

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

(REVISED)

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

6:30-7:00 PM  
Tuesday - 2/17/42

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: "IT'S HIGHTIME"

ORCH: "IT'S HIGHTIME"

(FADE FOR:)

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S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER McGEE & MOLLY  
FEBRUARY 17, 1942  
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

ANNOUNCER: Out of every disturbed period of our history have come a few great songs. One that I like especially from the last war is "Keep the Home Fires Burning." It's more than a song, it's an expression of the deep significance of home that a man feels when he's away from it. And it points to the great daily service that the women of our families give us -- keeping the homes cheerful, clean, comfortable, livable. That's a very important service, never more appreciated than now. Women who practise protective housekeeping with the regular use of JOHNSON'S WAX, find their work easier and results more satisfactory. Housekeeping authorities recommend JOHNSON'S WAX not only for protection but also for the great beauty it gives to floors, furniture and woodwork -- and to windowsills, shoes, luggage, venetian blinds, lampshades. You can give all these things a longer life of service with genuine JOHNSON'S WAX, in Paste, Liquid or CREAM WAX form.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

(2ND REVISION)

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WIL: ORDINARILY, THE LADY OF THE HOUSE AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA IS A PRETTY CALM INDIVIDUAL, TAKING THE ANTICS OF HER HUSBAND AS MINOR PHENOMENA IN AN OTHERWISE NORMAL LIFE. BUT HIS MANEUVERS THE PAST FEW DAYS HAVE EVEN HER A LITTLE PERTURBED. AND HERE, ONE MAKING FACES AT HIMSELF IN A MIRROR, AND THE OTHER WATCHING HIM IN WONDER, WE FIND --

-- FIBBER McGEE & MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

MOL: McGEE! PLEASE...STOP MAKING THOSE FACES! What on earth is the matter with you?

FIB: I'M rehearsing.

MOL: Rehearsing for what - do they need an air-raid warden for the monkey house at the zoo?

FIB: No no no....I'M practicing to be a comedian.

MOL: Comedian?

FIB: Yes! What our country needs right now is a lot of laughs. How they gonna get 'em? NEW COMEDIANS, THAT'S THE ANSWER.

MOL: I see. You're the chap that replaces Chaplin and the Abbott in Lou of Costello.

FIB: Roughly, that's the idea.

MOL: Well, roughly, it's ridiculous.

FIB: Whaddye mean ridiculous! I know whereof I'M speakin' about! Remember that picture we made with Ed Bergen and his little petrified partner?

MOL: LOOK WHO'S LAUGHING? What about it?

FIB: Well, they never gimme a proper break in that picture. I can be a lot funnier and I can prove it. I was great in the heavy stuff and the romantic scenes but -

MOL: You didn't have any romantic scenes.

FIB: AND WHY NOT? JEALOUSY, THAT'S WHY! AFRAID I'D STEAL THE PICTURE! So now I'm gonna make a few reels of home movies and show them producers that McGEE IS REALLY COMICAL!

MOL: Oh dear. Such modesty! Any time you hide your light under a bushel, dearie, it'll be a million-candlepower light under a cellophane bushel! Now tell me -

DOORBELL:

FIB: That's probably a delivery I'm expectin'. I'll get it.

MOL: What have you ordered now? - a corsage of shrinking violets?

FIB: Better be a shrinking violet than a silly aster. COME IN.

DOOR OPEN:

GIRL: Mr. Fibber McGee live here?

FIB: That's me, sis.

GIRL: Package for you from the Wistful Vista Home Movie Company.  
Sign here, please.

FIB: Okay. Here y'are. I was expecting a boy.  
GIRL: So was my father, but life is full of surprises.  
MOL: Fe means he thought the delivery boy would be er ... a boy,  
dearie.  
GIRL: Our delivery boy joined the Army.  
FIB: Good for him, sis. What outfit?  
GIRL: Brown suit, leather belt, overseas cap and leggins. It's  
the latest style.  
MOL: But what part of the army?  
GIRL: AH, AH, AH! You know what they say, lady! - Keep your trap  
shut and nobody'll get caught in it. Good day!

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Smart babe! Take an appendectomy to get anything outta her.  
MOL: What did you get at the Home Movie Shop, McGee, as if I didn't  
suspect?  
FIB: Wait'll I show you...  
SOUND: RUSTLE OF PAPER  
MOL: A little movie camera!  
FIB: Yes and six reels of film. I'm gonna make my own screen test  
and send it to Hollywood. I'M gonna send prints to Zanuck,  
and Warner Brothers. and Sam Goldwyn and RKO and...er....  
MOL: Swift and Company.  
FIB: They make pictures?  
MOL: They've got what it takes. But look, you funny fellow, how  
can you do your comical acting and take your own picture at  
the same time?

FIB: That's where you come in. You're gonna be the cameraman.

MOL: OH, NO YOU DON'T MCGEE!! NO! I WON'T BE A PARTY TO IT!  
I may tolerate your foolishness, but I won't put you on a  
negative - and that's positive!

(PAUSE)

MOL: Oh, now don't look at me like that, McGee. After all....

FIB: (WITH CATCH IN HIS VOICE) It's ... it's okay, Molly... You  
just...haven't got faith in me... that's all. Let it go.

MOL: BUT MCGEE, DON'T YOU SEE THAT ...

FIB: Forget it, Molly....I...I...well, when a guy's own wife  
ain't got any confidence in a guy, a guy can't expect to...

MOL: MCGEE!

FIB: Eh?

MOL: GIMME THAT CAMERA!... HOW DO YOU WORK IT?

FIB: (ALL ENTHUSIASM AGAIN) HERE!!! IT'S ALL LOADED...WAIT'LL I  
SET IT FOR INDOOR WORK...THERE! ...NOW I'LL SET IT FOR FAST  
ACTION...THERE WE ARE!!!...NOW ALL YOU GOTTA DO IS LOOK AT  
ME THRU THIS LITTLE DINGUS AND PRESS THIS BUTTON, SEE?

MOL: How do I stop it?

FIB: Take your finger off the button, is all. CATCH ON?

MOL: I...I guess so. But I warn you...this first reel may be  
pretty wobbly.

FIB: That's all right...we'll give it a gag title...like maybe...  
"HOW GREEN WAS MY MOLLY"... That'll kill 'em.

MOL: And none too soon, either. After they see this, they'll  
have seen everything. WELL, WHAT DO WE DO NOW?

FIB: Look...first I'll do a fast scene, see? Point the camera at the door, and I'll come dashin' in like the cops were after me. Then I'll knock over the end table, and get all snarled up in the lamp cord! That's always good. REMEMBER...KEEP THE CAMERA ON ME. (FADE) Wait'll I put a funny hat on and I'll be right back...

MOL: Oh dear...what have I got into now! Are these the Wages of Cinema?

FIB: (OFF MIKE) START THE CAMERA, MOLLY!....HERE I COME!

SOUND: LOUD CLICKING OF MOVIE CAMERA OVER FOLLOWING

SOUND: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS FADE IN ... STUMBLE....CRASH OF TABLE AND LAMP....SCUFFLING...GRUNTS...PAUSE WITH CAMERA

SOUND OVER:

FIB: That's' it, Molly....CUT!

MOL: CUT WHAT?

FIB: CUT THE FILM!

MOL: WHAT WITH?

FIB: NO NO NO...STOP IT...TAKE YOUR FINGER OFF THE BUTTON!

CAMERA SOUND OUT

FIB: That oughtta be terrific!! Did you catch the funny look on my pan ---

MOL: McGEE...YOU'RE ALL CUT ON THE ARM...YOU FELL ON THAT BROKEN LAMP!

FIB: Forget it. Once I get into the real thing I'll have a stunt man do the hard stuff for me. HEY, LET'S RUN THRU THAT SCENE AGAIN. I just thought of another way to do it. This time, I'M gonna do a flip-flop across the radio.  
(FADE OUT) GET READY...

MOL: (TO HERSELF) No wonder they sell candy in theatres. It keeps the audience from grinding their teeth. ALL RIGHT, MCGEE...

FIB: HERE I COME!

CAMERA SOUND: RUNNING FEET FADE IN....THUDS...CRASHES...SUSTAIN...INTO:

ORCH: "YOU OUGHT TO BE IN PICTURES"

APPLAUSE

SOUND: (CLINK OF BOTTLE)

FIB: ~~Hihi!~~

MOL: For goodness' sakes, McGee...hold still! How can I dab this stuff on your neck if you keep wiggling like the south end of a happy hound?

FIB: *Wow!* Don't forget, that's iodine you're usin' - not soothing syrup.

MOL: Well, it's your own fault. You might have known if you slid down that bannister, you'd sail across the hall into the mirror.

FIB: (LAUGHS) Boy, I bet you gotta wonderful shot of that! And me with that red wig on and them size twelve shoes! How much... OUCH! How much film we got left?

MOL: Two reels. How much skin have you got left?

FIB: Aw, what's a few bruises? 'Know what I'm gonna do for the next shot? I'm gonna go up on the roof and jump off, with a umbrella for a parachute. That'll be a panic!

MOL: NO, NO, MCGEE, I WON'T LET YOU DO IT!

FIB: WHY NOT? WE CAN GET A NEW UMBRELLA FOR THREE BUCKS.

MOL: Can you get a re-tread on your sacro-illiac?

FIB: I won't hurt myself. I know how to fall...relaxed.

(DOORBELL)

MOL: Come in!!

(DOOR OPEN)

MOL: Oh, hello, there, Mr. Old Timer. Won't you come in?



OLD M: No thanks, daughter. Just dropped by to borrow a pair of water wings. OH HELLO THERE, JOHNNY.

FIB: Hiyah, old Timer. We don't have any water wings, but have a chair. Don't you know this is Be Kind to Your Metatarsals Week? (LAUGHS) Get it, Molly? I says this is Be Kind to --

MOL: 'TAIN'T FUNNY, MCGEE!

OLD M: It wouldn't even be funny if I knew what a metatarsal was, Johnny.

FIB: It's a bone in your back.

MOL: It is not. It's a bone in your foot.

FIB: I know, but he'll find my foot in his back if he ain't more civil.

OLD M: Heh heh. What you doin', Johnny. Studyin' medicine? (SNIFF SNIFF) Sure smells like a hospital in here.

MOL: Oh, he got cut and bruised a little, Mr. Old Timer, and I've been doctoring him up.

FIB: Yeah...but as I always say, I'm a easy bruise but a quick heal.

OLD M: Heh heh heh . That's pretty good, Johnny, but that ain't the way I heered it. The way I heered it, one feller says to tother feller, "SAYYYY" he says, "YOU KNOW WHAT I'M GONNA DO IF THE GOVERNMENT WON'T LEMME BUY ENOUGH SUGAR?" "SURE," says tother feller, to whom it was a awful old joke. "RAISE CANE!" Heh heh heh. Well, if you have no water wings, I guess I'll be scooting along.

MOL: What do you want with water wings this time of the year?

OLD M: I'm going skating down to the lake, Daughter, and I hear the ice is getting thin. So long, kids.

(DOOR SLAM)

FIB: NOW LESSEE....GET THE CAMERA, MOLLY. WE'LL TAKE THIS ONE OUT IN THE KITCHEN. I'LL LOAD UP MY ARMS WITH GRUB AND DISHES, SEE? THEN I'LL TRIP OVER A CHAIR AND CRASH THE WHOLE BUSINESS! (LAUGHS) Maybe wind up with ketchup streamin' all down my face. How's that?

MOL: Delightful! Let's use my best Havilland China, too. We might as well put a little class into this picture.

FIB: Okay. Swell! We'll show 'em we spared no expense when it come to--

(DOOR OPEN)

WIL: Hello, folks.

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Hiyah, Harlow. Come on in and watch us make some movies.

WIL: You'd better take it easy, pal. You look like you'd lost an argument with an octopus holding eight buzz saws.

FIB: NO SIR. I'M GONNA FINISH THIS JOB. WE ONLY GOT TWO REELS OF FILM LEFT AND I GOTTA GET 'EM DEVELOPED AND SENT TO HOLLYWOOD.

MOL: See how stubborn he is, Mr. Wilcox? He's a regular Cecil B. De Mule.

WIL: Well - let's see a sample of this giggle-opera.

FIB: Come on out in the kitchen....

SOUND: (FOOTSTEPS....CUPBOARD DOOR OPEN....DISHES RATTLE)

MOL: Better take some of my good glassware too, McGee.

FIB: Okay, I'll--

MOL: STOP THAT!! You use the old jelly glasses. They break just as funny as my crystal ware.

WIL: What's the scenario?

FIB: No scenario - we're taking a picture. Watch...I pile this stuff up on my arm, see....like this....

(CLATTER OF DISHES)

FIB: Get the camera ready, Molly....

MOL: Go ahead. I'm ready. '

FIB: Now, when I say GO...start the film. I'll pretend I'm gettin' myself a snack outta the ice box. Then I trip and fall with a big crash. See? (LAUGHS) This'll be a howl!

WIL: Skip the buildup. Make with the funny stuff.

FIB: Okay...ACTION! CAMERA!

SOUND: CAMERA CLICKING

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...SLIGHT RATTLE OF DISHES...CLICK OF REFRIGERATOR DOOR

FIB: Now lessee....a half a dozen eggs...bowl of salad...bottle of milk....(DISHES AND ASSORTED SOUNDS TO FIT) COuple bananas...that's enough....

SOUND: REFRIGERATOR DOOR SLAM:: RATTLE OF DISHES:

WIL: LOOK OUT FOR THAT CHAIR, FIBBER!

FIB: EH?

SOUND: STUMBLE....CRASH OF DISHES AND GLASSWARE.....END WITH  
GURGLE OF LIQUID OUT OF BOTTLE... CAMERA OUT:

MOL: We better do it over, McGee...you didn't break either arm.

FIB: (LAUGHS) That was a honey, wasn't it? Did you get the surprised expression on my puss when Wilcox hollered at me? That'll register swell!

MOL: LOOK AT THAT MESS ON MY KITCHEN FLOOR!

WIL: Let me take the camera, Molly...quick!..while that milk and those eggs are still oozing together....

MOL: Here. But what -

WIL: GET A DAMP CLOTH..QUICK....I'LL SHOOT YOU AS YOU WIPE THOSE THINGS OFF THE JOHNSON GLOCOATED FLOOR..SEE? WONDERFUL SCENE!!!..

MOL: Oh I see...all right...start going...

CAMERA:

FIB: HEY WAIT A MINUTE....DON'T USE THAT FILM FOR THAT. I ONLY GOT A FEW FEET MORE AND -

WIL: OUT OF THE WAY, FIBBER...YOU'RE IN THE LIGHT.....THAT'S IT MOLLY...THIS WILL SHOW HOW EASILY SPOTS AND STAINS WIPE OFF A GLOCOATED LINOLEUM.....KEEP SMILING...SWELL!!!...NO TROUBLE AT ALL! ANOTHER LITTLE SPOT ON THE LEFT THERE.... THAT'S IT....NOW FACE THE CAMERA AND SPREAD YOUR HANDS OUT TO SHOW HOW EASY IT'S BEEN. AHH THAT'S GREAT!

CAMERA OUT:

FIB: Sayyy, who's makin' these movies anyway! What'll Sam Goldwyn say when he sees--

MOL: Did you get it all right, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: I think so. And great, too. You know what they say --  
ONE PICTURE IS WORTH A THOUSAND WORDS.

FIB: Well, I gotta few thousand choice words for anybody that'll butt into a guy's career like that! It's a fine thing when--

MOL: We'll send you a print of it, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: Thanks a lot. I'll write a title for it....something like: "IN THESE DAYS OF STRIFE AND WARS  
YOU SAVE YOUR WIFE AND SAVE YOUR FLOORS,  
SELF-BOLISHING GLO-COAT THRUOUT THE NATION  
IS QUITE AN ITEM IN CONSERVATION."  
I'll run home and write that down before I forget it!

(DOOR SLAM)

FIB: Why that big palooka! He ruined the whole scene!

MOL: That's nothing to what you ruined, dearie. Look at your shirt!

FIB: What's the matter with it?

MOL: That's the first combination salad I ever saw with sleeves!  
AND WHY ARE YOU HOLDING YOUR ELBOW?

FIB: Aw I cracked it when I fell over the chair. Just temporary. I can get--

(DOORBELL)

FIB: Come in!!

(DOOR OPEN)

GALE: How do you do, Mrs. McGee. Hello, McGee.

MOL: Well, MAYOR LA TRIVIA. Don't pay any attention to McGee's looks, Mr. Mayor...

GALE: I never do..

MOL: ....He had a little accident in the kitchen.

FIB: Yes, I ... HEY LOOK WHO LA TRIVIA'S GOT WITH HIM, MOLLY! HI, SIS.

TEE: Hi, mister McGee.

FIB: Well, I didn't know you were a pal of the Mayor's, sis. Ain't you startin' to round up the votes kinda early, La Trivia? (LAUGHS)

MOL: Excuse me, please... I'll go call the Camera shop while you talk to the mayor, McGee.

GALE: Certainly, Mrs. McGee. MCGEE, I WAS WALKING PAST YOUR HOUSE AND I FOUND THIS CHILD MAKING MARKS ON YOUR FRONT SIDEWALK WITH A PIECE OF RED CHALK!

FIB: Oh, marking up my sidewalk, eh? Suppose you explain yourself, sis.

TEE: Well, gee, mister, I was just helping my daddy.

FIB: How?

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I says, how?

TEE: How what?

FIB: HOW WERE YOU HELPING YOUR DADDY?

TEE: Drawing chalk marks on your sidewalk.

FIB: I KNOW THAT, BUT WHAT ... ER...HOW...Take it, La Trivia.

what? oh,

GALE: Very well. Now listen, little girl. Defacing community property is a misdemeanor, and -

TEE: Who's she?

GALE: Who's who?

TEE: Miss Demeanor.

GALE: SHE ISN'T ANYBODY. SHE'S A ....now listen. Marking up a sidewalk is very rude. It's unsightly.

TEE: I know it.

GALE: Then why did you do it?

TEE: I was helping my daddy.

GALE: How were you helping your daddy by drawing chalk marks on Mr. McGee's sidewalk?

TEE: Yes.

GALE: YES WHAT?

TEE: Yes I was.

GALE: I MEANT....okay McGee. Take it.

FIB: Now sis...let's be sensible. Did your old m...did your daddy TELL YOU to mark up my sidewalk?

TEE: No, but somebody had to do it, I betcha.

FIB: WHY?

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I SAYS WHY DID SOMEBODY HAVE TO DO IT?

TEE: Because my daddy said so, I betcha.

GALE: Now we're getting somewhere, McGee,

FIB: Yeah...okay sis...JUST WHAT DID YOUR DADDY SAY THAT MADE YOU MARK UP MY SIDEWALK?

TEE: Well, my mommy and my daddy are gonna have a party, and they were talking about who was gonna be at the party....

FIB: Yes yes yes....

TEE: And my Mommy said how about the McGee's? and my Daddy said  
"NO, SIR, WE GOTTA DRAW THE LINE AT THE MCGEE'S!" I ran out  
and did it...Take it, La Trivia...So long, ~~McGee~~ <sup>McGee</sup>

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

KING'S MEN: "WHAT'S BUZZIN' COUSIN?"

APPLAUSE:



THIRD SPOT

SOUND: TRAFFIC SOUNDS UP AND FADE: (*Faststeps*)

FIB: Don't walk so fast, Molly. Don't forget I gotta sprained ankle.

MOL: I'M not forgetting your ankle, dearie...or your cracked elbow, or your cut neck, or your lame back or your loose teeth or your bruised ribs. Did I cover everything?

FIB: You forgot my skinned knee.

MOL: Well, it's only another block to the Camera shop.

FIB: That's good. When did they say the films'd be ready?

MOL: They're rushing them. I told the man you wanted to send them to Hollywood.

FIB: What'd he say?

MOL: He just made a funny noise and hung up. Are you suffering terribly, McGee?

FIB: I sure am...but it was worth it. If these films don't prove I'm a marvelous comedian, I'll eat my hat.

MOL: What size hat do you wear?

FIB: 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Why?

MOL: I'M going to weave you one out of spaghetti or something. I always like to see you enjoy what you eat...Look, McGee - here comes Mrs. Uppington.

FIB: Boy, get a load of that lid! Does Rube Goldberg own a hat shop?

MOL: She never got that monstrosity out of a hat shop. That's an old bird's nest built by a cross-eyed blue jay. I never saw such a... OH HELLO ABIGAIL, DARLING ... WHERE DID YOU GET THAT LOVELY HAT!

- UPP: Oh how do you do, my deah ... AND Mr. McGee.
- FIB: Hiyah, Uppy.
- UPP: Do you really like it, Mrs. McGee?
- MOL: Why I never saw anything like it!
- FIB: Me either. Though once when I was lookin' at a drop of swamp water thru a microscope, I -
- MOL: MCGEE! Tell me, Abigail ... is that an original creation?
- UPP: Oh but of course, my deah. I have the most MARVELOUS milliner. You must let me take you down there sometime, Mrs. McGee ... she could do WONDERS for you. I have often remarked that if you WOULD ONLY wear some decent ... I mean ... you COULD be UTTAHLI charming, except for ...
- MOL: Never mind, dearie ... I get it. But I'm awfully hard to please ... and you' ... you LUCKY girl ... they can throw any old thing on you -- and they usually do.
- FIB: (ASIDE) I'd give four bits for a handful of catnip.
- UPP: Of course, Mrs. McGee my milliner MIGHT be just a trifle er ... beyond your ... that is ... she's horribly expensive ... and --
- MOL: Oh I can see that, Abigail! I could NEVER afford to wear the kind of hats you do.
- UPP: I mean, of course, that anyone in my social position --
- MOL: Can get away with almost anything ... isn't it the truth?
- FIB: (ASIDE) When you've had enough, folks, holler and I'll throw in the towel.
- UPP: In fact, Mrs. McGee, I was telling my Modiste about you, too. She insists that I bring you in. She has an amazing knack at draping difficult figures.

MOL: She MUST have Abigail. And if she can do as much for me as she's done for you, well ... believe me, somebody ought to give her the business!

UPP: Yes, she'll appreciate it ... Good heavens, Mr. McGee ... I nevah noticed ... How did you acquiah all those bandages and splints? What happened?

MOL: He's suffering from a career-end collision, Abigail. We'll explain it to you later .. in the meantime, let's you and I go shopping together sometime. I know some dandy places.

UPP: All right. We'll go to MY favorite shops first and take in the rummage sales on the way home. GOOD DAY!!!!

TRAFFIC UP AND FADE:

MOL: ~~She~~ She burns me up, McGee! She tries to give the impression that she has more of everything than anybody else has ---

FIB: Yes, and she's right if you're talking about chins.

MOL: Well, come on, you poor lad ... do you feel all right?

FIB: Frankly..no. I don't.

WIMP: (FADE IN) Well, hello there, Mrs. McGee ...hello, Mr. McGee.

MOL: Oh hello, Mr. Wimple.

FIB: Hiyah, Wimp, old chimp!

WIMP: Which way did my wife go?

MOL: What do you mean, Mr. Wimple.

FIB: We haven't seen your wife.

WIMP: Well, my goodness, Mr. McGee, you mean you got so bruised and battered all by yourself?

MOL: We were taking some home movies, Mr. Wimple and McGee took a couple of bad falls.

FIB: Wait'll you see the prints...you'll think they're terrific.

WIMP: Sweetyface and I took some home movies last week ourselves. She was making some educational pictures for the Police Department. Jiu Jitsu, you know.

MOL: Black and white?

WIMP: No. Black and blue, clear up to...OH YOU MEAN THE PICTURES .....(LAUGHS) Yes, they were.

FIB: You sure take a lot of punishment for a little guy, Wimp. I wish I could get over the effects as quick as you do.

WIMP: (LAUGHS) Oh it's just a matter of regular exercise. Mr. McGee. Why every morning before breakfast I take a two mile run.

MOL: Do you really? Where do you run?

WIMP: Oh just around the dining room table. Sweetyface is SO irritable when she gets up.

FIB: She must of caught you this morning, Wimp. You're walkin' kinda stiff.

WIMP: Oh, I'm just suffering from Housemaid's knee, Mr. McGee.

FIB: Housemaid's knee?

WIMP: Yes - last night I tracked in some mud and Sweetyface mopped up the kitchen floor with me. Well, I simply must be getting home, folks...I've got to help Sweetyface with her homework.

MOL: What's she studying?

WIMP: Part four, section 6, of the New Police Manual, How To Throw Tear Gas Bombs. If you're going past this evening, stop in and we'll all have a good cry! Goodbye now.

TRAFFIC UP AND FADE:

MOL: My he certainly has what it takes, hasn't he, McGee?

FIB: Yeah, but I'd hate to have to take what he gets. WELL, HERE'S THE HOME MOVIE SHOP, MOLLY....HOLD THE DOOR FOR ME, WILLYA....I don't wanna bump this elbow again.

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE: TRAFFIC OUT:

MAN: Yes sir? What can I....OH YOU POOR CHAP!.....LET ME HELP YOU TO A CHAIR.....HERE.....

FIB: Thanks, bud...I..I...was kinda wore out.

MOL: Yes, I've got to get him home to bed as soon as we get thru here.

MAN: What could I do for you, folks?

FIB: I'm Mr. McGee, bud...remember, you sent me out that camera and those films?

MAN: Oh yes...we picked them up a couple of hours ago, didn't we...(FADE) Just a minute and I'll see if the prints are ready.

MOL: McGee....you look awfully pale...can you hold out till we get home....

FIB: Oh sure....and wait'll them Hollywood guys take a gander at them prints....they'll tumble all over themselves tryin' to sign me up.

MAN: OH MR. MCGEE.

FIB: Yes Bud? Got my films? Lesee 'em. HEY YOU GOTTA  
PROJECTION ROOM HERE WHERE WE COULD ---

MAN: Just a minute....PLEASE!

MOL: You can't expect ~~him~~ to <sup>get</sup> ~~give~~ them ~~to you~~ till you pay  
for them McGee.

FIB: Oh excuse me. YOU PAY HIM, MOLLY.....I'M TOO STIFF TO  
REACH into my pocket.

MOL: You usually are. How much do we owe you sir?

MAN: Three dollars for camera rental. 18 dollars for film,  
and nothing for the advice.

FIB: What advice?

MAN: McGee, the next time you try to take pictures, first take  
the rubber cap off the lens. Your films are all blank.

FIB: Aw pshaw!

ORCH: "FOOLED": FADE FOR-

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
FEBRUARY 17, 1942  
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: How long have you had your present kitchen linoleum? If it's fairly new, you'll certainly want to take good care of it, and make it last a long time. If it's old, all the more reason now for treating it properly. Linoleum should not be cleaned by the old-fashioned scrubbing method - because continuous scrubbing only ruins it. It should be kept clean with a floor polish that also protects it - and that polish is JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO COAT. GLO COAT guards linoleum and other floor surfaces against wear and dirt, prolongs their life. You'll notice when you try JOHNSON'S GLO COAT that it has a lasting lustre - a smooth, even surface that doesn't chip, because the GLO-COAT film is flexible, not brittle. And you'll see that GLO-COAT is economical, that a little goes a long ways. These are just some of the reasons we say there's only one JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO COAT. Try it, won't you?

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

TAG GAG

MOL: Turn over, McGee...while I rub some more arnica on  
your back....

FIB: (GROANS) Okay...

SQUEAK OF SPRINGS:

MOL: Do you think you'll ever go on with your movie career,  
dearie?

FIB: No. I just been thinkin', Molly. Remember that newsreel  
— we saw last week of Mussolini makin' a speech on that  
balcony.

MOL: Yes.

FIB: I could never be that funny, could I?

MOL: No.

FIB: That's what I thought. Goodnight!

MOL: Goodnight, all.

ORK: UP TO FINISH: APPLAUSE ETC:



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

CLOSING TAG

CUE: (Molly).....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.

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FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
FEBRUARY 17, 1942  
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

TO FOLLOW CLOSING TAG

NOTE: To be read from quiet studio.

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

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Don't put it off any longer. Decide right now to take better care of your car's paint job. It's so easy now, thanks to JOHNSON'S CARNU, the sensational auto polish that both cleans and polishes in one application - two jobs at once, in quick time. No program of better car maintenance is complete without looking after the outside as well as what's under the hood. Buy a can of JOHNSON'S CARNU very soon - from your regular JOHNSON'S WAX dealer, auto supply store or service station. CARNU is spelled C-A-R-N-U.