

WRITERS: Don Quinn
Phil Leslie

(REVISED)

37

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY

Johnson's Wax

6:30 - 7:00 PM

June 12, 1945

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FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
6/12/45

(2ND REVISION)

-2-

WILCOX: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM - WITH FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

ORCH: THEME - FADE FOR:

WILCOX: The makers of Johnson Wax Products for home and industry
present Fibber McGee and Molly - written by Don Quinn and
Phil Leslie, with music by the King's Men and Billy
Mills' Orchestra!

ORCH: "HALLELUJAH"...FADE FOR:

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FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
JUNE 12, 1945

-3-

OPENING COMMERCIAL

ANNCR: Do you remember when your kitchen linoleum was brand new? You probably got a big thrill out of it, and you decided that you were certainly going to take good care of it. Well, have you? Does it still look almost new? It would, if you had begun right away to protect it with JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. Because when you apply GLO-COAT to linoleum, you are putting down a tough shield that protects the finish against wear and dirt and moisture. The thin, invisible film of GLO-COAT itself takes the wear and the surface underneath is safe. That's why the regular use of GLO-COAT makes linoleum last much longer, besides keeping it sparkling and beautiful. GLO-COAT is easy to use, because it needs no rubbing or buffing. You simply apply and let dry. Conservation begins at home -- in fact, it begins in your own kitchen the very first time you use JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH

(APPLAUSE)

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(REVISED)

-4-

WIL: WHOEVER SAID THAT THE HAND IS QUICKER THAN THE EYE NEVER SAW THE SQUIRE OF 7⁸ WISTFUL VISTA PRACTISING SLEIGHT OF HAND. GET A LOAD OF OLD BUTTERFINGERS RIGHT NOW - WITH A BOOK OF MAGIC, A DECK OF CARDS, AND TEN THUMBS, AS WE MEET --

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE

MOL: Do that last trick again, McGee. That was very good.
FIB: What did I do?
MOL: Made a card jump out of the deck into the cuff of your pants.
FIB: SO THAT'S WHERE THAT OTHER CARD WENT! My gosh, I been lookin' all over for it. Here, lemme try this one. (RIFFLES CARDS) Here....take a card. ANY CARD!
MOL: All right. I'll take this one.
FIB: It's the ten of diamonds.
MOL: WELL, HEAVENLY DAYS....THAT'S WONDERFUL, DEARIE!
FIB: Just a simple feat, my dear. The answer is quite amusing when you really (CARD SHUFFLE) -- OOOPS..!

CARDS FALLING ALL OVER

MOL: Here...I'll help you pick them up. They're all over the...
OH, I KNOW HOW YOU DID THAT TRICK...THEY'RE ALL THE TEN OF DIAMONDS!
FIB: You'd of never knew it if I hadn't dropped 'em.
MOL: I like the trick better where you make the glass of water disappear. You know, when the rubber band pulls it up your sleeve?
FIB: How did you know it went up my sleeve?

8

MOL: I saw it go. Besides, you're sleeve leaked for fifteen minutes afterwards.

FIB: I need a little more practise on that one.

MOL: What on earth is all this about, McGee?

FIB: I'm doing a magic act at the Elk's smoker tonight.

MOL: But you never did any magic before. Isn't the time a little short to learn a magic routine?

FIB: NAH....Not for anybody with my natural dexterity, And after my years in vaudeville I got a great line of patter to cover up any mistakes I make.

MOL: Well, I think it was mean of the entertainment committee to ask you to do this with so little time to prepare.

FIB: OH THEY DIDN'T ASK ME. I VOLUNTEERED. IN FACT, THEY BEGGED ME NOT TO DO IT. They says it takes years for anybody to get to be a good magician, and I says yes, for the average, ham-handed oaf, I says, but not for me. Gimme half a day to practise, I says, and I'll make your eyes bug out so far it'll take a truant officer to round up your pupils.

MOL: And what did they say - if it's fit for a lady's ears?

FIB: (LAUGHS) Well, sir, I showed 'em one simple little feat of legerdemain that stopped 'em in their tracks. Took a half a dollar, see....made a pass over it....and WHAMMO!! no half DOLLAR. Had 'em completely baffled.

MOL: Where did it go?

FIB: I'm darned if I know. I been lookin' for it ever since I got home. But it takes a pretty smooth magician to fool even himself. You'll admit that.

MOL: What tricks are you going to do tonight?

FIB: Well, the way I got my routine laid out is like this here. First I do a few simple stuff with coins. Then, I'll do some rope tricks. Cut a rope in five places and restore it.

MOL: For goodness sake, can you really do that?

FIB: Well, natch! It's right here in the book. I just read it over once and I can do it like a mice. Here...I'll take this piece of rope, see? Absolutely undamaged... examine it please....

MOL: I FIND IT COMPLETELY UNDAMAGED, PROFESSOR.

FIB: Exactly...now then..

DOOR OPEN:

ALICE: Hello, Mr. McGee..hello, Mrs. McGee.

MOL: Hello, Alice. Have a chair while the Mighty Mystic McGee mystifies, amazes and instructs.

FIB: Yeah, get a load of this, kid. I'M practicing my magic act for the Elks's smoker tonight.

ALICE: GEE..I WISH I COULD BE THERE!

MOL: You like magic, Alice?

ALICE: No, but I've never seen an Elk smoke.

FIB: Look, let's leave the levity to the magician, shall we? SEE THIS ROPE, ALICE?

ALICE: Yes...JEEPERS, THAT'S A WONDERFUL TRICK, MR. McGEE. DO IT AGAIN.

FIB: DOGGONE IT, I HAVEN'T EVEN DONE THE TRICK YET.

ALICE: Oh.

MOL: He cuts the rope in five places, Alice, and then makes it all in one piece again.

FIB: It's an amazing illusion. Most people think the magician has an extra piece of rope hid under his coat. Or up his sleeve.

ALICE: Has he?

FIB: Certainly not. (PAUSE) Anyway, I don't think so. Hand me the book there, Alice. Page twenty six. (PAUSE)
Nope.

MOL: Wouldn't it be safer tonight, dearie, if you just took the book along and READ 'em the tricks?

FIB: OH, I CAN DO 'EM! Now I'll take this piece of rope, see? I take it in the middle like this here....and cut it!

SOUND: SNIP OF SHEARS:

FIB: Okay...I NOW HAVE TWO PIECES OF ROPE, OF WHICH BOTH PIECES ARE OF EQUAL SIZE, IN LENGTH.

ALICE: Jeepers, this is simply wonderful!

MOL: He hasn't done the trick yet, Alice.

ALICE: Oh.

FIB: NOW THEN, YOUR ATTENTION PLEASE LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...I WILL NOW PROCEED TO RESTORE THE ROPE TO ONE, SINGLE, UNDAMAGED PIECE! I TAKE MY MAGIC WAND....hey...where's my wand?

MOL: What's that stick under your arm?

FIB: Eh? Oh yes. I TAKE MY MAGIC WAND.. WAVE IT OVER THE ROPE.. ABRACADABRA!....PRESTO! AND I HAVE HERE...(PAUSE)
My gosh.....a bowl of goldfish!

MOL: Where on earth did they come from?

FIB: (MYSTIFIED) I'M doggoned if I know! I must of been doing the wrong trick. DID YOU GIMME PAGE 26, ALICE?

ALICE: Oh I thought you said SEVENTY six. I'm sorry.

FIB: Forget it. In fact I can use this trick in my act. With a little patter like this. YOU SEE, FOLKS...
I ALWAYS LIKE TO HAVE A FEW GOLDFISH AROUND...EVERY FOUR WEEKS I WALK THRU THE WOODS TRYING TO FIND A BROOK WITH GOLDFISH IN IT. I BELONG TO THE BROOK OF THE MONTH CLUB.

ALICE: (LAUGHS HEARTILY)

FIB: Thank you. NOW FOR MY FAMOUS ILLUSION..SAWING A WOMAN IN HALF....Would one of your ladies kindly step up and --

MOL: (FAST) NOT ME, McGEE..I'VE GOT TO MAKE THE BEDS.

ALICE: I'VE GOT TO GO WORK..GOODBYE NOW!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: COWARDS!!

ORCH: "THERE MUST BE A WAY"

APPLAUSE:

SECOND SPOT

(REVISED) -10-

MOL: How are you getting along with your magic, McGee?

FIB: Oh, wonderful! I'M workin' on the trick where I borrow a watch from somebody...smash it with a hammer, and then shoot it out of a pistol...good as new!

MOL: I shudder to think how many places THAT trick could go wrong!

FIB: Ptah! I got that one down slicker'n a wet spaniel. Lemme take your wrist watch.

MOL: No!

FIB: AW COME ON. I WON'T HURT IT!

MOL: NO!

FIB: PLEASE!

MOL: No, McGee...POSITIVELY NO! YOU GAVE ME THIS WATCH AS AN ANNIVERSARY PRESENT AND I'LL NOT HAVE IT HAMMERED TO PIECES NOR SHOT OUT OF PISTOLS!

FIB: But it's just a trick...I'm pretty sure I can do it.

MOL: BUT DEARIE...(ALMOST SOBING) THIS WATCH IS WORTH A GREAT DEAL OF MONEY. ASIDE...FROM IT'S....SENTIMENTAL...VALUE...

FIB: Yeah, but the better the watch the more impressive the trick is, see? Nobody cares if you bang up a dollar turnip. But when you see a gold and diamond creation being battered to pieces....

MOL: (GROANS)..OH NO NO NO...MCGEE IT WOULDN'T BE--

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: Who's that?

MOL: Mrs. Carstairs.

(REVISED) -11-

FIB: HOT DOG SHE'S GOT A WRIST WATCH THAT'S WORTH THREE THOUSAND BUCKS!. PLATINUM AND EMERALDS! COME IN! COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh Hello there, Mrs. Carstairs....do come in.

CARST.: How do you do, my dear.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Hiyah, Carsty. Glad to see you! You're just in time to see some parlor magic that'll make your faded old eyes light up like a burning barn! YOU GOT YOUR WRIST WATCH ON?

MOL: Now, McGee, for goodness sakes ---

CARST.: Why did you ask, Mr. McGee?

FIB: Wanted to show you a trick, Carsty. Come on, lemme take it.

CARST.: Very well. Please handle it carefully. It is extremely valuable.

MOL: If this doesn't work, McGee, you'd better re-load that pistol fast. You'll have to shoot your way out of here.

CARST: May I ask what this is all about?
FIB: I'M studying magic, Carsty. I'M gonna smash this watch with a hammer...vanish the pieces, then shoot it out of this pistol...without a scratch onto it.
CARST: And...if it doesn't work?
FIB: I HAVEN'T FAILED YET!
MOL: How many times have you done it?
FIB: This'll be the first time. WELL, HERE WE GO, LAUGHIN' AND SCRATCHIN'! FIRST...I PLACE THE WATCH ON THIS LITTLE ANVIL THEN I TAKE THE HAMMER...
MOL: This is going to be wonderful, Mrs. Carstairs. He can do this with my eyes shut.
CARST: Please be careful, Mr. McGee. It would be very annoying if you hit your thumb with that hammer.
FIB: DON'T WORRY, KID. WATCH THIS!!!
SOUND: HAMMER CRUNCH, CRUNCH, CRUNCH:
MOL: (GROANS)
FIB: Then, with a simple twist of the wrist.... WATCH ME CLOSELY, FOLKS! PRESTO...THE WATCH HAS DISAPPEARED! TIME FLIES, DON'T IT? (LAUGHS)
CARST: May I suggest that you proceed with your feats of magic without the humorous comment, Mr. McGee?
MOL: I second that motion, dearie.
FIB: OKAY!...NOW WATCH THIS!...I LOAD THE PISTOL...(CLICK) FIRE IT INTO THE AIR.....

SOUND: PISTOL SHOT:

FIB: AND NOW....(PAUSE).....wait a minute till I look in the book, I forgot what comes next.
MOL: The police, would be my guess.
CARST: I don't mind the loss of the watch so much, my dear...but it had a lock of my husbands late hair in it.
MOL: You mean your latehusbands hair?
CARST: No, he is still here, but his hair is gone.
FIB: HEY! I GOT IT, KIDS!...Just feel in your left sleeve there, Carsty...tell me what you find!
CARST: Ahhh....my watch!...That was very skilfully performed, Mr. McGee!
MOL: Are you sure it isn't damaged, Mrs. Carstairs?
CARST: It seems to be perfectly all right, Mrs. McGee..Even the lock of hair...GOOD GRACIOUS!
FIB: What's the matter?
CARST: The hair has turned completely white! I SIMPLY MUST GO TELL MR. CARSTAIRS ABOUT THIS. GOOD DAY, MRS. MCGEE.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: My goodness...you certainly had me nervous there for a minute, McGee. That handful of platinum and emeralds is no dime store trinket, you know.
FIB: It is to old man Carstairs. He's rolling in dough like a baker's elbow.
MOL: Well, I must say I'm relieved, I wish you'd stick to simple tricks with cards and coins.

SOUND: PISTOL SHOT:

FIB: AND NOW....(PAUSE).....wait a minute till I look in the book, I forgot what comes next.

MOL: The police, would be my guess.

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MOL: You mean your late husbands hair?

CARST: No, he is still here, but his hair is gone.

FIB: HEY! I GOT IT, KIDS!...Just feel in your left sleeve there, Carsty...tell me what you find!

CARST: Ahhh....my watch!...That was very skilfully performed, Mr. McGee!

MOL: Are you sure it isn't damaged, Mrs. Carstairs?

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FIB: Wait'll you see the one I do where I find the dollar bill in the grapefruit! Quite a production! First thing I do is -

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

WIL: Hiyah, Molly. Hello, Pal.

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Hiyah, Junior. Take a card.

WIL: What?

FIB: TAKE A CARD!! TAKE A CARD!! ANY CARD...

WIL: Oh card tricks, eh? O.K. WELL, I picked a card, Pal. Now what?

FIB: What card was it?

WIL: Five of spades.

FIB: CORRECT! Now watch me do a trick with -

WIL: Wait a minute...watch ME do a trick. Got an egg?

MOL: I have some in the kitchen, Mr. Wilcox. Shall I get one.

WIL: I might need more than one...let's all go out in the kitchen.

FIB: Something tells me I'm gonna regret this. But come on..

DOOR OPEN: FOOTSTEPS..

MOL: (FADES) I'll get you an egg out of the refrigerator, Mr. Wilcox...

WIL: What are you practicing this magic for, Pal?

FIB: I'm doing a magic act at the Elks smoker tonight. Founders Day dinner. Honor of Mort Toops.

WIL: You mean to tell me MORT TOOPS FOUNDED THE ELK'S CLUB?

FIB: No, but he hauld in a bushel of clams one day in 1936 and we had a clambake. We all ate clams till we almost foundered. So we celebrate Founder's Day every year.

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MOL: (FADE IN) Here's the egg, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: Thanks. Who's got a quarter?

FIB: Here.

WIL: Okay. Now then....I take the egg in my left hand...and with a slight movement of -- WOOPS!

SOUND: SOFT CRUNCH:

MOL: Oh dear, and that was my last egg.

FIB: You're about as graceful as a moose on snowshoes, Junior.

WIL: Gee, I'm sorry, Molly....give me a damp cloth and I'll wipe it right up. *HERE...MAY I USE THIS CLOTH?*

FIB: Sure...go ahead. *Well, in surprise* ~~Impressing~~ to see you can really kneel down, Junior. You got such a crease in them pants I thought they were made of aluminum tweed.

WIL: AHHHH...THERE WE ARE!!

FIB: Well, let's see the trick, Junior.

WIL: Come on back in the living room.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSE..FOOTSTEPS:

MOL: Well, go ahead, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: Eh?

FIB: GO AHEAD, GO AHEAD...YOU WERE GOING TO SHOW US SOME MAGIC.

WIL: I did.

MOL: ~~...~~ you did?

WIL: Why sure. WASN'T IT MAGICAL THE WAY THAT EGG CAME OFF THAT JOHNSON GLOCOATED LINOLEUM? THAT'S JUST AN EXAMPLE OF HOW EASILY SPOTS, STAINS AND SMUDGES ARE REMOVED WHEN YOU USE JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLOCOAT ON YOUR LINOLEUM? Isn't my Kitchen magic as good as your parlor magic?

FIB: YOU MEAN YOU WASTED OUR LAST EGG JUST FOR THAT?

WIL: Yes, but you'll admit I showed considerable restraint. I didn't say a word about how Glocoat protects and preserves the beauty and color of linoleum..or how it makes it wear six to ten times longer...or how it shines as it dries in 20 minutes or less and how..

MOL: But what was the quarter for?

WIL: What quarter, Molly?

FIB: THE QUARTER YOU BORROWED FROM ME!

WIL: Oh that. That had nothing to do with the trick. I have to take a bus downtown and I had nothing smaller than a five dollar bill. Pay you back next week, Pal. Thanks a lot. So long, Molly!

~~.....~~ CLOSE:

MOL: You know something, McGee?

FIB: What?

MOL: I'll bet he dropped that egg on purpose.

FIB: No! ... You think he did? He wouldn't do a thing like that.

SOUND: CLANK OF CHAINS:

MOL: WHAT ON EARTH ARE THOSE CHAINS FOR?

FIB: Part of my act. I padlock myself into 'em, and escape. Later on, I'M gonna develop the act so I can be chained up, handcuffed, nailed into a packing box and dropped into the river. BUT...That's for the future...just now I gotta practise the basic escapes. (CLANK OF CHAINS)

MOL: I know one thing I'd like to see you get out of.

FIB: What's that?

MOL: Doing this magic act tonight. You're going to lay an egg that will be the envy of every ostrich in Australia.

FIB: OH YEAH? WELL BY GEORGE --

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

MOL: Oh hello, Doctor Gamble.

DOC: Hello, Molly, Afternoon Pruneface.

FIB: Hiyah, fever-chart. Coming to the Elk's smoker tonight?

DOC: I am indeed if conditions permit.

FIB: You knew I was puttin' on a magic act tonight, didn't you, Doc?

DOC: Yes, Mandrake, I heard how you bulled your way onto the bill, and as an amateur magician myself, I'd like to know what tricks you're going to present. The Miser's Dream? The Guillotine? The Disappearing Birdcage? The Levitation of Princess Mahoola?

MOL: Heavenly days, I never heard of any of those.

FIB: Me either, Doc.

DOC: Naturally... they are the classics of illusion. I wouldn't expect a tent show Thurston like you to know anything more involved than pulling a bunch of paper flowers out from under your vest. You using those chains for an escape trick?

FIB: Yep.

DOC: Well, better be sure whoever puts 'em on you knows what he's doing.

MOL: That's a very good thought, Doctor. I'd hate to go thru the rest of my married life with a non-skid husband.

FIB: AH PINOCHIE! I'VE STUDIED THIS TRICK AND I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING! THEY AIN'T ANYBODY IN THE WORLD THAT COULD TIE ME UP WITH THESE CHAINS SO I COULDN'T ESCAPE IN TWO MINUTES!

DOC: Would you care to risk a small wager on that, Dreamboat?

FIB: YOU'RE DOGGONE RIGHT I WOULD, WISE GUY. PUT YOUR MONEY WHERE YOUR MOUTH IS. AND MAKE IT EASY ON YOURSELF!

DOC: Two bucks.

FIB: Two bucks, it is!

MOL: Now just a minute, McGee...hadn't you better be sure -

FIB: OH, I'M SURE ALL RIGHT. THIS GUY HAS GOT MORE BLUFF THAN THE HUDSON RIVER. WHO YOU GONNA GET TO CHAIN ME, SMART BOY?

DOC: Going to do it myself. Sit in that chair.

FIB: Okay.

SOUND: CLANK OF CHAINS:

DOC: Oh this I love! (CLANK) ... Now around and under the shoulders.

MOL: My goodness....I don't know how anybody could get out of these!

FIB: (LAUGHS) You wait, baby. I'll slip outa these like a butterfly out of a racoon. (CLANK OF CHAINS)

MOL: You mean cocoon, dearie.

FIB: Oh no I don't. A cocoon is a small lake.

DOC: That's a lagoon, you illiterate little jackdaw.
(CLANK, CLANK)

FIB: I thought a lagoon was a white chicken.

MOL: That's a leghorn.

FIB: GO ON...LEGHORNS ARE A KIND OF PUTTEES! EVERYBODY KNOWS THAT.

DOC: YOU'RE THINKING OF LEGGINS, AND HOLD STILL! (CLANK OF CHAINS)

FIB: WELL, THEN WHAT'S A RACCOON?

MOL: It's a small animal like a badger.

FIB: WHY CERTAINLY! AND WHEN I THINK HOW I BAGERED DOC INTO BETTIN TWO BUCKS ON THIS THING, I...(LOUD CLICK)...you thru, Doc?

DOC: Yes, I'm thru. And so are you...for the afternoon.

MOL: Can you get loose, McGee?

FIB: (LAUGHS) CAN I GET LOOSE SHE SAYS.

MOL: SHE SAID THAT!

FIB: WATCH THIS!

SOUND: GRUNTS...CLANK OF CHAINS...GRUNTS...

DOC: Well I've got to be running along, Molly. I'll leave a few aspirin tablets for him. He'll have quite a headache in an hour or so.

FIB: HEY WAIT A MINUTE DOC...I WANT YOU TO SEE ME WIN THAT BET!!

SOUND: GRUNTS...CLANKS

DOC: Just call me up when you get free, Merlin. I'll be at my office till seven thirty. Good day, Molly.

MOL: Goodbye Doctor. He isn't in any danger, is he?

DOC: Only of losing two bucks, my dear. Bye now.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

SOUND: GRUNTS..CLANKS

MOL: Anything I can do, McGee?

FIB: (LAUGHS) Nah! I'll be outa these chains in no time at all. Just gimme time (CLANK, CLANK) Gimme time.

SOUND: LOUD CLANKING OF CHAINS INTO --

ORCH: "SINGIN' DOWN THE ROAD" -- KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE:

THIRD SPOT

SOUND: CLANK...CLANK: GRUNTS:

FIB: Dad rat the dad ratted...(GRUNT CLANK) HEY, MOLLY...I GIVE UP. I CAN'T GET OUTTA THESE CHAINS. CALL DOG!

MOL: I've been calling him every fifteen minutes for the last two hours, dearie. There's no answer.

FIB: I sure talked myself into this, didn't I?

MOL: Well, what was the trick, dearie? How were you supposed to get out of 'em?

FIB: I had a little key in my mouth. All I had to do was twist around so's I could drop the key in my hand...and BOOM!! ..OUT!

MOL: Well?

FIB: I dropped the key in my hand okay, and it don't fit the padlock. The magic store musta sold me the wrong lock, or something. DOGGONE THE DOGGONE...(CLANK,..CLANK:)

MOL: You know this could be serious, McGee. I'll ask Beulah if she has any little keys that might fit it.

OH, BEULAH....BEULAH!

DOOR OPEN:

BEULAH: SOMEBODY BAWL FO'.... *Beulah* (PAUSE) Well, for goo'ness sake! WHO DO THAT TO MIST' MCGEE?

MOL: Doctor Gamble did, Beulah, but --

BEULAH: DOCTAH GAMBLE DO THAT? HE STEAL ANYTHING? HOW DID YOU GIT LOOSE MA'AM? FO' GOO'NESS SAKE, HE MIGHT O' KILLED US ALL! I NEVER FIGGERED HIM FO' A MAN WHO WOULD ---

FIB: AW, I TOLD HIM TO DO IT, BEULAH.

BEULAH: Yassuh, you told him to,..YOU TOLE HIM TO?

(REVISED)

-23-

MOL: Yes, you see it was a trick, Beulah.

BEULAH: A dirty one, if you ask me, ma'am!

FIB: No, look, Beulah. I'm studying magic, see, and this is part of my act.

BEULAH: If you is studyin' magic, 'suh, I neveh see anybody so wrap up in theah studies! Ain't them chains awful heavy? Why don't you take 'em off?

MOL: He can't get them off, Beulah.

BEULAH: EVAH?

FIB: Look, Beulah...can you find me a little key someplace around....that'll fit this padlock?

MOL: Try one of those keys to the padlock on his golf bag, Beulah.

BEULAH: He loan them to Mist' Toops, ma'am.

FIB: (GROANS) Oh my gosh...well find something....DO SOMETHING!!! (CLANK) THESE DAD RATTED THINGS MUST WEIGH NINETY POUNDS!

MOL: I think maybe we'd better --

SOUND: TELEPHONE:

BEULAH: I'll git it, ma'am. (CLICK) MCGEE RES'DENCE. WHO? MIST' MCGEE? WELL...ER...I'M SORRY, HE TIED UP RIGHT NOW. YASSUH. WHO CALLIN' PLEASE? FO' TH NATIONAL BANK? YASSUH, I'LL TELL HIM YOU CALL, MIST' NATIONAL. GOO'BYE. (CLICK)

FIB: Gee whizz, I gotta get outa these things in time to put on my act at the Elk's tonight.

(REVISED)

-24-

MOL: Let's see if we can't find something to pick that lock with. Keep your chain up, McGee! Come on, Beulah.

BEUL: Okay, ma'am. This heah's the first time in mah life I regrets knowin' only respectable people. (LAUGHS) A boy frica' wif a set o' burglar tools come in mighty handy right now!

FIB: WELL DOGGONE IT, I WISH YOU TWO WOULD GET GOIN'! YOW STAND THERE GABBLIN' WITH ME SETTIN' HERE BOUND UP LIKE TEN YEARS OF THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC!

BEUL: Him boun' up lak ten years of the... (LAUGHS HEARTILY) LOVE THAT MAN!

DOOR SIAM:

SOUND: CLANKS, CLINKS, GRUNTS:

FIB: I'll bet a cookie Doc Gamble done this deliberate! (CLANKS) If I ever lay my dukes on that witch-doctor (CLANK) I'll jam his stethoscope so far down his throat he can hear the clocks in his socks! (CLANK) The double-crossin', underhanded....

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: COME IN AND BRING A HACKSAW!!!

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

TEE: Hi, mister.

FIB: (GROANS) Oh my gosh....here I sit hopin' for a Pinkerton Dick, or a Northwest Mounted Cop, or The Man Called X.... and what do I get! YOU!

TEE: (GIGGLES) Boy are you ever tied up! (GIGGLES) He said I'd prob'ly find you squirming around like a can of live bait,

FIB: WHO SAID THAT?

TEE: Hmm?

FIB: I SAYS WHO SAID THAT?

TEE: WHO SAID WHAT?

FIB: WHO SAID I'D BE SQUIRMING AROUND LIKE A CAN OF LIVE BAIT?

TEE: (GIGGLES) Doctor Gamble, I betcha. He said he took your padlock and put his own on you.

FIB: WHY, THAT DIRTY, LOWDOWN...HE DID, DID HE!

TEE: Hmm?

FIB: I says HE DID, DID HE!

TEE: Did what?

FIB: HE SUBSTITUTED PADLOCKS ON ME! NO WONDER MY KEY WOULDN'T WORK.

TEE: He gave me the right key, mister. See?

FIB: Well, thank goodness hand it here, sis.

TEE: (GIGGLES)

FIB: COME ON SIS...COME ON...UNLOCK ME!!!

TEE: (GIGGLES) No! Dr. Gamble said not to unlock you till 8:30.

FIB: Well, what time is it now?

TEE: Happast.

FIB: Happast what?

TEE: I don't know - there's only one hand on my Mickey Mouse writch watch.

FIB: Aww fer -

TEE: But if I had fifty cents I could get another hand on it and then it would be happast eight, and I could unlock your chains, I betcha.

FIB: OHH, A BRIBE, EH? ALL RIGHT I'LL DO IT! BUT I CAN'T GIVE YOU THE FIFTY CENTS TILL YOU UNLOOSE ME.

N

TEE: OKAY.

SOUND: CLICK AND CLANK OF CHAINS FALLING ON FLOOR

FIB: Phew! Thanks sis! Here's your fifty cents. NOW, HAND ME THAT PHONE....GIMME THE PHONE...GIMME THE PHONE.
(CLICK) HELLO! HELLO! HELLO, OPERATOR? GIMMEE THE ELK'S CLUB ON...EH? NO NO, MYRT..GOT NO TIME FOR IT, NOW! GIMMEE THE ELKS...(SLIGHT PAUSE) HELLO ELKS CLUB? FIBBER MCGEE SPEAKIN' ... I JUST WANTED TO TELL YOU, I'LL BE A LITTLE LATE BUT ... eh? (PAUSE) You say...Doctor Gamble is taking over the magic act? What! He's on now! Why that snake in the grass!.....that low life!...that --why I'll come down there and tear him....

ORCHESTRA: "I HOPE TO DIE" FADE FOR COMMERCIAL

sj

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
JUNE 12, 1945

-28-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

ANNCR: That increase in the gasoline ration that's coming up was good news, wasn't it? It doesn't mean you can go galavanting around the country yet -- but it's a pleasant thing to have a few extra miles a week. Why not celebrate by giving your car a beauty treatment with JOHNSON'S CARNU? Then you can really enjoy that extra driving --- because it is more fun and more satisfaction to drive a car that shines and sparkles. Now if cleaning and polishing a car were still a big chore, you might argue the point. But CARNU knocks that argument into a cocked hat. It is easy to give your car a showroom shine with CARNU. This popular polish does two jobs at once -- both cleans and polishes with one application. CARNU is a liquid -- you apply it with just enough rubbing to loosen the dirt and grime. It dries to a white powder, and when you wipe this powder off, you'll be surprised how beautiful the finish looks. There's only one way to find out about JOHNSON'S CARNU, and that's to try it yourself. Why not do it this week?

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC: FADE FOR:

(2ND REVISION) -29-

SOUND: WALKING ON SIDEWALK:

FIB: (SINGING) Oh, I had a little cat and her name was Ben Hur,
I sold all her kittens for a dollar purr

FOOTSTEPS UP ON PORCH, DOOR OPEN; CLOSE:

MOL: Oh are you home, McGee? How was the Elk's smoker?
FIB: Marvelous..and you know what? I HAD TO FINISH DOC'S MAGIC
ACT MYSELF.
MOL: Why was that?
FIB: Well, he was supposed to pop up onto the stage thru a
trap door, but somebody ^{duty, hum} had moved a table over it and he
couldn't get out.
MOL: Heavenly days...he might have been smothered.
FIB: (LAUGHS NASTILY ALA WIMPLE) Yes! Goodnight.
MOL: Goodnight, all!

PLAYOFF: SIGNOFF

WIL: This is Harlow Wilcox, speaking for the makers of
JOHNSON WAX FINISHES, for home and industry, and inviting
you to be with us again next Tuesday night. Goodnight.
ANNCR: THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

(CHIMES)