

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

(REVISED)

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

6:30-7P
Tuesday - 6/23/42

(REVISED) -2-

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

ORCH: THEME

WIL: The makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Self-Polishing
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:
"Fine and Dandy".

ORCH: "FINE & DANDY"
(FADE FOR:)

(commercial....page 3)

OPENING COMMERCIAL

ANNOUNCER: Here's my advice for the week to car-owners. Don't let your car sit around with road scum and smashed bugs eating into the finish. Not when it's so easy to make that finish sparkle like new, and keep it that way, with JOHNSON'S CARNU, the easy-to-use polish that both cleans and polishes with one application. No matter how much you've cut down on your driving, you still need to keep the finish smoothly polished to keep it new-looking for the day when driving restrictions are off.

And that job is a cinch with CARNU. This remarkable polish is a liquid....you rub it over the finish, let it dry, wipe it off. Until you've used CARNU, you'll never believe how quickly it brings back your car's original showroom shine. Once your car is sparkling with that smooth CARNU polish, you can apply a coat of JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX or regular JOHNSON'S WAX for added protection, and to save on car washings. Your regular wax dealer, auto supply store or service station has both the JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX and JOHNSON'S CARNU....spelled C-A-R-N-U.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH.....(APPLAUSE)

WIL: ISN'T IT A WONDERFUL FEELING TO GET OUT THE OLD SUITCASE, PREPARATORY TO PACKING FOR A SUMMER VACATION? AND ISN'T IT AN AWFUL LETDOWN WHEN YOU CAN'T FIND THE KEYS THAT UNLOCK THE SUITCASE SO YOU CAN PACK IT? YOU DON'T THINK SO? WELL -- LISTEN TO --

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

(APPLAUSE)

MOL: But McGee, darling, WHY oh WHY did you lock the suitcase when you put it away empty?

FIB: I dunno....it just seemed neater that way, I guess. Anyway, I can open it with a hairpin or something. Gimme a hairpin.

MOL: I'm afraid to.

FIB: Eh? Why?

MOL: My hair might come down, and if I let my hair down, I might tell you what I think of a man who locks an empty suitcase and then loses the key.

FIB: Well - gee whiz, I....OH....I KNOW WHERE THE KEY IS!!

(LAUGHS) If I ain't the dummy!

MOL: Well - go get it then.

FIB: Can't.

MOL: Why not?

FIB: It's inside the suitcase.

MOL: Heavenly days - I thought that only happened in comic strips.

FIB: Well - comic strips are just exaggerations of what happens in real life.

MOL: I'm beginning to think our lives are exaggerations of what happens in comic strips. What are you going to do now? We need that suitcase.

FIB: I'll pick the lock. Locks on suitcases....

DOOR CHIME

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN

OLD M: Hello there, kids....understand you're leavin' on your vacation tomorrow.

FIB: Yes we are, Old Timer. First thing in the morning, it's UP AND AWAY to the mountains.

MOL: I thought we were going to the seashore.

FIB: No, I decided --

MOL: YOU decided!!

FIB: Yes, I thought--

OLD M: Now now now....don't argue, kids. Why don't you go spend a few weeks at my brother's dead ranch?

MOL: You mean DUDE ranch.

OLD M: No, it's dead, daughter...that's why I'M tryin' to round up some customers for the kid. You'd LOVE a ranch. You can ride, or go out on horseback, or go for a long gallop across the prairies, or spend all day in the saddle, or take a brisk canter in the early morning air, or -

FIB: Yeah...or go horseback riding.

OLD M: Sure...You'd like my brother,too. Natural horseman.

MOL: Born westerner?

OLD M: No. Born bowlegged. Just got a letter from him last saturday. We chipped in and bought papa a jackknife for Father's Day.

FIB: Jackknife!! Why didn't you get him a necktie?

OLD M: Waste of money, Johnny. Papa's got a beard down to here.

MOL: Doesn't he ever wear neckties?

OLD M: He won't tell us if he does or not. WELL, I'LL LEAVE THIS LITTERATOOR HERE FOR YOU KIDS...I know you'd like ranch life. You can ride, or go horse--

MOL: Yes, we know. You going out there yourself this summer, Mr. Old Timer?

OLD M: Might, daughter. Ain't had a vacation since...well, lemme see....this is 1940....

FIB: This is 1942

OLD M: It is? What happened to 1941? Oh I know...I went to see Gone With The Wind.

MOL: That wouldn't account for a whole year.

OLD M: I sat thru it twice, daughter.

FIB: Gone With the Wind...that picture has played the Bijou theatre so often, the manager, Mr. Finkelstein, talks with a southern accent.

OLD M. Heh..heh heh! That's pretty good, Johnny but that ain't the way I heered it. The way I heered it I'll tell you in September. So long kids.

FIB & MOL: G'BYE!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Well, we won't be goin' to a ranch or anyplace else if I can't get this suit case open. Bring me a glass of water, will you?

MOL: What for?

FIB: Gonna pour it into the lock, then put the suit case in the refrigerator. Water freezes, expands and forces the lock open. That way we can --

MOL: Couldn't you ruin the suitcase just as easily if you chopped it open with a hatchet? Or used dynamite?

FIB: Well, what would you do?

MOL: I don't like to be obvious, McGee, but if you needed a tooth fixed, you'd call a dentist, wouldn't you?

FIB: Yes.

MOL: Well, who would you call if you wanted a lock fixed?

FIB: (PAUSE) A dentist?

MOL: NO NO NO...A LOCKSMITH!

FIB: Sayyy, I never thought of that. Where's there a good locksmith?

MOL: There's one next to Kramer's Drug store, Luke Smith.

FIB: Gimme the phone.

MOL: Here.

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FIB: Thanks. (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR? GIMME LUKE SMITH, THE LOCK SMITH NEXT DOOR TO KRAMER'S MYRT! IS THAT YOU? HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING, MYRT. TIS EH? WHAT SAY, MYRT? LEFT ON YOUR DOORSTEP? WITH A RATTLE IN ONE HAND AND BOTTLE IN THE OTHER, EH? WHY DON'T YOU ADOPT HIM MYRT? AW GEE, I WISH YOU WOULD.

MOL: Stop it, McGee! what business is it of yours if they adopt a baby?

FIB: Wasn't a baby...it was Uncle Dennis. WHAT SAY, MYRT? WELL, NEVER MIND. SEE YOU IN SEPTEMBER, MYRT. G'BYE. (CLICK)

MOL: Look, McGee...I have some extra keys upstairs...I'll go get 'em. (FADE OUT) And after this when you lock an empty suitease, don't do it.

FIB: I wonder if brute force will do it.

THUDS...BANGING...THUDS...

FIB: Nope. Dad rat the dad ratted-----

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: Come in!

DOOR OPEN:

TEE: Hi, mister.

FIB: Oh Hello, there, sis. You know anything about locks?

TEE: Sure I do, I betcha. We listen to it all the time.

FIB: LISTEN TO WHAT?

TEE: Locks. Locks Radio Theatre. My mamma says Mr. DeMille is one of the -

FIB: I DIDN'T SAY LUX...I SAYS LOCKS. Like on this suitease. You know how to get it open?

TEE: Lemme take it. Mister. (PAUSE) Sure, I can get it open.

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FIB: How?

TEE: Gimme the key, and I'll show you.

FIB: DOGGONE IT, SIS, I HAVEN'T GOT A KEY. THAT'S JUST THE TROUBLE. THE KEY'S INSIDE, AND WE'RE LEAVIN' ON OUR VACATION TOMORROW.

TEE: Where you going on your vacation, mister? Hmm. Where you going? Hmm? Whereya?

FIB: Oh I dunno, sis. Most anywhere. The mountains...the woods, ...the desert...the seashore...as long as it's in the great outdoors.

TEE: We got one, too.

FIB: You got one what?

TEE: A grate outdoors. My daddy cooks hamburgers on it.

FIB: Hey that sounds pretty good!! Why didn't he ever invite me over for some?

TEE: I asked him to once, but he said you wouldn't enjoy it.

FIB: WHY NOT?

TEE: He says you're so full of baloney all the time you wouldn't have any appetite. Have a nice vacation, mister!

DOOR SLAM:

ORK: "STOMPIN' AT THE SAVOY"

APPLAUSE:

SECOND SPOT:

MOL: McGee...haven't you found a way to get that suitcase open yet. My goodness, I'd -

FIB: LOOK OUT, MOLLY!..STAND BACK!..OVER THIS WAY!!

MOL: What on earth...

FIB: FACE THE WALL A MINUTE!! NOW HOLD IT!!

SOUND: HISSE.....LOUD BANG.

FIB: Doggone it, ^{it didn't work and -} my last firecracker, too.

MOL: MCGEE, WHAT ARE YOU DOING, SHOOTING FIRECRACKERS OFF IN THE HOUSE!

FIB: Trying to blast the lock open on the suitcase. Lock's either too strong, or the firecrackers are too weak.

MOL: Heavenly days, it smells like the battle of Bull Run in here. Open a window.

WINDOW OPEN:

MOL: That's better. Now what in the name of Chang Kai Shek gave you the idea of using firecrackers?

FIB: You did. You mentioned something about dynamite a while ago, and I called up the hardware store and they didn't have any dynamite, so -

MOL: FIBBER MCGEE, IF YOU EVER BRING A DROP OF DYNAMITE INTO THIS HOUSE ---

FIB: Dynamite don't come in drops. It comes in sticks. And it ain't dangerous if you handle it right. Why I and my cousin Ellsworth used to blast tree-stumps with dynamite all the time.

MOL: I never knew you had a cousin Ellsworth. Did I ever meet him?

FIB: Nope. And you never will. You see, I and Ellsworth were blasting stumps one evening, and it begun to get dark. We worked later'n we shoul'da because we wanted to get finished. So I jammed a hunk of dynamite under the last stump, grabbed up my coat, gives Ellsworth a kick and hollers "COME ON, ELLSWORTH!" (SIGHS) Just goes to show how deceptive that evening light is.

MOL: Why?

FIB: ~~It was Ellsworth I'd jammed the dynamite under and the stump that I hollered to.~~ ^{Ellsworth} We were all kinda broken up about that. Particularly Ellsworth.

MOL: I imagine. And that little story is supposed to prove that dynamite is safe to handle?

FIB: Not around a guy that looks like a stump, no. But when you -

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh hello, Abigail!

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

FIB: Hiyah, Uppy. Sit down and take a ton off your tibia.

UPP: Thank you no, Mr. McGee...I cawn't stay but just a moment.

MOL: Oh that's too bad.

FIB: What's too bad about it? If she-

MOL: MCGEE!

FIB: Eh? Oh. WELL, HOW'S EVERYTHING IN THE UPPY BRACKETS, UPPER? I MEAN THE UPPER BRACKETS, UPPY?

UPP: Mr. McGee, I find your vulgarities and impudence so thoroughly un-amusing, that I must say, frankly, I am looking forward to your thirteen weeks absence with an ever-increasing joy and impatience.

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MOL: Oh, you're sweet, Abigail! We're looking forward to it, too!

FIB: We're gonna miss you just as much as you're gonna miss us, Uppy. You know, you ain't a bad little sister, at heart.

UPP: REAHLLY. I didn't mean -

FIB: Oh, now, now, now!...Don't be ashamed of a little honest sentiment, Uppy.

UPP: What I was trying to convey to your somewhat faltering intelligence, Mr. McGee, was hardly a message of tender felicitations. I was endeavoring to transmit the thought that I was happily - almost ecstatically - looking forward to your departure. Have I made myself clear?

FIB: Yeah, and I never heard a farewell speech worded so nice, Uppy. I wish you'd write that down in our guestbook.

UPP: Could I write it on your shirtfront with carbolic acid, Mr. McGee?

MOL: (LAUGHS HEARTILY) Oh Abigail.....You CLOWN!

FIB: The old Moose's really got a sense of humor ain't she, Molly?

MOL: Well, it was awfully sweet of you to stop in and say all those nice things, ~~too~~ Abigail...but we'll come back just as soon as we can, this summer.

UPP: Oh do! I shall really miss YOU, my deah. But as for Mr. McGee.

FIB: I know I know...(LAUGHS) As for me, you can't come right out and say it on account of me being a married man. WELL SO WHAT? Molly knows you're fond of me in your odd way, so who cares what -

UPP: MR. MCGEE!

FIB: Eh?

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UPP: CAWN'T I MAKE YOU UNDAHSTAND JUST EXACTLY WHAT I...No. I guess I cawn't. Goodbye, Mrs. McGee...I hope YOU have a splendid time, this summah.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: She's really sweet, McGee!

FIB: I never realized she cared so much about us, Molly. Why when she went out she was bitin' her lip to keep the tears back. Never can tell about people, can you?

MOL: No. For instance.. .

DOOR OPEN:

WIL: Hello, folks.

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox. I was wondering when - WHY MEREDITH WILLSON! HOW NICE TO SEE YOU AGAIN!

MERE: Hello, Molly. You're looking well. How are you, Fibber?

FIB: Hiyah, bud. What was the name again?

WIL: MEREDITH WILLSON, Fibber.

FIB: Willson...Willson..Willson...I don't believe I - you any relation to Peggy Willson...that bandleader's wife?

MERE: I'm her husband.

FIB: YOU ARE? WELL SHAKE HANDS. ANY HUSBAND OF PEGGY WILLSON'S IS A FRIEND OF OURS! What you doing in town?

WIL: Fibber!

FIB: EH?

WIL: Meredith Willson is the famous conductor! He composes symphonies. He writes popular music that hits the hit parade. He originated chiffon swing..and he is going to do the Johnson Wax summer show again this year, and give Billy Mills a rest.

MERE: Billy's earned it! He's done a wonderful job for you.

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MOL: Indeed he has. And we LOVE your music, too, Mr. Willson!

MERE: Well, thank you, Molly. I think myself that I have a neat little combo. Hot or sweet, Chicago or barrelhouse. Classic or groovy. No boozers or chasers. Have own tuxedos. Will travel - bus or train.

FIB: What are you talkin' about, bud?

MERE: Listen, Fibber. If you're pretending you don't recognize me on account of that three bucks you borrowed in 1940 - you paid that back.

FIB: I did? You mean I don't...oh hiyah, Meredith...Glad to see you.

MERE: Thanks. I thought you would. I just asked Harlow to bring me by so I could wish you a pleasant vacation.

MOL: Thank you, Mr. Willson. We'll be listening to you this summer, from wherever we are.

MERE: Swell!

WIL: INCIDENTALLY DON'T GO SO FAR AWAY THAT YOU CAN'T GET THIS WEEK'S COPY OF LIFE MAGAZINE. COMES OUT FRIDAY, the 26th.

MERE: Why, Harlow?

WIL: It's got Fibber and Molly's picture in it. And a double page spread about what Johnson products are doing in the line of War Duty.

MOL: We'll get a copy.

FIB: How's my picture look? Have I got that sophisticated look?

WIL: The ad tells all about how Johnson protective coatings are used on airplanes...army textiles...housing projects... special wax finishes for leather belts, holsters, boots -

FIB: Does my picture show in front view or profile, because everybody says my left profile is -

WIL: Believe me that advertisement gives you a new slant on Johnson Wax products. We've got a sponsor that knows there's a war going on!

MERE: That's great, Harlow. And any sponsor of yours is a sponsor of mine, I always say. (LAUGHS)

MOL: Are you having just a musical show this summer, Mr. Willson?

MERE: No...we've got a wonderful new added feature this year. An old friend of mine, John Nesbitt, is -

MOL: JOHN NESBITT, THE PASSING PARADE MAN?

WIL: Sure, you've seen his movie shorts for MGM, Molly...and heard him on the air. I asked him to stop in here but I guess he --

MOL: Maybe that's him now. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

NESBITT: Do Mr. and Mrs. McGee live here?

MERE: Hello John.

NESBITT: Oh hello, Meredith. Hello, Harlow.

WIL: JOHN, I WANT YOU TO MEET A COUPLE OF FRIENDS OF OURS. MOLLY, JOHN NESBITT.

MOL: HOW DO YOU DO, I'M SURE!

NESBITT: How do you do, Molly.

MERE: And this is Fibber McGee, John.

NESBITT: Hello, Fibber.

FIB: What was the name again, Curly?

NESBITT: Nesbitt. Nes as in nezsturtium and BITT as in "off more than you can chew". Nesbitt.

MOL: I've seen a lot of your movies, Mr. Nesbitt, and I think they're wonderful. HOW DO YOU EVER FIND ALL THOSE FASCINATING STORIES?

NESBITT: It's a hobby of mine, Molly. I like to dig up odd little facts, historical or otherwise, that I think might be overlooked in the passing parade.

FIB: Good for you, Curly. And look...any time you need any advice about (excuse me a minute - anybody got a toothpick? No? Okay.) - any time you need any advice about what's good taste on the air, bud...you drop me a line. Glad to give you the benefit of my experience.

NESBITT: Thanks, old man. You know, I'm really going to enjoy working this summer with Meredith and with Wilcox Harlow.

MERE: It's Harlow Wilcox, John.

NESBITT: Is it really? I looked him up in the telephone directory and they have him down as Wilcox, Harlow.

WIL: I must have been backward about paying my phone bill.

FIB: You gonna announce the summer show, Harlow?

WIL: Yes, and it's as good a vacation as any for me. We have a lot of laughs, and the studios are so air conditioned we hate to leave after the broadcast.

MOL: Yes, they're really wonderful. But won't you boys sit down and have a cup of rootbeer, or something?

MERE: No thanks, Molly. But before I go I wonder if you'd mind if...

FIB: If what, Meredith?

MERE: (LAUGHS) Well, I've always had a kind of a yearning to... oh no. It's ridiculous!

MOL: Oh, what is it, Mr. Willson?

MERE: Well, would it be too much to...I mean...would it be an imposition if I...WELL, COULD I PLEASE OPEN YOUR HALL CLOSET DOOR? JUST ONCE?

FIB: Oh fer the -- SURE, GO AHEAD!

MOL: Help yourself, Mr. Willson...right in there.

MERE: Gee...thanks. (OFF MIKE) Is this the one, right here?

FIB: THAT'S IT. OPEN 'ER UP!

DOOR LATCH: (AVALANCHE)

MERE: Thanks! Gee this is interesting!

ORCH. & KING'S MEN: "BLACKSMITH SONG")

SOUND: CLANK OF TOOLS...CLATTER OF METAL

FIB: Doggone the doggone!...the way this lock resists burglarly, you'd think the suitcase was full of emeralds. Whew!

CLATTER OF TOOLS:

MOL: Better rest a while, dearie...you're dripping wet. Can I get you a glass of something cold? Ice tea or lemonade..or something?

FIB: Naw...thanks. Just makes me hotter. Boy this is really a scorcher today, ain't it?

MOL: And the summer just starting. I DO hope we go someplace where it's cool, McGee.

FIB: Yeah...but outdoors is outdoors, Molly. You can't have fresh air and sunshine without -

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

FIB: Oh hiyah, La Trivia.

GALE: Hello, McGee...how do you do, Mrs. McGee. My - warm, isn't it?

MOL: It's hotter than a St. Louis sidewalk, Mr. Mayor.

FIB: I'm so hot I could do spot welding with my bare hands.

What could we do for you, La Triv?

GALE: Oh nothing, McGee...nothing..I just heard you were starting on your vacation tomorrow, and dropped in to wish you bon voyage.

MOL: Well THANK you Mr. Mayor...and the same to you.

GALE: I'm not going anywhere, Mrs. McGee. This promises to be a very hot summer and the City Hall is air cooled, so I think I'll just remain on the job.

FIB: You may have something there at that, La Trivia.

GALE: I know I have, McGee. You go camping or traveling, and you get hot and dusty...can't take so many changes of clothing...can't have a shower whenever you like...

MOL: McGee, don't you think we'd be better off if we - OH WHAT AM I SAYING...A VACATION IS A VACATION.

FIB: Sure it is, Molly. It's just sour grapes with these fellas that keep yipping about the air cooled offices and restaurants fulla ice-cold watermelon and stuff. WHAT'S A VACATION WITHOUT A LITTLE DISCOMFORT.

GALE: WELL, (LAUGH) I'LL CERTAINLY BE THINKING OF YOU...OUT IN A FISHY-SMELLING ROWBOAT...UNDER THAT BROILING SUN, FIGHTING OFF THE FLIES, AND SQUIRMING UNDER YOUR SUNBURN. (LAUGHS) WELL...ENJOY YOURSELVES!

DOOR SLAM:(PAUSE)

FIB: You know...I been thinkin' this thing over, Molly...and I wonder if we -

MOL: Yes...Yes....?

FIB: I mean, gee whizz, what with the war and all, maybe it'd be better if we...WELL, WHADDYE SAY WE DON'T --

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: Oh dear...this is the same feeling I had the night you started to propose to me and the hot water heater blew up. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

WIMP: Hello, Mrs. McGee. Hello, Mr. McGee.
MOL: Oh hello, Mr. Wimple.
FIB: Hiyah, Wimp, old man. How's everything?
WIMP: Oh just fine, Mr. McGee...except that I'm a little worn out after yesterday. (LAUGHS) My what a strenuous day!
MOL: What happened yesterday, Mr. Wimple?
WIMP: Sweetface and I went to a wedding.
FIB: Them matrimonial monkeyshines get you down, Wimp?
WIMP: ~~Silly man!~~ ... Of course not! It wasn't the wedding so much...but Sweetface tied my old shoes to the back of the groom's car...while I was still wearing them.
MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS! How brutal!
WIMP: No it was just thoughtless, Mrs. McGee...
MOL: A very harrowing experience, I should say.
FIB: Wimple, I hate to keep repeating this, but you oughtta assert yourself. SPEAK UP TO SWEETYFACE. BE A MAN! YOU GOT RIGHTS!
WIMP: Yes...I know...but my rights are so much weaker than her lefts. Do you know that Sweetface never walks downstairs to breakfast?

MOL: What does she do? Punch a hole in the floor and slide thru like a fireman?
WIMP: No...she leaps out the window to the limb of a tree and swings down from branch to branch just like Tarzan. (LAUGHS)
FIB: What's so funny about that?
WIMP: Well, don't you tell a single, solitary, soul now, but this afternoon, I sawed the top limb of that, tree almost clear th
~~this!~~ (LAUGHS)
MOL: Good heavens...she'll break her neck!
WIMP: (LAUGHS) Yes. WELL, HAVE A NICE VACATION FOLKS!..GOODBYE NOW!
DOOR SLAM:
MOL: ~~There's the one who needs a vacation.~~
FIB: ~~He don't need a vacation, he needs to be fired.~~ But look, Molly...the more I think of it, the more I think we got everything in town here we'd need for a good vacation. Shows...restaurants...all the comforts of home.
MOL: OH I WAS HOPING YOU'D SAY THAT, MCGEE!. WHEN THOSE BOYS STARTED TALKING ABOUT THE AIR COOLED NBC STUDIOS I JUST COULDN'T STAND IT.
FIB: They are marvelous...Say...I wonder...gimme the phone.
MOL: Here.
FIB: Thanks.
MOL: Who you calling?
FIB: You'll see. (CLICK) LONG DISTANCE, PLEASE. HELLO, OPERATOR GIMME THE...(GET OFF THE LINE, MYRT!) OPERATOR? GIMME THE JOHNSON WAX FACTORY IN RACINE WISCONSIN...
MOL: Well what on earth...

FIB: HELLO, THIS THE JOHNSON WAX FACTORY? MR. JOHNSON PLEASE.
MR. JOHNSON? FIBBER MCGEE SPEAKING. FINE..HOW ARE YOU?
THAT'S GOOD. LOOK, MR. JOHNSON. ME AND MOLLY DON'T FEEL
JUST RIGHT ABOUT LEAVIN' YOU IN THE LURCH FOR THIRTEEN
WEEKS, SO WE...EH?...YEAH I KNOW, BUT...YES BUT YOU SEE,
MR. JOHNSON, WITH THEM AIR COOLED STUDIOS WE WOULDN'T MIND
STAYIN' HERE FOR A...EH? YES I KNOW, MR. JOHNSON, BUT...

ORK: SNEAK IN "TOMORROW'S SUNRISE"

FIB: WELL LET WILLSON AND NESBITT ADVERTISE CAR-NU AND LET US
HANDLE GLOCOAT... OR LET THEM HAVE THE GLOCOAT AND WE'LL
PUT ON A SHOW FOR CAR-NU. YES BUT MR. JOHNSON, WE CAN'T
GET OUR SUITCASE UNLOCKED, EH? BUT MR. JOHNSON--

ORK: UP FAST...FADE FOR:

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

ANNOUNCER: I suppose a woman gets as big a thrill out of a
glistening new refrigerator as a man does out of a new
car. It's not only a great convenience, but it's a thing
of beauty in the kitchen. And it's well worth that extra
care you're being asked to give it right now.

I'd like to suggest that in addition to things like proper
defrosting and oiling, you also protect the beauty of that
gleaming finish. How? Why, with a coat of genuine
JOHNSON'S WAX, paste or liquid...the same WAX you use to
protect your floors, furniture and woodwork. JOHNSON'S
WAX guards the finish against moisture and dirt - keeps
it spotless, easy to clean. This is just one of the 100
extra uses for JOHNSON'S WAX in your home. To take
better care of your things and make them last longer, try
waxing them....your windowsills, venetian blinds,
lampshades, picture frames, shoes and luggage. You'll be
surprised how much work you save, too - because the wax
polish resists dust and dirt.

Genuine JOHNSON'S WAX is available everywhere in paste,
liquid and cream form.

ORCHESTRA: SWELL MUSIC...FADE ON CUE

TAG

FIB: Ladies and gentlemen, thank you for another wonderful year,
and goodbye till next September.

MOL: We know you're going to enjoy the Johnson Wax Summer show
with Meredith Willson, John Nesbitt and Harlow Wilcox. And
we hope -

SOUND: SWISH OF SPRAY GUN:

MOL: McGee...what are you doing with my best perfume?

FIB: Sprayin' the audience.

SOUND: SWISH SWISH SWISH:

MOL: But what for?

FIB: Well you know what George M. Cohan says - "Always leave 'em
smelling, when you say goodbye!"

MOL: He didn't say smelling...he said SMILING.

FIB: He did? Oh. Excuse me. Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all!

ORK: UP TO FINISH: APPLAUSE: SIGNOFF.

WIL: Fibber McGee & Molly programs are shortwaved each week to
our armed forces throughout the world. This is Harlow
Wilcox speaking for the makers of JOHNSON'S wax finishes
for home and industry, inviting you to be with us again
next Tuesday night when we present a new and distinctive
program featuring Meredith Willson and John Nesbitt. This
program has reached you from Hollywood.....This is the
National Broadcasting Company.

(CHIMES)