

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.

(REVISED)

WRITER:
DON QUINN

"FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY" #203

NBC-RED

5:30 P.M.

MAY 2nd, 1939

TUESDAY

WIL: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM!

ORK: "SAVE YOUR SORROW"

WIL: The Makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Self-Polishing
Glocoat present Marian and Jim Jordan as Fibber McGee &
Molly, with Donald Novis, the Four Notes and Billy Mills'
Orchestra. The show opens with - "Rosalie".

ORK: "ROSALIE" - -FADE FOR "

WIL: 1st COMMERCIAL

May 2, 1939
Tuesday-6:30 PM PST NBC
Time: 59 seconds

-3-

Opening Commercial
From Hollywood, Indianapolis,
Richmond and Norfolk

CUE: (WILCOX).....We would like to ask a question. (PAUSE 2' SECONDS)

Do you remember the old-fashioned days of spring cleaning when the whole house was literally turned upside down? Today, housecleaning is an entirely different matter. For example: It takes only a few minutes time for the modern housewife to give her floors and linoleum a bright, mirror-like polish. Just put JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT on your dull, lifeless floors. See them grow beautiful right before your eyes, without any rubbing or buffing! There is a special sale right now on JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT and JOHNSON'S WAX in Giant-size cans which contain one-third more than the regular amount, at no extra cost. Buy a pint and you get a pint and one-third. Buy a pound and you get a pound and one-third. In other words, the extra one-third is free! JOHNSON'S Giant-size cans are selling fast and the supply is strictly limited. Avoid disappointment by seeing your dealer tomorrow without fail. Buy the money-saving Giant-size cans of JOHNSON'S WAX and JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT.

ORCHESTRA: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH

(APPLAUSE) SEGUE

"RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN"....FADE

(2ND REVISION) -4-

WIL: WELL THE BALMY VOICE OF SPRING IS TWITTERING OUTSIDE THE MCGEE WINDOWS, AND IT WAS INEVITABLE THAT THE MATTER OF BUYING A CAR SHOULD ARISE. AND HERE IN THE LIVING-ROOM AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA, GIVING THE SUBJECT A GOOD KICKING-AROUND, WE FIND

--FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

APPLAUSE: THEME

FIB: Know what kind of a car I'd like to have, Molly? One o' them 12 cylinder jobs with red leather seats that when ye press a button the top folds back...and all the stuff like that there.

MOL: COME DOWN TO EARTH, FOOLISH.

FIB: Well, I can dream, can't I?

MOL: You always did get big ideas in the springtime, McGee. (LAUGHS) Remember when you was courtin' me? You used to ride by my house on your bicycle without usin' your hands - ye dare-devil.

FIB: I'll have to admit I was kind of a reckless young guy then.. I used to travel with a pretty fast bunch around Peoria.. smoked one cigarette after another all day long and inhaled every puff.

MOL: Yes, I remember your witty sayings. "I love my wife, but Oh you kid!" And that little bamboo cane you carried... heavenly days!

FIB: Remember the time your kid brother busted it? I says 'OH, DARN IT!' - and your ma threw me out for usin' profanity. I was so upset, I went right down to the drugstore and got higher'n a kite on lemon phosphates. Didn't get home till pretty near half-past ten.

MOL: (LAUGHS) Well, we had fun didn't we? Whaddye say we get a car and drive back to Peoria this summer.

FIB: Okay...

MOL: We ought to be able to get a good second-hand car for two or three hundred on time-payments.

FIB: Yes, a two-hundred buck car on time-payments shouldn't cost more'n 1200.

MOL: Oh it isn't that bad... Now let's see...we could maybe make a down payment of 75 dollars.

FIB: Yeah? How?

MOL: Well, I've got twenty-five I could spare and you've got fifty in your savings account.

FIB: No I ain't.

MOL: WHAT?

FIB: I, mean..I..er..I DID have...but I..er..I had to spend part o' that for a..er...well, I had to spend part of it.

MOL: What for?

FIB: Well, I...er...aw shucks, have I gotta tell? I wanted to surprise you with it.

MOL: Oh...was it somethin' for me, dearie?

FIB: No-no...not exactly.

MOL: OH IT WASN'T! THEN WHAT WAS IT?

FIB: (PAUSE) A zither.

MOL: A zither! *Heavenly days*
~~Wasn't it a zither? A zither! Gee, you're wonderful.~~

FIB: ~~Oh, well, I--~~

MOL: ~~If you'd gone out and bought a gold-plated zither, I'd have made excuses for you. But a zither? Why you can't even play a zither.~~

FIB: ~~Oh don't worry about that. I got ten free lessons with it.~~

MOL: BUT WHO PLAYS A ZITHER THESE DAYS, FOOLISH?

FIB: I thought you'd ask that. The bicycle come back, didn't it? Hoopskirts come back, didn't they? Well, the zither is comin' back, too.

MOL: You're wrong...The Zither's GOIN' back. You're gonna return it and get that money and we're gonna have a car.

FIB: Gee, I can't do that, Molly. The deal's made. It'll be delivered any day, now.

MOL: (GROANS)...after all these years...I find I'm married to a zither player.

FIB: Say - if you ever heard a zither played good, Molly, you wouldn't make no such --

(2ND REVISION) -7, 8, 9-

MOL: HOW ABOUT OUR CAR, McGee....I suppose while we watch all the neighbors makin' little Sunday trips and picnics and all, I'll be settin' on the front porch listenin' to you play the zither! Oh Happy day!

FIB: Aw forget it, Molly....Come on..let's go downtown and look at some cars.

MOL: Allright dearie!
DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE....

MOL: Oh, it's going to be nice to have a car again...so we can drive out in the country and pick wild flowers and all. Don't ye just love the country in the spring, McGee?

FIB: I'll say I do...there's nothin' like gettin' out among the cows and chickens and roadhogs. To say nothin' of the -

DON: (FADE IN) Hello there...Fibber and Molly...going someplace?

MOL: Oh hello, Mr. Novis...yes we're goin' downtown shoppin' for a good second hand car.

FIB: Wanna go along, Don? If it's a real old Model, I'll let you crank it for us. You'll get a kick outa that.

DON: No thanks. I don't like automobiles, since my Uncle had such a narrow escape.

MOL: Oh what was that, Mr. Novis?

DON: Well, he works for the City you know, and one day downtown a car came so close to him it knocked the broom right out of his hands.

MOL: What you gonna sing, Mr. Novis?

DON: "IF THERE IS SOMEONE LOVELIER THAN YOU".

MOL: Aw you say the nicest things, Mr. Novis!

FIB: Take it, Mr. Novis!

ORK: "IF THERE IS SOMEONE LOVELIER THAN YOU" -- NOVIS

(APPLAUSE)

2ND SPOT

(REVISED) -10-

TRAFFIC SOUNDS UP AND DOWN

MOL: My that was a beautiful song ~~wasn't it,~~ McGee?

FIB: I'll say so...but didn't you think Billy Mills' accompaniment was a little heavy?

MOL: No, I didn't...

FIB: What I mean is..maybe a single instrument woulda been better. Like maybe a zither. Maybe if I get to play my zither real good, and can show the Johnson Wax bunch that a band ain't really necessary on our program --

MOL: LOOK, McGee...here comes that high-hat Mrs. Uppington. Listen to her give us the broad A.

FIB: ~~She's a real high hat, she's a real high hat, she's a real high hat, she's a real high hat, she's a real high hat.~~

MOL: ~~Oh how do you do, Mrs. Uppington!~~ Oh how do you do, Mrs. Uppington!

UPP: Oh how do you do, Mrs. McGee...and Mr. McGee...how simply delightful to see you, reahhly....

FIB: Hiyah, Uppy. We were just on our way to buy a car!

MOL: Yes, one is simply lost without a car these days isn't one, Mrs. Uppington.

UPP: Oh one certainly is, My deah...as I was saying to my 2nd chauffeur just this morning, RIVERS, I said..we must get a few new cars this week...our old ones are horribly dusty.

FIB: I'll bet Rivers just overflowed at that, Uppy.

UPPY: Oh he quite agreed with me, reahhly..tell me, have you seen the new 16-cylindereed Delancy? A charming little motah car.

MOL: Oh yes..we discussed that, Mrs. Uppington..but our butler has one and advised us against it. He said it was a little tinny.

FIB: Yes, I hear the built-in bridge table is inclined to rattle a little Uppy. Very annoying on a long trip.

UPP: Reahhhly! I'm SO glad you told me...I was thinking of giving them as Christmas presents this yeah.

MOL: We just want a small car Mrs. Uppington. (LAUGHS) To bum around in.

UPP: Well, I hope you are not considering a second-hand car, my deahs...one nevah knows WHO has driven it before...so unsanit'ry...you know... Well, I DO hope you find what you want...and it's been SO nice to have seen you both.... goodbyeeeeee....

MOL: Goodbyeee, Mrs. Uppington!

FIB: So long, Uppy!

MOL: Did ye hear her, McGee? It's unsanit'ry to own a second-hand car.

FIB: Yeah...but I ain't worryin' about that...they ain't a germ born that can stay live when the finance company turns on the heat.

BOOM: Ah, good day to you, my dear...

MOL: Oh good day, Mr. Boomer.

BOOM: Ah there, Jackanapes!

FIB: MR. JACKANAPES to you, Boomer. And if you're lookin' for Mrs. Uppington, she just went around the corner.

BOOM: Thank you...thank you...I'm meeting her for lunch...if I don't meet her, I probably won't have lunch... Glad to have you join us - unless I hope you have something else to do.

MOL: We have Mr. Boomer...we're shopping for a good used car.

BOOM: Is that so! Strange coincidencel...have a friend with an automobile for sale...he's out of town and I'm trying to dispose of it...I'm sure he won't mind...it will be an old model anyway by the time he gets out of ^{Meeting} ~~vacation~~...or... back from his vacation.

FIB: Well if it's a bargain, Boomer we'll take a look at it. Where is it?

BOOM: Ah yes...now where is it...have it right here someplace... address, address, address...here's a letter from an old friend of mine...wants 500 dollars for arch-supports...seems he got caught flatfooted in a jewelry store... ~~to be a good I found in an old, standard~~ ~~... going to go to a girl for~~ ~~Will, the old states~~ ~~... ..~~ ~~... ..~~ telegram from an old school chum...says he's running for Prosecuting Attorney...NO, IT DOESN'T EITHER!...SAYS he's running FROM the Prosecuting attorney...slight difference!

FIB: Come on, Boomer...the address...

BOOM: Ah yes...the address...have it here someplace...what's this? Oh yes...postcard from my dear old grandmother...wants some advice on raising mushrooms...they must have given her a pretty damp cell this time...short length of rope...keep it for sentimental reasons...my uncle wore that when he died...get all choked up when I think of it.

MOL: Lovely family you come from, Mr. Boomer.
BOOM: Isn't it...we lived on the wrong side of the tracks and father pulled His freight when I was just a wee toddler.... Now where is that address....here's a small stiletto given to me by an Italian friend....nearsighted fellow...mistook my shoulderblades for a scabbard....pair of false eyebrows.... use 'em for frowning back at bankers....and a check for a short beer....WELL, WELL.....IMAGINE THAT! NO ADDRESS.... Must have fallen from my pocket when I jumped out of the patrol wag...er...wonder what I could have done with it.
FIB: Aw gee the....come on, Molly...we're wasting time.
BOOM: Got to be going myself, Cornbelt....I'm working with a friend of mine on a new filing system....for handcuffs.
Good-day.

TRAFFIC...UP AND DOWN:

MOL: Ye know, McGee....sometimes I have a faint suspicion that Mr. Boomer isn't quite honest.
FIB: Say - that guy is shadier than a coal mine. During a total eclipse. Hey - here's that used car lot -- let's go in.
MOL: Hm...Looks like a fine collection of junk.
FIB: Well, as I always says, USED CAR LOTS ARE PLACES FOR LOTS OF USED CARS THAT HAVE BEEN USED LOTS.
WIL: (FADE IN) Well - hello there, Fibber and Molly...what are you doing here?
MOL: Oh Mr. Wilcox....we're looking for a good used car.

WIL: Can you beat that!.....you're the fourth person I've met today that's buying a car.
FIB: Honest, Harpo? Why is that?
WIL: Well....I think people have more free time these days.... for instance, at this time of year in the old days housewives were so busy with spring housecleaning, they couldn't take time to go for automobile rides....
FIB: Get a load of this, folks....it ain't often you see a new plug in a used car lot.
MOL: Be quiet, McGee.....go on, Mr. Wilcox.
WIL: (LAUGHS) Why I was talking to a woman just this morning and she said, "My dear boy, since you showed me how easy it is to use Johnson's Glocoat on my floors and linoleum. I hardly know what to do with my spare time. So I kissed her and said, "how about dinner and a movie sweetheart?" and she said, "all right.... my husband is working tonight, anyway."

MOL: Why Mister Wilcox!...aren't you ashamed...going out with married women like that!

WIL: Oh no...not in this case... *you see this was my mother.* ~~it was my Mother I was talking to.~~ Well so long folks...hope you find a car!

FIB: Well, that clears up something in my mind.

MOL: What's that?

FIB: Harpo's got a mother. I always thought he was hatched out of a old empty ~~car~~ Glocoat. ^{car} Hey here's a pretty good lookin' car, Molly. Nifty little coupe.

MOL: I don't like it...it's too small, McGee..

FIB: Whaddye mean, too small...what are we gonna do..start a bus line?

MOL: Well, what would we do when Uncle Dennis comes to visit? He's too big in the back seat for such a small front seat.

FIB: Let him sit in the rumble...if there's anything I've wanted to save up for a rainy day it's a rumble seat for Uncle Dennis.

MOL: Let's take a look at the rumble seat..maybe there's no cushions..

FIB: Okay, I'll open 'er up...

SOUND: METAL RATTLE...CREAK OF RUMBLE OPENING

OLD MAN: Much obliged, kids...are we there?

MOL: Are we where? And what are you doin' in that rumble seat?

OLD MAN: EHHHHHH?

FIB: What's the idea of hidin' in that rumble seat, Old Timer?

OLD MAN: Wasn't hidin', Johnny. Friend of mine took me for a ride ~~and~~ and I musta fell asleep.

FIB: Well, it's too bad for you...the car's been sold and you'll probably be held as an accessory. (LAUGHS)

OLD MAN: Heh heh heh...that's pretty good, Johnny - but that ain't the way I heered it....The way I heered it, one feller -- Hey help me outa here, will you?

SOUND: (SCRAMBLING)

OLD MAN: (GRUNTS) Thanks....what was you saying? Oh, that was me - wasn't it. Well, the way I heered it, one feller says to the other feller, "SAYYYYY," he says, "IF THE SAN FRANCISCO FAIR MAKES MORE MONEY THAN THE NEW YORK FAIR, WON'T NEW YORK'S FACE BE RED?" "YES," says t'other feller, "BUT NEW YORK MUSTA THOUGHT O' THAT. THEY BUILT THEIRS AT FLUSHING!" Heh heh heh...Always like to go to a world's fair on a hot summer's day, kids...There's always a breeze near the fan dancers. So long, Johnny....Goodbye, daughter.

MOL: Good day to ye, Old Timer.

FIB: Feisty old fossil, ain't he? One foot in the grave and learning to tap-dance with the other.

HAL: (FADE IN)...Well, how about it, friends....see something you like? Fine lot of automobiles here....take this one for instance. Hardly been driven....just used a few months by a dear old lady on shopping trips.

MOL: Look at that upholstery!!! What was she shoppin' for - a rock garden?

HAL: My goodness....it is torn in one or two places, isn't it....

FIB: Yes, and in the best places.

FIB: ~~I don't like the frame's all about probably just a
~~frame's all about probably just a~~~~

HAL: Well for goodness sake... I never noticed that... you must know
Quite obvious aren't you
~~quite obvious about automobiles, sir.~~

FIB: Who, me? ^{Just I am} Why shucks, even when I was a kid, bud I was always
monkeyin' around automobiles... just gimme four wheels, a
handful o' spark plugs and a couple gallons o' gas and it
was in the bag... GAS-BAG MCGEE I WAS KNOWED AS IN THEM DAYS.

MOL: Oh dear...

FIB: GAS-BAG MCGEE. THE GOGGLE-EYED GADABOUT WITH THE GIFT OF
GAB, GETTIN' GAY GROUPS OF GRAND GUYS AND GIGGLIN' GALS TO
GO GALLIVANTIN' IN MY GLEAMIN' GO-CART, GOIN' SUCH GREAT
GUNS ON A GALLON O' GAS THAT GARAGEMEN GOT GAGA, A GLUTTON
FOR GLIDIN' OVER THE GROUND IN THE GLOAMIN', GIVIN' 'ER THE
GUN ON A GRADE, GALLOPIN' OVER GULLIES AND THE GOSHAWFULLEST
GLOBE-GIRDLIN' GEAR-GRINDER FROM GUSTY GREENLANDS GLACIAL
STRAIT TO THE GORGEOUS GLITTERIN' GOLDEN GATE!

(APPLAUSE)

~~HE HEARS YOU IN MY DREAMS~~

(APPLAUSE)

FIB: So ye see bud, ye can't fool us on cars.

HAL: Well, I'll tell you what I'll do friends, you can have any
car in the lot for 400 dollars... now that's fair, isn't it...

FIB: Any car?

HAL: Any car.

FIB: Okay, Bud... we'll take that one over there... that's the
best lookin' car you got... not much mileage on it, either.

HAL: Oh yes... that car... must have just come in... no price tag
on it. JOE... TAKE THE DEALER'S LICENSE PLATES OFF THAT CAR
OVER THERE... THESE NICE PEOPLE HAVE JUST BOUGHT IT...

NELS: (OFF) That car? Say, that car is --

HAL: Never mind, Joe... I know it's worth more than four hundred...
but I've given my word... alright, folks... just sign these
papers, please... then you can get right in and drive away.
That's it, thank you and I hope you enjoy driving it very
much...

MOL: Thank YOU... I really think we got a bargain.

HAL: I'm sure you did, madam... I'm sure you did. Good day.

FIB: So long, bud... come on, Molly... (FADE OUT)...

SOUND: (CAR DOOR - MOTOR UP & OUT)

HAL: Well, Joe... I hope it runs till they're out of sight of
the lot, anyway. (LAUGH) What's the matter, you don't seem
very happy about the deal, my boy.

NELS: No and you shouldn't be, either.

HAL: And why not?

NELS: That was your own car you sold 'em.

HAL: WHAT? I... (SPLUTTER)... (FADE OUT)... WELL, WHY DIDN'T
YOU TELL ME.

ORCH: ("I'LL SEE YOU IN MY DREAMS")

(APPLAUSE)

SOUND: (MOTOR FADE IN....DOWN)

FIB: Runs like a charm, don't she, Molly?

MOL: Certainly does, McGee....LOOK OUT, THERE'S A STOP LIGHT....
(MOTOR UP AND OUT)

TEE: Hey, Mister....can I have a ride?

FIB: Oh hello, little girl....No, I guess not. And you're too little to be bummin' rides.

TEE: I am not, I betcha.

FIB: You are too!

TEE: Hmnnnnnn?

FIB: I says you are --....Well, where was you goin'?

TEE: Where YOU going?

FIB: That's beside the point..

TEE: What point?

FIB: Eh?

TEE: Hmnnnnnnnn?

FIB: I SAYS.....Oh dad rat it....better get off the running board, sis. We're gonna start up.

TEE: Is this your car?

FIB: Certainly....we just bought it.

TEE: Well, don't you like to roller skate any more?

FIB: I ain't roller-skated for a long time....

TEE: Then I can have 'm? Huh? Can I? Huh. Can I?

FIB: WHAT ARE YOU TALKIN' ABOUT?

TEE: Your skates. They aren't any good anyway, I betcha!

FIB: DAD RAT IT, I HAVEN'T GOT ANY SKATES. What give you any such idea as that?

TEE: Gee, I dunno....but when we were driving past your house, my pappa said....SEE THAT HOUSE...THERE LIVES THE CHEAPEST PAIR OF SKATES IN TOWN....I'll get 'em tomorrow, mister. G'byeeee....

SOUND: (MOTOR UP)

FIB: Cheapest pair o' skates in town....just because we didn't have a car, I suppose....but he can't say that now....we'll..

SOUND: (TRAFFIC COP'S WHISTLE)

BILL: ALL RIGHT, PULL OVER THERE, YOUSE!
(MOTOR....UP AND DOWN)

MOL: What's the matter, officer?

BILL: WHERE'S YER LICENSE?

FIB: Eh? What license?

BILL: YER STATE LICENSE....YE CAN'T DRRRIVE A CARR WIDOUT A LICENSE.

MOL: We're sorry, officer....but we just bought this car not ten minutes ago....We haven't had a chance to get a license.... see? here's the bill-of-sale.
all night.

BILL: ~~GO AHEAD!~~....GO AHEAD!
(TRAFFIC WHISTLE....CAR UP AND DOWN)

MOL: The big loogan....it's a good thing he calmed down, or you'd of gotten outa the car and slugged him one, wouldn't ye, dearie?

FIB: Oh I...er....I...well...why sure I would!

MOL: What for? Haven't ye got any more sense than to hit a policeman?

FIB: Well, it wasn't my idea...you said ~~Here comes a motorcycle~~ Here comes a ~~motorcycle~~ another cop!

SOUND:

(MOTORCYCLE FADE OUT)

WHEE: ~~HEY, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU, SHORTY... YOU WANT THE WHOLE ROAD? MOVE OVER! I'M IN A HURRY....~~

FIB: ~~Ye are not... (GROANS)... Where are you goin' on the motorcycle, Granddaddy?~~

WHEE: ~~GOIN' OUT TO THE HILL, CLIMBEN! CONDOT, SKIPPY... MON AT THREE POINTS TO A BOW... SO LEAVE ME... WOOPEE... WHOOOM!! (MOTORCYCLE UP AND OUT... LEAVE THE FACT)~~

FIB: ~~What... I thought for a minute that was another cop comin' to see me... excuse....~~

MOL: ~~Oh, I don't think they'll bother us again, McGee... they'll probably...~~

(TRAFFIC WHISTLE)

COP: HOLD IT THERE, YOU... HOLD IT... *(car stop)*

FIB: Dad rat it... now, what's the matter?

COP: Where's your city license?

MOL: We haven't bought it yet, officer... nor the state license either... the car is just new....

COP: Oh yeah?

MOL: AND DON'T GIMME THAT 'OH YEAH' BUSINESS... YE FLATFOOT....

HERE'S THE BILL O' SALE....

COP: Okay, Lady.... you can go....

MOL: YOU BET WE CAN GO!!... DRIVE ON, McGEE.

(CAR UP AND FADE)

MOL: ~~In another minute I'd of forgotten I was a lady and give him a walk with my handbag.~~

FIB: ~~But the way, Molly... everything's alright now... there ain't another cop between here and our house, so --~~

(TRAFFIC WHISTLE)

COP: PULL OVER TO THE CURB THERE, YOU!!....

(CAR UP AND OUT)

FIB: Listen, officer... we just bought this car... we ain't had a chance to get our city license, or our state license... ~~now, does that satisfy you?~~

COP: ~~No... it doesn't.~~

MOL: Oh, ~~it doesn't, doesn't it!....~~

COP: ~~No... ^{and} WHERE'S YOUR DRIVER'S LICENSE, BUDDY?~~

FIB: Driver's license. Why... er... we... I....

MOL: We haven't had a chance to get that either, officer....

COP: All right... but don't lemme catch you again without it.... drive on.

(MOTOR... UP AND FADE)

FIB: State license - city license - driver's license -- I'll bet we could hold up a bank and there wouldn't be a cop within 8 miles... but just because we gotta new car and--

COP: HEY WHERE DO YE THINK YOU'RE GOIN'? PULL UP THERE... *(Car stop)*

FIB: (GROANS) Well, I'll be a dirty name... if this ain't the worst... LISTEN, OFFICER... DON'T STOP ME NOW... MY GRANDMOTHER HERE DON'T FEEL WELL, AND I'M RUSHIN' HER HOME... YER GRANDMOTHER, IS IT? SURE AND SHE LOOKS YOUNGER THAN YOU DO... BUT IF THAT'S THE CASE... DRIVE ON....

(CAR... UP AND FADE)

MOL: McGee.

FIB: Eh?

MOL: SO I'M YOUR GRANDMOTHER, AM I? WHAT'S THE IDEA OF MAKIN' ME FEEL RIDICULOUS LIKE THAT....

FIB: I couldn't help it, Molly... I had to say somethin'....

MOL: BUT WHY ~~did~~ ^{didn't} YE TELL HIM I WAS YOUR ~~grandmother?~~ ^{wife?}

FIB: I didn't dare.... I was afraid he was gonna ask for our marriage license, and I ain't got that with me, either.

SOUND: (HONK HONK)

ORCHESTRA: SELECTION... FADE FOR:

May 2, 1939
Tuesday - 6:30 PM PST NBC
Time: 58 seconds

-25-

Closing Commercial
From Hollywood, Indianapolis,
Richmond and Norfolk

CUE:
WILCOX: Fibber and Molly will be back in just a moment.

.....PAUSE 2 SECONDS.....

And now may we say this. With the advent of Spring, every housewife becomes more conscious of the things in her home. Finger prints show up worse than usual on table tops. Dust and grime fight for a place on window sills. If you are an experienced housekeeper, you know that a lustrous coat of JOHNSON'S WAX on furniture, woodwork and floors will act as a shield of protection against dust and stains. JOHNSON'S WAX polish will make your rooms so clean and attractive you'll be proud to have your friends come to your home. Now is the time to buy JOHNSON'S WAX and JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT during the sale of Giant size cans. These special cans give you a pint and one-third or a pound and one-third for the price of only one pint or one pound. When the present supply of Giant-size cans is gone, there won't be any more, so we advise you to take advantage of this special sale at once. Just tell your dealer you want JOHNSON'S WAX and JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT in the Giant size cans.

ORCHESTRA: SWELL MUSIC....FADE ON CUE

(2ND REVISION) -26-

TAG GAG

MOL: Folks, I want to thank you for all those nice wires and letters and postcards since I've been back; and I'm only sorry I cant express my appreciation to each of you in person.

FIB: Maybe I can do something for 'em, Molly. Suppose I work up a Zither solo for 'em next week?

MOL: Oh that would be lovely, McGee...by the way..how do ye play one o' them things..with your fingers?

FIB: No..you use a pick.

MOL: Good!..now all I ask is that you give me the first swing at it!

FIB: (Ahem)...good night.

MOL: Goodnight all!

ORK UP TO FINISH THEME

CREDITS:

SIGNATURE SIGNOFF: