

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

(REVISED)

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

6:30-7:00 PM  
Tuesday - 2/3/42

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: "I LOVE LOUISA".

ORCH: "I LOVE LOUISA"

(FADE FOR:)

b



G. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
FEBRUARY 3, 1942  
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

MORNING COMMERCIAL

The other night I was talking with a man who had just had the floors in his house completely refinished. In fact, he had just paid the bill. "This time we're going to take care of our floors", he told me. "We're taking your advice about protecting them regularly with JOHNSON'S WAX." Well, that's advice I give very freely on this program, and you're all welcome to accept it and save yourself expensive refinishing charges. It's really remarkable how much punishment floors will stand when they are given an occasional coat of genuine JOHNSON'S WAX. Besides the money-saving protection, JOHNSON'S WAX offers two other major advantages -- first, the glowing beauty which it gives to all floors, furniture and woodwork -- second, the way it saves you work all during the year. Be sure, however, that you get the original and genuine JOHNSON'S WAX, available in PASTE, LIQUID or CREAM WAX form.

WIL: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH)(APPLAUSE)

WIL:

WHEN HOUSECLEANING TIME COMES, A HUSBAND DOES ONE OF TWO THINGS. ONE: - HE GOES AWAY SOMEPLACE. TWO: - HE HANGS AROUND AND GETS IN THE WAY. THE GUY LIVING AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA IS TYPE NUMBER 2. AS YOU'LL SEE WHEN WE JOIN --

-- FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

MOL:

McGee, if you're not going to be any more help than this, I wish you'd take the afternoon off. Go to a movie or something.

FIB:

I might call Billy Mills and go bowling.

MOL:

Why dontcha?

FIB:

Can't, Billy hates bowling.

MOL:

Why don't you go down to the cigar store? You and the other hangers-on down there haven't settled the world situation for a long time.

FIB:

Aw those muggs don't know what it's all about. They're too fat to fight, too wise to know anything and too dumb to catch on when I try to explain things to 'em.

MOL:

You being the authority, I suppose.

FIB:

Why not? I read the papers and study military tactics and all them drips do is stand around moaning about their tires.

MOL:

This tire shortage is certainly going to put the country back on its feet again.

FIB:

I don't care, - I like to walk. Remember last summer when I was always planning to pack a lunch, get up early on some Sunday morning and take a long amble out into the country?

MOL:

I remember you planning it, but you never went.



(2ND REVISION) -4-

WHEN THE TIME COMES, A HUSBAND DOES ONE OF TWO THINGS. HE GOES AWAY SOMEPLACE. TWO. - HE HANGS AROUND IN THE WAY. THE GUY LYING AT 79 WISTFUL AVENUE NUMBER 2. AS YOU'LL SEE WHEN WE JOIN --  
- FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

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and the papers and study military tactics and don't do is stand around moaning about their tires. The whole page is certainly going to put the country to rest again.

I like to walk. Remember last summer when I was planning to pack a lunch, get up early on some morning and take a long amble out into the country? I was planning it, but you never went.

(2ND REVISION) -5-

FIB: Well, I hate to go away and miss reading the Sunday paper.

MOL: You could have taken the Sunday paper with you.

FIB: Oh yeah? I know a guy that carried a Sunday paper two miles once. He's been bowlegged ever since.

MOL: Well, if you're not going to help me with this house cleaning I wish you'd go out some place, but comb your hair first!

FIB: I just did.

MOL: What did you part it with - a corkscrew?

FIB: No, I'm just different than most good-lookin' guys. Instead of curly hair and a straight part, I got straight hair and a curly part. No kiddin', Molly... (PAUSE) What's the matter...hurt your hand? MOLLY...WHAT'S THE MATTER?

MOL: McGee...my ring! My engagement ring!

FIB: Eh?

MOL: IT'S GONE!

FIB: OH MY GOSH! Hey, maybe you took it off to wash your hands or something.

MOL: I NEVER take it off...oh dear...my beautiful engagement ring! It'll break my heart if I lose that now.

FIB: Where'd you see it last?

MOL: Right here on my left hand. Oh dear, if I only ...

FIB: No, I mean where WERE you?

MOL: I had it this morning... and I haven't been out of the house! Now let me see...first I built a fire here in the fireplace, and -

FIB: MAYBE YOU DROPPED IT IN THE FIREPLACE...

MOL: Oh, heavenly days...scrape the ashes all out and sift them, McGee...I'll look upstairs...THEN YOU GET THE VACUUM CLEANER AND....

DOORBELL



(2ND REVISION) -5-

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a fire here in the fireplate,

REPLACE...

ashes all out and sift them,

WHEN YOU GET THE VACUUM

(2ND REVISION) -6-

MOL: Oh dear!!!

FIB: COME IN!!!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh hello, Mrs. Uppington.

UPP: How do you do, my deah...AND Mr. McGee.

FIB: Hiyah, Uppy. Watch where you plant those big...I mean  
watch where you step, Uppy. We lost a diamond ring around  
here some place.

MOL: My engagement ring, Abigail...it's missing.

UPP: How terrible, my deah. And it was such a dainty <sup>little</sup> diamond,  
too!

MOL: It isn't the ring so much as it is the sentiment, Abigail.  
I remember the night McGee gave it to me, just like it was  
yesterday. There he was, kneeling in front of the -

FIB: Never mind that, Molly. Uppy ain't interested in how I -

UPP: Oh, but I am, Mr. McGee...it's simply TOO TOO romantic.  
Tell me, my deah ... ahtah he put the ring on your finger...  
did he kiss your hand?

MOL: I think he was going to, but before he had a chance, my  
father came in with a glass of elderberry wine for each of  
us, and said, "CONGRATULATIONS, CHILDREN!"

FIB: Grand old man, too...your father. Musta waited outside the  
door there for twb hours, and never spilled a drop.

UPP: Oh, I hope you were married right away, my deahs....I nevah  
did believe in long engagements.

MOL: Neither did McGee. Particularly after we went into  
vaudeville. We never played a theatre more than three days.

UPP: Oh godd heavens...were you in the theatah? How uttably  
fascinating! I was an actress once, myself.

FIB:

UPP:

MOL:

UPP:

MOL:

UPP:

FIB:

UPP:

MOL:

UPP:

MOL:

UPP:

DOOR SL

MOL:

FIB:



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a theatre more than three days.  
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s once, myself.

FIB: I REMEMBER YOU! DIDN'T YOU USED TO HAVE A IRON JAW ACT?  
UPPY? SWINGIN' ON A ROPE BY YOUR TEETH AND WAVIN' A LITLLE  
AMERICAN FLAG? DIDN'T YOU?

UPP: PLEASE, MR. MCGEE!! I WAS NEVAH IN VAUDEVILLE. I played  
only Shakepedian roles. Juliet, you know.

MOL: Oh, we played Joliet, too! Then from Joliet we went to  
Kankakee and Decatur and ---

UPP: No, no, no....Not Joliet...JULIET, my deah. AHHH, what fun.  
My leading man fell in love with me. Ah, poor dear Pejarvis.

MOL: Pejarvis!

UPP: Yes...his name was John P. JARVIS. I always called him  
Pejarvis.

FIB: What ever hap...er..I mean, where is...well, I don't like to  
be noseey, Uppy, but -

UPP: He went away to make his fortune...but...I have nevah seen  
him since.

MOL: Didn't he leave any message when he left?

UPP: Yes, he left a note, saying that some day he would return,  
and when he did...OH! GOOD HEAVENS...I WONDAH!

MOL: You wonder what?

UPP: He said that some night he would return and toss a pebble at  
my WINDOW!!! DO YOU SUPPOSE...OH,...IT COULDN'T BE...BUT  
STILL...OH, I MUST HAVE THIS INVESTIGATED AT ONCE...!!  
GOOD day!

DOOR SLAM

MOL: Well, if it was him that came back and threw a rock thru her  
window, that lets you out, McGee.

FIB: It lets me outa more'n that.

MOL:

FIB:

MOL:

FIB:

ORCH:

APPLAUSE



(2ND REVISION) -7-

DO HAVE A IRON JAW ACT?

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(2ND REVISION) -8 & 9-

MOL: What do you mean?

FIB: I mean this diamond ring of yours...I was afraid...I mean  
I AM afraid...maybe I walked in my sleep again and..ARE YOU  
SURE YOU HAD IT ON THIS MORNING?

MOL: Yes, I am.

FIB: Well, THAT'S a load offa my mind! I was afraid I'd got up  
in the night, swiped your rock and heaved it thru somebody's  
window...WELL COME ON...LET'S SIFT THE ASHES...GET THE  
VACUUM CLEANER, MOLLY...WE'LL GIVE THIS HOUSE A GOIN! OVER  
LIKE IT NEVER HAD. (FADE) HERE TAKE MY COAT...BY GEORGE,  
I'LL....

ORCH: "BLUE ROOM"

APPLAUSE:

SECOND SPOT

MOL: WH

FIB: Be

MOL: WH

FIB: I

MOL: We

FIB: I

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MOL: We

FIB: NO

MOL: AL

FIB: I

SOUND: CA

MOL: Be



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somebody's  
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OIN! OVER  
Y GEORGE,

SECOND SPOT

MOL: Where on earth have you been, McGee? And how did you get so dirty?

FIB: Been lookin' for your diamond ring. I sifted all the ashes outa the fireplace and dumped 'em in the alley a grain at a time. Boy that stuff sure makes you cough.

MOL: Why didn't you tie a handkerchief over your nose.

FIB: I did. Then I had to breathe thru my mouth. That's what made me cough. But your ring wasn't there.

MOL: Well, it's around someplace. Nothing is really lost till you quit looking for it, you know.

FIB: Is that true?

MOL: Certainly. Why?

FIB: Then I lost a couple of kneecaps. Since I started puttin' on weight, I've quit lookin' for 'em. Boy, am I tired!!

MOL: Well, I certainly appreciate your help, dearie...now you take it easy and let me finish the house cleaning...I'LL find my ring somewhere.

FIB: NO SIR...I'M GONNA TURN THIS HOUSE UPSIDE DOWN AND SHAKE IT, IF I HAVE TO. HAND ME THAT CARPET SWEEPER...

MOL: All right, darlin'..here....and keep a sharp eye out in the corners along the baseboard...heavenly days my left hand feels positively indecent without that ring on it.

FIB: I know how you feel...I lost my wrist watch once, and every time anybody'd look at my naked wrist, I'D blush up to my elbow.

SOUND: CARPET SWEEPER:

MOL: Be sure to look under the edges of the rugs, McGee.

FIB: Don't worry ..

SOUND: CARPET SWEEPER

FIB: Wonder who tha

MOL: Look out the w  
out there?

FIB: No.

MOL: Then it can't  
sugar. COME I

DOOR OPEN:

GALE: Good day, Mrs.

FIB: Hiyah, La Triv  
and mittens f

GALE: I regret to sa  
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of friends. W

MOL: You mean bob-s

GALE: With the frant  
McGee, it is E  
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GALE: Yes, I imagine  
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 s of the rugs, McGee.

FIB: Don't worry ... old Eagle Eye McGee is on the job.  
 SOUND: CARPET SWEEPER: DOORBELL  
 FIB: Wonder who that could be.  
 MOL: Look out the window ... is there an armored delivery truck  
 out there?  
 FIB: No.  
 MOL: Then it can't be the grocery man with my two pounds of  
 sugar. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

GALE: Good day, Mrs. McGee. Hello, McGee...  
 FIB: Hiyah, La Trivia. What you all bundled up in the fur cap  
 and mittens for?  
 GALE: I regret to say that I neglected my business affairs today,  
 and yielded to the temptation to go out with a small party  
 of friends. We have been boob-sledding.  
 MOL: You mean bob-sledding.  
 GALE: With the frantic little group of sportsmen I was with, Mrs.  
 McGee, it is BOOB sledding. They are imbued with the  
 peculiar idea that to see how close one can steer a sled to  
 a moving street car is the height of hilarity.  
 FIB: 'Tis kind of fun at that, La Trivia.  
 GALE: Yes, I imagine it would appeal to you, too, McGee. You are  
 the type that rocks rowboats and wears ladies' hats at  
 parties.

t.

VOL:  
 FIB:  
 GALE:  
 MOL:  
 GALE:  
 FIB:  
 (PAUS  
 GALE:  
 MOL: F  
 FIB:  
 GALE:  
 MOL:  
 GALE:  
 FIB:  
 GALE:  
 MOL:  
 GALE:  
 (SNAP  
 GALE:



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La Trivia.

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ats and wears ladies' hats at

MOL: WHY HE DOES NOT. He always wears a lamp shade.

FIB: You get a much better laugh with a lamp shade, La Trivia.

GALE: Thank you. I shall try to remember that. The next time I  
...but am I intruding? Were you cleaning house, Mrs. McGee?

MOL: Well, yes...and then I lost my diamond engagement ring, Mr.  
Mayor. Though we know it's around here some place.

GALE: Oh, I'm sorry, ...do you mind if I take a look around?

FIB: Be glad to have you, La Triv. Go ahead.

(PAUSE) (SHORT)

GALE: Well - I don't see it anywhere.

MOL: FIB: I'M not surprised. You couldn't have found a flat-car in a  
phone booth in that length of time.

~~FIB: I thought I was eagle-eyed, but he's got me beat, Molly.  
Smart pupils you got there, La Trivia.~~

GALE: *Oh, but* My eyesight is very penetrating, McGee. In fact, I was  
quite a student of mesmerism at one time.

MOL: Whatsmerism?

GALE: Mesmerism. HYPNOTISM. Like this...LOOK ME IN THE EYE,  
MCGEE.

FIB: Which one?

GALE: EITHER ONE...NOW RELAX...YOU ARE SLOWLY COMING UNDER MY  
DOMINANCE...YOU HAVE NO WILL OF YOUR OWN....

MOL: I been telling him that for years and I'M no hyp-

GALE: Please, Mrs. McGee!!...ALL RIGHT, MCGEE...WHEN I SNAP MY  
FINGERS YOU ARE COMPLETELY SUBJECT TO MY ORDERS...

(SNAP)

GALE: There...you see, Mrs. McGee? His mind is a blank. Look at  
that glassy stare.



SED) -12-  
made.  
made, La Trivia.  
The next time I  
house, Mrs. McGee?  
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E IN THE EYE,  
MING UNDER MY  
..  
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WHEN I SNAP MY  
ORDERS...

a blank. Look at

MOL: That's the way he always looks when he does crossword puzzles. Isn't it, McGee? (PAUSE) ISN'T IT, MCGEE?  
MCGEE!!!...Well, heavenly days, he IS hypnotized.  
GALE: Of course he is. Watch this. MCGEE...YOU ARE AN AIREDALE!  
A BIG, BROWN AIREDALE. SPEAK!  
FIB: ARF! ARF!  
MOL: Isn't that wonderful? Look at him tryin' to wag his tail!  
FIB: ARF ARF!!! GR-r-r-r-r!!!  
GALE: NO NO!...GET DOWN!...STOP JUMPING UP ON ME...DOWN, DOGGIE...  
DOWN!!  
FIB: GR-R-R-R-R!!!  
GALE: OWWW!! ..HE BIT ME IN THE LEG!!!! LET ME OUT OF HERE!!!  
MOL: BUT AREN'T YOU GOING TO UNHYPNOTIZE HIM FIRST?  
GALE: HE'LL COME OUT OF IT SP'ORTLY. I DON'T WANT TO...HERE!!!  
GET AWAY FROM ME!!! YOU BRUTE!  
FIB: GROWLS AND BARKS TO:  
DOOR SLAM: (PAUSE)  
FIB: (LAUGHS) Bay, I sure fooled him, didn't I, Molly?  
MOL: You fooled me, too! I was about to call the drug store for some flea powder.  
FIB: Well, I had to get rid of him somehow...so I could get back to work...(CARPET SWEEPER) ...some act, eh?  
MOL: It was wonderful. It was so realistic I almost - MCGEE...  
PULL IN YOUR TONGUE AND STOP THAT PANTING.  
FIB: Can't help it. I'M tired. This carpet sweeper works awful hard.  
MOL: Well, use the vacuum. ~~I'll use the sweeper in the dining-room.~~  
FIB: Okay...plug in the cord, will you? .Thanks. ~~Now when is the button that starts this...Oh, here!~~

~~SOUND: CLICK~~

SOUND: CLICK (PAUSE) (C  
MOL: What's the ma  
FIB: Motor won't s  
MOL: MCGEE, HAVE Y  
FIB: Why should I  
MOL: I don't know  
FIB: That's a sill  
MOL: MCGEE...HAVI  
FIB: Oh you mean v  
think of it.  
MOL: Well, couldn  
FIB: Ordinarily I  
down in the  
and I didn't  
MOL: Oh that's lo  
machine down  
FIB: I did but I  
MOL: Good for you  
FIB: Yeah...I did  
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MOL: HEAVENLY DAY  
WITH MY APPL  
FIB: Well, I was  
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MOL: And my sewin  
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FIB: No, I was...  
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 call the drug store for  
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 t, eh?  
 ic I almost - MCGEE...  
 NTING.  
 pet sweeper works awful  
 sweeper in the dining-  
 Thanks. Now where's

SOUND: CLICK (PAUSE) (CLICK)

MOL: What's the matter now?  
 FIB: Motor won't start.  
 MOL: MCGEE, HAVE YOU BEEN TINKERING WITH IT?  
 FIB: Why should I tinker with the vacuum cleaner motor?  
 MOL: I don't know...but have you?  
 FIB: That's a silly question. To think that I -  
 MOL: MCGEE...HAVE YOU?  
 FIB: Oh you mean with the vacuum cleaner motor? Yeah..come to think of it. I have. I took it apart to fix it.  
 MOL: Well, couldn't you get it back together again right?  
 FIB: Ordinarily I could. But I took it apart on my workbench down in the basement, and I already had the lawnmower apart and I didn't know which parts went back in which.  
 MOL: Oh that's lovely! I'M glad you didn't have my sewing machine down there, too.  
 FIB: I did but I kept the parts to that separate.  
 MOL: Good for you!  
 FIB: Yeah...I didn't want 'em to get mixed up with the works out of your electric mixer.  
 MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS.....PLEASE, MCGEE...WILL YOU STOP EXPERIMENTING WITH MY APPLIANCES?  
 FIB: Well, I was just trying something is all. I thought if I fit a couple of little paddles to the mixin' machine I could use it for a out-board motor next summer.  
 MOL: And my sewing machine? What were you trying to make out of that? A pencil sharpener?  
 FIB: No, I was...HEY I THINK YOU GOT SOMETHING THERE! I'LL BET IF I ATTACHED A RAZOR BLADE TO THE -

MOL: NO NO N  
 these r  
 around  
 FIB: Don't v  
 DOOR OPEN:  
 WIL: Hello,  
 MOL: I've l  
 FIB: Yeah.  
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 WIL: Gee, t  
 MOL: Absolu  
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 WIL: WAIT A  
 FIB: What g  
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SOMETHING THERE! I'LL BET

HE -

MOL: NO NO NO...PLEASE! Go get the carpet sweeper and sweep these rugs. Don't forget I have a diamond ring laying around here someplace.

FIB: Don't worry..I'll find it. I'M the -

DOOR OPEN:

WIL: Hello, Fibber. Hello, Molly. What's cookin', good lookin'?

MOL: I've lost my diamond ring, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Yeah. Be careful where you step, Harlow. We like mashed carats but not in the rug.

WIL: Gee, that's tough, Molly. Sure you lost it around here?

MOL: Absolutely. I always wear it right here on the third finger of my left hand and -

WIL: WAIT A MINUTE...let me see

FIB: What good'll it do to look at her hand? You're just hangin' around the fair grounds after the balloon's gone up.

WIL: LOOK AT THAT HAND!

MOL: What's the matter with it?

WIL: Nothing! It's LOVELY. It's hands like yours that make the best possible advertising for Johnson's Self Polishing Glocoat. AND GLOCOAT IS A BEAUTY TREATMENT FOR YOUR LINOLEUM, TOO! A 20-MINUTE FLOOR FACIAL. POUR OUT A LITTLE GLOCOAT, SPREAD IT AROUND, AND PRESTO! IN 20 MINUTES OR LESS, IT SPARKLES WITH PRIDE AND JOY!

FIB: Harlow, you amaze me!

WIL: How so Joe?

FIB: The way you keep up your enthusiasm. For 7 years now and more, you been whoopin' and hollerin' about Johnson's Glocoat. Don't you ever let down?

WIL:

MOL:

WIL:

DOOR SLAM:

MOL:

FIB:

MOL:

MOVING FU

FIB:

MOL:

FIB:

MOL:

FIB:

CARPET SV

DOOR OPEN

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MOL:



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WIL: WHADDYE MEAN, LET DOWN...AFTER ONLY 7 YEARS? DO YOU  
REALIZE HOW MANY HUNDREDS OF YEARS, B.G., -

MOL: B.G.?

WIL: BEFORE GLOCOAT. HOW MANY HUNDREDS OF WEARY YEARS WOMEN  
SPENT, TRYING TO KEEP THEIR HOMES CLEAN AND BRIGHT WITH  
BUNCHES OF GRASS, AND CRUDE BROOMS AND DIRTY SCRUB BRUSHES?  
THE ACHES AND PAINS AND TOIL AND...Oh you wouldn't  
understand. I hope you find your diamond, Molly.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: He certainly loves his work doesn't he McGee?

FIB: Yeah...he went down to the Red Cross yesterday and gave  
'em a pint of Glo-coat. Told them it was his life's blood.  
WELL THIS AIN'T FINDING THAT DIAMOND, MOLLY.... Move that  
chair, will you? So's I can sweep under there.....

MOL: All right...

MOVING FURNITURE....CARPET SWEEPER:

FIB: Nope...taint under there anyplace. You know...what I can't  
understand is how that ring ever come off your finger.  
I thought it was on so tight.

MOL: It was...but whenever I worry I lose weight.

FIB: What you worrying about?

MOL: Wouldn't you worry if you lost a diamond ring?

FIB: Yea, I guess I would at that....Oh well..

CARPET SWEEPER...THUDS OF FURNITURE:

DOOR OPEN:

OLD M: HELLO THERE KIDS. JUST STOPPED IN TO SAY GOODBYE.

MOL: Why, Mr. Old Timer? Where are you going?

OLD M: Joining t

OLD PEPPE

THE LIFEPE

SHIP'S CO

BOUNDING

FIB: Hey, hey,

OLD M: Eh?

FIB: They won'

lay an av

OLD M: Is that s

MIND MADE

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ARM AND M

MOL: But look,

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OLD M: Then I'll

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FIB: Ever get

LD M: (PAUSE)

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MOL: I bet you

like you

OLD M: HEH HEH

THE WAY



(2ND REVISION) -16-

7 YEARS? DO YOU  
B.G., -

OF WEARY YEARS WOMEN  
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se weight.  
diamond ring?  
well..

TO SAY GOODBYE.  
going?

(2ND REVISION) -17-18-

OLD M: Joining the navy, daughter. I'M AN OLD SALT, FULL OF THE  
OLD PEPPER. 8 BELLS AND ALL IS WELL, - RELIEVE THE WHEEL,  
THE LIFEBOY, THE LOOKOUT! LAY AFT ON THE TOPSIDE ALL THE  
SHIP'S COMPANY! (SINGS) SAILING, SAILING, OVER THE  
BOUNDING MAIN. MANY A STORMY WIND SHALL BLOW, ---

FIB: Hey, hey, hey..wait a minute, Old Timer.

OLD M: Eh?

FIB: They won't take you in the navy. You're too old. You'd  
lay an awful egg in a crow's nest.

OLD M: Is that so! WELL BY JOHN PAUL JONES, JOHNNY, I GOT MY  
MIND MADE UP TO JOIN THE NAVY, AND I'M GONNA DO IT. I  
ALREADY TOLD MY GIRL. I SAYS "CHICKEN" I SAYS, "GET OFF MY  
ARM AND MAKE WAY FOR AN EAGLE," I SAYS -

MOL: But look, Mr. Old Timer...you're way way way over the age  
limit. You can't get in if they won't take you.

OLD M: Then I'll stow away, daughter. I'll send you a snapshot  
of me on a destroyer. I'll -

FIB: Ever get seasick, Old Timer?

OLD M: (PAUSE) Oh good gravy, Johnny..why'd you have to mention  
that? That spoils everything. And I know I'd look cute  
in a sailor suit, too.

MOL: I bet you would too. Its the navy blue that makes sailors  
like you -- and its sailors like you that make the navy blue.

OLD M: HEH HEH HEH...THAT'S PRETTY GOOD, DAUGHTER, BUT THAT AIN'T  
THE WAY I HEERED IT.

OLD M: Join

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FIB: Hey,

OLD M: Eh?

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OLD M: Is t

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(2ND REVISION) -17-18-

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MOL:

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APPLAUSE:

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(2ND REVISION) -17-18-

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EH HEH...THAT'S PRETTY GOOD, DAUGHTER, BUT THAT AIN'T  
Y I HEERED IT.

(REVISED) -19-

MOL: Oh dear...

OLD M: THE WAY I HEERED IT, ONE FELLER SAYS TO TOTHER FELLER,  
"SAY" he says, "YOU KNOW WHAT THE GERMAN'S ARE GONNA DO  
NEXT IN RUSSIA?" "NO," says tother feller.....(PAUSE)

MOL: Well, what's the answer?

OLD M: Daughter..there's a feller with a little Charlie Chaplin  
mustache would like to know that too! Heh heh heh...WELL,  
I'M STILL GONNA TRY AND GET IN THE NAVY, KIDS. <sup>(Chuckle)</sup>  
~~SAILING, OVER THE BOUNCING MAIN...MANY A STORMY WIND SHALL~~

~~BLOW ARE JACK~~

DOOR SLAM:

ORK: "WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER" - KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE:



R FELLER,  
E GONNA DO  
....(PAUSE)

lie Chaplin

h heh...WELL,  
*Chump*  
...  
~~THE WIND SHALL~~

THIRD SPOT:

SOUNDS: CARPET SWEEPER....PAUSE FOR THUDS OF FURNITURE MOVING...  
MORE CARPET SWEEPER..THUDS...SWEEPER...THUDS..

(PAUSE)

FIB: Oh boy!!!.PHEW!...am I wore out!! This is the cleanest this house has been since it left the lumber yard. HEY MOLLY!

MOL: (FADE IN) Did you call me, McGee? HEAVENLY DAYS..LOOK AT YOU PERSPIRE!

FIB: WHY NOT? I CLEANED THE WHOLE DOWNSTAIRS...VACUMED THE RUGS...CLEANED OUT ALL THE DESK DRAWERS...AND EMPTIED THE CIGAR ASHES OUT OF ALL THE VASES.

MOL: Good for you...but I'll feel terrible if we don't find my ring.

SOUND: (DOOR BELL)

MOL: You see who that is. (FADE) I'm going to look around upstairs once more before I --

FIB: ....COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

TEE: Hi, mister.

FIB: Oh hello, sis. HAVEN'T GOT TIME TO TALK TO YOU NOW. MRS. MCGEE'S LOST HER DIAMOND ENGAGEMENT RING.

TEE: Gee, is she engaged?

FIB: NO SHE AIN'T ENGAGED...SHE'S MARRIED.

TEE: Then why hasn't she gotta wedding ring?

FIB: SHE HAS GOT A WEDDING RING. SHE'S ALSO GOT A ENGAGEMENT RING.

TEE: I thought she said she lost it.

FIB: SHE DID.

d

TEE: Then she has

FIB: I KNOW SHE HAS

TEE: Where?

FIB: LOOK SIS, IF  
GET IT, WOUL

TEE: Maybe she sw

FIB: You did?

TEE: Hmmmmmm?

FIB: I says YOU D

TEE: Did what?

FIB: You swallowe

TEE: I know it.

FIB: LOOK SIS, I'

COME BACK IN

TOGETHER. G

TEE: Okay, mister

FIB: Who said so?

TEE: Well gee, th

FIB: Grog hound?

TEE: NO NO NO!!

FIB: OHHH YOU MEA

TEE: Sure.

FIB: Well, I gues

ground hog i

TEE: Gee do you t

FIB: Absolutely.

that kinda s

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she lost it.

TEE: Then she hasn't got it.

FIB: I KNOW SHE HASN'T GOT IT. BUT SHE HAD IT. AND SHE LOST IT.

TEE: Where?

FIB: LOOK SIS, IF WE KNEW WHERE SHE LOST IT, WE'D GO THERE AND  
GET IT, WOULDN'T WE?

TEE: Maybe she swallowed it. I swallowed a nickel, once.

FIB: You did?

TEE: HMMMMMM?

FIB: I says YOU DID?

TEE: Did what?

FIB: You swallowed a nickel?

TEE: I know it.

FIB: LOOK SIS, I'M BUSY...GO ON HOME AND LEAVE ME IN PEACE.

COME BACK IN THE SPRING AND WE'LL CHASE BUTTERFLIES  
TOGETHER. GWAN. BEAT IT.

TEE: Okay, mister. But spring won't be here for six weeks more.

FIB: Who said so?

TEE: Well gee, the grog-hound saw his shadow yesterday.

FIB: Grog hound? You mean Uncle Dennis?

TEE: NO NO NO!! THE GROG-HOUND. LIKE A LITTLE DOG, KIND OF.

FIB: OHHH YOU MEAN THE GROUND-HOG!

TEE: Sure.

FIB: Well, I guess that proves it all right, sis. They say the  
ground hog is always right.

TEE: Gee do you think so, mister?

FIB: Absolutely. Nature gives them little animals a instinct for  
that kinda stuff, sis. That's how the robins know where to  
fly down to where it's warm, and how the bears know when to  
go to sleep, for the winter...and how the little moths know  
when to start <sup>munchin' on</sup> ~~makin' an entrée~~ of your best bathing suit.



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~~on~~  
street of your best bathing suit.

TEE: (GIGGLES)

FIB: Guess you never thought of that before, did you sis?

TEE: Sure I have, I betcha.

FIB: Oh you have, eh?

TEE: Sure..but I always laughed it off, mister, because anybody with the brain of a bumblebee knows that a ground hog is just a stupid little quadruped that wouldn't know February 2nd from National Apple Week, and hardly a proper source for intelligent meteorological forecasting. SO LONG, MISTER!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Why that impudent little twerp! One of these days, I'm gonna lose my patience and play Clap Hands, Here Comes Fibber on the back of her rompers! WELL..LEMME SEE... I BETTER PUT THAT PIANO BACK WHERE I GOT IT.

SOUND: CREAK AND BUMPS

FIB: Ohhhhhh, (GROANS) Boy am I wore to a nubbin! I got more creaks than a cricket and more pains than a greenhouse. My back is -

MOL: (FADE IN) McGee, I'M almost ready to give up, and it just breaks my heart! I...WELL FOR GOODNESS SAKES..HOW NICE EVERYTHING LOOKS!

FIB: Baby, it oughtta! I've lost seven pounds, in weight, two inches in height and a lot of interest in life.

MOL: Well you just sit down and rest, dearie. You've really worked today, and I appreciate it.

FIB: Yeah...and what good did it do? With your ring still missing and-- (PAUSE) WELL, I'LL BE A....LOOK!  
WHAT'S THAT?

d



MOL: WHAT'S WHAT? WHAT ARE YOU STARING AT?

FIB: YOUR HAND!!...YOUR FINGER!!...YOUR RING!!...THERE IT IS!

MOL: Why, you must be seeing things! My hand is as bare as a--

FIB: NO NO NO....YOUR RIGHT HAND! YOU GOT YOUR RING ON THE  
OTHER HAND!

(PAUSE)

MOL: Well for goodn--OH, McGEE!!...THANK YOU DARLING!!...THANK  
YOU FOR FINDING IT!!

FIB: Whaddye mean finding it? You had it all the time.

MOL: Well, if I'm not the worst -- NOW I REMEMBER....I PUT IT  
ON THE OTHER HAND THIS MORNING TO REMIND ME OF SOMETHING!

FIB: Remind you of what?

MOL: Never mind....it seems so silly now.

FIB: But I wanna know. I GOTTA RIGHT TO KNOW....AND I CAN KEEP  
FROM COLLAPSING JUST LONG ENOUGH FOR YOU TO TELL ME.

MOL: Well....Oh, this is ridiculous....(LAUGHS)

FIB: Well why did you put your ring on the other hand.

MOL: It was to remind me to ask you to help me with the  
housecleaning today!

FIB: (GROANS)

ORCH: "TOMORROW'S SUNRISE"....FADE FOR:

MOL: WHAT'S WHAT? WHAT A

FIB: YOUR HAND!!...YOU

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FIB: (GROANS)

ORCH: "TOMORROW'S SUNRISE"



(2ND REVISION) 23 & 24

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ORCH: "TOMORROW'S SUNRISE"....FADE FOR:

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER McGEE & MOLLY  
FEBRUARY 3, 1942  
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

In bad weather, when the butcher  
maker come tramping across your  
soggy feet, your linoleum needs  
that protection with JOHNSON'S S  
see what a difference it makes in  
the appearance of your kitchen.  
when your floors get this extra  
what a wonderful polish GLO-COAT  
flexible film -- which means the  
chipping. It has a lasting lust  
beauty that brings out and prese  
linoleum. And GLO-COAT is econ  
a long way. GLO-COAT is self p  
or buffing. You simply apply an  
results, be sure you get the on

ORCH: (SWELLS MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)



(2ND REVISION) 23 & 24

TARING AT?  
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CLOSING COMMERCIAL

In bad weather, when the butcher, the baker, the candlestick  
maker come tramping across your kitchen floor with wet and  
soggy feet, your linoleum needs extra protection. Give it  
that protection with JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO COAT and  
see what a difference it makes in your daily work, and in  
the appearance of your kitchen. As a matter of fact, it's  
when your floors get this extra punishment that you can see  
what a wonderful polish GLO-COAT really is. It has a  
flexible film -- which means that it wears evenly, without  
chipping. It has a lasting lustre -- gives floors sparkling  
beauty that brings out and preserves the fresh colors of the  
linoleum. And GLO-COAT is economical, because a little goes  
a long way. GLO-COAT is self polishing -- needs no rubbing  
or buffing. You simply apply and let dry. But for GLO-COAT  
results, be sure you get the one and only JOHNSON'S <sup>Self Polishing</sup> GLO COAT.

ORCH: (SWELLS MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

FIB:

MOL:

FIB:

MOL:

FIB:

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ORCH:



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TAG GAG

FIB: Hey Molly, you know what?  
 MOL: No, what?  
 FIB: I made up my mind I'm gonna quit jokin' about not usin'  
 our car so much. This is a serious business. I think  
 our support of these wartime restrictions oughtta be  
 absolutely .... er ....  
 MOL: Tireless.  
 FIB: er ... Yeah. Goodnight.  
 MOL: Goodnight, all!  
 ORCH: (CLOSING SIGNATURE)

(CUE)  
 MOLLY: ...  
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 WILCOX: The  
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TAG GAG

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these wartime restrictions oughtta be

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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.