

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

(REVISED)

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

ORCH: THEME

The makers of FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

6:30-7P Don Quinn, with songs by the King's Men,  
5/5/42 Tuesday

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(REVISED)

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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' orchestra.

The show opens with: "Skinafeolia".

ORCH: "Skinafeolia"

(FADE FOR:)

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
May 5, 1942

THE GOVERNMENT TELLS US THERE'S GOING TO BE ENOUGH  
SUGAR TO GO AROUND IF WE DON'T GO AROUND TOO FAST.  
OPENING COMMERCIAL TO GO AROUND IF WE DON'T GO AROUND TOO FAST.

SO SOLID-CITIZEN MCGEE, WHOSE COCOA HAS TAKEN MORE THAN  
ONE LUMP IN THE PAST, BUMPING AGAINST OBSTACLES, IS  
DETERMINED TO FIND A CHEMICAL SUBSTITUTE FOR SUGAR.  
AND HERE IN THE LIVING ROOM AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA, BUSY WITH  
IMPORTANT EXPERIMENTS, WE FIND --  
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!  
Haven't you noticed how, almost unconsciously, you judge a man  
by the car he drives? I don't mean how expensive his car is--  
but the way he keeps it up -- the looks of it. Of course,  
in these days, there's an extra reason for taking better care  
of everything about your car -- the tires, the battery, and  
the paint job. A car looks only as good as its finish --  
so why not keep this finish of your car young and spic and  
span with JOHNSON'S CARNU, that modern labor-saving polish  
that both cleans and polishes in one application -- two jobs  
at once, in quick time. Ask some of your neighbors what they  
think of CARNU -- there are satisfied users in every community.  
When you have brought back your car's showroom shine with  
CARNU, you can save yourself more work, save washings, and  
give added protection to the finish by applying a coat of wax.  
Will you remember to buy a package of JOHNSON'S CARNU this  
week? It's spelled C-A-R-N-U.

(APPLAUSE)

MOL:

FIB:

FIB:

MOL:

FIB:

MOL:

FIB:

*(Dwell to Finish)*

MOL:

FIB:

MOL:

FIB:

MOL:

b

WIL:

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(APPLAUSE)

MOL:

FIB:

FIB:

MOL:

FIB:

MOL:

FIB:

MOL:

FIB:

MOL:

FIB:

MOL:

c

FIB: He dunno what it IS. He just knows what it DOES.

MOL: What's alcohol got to do with it, anyway. I thought you were trying to find a substitute for sugar.

FIB: I am. I'll bet I find it, too. YOU REALIZE THAT TWO THIRDS OF our sugar has been imported....and that we got about a seventh of it from the Phillipines alone and now we ain't gettin' any more from there?

MOL: I know. You read me the government booklet all thru Lum and Abner lastnight.

FIB: Well, it's important. You realize that we've had to divert our shipping, which ordinarily brings us sugar to take food and equipment to Iceland and Australia and --

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS, McGEE, YOU'VE TOLD ME THOSE THINGS TWELVE TIMES. I believe you! I'm going along with it! I can get along with less sugar! NOW, STOP SELLING ME ON THE IDEA AND GO MAKE SOME MORE FUNNY SMELLS IN THAT LOUIE PASTEUR LABORATORY OF YOURS.

FIB: BELL: I resent your scoffing attitude towards my experiments, Mrs. McGee. You see what I'm working on now is how to convert alcohol into sugar. I know they make alcohol OUT of sugar, so I'm reversing the process. Simple - eh?

MOL: It's TOO simple. Use a lot of sugar to make alcohol so you can turn it back into sugar. That's silly.

FIB: Shucks - I never thought of it that way. Forget the alcohol. Now lemme see...if I precipitate muriatic acid into a saturated solution of carbohydrates, with a infusion of sodium chloride, I might have something.

MOL: You would. You'd have the house to yourself. Incidentally - I made a discovery in the morning mail, this morning, McGee. Did you make a bet on the Kentucky Derby?

FIB: Who - me?

MOL: Not Lord Beaverbrook. Did you?

FIB: Well, you see, Molly - me being a sportsman, and interested in improvin' the breed of horse-flesh, I like to support any worthy occasion that --

MOL: DID YOU BET ON THE KENTUCKY DERBY? ...it's supposed to

FIB: If I'd of won, I'd of put all the dough in War Bonds...you know that. How'd you know I bet? ...salon! Medal.

MOL: I opened one of your letters by mistake this morning. It was from a bookie. You owe him four dollars.

FIB: Oh yeah...I'll drop around there next week.

MOL: What horse did you have? ...the name of this horse was

FIB: I tore up the ticket. It was on a nag named "Shutout."

MOL: But "Shutout" won, McGee. ...not of other people.

FIB: Sure he did. But I didn't have him to win. I only had him to place and show...Hey we got any oil of wintergreen? I wanna mix up --

DOORBELL:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

OLD M: Hello there kids. Say can you...(SNIFF SNIFF) Johnny..are you experimentin' again? Last week it was cleaning a straw hat and now -

FIB: I'M workin' on something for the government now, Old Timer.

OLD M: (SNIFF SNIFF) And mighty successful, too, Johnny. Worst poison gas I ever smelt.

MOL: It isn't poison gas, Mr. Old Timer...it's supposed to be a substitute for sugar.

FIB: If it works, I might get a Congressional Medal.

OLD M: You might even git the Distinguished Flying Cross, Johnny.

MOL: Only Aviators get that.

OLD M: I know, Daughter... but two sniffs of this stuff and you'll get your wings!

FIB: The trouble with you and a lot of other people, Old Timer is, you ain't got any vision.

OLD M: Okay. THAT AIN'T THE WAY I HEERED IT. THE WAY-I HEERED IT, ONE FELLER SAYS TO TOTHER FELLER... "SAYYYYYY," he says, DO YOU KNOW WHAT THE EYETALIAN PEOPLE SAID WHEN MUSSOLINI ASKED IF THEY WANTED TO GO ON WITH THE WAR?" "NO", says tother feller. "THAT'S RIGHT", says the first feller. (HEH HEH HEH) Hey, Johnny I'll give you a tip about them chemical formulas.

MOL: Oh good...SOMEBODY ought to tell him something.

OLD M: Well, look, if the goin' gits too tough fer ye...ye might try monoaceticacidester of salicylic acid.

FIB: Gee, that sounds important. What is it?

OLD M: Aspirin. So long kids!

DOOR SLAM: As I can fix that...hand it here...now watch...

ORK: AND DU "RAKREMOOSKI" "Dark Eyes"

APPLAUSE:

OLD M: I HAVE TOO! Cutest little vision in town. She works over at the fish market as cashier, and baby can she jitterbug! Took her out to a dance last night and you know what happened?

MOL: What?

OLD M: If you find out, tell me, daughter. HEH HEH HEH! We was jitterbuggin' and she kicked me in the head and I was out for three hours. WHAAAAAAT a kid!

FIB: What's her name?

OLD M: Olga.

MOL: Russian?

OLD M: IS SHE! ALL THE TIME! (HEH HEH HEH) THAT'S PRETTY GOOD, OLD TIMER, BUT THAT AIN'T THE WAY.....hey, there's something wrong here, - I didn't...I mean..

FIB: You started it..you finish it.

OLD M: Okay. THAT AIN'T THE WAY I HEERED IT. THE WAY-I HEERED IT, ONE FELLER SAYS TO TOTHER FELLER... "SAYYYYYY," he says, DO YOU KNOW WHAT THE EYETALIAN PEOPLE SAID WHEN MUSSOLINI ASKED IF THEY WANTED TO GO ON WITH THE WAR?" "NO", says tother feller. "THAT'S RIGHT", says the first feller. (HEH HEH HEH) Hey, Johnny I'll give you a tip about them chemical formulas.

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APPLAUSE:

SECOND SPOT:

CLINK OF BOTTLES..POURING LIQUID.

FIB: Lessee now...three cubic milligrams of worcesterchire  
sauce...,two drops of boric acid....and a dash of  
turpentine...

CLINK: What was it supposed to do?

MOL: Well, Arrowsmith, what have you discovered? Aside from  
the fact that two evil-smelling concoctions mixed together  
smell worse?

FIB: Okay, okay!...seeff if you wanna...DERIDE! What if I  
DON'T discover a substitute for sugar...maybe I'LL find  
one for rubber....or silk...or...or...

MOL: Peanut butter.

FIB: Who wants a substitute for peanut butter?

MOL: I do. I don't like peanut butter.

FIB: Well, I do. And you seem to forget, my good woman,

MOL: I'M NOT YOUR GOOD WOMAN. I'M your woman but I'm not...  
I mean I'M good, but I'm not...WELL, DON'T CALL ME THAT!

FIB: All right, but you seem to forget that lots of chemical  
and scientific discoveries have been made by guys just like  
me, messin' around with a homemade laboratory. For  
instance...

SMALL GLASS CRASH...GURGLE...

FIB: HEY, HAND ME THAT TOWEL...QUICK..!! -THANKS!

CLATTER OF GLASS...

MOL: McGee ..I KNEW that would happen! Look what you did to  
my book of poetry..you got that awful stuff all over the  
cover!

FIB: Aw I can fix that..hand it here..now watch....

CLINK AND GURGLE...

MOL: MCGEE!..YOU'RE MAKING IT WORSE!!..WIPE IT OFF!! HURRY!

FIB: That's funny... it SHOULD of worked!...

MOL: Why, what was it?

FIB: Strong solution of tannic acid...

MOL: What was it supposed to do?

FIB: Who wrote that book of poetry?

MOL: Burns.

FIB: Well, that's what tannic acid is for. You see, Molly,  
in chemistry, you gotta learn to think quick, or

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN

MOL: Oh, Mayor La Trivia. Come right in.

GALE: Good day, Mrs. McGee. Hello, McGee. What on earth are  
YOU doing?

FIB: Who, me? (CLINK OF BOTTLES) Oh, I'M workin on a chemical  
project for the government, La Trivia. It's a secret.

GALE: Nothing that smells like that can be kept a secret very  
long, McGee!

MOL: Oh, we can tell YOU, Mr. Mayor... he's trying to find a  
substitute for sugar.

FIB: All I got so far is a substitute for fresh air. BUT I  
CAN DO IT!

GALE: It was about the sugar that I wanted to see you, Mrs.  
McGee... did you register for the rationing board?

MOL: The first thing yesterday morning at the schoolhouse,  
Mr. Mayor.

GALE: Splendid! As Mayor, I'm glad to see that you are cooperating in this sugar business. It's the only fair way to handle what sugar there is.

FIB: Sure - sure - sure - now lessee... (CLINK-CLINK)

GALE: Certainly. This way, the government makes sure that everyone, regardless of how much or how little money he makes, or whatever he does and wherever he is, will get his fair share of sugar. And when 132 million people register, it will be the greatest registration job ever tackled. But I know that every American citizen will be more than willing to -

FIB: DAD RAT IT, WILL YOU TWO PIPE DOWN A MINUTE...how can I concentrate with you two gabbin' away there?

GALE: Oh, I'm sorry, McGee. (LOWERS VOICE) I forgot, didn't you, Mrs. McGee?

MOL: (WHISPERS) Yes, I keep forgetting what important work McGee is doing.

GALE: For the government?

MOL: No, for McGee. If he wasn't doing this, he'd have lost forty cents by now...playing Kelly pool at the Elks.

GALE: (WHISPERS) Well, I'd better be going now. I just wanted to be sure..

FIB: (YELLS) HEY LOOK OUT!!! WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOING!

CRASH OF BOTTLES:  
CLINK AND CLANK OF BOTTLES...

MOL: It's certainly wonderful the way you haven't ruined everything in this room, McGee. With all your fumbling, there's hardly a spot on the rug.

MOL: GET THAT TOWEL AGAIN, MCGEE...YOU'VE SPILLED SOMETHING ALL OVER THE MAYOR'S TROUSER LEGS.

GALE: Here...let me dry them off ... my goodness...I ... sorry to have jarred your elbow, McGee...very clumsy of me ...

FIB: Aw, I shoulda been watchin', La Trivia...better wipe that stuff offa there quick.

MOL: Why, McGee? What is it?

FIB: It was a bottle of -

GALE: YEEOW!!! OUCH!!! I'M BURNING!!! WHAT WAS THAT STUFF?

FIB: Just a little nitric acid.

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS...LOOK AT THE MAYOR'S TROUSERS!

GALE: Yes...just look at them...now I have a Victory suit.

FIB: Whatcha mean?

GALE: Look...no cuffs! AND MY GOODNESS...IT'S SPREADING!

MOL: Victory suit is right...

FIB: You'd better get home before you have just a birthday suit.

GALE: OHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: McGee...you were VERY careless ...the mayor might have been seriously hurt.

FIB: Well, he shoulda been careful himself. I don't go messin' around his office and then squawk if I get trampled by a fat alderman, do I? Help me pick up them bottles, will you?

MOL: All right ...

CLINK AND CLANK OF BOTTLES...

MOL: It's certainly wonderful the way you haven't ruined everything in this room, McGee. With all your fumbling, there's hardly a spot on the rug.

FIB: I tell you, I know what I'M doing. I'LL bet I'd a been a great laboratory man if I'd studied it.

MOL: Yes, but why? All they get is their tips, and they work 12 hours every...OH, YOU SAID LABORATORY! I thought -

DOOR OPEN:

FIB: Oh, hiyah, Harlow.

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: Hello, folks...have you...(PAUSE) (SNIFF SNIFF) HAVEN'T YOU GOT THAT STRAW HAT CLEAN YET?

FIB: I ain't cleaning a hat. I'M workin' out a substitute for sugar.

WIL: Why?

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, WHY? THE COUNTRY'S GONNA BE SHORT OF SUGAR AIN'T IT?

WIL: Oh, there'll be enough sugar...*Fiber everybody has to cooperate*...only we can't get so fancy with it as we did before.

FIB: Well, just the same, I'M goin' ahead with my work. Who knows what I might discover that'll be valuable. YOU REALIZE THAT HITLER HAS GOT SUBSTITUTES FOR ALMOST EVERYTHING?

MOL: And do you realize that one of these days, they'll need a substitute for Hitler?

WIL: Well, this country doesn't go much for substitutes. Did you ever hear anybody go in and accept a substitute for Johnson's Self-Polishing Glo-Coat?

MOL: N-no, I never did, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: 23 seconds.

WIL: What?

FIB: I just says 23 seconds.

MOL: What does that mean?

FIB: That means Wilcox has hung up a new record, He only took 23 seconds to swing this conversation around to Johnson's Glo-Coat.

WIL: You got me wrong, Pal. I never have to do that. Wherever civilized people gather, the subject sooner or later gets around to how wonderful Glo-Coat is. How it shines as it dries, in 20 minutes or less..how it saves hours of time and labor and keeps linoleum looking new and beautiful for year after year, and how -

MOL: Wait a minute, Mr. Wilcox. You mean to say that ANY conversation naturally goes into Johnson's Glo-Coat?

WIL: In time, yes.

FIB: I don't believe it. Lemme start the conversation over again. I EVER TELL YOU, WILCOX, THAT I'M THINKIN' OF RAISIN' CHINCHILLAS?

WIL: Chinchillas?

MOL: You mean that Mexican dish made out of corn and -

FIB: Naw, that's *enchiladas*. I mean them little South American animals that -

WIL: SOUTH AMERICA! Why, that's where carnauba wax comes from, that they make Johnson's Self-Polishing Glo-Coat out of. It's the finest...

MOL: TRY IT ONCE MORE, MCGEE....

FIB: Okay - let's talk about astronomy.

WIL: All right, let's! YOU KNOW WHAT ALL THOSE LITTLE STARS  
REMINDE ME OF, TWINKLING AND GLEAMING AND SHINING UP THERE?  
THEY REMIND ME OF A BEAUTIFULLY POLISHED ---

MOL: Yes, WE KNOW...WE KNOW... GOOD DAY, MR. WILCOX.

WIL: So long, folks. Drop in and see me sometime.

FIB: WE WILL, WE WILL!! ...Now, lemme see...(CLINK CLINK) three  
drops of ...

WIL: I WANT TO SHOW YOU MY HOUSE. I'VE GOT A KITCHEN THAT YOU'LL  
LOVE, WITH LINOLEUM THAT ...

MOL: GOOD-BYE!

WIL: Huh? Oh, so long.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: That guy! I feel sorry for him. He always says - HEY - I  
GOT IT! I GOT IT!

MOL: He does?

FIB: No - he don't - I do! I just thought of the answer! Oh,  
WHAT A MOMENT IN HISTORY!

MOL: Well, I never liked history much, but will you explain this  
great moment?

FIB: I JUST THOUGHT OF A SUBSTITUTE FOR SUGAR!! OH BOY...THIS IS  
IT! HURRY UP, MOLEY AND MAKE SOME TEA, WILLYA? I WANNA TRY  
THIS OUT!

MOL: But what is it?

FIB: CAN'T TELL YOU TILL I TRY IT OUT...GO ON...MAKE SOME TEA...  
WE'LL TRY IT ON WHOEVER COMES IN ...

MOL: Well, all right, dearie...if you say so. (FADE OUT) But if  
this is another of your wild ideas, I'll ...

FIB: HOT DIGGITY! WHAT AN IDEA..(CLINK AND RATTLE OF CUPS) AND  
RIGHT IN FRONT OF MY NOSE ALL THE TIME...WHY DIDN'T I EVER  
THINK OF THIS BEFORE!...WHY IT'S MARVELOUS! IT'S -

DOORBELL

FIB: COME IN, COME IN, COME IN!

DOOR OPEN

TEE: Hi, mister.

FIB: OH HELLO THERE, LITTLE GIRL. HAVEN'T GOT TIME TO TALK TO YOU  
NOW. I'M RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF A EXPERIMENT.

TEE: I like peppermint better.

FIB: Better'n what?

TEE: Spearmint.

FIB: I DIDN'T SAY SPEARMINT. I SAYS EXPERIMENT. I JUST MADE A  
GREAT DISCOVERY. It saves sugar.

TEE: My daddy made a discovery like that too, I betcha.

FIB: WHAT? HE DID?

TEE: Sure. He discovered my mother, and she saves sugar. Hey,  
mister,...do you know any law?

FIB: Pertaining to what?

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I SAYS DO I KNOW ANY LAW PERTAINING TO WHAT? WHAT KINDA LAW?  
Criminal, civil, corporation, or what?

TEE: Criminal, I guess. I'm in a jam, and I need a mouthpiece.

FIB: Now, don't talk like a hoodlum in a double feature, sis.  
What's on your mind?

TEE: Well...you won't tell anybody?

FIB: NO, NO, NO....CROSS MY HEART...Now, what goes?

TEE: Well, isn't there something in the law that says you can't  
do something to somebody if it's been too long after you did  
it?



FIB: You mean the statute of limitations, sis?

TEE: Is that like the statute of liberty?

FIB: NO...A STATUTE IS A LAW. THE STATUTE OF LIMITATIONS SAYS YOU CAN'T PROSECUTE FOR CERTAIN CRIMES AND MISDEMEANORS AFTER A CERTAIN PERIOD OF TIME HAS ELAPSED. Is that what you wanted to know?

TEE: Gee, I guess it was, I guess. Then, they can't do anything to me?

FIB: That depends...what was this great crime you committed?

TEE: Well, (you won't tell anybody?) It was months and months ago mister...I was visiting my aunt Daisy and papa was driving us home late at night and my cousin Stinky had given me a slingshot, only he didn't give it to me ezzackly. I won it playing jacks and I didn't cheat, either, and when we were almost home (PAUSE: You won't tell?) I was kind of playing with the slingshot and there was a stone in the car and you know what I did?

FIB: I'm beginning to get an idea.

TEE: Can they do anything?

FIB: I don't think so. Not now, but what exactly DID YOU DO?

TEE: (GIGGLES) I threw the rock through Mrs. Uppington's window!

ORCH: "FLAM-DF-AMBOY"

APPLAUSE:

THIRD SPOT

MOL: <sup>The tea is ready now</sup> Here's the tea, McGee. Do you want some now?

FIB: No, the experiment wouldn't work on me. I know the answer. We'll have to wait till some human guinea pig comes in that I can try it out on. the cream and sugar.

MOL: Well, it'll be better to wait a minute anyway, and let the tea gain a little confidence. NOW just what IS this great sugar substitute of yours?

FIB: Molly, I'M telling you!! It's the greatest idea since button shoes. All it is, is --

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: Who's that?

MOL: Let me peek...oh..it's Abigail Uppington, McGee.

FIB: GREAT! SHE'S THE PERFECT GUINEA PIG! She likes tea and she ain't too bright. Let her in.

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh hello, Abigail.

UPP: How do you do, Mrs. McGee...AND Mr. McGee.

FIB: Hiyah, girlie.....where you goin' so early?

UPP: (LAUGHS) Oh Mr. McGee...I DO so enjoy your witty remarks and sparkling personality.

FIB: I'D like to say the same about you, Uppy, but we been acquainted long enough to face the facts.

UPP: What do you mean, Mr. McGee?

FIB: Oh I just meant --

MOL: HAVE A CUP OF TEA, ABIGAIL?

UPP: No thank you my deah...I just came from luncheon and --

FIB: Aw come on, Uppy, it's your favorite kind.

UPP: Reahhly...what kind is it?

MOL: What's your favorite kind?  
 UPP: Orange Pekoe. You are thru with that pair of trousers, please  
 FIB: THAT'S WHAT THIS IS, ALL RIGHT! Pour Uppy a cuppa stuff,  
 Molly, - I'll put in the cream and sugar.  
 UPP: OHHH PLEASE...I...I DON'T TAKE EYETHAH GREAM OR SUGAH.  
 (PAUSE)  
 FIB: No...no sugar? ~~THREE YOUNG MEN. ARE YOU INFERRING THAT MY~~  
 UPP: No. Thank you...I NEVAH USE IT. My figure, you know.  
 MOL: Yes....your figure, we know.  
 CLINK OF TEACUPS AND SILVER:  
 UPP: My this IS delicious tea.  
 FIB: I think a little sugar would help it, Uppy...~~Some on...a--~~  
~~sweet face like yours must have at least ONE sweet tooth in~~  
~~it. THERE IS SUGAR IN THIS TEA. I COULD FEEL IT IN THE~~  
 MOL: McGee...if Abigail doesn't want sugar, don't insist. If you  
 had to battle your hips the way she does, you'd be a little  
 more -  
 UPP: OH but Mrs. McGee....I...ah...it's reahilly no effort  
 whatsoever for me to keep my weight down.  
 FIB: Then why don't you do it?  
 UPP: For that mattah, Mr. McGee, has the government been informed  
 of that spare tiah you are carrying about with you?  
 FIB: Whaddye mean spare tire! You mean this bulge of muscle around  
 my waist here?  
 MOL: Bulge of muscle my eye!  
 UPP: And aside from that, Mr. McGee, er..what do you do with your  
 old clothes?  
 FIB: Oh I dunno...give 'em away, I guess....why?

UPP: Well, when you are thru with that pair of trousers, please  
 let me know...  
 FIB: All right.  
 UPP: I know three young men who would like to have them. Well,  
 Mrs. McGee --  
 FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, THREE YOUNG MEN. ARE YOU INFERRING THAT MY  
 PANTS ARE BIG ENOUGH FOR -  
 MOL: MCGEE...Stop interrupting Mrs. Uppington. What were you  
 going to say, Abigail?  
 CRASH OF CUP AND SAUCER BEING SET DOWN.  
 UPP: Mrs. McGee...I specifically requested NO sugah in my tea.  
 MOL: I know it.  
 UPP: AND THERE IS SUGAH IN THIS TEA. I COULD FEEL IT IN THE  
 BOTTOM OF THE CUP! I don't know how Mr. McGee managed to  
 get it in there, but I consider it a serious breach of  
 good mamnahs! ... I considah it, in short, a LOUSY trick!  
 Good day!  
 DOOR SLAM:  
 MOL: McGee...she's the only woman I know who can use that word as  
 if Emily Post approved of it! How did you get that sugar in  
 there?  
 FIB: There wasn't any sugar in it. I used my substitute.  
 MOL: Well, heavenly days...maybe you HAVE got something, after  
 all. You certainly fooled her. What did you use?  
 FIB: Well sir, I -  
 FIB: WHERE YOU ARE, MY BOY. DRINK NEARBY!  
 CLINK OF CUPS. PAUSE:

MOL: Wait a minute...(PAUSE) McGee...did you leave a leaky bottle of something on the table, when you were experimenting?

FIB: No, why?

MOL: I thought I heard a little drip.

FIB: You did. Wimple just come up on the porch. When he comes in, offer him a cuppa tea, too and I'll give my substitute another test.

MOL: All right, but...OH LOOK AT THE POOR MAN...HE'S ALL BANDAGED UP!

FIB: Well, we better not comment on it. Because he --

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

WIMP: Hello, Mrs. McGee...hello, Mr. McGee...

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wimple.

FIB: Hiyah, Wimp, old man. How's everything?

WIMP: Oh healing up just fine, Mr. McGee...

MOL: Will you have a cup of tea, Mr. Wimple...it's just fresh.

WIMP: Thank you, Mrs. McGee...I think I will...I just LOVE tea, though Sweetface prefers coffee, so we never have tea.

CLINK OF CUPS AND SAUCERS:

MOL: Cream, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: No. thank you.

FIB: How much sugar, Wimp?

WIMP: One lump, please.

FIB: THERE YOU ARE, MY BOY. DRINK HEARTY!

CLINK OF CUPS: PAUSE:

WIMP: I used to always take two lumps, but now I just use one and stir like the very dickens. (LAUGHS) If you'll pardon the profanity, Mrs. McGee.

MOL: Oh that's all right, Mr. Wimple. (PAUSE) Is your tea sweet enough for you?

CLINKS:

WIMP: Oh it's just fine, Mrs. McGee....it's simply delicious. My I wish Sweetface was as good a cook as you.

FIB: Is Sweetface sort of a stoop with a stove, Wimp?

WIMP: Indeed she is, Mr. McGee...though...she made some biscuits yesterday that were knockouts.

MOL: She did, did she?

WIMP: Yes...she hit me with one of them, and I was knocked out for 20 minutes.

FIB: You should of got right up and hung one on her Beezer, Wimp.

WIMP: Oh I know, Mr. McGee..but somehow I just can't hit a woman.

MOL: Good for you, Mr. Wimple. The sentiment does you credit.

WIMP: *sentiment*  
No...Mrs. McGee...it's just that her reach is longer than mine. I just stand there and swing at her like a silly old fool. (LAUGHS)

FIB: Well, I don't wish her any bad luck, Wimp, but I hope you connect one of these days. I think it would do her good.

WIMP: You think it would do HER good!..My goodness, what do you think it would do for me! Well, thank you for the tea..it was just delicious.

MOL: Come again, soon, Mr. Wimple.

FIB: HEY WIMP..Before you go..I..er..I don't like to get personal ..but..er...how come all the bandages and court plaster and stuff? You and Sweetface have a little set-to?

WIMP: Yes and over such a simple thing, too. I merely asked her a question.

MOL: What question?

WIMP: Oh I just said that in view of the sugar shortage, why couldn't I call her Sourpuss instead of Sweetface. Well, goodbye, now.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: MOLLY...IT WORKS!!! I REALLY GOT SOMETHING!

MOL: But McGee...he ASKED for sugar.

FIB: SURE HE DID...BUT HE DIDN'T GET ANY AND HE WAS SATISFIED, WASN'T HE? YOU SAW HIM STIRRING IT UP, DIDN'T YOU?

MOL: But what did you do?

FIB: (LAUGHS) Like most great inventions, Molly. It's really very simple. Look at the bottom of the cups.

MOL: But what -

FIB: I just roughened up the bottoms of the cups. You see, when you stir your tea or coffee the spoon scrapes on it and feels just like sugar. Now hide them cups till I can write a letter to Leon Henderson, and tell him -----

ORK: ("DO I LOVE YOU") (FADE FOR)

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
May 5, 1942

(2ND REVISION) -24-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL:

ANNCR: We are all being asked by our government now to conserve -- not to waste anything. Surely you don't need me to tell you how important that is -- in the home as well as in business. The more we can save and conserve on precious materials of all kinds, the more we can release those materials for war purposes. It strikes me that the idea of conservation applies to our time, also. The more hours of unnecessary work we can save, the more hours we can devote to war needs. In that connection, I'd like to remind you that you can save many hours of work in your home by protecting your linoleum surfaces with JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO COAT. There is no rubbing or buffing with GLO-COAT. You simply apply and let dry. GLO-COAT keeps linoleum new looking indefinitely -- makes it last much longer -- besides saving you work. If you aren't already using JOHNSON'S GLO COAT, order some this week.

*Ch - Swell (music - Fade on Cue)*

TAG

(2ND REVISION) -25-

FIB: Ladies and Gentlemen, if you haven't already registered for sugar rationing, may we urge you to do so within the next two days. Co-operation with the authorities in this matter is as vital to our war effort as almost anything you can do. Your local news-paper will tell you the exact place of registration in your neighborhood, though in Canada, a different system is in effect.

MOLLY: Remember, that every pound of sugar we DON'T use, means so much more ammunition for our soldiers, as it takes a fifth of an acre of sugar cane to fire a big gun just once!

FIB: SO LET'S RAISE CANE WHERE IT COUNTS! GOODNIGHT!

MOLLY: GOODNIGHT, ALL!

ORCHESTRA: (CLOSING SIGNATURE)