

S C JOHNSON & SON

WRITER:

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY - #227

DON QUINN

NBC - Red

Tuesday 12/12/39

6:30-7:00 PM

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

ORK: THEME:

W L: 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 "Hallelujah"!

ORK: "HALLELUJAH!" (FADE FOR)

(PAGE THREE FOR BOMMERCIAL)

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

What is the most used room in your house? Well, it's probably your kitchen -- that's where you have to spend a great many hours -- and it's a room that is mighty important to the whole family. Then, shouldn't the kitchen be as bright and cheerful as you can make it? There are many things you can do to accomplish this -- but nothing will help more than to keep your linoleum floors glistening and spotless with JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. And nothing will save you as much work as GLO-COAT. This easy-to-use polish needs no rubbing or buffing at all. You simply pour it onto your floor, spread it around, and it polishes itself in 20 minutes while it is drying. GLO-COAT gives a beautiful polish that is long-lasting, and easy to keep clean. Spilled things wipe up easily with a damp cloth. Many users write us that GLO-COAT makes their linoleum last six times longer than unprotected surfaces. And, of course, GLO-COAT does away with old-fashioned floor scrubbing. Buy a can of GLO-COAT tomorrow -- it's spelled G-L-O hyphen C-O-A-T. Johnson's Self-Polishing Glo-Coat.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH)

(APPLAUSE)

SEGUE

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

WIL:

CRIME HAS JUST RAISED ITS UGLY HEAD, FOLKS! THE "WISTFUL VISTA JEWELRY, -WE-FIX-WATCHES, -AND-DO-YOU-NEED-GLASSES-COMPANY" HAS JUST DISCOVERED THAT A TWELVE THOUSAND DOLLAR NECKLACE IS MISSING. AND HERE, SYMPATHIZING WITH THE TEARFUL ANGUISH OF THE PROPRIETRESS, MRS. TITELBAUM, WE FIND,

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

APPLAUSE

MOL:

Now now now...Mrs. Teitlebaum...don't take it so hard, dearie. I'm sure the necklace will turn up someplace.

MRS. T:

So am I...it will turning up in a pawn shop in Toledo, maybe. Oh my oh my oh my....12 thousand dollars.

~~FIB:~~

~~That's right, along with the necklace, why don't you turn in the burglar alarm?~~

~~MRS. T:~~

~~That's right!.....JANE! THE BURGLED ALARM...FOR THE BURGLAR!~~

~~SOUND:~~

~~BURGLAR ALARM SUSTAIN FOR FIVE SECONDS~~

~~MOL:~~

~~Okay, Jane, return it to her!~~

~~SOUND:~~

~~ALARM OFF~~

~~MOL:~~

~~Heavenly days, McGee, why turn it off?~~

~~FIB:~~

~~She's just about 12 thousand bucks, you want her to turn up the electric bill, huh?~~

~~MRS. T:~~

~~Oh...why do you always...in a... something?~~

FIB:

Look, Mrs. Teitlebaum...you wanna recover this diamond necklace without no fuss or scandal, don't you? And you don't wanna dish out a heavy reward to the cops, do you?

MRS. T :

You're talking.

FIB:

I'm probably the one guy in the world that can clear this robbery up for you, and get the necklace back!

MRS. T: Mr. McGee...if you can do it, I am so grateful you can have anything in the store -- at a big discount. But what experiences are you having, please?

FIB: What experience! Why, Mrs. Teitelbaum, do you mean to stand there with your head between your bobby pins, and tell me you never heard of Detective McGee?

MRS. T: So help me - I didn't!

FIB: I'm kinda surprised at you, Mrs. Teitelbaum, because I'm well-known for crime detection. A brute with my fists and lightnin' with a shootin' iron. Why, when I was only five years old, none of the other kids would even split a soda with me, because I was so fast on the draw. And ~~when I~~ ~~got my detective license,~~ I could shoot lead outta revolver quicker'n anybody. "GET-THE-LEAD-OUT-MCGEE", I was knowed as in them days....

MOL: OH my....

FIB: GET-THE-LEAD-OUT-MCGEE, THE GO-GETTIN' GUMSHOE GALAHAD, *you!*  
GREAT GUNS AT GIVIN' THE GATE TO GROUPS O' GAUDY GAMBLERS  
WITH MY GLEAMING GAT: GALLANPLY GIRDLIN' THE GLOBE TO  
GIVE GANGSTERS A GRUESOME GLIMPSE O' THE GALLOWS, AND  
GATHERIN' GREAT GOBS O' GLORY AS A GO-BETWEEN FOR GOOD  
GOVERNMENT FROM THE GRIM, GAUNT GULLIES' O' GALATRA, TO  
THE -- Well, that gives you a rough idea!

APPLAUSE:

MRS. T: What's your proposisin, please?

FIB: One percent of the value of the necklace. That's 120 dollars, and I-guarantee results....

MRS. T: (SIGHS) Okay - go ahead.

MOL: McGee, how about the business you had with Mrs. Teitelbaum when you came in here,

FIB: That can wait. I just wanted to tell her that fountain pen I got in here this morning was - well, never mind that now. Come on, Molly...you're workin' on this case with me.

MOL: Oh goody...We'll pretend we're playin' The Thin Man. I'll be Myrna Loy and you can be Dick Powell.

FIB: It was WILLIAM Powell.

MOL: Well, he was a dick in the picture.

FIB: NOW LET'S GET BUSY. HAVE YOUR CLERK CALL THE POLICE AND GET A SQUAD CAR OVER HERE, AND THEN WRITE DOWN THE NAMES OF WHOEVER'S BEEN IN THE STORE TODAY. I WANTA 3RD DEGREE EVERYBODY.

MRS. T: *Okay!* Jack, - a piece of paper - and a squad car please.

MOL: McGee, why do you get that poor woman's hopes up like this? As a sleuth you couldn't find a firetruck in a phone booth!

FIB: Molly, for some reason, you...you seem to lack confidence in me. Tell me this....have I ever completely failed in anything I ever did?

MOL: What did you ever do?

FIB: Wel-1-1-1, I ... SAY, I WONDER WHAT BECAME OF THAT SQUAD CAR? They oughta be here by now. Lemme take that phone. (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR...GIMME THE POLICE DEPARTM....Oh, is that you, Myrt? How's everything, Myrt? EH?...WHO DID YOUR COUSIN ALFRED?...NOT REALLY!..WITH A OLD FASHIONED RAZOR, EH?...OH OH!! .....FROM EAR TO EAR, EH? Whaddya know about that, Molly.

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS! WHAT?

FIB: Myrt's young cousin shaved himself for the first time this morning. He was so tickled he had a grin from ear to ear. HELLO MYRT...OH, POLICE HEADQUARTERS DON'T ANSWER EH? NO, never mind. So long, Myrt. (CLICK) (One o' these days, I'm gonna really get a number and spoil everything!). Ye know, the first thing we gotta do ---

MRS. T: (FADE IN) Here, Mr. McGee - here is a list of customers who are being in mine store today.

FIB: Thank you, Mrs. Teitelbaum. Phone this list to the police and tell 'em to have all these suspects here at 2 o'clock. Now before I start runnin' down clues, I'd like to ask just one question if I may.

MRS. T: Soitenly. Go ahead.

FIB: Now think carefully before you answer, Mrs. Teitelbaum.

MRS. T: Soitenly.

FIB: Here's the question: Does this list you gave me comprise the names of each individual who had access to, or means of, or by use of accomplices, (hereinafter referred to as the party of the second part) any suspicious actions on part of same?

MOL: A very shrewd question.

MRS. T: Can I answer "yes" or "no"?

FIB: Yes.

MRS. T: No.

FIB: Thank you, that clears up an important point.

SOUND: SIPEN OFE ... UP AND OUT ... DOOR LATCH:

COP: SOMEBODY HEVE CALL FOR A SQUAD CAR?

MOL: Yes, officer...there's been a robbery in here.

COP: What was took?

FIB: A diamond necklace, Bud. Worth twelve grand. You work with me and I'll cut you in on the publicity.

COP: Okay. Dat's swell. I take a wunnerful pitcher. I usually pose wit me revolver in me hand and a stern look on me puss... like dis...see?

FIB: That's a stern look all right. Looks like the stern of a ferry boat. But the publicity will come later, Officer.

COP: Okay doc. Well, I'll be waitin' for yez outside in de squad car.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: First thing we gotte do is...OH, HEY...I JUST THOUGHT O' SOMETHIN'..COME ON, MOLLY...QUICK...

MOL: Where, McGee...?

FIB: NEVER MIND...NO TIME TO ANSWER QUESTIONS...BE BACK SHORTLY, MRS. TEITELBAUM...COME ON, MOLLY...HURRY! TIME MEANS EVERYTHING!

SOUND: DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

FIB: HEY OFFICER...DRIVE US TO 79 WISTFUL VISTA...IN A HURRY! Get in the squad car quick Molly.

MOL: Oh, dear. (CAR DOOR)

FIB: STEP ON IT, BUD - GET GOIN'!

COP: YES, SIR.

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS...MOTOR UP WITH TERRIFIC SIREN SOUND; FADE WAY DOWN...THEN UP AGAIN AND OUT WITH BRAKE SCREECH.

COP: Here you are, Doc...SHALL I SURROUND DE HOUSE?

FIB: Oh no...You come back for us in half an hour.

COP: Okay Doc!

SOUND: (CAR AND SIREN UP AND OUT)

(REVISED) -0-10-11-

MOL: MCGEE, WELL. WHAT WAS THE IDEA OF RISKIN' OUR NECKS TO GET  
TO OUR OWN HOUSE?

FIB: Why Molly don't you realize - it's time for lunch.

ORK: "DIGGA DIGGA DO".

APPLAUSE

(SECOND SPOT)

(REVISED)

-12-

SOUND: SQUAD CAR IN: WITH SIREN UP AND FADE:

COP: Here's de jewelry store, doc.

SOUND: (CAR OUT WITH BRAKE SCREECH)

FIB: Oughtta get their brakes fixed. Come on, Molly. Now that  
I've had lunch -- I can really tackle this jewel robbery.  
Never could solve a mystery on a empty stomach.

MOL: Why not? As a detective you're stricly from hunger!

FIB: Just the same, I can be more nonchalant with a toothpick  
in my mouth, and -- OOPS! Sorry, little girl!

TEE: (GIGGLES) Hi, mister.

FIB: Don't stop me now, sis...I'm on a case.

TEE: Gee, are you a doctor? *hm, one eye, hm?*

FIB: No, I'm a detective.

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: NOW LISTEN, SIS...I AIN'T GOT TIME TO BE BANDYIN' WORDS  
WITH YOU. YOU RUN ALONG ABOUT YOUR BUSINESS AND I'LL RUN  
ALONG ABOUT MINE. Go on, now...beat it.

TEE: Where?

FIB: Well, where was you goin' when I bumped into you?

TEE: Don't you know?

FIB: How should I know?

TEE: Well, gee...I thought you were a detective.

FIB: DADRAT IT, I AM A DETECTIVE...BUT HOW SHOULD I KNOW ALL  
ABOUT YOU?

TEE: Well, I know all about you, I betcha.

FIB: Oh, no ye don't.

TEE: Oh, yes I do.

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FIB: OHHHHH, NO YE DON'T!

TEE: OHHHHH, YES I DO.

FIB: OHHHHH, NO Y....ALL RIGHT...IF YOU KNOW SO MUCH, TELL ME ALL ABOUT ME...

TEE: Okay. You're five feet seven inches high, and you weigh a hunnert an' forty two, and your waistline is 37 inches, and you gotta appendisinus scar on your stummick and you need to have your tonsils out and you were born on the 16th of November and you had collie flower for lunch, I betcha.

FIB: WELL, I'LL BE A CENSORED EXCLAMATION! WHAT IN THE...HOW DID YOU KNOW ALL THAT SIS?

TEE: I saw it in your insurance application. My Uncle sold you the insurance.

FIB: (LAUGHS) OH, WELL, THAT'S PRETTY SIMPLE THEN. I THOUGHT YOU WERE REALLY...HEY...HOW'D YOU KNOW I HAD CAULIFLOWER FOR LUNCH? THAT WASN'T IN MY INSURANCE APPLICATION!

TEE: I know it.

FIB: Then how'd you figure that out?

TEE: Well, we live just south of you and there's a north wind today. So long, mister. *(applause)*

~~FIB: YOU hear that, Molly? The kids okay. I could make a real detecti... that little monkey.~~

~~MOL: Well, turn about is fair play.~~

~~FIB: What's mean.~~

~~MOL: She made a monkey out of a detective.~~

FIB: Well, *Well lets go in the store, Molly,* I gotta get busy on this case... ~~complain, Molly.~~

SOUND: DOOR LATCH AND SLAM:

MRS. T: Oh, there you are Mr. McGee! And where is my diamond necklace please?

FIB: Don't worry about your necklace, Mrs. Teitlebaum. I never fail. When it comes to recoverin' precious stones, I'm quicker'n a snake. Kind of a "diamond-back rattler" you might say. (LAUGHS) Don't ye get it, Molly? Precious stone returned...diamond back...?

MOL: Tain't funny, McGee...

MRS. T: I second the moain'!

FIB: Okay Okay Okay...you'll see. I got this thing all figured out. *Here that cap* Send in the first suspect, Mrs. Teitelbaum...

MRS. T: Certainly....right away...(FADE OUT) Mr. Policeman... Mr. Police...

FIB: You sit there, Molly...and take notes.

SOUND: DOOR LATCH AND SLAM:

UPP: (FADE INTO) I DEMAND TO SEE THE OFFICER IN CHARGE ABOUT THIS OUTRAGEOUS...ER...OH!

MOL: How do you do, Mrs. Uppington?

UPP: Why...er...I...how do you do, Mrs. McGee, and Mr. McGee.

FIB: Hiyah, Uppy.

UPP: I...er...I don't undahstand. They told me I was to be interviewed by a detective about some horrid robbery that--

FIB: I'm the detective, Uppy. SIT DOWN.

UPP: Just a moment, Mr. McGeeeee....I know nothing about any robbery, and I resent this absurd, high-handed method of --

~~FIB: Take it easy Uppy... take it easy. I gotta work this way.~~

~~(LAUGHS) Thanks! I learned my back in grade school that you never go any place if you ain't highbanded. Haha!~~

FIB: ~~WHO'S YOUR FAVORITE GUY? MRS. UPPINGTON? SOMETHING ON YOUR MIND?~~

UPP: ~~Of course not! And it seems to me that dropping a reputation as a woman into an effort like this is well,~~

FIB: Here I was innocently doing my Christmas shopping --

UPP: Oh, shopping, eh? (LAUGHS SARCASTICALLY) Got plenty of money to spend, Mrs. Uppington?

FIB: Yes, I have, if it's any of your business.

UPP: (Make a note o' that, Molly. Carryin' plenty of dough.)

FIB: IS THIS THE FIRST DIAMOND NECKLACE YOU EVER STOLE, MRS. UPPINGTON? ANSWER YES OR NO!

UPP: No, it isn't ... er... yes...it...it is...er...NO...I MEAN... I HAVE NEVER STOLEN ANYTHING IN MY LIFE...AND I REFUSE TO ANSWER ANY MORE QUESTIONS.

FIB: (GENTLY) Now look, Mrs. Uppington...we're your friends... we realize that it's easy for a girl like you to go wrong.. Unhappy conditions at home, alone in the big city, frustrated in love, and with malice a forethought.

UPP: MR. MCGEE...PLEASE!!! I --

MOL: Now, Mrs. Uppington...don't be upset dearie...we'll make it as easy for you as we can.

FIB: Mrs. Uppington...you WERE in this jewelry store between the hours of .... er...this morning and this afternoon, were you not?

UPP: Yes, I was....

MOL: What did you buy?

UPP: Why...why I...I didn't make any purchases, but --

FIB: OH, DIDN'T BUY ANYTHING, EH? (LAUGHS) JUST SNOOPING AROUND, EH? A LIKELY STORY. A GAL WITH PLENTY O' MONEY GOES IN A JEWELRY STORE FULL O' DIAMONDS AND EMEFALDS AND RUBIES AND ALL STUFF LIKE THAT THERE AND DON'T BUY ANYTHING?.. (LAUGHS) COME COME, MY GOOD WOMAN....

UPP: I am NOT YOUR GOOD WOMAN....

MOL: Oh, you're not a good woman!!....

UPP: I PROTEST...I AM TOO A GOOD WOMAN!

FIB: OH! CONTRADICTING YOURSELF, ARE YOU? CAN'T STICK TO ONE STORY? SPLIT PERSONALITY, EH?

UPP: MR. MCGEE...YOU WILL SOON BE A SPLIT PERSONALITY YOURSELF IF I CAN FIND AN AXE SOMEWHERE...OF ALL THE IMPUDENCE I EVER...WELL, IT'S SIMPLY...I...WELL...GOOD DAYYYYY!

SOUND: ~~DOOR COMING TO CLOSE~~

FIB: (LAUGHS) Well, we can cross her off as a suspect. I don't think she'd be guilty of robbery.

MOL: No....her line is murder.

FIB: EH? WHATCHA MEAN?

MOL: I mean, she'll shoot you on sight after this.

FIB: ~~Oh well, you gotta expect to make enemies in this line o' work. It didn't do Tom Dewey any harm, did it? He's runnin' for President. SEE...THAT'S GIVES ME AN IDEA.... When I get busy with this case -- they might ask me to run.~~

MOL: ~~ASK you to run. You'll WANT TO RUN!~~

SOUND: DOOR LATCH:

OLD MAN: Hello there Johnny....hello, Daughter. Understand you want to grill me.

FIB: You betcha, Old Timer.

OLD MAN: Good! Grill my back first, will ye? Been cold all day.

MOL: You don't understand, Mr. Old Timer. We're trying to find out who stole a 12,000 dollar necklace.

OLD MAN: EHHHHHHHH?

FIB: This is an important case to me, Old Timer. And believe me, I'm gonna get everyone o' them diamonds back. I ain't gonna leave a stone un-returned. (LAUGHS)

OLD MAN: Heh, heh heh....that's pretty good, Johnny.....BUT THAT AIN'T THE WAY I HEERED IT.

FIB: Never mind that stuff now. Where was you between the hours of...

OLD MAN: THE WAY I HEERED IT, ONE FELLER SAYS TO TOTHER FELLER, "SAYYYYY", HE SAYS, "I HEAR THERE'S A RADIO SHOW ON TUESDAY NIGHT, IF YOU'RE LISTENIN' TO IT WHEN THEY CALL YOU UP, THEY GIVE YOU A THOUSAND BUCKS!" "LOOK HERE," Says tother feller. "IF YOU'RE STILL TALKIN' ABOUT THAT FIBBER MCGEE PROGRAM, I'LL TELL YE RIGHT NOW, IT AIN'T WORTH IT!" You wanna see me about somethin', Johnny?

FIB: Yes, I do. The owner of this jewelry store, Mrs. Teitlebaum, was robbed of a diamond necklace worth 12,000 dollars.

OLD MAN: (WHISTLES) Well, ferment my cider! Whaddye know about that?

MOL: The question is, WHAT DO YOU know about it?

OLD MAN: Not a thing, daughter. I got an alibi.

FIB: Oh no you haven't. Just about the time of the robbery, a witness looked in the window and seen your head.

OLD M: That's my alibi, Johnny. I was outta my head at the time. Heh heh heh....

FIB: That's pretty good, Old Timer, but that ain't the way --

OLD M: Whhhooooop! This is where I came in, Johnny.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

MOL: Well, there goes another witness.

FIB: Probably just as well. That guy's so far into his second childhood, they'd have to try him in juvenile court. Oh oh! Here comes the next witness.

SOUND: DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

MOL: ~~Good~~ day. Just take that chair facing the window please. ~~Thank you.~~

FIB: Your name, please?

WIL: Harlow Wilcox.

MOL: Where do you live?

WIL: In a house.

FIB: OF COURSE YOU LIVE IN A HOUSE. EVERYBODY DOES.

WIL: Eskimos don't.

MOL: Eskimos don't enter into it.

WIL: Yes they do. They enter into it thru a little <sup>door</sup> ~~hole~~ in front. You see, they cut the ice away until.....

FIB: SILENCE!

WIL: Yes sir.

FIB: Now, then, Wilcox, what do you know about this crime that's been committed here?

WIL: I think it's terrible! I haven't thought of anything else for months.

MOL: Oh, my. IT WAS PREMEDITATED.

FIB: Do you realize what you are saying, Wilcox? After all, stealing a twelve thousand dollar necklace ain't no joke.



WIL: Necklace, what necklace?  
FIB: You said you had been considering the crime for months.  
WIL: Oh, not that crime. It has nothing to do with a necklace.  
I've just been thinking what a crime it was that Mrs. Teitlebaum didn't protect and beautify the linoleum in this store with JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT.  
FIB: (ASIDE) Folks, I might have seen this coming. As the guy said as he shot the barbershop quartet, it's a fourgone conclusion. Race on, Racine.  
WIL: That's all, except that I am going to show Mr. Teitlebaum how JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT will bring out the beauty of her linoleum and keep it from scuffing and wearing, and how she can apply it with absolutely no rubbing or buffing, and how it shines as it dries. Did you say a necklace was missing?  
MOL: Yes, Mr. Wilcox.  
WIL: Well, gee, if you find it, give me the string, I am a string saver. So long, folks.  
SOUND: DOOR SLAM  
MOL: My, that's a relief to me, McGee...I was afraid for a minute that he was the robber!  
FIB: Nope. And even if he was, he'd beat the rap. No expert on Glocoat will ever be sentenced to hard labor.  
SOUND: CRASH OF GLASS: SOUND OF STONE ROLLING ON FLOOR  
MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS...LOOK, MCGEE! IT'S A STONE...with a note tied to it!

FIB: Be calm, Molly....They can't frighten me off this case!  
Lemme see that note.  
SOUND: PAPER RATTLING:  
MOL: What does it say?  
FIB: It says, "DON'T PAY ANY ATTENTION TO ME. I'M JUST A ROCK THAT WAS THROWN UP BY A PASSING TRUCK." (LAUGHS) A likely story.  
SOUND: DOOR LATCH  
FIB: Oh oh...here's our next witness. Take the chair by the window, Bud.  
SHIELDS: ~~Give Eddie.~~  
MOL: ~~A little more respect please.~~ What is your name?  
SHIELDS: Jimmy Shields.  
MOL: What do you do?  
SHIELDS: I'm a singer.  
FIB: What are you gonna sing?  
SHIELDS: "My Prayer".  
FIB: ~~"My Prayer" and the lyrics.~~ *Oh, Jimmy, go right ahead.*  
ORK: "MY PRAYER" - SHIELDS  
APPLAUSE

MOL: I'm gettin' a little tired o' this, McGee...

FIB: Don't worry, Molly, I got this case all solved.

~~MOL: Well, I can't stand this suspense.~~

~~FIB: Oh, I've needed in getting suspense into it, but that's swell. Just like the detective books. Now, one more witness.~~

SOUND: DOOR LATCH

BOOM: AHHH THERE, JITTERJAW. UNDERSTAND YOU WANT TO QUESTION ME. ANSWER YES OR NO.

FIB: YES.

BOOM: Splendid..splendid...I was getting homesick for a good third degreering. Go right ahead, Sherlock..I'll stand by to give you the needle.

FIB: What's your name, my man.

BOOK: Oh going to be formal, eh? My name is HORATIO K. BOOMER.

MOL: HORATIO K. BOOMER. What's the K. for?

BOOM: Kilpatrick. Patrick was my brother, the rat!

FIB: What's your address?

BOOM: In front of the pin-ball game in Kramer's drugstore for the nonce. Call me up sometime. If a man answers, that's Kramer.

MOL: Look, Mr. Boomer...there's been a robbery in this store...a 12,000 dollar diamond necklace.

FIB: And you got a reputation for livin' by your wits, Boomer.

BOOM: Is that so! Well, if you ever lived by your wits, Gumshoe, you'd be on half-pay.

FIB: (LAUGHS) A likely story. Boomer...we're gonna frisk you. EMPTY YOUR POCKETS ON THAT TABLE THERE!

BOOM: Why certainly certainly. Glad to co-operate. Here you are.

SOUND: RATTLES..THUDS..THUMPS..CLANGS....PAPER RATTLE...COINS  
JINGLE...CHAINS CLANK...GLASS CLINK ETC. (SUSTAIN)

FIB: Here's a steel jimmy?

BOOM: Brought that along to open clams with. Going to a clambake later on tonight. Or should I say another clambake?

FIB: A short length of lead pipe!

BOOM: Oh is that lead? Could have sworn it was rubber. Saw it bounce off a man's head last night.

MOL: Look, -- A PAIR OF RUBBER GLOVES!

BOOM: Simply a sanitary measure my dear...going to help a friend of mine clean out a dirty old bank tomorrow...

~~FIB: What's this? An alarm clock, six inches of fuse and a little can of gasoline?~~

~~BOOM: Novel device, isn't it? Made it for my nephew, Penmore. He's planning a housewarming on the first windy night. Glad to have you join us. Nothing like an open fire on these windy evenings. Ever try toasting insurance adjusters in their jackets. Delicious!~~

MOL: Here's something...looks like a receipt for a funeral service!

BOOM: So it is...so it is...bought a coffin for a little midget friend of mine. Do you understand now what that paper is?

FIB & MOL: A CHECK FOR A SHORT BIER!

BOOM: Exactly!

FIB: Okay, Boomer...you ain't got anything incriminating on you I guess. Go out and wait with the others.

DOOR SLAM

MOL: Heavenly Days, McGee...where are we now...that was our last suspect.

FIB: (LAUGHS) Don't worry Molly. The case is solved...

MOL: But how...where..or...why...

FIB: Watch this, Molly. Come on...we'll talk to the crowd.

DOOR OPEN: MURMUR OF INDIGNANT VOICES

FIB: ~~ORDER THERE, ORDER!~~...QUIET PLEASE...~~OFFICER, PLEASE~~  
~~MAINTAIN ORDER.~~

~~COP: OKAY, BOB. Are youse guys gonna be ladies and gents or no~~

~~I'm gonna be~~

MRS. T: Mr. McGee...please...

FIB: Take it easy, Mrs. Teitlebaum...the case is solved...

THE PERSON WHO HAS YOUR NECKLACE IS RIGHT IN THIS ROOM...

EXCLAMATIONS:

FIB: THE NAME OF THAT PERSON IS...FIBBER MCGEE!...(EXCLAMATIONS)  
AND HERE IT IS, MRS. TEITLEBAUM...

MRS. T: Oh thank you..thank you. Ahhh, mine beautiful stuff...  
thank you...

CHORUS

WIL: WONDERFUL FIBBER!...WHERE'D YOU GET IT?...WHO TOOK IT?

FIB: I did.

EVERYBODY: WHAT?...YOU DID!

MOL: MCGEE...IT'S TIME YOU EXPLAINED YOURSELF, I think.

FIB: I think so myself. Folks...I came in here this morning to  
buy a fountain pen. When I got home, the fountain pen box  
had a necklace in it. Mrs. Teitelbaum simply gave me the  
wrong box...

EMOTIONAL SCENES:

FIB: So I thought it was a good chance to practice up on my  
detective work. Ye see, I'm takin' a correspondence course  
in...detective...

YELLS AND SHRIEKS OF INDIGNATION:

COP: ALL RIGHT ALL RIGHT..BREAK IT UP...BREAK IT UP. QUIET

MOL: McGee...I think you should be ashamed of yourself.

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FIB: Eh? What for?

MOL: Treating Mrs. Teitlebaum this way. I think you owe her an  
apology forkeeping her so upset all day.

FIB: You're right Molly. Mrs. Teitlebaum, my apologies. I  
guess I was kinda thoughtless. I'm very very sorry.

MRS. T: For what please?

FIB: For worrying you so much.

MRS. T: Nah nah .. I am keep telling myself..why worry?...after all..  
it's just a comedy broadcast.

FIB: (LAUGHS) A likely story.

ORK: "BLUEBIRDS IN THE MOONLIGHT" FADE FOR:

P

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.  
Fibber McGee & Molly  
12-12-39  
Tuesday - 5:30 PM PST MRC

-29-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

ANNCR: Fibber and Molly will be back in just a moment -- before they come, let me ask you to look around at your floors for a moment; Look especially at the places where they get the most wear -- in the hallway, or in front of the dining room door. Now if your floors are not properly protected, at these "traffic spots" -- you'll find the floor badly marred and scuffed up -- greatly detracting from the appearance of the entire house. But if these "traffic areas" are protected regularly with genuine JOHNSON'S WAX, then they gleam with a rich, mellow beauty that is something to be proud of. One of the many nice things about using JOHNSON'S WAX is that you can touch up these hard wear spots as often as necessary, without rewaxing the entire floor. That saves you work -- as well as saving your floors. Another nice thing -- genuine JOHNSON'S WAX, has over 100 extra uses -- that add greatly to the beauty of your home and simplify your housework. You will find these uses listed on the JOHNSON'S WAX package, paste or liquid. Careful housekeepers make sure there's always a supply of JOHNSON'S WAX on hand.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC...FADE ON CUE

TAG

FIB: Well, folks, before we leave you tonight, we'd like to remind you that your local Tuberculosis Institute needs your aid.

MOL: And you can do your part by buying Christmas Seals.

FIB: Good night.

MOLL: Good night, all.

ORCH: CLOSING SIGNATURE (APPLAUSE)