

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

(REVISED)

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

6:30-7:00PM
Tuesday - 12/9/41

NBC-Red

(REVISED)

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WIL:

~~WE INTERRUPT THESE NEWS BULLETINS TO BRING~~
~~YOU A RADIO PROGRAM.~~ 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 "DON'T EVER
LEAVE ME".

ORCH: "DON'T EVER LEAVE ME".

(FADE FOR)

(Insert Commercial....page 3)

OPENING COMMERCIAL

We have just received this message for our listeners in a telegram from the president of S. C. Johnson and Son, Inc., "our sponsor". In these serious days, there can be no division of opinion. The United States is at war and we are all ready and eager to do our part. The makers of Johnson's Wax and Glo-Coat believe it is in the public interest to continue programs as entertaining as Fibber McGee and Molly. They have a place in national morale. So you can continue to hear Fibber McGee and Molly and still be in touch with latest developments. We have asked the National Broadcasting Company to feel free at any time to cut into our programs with important news flashes and announcements. Signed, H. F. Johnson, Jr.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH)

(APPLAUSE)

WIL: THERE IS AN OLD SAYING TO THE EFFECT THAT THE FEMALE IS MORE DEADLY THAN THE MALE. BUT, AROUND THE FIRST OF THE MONTH, THE MAIL CAN BE PRETTY DEADLY, TOO! AND HERE AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA, THE POSTMAN HAS JUST LEFT A STACK OF STUFF WHICH, ON THE BREAKFAST TABLE, REACHES HALFWAY UP THE COFFEE POT. AND IT'S ALL FOR --

-- FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

(APPLAUSE)

MOL: Heavenly days, McGee - look at these bills!

FIB: You look at 'em. I got a letter from my cousin Ick.

MOL: Ick?

FIB: Yeah...you know...Ichabod McGee.

MOL: He was the black sheep of your family wasn't he?

FIB: Yeah. Complete no-good. Ran away when he was sixteen. Bummed around the country, started gamblin', won a few hundred bucks, squandered the whole roll on a few acres of scrub farmland, and then carelessly discovered oil on it. The worthless little pup is now worth 4 million bucks!

MOL: YOUR OWN BROTHER?

FIB: Unfortunately, he ain't my own brother any more. We disowned him in 1926.

MOL: Before he discovered the oil. What does he say in his letter?

FIB: He says, DEAR FIBBER: BAAA-A-A-A!!

(Signed) ICK, THE BLACK SHEEP.

I guess Ick ain't in any mood to make up.

MOL: Well I, for one, won't chase after him just because he has money.

FIB: Me, either. (PAUSE) Wonder how I could get him to chase after me. HEY....What's this postcard?

MOL: How should I know? It's addressed to you, and I never read your mail. And anyway, it's just an advertisement.

FIB: HEY, IT AIN'T EITHER JUST AN ADVERTISEMENT. It's from the WISTFUL VISTA WHOLESALE OUTLET STORE, and says:

YOU HAVE BEEN RECOMMENDED AND SELECTED AS ONE OF A SMALL LIST OF PATRONS TO WHOM WE EXTEND THE PRIVILEGE OF PURCHASING STANDARD BRAND MERCHANDISE AT A FORTY PERCENT DISCOUNT. THIS CARD WILL BE YOUR IDENTIFICATION. NOT TRANSFERABLE.

Yours very truly,

(SIGNED) Paul (YOUR PAL) Peters.

MOL: I didn't know you had a Paul named Pal Peters. Who is he, - and why should he give you forty percent discount on anything?

FIB: Oh, they just do that for a few prominent citizens...for the good will. You see, Molly --

(DOOR KNOCK)

MOL: COME IN!

(DOOR OPEN)

MILLS: Hiyah Babe...hello, Skimp.

MOL: Hello, Mr. Mills.

FIB: Hiyah, Billy. What's troubling your pretty little head today?

MILLS: You know anything about radios, Skimp?

FIB: Who - me? I'll say I do!

MOL: Sure he does, Mr. Mills. He fixed curs yesterday. Now all we have to do, to get K-P-M-O, is turn the dial to W-T-L and kick it three times.

FIB: Why'dja ask, Bill?

MILLS: Wanta get my sister a radio for Christmas.

MOL: I thought you got her a new one a couple of years ago, Billy?

MILLS: I did. But it's worn out. She can't get Ed Wynn on it any more.

FIB: Well, if you want a good radi- HEY....LOOK! I CAN GET YOU ONE WHOLESALE, BILLY. FORTY PERCENT OFF! How much you wanna sink in it?

MILLS: Oh around fifty bucks.

MOL: You want one that will play records?

MILLS: No. My sister hasn't got any records.

FIB: Well, you leave the whole thing to me, Billy. Tell Santa Claus it's in the bag.

MILLS: You mean you can get me a fifty buck radio for thirty, Skimp?

FIB: Absolutely! Save you twenty smackers. So, if you were thinkin' of gettin' me some inexpensive little thing for Christmas, you can do a little better now.

MILLS: Hey wait a minute, Skimp. How come you get forty percent off on radios?

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, ON RADIOS? I get forty percent off on ANYTHING! I got connections. I know people in the right places.

MOL: Don't forget, Mr. Mills, McGee is a prominent citizen.
 FIB: Yes.
 MOL: Stand up, dearie, and show Billy how prominent you are.
 MILLS: Well, I'm certainly obliged, Skimp. Want the thirty frogskins now?
 FIB: Naw - wait'll you get the radio.
 MOL: Will you sit down and have a cup of coffee, Billy?
 MILLS: No thanks, Babe. Coffee makes me sleepy.
 FIB: That's funny. Keeps most people awake.
 MILLS: Not me. I never drink it. So long.
DOOR SLAM:
 FIB: There's a great actor lost in that guy.
 MOL: Yes and I doubt if they ever find him. Are you going downtown to get his radio right away, McGee?

FIB: Yeah.. I think so. Might-wanna pick up a few things myself. After all, I haven't got your electric waffle Iro...er...I haven't got YOUR Christmas present yet.
 MOL: Oh, I wonder what it's going to be! But you can get that later McGee...I'll go with you today so we can -
DOOR KNOCK:
 FIB: COME IN!
DOOR OPEN:
 MOL: Oh hello, Mrs. Uppington. ~~Won't you come in.~~
 UPP: How do you do, my deah...and Mr. McGee.
 FIB: Hiyah, Uppy.
 UPP: I was just going downtown to select a new floor lamp, Mrs. McGee...would you care to go along?
 MOL: Well now -
 FIB: HEY WAIT A MINUTE, UPPY. DON'T GO THROWIN' YOUR DOUGH AWAY. LET ME HANDLE IT FOR YOU. I CAN GET FORTY PERCENT OFF ON ANY MERCHANDISE.
 MOL: Now wait a minute, McGee -
 FIB: How much you wanna pay for a floor lamp, Uppy?
 UPP: Mr. McGee...when I want something, I am not one to count the cost. With me, money is no object whatsoever. I want the best, and I am perfectly willing to pay for it. BUT, if possible, try and keep it undah seven dollahs.
 MOL: Catch on, McGee? Be as reckless as you like as long as you're careful. What kind of a lamp do you want, Abigail?
 UPP: Well, my deah, I rather had in mind one with a marble and bronze base, a fluted gold-leaf column, a cluster of five bulbs with an indirect fixture at the top, a large beige monks-cloth shade, perhaps surmounted by a small jade ornament.

FIB: You had that in mind for seven bucks?

UPP: Yes. I did.

FIB: Would you go to eight fifty if it had Melvyn Douglas shinnyin' up the post to turn it on for you?

UPP: As long as you can get it wholesale Mr. McGee...you may even go as high as ten dollahs if necessary. That would amount to ah...SIX dollahs I believe, with the discount.

FIB: Yes...and if I see a nice pair of pliers for about two bits, you want those, too, Uppy?

MOL: Why should she want a pair of pliers, McGee?

FIB: Well, I hate to see anybody pinchin' pennies like that with their bare hands.

UPP: (LAUGHS HEARTILY) Oh, Mr. McGee...you are SO amusing, really.

MOL: Oh he's a card, Abigail.

UPP: (LAUGHS) That's what I tell everyone, my deah. I always say MR. MCGEE IS SIMPLY A CARD! AN ACE, WITH A SHORT "A".

(LAUGHS) Well, thank you SO much, Mr. McGee. Good day, my deah.

DOOR SLAM

CRK: "CHOO!" - KINGS MEN

APPLAUSE:

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MOL: Well - are we going downtown to that wholesale house or aren't we, McGee?

FIB: Sure sure sure....just as soon as I write down a memorandum. Now let's see....(TELEPHONE)....I'll get it. (CLICK) HELLO....YEAH....THIS IS HIM SPEAKIN'. OH HIYAH MORT, YEAH. EH? NO I NEVER SHOOT CRAPS MUCH, MORT. PINOCHLE IS MORE MY... EH? OH, TRAP-SHOOTIN'. I THOUGHT YOU WERE TALKIN' BABY TALK, WELL, I'D GET A TWELVE GAUGE SHOTGUN IF I WAS YOU, MORT.... THAT'S THE BEST -- HEY WAIT! I CAN GET YOU ONE WHOLESALE!

MOL: Oh dear. Here we go again!

FIB: WHAT SAY, MORT. SURE....PORTY PERCENT OFF. OKAY....YOU JUST LEAVE IT TO ME, MORT. YOU BETCHA. OKAY, MORT. G'BYE. (CLICK)

MORT: I never saw you act as a middleman before, McGee - but man, you're sure puttin' yourself in the middle!

FIB: Aw what's one more little item! Put that down on the list, Molly. 12-gauge shotgun, automatic, full choke.

MOL: Full what?

FIB: Choke.

MOL: What does he do - shoot things and then strangle 'em?

FIB: NO NO NO....choke means the barrel is kinda made smaller at the end. Now let's see....one radio, one lamp, one shotgun.

MOL: One wonders.

FIB: One wonders what?

MOL: One wonders what one's getting into.

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FIB: Okay, okay....laugh if you wanna, but forty percent off ain't anything to sneer at. Hey - I wonder if I could get a cocker spaniel down there.

MOL: Why buy one there?

FIB: Well, they say a bargain dog never bites. (LAUGHS) GET IT, MOLLY? 40% off? BARGAIN DOG?

MOL: TAIN'T FUNNY, MCGEE!

FIB: I should of made it a Chihuahua.

DOOR OPEN:

WIL: HEY, FIBBER...HEY MOLLY!

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Can't stop to talk to you now, Harlow. Gotta go downtown.

MOL: Anytime you can't stop to talk to him, dearie, you'd BETTER go down town....and look for a job!

FIB: Well, all right...whateha want, Harlow?

WIL: LOOK AT THIS SWELL BOX OF CIGARS! WOULD THIS MAKE A NICE GIFT or wouldn't it?

FIB: Say them are pretty snarky stogies, Harlow. Twenty-five centers! I could tell more about 'em if I-(SLAP)

WIL: HEY PUT THOSE BACK! These are for a gift.

MOL: Somebody special, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: I'll say, baby! It's more of a prize than a gift. I'm presenting them to the man who coined the slogan: "YOUR LINOLEUM WILL BE YOUR PRIDE, IF JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT IS APPLIED."

MOL: Were you having a contest?

WIL: No, not exactly. But I thought it was pretty good. You see it implies the whole story of Johnson's Self-Polishing glocoat.

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FIB: Get this, folks! It's the stuff that keeps Wilcox working, you waiting, and us eating!

WIL: I'M SERIOUS, FIBBER. That slogan almost tells the whole story of Glocoat. How easy it is to apply, how it dries to a beautiful finish in 20 minutes or less, with no rubbing or buffing and how it keeps your linoleum from cracking, checking, fading and soiling. It saves your nickels and saves your knuckles, and your linoleum never cracks and buckles!

MOL: Well, I think it's well worth a box of cigars for that, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Yeah...who's the smart smoker that donated that little hunk of poetic promotion, Harlow?

WIL: Me.

MOL: YOU?

WIL: Yep. Thought of it coming down the street and bought myself a box of cigars as a reward. Well, I won't keep you any longer. So long, folks.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Boy, does he appreciate him!

MOL: I think it's wonderful, McGee, how he keeps so interested in his job.

FIB: Yeah...it'd be all right if he kept his enthusiam to himself, but he's got Billy Mills doin' it too.

MOL: How do you mean?

FIB: Well, I saw Billy out with a gal the other night, and was he pouring it on and spreading it around!

DOOR KNOCK:

MOL: Come in!!!

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DOOR OPEN

GALE: Hello, Mrs. McGee. Hello, McGee.

MOL: Oh Mayor LaTrivia! How do you do, I'm sure.

FIB: What can we do for you that won't take long, La Trivia?

GALE: Oh nothing, thank you. I was just taking a walk and thought I'd drop in a moment. As Mayor, you know, I like to walk around the city and mingle with the common citizens...sort of like .. er.. Haroun Al Raschid.

FIB: Who's he?

GALE: Haroun Al Raschid was an oriental potentate in the Arabian Nights, McGee.

FIB: He was, oh? And what did this Oriental potato do, La Trivia?

GALE: Oh he mixed with the people and listened to what they were saying, so he'd know what was going on among the populace. Didn't you ever read the Arabian Nights?

MOL: Of course not! McGee can't read Arabian.

FIB: Anyway, by the time I get thru readin' Bringin' up Father and Flash Gordon and Smokey Stover - I'm all wore out.

GALE: (LAUGHS) That's very amusing - in a pathetic sort of way. By the way, do you know where I can buy a large globe of the world for my office?

FIB: WHY SURE, LA TRIVIA. I CAN GET YOU ONE WHOLESALE. How much you wanna pay for a good globe?

GALE: It doesn't matter much, McGee.. as long as I get a good one. Things are happening so fast these days, I like to keep informed.

MOL: You want a globe with Japan on it, Mr. Mayor?

GALE: Why certainly.

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MOL: Then you better get one quick!

FIB: YEAH...You leave it to me, La Trivia. I'll see you get a good one cheap. I got connections.

GALE: Splendid, splendid. Thank you very much. I'll try to return the favor some time.

FIB: HEY, HO! ABOUT THAT JOB IN THE CITY HALL YOU PROMISED ME?

MOL: Did he promise you a job, McGee?

FIB: Well, practically. He says he was lookin' for a smart, level-headed man to look in on the higher-ups in the interests of clean government.

GALE: Oh yes, the window-washing job! That's been filled, McGee. But I'll keep my eyes open for you. Good day.

MOL: Good day, Mr. Mayor.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Window washing job! Who does he think I am?

MOL: He thinks you're the man who wanted the window-washing job. Let me take that shopping list again, McGee.

FIB: Here.

MOL: Now what have we ... a radio, a floor lamp, a globe, and a shotgun! Ahhhh - Civilization in a Nutshell! How are we going to get all that stuff home?

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FIB: Oh I imagine they'll deliver it to the different people..
 MOL: If they don't, we can stick up a truck driver with the shotgun.
 FIB: Yes, or I could bop him with the floor lamp and --

DOOR OPEN *+ Close*

MOL: MCGEE... LOOK...Here's Mr. Wimple! HELLO MR WIMPLE!
 FIB: Hiyah, Wimp, old man.
 WIMP: Hello, there, folks. Excuse me for walking right in but my goodness, I haven't seen you for simply weeks! I suppose that's because it's been so rotten out.
 MOL: No, it's because you've been so written out.
 WIMP: (LAUGHS) Oh Mrs. McGee... I just LOVE a woman who has a sense of humor.
 FIB: I love this one myself, Wimple. You go get one of your own.
 MOL: Hasn't your wife any sense of humor, Mr. Wimple?
 WIMP: Who, Sweetiface? Well-ll yes, in a way, she has Mrs. McGee. But she's more of a practical joker, you might say.
 FIB: Oh, one of those!
 WIMP: Yes. I'll never forget the time we were mountain climbing and she held me over the edge of a cliff by my coat collar. (LAUGHS)
 MOL: Yes, but you knew she wouldn't drop you, Mr. Wimple.
 WIMP: Oh of COURSE I knew it, Mrs. McGee. It certainly wasn't her fault that she got bit by a snake just at that minute and had to let go.
 MOL: Heavenly days, Mr. Wimple... how far did you fall?
 WIMP: Only a few feet, Mrs. McGee. Fortunately my pants caught on a bush, and there I was, looking down into a four-hundred foot canyon, screaming for help and taking pictures like mad with my 2-A Browniel

FIB: How about the wife, Wimple. Was the snake bite serious?
 WIMP: Oh indeed it was, Mr. McGee. Death came within five minutes and Sweetiface skinned it for a hatband. We often think back to that day and have a hearty laugh. At least, I think back and she laughs.
 MOL: Got your Xmas, shopping done, Mr. Wimple?
 WIMP: No, I still have to get a pair of dumbbells with her initials on to give Sweetiface.
 FIB: With a card reading, Merry Christmas from the three of us? HEY, I'LL BUY SOME FOR YOU, WIMPIE. I CAN GET 'EM WHOLESALE FORTY PERCENT OFF!
 MOL: Oh dear! I wish we had some music with this merry-go-round!
 WIMP: Well, I'd certainly appreciate it, Mr. McGee. And a bargain really appeals to me these days.
 FIB: Yeah... a guy gets kinda short around Christmas, don't he Wimp?
 WIMP: Oh indeed he does. I was looking at my dime bank this morning and it's practically empty.
 MOL: Did you shake it real hard?
 WIMP: I didn't have to, Mrs. McGee. Sweetiface caught me looking at it and she shook both of us. THANK YOU EVER SO MUCH, MR. MCGEE, AND DO DROP OVER SOME NIGHT. I'VE TOLD SWEETIFACE ALL ABOUT YOU AND I'M SURE SHE DOESN'T HATE YOU AS MUCH AS SHE SAYS. Goodbye now.
 DOOR SLAM
 MOL: What a life he must lead, McGee... HEAVENLY DAYS - LOOK WHAT TIME IT IS!

FIB: OH MY GOSH!! WE GOTTA GET GOIN' BEFORE THE STORE CLOSES!
GET YOUR HAT, MOLLY!

MOL: I'M ALL READY... GET YOUR OWN HAT! ... YOU GOT THE LIST OF
THINGS?

FIB: SURE... RIGHT HERE !

MOL: HOW ABOUT YOUR CHECK-BOOK?

FIB: OH, MY CHECK-BOOK! WHERE'S MY CHECK-BOOK.... OH I REMEMBER --

MOL: WHERE IS IT?

FIB: RIGHT HERE ! IN THE HALL CLOS...

DOOR LATCH: TERRIFIC AVALANCHE OF JUNK... BELL TINKLES..

FIB: I gotta straighten out that closet one of these days!

ORF: "THE LAST TIME I SAW PARIS" - TILTON

APPLAUSE

THIRD SPOT:

(REVISED)

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ANN: THE SCENE: 79 Wistful Vista! THE TIME: Three hours later!

SOUND: CLOCK: STRIKES SEVEN: (PAUSE)

SOUND: KEY RATTLES IN DOOR: DOOR OPENS: DOOR CLOSES:

MOL: HOME AGAIN...THANK GOODNESS! WHAT A HORRIBLE EXPEDITION!
YOU AND YOUR FORTY PERCENT OFF! I THINK I'LL RUN UPSTAIRS
AND TAKE OFF ABOUT FORTY PERCENT MYSELF...FIFTY, INCLUDING
SHOES!

FIB: I'M kinda tired too. HEY, IMAGINE THAT GUY CHARGIN' ME
FIVE BUCKS APIECE TO DELIVER ALL THEM THINGS?

MOL: Yes and then you didn't get one single item you really
wanted!

FIB: Well I couldn't help it. It was so dark in that store I
couldn't see what I was buyin'.

MOL: - and did you hear what he said about exchanging merchandise?

FIB: Well you can't blame him, Molly. With a big discount like
that he can't afford to keep takin' stuff back.

MOL: How much did all those things cost you?

FIB: I dunno..lemme look at my checkbook....HMMMMMM....SEVENTY
THREE BUCKS! But I'll get that back as soon as -

TELEPHONE:

MOL: You answer it, McGee...I couldn't lift the receiver for a
bankrupt birdhouse.

FIB: Okay. (CLICK) HELLO? OH HIYAH, MORT. DID YOU GET THE SHOTGUN? WASN'T IT A...EH? NOW TAKE IT EASY, MORT!.. THAT GUN IS A GENUINE ANTIQUE...YES, I...BUT HE SAID... BUT MORT, LOOK! - NOW DON'T GET EXCITED...THAT SHOTGUN WAS USED BY DANIEL BOONE AT THE BATTLE OF BULL DURHAM..ER.. BULL FIDDLE...ER..WELL IT WAS SOME KIND OF BULL....WELL DAD RAT IT MORT, I DONE MY BEST TO -

DOOR KNOCK:

FIB: HOLD IT MORT! SOMEBODY AT THE DOOR. (SEE WHO'S THERE, WILL YOU MOLLY?)

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN: SHUT:

GALE: SEE HERE, MCGEE...WHAT'S THE IDEA OF SENDING ME THAT DIRTY LITTLE FIVE-INCH GLOBE WHEN I ASKED FOR -

FIB: HELLO, MORT?...HOLD THE LINE A MINUTE..(ASIDE) WHAT SAY, LA TRIVIA?

MOL: He doesn't like the globe you bought him, McGee. Oddly enough.

GALE: I CERTAINLY DON'T! I WANTED A LARGE SIZE GLOBE AND YOU SENT ME A RIDICULOUS LITTLE FIVE-INCH ONE.

FIB: (LAUGHS NERVOUSLY) Well, it's a small world ain't it, La Trivia?

GALE: BY GEORGE, MCGEE!! IF YOU --

FIB: Excuse me, La Trivia...I'm talkin' to a guy on the phone. NOW LOOK, MORT, I'M SORRY I COULDN'T EXACTLY GET YOU A MODERN SHOTGUN, BUT GEE WHIZ WHEN YOU GET FORTY PERCENT OFF-

DOOR OPEN: SHUT:

UPP: MR. MCGEE! WHAT ON EARTH DID YOU THINK -

FIB: (Be with you in a minute Uppy. I'm on the phone)

MOL: Won't you sit down, Abigail..and Mr. Mayor?

UPP: NO THANK YOU, MRS. MCGEE...I WANT TO SPEAK TO THAT HUSBAND OF YOURS.

GALE: SO DO I!

MOL: It's unanimous!

FIB: YES BUT LOOK, MORT, I WENT TO A LOT OF TROUBLE BUYIN' YOU THAT SHOTGUN AND IF YOU DON'T APPRECIATE -

UPP: MR. MCGEE...TALK TO THAT PERSON LATER. I WANT TO SPEAK TO YOU ABOUT THAT REPULSIVE LAMP YOU SENT ME! ~~IT'S TERRIBLE...~~

GALE: YOU THINK THAT'S ~~REPULSIVE!~~ ^{repulsive} IF YOU COULD SEE THE GLOBE HE SENT ME -

MOL: Now now now .. let's all take it easy. I'M sure everything -

FIB: (IN PHONE) BUT MORT, YOU DON'T GET THE IDEA. THAT GUN I BOUGHT YOU WAS A GENUINE ANTIQUE...WELL WHAT IF YOU CAN'T SHOOT WITH IT? HANG IT OVER THE FIREPLACE AND -

DOOR OPEN AND SHUT:

MILLS: HEY SKIMP....YOU CALL THAT THING YOU SENT ME A RADIO?

MOL: You, too, Mr. Mills?...

GALE: GET OFF THAT PHONE, MCGEE...WE WANT TO TALK TO YOU!

UPP: Indeed we do!

FIB: (Just a minute folks..be right with you!) NOW LISTEN TO REASON, MORT.....

MOL: What was wrong with your lamp, Abigail?

UPP: WHAT WAS WRONG? THE SHADE DOESN'T FIT, TWO SOCKETS WERE BROKEN, ~~THE CORD HAS BEEN PATCHED AND I HATE POLYCHROME!~~

MILLS: You oughtta see my radio, Babe! Crystal set with a morning glory horn! And headphones!

GALE: HOW ABOUT MY GLOBE? IT'S SO OLD IT SHOWS NEW YORK AS
INDIAN TERRITORY!

MOL: It still is, I've seen some scalpers around Times Square
that --

FIB: BUT MORT, YOU DON'T SEE MY SIDE OF IT, ALL I DONE WAS TO --

UPP: I wish you could see my lamp...

MILLS: AND MY RADIO...

GALE: LET'S HAVE ONE COMPLAINT AT A TIME HERE!

MOL: YES..YES..YES.. LET'S ALL BE CALM -

FIB: ALL RIGHT MORT, IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU FEEL ABOUT IT --

DOOR OPEN & CLOSES

WIMP: Oh Mr. McGee... about those 'dumbbells' -

GALE: WHAT DUMBBELLS?

UPP: ARE YOU REFERRING TO US, MR WIMPLE?

MILLS: IF HE IS, HE'S THE SMARTEST GUY IN THE ROOM!

FIB: ALL RIGHT MORT, IF YOU FEEL THAT WAY THERE'S NOTHING - HELLO..
HELLO.. (CLICK) Okay folks... now just take it easy...
What is all this?

BEDLAM BREAKS LOOSE:

(MILLS: THAT RADIO, SKIMP -

(UPP: That horrible lamp you bought me -

All at once (WIMP: Those dumbbells, Mr. McGee, were not dumbbells...
(GALE: THAT FIVE-INCH GLOBE YOU PAID NINE DOLLARS FOR --

MOL: OH FOR GOODNESS' SAKES... QUIET EVERYBODY! QUIET!

VOICES DIE DOWN:

FIB: Now let's consider this calmly folks... the reason I -

DOOR OPEN:

WIL: HEY FIBBER!...MOLLY! ...OH, HELLO EVERYBODY!

FIB: Now what?

WIL: GEE, I'M GLAD EVERYBODY IS HERE!!!!

MOL: WHY, MR. WILCOX?

WIL: BECAUSE I'VE GOT GREAT NEWS! SEE ME BEFORE YOU DO ANY
SHOPPING. I KNOW A PLACE WHERE I CAN GET FORTY PERCENT OFF
ON ANY -

CROWD: SHRIEKS AND HOWLS OF RAGE...GLASS CRASH...TURMOIL

ORCH: "YOU GO YOUR WAY" - FADE FOR -

(COMMERCIAL PAGE 29)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WIL: Ladies and gentlemen! We know everyone is anxiously awaiting the words of President Roosevelt. In the meantime the makers of JOHNSON'S WAX have this message for you. America has answered the treacherous attack of the Japanese by declaring war to the victorious end. To insure our victory, we must turn our dollars into guns and our dimes into bullets. Buy United States Defense Bonds and stamps at your bank, post-office or Savings and Loan Association. Get them from your newspaper carrier boy, or your retail dealer. If you live in Canada, buy Canadian War Savings Certificates, or Victory Bonds. Don't delay. ACT NOW.

ORCH & AUDIENCE: ("AMERICA")

(NO APPLAUSE)

FIB: Goodnight!
MOL: Goodnight, all!

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
12/9/41
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

CLOSING TAG

CUE: (Molly) ... Goodnight, all

ANNOUNCER: 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.