

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.
Writer: Don Quinn

#704

(REVISED)

"FIBBER MCGEE & COMPANY"

Tuesday - May 9, 1939

-NBC-Red

WIL: The Johnson Wax Program!

ORCHESTRA: "SAVE YOUR SORROW"

WIL: The makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Self-Polishing
Glocoat present Marion and Jim Jordan as Fibber McGee and
Molly with Donald Novis, the Four Notes and Billy Mills
Orchestra. The show opens with "I Know That You Know".

ORCHESTRA: "I KNOW THAT YOU KNOW"....FADE FOR:

May 9, 1939 - Tuesday
5:30 PM PST NBC
TIME: 1:20

Opening Commercial
Wilcox in Hollywood, Indianapolis,
Richmond and Norfolk announcers.

CUE
WILCOX: Right now, I'd like to make an important announcement.

.....(PAUSE...2 SECONDS).....

We want you to know about a Special Sale of Giant size cans of JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT and JOHNSON'S WAX now being featured at your dealers. These big cans contain one-third more than the regular amount, yet they cost not a penny more. It's your opportunity to get JOHNSON'S WAX or GLO-COAT at a bargain price. If your linoleum looks dull and faded and you don't feel that you should buy a new floor covering, this is the time to try JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. See the magical effect it will have on that old linoleum. Twenty minutes after you apply GLO-COAT, your floor will be shining with a grand polish -- without rubbing or buffing. The colors will be brighter and fresher -- the surface will be protected against dirt and wear. Yes, GLO-COAT gives new life and sparkle to dreary floors. And now is the time to buy this famous, no rubbing polish during the Special Sale of Giant size cans. You can get JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT and JOHNSON'S WAX in the Giant sizes that give you one-third more for your money. Buy a pint or a pound and you get a pint and one-third or a pound and one-third at no extra cost. These Giant cans are going fast, so don't delay!

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH

(APPLAUSE)

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

-3-

(REVISED) -4-

WIL: WELL...THE MAIL-ORDER ZITHER THAT FIBBER ORDERED LAST WEEK HASN'T BEEN DELIVERED YET...MUCH TO HIS ANNOYANCE AND MOLLY'S SATISFACTION. AND HERE IN THE LIVING ROOM AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA, AWAITING THE ARRIVAL OF THE POSTMAN WITH HIS PRECIOUS BURDEN OF UNBORN MELODY WE FIND --

---FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

APPLAUSE: THEME

FIB: Dad ret it, I wish that zither'd GET HERE. I'm so anxious to get started on them lessons my fingers are just itchin'.

MOL: My fingers are itchin' too, McGee.

FIB: I wish you wouldn't look at my throat when you say that.

MOL: Well, I think it was very foolish of you to be buyin' a zither - particularly right now when we just bought a new car.

FIB: ~~That's a very nice one, Molly. I have given the matter~~
~~to the family.~~

MOL: ~~I hope you didn't give it too much -- the supply is limited.~~

FIB: Now wait a minute...suppose I learned to play the zither real good in just a short time - and I can do it too.

(My father was quite a musician, you know)

MOL: What did he play - the bull-fiddle?

FIB: Yes, at first - then he went vegetarian and took up the sweet-potato. (LAUGHS) Don't you git it, Molly?

Vegetarian - sweet pota-

MOL: TAIN'T FUNNY, MCGEE!

FIB: Whaddye expect on a sweet potato - Humoresque? Anyway, what I was gonna suggest...

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR

(REVISED) -5-

FIB: I'm almost afraid to answer the door for fear it's the mail man and he hasn't got my zither.

MOL: If it is, and he hasn't, I'll bake him a cake. COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR LATCH:

OLD MAN: Hello there, Johnny, hello, Daughter! Understand you bought a car last week...

FIB: Yes, we did, Old Timer - why?

OLD MAN: EHHHHHH?

MOL: He said yes, we did, - what about it?

OLD MAN: Well, I'm sellin' some little pills that you drop into the gasoline tank. Gives ye lots more mileage, unless they happen to clog up the feed line.

FIB: NO, thanks, Old Timer - Them things are dangerous. I had a cousin once tried to use them things - but he got the gasoline pills mixed up with his dyspepsia tablets.

MOL: I don't suppose there's any use tryin' to stop ye from tellin' WHAT happened.

FIB: Not a bit. WELL SIR, THE CARBURETOR BURPED TWICE AND BLEW UP, AND MY COUSIN DISAPPEARED FOR FOUR DAYS AND WE FOUND HIM SLEEPIN' IN A PARKIN' LOT. (LAUGHS)

(2ND REVISION)

-6-

OLD MAN: (Heh heh heh heh) That's pretty good, Johnny, but that ain't the way I heered it. The way I heered it, one feller says to the other feller, "SAYYYY", he says, "I SEE WHERE THERE'S A BILL UP BEFORE THE SENATE TO DRAFT RICH MENS' MONEY IN CASE OF WAR. THAT KINDA EVENS THINGS UP, DON'T IT?" "SURE DOES", says 'tother feller, "DURING THE LAST WAR THEY DRAFTED THE DOUGHBOYS - IN THE NEXT ONE THEY'RE GONNA DRAFT THE BOYS' DOUGH!" HEH heh heh...In other words, Johnny - the Government will getcha one way or another - either your buck PRIVATES, OR YOUR PRIVATE BUCKS - heh heh heh, EHHHH? Oh, Y'said no pills today, eh? Okay, Johnny. G'bye, Daughter!

DOOR SLAM

FIB: That old fossil!

MOL: So they're gonna draft people's money in the next war, are they?

FIB: Well, I c'n claim exemption -- my bank book has got flat feet.

MOL: Well, it wouldn't have, McGee - if you didn't spend your money for silly things like zithers.

FIB: Incidentally, I wonder if I oughta call up the company long distance and see what's delayin' 'em,

MOL: What company is it?

FIB: It was the..er, well, I got the advertisement right here, "The Don't-Be-A-Wallflower-Zither-Corporation." See?

MOL: Oh, very interesting! (READS) Listen to this. "Be a Popular Success. Learn to play the zither in ten easy lessons. Strum your way up the social ladder. Watch the crowds gather around you".

(2ND REVISION)

-7-

FIB: I bet they will too.

MOL: Yes, three notes on one of them lap-harps and you'd be mobbed.

SOUND: DOOR KNOCK

FIB: Hot Dog! This must be it! COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR LATCH

MAN: MAILMAN!

FIB: (EAGERLY) Gimme the package, mailman. I'll sign for it.

MAN: Sorry, Mr. McGee - no package - just this registered letter for Mrs. McGee. *Good Day!*

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: Well, if this ain't the dad rattedest -

MOL: Look, McGee. A letter from Aunt Sarah.

SOUND: TEARING PAPER

FIB: What's that old war-horse whinneying about now?

MOL: Listen to this, McGee, (READS) "My dear niece: Knowing that you will want to go to the World's Fair, and being sure that that worthless husband of yours will never make enough money to enable you to do it -

FIB: The old battle-axe is still choppin' away, ain't she?

MOL: Be quiet. (READS) "And so that you can take a trip to the World's Fair, I am enclosing a check for two hundred dollars." HEAVENLY DAYS! TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS.

FIB: OH BOY, TWO HUNDRED BUCKS!

MOL: Wasn't that nice of her, McGee?

b

(REVISED)

-8-

FIB: Yes, it certainly is. COLD CASH FOR YOU, AND THE HOT FOOT FOR ME - (TO HIMSELF) Worthless husband, am I?

MOL: I'm sorry if she hurt your feelings, dearie.

FIB: Oh, that's all right. I bruise easy - but two hundred bucks is nice liniment. Imagine her sendin' us two hundred bucks. I always did have a kind of sneakin' fondness for that old gal.

MOL: She never liked you, either. BUT TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS. Isn't this wonderful!

FIB: I'll say it is. Gonna be kinda nice at that - drivin' to New York in our new car.

MOL: NEW YORK? If we go to a World's Fair it'll be San Francisco!

FIB: Aw, Molly - let's go to New York. I wanta see that pylon and stratosphere.

MOL: We're goin' to San Francisco.

FIB: Oh, what's the difference. The hot dogs taste just the same in both places. *if a kid 200 we don't have to eat that cheap case an' get* Tell you what let's do, Molly - let's go *to the one that's nearest.*

MOL: That's fair enough, McGee. Hand me the atlas.

FIB: Okay, here y'are.

MOL: Well, ~~HEAVENLY DAYS~~, what happened to it? There's a lot of pages torn out.

FIB: I know - I tore out all the European maps - they kept me awake movin' around at night.

SOUND: RUSTLE OF PAPER:

MOL: Here's a map of the United States, McGee.

FIB: Well, can you beat that. We're just halfway between *to two fair* I guess that means we go to New York.

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(REVISED)

-9-

MOL: It means no such a thing. We'll go to San Francisco.

FIB: Well, there's one good way to get it settled. We'll flip a coin.

MOL: Well, all right - get out a coin.

(PAUSE)

FIB: I ain't got a coin.

MOL: So what do we do now?

FIB: Let's flip the check - if it lays flat we go to New York. If it stands on one end we go to San Francisco.

MOL: Oh, this is foolish. I've got a nickel out in the kitchen, McGee. I was goin' to give it to the milkman - Come on (FADE
I put it in a glass on a shelf. Oh, handing it, eh.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS

MOL: (FADE IN) Yes, here it is. *FIB:*

SOUND: TINKLE OF GLASS

FIB: Let's see it. (PAUSE) Shucks, it's only got one head on it. I'm afraid this is gonna have to be honest.

MOL: Quit stallin', McGee - I'd like to get packed and get out of here before that zither comes.

FIB: Okay, here she goes - heads New York - tails San Francisco. One - two three --

PAUSE: SOUND: CLATTER OF COIN IN SINK

MOL: LOOK OUT, MCGEE - IT'S GOIN' DOWN THE DRAIN -

FIB: Dad rat it - Well, I guess you win, Molly - it's tails.

MOL: How do you know - the nickel went down the drain.

FIB: I know - but if you was a nickel and dove down a drain, you'd go head first wouldn't you?

MOL: Don't be silly, McGee. We've got to get that nickel out of there. *McGee, will a plumber*

FIB: ~~It's a nickel, McGee.~~

(2ND REVISION) -10 & 11-

FIB: Well, it seems an awful roundabout way to make a decision, but I'll do it. I'll see if he can come right over an -

SOUND: DOOR KNOCK

FIB: Oh - oh, maybe that's my zither.

MOL: No doubt it is - if I was deliverin' a zither I'd come to the back door too. COME IN.

SOUND: DOOR LATCH

MILLS: Hello, folks. What're you doin'?

MOL: Fibber just dropped a nickel down the drain, Billy.

MILLS: That's a neat system. How much water do you get for a nickel?

FIB: That ain't the idea, Billy. We dropped it by mistake - and now we're waitin' for the plumber.

MILLS: Well, while you're waiting, how'd you like to hear Don Novis sing, "^{Carry} ~~Bury~~ Me ^{back to} ~~Not on~~ the Lone Prairie".

MOL: Oh, that would be wonderful.

FIB: Okay Billy. Folks, Donald Novis sings "CARRY ME BACK TO THE LONE PRAIRIE". Go ahead, Don, while I clear my own pipes.

ORK: "BURY ME NOT ON THE LONE PRAIRIE" - NOVIS
(APPLAUSE)

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(SECOND SPOT)

(REVISED) -12-

MOL: My, that was a beautiful song, Mr. Novis.
DON: Well, thanks, Molly. I'm glad you liked it.
FIB: I used to be quite a hand at those cowboy songs, myself, Don.
When I was a wrangler out in Montana I learned that was the
best way to herd cattle - by singin' to 'em.
DON: That's pretty good, Fibber, but that ain't the way I herd
'em. Well, I hope you find your nickel.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOL: Well, get busy, McGee. Call a plumber.
FIB: Okay. (PHONE CLICK) Hello, operator...I want the number of
a good plumber who - Oh, is that you, Myrt?
MOL: Oh, dear.
FIB: How's everything, Myrt? Eh? WHAT....She did?.....Your
sister, huh? In a taxicab, huh? Can you imagine that!
Boy or girl, Myrt?.....girl, huh.
MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS, MCGEE - WHAT HAPPENED?
FIB: (ASIDE) Myrt's sister was taking a doll home to her little
girl and she left it in a taxicab. (INTO PHONE) Say, Myrt-
do me a favor, willya? Call a good plumber and send him
over here right away. Much 'bliged, Myrt. (CLICK)
MOL: Well, while we're waitin' for the plumber, McGee --

SOUND: (DOOR LATCH & SLAM)

HAL: You the folks that wanted the plumber?
MOL: Why, yes we are. But what's the idea of keepin' us waitin'
all this time?
HAL: I had to stop on the way over here to give my brother-in-law
a treatment.
FIB: A treatment? You a doctor as well as a plumber?
HAL: No, just a plumber. But my brother-in-law's a big drip.

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(2ND REVISION)

-13-

MOL: Well, here's what you've got to do - We've lost a nickel
down the drain and we want to get it out.
FIB: But before you touch it - let us know which side is up -
heads or tails.
HAL: All right. (LAUGHS) One side, folks, I'll get right at
it.
SOUND: TERRIFIC CLATTER - HAMMERING, POUNDING METAL, ETC. FADE OUT
FIB: Gee listen to that guy. Maybe it'd been better to toss
another coin.
MOL: Yes, but think what a horrible situation, - if we got that
nickel out years later and found we'd gone to the wrong
fair.
SOUND: (DOOR LATCH & SLAM)
WIL: (BREATHLESSLY) SAY, FOLKS, - HAVE YOU SEEN "LIFE"?
MOL: Not much, Mr. Wilcox - but we're goin' to.
FIB: Yes, we're goin' to take a trip to the -
WIL: No, no, no! I MEAN "LIFE" THE MAGAZINE. (RATTLE OF PAPER)
Look, the feature article ^{this week} is about the new JOHNSON WAX
OFFICE BUILDING IN RACINE. Isn't it beautiful?
FIB: Quit flutterin', Harpo, and calm down. If you wave that
mazazine any faster you'll take off.
WIL: Yes, but look - they call it "the building of tomorrow" -
here's eleven pictures of it.

G

MOL: How could they take pictures of it if it isn't done yet?
WIL: IT IS DONE!
FIB: I thought you said they were building it tomorrow -
WIL: I didn't say any such thing! I said "Life" CALLED IT THE
BUILDING OF TOMORROW - BECAUSE IT'S SO NEW - SO MODERN!
Here, look at these pictures --
MOL: Isn't that wonderful! Look, McGee - the roof is all made
of glass tubing.
FIB: It's a wonderful article, isn't it?
WIL: Yes it is, but so is GLOCOAT. A modern product like that
deserves a modern building like this. WHY, WHEN YOU THINK
OF JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT AND ITS UP-TO-DATE, EASY-TO-USE, NO
RUBBING NO BUFFING FEATURES, - it's easy to understand why
the tough scrub-brushing of yesterday has given way to the
effortless housework of today with headquarters in the
building of tomorrow!
FIB: Ain't he wonderful, folks? You'd think he blew every foot
of that glass tubing himself.
MOL: It was nice of Life to print that article, wasn't it
Mr. Wilcox.
WIL: Yes, but you know what I've always said - Glo-Coat makes
Life easy. Well, I've got to run along and show this
article to some of my customers. So long, folks.
SOUND: DOOR SLAM
MOL: My, isn't he enthusiastic, McGee?
FIB: I'll say he is! That guy gets so steamed up he whistles
at crossings.
SOUND: HAMMERING, CLANKING, POUNDING (OFF MIKE)

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MOL: Listen to that plumber, McGee. I wonder if he has to be so
noisy.
FIB: The way he's goin' after that nickel he'll likely come up
with thirty-five cents.
MOL: I wish he'd hurry up.
SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR:
MOL: COME IN!
SOUND: DOOR LATCH
MOL: Oh, it's Mrs. Uppington! HOW DO YOU DO, MRS. UPPINGTON?
UPP: How do you do, Mr. McGee -- and Mrs. McGee.
FIB: Hiyah, Uppy!
MOL: ~~Do come in and sit down~~
~~Do come in and sit down~~ cup of tea, Mrs. Uppington?
I was just sayin' to McGee - I did wish Mrs. Uppington would
drop in some afternoon for a cuppa tea.
FIB: Aw, you never said no such a thing! You know very well you
don't like tea, and neither do I. And besides -
MOL: MCGEE! (LAUGHS) Don't pay any attention to McGee, Mrs.
Uppington - he's always clowning.
UPP: Of, of cawse, my deah - but I cawn't stop for tea. I meahly
dropped in to see if anything was wrong.
FIB: AND
MOL: Wrong?
UPP: Yes, that horrible clatter! One can heah it all ovah the
neighborhood!
SOUND: CLATTERING OF HAMMERING (OFF MIKE)
UPP: Theah - that's what I meant! What are those horrible noises?
FIB: Oh, THEM!
MOL: Oh, THAT!
UPP: Yes, THOSE! My deah - it's simply nerve-wracking.
FIB: Well, y'see, Uppy - we're goin' to the World's Fair so we
called a plumber in to find our nickel.

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UPP: FIND A NICKEL? WORLD'S FAIAH? I don't quite undahstand. And as for going to a FAIAH - and mingling with all the hoi-polli -- WELL - my deahs, you simply couldn't DRAG me to one of them.

FIB: Aw, I bet we could if we really tried, Uppy. Three or four good strong brewery horses would do the trick -- if y' didn't dig your heels in too much....
(LAUGHS)

MOL: And I agree with you, Mrs. Uppington - about mingling with all those people at a Fair -- but the only reason we go is to attend the cultural exhibits - where refined people like us --

SOUND: (LOUD CLATTER OFF MIKE)

MOL: (OFF) BE QUIET OUT THERE, YE BIG LOGAN!

UPP: Oh, I simply cawn't stand this any longah! I hope you won't think I'm just a silly girl - but my nerves, you know - GOOD BYEEEEEE!

SOUND: (DOOR SLAM)

FIB: Her nerves -- she's awful sensitive to sound since they discovered woodpeckers in her family tree.

MOL: Oh, she isn't so bad, McGee - she's haughty, but nice.

SOUND: (CLATTERING)

FIB: Listen to that guy, will ya?

Sounds like a mule in a tin stall.

SOUND: (DOOR LATCH & SLAM)

FIB: Oh hiyah, Nick!

NICK: For scrim's sake, Fizzer - What is the idea of disrobing the peace of a nice quiet residencipuss neighborhoods?

MOL: Well, we're sorry if it disturbs you, Mr. Depopolis, but we've got a plumber looking thru the drainpipes for a nickel.

NICK: Is that so! WELL, STRIKE MY PINK!.....That is a very small wages for a mon who is working so hard if I can judge by the noise - and I think I can - and I certainly did!

FIB: You don't get the idea, Nick. We lost a nickel down the drain and he's lookin' for it.

MOL: Yes, we were flippin' a coin, Mr. Depopolis, to see which World's Fair we'd go to -- New York or San Francisco.

(REVISED) 18-19-20

NICK: Oh well, in that case, kewpie, ~~what a mess~~
I was labelling under a misappledumpling. As a mother-of-
fact, I would like to go to the World's Fair myself, but I
am spending too much money going to the big horses race at
Church-Down-Hills.

MOL: What horse did you bet on, Mr. Depopolis?

NICK: Well, sir, I am standing by the windows eating a hots dog
when a mon is coming up to me and is telling me to put my
shirt on a horse which is naming itself "El Chico". And I
did it. But I guess my shirt is having the wrong sleeve-
length for that horse because he is stumbling all the way
around.

MOL: Well, that's too bad, Mr. DePopolis. I didn't even know you
were a racing fan.

NICK: I didn't know it too, kewpie. The main reason I went down
there was to find out something and I don't know it yet.

FIB: What was that, Nick?

NICK: Well, I am always seeing a farmer's horses wearing a straw
hats with two holes in it...so I can wiggle my ears,...but
I always wondered why any horse should want to win a derby!
Derbies don't even look good on PEOPLE! Well, s'long,
Fizzzer, s'long Kewpie.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

APPLAUSE:

ORK: "THREE LITTLE FISHIES" -- FOUR NOTES -- (APPLAUSE)

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(THIRD SPOT)

(2ND REVISION) -21-

FIB: That was the Four Notes singing -

SOUND: (LOUD CLATTER)

FIB: BE QUIET A MINUTE, WILL YA, PLUMBER? (PAUSE)...That was
the Four Notes singin'. "THREE LITTLE FISHIES". And very
cute, too, kids.

HAL: Excuse me, folks, have you got a toy sailboat?

FIB: A TOY SAILBOAT?

MOL: What on earth for, Mr. Plumber?

HAL: (LAUGH) Well, I just thought you might have some fun --
sailing it on the kitchen floor - it's all flooded -

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS! FLOODED.

HAL: (LAUGHS) Yes, I forgot to shut the water off before I
started to work. Silly, wasn't it? Well, I'LL HAVE YOUR
NICKEL FOR YOU IN A LITTLE WHILE, FOLKS. (FADE OUT)

FIB: C'n you imagine that? Forgot to shut the water off!

SOUND: (DOOR KNOCK)

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

SOUND: (DOOR LATCH)

FIB: Oh, hello there little girl.

TEE: Hi! Mister!

(APPLAUSE)

MOL: Something you wanted, Teeny?

TEE: Sure!

FIB: What?

TEE: Hmummm?

FIB: I SAID WHAT DID YOU WANT?

TEE: Whatcha doin'?

MOL: We're waitin' for the plumber to get thru work, dearie.

TEE: What's he doin'?

FIB: He's tryin' to find a nickel.

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TEE: Gee, c'n I play too?
FIB: Sorry, sis, it ain't a game.
TEE: HMMMMMMMM?
FIB: I SAID IT AIN'T A GAME!
TEE: What isn't?
FIB: Hidin' the Nick...tryin' to fi...aw fer th' -- DUMB KID!
Listen, Teeny we weren't playing a game - we lost a nickel.
TEE: Okay...But how'ja lose the nickel...hmmm...howja?
FIB: Well a kid your age wouldn't understand but IF YOU MUST KNOW
- WE WERE FLIPPIN' A COIN TO SETTLE AN ARGUMENT.
TEE: (GIGGLES)
FIB: WHAT'S SO FUNNY ABOUT THAT?
TEE: WELL, PERSONALLY, I CONSIDER IT THE HEIGHT OF FUTILITY TO
BASE AN IMPORTANT DECISION ON THE RESULTS OF SUCH AN
IGNORANT AND SUPERSTITIOUS PRACTICE AS FLIPPING A JITNEY
I BETCHA. Well - g'bye.
SOUND: DOOR SLAM
MOL: Precocious child, isn't she?
FIB: Yes, but I wouldn't mind that so much if she wasn't so darned
smart for her age.
SOUND: (TERRIFIC LONG DRAWN OUT CLATTER OF METAL)
MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS!
HAL: (FADE IN) Well, folks, I found your nickel!
MOL: Thank goodness!
FIB: (EAGERLY) WHAT WAS IT, BUD? HEADS OR TAILS?
HAL: I thought I'd let you look for yourself - C'mon out and
I'll show you.
SOUND: (FOOTSTEPS ... CLATTER OF METAL)

TEE: Gee, c'n I play too?
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HAL: I thought I'd let you look for yourself - C'mon out and
I'll show you.
SOUND: (FOOTSTEPS ... CLATTER OF METAL)

(2ND REVISION) 23-24-25

HAL: Don't fall over those pipes! I had to take the kitchen
all apart to get to the nickel!

MOL: Never mind that, McGee. WHERE'S THE NICKEL?

HAL: Right down the bottom of this pipe, see?

FIB: No, I don't see - OH, YES, I DO TOO! HEY, MOLLY, YOU WIN,
IT'S TAILS.

MOL: Oh, that's fine. That means we go to San Francisco.
Thank you, Mr. Plumber.

HAL: Oh, that's all right, folks -- sorry I had to tear things up
this way - but I had a little trouble getting at it...

MOL: Well, start puttin' it back together. And how much will we
owe you for the whole job?

HAL: Well, let me figure a moment..(TO HIMSELF) ... fifty feet
of two inch pipe...two inches of fifty-foot pipe..elbow
joint...collar joint...beer joint..replacing sink - it won't
fit and I'll have to replace it again..new heater...WELL, I
WOULD SAY ABOUT -- TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS!

FIB & MOL: TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS!?

FIB: But you can't...I mean...that's all we...

MOL: Well, THERE GOES OUR TRIP, MCGEE.

FIB: Dad rat the dad-ratted luck --

MOL: Wellllll, MR. PLUMBER I'LL JUST ENDORSE THIS CHECK OVER TO
YOU.

HAL: Well, thank you very much. Comes in very handy. Just about
the amount I needed.

MOL: NEEDED FOR WHAT?

HAL: Now I can GO TO THE WORLD'S FAIR!

FIB & MOL: (GROAN)

ORCHESTRA: "EAST SIDE OF HEAVEN"...FADE FOR:

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Tuesday - May 9, 1939
6:30 PM PST NBC
Time: 52 seconds

-26-

Closing Commercial
Wilcox in Hollywood, Indianapolis,
Richmond and Norfolk announcers.

CUE
WILCOX: Fibber and Molly will be back in just a moment -- and
now, may we say this.

.....(PAUSE, 2 SECONDS).....

At this time of year there are so many new things to buy for
the home -- so many demands on the pocketbook, it's very
important that you spend your money wisely. That's why we
believe you'll be particularly interested in the Special
Sale of Giant size cans of JOHNSON'S WAX and JOHNSON'S SELF-
POLISHING GLO-COAT now in progress. You'll want plenty of
WAX and GLO-COAT on hand to keep your floors, your furniture
and woodwork polished and clean all summer. And now's the
time to get it at a very special price. JOHNSON'S Giant
cans give you a pound and one-third or a pint and one-third
for the price of only one pint or one pound. The one-third
extra is free. Thrifty housewives have been quick to take
advantage of this sale -- to get a supply of JOHNSON'S WAX
and JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT at such a saving.
These Giant cans are going fast. When they're gone, you
won't be able to get them again. So we suggest that tomorrow
morning you ask your dealer for JOHNSON'S WAX and JOHNSON'S
SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT in the money-saving Giant size cans.

ORCHESTRA: SWELL MUSIC....FADE ON CUE

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TAG GAG

MOL: I'm in a spot now, McGee! How'll I ever tell Aunt Sarah that we practically threw her two hundred dollars down the drain?

FIB: Well, even that old sour-puss can't blame us for an accident. That wouldn't happen again in a million years.

MOL: Wel, I s'pose not....

FIB: Of course not....you can't argue with Fate....and Fate had us timed for this particular minute.

MOL: TIMED! We weren't timed -- we were SINKRONIZED!

FIB: Synkronized! GOOD NIGHT!

MOL: GOODNIGHT, ALL!

ORCH: UP TO FINISH
(APPLAUSE)

CREDITS....SIGNOFF

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, Inc.

"FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY" # 20

NBC - RED

5:30 P.M.

May 16,