

S. C. Johnson & Son  
Writer: Don Quinn

(REVISED)

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

#217

NBC-Red 10/3/39  
Tuesday - 5:30-6 PM

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(REVISED)

-2-

WIL: The Johnson Wax Program...with Fibber McGee and Molly!

ORK: THEME:

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 "Embraceable You".

ORK: "EMBRACEABLE YOU"....FADE FOR:

INSERT COMMERCIAL - PAGE 3

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.  
Fibber McGee & Molly  
10-3-39  
Tuesday - 5:30 PST NBC

-3-

Opening Commercial

WILCOX: In these days of Fall Housecleaning and Moving, there's a question that probably has occurred to a great many of you. It's this: "Is there anything I can do now that will make my housework easier throughout the year -- and at the same time add greater beauty to my home?" There is an answer to that question -- and here it is: Take full advantage of the many uses for genuine JOHNSON'S WAX. You may be using JOHNSON'S PASTE OR LIQUID WAX now on your floors. If you are, then you know how much easier it is to keep the floors clean -- and how much more beautiful they become with every waxing. You know that floor-scrubbing is done away with -- that dust and dirt cannot stick to a JOHNSON WAXED surface. You should know then, that you can save more work, make your home more beautiful, by applying that same wax to many other things. Furniture and woodwork, for example -- and windowsills -- leather articles like luggage and book covers -- parchment lampshades and picture frames -- even your enameled refrigerator and pantry shelves. Do a little experimenting with JOHNSON'S WAX in your home. You will quickly realize its labor-saving possibilities.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH...(APPLAUSE)

SEGUE

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

(REVISED) -4-

WIL: WELL, OLD MAN OPPORTUNITY IS APPROACHING THE McGEE HOME TONITE....

SOUND: (FOOTSTEPS ON WALK & PORCH)

WIL: YES, HERE HE IS! -- HE CHECKS THE HOUSE NUMBER -- 79 WISTFUL VISTA -- WITH A SLIP OF PAPER IN HIS HAND -- AND--

SOUND: (KNOCK AT DOOR)

WIL: AHA! OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS! AND HERE IN THE LIVING ROOM, ALL UNAWARE THAT DESTINY IS POINTING A WELL-MANICURED FINGER AT THEM -- WE FIND --

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

(APPLAUSE)

SOUND: (KNOCKING)

MOL: McGee! There's somebody at the door.

FIB: Maybe it's the wolf.

MOL: It couldn't be -- ~~the wolf~~. He knows us well enough to walk right in!

SOUND: (KNOCKING)

MOL: McGee -- are you going to answer the door? Or am I?

FIB: Play you a game of rummy to see who answers it.

MOL: All right -- you set up the card table --

FIB: No, you set up the card table.

SOUND: (KNOCKING)

MOL: Flip you a coin to see who sets up the card table.

FIB: Okay -- (PAUSE) Dad rat it! I ain't got a coin.

SOUND: (KNOCKING)

MOL: Oh dear. I'll go.

SOUND: (DOOR LATCH)

MOL: Yes?

HAL: How do you do? Is this the Fibber McGee residence?

MOL: Yes, it is.

HAL: Is Mr. McGee at home?

MOL: Yes, he is.

HAL: May I see him, please?

MOL: Yes, you may....(CALLS)....McGee! Put your shoes on. A gentlemen to see you.

FIB: (OFF MIKE) If he's a gentleman he won't notice I got 'em off.

MOL: Just step in, sir.

HAL: Thank you.

SOUND: (DOOR SLAM)

HAL: Are you Fibber McGee?

FIB: Well, that's how I'm known locally, Bud. Though during the Boxer Rebellion in China I was known as Ping Foey Howe, the hero of Choy Moo. They gimme that name in the campaign of 1902, when I penetrated the interior of Ging Hoy with a cake of ice on my head.

HAL: Cake of ice on your head?

FIB: Yes, I was disguised as a coolie. Well, sir, --

MOL: McGee -- why don't you see what the gentleman wants, and I don't think he wants any of that!

FIB: Eh? Oh, excuse me, bud -- But whenever I meet anybody from China, it kinda brings back the old days! How long since you been there?

HAL: Ah -- been where?

FIB: Why, in China.

HAL: I've never been in China.

FIB: Didn't you just tell me you were the hero of Choy Moo in the Boxer Rebellion?

MOE: That was you, dearie.

FIB: Oh, yes. Well, what could I do for you, bud?

HAL: McGee -- would you be interested in making five hundred dollars?

SOUND: (SPINTER OF WOOD & CRASH)

MOL: Heavenly Days! He went right thru his chair. Get up off the floor, McGee -- and answer the gentleman.

FIB: (WEAKLY) Did...did...did...you say -- five hundred bucks, bud?

HAL: FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS!

MOL: Well, I must say, it's a very interesting proposition.

HAL: I haven't told you what the proposition is!

FIB: You mentioned five hundred bucks, bud -- the rest of it is mere detail.

HAL: Perhaps I'd better introduce myself. I am Throckmorton P. Gildersleeve.

FIB: Glad to know you, Throcky, what's it all about?

HAL: Simply this. I have what is probably the most complete and valuable collection of autographs in the world. But I lack one signature to make it just about one hundred percent up-to-date. To the man who gets me that signature, I will pay five hundred dollars!

MOL: For five hundred dollars we'll get Ferdinand the Bull to write his name on the head of a pin.

HAL: (LAUGHS) That's very good -- but a bull can't write!

FIB: Make it five-fifty and we'll teach him. How'd you happen to come to me, bub?

HAL: Well, I was making inquiries. I was looking for a man with nerve and ingenuity. A man who is not easily discouraged. A man with persistence and stick-to-it-iveness.

FIB: That's me, Throcky, I got more stick-to-it-iveness than chewing gum on a dance floor. Why, even as a kid, I was noted for my persistency, bud. No matter how ugly things looked, I was always in there pluggin'. PLUG-UGLY MCGEE, I WAS KNOWN AS IN THEM DAYS!

MOL: Oh, dear.

FIB: PLUG-UGLY MCGEE! THE PING-PONG PAPA OF PERSISTENCY, WITH A PASSIONATE PRIDE FOR PRYIN', PROBIN', PEEKIN', AND POKIN' INTO PERPLEXIN' PROBLEMS; POOH-POOIN' PERSONAL PERILS WHEN PATRIOTICALLY PENETRATIN' THE PRIVATE PRACTICES OF PUBLIC PERSONALITIES PLANNIN' ON PLUCKIN' THE PUBLIC PURSE, AND PERENNIALY POPULAR AS THE PERSONIFICATION OF PERSEVERENCE FROM THE POUNDIN' PULSE OF THE PROUD PACIFIC TO THE - p --- to the p --- the p --- WAS I TERRIFIC!

APPLAUSE:

HAL: So you really think you're the man to handle this for me, do you, McGee?

FIB: You betcha, Bud. I'm a go-getter.

HAL: A go-getter, eh? How about that, Mrs. McGee? Is he a go-getter?

MOL: Oh, he certainly is a go-getter.

FIB: You bet I'm a go-getter. All you gotta tell me is whose autograph you want, bud.

HAL: It's Public Enemy Number One -- Killer Canova, the gangster!

SOUND: THUD:

HAL: My goodness -- he's fainted! Is there a doctor in the neighborhood?

MOL: No, but there's a trained nurse next door. Shall I go get 'er?

HAL: YES-- GO GET 'ER!

ORCH: "LITTLE WHITE LIES"

APPLAUSE:-

SECOND SPOT

(2ND REVISION) -9-

SOUND: TRAFFIC NOISES....FADE

MOL: What's that smell, McGee?

FIB: This is the Gas-House district Molly. Killer Canova lives around here someplace.

MOL: Tell me, McGee -- why were you so upset about getting Killer Canova's autograph?

FIB: Why, he's the toughest guy in the country, Molly. He's killed eighty-two people!

MOL: Well then, why don't they arrest him?

FIB: They did....three times! Twice for double parking and once for spitting on the sidewalk.

MOL: Well, they'll catch up to him sooner or later. All he has to do is kill fourteen more people, and they'll put him in jail for evading his income tax.

FIB: Boy this sure is a tough neighborhood.

MOL: Oh, I don't know, McGee -- it seems real quiet to me.

FIB: Oh, it does, eh?

MOL: Yes, it does. Why, look -- even the policemen walk around two by two. They have so little to do they get lonesome!

SOUND: MACHINE GUN FIRE...GUNFIRE...GLASS CRASH...MORE MACHINE GUNNING

MOL: Heavenly days!

FIB: What the...HEY...WHAT GOES ON HERE BUD?

MUGG: Oh nuttin'. Us guys from da Spadoola gang uses dat old building across da street for bank robbery practice, see? Dat way we can --

MAN: (PANTING) HOW WAS DAT, COACH?

m

(2ND REVISED) -10-

MUGG: Dat was better, Jocy. 24 seconds from stick-up to getaway. But watch dem signals! Youse is weak on interference. And we gotta have a substitute for Bumpy. Any harness Bull'd intercept him in da first minute o' play.

MAN: Okay Coach! Dat all for today?

MUGG: Yeah. Toin in your guns and meet me at da pool room for skull-practice.

MAN: Sure. Coach.

VOICES FADE OUT:

MOL: It looks like you were right, McGee. This isn't what I would call a real peaceful neighborhood.

FIB: I'll say it ain't. Look at the sign on that blacksmith's shop.

MOL: COME IN AND TRY ON A NEW FALL VEST -- TAILORED BY HART SHAFFNER & BETHLEHEM STEEL!

FIB: That's what I says, Molly -- this district is tougher than a lamb chop on a Blue Plate Special.

MOL: Well, let's get busy, McGee -- where does Killer Canova live.

FIB: Search me. But he oughtta be easy to find. We'll ask somebody. He's probably --

OLD MAN: (FADE IN) PSSST! Hey there kids! Wanta buy some stolen perfume...any hot furs? OH HELLO THERE DAUGHTER...HELLO, JOHNNY! What you doin' down here?

MOL: Why, hello there Mr. Old Timer. Aren't you ashamed of yourself -- trying to sell us stolen goods?

OLD MAN: EHHHHHHHHH?

m

FIB: Never mind that, Old Timer. Maybe you can tell us where to locate this Killer Canova. We wanta get him to play ball with us for an autograph. K.C. at the bat, yo might say.

(LAUGHS)

OLD MAN: Heh heh hch...That's pretty good, Johnny. BUT THAT AINT THE WAY I HEERED IT. The way I heered it one feller says tother feller SAYYYY, he says, a feller named Killer Can----- WHO? KILLER CANOVA! Oh no ye dont, Johnny...Count me out...that feller dont give autographs..he gives EPITAPHS! Excuse me...I got to see a doctor about my face -- IT TALKS TOO MUCH!

MOL: Heavenly days, McGee...did you see his face turn white

when you mentioned Canova's name? He was scared to death!

FIB: Hmnmnm. Seems to be a slight nervousness in the neighborhood.

MOL: Maybe the police have been down here -- kickin' the gang around!

FIB: You know, Molly -- I think the government needs more yeast in its dough -- that five hundred bucks looks smaller to me every minute. I don't think -- Oh, hello there, little girl.

TEE: Hi, mister.

FIB: Listen, sis -- this is a bad district for little girls like you. You better run on home.

TEE: Hmnmnmnm?

FIB: I says you better skip along home.

TEE: I can't, I betcha. I got business down here.

FIB: What business?

m

TEE: Well, there's a moon pitcher my dolly and I wanna see and this is the only neighborhood we can see it in, I betcha.

FIB: Oh, I see. What picture is it?

TEE: "The Wizard of Oz". It's a double future.

FIB: FEATURE.

TEE: Hmnmnmnm?

FIB: ~~Well, it ain't "double future", it's~~ -- Well, it ain't "double future", it's "double feature!"

TEE: Why?

FIB: Because it is, that's why! Future means somethin' that ain't here yet.

TEE: It is too, I betcha. It started yesterday.

FIB: (LAUGHS) Well, let it go.

TEE: Okay -- after we see it.

FIB: What other picture you gonna see?

TEE: Well, we -- Hmnmnmnm?

FIB: I says, WHAT'S THE OTHER PICTURE IN THE DOUBLE FEATURE?

TEE: There isn't any, I betcha.

FIB: Well, then it can't be a double feature, if there's only one picture.

TEE: Oww, yes it can, ~~it can't~~.

FIB: Oh, no it can't.

TEE: Owww, yes it can.

FIB: Ohhhhhh not it can't.

TEE: Ohhhh -- can't it?

FIB: ~~It can't~~ No!

TEE: Hmnmnmnm?

FIB: Look, sis -- The Wizard of Oz is only one picture -- so how do you figure you're seeing a double feature?

m

TEE: Well, gee, I'm taking my dolly -- and I betcha it don't make any difference whether two people see one picture or one people see two pictures. So long, mister. (SINGS) "Ohhhh -- we're off to see the Wizard.,the wonderful wizard of Oz..."

APPLAUSE AFTER MUSIC:

FIB: Hey, Molly!  
MOL: What, dearie?  
FIB: Look. I gotta idea.  
MOL: Shake your head; maybe it'll go away.  
FI : No, listen. Why did old Gildersleeve want Killer Canova's autograph?  
MOL: Because he didn't have it, foolish.  
FIB: Exactly. And if he ain't got it, he don't know what it looks like, what's to prevent us from -  
MOL: MCGEE! ARE YOU SUGGESTING THAT WE FAKE A SIGNATURE AND SELL IT FOR FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS?  
FIB: Why, Molly! THAT'S DISHONEST!  
MOL: IT CERTAINLY IS!  
FIB: On the other hand, it's pretty practical. Why just think -  
MOL: LOOK, MCGEE! HERE COMES ~~MCGEE~~ <sup>a woman</sup> RUNNING DOWN THE STREET!  
IN HIS B-V. D'S!  
FIB: G'wan -- that's a track suit! HEY, ~~WILCOX~~ <sup>bud</sup> C'M HERE!  
SOUND: RUNNING FEET: IN...UP....AND OUT  
WIL: (IN MUGG VOICE) Hello, pal! Hello, babe! What are youse doin' around here?  
MOL: Oh, w ~~Wilcox~~, Mr. Wilcox. What are YOU doing here?  
WIL: Oh, I was born and raised in dis neighborhood!  
FIB: Hear that, Molly? I always says Wilcox came from the wrong side of the tracks!

*You should talk,*  
MOL: ~~Wilcox~~, McGee? Your mother told me you'd have learned to walk a year sooner if the ties hadn't been so far apart. So this is your old neighborhood, Mr. Wilcox?  
WIL: Yeah. I like to come back once in a while and mix it up with the old gang. A bunch of me old pals is fighters down here, and I trains with them.  
MOL: Heavenly Days! I should think polishing floors and linoleum would give you enough exercise.  
WIL: Naw. There's nuttin' to dat. Dat's kid stuff. Why, wit Johnson's self-polishin' Glo-Coat dere ain't any work at all.  
FIB: You lod with your chinoleum that time, Molly. *Is on, adds*  
WIL: Well, you see, it's dis way -- with Johnson's Glo-Coat youse just pour a few drops on da linoleum -- spread it around wit da long-handled applier, and dat's all dere is *shows youse eyes at a* to it. *6.10. table debate.* And when it dries, it sparkles like a ~~sparkler~~.  
FIB: ~~It's~~ It's so easy I gets outta condition. I gets soft, see? So I comes down here to woik out wit da boys.  
MOL: Well, if you're acquainted down here, Mr. Wilcox, maybe you can tell us where Killer Canova lives.  
WIL: Killer Can -- Oh oh! Excuse me! I gotta finish me road-work before I cools off, and I just had a chill! Good bye, now!  
SOUND: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS...FADE OUT:  
FIB: You hear that, Molly? Mention Killer Canova's name around here and everybody clams up like a bowl o' chowder.  
~~You're talking about the regular, ordinary~~  
~~brother of "Informant"~~  
FIB: You got "Informant" ~~name~~ on the way.

MOL: Look, McGee -- Let's sit down on the steps of this house  
and think this thing out.

FIB: Now the first thing we gotta do ----

DON: (FADE IN HUMMING)

MOL: Oh, goodie -- a street singer! You - hoo! Mr. Street  
Singer!

DON: Yeah?

FIB: Listen, bud -- can you tell us where Killer Canova lives?

DON: Yeah, but I ain't talkin', see?

MOL: All right. If you won't talk, will you sing?

DON: Soitenly. Nobody can hang nuttin' on me for dat.

FIB: Looks somethin' like Don Novis, don't hé, Molly?

DON: Whadde want me to sing, Brudder?

MOL: I'd like to hear you sing, "The Lamp is Low".

DON: Okay. Shall I sing it plain, or with hot wicks?

FIB: Hot wicks! We'll take it plain, bud.

ORK: "THE LAMP IS LOW" - NOVIS

APPLAUSE

MOL: Thank you very much, Mr. Street Singer. That was beautiful.

FIB: Certainly was, bud. And I can't get over how much you  
look like a friend of ours...Donald Novis.

DON: Chee -- dat's funny. You look like some pals o' mine, too...  
Fibber McGee & Molly. It's a small world, ain't it?

MOL: Yes, it is. Almost too small for comfort. Goodnight.

DON: Goodnight.

MOL: Come on McGee get up off those steps. Let's get goin'.

FIB: Oh gee, Molly, let's rest awhile.

SOUND: DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

FIB: Oh oh - here comes somebody *outta the house*

BUTLER: (HAL'S ENGLISH) Begging your pardon - you're trespassing,  
you know.

MOL: Oh, we're very sorry.

HAL: I shouldn't have mentioned it, Madam - except that strangers  
lurking about make the mahster extremely nervous.

FIB: Okay, bud - we'll go. But speaking of lurking, maybe you  
can tell us where to lurk for a guy named Killer Canova.

HAL: This is Mr. Canova's residence, sir.

FIB: What?

MOL: Heavenly Days! Are you Mr. Canova?

HAL: No, madam. I am Mr. Canova's personal servant. I lay out  
the clothes he likes in the morning and the people he  
doesn't like in the evening. May I awsk what you wanted with  
Mr. Canova?

FIB: Oh, this is wonderful! Listen, Jeeves - or Jarvis, or  
whatever your name is - pop in and ask the Killer to give  
us his autograph, will you?



MOL: Tell him it means a great deal to us.

HAL: I'm very sorry, but what you awsk is impossible. Mr. Canova never gives his autograph.

FIB: Aw, come on, bud - there's ten bucks in it for you if you do.

HAL: I beg your pardon! Are you trying to bribe me?

MOL: Yes, we are!

HAL: Shrewd judges of character, if I may say so, madam. Will you make it twenty-five?

FIB: Okay, bud - twenty five.

HAL: Thank you, sir. I shall do my best. If you will continue to dilly dally about for a few moments in the vicinity, I shall report my progress. May I add, however, - that I am not extremely optimistic. Thank you.

SOUND: DOOF SLAM

FIB: Hot dog, Molly! Looks like we're in five hundred bucks!

MOL: Four hundred and seventy five, McGee.

FIB: Oh, well - what's --

BOOM: (FADE IN) Ah there, my dear.....LOVELY EVENING, ISN'T IT? OR IS IT? CERTAINLY IS!

MOL: How do you do, Mr. Boomer?

FIB: Hiyah, Boomer?

BOOM: HELLO, SAUCEPAN. IF WE WERE IN THE WOODS, I WOULD ASK WHAT YOU WERE DOING IN THIS NECK OF THEM...

MOL: We've been hired to get Killer Canova's autograph, Mr. Boomer.

FIB: (LAUGHS) And we just bribed his valet 25 bucks to get it for us.

BOOM: Is that so? And to think I could have sold you one for fifteen!

MOL: You could?

FIB: It ain't too late, Boomer. Where've you got it?

BOOM: Have it right here in my pocket somewhere...a genuine Killer Canova autograph. I came across it in the files when I was a trusty -- er...a trustee! Now, let me see - where did I put that autograph...autograph...autograph ...here's a small tube of library paste (in case I ever want to stick around home and read)...invitation to an alumni dinner party - ah, yes...a middle age spread, you might say....

MOL: Please, Mr. Boomer -- the autograph, if any!

BOOM: Oh, yes - the autograph! Have it right here someplace. Here's a small box of stench-bombs...(break one if you like, it won't be noticed on this program)...strawberry lollypop...hello sucker...and a check for a short beer! WELL WELL...IMAGINE THAT! NO AUTOGRAPH! Must be in my trunk in the manager's office at my hotel. Good day, My dear. Good day, Mugwump!

FIB: Hey, Molly -- I just thought of something!

MOL: What, again?

FIB: What if Killer Canova finds out we tried to bribe his valet?

MOL: Well, what if he does?

FIB: Well, I ... well, shucks, I ... THAT'S WHAT I SAY - WHAT IF HE DOES! I DON'T CARE IF HE IS PUBLIC ENEMY NUMBER ONE - IF HE COMES OUT AND GETS TOUGH WITH ME, YOU KNOW WHAT I'LL DO?

MOL: I certainly do!

FIB: Well, what of it? I'll wait for you at the corner.

UPP: (FADE IN) Oh -- why how do you DO Mrs. McGee - so nice to see you.

MOL: Oh, how do you do, Mrs. Uppington?

UPP: AND Mr. McGee! How do you do?

FIB: Hiyah, Uppy?

MOL: Heavenly Days, Mrs. Uppington - isn't this rather a tough neighborhood to find you in?

UPP: Oh, not a bit, my deah! You see, we clubwomen take groups of children from every section in the city, and teach them constructive things. Such as folk-dancing and basket-weaving.

MOL: Oh, not really! Isn't that useful! Particularly basket-weaving! You know, Mrs. Uppington - I was on my way to a party once - the Firemen's Ball, I think it was - and I suddenly felt if I could only weave a basket I would be a great social success!

UPP: REALLY! How dreadfully interesting!

MOL: Well, if you can believe it, Mrs. Uppington I STOPPED RIGHT THERE IN THE STREET, GRABBED A HANDFUL OF GREEN AND YELLOW TWIGS, AND WOVE A LITTLE BASKET!

FIB: What'd you do with it, Molly?

MOL: Well, on the way I lost it.

UPP: (LAUGHS) Oh, how veddy amusing! Well, I simply must be going - I must take these phonograph records down to my little class in musical appreciation.

MOL: What records are they, Mrs. Uppington?

UPP: Oh, they're some by the greatest masters. Let me see... here ~~is one~~ <sup>is one</sup> by Arthur Shaw, Thomas and James Dorsey, Glenn Miller, Theodore Weems, Robert Crosby and Benjamin Goodman. Here is even one by a nobleman - Count Basie.

FIB: That's a pretty hot bunch of classics, Uppy - and you're smart not to mess around with them jitterbugs, like Stowkowsky.

UPP: I'm so glad you approve of my selections. Personally, I'm afraid I'm not too musical, although I adore the violin! But it was spoiled for me when I heard that violin music was meahly the result of dragging the tail of a horse across the interior of a cat! (LAUGHS) Isn't that a horrible conception? Well, so nice to have seen you. GOOD BYEEEEEE.

FIB: WELL, as...I always says, Molly, that socially, this world is like a hunk a pie. There's a upper crust, a lower crust, and they both make mincemeat of the middle part. And furthermore...

MOL: HOLD IT, MCGEE...put the philosophy back in the bag...here comes the man from Killer Canova.

HAL: Begging your pardon, madam...here is a note from Mr. Canova for you.

FIB: HOT DOG...did you get the autograph, bud?

HAL: May I suggest that you read the note, sir?

RATTLE OF PAPER

(2ND REVISION) -22-23

MOL: What does he say, McGee?

FIB: Listen...he says: KILLER CANOVA DON'T GIVE NOBODY NO  
AUTOGRAPHS. DIS MEANS YOU! DIS IS FINAL!  
BEAT IT, AND DON'T BODDER ME NO MORE, SEE?  
(Signed) KILLER CANOVA.

Ohhh, yeah? Why that dirty....insulting us, eh?

MOL: He can't do that to us.

FIB: I'LL say he can't. THIS for him, bud!

SOUND: TEARING PAPER:

HAL: Oh I say...may I awsk the object in tearing up the note?

MOL: CERTAINLY YOU MAY AWSK. That's just to show what we think  
of him and his threats.

HAL: But I undahstood, madam...that you wished his signature.

FIB: Well, we did.

~~MOL: And we're gonna get it back...~~

~~FIB: Sooner or later.~~

HAL: But...ah...what was the mattah with the one you had?

FIB: Eh?

MOL: Where?

HAL: On the note, madam...he signed it, I believe.

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS!! <sup>So</sup> HE DID, MCGEE...YOU'VE RUINED US!

FIB: You mean that note was....his signatu...I...(GROANS)  
Oh what did I do that for? I shouldn't of..AW COME ON,  
MOLLY...DON'T TAKE IT SO HARD. DON'T CRY!

MOL: I'M NOT CRYIN'. I'M SHIVERIN'! YOU JUST TORE UP A NEW  
FUR COAT! OH, DEAR!

FIB: Oh, Pshaw...

HAL: Oh, Quite!

ORK: "GOODY, GOODBYE" - FADE FOR -

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.  
Fibber McGee & Molly  
10-3-39  
Tuesday - 5:30 PM PST NBC

-24-

Closing Commercial

WILCOX: What seven-letter word spells America's fastest selling,  
Number 1, Floor Polish? It's G-L-O hyphen C-O-A-T --  
JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT. The popularity of GLO-COAT is increasing  
every day -- as more and more women discover what a  
satisfactory product it really is.

GLO-COAT is as easy to use as any floor-polish you can buy.  
You simply put it on your floor and in twenty minutes it  
dries to a beautiful, hard polish without any rubbing or  
buffing. That's why GLO-COAT is called SELF-POLISHING. But  
easy-to-use is only part of the story. It's because  
GLO-COAT gives such complete satisfaction every time, that  
women tell their friends about it. Try SELF-POLISHING  
GLO-COAT on your kitchen linoleum and on varnished wood  
floors, too. It saves you work -- makes floors easy to  
keep clean -- and greatly adds to their beauty.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC...FADE ON CUE

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 h and on varnished wood  
 -- makes floors easy to  
 b their beauty.

TAG GAG

FIB: Folks, this is Fibber McGee and Molly sayin' goodnight for  
 us and Johnson's Wax until next week. Incidentally, Molly,  
 I'll say so long to you too, for a week or so.  
 MOL: Why, McGee?... where you going?  
 FIB: I been called <sup>to NY</sup> ~~to NY~~. I'm on a Committee of Ten to Consider  
 Ways and Means of Combatin' Red Activities in America.  
 MOL: Well! A Committee of Ten. Who're the other Nine?  
 FIB: The New York Yankees. AHEM. Goodnight.  
 MOL: Goodnight, all!

ORCHESTRA: UP TO FINISH:

APPLAUSE:

CREDITS: SIGNOFF:

S. C. Johnson & S  
 Writer: Don Quinn

NBC-Red  
 6:30-7:00 PM  
 Tuesday - 10/10/