

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

(REVISED)

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

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

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 "SING MY
HEART".

ORGH: "SING MY HEART"

(FADE FOR:)

Opening Commercial

ANNCR: Have you ever noticed how it's the little things in life that are the most annoying? Take your automobile, for example. The motor may be hitting on all eight, running like a top. The brakes may be perfect, the tires like new...but if there are some annoying squeaks or body noises that you can't locate, they sometimes get on your nerves. Automobile manufacturers discovered that...and so did the makers of JOHNSON'S WAX, who found that special wax dressings used as a dry lubricant on the rubber gaskets around the doors and elsewhere, could cure many of these annoying squeaks. That may seem a far cry from the JOHNSON products you know and use...genuine JOHNSON'S WAX, JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT, CARNU and JOHNSON'S NEW CREAM WAX. But it's just another example of the ingenuity with which the makers of JOHNSON'S WAX have developed many special wax polishes and dressings for both home and industry.

Next time you go shopping - don't be satisfied with anything but the best...insist upon the genuine JOHNSON'S WAX POLISHES.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH)

(APPLAUSE)

WIL: THE LADY OF THE HOUSE AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA IS ALL IN A FLUTTER! SHE HAS SOME WONDERFUL NEWS FOR HER HUSBAND, WHO IS A LITTLE LATE GETTING HOME FROM DOWNTOWN. THE LITTLE MAN HAS HAD A BUSY DAY, WHAT WITH INSPECTING NEW BUILDING EXCAVATIONS, SELECTING A CIGAR AND KIBITZING A DOMINO GAME AT THE ELKS CLUB. BUT HERE HE IS AT LAST, AND WE'LL SEE WHAT SHE'S BEEN SO ANXIOUS TO TELL HIM AS WE MEET - FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

(APPLAUSE)

MOL: OH, MCGEE...I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE HOME! THE MOST WONDERFUL THING HAPPENED TODAY!

FIB: You don't mean Uncle Dennis MOVED OUT!

MOL: No, I don't! A man came to the door this morning--

FIB: The reason I thought it might be Uncle Dennis movin', is them two big corrugated boxes he's got in his room.

MOL: I know all about them. But let me tell you. THE MAN THAT CAME TO THE DOOR--

FIB: I was in Uncle Dennis' room yesterday and I happened to shake one of the boxes and it gurgled.

MOL: Well, he keeps his medicine in one of 'em. He says he never knows when he might get bit by a snake.

FIB: What does he keep in the other box?

MOL: A snake. NOW, WILL YOU STOP INTERRUPTING ME?

FIB: Sure..sure....sure....What happened?

MOL: Just listen. An old miner came to the door this morning with the most beautiful hands I ever saw on a man....

FIB: What? You mean--

MOL: STOP INTERRUPTING, MCGEE...YOU'LL BE TALKING US OUT OF A FORTUNE. It seems that this miner, while digging in his mine for silver had discovered a vein of clay that turned his calloused, tough old hands soft and beautiful overnight.

FIB: Well, look...

MOL: -- AND HE'LL SELL US A HALF INTEREST IN IT FOR ONLY A HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS! DO YOU REALIZE THAT WOMEN IN THIS COUNTRY ALONE SPEND THREE BILLION DOLLARS A YEAR FOR COSMETICS?

FIB: Yes, but --

MOL: DO YOU REALIZE WHAT FIFTY DOLLARS INVESTED WITH HENRY FORD THIRTY YEARS AGO WOULD BE WORTH TODAY? Personally, McGee - I think it's a marvelous opportunity! I say, let's do it!

FIB: Now now now...I dunno, Molly. I think this thing oughta be looked into. I'm inclined to be kinda conservative about investments like this.

MOL: YES YOU ARE! How about back in 1932, when you dropped two thousand dollars in a felt farm, to raise felts for billiard tables?

FIB: Well - how did I know it took seven years for a felt tree to start bearin' fruit? This is a different thing. I think we oughta investigate first. I ain't one to plunge into these things without -

KNOCK AT DOOR

FIB: Who's that?

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

FIB: You mean Abigail Uppington...the rowdy-dow-dowager?

MOL: Yes, the poor man's Mrs. Astor. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN

UPP: Oh, how do you do, My deah...and Mr. McGee!

FIB: Hi - Uppy.

MOL: Well - what are you looking so pleased about, Abigail? You

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look like the canary that just swallowed the cat.

FIB: You got that wrong, Molly. You mean she looks like a cat that was about to get the bird.

UPP: Oh but my deahs...I simply MUST TELL YOU!! I've had the most extrawdin'ry expiddience! Reahhly!

FIB: What happened, Uppy? Dentist tell you he could still save a few?

MOL: Don't tell me you finished knitting that soldier's sweater you started in 1918, Abigail!

UPP: (LAUGHS) Oh no no no...this was such an ODD circumstance, Oh everyone is going to think I am just the LUCKIEST girl!

FIB: If they just think of you as a girl, you're lucky.

MOL: But what is it, Abigail?

UPP: Well, my deah...this morning, as I was checking the silver with Cruthers, my butlah, an elderly miner came to the door, and he had the LOVELIEST HANDS my deah -

FIB: Oh oh!

MOL: a...a...MINER, ABIGAIL?

UPP: Yes! A fascinating character, really. It seems that he had discovered the most MARVELOUS beauty clay while working in his mine and that if it was marketed it would mean MILLIONS. So, I bought a half interest in it for only FIVE HUNDRED DOLLAHS' my deah...IMAGINE!!!

FIB: Ain't you been kinda foolish, Uppy? Maybe this guy was a gyp artist.

~~UPP: He was not an artist, Mr. McGee, he was a MINER. Oh he was so bronzed...and healthy looking...the outdoor type, you know.~~

~~FIB: Maybe he had a sun lamp in his cell.~~

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MOL: No, McGee....I think Abigail is right. It sounds like a MARVELOUS investment.

UPP: I'm sure it is, my deah. And I flatter myself that I am a judge of Western characters. I spent several winters out in Sun Valley, Idaho, you know.

FIB: Yes - you used to go out there for the winter sports, didn't you, Uppy?

UPP: Yes, Mr. McGee.....but, I gave that up because I nevah Met any! (LAUGHS GAILY) Well, yes - I did meet one, but it didn't last.

MOL: What was the matter with him, Abigail?

UPP: Oh, he was a fortune huntah, my deah...just widow shopping, ~~you might say!~~ (LAUGHS) BUT, getting back to my investment, DO YOU REALIZE THAT THE WOMEN OF AMMEDICA SPEND ALMOST THREE BILLION DOLLARS ANNUALLY ON COSMETICS?

FIB: / Well - I guess you ^{girls re} ~~are~~ entitled to powder your noses - as long as you're gonna be payin' thru 'em. BUT FRANKLY GIRLS, I THINK YOU'RE ALL WET ON THIS BEAUTY CLAY THING. SOMETHING TELLS ME THIS MINER IS A FAKE! I'LL BET--

UPP: Don't pay any attention to him, my deah. (LAUGHS)
I KNOW I did the right thing, and it makes me SO happy....
OH, I'M SUCH A LUCKY LUCKY GIRL! SO LUCKY, LUCKY, LUCKY!!!!

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Lucky lucky lucky...there goes ducky! So SHE bit on that wildcat beauty-mud scheme too, did she. I wonder if -

MOL: Oh that poor...poor, Miner!

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, THE POOR MINER! HE FOUND A PRIZE CHUMP IN UPPINGTON, DIDN'T HE? THAT GUY OUGHTTA BE REPORTED.

MOL: But he has nothing left for himself, McGee. There's only two half interests in anything and if he sold one to Abigail and one to me, I -

FIB: WHAT'S THIS? YOU MEAN YOU ACTUALLY GAVE THAT HORSE THIEF A HUNDRED AND FIFTY BUCKS?

MOL: No, I didn't GIVE it to him....I BOUGHT a half interest in -

FIB: OHHHH MOLLY.....

MOL: But I wanted to surprise you, McGee. You're always saying that women haven't any business judgment and I wanted to prove -

FIB: OH THIS IS AWFUL!!...THAT GUY'S PROBABLY SOLD TWENTY-SEVEN HALF INTERESTS AROUND THIS TOWN...I'M GONNA CALL THE POLICE....NO...I'LL CALL THE BETTER BUSINESS BUREAU!

MOL: What for? He couldn't do any better business than he's BEEN doing could he?

FIB: OHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

ORK: "KATY DID" - KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE:

SECOND SPOT

FIB: (ON PHONE) Yes yes...yes...Okay bud. Thanks. We'll come right down to your office. Eh? Oh, this is Fibber McCommerce, president of the Chamber of McGee? EH? WHAT'S THE MATTER..DON'T YOU HEAR GOOD, BUD? Oh never mind..See you shortly and much obliged! (CLICK) COME ON, MOLLY... WE'RE GOIN' DOWN TO THE BETTER BUSINESS BUREAU.

MOL: I think you're leaping to conclusions, McGee. I'm still not convinced this isn't a legitimate business deal.

FIB: YEAH? THEN WHY SHOULD THAT MINER SELL YOU A HALF INTEREST FOR A HUNDRED FIFTY AND SELL UPPY THE OTHER HALF INTEREST FOR FIVE HUNDRED?

MOL: Well, maybe one half is bigger than the other.

FIB: This is serious, Molly. The people of this town have gotta be protected against these racketeers, and by George.....

DOOR OPEN:

OLD M: HEY THERE KIDS!!!! KIN I SPEAK TO YOU A MINNIT?

MOL: What's on your mind, Mr. Old Timer?

FIB: Whatever it is, make it snappy, gramp! We got places to go, people to see and things to do. So don't dally, dilly.

OLD M: Won't keep you but a minute, Johnny. Just wanna know what you kids want for Christmas. Name it and you kin have it. Sky's the limit. Yes sir, you been good to me and -

MOL: Oh now, now...you mustn't get us anything for Christmas, Mr. Old Timer. You save your money.

OLD M: (LAUGHS) Go on, Daughter...I'M up in the bucks, now. Anyways I SOON WILL BE. Just bought a half interest in a beauty clay mine and -- ... (PAUSE) What's the matter?

FIB: Well, molly? You convinced now?

MOL: You win, McGee. The only thing I know of that has three halves is a restaurant canteloupe.

OLD M: Hey what is this? If I'd of known you were gonna talk over my head I'd o' worn my stilts.

FIB: You been taken for a buggy ride, Old Timer, that's all. A nice, old-fashioned fringe-top, rubber-tired, feet-on-the-dashboard buggy ride!

MOL: How much did you pay for your half interest, Mr. Old Timer?

OLD M: 75 dollars, daughter. It was a squeeze but I dug it up. Great investment, too. You realize what fifty dollars invested -

MOL: 30 years ago with Henry Ford would amount to today? Yes, we do.

FIB: Old Timer...you been gypped. That beauty clay mine is a fake!

OLD M: Oh don't say that kids...don't say it! That 75 dollars was the last cent my boy Ranse had in the world.

MOL: Oh how terrible. It wasn't even your own money!

OLD M: I SHOULD SAY NOT DAUGHTER. YOU THINK I'M GONNA SINK MY HARD EARNED DOUGH IN ANY SUCH SILLY THING AS A BEAUTY CLAY MINE? NO SIR. AND WHAT'S MORE I'LL SPEAK TO MY BOY RANSE ABOUT THIS. ^{he thinks} IF HE'S GONNA START LENDIN' FOLKS MONEY FOR ANY SUCH WILDCAT SCHEMES HE'S MISTAKEN! YOU WAIT TILL I GET A HOLT OF THAT FOOLISH BOY!!!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Ye see, Molly? That miner of yours has sold everybody in town a half interest in his imaginary mudbank!

MOL: McGee..I'm really ashamed of myself!

FIB: Don't worry about it! But I'll show THAT DIRTY SKULLDUGGER HE CAN'T DO THAT TO ANY WIFE OF MINE! GIMME THE TELEPHONE!

MOL: Here. What are you gonna do, McGee?

FIB: I'M GONNA CALL THE BANK AND STOP PAYMENT ON YOUR CHECK, THAT'S WHAT I'M GONNA DO. (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR? GIMME THE FIRST NATIONAL BA-.....EH? (SWEETLY) Oh is that you, Myrt?

MOL: Ask her if she knows what fifty dollars invested with Henry Ford thirty years ago would amount-

FIB: HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING, MYRT? 'TIS EH? WHAT SAY, MYRT? YOUR SISTER? THREW HER HUSBAND OUT THE WINDOW!

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS, MCGEE...WAS HE HURT?

FIB: No he liked it. He was running to catch a train and she threw him out the window a kiss. WHAT SAY, MYRT? OH,..DON'T ANSWER EH? OKAY MYRT THANKS ANYWAY. (CLICK) Bank don't answer, Molly.

KNOCK AT DOOR:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MAN: HELLO. YOU RED SKELTON?

FIB: No - You read "How Green Was My Valley?"

MAN: No. Small world, isn't it?

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: The world may be small but it isn't very exclusive.

FIB: Well this is neither there nor here, Molly. We better get goin' down to the better business bureau. I'm gonna start some action against that phoney miner --

(DOOR OPEN & CLOSE)

WIL: HELLO, FIBBER, HELLO, MOLLY. HEY, I JUST MADE A WONDERFUL INVESTMENT!

FIB & MOL: (GROANS)

MOL: You too, Mr. Wilcox?

FIB: So you bit on that phoney beauty clay racket too, eh, Harlow?

WIL: Listen....talk sense will you? I don't know anything about any beauty clay?

MOL: Then what's this great investment you're whooping it up about?

WIL: New Linoleum, for my kitchen and laundry room and dinette and entry. I figured that with Johnson's Self-polishing Glocoat to protect it and keep it beautiful, it was probably the best investment I could possib-

FIB: YOU MEAN YOU DIDNT KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THAT FAKE MINER AND HIS MIRACLE MUCK?

WIL: No...what's it all about?

MOL: Oh it's a confidence man been going around town, Mr. Wilcox. Selling half interests in his beauty clay mine. He claims it made his hands beautiful almost overnight and that if we put it on the market all the women in the country would -

WIL: OHHH THAT! WHY, WOMEN DONT NEED TO GO TO SO MUCH TROUBLE TO KEEP THEIR HANDS BEAUTIFUL.

FIB: (Take it easy folks . You know what Confucious say: When Advertising is Inevitable, Relax and Enjoy ^{same} ~~it~~) WHY, MR. WILCOX; DONT WOMEN HAVE TO GO TO SO MUCH TROUBLE TO KEEP THEIR HANDS BEAUTIFUL?

WIL: WELL PRIMARILY BECAUSE BLAITY IS SIMPLY A MATTER OF PROTECTION. IF WOMEN DONT HAVE TO RUB AND SCRUB FLOORS, AND NOWADAYS THEY DONT BECAUSE JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLOCOAT HAS MADE THE CARE OF LINOLEUM SURFACES A MERE MATTER OF POURING OUT A LITTLE LIQUID, SPREADING IT AROUND AND LETTING IT DRY. WHY THERE'S NO EXCUSE FOR ROUGH, RED, SCRUB-BUCKET HANDS ANY MORE. YOU MIGHT ALMOST SAY THAT GLOCOAT IS A BEAUTY TREATMENT FOR HOUSEWIVES AS MUCH AS IT IS FOR LINOLEUM! SEE YOU LATER!

DOOR SLAM

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FIB: That guy is so loyal to the Johnson Company that ---
DID YOU EVER NOTICE HOW STRAIGHT HE HOLDS HIMSELF WHEN HE
WALKS?

MOL: Yes, he's quite athletic isnt he?

FIB: Athletic my eye! He wears linoleum underwear!

MOL: I dont believe it, and anyway this isnt getting my hundred
and fifty dollars back.

FIB: SAY IT AINT, IS IT? COME ON...LET'S GET DOWN TO THE BETTER
BUSINESS BURE U. I'LL SHOW THAT CROOK ----

DOOR KNOCK:

FIB: AW FER THE - COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

TEE: Hi, mister!

FIB: Oh hi, sis. I CANT STOP AND CHEW THE SULET WITH YOU NOW,
I GOTTA TRANSACT SOME IMPORTANT BUSINESS AND -

TEE: Me, too, I betcha.

FIB: Eh?

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I says - "EH"?

TEE: and I says - "Hmmm?"

FIB: LISTEN, ^{his will you please} YOU LITTLE HALF-INT CHECKER, - GO WAN HOME, >

~~WILL YA!~~ I GOTTA RUN DOWNTOWN AND SEE -

TEE: Gee, you gonna run all the way?

FIB: NO I AINT GONNA RUN!

TEE: You said you were. And when you tell a little child
something, mister, you should NEVER -

FIB: DAD RAT IT, SIS I DIDNT MEAN I WAS GONNA RUN! I JUST MEANT -

TEE: You couldn't do it anyway, I betcha. You smoke so much
you're too shortwaisted.

FIB: You mean shortwinded.

TEE: No, you're LONG-winded. But I betcha -

FIB: LOOK, SIS! I AINT GOT TIME TO STAND HERE AND SWAP
VAUDEVILLE WITH YOU. I GOTTA CIVIC DUTY TO PERFORM.
THERE'S A FAKE MINER IN TOWN THAT -

TEE: Did you ever do any mining, Mr.?

FIB: NO, I DONT, AND WHAT'S MORE -

TEE: You ought to, I betcha.

FIB: WHO SAYS SO?

TEE: EVERYBODY. THEY SAY IT'S HIGH TIME FIBBER MCGEE STARTED
MINING.

FIB: MINING WHAT?

TEE: His own business. They say -

FIB: I DON'T CARE WHAT THEY SAY! AND YOU BETTER GET OUTA HERE
BEFORE I TAKE YOU ACROSS MY KNEE!

TEE: Gee, will you, mister? Will you, please? Hmmm? Willya? Hmmm?

FIB: WILL I WHAT? TAKE YOU ACROSS MY KNEE?

TEE: Yes, and tell me a story?

FIB: NO I WON'T!!...I'VE TOLD YOU A HUNDRED TIMES I GOTTA GO
DOWNTOWN ON BUSINESS! I AINT GOT TIME TO TELL ANY STORIES.

TEE: Not even a short, short story?

FIB: NO! WELL, ALL RIGHT. (FAST) ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A
VERY BUSY MAN WHO WAS TRYIN' TO GET SOMETHING DONE AND HE
KEPT BEIN' PESTERED BY A LITTLE NUISANCE FROM ACROSS THE
STREET SO ONE DAY HE TOOK HER BY THE SCRUFF OF THE NECK AND
THE SEAT OF THE --

TEE: G'BYE, MISTER!

DOOR SLAM:

(REVISED)

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~~FIB: (LAUGHS) Hear that, Molly? I'll bet she thought I'd done it, too.~~

MOL: Would you?

~~FIB: I sure would! BUT COME ON! I CAN'T LET THAT CROOK CIRCULATE TOO LONG. HE'LL SELL EVERYBODY IN' TO IN A HALF INTEREST IN THAT (FADE INTO)~~

ORK: "JIM" - TILTON.

APPLAUSE:

(REVISED)

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THIRD SPOT

SOUND: TRAFFIC NOISES....

MOL: Where is the Better Business Bureau, McGee?

FIB: Down in the next block. AND I STILL CAN'T understand, Molly, how you should of been so gulliver as to fall for that yard about a beauty clay mine.

MOL: I don't know, McGee..I guess I'm inclined to take people at their face value.

FIB: Maybe that's why I was never any good as a salesman. My face didn't have any. I always - Oh Hiyah, Billy!

MOL: Hello, Mr. Mills.

MILLS: Hi babe. Hello Skimp. Hi Babe!

FIB: Make it snappy, Billy. We gotta get downtown.

MILLS: Just wanted to say goodbye. I'm retiring.

MOL: Retiring!

FIB: Whatcha mean, William?

MILLS: I'm leaving the music racket flat on its arpeggio. I've hit the jack, Pot!

MOL: You mean you've come to money, Mr. Mills?

MILLS: You ain't strumming Nola, mommy! Drop over at the house tonight. I'm gonna dynamite my piano!

FIB: What is this, Billy?

MILLS: Just made a smart investment, Skimp. Beauty clay. Gonna make a million bucks. From now on, you take the low life and I'll take the high life and I'll be in -

MOL: HOLD EVERYTHING, MR. MILLS!

MILLS: Smatter, babe?

FIB: Look, Maestro. I don't like to intrude on your dream-world but Molly bit on that beauty clay thing, too. It's a fake. It's a gyp. It's a fraud!

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MILLS: It can't be! I got a half interest. Cost me four hundred fish. You positive?

MOL: We're on our way right now to the Better Business Bureau, Mr. Mills. You'd better come with us.

MILLS: Can't... got to get home. See you down there later. So long.

FIB: Wait a minute - whaddye gotta get home for?

MILLS: I've already lit the fuse under the piano. Gotta put it out.

SOUND: TRAFFIC UP AND FADE:

MOL: Well, he took the bad news like a man, didn't he dearie?

FIB: Why not. All his life he's had to face the music. (LAUGHS) Get it, Molly? I says all his life he's -

MOL: TAIN'T FUNNY, MCGEE!

FIB: Maybe it ain't, but a joke as old as that is at least entitled to respect. COME ON.. LET'S GO! I can't let that crook circulate too long. He'll sell everybody in town a half interest --

MOL: McGee. Here comes Mr. Wimple.

FIB: Oh pshaw! What you will run into when you haven't got your Flit-gun!

MOL: HELLO THERE MR. WIMPLE!

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

FIB: Hiyah, Wimp!

MOL: You look kind of battered and bruised, Mr. Wimple? Have a bad fall.

WIMP: Yes, I have, Mrs. McGee. A bad fall, a horrible summer and a simply LOUSY spring!

FIB: Well, you sure got a profusion of contusions, Wimple. What happened?

WIMP: Oh I got those in a steeplechase yesterday, Mr. McGee.

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MOL: I didn't know you were a horseman, Mr. Wimple.

WIMP: I'm not, really, Mrs. McGee. But something I said offended Sweetface, my wife, and she ran me out of the house, down to the corner, into the church, upon the roof, and chased me four times around the steeple!

FIB: That's tough, Wimple. What did you say that aroused the little woman's fury?

WIMP: Oh, it's so silly! I just told her I thought I'd give up my C.P.A. work and join the Navy, and she said "You're no certified public accountant," and I said "No, but I'm constantly pushed around!"

MOL: OH YOU POOR THING! Don't you ever have a peaceful moment at home, Mr. Wimple.

WIMP: Of course I do, Mrs. McGee,... in fact, I expect to go home right now and curl up in a corner with a good book.

FIB: What book, Wimple?

WIMP: Webster's Unabridged. She throws it at me whenever I come in the door. Well, goodbye folks - you must drop in sometime for a game of bridge... Wouldn't we be a gruesome foursome?

TRAFFIC UP AND FADE:

MOL: You know, McGee... I sometimes suspect Mr. Wimple brings most of his troubles on himself..

FIB: Course he does. Old Fourth-of-July Wimple, the Punk that starts the Fireworks! OH WELL... I GOT TROUBLES O' MY OWN, MOLLY. HERE I AM GABBIN' AWAY WHEN I OUGHTTA BE HELPING PROTECT THE CITY AGAINST CONFIDENCE MEN!

MOL: Well, you can get started any time. Here's the Better Business Bureau.

FIB: Yeah, COME ON!

DOOR OPEN: BUZZ OF VOICES: DOOR SLAM: VOICES SUSTAIN:

MOL: Heavenly days, McGee...it's a mob scene!!

FIB: Everybody in town musta got taken by that mudpack mastermind! BOY THAT BURNS ME UP!

MOL: IT MUST BE PRETTY IMPORTANT, MCGEE...LOOK...MAYOR LA TRIVIA IS OVER THERE AT THE DESK!

GALE: Ladies and gentlemen! IT HAS COME TO OUR OFFICIAL ATTENTION THAT MANY OF YOU HAVE INVESTED MORE OR LESS HEAVILY IN A CONFIDENCE GAME PROMOTED BY A CERTAIN ALLEGED MINER. IT SEEMS THAT HE STARTED HIS OPERATIONS EARLY THIS MORNING AND WAS ONLY APPREHENDED BY THE POLICE LATE THIS EVENING.

FIB: (CALLS) That makes 'em a bunch of all-day suckers, don't it, La Trivia? (LAUGHS)

VOICES: PIPE DOWN, YOU!! SHUT THAT GUY UP!!! WHO SAID THAT? ETC.

MOL: WAS ANY OF THE MONEY RECOVERED, MR. MAYOR?

GALE: I AM HAPPY TO REPORT, MRS. MCGEE, THAT THE MAJOR PORTION OF ALL LOSSES WILL BE REFUNDED.

CHEERS:

FIB: Great stuff, La Trivia! I come down here to help you run that phoney miner down, but it looks like you were on the job all right.

GALE: Yes, we endeavor to keep in pretty close touch with any new rackets, Mr. McGee...

MOL: I put in a hundred and fifty for a half interest in the beauty clay mine, Mr. Mayor.

GALE: I know you did. And perhaps this will teach you the value of our slogan, Mrs. McGee.

FIB: What is your slogan, La Trivia? "IF YOU DON'T SAVE YOUR DIMES YOU'LL NEVER MOVE INTO BETTER QUARTERS?"

GALE: No, McGee...our watchword is "BEFORE YOU INVEST - INVESTIGATE." Here, Mrs. McGee...allow me to return your check for a hundred and fifty.

MOL: OH THANK YOU, YOUR HONOR. LOOK MCGEE!! I GOT IT BACK!

FIB: That's swell, Molly. I hope that'll teach you a lesson.

GALE: - and here is YOUR check for five hundred, Mr. McGee.

FIB: Thanks, LaTrivia. Well, come on, Molly, let's -

MOL: WAIT A MINUTE, MCGEE!! HOLD ON A MINUTE.

FIB: What's the matter, dear?

MOL: DON'T GET MUSHY WITH ME. ~~Here~~ ^{and} you had the nerve to be mad at me for buying a half interest - - -

FIB: I wasn't mad at you, Molly. I was sore at that miner. HE HAD NO BUSINESS SELLIN' ANY HALF INTERESTS AFTER I WENT AND BOUGHT THE WHOLE MINE!

CROWD: (LAUGHTER & JEERS)

ORK: "HOW HIGH THE MOON" - FADE FOR -

S.C. JOHNSON
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
NOVEMBER 25, 1941
TUESDAY, 6:30 PM PST NBC

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: In many ways I think the women in this country are the luckiest in the world. They have more liberty and freedom, greater equality than elsewhere -- they have more leisure time, and more interesting things to do during that free time. Speaking as a man, I'm certainly for it -- and I'm glad to be working for a company that has made contributions in that direction. The original JOHNSON'S WAX itself was certainly a labor-saving aid in housekeeping. JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO-COAT was surely another. Think back for a moment to those floor-scrubbing days before GLO-COAT came along to protect and beautify kitchen linoleum floors. Now, because GLO-COAT needs no rubbing or buffing, you just apply and let dry. And not only do you save hours of work, but your linoleum lasts much longer. GLO-COAT is so popular there are, of course, imitations available -- but there's only one GLO-COAT -- and if I were you, I would always insist upon it.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

TAG GAG

MOL: McGee...where have you been?

FIB: Who, me? Oh I been down to the county jail. I gave that confidence man a darn good talking to, too!

MOL: You think it did any good?

FIB: Absolutely. He was so sorry and full o' remorse you know what he done?

MOL: What'd he do?

FIB: He sold me a solid gold watch for only five bucks. See? And it's every bit as good as my own.

MOL: It should be. It is your own!

FIB: Yes sir. It...WHAT? IT IS? OH MY GOSH! Goodnight!

MOL: GOODNIGHT, ALL!

ORCH: UP TO CLOSE...CREDITS CUT-IN AND STUFF.

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

CLOSING TAG

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

.....

WILCOX: 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.

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
NOVEMBER 25, 1941
TUESDAY, 6:30 PM PST NBC

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TO FOLLOW CLOSING TAG

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

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

ANNOUNCER: Whether your car is new or ten years old, it will pay you
dividends to keep it polished with JOHNSON'S CARNU, the new
auto polish that both cleans and polishes in one application.
CARNU is a time and money saver. It is a liquid -- after the
car is washed, massage CARNU lightly over the finish, let it
dry, wipe it off. It's fun driving a car that shines like
new. Ask your regular wax dealer, auto supply store or
service station for JOHNSON'S CARNU - spelled C-A-R-N-U.

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

(REVISED

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

6:30-7:00P
Tuesday - 12-2-41