

(REVISED)

S. C. Johnson & Son
Writer: Leonard L. Levinson

FIBBER MC GEE & MOLLY

#231

6:30-7:00 PM
Tuesday - 1/9/40

NBC-Red

-2-

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
and Molly, with Jimmy Shiels, Bill Thompson, and Billy
Mills' Orchestra. The show opens with "LIZA".

ORK:

(FADE FOR:)

(page 3 - for commercial)

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
JANUARY 9, 1940
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

-3-

OPENING COMMERCIAL

ANNOUNCER: In far off countries like India and Arabia, people take off their shoes before going into their houses. That's one way, of course, to keep from wearing out your floors!

In America, especially during this month of January, that would be rather inconvenient -- and as a matter of fact, we have a much better way than that to protect our floors.

With WAX -- genuine JOHNSON'S WAX, the floor polish that has protected the floors in millions of homes over a period of 50 years. JOHNSON'S WAX does two important things: it protects, and it beautifies. It protects by spreading a tough WAX shield over floors, furniture and woodwork -- a shield that guards these surfaces against scratches, wear and dirt. It beautifies by giving them a lustrous, satiny glow -- rich, mellow beauty that you can achieve in no other way. And in addition, JOHNSON'S WAX saves you many hours of work throughout the year, because it makes cleaning so easy. There are actually over 100 extra labor-saving uses for JOHNSON'S WAX. Try JOHNSON-WAXING your tabletops, windowills, lampshades, leather goods. You will find these extra uses listed on every package of genuine JOHNSON'S WAX, paste or liquid.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

SEGUE

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

(2ND REVISION) -4-

WIL: TONITE IS A BIG NIGHT IN WISTFUL VISTA...FOR "GONE WITH THE WIND" IS HAVING IT'S FORMAL OPENING AT THE BIJOU THEATRE. THE CREAM OF SOCIETY WILL BE THERE....SO, HERE IN THEIR LIVING ROOM, GETTING READY TO USE THE TICKETS SOMEONE MYSTERIOUSLY SENT THEM, WE FIND THE UNDERDONE BOTTOM OF WISTFUL VISTA'S UPPER CRUST --

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE

FIB: Hey, Molly - where'd you put that buttonhook?
MOL: Buttonhook? McGee, don't tell me you're going to a formal opening wearing them yellow shoes with the box toes?
FIB: Why Molly you know I wouldn't do no uncouth stuff like that there. I wanna button my vest.....Hope Harlow Wilcox remembers to send over that size seventeen collar.
MOL: McGee, are you sure there was no message with those tickets?
FIB: Nope. Just the two tickets in an envelope, slipped under the front door.
MOL: Well I hope we can find out who sent 'em. So we can thank 'em.

m

~~That's right~~ the Bijou's only got four hundred seats.
You betcha
FIB: ~~Yes,~~ and it's harder to get tickets for the opening tonite
than it is to get a needle thru the eye of a camel.
MOL: What's so hard about getting a needle thru the eye of a
camel?
FIB: There's no "I" in "Camel". (LAUGHS) Doncha get it, Molly?
I says, "It's harder--"
MOL: 'Taint funny, McGee.
FIB: 'Taint? Oh, well - it's educational. *As I always says--*
SOUND: (DOOR LATCH AND SLAM)
OLD M: Hello, daughter--- Hello, Johnny!
FIB: Oh, hello, Old Timer.
OLD M: Care to buy a nice Christmas tree?
MOL: Now what would we be doing with a Christmas tree this time
of year?
OLD M: EHHHHHHHHHHHHH?
FIB: We don't need one, Old Timer. Our carpet is so full of
needles now, we're thinking of renting sleeping quarters to
a couple of Hindu Fakirs.
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 to
tother feller, "SAYYYYYYYYYY" he says, "WHAT'S THIS LEAP YEAR
EVERYBODY'S MAKING SUCH A FUSS ABOUT?" "AIN'T YOU HEARD",
says tother feller, "IT'S THE TIME WHEN A GIRL WHO'S AT
LOOSE ENDS HAS A CHANCE TO GET TIED UP." Heh heh heh! Oh,
yes - almost forgot - here's the collar Mr. Wilcox sent over.
FIB: Oh, thanks - uh, just a second - here's a dime for your
trouble.
OLD M: A dime! Well, split my lip and call me "Chappie!" No....
No, I won't take it.

MOL: But why not, Mr. Old Timer?
OLD M: I'd lose fifteen cents on the deal.
FIB: How come, Cy.
OLD M: Why, I bet Mr. Wilcox a quarter that you wouldn't give me
anything. So long, kids.
SOUND: DOOR SLAM
FIB: Can you beat that. Tryin' to get money outta Harlow and
me. Gets my goat the way that old tintype is developing.
MOL: Well, I'm ready, dearie.
FIB: Okay, help me on with my tuxedo coat, will you?
MOL: Sure. Take it easy, McGee.
FIB: Ain't had this coat on since Taft was inaugurated.
SOUND: LOUD CLOTH RIP
MOL: Oh dear, oh dear, - Now you've done it, McGee!
FIB: Shucks, is it bad, Molly?
MOL: Worse than that. It's split all the way up the back.
FIB: Well, as the delicatessen man said to the customer:
"Here's a pretty pickle!
MOL: It's no time for joking, McGee. You hurry right over to
the tailor and have him mend your coat.
FIB: Alright, Molly.
MOL: And go out the back door - (FADING) It's quicker that way.
FIB: Okay.
SOUND: DOOR LATCH AND SLAM - FOOTSTEPS DOWN PORCH STEPS
FIB: (MUTTERING) Things always happen when I'm in a.....
SOUND: MILK BOTTLES & MCGEE FALLING DOWN STEPS

FIB: Dad rat the dad ratted rattle! Never seen it to fail.
 Hey - what's that hanging on Gildersleeve's clothesline...
 why its a full-dress evening coat - tails and all....
 Bet Gildersleeve'd never miss it if I sneaked into the
 yard and borrowed it for a couple of hours....But of
 course I'd never dream of doing such a thing....Hope this
 gate of his doesn't squeak.

SOUND: LOUD SCREECH OF GATE

FIB: Shhh! Quiet, McGee. Okay, I'm bein' quiet. Feels like
 a nice coat. Well try it on. (GRUNTS) Say it fits me good
 - Hey, I know what I'll do - I'll hang my torn coat up
 in its place. (LAUGHS) There we are.

HAL: (FADING IN) HALT! HALT OR I'LL SHOOT!

FIB: Don't shoot! Don't shoot, Gildersleeve. It's just me -
 Fibber McGee.

HAL: What are you doing in my back yard at this time of night,
 McGee?

FIB: Why...I...I was just looking for...uh...for our cat.
 Thought it strayed in here. (CALLS) Here, Pussy, Pussy,
 Pussy! Here, Pus -

HAL: What kind of a looking cat is it, McGee.

FIB: Oh, it's one of them..uh...Maltese cats. You know - the
 kind with the long orange hair and no tail...hardly.

HAL: That's very interesting. What do you call it?

FIB: Oh, we just call it..uh..Malta. (CALLS) HERE, MALTA! MILK!

HAL: (LAUGHS) That's very good - or is it?

FIB: Here, Pussy, Pussy, Pussy. (HAL JOINS HIM) Here, Pussy,
 Pussy....Here Pussy, Pussy! (HE CONTINUES AFTER FIB FALLS OU

FIB: (LAUGHS)

HAL: (STILL CALLING) Pussy, Pussy - Now, look here, McGee. I
 wasn't the one who lost your cat AND YOU CAN'T MAKE ME FIND
 IT, EITHER. I'M GOING IN THE HOUSE. G'night.

FIB: (WHISTLES) He almost caught me then. Well, I better get back
 home now. ~~He was trying to put the coat~~

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS UP PORCH STEPS UNDER NEXT LINE

FIB: I'll ~~come~~ ^{put the ~~coat~~ ~~back~~} when we get ~~back~~ ^{home} from the Bijou and nobody'll be
 the wiser.

SOUND: DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

MOL: Are you back, Dearie?

FIB: Yep.

MOL: Oh, where did you get that lovely swallowtail coat?

FIB: Oh, there wasn't time to get mine fixed, so I just..borrowed
 ...this one. Fits like a glove, ~~doesn't~~ ^{don't} it?

MOL: It certainly does - especially over the hands.

FIB: ~~Well, then, there's no use me wearing my glasses.~~ Might as
 well get started...where'd you put the tickets?

MOL: Here they are - stuck in the mirror. But for the life of me,
 I still can't see why they were sent to us.

FIB: Don't worry, Molly. All famous critics get theater tickets
 on occasions like this.

MOL: And since when are you a famous theater critic?

FIB: Didn't I ever tell you about the time I was dramatic editor
 of the old Chicago Blaze.

MOL: A thousand times.

FIB: Why, I was so powerful that every time I wrote a favorable
 criticism of a show, it would act as a hypodermic at the box-
 office. HYPO-CRITICAL MCGEE - I WAS KNOWN AS IN THEM DAYS!

MOL: Oh, dear.
FIB: HYPO-CRITICAL MCGEE!, THE GANNIEST CONNOISSEUR OF CULTURE THAT EVER CALMLY CALLED THE CARDS ON THE CURRENT CAMERA CROP: CANDIDLY CUSSING THE CRUMMY QUALITY OF CLUMSY CREATIONS: CONTINUALLY CAUSING CHORUS CUTLIES TO CRY BY COMPOSING CRUEL, CUTTING COMMENTS: CALMLY CRACKING THE CONCEIT OF COUNTLESS CORNY CLOWNS BY CONSTANTLY CLUNKING COARSE COMEDIANS OVER THE CONK WITH CRITICAL CABBAGES, CANTELOUPES, CAULIFLOWERS, AND COBBLESTONES: AND CURDLING THE CONDENSED CREAM OF COMMON KINDNESS FROM THE CARNIVAL CONCESSIONS OF KANKAKEE TO THE LETS GO TO THE SHOW, MRS. MCGEE!

APPLAUSE:

ORCH: ("FASCINATING RHYTHM")

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: CAR UP & DOWN

FIB: Here's a parking space Molly. Right next to the theater.

SOUND: CAR UP & OUT, WITH BRAKE SCREECH

FIB: Hmmm...good thing I got them brakes fixed.

MOL: Why didn't you go in the parking lot?

FIB: Didn't you see that sign. (READING) Fifteen cents for the first hour, twenty-five cents for all evening - and fifty cents for "Gone With The Wind." I'm no fool.

SOUND: CAR DOOR LATCH & SLAM

Mol; Let's hurry, McGee. I can hardly wait to see Selznick O'Hara.

UPP: (FADING IN) Oh, how do you do, Mrs. McGee! AND Mr. McGee!

MOL: Oh, how do you do, Mrs. Uppington!

FIB: Hiyah, Uppy.

MOL: (McGee, maybe she sent us those tickets?)

FIB: (Watch me find out) I see you're going to be present when "Gone With The Wind" opens - Uppy.

UPP: Oh, yes - it's going to be most exclusive, you know - only the social leaders of the community have been invited.

FIB: Yeah...we got a pair of tickets.

UPP: Ooooh? Oh - oh, yes...Is that so?

FIB: (No, Molly, it wasn't her). You look very swanky, tonight, Uppy. All dressed up like Mrs. Astor's horse, Plush.

UPP: Thank you. And speaking of horses, Mr. McGee, your tails are dragging.

FIB: Uh? Oh - oh, yes.
MOL: Oh, the men are wearing them longer this year....
UPP: But you look so charming, Mrs. McGee. I always liked that dress. I believe it's the one I gave to the Rummage Sale last fall?
MOL: Why, yes, dearie. I cut it down to fit me and had enough material left over to make a fine pair of drapes for me sitting room.
FIB: (Score one for the home team) Say, Uppy, how do you like the string of pearls I got Molly for Xmas?
UPP: Oh, they're divine. But don't you think they'd look better Mrs. McGee, if you took them out of the shells?
FIB: (Foul Ball)
UPP: And, tell me, my dear, where did you get those shoes. I must buy a pair just like them - for my cook.
MOL: I bought them at the Bon Ton, dearie -- your mother waited on me.
FIB: (There goes the ball game, folks)
UPP: Ooooh! My mother! Oh...OH YOU GOT ME! Goodbye!
FIB: Poor ole Uppy - she hasn't any more glamour than a bad cold.
DOORMAN: Tickets, please.

FIB: Here you are, Bud.
DOORMAN: Left aisle, please.
ORK: NEWSREEL MARCH FADES IN AND UNDER DIALOG - ALWAYS OFF MIKE
FIB: Come on, Molly, the news reel is just starting.
MOL: My, my, it's dark in here.
FIB: Yes, they make it that way so you can see the picture better. Just follow me...oh, here we are...THIS WAY, MOLLY!
CAST: (AD LIB - OFF MIKE) SHUT UP, MCGEE! QUIET, FIBBER SHOOOSH, MCGEE! PIPE DOWN, MCGEE.
FIB: (WHISPER) Oh...Hi, fellers....Here's our seats, Molly.
SOUND: THEATRE SEATS LOWERED
WIL: (WHISPERS) Well, hello there, Fibber and Molly.
MOL: (WHISPERS) Hello, Mr. Wilcox.
FIB: Say, Harlow, were you the unknown friend who sent us tickets for these seats?
WIL: Why, no, folks - in fact I didn't pay for my ticket, either. The management gave me a pass.
MOL: A pass?
WIL: Yes, I got it for my work in building up the matinee business here.

FIB: (WHISPERS) As Mrs. O'Leary's cow said to the lantern:
 "I know I'm putting my foot in it - but how do you build up
 matinee business, Mr. Wilcox?"

WIL: Well, because every day more housewives are discovering how
simple it is to protect and beautify floors and linoleum with
 (LOUD) JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT.

MOL: Not so loud, Mr. Wilcox, someone might hear you.

WIL: (WHISPER) It's not only simple, but it's labor-saving.
 JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT.

FIB: Shhhh!

WIL: Johnson's Glo-coat is giving these ladies more leisure to
 enjoy the better things of life - more time to read books - to
 rest and relax - and to attend matinees at the Bijou theatre.

FIB: Well I'll be a censored cognomen!

WIL: Watch my seat for me, Fibber, I'll be right back!

FIB: Okay, Pal! Hey Molly, hand me the peanut brittle.

MOL: Quiet, McGee! Watch the newsreel.

BOOM: (FADING IN) Ah, there, my dear....and a good, good evening
 to you Fizzle Fizz.

FIB: Oh, hiya, Boomer.

BOOM: Is this seat taken?

MOL: Yes, it is.

BOOM: Alright, I'll sit down, then.

FIB: Hey, what are you doing with that parachute, Boomer?

BOOM: Quiet, Sapadillo, I just crashed.

MOL: Oh, dear - here comes the usher.

USHER: Pardon me, sir, but could I look at your ticket stub?

BOOM: Who - me?

USHER: Yes, sir.

BOOM: Ticket stub, ticket stub...where'd I put that ticket stub...
 Now let me see...Here's a small meat ax - very handy when
 you encounter a road hog...a message that my cousin from
 Australia phoned. It says: "Melbourne J. Boomer rang"...
 an unstrung zither - I've been playing fast and loose with
 a musical widow...an emergency hair curler - for ladies
 in straightened circumstances...a second-hand second hand -
 with watch attached...chain must have got caught on my
 coat sleeve - or some other far-fetched excuse....a little
 pipe of my own invention...made out of meerchaum - with a
 lead bottom ... equally good for smoking or slugging...
 WELL, WELL, IMAGINE THAT...NO TICKET STUB!...and what's
 more, I seem to be a check for a beer short!

DOORMAN: Then you haven't got a ticket stub, eh?

BOOM: Evidently not, m'lad. STRANGE - I MUST HAVE PICKED UP THE
 WRONG WALLET, TONIGHT. What does that sign say? (READING)
 "Run, don't walk, to the nearest exit." Peerless advice.
 I'll take it. Goodnight, my dear, so long, Pantywaist!

FIB: Imagine that, Molly - that guy's got more brass than a
 nine dollar tuba.

MOL: McGee, will you stop squirming around and -- say, what's
 that I feel under my feet?

FIB: Don't go bothering 'em, Molly - them's my shoes.

MOL: Your shoes?

FIB: Yeah, they were pinching me, and I took 'em off.

(2ND REVISION) -16-17-18-

MOL: McGee, I'm ashamed of you. Coming here to see "Gone With The Wind" - sitting with the elite + and taking off your shoes!

FIB: Oh, nobody'll notice it - I'm wearing my black socks.

MOL: The very idea! Put those shoes right back on this very instance, McGee.

FIB: Do I have to?

MOL: Yes you have to. Now put 'em on.

FIB: Alright - oooh - Dat rat it! (GRUNTS) I can't get my feet back into 'em.

MOL: Serves you right for taking them off in the first place... the idea!!

FIB: I can't get 'em on Molly!

MOL: Lemme see...Ohhh McGee, you're trying to put on my shoes!

ORCH: (SHORT "GONE WITH THE WIND" THEME - OFF MIKE) (DOWN FOR:)

FIB: Oh, oh - let's leave our shoes off Molly. Here comes "Gone With The Wind".

OPCH: ("WIND THEME UP & FADES FOR:)

WIL: Ladies and Gentlemen, while the audience at the Bijou Theater is watching "Gone With The Wind", Jimmy Shields will sing "All The Things You Are."

SHIELDS & ORCH: ("ALL THE THINGS YOU ARE")

APPLAUSE

(THIRD SPOT)

(2ND REVISION) -19-

SOUND: CHATTER OF CROWD COMING OUT OF THEATRE.

FIB: (WHISTLES) Well, I never thought I'd sit through a picture that took four hours - but this one was worth it. Did you like it, Molly?

MOL: (TEARFUL) Oh, it was so beautiful...I ~~just~~ ~~enjoyed~~ ~~myself~~ ~~so~~ ~~much~~ ~~in~~ ~~all~~ ~~my~~ ~~life~~ ..(CRYING) I never enjoyed myself so much in all my life.

FIB: There, there, don't take on so...I've got a surprise for you - I know the perfect finish for an evening like this.

MOL: Oh, dearie, you're always so thoughtful - what is it?

FIB: Let's get a dish of Chop Suey at Gooey Fooey's Barbecue!

MOL: McGee! How can you think of a thing like that at a time like this? We'll do nothing of the kind...when we get home I'll fix us a couple bowls of chile.

FIB: You're right, Molly, that would be more appropriate.

MOL: McGee, I hate to keep bringing it up, but who could have sent us them nice tickets - and why?

FIB: Quit worrying about it, Molly...Here's our car.

TEE: Hi, Mister?

FIB: Oh, hello there, little girl.

TEE: Can I have a ride home please mister, Hmmm? Can I please? Hmmm?

FIB: ~~Yes, you can.~~ ^{Sue} Say, what's a kid your age doin' out so late at night, sis? Curfew musta rung three hours ago.

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: Don't you know what it means when the bell rings at nine o'clock?

TEE: What?

FIB: Curfew!

TEE: Ghesuntite!
FIB: (CHUCKLES) Guess she don't know what curfew is, Molly.
TEE: I betcha I do, too. I betcha.
FIB: Oh, no you don't.
TEE: Ohh, yes I do.
FIB: OHHHHH NO, YOU DON'T.
TEE: OHHHHHHHHHHH YES, I DO!
FIB: OHHHHH, NO YOU --
MOL: Oh, McGee, stop it. Get in the car.
FIB: Okay. We'll all get in the front seat.
SOUND: CAR DOOR OPEN
FIB: Hop in sis.
SOUND: (CAR DOOR CLOSE) (SHIFTING GEARS - MOTOR UP & FADE)
FIB: (OVER SOUND) Dad ratted fresh kids. Stayin' up till all
hours, bummin' rides, and gettin' in your hair. . .
TEE: Hmmm?
FIB: Well, where've you been till this hour?
TEE: To see "Gone With The Wind."
FIB: Shucks ain't that picture a little too old for you?
TEE: Oh, no - it's brand new.
FIB: I mean - oh, never mind. What part of tonight's
performance did you like best, sis?
TEE: The part when Mr. Boomer was thrown out of the theatre
on his parachute.
FIB: (CHUCKLES) I hope you liked the rest of the show, too.

TEE: Not all of it.
FIB: Well, now, just what part didn't you like?
TEE: The Mickey Mouse.
FIB: But there wasn't any Mickey Mouse.
TEE: That's the part I didn't like.
FIB: Alright, Molly, here we are. (CAR UP & STOP) Come on,
little girl..(CAR DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE) Hey, don't forget
your package.
TEE: Thanks, Mister.
FIB: By the way, how did you get a ticket for tonight?
TEE: Oh, I didn't need any - my papa's the manager, I betcha.
FIB: Your father's the...but why didn't you ride home with him?
TEE: Because, he took in almost a thousand dollars tonight, and
he's afraid of holdup men, I betcha.
FIB: You mean he's carrying all that money home with him?
TEE: Oh, no, I'm carryin' it home with me...So long, Mister.
(APPLAUSE)
FIB: Well! Come on, Molly. (ASIDE) Oh boy, I almost forgot
about returning this coat to Gildersleeve's clothesline.
HAL: (FADING IN) NOW, LOOK HERE, MCGEE! I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR
YOU!
FIB: Oh hiyah, Gildy? (CHANGE VOICE) What's on your mind?
HAL: YOU KNOW VERY WELL WHAT'S ON MY MIND, YOU - YOU WOLF IN
SHEEP'S CLOTHING! (ASIDE) No - no that's my coat. (LOUD)
ANYHOW, WHEN YOU CAME INTO MY BACK YARD, TONIGHT, LOOKING
FOR THAT BLASTED CAT OF YOURS -
MOL: Why, McGee wouldn't do a thing like that, Mr. Gildersleeve.

HAL: Oh, No? AND WHY NOT?

MOL: Because we haven't any cat - have we, Dearie?

FIB: Excuse me, folks - I think I hear our phone ringing...

HAL: STAY FIGHT HERE, MCGEE! DON'T TRY TO CRAWL AWAY WITH MY TAILS BETWEEN YOUR LEGS!

MOL: What on earth is he talking about, McGee?

FIB: (INNOCENT) I haven't the faintest idea.

HAL: (GRADUALLY GETTING TEARFUL) YOU HAVE, TOO! YOU SNEAKED INTO MY YARD LIKE A SNAKE AND STOLE MY SWALLOWTAIL OFF THE LINE, WHERE I WAS AIRING IT OUT - AFTER NEW YEAR'S, YOU DID IT JUST TO KEEP ME FROM GOING TO THE OPENING TONIGHT -- (SHOUTS) GIVE ME MY COAT, MCGEE - RIGHT NOW!

FIB: Let go, Gildersleeve - gimme a chance to unbutton it.

HAL: MORE TRICKS, UH? Gimme that -

SOUND: CLOTH TEARING

FIB: There's the sleeve!

HAL: ~~There's the sleeve!~~ *Yes and - What! Here gimme -*

SOUND: CLOTH TEARING

FIB: There's the other Gildersleeve - Now wait a minute, my friend, before I get hot under your collar.....If you give me a chance, I'll take the rest of your coat off myself.....There you are, Gildy, and much obliged.

HAL: YOU'LL HEAR MORE OF THIS, MCGEE!! (THEN VERY POLITELY) Goodnight, Mrs. McGee.

FIB: (LAUGHING) Here, Pussy, Pussy, Pussy! Here, Pussy, Pussy!

HAL: (DOES A TAKE)

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS UP PORCH STEPS

FIB: (LAUGHS & LAUGHS & LAUGHS) What an evening! Free tickets to "Gone With the Wind".....Gildersleeve tore up his own swallowtail coat...and now for a big bowl of chili! Go on in, Molly.

SOUND: DOOR LATCH

MOL: (OF MIKE) McGee! Now I know who sent us those tickets!

FIB: Who?

MOL: Some burglars!

FIB: Whaddyou mean?

MOL: Look - our furniture is all gone!

FIB: Aw, pshaw!

ORK: (UP TO FINISH)

APPLAUSE:

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
JANUARY 9, 1940
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

-25-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL:

ANNOUNCER: Fibber and Molly will be back in just a moment. While we're waiting, here's an interesting question. How many hours of work can you save during 1940 by using JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT? A good many! One woman told me that last year she saved herself 75 hours of work by using GLO-COAT on her kitchen floor alone. That's just like being handed 75 extra hours of time -- for some of those many things you never find time for. And that's only part of the GLO-COAT story. GLO-COAT also saves your hands and your back from all the tiresome work of floor-scrubbing. There's no rubbing or buffing with GLO-COAT. You simply apply and let dry -- and behold you have gleaming linoleum floors, with bright, fresh colors -- floors that are easy to keep clean. A damp cloth quickly wipes spots and stains right off a GLO-COATED floor. GLO-COAT is money-saving, too -- it actually makes floors last much longer than unprotected linoleum. If you aren't already using JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT, buy a can from your dealer tomorrow. It will save you many hours of work in 1940.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

(2nd REVISION)

-26-

TAG GAG

FIB: Folks, our furniture wasn't really stolen. As a matter-of-fact, we never had any in the first place.

MOL: But we did see "Gone With the Wind", and it was wonderful, wasn't it, McGee?

FIB: It sure was. D'you know what I think, Molly? I'll betcha if it was handled right - that picture would make a great book. Goodnight!

MOL: Goodnight, All!

ORCH: (CLOSING SIGNATURE)

(APPLAUSE)

CREDITS...SIGNOFF