

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

(REVISED)

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

#281

6:30-7:00
2-18-41

(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: "IT'S HIGH TIME"

ORCH: "IT'S HIGH TIME"

(FADE FOR)

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
FEBRUARY 18, 1941
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

OPENING COMMERCIAL

ANNCR: When you left your kitchen a little while ago, did you happen to notice your linoleum floors? Were they something to be proud of -- or ashamed of? Are the colors still fresh and bright -- or are they faded and gloomy? Is the floor sparkling and gleaming, so you're happy to work there -- or is it the kind of floor that never seems to get clean? If you are not already using JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT, find out how easy it is to have beautiful kitchen floors -- with practically no work. Buy a can of GLO-COAT tomorrow. Pour it onto your floors -- spread it around -- and let it dry. That's all there is to it -- there's no rubbing or buffing with GLO-COAT. In 20 minutes it dries to a beautiful, hard, long-lasting polish that brings out the colors of your linoleum, saves you cleaning work, and makes the linoleum itself last much longer. You really couldn't ask for more than that from any polish, could you? Remember the name -- JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT -- spelled G-L-O hyphen C-O-A-T.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH)
(APPLAUSE)

K

WIL: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THRU THE COURTESY OF JOHNSON'S WAX, WE BRING YOU THE MORE-OR-LESS CORRECT TIME: AT IDA, IDAHO, IT IS 7:32 $\frac{1}{2}$ ROCKY MOUNTAIN TIME -- AT CHOW, MAINE, IT IS 9:32 $\frac{3}{4}$ EASTERN TIME -- AT OOMPHSKI, SIBERIA, IT IS STILL YESTERDAY, AND AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA IT'S TIME WE DROPPED IN ON --

--FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

(APPLAUSE)

FIB: Hey, Molly, you know what time it is?
MOL: No. Does it matter?
FIB: It does to me. On account of you know what I'm gonna do?
MOL: Dearie, if I could EVER foresee what you were going to do, I'd be one of those happy mediums, people are always striking. What are you going to do?
FIB: Gonna go to bed.
MOL: WHAT? AT EIGHT THIRTY IN THE EVENING? Don't you feel well, McGee?
FIB: Feel wonderful. And I'll feel better after one good solid night's sleep. You know, "EARLY TO BED AND EARLY TO RISE, AND YOU WON'T NEED TO CALL ANY REDCAPS TO CARRY THEM BAGS UNDER YOUR EYES."
MOL: But...but my goodness, McGee...for years now I've been trying to get you to go to bed earlier and now...well.... I'm dumbfounded. What's got into you?

FIB: Well, I just got to thinkin', that us bein' on the Lux Theatre Program next week and all, we oughtta cut out this stayin' up late.

MOL: Say that's a good idea. We'll go to bed right now!...It's only 8:30 and if we get up at seven, that's a good ten hours sleep.

FIB: Yessir, why I'll leap out of bed in the morning ready to whip my weight in - in - in --

MOL: Field mice.

FIB: Well be that as it may, or may not be, or not --

DOOR KNOCK

FIB: Ah fer the - whoever this is, watch me give 'em the brush off! COME IN!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

TEE: Hiyah, mister.

FIB: Oh hello, sis. Whatcha want? I can't take much time to dilly dally - I wanna get to bed early.

TEE: Why?

FIB: Well, I just think it'll do me good, that's why. I've always been a late stayer-upper, so for once I'm gonna be a early goer-to-bedder.

TEE: Personally, mister, I'M a take-a-nap-in-the-afternooner.

FIB: That's good too. Builds up your resistance...and you gotta have a lotta resistance to go thru a winter, you know.

TEE: Well gee, Mr. McGee...when will summer be here? When will it? I wanna use my new roller skates.

FIB: Well, you can't rush these things, sis. We can't have summo until the pixies get their reservoirs all filled up!

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: You mean to stand there with your little nose between your eyes and tell me you ain't heard about the pixies?

TEE: (GIGGLES) I haven't, I betcha!

FIB: Well I think you're old enough to know about these things, sis. You see when the snow melts, it soaks into the ground and the pixies gather it all up into a big reservoir, way down deep under the earth. Then when summer comes, the pixies fill their little squirt-guns full of water outa the reservoir and squirt it onto the roots of the flowers and plants so they'll grow, you see? And we can't have summer till they gather enough water.

TEE: (WONDERINGLY) Awwwwwwww.....

FIB: (Look at that little face light up, Molly.) Well, sis, does that answer your question?

TEE: Sure it does, I betcha...but what about the equinox?

FIB: The equinox....what's that?

TEE: Well the equinox is an astronomical term to denote those periods of the year which usher in the spring and fall seasons....

FIB: Yes but what --

TEE: AND EQUINOX IS WHEN THE SUN'S CENTER CROSSES THE EQUATOR, AND IS EITHER OF TWO POINTS WHERE THE CELESTIAL EQUATOR INTERSECTS THE ECLIPTIC. And if that's too tough for you, you can go back to the pixies. So long, mister!

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Well I'll be a - you hear that, Molly? That kid has a great I.Q., hasn't she?

MOL: What's an I.Q.?

FIB: An INFURIATING Quality! And that reminds me...Is Uncle Dennis in yet?

(2ND REVISION) -7-

MOL: Oh he's been in all evening, McGee...you can hear him in the other room....listen!

SOUND: OFF MIKE: SNORE...MEOWRR!...SNORE, MEOWRRR!..SNORE, MEOWRR!

FIB: Is that Uncle Dennis?

MOL: Yes.

FIB: What's he doin'?

MOL: Takin' a cat nap. Now come and turn out the light...you got the alarm clock.

FIB: Yes...is this the correct time? 9:22?

MOL: Yes and we've lost a half an hour's sleep already, McGee... we'd better hurry. And don't forget to -

KNOCK AT DOOR:

FIB: What is this - a conspiracy?

MOL: Looks like the sandman is going to be left holding the bag tonight. COME IN!

DOOR LATCH:

UPP: (BREATHLESSLY) How do you do, Mrs. McGee...AND Mr. McGee. Will you help me?

MOL: Help? Don't tell me you've lost that diamond necklace again, Abigail!

FIB: Have you looked under all your chins, Uppy?

UPP: PLEASE, MR. MCGEE....It's my automobile. It broke down right in front of your house.

MOL: Oh I'M sure McGee will be glad to run out and get it started for you. WON'T YOU, DEARIE?

FIB: Aw dad rat it, I don't wanna -- we were going to bed early and ---

UPP: Never mind, Mr. McGee...Perhaps I should get someone who thoroughly understands what they are doing, and -

(2ND REVISION] 8-9-10

FIB: HEY WAIT A MINUTE. WHO, SAYS I DON'T UNDERSTAND AUTOMOBILES. WHY I WAS A EXPERT MECHANIC WHEN GENERAL MOTORS WAS A CORPORAL.

UPP: But Mr. McGee---

FIB: WHY HALF THE DEVELOPMENTS IN THE MODERN MOTOR ARE MY INVENTIONS, UPPY.

UPP: INDEED! If you were the one who invented the automobile radio that goes dead while passing under a viaduct, - congratulations! It's VEDDY restful!

FIB: That wasn't mine, but I SPENT FOUR YEARS AS CHIEF MECHANIC AT THE BIGGS BODY WORKS. You should of seen the laboratory and workshop old Man Biggs gave me to tinker around in. BIGGS TINKER MCGEE I WAS KNOWED AS IN THEM DAYS!

MOL: Oh dear...

FIB: BIGGS TINKER MCGEE! THE BRAWNY AND BRAINY BONAPARTE OF BENZINE-BUGGY BLACKSMITHS! BUSY AS A BEAVER AND BRIGHT AS A BEACON AT BOLTING BUMPER BRACKETS ON BUS BODIES. BOOSTED AS THE BEST BOSS IN THE BUSINESS AT BORING BRONZE BEARINGS IN BOAT BOILERS. BRINGING BACK THE BACON AS THE BOSS OF THE BRAKE-BAND, BUMBLE-BEE OF THE BRACE AND BIT, AND BIG BULLFROG OF THE BRASS BICYCLE BELL BONGERS. A BREEZY, BRILLIANT BOZO FOR BUDDING BOYS TO COPY - BUT EXCUSE ME WHILE I GO TO WORK ON UPPINGTON'S JALOPY!

APPLAUSE:

ORCHESTRA: ("KEEP AN EYE ON YOUR HEART")

(2ND REVISION) 8-9-10

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APPLAUSE:

ORCHESTRA: ("KEEP AN EYE ON YOUR HEART")

2ND SPOT

(2ND REVISION) -11-

WATER RUNNING:

MOL: (OFF MIKE) MCGEE it's 1:30...AREN'T YOU READY FOR BED
YET?

FIB: No. I'm still tryin' to get the grease off my hands that
I got offa Uppy's Car. (MUTTERS) This is a fine state of
how do ye do. Here I try to go to bed early and what
happens? I SPEND THREE HOURS FIXIN A CAR AT 15 ABOVE ZERO!

MOL: Did you find the trouble?

FIB: Yes, finally. No gas. Hand me my bathrobe willya,
Molly? Thanks.

WATER SPLASHING..TURN OFF:

FIB: You ready for bed?

MOL: I will be as soon as I finish brushing my hair.
(SOUND OF BRUSHING) 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.
There!

FIB: Wonder you got any hair left on your head, the way you
slap away at it with that brush every night.

MOL: That makes it grow more.

FIB: Oh yeah?

MOL: Certainly. Your father used to use a hairbrush on you -
didn't he? And look how you developed.

FIB: OKAY OKAY...NEVER MIND! Well, as soon as I-----

SOUND: RATTLE AT DOOR:

MOL: McGee...what was that? Sounded like A PROWLER ON THE
FRONT PORCH. GO SEE WHO IT IS....no wait...I'll go
with you.

FIB: Well..all right. THOUGH IT'S PROBABLY JUST A CAT.
Come on....

SOUND: KEY RATTLE IN LOCK; KNOB RATTLE:

MOL: If that's a cat, McGee....somebody's taught him how to use a flashlight and a bunch of keys.

FIB: Must be a hep-cat. Now be quiet and I'll catch this guy red handed. One.....two.....THREE!

DOOR LATCH:

FIB: AHAAH....CAUGHT YOU IN THE ACT, DIDN'T I BUD? NOW SUPPOSE YOU EXPLAIN-

MOL: WHY MCGEE....IT'S MR. BOOMER!

BOOM: Ahh good evening, my dear. AND A NASTY NOCTURNAL NIP-UP TO YOU, NUTPICK!

FIB: What you doin' on our front porch at this time o' night, Boomer?

BOOMER: Just checking up to see that your front door was locked, Sleepy, Slappy and Sloppy. Checking all the front doors in the neighborhood. Yes yes.....

MOL: A likely story, Mr. Boomer. We already have a nightwatchman in this neighborhood.

BOOM: Of course you have my dear....but I am helping him out tonight, after he met with the accident.

FIB: WHAT ACCIDENT?

BOOM: Seems he bumped himself on a pair of brass knuckles. I would have run to his rescue but I was several inches away at the time. Very regrettable. Yes indeed.

MOL: Mr. Boomer, you can find more ways of getting into people's house than a cold draft.

BOOM: YOU WRONG ME, MY DEAR. I'M A 'PHONEY BIDEY...ER A BONEY FIDEY NIGHTWATCHMAN...LET ME SHOW YOU MY STAR... now what did I do with that star...star..star..Here's a large dental mirror for looking gift horses in the mouth... Dress shirt, badly scorched when my laundress walked out on me...yes yes...she decided to strike while the iron was hot!...Postcard from Sheila the Shoplifter....says she took a Greyhound Bus to Chicago, but they made her bring it back.....

Photograph of Badgergame Bessie in a bathing suit. You ought to see her dive in Toledo.

Ahhh..what's this.....oh yes...payment for a ball-player I sold to The Cincinnati Reds....see? A check for a short stop. WELL WELL IMAGINE THAT!...NO STAR!! HOW DID I HAPPEN TO MISS THAT? HE MUST HAVE HAD IT PINNED INSIDE HIS VEST...THE DOUBLE CROSSER!

Well, goodnight, My dear, and to you, Burptwerp!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: It's odd, ain't it, Molly, that a guy like Boomer who don't know a note o' music, is gonna wind up some day as a conductor?

MOL: Musical?

FIB: No, Electrical. Come on..let's go to bed....what time is it?

MOL: It's almost two o'clock. And we started to go to bed at eight thirty!

FIB: (YAWNS) Well, maybe we couldn't o' got to sleep that early anyway. But I can sleep now. I'M so sleepy, I -

TELEPHONE:

MOL: Oh Heavenly days. Now what?

FIB: Dad rat the dad ratted - Can't we have a moment's peace in our own house? Of all the -----

PHONE RINGS:

MOL: Oh dear I guess I better answer it, or we'll never get a night's sleep. (CLICK) 79 MOLLY MCGEE, - WISTFUL VISTA SPEAKIN' ... I mean

WIL: (WITH OR WITHOUT FILTER) Hello, Molly? This is Harlow Wilcox. Sorry to disturb you folks, but can you tell me how to spell "Indispensable?"

MOL: McGee, Mr. Wilcox wants to know how to spell indispensable?

FIB: Gimme that phone! HELLO, WILCOX? WHAT'S THE IDEA WAKIN' US UP IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT?

WIL: Now wait a minute, Fibber. I have to get a sales letter in the mail first thing tomorrow and I can't spell "indispensable" because you borrowed my dictionary and never returned it. Look it up for me, will you, pal?
INDISPENSABLE

FIB: Indis-what?

WIL: INDISPENSABLE. You know .. like Johnson's Wax is indispensable to a well-kept floor and in the protection of furniture and wood work.

FIB: OHHH, INDISPENSABLE! That's spelled I-N-D-E-C.....er ... E-N-D-I-S-P-O ... Hey why not use the word "NECESSARY"?..... like saying "To keep your home spotless and gleaming Johnson's Wax is NECESSARY?"

WIL: Great idea! NECESSARY IT IS. It's with two c's and one 's', isn't it?

FIB: No, I think it's with one 'c' and two 's's. HEY MOLLY, HOW DO YOU SPELL NECESSARY.

MOL: Give me that phone. HELLO MR. WILCOX ... WHAT DID YOU WANT TO KNOW?

WIL: Is necessary with one 's' and two 'c's'?

MOL: Is what necessary with one "s" and two "C's"?

WIL: Look, Molly. I'm trying to point out that in order to give lasting beauty and protection to floors and furniture Johnson's Wax is NECESSARY!

MOL: Why don't you say "indispensable?"

WIL: THAT'S THE WORD I WANT! THANKS, BEAUTIFUL! INDISPENSIBLE! The very thing. Hey how do you spell "indispensable"?

MOL: Wait a minute. Hey McGee ... how do you spell indispensable?

FIB: I dunno.

MOL: Well look it up!

FIB: What in?

MOL: Mr. Wilcox's dictionary.

FIB: Okay ... but I'll have to get it.

MOL: Where is it?

FIB: Right here in the hall closet

DOOR LATCH: TERRIFIC AVALANCHE OF JUNK ... BELL TINKLE:

(PAUSE)

FIB: I gotta straighten out that closet one o' these days!

ORK: "IN THE GLOAMING" KING'S MEN

THIRD SPOT:

(2nd REVISION)

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MOL: Hurry up, McGee ... it's after four o'clock ... and you haven't had a wink of sleep.

FIB: Well I had to throw all that stuff back in the hall closet didn't I? (MUMBLES) I'll be ready as soon as I brush my teeth.

SOUND: WATER RUNNING ... SOUND OF SCRUBBING ...

SOUND: CLATTER AND GLASS TINKLES:

MOL: What was that?

FIB: Aw I knocked a couple a bottles off the medicine shelf. I'm so sleepy I dunno what I'm doin'.

MOL: Well, I'll clean it up in the morning. In the meantime don't step in any broken glass.

FIB: I already did.

MOL: WHAT? OH DEAR, LET ME SEE WHAT -

FIB: It's all right. I stepped in some iodine, too. BOY WHAT A NIGHT! TOMORROW NIGHT I'M GONNA PUT A SMALLPOX SIGN ON THE DOOR AND START GOIN' TO BED AT FIVE O'CLOCK. Well, move over, Molly, here I come, ready or not. And believe me, -

SOUND: SHARP THUD:

(REVISED) -18

FIB: OUGH...DAD RAT THE DAD RATTED...WHO PUT THAT CEDAR CHEST THERE?

MOL: You did...six years ago.

FIB: Oh....I must be off the beam.....BRRRRRRR,...Boy it's cold in here...we got enough blankets on the bed?

MOL: Plenty. BUT GET IN BEFORE YOU CATCH COLD.....

FIB: Okay.

SOUND: CREAK OF SPRINGS

FIB: Hot dog...at last! I'm so tired I couldn't -

MOL: McGee.

FIB: Eh?

MOL: You forgot to turn the light off in the bathroom.

FIB: Aw for the....HEY..I'LL FLIP YOU A COIN TO SEE WHO GETS UP AND TURNS IT OUT.

MOL: All right, dearie. You got a coin?

FIB: Got one in my pants pocket...over there on the chair... wait a minute.

SOUND: CREAK OF SPRINGS...BRRRRRRR:::

FIB: Brrrrr!! Okay Molly..I got a two bit piece here. You call heads or tails and -

MOL: Why don't you turn off the light, as long as you're up?

FIB: Eh? OH...I never thought of that. Okay.

SOUND: CLICK: BRRRRRRR...CREAK OF SPRINGS:::

FIB: Ohhh does this bed feel good! (YAWNS) Goodnight, Molly.

MOL: Goodnight, dearie.

(PAUSE)

SOUND: FIRE SIREN IN DISTANCE...FADE IN AND OUT:

FIB: (DROWSILY) Hey, Molly....

FIB: Here, Gildy..and..and I'M sorry I..I...popped off at you.
You're really a great guy.

HAL: AWWW... (LAUGHS) You don't mean that, McGee.

FIB: Yes I do, Gildy. You're the best friend I ever had.

HAL: REALLY, LITTLE CHUM?

FIB: You betcha. Why there ain't anything you could ask me to do that I wouldn't do for you....my buddy.

HAL: Nothing at all?

FIB: NOTHING.....JUST ASK ME! THAT'S ALL...JUST ASK ME.

HAL: ALL RIGHT, I WILL! (SHOUTS) TAKE THESE KEYS AND PUT THAT JALOPY AWAY YOURSELF. ~~THE KEYS~~ GOODNIGHT...BUDDY. (LAUGHS)

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: WHY THAT MEALY MOUTHED, DOUBLE CROSSIN', -

MOL: (OFF MIKE) MCGEE....COME TO BED BEFORE YOU CATCH COLD....

FIB: Okay...I'M comin'.....

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS:

FIB: You know what Gildersleeve just done? He wanted to

SOUND: SHARP THUD:

FIB: OUCH! DAD RAT THAT CEDAR CHEST.

MOL: Get in bed and calm yourself, McGee....Remember the old saying, "LATE TO BED AND LATE TO GET UP, AND YOU'LL FEEL ALL DAY LIKE A POISONED PUP!"

SOUND: CREAK OF SPRINGS:

FIB: (SIGHS) Ahhh...at last. Boy can I sleep now. I'M so tired I could -

SOUND: (OFF MIKE) CHIM CLOCK STRIKING FOUR:

MOL: Four o'clock!!..and we were going to bed at 8:30! Oh well..
goodnight McGee..

FIB: G'night.

CREAK OF SPRINGS:

KNOCK AT DOOR:

PAUSE:

KNOCK AT DOOR:

MOL: McGee. Somebody at the door.

FIB: Let's keep quiet -- maybe they'll go away!!!

MOL: I've gotta better idea -- bring 'em in and let's US go away.

KNOCKING AT DOOR:

FIB:- Ohh all right!.....I'M COMING....

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS:

FIB: OUCH!

MOL: Did you kick that cedar chest again?

FIB: No, but I thought I was gonna.

FOOTSTEPS: DOOR LATCH:

OLD M: Hello there, Johnny. Telegram for you. Sign here.

FIB: What's the idea bringing this so early in the morning, Old Timer?

OLD M: You mean you kids ain't up yet, Johnny? Watcha gonna do,
SLEEP all the forenoon?

FIB: Why you old -

OLD M: You ought to git to bed earlier. You're just a growin' boy
and need your sleep. Don't fergit, a hour's sleep before
midnight is worth

FIB: DAD RAT IT I KNOW THAT! I STARTED TO GET TO BED AT 8:30.
AND IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR A BUNCH OF JUGHEADS LIKE YOU
HAMMERIN' AT MY DOOR ALL NIGHT, I'D A -

OLD M: Easy there, Johnny Easy. Don't take that tone o'
voice with me. I'M sensitive.

FIB: Yeah You're sensitive. ^{all night - like} a violet, ~~.....~~,
^{and} Confidentially, you shrink!

OLD M: Heh heh heh That's pretty good, Johnny. But that ain't
the way I heered it. The way I heered it, -

FIB: I DON'T CARE HOW YOU HEERED IT! GOODNIGHT!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: What that old fossil -

FOOTSTEPS:

MOL: (FADE ON) WHAT WAS IT, MCGEE?

FIB: Telegram.

MOL: Who from?

FIB: Dunno, I ain't opened it yet. WAIT'LL I GET BACK IN BED
I'M COLD BRRRR

CREAK OF SPRINGS:

RATTLE OF PAPER:

FIB: Well I'll be a -

MOL: What is it?

FIB: IT'S FROM THE SPONSOR!

MOL: What's he say?

FIB: He says: DEAR FIBBER AND MOLLY: YOUR LAST TWO OR THREE
SHOWS HAVE SOUNDED VERY TIRED. WHY DON'T YOU TRY GETTING
A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP?

CREAK OF SPRINGS: SHARP THUD

MOL: ... WHAT YOU DOIN, MCGEE?

FIB: Kickin' the cedar chest.

ORK: ("WHAT HAS HAPPENED") FADE FOR-

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
FEBRUARY 18, 1941
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL

ANNOUNCER: Here are the simple directions for keeping linoleum floors clean and beautiful. Spread a little JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT lightly over the floor surface. This amazing liquid polish is so easy to use -- goes on so smoothly that a child can apply it without any difficulty. GLO-COAT never streaks or smears -- never becomes gummy. It dries in 20 minutes -- becomes a sparkling, gleaming surface without any rubbing or buffing. The floor that wears a GLO-COAT polish is protected from the wear of scuffing feet -- dirt and stains can't cling to the shining surface. If you want to save yourself hours of work -- and also make your linoleum last longer -- order JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT from your dealer. Look for the attractive yellow can -- and remember, you save money on the larger sizes.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

8

-26-

TAG-GAG

SOUND: CREAK OF SPRINGS....MINOR SNORE:

SOUND: ROOSTER CROWING: OFF MIKE:

FIB: Hey..Molly.

MOL: Yes?

FIB: Must be morning. I just heard a rooster crowin'.

MOL: That wasn't a real rooster.

FIB: It wasn't?

MOL: No.

FIB: What was it?

MOL: This has been such a wonderful evening Pathe News is makin' a picture of it.

FIB: Oh! Good night.

MOL: Goodnight, all!

ORK: APPLAUSE: ETC.

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S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
2-18-41
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

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CLOSING TAG

ANNOUNCER: (CUE) (Molly) ... "Goodnight, all"

.....
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.

END
OF

REEL