

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.
Writer: Don Quinn

(REVISED)

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

6:30-7:00P
Tuesday - 10/7/41

NBC-Red

(REVISED)

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

ORCH: THEME

WIL: THE MAKERS OF JOHNSON'S WAX AND JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING
GLOCOAT PRESENT FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY, WRITTEN BY DON
QUINN, WITH SONGS BY MARTHA TILTON AND THE KING'S MEN,
AND MUSIC BY BILLY MILLS. THE SHOW OPENS WITH:
"HI, NEIGHBOR"

ORCH: "HI, NEIGHBOR"

(FADE FOR:)

Insert
(Commercial...page 3)

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
OCTOBER 7, 1941
TUESDAY 5:30 PM PST NBC

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

Are we a sentimental people? Well, if you look at our national songs, both folk songs and popular, I think you'll have to admit that we are. I'll confess there's one old number that always gets me a little -- Home Sweet Home. And in these troubled times, I'm sure that line, "Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home", is taking on a little more meaning for us all. Shall I tell you one thing I like about this job of mine? There's real satisfaction in knowing that JOHNSON'S WAX PRODUCTS help to make your home and mine more beautiful, more enjoyable. You've noticed, of course, how floors that are richly polished with genuine JOHNSON'S WAX make an entire home more attractive. And that same wax polish used on furniture and woodwork, windowsills, venetian blinds and many other surfaces not only beautifies them, but also protects them, makes them last longer -- and saves you hours of work all during the year. In fact, I don't know many products that offer so much service and so much satisfaction, at such low cost, as genuine JOHNSON'S WAX, PASTE, CREAM or LIQUID.

~~Do you have some on hand?~~ *Buy some tomorrow.*

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

(2ND REVISION)

-4-

WIL: WELL, LIFE HAS SETTLED DOWN TO COMPARATIVE NORMALCY AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA. THE MASTER OF THE MANOR IS TAKING A SHOWER, IN HIS MASTERFUL MANNER, WHILE THE LADY OF THE HOUSE IS SERVING TEA TO MRS. UPPINGTON, WHO IS TO LOCAL SOCIETY WHAT A DODGER USED TO BE TO BROOKLYN. Come in and meet --

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY --

APPLAUSE:

UPPY: Isn't this a rawther odd time of day for Mr. McGee to be taking a bawth?

MOL: Yes. He's been playing golf all morning. And I encourage that because he's getting quite a little tummy on him.

UPP: Reahhly..? I hadn't noticed it.

MOL: I hadn't either till the other day when we were shopping at the grocery. We were just leaving when the groceryman gave McGee a dirty look and said, DON'T YOU WANT A PAPER BAG FOR THAT WATERMELON, MR. MCGEE? Do you play golf, Abigail?

UPP: Not since the morning I was insulted.

MOL: I didn't hear about that.

UPP: I was about to tee off when I heard a caddy say, "WHOSE OLD BAG IS THAT? and Anothah caddie said, "MINE. I CADDY FOR HER ALL THE TIME!"

MOL: Oh how awful. I don't wonder you --

TELEPHONE

MOL: Excuse me. (CLICK) 79 WISTFUL VISTA, MOLLY MCGEE SPEAKIN'!. WHO? NO, MR. MCGEE IS IN THE BATH-ROO....er..I MEAN HE'S NOT AVAILABLE JUST AT THE MOMENT. AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE? WELL, JUST A MINUTE, I'LL SEE IF HE CAN COME TO THE PHONE. (FADE) Pardon me a minute, Abigail --

UPP: Of course my deah. (BOARD FADE OUT AND IN)

SOUND: WATER RUNNING IN SHOWER

P

FIB: (ON CUE) (SINGING OVER WATER RUNNING) (OFF MIKE)

OHHHHHHH, I HAD A LITTLE DOG AND
HIS NAME WAS ADAM
HE NEVER SCRATCHED FLEAS,
BUT WE KNEW HE HADAM....
OH TE DA DA TE DADDDA.....

DOOR KNOCK

MOL: (OFF) MCGEEEEEEEE!!! OH MCGEEEEEEEE!!!!

SOUND: WATER OFF, DOOR OPEN

FIB: WHO IS IT?

MOL: *(Door open)*
Who do you think would come busting in here while you were taking a shower? The Floradora Sextette?

FIB: Tell 'em to go away. I ain't dressed.

MOL: MCGEE - IT'S A PHONE CALL FOR YOU. THEY SAID IT WAS VERY URGENT.

FIB: AW - WELL, YOU TAKE THE MESSAGE.

MOL: All right...but it may be pretty important. Get dressed quick and come out.

Fib' (water out)
DOOR SLAM

MOL: (FADE IN) Hand me that bridge pad and that little pencil, Abigail..thank you. HELLO. HELLO...NO, MR. MCGEE CAN'T COME TO THE PHONE JUST NOW...I'LL TAKE THE MESSAGE....and go as fast as you like, - I'm taking it in shorthand. Yes.... FIBBER MCGEE, 79 WISTFUL VISTA...yes...yes...NEED YOU...yes... URGENTLY....yes, yes....WORTH FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS...yes... yes, I have that...YES...WHO JIM? - Let you know when? Oh, BY TOMORROW. Yes....thank you, I'll see that Mr. McGee gets it right away. Goodbye. (CLICK) Heavenly days.... this must be important...

UPP@ Where on earth did you EVAH learn shorthand, you clevah girl?

MOL: Same place I first met McGee. At business college. I studied stenography and he -

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

FIB: Hiyah Uppy!!..hey, Molly...where's that phone message...who was it? What'd they say?

MOL: I wrote it all down, dearie. Here.

FIB: Thanks. (MUTTERS) Fibber McGee 79 Wistful Vista...HEY WHAT IS THIS...CHINESE? OR HAVE I STILL GOT SOAP IN MY EYES?

UPP: It's shorthand, Mr. McGee. But it must be important...it says it's worth fifty thousand dollars...but they must know by tomorrow. Somebody named Jim ---

FIB: WHO'S JIM? AND WHAT'S HE GOTTA KNOW BY TOMORROW?...GEE WHIZZ, FIFTY THOUSAND BUCKS IS - Read it to me, Molly. READ IT...QUICK.

MOL: All right...give it here. IT SAYS...er...now wait a minute...(LAUGHS) I always WAS better at writing shorthand than I was at reading it....

FIB: GROANS

UPP: Calm yourself, Mr. McGee...I'M sure it will all come back to her in a moment...CAWN'T YOU REMEMBER WHAT THEY SAID, MY DEAH?

MOL: No. In shorthand they train you to concentrate on what you're writing...not on what's being said....now let me see...I think this squiggly little pot-hook here means... er..no, it doesn't either...not unless it has a loop on the end.....

FIB: BUT MOLLY....YOU GOTTA READ IT. I GOTTA KNOW ~~IT~~
~~know the hand, Uppy?~~

MOL: (TAKING IT VERY EASILY) Oh stop fussing....what if I CAN'T remember how to read it? We'll find SOMEBODY that can.

FIB: BUT WHO WAS IT THAT CALLED? JIM WHO? CERTAINLY YOU REMEMBER THAT!

MOL: I wrote it right down here....but oh dear....that's in shorthand, too.

FIB: Oh my gosh....fifty thousand bucks and they gotta know by tomorrow and I dunno who it is....even....

MOL: Take it easy, dearie....maybe they'll call again.

FIB: Why should they call again? They'd figger that any guy that was worth fifty thousand dollars to 'em would at least have an efficient secretary!

MOL: The dumbbells!

FIB: Who?

MOL: Anybody. That would pay you fifty thousand dollars.

FIB: Oh yeah? Look here, Mrs. McGee...I'll have you know...

MOL: WAIT A MINUTE, McGEE....UNCLE DENNIS! I THINK HE CAN READ SHORTHAND!

UPP: Oh I think so too, Mrs. McGee. He's SUCH an educated gentleman. Someone told me he's always bringing some teachers home with him.

FIB: I'LL TRY ANYBODY...WHERE IS UNCLE DENNIS?

MOL: He's gone out.

UPP: Excuse me, Mr. McGee....may I make a suggestion?

MOL: Of course, Abigail....of course...

FIB: UPPY, IF YOU CAN GET ME OUTA THIS SPOT, I'M YOUR FRIEND FOR LIFE AND I WOULDN'T CARE IF I LIVED FOR SEVERAL YEARS. What is it?

UPP: I was just about to suggest, that perhaps, if Molly remembered what system of shorthand she learned in business college, she might purchase one of the instruction books and -

MOL: OH HEAVENLY DAYS! .. JUST THE THING!!! . McGEE....I THINK I STILL HAVE MY OLD SHORTHAND BOOK.

FIB: OH BOY! ... THAT'S WONDERFUL! WHERE IS IT?

MOL: RIGHT IN THERE.

FIB: HOLD EVERYTHING..I'LL GET IT AND THEN WE'LL -

DOOR LATCH:

SOUND: TERRIFIC AVALANCHE OF JUNK WITH BELL TINKLE. (PAUSE)

FIB: I gotta straighten out that closet one of these days!

ORK: "TING LING LOW IS FEELING HIGH" -- TILTON

APPLAUSE

Wil: Martha Tilton sings "Ting Ling Low Is Feeling High."

MOL: Oh for goodness sakes, McGee...stop worrying. We'll find
SOMEBODY who can read shorthand.

FIB: But TIME, Molly...TIME! This "JIM" says he's gotta know
tomorrow...whoever JIM is. I don't know any Jim.

MOL: Well, who's this Jim Jordan you're always talkin' about?

FIB: Guy in Kansas City. Got a bottling works. Couldn't be
him. I hope Uppy was right and Uncle Dennis CAN read
shorthand. Wonder where he is.

MOL: I don't know but it's high time he was coming home again.

FIB: You mean it's time he was coming home high again. BUT GEE
WHIZZ WITH FIFTY THOUSAND BUCKS AT STAKE, I CAN'T AFFORD
TO WASTE ---

DOOR KNOCK

FIB: Come in!

DOOR OPEN

TEE: Hi, mister.

FIB: Oh hello, little girl. Sorry I ain't got time to talk to
you now. I got worries and -

TEE: Mister, what I always say is, if something worries you,
talk it out with somebody. ALL MY LIFE, I've done
that, and -

FIB: ALL your life! Why you're not dry behind the ears
yet, sis.

TEE: I know it. I just had my hair washed.

FIB: Say, maybe you ^{have} got an idea about talkin' it over, sis.
It might make me think of something. Here's the trouble.
I got a important message over the phone, see? And -

TEE: Who from?

FIB: I dunno. But it ~~was~~ -

TEE: What was it about?

FIB: I dunno. You see, ~~the message was~~ -

TEE: Well WHERE was it from, mister?

FIB: I dunno. ~~I was busy talkin' -~~

TEE: ^{Crummy} GEE, I'd hate to send you a important message, I betcha.
Are you ever dumb!

FIB: Well, doggone it sis, MRS. MCGEE took the message down in
shorthand. And now she can't read it. And neither can I.
Now what would you do in a case like that?

(PAUSE)

TEE: You got me, pal!

FIB: You're a big help. Remember - there's fifty thousand
bucks involved and that ain't peanuts.

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I SAYS THAT AIN'T PEANUTS.

TEE: I'M HUNGR----

FIB: I DON'T CARE IF YOU ARE! Now run along and leave me to
my worries.

TEE: I want some peanuts.

FIB: I AIN'T GOT ANY PEANUTS!

TEE: But you just said -
FIB: I SAID I HAD A DEAL INVOLVING FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS AND -
TEE: Fifty thousand dollars and he won't buy a hungry little girl some peanuts! Wait'll Winchell hears about this!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Impudent little twerp! I can read her future in the palm of her father's hand, I hope. HEY MOLLY!
MOL: Yes, dearie?
FIB: YOU GOT ANYWHERE, FIGURING OUT THAT SHORTHAND?
MOL: I'M making a little progress. See this little twisty mark here?
FIB: Yes yes yes...what does it mean?
MOL: It means either EXPECT...er...EXCEPT, or ASPECT, or INSPECT or RESPECT. I'M not quite sure because I'm so rusty in this -
FIB: RUSTY! You're CORRODED! THINK, Molly...THINK! I can't kiss fifty thousand dollars goodbye!
MOL: I should say you can't. You know very well money is covered with germs.
FIB: That's probably why I always been so healthy. Never handled enough of it. I wish I could think who might -
DOOR LATCH:
WIL: HIYAH, FIBBER. HELLO, MOLLY!
MOL: Oh just the one I wanted to see! Mr. Wilcox...do you understand shorthand?
WIL: Whaddye mean?

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, WHAT DO WE MEAN? THAT WAS A SIMPLE ENOUGH QUESTION. DO YOU UNDERSTAND SHORTHAND, OR DON'T YOU?
WIL: Well, I can't write it, or read it, if that's what you mean. But I know what it is, and it's a wonderful thing.
FIB: Oh it sure is. Specially if you get a yen to toss fifty thousand smackers out the window! Very useful.
WIL: What are you talking about?
MOL: I took a telephone message for him, in shorthand, Mr. Wilcox. Something about an urgent matter involving fifty thousand dollars and somebody named Jim had to have an answer tomorrow and now I can't read the message.
WIL: Say that IS a tough spot! My wife knows shorthand and -
FIB: WHAT? SHE DOES?
WIL: *She sure does!*
Sure...She says it was very useful to her in college. She's always telling me that shorthand is sort of like Johnson's Self-Polishing Glocoat, because - IT'S THE NEW AND EASY WAY TO DO AN OLD AND HARD JOB. WHY WHEN YOU STOP TO THINK THAT -
FIB: WILCOX!!!! PLEASE!!!! I'M GETTIN' DESPERATE! YOU GOT 37 WEEKS TO TELL ABOUT GLOCOAT AND I ONLY GOT A FEW HOURS LEFT TO GET FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS.
WIL: Oh don't be so selfish! What's a mere fifty thousand dollars when you can save a million housewives hours and hours of Linoleum scrubbing? Why, when you consider that Johnson's Glocoat shines as it dries with absolutely no rubbing or buffing in 20 minutes or less, saves your hands from that rough, scrub-bucket look - and - MOLLY QUICK! GET FIBBER A GLASS OF WATER...He looks dizzy!

MOL: Oh dear...MCGEE...SIT DOWN DEARIE...Take it easy...
FIB: I'M...I'M okay...it was that stuff about havin' rough
hands that...that got me,
MOL: But darlin', your hands are nice and smooth.
FIB: I know. I can feel fifty thousand dollars slippin' right
thru 'em...
MOL: MR. WILCOX...will you PLEASE ask your wife to run over
and help me read this shorthand message?
WIL: I don't think she -
FIB: YOU SAID SHE KNEW SHORTHAND...GIMME MY HAT, MOLLY...I'LL
RUN OVER TO WILCOX'S AND SEE HER. I'LL BE BACK IN JUST A
FEW -
WIL: WAIT A MINUTE. YOU BETTER TAKE A CLEAN SHIRT.
MOL: What's the matter with the one he's got on?
WIL: It'll get soiled on the train. My wife is in Oak Park,
Illinois. Visiting her mother. Sorry, Fibber. I hope
you get somebody to read it for you.

DOOR SLAM

MOL: That man wouldn't give up a sales talk for any amount
of money.
FIB: He's like an Indian who just ran out of chewin' tobacco.
MOL: Why?

FIB: Ugh! No cut plug. DO YOU REALIZE WHAT THIS MEANS TO
US, MOLLY? FIFTY THOUSAND BUCKS WOULD MEAN REDECORATIN'
THE HOUSE ... MAKE A SETTING FOR MY BEARSKIN RUG ...WHEN
I GET IT....A NEW CAR...A MINK COAT FOR YOU ---
MOL: A MINK COAT ----WELL HEAVENLY DAYS, WHAT ARE WE STANDING
AROUND HERE FOR? WE'VE GOT TO GET BUSY, MCGEE. YOU CAN'T
DO THIS TO ME!
FIB: Yes but but but....what...er...who...
MOL: WE'LL SCOUR THE TOWN FOR SOMEBODY WHO CAN READ SHORTHAND!
COME ON!!!! WE'LL START WITH -

DOOR KNOCK:

FIB: DAD RAT IT ANOTHER DELAY! IT'S A PLOT, THAT WHAT IT IS!
SOMEBODY DON'T WANT ME TO MAKE FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS.
IT'S THE BANKERS! IT'S WALL STREET. THEY WANT ME TO
STAY INSOLUBLE.
MOL: You mean UNSOLVENT.

DOOR KNOCK:

FIB: I do not. I mean INSOLUBLE.
MOL: INSOLUBLE MEANS IT WON'T DISSOLVE IN A LIQUID!
FIB: THAT'S WHAT I SAY. THEY DON'T WANT ME TO MELT! THEY'RE
TRYING TO FREEZE MY ASSETS!

DOOR KNOCK: LOUDER

FIB: OH COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

FIB: OH HIYAH BILLY!
BILL: Hello, Skimp. Hello baby.

(REVISED) -17-

MOL: Hello, Billy. Can you read shorthand?
BILL: Not me, beautiful. Never got around to it. My family went
busted and I had to leave grammar school and go to work.
FIB: Gee, that's tough, Bill.
MOL: How old were you then?
BILL: Just a kid. 27.
FIB: Well, as the gal says when she shoved the dummer thru the
bass drum, it's a good thing you had your music to fall
back on, Billy.
BILL: That's what I say, Skimp. My old man told me one day.
Bill, he said, we can't keep you in school any more.
You'll have to make other arrangements.
MOL: And you did.
BILL: I'll say I did. I've made a thousand other arrangements.
Here's one I made for the King's men. Listen!
ORK: "COWBOY'S SERENADE" .. KING'S MEN
(APPLAUSE)

THIRD SPOT

(REVISED) -18-

SOUND: STREET NOISES UP & FADE

FIB: I'M gettin' discouraged, Molly. We've been all over town,
asked 19 people and none of 'em can read shorthand. This
burg is practically illiterate!
MOL: Now..now, now..don't give up, dearie. Remember...Rome
wasn't built in a day.
FIB: They were probably shorthanded, too. (LAUGHS) Not bad, eh?
MOL: McGee, I don't know where you get 'em, but you better put
'em back - if you can reach that far. BUT COME ON...LET'S
GET BUSY!...I CAN FEEL MY MINK COAT SLOWLY CHANGING BACK TO
RABBIT.
FIB: Hey here comes Wallace Wimple..let's ask him. HEY..WIMPLE!
MOL: Hello, Mr. Wimple, *how's our little part today!*
WIMPLE: Oh! Greetings, folks, on this Thanksgiving.
Aren't we glad that we are living?
Turkey, and dressing and cranberry sauce,
Let's shout our joy with loud hurrache.
FIB: What's the idea, Wimple? This ain't Thanksgiving.
WIMPLE: I know, Mr. McGee...That's a greeting-card verse I wrote
just this morning and I wanted to see how you liked it.
Just trying it on the dog, you might say. (LAUGHS)
FIB: Who, me?
MOL: I'm afraid you're barking up the wrong dog today, Mr. Wimple.
McGee is hardly in a thanksgiving mood.
WIMP: Oh dear...whatever is the matter, Mr. McGee?
FIB: Nothin' that fifty thousand dollars wouldn't cure, Wimple.
HEY DO YOU READ SHORTHAND?
WIMP: No, I don't, Mr. McGee. I started to learn it, once, but my
wife made me give it up. (LAUGHS) Jealous you know.

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MOL: JEALOUS? Of shorthand?

WIMP: Yes, indeed. I was practicing it one day while she was doing some ironing and she said what are you studying Wallace? And I said shorthand, sweetface, and she said, will I be able to read it Wallace? And I said, No, sweetface, and she said that's fine Wallace, and patted me on the head, with the flat-iron.

FIB: I'll bet that sizzled your hair, Wimple!

WIMP: Yes, it did, and then she hit me again because she thought I was hissing at her. (LAUGHS) She is so impetuous, you know.

MOL: How on earth do you stand all that abuse, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: Oh, she's really a lovely woman, Mrs. McGee. She has a heart of solid gold.

FIB: Solid gold, eh?

WIMP: Yes... (SIGHS) Sometimes I like to think of her buried deep in Fort Knox. But I see you're fidgeting, Mr. McGee... so I'll just run along now, and do an errand for the little woman. Tell me, do you know of a good Pottowatamie carpenter?

MOL: A POTTOWATAMIE CARPENTER!

FIB: No, we don't Wimple. Why?

WIMP: My wife splintered one of her Indian clubs. Well, goodbye now.

~~Page 19~~ (Traffic Up + Down)

MOL: McGee... I hope you never let me browbeat you like that.

FIB: If I had a brow as low as Wimple's, you could do it sitting down. That poor guy is ...

MOL: MCGEE....MY MINK COAT!

FIB: What mink coat?

MOL: THE ONE I'M GOING TO BUY WITH THAT FIFTY THOUSAND...

FIB: WELL COME ON THEN, LET'S GET GOING!

ORCHESTRA: WILLIAM TELL BRIDGE (AS OF YORE) - FADE DOWN:

FIB: Look, Bud...you're the official court reporter for the Circuit Court here, aintcha?

MAN: Yes, I am. Why?

MOL: Well, as citizens of this community we want to ask you a favor.

MAN: Why, of course. Be glad to do anything I can for you.

FIB: Good for you, bud! You know shorthand, don't you?

MAN: Certainly. I'M an expert in shorthand.

MOL: OH, THAT'S WONDERFUL! MCGEE, CALL THE BON TON DEPARTMENT STORE AND SEE HOW LATE THE FUR DEPARTMENT KEEPS OPEN.

FIB: You got lots of time...LOOK BUD...HERE...READ THIS MESSAGE FOR US, WILL YOU?

MAN: Of course. This says, FIBBER MCGEE, 79 WISTFUL VISTA... YOU ARE URGENTLY REQUESTED -

VOICE: (MAN) (OFF MIKE) HEY CHARLIE!

MAN: Yeah?

VOICE: YOU'RE WANTED IN COURT...MAKE IT SNAPPY!

MAN: OKAY! Gee, I'M sorry folks. (FADE)...Come back again some other time.

FIB: Oh, pshaw!

ORCHESTRA: WILLIAM TELL: FADE FOR:

MOL: Come on, McGee...the information desk is right over here.

FIB: These librarians are supposed to know everything, HEY, sis.

GIRL: SHH...not so loud, please...people are trying to read.

MOL: (WHISPERS) We're sorry. Can you read shorthand?
GIRL: (WHISPERS) No. I'm sorry.
FIB: YOU'RE SORRY!
GIRL: SHHHHHHH!
ORK: WILLIAM TELL; FADE FOR --
FIB: Well, how about it, Old Timer? Can you read shorthand?
OLD TIMER: DUNNO, JOHNNY...NEVER TRIED. SAME THING AS LONG HAND,
AIN'T IT - ONLY SHORTER?
MOL: No it isn't, Mr. Old Timer. Here...here's what we're
trying to have read. That's shorthand.
OLD TIMER: HEH HEH HEH....DON'T KID ME DAUGHTER. THAT AIN'T WRITIN'.
THEM'S A LOT OF EGYPTIAN HYROGLIFFIANS. HEH HEH HEH...
FIB: DAD RAT IT, IT IS NOT. THAT'S SHORTHAND. AND IF I DON'T
GET THIS MESSAGE TRANSLATED BY MORNING I'M OUT FIFTY
THOUSAND BUCKS.
MOL: AND IT'LL THROW THREE INTERIOR DECORATORS, AN AUTOMOBILE
SALESMAN AND A MINK COAT OUT OF WORK!
OLD TIMER: Heh heh heh.. THAT'S PRETTY GOOD DAUGHTER, BUT THAT AIN'T
THE WAY I HEERED IT. THE WAY I HEERED IT, ONE FELLER SAYS
TO....hey..Wait a minute. Who wrote them hen tracks?
MOL: I did. Why?
OLD TIMER: Where'd you learn to do it, daughter?
MOL: ~~My~~ At the Wistful Vista Business College, ~~where I...~~
OLD TIMER: Why you silly kids why don't you go down there and ask 'em...
FIB: OH MY GOSH!.I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT!!!.COME ON, MOLLY...
HURRY UP!! THANKS OLD TIMER!
ORK: WILLIAM TELL UP AND OUT FAST:
MOL: Heavenly days, aren't we the dumbells, McGee!

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FIB: I'll say. As the hungry flea says when he walked across
the elephant, I sure been overlookin' the obvious! Well,
the old business college sure looks the same, don't it?
MOL: Yes, I wonder if Hamilton Quigley is still the manager...
come on, let's go in.
DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE: SOUND: OF TYPEWRITERS AND VOICES..TELEPHONES..ETC.
FIB: Hey there's old Quigley right there...HEY. MR. QUIGLEY...
CAN WE SEE YOU A MINUTE?
GALE: Certainly, step right in my office.
SOUND: (DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE - SOUNDS OUT)
GALE: (FADE IN) Well well well.....Molly Driscoll and Fibber
McGee!!!
MOL: I'M MRS. MCGEE NOW, MR. QUIGLEY.
GALE: WELL WELL WELL..CONGRATULATIONS! I HOPE YOU'LL BE VERY
HAPPY. ALLOW ME TO KISS THE BRIDE!
MOL: OH, MR. QUIGLEY!
KISS:
FIB: Aw quit blushin', Molly. You've outgrew that stuff. LOOK,
QUIG, OLD MAN, I GOTTA VERY IMPORTANT MESSAGE FROM SOME GUY
NAMED JIM I WISH YOU'D --
GALE: MESSAGE? AHH THAT REMINDS ME, MCGEE.....I CALLED YOU JUST
THIS MORNING...ODD COINCIDENCE, ISN'T IT?
MOL: You must have got the wrong number Mr. Quigley. I don't
remember -
GALE: Well, SOMEONE TOOK THE MESSAGE. IN SHORTHAND.
FIB: WHAT?
MOL: IN..IN SHORTHAND?
GALE: YES....WE WERE URGENTLY REQUESTING MR. MCGEE...AS ONE OF
OUR PROMINENT ALUMNI, TO PRESIDE AT THE DEDICATION OF OUR
NEW FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLAR GYM.

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MOL: 50,000 DOLLAR....
FIB: GYM!
GALE: GLAD YOU STOPPED IN BECAUSE WE HAD TO KNOW BY TOMORROW
MORNING...BUT FIRST...WHAT WAS IT YOU WANTED TO SEE ME
ABOUT.

(PAUSE)

GALE: WHY...WHY WHAT'S THE MATTER, MR. MCGEE?
FIB: Molly.
MOL: Yes....dearie?
FIB: Better let him kiss you again. You might as well get
SOMETHING out of this!

ORK: SELECTION: FADE FOR - (COMMERCIAL)

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
OCTOBER 7, 1941
TUESDAY 5:30 PM PST NBC

CLOSING COMMERCIAL - U.S.

Fibber and Molly will be back in just a moment. (PAUSE)
In the meantime, there's something I wanted to be sure and
mention tonight -- oh yes, it's that matter of taking extra
good care of your automobile, so it will not only last
longer, but give you greater pleasure too. It's one thing
to have the motor and tires and brakes in good condition --
but if the outside of your car looks old and dingy, there
isn't much fun driving it, is there? Why don't you decide
right now to keep your car looking its best -- shining like
new -- with economical, easy-to-use JOHNSON'S CARNU --
the modern polish that both cleans and wax polishes in one
application. If you still think of wax-polishing as a hard,
tedious job, you've got a big surprise in store the first
time you use CARNU. And this is an awfully good month to
get on the CARNU bandwagon -- you can enjoy the good Fall
days still ahead, and your car is ready for the bad weather
when it comes. Ask for JOHNSON'S CARNU at your regular wax
dealer, auto supply store or service station -- it's
spelled C-A-R-N-U.

ORK: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

TAG

FIB: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THIS IS GOING TO BE A LONG, COLD,
UNHAPPY WINTER FOR A LOT OF PEOPLE.

MOL: BUT YOU CAN MAKE IT SHORTER, WARMER AND HAPPIER BY
SUBSCRIBING TO YOUR COMMUNITY CHEST. AND WE DON'T MEAN
THAT YOUR HELP WILL ONLY LAST THRU THE WINTER EITHER.

FIB: NO, THERE'S NO CLOSED SEASON ON GENEROSITY. GOODNIGHT.

MOL: GOODNIGHT, ALL!

ORCHESTRA: (CLOSING SIGNATURE)

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

TUESDAY 5:30 PM PST NBC

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. Goodnight.

.....
For the makers of JOHNSON'S
or industry - inviting you
y night. Goodnight.

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
OCTOBER 7, 1941
TUESDAY 5:30 PM PST NBC

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.
Writer: Don Quinn

TO FOLLOW CLOSING TAG

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

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

.....
Question: What's the best polish for furniture? Answer:
JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX, the newest form of wax polish made
especially for furniture and woodwork. Because it's a wax
polish, CREAM WAX protects furniture, gives it a beautiful
lustre. Easy to use, contains no oil to collect dust.
And here's an extra value. Dealers are now offering a tube
of JOHNSON'S BLEM free with the 39¢ bottle of JOHNSON'S
CREAM WAX. BLEM is a marvelous blemish remover that takes
off ugly white rings and stains from furniture. Get the
combination package of JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX and BLEM for
only 39¢.

6:30-7:00P
Tuesday - 10-14-41