

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

(REVISED)

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

302

6-24-41
5:30-6:00 PM PST

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 "SWEET DREAMING".

ORCH: "SWEET DREAMING".

(FADE FOR:)

(COMMERCIAL....Page 3)

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER McGEE & MOLLY
JUNE 24, 1941
TUESDAY 5:30 PM PST NBC

OPENING COMMERCIAL

Do you ever wear a string around your finger to remind yourself to do something? I've had a string around one of mine all day -- so I wouldn't forget that this is my last chance to make a suggestion to brand new June brides in this month of June. When you set up that exciting new home, whether it's a small apartment or a big house, you're going to have linoleum on your kitchen or kitchen-ette floor. You'll pick out a lovely pattern, and the freshness of the colors will make the kitchen such a cheerful place to work in. Wouldn't you like to keep the linoleum looking fresh and new? You can easily -- by protecting it right now with JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO-COAT -- and periodically giving it another GLO-COAT application. There's practically no work to it -- no rubbing or buffing. You simply apply and let dry -- in 20 minutes the linoleum will be sparkling with beauty that is safe against scratches, wear and dirt. GLO-COAT makes the linoleum last much longer. You can use GLO-COAT, of course, on your other floors, too. So get that good GLO-COAT labor-saving habit -- order JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO-COAT RIGHT away.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH)(APPLAUSE)

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-4-

WIL: WHEN YOU'RE FRANTICALLY PACKING TO GO AWAY, THERE ARE A THOUSAND AND ONE DETAILS TO TAKE CARE OF. AND THE DIVISION OF LABOR IS THE SAME AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA AS IN ANY OTHER HOME. THE WIFE DOES A THOUSAND THINGS AND THE HUSBAND DOES ONE! YOU KNOW WHO WE MEAN ---

-- FIBBER McGEE & MOLLY!

MOL: Did you call the gas company, McGee?
FIB: Did I! BABY, WHAT I CALLED THAT GAS COMPANY. They says they couldn't come out to shut off the gas till a week from Wednesday and I says, OH NO? I says...and they says, NO! and I says--
MOL: Never mind the snappy dialog, dearie. How about the telephone?
FIB: I ain't gonna take any chances with them. I'll cut the wires just before we leave the house. Now lemme see....
I gotta put the car in dead storage and--

KNOCK AT DOOR:

MOL: Oh dear....COME IN!

DOOR OPEN & CLOSE:

GALE: How do you do, how do you do, how do you do....I'm Doctor Davenport, Mr. McGee....from the ^{Here Today and Gone Tomorrow} Guardian Angel Insurance Company. I believe you applied for additional insurance?
MOL: Did you, McGee?
FIB: Yeah....thought I'd better, Molly. You know how it is. If we're gonna be in the movies I can't be too careful. Might have to do stunts, like leapin' off a box car into a airplane or something.

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MOL: Oh what you go thru for your public - and vice versa!
GALE: Now if you'll just open the top of your bathrobe, Mr. McGee...ahhhh, that's it...yes yes yes....~~thank you~~.
FIB: Don't worry about my chest, Doc - it's as sound as a dollar.
MOL: Try it with inflation.
GALE: I hope I'm not here at an inconvenient time, Mrs. McGee.
MOL: You are, doctor, but so are we and there's nothing to be done about it. You go ahead and examine my husband and I'll just go about my work.
FIB: Hey, Molly - don't forget to call the light company.
MOL: For the last time, McGee, I tell you they WON'T buy back those burnt-out bulbs.
FIB: They gotta. I been savin' 'em for two years and--
GALE: PLEASE, Mr. McGee...hold still!...yes yes yes....thank you....
FIB: How's my heart, Doc?
GALE: I can tell better if you'll stop talking a moment....
(PAUSE) Ahhhh, splendid, splendid....now the lungs, please.
FIB: My lungs are fine, Doc. I take setting up exercises every morning.
GALE: You do?
MOL: Sure he does. He sets up, takes a look at the clock, groans and collapses again. Now if you'll excuse me, I'll run upstairs and pack the--

TELEPHONE

MOL: Oh what you go thru for your public - and vice versa!
GALE: Now if you'll just open the top of your bathrobe, Mr. McGee...ahhhh, that's it...yes yes yes....~~thank you~~.
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TELEPHONE

FIB: Oh pshaw..excuse me a minute, doc.....(CLICK) HELLO, FIBBER MCGEE SPEAKIN'. WHO? WISTFUL VISTA GAZETTE...OH...OH YEAH ..WELL LOOK...FORWARD OUR SUBSCRIPTION TO US CARE OF R.K.O. STUDIOS, HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA. YEAH...BE GLAD TO GET THE GAZETTE OUT THERE. YEAH. I'LL NEVER GET SO BIG AS AN ACTOR THAT I'LL FORGET THE OLD HOME TOWN.

MOL: I'll say you won't!

FIB: Okay. Thanks very much. (CLICK) What'd you say, Molly?

MOL: Never mind. Now as soon as the doctor gets thru with you, McGee, you run around the house and see that all the windows are locked.

FIB: Okay. The locks busted off the kitchen window but I'll put a mouse trap on the window sill.

MOL: Oh fine. And when we come back we'll find three strange fingers and no silverware.

GALE: Please sit down, Mr. McGee and cross one leg over the other...

FIB: Okay, Doc. Which leg you want crossed over the other? I can do it either way. Pretty agile for a guy my age.

GALE: Either one..either one...I'm just testing your reflexes...

SOUND: SHARP TAP:

FIB: OUCH!

GALE: Fine fine fine!...yes yes yes...now the other one please...

SOUND: SHARP TAP:

FIB: OW! Hey you gotta hit me so hard, Doc?

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GALE: Sorry but I must emphasize the flexion to counteract the state of nervous tension attendant on the current state of excitement. Otherwise the diagnosis might be minimized to a deleterious degree.

FIB: Oh I understand that, all right.

GALE: You do?

FIB: Sure..

GALE: Then I wish you'd explain it to me. I muffed it all thru medical school. Yes yes yes.....

MOL: (OFF MIKE) Oh McGee...

FIB: YEAH?

MOL: HAVE YOU GOT THE RAILROAD TICKETS?

FIB: Sure...got 'em right here. See, Doc?

GALE: Don't show 'em to me. I'm not going anywhere.

MOL: DON'T LOSE 'EM MCGEE.

FIB: Don't worry..I pride myself on never losin' railroad tickets.

MOL: Well as long as we've always gone places by bus, that's nothing to get swelled up about. Is he in pretty good condition, Doctor?

GALE: Apparently, Mrs. McGee..apparently. You a heavy smoker, Mr. McGee?

MOL: He doesn't use tobacco in any form, Doctor.

FIB: Why, Molly! I smoke ten cigars a day and you know it.

MOL: You call those tobacco? If that isn't alfalfa, I'll -

KNOCK AT DOOR:

MOL: Oh dear.....PUT YOUR BATHROBE BACK ON, MCGEE..IT'S MRS. UPPINGTON!

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FIB: Aw what does that old moose want? She's about as opportune as a hailstorm on a hayride.

MOL: Be nice to her, dearie...we won't be seeing her all summer, you know.

FIB: Oh that's right, - COME IN, ABIGAIL.

DOOR OPEN:

UPP: How do you do, Mrs. McGee and Mr. McGee...I...OH...I'm SO soddy. Am I intruding?

FIB: Not at all, Uppy. You met Doc Davenport? Doc, this is Mrs. Uppington, who is High C on our social scale.

UPP: Oh please, Mr. McGee! (LAUGHS) How do you do, Doctor.

GALE: Mrs. Uppington. I hope you don't mind if I proceed with Mr. McGee's examination?

UPP: Oh of course not, Doctor. Don't mind me.

GALE: Your teeth seem to be in good shape.

UPP: Thank you. Everyone says they --

MOL: He means McGee, Abigail.

UPP: Oh, oh of course. Silly of me. Tell me, my deah...is it true that you are going to Hollywood to act in a motion picture with Edgar Bergen?

MOL: Yes it is, Abigail. Isn't it thrilling?

UPP: Promise me you will do something for me, deah. While you are out there;..

GALE: You ought to have your tonsils out.

UPP: Really? I didn't realize -

FIB: He means me, Uppy. How's my weight, Doc?

GALE: Wel-l-l, you're a bit pudgy about the pistol pockets, McGee. What games do you play.

FIB: Well..

MOL: What can we do for you in Hollywood, Abigail?

UPP: Well, my deah, I have always been a bit of a -

FIB: Rummy?

UPP: A bit of a rummy, and...PLEASE, MR. MCGEE..

FIB: I WASN'T TALKIN' TO YOU UPPY. DOC ASKED ME WHAT GAMES I PLAYED.

MOL: Maybe we'd better go in the other room, Abigail, while the doctor finishes with McGee.

GALE: Oh don't mind us, it's good for the patient to be thinking of something else during the examination...now I'd like to take your blood pressure, Mr. McGee. Roll up your sleeve, please...

FIB: Okay. Pardon my nude biceps, Uppy.

UPP: Certainly. Let's have no false modesty, Mr. McGee. But as I was saying, when you get to Hollywood my deah....

MOL: Yes....

UPP: Will you PLEASE look up Hedda Hopper and awsk where she gets those perfectly ducky hats. I think I could wear the same type because every one says my face is -

GALE: Well! Below normal!

UPP: I BEG YOUR PARD...Oh! (LAUGHS) You meant Mr. McGee's blood pressure of course.

FIB: Didja, Doc?
GALE: Yes yes yes yes..certainly. Now your waistline, Mr. McGee. Where is my tape measure..oh here it is...stand still please...
MOL: I'm not sure we'll meet Hedda Hopper, Abigail but I'll certainly ask her about the hats, because she and you must be about the same age --
GALE: 39.
FIB: Honest? I'd of swore it was only 37.
UPP: (TITTERS) OH NOW BOYS!..YOU FLATTERERS!..I -
FIB: HE MEANT MY WAIST LINE.
MOL: YOU EAT TOO MUCH, DEARIE -
UPP: Why, Mrs. McGee I don't -
GALE: She means her husband.

DOOR KNOCK:

MOL: Who's that?
GALE: Who, your husband? Why he's this man right here.
MOL: I meant the man at the door?
UPP: What makes you think the man at the door eats too much?
FIB: DAD RAT IT!!!GO TO THE DOOR SOMEBODY!..WE GOTTA GET GOIN'.
..MOLLY!!!.TAKE UPPY AWAY!!! HURRY UP DOC!!! CAN'T YOU SEE WE GOTTA..

MUSIC: "SCHEREREZADE"

APPLAUSE:

SECOND SPOT:

MOL: Well, I got the trunks all packed, McGee...did you finish with the insurance doctor?
FIB: Yeah...all but a couple of the usual details...HEY DID YOU CALL THE DAIRY to tell 'em we won't want any more milk?
MOL: No, I've been too busy. You call 'em.
FIB: Okay. GIMME THE PHONE. Thanks. (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR? GIMME THE WISTFUL VISTA DAIRY COMP...OH, IS THAT YOU, MYRT?
MOL: Oh dear...
FIB: HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING, MYRT? TIS EH? WHAT SAY, MYRT? YOUR SISTER'S WEDDING? OH THAT'S TERRIBLE. TRAIN WRECK, EH?
MOL: Heavenly days, McGee, what happened?
FIB: Her sister got her wedding dress caught on one of the pews and wrecked her train. WHAT SAY, MYRT? Yeah, we're goin' to Hollywood. Gonna be cinema stars. EH? WHADDYE MEAN YOU'LL TAKE VANILLA? I SAYS CINEMA, not CINNAMON! Okay, Myrt. I'll call the dairy later. G'bye. (CLICK) Now let's see, Molly, I think we better ---

KNOCK AT DOOR:

MOL: Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear....now what! COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

OLD M: Hello, kids. Say I hear you're goin' to Hollywood to make a movie. Zat right?
MOL: Probably not, but we're going to do it anyway.
FIB: Why, Old Timer?
OLD M: Look, if you meet Lana Turner, tell her I'm knittin' her a sweater, willya, kids?
MOL: I think she has a sweater, Mr. Old Timer.

FIB:
MOL:

She's got a HUNDRED sweaters - and that ain't Hays!

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 TO TOTHER FELLER, "SAYYYY," he says, "I SEE WHERE FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY ARE GONNA MAKE A PICTURE CALLED 'LOOK WHO'S LAUGHIN.' AIN'T THAT TERRIBLE?" "WHAT'S TERRIBLE ABOUT IT?" says tother feller. "WELL," says the first feller, "CAN'T YOU JUST HEAR THE CRITICS SAYIN' - 'WE'LL BITE - WHO IS?'" Heh heh heh...nothin' personal kids. I sure hope you make good, and I know you will, because other people have, who can't act half as good as you can, which ain't sayin' much, though personally I think you got what it takes if it don't take too much and if it does, you can always go back on the radio and that's what some people are sayin' already. OH, NOW THEY'VE GONE BACK ON THE RADIO...FOR SHAME, KIDS!

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: What on earth was he talking about?

FIB: I dunno. That old fuddy duddy wouldn't know which end was up at a fraternity initiation. Well now leseeee...

MOL: You better get out of that bathrobe and into some clothes, McGee.

FIB: Aw I don't wanna get dressed till the last minute. Too much to do. You tell Uncle Dennis we were goin' away?

MOL: Sure...I told him. But he hates Hollywood.

FIB: Why?

MOL: On account of Sonia Henie, mostly.

FIB: Why Sonia's a cute kid. What's he got against her?

MOL: He thinks it's a crime to make all that ice and then skate on it.

FIB: Well..

DOOR OPEN:

WIL: HEY FOLKS...WHEN YOU LEAVING FOR THE COAST?

FIB: Hiyah Harlow...we're leavin' in about an hour...why?

WIL: When are you coming back to Wistful Vista?

MOL: Last Tuesday in September, Mr. Wilcox. We're going to Hollywood to make a moving picture. (PROUDLY) A TALKING picture, too!

WIL: Yeah..I know. That's what I wanted to talk to you about. I got a MARVELOUS idea for a movie story, and if you sell it, I'll give you fifty percent of whatever you get.

MOL: 50% of a dirty look is hardly worth the effort.

FIB: Besides..what do you know about film stories?

WIL: WHADDYE MEAN, WHAT DO I KNOW ABOUT 'EM!!! I'VE HELPED WRITE THE GREATEST FILM STORY EVER PRODUCED!

FIB: Oh-oh!

MOL: Why I hadn't heard about that.

WIL: Molly, you've been hearing it for six and a half years. All about how Johnson's Wax puts a film of protection against dust and dirt and dampness on your floors and furniture and woodwork.

FIB: Ladies and gentlemen, after this little lecture is over, we will pass a hat among you, after we first pull it down over ~~Mr.~~ Wilcox's ears.

MOL: Don't mind him, Mr. Wilcox. What's the rest of the scenario?

WIL: (LAUGHS) Well, it's a very simple story, but it's got everything, Glamour, love interest, conflict, and comedy value. The Glamour of a beautiful, well-kept home, the love of a housewife for something that saves her so much time and effort, and conflict between Johnson's Wax and the wicked effects of dust and dirt, --

FIB: Where's the comedy come in, Mr. Cecil B. De Wilcox?

WIL: Come to think of it, it's too serious a subject for comedy. Anyway, with Johnson's Wax on the furniture, you can't expect to see marks, brothers. WELL, I HOPE YOU ENJOY YOUR TRIP, FOLKS. AND I'LL SEE YOU IN THE FALL. SO LONG!

MOL: GOODBYE, MR. WILCOX. HAVE A NICE SUMMER!

FIB: Bye, Harlow!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Marks, brothers! WOW! That guy's gonna wind up with his arm in a sling, reachin' for 'em like that!

MOL: Incidentally, McGee... I want to hear all the Johnson Wax shows this summer. I think Ransom Shorman is a VERY funny man. They call him Hap Hazzard on the radio.

FIB: I hope he doesn't get TOO funny, because --

KNOCK AT DOOR:

MOL: Heavenly days, we'll NEVER get ready to go this way. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

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

FIB: Hiyah, Wimple.

MOL: Won't you come in and sit down, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: Oh no thank you, Mrs. McGee. I just wanted to come and tell you goodbye for the summer and wish you a VERY nice vacation.

FIB: Well, thanks, Wimple. You goin' away, yourself?

WIMP: No. I don't think so. I should go away for my health, but my wife doesn't want me to.

MOL: Why don't you go anyway, if it's for your health?

WIMP: The healthiest thing I can do, Mrs. McGee..is NOT argue with my wife. (SIGHS) It was on a vacation trip that I met her, you know.

MOL: On a vacation trip, Mr. Wimple? That's very romantic.

WIMP: Yes..she was paddling a canoe and it tipped over. I swam out and rescued her.

FIB: Hot dog...a hero!

MOL: That was very brave of you, Mr. Wimple.

WIMP: Yes...(SIGHS) Sometimes I wish I had it all to do over again! Well, goodbye for now.

FIB: Oh don't be in a hurry, Wimple. Stick around and breathe the air of freedom for a while.

WIMP: I simply can't, Mr. McGee. I'm working tonight..carrying water for the Elephants, you know.

MOL: Oh is there a circus in town?

WIMP: What?

FIB: Is there a circus playin' here?

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WIMP: Oh. Oh no. (LAUGHS) The Elephants - that's the name of my wife's softball team, I carry water for them. Well, DO have a nice trip. Goodbye.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Poor Mr. Wimple! He has a fairly cheerful outlook for such a henpecked little man.

FIB: That's easy explained. He's been under his wife's thumb so long he's lookin' at the world thru rose-colored nail-polish. HEY WE BETTER GET BUSY! OUR TRAIN LEAVES IN 25 MINUTES!

MOL: Well, I'm all ready, McGee. I just want to shut off the refrigerator and --

KNOCK AT DOOR:

FIB: SAY WHAT IS THIS ANYWAY. WE MAY NOT ENJOY PACKIN' UP, BUT THE FRONT DOOR IS GETTIN' AN AWFUL BANG OUT OF IT. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

TEE: Hi, Mister.

FIB: Oh hello, there little girl. I ain't got time to talk to you now.

TEE: Why?

FIB: Well, we're packin' up, that's why. We're goin' away for a vacation.

TEE: Gee, whatcha gotta go away for? I had mine right here.

FIB: Oh have you had your vacation?

TEE: Sure...right here on my arm, see? It hurt like sixty, too.

FIB: That's a VACCINATION. I was talkin' about VACATION.

TEE: Well - where you goin' on your vaccination? Hmmm? Where are ya?

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FIB: Hollywood, sis. We're gonna be in a movie.

TEE: Gee, honest? Hey will you send me a photograph of my favorite actor when you get out there, Mister? Hmm. Willya?

FIB: Why certainly sis. We'll be pallin' around with all them big stars. You'll be seein' pitchers of me posin' in front of my swimmin' pool, ridin' around in a big limousine, sailin' around on a yacht with the big shots. So name your star, sis. I'll get his photo for you.

TEE: ANYBODY, Mister?

FIB: ANYBODY, sis. Name the biggest star you can think of, and I'll bet within' three weeks, me and him will be wearin' each other's clothes -

TEE: (GIGGLES)

FIB: Eatin' all our meals together - goin' to night clubs together --

TEE: (GIGGLES)

FIB: Goin' for long walks - posin' for publicity shots together. Why me and him, whoever he is, will probably be known as the Damon and Pythias of Hollywood.

TEE: (LAUGHS LIKE HELL) Gee that will be wonderful, mister. Send me a picture of him wearing your clothes will you? (LAUGHS)

FIB: I DUNNO WHAT'S SO HYSTERICALLY FUNNY ABOUT THAT SIS. WHO IS YOUR FAVORITE STAR?

TEE: (GIGGLES) GENE AUTRY'S HORSE! (LAUGHS TO EXIT) SO LONG, MISTER!

DOOR SLAM:

APPLAUSE:

MUSIC:

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FIB: That's the silliest idea I ever heard of Gildersleeve!

HAL: Well, by George, McGee, if you weren't so --

MOL: What IS Mr. Gildersleeve's idea McGee?

FIB: HE SAYS WHAT WE OUGHTA DO IS HAVE SOMEBODY LIVE IN THIS HOUSE WHILE WE'RE GONE. Ain't that dumb?

MOL: Wel-l-l, I don't know - if I thought we could sublet to the right people -

HAL: I didn't exactly mean sublet, Mrs. McGee. I had more in mind the care of your house. Imagine coming back in the fall to a nice clean house, windows washed - furniture all Johnson's waxed and polished..shelves clean..wouldn't that be worth more than any petty little sum you might get for rent?

MOL: It almost is to me, Mr. Gildersleeve.. I wonder who we could get..

HAL: WELL...ER..(CLEARS THROAT) It just happens that my wife's brother and his family are going to be here all summer, and I thought...or....

FIB: OH I GET IT! TRYIN' TO CHISEL SOME FREE LODGING FOR 'EM EH GILDERSLEEVE? (LAUGHS) Oh no you don't. You can keep the visiting firemen on your own hook and ladder.

MOL: Now McGee, I don't think Mr. Gildersleeve meant --

HAL: (LAUGHS) That's all right Mrs. McGee. I'm not angry. I won't see my little chum until the last week in September and I refuse to quarrel with him. My goodness, I'll miss you, little pal.

FIB: Yeah? Now what are you after? The use of our lawnmower this summer?

HAL: (LAUGHS) In the first place, it isn't your lawnmower. It's mine. And in the seco---

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN IT'S YOUR LAWNMOWER! Just because I let you borrow it once or twice -

HAL: That's all right, McGee..I was glad to get it back if only for a day or so.

MOL: He's right, McGee. It IS his lawnmower.

FIB: OH YEAH? IT'S MY LAWNMOWER AND I CAN PROVE IT. I KNOW EXACTLY WHERE THE BILL OF SALE IS!

MOL: Where?

FIB: RIGHT HERE IN THE HALL CLOSET!

SOUND: DOOR LATCH: SLIGHT THUD AND BELL TINKLE: PAUSE

MOL: I straightened it out this morning, McGee!

HAL: Where's the bill of sale?

FIB: OKAY..SO IT'S YOUR LAWNMOWER. TAKE YOUR OLD CLOVER-CLIPPER GILDERSLEEVE. I'M A MOVIE ACTOR NOW ANYWAY. I AIN'T MOWIN' MY OWN LAWN ANY MORE.

HAL: You're not? You probably WILL be too busy at that.

FIB: Yes.

HAL: Mowing other people's lawns.

MOL: (LAUGHS) You don't seem to have much faith in McGee's future in Hollywood, Mr. Gildersleeve.

HAL: Mrs. McGee, if all his fans were gathered in one spot, they wouldn't make enough breeze to ruffle Baby Sandy's hair ribbon. (LAUGHS)

FIB: You wait, Gildersleeve. YOU'LL be readin' in the papers about me. "HOME TOWN BOY MAKES GOOD."

HAL: Read the rest of it, McGee. "HOME TOWN BOY MAKES GOOD TIME HITCHIKING HOME FROM COAST."

FIB: NOW LOOK HERE YOU BIG -

MOL: All right boys...that's enough...you realize we only have a few minutes to catch our train, McGee?

FIB: Oh..that's right. Go on home, Gildersleeve. Cant you see you're holding us up?

HAL: That's all right. If I have to pay more than a dime to see you in the movies, you'll be holding me up! (LAUGHS) Have a nice trip, Mrs. McGee. ^{Goodbye Mrs. McGee} Goodbye, little chum!

~~FIB:~~
DOOR SLAM

~~FIB: That guy burns me up! He's always -~~

MOL: ~~Never mind that now, McGee...~~we've got to hurry like everything...you sure you have the railroad tickets.

FIB: YES YES YES...I GOT THE TICKETS...HERE....SEE? DID YOU SEND FOR A TAXICAB?

MOL: Yes it ought to be here any minute. How about the trunks?
Are they on the way to the station?

FIB: Shucks, they're all in the baggage car by this time. You gotta hand it to me, Molly. I'M efficient at this traveling business. I think of everything.

MOL: I guess you do at that dearie...now hurry up and get out of that bathrobe and into some clothes...we've got to go.

FIB: Okay, I'll run upstairs and - (PAUSE)

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MOL: What's the matter?

FIB: Oh my gosh....I...I I AINT GOT ANY CLOTHES....I PACKED 'EM ALL IN THE TRUNK!

MOL: OH HEAVENLY DAYS...HOW ARE YOU GOING TO -

SOUND: AUTO HORN OFF MIKE:

MOL: THERE'S THE TAXICAB....WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?

FIB: I dunno...I..I cant go to the station in my bathrobe!!!
Ohhhhhhhh....

MOL: HAND ME THE PHONE...QUICK..(CLICK) HELLO OPERATOR? GIVE ME THE UNION STATION AND....NO NO NO..MYRT...I HAVENT TIME FOR ONE OF THOSE NOW...GET ME THE UNION STATION.....HELLO.. UNION STATION!..MRS. MCGEE CALLING...WE'RE LEAVING ON THE TRAIN IN TEN MINUTES FOR THE COAST...AND MY HUSBAND - (ASIDE)
~~How do you feel about this, McGee?~~

FIB: I'm simply sick!

MOL: MY HUSBAND IS SICK...SO HAVE A WHEEL CHAIR MEET US AT THE TAXI ENTRANCE!!! THANK YOU. (CLICK) GET YOUR HAT, MCGEE.. I'LL GET A BLANKET...

FIB: Gimme some face powder..I wanna look pale!

TAXI HORN OFF MIKE, INSISTENT:

MOL: Come on, McGee! HOLLYWOOD...HERE WE COME! THE HARD WAY!

ORK: "GIVE ME MUSIC IN THE EVENING" - FADE FOR -

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S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
JUNE 24, 1941
TUESDAY, 5:30 PM PST NBC

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL - U.S.

Fibber and Molly will be back in just a moment.

(PAUSE)

Next time you go shopping, stop a moment just before you're ready to pay your bill and ask yourself, "Have I forgotten anything? Isn't there something that comes in a red and yellow package that I was going to buy. Oh yes, JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO-COAT." There, that's better -- it would really be too bad not to have GLO-COAT in the house.

Imagine going back to the tiresome, back-breaking job of floor scrubbing. Makes you tired to think of it, doesn't it? Seriously, it would be bad -- bad for you and bad for your linoleum -- because continual scrubbing ruins linoleum. GLO-COAT, on the other hand, protects linoleum -- protects it against scratches, wear and dirt -- protects it with a hard, beautiful polish that keeps the colors fresh and bright. JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT is called SELF-POLISHING because it needs no rubbing or buffing. Just apply and let dry. If you aren't already a GLO-COAT user, try it just once, won't you?

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

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TAG-
GAG?

FIB: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, ONCE AGAIN WE WANT TO THANK ALL OF YOU FOR YOUR WONDERFUL SUPPORT AND ENCOURAGEMENT DURING THE PAST YEAR. IT'S PEOPLE LIKE YOU WHO MAKE PEOPLE LIKE US LIKE PEOPLE LIKE YOU.

MOL: - and we wish the new Johnson Wax show "HAP HAZZARD," starring Ransom Sherman all the success in the world. We think the sponsor has made a great choice in him and he's made a great choice in sponsors. Don't you think so McGee?

FIB: Wel-l-l-l...I dunno.

MOL: WHAT? AFTER ALL THE JOHNSON WAX COMPANY HAS DONE FOR US? WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU?

FIB: TAKE A LOOK. ALMOST 7 YEARS ON THE AIR FOR THEM AND WHAT HAVE I GOT? NO PANTS!

MOL: Oh dear.

FIB: Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight all!

ORCHESTRA: (CLOSING SIGNATURE)

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.
Fibber McGee & Molly
6-24-41
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 for the premier of
the new JOHNSON summer show, HAP HAZARD....starring Ransom
Sherman,...and reminding you that America's first line
of defense is you and your support. So invest to the best
of your ability in Defense Savings Bonds. Goodnight.

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.
Fibber McGee & Molly
6/24/41
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:be with us again next Tuesday night for the premier
of the new Johnson summer show, Hap Hazard, starring
Ransom Sherman.

.....
Yes, it certainly pays to keep that car of yours looking
its best. It's good business, and you get more pleasure
out of a car that's wax-polished. That's why car-owners
have welcomed JOHNSON'S CARNU, the easy-to-use auto
polish that both cleans and wax polishes in one
application -- two jobs at the same time. Give your car
a CARNU beauty treatment. The cost is low, the results
amazing. Ask for JOHNSON'S CARNU....spelled C-A-R-N-U.