

S. C. Johnson & Son
Writer: Don Quinn

(REVISED)

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

#232

6:30-7:00 P.M.
Tuesday - 1/16/40

NBC - Red

(REVISED) -2-

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

ORK: THEME:

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

ORK: "RISE AND SHINE" FADE FOR:

(Page 3 for Commercial)

C. Johnson & Son, Inc.
Fibber McGee & Molly
-16-40
Tuesday 6:30 PM PST NBC

-3-

Opening Commercial

ANNOUNCER: For most of us these are the bad weather days. And that means that floors come in for more than their usual punishment -- kitchen floors especially. The milkman -- the delivery boy -- your own children -- track in and out -- and if it weren't for JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT, you'd be down on your knees half the time keeping your kitchen floor clean. With GLO-COAT on your linoleum the job is easy. Wet footprints and stains are quickly wiped up with a damp cloth. ~~The~~ GLO-COAT ~~is~~ is a protection -- guarding the linoleum against wear, and preserving the colors in all their fresh beauty. And, of course, there's practically no work at all to applying GLO-COAT. It is SELF-POLISHING -- it shines while it dries, without any rubbing or buffing. You simply apply -- and let dry. In 20 minutes you have a sparkling floor, easy to keep clean -- and you have saved yourself hours of work.

JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT is a labor saver for your wood floors, too -- varnished or painted. Save yourself the work of floor scrubbing -- take life easier -- by using JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT, the easy-to-use floor polish.

MORCH: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH

(APPLAUSE) SEGUE

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

(REVISED) -4-

WIL: IT WAS SHAKESPEARE WHO SAID, "BEWARE THE IDES OF MARCH - FOR THEN, VARLET, YE WILL PAY DOUBLE IF CAUGHT WITH YE LAST YEAR'S LICENSE PLATES!"

AND SO, HERE APPROACHING THE AUTO LICENSE BUREAU, WE FIND --

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

APPLAUSE

FIB: Boy, I sure hate to get a new license, just when I got the old one memorized!

MOL: I never could memorize it - how'd you ever do it?

FIB: Well, it was kinda tough - but I done it. I can even give it to you backwards - 987 Dash 456 Dash G Dash 12.

MOL: WONDERFUL! Now what is it forward?

FIB: Search me. But all you gotta do is write that down on a thin piece o' paper and hold it up to the light.

BUM: Excuse me, Buddy - could youse spare a dime for a cuppa coffee?

FIB: You betcha, Bud. Here. Hey, how'dja get the black eye?

BUM: I was in a fight. I seen a cigar stub on de sidewalk and anudder guy jumped me claim, see? I claims it was mine and he claims it was his.

MOL: Heavenly days...how disgusting! Are you sure it was YOURS?

BUM: Lady, it was nobody else's butt! T'anks, Doc!

FIB: Nobody else's butt! I hope the next time he toes a stub he stubs his toe!

MOL: Oh look, McGee...all the people waitin' in line for licenseswe'll be all day gettin' up to the counter.

FIB: Oh, no we won't! Just follow me and act nonchalant. We'll walk right up to the head of the line. Here - hold my hat -

MOL: But, McGee....

FIB: Quiet Molly - take it easy and follow me.

SOUND: MURMUR OF VOICES:

FIB: Scuse me folks - I left my hat in here when I got my license.

CROWD MURMUR

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

MOL: Well...nice work, McGee...Here's your hat.

FIB: Thanks....I was afraid you'd drop it in front of the crowd. And I hate to get caught with my hat down!

MOL: Well, you...OH, MY GOODNESS...LOOK WHO'S JUST LEAVIN' THE COUNTER, MCGEE!

FIB: Well, well well!...Mrs. Uppington. Page 14 in the American Album of Familiar Faces!

MOL: Hush. OH, HOW DO YOU DO, MRS. UPPINGTON! SO NICE TO SEE YOU.

UPP: HOW DO YOU DO, MRS. MCGEE!....And Mr. McGee....

FIB: Hiyah, Uppy.

MOL: Imagine meeting you here, Mrs. Uppington!

UPP: Yes.....IMAGINE!

FIB: Small world, ain't it?

UPP: Yes....Positively STUFFY, at times.

MOL: My goodness, dearie...are all those license plates YOURS? What are you planning to do - shingle the garage?

UPP: Oh no, my deah...but ~~on simply MUST~~ ~~each plate~~ ~~on~~ ~~simply~~ ~~ally~~. I insist that my chauffeur put on clean license plates every time he washes the car. They get so dirty, you know.

FIB: Oh yes, indeed. And you gotta watch out for garter runs in your radiator hose, too. Can't keep a car too dainty, I always say.

UPP: Is that what you always say?

FIB: Yes, it is.

UPP: Reahhly...don't you get tired of it? Oh, look, Mrs. McGee, at my new license numbahs...they all have a 23 on them. My numerologist says I vibrate to the number 23.

MOL: You don't say, Mrs. Uppington! Isn't that interesting! Now, McGee says he simply SHAKES for a 7 or 11! Tell me, Mrs. Uppington, who IS your numerologist?

UPP: I go to the Swami Svengali. They say such SPLENDID things about him, Reahhly!

FIB: I dunno about that, Uppy. I think somebody's been givin' you a bum seer! (LAUGHS) Good joke, eh, Uppy?

UPP: No, just a medium joke..... Well, Goodbye!

MOL: Her and her fortune-tellers!

FIB: (LAUGHS) Incidentally, Molly -- you know why all them fortune tellers wear a towl around their heads?

MOL: No. Why?

FIB: Well, bein' experts on the future they always try to look like the morning after. (LAUGHS) Doncha get it, Molly? I says....

MOL: T'ain't funny, McGee!

FIB: I know it. Years ago a fortune teller told me I'd never get that gag across! Well, come on...let's get our licenses.

FIB: Hey, bud...how about a little service?

MOL: We want some license plates.

MAN: Yes madam. Have you a pink slip?

MOL: No, it's more of a peach color with a lace insert on the.. I BEG YOUR PARDON!

FIB: He means the application, Molly. Here, Bud.
 MAN: Thank you....Hmmm. I see your car is a 1916 Model.
 FIB: Yes, that was a leap year, so we bought a puddle jumper.
 MAN: (SIGHS) Very well. Here you are, sir. (CLANK) 16 dollars.
 8 dollars a plate.
 FIB: 8 bucks a plate! What is this...a Jackson Day dinner?
 Okay, bud...here you are. Let's go, Molly.
 SOUND: DOOR LATCH AND SLAM
 MOL: Unwrap 'em, McGee...let's see what number we got?
 FIB: Okay.
 SOUND: RIPPING PAPER...RATTLE OF METAL:
 FIB: W.V. 9634-867-G-17-Q-6 7/8ths. Oh, this is wonderful.
 MOL: What's wonderful about that?
 FIB: What motor cop can write that down without makin' a mistake?
 (LAUGHS) Shucks - I -- (PAUSE) Hey!
 MOL: MCGEE...WHAT'S THE MATTER?
 FIB: Where's our car? It's gone. SOMEBODY'S STOLEN IT!
 MOL: Heavenly days!
 FIB: LOOK...I GOTTA REPORT THIS TO THE POLICE!
 MOL: All right. You do that while I run across the street and
 pay the gas bill!
 FIB: DAD RAT IT..WHAT'S SO IMPORTANT ABOUT PAYIN' THE GAS BILL?
 MOL: It's the October bill and I wanna get the discount.
 FIB: Oh, well..that's different! Go ahead. You run over to
 the Gas Company and I'll stop in the Puff Cigar Store here
 and phone! Meet you outside!

MOL: All right, dearie.
 FIB: Dad rat the dad ratted rattletrap.
 SOUND: DOOR LATCH:
 FIB: Hey, Gus...lemme use your phone, willya? Somebody just
 swiped my car!
 GUS: Sure, Fibber. Help yourself.
 FIB: Thanks...(CLICK) Hello, operator? Gimme the Police
 Depart....oh, is that you, Myrt? How's every little thing,
 Myrt? 'Tis, eh? What say? Your brother? THEY DID?
 He broke a leg and they had to shoot him, eh?
 GUS: Who did, Fibber?
 FIB: Myrt's brother. The one that works in the music store. He
 broke a leg off a grand piano and they had to shoot him
 another one from the factory. Why don't you laugh, Gus.
 (GUS LAUGHS) HEY, MYRT...GIMME THE POLICE...QUICK....
 Thanks..Hello, Police? Wanna report a stolén car. Eh?
 FIBBER MCGEE, 79 WISTFUL VISTA...NO...JUST NOW. IT WAS
 PARKED JUST SOUTH OF 14th and OAK NEAR THE CORNER O' MIGHT
 AND MAIN...YEAH...DESCRIPTION?....WELL, I'LL HAVE TO WARN
 YOU...YOU'LL HAVE A HARD TIME SPOTTING MY CAR BECAUSE
 I JUST POLISHED IT WITH JOHNSON'S CAR-NU, (DEFLATED LAUGH)
 Okay...okay...Just a commercial!....WELL, YOU'LL RECOGNIZE
 IT BY THE RIGHT FRONT FENDER. EH? NO, IT FELL OFF IN 1932.
 PUT IT ON THE RADIO, WILLYA? EH? OKAY OKAY...BETTER TELL
 WINCHELL TOO. Thanks, boys. (CLICK) Much obliged, Gus!
 GUS: You're welcome!
 SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE
 MOL: Oh, there you are McGee...what took you so long?
 FIB: Myrt. But I phoned the cops, Molly, and they'll...

MOL: MCGEE!...I FOUND THE CAR. SEE IT...HALF WAY DOWN THE STREET THERE?

FIB: Well, I'll be a gap in the dialog! THEY BRUNG IT BACK!

MOL: They did no such a thing. It wasn't stole!

FIB: Whatcha mean. We parked it half way along the line o' people waitin' for licenses, didn't we?

MOL: Certainly. But while we were inside the line got twice as long.

FIB: IT did? (LAUGHS) Well, it's a good thing. If that car was really stolen...I'd play billy...er...er.

MOL: Play Billy what?

FIB: That's all. Play Billy!

ORK: "INDIAN SUMMER"

(APPLAUSE)

SECOND SPOT:

SOUND: CLATTER OF TIN.....

FIB: THERE! I got the old license plates off, Molly!

MOL: Fine....how long will it take to put the new ones on?

FIB: Have to wait till I get home. I busted the string I had the old ones tied on with.

~~MOL: Oh. Incidentally, McGee, you hadn't you better call the police and tell 'em you found the car?~~

~~FIB: I'll call 'em when I get home. Do 'em good to keep busy. As long as they sock us 10 bucks for licenses I'll be even!~~ Come on - get in the car.

MOL: Wait a minute, McGee...who's that man coming this way?

FIB: Oh, that's Mr...er - dad rat it, what IS his name? Can't think of it.

MOL: His face is certainly familiar. But I can't place him.

FIB: Me either. I know just as well as...(HURRIEDLY) I'll find out as I talk to him...

MAN: (FADE IN) WELL...HELLO THERE MR. MCGEE...HELLO, MRS MCGEE...

FIB: Oh, hello there...er..hiyah, bud! Gled to see you again.

MAN: And how's every little thing with you, Mr. McGee?

FIB: Oh, just fine...er..bud. Just fine. How's everything with you?

MAN: Oh, same old thing. You know how it is,

FIB: Sure...you bet. I know how it is.

MOL: How is it?

FIB: Never mind. SAY...ER...BUD...WE OUGHT TO SEE MORE OF EACH OTHER. WHERE CAN I GET HOLD OF YOU THESE DAYS?

MAN: Well, I'm still at the same old place!

FIB: Oh yes....same old place, eh? That's great. Nothin' like bein' in the same old place, is there? Ha hah.... no sir! Nothin' like it! SAY....better gimme that phone number again. Never can remember it.

MAN: Don't worry about my phone number, Mr. McGee....You can always find it in the book.

FIB: Oh, that's right. Silly of me. You gimme a ring sometime, bud. We must have lunch together!

MAN: Swell idea. Usual place?

FIB: Eh? Oh....oh sure. Usual place. Well, so long....er... kid....

MAN: So long, Mr. McGee....Goodbye, Mrs. McGee.

MOL: Goodbye..Mr...er....Goodbye!

(PAUSE)

FIB: Dad rat it....who IS he?

MOL: Don't you know YET?

FIB: Nope....DAD RAT IT, I KNOW THAT GUY AS WELL AS I DO MY OWN BROTHER.

MOL: You haven't got a brother.

FIB: That's right. I haven't, have I? Maybe that's why I can't place him. Oh well, it'll come to me. Get in the car, Molly.

SOUND: (CAR DOOR SLAMS)

OLD MAN: (FADE IN)..Hello there, Johnny. Hello, Daughter. How's about a lift...which way you goin'?

MOL: Which way are YOU going, Mr. Old Timer?

OLD MAN: Heh heh heh ... I asked you first?

FIB: We're goin' East, Old Timer. Hop in.

OLD MAN: Thanks, Johnny, I'm going West so I'll sit facin' backwards.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM: CAR STARTER: MOTOR IN...UP AND FADE.

OLD MAN: Whatcha been doin'?

FIB: Just got our new license plates.

OLD MAN: Zat so. Just been gettin' me a plate, too. Heh heh.

MOL: Is that so? License?

OLD MAN: Nope.

FIB: Dental?

OLD MAN: Nope.

MOL: Printing?

OLD MAN: Nope.

~~NOPE.~~ ~~Give up?~~

OLD MAN: ~~Nope.~~ Give up?

MOL: Yes...what kind of a plate did you get?

OLD MAN: BLUE! Heh heh heh!

FIB: (LAUGHS) Well, I certainly fell for that one.

OLD MAN: EHHHHHHHHHHH?

FIB: You kinda got me there, Old Timer. As the suit says when it was handed down from father to son, "Something tells me I been taken in!" (LAUGHS)

OLD MAN: 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, "SAYYYYY", he says, "DID YOU SEE ME TAKE THAT LAST CORNER ON TWO WHEELS?"

"NOPE", says tother feller. "BUT AIN'T THAT KINDA RISKY?"

"NOT FER ME", says the first feller, "I BEEN RIDIN' THIS BICYCLE FOR YEARS." Heh heh heh...HEY, SLOW DOWN AND LEMME OFF, KIDS!

SOUND: CAR MOTOR UP AND SLOW: (CAR DOOR SLAM)

OLD MAN: (OFF MIKE) Much obliged for the lift, Johnny! See you Tuesday!

MOTOR UP AND FADE:

FIB: That old fossil! I'm gettin' so I feel pretty strongly about meetin' him weekly!

SOUND: TRAFFIC BELL

MOL: Look out, McGee...RED LIGHT! STOP!

SOUND: BRAKE SCREECH

FIB: Eh? Where?
Oh, McGee. There's Mr. Wilcox.

MOL: In that car that just pulled up beside us. YOO HOO.
HELLO, Mr. Wilcox!

FIB: What's he tryin' to say? I can't hear a word he's sayin'!

~~He must have a cold. I can't hear a word he's sayin'!~~
let it down
MOL: No wonder...YOUR WINDOW IS CLOSED. ~~LOWER THE WINDOW.~~

FIB: Can't. No handle on it.

MOL: Well, we've got to hear what he's saying...HE'S ALL EXCITED.

FIB: Gimme that monkey wrench. I'll open the window.

MOL: Here.

FIB: Thanks.

SOUND: GLASS CRASH

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WIL: (OFF) AND TRAFFIC LIGHTS ALWAYS REMIND ME OF JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLOCOAT. STOP AND GO! STOP WORRYING ABOUT YOUR HOUSEWORK AND GO OUT TO A MOVIE. STOP THAT OLD-FASHIONED SCRUBBING, AND GO MODERN, THE GLOCOAT WAY. GET THE IDEA, FIBBER?

FIB: And to think I busted a window for this!

WIL: WE WANT EVERY HOUSEWIFE TO KNOW HOW TO ACHIEVE A SPARKLING, HEALTHY, EASY-TO-CLEAN KITCHEN FLOOR. GIVE YOUR LINOLEUM A FACIAL TREATMENT WITH JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLOCOAT, GIRLS, AND YOU'LL GET A PERMANENT RAVE FROM YOUR FRIENDS! ASK ANYBODY THAT USES IT, AND --

SOUND: (TRAFFIC BELL)

FIB: Saved by the bell. (MOTORS UP AND FADE)

WIL: So long, folks.

MOL: You know, McGee...I think Mr. Wilcox is the most ENTHUSIASTIC salesman I ever knew!

FIB: I'll say so. He's terrific in traffic!

SOUND: POLICE SIREN IN DISTANCE

MOL: Look, McGee..here comes a motorcycle policeman. Let's make a wish.

FIB: Whatcha mean, make a wish?

MOL: That's the first star we've seen tonight.

SIREN: FADE WAY UP

COP: ALL RIGHT YOU...PULL OVER TO THE CURB!

SOUND: MOTOR UP AND OUT: BRAKE SCREECH!

FIB: Gotta get them brakes, fixed.

MOL: To say nothing of this cop.

FIB: Well, Gang-buster, what, if anything, is on your mind, if any?

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FIB: Well, Gang-buster, what, if anything, is on your mind, if any?

COP: GET OUTTA THAT CAR...BOTH OF YOU. (CAR DOOR SLAM) AND NO TRICKS. YOU'RE DRIVIN' A STOLEN CAR.

FIB: I am not. This is my car. I reported it stolen and then I found I'd just forgot where I'd parked it. (LAUGHS)

MOL: Of course...We were going to call the police just as soon as we got home.

COP: That's what they all say. Now walk slowly ahead of me over to that call box, while I telephone for the chump-wagon.

FIB: Now wait a minute, officer. This is all a mistake. I'M FIBBER MCGEE!

COP: Sure...and I'M Rudy Vallee...Heigh ho, everybody.

MOL: You'll be sorry for this, Officer. Show him some identification, dearie.

FIB: Okay, I will...I...I...er...oh, shucks. I ain't got a thing with me. I left all my papers in my other suit.

COP: Go on with ye! Anybody with two suits wouldn't be wearin' the one you got on! NOW COME ALONG WITH YE AND NO MORE OF YER GAB.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON SIDEWALK:

FIB: I'll sue the whole dad-ratted police force for this! WHAT'S YOUR SHIELD NUMBER, OFFICER?

COP: WHAT?

MOL: WE WANT YOUR SHIELD NUMBER!

COP: Oh. The Shield number is "OVER THE RAINBOW". We can hear it while we wait for the wagon.

FIB: Aw, fer the...okay...okay...The number, Shields! Sing, Jimmy!

ORK: "OVER THE RAINBOW"...SHIELDS

APPLAUSE:

LIEUT: All right, you. Step up to the desk...

SOUND: SCRAMBLE OF FEET:

LIEUT: You're charged with driving a stolen car.

MOL: Oh, it's all a mistake, Officer. That was our own car.

FIB: Look. I'm Fibber McGee. And I'm a well-known citizen in this town.

LIEUT: How about you, Madam? Who do you claim you are?

MOL: I'm Mrs. FIBBER MCGEE.

LIEUT: Still sticking to your story, eh?

MOL: I been stuck with that one for 25 years. And if you'll give me just one hour to find somebody to identify us, I'll PROVE IT.

LIEUT: All right. I'll give you a break. ONE HOUR.

MOL: If I can't find anybody by midnight I'll send over your pajamas.

FIB: O-o-o-o-kay, Better make it my striped ones.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: Now look here, my friend. I don't wanna threaten nobody but if I ain't outta here inside of two hours ...

LIEUT: What'll happen?

FIB: (PAUSE) I wish I knew.

SOUND: TELEPHONE

LIEUT: Go sit down. (CLICK) PRECINCT STATION. LIEUTENANT BRORBY. YES? OH, HELLO THERE...YEAH, SURE...HOW'S IT WITH YOU?... OH, FINE....SURE...OKAY. WHAT? (LAUGHS) THAT'S PRETTY GOOD. SO LONG..MYRT! (CLICK)

FIB: HEY, WAS THAT MYRT? SHE CAN IDENTIFY ME AND --

LIEUT: Oh, she can, eh? How do you know Myrt?

FIB: Shucks, I talk to her on the phone pretty near every day. Me and Myrt are old pals.

LIEUT: Ohh, you are!!

FIBBER: I guess she just gets lonesome for somebody to talk to and - HEY PUT THAT GUN DOWN. WHAT'D I DO?

LIEUT: THAT WAS MY WIFE I WAS TALKING TO.

FIB: Oh. Well...I...er...I meant Myrt the telephone operator... I....er...(LAUGHS) Forget it, bud. I just thought I ... er

SOUND: DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

LIEUT: Oh Hello there, Mr. Boomer.

BOOM: Ah there, Lieutenant! Just dropped in to make a little contribution to the police pension fund. Here you are... ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS.

LIEUT: Well, thank you very much!

FIB: Hey, Boomer, will you -

LIEUT: (Quiet there, you!) THE BOYS WILL APPRECIATE THIS VERY MUCH, Mr. Boomer. They've been working very hard, lately. That bank robbery last night, you know.

BOOM: Yes, I know. Terrible crime, wasn't it! and to think that rascals like that go unpunished I hope.

FIB: LISTEN BOOMER...Tell the Lieutenant who I am will you? I wanna get outa here.

LIEUT: You know this man, Mr. Boomer?

BOOM: Come to think of it, his face is familiar...but it might have been something I ate. What does he say his name is?

FIB: Fibber McGee and you know it.

BOOM: McGee...McGee...now let me see...I have such a large circle of acquaintances it makes me a little dizzy...LET ME LOOK IN MY ADDRESS BOOK.....now where did I put that address book. Have it right here someplace.

FIB: Come on, Boomer. Just because we never been warm friends is no reason to leave me in the cooler..

ROOM: Don't be so crusty, Shortnin' Bread. Have my address book right here someplace. Address book..address book. Here's a bottle fingerprint remover. Removes fingerprints from loose diamonds...also removes the diamonds...and sometimes the fingers.....here's a repossessed toupee...the owner was snatched bald-headed. Box of sachet powder tied up with a ragged shoestring....ah yes...Lavender and old Laces! Slave bracelet...I set it free from a jewelry store night before last...pair of loaded dice...those are the bones I have a feeling in I'm going to win some money this evening.. ..and a check for a short beer! Well well..IMAGINE THAT!! ..NO ADDRESS-BOOK!

FIB: Aw - listen Boomer----

BOOM: Now I'll have to start all over. Write down my friend's names...write down their addresses...wonder where I live myself...Oh yes..right down my alley. WELL GOOD DAY LIEUTENANT. SO LONG, BILLHOOK!

DOOR SLAM

LIEUT: Mr. Boomer certainly appreciates how hard we work. Every time there's a bank robbery he donates a lot of money to the pension fund.

FIB: Oh he does does he? Well if you can't make a simple deduction any better'n that, I pity you on March 15th!

LIEUT: Oh be quiet..I have work to do.

FIB: YOU'LL HAVE MORE WORK TO DO WHEN MY WIFE--

DOOR LATCH:

MOL: (FADING IN) Here I am, Dearie.

FIB: Ahaaaa.....you see? What luck, Molly?

MOL: Everything's alright, McGee.....I've got Mr. Gildersleeve with me. Come on in, Mr. Gildersleeve.

HAL: AND NOW.....will you tell me what this is all about?

MOL: I didn't tell him what I wanted him for, dearie...I was afraid he wouldn't do it.

FIB: Oh, he'll do it all right, won't you, Gildy, old man - old pal?

HAL: DO WHAT? WHAT IS THIS?

LIEUT: How do you do, Mr. Gildersleeve. We've arrested this man on a charge of possessing a stolen car.

HAL: You have! (LAUGHS) Who's car did he steal?

LIEUT: It belongs to someone named Fibber McGee.

HAL: FIBBER MCGEE! (LAUGHS)

FIB: Cut it out, Gildersleeve. How can you laugh when I'm settin' here like a bird in a guilty cage?

HAL: Who reported this car stolen, Lieutenant?

LIEUT: It was Fibber McGee, sir.

HAL: Fibber McGee! (LAUGHS)

LIEUT: (LAUGHS TOO) But the funniest part of all, Mr. Gildersleeve, is this - the prisoner claims that he's Fibber McGee.

LIEUT & HAL: (THEY BOTH LAUGH)

MOL: Now, Mr. Gildersleeve, that isn't neighborly.

FIB: No - come on, Gildersleeve. How can you forget me? Don't you remember the way I stole your dress suit last week?

LIEUT: WHAT'S THAT? YOU STOLE WHAT?

FIB: You stay outta this. You're only a cop. It's none of your business what I stole.

LIEUT: Sorry! Didn't mean to be personal.

FIB: That's better. Now, Gildersleeve } Identify me!

LIEUT: Can you do it, sir?

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HAL: Of course I can. Officer, this man is the most unreliable little prevaricator in the state - an irresponsible little squirt who is continually involved in all sorts of scrapes and messes.....incidentally, he's also Fibber McGee.

FIB: Thanks for identifying me, Gildersleeve - but you didn't have to be so specific.

MOL: Thank goodness - now you can go home, Dearie.

LIEUT: Not so fast, Mrs. McGee.....the charge still stands against your husband until we straighten this out. But here's what I'll do. I know Mr. Gildersleeve personally. I'll release your husband in his custody. Will you take the responsibility, Mr. Gildersleeve?

HAL: Welll...I (LAUGHS) Well, all right. I'll do it.

LIEUT: Thank you, sir. And remember, McGee, you are to report to Mr. Gildersleeve every morning and night, And you're to obey any orders he may give you. If you don't, you'll be remanded to jail at once....You may go now.

FIB: Thanks, Bud.

LIEUT: NO! NO! NO! MR. MCGEE....THE OTHER DOOR PLEASE. THAT DOOR LEADS TO THE CELL BLOCK.

FIB: I KNOW IT - BUT IF IT'S A CHOICE BETWEEN A CLINK AND A CLUNK, I'LL TAKE THE CLINK. LOCK ME UP!

ORCH: ("SMARTY PANTS") (APPLAUSE)
(FADE FOR COMMERCIAL)

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.
Fibber McGee & Molly
1-16-40
Tuesday - 6:30 PM PST NBC

Closing Commercial

ANNCR: Fibber and Molly will be back in just a moment. In the meantime I'd like to make a suggestion, that I know will be very helpful to many of you. It's this: protect your windowsills with genuine JOHNSON'S WAX. Then when snow or rain come in the open window at night, you simply wipe off the sill -- and the finish is as good as ever. Soot and dirt wipe off easily, too.

~~As you can see, we receive hundreds of letters from women who have discovered that the most important extra use for genuine Johnson's Wax is just~~
Protecting windowsills is just one of the 100 extra uses listed right on the JOHNSON'S WAX package.

Try waxing your table tops -- painted woodwork -- parchment lampshades, -- luggage and other leather goods. The WAX protects the surfaces from scratches and wear -- keeps them from drying out -- saves hours of cleaning ~~by~~ dirt or ~~to collect~~ ~~the~~ ~~surface~~.

Besides this protection, genuine JOHNSON'S WAX adds rich, mellow beauty to your home. JOHNSON-WAXED floors grow more beautiful with every application. Cleaning is easier throughout the year. But be sure to ask for the genuine JOHNSON'S WAX, paste or liquid -- used by careful housekeepers for over 50 years.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC....FADE ON CUE

Closing Commercial

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FIB: Folks, you have just heard the 232nd broadcast in the Johnson Wax series of...

TEE: Hiyah Mister.

FIB: Don't bother me now little girl. I'm makin' a announcement. We're goin' off the air.

TEE: Oh geeee...for GOOD!

FIB: No, just for tonight - and take that please expression off your face. Now go away. LADIES AND GENTLEM----

TEE: Hey Mister!

FIB: Well - Whaddyeou want?

TEE: You know that candy rabbit you gimme for Christmas? Hmm? Remember?

FIB: Yes. What about it?

TEE: Got any more?

FIB: No-I haven't. You think I always carry candy rabbits around with me?

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I SAYS NO I HAVEN'T...whadja do with the one I gave you?

TEE: Well, I carried it around and played with it and took it to school with me - and slept with it and showed it to everybody and finally it got so DARRREN DIRTY I had to eat it. So long mister.

FIB: Goodnight!

MOL: Goodnight, all!

ORCH: (CLOSING SIGNATURE)

(APPLAUSE)

SIGNOFF

a

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc
Writers: Don Quinn
Len Levinson

Tuesday - 1/23/40
6:30-7:00