

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.
Writers: Don Quinn
Bill Danch

(REVISI (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 **FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY** Men, and music by Billy
Mills' orchestra.

The show opens with: "Rise And Shine".

6:30-7P
Tuesday - 4/28/42

(FADE FOR:)

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
APRIL 28, 1942
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC

(REVISED)

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WIL: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM, WITH FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!
OPENING COMMERCIAL

ORCH: THEME everything that's been said and written on the subject,

WIL: you certainly don't need me to tell you to take better care
of your automobiles. And yet, I'll bet that most of you
still haven't gone anything about that paint job. You'd
like it from me, if you want your car to look presentable a
year or two hence, you'd better give it an occasional
The show opens with: "Rise And Shine".

WIL: The show opens with: "Rise And Shine".

ORCH: "RISE & SHINE"

(FADE FOR:)

WIL: You can't say with JOHNSON'S CARNU that both cleans and polishes
in one application - two jobs at once, in quick time. In
fact, you can't say that CARNU will make your
car looking like it just came off the production line -
that's why folks say, "Your car looks like new when you use
CARNU". And here's an extra tip - if you want to give the
rejuvenated finish maximum protection against sun and
weather, try adding a coat of wax - either JOHNSON'S AUTO
WAX or the regular household WAX. By the way, JOHNSON'S
CARNU is spelled C-A-R-N-U.

ORCH: (SMALL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: With everything that's been said and written on the subject, you certainly don't need me to tell you to take better care of your automobiles. And yet, I'll bet that half of you still haven't done anything about that paint job. You can take it from me, if you want your car to look presentable a year or two hence, you'd better give it an occasional cleaning and polishing now. And, of course, do it the easy, modern way with JOHNSON'S CARNU that both cleans and polishes in one application - two jobs at once, in quick time. In less time than you thought possible, CARNU will have your car looking like it just came off the production line - that's why folks say, "Your car looks like new when you use CARNU". And here's an extra tip - if you want to give that rejuvenated finish maximum protection against sun and weather, try adding a coat of wax - either JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX or the regular household WAX. By the way, JOHNSON'S CARNU is spelled C-A-R-N-U.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

FIB: WELL I AIN'T GONNA DO IT! THE GOVERNMENT WANTS US TO CONSERVE, AND BY THE MILLION MERRY MEN OF THE MIGHTY MACARTHUR, I'M GONNA DO IT!

MOL: Well, when you get thru with that miracle, you might take a minute off and invent a shower curtain that won't slap you in the face when your back is turned, and vice versa.

FIB: Don't worry..I can make this hat look like new. We got any art gum?

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WIL: SAVE WHAT YOU HAVE!..CONSERVE! MAKE WHAT YOU HAVE DO A LITTLE LONGER! THAT'S THE WATCHWORD NOWADAYS. AND THE MASTER OF 79 WISTFUL VISTA IS NOT ONE TO VIOLATE A NATIONAL POLICY. SO HERE, GAZING SPECULATIVELY AT HIS LAST YEAR'S STRAW HAT, WE FIND -- for a living?

FIB: Okay...okay...I'll find a way. I'll bet the drug store has got a...

----FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

MOL: What on earth are you going to do with that, McGee? *straw hat*

FIB: Whaddye suppose I'm gonna do with it? I'm gonna WEAR it.

MOL: Isn't that carrying conservation to extremes? It looks terrible!

FIB: I'll either wear this, this summer, or I'll wear that checkered golf cap.

MOL: OH, NO NO NO!..NOT THAT!.NOT THAT!

FIB: Okay..so I'll wear this. What do they charge to clean a straw hat?

MOL: Oh 50 or 75 cents, ordinarily. But in this case I think they'd make a special rate of four dollars.

FIB: I can get a new one for two ninety-five.

MOL: That's what I was hinting at, in my delicate way.

FIB: WELL I AIN'T GONNA DO IT! THE GOVERNMENT WANTS US TO CONSERVE, AND BY THE MILLION MERRY MEN OF THE MIGHTY MACARTHUR, I'M GONNA DO IT!

MOL: Well, when you get thru with that miracle, you might take a minute off and invent a shower curtain that won't slap you in the face when your back is turned, and vice versa.

FIB: Don't worry..I can make this hat look like new. We got any art gum?

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MOL: Cleaning that thing with art gum would be like bombing Tokyo with confetti.

FIB: WELL DOGGONE IT, WHAT DO YOU USE TO CLEAN A STRAW HAT?

MOL: If everybody knew that, what would the people do who clean 'em for a living?

FIB: Okay...okay....I'll find a way. I'll bet the drug store has got a preparation that'll clean straw hats. Gimme the phone.

MOL: Here.

FIB: Thanks. (CLICK) HELLO OPERATOR? GIMME KRAMER'S DRUG STORE ON THE CORNER OF MYRT! IS THAT YOU?

MOL: Oh dear!

FIB: HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING, MYRT? TIS' EH? WHAT SAY, MYRT? YOUR UNCLE? SMASHED HIS FACE AND BROKE ONE OF HIS HANDS?

MOL: What's the matter, McGee...did he drop his watch?

FIB: Oh pshaw. HELLO, MYRT! NAW.....SHE GUESSED IT RIGHT OFF. WHAT SAY, MYRT? OKAY I'LL CALL LATER. (CLICK)

MOL: Look, McGee, I don't think the government would care if you threw that hat away and got another one. If you wear this one, it will be bad for morale.

FIB: Who's?

MOL: You can lose a hat, and I can lose a bottle of peroxide. But go ahead...where would the steamboat be today if Eli Whitney hadn't invented the cotton gin, is what I always say. (FADE OUT) I'll go get the...

MOL: Mine.

FIB: Well, I'm sorry. I've made up my mind to clean this hat. And you know me when I've made up my mind.

MOL: Indeed I do, precious boy! You're about as flexible as a poker - and just as busy stirring things up!

FIB: Well, I got character. All us McGees have got that old persistancy...we follow thru. When we start something, we FINISH.

MOL: You don't say! How about that ship in the bottle you started to carve in the spring of 1928?

FIB: I got my finger stuck in the neck of the bottle and had to bust it. I couldn't go thru life wavin' a three-masted schooner at people, could I?

MOL: Oh I don't know. It might give you a little individuality. People would say "YOU KNOW FIBBER MCGEE...HE'S THE MAN WITH THE SLOOP ON HIS PINKIE!"

FIB: Well, gee whiz, a fella can't always...HEY WE GOT ANY PEROXIDE?

MOL: I think so. What for?

FIB: I bet I could clean my straw hat with that. It's a bleach ain't it?

MOL: Well-l-l yes...I guess it is. But I never heard of anybody cleaning a hat with it.

FIB: I'm gonna try it anyway. What can I lose.

MOL: You can lose a hat, and I can lose a bottle of peroxide. But go ahead...where would the steamboat be today if Eli Whitney hadn't invented the cotton gin, is what I always say. (FADE OUT) I'll go get the...

FIB: (TO HIMSELF) Where would the steamboat be today if Eli Whitney
 TEE: ...but Whitney didn't invent the steamboat and what'd the
 FIB: cotton gin have to do with the steamboat if...well, they
 carried cotton in steamboats, but if Fulton hadn't...but
 Fulton didn't invent the cotton gin...that was Whitney...so
 if the steamboat hadn't...DOGGONE IT, I WISH MOLLY WOULD GET
 HER FACTS STRAIGHT! I CAN'T - anything.
 DOOR CHIME: I MEAN WHAT'S YOUR ANGLE..WHAT BUSINESS ARE YOU REFERRING
 FIB: COME IN!
 DOOR OPEN: You mean what am I selling? Seeds.
 TEE: Hi, mister. Whatcha doin'?
 FIB: Oh Hello, sis. I'M gonna bring this katy back to life.
 TEE: Hmm? Radishes, and cabbage, and turnips, and potatoes and
 FIB: I says I'M gonna launder this lid. This STRAW HAT. I'M
 GONNA CLEAN IT. FINE. YOU CAN'T EAT PETUNIAS!
 TEE: How? I ever try any?
 FIB: Eh? Well, no, but -
 TEE: Hmm? PETUNIAS, AND CUCUMBERS AND CARROTS, AND COD LIVER
 FIB: You says HOW am I gonna clean it?
 TEE: I know it. PLANT COD LIVER OIL, EITHER.
 FIB: That, sis, is a moot point, morned, mister. I despise it!
 TEE: (GIGGLES) some seeds?
 FIB: What's the matter...don't you know what a moot point is?
 TEE: Sure I do I betcha. My Uncle has a moot and it's a pointer.
 FIB: That's a matt, not a moot. And you better run along now, sis -
 in a few minutes, I'M gonna be deep in the heart of skimmer
 TEE: scraping. How can we win this war if everybody says
 TEE: Can we talk business a minute, mister? THING BUT I NEVER
 FIB: Business, eh?

FIB: sis, you really got a point there, and I -
 TEE: MmmHmmm. says S EVERY single vegetable we grow means
 FIB: Well, as the furnace says, when the guy walks up with
 a nasty look, "something tells me I'M gonna be shock
 FIB: down again." So let's get to it, sis. What's the
 TEE: bracket? I have an ocean between us and Australia, and an
 TEE: (AFTER PAUSE) I don't hear anything, says a notion that we
 FIB: I MEAN WHAT'S YOUR ANGLE..WHAT BUSINESS ARE YOU REFERRING
 FIB: TO. Teacher is a very intelligent --
 TEE: You mean what am I selling? Seeds. turnips, and if we
 FIB: Seeds? I keep 'em full of fuel we just can't know our
 TEE: Sure. Vegetable seeds. Sparrow grass seeds, and
 FIB: reddishes, and cabbage, and turnips, and potatoes and
 mushmelons, and petunias and -
 FIB: HEY WAIT A MINUTE. YOU CAN'T EAT PETUNIAS!
 TEE: You ever try any? HAVE THEY CALLOUSERS ON YOUR HEARTS AND
 FIB: Well, no, but - ON BEING IN PLANTIN' BEEHIVES, PETUNIAS
 TEE: AND PETUNIAS, AND ONIONS AND CARROTS, AND COD LIVER
 OIL....
 FIB: YOU CAN'T PLANT COD LIVER OIL, EITHER.
 TEE: You can as far as I'M concerned, mister. I despise it!
 APPLAUSE: You want some seeds?
 FIB: No, I don't believe I --
 TEE: Haven't you got a Victory Garden, mister? Hmm, Havncha?
 FIB: N-n-n-no, I..er..I been thinkin' of startin' one, but
 somehow --
 TEE: Look mister. How can we win this war if everybody says
 "WELL, I BEEN THINKING OF DOING SOMETHING BUT I NEVER
 DID IT."?

FIB: Sis, you really got a point there, and I --

TEE: My teacher says that EVERY single vegetable we grow means so much more food for our soldiers and sailors. She says we've got to have a green land here for those boys in Iceland.

FIB: That's a very good idea, and --

TEE: She says we have an ocean between us and Australia, and an ocean between us and Europe and if we have a notion that we can just sit around doing nothing we better get smart.

FIB: Your teacher is a very intelligent --

TEE: She says that an army travels on it's stummick, and if we don't help keep 'em full of fuel we just don't know our groceries. I the same way about it.

FIB: YOU'RE RIGHT, SIS. GIMME TWO BUCKS WORTH OF SEEDS, AND I'LL GET TO WORK TOMORROW ON --, that's all.

TEE: AND FURTHERMORE, MISTER, MY TEACHER SAYS IT'S MUCH BETTER TO GET BLISTERS ON OUR HANDS THAN CALLOUSES ON OUR HEARTS AND WHETHER WE'RE BUYING BONDS OR PLANTING VEGETABLES, THERE'S ONLY ONE THING WE GOTTA DO AND THAT'S DIG, DIG, DIG! HERE'S YOUR SEEDS, MISTER!

DOOR SLAM (BOOH CHIME)

ORK: "TANGERINE" if we weren't going to have guests, just at this

APPLAUSE: minute, my fine amateur bonnet-brusher, I'd -- I'd --

FIB: What wouldja do?

MOL: Nothing, probably. (LAUGHS) I can buy another hairbrush, but amusing husbands are hard to get. COME IN!

(DOOR OPEN)

OLD M: HELLO THERE, KIDS!!.....HOW YOU FIXED FOR CHRISTMAS CARDS?

MOL: Christmas cards!

SOUND: (SCRUBBING....PAUSE....REPEAT)

MOL: Well...how's the straw hat, McGee....getting it clean?

FIB: Nope. Not very clean, anyway. Nothin' I've tried seems to work. Look at it!

MOL: What makes it so fuzzy?

FIB: This brush is kinda rough on it, I guess.

MOL: Where'd you get that brush?

FIB: Well, it ain't a brush, exactly....it's Lillian's curry comb.

MOL: McGEE, YOU TAKE THAT RIGHT BACK TO THE GARAGE! I won't let anybody else use MY brush and comb and I'm sure Lillian would feel the same way about it.

FIB: Why won't you let anybody else use your hairbrush?

MOL: I just don't like the idea, that's all.

FIB: Don't hurt it any just to clean a straw hat with it.

MOL: Maybe it won't but-- McGEE, DID YOU USE MY HAIRBRUSH TO SCRUB THAT AWFUL OLD HAT WITH?

FIB: Not very long. It was too soft and wasn't makin' any impression, so I--

(DOOR CHIME)

MOL: Believe me, if we weren't going to have guests, just at this minute, my fine amateur bonnet-brusher, I'd -- I'd --

FIB: What wouldja do?

MOL: Nothing, probably. (LAUGHS) I can buy another hairbrush, but amusing husbands are hard to get. COME IN!

(DOOR OPEN)

OLD M: HELLO THERE, KIDS!!.....HOW YOU FIXED FOR CHRISTMAS CARDS?

MOL: Christmas cards!

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FIB: Aren't you jumpin' the gun a little, Old Timer? It's 8 months till next Christmas. And I still got a dirty little deficit from the last one.

OLD M: Johnny, let's talk this over, man to man.

MOL: You mean I'm not in on this discussion?

OLD M: You stay right here, daughter. In sellin' Christmas cards, it's the winnin' that have the say-so. I'm convinced o' that.

FIB: How long you been sellin' 'em?

OLD M: You're my first customer, but I'm easy convinced. Heh heh heh... Now look at the first one in the book here.... "HAPPY, HAPPY YULETIDE FROM CANADA TO THE ISTHUMUS, GEOGRAPHY DOESN'T MATTER WHEN WE WISH YOU MERRY CHRISTMAS." That one appeal to ye?

MOL: Please, Mr. Old Timer... how can you expect anybody to get hopped up about Christmas, right after Easter? *

OLD M: THAT REMINDS ME... I GOT EASTER GREETINGS, TOO. HERE'S ONE THAT SAYS: "NORTH OR SOUTH, EAST OR WEST, EASTER WITH YOU IS EASTER AT BEST." Only two dollars a dozen, engraved with your name and--

FIB: NO NO NO... WE DON'T WANT ANY. COME BACK IN 6 OR 7 MONTHS AND WE MIGHT TALK BUSINESS, OLD TIMER.

OLD M: Six or seven months, eh? Lesseeeee.... that'll be November.

MOL: BETTER BUY YOUR THANKSGIVING CARDS NOW AND SAVE ME A TRIP.

FIB: Here's one that--

MOL: BUT WE DON'T WANT TO--

OLD M: IT SAYS "WHITE MEAT, DARK MEAT, ALL AROUND THE TOWN--"

FIB: HEY!

OLD M: Eh?

(REVISED)

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FIB: Close the sample book and lay off, willya, old Timer? We're not in the market.

OLD M: Why that ain't like you, Johnny. You always was full of the Holiday spirit. But - if that's how you feel about it --

(DOOR OPEN)

MOL: The idea, Christmas cards at this time of year!

FIB: At least he didn't try to sell us any Father's day cards, and --

(DOOR OPEN)

OLD M: GOT 'EM RIGHT HERE, JOHNNY! FATHER'S DAY!

MOL: "HERE'S TO PAPA, BLESS HIS HEART, BALD AND FAT AND NOT SO SMART, WE LOVE HIM AND WE--"

FIB & MOL: NO!!

OLD M: Okay.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Hey, Molly... I wonder if I couldn't clean this hat with just plain soap and water. Shall I soak it?

MOL: I would. Right out the window.

FIB: Aw you ain't any help. Now lemme see... what might do the job... Tooth paste.... lighter fluid.... ammonia....

MOL: Grease.

FIB: GREASE! What kind?

MOL: Elbow.

FIB: It'll take more'n that. I'm all outa Peroxide and it's gonna take some chemical that'll bleach it yellow again.

MOL: Don't tell me that hat was yellow, McGee!

FIB: Well it was.

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MOL: Do you mean to tell me that any hat that would wear a band with purple polka dots out in public is yellow?

FIB: LOOK, MOLLY...WILL YOU PLEASE TAKE THIS THING SERIOUS? HERE I'M TRYIN' TO SAVE MYSELF SOME DOUGH AND -

DOOR OPEN:

WIL: HELLO FOLKS. *a funny smell in here.*

MOL: Oh hello, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Heyah Harlow...come on in and....(PAUSE) Whatcha sniffin' at?

WIL: What's that odd smell?

MOL: Peroxide, Mr. Wilcox. McGee's been trying to bleach a straw hat. It's gone brunette on him.

~~DOOR SLAM:~~ *Why don't you do what I did last year, Fibber?*

FIB: What was that?

WIL: Well, I took my panama out of the closet and wore it down to the office....I didn't notice how soiled it was until people began to comment.

MOL: Must have been embarrassing.

WIL: It was. There I was dashing in and out of the office all day, dictating letters about how Johnson's Glocoat was such a marvelous labor and time-saver, because it eliminates rubbing and buffing and dries in 20 minutes or less to a beautiful lustrous finish and--

FIB: YEAH, BUT HOW ABOUT THE HAT?

WIL: What hat? OH MY PANAMA! Yeah....I STILL hadn't noticed how bad it looked....and me so sensitive to dust and dirt, too, on account of selling Johnson's Self-Polishing Glocoat so long, and Glocoat being marvelous for soiled and dusty

~~DOOR CHIME:~~ *dull*

MOL: linoleum....so when I finally got thru with my work, which was mostly writing an advertisement about how Glocoat preserves and protects your linoleum and it's particularly important right now to conserve what you have and--

MOL: BUT THE HAT! THE HAT! Hello, McGee.

WIL: Whaddye mean? -- have a seat for your attitude!

FIB: ...WHAT DID YOU DO WITH YOUR PANAMA HAT? McGee, if you

WIL: I sent it out and got it cleaned. *oh I happen to be chair*

(PAUSE)

WIL: There's still a funny smell in here.

MOL: That -- is McGee burning. *a fine rag nothing would happen.*

WIL: Want me to take your hat down to the cleaners on my way, Fibber. *see what you want.*

FIB: (VERY QUIETLY) No. Thank you.

WIL: (CHEERFULLY) Okay...see you later. *be more letters to their*

DOOR SLAM: *friends and relatives...sons and brothers and fathers in the*

~~FIB: (MUTTERS) Sent it out and got it cleaned! That guy is gonna make a monkey of me once too often!~~

MOL: Well if he does, dearie, you just hang by your tail and throw a coconut at him.

FIB: Sent it out and got it cleaned! If that ain't the ...

MOL: What was the matter with that? When things get soiled, the logical thing to do is get them cleaned with most people.

MOL: But with you, the most logical thing to do is something fantastic.

FIB: Look, the people who clean hats are human beings. I'm a human being. So I can clean a hat, too.

MOL: I'm a human being too - and so are the people who go over Niagara Falls in a barrel, but do I go yachting in a

~~FIB:~~ *hogshead? Not in a pig's ear!*

DOOR CHIME: *Why not? You might have graduated as a General.*

MOL: COME IN! *GRADUATE STUDENTS FROM ANAPOLIS AS GENERALS, MIL*

DOOR OPEN: *WATER...AND THEY DON'T HAVE GENERALS IN THE NAVY.*

MOL: Oh, it's Mayor La Trivia. Come right in, Mr. Mayor. p

GALE: Good day, Mrs. McGee. Hello, McGee.

FIB: Hiyah, politico - have a seat for your sittico!

GALE: No thank you. I merely wanted to ask you, McGee, if you would serve on a committee, of which I happen to be chairman.

MOL: Mr. Mayor, asking McGee to serve on a committee is like waving a blue rag at a bull!

FIB: You mean RED, Molly. With a blue rag nothing would happen.

(PAUSE)

FIB: Oh, I see what you mean.

MOL: What is the committee, Mr. Mayor?

GALE: It's to organize our citizens to write more letters to their friends and relatives, sons and brothers and fathers in the army and navy. Give them more news from home.

FIB: Why sure, La Trivia. I'm your man. When do I start?

GALE: Tomorrow morning. The Committee meets in my office at the City Hall at ten thirty.

FIB: I'll be there. It's a good cause, too.

GALE: Indeed it is. I was a Captain in Army, during the last war and I know how it is to get a letter from home.

MOL: So you were a CAPTAIN in the army!

FIB: Annapolis man?

GALE: Annapolis is a Navy School, McGee.

MOL: Don't they have Captains in the Navy?

GALE: Of course. But I happened to be in the Army.

FIB: What's the matter - not smart enough to get into Annapolis?

GALE: I DIDN'T TRY TO GET INTO ANNAPOLIS.

MOL: Why not? You might have graduated as a General.

GALE: THEY DON'T GRADUATE STUDENTS FROM ANNAPOLIS AS GENERALS, MRS. MCGEE..AND THEY DON'T HAVE GENERALS IN THE NAVY.

FIB: I thought you says you were in the Army.

GALE: I WAS IN THE ARMY.

MOL: Then what made you think you could ever be a general in the Navy?

FIB: Navy? In this? It's Easter Egg dye, Molly.

GALE: I DIDN'T THINK I COULD BE A GENERAL IN THE NAVY, MRS. MCGEE!

FIB: THAT WAS YOUR IDEA.

FIB: Go on, she didn't even know you then. I tried dyeing it.

GALE: I DIDN'T SAY SHE DID! I MERELY SAID THAT THE ARMY HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH ANNAPOLIS -

MOL: Snobbish?

GALE: YES..er..NOT AT ALL! ANNAPOLIS IS STRICTLY A NAVY SCHOOL, AND I, BEING IN THE ARMY, COULD NOT HAVE GOT A COMMISSION THERE.

FIB: What'd you want a commission for - couldn't you live on your salary?

GALE: (YELLS) YES I COULD! I WAS MERELY TRYING TO TELL YOU THAT..

(PAUSE) McGee..

FIB: Eh?

GALE: Were you in the Army?

MOL: Yes he was, Mr. Mayor. He was a private in The Engineer Corps.

GALE: Do you still have that old Army spirit, McGee?

FIB: Sure do, La Trivia.

GALE: Fine. I was a captain and I do too. ATTEN----SHUN!

CLICK:

GALE: LEFT...FACE! FORWARD...HI!

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS, FADE; GLASS CRASH!

FIB: (YELLS OFF MIKE)

MOL: Heavenly days, Mr. Mayor..you marched him right thru the bay window!

GALE: Isn't that too bad! Well, good day, Mrs. McGee.

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH: "HEY, MABEL, WAIT FOR ME" - KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE:

MOL: McGee...for goodness sakes, what have you got all over your hands? When she got it, and the clerk told her she

FIB: Eh? Oh this? It's Easter Egg dye, Molly. a small one, and

MOL: What on earth are you doing with that? I'd a little shrimp

FIB: Well, my straw hat was gettin' worse and worse lookin', kinda streaked with pink and blue, so I tried dyeing it.

FIB: Look?... and I wish she'd stop it. It keeps coming out of

MOL: Oh lovely...a robin's-egg blue straw hat. How ducky!

FIB: Think it looks too sissy to wear? You pick all your clothes?

MOL: I think it would be allright if you carried a cane.

FIB: A CANE!...ME?...CARRY A CANE?

MOL: If you wore that hat, you'd HAVE to carry a cane. Or brass knuckles. at her!

FIB: Well, shucks - the men's fashion magazines say -- DON'T

DOOR CHIME: STOP TREATING ME LIKE THIS, I'M GOING TO RUN AWAY.

MOL: Oh Heavens...Hide that pastel atrocity, McGee!

FIB: What for? was Mrs. McGee...ever since then she's been

MOL: I don't want anybody to think I'm the kind of a woman who has the kind of a husband who'd wear that kind of a hat,

FIB: Awww, who cares. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN: Some officer promised to take her up in a blimp and he said

MOL: Oh hello, Mr. Wimple. ballast!

WIMP: Hello, Mrs. McGee...hello, Mr. McGee. Is that a new hat?

MOL: It's not new, Mr. Wimple. It's just dyed.

WIMP: Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't know.

FIB: That's a new hat you got on too, ain't it, Wimp?

WIMP: Yes it is, Mr. McGee...Does it seem a bit wobbly over my ears?

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Now that you speak of it, Mr. Wimple, it does seem a little tippy on the temples.

WIMP: Yes...Sweetface bought it that way. (LAUGHS) She didn't take me along when she got it, and the clerk told her she could get a big one for the same price as a small one, and she didn't want him to know she'd married a little shrimp like me.

FIB: Aw she was kidding, Wimp. She was just pulling your leg.

WIMP: I know...and I wish she'd stop it. It keeps coming out of joint.

MOL: Tell me, Mr. Wimple...does Sweetface pick all your clothes?

WIMP: No...just my pockets. (LAUGHS) I caught her at it last week, and it made me simply furious!

FIB: Oh oh! I hope you didn't do anything drastic, like stickin' your tongue out at her!

WIMP: Oh no...I just said, "SWEETFACE", I SAID, "IF YOU DON'T STOP TREATING ME LIKE THIS, I'M GOING TO RUN AWAY."

MOL: Good for you, Mr. Wimple! Was she impressed?

WIMP: Indeed she was, Mrs. McGee...ever since then she's been wrapping my lunch up in road maps. But I'd better be running along, now...I've got to meet Sweetface at the Army Airport.

FIB: Whatcha gonna do out there?

WIMP: Some officer promised to take her up in a blimp and he said I could come along for ballast.

MOL: What's ballast?

FIB: MY GOSH...THAT'S WHAT THEY THROW OUT IF THE BALLOON GETS TOO HEAVY!

WIMP: Is it really? Oh GOOD! (LAUGHS) I'LL JUST FOOL 'EM AND NOT GET BACK IN AGAIN. Well, goodbye now.

DOOR SLAM:

WIMP: Yes...Sweetieface bought it that way. (LAUGHS) She didn't
take me along when she got it, and the clerk told her she
could get a big one for the same price as a small one, and
she didn't want him to know she'd married a little shrimp
like me. For 30 years I still squawk about those forty-
FIB: Aw she was kidding, Wimp. She was just pulling your leg.
WIMP: I know...and I wish she'd stop it. It keeps coming out of
joint, with a little green ribbon on it.
MOL: Tell me, Mr. Wimple...does Sweetieface pick all your clothes?
WIMP: No...just my pockets. (LAUGHS) I caught her at it last
week, and it made me simply furious! There and a bunch
FIB: Oh oh! I hope you didn't do anything drastic, like stickin'
your tongue out at her!
WIMP: Oh no...I just said, "SWEETIEFACE", I SAID, "IF YOU DON'T
STOP TREATING ME LIKE THIS, I'M GOING TO RUN AWAY."
MOL: Good for you, Mr. Wimple! Was she impressed?
WIMP: Indeed she was, Mrs. McGee...ever since then she's been
wrapping my lunch up in road maps. But I'd better be running
along, now...I've got to meet Sweetieface at the Army Airport.
FIB: OPEN: Whatcha gonna do out there?
WIMP: Some officer promised to take her up in a blimp and he said
I could come along for ballast.
MOL: What's ballast?
FIB: MY GOSH...THAT'S WHAT THEY THROW OUT IF THE BALLOON GETS TOO
HEAVY!
WIMP: Is it really? Oh GOOD! (LAUGHS) I'LL JUST FOOL 'EM AND NOT
GET BACK IN AGAIN. Well, goodbye now.

DOOR SLAM:

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UPP: (LAUGHS) Oh Mr. McGee...you DO say the oddest things...
MOL: How that little man can take that treatment day after
day, is beyond me, McGee.
FIB: Well, they say you can get used to anything, in time.
MOL: Though after 30 years I still squawk about those forty-
seven pins in a new shirt. But Wimple is just...HEY,
WHAT YOU DOIN' WITH MY HAT?
MOL: Just tying a little green ribbon on it.
FIB: BUT MOLLY, THAT HAT AIN'T you that idea, Mr. McGee?
MOL: Wait a minute, McGee...it can't look any funnier than
it does now. Where's that banana...oh there and a bunch
of grapes...now for a veil...and a feather...(LAUGHS)
MOL:NOW WAIT TILL I TRY IT ON! THERE! HOW'S THAT?
FIB: Oh my gosh! That looks awful! YOU GOTTA LOTTA NERVE,
KIDDIN' AROUND WITH MY STRAW HAT AFTER ALL THE WORK
I BEEN - you, Uppy. What's the issue with the Wimple?
DOOR CHIME: asking your creditors not to send you any more bills?
FIB: Take it off, Molly...take it off! McGee! Tell me, did
MOL: Oh let me wear it. McGee - just for a laugh. COME IN!
DOOR OPEN: What makes you think that, Abigail?
MOL: Oh Mrs. Uppington...Hello, Abigail!
UPP: How do you do, Mrs. McGee...and Mr. McGee.
FIB: Well, if it isn't a hundred and fifty pounds of sugar!
UPP: May the fifth be good to you, Uppy.
MOL: Yes?
UPP: Well, I have decided NOT to write it. IEN'T THAT WORSE?
THINK OF THE PAPER I AM SAVING!
FIB: Oh that's great. I been saving 'em a awful lot of rubber
too, by not making any mistakes, when I write a letter.
never explain that joke, Abigail. He writes letters in P

UPP: (LAUGHS) Oh Mr. McGee...you DO say the oddest things... really!...You have such a GUSTY sense of humah.

MOL: You mean BREEZY, Abigail?

UPP: Is that the same as WINDY, Mrs. McGee?

MOL: Just about.

UPP: Then that's what I mean. (LAUGHS) OHHH I HAVE THE MOST WONDERFUL NEWS FOR YOU.

FIB: You ain't movin' outta town?

UPP: Good heavens...no..that gave you that idea, Mr. McGee?

FIB: Oh I dunno. I just thought quick of what the most wonderful--

MOL: MCGEE!

FIB: Eh? Oh.

MOL: What's the happy tidings, Abigail?

UPP: I HAVE JUST THOUGHT OF THE MOST MARVELOUS IDEA TO CONSERVE PAPER! I HAVE WRITTEN THE GOVERNMENT ALL ABOUT IT.

FIB: Good for you, Uppy. What's the issue with the tissue? You asking your creditors not to send you any more bills?

UPP: (LAUGHS) Oh there you go again, Mr. McGee! Tell me, did you inherit your sense of humah from your grandfather?

MOL: What makes you think that, Abigail?

UPP: His jokes are so old. BUT I MUST TELL YOU, MY DEAH..YOU KNOW HOW IMPORTANT IT IS THAT WE CONSERVE PAPER.

FIB: Sure we know that, Uppy. What about it?

UPP: AND YOU KNOW THAT I WAS GOING TO WRITE A BOOK ABOUT THE HISTORY OF WISTFUL VISTA?

MOL: Yes?

UPP: Well, I have decided NOT to write it. ISN'T THAT WONDERFUL? THINK OF THE PAPER I AM SAVING!

FIB: Oh that's great. I been saving 'em a awful lot of rubber too, by not making any mistakes, when I write a letter. I'd better explain that joke, Abigail. He writes letters in pencil.

UPP: Oh, he does?

MOL: Yes, he always- Whywhat's the matter?

UPP: My deah...I cawn't contain myself a moment longer..WHERE DID YOU GET THAT DELIGHTFUL HAT?

FIB: That hat? Aw that's just a -

MOL: MCGEE!...Do you really like it, Abigail? It was designed especially for me.

UPP: WELL REALLY...IT'S THE MOST ORIGINAL AND CHARMING HAT I HAVE SEEN THIS SPRING...I'LL SIMPLY NOT SLEEP A WINK TILL I FIND ONE EXACTLY LIKE IT!...BETTER YET...I SHALL HAVE IT MADE! AND I JUST HAVE TIME TO GET TO MY MILLINERS...GOOD DAY, MRS. MCGEE.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Well, jab me in the jiblets for a Jap General. YOU HEAR THAT MOLLY?

MOL: I certainly did, McGee...Imagine her wanting one exactly like it?

FIB: WELL I BEEN MADE A CHUMP OF LONG ENOUGH! COME ON...GIMME THE HAT.

MOL: No.

FIB: EH?

MOL: IF ABIGAIL UPPINGTON THINKS THIS IS THE CUTEST HAT SHE'S SEEN THIS SPRING, I'M GOING TO WEAR IT!

FIB: You're gonna -- Okay. I'll see you later.

MOL: WAIT A MINUTE MCGEE - WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

FIB: I'm going out and buy a felt hat. THAT WAS THE LAST STRAW!

ORK: "LET'S BE BUDDIES"::FADE FOR:

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
APRIL 28, 1942
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: At no time does a woman's role in life become more clear than when a country is at war and homes are threatened - because those homes are only as strong as the women who guide and keep them. Most of us men will admit, openly or secretly, that no job at any time is bigger or more important than home management - especially when budgets must be watched closely, when things must be conserved and made to last. You women really have several jobs rolled into one. Feeding your families the right food - making and mending clothes for those growing youngsters - and certainly not the least, keeping your house clean, because dirt wears things out. Those are no loafing assignments! And now, on top of those jobs, you save kitchen fats and salvage scrap materials for war production, you study first aid, you enlist as air raid wardens. Yes, you are the guardians of our homes. The makers of JOHNSON'S WAX and GLO-COAT salute you, the housekeepers and the homemakers of America and Canada!

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

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S.C. Johnson & Son, Inc.
Writers: S.C. Johnson

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TAG

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

FIB: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, IN JUST A MOMENT WE WILL HEAR FROM THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES FROM THE WHITEHOUSE IN WASHINGTON. WITH ALL OF US ANXIOUS TO DO EVERYTHING WE CAN, INDIVIDUALLY AND COLLECTIVELY, TO SHOULDER OUR SHARE OF THE BURDEN OF THIS WAR, WE WELCOME THIS MESSAGE FROM OUR COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

MOL: WE'LL ALL BE LISTENING, MR. PRESIDENT!

ORCH: (CLOSING SIGNATURE)

WIL: THIS PROGRAM HAS COME TO YOU FROM HOLLYWOOD. THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.