

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

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

#225

6:30-7:00PM  
Tuesday - 11/28/39

NBC-Red

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

ORK: THEME

"IL: The makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Self-Polishing  
Glo-Coat present Marian and Jim Jordan as Fibber McGee &  
Molly....with Jimmy Shields, Bill Thompson and Billy Mills'  
orchestra.

The show opens with "Goody, Goodbye".

ORK: "GOODY, GOODBYE"....FADE FOR:



S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.  
Fibber McGee & Molly  
11-28-39  
Tuesday 6:30 PM EST NBC

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Opening Commercial

NNCR: In the months just ahead there will be many days that are cloudy and gray. Isn't it very important on such days to have your home bright and cheerful -- your kitchen, especially, where you spend so many hours? There's one thing that will brighten your kitchen more than anything else -- gleaming linoleum floors, kept fresh and spotless with JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. GLO-COAT requires no rubbing or buffing -- there's practically no work to it. You just apply GLO-COAT -- it shines while it dries, with no further work from you. It not only keeps your floors beautiful, but it actually makes linoleum last many times longer than an unprotected floor. GLO-COAT is safe, easy to use, and sure to please. Try some tomorrow, on your floors. Ask for JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT -- G-L-O hyphen C-O-A-T.

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

SEGUE

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

(REVISED) -4-

WIL: AND NOW, TO 79 WISTFUL VISTA -- WHERE THE MCGEE'S ARE WORKING OUT THE CHRISTMAS BUDGET AND ARE SLIGHTLY AGHAST AT THEIR MOUNTING HOUSEHOLD EXPENSES. LET'S LOOF IN AT THE LOVE-BIRDS IN THEIR NEST, AND HEAR THEM PEEP AS THEY OPEN THEIR LITTLE BILLS -- TO SAY NOTHING OF THEIR BIG BILLS! FOLKS --

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

APPLAUSE

MOL: Heavenly Days, McGee - (RATTLE OF PAPER) Just LOOK at all these bills!

FIB: Quit wavin' 'em at me - I know what they are! It's the same old stuff - every month.

MOL: Well, I'm glad you realize it. There's the 3 dollars to pay on the refrigerator....

FIB: I know, I know, I know! And the two dollars on the Encyclopaedia.

MOL: That's right...

FIB: The 6 bucks on the piano...

MOL: Yes...

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FIB: The 4 fifty on the radio...  
MOL: Yes...  
FIB: The 2 fifty on the vacuum cleaner.  
MOL: No.  
FIB: Oh - we got that paid up?  
MOL: No - they came and got it this morning.  
FIB: Good! It was too noisy anyway.  
MOL: Well, look, McGee. Our budget won't stretch over all the bills this month - we've got to skip somebody.  
FIB: Okay. How do we stand on the car payments?  
MOL: Well, let me see now - we re-financed it in 1934...  
FIB: And then we re-financed it again in 1936, and again in 1937... (LAUGHS) That car's been re-financed so many times it shrugs its fenders every time it passes a bank!  
SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR  
FIB: Come in!  
SOUND: DOOR LATCH:  
OLD M: Hello there, kids! How you fixed for Christmas trimmings?  
Holly wreaths, poinsettias, mistletoe -  
MOL: No thank you, Mr. Old Timer, I guess not just now!  
OLD M: EHHHH?

FIB: I don't go for that mistletoe business, Ole Timer. There's too many guys that stand under and not enough gals that understand. (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, "SAAAAAYYYYYY", he says, "WHADDYE THINK O' THAT NEW - FANGLED AUTOMOBILE ADMIRAL BYRD'S TAKIN' TO THE SOUTH POLE?" "WELL", says tother feller, "ALL I GOTTA SAY IS, YOU SURE HAVE TO GO A LONG WAYS NOWADAYS TO FIND A PARKIN' SPACE!" Heh heh heh... sorry you don't need any Christmas stuff, kids. Havin' a special today on Holly Berries. I call 'em the Grapes of Wreath!  
DOOR SLAM  
FIB: The Grapes of Wreath!" That old fuddy duddy. I'll bet if they ever straighten out his wrinkles he'd be eight feet high.  
MOL: What did you do with last month's receipt from the finance company, McGee?  
FIB: Eh? I dunno... I thought you paid it.  
MOL: And I thought YOU paid it. You paid the month before, didn't you?  
FIB: No didn't you?  
MOL: Why no... I thought... MY GOODNESS MCGEE... We're three months BEHIND in the car payments!  
FIB: Maybe I better run down to the finance company and explain.  
MOL: Oh well, I wouldn't worry too much about ~~the finance company~~ <sup>it</sup>, McGee...  
FIB: Why Not?  
MOL: After all these years? Don't you think they have any sentiment?



(REVISED)

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FIB: Go on!... That finance company ain't got any more heart than a stalk of night-club celery. What do they care if we been payin' 'em our good dough for seven years?

MOL: Well, maybe you're right - you don't think they'd take the car away from us, do you?

FIB: No. OOHhh no. No quicker'n a great dane would repossess a pork chop. Why, those guys ..

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR:

FIB: Come in!

SOUND: DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

HAL: Ahhhh, hello there, Folks... just thought I'd stop in and warn you. Hah hah hah...

MOL: Warn us against what, Mr. Gildersleeve?

HAL: I just wanted to tell you a man came to my door and inquired where you lived. Said he was from the finance company.

FIB: Oh oh! From the finance company, eh?

HAL: Yes. (LAUGHS) Not having any trouble I hope. (LAUGHS HEARTILY)

FIB: Go on, Gildersleeve -- you'd love it if we had trouble. If we was caught in a avalanche, you'd stop and throw snowballs at us!

HAL: Oh, come come, McGee... (LAUGHS) I was merely doing you a favor.

FIB: Gildersleeve, every time you do me a favor, it costs me dough. Whaddye say we get back on the old You-hate-me -- I-hate-you basis?

(REVISED)

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HAL: (LAUGHS) Oh, it's quite all right with me, Mrs. McGee... And now that we've dug up the hatchet again, McGee... WHAT WAS THE IDEA OF TAKING THE SUNDAY PAPER OFF MY PORCH LAST SUNDAY MORNING?

FIB: WHO TOOK WHAT PAPER OFF WHOSE PORCH?

HAL: YOU DID MCGEE!

MOL: Careful there, Mr. Gildersleeve -- you're practically accusin' me husband of petty larceny.

HAL: I CERTAINLY AM! ANYBODY THAT WOULD SNEAK UP ON MY PORCH LIKE A THIEF IN THE NIGHT --

FIB: IT WASN'T NIGHT -- IT WAS BROAD DAYLI --

MOL: MCGEE!

FIB: Well, what of it? Gildersleeve's been swipin' our EVENING paper, ain't he?

HAL: STOP RIGHT THERE, MCGEE! I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW I CAN AFFORD TO SUBSCRIBE TO MY OWN PAPERS -- I DON'T HAVE TO STOOP TO TAKE YOURS....

FIB: I'LL SAY you don't. You can just reach up on the porch behind the lilac bush!

HAL: OHHHH!

FIB: And furthermore, Gildersleeve - if I have any more trouble with you, you know what I'll do? I'll clunk you so hard your head will ring like the Westminster chimes on Easter morning.

HAL: IS THAT SO! AND I'LL TIE YOUR LIMP LITTLE SPINE INTO EIGHT FANCY KNOTS AND PRESENT YOU TO THE BOY SCOUTS!

MOL: What troupe?



FIB: You keep outta this, please, Molly. SO YOU'LL TIE MY SPINE INTO KNOTS, WILLYA, GILDERSLEEVE? YOU KNOW WHAT I THINK OF YOU?

HAL: I have a rough idea.

FIB: If you ever had an idea - it would have to be rough - to make its way alone in the world.

HAL: You don't say! Why I -----

MOL: All right, all right! You vocal ruffians! Go to your corners and gargle your throats! Would you mind tellin' me, Mr. Gildersleeve, what you told the man from the finance company?

HAL: I told him I didn't know where you lived. I told him I thought it was down in the next block. I'm sorry now I didn't bring him over here myself!

FIB: A fat lot of satisfaction you'da got outta that, Gildersleeve. I know the law -- I know my rights! He couldn't do anything to me!

HAL: How do you know so much about it?

FIB: Who, me? Why, shucks, Gildersleeve, I made a hobby of legal matters ever since I was a kid! Why, I wouldn't even get outta my crib until my nurse brung in a habeas corpus! And when I was just in knee pants, I knew enough law to throw the whole bar association for a loop! LOOP-HOLE MCGEE, I WAS KNOWN AS IN THEM DAYS!

MOL: Oh, dear.

HAL: Ohhhhhh!

FIB: LOOPHOLE MCGEE, THE LUSTIEST, LOUDEST, LEGAL LIGHT THAT EVER LEAPED LIKE A LEOPARD ON A LOTTA LOOSE-LIVIN' LAWBREAKERS, LASHIN' 'EM IN THE LATIN LANGUAGE AND LEADIN' 'EM LIKE LIGHTNING TO LEAVENWORTH. LOVED FOR MY LIVELY LAUGHTER AND LOFTY LEGAL LEGERDEMAIN, AND AT LONG LAST THE LEADER OF LIBERTY LEGISLATION FROM THE LOVELY LANES WHERE THE LAFWINGS LEAVE --

OH! YOU GOIN', GILDERSLEEVE?

HAL: Ohhhh!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM:

APPLAUSE

ORK: "CHIRI BIRIBIN"

APPLAUSE



MOL: Now look, McGee -- you've got to get in touch with the finance company and explain the matter before they take the car away from us!

FIB: Don't worry -- I know my rights, Molly. They can't take the car until they serve us with a writ of detachment.

MOL: Writ of attachment, isn't it?

FIB: DETACHMENT! They want to detach us from the car, don't they?

MOL: Oh, that's right.

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR

FIB: I'll answer it, Molly.

MOL: NO, DON'T, MCGEE! MAYBE THAT'S THE MAN FROM THE FINANCE COMPANY. Take a peek out the window.

FIB: Okay. (PAUSE) Yep -- that's him, all right. I remember him from 1936, the time he got nasty with me for absent-mindedly makin' the check out to the "Wistful Vista Finagglin' Company".

SOUND: KNOCKING

MOL: (SOTTO VOCE) Why don't we ask him in, McGee, and explain the circumsta-

FIB: Oh no! no! no!..the minute we open the door he can slap a legal paper on us, and then we lose the car!

MOL: How about if he breaks the door in. Is that legal?

FIB: Search me....lemme think it over a minute. Lets see now... (MUTTERS) Case of Gooney versus New Hampshire....statutes... 19 ought 8....plaintiff charged...issued a writ of mugg-nexus...malice aforethought....statutory decision...YEP... IT'S LEGAL! MOVE THAT TABLE IN FRONT OF THE DOOR, MOLLY... COME ON! HURRY!

SOUND: CLATTER OF FURNITURE: THUDS: GRUNTS:

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MOL: What if he hears us, McGee...we're makin' a lot of noise for people who aren't at home.

FIB: Maybe he'll think we got mice.

MOL: You mean when the McGee's are away the mice will play -- football?

FIB: Is the back door closed, Molly?

MOL: Yes, dearie.

FIB: Let's see now. Wonder how else he could get in.

MOL: Down the chimney?

FIB: Not a chance. A bill collector hates to do anything that even suggests Santa Claus. (PAUSE) Has he gone away, Molly?

MOL: Yes, he's left, McGee. But he'll probably be back.

FIB: Well, by that time --

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR:

FIB: Oh Oh! He's back already! Hey, Molly -- Look! He's slipped into a disguise. -- Dressed up like a woman. (LAUGHS) Wonder who he thinks he's foolin'?

MOL: YOU, FOR ONE..... THAT'S MRS. UPPINGTON!

FIB: Eh? Oh. Well, let's move this barricade just a crack, Molly, so she can slip in quick!

MOL: I'm afraid you're underestimatin' her, proportions, dearie.

SOUND: CLATTER AND THUD OF FURNITURE: DOOR LATCH AND SLAM:

MOL: Oh! How do you do, Mrs. Uppington?

URP: How do you do Mrs. McGee -- AND Mr. McGee!

FIB: Hiyah, Uppy. One side there, girls -- while I move this table back.

SOUND: CLATTER AND THUDS:

UPP: Well, My Goodness! What is going on here?

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FIB: Oh..er...just re-arrangin' the furniture, Uppy. How do you think that table looks against the front door there?

UPP: Well, I er...well, it's rather unusual, isn't it?

MOL: We thought so.

UPP: But how does...one..er...I mean, about going in and out... and all that sort of thing?

FIB: Oh this prevents all that, Uppy. After all, there aint anything dignified about people tearin' in and out of your front door all the time.

MOL: Certainly not. So you pile Furniture against the door which makes your home more exclusive.

UPP: Oh yos...I...er..I see. AHEM. Tell me..is this a new theory of interior decoration?

MOL: Why Mrs. Uppington...you mean you havon't HEARD?

FIB: Shucks, it's the last word with the Smart Set in Peoria, Uppy. And they oughtta know. Practically every house there has got furniture in it.

UPP: How veddy interesting...perhaps I shall stop in again on my way home from my director's meeting and see how your house looks.

MOL: Oh are you a director of something, Mrs. Uppington?

UPP: Oh yes, my deah...In fact I am one of the largest stockholders in one of our biggest companies downtown.

FIB: Which one, Uppy?

UPP: The Wistful Vista Finance Company. It is...excuse me, Mr. McGee..but you just put the wrong end of your cigar in your mouth. Well, I MUST be going...GOODBYEEEE...

SOUND: CLATTER OF FURNITURE

UPP: OHHH..that HORRIBLE table....I forgot!!

FIB: Better sneak out the back way, Uppy.

UPP: Really...the back way...WELL, I...well..GOOD DAY!

DOOR SLAM OFF MIKE

FIB: Imagine Uppy a director in the finance company.

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR

MOL: Wait a minute, McGee...(PAUSE) .....Yes...it's the collector again.

FIB: Persistent cuss, ain't he? Maybe if we --

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR:

MAN: (OFF MIKE) ANYBODY AT HOME IN THERE?

MOL: Shall we answer him, McGee?

FIB: I'll disguise my voice, Molly, and fool him.

MAN: (OFF MIKE) I SAY...ANYBODY AT HOME?

FIB: Why shore...but there's only just me and Lum a - settin' here.

MAN: (PAUSE) Oh...thanks...anyway.

MOL: It worked, McGee....he's walkin' away..shakin' his head. Heavenly days...you almost fooled me, too.

FIB: (LAUGHS) I did, eh?

MOL: You certainly did! I never knew you could imitate Amos'n Andy like that.

FIB: Oh, it's easy when you - WHADDYE MEAN, AMOS'N ANDY? THAT WAS LUM AND ABNER! Don't you know -

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR

MOL: Oh dear! He's back again. Wait till I peek out, McGee.

(PAUSE) Yes, it's him!

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR: DIFFERENT KNOCK OFF MIKE

FIB: What's that, an echo? Or has he got a guy workin' the back door too?



MOL: We're surrounded, McGee!

FIB: Looks like it! As the handkerchief said as it climbed off the sewing machine, "~~Damn~~<sup>mit</sup>, I'm hemmed in!"

WIL: (FADE IN) Well, hello there, folks! I knocked at the back door but I guess you didn't hear me, so I walked right in.

MOL: Oh, hello, Mr. Wilcox! So that was you at the back door!

FIB: We thought it was another guy from the finance company.

WIL: Finance Company?

MOL: Yes - you see we forgot to make a couple of payments on the car and there's been a man tryin' to serve a paper on us.

WIL: Oh! That's tough! Maybe he'll go away after awhile.

FIB: Them guys never go away! That's part of their trainin' -- they love to sit on your lapsa if they can find one in your payments.

WIL: Well, you can't blame him, he's only doing his duty. Just the same as it's the duty of the Johnson's Wax People to have every linoleum floor in America protected and beautified with Johnson's Self-Polishing Glo-Coat.

MOL: That's very true, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Won't you tell us more about what Johnson's Glo-Coat will do for floors and linoleum, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Oh, you've heard it!

MOL: OH, tell us again!

FIB: I never get tired of it, Harlow! And I love that part where you strike a attitude of repose and talk about no rubbing and no buffing!

WIL: GEE! Do you really? You mean, where I remind people that no matter how much they use their linoleum floors, that they can keep them beautiful and protected with Johnson's Self-Polishing Glo-Coat. So easy. No work to it. Just apply to the clean floor, spread it around...and in twenty minutes it's shining like new?

MOL: That's it! No wonder you sell so much Johnson's Glo-Coat, Mr. Wilcox -- you're so sincere!

FIB: Now wait a minute, Molly! I'M the guy that really sells Johnson's Glo-Coat!

MOL: How do you figure that?

FIB: Well, take a look at this wire I got from the shipping clerk at Racine! He says, quote, "We shipped so much Johnson's Glo-Coat last month we used 100,000 extra Fibber shipping cases." Unquote. Probably got my picture on every case! That's the real secret of --

WIL: Let me see that wire! (LAUGHS) Oh! I see - that's different.

FIB: Whatcha mean?

WIL: It doesn't say "Fibber" cases - it says "Fiber!" (LAUGHS)

MOL: Well, I'll see you later, folks.

MOL: How long are we going to have to stay locked up in here, McGee? I feel like a bird in a gilded coop!

FIB: Search me! Till I can get them payments down to the Finance company, I guess!

SOUND: TAPPING ON GLASS:



FIB: OH OH! NOW HE'S AT THE WINDOW! I'm gettin' so I'm afraid to even turn a faucet on in this house -- I'm scared he'll come running outta the pipe!

SOUND: TAPPING ON WINDOW:

MOL: Why, that isn't the man from the finance company, McGee -- that's Mr. Boomer!

FIB: What's he doin' at the window?

SOUND: WINDOW RAISING:

MOL: What's the idea, Mr. Boomer?

BOOM: Quiet, my dear, Quiet! Just dropped by to tell you -- there's a Finance Company Flat-foot haunting the premises!

FIB: Much obliged, Boomer -- but we knew it!

BOOM: Oh, you did! Well, just thought I'd warn you, Fudge-Face!

Anybody that's an enemy of a bill collector, is a friend of mine! What seems to be your difficulty?

MOL: Oh, we slipped up on our car payments, Mr. Boomer, and they're trying to serve some kind of a paper on us!

BOOM: Is that so? Very distressing, I'm sure! If you want the address of a good lawyer, I can recommend mine.....has a very cool head! Probably because he's a little on the shady side!

MOL: It might come in handy at that, McGee -- Who is your lawyer, Mr. Boomer?

BOOM: Chap by the name of...now let me see...have his name and address right here in my notebook...now where'd I put that notebook...notebook...notebook...notebook...

FIB: Oh, pshaw!

BOOM: Let's see now.....here's a letter from my sister Sophronia - energetic little rascal....says she's got her Christmas shoplifting all finished.....small acetylene torch....sort of a financial can opener, you might say....yes indeed..large unset diamond...belonged to a girl friend of mine..she ran out and left me holding the baguette.....Postcard from a friend of mine who had to leave the State for his health...poor lad... he was so weak he couldn't even waive his extradition.... AND A CHECK FOR A SHORT BEER. Well, well - imagine that.....No notebook! Wonder what I could have done with it! WELL, NO MATTER! I'LL SEE HIM AT THE POLICE STATION TOMORROW MORNING.

FIB: You got a case comin' up in the morning, Boomer?

BOOM: Don't know - depends on what luck I have tonight! Good day, m'dear! Good luck, Fly-Trap!

SOUND: WINDOW CLOSING:

ORK: "LILACS IN THE RAIN"....SHIELDS:

FIB: (ANNOUNCEMENT OVER INTRO) *Tells, Jimmy Shields sings "Lilacs in the Rain"*



MOL: McGee, why should we barricade ourselves in here? We're not criminals. Let 'em attach our old car -- what do we care?

FIB: WHAT? TAKE THAT CAR AFTER I SPENT FIVE SUNDAY AFTERNOONS PUTTIN' IN NEW PISTON RINGS? NO SIR!

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR: RUSTLE OF PAPER:

MOL: (SOTTO VOCE) Look, McGee! He's slipping the paper under the door!

FIB: Oh! He is, is he? (LAUGHS) Can't catch me that easy! I'll shove it right back at him!

SOUND: SLITHER OF PAPER:

FIB: (WHISPERS) Peck out and see what he's doin' now, Molly!....

MOL: He's puttin' the paper back in his pocket! Now he's scratching his head. Now he's shrugging his shoulders. He doesn't seem to understand it!

FIB: 'Course he don't understand it! Probably the first time he's run up against a guy that knows his rights.

MOL: Well, legal rights or no legal rights, McGee -- I've had enough of this!

FIB: Eh?

MOL: You can come with me or not, but I'm going to make a break for it. I'm going to drive down to the finance company and tell them all about it.

FIB: OH NOW, MOLLY! YOU CAN'T....

MOL: Are you comin' with me or not?

FIB: Well....all right! Come on. But the minute we get out the back door, run for the garage!

SOUND: IDOR LATCH AND SLAM:

e

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SOUND: IDOR LATCH AND SLAM:

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FIB: I hope that guy don't suspect we run out the back door, or -  
OOOPS....outa the way there little girl.

TEE: Hiyah Mister....gee I been waiting for you, I betcha -

FIB: Well, that's very flattering, I'm sure, but I ain't got  
time right now for any-

TEE: Awwwww, gee...I wanted to ask you a question, I betcha....

FIB: I'm sorry...some other time, sis....besides...why pick  
on me?

TEE: Well everybody says you are a great guy.....and wise, too.

FIB: They did, eh? Who said that?

TEE: Oh gee..everybody. They all say you are the greatest  
wise guy in town...are you, Mister? Hmmm? Are you?

FIB: Aw fer the....LISTEN SIS..FOR THE LAST TIME...RUN ALONG  
AND PLAY AND DON'T BOTHER ME...

TEE: Awww, I betcha you couldn't answer the question anyway,  
I betcha..

FIB: Oh yes I could.

TEE: Oh no you couldn't...

FIB: OHHHH YES I COULD...

TEE: OHHHH NOO YOU COULDN'T...

FIB: OHHH YES I -

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS MCGEE....COME ON...WE'LL GET CAUGHT...

FIB: Wait a minute, Molly...I wanna settle this...WHAT WAS THE  
QUESTION SIS?

TEE: Well..what does pretext mean?

FIB: Pretext? That means when your pretending to do something  
ye ain't. It's pretending. That may not be Webster's  
definition, but it'll do.

TEE: Who's Webster?

FIB: He's the guy that wrote the dictionary....

TEE: Gee, did he make up all those words?

FIB: No...he didn't?

TEE: Who did?

FIB: Nobody..er..EVERYBODY...DAD RAT IT..HOW SHOULD I KNOW...

TEE: HMMMM?

FIB: Say what is this.....anyway...where'd you hear that word  
PRETEXT?

TEE: From my daddy. I'm holding you under any..

FIB: YOUR HOLDING ME UNDER ANY.....ANY WHAT?

TEE: Any pretext....that's what he told me to do....and OH  
THERE'S MY DADDY NOW...

FIB: Guy from finance company...

TEE: HEY DADDY....I DID IT! I HELD HIM UNDER ANY PRETEXT.

MAN: (FADE IN) Ahh good for you, dear...

MOL: Heavenly days...

FIB: Well I'll be a....IT WAS A FRAME UP.

TEE: No it wasn't, I betcha. I gotta quarter for it. So  
long mister.

MAN: ARE YOU MISTER MCGEE?

FIB: Yes -- I suppose so.

MAN: I'm Mr. Perkins from the Wistful Vista Finance Company.  
Been trying to get in touch with you all day.

MOL: NO! Really?



FIB: Okay, bud -- you got me. Let's get it over with.

MAN: Mr. McGee, my father was credit manager of this finance company when you bought your car. Of course, that was before my time.

FIB: Never mind the sentiment, bud -- just get to the point.

MAN: Well, as I was saying, since then a new generation has taken over. I have my father's old job and in checking through the records, I find --

~~FIB:~~ Yeah -- I know -- you find that we're three months in arrears so you're takin' the car. Okay -- go ahead!

MAN: NO no! I have a check here for you -- tried to slip it under your door -- but some darn' fool shoved it right back!

FIB: A check? What for?

MAN: MR. MCGEE! YOU FINISHED PAYING FOR YOUR CAR SEVEN MONTHS AGO. THIS CHECK IS A REFUND.

FIB: YOU MEAN, THE CAR IS ALL PAID FOR? IT'S CLEAR?

MAN: Absolutely.

FIB: HOT DOG! DIDJA HEAR THAT, MOLLY? NOW WE CAN BORROW SOME MONEY ON IT!

ORK: "LAUGH YOUR WAY THROUGH LIFE" - FADE FOR:

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.  
Fibber McGee & Molly  
11-28-39  
Tuesday - 6:30 PM EST NBC

Closing Commercial

ANNCR: Fibber and Molly will be back in just a moment, but now just a word about some of the "100 extra-uses" for genuine JOHNSON'S WAX. Many housewives write telling us how they use JOHNSON'S WAX. Here is one, for instance: "I always JOHNSON-WAX my windowsills. It protects them against rain, snow and dampness." Now doesn't that sound reasonable? A hard coat of JOHNSON'S WAX acts like a shield -- it keeps moisture from hurting either the finish or the wood itself. If it rains during the night, you simply wipe off the windowsill in the morning. In addition to this protection, JOHNSON'S WAX gives rich, mellow beauty to everything made of wood -- your floors, woodwork, furniture -- as well as to many other things like shoes and luggage and enameled refrigerators. If you already protect your floors with genuine JOHNSON'S WAX, you can save yourself many more hours of work by discovering the extra uses. You will find these listed on the can of JOHNSON'S WAX, paste or liquid.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC....FADE ON CUE



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TAG GAG

FIB: FOLKS, YOU HAVE JUST HEARD OUR 225th BROADCAST FOR  
 JOHNSON'S WAX, AND ON THIS OCCASION, WE WOULD LIKE TO  
 PAY TRIBUTE TO..er...Hey, Molly...who can we pay tribute  
 to?

MOL: Why..er...why I don't know, McGee.

FIB: You don't? Well, I...WELL WELL, IMAGINE THAT - NO  
 TRIBUTE! Goodnight!

MOL: Goodnight, all!

ORK: UP TO FINISH:

APPLAUSE:

CREDITS: SIGNOFF:

S. C. JOHNSON & SON

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

NBC - RED