

MOL: Oh! It's Mr. Gildersleeve!

FIB: Hi, Gildersleeve. You handling the Hootenanny Eight in Wistful Vista?

HAL: Yes, I am. And a wonderful car it is, too. Headlights built in the fenders, fenders built in the car, car built in Detroit, Detroit built in 1701. What a glorious tradition!

MOL: Yes -- isn't it?

FIB: Oh, I dunno, Gildersleeve. Frankly, I don't like the modern trend in automobile design.

HAL: Oh, you don't!

MOL: Why not, McGee?

FIB: Well, all they can think of is to make 'em wider and lower every year. By 1943 we'll have to drive cars layin' on our stomachs, like a kid on a sled!

HAL: You'll have to admit, McGee - we've made some radical changes this year.

MOL: Such as what, Mr. Gildersleeve?

HAL: The radio aerial, for one thing. Last year you'll remember we had a radio aerial that looked like a buggy whip.

FIB: Yes?

HAL: Well, this year we've installed a buggy whip that looks like a radio aerial. (LAUGH) That's the Hootenanny Eight, folks -- Always the pioneer! Why, this year we have sealed-beam headlights, sealed-in transmission, and sealed-in lubrication.

SOUND: TAPPING ON GLASS:

MOL: Who's that sitting in the back seat tapping on the window?

HAL: That's another new feature this year. A sealed-in-hitch-hiker!

MOL: Well, it's a beautiful car, Mr. Gildersleeve. I particularly like the idea of no running boards. How much does it sell for?

HAL: Well -- let me see. This car is Eight Hundred and Fifty dollars, F.O.B.

FIB: Eight-fifty, eh? Say, that ain't bad. What'd that be with the carrying charge, Gildersleeve?

HAL: Ah....let me figure a minute, McGee -- \$850 dollars list.... (MUTTERS)....Drive-away charge....10% of the....Federal tax....State tax....Fire and theft insurance....90 day guarantee....Carrying charge equal to....%.....of 18-month note.....six.....five.....carry the two....import.... export....special surtax....Ah, yes! With the various carrying charges and taxes, McGee -- it comes to just about \$14,500!

MOL: Heavenly Days!

FIB: Only \$14,500 -- eh? I suppose that includes a full tank of gas?

HAL: Oh, yes! Yes, indeed!

FIB: Oh, that's swell! As long as we're next-door neighbors, Gildersleeve -- I don't know why I shouldn't give you the business.

MOL: OH, WONDERFUL! Are you going to buy it, McGee?

FIB: I'm gonna think it over.

HAL: Certainly, certainly. Here take some literature and look it over. Incidentally, may I call your attention to the streamlining, McGee. -- This year, we have even eliminated the door handles.

MOL: Say, you have, haven't you? -- How do you open the doors?

HAL: Well, you just...er...uh...WELL, FOR GOODNESS' SAKES, I WONDER HOW YOU DO OPEN THE DOORS?....(LAUGHS) Excuse me while I call up the sales manager....

SOUND: (CROWD UP & FADE)

FIB: C'mon, Molly -- \$14,500 bucks is too rich for my blood. I wanta go set in a dump truck for a few minutes.

MOL: Well, I think it was mean of you to let Mr. Gildersleeve think you were going to buy it.

FIB: (LAUGHS) ~~Well, you heard what I told him.~~ I told him as our next door neighbor he ought to get the business and that's what I was doin'!

MOL: What?

FIB: Givin' him the business!

MOL: Well, it's a beautiful car! And look at this color chart. You can get a HOOTENANNY Eight in Jealous Green, Burnt Toast Brown, Taxi-Cab Yellow, Spanked-Baby Red, and Parlor Pink!

FIB: You can, eh? When I first started buyin' cars back about nineteen ought nine, all you could get 'em in was black. (LAUGHS) Remember that first car I owned, Molly?

MOL: Let me see, now.....Was that the Stoddard-Dayton? Or the Chalmers?

FIB: That was the Winton. Or was it the Metz? No, I think that was the Stanley Steamer.

MOL: It was the Stanley Steamer, McGee - and what a wonderful car for picnics, - remember how we used to cook the sauerkraut and wienies on the radiator. Ah, those were the days!

FIB: Oh, I dunno -- they wasn't so hot! It was kinda tough on the farmers in them days.

MOL: Why on the farmers?

FIB: Well, they kept 'em busy all day pullin' automobiles out of mud holes and all night haulin' fresh water for the mud holes!

OLD MAN: Well, hello there, Johnny -- hello, daughter....How do you like the auto show?

MOL: Oh, it's very interesting, Mr. Old Timer....The cars are certainly beautiful this year.

OLD MAN: EHHHHHHHHHHH?

FIB: They're much better designed, too. Take visibility, for instance. Why, you can sit in some of these cars and see two year's payments ahead. (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 tother feller, "SAYYYYYY", he says, "WANNA BUY SOME TICKETS FOR FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"?...."WHATCHA MEAN, BUY 'EM?"....says tother feller, "I DIDN'T KNOW THEIR PROGRAM WAS THAT GOOD."....."IT AIN'T," says the first feller. "IT'S SUCH A TURKEY, THEY'RE GONNA RAFFLE IT OFF FOR THANKSGIVING!" Heh heh heh.....Well, so long, kids - I gotta see if I can trade in my car for a garbage truck.

MOL: A garbage truck!

OLD MAN: Yep. This year, I'm gonna give them road-hogs something to get their teeth into! See you later, kids!

ORK: "BLUE ROOM"
(APPLAUSE)

(2nd SPOT)

(2nd REVISION)

-9-

SOUND: (CROWD NOISES UP)...FADE

FIB: Hey Molly...let's go home...what are we doin' at a auto show. We ain't gonna buy a car anyway.

MOL: I wouldn't be too sure, McGee...we might.

FIB: But why? Shucks, we only got three hundred thousand miles on our car...it's just nicely broke in. Runs like a top,

MOL: -- Yes, and looks just as dizzy.

FIB: Besides, I just put new wicks in the headlamps. Why that car has had the most lovin' care...why, I've treated it like a baby.

MOL: I know you have...and it's just crying to be changed. Frankly McGee...I'm ashamed to ride in that old jalopy. The seats are so high, I feel like I was ridin' on a ferris wheel. The neighbors think we --

BILL'S TOUGH: Step right over here, folks -- the latest things in accessories! Windshield wipers -- rear-view mirrors -- gear-shift knobs -- piston rings, spark plugs, hub caps, and T'ousand Island Dressing!

FIB: HEY, BUD -- WHAT KIND OF A CAR DO YOU USE THE THOUSAND ISLAND DRESSING ON?

TOUGH: On your garden truck!

FIB: Say, if he's sellin' accessories maybe he'd be interested in my invention.

MOL: What invention?

(REVISED) -10-

FIB: That radiator ornament I designed. HEY, BUD -- WOULDJA BE INTERESTED IN BUYIN' A INTEREST IN A NEW KIND OF A RADIATOR ORNAMENT?

TOUGH: What kind of a radiator ornament?

FIB: Well, it's a little electric pixie, settin' on the radiator cap.

MOL: What does it do, McGee?

FIB: Well, when you go to park there's a little wire in the fender that touches the curb when you get too close, which makes a electrical contact, and the little pixie on the radiator turns around and shakes his head at you. INTERESTED, BUD?

TOUGH: No. I'm sorry!

FIB: Okay. C'mon, Molly!

MOL: Have you noticed, McGee -- how much roomier this year's cars are?

FIB: Yes, I guess they are.

MOL: Much roomier! That car over there will hold three people in the front seat very comfortably.

FIB: That'd be a good car for us. I can just see the three of us ridin' around town real chummy.

MOL: What do you mean, the three of us?

FIB: Oh, me and you and the man from the finance company. Hey, Molly) -- ~~you think so?~~

~~MOL: ~~That's a little better, huh?~~~~

FIB: Here's a refreshment counter -- let's get ~~something~~ A soda or something.

MOL: All right, dearlo.

SOUND: CROWD UP AND FADE: CLINK OF GLASSES

M

FIB: HEY, SIS. How about a little service!

UPP: Certainly. We are having a special tonight -- OH, HOW DO YOU DO, MRS. MCGEE -- AND MR. MCGEE!

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

FIB: Hiyah, Uppy.

MOL: Heavenly Days -- what on earth are you doing working at a soda fountain?

UPP: Isn't it silly? You see, the various membaahs of our club take turns working here during the auto show. All the profits go to charity. We are raising funds to commemorate.

MOL: Commemorate what, Mrs. Uppington?

UPP: Well, we haven't decided yet -- but we're taking a vote at the next meeting. What could we serve you?

MOL: I think I'll have a chocolate soda, Mrs. Uppington -- with chocolate ice cream.

UPP: Certainly, my deah. (CALLS) "DARK VICTORY -- MAKE IT A DOUBLE FEATURE.

~~UPP: ~~And you, Mr. McGee?~~~~

UPP: And you, Mr. McGee?

FIB: Oh -- gime a ham sandwich and a glass of water, Uppy.

UPP: Veddy well. HOLLYWOOD CAVALCADE -- AND THE RAINS CAME!

~~UPP: ~~(UPP) ~~And you, Mr. McGee?~~~~~~

SOUND: CLINK OF DISHES AND SILVER: THROUGH DIALOGUE

MOL: Well, this is the last place I expected to see you, Mrs. Uppington. Dealing 'em off the arm in a heart-burn hut!

UPP: Oh, but my deah -- it's such fun, really! Did you ever do this, Mr. McGee?

FIB: Do what, Uppy?

UPP: Did you ever work as a soda -- squirt?

FIB: You're catchin' on too fast, Uppy.

UPP: Thank you, Mr. McGee -- one must learn the tricks of the trade, you know. How is your sandwich, Mr. McGee?

FIB: Oh -- not bad. But if this slice of ham had a picture of John Adams on it and some glue on the back, you could use it for a two-cent stamp! How much do I owe you, Uppy?

UPP: Sixty-five cents.

FIB: Okay.

SOUND: CLINK OF COINS

UPP: Thank you. And if you're through Mr. McGee -- there's a gentleman waiting for your place.

FIB: Oh! Excuse me, bud.

MAN: Oh, that's all right. HEY, SISTER, GIMME A GLASS OF MILK AND A PLATE OF SHRIMPS!

UPP: Certainly sir. (CALLS) SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS! Sorry I'm so busy, Mr. and Mrs. McGee! Do drop by again later. Good byeeee!

SOUND: CROWD UP AND DOWN

FIB: Don't tell me that's the first time Uppy ever slung hash!

MOL: I'll bet it isn't either. I always wondered why she had a picture of Fred Harvey on the piano!

FIB: Well, let's go home, Molly!

MOL: Oh, not yet, McGee -- I wanta see the rest of the cars. Now look at that nice little coupe over there -- isn't that sweet? And see -- no running boards!

SOUND: (CROWD UP - FADE)

FIB: Now look, Molly -- that car of ours is still perfectly --

WIL: All right folks...get your membership blanks here...yes madam..just sign on the bottom line...certainly sir...here are some extra blanks for your friends...OH HELLO THERE FIBBER...HELLO MOLLY.

MOL: What are the memberships for, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: For the Wistful Vista Careful Driver's Club. Here..make out a couple of blanks.

FIB: Okay Harlow...we'll...HEY WHAT IS THIS..."WE HEREBY CERTIFY THAT WE ARE REGULAR USERS OF JOHNSON'S CAR-NU"...I thought this was a safety Club?

WIL: It is.

MOL: It's got a taint of commercialism hasn't it?

WIL: No, taint.

WIL: ~~Here's~~ Here's how it works. Just apply Johnson's Car-Nu over the surface of your car, let it dry to a white powder and wipe it off with a soft cloth. That's all. It cleans and polishes at one easy operation. Why, if everybody---

FIB: Now wait a minute, Harlow ... this tie-up with safe driving sounds a little phoney to me.

WIL: (GETTING ANGRY) WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? It's a perfectly sensible connection, just as Molly said. Safe driving begins with the care of your car, doesn't it?

FIB: Well I ---

WIL: YES IT DOES. So I suppose you'll say "what's the looks of a car got to do with the careful driving, good brakes and good lights"?

FIB: Well, naturally, I -

WIL: IT'S GOT EVERYTHING TO DO WITH IT....You're not going to be fussy in one department and slipshod in another are you?

FIB: I didn't say I -

WIL: WHY CERTAINLY NOT....WE DON'T SAY JOHNSON'S CAR-NU WILL KEEP OR TAKE DENTS OUT OF YOUR FENDERS, BUT A GUY WHO TAKES PRIDE IN HIS CAR PROBABLY TAKES PRIDE IN HIS DRIVING... (Goes smoothie again) Well nice to have seen you, folks... (FADE OUT) All right, everybody get your membership blanks for the Wistful Vista Careful Drivers club here....

~~no sound...there's...the...the...the...~~

SOUND: (CROWD)
.....

MOL: Heavenly days I never thought of tyin' up the safe drivin' angle with waxin' the car. Did you McGee?

FIB: No, but as the guy says when he seen the MEASLES sign on the door, "I guess they got somethin' there!" (LAUGHS)

After this I'll be more - OOPS...sorry, little girl!

TEE: Well gee, why don't you look where you're goin', I betcha.

FIB: All right...I apologized, didn't I?

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I says I was sorry didn't I?

TEE: About what?

FIB: Bumpin' into you.

TEE: Aw that's okay, mister....it didn't hurt.

FIB: Then what are ye hollerin' about?

TEE: Well, gee, I ... HMMM?

FIB: I SAYS WHAT ARE YE HOL...Oh forget it, sis.

TEE: Okay, I'll try. You gonna buy a car, Mister? Hmmm? Are ye Hmmm?

FIB: Ohhhhh, I dunno, sis. Why, you sellin' 'em?

TEE: (GIGGLES) Yes.

FIB: (LAUGHS) Go on...I don't believe it.

TEE: Why?

FIB: You're too little, that's why.

TEE: Oh no, I'm not.

FIB: Ohh yes you are.

TEE: OHHHH NO I'M NOT.

FIB: OHHHH YES YOU ARE...

TEE: OHHH, Yes I guess I am. But my dadday sell 'sm I Betcha.

FIB: Oh stoogin' for the old man, eh? (LAUGHS)

TEE: (GIGGLES) Hmmm?

FIB: Listen sis...what kind of cars does your old m...does your father, sell?

TEE: Trucks.

FIB: He does, eh? Well, you're the youngest car salesman I ever seen. Do any demonstrating?

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I says can you drive?

TEE: Gee, I dunno....I never tried.

FIB: It's just as well, I guess...you're too young to know the rules of the road.

TEE: Oh no, I'm not.

FIB: Ohhhh yes you are.

TEE: Ohhh no, I'm aw gee let's not do that any more. Anyway I betcha I do know the rules I betcha. My daddy told me what they were.

FIB: Well good for him. Did he tell you all about slowin' down for curves, stayin' on your own side and givin' the proper signals, and all stuff like that - there?

TEE: No.

FIB: Eh? He didn't? What did he tell you?

TEE: He said ALLLLLLLLLLWAYS, TAKE YOUR SPARE OF THE ROAD, DRIVE FAST WHEN IT RAINS SO YOU'LL GET HOME QUICK, NEVER LET THE OTHER GUY KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GONNA DO, DON'T BE AFRAID TO GO THRU A RED LIGHT AND NEVER GIVE A SUCKER AN EVEN BREAK.

FIB: WHAT? HE DID? WHY THAT'S TERRIBLE....THAT GUY NEEDS A GOOD BAWLIN' OUT. AND I'M JUST THE GUY TO DO IT....WHERE IS YOUR OLD MAN?

TEE: Why?

FIB: I WANNA TALK TO HIM.

TEE: You can't. Nobody can.

TEE: Why not?

TEE: HE'S IN THE HOSPITAL WITH BOTH LEGS BUSTED AND ALL HIS TLETH KNOCKED OUT. Excuse me now, Mister....I got my eye on a prospect.

ORCH: "GOODNITE MY LOVE" ... NOVIS & PAUL TAYLOR CHORISTERS

FIB: (OVER MUSIC) Folks, Donald Novis sings "Goodnite My Love" assisted by the Paul Taylor Choristers and Billy Mills Orchestra!

(APPLAUSE)

(THIRD SPOT)

SOUND: (TRAFFIC NOISES UP AND FADE)

MOL: My that was a beautiful auto show. What do you say we walk home, McGee...it's a wonderful night.

FIB: Whaddya mean, "walk home". Our car's right here in the parkin' lot.

MOL: I know - but after seein' all those streamlined automobiles with no runnin' boards, and all, - I don't think I could stand to ride in it!

FIB: That's the trouble with you women, Molly. You're too easily impressed. Things ain't better just 'cause they're different, you know.

MOL: All right, McGee - but you're going to have a terrible time talkin' me into bein' happy with our old puddle-jumper!

FIB: You wait. Gimme a couple of hours with that car, and I'll dilly it up just as fancy as any of these new-fangled --

BOOM: (FADE IN) Ah there, Good evening Trout-Face! And Good evening to you, my dear!

MOL: How do you do, Mr. Boomer?

FIB: Hiyah, Boomer? Whaddyou want?

BOOM: Saw your car in the parking lot here - thought you might give me a lift home.

MOL: Why, certainly, Mr. Boomer - where you living now?

BOOM: Well, as a matter of fact, my dear - if you have a lap robe. I'm living in the back of your car. Of course, I'll have to make other arrangements first thing in the morning --

FIB: Now, wait a minute, Boomer! I don't mind givin' you a lift, but if you think we're runnin' a rumble-seat boarding-house ---

BOOM: Calm yourself, Short-Bread - calm yourself! I'll be glad to explain --

FIB: You don't have to explain - you got thrown outta your hotel again, didn't you?

BOOM: HOW DARE YOU.....Of course I did!

MOL: Oh, stop arguing, McGee...we can give Mr. Boomer a lift.

BOOM: Thank you, my dear - thank you! And as a slight return for your kindness, I want you to accept this lovely silver trinket.

MOL: Oh, Mr. Boomer - you don't have to do that!

FIB: Well, let's see it, Boomer.

BOOM: Certainly...certainly. Have it right here...somewhere... now where did I put that trinket?...Trinket...Trinket... Trinket...

FIB: Well, I know what happens here, Molly. So, while Boomer's discoverin' that he ain't got a trinket, I'll have the boy bring our car out. Hey bud, it's the black one in the second row there with the adhesive tape on the windshield.

BOOM: Suspicious little tadpole, isn't he? Yes, indeed!....

MOL: Now, let me see...where'd I put that trinket?

BOOM: Oh, never mind it, Mr. Boomer -- I don't --

BOOM: I insist, my dear - I insist. Have it right here somewhere. Trinket, trinket...trinket....Here's a racing form...sent to me by the Bookie-of-the-Month-Club...Dozen photographs of Bank Presidents...Had them hanging in my room all summer - made a very effective cooling system...Set of false teeth I'm pawning for a destitute friend...poor fellow... Ah well - Beggars can't be chowers!...Letter from an old girl friend...illiterate little baggage...refers to me as a friend in human form...and can't even spell "friend"... A life mask of my brother Edwin - (LAUGHS) hideous little fellow, isn't he?...and a check for a short beer. WELL, WELL! IMAGINE THAT! NO TRINKET! Wonder what I could've--

SOUND: MOTOR IN UP: CRASH: GRINDING OF METAL: MORE CRASH:
MOTOR IDLING:

MOL: Heavenly Days! Look what that Parking lot attendant did to our car! C'mon, Mr. Boomer!

MAN: (FADE IN) Gee, I'm sorry, Mr. McGee, I thought I had plenty of room to get through here.

FIB: (LAUGHS) Shucks, bud -- that's all right. In fact, that's wonderful. Shake hands! Here's a quarter for parking the car and five dollars for yourself!

MOL: MCGEE! WHAT ON EARTH IS THE MATTER WITH YOU?

FIB: Eh?

BOOM: Are you paying the man five dollars for wrecking your car?

~~Make sure you don't pay him any more than that. Two~~

~~-----~~

(REVISED) -21-

FIB: You stay outta this, Boomer. (LAUGHS) Hey, Molly -
I told you I'd bring this car up to date!

MOL: What are you talking about?

FIB: (LAUGHS) LOOK! NO RUNNING BOARDS!

ORK: "PUT THAT DOWN IN WRITING"....(FADE FOR)

WILCOX COMMERCIAL:

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.
Fibber McGee & Molly
10-31-39
Tuesday - 6:30 PM PST NBC

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Closing Commercial

ANNCR: Fibber and Molly will be back in just a moment.
"An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." That's
a very old proverb -- but it's very wise -- and it has a
direct application at this time of year to your floors.
In fact, I might restate this proverb as follows: "A coat
of WAX will give your floors protection against the dirt
and slush of winter weather!" There's no time when your
hardwood floors need the protection of JOHNSON'S WAX more
than during the days of rain and snow. When floors are
WAX-protected, dirt and dampness are quickly wiped up,
leaving the floors beautiful and completely untouched.
And, of course, the time to JOHNSON-WAX those floors is
right now. Genuine JOHNSON'S WAX does require polishing --
but once on, it lasts a very long time and not only saves
you work throughout the year, but gives you more beautiful
floors than you can obtain in any other way. You may buy
JOHNSON'S WAX in either the paste or liquid form.
Notice on the package the 100 extra uses for this famous
WAX polish. It will pay you to try these extra uses for
JOHNSON'S WAX in your home.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC....FADE ON CUE

ommercial
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 er the paste or liquid form.
 the 100 extra uses for this famous
 pay you to try these extra uses for
 home.

TAG GAG!

FIB: Tune in again next week, folks, for the further adventures
 of Fibber McGee and Molly....That tender and gripping story
 of two people who, side by side, are struggling bravely
 against the forces of social unrest....

MOL: What is the secret of Horatio K. Boomer's perpetual
 inventory of nefarious souvenirs?

FIB: What sinister motives lie beneath the smooth, Johnson waxed
 surface of Harlow Wilcox?

MOL: What stark tragedy has brought Mrs. Uppington, the Blue-
 Blooded soda jerk, to the verge of social ostracism?

FIB: Is it entirely coincidence that little "I Betcha" seems
 to deliberately exasperate our hero?

MOL: When will the Old Timer ever hear a story the same way
 McGee Heered it?

FIB: Why does Gildersleeve -- AH, BUT WAIT! -- WOULDN'T YOU
 LIKE TO KNOW THE ANSWERS TO THESE, AND MANY OTHER FASCINATING
 QUESTIONS WHICH FOR FIVE YEARS HAVE KEPT AMERICA'S RADIO
 PUBLIC LOOKING OVER IT'S SHOULDER ON DARK NIGHTS? WOULDN'T
 YOU, THOUGH?

MOL: And wouldn't WE!

FIB: I'll say so. GOODNIGHT!

MOL: GOOD NIGHT, ALL!

ORK: (CLOSING SIGNATURE) SEGUE
 ("SAVE YOUR SORROW")