

(REVISED)

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

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

6:30-7:00 P
Tuesday - 6/16/42

(REVISED) -2-

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

ORCHESTRA: 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: "O-Gee, O-Joy".

ORCH: "OH GEE - OH JOY"

(FADE FOR:)

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
JUNE 16, 1942
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC

OPENING COMMERCIAL

ANNCR: Is there any sabotage in your garage? Do you know what I mean? Like the rest of us, you're probably not driving your car as much now as you used to -- and it sits around in your garage a lot of the time. But even though you don't use it much, you want to be sure the finish isn't deteriorating - by occasionally cleaning and polishing it with JOHNSON'S CARNU. If you take care of the finish with CARNU, your car is still going to be new looking, with its original showroom shine, when it goes back into full service. Fortunately, CARNU costs very little, and it's very easy to use because it cleans and polishes in one application -- and in quick time, too. You don't have to spend an afternoon polishing your car with CARNU -- many carowners tell us they do the job in an hour. Even if it takes you a little longer, you'll still say it was a job well done, time well spent. If you want added protection for the finish, if you want to save on car washings, try adding a coat of JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX or regular JOHNSON'S WAX. But first, clean and polish it with JOHNSON'S CARNU -- spelled C-A-R-N-U.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

WIL: THERE'S A MOUSE AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA.
THERE'S ALSO A SLIGHT UPROAR ON ACCOUNT OF SAID RODENT.
AND WHERE THERE'S A SLIGHT UPROAR, ^{THERE'S} ~~YOU'LL FIND~~ --
--- FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

MOL: WELL DO SOMETHING MCGEE!!..HURRY!!!.I CAN'T STAND UP HERE ON THIS TABLE ALL AFTERNOON.
FIB: Okay, but whaddye want me to do? Lie down in front of the baseboard and switch my tail and MEOW?
MOL: No, but scare him away so I can get down...
FIB: All right. YA-HOOOOOOOOOOO!!! How's that?
MOL: That ought to do it....now help me down, please...
FIB: Come on....step on the chair and then onto the footstool... that's it...

THUDS.

MOL: Imagine that.? It takes me three careful steps to get down and I went up in one graceful bound! Heavenly days, what a fright I had!
FIB: I dunno why wimmin are so scared of mice. Mice don't hurt any body. Why when I was a kid I had white mice for pets and always....YII!!!! WHAT'S THAT? GET HIM OFF ME!!!! CHASE HIM OFF, MOLLY..!! HE'S ON MY LEG!
MOL: Oh stop jumping around....that wasn't a mouse. Your garter is dangling.
FIB: Eh? Oh....(LAUGHS EMBARRASSEDLY) Musta busted it when I peeked under the davenport. Hey, we got a mouse trap?
MOL: No...I don't think we have.

FIB: I'll have the hardware store send one over. Gimme the phone Thanks (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR? GIMME THE HARDWARE STORE NEXT DOOR TO MYRT. HOW ARE YOU, MYRT? HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING? TIS EH? WHAT SAY, MYRT? YOUR BROTHER? BLEW HIS BRAINS OUT!

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS...HOW TERRIBLE!

FIB: Oh, he does it every night. He's learning to play the tuba. WHAT SAY, MYRT? OKAY, I'LL CALL LATER. (CLICK)

MOL: How does it happen that whenever you get Myrt you don't get the number you're oalling, McGee?

FIB: Shall I call her back and ask her?

MOL: NO NO NO...NOT THAT...!!

FIB: Okay Now lessee...how can I get that mouse? HEY, WE GOT ANY SARDINES?

MOL: Yes, I think we have a couple of tins. But do mice like sardines?

FIB: I dunno But I do Thought I'd make myself a sandwich and think this thing over.

MOL: Oh, no you don't, dearie....the first thing on your program is GET RID OF THAT MOUSE!

FIB: Well, mice are pretty smart little reptiles, so I gotta figure this thing out careful. But I'll outwit the beggar. When I really map out a campaign, I'M invisible.

MOL: You're what?

FIB: Invisible. Nothin' can beat me.

MOL: You mean INVINCIBLE.

FIB: I do not. Invincible means something you can't see. Like the Invincible Man.

MOL: THAT'S INVISIBLE.

FIB: Oh yeah? Where's the dictionary?

MOL: In the hall closet.

(PAUSE)

FIB: You win. I'll concede it. Now the first thing to do, is figger out where that mouse was comin' from and where he was going Then we can waylay him someplace.

MOL: And how do you go about finding out where a mouse is going?

FIB: TAIL HIM! (LAUGHS) Get it, Molly? You says how do you find out where a mouse is going and I said TAIL HIM, which is an expression used by detectives when they -

MOL: THAT'S VERY FUNNY, MCGEE!

FIB: It is? HMMMMM. OH WELL, I GOTTA GET TO WORK...Now where'd you first see this little Disney Dinosaur?

MOL: Coming out from behind the bookcase.

FIB: Bookcase, eh? Smart mouse. The one place in the room where we never go.. Now look... if I put a little piece of bacon over by the bridge lamp there, and stand over here with a shotgun -

MOL: OH NO! ... NO YOU DON'T! YOU'LL SHOOT NO SHOTGUNS IN HERE, MCGEE!

FIB: Rifle?

MOL: No.

FIB: ^{RR gun} Rifle?

MOL: No.

FIB: Slingshot?

MOL: No.

FIB: Bow and arrow?

MOL: No.

FIB: WELL DOGGONE IT, WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO? FEED HIM CARAMELS TILL HIS TEETH GO BAD AND THEN HOPE HE GETS RUN OVER ON HIS WAY TO THE DENTIST?

MOL: No, but I'll have no violence. Now get busy, master mind, I've got to clean upstairs.....(FADE OUT)

FIB: All right, mouse.... Here I come, ready or not! On your guard!! Now, the first thing I better do is -

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

TEE: Hi, mister.

FIB: Oh hello, little girl. Don't distract me now...I got a problem.

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I says I got a problem on my hands. I gotta catch a mouse.

TEE: How?

FIB: That's the problem. One way, might be to give Uncle Dennis a clarinet and let him march around down here so the mouse would think he was the Pie-Eyed Piper and follow him out.

TEE: (GIGGLES)

FIB: Okay ... scoff if you wanna ... remember they laughed at Edison, too

TEE: Yes, but they're not laughing at you, Mister.

FIB: Well, I can't - HEY, WHAT'S THE IDEA OF HOLDING YOUR HANDS UP IN FRONT OF YOU LIKE THAT?

TEE: I'm practising, I betcha.

FIB: Practising for what? You entered in a pattycake tournament?

TEE: No. Practising carrying a bride's veil. I'm gonna be at Sharon Lee Toopses wedding next week.

FIB: So you're gonna hold the bride's veil, eh?

TEE: Sure. I'm gonna walk behind the bride and goon --
FIB: You mean bride and GROOM.
TEE: Have you seen him?
FIB: No.
TEE: - SO I'M GONNA WALK BEHIND THE BRIDE AND GOON AND HOLD UP
THE VEIL SO IT DOESN'T GET THE CARPET ALL DUSTY.
FIB: That ain't the reason they hold up the veil, sis.
TEE: Well, why do they then? Hmm? Why do they? Hmm? Why?
FIB: So the veil won't get dusty, because seven years later that
veil is gonna come in awful handy as a curtain for the
bath room window. Now beat it, sis. I gotta catch a mouse.
TEE: You gonna use a mousetrap?
FIB: No. A mouse trap is crude, sis. You see, with me, it's
a matter of stragety.
TEE: Hmm?
FIB: I says it's a matter of stragety. And there's three kinds
of stragety in catchin' mice. You can trap 'em, or trick
'em, or use violence. We ain't got a trap and Mrs. McGee
don't want any violence, so I gotta trick him.
TEE: You mean it's the mouse's brains against yours?
FIB: YES SIR! And when I ... HEY, WHERE YOU GOING?
TEE: I'm gonna go out and get you a mousetrap. So long, mister!

DOOR SLAM:

ORK: "COHAN MEDLEY"

APPLAUSE:

2nd
THIRD SPOT:

MOL: MCGEE ... WHAT ON EARTH IS ALL THIS JUNK OUT HERE FOR?
FIB: What junk?
MOL: That little dinner bell ... and all the folded newspapers ...
and the electric fan and the stuffed owl and the playing
cards?
FIB: OHHHH THAT STUFF. Oh I just rigged up a little gadget to
get that mouse.
MOL: How on earth do you expect --
FIB: Now don't be skeptical, Mrs. McGee. It's perfectly
logical. Look ... the mouse comes out of this little hole
in the baseboard here, see -
MOL: Yes, if --
FIB: and when he does .. he bumps into the little bell -

BELL TINKLE:

FIB: - which makes him think it's Sunday and everybody is away
at church ... which gives him confidence.
MOL: What if he thinks it's the Good Humor man?
FIB: That's ridiculous. Everybody's heard of a churchmouse but
who ever heard of a goodhumor mouse?
MOL: You got me!
FIB: Okay. So full of confidence, Mr. Mouse comes walkin' out
into the room. I got these newspapers folded up makin' a
path over to the end table here. As he walks along, he
trips this string ... which turns on the electric fan --

SOUND: CLICK ELECTRIC FAN

MOL: Then I suppose he starts doing a fan dance and get's
arrested and we're rid of him for ninety days.

FIB: Now let's be sensible about this, Molly. As soon as the fan starts ... he feels the breeze and think's he's a field mouse. He looks around ... and WOW!! There's that owl starin' right at him and he dies of heart failure. I tell you, it can't miss!

MOL: But what are the three playing cards for?

FIB: The Ace, King and Queen? I was gonna bury him with simple honors. Now shut off that fan and I'll rig it up again.

FAN OFF:

MOL: Maybe it would have been better if I'd pretended I never saw that mouse.

FIB: Now now now ... don't get discouraged. I'll get the little varmint.

MOL: The little what?

FIB: Varmint.

MOL: What on earth is a varmint?

FIB: A varmint is...a...er...well ... it's something that...er.. that lives around the same place you do. YOU'VE HEARD THE OLD ARGUMENT ... "WHICH IS MOST IMPORTANT -- HEREDITY OR ENVARMINT."

MOL: Oh yes ... envarmint. For a minute there I didn't think you were ---

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

OLD TIMER: HELLO THERE KIDS ... Uncle Dennis here?

MOL: No he isn't, Mr. Old Timer. He's out, just now.

OLD M: Where'd he go, daughter?

MOL: I think he went sailing with some elderly friend of his.

FIB: What gave you that idea, Molly?

MOL: I heard him say he was going out and toss some Old Granddad down the hatch.

OLD M: Heh heh heh ... that's pretty good, Daughter, but that ain't the way I heered it. The way I heered it, one feller says to tother feller "SAYYYYYY", he says, "IS IT TRUE THE JAPS ARE ATTACKIN' ALASKA JUST TO SAVE FACE?"

"CAN'T BE", says tother feller. "I'VE SEEN THEIR FACE AND I DUNNO WHY THEY SHOULD WANTA SAVE IT!" Heh heh heh ... You say Uncle Dennis ain't here, kids?

FIB: No he isn't, Old Timer. What'd you want him for?

OLD M: How much does he weigh?

MOL: Oh about a hundred and seventy. Why?

OLD M: One seventy eh? (TO HIMSELF) At a cent a pound ... that'd be a dollar seventy. Not bad ... not bad!

FIB: WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, OLD TIMER? WHADDYE MEAN, A CENT A POUND?

OLD M: I'm collectin' scrap rubber, Johnny. Filling stations give you a cent a pound.

MOL: Yes but Uncle Dennis ...

OLD M: Is one of the biggest bounders in town, daughter. And you know it! TELL HIM I'LL BE BACK. SO LONG, KIDS!

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: I resent that, McGee... Uncle Dennis is not a bounder.

FIB: No, he's more of a Cad, if General Motors will pardon the expression.

MOL: I think he went sailing with some elderly friend of his.
FIB: What gave you that idea, Molly?
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FIB: No he isn't, Old Timer. What'd you want him for?
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DOOR SLAM:
MOL: I resent that, McGee... Uncle Dennis is not a bounder.
FIB: No, he's more of a Cad, if General Motors will pardon the expression.

MOL: He's not a cad either. He may have his weaknesses, but he's a well-educated, well-mannered gentlemen. I'll have you know he studied law for several years.
FIB: Did he graduate?
MOL: Yes, but he could never pass the bar. BUT THAT ISN'T CATCHING ANY MICE, MCGEE. Now get busy and -
DOOR OPEN:
WIL: Hello, folks.
MOL: Oh Hello, Mr. Wilcox.
FIB: Hiysh Harlow...you gotta cat?
WIL: A cat?
FIB: Yes, cat. C.A.T. Cat.
MOL: McGee, you rascal! - You've been holding out on me! I never knew you could spell cat!!
WIL: Sorry, Fibber. I have no cat. Will a cocker spaniel do?
FIB: Nope. Gotta have a cat. This house is over-run with a mouse.
MOL: It scared the daylights out of me this afternoon, Mr. Wilcox. Believe it or not, I was up on top of that table before you could say ^{scat} Johnson's Wax.
WIL: WHAT? Why I couldn't jump up there myself, with a running start!
MOL: I don't blame you for being skeptical, but I really -
FIB: LOOK OUT!! THERE'S THAT MOUSE AGAIN!
MOL: (SHRIEKS)
THUD:
FIB: See, Harlow? She did it again. Now do you believe her? Here, Molly...I'll help you down.

MOL: FIBBER MCGEE, DO YOU MEAN TO STAND THERE, THE MAN I USED TO LOVE, AND TELL ME YOU JUST DID THAT TO SHOW MR. WILCOX HOW FAR I COULD JUMP?

FIB: I didn't want anybody doubtin' my wife's word, sweetheart.

MOL: DON'T GET MUSHY WITH ME! The idea!..here..help me down.

WIL: Take my hand, Molly ... that's it....

THUDS:

MOL: Thank you. Did I scratch the table?

WIL: Got Johnson's Wax on it?

FIB: Yes.

WIL: No. You didn't scratch it. Incidentally, when you go on your vacation this summer, you know what to do first don't you?

MOL: Certainly. Hide McGee's mandolin. Then if we go canoeing he can do some paddling, for once.

WIL: No, that isn't what I meant by preparing for your vacation. What I meant was to go over all the floors and woodwork and lampshades and window sills and all wood and enamel surfaces with Johnson's Wax, before you leave.

FIB: I knew you'd get to that before YOU left.

WIL: Then...when you come back you'll know your things have been protected against dust and dampness. Because Johnson's Wax seals surfaces against moisture and grit and wear.

MOL: I knew all that, Mr. Wilcox. I take a lot of pride in my housekeeping.

FIB: I dunno why. You got mice.

MOL: THAT HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH IT! ANYBODY CAN HAVE MICE!

FIB: Anybody can have this one. You want it, Harlow?

WIL: No thanks. Incidentally, where are you going on your vacation?

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MOL: We haven't decided, Mr. Wilcox. What with saving tires and gas - and cutting down on pleasure driving, we probably won't be doing anything very fancy.

FIB: I got a great idea, Molly. What say we take a lo-o-o-ong walking trip!

MOL: WALKING TRIP!! ARE YOU SERIOUS?

FIB: No.

MOL: I thought not. You even thumb a ride when you go down to the corner to mail a letter. How about you, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: OH I'M GOING TO HAVE A WONDERFUL SUMMER. I'm going to talk to Mike about -

FIB: Mike? Who's Mike?

WIL: That's what we call a microphone in radio, Fibber. I'M going to talk to it about Johnson's Wax on our summer show. Well...see you later.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: McGee, I have never been so embarrassed in my life. Why did you make me jump up on that table in front of Mr. Wilcox?

FIB: Embarrassed!! Why I was PROUD of you, Molly. It ain't every guy that's got a wife that can do a standing high jump of three feet four inches....

MOL: Oh you just say that!!

FIB: No, really! It's hard to believe that anybody as pretty as you could be so limber.

MOL: Oh stop it!

FIB: In fact, when I saw that last leap of yours, it made me realize how fond I was of you.

MOL: What do you mean?

FIB: I mean you got the kind of spring that a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love in.

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

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

MOL: Oh Hello, Mayor La Trivia.

FIB: Hiyah, La Triv. How's tricks?

GALE: Oh Trix is fine. I took her to a nightclub last night and...
OH..er..I...you mean...oh everything is fine, McGee. Just fine. Yes, just fine....You lose something, Mrs. McGee?

MOL: You mean because I keep looking around, Mr. Mayor? No, but there's a mouse here someplace and I'M a little nervous.

GALE: I see. But what I came over for was about your scrap rubber.

MOL: Don't worry about that, Mrs. Mayor... Tomorrow McGee is going thru the house with a fine tooth comb and take all our scrap rubber over to the filling station. For instance, he has a pair of hip length fishing boots --

FIB: HEY YOU AIN'T TAKIN' MY WADING BOOTS.....THEY'RE PRACTICALLY NEW!

MOL: They leak.

FIB: THEY DON'T EITHER!

MOL: Yes they do. I cut some rubber rings out of 'em for some fruit jars this spring. It's wonderful rubber.

FIB: Okay okay...can't use my tires to go fishin' anyway.

GALE: Any kind of rubber will do, Mrs. McGee....old hot water bottles, garden hose, tennis shoes - if it's made of rubber and you can possibly spare it...GIVE IT. Your filling station man is authorized to give you a cent a pound for it. As one of them said to me this morning...."BRING YOUR SCRAP OVER HERE SO WE CAN FINISH THAT SCRAP OVER THERE."

MOL: Or how about ~~J~~TURN IN YOUR RUBBER - A POUND OR AN OUNCE, IT WILL ALL HELP OUR SOLDIERS GIVE HITLER THE BOUNCE."

GALE: Very good, Mrs. McGee.

MOL: It's nothing...merely an old saying I just made up.

FIB: How's the rubber campaign coming along, La Trivia?

(REVISED)

-18-

GALE: Splendidly..splendidly! The Citizens of Wistful Vista are responding nobly. They realize the time has come to pitch in and help.

MOL: THE TIME HAS COME, THE WALRUS SAID, TO SPEAK OF MANY THINGS. OF SHOES AND SHIPS AND JOHNSON'S WAX AND CABBAGES AND KINGS.

GALE: We just want rubber, Mrs. McGee..not shoes or cabbages.

FIB: She was just quoting from Alice in Wonderland, La Trivia.

GALE: I know..I was just saying that cabbages ~~and wax~~ are not pertinent to the subject..and ---

MOL: ARE YOU ACCUSING ME OF BEING IMPERTINENT, MR. MAYOR?

GALE: CERTAINLY NOT. I MERELY REMARKED -

FIB: WELL YOU BETTER BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU MERELY REMARK, LA TRIVIA. MY WIFE IS NEVER IMPERTINENT.

GALE: I DIDN'T SAY SHE WAS IMPERTINENT. I ONLY SAID THAT CABBAGES -

MOL: and don't be so snobbish about cabbages, either. I LIKE cabbage.

GALE: As it happens, I don't care for it. But that's neither here nor there ---

FIB: OH HE DON'T LIKE CABBAGE. CABBAGE AIN'T GOOD ENOUGH FOR HIM. YOU'RE A SNOB, LA TRIVIA!

GALE: I AM NOT A SNOB. JUST BECAUSE I DON'T LIKE CABBAGE IS NO -

MOL: Why don't you like it?

GALE: IT ALWAYS GIVES ME...NEVER MIND WHY I DON'T LIKE IT.

FIB: OH YOU WON'T TALK EH? SECRETIVE, EH? HERE'S A SUPPOSEDLY GOOD AMERICAN MAYOR OF A GOOD AMERICAN CITY AND HE DON'T LIKE A GOOD AMERICAN DISH LIKE CABBAGE!!!

MOL: I wonder if the Dies committee knows about this.

GALE: ~~BUT I TELL YOU THAT JUST BECAUSE I DON'T HAPPEN TO LIKE CABBAGE HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH~~

(2ND REVISION) -19-

GALE: (VERY ANGRY) I DON'T CARE! JUST BECAUSE YOU TWIST EVERYTHING I SAY DOESN'T MEAN A THING TO ME. THERE'S FREE SPEECH IN THE COUNTRY AND I'LL SAY WHAT I PLEASE.

FIB: THAT'S THE SPIRIT, LA TRIVIA!

MOL: SPOKEN LIKE A GOOD AMERICAN! GOOD FOR YOU!

FIB: A MAYOR TO BE PROUD OF!

MOL: LET'S GIVE HIM THREE CHAIRS AND A TIGER. GET THREE CHAIRS OUT OF THE DINING ROOM, MCGEE.

FIB: OKAY, BUT WHERE'LL WE GET A TIGER? HEY LA TRIVIA, DO YOU KNOW WHERE WE CAN - NEVER MIND. SAY, HOW WOULD YOU CATCH A MOUSE, LA TRIVIA?

GALE: I'D IMPORT A FEW RUSSIANS. THEY SEEM TO BE PRETTY GOOD AT EXTERMINATING RATS. GOOD DAY.

(APPLAUSE)

ORCH & KING'S MEN: ("I LIKE A BALALAIKA")

WIL: (ON CUE) The Kings Men sing "I Like A Balalaika."

(APPLAUSE)

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FIB: Hey Molly I really got the idea to catch that mouse.
 MOL: What is it?
 FIB: Were you ever in the Hall of Mirrors at a amusement park?
 MOL: Yes, but -
 FIB: Kinda confusin' wasn't it?
 MOL: Yes but -
 FIB: Well...look there. See that shoe box down there against the wall?
 MOL: What did you do, sell the mouse some heavy shoes so you could hear him coming?
 FIB: Never mind the destructive criticism. That box is lined with pieces of lookin' glass. And a piece of bacon rind in the middle of the box. Mouse goes in, grabs the bacon, looks around, sees fifty-seven other mice - he thinks - and gets panicky. Forgets how he got in. Then I reach in grab him by the tail, and away we go, laughin' and scratchin'!
 MOL: It's just foolish enough to work. But I hope -

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh, it's Mrs. Uppington...hello, Abigail.
 UPP: How do you do, Mrs. McGee...AND Mr. McGee.
 FIB: Hiyah, Uppity. Sit down and fool your metabolism.
 MOL: What's on your mind, Abigail?
 UPP: Oh nothing important, my deah. I just wondered if you would care to go shopping with me tomorrow. I am going to buy some slacks for summah.
 FIB: Oh my gosh!
 UPP: Am I to undahstand, Mr. McGee, that you disapprove of slacks for women?

MOL: Oh he doesn't exactly disapprove, Abigail. He says they're all right coming toward you, but terrible going away.
 FIB: Matter of fact, I never knew why they called 'em slacks. The only slack most wimmin have in 'em is around the ankles.
 UPP: I'm afraid you have a veddy mid-Victorian viewpoint, Mr. McGee..Besides..people who live in glawss houses, you know...
 MOL: Meaning?
 UPP: Meaning that Mr. McGee somewhat resembles Mr. Abbott on his approach, and Mr. Costello on his departure.
 FIB: OH YEAH? I'M just muscular, that's all!
 MOL: He is, Abigail...He's very muscular.
 UPP: Oh I don't doubt it in the least my deah. But I'M afraid he's confused his setting-up exercises with his setting-down exercises.
 FIB: Okay okay...but I'M tellin' you. I don't like slacks on wimmin. They ain't feminine. Would you expect me to give you my seat in a street car if you were wearin' slacks, Uppy?
 UPP: Certainly not, Mr. McGee. I should feel veddy self-conscious taking up all that room by myself. WELL, MY DEAR? WOULD YOU CARE TO GO WITH ME TOMORROW?
 MOL: Certainly. Pick me up here about ten o'clock. If we see some good looking slacks, I might get some myself.
 UPP: Well, good day, ~~Mr. McGee~~...and I'LL see you in the morning, my deah.
 MOL: All right, Abigail.
 UPP: - And Mr. McGee.
 FIB: Eh?

UPP: I might suggest that you modernize your ideas somewhat.
You will admit that slacks for women are a great improvement
over the hobble skirt.

FIB: Not for me, they ain't. Between the hobble and the wobble,
I'll take the -

MOL: MCGEE! Goodbye, Abigail.

UPP: GOODBYE!

FIB: G'bye.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: McGee, you mustn't be so rude to Mrs. Uppington. She's
really very sensitive.

FIB: Sensitive my elbow. She's as thick skinned as a canteloupe.
Which is probably why she can't. And anyway, - HEY LOOK!...
THE MOUSE IS IN THE BOX!...I CAUGHT IT!

MOL: Well, close it up, McGeel...DON'T LET IT GET AWAY!

FIB: I GOT IT...AHAAA...YOU DIDN'T THINK I COULD DO IT, DID YOU...
NOW THEN, YOU LITTLE PEST!! I'LL TEACH YOU TO RUN AROUND
SCARIN' PEOPLE! YOU COME WITH ME!!

MOL: What are you going to do with it, McGee?

FIB: NEVER YOU MIND! I'LL BE RIGHT BACK! (FADE)

DOOR SLAM OFF MIKE:

MOL: Oh dear, I hope he doesn't do anything that will..OH WHAT
AM I SAYING...I TOLD HIM TO CATCH IT, DIDN'T I? I WAS THE
ONE WHO.....

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

WIMP: Hello, Mrs. McGee.

MOL: Oh hello, Mr. Wimple. You're a sight for sore eyes. In fact
you're a sight WITH sore eyes. What happened?

WIMP: Sweetface and I were playing house this morning.

MOL: What fun! Playing House!

WIMP: Yes...I was the door, and Sweetface kept slamming me.
My goodness but that woman is strong.

MOL: She must be a regular Amazon.

WIMP: Amazon...that's the river with the great big mouth isn't it?

MOL: That's it. Just how strong IS your wife anyway, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: I really don't know, Mrs. McGee..but this noon she threw a
plate 25 feet.

MOL: TWENTY FIVE FEET! That's not very far to throw a plate.

WIMP: Yes, but it was my upper plate and I was wearing it.

MOL: What was the cause of that little fracas?

WIMP: Oh we had a little tiff. About where we were going on our
vacation. I got just what I wanted, too.

MOL: Good for you!

WIMP: Yes...I told Sweetface I wanted to go to the seashore
because I love to feel the salt air in my nostrils...

MOL: Oh, so you're going to the seashore.

WIMP: No, she just slapped me in the face with a wet herring.

DOOR OPEN OFF:

FIB: (FADE IN) Well, that's that, Molly. I took the little
nuisance out and...OH HIMAH, WIMP.

WIMP: Hello, Mr. McGee.

FIB: You're a sight for sore eyes. In fact you're a sight WITH
SORE eyes. What happened?

MOL: We've taken care of that, McGee...*F. I was out at the time*
what did you do with the...
I mean...

FIB: Don't worry...I disposed of the varmint!

(2ND REVISION) 24 & 25

MOL: I know but I hope the little thing didn't...I mean, it didn't suffer...

FIB: Not a bit. ALL I DID was...

MOL: DON'T TELL ME. I DON'T WANT IT ON MY CONSCIENCE.

FIB: It won't be on yours. It'll be on mine. *M. you mean you -* I let it go.

MOL: WHAT?

FIB: Yeah...I couldn't hurt the little dickens. He wiggled his nose at me and I couldn't take it! (LAUGHS) AND HERE I THOUGHT I COULD...HEY! THERE HE IS AGAIN!! RIGHT UNDER YOUR FEET!

MOL: (SHRIEKS)

WIMP: Ohhh... A MOUSE! HELP!

SCRAMBLING..THUDS ETC...(NEXT LINES FAST INTO MUSIC)

MOL: GET OFF THIS TABLE, MR. WIMPLE..I GOT HERE FIRST!

WIMP: BUT I ALWAYS GET ON TABLES MRS. MCGEE...MOVE OVER...

MOL: GET AWAY..YOU'RE CROWDING ME...MCGEE..DO SOMETHING...CATCH THAT MOUSE!

FIB: Oh pshaw...

ORK: "EVERYTHING I LOVE".....FADE FOR:

-26-

S.C. JOHNSON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC
JUNE 16. 1942

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

ANNOUNCER: Well, one good thing seems to be coming out of this war -- greater neighborliness among all of us. Haven't you noticed this in your own community? Block captains, air raid wardens, first aid courses -- they're bringing us closer together, to meet our common problems. Right now these problems are pretty serious -- but there are other less serious problems on which neighborly advice is helpful. For example, if you've discovered how JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO COAT protects and beautifies your linoleum floors, and saves you hours of work in the bargain, isn't that worth passing on to your friends? Tell them that GLO-COAT actually makes linoleum last 6 to 10 times longer. Tell them it needs no rubbing or buffing, shines as it dries. It's on sale by dealers everywhere -- the easy-to-use floor polish, JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO COAT.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

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(2ND REVISION)

-27-

TAG GAG

MOL: McGee....do you realize that next week will be our last broadcast of the season?

FIB: Yeah...so what?

MOL: So let's try to do a simply wonderful show. Let's do something DIFFERENT. UNUSUAL!

FIB: You mean get some new jokes?

MOL: Oh there you go! The minute I try to make a suggestion you go completely fantastic!

FIB: I'M sorry. Same old stuff next week, folks. Goodnight.

MOL: GOODNIGHT, ALL!

ORK: UP TO FINISH: APPLAUSE. ETC.