

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

(REVISED)

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

6:30-7P
Tuesday - 5/19/42

(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
Glocoat, 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 "Who Knows?"

ORCH: "WHO KNOWS?"

(FADE FOR:)

OPENING COMMERCIAL

ANNCR: You know, I think we're all taking this business of car restrictions pretty sensibly. My friends share their cars now whenever they go out....and it's a good thing. It's a good thing, too, to learn how to take better care of our cars, make them last longer.

Take the finish, for example. It collects a lot of scum and road dirt and smashed bugs that will cause definite deterioration if not removed. But removal is so easy with JOHNSON'S CARNU, the easy-to-use polish that both cleans and polishes with one application....two jobs at once....in quick time.

CARNU restores a car's original showroom shine. And if you want to protect that shine and make it last longer and save on car washings, you can add a coat of wax on top of the CARNU....either JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX or the regular household wax. It will pay you to ask your auto supply dealer, service station or regular wax dealer for a package of JOHNSON'S CARNU....spelled C-A-R-N-U.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH
(APPLAUSE)

WILCOX: THINGS AREN'T SO BRIGHT,
AS WE JOIN TONIGHT....

(CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP!!!)

-- FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

(APPLAUSE)

FIB: Boy - what a stack of bills...how do they ever pile up like this?

MOL: Mostly because whenever I want to talk to you about them, you have something more important to do...such as ~~trying to build that rowing machine in our bedroom, or look for~~ silly sounding places on your war map.

FIB: And I gotta get a new war map, too. One of the most important battle areas ain't even on there!

MOL: What place is it?

FIB: The place where the papers say Hitler's army is right now... in Dire Straits. I went all over that map with a magnifying glass and if Dire Straits is on there, I'll eat it ~~between two slices of concrete!~~

MOL: But that isn't telling me how to pay these bills, McGee. I'm a little worried.

FIB: Ah, forget it. Our credit's good everyplace. I'll just call up a few creditors and explain things. Gimme the phone.

MOL: Oh now, McGee...can't we make a special effort and --

FIB: Come on come on come on...gimme the phone!

MOL: Well...all right. Here. But I'm not very proud of the fact that we have to --

FIB: (CLICK CLICK CLICK) Hello...operator? (CLICK CLICK CLICK)
HELLO...HELLO...(CLICK CLICK CLICK)

MOL: Click click click...where have I heard that before?
FIB: HELLO, OPERATOR? GIMME JUDSON'S GROCERY STORE ON THE
CORNER OF-MYRT! HOW ARE YOU?
MOL: Oh dear!
FIB: How's every little thing, Myrt? Tis, eh? WHAT SAY, MYRT?
YOUR BROTHER...THE ONE IN THE ARMY? INTELLIGENCE, EH?
MOL: Is her brother in the Army Intelligence, McGee?
FIB: No, he was let out because he didn't have any. WHAT SAY,
MYRT? Okay...thanks anyway. (CLICK)
MOL: Let's run over these bills again, McGee...maybe we won't
have to stall any of 'em.
FIB: Yes we will...I checked the total with my bank balance, and
with all these restrictions on rubber, I don't dare write
any more checks.
MOL: Well, how about that bill at Kramer's Drug Store? Why is
that so large?
FIB: That was my fault...but I don't regret it. I asked a
soldier to have a soda with me the other day and he said
he'd like to, but he had company...So I says - bring your
company along, and he did - and there was a hundred and
twelve men in it.
MOL: That's all right, then...Now - how about this from --
DOOR CHIME:
MOL: COME IN!
DOOR OPEN:
OLD M: (WEARILY) Hello there, kids...mind if I sit down?
MOL: Of course not, Mr. Old Timer...have a chair!

FIB: What's the matter with you - you look as tired as a plate
of last week's rice pudding.
OLD M: I am tired, Johnny. I'M plumb tuckered. Feel like I'd
been drugged...thru a knothole.
MOL: What have you been doing?
OLD M: Oh, had to go to the state Capital for the championship
marble games, Daughter...go every spring. And I had a
MISERABLE trip. Had to sit facin' backwards all the way
home on the train.
FIB: That's tough, Old Timer. But there's one advantage in that.
OLD M: What's that, Johnny?
FIB: Well, you knew where you were going, and ^{riding backward} it gave you a
chance to see where you'd been.
OLD M: (TIRED LITTLE LAUGH) 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, "SAYYY" he says, "I HEAR ALL RETAIL
BUSINESS IF LOCKIN' UP." "ZAT SO?" says tother feller.
"YES," says the first feller, "GOT ALL THE BUSINESS MEN
STARIN' AT THE NEW CEILINGS!" Heh heh heh...well, I gotta
get home, kids...I'M tired...
FIB: I'll walk down the street with you, Old Timer...I gotta
make a few personal calls on people. Be right back, Molly...
..and quit worryin'...I'll fix everything.
MOL: All right, McGee...but Mr. Old Timer...
OLD M: S'matter, datter?
MOL: If riding backwards all the way home made you so ill, why
didn't you ask the man across from you to change seats?
OLD M: Couldn't do it, daughter.

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FIB: Why not?

OLD M: Wasn't anybody settin' there. I was hopin' and prayin'
~~for 400 miles that SOMEBODY'D come in and set there...but~~
no such luck!! ...So long, daughter...come on, Johnny!

DOOR SLAM:

ORK: "CARIOCA"

APPLAUSE:

(2ND REVISION)

SECOND SPOT:

SOUND: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS ON SIDEWALK... UP ON PORCH ... DOOR OPEN

AND SHUT

FIB: (PANTING) HEY, MOLLY... (PANTS) MOLLY!! WHERE ARE YOU?
I GOT GREAT NEWS!! .. HEY!... MOLLY!

MOL: (FADE IN) Here I am McGee .. and stop that shouting. Now
what's this all about?

FIB: It's about us. We won't have to worry about bills anymore.

MOL: Really? Who's going to shoot us?

FIB: NOBODY'S GONNA SHOOT US. From now on ... or anyway, from

the first of next year on, our worries are over. We'll

have all the dough we can use.

(PAUSE)

MOL: McGee, you're, you're McGee ... SHE MRS. McGEE.

FIB: Eh? ... Mrs. Uppington, I believe. Aren't you the woman who

Have you been running around in the hot sun without your hat?

FIB: No, and I ain't delirious. I know what I'M talkin' about.

I got the proof of what I say right here in my pocket ...

in black and white. I'd refer to it as a photograph.

MOL: Let me see it, Santa Claus. I'd be glad to agree with you.

FIB: No sir. Not while you got that septical altitude. I'm
gonna teach you not to be so unbelieving. Wait till you get

a new mink coat .. and a diamond necklace and a - - -

MOL: FIBBER MCGEE ... DON'T YOU DANGLE MINK COATS AND DIAMONDS IN

FRONT OF ME AND THEN SNATCH THEM AWAY AGAIN.

FIB: I ain't snatchin' 'em away. They're yours... You stuck by
me thru thick and thin - - - send to the dry cleaners. I'm gonna

- - and you've been thick a lot longer than you've been thin, too.

FIB: Thru thick and thin... and you deserve some nice things.

MOL: You been a good kid, in the jacket, Abigail.

MOL: Well, THANK you, dearie. You've been a precious little playmate yourself. NOW WHERE'S MY MINK COAT?

FIB: Don't get hasty. We don't wanna act vulgar rich all of a sudden. We gotta take this thing easy.

MOL: Not me, McGee. If we're rich, I want to leap right in and wallow in it!

FIB: Well it ain't happened yet. BUT IT'S GONNA. STARTIN' NEXT YEAR WE're gonna take our feet off the pedals and coast. From there on we ride the gravy train. I'm telling you --

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh hello, Abigail... SO NICE to see you.

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

FIB: Ahhhh, Mrs. Uppington, I believe. Aren't you the woman who lives in that charming little cottage around the corner?

UPP: CHARMING LITTLE COTTAGE! Really, Mr. McGee ... I should hardly refer to a 21-room house as a cottage!

MOL: I wouldn't either. I'd refer to it as a monstrosity.

UPP: There are times, Mrs. McGee, when I would agree with you. It is MUCH too large for my needs. But to whom could I evah rent such an immense house?

FIB: I..er...I might be in the market myself, one of these days, Uppy.

UPP: YOU?

FIB: Yes and you needn't look at me down your nose like I was something you forgot to send to the dry cleaners. I'm gonna be in the chips next year ...

UPP: In the ..er...the CHIPS?

MOL: He means we're cracking the jackpot, Abigail.

FIB: Sure. We've fed the kitty all these years, and now the kitty is gonna feed us!

MOL: ~~Don't you see, Abigail? He means we won't be getting any more of those notes from the butcher that start out "DEAR MRS. MCGEE, PERHAPS YOU HAVE OVERLOOKED"~~

UPP: You'll pardon me for being obtuse -

FIB: Oh you ain't so obtuse, Uppy ... only a little around the hips, and what with sugar being rationed, you'll soon -

MOL: MCGEE!

FIB: Eh? Oh. Scuse me, Uppy, go ahead.

UPP: Do I gathah, from your some what idiomatic and colloquial remarks that you are about to inherit, or to receive in some fashion or othah ... a flock of moolah?

MOL: Moolah?

FIB: That's Times Square for ~~money~~^{oughda}, Molly. THAT'S IT, UPPY! Ain't it great? From now on we're gonna winter at Palm Beach, summer at Lake Louise.

MOL: And Spring at Jewelry salesmen.

UPP: Well, I am simply delighted of course, my deahs ... but may I awsk ... would it be too, TOO inquisitive of me if I ..er..

FIB: Yes it would, Uppy ... right at this time. But you'll know sooner or later. I'm gonna buy Molly a mink coat that'll make that mouse hide of yours look like a washcloth in the Municipal Lodging house.

MOL: And he's going to buy me some diamonds, Abigail, that we'll have to bury in the back yard on blackout nights.

UPP: Well, reahilly ... I..I hardly know what to say. I do hope you won't find this sudden wealth too much of a ... shall we say - RESPONSIBILITY.

FIB: Whatcha mean, responsibility?

UPP: I was referring to the inexperience of the nouveau riche.

MOL: NOOVO REESH ... Noove reesh ... McGee, I must learn Spanish, too ... it sounds so elegant.

FIB: That wasn't Spanish. That was pig latin.

UPP: It was FRENCH, Mr. McGee... I speak it quait flvently.

MOL: Oh talk some more of it, Abigail ... It souhds wonderful!

UPP: Veddy well ... "PATE DE FOIE GRAS ... CREPE SUZETTES ... MARRONS GLACE SOUS CLOCHE, ... FILET MIGNON ... EPINARD AVEC BEAUCOUP FROMAGE!"

FIB: What's that in English?

UPP: Er ... indigestion.

MOL: ALL THAT FOR A STOMACHACHE?

UPP: Well, one really could do it with half of that, my doah. But allow me to congratulate you on your good fortune, Mr. McGee.

FIB: Thanks, Uppy. You must come over some time and join me and Molly and Vince Astor and Babs Hutton and some of the gang for gin rummy.

UPP: THANK YOU. And I DO hope, Mr. McGee, that while you're enjoying this dream, that your pipe doesn't do what I'm going to do.

FIB: What's that?

UPP: Go out! Good day!

DOOR SLAM:

WIL: No, and I'm all of a sudden ...

FIB: Oh so she thinks this is just a pipe dream does she! I'll show her. You know what I'm gonna do first? I'm gonna remodel this house.

MOL: What's the matter with this house?

FIB: No billiard room. No swimming pool ... and I'm gonna build in a bar for Uncle Dennis. Save him carfare.

MOL: Oh now don't start picking on Uncle Dennis. He may have some bad habits but he's got a lot of good common horse sense.

FIB: If you mean you can lead him to water but you can't make him drink it, yes. HEY HOW'D YOU LIKE TO HAVE -----

DOOR OPEN:

WIL: Hello, folks...am I intruding?

FIB: Hiyah Harlow...not a bit...come on in!

MOL: Draw up a gilt chair and we'll have the second footman bring you a stein of champagne...er..NO...that's not till next year, is it?

WIL: What's she talking about, Fibber?

FIB: (LAUGHS) She's just excited, Harlow. But a woman with her money can be excused a little exuberance.

WIL: You inherit some dough, Molly?

MOL: Wel-l. Not exactly. But McGee says that next year we'll be lighting our perfumed cigarettes with ten dollar bills.

FIB: I DID NOT!! THAT WOULD BE SILLY!!! If you're gonna do foolish things like that, use FIVE dollar bills. We gotta use SOME judgement.

WIL: Just where is this windfall gonna fall from, windy?

FIB: Oh another scoffer, eh? You wait, Wilcox. You know what I'm gonna do for you, Harlow!

WIL: No, and I'm all of a twitter, too. What are you gonna do for me, you sly little rascal?

MOL: He's probably going to pay you that sixty cents he owes you for that cribbage game last week.

FIB: I PAID THAT!

WIL: YOU DID NOT!

FIB: I didn't?

WIL: No!

FIB: Well forget it. Sixty cents is gonna look like a damp spot in the bucket in comparison with what I'm gonna do. How'd you like to be on the Board of Directors of United States Steel, Harlow?

WIL: I..er..I don't get it.

FIB: Well, here's what I'm gonna do. I'm gonna buy a controlling interest in U.S. Steel...you know..get to be a majority stockholder and put you in to represent me. Make you chairman of the board or something.

MOL: Would you like that, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: No.

FIB AND MOL: WHAT!!!

WIL: I don't want it. Thanks anyway.

FIB: But gee whizz, Harlow...a young fella your age with a chance like this is -

WIL: I DON'T CARE. I GET TOO MUCH OF A KICK OUT OF SELLING JOHNSON'S WAX. Why when I think of the way a housewife's face lights up when she sees her floors and furniture and woodwork gleaming so beautifully with a lovely, protective coat of Johnson's Wax.

FIB: Yes but -

WIL: WHAT'S MONEY AND POSITION TO ME? YOU'RE JUST TRYING TO ROB ME OF THE SATISFACTION I GET IN PROTECTING PEOPLE'S NICE FURNITURE AND THINGS!

MOL: No he isn't, Mr. Wilcox. He's only trying to -

WIL: (ALMOST SOBING) YOU'RE TRYING TO MAKE ME GIVE UP THE THINGS THAT MEAN THE MOST TO ME IN THIS WORLD...THE JOY IN MAKING HOUSEWIVES HAPPY...THE KNOWLEDGE THAT I'M PROTECTING HOMES AGAINST DUST AND DIRT....THE..THE HAPPINESS I GET IN... IN.....OH YOU CAN'T DO IT...YOU CAN'T DO IT I TELL YOU..!!!

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Now see what you did, McGee?

FIB: Well, gee whizz...I..I didn't mean to get him upset like that. He's too emotional. He's sold so much liquid wax he's all bottled up himself.

MOL: Well, you shouldn't spring things on people so suddenly. Did you say this bonanza of ours doesn't hit us till next year, McGee?

FIB: About the first of the year, I guess....why?

MOL: Well, in that case, I'll still have to make the beds for a while myself. (FADE OUT) You can straighten up the living room while I run up and do the bedrooms....

FIB: (TO HIMSELF) Me, doin' housework! (LAUGHS SCORNFULLY) That's a laugh! A guy in my social and financial position, why, all I'll have to do is clap my hands and there'll be twenty flunkys at the door! (CLAP CLAP!)

KNOCK AT DOOR:

FIB: My gosh.!! Has it happened already? COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

TEE: Hi, mister.

FIB: Oh hello, little girl. Come on in.

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I says COME ON IN!

(PAUSE)

TEE: (GIGGLES) Gee, you usually tell me to beat it and scram on account of you're always busy doin' something.

FIB: Yeah, I know... but I'm takin' things easier now. A man with my responsibilities and financial cares has gotta watch his health. I wanna stay in good shape.

TEE: (GIGGLES)

FIB: What's the joke?

TEE: (GIGGLES) You call that a good shape?

FIB: YOU LEAVE MY SHAPE OUT OF THIS! ... what was it you come over here for, sis?

TEE: I'm selling tickets for our school play, mister. The money goes to the Navy Relief.

FIB: FINE, FINE! ... A GOOD CAUSE, SIS. WHAT PLAY YOU PETTIN' ON?

TEE: Goldilocks and the Three Bears. I'm the medium-sized bear.

FIB: You are eh?

TEE: Fifty cents a piece and I got eighteen left.

FIB: I'll take 'em all. That's nine bucks ...

TEE: Gee, thanks, Mister ...that's wonderful.

FIB: What's nine bucks, to me? Now lemme see ... nine bucks... nine bucks. Hmmm. LOOK SIS, YOU DROP AROUND NEXT WEEK AND COLLECT, WILL YA?

TEE: Oh no you don't mister. I gotta have the money now. My teacher said no dough, no ducats!

TEE: Hmm?

FIB: I SAYS YOU ARE, EH?

TEE: Are what?

FIB: YOU'RE THE MEDIUM-SIZED BEAR.

TEE: Awww, somebody told you! Anyway, I wanted to be Goldilocks and they wouldn't lemme. Gee, did I ever cry and carry on! Don't get artistic temperament at your age, sis. I like my ham tender but not that young.

TEE: WELL I GET TIRED OF ALWAYS BEING THE MEDIUM-SIZED BEAR, MISTER. ALWAYS IN THE MIDDLE, THAT'S ME!

FIB: Forget it, sis. Maybe Goldilocks will break her leg or something, and you'll get the part after all. (PAUSE) HEY GET THAT LOOK OUT OF YOUR EYES!

TEE: Okay, mister. But I was just thinking that if a wheel should come off her tricycle or something ...

FIB: NOW NOW NOW! ... NO SABOTAGE, SIS! AND SEEING THAT THIS IS FOR THE NAVY RELIEF, I'LL BUY SOME TICKETS ... HOW MANY YOU GOT AND HOW MUCH ARE THEY?

TEE: Fifty cents a piece and I got eighteen left.

FIB: I'll take 'em all. That's nine bucks ...

TEE: Gee, thanks, Mister ...that's wonderful.

FIB: What's nine bucks, to me? Now lemme see ... nine bucks... nine bucks. Hmmm. LOOK SIS, YOU DROP AROUND NEXT WEEK AND COLLECT, WILL YA?

TEE: Oh no you don't mister. I gotta have the money now. My teacher said no dough, no ducats!

FIB: Oh yeah? ... MY CREDIT IS GOOD ANYPLACE. You know what they say about me in Dunn and Bradstreet?

TEE: No, but if you can't pay cash, I'm done on THIS street.

FIB: G'bye now! this is a layout of a new house...

DOOR SLAM: when built my new house on this hill next year...

APPLAUSE: the stables over there...and a nine-hole golf course...

ORCH: "STEAMBOAT BILL" KING'S MEN back here...

APPLAUSE: you mean Charleston.

FIB: Got the way I play it, and then you can play it right or left, swimming pool and a landing place...

DOOR CHIME

WOLF: If there was a tax on dressing, how'd the colonial revenue and come in?

DOOR OPEN

FIB: Oh Ryan, is Trivia...

WOLF: Hello, Mr. Mayor...

GALL: Good day, Mrs. McGee...Hello, Mr. Mayor...and I'll say something?

FIB: No no no...not at all, is Trivia. I was just walking around with some property of mine. Buying out a few debts. Why do you like a MEDITERRANEAN TYPE OF HOUSE WITH A RED TILE ROOF, OR YOU PREFER A FRENCH CHATEAU TYPE OR MAYBE A COTE D'AZUR COTTAGE...

GALL: Personally - I like a nice Charleston colonial.

FIB: THAT'S FOR ME!! CHARLESTON COLONIAL! Isn't that the kind with the thatched roof and the patio running alongside the corral?

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GALL: Good day, Mrs. McGee...Hello, Mr. Mayor...and I'll say something?

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FIB: HEY, MOLLY....LOOK! LOOK WHAT I DID.
 MOL: What is this? A road map of ancient Gahooofistan?
 FIB: No no no....this is a layout of a new estate. I'm gonna build my new house on this hill here, see? Then the stables over there....and a nine-hole golf course here -- and a goodminton court back here....
 MOL: You mean BADminton.
 FIB: Not the way I play it. And then over on this side is a eighty-foot swimming pool and a landing field and a....

DOOR CHIME

MOL: If there was a tax on dreaming, McGee, I'd be afraid this was the nocturnal revenue man. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN

FIB: Oh hiyah, La Trivia.
 MOL: Hello, Mr. Mayor....
 GALE: Good day, Mrs. McGee....Hello, McGee. Am I interrupting something?
 FIB: No no no....not at all, La Trivia. I was just doodling around with some property of mine. Laying out a new estate. HEY DO YOU LIKE A MEDITERRANEAN TYPE OF HOUSE WITH A RED TILE ROOF, OR YOU PREFER A FRENCH CHATEAU TYPE? OR MAYBE A CAPE COD COTTAGE....
 GALE: Personally - I like a nice Charleston colonial.
 FIB: THAT'S FOR ME!!! CHARLESTON COLONIAL! Ain't that the kind with the thatched roof and the ^{patio}patio running alongside the corral?

MOL: Nooo - dearie....A Charleston colonial is more of a Gone-With-the-Wind type of house. With built-in juleps, and a border of haound dogs.
 GALE: You know, this is an odd coincidence, McGee. I am going to build a new house myself, after priorities are lifted.
 MOL: Have you talked to an architect, Mr. Mayor?
 GALE: No - but I wrote a letter to Frank Lloyd Wright.
 FIB: OH, FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT! He's wonderful! He designed the Johnson Wax office building in Racine, Wisconsin.
 GALE: Yes - I know. Do you think I'd be wrong to engage him?
 MOL: Oh you'd never go wrong to get Wright.
 FIB: What did you write Wright?
 GALE: What? Oh!....Well, I told him I was considering building a new residence and I wanted it right, so I wrote Wright--
 MOL: Now wait a minute, Mr. Mayor....you're getting me all confused.
 FIB: Me, too. You mean you wrote Wright that if Wright built your house you knew it'd be right because Wright--
 GALE: WILL YOU LET ME TELL THIS IN MY OWN WAY?
 MOL: Why certainly. Stop interrupting, McGee.
 FIB: Okay. Go ahead, La Trivia. You wrote Wright--

GALE: I THINK I wrote right ... that is, I think I was right in writing Wright because Wright is the right...OH GOOD GOD--
YOU'VE GOT ME TALKING LIKE ABBOTT AND COSTELLO! GOOD DAY!

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: If he COULD talk like Abbott and Costello, he could afford to build ten houses.

FIB: SAY THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA. I might build a whole subdivision. The McGee Estates! Keep 'em kinda ritzy to keep out the riff raff and - what's the matter?

MOL: I'm worried.

FIB: What about?

MOL: I...I didn't realize I was married to such a big shot...such a rich and important man and you know what I did?

FIB: What'dja do?

MOL: I planned on having baked beans for supper. I'm sorry, dearie. If I'd only known how you'd come up in the world -- I'd have had breast of guinea hen or lobster thermidor, or --

FIB: Aw forget it. It'll be fun to have a meal now and then like we did when we were poor. (LAUGHS) Remember how we used to worry about the grocery bills?

MOL: That was way back this morning, wasn't it?

FIB: Yes but we'll never have to -

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

FIB: How elegant! Of course, with my own money.
WIMP: Hello, Mrs. McGee. Hello, Mr. McGee.

FIBBER: Oh Hiyah, Wimp, old man.

MOLLY: How are you today, Mr. Wimplo?

WIMP: Just wonderful, Mrs. McGee...under the circumstances. It was my birthday yesterday and Sweetface throw a little goodness, we were ~~in~~ holding hands party.

FIBBER: Well, good for hor!

MOLLY: Did you have any fun?

WIMP: No...(LAUGHS) I was the little party sho throw. Right out the window.

FIBBER: Whon are you going to take my advice and start being a cave man, Wimplo!

WIMP: OH I am NOW...Mr. McGee...roally.....

FIBBER: NO!

WIMP: Yes...ovory tino Sweetface looks at mo, I cave right in. Which is roally pretty silly, when I stop to think of it. Though I don't dare stop to think of it because then I got more scared than ovor.

MOL: Heavenly days...suppose she gets hit by a bicyclist.

WIMP: (LAUGHS) Yes. Well goodbye, now.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: You know, Molly...when I start getting my money, I'm gonna send that little fellow on a world cruise.

MOL: Don't forget my duck coat and those diamonds of mine.

FIB: I wot. AND YOU KNOW WHAT? I THINK I'M GONNA BUY MYSELF A PRIVATE TROOP STREAM SO WHEN I wanna go fishing I can --

MOL: How elegant! Of course, we've never met Mrs. Wimple, but from what you've told us, I simply don't see how you STAND the woman.

WIMP: Oh I guess you can get used to anything, Mrs. McGee.... And she was SO sweet before we were married. (LAUGHS) My goodness, we were ALWAYS holding hands.

FIB: You were eh?

WIMP: Yes for months and months....in fact she never let go till we were married. And then only to slug me for overpaying the justice of the peace.

MOL: How much did you pay him?

WIMP: I don't remember, Mrs. McGee...but whatever it was, he was overpaid. Well, I've got to be getting along now....

FIB: Aw what's the hurry, Wimp?

WIMP: Well, Sweetface went out for a bicycle ride and I'm curious to know what happened.

FIB: What did you expect to happen?

WIMP: I hardly know...(LAUGHS) I guess it was pretty mischievous of me but I told her the state had just passed a law that the white line in the middle of the road was exclusively for bicycles.

MOL: Heavenly days...suppose she gets hit by a truck?

WIMP: (LAUGHS) Yes. Well goodbye, now.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: You know, Molly...when I start getting my money, I'M gonna send that little fellow on a world cruise.

MOL: Don't forget my mink coat and those diamonds of mine.

FIB: I want. AND YOU KNOW WHAT? I THINK I'M GONNA BUY MYSELF A PRIVATE TROUT STREAM SO WHEN I wanna go fishing I can -

MOL: NOW WAIT A MINUTE, MCGEE...LET'S STOP THIS NONSENSE.

FIB: What nonsense? If you like trout fishing there's no -

MOL: I DIDN'T MEAN TROUT FISHING. I MEANT ALL THIS MONEY YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO GET. I DON'T LIKE TO ACT LIKE A SWEETFACE, BUT IF YOU DON'T TELL ME WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT I'LL...I'LL...

FIB: Gee, I bet you would at that. Okay...I'll tell you. I got the whole thing right here in black and white. (RUSTLE OF PAPER) THERE...TAKE A GANDER AT THAT!

MOL: Why this is just a newspaper headline.

FIB: SURE IT IS...BUT READ IT!

MOL: All right...it says - "MAXIMUM INCOME FOR AMERICANS TO BE 25,000 DOLLARS."

FIB: AIN'T THAT MARVELOUS? IMAGINE NOT MAKIN' LESS THAN 25 GRAND A YEAR!!! WHY WITH THAT MUCH DOUGH -

MOL: McGee.

FIB: Eh?

MOL: ^{Maximum} ~~This just~~ means you can't make MORE than 25 thousand.

FIB: WELL WHO WANTS MORE THAN 25 THOUSAND? Look, first thing we'll do is buy a big new car and take a trip to -

MOL: FOR GOODNESS SAKES, MCGEE...LISTEN TO ME.....

FIB: Eh?

MOL: THIS DOESN'T SAY YOU HAVE TO MAKE 25 THOUSAND. THAT'S JUST THE ^{Maximum} ~~GELLING~~. YOU CAN MAKE AS LITTLE AS YOU DID BEFORE.

(PAUSE)

FIB: Hey...ain't them baked beans about ready?

ORK: "SOME OF YOUR SWEETNESS" - FADE FOR -

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

ANNCR: All of us have one thing in common right now....we have more to do and less time to do it in. Besides war work, we've got to take a little better care of everything we have....keep the screens mended, the car waxed, the kitchen linoleum protected against wear.

But there is where you actually save time....because with JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO COAT you can keep your linoleum floors polished and beautiful with practically no work. With GLO-COAT there is no rubbing or buffing. You just apply and let dry. You save work again because it's so easy to keep a GLO-COATED floor clean and spotless. Spilled things wipe up in a jiffy with a damp cloth.

You'll be interested to know that the regular use of JOHNSON'S GLO COAT makes a linoleum floor last 6 to 10 times longer than if it were unprotected. That's something to be grateful for today - isn't it?

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC....FADE ON CUE

TAG GAG

MOL: McGee....Uncle Dennis just came home, and you know what?
 FIB: Yes - but I'll put him to bed.
 MOL: NO NO NO....HE'S ALL RIGHT....HE'S JUST EXCITED.
 FIB: What about?
 MOL: He was out with a bunch of aldermen and they liked him so much they want to name a new street after him!
 FIB: GEE HONEST. YOU MEAN DENNIS AVENUE?
 MOL: No....Fluid Drive.
 FIB: Flu-- er-- AHEM. GOODNIGHT.
 MOL: GOODNIGHT, ALL!
 ORCH: UP TO FINISH....APPLAUSE....etc....etc...

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JUST EXCITED.

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etc...

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

(2ND REVISION) -29-

WIL: Fibber McGee and Molly programs are shortwaved each week to our troops throughout the world. This is Harlow Wilcox speaking for the maker's of Johnson Wax Finishes for home and industry, inviting you to be with us again next Tuesday night. Goodnight. This program has reached you from Hollywood.....This is the National Broadcasting Company.

(CHIMES)

S. C. Johnson
Writers: Don
Bl

WIL

ORCHESTRA

WIL

6:30-7P
Tuesday - 5/

WIL