

S. C. Johnson & Son
Writer: Don Quinn

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

#214

5:30 PM - NBC - Red
Tuesday - 9/12/39

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WIL: The Johnson Wax Program! With Fibber McGee & Molly!

ORCH: "SAVE YOUR SORROW"....FADE FOR:

WIL: The makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Self-Polishing
Glo-Coat present Marian and Jim Jordan as Fibber McGee and
Molly, with Donald Novis, Bill Thompson and Billy Mills'
orchestra. The show opens with "Sing, My Heart".

ORCH: "SING MY HEART"....FADE FOR:

WIL: (COMMERCIAL)

(Commercial - Page 3)

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
SEPTEMBER 12, 1939
TUESDAY 5:30 PM PST NBC

(REVISED)

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OPENING COMMERCIAL:

ANNOUNCER: I'd like to take one minute right now to answer a simple question. "Just what does JOHNSON'S WAX do for your floors and why does this real wax save you so much work?" The answer is simple. When you apply JOHNSON'S WAX to your floors, you are, in reality, giving them a tough, transparent shield of wax protection which shuts out dirt and germs. Thereafter, scuffing shoes cannot ruin the floor! A tough wax film guards the surface from wear -- keeps your floors beautiful as new, with a rich, mellow lustre. A single application will greatly improve the looks of the wood floors in your home. You never have to scrub a JOHNSON-WAXED floor, because stains and soiled spots can be easily wiped off the satiny wax polish. Wax your window sills, too -- your radio, picture frames, kitchen cabinet and a hundred other articles in your home. Then everything will take on new beauty and your cleaning work will be cut in half! Remember, genuine JOHNSON'S WAX wears longer -- gives greater protection to the things you prize most!

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

SEGUE

(RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN) (FADE)

(2ND REVISION)

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WFL: A PECULIAR SITUATION SEEMS TO BE IN PROGRESS AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA THIS EVENING. MOLLY IS WEARING AN EXPRESSION OF MINGLED AFFECTION AND EXASPERATION, WHILE HER SPOUSE SEEMS A BIT PERPLEXED AND PERTURBED. IT'S A SITUATION THAT'S ALWAYS OLD AND ALWAYS NEW, BUT IT'S THE FIRST TIME IT'S HAPPENED TO

FIBBER MCGEE and MOLLY!

APPLAUSE.....THEME

MOL: Come on, McGee - THINK! WHAT DAY IS THIS?

FIB: Well, now - lemme see. It's Tuesday -- but shucks, we have that every week.

MOL: Come - come what happened to us fifteen years ago?

FIB: Fifteen years ago? Search me -- I don't think I -- Oh, yes! Your Uncle Dennis got pinched for bootlegging!... (LAUGHS) ...Shucks, ain't it the dumb one? I should've remember that! Remember how he tried to ditch the evidence by pourin' it down the sewer, and five manhole covers blew off downtown? (LAUGHS) I'm glad you reminded me of that, Molly, because--

MOL: I WASN'T REMINDING YOU OF THAT!

FIB: Eh?

MOL: This, dearie, is our fifteenth wedding anniversary!

FIB: WHAT? IT IS? ONLY OUR FIFT--- I MEAN, ER...Well, whaddy know about that? Congratulations, Molly!

MOL: What are you congratulatin' me for?

FIB: Well, congratulations to us, then. Fifteen years! Don't seem that long, does it? Get your hat and let's go out and celebrate!

MOL: All right.

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FIB: And I know just the place to go! They're havin' a special this week at Kramer's Drug Store on caramel ice-cream!

MOL: Oh, come come, dearie -- control yourself. -- I wouldn't of reminded you if I'd thought you were going all to pieces like this!

FIB: Remember the night we eloped, Molly?

MOL: I certainly do, McGee. Oh, it was beautiful!

FIB: Remember that funny little justice of the peace that married us? I still say it would've been a much prettier ceremony if he hadn't been chewin' tobacco. (LAUGHS)

Shucks, I was nervous enough as it was!

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR:

MOL: Come in.

SOUND: (DOOR OPEN)

FARMER: Howdy, folks! Wanta buy any garden truck? Egg plant, squash, carrots?

FIB: No thanks, bud. Got everything we need.

FARMER: Sorry to hear it -- need the money. Farm business is wuss'n it's been for forty year!

MOL: Oh, that's too bad. Don't you ever make a profit?

FARMER: Well, I might in normal times.

FIB: Whaddye mean, normal times?

FARMER: Search me -- never seen any!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Let's see. What was we talkin' about, Molly?

MOL: Gettin' married.

FIB: Oh, yes. I think we ought to, Molly. Er...no, we did, didn't we? (LAUGHS)

MOL: Are ye sorry, dearie?

FIB: Sorry? I should say not! I'd do it all over again. Yes, I'd -- SAY, THAT AIN'T A BAD IDEA! THAT OUGHT TO BE FUN!

MOL: What on earth are you talkin' about?

FIB: Look, let's elope tonight and get married all over again. Whaddya say?

MOL: Are you serious?

FIB: I'm even more serious than I was the first time. It's like describin' a baseball game off the ticker tape -- it's just as excitin' even when you know what the score is.

MOL: (LAUGHS) Well, all right, McGee -- I'll elope. But there's just one thing.

FIB: What?

MOL: About goin' down the ladder. Under the circumstances, doncha think it would be better if I carried you down this time?

FIB: Nope - wouldn't work. I'm too ticklish. Tell you what you do Molly -- it'll be dark before long. You pack your bag, and I'll go someplace and borrow a ladder.

MOL: Just a minute dearie...before you go.
 FIB: Eh? Smatter?
 MOL: Well...now that...now that were...ENGAGED...aren't ye gonna kiss me?
 FIB: Oh -- okay. (FAST) (SMACK) G'bye.
 SOUND: DOOR SLAM:
 FIB: Now let's see...wonder if the fire department would lend me a ladder...or maybe --
 UPP: (FADE IN) Oh, How do you do, Mr. McGee?
 FIB: Hiya, Uppy.
 UPP: Is Mrs. McGee at home?
 FIB: ~~Is she in?~~ *She's in there preparing her tress, Uppy.* C'mon in.
 SOUND: DOOR LATCH AND SLAM:
 FIB: Hey, Molly -- here's Uppy.
 MOL: (FADE IN) Oh, how do you do, Mrs. Uppington? So nice to see you.
 UPP: So nice to see you, my deah. Tell me, are you engaged this evening?
 MOL: Well, heavenly days -- how did you know, Mrs. Uppington?
 FIB: We ain't only engaged, Uppy -- we're gonna get married!
 UPP: Oh, how veddy amusi -- WHAT? MARRIED?
 MOL: Yes, we thought it would be fun.
 UPP: But, my deah! After all this...time...I mean -- WELL!
 REALLY!
 FIB: You don't get it Uppy. We're gettin married again!
 UPP: You mean -- to each othah?

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UPP: (FADE IN) Oh, How do you do, Mr. McGee?

FIB: Hiya, Uppy.

UPP: Is Mrs. McGee at home?
She is in the parlor preparing her tea. Uppy.

FIB: ~~Yes she is.~~ C'mon in.

SOUND: DOOR LATCH AND SLAM:

FIB: Hey, Molly -- here's Uppy.

MOL: (FADE IN) Oh, how do you do, Mrs. Uppington? So nice to see you.

UPP: So nice to see you, my deah. Tell me, are you engaged this evening?

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UPP: But, my deah! After all this...time...I mean -- WELL! REALLY!

FIB: You don't get it Uppy. We're gettin married again.

UPP: You mean -- to each othah?

MOL: Well, who did you think? This is our fifteenth anniversary, Mrs. Uppington, and we're goin' to celebrate by 'elopin' just like we did before.

FIB: Incidentally, Uppy, -- you got a ladder we could borrow?

UPP: A laddah? But, of course. A lovely laddah! I'm sure I still have the laddah I used when I dedicated the new chandelier at the Ladies' Exchange. It is covered with gold leaf and has a hand-rail.

MOL: Oh, that sounds beautiful!

FIB: Sounds a little dilly, but we ain't got time to dally. Can I come over and get it, Uppy?

UPP: Oh, that won't be necessary, Mr. McGee. Snodgrass, my butler, will bring it over. My, think of you two married fifteen years! And eloping! Tell me, have you arranged for anyone to pursue you?
Oh, no. This is just for our own amusement.

MOL: ~~Oh, no.~~ This is just for our own amusement.

UPP: Oh, of course. (LAUGHS) Well, I'm sure the affair will never be criticized -- even though you are being un-chased.

(LAUGHS) Oh, aren't I the silly girl? Well, good byeee!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM:

ORK: "MY WILD IRISH ROSE" - NOVIS

APPLAUSE:

FIB: As you may have suspected, folks, that was "My Wild Irish Rose" sung by Donald Novis.

MOL: And it was not only very beautiful, Mr. Novis, but very appropriate.

DON: Thanks, Molly. I heard you and Fibber were eloping tonight, and in honor of your wedding, everybody on the program chipped in and bought you this.

FIB: Well, thanks, Don. They shouldn't've done it. What is it, Molly?

MOL: (RATTLE OF PAPER)...It's a cake of soap.

FIB: A cake of soap? What's the idea, Don?

DON: Well, we wanted to give you a shower, but there wasn't time, so we thought we'd give you the soap and let you take a shower yourself! Best wishes, folks!

SOUND: (DOOR SLAM)

FIB: A cake of soap! That's a fine wedding present!

MOL: Well, shall we get started, dearie?

FIB: Yeah, I just seen Uppy's butler walkin' around in back with the ladder. You go upstairs and open the window -- and I'll run around the back.

MOL: All right, McGee.

SOUND: (DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE....FOOTSTEPS ON PORCH....AND SIDEWALK)

FIB: (SINGS)..."Oh, Promise me that someday you and me...."

TEE: Hi, mister.

FIB: Don't bother me, little girl -- I'm busy.

TEE: What doin'?

FIB: I'm gonna elope.

TEE: What's elope?

FIB: Well, that means when you run away with somebody you like.

TEE: You mean, like the dish ran away with the spoon, and the little boy laughed to see such sport and the cow jumped over the moon? Hmmm, do ye, hmmm?

FIB: Yes, only tonight, the moon won't have any beef coming. Now, run along, little girl. Anyway, you shouldn't be out this late.

TEE: Well, gee - I'm waitin' for Easter.

FIB: You're waitin' for Easter?

TEE: Sure.

TEE: ~~Easter.~~

FIB: ~~Listen, sis. I~~ (Wait!) ~~I got down this ladder.~~ (SOUND: ~~CLATTER~~)
 Now listen, sis -- you ^{letter} run on home. Easter won't be here for six or seven months.

TEE: Awwww. (SOBS)

FIB: Hey, wait a minute. What's the matter? Does Easter mean so much to you?

TEE: Sure he does, I betcha. He's the cutest bunny rabbit I ever owned.

FIB: Oh, I got it now.

TEE: Gee -- have you? Give him to me, mister. Here Easter.

FIB: No, I didn't mean I had the rabbit, sis. I meant I got the idea.

TEE: Hmhmhmhm?

FIB: I says I -- I mean -- Well, listen, sis... I'm sorry I ain't got time to help you look for your rabbit, but if you'll describe him to me I'll keep an eye out for him.

TEE: Well - he's got big ears, and he's white, and he's got pink eyes, and he wiggles his nose, aaaaannnd--

FIB: Well, that's a pretty general description so far. Ain't he got any distinctive characteristics?

TEE: Hmhmhmhmhm?

FIB: (SIGHS) I says ain't he got any peculiarities? What's he got that other rabbits ain't got?

TEE: Six little baby rabbits.

FIB: (LAUGHS) I'm afraid with rabbits, sis, that ain't a distinctive characteristic. What I mean is -- ain't he bow-legged, ain't he got freckles, don't he stutter or somethin'?

TEE: Nope.

FIB: How about his tail?

TEE: Oh, I guess we mustn't talk about that, I betcha.

FIB: Why not?

TEE: Hmhmhm?

FIB: Why mustn't we talk about his tail?

TEE: My mamma said so.

FIB: Well, that seems peculiar. Just what did she say?

TEE: Weel, she said Easter was awful' pretty, but he didn't have any tail to speak of. Well, thanks anyway, Mister.

(FADE OUT) Here Easter. Here, Easter. Here Easter.

FIB: Well, now for the elopement. (CALLS) Hey, Molly -- which window?

MOL: (OFF MIKE) Right up here, dearie. ~~I'm the only one I could find.~~

FIB: Okay. Grab the ladder when I put it up.

SOUND: WOOD CLATTER:

MOL: I got it, McGee. Are you comin' up - or am I comin' down?

FIB: How'd we do it last time?

MOL: That's what I was tryin' to avoid. HERE COMES THE SUITCASE. CATCH!

SOUND: WIND WHISTLE: TERRIFIC THUD: METAL CLATTER: ALARM CLOCK BELL RING

FIB: Hey, what'd you have in that thing?

MOL: Oh, that must be the alarm clock. I put it in to make it heavier.

FIB: Well, hang on to the ladder. I'm comin' up.

SOUND: CREAKS AND RATTLING

FIB: (Sings) Ki, Molly!

MOL: Hello, McGee. Isn't this fun? ~~McGee?~~ It's a good thing it's dark -- I think I'm blushin'.

FIB: I'm - I'm -- kinda palpitatin' myself. Smokin' too much, I guess. Inhale every puff.

MOL: What're ye holdin' me so tight for, dearie -- are ye afraid you'll fall?

FIB: Nope -- I been fallin' for fifteen years.

MOL: Oh, McGee -- you say the sweetest things! (SIGHS)

SOUND: CAR AND SIREN IN AND UP FAST - OUT WITH BRAKE SCREECH

HAL: (SHOUTS) All right you -- come down out of that. We've got you covered!

MOL: Oh, go away.

FIB: Beat it, officer, we're elopin'!

HAL: Oh, ye are - a likely story! Take a look in that suitcase, Mike - and see what they got.

FIB: Now, listen, officer. You're makin' a mistake. This is my house. We live here.

HAL: And do you always go in by the upstairs window?

MOL: Listen, officer - I'm his wife, and we're elopin'.

HAL: That's pretty thin. Elopin' with your own husband. Now come down here and don't make any false moves. What's in the shitcase, Mike?

SOUND: (CLATTER OF JUNK)

MIKE: (IRISH) Well, there's a couple of books, and an alarm clock, and a flatiron -- and a --

HAL: I see. All stuff that's easily disposed of. Now come along quietly. Put that suitcase in the car, Mike. We'll show these two --

WIL: (FADE IN) (BREATHLESSLY) Hey there, hey, hey, officer, wait a minute!

MOL: Hello, McGee. Isn't this fun? ~~McGee?~~ It's a good thing it's dark -- I think I'm blushin'.

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WIL: (FADE IN) (BREATHLESSLY) Hey there, hey, hey, officer, wait a minute!

MOL: Oh -- here comes Mr. Wilcox. He'll identify us.

WIL: IS THIS A SQUAD CAR?

HAL: Yes, it is.

WIL: WELL, I WANT YOU TO MAKE AN ARREST.

HAL: Where?

MIKE: Who?

WIL: (FAST) ARREST THE DETERIORATION OF THE FINISH ON THIS CAR. LOOK AT THAT DUST AND DIRT! LOOK AT THOSE SCRATCHES AND MARS! WHY DON'T YOU MEN ENFORCE THE LAW?

MIKE: What law?

WIL: THE LAW OF COMPENSATION! YOU CAN'T GET THE BEST VALUE OUT OF A CAR UNLESS YOU TAKE CARE OF IT!

FIB: Hey, Harlow -- will you tell these fellers --

WIL: I AM TELLING THEM! I'M TELLING THEM THAT CAR-NU WILL KEEP THE FINISH OF THIS CAR IN PERFECT CONDITION! AND SAVE THE TAXPAYERS MONEY. LOOK, BOYS -- ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS APPLY JOHNSON'S CAR-NU OVER THE CLEAN SURFACE OF THIS CAR, LET IT DRY TO A WHITE POWDER, AND WIPE IT OFF WITH A SOFT CLOTH! AND THERE YOU'LL HAVE A SQUAD CAR CLEANED AND WAX POLISHED IN ONE SIMPLE OPERATION! IT'S MARVELOUS! AND YOU'LL ENJOY YOUR WORK A LOT MORE! IT'LL PUT A PUNCH IN EVERY PINCH!

FIB: Look, Wilcox - these guys have arrested us by mistake. Tell 'em who we are, willya?

WIL: Aren't you the people who made me talk baby-talk last week? And got everybody to call me "Cuddles"?

HAL: D'you know these people, Cuddles?

WIL: I never saw them before in my life! GOOD NIGHT, OFFICER.

FIB: Hey, Harlow! Come back here!

MOL: Oh, dear. Listen, officer -

HAL: Be quiet! Drive on, Mike.

SOUND: CAR MOTOR IN, WITH SIREN, UP & FADE

FIB: Look, bud - we can explain everything. All we was doin' was --

SOUND: (FILTER MIKE)

VOICE: Calling car 46.....Calling car 46.....Go to Wistful Vista
Cheese Factory.....watchman reports suspicious noises.....
Investigate.....Are they mice.....or are they men?.....?
That is all!

MOL: Officer -- why don't you be nice? You're spoilin our
15th Wedding Anniversary.

FIB: Yes, ain't you guys got any sentiment?

HAL: After fifteen years -- have you?

VOICE: Calling all cars.....Calling all cars.....Be on lookout
for gunman named Al Caboochie....Al Caboochie....If he is
wearing light grey fedora, green spats, and a diamond scarf
pin.....that is AL!

SOUND: CAR MOTOR FADE UP AND OUT WITH BRAKE SCREECH:

HAL: All right, get out! (CAR DOOR) And walk ahead of me into
the station.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

LIEUT: Well what's this? What's the charge?

HAL: Breakin' and enterin', Lieutenant. Caught 'em on a ladder.
On the Second Floor at 79 Wistful Vista.

MIKE: And they had a suitcase full of loot, Lieutenant.

FIB: We never no such a thing, Lieutenant. That's our suitcase
and that was our house.

LIEUT: What's your name?

MOL: He's Fibber McGee. And he's one of the most prominent
citizens of --

LIEUT: Calahan! Look in the book, and see if we have a record
on McGee. I think we'll make an example of you. There's
too much of this breaking and entering going on. It's a
crime wave!

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MOL: Go on. You wouldn't know a crime if it did wave!

LIEUT: BE QUIET!

SOUND: TELEPHONE:

FIB: Telephone, bud.

LIEUT: (CLICK) Police Department.....Who?.....Oh, BILLY MILLS?

MOL: He's a friend of ours, Lieutenant....Ask him about us.

LIEUT: Listen, Mr. Mills.....Do you know a couple named Mr. and
Mrs. Fibber McGee?

FIB: Good old Billy!

LIEUT: You don't, huh?.....

MOL: He does, too.

LIEUT: What's that, Mr. Mills?.....They've what?.....Broken
into homes every Tuesday night for years?.....Oh, thank
you very much.....You're gonna play what?.....
"WHITE SAILS".....Yes, I'd like to hear it.....

MOL: Well, of all the dirty tricks!

FIB: He'll SWING for this!

ORCHESTRA: "WHITE SAILS"

APPLAUSE:

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LIEUT: All right, you two -- let's hear this fairy story of yours about eloping.

FIB: Listen, Lieutenant -- I'll have you know I'm a respectable citizen.

LIEUT: That's what they all say. I'm holding you under \$1000 bond!

FIB: What? A prominent citizen like me? You can't do that to me. I'm too big a man in this town. Why, even when I was a kid, Lieutenant, they wanted to run me for Congress! Even had little pins printed with my head on 'em...
PINHEAD MCGEE, I WAS KNOWN AS IN THEM DAYS!

MOL: Oh, dear.

FIB: PINHEAD MCGEE, PROBABLY THE MOST PROMINENT PERSON EVER PICKED BY PLUFOCRAT OR PLUMBER, POET OR PEASANT, AS THE PRIZE PROMOTER OF PRAISEWORTHY PROJECTS, POINTED TO BY PERSPICACIOUS POLITICIANS AS THE PICK OF THE POPULACE TO PIONEER IN PUTTIN' THE PEOPLES' PARTY IN POWER ON A PLATFORM PLAYIN' UP THE PARKIN' PROBLEM AND PUNISHIN' THE POLITICAL PIRATES POLLUTIN' THE PUBLIC PAYROLL, AND PRAISED BY EVEN THE PAID PRESS FOR PROPERLY PURGING JUNK AND PALOOKA FROM PASADENA TO OLD PADUCAH!

APPLAUSE:

MOL: So you see, Lieutenant -- we're really pretty respectable and ---

SOUND: DOOR LATCH: MURMUR OF VOICES

LIEUT: Quiet, there! Who's this, Calahan?

HAL: Says his name is Horatio K. Boomer, Lieutenant. Suspected of picking pockets in Joe's Tavern.

LIEUT: Joe's Tavern, eh? That place has a bad name! What were you doing there?

BOOM: Believe it or not -- I was waiting for a side-car!

LIEUT: Any evidence, Calahan!

HAL: No, Lieutenant.

BOOM: Certainly not -- what do you take me for, an amateur?

LIEUT: Let him go, Calahan -- but keep an eye on him after this.

MOL: Just a minute, Lieutenant! Mr. Boomer knows who we are.

FIB: You'll vouch for us, won't you, Boomer?

BOOM: Good evening, my dear. Hello there, Bumble Brain. What's the matter?

MOL: The Lieutenant thinks we're burglars!

FIB: And he's holdin' us for \$1000.00 bond.

BOOM: \$1000.00 eh? I'll pay the ransom, Lieutenant!

FIB: Gee, thanks Boomer.

BOOM: Think nothing of it! What's a thousand dollars to me? For that matter, what's my right eye to me?

LIEUT: If you're going to go bail for this man, hurry up!

BOOM: Certainly, certainly! Have it right here somewhere.

Thousand bucks -- thousand bucks -- where'd I put that thousand bucks?

BOOM: Here's a pair of brass knuckles -- use 'em to make lampshades...know anyone that wants a lamp shaded?.....
> Post card from an old friend in Leavenworth....Says quote 'Doing time fine -- wish you were here unquotq.....
pair of hollow heels for smuggling diamonds....never used 'em.....I get cold feet when I walk on ice.....

FIB: Come on, Boomer. Hurry up ---- the \$1000.
BOOM: Don't Hector me, pup! Now, where did I put that grand --
Here's a package of playing cards in case I get in a friendly
game of poker.....These cards are friendly even when they
turn their backs.....Mud pack for my dear old mother...
puts an entirely different face on the matter....Bottle
of hair-dye.....for a girl-friend with a convertible top....
and a check for a short beer! WELL, WELL, IMAGINE THAT!
HERE IT IS! ONE GRAND!
MOL: One grand and a glorious feeling!
FIB: Thanks, Boomer, old pal. Can we go now, Lieutenant?
LIEUT: Yes, but report back here tomorrow.
FIB: Okay bud.
SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:
FIB: Boomer, I certainly appreciate, --HEY, BOOMER, WAIT A
MINUTE!
MOL: We want to thank you.
BOOM: And I'll thank you not to delay me!
FIB: But about that thousand dollars --
BOOM: Forget it, Fidget-Midget! I'm going right home and print
another batch. (FADEOUT)
MOL: Heavenly days! He bailed us out with counterfeit money!
FIB: Well, we ain't the only lambs that've been pulled out of
a hole by a crook, Molly.
MOL: Well, it's a fine end to a beautiful idea!
FIB: No, it ain't, Molly. Let's go ahead and get married again
just as if nothin' had happened. There's a Justice of the
Peace in this building and we'll see him while we're here.
MOL: Good for you, McGee!
FIB: I think this is it right in here.
SOUND: DOOR LATCH:

MOL: Is this the Justice of the Peace?
OLD M: Sure is, daughter. Hello, there, Johnny. Glad to see you
back!
FIB: Whaddya mean, back?
OLD M: Ehrrrrrrrr?
MOL: What do you mean, back? We haven't been here before!
OLD M: ~~Ohrrrr~~, yes you have! Hoh hoh hoh hoh. I married you kids
in 1924. Never forget a face! Though, in your case,
Johnny, I certainly tried!
FIB: Imagine that, Molly? The same guy that married us before!
MOL: Well, he ought to be glad to know that it lasted. They tie
more slip-knots than love knots these days!
(LAUGHS)
OLD M: Heh hoh hoh! That's pretty good, daughter -- but that ain't
the way I heard it! The way I heard it, one feller says
tother feller, "SAYYYYYYYY", he says, "YOU KNOW WHAT THEM
THREE BALLS OVER A PAWN SHOP DOOR STAND FOR?"
"YUP", says tother feller, "TWO TO ONE YOU DON'T GET IT
BACK!" Hoh hoh hoh! What was it you wanted, kids?
FIB: We wanta get married again, Old Timer. How much you charge?
OLD M: Ten bucks, Johnny, for the original marriage -- five bucks
for an encore.
MOL: All right, go ahead. Take me hand, dearie.
OLD M: (VERY FAST) Take this man to be your lawful wedded husband
take this woman to be your lawful wedded wife sick or well
rich or poor I now pronounce you man and wife and I'll kiss
the bride (SMACK) Fifteen bucks, please!
MOL: FIFTEEN DOLLARS!
OLD M: Ehrrrrrrrr?

(REVISED) -24 & 25-

FIB: What's the idea of chargin' us fifteen bucks? You said it
was only five dollars for the second marriage.

OLD M: That's right, Johnny. Heh heh heh! BUT [REDACTED],
YOU NEVER PAID FOR THE FIRST ONE!

FIB: Oh, pshaw!

ORK: "IT'S A HUNDRED TO ONE I'M IN LOVE" FADE FOR:

WIL: COMMERCIAL:

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
SEPTEMBER 12, 1939
TUESDAY 5:30 PM PST NBC

(REVISED) -26-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL:

ANNOUNCER: Fibber and Molly will be back in a moment and that gives me
just enough time to tell you something about JOHNSON'S
CARNU! I don't believe any new product ever was hailed
more enthusiastically by the public! Car owners really
needed this easy-to-use cleaner and wax polish all in one!
The job of polishing a car had always seemed a difficult
one, requiring more time than the average person could
give to it. But all this has changed since the
introduction of JOHNSON'S CARNU. For this revolutionary
new product both cleans and wax polishes your car in one
easy application. CARNU takes the place of two products --
makes the job so simple that many women are now wax
polishing their own cars. They have learned that just as
JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT has made floor polishing
easy, so JOHNSON'S CARNU makes car polishing easy! CARNU
quickly removes all ugly road film, dirt and stains. In a
surprisingly short time you can make your car sparkle and
shine with a beautiful wax polish that everyone will turn
to admire! Then you'll say with thousands of other proud
car owners, "Yes, your car looks like new when you use
CARNU!" - C-A-R-N-U -- JOHNSON'S CARNU, for sale where auto
supplies are sold and at your regular wax dealers.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

TAG GAG:

MOL: McGee...I certainly was embarrassed at startin' our second honeymoon by goin' to jail.

FIB: You was eh? (LAUGHS) Well you wasn't half as confused as you was at our first wedding.

MOL: What do you mean.....confused?

FIB: Don't you remember? You told your corsage how beautiful it looked and threw the bridesmaid downstairs!

~~MOL: McGee...you promised you'd never mention this again.~~

FIB: ~~Oh the night that you...~~ Good night.

MOL: Goodnight all!

ORK UP TO FINISH: APPLAUSE:

CREDITS: SIGNOFF:

TAG GAG:

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FIB: ~~Oh the night that you...~~ Good night.

MOL: Goodnight all!

ORK UP TO FINISH: APPLAUSE:

CREDITS: SIGNOFF: