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three radio programs:

Hap Hazard, 1944, July 1 - Sept. 22

Fibber McGee and Molly, 1935 - 1950

The Great Gildersleeve, 1942 - 1954

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Fibber M  
and M

1 volume of  
Summaries,  
scripts, 19

(REVISED)

S C JOHNSON & SON, INC.

WRITERS:  
Don Quinn  
Len Levinson

"FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY" #236

NBC-RED

6:30 to 7:00 P.M.

TUESDAY

FEBRUARY 13TH

(REVISED)

-2-

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

ORK: THEME

WIL: The makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Self-Polishing  
Glocoat present Marian and Jim Jordan as Fibber McGee  
and Molly, with Bill Thompson, the King's Men and  
Billy Mill's Orchestra. The show opens with -  
"MA, HE'S MAKIN' EYES AT ME"

ORK: "MA, HE'S MAKIN' EYES AT ME"

WIL: EVER SEE A KID WITH HIS LITTLE NOSE PRESSED AGAINST THE WINDOW OF A CANDY STORE? WELL, FIBBER'S NO KID AND 79 WISTFUL VISTA IS NO CANDY STORE, BUT OTHERWISE THAT'S ABOUT HOW HE'S BEEN ACTING THE LAST COUPLE OF DAYS. AND HERE, TAKING ONE MORE PEEK OUT THE WINDOW, AS HIS WIFE LOOKS ON IN BEWILDERMENT, WE FIND --

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: Dad rat it, I wonder what's delaying that mailman.  
MOL: (OFF) MCGEE!!!!  
FIB: Eh? Speakin' to me, Molly?  
MOL: (IN) I am that! Now tell me...why have you got your eyes glued on that mailbox? Heavenly days, you act like a barefoot boy waitin' for the sprinklin' wagon!  
FIB: I'm expecting something.  
MOL: What?  
FIB: (LAUGHS) Sorry, Molly. Can't tell you. This is gonna be a surprise. This is somethin' BIG.  
MOL: Oh..it is!  
FIB: You betcha. You better mark this date on your calendar, Molly. As Mrs. Roosevelt says when she hands her column to the printer, - "This is My Day!"  
MOL: MCGEE, STOP THIS FOOLISHNESS -

DOOR KNOCK:

K

FIB: OH BOY...HERE IT IS!!!!

DOOR LATCH:

FIB: HYAH MAILMAN! HAVE YE me, girls.

GIRL: That's all right. Can Johnson Wax Program?

FIB: Sorry girls...I'm afraid

MOL: But we'll be glad to ta opening later.

GIRL: Thank you. My name is Faith.

FIB: Where's Hope?

GIRL: Pepsodent got him! But

FIB: Pepsodent got him! Dat up that mailman.

MOL: When I see the loads of what holds any of 'em u postoffice?

FIB: No use - they've taken Politics.

MOL: Politics!

FIB: Yes, it seems every tim hat into it. SAY WHERE

MOL: Have you tried looking while we were having br

FIB: WHAT? ~~What's the matter with~~ What's the matter with

MOL: Shall I tell you at ran

FIB: Wait'll I look.

SOUND: DOOR LATCH ... RATTLE O

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Can't tell you. This is gonna  
somethin' BIG.

mark this date on your calendar,  
lt says when she hands her column to

My Day!"

HNESS -

FIB: OH BOY...HERE IT IS!!!! - THAT MUST BE THE MAILMAN!

DOOR LATCH:

FIB: HYAH MAILMAN! HAVE YE GOTTA PACKAGE FOR FIB - Oh, excuse  
me, girls.

GIRL: That's all right. Can you use my sister and me in your  
Johnson Wax Program?

FIB: Sorry girls...I'm afraid not.

MOL: But we'll be glad to take your names in case we have an  
opening later.

GIRL: Thank you. My name is Cherity and this is my sister,  
Faith.

FIB: Where's Hope?

GIRL: Pepsodent got him! But thanks anyway. DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Pepsodent got him! Dat rat it, I wonder what's holdin'  
up that mailman.

MOL: When I see the loads of mail they have to carry I wonder  
what holds any of 'em up! Why don't you call up the  
Postoffice?

FIB: No use - they've taken the telephones out temporarily.  
Politics.

MOL: Politics!

FIB: Yes, it seems every time they gotta ring, somebody threw a  
hat into it. SAY WHERE'S THAT MAILMAN ANYWAY.

MOL: Have you tried looking in the mailbox? Maybe he came  
while we were having breakfast.

FIB: WHAT? ~~THE MAILMAN~~ - SAY, I NEVER THOUGHT O' THAT!  
What's the matter with me, anyway!

MOL: Shall I tell you at random or alphabetically?

FIB: Wait'll I look.

SOUND: DOOR LATCH ... RATTLE OF METAL: DOOR SLAM:

JUST BE THE MAILMAN!

PACKAGE FOR FIB - Oh, excuse

my sister and me in your

names in case we have an

and this is my sister,

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ailbox? Maybe he came

I NEVER THOUGHT O' THAT!

ay!

lphabetically?

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: (FADE IN EXCITED) HEY MOLLY....I GOT IT!...IT'S HERE!

Oh boy, oh boy oh boy!!!

MOL: Well...what is it...what is it?

FIB: See this little box, Molly? (RATTLE OF PAPER) This contains the key to all our future prosperity. Ah, here it is - look Molly -

MOL: What is it?

FIB: Look... A GENUINE EGYPTIAN GOOD LUCK RING!! - and only thirty-nine cents - postpaid! ... See it's got the head of the Mystical, Sacred Sphinx!

MOL: It certainly does.

FIB: Sh! Listen to this..(READING) "From the moment you put on this ring, you will be guarded by the spirit of Ahmoo Ho-Tep. To make it cast its spell, merely rub it three times, saying to yourself meanwhile 'ZWIGGLE! ZWOGGLE! ZWOOGLE!'"

MOL: Heavenly days, - kid stuff!

FIB: You wait....from the minute I slip this ring on my finger, I get nothin' but good luck. (PAUSE) (GRUNT) There! Now lemme see - oh yes, "ZWIGGLE! ZWOGGLE! ZWOOGLE!" ... Now you'll see how -

KNOCK ON DOOR:

FIB: Let Mr. Morgenthau in, Molly. Tell him I won't take a Federal job for less'n 25 thousand and a red leather desk chair.

MOL: If I had your confidence I'd take an phone slug and parlay it into a thousand shares of A. T. & T.

DOOR LATCH:

MOL:

WIL:

FIB:

WIL:

DOOR SLAM

MOL:

FIB:

SOUND:

FIB:

MOL:

FIB:

MOL:

FIB:

HEY MOLLY....I GOT IT!..IT'S HERE!

!!!

What is it?

Molly? (RATTLE OF PAPER) This contains  
future prosperity. Ah, here it is -

EYPTIAN GOOD LUCK RING!! - and only  
postpaid! ... See it's got the head of  
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(READING) "From the moment you put on  
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yourself meanwhile 'ZWIGGLE! ZWOGGLE!

stuff!

minute I slip this ring on my finger,  
good luck. (PAUSE) (GRUNT) There! Now  
"ZWIGGLE! ZWOGGLE! ZWOOGLE!"

ow -

ah, Molly. Tell him I won't take a  
\$25 thousand and a red leather desk

since I'd take an phone slug and parlay  
shares of A. T. & T.

MOL: Oh hello, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: Hello, Molly...Say, Fibber, you left your car at the  
garage to have the oil changed, didn't you?

FIB: Yes I did, Harlow. Now don't tell me they found that  
my crankcase is made of solid gold!

WIL: No....they told me your transmission is all shot, the  
frame is cracked, the cylinder walls are scored, and  
you need a new engine block. I was going by and I  
thought I'd tell you. Sorry, pal.

DOOR SLAM

MOL: Well, Ahmoo? How about it?

FIB: Shucks, I...I...I ONLY PUT THIS RING ON THIS MINUTE....

SOUND: (TELEPHONE)

FIB: AHAAAA...NO" IT STARTS...GIMME THAT PHONE...(CLICK)  
Fibber McGee speakin'. WHAT? Oh oh, hello there. Yes sir  
....Yes sir....Well....well yes....I...I think he's  
all right. But look sir....ain't you satisfi...HELLO....  
HELLO...(CLICK) We was out off.

MOL: Who was it, McGee?

FIB: Sponsor. Wanted to know what I thought of Eddie Cantor.  
I wonder if he....HEY MOLLY....LEMME SEE OUR JOHNSON WAX  
CONTRACT A MINUTE.

MOL: I don't know where it is, dearie....you were looking at  
it last night....

FIB: Well, it's on the table with the rest o' them papers.

Fibber, you left your car at the  
 all changed, didn't you?

Now don't tell me they found that  
 of solid gold!

our transmission is all shot, the  
 e cylinder walls are scored, and  
 e block. I was going by and I  
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LY PUT THIS RING ON THIS MINUTE....

RTS...GIMME THAT PHONE...(CLICK)

WHAT? Oh oh, hello there. Yes sir  
 ...well yes....I...I think he's  
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 was cut off.

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 Y MOLLY....LEMME SEE OUR JOHNSON WAX

t is, dearie....you were looking at

ble with the rest o' them papers.

MOL: OH HEAVENLY DAYS....I THOUGHT THOSE WERE ALL OLD  
 NEWSPAPERS. I STARTED THE FIRE IN THE FURNACE WITH 'EM  
 THIS MORNING!

FIB: WHAT? YOU THREW OUR CONTR....Ohhhhhhh....  
 (KNOCK AT DOOR)

MOL: You answer it, McGee. I'm afraid it's Boris Karloff with  
 a Valentine.

FIB: Well, I ain't. I got CONFIDENCE IN THIS RING I'LL ANSWER  
 IT....ZWIGGLE - ZWOGGLE - ZWOOGLE -  
 (DOOR LATCH)

MAN: Special delivery for Fibber McGee.

FIB: OKAY....I'LL TAKE IT. HERE'S A NICKEL FOR YOU, BUD....

MAN: A nickel! Gee, I've seen everything now!  
 (DOOR SLAM)

FIB: Gee, a special delivery. No doubt it's from Egypt -  
 inviting us to the opening of a tomb.

FIB: WELL YOU CAN STOP YOUR SCOFFIN' RIGHT NOW, Mrs. McGee....  
 This is from Corpus and Habeus, the Lawyers.

MOL: Oh....so now we're bein' SUED for somethin'!

FIB: Molly, sometimes you're more suspicious than a kid with a  
 detective badge. AND WE AIN'T BEEN SUED. Listen to this....  
 Dear Mr. McGee: As the administrators of the estate of  
 your late Uncle, Spud McGee, of Pocatello, Idaho, we wish  
 to inform you that you are the sole beneficiary to his  
 estate of ten thousand acres. Please stop in our office  
 in The Lawyers Trust Building at once so we may turn over  
 your inheritance to you...WHAT'D I TELL YOU MOLLY? WE'RE  
 RICH...GET YOUR HAT AND -

MOL: Now wait a minute, McGee...maybe this is somebody's idea  
 of a joke. I never heard of your Uncle Spud McGee in  
 Pocatello, Idaho.



FIB: Oh sure you did. Uncle Spud was the one that made a fortune in Idaho Potatoes.

MOL: Potatoes!

FIB: Yes, he made a great discovery.

MOL: What was that?

FIB: One day he took a potato, peeled it, sliced it real thin and fried the slices in deep fat. From that moment on, Uncle Spud was in the chips! COME ON MOLLY...LET'S GO... PLAY BILLY! AND THANK YOU, AHMOO HO-TEP!

ORCH: SELECTION: ("NIGHT AFTER NIGHT AFTER YOU") (FADE FOR COM'L)

APPLAUSE: (COM'L PAGE 9-A)

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
 FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
 February 13, 1940  
 TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

OPENING COMMERCIAL: (To be read during middle of the second musical number by:

Wilcox from NBC, Hollywood to Pacific Coast Red, California Supplementary & 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)

.....

WILCOX: If you own stock in a good company, you have the pleasant satisfaction now and then of getting a dividend. But did you ever hear of a dividend for the customer -- a Consumer Dividend? Right now you get a Consumer Dividend when you buy JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT and JOHNSON'S Paste or Liquid WAX. On most dealers' counters you will find extra-large packages of these famous products -- containing one-third more than the regular sizes. You pay only the regular price. The extra one-third -- your Consumer Dividend -- is made possible by your steadily increasing purchases of JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT and JOHNSON'S WAX. This offer is good for a limited time only, for all important sizes -- pints, pounds, quarts, gallons, etc. But when your dealer's stocks are gone, there won't be any more. So see your dealer tomorrow and get JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT and JOHNSON'S Paste and Liquid WAX in the extra-large containers that give you one-third extra FREE.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE) (APPLAUSE)

(SECOND SPOT)

(2ND REVISION) -10-

FIB: Come on, Molly...the lawyer's office is right in this block...I told you this good luck ring would do the trick!

MOL: It's doing the trick alright. So far your car is a mess - your contract's burnt up, you just got your foot caught in the street car track and then tore your coat on a signboard. (OFF) McGee - McGee, where are you?

FIB: (ECHO CHAMBER) Right down here in this manhole.

MOL: Well for - Here, let me help you out. (FIBBER GRUNTS)  
And for goodness sake, hurry, here comes Mrs. Uppington.

FIB: Eh? Where?

MOL: Driving down the street in her electric town car.

FIB: Look at her in that portable show case.

MOL: Yes - old hen under glass. OH YOO HOO MRS. UPPINGTON!

SOUND: DYNAMO HUM - UP AND OUT, DOOR OPENS:

UPP: (OFF) How do you do, Mrs. McGee ... and Mr. McGee.

FIB: Hiyah, Uppy.

UPP: I'm just on my way to the concert rehearsal.

MOL: By the way, how are you and Billy Mills coming along with your concert, Mrs. Uppington?

UPP: Oh, we have a MARVELOUS program laid out. For our first concert, the maestro and I plan to present the works of Debussy.

FIB: Oh, Debussy! He's got a nice little outfit. I heard him play "Jumpin' Jive" on the radio the other night, and he was hottern' a mail-order-magic-lantern.

UPP: I'm afraid you misunderstood...DeBussy has been dead for twenty years.

FIB: He has? Shucks, you'd never know it to hear him play!...

MOL: Have you and Mr. Mills only got one concert laid out, Mrs. Uppington?

p

UPP: No, my dear...TWO...  
to the works of John

FIB: Strauss?

UPP: Yes...Strauss...surely  
the waltz famous...

MOL: Oh yes...Strauss...

FIB: Yeah...(LAUGHS) Stre

UPP: Well, really I might  
I'm sure he'd turn c

SOUND: DOOR SLAM, HUM OF EN

FIB: ...(LAUGHS) Strauss

BOTH LAUGH LIKE HELL

MOL: (LAUGHS) Everybody k  
Wayne King.

FIB: Shucks, why should v  
herself...Oh here we

MOL: Well let's go in.

FIB: Wait'll I rub my r

MOL: Look out for that tr

SOUND: SWISH AND SPLASH OF

MOL: Oh! Muddy water all

FIB: I wouldn't mind it k  
Kelly's Kareful Klee

MOL: McGee, the things th  
your worst enemy - a

FIB: Okay, okay, let's hu  
but dilly-dally.

MOL: I don't know about t  
dilly...Come on, her

FIB: Okay, I'm coming.

p

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 ou just got your foot caught in  
 en tore your coat on a  
 cGee, where are you?  
 here in this manhole.  
 p you out. (FIBBER GRUNTS)  
 y, here comes Mrs. Uppington.  
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 e show case.  
 OH YOO HOO MRS. UPPINGTON!  
 DR OPENS:  
 McGee ... and Mr. McGee.  
 ncert rehearsal.  
 Billy Mills coming along with  
 ?  
 ram laid out. For our first  
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 ce little outfit. I heard him  
 adio the other night, and he  
 gic-lantern.  
 ...DeBussy has been dead for  
 know it to hear him play!...  
 got one concert laid out, Mrs.

UPP: No, my dear...TWO...the second one will be devoted entirely  
 to the works of Johann Strauss...  
 FIB: Strauss?  
 UPP: Yes..Strauss..surely you know Strauss...the man who made  
 the waltz famous...  
 MOL: Oh yes...Strauss... (LAUGHS) Strauss, McGee...  
 FIB: Yeah... (LAUGHS) Strauss... (LAUGHS)  
 UPP: Well, really I might have known. If Strauss were alive,  
 I'm sure he'd turn over in his grave...GOODBYE!!!  
 SOUND: DOOR SLAM, HUM OF ELECTRIC CAR, UP AND DOWN, FADING:  
 FIB: ... (LAUGHS) Strauss...the guy that made the waltz famous!  
 BOTH LAUGH LIKE HELL  
 MOL: (LAUGHS) Everybody knows that the waltz was invented by  
 Wayne King.  
 FIB: Shucks, why should we tell her...let her find out for  
 herself...Oh here we are, Molly, the Lawyers Trust Building.  
 MOL: Well let's go in.  
 FIB: Wait'll I rub my ring - Zwiggle-Zwoggle-Zwoggle!  
 MOL: Look out for that truck, McGee!  
 SOUND: SWISH AND SPLASH OF WATER  
 MOL: Oh! Muddy water all over your clothes! You and your ring!  
 FIB: I wouldn't mind it half so much but that truck was from  
 Kelly's Kareful Kleaners.  
 MOL: McGee, the things that happen to you shouldn't happen to  
 your worst enemy - and that's you too.  
 FIB: Okay, okay, let's hurry - this whole trip has been nothing  
 but dilly-dally.  
 MOL: I don't know about the dally, but it's certainly been a  
 dilly...Come on, here's an elevator.  
 FIB: Okay, I'm coming.

OLD M:

FIB:

OLD M:

SOUND:

OLD M:

SOUND:

OLD M:

SOUND:

FIB:

MOE:

FIB:

WIL:

MOL:

WIL:

FIB:

P

cond one will be devoted entirely  
a...ss...

now Strauss...the man who made

) Strauss, McGee...

(LAUGHS)

known. If Strauss were alive,  
his grave...GOODBYE!!!!

CAR, UP AND DOWN, FADING:

guy that made the waltz famous!

at the waltz was invented by

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Molly, the Lawyers Trust Building.

iggle-Zwoggle-Zwoggle!

McGee!

your clothes! You and your ring!

much but that truck was from

pen to you shouldn't happen to

t's you too.

this whole trip has been nothing

ly, but it's certainly been a

elevator.

OLD M: Goin' up? Goin' up? - Oh hello there Johnny, hello  
daughter, what floor do you want?

FIB: Oh hello, old timer, take us up to the office of Habeus  
and Corpus.

OLD M: Okay, fasten your safety belts, here we go!

SOUND: ELEVATOR DOORS CLOSE, ELEVATOR GOING UP

OLD M: Second floor - Breeches, speeches and legal leeches...

Third floor - Writs, torts, non-supports and contempt-of-  
courts...Fourth floor - Bills, Wills, Codicils and Divorce  
Mills ... Fifth Floor - Blaming, Framing, Defaming and  
Counter-claiming...Sixth floor - Matrimony, Something-  
phony, Testimony and Alimony .. Seventh floor - All out for  
Corpus and Habeus!

SOUND: ELEVATOR STOPS, DOOR OPEN:

OLD M: Well, so long,kids, gotta take my flying lesson now.

SOUND: (WHISTLE GLISSANDO UP)

FIB: Flying lesson!

MOL: I sorta admire that old man for trying to keep up with  
things.

FIB: Go on...he's lucky if he can keep up with the payments on  
his last set of teeth. AND SPEAKING OF LUCK, MOLLY, let's  
get into that lawyer's office.

WIL: (FADE IN) Hello there Molly. Hello, Fibber. How's  
everything?

MOL: Oh wonderful, Mr. Wilcox. McGee has just come into a  
fortune.

WIL: A FORTUNE?

FIB: Yep..my Uncle Spud McGee remembered me in his will, Harlow,  
and it's all due to this good-luck ring I'm wearin'. See?  
It's Egyptian.

p

MOL:

WIL:

FIB:

MOL:

FIB:

WIL:

FIB:

WIL:

FIB:

WIL:

FIB:

MOL:

SOUND:

MOL:

FIB:

SOUND:

p

hello there Johnny, hello  
want?

up to the office of Habeus

ts, here we go!

FOR GOING UP

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SPEAKING OF LUCK, MOLLY, let's

e.

Hello, Fibber. How's

McGee has just come into a

remembered me in his will, Harlow,

luck ring I'm wearin'. See?

MOL: But maybe Mr. Wilcox isn't interested in these good-luck charms, dearie!

WIL: Oh yes I am. For instance, millions of people believe they can ward off the evil spirits of dirt and wear from their linoleum floors by using Johnson's Self-Polishing Glocoat. And they're right!

FIB: (TO HIMSELF) ZWIGGLE! ZWOGGLE! ZWOGGLE!

MOL: McGee, what are you doing?

FIB: Rubbing and buffing my ring.

WIL: But Johnson's Glocoat requires no rubbing or buffing. It saves you time and money on cleaning bills and housework and gives you more time to enjoy the good things in life.

FIB: Well I'd rather have my good-luck charm.

WIL: But Johnson's Glocoat WORKS like a charm. Ask any housewife. Say, Fibber, do you smoke a pipe?

FIB: Eh? Why yes...I was smokin' my pipe just a few minutes ago.

WIL: I thought so...your coat pocket is on fire. Well so long folks...Good luck.

FIB: What'd he say about my coat pock...OUCH...OHHH...HELLLP... I'M ON FIRE...

MOL: SLAP YOURSELF, MCGEE...SLAP YOURSELF...

SOUND: SLAPS...ETC. BUSINESS:

MOL: You and your Egyptian rings ---- BALONEY.!

FIB: Molly...as the archaeologist says when he read the name on the mummy he just dug up.."OH TUT!" Now come on, here's the lawyer's office. Just a second - (MUTTERS VERY FAST) ZWIGGLE! ZWOGGLE! ZWOGGLE! (IN NORMAL VOICE) Okay, I'm all set. Let's go!

SOUND: DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

FIB:

BERNEF

MOL:

BERN:

FIB:

BERN:

SOUND:

MAN:

BERN:

FIB:

MAN:

BERN:

MAN:

FIB:

MOL:

MAN:

FIB:

MAN:

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people believe they  
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or buffing. It  
s and housework  
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Ask any  
ipe?  
a few minutes ago.  
e. Well so long

.OHHH....HELLLP...

read the name on  
come on, here's  
TTERS VERY FAST)  
OICE) Okay, I'm

FIB: Hey sis!  
BERNER: Yés?  
MOL: We would like to see Mr. Corpus or Mr. Habeus.  
BERN: I'm sorry, but Mr. Corpus and Mr. Habeus are in court right  
now fighting a case...a big damage suit..  
FIB: Which side are they on, sis? Complainant or defendant?  
BERN: Both...Mr. Corpus complains and Mr. Habeus defends. It  
keeps the business in the office.

SOUND: - DOOR LATCH

MAN: Ah there, Miss Goldfarb.  
BERN: Good-afternoon, Mr. Corpus.  
FIB: Pardon me, bud, my name's Fibber McGee. I came in to  
collect my inheritance.  
MAN: Ah yes, that case of Fibber McGee. Where is it, Miss  
Goldfarb?  
BERN: I'm sorry, Mr. Corpus, but you drank the last bottle for  
New Years.  
MAN: No, no - I'm talking about the wills - not the willies.  
Hand it here...let me see...yes, yes...Your Uncle left  
a mighty valuable estate, McGee.  
FIB: OH BOY...YOU HEAR THAT, MOLLY? A MIGHTY VALUABLE ESTATE...  
NOW WHADDYE THINK O' THIS GOOD LUCK RING?  
MOL: What were you about to say, Mr. Corpus?  
MAN: Well, as I was going to say - the estate has been subject  
to the usual costs.  
FIB: Oh, of course.  
MAN: There was the Federal inheritance tax - the State  
inheritance tax - various probate fees - legal retainers  
and administrative charges.

p

FIB: Oh sur  
MAN: As a m  
FIB: WHAT!  
MAN: - and  
provid  
MOL: Oh, yo  
MAN: Yes, J  
FIB: Oh, I  
MAN: - then  
FIB: Sold 1

p

FIB: Oh sure - of course.  
 MAN: As a matter of fact, your uncle left no cash -  
 FIB: WHAT?  
 MAN: -- and for a short while we considered selling the farm to  
 provide the necessary money.  
 MOL: Oh, you considered that for a short while?  
 MAN: Yes, just for a short while.....  
 FIB: Oh, I see.  
 MAN: - then we went ahead and sold it.  
 FIB: Sold it?

~~FIB:~~  
~~MOL:~~  
 MAN: Yes, ar  
 FIB: Oh, the  
 MAN: Why, o  
 is you  
 FIB: Oh tha  
 MAN: The th  
 FIB: Good o  
 MAN: SIX BE  
 FIB: Aw ps  
ORK & KING'S MEN:  
 FIB: (OVER  
 Men no  
APPLAUSE.

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hey.

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sold it.

~~FIB: [REDACTED]~~

~~FIB: [REDACTED]~~

MAN: Yes, and now for the residue.

FIB: Oh, there's a residue, eh?

MAN: Why, of course - here you are, Mr. McGee, this package is yours.

FIB: Oh thanks - what's in it?

MAN: The things your Uncle Spud McGee loved the best.

FIB: Good old Uncle Spud - what is it, Bud?

MAN: SIX BEAUTIFUL IDAHO POTATOES!

FIB: Aw pshaw!

ORK & KING'S MEN: "THE LAMP IS LOW"

FIB: (OVER INTRODUCTION) Our new vocal feature, The King's Men now sing "The Lamp is Low".

APPLAUSE.



THIRD SPOT

(2ND REVISION)

-20-

SOUND: (FOOTSTEPS UP & FADE UNDER DIALOG)

MOL: McGee, for the last time - are you going to take off that Hindoo Hoodoo?

FIB: Tain't Hindu, Molly - it's an Egyptian Lucky Ring,

MOL: It's an Egyptian eyesore. Will you please get rid of it?

FIB: I'm tryin' to, Molly, but I can't get it off my finger..... it's stuck.

MOL: Ah! Another blessing from Ahmoo Hotel....why don't you just give it the good old Zwigggle-Zwoggle-Zwoogle and rub it off?

FIB: I would, if I thought that - Oh, Hello, there, little girl.

TEE: Hi, Mister....whatcha twistin' around on your finger, huh?

FIB: Oh, just a ring, by the way, I'd like to give you this ring, sis.

TEE: Oh, Mr. McGee! This is so sudden!

FIB: I suppose it is - HUH?

TEE: Thanks just the same - I can't take it....But I'll always be a sister to you, Mister.

FIB: You got me wrong, - this is a lucky ring. Well, how'd you like to have it?

TEE: Why?

FIB: Well...uh...because it's lucky - that's why.

TEE: Tain't either, I betcha.

FIB: Oh, yes it is.

TEE: OHHH, no it ain't.

FIB: OHHHHHHH, yes it is.

TEE: *Tain't*

FIB: *Tin*

TEE: Tain't.

FIB:

TEE:

FIB:

TEE:

FIB:

MOL:

NICK:

MOL:

FIB:

NICK:

FIB:

NICK:

FIB:

NICK:

FIB:

going to take off that  
an Lucky Ring,  
please get rid of it?  
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woggle-Zwoogle and rub  
llo, there, little girl.  
nd on your finger, huh?  
ke to give you this

it....But I'll always

ring. Well, how'd

at's why.

FIB: Tis - well, what makes you think it's not?

TEE: Because there has never been an iota of scientific evidence to prove that amulets, charms or any other manifestation of medieval superstition have been successful. Either in improving the status quo of an individual or protecting him from the dire consequences of his own folly.

FIB: HUH?

TEE: Well, coming down to your level - a lucky ring is a lotta Malarkey.....Well, so long, Mister -- see you in the middle of next week.

FIB: Dad rat the dad ratted fresh -

MOL: Come on McGee let's hurry home - it's so cold this fox fur of mine is crawling under my coat.

NICK: (FADING IN) Hello there, Fizzer. Hello, Kewpie.

MOL: Oh, hello, Mr. Depopolis.

FIB: How are you, Nick?

NICK: I dunno - I'm not myself today....and I don't speak to strangers.

FIB: How do you feel - down at the mouth?

NICK: Oh, I feel good down at the mouth - but terrible up between the ears.

FIB: Say - I know what you should have - something to ward off all your troubles - like an Egyptian lucky ring.

NICK: Oh, I'm being very well know to that, Fizzer. As a mother of fact, I am hearing a story about the same thing on the radio last Friday night. They were calling it by the name of, which the title was being, - "JOE LOUIS, AND THE LUCKY RING." I'll tell you about it.

FIB: Oh, we know all about that, -----

NICK:

MOL:

FIB:

MOL:

FIB:

SOUND:

HAL:

FIB:

HAL:

FIB:

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that, Fizzer. As a mother  
out the same thing on the  
were calling it by the name  
"JOE LOUIS, AND THE LUCKY

NICK: Well, sir, once upon a time-signal, there was a boy living  
in Chile Souse America. His name was called Arturo Godoy.  
He is in the gloves business. One day, - they are sending  
him to New York to exchange a pair of gloves at Madison  
Square - which is a garden where cauliflowers is being  
raised. And there he is finding a lucky ring which is  
belonging to a nice Joe, - named Louis. This Louis is  
inviting Turo to come in the ring with him and play Bingo.  
But after a little while, the boy from Chile is jumping up  
and down and kissing Joe Louis goodnight in a Souse  
American way. So Louis is asking himself - "Is this guy  
drowsy!" And then Louis, (who is a good kid,) closes  
Turo's eyes - but he can't put him to sleep. So pretty  
soon it is all over and Turo is talking in the microbe  
phone and he says: "Buenos noches amigos, este muy bella  
(etc, etc. ending in -) ADAM HATS! And the moral to the  
story is being beware of people who say they are going to  
give you a ring some time. Well, so long, Fizzer. Goom  
bye, Kewpie!

MOL: See, dearie - you can't even give away your jinx jewelry.

FIB: Aw, let's not worry about it - we're home now. Say,  
maybe I can palm it off on Gildersleeve.

MOL: Well, it's worth trying -

FIB: Sure (YELLS) HEY! GILDERSLEEVE! OH, GILDY!

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS OFF MIKE)

HAL: (OFF MIKE) What is it, McGee?

FIB: Come on out - I've got something I wanna show you.

HAL: (FADING IN) Ah, there, Mrs. McGee! What've you got,  
Fibber?

FIB: Nothing but a genuine good luck Egyptian ring.

MOL:  
HAL:  
FIB:  
HAL:  
FIB:  
HAL:  
FIB:  
MOL:  
FIB:  
HAL:  
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HAL:  
MOL:

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 , GILDY!  
 enna show you,  
 What've you got,  
 tian ring.

MOL: It used to belong to Ahmoo To-Tep, the goddess of  
 misfortune.  
 HAL: Say - that's a humdinger. How does it work.  
 FIB: Simple - just rub it three times and say "ZWIGGLE, ZWOGGLE,  
 ZWOOGLE!"  
 HAL: "ZWIGGLE, ZWOGGLE, ZWOOGLE?" (LAUGHS) Very interesting...  
 FIB: What'll you give me for it, Gildy?  
 HAL: Trade you my jack-knife for it.  
 FIB: Lessee.  
 HAL: Here - it's a good one, too.  
 FIB: Oh, yeah? There's a blade busted.  
 MOL: But what do you care, dearie -  
 FIB: Tell you what, Gildy. Throw in a quarter and it's a deal.  
 HAL: Give you a dime.  
 FIB: Make it fifteen cents.  
 HAL: YOU'RE A HARD MAN, MCGEE - AND YOU DRIVE A HARD BARGAIN --  
 but okay - fifteen cents and my knife. Gimme the ring.  
 FIB: Alright - help me get it off, Gildy. (BOTH GRUNT) OUCH!  
 There you are.  
 HAL: Thanks - gee, I can hardly wait to get it on - now I'll  
 rub it three times and say - "ZWIGGLE,ZWOGGLE, ZWOOGLE!"  
 FIB: Hey - where's the fifteen cents?  
 HAL: Oh, yes - here's a quarter - got a dime change?  
 FIB: (JINGLE OF COINS) Yep - here you are.  
 HAL: Say - this is quite an old dime - (LAUGHS) I'm a bit of  
 a coin collector, you know.... Why, it's an 1894 dime....  
 Well I'll be ----  
 FIB: What is it, Gildy?  
 HAL: It's an 1894 "S" dime, minted in San Francisco.  
 MOL: Is that considered good?

HAL:

MOL:

FIB:

HAL:

FIB:

HAL:

MOL:

SOUND:

FIB:

SOUND:

MOL:

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LAUGHS) Very interesting...

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YOU DRIVE A HARD BARGAIN --

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ildy. (BOTH GRUNT) OUCH!

to get it on - now I'll

WIGGLE,ZWOGGLE, ZWOGGLE!"

t a dime change?

ou are.

- (LAUGHS) I'm a bit of

Why, it's an 1894 dime....

San Francisco.

HAL: Good!! There are only four others in existence - this dime  
is worth seventeen hundred and fifty dollars!

MOL: Seventeen hundred and fifty dollars? Oh, McGee-

FIB: Oh, my gosh.

HAL: This is marvelous - it's colossal! And all because of my  
Egyptian good luck ring!

FIB: (GROANS)

HAL: Imagine - seventeen hundred and fifty dollars! (LAUGHS)  
Why now I'll be able to move to a respectable neighborhood.  
Well, goodbye folks.

MOL: Well, come on in the house, McGee.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS UP STEPS

FIB: Of all the dad retted - See, Molly - I told you that ring  
was lucky. You shouldn't have made me take it off.

SOUND: DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

MOL: I know - but maybe you were rubbing it the wrong way.

FIB:

MOL:

FIB:

MOL:

FIB:

MOL:

FIB:

(2ND REVISION) -24-25-

our others in existence - this dime  
and fifty dollars!

ty dollars? Oh, McGee-

colossal! And all because of my

ed and fifty dollars! (LAUGHS)

move to a respectable neighborhood.

ee, McGee.

ee, Molly - I told you that ring

have made me take it off.

re rubbing it the wrong way.

(REVISED) -26-

FIB: No...Wait a minute! I bet I was wearing it on the wrong  
*MOL: How do you know which finger is right?*  
finger! I know what I'll do - I'LL WEAR ONE ON EACH

FINGER. GIMME THE PHONE...(CLICK) Hello, Operator,  
gimme long distance -

MOL: Who are you calling, dearie?

FIB: Hello, Long Distance? I want you to get the the Egyptian  
Lucky Ring Company...yes - in Weehawken, New Jersey.

MOL: What are you going to do, McGee?

FIB: I'm gonna order twenty of them rings.

MOL: But McGee..you've only got ten fingers!

FIB: DAD RAT IT - I GOT TOES AIM'T I?

wearing it on the wrong  
hand finger is right?  
ALL WEAR ONE ON EACH

) Hello, Operator,

to get the the Egyptian  
shawken, New Jersey.

ngs.

ngers!

(APPLAUSE)

ORK: "HOW HIGH THE MOON"...FADE FOR:

Closing Commercial

ANNCR: Fibber and Molly will be back in just a moment, but now let me remind you to write down on your shopping list for this week -- genuine JOHNSON'S WAX. This double-purpose, pure WAX polish comes in both liquid and paste form -- in either form, it does the double job of protecting and beautifying your floors, furniture and woodwork. Most housewives know that "when you walk on WAX, you save your floors". And this is true, because you are actually walking on the tough, transparent shield of JOHNSON'S WAX, and not on the floor surface itself. From time-to-time, this WAX shield is renewed and your floor is permanently protected. What's more, its beauty increases with each application. Haven't you noticed the mellow, well-polished glow of a floor that has been JOHNSON-WAXED for a number of years? You can have this much-admired lustre on your floors, and on your furniture and woodwork, too, if you protect them regularly with genuine JOHNSON'S WAX.

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

FIB:

MOL:

FIB:

MOL:

FIB:

MOL:

ORCH:

WIL:

ANNOUNCER:

Closing Commercial

ust a moment, but now let  
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 is double-purpose, pure  
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 k. Most housewives know  
 ve your floors". And  
 ally walking on the tough,  
 X, and not on the floor  
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 ected. What's more, its  
 tion. Haven't you  
 glow of a floor that has  
 years? You can have this  
 , and on your furniture  
 them regularly with genuine

TAG GAG

FIB: Hello..(CLICK-CLICK) Hello...  
 MOL: Haven't they answered yet, McGee?  
 FIB: No, I guess it takes a little while to - Oh, Hello, Operator,  
 Have you got the...Oh, is that you, Myrt? What's that,  
 Myrt? Oh, you can't connect me with 'em because...well,  
 that's too bad...Thanks, Myrt. Goodbye. (CLICK)  
 MOL: What was the trouble, McGee?  
 FIB: The Egyptian Lucky Ring Company just burned to the ground...  
 Well, Goodnight.  
 MOL: Goodnight, all.  
 ORCH: (CLOSING SIGNATURE) SEGUE ("SAVE YOUR SORROW") (FADE)  
 WIL: This is Harlow Wilcox, speaking for the makers of  
 JOHNSON'S WAX and JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO-COAT, and  
 inviting you to be with us again next Tuesday night.  
 Goodnight!  
 ANNOUNCER: THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY!

(CHIMES)

6:30-7:00 P  
Tuesday - 2