

IL: Fibber McGee and Molly return to - THE JOHNSON
WAX PROGRAM!

ORCHESTRA: THEME: "SAVE YOUR SORROW"....FADE FOR:

IL: Yes, the makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Self-
Polishing Glo-Coat are happy to present the first show in
the new fall series, starring Marian and Jim Jordan as
Fibber McGee and Molly, with Donald Novis, Bill Thompson
and Billy Mills' orchestra. The show opens with "Don't
Ever Leave Me".

ORCH: "DON'T EVER LEAVE ME"....FADE FOR:
IL: (FIRST COMMERCIAL)

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
SEPTEMBER 5, 1939
TUESDAY 5:30 PM PST NBC

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: It'll soon be time to live in-doors.
So, Madame, what about your floors!

I wish you'd glance down at them right now. Do the
sections of your wood floors around the doorway and
between the rugs look a little dull and shabby: If so,
you'd better give them a bright, protective coat of
genuine Johnson's Wax before the finish is ruined!

JOHNSON'S WAX, you know, spreads a tough, resilient
shield of pure wax over the surface. You walk on this

invisible ~~protective~~ wax shield and ^{so} ~~the~~ floor is *protected*
~~itself~~. *from scuffs and* JOHNSON'S WAX takes all the punishment of

scuffing, scraping shoes -- saves the floor from dirt
and wear. The surface grows more beautiful -- takes
on a more lustrous, satiny sheen with each application!

And remember, JOHNSON'S WAX beautifies and protects
furniture, woodwork, venetian blinds, paper and
parchment lamp shades, enamel refrigerators and 100
other articles in your home. For more than 50 years

JOHNSON'S WAX (paste or liquid) has been unapproached
by anything on the market for preserving and beautifying
the things you prize most.

ORCHESTRA: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH)

(APPLAUSE)

SEGUE

("RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN") (FADE)

WIL: WELL, WISTFUL VISTA IS ALL DRESSED UP! THE STORE FRONTS ARE COVERED WITH FLAGS AND BUNTING! THERE ARE STREAMERS ON EVERY AUTOMOBILE, AND GAY BANNERS FLYING ALL OVER TOWN! AND WHY? BECAUSE YESTERDAY WAS LABOR DAY. BUT TODAY IS WORKING DAY, AND HOME FROM THEIR VACATION, BOUNDING WITH ENERGY, BURSTING WITH HEALTH, AND BRISTLING WITH OUT-OF-FOCUS SNAPSHOTS, WE FIND THE SQUIRE OF 79 WISTFUL VISTA AND HIS LADY --

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

(APPLAUSE)...THEME

MOL: My, it's nice to be home again among the old familiar faces, isn't it, McGee??

FIB: I'll say so, -- and I bet there ain't a familiar program on the air that's got any older faces than this one. How you been, Harlow?

WIL: Oh, just great! Did you have a good time on your vacation?

MOL: Oh, we certainly did!

FIB: Yes, we did! Incidentally, Harlow, we brung back a lot of fish, so if you ain't doin' nothin' tonight, like to have you come over. We're givin' a fish dinner.

WIL: Well, I'll be delighted! I suppose the invitation includes Mrs. Wilcox?

MOL: Oh certainly, ~~How is your Mother?~~ ~~Mrs. Wilcox?~~

WIL: I didn't mean my mother, I meant my wife!

FIB. & MOL: YOUR WIFE?

WIL: Oh, didn't you know? I got married this summer.

MOL: Well, Heavenly Days!

WIL: Yes, they certainly are!

FIB: Congratulations Harlow!

MOL: Do bring her over, Mr. Wilcox. I'd love to meet her. What's her name?

WIL: (SHYLY) Tootsie-pie. She calls me "Cuddles".

MOL: Oh, isn't that sweet!

FIB: Sweet! It's ^{positively} disgusting! ~~Disgusting!~~

MOL: It's nothing of the kind! I suppose you don't remember when we were first married - and you called me "Sugar Bun" - and I called you "Taffy Snook"?

FIB: That's a different matter entirely. There's something dignified about "Taffy-Snook" -- but "Cuddles"!

MOL: You didn't have much time for a honeymoon, did you, Mr. Wilcox? Announcing our summer show every week.

WIL: Oh, no -- but that was all right. I really enjoyed working on that show. This Alec Templeton is a great guy! Born comedian! Wonderful to work with! Marvelous personality! A musical genius. Did you ever hear any of the shows?

MOL: Yes, we thought they were wonderful, didn't we, McGee?

FIB: Oh, they were all right -- if you like piano-playin' -- week after week. Personally, I -- where you goin', Harlow?

WIL: Gotta make a phone call. See you later, folks.

MOL: Imagine a confirmed bachelor like him gettin' married.

FIB: It's gonna be a awful blow to five-million housewives, when they realize their doorbell dreamboy has polished himself off.

MOL: Speakin' of housewives, McGee - I'd better got busy and unpack -- Oh, and those fish! I've got to put 'em in the ice box.

FIB: I done that long ago, Molly.

MOL: How about that bundle of soiled clothes? Did you send them to the laundry?

FIB: Yop. I took care of everything.

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR

MOL: Come in!

SOUND: DOOR LATCH

OLD MAN: Hello there, Johnny. Hello daughter. Come to collect the milk bill. Eight dollars and forty-three cents.

MOL: Oh, no you don't! We've been gone away for nine weeks and we left word not to bring any while we were gone.

OLD MAN: EHHHHHHH?

FIB: She says we left a note in a milk bottle for you the day we left, -- Old Timer.

OLD M: I know you did, Johnny -- But I couldn't get it out -- fingers weren't long enough.

FIB: Well, mine ain't long enough to get eight dollars and forty-three cents out of my pocket, either. (LAUGHS)

OLD M: Heh heh heh heh. That's pretty good, Johnny. But that ain't the way I heered it! The way I heered it, one feller says tother feller, "SAYYYYYY" he says, "ACCORDING TO ^{the style reports} ~~the~~ THE WASP-WAISTED CORSET IS HAVIN' A COMEBACK." "IS THAT SO"? says tother feller, "UP TILL NOW WOMEN'S FASHIONS HAVE BEEN PRETTY COMFORTABLE, AIN'T THEY?" "YES", says the first feller, "BUT THEY'RE GONNA TAKE AN AWFUL LACING FROM NOW ON!" Heh heh heh heh! Say, do sailors like pancakes?

MOL: I suppose they do -- why?

OLD MAN: Just wondered, daughter. You got enough sour milk on your back porch to make flapjacks for the navy!

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Flapjacks for the navy!

MOL: Well, what are we going to do with all that milk?

FIB: That's easy! I was gonna whitewash the cellar anyway.

MOL: That's a lovely idea. It would be kind of a rumpus room for every cat in the neighborhood.

FIB: Well, shucks --

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR

FIB: Come in!

SOUND: DOOR LATCH

MOL: Oh, it's the little girl from next door, McGee.

FIB: Well, haven't seen her for a long time. Hello there, sis.

TEE: Hi.

FIB: My! You're gettin' to be a pretty big girl, aren't you?

TEE: (GIGGLES) Sure.

FIB: Yes sir -- you're gottin' real growd up. You'll soon be too big to play with dolls wontcha?

TEE: I'll betcha I won't - I betcha.

FIB: Oh, yes you will. People outgrow them things.

TEE: Oh no they don't.

FIB: Oh, yes they do.

TEE: Oh, no they don't. My papa still plays with dolls, and every time he does, you oughtta hear my mama pin his ears back.

FIB: She does, eh? Tell me more about it, sis.

MOL: McGee -- quit snooping! It's none of our business.

FIB: Well, the law of gravity was none of Newton's business, either - but he had a lot of fun findin' out about it!

MOL: Well, you're not Newton.

FIB: No, but you'll admit there's a certain amount of gravity in the situation. Ain't I right, sis? (LAUGHS)

TEE: (GIGGLES) Hmnnnnnnnn?

FIB: Ahem. You better run along and play now, sis -- we got guests comin' for dinner and we're very busy.

TEE: Say, mister -- you know what?

FIB: No, what?

TEE: Hmnnnnnn?

FIB: (VERY EXASPERATED) NOW, LISTEN, SIS ---

TEE: There were burglars in your house while you were gone, I betcha.

FIB: WHAT?

MOL: BURGLARS! Heavenly Days!

FIB: Whatcha mean, burglars, sis? How do you know?

TEE: I heard the big kids talkin' about it.

FIB: Did you hear the kids say what the burglars took, sis?

TEE: Sure.

FIB: What?

TEE: Hmmmum?

FIB: (GROANS) Oh, have a heart, sis. Tell me about it. What'd they get?

TEE: Nothing, I betcha.

FIB: What? They didn't take anything?

TEE: No. *told me look and* The burglars came in and ~~took~~ *a basket of* ~~groceries~~ left five dollars and ~~groceries~~.
Well, I guess I gotta go now. Good bye!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

ORK: "OVER THE RAINBOW" - NOVIS (INTRODUCTION OVER MUSIC)

APPLAUSE

M

FIB: Folks, that was "Over the Rainbow" sung by Donald Novis, and we're very glad to have you back with us Don.

DON: Thanks, Fibber. Where'd you and Molly go on your vacation?

FIB: OH, fishin' mostly.

MOL: Yes, and we took quite a trip out through the West, Mr. Novis.

FIB: Brought back a lot of souvenirs, too, Don. Pine cones from the redwoods -

MOL: Indian blankets from Santa Fe - mineral rocks from Nevada --

FIB: And a petrified bellboy from Arizona.

DON: If he had a pitcher in his hand, he was probably left there from the Ice Age.

MOL: Listen, Mr. Novis -- we brought back a lot of fish from our vacation - can you come to dinner tonight?

FIB: Come on, Don - and come early so you can see 'em before we cook 'em.

DON: You won't ask me to sing, will you?

FIB: We-el-elll --

MOL: I'm afraid I wouldn't promise that, Mr. Novis.

DON: Okay -- I'll come!

MOL: McGee will you serve or shall we make it just a buffoon supper?

FIB: I'll serve -- I can handle it all right. I was just reading about the best way to take the backbone out of a fish.

MOL: How?

FIB: Tell him there's a lot of sharks in the vicinity. (LAUGHS)

DON'tcha get it, Molly, I says --

MOL: Tain't funny, McGee!

SOUND: DOOR KNOCK

P

MOL: Come in!

SOUND: DOOR LATCH

HAL: Mr. McGee?

FIB: You betcha, bud.

HAL: I'm making inquiries for the Trotter Poll.

MOL: The Trotter Poll?

HAL: Yes. It's like the Gallup Poll only slower. (LAUGHS)

FIB: What kinda information you lookin' for, Bud?

HAL: Well, we are compiling information for the manufacturers of Big Drip Coffee.

FIB: Okay drip, go ahead with the questions.

HAL: Very well. I only have one question to ask - Question: "We don't use any other coffee but Big Drip" -- Answer "Yes" or "No".

BOTH: NO!

HAL: Thank you. Wait till I write that down. "No, we don't use any other coffee but Big Drip." By George -- I think this poll is coming out 100%. Thank you, friends -- good day!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: What was we talkin' about, Molly? Oh yes - invitin' Billy Mills to dinner. Hey - you think we got enough fish to invite the band, too?

MOL: Yes enough fish, but not enough forks!

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR:

MOL: Come in!

SOUND: DOOR LATCH

BOOM: Ah there, Good day, My dear -- good day!

MOL: How do you do, Mr. Boomer.

BOOM: And good day to you, Puzzle-Puss.

FIB: Hiyah, Boomer?

BOOM: Understand you just got back from a vacation trip with hundreds of snapshots.

FIB: So what --

BOOM: Simply this, Flash-bulb -- I have been appointed by the Wistful Vista Gazette to judge their annual amateur photographer's contest. First Prize - One Thousand Dollars!

FIB: Oh, boy!

BOOM: Of course, if you win, (and I think it can be arranged) -- I'll expect a slight financial token of your appreciation.

MOL: We wouldn't want to win unless it was honest.

BOOM: Oh yes. (LAUGHS) Very quaint. Just an old-fashioned girl.

FIB: How do I get in the contest, Boomer?

BOOM: Very simple, my Boy -- very simple! Have an entry blank right here. Now, where did I put that entry blank? Entry blank ... entry blank.....

MOL: Oh, dear.

BOOM: Here it is, - oh no - that's a pawn ticket -- belongs to a friend of mine.....(poor Joe, always behind the 3-ball!)- here's a bicycle clip -- handy item -- keeps you from getting your trousers caught on a window sill.....gold charm bracelet -- she jingled when she had it, and I had to get her jingled again to get it.

FIB: Come on, Boomer -- the entry blank.

BOOM: Ah, yes -- the ^{entry} ~~application~~ blank -- have it right here
somewhere. AH, HERE IT IS! -- NO, that isn't it
either. It's a letter from my baby sister --
(unfortunate girl!) -- fell off a bar-stool and broke
her parole. Bunch of automobile keys -- I've been
working my way through a parking lot Calling
card -- who's this? Oh, yes, President of the Sacramento
Soda Straw Corporation, Oscar W. Sipp -- one of the
best names on my sucker list half a monocle, for an
Englishman who squints ... and a check for a short beer!
WELL, WELL -- imagine that! NO ENTRY BLANK!

MOL: What, no entry?

BOOM: No entry.

FIB: How about an exit?

BOOM: Certainly!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: Now about givin' Billy Mills an invitation to dinner,
Molly. I'm sure he'd like to --

WIL: (FADE IN) Say folks, do you mind if I use your
telephone?

FIB: Why, no -- Harlow -- go ahead.

WIL: Thanks.

SOUND: PHONE CLICK

WIL: Hello, OPERATOR? Get me Sunset 2090405. Hello
TOOTSIE-PIE...THIS IS CUDDLES...WHAT?...I SURE DO,
BABY!....DO YOU?...WILL YOU ALWAYS?...OF COURSE
I DO.....MORE THAN EVER!.....

FIB: *Don't be surprised, Molly, if I run out quick
I think I'm gonna be sick.*

MOL: Shhhh. Quiet!

WIL: WHAT DID YOU SAY, TOOTSIE-PIE?...WHY, OF COURSE
DADDY'S BIG GIRL CAN HELP DADDY!...YOU WANT TO WHAT?
CLEAN AND WAX THE CAR?...WELL, ALL RIGHT...HERE'S
ALL YOU HAVE TO DO...JUST GET THAT CAN OF JOHNSON'S
CARY-NU OFF THE SHELF IN THE GARAGE...THAT'S RIGHT. -
CAR-NU.....YOU'VE HEARD DADDY ANNOUNCE IT ON THE
RADIO....THAT'S RIGHT.

MOL: McGee - stop twitching!

WIL: NOW LISTEN, HONEY LAMB....YOU UNDERSTAND I WOULDN'T LET YOU DO THIS IF IT WASN'T SO SIMPLE AND EASY...ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS JUST APPLY THE CAR-NU OVER THE CLEAN SURFACE OF THE CAR. LET IT DRY TO A WHITE POWDER AND THEN RUB IT OFF WITH A SOFT CLOTH AND THERE, RIGHT BEFORE YOUR LOVELY EYES IS A NICE, GLEAMING AUTOMOBILE CLEANED AND WAX-POLISHED IN ONE OPERATION TO SURPRISE CUDDLES WITH WHEN HE COMES HOME....AND WON'T HE BE PROUD OF HIS CAR! AND HIS LITTLE TOOTSIE-PIE TOO.

FIB: Aw, pshaw.

WIL: WHAT, BABY?.....I'LL BE HOME IN JUST A ITTY-BITTY WHILE...(SOFTLY) GOOD BYEEEE! (SIGHS) ... (CLICK OF PHONE)

FIB: You seen your doctor lately, Harlow?

WIL: Why, yes - why?

FIB: I just wondered. Did he notice that trace of sugar in your voice?

MOL: Don't pay any attention to him, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: (LAUGHS) Oh that's all right. You should have heard us talk the first few weeks we were married - were we silly!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOL: If all men would talk to their wives like Mr. Wilcox does, this would be a much happier world.

FIB: You're right Sugar bun. A much sappier world! Say, I ain't asked Billy Mills to dinner yet. Hey, Billy - come here a minute.

MILLS: (FADE IN) Hello, kids - glad to see you back! Have a nice vacation?

MOL: Oh, grand - Mr. Mills?

FIB: How's everything been with you, Billy?

MILLS: Oh, all right. Been a very nice summer.

FIB: Say, Billy - we brung back a mess of trout from our vacation, and we're havin' 'em for dinner tonight. Can you come over? Before dinner you can look at the swell snapshots I took this summer.

MILLS: That's all right - I'll come anyway. I love trout.

FIB: You do eh? You a fisherman yourself, Billy?

MILLS: Sure I am. I used to be casting director for a trout hatchery up in Michigan.

FIB: What's your favorite bait?

MILLS: Well, I used to start out in the morning with about twenty-two flies in my hat --

MOL: Heavenly days! Didn't they drive you crazy?

NICK: Well thank you, Kewpie. You have a very kind face to invite us. But we are having to leave right after dinner because Mrs. Depopolis don't like you either. We'll all be over tonight, Fizzer -- so long, Kewpie!

SOUND: (DOOR SLAM)

MOL: They'll all be over! Heavenly Days! Is he going to bring all his children? How many has he now, anyway?

FIB: Search me -- remember, we been away nine weeks. Let's see now -- how many are coming? There's --

SOUND: (KNOCK AT DOOR)

~~MOL: Well, I'd better start cleaning the fish, McGee. Company will start coming up in a minute now.~~

~~FIB: Okay. I'll arrange these snapshots with~~

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR

MOL: Oh, dear -- they're here already. Come in!

SOUND: DOOR LATCH

MOL: Well, it's Mrs. Uppington! How do you do, Mrs. Uppington?

UPP: How do you do, Mrs. McGee? So nice to see you home again. My, and you're looking so well. I do hope you had a nice vacation -- and how do you do, Mr. McGee?

FIB: Hiyah, Uppy. Glad to see you.

UPP: I just thought I'd stop in and welcome you home, you know. ~~Mr. McGee, the neighborhood has hardly looked the same since you left. So glad to see you!~~ Tell me, did you have a good time?

MOL: Oh, we certainly did, Mrs. Uppington.

FIB: Got quite a mess of fish, too, Uppy. Havin' it for dinner tonight. Why'nt you stay and eat? It'll be the best fish you ever flung a fang into.

UPP: Oh, thank you so much -- but reaaally, I couldn't. --

MOL: Come on, Mrs. Uppington -- after dinner we're goin' to play games. You know, musical chairs, and pin-tho-tail-on-the-donkey --

UPP: Roaaally! Pin the tail on the donkey! How can you stand it, Mr. McGee?

FIB: Quit your kiddin', Uppy. Sure you can't stay for dinner?

UPP: Oh, quite sure, thank you.

~~MOL: Well, we'll give you a rain check, Mrs. Uppington.~~

~~Oh, how interesting! But isn't that rather dangerous?
Standing on your head in a canoe?
You're holding it upside down, Mrs. Springton. That's McGee
carrying a canoe on his head.~~

~~Oh, yes, you fellow stupid of him. Oh, my! Sorry I haven't
time to look at the rest of them. Some other time perhaps.~~

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time to look at the rest of them. Some other time perhaps.~~

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time to look at the rest of them. Some other time perhaps.~~

~~Oh, yes, you fellow stupid of him. Oh, my! Sorry I haven't
time to look at the rest of them. Some other time perhaps.~~

I'm expecting some guests over tonight for contract.

I understand that's a very nice game. We play a lot of cards
ourselves. Pinocle, rummy and poker. Me favorite is Spit-
in-the-Ocean.

Reaaaally! From here? Well, so nice to have seen you again,
Do have tea with me one day. Good byeeeee!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

I think you'll just have time to run up and change your
clothes dearie, before they come.

I got the time -- but I ain't got the clothes. Sent
everything I own to the laundry.

Well, I'd better get busy --

GROWING MURMUR OF VOICES: KNOCK AT DOOR: DOORBELL

Heavenly Days! Here they are already. I've got to get busy.

Go ahead, Molly -- I'll let 'em in.

DOOR LATCH: NOVIS, WILCOX, MILLS, MCGEE AD LIB HELLOS ETC.

FIB: Hey, Harlow -- where's your wife? I wanta see her.

WIL: She'll be along in a few minutes. She had to stop at
the beauty parlor --

MILLS: Where's those fish? I'll believe 'em when I see 'em.

DON: Can we eat right away - or do we have to look at those
snapshots again? (LAUGHTER)

FIB: Okay. Okay. Take it easy, fellahs. I want you to
see them fish before we start cookin' 'em. Hey, Molly!
MOLLY!

(MURMUR OF VOICES:

....YES, LET'S SEE THOSE FISH...BRING 'EM ON...etc. etc.)

MOL: Did you call me, McGee.

FIB: Yeah....show these fellas them fish....

MOL: WHAT FISH?

FIB: EH? Whatcha mean, what fish. The trout...you know....
in the ice-box.

MOL: THERE ARE NO FISH IN THE ICE-BOX.

(MURMURS)

FIB: Hey wait a minute....(QUIET, FELLAS)...what'd you say,
Molly....NO FISH? THERE MUST BE!...I PUT 'EM IN THERE
MYSELF.....

MOL: MCGEE...THERE'S NOTHIN' THERE BUT A BIG BUNDLE OF SOILED
CLOTHES!!

(GROWING MURMUR OF VOICES)

FIB: NOW WAIT A MINUTE, FELLAS....I THINK I KNOW WHAT --

SOUND: (KNOCK AT DOOR...DOOR LATCH)

(2nd REVISION)

-26-

PINCH: LAUNDRY MAN! Hey, Mr. McGee....

FIB: Yes yes...what is it?

PINCH: About that bundle of fish you sent to the laundry. How
did youse want 'em done? Flat finish or rough dry?

(LOUD HORSE LAUGH)

ORCH: "Good Morning" (Lade for commercial)

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
SEPTEMBER 5, 1939
TUESDAY 5:30 PM PST NBC

26-A

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: And now we want you to know what car owners throughout the
country are saying about the revolutionary, new auto
cleaner and wax polish, JOHNSON'S CARNU. Quote: "JOHNSON'S
CARNU is the most satisfactory and the easiest-to-use car
polish I ever tried! CARNUE completely changed the looks
of my car in one hour's time." Unquote. And a woman
writes, "I gave our old car a wonderful wax polish with
CARNU and it didn't tire me at all. When my husband came
home, he couldn't believe it was the same car." Unquote.
JOHNSON'S CARNU both cleans and wax-polishes in one easy
application. Removes all ugly road film and dirt -- gives
the car a dazzling wax polish! Just as JOHNSON'S
SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT has made floor polishing easy
for millions of housewives, so JOHNSON'S CARNU now
makes car polishing easy for car owners everywhere.
Ask for JOHNSON'S CARNU -- C-A-R-N-U -- where auto supplies
are sold or at your regular wax dealers. Then, you'll say
with thousands of proud car owners, "Why, your car looks
like new when you use CARNU"!

ORCHESTRA: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

G

t car owners throughout the
 revolutionary, new auto
 'S CARNU.' Quote: "JOHNSON'S
 and the easiest-to-use car
 completely changed the looks
 Unquote. And a woman
 wonderful wax polish with
 all. When my husband came
 s the same car." Unquote.
 l wax-polishes in one easy
 road film and dirt -- gives
 Just as JOHNSON'S
 to floor polishing easy
 JOHNSON'S CARNU now
 ar owners everywhere.
 -R-N-U -- where auto supplies
 x dealers. Then, you'll say
 ners, "Why, your car looks

TAG

FIB: FOLKS....We're happy to be back with you again, and on
 behalf of the Johnson Wax people, and our cast, may we
 say that we are not unconscious of the fact that these
 are serious days. And in bringing a few smiles to our
 listeners, we hope we are helping to lift your spirits
 a little bit. The only members of the animal kingdom
 who are able to laugh are human beings....so let's stay
 human as long as we can. Thank you....and goodnite.

MOL: Goodnite, all!

ORCHESTRA: UP TO FINISH

CREDITS...SIGNOFF....APPLAUSE