

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

(REVISED)

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

300

5:30-6:00 PM PDST
5-20-41

NBC-Red

(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
GLOCOAT PRESENT FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY, WRITTEN BY DON
QUINN, WITH MUSIC BY THE KING'S MEN AND BILLY MILLS'
ORCHESTRA. THE SHOW OPENS WITH THE " LOVE IS"

ORCH: " LOVE IS"

(FADE FOR)

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.
Fibber McGee & Molly
5-20-41
Tuesday 5:30 PM PST NBC

-3-

Opening Commercial

ANNCR: I wonder how many of you ladies were in the midst of your Spring House-cleaning today? I'd like to say a few words especially for your benefit....on the subject of Protective housekeeping! That's a very important subject....because it offers you a chance to save work....and to save money. Let me explain just what I mean by Protective housekeeping. Instead of keeping your floors, furniture and woodwork clean during the year by scrubbing and dusting, you protect them against dirt and against wear with a tough coat of JOHNSON'S PASTE or LIQUID WAX. Then that coat of wax wards off scratches and dirt....makes cleaning and dusting much easier throughout the year....and makes annual Spring Housecleaning a much simpler affair. Dust and dirt cannot cling to a smooth wax-polished surface. Fingerprints are quickly wiped away. Traffic areas on floors can be touched up without rewaxing the entire floor. When you consider that JOHNSON'S WAX add a rich glow of beauty to floors, furniture and woodwork....that it has 100 extra labor-saving uses....then you should certainly try Protective housekeeping with JOHNSON'S WAX in your home. Insist on the genuine JOHNSON'S WAX.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH)

(APPLAUSE)

(2ND REVISION) -4-

WIL: EVER THROW A KISS TO A BEAUTIFUL GIRL? UNSATISFACTORY, WASN'T IT? SO IS A BIRTHDAY WITHOUT A BIRTHDAY CAKE. AND OUR HERO IS NOT THE MAN TO SEE HIS LIFE PARTNER NEGLECTED IN THIS WAY. SOOOOO, HERE AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA, COOKBOOK IN HAND AND A DETERMINED GLEAM IN HIS EYE, WHILE HIS SPOUSE STANDS BY, FULL OF LOVE AND SKEPTICISM, WE FIND --

-- FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY --

APPLAUSE:

MOL: Oh now, McGee...PLEASE! Don't go to all that trouble. Put that cookbook down. If you MUST have a birthday cake for me, go out and buy one.

FIB: No sir. I'm gonna bake this with my own ever-lovin' hands. This is gonna be a cake like you never flung a fang into.

MOL: I'll bet it is at that. What kind of a cake is it goin' to be, dearie?

FIB: Shucks, I can't tell you that. It's gonna be a surprise. Now you go in the other room and read a book or something.

MOL: Oh let me watch you.

FIB: Aw you'll keep tryin' to tell me how to do things.

MOL: No I won't really.

FIB: Okay. Then sit down and be quiet. Don't spoke till you're speakin' to. I mean...well just keep quiet. Now lesseeee...

PAPER RUSTLE:

FIB: Budget cakes...sponge cakes..angel food cakes...Upside down cakes...party cakes....AHHH....PARTY CAKES!

MOL: Party cake, Party cake, Baker's Man!

FIB: AH AH! AH! Remember your promise!

MOL: Oh, I'm sorry.

FIB: Page 24...(RUSTLE OF PAPER) Here we are.. 6 eggs, separated. Hey, Molly....where's the eggs?

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MOL: In the refrigerator.

FIB: That's no place to keep eggs. Takes twice as long to fry 'em when they're cold.

MOL: I never thought of that. I'll keep them in the oven after this, dearie.

SOUND: DOOR LATCH: (REFRIGERATOR)

FIB: Let's see now...eggs...milk...butter...that'll do it.

DOOR SLAM: (REFRIG) (LOUD RATTLE OF PANS, DISHES, ETC. ETC.)

MOL: Heavenly Days...you won't need all those pots and pans, will you?

FIB: Look...you cook your way and I'll cook my way. Here, you hold three eggs and I'll put three of 'em back here on the shelf.

MOL: What's the idea?

FIB: What's the idea? But the recipe says to separate 6 eggs. Oh...here...cup and a half of sugar...4 cups sifted cake flour... $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt...hmmm - no pepper...2 squares chocolate...Okay...gimme them eggs again. I guess they been separated long enough.

SOUND: EGGS CRACKING...SIX TIMES

FIB: Boy that's a lot of eggs! I should o' bought you a fur coat. It woulda been cheaper. (LAUGHS) Hey, where's the egg beater?

MOL: Right there in the drawer - in front of you. Though I always use a fork myself.

SOUND: DRAWER OPEN..TAKE OUT EGG BEATER..DRAWER BANGS SHUT:

FIB: That's the trouble with you wimmin. Some unsung genius spends his lifetime inventin' a eggbeater to save you trouble and what do you do? Ignore it and use a fork.

MOL: You men are no better.

FIB: Whaddye mean?

MOL: You spend your young manhood looking for a good cook to marry - and then mess around the kitchen yourself...HERE...WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

FIB: Squirtin' a little sewing-machine oil on this egg beater. It's kinda stiff.

MOL: BUT YOUR CAKE WILL TASTE LIKE OIL!

FIB: No it won't. I mixed a little vanilla in with the oil. Ahhh, that's better.

SOUND: EGGBEATER: OUT WITH:

DOOR KNOCK:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR LATCH:

OLD M: Hello there kids! How you fixed fer postage stamps?

FIB: I dunno, Old Timer...how many you want?

OLD M: Don't want any. I'm sellin' 'em. Two-cent stamps fer one cent. Today only.

MOL: Heavenly Days...how on earth can you do that?

OLD M: Forgot to mail my Christmas cards this year, Daughter. Just found 'em and soaked the stamps off. How many you want? For every fifty you buy, I throw in a little bottle o' glue. Hey, whatcha doin' there, Johnny?

MOL: It's my birthday, Mr. Old Timer. He's baking me a cake.

OLD M: He is eh? You know how to cook, Johnny?

MOL: We'll soon know!

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN DO I KNOW HOW TO COOK. SURE I KNOW HOW TO COOK. I'm not only a cook I was the greatest vegetable and fruit man in Peoria at one time.

MOL: I never knew that, McGee.

FIB: I been coverin' it up, that's why. I wrecked my career.
I failed.

OLD M: How's that Johnny, if it's any o' my business, which it
ain't, but I'm interested, and when a feller's interested,
you kin fergive a certain inquisitiveness, because --

FIB: OKAY OKAY OKAY...I'll tell you. I was tryin' to raise a
seedless watermelon. And I done it, too. That's what
finished me.

MOL: If you succeeded, why did it finish you?

FIB: Caused a terrific demand for seedless watermelons. And I
couldn't fill it.

OLD M: Why not?

FIB: Couldn't grow 'em.

MOL: Why not.

FIB: No seeds.

OLD M: Oh! Heh heh heh...well as I was sayin', 'ONE FELLER SAYS
TO TOTHER FELLER, "SAYYYYYY" he says, "I ---

FIB: Yes sir, Old Timer, I had such a knack with flowers and
vegetables I could even bring 'em back to life long after
they'd wilted. I'd take a old wrinkled beet, give it the
McGee treatment and presto!...Back from the dead!
DEAD-BEET MCGEE I WAS KNOWN AS IN THEM DAYS...

MOL: How about my cake?

FIB: DEAD-BEET MCGEE, THE DING DONG DADDY OF THE DIRT DOCTORS,
DRUDGING IN THE DITCHES FROM DAWN TO DUSK OVER DISCOLORED,
DECREPIT AND DARN-NEAR DEFUNCT DAISIES, DOGWOOD AND
DEODARS, DAZZLING DOUBTERS WITH MY DEBONAIR DISPLAYS OF
DILLY DAHLIAS, DAFY DAFFODILS AND DANDY DANDILIONS. --
DISCOVERED AND DEVELOPED BY DEAD-BEET MCGEE, THE DIGGITY
DIGGER AND DANDY DUDE FROM DOWN ON THE DELTA AND DEEP IN
DIXIE - BUT SHUCKS, I SOUND LIKE A DAD RATTED PIXIE.

ORCH: "DARK EYES"

APPLAUSE:

UPP: Oh really. Congratulations my deah. I won't awsk which one it is, because I know.

FIB: Yeah? Which one?

UPP: Her LAWST one, if she eats any of that cake.

FIB: Oh I dunno, Uppy. I swing a pretty nasty casserole when I put my mind to it.

UPP: Really!

FIB: You betcha. Lemme know when your next birthday limps around and I'll whip you up a cake, too. Only gimme plenty of notice.

UPP: Why, Mr. McGee?

FIB: Well you don't think we could get enough candles on short notice, do you?

UPP: WELL, I MUST SAY, MR. MCGEE -

MOL: That wasn't a very nice insinuation, dearie. I'm sure Abigail isn't many years older than I am. Though I was a little flower maiden at your wedding, remember?

UPP: Oh indeed I do, my deah! INDEED I DO! Even though I was still a slip of a girl at the time, I remember awsking an usher to get you a chair.....you look SO tired.

MOL: I was tired from laughing so hard.

FIB: What was the joke?

MOL: Oh, Otis Cadwallader was one of the little boys who was carrying the train of Abigail's wedding dress and he had it a little too high and whispered that the bride was bowlegged! (LAUGHS) Not that I ever believed it, Abigail --

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UPP: Well, I should hope...

MOL: Until I saw you in your jodphurs.

UPP: PLEASE, MRS. MCGEE!!! I think the discussion of my nuptials has gone far enough.

FIB: Yeah, we sure squeezed that subject dry! Let's get back to birthdays. Want me to bake a cake for yours, too, Uppy?

UPP: Thank you no, Mr. McGee. I have all my special pastry made by an expensive caterer. My lawst birthday cake cost me 75 dollars.

MOL: Oh not really! Did you demand an itemized bill, Abigail?

UPP: Itemized?

FIB: Yeah.....it was probably five bucks, for the cake and 70 bucks hush money.

UPP: REALLY, MR. MCGEE, I.....WELL.....I HAVE NEVER BEEN SNUBBED LIKE THIS IN ALL MY LIFE.

MOL: Honest, Abigail? You ought to walk down the street in San Diego some night when the fleet's in!

UPP: OHHHHHHHH.....ENOUGH! GOOD DAY!
(DOOR SLAM) (APPLAUSE)

MOL: How you doing with your cake?

FIB: Comin' along swell. Though it's been kinda tricky folding in these egg whites. They won't hold a crease. Hey - I haven't got enough sugar.

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~~MOL: No, I don't~~

SOUND: (KNOCK ON DOOR)

FIB: Dad rat it - can't a guy bake a cake in peace around here?
COME IN!

SOUND: (DOOR OPEN)

MOL: Oh, good day, Mr. Wimple.

WIMP: How do you do. May I step in a moment out of the wet?

FIB: Is it raining?

WIMP: No. I've been crying.

MOL: Oh you poor man...come right in.....what's the matter?

WIMP: It's my wife.....we had a terrible argument this morning,
and I'm afraid I lost my temper. I actually shock my fist
at her.

FIB: You did eh? Was she scared?

WIMP: Fortunately, she didn't see me.

MOL: I think you're just too meek, Mr. Wimple. You should
stand up for your rights. A woman has no respect for a
man she can dominate.

WIMP: Oh I know that, Mrs. McGee....and I really ^{went round and round} ~~had it out~~ with
her once.

FIB: Did it do any good, Wimple?

WIMP: Yes, for a while. But as soon as I got out of the
hospital it started all over again. It's really
discouraging.

MOL: Well, what can we do for you, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: I just wondered if you had a small piece of raw beefsteak
I could borrow. My wife has a black eye.

FIB: WHAT? A BLACK EYE! WHY WIMPLE! YOU MEAN YOU ACTUALLY --

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WIMP: Oh no, Mr. McGee. She tried to chase a dog out of our
yard, and stepped on the rake. It flew up and hit her in
the eye.

MOL: That's too bad. And I'm sorry but we haven't got a bit of
raw beefsteak in the house.

FIB: Personally I never thought much of the beefsteak treatment
for black eyes anyway, Wimple.

WIMP: Oh I didn't want it for her eye, Mr. McGee. I was going
to give it to that dog, bless his heart! But thank you
anyway. Goodbye.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Poor Mrs. Wimple. That must have been a very painful
experience.

FIB: Oh I dunno. It's probably the only time in her life an
old rake ever made a pass at her. Must have been ----

(DOOR OPEN & CLOSE)

WIL: HELLO FOLKS. WHAT'S THE...Oh...what goes on?

FIB: Molly's birthday, Harlow...I'm runnin' up a cake.

WIL: Really? MANY HAPPY RETURNS, MOLLY!

MOL: Thank you, Mr. Wilcox. And the balance of the day to
yourself!

(CLATTER OF DISHES)

WIL: Here, lemme give you a hand with that cake, Fibber...

FIB: NO, LEGGO, HARLOW, I KNOW WHAT I'M...HEY...LOOKOUT!

MOL: Oh dear...now see what you boys did. Spilled a big gob of
batter on my linoleum!

WIL: That's all right, Molly. It's a simple matter to wipe it
up with a damp cloth. That is, if your linoleum is
protected with - er....with....

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FIB: WE KNOW!...JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLOCOAT AND YOU SPILLED THAT STUFF ON PURPOSE SO YOU COULD DRAG IN A SALESTALK!

MOL: The idea!...as if you had to prove to ME, of all people, how Johnson's Glocoat protects the linoleum.

WIL: I...I'M sorry. I should have known I wouldn't have to tell you how it's so easy to apply and shines itself as it dries and how it brings out the original luster and beauty of the pattern. What was I thinking of anyway!

MOL: AREN'T YOU ASHAMED!

WIL: Yes, I feel pretty bad.

FIB: ...Well just for that I won't give you a piece of this birthday cake when it's done!

WIL: Really? (LAUGHS) Oh now I DO feel bad! (LAUGHS) Oh that's awful. No cake. (LAUGHS) I GUESS THAT WILL TEACH ME A LESSON! WELL, HAPPY BIRTHDAY, MOLLY! (LAUGHS TO EXIT)

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: The only trouble with him is he's got a single track mind and it's full of freight cars loaded with Johnson's Wax. Hey HOW ABOUT THAT SUGAR?

MOL: I'll go right away, dearie, and -

FIB: NOW WAIT A MINUTE...IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY AND YOU AIN'T SUPPOSED TO DO ANYTHING. I'LL GET IT. HERE...UNTIE THIS APRON...THANKS I'LL BE BACK IN A MINUTE.

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE...FOOTSTEPS ON PORCH...DOWN STEPS...ON SIDEWALK...RUNNING...SUSTAIN...UP STEPS...ON PORCH...DOOR KNOCK...DOOR OPEN)

FIB: HEY CAN I BORROW A CUP OF SUGAR UNTIL TOMORROW.

TEE: Hiyah, mister.

FIB: Oh hiyah, sis! Your mother home?

TEE: Sure she is, I betcha.

FIB: May I see her a minute?

TEE: No.

FIB: EH?

TEE: I said no!

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, NO? YOU TELL YOUR MOTHER I WANT TO SEE HER, WILL YOU.

TEE: You can't see her, mister.

FIB: Now don't be obstinate, sis.

TEE: I'm not bein' obstinate, I betcha. I'm bein' nice.

FIB: What's so nice about not lettin' me see your mother?

TEE: She's takin' a bath.

FIB: Oh. Well why didn't you say so?

TEE: You didn't ask me.

FIB: Hmmm. Well. er....look, maybe you can handle this deal, yourself. How's about the loan of a cup of sugar, sis?

TEE: Lump or graduated?

FIB: You mean GRANULATED.

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I SAYS YOU MEAN GRANULATED. Graduated means when you get out of school.

TEE: I know it. I bought this sugar this afternoon on the way home.

FIB: No, I mean, you don't...er...WELL, HOW ABOUT IT, SIS?

TEE: Mister I told you once you can't see her. She's takin' a bath.

FIB: I'M TALKIN' ABOUT A CUP OF SUGAR. FORGET YOUR MOTHER!

TEE: I will not, I betcha. She never forgets me.

FIB: I DIDN'T MEAN YOU SHOULD.. look, let's start over.

TEE: All righty.

FIB: HIYAH, SIS, CAN I BORROW A CUP OF SUGAR?
TEE: That isn't the way you did it before. You asked if you could see my mother.
FIB: I'M DOIN' IT DIFFERENT THIS TIME. ALL I WANT IS A CUP OF SUGAR.
TEE: Whatcha gonna do with it?
FIB: I'm bakin' a cake.
TEE: AWWWW....(GIGGLES) No foolin' mister..what DO you want with it?
FIB: I told you...I'M BAKIN' A CAKE! It's my wife's birthday.
TEE: Can you really cook?
FIB: Certainly I can cook. Come over and see the cake in a couple of hours. I'll cut you a slice.
TEE: Gee I wish I had a slice of it now, I betcha.
FIB: Why?
TEE: I'M - aw you know. Wait here and I'll get you some sugar, mister.

ORK: "THREE BLIND MICE" --- KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE:

FIB: HIYAH, SIS, CAN I BORROW A CUP OF SUGAR?
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FIB: Why?
TEE: I'M - aw you know. Wait here and I'll get you some sugar, mister.

ORK: "THREE BLIND MICE" --- KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE:

MOL: Well, I must say, McGee, that cake looks very nice.

FIB: Wait'll you taste it! It'll be ready to eat as soon as I finish squirtin' "Happy Birthday to Molly" onto it.

SOUND: (SQUIRT)

FIB: D-A-Y.....to M....O....L.....Oh oh! You don't mind if I just call you MOL, do you? I started too big and I ain't got room on here for MOLLY.

MOL: That's all right, dearie. I think it looks beautiful. Shall I get the candles?

FIB: I'll get 'em....where are they?

MOL: In the hall closet.

FIB: Okay....you get 'em.

MOL: All right....and I won't get very many, either. I don't want to be like the girl who said she was 21 and when they brought on the cake it looked like a prairie fire. (FADE)

FIB: (TO HIMSELF) That gag will never be 21 again, either. (SINGS) OHHHHHH, CAN HE BAKE A BIRTHDAY CAKE, FIBBER BOY, FIBBER BOY, CAN HE BAKE A BIRTHDAY CAKE, CHARMING FIBBER.... HE CAN BAKE A HUNK OF STUFF THAT WILL....

MOL: (FADE IN) Here's the candles, dearie.

FIB: WHAT? YOU MEAN YOU OPENED THAT HALL CLOSET WITHOUT ALL THE... I don't believe it! Lemme go take a look....(FADE) You start puttin' the candles on the cake....

MOL: All right, dearie.

KNOCK AT DOOR

MOL: Oh dear....who's that now? COME IN!

DOOR OPEN

HAL: AH THERE, MRS. MCGEE.....GOOD DAY!

MOL: Oh hello, Mr. Gildersleeve.

DOOR SLAM

HAL: WELL....I SEE YOU'VE BEEN BAKING YOURSELF A CAKE! LOOKS DELICIOUS!

MOL: I didn't bake it, Mr. Gildersleeve. McGee did it.

HAL: WHAT? THAT LITTLE...er...he did? Well, I must congratulate the little rascal. Where is he?

MOL: He just went in the other room to check up on the--

SOUND: (OFF MIKE...TERRIFIC CLATTER OF JUNK WITH BELL TINKLE)

FIB: (OFF) I gotta straighten out that closet one of these days.

HAL: Checking up, eh? (LAUGHS) So he baked this cake, did he? AH...I SEE IT'S A BIRTHDAY CAKE FOR YOU! CONGRATULATIONS, MY DEAR.

MOL: Thank you, Mr. Gildersleeve.

HAL: MY GOODNESS THIS IS AN OCCASION. I'LL JUST HAVE A PIECE OF THIS CAKE IN HONOR OF YOUR BIRTHDAY, MRS. MCGEE.

MOL: OH YOU'D BETTER WAIT FOR MCGEE, Mr. Gildersleeve...he might be annoyed if you--

HAL: Oh my little chum wouldn't begrudge me a little piece of cake! Come come....hand me a knife. Thank you. AHHHH.... cuts nicely, doesn't it. Care for some yourself?

MOL: No thank you. Not now. I'll wait till McGee gets--

FIB: OH HIYAH GILDERSLEEVE!

HAL: (MOUTH FULL OF CAKE) Lo, McGee...my nyha im...eye...ayyyyy.

MOL: He thought you wouldn't mind his taking a piece of your cake, dearie.

FIB: WELL OF ALL THE DAD RATTED NERVE! I BAKED THAT CAKE FOR MY WIFE, GILDERSLEEVE! YOU GOT A LOT OF BRASS, BARGIN' IN HERE AND HOGGIN' THE FIRST PIECE!

HAL: 'BLUB...AMLFFF...(GULPS) NOW LOOK HERE, MCGEE..WHO'S BIRTHDAY IS THIS? YOURS OR YOUR WIFE'S?

FIB: WELL IT WAS MY CAKE! AND YOU DIDN'T HAVE ANY RIGHT TO -

MOL: Oh forget it, McGee...after all it IS my birthday and I won't want any bickering.

FIB: Well shucks, if this big lard-bucket had the manners of a well-bred hyena, he'd of known better than - (PAUSE) Hey, look at Gildersleeve...he's turning purple!

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS...WHAT'S THE MATTER, MR. GILDERSLEEVE?

FIB: Aw don't fuss about him, Molly he'll do anything to attract attention.

HAL: AKLBG!!!! FNOOF!!!!...NYA!!!!...

FIB: Quit clownin', you big ape!

MOL: HE'S NOT CLOWNING, MCGEE..THERE'S SOMETHING THE MATTER WITH HIM! HE'S POINTING TO HIS THROAT!

FIB: Eh? DO YOU SUPPOSE...HEY GILDERSLEEVE. WHAT'S THE MATTER?

HAL: I....I....GLABKMMM! I...WHAT DID YOU PUT IN THAT CAKE, YOU LITTLE CRIMINAL...I SWALLOWED SOMETHING! GET A DOCTOR ...QUICK...

FIB: Oh my gosh...HE DID IT! QUICK, MOLLY..CALL AN AMBULANCE.. WE GOT TO GET HIM TO A HOSPITAL....HURRY UP.

MOL: Oh nonsense, McGee...he just swallowed a nutshell or a cork out of the vanilla bottle or -

HAL: (GROANS) OH DO SOMETHING QUICK...MAYBE IT WAS GROUND GLASS..

FIB: HURRY UP MOLLY...CALL AN AMBULANCE...THIS IS SERIOUS..GO ON!...HERE GILDERSLEEVE..LIE DOWN ON THE KITCHEN TABLE.. LOOSEN YOUR COLLAR AND TIE..NOW TAKE IT EASY..(FADE)

ORK: BRIDGE INTO AMBULANCE SIREN: CAR MOTOR...FADE

HAL: Ohhh...what was it, McGee...what did I eat...

FIB: Now don't worry, Gildersleeve.. you'll be all right...

MOL: GO FASTER DRIVER...We'll have you in the hospital in three minutes, Mr. Gildersleeve...

FIB: And maybe this will teach you not to make a pig of yourself, Throcky.

HAL: I know..I...I'm sorry, McGee...AND I CERTAINLY APPRECIATE ALL THE TROUBLE YOU'RE GOING TO...TO SAVE ME..LITTLE CHUM!

FIB: WHADDYA MEAN, SAVE YOU! I BAKED A DIAMOND RING IN THAT CAKE FOR MOLLY. THAT'S WHAT I'M TRYIN' TO SAVE!! SHAKE IT UP, DRIVER!

SOUND: SIREN UP INTO

ORK: "BECAUSE OF YOU" FADE FOR:

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.
Fibber McGee & Molly
5-20-41
Tuesday 5:30 PM PST NBC

-23-

Closing Commercial

ANNCR: Fibber and Molly will be back in just a moment.
You know, every now and then it's a good idea to get back to fundamentals. The other day a lady asked me, "Why does JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT make linoleum last longer?" That's certainly a fundamental question, and deserves an informative answer. Here it is. In the old days, women used to scrub their linoleum floors at least once a week, in an effort to keep them clean. Now, every linoleum manufacturer will tell you that continual scrubbing actually ruins linoleum. It softens the finish, and finally makes it warp and split. In the meantime, the colors fade. JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT eliminates this continual scrubbing. It actually covers the linoleum surface with a hard coat that protects it against scratches and scuffing feet.... and preserves the colors bright and fresh. Many women tell us that GLO-COAT makes their linoleum last six times longer than when it is unprotected. Besides this protection and beauty, JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT saves hours of work...because it is SELF-POLISHING...needs no rubbing or buffing whatsoever. If you don't have a supply of JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT on hand, be sure and add it to your next shopping list.

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

(2nd REVISION) 23-A

TAG

MOL: Well, McGee...this should teach you a lesson to stay out of the kitchen. It's no place for a man.
FIB: Is that so? Don't forget to remember, the highest paid cooks in the world are men.
MOL: Of course they are. Women are too smart to spend twelve hours a day over a hot stove.
FIB: Eh? Oh! Goodnight.
MOL: Goodnight, all.
ORK: (THEME)

CLOSING TAG

(CUE)
MOLLY:Goodnight, all.

.....
WILCOX: This is Harlow Wilcox, speaking for the makers of
JOHNSON'S WAX finishes for the home and for industry....
inviting you to be with us again next Tuesday night.
Goodnight.

(TO FOLLOW CLOSING TAG)

(Note: This 45-second closing commercial
is to be delivered from a quiet studio)

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

.....
WIFE: George, I'm getting ashamed of the looks of our car!
I just won't ride in it till you get it polished!

ANNOR: Now, that might be serious....if it weren't so easy
to clean and wax-polish a car these days....now that we
have JOHNSON'S CARNU...the sensational auto polish that
both cleans and wax-polishes in one application. If
you're getting a little ashamed of the looks of your car,
just stop at your dealers....buy a can of CARNU...and
have the fun of riding in a new-looking car again.
Ask for JOHNSON'S CARNU. C-A-R-N-U.