

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

(REVISED)

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

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

NBC-Red

(REVISED)

-2-

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 "WHO CARES".

ORCH: "WHO CARES"

(FADE FOR:)

Opening Commercial

ANNOUNCER: You know, there's a curious thing about this month of December. It's the one month when you really want your home to look its best....and yet you're busier than any other time of the year. What's the answer to that problem? Genuine JOHNSON'S WAX, the famous polish that makes floors, furniture and woodwork gleam with rich beauty....and saves you work in the bargain. Women who practice protective housekeeping with JOHNSON'S WAX don't have to worry about things like the Christmas holidays....their homes are ready on short notice for entertaining, and their floors can take all the extra punishment that vacationing children have in store for them.

The tough protective coat of JOHNSON'S WAX acts as a shield, guarding finishes against wear....and making daily housework easier, too. More and more housekeepers are JOHNSON-WAXING their windowsills, picture frames and leather articles....in addition to floors, furniture and woodwork. In fact, there are 100 extra labor-saving uses for genuine JOHNSON'S WAX, which you can now buy in three forms.... PASTE, LIQUID or the new CREAM WAX. Make a note now to buy some tomorrow.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH....(APPLAUSE)

WIL: SOMETIMES WE WONDER IF MOVING PICTURES ARE A GOOD INFLUENCE ON GROWING MEN. OR MAYBE OUR HERO IS JUST TOO IMPRESSIONABLE. ANYWAY, EVER SINCE HE SAW MR. RONALD COLMAN A FEW NIGHTS AGO HE HAS DEVELOPED A BRITISH ACCENT AND STARTED A MUSTACHE. IF YOU COULD CALL THAT PATHETIC LITTLE GROWTH ON HIS UPPER LIP A MUSTACHE! FOR FURTHER DETAILS, WE REFER YOU TO --

--- FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

APPLAUSE:

MOL: For goodness sakes, McGee...put that looking glass away and stop primping!

FIB: Come come, old girl, cawnt a chap try to put in a decent appearance without -

MOL: MCGEE....PLEASE!

FIB: Eh?

MOL: Please, dearie....drop that phoney English accent? You sound like a stock company juvenile, with adenoids.

FIB: Stock company juvenile!! (LAUGHS) Oh I say....that's jolly good, really!

MOL: I give up. I'll go over to Mrs. Toops for a while till - - -

FIB: AW MOLLY..Just because I'M trying' to improve myself -

MOL: Do you think that mustache improves you any?

FIB: Frankly, I do, Molly. Not that I expect to look as good as Ronald Colman, - though I AM better built --

MOL: Not better, dearie. You're just a little more buxom in the belt.

FIB: Well, anyway, this mustache is gonna change my whole personality. Don't you think it gives me kind of a air?

MOL: No, but that stuff you're putting on it does. What on earth is it?

FIB: This lotion? Oh it's a recipe the Old Timer gimme. Says it's marvelous for mustaches. Been in his family for generations.

MOL: It smells like it! Why don't they mix up a fresh batch?

FIB: Okay, okay...SCOFF IF YOU WANNA...BERIDE! But you'll be ~~pretty proud when you see me at a ball at the Peruvian Ambassador's standin' there cool and debonair in my white tie and tails TWISTIN' THE ENDS OF MY MUSTACHE WITH A CYNICAL LITTLE SMILE, LIKE ADOLPHE MENJOU. Hey what am I doing at the Peruvian Ambassador's?~~

DOOR OPEN:

OLD M: Hey Johnny...here's a different kind of lotion. Try this on your mustache.

FIB: Okay, Old Timer..much obliged. This other stuff you brought me don't seem to do much good.

OLD M: I know. Brought you the wrong recipe. That was grandma's home-made fly spray.

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS...FLY SPRAY!

FIB: Hey you might of poisoned me, Old Timer! Good thing you come back.

OLD M: Oh it won't hurt human beans none, Johnny. Gramma fed a spoonful to my cousin Trimble and he never suffered no ill effects. That is, unless you call runnin' around the block, screamin' and hiccupin' a ill effect.

MOL: Does your grandmother put up a lot of these home remedies, Mr. Old Timer?

OLD M: Sure does, daughter! Never forget the time my boy Ranse got his arm caught in the lawnmower. Well, sir, Gramma come trottin' out, yanked his arm loose, rubbed some awful smellin' salve onto it, give it a couple jerks, and that lawnmower run just as good as ever! Well, leave me know if this stuff don't help, Johnny.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: He's taking quite an interest in your mustache, McGee.

FIB: Yeah...he says his whole family is affected that way. His great grandmother got scared by a bicycle at the St. Louis Exposition and believe it or not, when his father grew up he had handlebar mustaches!

MOL: Isn't heredity interesting!

MOL: Now, if you'll excuse me, I've got a mince pie in the oven and -

DOOR KNOCK:

MOL: Oh dear I wonder who that is.

FIB: Whoever it is, don't say anything about my mustache, Molly. Let's see if they notice it.

MOL: Can't I just point and snicker a little?

FIB: No, please - I --

DOOR KNOCK

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN

GALE: Good day, my dear. Hello, there McGee.

MOL: Hello, Mr. Mayor.

FIB: Hiyah, La Trivia - what's cookin'!

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GALE: MCGEE, if there is anything I deplore, it is the idiotic custom of opening a conversation with such senseless questions as "What's cooking?", "How's Everything?" and "What do you know?" They are meaningless and unanswerable!

FIB: Say, I never thought of that before, did you, Molly?

MOL: Frequently, if you must know. But if you'll excuse me, Mr. Mayor, I've got to run out into the kitchen a minute.

GALE: Certainly, Mrs. McGee. And I must say, something smells delicious. (SNIFF SNIFF) What's cooking?

FIB: The question is meaningless but it ain't unanswerable, La Triv. It's a mince pie.

MOL: (FADE OUT) And if I don't take a look at it ---

FIB: Well, La Trivia ..... notice anything different about me?

GALE: N-no.....I don't believe I do, McGee.

FIB: Oh, I say, old chap --- Take a good look. It's something new for me. Reahly!

GALE: Something new, eh?.....NOW DON'T TELL ME...>LET ME GUESS.

FIB: I really did it because I always admired yours so much, La Trivia. Catch on?

GALE: OH HOW STUPID OF ME! (LAUGHS) CONGRATULATIONS!  
YOU'VE HAD YOUR SHOES SHINED!

FIB: No no no ..... you don't get it. Take a gander at my upper lip?

GALE: I can't see your lip with all those whiskers on it.

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN...WHISKERS! THAT'S A MUSTACHE!

GALE: Oh yes yes yes yes ..... of course. Very becoming to you, too!

FIB: You think so? HEY MOLLY.....LA TRIVIA THINKS IT LOOKS GOOD ON ME.

MOL: (FADE IN) Do you really, Mr. Mayor?

GALE: Indeed I do, Mrs. McGee....In fact, your husband's name came up this morning in regard to some Chamber of Commerce business and my secretary said "now if Mr. McGee ONLY had something in front of his face -" --- BUT let's get back to business --

FIB: What business, Triv?

GALE: I am seriously considering renting the house next door to you, McGee.

(REVISED)

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FIB: When you plannin' on bringin' over your other shirt and coffee pot, La Trivia?

GALE: It's not settled, definitely, McGee. The man who lived there before, a Mr. Gildersleeve, I believe...er..where did he move to?

MOL: Sunday.

GALE: Oh yes...well, he told me he had quite some trouble with his next door neighbors. Tell me, who lives on the other side of that house?

MOL: You mean you don't know?

GALE: Know what, Mrs. McGee?

FIB: The house on the other side of that house, La Trivia, ain't a house. It's a vacant lot.

GALE: OH THEN HE MUST HAVE MEANT THAT YOU...(LAUGHS) Oh I don't believe it.....quite. BUT..I shall investigate further. Good day, Mrs. McGee, and McGee.

FIB: Yeah?

GALE: Tell your mustache that the strange man is leaving and it can come out now!

DOOR SLAM:

CRK: "KISS THE BOYS GOODBYE" - TILTON.

APPLAUSE:

SECOND SPOT

2ND REVISION

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SOUND: CLINK OF BOTTLES...<sup>one</sup>POP OF CORK...MORE CLINKS

FIB: (SINGS) OHHHHHHHHH, I had a upper lip but it quivered in a storm, SOOOOOO, I raised a little mustache, just to keep it warm, OHHHHHH, I had a - dad rat this lookin' glass! Makes me look like Dracula with a hangover. OHHHH, I HAD A LITTLE -

MOL: (FADE IN) Fibber McGee!! .. for goodness sakes!

FIB: Calling me, my dear?

MOL: Don't get mushy with me!! Look, I just saw your watch on the dresser and the crystal is gone out of it. You want me to take it down to the Jeweler's?

FIB: No thanks. I took it out myself. Got it right here.

MOL: What are you using it for?

FIB: Well, I jolly well wanted to see how I'd look in a monocle.

MOL: How did it look, if you'll pardon my morbid curiosity?

FIB: Couldn't say, really! Had to squint so hard to keep the bally thing screwed in, I couldn't see.

MOL: Look, I admire the British as much as you do, dearie;... But take it easy. It's dangerous.

FIB: Whatcha mean, dangerous?

MOL: The first time you start driving on the left-hand side of the road you WILL be in a mess!

SOUND: DOOR KNOCK

MOL: Come in!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

MAN: MCGEE'S RESIDENCE?

FIB: Oh rather, old fellow, But we usually awsk the tradesmen to deliver merchandise at the rear, you know.

MAN: Oh zip it up, Orson. Here, sign the receipt.  
 MOL: What's this package?  
 MAN: Some stuff this guy bought down at Haggerty's Snuggery Toggery.  
 Much obliged, lady. And you, Basil -  
 FIB: Eh?  
 MAN: Quit trying to act like a Yank at Oxford and just be a jerk  
 at home.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Why, that fresh mugg!  
 MOL: Well, what have you been buying down at Haggerty's Snuggery  
 Toggery?  
 FIB: Oh, I thought I might as well go all the way, Molly. Long  
 as I'm improving my appearance. I got a black homburg hat,  
 and a pair of yella gloves and some spats and a walkin' stick.  
 MOL: WELL HEAVENLY DAYS! What is the world coming to - and when!  
 FIB: Oh, I'll admit the walkin' stick might be a touch too much,  
 but -  
 MOL: OH NO IT ISN'T, MCGEE... if you wear the spats and yellow gloves  
 you'll NEED to carry a stick. And maybe some brass knuckles.

SOUND: RATTLE OF PAPERS

FIB: Let's see if they sent my -- AW DAD RAT IT!!! THEY FORGOT  
 SOMETHING!  
 MOL: Oh I say, dear boy - what did the chappies forget - your  
 shooting jacket, for formal crap games?  
 FIB: Naw, them stupid goons forgot to put in my purple velvet  
 smokin' jacket.

MOL: Your purp - your velv--..your smok--...OHHH...Will your  
 lordship excuse me if I sit down a minute, I'M a little  
 overwhelmed.  
 FIB: Aw don't be like that, Molly. Don't you want your husband  
 to be well groomed? Don't you want me to look smooth?  
 MOL: YOU'll be smooth all right. You wear those spats and yellow  
 gloves and somebody will polish you off. But tell me, did  
 you only get ONE smoking jacket?  
 FIB: Sure...think I need two?  
 MOL: Won't you need a longer one - for when you smoke king-size  
 cigarettes? AND FOR GOODNESS SAKES STOP LOOKING AT YOURSELF  
 IN THE MIRROR.

DOOR OPEN:

WIL: HELLO, FOLKS. WHAT'S COOKING?  
 MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox.  
 FIB: I say old man, is it necess'ry to use such weird expressions  
 as what's cooking, how's everything, and what do you know?  
 Reahhly, they're rather senseless and unawnserable, you  
 know. Oh, quite.  
 WIL: Say, what goes on here anyway? Is he on the level, Molly?  
 MOL: He thinks he's on the level, but it's uphill work.  
 FIB: Wont you come in and have a spot of tea, old chap? I say, *he a*  
~~old thing~~ *good girl,* put the kettle on, ~~there's a good girl!~~ *old thing,*  
 MOL: We're not having any tea, and don't call me an old thing!  
 How about a slug of rootbeer or something, Mr. Wilcox?  
 WIL: No thanks. But I'd still like to know what this is all about.

MOL: Oh he saw Ronald Colman in a picture the other night and he's been like this ever since. I only hope they don't revive KING KONG - I've had enough monkey business!

WIL: Look, Fibber, ~~how about~~ -

MOL: MCGEE...MR. WILCOX IS SPEAKING TO YOU. TURN AROUND.

FIB: I CAN SEE HIM. I'M LOOKIN' IN THE MIRROR, AIN'T I? Hey, Harlow, see anything different about me?

WIL: N-no...except your face is dirty. You've got a smudge on your upper lip.

FIB: THAT AINT A SMUDGE. IT'S A MUSTACHE.

WIL: Gee, is it?

MOL: I'll bet Mr. Wilcox was never so foolish as to try and raise a moustache.

WIL: You'd lose that bet, Molly. I tried to raise one once but I had to give it up.

~~MOL: why?~~

FIB: I got a nasty suspicion this is leadin' into something, but I cant get out of it. WHY'D YOU GIVE IT UP, HARLOW?

WIL: Interfered with business. Every time I started to demonstrate Johnson's Self-Polishing Glocoat - and how it keeps linoleum spotless and sparkling with a minimum of time and effort - no rubbing or buffing -

FIB: Yes yes yes...you just pour a little out, spread it on and wait for it to dry to a gorgeous, mirror-like finish and it restores the beauty of the pattern and gives housewives hours of extra leisure and dont accept any substitutes and get some from your nearest dealer today. We KNOW!..WE KNOW! Now how about your mustache?

MOL: Yes, how did it interfere with business, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Well, I'd no sooner get thru telling people how spotless it made their linoleum than I'd look down and see that black smudge. Every time I looked down..there it was! Made me nervous, so I shaved it off!

FIB: I feel like Uncle Dennis tryin' to pass Joe's tavern - I walked right into it! You bring me that book, Harlow?

WIL: Yes, here and no hurry about returning it, pal. Keep it as long as you like. So long now!

DOOR ~~OPEN~~ SLAM

~~FIB: Oh, high, sis.~~

~~TEE: Hi, mister, you want to send any messages to Santa Claus? My mamma is taking me down to the Bon Ton Department store tonight.~~

~~FIB: She is eh?~~

~~TEE: Hmmm?~~

~~FIB: I SAYS SHE IS EH?~~

~~TEE: Is what?~~

~~FIB: YOUR MAMMA'S GONNA TAKE YOU DOWN TO SEE SANTA CLAUS.~~

DOOR SLAM

MOL: What's the book, McGee?

FIB: It's a English book. "How to Play Cricket".

MOL: HOW TO PLAY WITH A CRICKET! OH NO YOU DON'T, MCGEE!...I WON'T HAVE ONE IN THE HOUSE!!

FIB: But, Molly....it's just a game.-

MOL: I DON'T CARE IF IT IS. IN THE FIRST PLACE THEIR TOO NOISY. TWEET, TWEET, TWEET, ALL NIGHT LONG! NO SIR, IF YOU -

FIB: But Molly this..cricket ain't a insect. It's a -

MOL: I KNOW AN INSECT WHEN I SEE ONE.

FIB: But this is like baseball. The only difference is -

MOL: THAT'S EVEN WORSE....A MAN OF YOUR AGE,PLAYING BASEBALL WITH A CRICKET...HEAVENLY DAYS, MCGEE, FIRST AN ENGLISH ACCENT, THEN MUSTACHE AND A MONOCLE AND NOW YOU PLAY GAMES WITH BUGS! WHAT'S GOTTEN INTO YOU?

FIB: Hey, Molly.

MOL: What?

FIB: Ever go to a quilting bee?

MOL: Yes I have.

FIB: Ever get stung?

MOL: Don't be silly. It wasn't a real bee.

FIB: Well, cricket ain't a real cricket, either. That's the English name for baseball.

MOL: All right, dearie...all right. I give up. Go out and play golf with the grasshoppers if you like. I won't -

DOOR KNOCK

FIB: PLAY BALL!!..ER....I mean COME IN!

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DOOR SLAM

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DOOR KNOCK

FIB: PLAY BALL!!..ER....I mean COME IN!

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DOOR OPEN

FIB: Oh, hiyah, sis.

TEE: ~~Hi, mister. What's cookin'?~~

FIB: Oh I say now, is it quait necess'ry to use such vulgarisms  
as Whats Cooking, How's everything and -

MOL: Skip it, McGee. Leave the language reform to Mayor La  
Trivia.

FIB: Eh? Okay. What's on your mind, sis?

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I says WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND? WHADDYE WANT?

TEE: Well, I just - (SNIFF SNIFF) Gee, what smells so funny?

FIB: Aw it's just some tonic I was puttin' on my mustache, sis.

TEE: What mustache?

FIB: THIS ONE RIGHT HERE ON MY UPPER LIP! SEE?

TEE: Awwwww (GIGGLES) Gee, a gray mustache!

FIB: IT AIN'T GRAY!

TEE: It will be by the time it's a mustache, I betcha, (GIGGLES)

FIB: That's a awful corney old gag, sis.

TEE: Well, it's a awful corny musta-

TEE: ~~ALL RIGHT ALL RIGHT. WE'LL HAVE NO MORE OF MY MUSTACHE.~~

TEE: ~~I'll betcha you won't either, I betcha.~~ <sup>He</sup> Hey, mister, you  
want to send any messages to Santa Claus? My mamma is  
taking me down to the Bon Ton Department store tonight.

FIB: She is eh?

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I SAYS SHE IS EH?

TEE: Is what?

FIB: YOUR MAMMA'S GONNA TAKE YOU DOWN TO SEE SANTA CLAUS.

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TEE: I know it. You want me to tell him anything for you?

FIB: Oh, I dunno, sis. What's the procedure?

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: HOW DO YOU GO ABOUT IT?

TEE: On the street car.

FIB: NO NO NO...I mean what is the modus operandi. The gimmick.  
~~How do you inform Old Nick just what you gotta yen for,~~  
~~come Michaelmas?~~

TEE: You mean how do you tell Santy Claus whatcha want?

FIB: That, roughly, was the thought I was tryin' to convey, sis.

TEE: Well, first you get in line with the other kids -

FIB: Yes, -

TEE: Then when it's your turn to talk to him, he takes you up  
on his lap and that's the part I don't like because his  
beard always smells like mothballs.

FIB: Oh you gotta overlook, that sis. They say the moths are  
terrible at the North Pole. Then what happens?

TEE: I dunno. I never been there.

FIB: I don't mean at the North Pole. I mean with Santa Claus.

TEE: Oh. Well, then you tell him everything you want and there's  
a lady standing there and she writes it all down and asks  
you what your pappa's name is and has he got a charge  
account -

FIB: Oh yes...that's er...that's Santy Claus's secretary.

TEE: Well gee, mister if she was my seccatarry I betcha I'd  
fire her I betcha.

FIB: You would? Why?

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TEE: Well last year when I was talking to Santy Claus she said to him, - "SPEAK UP, YOU BIG DOPE, HOW CAN I WRITE THIS DOWN IF YOU KEEP MUMBLING IN YOUR BEARD!" Gee, is that any way to talk to Santy Claus? I ask you!

FIB: I should say not! But I guess he didn't hear her say it, because if it's the same girl I saw last year she had some very well filled stockings and -

MOL: MCGEE!

FIB: AHM. Well, I guess I ain't got any message for Kris just at the moment sis. Thanks anyway.

TEE: That's okay, mister. But I hope if you ever have a mustache it won't smell like mothballs.

FIB: Don't worry sis. I got kind of a instinct for personal appearance. I always been kind of a snappy dresser and man about town.

TEE: What town?

FIB: Peoria, mostly. Why sis, when I was just a young fella, I was the sheik of Western Illinois. With my boll bottom pants and jazzbo tie, when I worked in the big mill there I was quite the dudo. MILL DUDE MCGEE, I WAS KNOWED AS IN THEM DAYS!!!!!!!!!!

TEE: Awwwwwww....(GIGGLES)

FIB:

MILL-DUDE MCGEE, A MAGNIFICENT MASS OF MASCULINE MUSCLE, AND MANLY MANNERS, MESMERIZING THE MAIDENS IN THE MIDWEST; AND MENTIONED 'MOST EVERY MONTH IN MANY OF THE MEN'S MAGAZINES AS THE MIRROR AND MODEL FOR MALE MILLINERY MERCHANTS, METICULOUS MATERIAL MANUFACTURERS, AND MISCELLANEOUS MEMBERS OF THE METROPOLITAN MOB. MIGHTY AND MAGNETIC FROM NOVEMBER THRU TO MAY...BUT COME AND HEAR THE KING'S MEN SINGIN' "ROSE O'DAY."

(APPLAUSE)

ORCH & KING'S MEN.....("ROSE O'DAY)

(APPLAUSE)

THIRD SPOT

(2ND REVISION) -22-

MOL: McGee, are you still rubbing that horrible ointment on your mustache.

FIB: Yep. They need a lot of encouragement when they're young. You know the old saying - "GREAT OAKS FROM LITTLE ACORNS GROW".

MOL: I didn't know you wanted a tree. I thought you just wanted a bush. And goodness knows you've been getting enough raspberries to start one.

FIB: Well, don't let it get you down old girl. Chin up... pip pip... carry on and all that.

MOL: OH STOP TALKING LIKE THAT.!

DOOR KNOCK

FIB: I hope that's the guy from Haggerty's Snuggery Toggery with my velvet smokin' jacket. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN

MOL: OH HOW DO YOU DO, MRS. UPPINGTON. COME IN, DEARIE.

UPP: How do you do, Mrs. McGee. I just stopped in to...er...oh..

FIB: I'M so sorry..I don't believe I have met this gentleman.

FIB: HOT DOG! YOU HEAR THAT, MOLLY? (LAUGHS) SHE DIDN'T KNOW ME WITH MY MUSTACHE!

UPP: (LAUGHS) OH MY GOODNESS....YOU'RE MR. MCGEE! I DO HOPE YOU'LL FORGIVE ME, MY DEAH!

MOL: FORGIVE YOU! Heavenly days, you're lucky if he doesn't kiss you, Abigail. To think that his mustache would fool anybody that much.

FIB: What'd I tell you, Molly? I know -

UPP: MUSTACHE? WHAT MUSTACHE? IS MR. MCGEE GROWING A MUSTACHE?

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(2ND REVISION) -23-

MOL: Why...why yes, Abigail. Isn't that why you didn't recognize him?

UPP: Oh no, my deah...(LAUGHS) How ridiculous! I have a new lorgnette with bifocal lenses, and I simply CAWN'T see a thing!

FIB: Aw fer the - Look, Uppy....don't the bifocal part of them glasses magnify?

UPP: Of course, Mr. McGee. Why?

FIB: Well, come here and take a peep at my upper lip.

UPP: Veddy well!

(PAUSE)

MOL: See anything, Abigail?

UPP: MY DEAH....HE REALLY SHOULD DO SOMETHING BOUT HIS SKIN. THOSE BIG PURPLE SPOTS --

FIB: RAISE YOUR SIGHTS, UPPY. THAT'S MY NECKTIE!

UPP: Oh. Oh of course. STUPID OF ME, WASN'T IT,

FIB: It sure was.

MOL: MCGEE! What can we do for you, Abigail? Or is this just a social call?

UPP: No, Mrs. McGee. I am a committee of one from our Ladies Club to inspect some of the city parks, and I thought you might care to go along. We have information from a very high source that parts of them are to be sold for parking lots.

FIB: Well, come down off your high source and tell us about it, Uppy.

UPP: PLEASE, Mr. McGee. It is not a subject for levity.

MOL: What's so serious about it, Abigail. It's city property and they can sell it for parking if they want to.

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UPP: MY DEAR! HAVE YOU NO THOUGHT FOR OUR LITTLE WILD CREATURES?  
 FIB: You mean them parkin' lot attendants?  
 UPP: (LAUGHS) OH, MR. MCGEE.. YOU'RE IMPOSSIBLE! YOU AND YOUR LITTLE  
 GRAY MUSTACHE.  
 FIB: MY MUSTACHE AINT GREY!  
 UPP: It will be by the time its a mustache. (LAUGH) Good day!  
DOOR SLAM  
 FIB: Good ole Uppy! I got kind of a sneakin' fondness for the  
 old percheron.  
 MOL: Personally I think she's a nice woman.  
 FIB: Sure she is! Uppy's an old peach!  
 MOL: Do you really think so?  
 FIB: Sure I do. She's an old, wrinkled, dried-up peach that  
 should have been pickled and canned years ago! Hand me the  
 phone, Molly!  
 MOL: What are you going to do?  
 FIB: Gonna call Haggerty's Snuggery Toggery and see why they  
 didn't send out my smokin' jacket.  
 MOL: All right, here.  
 FIB: Thanks. (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR? GIMME HAGGERTY'S SNUG--  
 OH IS THAT YOU, MYRT?  
 MOL: OH dear!  
 FIB: HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING, MYRT? TIS EH? WHAT SAY, MYRT?  
 YOUR SISTER? GOT PINCHED EH? FOR GOIN' TOO SLOW?  
 MOL: Heavenly days...in her car, McGee.  
 FIB: No. Revolving door. WHAT SAY, MYRT? OKAY..I'LL call 'em  
 later. G'bye. (CLICK)  
 MOL: One of these days you're going to get your number right off,  
 and won't have time for one of those things.

FIB: That'll be too bad.  
 MOL: I'd hate to take a poll on it. Oh well...FOR GOODNESS!  
 SAKES, MCGEE...TAKE YOUR FINGERS OUT OF YOUR MOUTH!  
 FIB: I was just feelin' inside of my upper lip, Molly. My  
 mustache don't seem to be growin' very fast. Just wondered  
 if it got mixed up and was growin' IN instead of out. You  
 see --  
DOOR OPEN  
 OLD M: HEY THERE JOHNNY...HOW'S THE MUSTACHE?  
 FIB: Oh hiyah, Old Timer. Those lotions you gave me don't seem  
 to have done much good.  
 OLD M: Johnny...here.. (CLINK) Try this one.  
 MOL: This another one of your grandmother's concoctions, Mr.  
 Old Timer?  
 OLD M: Yep. And Gramma swears by this one. Fact is, she swears  
 so loud by this one we have to send the kids up to bed.  
 Heh heh heh.  
 FIB: That's pretty good, Old Timer. (LAUGHS)  
 OLD M: Yes, but that ain't the way I heered it, Johnny. The way I  
 heered it, one feller says to tother feller, "SAYYYY," he  
 says, "I SEE WHERE A AVIATOR FLEW FROM DENVER TO NEW YORK  
 IN LESS'N TWELVE HOURS!" "ZAT SO?" says tother feller,  
 "MUST HAVE BEEN IN A HURRY. HAVE A WIFE IN NEW YORK?"  
 "NOPE," says the first feller. "IN DENVER!" Heh heh. Well,  
 try this stuff on the mustache, Johnny. And lemme know  
 what happens.

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try this stuff on the mustache, Johnny. And lemme know  
what happens.

FIB: Okay, but I'm gettin' kinda discouraged. The more stuff  
I put on it the less it seems to grow.  
OLD M: GROW!  
MOL: Why yes...why not?  
OLD M: OH MY GOODNESS..AND I'VE BEEN GIVIN' HIM STUFF TO MAKE IT  
GO AWAY!

DOOR SLAM

MOL: That settles it, McGee!  
SOUND: CLINK OF BOTTLES...THUDS...ETC.  
FIB: HEY HEY HEY...WATCHA DOIN', MOLLY?  
MOL: I'M throwing out all these fancy hair tonics and lotions.  
I've had enough of this nonsense!  
FIB: Oh now, Molly ---  
MOL: I'M sorry dearie. I can't stand this primping and posing  
any longer. You'll have to choose between me and your  
mustache.  
FIB: You mean --  
MOL: YES! NOW WHICH WILL IT BE?  
FIB: I'LL TAKE THE MUSTACHE --  
MOL: OHhhhhh!  
FIB: OFF!  
MOL: Ahhh!!  
(APPLAUSE)  
ORCH: "HOW ABOUT YOU" - FADE ON CUE

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
DECEMBER 2, 1941  
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL

ANNCR: Do you know what I've been doing today? I've been just an old inquiring reporter, asking women here and there a few questions about my favorite product, JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT, the easy-to-use floor polish. "What do you like best about GLO-COAT," I asked them. And do you know, I got a lot of different answers, but they all add up to the same thing -- GLO-COAT is an all-around product, it has so many good points that it pleases everybody. One woman said, "I like the lasting lustre GLO-COAT gives my linoleum floor." Another talked about the uniform film that doesn't chip or wear off unevenly. Someone else said she liked its quick drying and ease of application. And of course everybody sang the praises of GLO-COAT for the way it saves work -- it needs no rubbing or buffing. Now I knew all these good things about GLO-COAT--- but still it did me good to hear these women so enthusiastic. And I'd like to pass that enthusiasm along to any of you who haven't tried JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT on your linoleum floors. One final word -- remember there is only one JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO-COAT.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

(2nd REVISION) -28-

TAG GAG

MOL: I still don't know why you were trying to raise a mustache, McGee.

FIB: Oh, it's kind of a family tradition, Molly. Ever see our family album? All my ancestors had beards down to here.

MOL: Oh - no razors?

FIB: No - no chins! Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all!

ORCH: UP TO FINISH  
(APPLAUSE)  
SIGN-OFF

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
DECEMBER 2, 1941  
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. Goodnight.

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
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TO FOLLOW CLOSING TAG - U.S. NOTE: To be read from a quiet studio,

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

ANNCR: Is your car sitting out in front of your house now? If it is,  
take a quick look at it. Doesn't it need a cleaning and  
polishing job? Then just try JOHNSON'S CARNU, the sensational  
auto polish that does two jobs at once -- both cleans and  
polishes in one application. CARNU is a wonderful labor-saver,  
-- it is inexpensive and it offers an easy way for you to take  
better care of your automobile. Remember the name -- JOHNSON'S  
CARNU, spelled C-A-R-N-U -- made by the makers of JOHNSON'S  
WAX.