

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

(REVISED)

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

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

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 THE KING'S MEN,  
AND MUSIC BY BILLY MILLS. THE SHOW OPENS WITH "OF TREE  
I SING".

ORCH: "OF TREE I SING"

(FADE FOR:)

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

-3-

OPENING COMMERCIAL

ANNOUNCER: During the coming year, perhaps to a greater extent  
than ever before, we're going to take better care of our  
belongings, to make them last longer. Linoleum floors  
should certainly be included in this program.

There is an easy way to protect linoleum, make it last  
longer...with JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT, the  
floor polish that also saves you so many hours of work.  
You've heard me say many times that GLO-COAT needs no  
rubbing or buffing...it's self-polishing. You simply  
apply and let dry...in 20 minutes your floor sparkles  
with protected beauty. GLO-COAT not only makes linoleum  
last much longer, it keeps it new-looking, colors fresh  
and bright. GLO-COAT has a uniform flexible film that  
doesn't chip or wear unevenly. It has a lasting lustre,  
is remarkably quick-drying. And it is economical,  
because a little goes a long way.

If you're not already a GLO-COAT enthusiast, decide now  
to protect your linoleum this easy way in 1942. Be sure  
to ask for JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO-COAT, in the  
familiar red and yellow can.

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

WIL: YOU KNOW WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH A MAN WHEN HE GETS A GLASSY GLINT IN HIS EYE, AND HIS HANDS BEGIN TO TWITCH AND HE STARTS WEARING HIS OLDEST CLOTHES? HE'S GOT FIXITIS. HE'S GOT TO FIX SOMETHING. ANY WIFE WILL RECOGNIZE THE SYMPTOMS IN HER HUSBAND, EVEN UNTO ---

--- FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY ---

(APPLAUSE)

MOL: McGee...What ARE you doing now?

FIB: Can't tell you, Molly. You're gonna be surprised. AND I DON'T WANT YOU TO COME INTO THE DINING-ROOM TILL I GET THRU. No snoopin'.

MOL: McGee, I never snoop and you know it. I flatter myself that I have less feminine curiosity than any woman I know.

FIB: Yes, you sure flatter yourself. HEY, YOU KNOW WHERE THE PLIERS ARE?

MOL: Yes, I do.

FIB: Well, I wish you'd leave 'em alone. I can never find any of my things when I want 'em. When you take my pliers put 'em back where you got 'em. Don't be so careless. Where are they?

MOL: Sticking out of your hip pocket.

FIB: Eh? Oh. (LAUGHS) I THOUGHT those dining-room chairs were gettin' a little uncomfortable!

MOL: Why do you have to work in the dining-room? You have a work bench and a tool chest all fixed up in the basement.

FIB: Because, Mrs. McGee, you're usin' my work bench to stretch curtains on - and you dumped out all my tools so you could use my tool chest to put preserves in - and it's too hot workin near the furnace and besides, the light is better up here.

MOL: What's the real reason?

FIB: I saw a spider down there.

MOL: OH FOR GOODNESS' SAKES! ...And you won't tell me what you're fixing?

FIB: Nope. Secret. AND DON'T LOOK SO WORRIED. I installed that new chime doorbell okay, didn't I?

MOL: Yes, except that it plays a different tune every time somebody rings it.

FIB: Sure it does - why do you think I hooked it up with all those player-piano rolls?

MOL: Well, the milk man rang it yesterday and it started to play "Land of the Sky Blue Water"! Was I ever embarrassed!

FIB: Well, it works - that's the main thing. You gotta admit when I start somethin' I get results.

MOL: Yes, but not the ones you expected.

FIB: Even so - I -- OH OH ... FORGOT TO GO TO THE NEWSSTAND.

MOL: What did you want at the newsstand, McGee?

FIB: Some Greek newspapers.

MOL: You can't read Greek.

FIB: That's why I wanted 'em.  
MOL: I don't get it.  
FIB: Well, I wanna spread 'em out on the dining-room table so's  
I won't scratch the table. If I use American papers, I  
get started readin' 'em and don't get anything done.  
MOL: Is that bad?  
FIB: You wait...you're really gonna be delighted when I get  
through. (FADE OUT) Now remember ... no peekin'!

SOUND: (FADE IN) CLANK OF TOOLS....POUNDING...ODD NOISES

MOL: (TO HERSELF) And to think I married him because he was so  
quiet and modest!

SOUND: TINKLE OF METAL...CLANKS...ETC. ETC.

DOORBELL: ("WHERE DID YOU GET THAT FAT")

MOL: Oh dear....COME IN!

(DOOR OPEN)

MOL: Oh hello, Mrs. Uppington.  
UPP: How do you do, my deah ... and -- MISTER --

SOUND: HAMMERING

UPP: AND, what on earth is going on?  
MOL: It's McGee, Abigail. He's being the Boy Builder again.  
UPP: Always the handy man about the house, isn't he, my deah?  
MOL: Well, he's always about the house - I'll go that far with  
you. OH MCGEE!.....MRS. UPPINGTON IS HERE!  
FIB: (OFF MIKE) WELL DON'T ANSWER THE DOOR...MAYBE SHE'LL GO AWAY.  
UPP: WELL! I MUST SAY!!....  
MOL: MCGEE!...SHE'S HERE...INSIDE. AND YOU KNEW IT ALL THE TIME  
YOU...YOU LITTLE JOKER...  
FIB: (FADE IN) (LAUGHS) Sure..sure...I knew it. Just kiddin',  
Uppy, old drip.  
UPP: DRIP! PLEASE, MR. MCGEE, I -  
FIB: Yes, drip. You always remind me of a bottle of lovely  
perfume, Uppy, slowly drippin' its heavenly fragrance into  
the world, to delight the soul of mankind.  
UPP: OH MR. MCGEE....HOW SWEET!  
MOL: Nice recovery, McGee.  
FIB: I thought so. Well, how are slum conditions over your way,  
Uppy? And how does it seem to get away from your own  
degrading atmosphere for a glimpse into the lives of the  
better element?  
UPP: (LAUGHS) Oh Mr. McGee..you are SO amusing, reahhly! But  
sometimes I don't quit know how to take you.  
MOL: - And sometimes I wouldn't care how you took him, if you  
only would!  
FIB: Oh, don't fight over me, girls. And pardon my dirty hands,  
Uppy. I'm in the middle of a project. Secret for Molly.  
UPP: Cawn't you tell just me what it is, Mr. McGee. I won't say a  
word...cross my heart..  
FIB: Well, I dunno...Hitler crossed his heart too, and then people  
found out he didn't have any.  
UPP: Please, Mr. McGee! - Don't mention me in the same breath with  
HITLER.

MOL: I should say not. The only resemblance between you and Hitler, Abigail, is that you're not a man either!

FIB: Lemme whisper in your ear, Uppy....I'll tell you what I'm fixin' for Molly.

UPP: Oh, do Mr. McGee...here....

FIB: (WHISPERS) WELL, I - (SSSS' SSSS) ...AND FOR A LONG TIME NOW SHE.. SSSSSSS...SO WHAT DOES I DO BUT I...SSSSSSSS...AND I'M ALMOST...SSSSSSSSSS...WHADDYE THINK?

UPP: OH, MR. MCGEE....HOW DELIGHTFUL!!...REAHHLY!

MOL: Look Abigail, I was just going to make some tea - will you stay awhile and have a hooker of oolong?

UPP: Thank you now, Mrs. McGee...I just dropped in to awsk you and Mr. McGee to my New Year's eve pahty.

FIB: Well, I dunno, Uppy. What kind of a ball you gonna bounce?

UPP: Oh, music and dawncing and all that sort of think you know. A buffet supper at midnight, and Mrs. McGee! - your uncle Dennis has promised me he will mix up some of his special punch for the guests.

MOL: Oh, he did, did he? Well, if Uncle Dennis mixes it, Abigail, it'll have more authority than the O.P.M.

FIB: I'll say. That guy mixed me an egg nog last week when I had a little cold.

UPP: - and then did you go right to bed, Mr. McGee?

FIB: They tell me I did. So you're throwin a brawl Wednesday night to give 1941 the bum's rush, are you Uppy?

MOL: Is your party gonna be formal, Abigail?

UPP: Yes, you don't mind, do you?

FIB: I should say not. When I get into evening clothes it changes my whole personality. I'M a different guy entirely.

UPP: Indeed you are! Why the night you and Mrs. McGee went to the opera with me, I overheard someone awsk if you weren't Mr. Tracy.

MOL: Spencer?

UPP: No, Dick. They said he must be SOMEONE out of the funny papah. (LAUGHS) Oh well...drop ovah about nine, Wednesday. GOOD DAY.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Why that triple-chinned old ---

MOL: Now take it easy, dearie. Personally, I always admired Dick Tracy. He's wonderful.

FIB: Say, he is at that, ain't he? Come to think of it, I have got that same steady look in my eye..that determined chin ...that well-chiseled nose, that...HEY WHERE'S MY CHISEL MOLLY? I GOTTA GET TO WORK. (FADE OUT) I CAN'T BE STANDIN' AROUND HERE ALL DAY WHEN I OUGHTA BE ---

ORCH: "AMERICAN PATROL"

(APPLAUSE)

SECOND SPOT

(REVISED) -11-

SOUND: HAMMERING....CLANKING....RATCHET....

MOL: (CALLS) MCGEE!!..FOR GOODNESS SAKES...DO YOU HAVE TO MAKE SO MUCH NOISE? I'M TRYING TO PLAY SOLITAIRE!

FIB: (FADE IN) You callin' me, Molly?

MOL: Yes, I was. Heavenly days, just look at you! I never saw you so grimy.

FIB: I know. But what's a ton of soil to a son of toil is what I always say. (LAUGHS) GET IT MOLLY? TON OF SOIL? SON OF TOIL?

MOL: 'Tain't funny, McGee!

FIB: It oughta be. I got it outa that book you gimme for Christmas. "TEN THOUSAND AFTER-DINNER JOKES, SPEECHES, ANECDOTES AND <sup>what to do til dessert comes.</sup> HUMORISTICAL STORIES GULLED FROM THE WORLD'S GREATEST WITS."

MOL: I don't know why you remembered that one, out of the whole ten thousand. Now be a little more quiet. I'm trying to play a game of solitaire and -

DOOR CHIME: "THE OLD GRAY MARE, SHE AIN'T WHAT SHE USED TO BE"

MOL: You really fixed that doorbell, didn't you, dearie?

FIB: Wonderful, isn't it? "The Old Gray Mare" - Wonder who that could be. Come in!!

DOOR OPEN:

(2ND REVISION)

-12-

MOL: Oh hello, Mayor La Trivia.

GALE: How do you do, Mrs. McGee. Don't let me interrupt your game of solitaire. Hello, McGee.

FIB: Hiyah, La Triv. Excuse my looks....I got kinda messed up workin' on a little job for Molly.

MOL: Don't pass the buck to me, Son of Toil. It was YOUR idea, not mine. Won't you sit down, Mr. Mayor?

GALE: Thank you, no, Mrs. McGee. Now then, McGee, as one of our prominent citizens, I wish to ask you if....

AH, AH, AH!!...BLACK DEUCE ON RED TREY, MRS. MCGEE!

MOL: Where? Oh oh yes..thank you.

GALE: Don't mention it. AS I WAS SAYING, MCGEE...WE ARE PUTTING ON A DRIVE TO SELL DEFENSE BONDS AND STAMPS.

FIB: Oh swell. I GOTTA GREAT SLOGAN FOR YOU.

b

GALE: You have? What is it?  
FIB: "EVERY TIME YOU BUY A BOND, YOU SLAP A JAP ACROSS THE POND."  
How do you like it, La Trivia?

(PAUSE)

FIB: Ahem. Well, so the City is gonna start a drive to sell bonds and stamps, eh? So what?  
GALE: The procedure will be something like this, McGee. We will have a large sound truck, playing recordings of military music...we stop the truck at prominent corners and well-known citizens make speeches from the back platform and urge the crowds to buy defense bonds and stamps. Your name has been suggested -

MOL: Oh, I'M sure McGee will be very useful, Mr. Mayor. He makes wonderful speeches!

FIB: She ain't singin Dixie, La Trivia. \*I always been known as a guy who could use his head when he got up on his feet.

GALE: Oh, a contortionist. Well, I don't imagine we'll need any such ---

FIB: Wait'll I get up on the platform of that truck, La Trivia. I'll hold out my hand for silence and then I'll say, real dramatic, Ladies and Gentlemen, I'll say, with a kind of a emotional throb in my throat, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...WOULD YOU LIKE TO HIT HITLER, MUSS MUSSOLINI AND NIP A NIPPONESE? Then there'll be a short cheer, and I'll --

GALE: Excuse me, McGee...you don't understand. I'LL be making the speeches.

FIB: Fine. You introduce me, and then I'll get up and -

GALE: YOU WON'T MAKE ANY SPEECHES.

MOL: Then what's he doing on the truck?  
GALE: Changing the records for the military music. Meet me at the City Hall tomorrow morning, McGee. Good day, Mrs. McGee.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Well, dearie. It looks like the only way you can wangle yourself into the City Hall is thru a drain pipe. Aren't you burned up?

FIB: Nope.

MOL: WHAT?

FIB: If they want me to turn records on a sound truck to sell defense bonds, okay. I'LL turn records. I'll do anything. I'll even drive the truck.

MOL: Good for you, McGee. Now why don't you go back to work. It's getting awfully quiet in here.

FIB: Okay (FADE) okay.

SOUND: (FADE IN) HAMMERING...CLINK OF METAL...RATCHETS...

MOL: Oh dear...now the three of hearts I need is buried. If I could only --

DOORBELL: "ON, WISCONSIN, ON WISCONSIN," ETC.

MOL: Come in, Mr. Wilcox!

DOOR OPEN:

WIL: HELLO, MOLLY. I JUST DROPPED IN TO THANK YOU FOR THE SWELL CHRISTMAS PIES --

SOUND: TERRIFIC CLATTER OF METAL AND WOOD...CLINK OF TIN...ETC.

WIL: Hey...what goes on in the dining-room? Sounds like judgment day in the junkyard.

MOL: It's just McGee, Mr. Wilcox. He's fixing something. Says it's a secret.

WIL: Well, I don't know how you can play solitaire with that going on.

SOUNDS: (CLATTER AND STUFF OFF MIKE)

MOL: I don't either. I think I'll give up.

WIL: Can you tell fortunes with cards?

MOL: Only McGee's. Every time he plays poker with the boys, I can predict that four men will cross his path and he'll lose four dollars and a quarter. Why, can you?

WIL: No, but I can read your palm.

MOL: CAN YOU REALLY?

WIL: Sure...give me your right hand.

MOL: Oh this is wonderful. I LOVE to have my fortune told when -

SOUND: (CLATTER AND GLANG)

MOL: MCGEE! .. BE NOPE QUIET! I'M TRYING TO TALK TO MR. WILCOX!

FIB: (FADE IN) What say, Molly? Is - OH HIYAH HARLOW!

WIL: (ABSENTLY) Hi, Fibber. Now let's see...

FIB: DOGGONE IT, WILCOX..YOU MIGHT LET GO MY WIFE'S HAND LONG ENOUGH TO SAY HELLO. WHAT IS THIS ANYWAY?

MOL: Don't be silly. McGee...he's reading my palm.

FIB: Oh. Well, what does the lady's lunch-hook tell you, pretty Gypsy?

WIL: Madame, you were born in the Middle West - one of a large family. You were married when quite young to your childhood sweetheart although you might have acquired wealth and position if you had chosen another man.

MOL: He means Otis Cadwallader, McGee.

FIB: I KNOW WHO HE MEANS. Though I dunno how he can see him in your hand. You haven't got a wart.

MOL: (LAUGHS) He's always been a little jealous of Otis Cadwallader, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Aw I have not. All that guy ever had was a underslung roadster and a overfed look. And besides -

WIL: HEY AM I READING MOLLY'S PALM OR NOT?

MOL: Go ahead, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: Well, I can see that the world has treated you very well; you've had a pretty easy life, you've been economical and your married life has been very happy. You are an excellent housewife, you keep up appearances, you enjoy your leisure hours, -

FIB: HEY YOU AREN'T EVEN LOOKIN' AT HER HAND, YOU BIG FAKE. YOU'RE LOOKIN' RIGHT OUT THE KITCHEN DOOR.

MOL: What's the difference, McGee...he's told everything absolutely right. How did you know all that, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: I saw that can of Johnson's Self Polishing Glocoat out there on the table, Molly. (LAUGHS) That tells anybody you're a good housewife, you enjoy plenty of leisure, you keep up appearances, you're economical and lead a pretty easy life, because Glocoat saves you time, and money and beautifies your home.

FIB: Oh wonderful. And I suppose you could look at a can of Glocoat and see that she was born in the Middle west and was one of a large family.

WIL: No, but she has a Peoria High School ring on her finger and there's a large family portrait on the piano with Molly in the middle.

MOL: Why he's a regular Sherlock Holmes, McGee!

WIL: Oh any Johnson Wax man can tell a lot about people by looking around a house. To be an expert on surfaces, you have to know what's underneath. Well see you later folks.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: What a fortune-teller! All he needs is a bandana turban, a violin and gold ear-rings!

MOL: Never mind about that. You finish your job. I'll have to be setting the table for dinner pretty soon.

FIB: I'll be thru almost any time now. If I can find my little bitty screw driver. You know where it is?

MOL: Is that the one you used to take the alarm clock apart with?

FIB: That's the one. You seen it?

MOL: I haven't seen it since you put that clock back together.

FIB: Me either. How's it running now?

MOL: It's very accurate if you put it on the dresser facing the mirror. The hands run around backwards.

DOORBELL: "LAZYBONES"

MOL: Well, we're doing a nice business here aren't we? Who do you suppose that is?

FIB: I got two magic words I always use to find out things like that. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

FIB: Well, I'll be a ....MRS. WEARYBOTTCM!

WEARY: Hello, folks, I just stopped in to wish you a very happy new year and it certainly will be if we lick those dirty little sons of the Rising Sun. Imagine what they're doing in the Philippines.

FIB: Well, give them enough Manila and they'll hang themselves.

WEARY: I suppose you're going to see the old year out at a night club tomorrow nite but not me after what happened last new years eve I started across the dance floor on my way to the powder room and I got some gum on my shoe and I tried to scrape it off while I walked and got a prize for doing the conga my goodness Mr. McGee you must be an older man than I thought you could never get that dirty in only forty years well happy new year folks.

DOOR SLAM:

ORK: "OLD DAN TUCKER" - KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE:

THIRD SPOT

SOUND: (RATCHETS....RATTLES....CLANKS, ETC)

FIB: If I dood it - I det a whippin!.....I dood it!!!!

SOUND: (WHAM)

MOL: Ooh....I undood it.

MOL: (OFF) McGEE!!...YOO HOO....McGEE!!....COME HERE A MINUTE!

FIB: (FADE IN) Doggone it, Molly....how can I ever get this job finished if you keep interruptin' me. I nearly had--- hey - what's the iodine for?

MOL: When you start tinkering, McGee....I get ready for anything. Look in my sewing basket.

FIB: Well, I'll be a-- IODINE....BANDAGES...SPLINTS, COURT PLASTER AND A CAKE OF LAUNDRY SOAP. What's the soap for?

MOL: That's to wash your mouth out if you hit your hand with the hammer again and say what I think you said.

FIB: I didn't say what you thought I said. I merely said that every time I SLAM IT, IT SWELLS.

MOL: Oh. Well, for goodness sakes get done with that mysterious job of yours and take a bath. You're simply filthy. Is that one of your good shirts?

FIB: Search me. I can't remember what color it was when I started work.

MOL: AND LOOK AT YOUR HANDS. YOU'LL NEVER GET THEM CLEAN.

FIB: (LAUGHS) Hahhhhh that's the time I got you. I got rubber gloves on so I wouldn't....(PAUSE) Oh, oh. No I haven't either. Forgot all about 'em.

MOL: I only hope this job is worth all the time and effort and noise, that's all.

FIB: It is. You got my word for that. This is somethin' you were gonna do yourself and kept puttin' it off.

MOL: ME? Well what on earth did I - OH TELL ME, MCGEE.

FIB: Nope. Gonna surprise you. This is gonna be the greatest --

DOORBELL: "DOWN BY THE OLD MILL STREAM"

MOL: Oh dear - Come In!!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Hello, Mr. Mills.

MILLS: Hello, Molly. Where's Fibber?

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, WHERE'S FIBBER? I'M FIBBER.

MILLS: Oh excuse me, skimp. I didn't know you in the coal-miner's outfit.

MOL: He's been working on some kind of a hush-hush job, Mr. Mills. Though I don't know what it could be that would get him THAT dirty.

FIB: You'll find out. Have a cigar, Billy.

MILLS: Thanks, I got one.

FIB: Got two? Thanks. Hummm. Smells good. Christmas stuff?

MILLS: Nope. Got that from one of my fiddle players. Just had a baby.

MOL: Oh isn't that nice. How long will he be out of the band, Mr. Mills.

MILLS: He'll never be out of ANY band long, babe, as long as he gives the maestro these fifteen-centers.

FIB: I like your voice since you caught cold, Billy!

MOL: Yes, it's just too too Andy Devine!

MILLS: Thanks!

FIB: By the way, Billy - how long have you been a musician?

MILLS: 38 years.

MOL: Heavenly days....how old are you now?

MILLS: 40. I had a drum when I was two. A xylophone when I was 3. A piano when I was four. And a sweet potato when I was five. With gravy.

MOL: What did you have when you were six?

MILLS: Measles and a B-flat harmonica.

FIB: What did you get at 7?

MILLS: X-Rayed.

MOL: EX-RAYED! What for?

MILLS: Swallowed the harmonica.

FIB: Did they operate?

MILLS: Nope. Still got it. Right down here.

MOL: Heavenly days, Mr. Mills....doesn't it ever cause you any trouble?

MILLS: Oh now and then, babe. I get a chord in G when I tie my shoes and I hiccup in B flat.

FIB: Can't you stick around awhile, Billy? After I get cleaned up I'll play you a game of ping pong.

MILLS: By the time you get clean again, skimp - we'll both be too old to play ping pong. So long, babe.

(DOOR SLAM)

FIB: Do I really look that dirty, Molly?

MOL: Indeed you do, dearie.

FIB: Yeah - I'm a mess. Gimme a hairpin, willya?

MOL: OH, NEVER MIND YOUR HAIR....put your hat on.

FIB: I didn't want it for my hair. I want to use it for a screw-driver. On account of I lost--

DOORBELL: "HOW DRY I AM"

SOUND: (DOOR OPEN & CLOSE....FUMBLING FOOTSTEPS ON STAIRS.... SUSTAIN & FADE TO DOOR SLAM, OFF MIKE)

(PAUSE)

MOL: Hmrrrrrr. Uncle Dennis is home early tonight.

FIB: Yes - well, I gotta get this job finished, Molly. One more little adjustment and it's all set. (FADE) WAIT JUST A MINUTE, AND I'LL--

MOL: Now control yourself, Molly....remember....they laughed at Robert Fulton and they sneered at Edison. Who knows what McGee might--

SOUND: (RATCHETS...TAPPING...CLANKS....THUDS)

FIB: (OFF) HOT DOG! THERE SHE IS! (FADE IN) OKAY MOLLY.... IT'S FINISHED!!...I DID IT!...AND ALL BY MYSELF, TOO!

MOL: Well, don't keep me in suspense....WHAT did you do?.... TELL ME.

FIB: You know that portable typewriter of yours?

MOL: Yes yes yes....

FIB: Well - I changed the ribbon on it!

ORK: "HOW ABOUT YOU"....FADE FOR:

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

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

By the time we get together again next week, we'll all be trying to remember to write 1942 instead of 1941. May I suggest one way to solve that problem? Take a pencil and paper and write down 50 times this sentence: "In 1942 I resolve to practice protective housekeeping". You can see what immense benefits such a resolution would bring. In the first place, furniture and woodwork would be protected against dirt and wear by a tough coat of genuine JOHNSON'S WAX. In the second place, this protective shield of wax will give your home that richly polished look, the extra beauty that decorators and careful housewives so much admire. And in the third place, the regular use of JOHNSON'S WAX will save you work all through the year, give you more time for useful defense service. Dust and dirt, you know, just don't stick to a wax-polished surface. There are over 100 extra labor-saving uses for wax in your home -- uses like windowsills, leather goods, shoes, lampshades, venetian blinds. And did you know that genuine JOHNSON'S WAX is now available in three forms -- paste, liquid and CREAM WAX? Buy some this week.

ORK: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

TAG GAG

MOL: McGee..you go right upstairs and get cleaned up. Don't even sit down anyplace before you get out of those clothes.  
FIB: Okay, but I don't think you're being very appreciative.  
MOL: I'm sorry you think so.  
FIB: Fine thing! Here I cut my hands to pieces, break my best screw driver, ruin my clothes and waste a whole day and for what?  
MOL: For the Wistful Vista Typewriter Shop, if you must know.  
FIB: WHADDYE MEAN?  
MOL: This is THEIR machine. I took mine down yesterday to get it cleaned.  
FIB: WHAT? YOU MEAN I....Oh pshaw! GOODNIGHT.  
MOL: GOODNIGHT ALL!  
ORK: UP TO FINISH: CREDITS, SIGNOFF:  
APPLAUSE:

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

TO FOLLOW CLOSING TAG

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

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

Goodnight.

.....

Yes, we'll have to take much better care of our automobiles,  
-- and we should start immediately. Begin with the outside  
-- give the finish of your car a beauty treatment with  
JOHNSON'S CARNU, the sensational new polish that both cleans  
and polishes in one application -- two jobs at once, in  
less than half the time they used to take. CARNU will not  
only help you take better care of your car -- it will  
increase your driving pleasure. CARNU is made by the makers  
of JOHNSON'S WAX. Remember to buy a can of JOHNSON'S CARNU  
this week -- it's spelled C-A-R-N-U.

b

END  
OF  
REEL