

S. C. Johnson & Son  
Writer: Don Quinn

(REVISED)

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY

#228

6:30-7:00 PM  
Tuesday 12/19/39

NBC-Red

-2-

WIL: The Johnson Wax Program...with Fibber McGee and  
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  
and Molly, with Bill Thompson, Jimmy Shields and Billy  
Mills' orchestra. The show opens with "It's a Hap Slap -  
Happy Day".

ORK: "IT'S A HAP SLAP-HAPPY DAY"....FADE FOR:

(INSERT COMMERCIAL PAGE 3)

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.  
Fibber McGee & Molly  
December 19, 1959  
Tuesday - 5:30 PM PST NBC

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Opening Commercial

ANNCR: Before we get together for another Fibber show next week, many of you will be richer by many lovely Christmas gifts. When you have them all unwrapped, and you're standing there thinking how nice Santa was to you, ask yourself this question: "How many of these presents should be protected with genuine JOHNSON'S WAX?"

Now to some of you that might seem a strange thought. Of course, you can't wax a necktie or a handkerchief or négligee. But you'd be surprised how many things you can protect and preserve with JOHNSON'S WAX! Picture frames and parchment lampshades, for instance -- a wax polish will keep them beautiful and easier to clean and dust. Leather goods -- new luggage, shoes, fine book covers, handbags -- should all be given a JOHNSON WAX beauty treatment. Guns, fishing rods, sleds -- even fine briar pipes -- all benefit in appearance and service when they're wax-protected.

It's the same JOHNSON'S WAX that has beautified and protected floors for over 50 years -- that gives greater beauty to tables, chairs and woodwork.

So, before you begin to use these lovely gifts, protect their beauty with genuine JOHNSON'S WAX.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH...APPLAUSE

SEGUE

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

(2ND REVISION) -4-

WIL: WELL, MOLLY HAS CONVINCED FIBBER THAT HIS BACK-FENCE QUARRELS WITH NEIGHBOR GILDERSLEEVE HAVE NO PLACE DURING THE YULETIDE SEASON.

Result:

HERE, SHOVELING THE SNOW OFF GILDERSLEEVE'S SIDEWALK, IN A BURST OF VIRTUE AND PERSPIRATION, WE FIND --

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY! -

SOUND: (SCRAPE OF SNOW SHOVEL...REPEAT...REPEAT)

MOL: Nice work, McGee...and only twenty feet to go! Are ye tired?

FIB: Phew! TIRED!..And LOOK AT THESE BLISTERS!

MOL: Heavenly days...they ARE big, aren't they?

FIB: BIG! I ain't had such blisters since I played hookey from the fifth grade.

MOL: How could you get blisters on your hand playin' hookey?

FIB: Did I say they was on my hand?

MOL: Oh, go to work, you're nearly thru.

FIB: Okay....

SOUND: (SHOVEL-SCRAPING) - FINAL BANGING:

FIB: (SIGHS) Well! All finished!! Phew!!

MOL: And a nice job too, McGee!

FIB: Yeah, but it ain't right. Doin' all this work for a big heel like Gildersleeve.

MOL: Well, a heel never gets anywhere without some good soul to lead the way. Let's go in the house - I'm cold after that.

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WIL: (FADE IN) HEY, FIBBER...MOLLY...I GOT SOMETHING FOR YOU!

MOL: Look, McGee....Mr. Wilcox!

FIB: Oh oh! (This may be that thing, folks -- better start takin' up the rugs!) WELL, AND WHAT HAVE YOU GOT FOR US, WILCOX?

WIL: Big package. Here, take it, Fibber.

MOL: Ohhhhh - is it from you, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: No, I just happened to see your name on it at the post-office, so I told the mailman I'd save him a trip.

FIB: Gee, thanks, Harlow. Whatcha been doin' at the Post-Office?

WIL: Oh,...I just sent my little nephew a snake for Christmas.

FIB: Kinda dangerous ain't it? For a kid?

WIL: Oh, it couldn't hurt him. Just a baby snake.

MOL: How do you know?

WIL: Still carrying it's little rattle. Well, see you later, folks....

FIB: Minds me of the time when I was a boy. Somebody gave me a Great Dane for my birthday. But I had to give it away.

MOL: Why?

FIB: Cost too much to feed him. Had the house broke before he was.

MOL: Come on...let's go in and open this package.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON PORCH: DOOR OPEN, CLOSE:

FIB: Who's it from, Molly?

MOL: Look, McGee - IT'S FROM YOUR UNCLE SYCAMORE!

FIB: Oh no! NOT OLD SYCAMORE MCGEE! He wouldn't send anybody anything. That guy's tighter than the middle sardine!

MOL: But you always said he was a very wealthy man.

FIB: Sure he is. But he's such a miser it's probably a couple pounds of sawdust to refill that rag doll he gimme when I was three years old.

MOL: Oh, McGee!

FIB: And I'll bet he foreclosed the mortgage on a saloon to get the sawdust!

MOL: Well, whatever it is, I don't think we should open it until Christmas. Uncle Sycamore'd be offended.

FIB: Now, wait a minute, Molly. As the guy says when he seen the gal in the old-fashioned bathing suit..."There must be more here than meets the eye." Maybe the old spider has finally got a hunk o' Christmas spirit!

MOL: Well...like old SCROOGE...maybe he's broken down at last!

FIB: Well, he's gettin' pretty well along in years, you know.... And maybe he's begun to realize that I'm old enough now to handle large sums of money, and...aw...shucks....I'm dreamin'...

MOL: Well, don't wake up now....go on and dream!

FIB: I was just thinkin'...the old ~~fat miser~~ <sup>skin flint</sup> might really send a wed of dbugh. No, no - I'm wrong, not that old tightwad.

MOL: How can a man be so stingy! They say he's so close-fisted the only way a fortune teller can read his palm is with an ex-ray.

FIB: Yes, he's...WHAT'D YOU SAY? EX-RAY? - THAT'S IT, MOLLY!! YOU GOT IT!! EX-RAY! WE'LL GET THAT PACKAGE EX-RAYED! THAT WON'T HURT UNCLE SYCAMORE'S FEELINGS!

(2ND REVISION) -7-8-9-

MOL: Wonderful, McGee...WONDERFUL! You're so clever!  
FIB: Aw, it was nothin'. GET YOUR HAT, MOLLY...WE'RE GOIN'  
DOWNTOWN AND GET THIS BOX EXRAYED! WE'LL TAKE A CAB!  
MOL: I'll be right with you!  
FIB: (SINGS) Oh, I'm a millionaire...if that package you got  
there, is more than a sack of Navy beans.....READY MOLLY?  
LET'S GO!

DOOR SLAM:

ORCHESTRA: "DARK EYES"

APPLAUSE

SECOND SPOT

(2ND REVISION) -10-

SOUND: MOTOR UP AND OUT WITH BRAKE SCREECH: CAR DOOR OPEN, SLAM:  
MUGG: Here ye are, buddy. De Wistful Vista Exray Lavatory, to be  
left onna second floor. Here's your change, Doc.  
FIB: Keep it, bud.  
MUGG: CHEE...TANKS! DIS'LL COME IN HANDY! I WAS ALL OUT OF SEN-SEN!  
SOUND: MOTOR UP AND OUT  
SOUND: DOOR LATCH: SLAM  
GIRL: Well - what did YOU swallow?  
FIB: We ain't swallowed anything, sis.  
GIRL: Really? Most everybody that comes in here has swallowed  
something. Hairpins, or coins, or tacks. I'm writing a book  
about it.  
FIB: I can't even swallow that.  
MOL: What's the title of your book?  
GIRL: "HOW TO GET TO THE SEAT OF YOUR TROUBLE WITHOUT CALLING AN  
USHER."  
FIB: I'm a author myself, you know.  
GIRL: What did you write?  
FIB: "THE MIDGET'S BRITCHES". It was one o' them Short Shorts.  
MOL: Look, miss, we want some exray pictures taken of this  
package.  
GIRL: I see. If you'll sit down, the technician will see you in  
a few minutes.  
MOL: McGee... you know....I'm a little nervous. What if there is  
a million dollars in this package?  
SOUND: DOOR LATCH  
UPP: (OFF) Good day, my deah. Will you please see if my ex-ray  
plates are ready?

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GIRL: (OFF) Sorry, Mr. Uppington. They won't be ready until tomorrow.

FIB: (WHISPERS) Hey, Molly....look who's here...A big flake off Upper Crust.

MOL: Well, for goodness sake!.....YOOOO HOO, MRS. UPPINGTON!

UPP: (FADE IN) Oh, how do you do, Mrs. McGee!...so nice to see you. AND Mr. McGee!

FIB: Hiyah, Upby.

MOL: Did I hear you asking about some ex-ray plates, Mrs. Uppington?

UPP: Yes, they're for my brother, Stuyvesant. Stuyvesant is an operatic baritone, you know. He played here last wintah.

MOL: Oh yes...Stuyvesant Uppingtonio. We heard him in the Barber of Seville. Remember, McGee?

FIB: Lemme think.....Barber of Seville...Barber of...Oh yes, wasn't he the fat guy in the red tights that come out and hollered...."NEXT?!"

UPP: Please, Mr. McGee!

MOL: What happened to Stuyvesant, Mrs. Uppington?

UPP: Well, it happened lahst week at the annual banquet of the Union League Club, I was theah with Stuyvesant...and I noticed he was eating ENTIAHLY too fast...so I spoke to him about it, "Stuy"! I said..."you mustn't eat so fast!" "Really," I said, "You are acting like a pig, Stuy!"

FIB: Dear, dear!

UPP: And just then...AHHH!...What a HORRIBLE Moment!.....he swallowed a lace doily!

MOL: My, he WAS hungry, wasn't he?

FIB: He like Chinese food, Uppy? I gotta extra laundry bag he can have, if --

UPP: PLEASE....PLEASE!.....I don't consider Stuyvesant's predicament any cause for levity. Particularly in view of the OUTRAGEOUS Newspaper publicity!

FIB: What they do, Uppy?

UPP: That HORRIBLE nickname they gave poor Stuyvesant! - When they saw the x-rays of that lace doily over his heart!

MOL: What nickname, Mrs. Uppington?

UPP: "THE HUMAN VALENTINE"! Isn't that disgusting? Well, good byeeeeeeee.....

SOUND: DOOR SLAM:  
(APPLAUSE)

FIB: Wonder what's in that package...Here let me heft it, Molly. Hmm. Weighs about nine pounds. What weighs nine pounds?

MOL: I did. When I was born...

SOUND: DOOR LATCH

OLD MAN: (FADE IN) Hello there, baby! Here's the films you ordered.

GIRL: Thank you. Better stop by again tomorrow.

OLD MAN: Sure will, baby. I'LL...WELL, HELLO THERE JOHNNY...HELLO DAUGHTER! Glad to see you!

MOL: Hello, Mr. Old Timer. I see you're working for some film company.

OLD MAN: Yep. They say it's got a great future, too, but I dunno, I still like the old stereoptican.

FIB: You would.

OLD MAN: EHHH?

FIB: Incidentally...you know who invented the Magic Lantern? Old Diogenes...when he was lookin' for a Honest Man. Know he couldn't do it without magic. (LAUGHS)

OLD MAN: Heh heh heh! THAT'S PRETTY GOOD, JOHNNY, BUT THAT AIN'T THE - say, what am I talkin' about? That wasn't either good! Eh? Oh! The way I heered it, one fella says to 'tother fella, SAYYYY, he says, "HAVE YOU SEEN TOM HOPE'S NEW PICTURE - 'THE CAT AND THE CANARY?" NO, SAYS THE SECOND FELLA, AND ANYWAY THAT AIN'T TOM HOPE'S PICTURE, IT'S BOB HOPE. OH, SAYS THE FIRST FELLA, I THOUGHT HE PLAYED THE PART OF THE CAT. Heh heh heh! WELL SO LONG KIDS, MERRY CHRISTMAS.

SOUND: (DOOR SLAM)

FIB: Wonder what would happen if the Cat and the Canary ever played a double bill with "OF MICE AND MEN".

SOUND: (DOOR LATCH)

WHEE: WAHOOOOO!.....ONE SIDE, EVERYBODY!...LEAVE ME SEE THE EX-RAY MAN!

FIB: Afraid you can't see him right now, Grandma....he's busy.

WHEE: OKAY, SHORTY....JUST WANTED MY COLLARBONE EXRAYED....THINK I BUSTED IT...BUT IT DON'T REALLY MATTER...I HARDLY EVER WEAR COLLARS ANYWAY..... YIPPEEEEEEE!!!

FIB: ~~Hey, what was that old lady like you said that you should bust a collar bone? Playin' games back on No. 13?~~

WHEE: ~~.....~~...FELL OFF A BOX CAR BUMMIN' MY WAY BACK FROM ATLANTA! WAHOOC!! ...WHAT A TRIP! WENT DOWN THERE FOR THE PREVIEW OF "GONE WITH THE WIND"...WOWIE!! WHAT A PICTURE!...ONLY THING IS, SONNY, I DIDN'T GET THE BIG OVATION I EXPECTED.

FIB: Ovation? What did you --

WHEE: AND CLARK NEVER GIMME A TUMBLE....THE RHETT!!

FIB: Hey, wait a minute....what is this...why should they have paid any attention to you, Grandma?

WHEE: SHORTY....(SCHMALTZY) IT WAS A LONG TIME AGO WHEN YOU WAS ONLY A BOY, BUT I WAS THE FIRST GIRL EVER TESTED FOR SCARLETT O'HARA! AHHHHH, THEM WERE THE GOOD OLD DAYS! SAY, GIRLIE...<sup>when</sup> THE DOC IS FREE ~~.....~~...GIMME A RING AT THE BOWLING ALLEY! YIPPEEEEE! ONE SIDE FOR A GLAMOUR GIRL!!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Hmmm!....Glamour girl, eh?

MOL: She might have come from a good Southern family at that, McGee.

FIB: Yes.....in fact, I wouldn't be surprised if hers was one of The First Families of Virginia...to go barefoot!

SOUND: BUZZER:

GIRL: Mr. McGee...the technician will see you now...~~.....~~

MOL: Thank you, dearie...bring the package, McGee...

SOUND: DOOR LATCH AND SIAM:

FIB: Careful Molly....kinda dark in here....You the exray technician, bud?

BOOM: Certainly am, Wogglebug. Yes indeed! Horatio K. Boomer, expert on the short wave, and the long haul. ~~How much can I charge you for whatever you wanted to see me about?~~

FIB: ~~When did you get to be a x-ray expert, Boomer? Cross your fingers and answer me that.~~

BOOM: ~~Waldie, my wife is an open book and dull reading. To give a counterexample to your impertinent interjections, I studied electrical phenomena when I was with the Panamanian Army and the shock troops. Ah, now you're looking a little better every day. I sometimes ask --~~

MOL: ~~Set the package down, please. We want to have this package ex-rayed <sup>we think there's money in it</sup> ~~somebody know what's in it.~~~~

BOOM: ~~Money? Well, of course...of course...all in the day's work and, ~~at some times, somewhat, after the day's work, all that I'll just place the parcel on the table, ~~there and~~ just trowel wit to compensate the ringwall. And there we are.~~~~

FIB: ~~Where?~~

BOOM: ~~Hasn't he a very good question? WHERE INDEED? And now... while the tubes warm up, will one of you open the conversation with a bit of ~~introduction?~~~~

MOL: ~~Well, one thing I want to know, Mr. Boomer, ~~but~~~~

SOUND: DOOR LATCH:

WIL: (BURSTING IN) NOW LOOK HERE, BOOMER...I WON'T STAND FOR THIS! YOU'VE -- oh, hello Fibber and Molly -- excuse me.

FIB: Oh, don't mind us, Harlow. But ain' you in the wrong office? This is a exray, not a flooroscope.

WIL: Well, never mind that now....LOOK HERE, BOOMER...YOU'RE A GYP!

MOL: Now there is a very penetrating bit of character analysis. Go on, Mr. Wilcox.

BOOM: Yes, proceed with the indictment, my long-limbed linoleum-lover.

WIL: Look at this fake ex-ray photograph of Mrs. Perkins' spinal column. You told her this proved she needed a long series of ex-ray treatments for her lame back.

FIB: Well, now, wait a minute, Harlow...maybe Boomer is right.

WIL: Oh yeah? I took this picture to a real ex-ray expert and he said this was a fairly bad photograph of a banana stalk!

MOL: Heavenly Days....a banana stalk!

BOOM: Curses....I am undone!

WIL: You know very well, Boomer, there is nothing wrong with Mrs. Perkins back that a little rest from floor-scrubbing wouldn't cure in a week.

FIB: Oh oh. Somebody musta left the script open!

WIL: I told Mrs. Perkins, Boomer, to get some Johnson's Self-Polishing Glocoat for her linoleum, and she would never again have a lame back from hours of scrubbing and worrying about scuffed and dull linoleum. Why, with Glocoat, all she has to do is pour a little on the linoleum...spread it around...and wait for it to dry...no rubbing....no buffing...it's as simple as that! Here...take your picture of the banana stalk!

SOUND: GLASS CRASH ... DOOR SLAM:



MOL: Well, we certainly have wasted a lot of time, McGee. *from Uncle Sycamore*  
 FIB: Molly, I can't wait till Xmas to open ~~the~~ package. Let's  
 open it now.

MOL: All right, McGee...open it.  
 FIB: Okay..here she goes... *If that box is full o' dough, will love it for*  
 (RATTLE OF PAPER..SAVAGE RIPPING) *know*

SOUND: (DOOR KNOCK)

FIB: Aw fer the ... COME IN!

SOUND: (DOOR LATCH)

BOY: Telegram for Fibber McGee...sign here. Thanks.

FIB: That's okay bud. Keep the change. And a Merry Christmas To  
 You.

SOUND: (DOOR SLAM) (TEARING TELEGRAM OPEN)

*Mol: writes it says Mc Gee?*  
 FIB: DEAR NEPHEW PLEASE TAKE MY CLOTHES OUT OF BOX AND HANG THEM  
 UP WILL ARRIVE DECEMBER 24TH TO SPEND HOLIDAYS. DON'T  
 MEET ME AT STATION WILL WALK IT'S CHEAPER.

(Signed) SYCAMORE MCGEE!

FIB: WELL I'LL BE A...Run, upstairs and get a cake o' soap  
 and a hairbrush...I think you're gonna have to wash my  
 mouth out and spank me in a few minutes.

MOL: Let yourself go, dearie...I know just how you feel.

FIB: Why that stingy old...MOLLY it ain't fair...doin' me out  
 of a million dollars like that. Not after the way I  
 scrimped and saved and denied myself all these years.  
 Shucks....that spoils my whole Christmas...

MOL: Oh now come come...cheer up...it isn't that bad. Why --

SOUND: (DOOR KNOCK)

FIB: Go way!

MOL: Be quiet! COME IN!.

(DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE)

TEE: Hi, mister!

FIB: What's on your mind, sis?

TEE: Hmhmhmhm?

FIB: I says whatcha want?

TEE: Whatcha got?

FIB: That's beside the point.

TEE: Gee, is it? It better be careful then hadn't it?

FIB: Hadn't what?

TEE: Hmhmhmhm?

FIB: Listen little girl...I ain't in ANY MOOD for small talk  
 today. I just had a great sorrow. Whadja want?

TEE: Well gee, I just been goin' around the neighborhood lookin'  
 at people's Christmas trees, I betcha. Where's yours?

FIB: We ain't put it up yet. And what's more, the way I feel now,  
 I don't care if we NEVER have a--

MOL: MCGEE...that's no way to talk.

FIB: Well...anyway...

TEE: Gee, I guess you're an old sourpuss, mister, I betcha.

FIB: I am not!

TEE: Oh yes you are.

FIB: OHH NO I'M NOT...

TEE: OHH YES YOU ARE...

FIB: OHHH NO I.....or am I? Say, maybe I am, at that. What's the matter with me, anyway?

TEE: I'd rather tell you sometime after Christmas, mister.

FIB: Oh ye would, eh? (LAUGHS)

TEE: (GIGGLES) Hmmmmmm?

FIB: Look sis....you were absolutely right. I am a sourpuss. I'm a scrooge. You come back Monday and take a look at our Christmas tree and I think I can safely say there'll be something on it for you.

TEE: Awwwwwww, Honest? (GIGGLES EXCITEDLY)

FIB: Get a load of the expression, Molly....I'll bet this is the first place she comes on Christmas morning?

TEE: Ohh not it won't...

FIB: Eh?

TEE: This is the fourteenth place, Mister...Look...I gotta list, AND THEY'VE ALLLLLL PROMISED ME A PRESENT. GEE.... AREN'T PEOPLE PEACHY!

DOOR LATCH:

TEE: (OFF MIKE) HEY WILLIE!

BOY: (WAY OFF) YEAH?

TEE: I made my quota...How'd you do over at Joneses?

SOUND: (DOOR SLAM)

FIB: (LAUGHS HEARTILY) You know, Molly...this really is a great time o' the year.

MOL: Why certainly.....I'll almost be glad to have your Uncle Sycamore here.

FIB: Well, I wouldn't quite go that far...(LAUGHS) But what have we got to kick about...enough to eat...a good home... nice neighbors...

MOL: Even Mr. Gildersleeve?

FIB: WHY SURE...Gildersleeve is okay. And when he finds out I shovelled his sidewalk off for him, he'll --

SOUND: (DOOR KNOCK)

FIB: Oh...I'll bet that's him now...Look, Molly...let's ask him and his wife over for dinner and bridge tonight. Let's really get acquainted with 'em....I'll bet they're real people..

MOL: A good idea, McGee....COME IN!

DOOR LATCH SLAM

MOL: (SWEETLY) Hell-lo, Mr. Gildersleeve....so nice to see you.

FIB: Hiyah Trocky, old man. Merry Xmas. Did you notice, I shovelled all the snow off your sidewalk?

HAL: YES, I DID, AND, LISTEN HERE, MCGEE...WHY DON'T YOU SHOVEL OFF YOUR OWN SIDEWALK? I'LL TAKE CARE OF MINE AND YOU TAKE CARE OF YOURS!

FIB: Well, I'll be a naughty comment! ~~HE SAID~~ ---

MOL: Why, Mr. Gildersleeve! What do you mean? McGee thought it would be a nice neighborly gesture....

HAL: MRS. MCGEE...THE ONLY GESTURE I WANT FROM THAT MAN YOU TOOK FOR BETTER OR FOR WORSE, (AND I KNOW WHICH) IS A GESTURE OF FAREWELL.

FIB: Oh yeah? YOU GOT NO MORE GRATITUDE THAN A COLLECTOR OF INTERNAL REVENUE!

HAL: IS THAT SO!

FIB: YES, THAT'S SO!

HAL: MCGEE...ONE OF THESE DAYS, I'M GOING TO TANGLE WITH YOU AND YOU'LL WIND UP IN A BIGGER CAST THAN THEY HAD IN THE WIZARD OF OZ!

FIB: GILDERSLEEVE, IF YOU EVEN TWITCH A LAPEL TOWARD ME, I'LL HAND A COUPLE OF SOCKS ON YOUR CHIN THAT SANTA CLAUS COULDN'T FILL IN 8 CENTURIES.

HAL: OH, IS THAT SO!

FIB: YES, THAT'S SO...~~HE SAID~~!

MOL: All right, boys...break it up...BREAK IT UP..

FIB:) MOLLY if this big sack of atmosphere thinks he's gonna -  
 HAL:) (SIMULTANEOUSLY) MRS. MCGEE, IF THIS LITTLE SQUIRT OF BANANA OIL....

MOL: Be quiet!! BOTH OF YOU! Sit down, McGee...and YOU, Mr. Gildersleeve...For shame! The idea!!! Here it is nearly Christmas, and my husband went out of his way ----

HAL: I hope next time he goes so far out of his way he'll get lost!

FIB: Listen, Gildersleeve, you can't talk to my wife that way,-- about her husband!

MOL: STOP IT! I won't have this quarreling in my house. Not with Johnson's Wax on the floor.

FIB: What's that got to do with it?

MOL: Nothing. But we haven't mentioned it for some time. NOW, LOOK, MR. GILDERSLEEVE....

HAL: YES?

MOL: WHY ON EARTH should you be angry because somebody does you a favor? McGee saved you a lot of work, just as a friendly act. You're ungrateful and unreasonable.

HAL: (ALMOST TEARFUL) BUT MRS. MCGEE, I WANTED TO SHOVEL THAT SNOW OFF THE SIDEWALK MYSELF! IN THE FIRST PLACE, MY WIFE GOT ME A NEW SNOW SHOVEL FOR CHRISTMAS....AND IN THE SECOND PLACE, MY DOCTOR TOLD ME TO DO IT FOR THE EXERCISE! MCGEE IS DELIBERATELY UNDERMINING MY HEALTH, THAT'S WHAT HE'S DOING! NOT THAT I HAVE ANYTHING AGAINST YOU, MRS. MCGEE, I LIKE YOU,--MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU!

SOUND: (DOOR SLAM)

FIB: Aw pshaw!

ORK: "LAUGH YOUR WAY THRU LIFE"....FADE FOR:

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.  
Fibber McGee & Molly  
12-19-39  
Tuesday 5:30 PM PST NBC

-28-

Closing Commercial

ANNCR: Fibber and Molly will be back in just a moment. I'd like to say a word in the meantime about your kitchen. If someone asked you where you were going to spend the holidays, many of you could almost truthfully say, "in the kitchen". You certainly will spend more time there than you usually do -- so why not make it as bright and cheerful as possible? How? Well, JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT will help greatly by giving your linoleum floors bright, new beauty -- bringing out their natural, fresh colors, and protecting them with a polish that is easy to keep clean.

If you don't know how simple it is to use GLO-COAT, just try a can tomorrow. There's practically no work at all -- no rubbing or buffing. Just apply GLO-COAT and let it dry. In 20 minutes your floors gleam with new beauty. Besides making the floors beautiful, and saving you work, SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT will make your linoleum last much longer.

Ask your dealer for some tomorrow -- in the familiar red and yellow can -- spelled G-L-O hyphen C-O-A-T -- JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT!

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC...FADE ON CUE

(2ND REVISION) -29-

TAG

FIB: Well, Molly, as I---  
MOL: MCGEE! Did you get our Christmas tree yet?  
FIB: No -- but I'm going to run out right now -- and bring in the clothes pole.  
MOL: Clothes pole!  
FIB: Yes. With all the needles I've got today, I can make my own tree! .....

FIB: Folks, this is our last chance to talk to you before Monday ... and so, on behalf of S. C. Johnson and Son, and all of us on the program....

MOL: We wish you a VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS!

FIB: Good night.  
MOL: Good night, all.  
ORK: (CLOSING SIGNATURE)

TAG

FIB: Well, Molly, as I---  
MOL: MCGEE! Did you get our Christmas tree yet?  
FIB: No -- but I'm going to run out right now -- and bring in  
the clothes pole.  
MOL: Clothes pole!  
FIB: Yes. With all the needles I've got today, I can make  
my own tree! .....

FIB: Folks, this is our last chance to talk to you before Monday  
... and so, on behalf of S. C. Johnson and Son, and all  
of us on the program...

MOL: We wish you a VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS!  
FIB: Good night.  
MOL: Good night, all.  
ORK: (CLOSING SIGNATURE)

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Inc.

"FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY". #1

NBC-RED

DECEMBER 26th, 1939

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