

S. C. Johnson & Son  
Writer: Don Quinn

(REVISED)

FIBBER MCGEE and MOLLY

# 220

NBC - Red  
6:30-7:00 PM  
Tuesday - 10/24/39

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WIL: The Johnson Wax Program with Fibber McGee & Molly!

ORK: THEME:

WIL: The makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Self-Polishing  
Glo-Coat present Marian and Jim Jordan as Fibber McGee &  
Molly, with Donald Novis, Bill Thompson, and Billy Mills'  
orchestra. The show opens with "Life Begins When You're  
In Love."

ORK: "LIFE BEGINS WHEN YOU'RE IN LOVE."

(PAGE THREE FOR COMMERCIAL)

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.  
Fibber McGee & Molly  
10-24-39 Tuesday  
6:30 PM PST NBC

-3-

Opening Commercial

ANNCR: Are the colors of your kitchen linoleum as bright and fresh as the day you first picked it out -- or have they become dull and faded? Do you know the easy way to keep the colors of linoleum bright and cheerful? The answer: With JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. GLO-COAT turns a dull, lifeless floor into a beautiful floor -- in 20 minutes. It requires no rubbing or buffing -- that's why it's called SELF-POLISHING. And that's just one of the reasons why GLO-COAT has become America's Number One floor polish. You can use GLO-COAT on your varnished or painted wood floors, too. It gives a hard, gleaming polish that is easy to keep clean and spotless. If you spill something on a floor protected with GLO-COAT, you simply mop it up with a damp cloth. If you aren't using GLO-COAT on your linoleum floors, order some tomorrow from your dealer. Remember the name -- G-L-O hyphen O-O-A-T -- JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH....

(APPLAUSE)

SEGUE....."RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN"....FADE

(2ND REVISION) -4-

WIL: THERE'S A GAY HALLOWE'EN PARTY IN PROGRESS TONIGHT, GIVEN BY THE MCGEE'S NEXT DOOR NEIGHBORS, THE THROCKMORTON P. GILDERSLEEVES. AND AMONG THE GUESTS WE FIND MANY NAMES FROM WISTFUL VISTA'S BLUE BOOK, PLUS TWO NAMES FROM WISTFUL VISTA'S TELEPHONE BOOK --

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: MURMUR OF VOICES: LAUGHTER: ETC: FADE FOR:

FIB: Quite a party, ain't it, Molly?

MOL: Certainly is, McGee. And stop blowing cigar smoke in my face, McGee!

FIB: Oh, excuse me! I thought you'd like it. This is one of the best cigars I ever --

HAL: Ahh, there, McGee! Hello, Mrs. McGee! Mighty glad you could come over tonight.

MOL: Well, thank you, Mr. Gildersleeve, it's a lovely party.

FIB: And I'll have to hand it to you, Gildersleeve, for thinkin' up clever games to play.

HAL: Ahhh - clever games?

FIB: Yes - like hidin' the Cigars. (LAUGHS) How'd you ever think of hidin' 'em in the bottom drawer of your dresser?

MOL: Why, McGee! You had no business snooping in Mr. Gildersleeve's dresser!

HAL: Ohh - that's quite all right, folks. Always glad to have the guests make themselves at home. (LAUGHS) If you'd like to check over my last bank statement, McGee - you'll find it in the desk in the library.

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(2ND REVISION) .5-6

FIB: You must be mistaken, Gildersleeve - I didn't see it, and I went all through the desk when I was lookin' for the cigars!

HAL: (A TAKE)

MOL: Heavenly days, McGee! Don't be so snoopy!

FIB: I ain't snoopy - I'm just alert! Incidentally, Gildersleeve there's a letter on your desk from your tailor. Mean to tell me you pay eighty five bucks for them suits of yours?

HAL: Why...uh...(LAUGHS)...Why...er...yes, I do.

MOL: My goodness - McGee buys four of them for that price!

HAL: Is that so? You mean he buys his clothes? Well, if you'll excuse me, I'll see how the other guests are getting along. Have a good time!

FIB: What's he mean "do I buy my clothes"? Where does he think I get 'em?

MOL: Well if you get 'em where I think he thinks you get 'em I think you'll think twice about askin'.

FIB: You mean you think I --

SOUND: CROWD VOICES UP: LAUGHTER

WIL: (FADE IN) Hello there, Molly! Hello, Fibber! Gee, we're having fun!

MOL: What are you doing, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Oh playin' games. Come on in the other room. Boomer's going to do some sleight-of-hand tricks.

MOL: Oh swell, - come on, McGee.  
(CROWD REACTION UP AND FADE)

BOOM: Now ladies and gentlemen, for my first astounding bit of wizardry...I take this five dollar bill...Hmmm...don't seem to have a five dollar bill...WILL SOMEONE FROM THE GROUP PASS ME A FIVE DOLLAR BILL?

FIB: Why a five dollar bill, Boomer...can't you do it with a one?

(REVISED) -7-

BOOM: Certainly not...five is a magical number...five pennies in a nickel, five nickels in a quarter, and five quarters in ....er...in a dollar and a quarter...AH THANK YOU, MR. WILCOX...THANK YOU...NOW WATCH ME CLOSELY...PRESTO!<sup>SUCKER</sup>.... ABRACADABRA!...ZINGO!...AND THE BILL HAS DISAPPEARED..... entirely without the use of ~~concealed~~, mirrors, or concealed wires! I thank you!

MILD APPLAUSE:

BOOM: AND NOW...WITH ANOTHER SIMPLE TWIST OF THE WRIST..(AND, I MIGHT SAY, A SLIGHT PANG OF REGRET)..I WILL RESTORE THE FIVE DOLLAR BILL...PESTO!..ABRACADABRA!..ZINGO!..AND HERE..(PAUSE) well, well, must have made a slip somewhere! ..can't seem to bring it back....

WIL: Oh no you don't, Boomer...fork over that fin.

BOOM: COME COME, MY BOY...surely you are not accusing Horatio K. Boomer of chicanery! Have your five dollars right here someplace...Now where could I have put that five dollar bill...let me look thru my pockets.

FIB: (SOTTO VOCE) That guy's so light-fingered he has to stick his hands under an anvil to get a manicure!

MOL: (And they better ~~keep an eye on the anvil, too.~~)

BOOM: NOW LET ME SEE...FIVE DOLLAR BILL, FIVE DOLLAR BILL...where could I have put that five dollar bill. AH, HERE IT IS!... no, it isn't either...that's a photograph of my cousin Guernsey Boomer.

UPP: Good Heavens!...bowlegged, isn't he?

BOOM: Not naturally, my dear. But he's been ridden out of town on a rail so often his knees have lost touch with each other...NOW LET ME SEE...here's an advertisement for asbestos seat-covers...(very handy for driving hot cars), Package of corn remover - here - give some to your Script writer.....Postcard from Minnie the Moocher....ah the dear girl! Says...she's now a facial masseuse in Texas. (LAUGHS)....The little pan handler....small bottle of mint sauce, in case I want to take it on the lamb.....And a check for a short beer...WELL WELL, IMAGINE THAT!...NO FIVE DOLLAR BILL...WONDER IF IT COULD HAVE BLOWN OUT THE WINDOW...I'LL BLOW OUT THE DOOR AND SEE!

DOOR SLAM: CHORUS OF INDIGNATION

ORK: "ARE YOU HAVIN' ANY FUN"

APPLAUSE:

SECOND SPOT:

SOUND: LAUGHTER: VOICES: ETC:

MOL: McGee -- did Mr. Gildersleeve show you his new automatic phonograph that plays both sides of twelve records without stopping?

FIB: Yeah. Wonderful, ain't it?

MOL: Wonderful! It's almost human!

FIB: I'll say it is. Just outta-curiosity I dropped a sleepin' tablet in the needle box and it's been playin' "A Man and His Dream" for twenty minutes.

CROWD UP AND FADE:

OLD MAN: Well, hello there, Johnny! Hello, daughter! Quite a party, ain't it?

MOL: Yes, it certainly is, Mr. Old Timer.

OLD MAN: EHEPHEPHEP?

FIB: She says, yes it is! People go to parties for the same reason bald-headed guys go to burlesque shows - (LAUGHS) -- they at least have the illusion of lettin' their hair down!

OLD MAN: Heh heh heh! That's pretty good, Johnny - but that ain't the way I heered it! The way I heered it, the President's Secretary said to him, "SAAAYYY, MR. ROOSEVELT," he says, "I SEE YOU HAVEN'T MADE ANY APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK". "NOPE," says Mr. Roosevelt, "I THOUGHT I'D DO MY CHRISTMAS SHOPPING, EARLY!" Heh heh heh! Well, I gotta go in the other room, Johnny. They're bobbin' for apples, and I gotta get my girl outta there - SHE'S A PIPPIN! Heh heh heh!

SOUND: CROWD NOISES AND LAUGHTER UP AND FADE:

FIB: The old coot's on a hoot, ain't he, Molly? If he was-----  
HAL: (FADE IN) Ahh there, folks! How's everything going?  
MOL: Oh just fine, Mr. Gildersleeve!  
FIB: When do we eat, Throcky?  
HAL: Well, we're serving a buffet supper a little later.  
FIB: Hot dog! D'you hear that, Molly? A buffet supper!  
MOL: That's McGee's favorite kind of a meal, Mr. Gildersleeve!  
He goes around a buffet table like Seabiscuit on a fast track.  
HAL: Well, that's fine. Hah hah hah. But before we have dinner, we're going to have a little more fun. Mrs. Uppington is going to tell someone's fortune. They're drawing names in the other room now to see who the lucky man is!  
CHORUS: SLIGHTLY OFF MIKE: Fibber McGee...FIBBER WON...where's Fibber?  
HAL: Looks like you're it, McGee...(LAUGHS) This should be very amusing.  
MOL: Yes it's the first party we ever went to where McGee stuck out his hand instead of his neck. (VOICES: UP...LAUGHTER... GREETINGS:) ~~G... ..~~  
UPP: Oh there you are, Mr. McGee....I hope you don't mind having your fortune told.  
FIB: Shucks, no, Uppy...As the chicken says when he busted outa the egg, I guess the future is worth takin' a peep at. Which hand you wanta read?  
UPP: Well, it depends, Mr. McGee...are you right or left handed?  
WIL: I think he's left handed. He reached for the lunch check with his right hand today, and fumbled terribly!  
UPP: Well, give me your left hand, Mr. McGee.

FIB: Okay...here ye are...Paw, meet Mrs. Uppington...Mrs. Uppington, My Paw.  
UPP: How do you do. I'm very glad to...OH! (LAUGHS) That was a joke wasn't it? Now let me see...wait till I put on my glasses...I didn't have them on the last time I told a man's fortune and I was HORRIBLY embarrassed, you know...  
MOL: Why, Mrs. Uppington?  
UPP: MY dear, he had pigskin gloves on, and I told him I could see him lying on a plate with two fried eggs and a piece of toast.(LAUGHS) Wasn't I the silly girl?  
FIB: Well, get busy Uppy. Tell me pretty Gypsy.  
UPP: Very well - now first we come to the matter of intelligence.  
FIB: Oh we do, eh? Get a load o' this folks.  
UPP: The intelligence is indicated by small mounds at the base of the fingers.  
FIB: What mounds? I ain't got any - er - I mean --  
(CROWD LAUGHS)  
UPP: And now...this line...this is the life line...  
FIB: Well, throw it out...I'm goin' down for the third time.  
UPP: Your life line tells me that --- OH!...GOOD HEAVENS!  
MOL: What, Mrs. Uppington?  
UPP: Mrs. McGee....I regret to inform you that...your husband has been dead for 12 years!  
LAUGHTER AND VOICES UP  
HAL: (LAUGHS) That's very good, Abigail, very good. (LAUGHS) Well folks we have time for a couple more games before supper is served. Have you any suggestions?  
CHORUS OF VOICES: Spin the Bottle! Musical Chairs! Who am I? Etc.  
MOL: I think it would be fun if we turned out the lights and told ghost stories.

CHORUS OF ASSENTS:

HAL: Splendid idea! Everybody sit down, folks! I'll turn out the lights.

SOUND: CLICK

MURMUR OF VOICES: MUFFLED SCREAMS AND OH'S!

FIB: Want me to tell the first ghost story, folks?

MOL: What do you know about tellin' ghost stories, McGee?

FIB: Who me? Why, shucks - I been a expert on ghost stories ever since I was a kid. Used to give myself the creeps before I could walk! Made quite a study of ghost stories - got so every time I'd walk into somebody's yard, folks'd shake their heads and look grave. GRAVEYARD MCGEE - I WAS KNOWN AS IN THEM DAYS!

CHORUS OF GROANS:

FIB: GRAVEYARD MCGEE! THE GLOOMIEST GUY THAT EVER GAVE GOOSEFLESH TO A GAY GATHERING WITH MY GORY AND GRUESOME GOBLIN GABBLIN', GETTIN' GUY'S COATS WITH GREAT GOBS OF GHASTLY GOINS-ON, GALVANIZIN' GROUPS OF GAPIN' GREENHORNS WITH GAFRULOUS AND GRAPHIC GIBBERISH, AND GARNERIN' THE GREATEST GRAB BAG OF GROANIN' GHOSTS FROM THE GUSTY GALES OF THE GREENLAND SEA TO THE GIDDY (Ouch! Who's pinchin' me?)

APPLAUSE:

HAL: All right, McGee...if you know so much about ghost stories... go ahead and tell one.

FIB: Okay...lemme think a minute...

WIL: SAY I KNOW ONE...SHALL I TELL IT?

CHORUS OF ASSENTS:

WIL: Well, it happened one night when I was driving thru the swamps of Louisiana when SUDDENLY MY ENGINE WENT DEAD. AND THERE I WAS STRANDED MILES FROM NOWHERE...AND A STORM COMING UP...I HAD TO FIND SHELTER SOMEWHERE, SO I WALKED UP THE ROAD TO A DESERTED-LOOKING, RAMSHACKLE OLD HOUSE, BUT BEFORE I COULD KNOCK...THE DOOR SWUNG SLOWLY OPEN...

SOUND: LOUD CREAKING:

FIB: What's that?

OLD MAN: Scuse me, folks...my foot was asleep and I was straightening out my legs. Go ahead, Johnny.

WIL: WELL, AS SOON AS MY EYES GOT USED TO THE DARKNESS, I SAW A GHOSTLY SHIMMERING FIGURE STARING AT ME...AND I HEARD A HOLLOW VOICE SAY: "WHERE'S .... MY...HEAD?"

FIB: Hmm...skullduggery!

UPP: Heavens, Mr. Wilcox...weren't you HORRIBLY perturbed?

WIL: Was I! My nerves were waving back and forth like windshield wipers! But I took myself in hand and said, "I'm sorry, buddy, but I haven't got your head...where'd you lose it?" And the ghost said..."RIGHT IN THIS HOUSE... I CAME HOME ONE DAY AND WHEN I SAW THE KITCHEN FLOOR LOOKING SO DULL AND DINGY...STREAKED AND WORN, I FLEW INTO A RAGE. I LOST MY HEAD, AND BAWLED MY WIFE OUT SOMETHING TERRIBLE. GEE I WISH I HADN'T DONE IT! BECAUSE I KNOW NOW WHAT I SHOULD HAVE DONE. BUT BY THAT TIME, I HAD THE DOOR OPEN AGAIN, AND RAN LIKE THE DICKENS.

MOL: Well, what was the point of that story, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Well, the point is that if you're haunted by the appearance of dull, faded hard-to-clean linoleum floors just try Johnson's Glo-Coat the no-rubbing, no-buffing floor polish that's so easy to use and keeps linoleum looking new indefinitely. And not only that, but-----

FIB: Okay, Harlow...okay...you've pulled the plug, now get  
outs the tub...TURN THE LIGHTS ON, SOMEBODY!

SOUND: CLICK: VOICES AND LAUGHTER UP AND FADE:

HAL: Ahhh...JUST A MINUTE, FOLKS...I THINK SUPPER IS READY...SO  
IF YOU WANT TO STEP INTO THE DINING ROOM...

LOUD STAMPEDE...VOICES FADE OUT...CLINK OF DISHES OFF MIKE:

MOL: Come on, McGee...what are you waiting for?

FIB: You go ahead Molly...I'll be in later...I got somethin' I  
wanna do. (LAUGHS) Kind of a Hallowe'en gag. Don't say  
anything. I'll be back in a little while.

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

FIB: (CHUCKLES) Boy, is it dark out here. (LAUGHS) I'd like  
to see Gildersleeve's face tomorrow when he looks in his  
garage. (PAUSE)

TEE: BOO!

FIB: (A TAKE) Hey get away from me! Who's there?

TEE: (GIGGLES) Gee, I betcha I scared you didn't I? (GIGGLES)

FIB: Oh hello, little girl...it's so dark out here I didn't see  
you. Whatcha doin'?

TEE: Hmnnnnn?

FIB: I says WHATCHA DOIN'?

TEE: Playin' Hallowe'en. Gee have I been havin' the fun, too!  
Tippin' over garbage cans and soapin' windows an' scarin'  
people, and everything.

FIB: Oh ye have, eh? (LAUGHS)

TEE: Sure.

FIB: Well, this is the night for it, sis...incidentally you know  
the difference between a ghost and a sailor with a  
sprained ankle?

TEE: No.

FIB: One's a hobgoblin' and the other's a gob hobblin'.

(LAUGHS HEARTILY)

TEE: (GIGGLES) HMMMMM?

FIB: I says one is a hob gob...oh never mind. You run along and  
have your fun, sis...I got some private business to attend  
to.

TEE: Whatcha gonna do? Hmmm? Whatcha gonna do?

FIB: Never you mind.

TEE: I betcha you're gonna ring somebody's doorbell, I betcha.

FIB: Oh, no I ain't.

TEE: Ohhh, yes you are!

FIB: Ohhh, no I ain't.

TEE: Ohhhh, yes you are!

FIB: Ohh, no I - Listen, sis - you run along and have your fun  
and I'll go'n have mine.

(2ND REVISED) -16-

TEE: Awwww - why won'tcha lemme go with you, Hmmm? Please, why won'tcha Hmmmmmm?

FIB: DAD RAT IT! BECAUSE I -- SHHH! Don't talk so loud, sis. Listen. You know whose garage this is?

TEE: Sure - it's Mr. Gildersleeve's, I betcha.

FIB: That's right - and I'm Mr. McGee. I live right next door here. I'm gonna play a Hallowe'en trick on Mr. Gildersleeve  
(LAUGHS LOUDLY)

TEE: (GIGGLES)

FIB: Shhhh! Take it easy, sis - we don't wan 'em to hear 'us. Now, look - I'm gonna sneak in to Gildersleeve's garage and let all the air out of his tires. (CHUCKLES) Will that be a panic - or won't it?

TEE: Will it?

FIB: Sure, it will. (LAUGHS LOUD) Boy, when old Gildersleeve comes out in the morning - Quiet, sis - don't make so much noise.

TEE: Well, gee - you're makin' all the noise, I betcha.

FIB: Eh? Oh. Well, come on, sis - if you want be in on this. Help me push this garage door open.

SOUND: GARAGE DOOR SLIDING OPEN:

TEE: (GIGGLES) Gee, are we having the fun!

FIB: I wish it wasn't so dark in here, but I don't dare strike a light. Look, sis - you let the air outta the tires on that side, and I'll do the same on this side. You know how?

TEE: Sure. I let the air outta five cars already tonight, I betcha.

FIB: Okay. Go ahead.

SOUND: HISS OF AIR: PROLONGED THROUGH DIALOGUE

TEE: Gee, isn't this a dandy idea, mister.

(2ND REVISION) -17-

FIB: (LAUGHS) I thought it was pretty good myself, sis. But don't you ever tell him!

SOUND: LOUD HISSING UP AND FADE:

TEE: Hey, mister - the tires are flat on this side.

FIB: Same here, sis. Now remember, this is a secret between you and me! I gotta get back to the party now.

TEE: Okay. Do you know any more riddles, mister?

FIB: Eh?

TEE: Hmmmmmm?

FIB: No, I don't know any more riddles.

TEE: I do. What's the difference between a peanut butter sandwich and a policeman?

FIB: A peanut butter sandwich and a policeman. (LAUGHS) Sorry, sis, I'm afraid I don't know the difference between a peanut butter sandwich and a policeman.

TEE: Honest?

FIB: Yep.

TEE: Well, I guess that's your tough luck then, mister, because here comes a policeman! G'bye! Mister!

FIB: WHAT? A POLICEM-----OH, oh! Lemme outta here, quick!

ORK: INTRO "WITH A SONG IN MY HEART". . . . .NOVIS

WIL: Folks, Donald Novis sings "With A Song In My Heart".

ORCH: ("WITH A SONG IN MY HEART". . . . .NOVIS)

(APPLAUSE)



CHORUS: VOICES UP...LAUGHTER...FAREWELLS

HAL: Well, I'm sorry you folks have to leave so early...but I'm mighty glad you could come over...

MOL: Thank you Mr. Gildersleeve...it's been a simply MARVELOUS party!

FIB: You betcha, Throcky, old man..you sure know how to throw a party!

MOL: Oh it was lovely!..Say goodnight to Mrs. Gildersleeve for me.

FIB: Me too, Gildersleeve. She's a wonderful cook. Tell her we had a terrific time tonight.

HAL: Certainly will...I'm sorry she was so busy in the kitchen she couldn't meet any of you folks...(LAUGHS) But you must come over again.

UPP: Could I have my chauffeur drop you somewhere Mrs. McGee?

MOL: Oh no thank you Mrs. Uppington...we just live next door. Goodnight..we've had a wonderful time, Mr. Gildersleeve, Goodnight.

FIB: Yes - GOODNIGHT GILDERSLEEVE!

HAL: Go anight Mrs. McGee!..goodnight Fibber!...

FIB: GOODNIGHT EVERYBODY!...GOODNIGHT!...

CHORUS OF GOODNIGHTS

SOUND: DOOR SLAM; FOOTSTEPS ON PORCH...FOOTSTEPS ON SIDEWALK...  
(SUSTAINED) FOOTSTEPS ON STEPS AND PORCH...JINGLE OF KEYS..

RATTLE OF LOCK...DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

FIB: Phew...BOY...what a lousy party!

MOL: Heavenly days....who ever told them they knew how to entertain?

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FIB: Old Gildersleeve and his expensive cigars!..look at 'em!  
Dry as a bone...all ten of 'em.

MOL: Well, I'm goin' right to bed...I'm tired...

FIB: I'm comin' up too...

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON STAIRS...DOOR SLAM

MOL: My goodness, I hope I don't have bad dreams from that terrible food. Did you taste those ore doovers, McGee?

FIB: (YAWNS) Naw...they didn't look tempting to me...Imagine old lady Uppington tryin' to tell fortunes. Think I'll get her a cyrstal eight ball for Christmas.

SOUND: (SHOE DROPS ON FLOOR)

MOL: Now don't drop your shoes there on the floor...right where somebody'll stumble over 'em.

FIB: Well, they're on my side o' the bed...so I'll be the one to stumble over 'em...(YAWNS)

SOUND: THUD

MOL: Hand me my cold cream, McGee...thank you...did you notice the cheap towels in the bathroom! Like limp sandpaper.

FIB: Yeah...say you scare me with all that cold cream on your face...why didn't you wear that mask to the party?...

(LAUGHS INTO A YAWN) Imagine them old foaggies playin' postoffice at their age...there ain't one of 'em with sufficient postage. What time'll I set the clock for?

(YAWNS)

SOUND: (WINDING CLOCK)

MOL: Oh not too early...I'll want to sleep a while in the morning, McGee.

FIB: Me, too...after a night like this.

MOL: And that ghost story of Mr. Wilcox's!! I'll bet the sponsor haunts him!

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FIB: And the way those people ate...the Old Timer was chasin' the ham around like a actor's agent. Say this underwear don't fit as good as it did a few years ago Molly...gettin' a little snug around the ankles...Where's my pajamas? Oh here they are....

MOL: And hang up your pants...(SIGHS)

FIB: I'll hang 'em up in the morning.

SOUND: CREAK OF BEDSPRINGS:

FIB: Baby does this bed feel good to papa! (LAUGHS) Say remind me to tell you sometime about the trick I pulled on Gildersleeve tonight..(YAWNS) What a party that was! (YAWNS) Goodnight, Molly.

MOL: Goodnight, dearie.

FIB: (SIGHS)

SOUND: TELEPHONE

MOL: Wonder who that is at this time o' night. (CLICK) 79 Wistful Vista Molly McGee speakin'. Who? Oh, oh yes.... yes...oh that was real thoughtful of you...I'm sure he'll appreciate it...thank you so much. Yes, we had a simply WONDERFUL TIME...yes...goodnight. (CLICK) McGee that was Mr. Gildersleeve.

FIB: (SLEEPILY) What'd that stuffed shirt want?

MOL: He really did you a favor...he said he forgot to tell you while you were over there....

FIB: (YAWNS) Forgot to tell me what?

MOL: Well, his car was downtown bein' repaired and he saw ours standin' in the alley, and he was afraid the Halloween pranksters would hurt it, so he put it in his own garage.

FIB: (YAWN) Well that was nice of him. (YAWNS) Maybe he ain't such a bad old...WHAT? That was my car - I let the air outta my own tires. Ohhhhhhhh!

ORK: ("DING DONG THE WITCH IS DEAD")

(APPLAUSE)

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.  
10-24-39 Tuesday  
6:30 PM PST NBC

-22-

Closing Commercial

*Billie & Molly will be back in just a moment.*

ANNCR: Look down at your floors for a moment. Is there anything in your entire home that gets such hard wear? No wonder they need wax-protection!

No floor finish like a varnish, shellac or paint can stand up forever against the constant attack of scuffing and scraping shoes, and sharp heels. These finishes themselves need the protection of a tough material that can be quickly and easily renewed -- and that material is

JOHNSON'S WAX. Certain floor areas, such as halls and around doorways, get more wear than others. With JOHNSON'S WAX these traffic areas can be touched up and rewaxed without waxing the entire floor. In addition to providing this money-saving protection, JOHNSON'S WAX gives you rich, mellow, beautiful floors that add charm to your entire home. With every application, this beauty increases while your housework decreases, because waxed floors never need scrubbing. are easiest of all floors to keep clean. Ask your dealer for genuine JOHNSON'S WAX. paste or liquid. in the familiar red and yellow package.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC....FADE ON CUE

(2ND REVISION) -23-

TAG GAG

FIB: Folks, we didn't really feel that way about Gildersleeve's Party; we just wanted to give you an idea what we think happens after one of our parties.

Incidentally, Molly, there's one game we didn't play over there tonight.

MOL: What was that?

FIB: Pin the tail on the elephant.

MOL: You mean on the DONKEY.

FIB: No...Gildersleeve's a Republican.

MOL: Oh.

FIB: Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all!

ORK: UP TO FINISH: APPLAUSE:

CREDITS: SIGNOFF:

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