

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

(REVISED)

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

#300

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

NBC-Red

(REVISED)

-2-

WIL: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM, WITH FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

ORCH: THEME

WIL: THE MAKERS OF JOHNSON'S WAX AND JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING
CLOCOAT PRESENT FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY...WRITTEN BY
DON QUINN, WITH MUSIC BY THE KING'S MEN AND BILLY MILLS'
ORCHESTRA. THE SHOW OPENS WITH "I SEE THE MOON AT NOON"

ORCH: " I SEE THE MOON AT NOON"

(FADE FOR:)

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.
Fibber McGee & Molly
6-10-41
Tuesday 5:30 PM PST NBC

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

ANNOUNCER: A very pleasant word in any language is that eight-letter word, vacation. A chance to get away, have a rest, have fun, visit new and beautiful places....a vacation is certainly something to look forward to all year. But how would you housewives like to have a vacation every week.... a relief and rest from back-breaking work that is so unnecessary? You can, thanks to JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO-COAT, the easy-to-use floor polish that makes linoleum and other floors sparkle with beauty....that saves work all year long because it needs no rubbing or buffing. Not only that, but GLO-COAT saves work by making it so easy to keep floors spotless and clean. How do you use GLO-COAT? Simply apply - and let dry. In 20 minutes your kitchen linoleum, for example, will be gleaming, protected against wear and dirt. Spilled things are quickly wiped up with a damp cloth. And GLO-COAT makes linoleum last so much longer. If you're not already a GLO-COAT user, just buy a can from your dealer right away. Ask for JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO-COAT.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH)
(APPLAUSE)

(2ND REVISION) -4-

WIL: LOOKING THRU THE FAMILY PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM IS GUARANTEED TO AROUSE MEMORIES OF DAYS WHICH HAVE PASSED, -- THANK GOODNESS AND HERE AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA, THE FAMILY ROGUE'S GALLERY IS GETTING A ONCE-OVER-LIGHT FROM --

---FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY! --

APPLAUSE:

MOL: Ohhhhh, and here's a baby picture of you, McGee! ^{Oh Peewee} NO NO!... DON'T TURN THE PAGE - I want to look at it.

FIB: But Molly...I ain't got any clothes on!

MOL: Oh don't be silly. AND STOP BLUSHING! It's just a baby picture.

FIB: Any photographer who would take advantage of an innocent baby and take a picture like that is a menace to ---

MOL: My, you look so bright and interested in the world!

FIB: If I'd a been a little brighter and knew what I know now, I wouldn't of been so interested. HEY TURN THE PAGE!

MOL: All right dearie....

SOUND: RUSTLE OF PAGE TURNING:

FIB: Oh oh!...get a load of you in the 1916 bathing suit! You couldn't really SWIM in that eskimo ensemble could you?

MOL: As I remember it, dearie, it was considered more ladylike to stick one toe in the water, scream delicately, and then walk up the beach looking for pretty pebbles which weren't very pretty when they dried out.

FIB: Hey who's the handsome lifeguard, in this picture with you?

MOL: That was Stinky Hinkley that I used to go to school with. And HERE...LOOK OVER HERE. A SNAPSHOT OF UNCLE DENNIS! He always wore those open-collar sport shirts.

FIB: He had to. There's a guy who's gotta have plenty of elbow room for his adam's apple!

MOL: Oh now, Uncle Dennis isn't so bad. You're inclined to exaggerate his weakness.

FIB: It would be hard to exaggerate his weakness! That guy's had more swallows than Capistrano!

MOL: Oh well. He isn't so -- OH LOOK...here's a picture of you in your army uniform! MY SOLDIER BOY! A little baggy in the puttees, but still my soldier boy!

FIB: I think those uniforms were designed by the same guy who made your 1916 bathing suit.

MOL: Still, it was a pretty good army for the shapes that were in it. What was your rank, McGee?

FIB: I was a gold brick.

MOL: Were you really? Is that better than lieutenant?

FIB: It was better for me, at the time.

MOL: NOW HERE'S A PICTURE I REALLY LOVE. *AUNT SARAH!

FIB: AHHH GOOD OLD AUNT SARAH! Remember the time she kicked the horse?

MOL: Well, the horse kicked her first. SAY WHAT BECAME OF THAT GOOD PICTURE OF ME ON THIS PAGE?

FIB: I dunno...it's around...someplace.

MOL: But I want to know..heavenly days, if you're that careless with picture of me, I want to -

FIB: ALL RIGHT, IF YOU MUST KNOW, I'M CARRYIN' IT IN MY WALLET.

MOL: Ohhh darlin'! Do you always have it with you?

FIB: I better have! It's got my social security number wrote on the back of it.

MOL: All right...all right. I don't know why men hate to admit they're sentimental.

FIB: Protective instinct I guess. A cocoon looks tough, too, but where does it wind up? On top of a cake at a tea party. HEY, WHAT'D WE START LOOKIN' AT THIS ALBUM FOR ANYWAY?

MOL: Because I promised Aunt Sarah a nice picture. But there's none of these I'D want to use. Let's go downtown right now and get some decent pictures taken!

FIB: No sooner said than the monkey grabbed it. Get your hat and let's go. Glad I shaved this morning because -

KNOCK AT DOOR

FIB: Aw fer the.....COME IN!

DOOR OPEN

TEE: Hiyah, mister.

FIB: Hello, little girl. Sorry I ain't got time to talk to you now. Gotta go down and have our pictures taken.

TEE: Why?

FIB: On account of our Aunt Sarah wanted one.

TEE: Why?

FIB: Because she kinda likes us.

TEE: Why?

FIB: CAN'T YOU SAY ANYTHING BUT WHY?

TEE: Sure.

FIB: Well, why don't you?

TEE: Why?

FIB: Because it's.....OH NEVER MIND. Whaddye want, sis? I suppose you're HUNGRY again.

TEE: No, mister, I'm not hungry.

FIB: You're NOT? Well fan me with a flagstone! What's the matter, don't you feel good?

(2ND REVISION) -6-

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but where does it wind up? On top of a cake at a tea party.
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matter, don't you feel good?

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(2ND REVISION) -7-8-9-10.

TEE: Sure I do, I betcha. But I'm just not hungry. Gee, I
couldn't even go to the dog scorch this afternoon.
FIB: To the what?
TEE: The dog scorch. Weeny roast to you, mister. The teacher gave
a weenie roast for all the kids on account of school letting
out for the summer.
FIB: And you didn't feel up to downing a roasted rover, eh?
TEE: No. When I saw my final report card I guess I kinda lost my
appetite, I guess. *was scared to show it to
mama & Papa*
FIB: It's silly to lose your appetite over a little thing like
that. Your parents will see your report card sooner or
later anyway.
TEE: OH NO THEY WON'T!
FIB: OH YES. THEY WILL!
TEE: OHHH NO THEY WON'T!
FIB: OHHHH - WHY WON'T THEY?
TEE: (GIGGLES) Because I ate it - so long mister!
SOUND: (DOOR SLAM) (APPLAUSE)
ORCH: ("A LITTLE BIT SOUTH OF NORTH CAROLINA")
(APPLAUSE)

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SECOND SPOT:

TRAFFIC NOISES UP AND FADE:

MOL: Where is the Wistful Vista ^{Photo Studio;} ~~Snappy Snapshot Shoppe~~, McGee?
 FIB: ~~End of this block.~~ ^{corner 14th & Oak.} Be there in a minute.

MOL: I wonder if we should have called up for an appointment.

FIB: You know what we'd of got if we had, don't you?

MOL: What?

FIB: Myrt.

MOL: Well, I just -

OLD M: (WEARILY - ALL THRU BIT) H'LO THERE KIDS...WHERE YOU GOIN'?

MOL: Going to the photograph studio, Mr. Old Timer.

OLD M: What fr? Gonna get your pitchers took?

FIB: Whaddye think we're goin' there for, you dodo - to take a rhumba lesson?

OLD M: Oh don't say rhumba to me, Johnny. I'm just smack dab wore out from it. Danced till four o'clock this morning.

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS...FOUR O'CLOCK. When did you start?

OLD M: 'Bout 2, daughter. But I was tired when I started because I been bowling all evening.

FIB: That's a pretty strenuous schedule for a guy your age, Old Timer.

OLD M: Oh it wouldn't been so bad, Johnny, but on top of 36 holes o' golf yesterday afternoon, I -

MOL: WHAT? TWO ROUNDS OF GOLF, THEN BOWLING TILL 2 A.M. AND DANCING TILL FOUR? Aren't you overdoing it a little?

OLD M: Might be at that, daughter. Guess I'm slippin'. Might even have to give up runnin' five miles before breakfast.

FIB: HEY NOW WAIT A MINUTE. You mean to tell us, Old Timer, the you run five miles every day before breakfast?

OLD M: Rainy days, Johnny. Nice days I go ten. Tones me up. But I dunno. Last few days I been gettin' kinda droopy. Don't seem to have any pep. Just sort of...OH H SWEET JIMINY!
 (SNAPS FINGERS)

MOL: What's the matter?

OLD M: (FAST) Just remembered!...sorry kids, you'll have to excuse me...I'm in a handball tournament down't the athletic club. SEE YOU LATER!

SOUND: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS FADE OUT: TRAFFIC UP AND FADE:

MOL: He's certainly got a lot of pep for his age, hasn't he, McGee?

FIB: For HIS age! He's got a lot of pep for MY age!

MOL: Yes but he can't keep up that pace. He'll burn himself out before he's a hundred and ten. Come on, dearie...Here's the ^{studio} ~~shop~~.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN & CLOSE - TRAFFIC SOUND OUT

GIRL: How do you do - did you wish to make an appointment?

FIB: No we don't, sis. We come in to get some pictures taken.

GIRL: But you didn't have an appointment?

MOL: No we didn't.

FIB: Have we gotta have an appointment?

GIRL: Yes you do.

MOL: Can we make one right now?

GIRL: For what time?

FIB: Right now?

GIRL: Certainly ~~aw~~. Just sit down and we'll take care of you in just a few moments. May I ask your name, please?

FIB: Fibber McGee, sis.
GIRL: Thank you. And I suppose you brought your daughter in for a graduation photo?
MOL: Thank you dearie. Just for that, I'll take an extra dozen.
GIRL: They usually do.
FIB: What we came in - - -
DOOR OPEN:
UPP: Well, what an ordeal! Please send me proofs as soon as possible my deah....these pictures are for the society section.
GIRL: Certainly, Mrs. Uppington. Which ones do you think you'll like?
UPP: I think I prefer the ones showing me cantering thru the park on my favorite horse and - WELL, HOW DO YOU DO, MRS. MCGEE...AND MR. MCGEE.
FIB: Hiyah, Uppy.
MOL: So you've been mugged for the society section, have you dearie? AND what's this about your favorite horse?
UPP: Oh just background, my deah. One's public demands a certain stage setting for we society folk, you know. (GAY LAUGH)
FIB: You don't say! I'd like to take a gander at you cantering thru the park, Uppy. With or without a horse. I'll bet you're the cream of the riding crop!
MOL: Didn't I see your picture in a magazine giving a testimonial for Kurtlemeyer's Ketchup, Abigail?
UPP: Possibly you did, my deah. I do a great deal of that sort of thing in my position, you know. The proceeds go to charity.

FIB: Ever go in for billboards, Uppy?
UPP: Yes, but I gave that up, Mr. McGee....the passersby were quite disrespectful and I don't look well in a mustache. Are you here to sit for a portrait?
MOL: Yes we are, Abigail. *And I have to get some good ones.* But if it's like our last pictures, ~~we'll not only SIT for it, we won't STAND for it.~~
UPP: Oh I think you'll find this firm does excellent work, my deah. They have taken some VEDDY glamorous portraits of me.
FIB: UPPY, IF THEY COULD TAKE GLAM-MCGEE!!!...DON'T SAY IT!
MOL: MCGEE!!!...DON'T SAY IT!
FIB: Don't say what?
MOL: What we were both thinking.
FIB: Okay. But I'm tellin' you, it was a nifty! You want one of our pictures when we get 'em, Uppy?
UPP: OH I WOULD DEAHLY LOVE TO HAVE ANOTHA ONE OF YOU, thank you. I STILL HAVE ONE OF MRS. MCGEE.
MOL: Didn't you have one of McGee, too?
UPP: Oh yes...a life size head. But last fall my little nephew saw it on the piano and insisted on having it.
FIB: He did eh? Oh well, hero-worship, you know, Uppy. There's something about an older man that kids instinctively

UPP: Oh it wasn't that, Mr. McGee. He cut the eyes out of it, and was using it as a Halloween mask! Well goodbye....
DOOR SLAM:
MOL: (LAUGHS) Hero worship, was it?
FIB: Well, shucks - I remember her nephew. A born gangster if I ever saw one. Personally, I -

DOOR OPEN:

WIL: (FADING IN) (LAUGHING) Okay, Ernie - I'll come back and try it again next week.

FIB: Hi'yah, Harlow!

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: Hello, folks.

FIB: S'matter with you, Harlow, ~~you look as droopy as a damp noodle.~~

WIL: I'm unhappy. I come in here to have my picture taken and what happens? I can't get rid of this smile.

MOL: Well, can't you sober up for even a minute?

WIL: NO, I CAN'T. I'm so darn happy about the popularity of Johnson's Wax - and how it's saving hours of housework and making homes beautiful and charming that I CAN'T HELP

SMILING.

FIB: ~~I'll cheer you up, friend~~ *Well, wise that smile of yours, my friend* Just think of the years of monthly payments you'll have on that new house of yours.

MOL: And all that new furniture!

WIL: That's one thing that makes me so happy! Think of the fun I'll have Johnson Waxing it. OH BOY!! Well, see you later, folks - maybe next week I won't be so happy!
(EXIT LAUGHING)

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Poor Mr. Wilcox. He takes his work so to heart.

FIB: He's got to. His heart's in his job and his job's in Racine, so - How long we gotta wait to have our pictures taken, sis?

GIRL: It won't be long now, Mr. McGee...but this is our busy season, you know. Graduation time...weddings, vacation, and you better comb your hair...it's a mess.

MOL: Here, McGee...take this comb and brush up a bit. You'll --

DOOR OPEN & CLOSE:

FIB: Oh hiyah Throckmorton, old man.

HAL: WELL HELLO, McGee...Hello, Mrs. McGee. Be with you in just a moment. I say, Miss Jones, are my ~~movie~~ films ready yet?

GIRL: I'll take a look, Mr. Gildersleeve. They should be.

HAL: Thank you. (TO MCGEE'S) Well, what are you doing here, folks?

MOL: We're going to have our pictures taken, Mr. Gildersleeve.

HAL: My goodness, why didn't you tell me? I'd have done it for nothing. I'm quite a photographer you know. I've had some of my work in the best exhibitions all over the state.

FIB: I know your work, Gildersleeve. If a picture turns out so dark it don't make sense, you develop it kinda fuzzy and call it NOCTURNE, or MOONLIGHT OVER LAKE WINNEMUCCA, or something.

MOL: I've seen some of your work, Mr. Gildersleeve, and I think it's beautiful. McGee is just jealous.

FIB: Jealous my left hind foot! Gildersleeve is the kind of a photographer who takes pictures of a girl and a bulldog and calls it "BEAUTY AND THE BEAST." He ain't had an original thought since he was three years old and crawled behind the victrola lookin' for Mary Garden.

HAL: NOW LOOK HERE, YOU LITTLE PREVARICATOR, I WON'T -

FIB: HOLD IT, GILDERSLEEVE...WHAT DID YOU CALL ME?

HAL: A PREVARICATOR.

FIB: Hey, Molly..what's a prevaricator?

MOL: A liar.

FIB: Oh, Oh that. Okay..what were you about to say, Gildersleeve?

HAL: I WAS ABOUT TO SAY THAT IF YOU DON'T STOP THIS ETERNAL DISPARAGING...THESE DEROGATORY COMMENTS OF YOURS, BY GEORGE, ONE OF THESE DAYS I'M GOING TO WADE INTO YOU!

FIB: Go on...you wouldn't wade into the kitchen sink without a life guard settin' on the soap dish.

HAL: WHY YOU REPULSIVE LITTLE REPROBATE. ONE MORE INSULT FROM YOU AND I'LL PIN YOUR EARS BACK WITH A COUPLE OF YOUR OWN TEETH.

FIB: WHY YOU OVERGROWN PUFFBALL, YOU LAY A HANGNAIL ON ME AND I'LL WHIP YOU UNCONSCIOUS WITH A SHOESTRING.

HAL: THAT'S ENOUGH! PUT UP YOUR HANDS, MCGEE AND WE'LL HAVE THIS OUT RIGHT HERE AND NOW.

MOL: Now just a minute. Boys. This is no place to -

FIB: LET HIM START SOMETHING MOLLY! MEANTIME CALL THE HOSPITAL AND RESERVE HIM TWIN BEDS, BECAUSE I'M GOING TO TEAR HIM IN TWO!

HAL: (YELLS) YOU'RE GOING TO TEAR TWO IN WHO...I MEAN YOU'RE GOING TO TEAR WHO IN TWO, YOU LITTLE -

GIRL: Here are your films, Mr. Gildersleeve.

HAL: What? Oh Oh thank you very much. My goodness I hope these come out good, Drop in tonight folks, and I'll run them off for you.

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FIB: Okay, Gildy..what time?

HAL: How's eight o'clock?

MOL: Fine. We'll be there.

HAL: SPLENDID. Gogdday, Mrs. McGee...So long, little chum.

Mr. Gildy Throcky.

DOOR SLAM:

ORK: "SHOOL" -- KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE:

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FIB: HEY SIS...how long we gotta wait to have our pictures taken?

MOL: We've been sitting here over half an hour, dearie.

GIRL: The photographer will take you next, I think. He's just finishing with his last sitting, and -

DOOR OPEN:

GIRL: Yes, there is the last customer before you, Is everything all right, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: Oh yes, thank you very much, miss. I think everything will be just dandy.

FIB: Hiyah, Wimple!

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wimple.

WIMP: Well, my goodness, hello there!

FIB: Had your picture taken, Wimple?

WIMP: Yes I did. And now, I can hardly wait to get home, ~~these days~~. Things are so happy there.

FIB: You and your wife must be getting along better those days.

WIMP: Oh just Peachy Mr. M'Gee. She's out of town.

MOL: Oh. Is she having a pleasant vacation?

WIMP: I don't know...but I am.

FIB: Look, Wimple, I aint one to butt in a guy's married life, but if you're so miserable why don't you threaten to walk out on her?

WIMP: Oh I did, Mr. McGee. It was last winter. I walked right up to her and said, MRS. WIMPLE, I said, standing on my tiptoes and looking her right in the eye - MRS. WIMPLE, I SAID, I THINK I'M GOING TO RUN AWAY.

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MOL: - and what happened?

WIMP: Wel-l-l nothing more was said about it for two or three weeks.

FIB: Why not?

WIMP: I couldn't get the adhesive tape off my mouth. Well, goodbye.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Poor Mr. Wimple! I sometimes think he enjoys his misery.

FIB: Sure he does. He dramatizes himself. And a worse piece of playwriting I never did see.

GIRL: Mr. McGee....you and Mrs. McGee may go in the studio now. Right in there.

MOL: Thank you, dearie. Come on, McGee.

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

FIB: Good gravy.....look at the equipment. This guy's got enough floodlamps to make ^{it look as bright as the sunshine on the wings of the dove} ~~even the future of radio look bright.~~ ^{fillarry}

MOL: Yes but it isn't complete.

FIB: Why not?

MOL: There's no paper mache automobile to sit in - or a big crescent moon.

FIB: Hey where's the photographer. HEY...ANYBODY HERE?

MAN: Ah...er...you folks looking for somebody?

MOL: Yes, we're looking for you.

MAN: FOR ME?

FIB: Yes...we been stalled long enough bud. Now get busy and take our pictures. Something pretty nice..

MAN: Certainly..certainly...something pretty nice. I suppose you'd like our twenty dollar job.

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MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS...TWENTY DOLLARS! I COULD BE PAINTED IN OIL FOR FIVE DOLLARS MORE.

FIB: I'd let 'em BOIL me in oil for five dollars less. That the cheapest job you got bud?

MAN: No, we have a fifteen dollar special. That's only seven fifty apiece you know, and must be paid in advance. Otherwise there's a slight carrying charge.

MOL: Well...all right. The best is none too good for us. Pay him McGee.

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, PAY HIM. SINCE WHEN DO WE HAVE TO PAY IN ADVANCE TO GET OUR PICTURES TAKEN?

MAN: Well of course if you prefer the twenty dollar portrait, sir -

FIB: HERE...HERE'S FIFTEEN BUCKS. NOW MAKE IT SNAPPY.

MAN: CERTAINLY.....NOW IF YOU'LL JUST SIT ON THAT BENCH THERE... FACE A LITTLE MORE THIS WAY PLEASE....AND -

SOUND: CRASH OF GLASS AND STUFF:

MAN: OH DEAR...CLUMSY OF ME.

MOL: You don't seem to know your way around your own studio, mister.

MAN: AH AH AHH...that sneering expression won't photograph well, madam...smile please...that's better. Now wait till I arrange these lights a little.....

SOUND: THUDS AND THUMPS...

FIB: HEY QUIT SHINING THEM LIGHTS RIGHT IN MY EYES. I CAN'T SEE A THING.

MAN: You're not supposed to see anything sir. I'M the one who's taking the picture. Now just relax.....AND SMILE....

MOL: Like this?

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MAN: OH THAT'S MARVELOUS, MADAM! NOW WHEN I SAY "GO"...I WANT YOU TO HOLD PERFECTLY STILL. THIS IS A TIME EXPOSURE, YOU KNOW. READY?

FIB: READY!

MOL: Ready!

MAN: GO!

LONG PAUSE:

FIB: (MUTTERING) I wish he'd hurry up. I-wanna sneeze.

MOL: (MUTTERING) I'M uncomfortable too. I'M sitting on my purse.

LONG PAUSE:

FIB: (SOTTO VOCE) Must be awful slow film he's usin'.

MOL: (SOTTO VOCE) This is the longest double feature I ever sat through.

LONG PAUSE:

FIB: (MUTTERS) I can't hold still any longer, Molly. HEY BUD... HOW MUCH LONGER YOU GONNA TAKE. (PAUSE) HEY...YOU...

PHOTOGRAPHER! (PAUSE)

MOL: That's funny. Yoo Hoo...MR. PHOTOGRAPHER! (PAUSE)

FIB: What the - this is a fine way to run a studio. HEY BUD... WHAT'S THE IDEA OF -

DOOR OPEN:

MAN #2: (CHEERILY) WELL WELL WELL...SO YOU ARE MR. AND MRS. McGEE. I AM MR. BACKRACK THE PHOTOGRAPHER.

MOL: How do you do, I'M sure.

FIB: Hiyah bud. You better tell your assistant that it ain't very polite to get a customer all set for a time exposure and then run out to lunch to something.

b

MAN: My assistant? Why I have no assistant. I do my own work.

Now let me see. I think I'll pose you two against that drapery over there, if you don't mind. That will -

MOL: NOW NOW NOW...WAIT A MINUTE....If you don't have any assistant, who just took our picture?

MAN: (LAUGHING MERRILY) Why I wouldn't know, madam. Who did?

FIB: SAY WHAT IS THIS...A GAG? LOOK BUD, WHEN WE PAY OUT FIFTEEN BUCKS OF OUR GOOD MONEY TO HAVE A PICTURE TAKEN, WE EXPECT -

MAN: FIFTEEN DOLLARS. Why my fee is only seven fifty, Mr. McGee.

MOL: Then why did your assistant collect fifteen in advance?

MAN: I TELL YOU..I HAVE NO ASSISTANT. AND WE NEVER COLLECT IN ADVANCE. I HAVEN'T THE SLIGHTEST IDEA WHAT

DOOR OPEN:

GIRL: Oh, Mr. Backrack.

MAN: Yes, Miss Jones?

GIRL: That man who has been pestering us for that fifteen dollar electric light bill...

MAN: Yes.

GIRL: He just poked his head in and said to never mind it.

MAN: Oh. Thank you very much.

DOOR SLAM:

MAN: (BRISKLY) NOW THEN...ABOUT THIS PORTRAIT, MR. MCGEE.

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE TAKEN?

FIB: Hear that, Molly?

MOL: Yes. How would we like to be taken.

FIB: I'LL SHOW YOU HOW WE LIKE TO BE TAKEN, BUD!

CRASH OF FURNITURE AND GLASS

b

FIB: THAT'S HOW MUCH I LIKE TO BE TAKEN!!!...(CRASH).....

FIFTEEN BUCKS IN ADVANCE EH? (CRASH)...(THUD)...(CRASH)

I'LL SHOW YOU...DAD RAT THE DAD RATTED....(CRASH THUD) INTO

ORK: "HI THERE MR. MOON" -- FADE FOR --

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S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.
Fibber McGee & Molly
6-10-41
Tuesday 5:30 PM/PST NBC

-25-

Closing Commercial - U.S.

ANNCR: Fibber and Molly will be back in just a moment. (PAUSE)
In the meantime, I'd like to say a few words about that automobile of yours. Most of you have heard me sing the praises many times of good old JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO-COAT...how it keeps floors so beautiful with so little work. What I'd like to point out to you tonight is that JOHNSON'S CARNU will do the same thing for your automobile....keep it beautiful, greatly increase your pleasure in riding in it, add to its trade-in value.... do all these things besides saving you work. CARNU is a labor-saver because it both cleans and wax polishes your car in one application....two jobs at the same time. CARNU is a liquid....you massage it lightly over the finish of your car. It dries to a white powder and when you wipe off this powder, you'll get one of the surprises of your life! CARNU does a miraculous job of reviving the beauty of your car's finish. CARNU costs very little, and now that the job is comparatively easy, why not decide to clean and wax polish your car with JOHNSON'S CARNU....spelled C-A-R-N-U.

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

(2ND REVISION) -26-

FIB: Ladies and gentlemen, with vacation sneakin' up on us in a couple of weeks, we think you ought to meet some of the people who have worked so well with us all this time.

MOL: That's a fine idea, McGee.

FIB: First, I want you to meet a young man who has been with us ever since we started. He plays the part of the Old Timer, Nick Depopolis, and many others - including his latest character - Wallace Wimple. Ladies and Gentlemen - Bill Thompson.
Thanks, Fibber & Molly.

Bill
APPLAUSE

FIB: And next, ~~the sweet~~ Mrs. Abigail Uppington - played by that swell person, Isobel Randolph.
Thank you

Wm
APPLAUSE

FIB: And last, but not least, our next-door-neighbor and little chum's big chum, Throckmorton P. Gildersleeve - Harold Peary.
Thanks, little chum,

Hal
APPLAUSE

TEE: How about me, Mister, you left me out - I'm really symbolical of this program, I betcha.

FIB: Whatcha mean, sis?

TEE: We're both from hunger.

FIB: Aw, pshaw! Goodnight.

TEE: Goodnight, a - (CHANGES VOICE TO MOLLY)- er, Goodnight, all.

ORK: THEME

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.
Fibber McGee & Molly
6-10-41
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
6-10-41
Tuesday 5:30 PM PST NBC

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TO FOLLOW CLOSING TAG

(Note: This 30-second closing
tag is to be delivered from a
quiet studio.)

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

WILCOX: With so many things to do these days, you certainly want
to save all unnecessary work...especially with summer
calling you out of doors. There's no better reason
for using JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO-COAT on your
linoleum and other floors. GLO-COAT is a labor saver,
because it keeps floors beautiful without any rubbing
or buffing. Just apply and let dry. It saves linoleum,
too, makes it last longer, keeps the colors bright and
cheerful. Be sure your next shopping list includes
JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO-COAT.