

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

(REVISED)

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

6:30-7:00 PM
Tuesday - 12-23-41

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 "LOVE IS"

ORCH: "LOVE IS"

(FADE FOR:)

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC
DECEMBER 23, 1941

OPENING COMMERCIAL

One thing you can be sure of during these next few days. Friends and neighbors will be dropping in unexpectedly for visits to talk over holiday plans and parties. Will your home always be ready for them -- floors gleaming with beauty, table tops and woodwork spotless? If you practice protective housekeeping with genuine JOHNSON'S WAX, it probably will be. Daily housework is reduced to a minimum when these surfaces are JOHNSON WAXED. Rooms are quickly tidied up, and properly waxed floors never really lose that richly polished look that good housekeepers so much admire. When you wax your floors, furniture and woodwork, you not only protect them against scratches, dirt and wear -- you not only save yourself hours of work -- but you also win the compliments and praise of your family and friends for the beauty that genuine JOHNSON'S WAX adds to your entire home. When you consider the low cost of those advantages, is it any wonder so many good housekeepers just couldn't keep house without this famous wax polish? But don't be satisfied with anything but the original and genuine JOHNSON'S WAX -- in PASTE, LIQUID or CREAM WAX form.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH)(APPLAUSE)

WIL: THIS IS THE TIME OF YEAR WHEN A MAN WHO CAN'T SUPPRESS HIS CURIOSITY SHOULD BE HANDCUFFED AND BLINDFOLDED. FOR INSTANCE, A PACKAGE CAME FOR THE MCGEES TODAY, WHICH IS ALMOST CERTAINLY A CHRISTMAS PRESENT. AND WE INVITE YOU TO AN INTERESTING DISCUSSION BETWEEN --

-- FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

(APPLAUSE)

FIB: But Molly - look...we don't KNOW it's a Christmas present.

MOL: Just the same, McGee - and we're not going to open it before Christmas.

FIB: But sweetheart - there's nothing on it that says "don't open till Christmas".

MOL: Don't get misty with me! And I still say we don't open it till Christmas morning.

~~FIB: Well, it's mine and I gotta right to open it.~~

~~MOL: It's not yours any more than it is mine. It's addressed to MR. & MRS. FIBBER MCGEE.~~

~~FIB: The MR. comes first, though. So I get the first choice about whether we open it or not!~~

~~MOL: Well, the MRS. comes last, so I have the last word.~~

~~And it's NO. Now for goodness sakes, quit worrying about~~

FIB: Okay, okay. I just wondered if it coulda been them silver fox furs. That's all. I just wondered.

MOL: WHAT SILVER FOX FURS?

FIB: Never mind. We'll know Christmas morning. WELL, I THINK I'LL RUN DOWN TO THE CIGAR STORE AND GET ME A--

MOL: McGEE!

FIB: Eh?

MOL: WHAT SILVER FOX FURS? WHO'S SENDING ME SOME FURS?

FIB: How should I know?

MOL: YOU'RE THE MOST EXASPERATING-- but this is exactly the size and shape of a box that would have a set of fox furs in it....

SOUND: (RATTLE OF PAPER)

FIB: HEY, CUT THAT OUT! YOU CAN'T OPEN THAT! NOT TILL CHRISTMAS!

MOL: BUT DARLIN' --

FIB: DON'T GET MUSHY WITH ME! YOU CAN'T OPEN IT. Here, give me that package. You wouldn't let me open it and I won't let you.

MOL: OH, WHY DO YOU PAY ANY ATTENTION TO ME? I'M JUST A WOMAN. I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING. YOU'RE THE MAN OF THE HOUSE, AND WHAT YOU SAY JUGHT TO GO.

(PAUSE)

FIB: Hand me the scissors.

MOL: Here.

FIB: Thanks.

SOUND: (SNIP SNIP....RATTLE OF PAPER)

FIB: On oh! Bad news, Molly. Taint furs.

MOL: WHAT? IT ISN'T? Oh dear....I TOLD YOU WE SHOULDN'T HAVE OPENED THAT PACKAGL, MCGEL. NOT UNTIL CHRISTMAS. But what is it?

FIB: I dunno. Look.

MOL: It's a musical instrument of some kind. Looks like a little pipe organ.

FIB: There's electric wires on the - HEY, I KNOW. IT'S ONE OF THEM CHIME DOORBELLS! And a beauty, too.

MOL: You mean one of those doorbells that every time it rings you expect somebody to say "THE FOLLOWING ANNOUNCEMENT IS TRANSCRIBED?"

FIB: Yeah. But it don't say here who sent it? Now who do you suppose -

DOOR KNOCK

MOL: Get that stuff out of sight, quick, McGee!

FIB: Okay....okay!

SOUND: RATTLE OF PAPER...CLANG OF CHIMES

DOOR KNOCK

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN

MOL: MR. WILCOX!

WIL: Hello folks.

FIB: Oh hiyah Harlow....come on in.

WIL: No thanks...just wanted to leave these packages for you. AND DON'T OPEN 'EM BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

MOL: Oh thank you, Mr. Wilcox...and we won't. But what's your hurry?

WIL: I've got to stop and get a sandwich before I go back to the office. Missed my lunch. Well, Merry Christmas and -

MOL: Well heavenly days, there's plenty of cold chicken in the refrigerator Mr. Wilcox and a lemon meringue pie --

WIL: Oh boy...my favorite vegetables! Gee, I hate to be any trouble, Molly -

MOL: IT'S NO TROUBLE AT ALL. I'LL just set out the -

WIL: NO YOU DON'T...I'LL FIND EVERYTHING MYSELF. DON'T GET UP OR I WON'T STAY.

FIB: Go ahead, Wilcox. And easy on that pie! You gotta watch them hips!

WIL: (LAUGHS) Okay...(FADE OUT) I'll try to restrain myself...

FIB: WELL - WE KNOW HE DIDN'T SEND THAT DOORBELL.

MOL: No, but I wonder who ----

DOOR KNOCK

MOL: Oh dear....COME IN!

DOOR OPEN

MOL: Oh how do you do, Mrs. Uppington.

UPP: How do you do, Mrs. McGee...AND Mr. McGee!

FIB: And a yippee Yuletide to you, Mrs. U.! Won't you slip out of your sables and squat a spell?

UPP: Thank you no, Mr. McGee....I came over to awsk a favor of you.

MOL: Certainly Abigail. Anything we can do, just ask us.

FIB: Unless you want me to take that pooch of yours for a walk. I draw the line at patrollin' the precinct with that pie-eyed peke.

UPP: FIFI does not enter into this mattah at all, Mr. McGee. Besides, I believe she entertains the same aversion to you that you do to her.

MOL: Well, that's a lot of entertainment for one man and a dog. But what could we do for you, Abigail?

UPP: Mrs. McGee, I head the neighborhood committee to conserve waste papah for the government. I wish to awsk you not to burn or destroy your waste papah and cardboard. Please save ~~it~~ and I shall have a truck pick it up whenever you call.

FIB: Why sure, Uppy. Glad to help such a good cause. Personally I'd like to form a movie committee for this war.

UPP: A..a..MOVIE committee, Mr. McGee?

FIB: Yeah...I'd like to get the government to make a documentary picture and send a million prints to Tokyo.

MOL: Starring what actor, McGee?

FIB: Harey Carey. By the way, Uppy, DID YOU BY ANY CHANCE SEND US AN ELECTRIC CAME DOORBELL FOR CHRISTMAS?

UPP: No. I did not, Mr. McGee. And I MUST say I admiah your blunt way of inquiring. I simply DETEST people who HINT.

FIB: I do too. Although when I was a cub reporter, years ago, I was always the diplomat. Never used to ask a direct question. But if there was any inside dope I wanted, I got it! GET-THAT-DOPE-McGEE, I WAS KNOMED AS IN THEM DAYS ---

MOL: Oh dear...

(2ND REVISION) 9 & 10

FIB: "GET-THAT-DOPE" MCGEE! THE DASHING, DARING DAMELING OF THE
DAILIES AND THE DING-DONG, DIPSY-DOODLE DADDY OF THE
DIRT-DISHERS, DILIGENTLY DEVILING DIGNIFIED DIPLOMATS FOR
DELICATE DETAILS - DISCREETLY DICTATING DATA DIFFICULT TO
DECIPHER - AND DELIBERATELY DENOUNCING DANGEROUS DELAGOGS,
DRIPPING WITH DUBIOUS DIALOG DESIGNED TO DEVELOP DEFEATISM.
DOING MY DUTY WITH A DEARTH OF DILLY-DALLYING, DESPITE THE
DIRTY DIGS OF THE DESPERATE DOGS, WHO DETERMINED TO DAMPEN
MY DO-OR-DIE DISPOSITION AND DETERIORATE A DIGGITY DYNAMO
INTO A DRIPPY DROOP. A DANDY DETECTIVE AT DODGING DEATH
AND DANGER - BUT DOESN'T THIS DESCRIPTION SOUND LIKE A
TOTAL STRANGER?

ORK: "HE'S 1-A IN THE ARMY AND A-1 IN MY HEART -- TILTON

APPLAUSE:

SECOND SPOT

(2ND REVISION) -11-

SOUNDS: (MCGEE EXPERIMENTS ON DOORBELL CHIMES)

FIB: Hey, Molly ... this is gonna be a pretty snazzy doorbell,
you know it?

MOL: Yes, but who do we get to install it, McGee? An
electrician?

FIB: Naw....I can do it myself.

MOL: OH NO NO NO!! PLEASE!! Let's not go into that again.

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN? I fixed the thermostat on the furnace last
week, didn't I? It works at the touch of a finger now.

MOL: Sure it does. At the touch of a finger you get a shock
that melts your hobby pins.

FIB: I'll get you some rubber gloves. Anyway ---

KNOCK AT DOOR:

MOL: Oh dear ... COME IN!!

DOOR OPEN:

FIB: Oh hiyah, sis!

TEE: Hi, mister. Whatcha doin'?

FIB: Eh?

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: What?

TEE: I guess not.

FIB: YOU GUESS NOT WHAT?

TEE: I guess you didn't know I was a business woman, mister!

FIB: Oh, you are eh? (LAUGHS) Just what branch of commercialism
are you identified with, madame?

TEE: Well, I Hmm?

FIB: I says, what's your racket?

TEE: Miserabletoe.

t.

FIB: Eh?
TEE: MISERABLE-TOE.
FIB: I don't get it.
TEE: You don't unless you pay for it, I betcha.
FIB: Pay for what?
TEE: Miserabletoe.
FIB: Well, that was a short ride, but I enjoyed it. Let's go around again. WHAT'S MISERABLETOE?
TEE: Gee, Mister, you know what miserabletoe is. You hang it up on Christmas and it's got white berries on it and -
FIB: Oh sure, sure, sure....Mistletoe! Otherwise known as mugg-holly, lip-lilac and night-blooming smoosh.
TEE: My daddy calls it fracture cactus.
FIB: Fracture cactus! Why, sis?
TEE: Because once a long time ago - he started to hang some up on the chandelier and the chair broke and he fell down and ^{fractured}~~broke~~ his leg.
(GIGGLES)
FIB: Oh!
TEE: Hmmm?
FIB: I says OHHHH!
TEE: Oh! Well, mister ... can we do any business? Only 25¢ a bunch.
FIB: Okay. Bring me two bits worth, sis.
TEE: Thanks, mister. I'll deliver it first thing tomorrow and you can pay me the thirty-five cents.
FIB: Fine. I'll be waitin' - HEY YOU SAYS TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. WHAT'S THE EXTRA DIME FOR?
TEE: Tax.

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, TAX? THERE'S NO TAX ON MISTLETOE!
TEE: There is unless you wanna GLUE it up, mister. But that's up to you. G'bye now!
DOOR SLAM
FIB: Smart little tyke! I'll bet she winds up selling Santa Claus a snood for his beard. HEY MOLLY...DO YOU SUPPOSE THIS DOORBELL RUNS ON BATTERIES OR THE REGULAR HOUSE CURRENT?
MOL: Why don't you experiment a little dearie? You're a wonderful lad with electricity.
FIB: You really think so?
MOL: Sure I do. Who else could have wired the vacuum cleaner so it runs and hides under the davenport every time I plug it in?
WILCOX: (OFF MIKE) HOWLING IN PAIN...
MOL: Heavenly days...something's happened to Mr. Wilcox... COME ON, MCGEE...
SOUND: FAST FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS..WILCOX ROLLERS LOUDER:
FIB: HEY..WHAT'S THE MATTER HARLOW? WHATCHA SITTING ON THE STOVE FOR?
WIL: (GROANS)...I'VE JUST GLOGOATED YOUR LINOLEUM...YEW! AND I'M WAITING FOR IT TO DRY! OWOOOOO! ONLY GOT FIFTEEN SECONDS TO GO! YIPE!
MOL: BUT YOU'RE SITTING RIGHT ON THE PILOT LIGHT, MR. WILCOX!
WIL: I KNOW!...BUT I DON'T WANT TO JUMP DOWN TILL THE FLOOR IS DRY...IT TAKES...YEW!...IT TAKES FROM SEVENTEEN TO TWENTY MI.....WOOOOO! TO TWENTY MINUTES.....YIYI! TIMES UP!

SOUND: THUD: (FEET ON FLOOR)

FIB: Turn around quick...I'LL THROW SOME WATER ON YOU!
THAT'S IT!

SOUND: (SWISH OF WATER - HISS)

WIL: (GROANS) Ohhh...that's better.

MOL: Now what was all this foolishness, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: I'm sorry, Molly. But when I came out here in the kitchen
I noticed your linoleum needed attention -

MOL: I know, but I've been so busy shopping, the last day or so--

WIL: OH IT WASN'T BAD...but I can't resist a linoleum that
isn't perfect. So I grabbed a can of Johnson's Self-
Polishing Glocoat, spread some around with the long
handled applicator - it's really fun to do, you know -

FIB: Yes we heard you screamin' with joy, Wilcox.

WIL: Well, look...the minute I had the floor all nicely
Glocoated - and with no rubbing or buffing, either, -- I
hopped up on the stove to let it dry...NEVER REALIZING I
WAS SITTING ON THE PILOT LIGHT!

MOL: Well, thank you for polishing my floor, Mr. Wilcox. And
I'm sorry you had to roast your rompers doing it.

WIL: (LAUGHS) Oh that's all right, Molly. Well, I'll be
getting back to the office now and -

FIB: Hey did you have enough to eat, Wilcox?

WIL: EAT?

MOL: Yes...EAT! Did you find the chicken and the pie?

WIL: WELL WHADDYE KNOW! I FORGOT ALL ABOUT EATING. THE
MINUTE I GOT OUT HERE - I STARTED GLOCOATING THE FLOOR! IF
I'M NOT THE DARNEDEST FOOL! (LAUGHS) Oh well, I'll grab a
bite downtown. Thanks anyway, folks.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: I always said it Molly - but I never really believed it!

MOL: What?

FIB: That he'd rather talk about Glocoat than eat!

MOL: I still hate to think ---

DOOR KNOCK

MOL: I'd like to get paid by the doorknock, McGee. At a nickel
a knuckle I'd be rich in a week. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN

FIB: Oh Hiyah La Trivia.

MOL: Good day, Mr. Mayor.

GALE: How do you do, Mrs. McGee. Hello, McGee. I just dropped in to ---

FIB: Excuse me just a second, La Triv. Look, did you send us a electric chime doorbell for Christmas?

GALE: I did not. I didn't send you ANYTHING for Christmas.

FIB: You mean YET?

MOL: MCGEE!

GALE: Except for my immediate family and employees, McGee, I am putting my Christmas budget into defense bonds and stamps.

MOL: Good for you, Mr. Mayor! We've got to back up our buck privates with our private bucks, which is an old saying I just made up.

GALE: Exactly. Now, McGee ... you've been hounding me for a job with the city ...

FIB: Oh, I wouldn't say HOUNDING YOU, La Trivia. I'll admit I been kinda scratching around, wagin' my tail, but -

MOL: Have you got something lined up for him, Mr. Mayor?

GALE: I think so. (LOWERS VOICE) Are we ... alone?

FIB: Just us three here, La Triv. ~~Harlow Wilson is out in the kitchen but when he's around a bunk of linoleum he can't hear anybody but himself. Why?~~

GALE: McGee ... how are you on disguises?

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS ... DETECTIVE WORK!

FIB: How am I on DISGUISES? (LAUGHS) Funny you should ask that, La Trivia. Why when I was a cinder dick for the old T.S.R. Railroad ---

GALE: What railroad was the T.S.R.?

MOL: The Topeka, Sauganash and Rochester. Better known to the passengers as the Two Streaks of Rust.

FIB: When I was a detective for 'em, LaTrivia, I was known as The Man With The Thousand Faces.

GALE: You had your choice of a thousand faces and went back to your own? Tsk Tsk Tsk!

FIB: Never forget the time I rounded up that gang of box car bandits around East St. Louis. I was walkin' along the right of way, disguised as a jockey....

GALE: Never mind the heroic details, McGee. All I want to know is, can you assume a completely different identity and maintain it under trying circumstances for days at a time?

MOL: Certainly he can, Mr. Mayor. He can even disguise his voice. Change your voice for the Mayor, dearie.

FIB: (ALA MORT TOOPS) OKAY, I WILL. HAW HAW ... NO TROUBLE AT ALL! IN FACT, I STARTED CHANGING MY VOICE AT THE AGE OF FOURTEEN ... HAW HAW HAW ...

GALE: OH THAT'S SPLENDID! You report to the City Hall first thing tomorrow, McGee.

MOL: Oh wonderful!

FIB: Better get me a police permit, La Triv ... so I can carry a gun.

GALE: You won't need a gun. The disguise will be enough. You're going to be Wistful Vista's official Santa Claus in City Hall Park. Five dollars a day. See you tomorrow.

DOOR SLAM

MOL: Well, Man of a Thousand Faces, it looks like you're holding the bag again!

FIB: Why that double-crossin' political parasite. Who does he think I am?

MOL: Santa Claus.

FIB: I WON'T DO IT! HE CAN'T BADGER ME INTO A BEARD AND A BUSTLE! I'LL -

DOOR KNOCK

FIB: Well, here we go again. *gotta hurry and* ~~if I don't~~ put this doorbell up. ~~pretty quick - that door's gonna be worn as thin as a bunny basket~~

MOL: Yes, an ounce of prevention is worth ten pounds on the door. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN

HAL: MERRY CHRISTMAS, MRS. MCGEE!..HELLO, LITTLE CHUM! (LAUGHS)

FIB: GILDERSLEEVE!

APPLAUSE

MOL: WELL HEAVENLY DAYS! HOW DO YOU DO, I'M SURE!

FIB: COME ON IN, GILDY OLD SOCK! GLAD TO SEE YOU! LOOK AT HIM, MOLLY. AIN'T HE A SIGHT?

HAL: WHAT'S THAT, MCGEE?

FIB: I MEAN, AIN'T HE A SIGHT FOR SORE EYES?

HAL: OH! (LAUGHS) BY GEORGE, IT'S NICE TO SEE YOU FOLKS AGAIN. YOU'RE LOOKING AS LOVELY AS USUAL, MRS. MCGEE....

MOL: Oh now, Mr. Gildersleeve...stop your blarney.

FIB: (LAUGHS) You got her so fussed she can't even pronounce BALONEY, GILDERSLEEVE!

HAL: OHHHHHHHHH!

MOL: Here, Mr. Gildersleeve...take his coat and hat, McGee - I'll make a pot of tea and -- (FADE OUT)

HAL: & MCGEE: (LAUGHING AND TALKING INTO)

ORK: "WHAT DO I WANT FOR CHRISTMAS" KINGS MEN

APPLAUSE

Sounds Tea Cups

HAL: Yesssssss! (LAUGHS)

FIB: Yes, sir. You don't look a day older than when you left Wistful Vista. Not that you were any chicken then, but--

MOL: Will you have another cup of tea, Mr. Gildersleeve?

HAL: Er...No, thank you.

FIB: I should hope not. You've had six.

HAL: I HAVE NOT. I'VE ONLY HAD FIVE!

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, FIVE! YOU HAD ONE AT THE COFFEE TABLE...ONE WHILE YOU WERE SNOOPIN' THRU OUR CHRISTMAS CARDS, ANOTHER WHILE--

MOL: Oh, McGee....stop it. He's welcome to all the tea he can drink.

HAL: Thank you, Mrs. McGee....(SADLY) MY GOODNESS,, I NEVER THOUGHT MY LITTLE CHUM WOULD EVER BEGRUDGE THROCKMORTON P. GILDERSLEEVE, A MISERABLE LITTLE CUP OF TEA.

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN MISERABLE TEA? MY WIFE MAKES THE BEST TEA IN THE--

HAL: I DIDN'T SAY THE TEA WAS MISERABLE--

FIB: YOU DID, TOO! YOU SAID--

MOL: McGee....he didn't mean that. He meant he was surprised you wouldn't want him to have all he wants.

HAL: Yes....

FIB: Why, sure he's welcome to all he wants. But tea's pretty stimulating, Throcky, old man. And to a guy your age, with your bloodpressure, it might make you just a trifle--

HAL: WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT! MY AGE! WHY, I'M STILL ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF FORTY.

FIB: Maybe....but you got no more use for sun tan oil, Gildersleeve!

MOL: I wish you boys would stop this. It's too nice to have an old neighbor drop in on us.

FIB: Hear that, Gildy? OLD neighbor. Even Molly thinks you're--

MOL: Never mind what I think, McGee. I never saw him looking better. Going to be in town long, Mr. Gildersleeve?

HAL: No, I've got to go to New York tomorrow, Mrs. McGee.

FIB: Hey - while you're there Gildy - go see that picture we made together....you and me and Molly and Ed Bergen.

HAL: Oh yes.....LOOK WHO'S LAUGHING.....Where's it playing, McGee?

MOL: It has its New York Premiere tomorrow at the Palace Theatre, and Keith's-Albee in Brooklyn.

FIB: You better see it in Brooklyn, Gildy. You're one o' dem bums.

HAL: OHHHHHHHH....IS THAT SO! Speaking of bums, McGee, that was a bum joke of yours sending me that ^{old} lawn-mower the other day.

MOL: Why it was yours, Mr. Gildersleeve. Didn't you want it back?

HAL: Well, I thought it was a big expensive Christmas present, so before I opened it, I went out and bought McGee a very costly easy chair with a built-in radio and everything.

FIB: OH GEE, Gildy, I'm sorry. That lawnmower thing was just a gag. I sent your real present yesterday.

HAL: WHAT? YOU DID?

FIB: Why, sure....I thought to myself, if Gildersleeve ain't worth forty seven fifty of my money, who is, I....OH...I'm sorry. I didn't mean to let the price slip out.

MOL: 47.50 is none too much for Mr. Gildersleeve, McGee. Not that the price of a gift makes any difference.

HAL: OF COURSE IT DOESN'T. BUT I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN MY LITTLE CHUM WOULDN'T DO A THING LIKE THAT. 47.50, eh? (LAUGHS)
WELL, I'M GLAD --

DOOR KNOCK:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MEL BLANK: IS THIS THE RESID-(HIC) IS THIS THE RESIDE-(HIC) IS THIS THE RESID-(HIC) WHO, LIVES HERE?

FIB: I do, bud. Fibber McGee.

MEL: Thanks. HERE'S A TELEG-(HIC) HERE'S A TELEGR-(HIC) HERE'S A TELE-(HIC) It's a wire!

MOL: Oh, I'll sign for it, boy. There. Give the lad a quarter, McGee.

FIB: Sorry, bud. I got nothin' smaller'n thirty five cents. You got a quarter, Gildy?

HAL: No I haven't, McGee...sorry, sonny.

MEL: That's all right, folks. I didn't really expect-(HIC) .. I didn't really expect-(HIC) I didn't expect-(HIC) I BEEN HERE BEFORE!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: (TEARING PAPER) HEY..IT'S FROM RACINE...FROM THE JOHNSON WAX COMPANY!

MOL: Well what do they say?

FIB: Says: DEAR FIBBER AND MOLLY....~~WE ARE SENDING YOU UNDER SEPARATE COVER --~~

HAL: ~~Separate cover!...what could they send in a telegram?~~

FIB: ~~Pipe down, Gildy.~~ WE ARE SENDING YOU UNDER SEPARATE COVER
AN ELECTRIC CHIME DOORBELL. STOP. WE ARE SO TIRED OF
HEARING THAT ETERNAL DOOR KNOCKING. STOP. SO IS EVERYBODY
ELSE. STOP. IF EVERY KNOCK WAS A BOOST YOU'D HAVE A
CROSSLEY OF SIX THOUSAND. STOP. USE THE DOORBELL. STOP.
REGARDS AND MERRY CHRISTMAS, SIGNED,

JOHNSONS WAX.

MOL: Well, that solves the mystery, McGee!!
FIB: Sure does, don't it? For a while there, I wondered what -
HEY WHERE YOU GOIN', GILDY OLD MAN? AREN'T YOU GOING TO
STAY FOR DINNER?
MOL: Please do, Mr. Gildersleeve!
HAL: THANK YOU..THANK YOU....I'M SORRY FOLKS...BUT I'VE GOT TO
GET BACK TO SUMMERFIELD..AND THEN ON TO NEW YORK..hey that's
the wrong hat, McGee...I was wearing a fedora, not a beret!
FIB: Oh excuse me. That's the one I wear to fix the furnace in.
Here you are, Gildy.
HAL: Thank you. MY I CERTAINLY ENJOYED THIS VISIT. I HOPE YOU
~~CAN COME TO SUMMERFIELD SOME SUNDAY AND SEE US.~~
MOL: Thank you, Mr. Gildersleeve. I'M sorry you can't stay for
dinner.
FIB: He couldn't eat any anyway, Molly. He's so full of tea
his eyes are beginning to slant.
HAL: BAH HAH...STILL THE SAME OLD MCGEE...FULL OF LITTLE SMART
CRACKS.. - HE THINKS....(LAUGHS) WELL, I HOPE YOU ENJOY
YOUR CHRISTMAS PRESENT, FOLKS.
MOL: I'M sure we will Mr. Gildersleeve and thank you so much.

FIB: Yes, and I hope you like the one I sent you, Gildy. I'M
sorry I was so crude as to let the price slip out.
HAL: Yes...forty-seven fifty...certainly nothing to be ashamed
of. WELL GOODBYE FOLKS! AND A MERRY CHRISTMAS.
MOL: GOODBYE, MR. GILDERSLEEVE! AND THE SAME TO YOU.
FIB: So long Throcky.
DOOR SLAM:
MOL: Well, I'M certainly glad we found out who the doorbell was
from McGee!
FIB: Me too. (PAUSE) Hey, Molly...
MOL: Yes?
FIB: What can I get Gildy that would ^{look like it} cost around 47.50?
ORCH: "LET'S BE BUDDIES"....FADE FOR:

Closing Commercial

ANNCR: You know there's one room that gets to be mighty important around the holiday season....and that's your kitchen. For two reasons. One, it gets more than the average amount of wear and tear. And two, when your friends drop in, they all seem, sooner or later, to find their way to the kitchen.

Now, what's the number one thing to do to be ready for them? Right! Give your floor a protective beauty treatment....make it sparkle and glisten with JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT....the floor polish that gives floors such a lasting lustre....that makes linoleum wear indefinitely, keeps its colors as fresh and bright as new.

GLO-COAT is different from other polishes. Its film is flexible, not brittle. It does not chip or wear down unevenly. It guards linoleum surfaces against wear and dirt....makes house-cleaning so easy, because it needs no rubbing or buffing. Glo-Coat is quick drying....you simply apply and let dry 20 minutes. And GLO-COAT is economical, because a little goes a long way. If you're not already using GLO-COAT, just try it once. Look for the familiar red and yellow can....and be sure it reads JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC....FADE ON CUE)

TAG GAG

FIB: You know, Molly.....it was nice to see old Gildersleeve again.

MOL: Nobody'd think so, the way you two argue.

FIB: Aw we were just kiddin'. I wouldn't really fight with him.

MOL: I hope not. He's a much bigger man than you are.

FIB: That's why it's so easy to get under his skin. He's got so much of it. Goodnight and a Merry Xmas!

MOL: Yes, and a Happy New Year, too. Goodnight all!

ORK: UP TO FINISH: CREDITS ETC.

12-23-41

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Closing Tag

MOLLY:
(CUE)

.....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.

12-23-41
Tuesday 6:30PM PST NBC

-30-

(TO FOLLOW CLOSING TAG)

Note: To be delivered from
a quiet studio.

WILCOX:
(CUE)

...invite you to be with us again-next Tuesday night.
Goodnight.

.....
With automobile production again restricted, it's very
important to take better care of your car. Don't let
the finish deteriorate. Make it last - keep it new
looking with JOHNSON'S CARNU....the sensational auto
polish that both cleans and wax-polishes with one
application....two jobs in one, in less than half the
time they used to take. For the sake of your car,
and for your own pleasure, buy a can of JOHNSON'S CARNU
right away....it's spelled C-A-R-N-U.