

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

(REVISED)

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

Tuesday - 10/6/42

NBC - Red

(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 MUSIC BY THE KING'S MEN AND BILLY MILLS'
ORCHESTRA. THE SHOW OPENS WITH "IT'S FUN TO BE FREE".

ORCH: "IT'S FUN TO BE FREE"
(FADE FOR:)

G. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC
OCTOBER 6, 1942

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

ANNOUNCER: Why do you say it's my duty to conserve my things, make my chairs and icebox and linoleum last longer? I had a lady ask me that question last week. Maybe it's been in your mind, too. Well, the answer is simple. Making an icebox or a chair or a piece of linoleum takes materials and labor. Servicing them takes labor, too. Now, is it more important for these materials and man-hours to be used in making articles for your home -- or planes and tanks and ships? Yes, the answer is really simple. That's why the Government and business men both keep telling us -- take better care of the things you have, make them last. And that's why I add, WAX your things to make them last longer, to protect them against wear. There are over 100 uses for JOHNSON'S WAX in your home -- for floors, furniture, woodwork -- your leather goods, enameled surfaces, window sills, lampshades. Wax them for protection, for beauty, for labor saving, with genuine JOHNSON'S WAX POLISHES.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC) (APPLAUSE)

(2ND REVISION) -4-

WIL: WELL, THINGS AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA HAVE SETTLED DOWN TO THE USUAL. AND HERE IN THE LIVING ROOM --

SOUND: TELEPHONE

WIL: OH..EXCUSE ME. THERE'S THE PHONE FOR EITHER --
---- FIBBER MCGEE...OR MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: PHONE:

MOL: Answer it, McGee. ..it's probably for you.

FIB: You answer it. Probably for you, I'm way ahead in this game and I think I can beat this guy.

MOL: What guy?

FIB: Me. I'M playin' solitaire...now lemme see, the ace on the --

TELEPHONE:

MOL: Oh dear....(SOUND: CLICK OF RECEIVER) 79 WISTFUL VISTA, MOLLY MCGEE SPEAKIN'. WHO? WELL HEAVENLY DAYS...OTIS CADWALLADER!

FIB: Otis Cadwallader! Why that dirty little ---!! What does he want?

MOL: (INTO PHONE) WHERE ARE YOU OTIS? AT THE RAILROAD STATION? CAN'T YOU DROP OUT AND SEE US A FEW MINUTES?

FIB: If that guy steps one big foot in our front door, I'll pin his ears back so far he'll have to wear a snood!

MOL: OH, I'M SO SORRY YOU CAN'T COME OUT AND SEE US, OTIS! NEXT TIME YOU COME THRU WISTFUL VISTA, PLAN ON STAYING A FEW DAYS!

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FIB: Hey cut that out! Tell him to climb back on that train...
they never start without a jerk anyway.

MOL: WELL IT WAS SWEET OF YOU TO CALL, OTIS...IT REALLY WAS! MCGEE
IS GOING TO BE TERRIBLY DISAPPOINTED THAT HE DIDN'T SEE YOU!

FIB: I can master my grief, baby!

MOL: YES, OTIS AND THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR CALLING....YES...HAVE A
NICE TRIP! GOODBYE! (CLICK)

FIB: I hope he has a nice trip at the top of a flight of stairs.
The lug! Out of a hundred and thirty million people in this
country HE has to call us up!

MOL: Oh stop it, McGee...Otis is a very nice boy, and you know it.
He was one of your friends in High School.

FIB: He was just a casual acquaintance. I only knew him not to
speak to. The rat!

MOL: Well, I think it was very nice of him to call us up. You're
just jealous of him because he used to be one of my boy
friends.

FIB: I AIN'T EITHER JEALOUS! Him and his racoon coat and Stutz
Bearcat and his old man that was worth a million bucks!
WHAT'D HE HAVE THAT I DIDN'T HAVE?

MOL: A racoon coat, a Stutz Bearcat, and a million dollars.

FIB: He was a dirty little snob and you know it. I despise that
guy!

MOL: Well, stop scowling at the telephone, and calm yourself.

FIB: Okay ... but don't invite him out here ... EVER. I don't
want him around.

MOL: McGee, for goodness sakes....don't get so wrought up. You
know Otis doesn't mean anything to me. But I had to be
polite to him, didn't I?

FIB: Yeah...I guess so. But I don't. That palooka would be in
the army right now except a wolf don't belong in a foxhole.
And besides -

DOORBELL:

MOL: My goodness, I wonder if he changed his mind, and came out
for a while ..how does my hair look?

FIB: He won't remember your hair...he can't even remember his own.
Let him in and I'll go to work on him.

MOL: Well, you answer the door, McGee..(FADE) I'll run up and
change my dress....

FIB: HEY DON'T CHANGE YOUR DRESS JUST FOR THAT....oh pshaw....If
this is Cadwallader, I'll put the chill on him so fast he'll
go outa here on snowshoes.

DOORBELL:

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

FIB: NOW LOOK HERE, CADWALLADER. YOU NASTY LITTLE

TEE: Hi, mister.

FIB: Oh hi, sis!

TEE: Gee, whatcha lookin' so mad about, mister?

FIB: I was expecting to welcome an unwelcome visitor, sis.

TEE: Who?

FIB: Oh, just an old acquaintance. And if anybody asks you
"should auld acquaintance be forgot", in this case the
answer is yes.

TEE: Why?

FIB: Because in this case, sis, the auld acquaintance is a drip of the first water. Frankly, he is a character which would steal the raisins out of your rice pudding.

TEE: I wouldn't care, I don't like raisins.

FIB: Oh you oughtta like raisins, sis. They're full of iron.... don't you know the human body couldn't survive without minerals?

TEE: Sure, everybody's full of minerals. My Daddy says my Mama has a heart of gold, Uncle Harry has the soul of a copper, and you are the brassiest man he ever knew.

FIB: Your old man better lay off the wise cracks, sis. Or one of these days he'll hear somebody's knuckles knockin' on his front teeth.

TEE: Oh my daddy isn't afraid of you, I betcha. He says you'd be a sucker for a left hook.

FIB: OH IS THAT SO! WELL YOU TELL THAT OLD MAN OF YOURS THAT

TEE: He used to be a boxfighter.

FIB: Eh? He did? (LAUGHS) Well, you tell that old man of yours that I know he's just kiddin'. I can take a joke.

TEE: I got one.

FIB: You got what?

TEE: A joke.

FIB: Is it fit for my ears, sis?

TEE: It's a big joke if that's whatcha mean.

FIB: Okay. Well, I. eh? Oh. Ahem. Well go ahead. It probably won't be any worse than we'll hear in the 20 minutes anyway.

TEE: Okay. Ready?

FIB: Ready.

TEE: Why are fire engines red?

FIB: Well, Miss Bones, why ARE fire engines red?

TEE: Because 2 times six is 12. There's 12 inches in a foot, a foot is a ruler, Queen Mary was a ruler, and Queen Mary was a boat. A boat crosses the ocean. The ocean is full of herring. Herring rhymes with Goering. Goering is a Nazi. The Russians chase the Nazis. Russians are Red. Fire engines are always rushin'. So Fire engines are red. I betcha. So long, mister.

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH: "THIS IS THE ARMY"

APPLAUSE:

(SECOND SPOT)

FIB: (TO HIMSELF) 2 times 6 is twelve, twelve is a dozen, a dozen herrings cross the ocean... no that ain't right. 2 times 6 is 12. 12 men on a jury...fire engine goes rushin' past... Goering is a herring.

MOL: MCGEE, WHAT ARE YOU MUTTERING ABOUT?

FIB: Oh just trying to remember something, is all. HEY ARE YOU SURE OTIS CADWALLADER ISN'T COMIN' OUT HERE TONIGHT?

MOL: Certainly. His train was leaving in ten minutes. I hope he doesn't think we brushed him off.

FIB: I DON'T CARE WHAT CADWALLADER THINKS, IF HE DOES! WHICH I DOUBT. WHEN BRAINS WERE PASSED OUT, HE MUSTA BEEN BEHIND A DOOR. THAT GUY HAS GOT SUCH A LOW FOREHEAD HE USES HIS MUSTACHE FOR EYEBROWS.

MOL: Now now now...he isn't that bad. In fact, he was voted the handsomest man in the senior class, remember?

FIB: Sure I remember. And who counted the votes? The class secretary. And who was the class secretary? OTIS CADWALLADER! The muzzler!

MOL: My goodness, what are you so bitter about? I don't remember that Otis ever did anything to you.

FIB: Well, I just don't like him.

MOL: I gathered that, dearie! But, he's probably miles away by this time. Shall we go to a movie or something?

FIB: Cood idea..what's at the Bijou?

MOL: "The Pride of the Yankees."

FIB: I didn't know they had any pride left.

MOL: Well, they balanced the bill with Abbott and Costello... they're a couple of cards.

FIB: Okay....wait'll I get my hat and -

DOORBELL:

MOL: Oh dear.... peek out and see who that is, McGee...

(PAUSE)

FIB: (OFF MIKE) It's Mrs. Uppington!

MOL: I wonder what she wants?

FIB: I dunno, but we might as well invite her in. She'll stand there till the cows come home and I'm in no mood for milkin'. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Well, if it isn't Abigail Uppington...hello, Abigail!

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

FIB: Hiya, Uppy. Take a chair and let your hip-hips hooray.

UPP: Er..thank you no, Mr. McGee. I cawn't stay but a moment. I just wanted to tell you how sorry I was that you couldn't have come to my party lahst night. It was my birthday, you know!

MOL: MCGEE..DID YOU HEAR THAT? YESTERDAY WAS ABIGAIL'S BIRTHDAY! Why, I just can't imagine you a year older, Abigail.

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UPP: Er...thank you.

FIB: Many happy returns, Uppy. Sorry I wasn't there to sample those birthday cakes.

UPP: CAKE. Mr. McGee...there was only one.

MOL: You mean they got all those candles on ONE cake? How old would you say Abigail was, McGee?

FIB: Well, I was lookin' at her reflection in the mirror just now and I'd of said she was about 27 --

UPP: (LAUGHS GAILY) REALLY, MR. MCGEE? ISN'T HE SWEET, MY DEAH? 27!!

FIB: But of course in a mirror everything is reversed, so 27 would really be --

MOL: WELL, I HOPE WE'LL BE ABLE TO COME TO YOUR NEXT PARTY, ABIGAIL...SO MANY OF OUR FRIENDS ARE--

UPP: Oh, that reminds me...speaking of your friends...GUESS who called me up from the railroad station this evening, to say hello!

MOL: NOT OTIS CADWALLADER!!

FIB: Oh my gosh...do I have to hear about him again? Take my advice, Uppy, and don't have anything to do with that lint head! He's poison!

UPP: Well, really, Mr. McGee...I have met Mr. Cadwallader and I consider him a veddy charming gentleman. And from a fine old family, too.

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MOL: I always thought so too, Abigail.

FIB: FINE OLD FAMILY, MY CLAVICLE! THEY'RE SELLIN' HIS FAMILY TREE IN THE PETRIFIED FOREST FOR TWO BITS A HUNK! OTIS IS THE ONLY SAP THAT DIDN'T CONGEAL!

MOL: Now take it easy, McGee...and open the door for Mrs. Uppington. If you MUST go, Abigail.

UPP: Oh yes indeed. I just wanted to say we missed you lahst night.

FIB: Incidentally, Uppy...not that I wanna be inquisitive, but how many candles WERE there on that cake?

UPP: It was strictly in accordance with the conservation program, Mr. McGee...NO ONE, you know, is supposed to go over thirty-five! GOODNIGHT!

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: You know, McGee...I'M very fond of Abigail, in a cautious kind of way. Now that she knows she can't impress me with her diamonds and minks, she's almost human.

FIB: Yeah...remember how she was always kind of incinerating that we were unfit to associate with?

MOL: You mean INSINUATING, dearie.

FIB: I don't either. Insinuating means something that makes something reasonable...like INSINUATING CIRCUMSTANCES.

MOL: THAT'S EXTENUATING.

FIB: Go on...extenuating means stickin' out.

MOL: You're thinking of "EXTENDING".

FIB: WELL THEN, WHAT DOES INCINERATING MEAN?

MOL: Burning.

FIB: That's what I says. SHE ALWAYS HAD ME BURNING THE WAY SHE USED TO INCINERATE THAT WE WEREN'T THE KIND OF PEOPLE THAT-

DOOR OPEN:

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WIL: HELLO, FOLKS...SAY I'VE GOT SOME NEWS FOR YOU!
MOL: You have, Mr. Wilcox? What is it?
FIB: If you mean that new mustache of yours, Junior, it's no news. I saw it last week. Just barely.
MOL: I think it's very becoming, too, Mr. Wilcox.
WIL: Thanks, Molly. But about my news. I was downtown a little while ago to see the Freight Agent about a shipment of Johnson's Self-Polishing Glocoat from Racine, and -
FIB: I'll bet you told him how it was so easy to apply, and saved hours of housework and was particularly important right now when it's our duty to conserve and preserve things, because it gives new life to linoleum and -
MOL: MCGEE, FOR GOODNESS SAKES!
WIL: But he's right, Molly. How'd you know I told the freight agent that, Fibber?
FIB: Oh, you tell everybody. You're a regular old gossip about Glocoat. Can't you think of anything else? Baseball... golf...the latest books...football.
WIL: OH, FOOTBALL! THAT'S FOR ME. FOOTBALL IS MY DISH!
FIB: See, Molly? He has his human side.
MOL: You like football, Mr. Wilcox?
WIL: I LOVE IT. WHY, WHEN THOSE LITTLE TADS COME TROOPING INTO THE HOUSE AFTER AN AFTERNOON OF FOOTBALL IN A DIRTY CORNER LOT, THINK HOW EASY IT IS FOR MOTHER TO SIMPLY WIPE UP THOSE MUDDY FOOTPRINTS WITH A DAMP CLOTH IF THE KITCHEN LINOLEUM HAS BEEN PROTECTED WITH JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT. WHY, I THINK FOOTBALL IS THE GREATEST CHARACTER-BUILDING --
FIB: WHOAAAAAA, Junior...WHOA! ...I'M sorry I brought it up.

MOL: What was this great news you had for us?
WIL: News? OH...well, while I was talking to the freight agent who do you suppose got off the train? OTIS CADWALLADER!
FIB: Cadwallader again! There's a guy I strictly despise, Wilcox.
WIL: You do? I always liked Otis, myself. What's the matter with him?
MOL: Oh, he IS nice. McGee's just jealous of him, Mr. Wilcox.
FIB: DOGGONE IT, I AM NOT JEALOUS! I DON'T LIKE HIM BECAUSE HE'S TOO EGOTISTICAL. ALWAYS TALKIN' ABOUT HIMSELF...IT'S I, I, I, I, I, ALL THE TIME. I don't trust a guy whose I's are so close together.
WIL: Okay...you don't have to like him on my account. I just thought I'd mention seeing him.
MOL: It was nice of you to tell us, Mr. Wilcox. Would you care to go to the movies with us?
WIL: Can't, Molly. Thanks. I'M meeting my wife at the beauty parlor.
MOL: Is she getting a permanent?
WIL: No, she's going to pick me up there. I'M having my mustache trimmed. So long.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: He looks pretty good with a mustache, at that.
MOL: Yes, but I don't know why women like men who wear 'em... Personally, I don't like to be kissed and brushed off at the same time. Now come on, get your hat and let's go.
FIB: Windows all locked?
MOL: Yes, I...Well, maybe I better go and see. Even though our sugar is in the jar marked "SALT," you never can tell when somebody--

DOOR BELL:

MOL: Oh dear - COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

OLD M: HELLO THERE, KIDS...HEY, I JUST SEEN A FRIEND OF YOURS
DOWN TO THE DEPOT. FELLER NAMED CADDIS OATWALLADER, AND--

MOL: Yes, yes, yes...we know, Mr. Old Timer. Thank you just
the same. And his name is Otis Cadwallader.

FIB: His name is mud, for my money. And he's no friend of mine,
Old Timer. I ain't got any use for him.

OLD M: Zat so? Seemed like a genteel young feller to me, Johnny.
Mighty nice-spoken man.

MOL: I always thought so, too.

FIB: SURE HE'S A NICE-SPOKEN GUY! It's always the clunks that
haven't got anything to say that are so careful how they
say it. Gimme a guy that blurts things out.

MOL: That's the kind they gave me.

OLD M: Well, I'M sorry, kids...I knew you knew this feller, so I
thought I'd letcha know.

MOL: It was very nice of you to tell us, Mr. Old Timer. But he
called us up from the station.

FIB: And I hope the thread broke when he tried to pull his
nickel back, too. The cheap, tin-horn, ~~ehowder~~brain.

OLD M: You really got a hate on for him, ain't you, Johnny?

MOL: He gets under McGee's skin, Mr. Old Timer. And if you'll
notice his skin, you can see it's too tight for more than
one person.

OLD M: Heh heh heh...that's pretty awful, daughter...but
the way I heard it is even worse. The way I heered it,
one feller says to tother feller, "SAAAAYYYYYYYYY," he says,
"THAT FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY PROGRAM...IS THAT WEEKLY?"
"WELL," says tother feller, "KINDA". Heh heh heh...just
kiddin' of course, Johnny. Grampa enjoys your show a lot.

FIB: What does your grandfather do, Mr. Old Timer?

OLD M: He's a crystal gazer, daughter.

MOL: You mean he tells fortunes?

OLD M: No no no...he just gazes at his crystal and says, I DON'T
HEAR THESE PROGRAMS AS CLEAR AS I USED TO...MAYBE I BETTER
GIT ME A BATTERY SET! Heh heh heh! ...Well, that Cadwallis-
feller sent his regards, kids! So long, *Kids*

DOOR SLAM:

ORK: "PLEASE WON'T YOU LET MY GIRL ALONE" KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE:

THIRD SPOT

SOUND: (OUT OF APPLAUSE) LOUD KNOCKING AT DOOR:

MOL: Somebody at the door, McGee...we never will get to the movie this way. I wonder who this is.

FIB: Probably some other busybody to tell us they saw old Wormface Cadwallader at the station. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh, Mayor La Trivia!

GALE: Good evening, Mrs. McGee...I won't stay but a minute..I see you were going out. Hello, McGee.

FIB: Hiyah, La Trivia, old man. Come for some advice about running the city? Well, sir, in the first place, our water system is all --

GALE: NO I DON'T NEED ANY OF YOUR ADVICE, MCGEE. I MERELY WANT AN OPINION....

MOL: He's just as free with opinions as he is with advice, Mr. Mayor. Give the Mayor an opinion, McGee.

FIB: Certainly. Now my opinion of our traffic lights, La Trivia is --

GALE: THAT ISN'T WHAT I WANT AN OPINION ON, MCGEE. WOULD IT BE TOO MUCH TO ASK, FOR YOU TO KEEP QUIET A MOMENT?

MOL: What is it, Mr. Mayor?

GALE: I want to start a city-wide, yes, a STATEWIDE campaign against hoarding. I want to tell our citizens that we've got a hard and bitter war ahead of us, and it's got to be one for all and all for one, and not every man for himself!

FIB: That's very good, and my opinion is --

GALE: I WANT TO TELL OUR PEOPLE THAT IT'S NOT ONLY UNPATRIOTIC, BUT DOWNRIGHT STUPID, TO RUSH OUT AND LOAD UP ON THINGS EVERY TIME THERE IS A RUMOR OF A SHORTAGE OR NEWS OF RATIONING. HOARDING SOMETIMES CAUSES SHORTAGES OF THINGS THAT OTHERWISE MIGHT BE PLENTIFUL. IF WE'RE GOING TO DO OUR FAIR SHARE IN THIS FIGHT, WE'VE GOT TO TAKE ONLY OUR FAIR SHARE OF AVAILABLE COMMODITIES.

MOL: I think you're perfectly right Mr. Mayor.

FIB: You think that message up all by yourself, La Trivia?

GALE: Yes I did, McGee...I have a knack for that sort of thing, you know.

MOL: Isn't that wonderful!

GALE: For me, it's quite simple, Mrs. McGee. As easy as kicking a little puppy off the sidewalk.

FIB: WHAT? YOU DID?

GALE: Did what?

MOL: What kind of a puppy was it?

FIB: YOU OUGHTTA BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF, LA TRIVIA. A MAN IN YOUR POSITION...KICKIN' A LITTLE DOG AROUND LIKE THAT!

GALE: I DIDN'T KICK ANY DOG!

MOL: Well, puppy, then. After all a puppy is a dog.

GALE: BUT I DIDN'T KICK ANY PUPPIES. I MERELY USED IT AS AN ILLUSTRATION OF HOW EASY IT WAS TO DO SOMETHING.

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FIB: Well, all I gotta say is, any man who finds it easy to kick a little puppy -

GALE: BUT I DIDN'T KICK ANY PUPPY! THERE WASN'T ANY PUPPY! IT WAS JUST AN EXPRESSION!

MOL: I'll bet his expression was pretty pathetic when you kicked him, too. To me, a man who doesn't love dogs is --

GALE: BUT I DO LOVE DOGS....I HAVE THREE DOGS OF MY OWN. I WOULDN'T HARM THE HAIR OF A DOG'S HEAD!

FIB: We didn't say you kicked him in the head, La Trivia. That would be too brutal even for you. Now we won't report this incident to the S.P.C.A., but in the future, if I ever hear of you kickin' a puppy off the sidewalk --

GALE: I TELL YOU I DIDN'T KICK ANY PUPPY! I AM NOT A MAN WHO GOES ABOUT MISTREATING ANIMALS, AND I -

MOL: Oh so you don't consider kicking a puppy mistreatment.

GALE: OF COURSE IT IS!

FIB: THEN YOU ADMIT IT!

GALE: CERTAINLY...I MEAN NO..I DON'T. I MEAN I ADMIT THAT KICKING A PUPPY IS MISTREATMENT BUT I DON'T ADMIT THAT I EVER DESCENDED TO SUCH A ... (SOFTLY) NEVER MIND! LET ME OUT OF HERE!!!

MOL: Where are you going?

GALE: (SHOUTS) I'M GOING OUT AND FIND A PUPPY AND KICK IT OFF THE SIDEWALK!

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: You think he really is?

FIB: Of course not. La Trivia's a very tender-hearted guy. He wouldn't do that.

MOL: I guess you're right. Now let's go to the movies.
FIB: Aw, we can still get good seats.
MOL: That's what you said last time. And we sat so far back in the balcony, Hopalong Cassidy looked like he was riding a mouse.
FIB: Okay...I'm ready. What night is this at the Bijou? Prosperity Klub, Bingo, Free Dishes, or Door Prize?
MOL: None of 'em. This is the night they have the good picture.
FIB: Oh. Well, let's go. I wanta....

DOORBELL:
MOL: I guess Fate doesn't want us to see a movie tonite. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:
WIMP: Hello, Mrs. McGee. Hello, Mr. McGee.
FIB: HIYAH, WIMP.
MOL: Hello, Mr. Wimple. We were just going out to the movies... would you like to go with us?
WIMP: Oh thank you ever so much, but Sweetface doesn't approve of me going to the movies without her.
FIB: Aw come on. You're of age, Wimp.
MOL: Why does she object, Mr. Wimple?
WIMP: Oh she says I always get into some kind of trouble. Last time I got so excited at a picture I swallowed the prize in my caramel popcorn.
MOL: Heavenly days....what was it?
WIMP: I think it was a little bitty whistle, Mrs. McGee. Because every time I coughed a boy would hand me a newspaper, or a taxicab would pull up. And once a girl slapped my face! Oh was I ever embarrassed, I'll say!

MOL: Look, why don't you call your wife and ask her to go to the movies with us, Mr. Wimple?
WIMP: Oh, thank you, Mrs. McGee, but this is Sweetface's class night. She's teaching a regiment of Commandos how to fight dirty.
FIB: With a knee in your back and a thumb in your eye, eh? Where'd she ever learn those tactics. Wimp?
WIMP: Oh she just picked them up. She goes to all the dollar-day sales. But sayyyyyy, I almost forgot!
MOL: Forgot what, Mr. Wimple?
WIMP: What I came in here for. I met a man at the railroad station who wanted me to give you his regards. His name was Otis -
FIB: CADWALLADER! THAT GUY AGAIN! THAT SNAKE! THAT WEASEL! THAT DIRTY LITTLE SNOB!
WIMP: Oh my goodness. Doesn't he like Mr. Cadwallader, Mrs. McGee?
MOL: What do you think?
FIB: WIMPLE, IF YOU EVER MENTION THAT NINCOMPOOP'S NAME TO ME AGAIN, SO HELP ME, I'LL CHOKE YOU WITH YOUR OWN SPINAL CORD!
WIMP: Just as you say, Sweetfa-...I mean Mr. McGee. But my goodness, what did he ever do to you?
MOL: He didn't do anything, Mr. Wimple. McGee has always been jealous of Otis.
FIB: I AM NOT JEALOUS..I JUST DON'T LIKE HIM. I DESPISE HIM... I HATE HIM!
WIMP: But why?
MOL: I'm beginning to wonder myself, McGee...what IS all this raving and ranting? Why do you hate Otis so much?

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FIB: WELL.....

MOL: Well, what?

FIB: I borrowed ten bucks from him once, and never paid it back.

ORCH: "UNTIL I LIVE AGAIN." FADE FOR -

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY PROGRAM
S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
CLOSING COMMERCIAL
OCTOBER 6, 1942

(2ND REVISION) -26-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WIL: I hear so many women wishing they could be doing something more to help in the war. I usually ask them "Are you feeding your family good nourishing food to keep them healthy and strong for war work. Are you keeping yourself and your home attractive. Are you cooperating with the government in things like salvage, and taking good care of your things? If you are, don't worry -- you're helping a great deal -- because if each of us keeps his own house in order, the whole country moves forward. At this point, may I suggest that one easy way to take better care of your things is by protecting them with Johnson's Wax Polishes. Floors, furniture and woodwork are not only made beautiful, they're actually safeguarded by occasional waxing. Wax your window sills, too, and your shoes and luggage -- in fact, there are over 100 labor-saving uses for Johnson's Wax in your home alone."

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC SWELL - FADE ON CUE)

TAG

FIB: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE JUST GOT A
 WIRE FROM RKO TELLING US THAT OUR
 NEW PICTURE, "HERE WE GO AGAIN," WITH
 EDGAR BERGEN AND CHARLIE MCCARTHY AND
 GILDERSLEEVE AND MRS. UPPINGTON AND
 WALLACE WIMPLE AND GINNY SIMMS WILL
 OPEN AT 9:30 A.M. SATURDAY MORNING,
 OCTOBER TENTH, IN RKO THEATRES.
 TICKETS ARE ON SALE NOW AT RKO THEATRES
 FROM COAST TO COAST.

MOL: MCGEE, DID THEY LEAVE IN THAT JITTERBUG
 DANCE I DID WITH OTIS CADWALLADER?

FIB: CADWALLADER! THAT RAT! THAT DIRTY LITTLE-

MOL: MCGEE!

FIB: Eh?

MOL: Not now..the show's over...

FIB: Oh. Oh yes. Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all!

ORCHESTRA: (CLOSING SIGNATURE) SEGUE (CLOSING THEME) FADE ON CUE:

(APPLAUSE)

WIL: The characters of the Old Timer, and Wallace Wimple, heard
 on this program were played by Bill Thompson. 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. Goodnight. This program has reached you
 from Hollywood. This is the National Broadcasting Company.
 (CHIMES)

A

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

Tuesday - 10/13/42

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