

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

(REVISED)

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

6:30-7:00P
Tuesday - 10/21/41

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:
"SING A SONG OF SPRING".

ORCH: "SING A SONG OF SPRING"

(FADE FOR:)

(Insert Commercial....page 3)

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
OCTOBER 21, 1941
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

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OPENING COMMERCIAL - U.S.

Fibber and Molly will be here in just a moment. (PAUSE)
One of the most interesting things to me in all of business is the way chemists and engineers are constantly improving old products and bringing out new ones. The last time I went through the JOHNSON'S WAX laboratories, for example, I got a big kick out of all the things they've been doing with wax. You know the regular JOHNSON products we talk about on this program -- genuine JOHNSON'S WAX for floors, JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO COAT for linoleum, JOHNSON'S CARNU auto polish, and the new CREAM WAX for furniture. But that's not the half of it! The makers of JOHNSON'S WAX have created a great many other wax polishes for special uses -- and now they've even made a new kind of paint that's got wax in it. They call it JOHNSON'S WAX-O-NAMEL, and I can tell you it gives the most beautiful enamel finish I've ever seen -- and it's longer wearing and easier to clean, too, because of the wax in it. Dealers are now offering JOHNSON'S WAX-O-NAMEL in 19 stunning colors. Why not ask your dealer if he carries it?

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

(REVISED)

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WIL: THE SADDEST PHRASE, TO MAN OR MOUSE,
IS, "COME ON, SWEETHEART - LET'S CLEAN THE HOUSE!"
AND HERE AT NUMBER 79, WHERE LIFE, TILL NOW, WAS SMOOTH
AND FINE,
COMES LABOR, TOUGH AND ACROBATIC,
LIKE HAULING JUNK DOWN FROM THE ATTIC
WIVES WALLOW IN IT - MEN THINK IT FOLLY,
-- LIKE THESE TWO --
-- FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

(APPLAUSE)

FIB: Phew! Let's set down a while and rest, Molly. Are you sweatin' as much as I am?
MOL: MCGEE! HORSES SWEAT, MEN PERSPIRE AND LADIES GLOW!
FIB: Okay, so I'm a horse. I'm a packhorse. I'm a overworked, swaybacked, mistreated beast of burden - and will you please lead me out to the kitchen and fill my trough full of rootbeer?
MOL: You can have a rootbeer later - I want to get all this stuff sorted and thrown away. For instance....look at those books in the shelf there. We've got to weed those out, too.
FIB: Which ones shall we toss out?
MOL: Let's throw away the two on the ends and keep the one in the middle.
FIB: What's the one in the middle?
MOL: Franklin's Autobiography.
FIB: Oh - I wanna read that. That Franklin was a great auto.
KNOCK AT DOOR
FIB: COME IN!
DOOR OPEN

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OLD M: HELLO THERE, KIDS...WHATCHA DOIN'?

MOL: Oh hello, Mr. Old Timer. We're doing a bit of housecleaning. Want to help?

OLD M: Fer how much?

FIB: Two bits an hour and feed your own charley-horses.

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, "SAYYYYYY," he says, "WHO'S THIS FELLER FUTILE THAT'S BEEN WORKIN' WITH FIBBER AND MOLLY?"

"SEARCH ME," says tother feller. "WHERE'D YOU HEAR ABOUT HIM?""IN THIS RADIO COLUMN," says the first feller. "SEE HERE!" IT SAYS, "FUTILE ATTEMPTS TO BE FUNNY ON JOHNSON'S WAX SHOW." Heh heh heh. Nothin' personal, kids. You know how I feel about you. Though - if you know how I really feel about you, you're liable to take it even more personal than ever, though I was never one too--

OH...HEY!

MOL: Now what?

OLD M: GOT A TELEGRAM FOR YOU. HERE, JOHNNY. SIGN HERE.

FIB: Okay. How much of a tip you usually get?

OLD M: How much you usually give, Johnny?

MOL: Nothing. McGee says when you accept a tip, it undermines your character.

OLD M: Okay - gimme a quarter and let 'er topple! Heh heh.

Oh - thanks, Johnny.

DOOR SLAM

MOL: Who's the wire from, McGee?

FIB: I'll see. (TEARING PAPER) HEY...IT'S FROM MY BROTHER, ALEXANDER!

MOL: ZAN? You haven't heard from him in a long time. What's he say?

FIB: Says: "ARRIVED OKAY IN SAN FRANCISCO. TOUGH TRIP. TIRED BUT HAPPY."

MOL: What's he mean - tough trip?

FIB: Oh - he lost an election bet and had to push a peanut with his nose from New York to San Francisco.

MOL: Heavenly days!!!....He STILL made pretty good time, didn't he?

FIB: Ohhhh I dunno. He bet against McKinley.

MOL: Well, let's get busy, McGee. The sooner we get to work, the sooner we'll get thru.

FIB: Yes and the sooner we didn't start this in the first place the quicker I'd be much happier right now. If I'd ever of realized....(PAUSE) Whatcha got there?

MOL: Never you mind.

FIB: WELL, WHAT YOU BLUSHIN' ABOUT? WHATCHA READIN'?

MOL: Well, if you must know, it's some old love letters.

FIB: AW, FER THE-- YOU MEAN YOU BEEN KEEPIN' THEM THINGS? You can't get me for breech of promise now.

MOL: Here....smell 'em, McGee.

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, SMELL 'EM? DID I WRITE THAT BAD?

MOL: Don't be silly. I been keepin' 'em in sachet.

FIB: Well, you can sashay right back up to the attic with 'em. I don't want them things layin' around.

MOL: I promise you, dearie....As soon as I read thru 'em once more, they'll be burned up.

FIB: So will I.

(REVISED)

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MOL: Oh this is a beautiful one! It says -
FIB: PLEASE MOLLY...NOT OUT LOUD. Somebody might be listening.
MOL: If they aren't, we'll hear from Racine. But listen. This says, MY PRECIOUS BLUE-EYED BUTTERFLY:
FIB: Oh pshaw!
MOL: MY PRECIOUS BLUE EYED BUTTERFLY: SPREAD YOUR LOVELY GOLDEN WINGS AND FLY AWAY WITH ME TONIGHT TO A MOVIE.
FIB: I sure took that flight of fancy into a tailspin, didn't I?
MOL: You certainly did.
FIB: Well, maybe my letters weren't so hot but I hadda do something to beat that other guy's time.
MOL: YOU MEAN OTIS CADWALLADER?
FIB: (LAUGHS) Yeah --- Otis X. Cadwallader!
MOL: What do you mean X. Cadwallader.
FIB: You know what I mean. He knew you were crazy about Francis X. Bushman so he put a X in his own name.
MOL: Well I think it was pretty devoted of him to change his name for me.
FIB: I done better'n that. I changed your name for me. Anyway, I -
MOL: Oh McGee...listen to this one.
FIB: I WON'T LISTEN!
MOL: All right...(LAUGHS TO HERSELF) Heavenly days...this is sweet.

(REVISED)

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FIB: er.....what's it say? I guess I got kind of a morbid interest in 'em at that. WHEN A GUY REALIZES WHAT A DRIP HE'S BEEN, IT'S TOO LATE TO FIX THE FAUCET. That's an old saying I just made up.
MOL: Oh this is beautiful! It says: I'LL NEVER FORGET THE TIME I FIRST TOUCHED YOUR LITTLE HAND. IT WAS INSIDE A BAG OF POPCORN AT THE BALLGAME.
FIB: That's disgusting! Mooning over touching a gal's greasy little mitt in a bag of salty popcorn!
MOL: Oh wait still you hear some of these others!!!
FIB: I DON'T WANNA HEAR ANY MORE! ARE WE GONNA GET THIS HOUSE CLEANED OR AREN'T WE?
MOL: Oh there's no hurry, dearie. I'm having fun.
FIB: WELL I AIN'T. AND IF YOU PERSIST IN READING THAT TRIPE, I'M GONNA.....I'M GONNA...
MOL: You're gonna what?
FIB: I'M gonna lock myself away somewhere so's I won't hear you.
MOL: GO AHEAD.
FIB: I WILL!
MOL: WHERE?
FIB: RIGHT IN HERE!!!
DOOR OPEN: TERRIFIC AVALANCHE OF JUNK. BELL TINKLE.
FIB: *and while I'm here I'd*
~~might as well~~ straighten out this closet, ~~too, while we're~~
~~at it!~~
ORK: *"Little Brown Jug"*
~~"SIMPLE SIMON" - (KING'S MEN)~~
APPLAUSE:

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FIB: Hey Molly - I'm thirsty, can I have some rootbeer now?
 MOL: Later, McGee...Take that last box of rubbish out,
 then start taking the slip covers off the furniture.
 FIB: Aw - I want some rootbeer. Here I been bustin' my
 biceps haulin' this junk around and you been settin'
 there readin' my silly old love letters.
 MOL: They're not silly! They're beautiful. Listen:
 "DARLING, WHEN I HOLD YOU IN MY ARMS, EVEN THE NIGHTINGALE
 HUSHES HIS SONG, TO LISTEN TO THE MUSIC IN MY HEART.
 THE MOON ---

DOOR OPEN

WIL: Hello, folks. How's everything.
 MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox.
 FIB: Hiyah, Harlow.
 WIL: Well, what are you looking so grumpy about, Pal?
 MOL: He's annoyed with me, Mr. Wilcox. Just because I
 found some of my old love letters in the attic and
 have been reading them.
 FIB: WELL DAD-RAT IT, AIN'T THAT ENOUGH TO BE ANNOYED ABOUT?
 The stuff a guy writes in his flaming youth makes him
 sound like a clinker at my age.
 MOL: Let me read him one, dearie. Mr. Wilcox will judge
 for himself.

FIB: NO NO NO...PLEASE, MOLLY! DON'T BE A PEST WITH MY
 PAST. DON'T LISTEN, WILCOX.
 WIL: Oh I want to hear this, Fibber. I was young once, myself,
 you know.
 FIB: YEAH? DON'T KID ME! YOU WERE BORN IN RACINE WISCONSIN
 AT THE AGE OF 25, WITH A DERBY HAT AND YOUR NURSE USED
 THREE-CORNERED ORDER BLANKS FOR DIA-
 MOL: MCGEE! That's enough of that!
 FIB: Okay, okay. Go ahead, Molly. Read my love letters to
 Wilcox. Break his heart, if any. (DRAMATICALLY)
 What matters it, if I, poor fool, little knew that my
 innermost thoughts...my most sacred feelings would be
 torn asunder for the laughter of the mob? What if --
 WIL: OH PIPE DOWN, PAGGLIACCI! Your make-up is running. Go
 ahead, Molly. Let me hear one of the Great Lover's
 little outbursts of passion.
 FIB: (MUTTERS BALEFULLY)
 MOL: Here, I'll pick one out at random, Mr. Wilcox. The
 ink's a little faded but I think I can make it out.
 WIL: When I write a letter I make sure the ink stays.
 FIB: (MUTTERS) When you do ANYTHING, it inksta-
 MOL: MCGEE! STOP IT! Ready, Mr. Wilcox?
 WIL: Go ahead, Quote the stupid to me, cupid!
 MOL: Well, this one says DEAR MOONBEAM!
 WIL: MOONBEAM!

MOL: YES! "DEAR MOONBEAM - I COULD NOT SLEEP LAST NIGHT FOR THINKING OF YOUR SWEET FACE. I GOT OUT OF BED AND DRESSED...AND WALKED OVER TO YOUR HOUSE...AND STOOD UNDER YOUR WINDOW, THINKING OF YOU, LYING THERE ASLEEP..... WITH YOUR LOVELY HAIR FORMING A NIAGARA OF GOLD ON YOUR SILKEN PILLOW. SUDDENLY I BURST INTO SONG....LIKE A TROUBADOUR OF OLD....SERENADING HIS LOVED ONE. THEN YOUR WINDOW OPENED...SOFTLY. AND I GOT A PITCHER OF WATER ON MY HEAD. WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME YOU HAD CHANGED ROOMS WITH YOUR OLD MAN, SWEETHEART?"

FIB: DAD RAT IT, MOLLY IF YOU AIN'T GOT ANY MORE REGARD FOR MY FEELINGS -

WIL: Oh be quiet, Fibber. What are you crabbing about. That stuff about the Niagara of gold was pretty snappy.

FIB: WELL I DON' CARE IF IT.... eh? You think it was Wilcox?

WIL: Certainly. AND BABY, I know love letters when I hear 'em too.

MOL: Really?

WIL: Why sure...I get love letters all the time.

FIB: Subtle, ain't he, folks? The army deferred him when they heard the flat footed way he gets into these things. Go ahead, Wilcox!

WIL: (LAUGHS) Well listen to this, FROM A LADY IN ST. LOUIS.

DEAR MR. WILCOX: (MORE)

WIL: YOU HAVE BROUGHT JOY AND HAPPINESS INTO THE LIVES OF US HOUSE-WIVES. LEARNING ABOUT JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLOCOAT HAS GIVEN US TIME FOR MOVIES AND BEAUTY PARLORS AND BRIDGE PARTIES. WE LOVE YOU FOR SHOWING US HOW TO PROTECT OUR LINOLEUM AGAINST WEAR AND TEAR WITH NONE OF THE OLD FASHIONED SCRUBBING AND RUBBING AND BUFFING! THE WORK THAT USED TO TAKE US HOURS WE CAN NOW DO IN 20 MINUTES OR LESS...SO WITH LOVE TO YOU, AND JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLOCOAT, I AM SENDING YOU A LITTLE TOKEN OF AFFECTION. WEAR IT ALWAYS...NEXT TO YOUR HEART. DEVOTEDLY YOURS... MRS...(Well, never mind her name.) NOW THAT'S A LOVE LETTER THAT IS A LOVE LETTER.

MOL: What did she send you, Mr. Wilcox...a lock of her hair?

WIL: No. This. A little tiny corner of her linoleum. Isn't it beautiful!

FIB: OH STOP KISSING IT, YOU BIG ^{WILCOX!} ~~BOY!~~

WIL: Well, when you use Glocoat you can afford to wear your heart on your sleeve, pal. It makes work so easy you don't have to roll 'em up. So long now.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Mr. Wilcox never loses his enthusiasm does he?

FIB: The only way Wilcox could lose his enthusiasm is for somebody to lose Wilcox. And if anybody'd make me a decent offer-----

MOL: MCGEE...WE'VE GOT TO GET BUSY. DID YOU GET ALL THAT JUNK CARRIED OUT.

FIB: Yes I did. While you were day dreaming over them slushy little missiles of mine.

MOL: You don't mean missiles. You mean missives.

FIB: I DO NOT. MISSIVE MEANS....BIG...OVERSIZED.

MOL: THAT'S MASSIVE.

FIB: I THOUGHT A MASSIVE WAS A GUY THAT GAVE YOU A MASSAGE.

MOL: No, that's a masseur.

FIB: MASSEUR IS "MISTER" IN FRENCH.

MOL: THAT'S MON-SOOR.

FIB: THEN WHAT'S A MISSILE?

MOL: A MISSILE IS SOMETHING YOU THROW.

FIB: ~~DAD RAT IT~~ THAT'S WHAT I SAYS. THROW THEM LETTERS OUT!
I AINT GONNA STAND AROUND HERE AND HAVE EVERYBODY SNICKERIN'
AT ME. I'M JUST AS -

MOL: McGee.

FIB: Eh?

MOL: Calm yourself and call the junk man to haul away that rubbish.

FIB: Okay...gimme the phone.

MOL: Here.

FIB: Thanks. (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR? GIMME THE WISTFUL VISTA
JUNKYARD AT 14th and - EH? OH IS THAT YOU, MYRT?

MOL: This is where I came in.

FIB: HOWS EVERY LITTLE THING, MYRT? TIS EH? WHAT SAY, MYRT?
YOUR LITTLE BROTHER? THEY WHAT? CUT OFF HIS FEET!

MOL: OH MCGEE...HOW AWFUL!

FIB: It was nothin'. Her kid brother wanted to build a fire
without matches at the Boy Scout show. I was quite a
feat but they didn't have time for it. WHAT SAY, MYRT? OH.
I'LL CALL 'EM LATER. SO LONG, MYRT. EH? WHAT SAY, MYRT.
YOUR LITTLE SISTER? SHE WHAT?

MOL: MCGEE....PLEASE....NOT ANOTHER!

FIB: Okay. TELL ME NEXT WEEK, MYRT. OKAY. (CLICK) Can't get the
junk man on the phone, Molly.

MOL: Why not?

FIB: The junk man cut the wire down.

MOL: What for?

FIB: Junk. HEY, QUIT READIN' THEM LETTERS MOLLY. YOU PROMISED -
DOOR KNOCK:

FIB: Who's that?

MOL: Let me peek....oh it's Mrs. Uppington.

FIB: Surely you don't mean Mrs. Abigail Uppington, the prominent,
in certain places, society leader?

MOL: In the flesh! In the well-massaged, expensively corseted,
slightly flabby flesh. COME IN, MRS. FLESH....ER....MRS.
UPPINGTON.

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh how do you do, Mrs. Uppington. My, this IS a surprise.

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

FIB: Hiyah, Uppy. What cosmic upheaval has lured you out of
your perfumed bower?

UPP: (DRA^{to Fifi}AMATICALLY) FIFI.....IS LOST!

MOL: Heavenly days, your pekinese?

UPP: YES...MY DARLING LITTLE FIFI. NY BABY! OHHH I'M SO
UPSET...REALLY!

FIB: Calm yourself, Uppy. Where was the little purp-twerp
last seen?

MOL: And how was she dressed?

UPP: She was last seen down in the middle of the block. And she had on her best rhinestone collar, her Saks Fifth Avenue sweater and her little I. Miller booties.

FIB: Doesn't that make you sick, Molly? I mean, to think of Fifi being lost?

MOL: Yes and better dressed than I am, too.

UPP: PLEASE...MY DEAH. NO LEVITY. I AM HORRIBLY PERTURBED.

FIB: Why don't you advertise for her, Uppy?

UPP: It wouldn't do the slightest good, Mr. McGee. FIFI can't read.

MOL: Have you searched the neighborhood, Abigail?

UPP: Oh yes! My butler, Witherspoon, spent the entire afternoon searching for her...~~from pillar to post, you might say.~~ Going round and round the block, calling, "FIFI!!..FIFI!!.. FIFI!!!"

FIB: With what results?

UPP: With the result that he ~~had his face slapped three times~~ ~~and~~ was soundly trounced by a brutal truck driver at whom he happened to be looking the last time he called FIFI.

FIB: Well, don't worry about her, Abigail. She probably run out and eloped with some traveling airdale.

UPP: DON'T BE RIDICULOUS, MR. MC GEE. FIFI would have NOTHING to do with other dogs. Why...why she was almost as human as I!

(PAUSE)

FIB: Well, now that THAT golden opportunity has slipped past, let's drop the subject.

MOL: Let's discuss something more amusing. Look at these old love-letters of mine, Abigail. I found them in the attic. Shall I read you a couple.

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UPP: OH MY DEAH, PLEASE DO. ANYTHING TO GET MY MIND OFF POOR LITTLE FIFI.

FIB: I don't know why you're worryin' about that mutt, Uppy. Personally, I've always considered Fifi the kind of a dog that shouldn't happen to anybody!

MOL: Yes, forget your grief for a minute, Abigail. I want to read you one of these letters.

FIB: AW, MOLLY...PLEASE!!! THEM LETTERS ARE SACRED BETWEEN ME AND YOU.

MOL: Oh don't be so fussy, dearie. Listen to this one, Mrs. Uppington. OH DARLING MOLLYCUDDLE, - WHEN YOU REFUSED TO KISS ME AFTER THE BASKETBALL GAME TONIGHT, YOU BROKE MY HEART INTO TINY FRAGMENTS. AND SWEETHEART, THERE AREN'T MANY CURES FOR A BROKEN HEART, SO --

UPP: OHHHH, GOOD HEAVENS!! MANY CURES!!!

FIB: Eh? Smatter, Uppy?

UPP: MANICURES!!! I JUST REMEMBERED! I FORGOT AND LEFT FIFI AT THE BEAUTY PARLOR... GETTING A MARCEL AND MANICURE... OHHHH THE LITTLE PRECIOUS MUST BE ALMOST SUFFOCATED UNDER THAT HORRIBLE DRYER! EXCUSE ME, PLEASE!...(FADE) MOTHER IS COMING, FIFI!!!!

DOOR SLAM: (APPLAUSE)

TILTON & ORCH: ("BY-U, BY-O")

WIL: Martha/Tilton sings "By-U, By-O".

(APPLAUSE)

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THIRD SPOT:

FIB: Molly. (PAUSE) Hey, Molly. (PAUSE) MRS. MCGEE!

MOL: er...yes...you speaking to me, dearie?

FIB: SPEAKING! I was yellin' so loud my thorax will be there for theven days.

MOL: I'm thory...er...sorry. I was so interested in these letters I didn't hear you.

FIB: You know...maybe I was wrong about them letters. They're not so bad. Kinda poetic.

MOL: Oh they're pretty drippy, McGee. You were absolutely right about destroying them.

FIB: Now wait a minute. After all...HEY WATCHA GONNA DO?

MOL: Throw 'em out the window onto the trash pile.

SOUND: WINDOW UP

MOL: There!

SOUND: WINDOW DOWN

FIB: Oh gee, Molly. I don't think you should of done that.

MOL: YOU WERE THE ONE THAT WANTED ME TO THROW 'EM OUT.

FIB: Yes, but after thinkin' it over, and hearin' you read 'em...

KNOCK AT DOOR

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN

WIMP: Hello there folks. I do hope I'm not intruding.

FIB: HIYAH WIMPLE, OLD MAN.

MOL: Of course you're not intruding, Mr. Wimple. We were just cleaning out some old rubbish. Old love letters, and things.

~~FIB: NOW HOLLY...WE ASKED YOU A DOZEN TIMES NOT TO TELL PEOPLE...~~

WIMP: Oh I could imagine a man writing a love letter to you, Mrs. McGee, but MY wife..oh she would never stand for such nonsense.

MOL: Oh come come, Mr. Wimple. Every woman has a streak of sentiment down in her heart someplace.

WIMP: Not if she hasn't got a heart down in her, someplace.

FIB: Your bitter half sounds like a pretty chilly character, Wimple.

WIMP: Oh she's really a wonderful woman, Mr. McGee. And she's a great help to me when I am writing verses for greeting cards.

MOL: She is, really?

WIMP: Yes indeedy. Lots of times when I am sitting there, beating my brains out for a rhyme, she comes in and helps me.

FIB: I think I've met your wife someplace, Wimple.

WIMP: Could it have been on Hallowe'en...riding a broom?

MOL: Don't you ever lose temper with her, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: I have learned to control myself, Mrs. McGee. Yoga, you know.

FIB: YOGA!

~~MOL: Isn't that the system Lee Nova used against Joe Louis, McGee?~~

~~FIB: Yes he learned to control himself but he couldn't control~~

~~Leeva~~ How does it work, Wimple?

WIMP: Just sitting still and concentrating - preferably in solitude, Mr. McGee. I sit for hours and hours imagining that my soul is free. Sometimes I sit crosslegged, all day long, locked in the little room under our front stairs.

MOL: And what is the result?

WIMP: The result is that eventually my wife unlocks the door and I apologize and ^{then she lets me} come out. Well, goodbye now. Don't come over to our house sometime. YOU'D HATE it!

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Poor Mr. Wimple. He's a little martyr, isn't he?

FIB: Yes but he wouldn't be a little martyr if he was a little smarter. ... HEY MOLLY .. CAN I HAVE SOME ROOTBEER NOW?

MOL: Wait a few minutes dearie. Let's finish our work first. Now let's see. If you'll take the rugs out and beat them, I'll...

DOOR KNOCK:

MOL: OH DEAR.....COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN:

GALE: How do you do. Is MOONBEAM HERE?

FIB: Who, bud?

GALE: MOONBEAM. Otherwise known as GORGEOUS GIRL, my PEORIA PRAIRIE FLOWER, SUGARBUN and GYPSY SWEETHEART.

MOL: What on earth is the man talk-....OH! THOSE LETTERS!

FIB: YOU MEAN EVEN HE KNOWS ABOUT THEM LETTERS OF MINE?

GALE: Ahh, you must be the CAPTAIN OF THE DREAM BOAT. Alias: TOOTSY, alias A MILLION KISSES FROM YOU-KNOW, and DESPERATE. Allow me, TOOTSY, to return your letters.

MOL: And where did YOU get these letters, sir?

GALE: Madam, I assure you I have committed no offense against the postal regulations. I am not a mailbox marauder by nature. I was examining the house next door, with a view towards renting it, and passing by your window I was suddenly struck on the fedora by an avalanche of Bilet Doux. And if Billy should do it again, I should be tempted to cram them down his sentimental gullet. Here, dream boat. Good day, Moonbeam!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: The nerve of that guy....HE READ 'EM!

MOL: ALL RIGHT, DEARIE... ~~I GIVE IN~~. LET ME TAKE 'EM.

FIB: Here. Whatcha gonna do with 'em.

MOL: I'M GOING TO BURN ~~THEM~~ LIKE I PROMISED. Give me a match.

FIB: Now wait a minute, Molly. Let's not be hasty.

MOL: What do you mean?

FIB: Well, in spite of my embarrassment, everybody that's heard any of them letters thought they were pretty good. So I been thinkin'. Maybe I could sell 'em to a magazine or some book publisher.. Maybe they wouldn't be worth much but it'd be something..

MOL: You'll never publish my love letters, McGee.. NO SIR...I PROMISED I'D BURN THEM UP AND I'M GOING TO..

SOUND: SCRATCH OF MATCH...CRACKLE OF BURNING PAPER

FIB: MOLLY....PLEASE...DON'T DO THAT. YOU 'IN T GOT ANY RIGHT TO.

MOL: Oh yes I have dearie. They were mine.

FIB: WELL, I WROTE 'EM, DIDN'T I?

MOL: No.

FIB: WHAT?
MOL: THESE LETTERS WERE FROM OTIS CADWALLADER!
SOUND: CRACKLE OF FLAMES: (COUNT THREE)
FIB: (LAUGHS) Hey....Moonbeam.
MOL: Yes, Dreamboat?
FIB: Let's have some rootbeer.
ORK: SELECTION: ... FADE FOR -

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
OCTOBER 21, 1941
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

Say, have you seen the new autographed picture of Fibber and Molly that dealers are now offering Free? It's really great-- an entirely new photograph of Fibber and Molly and it contains pictures of the cast, too. How can you get one of these pictures for yourself? Listen? All you have to do is buy JOHNSON'S WAX, JOHNSON'S GLO COAT or any JOHNSON'S WAX polish in pint or pound size or larger. Your dealer will give you the autographed picture Free -- but I must warn you that his supply is strictly limited. When they're gone there won't be any more so see your dealer right away -- buy JOHNSON'S WAX, JOHNSON'S GLO COAT or any JOHNSON'S WAX polish in pint or pound size or larger -- and, while they last, you'll receive this handsome autographed picture free.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

TAG GAG

FIB: I'M SURE GLAD YOU THREW THEM LETTERS OUT, MOLLY.
 YOU DON'T FEEL ANY BAD EFFECTS FROM 'EM DO YOU?
 MOL: YOU MEAN DO I FEEL LIKE CRYING?
 FIB: NO, I MEAN DID YOU CATCH COLD...WADIN' THRU ALL
 THAT SLUSH.
 MOL: NOW MCGEE...YOU'RE JUST JEALOUS OF OTIS CADWALLADER.
 HE WAS A VERY NICE BOY. AND A WONDERFUL DANCER.
 FIB: SURE HE WAS. HE HAD TO LEARN TO DANCE.
 MOL: WHY DID HE?
 FIB: THE FELLAS DOWN AT THE POOL ROOM GAVE HIM THE HOT
 FOOT SO OFTEN HE -
 MOL: MCGEE!
 FIB: AHEM. GOODNIGHT.
 MOL: GOODNIGHT, ALL!

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
 FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
 OCTOBER 21, 1941
 TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

CLOSING TAG

CUE: (MOLLY) ... Goodnight, all

.....

This is Harlow Wilcox speaking for the makers of JOHNSON'S
 WAX FINISHES for home and industry, inviting you to be with
 us again next Tuesday night -- 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.

.....
HNSON'S
be with
at
port.
avings

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
OCTOBER 21, 1941
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST. NBC

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

TO FOLLOW CLOSING TAG NOTE: This closing tag is to be given from
a quiet studio

CUE: (WILCOX) ...invest to the best of your ability in Defense
Saving Bonds. Goodnight.

.....
Yes, it certainly pays to keep that car of yours looking
its best. It's good business, especially now, and you
really 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.

FIBBER MCGEE

6:30-7:00P
Tuesday - 10/28/41

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