

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

(REVISED)

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

6:30-7:00PM
Tuesday - 1/27/42

NBC-Red

(REVISED)

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: "FREE FOR ALL"

ORCH: "FREE FOR ALL"

(FADE FOR:)

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-2-

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

ANNCR: The kitchen is such an important room in the house, you can't blame a woman for wanting to make it cheerful and convenient. In the first place, it's her workroom, where she spends a good many hours. Also, it's a room where both neighbors and family like to visit. Why shouldn't it be a pleasant room...with colorful curtains, convenient cabinets, and a beautiful, easy-to-keep-clean floor?

That, of course, is where JOHNSON'S GLO COAT comes in.

A floor that's kept sparkling with GLO-COAT does wonders for your kitchen. Keeps it clean and bright with a minimum of work. And don't forget that the regular use of JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO COAT makes your linoleum last from five to ten times longer. You know, of course, that GLO-COAT needs no rubbing or buffing...it's self polishing. GLO-COAT gives a floor lasting lustre...has a flexible film that wears evenly and smoothly without chipping. And GLO-COAT is economical because a little goes a long way. But for real GLO-COAT results, don't be satisfied with anything but the original JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO COAT with the familiar red and yellow label. Buy some tomorrow.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH

(APPLAUSE)

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WIL: THE WORST BLIZZARD IN 76 YEARS HAS HIT WISTFUL VISTA. SNOW
 HAS DRIFTED UP TO THE SECOND FLOOR WINDOWS IN SOME PLACES,
 AND THIS IS ONE OF THE PLACES. THE HOME OF -- FIBBER MCGEE
 & MOLLY!

(APPLAUSE)

MOL: It certainly is nice to stay home by a warm fire tonight,
 isn't it, McGee?

FIB: I'll say. It ain't a fit night out for man nor Hitler.

MOL: It must be terribly cold out.

FIB: COLD! Why when I came home tonight, that snow man in front
 of Toopses was blowing on his fingers!

MOL: What's the exact temperature? Stick your head out the door
 and see what the thermometer on the porch says.

FIB: I wouldn't protrude my puss 'out those portals tonight for
 all the re-treads in Detroit. No, sir.

MOL: Then turn on the radio. It's just time for the weather
 report.

FIB: Say, it is at that. I wonder just how cold it is.

SOUND: (CLICK)

P.A.VOICE: TERRIBLY!

FIB: Thanks.

SOUND: (CLICK)

MOL: At least we're comfortable and warm here. Want to play a
 game of rummy, dearie?

FIB: No, I gotta lotta stuff to do. Never have a better
 chance to do 'em, either.

MOL: Just what have you got to do?

FIB: Ohhh

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MAN: Goo

FIB: WEL

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FIB: Boy

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o do?

FIB: Ohhhhhhhh, I gotta paste my defense stamps in my book, and
sort out my trout flies, and write a letter to Aunt Sarah
thankin' her for my Christmas present, and--

MOL: She didn't send you any Christmas present.

FIB: Well, I'm in a sarcastic mood.

MOL: I'm glad you're going to be busy, McGee. Maybe I can
finish knitting this...er...this....

FIB: This what?

MOL: I wish I knew. I'm NOT much of a knitter yet.

FIB: You're a swell needlepointer.

MOL: I know....but the army has some silly objections to
needlepoint sweaters. Maybe if I--

(DOORBELL)

FIB: My gosh....there's somebody at the door!

MOL: That's what I love about you, McGee. You grasp things so
quickly. WELL, LET 'EM IN!!...THEY'LL FREEZE TO DEATH
OUT THERE.

FIB: Okay....but if it's the Good Humor man, he ain't usin' good
judgment.

(DOOR OPEN....WIND EFFECT....SUSTAIN)

MAN: Good evening. I am Mr. George Spelvin, with a--

FIB: WELL, COME IN....COME IN!...COME IN!!...LEMME GET THIS
DOOR SHUT!

(DOOR SLAM...WIND OUT)

FIB: Boy, that wind goes thru you like a collector from the
Internal Revenue. What'd you say your name was, Bud?

MAN: Spelvin - George Spelvin. You are Mr. McGee?

FIB: That I am, that I am. And this is my wife, Molly. Molly,
Mr. Spelvin.

MOL:

MAN:

FIB:

MOL:

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FIB:

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FIB:

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MOL:

FIB:

MAN:

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you say your name was, Bud?
You are Mr. McGee?
this is my wife, Molly. Molly,

MOL: OH, HOW DO YOU DO, I'M SURE.
MAN: Delighted, madam. My, it's nice and cozy in here. Don't
tell me you're KNITTING ON A TINY GARMENT! CONGRATULATIONS..
WHEN IS THE HAPPY EVENT?

FIB: Eh?
MOL: It isn't a tiny garment, it's a sweater for a soldier, and
if I don't stop dropping stitches, it won't be a happy event,
either. Have a chair, Mr. Spellbound.

MAN: Spelvin. And thank you....but first I'd better drop this
overcoat and these wet overshoes in the hall....(FADE)

MOL: McGee....who is he?
FIB: Iunno. But I wouldn't turn a dog away on a night like
this, and he looks kinda like a old hound I used to have
when....WELL, HAVE A CHAIR, SPELVIN, OLD MAN.

MAN: Thank you. Nice place you have here, Mrs. McGee.

MOL: Thank you. We like it. We HAVE to. We own it.

MAN: (LAUGHS) I imagine you'll be seeing a great deal of it for
the next few days. You won't be able to get downtown to a
restaurant till this storm is over.

FIB: Well, so what. Home is where the heartburn is, I always say.
Did you wanna see me about something, Spelvin?

MAN: What? Oh...OH YES. Mr. McGee, I have a special message to
you from the Governor--

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS....FROM THE GOVERNOR! MAYBE YOU'VE GOT AN
APPOINTMENT, McGEE!

FIB: It's about time. I've volunteered for everything from air
raid warden to mixin' macaroons for Marines. What did the
Governor say, Spelvin?

MAN: First, Mr. McGee...may I ask if you have a car?

MOL:
FIB:
MOL:

MAN:
FIB:
MOL:
FIB:

MAN:
FIB:

MOL:
FIB:
MAN:

DOORBELL:
MOL:

FIB:
MAN:
FIB:

DOOR OPEN
OLD TIMER
FIB:
DOOR SLAM

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rines. What did the

ve a car?

MOL: Every time I see it, I ask myself the same thing.

FIB: Sure I got a car, bud. Tip-top condition, too.

MOL: You're not kidding, McGee. That top tips under any
conditions.

MAN: It really doesn't matter, as long as it runs.

FIB: OHHH IT RUNS! That car'll do 55 in second gear, Spelvin.

MOL: And 30 in high.

FIB: Oh now, Molly. You're givin' George, here, a entirely
wrong impression. (LAUGHS) You see, George, - er -- you
don't mind if I call you George, do you?

MAN: Not at all. Glad to have you.

FIB: Fine. You see, Spelvin, before we were married, my wife
used to go with a guy that owned a Stutz Bearcat, and she
never got over the -

MOL: Never mind me, McGee. What did the governor say?

FIB: What did eh say, Spelvin?

MAN: The fact is, McGee, it is of the utmost importance that
you -

DOORBELL:

MOL: Oh dear....now who? You answer it, McGee. I'M right in the
middle of a mistake in my knitting.

FIB: Okay. Excuse me a minute, George.

MAN: Certainly.

FIB: (MUTTERS) I suppose somebody wants me to tie some hot
coffee around my neck and go rescue their St. Bernard.

DOOR OPEN: WIND EFFECT: (SUSTAIN)

OLD TIMER: HELLO THERE JOHNNY...HEY CAN I BORROW A--

FIB: COME ON IN, OLD TIMER!. COME ON IN!!

DOOR SLAM: WIND OUT:

MOL: (OFF MI

FIB: It's th

OLD M: ~~She's~~

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Malayan

MOL: Oh good

Mr. Spe

WHAT IS

FIB: Hey, I

OLD M: Just ca

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MOL: Oh don'

FIB: Come on

FIBBER.

OLD M: Maybe n

MOL: Won't y

OLD M: Nope!

FIB: Tell ju

OLD M: Nope!

MOL: Whispe

OLD M: Promise

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IN!!

MOL: (OFF MIKE) WHO IS IT, MCGEE?

FIB: It's the Old Timer, Molly. ~~(Some other name)~~

OLD M: ~~Oh, Johnny, what's your name?~~ HELLO THERE, DAUGHTER!
Whatcha doin'? Knittin' for Britain or Crochetin' for the
Malayan's?

MOL: Oh good evening, Mr. Old Timer. May I introduce you to
Mr. Spelvin? Mr. Spelvin, this is Mr....er...Mr....SAY,
WHAT IS YOUR NAME ANYWAY, MR. OLD TIMER?

FIB: Hey, I don't believe I ever heard it either.

OLD M: Just call me Old Timer, kids...names don't matter. It's
character that counts. As long's a feller's true-blue,
honest and straightforward - and backward --

MOL: Oh don't be so coy. What's your name?

FIB: Come on, Old Timer. After all, it couldn't be worse than
FIBBER.

OLD M: Maybe not, Johnny, but I'm more sensitive than you are.

MOL: Won't you tell us?

OLD M: Nope!

FIB: Tell just me.

OLD M: Nope!

MOL: Whisper it in my ear. I won't tell anybody.

OLD M: Promise?

MOL: I promise.

OLD M: Okay. (WHISPERS)

MOL: OH HEAVENLY DAYS!!!! IT COULDN'T BE!

OLD M: 'Tis, though!

MOL: Well can you imagine....MR. SPELVIN, THIS IS THE OLD TIMER.
~~MR. OLD TIMER MR. SPELVIN.~~

SPEL:
OLD M:
FIB:
MOL:
OLD M:
SPEL:
OLD M:

DOOR OPEN W
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APPLAUSE:

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THIS IS THE OLD TIMER.

SPEL: How do you do, sir.

OLD M: Hello, son. Sorry to butt in like this, kids. Just wanted to know if I could borrow a hot poker.

FIB: A HOT POKER! No, I'm sorry, Old Timer...our poker's busted.

MOL: What on earth did you want it for?

OLD M: Oh me and my girl, Fran! --

SPEL: Your girl-fran? --

OLD M: NO, MY GIRL - FRAN. FRANCIS. We were playin' in the snow along the street, here, divin' into snowdrifts, and all of a sudden I missed Fran. Musta knocked herself out on a fire hydrant or somethin. Anyway she's under a drift someplace along here and I was gonna jab around with a hot poker. OH WELL, I CAN USE A SHARP STICK. SEE YOU LATER KIDS. GOODNIGHT, MR. TAILSPIN.

DOOR OPEN WITH WIND: SHUT, WIND OUT:

ORK: "SOUVENIR"

APPLAUSE:

... he was out in the snow, looking for Fran, and wanted to get to try to get her out, but the trails weren't leading, so -- (SPEL) He went on and stayed...

FIB:

WELL, LET'S GET TO A TO... AS LONG AS YOU REMAINS IN THE GOVERNOR, BEYOND YOU WILL BE JUST... WHAT HE WANTS UP TO --

DOORBELL:

WELL, FOR WORKING... MORE... OF THE... AND IT IS, NOW.

CLINK OF DISHES

MOL: Won

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~~FIB:~~ Yes

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SPEL: Tha

MOL: I'm

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FIB: Wha

MOL: Not

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FIB: Oh,

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SPEL: (LA

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MOL: God

SPEL: Yes

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(PAUSE)

FIB: WE

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DOORBELL:

MOL: We

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(SECOND SPOT)

(REVISED)

CLINK OF DISHES AND SILVER: (OCCASIONALLY THROUGHOUT)

MOL: Won't you have another cup of coffee before you and McGee start talking business, Mr. Spelvin?

~~FIB: Yes, come on, Spelly, old man. Good for you. Spills the porch and keeps the arches from falling.~~

SPEL: Thanks, I believe I will. Delicious coffee, Mrs. McGee.

MOL: I'm glad you like it. I make it from a recipe I got from McGee's half-sister, Bess.

FIB: Whaddye mean, HALF sister? She's my sister.

MOL: Not since she worked for that magician and he sawed her in two.

FIB: Oh, yes...I forgot that. (LAUGHS) Just a family joke, Spell. We always kid Bossie about wantin' to go on the stage.

SPEL: (LAUGHS) Is that so? I had a younger brother always wanted to go on the stage. Finally made it, too.

MOL: Good for him!

SPEL: Yes, he was out in Desert Springs, Arizona once, and wanted to go to Dry Gulch, New Mexico. But the trains weren't running, so - - (LAUGHS) he went on the stage!

(PAUSE)

FIB: WELL, LET'S GET DOWN TO BUSINESS, SPELVIN. AS LONG AS YOU REPRESENT THE GOVERNOR, SUPPOSE YOU TELL ME JUST EXACTLY WHAT HE WANTS ME TO -

DOORBELL:

MOL: Well, for goodness sakes! More orphans of the Storm. See who it is, McGee.

FIB:

SPEL:

DOOR OPEN:

FIB:

DOOR SLAM W

FIB:

MOL:

UPP:

SPEL:

FIB:

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MOL:

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MOL:

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es! More orphans of the Storm. See

FIB: Okay. Excuse me a minute, Spelvin, while I see what no-good
this ill wind is blowin' us.

SPEL: Of course...of course, Mrs. Uppington.

DOOR OPEN: WIND EFFECT: Incess, Mr. Spelvin.

FIB: OH, HIYAH, UPFY...COME ON IN...QUICK!

DOOR SLAM WITH WIND OUT: It, I think, and I would love to discuss the

FIB: HEY, MOLLY...UPPY'S HERE. Come on in, Uppy.

MOL: (FADE IN) OH, HOW DO YOU DO, ABIGAIL? May I present
Mr. Spelvin? Mr. Spelvin, Mrs. Uppington.

UPP: How do you do? IT WAS SO HUMIDITY

SPEL: Not THE Mrs. Uppington, through whose window someone threw
a rock!

FIB: The very same, Spelvin.

MOL: Will you have a cup of coffee, Abigail? You look awfully
cold.

UPP: Thank you, I will, my deah...and I am cold. In fact, I am
quite numb.

FIB: That's what I was tellin' Molly just this morning, Uppy.
I says, "That Uppington frail is just about the----!"

MOL: MCGEE!! SHE SAID NUMB.

FIB: Oh! I...er...say, what you doin' out on a night like this,
HAMPING ON Uppy? This kind of weather's only good for one thing. To

MOL: keep the Germans rushin' back from the Russian Front.
Get it, Folks? I says to keep the ----

MOL: TAIN'T FUNNY, MCGEE.

SPEL: I thought it was rather amusing, Mrs. McGee.

FIB: Thanks, Spel. Have a cigar?

SPEL: Thanks, I have one.

FIB: Got two? Thanks.

...e, Spelvin, while I see what no-good
us.

...Mrs. Uppington?

...ON IN...QUICK!

...Come on in, Uppy.

...YOU DO, ABIGAIL? May I present

...In, Mrs. Uppington.

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...coffee, Abigail? You look awfully

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...to keep the -----

...amusing, Mrs. McGee.

...igar?

UPP: Answering your question, Mr. McGee...I had little Fifi out
for a walk...she adores the snow, you know -

SPEL: Is Fifi your daughter, Mrs. Uppington?

MOL: Fifi is a Pekinese, Mr. Spelvin.

SPEL: How interesting. I'd love to meet her. Chinese girls are
SO intelligent, I think, and I would love to discuss the
situation in --

FIB: FIFI IS A DOG, SPELVIN. And she ain't interested in the
foreign situation.

UPP: AS I WAS SAYING, IT WAS SO BLUSTERY...AND SO COLD OUTSIDE,
I WAS FRIGHTFULLY AFRAID OF BEING LOST IN THE STORM...AND
YOURS WAS THE ONLY LIGHT I COULD SEE FOR SIMPLY BLOCKS,
MY DEAR, so I struggled through the drifts and finally
succeeded in forcing my way through the snow to your front
door.

MOL: But where's Fifi?

UPP: Oh, I took her home first.

FIB: Well, sit down and take a load off your I. Miller's, Uppy.
Mr. Spelvin here was just about to gimme a message from the
Governor.

SPEL: As a matter of fact, I -

HAMMERING ON DOOR:

MOL: What we need is a doorman!! Does anybody here know any
unemployed Eskimos? WELL GO SEE WHO IT IS, MCGEE.

FIB: Okay. But if -

HAMMERING ON DOOR:

FIB: ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT!!!

DOOR OPEN WITH WIND EFFECT:

FIB: Come on in, come on in. Shut the door. (DOOR AND WIND OUT)

VISION) -12-
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oor. (DOOR AND WIND OUT)

WIL: Gee, thanks, Fibber....My hands were so cold I couldn't
FIB: find the doorbell...had to hammer with my elbows....
FIB: Haven't you got sense enough to stay home on a night like
WIL: this, Harlow?
WIL: Well, my conscience was bothering me, Fibber. I just ran
across a book I borrowed from you a long time ago. Here.
FIB: Thanks. What is it? Oh, "IF WINTER COMES." You sure this
is mine?
WIL: Yeah...I borrowed it in 1925. Hey, is that coffee I smell?
FIB: It is, and you do. Come in and defrost your eyebrows.
MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox.
UPP: How do you do, Mr. Wilcox.
WIL: Hello, Mrs. Uppington.
FIB: Harlow, this is Mr. George Spelvin. Spelvy, old man, this
is Harlow Wilcox, your linoleum's best friend and severest
critic.
SPEL: Glad to know you, Mr. Wilcox.
WIL: This is a co-incidence, Mr. Spelvin! I was demonstrating
Johnson's Self-Polishing Glocoat to a Mrs. Spelvin yesterday
afternoon. Showing her how easy it was to apply and how
quickly it dried to a beautiful polish and how the easier
housework would take years off her life and put them on the
life of the linoleum. No, it wasn't Mrs. Spelvin either.
It was Mrs. Woods...or no...CRAWFORD! That was it.
Crawford. No relation, I suppose?
SPEL: Tall, dark woman with a mole on her arm?
WIL: No, short and stout, with a poodle on her lap.
SPEL: No relation, I guess.
UPP: Speaking of poodles, Mr. Wilcox, I hated to take little
Fifi out tonight because -

WIL: WELL
FIB: Ther
There
SPEL: I had
WIL: MAN'S
GLOCO
MUCH
MOL: Heave
Glocc
WIL: I dur
SPEL: As I
FIB: I did
the
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MOL: Oh no
FIB: Well
porch
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WIL: What
FIB: We n
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DOORBELL:
FIB: That
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DOOR OPEN: WIND
FIB: OH H
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2ND REVISION) -13 & 14-
nds were so cold I couldn't
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to stay home on a night like -
ring me, Fibber. I just ran
you a long time ago. Here.
"WINTER COMES." You sure this

Hey, is that coffee I smell?
and defrost your eyebrows.

Spelvin. Spelvy, old man, this
is your best friend and severest

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how to get a coat to a Mrs. Spelvin yesterday
and how easy it was to apply and how
easy it was to polish and how the easier
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CRAWFORD! That was it.

propose?

on her arm?

poodle on her lap.

Wilcox, I hated to take little

(REVISED) -15-

WIL: WELL THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A DOG.
FIB: There's nothing like Uppy's dog, I'll go that far with you.
There ain't even another DOG like her dog.
SPEL: I had a dog once that -
WIL: MAN'S BEST FRIEND I ALWAYS SAY. JUST LIKE JOHNSON'S
GLOCOAT IS A WOMAN'S BEST FRIEND. BECAUSE IT SAVES SO
MUCH TIME AND EFFORT AND -
MOL: Heavenly days, Mr. Wilcox can't you forget Johnson's
Glocoat for one minute?
WIL: I dunno. I never tried.
SPEL: As I was saying, I had a dog once that -
FIB: I did, too. Part springer spaniel on his mother's side and
the smartest dog I ever knew on his father's side.
Smarter'n a human being.
MOL: Oh now, McGee...
FIB: Well, he was. Every Sunday morning, he'd go out on the
porch and look both ways up and down the street. Then he'd
kinda shake his head and come back in the house. Every
Sunday morning for 11 years he did that.
WIL: What was he looking for?
FIB: We never knew. HE knew...but we didn't. So he was
smarter'n us. I'll have another cup of coffee too, Molly.
SPEL: As I was going to say, I had a dog once, that --
DOORBELL:
FIB: That mutt of George's is gonna die of old age before he
gets into the discussion. Excuse me while I see who's at
the door.
DOOR OPEN: WIND EFFECT
FIB: OH HYAH, LA TRIVIA!. COME ON IN!

d

GALE:

FIB:

MOL:

SPEL:

GALE:

FIB:

UPP:

GALE:

MOL:

GALE:

FIB:

GALE:

go that far with you.
dog.

LIKE JOHNSON'S
CAUSE IT SAVES SO

orget Johnson's

his mother's side and
ather's side.

he'd go out on the
the street. Then he'd
the house. Every
at.

't. So he was
of coffee too, Molly.
ce, that --

old age before he
while I see who's at

GALE: Thank you, McGee.

(DOOR SLAM....WIND OUT)

FIB: Glad you dropped in, La Trivia. The conversation around
here was sure goin' to the dogs. HEY, EVERYBODY....
HERE'S MAYOR LA TRIVIA.

(AD LIB HELLOS....UPPY, LA TRIVIA, WILCOX....MOLLY)

MOL: I don't believe you know Mr. Spelvin, your honor.
Mr. Spelvin this is Mayor La Trivia.

SPEL: I had a dog....oh, excuse me. Glad to meet you,
your honor.

GALE: How do you do? Are you a resident of our fair city, Mr.
Spelvin?

FIB: No - he don't vote here, La Trivia. You can let go his
hand now.

UPP: Mr. Spelvin represents the Governor, Mr. Mayor.

GALE: OH, HE DOES....WELL, WELL, WELL....I SEE WHERE MR.
SPELVIN AND I CAN SPEND A PROFITABLE FEW MINUTES TOGETHER.
WE -

MOL: Have a cup of coffee, Mr. Mayor?

GALE: Thank you. And an egg sandwich. I just stopped in to
tell you, McGee, that a complaint has reached my ears--

FIB: I had the same thing last summer, La Trivia. Started
in my neck and reached my ears in two days. The doctor
says it was just a tempora--

GALE: MR. MCGEE, PLEASE! I was about to say that I have
received a complaint from the street commissioner that
you have been remiss in the matter of snow removal from
your front sidewalk.

FIB: Thanks

GALE: Well,

FIB: ~~Thank~~

shoveli

GALE: You do?

MOL: You do?

FIB: I shore

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conversation around
EVERYBODY....

ILCOX...MOLLY)

, your honor.

to meet you,

f our fair city, Mr.

You can let go his

Mr. Mayor.

SEE WHERE MR.

FEW MINUTES TOGETHER.

just stopped in to

as reached my ears--

a Trivia. Started

two days. The doctor

say that I have

t commissioner that

of snow removal from

FIB: Thanks for warning me, La Trivia.

~~GALE: Well, I wanted to take some action until~~

~~I had given you something, warning, etc.~~

FIB: ~~Thanks, I said.~~ Funny thing, too....I really enjoy

shoveling snow.

GALE: You do?

MOL: You do?

FIB: I shorely do! I'd rather hear the frosty clang of a snow shovel on a sidewalk than the finest symphony music. To feel the red blood coursing thru my veins, as I swing that shovel to and fro...that marvelous glow that comes from exercisin' in the cold winter air - the sharp tang of the wind on my cheeks as my muscles respond to the healthy rhythm....AND WHAT A APPETITE I GET!...SLEEP LIKE A BABY!.....OH, I LOVE THE FEELING OF--

MOL: Hold it

GALE: I'M GOI

LIKE TH

FIB: Right i

MOL: Where,

FIB: Right h

DOOR OPEN: TERRIFIC

(PAUSE)

FIB: Gotta s

ORCH: ^{Gay}

APPLAUSE

really enjoy

clang of a
symphony

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marvelous glow
nter air -
as my muscles
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MOL: Hold it, McGee...where are you going, Mr. Mayor?
 GALE: I'M GOING TO SHOVEL YOUR WALK OFF FOR YOU. I HAVEN'T FELT
 LIKE THAT IN YEARS. WHERE'S THE SNOW SHOVEL?
 FIB: Right in here, La Trivia.
 MOL: Where, McGee?
 FIB: Right here in the hall clos-

DOOR OPEN: TERRIFIC AVALANCHE OF JUNK: BELL TINKLE

(PAUSE)

FIB: Gotta straighten out that closet one of these days!

ORCH: "Gay Ranchers"
~~"SHERMAN'S SERENADE"~~ -- KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE

THIRD SPOT

VOICES MURMUR AND LAUGH
WILCOX....

FIB: HEY, EVERY

VOICES OUT:

UPP: Yes, Mr. M

FIB: Look, I th

MOL: So if any
snowed in

WIL: AW I DON'T

SPEL: So am I, M

UPP: Won't you
sandwiches

FIB: She wasn't
(PAUSE)

WIL: Oh. She wa

MOL: No, but I
bein' hit

FIB: I'LL JOIN

SPEL: We're play

MOL: What on ea

WIL: It's my tu
A CONTENTE

UPP: I KNOW!

(LAUGHTER)

UPP: Your turn

SPEL: All right

MOL: Oh that's

APPLAUSE:

ing, Mr. Mayor?
FOR YOU. I HAVEN'T FELT
SNOW SHOVEL?

TINKLE

one of these days!

EN

THIRD SPOT

VOICES MURMUR AND LAUGHTER:
WILCOX....UPPY....SPELVIN:

FIB: HEY, EVERYBODY! ~~LISTEN! ATTENTION PLEASE!~~

VOICES OUT:

UPP: Yes, Mr. McGee?

FIB: Look, I think the storm's lettin' up a little -

MOL: So if any of you want to get home before you really get
snowed in here -

WIL: AW I DON'T WANNA GO HOME, MOLLY! I'M HAVING FUN!

SPEL: So am I, Mrs. McGee. And I can talk to your husband later.

UPP: Won't you join us, my deah, when you get thru making the
sandwiches?

FIB: She wasn't making any sandwiches.

(PAUSE)

WIL: Oh. She wasn't?

MOL: No, but I will. I guess Molly McGee can take a hint without
bein' hit in the face with a wet bathing suit.

FIB: I'LL JOIN YOU...WHATCHA PLAYIN'?

SPEL: We're playing THINKY-DINKS.

MOL: What on earth are Thinky-Dinks?

WIL: It's my turn. I'll show you. ALL RIGHT, I'M THINKING OF
A CONTENTED INSECT IN AN AUTO ROBE.

UPP: I KNOW! I KNOW! "A SNUG BUG IN A CHUG RUG!"

(LAUGHTER)

UPP: Your turn, Mr. Spelvin.

SPEL: All right. What's a wide-awake quintet in a juke joint?

MOL: Oh that's easy. "A LIVE FIVE IN A JIVE DIVE."

APPLAUSE:

FIB:

UPP:

FIB:

WIL:

FIB:

MOL:

(PAUSE)

UPP:

MOL:

DOORBELL

MOL:

FIB:

CHORUS OF ASS

FIB:

DOOR OPEN: W

FIB:

DOOR SLAM: W

WIMP:

FIB:

GREETINGS AD

MOL:

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 et bathing suit.
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 ALL RIGHT, I'M THINKING OF
 ROBE.
 IN A CHUG RUG!"
 e quintet in a juke joint?
 IN A JIVE DIVE."

FIB: Aw this game is a cinch. Lemme try it.
 UPP: Do, Mr. McGee...go ahead.
 FIB: Okay, I'M thinkin' of a tired Indian in a borrowed tepee.
 (FAST) Give up? "A SPENT GENT IN A LENT TENT!"
 WIL: You didn't give us time to guess, Fibber.
 FIB: You wouldn't of got it anyway. Go ahead Molly. Your turn.
 MOL: All right. I'M thinking of a handpainted sparkplug dancing
 with a red-haired kangaroo on a Wednesday afternoon.
 (PAUSE)
 UPP: Good heavens...I cawn't think what that would be!
 MOL: Neither can I, so I'll go out and make some sandwiches. You
 just go ahead and have fun while I -
 DOORBELL
 MOL: Oh dear -- go see who that is, McGee...it may mean extra
 food and more coffee.
 FIB: Okay...excuse me, folks.
 CHORUS OF ASSENT:
 FIB: If I don't find out pretty soon what the governor --
 DOOR OPEN: WIND EFFECT:
 FIB: OH HIYAH WIMPLE...COME ON IN...QUICK!
 DOOR SLAM: WIND OUT
 WIMP: Hello, Mr. McGee...my goodness isn't it a terrible night
 out? (LAUGHS) Not that ANY night out is very terrible to
 me, though, because....Oh...you have company.
 FIB: AW COME ON IN ANYWAY. HEY FOLKS...HERE'S WALLACE WIMPLE.
 GREETINGS AD LIB:
 MOL: I don't think Mr. Wimple knows Mr. Spelvin, McGee. Mr.
 Spelvin, Mr. Wimple.

SPEL:

WIMP:

FIB:

WIMP:

MOL:

WIMP:

WIL:

WIMP:

SPEL:

WIMP:

FIB:

WIMP:

UPP:

WIMP:

MOL:

SPEL: Good evening, Mr. Wimple.

WIMP: (LAUGHS) Oh it's nothing of the kind, Mr. Spelvin..it's a HORRIBLE evening. I'D never have budged out of the house if I hadn't run out of cigarettes.

FIB: You don't have to go clear to the cigar store, Wimp; I'll give you a couple of packages. What do you smoke?

WIMP: Cubebs.

MOL: I didn't know your wife would let you smoke, Mr. Wimple.

WIMP: Well she doesn't really approve, Mrs. McGee. Not cigarettes anyway. Though she promised me a pipe last Christmas.

WIL: Briar, Wallace?

WIMP: No, ~~lead~~ Mr. Wilcox. She promised she'd let me have it if she ever caught me smoking again. You see, Sweetysface - (Sweetysface is my wife, Mr. Spelvin) --

SPEL: I see.

WIMP: Sweetysface is simply OBSESSED with health fads. Why sometimes for dinner we just have a heaping plate of spinach apiece.

FIB: Just spinach, Wimp?

WIMP: Just spinach...(LAUGHS) I pretend I don't know she has a filet mignon under hers and later I run out and get a nut burger.

UPP: Don't you evah protest against such inhuman treatment, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: Oh of course I have, Mrs. Uppington. Why just last Saturday, I said to her, "SWEETYSFACE", I said, "I'D like to have a little more freedom", and she said, "WHY WALLACE DEAR, HOW CAN YOU SAY THAT? WHY YOU'RE AS FREE AS A BIRD!"

MOL: She did, really?

P

WIMP: Yes...and then and threw me ov

SPEL: Your wife sound

FIB: Wimple, Spelvin

SPEL: Excuse me.

WIMP: Well, I wouldn is really a de

her. She says

IT'S BEEN NICE

AD LIB GOODBYES:

MOL: You're sure yo

Wimple?

WIMP: Wel-l-l...if I det one anyway

CHORUS OF APPROVAL:

UPP: NOW LET'S ALL

FIB: HEY JUST A MIN

EXCLAMATIONS:

FIB: Look...you're games you want message from to hear what

WIL: Well, we'll go

CHORUS OF APPROVAL:

MOL: NO NO NO...WE

FIB: Er....do we?

MOL: OF COURSE WE I

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d, "I'D like to have a
, "WHY WALLACE DEAR, HOW
REE AS A BIRD!"

WIMP: Yes...and then she said, "IN FACT, I'LL BET YOU CAN FLY",
and threw me out the window!

SPEL: Your wife sounds like quite a character, Mr. Sweetface.

FIB: Wimple, Spelvin. His wife's name is Sweetface.

SPEL: Excuse me.

WIMP: Well, I wouldn't want anyone to misunderstand me. Sweetface
is really a delightful person when you really get to know
her. She says. WELL, I MUST BE RUNNING ALONG, FOLKS....
IT'S BEEN NICE TO SEE ALL OF YOU.

AD LIB GOODEYES:

MOL: You're sure you can't stay a while and play games, Mr.
Wimple?

WIMP: Wel-l-l...if I do it, I det a whippin' - (PAUSE) I'LL
det one anyway. I'll stay!

CHORUS OF APPROVAL:

UPP: NOW LET'S ALL PLAY GAMES AGAIN. WHO WILL SUGGEST -

FIB: HEY JUST A MINUTE FOLKS...JUST A MINUTE.

EXCLAMATIONS:

FIB: Look...you're welcome to stay all night and play all the
games you want, but Mr. Spelvin come here tonight with a
message from the Governor and I don't wanna wait any longer
to hear what it is.

WIL: Well, we'll go in the other room, Fibber, and let you talk.

CHORUS OF APPROVAL:

MOL: NO NO NO...WE WANT YOU ALL TO HEAR IT, DON'T WE MCGEE?

FIB: Er....do we?

MOL: OF COURSE WE DO! I'M PROUD OF IT!

FIB: I g

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SPEL: ALL

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WIL: HEY

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MOL: Yee

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FIB: HE

SPEL: You

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LOUD LAUGHTER:

FIB: Oh

ORCH: "WI

REVISED) -22-

"ALL BET YOU CAN FLY",

ter, Mr. Sweetyface.

Sweetyface.

understand me. Sweetyface

you really get to know

YNNING ALONG, FOLKS....

and play games, Mr.

in' - (PAUSE) I'LL

NO WILL SUGGEST -

NOTE.

right and play all the

me here tonight with a

n't wanna wait any longer

Fibber, and let you talk.

IT, DON'T WE MCGEE?

(2ND REVISION) -23-

FIB: I guess we do at that. All you people thought I was kind

of unimportant, didn't you? THOUGHT I'D NEVER AMOUNT TO

ANNOUNCER: ANYTHING, WELL, THERE'S GONNA BE A FEW OPINIONS CHANGED

AROUND HERE TONIGHT. GO AHEAD, SPELVIN, OLD MAN.

SPEL: All right, Mr. McGee. Do you realize that your tires wear

out twice as fast at 45 miles per hour as they do at 30?

MOL: Certainly we know that. But what--

SPEL: Driving habits are hard to control. So what's the best
answer? AN AUTOMATIC CONTROL....Therefore.-

WIL: HEY, WHAT'S ALL THIS GOT TO DO WITH GIVING FIBBER A STATE
JOB?

MOL: Yes, why does the Governor need our car?

SPEL: That's what I've been getting at. It isn't so much that the
Governor needs your car, as it is that your car needs a
governor. Thus; your speed -

FIB: HEY, WHAT IS THIS, BUD? WHO DO YOU REPRESENT?

SPEL: You never let me quite explain that, Mr. McGee...I represent
the Governor and ^{Carburetor} Gadget Corporation of New Jersey, and -

LOUD LAUGHTER; UPPY, WIMP, WILCOX

FIB: Oh pshaw!

ORCH: "WHO COULD BE LONELY" - FADE FOR:

S.C. JOHNSON
FIBBER MCGEE
TUESDAY 6:30
JANUARY 27

CLOSING COM

ANNOUNCER:

ORCH:

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(2ND REVISION) -23-

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THOUGHT I'D NEVER AMOUNT TO
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D, SPELVIN, OLD MAN.

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.....Therefore -

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DO YOU REPRESENT?

In that, Mr. McGee...I represent
oration of New Jersey, and -

FOR:

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC
JANUARY 27, 1942

-24-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL:

ANNOUNCER: When you step into some homes, don't they seem to be more livable and friendly than others - aglow with warm hospitality? A wax-protected home is usually a warm friendly one. Floors that shimmer and gleam with a rich JOHNSON'S WAX polish, add beauty to the entire home. They are protected too against wear and dirt -- actual money-saving protection, - and they are so much easier to keep clean. But this JOHNSON'S WAX protection and labor saving doesn't stop with floors. Wax your table tops, chair arms, woodwork, also - and your window sills, venetian blinds, shelves, refrigerator, shoes, luggage, lampshades. Then you'll be practicing what authorities call protective housekeeping. Right now and during the next year or so it's important to take extra good care of your things. Give them an occasional application of genuine JOHNSON'S WAX - which you can buy now in three forms - paste, liquid and the new CREAM WAX especially formulated for furniture and woodwork. By the way, JOHNSON'S WAX is great, too, for army boots and leather service equipment.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

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 glow with warm
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 JOHNSON'S WAX - which
 te, liquid and the new
 furniture and woodwork.
 too, for army boots and

TAG GAG

FIB: Ladies and gentlemen, the country has a big job ahead of
 it, and won't stop till it's done. We've got to get in
 there with our money and our work and our loyal, 100%
 support.

MOL: Yeah, Uncle Sam has rolled up his sleeves, and now what he
 needs is more sleeves...

FIB: So let's give him our shirts! Good night.

MOL: Good night, all!

ORCH: UP TO FINISH, APPLAUSE, ETC. TO SIGNOFF

(CUE)
MOLLY:

WILCOX:

big job ahead of
ve got to get in
ur loyal, 100%

es, and now what he

ht.

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CLOSING TAG

(CUE)
MOLLY:

.....Goodnight all.
.....

WILCOX:

The War Department has just announced new revised regulations for training Aviation Cadets. Under these new rules, men between 18 and 26, married or single, with or without college education, are now eligible for the ARMY AIR CORPS. More than 2,000,000 more men may now join this exciting branch of the service, and play an important part in America's all-out victory program.

How to join? See your local Army Recruiting Station immediately.....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.

This is the National Broadcasting Company.

(CUE)
MOLLY:

.....Go
.....

WILCOX:

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