

Written by Don Quinn  
Phil Leslie

(REVISED)

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

(Johnson's Wax)

1943 (24)

NBC-RED 6:30-7:00 P.M. PWT

Tuesday, March 9, 194.

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

ORCH: THEME: (FADE FOR:

WIL: The makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Self-Polishing  
Glocoat present Fibber McGee and Molly, written by Don  
Quinn...with music by the King's Men and Billy Mills'  
Orchestra.

ORCH: "JERICHO" *Hallelujah* FADE FOR COMMERCIAL

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NEC  
MARCH 9, 1943

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WIL: What is it that comes in like a lion and goes out, we hope, like a lamb? (Well, I see you've been reading the weather reports, too.) Yes, March is a changeable old month -- but one thing we can usually count on during these 31 days is wind. And wind brings in the dust and dirt, and you can thank your lucky stars if your floors and furniture are protected with a gleaming coat of JOHNSON'S WAX. Have you ever looked at a particle of dust under a microscope? It usually has jagged edges that actually can do considerable damage to an unprotected surface. So now you know that the primary reason for using genuine JOHNSON'S WAX on your floors, furniture and woodwork is for the protection it gives them. Even if it didn't also save you hours of work, and add beauty to every room in your home, you would still JOHNSON'S WAX these surfaces regularly. Especially today, when it's good for you and good for the country to take extra good care of the things you have.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

(2ND REVISION) -4-

WILCOX: HUMAN BEINGS ARE ALL ACTUATED BY THREE BASIC MOTIVES.  
MONEY, LOVE, AND HUNGER.

THE SQUIRE OF 79 WISTFUL VISTA HASN'T ENOUGH MONEY TO WORRY ABOUT. HE'S HAPPILY MARRIED, BUT HE'S NEVER YET HAD ENOUGH TO EAT. SO HERE, ONE HOUR AFTER LUNCH, HE'S FORTIFYING HIMSELF WITH A GLASS OF MILK AS WE MEET --

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

CLINK OF GLASS:

MOL: Don't forget to put that bottle back in the refrigerator, McGee.

FIB: No rush. I may want another glass. They say milk is good for the teeth.

MOL: I don't know why...you don't have to chew it.

FIB: That isn't the idea. The idea is that milk is full of calsumine and calsumine builds up your teeth.

MOL: You don't mean calsumine. You mean calomel.

FIB: I do not. A calomel is one of them things you'd walk a mile for.

MOL: That's a Camel.

FIB: Then what's calsumine?

MOL: Calsumine is what you paint walls with and our garage really needs it.

FIB: THAT'S WHAT I BEEN SAYIN'. THAT'S A JOB I CAN REALLY GET MY TEETH INTO. (CLINK) Hey, did you ever read this stuff on the side of the milk bottle?

MOL: I only read the cap, like a girl looking over her shoulder at a sailor.....to see if it's going to be fresh.

FIB: Well, listen to this. It says: "WISTFUL VISTA DAIRY COMPANY MARVELOUS MILK FROM HAPPY HOLSTEINS. YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO VISIT OUR BEAUTIFUL SANITARY DAIRIES, JUST TEN MINUTES FROM WISTFUL VISTA. VISITING DAYS, TUESDAY AND FRIDAYS." This is Tuesday, isn't it?

MOL: If it isn't, we're doing this for our own amusement. Why?

FIB: Well, why don't we go out and visit the dairy? I think it'd be pretty impolite if we didn't.

MOL: Why impolite?

FIB: We been takin' milk from this dairy for eight years now. Invitation on every bottle. That means they've invited us every week for 416 weeks. Pretty bad manners to ignore an invitation that long. I'll bet they got some beautiful cows out there, too.

MOL: Do they still use cows? I thought everything was done by electricity now.

FIB: Sure they still got cows. They just MILK 'em by electricity. Besides, I think we owe it to ourselves to check up on the source of the place where we been gettin' our milk from.

MOL: Oh, I don't know...just because you buy a wool sweater doesn't mean you have to go shake hands with a sheep. BUT...if you insist on going, dearie...I'll tag along.

FIB: Oh swell. We can hop on a bus and -

DOOR CHIME:

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DOOR CHIME:

OL: See who that is, McGee. I've got a hairnet on.  
IB: It's Mrs. Uppington. Probably on her way to the Red Cross  
to see if they can use some blue blood. And don't worry  
about your hair. Hers looks awful with that hyena rinse.  
OL: It's HENNA.  
IB: On her it's hyena. COME IN!  
DOOR OPEN:  
OL: Ah hello, Abigail. This IS a surprise!  
PP: How do you do, my deah. AND MR. MCGEE.  
IB: Hiyah, Uppy. Take a chair. The finance company just  
took the piano.  
PP: er.....Thank you. Tell me, Mrs. McGee....would you like  
to go shopping with me this afternoon? I am so tired of  
staying home, I am going to have a wild fling.....a mad  
spree to spend coupon 17.  
OL: Oh, I'M sorry, Abigail, but I promised McGee to go with  
him out to the Wistful Vista Dairy.  
IB: We been invited, Uppy. Care to come along? We could pool  
the ride and all go in your car. Whaddye say, kid?  
PP: I'M sorry, Mr. McGee. The prospect of inspecting a dairy  
is a trifle too bucolic for my tastes.  
IB: OH YOU'RE WRONG ABOUT THAT, UPPY. THEY'RE REAL SANITARY.  
I'LL BET THEY HAVEN'T HAD A SERIOUS CASE OF BUCOLIC FOR  
YEARS.  
OL: Bucolic means rural, dearie. Abigail means she'd rather  
have a Jersey with two arms than one with four legs.  
IB: I think you're takin' the wrong altitude, Uppy. If it  
wasn't for cows, where'd you get your milk and cream  
and butter and eggs?

MOL: EGGS COME FROM CHICKENS, MCGEE.  
FIB: Sure, but the milk man delivers 'em. I think you're  
just tryin' to live down your past, Uppy. I'll bet you  
were born on a farm.  
UPP: I WAS NOT BORN ON A FARM, MR. MCGEE. I was born and  
brought up on my father's plantation in Alabama.  
MOL: Tobacco?  
UPP: No thank you. Not now.  
FIB: Molly means was it a tobacco plantation, Uppy? Or did  
you-all tota dat ole cotton down to de levee, honey chile?  
UPP: Don't be ridiculous, Mr. McGee. We raised thorobred  
horses....our plantation was in the Blue Grass country.  
MOL: I thought the Blue Grass country was in Kaintucky.  
UPP: Of course....our mansion and stables were in Alabama....  
but our pasture land was in Kentucky. It was a very  
large plantation.  
FIB: It must of been, Uppy. House in Alabama and pasture land  
in Kentucky. How'd you get past Tennessee...dig a  
tunnel?  
UPP: DO YOU MEAN TO TELL ME, MR. MCGEE, THAT ALABAMA DOES NOT  
ADJOIN KENTUCKY?  
MOL: No, Abigail...Tennessee is in between.  
UPP: Indeed! We always wondered what kept our horses so thin.  
It must have been that long walk back to the barn, every  
night.  
FIB: Ever have a derby winner, Uppy?

UPP: No, Mr. McGee. Father would never try for it. He said what was the use of winning it - he wouldn't wear one to a dog-fight. Ahh, those were the wonderful days...on the old plantation...I can shut my eyes now...and imagine I smell the Oleanders.

MOL: The oleanders?

UPP: Yes...the Oleanders lived next door to us. They kept goats. Well, if you cawn't go with me, Mrs. McGee, I must be running along. Good day, my deah. AND MR. MCGEE!..

FIB: Eh?

UPP: I do hope you'll find your visit most interesting. You'll find it fascinating to learn how they estimate the butter.....fat.

DOOR SLAM:

ORGH: "TAKING A CHANCE ON LOVE"

APPLAUSE:

SECOND SPOT:

FIB: Come on, Molly. Lock up the house and let's go. I'M anxious to go out and visit that dairy.

MOL: I think this is one of your sillier impulses, McGee. My goodness, I saw enough cows on the farm when I was a girl.

FIB: Did you really? I'd forgotten about that.

MOL: Don't you remember those two beautiful little calves I used to have?

FIB: You still got 'em, too, baby! When your calves trot by, all the drugstore cowboys reach for their branding irons.

MOL: Oh stop it! And get your hat and coat. If you insist on this ridiculous expedition, I --

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: Ah fer the...COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: WELL HEAVENLY DAYS...ROSITA!

ROSIE: Buenas dias, senor y senora! Como esta ustedede?

FIB: You betcha, sis! Coma tally voo ah joor dwee?

ROSIE: Perdonni mi, senor..pero que signifie "tally voo"?

FIB: I'M fine, thanks. (ASIDE) You'll excuse us, Molly, if we speak Spanish.

MOL: Oh, don't mind me, dearie. But how did you get to be such a linguist?

FIB: I been brushin' up on it. AH-TAHN-DAY, ROSITA, MON JUNE FILLEY, AH-VAY VOO OON FEW MINUTES TO SQUATTAY ET PARLAY

(PAUSE)

MOL: From her expression, dearie, I'd say that parlay didn't pay off...are you sure that's Spanish you're speaking?

SECOND SPOT:

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FIB: It ain't pig latin. LOOK, ROSITA!

ROSIE: Si sonor? (IN SPANISH) I am sorry to be so stupid, but I can't understand a word you are saying.

MOL: What'd she say, McGee?

FIB: I could only get a word here and there. I think she wants to know who does our laundry.

MOL: Oh, I do everything but the flat-work myself, Rosita.

ROSIE: I think maybe it is better we speak English, no? My English is nothing to send a letter home to talk about it, but the Spanish of Senor McGee is not here some more.

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, MY SPANISH ISN'T HERE ANY MORE?

ROSIE: I mean it is go away. It is not on the earth. IT IS OUT OF THEES WORLD!

MOL: It certainly is, dearie. WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN STUDYING SPANISH, MCGEE?

FIB: I picked up a phrase book. "How to Make Yourself Understood In Monte Carlo".

ROSIE: But senor....In Monte Carlo it is mostly French they speak.

FIB: IT IS? WELL WHADDYE KNOW! Sorry Rosita.

ROSIE: Oh it is nothing, senor. Don't give it a think.

MOL: How is your brother Carlos, Rosita?

ROSIE: Oh Carlos is muy bueno, Senora. He is flewing his areoplano next week down to Sud America to speak on the radio from Quito, Ecuador. Station (IN SPANISH) H C J B. He is tell how he is enjoy being in the Estado Unidos del Norte.

(REVISED)

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FIB: The Estados Unidos, eh? Like to go there myself sometime. Mighty pretty country, they tell me.

MOL: The Estados Unidos is the United States, McGee. Even I know that much.

ROSIE: Si, Senora, I love the United States. It is a SO friendly. Everybody whistles at me and wants to know what I am doing tonight, baby.

FIB: Don't pay any attention to those wolves, Rosita. Give 'em the brush!

ROSIE: Oh, but senior, there are so many of him. If I give every one a brush, it will cost mucho dinero.

MOL: He means just ignore them, Rosita. Give them the icy stare.

ROSITA: (LAUGHS) Oh, senora, I think that is very good advice. Then when he follows me home, he slips on those icy stairs and breaks his cabeza, no?

FIB: That's the rough idea, Rosita.

ROSIE: I think it is a very rough idea, tambien.

MOL: Well, I'm glad you like living up here, Rosita. Does your brother Carlos like it, too?

ROSIE: Oh, si, senora. Though once upon a time he gets a little seasick to go home. But mostly he gets a big boom out of it.

FIB: You mean a bang!

ROSIE: Si, senior. Well, I am going home muy pronto. I was only dropping in for a few minutes because I was passing out.

FIB: PASSING OUT! You mean BY.

ROSIE: By?

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MOL: By.

ROSIE: By by!

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: You'd better stick to your broken English after this, McGee. As a gay caballero, you're strictly from Peoria.

FIB: Well, you gotta gimme A for effort. NOW COME ON, I WANNA GET DOWN TO THE DAIRY. Are the doors locked?

MOL: Yes.

FIB: Well, come on.

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE: FOOTSTEPS ON PORCH...ON SIDEWALK

MOL: How do we get there, McGee?

FIB: Better take the bus, I guess. It's way out past the city limits.

MOL: I thought they said it was only ten minutes from Wistful Vista.

FIB: It is...by rocket ship, or one minute by television. Don't mean anything. It's like they always say "A stone's throw from the station". If you could throw a stone that far, you'd be pitchin' for Brooklyn. Anyway, I -

OLD TIMER: (FADE IN) WELL, HELLO THERE, KIDS...GLAD TO SEE YOU. YOU KNOW THE KID HERE, SKIPPY WILCOX?

MOL: Yes we do, Mr. Old Timer. Hello, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: Hello, Molly, Hiyah, pal.

FIB: Hi, Skippy. What are you two guys up to, besides no good?

OLD M: He's givin' me some advice about married life, Johnny. Me and Bessie are gonna take the plunge any day now, and I didn't wanna git into double harness without knowin' where the buckles were.

MOL: And just how do you qualify as an expert on matrimony, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Who, me? Well, in the first place, I'M happily married myself...

FIB: Maybe you are, but is your wife?

OLD M: Sure she is, Johnny. I checked up on that. I asked her if she was happy with Skippy here, and she says he's positively the SWEETEST man that ever lived...

WIL: Aww, gee whizz...did she really say that?

MOL: What advice did you give the Old Timer, Mr. Wilcox?

FIB: Not that he's gonna take it.

OLD M: Tell the kids what you told me about Johnson's Self Polishing Glocoat, Skippy. About how you just pour a few drops out on your linoleum and spread it around without any rubbin' or buffin' and how it shines as it dries to a beautiful wax finish and makes the linoleum last almost indefinite, and how spots and footprints wipe right off it with a damp cloth. Tell 'em about that.

FIB: Yes, do, Wilcox. I love that proud, tender look you get in your eyes when you give out about Glocoat.

WIL: Whaddye want me to do...CRY? Come on, Old Timer, let's finish our walk.

OLD M: BUT SKIPPY, YOU DIDN'T TELL 'EM ABOUT HOW JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT SEALS LINOLEUM AGAINST DUST AND DAMPNES AND MAKES THE KITCHEN MORE SANITARY AND CLEAN AND -

WIL: AW, THEY'VE HEARD IT. COME ON!

FIB: Did you tell the Old Timer how Bessie can protect her antiques, Wilcox?

OLD M: Bessie ain't got any antiques, Johnny.

MOL: She's getting one.

OLD M: Eh? Oh. AHM. COME ON, SKIPPY. LET'S GO. So long kids.

FIB: So long, Old Timer. So long Junior.

WIL: See you later, folks. (FADE OUT) Now another thing you can do for Bessie, Old Timer, is teach her to conserve, and the best way to conserve is to protect.....

MOL: Listen to him, McGee! He's going to pump the Old Timer so full of Glocoat he'll shine in the dark.

FIB: You know what Wilcox does before he goes to bed at night? He kneels down on the linoleum and bows to the floor three times, facing Racine, Wisconsin. (BUS FADE IN SLIGHTLY) That guys is the greatest --

MOL: Here comes our bus, McGee...WHISTLE AT IT!

FIB: You know I can't whistle...you whistle!

MOL: (WHISTLES THRU HER TEETH)

SOUND: MOTOR UP AND DOWN WITH HISS OF AIR BRAKES: DOOR OPENS.

FIB: In you go, Molly, WISTFUL VISTA DAIRY, DRIVER!

DOOR SHUT: MOTOR UP WITH HORN....FADE INTO -

ORCH: WILLIAM TELL: FADE BACK FOR -

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MOTOR IN: UP AND DOWN WITH HISS OF AIR BRAKES: DOOR OPENS: DOOR

SHUT: MOTOR UP AND FADE OUT:

MOL: Well, here we are, McGee...isn't that a beautiful dairy?  
What a handsome building!

FIB: It oughtta be. For what we've paid out for milk in the  
last eight years, they could have Henry Wallace in there  
pitchin' hay. Talk about -

TEE: (FADE IN) Kitty, kitty, kitty!!...here kitty!!...here  
kitty!!....

FIB: WELL, I'LL BE A...HEY MOLLY, LOOK WHO'S HERE. HIYAH, SIS!

TEE: Hi, mister. Hi, Miz McGee.

FIB: You're a long way from home, sis.

MOL: Did I hear you calling your kitty, little girl?

LEE: Sure you did, I betcha. She's lost.

FIB: How did you happen to come clear out here to look for her?

TEE: She rides out here on the milkwagon, mister. HERE KITTY  
KITTY KITTY... HERE EDWARD!!! HERE KITTY KITTY KITTY! Gee  
I wonder where she is!

FIB: You wonder where SHE is!

MOL: I thought your kitty's name was Edward.

FIB: Edward's a BOYS name, sis.

TEE: I know it. But I got her when she was just a lil pussy  
cat and I named her Edward on account of I didn't know  
then if it was a female or a shemale. HERE EDWARD!!!...  
HERE KITTY KITTY KITTY!!!!!!

FIB: Pardon the personal question, sis, but is Edward a mother?

TEE: Boy is Edward ever a mother! I'll say she is, mister. She  
was a mother five times at once last week, I betcha.

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FIB: Oh, quintuplets!

TEE: No, just kittens. HERE KITTY KITTY KITTY...HERE EDWARD!!

FIB: You know, I think I've seen that cat around the  
neighborhood, Molly. Has it only got one ear, sis?

TEE: Sure....that's Edward all right. She got in a fight with  
Miz Uppington's dog, and he chewed her ear off.

FIB: She lost her ear in a fight, eh?

TEE: No, she didn't lose it. She knew where it went. HERE  
EDWARD!!! HERE KITTY KITTY KITTY!!!

FIB: I'M sorry we can't stay and help you locate your missing  
mouse-hound, sis. But we gotta go inspect the creamery.

TEE: Oh that's okay, mister. Edward was probably home long  
ago. HERE EDWARD!!!...HERE EDWARD!! HERE KITTY KITTY  
KITTY!!

FIB: Hey, wait a minute!

MOL: If you think Edward has gone home why are you still  
looking for her?

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FIB: Yeah....  
TEE: It's my mamma's birthday tomorrow. HERE EDWARD!..HERE  
EDW-  
FIB: BE QUIET A MINUTE, SIS. WHAT'S YOUR MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY  
GOT TO DO WITH YOUR HOLLERIN' FOR A CAT THAT AIN'T HERE?  
TEE: Well, people are always sorry for a little girl that's  
lost her kitty and somebody is always giving me a dollar  
to get a new one and last week I made four dollars and if  
I have any luck today I can get my mamma something nice  
for her birthday... HERE KITTY KITTY KITTY....HERE  
EDWARD...(FADE OUT) HERE EDWARD...HERE KITTY.....

ORCH: "WELL I SWAN" -- KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE

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THIRD SPOT

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MOL: Well, I think we've looked at the outside of the building  
long enough, McGee. Let's go inside.

FIB: Okay.

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

VIR: How do you do. Could I do something for you?

MOL: We've come to visit the dairy.

VIR: I beg your pardon?

FIB: WE COME TO LOOK THE JOINT OVER SIS. LIKE IT SAYS ON THE  
BOTTLES.

VIR: I..er..I'M afraid I don't understand.

MOL: The invitation...on the milk bottles....we took you up on  
it.

VIR: You,..er..took me up on a milk bottle?

FIB: LOOK, SIS...I HOPE THIS OUTFIT ISN'T GONNA WELSH ON A  
INVITATION. Lemme show you. You gotta milk bottle around  
here?

VIR: No sir. I'M afraid not. The bottling department is in  
Building G, on the south side of the quadrangle, just  
past the employes stadium.

MOL: Let us talk to one of the officers. We'll soon straighten  
this out.

VIR: Sorry, the only officer here is the President of the  
Company...Mr. Waterman.

FIB: Well, tell him he's gotta couple of guests out here, Sis.  
We wanna see him.

VIR: Certainly sir...what was it about?

MOL: IT'S ABOUT VISITING THE DAIRY. IT SAYS ON ALL YOUR MILK BOTTLES TO COME OUT ANY TUESDAY OR FRIDAY AND INSPECT THE DAIRY.

VIR: It does...really? How did you ever happen to notice it?

FIB: Look, sis..all we wanna do is look around...and see the cows and stuff. Any objection?

VIR: Why, no...I don't believe so sir. Just step this way. I'll show you how to get to the cow's quarters. (FADE) I shall inform President Waterman that you are here...I'M sure he will.....

ORCH: SNEAK IN WITH WILLIAM TELL...UP AND OUT: WITH COW MOO:

FIB: Boy, they sure got a lotta livestock here, haven't they, Molly. Wonderful cows, too. See those black and white ones. Those are Jerseys.

MOL: I thought the black and white ones were Holsteins.

FIB: No, Jerseys. Holsteins are red. The tan ones are Poland-Chinas. AND LOOK AT THAT ONE OVER THERE! THERE'S AS FINE A EXAMPLE OF COWHOOD AS I EVER SAW. LOOK AT THAT INTELLIGENT HEAD!! THE SOFT BROWN EYES!! THE STRAIGHT LINE OF THE BACK!! WHAT AN ANIMAL! HEY, BUD....

VOICE: OFF MIKE: Yes, sir?

FIB: WHAT KIND OF A COW IS THAT ONE IN THE FOURTH STALL OVER THERE?

VOICE: That is one of our delivery horses, sir.

FIB: Eh? Oh!

MOL: Well, I'M glad there's ONE intelligent animal around here,  
if it's only a horse. I wonder if....

LOUD ALARM BELL: OUT:

VOICE: FLY IN STALL 22!

VOICE #2: (OFF MIKE) FLY IN STALL 22!

VOICE #3: (VERY FAINT) FLY IN STALL 22! STAND BY!

VOICE #2: STANDBY!

VOICE #1: STANDBY!

PAUSE: SOUND: SHOT! ALARM BELL. UP AND OUT:

VOICE #3: ALL CLEAR!

VOICE #2: ALL CLEAR!

VOICE #3: ALL CLEAR!

MOL: Heavenly days...what elaborate precautions. Was there  
really a fly in stall 22, attendant?

ATT: No, madam. That was just our afternoon fly drill.

FIB: Thanks, bud. What would happen if a cat wandered in here?

ATT: That could never happen, sir. We have electric eyes at  
all entrances to intercept cats. They are then given a  
mild electric shock, automatically picked up and placed on  
a chute, slid down to the street level where they are  
given two sardines and handed over to the Humane Society.  
Some of them try to get in just to ride down the chute and  
get the Sardines. Now if you'll excuse me, sir, I must  
give some of the cows their sun lamp.

MOL: What a place. I'M glad we came, McGee.

FIB: No, too. I never would of -

ORCHESTRA: SNEAK IN SOFTLY WITH "HEARTS AND FLOWERS"...FADE DOWN

BEHIND --

MOL: My goodness..what's the music for, McGee?

FIB: ~~That office girl probably told the President of the company~~  
he had guests. HEY, BUD!

VOICE: SIR?

MOL: Is that music on account of us being visitors here?

MAN: No madam. We always turn the radio on at milking time. It stimulates production. The cows in this section like sentimental music.

FIB: I see. Mooooooooooooed music.

MAN: Yes sir. In Barn 13 they prefer dance music, and in Barn 21 we give them news commentators. (LAUGHS) We call that our H. V. KALTEN-BARN.

MOL: What do you give the calves...the Quiz Kids?

FIB: Boy they sure got things worked out around here. I never saw such a ---

GIRL: (FADE IN) HERE THEY ARE, MR. WATERMAN. I BET YOUR PARDON, BUT I DON'T BELIEVE I GOT YOUR NAMES.

MOL: Mr. and Mrs. McGee.

GIRL: Thank you. Mr. and Mrs. McGee, allow me to present Mr. Waterman, president of the dairy.

FIB: Hiyah, bud.

MOL: How do you do, I'M sure.

BRYAN: (TREMULOUSLY) How do you do...is it true what my secretary tells me? That you came all the way out here to see us, because of that...that invitation printed on our bottles?

FIB: It's a fact, Waterman, old man.

MOL: But why are you so disturbed, Mr. Waterman...didn't ... didn't you want us to come out....

BRYAN: Oh my dear..my dear!..you don't know what this means to me...This is the greatest day of my life, I do believe... (SHAKILY) Yes...I...I do believe it is!

FIB: Why...why what's the matter, bud?

BRYAN: (BREAKING UP) OH, I'M SO HAPPY...SO VERY, VERY HAPPY! (STARTS TO CRY)

MOL: Oh dear...

BRYAN: (CRYING) FOR TWENTY-TWO YEARS WE HAVE BEEN PRINTING THAT INVITATION ON OUR BOTTLES...AND NO ONE...NO ONE, HAS EVER COME OUT TO SEE US BEFORE!!!! OH, I'M SO HAPPY!!!! (BAWLS LOUDELY)

FIB: Well for God's sake!

GIRL: "EVERYTHING I'VE GOT IS YOURS" - FADE FOR --

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY  
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC  
MARCH 9, 1943

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WIL: Have you noticed when your friends drop in for a little visit in the evening, how often you all end up back in the kitchen? There's something very cozy about a little snack with neighbors and friends -- even if coffee and other things are rationed. One thing you can still do -- you can keep your linoleum floors looking their best at small cost and with very little work -- by using JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO COAT. Then when your friends drop in, you can lead them proudly to your kitchen. Of course, it isn't just for looks or beauty alone that millions of housewives GLO-COAT their linoleum floors -- it's because JOHNSON'S GLO COAT actually makes linoleum wear 6 to 10 times longer -- and in these times that would send any careful homemaker to her dealer with a little slip of paper that reads - Don't forget JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO COAT. In case there's anybody that doesn't already know it, GLO-COAT needs no rubbing or buffing -- it shines as it dries.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

(2ND REVISION) -26-

TAG GAG

FIB: You know, Molly, that's a great idea - the printin' on that milk bottle. They got somethin' there.

MOL: Yes - it's only been on there eight years, and you've discovered it already.

FIB: Well, just the same, it's a great idea. Why, if it wasn't for advertisin' where'd we be right now?

MOL: Back in Peoria. Listening to the radio.

FIB: Huh? Oh...Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight all. (APPLAUSE)

ORCH: (CLOSING SIGNATURE)

WIL: The character of the Old Timer, heard on this program was played by Bill Thompson. This is Harlow Wilcox, speaking for the makers 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)