

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

(REVISED)

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

#234

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

NEC-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 Jimmie Shields, Bill Thompson, Billy Mills'  
orchestra! The show opens with "Make With The Kisses".

ORK: ("MAKE WITH THE KISSES ")....FADE FOR:

C. Johnson & Son, Inc.  
Fibber McGee and Molly  
10:30-40  
Tuesday 6:30 PM PST NBC

2-A

Opening Commercial

ANNCR: When you're making your shopping list this week, be sure to write down, "JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT". No modern home should ever be without this labor-saving floor polish. It is the easy, safe way to have beautiful, sparkling floors with practically no work. GLO-COAT is SELF-POLISHING -- it shines as it dries, without any rubbing or buffing. You simply apply and let dry -- and in 20 minutes your floors have glistening, new beauty. GLO-COAT brings out and preserves the colors of linoleum.

And besides saving you hours of work, this famous polish saves money, too. Many users write, that GLO-COAT actually makes their linoleum last six times longer than when unprotected. So you see, it will pay you in more ways than one to protect your floors this easy, modern way, with JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT.

MUSIC: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH (APPLAUSE)

SEGUE

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

(REVISED)

-3-

WIL: IF THERE'S ONE THING WORSE THAN HAVING AN OLD SUITOR HANGING AROUND THE HOUSE FOR YEARS, IT'S HAVING AN OLD SUIT HANGING AROUND. SO, HERE IN THE LIVING ROOM AT WISTFUL VISTA, INTENTLY READING THE PAPER WHILE HIS WIFE IS TELLING HIM HE MUST THROW OUT HIS OLD BLUE SERGE - AND WITH NEITHER PAYING ANY ATTENTION TO THE OTHER, WE FIND --- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE

SOUND: (RATTLE OF NEWSPAPER)

FIB: (READING) "JOE DI MAGGIO STILL A HOLDOUT" -

MOL: (OFF MIKE) How many times have I told you to throw this old suit away, McGee?

FIB: (READING) "This is the sixth time Di Maggio has turned down the contract."

MOL: ...There's no use keeping it - the seat of the pants is all gone -

FIB: "I'll just sit here at home, then"....says Joe, "Till they meet my terms."

SOUND: PAPER TURNING

FIB: Let's see..where's the weather forecast...

MOL: Have you ever looked in these pockets, McGee?

FIB: "It's a foregone conclusion that there will be no change, the weather forecaster predicted.

MOL: And I know that the pants won't fit you.

FIB: "Local corporation expands!"

MOL: ...I don't know how you'd expect to get into 'em...

FIB: "By Adding Seven Vice-Presidents".

MOL: By adding seven...., McGee, you're hopeless!

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FIB: You're perfectly right, Molly - what did you say?  
MOL: I want you to throw this old suit away.  
FIB: Why of course. I'll be glad to - WHAT! Throw away my lucky blue serge!  
MOL: What was so lucky about it, dearie?  
FIB: Don't you remember - I won it on a punchboard. I punched out your name.  
MOL: Oh, sure, and I remember how proud I was the first time you wore it --  
FIB: Yeah - that was the night we went out dancing and won the Charleston contest.  
MOL: And do you recall the prize they gave us, dearie - I can still see you, carrying home that case of near beer.  
FIB: It was Bevo, Molly....I wonder what ever became of Bevo?....  
Gee, Molly, I hate to throw away this suit.  
MOL: Now, McGee, I --  
FIB: Lemme try it on. (GRUNTS)  
SOUND: (JANGLE OF BELLS)  
MOL: What's that?  
FIB: Just the bell-bottom pants - uh! There! How does it look?  
MOL: Why, that suit is all in rags.  
FIB: 'Tis not. I'll admit it's worn a little thin from having so many moths to feed. (LAUGH WITH DEFLATION)  
MOL: Hardly worth the effort. Now remove that suit from your carcass before those moths take you for a test flight.  
FIB: Oh, alright, - but - shucks --  
MOL: Why don't you throw it out in the alley?  
FIB: What - throw that suit away? Why any old clothes man will be glad to pay me something for it. Gimme the phone book, will you Molly.  
MOL: Here. b

FIB: Let's see...here we are - second hand garments...The Robinson Crusoe Castaway Clothing Shop....if you need money over the week-end - call our man Friday.....  
MOL: Call him now.  
FIB: Okay. (CLICK) Hello, Operator. I want Scrogg's Togs, on - Oh, is that you, Myrt? How's every little thing, Myrt? 'Tis, eh?...Your father what?...Oh, he came home early - what? Oh - broke, eh?...and polluted!  
MOL: What happened, McGee?  
FIB: Myrt's father rushed home last night to warn the family that the water main had broke - all the water was polluted, too. (INTO PHONE) Say, Myrt, do me a favor and tell Scrogg's Togs to send over their buyer - I've got a big deal for 'em. Thanks. (CLICK)  
MOL: If this is a big deal, dearie, all you hold is the joker.  
SOUND: (KNOCK ON DOOR)  
MOL: Oh dear. Come on!  
SOUND: (DOOR LATCH & SLAM)  
MOL: Why, hello, Mrs. Uppington.  
UPP: Oh, hello, Mrs. McGee AND Mr. McGee.  
FIB: Hiya, Uppy.  
UPP: Well, my dears, I want you to meet my new protege - This is Maestro William Randolph Mills, the celebrated orchestra conductor. One of the foremost exponents of classical music in America, aren't you, Maestro?  
MILLS: You tell 'em, Toots.  
FIB: Did you call Billy a maestro, Uppy?  
UPP: But of course.

FIB: But I always thought a maestro hadda have a big shock of bushy hair.

MOL: No, dearie - a maestro is a drum major for high-brow music.

FIB: Well, Billy qualifies as a highbrow, alright. His forehead stops just short of his back collarbutton.

UPP: It is our intention - Signor Mills and I - to make Wistful Vista a center of culture by organizing a lovely concert orchestra...uh..what did you call it, Maestro?

MILLS: Professor Mills Silver Cornet Band. I'm using the Elks as a nucleus.

UPP: Isn't he just marvelous? Such savoir faire -

MILLS: Aw, cut it out, Kid...

UPP: He's so modest. And to think that all these years he's been hiding his light behind a bustle - I mean a bushel.... But I'm putting the two of you on our list of patrons for Doctor Mill's first concerto - now let's see - when will that be, Doctor?

MILLS: Just as soon as you give me the dough to get the horns out of hock, Cookie.

UPP: The Professor is so helpless in money matters. Why, just today he told me he was so pale and overdrawn at the bank that I'd have to give him a transfusion....Or am I just being a silly girl.

MOL: Yes, - I think you are!

UPP: Yes I think - what? - Wellll - goodbye. Come Randolph.

MILLS: (LAUGHS) Okay Abigail.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: Hey, do you suppose Mrs. Uppington is really going for him?

MOL: Well, I don't know, but she ain't dousing herself with that Jockey Club perfume for nothing!

SOUND: DOOR LATCH & SLAM

OLD M: (FADING IN) Hello there, Daughter, Hello, Johnny! You the folks that sent for the old clothes man?

FIB: Yep - and it looks like we drew the oldest clothes man in town.

OLD M: EHHHHHHHHHHH?

FIB: How much'll you give me for this suit, here?

OLD M: Can't see it very well without my specs. Wait'll I put 'em on....Well, I got 'em on and I still can't see it. What kind of a suit do 'ye call it?

FIB: It's a blue serge.

OLD M: Guess you're right - and Serge musta been mighty blue when he made it, too....Heh, heh, heh, heh....That's pretty good, Johnny, but that ain't the way I heered it.....The way I - Hey - wait a minute - Who's telling this...eh? - Oh! - Well, anyhow, the way I heered it, one feller says to 'tother feller, "SAYYYYYYYY," he says, "HOW'S YOUR COW, BESSIE, STANDING THIS COLD SPELL?" "ALL RIGHT", says tother feller, "EXCEPT THAT THIS MORNING WHEN I MILKED HER, SHE BEGAN GIVING GOOD HUMORS!" Heh heh heh. Well, got to go now.

FIB: Hey, just a second - what about this suit?

OLD M: Eh? Oh, yes - tell you what I'll do - I'll sell it to you for fifty cents.

FIB: Wait a minute, you're not selling this suit - you're buying it.

OLD M: Oh, no I'm not, Johnny. The kind of suits I sell for fifty cents I don't buy - I just pick 'em up outa ash cans. So long, kids.

ORK: "SOMEBODY LOVES ME"

APPLAUSE

SECOND SPOT

SOUND: (RUSTLE OF PAPER)

FIB: (SIGHS WITH RELIEF) Oh boy, that's a load off my mind. For a minute there I was afraid Dick Tracy was a goner...Well, now for Popeye -

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND SLAMS

FIB: Where you been, Molly?

MOL: (FADING IN) I just threw that old suit of yours out in the alley.

FIB: I shoul'da done it myself, but I was busy.

MOL: Yes, busy with the funny papers.

FIB: I was never no such a thing. I was studying the editorial page.

MOL: Go on with you. Every time Tarzan falls out of a tree, you walk with a limp for a week.

FIB: Well, a guy's gotta show his sympathies some way.

SOUND: DOOR KNOCK

MOL: Come in!

SOUND: DOOR LATCH & SLAM

FIB: Oh, hello there, little girl.

TEE: Hi! Mister!

FIB: What is it, sis?

TEE: I betcha I found something, I betcha.

FIB: Oh, you found something.

TEE: HMMMMMMMM?

FIB: I said you found something.

TEE: Did I?

FIB: You said you did.  
TEE: What did I find, huh?  
FIB: Why...I don't know -  
TEE: Then how do you know I found it - hmmm?  
FIB: Listen, sis, you said you found something. What did you find?  
TEE: YOUR-BLUE-SERGE-SUIT!  
FIB: My blue serge.....Oh, dad rat the dad ratted luck, anyway.  
TEE: Yeah - Yeah - I found it out in the alley, I betcha.  
FIB: Well, it wasn't bothering anyone out there - why did you have to bring it in?  
TEE: HMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM?  
FIB: I said what did you bring it in for?  
TEE: For a dime.  
FIB: A dime! But I don't need it.  
TEE: Gee, thanks.  
FIB: For what?  
TEE: For the dime you don't need.  
FIB: Oh, I give up. Okay - Okay, sis - here's your dime.  
TEE: Okay, okay, here's your suit.  
FIB: Bet I know what you're going to do with that dime. Bet you're going to buy chocolates.  
TEE: Oh, no I'm not.  
FIB: Oohh, yes you are.  
TEE: OHHHH NO I'M NOT.  
FIB: OOOOHHHH YES YOU ARE.  
TEE: OOOOOHHHHHH NO I'M NOT.  
FIB: OOOOOOHHHH -

MOL: McGee, stop it.  
FIB: Well make her stop it too!  
MOL: Let her spend the dime the way she wants to.  
FIB: Oh, all right. What're you going to do with it sis?  
TEE: Gonna buy some Mexican candy.  
FIB: Mexican candy?  
TEE: Sure - you gave me a Mexican dime. Well, goodbye mister.  
SOUND: DOOR SLAM  
FIB: Well, as the fat chimney-sweep said when he couldn't budge: "Here I am - stuck with the soot, again."  
MOL: The word is soot!  
FIB: Vel, here I am stuck vit de suet!  
MOL: Say, there's Mr. Wilcox coming down the street, McGee, maybe he can tell us what to do with it.  
FIB: Oh, nō - not him. He'll figger out a way to switch the conversation around to THAT SUBJECT.  
MOL: Why, you do the man an injustitude. I'll bet he doesn't mention JOHNSON'S WAX once.  
FIB: Tell you what I'll do. I'll bet you a dollar - that he says "JOHNSON'S WAX." Are you game?  
MOL: All right. I'll betcha. Now hurry, call him.  
FIB: Okay...  
SOUND: (DOOR LATCH)  
FIB: (CALLING) Oh, Harlow! Hey! Harlow!  
WIL: (OFF MIKE) Oh, hello, Fibber.  
FIB: Come in a second, will you?  
WIL: (FADING IN) Sure - oh, hello, Molly. (DOOR SLAM)  
What's new?

MOL: We've got a little problem - we're trying to get rid of this old suit of McGee's. What would you advise?

WIL: Sorry, Molly, I haven't any experience with old suits. Now, if it was an old floor or an old piece of furniture -

FIB: Oh, oh, - here's where I collect.

WIL: I'd know exactly what to do. I'd simply apply

MOL: JOHNSON'S WAX?

WIL: That's right. And after one treatment the old floor or the old table would sparkle with a fresh gleaming coat. It would also be protected from scratches or wear. So don't forget, folks, if there's a question of keeping your house looking brighter, younger and cleaner, the answer is--

MOL: JOHNSON'S WAX?

WIL: Right you are. Sorry I can't help you about that suit, Fibber. Why don't you just cut it into small squares and sell them for pocket mirrors? Well, so long.

SOUND: (DOOR SLAM)

MOL: Well, dearie - you've lost the bet - now pay up.

FIB: Aw, all right...here you are.

MOL: Thank you - McGEE! WHERE'D YOU GET AHOLD OF A DOLLAR?

FIB: Oh, I found it - in your purse.

MOL: I might of known.

FIB: I know how we'll get rid of that suit, Molly, we'll throw it in the river. Now let's....

SOUND: (DOOR LATCH & SLAM)

MOL: Why, Nick Depopolus!

NICK: Hello, there, Fizzer. How do, Kewpie.

FIB: Oh, Hiyah, Nick!

NICK: Ohio to you, too, Fizzer. I'm just drooping around to see where you've been keeping myself these long winter underwears. You ain't come round my Kandy Kitchin lately. - What's the matter? You lose your sweet toots, toots?

FIB: Well, we've been pretty busy lately. Say, you don't know how I could get rid of this blue serge suit, do you?

NICK: Sure, Fizzer. I gotta cousin on my doctor's side who just gave a wide birth to a new inventure that recondizems tired suits like that one, if I do say so myself.

FIB: Tell me about it - I'm all ears.

NICK: Now that you mention it - yes. But my cousin, he takes a suit of closings and puts it in a cabinuts where it dunks himself in steam and hot hoyle.

MOL: For how long?

NICK: One day I saw it in there for two days. And then - he puts it in a tireless cookie and spins it around for fifty miles in a twenty mile ozone.

MOL: Say - that sounds marvelous.

FIB: I'll say so.

NICK: Yes - there is only one throwback to the whole deal.

FIB: What's that, Nick?

NICK: It don't do the suit a bit of good...Well, so long, Fizzer, s'long, Kewpie. Drop me a ring some time when you are passing out.

SOUND: DOOR LATCH & SLAM

FIB: Poor Nick - I guess English will always be Greek to him.  
Come on, Molly, get your coat on. We're gonna take this  
suit down and throw it in the river.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN & CLOSE

TEE: Hi, Mister - look what I've got for you this time.

FIB: Where did you get all those suits, sis?

TEE: Hmnnnnnnnn?

FIB: Who do they belong to?

TEE: They're yours - now.

FIB: Now what would I want five suits for?

TEE: For fifty cents.

FIB: Fifty cents?

TEE: Yep - ten cents a suit - like last time, remember?

FIB: Haven't I got enough trouble trying to get rid of one suit.

Where'd you get these suits?

TEE: From the neighbors.

FIB: From the neighbors? You sure the people didn't mind you  
taking 'em?

TEE: Oh, no - they were glaaad to have me take 'em.

FIB: GLAD to have you take 'em?

TEE: Sure - every single person gave me a suit just as soon as  
I started to cry and told 'em it was for poor old Mister  
McGee.

FIB: WHAT! Aw pshaw!

APPLAUSE

ORK & SHIELDS: ("CARELESS")

FIB: (OVER INTRODUCTION) Jimmy Shields will now sing the  
current popular success - "Careless."

APPLAUSE

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SOUND: (FOOTSTEPS ON SIDEWALK....FADE DOWN & OUT)

MOL: Well now that we've thrown that suit in the river, where  
do ye suppose it'll wind up?

FIB: Well, Molly - it'll return to its rightful place in nature.  
It'll float and float down the river till it comes to the  
ocean. When it gets to the ocean...er...well...that's where  
the surge of the blue sea meets the blue serge, see?  
(LAUGHS) Don'tcha get it, Molly, I says --

MOL: 'Tain't funny, McGee.

FIB: Oh, well, maybe it is far-fetched - about two thousand  
miles.

SOUND: (FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING)

MOL: Oh ph....McGEE!

FIB: Eh? S'matter?

MOL: Here comes that man again. The one we can't think who he  
is!

FIB: Oh, dad rat it....AN NO PLACE TO HIDE. Well, I'll find  
out who he is this time. Watch me lead the conversation  
around to where he tips us off. I'll --

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

MOL: Oh, how do you do....IMAGINE MEETING YOU HERE!

FIB: Hiyah...er...Bud....Hiyah. I was hopin' I'd see you around  
someplace.

MAN: You were? Why, may I ask?

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FIB: Well, I got to thinkin' about you the other day and...er.. how we don't see much of each other now...so I..er..well, I thought it'd be nice if we had a picture of you for our album. You know...with your name signed to it... and.. er...and everything.

MAN: WHAT? YOU WANT ANOTHER ONE?

MOL: You mean we already have...OH, BUT OF COURSE...MCGEE, HOW DUMB OF YOU. We already have a picture of Mr...er...er... and IT'S A DANDY ONE, TOO!

FIB: Shucks, I was just kiddin'.

MAN: Sure...I know. Same old McGee! Well, I've got to be getting along, folks....Good day!

MOL: Goodbye, Mr...er...Nice to have seen you again.

FIB: So long..er...fella.. So long.

MAN: Oh, wait a minute..Mr. McGee...don't forget about Old Charlie.

FIB: Eh? Old Char --

MAN: It's next week, you know. Well, so long!

FIB: So long!

MOL: Who's old Charlie?

FIB: Search me. I think he's a stand-in for the Invisible Man. Say I gotta idea. Next time we meet him, you accidentally knock his hat offen his head, and when I pick it up I'll sneak a look at the initials inside of it!

MOL: Yes...or you could knock him unconscious and take an impression of his bridgework. That would be more...

FIB: Say...there's somebody waiting for us on our porch.

MOL: Looks like a policeman.

FIB: Why, it's Officer Kelly -

COP: OH, MCGEE, IS IT YOU! OH, THE SAINTS BE PRAISED! I THOUGHT YOU WERE DROWNED FOR SURE!

MOL: Drowned?

COP: We just fished his clothes out of the river.

FIB: My clothes?

COP: Yes - your blue serge suit .... Look - I brought it with me...Here you are McGee...

MOL: (PAUSE) Thank the officer, dearie.

FIB: Uh - oh, thanks Kelly ..

SOUND: (DISTANT BOOM OF EXPLOSIVES)

MOL: Heavenly Days! What's that?

COP: Oh, it's just the emergency squad, dynamiting the river for your husband. I better run down and tell them to quit. Good day to ye.

MOL: Goodbye, Officer Kelly.

FIB: Dad rat the dad ratted luck! The way this suit keers crawling home, I'm beginning to think there's ants in these pants.

MOL: I've got an idea! Why don't you just mail them to somebody you don't know?

FIB: NO! I'm all fed up. I know what I'll do. I'll toss it over in Gildersleeve's yard - There - (FADE IN) his dog will take care of it, alright.

SOUND: (DOG GROWLS AND BARKS)

FIB: That's the end of that. Now let's go in the house, Molly.  
(FOOTSTEPS UP STAIRS) And I don't want to hear another word  
about that suit.

SOUND: DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

FIB: It's a closed book in my life - understand?

MOL: Yes, dearie.

FIB: Now, where's my paper and my slippers?

MOL: I'll get 'em right now, dearie.

FIB: And while you're about it, see if there's any apples in the  
cooler.

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

HAL: (MUFFLED BY DOOR) McGee! McGee!

FIB: That sounds like Gildersleeve.

MOL: Come in.

SOUND: (DOOR LATCH)

FIB: Hiyah, Gildy -

HAL: Now look here, McGee, I WON'T PAY IT. I WON'T PAY IT!

FIB: What're you all excited about - you won't pay what?

HAL: You can't hold me up for an exhorbitant sum, just because my  
dog chewed up your suit.\*

FIB: Oh your dog chewed up my suit, eh?

HAL: Yes. I just came out for a breath of air - and there was my  
Great Dane, Hamlet - eating your suit - with relish.\*

MOL: (What, no mustard?)

HAL: (TEARFUL) Tsk, tsk. To think that Hamlet would turn out to  
be a bad actor!

FIB: And look at them, torn to shreds. Maybe the coat can be  
saved - I'll try it on....No, oh look at it, Molly.

MOL: Oh, my, isn't it terrible?

FIB: Yes - awful....look, my beautiful new blue serge - ruined!  
Look here, Gildersleeve.

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HAL: Now, McGee, don't be bitter. I'll...I'll do the right  
thing by you.

FIB: Well - o - will you, Gildy? That's mighty nice of you.

HAL: Yes. Let's see...I have it - my employees gave me a fifty  
dollar merchandise order for Christmas. I'm going to sign  
it over to you. That ought to be enough, eh?

MOL: Oh, too much -

FIB: That's enough, Molly.

HAL: Here you are, McGee. (LAUGHS) That makes everything all  
right between us, eh?

FIB: Sure - Gildy.

HAL: And you won't sue?

FIB: No - I won't sue! Goodbye, Gildy!

HAL: Goodbye, Ha ha ha.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

~~MOL: Now, McGee, take that coat off this instant.~~

~~FIB: You better get a new gimme blue serge and wear it like a lady.~~

MOL: What are you going to do?

FIB: I'm gonna get rid of this suit once and for all. I'll  
throw it in the fireplace...There it goes - (LAUGHS) And  
the first thing tomorrow, I'm going downtown and get fitted  
for a nice new suit - think I'll get a blue serge.

MOL: What store is the order on, McGee?

FIB: Let's see...it says right here... --- oh, oh, lemme sit  
down, Molly....Oh, I'm not feeling very good....oh,...  
what did you say, Molly?

MOL: I said - what store is the order on?

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FIB: I don't know -  
MOL: Why not?  
FIB: It's in my pocket.  
MOL: Well, take it out.  
FIB: It's in the other pocket.  
MOL: What other pocket?  
FIB: In the other suit.  
MOL: What other suit?  
FIB: THE ONE I BURNED UP!  
MOL: Heavenly days.

(APPLAUSE)

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

Closing

ANNCR: Fibber and Molly will be back in just a moment.  
In the meanwhile, there's just time for me to say a few words about the "traffic areas" in your home. In every city, there are certain streets that get more traffic than others. In your home, there are certain floor areas, too, that get the heaviest traffic -- hallways, entrances to certain rooms, like the dining-room and kitchen. These heavy traffic spots need more care than the rest of your floors -- to keep the finishes from becoming badly scuffed and scraped. When floors are protected with genuine JOHNSON'S WAX, these "wear spots" can be touched up as often as necessary -- without rewaxing the entire floor. This is a great advantage -- not only in saving work, but in keeping your floors and your home beautiful. It is only one of the many advantages of using genuine JOHNSON'S WAX. This double-purpose wax polish protects and beautifies nearly everything in your home -- floors, furniture, woodwork -- leather goods, windowsills, refrigerators. There are 100 extra, labor-saving uses listed right on your package of genuine JOHNSON'S WAX, paste or liquid.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC.....FADE ON CUE

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

FIBBER

Tuesday - 2/6/40  
6:30-7:00

(TAG GAG)

MOL: McGee, are you still worried about that old blue serge suit?

FIB: No - I'm just tryin' to remember who that guy is we keep meetin' all the time.

MOL: You still can't remember his name?

FIB: Nope - but you know what? I'll bet he turns out to be some guy I went all through school with. -

MOL: He couldn't be, dearie!

FIB: Why not?

MOL: You didn't go all thru school.

FIB: Eh? I didn't? Oh, shem - good night!

MOL: Good nite, all!

ORK: (CLOSING SIGNATURE) SEGUE "SAVE YOUR SORROWS"

WIL: CREDITS....SIGNOFF

Closing

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