

(REVISED)

S C JOHNSON & SON

WRITER:

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY - #224

DON QUINN

NBC - Red

Tuesday 11-21-39

6:30-7:00 PM

-2-

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

OPK: 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 Jimmie Shields, Bill Thompson and Billy Mills' orchestra. The show opens with "All in Favor Say 'aye'"

ORK: "ALL IN FAVOR SAY 'AYE'" - FADE FOR

(PAGE THREE FOR COMMERCIAL)

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
NOVEMBER 21, 1939
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

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OPENING COMMERCIAL:

ANNOUNCER: How many things in your home are made out of wood? Well, there are the floors, the woodwork, paneling, windowsills -- the furniture -- picture frames, mantels -- and perhaps some ornaments. Do you realize that wood dries out -- then cracks -- and that everything made out of wood will last longer, stay beautiful longer and be easier to clean -- if it is protected regularly with genuine JOHNSON'S WAX? Take floors for example. No careful housekeeper would think of letting them go unprotected -- so she waxes them, to protect them from wear and to give them rich, mellow beauty. Floors that are JOHNSON-WAXED grow more beautiful with every application of this famous WAX polish. They are easier to clean, too -- and never need scrubbing. If you have a lovely room paneled in knotty pine or other wood, the very best thing to do is to JOHNSON WAX the entire room. The WAX brings out the natural beauty of the paneling, and shields it from finger prints. Dusting is cut in half. You will find many other labor-saving uses for genuine JOHNSON'S WAX listed on the package. Buy some tomorrow.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

(2ND REVISION) -4-

WIL: PAUSE, FOR SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT! PAUSE! "FIBBER MCGEE IS WORKING!" UNPAUSE! YES, SWEEPING OFF THE FRONT PORCH HERE AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA, WHILE HIS SPOUSE WATCHES HIS EFFORTS THROUGH THE WINDOW, WE FIND --
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: SWISH OF LEAVES AND BROOM:

FIB (SINGING) Ohhhhh, the moon shines tonight on Pretty Redwing;

SOUND: SWISH OF LEAVES AND BROOM

FIB: (SINGING) The breezes sighing....the nightbirds crying....

HAL: (FADE IN) Ahhh, there -- good afternoon, McGee!

FIB: Oh, hiyah, Redwing..er..Gildersleeve! Whatcha got there?

HAL: A letter for you, McGee. Mailman left it at our house by mistake. (LAUGHS)

FTB: Eh? Oh..Well, thanks for bringin' it over, Gildy. Better wait till I open it -- there might be an answer.

HAL: All right -- I'll just WHAT DO YOU MEAN, AN ANSWER? I AM NO MESSENGER BOY!

FIB: Good! That saves me two bits!

HAL: Ohhhhhh!....

FIB: Now, let's see...(TEARING PAPER) Hmmm....well, I'll be a .. why - This is ridiculous! ... it's an outrage! SHE CAN'T DO THIS TO ME! You hear me, Gildersleeve? SHE CAN'T DO IT!

HAL: Who can't do what?

FIB: The gal at the public library. Says I've had a book out since September 13th and I gotta bring it back and pay a heavy fine.

HAL: That seems fair to me, McGee...Why didn't you take the book back when you were through with it?

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, TAKE IT BACK? I DON'T EVEN REMEMBER BORROWIN IT...I...I... Well, shucks, I don't even remember what the book was.

HAL: Doesn't it say on the card?

FIB: NO. It just says Volume H-348. Now look, Gildersleeve, you run right back to that librarian and tell her for me that she can't threaten me! If I want to keep a book for three mon --

HAL: YOU LOOK HERE, MCGEE!.....I HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH IT!!

FIB: Oh, running out, eh? Start an argument and then sneak away, eh?

HAL: I DIDN'T START THE ARGUMENT...I WAS DOING YOU A FAVOR BY BRINGING THE LETTER OVER...THAT'S ALL!

FIB: OH, IS THAT SO!

HAL: YES, THAT'S SO!

FIB: OH, IT IS, EH? Say -- whaddye rollin' your sleeves up for Gildersleeve? Oh, ye wanta help sweep up these leaves, eh? (LAUGHS) ... shucks, you don't have to do that, Gildy, old man ---- Forget it!.....

HAL: Ohhhhhhh!!!

FIB: ----and thanks for bringin' the letter over! I'll run down to the library and take this up with that gal in person.

HAL: Well...that's more like it...You say you're going over to the library, McGee?

FIB: Eh? Why, yes...

HAL: Oh, splendid! ... do Me a favor and return some books that I borrowed, will you?

FIB: Why sure, Gildersleeve! Glad to....no trouble at all... I'll just slip 'em into my pocket.

HAL: Well, I'm afraid you can't do that, McGee....it's seven volumes of the Encyclopaedia Brittanica...(HAH HAH HAH AH) I'll bring them right over in a wheelbarrow...thanks very much...(FADE OUT LAUGHING)

FIB: Great guy, Gildersleeve! I worship the very ground they're gonna throw in his face sometime. Oh well, SAY...YOU LEAVES WILL HAVE TO RUSTLE AROUND BY YOURSELVES FOR A WHILE...I GOTTA GO DOWN TOWN.

SOUND: RUSTLE OF LEAVES...FOOTSTEPS ON PORCH...DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

MOL: What is it, McGee?

FIB: Eh? What's what, Molly?

MOL: I saw Mr. Gildersleeve bring you a letter ..and you seem sort of upset...

FIB: OH, it was...it was..nothing.

MOL: But you look worried. Who was the letter from?

FIB: I...I'd rather not tell you, Molly...if you don't mind...

MOL: McGee...are...you...are you in...trouble?

FIB: Wel-1-1, a little.

MOL: Oh, dear...is it...is it a WOMAN?

FIB: (PAUSE) Yes.

MOL: OHHHHHH....I knew it...I KNEW IT! ... OH DEARIE..HOW COULD
YOU? AFTER ALL THESE YEARS!!!!

FIB: I...I'm sorry. But this sort of thing happens to every body
I guess...How'd I know she was gonna take this attitude?
Don't be angry, Molly.

MOL: I'm not angry, McGee...I'm just...disappointed -- and hurt.
HOW could you do this to me!

FIB: Whaddye mean....TO YOU? I'm the guy that has to pay off,
and she always seemed like a fairly nice gal.

MOL: OHHHHH...Well, if...if that's the way you feel about it,
McGee...I...I guess there's nothing I can do.

FIB: No...I guess not.

MOL: Is it...is it somebody I know?

FIB: Eh! Oh yes...you've met her...she's the librarian at the
public library.

MOL: THAT MOUSY LITTLE THING WITH THE THICK GLASSES AND
SMUDGY FINGERS? IT MIGHT AT LEAST HAVE BEEN A - A - A - A
STAGE ACTRESS!...THEN AT LEAST YOU COULD SAY YOU'D BEEN
SWEEPED OFF YOUR FEET. BUT THAT little librarian! (SOBS)

FIB: SAY, WHAT IS THIS? CAN'T A GUY GET BAWLED OUT FOR NOT
BRINGIN' BACK A LIBRARY BOOK WITHOUT CREATIN' A SOCIAL
UPHEAVAL?

MOL: Library book? You mean...MCGEE! LET'S SEE THAT LETTER!

FIB: Okay...here...

SOUND: RATTLE OF PAPER

FIB: Now look, Molly...I'll admit I was careless....BUT SHUCKS...
SHE'S TAKIN' ADVANTAGE OF A TECHNICALITY, THAT'S WHAT SHE'S
TAKIN' ADVANTAGE OF....A MERE TECHNICALITY!

MOL: Heavenly days...(LAUGHS) AM I RELIEVED!...SO THIS IS ALL IT
WAS. Kiss me, dearie.

FIB: OKAY. (FAST SMACK) But look, Molly...this gal ain't playin'
fair. Suppose I did forget the book for a couple of months.

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR:

FIB: COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

FIB: WELL! IT'S BILLY MILLS - HYAH, BILLY!

MILLS: Scatterbrain!

FIB: Who, me?

MILLS: No...THIS!

ORK: "SCATTERBRAIN"

APPLAUSE:

MOL: Well, McGee...have you remembered where you put that library book?

FIB: Shucks, I can't even remember the name of it. Wonder if I coulda loaned it to somebody.

MOL: Search me...maybe we'd better check the bookshelf here.

FIB: Yeah...take a look will you, Molly?

MOL: All right...(PAUSE) How about "CROSS WORD PUZZLES FOR 1922?"

FIB: That ain't it.

MOL: ..."The Rover Boys in the Jungle".

FIB: Nope -- that's the one you gave me ^{last} ~~for~~ Christmas.

MOL: "What To Do Till The Doctor Comes".

FIB: Uh...Uh.

MOL: A Lithuanian Dictionary. I never did know why you bought that.

FIB: *I had an argument with a trunk driver one day and I got that as a premium for getting the new subscriptions to the Fourth Companion. ~~It was cancelled.~~*

MOL: "Guffey's Third Reader"....

FIB: No...that's mine. Gonna finish it someday, too.

MOL: ~~"Tom Swift and His Electric Rifle".....~~

FIB: ~~I'm saving that for a first edition.~~

MOL: ...and an Almanac for 1912. That's all, McGee.

FIB: Well, that's quite a library, ain't it? We better start weedin' it out one of these days. Once you start gettin' books, they sure do accumulate!

MOL: Well, how are you going to return a book to the library when you don't know what the book is -- or where it is?

FIB: You sure it ain't in the house?

MOL: Yes.

FIB: Then I musta loaned it to somebody. Now lemme see --

SOUND: (DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE)

OLD M: Hello there, kids! Say, write me out of the program next week, will you?

MOL: Why, Mr. Old Timer?

OLD M: Goin' home for Thanksgivin', daughter -- mama likes to have all us kids there.

FIB: Okay, Old Timer -- the sentiment does you credit.

OLD M: Ehnhhhhh?

FIB: Don't blame you, Old Timer -- Thanksgivin's a great occasion. I always says that when the turkey's set on the table, that's when trouble takes wings -- and McGee takes the neck! (LAUGHS)

OLD M: 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 tother feller, "SAYYYYY", he says, "I JUST WENT TO A MOVIE AND SEEN DEANNA DURBIN GET HER FIRST KISS." "IS THAT SO?", says tother feller, "WHY DIDN'T YOU MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS AND WATCH THE PICTURE?" Heh heh heh! Say, I just seen a feller loadin' some Encyclopaedias into the back of your car, Johnny, but that won't do any good. --where you need the intelligence is in the front seat!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: Some day that rheumatic old twerp is gonna really annoy me! And when he does, I'll make him so mad he'll take his teeth out and grind 'em at me!

SOUND: TELEPHONE

FIB: I hope that ain't the library houndin' me some more.

(CLICK)

CHINK: (FILTER MIKE) Ah sah...HELLO....IS THIS AH...DOROTHY LAMOUR LESIDENCE?

FIB: No, dad rat it...This ain't Dorothy Lamour's residence!

CHINK: Ah..so..SORRY! SARONG NUMBAH!

SOUND: CLICK

FIB: Sarong number all right!..if anybody takes the wrap-around here, it's me.

MOL: McGee...why don't you start calling up people and ask 'em if they've got your book...

FIB: Say, that ain't a bad idea, Molly...I'll --

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR:

MOL: Oh dear.....COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR LATCH

WIL: Hello, folks...say, I just saw Gildorsleeve -- he was putting some Encyclopaedias in the back of your car -- and he said you were going down to the Public Library.

MOL: Yes, we are, pretty soon, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Incidentally, Harlow...you didn't borrow no library book from me, didja?

WIL: What was the title?

MOL: We don't know.

WIL: Who was the author?

FIB: I dunno....can't remember.

WIL: What sort of a looking book was it?

MOL: We haven't any idea.

WIL: Well, that's a pretty vague description, I must say. Where would I be if I conducted my business that way?

FIB: (Loosen your collars, folks...I'm about to stick your necks out) WHATCHA MEAN, CONDUCTED YOUR BUSINESS THIS WAY, ~~Wilcox~~ *Mr. Wilcox*

WIL: I mean, when somebody says to me, "What's the name of that product you're selling?" I don't say, "SEARCH ME," I say,

"Why, JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLOCOAT, THE FINEST NO-RUBBING WAX POLISH MADE FOR FLOORS AND LINOLEUM!"

MOL: ~~That does~~ *That does* sound a little ~~better, doesn't it?~~ *better, doesn't it?*

WIL: ~~Really, certainly?~~ *Really, certainly?* And then suppose they asked me, "WHAT DOES IT DO?" Can you imagine me saying..."I DUNNO...I FORGOT"....

instead of "WHY, IT MAKES OLD LINOLEUM LOOK LIKE NEW AND BRINGS OUT THE ORIGINAL SPARKLING LUSTER AND BRIGHT COLORS WITH ABSOLUTELY NO RUBBING OR BUFFING...AND MAKES IT EASY TO WIPE UP DIRT AND DUST WITHOUT OLD FASHIONED MOPPING AND SCRUBBING!" See what I mean?

FIB: Ever see a guy that was so in love with his own merchandise, folks? They say he carries a lock of wool off a dust-mop in the back of his watch! But what about us goin' to the library, Harlow...why'dja ask?

WIL: Well, I've got some library books that are due back today..
Mind dropping them off for me?

MOL: Oh, not at all..where are they?

WIL: I took the liberty of piling 'em in the back seat of your
car -- along with Gildersleeve's Encyclopaedias.

FIB: WHADDYEA MEAN...PILING 'EM IN? How many did you have?

WIL: Only 14. It was a set of O. Henry. Well, thanks a lot
folks!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM:

FIB: (LAUGHS) Who does he think he's kiddin' anyway! 14 volumes
of O. Henry!

MOL: What do you mean?

FIB: (LAUGHS) Who'd write fourteen books about a candy_bar!

(LAUGHS)

MOL: Say didn't Mrs. Uppington borrow a book from us, McGee?

FIB: She might of - I'll call her up and ask her...(CLICK)...

HELLO, OPERATOR? Gimme Mrs. Uppington's resid.....

OH, IS THAT YOU, MYRT? Fibber McGee. How's everything,
Myrt? It is eh? Whaddye hear from your brother out
west? WHAT? HE GOT SHOT WHERE?

MOL: Oh dear!

FIB: He did, eh? RIGHT IN THE FAT PART, EH?

MOL: Heavenly days!!

FIB: Whaddye know about that, Molly? Myrt's brother was
actin' in a gangster movie and he had to get shot in the
fattest part of his performance. WHATSAY, MYRT? Oh,
Uppington's don't answer, eh? Okay...Thanks, Myrt. (CLICK)

MOL: Now, let's try to think who might have got that book,
McGee....And you haven't any idea what it was about?

FIB: No...I can't remember. Now lemme see -----

SOUND: (DOOR OPEN & CLOSE)

MOL: Oh! Mrs. Uppington!

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

FIB: Hiyah, Uppy.

MOL: McGee was just trying to call you up, Mrs. Uppington.

FIB: Say -- I was at that. Listen, you didn't borrow no
library book from us, did you, Uppy?

UPP: Please! Mr. McGee -- I am not in the habit of borrowing
books!

FIB: Okay okay okay, skip it. For a woman your age, Uppy, you
sure get up on your high horse quick and graceful!

McGee!

MOL: Well, if Uppy ain't got it, Molly -- I guess I gotta go
down to the library - and fight it out!

UPP: Oh, I hope you're not going also, Mrs. McGee! I did
SO want you to go with me to the Bon Ton. They're
showing all the new winter furs, you know.

MOL: Oh, I don't think I'd be interested, Mrs. Uppington. I
think that with me new chinchilla coat I won't need
anything else.

UPP: OH! YOU LUCKY GIRL! A CHINCHILLA! AND here I've been
so contented with my lawst year's sable! DO show me
your chinchilla!

FIB: What chinchilla, Molly? You never showed me, no --
MOL: MCGEE! You know very well it's in our bank vault!
FIB: OUR BANK VAULT! We ain't got any bank v-----
MOL: Oh, McGee is so forgetful, Mrs. Uppington.
UPP: Of course, my deah - men never notice what we girls wear!
Tell me, do you like Kolinsky?
FIB: Who's Kolinsky, Molly? Is he that little fat guy in the
fur department that charged you two bucks for patchin'
your rabbit collar?
MOL: Quiet, McGee! I always like to talk to you about fashions,
Mrs. Uppington.
UPP: Yes, you know I always did say that no one in Wistful
Vista could wear clothes as well - or as long - as you.
MOL: Oh, THANK, you Mrs. Uppington...coming from you I really
appreciate the compliment. I think the style of that
dress you have on is one of the SMARTEST I have ever seen...
Though I was a little doubtful of it when Lillian Russell
introduced it.
UPP: Yes, I think - who? -- Lill -- Ooooh! Boodyeese!
SOUND: DOOR SLAM:
MOL: She's got a lot of nerve -- high-hattin' me!
FIB: Well - you gotta overlook it, Molly - she's had a great
sorrow.
MOL: She has?
FIB: Yes...when she was a girl she thought she was gonna be a
great violinist--
MOL: Well, what happened?

FIB: Years later it got too confusin'. She never knew which
CHIN to tuck the fiddle under! Well, come on, Molly -
we might as well take that truck-load of books and go
down to the library!

SOUND: (DOOR KNOCK)

MOL: Come in!

SOUND: (DOOR OPEN & CLOSE)

NICK: Well, ^{hello} ~~for the books, Fizzer. (Hello, Kewpie) What in the name of for goodness sake are you loading the back seat of your automobile full of literary?~~

MOL: ~~Oh, there are some books we're taking back to the library for some friends, Mr. Depopolis.~~

FIB: ~~Right,~~ Nick -- you didn't by any chance borrow a library book from me, did you?

NICK: No, Fizzer, I don't think I am buying any chances on a library book from you. That is, I am certainly fair, I didn't.

MOL: You mean you're fairly certain.

NICK: Is that what I mean?

MOL: I think so.

NICK: I think so, too. Shake hands...glad to meet you.

FIB: Well, you were about my last hope, Nick. The public library's raising the dickens with me.

NICK: Is that so? Incidental floss, I have been reading one of his books myself.

MOL: One of whose books?

NICK: Dickens. It is such a sweet little Christmas stories it is almost making my eyes leak. The name of it is being called by the title of "A CHRISTMAS LOMBARD."

FIB: CAROL.

NICK: I don't know her that well. Anyway, it is all being about a mon named Scrooge who is a very sour puss old geyser --

FIB: You mean GLEZER --

MOL: A geyser is a big natural fountain.

NICK: Well, this mon is not being naturally a fountain...he is only a big drip, I'm thinking... Well sir, this old Scrooge is not believing in the spirit of Merry Christmas and the same to me, but is always bawling everybody out something afraidful!

FIB: Kind of an old scrooge-bawl, you might say. (LAUGH)

NICK: YOU might say it, but I wouldn't. WELL, SIR, one day after this old closewad was playing fast and louse with everybody he is going home and that night, he is having a dark horse.

MOL: A dark horse? Don't you mean a nightmare?

NICK: Don't be so fussy, Kewpie. After all, nights are dark and a mare is a horse, aren't we? Well sir, a ghostie is taking him on a trip back to his childhood, and is showing him...

MOL: Pardon me, Mr. Depopolis but we have to go down to the library!

FIB: Never mind the rest of the story Nick. Anyway...we know all about it. How old Scrooge got reformed and knocked himself out after that, bein' a nice guy...

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MOL: ...and how he was always nice to Bob Cratchett and Tiny Tim.
NICK: Yes, and there is a great mural lesson in it too for anybody who can see the fingerprinting on the wall. It is teaching us that -- IF YOU FEEL YOU HAVE TO TRIM SOMEBODY, WHY,

DON'T YOU TRY A CHRISTMAS TREE!

Well, so long, Fizzer....so long, Kowpie!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM:

~~ORA: REPORT~~

~~APPLAUSE~~

FIB: Folks, Jimmy Shields sings, "Goodnight, My Beautiful"!

Take it, Jimmy!

ORA: "GOODNIGHT MY BEAUTIFUL" - SHIELDS:

APPLAUSE:

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(2ND REVISION) -23-

THIRD SPOT

SOUND: CAR MOTOR IN AND FADE:

FIB: Well, here's the library, Molly.

SOUND: CAR WAY UP AND OUT WITH LOUD BRAKE SCREECH:

FIB: Gotta get them brakes fixed!

SOUND: CAR DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Dad rat it, if they think I'm gonna spend the rest of the day haulin' these books into the library, they got another guess comin'!! They'll have to send a guy out with a hand truck and -- WHOOPS! SORRY SIS! Oh, hello there, little girl.

TEE: Hi, mister.

FIB: I'm glad to see a kid your age patronizin' the public library.

TEE: Why? ^

FIB: I says it shows you're interested in improvin' yourself. Why, some of our most important citizens got their education in public libraries.

TEE: Did you?

p

FIB: Well...yes. I think I can credit a great deal of my wide knowledge of affairs and broad outlook to the nights I've spent porin' over books in the library.

TEE: Gee, no wonder some of these pages are so sticky!
What'd you pour over 'em?

FIB: Dad rat it, I didn't pour anything over 'em!

TEE: Hmmmmmmm?

FIB: I says I...ahem. Never mind. What's that book you're readin' there, sis?

TEE: It's a murder story I betcha. Gee, it's a peachy one too.

FIB: A MURDER STORY!

MOL: Heavenly Days!

FIB: You're kinda young to be readin' all that there morbid stuff like that there, sis.

TEE: I betcha I'm not, I betcha.

FIB: Oh, yes you are.

TEE: Oh, no I'm not.

FIB: OHHH, yes you are.

TEE: OHHH, no I'm -- well, gee -- what's the matter with it?
It's a dandy story.

FIB: Be that as it may -- or may not be -- or not, it ain't the kinda stuff for kids like you to read!

TEE: ~~Awwww... (GIGGLES)~~

FIB: ~~I'm serious, sis. You leaves them murder stories alone till you're a pup.~~

TEE: ~~Well, gee... I lik betcha I want to read any KIDS books when I grow up, I betcha.~~

TEE: Well, this one is, I betcha. This is the one my mamma told me to get.

FIB: Oh, she did, eh? Your mother oughtta have a good talkin' to! And I think I'm just the guy to do it. Givin' a kid like you a murder story! What's the name of it?

TEE: (GIGGLES) "Who Killed Cock Robin" -- So long, mister.

FIB: Well, c'mon in the library, Molly -- I wanta settle this business right now.

SOUND: (DOOR LATCH & SLAM)

FIB: (LOUDLY) I'm gonna tell that librarian just exactly what I think of --

MOL: SHHHHHH! Quiet, McGee! People are trying to read in here! They're all turning around to look at you!

FIB: Well, it's a long book-worm that has no turning. (LAUGHS)
Doncha get it, Molly? I says --

MOL: T'ain't funny, McGee!

FIB: It ain't? Shucks -- I thought --

GIRL: Will you please be more quiet?

MOL: Oh, are you the librarian, dearie?

GIRL: (SOFTLY) Yes, I am.

FIB: You the one that sent me this letter?

GIRL: (SOFTLY) Let me see it, please. (RATTLE OF PAPER)

FIB: Here ye are, Sis.

GIRL: (SOFTLY) Please speak a little more quietly. We don't want to disturb people, do we?

FIB: (WHISPERS) No, we don't. Look, sis.....I couldn't bring back the book I borrowed, but everybody in town sent their's back by me. Half your library's out there in the back of my car, so you better send a coupla guys out to bring it in.

GIRL: (WHISPERS) Oh, thank you so much! (SHOUTS)...HEY, JAKE! LOUIE!...TAKE THE HAND TRUCK OUT IN FRONT AND UNLOAD THAT JALOPPY!

VOICES OFF MIKE SHOUTING: OKAY BABE!...RIGHT AWAY, TOOTS!

SOUND: (TERRIFIC CLANKING OF HAND TRUCK...TO DOOR SLAM)

GIRL: (WHISPERS) Now, what were we saying?

FIB: (WHISPERS) I was sayin' that I can't even remember what book it was I borrowed! And I can't seem to find it to bring it back.

GIRL: That's too bad. In that case it will cost you three dollars!

FIB: THREE DOLLARS! (RAISES VOICE) IT'S AN OUTRAGE, THAT'S WHAT IT IS! JUST BECAUSE I COULDN'T REMEMBER WHERE --

GIRL & MOL: SHHHHHH!

FIB: (WHISPERS) It's an outrage..that's what it is....Just because I can't remember-- oh, dad-rat, how can I be sore if I can't holler? Here...here's three bucks, sis.

GIRL: Thank you. And here's your receipt.

FIB: Incidentally....what was the name o' the book?

GIRL: You'll find it on the receipt, Mr. McGee.....

FIB: Oh...(RATTLE OF PAPER)....Oh yes...AHEM...Well come on, Molly....Better get our car outa there...we don't wanna get another parkin' ticket.

MOL: But what was the name of the--

FIB: Watch the door there, Molly!

(DOOR OPEN & CLOSE)

FIB: Thank goodness THAT'S settled....I'll never forget another book as long as I --

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS, MCGEE....ANSWER MY QUESTION....WHAT BOOK WAS IT?

FIB: Well, if you MUST know...it was "HOW TO IMPROVE YOUR MEMORY".

ORK: "BLUEBIRDS IN THE MOONLIGHT"....FADE FOR COMMERCIAL

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.
Fibber McGee & Molly
11-21-39
Tuesday 6:30-PM PST NBC

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Closing Commercial

ANNOR: Fibber and Molly will be back in just a moment. The butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker -- do they all break your heart in the winter-time when they walk across your clean linoleum floors with wet, soggy shoes? You can't really blame them, can you -- they can't walk around on stilts and they often have to come into your kitchen. What's the solution? JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. This marvelous polish was designed especially for linoleum floors that get lots of wear. It's so easy to use there's practically no work at all.

You simply pour GLO-COAT on the floor -- spread it around -- let it dry. In 20 minutes, without any rubbing or buffing, your floor is sparkling and beautiful, protected with a hard polish that is easy to keep clean. Then you won't have to worry about the grocery boy's muddy shoes. Stains and spots are quickly wiped up with a damp cloth. GLO-COAT shines as it dries -- it is SELF-POLISHING. It keeps the colors of your linoleum fresh and new-looking. You can use GLO-COAT on painted or varnished wood floors, too. Every month more and more housewives save work with GLO-COAT -- spelled G-L-O hyphen C-O-A-T.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC...FADE ON CUE

(2nd REVISION) -30-

TAG GAG

FIB: ATTENTION FOLKS! ANY REFERENCE IN THIS PROGRAM TO ANY ACTUAL LIBRARIAN, LIVING OR IN THE REFERENCE ROOM, IS ENTIRELY CO-ACCIDENTAL. Thank you. Hey Molly. Didn't Jimmy Shields sound swell tonight?

MOL: Oh he certainly did, McGee...He's a Canadian you know.

FIB: He is? Why don't we have him sing a song about "CARRY ME BACK TO DEAR OLD SASKATCHEWAN," or something?

MOL: That would be out of his province...he's from Ontario.

FIB: Oh, AHM. Goodnight,

MOL: Goodnight, all!

ORCH: (CLOSING SIGNATURE) (SAVE YOUR SORROW)
(APPLAUSE)