

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

(REVISED)

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

6:30-7:00 PM
Tuesday - 11/26/40

NBC-Red

(REVISED)

WIL: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM!

ORCH: THEME

WIL: The Makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Self-Polishing
Glocoat present Fibber McGee & Molly...written by Don
Quinn...with music by the King's Men and Billy Mills'
Orchestra.

The show opens with: "Don't Hold Everything".

ORCH: "DON'T HOLD EVERYTHING"....FADE

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.
Fibber McGee & Molly
11-26-40
Tuesday 6:30 PM PST NBC

-3-

Opening Commercial

ANNCR: Next time you go shopping, stop a moment just before you're ready to pay your bill and ask yourself, "Have I forgotten anything? Isn't there something that comes in a red and yellow package that I was going to buy? Oh yes, JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT!"

There, that's better....it would really be too bad not to have GLO-COAT in the house. Imagine going back to the tiresome, back-breaking job of floor scrubbing? Makes you tired to think of it, doesn't it?

Seriously, it would be bad - bad for you and bad for your linoleum...because continual scrubbing ruins linoleum. GLO-COAT, on the other hand, protects linoleum - protects it against scratches, wear and dirt - protects it with a hard, beautiful polish that keeps the colors fresh and bright. JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT is called SELF-POLISHING because it needs no rubbing or buffing. Just apply and let dry. If you aren't already a GLO-COAT user, try it just once, won't you?

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH)

(APPLAUSE)

(2ND REVISION) --4-

WIL: IF YOU REMEMBER, LAST WEEK FIBBER AND MOLLY TOOK THE TRAIN DOWN TO VISIT UNCLE DENNIS, ONLY TO FIND THAT UNCLE DENNIS HAD TAKEN THE TRAIN UP TO SEE THEM.
(OH, YOU DON'T REMEMBER THAT?) WELL THEN, IT'S A GOOD THING I TOLD YOU, BECAUSE HERE, JUST OPENING THE FRONT DOOR OF 79 WISTFUL VISTA AFTER A WEEK AWAY FROM HOME, WE FIND---

-- FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

(APPLAUSE)

SOUND: (KEY IN DOOR) (DOOR OPEN & CLOSE)

FIB: Heyy!! Look at this living room!!!!

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS!!! WHAT'S BEEN GOIN' ON IN HERE?

FIB: BOY, WHAT A MESS!!! CIGAR BUTTS....POKER CHIPS.... EMPTY GLASSES....DIRTY DISHES!....AND A HALF A SANDWICH! HEY, YOU SUPPOSE THERE'S BEEN A TRAMP IN HERE?

MOL: LEAVE ME SEE THAT SANDWICH....Ahaaaa!! Rye bread, liver sausage, bermuda onion, peanut butter, sardines and grape jelly.

FIB: What - no whipped cream?

MOL: MCGEE...THERE'S ONLY ONE PERSON IN THE WORLD WHO WOULD CONCOCT A SANDWICH LIKE THAT!

FIB: (DRAMATICALLY) You mean.....?

MOL: YESSSS!....UNCLE DENNIS HAS BEEN HERE!

FIB: WELL, DID HE HAVE TO LEAVE THE PLACE IN SUCH A MESS? LOOKS LIKE THE TANK CORPS HELD A DANCE IN HERE AND FORGOT TO GET OUT OF THEIR TANKS....DIDN'T HE EVER LIVE IN A HOUSE BEFORE?

m

MOL: Take it easy, dearie. I'll admit Uncle Dennis, gets a little primitive sometimes. After all he's part Indian, you know.

FIB: Yes, I know...you can tell by those high hipbones.

MOL: You mean high cheekbones.

FIB: When I get thru kickin' him around, his hipbones'll be higher'n his cheekbones! If that big so-and-so has been hangin' around here, we won't have a friend left in the neighborhood.

MOL: Oh now, McGee....you take Uncle Dennis too seriously. Personally, I'm very fond of him. And don't forget he gave me away when we were married.

FIB: Molly....I...I don't wanna bust any illusions for you. But he DIDN'T give you away. He SOLD you.

MOL: WHAT'S THAT?

FIB: Yup. He waited till the organ started to play and then says he wouldn't go thru with it unless I loaned him twenty-five bucks. Shucks, I didn't wanna spoil the wedding----

MOL: So you paid him the twenty-five!

FIB: Well, no I didn't. I finally got him down to nine bucks. And I must say, Molly....I never regretted it.

MOL: Well, THANK you, dearie. I'm always glad when one of your business ventures turns out well. Now come on...help me get this house straightened around.

SOUND: TELEPHONE

MOL: I'll answer the phone....you straighten those chairs and things. (CLICK) 79 WISTFUL VISTA...MOLLY McGEE SPEAKIN'. WHO....OH NO. MR. DENNIS DRISCOLL IS NO LONGER HERE.....

FIB: (Thank goodness!).

m

MOL: NO..NO HE HAS LEFT TOWN...WHAT'S THAT? NO NEVER MIND... JUST CANCEL THE ORDER. (CLICK)

FIB: Who was that?

MOL: Oh some florist, I guess. He wanted to know if Uncle Dennis wanted his usual Four Roses sent over today.

FIB: Hmmm. He may love flowers but he's got a grudge against education. There's three dead Teachers' in the waste basket. Dad rat it, we got five days work gettin' this house in order again. And 2 years makin' friends again with the neighbors!

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR

TEE: (OFF MIKE) OH UNCLE DENNNNNNNNNIS! UNCLE DENNNNNNNNNIS!

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

TEE: Hi Uncle Dennis! - Aw you can't fool me - you're not Uncle Dennis!

FIB: Thanks, Sis - I never had a finer compliment. What did you want with the old coot?

TEE: He is not an old croup. He's a nice man. He told me some DANDY stories. Only he didn't finish the last one.

FIB: What story was he tellin' you?

TEE: Jack and the Beanstalk.

FIB: JACK AND THE BEANSTALK. YOU MEAN YOU NEVER HEARD THAT FEEBLE OLD FABLE BEFORE?

TEE: Oh sure I did. But not like Uncle Dennis tells it, I betcha. Gee, he's super!

FIB: He is eh? Well, let's have a sample of his literary virtuosity.

TEE: All righty - In the - HMMMMMM?

p

FIB: I says HOW DID HE TELL ABOUT JACK AND THE BEANSTALK?
TEE: Well, Uncle Dennis said that once upon a time there was a young punk named Jack and he and his old lady were practically down to their last box top when the old girl came thru with a nifty that would get 'em out from under the F.H.A.
FIB: That sure sounds like Uncle Dennis. I'd recognize the sheer beauty of that prose anyplace. Go on with the story.
TEE: Hmmmmmm?
FIB: I says, go on. Proceed!
TEE: I can't. He didn't tell me the rest. Can you? Hmmmmmm?
Can you?
FIB: Well, I dunno if I can approach Uncle Dennis' flashy style, but I'll take a whirl at it.
TEE: Okay. Go on. That'll be fun.
FIB: Well as I remember it - Jack sold the cow for a handful of Boston caviar. BEANS TO YOU, SIS.
TEE: Beans to you, too.
FIB: Quiet. WELL SIR HIS OLD LADY WAS SO BURNED UP SHE THREW THE BEANS OUT THE WINDOW, THEY GREW UP TO THE STRATOSPHERE OVERNIGHT, JACK SHINNIED UP THE STALK, KNOCKED OFF A GIANT AND CAME HOME WITH ENOUGH GOLD TO MAKE FORT KNOX LOOK LIKE A PENNY ARCADE, AND SO THEY LIVED SOLVENTLY EVER AFTER AND ALL STUFF LIKE THAT THERE.
(PAUSE)
FIB: Well, what's the matter?
TEE: Oh it's all right, mister. But I dunno...Uncle Dennis gets more personality into it, I betcha.

FIB: OH HE DOES DOES HE? WELL I'M GETTIN' PRETTY TIRED OF HEARIN' THAT GUY'S NAME. AND IF I NEVER SEE HIS FACE AGAIN, THAT'LL BE ALL RIGHT TOO.
TEE: What's the matter with his face?
FIB: I JUST DON'T LIKE IT. IF I HAD A FACE LIKE HIS I WOULDN'T SHOW IT.
TEE: Yes and he said if he had a show like yours he couldn't face it. ~~So there,~~ B'GYE MISTER.
DOOR SLAM
FIB: That kid gets in my hair. She's too im-pu-dent.
MOL: That's impudent...with the emphass-is on the second si-lab-bull.
DOOR OPEN & CLOSE
OLD M: Hello Daughter...hello Johnny. Where's the kid?
FIB: What kid? You mean that little girl who -
OLD M: No no no THE KID.....DENNY. MY CHUM!
MOL: I didn't know you were acquainted with Uncle Dennis.
FIB: I suppose they met in a revolving door and started going around together.
OLD M: Heh, heh, heh. That takes me back to my childhood, *Johnny*.
FIB: They didn't have revolving doors when you were a child.
OLD M: No - but they had that joke - and FURTHERMORE, THAT AIN'T THE WAY I HEERED IT. The way I heered it, one feller says to tother feller, "SAYYYYYYY" he said, "I SEE WHERE THE TERRITORY OF HAWAII VOTED TO BECOME OUR 49TH STATE." "ZAT SO?" says tother feller, "PRETTY CLOSE CONTEST?" "NOPE", says the first feller. "THEM HULA GIRLS KNEW THEY COULD SWING IT." Heh heh...where'd you say Denny was?
FIB: He's gone home, old timer. Said he, with a glad cry.

MOL: What did you want to see him about, Mr. Old Timer?
OLD M: Oh he was takin' me to a taxi dance tonight, daughter.
But I didn't wanna go.
FIB: Why not?
OLD M: Don't care for taxi dancin' Johnny. Tried it once and kept
gettin' my hip pocket caught in the door handles. Well,
give the kid my regards when you write!

DOOR SLAM

ORCH: ("FASCINATING RHYTHM")

APPLAUSE

SECOND SPOT

FIB: Hey Molly...you been all thru the house?
MOL: Yes I have, McGee. Why?
FIB: Did Uncle Dennis leave the whole place tore up?
MOL: Oh not very much. But he did take the rubber plant out of
the dining room, put it in the bed and covered it up. He
LOVES plants and flowers you know.
FIB: That wasn't love, that was sympathy. He saw they were
potted, too. That big jughead...
MOL: Oh for goodness sakes...because he upset the house a little..
FIB: UPSET THE HOUSE!!!! HE'S JUST ABOUT RUINED THE PLACE.
...WORE ALL MY CLOTHES, SMOKED ALL MY CIGARS...

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

WIL: Hello Fibber. Hello Molly. (CALLS) HEY DENNY...ARE YOU
HERE?
FIB: Say what is this? Does everybody.....
MOL: Uncle Dennis has left, Mr. Wilcox. What did you want to
see him about?
WIL: Well he and I were working out some advertising slogans.
He'd have made a great advertising man.
FIB: He'd of made a great advertising man sick. What golden
haired little brain children did he leave on your
doorstep, Wilcox?
WIL: Well, you know how Johnson's Wax is the best possible
treatment for floors and woodwork because it positively
protects against dust and wear and seals the pores of
the wood against dirt and dampness?

MOL: Yes, we know that. We listen to you every Tuesday night.
FIB: Did Uncle Dennis come thru with a walloping warcry on our wonderful Wax, Wilcox?

WIL: DID HE! LISTEN TO THIS SLOGAN.

"T'WAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS
AND ALL THRU THE HOUSE
JOHNSON'S WAX HAD BEEN USED.
WHY DON'T YOU TRY IT?" (PAUSE) WELL - DON'T

YOU LIKE IT?

MOL: It..er..it seems to lack SOMETHING, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Sense, I think.

WIL: Well how about this one?

"LITTLE JACK HORNER, SAT IN A CORNER,
EATING HIS CHRISTMAS PIE.
HE STUCK IN HIS THUMB AND PULLED OUT A PLUM
AND SAID, "THIS IS A MESSY WAY TO EAT BUT
THANK GOODNESS THE TABLE IS PROTECTED WITH
JOHNSON'S WAX!"

MOL: Now THAT'S much better!

FIB: They're too long, Harlow. They oughtta be brief, like this: "A PIECE OF FURNITURE POLISHED WITH JOHNSON WAX
WILL REFLECT YOUR GOOD JUDGMENT."

WIL: SAYY THAT'S WONDERFUL!....THAT'S TERRIFIC! "WILL REFLECT
YOUR GOOD JUDGMENT"....OH MARVELOUS!!.....I'M GOING TO
SEND THAT IN TO RACINE, RIGHT AWAY! SEE YOU LATER, FOLKS.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Say that's not a bad slogan I got there, Molly.

MOL: I thought so, too - the first time I read it on a Johnson Wax folder. Now come on and help me straighten this room.

FIB: Okay, I'll get the vacuum cleaner and you --

TELEPHONE:

FIB: I'LL get it. (CLICK) HELLO.....EH? WHATCHA MEAN YOU'RE
READY WITH MR. DIRSCOLL'S CALL TO SINGAPORE?

MOL: Who on earth does Uncle Dennis know in Singapore!

FIB: I dunno, but I hope it ain't Frank Buck, for obvious reasons. HELLO OPERATOR....CANCEL THAT CALL. THE PARTY
AIN'T HERE ANY MORE. AND HE DIDN'T HAVE ANY RIGHT TO USE
OUR PHONE FOR A ..eh? Oh is that you, Myrt?

MOL: Oh dear....

FIB: HO..S EVERY LITTLE THING, MYRT? 'TIS EH? WHAT SAY,
MYRT? YOUR LITTLE BROTHER? KNOCKED HIM DOWN AND JUMPED
ON HIS FACE EH?

MOL: Who did that to Myrt's sweet little brother?

FIB: Nobody. MYRT'S SWEET LITTLE BROTHER DONE IT TO A SNOW MAN
THEY MADE YESTERDAY. WHAT SAY, MYRT? No, cancel the call.
Okay Myrt. (CLICK) Imagine the nerve of Uncle Dennis?
Usin' our telephone to----

KNOCK AT DOOR:

MOL: Who's that?

FIB: Who would it be? It's Mrs. Uppington, the
despaire of the cosmetic industry.

MOL: Ah yes..."EAST IS EAST, AND WESTMORE IS WESTMORE,
AND NEVER THE TWAIN SHALL MEET." COME IN!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

UPP: Oh how do you do, Mrs. McGee! ... and Mr. McGee!

FIB: Hiyah, Uppy.

UPP: My goodness, I didn't know you had returned home.

MOL: YOU DIDN'T? Then why did you stop in?

UPP: Oh I just wanted to see Dennis about a I mean ... er...
that is ...

MOL: UNCLE DENNIS!!

FIB: So you met him too, eh? Dust off a chair, Molly. I think
our social standing wants to sit down.

UPP: Your Uncle Dennis, Mrs. McGee, is an UTTAHLY charming man.
Such verve, SUCH SAVOIR FAIRE - SUCH JOIE DE VIVRE!

MOL: Such language!

FIB: You musta learned French off a phonograph record, Uppy.
It scratches a little.

UPP: Indeed! I should know bettah than to use such esoteric
terms with you. You are so... so ... what shall I say -

FIB: What's the matter with 'Goodbye'?

MOL: Don't be rude, McGee. Are you inferring, Mrs. Uppington,
that McGee and I are inclined to be a bit nave?

UPP: The word is NAIVE, my deah. But getting back to your
Uncle Dennis - I think he is a perfectly FASCINATING PERSON!

FIB: Yes, everybody seems to RAIVE about him. When did this
strange interlude between you and the chipmunk on our
family tree begin, Uppy?

UPP: OHH IN THE STRANGEST AND MOST ROMANTIC WAY, MR. MCGEE!
I was attempting to cross 14th and Oak Streets in the rain,
when SUDDENLY dear Denny just SHOT out of Joe's tavern.
And then he lay his coat down in the muddy street for me to
step on!

MOL: No!

UPP: Yes! WHY, THE DEAR BOY WAS IN SUCH A HURRY HE DIDN'T EVEN
TAKE THE COAT OFF BEFORE HE LAID IT IN THE GUTTAH.

MOL: Heavenly days

UPP: WASN'T THAT JUST TOO TOO FANTASTIC?

FIB: Not for Uncle Dennis.

UPP: It was such a LOVELY charming thing to do. I felt just
like a Queen!

MOL: And I imagine Uncle Dennis felt like an ace.

UPP: But then, Dennis is like that. So dashing! So romantic!
He said the otheh evening that I reminded him of his
mothaw!

MOL: Isn't that sweet. Because you and her are about the same
age, I imagine.

UPP: Yes, I imagi.... WHAT? WELL PLEASE, MRS. MCGEE I I ...
WELL GOODBYE!

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH: "MOONGLOW" - KING'S MEN

WIL: The King's Men Sing "Moonglow".

APPLAUSE:

THIRD SPOT:

SOUND: RATTLING DISHES...THUD OF FURNITURE:

MOL: I've got all the dirty dishes taken out, McGee...now you can vacuum in here.

FIB: Okay! Where's the vacuum cleaner?

MOL: Search me. You had it last. You were trying to fit the bag on your home-made bagpipes, remember?

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

BOOM: AH THERE, GOOD DAY, MY DEAR...AND A MODERATELY GOOD DAY TO YOU, CLAMBAKE.

MOL: Oh, Mr. Boomer. How do you do, I'M sure.

FIB: What's on your mind, Boomer?

BOOM: Like to have a few words with the visiting relative, Prunepit, if you don't mind - and if you do - consider yourself ignored.

MOL: He's not here, Mister Boomer...but I can give you his home address if you'd care to write to him.

BOOM: Believe I have his home address, my dear...gave it to me yesterday now where did I put that Address...address address...had it here someplace. Here's a little card I got when I weighed myself...says: "YOU ARE HONEST, STRAIGHTFORWARD AND TRUSTWORTHY"...Hah hah...got my weight wrong, too!!! Here's a little Chinese puzzle... I filched from a puzzled little Chinese...here's a short length of clothesline. Had an appointment with a nightwatchman tonight but I'm afraid he's going to be tied up. Yes yes.... Here's a platinum ankle bracelet...ahhhh...so she thought I was just pulling her leg, did she! And a check for a short buttermilk. Drat my diet, anyway! WELL WELL.. IMAGINE THAT...NO ADDRESS OF UNCLE DENNIS. WELL IT ISN'T IMPORTANT. I'LL tear up his I.O.U. and keep his watch. Good day, my dear, and to you, Cueball.

DOOR SLAM

MOL: Uncle Dennis seems to be very POPULAR with everybody.

FIB: Yeah...he's a great guy till you get to know him.

MOL: You'd better be careful what you say about him. He might remember us in his will.

FIB: HIS WILL! (LAUGHS) The only thing that mugg'll leave behind him is a general feeling of relief. Why if he ever -

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

HAL: Ah there Mrs. McGee!..hello Fibber. Where's Denny?
FIB: Oh oh! Another beautiful friendship has busted into bloom!
MOL: If you mean my Uncle Dennis, Mr. Gildersleeve, he's gone home.
HAL: OH that's too bad. Charming fellow your Uncle Dennis, Mrs. McGee. Great zest for living. He loves life!
FIB: He'd love it more if he knew how little he had left. When I meet that ham-handed hoodlum I'm gonna -
MOL: Oh no, McGee...let bygones be bygones...I'm glad you liked Uncle Dennis, Mr. Gildersleeve.
HAL: Oh he's a great fellow. Lots of character!
FIB: Yeah - he's got character enough for 12 people. None of whom you'd care to know personally. DID YOU GIVE HIM THE KEYS TO OUR HOUSE, GILDERSLEEVE?
HAL: Yes I did. And I'm glad it gave me the opportunity of meeting such a wonderful personality. We had great times going swimming together.
MOL: SWIMMING? AT THIS TIME OF YEAR?
HAL: Oh we used the pool in your basement.
FIB: WHAT ARE YOU TALKIN' ABOUT...WE AIN'T GOT A SWIMMING POOL IN OUR BASEMENT!
HAL: Have you looked lately. Denny found if you let the laundry tub faucets run for thirty six hours you'd have five feet of water down there. We dove off the top of your furnace.
(LAUGHS)

FIB: Okay, that does it! Now I know where to pin the blame. YOU'RE RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL THIS DAMAGE, GILDERSLEEVE. AND I'M GONNA SUE YOU.
HAL: Is that so? (LAUGHS) That's a lot of balloon juice, McGee...and you know it. (LAUGHS)
FIB: Oh yeah? You can laugh now, Gildersleeve, but wait'll I get you into court! They'll fry you in your own fat.
HAL: YOU'RE A HARRRRD MAN, MCGEE! BUT YOU CAN'T SCARE ME!
MOL: Oh for goodness sakes stop it - both of you. You beat around the bush like a couple of cranberry pickers.
HAL: WELL, HE CAN'T TALK LIKE THAT TO ME, MRS. MCGEE. I'LL PIN HIS EARS SO FAR BACK HE CAN HEAR LAST WEEK'S PROGRAM!
FIB: YOU MAKE ONE FEEBLE PASS AT ME, GILDERSLEEVE, AND I'LL HAMMER YOU FLATTER THAN A HILLBILLY SOPRANO.
HAL: WHY YOU ANEMIC LITTLE SQUIRT! YOU COULDN'T PUNCH YOUR WAY OUT OF A WET PAPER BAG.
FIB: I CAN PUNCH MY WAY INTO ONE, YOU WET PAPER BAG!
HAL: OHHHHHHHHHH!!
MOL: What's all this murderous talk? You know very well, McGee, that you and Mr. Gildersleeve will never fight.
FIB: Oh no?
HAL: No. I'm afraid you're in no condition for it, McGee.
FIB: DON'T WORRY ABOUT MY CONDITION, GILDERSLEEVE. I'M ALWAYS IN CONDITION. WHY I USED TO BOX WITH MY PAPPY AND WHEN I WAS ONLY THIRTEEN I COULD SLAP HIM ALL AROUND THE RING. SLAP PAPPY MCGEE I WAS KNOWED AS IN THEM DAYS....
MOL: Oh dear....

FIB: SLAP PAPPY MCGEE, THE SPEEDY, SPUNKY SCRAPPER OF THE SQUARED CIRCLE - SLUGGIN' STAR O' THE SCUFFLE STADIUMS WHOSE CELEBRATED SWAT SOLD OUT SOLID SECTIONS OF SEATS AT STAGS AND SMOKERS; SNEERIN' AT SECOND STRING STUMBLEBUMS SILLY ENOUGH TO SEEK A SET-TO WITH THE SENSATION O' THE CENTURY; THE SUPERMAN OF SLUG AND SLAM, - Oh, goin', Throcky?

HAL: YES, I AM!

DOOR SLAM

APPLAUSE:

FIB: Hey, Molly...I'm gonna leave the rest of this housecleaning to you. I gotta run down to Kramer's drug store and get some cigars! That petty larceny Uncle of yours smoked mine all up.

MOL: Well he had a right to smoke 'em. They were the ones he gave you for Christmas last year.

FIB: Oh no they weren't. I bought these myself. Them cigars he gave me I buried under a tree in the back yard.

MOL: UNDER WHICH TREE?

FIB: You know...the one that fell down and died on New Year's Day! WELL THANK GOODNESS THIS IS OVER. IF THAT BIG PALOOKA COMES TO VISIT US BEFORE 1957, I'LL -

TELEPHONE

MOL: You answer it dearie. I'm trying to sweep up this broken glass.

FIB: Okay. Probably Nick Depopolis wantin' to speak to his dear old pal Dennis. (CLICK) HELLO. YES THIS IS FIBBER MCGEE.. AND IF YOU WANNA SPEAK TO UNCLE DENNIS, I'M ONLY TOO HAPPY TO INFORM YOU THAT...EH? WHO? WELL, SHUCKS, I...I THOUGHT ...EH? (WEAKLY) Oh...Okay...g'bye. (CLICK)

MOL: SOMEBODY WANT UNCLE DENNIS?

FIB: Nobody that I know of. That was Uncle Dennis.

MOL: WHAT?

FIB: He ain't left. He's down at Joe's Tavern and he'll be back here for dinner. YOU HEAR THAT, MOLLY? HE'S COMIN' BACK!

SOUND: CRASH....GLASS....CRASH

MOL: MCGEE...STOP...WHAT ARE YOU DOING? YOU'RE UPSETTING EVERYTHING.

FIB: YEAH...I KNOW...WE WANT HIM TO FEEL AT HOME, DON'T WE?

CRASH:

FIB: DUMP THEM FLOWERS OUT AGAIN!

THUD:

FIB: TEAR UP SOME MAGAZINES!

SOUND: RIPPING

MOL: BUT MCGEE....PLEASE....

SOUND: THUDS....CRASHES

FIB: UNCLE DENNIS IS COMING BACK!...GOODIE, GOODIE, GOODIE!... (THUD) DAD RAT THE DAD RATTED....

CRASHES....THUDS...ETC. INTO -

ORCH: "YOU SAY THE SWEETEST THINGS" - FADE FOR:

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.
Fibber McGee & Molly
11-26-40
Tuesday 6:30 PM PST NBC

-24-

Closing Commercial

ANNCR: Don't you wish your linoleum could always stay as bright and colorful as the day you bought it? Well, then - there's one of your wishes that's come true....because linoleum does stay new-looking when it's protected regularly with JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. And what's more, the linoleum lasts much longer, too. So there you have two of the reasons why you should use GLO-COAT on all your linoleum floors.

There's even a better reason....Glo-COAT is such a time and labor-saver. There's practically no work at all applying GLO-COAT....no rubbing or buffing whatsoever. You simply pour a little onto your clean floor, spread it around and let it dry. In 20 minutes come back to find a beautifully polished floor....and one that will be easy to keep clean because spilled things are quickly wiped up with a damp cloth.

If you haven't tried JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT on your floors, buy a can from your dealer right away. You'll never regret it.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC....FADE ON CUE)

-25-

TAG GAG

MOL: Now look Dearie....I want you to make an effort to be nice to Uncle Dennis when he comes home.

FIB: Awwwww.....

MOL: For my sake, dearie. And for your own, too. I think, if you really try, you'll find he's well worth cultivating.

FIB: Now you're cookin' with gas! I'll cultivate him. I'LL DO

BETTER'N THAT! I'LL PLOW HIM UNDER! GOOD NIGHT!

MOL: Oh dear. Goodnight, all.

APPLAUSE:

ORCH: UP TO FINISH: CREDITS: SIGNOFF:

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
NOVEMBER 26, 1940
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

-26-

CLOSING TAG

CUE: (MOLLY)... "Good Night, All".
.....

WILCOX: This is Harlow Wilcox...speaking for the makers of
JOHNSON'S WAX and JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT....
inviting you to be with us again next Tuesday night.
Goodnight.

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
NOVEMBER 26, 1940
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

-27-

TO FOLLOW CLOSING TAG

NOTE: This 30 second closing commercial is to be delivered by a separate announcer from a quiet studio.

CUE: (WILCOX)...inviting you to be with us again next Tuesday night...Goodnight.
.....

ANNOUNCER: How old is your car? Ten weeks -- or ten years? Whichever it is, you'll be glad to know that now you can keep it wax-polished with very little work, and at small cost. You can do this because the makers of JOHNSON'S WAX perfected a new auto polish called CARNU -- a great labor-saver because CARNU both cleans and wax-polishes in one operation-- in half the time it used to take. Your dealer is selling JOHNSON'S CARNU now. The cost is low - and one trial will show you why car-owners everywhere are saying - "Your car looks like new when you use CARNU - spelled C-A-R-N-U."