

Jan 21, 1941

(REVISED)

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: "LOVE IS".

ORCH: "LOVE IS"

(FADE FOR)

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.  
Fibber McGee & Molly  
1-21-41  
Tuesday 6:30 PM PST NBC

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Opening Commercial

ANNCR: Do you ever say to yourself, "Oh boy, I feel lazy today!" Don't let it worry you, if you do, because you've got lots of company. No-one denies that work is man's greatest need and almost his best friend. But that doesn't mean unnecessary work. Take your floors, for example. You could go on scrubbing your linoleum floors all your life -- and what would it get you? Well, an aching back and red hands, for yourself -- and ruined linoleum in the bargain. So you wisely protect your floors with JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO COAT....saving yourself unnecessary work, keeping your linoleum always bright and shining, making it last longer. And with the hours of time you save with GLO-COAT, you can do important things that perhaps you've had to neglect....reading, playing with your children, seeing your friends. JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT saves work because it is self polishing, needs no rubbing or buffing. Look for the familiar red and yellow GLO-COAT package at your dealers.

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



WIL: THE MCGEES ATTENDED A PIANO CONCERT LAST NIGHT AND SINCE THEN OUR HERO HAS BEEN IN AN ARTISTIC DAZE. THE IDEA OF LEARNING PIANO HAS OPENED NEW, AND EVEN MORE WISTFUL VISTAS TO HIM. AND HERE, ON THEIR WAY TO THE MUSIC STORE, TO ARRANGE FOR PIANO LESSONS, WE FIND --

-- FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY! --

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: TRAFFIC UP & FADE

FIB: I'll bet I'll be pretty popular at parties when I get so I can really slap a Steinway around.

MOL: You thought you'd be pretty popular at picnics when you took up the mandolin, too.

FIB: Well, I--

MOL: BUT WHO WAS IT THAT WAS ALWAYS SENT BACK HOME FOR MORE POTATO SALAD?

FIB: Piano is different. It's got class.

MOL: Do you realize what its gonna cost you to take piano lessons?

FIB: It ain't gonna cost anything. What I save on barbers will pay for the lessons.

MOL: How so?

FIB: Did you ever see a musician with a haircut? Come on - here's the music store?

DOOR OPEN & CLOSE

MAN: Yes sir....something in musical instruments, sir? We are having a special today on sweet potatoes....a dollar 95. Two and a quarter, with gravy.

FIB: Does this store arrange for piano lessons, Bud?

MAN: Only with the sale of a new piano, sir.

FIB: Well - we could use a now one. What you got in the way of pianos, Bud?



MAN: Stools. But we could move them to one side if you didn't mind standing up to play.

MOL: Look, McGee....we're not buying any new piano. We haven't paid for the one we got yet.

FIB: Okay ... Look, bud....how about a book on piano playin' for beginners?

MAN: Certainly, sir. Here's one right here, entitled:  
"CANTATAS FOR THE KIDDIES, or,  
HOW TO MAKE A LOUSE OUT OF STRAUS"

FIB: Wrap it up.

MOL: Oh - but, McGee....that's for children....you don't--

FIB: I ain't proud. I gotta start at the very beginning, ain't I? I don't expect to be on a par with Fritz Kreisler over night.

MAN: KREISLER is a violinist, sir.

FIB: Don't he play the piano?

MAN: No, sir.

FIB: Oh, then I AM on a par with Kreisler. That's encouraging.

MOL: You're also on a par with Gene Autry's horse. He can't play the piano, either.

MAN: Here is your book, sir. Two dollars.

FIB: Okay, bud. Here you are.

MAN: Thank you - and I sincerely hope, sir, that you get along nicely with your music. I - myself - am by way of being a composer, you know.

MOL: Oh, how interesting! What have you composed?

MAN: I wrote an impressionistic little thing for string ensembles. It was a descriptive piece about a man waiting outside the Maternity Ward.



FIB: Kind of a cute idea, bud. Whadja call it?

MAN: "HUBBY LOBBY". Well - good luck with the lessons, sir!

DOOR OPEN & CLOSE....TRAFFIC UP & FADE

FIB: You know, Molly....I gotta feeling this marks a turning point in my life.

MOL: You've had so many turning points, you'll soon be known as Whirling Fibber McGee.

OLD M: (FADE-IN) Well, hello there, daughter. Hello, Johnny. Whatcha doin'?

MOL: McGee just decided to take piano lessons, Mr. Old Timer.

OLD M: Zat so? I come from a musical fambly myself, kids. Papa was a surgeon and just to relax, he used to play tunes on his saw.

FIB: I'll bet his patients loved that.

OLD M: We never knew. Trees don't talk.

MOL: Oh he was a tree surgeon!

OLD M: Yep. Spent four years as a interne in a lumber yard.

FIB: I had a cousin that was a tree surgeon. Specialized in optical work, on bird's eye maple.

OLD M: Heh heh heh....that's pretty good. Johnny. BUT THAT AIN'T THE WAY I HEERED IT. THE WAY I HEERED IT....er...you play any other instrument, Johnny?

FIB: Used to. When I was wocin', Molly here, I used to play the mandolin on canoe rides. But she made me give it up.

OLD M: What for, daughter?

MOL: Because I got tired of doing all the paddling - that's why.

OLD M: OH!...heh heh heh. THAT'S PRETTY GOOD TOO DAUGHTER. BUT THAT AIN'T THE WAY I -- by the way, you read music, Johnny?

FIB: I did once and I can pick it up again pretty fast. Why when I was a kid, I studied for a long, long time under the famous professor Ware. LONG UNDER WARE McGEE, I was knowed as in them days....

MOL: Oh dear.

OLD M: Heh heh heh....THAT'S PRETTY GOOD, JOHNNY, BUT--

FIB: LONG UNDER WARE McGEE, THE MIGHTY MUCK-A-MUCK OF THE METRONOME, MAKIN' MUGGS OF THE MEDIOCRE MUSICAL MUTTS MUDDLIN' THRU A MESS OF MONOTONOUS MEDLEYS. MAKIN' MILLIONS MARVEL AT THE MINOR MELODIES MADE INTO MAGNIFICENT MASTERPIECES BY THE MIRACULOUS MOVEMENTS OF MY MAGIC MITTS. MIFFIN' MANY A MAESTRO AS I MODULATED FROM MARCH MILITAIRE TO MINUET IN G..... and that's the story of Long Under Ware McGee!

APPLAUSE

ORCH: "PERIFIDIA"

APPLAUSE



SOUND: MESSY FINGER EXERCISES ON PIANO...REPEAT!

MOL: Heavenly days, McGee....can't you give that tired old piano a rest? I've had three phone calls from the neighbors complaining about the noise.

FIB: Can't stop now, Molly, I'm just gettin' the hang of it....

PIANO EXERCISES:

MOL: Getting the hang of it! It'll be years before you can even play Chopsticks without getting a nasty note from the Chinese Ambassador.

FIB: Oh, I dunno....(EXERCISES) I'm chatchin' on pretty fast. Only thing that bothers me is these pedals underneath. I dunno which is the brake and which is the clutch. Maybe if I ---

DOOR KNOCK:

MOL: McGee, Mrs. Uppington is at the door.

FIB: She would be! Well give the old war-horse some hay and slap her into a stall.

MOL: Hush. After all, she's the one who gave us the tickets to the concert. COME IN, ABIGAIL!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE: PIANO EXERCISES:

UPP: How do you do, My Deah...and how do YOU do, Mr. McG....

WELL, I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE A PIANIST, MR. MCGEE!

FIB: Didn't ye, honest, Uppy? (LAUGHS) Shucks!

UPP: And I DEARLY love piano music. Tell me, do you know Schubert's Unfinished Symphony!

- FIB: No, I don't, Uppy. I started to add that to my reppertoyer once, and then I thought, shucks, I thought, why learn that till it's finished, then I can play the whole thing. So I never -
- UPP: (LAUGHS) Oh how amusing....(LAUGHS) I studied the piano once myself, you know. My instructor always said the nicest things about my contrapuntal bravure.
- MOL: Did you slap his sassy face, Abigail?
- UPP: Ohhhh, Mrs. McGee!
- FIB: What'd he have to say about your piano playin' *Uppy*?
- UPP: Oh I was a veddy brilliant pupil! I won scholarship after scholarship. The minute I would enter one conservat'ry they would give me a scholarship and send me somewhere else. It was a VEDDY broadening experience.
- MOL: Yes, so I see. I always said they made those piano stools too narrow. Incidentally, Abigail, we want to thank you for your tickets to the concert. We enjoyed every minute of it.
- FIB: Yes, though personally, I thought the guy was pretty high-he+ Uppy. In one number when he got pretty good, I tossed four bits up on the stage and all I got was a dirty look.
- UPP: (LAUGHS) Well, I hope you get along nicely with your practicing, Mr. McGee. May I try your piano?
- FIB: Sure, go ahead, Uppy. Though it ain't in very good shape. We've used it so little, some of the keys have turned black.



UPP: Let me see now .... Oh yes ....

PIANO: BRILLIANT RUNS AND CHORDS ... SMARTLY DONE:

MOL: Heavenly days, McGee ... she can give you the lost chord,  
with knots in it!

FIB: Pretty good, Uppy. What was the name of that number?

UPP: That was a little folk song I picked up in Brittany, Mr.  
McGee. It is called "Frappe Moi, Mon Pere, Huit a la  
Mesure."

MOL: Meaning what?

UPP: "Beat Me Daddy, Eight To The Bar." Well SO glad you  
enjoyed the concert. Goodbyeeeeee!!!!

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: And YOU were going to show HER how to play the piano.  
(LAUGHS)

FIB: You wait. I'll show you. Wait'll my teacher gets here.

MOL: YOUR TEACHER!

FIB: Yep. I looked up a piano teacher in the classified  
directory. She oughtta be here any minute.

PIANO: BAD FINGER EXERCISES ... REPEAT MONOTONOUSLY .. WITH MISTAKES

FIB: Hey, Molly. What's an octave?

MOL: An octave is eight notes.

FIB: It is?

MOL: Yes .... remember that dirty octave we got from the piano  
company last month?

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

WIL: HEY, MOLLY....I was just passing by when I heard you dusting the piano so I thought I'd drop in and suggest that a little Johnson's wax would -

MOL: I wasn't dusting the piano, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: That was me, Harlow. I was practicin' my piano lesson.

WIL: YOU... .TAKING PIANO LESSONS? (LAUGHS)

FIB: Laugh if you wanna....but I've started this and I'M goin' thru with it!

WIL: (LAUGHING) Well let me know if you get stuck on any technicalities.

MOL: Why, Mr. Wilcox....are you a musician?

WIL: In a way. I am an expert in domestic harmony. For instance. I KEEP HARPING on the face that housework is much less TREBLE, if you take SHARP MEASURES in your FLAT to BAR dust and dirt with Johnson's Wax. JOHNSONS WAX gives you as a matter of CHORUS, THE KEY to a better SCALE of living. SO go OVERTURE nearest dealer's and see the man at the COUNTER-POINT to Johnson's Wax as the MAJOR product of its king. DUET today!

MOL: Heavenly days! Do you know what you deserve for a salestalk like that?

WIL: Sure....but it won't hurt because I have a pillow stuffed in my pants. See?

FIB: Oh you saw it coming, eh?

WIL: Yes....I call this my pun-cushion. Well, see you later folks.

DOOR SLAM:



FIB: (MUTTERS) See the man at the counterpoint to Johnson's Wax! As the barber says to the guy that was just gettin' outa the chair ... "What'll he think of ..... NEXT!" Oh well ....

PIANO: MORE FINGER EXERCISES ... REPEAT:

FIB: (LAUGHS) Ain't this a panic, Molly ... here we've had the piano all this time and I never knew till now that I was a musician!

MOL: That's nothing. My grandfather was eighty years old before he discovered he was an octogenarian.

SOUND: PIANO PRACTICING:

FIB: One two three five four ... Oh I thought he ate meat. One two-three-four-five-four-three-two-one-and a half . DAD RAT IT!

MOL: Now what's the matter?

FIB: My thumbs ... they're too short. Maybe if I put thimbles on 'em they'll be --

KNOCK AT DOOR:

MOL: I hope that isn't another neighbor, to complain about your practicing. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

BERN: Excuse it, please but is Mr. McGee living here?

FIB: You betcha sis. I'm him.

BERN: I'm the teacher. You are calling me hop for some music lessons.

MOL: Yes ... come right in, dearie. Here's your little pupil right here. Pupil, here's teacher.

FIB: Hiyah sis. Let's get started right away, whaddyo say?

BERN: Coitenly. What kind piano are you wishing to learn, Please? Clessic, jittlebugging, conserwative, or buggy-wuggy?

FIB: All of 'em. I wanna be a finished pianist as soon as possible.

MOL: That's funny ... that's exactly what I want you to be!

FIB: Please, Molly! You ain't got the right attitude about this. Here I am about to bring art and culture into our drab lives and what do you do?

MOL: Oh I just stand here, like little Audrey .. and laugh and laugh and laugh.

FIB: Okay okay ... but I say I'M gonna learn piano and I'm goin' thru with it. Now look, sis ... er... what's your name.

BERN: Mine married name is being Highwater.

MOL: And what's your first name, dearie?

BERN: Helen.

FIB: I see. AND I'M GONNA LEARN PIANO IN SPITE OF IT! Now come on sis ..... TEACH!

BERN: Coitenly, First is sitting on the piano stool, relaxed.  
(CHORDS INDICATING FIBBER SLUMPED ON PIANO)

MOL: Don't go to sleep dearie - just relax.

BERN: Then is placing the fingers on the keys ... like this ... My, my, soch interesting hends you got yet!

FIB: Whatcha mean, sis?

BERN: Well, I am also being a fortune teller, Mr. McGee. From de lines on de hends, I am tellink you are a pest - present and future. For instance from dis line here, I am seeing that you are neturally very domesticated.



MOL: SHE'S WONDERFUL MCGEE! .... THAT'S WHERE YOU CUT YOURSELF  
WITH THE CAN OPENER!

FIB: Go on. sis. What else do my hands say?

BERN: HMMMMM ... it's looking like bad news .. there is something  
about a financial difficulty ... in the near future ...

FIB: There is eh? (LAUGHS) Shucks, that won't be any ... hey ..  
incidentally, how much you charge for piano lessons?

BERN: Twenty dollars for a half-hour ....

MOL: OH HEAVENLY DAYS ... WHY THAT'S -

FIB: OH NO YOU DON'T SIS ... THAT'S TOO MUCH ... I WON'T PAY IT.  
SORRY YOU HAD YOUR VISIT FOR NOTHING BUT THE DEAL'S OFF.

MOL: Shall I call you a taxicab?

BERN: Thank you ... No. My taxi is waiting outside ... I told  
him I'd be right out.

FIB: WHAT? YOU ... HOW DID YOU KNOW?

BERN: I told my own fortune before I left home. Goodbye.

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH: "OLD ROCKIN' CHAIR" - KING'S MEN - APPLAUSE:

PIANO: FINGER EXERCISES REPEAT...BAD DISCORDS

FIB: Dad rat the dad ratted....

MOL: Did you have this much trouble learning the mandolin?

FIB: I should say not. When I took up the study of mandolin,  
I sat at the feet of one of the great masters.

MOL: And what did he do?

FIB: He kicked me! So I taught myself. Just like I'm gonna  
teach myself the piano.

FINGER EXERCISES

SOUND: DOOR OPEN VIOLENTLY

HAL: NOW LOOK HERE, McGEE....WHAT'S THE IDEA OF IRRITATING THE  
WHOLE NEIGHBORHOOD WITH YOUR INFERNAL RUM TIDDY BUM...RUM  
TIDDY BUM!

FIB: I ain't goin' rum tiddy bum. rum tiddy bum. All I was  
doin' is--

SOUND: FINGER EXERCISES

HAL: STOP IT!...STOP IT, FOR GOODNESS' SAKES! (GROANS)  
THIS ETERNAL DO RE MI HAS ME FRANTIC!

FIB: YOU MEAN THIS?

SOUND: FINGER EXERCISES

HAL: (SHRIEKS)

MOL: Oh for goodness sakes, Mr. Gildersleeve.

HAL: Well, I'm a music lover.

FIB: YOU....a music lover! (LAUGHS) That's a laugh,  
Gildersleeve. WHY, YOU WOULDN'T KNOW THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET  
IF SOMEBODY STUCK YOUR HEAD IN IT, AND I THINK THEY  
OUGHTA.

HAL: IS THAT SO!

FIB: YES, THAT'S SO!



HAL: YOU'RE A HARRRRRRRD MAN, McGEE. AND BY GEORGE, THIS TIME YOU'VE GONE TOO FAR.

MOL: Well, he knows the way back.

HAL: YOU'VE TRIFLED WITH ME ONCE TOO OFTEN, McGEE. IF I HAD A TAPE MEASURE, I'D BEAT YOU WITHIN AN INCH OF YOUR LIFE!

FIB: YEAH? DON'T GET GAY WITH ME, YOU BIG BLIMP, OR I'LL LET YOU HAVE IT....AND BETWEEN YOU AND ME YOU COULD USE A LITTLE.

HAL: A LITTLE WHAT?

FIB: A little "It".

HAL: (DOES TAKE)

MOL: Now boys....let's not quarrel. McGee's piano studies won't last long. Mr. Gildersleeve. It's just a passing fancy with him.

FIB: IT'S NEVER NO SUCH A THING. I'VE STARTED LEARNIN' PIANO AND I'M GOIN' THRU WITH IT.

HAL: (WHEEDLING) Look, little chum....let's get together on this.

FIB: Okay, Gildy. Let's get together. You sit next to me, and we'll both go--

PIANO FINGERING

HAL: NO NO NO NO....STOP IT!!! What I meant was - can't we make a deal? How about selling me the piano. I'll pay any price that isn't downright fantastic.

MOL: We can't sell it, Mr. Gildersleeve. It isn't ours.

HAL: WHOSE IS IT?

FIB: Wistful Vista Piano Company's. Still owe a few back payments on it.

HAL: Hm...back payments, eh? Very interesting. Matter-of-fact, the President of the Piano Company is a very good friend of mine. (LAUGHS) Yes, indeed...Well, if you'll excuse me, I have to go see a man about a dog.

FIB: So long, Gildy.

HAL: Goodbye....FIDO! (LAUGHS LIKE HELL)

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Fido!....what'd he mean by that?

MOL: Search me, dearie. But look...now that you've begun to USE this piano, hadn't you better finish paying for it?

FIB: Oh, they ain't gonna make trouble after all these years. But maybe I better call 'em up and straighten it out. Gimme the phone.

MOL: Here.

FIB: Thanks. (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR: GIMME WISTFUL VIS---- OH IS THAT YOU, MYRT? GIMME WISTFUL VISTA 9999 WILLYA MYRT? THANKS.....HELLO....IS THIS 9999? EH? WHAT NUMBER IS IT? OH....I'M SORRY. (CLICK CLICK CLICK) HEY MYRT, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU....I CALLED 9999 AND YOU GIMME 6666. Eh?....OH....I SEE. WELL NEVER MIND, THANKS, ANYWAY! (CLICK)

MOL: How'd she happen to give you 6666 instead of 9999, McGee?

FIB: She says they got her so busy she's standin' on her head. Well, I better get on with my practisin'....

PIANO: FINGER EXERCISES

KNOCK ON DOOR



FIB: Well! As Fibber McGee says - when he heard  
somebody knockin' at the door, "Who's that"?

MOL: Search me! COME IN!

DOOR OPEN & CLOSE

MAN: We're from de Wistful Vista Piano Company, Doc. We  
come for the piano.

MAN #2: IT'S REPOSSESSED, BUDDY.

FIB: Aw now, wait a minute fellas....you can't do this to  
me. A friend of mine is a good friend of the  
President of the Piano Company he was gonna speak to him  
about them back payments.

MAN: He did.

(PAUSE)

MOL: Oh-oh!!

FIB: Gildersleeve!...Why that dirty...now look, fellows...I'm studyin' how to play this thing, see? You don't want me to grow up in ignorance of the finer things in life, do you? You don't wanna stunt my character by denyin' me the cultural advantages of -

MAN: GRAB DAT END OF THE BOX...CHARLIE...DAT'S IT.

MAN #2: HEY...IT WON'T GO T'RU DAT DOOR! HOW'D HE GET IN IT HERE?

MOL: We've had the door weatherstripped since we bought the piano, boys. You can't get it out without damaging the door.

FIB: AND IF YOU MAKE ONE MARK ON THAT DOOR, I'LL SUE THE PIANO COMPANY FOR PLENTY. SEE?

MAN: He's got us, Charlie!

MAN #2: OH NO HE AIN'T, PERCY. DAT'S A BIG WINDOW OVER DERE..WE CAN GET IT OUT DAT WAY. OPEN IT UP.

SOUND: WINDOW OPENING: THUDS & GRUNTS

MOL: Well, there goes your musical career, dearie...right out the window.

FIB: OH YEAH?...THEY CAN'T DO THIS TO ME! DROP THAT PIANO, YOU BIG PALOOKAS!

SOUND: THUD

FIB: OUCH!...I DIDN'T SAY ON MY FOOT.

MAN: EASY NOW, CHARLIE...IT'LL GO T'RU DE WINDOW OKAY...

MAN #2: I GOT IT, PERCY...

SOUNDS: CLATTER...THUDS...GRUNTS

FIB: OH NO YOU DONT!...IF YOU TAKE THAT PIANO OUTA HERE, YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE ME WITH IT.

MAN: OKAY!

MAN #2: IT'S A DEAL!!!



MOL: MCGEE!!.....LET GO OF THAT PIANO! YOU CAN'T.....

SHOUTS...TERRIFIC COMMOTION...GLASS CRASH...CRASH OF PIANO OFF MIKE

WITH JANGLE OF KEYS.

MOL: Oh McGee....MCGEE....ARE YE HURT DARLIN'...

FIB: (OFF MIKE) N-no....I guess, not. Gimme a hand back thru  
the window willya?

SOUND: SCRAMBLINGS...MINOR GLASS TINKLE: THUD:

FIB: Ahhhhh....dad-rat the dad-ratted...

MOL: MCGEE....I'M PROUD OF YOU!

FIB: You mean for puttin' up a fight for that piano?

MOL: No. For your musical persistence.

FIB: Whatcha mean?

MOL: ~~I mean with the piano.~~ YOU SAID YOU WERE GOING TO GO THRU  
WITH IT....AND YOU DID!

FIB: Oh pshaw!

ORK: "SOMEONE".....FADE FOR COMMERCIAL

Closing Commercial

ANNOUNCER: Probably no floor in your entire home gets harder wear than your kitchen floor. It gets heavy traffic - wet and muddy feet track across it regularly -- and it gets more than its share of things spilled on it. In fact, your kitchen floor could easily be your problem floor -- if it weren't for JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. This easy-to-use floor polish has simply eliminated that problem altogether. First, because GLO-COAT protects the linoleum against wear and bad weather -- guards the linoleum surface against scratches and dirt penetration. Second, because GLO-COAT makes a linoleum floor beautiful -- makes it gleam and sparkle, keeps its colors like new. Third, because GLO-COAT actually makes the linoleum last much longer. And fourth, because it saves you so much hard work, JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT needs no rubbing or buffing -- simply apply and let dry -- and in 20 minutes your floor gleams under its protective polish. Put GLO-COAT on your next shopping list.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC....FADE ON CUE



TAG GAG

FIB: I told you, Molly. It takes more than a guy like  
Gildersleeve to get the best of a McGeo.

MOL: I'll say it does, Doarie.

FIB: Yes sir...

PIANO: FINGER EXERCISES...REPEAT...AGAIN:

MAN: Pardon me, sir....you'll have to leave now.

MOL: Why?

MAN: The Wistful Vista Piano Company Warehouse always closes  
at six.

FIB: Oh. Okay Bud. Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all!

ORCH: UP TO FINISH: APPLAUSE:

CREDITS...SIGNOFF:

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.  
Fibber McGee & Molly  
1-21-41  
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  
1-21-41  
Tuesday 6:30 PM PST NBC

-24-

(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.

.....  
If you own an automobile, you'll be glad to know about CARNU, JOHNSON'S sensational new auto polish. Whether your car is old or new, you can improve its appearance, increase its trade-in value, add to your pleasure of driving....simply by giving it a CARNU beauty treatment. All of this at low cost and with very little work, because CARNU both cleans and wax polishes at the same time - in half the time it used to take. Write this down on your memo pad tonight! I want to wax polish my car with JOHNSON'S CARNU -- spelled C-A-R-N-U.

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