

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

(REVISED)

FIBBER McGEE & MOLLY

#283

6:30-7:00  
3-4-41

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(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: " MY MIND'S ON YOU"

ORCH: " MY MIND'S ON YOU"

(FADE FOR)



S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.  
Fibber McGee & Molly  
3-4-41  
Tuesday 6:30 PM PST NBC

-3-

Opening Commercial

ANNOUNCER: It may seem a little early to say that Spring is just around the corner...but actually it is, and before you know it, the wild flowers will be poking their heads up thru the new earth...and those of you who like to be outdoors will be pattering in your gardens. I know it's fun, because I like it myself...and I know one way to find a little more time to be outside -- by cutting down on unnecessary work inside. Notice that I said unnecessary work...for example, the kind you avoid by protecting your linoleum floors with JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. Yes, you do save many hours of unnecessary work by using GLO-COAT on your floors. There's practically no work at all in using GLO-COAT. You simply apply and let dry for 20 minutes. GLO-COAT polishes itself, without any rubbing or buffing. It protects your linoleum against wear and dirt, gives it a long-lasting, beautiful polish. It brings out the colors, keeps linoleum new-looking, makes it last longer. With so many things to do these nice days ahead, don't waste precious hours using old-fashioned cleaning methods. Protect your floors with JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH.....APPLAUSE)

(2ND REVISION) -4-

WIL: IF YOU WERE LISTENING LAST WEEK, YOU'LL KNOW THAT OUR FRIENDS GOT THEMSELVES INTO A SPOT WHERE EVERYBODY IN TOWN THOUGHT THEY WERE BROKE. EVEN IF YOU WEREN'T LISTENING, THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED. AND SO, IN ORDER TO CORRECT THAT IMPRESSION, A LOVELY BUFFET SUPPER WILL BE HELD TONIGHT FOR A NUMBER OF LOVELY PEOPLE AT 79 WESTFUL VISTA...THE LOVELY HOME OF THAT LOVELY COUPLE --

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

MOL: McGee....look at the buffet lunch I fixed up, Isn't that beautiful?

FIB: BOY, I'll say!....looks good enough to eat!

MOL: IT IS TO EAT!

FIB: Eh? Oh oh yes of course. SAY WHERE'D YOU EVER GET THOSE GRAPEFRUIT? I never saw any like that before.

MOL: Like what?

FIB: With them little wienies growin' out of 'em. What'll them horticulturists think of next.

MOL: THOSE ARE COCKTAIL SAUSAGES AND I STUCK 'EM IN THERE, WITH TOOTHPICKS. Does everything look alright?

FIB: Wonderful. As the wife says when she aimed a kick at her husband under the bridge table, "This is gonna be some shin dig"!

MOL: Yes we'll show everybody in town that the McGees aren't broke or in need of anything. Did you tell Mr. Gildersleeve to bring over a dozen folding chairs?

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FIB: Yes and Mrs. Uppington is gonna borrow us the loan of her big punchbowl.

MOL: And I've asked Mr. Wilcox to bring some of his phonograph records.

FIB: What's the matter with the ones we got?

MOL: Did you ever try to rhumba to "Cohen On The Telephone!" And another thing how about extra playing cards?

FIB: Horatio K. Boomer's bringin' them.

MOL: Well then I guess we're all set.

FIB: Yes sir, and this'll show our friends that the McGees don't need any help from anybody. When this party is over --

DOOR KNOCK:

MOL: Well here they come, McGee...who is it?

FIB: Wilcox and Billy Mills. COME IN FELLAS!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

MOL: Hello boys...glad you could come...make yourselves right at home. You're the first ones.

WIL: Anything I can do to help, folks?

FIB: No, Harlow... I got Johnson's Wax on everything but the stuffed celery, so just relax. Whaddya say, Billy?

MILLS: Which way are the pretzels?

MOL: The way all pretzels are...kind of twisted up, like this. Show him to the pretzels, will you, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Sure - and look, Bill - don't eat too many pretzels...they make you thirsty.

MILLS: Superfluous, aren't they?

FIB: Take him away, Harlow...we gotta get busy and --

DOOR KNOCK: DOOR LATCH:

MOL: Well, Hello. Mr. Depopolis. Come right in.

NICK: Thank you, Kewpie...and if there is being anything I can do to be of insistance, maybe I could play the piano for people.

FIB: I didn't know you could play the piano, Nick.

NICK: Me either, Fizzer. But I am willing to try. For scrim's sakes, my little boy Demetrios is only six years old and he is playing the piano and if a kids that age who isn't dry behind my ears can do it, WHO AM I?

MOL: Well go in and try your luck, Mr. Depopolis...(ASIDE)  
Say, McGee..I forgot something!

FIB: You did?

MOL: Yes, I was going to order a corsage for myself and I forgot all about it.

FIB: Go on ... you don't need a corsage. You got as good a figger as any woman in town. And what's more -

DOOR LATCH:

UPP: Ahh greetings ... grotting greetings!!! (LAUGHS) What a LOVELY night for a party!

MOL: Oh come in Abigail!!! And what have you got there?

UPP: (LAUGHS) Ohhh this is the goldfish bowl you wanted, my dear.

MOL: GOLDFISH BOWL! Now look, McGee, did you ...

FIB: I didn't ask her to bring any goldfish bowl, ~~Uppington~~ ~~Uppington~~ .... I told ~~her~~ butler over the phone that we wanted that big bowl of Uppy's.

UPP: Ohhhhh, he thought you said that big bowl of Guppies!  
(LAUGHS)



FIB: Oh pshaw!

MOL: Well, we'll put the guppies in the bathtub, and I'll wash out the bowl for the punch. It's all we have to mix it in except the umbrella stand.

UPP: And that would nevah do, would it my deah? Somebody might put a stick in it. (LAUGHS GAILY)

FIB: Uppy, - you may be a social butterfly to everybody else but to me you're just a miller - and I do mean Joe!

MOL: Well go right in and make yourself at home Abigail....

UPP: Thank you my deah ... (FADE OUT) Oh there's Billy Mills ... the DEAR DEAR BOY! ..... Oh William!!!!

FIB: Hmmm. How did a dim bulb like her ever get to be a social light?

MOL: Oh she's all right, McGee. She just ---

FIB: .... Hey!!! Did you ever find anybody to turn the ice cream freezer?

MOL: Sure I did, dearie .. come on out in the kitchen and see...

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM: GRIND OF FREEZER! OUT WITH:

OLD M: Hello there Daughter ... Hello, Johnny! Hope you ain't ready for this ice cream .... takes time, ye know.

FIB: How you comin' with it, Old Timer?

OLD M: Kinda slow, Johnny, but I'd got faster if I felt better.

MOL: Oh don't you feel well?

OLD M: Got the chills and fever, Daughter. From my waist up I'm hotter'n a dime store fryin' pan and from my gallusses down, I'm colder'n a hound dawg's nose.

FIB: ~~I think I can explain that, Old Timer.~~ *will no wonder* You're sittin' on that extra cake of ice.

OLD M: Eh? OH!! Oh yes. Heh heh heh ... For while there I thought I was comin' down with the oldmonia.

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FIB: PNEUMonia!

OLD M: Not to me, Johnny. Had it twice before. Well I better git on with my freezin' kids.

SOUND: FREEZER GRIND:

MOL: You sure you know when it's done, Mr. Old Timer? --

OLD M: Yep. Sure do, daughter. I start out turnin' the freezer like all git out ... lookin' forward to gittin' a taste of it when it's finished .... (SMACKS LIPS) Then, as I keep a-turnin', I git tireder and tireder, till I don't give a whoop er a holler if I ever taste ice cream again. When I feel like that, Johnny ... it's done! Now git out, will ye kids? - and leave a man to his work?

SOUND: FREEZER INTO -

ORK: "VILIA"

APPLAUSE:

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SECOND SPOT:

(REVISED) -9-

MERRY PRATTLE OF VOICES..LAUGHTER - CLINK OF DISHES

FIB: (ABOVE VOICES) - and when the engineer looks down the track and sees this other train comin' at him he says to the fireman, DID YOU EVER HAVE ONE O' THEM DAYS WHEN EVERYTHING SEEMED TO GO WRONG?

LAUGHTER:

MOL: Oh McGee...may I speak to you a minute?

FIB: Sure....excuse me a minute folks....

CROWD FADE

FIB: Smatter, Molly? The party's goin' swell.

MOL: I believe it is at that, dearie. But where's Mr. Gildersleeve?

FIB: Search me....maybe had to stay late at the office. I'll give him a ring and see.

MOL: Here's the phone.

FIB: Thanks. (CLICK) Hello, Operator? Gimme Wistful Vista 6-7-eh? Oh..is that you, Myrt? How's every little thing, Myrt? Tis eh? What say, Myrt? Your kid brother? Oh dear dear dear...Broken back, eh?

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS...HOW TERRIBLE!

FIB: Oh it ain't so bad. Her brother started to hitch hike to California with only three bucks. Got as far as Peoria and now he's broke - and back. WHAT SAY, MYRT? Oh. Okay. I'll call later. (CLICK)

MOL: And another thing, McGee...who invited the doctor to this party?

FIB: I did.

MOL: Why?

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(2ND REVISION) -10-

FIB: Well, just in case. We've had these buffet parties before, with the same crowd, and there's one guy who always overeats.

MOL: Who?

FIB: Me.

MOL: Well, if the doctor --

WIL: (FADE IN) HEY FOLKS...MAY I USE YOUR PHONE FOR A LONG DISTANCE CALL? I want to talk to my wife. She's visiting friends in Phoenix.

MOL: Well go right ahead, Mr. Wilcox. Though it may take you a long time to get an answer.

WIL: Why, Molly?

MOL: Well, they're two or three hours later out there than we are.

WIL: Oh. (LAUGHS) Well, I'll try it. Hand me the phone, Fibber. Thanks. (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR, GIVE ME LONG DIS.....Oh is that you, Myrt? How's every little thing, Myrt? Tis eh? Give me long distance, will you Myrt? Thanks!

MOL: He knows Myrt too, McGee.

FIB: Not as well as me. I do gags with her.

WIL: (IN PHONE) HELLO LONG DISTANCE...GIVE ME PHOENIX 1907865...NO, MRS. HARLOW WILCOX...NO WILCOX...W AS IN WAX, I as in INDISPENSABLE, L as in LOVELY, C as in CLEANLINESS, O as in 'Ousewife, and X as in X-quisite. That's it. WILCOX.

FIB: Come on, Molly, we shouldn't be listening in on his private calls.

MOL: Be quiet. I can't hear.

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WIL: HELLO...IS THAT YOU, ANGELPUSS? THIS IS TUFFY-WUFFY!!!

FIB: Now I AM glad the doctor is here. I think I'm gonna be sick!!!

MOL: HUSH!

WIL: NO, SWEETHEART...I'M AT A PARTY AT THE MCGEES, THE MCGEES. YOU REMEMBER FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY. WHAT? NO, I DON'T WANT TO DESCRIBE THEM...THEY'RE STANDING RIGHT HERE WITH ME. YES, EVERYTHING IS FINE, SWEETIEPIE. I'VE WAXED ALL THE FURNITURE AND WOODWORK ALL THRU THE HOUSE AND IT LOOKS BEAUTIFUL....WHAT? SURE I USED JOHNSON'S WAX. THAT'S THE BEST THERE IS.

FIB: He's prejudiced.

MOL: He'd better be.

WIL: HOW ARE YOU, DARLING? OH THAT'S FINE! BEEN DOING ANY HORSEBACK RIDING OUT THERE? YOU HAVE? WELL SIT DOWN AND WRITE ME A LETTER ALL ABOUT IT...WHAT? WELL STAND UP AND WRITE ME A LETTER THEN. AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE HOUSE. WITH JOHNSON'S WAX ON EVERYTHING THERE'S ALMOST NO HOUSEWORK TO BE DONE. OKAY, CUTIE...BE A GOOD GIRL. GOODBYE.

(CLICK)

FIB: How did you ever take enough time off from business to propose to that gal, Harlow?

WIL: Oh I didn't take any time off. I was down on my knees anyway, looking at the floors. Well, much obliged, folks.

(FADES)

MOL: Come on, McGee, we'd better join the party too.

SOUND: VOICES UP WITH LAUGHTER

FIB: Well, how's everybody gettin' along?

VOICES: (AD LIB - "FINE" - "SWELL PARTY, FIBBER" - "GREAT")

MOL: How about you, Doctor? Are you enjoying yourself?

DOC: Oh yes yes yes yes ... yes indeed, Mrs. McGee ... having a splendid time. Mrs. Uppington has been telling me all about her operations.

FIB: Say, speakin' of operations, Doc .... what do you do for moles?

DOC: Set a trap for them, old man. They'll simply ruin your lawn.

(LAUGHTER)

WIL: I ran into an unusual medical case the other day, Doc. I saw a new born baby with a neck three feet long.

EXCLAMATIONS:

UPP: Good Heavens - wasn't the mother simply horrified?

WIL: No - she was a giraffe, too.

LAUGHTER

BOOM: Reminds me of a friend I went to see yesterday in the hospital. Very sad case of lead poisoning.

MOL: What caused it, Mr. Boomer?

BOOM: Five aces.

FIB: Well come on, folks ... how about -

KNOCK AT DOOR:

HAL: (OFF MIKE) Oh MCGEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

MOL: Oh my ... you'll have to excuse us a minute folks .. there's somebody at the door ... come on, McGee ...

CROWD FADE:

KNOCKING:



HAL: (OFF MIKE) OH MCGEEEEEEEEEE!

FIB: I'm coming!

DOOR LATCH:

HAL: (PANTING) Take a few of these chairs out from under my chin will you, McGee? ... I ... I guess I tried to carry too many at one time ...

FIB: Trouble with you, Gildy, is you don't keep yourself in good physical condition.

HAL: (VOICE TREMBLING) Come on ... take some of these chairs, McGee...

MOL: I think Mr. Gildersleeve is in very GOOD condition, McGee... See how red his face is? He must have wonderful circulation.

HAL: Please, folks .. I can't hold these chairs much longer.

FIB: What you need, Gildy, is more exercise.

MOL: Maybe he smokes too much. That makes a person very shortwinded.

FIB: You mean short winded, Molly. Now look, Gildersleeve. If I was you, I'd start takin' cold showers every morning, followed by -

HAL: OHHHHH, MCGEE ... PLEASE ... TAKE THESE CHAIRS .. MY ARMS ARE KILLING ME!

FIB: That's exactly what I mean! You ain't got any reserve. Your energy is -

HAL: (OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!)

MOL: Better take those chairs, McGee ... before he faints.

FIB: Eh? OH ... OH THE CHAIRS ... Shucks, why didn't he say something about 'em. Just rack 'em against the wall there anywhere, Gildy.

SOUND: TERRIFIC CRASH OF FOLDING CHAIRS:

MOL: He said RACK 'em ... not WRECK 'em, Mr. Gildersleeve.

HAL: Well, I ... I couldn't help it, Mrs. McGee. My ... My strength was ebbing away.

FIB: Of course your strength was elbowing away, Gildy. You ain't got any endurance.

HAL: OH ... I HAVEN'T EH? MCGEE, I'VE STOOD ABOUT AS MUCH OF THIS AS I CAN STAND.

FIB: See? No endurance!

HAL: IS THAT SO! WHY YOU LITTLE MOLLYCODDLE --

MOL: Who's a mollycoddle?

FIB: I am.

HAL: He is not.

MOL: You are, too.

HAL: --- Er .... I am?

MOL: Look boys, IF YOU TWO WANT TO FIGHT, GO OUT BEHIND THE GARAGE!

FIB: Why, Molly ... what are you tryin' to do? Stir up trouble between I and my pal, Gildersleeve?

HAL: My pal, Gildersleeve and me, McGee.

FIB: Oh have you got a pal named Gildersleeve, too? That's a coincidence, ain't it?

MOL: Any relation?

HAL: First cousin on my mothe -- NO!! .... I MEANT MYSELF!



FIB: Can't you talk about anything but yourself?  
HAL: OHHHHHHHHHHH....  
FIB: Trouble with you is you don't mix with people enough, Gildy.  
MOL: No....come on in and join the party, Mr. Gildersleeve.... You'll find the rest of the people in the other room....  
HAL: All right. (LAUGHS) I hope there's dancing.  
MOL: Do you like to dance, Mr. Gildersleeve?  
HAL: I love it. (LAUGHS) When I was in college, I had a big picture of Irene Castle on my dresser.  
FIB: Ever dance with her, Gildy?  
HAL: Well, I tried it once, but the corner of the frame kept tearing my coat pocket. (LAUGHS....FADE OUT) Now, where is this party? (LAUGHS)  
MOL: McGee, I wonder if the ice-cream is done yet?  
FIB: Let's go out in the kitchen, and see.  
(DOOR OPEN & CLOSE...SOUND: FREEZER GRINDING)  
OLD M: Hello there, kids...how's the party comin' along?  
MOL: Just fine, Mr. Ol' Timer....better get that ice cream done and join us.  
OLD M: It's kinda slow work, daughter. Still kinda soupy.  
FIB: I see by your chin that you take a taste of it now and then  
OLD M: Heh heh heh....yes, I do, Johnny.  
MOL: Well, it's plain ice-cream and he's the taste pilot, McGee....

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OLD M: Heh heh heh....that's pretty mediocre, daughter, but that ain't the way I heered it. The way I heered it, one feller says to tother feller, "SAYYYYYYYY," he says, "I SEE WHERE THESE COLLEGE KIDS ARE TAKIN' OFF THEIR SHOES AT DANCES!" "THAT'S THE WAY WITH THEM KIDS" says tother feller - who was a keen observer o' current events - "EITHER TOO MUCH SOCK IN THEIR DANCING OR TOO MUCH DANCING IN THEIR SOCKS!" Heh heh heh....Well run along now, you two....I gotta git back to the old grind.

SOUND: (GRINDING INTO:) (DOOR SLAM)

(CROWD AND LAUGHTER UP)

UPP: Oh Mr. McGee...won't you do a rhumba with me - or do you know how to rhumba?  
FIB: Whaddye mean, do I know how to rhumba! Why when I was a dancer down in the Argentine, I was a household word.  
MOL: And it's a good thing it was in Spanish.  
FIB: Why, Uppy, all them Latin dances are a cinch for me. Every place I went in South America and Cuba, I came, I saw, I conga'd. And all the professionals took a back seat when I did the rhumba. RHUMBA SEAT MCGEE I WAS KNOWN AS IN THEM DAYS!  
MOL: Oh dear.  
MILLS: Fill this up again, Wilcox....I'll need my strength for this.

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FIB: RHUMBA SEAT MCGEE! RAISING THE ROOF AND RINGING THE  
 RAFTERS FROM RIO TO ROSARIO AS THE RED-HOT, RAZZLE-DAZZLE,  
 RING-TAILED ROARER OF THE RHYTHM ROMEOs. RUNNING RIOT AT  
 RESTAURANTS, RODEOS, RANGHOS, AND ROYAL RECEPTIONS WITH A  
 REPERTOIRE OF RIPPLING, ROLLICKING ROUTINES.  
 RISKING THE RAZZBERRIES, RAZORS AND RIDICULE OF THE  
 RIFF-RAFF BY REVISING THE RULES OF RAG-TIME RUG-CUTTING  
 IN THE ROMANTIC REPUBLICS.  
 AND RECEIVING RAVES, RHAPSODIES AND RICHES FROM THE REAL  
 RULERS OF THE ROOST, WHO RIGGED ME IN RUFFLES AND RIBBONS  
 TO DANCE THE CUBAN REEL - BUT HERE'S THE KING'S MEN  
 SINGING - "EZEKIAL SAW THE WHEEL!"

APPLAUSE:

ORK: "EZEKIAL SAW THE WHEEL" - KING'S MEN

(APPLAUSE)

SOUND: GLINK OF DISHES AND VOICES

MOL: Has everyone had enough to eat?  
 UPP: Oh my yes, Mrs. McGee ... what a DELIGHTFUL buffet ... the  
 food is simply delicious and .... My deah ... you certainly  
 know your ham!  
 MOL: I ought to. I've been married to him for -  
 FIB: OKAY OKAY !!! ... LET IT GO!! ....

(LAUGHTER)

FIB: Look folks, the Old Timer'll have the ice cream done in just  
 a minute.  
 MOL: In the meantime let's ask Mr. Boomer to show us some card  
 tricks!

CHORUS OF APPROVAL:

DOC: Mr. Boomer has already shown me some card tricks. Wonderful  
 illusion, too. I thought we were playing black jack.  
 UPP: Oh do show us some slight of hand, Horatio.  
 BOOM: Certainly my dear . . . certainly. I'll start with my  
 celebrated feat of making a twenty dollar bill disappear.  
 It will then be found imbedded in the heart of an ordinary  
 lemon, with the skin unbroken.



MURMURS OF ASTONISHMENT:

BOOM: Now let me see..where did I put that twenty dollar bill...  
 20 dollar bill...20 dollar bill...here's a \$40 set of  
 false whiskers....and that ain't hay...Post card from an  
 old college chum...tried to get him to go to a bachelor's  
 dinner with me last night, and he pulled a wife on me!...  
 Here's a necktie a lady friend knitted for me...  
 to match my eyes...ever see a bloodshot necktie before?  
 And a check for a short beer...WELL WELL..IMAGINE THAT -  
 NO TWENTY DOLLAR BILL...WILL SOMEONE IN THE GROUP LEND  
 ME A TWENTY DOLLAR BILL?

(PAUSE)

BOOM: Now then, my next trick will be -

KNOCK AT DOOR: LOUD

FIB: Dad rat that Gildersleeve...always 'hammerin' at our  
 door when he knows...

HAL: That isn't me, McGee...I'm here...

FIB: Oh oh yes. Excuse me.

MOL: See who it is, McGee.

FIB: Okay.

DOOR OPEN:

TEE: Hiyah, Mister.

FIB: Well, hello there little girl! HEY WHAT YOU DOIN' RUNNIN  
 AROUND AT THIS TIME O' NIGHT IN YOUR NIGHTIE AND SLIPPERS?

TEE: I'm looking for my little dog, Margaret, Have you  
 seen him Mister. Hmmm? Have you. Hmmm?

FIB: No, I haven't, sis...Say you better come in before you  
 catch cold.

SOUND: (DOOR CLOSE)

WIL: Does your mother know you're out in that flimsy outfit,  
 little girl?

TEE: No, she doesn't, I betcha. I snuk out when she wasn't  
 looking.

NICK: Well for scrim's sakes, while the little kewpie is here,  
 why don't somebody give her a pieces of cake? How can  
 she look for a doggie with an empty stummick?

TEE: My doggie hasn't got an empty stummick, I betcha. I fed  
 him right after supper.

FIB: Look sis, as long as you're here you might contribute to  
 the entertainment, such as it is. Why don't you recite  
 something.

TEE: (GIGGLES) Awwwww.....

CHORUS OF INSISTENCE:

TEE: All righty. I'll recite a poem. (CLEARS THROAT)  
 The name of it is "I LOVE ANIMALS, I BETCHA."

FIB: Fine. Go ahead, sis.

TEE: Poem: I LOVE DOGS AND CATS AND MOOSES  
 AND ELKS AND CHICKENS AND DUCKS AND MOOSES...  
 I LOVE CAMELS AND HORSES AND DONKEYS  
 AND LIONS AND TIGERS AND COWS AND DONKEYS  
 AND SHEEP AND GOATS AND BEARS AND ZEBRAS  
 AND MICE AND WHALES AND LAMBS AND...AND...

MILLS: CUBA LIBRAS...

TEE: Gee thanks, Mister. I LOVE ANTELOPES AND WEASLES,  
 BUT I GUESS I BETTER GO HOME NOW, BECAUSE I GOT THE MEASLES.

LAUGHTER: BROKEN SUDDENLY:



FIB: What...what was that you says, sis? You got the what?  
TEE: Measles.  
DOC: Just a minute little girl...come here a minute.  
WIL: I think she's just fooling, doctor.  
DOC: OH NO SHE ISN'T. THIS CHILD HAS GOT THE MEASLES! I CAN'T  
LET HER GO HOME AGAIN. NOW...PUT HER TO BED, WILL YOU, MRS.  
MCGEE?  
VOICES: Lemme outta here...we've been exposed...ETC ETC...  
NICK: FOR SCRIMS SAKE, AND I HAVEN'T BEEN VACCINASTIED SINCE I  
WAS LITTLE KIDS!  
UPP: WELL REALLY, I THINK WE SHOULD ALL GO HOME BEFORE WE -  
DOC: I'M SORRY...NONE OF YOU CAN GO! WE'LL ALL HAVE TO REMAIN  
HERE UNTIL, THE HEALTH DEPARTMENT OF WISTFUL VISTA PERMITS  
US TO LEAVE.  
CHORUS: OF INDIGNATION:  
MOL: But doctor...you mean....we're.....WE'RE QUARANTINED?  
DOC: That's EXACTLY WHAT I MEAN!  
GROANS:  
SOUND: DOOR FLINGING OPEN:  
OLD M: Hey kids! ... great news!!  
FIB: Whatcha mean?  
OLD M: (COYLY) The ice cream's done!!  
ORCH: ("NO FOOLIN") (FADE FOR COM'L ON CUE)

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.  
3-4-41  
Tuesday 6:30 PM PST NBC

Closing Commercial

ANNOUNCER: If you're considering new linoleum for your kitchen or  
hall or bathrooms this Spring, let me make two suggestions.  
Number one: buy a good grade of linoleum, made by a  
reliable manufacturer. Good linoleum will last practically  
forever...if you take proper care of it. Which, by  
coincidence, brings me to suggestion Number two: take  
proper care of it. As soon as you put it down, give it a  
good coat of JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. Notice how  
clearly GLO-COAT brings out the colors...notice after a  
few days how the hard film of GLO-COAT has protected the  
finish against scratches and wear. The fact is, if you  
protect that linoleum regularly with JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT,  
it will stay like new for years....last much longer than  
if you cleaned it the old-fashioned scrubbing way. And  
I'm sure I needn't point out that GLO-COAT will save you,  
too -- save your hands, your back -- save you hours of work,  
give you more leisure to enjoy the good things of life.  
Please -- order some JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT  
tomorrow.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC....FADE ON CUE



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for your kitchen or  
 me make two suggestions.  
 inoleum, made by a  
 eum will last practically  
 of it. Which, by  
 on Number two: take  
 put it down, give it a  
 ING GLO-COAT. Notice how  
 lers....notice after a  
 COAT has protected the  
 The fact is, if you  
 th JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT,  
 .last much longer than  
 d scrubbing way. And  
 GLO-COAT will save you,  
 -- save you hours of work,  
 good things of life.  
 F-POLISHING GLO-COAT

TAG GAG

FIB: Boy is this a mess....all this gang quarantined in our  
 house for goodness knows how long. Where they gonna  
 sleep?

MOL: Well, I'll just have to arrange some ----

SOUND: (TELEPHONE)

FIB: I'll get it...(CLICK)...HELLO.....YEAH....WHO? OH..OH YES  
 ....YES THE PARTY WILL BE GOIN' ON FOR QUITE A WHILE YET....  
 YES, AND MOLLY'S KIND OF ANNOYED THAT YOU WEREN'T AROUND...  
 YEAH..(LAUGHS)....BOY ARE YOU GONNA CATCH IT WHEN YOU GET  
 HERE! (CLICK)

MOL: WHO'S GONNA CATCH WHAT, MCGEE?

FIB: UNCLE DENNIS...AND YOU KNOW WHAT! GOODNIGHT.

MOL: GOODNIGHT, ALL.

ORCH: (CLOSING SIGNATURE - SEQUE THEME - FADE ON CUE)

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc  
 Fibber McGee & Molly  
 3-4-41  
 Tuesday 6:30 PM PST NBC

MOLLY: .....Good  
 (CUE)

WILCOX: This is H  
 JOHNSON'S  
 inviting  
 Goodnight



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they gonna

.WHO? OH..OH YES  
WITE A WHILE YET....  
WEREN'T AROUND....  
H IT WHEN YOU GET

IGHT.

DN CUE)

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.  
Fibber McGee & Molly  
3-4-41  
Tuesday 6:30 PM PST NBC

Closing Tag

MOLLY:  
(CUE) .....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  
3-4-41  
Tuesday 6:30 PM PST NBC

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(NOTE: Th  
commercia  
by a sepa  
a quiet s

WILCOX:  
(CUE) - ...inviting you t  
Goodnight.

MESSENGER BOY: Telegram for Mr.

MR. JONES: Here you are, so

TELEGRAM....READ

"Mother arrives

can of JOHNSON'S

treatment before

that's a good id

ANNOUNCER: You bet it's a g

wax-polishes you

the time it used

buy JOHNSON'S CA



Closing Tag

at, all.

.....

w Wilcox....speaking for the makers of

and JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT.....

to be with us again next Tuesday night.

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.  
Fibber McGee & Molly  
3-4-41  
Tuesday 6:30 PM PST NBC

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.  
Writers

TO FOLLOW CLOSING TAG

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

WILCOX:  
(CUE)

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

Goodnight.

.....

MESSENGER BOY: Telegram for Mr. Jones!

MR. JONES: Here you are, son - thanks....(SOUND OF OPENING TELEGRAM...READS)

"Mother arrives Sunday for visit. Be sure to pick up can of JOHNSON'S CARNU and give our car a beauty treatment before she arrives. Signed, Mary." Well, that's a good idea!

ANNOUNCER: You bet it's a good idea. CARNU actually cleans and wax-polishes your car in one easy operation -- in half the time it used to take. WAX-polish your car -- buy JOHNSON'S CARNU tomorrow.

6:30-7:00  
3-11-41