

(REVISED)

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, Inc.

WRITER: DON QUINN

"FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY" # 205

NBC - RED

5:30 P.M.

May 16, 1939

TUESDAY

P

(REVISED) -2-

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 and  
Molly with Donald Novis, The Four Notes and Billy Mills'  
orchestra. The show opens with "SING MY HEART"!

ORK: "SING MY HEART" -- FADE FOR -

WIL: (Opening Commercial)

P

May 16, 1939  
Tuesday - 5:30 PM PST NBC

(REVISED) -3-

Opening Commercial

ANNOUNCER: Now we have an important message for every car owner. Throughout the world, scientists are constantly striving to develop new products that will cut down work -- make our lives easier and more pleasant. Recently, came great news from the famous JOHNSON'S WAX laboratories -- home of Johnson's Self-Polishing Glo-Coat. Another new labor-saving product has been perfected -- a double action cleaner and polish for automobiles. It's name is CARNU -- C-A-R-N-U. CARNU does two things at once -- quickly cleans and at the same time polishes your car in one easy operation. Think what this means to you! It means that now you can give your car a beautiful, glossy wax lustre in less time than you used to spend on the cleaning process alone. CARNU is a remarkable liquid which quickly dries to a white powder. Wipe off the powder and off comes the old fogginess and stain as if by magic! No hard rubbing! No danger of harm to the finish! Now, stand back and take a look at the dazzling, "Showroom" polish. Your family won't believe their eyes when they see the bright, sparkling wax sheen!

You can buy JOHNSON'S CARNU at filling stations, auto supply stores and at your regular wax dealers. Get a can right away. Let CARNU do a double job -- let it clean and wax polish your car with one simple application! Then you'll join thousands of proud car owners who enthusiastically say, "Your car looks like new -- when you use CARNU".

ORCHESTRA: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH (APPLAUSE)

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

(2ND REVISION) -4-

WIL: WELL, THE DON'T-BE-A-WALLFLOWER ZITHER CORPORATION HAS FINALLY DELIVERED FIBBER'S INSTRUMENT, (WE ALMOST SAID MUSICAL INSTRUMENT, BUT WE'VE HEARD HIM PRACTICING ON IT!) AND HERE ON THE BACK PORCH AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA, SPECULATING ON THE NON-ARRIVAL OF THE PROMISED TEN EASY LESSONS, WE FIND -- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

ORCH: ("RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN") (APPLAUSE) (FADE)

FIB: Wonder what happened to them ten lessons they were gonna send with this thing? (CHORDING) Ain't this a beautiful instrument?

MOL: I like a piano better.

FIB: Well a piano's allright, but it's a little hard to manage in a canoe.

MOL: Why don't you play somethin' McGee? Try "THE THREE LITTLE FISHIES."

FIB: I can't...I don't know how to play "boom-boom dittam dittam wottam" on a zither.

MOL: Y'know what my favorite song would be on that Hangnail Harpsichord?

FIB: No, what?

MOL: "I GET ALONG WITHOUT YOU VERY WELL."

FIB: How about "LITTLE SIR ECHO?"

MOL: That's a cute number.

SOUND: (CHORDING ON ZITHER)

FIB: (SINGS) "LITTLE SIR ECHO, HOW DO YOU DO"...

MOL: MCGEE!

FIB: 'S matter?

MOL: LOOK AT YOUR GARDEN....the neighbors chickens are in there again.

FIB: WHAT? WHY, THOSE TWO-LEGGED BEET-BANDITS....I'll show 'em--  
Here, hold this zither...

SOUND: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS

FIB: (OFF MIKE) GET OUTTA THERE, YOU DAD-RATTED...SHOO...  
GWAN...SCRAM!

SOUND: TERRIFIC CLUCKING AND SQUAWKING...(FADE OUT)

FIB: (FADE IN) I see where I gotta learn that guy next door to keep his chickens at home...

MOL: You mean teach him.

FIB: Sure. I'll teach him to learn them chickens whose garden this is.

MOL: Calm yourself, McGee!

FIB: Okay. Hand me my zither. You know what I'm gonna do. I'm gonna write my own music...I c'n knock out some of them tricky modern things...I got one in mind already... I'm gonna call it "I Wrote You A Love Letter in Invisible Ink, Because I Can't See You For Dust".

MOL: Oh, that's very sweet, McGee...and maybe you could pound out a little lullaby, and call it "Baby Couldn't Wait For The Sandman, So We Didn't Wash the Spinach".

FIB: ~~Well, a piano's all right...But it's a little hard to play in a zither...~~

SOUND: MOTOR FADE IN - UP - AND OUT

MOL: Oh, look, McGee...there's Mr. Wilcox in his car...

WIL: (OFF MIKE) Hello, folks. Going to be home a little later?

MOL: Yes, we are Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Yeah, c'mon over Harpo. I wantcha to see my beautiful zither.

WIL: I've met your sister...and take that gum out of your mouth. I'll be back a little later, folks. Gotta go home and polish my car.

SOUND: MOTOR UP AND OUT

FIB: Shucks, if Harpo's comin' over I wish I had my lessons here. I'd like to surprise him with a good rug-cuttin' swing number on the zither.

MOL: Does Mr. Wilcox like swing music? He's always so busy selling wax I didn't think he had time for it.

FIB: That's why he likes it. He's a glitter-bug. ~~(SOUND EFFECT)~~  
Say, wait 'till I get to play this thing good -- I bet I'll be invited out everyplace.

MOL: Sure you will, dearie...every place you show up with that zither, you'll be invited out. But quick!

FIB: OH YEAH? WELL, GET A LOAD OF THIS TONE QUALITY...

SOUND: TWANG OF ZITHER.

FIB: Ain't that heavenly?

MOL: HEAVENLY! You've got your directions mixed! But don't let me discourage you.

FIB: Oh, you ain't discouragin' me...though I can't honestly say you're pourin' no kerosene on the flames of my genius.

MOL: (LAUGHS) Well, have your fun, dearie...I've got to go in and finish mixin' a cake. AND KEEP AN EYE ON THOSE CHICKENS!

FIB: OKAY.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: (TO HIMSELF) I wouldn't care how many o' my vegetables them chickens et, if they'd lay an egg in our yard now and then. They're like a bunch o' foreigners that come over here and make a lotta dough and then take it back to the old country.

SOUND: ZITHER.

FIB: (SINGS) (TO SELF ACCOMPANIEMENT) "Oh - Little - Sir - Echo- How do - you - Do - Do - Do - Do "

TEE: Well do it.

FIB: OH, hiyah, little girl...I didn't see you come up on the porch.

TEE: I know you didn't, I betcha. Whatcha doin', Mister?

FIB: Practicin' my music.

TEE: HMMMMMMMMM?

FIB: I SAYS I'M PRACTICIN' MY MUSIC...Always remember that to be a expert at anything you gotta practice...and when you're an expert, people have to pay for what ye do.

TEE: ~~What's he been practicin'?~~

FIB: ~~Don't ye believe it?~~

TEE: ~~No.~~

FIB: ~~Whatcha lookin' at?~~

TEE: ~~Did somebody run over your mandolin?~~

FIB: ~~It ain't a mandolin. It's a zither. All zithers is flat- chested like this. Here, you want me to play it for you?~~

TEE: ~~No.~~

FIB: ~~Oh, you'll like it when y' hear it.~~

TEE: ~~I betcha I won't - I betcha.~~

FIB: ~~I betcha you will, I be...ahem.. Here, listen...~~

SOUND: ~~STRUMMING ZITHER~~

TEE: ~~(GIGGLES) WOW!~~

FIB: ~~Well, I'm a little outta practice, sis, but I used to be quite a musician. Why, back in 1914 all the song writers used to come to me for help. I ~~applied the guitar for "Smokin' Ray", put new lyrics on "Swanee" and "I'll Be Home" and ~~at the end when they caught "Poor Butterfly",~~ because the ~~could~~ depend on me to give an old tune a new twist. TUNE TWISTER MCGEE I WAS KNOWED AS IN THEM DAYS...~~~~

TEE: ~~(GIGGLES)~~

FIB: ~~TUNE TWISTER MCGEE - THE TITANIC TALENT THAT TAUGHT TOSCANINI TO TREMBLE TIMIDLY WHEN I TOOK THE TIME, TOIL AND TROUBLE TO TEAR OFF A TENDER TWO-STEP, TOSSIN' OFF TOE-TAPPIN' TUNES TO TEASE AND TICKLE THE TWINKLIN' TOOTSIES OF TEA-DANCE TWERPS, TANTALIZIN' THE TESTY TUNESMITHS OF TIN PAN ALLEY WITH MY TORRID TROPICAL TEMPOS AND TOUTED AS A TYPICAL TIP-TOP TONE TYCOON FROM TISKETS AND TASKETS AND TRIPE THAT'S NEW TO TARANTELLAS TRIED AND TRUE!~~

TEE: Well, gee, people don't pay my granpa, and he's practiced a LONG time, I betcha.

FIB: What's he been practicin'?

TEE: No. Medicine.

FIB: Oh. (LAUGHS) Well, that's different.

TEE: (GIGGLES) HMMMMMM?

FIB: You says...er...I meant that...Oh skip it. What's the matter, <sup>little girl</sup> ~~tee~~, whatcha lookin' at?

TEE: Did somebody run over your mandolin?

FIB: It ain't a mandolin. It's a zither. All zithers is flat- chested like this. Here, you want me to play it for you?

TEE: No.

FIB: Oh, you'll like it when y' hear it.

TEE: I betcha I won't - I betcha.

FIB: I betcha you will, I be...ahem.. Here, listen...

SOUND: STRUMMING ZITHER

TEE: (GIGGLES) WOW!

FIB: Well, I'm a little outta practice, sis, but I used to be quite a musician. Why, back in 1914 all the song writers used to come to me for help. I ~~applied the guitar for "Smokin' Ray", put new lyrics on "Swanee" and "I'll Be Home" and ~~at the end when they caught "Poor Butterfly",~~ because the ~~could~~ depend on me to give an old tune a new twist. TUNE TWISTER MCGEE I WAS KNOWED AS IN THEM DAYS...~~

TEE: (GIGGLES)

FIB: TUNE TWISTER MCGEE - THE TITANIC TALENT THAT TAUGHT TOSCANINI TO TREMBLE TIMIDLY WHEN I TOOK THE TIME, TOIL AND TROUBLE TO TEAR OFF A TENDER TWO-STEP, TOSSIN' OFF TOE-TAPPIN' TUNES TO TEASE AND TICKLE THE TWINKLIN' TOOTSIES OF TEA-DANCE TWERPS, TANTALIZIN' THE TESTY TUNESMITHS OF TIN PAN ALLEY WITH MY TORRID TROPICAL TEMPOS AND TOUTED AS A TYPICAL TIP-TOP TONE TYCOON FROM TISKETS AND TASKETS AND TRIPE THAT'S NEW TO TARANTELLAS TRIED AND TRUE!

(REVISED) 9-10-11-12

TEE: I betcha I've heard you say stuff like that on the radio,  
I betcha.

FIB: Y'have, huh?

TEE: Hmmmmm?

FIB: So you've heard me on the radio, huh? EH?

TEE: Sure...My poppa listens alla time to you.

FIB: Oh, that's swell. What does he think of me?

TEE: Well he thinks you deserve a <sup>pat</sup> pat on the head...

FIB: A pat on the head, eh? ~~What does he think of me?~~

TEE: He runs a pile-driver. WELL, G'BYE, MISTER.

FIB: ~~He runs a pile-driver. WELL, G'BYE, MISTER.~~

ORK: "OUR LOVE" -- NOVIS

APPLAUSE:

SECOND SPOT:

(REVISED)

-13-

FIB: Folks, that was Donald Novis singin' "OUR LOVE". It was  
swell, too, Don.

MOL: I think so too, Mr. Novis.

DON: Thanks, Molly. I see Fibber finally got his zither...

MOL: Yes, he's got an artistic soul, Mr. Novis. He wants to  
express himself.

DON: He'll get a lot of support in that idea. You crate him up  
and I'll pay the express. Well, see you later, folks....

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS FADING OUT.

FIB: What is this, Molly? Can't a guy have a hobby without  
bein' a social outcast?

MOL: Certainly, but why didn't you take up somethin' constructive?

FIB: Such as what?

MOL: Well, pilin' matches up on beer-bottles, or balancing a  
straw on your nose, or somethin' really useful.

FIB: What's more useful than a knowledge of music -- listen to  
this -

SOUND: ZITHER STRUMMING.

FIB: (SINGS) "Little Sir Echo...how do you do...Hello...."

OLD MAN: (FADE IN) Hello, <sup>John</sup> Johnny. Good Day, Daughter! You wanna  
buy some soap? I only gotta sell seventy-two bars more  
today 'n I'll win a magic lantern...

MOL: No thank you Little Sir Echo, I guess not.

OLD MAN: EHHHHHHH?

FIB: She said no, we don't want any soap. Besides, you wanta be  
careful of them magic lanterns, they're kinda dangerous...

MOL: Why are they, McGee?

FIB: Well, I had one once, but the only slide I had for it was a  
view of Niagara Falls, -- and I threw that on the wall so  
often the plaster all came off. (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 says to the other feller, "SAYYYYYY", he says, "I SEE WHERE A COUPLE OF KIDNAPERS IN CALIFORNIA TIED UP A BIG PUBLISHER AND CARRIED HIM AWAY."  
 "IS THAT SO", says tother feller, "HOW'D THEY TREAT HIM?"  
 "WELL", says the first feller, "SPEAKIN' AS A BOOK EXPERT, HE SAYS HE DIDN'T CARE FOR THEIR BOLD FACE TYPE, BUT THEY CERTAINLY GAVE HIM A NICE BINDING." Heh heh heh...  
 Well, it's just as well y'didn't take any soap, kids, it ain't much good....Shaved with it this mornin' and it dissolved two razor-blades. So long, Johnny.....Good day, Daughter!

MOL: Fine soap salesman!

FIB: Yes, that would probably be pretty good laundry soap...if y'had a nice dirty three-story laundry y'wanted washed!

MOL: Oh well the poor old fella is just tryin' to -- Oh hello, Mr. Wilcox!

WIL: Hello, folksies!

FIB: What you doin' here, Harpo? If you was real loyal to our sponsor you'd be home polishin' up that car of yours.

WIL: Oh I've got that all done...

MOL: WHAT? ALREADY?

WIL: Sure...I just used that new Johnson product, Car-Nu, and it's marvelous! Cleans and wax polishes your car in one operation.

FIB: Is that so? Tell us about your operation, Harpo...

WIL: (LAUGHS) All right. You simply apply Car-Nu over the clean surface of your car, allow it to dry to a powder - wipe off the powder and there's your car -- with a beautiful wax polish!

MOL: Well, Heavenly days! As easy as that?

WIL: As easy as that! Why Car-Nu is as sensational a product for auto polishing as Glo-Coat is for floors and linoleum. Say, that's a nice bunch of chickens you got there...

FIB: Oh, my Gosh....they're in again. Hey, get outta there.... GWAN HOME. SCRA.... SHOO!

SOUND: SQUAWKING AND CLUCKING (FADE OUT)

WIL: Oh, those chickens belong next door...

MOL: Yes, and they're very crafty, too. They hatch a plot to come over here and get fed so they can go back home and plot a hatch!

WIL: Well, it would be a shame to ruin that beautiful garden... I'm afraid I stepped in it coming through the yard. Mind if I use your foot-scraper?

SOUND: TWANG OF ZITHER:

FIB: Hey, lay off! THAT AIN'T A FOOT SCRAPER - THAT'S MY ZITHER!

MOL: Well, pick it up off the floor, McGee.

FIB: Okay, but y'don't expect me to chase chickens with a zither in my hand, do you?

WIL: No, you never will get them out if they see a musical instrument like that. Chickens love corn. Well, s'long folksies!

(REVISED) 16-17-18

FIB: Chickens love corn! Well, what of it? I hear the only vegetable Harpo will eat is wax beans.

SOUND: ZITHER STRUMMING

FIB: (SINGING) "Little Sir Echo...How do you do...hello...  
Hey, Molly, what comes after "hello"?

MOL: How are you?

FIB: Fine, thanks. How's everything with -- no, that ain't what I meant...

MOL: Oh, dear...Look, McGee, here comes <sup>that</sup> Mrs. Uppington! Lookit the way she holds her nose up in the air!...She'd be a good judge at the air races. OH, HOW DO YOU DO, MRS. 'UPPINGTON!

UPP: OOOOOH, How do you do, Mrs. McGee...AND Mr. McGee!

FIB: Hiyah, Uppy?

UPP: I just stopped in to protest...in a quiet sort of way, you know, about the noise in this neighborhood. ~~Least week it was the terrible repair work you were doing on the plumbing...and the noise from the RUDY's disturbed and only by your poultry...and that~~ horrible jangling! Reaaaahly, it's lowering the tone of the whole neighborhood!

FIB: You got us wrong, Uppy. Them chickens don't belong to us.

MOL: And that jangling noise was McGee playin' his zither.

UPP: His zither? What on earth is a zither?

MOL: ~~You tell me McGee! I'm too much of a lady, to use profanity!~~

FIB: This is a zither, Uppy. (TWANGING ZITHER) And believe me, you get some wonderful music out of a dingus like this.

MOL: Yes, indeed. IN FACT I think they got ~~it~~ <sup>the music</sup> all outta this one before they sent it to McGee!

UPP: Reaaaaly! Plebian looking instrument, isn't it? How does one hold it?

MOL: Like a cat, Mrs. Uppington. It sits on your lap, and when you stroke it it makes funny noises.

UPP: Well, at least I'm relieved to know that those are not your chickens.....Such noisy creatures!

p

(2nd REVISION) -19-

FIB: Well, even a chicken is entitled to a voice in its own affairs, Uppy, and it's somethin' to crow about when you can have a blessed event every day in the year.

UPP: (LAUGHS) That reminds me...my poultry man brought me some fresh eggs last Sunday, but I wouldn't accept them. Oh, I simply couldn't, really. I said, "Give them back to the hens, poultry man -- after all, you know, this IS MOTHER'S DAY! Well, so sorry if I've upset you, GOOD BYEEEEEEEEE!

MOL: Isn't she silly, McGee? Sending the eggs back to the hens because it was Mother's Day?

FIB: Yes, I bet she saves all her pop bottles and sends 'em back on Father's Day!

SOUND: (ZITHER STRUMMING)

FIB: This thing has got more strings to it than a gyp accident policy.

SOUND: (ZITHER STRUMMING)

FIB: (SINGING) "Little Sir Echo, how do you do, Hello...."

SOUND: (CLUCK..CLUCK)

FIB: Dat-rat them chickens. SHOO! SCAT! GWAN HOME! GIT AWAY FROM HERE!

SOUND: (SQUAWKING & CLUCKING FADE OUT)

FIB: Dad rat it Molly. I'm tired of playin' tag with them squawkin' egg-factories. I'M GOIN' NEXT DOOR AND TELL THAT GUY OFF!

MOL: Well...be diplomatic, McGee - remember it's easier to get good vegetables than it is good neighbors, and besides, the chickens don't know what they're doin'.

FIB: Well, they may be dumb clucks at home, but they certainly know their vegetables over here! Take the zither, Molly.... take the cue, Billy.

ORCH: "WAY DOWN YONDER IN NEW ORLEANS"....4 NOTES  
(APPLAUSE)

FIB: That was the Four Notes singin' "WAY DOWN YONDER IN NEW ORLEANS"! .....a little Southern dish they cooked up and served hot. And very tasty, kids. (TO HIMSELF) I hope this guy's at home.

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR

FIB: I don't know why a chicken crosses the road, but if them hens of his cross my path once more --

SOUND: DOOR LATCH

HAL: Yes?

FIB: Oh, hiya, Bud. You the feller that lives next door?

HAL: No, I live right here.

FIB: Oh, yes, this is next door, isn't it?

HAL: No, next door is over there. A Mr. McGee lives there.

FIB: I seem to have got off to a wrong start, Bud -- I'm Mr. McGee.

HAL: Yes, that is a wrong start, from what I've heard. (LAUGHS)  
What can I do for you, Mr. McGee?

FIB: I can tell you that in words of one syllable, -- you can keep your hens at home. I ain't runnin' no cackleberry relief project.

HAL: (LAUGHS) I believe I get the idea, Mr. McGee. You want me to keep my chickens out of your garden.

FIB: Bud, you catch on quicker than lint on a blue-serve suit. If you don't keep your chickens at home, they'll wind up in a fricasee, or we'll wind up in a fracas, see?



FIB: That was the Four Notes singin' "WAY DOWN YONDER IN NEW ORLEANS"! .....a little Southern dish they cooked up and served hot. And very tasty, kids. (TO HIMSELF) I hope this guy's at home.

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR

FIB: I don't know why a chicken crosses the road, but if them hens of his cross my path once more --

SOUND: DOOR LATCH

HAL: Yes?

FIB: Oh, hiya, Bud. You the feller that lives next door?

HAL: No, I live right here.

FIB: Oh, yes, this is next door, isn't it?

HAL: No, next door is over there. A Mr. McGee lives there.

FIB: I seem to have got off to a wrong start, Bud -- I'm Mr. McGee.

HAL: Yes, that is a wrong start, from what I've heard. (LAUGHS) What can I do for you, Mr. McGee?

FIB: I can tell you that in words of one syllable, -- you can keep your hens at home. I ain't runnin' no cackleberry relief project.

HAL: (LAUGHS) I believe I get the idea, Mr. McGee. You want me to keep my chickens out of your garden.

FIB: Bud, you catch on quicker than lint on a blue serge suit. If you don't keep your chickens at home, they'll wind up in a fricasee, or we'll wind up in a fracas, see?

HAL: I see! I'm sure you won't be bothered with them any more. (LAUGHS) It seems that back-yard of yours is always the scene of some kind of excitement.

FIB: Whatcha mean?

HAL: Oh, hadn't you heard? Fellow who lived there before you did used to bury large sums of money out there, but after he moved no-one was ever able to find anything.

FIB: Oh, well....you know how those things spread, Bud. Neighbors will talk. I knew a guy that built a bird-bath in his backyard and the neighbors complained because he didn't have a seagull for a life-guard. Well, much obliged, neighbor. Have a cigar?

HAL: Ahhhh, thank you. I have one.

FIB: You get two? Thanks. I'll drop in some night and play you a zither solo.

HAL: Splendid....splendid! I'll have the executor of my estate put a music rack on my tombstone for you.

FIB: What's that for?

HAL: That's the only way you'll ever play me a zither solo -- over my dead body! Good day, McGee!

SOUND: (DOOR SLAM)

FIB: Well, I guess I got that settled. As I always says, if you'll just take a reasonable altitude with people you'll never havea comedown.

NICK: Well, hello there, Fizzer! What is this I'm hearing about you sitting on your piazza practicing on a musical instrupipe?

FIB: Yes, I bought me a zithor, Nick.

NICK: Is that so? If I'm not being too inquisipuss, how do you play a zipper? Do you blow into it like a piccalilly? Or hit it with a stick like a xylotelephone?

FIB: Xylophone, Nick, not xylotelephone.

NICK: It's a natural mistake, Fizzer. You hear so many wrong numbers on both of them.

FIB: Well, I had to give up my zither practice for today because I had to keep chasin' the neighbors' chickens outa the yard.

NICK: I don't mean to tell you! ~~That~~ <sup>That</sup> is reminding me of a cutes little stories I am reading in a book last night which is being known by the name of "The Moose Which is Laying a Golden Egg".

FIB: That wasn't a moose, that was a goose. A moose is kind of a deer.

NICK: Well, anything which is laying a golden egg would be kind of a dear to me. I'm thinking. But the plots of the story, Fizzer, is very excrucipating....IT SEEMS that once upon a time way back when it was quite a while ago--

FIB: Never mind, Nick -- I'm familiar with the story.

NICK: Well, be that as it May, June or July, in this story there is a man who is doing a good turn to a fairy princess, which he is not having any right to do because he is not a Boy Scout in the first place, and a fairy princess doesn't need somebody to do me a good turn in the third place. I don't know who came in the second place, but I didn't have any money on it, anyway. WELL, SIR--

FIB: I know the story, Nick. ~~The~~ fairy princess gave him the goose to take home as a reward, and every day it would lay a golden egg....

NICK: Sure. WELL SIR -- the mon who is having this fowl is being so greedy that he can't wait till day after day to get one egg at a time -- so he's killing the goose, thinking it is full of golden eggs, and what is happening .... but nothing.

FIB: Yes, I know. And then he didn't have either goose or eggs.

NICK: Presticely! And the mortal of the story is being: "IF SOMEBODY GIVES YOU THE BIRD, YOU WANT TO MAKE SOMETHING OF IT?"

So long, Fizzer!.....

FIB: One of that guy's main foibles is feeble fables. Well, now maybe I c'n get back to my zither practice. I hope Little Sir Echo ain't been lonesome for me while I been gone.

SOUND: (FOOTSTEPS ON PORCH)

MOL: (OFF) Oh, are you back, McGee?

FIB: Yeah ... say that's kind of a nice guy next door. Told me an interestin' thing about our back-yard....

MOL: Between him and his chickens they certainly dig up the dirt, don't they? What'd he tell you, McGee.

FIB: He says some old guy used to live in this house....used to bury money out in the back-yard.

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS! MONEY!

FIB: Yeah, but they've tried lookin' for it, and nobody ever found nothin'. The guy was probably diggin' fishin' worms.. (PAUSE) What'sa matter, Molly?

MOL: McGEE! Have you noticed that those chickens were all scratchin' away at one certain spot in the garden?

FIB: Sure, but that don't mean nothin' -- chickens always dig where the dirt's loose.

MOL: Well, why is the dirt loose, McGee? Somebody's been digging there before ...

FIB: SAY, YOU MAY HAVE SOMETHIN' THERE, MOLLY!

MOL: It's worth a try.

FIB: HOT DOG! WOULDN'T IT BE WONDERFUL IF WE FOUND ---WHY THE GUY MIGHT'VE BURIED A MILLION -- HAND ME THAT SHOVEL, MOLLY, I'M GOIN' OUT AN' LOOK.....

MOL: HERE Y'ARE MCGEE! ~~HERE'S THE NEWS GUY -- IT'S A REAL MONSTER -- NO TOP LETTER -- NO SHOWER -- FINE...~~

FIB: I'LL BE BACK IN A MINUTE MOLLY, AND LET YOU KNOW....

SOUND: (DOOR SLAM....RUNNING FOOTSTEPS ON WOOD...TERRIFIC CRASH CLIMAXED WITH ZITHER TWANG)

FIB: (GROANS)

SOUND: (DOOR LATCH)

MOL: (OFF) HEAVENLY DAYS! MCGEE. WHAT'D YOU DO?

FIB: I TRIPPED ON MY ZITHER. LOOK AT IT! IT'S RUINED!  
(CRACKLE OF WOOD)

MOL: OH, I'M SORRY, DEARIE. BUT AFTER ALL, THERE MAY BE ENOUGH BURIED OUT THERE TO BUY YOU A THOUSAND ZITHERS -- HEAVEN FORBID!

MOL: Well, why is the dirt loose, McGee? Somebody's been digging there before ...

FIB: SAY, YOU MAY HAVE SOMETHIN' THERE, MOLLY!

MOL: It's worth a try.

FIB: HOT DOG! WOULDN'T IT BE WONDERFUL IF WE FOUND ---WHY THE GUY MIGHT'VE BURIED A MILLION.-- HAND ME THAT SHOVEL, MOLLY, I'M GOIN' OUT AN' LOOK.....

MOL: HERE Y'ARE MCGEE! ~~HERE'S THE NEWS GUY -- IT'S A REAL MONSTER -- NO TOP LETTER -- NO SHOWER -- FINE...~~

FIB: I'LL BE BACK IN A MINUTE MOLLY, AND LET YOU KNOW....

SOUND: (DOOR SLAM....RUNNING FOOTSTEPS ON WOOD...TERRIFIC CRASH CLIMAXED WITH ZITHER TWANG)

FIB: (GROANS)

SOUND: (DOOR LATCH)

MOL: (OFF) HEAVENLY DAYS! MCGEE. WHAT'D YOU DO?

FIB: I TRIPPED ON MY ZITHER. LOOK AT IT! IT'S RUINED!  
(CRACKLE OF WOOD)

MOL: OH, I'M SORRY, DEARIE. BUT AFTER ALL, THERE MAY BE ENOUGH BURIED OUT THERE TO BUY YOU A THOUSAND ZITHERS -- HEAVEN FORBID!

FIB: OH, SHUCKS -- I ALMOST FORGOT THAT! WHERE WERE THEM  
CHICKENS SCRATCHIN' MOLLY --- RIGHT HERE?

MOL: OVER A LITTLE TO THE LEFT....THAT'S IT....RIGHT THERE,  
GET BUSY, McGEE!

FIB: OKAY....HERE SHE GOES!

SOUND: (CRUNCH OF DIRT....GRUNTS, SUSTAINED...THUD ON WOOD)

FIB: HOT DOG! I'VE STRUCK SOMETHIN'.

MOL: WELL, DON'T STAND THERE TREMBLIN', DIG IT OUT!

FIB: I AM -- IT AIN'T BURIED VERY DEEP. HERE IT IS! WOODEN-BOX!

MOL: OH, McGEE! I'M SO EXCITED! IS IT HEAVY?

FIB: NOPE, MUST BE PAPER MONEY....WAIT'LL I BUST IT OPEN...

SOUND: (CRACKLE OF WOOD)

FIB: WHAT IS IT, MOLLY? WHAT IS IT?

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS! McGEE -- IT'S A MOULDY OLD CHART!

FIB: HOT DOG! A CHART -- BURIED TREASURE?

MOL: NO, A CHART SHOWIN' HOW TO PLAY THE ZITHER IN TEN EASY  
LESSONS!

FIB: OH, PSHAW!

ORR: "YOURS FOR A SONG".....FADE FOR

WIL: (CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

May 16, 1939  
Tuesday - 5:30 PM PST NBC  
Time: 59 seconds

Closing Commercial (Read by Wilcox)

CUE:  
(WILCOX): Fibber will be back in just a moment.

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

And now may I have your attention. School will soon be out and your children will be trooping through the house, bringing in a lot of extra dirt and grime. Now is the time to protect your floors, furniture and woodwork with a gleaming shield of JOHNSON'S WAX -- to save them from the punishment they'll get this summer. You'll be amazed to find how much cleaner your rooms will stay after you have given your windowsills, table tops and floors a dirt-resisting wax polish. Your home will have bright new charm -- for dust can't cling to the beautiful, satiny wax lustre!. There's a big sale right now of JOHNSON'S WAX and JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT in special Giant size cans containing one-third more than the regular amount. These Giant cans don't cost a penny extra. You pay for only a pint or a pound and you get a pint and one-third or a pound and one-third. These Giant sizes are going fast. When they're gone, there won't be any more. So ask your dealer the first thing tomorrow morning for JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT and JOHNSON'S WAX in the money-saving Giant size cans.

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

TAG GAG

FIB: I'M JUST SICK ABOUT BUSTIN' MY ZITHER MOLLY.  
MOL: WELL I AM TOO, DEARIE, BUT I WAS GETTIN' A LITTLE TIRED OF  
HEARIN' YOU TUNK-TUNK-TUNK AWAY AT IT,  
FIB: WADDYE MEAN, TUNK TUNK TUNK. A ZITHER DOESN'T TUNK.  
MOL: WHAT DOES IT DO?  
FIB: WELL, CONFIDENTIALLY....IT TINKS! AHM. GOOD NIGHT.  
MOL: GOOD NIGHT, ALL!

WORK UP TO FINISH: APPLAUSE

CREDITS: SIGNOFF:

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, Inc.

"FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY" # 20

NBC - RED

5:30 P.M.

May 23,