL: Well, look...I've got an idea. Let me go out and talk to the officers. I'll pump them in a subtle way and find out what the rap is.

MOL: That sounds good to me. What do you think, McGee?

FIB: I like it all but that word 'SUBTLE'. Gildersleeve is about subtle as a pile driver.

HAL: Is that so! I'll have you know, McGee, I was voted the most tactful man in my class at college.

MOL: Really? I saw your college yearbook, Mr. Gildersleeve, and it didn't say anything about that.

HAL: I wouldn't let 'em print it.

FIB: Why not?

HAL: I was too tactful.

FIB: Okay. You win...go out and talk to the cops...BUT DON'T TELL 'EM I'M HERE.

HAL: Okay - Just relax little chum. Everything's going to be all right.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN: FOOTSTEPS ON STEPS..ON SIDEWALK

HAL: (TO HIMSELF) Coming from the back of the house like this, they won't know which house I'm from...

FOOTSTEPS

HAL: AHFFF, GOOD DAY, OFFICER. er...NICE DAY ISN'T IT.

GALE: (WITH BROGUE) It is indeed, sir. It is indeed.

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(2ND REVISION) -8-

HAL: HARRUMMPHHT!! I..er....I..er..I am Throckmorton P.  
Gildersleeve...I..er...I live next door. This is Mr.  
McGee's house here. Very good friend of mine, McGee is.  
You know him?

GALE: Sure - the name is familiar.

HAL: Yes..great little fellow, McGee.... Very law-abiding  
little citizen. Hope you're..er...hope you're not after  
him for anything.

GALE: Why should we be after him?

HAL: That's what I say. He hasn't done anything. At least he  
SAYS he hasn't.

GALE: When did he say that?

HAL: Just now. I was - Mean...oooh!...er...that is....er....  
Oh, my gosh...well I've got to get down town officer.  
Good day.

DOOR OPEN AND SLAM ON CAR:

GALE: Wait here for me, Garrity. I'll be right back.

FOOTSTEPS UP ON PORCH DOOR KNOCK: DOOR OPEN:

GALE: Good day, Madam. I'm officer Fitzgerald - and if I'm not  
disturbing you, I'd like to see your husband.

MOL: Oh this is a surprise. (CALLS) OH MCGEE...THERE'S AN  
OFFICER TO SEE YOU. (PAUSE) MCGEE!!! YOO HOO...MCGEE!  
(PAUSE) That's funny, he was here a moment ago. (CALLS)  
MCGEE...IT'S NO USE. Come outta there.

SOUND: (DOOR OPEN) TERRIFIC AVALANCHE OF JUNK BELL TINKLE

FIB: Gotta straighten out that closet one of these days. Oh  
HIYAH, OFFICER.

GALE: Are you Mr. Fibber McGee?

FIB: Why..er..yes...yes, I believe I am. f

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(2ND REVISION) 9-10-11

GALE: I'd like to ask you a few questions, Mr. McGee.

FIB: Why c-c-c-certainly bud. Wh-what was it about?

GALE: WHAT WERE YOU GOING TO DO TONIGHT?

FIB: Why - why nothing officer - I - I'm not - I'm gonna stay  
home. I never go out at night.

GALE: (LAUGHS) Well then it will do you good to go to the  
Policeman's ball tonight.

FIB & MOL: WHAT?

GALE: Sure, and now how many tickets do you want?

FIB: Aw pshaw!!

ORK: "AMAPOLA"

APPLAUSE:

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FIB: - and anyway, I think it was just a shakedown. We didn't have to buy these tickets.

MOL: Now don't talk like that, McGee...every citizen ought to do what he can to support the P.P.P. & P.P.U.

FIB: What's the P.P.P. & P.P.U.?

MOL: The Police Pension Pool and Pistol Practice Union...you heard the officer. Personally, I thought he was very nice.

FIB: Sure you did. The way he was givin' you the old blarney after I bought the tickets was sickening. Tellin' you that "your eyelashes were like the shadows of the birds flyin' over the blue lakes of Killarney."

MOL: My - he had a lovely Irish brogue when he got warmed up!

FIB: Lovely brogue, my eye! The closest he ever got to Ireland was the 21st row at an Abbey Players benefit,

~~MOL: His name was Fitzgerald. I suppose that makes him an Eskimo.~~

FIB: Gimme them tickets! I'll show him we ain't --

MOL: McGEE....WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

FIB: I'm gonna tear 'em up. If he thinks for one minute that -

MOL: OH NO YOU DON'T DEARIE.

FIB: Why not. We can't go to any policeman's ball. I promised Eddie Cantor we'd come over tonight. Him and Ida are celebratin' their 27th wedding anniversary.

MOL: Well, we're in no position to throw away two tickets that cost us a dollar and a half apiece. We're goin' to that ball.

FIB: You can go - but I won't!

MOL: Allright - I'll go and I'll dance with Lieutenant Fitzgerald.

FIB: Okay - I'll go, - and I'll have fun there. I'm gonna step on every bunion them boys in blue ever grew! (LAUGHS) Faith, and they'll go home as black and blue as the shadow of the birds wings on the sunny slopes of the mossy macushla! (LAUGHS HEARTILY)

MOL: Oh now, McGee...just because you're jealous of officer Fitzgerald, don't mean you have to -

KNOCK AT DOOR:

FIB: Who's that?

MOL: It's Mrs. Uppington, the shortening in the upper crust.

FIB: What's that old battleaxe lookin' for - a grindstone? COME IN.!

DOOR OPEN & CLOSE:

MOL: Oh how do you do, Mrs. Uppington...SO nice to see you.

UPP: How do you do, Mrs. McGee...AND Mr. McGee.

FIB: Hiyah, Uppy. Whatcha been doin' to your hair? Been in a street fight, or something?

UPP: CERTAINLY NOT, Mr. McGee. I have just come from the hairdresser.

MOL: You ought to go right back dearie...you've got some change coming.

UPP: Oh it will be all right when it is combed out, my deah. Personally I like a tight wave.

FIB: I can't see much of a wave Uppy, but they sure made you look tight.

MOL: McGEE! Don't mind him, Abigail. He's still a little annoyed because he had to buy a couple of tickets to a benefit ball.



UPP: Really! I am going to a ball tonight myself. A military ball.

MOL: Really. Who's taking you, Abigail?

UPP: A lieutenant, my deah. Charming gentleman. Oh I simply adore milit'ry affairs. The glittah of uniforms...the gold braid and formality. SO thrilling, you know. Lieutenant Fitzgerald tells me that -

FIB: WHO?

MOL: LIEUTENANT WHO?

UPP: Fitzgerald. Oh, you'll simply love him, my deah. He has just a touch of Irish brogue. He says "my eyelashes are like the shadow of birds flying over the blue lakes of Killarny."

FIB: (LAUGHS) Looks like you girls are gonna have to throw him up for grabs.

MOL: Abigail, did you say this was a MILITARY BALL? Did you ever see the lieutenant in uniform?

UPP: Wel-l-l...no, my deah. ~~As a matter of fact, he is an old friend of the family with whom I have been out of touch for several years.~~ Why did you awsk?

FIB: Look, Uppy. Get wise, baby. This ain't any khaki-clad caper you cuttin' tonight. That guy's takin' you to a cop carnival.

UPP: I BEG YOUR PARDON?

MOL: (PLAINLY) You're going to the Policeman's ball, Abigail.

UPP: How uttahly ridiculous. How ABSURD. I nevah heard of anything so fantas....wait a moment, May I use youah telephone?

FIB: Sure. Uppy. HERE YOU ARE.

UPP: Thank you. (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR? PLEASE CONNECT ME WITH WISTFUL VISTA 776 -- OH IS THAT YOU MYRTLE?

MOL: Well, heavenly days.

FIB: Ask her how is everything, Uppy.

UPP: HOW IS EVERY LITTLE THING, MYRTLE? IT IS? WHAT, MYRTLE? WELL, WHY CAWN'T YOU? HAS THE CAT GOT YOUR TONGUE?

MOL: What's the matter, Abigail?



UPP: MYRTLE WAS PREPARING SOME COLD MEAT FOR SANDWICHES AND THE CAT GOT HER TONGUE. WHAT SAY, MYRTLE?...OH THANK YOU...  
(PAUSE) HELLO...IS THIS LIEUTENANT FITZGERALD? THIS IS ABIGAIL...YES...TELL ME LIEUTENANT, WHAT, EXACTLY IS THIS AFFAIR WE ARE ATTENDING TONIGHT? (PAUSE) Oh..thank you.  
Goodbye. (CLICK)

FIB: How about it, Uppy?

UPP: (LAUGHS GAILY) Imagine!.....ABIGAIL UPPINGTON AT THE POLICEMAN'S BALL! (LAUGHS GAILY) WELL...SEE YOU THEAH!

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: (LAUGHS) So Abigail is going to the Policeman's Ball! I must say she took it with very good grace, McGee.

FIB: She better - a gal her age outta be grateful for a bid to a dogfight! Hey, is this harness-bull houseparty a dress-up thing?

MOL: Oh sure - they always dress up.

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

WIL: HELLO FOLKS...SAY, I HEAR YOU'RE GOING TO THE POLICEMAN'S BALL TONIGHT.

MOL: Where'd you hear that, Wilcox?

WIL: I just met Mrs. Uppington. She told me.

FIB: That old moose spreads news like butter on a hot waffle.

MOL: Well it was no secret, dearie. What about it, Mr. Wilcox?  
Are you going?

WIL: Sure...they always give me a couple of free tickets.

FIB: I gotta feeling I'm gonna get one right now, myself....  
for parking next to a plug. WHY DO THEY GIVE YOU FREE TICKETS, MR. WILCOX?

WIL: (LAUGHS) Well, you know how it is with policemen. Always being invited into the kitchen for a cup of hot coffee or a midnight snack.

MOL: Why of course. That's why they refer to 'em as "The Long Arm of the Law" - because they reach so far into the refrigerator.

WIL: And you know how bashful they are about tracking mud and dirt into the kitchen.

FIB: I never noticed any particular shyness about that, myself. We had a cop in Peoria that used to drop in the kitchen and when he left we could of planted petunias in every footstep.

WIL: Sure...but who cares when the linoleum is protected with Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-coat? It's so easy to apply and it's so easy to wipe up dust and dirt and footprints with a damp cloth that neither cops nor housewives worry about it any more. It's changed the whole system of kitchen kibitzing. That's why they toss me a couple of free ducats every year. Nobody appreciates Glo-coat like a blue-coat. Well - I'll be seeing you there.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOL: Well, come on, McGee...we'd better get started dressing. I wish I had time to get my hair done.

FIB: Your hair looks swell as it is. In fact it looks as beautiful as the shadow of the birds flyin' over the blue lakes of Killar-

MOL: OH STOP IT. (LAUGHS) And you better get busy yourself.

DOOR KNOCK

FIB: AW FER THE - NOW WHO....COME IN!

DOOR OPEN

TEE: Hiyah, Mister.

DOOR CLOSE

FIB: OH HELLO THERE LITTLE GIRL. Sorry I ain't got time to talk to you now. WATCHA WANT?

TEE: I just wanted to know if you wanted to buy a couple tickets, mister.



FIB: NO! I DONT WANNA BUY ANY TICKETS!! I ALREADY GOT STUCK FOR SOME TICKETS. SO RUN ALONG AND DONT BOTHER ME ANY -

TEE: Well gee, mister, these tickets are for our school play. Don't you like little childrun?

FIB: YES YES YES...I LOVE LITTLE CHILDRUN. BUT DAD RAT IT, I -

TEE: This is gonna be a wonderful play, mister. It's Little Red Riding Hood. I'm gonna be the wolf.

FIB: You - a wolf?

TEE: Sure...I got a dandy costume, too, mister. It's really a airedale skin but I look like a wolf.

FIB: Oh, Citizen Canine, eh? Well, I'M sorry, sis, but -

TEE: Gee you oughtta come, mister. I'M a peachy actress. Everybody says I'M the Bette Davis of Wistful Vista.

FIB: Oh they do eh?

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I SAYS, THEY DO, EH?

TEE: Do what?

FIB: They say you're the Bette Davis of Wistful Vista!

TEE: Gee, do they?

FIB: Sure they do. They...DAD RAT IT, I DIDNT SAY THAT. YOU DID.

TEE: I know it. Gee, mister, you oughtta see the scene when Little Red Riding Hood comes in the house and the wolf - that's me - I'M in bed, see, with a hot toddy on my head and -

FIB: WITH A WHAT ON YOUR HEAD?

TEE: A hot toddy.

FIB: What the sam hill is that for?

TEE: My daddy says it makes a wonderful nightcap.

FIB: Oh. Well, I might as well sit thru the rest of this wolf opera. Then comes what, sis?

TEE: Then Little Red Riding Hood says "GEE WHAT BIG TEETH YOU HAVE GRANDMOTHER!"...on account of the little dumbbell thinks the wolf is her grandmother, - catch on?

FIB: And what is the wolf's clever retort - as if I didn't know?

TEE: Then the wolf - that's me, see - the wolf says, "ALL THE BETTER TO EAT YOU WITH MY DEAR, BECAUSE I'M HUNGRY," and just as I jump out of bed a woodchopper comes in - that's Willie Toops with a Boy Scout Hatchet, and saves Little Red Riding Hood and kills the nasty old wolf!

FIB: That's you.

TEE: That's me!

FIB: Sis, I'M convinced. I wouldnt miss that production for all the corn in Kansas. It's got everything but Don Ameche. Gimme two tickets.

TEE: No, mister. Thanks just the same.

FIB: EH? BUT I THOUGHT -

TEE: It wouldn't be fair to sell you any tickets now, mister. You've practically <sup>heard</sup> ~~seen~~ the whole show. G'bye now!

DOOR SLAM:

ORK: "OLD DAN TUCKER" -- KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE:



THIRD SPOT

(2ND REVISION) 22-23-24

SOUND: MOTOR CAR...HORN...FADE FOR:

MOL: Take it easy dearie..you're driving pretty fast.

FIB: Aw don't worry. Nobody's gonna pinch somebody that's on his way to a Policeman's Ball. (LAUGHS)

MOL: Don't be too sure, dearie. Anything can happen. My Uncle Dennis got slugged with a beer bottle once on his way to a Temperance meeting.

FIB: When did that guy ever go to a Temperance Meeting? (LAUGHS)

MOL: Now don't start that again, McGee. You know very well, the only reason Uncle Dennis drinks is to relieve his suffering.

FIB: What does he suffer from?

MOL: Thirst.

FIB: Oh...well....HEY!

MOL: WHAT?

FIB: Here we are on our way to the Policeman's Ball and I don't even know where <sup>it's</sup> bein' held.

MOL: Oh heavenly days...maybe we better find a policeman and inquire.

SOUND: (SIREN - FADE IN FAST)

MOL: <sup>(to her)</sup> Never mind - here comes one now.

GALE: (ON GUE) ALL RIGHT NOW...PULL OVER TO THE CURB, MISTER.

CAR UP AND OUT WITH SIREN:

FIB: Oh, hiyah, Fitzgerald. Remember me? Fibber McGee? (LAUGHS)  
We're on our way to the Policeman's Ball.

GALE: That's fine..that's fine. I'll probably be seein' you there.  
You'll be savin' me a dance now, won't you, mavourneen?

MOL: Why certainly, Lieutenant, if you like.

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(2ND REVISION) -25-

GALE: Of course I do. A fine girl like you, with eyelashes like the shadow of the birds flyin' over...

FIB: Yeah, we know....we know!

GALE: Well did you know you were doin' forty-two miles an hour in a twenty-five-mile zone.

FIB: I was? (LAUGHS) Oh well, we were in a hurry to get to the -

GALE: Lemme see your driver's license...

FIB: HEY NOW WAIT A MINUTE...I GUESS YOU FORGET WE BOUGHT A COUPLE OF TICKETS TO YOUR DAD-RATTED FRACAS TONIGHT SO DON'T GO --

GALE: OH TRYIN' TO BRIBE AN OFFICER ARE YE?

MOL: Of course he isn't, Lieutenant. We just thought -

GALE: Now don't alarm yourself macushla. But I can't be overlookin' a violation of the law just because -

FIB: OH YEAH? YOU GOTTA LOTTA NERVE YOU BIG PALOOKA! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU. AIN'T YOU GOT ANY SENSE OF GRATITUDE? DON'T --

GALE: Be quiet now.

FIB: I WON'T BE QUIET....I'M A RESPECTABLE CITIZEN AND I GOTTA RIGHT TO --

MOL: Please, McGee...

FIB: I WON'T PLEASE. THIS BIG APE...

GALE: All right...that's enough...follow me to the precinct station. Causin' a disturbance and resistin' an officer in the performance of his juty, and disorderly conduct...

MOL: Oh dear...

FIB: BUT DAD RAT IT, YOU CAN'T --

ORK: BRIDGE:

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MOL: Heavenly days, Mr. Wilcox...what took you so long?

WIL: Well, it's after twelve o'clock and I couldn't find any place to cash a check. How much is the bail for these people, Sarge?

COP: WAN HUNDRED DOLLARS.

WIL: Here you are. Gimme a receipt. Okay, Fibber. You're all set.

FIB: Much obliged, Harlow...we been settin' in this brass-buttoned birdcage for three hours, and we just got time to get to the ball.

WIL: Well run along...and have a good time.

MOL: We won't have time to have MUCH of a time. Thank you, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: Forget it. You can bail me out sometime.

ORK: BRIDGE:

SOUND: FADE IN: OUT WITH BRAKE SCREECH: CAR DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Come on, McGee...hurry. The dance must be almost over.

FIB: (MUTTERS) Of all the dirty tricks that was ever played on a guy, that was the worst I ever -

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

MOL: Well, hello, Mr. Wimple.

FIB: Hiyah, Wimple....what you settin' out here for? Why ain't you in there dancing?

WIMP: I'm waiting for my wife, Mr McGee. She's playing the drums in the police band.

MOL: SHE IS? IS YOUR WIFE ON THE POLICE FORCE?

WIMP: Oh yes. She's the instructor in jiu jitsu. She's just wonderful at it, too. Why, I've seen her throw a man forty feet across a room.

FIB: Honest? Was it in self defense?

WIMP: Of course not. I've never lifted a hand against her. (PAUSE) Though I can dream, can't I?

MOL: Well, I'm sorry you're so unhappy, Mr. Wimple. How did you ever happen to marry a woman like that?

WIMP: She just swept me off my feet, Mrs. McGee. And I must have hit my head on something because the next thing I knew we were being married.

FIB: Church wedding, Wimple?

WIMP: No, justice of the peace, oddly enough.

MOL: Why oddly enough?

WIMP: Because since then I haven't had any justice or any peace. We used the double ring ceremony, you know.

FIB: You did eh?

WIMP: Yes...one on her finger and one thru my nose. Well, you better go on in...the ball is almost over.

MOL: You're right, Mr. Wimple...good night.

WIMP: Goodnight..

FIB: Come on, Molly...we gotta get something out of these tickets.

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE: MURMUR OF VOICES..LAUGHTER ETC ETC

MOL: Well, there's still lots of people here, McGee..we can get in a FEW dances before it's over.

ORK: "HOME SWEET HOME" - FADE DOWN

FIB: HEY YOU HEAR THAT, MOLLY? HOME SWEET HOME! THIS IS THE LAST DANCE!

MOL: Well, at least we can have that one together.

FIB: Okay...come on. If there's anything I like it's an old fashioned waltz.

ORK: UP SLIGHTLY AND FADE:



(2ND REVISION) 27-A

GALE: AH, THERE YOU ARE MACUSHLA!  
MOL: Oh, LIEUTENANT FITZGERALD!  
GALE: 'TIS I..AND REMEMBER YOU PROMISED ME A DANCE.  
MOL: But look, Lieutenant, this is the last dance.  
GALE: Excuse me while I cut in, lad. One side please.  
FIB: Well, I'LL BE A - - - - -  
GALE: AH, MACUSHLA..YOUR EYELASHES ARE LIKE (START FADING OUT)  
THE SHADOWS OF THE BIRDS FLYIN' OVER THE BLUE LAKES OF  
KILLARNEY..  
FIB: WELL IF THAT AIN'T THE DIRTIEST TRICK YET..HERE I GO AND  
CONTRIBUTE TO THEIR FUND --  
ORK: (SWELL HOME SWEET HOME TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

SEGUE

("TIME OF YOUR LIFE") (FADE ON CUE FOR COMMERCIAL)

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
JUNE 3, 1941  
TUESDAY 5:30 PM PST NBC

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL

*Fiber and Molly will be back in just a moment. (Pause)*  
ANNOUNCER: June is the month of orange blossoms and white satin gowns,  
the month of brides and honeymoons -- and therefore a very  
good month for me to say a few words to young housekeepers  
on "How Wax Can Save You Work". Yes, JOHNSON'S PASTE or  
LIQUID WAX can save you work all year and protect your  
things too - if you start now to practice Protective  
Housekeeping. Don't just sweep and clean and scrub and  
dust. First -- before you do anything else - protect your  
floors, furniture and woodwork with a coat of genuine  
JOHNSON'S WAX. The wax acts like a shield -- protects  
surfaces against dirt, scratches, wear. Dust and dirt are  
quickly removed from wax-protected surfaces - fingerprints  
are quickly wiped away. Thereafter, regular waxing or  
touching up with JOHNSON'S WAX keeps that protection always  
there -- and, in addition, you achieve that miracle of wax,  
that radiant beauty and satiny glow that you admire so much  
in well kept-up homes. The cost of JOHNSON'S PASTE or  
LIQUID WAX is very little - the work-saving is very real --  
so why not decide right now to practise Protective  
Housekeeping in your home!

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)



(2ND REVISION) 28-A

WIL: Ladies and gentlemen, the National Father's day Committee has selected Jim Jordan - Fibber McGee - as the outstanding father in radio for 1941. Jim --

FIB: What, Harlow?

WIL: This silver plaque is presented to you as a father who has not allowed the pressure of success to interfere with your relationship to your daughter and son; because you share their interests and because you try to give them all the advantages of life - without spoiling them.

FIB: Thank you, Harlow - say, when is Father's Day?

WIL: It's on June 15th.

FIB: Two weeks, huh? I hope this necktie holds out til then.  
Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight all!

ORK: (CLOSING SIGNATURE)

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
JUNE 3, 1941  
TUESDAY 5:30 PM PST NBC

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CLOSING TAG

CUE: (MOLLY)....Goodnight, all

.....  
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. AND DON'T FORGET THAT HOME AND INDUSTRY NEED MORE PROTECTION THAN EVEN JOHNSON'S WAX CAN GIVE. THEY NEED YOUR ACTIVE SUPPORT IN THE PURCHASE OF DEFENSE SAVINGS BONDS. BUY AS MANY AS YOU CAN AFFORD AND HELP KEEP AMERICA THE SAFEST NATION ON EARTH. GOODNIGHT!



S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
JUNE 3, 1941  
TUESDAY 5:30 PM PST NBC

TO FOLLOW CLOSING TAG

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

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

MAN: Hello, Frank! Say, your car looks mighty snappy. Is it a new one?

ANNOUNCER: No, but everybody thinks so. I'll tell you the secret, Tom -- it's that new JOHNSON auto polish, CARNU. Really does everything they claim for it and more. CARNU cleans and wax-polishes in one application -- and you know me, when I say a wax-polishing job is easy, it is easy! (PAUSE) Did you get the name folks? C-A-R-N-U -- JOHNSON'S CARNU!

P

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

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
#300

6-10-41  
5:30-6:00 PM PST

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