

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.  
Writers: Don Quinn  
Len Levinson

(REVISED)

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

6:30-7:00 PM  
Tuesday - 11/5/40

NBC-Red

(3RD REVISION) -2-

WIL: "THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM"

ORCH: ("SAVE YOUR SORROW") (FADE-ON CUE)

WIL: The maker's of JOHNSON'S WAX and JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING  
GLO-COAT present FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY...written by Don  
Quinn...with music by the King's Men and Billy Mills and  
his orchestra.

FIB: Ladies and gentlemen, realizing the tremendous interest  
you all have in the election returns tonight, NBC has  
arranged to bring you the latest results at intervals  
during our program.

WIL: Now Billy Mills and his orchestra open the show with  
"SO YOU'RE THE ONE".

ORCH: ("SO YOU'RE THE ONE") (FADE FOR ANNCR ON CUE)

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
NOVEMBER 5, 1940  
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

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OPENING COMMERCIAL:

ANNOUNCER: "When you walk on wax, you save your floors". You've heard me say this before -- but I like to repeat it because it illustrates so clearly the protection offered by genuine JOHNSON'S WAX -- the reason why this famous floor wax saves work and saves money throughout the year. When you apply a coat of JOHNSON'S WAX to your floors, you are protecting them with a tough, invisible wax shield -- a shield that guards the finish against scratches, scars and dirt. Of course, that's only half the JOHNSON WAX story -- because floors that are regularly JOHNSON WAXED become more beautiful with every application -- they have that rich, mellow glow so much desired by better housekeepers. Add to this, the 100 extra uses for genuine JOHNSON'S WAX -- for furniture, woodwork, leather goods -- and you understand why it is in so many homes everywhere. You can buy genuine JOHNSON'S WAX in the familiar PASTE or LIQUID form and in the new CREAM WAX especially formulated for furniture and woodwork. Buy some tomorrow.

ORCHESTRA: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

(2ND REVISION) -4-

WIL: WELL, THE GOOD GOVERNMENT CLUB OF WISTFUL VISTA HAS OFFERED 250 DOLLARS TO THE ELECTION OFFICIALS WHO BRING OUT THE VOTERS IN THEIR PRECINCT 100%. AND HERE, PRESIDING AT THE POLLING PLACE - (WHICH ALSO HAPPENS TO BE THEIR HOME) AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA, WE FIND THOSE TWO EAGER OFFICIALS --

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

MURMUR OF VOICES...FADE:

MOL: Now remember, McGee...as long as we're election officials, we got to be absolutely non-partisan.

FIB: Okay - but who are we non-partisan against?

NICK: Excuse me, please, Fizzer and Kewple. I would like to vote.

MOL: Oh hello, Mr. Depopolis.

FIB: Your name, please, Nick?

NICK: NICKOLAS STROMBOLIOUS PARAGONIA G. DEPOPOLIS.

MOL: What does the G stand for?

NICK: Junior.

FIB: Oh then you got the same name as your old man.

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(REVISED)

-3-

NICK: No, papa's name is being NICKOLAS STROMBOLIOUS PARAGONIA  
C DEPOPOLIS.

MOL: And what's the C for?

NICK: Senior.

FIB: Okay, let it go. Here's your ballot, Nick. Mark it in  
the other room, then fold it and put it in this little  
box here.

NICK: Uckly duckly, Fizzer. But if I had only known it was this  
much troubles to elect a Presidem of the United States,  
it's certainly worth it, isn't it? (EXIT HUMMING)

FIB: Imagine givin' a dumbbell like him the vote, Molly?

MOL: Well, the first time you voted you weren't so smart, either.

FIB: What'd I do?

MOL: You took a ruler and a pair of scissors with you. You said  
as long as you were going to split your ticket you wanted  
it to look neat.

FIB: Well, that was before I -

TELEPHONE

FIB: I'll get it. (CLICK) HELLO...YES...13th PRECINCT POLLING  
PLACE. WHAT? NO. NO. NO, WE AIN'T ALLOWED TO GIVE OUT ANY  
INFORMATION. NO. NO WE DON'T KNOW HOW THE VOTIN' IS GOIN'  
FOR ANY CANDIDATE. NO. WELL, YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO WAIT FOR  
THE MORNING PRESS, I GUESS. YEAH. OKAY MR. GALLUP! (CLICK)

MOL: George Gallup?

FIB: No, Charlie. Fellow I used to know in the circus. He  
played the canteloupe in parades.

MOL: You don't mean canteloupe. You mean he played the CALAMITY.

FIB: I do not. A calamity is something bad.

MOL: Well, I never heard one played good.

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(2ND REVISION) -6-

FIB: One what?

MOL: One of those steam pianos, Those antelopes.

FIB: DAD RAT IT, THEY AIN'T ANTELOPES. Antelopes are kind of  
deer.

MOL: I don't care how much they cost. I don't like 'em. And  
for your information, dearie, A CANTELOUPE, IS A MUSHMELON.

FIB: OF COURSE IT IS...I KNOW THAT.

MOL: Well HOW COULD ANYONE PLAY A MUSHMELON IN A CIRCUS?

FIB: Charlie did. He bored holes in it and played it like a  
sweet potato. It was a little drippy, but it had rhythm.  
Never forget one time we played Mishawaka, Indiana and  
Charlie couldn't find a canteloupe for love ner money. Had  
to use a persimmon. He played the parade all right but his  
face was so puckered up, he couldn't get near anybody for  
three weeks. Everybody thought he was gonna kiss 'em. -  
Well sir, the following month ---

MOL: McGee..you know what you can get me for Christmas?

FIB: Eh? What?

MOL: A big, beautifully colored, handsomely-framed, Rand-McNally  
map of that dream-world you live in. Now let's get back to  
work.

FIB: Okay. Okay. How many more voters do we need for a 100%  
turnout?

MOL: About 22.

FIB: SAYYYY, THAT'S PRETTY GOOD. Looks like we might win that  
250 bucks! Wonder how the election's comin' on in other  
parts o' the country.

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MOL: Search me.  
FIB: Shall I turn on the radio?  
MOL: I was going to turn it on myself and then I got worried.  
FIB: What was you worried about?  
MOL: That radio of ours is so old I was afraid we'd get returns from the Coolidge campaign.  
FIB: Well, let's try it. I'll get the NBC News Room in New York.  
QUIET IN THE POLLING PLACE, PLEASE...WE'RE GONNA GET SOME ELECTION RETURNS. (CUE FOR N.Y.)  
SOUND: CLICK

(SWITCH TO NEW YORK FOR THREE MINUTES FOR ELECTION RETURNS. AT END OF THREE MINUTES NEW YORK ANNCR. SAYS:)

(CUE) "And now we return to Fibber McGee & Molly as Billy Mills and his orchestra play "BOJANGLES OF HARLEM."

ORCH: (ON CUE FROM CONTROL ROOM) ("BOJANGLES OF HARLEM")  
(APPLAUSE)

SECOND SPOT

FIB: Well - How does it look Molly - we gonna turn in a 100% vote in this precinct?  
MOL: I believe we are, McGee. There's only a few more--  
DOOR OPEN VIOLENTLY:  
FLAN: HEY, MR. MCGEE! HOW OLD YOU GOTTA BE TO VOTE?  
FIB: 21, Flanagan.  
FLAN: CHEE...DAT'S GREAT! I'LL BRING ME SON OVER RIGHT AWAY!  
MOL: But, Mr. Flanagan - I thought your son was only 16.  
FLAN: He is. BUT HE'S HEARD SO MANY CAMPAIGN SPEECHES HE'S AGED FIVE YEARS!

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: It's wonderful what radio has done for politics isn't it, McGee?  
FIB: Yes it is. Used to be a speaker had to get up on a stump to talk. Now they stand in front of a mike and get themselves out on a limb.

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

UPP: How do you do, Mrs. McGee - and Mr. McGee. Does one do one's voting in here?  
MOL: Yes one does...Will one step up to the desk please?  
FIB: Raise your right hand, Uppy.  
UPP: Oh, must I be sworn in?  
FIB: No, but that dress is so tight I just wondered if you could do it. Now then...a few questions, please. Your name?  
UPP: Uppington. Mrs. Abigail Uppington.  
MOL: Residence?  
UPP: Stucco.  
FIB: Go on...your house is brick.

UPP: I thought so too, until I paid for it. Then I realized I had got stucco. OHHHH, how I had got stucco! (LAUGHS)

MOL: That's a very old joke,

UPP: It's a veddy old house.

FIB: Uppy, you're hotter'n a short-order kitchen tonight. You oughtta save that material - indefinitely.

UPP: Oh I intend to, Mr. McGee...you know, I expect to write, some day.

FIB: You'll love it Uppy. I remember when I learned to write. The teacher says -

UPP: PLEASE...MR. MCGEE...Enough of this. My ballot, please.

MOL: Just a moment, Mrs. Uppington. Your age, please?

UPP: I am fif-.er...oh let us just say "OVAH TWENTY ONE".

FIB: OH NOW UPPY...NOT YOU!

UPP: Reahhly I am, Mr. McGee...(LAUGHS) Though I realize I have the face of a young girl.

MOL: Well you'd better give it back to her. You're gettin' it all wrinkled.

UPP: Well reahhly, I...er...well!! MY BALLOT PLEASE..AND WHEAH DO I VOTE?

FIB: Just go thru that door there, Uppy, and you'll find the -

MOL: NO NO NO..NOT THAT DOOR!

FIB: OHHHHHHEHE..

DOOR LATCH: TERRIFIC AVALANCHE OF JUNK AS OF PREVIOUS:

(PAUSE)

FIB: Hey, Molly. After election remind me to straighten out that closet,

MOL: (LAUGHS) Did you see Mrs. Uppington get out of there? Lovely footwork.

CHEERS & CROWD MURMUR OFF MIKE:

MOL: What on earth is that? Look - somebody's making a speech out there!

FIB: He can't do that - He's ELECTIONEERING WITHIN' A HUNDRED FEET OF A POLLING PLACE! I'LL PUT A STOP TO THAT! Come on..

DOOR OPEN: (CHEERS:)

WIL: AND THAT IS WHY I SAY, MY FRIENDS, THAT JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLOCOAT - THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE - SHOULD BE ELECTED TO OFFICE. AND NOT ONLY TO THE OFFICE BUT TO THE HOME.. BECAUSE IT SAVES HOURS OF HOUSEWORK AND IS SO EASY TO USE. (CHEERS) GLOCOAT REQUIRES NO RUBBING AND NO BUFFING. AND GIVES NEW LUSTER AND BEAUTY TO YOUR KITCHEN LINOLEUM. (CHEERS) THAT IS WHY I SAY...VOTE FOR JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLOCOAT, REGARDLESS OF PARTY..AND IF YOU MUST HAVE A PARTY..BE SURE AND USE GLOCOAT BECAUSE ALL GOOD PARTIES WIND UP IN THE KITCHEN. (CHEERS)

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: I think I'm gonna start carryin' smellin' salts with me, Molly.

MOL: What for?

FIB: Some day Wilcox is gonna forget that tricky stuff and simply say: "Folks, now I'm gonna talk about Johnson's Glocoat." And when he does that I'll faint.

MOL: Never mind that McGee. If we want to win the prize, we better get some of those voters in. Why don't you call some of 'em up?

FIB: That's a great idea, Molly. Gimme the phone. Thanks. Thanks. (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR? GIMME THE RESIDENCE OF - OH...IS THAT YOU, MYRT? HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING, MYRT? TIS EH? WHO? YOUR SISTER? THEY CHOPPED OFF HER WHAT?

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS, MCGEE....What happened?

FIB: Myrt's sister was singin' "The Old Oaken Bucket" at the radio station and they chopped off 8 bars of her chorus. WHAT SAY, MYRT? OH, THE LINES ARE ALL BUSY EH? Okay Myrt. Thanks anyway. (CLICK)

MOL: Well, never mind, McGee...there's still time for the rest of the voters to come in, and -

DOOR OPEN & CLOSE

OLD M: Hello, Johnny...Hello, Daughter. Gimme a ballot.

FIB: Okay, Old Timer...here you are. A few questions first though. (SOTTO VOCE) (Here's where we find out his real name, Molly?)

MOL: Name, please.

OLD M: Eh?

FIB: Come on, come on...WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

OLD M: Puddin' tame - ask me again'll I'll tell ye the same! Heh heh heh!

MOL: Oh for goodness sakes, don't be so coy, Mr. Old Timer, if you don't answer the questions, you can't vote.

OLD M: But darn it, Daughter why have I gotta give you all this information?

FIB: To make you vote legal, Old Timer --

OLD M: How do you know what's legal, Johnny?

FIB: Who me? (LAUGHS). I been in politics since I was knee high to a ward-heeler, Old Timer. Committeeman, alderman, mayor -- why, when I was prosecutin' attorney, lawyers from all over the country used to say my pleas to the jury were the prettiest they ever heard. PRETTY PLEAS MCGEE, I WAS KNOWED AS IN THEM DAYS.

MOL: Oh dear --  
FIB: PRETTY PLEAS MCGEE, PROCLAIMED BY PRESS AND PUBLIC THE  
PEERLESS PROSECUTOR OF PILFERING PICKPOCKETS, POLITICAL  
PARASITES AND PERFIDIOUS PERSONS PERFORMING PRETTY  
PECCADILLOS. PUTTIN' PRISON PAJAMAS ON POKER PLAYERS  
PREYIN' ON POOR PUNKS WITH PECULIAR PASTEBOARDS AND  
PURLOININ' PROPERTY WITH PRESTIDIGITATION: PLEADIN' WITH  
PASSION AND PATHOS FOR POOR PEOPLE IN PRETTY PICKIES: A  
PEPPY PERSONALITY WITH A CAPITAL "P" - but here's more  
returns from N B C!

APPLAUSE

QUE FOR N.Y. CUT IN ... ELECTION RETURNS.

FIB: Okay, there bud...just fold your ballot and slip it into  
the ballot box there...  
BILL: You mean this great big box here, Mr. McGee?  
FIB: That's it...you too, madam...  
GERALDINE: (GIGGLES) Oh I'm so thrilled...this is the first time I  
ever voted...and I'M SUCH an admirer of the man I voted  
for I put some extra 'X's on the bottom of my ballot...  
kisses you know. (GIGGLES)  
SOUND: DOOR SEAM  
FIB: Well, looks like we're gonna win that prize, Molly. Three  
more people come in to vote and we can close the books.  
SOUND: DOOR OPEN & CLOSE  
BOOM: Ah there, good day, my dear, and good day to you, Figface.  
Give me a ballot please.  
FIB: Okay - here ye are, Boomer.  
MOL: And be careful how you mark it.  
BOOM: Certainly will my dear...can't betray the confidence of  
the people who bought my votes. Now where did I put those  
instructions...instructions...instructions...had them  
here just a moment ago...here's a deck of marked cards...  
going to play a little rummy tonight, if he shows up...  
Letter from my dear old father from Vinegar, South Dakota...  
says he takes his morning constitutional by walking fifty  
times around the jail. Yes yes...round and 'round the  
Vinegar jug Pop goes -- the Weasel! Oh yes a couple of  
badly made counterfeit silver dollars...caused me a great  
deal of embarrassment. Got a letter from the Government  
telling me I'd have to get the lead out. And a check for a  
short beer. WELL WELL, IMAGINE THAT!...NO INSTRUCTIONS!

(THIRD SPOT)

(2ND REVISION) -14-

FIB: Okay, there bud...just fold your ballot and slip it into the ballot box there...

BILL: You mean this great big box here, Mr. McGee?

FIB: That's it...you too, madam...

GERALDINE: (GIGGLES) Oh I'm so thrilled...this is the first time I ever voted...and I'M SUCH an admirer of the man I voted for I put some extra 'X's on the bottom of my ballot... kisses you know. (GIGGLES)

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: Well, looks like we're gonna win that prize, Molly. Three more people come in to vote and we can close the books.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN & CLOSE

BOOM: Ah there, good day, my dear, and good day to you, Figface. Give me a ballot please.

FIB: Okay - here ye are, Boomer.

MOL: And be careful how you mark it.

BOOM: Certainly will my dear...can't betray the confidence of the people who bought my votes. Now where did I put those instructions...instructions...instructions...had them here just a moment ago...here's a deck of marked cards... going to play a little rummy tonight, if he shows up... Letter from my dear old father from Vinegar, South Dakota.. says he takes his morning constitutional by walking fifty times around the jail. Yes yes...round and 'round the Vinegar jug Pop goes -- the Weasel! Oh yes a couple of badly made counterfeit silver dollars...caused me a great deal of embarrassment. Got a letter from the Government telling me I'd have to get the lead out. And a check for a short beer. WELL WELL, IMAGINE THAT!...NO INSTRUCTIONS!

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(2ND REVISION) -15-

MOL: Well - you'll just have to mark your ballot without them, Mr. Boomer. Right in the other room there.

BOOM: Thank you, my dear...Hope there's no objection to my voting twice in each square...never could resist a chance for a double cross...

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: That guy's been on so many police blotters he writes his name backward.

MOL: Well, I'm glad he came in to vote, anyway. Only two more and we've won 250 dollars! I'll bet we're the only precinct in the UNITED STATES that voted 100%.

FIB: I lived in one once that voted 425%. Wet neighborhood and we had a bunch o' floaters.

(DOOR OPEN & CLOSE)

HAL: Ah there, McGee...Hello, Mrs. McGee.

MOL: Hello, Mr. Gildersleeve...come right in.

FIB: Hiyah, Gildersleeve. Glad to see you. What'd you come in for?

HAL: To vote.

MOL: Fine, here's a ballot!

FIB: Here's a pencil!

MOL: Just take it in the next room and -

HAL: Now wait a minute - don't rush me!

FIB: Well, shucks, Gildy - you GOTTA VOTE -

HAL: WHO SAYS I'VE GOT TO VOTE?...I'M AN AMERICAN CITIZEN, MCGEE. NOBODY CAN MAKE ME VOTE!

FIB: Then what did you come in here for?

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(2nd REVISION)

HAL: To vote!

FIB: Good!!!

MOL: Here's a ballot!!!

HAL: Oh no you don't....you don't rush me into this.

FIB: Rush you into this!!!...Look, Gildy - as one American to another....I appeal to your patriotism....I appeal to your--

HAL: DON'T YOU WAVE THE FLAG AT ME, EITHER, McGEE....MY FOREFATHERS WERE IN THIS COUNTRY LONG BEFORE YOURS.

FIB: IS THAT SO!

HAL: YES IT IS....MY MOTHER HAD TWELVE SISTERS IN THE D.A.R.

FIB: I knew you had aunts, Gildersleeve, but I didn't know what they were in.

HAL: YOU'RE A HARRRRD MAN, McGEE!...AND JUST FOR THAT I WON'T VOTE:

MOL: You ought to be ashamed of yourself...NOT VOTING. Why your wife was the first one in when we opened up this morning.

HAL: WHAT? SHE WAS? WHY...WHY.....SHE'S VOTING FOR A DIFFERENT CANDIDATE THAN I AM!....SHE CAN'T DO THIS TO ME....GIMME A BALLOT!!!

FIB: Here!

HAL: AND A PENCIL!

MOL: Here!

HAL: (MUTTERS FAST) X..President of the..X...X..X..XX.. congressman...X...judge municipal...

MOL: HERE HERE HERE...TAKE IT IN THE OTHER ROOM AND --

HAL: IT'S ALL MARKED...AND IN THE BOX...(LAUGHS) WELL, MANY HAPPY RETURNS, FOLKS! (LAUGHS)

DOOR SLAM

FIB: ~~✓~~ Many happy returns...of all the corny -

MOL: OH HEAVENLY DAYS, MCGEE! LOOK!

FIB: EH?

MOL: LOOK WHAT TIME IT IS! .. WE HAVE TO CLOSE THE POLLS IN EXACTLY TWO MINUTES!

FIB: BUT WE CAN'T...THERE'S STILL ONE VOTER THAT AIN'T COME IN!

MOL: ~~✓~~ NEVERTHELESS, WE'LL HAVE TO CLOSE...WE'VE GOT TO KEEP IT LEGAL.

FIB: BUT HE CAN'T DO THAT TO US!...HE'S CHEATIN' US OUTTA 250 BUCKS! (GROANS) COME ON BUD...WHOEVER YOU ARE..DAD-RAT THE DAD-RATTED LUCK ---- IF HE DON'T SHOW UP WITHIN....

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

FIB: &

MOL: AHHHHHHHH.... saved!

BILL'S

IRISH: Good evenin' to the both of ye.

MOL: And a VERY good evenin' to you! Hurry, McGee!

FIB: HERE YE ARE BUD...WE'LL SKIP THE QUESTIONS. YOU ONLY GOT A MINUTE TO MAKE OUT YOUR BALLOT.

BILL: ME WHAT?

MOL: YOUR BALLOT...DON'T STAND THERE AND ARGUE...HURRY UP...THE VOTING BOOTH IS IN THE OTHER ROOM...WE'LL CHECK YOUR REGISTRATION AFTERWARD, AND --

BILL: I'M NOT HERE TO VOTE, ME BUCKO. I'M FROM THE CITY HALL....  
COME TO TAKE YOUR BALLOT-BOX....(GRUNTS)...THE POLLS  
ARE CLOSED....GOOD NIGHT TO YE!

DOOR SLAM

LONG PAUSE

MOL: Well....I didn't want a new green automobile with red  
upholstery and the top goes up and down when you press a  
button, anyway.

PAUSE

MOL: Oh McGee, darlin'....don't take it so to heart....

FIB: I....I can't help it, Molly.

MOL: Now now now....just because some stupid, shortsighted,  
irresponsible un-American rapscaillon forgot to vote--

FIB: Please, Molly....don't talk like that. He ain't really  
a bad guy.

MOL: WHAT? YOU KNOW WHO IT WAS?

FIB: Yes.

MOL: WHO?

FIB: Me.

MOL: (GROANS)

ORCH: "YOU WALKED BY"

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.  
Fibber McGee & Molly  
11-5-40  
Tuesday 6:30 PM PST NBC

Closing Commercial

ANNCR: You know - there are a lot of us who have a small talent  
for one thing or another -- painting, or music -- or even  
amateur theatricals. We might occasionally do something  
that seems brilliant -- but the next effort might be very  
ordinary. And that marks the main difference between talent  
and genius -- for with the artist who has genius, every  
effort is brilliant and surefire. It's that way in  
business, too. Some products are here today, gone  
tomorrow -- whereas others are so consistent in quality and  
service that they become accepted as household standards.  
  
The many products of S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC., makers of  
JOHNSON'S WAX, are surely in this category. For more than  
fifty years they have given unflinching satisfaction. When  
you think of polishes, think of genuine JOHNSON'S WAX in  
the familiar PASTE or LIQUID form for floors and the new  
CREAM WAX for furniture -- of JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING  
GLO-COAT for linoleum -- JOHNSON'S SHI-NUP SILVER POLISH --  
and JOHNSON'S CARNU for your car.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC...FADE ON CUE

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.  
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-20-

Closing Commercial

ANNCR: You know - there are a lot of us who have a small talent for one thing or another -- painting, or music -- or even amateur theatricals. We might occasionally do something that seems brilliant -- but the next effort might be very ordinary. And that marks the main difference between talent and genius -- for with the artist who has genius, every effort is brilliant and surefire. It's that way in business, too. Some products are here today, gone tomorrow -- whereas others are so consistent in quality and service that they become accepted as household standards.

The many products of S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC., makers of JOHNSON'S WAX, are surely in this category. For more than fifty years they have given unfailing satisfaction. When you think of polishes, think of genuine JOHNSON'S WAX in the familiar PASTE or LIQUID form for floors and the new CREAM WAX for furniture -- of JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT for linoleum -- JOHNSON'S SHI-NUP SILVER POLISH -- and JOHNSON'S CARNU for your car.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC...FADE ON CUE

(2ND REVISION) 20-A

TAG GAG

MOL: Let's go to the Bijou Theatre, McGee. They're giving election returns during the show.

FIB: Oh, just like us, eh?

MOL: Exactly. That's why I wanted to go.

FIB: Whatcha mean - what's there?

MOL: Election returns and "No Time For Comedy."

FIB: Oh. Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all.

ORCH: ("CLOSING SIGNATURE") (FADE ON CUE)

M