

(REVISED)

S.C. JOHNSON & SON

WRITERS:

Rice

DON QUINN
LEN LEVINSON

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY - #242

NBC - RED

Tuesday, March 26, 1940

6:30 - 7:00 P.M.

(REVISED)

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

ORK: THEME

WIL: The makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Self-Polishing
Glocoat present Marian and Jim Jordan as Fibber McGee &
Molly, with Bill Thompson, The King's Men, Billy Mills'
Orchestra, and all stuff like that there! The show opens
with "I Want to be Happy".

ORK: "I WANT TO BE HAPPY"

APPLAUSE - SEGUE - "RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN"

WIL: WELL, SPRING HAS COME TO WISTFUL VISTA, WITH ITS USUAL-
EFFECT ON SUBURBAN HOME-OWNERS. AND HERE IN THE BACK YARD
AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA, GREETING THE FIRST TINY ROSE OF THE
SEASON -

FIB: Hiyah, Bud!

WIL: - AND INDUSTRIOUSLY DIGGING A DITCH TO SET OUT A NEW HEDGE
WHILE HIS WIFE READS A BOOK ON THE PORCH STEPS - WE FIND -

-- FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY! --

SOUND: BIRDS TWITTERING...SOUNDS: SPADING AND THUD OF DIRT:

FIB: UGH!....(PAUSE) UGH!....(PAUSE).....UGH.....(PAUSE)
(TO HIMSELF) Boy, why did I ever start this job anyway!
My back's about busted...Oh well,,(UGH)....(PAUSE) UGH!...

MOL: (FADE IN) How you doing, McGee?

FIB: Swell!...am I ever havin' the fun, though! (LAUGHS) This
diggin' makes ye feel good all over, Molly! Dunno when
I've enjoyed myself so much!. Wanna try it?

MOL: No, dearie. Plantin' a new hedge was your idea so you
handle it.

FIB: Why, Molly. You don't realize the pure joy of workin' in
the soil...why, just think...(TREMOLQ) This is OUR land..
OUR NATIVE land....and just plantin' a hedge like I'm
doin' now helps to make it a better...a greener..and a
lovelier land to live in. Just try a few spadefuls, Molly
...it..it brings you closer to Mother Nature...ahhh, Mother
Nature.

MOL: Sorry, dearie. Tell Mother I can't make it today.

OLD MAN: (FADE IN) HELLO THERE, JOHNNY....HELLO DAUGHTER....

MOL: Oh, hello, Mr. Old Timer.

OLD M: Wanna buy any garden seeds, Johnny? How about a package
o' dandelion seeds?

FIB: DANDELION SEEDS! What should I want them for? They ruin
the lawn!

OLD M: Sure...but they're gonna pop up anyway...you might's well
have the best. Heh heh.

FIB: No thanks.

OLD M: Okay. How about a package o' honeysuckle seeds? Great
little posey, the honeysuckle...fast grower..purty looker
and sweet smeller.

MOL: NO THANK YOU, Mr. Old Timer...we don't want ANY seeds today

FIB: No. And as the newsstand feller says to the Scotchman
who dropped in to sneak a peek at the magazines.."WHY
DON'T YOU GET OUT OF MY LIFE?"

OLD M: Heh heh heh...that's pretty good, Johnny. But that ain't
the way I heered it. The way I heered it, - (you
interested in the way I heered it?)

FIB: & MOL: NO!

OLD M: THE WAY I HEERED IT, one feller says to tother feller,
"SAAAYYYYY", he says, "I SEE WHERE - (Still not
interested?)

FIB:)
MOL:) NO!

OLD M: Okay. (FAST) Sayyy, he says, I see where this Molly McGee was voted one o' the best dressed women; does her husband dress well too? Nope, says tother feller, just warm! Heh-heh! So long kids - get your garden seeds here! Get your lulu a lily! Get your mommy some poppies! (FADE OUT) Garden seeds here! Nice, fresh...

FIB: That old guy's got a great head on his shoulders...but on him it looks very good!

MOL: You better finish diggin' that trench to plant the hedge in McGee, before it gets dark,

FIB: Okay, but I think I'm takin' out too much dirt. I don't think I can get it all back in. Better make the trench a little more shallower.

MOL: Well, plant a nice tall hedge....it'll give us a little more privacy what with our house so close to Gildersleeves.

FIB: You got somethin' there. And -- Oh oh! Speak of the devil and right away he horns in!

HAL: AH THERE, MCGEE...MAY I ASK WHAT YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?

MOL: Certainly, Mr. Gildersleeve, McGee's diggin' a little trench. He's going to plant a hedge along here.

HAL: Oh..he is, is he?

FIB: Yes, I am. And if you'd come along tomorrow about this time you'd a caught me with my plants down. (LAUGHS) ~~Down~~

HAL: ~~What are you doing digging on my property?~~
I have! I have! I have! I have! I have!

FIB: ~~Oh, I just thought I'd ask you.~~ WHATCHA MEAN, ~~your~~ PROPERTY? THIS IS my own property.

HAL: OHHHHH NO IT ISN'T.. My lot runs from that telephone pole out in the alley there to that slippery ellum out in front. YOU'RE THREE FEET OVER THE LINE!

FIB: WHAT? You mean to stand there in your tight-fitting skin and tell me I don't know where my property line is?

HAL: I CERTAINLY DO!

FIB: Oh yeah? If you think for one minute - and I doubt if you could

HAL: NOW LOOK HERE, MCGEE! I'VE HAD ABOUT ENOUGH OF YOUR IMPUDENCE! TAKE OFF YOUR COAT!

FIB: I can't. I ain't got on a clean shirt. Wanna make an appointment for tomorrow?

HAL: No - I'm going to the dentist tomorrow -- how about Thursday?

MOL: Look here - doesn't it seem more sensible to both of you to get a surveyor and find out EXACTLY where the property line runs?

HAL: SPLENDID IDEA, Mrs. McGee...I'll get a surveyor right away.

FIB: OH NO YE DON'T GILDERSLEEVE. I wouldn't trust you with a squirt-gun in the Sahara. I'LL GET THE SURVEYOR.

HAL: Well....all right. In the meantime leave that ditch alone. If I want a hedge planted on my property I'll do it myself. You don't know anything about horticulture.

IB: Oh, I don't eh? Why, I've owned more horses, Gildersleeve, than you ever --

OL: He said HORTICULTURE, dearie. That's flowers, not horses.

AL: (LAUGHS)

IB: Well, shucks...I know flowers, too. Why, even as a mere child I was a great hand with flowers. I'll never forget the party I gave when my first pot of geraniums bloomed. PARTY-OF-THE-FIRST-POT-MCGEE, I was knowed as in them days.

OL: Oh dear...

IB: PARTY-OF-THE-FIRST-POT-MCGEE, PERSISTENTLY PLANTIN' PRIZE-WINNIN' PETUNIAS, PRIM PRIMROSES, PRECIOUS PEONIES, PROUD POPPIES AND PONDEROUS PALMTREES, PICKIN' UP A PRETTY PENNY PURVEYIN' PINK AND PURPLE PETALLED PERENNIALS FOR PLEATED-PANTS PLAYBOYS TO PIN ON THEIR PARTICULAR POWDERED AND PAINTED-POOPSIE-WOOPSIES, AND PUBLICLY PRONOUNCED THE PEERLESS PROMOTOR AND PING-PONG PAPA OF POD AND POLLEN FROM THE POSEY-PRODUCER'S TOPMOST LAYER - but play somethin', Mills.

While I getta surveyor!

APPLAUSE:

ORCH: SELECTION: FADE FOR COMMERCIAL -

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
MARCH 26, 1940
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

OPENING COMMERCIAL: (To be read during middle of the second musical number by: Wilcox from Hollywood to Pacific Coast Red, California Supplementary and Arizona Stations.)

CUE:

WILCOX: ... While we're waiting for Fibber and Molly to return, I'd like your attention for just a minute. (PAUSE 2 SECONDS)

.....

The other evening I dropped in on some friends and they took me right out to the kitchen to admire their new linoleum. It really was a lovely pattern and made the kitchen very cheerful. "And do you see that glistening finish?" They asked me, "That's some of your JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT!" Of course, I congratulated them -- not so much on their new linoleum as on their good judgment in protecting it right away with GLO-COAT. They won't have to worry about that linoleum wearing out -- or becoming dull and faded. Its colors will be preserved for years in all their original freshness -- and the linoleum itself will last much longer than if it were left unprotected. Besides, GLO-COAT will save hours of work, because it is SELF-POLISHING -- it requires no rubbing or buffing. Simply apply and let dry -- GLO-COAT does the rest. Whether your linoleum is old or brand new -- give it the protection of JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH)

(APPLAUSE)

2ND SPOT

MOL: Did you call a surveyor, McGee?
 FIB: Yep. Be over shortly. Imagine old Gildersleeve tryin' to
 chisel a hunk of our property?
 MOL: Maybe he's right. Maybe we'll have to put the garage over
 three feet.
 FIB: I'll put Gildersleeve UNDER six feet. That's what I'll do.
 Wonder what's delayin' the surveyor....

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR

MOL: Must be him now...COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSES

TEE: Hi, mister.
 FIB: Oh. Oh, hello there, little girl. Whatcha want?
 TEE: Oh, I was just on my way to the meat market and going through
 your house is a short cut.
 FIB: I see. Well, you better scam along then. Your mamma will
 be waitin' for you to get home with the meat.
 TEE: It isn't for my mama, it's for my dog - Margaret. The
 doctor just put him on a strict vegetable diet.
 FIB: Then why are you gettin' meat for him?
 TEE: Because I don't like the doctor.
 FIB: I see.
 TEE: Hmmm?
 FIB: I said I SEE. How come Margaret is indisposed?
 TEE: Well, she got sick at the dog show, and Gee, Mister, he got
 First Prize for Best Dog of All Breeds!
 FIB: He did?
 TEE: Yeah, - and Margaret was more breeds than any other dog
 there!

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SOUND:

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FIB: I'll bet he returned to his kennel in a blaze of glory, sis.
 TEE: EHHHH?
 FIB: I says, I'LL BET HE COME HOME TRIUMPHANT.
 TEE: No...he came home sick.
 FIB: Just nervousness probably. Maybe he had a girl friend in the show and saw some Dobermann pinscher. (LAUGHS)
 TEE: No. The first prize was ten pounds of dog food and Margaret staggered home with a TERRIBLE hamburger hangover. And gee we had to call the dog doctor.
 FIB: Did he give Margaret a thorough examination?
 TEE: No...mama said he just dognosed him.
 FIB: Who dognosed who?
 TEE: Well, first the dog doctor dognosed our dog and then our dog dognosed the doctor.
 FIB: What'd he have?
 TEE: A little beard and glasses and striped pants.
 FIB: Who -- the dog?
 TEE: No. The Doctor.
 FIB: Look sis...I'm talkin' about MARGARET. What did you find out he had, after the examination?
 TEE: The doctor's striped pants. Or part of 'em anyway. Well, I gotta be going now, I betcha. I just stopped in to say hello.
 FIB: Oh. Hello!
 TEE: Hello!
 FIB: Goodbye!
 TEE: G'Bye!
 SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: You know, Molly...there's something about that kid that kinda reminds me o' you!
 MOL: NO!
 FIB: Yes there is. I dunno what it is, but, sometimes - - - -
 MOL: McGee....LISTEN....what's that noise?
 SOUND: SCRAPING
 FIB: It's comin' from the fireplace...
 MOL: It sounds like somebody's coming down the chimney.
 FIB: Can't be Santa Claus, because I haven't been a very good boy.
 What the --
 SOUND: SCRAPING SOUND LOUDER...HEAVY THUD
 MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS...McGee...it's Mister WILCOX!
 FIB: Look here, Harlow -----
 WIL: Now wait a minute...I can explain everything...but first let me go out in the kitchen and wipe this soot off my face.
 MOL: ALL right, but DON'T TRACK THAT SOOT ALL OVER ME CLEAN LINOLEUM.
 WIL: Why not...you've got Johnson's Self-Polishing Gloccoat on the linoleum out there, haven't you? And you know it can be wiped clean with a damp cloth - so what are you worrying about?
 FIB: That's all very well, Harlow, but I'd like to know what you're doin' climbin' down thru our chimney. You think because Fred Allen has eagles on his show we gotta have a stork?
 WIL: Just a minute Fibber. Now, Molly don't you find that Gloccoat saves you hours of housecleaning?

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(2nd REVISION)

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MOL: Certainly I do. And I particularly like Glocoat because it requires no rubbing or buffing.

WIL: That's what I keep telling them at the office.

FIB: DAD RAT IT, HARLOW...ANSWER MY QUESTION! WHAT'S THE IDEA SNEAKIN' IN HERE DOWN THE CHIMNEY.

WIL: Well, don't blame me for that. I've even ruined a good suit of clothes.

FIB: Then whose idea WAS IT?

WIL: Well, the sponsor said to bring the advertising in DIFFERENTLY this week. But if this keeps up, I'M GOING TO ASK MR. JOHNSON TO GIVE ME MY OLD JOB BACK - IN THE SHIPPING ROOM. That's what I'm gonna do!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: (LAUGHS) That's what I call doin' a Fireside Chat the hard way!

MOL: Look, McGee....Out the window....there goes a man with a tripod over his shoulder. Is that the surveyor?

FIB: Eh? Where? Oh yes....that's the guy....NOW WE'LL GET THIS BOUNDARY LINE SETTLED ONCE AND FOR ALL! You comin', Molly?

MOL: No....I'll be out in a minute. AND DON'T START ANOTHER FIGHT WITH MR. GILDERSLEEVE!

FIB: All right....but as the cannibal says when he seen the skinny missionary, "I ain't gonna take anything off that guy!" You come out as soon as you can, Molly....(FADE OUT)

SOUND: (DOOR SLAM....OFF MIKE)

MOL: Oh dear, oh cause more t hope--

SOUND: DOOR OPEN &

NICK: HELLO FIZZER Fizzer?

MOL: He just went want him?

NICK: Oh no. I ju

MOL: You mean fol

NICK: Sure....and it, too. He so I am learn

MOL: Oh, that's f enthusiastic

NICK: Sure....they

MOL: Well, how are

NICK: Well, the fi KEEP YOUR HE

MOL: Well, that's

NICK: Oh I can keep keep bumping

MOL: Well you'll

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in't gonna take anything off that
soon as you can, Molly....(FADE OUT)

MOL: Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear....WHATTA MAN! He can
cause more trouble than a hornet in a hairnet. I only
hope--

SOUND: DOOR OPEN & CLOSE

NICK: HELLO FIZZER, HELLO KEWP....Oh, hello Kewpie....Where's
Fizzer?

MOL: He just went out in the back yard, Mr. Depopolis. Did you
want him?

NICK: Oh no. I just wanted to tell him I was chasing his advise.

MOL: You mean following it.

NICK: Sure....and not only that, Kewpie, I am catching up with
it, too. He is saying I am not getting enough exersmise,
so I am learning myself to take lessons in how to play golf.

MOL: Oh, that's fine. Nearly all the men I know are
enthusiastic golfers.

NICK: Sure....they all swear by it....and right out loud too.

MOL: Well, how are you getting along?

NICK: Well, the first thing this teacher is telling me is
KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN, MR. DEPOPOLIS....

MOL: Well, that's simple enough. Can't you do it?

NICK: Oh I can keep my head down alright, - but all the times I
keep bumping into the trees.

MOL: Well you'll catch onto it, eventually.

NICK: I suppose so....But the worst thing that is happening when
I am landing a ball into the roughage and the teacher is
saying, MR. DEPOPOLIS....USE YOUR SPOON. And I am saying....
what do I do? EAT my way out?

HATTA MAN! He can
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OUR SPOON. And I am saying....

MOL: All you have to do is keep at it Mr. Depopolus.
NICK: Kewpie, I have made a vow that I am going to learn this
golfing if it is taking the rest of my natural life, and
if you play golf you can't lead one! Well, so long, Kewpie
...tell Fizzer I stopped in and if I don't see him in a
day or so what difference will it make?

SOUND: DOOR SLAM:

MOL: My what a fuss men make about golf! After all, it's just
like kids playin' shinny, only they get home later for
supper. Oh well - I suppose I'd better go out and see
how the boys are getting along with the surveyor.

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

FIB & HAL LAUGHING LIKE HELL: (FADE IN)

FIB: Come on, Gildersleeve...it's MY turn to look thru the
telescope... (LAUGHS) I don't wanna miss any o' this...

HAL: (LAUGHS) Me either....I haven't had so much fun since my
Uncle Burlingame went out to the barn in the dark and
tried to milk a rubber glove.... (LAUGHTER) LOOK MCGEE...
LOOK AT 'EM NOW!!

FIB: Lemme see, QUICK.... (LAUGHS) Oh oh...they're playin'
patty-cake!

CAP: HEY GIMME A LOOK WILL YA, FELLAS? I'M the surveyor and
it's my telescope....

FIB: QUIT GRABBIN' MY ARM BUD!...I just got this thing adjusted
right... (LAUGHS) Hey, Gildersleeve, you know what they're
doin' now? They're -

MOL:

FIB:

HAL:

FIB:

HAL:

MOL:

HAL:

FIB:

MOL:

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MOL:

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APPL:

WIL:

MOL: HERE HERE HERE...WHAT'S GOING ON? McGee...what are you doing looking thru that telescope.

FIB: Eh? Oh Hello, Molly...(LAUGHS) We're watchin' Mrs. Uppington and Billy Mills on her sun porch.

HAL: (LAUGHS) They're billing and cooing like a couple of turtles.

FIB: (LAUGHS) You mean turtle DOVES, Gildersleeve...

HAL: Go on...doves aren't THAT clumsy....(LAUGHTER)

MOL: STOP IT THIS MINUTE...BOTH OF YOU...AREN'T YOU ASHAMED... TO SPY ON A BEAUTIFUL ROMANCE LIKE THAT!!! THE IDEA!

HAL: Well..gee whiz....

FIB: We was just havin' a little fun, and -

MOL: I WON'T LISTEN TO ANOTHER WORD. LET THIS SURVEYOR HAVE HIS TELESCOPE AND GET BACK TO WORK. I'M..I'M DISGUSTED WITH BOTH OF YOU! INTRUDING ON THE PRIVACY OF A COUPLE OF NICE PEOPLE LIKE MRS. UPPINGTON AND MR. MILLS!!! HAVEN'T YOU ANY BREEDING?--

FIB: But Molly - if you could only see Billy Mills settin' on Uppy's lap, you'd -

MOL: WHAT? HE IS? ONE SIDE, BOYS, AND LEAVE ME HAVE A LOOK! WELL, HEAVENLY DAYS!

ORK: "ALL THE THINGS YOU ARE" -- KINGS MEN

APPLAUSE:

WIL: (OVER INTRO) The King's Men Sing Jerome Kern's: -
"All The Things you Are."
(APPLAUSE)

THIRD SPOT

MOL: Well, McGee...what does the surveyor say? Is our garage on Mr. Gildersleeve's property or isn't it?

FIB: He aint thru figurin' it, yet, Molly. HEY CAP...HOW MUCH LONGER YOU GONNA TAKE?

CAP: Just be a few minutes now, Mr. McGee...

HAL: Well hurry up. I haven't all day to - - -

MOL: Oh oh! McGee! ... here comes Mrs. Uppington.

FIB: Eh? Oh! ... You don't think she seen us peekin' at her do you?

MOL: I don't think so. We'll soon find out. Imagine her setting her snood for a young man like Mr. Mills...why... why it's robbing the cradle.

HOL: Oh I don't know...that fellow hasn't led a lullaby for a long time. He's -

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

FIB: Up close.

UPP: Oh how do you do, everybody! My my...aren't these spring days simply LOVELY. I'm getting so I spend several hours a day on my sun porch....

MOL: Yes, we know..er..excuse me for being personal Mrs. Uppington
..but your lipstick is smudged.

UPP: Oh..thank you my deah...(LAUGHS) Isn't it teddibel how one's
makeup can be disarranged when one is merely puttering about
the house?

FIB: Nice putter you got too, Uppy.

UPP: I..er..I BEG youah pardon?

MOL: Have you..er..seen Billy Mills, lately, Mrs. Uppington?

UPP: Oh you mean the Maestro? No, I don't think I....OH YES.....
I just saw him a short time ago...(LAUGHS) Imagine me
forgetting that!

HAL: (LAUGHS) Yes..imagine that....(LAUGHS) --

FIB: Quiet, Gildersleeve. ~~W. Gildersleeve~~

MOL: Isn't Billy Mills a SWEET man, Mrs. Uppington? ~~ed. Gildersleeve~~

UPP: Yes indeed, my deah...we have SO much in common...both being
lovers...of music, you know. In fact he came ovah this
afternoon, to lead the Boston Symphony in Schubert's Serenade.

FIB: You don't get much privacy together with the whole Boston
Symphony orchestra on your sun porch, do ye Uppy? (LAUGHS)

UPP: I'm afraid you don't understand, Mr. McGee...

MOL: (SOTTO VOCE) Oh, doesn't he!

UPP: The orchestra itself wasn't there in person. I merely put the
record on my victrola and Dr. Mills stood in front of the
speaker - baton in hand - and led the orchestra thru a simply
FLAWLESS rendition. (LAUGHS) Oh it was such good clean,
healthy FUN.

HAL: I'll bet it was. I must look into that sometime. (LAUGHS)

UPP: ~~ed. Gildersleeve~~

Upp: And tomorrow the Maestro is going to bring
ovah his favorite phonograph record -- COHEN ON
THE TELEPHONE - and he is going to let me play
the part of MYRT! Isn't that simply -

CAP: Hey...MISTER MCGEE.

FIB: Whatcha want, bud?

CAP: Say I just finished the survey, Mr. McGee...
so I took another look thru the telescope
and that dame ain't on the sun porch any more.

MOL: Ohhhh.....

HAL: My goodness.....

FIB: Dad rat it, bud why did you -

UPP: SUN PORCH? DAME? TELESCOPE. OH!!! SO THAT IS WHY
 YOU WERE ALL SO INQUISI...WELL, I....WELL REALLY....GOOD
 DAY!

CAP: Did I say somethin' wrong, Mr. McGee?

MOL: Oh not at all.;not at all. You just lowered our social
 Crossley about 20 points.

FIB: Alright, Cap, now that you've done your measuring, what
 do you say - I was right, wasn't I?

CAP: I'm sorry, Mr. McGee - but you were wrong. The property
 line runs straight through your garage -

FIB: WHAT!

CAP: And your whole driveway belongs to the other party.

HAL: (LAUGHING) Well, well, well! McGee, I hope this teaches
 you not to doubt the word of a Gildersleeve. (LAUGHS)

MOL: Heavenly days.

FIB: Look here, Gildy, old man, you aren't going to want much
 for that tiny little strip of land are you?

HAL: No, McGee - I don't want a cent.

FIB: Oh, you don't?

HAL: No - and do you know why? BECAUSE I WON'T SELL!

FIB: Oh, now, Gildy -

HAL: Don't "Gildy" me, McGee.

FIB: But listen, pal -

HAL: TAKE YOUR
 RAMSHACKLE

FIB: But look

HAL: And quit

CAP: Oh, just
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HAL: (CHUCKLES)

CAP: Well, acc
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HAL: That's ri

CAP: Well, I j

HAL: (LAUGHING)

CAP: (LAUGHING)
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HAL: (TAKE) W

FIB: You mean
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HAL: And this

CAP: Boy, you

HAL: Oh, this
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FIB: Come on,
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me, McGee.

al -

HAL: TAKE YOUR HAND OFF MY SHOULDER, MCGEE - AND TAKE YOUR
RAMSHACKLE GARAGE OFF MY PROPERTY, TOO!

FIB: But look Gildersleeve ----

HAL: And quit hanging onto my coat sleeve ----

CAP: Oh, just a second, Mr. Gildersleeve - that isn't all.
There's something else funny about this situation.

HAL: (CHUCKLES) Is that so, what is it?

CAP: Well, according to this deed of yours, you own lot 29 in the
Wistful Vista subdivision and McGee owns lot 30.

HAL: That's right.

CAP: Well, I just discovered the funniest thing. (LAUGHS)

HAL: (LAUGHING TOO) Well, go on, tell us about it.

CAP: (LAUGHING) I'm trying to - You've built your house on lot
30 and McGee's built his house on lot 29! (LAUGHS)

HAL: (TAKE) WHAT!

FIB: You mean to say that I really own the lot that has Gildy's
house on it and also 3 feet of my garage?

CAP: That's right.

HAL: And this shack of McGee's - is that all I have to my name?

CAP: Boy, you catch on quick.

HAL: Oh, this is terrible, it's awful. What will I ever tell
Mrs. Gildersleeve. I'm a ruined man!

FIB: Come on, Molly. Let's go back to the house and start
packing. I want to move into Gildy's place - before dark.

HAL: Oh, McGee - don't do that. Don't break up a peaceful, cozy residence. And I've put a lot of money into that house! Remember what the poet said: "It takes a heap of plumbin' to make a house a home."

FIB: Yeah - and I remember what another poet said: "Home is where the heart is." And I got my heart set on your home!

HAL: Oh, please, McGee! I beg you - DON'T BE SO CRUEL.

FIB: Get up off your knees, Gildy....I haven't the heart to go through with it. I'll let you keep your home.

HAL: You will!

MOL: Oh, McGee, that's mighty big-hearted of you.

HAL: McGee, you're a gentleman. I'll always be indebted to you.

FIB: That's alright, Gildy - but where's the boundary line between our property?

HAL: 3 feet the other side of your garage and driveway, McGee!

FIB: That's right.

HAL: You've taken a great load off my mind, Fibber. I'm going home now and lay down for a while. My nerves, you know... Goodbye, Mrs. McGee. So long, Fibber. And a long and prosperous life to you both. (FADE-OUT)

CAP: Say, Mr. McGee - is that all you need me for?

FIB: Yeah, that'll be all. How much do I owe you?

CAP: Five dollars for myself and two dollars for the rental of these surveying instruments.

MOL: Do you have to rent your surveying instruments every time you get a job?

FIB: Oh, Molly, I forgot to introduce you - this is Cap Stivers of the old vaudeville team of Stivers and Stuff.

MOL: Oh, an actor! I thought he was a surveyor.

FIB: (LAUGHS) Yeah, - so did Gildersleeve!
(APPLAUSE)

ORCH: ("IT'S A WHOLE NEW THING") (FADE ON CUE FOR COM'L)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Before Fibber and Molly return, may I suggest that you imagine yourself for just a moment as a visitor in your own home. As you enter your own living room, your critical eye takes in quite a few details -- table tops, chair arms, lamp shades, picture frames, window sill - and, of course, the floors. What's your first honest impression? Do all these things have a rich, WAX-POLISHED-glow? Do they have that mellow, satiny lustre that comes when you protect them regularly with genuine JOHNSON'S WAX? If they haven't, then tie a string around your finger this minute -- to remind you to order some JOHNSON'S WAX, paste or liquid, from your dealer tomorrow. Don't put it off another day. Because JOHNSON'S WAX has so much to offer you -- beauty for your home, protection for your most precious things -- labor-saving for yourself. Be sure you get the genuine JOHNSON'S WAX, favorite for 50 years.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

TAG GAG

MOL: McGee, aren't
Gildersleeve
FIB: (MIT SCHMALZ)
for his love
SOUND: (KNOCK AT THE DOOR)
MOL: Come in!
SOUND: (DOOR OPEN)
MAN: Fibber McGee!
FIB: You betcha!
MAN: Can you give me a card to
write a story
on the radio?
MOL: Oh, how nice!
FIB: What magazine?
MAN: No magazine!
SOUND: (DOOR SLAM)
FIB: So he thinks I'm
please all
MOL: No, we're leaving
summer,
FIB: Eh? Oh, Gildersleeve!
MOL: Goodnight,
ORCH: (CLOSING MUSIC)
WIL: (ON CUE) THE
JOHNSON'S WAX
inviting you
Goodnight.

ANNOUNCER: This is the

I suggest that you
 as a visitor in your
 living room, your critical
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 s.

TAG GAG

MOL: McGee, aren't you a little ashamed for deceiving Mr. Gildersleeve about that fake surveyor?

FIB: (MIT SCHMALTZ) Molly, when a man is fighting for his home - for his loved ones - with the wall against his back - - -

SOUND: (KNOCK AT THE DOOR)

MOL: Come in!

SOUND: (DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE)

MAN: Fibber McGee and Molly?

FIB: You betcha bud - whatcha want?

MAN: Can you give me an interview some time tomorrow? I want to write a story about how you two achieved such popularity on the radio.

MOL: Oh..how nice! Yes, indeed. Call us up any time.

FIB: What magazine you work for bud?

MAN: No magazine! I write mystery stories.

SOUND: (DOOR SLAM)

FIB: So he thinks it's a mystery, does he? Oh, well, you can't please all the people all the time.

MOL: No, we're lucky to do it for a couple of months in the summer.

FIB: Eh? Oh. Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all.

ORCH: (CLOSING SIGNATURE) SEGUE ("SAVE YOUR SORROW")(APPLAUSE)

WIL: (ON CUE) This is Harlow Wilcox, speaking for the makers of JOHNSON'S WAX AND JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT, inviting you to be with us again next Tuesday night. Goodnight.

ANNOUNCER: This is the National Broadcasting Company

(CHIMES)