

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

(REVISED)

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

6:30-7:00P
Tuesday - 11/4/41

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
GLO-COAT 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:

"THERE'S A GREAT DAY COMING MANANA"

ORCH: "THERE'S A GREAT DAY COMING MANANA"

(FADE FOR:)

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S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
NOVEMBER 4, 1941
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

As a boy I used to have a lot of fun with electric trains. Even now whenever I see one spread out on a playroom floor I can hardly resist the temptation to join the party. I guess that's one of the reasons why I always get a thrill when I see a modern ^{glittering} streamliner whiz by. ~~even more so when I have a chance to ride on one.~~ How would you like the job of washing one of those streamlined beauties -- keeping it clean and sparkling? Some job, I should think -- and yet, even there wax can lend a hand, protect those shining surfaces against wear, and make cleaning a much easier job. Yessir, at the JOHNSON'S WAX LABORATORIES they have actually developed a special wax dressing which can be sprayed or brushed on the outside of these trains -- a wax polish, if you please, that makes the job of washing a streamliner relatively easy. It's already being used successfully on the Milwaukee Road's famous HIAWATHA, an interesting example of how far the makers of JOHNSON'S WAX have gone in making their wax polishes useful to industry as well as to your home and mine. For your own protection, the next time you're shopping, be sure to get the genuine JOHNSON'S WAX polishes.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

(NOTE TO ANNOUNCER: Pronounce Hiawatha with long "i" -- Hy-a-watha.)

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WIL:

SUPPOSE YOU HAD GONE TO HOLLYWOOD AND BEEN CO-STARRED IN A MOVING PICTURE AND THEN THE PICTURE WAS GOING TO HAVE IT'S WORLD PREMIERE NEXT WEEK IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD THEATRE, IN YOUR HOME TOWN! JUST IMAGINE HOW YOU'D FEEL IF THE PICTURE WAS "LOOK WHO'S LAUGHING" THE THEATRE WAS THE BIJOU, THE TOWN WAS WISTFUL VISTA AND YOU WERE --

**** FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

MOL:

Isn't it thrilling, McGee? Imagine us in the movies and having the premeer right here in Wistful Vista!

FIB:

Well, this town's been good to us, and they deserve it. I'll always remember Wistful Vista..even when I get to be a big screen lover like Henry Fonda, and Gary Cooper and Billy Burke.

MOL:

Billy Burke is a woman.

FIB:

He is? I mean, IS SHE? Well, you know what I mean, I mean when I get started playin' romantic scenes with some glamour gal like this Jean Hersholt -

MOL:

Jean Hersholt is a man.

FIB:

Eh? Oh.

MOL:

Maybe you better do Westerns. Nobody will care whether your horse is a boy or a girl.

FIB:

N-no---o, - I'M more the romantic type. I'M the -

MOL:

Oh take it easy, McGee. Remember, there's only one man who'll ever command respect by blowin' his own horn.

FIB:

Who?

MOL:

Gabriel! Incidentally did you call the Bijou theatre and reserve a block of seats?

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FIB: Oh say, I better do that. Gimme the phone.
 MOL: Here.
 FIB: Thanks. (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR? GIMME THE BIJOU THEA-
 EH? OH IS THAT YOU, MYRT?
 MOL: Oh dear...more dirt from Myrt!
 FIB: HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING, MYRT? TIS EH? WHAT SAY, MYRT?
 YOUR SISTER? BROKE HER NOSE, EH? THAT'S WONDERFUL, MYRT!
 MOL: Heavenly days, McGee! What's wonderful about that?
 FIB: Her sister made a lot of dough on the stock market, but just
 how much only her broker knows. WHAT SAY, MYRT? OKAY, I'LL
 CALL 'EM LATER. BYE MYRT! (CLICK) Line's busy, Molly.
 MOL: Well, we'd better get busy, too. If we're going to invite
 Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy to stay with us next week,
 we've got to straighten up this house. And anyway -----

KNOCK AT DOOR:

MOL: Who's that?
 FIB: I'll peak out and see. Oh Oh. It's Mrs. Uppington, and you
 oughtta see her! Got on one of them off-the-face hats.
 MOL: On her it should look good. She's got one of those off-the-
 hat faces. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh how do you do, Mrs. Uppington. So nice to see you!
 UPP: How do you do, my deah. AND MR MCGEE!
 FIB: Hiyah, Uppy! You look in the pink of condition - though
 I didn't know conditions were that bad.
 UPP: Oh Mr. McGee, you mischievous boy. (LAUGHS) I'M afraid
 you're always pulling my arm, as the saying goes.

MOL: It's LEG, as the saying really goes, Abigail.
 UPP: I know, my deah...but I have always maintained that humah
 was not necessarily dependent on vulgarity.
 FIB: No, but sometimes it helps. Hey, whatcha got there, Uppy?
 Been doing some Christmas shopping?
 UPP: Christmas Shop...OH...I almost forgot. Here, this is for
 you.
 MOL: FOR US? OH ABIGAIL..YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE IT!
 FIB: How do you know she shouldn't of, Molly? What is it, Uppy?
 UPP: You may unwrap it if you wish, Mr. McGee.
 FIB: Okay...
 SOUND: RATTLE OF PAPER:
 MOL: WELL HEAVENLY DAYS.....A NEW SMOKING STAND! and streamlind,
 too. Why it's beautiful, Abigail, but..er..but why...
 UPP: Well, my deah, with all those important people coming for
 the premier next week I thought...well, I DID want your
 house to look nice, and the one bad note in this room, to
 me, has always been that ash receiver of Mr. McGee's, so
 I took the liberty of....
 MOL: WHY HOW THOUGHTFUL OF YOU, MRS UPPINGTON. I'M simply
 delighted. And that old smoking stand of McGee's WAS
 beginning to smell horribly of cigars.
 FIB: Well, it's getting hard to find cigars made of gardenias.
 Defense program, you know. But thanks, Uppy. It's really
 beautiful. ^{Uppy?} Only thing is it makes our davenport look very
 shabby and tired.

MOL: It does at that, McGee. Look at that velour. The nap looks like it had just heard the alarm clock.

UPP: You COULD get a new davenport, you know.

MOL: We might at that, McGee...what do you say?

FIB: Wel-1-1...I dunno, Molly----

MOL: SAY....COME TO THINK OF IT, THERE'S A CLEARANCE SALE AT THE BON TON. Isn't there, Abigail?

UPP: Indeed there is, my deah. In fact, I just bought this hat theah. Isn't it simply ducky? (LAUGHS)

FIB: It's ducky all right. It's as fowl a hat as I ever -

MOL: MCGEE!

UPP: (LAUGHS) Oh it's quite all right, Mrs. McGee....after all, one never expects a man to understand a woman's taste in hats.

MOL: Isn't it the truth, Abigail? And why should he talk? Did you ever see him in that little green Tyrolean hat of his, with the yellow feather in the band?

UPP: (LAUGHS) Indeed I have, my deah. He looks quite dashing.

FIB: Dashing, eh?

UPP: Yes, dashing home from a dogfight. (LAUGHS) Touche', Mr. McGee...TOUCHE'! (LAUGHS)

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, TOUCHE'? I NEVER WORE A TOUCHE' IN MY LIFE. I've got as much hair as I ever had and what's more--

MOL: NO DEARIE...NO. Not TOUPEE. TOUCHE'. That's a French expression meaning "I GOT YOU THAT TIME, DIDN'T I?"

UPP: And you are quite right, my deah, Men should NEVAH criticize women's clothes.

MOL: I should say not. Look at all the silly pockets a man has in his clothes. At least four in his trousers, four in his vest and five in his coat. ³ 1³ pockets!

FIB: YES AND ALL ON ACCOUNT OF YOU WIMMIN!

UPP: What do you mean, Mr. McGee?

FIB: Look, take the four in the pants. In the left-hand hip pocket - a wallet, to pay for them silly hats. Right-hand hip, for a card case. So when you use up all our dough we can identify ourselves and write a check. Left front; small bills...all we ever have left. Right-hand, small change, on account of you never have two bits to tip the girl in the powder room.

MOL: Now just a minute, McGee. I -

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FIB: Lemme get thru. Next the vest. Lower left-hand; door keys, on account of it takes a woman fifteen minutes to find her own. Lower right-hand, watch, so we can check up on how late you always are; - upper left-hand, small flashlight, to find the gloves you dropped in the movie. Upper right-hand, fountain pen to write the check, when we've identified ourself from the card-case in the pants pocket.

UPP: Yes but the coat, Mr. McGee is always so -

FIB: - I'M COMIN' TO THE COAT! First the inside breast pocket. There's the gas bill you wanted us to mail because you forgot it until today. Outside breast pocket. Handkerchief for you to cry in at the movie where you dropped your gloves. Lower left-side - compact and lipstick because you ain't got room for 'em in your own purse, and lower right side, - empty - so you can tuck your hand in and get it warm on account of you lost your gloves in the movie. Soooo!! TOUPEE, GIRLS!!. TOUPEE!

ORK: "LOUISIANA HAYRIDE" - KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE

SECOND SPOT

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MOL: Well, how about it, McGee...shall we go downtown and buy a new davenport or shan't we?

FIB: I suppose we better. Though we'll never get as good a one as this has been.

MOL: You'll never save that many cigar coupons again, either.

FIB: You said it, baby! I practically inhaled all the furniture in this room!

MOL: I wish you'd taken a few extra puffs and got a better lookin' floor lamp.

FIB: What's the matter with it?

MOL: The cord is all frayed, for one thing. I've told you a dozen times to run the wire under the rug.

FIB: DOGGONE IT, I TRIED TO. AND DARN NEAR SMOTHERED UNDER THERE!

MOL: Well, never mind that now. Get your hat and let's get going. With this clearance sale we ought to get a nice davenport for about -

KNOCK AT DOOR:

FIB: Aw fer the -- COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

TEE: Hi, mister!

FIB: Oh hiyah little girl. Sorry ain't got time to talk to you now. Gotta go downtown.

TEE: Why?

FIB: Gotta buy a new davenport.

TEE: Why?

FIB: Because ~~wrs. Uppington gave us a new smokin' stand and it makes our old davenport look shabby and besides we're expecting some important guests next week.~~ d

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TEE: Why?
FIB: ~~WELL, TO MAKE A LONG STORY, SHORT,~~ ^{Because} THEY'RE HOLDIN' THE
WORLD PREMEER OF OUR PICTURE AT THE BIJOU THEATRE NEXT
WEEK, THAT'S WHY. AND STOP SAYIN' "WHY"!
TEE: HMMMMMM?
FIB: I SAYS, STOP SAY - ...Oh pshaw. SIS, YOU'RE IMPOSSIBLE!
TEE: I am not, I betcha.
FIB: Oh yes you are.
TEE: Ohh no I'M not.
FIB: OHH YES YOU ARE.
TEE: OHHH NO I'M - - I CAN'T be impossible, I betcha.
FIB: Why?
TEE: Because impossible means it couldn't happen and I happened.
FIB: Why?
TEE: And stop saying why!
FIB: Okay. Okay. All I can say, sis, is you've got a gift for
buttin' in here whenever we're ready to go someplace.
TEE: Gee, have I, mister? What is it?
FIB: What's what?
TEE: My gift.
FIB: I DIDN'T SAY YOU HAD A GIFT. I said -
TEE: YOU DID TOO...I HEARD YOU, JUST AS PLAIN!!
FIB: WELL I DIDN'T MEAN IT THAT WAY. I MEANT -
TEE: INJUN GIVER, INJUN GIVER, INJUN GIVER!!
FIB: DAD RAT IT SIS, KEEP QUIET! I'LL GIVE YOU A GIFT....I'LL
DO ANYTHING...BUT QUIT YELLIN' AT ME. WHADDYE WANT?
TEE: Tell me a story.
FIB: Sis, do you mean to stand there, with your first teeth
makin' a last stand, and ask for a story when you know
we're in a hurry to get downtown?

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FIB: Sis, do you mean to stand there, with your first teeth
makin' a last stand, and ask for a story when you know
we're in a hurry to get downtown?

TEE: Gee, mister, I guess you don't love little childrun.
FIB: YES I DO TOO LOVE LITTLE CHILDREN! DON'T YOU LOVE BIG MEN?
TEE: Gee, sure I do, mister. You want me to tell YOU a story?
FIB: I'd much prefer it. Go ahead.
TEE: Okay. ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A LITTLE BOSTON BULL
TERRIER AND SOME BAD BOYS TRIED TO TIE A TIN CAN ON HIM
BUT THEY COULDN'T DO IT.

(PAUSE)

FIB: Well, go on with the story.
TEE: That's all. It was a very short tale. So long, mister!

(DOOR SLAM)

FIB: A very short tale! If that little twerp ever -----
MOL: McGee, never mind that. We've got to get down to the
furniture store. It's getting late!
FIB: It is. Okay. Come on - let's go.
ORCH: WILLIAM TELL - FADEOUT
GALE: Mrs. McGee....I assure you that this is definitely THE
davenport for you.
MOL: All right, Mr. Twombly. Send it right out.
GALE: Very well - and now that you have this lovely new davenport,
don't you think the rest of your furniture might look
just a EENY TEENY WEENY BIT .. er LOUSY?
FIB: Now wait a minute Twom, you can't stand there and -
MOL: He's right, McGee! Absolutely right. With all our old
stuff, that new davenport will be as conspicuous as a
cow in a canoe.
GALE: Indeed it will madam. Whereas it SHOULD be as casual as
a hug on a hayride.

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FIB: Well, what are we gonna do about it? Move everything out
but the davenport and just let the guests in three at a
time?
MOL: No, but we've got to have new draperies, and a couple of
end tables..and that book-case is pretty battered, and the
floor lamp isn't much good, and -
GALE: What kind of a floor lamp is it?
FIB: Oh, it's one of them 3-way lights, bud. It goes out if
you bump it, touch it, or look at it. Maybe you're right,
Molly.
MOL: Of course I'M right, McGee. Next week is one of the most
important occasions in our lives. With some new furniture
we can -
WIL: (FADE IN) HELLO, MOLLY. HELLO, FIBBER.
FIB: Hiyah Harlow.
MOL: What's the matter with you, Mr. Wilcox?
FIB: You look like someone had stripped the gears on your
kiddie car.
WIL: Oh, it's nothing. Forget it. I just met Billy Mills
down in the piano department and he offered me tickets
to a football game and I lost my temper. That's all.
MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS....Why?
WIL: I JUST DISLIKE FOOTBALL, THAT'S ALL. I DESPISE IT.
I HATE FOOTBALL!!!
GALE: I don't understand, Mr. Wilcox...why should you have such
an aversion to the thrilling spectacle of eleven muscular
gentlemen kicking the teeth out of eleven other muscular
gentlemen?

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WIL: I'LL TELL YOU WHAT MY AVERSION IS! HOW COULD I, A GUY
MAKING HIS LIVING SELLING GENUINE JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING
GLOCOAT, THE FINEST NO-RUBBING, NO BUFFING FLOOR POLISH..
HOW COULD I EVER ENJOY A GAME THAT DEPENDS ON SUBSTITUTES!
ALWAYS SENDING IN SUBSTITUTES!! IT DRIVES ME WILD!!!

MOL: But Mr. Wilcox, you could watch the practice games. Maybe
a good scrub team -

WIL: LISTEN TO HER!! ... SCRUB TEAM!!! DON'T SAY SCRUB TO ME!!!
WITH JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT MAKING YOUR KITCHEN LINOLEUM SO
EASY TO KEEP CLEAN AND BEAUTIFUL WITHOUT OLD-FASHIONED
SCRUB - ... OH, I CAN'T STAND IT ... LEMME OUTA HERE!
(FADEOUT) SCRUB TEAM...SUBSTITUTES!!! FOOTBALL!! OHHHH...

GALE: Temperamental fellow, isn't he?

MOL: Oh, he takes his work very seriously, Mr. Twombley.

FIB: He's almost TOO conscientious. That guy won't even send
the Home Office a night-letter unless ^{it's a nice night} ~~there's a full moon~~
Well, what are we waitin' for?

MOL: Where are the draperies, Mr. Twombley?

GALE: Oh yes.. the draperies...right down the stairs over here,
Mrs. McGee...

ORCH: WILLIAM TELL - FADE OUT

MOL: Well, I think these draperies will do us very nicely, Mr.
Twombley.

FIB: Yes, I think you've done us very nicely too, Twombley.

GALE: Thank you. ~~I shall have our draper come out to your house~~
~~within an hour or so.~~ And now for some of the smaller
pieces, Mrs. McGee...

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, SMALLER PIECES? AIN'T WE BOUGHT ENOUGH STUFF?

MOL: Now, McGee...be reasonable. With a new davenport and new
draperies we can't have that other tacky looking furniture
spoilin' the effect.

FIB: YOU MEAN JUST BECAUSE WE GET A NEW ASH TRAY, WE GOTTA
REFURNISH THE WHOLE HOUSE TO GO WITH IT? Why don't I just
give up smoking?

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MOL: For good?
FIB: Why not?
GALE: You can't do it!
FIB: I can too! I've done it a dozen times! Why I remember --
GALE: Excuse me a moment..some gentleman is trying to catch my attention. WAS THERE SOMETHING I COULD DO FOR YOU, SIR?
BOOM: No, my dapper dispenser of domestic doo-dads, there is nothing you can do for me, but I am about to do something for you. One of those charitable impulses to which I rarely become a victim.
FIB: Hey, Molly. IT'S HORATIO K. BOOMER. HIYAH BOOMER!
MOL: Hello, Mr. Boomer! We haven't seen you for a long time!
BOOM: Ah there, good day, my dear...and a nasty November to you, soy-bean!
FIB: Where you been keeping yourself, Boomer?
BOOM: Haven't been keeping myself, egg-roll, I've been kept. Been detained for a few months upstate on a charge of loitering.
MOL: LOITERING! Why they can't sentence you for several months just for loitering.
BOOM: They can if you're loitering in the First National Bank after closing hours, my dear.
FIB: Well, what WERE you doing in there after hours?
BOOM: Just trying to straighten out a check, stub.
GALE: But what was it you wished to see me about, sir?
BOOM: Oh yes.. thought you might like to know I saw a shoplifter upstairs...on the fourth floor in the west wing. Suggest you investigate.
MOL: Heavenly days...a shoplifter! Are you SURE, Mr. Boomer?

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BOOM: Certainly certainly...I should know a shoplifter when I see one.
FIB: I'll say you should, Boomer. You seen so much of the seamy side of life, you got lint in your outlook.
GALE: Thank you very much, Mr. Boomer...I'll report the matter very shortly. We don't like shoplifters in here.
BOOM: Glad to be of service, my boy. Remember, fourth floor, west wing. Saw the fellow several times with my own eyes. Well, good day, my dear, and a superficial so-long to you, simp!
MOL: Imagine him, meeting a shoplifter face to face!
FIB: Incidentally what do they sell in the west wing of the fourth floor, Bud?
GALE: *Looking glasses and Mirrors.* Now let me see...what other furnishings did you have in mind, Mrs. McGee? Perhaps if we ---
ORK: "BLUE CHAMPAGNE" - TILTON

(APPLAUSE)

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SOUND: THUDS...SCRAPING...THUDS...ETC.

MOL: That's fine...boys...but please move that book case farther to the right.

SOUND: SCRAPE AND THUD

FIB: Careful fellas...don't scratch my new ash tray.

MOL: That's it. And thank you very much.

MAN: Okay, lady.

SOUND: DOOR SIAM

MOL: Well, how does it look, McGee?...everything in its place already!

FIB: I gotta admit it looks very good, Molly, especially the ash tray. If it hadn't been for Mrs. Uppington, we'd of never refurnished this room, bless her heart, and I wish she had to pay the bill, darn her hide!

MOL: Oh now, don't talk like that, dearie...this room is really LIVEABLE now.

FIB: Yeah, but I don't like this new rug, Molly.

MOL: It's a BEAUTIFUL rug...a genuine Oriental.

FIB: The tag says it was made by the "WEAVE-A-MILLION RUG COMPANY in Hackensack, New Jersey."

MOL: Absolutely. I always say, if you buy an oriental rug, get one made by honest American labor!

SOUND: DOOR KNOCK

MOL: Come in!

DOOR OPEN:

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

FIB: Hiyah, Wimple, old man. Come in and curl your corpus up on our new davenport.

MOL: How are you today, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: Oh just fine, Mrs. McGee....I saw the men moving your new furniture in so I just sat right down on the curbstone and wrote you a poem.

MOL: Oh how nice!

FIB: I'll reserve judgment till I hear your living room lyrics, Wimp.

WIMP: I think it's one of my best pieces, Mr. McGee. I really do. The title is "THE END TABLE BROKE ITS LEG AND WE HAD TO SHOOT IT, BACK TO THE FACTORY."

MOL: Read it, in your well-modulated voice, Mr. Wimple.

WIMP: All righty. It goes:

"HERE'S TO THE MCGEES IN THEIR WELL-FURNISHED HOME,
I HOPE THEY'LL BE HAPPY, THIS PRINCESS AND PRINCE"

FIB: Prince don't rhyme, Wimple.

WIMP: I know, Mr. McGee, but I don't like to call you a gnome.

FIB: Oh.

WIMP: "THEY HAVE ONLY ONE PIECE WHICH THE ROOM COULD WELL LACK, THAT NEW STRAIGHT-BACK CHAIR SHOULD BE SENT RIGHT STRAIGHT BACK." Do you like it?

FIB: What, the chair or the poem?

MOL: I think it was very sweet of you, Mr. Wimple. Do you often sit down on curbstones and write poetry?

WIMP: Oh we poets must work wherever the mood strikes us, Mrs. McGee. Some of my best work I do while I'm in the... well, almost anywhere in the house. Except in my wife's gymnasium...I can't work there.

MOL: Your wife is very athletic isn't she, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: Indeed she is, Mrs. McGee. She can put the shot 99 yards, you know.

FIB: Honest? You go in for any of that stuff, Wimple?

WIMP: Only the hundred yard dash, Mr. McGee..

MOL: Hasn't Mrs. Wimple ANY feminine qualities, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: Oh Mrs. McGee...of COURSE...she's really a very feminine person. You should see men leap up to give her their seats on the street car.

FIB: Do they really?

WIMP: Indeed they do...OR ELSE! Well, I just dropped in to say hello, folks. So goodbye!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: Poor little Wimple. He sure has it tough, don't he?

MOL: I'll bet the worm will turn some day, McGee.

FIB: Yes, just in time to see the hen's last peck! Oh well... forget Wimple. Let's just set here and enjoy my new ashtray and stuff.

MOL: Isn't this room beautiful now?

FIB: Yeah! - My new ash tray sure sets it off don't it. Oh, good old Uppy.

MOL: And isn't THIS new davenport comfortable?

FIB: I'll bet my hip will heal up where that spring always dug into it.

MOL: I wouldn't be surprised. Look how the pattern in those draperies harmonizes with the --

SOUND: DOOR KNOCK

FIB: Now, who? COME IN!

DOOR OPEN

MOL: OH HELLO, MRS. UPPINGTON....COME IN AND SEE WHAT YOU'RE RESPONSIBLE FOR!

UPP: What I am respons--- OH MY DEAH! IT'S LOVELY! ALL NEW FURNITURE AND DRAPERIES....AND A RUG! HOW LOVELY!

FIB: Like it, Uppy?

UPP: IT'S SIMPLY CHARMING, MR. MCGEE. If I had done it myself, I wouldn't change a thing. NOT A SINGLE THING... er....except, possibly....

FIB: Except what?

UPP: Er...THAT SMOKING STAND. It's a little modernistic for the room, wouldn't you say?

MOL: THE SMOKING STAND!

FIB: BUT DAD RAT IT, THE WHOLE ROOM WAS REFURNISHED AROUND THAT SMOKING STAND! AND I LOVE IT!

MOL: AND YOU GAVE IT TO US!

UPP: Yes, I know...but since you have redecorated, it is ENTIRELY out of key! Here...I'll show you!Let's throw it out --

FIB: HEY WAIT A MINUTE..DON'T --

DOOR OPEN: CRASH OFF MIKE: DOOR SLAM:

UPP: There...ISN'T THAT BETTAH? NOW, the room is UTTAHLI
charming! I don't know what gave you the idea to do it
ovah but it was a SPLENDID IDEA. ~~Well, see you next week.~~
Good day!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

(LONG PAUSE)

FIB: Well, I'll be a-----

MOL: Take it easy dearie. Control yourself!! Have a cigar.

FIB: I CAN'T. NO PLACE TO PUT THE ASHES!

MOL: FORGET THE ASHES!...LIGHT UP A CIGAR!!!...AND GIVE ME
ONE, TOO!

ORK: "LOVE AND I" - FADE FOR

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

ANNCR: The other day I went shopping with my wife. As we
wandered thru the stores, from one department to another,
I was struck with one thing which seems to me to be quite
important. Good taste is on the increase! Manufacturers
of clothes, furniture, fabrics, floor coverings -- all
have been constantly improving the design of their
merchandise.

You don't have to have a lot of money now to have a
beautiful, attractive home. You don't need a lot of money
to keep it beautiful, either. You can do that so easily
with genuine JOHNSON'S WAX...the wax polish that protects
as well as beautifies your floors, furniture, woodwork....
that saves you money and saves you work....that has over
100 extra labor-saving uses. There are of course
imitations of JOHNSON'S WAX on the market...but if I were
you, I'd play safe - and insist on the genuine JOHNSON'S
WAX - LIQUID, CREAM or PASTE.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC....FADE ON CUE

TAG GAG

-25-

MOL: McGee...are Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy really going
to visit us next week?

FIB: Sure they are.

MOL: Positively?

FIB: ABSOLUTELY.

MOL: How can you be sure?

FIB: Because Charlie McCarthy promised me on bended knee.

MOL: Whose bended knee?

FIB: Bergen's.

MOL: Oh.

FIB: GOODNIGHT.

MOL: GOODNIGHT, ALL!

ORCH: UP TO FINISH: APPLAUSE:

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
NOVEMBER 4, 1941
TUESDAY 6:30 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 home and industry -- inviting you to be
with us again next Tuesday night. Goodnight.

b

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
NOVEMBER 4, 1941
TUESDAY 6:30 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. Goodnight.

.....
If you're planning to take better care of your automobile,
you'll want to start with the outside -- with a wax-polish
job to keep the finish new looking. And that calls for
JOHNSON'S CARNU, the sensational new auto polish that both
cleans and wax polishes in one application. CARNU saves
time, CARNU saves money. Ask your regular wax dealer,
auto supply store or service station for JOHNSON'S CARNU --
spelled C-A-R-N-U.

b

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

(REVISED)

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

6:30-7:00P
Tuesday - 11/11/41

NBC-Red

c