

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

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

#207

Tuesday - May 30, 1939

NBC-Red

WIL: The Johnson Wax Program!

ORCHESTRA: THEME

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 "Hallelujah".

ORCHESTRA: "HALLELUJAH"....FADE FOR.

WIL: (1st COMMERCIAL)

May 30, 1939
Tuesday 5:30 PM PST NBC

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Opening Commercial

ANNOUNCER: Attention car owners! Another new labor-saving product is now offered to you by the makers of JOHNSON'S WAX and JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. The name of this new product is JOHNSON'S CARNU -- C-A-R-N-U. It's a double-action cleaner and wax polish all in one. The job it does is little less than miraculous. CARNU saves you time and work. You simply can't compare its fast action with the old, difficult methods of car polishing. If your car is now foggy, streaked and dirty, CARNU will quickly take away all the ugly film -- give it a dazzling, mirror-like polish that will amaze you! This new double-duty liquid polish goes on in a hurry -- dries almost immediately to a white powder. Wipe off the powder with a clean cloth, and there stands your car with a dazzling wax polish -- a car your family will be proud to ride in. You can easily do the job in an hour, and believe me, you'll call it an hour well spent! CARNU both cleans and wax polishes in one simple operation. Buy a can of JOHNSON'S CARNU without delay at a filling station, auto supply store, garage or from your regular wax dealer. You'll soon be saying with thousands of car owners, "Your car looks like new when you use CARNU".

ORCHESTRA: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH

(APPLAUSE)

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

(REVISED) -4-

WIL: WELL, FIBBER HAS RUN OUT OF CIGARS AND HAS PERSUADED MOLLY TO WALK DOWN TOWN WITH HIM TO REPLENISH HIS SUPPLIES. AND HERE, WALKING ALONG AT THE CORNER OF FOURTEENTH AND OAK STREETS, WISTFUL VISTA, WE FIND --

--FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE: THEME:

SOUND: TRAFFIC NOISES UP AND FADE:

MOL: I still don't know why we didn't take the car, McGee. Heavenly Days! We've hardly used it.

FIB: I know, I think it's a good idea now and then, Molly -- to walk along the streets of your own town.

MOL: What's good about it?

FIB: Well, it brings you closer to things -- it gives you the common touch.

MAN: Hey, buddy -- can you spare a dime for a cup of coffee?

MOL: Ah, the common touch.

FIB: I'm kinda short of change, bud -- but here's a nickel.

MAN: Okay. I'll get a demi-tasse. Thanks, Doc.

(REVISED) -4-

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FIB: I'm kinda short of change, bud -- but here's a nickel.

MAN: Okay. I'll get a demi-tasse. Thanks, Doc.

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MOL: ^{Mc Gee}~~McGee~~, I don't think he really wanted coffee.

His nose was awful red...

FIB: So's your uncle Dennis' -- and look at all the black coffee he has to drink.

MOL: I'll have you know, McGee, that me uncle Dennis is a teetotaler.

FIB: You got somethin' there. All the tea that guy ever drunk wouldn't total half a pint. Why, I remember one night I looked out the window and seen him peekin' into the mailbox down to the corner, and you know what he was sayin'? He was sayin', "Come on out and fight, Jim Farley! -- ~~Farley's twice as big as Uncle Dennis!~~"

MOL: He shouldn't 've done that -- Mr. Farley's twice as big as Uncle Dennis!

FIB: Well, I just mentioned it to show -- Oh, there's Harpo Wilcox. Hiyah, Harpo!

MOL: Where you goin' in such a hurry, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: I'm going down to buy some fireworks.

FIB: FIREWORKS! What's your hurry?

MOL: Fourth of July is five weeks away.

WIL: I know it -- but I always start early. I give firecrackers as premiums to all my Johnson Wax customers.

MOL: I suppose the idea is that Johnson Wax does such a bang-up job.

WIL: Not only that -- but it emphasizes the fact that Johnson's Wax saves so much time and trouble to a housewife that every day is Independence Day! Well, I'll see you later, folks -- gotta hurry.

FIB: Smart guy, Harpo. I hope our sponsors notice the boom in our summer business.

(REVISED)

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SOUND: TRAFFIC UP AND FADE

FIB: Careful crossin' the street here, Molly. Better let me take your arm before some truck driver takes your leg.

MOL: You just take care of yourself, dearie. Remember the time you got your heel caught in the car-track? You held up traffic for four hours.

FIB: Would've been longer than that if some genius hadn't suggested I take my shoe off.

OLD MAN: Hello, there, Johnny-- hello, daughter! Wanta buy some home-made peanut brittle? It's nutty, but it's nice.

MOL: No, thank you, Mr. Old Timer -- not today.

OLD MAN: EHHHHHHH?

FIB: She says, no, we don't want any, Old Timer. Personally, I hate to lose dignity by arguin' with a hunk of candy, but it never agrees with me. (LAUGHS)

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 JUST READ AN ARTICLE THAT SAYS THE HUMAN BODY IS SIXTY-FIVE PERCENT WATER. WONDERFUL NEWS, AIN'T IT?"

"IT SURE IS!" says tother feller, "NEXT TIME I WANT TO PLAY POKER WITH THE BOYS I CAN SNEAK OUT THROUGH THE HYDRANT"

(LAUGHS) Heh heh heh heh. Well, sorry you don't want any peanut brittle, kids -- kinda like it myself -- I'm a little deaf, and with this stuff I can always tell when I'm through eatin'. So long, Johnny. Goodbye, daughter. (FADE OUT)

Nice fresh peanut brittle! Monkey-wrench with every box.... to tighten the nuts.....get your peanut brittle here..!

b

(REVISED) -7 & 8-

MOL: Oh, McGee, look! Isn't that the sweetest pair of shoes in the window -- those beach clogs with the platform soles.....

FIB: I'd like to get a pair of them myself. I'm so short that whenever I go to the beach I can't see anything. Oh hiyuh Don!

NOVIS: Well, hello, Fibber and Molly. Where are you bound for?

MOL: We're goin' down to the cigar store, Mr. Novis. McGee has run out of cigars.

DON: I don't blame him. If I smoked the kind of cigars he does, I'd run out too.

MOL: Yes, he was blowin' smoke rings last summer up at the lake and they're still usin' four of 'em for life-preservers.

FIB: Tain't so.

DON: I understand he sold three of 'em to the fire department for horse-collars.

FIB: Now, listen here, you two -- just because I....if a guy can't -- I moan -- why don't you sing somethin', Don?

DON: I'm going to -- I'm going to sing "I'M BUILDING A SAILBOAT OF DREAMS."

FIB: ~~Kinda like us, ain't it? If you take up your...~~

DON: ~~That's all right -- we live with my uncle and he's the...~~

FIB: ~~Oh that's fine, Don.~~ Well, listen, there's a real lovely song. FOLKS, DONALD NOVIS SINGS "I'M BUILDING --"

SOUND: NEWSBOYS OFF (MIKE SHOUTING EXTRAS)

MOL: Wait a minute, McGee -- you hear that? There's an extra out --

b

BOY: (FADE IN) EXTRE EXTRE! EXTRE! BLOU CNAB STOFF HONEY!
 READ ALL ABOUT IT! NOG EVER CON LOO MEN! EXTREE, EXTREE!

FIB: What's it all about, bud? -- Can't understand a word you say.

BOY: Of course you can't, you dope -- if you ~~can~~^{would} we wouldn't sell
 any papers!

MOL: I'll take one, boy.

BOY: Okay, lady -- tanks! (FADE OUT) EXTREE, HEXTREE -- READ
 ALL ABOUT IT! NONTHE MUMS QUASTER REDDLE PPLING REHAHHH!
 EXTREE, EXTREE!

DON: What's it say, Molly?

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS! A big prison break! Five desperate
 criminals Escape from Wistful Vista Penitentiary! CITIZENS
 ARE WARNED TO BE ON GUARD AGAINST CONVICTS BELIEVED STILL
 LURKING IN THIS VICINITY!

FIB: (LAUGHS) Well, you can't blame 'em much after bein' cooped
 up all those years they just wanted to get out and take
 a lurk around.

DON: ~~You aren't Novis, are you Molly?~~

MOL: ~~Well, I am a little, Mr. Nervous' --~~

FIB: ~~Don't drive in and back out again, lady. You ran over
 the lawn that time.~~

DON: You aren't nervous, are you Molly?

MOL: Well, I am a little, Mr. ~~Nervous~~^{Novis Nervous}! With all them convicts
 loose 'n all -- I'm not sure I locked the back door --
 and I know I left me diamond ring on the dressing table --
 and -- well, I'd better hurry home - (CALLS) Hurry back
 as soon as you get your cigars, dearie!

FIB: Okay, Molly. She is kinda upset, at that, Don. I better
 get down to the cigar store. How do you want to go into
 this number -- cold, or with a fancy build-up?

DON: Well, my agent told me --

FIB: Folks, Donald Novis sings "I'm Building a Sailboat of Dreams"
 Shipyard effects by Billy Mills. Take it, Don.

ORK: "I'M BUILDING A SAILBOAT OF DREAMS" - NOVIS

APPLAUSE:

(SECOND SPOT)

(REVISED) -11-

FIB: That was Donald Novis singin' "I'm Building a Sailboat of Dreams" -- Don you sang that so beautifully - that I bet there ain't a dry dock in the house. Well, I better get them cigars and hurry home. Molly's probably kinda nervous on account of them escaped convicts.

SOUND: (ROLLER SKATES)

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FIB: I better hurry up, or --- WHOOPS! Sorry grandma ~~---~~ didn't see you comin'!

WHEE: Look where you're going there, Skippy. Can't a girl go roller-skating without everybody bumping into her? One side there. Leave me by.

FIB: Okay, grandma - but ain't you a little old and brittle to be zippin' around on them bunion Buicks?

WHEE: Oh, I don't know, Shorty. Gotta keep in training for next winter. I'm a goalie on the hockey team. -- And golly, what a goalie! Let me by, there. WHOOPEE!! WAHOO!

SOUND: (ROLLER SKATES FADE FAST)

FIB: (LAUGHS) Great gal for a hockey team at that. I can just hear the sizzle when that red hot mama hits the ice. *Oh, high whoops*

WIL: ~~(FADE IN) Hello there, Fibber. Where's Molly?~~

FIB: ~~Oh, she heard about them convicts escaping and went home to be sure the house was locked up.~~

WIL: ~~Not about that, at that. I hear they're hiding in town here somewhere. Dough-balls, huh?~~

FIB: ~~Oh, I don't know. I'd take any firecracker single-handed, I was brought up with a pretty tough bunch in Peoria, but they kicked me out one day when they caught me campin' in hardware.~~ See you got your firecrackers, Fibber.

WIL: Yeah. Swell assortment, too. ~~Fibber, don't you know, I'm a Canadian, and I know.~~

FIB: Let's see 'em.

WIL: Aw, they're just ordinary firecrackers. I guess I told you what I wanted 'em for....whenever I start to tell one of my customers about Car-Nu...*Ellen* SAY! -- GET YOUR FACE OUT OF THIS BAG WITH THAT LIGHTED CIGAR!

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WHEE: Look where you're going there, Skippy. Can't a girl go roller-skating without everybody bumping into her? One side there. Leave me by.

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SOUND: ROLLER SKATES FADE FAST

FIB: (LAUGHS) Great gal for a hockey team at that. I can just hear the sizzle when that red hot mama hits the ice. *oh, baby Harpo*

WIL: ~~(FADE IN) Hello there, Fibber. Where's Harpo?~~

FIB: ~~Oh, she heard about them convicts escaping and went home to be sure the house was locked up.~~

WIL: ~~Not a bad idea at that. I hear they're holding them down here somewhere. Tough business, too.~~

FIB: ~~Oh, I don't know. I'd take any firecracker single-handed. I was brought up with a pretty tough bunch in Poplar, but they kicked me out one day when they caught me carrying a hammer.~~ See you got your firecrackers, Harpo.

WIL: Yeah. Swell assortment, too. ~~It's a whole lot better than...~~

FIB: Let's see 'em.

WIL: Aw, they're just ordinary firecrackers. I guess I told you what I wanted 'em for...whenever I start to tell one of my customers about Car-Nu...SAY! -- GET YOUR FACE OUT OF THIS BAG WITH THAT LIGHTED CIGAR!

FIB: Okay, Harpo!

WIL: When I talk to my customers about Car-Nu I say - CAR NU, THAT REMARKABLE NEW JOHNSON PRODUCT IS AS EASY TO APPLY AS A MATCH TO A BUNCH OF FIRECRACKERS!

SOUND: SEVERAL BANGS.

FIB: Gee, must have dropped a spark in there.

WIL: (TALKING FAST) THEY'VE EXPLODED! (LOUD BANG) THEY'VE EXPLODED THE OLD THEORY THAT YOU HAVE TO WEAR YOURSELF OUT TO GET A BEAUTIFUL POLISH ON YOUR CAR...

SOUND: BANG!...BANG!

WIL: WHY NOTHING ANNOYS (BANG BANG BANG!) A-NOISE! A CAR OWNER MORE THAN A DINGY, DUSTY CAR! (BANG) AND WITH CAR-NU EVERYONE REPORTS (SERIES OF BANGS) REPORTS THAT IT IS SENSATIONALLY EASY TO USE. (SWISH - BANG!) JUST APPLY JOHNSON'S CAR-NU OVER THE CLEAN SURFACE OF YOUR CAR, AND BINGO! (SOUND: LOUD BANG!) BINGO! THERE IS YOUR CAR WITH A GLEAMING SALESROOM WAX POLISH! I TELL YOU, FOLKS, JOHNSON'S CAR-NU IS DESTINED TO BE THE MOST POP - (SOUND:POP - POP - (POP) POP - (POP) POPULAR AUTOMOBILE POLISH ON THE MARKET!

SOUND: TERRIFIC SERIES OF EXPLOSIONS - SWISHES, POPS, ETC.

WIL: Excuse me, Fibber, I gotta run back and get some more firecrackers.

FIB: (LAUGHS) And to think he's the guy who used to tell me I'd get pinched some day for shootin' off my mouth inside the city limits. Oh oh. Here's the cigar store.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

FIB: Hiyah, Maury. How're you stocked up on them old McGee smoke-roos?

PINCH: You still owe me for that last hundred cigars, McGee.

FIB: How much?

PINCH: Dollar and a quarter.

FIB: Okay, here y'are. And give me another two hundred. Say, did you hear about them convicts escaping? What'd they do, dig a tunnel?

PINCH: They tried that - and gave it up. They dug a tunnel five hundred feet long and came up in the First National Bank. None of 'em had an account there and they had to go back.

FIB: Too bad. Two hundred feet south and they'd've come up in the laundry and made a clean getaway. Understand they're pretty tough characters, eh, Maury?

PINCH: Yeah, I guess so - at least they didn't post no cops in the woods in case they stopped to pick wildflowers.

FIB: Speakin' of wildflowers, I hope these cigars are as strong as my last ones...Got 'em ready for me, Maury?

PINCH: Yes, will you take 'em with you - or shall I give 'em the address and let 'em walk over?

FIB: That's okay. Let 'em walk over - but better wait 'till dark. All they got on is their wrappers. (DEFLATED LAUGH) So long, Maury.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM: TRAFFIC UP AND DOWN:

FIB: Might not be a bad idea at that to hurry home and keep an eye on things. I guess I better --

UPP: Oh, how do you do Mr. McGee.

FIB: Hiyah, Uppy. What you doing in front of a cigar store. This ain't one of your hangouts, is it, Uppy?

UPP: Mr. McGee! Please! What a horrrrrried insinuation! I was merely walking past on my way to the Ladies' Club. We are rehearsing for our annual play..I am playing the title role.

FIB: What is it this year, Uppy? "Dead End"...er...no...that couldn't be...oh, I know...I'll bet you do the wash-cloth bit in "Angels With Dirty Faces."

UPP: Not at all, Mr. McGee! We are presenting "Snow White and the Six Dwarfs".

FIB: Seven Dwarfs, wasn't it, Uppy?

UPP: Yes, but Mrs. Bingham-Boynton simply refused to play the part of "Happy". We cawn't undahstand it. Gladys has always been so willing before!

FIB: Well, maybe she didn't think the part was fat enough for her. So you're going to be Snow White, are you Uppy? What're you gonna do for a glass coffin?

UPP: Oh, veddy simple, really, Mr. McGee. Mr. Schmidt in the delicatessen is loaning us a glass showcase. I do hope I shall be able to go through with it until the Prince rescues me. It simply reeks of ham, you know...

FIB: The prince?

UPP: Oh no no no! The showcase. But I must be getting on, Mr. McGee. Quite warm, isn't it?

FIB: I'll say it is, Uppy. Hotter'n a two-dollar pistol. I've kinda worked up a sweat myself.

UPP: Please Mr. McGee! A gentleman never - ah - Horses sweat, men perspiah, and women glow! And I simply must be glowing- ah - going. Goodbyeeee!

SOUND: TRAFFIC UP AND DOWN

FIB: (LAUGHS) Good old Uppy. Some of them club-women remind me of a dollar alarm-clock - full of good works, sound awful busy and never quite on time. Now, let's see...what was I... oh, yeah...gotta get home...

(REVISED) 16-17-18

-19, 20 & 21-

NICK: Well, for scrim sake, Fizzer. What are you doing standing around on the street like a fragrant without any home?

FIB: Just came down town to get some cigars, Nick, but I gotta get right back home.

NICK: Say, I'm just meeting Mr. Wilscoth down the streets...

FIB: Oh, you did, eh?

NICK: Sure. And he is having a big bag full of fire-crackels, torpoodles, pin-whizzles, sky-rackets and Roman Candlesticks. He is going to celebrighthen the Decoracim of Independepuss a little premashortly, isn't he?

FIB: Oh, no - he's givin' 'em away for premiums. You goin' away for the Fourth, Nick?

NICK: No, Fizzer. I think I am staying here because my little boy Demetrius is being personally selected to make a recitacimum of a potriattic poetry.

FIB: What's he goin' to recite, Nick?

NICK: The recitacim he is going to give is a very famous poetry which the name of it is being "The Middle of the Night Ride of Paul Revolver." It is going something like this:

"LISTEN, MY SQUEEGEES, AND GET A LOAD
OF A MON WHO IS GALLOPING DOWN THE ROAD..."

FIB: Never mind, Nick. I'm familiar with the poem. And I gotta get home, Molly is worried about them escaped convicts.

NICK: Oh, but Fizzer! Every good United States of America citizen should have some refreshments for his memory of this great poetry.

NICK: (DRAMATICALLY) "ONE IF BY LAND AND TWO IF BY SEA AND THREE IF BY RAILROAD - IT'S OKAY WITH ME, HARDLY A MON IS NOW ALIVE ~~and if he is, he's more than~~ SEVENTY FIVE WHO REMEMBERS THAT FAMIPUSS DAY AND YEAR ~~W~~" -- Say, Fizzer -- would

You like a glass of beer?

FIB: No thanks, Nick. I told you I had to hurry home because....

NICK: (MORE DRAMATICALLY) "ONE FOR THE MONEY AND TWO FOR THE SHOW AND PAUL REVOLVER WAS READY TO GO WHEN THEY HUNG A SIGNAL UP IN A STEEPLE AND PAUL WAS WATCHING -- HE WAS PRETTY SMART PEOPLE!"

FIB: Please Nick, I can't --

NICK: "THROUGH EVERY MIDDLE SIZE VILLAGE AND FARM THE REDSKINS ARE COMING -- HE GAVE THE ALARM! AND IT'S A GOOD THING HE DID, TOO, OR IT WOULD JUST BE TOO BAD AND GEORGE WASHINGTON IS THE FIRST PRESIDENT WE EVER HAD!"

Oh, that is a wonderful poetry, Fizzer. And it is teaching us a big lesson, too. That horse back rides is just going to show that there has been more than one potriattic Canter in our histories! WELL, SO LONG, FIZZER!

FIB: More than one patriotic cante....TAKE IT, BILLY!

ORK: "JONAH & THE WHALE" FOUR NOTES

APPLAUSE

NICK: (DRAMATICALLY) "ONE IF BY LAND AND TWO IF BY SEA AND THREE
IF BY RAILROAD - IT'S OKAY WITH ME, HARDLY
A MON IS NOW ALIVE ~~and if he is, he's more than~~
~~SEVENTY FIVE WHO REMEMBERS THAT FAMIPUSS~~
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ORK: "JONAH & THE WHALE" FOUR NOTES

APPEAUSE

THIRD SPOT

(REVISED) -22-

FIB: Nice work, kids. FOLKS, THAT WAS THE FOUR NOTES SINGIN'
"JONAH AND THE WHALE"...And they fwam and they fwam back
over the da -- oh, no, that was another sea-food opera.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS UP ON PORCH

FIB: (LAUGHS) I s'pose Molly's got all the doors barricaded and
is pointin' my shotgun up the chimney...I wish she wasn't
so --

MUGG: (OFF MIKE) Now, listen, Lady...be reasonable.

FIB: Hmmm. Must have company. Wonder who that is?

MUGG #2: (OFF MIKE) Listen, sisteh. Y' make one more move toward
that windah and we bop you, see?

MUGG: (OFF MIKE) Yeah - dere after us, see? And we ain't takin'
no chances.

MOL: (OFF MIKE) Oh dear! I wish McGee was here.

FIB: Oh my gosh! It's them convicts ... they got Molly!
What'll I do ... I'll run next door and phone for the cops.

SOUND: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS OFF PORCH - ON SIDEWALK - ON WOOD AGAIN

FIB: Oh, I hope Molly keeps cool. I oughtta have the cops over
here in five minutes.

SOUND: LOUD KNOCKING - DOOR LATCH

FIB: Oh hello, little girl, will you ask your mother if I can
use the phone - quick?

TEE: No.

THIRD SPOT

(REVISED) -22-

FIB: Nice work, kids. FOLKS, THAT WAS THE FOUR NOTES SINGIN' "JONAH AND THE WHALE"...And they fwam and they fwam back over the da -- oh, no, that was another sea-food opera.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS UP ON PORCH

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SOUND: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS OFF PORCH - ON SIDEWALK - ON WOOD AGAIN

FIB: Oh, I hope Molly keeps cool. I oughtta have the cops over here in five minutes.

SOUND: LOUD KNOCKING - DOOR LATCH

FIB: Oh hello, little girl, will you ask your mother if I can use the phone - quick?

TEE: No.

p

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FIB: Come on! You gotta!

TEE: Why?

FIB: It's a matter of life and death.

TEE: Hmmmmmmmmmm?

FIB: Oh, come on, sis - quit stallin'. Hurry up - ask your mom if I can use the phone.

TEE: I can't do it, I betcha.

FIB: WHY NOT?

TEE: My mom isn't here.

FIB: Your mama -- well, who is here?

TEE: Me.

FIB: Isn't there anybody - I mean - can't somebody LISTEN SIS, I'M COMIN' IN AND USE THE PHONE!

TEE: Okay, Mister.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: Where is it?

TEE: Where's what?

FIB: The telephone, dad-rat it! The TELEPHONE! (oughtta be in the hall here someplace.) WHERE IS IT, SIS? HURRY UP!

TEE: They took it out, I betcha.

FIB: ~~What?~~

TEE: ~~What?~~

FIB: Oh, for the - Liston, sis - THIS IS URGENT! I GOTTA GET TO A TELEPHONE! Where's the nearest place I can telephone?

TEE: Right here. We got a telephone.

FIB: Why - I thought you said - DAD RAT IT! YOU SAID THEY TOOK IT OUT!

TEE: Sure they did, I betcha. They took it out of the hall and put it in the dining-room.

p

FIB: (GROANS) Oh, why does everything have to happen to me?

TEE: Did you ever have the mumps?

FIB: NO, I NEVER HAD THE MUMPS!

TEE: Then everything hasn't happened to you, I betcha.

FIB: PLEASE, SIS -- THERE'S BURGLARS IN OUR HOUSE! I GOTTA CALL THE POLICE! WHERE'S THE TELEPHONE?

TEE: In the dining room. Right there, see? Got a nickel, ~~_____~~?

FIB: No, I haven't! Dad-rat ~~_____~~! Not a cent of change with me and this would be a nickel phone!

TEE: No, it isn't, Mister.

FIB: Well, then -- why did you ask me if I had a nickel?

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: (GROANS) LISTEN, SIS - LEMME MAKE THIS PHONE CALL AND WE'LL DISCUSS FINANCES LATER.

TEE: Oh, no, you don't, I betcha. When the other neighbors use our telephone they give me a nickel, and one price to all is the way I do business.

FIB: OKAY, OKAY OKAY! I'll give you a nickel - I'll give you a dime I'LL GIVE YOU A QUARTER - I'LL GIVE YOU ... Here, gimme that phone. (CLICK) Hello, hello, hello...

TEE: Hello.

FIB: Quiet, sis...I'm telephoning. (CLICK CLICK) Hello, operator? This is an emergency - GIMME THE POLICE - ~~_____~~
~~you, what? What's my name? I don't got time to bid now.~~
~~Get me the police station!~~

TEE: (SINGS) "Si si si - you can have it for a penny. ~~_____~~"

FIB: (IN TELEPHONE) Hello, POLICE STATION? This is Fibber McGee - 79 Wistful Vista...

TEE: (SINGS) Si si si...."

FIB: YOU KNOW THEM CONVICTS THAT ESCAPED? WELL, THEY'RE IN MY HOUSE! 79 WISTFUL VISTA, SEE?

TEE: (SINGS) "Si si si, you can have it for a penny..."

FIB: For the love of - LISTEN, OFFICER, GET THE SQUAD CARS OUT HERE RIGHT AWAY - AND TELL 'EM TO TAKE IT EASY - BECAUSE THEY GOT MY WIFE IN THERE WITH 'EM, ~~_____~~
~~HEM TO COME TO ME!~~ I'D A BUSTED IN THERE MYSELF BUT THERE WAS NO USE THROWIN' MY OWN LIFE AWAY.

TEE: "You can have it for a penny..."

FIB: OKAY, OFFICER, THANKS. AND TELL 'EM TO HURRY. I HEARD 'EM THROUGH THE DOOR AND THEY'RE PRETTY DESPERATE! OKAY, OFFICER (CLICK)

TEE: "~~_____~~ you can have it for a penny..." Hey, where's my quarter, Mister?

FIB: I ain't got time now, sis. I'll see you later!

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I says I ain't ~~_____~~ don't bother me now - I'll take care of -- I GOTTA GET ~~_____~~!

TEE: Okay, mister, but it seems to me that it takes a pretty despicable character to default on a financial business arrangement with a lady, particularly when she has afforded him every facility to contact the authorities in order that he may restore his loved ones to the great American ideal of Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness. Good bye, chiseler!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

SOUND: (PLENTY) POLICE SIRENS IN DISTANCE - FADE IN FAST

FIB: Boy, they certainly got here quick! I'll never make fun of Flat feet again. ~~From across the street~~ Oh, I hope Molly's all right! I shouldn't've let her go home alone.

SOUND: SIRENS AND MOTORS WAY UP AND OUT: WITH CAR DOOR SLAMS:

MURMUR OF VOICES:

FIB: Hey, OFFICER. I'M THE --

COP: BETTER KEEP OUT OF THE WAY, BUDDY - OR YOU'LL GET HURT. WHERE DOES FIBBER MCGEE LIVE?

FIB: I dunno - I mean he lives right over the-- I mean, he's the one who called you up -- I'M HIM! I'M FIBBER MCGEE!

COP: Well, quit stallin' - and tell us where them convicts is. (ASIDE) Get out the Riot guns, boys - and the tear gas bombs.

SOUND: MURMUR OF VOICES - CLANK OF METAL

FIB: Now, listen, captain - go easy on the shootin'. My wife's in there - and them guys've been threatenin' her. I don't want nothin' to happen to her!

COP: Well, we'll do the best we can. MURPHY! MOSCOWITZ!

VOICES: Yes sir!

COP: Cover the back door! LENIHAN! GOLDBERG! O'TOOLE! CLIMB THEM TREES AND COVER THE UPSTAIRS WINDOWS!

VOICES: Yes sir! Yes sir! Yes sir!

COP: All right, McGee. ~~You will wait up at the front door and demand their surrender. Will your wife message your voice through the door?~~

FIB: ~~Well, when I see you, will I be in front of you, or behind you? You see, I am, she'll probably recognize it better from a distance.~~

COP: ~~Oh, she will, will she?~~

FIB: ~~Yes. (LAUGHS NERVOUSLY) You see, before we were married I used to call her up all the time long distances, so you see, if I stand behind you the effect will be just about the same as if...~~

COP: ~~Come on, hurry up!~~ Now, when I rap on the door and ask 'em to surrender, if they don't answer, you speak to your wife, understand?

FIB: Okay. I gugug...gug.gug.gotcha.

COP: Come on, then...

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS UP ON PORCH...PAUSE ..LOUD KNOCK

COP: (LOUDLY) All right, you men in there. COME OUT QUIETLY AND YOU WON'T BE HURT! THE HOUSE IS SURROUNDED! D'YOU HEAR ME?

(PAUSE)

FIB: Oh, my gosh. You don't suppose they -

COP: Call your wife, McGee - and see if she answers.

FIB: (QUAVERINGLY) Molllllllly. Molllllllly.

SOUND: DOORLATCH

MOL: Well, it's about time you got home, McGee. ~~There must be a fire in the neighborhood. I heard a lot of sirens. McGee!~~ What are you doin' with the policeman? ~~What're you business to him?~~

FIB: Molly! You all right! I mean - I thought --

COP: He told us them escaped convicts were in here, lady.

FIB: Sure, they were. I heard at least four tough guys talking in here, not more than ten minutes ago!

(REVISED) 27-A

MOL: Why, McGee! You never (L) OH, THAT! Oh, I was
wishin' you could've been here to hear 'em, McGee!

MCGEE: Who? Those convicts on the lam?

MOL: No - "Gangbusters" on the radio!

FIB: Aw, pshaw!

ORK: "ZING WENT THE STRINGS OF MY HEART".....FADE FOR

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

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Closing Commercial

ANNOUNCER: Fibber and Molly will be back in just a moment and now,
your attention please. These pleasant Spring days were
surely meant for enjoyment -- and no sensible woman wants
to stay in the house scrubbing floors when the warm sun
is calling her out of doors. Let me remind you then that
you can forget about scrubbing when your floors and linoleum
are gleaming with JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT.
You'll be glad every day when you see your beautiful,
lustrous floors and discover that dirt can't stick to the
shining GLO-COAT polish.

And don't neglect your porch floor! Do you remember how
the dirt collected on it last summer? Well, just put a
little GLO-COAT on that porch floor and see how much cleaner
it will stay. You know, of course, that GLO-COAT requires
no rubbing or buffing. It never streaks or smears. It
dries in twenty minutes to a glossy polish that seals the
cracks against dirt and stains. Be sure you get the real
thing -- G-L-O hyphen C-O-A-T -- JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING
GLO-COAT -- the easy-to-use liquid polish that gives
brighter lustre -- longer wear.

ORCHESTRA: SWELL MUSIC.....FADE ON CUE

TAG GAG

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS, I HAVEN'T SEEN SO MANY COPS SINCE THE
 TIME I WAS CROWNED QUEEN OF THE 14th PRECINCT AT THE
 POLICEMAN'S BALL!

FIB: THEM COPS WAS JUST AN EXTRA PRECAUTION, MOLLY. MY FIRST
 IMPULSE WAS TO RUSH IN AND CLEAN THEM HOODLUMS UP SINGLE-
 HANDED!

MOL: I'LL BET YOU COULD O' DONE IT TOO, DEARIE.

FIB: SURE I COULD. I WAS RAISED WITH A PRETTY TOUGH GANG IN
 PEORIA, REMEMBER.....TILL THEY THREW ME OUT.

MOL: WHAT'D THEY THROW YE OUT FOR?

FIB: CAUGHT ME CARRYIN' A HANDKERCHIEF. AHEM. Goodnight.

MOL: GOODNIGHT, ALL!

ORCH: UP TO FINISH....APPLAUSE

CREDITS - SIGNOFF

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

FIBBER M

5:30-6:00 PM
 Tuesday, June 6, 1939