

11/5/46

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REFUSED

WRITERS: Don Quinn  
Phil Leslie

FIBBER MCGEE  
&  
MOLLY

(Johnson's Wax)

Racine, Wisconsin.

Number Six

1 WILCOX: From Racine Wisconsin and the makers of Johnson Wax Products  
 2 for home and industry, we bring you --  
 3 "FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!"  
 4 ORCH: THEME - FADE FOR --  
 5 WIL: ABOUT 70 MILES NORTH OF CHICAGO, IS THE PLEASANT CITY OF RACINE  
 6 WISCONSIN, POPULATION 70 THOUSAND, WHOSE PRINCIPAL INDUSTRIES  
 7 INCLUDE JOHNSON'S WAX, JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLOCOAT, JOHNSON'S  
 8 CAR NU, JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX, JOHNSON'S *the newest item*  
 9 FIB: Hey, Waxey....IXNAY!! IXNAY THE UGPLAY!  
 10 WIL: Okay. ANYWAY, AS WE STAND IN THE RAILROAD STATION IN THE PLEASANT  
 11 CITY OF RACINE, A TRAIN IS PULLING IN, BRINGING TWO PEOPLE FOR  
 12 A VISIT TO THE FACTORY WHERE THEY MAKE JOHNSON'S WAX, JOHNSON'S  
 13 SELF POLISHING GLOCOAT, JOHNSON'S CAR-NU, JOHNSON'S CREA---  
 14 MOL: Mr. Wilcox....PLEASE!  
 15 WIL: Okay. SO WE FIND TWO PEOPLE.  
 16 GUESS WHO.!!!  
 17 APPLAUSE:  
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-3- (2nd Revision)

SOUND: TRAIN FADE IN; BELL RINGING, OUT WITH STEAM HISS. FADE FOR-

FIB: Hey Conductor, is this Racine?

COND: Yes sir. Racine, Wisconsin, where they make Johnson's Wax, Johnson's Self Polishing Glocoat, Johnson's Car-Nu, Johnson's Cream Wa---

MOL: YES YES YES...WE KNOW! THANK YOU! Come on, McGee...bring the suitcases.

FIB: You bring the suit cases, kiddo. I gotta carry this heavy bowling ball.

MOL: BOWLING BALL! WHY DID YOU LUG THAT THING ALL THIS WAY?

FIB: Well, I heard they got a great bowling team at the wax works, and I thought I'd show 'em a thing or three.

MOL: BUT WHY BRING A BALL? DOES FRANK BUCK CARRY HIS OWN ELEPHANTS?

FIB: I don't know, is he a republican too? Well, let's go baby....

MOL: Wait a minute...where is Doctor Gamble?

FIB: He got off the other end. This is one of them new trains... it stops at both ends. WATCH THOSE STEPS NOW.....

FOOTSTEPS ON METAL....ON CEMENT

MOL: I wonder where we can get a taxicab to the wax factory....oh there 's one....YOO HOOO....TAXI!!!

FIB: HEY BUD!! CUSTOMERS!

MAN: Sorry, Mac. This cab is engaged.

MOL: Isn't that nice! We hope it will be very happy.

-4- (2nd Revision)

FIB: Look, bud, we gotta get out to the Johnson's Wax factory and -

WIL: (FADE IN) HELLO THERE MOLLY HELLO, PAL....I'VE BEEN TRYING TO FIND YOU. WELCOME TO RACINE!

MOL: Thank you, Mister Wilcox.

FIB: Hiyah, Junior. Hey, how can we get out to the plant?

WIL: I'll take you. This is my taxicab right here.

MOL: Really? Who's the man you have driving it for you?

WIL: He's a distant brother of mine. Here...let me take those bags.

FIB: Careful of that grass suitcase, Junior. I just had it re-sodded.

CAR DOOR: OPEN AND CLOSE:

MOL: You know the way to the factory, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Sure....HEY DRIVER...TAKE WISCONSIN TO FRANKLIN, OVER TO HOWE, LEFT ON MARQUETTE AND WEST TO TAYLOR, UNDER THE VIADUCT AND CROSS THE TRACKS, THEN TURN SHARP RIGHT, AND EAST ON 16TH, PAST THE DELICATESSEN TO 14TH AND OAK.

SOUND: MOTOR UP AND FADE UNDER --

MOL: My goodness, Mr. Wilcox...you certainly know this town, don't you? Did you live here?

WIL: Oh I've been here a couple of times.

FIB: That all? How'd you learn the town?

WIL: I have a map of Racine at home. When other fellows are out dancing and frittering away the golden hours, I'm home studying my map of Racine. It's...it's kind of like Napoleon in exile, marking a map of his beloved France.

MOL: In the first place Napoleon was a Corsican, and in the second place he couldn't mark a map because he always had one hand in his vest.

WIL: Well, Gee, I...HEY, WHAT'S IN THAT BAG, PAL? You taken up head-hunting?

MOL: It's his bowling ball, Mr. Wilcox. He heard the Johnson Wax employes had a fine bowling team.

WIL: Oh they have. And a girl's softball team...tennis teams, golf teams...all kinds of athletics.

FIB: They make wax, too, or are they too busy?

WIL: (INDIGNANT) DO THEY MAKE WAX!! WHY THE PRODUCTION FIGURES FOR 1945 WERE --

MOL: Never mind, Mr. Wilcox. We know they're getting along all right. And this Sixtieth Anniversary is -

FIB: HEY, THAT REMINDS ME! THIS SIXTIETH ANNIVERSARY STUFF. MY GOSH, DON'T THEY REALIZE --

SOUND: BRAKE SCREECH.....CAR STOP.

MAN: Johnson Wax factory. Largest wax manufacturers in the world. Makers of Johnson's Wax, Johnson's Self-Polishing Glocoat, Johnson's Car Nu, Johnson's -

MOL: OH FOR GOODNESS SAKES ..WE KNOW ALL THAT! Come on, McGee.

WIL: How much we owe you, driver?

MAN: Nothing sir. Business has been good today, and your fares would put me in another tax bracket.

CAR UP AND OUT FAST.

FIB: That's funny...you never think of a guy in a Yellow being in the Red.

MOL: OH MCGEE....LOOK...ISNT THAT A BEAUTIFUL BUILDING!!

WIL: That's the Johnson Wax Administration building, Molly. Frank Lloyd Wright designed it.

FIB: FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT!! THE AIRPLANE INVENTOR?

MOL: No dearie...that was Harold Bell Wright. Frank Lloyd Wright is the great modern architect.

FIB: Oh yeah...isn't he the guy that designs waterfalls running thru your living room and tornadoes thru your checkbook?

WIL: Let me tell you something about this building, kids. In the first place...no windows.

MOL: NO WINDOWS! Heavenly days, in that case, you can't sit in a draft, catch a cold and take five days off.

WIL: It's air conditioned winter and summer.

FIB: HEY..LETS GO IN, JUNIOR...I WANNA CONTACT THE CAPTAIN OF THE BOWLING TEAM...

WIL: Wait a minute...a few more facts about this building. It's one of the most unusual in America. The dendriform pylons -

MOL: WHAT'S THAT?

FIB: Watch your language, Waxey!

WIL: Dendriform pylons are pillars shaped like golf tees. Used in this building for the first time. In here we have a cafeteria, a moving picture theatre, a --

MOL: MCGEE...LOOK....THERE'S MAYOR LA TRIVIA!!! HELLO YOUR HONOR.!!

GALE: (FADE IN) Hello, Molly. Hello, McGee. And how are you, Harlow?

AD LIB HELLOFS.

GALE: Have you been thru this building? Simply amazing! See that huge framework over there? That's gonna be the finest wax research laboratory in the world! A 16 story glass tower.

FIB: A GLASS RESEARCH LABORATORY? THAT'S THE SILLIEST THING I EVER HEARD. HOW CAN YOU KEEP ANY SECRETS IN A GLASS LABORATORY?

MOL: Have you been thru the whole factory, Mr. Mayor?

GALE: Oh yes...I've seen them making Johnson's Wax, Johnson's Self-Polishing Glocoat, Johnson's Car Nu, Johnson's Cream Wax, Johnson's --

FIB: OKAY OKAY OKAY.!!! GLOSS OVER THAT PART.

WILL: Incidentally, what are you doing in Racine, Mayor La Trivia?

GALE: I received an invitation to the Sixtieth Anniversary celebra----

FIB: NOW JUST A DARN MINUTE, LA TRIV! THIS SIXTIETH ANNIVERSARY STUFF HAS GOT ME CONFUSED. I DON'T --

MOL: McGee..quit interrupting! One of these days you'll be arrested for breaking and entering a conversation.

FIB: Well, gee whizz, this sixtieth anniv--

GALE: AS I WAS SAYING. I MAY BE CHASING A WILD GOOSE, OF COURSE, BUT I AM GOING TO MAKE AN EFFORT TO HAVE THE JOHNSON WAX COMPANY MOVE TO WISTFUL VISTA.

WIL: You'll have to talk fast, brother. They're settled in here like Sidney Greenstreet in a tight armchair! (FADE) Well, come on in to Mr. Johnson's office as soon as you can, folks.

MOL: All right, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: So you're tryin' to get 'em to move the factory to Wistful Vista. Eh, La Triv?

GALE: Yes, This is the sort of business we need in Wistful Vista. Not only do they make one of the finest products in the world, but it's the kind of responsible business management that has made this country what it is. Personally, I'm getting a little weary of sneers at capitalism. (MORE)

GALE: (CONT) It's made this country great, and if some monkeys don't throw wrenches in the gears, it can make it greater.

MOL: I hope the FCC isn't listening. I'll bet this is the first half-hour commercial ever on the air!

FIB: Look, La Triv...aside from getting an invitation to this so-called Sixtieth anniversary, Racine is kinda outa your territory, ain't it?

GALE: Well, I had to go to New York anyway, so I merely added Racine to my itinerary.

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS, ARE YOU AN ITINERANT, MR. MAYOR? MCGEE, SLIP THE MAYOR SOME MONEY TO EAT ON.

GALE: I BEG YOUR PARDON. I AM NOT AN ITINERANT!

FIB: But you just said --

GALE: I REALIZE, THAT NOT HAVING HAD THE ADVANTAGES OF A COLLEGE EDUCATION, YOU ARE SLIGHTLY NON CAMPUS MENTIS, BUT FOR YOUR INFORMATION THE WORD "ITINERARY", means A SCHEDULE OF TRAVEL.

MOL: But you can't travel without money, your honor. Now you just swallow your pride and let us lend you a few dollars.

GALE: I DON'T WANT A FEW DOLLARS!!!

FIB: WELL HOW MUCH DO YOU WANT, DAD RAT IT? MY GOSH, IF YOUR GONNA HOLD OUR FOR A THOUSAND BUCKS O R SOMETHING, WE DON'T --

GALE: PLEASE.!!! I DON'T WANT A THOUSAND DOLLARS...I DON'T WANT ANY MONEY.....I HAVE MONEY.

MOL: Well then why pose as an itinerant, Mr. Mayor?

FIB: Travelling under false pretenses, eh? Pocket fulla dough and probably rode the rods all the way from Wistful Vista. A man in your position, La Trivia, --

-9- (2nd Revision)

GALE: I AM NOT A MAN IN MY POSITION!! .. I MEAN, I AM NOT FALSING UNDER TRAVEL PRETEN---LOOK!! WHEN I SAID I WAS AN ITINERARY...

ER...AN INTIMIGRINT....ER..I DIDN'T MEAN --

MOL: Now now now...let's keep this under control, Mr. Mayor.

Let's not get excited.

FIB: My gosh, if we can't help a friend out with a little money -

GALE: DON'T BE MONEY...I DON'T NEED YOUR FUNNY...ER ....DON'T BE

FUNNY, I DON'T NEED NUNNY...ER MONEY....IF I NEEDED ANY

MONDAY...ER..WHAT IS THIS, TUESDAY?LOOK!! WHEN I SAID I

HAD AN ITIMERARY...ER...TIPPERARY....THERE WAS NO SUCH...

I DIDN'T...YOU...WE...I...(PANTS) (PAUSE).....

McGee.

FIB: Yes?

GALE: When we get home, let's you and I go deer hunting.

MOL: Oh he'd love that, Mr. Mayor.

FIB: I'll be lookin' forward to it, La Triv!

GALE: So will I. I'll wear a red cap, and you wear antlers.

Good day!

APPLAUSE: (?)

MOL: I still think we should have given him a few dollars, dearie.

FIB: Oh he's got dough. In fact, he was born with money.

MOL: Really? How it must have astonished his mother!

FIB: Well, let's check in with Mr. Johnson. COME ON!

DOOR OPEN. CLOSE:

MOL: ISN'T THIS A LOVELY OFFICE BUILDING, MCGEE!! AND THAT LIGHTNING EFFECT....IT DOESN'T THROW ANY SHADOWS!

FIB: Yeah they tell a strange story about that. One guy came in here, couldn't see his shadow and though he'd gone home. He called himself up, didn't get any answer, and had the police lookin' all over for him. They say he...HEY SIS...

WHERE'S MR. JOHNSON'S OFFICE?

GIRL: Are you right handed, sir.

MOL: Yes, he is-

GIRL: Well Third door on the left sir.

FIB: Thank you.

SOUND: WALKING:

FIB: Look at the shine on these floors, kiddo. I wonder what they use to make 'em look so...OH HERE'S MR. JOHNSON'S OFFICE.

DOOR OPEN:

SEC: How do you do, I'm Mr. Johnson's secretary, Miss Moritz.

MOL: How do you do I'm sure. Will you tell Mr. Johnson that Mr. & Mrs. Fibber McGee are here to see him?

FIB: From Wistful Vista, sis. It's about this Sixtieth Anniversary.

I don't think he realizes ---

SEC: I'm very sorry, Mr. McGee...Mr. Johnson had to go downtown to a Community Chest meeting. He said if you arrived to make you comfortable. Please come in and sit down.

MOL: Thank you so much. My what a beautiful office! I love those glass walls, except they're so hard to hang pictures on.

FIB: The boss sure laid himself out a snazzy H.Q. to polish the world from. Very impressive.

SEC: Mr. Frank Lloyd Wright designed this whole building functionally Mr. McGee...everything in its place, and a place for everything. May I take your hats and coats?

MOL: Thank you.

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MOL: Thank you.

1 FIB: Don't bptther , sis. I'll hang 'em right here in this closet.

2 DOOR OPEN: CLOSET EFFECT...BILL TINKLE...PAUSE.

3 FIB: Imagine that? He's got one, too!

4

5 ORCH: SELECTION: KING'S MEN.

6 APPLAUSE: *Billy Mills, the orch + Kings Men with*  
*"yip a dee do ee"*

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11 & 12 (2nd Revision)

SECOND SPOT:

MOL: McGee....really....do you think you ought to sit with your feet on Mr. Johnson's desk?

FIB: Sure, He wanted us to feel at home and this is what I do at home.

MOL: But you've got your shoes on here.

FIB: This desk is wax protected so I don't-- HEY, SIS!

SEC: Yes sir?

FIB: When you get around to it, send the captain of the bowling team up to see me, willya?

SEC: Certainly, Mr. McGee. Would that be all for now?

MOL: Yes I think so. OH, one thing more...what is this gadget here?

SEC: That is an intercommunicating system, Mrs. McGee. We have a public address system all thru the offices and factory.

SOUND: LIGHT BONG:

SEC: There is a call on it now Mr. McGee. Just flip that little lever up, and talk into the microphone.

FIB: Okay. (CLICK) Yes?

P.A.VOICE: PILOT TO CONTROL TOWER. C-54, FREIGHTER, ON SOUTH RUNWAY WITH VALUABLE CARGO, TAKE OFF INSTRUCTIONS.

FIB: WHAT CARGO YOU CARRYING, BUD?

13 (2nd Revision)

P.A.VOICE: JOHNSON'S WAX, JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLOCOAT, JOHNSON'S CAR-NU, JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX, JOHNSON'S --

FIB: ROGER! (CLICK) HEY THIS IS A MARVELOUS OFFICE, ISN'T IT? GOT EVERYTHING! MUST BE AWFUL HARD TO WORK WITH ALL THESE CONVENIENCES. I'LL BET -

DOOR OPEN:

SEC: Mr. McGee...there is a gentleman to see you. A Doctor Gamble.

FIB: WHAT? DOC GAMBLE? FIND HIM AN OLD MAGAZINE, SIS, AND KEEP HIM WAITING A WHILE. That's what he does to me.

MOL: Don't be like that, McGee. Send him in will you please?

SEC: Certainly. (FADE) GO RIGHT IN, DOCTOR.

DOC: (OFF) Thank you. (ON) HELLO, MCGEE...HELLO, MY DEAR.

FIB: Hiyah, TUMMY SCULPTOR.

MOL: Nice to see you, Doctor. What brings you to Racine?

DOC: I had an invitation to the Sixtieth Anniversary celebration.  
They said it was --

FIB: THERE IT IS AGAIN! SIXTIETH ANNIVERSARY!! WHAT I'D LIKE TO  
KNOW IS --

MOL: Don't talk so loud, dearie. <sup>in this lovely office</sup> It doesn't go with the furnishings.  
Have a nice trip, Doctor?

DOC: Oh routine, for me. Somebody on the train heard me called Doctor,  
and the battle was on. I removed enough cinders from people's  
eyes to run the hundred yard dash on, bandaged a brakeman's  
elbow, removed a man's foot --

FIB: MY GOSH ... REMOVED A MAN'S FOOT!!!

DOC: From a cuspidor. He'd stepped in it, in the dark. Then I  
delivered twins in a roomette, dispensed enough sleeping tablets  
to quiet an Olsen and Johnson audience, and mistakenly gave a  
little boy's mother the devil for using so much iodine on his face.

MOL: Why "mistakenly", Doctor?

DOC: The little boy was an Indian.

FIB: That I can understand. It takes an Indian to get a reservation  
these days. Been thru the office and factory, Doc?

DOC: Yes indeed! An amazing plant. I'm afraid I didn't make much of  
a hit in the shipping department, however.

MOL: Why, Doctor? I can't imagine you being untactful, except  
intentionally.

DOC: They told me that during the  
the big space for dancing.

FIB: So what?

DOC: So I looked at all those  
dance, the can-can?" and we  
But what are you doing in M

MOL: We're just waiting for Mr.

FIB: I'm handling affairs for hi  
important things anyway.

DOC: Yes?

FIB: I brought my bowling ball a  
tricks. You wanna watch me

MOL: It's a fine healthy sport,  
the street.



15 (2nd Revision)

DOC: They told me that during the noon hour, the employes used the big space for dancing.

FIB: So what?

DOC: So I looked at all those containers and said "what do they dance, the can-can?" and was politely ushered out.

But what are you doing in Mr. Johnson's office. Hamhock?

MOL: We're just waiting for Mr. Johnson to come back, Doctor.

FIB: I'm handling affairs for him in the meantime. The more important things anyway. OH BY THE WAY, DOC.

DOC: Yes?

FIB: I brought my bowling ball along. Gonna show these guys a few tricks. You wanna watch me do it?

MOL: It's a fine healthy sport, doctor. It keeps the boys off the street.

16 (2nd Revision)

DOC: Yes, and it keeps them hanging around the alleys.

Well, see you later.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Isn't it nice to see all these old familiar faces, McGee-

FIB: Yes, and Doc's got one of the oldest faces I ever --

TELEPHONE:

MOL: (RECEIVER UP) MR HERBERT F. JOHNSON JR.'S OFFICE, MOLLY MCGEE SPEAKING. OH...OH YES..SEND HIM RIGHT IN. THANK YOU. (CLICK) Captain of the bowling team to see you, McGee.

FIB: Good! If these guys will take some advice from me, I'll put them in more frames than Whistler's Mother.

DOOR OPEN:

MAN: Mr McGee? I'm Jerry Babb, captain of the bowling team. We'd like to have you bowl with us.

FIB: Be glad to Bud - I've developed a cross-footed double-twist, two-finger hook that slices across the alley like a kid duckin' into a candy shop. I'll be happy to show you fellas.

16 (2nd Revision)

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<sup>+18</sup>  
17 (Revised)

MAN: Swell! It'll be wonderful having you with us, Mr. McGee.  
I've known about Fibber McGee and Molly for years!

FIB: Yeah? How'd you like us last Tuesday night, Jer?

MAN: Oh, we never hear the show. We BOWL on Tuesday nights.  
What did you want to see me about?

FIB: It was a mistake, Bud. Skip *it, the whole thing*

MAN: Okay.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Remind me to have that guy <sup>Bud</sup> -- OH HEY, Molly, look at all the  
push buttons on the desk here!

MOL: My goodness, Mr. Johnson must have taken a course in boogie  
woogie, to play those.

FIB: I'll try a couple - see what happens.

SOUND: BUZZ... TWO SMALL CLANKS

MOL: Heavenly days! The inkwells changed places!

FIB: Yeah...Let's see what this one's for.

SOUND: BUZZ....(PAUSE)

FIB: Nothing happened with that one.

MOL: Oh no? Look out the window.

FIB: MY GOSH....RAIN!!

MOL: Better turn it off, dearie - we don't want to inconvenience  
people.

FIB: I'm afraid I busted it. I keep pushing it and it's still  
raining. Don't say anything to Mr. Johnson!

MOL: All right, but

DOOR OPEN

SEC: Gentleman to see you, Mr. McGee. A Mr Wallace Wimple.  
MOL: WELL FOR GOODNESS SAKES....SEND HIM RIGHT IN, MISS MORITZ.  
SEC: Certainly. This way, Mr. Wimple.

DOOR CLOSE:

FIB: HIYAH, WIMP, OLD MAN!!! GLAD TO SEE YOU!  
WIMP: Hello, folks.  
MOL: What! on earth are you doing in Racine, Mr Wimple?  
WIMP: I came to see the advertising manager on business, Mrs McGee.  
I've admired this company for a long time, and I want to do  
some work for them.

FIB: What do you know about the company, Wimp?  
WIMP: Well, I know they make Johnson's Wax, Johnson's Car Nu, Johnson's Self  
Polishing Glocoat, Johns---  
MOL: FINE, MR WIMPLE...FINE!!! But what did you want to work at?  
WIMP: I wanted to help write their advertising, Mrs. McGee.  
Do you know the advertising manager, Mr Connolly?  
FIB: I'll say we do, kid...he's tougher than a nightclub steak.  
You better screen it thru me, boy. Show me what you got.  
WIMP: Well, in connection with the Sixtieth Anniversary, I -  
O FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, SIXTIETH ANNIVERSARY!! ONCE AND FOR ALL, I'D LIKE  
1 TO GET THIS STRAIGHT. IN THE FIRST PLACE --  
2 MOL: McGee....give Mr. Wimple a chance.  
3 WIMP: Thank you. I have a couple of poems which might fit very well  
4 into their institutional advertising.  
5 FIB: Let's hear 'em Wimp. IF, in my executive opinion, they are worthy  
6 of inclusion in our fiscal expenditures, I shall issue orders for  
7 the consummation of the usual debentures, subject, naturally, to  
8 subsequent revocation..  
9 MOL: Meaning what?  
0 FIB: If we like, we <sup>use</sup> buy. Shoot, Wimp.  
1 WIMP: All right. The first one is about this wonderful building.  
2 It goes: FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT DESIGNED THIS PLACE  
3 SO CHEERFUL AND SO BRIGHT.  
4 HE SAID WE'D LOVE IT HERE, AND TIME  
5 HAS PROVEN FRANK LLOYD RIGHT.

MOL: Why I think that's very good, Mr. Wimple. The meter may need another quarter in it, but otherwise, it's fine.

FIB: Let's hear the other one, Wimp. Shoot the rhymes to me, Grimes.

WIMP: Well, the other one goes....

IN 1886 A.D. THIS FACTORY WAS FOUNDED,  
AND ALL AROUND THE GLOBE THE PEOPLE SIMPLY WERE  
ASTOUNDED.  
BECAUSE THAT SAME YEAR THE STATUE OF LIBERTY WAS LIGHTED,  
TO SHINE ACROSS THE SEA TO THE OPPRESSED AND THE BENIGHTED  
A SYMBOL OF FREEDOM THE WORLD NEVER LACKS,  
BUT THE SYMBOL OF FREEDOM FOR HOUSEWIVES IS WAX,  
JOHNSONS.

MOL: Mr Wimple...you're a fine little poet. Were you always poetic?

WIMP: (CHUCKLES) Oh no Mrs. McGee....before I married Sweetface....  
(that's my big old wife)

FIB: Yeah,....we know.

WIMP: Before I married Sweetface, I was a masseur. (SNICKERS) You know what I used to call myself?

MOL: What, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: "The Man With The Paws That Refresh." Well, let me hear from you, Mr. McGee. Goodbye now.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: You ever hear any worse poetry?

MOL: Yes.

FIB: Where?

MOL: In high school. You wrote some to me that should have taken the Pewlitzer Prize. Look, McGee.

FIB: Eh?

MOL: It's all very well for us to camp out in Mr Johnson's nice office, but don't you think we'd better --

TELEPHONE:

FIB: I'll get it. (CLICK) S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INK. MR. JOHNSON'S OFFICE. EH.? .. OH HELLO, MR. JOHNSON:

MOL: Oh, my goodness!

FIB: YEAH, WE'RE WAITIN' FOR YOU, MR. JOHNSON. YEAH....OH THAT'S ALL RIGHT. THE COMMUNITY CHEST IS JUST AS IMPORTANT AS WE ARE. OH YES IT IS, MR. JOHNSON!

MOL: How true!

FIB: LOOK, MR. JOHNSON...I'D LIKE TO GET ONE THING STRAIGHT. THIS SIXTIETH ANNIVERSARY STUFF. EH? YEAH BUT MY GOSH, WE HAVEN'T BEEN ON THE AIR FOR YOU FOR SIXTY YEARS. (PAUSE) Oh....Oh I see. Bye. (CLICK)

MOL: What did he say?

FIB: He says the sixtieth anniversary ain't for us. It's the company's sixtieth anniversary.

MOL: I knew that.

FIB: WELL WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO?

MOL: I didn't think it was necessary. Nobody but a ...well, let it go.

FIB: Maybe I better.

ORCH: SELECTION: FADE FOR TAG

TAG

FIB: LADIES & GENTLEMEN, THIS IS THE SIXTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF S.C. JOHNSON AND SON. IT HAS BEEN UNDER THE SAME FAMILY MANAGEMENT ALL THESE YEARS AND HAS HAD AN OUTSTANDING RECORD FOR BUSINESS INTEGRITY AND SOUND EMPLOYEE RELATIONS.

MOL: AND SINCE ITS FOUNDING, THE COMPANY HAS BEEN NOTABLE FOR ITS FAR-SIGHTED EMPLOYEE BENEFIT PLANS, JOB SECURITY AND PROFIT-SHARING PROGRAM. WE WANT TO CONGRATULATE THE ORGANIZATION ON ITS SIXTIETH BIRTHDAY AND TO CONGRATULATE OURSELVES FOR HAVING THEM AS OUR SPONSORS.

FIB: You said it, Kiddo. Furthermore, any company that could develop Johnson's Wax, Johnson's Self-Polishing Glo-Coat, Johnson's Carnu, Johnson's --

MOL: McGEE!

FIB: EH? Oh. Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all!

PLAYOFF

WIL: ~~This is Harlow Wilcox thanking the people of Racine for their generous hospitality, and inviting you to be with us again next Tuesday night. Good night!~~

MUSIC TO END

ANNCR: THIS IS NBC, THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.