

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

(REVISED)

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

276

6:30-7:00
1-14-41

(REVISED)

-2-

WIL: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM...WITH FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

ORCH: THEME

WIL: THE MAKERS 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'
ORCHESTRA. THE SHOW OPENS WITH: "SO SWEET"

ORCH: "SO SWEET"

(FADE FOR)

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
JANUARY 14, 1941
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

ANNOUNCER: For most kitchen floors these are the bad-weather days of the year. Wet, slushy, muddy feet come in with the grocery boy, the milkman, and the children home from school. And it's something to worry about -- because it means extra work -- if your floors are not protected with JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. Of course, if your floors are kept sparkling with a beautiful GLO-COAT polish, you don't have to worry about a little thing like wet footprints. A damp cloth quickly wipes up spots and spilled things from a GLO-COATED floor -- leaving it clean and beautiful -- its colors bright and fresh. JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT also saves you work in other ways. It needs no rubbing or buffing -- simply apply and let dry -- in 20 minutes your floor is protected with a long-lasting polish. And GLO-COAT saves your linoleum, too, makes it last much longer. Be sure to add JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT to your next shopping list.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH)(APPLAUSE)

(2ND REVISION)

-4-

WIL: WELL, LIFE AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA HAS SETTLED DOWN TO A BEAUTIFUL SYMPHONY, WITH ONLY ONE SOUR NOTE. UNCLE DENNIS IS STILL A HOUSE GUEST. AND HERE, INDULGING IN A FRANK DISCUSSION OF THE RELATIVE VALUE OF A CERTAIN RELATIVE,

WE FIND ---

--- FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: Boy, your Uncle Dennis sure did move in on us, didn't he? They say if the ground Hog sees his shadow this year it'll mean we have six more weeks of Uncle Dennis.

MOL: I'll admit he HAS stayed a little longer than I'd expected. But as long as he's a guest in our home, he'll be TREATED like a guest.

FIB: I'd rather treat him like a guest on a radio program. Ring the chimes, pay him off and send him home! By the way, where is he?

MOL: He's gone out. I think he's buying a motorcycle.

FIB: A motorcycle?

MOL: Yes. He said he had to go see a man about a sidocar.

FIB: Oh! I think he's just gonna get a lift down at the corner.

TELEPHONE

MOL: I'LL get it. (CLICK) 79 Wistful Vista, Molly McGee speakin' WHO?? OH Oh YES...WHY OF COURSE...WE'D BE SIMPLY DELIGHTED TO. WHY IT'S NO TROUBLE AT ALL. YOU JUST SEND HER OVER ANY TIME. WHY CERTAINLY. GOODBYE. (CLICK)

FIB: Send who over?

MOL: That little girl across the street. Her mother is going out and there's no one to leave the child with. She wants us to keep her for a while.

FIB: US? I thought you had to go to that Charity Bazaar with Mrs. Uppington?

MOL: OHHHHHH HEAVENLY DAYS!..I'D FORGOTTEN ALL ABOUT THAT! I'D better call back and say we can't take the little girl --

FIB: HEY...Don't do that. I'LL take care of her. I'M a great hand with kids.....

MOL: Well, I don't know, McGee....

FIB: Aw quit worryin'. I was a expert in Child Psychology once.

MOL: When was that?

FIB: When I was a child. I could handle my parents smarter'n any kid in the neighborhood. I understand what makes the little tykes tick. I'll think up some cute games to play.

MOL: Well keep 'em somewhere in between patty cake and post-office and you'll be all right. Her mother said she'll have to take a little nap, too.

FIB: Good. I'll sing her a lullabye.

MOL: WHAT? AND HAVE THAT INNOCENT CHILD GROW UP TO HATE MUSIC?

FIB: Well then, I'll --

KNOCK AT DOOR.

FIB: Ahh must be her now ...COME IN, SIS!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE,

BOOM: AH THERE, good day, My dear, and a half-hearted hallelujah to you, Prune-pit!

FIB: Well, if it ain't For Whom The Bell Tolls on the Patrol Wagon!

MOL: What did you stop in here for, Mr. Boomer?

BOOM: Very pertinent question, my dear...now let me see...what DID I stop in here for?.....had it on a memo pad somewhere. Now where did I put that memo pad...excuse for stopping inexcuse for stopping in....had it here just a moment ago,

FIB: Well, here we go again, folks. This guy hits more pockets than a test pilot.

BOOM: Now where did I put that excuse for stopping in?..... Here's a note from my bookie, to bet on Soldering Iron in the 35d -ahhhh.....must be a hot tip!

Letter from my brother, Aristotle Boomer. Says he has lived all winter on just a handful of dates. I told him there was no money in that escort service.....

Handful of nuggets I dug out of the mouth of an old gold mine.....or was it an old gold miner? Ah well....

Here's a small bottle of hiccup remedy. Nitro Glycerine. Carry this and you don't dare hiccup.....

Postcard from Mickey the Midget.....drag 99 years for robbery, the low lifer!

And a small printing press for printing my own checks for a short beer! WELL, WELL, IMAGINE THAT!! NO EXCUSE FOR COMING IN HERE, WHICH, IN ITSELF, IS A GOOD EXCUSE FOR GOING OUT.. GOOD DAY, My dear, and to you, Zipperlip!

ORCH: "TWO GUITARS"

APPLAUSE:

SECOND SPOT:

(REVISED) -9-

SOUND: SPLASH OF WATER *Bubbles* ~~CLANGING~~ ~~CHIMES~~

MOL: McGee ... what on earth are you doing?

FIB: Fixin' up a pan o' soapy water. When that little girl gets here we'll have some fun blowin' bubbles.

WATER SPLASH

MOL: Where'd that pipe come from?

FIB: It's one o' mine. But I cleaned it good. You can hardly taste the tobacco.

MOL: I'LL NOT HAVE THAT LITTLE GIRL BLOWING BUBBLES WITH THAT!

FIB: Aw don't be so fussy. It won't

DOOR OPEN & CLOSE:

OLD M: Hello there Daughter. Hello, Johnny.. How's about mowin' your lawn. Only six bits.

MOL: How can you mow our lawn? With four inches of snow on it?

OLD MAN: I can't.

FIB: Then why'ja ask, Old Timer?

OLD M: Promised papa I'd start lookin' for work today. He says, I gotta start thinkin' about my future,

MOL: Your future!

FIB: A young squirt like you oughta join the army.

OLD M: Won't take me, Johnny. Got a couple o' busted fingers.

MOL: How'd that happen?

OLD M: Got my hand caught in a ringer pitchin' horseshoes.

FIB: You oughtta get a set of horse shoes with crepe soles.
(LAUGHS)

OLD M: Heh heh heh ... That's pretty good, Johnny. But that ain't the way I heered it! The way I heered it, if I remember it correct, and I probably do, because I gota a memory like a elephant, only I don't like peanuts, because they gimme the heartburn, so I always eat cashew nuts instead, only I don't care much for cashew nuts - do you?
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(2nd REVISION) -10-

MOL: I love 'em.

FIB: Me too.

OLD M: I don't, BUT THE WAY I HEERED IT, ONE FELLER SAYS TO TOTHER FELLER, SAYYYYYYY, HE SAYS, "WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A HEN AND FIBBER MCGEE?" "SEARCH ME", SAYS TOTHER FELLER. "WELL", SAYS THE FIRST FELLER, "A HEN CAN LAY 'EM WITHOUT CRACKIN' 'EM, BUT FIBBER CAN'T CRACK 'EM WITHOUT LAYIN' 'EM!" Heh heh heh! Well, I gotta be goin', kids. As it is, I'M late for the lecture.

MOL: Who's giving the lecture?

OLD M: Mamma. About me bein' late.

DOOR SLAM

MOL: Look McGee I think I'll stay home and take care of that little girl.

FIB: NO SIR. I can do it. I'm marvelous with children. I gotta great knack for gettin INTO a child's mind. You gotta think like they do. That way,

MOL: MCGEE.....STOP MARKING ON THE WALL PAPER!

FIB: Eh? Oh....(LAUGHS) There, ye see what I mean? I was concentratin' on - - -

DOOR KNOCK; DOOR LATCH AND SLAM:

TEE: (FADE IN) Hiya, Mr. McGee. Hiya, Mrs. McGee.

FIB: Oh hello there little girl. We been expecting you.

MOL: I'm sorry I won't be able to stay and play with you.

FIB: That's all right, Molly. We'll have fun, won't we Sis?

TEE: Sure we will, I betcha. And gee, it'll be great to get away from that Encyclopaedia for a while, too.

k

FIB: Encyclopaedia. You readin' that, sis?
TEE: Two hours a day. My papa wants me to be a quiz kid.

KNOCK AT DOOR

FIB: Oh oh there's that old Moose Mrs. Uppington.
Watch me give her the quick brush-off!

MOL: Careful, McGee ... little pitchers.

FIB: Eh? Whatcha mean?

TEE: She means little pitchers have big ears, I betcha.
Or in other words, IF YOU POP OFF IN FRONT OF JUNIOR
HE MAY REPEAT YOUR WORDS, AND RUIN YER. (GIGGLES)

FIB: Hear that, Molly? The stripling's full o' Kipling!
Hey, you better let Uppy in!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

UPP: How do you do, Mrs. McGee....AND Mr. McGee.

FIB: Hiyah Uppy.

UPP: Oh hello there little girl. My, what rosy cheeks we have
today!

TEE: Sure ... and mine won't wash off, either, I betcha.

UPP: Well, really little girl, I -

MOL: WON'T YOU HAVE A CUP OF TEA, Abigail, before we go.

UPP: Why ... er ... well yes ... if you have it ready, my dear.

MOL: It isn't ready but I can fix it in just a minute. MCGEE
RUN OUT IN THE KITCHEN AND PUT THE KETTLE ON.

FIB: Don't need to wait for that, Molly. I'll run out and drain
some water outa the car radiator. When I drove home it
was boiling hot and -

UPP: OH PLEASE Mr. McGee... I er well nevah mind.
Thank you just the same.

MOL: McGee was just joking, Abigail. We NEVER draw hot water
out of the car radiator for tea. Not in the winter time.
It tastes like alcohol.

FIB: - and smells like Uncle Dennis.

TEE: Hey, Mrs. Uppington ... do you belong to the same club
daddy does?

UPP: Why what do you mean, little girl?

TEE: Well my daddy is an elk, and Mr. McGee said you were a
moose, so -

FIB: AHMMMM.....I.....er.....she heard me say you come up on
the steps as quiet and dainty as a MOUSE, Uppy.

TEE: Why you did not, I betcha. You said MOOSE. I stinctly
heard you.

FIB: Molly didn't I say mouse?

MOL: Why of course....You see, dearie, Mr.McGee is of Scotch
decent. He always says moose for mousé.

FIB: See, sis?

TEE: Sure, but it's a pretty loosie way of getting out of it,
I betcha.

FIB: Well shucks, I'll - - - HEY WHAT YOU DOIN', LITTLE GIRL?

TEE: (OFF MIKE) Looking for the whiskbroom, Mr. McGee,

FIB: Whatcha want that for?

TEE: Gee, doncha remember? You said you were gonna give Mrs.
Uppington a quick brush-off.

MOL: Ahemml Are you ready, Abigail?
UPP: WELL REALLY...I....WELL COME, MRS. MCGEE...WE HAD BETTER
BRUSH OFFer.....^{with} OFF. GOOD DAY!
MOL: Goodbye dearie.
DOOR SLAM:
FIB: Well, here we are, sis. What'll we play?
TEE: Let's play Blind Man's Buff. Blindfold me.
FIB: That wouldn't be fair to you, sis. I know every inch of
this room like the back o' my hand and you don't.
TEE: All righty...then you blindfold yourself, then.
FIB: That's better. Here...tie this in back o' my head...HEY!
NOT SO TIGHT!.....That's better...
TEE: Ready! BETCHA CAN'T CATCH ME...BETCHA CAN'T CATCH ME.....
FIB: Oh yes I can. I got kind of a sixth sense that tells me...
SOUND: CLUNK:
FIB: OUGH! Dad rat that table!
TEE: (GIGGLES) That wasn't the table that was the fireplace.
FIB: Go on..the fireplace is way over that way, where -
SOUND: CRASH OF LAMP WITH GLASS TINKLE:
FIB: OH OH...what was that, sis?
TEE: Oh nothing. ..you just knocked the lamp over. BETCHA CAN'T
CATCH ME, BETCHA CAN'T CATCH ME!!!
FIB: OH YES I CAN.....YOU'RE VOICE GAVE YOU AWAY...AHA.....I GOT
HOLD OF YOUR DRESS. NOW I GOTCHA!
SOUND: RIPPING SOUND:
FIB: OH I'M SORRY...SIS!

TEE: What for? You got a right to tear your own window curtains,
mister.
FIB: WHAT? YOU MEAN I....Hey get this blindfold off me....Thanks
....Oh boy...what a mess...we better play something else.
TEE: Alrighty! Let's play house. You be the little boy and
I'll be the mamma.
FIB: Okay Mamma. Sit down and tell me a story, will you Mamma?
TEE: Alllllll righty! ONCE UPON A LO-O-O-NG TIME AGO, ---- I'm
hungry!
FIB: Eh?
TEE: I'M hungry.
FIB: Who said that - M.....?
TEE: ~~I~~ I did.
FIB: Oh. Ain't we playin' house any more?
TEE: No I got tired of that, I betcha. I'M hungry. Can't I
have a cookie or something?
DOOR LATCH AND SLAM
WIL: HEY FIBBER AND MOLLY, CAN YOU.....Oh Hi Fibber, Hello
little girl.
TEE: Hi, Mr. Wilcox.
FIB: Hiyah, Harlow. I'm takin' care o' sis here while her
mother's away. Wanna play?
WIL: Whatcha playing?
TEE: Well we WERE playin' house, but I got tired of it, I
betcha.
WIL: Oh you shouldn't do THAT! You NEVER get tired of playing
house if you do it right, You know why?

FIB: Might's well ask him why sis. In nearly six years, I ain't been able to evade that question.

TEE: Why, Mr. Wilcox? *Why?*

WIL: Because housework is really play now. Johnson's Self Polishing Glocoat, for instance, has made a joke of old fashioned scrubbing. Why kitchen linoleum can ALWAYS look just like new without any rubbing or buffing, with all those pretty colors as bright as ever, because Johnson's Self-Polishing Glocoat -

TEE: How do you spell it?

WIL: G - l - o - hyphen - c - o - a - t.

TEE: What's a hyphen?

WIL: A hyphen is a short dash that a housewife makes to her nearest dealer to get a can of Glo-Coat.

TEE: Gee, Mr. Wilcox, when I grow up and be a big lady and get married and hyphen down to my dealer's, will you come over and show me how to use Johnsonson's Self-Polishing stuff on ~~the~~ *the linoleum*? Hmmm? Willyah?

WIL: HONEY...IT'S A DATE! G'bye now!

DOOR SLAM

TEE: (SING-SONG) I GOTTA DATE WITH MR. WILCOX...I GOTTA... I'm hungry!

FIB: Sis, you ain't gonna grow up to be a housewife. You're gonna be a chorus girl. "I'M HUNGRY...I'M HUNGRY!" Well, come on out in the kitchen and I'll see what I can rustle up.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON FLOOR...DOOR OPEN...

FIB: Well, let's see now...what do little girls like to eat in the middle of the afternoon? How about a bowl o' chili con carne, and a bacon-and-peanut butter sandiwch and a few stuffed olives and a bottle o' rootbeer?

TEE: Gee, that'd be dandy, I betcha!

FIB: Here's a half a canteloupe for dessert, too, sis. Sorry I can't give it to you alamode, but I can fill the middle of it with grape jelly. How's that?

TEE: Gee, you're a wonderful cook, Mr. McGee.

FIB: I'll say I am...hand me that fryin' pan, sis...

CLATTER OF DISHES AND PANS PUNCTUATE THE FOLLOWING

FIB: Yes sir, I used to be one of the greatest little chefs in the country, sis.

TEE: How about the city?

FIB: I was speakin' of the United States, sis, rather than of a strictly rural, or bucolic, locale.

TEE: I had the bucolic once I betcha. I ate too ~~many~~ *many* green apples.

FIB: That was just plain COLIC. BUcolic means countrified.

TEE: I know it. Was I ever countrified to eat all those apples!!

FIB: Well be that as it may or may not be, or not, I was a wizard with a skillet.

TEE: I was awful sick.

FIB: -And as for pastries, why if Reno had ever seen my wedding cakes, it would of been just a ghost town today!

TEE: -The doctor was there three times.

FIB: -And OMELETTES!!...Oh baby. Light as a feather!
TEE: I even stayed outa school a week, too.
FIB: But my best efforts was on fried cakes, and doughnuts...
TEE: I had to promise him I'D NEVER, NEVER, eat green apples
again.
FIB: Why the way I got into the culinary swim was with my
knack for makin' sinkers. SINKER SWIM MCGEE I WAS KNOWED
AS IN THEM DAYS...
TEE: It all started with a little stummickache, and then -
FIB: SINKER SWIM MCGEE, THE SNAPPIEST SON OF THE SKILLET THAT
EVER SAWED A SIRLOIN OFF A STEER OR SANG A SONG OF
SIXPENCE WHILE SKINNIN' A SACK O' SPUDS. SUPREME AT
SERVIN' A SNAZZY SNACK OF SARDINE SANDWICHES WITH SALAMI,
SPINACH, AND SMOKED SMELT...(and if you've never smoked
smelt you've never smelt smoké!) THE SUPERMAN OF SUNDAY
SUPPERS. SENSATIONAL? SAY, YOU CERTAINLY SAID IT! BUT
HERE'S YOUR LUNCH SIS, COME AND GET IT!

ORK: "OH SUSANNAH" KING'S MEN

WIL: The King's Men singing "Oh Susannah."

(APPLAUSE)

THIRD SPOT

(CLATTER OF DISHES)

FIB: Well, sis...have enough to eat?
TEE: Sure I did, thank you. Shall I help you put those dishes
away, Mr. McGee?

FIB: No thanks, sis. I'm afraid you might fall and bust 'em.

(TERRIFIC CRASH OF CHINAWARE)

TEE: Now look what you did!!

FIB: Aw, that don't matter sis. Time we had some new china
anyway. Molly says just the other night that that set
o' dishes was over a hundred years old. You can take
that apron off now. And thanks for washin' the dishes.

TEE: Let's go in the other room, Mr. McGee and play some more
games.

FIB: It's time for your nap, sis.

TEE: Aw gee, I don't wanna take a nap ---

FOOTSTERS:

FIB: Sure you do. I'll just let you lie down on the davenport
here and throw a afghan over you, and -

TEE: Throw a half a can of what over me?

FIB: Not a half can of nothing, sis. I says a AFGHAN. That's
kind of a quilt. Now lie down there like a nice girl and
Uncle Fibber'll tell you a nice story.

Once upon a time there were three little rabbits named
Millie, Billie and Tillie. They all lived in a big
raspberry patch. And once a week they'd all hop out
and get a big bunch of raspberries...

TEE: Gee, just like radio actors.

FIB: Go to sleep, dear. Well sir, one day Tillie says to Millie, "Where's Billie?" and Millie, says "I dunno, Tillie, but Billie is so silly he might dilly-dally willy-nilly in a gully." So Tillie and Millie started to look for that silly Billy. (PAUSE) ----gettin' sleepy, sis?

TEE: (SIGHS)

FIB: (SOFTLY) Well, sir, along toward evening, when all the little rabbits were softly sleeping in their downy little burrows

SOUND: LOUD KNOCKING AT DOOR:

HAL: (OFF MIKE) OH MCGEE ... ARE YOU HOME? HEY MCGEE ... IT'S THROCKMORTON!

TEE: There's somebody at the door, Mr. McGee, I betcha.

FIB: I betcha there is too, and I betcha if I ever wanted to crown somebody .. oh well. COME IN, GILDERSLEEVE!

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

HAL: Well hello there McGee ... are you ... WELL WELL ... WHAT'S THIS. Hello little girl.

TEE: Hiyah Mr. Gildersleeve.

FIB: Look, Gildy. Sis here is tryin' to take a nap ... and I just about had her asleep when you come whoopin' and a hollerin' at the door.

HAL: Oh. I'm sorry McGee ... I didn't realize ... has she had a glass of warm milk? Nothing like a glass of warm milk to help a little girl get to sleep.

TEE: I had better'n that I betcha. I hadda big bottle of cold rootbeer.

FIB: Two bottles wasn't it, sis?

TEE: No, I couldn't finish the second one on account of I drank all that buttermilk.

FIB: Oh yes.

HAL: ... BUTTERMILK AND ROOTBEER! WHAT KIND OF DIET IS THAT FOR A CHILD?

FIB: What's the matter with it? Best rootbeer money can buy. Besides she wanted something cold to wash down all that Chili con carne.

HAL: CHILI CON CARNE!!! OH MY GOODNESS!! I'M GONNA CALLA FRIEND OF MINE WHO'S A DOCTOR ...

TEE: It's too late I betcha. The chili con carne is all gone.

FIB: Besides it's none of your business, Gildersleeve.

HAL: By George I'll make it my business, McGee. Wait till I tell this little girl's mother about this

FIB: Tattletale ... tattle tale tattletale.

TEE: (CHIMING IN) Tattle tale tattle tale tattle tale.

HAL: WELL I DON'T CARE. IT'S ... IT'S INHUMAN, THAT'S WHAT IT IS. AND IF I WAS THIS CHILD'S FATHER, MCGEE, I'D --

FIB: Hey quit shoutin' Gildersleeve. She's supposed to be takin' a nap. See if you can't get your voice down to a mere roar.

HAL: Oh. Oh yes. Well maybe sleep would be the best thing, after all that she's been thru. Shall we sing to her? ..

FIB: What have we got to lose?

HAL: What have we got to sing? (LAUGHS) How about "Sweet and Low"?

FIB: How does it go?

HAL: (HUMS FEW BARS OF SWEET AND LOW!)

FIB: Oh yes - I remember -

BOTH: SING: (SWEET AND LOW)

TEE: (GIGGLE)

FIB: Hey wait a minute! Don't you like the music, Sis?

TEE: (GIGGLES) Music, he says!

HAL: LOOK MCGEE ... I'VE GOT AN IDEA ...

FIB: Okay ... what is it?

HAL: The best way to get to sleep is to count sheep. Now you keep your eyes shut, sweetheart, and Mr. McGee and I will trot past the davenport, and pretend we're sheep.

TEE: Well gee, how can I count you if I got my eyes shut, huh? How can I?

FIB: We'll BAAAAAA as we go past. Come on Mutton.

HAL: Okay Jeff!

FIB: Baaaaa ...

HAL: Baaaaa ...

FIB: Baaaaa ...

HAL: Baaaaa ...

(HAL AND FIBBER CONTINUES BAA-ING UNTIL FIBBER CUES)

FIB: Baaa ... (SOFTLY)

HAL: Baaaa

FIB: Ba ... hey ... she's asleep, Gildy! We done it!

HAL: (PANTING) By George, I'll never eat leg of lamb again. I'd feel like a cannibal.

FIB: SHHHHHHH ... Boy don't she look sweet, lyin' there in all her childish innocence. Let's get outa here for a while and let her sleep.

HAL: (WHISPERING) Let's go out on the front porch and have a smoke.

FIB: Okay ... wait'll I get my pipe ...

HAL: Where is your pipe ...

FIB: (WHISPERING) Right here in the hall closet ... I know exact ----

DOOR LATCH: TERRIFIC AVALANCHE:

TEE: STARTS TO CRY LOUDLY:

HAL: (SHOUTS) NOW LOOK WHAT YOU DID, MCGEE! ... OF ALL THE CLUMSY

FIB: IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT GILDERSLEEVE! ... IF YOU HADN'T COME OVER HERE AND ...

TEE: CRYING LOUDER:

CRYING AND SHOUTING INTO

ORCHESTRA: "WHAT HAS HAPPENED" FADE FOR:

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.
Fibber McGee & Molly
1-14-41
Tuesday 6:30 PM PST NBC

(2ND REVISION) -25-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

ANNOUNCER: Fibber and Molly will return in just a moment. (PAUSE)

If this were a quiz show, I'd like to ask the ladies in our audience this question: How many of the 100 extra uses of genuine JOHNSON'S WAX do you know? How many of these labor-saving uses have you tried in your own home?

Most of these extra uses for JOHNSON'S WAX have been discovered by women themselves. One woman will write, "JOHNSON'S WAX is wonderful for shoes and luggage." Another will say, "Tell your customers to wax their picture frames and lampshades." You'll find a list of these 100 extra uses for JOHNSON'S WAX right on the package itself - either PASTE or LIQUID. At the top of the list, of course, you'll find floors, furniture and woodwork. JOHNSON-WAXED floors add rich beauty to your entire home - are protected against wear - and save you work all year. Dust and dirt cannot cling to a JOHNSON-WAXED surface. Careful housekeepers always keep a supply of genuine JOHNSON'S WAX on hand.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC....FADE ON CUE

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ORCH: SWELL MUSIC....FADE ON CUE

TAG GAG

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

MOL: (FADING IN) MCGEE! MR. GILDERSLEEVE!

HAL: Oh, Hello, Mrs. McGee.

FIB: H-hiyah, Molly.

MOL: AREN'T YOU ASHAMED! BOTH OF YOU! I just met that little girl going home crying ... I should think you'd feel pretty sheepish.

FIB: We do. Don't we Gildersleeve?

HAL: (LAUGH) I'll say we do. BAAAAAAAAA ..

FIB: Baaaaaaaaa

HAL: BAAAAAAAAAAAA

FIB: Goodnight.

MOL: goodnight all!

ORCH: (CLOSING SIGNATURE) (FADE ON CUE)

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.
Fibber McGee & Molly
1-14-41
Tuesday 6:30 PM PST NBC

Closing Tag

CUE:
MOLLY: "Goodnight, 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
1-14-41
Tuesday 6:30 PM PST NBC

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

To Follow Closing Tag

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

FIBBER McGEE

#277

6:30-7:00
1-21-41

WILCOX:
(CUE)

....inviting you to be with us again next Tuesday night.

Goodnight.

.....
Is it much of a job to wax-polish your car? Well, it
used to be a tough job before the discovery of CARNU,
JOHNSON'S sensational new auto polish. Now, with CARNU,
the work has been cut in half. That's because CARNU both
cleans and wax-polishes in one easy operation. CARNU is a
liquid....you massage it lightly over the car finish....
let it dry and wipe it off....and there's your car
sparkling with its original showroom shine. Buy a can of
JOHNSON'S CARNU this week. It's spelled C-A-R-N-U.

of
COAT....
ght.