

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

(REVISED)

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

6:30-7:00P  
Tuesday - 11/18/41

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:

"GREAT DAY"

ORCH: "GREAT DAY"

(FADE FOR)

OPENING COMMERCIAL

The other day I was passing a neighborhood school just as the recess bell rang -- and I stopped and watched as the youngsters came tumbling and racing out of the building like a herd of wild animals. Do you know what I thought about first? The abused floors in that school, and what a job it must be to protect them against that daily onslaught, and keep them nice looking. You'll be interested to know that the makers of JOHNSON products have developed special WAX polishes for floors in schools, office buildings and hospitals -- floors that take a much heavier traffic beating than your floors at home. The next time you walk down a school or hospital or office building corridor, see if the floors look well cared for. If they do, chances are they're protected with JOHNSON'S WAX POLISHES. And just as your JOHNSON'S WAX and GLO-COAT save you both work and money, these special polishes developed for heavy traffic use also effect very large savings to the owners and managers of these properties. When you're buying polishes for your home, it will pay you always to insist upon the genuine JOHNSON'S WAX POLISHES.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

WIL:

HAVE YOU EVER STOOD IN YOUR FRONT DOOR FOR HALF AN HOUR, SAYING GOODBYE TO A VISITOR WHO WOULDN'T GO HOME? EXASPERATING, ISN'T IT? WELL, HERE AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA, WITH HIS LARGE FEET BLOTTING OUT THE "WELCOME" ON THE MAT, WE FIND HIS HONOR, MAYOR LA TRIVIA, WHO SEEMS TO REGRET LEAVING --

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

MOL: Well, goodnight, Mayor La Trivia.

FIB: Goodnight, Mayor.

MOL: It was SO nice of you to drop in.

GALE: Not at all, Mrs. McGee. I'm only sorry your husband won't take the job. You're sure you won't reconsider, McGee?

FIB: No, I'm sorry, La Trivia. I may be the right man for it, and all that, and I'd like to be of service to the City, but my time is so valuable, been' all took up with Chamber of Commerce work -

MOL: And besides, what does he know about catching dogs?

GALE: Well, all right..if that's final, McGee. Goodnight to you both and - OH MY GOODNESS! My briefcase. I left it on the er..on the coffee table I believe.

FIB: YOU WAIT HERE, TRIVIA!! I'LL GET IT! (FADE) Only take a second. It's right here on the table. (FADE IN) Here's your briefcase, La Trivial. Come and see us again, sometime.

GALE: Thank you, I will. Goodnight, Mrs. McGee, I've enjoyed this visit very much.

MOL: Goodnight, your honor, I hope -

DOOR KNOCK:

FIB: Oh pshaw. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

OLD M: Hello there kids. I just...Oh, hello Mr. Mayor.

GALE: Good evening. Glad to see you but I MUST be going.

OLD M: HEY WAIT A MINUTE...WHAT I GOT TO SAY'LL INTEREST YOU TOO, MAYOR.

GALE: Well I suppose I can wait one more minute and hear what this gentleman has to say.

OLD M: What gentlem...OH..ME! HEH HEH HEH. Well, here's the proposition kids...and Mr. Mayor...I'M sellin' chances on a turkey for Thanksgiving, and I thought -

MOL: Oh no no no!! I don't like those things. In the first place I never gamble, and besides, every time I do it, I lose.

FIB: Besides, you gotta wait too long to see if you win.

OLD M: Not on this one, Johnny. Draw a number and if it's the lucky one, I'll tell ye right away. How's about it? Only two bits.

GALE: Here..I'll take one.

MOL: Well, all right, so will I.

FIB: Now you've talked me into it. Gimme one, Old Timer.

OLD M: Okay. One for you, daughter..Mr. Mayor...Johnny...open 'em right up.

SOUND: TEARING PAPER:

OLD M: Call your numbers, kids.

GALE: 27!

MOL: 85!

FIB: TWO, OH SEVEN- DASH 540, DASH, 786

OLD M: Hey...gimme that...that's my social security card. Here's your number, Johnny.

FIB: 17.

GALE: Did any of us win?

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OLD M: Nope. The winning number was 33, but the first feller to take a chance this morning got that, and won the turkey. Kinda taken all the element of luck out it, ye might say, so don't feel bad about gambling, daughter...you never had a chance anyway! So long kids.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: WHY, THAT ANTIQUATED OLD GYP-ARTIST! WHO DOES HE THINK HE--

GALE: Oh, that's all right, Mr. McGee...(LAUGHS) It takes all kinds of people to make a world, you know.

MOL: That kind ought to go somewhere else and make one of their own. MUST you be rushing off, so soon, Mr. Mayor?

GALE: Yes, Mrs. McGee...I have an appointment with a Miss Meech, a knitting expert.

FIB: Takin' lessons, la Trivia?

GALE: No no no...she is making an afghan for an aunt of mine for Christmas.

FIB: Go on...How can anybody knit an ashean?

MOL: He said AFGHAN, McGee. It's kind of a muffler for your hips.

GALE: (LAUGHS) That's very good, Mrs. McGee..very good. BUT, as I say, I have an appointment so I'll just be...BY THE WAY...DO YOU KNOW WHERE <sup>Miss Meech</sup> ~~she~~ LIVES? It's in the neighborhood.

FIB: Meech? Never heard of her, La Trivia.

MOL: Nor I.

GALE: Oh dear...well..MAY I SEE YOUR TELEPHONE BOOK A MOMENT? I'll look it up.

MOL: It's right there under the hall table, Mr. Mayor.

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GALE: Thank you..thanks..you...(FADE) Now let me see..M..m...m...

FIB: (SOTTO VOCE) Hey, Molly...ain't he EVER gonna get outa here?

MOL: SHHHH...what can we do? We can't very well take him by the neck and throw him down the front steps, can we?

FIB: Maybe not, but your puttin' some awful evil thoughts in my curly little head. Personally, I'd like ----

GALE: (FADE IN) Well, I found it. Thank you very much and goodnight.

FIB: Goodnight, Trivial.

MOL: Goodnight. And next time you're out this way ----

SOUND: TELEPHONE

FIB: I'll get it, Molly. (CLICK) MCGEE'S RESIDENCE. YES IT'S EH? OH IS THAT YOU, MYRT? YEAH, THE MAYOR IS RIGHT HERE.

MOL: It's for you, your honor.

GALE: Good thing I stayed a few seconds.

FIB: HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING, MYRT? TIS EH? WHAT SAY, MYRT? YOUR GRANDMOTHER? PLASTERED AGAIN, EH?

MOL: MCGEE...WHAT ON EARTH...

FIB: MYRT'S GRANDMOTHER - GOT PLEURISY AGAIN. THEY GOT HER PLASTERED FROM HERE CLEAR AROUND TO HERE. WHAT SAY, MYRT? OH, OH YES, THE MAYOR'S RIGHT HERE. OKAY - I'LL TELL HIM MYRT. G'BYE!

SOUND: CLICK

GALE: Who was it McGee?

FIB: Your secretary - says to remind you that you're layin' the cornerstone for the new roundhouse tomorrow.

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GALE: Oh yes, yes, yes - completely forgot that. Thank you. Well, I'd better be running along, now. Goodbye!

MOL: Goodbye!

FIB: Goodbye, Triv. Come in again, sometime.

GALE: Thank you, I will. I'll be past here again next week in connection with paving the alley back of your house.

MOL: Yes, it's in terrible shape now. You can even see big holes in it from our kitchen window.

GALE: NO!

FIB: Sure you can.

GALE: MY GOODNESS, I NEVER REALI...DO YOU MIND IF I LOOK?

MOL: Why..er..why not at all, Mr. Mayor...(FADE OUT) RIGHT THIS WAY AND THRU THE ---

FIB: I know one way to get rid of a guy like that, but, somebody's sure to find the body!

ORK: SELECTION: "MY SILENT LOVE" - TILTON

APPLAUSE:

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SECOND SPOT:

GALE: Well, I simply MUST be getting downtown, Mrs.McGee. (LAUGHS) I'm afraid I have overstayed my visit a trifle. I feel like The Man Who Came To Dinner.

FIB: He broke his leg on the way out didn't he? Here, lemme help you down the steps, La Trivia,

GALE: No no no...never mind. I can make it. Goodnight, Mrs.McGee.

MOL: Goodnight, again.

FIB: Goodnight, old man.

DOOR LATCH:

GALE: Any time you're down at the City Hall, I hope...(PAUSE)

MOL: What's the matter...is there no hope down at the city Hall?

GALE: You have a visitor, Mrs.McGee...a lady is coming up the walk.

FIB: Oh oh. It's Mrs. Uppington!

GALE: Mrs....er...Uppington?

MOL: Yes, you remember - she's one of our social leaders. With a family tree that would make a Giant Redwood look like a Sapling.

FIB: And not a good-lookin' limb on the whole...OH HIYAH, UPPY. (STEPS ON PORCH UNDER)

UPP: (FADE IN) OH HOW DO YOU DO, MR. MCGEE...AND MRS.MCGEE...

MOL: HELLO, ABIGAIL.

GALE: Nice to see you again, Mrs. Uppington.

UPP: I saw your automobile out in front, your honor, and thought I might speak to you for a moment. Am I..er...interrupting?

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FIB: Oh no. The mayor was just leaving, Uppy. Three hours later and you'd probably have missed him.

MOL: Not that we wouldn't like to have him spend the rest of the ~~day~~ <sup>evening</sup> with us - what there is of it.

GALE: What was it you wished to consult me about, Mrs. Uppington?

UPP: Your honor, the Ladies Club, of which I am temporarily chairwoman, -

FIB: Here, woman, have a chair -

MOL: Temporarily.

UPP: Thank you, no. OUR CLUB, YOUR HONOR, HAS PASSED A RESOLUTION DEMANDING THAT THE CITY COUNCIL SUPPLY HEATED WATER FOR THE HORSE TROUGH ON THE EAST SIDE OF CITY HALL SQUARE. WE CONSIDER IT CRUEL AND INHUMAN TO LET THOSE POOR ANIMALS DRINK HALF-FROZEN WATER ALL WINTAH.

FIB: Great idea, Uppy. I think they oughtta have a box of kleenex there too, so they can wipe their faces. Ever notice how they kinda drip all over the -

MOL: MCGEE...MRS. UPPINGTON IS SERIOUS!

FIB: How can you tell?

MOL: By the way she sticks out her chin.

FIB: Which one - the top one?

UPP: PLEASE...PLEASE!!!. I AM serious. Well, Mr. Mayor?

GALE: MRS. UPPINGTON, my compliments to the Ladies of your club; whose admirable sentiments do them credit. Please inform them for me, that this matter has already been presented to the city council and action was deferred indefinitely, for the excellent reason that Wistful Vista, <sup>is not only not</sup> ~~so far from being~~ a one-horse town, <sup>it</sup> is a NO-horse town.

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MOL: Looks like your campaign had whinnied right in your face, Abigail.

FIB: Why don't you girls get busy and ~~collect~~ <sup>knit</sup> some silencers for our manhole covers?

UPP: MR. MCGEE...I BITTERLY RESENT YOUR DERISIVE ATTITUDE. IT IS A SITUATION WHICH DEMANDS IMMEDIATE ACTION.

GALE: But, madam. In a community which lacks horses -

UPP: AHH, BUT WE HAVE FORESEEN THAT DIFFICULTY, MR. MAYOR, AND HAVE COLLECTED THE SUM OF 87 DOLLARS TOWARD THE PURCHASE OF A HORSE. HERE, TAKE IT! (THANKFULLY) AND NOW, PERHAPS WE GIRLS CAN SLEEP OF NIGHTS, KNOWING THAT THE POOR FROZEN ANIMAL, WHEN WE GET IT, CAN DRINK HIS FILL OF NICE, WARM WATAH. THANK YOU, MR. MAYOR!

DOOR SLAM:

GALE: Determined sort of person, isn't she?

MOL: Oh, she means well, Mr. Mayor. Just a little misguided. Last Spring she wanted to go around and pick up all the baby robins and give 'em flying lessons.

FIB: Yeah, she even bought time on the radio and called it "We the Peep".

GALE: I remember it. It laid an egg. Oh well..I simply MUST be trotting along. Thank you for a very pleasant visit.

FIB: Not at all, La Trivia. Glad you dropped in. So long.

MOL: Goodbye, Mr. Mayor.

GALE: Goodbye.

DOOR LATCH:

WIL: HELLO, MOLLY...HELLO FIBBER. Oh HELLO, MR. MAYOR.

AD LIB HELLOS:

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FIB: Don't delay the Mayor, Wilcox...he's anxious to be on his way.

MOL: Yes, we're nearly despera- I mean the Mayor has desperately been trying to leave for an hour now, HAVEN'T YOU, YOUR HONOR?

GALE: Indeed I have, Mrs. McGee...but I'm glad Mr. Wilcox dropped in. I did wish to see him.

FIB: (SIGHS) Well, we might's well go into the living room, folks. I've been leaning against this jam so long I can hardly hold my raspberries.

WIL: What did you want to see me about Mr. Mayor? That parking ticket I asked you to fix for me a couple of days ago, I -

GALE: THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I MEAN, MR. WILCOX.

WIL: Yeah but look, the circumstances of the case -

GALE: THE CIRCUMSTANCES HAVE NOTHING WHATSOEVER TO DO WITH IT. I WISH TO STATE CATEGORICALLY -

WIL: Oh categorically my cat! Pipe down a minute and let me explain.

MOL: Why Mr. Wilcox...is that any way to talk to the Mayor?

FIB: Why not, molly? I bawled a cop out once.

MOL: You did?

FIB: I sure did. I never raised my voice while I was doin' it either. And a good thing, because if he'd heard me I'd o' got ninety days in the pokey. What's your excuse, Wilcox?

WIL: Well, look...I got a rush call from a Mrs. Harrison... She'd only been married a week, and she was all upset... practically crying. Her husband was bringing some friends home from the office and her kitchen linoleum was a mess. Dull, and lifeless...faded colors...dry and patchy looking....she was so ashamed of it she was almost in tears.

GALE: NEVERTHELESS, PARKING NEXT TO A FIREPLUG, MR. WILCOX IS -

WIL: IT WAS THE ONLY PLACE TO PARK. THIS WAS AN EMERGENCY! I DASHED OUT THERE WITH A CAN OF JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLOCOAT....

FIB: For these rescue parties, you oughtta carry a little barrel of it around your neck, like a St. Bernard.

MOL: Quiet, McGee...I want to hear about the little bride.

WIL: WELL, THAT'S ABOUT ALL. I DEMONSTRATED TO HER HOW QUICKLY JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT WOULD BRING OUT THE BEAUTY OF THE PATTERN IN HER LINOLEUM, HOW IT WOULD RESTORE THE LUSTER AND BRILLIANCE AND MAKE IT SO MUCH EASIER TO KEEP HER KITCHEN CLEAN AND SPARKLING. AND WITH ABSOLUTELY NO RUBBING OR BUFFING. WHY IT SAVED THE DAY FOR HER! SO YOU SEE, YOUR HONOR...you can't let a measly little parking violation stand against the possible breaking up of a home...the wreck of a happy marriage, simply because -

GALE: I'M sorry, Wilcox. I didn't understand the circumstances.  
You may forget the matter..on one condition.

WIL: I know. That I be more careful in the future.

GALE: NO. THAT YOU DASH OUT AND SHOW MY HOUSEKEEPER ABOUT  
GLOCOAT. MY LINOLEUM HAS GOT MORE CRACKS THAN THE FIRST  
FIVE MINUTES OF BOB HOPE.

WIL: I'LL DO IT! RIGHT AWAY! SO LONG FOLKS!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: That Wilcox is a great guy, La Trivia. He's going places.  
How about you?

GALE: Oh yes yes yes....what am I thinking of. Excuse me for  
protracting my departure, but -

MOL: Here's your briefcase, Mr. Mayor.

GALE: Thank you. And may I say -

FIB: Here's your hat.

GALE: Thank you. And I wish to express my --

MOL: Drop in again any time you're out this way, Mr. Mayor.  
Goodbye.

GALE: Goodbye. I only hope I -

FIB: NOT A BIT OF IT OLD MAN. SO LONG NOW. GLAD YOU DROPPED IN.  
Things get kinda dull and dry around here when --

GALE: Ah -- yes they do, don't they. Pretty dry myself. May I  
trouble you for a glass of water before I leave, Mrs. McGee?

MOL: Why of course, your honor! (FADE) Just step out into the  
kitchen and ---

FIB: Well, I'll be a !!! If that guy takes any longer to pull  
his freight, he's gonna hear from the Interstate Commerce  
Commission!

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DOOR OPEN:

TEE: Hiyah, Mister.

FIB: Oh, Hi, sis. Look, beat it and come back some other time,  
willya?

TEE: Why?

FIB: Well, we got a visitor who we been tryin' to ease outa here  
for two hours. I don't want YOU delayin' him, too.

TEE: I know. Mayor La Trivia, I betcha.

FIB: How'd you know?

TEE: I saw his car outside. Gee, it's a snarky one, too. It's  
super-doooper.

FIB: Easy on the slang, sis.

TEE: Why?

FIB: Well, the use of slang indicates the possession of an  
inadequate vocabulary. If you can't express yourself in  
legitimate English, you're stickin' your neck out for some  
slug to tag you as a chumpo! See?

TEE: (GIGGLES) Hmmm?

FIB: I says ----

TEE: My teacher says I'm dandy in English, I betcha.

FIB: Oh she does, eh?

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I said SHE DOES.

TEE: Does what?

FIB: YOUR TEACHER SAYS YOU'RE DANDY IN ENGLISH!

TEE: Gee, does she?

FIB: DAD RAT IT, YOU JUST SAYS SHE DID. I SAID -

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TEE: My teacher says I'm a dandy on colloquialisms, mister!  
How are you?

FIB: I'm fine - how are you?

TEE: I mean how are you on colloquialisms.

FIB: Well, I..er...I...I never went in much for athletics.

TEE: Awwwww, I betcha you don't even know what a colloquialism  
is, I betcha.

FIB: Go on....everybody knows that. I'll bet YOU don't.

TEE: I do, too.

FIB: Yeah? Then what is a colloquial...acollok....well,  
what is it?

TEE: Well - Webster says, the standards of English  
pronunciation, so far as a standard may be said to  
exist - is the usage that now prevails among educated  
and cultured people...though we must frankly admit  
the fact that, at present, uniformity of pronunciation  
is not to be found thruout the English-speaking world....  
What's Mayor La Trivia doing here?

FIB: How'd Webster ever hear about Mayor La Trivia?

TEE: Hmnnnnnn?

FIB: LOOK SIS....PLEASE BEAT IT. As it is the Mayor is stickin'  
around here like honey on a hot cake.

TEE: Like what?

FIB: Like honey on a --

TEE: I'M HUNGRY!

FIB: (SHOUTS) WELL, HERE'S A QUARTER....GO GET A SODA.  
GOODBYE!  
(DOOR SLAM)

FIB: Ohhhhh - what a night. It ain't enough that we got a  
guest that's allergic to doorknobs. I gotta be pestered  
by a --

MOL: (FADE IN) WELL, McGEE....THE MAYOR IS GOING NOW!

GALE: Yes, Mr. McGee and thank you for all your trouble.

FIB: Oh, think nothin' of it, La Trivia. I'm gonna miss  
you around here. But if I do, I'll take another throw.

MOL: Oh now, McGee!! He's just kidding, your honor.

GALE: (LAUGHS) Of course, of course....WELL, NICE TO HAVE  
SEEN YOU....You needn't show me to the door, Mrs. McGee....  
I know the way.

MOL: All right, Mr. Mayor, I --- OH, NO NO NO NO NO!!!!

FIB: NOT THAT DOOR, LA TRIVIA!!!!!!

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GOODBYE!

(DOOR SLAM)

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SEEN YOU....You needn't show me to the door, Mrs. McGee....  
I know the way.

MOL: All right, Mr. Mayor, I --- OH, NO NO NO NO NO!!!!

FIB: NOT THAT DOOR, LA TRIVIA!!!!!!

GALE: ISN'T THIS THE--

(DOOR OPEN....TERRIFIC AVALANCHE OF JUNK....BELL TINKLE)

(PAUSE)

FIB: ~~Well, I'll be a reprehensible person!~~ I gotta straighten  
out this closet one of these days! <sup>(Applause)</sup> Come on, La Trivia.  
We got work to do!

ORCH: SELECTION "40 SHOPPING DAYS TILL CHRISTMAS" - KING'S MEN

(APPLAUSE)

SOUND: CLUNK

SOUND: THUD

SOUND: SMACK

SOUND: CLANG

SOUND: CRASH

SOUND: TINKLE

FIB: Okay, La Trivia. You can put your coat back on, now.  
That's everything.

(DOOR SLAM)

MOL: I really don't think you should have made the Mayor put  
all those things back in the closet, McGee.

GALE: Oh, quite alright, Mrs. McGee. But what puzzles me is,  
how on earth can you get all that junk into that  
st-horrible little two-by-four hole in the wall?

MOL: Oh, it's just an accumulation of little treasures, Mr.  
Mayor. Sort of a domestic Fort Knox.

FIB: Yeah. Saves time, too. When I come downstairs at night,  
lookin' for burglars, I know darn well they ain't in THERE!  
Well, you gotta be goin', La Trivia?

MAYOR: Yes, and believe me, I am TRULY sorry if I have discommoded  
you. My departure has been---

KNOCK AT DOOR

FIB: Has been postponed again, I'll bet a cookie. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN

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

MOL: OH HELLO, MR. WIMPLE!

FIB: You met Mayor La Trivia, Wimp?

GALE: Oh yes. Mr. Wimple wrote a poem in honor of my  
inauguration as Mayor - didn't you, MR. WIMPLE.

WIMP: Indeed I did, your honor. Two verses and twenty-seven  
choruses. I called it "OUR OLD GRAY MAYOR, HE'S JUST  
WHAT HE USED TO BE". Sweetface, my wife, always says--

GALE: Incidentally, how is the little woman, Wimple?

WIMP: The what - your honor?

GALE: The little woman.

WIMP: (LAUGHS) You're really not much on dimensions are you,  
Mr. Mayor?

MOL: I'm afraid LITTLE is a bad description, your honor.

FIB: No, Mrs. Wimple is what we refer to as an AMAZON, Trivial.

GALE: An Amazon - eh?

FIB: Yes....she's long, and wide, with a big mouth, slow  
movin' but dangerous - and you cross her at your own risk!

WIMP: Now, Mr. McGee...that's hardly fair to Sweetface. She's  
really a charming person....really! You should see her  
sitting in the window of an evening....cuddling her pets  
in her lap.

GALE: What ARE her pets, Wimple?

WIMP: Well, she has one leopard and one pigmy elephant. Once  
she had a kangaroo that she used to box with but  
not any more.

MOL: What happened to it, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: Oh, it got a cauliflower tail and went back to Australia.

MOL: Was there something we could do for you, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: No, Mrs. McGee....I just stopped in to pass the time of day. It's 9:45. Goodnight!

DOOR SLAM

GALE: His wife must be quite a female.

MOL: That, Mr. Mayor, is the understatement of the week!

FIB: Yes, she is to ordinary femininity, what Collonna's mustache is to the fuzz on a peach.

GALE: Well, it's certainly been pleasant, meeting all of your friends, but all good things must come to an end, you know.

MOL: That's what the hickory switch said when it was carried into the woodshed. WELL, HERE'S YOUR HAT AND BRIEFCASE AGAIN, YOUR HONOR.

GALE: Thank you. And Goodnight.

SOUND: THUNDER:

FIB: You better get goin' La Trivia. Sounds like rain. And let us know when you're gonna drop by again and we'll build on a guest room.

GALE: (LAUGHS) That's very -

TELEPHONE:

GALE: I'D better wait. It might be for me again.

MOL: Why certainly. Why should anybody be calling us here? Answer it, McGee.

FIB: Okay. If it's for you, La Trivia, shall I tell 'em you've left?

GALE: Why should you tell them that?

FIB: I dunno...I'M just a dreamer, I guess. (CLICK) MCGEE'S RESIDENCE? WHO? YES, HE'S HERE, BUT UNLESS IT'S IMPORTANT I DON'T WANNA - WHAT SAY? IT IS? OH OH! HEY, LA TRIVIA....YOUR SECRETARY'S CALLIN'...SAYS THE CITY HALL IS FLOODED -

GALE: FLOODED!!..OH MY GOODNESS!!..TELL HER I'LL BE RIGHT DOWN!

FIB: HELLO..HE'LL BE RIGHT DOWN! GOODBYE! (CLICK) COME ON, MOLLY.....

MOL: WHERE?

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GALE: I'D better wait. It might be for me again.

MOL: Why certainly. Why should anybody be calling us here? Answer it, McGee.

FIB: Okay. If it's for you, La Trivia, shall I tell 'em you've left?

GALE: Why should you tell them that?

FIB: I dunno...I'M just a dreamer, I guess. (CLICK) MCGEE'S RESIDENCE? WHO? YES, HE'S HERE, BUT UNLESS IT'S IMPORTANT I DON'T WANNA - WHAT SAY? IT IS? OH OH! HEY, LA TRIVIA....YOUR SECRETARY'S CALLIN'...SAYS THE CITY HALL IS FLOODED -

GALE: FLOODED!!..OH MY GOODNESS!!..TELL HER I'LL BE RIGHT DOWN!

FIB: HELLO..HE'LL BE RIGHT DOWN! GOODBYE! (CLICK) COME ON, MOLLY.....

MOL: WHERE?

FIB: LET'S GO WITH HIM AND SEE IF WE CAN HELP!!!

GALE: YES YES..DO COME....OH THIS IS TERRIBLE!!!! COME ON!!!  
COME ON!!

DOOR LATCH: SLAM: RUNNING FEET ON STEPS..SIDEWALK....

~~GALE: PLANNED...WARD OF...PLANNED...FADE US TO THE CITY~~  
~~HALL...QUICK...GET IN, MRS. MCGEE...~~

SOUND: CAR DOOR SLAMS....STARTER...MOTOR...CAR STARTING...WITH  
SIREN. CAR AND SIREN WAX UP INTO:

ORK: WILLIAM TELL: OUT WITH -

SOUND: SIREN AND BRAKE SCREECH: CAR DOOR SLAM:

GALE: Come on McGee. HURRY MRS. MCGEE!!!

MOL: Say what is this anyway, I don't ---

FIB: NO TIME TO TALK NOW, MOLLY!!!! COME ON INSIDE -

DOOR OPEN: SLAM: PAUSE

GALE: Where's the...what's the....I don't understand this.  
Everything seems perfectly normal around here.

MOL: It does to me, too. MCGEE!!

FIB: EH?

GALE: I THOUGHT YOU SAID MY SECRETARY SAID THE CITY HALL WAS  
FLOODED.

FIB: Yeah but you didn't lemme finish. She said it was flooded  
with phone calls wantin' to know when you'd be back in the  
office *tonight*.

MOL: Oh heavenly days.....

GALE: MCGEE..WAS THIS JUST A TRICK TO GET ME OUT?

FIB: La Trivia, this is why you're such a wonderful Mayor. You  
catch on like a burr on a beagle! COME ON, MOLLY!

ORCH: SELECTION: "DO I LOVE YOU"....FADE FOR:

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
NOVEMBER 18, 1941  
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

It takes more than brick and mortar and shingles to make a home. Yes, that's pretty obvious -- it's a thing every woman knows, especially if she's got children. You know it's pretty important for children to like their home -- to be proud of it, and want to bring their friends there. How do smart women go about making their homes attractive? Not necessarily by spending a lot of money. No, you achieve that home-like quality by all the little things you do, the good taste you show in arranging your things -- by adding the beauty and protection that wax polish offers -- with genuine JOHNSON'S WAX. The rich beauty that comes with regular application of JOHNSON'S WAX to your floors, furniture and woodwork is impossible to obtain in any other way. It costs little -- it saves much, both in wear and tear, and in actual housework. Women who know call it "protective housekeeping" -- and to play safe, they always buy the genuine JOHNSON'S WAX, PASTE, CREAM or LIQUID.

TAG GAG

FIB: Hoy, Molly.  
 MOL: Yes, Doario?  
 FIB: What were we doing when La Trivia moved in on us?  
 MOL: Planning our Thanksgiving dinner.  
 FIB: Oh yes. Did you get a big plump gobbler?  
 MOL: Twenty years ago. And this year he's going to  
 eat chicken.  
 FIB: Eh? Oh! GOODNIGHT.  
 MOL: Goodnight, all!

ORK: UP TO FINISH...APPLAUSE AND STUFF:

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
 FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
 NOVEMBER 18, 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 may we urge you once  
 again to join the Red Cross, and put your heart in their  
 work. Goodnight!

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
NOVEMBER 18, 1941  
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

TO FOLLOW CLOSING TAG: NOTE: This 30 second closing commercial  
is to be given from a quiet studio.

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

.....  
What product does two things at once? It's JOHNSON'S CARNU,  
the modern auto polish that both cleans and polishes in one  
application. It used to take hard work and cost real money  
to do these two jobs -- but with CARNU you can do them in  
half the time. Right now it's smart to take extra good care  
of your car. Polishing is a good start -- so why not get  
a can of JOHNSON'S CARNU this week -- spelled C-A-R-N-U.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
NOVEMBER 18, 1941  
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

CANADIAN CUT IN CLOSING TAG

CUE: (Molly) ... Goodnight, all.

.....  
What product does two things at once? It's JOHNSON'S CARNU,  
the modern auto polish that both cleans and wax polishes  
in one application. It used to take hard work and cost  
real money to do these two jobs -- but with CARNU you can  
do them in half the time. Right now it's smart to take  
extra good care of your car. Wax-polishing is a good start--  
so why not get a can of JOHNSON'S CARNU this week -- spelled  
C-A-R-N-U.

(p a s s e)

The makers of JOHNSON'S WAX, JOHNSON'S CARNU and JOHNSON'S  
SELF POLISHING GLO COAT at Brantford, Canada, invite you  
to be with us again next Tuesday night.

(and if time permits)

For another programme of fun and music with Fibber McGee  
and Molly -- the King's Men -- Martha Tilton -- and Billy  
Mill's orchestra.

(and if time permits)

Be sure to tune in -- same time -- same station -- Tuesday  
night.

(AND ALWAYS FINISH)

Goodnight. This is the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation.



S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
NOVEMBER 18, 1941  
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

CANADIAN CUT IN CLOSING TAG

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Goodnight. This is the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation.

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

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

6:30-7:00P  
Tuesday - 11/25/41