

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Inc.

WRITER:
DON QUINN &
S. T. REPP

"FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY". #229

NBC-RED

DECEMBER 26th, 1939

TUESDAY

6:30 - 7:00

-2-

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

ORC: 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 Jimmy Shields and Billy Mills' orchestra. The show opens with "Heigh-Ho!"

ORC: "HEIGH-HO"! ... FADE FOR:

(Commercial on Page 3)

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
DECEMBER 26, 1939
TUESDAY 6:30 PM EST NBC

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

ANNOUNCER: During this holiday season a good many friends will be dropping in to wish you a Happy New Year. And no matter how friendly they may be, they will be looking over your home with a critical eye. They will notice your floors, your table tops and woodwork -- your window sills, your lampshades. If all of these things are wax-protected, you will receive their compliments. Because a gleaming coat of genuine JOHNSON'S WAX adds rich beauty to your home -- keeps dirt and dust from collecting -- wards off scratches and smudgy fingerprints. The most careful housekeepers have discovered that genuine JOHNSON'S WAX is the easy way to keep their homes spick and span -- at the same time saving many hours of work throughout the year. JOHNSON-WAXED floors grow more mellow, more beautiful with every waxing. They never need scrubbing. JOHNSON-WAXED furniture and woodwork is easy to keep clean, is protected against stains and dirty finger prints. You will find 100 extra, labor-saving uses for JOHNSON'S WAX listed right on this package. You can buy this famous WAX polish in either paste or liquid form. Order some tomorrow.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

SEGUE

("RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN")

WIL: THERE IS AN OLD SAYING THAT "HOUSE GUESTS & FISH SPOIL AFTER THREE DAYS", - BUT FIBBER'S UNCLE SYCAMORE MUST HAVE HAD A HEAD START. BECAUSE HERE AT THE RAILROAD STATION, WAVING GOODBYE TO THE OLD MISER, WHO -AFTER A TWO DAY STAY HAS JUST BOARDED THE TRAIN FOR HOME, WE FIND...

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: RAILROAD STATION RECORD: STEAM...BELLS...VOICES...ETC!

MOL: G'BYE, UNCLE SYCAMORE!...(Wave McGee....he sees us out the window).

FIB: G'BYE, UNCLE SYCAMORE! G'BYE!...I wish that dad ratted train'd pull out. My arm's gettin' tired, wavin'. G'BYE, Uncle Sycamore, (you old turtle)!

MOL: Look, McGee....he's smilin' at us!

FIB: That ain't for us. He just thought of a way to gyp the porter out of a tip. B'GYEEEEE, UNCLE SYCAMORE!

MOL: G'BYEEEEE!...

FIB: There he goes.

SOUND: TRAIN IN STARTING UP:

MOL: Well, thank goodness!

FIB: For more reasons than one! G'BYEEEEE, UNCLE SYCAMORE!

MOL: G'BYEEEEE!.....

SOUND: TRAIN UP AND OUT:

FIB: Phew...what a relief!

MOL: Wonder what time he'll get back to Peoria.

FIB: I'll find out - here's the information booth. HEY BUD!
When's that train get to Peoria?

MEL: Let me look at the time table a minu - (HIC) Pardon me...
now let's see...trains to Peoria. Oh yes...here we are.
GETS TO PEORIA TWO HOURS AFTER LEAVING CHILLICOTH - (HIC)
AFTER LEAVING CHILLICOTH - (HIC) CHILLICOTH - (HIC) CHILLI -
(HIC) Well, don't worry - IT'LL GET THERE!

MOL: Incidentally...what time is it now?

MEL: It depends what kind of time you are inquiri - (HIC)
CENTRAL STANDARD TI - (HIC), EASTERN DAYLIGHT SAV - (HIC)
MOUNTAIN TI - (HIC) PACIFI- (HIC), PACIFI - (HIC), PACIFI -
(HIC), IT'S 11:30!

FIB: Thanks, Bud. (We shoulda saved that guy for next week,
Molly. He'd sound more natural the day after New Years!)
Well, come on....let's go home and - OOPS! Sorry little
girl!

TEE: (GIGGLES) Aww, that's okay Mister.

FIB: Whatcha doin' down here? (LAUGHS) You're a little
young to be interested in traveling salesmen.

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

FIB: (LAUGHS) Ohhh, yes you are.

TEE: Ohhhh, no I'm not.

FIB: Ohhhh, yes you are.

TEE: Ohhhhhh, No I...aw gee, do we have to do this every week,
mister?

FIB: Eh? Why no...not if you quit arguin'.

TEE: I'm not arguing, I betcha.

FIB: Oh yes you are,

TEE: OHHH, NO I'M...Well, there we go again!

FIB: Now look, sis.... All I said was you're not interested in
traveling salesmen.

TEE: I AM interested in traveling salesmen because my daddy is
one and I'm waiting for him, I betcha.

FIB: Why didn't you say so?

TEE: You didn't ask me.

FIB: Well, no....I guess I didn't.

TEE: Didn't what?

FIB: Didn't ask you.

TEE: Ask me what?

FIB: Eh?

TEE: HMMMMM?

FIB: I SAYS..er...YOU...sh...Oh let it go! You run along and
meet your daddy.

TEE: Okay...I guess I better. We gotta wire from him and he's
awful upset, I betcha. Somebody stole his briefcase off
the train.

FIB: Oh oh...they did, eh?

TEE: HMMMMMM?

FIB: THEY STOLE HIS BRIEF CASE, EH?
TEE: Gee, did they?
FIB: DAD RAT IT, YOU JUST SAID THEY DID!
TEE: Sure they did...and there was a FORRRRRTUNE in it, too, I betcha. And THEN some!
FIB: Oh boy...What does your old man sell - diamonds?
TEE: No, magazines.
FIB: How could there be a fortune in them things?
TEE: Well there was, I betcha, There was a COLLIERS, A PIC, A LOOK, A TIME, A CLICK AAAAAAND A FORTUNE! Well so long, mister!
FIB: Come on, Molly...let's get outa here.
MAN: (FADE IN) ALL RIGHT, RED CAP....See that these bags get over to the Fitz-Carlson Hotel...lively now...(CHORUS OF YASSSSUHS) And call me a cab....(YASSUHS) Better make it a couple of cabs....load these bags in ... the steamer roll....those brief cases...the radio...(YASSUH)
CLATTER OF BAGGAGE:
FIB: Hmmm...get a load of Mr. Big! Who does he think we think he is, anyway?
MAN: I guess that's all, boys...Here's ten dollars...split that up among you...(CHORUS OF DELIGHTED YASSUHS)
FIB: Oh boy...ten bucks!...HEY, BUD...LEMME CARRY A COUPLE O' THEM BAGS!
MOL: MCGEE...COME BACK HERE...SHAME ON YOU!
FIB: Dad rat it, Molly...can't I pick up a honest penny without you --

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FIB: Dad rat it, Molly...can't I pick up a honest penny without you --

MOL: FOR HEAVENS SAKE...WILL YOU BE QUIET?...I KNOW THAT MAN.
FIB: What? You do? How come you know a big shot like him?
MOL: He wasn't a big shot when I knew him. He was only...Oh,
dear...he sees me.
MAN: (FADE IN CLOSE) I beg your pardon ... but aren't you Miss
Driscoll of Peoria?
MOL: OTIS!
MAN: MOLLY!
BOTH: (LAUGHING AND TALKING AT ONCE...EXCITEDLY)
FIB: Pardon ME, FOLKS...but...er...
UP WITH TALK AND LAUGHTER:
FIB: HEY.....YOU!
MAN: All right, all right...here's a quarter for a cup of
coffee...now run along, sonny. MOLLY, IT'S GOOD TO SEE
YOU AGAIN...HOW MANY YEARS HAS IT BEEN....
MOL: Wait a minute, Otis...MCGEE...WHERE ARE YOU GOIN?
FIB: I'm gonna get a cuppa coffee...You heard what the man
said.
MOL: (LAUGHS APOLOGETICALLY) Me husband is SUCH a joker, Otis..
MAN: Your...er...your HUSBAND? That little squirt...er...WELL,
WELL, WELL...SO LITTLE MOLLY DRISCOLL IS MARRIED!
MOL: McGee...This is Otis Cadwallader, with whom I used to go
to school, with. Otis, this is me husband, Fibber.
FIB: Hiyah, Otis!
OTIS: Glad to know you, Mr. Driscoll!

MOL: Tell me Otis, how long are you going to be in Wistful
Vista?
OTIS: Just a short stay, Molly. Business, you know.
FIB: Sorry you ain't stayin' longer; Otis, old man - like to
have you up to the house for supper.
OTIS: My dear fellow, I certainly wouldn't pass up a chance
like that to talk to Molly.
MOL: Oh, now, Otis...
OTIS: I'll tell you what...let's just have a quiet snack at
your house...and you tell your butler you're not at home
to anyone else...
FIB: Hey, now...wait a minute...I...er...we ain't...
OTIS: I'll be there at ... oh, let's say, around eight o'clock.
Well, I don't want to be late for my board meeting...so...
until eight .. bon jour, ma cherie...bon jour, monsieur.
FIB: Il Trovatore, Bud!
MOL: My, my...think of meeting Otis Cadwallader right here in
Wistful Vista, of all places...
FIB: Yes, I guess they're kinda lettin' the bars down on
immigration these days.

MOL: Now, you stop talking that way, McGee...Otis is a very nice man. Not only that -- I..I...well, I almost married him.

FIB: Well, lemme be the first to congratulate you on gettin' me instead. (LAUGHS)

MOL: McGee...did you hear what he said...about our butler...and all? He thinks we're...I mean...how can we entertain a wealthy man like Otis...when...Oh, dear....

FIB: MOLLY..dont you worry about a thing....I'LL FIX EVERYTHING WE CAN BORROW SOME SILVER FROM MRS. UPPINGTON...~~HELL, THE~~ ~~HELL, THE~~....AND I'LL GET US A BUTLER IF I HAVE TO HIRE ARTHUR TREACHER. COME ON..LET'S TAKE A CAB... NO...LET'S WALK...I THINK BETTER ON MY FEET.

MOL: ON? - OR WITH?

FIB: Eh? Oh. AHM...WELL COME ON...WE GOTTA ~~GO~~ *hurry home!*

ORK: "STOP IT'S WONDERFUL"

APPLAUSE

FIB: How's the house look, Molly? Pretty good eh? I borrowed them rubber plants from Joe's tavern. And Nick Depopolis lemme take that marble statue outa his Kandy Kitchen. Beautiful, ain't it?

MOL: Hmmm. Who's it supposed to be?

FIB: I think he says it was Aphrodity, or somethin' like that. Now lessee...how else can we impress that 10-million candlepower ex-flame of yours?

MOL: Now look, McGee...I want you to be very nice to Otis. Remember, he's a cultured, well-traveled, -

FIB: Whaddye mean, WELL TRAVELED. I been farther under the barn lookin' for eggs than that guy'll EVER go.

MOL: Just the same...Otis is a very nice boy. And what's more, our Senior class voted him the man most likely to make something of himself.

FIB: ~~Now, some of them prophecies are uncanny, ain't they?~~ He sure made somethin' of himself all right. I ain't sayin' exactly what, but I'll bet he'd whinny if you offered him a lump o' sugar. (LAUGHS)

MOL: All right all right. I thought you were gonna help me, and here you are -

KNOCK AT DOOR:

MOL: COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR LATCH:

HAL: Ah there, Mrs. McGee...Hello, there Fibber.

MOL: Oh, it's Mr. Gildersleeve...How do you do, Mr. Gildersleeve? Did you have a nice Christmas?

FIB: What do we care whether he had a nice Christmas or not? Any guy that'd take the attitude you did, Gildersleeve, over me shovelin' off your sidewalk....

HAL: McGee...that's what I came over here for. ~~Throckmorton~~, ~~McGee~~...I...I...well, all Christmas Day I was thinking this thing over and I came to the conclusion that I had been entirely wrong. It was a very neighborly thing for Fibber to shovel off my sidewalk.

FIBBER: Yeah, and I used my own show shovel, too.

HAL: I was wrong to quarrel about it. I want to apologize. Shake hands, McGee....

FIB: Wel-1-1-1....

MOL: MCGEE...SHAKE HANDS!

FIB: Okay, Molly - shake!

MOL: NOT WITH ME...WITH MR. GILDERSLEEVE.

FIB: Now look...I don't...oh well...all right. Forget it, Gildersleeve.

HAL: Thank you, McGee...AND I HOPE I CAN MAKE IT RIGHT WITH YOU SOME WAY. I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU SAY TO MAKE AMENDS.

FIB: Oh, shucks, Gildersleeve, you don't have to...(PAUSE).... hey, wait...you say you'll do ANYTHING?

HAL: Just name it. ANYTHING!

FIB: Okay, Gildersleeve, you're a butler!

MOL: OHHHHH, WONDERFUL, MCGEE!

HAL: I...I don't understand, McGee....

FIB: Look, Gildersleeve...we got a guest comin'. A big shot, see?

MOL: And we'd like to make a good impression on him --

FIB: So you're gonna act as our butler.

c

HAL: Now wait a minute, folks..I...I...Well, it seems to me you're taking advantage of the situation, and I --

MOL: YOU PROMISED, MR. GILDERSLEEVE!

HAL: (SIGHS) Well...all right...when do I start?

MOL: As soon as you can get ready. We want you to serve dinner.

FIB: And remember...don't cross us up...you go thru with this all the way, see?

HAL: McGee, when Throckmorton P. Gildersleeve makes a promise, there is no more to be said. I'll be the perfect butler. I'll go further than that. (LAUGHS) I'LL GO TO A COSTUME COMPANY AND RENT A UNIFORM! (LAUGHS) By George, this might be fun, after all. I'll be right back.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Well...we gotta butler! Now about dinner. Is it gonna be plain or formal?

MOL: We're havin' cornbeef and cabbage....I suppose that makes it informal.

FIB: We better not call it corn beef and cabbage in front o' Otis. We'll call it "Venison O'Malley", or somethin'. Now about the--

SOUND: (DOOR OPEN & CLOSE)

MOL: Oh hello, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Hiyah, Harlow....

c

WIL: Hello - Folks. JOHNSON'S WAX IS POSITIVELY THE FINEST FURNITURE AND FLOOR POLISH THAT MONEY CAN BUY. IT PROTECTS AND BEAUTIFIES ALL WOOD SURFACES AND CUTS DUSTING DOWN TO A MINIMUM, THUS GIVING MANY MORE HOURS OF LEISURE IN WHICH TO ENJOY THE NEW BEAUTY AND SPOTLESSNESS WHICH IT GIVES YOUR HOME OR OFFICE. JOHNSON'S WAX IS----

MOL: Heavenly days, Mr. Wilcox!...What ARE you doing?

WIL: I'm telling people about Johnson's wax, that's what I'm doing.

FIB: Yeah, but that ain't the way we do it. Usually, you come in with some tricky little--

WIL: But why should I sneak in here with some phoney alibi to get my sales talk across? I'M PROUD of Johnson's Wax.

FIB: Well, shucks, so are we, but--

WIL: WHY, CERTAINLY. So why should we beat around the bush all the time. Let's come right out with it. JOHNSON'S WAX IS A GREAT PRODUCT AND DOESN'T NEED TO CRAWL INTO ITS OWN SHOW WITH FALSE WHISKERS. REMEMBER, FOLKS, JOHNSON'S WAX.... AT YOUR NEAREST DEALERS! So long, kids!

SOUND: (DOOR SLAM)

FIB: Say, we can't let him get away with that stuff, Molly.

MOL: And why not? I thought he was very straightforward and sincere.

FIB: That's just it. That guy is gonna take all the mystery and glamour out of this business. He'll ruin us! First thing you know every sponsor on the air will think he has a right to bust into his program and start sellin' stuff!

MOL: My...that IS serious!

FIB: I'll say - Hey, Molly (SNIFF-SNIFF) What's that smell?

MOL: OH, HEAVENLY DAYS...THE CORNED BEEF AND CABBAGE...I BETTER RUN OUT AND SEE HOW IT'S COMIN' ALONG! (FADE OUT) YOU GET BUSY AND --

SOUND: (KNOCK AT DOOR)

FIB: Hey!...maybe that's Otis now...I wish I had my shoes on... COME IN!

SOUND: (DOOR LATCH)

HAL: AHHHH THERE McGEE....(LAUGHS)....I RENTED THIS BUTLER'S UNIFORM AT THE COSTUME COMPANY....(LAUGHS)...HOW DO I LOOK, KID?

FIB: THROCKMORTON!

HAL: Er....what?

FIB: Throckmorton, as long as you are employed in this house, you will please maintain a more respectful attitude.

HAL: (TAKE)

FIB: Now go upstairs and lay out my brown coat and pants and the green sweater....and tennis shoes.

HAL: NOW, LOOK HERE, McGEE....I JUST CAME INTO THIS THING--

FIB: YOU LISTEN HERE, GILDERSLEEVE...YOU DO WHAT I TELL YOU, OR--

SOUND: (KNOCK AT DOOR)

FIB: OH OH! HERE'S OTIS...NOW REMEMBER YOUR PROMISE, GILDERSLEEVE.

HAL: Alright!

FIB: (CALLS) HEY, MOLLY -- OTIS IS HERE! BETTER SLICE THE BREAD! OPEN THE DOOR, THROCKMORTON...PLAY, BILLY! SING JIMMY!

ORK: "I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TIME IT WAS"...SHIELDS

(APPLAUSE)

THIRD SPOT

CLINK OF DISHES & SILVER

Molly *Don't touch the silver*
 FIB: ~~Here, take the~~ ^{FIB:} Otis is all outta butter. Here, take the rest o' mine, Otis, old man. I've hardly touched it.

SOUND: (CLINK OF DISHES)

OTIS: Er...thank you...I don't believe I...er....

FIB: And..THROCKMORTON!!!

HAL: Er...yes, sir?

FIB: Mr. Cadwallader is out of water!

MOL: Yes, we want the waiter with the water for Mr. Cadwallader!

OTIS: (LAUGHS) Ah, the same little Molly Driscoll. I see!

MOL: Oh now, Otis!!

FIB: And THROCKMORTON!! I told you to give Mr. Cadwallader and Mrs. McGee the two good glasses, and put the jelly glass at my place.

HAL: Sorry, sir.

SOUND: (CLINK OF DISHES)

MOL: It's SO hard to get good servants nowadays, Otis, you know.

OTIS: Yes, I know....I have the same trouble in this country myself....although the overseer of my castle in Scotland more-or-less takes those matters out of my hands.

MOL: We had to give up our castle in Scotland....the heather gave my husband the hay-fever.

FIB: Yes, I think, THROCKMORTON!

HAL: Er...yes sir?

FIB: Run out to the ice box and get Mr. Cadwallader another olive.

HAL: Veddy well, McGee.

OTIS: Odd sort of chap...Throckmorton. Been with you long?

FIB: Oh, been with the family for years, Cad, old man.

MOL: And he's SO dependable, what with all the entertaining we do...

OTIS: Oh...you entertain a great deal?

FIB: I'll say we do, Otis. In fact one of the patrons of the Opera - the wealthy Mrs. Uppington, you know - said she might drop in tonight for a liquor.

MOL: LICK-CUR, Dearie. You see, Otis, so many of our friends are in the bucks --

OTIS: In the bucks?

FIB: Yes, you know...well heeled.

HAL: Beg pardon sir...your olive.

OTIS: Olive? Oh..er..oh yes..thanks.

MOL: THROCKMORTON...that's no way to serve an olive... the sugar tongs.

HAL: Sorry madam...I couldn't find the ice pick.

MOL: Oh, well, that's different.

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MOL: Oh, well, that's different.

FIB: And Throckmorton...Mr. Cadwallader would like more cabbage.

HAL: Yes sir...more cabbage for Mr. Cardwobbler.

MOL: CADWALLADER!

HAL: Yes, madam...

OTIS: Charming neighborhood, this...Molly. Must be very restful after traveling so much of the year.

MOL: Oh, we find it so, Otis...

FIB: Yes, and we got pretty good neighbors, too, Otis. Though we don't mix much with 'em. They're mostly middle class. (GIVE Otis a toothpick, Molly. This Dublin Duck is kinda tough) YES, OTIS...WE got pretty nice neighbors....all except the one next door. A bloke named Gildersleeve.

HAL: OHHHHHH.....

MOL: Be careful, McGee!

~~HAL: ~~On this alone I can't say, mind you, but there must be some reason why people always say, "I'm getting used to the local brand of humor."~~ ~~Right? Like a cornered Gilderslove, (LAUGHS)~~~~

HAL: ~~.....~~..Beg pardon Mr. McGee...your elbow....it's in the mustard...again.

FIB: Thanks, Gildersl..er..Throckmorton.

MOL: Come come Otis...you're not eating anything...My goodness, you have been packing at your food like a bird.

FIB: Yeah...a vulture. (HAH HAH HAH)....just kiddin', Cadwallader, old chap. (LAUGHS)

OTIS: Quite all right....~~I'm getting used to the local brand of humor.~~....Molly, I don't believe I ^{care for} ~~another~~ another thing - except perhaps a cup of coffee...

MOL: All right, Otis...McGee...let's have coffee in the library.

FIB: Too late, Molly, They close at 7:30.

OTIS: (LAUGHS) That's excellent, Fido...excellent...

MOL: FIBBER, Otis.

OTIS: Oh yes! - Fibber.

SOUND: TELEPHONE

FIB: Answer the phone, Throckmorton.

HAL: Answer it yourself - my feet hurt.

FIB & MOL: THROCKMORTON!

HAL: Yes, madam..yes sir..sorry! (CLICK) McGee residence. WHO Just a moment sir..I'll inquire. Beg pardon, Mr. McGee.... somebody about the radio.

FIB: Tell 'em, I'll pay 'em tomorrow.

HAL: Thank you sir.

FIB: Don't thank me..I ain't payin' you.

~~HAL: ~~On this alone I can't say, mind you, but there must be some reason why people always say, "I'm getting used to the local brand of humor."~~ ~~Right? Like a cornered Gilderslove, (LAUGHS)~~~~

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OTIS: Oh yes! - Fibber.

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HAL: Thank you sir.

FIB: Don't thank me..I ain't payin' you.

HAL: No sir. HELLO....YESS....NO, HE REFUSES TO SPEAK SIR?..
I BEG PARDON? OH..OH YES...(LAUGHS) YES I SEE...(LAUGHS)
YES, I'LL TELL HIM ABOUT IT TOMORROW ... YES...THANK YOU
SIR...GOODBYE. (LAUGHS) (CLICK)

MOL: A little more dignity please, Throckmorton.

HAL: Yes madam...(LAUGHS) ---

SOUND: TINKLE OF GOOD HUMOR BELLS OFF MIKE

HAL: If you'll pardon me, madam...I think I hear the Good Humor
man with the dessert. (EXIT LAUGHING LIKE HELL)

FIB: Have to make allowances for Throckmorton, Otis. Been with
us so long he hates the whole family.

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR

MOL: (CALLS) THROCKMORTON!!!..ANSWER THE DOOR!

HAL: (LAUGHS) Yes madam (FADE OFF)...right away, madam..

(LAUGHS)

SOUND: DOOR LATCH

MRS.UPP: (ON MIKE) Oh how do you do, Mr. Gildersleeve..I was hardly
expecting...

HAL: (ON MIKE) Eh...beg pardon madam...Throckmorton is the name.

UPP: Oh come, come now, Mr. Gildersleeve...(LAUGHS) I'd know
you anywhere even with that horrible uniform on...(LAUGHS)

Really, I didn't know I was intruding on a masquerade....

HAL: Please, Mrs. Uppington..I..er...(LAUGHS) Well, it's

difficult to explain, but...ah...(LAUGHS) (FADE) Let me
announce you, madam. (OFF) MRS. ABIGAIL UPPINGTON!

MOL: (FADING IN) Ohhh. How do you do, Mrs. Uppington...SO, nice
to see you.

UPP: (FADE IN) How do you do, my deah....and Mr. McGee....

FIB: Hiya, Uppy...er..I mean..OH HOW DO YOU DO, MRS UPPINGTON.
Uppy shake hands with a old friend of Molly's. Mr. Otis
Cadwallader...~~Gad, this is one of our closest friends,~~

~~(ABBE) (she's that society dame I was telling you about)~~

UPP: Ohhh how do you do.

OTIS: How do you do.

MOL: Won't you sit down and have a shot of coffee, Mrs.
Uppington? THROCKMORTON...a demi-tassie for Mrs.
Uppington...

FIB: And put a saucer under it, too. Let's do this thing right.

HAL: Yes, sir...(LAUGHS) Right away sir....

UPP: PLEASE MRS. MCGEE...I..I cawn't stay you know...I just
wanted to explain why I couldn't loan you my silverware
this afternoon. You see....

MOL: Oh we were just joking about that, Mrs. Uppington...

UPP: JOKING? I..er..I'm afraid I don't undahstand.

OTIS: I'm afraid there are some things here I don't understand
either.

UPP: Mrs. McGee..will you explain this...Mr. Gildersleeve in
that butlah's uniform...I don't quite...

OTIS: Gildersleeve? But I thought..er..why, you were speaking of
a next-door neighbor named Gildersleeve...I believe, and -

MOL: Well, you see..er..we..er...well -

HAL: (LAUGHS)

FIB: BE QUIET THROCKMORTON!

~~UPP: Yes, sir... (LAUGHS)~~

UPP: Throckmorton...? But that is Mr. Gildersleeve..I..I..well
I never heard of such a...well...I RESENT BEING THE VICTIM
OF SUCH A STUPID PRACTICAL JOKE..WHATEVER IT IS....

MOL: Now wait Mrs. Uppington..please...it's all very simple....

UPP: YOU CERTAINLY ARE.....GOODBYEEEE.....

(REVISED)

-25-

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

HAL: (LAUGHS)

FIB: Quiet Throckmorton. Ye see, Otis, Old man, this is all very embarrassing....

OTIS: Never mind the explanations. I feel that I, too, am the victim of some practical joke. Molly, it's nice to have seen YOU...MY HAT, THROCKMORTON!

MOL: Oh, now, Otis....PLEASE...~~PLEASE~~ -

OTIS: Where are my gloves, Throckmorton?

HAL: (LAUGHING) In your hat, Mr. Cadwallader.

OTIS: Thanks...GOOD EVENING, MOLLY!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: Well I'll be a....

MOL: Oh dear, oh dear...my lovely dinner!!!!

HAL: (LAUGHS)

FIB: WELL WHAT ARE YOU LAUGHIN' AT?

HAL: That telephone call....about the radio....(LAUGHS)

FIB: Well what of it. Those repairmen didn't have no business dunnin' me over the phone....

HAL: That wasn't the repairmen. (LAUGHS)

MOL: You said it was about a radio.

HAL: IT WAS! (LAUGHS) That was the POT OF GOLD CALLING!
(EXIT LAUGHING LIKE HELL TO -

SOUND: ~~DOOR SLAM~~

ORCH: "HOLY SMOKE CAN'T YOU TAKE A JOKE" - FADE FOR -

WIL: Commercial:

-26-

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
DECEMBER 26, 1939
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

ANNOUNCER: It's hard to realize that we have come to the end of another year, and face the beginning of a new one. There will be many resolutions made this week -- resolutions to do things better, to try harder, and to be happier. Let me suggest a very practical resolution: never to scrub floors again! never again to get down on hands and knees to that old fashioned, back-breaking task of floor scrubbing! And may I suggest the easy way to keep that resolution -- with JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT! GLO-COAT will make your kitchen linoleum sparkle and glisten -- with practically no work at all. There's no rubbing or buffing with GLO-COAT -- you simply pour it onto your clean floor -- spread it around -- and in twenty minutes it dries to a beautiful, long-lasting polish. GLO-COAT keeps the colors of linoleum bright and fresh, makes your whole kitchen more cheerful. Spots and stains quickly wipe up with a damp cloth. Aren't these good enough reasons for resolving to substitute the easy, safe GLO-COAT method for tiresome floor scrubbing? Ask your dealer tomorrow for a can of JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT, spelled G-L-O hyphen C-O-A-T.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

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 OAT, spelled G-L-O hyphen

TAG GAG

not used

FIB: Hey..Molly....
 MOL: Yes?
 FIB: ...I'M sorry I spoiled your party (VERY SAD)..and made us
 miss out on the POT O' GOLD.
 MOL: Forget it, McGee... It isn't worth cryin' about.
 FIB: I ain't cryin!
 MOL: There's Big tears running down your cheeks.
 FIB: I know. I just had some more corned beef and I put too much
 mustard on it. Goodnight.
 MOL: Goodnight, all!
 ORCH: (CLOSING SIGNATURE) SEGUE ("SAVE YOUR SORROW)
 (APPLAUSE)
 WIL: (SIGNOFF)
 (CHIMES)

Let!
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 AND
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 it!
 TOM
 FIB: You
 BOOM: Don
 Goo
 SOUND: WIN
 ORK: "LI
 FIB: (AN

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)

*Lilacs, Jimmy Shields sings
"Lilacs in the Rain"*

S. C. JOHNSON & SON

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY -- #230

NBC - RED

Tuesd