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(REVISED)

2-A

"FIBBER MCGEE and MOLLY"

for
Johnson's Wax

NBC - Tuesday

October 9, 1945

(2ND REVISION) -2-

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

ORCH: THEME...FADE FOR:

WIL: The makers of Johnson's 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: "BUT NOT FOR ME"....FADE FOR:

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

Do you know what makes the difference between a car that's dull and one that shines? JOHNSON'S CARNU and an hour or so of your time -- that's the difference! People who haven't used wax-fortified CARNU can't possibly realize how easily it transforms the looks of their car -- removes the road grime and dullness and restores that original showroom shine. Now that you're using your car regularly, there's no reason for not being proud of its looks. CARNU does an amazing cleaning job -- and what's more, it does two jobs at the same time -- cleans and polishes with one application. It leaves the finish beautiful and so wax-smooth that dirt and grime don't have an easy foothold. CARNU is a liquid polish, easy to apply with a cloth. It dries to a white powder, and when you wipe off this powder the dirt and dullness disappear like magic. Your dealer has plenty of CARNU -- why not try it this week -- ask for JOHNSON'S CARNU -- Spelled C-A-R-N-U.

WILCOX: WE'D LIKE TO INTRODUCE TO YOU TWO WELL-KNOWN PEDESTRIANS WHO HAVE JUST DECIDED TO BECOME MOTORISTS. YES, THE FOLKS AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA HAVE MADE UP THEIR MINDS TO BUY A NEW CAR. (AS NEW AS YOU CAN GET ONE NOW, ANYWAY) AND HERE LOOKING OVER THE WANT ADS, WE FIND -----

----- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: NEWSPAPER RATTLE

MOL: (BRISKLY) WELL...WHAT'S IN THE PAPERS, DADDY?

FIB: Lots of wonderful cars bein' advertised. Cadillacs
Lincolns, Packards, Apperson-Jackrabbits, HEY HERE'S
AN INTERESTING ONE!

RATTLE OF PAPER

MOL: Read it, in your well modulated voice.

FIB: It says, "1939 COUPE ... BY SCHOOLTEACHER WITH LEATHER RUMBLE SEAT, KNEE ACTION, AND CUSTOM-BILT BODY."
MOL: Is she a blonde or a brunette - or does she have a convertible top?
FIB: Don't say.
MOL: How much is it?
FIB: It don't say that either. It says "JUST BRING AN HONEST FACE".
MOL: That will be easy. You can take me.
FIB: (RATTLES PAPER) And here's another ad that looks good! "BANTAMS FOR SALE".
MOL: OH, I'VE ALWAYS WANTED ONE OF THOSE LITTLE CARS! HOW MUCH ARE THEY?
FIB: "HENS, THREE DOLLARS, ROOSTERS..." Oh, I'm on the wrong page. This is live stock. (FAST PAPER RATTLE)
MOL: Look, dearie ... why don't we just go downtown and prow1 thru the used car lots?
FIB: Not a bad idea, snooky. I like to walk around pokin' the upholstery and kickin' the tires.
MOL: Anybody who would kick a tire these days is taking his life in his feet. Besides, it isn't

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

MOL: Oh hello, Doctor Gamble.

DOC: Hello, my dear. And a curt nod of recognition to you, Pickle^{face}Face.

FIB: Well, vaccinate my goldfish, if it isn't the old belly-thumper himself! What's new in the world of medicine, Witch Doctor ... as if you'd know?
MOL: I see where Mayor La Trivia has appointed you Health Commissioner Doctor. Congratulations!
DOC: Thank you, Molly. After squawking my head off ~~my~~ for twenty years about sanitary conditions in this town, I am now in a position where I have to do something about it, or shut my big fat mouth.
FIB: You ain't yodeling the Indian Love Call there, Bone Bender! When you take office?
DOC: January first - why?
FIB: I just wondered how much longer it'd be safe for us to drink ^{our} city water. Make a note of that, Molly. The first of the year we start usin' bottled water.
MOL: Don't be insulting, dearie. I'M sure Doctor Gamble will be a wonderful health commissioner.
FIB: PTAH! Among them City Hall vultures he'll just be a boob in the woods. Them ward healers will hamstring him so he can't prescribe an aspirin tablet without a referendum.
DOC: On the contrary, my boy, I will have the freest hand of any health commissioner in history.
MOL: Why, Doctor?

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DOC: Due to my high ethical standards, my dear, I hesitate to use the word blackmail. But Alderman McClutchie would find it difficult to explain why I had to remove a ^{pearl} real ear ring from his larynx when his wife does not wear ear rings. And City Treasurer Fink might not care to have it bruited about that he broke his leg leaping out the second story window of a gambling joint. I am not quoting actual names, you understand ... but you get the idea. (LAUGHS) Yes, I think the lads will treat the new commissioner with considerable courtesy.

FIB: Doc, I've underrated you.

DOC: Thank you, I underrate you, too.

FIB: Gee, thanks! You're not just sayin' that because you admire me?

DOC: Yes, and I think I had better be going. I have a delicate operation waiting for me at the hospital.

FIB: Something really fancy, Doc?

DOC: Yes, I have to tell one of our wealthier patients to get up and go home. His hangover has progressed from the amusing to the obnoxious. Goodbye, Molly. See you later, Loose-lip. I'm afraid.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Isn't he a sweet old character?

FIB: He's an insulting old curmudgeon. Hey, what's a curmudgeon?

MOL: Search me, dearie. I know what a cur is but I wouldn't know about mudgeons. And hadn't we better be going downtown and look for a car?

FIB: Yeah I guess we better had. You all ready?

MOL: I will be just as soon as I put my face on. (FADE)

You lock the doors, and -----

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FIB: Okay! AHHH, THERE GOES A GOOD KID! SHE KNOWS BUYIN' A CAR THESE DAYS IS PRETTY CHANCY, AND SHE KNOWS WHAT A BUM DRIVER I AM. BUT IS SHE WORRIED? SHE'S SCARED STIFF! BUT IS SHE GONNA LET ME KNOW SHE'S SCARED? NO SIR! NOT TILL 20 SECONDS AFTER I STICK THE KEY IN THE IGNITION! BY GEORGE, IF SHE --

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

TEE: Hi, MISTER!

FIB: Well, slice me down the middle and call me slim! If it isn't little Teeny. HIYAH TEENY!

TEE: (GIGGLES) Hi. Whatcha doon, mister...hmmmm? Whatcha dooon. Hmmm? Whatcha?

FIB: Well, sis, I and Mrs. McGee are about to go car buyin'. Mommy and poppy shoppy for a jalopy.

TEE: Gee, that's dandy, mister. Why doncha geta car that the top goes up and down on it, and buy it while the top is down? Hmmm? Why dontcha?

FIB: There must be some glimmering of sense behind that idea, sis, but I don't seem to get it. Why should I buy a car that has the top down?

TEE: No ceiling! (GIGGLES) That was a joke.

FIB: If I ever wanna saw my way out of a radio program sis, I'll borrow your gag file. Now, if you'll excuse me --

TEE: Hey, what kinda car you gonna buy, mister? My daddy has a Cad.

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FIB: He not only has.....he IS! But frankly, Teeny, we don't know exactly what we want, as yet. We're gonna romp through a few used car lots and take a gander at the situation. Whaddye think of the Stanley steamer?

TEE: Well, I -- Hmmmmm?

FIB: Never mind. I might go for a station wagon if I can find a good bargain.

TEE: My daddy doesn't like station wagons. You know why?

FIB: No, why?

TEE: It's because he doesn't like police dogs.

FIB: I see. Have I got my pajamas on, sis?

TEE: (GIGGLES) No.

FIB: That's good. I was afraid I was dreaming this whole conversation. TELL ME, MADAME INTERLOCUTOR, WHY DOESN'T YOUR DADDY LIKE STATION WAGONS BECAUSE HE HATES POLICE DOGS?

TEE:

Well, he had a station wagon once and somebody told him a station wagon didn't look good unless it had a police dog in it, so he got a police dog and it sat in the front seat with him, and a cop stopped him one day when he was going too fast and he asked my daddy why he didn't let his friend drive because he looked more intelligent than my daddy.

FIB:

Well, I've seen your daddy and I've seen police dogs, and I am inclined to agree with the -

TEE:

STOP! I WILL NOT LISTEN!

FIB:

Okay.

TEE:

MY DADDY IS A GOOD, KIND MAN, AND HE'S ALWAYS GIVING ME A QUARTER FOR A SODA. I WILL NOT STAND HERE AND LISTEN TO UNKIND REMARKS ABOUT HIM!

FIB:

I've given you plenty of quarters for sodas myself, sis.

TEE:

Not lately, I betcha.

FIB:

Okay, here's a quarter. It means I'll have to buy a cheaper car, but who cares?

TEE:

Gee, thanks, mister. Now then..what were you saying about my daddy?

FIB:

I said he looks like a police dog.

TEE:

I know it.

FIB:

And he's a stuck up snob, in the second place.

TEE:

Isn't he, though?

FIB:

He thinks because he's cashier in a bank that anybody worth less than a hundred thousand bucks is a ^{hobo} ~~communist~~.

TEE:

You hit the nail on the head that time, mister!

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FIB: And he's the only guy in town that wears a gardenia.

I hate guys that wear gardenias. AND FURTHERMORE ---

TEE: THAT'S ALL, MISTER! THAT'S TWO BITS WORTH. G'BYE NOW.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Well, I'll be a I WONDER IF THAT KID IS A MIDGET!

ORCH: "NO CAN DO"

APPLAUSE:

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SECOND SPOT

FIB: SAY, THIS IS A PRETTY GOOD LOOKIN' ASSORTMENT OF
CARS!

MOL: Oh look, McGee.....that's awfully cheap for that
beautiful car, isn't it?

FIB: Where?

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MOL: That one right there. It says PACKARD, ONE TWENTY! Isn't that quite a bargain?

FIB: That aint the price, mowmy. That's the name of the -

MAN: HOW DO YOU DO SIR! GOOD DAY, MADAME!

MOL: How do you do, I'm sure.

FIB: You the master mind in this rattletrap roundup, Bud?

MAN: I am, sir. My name is Stanley Stutz.

FIB: I'll bet you're a bearcat of a salesman, Stan (LAUGHS HEARTILY) Get it, Molly? Stutz...Bearcat? You see, there used to be a car.

MOL: TAIN'T FUNNY, McGEE!

FIB: It aint?

MAN: No sir, it aint. I mean it ISN'T. It is a common delusion sir, that jokes referring to a person's name are excruciatingly funny. But they are usually painfully repetitious to the subject. Your Bearcat witticism is exceedingly threadbare, as far as I am concerned.

MOL: I'll bet it is, at that. You owe the gentleman an apology, McGee.

FIB: She's right, Bearcat. I apologise.

MAN: That's quite all right, sir. NOW THEN...MAY I SHOW YOU SOMETHING?

MOL: Yes, what?

MAN: I mean, did you wish to see some of our stock?

FIB: You betcha, Bearcat. You mind if I call you Bear? You know - short for Bearcat?

MAN: Not at all sir. Do you mind if I call you Pole?

MOL: Cut it out, boys...let's get to business.

FIB: How about the green sedan over there, Stan, old man? That looks in pretty good shape.

MAN: That car is not for sale, sir. Now over here we have a splendid little car. A late model, seven cylinder Dillingham. Good rubber, new battery --

MOL: Did you say SEVEN Cylinders?

MAN: Yes, madame.

FIB: What became of the other cylinder?

MAN: What other cylinder?

MOL: Isn't it supposed to have eight?

MAN: Oh no, madame. This is a SIX cylinder car. We added an extra cylinder ourselves, as a special premium.

MOL: Well, I will say, Mr. Stutz....

MAN: Stutz.

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MOL: Excuse me. I will say, Mr. Stutz, that all your cars
LOOK beautiful.

FIB: Must keep a guy around just to clean 'em up, bud.

MAN: We do. That lad over there takes great pride in them.
(CALLS) OH I SAY BOY!! DID YOU POLISH THAT NEW LINCOLN
WE JUST GOT IN?

WILCOX: (OFF MIKE) Yes, Mr. Stutz. Looks beautiful too, after
that Johnson't Car Nu treatment,

(PAUSE)

MAN: Something wrong, folks?

MOL: er...no. No, not a thing. In fact, everything is very
much as usual.

FIB: That...er...the fella you just spoke to, Stan. Is he...
er....a new boy around here.

MAN: Yes, he wandered in this morning. I asked him if he was
in the market for a car and he said no, he just had a
morbid interest in dusty, dirty cars. You know him?

FIB: I've seen him someplace.

MOL: Tell the truth, McGee. We see him EVERYPLACE. YOO HOO,
MR WILCOX.

WIL: (FADE IN) Well, hello there, Molly. Hello, Pal. You
know Mr. and Mrs. McGee, Mr. Stutz?

MAN: Sufficiently, I think.

FIB: What you doin' here, Junior, which is the silliest
question of the week.

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WIL: Oh you know how I am, pal, when I see a dingy looking
automobile. I've got to get out the Johnson's Car Nu
and show the world how easy it is to transform it into
a show room model. The way Car Nu cleans and polishes at
one swell,foop.....

MOL: Fell swoop, Mr. Wilcox....

WIL: Cleans and polishes at one fell swoop is amazing. Just
apply a little Car Nu, let it dry and wipe it off. For
a proud and lazy car owner it's the answer to his prayers.
Soo, when I passed this used car lot this morning, I
just HAD to move in and do my stuff. You see, as an
expert on Johnson's Car-Nu --

MAN: Just a minute, son. These people and I were discussing
business. Why don't you go back to work, like a good lad?

WIL: Yes sir, Mr. Stutz. See you later folks.

MOL: Good day, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: So long, Waxey. (PAUSE) You got a good man there, Stutz?

MOL: I hope you can keep him.

MAN: I rather doubt it. He's only paying me five dollars a day
to ^{let him} polish these cars. WELL, BACK TO BUSINESS, FOLKS. Now
this Hudson roadster over here --

FIB: Wait a minute, Si. That green sedan in the back there is
just the -

MAN: Mr. McGee.....I thought I had made it clear that that
green sedan is NOT for sale.

FIB: You wouldn't be holding out on us, would you, Stan, old
horse?

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MAN: No sir. It is merely that it lacks equipment for delivery. Now you take this car here, Mr. McGee....it has only been driven 12 thousand miles. It belonged to an elderly lady, who only used it to do her marketing.

MOL: She must have been a quaint old character. She left a package of chewing tobacco in the front seat.

MAN: Well, you see -

FIB: There's a street map of Honolulu stickin' outa the glove compartment. What was she marketing for...ukuleles?

MAN: Well, she was...er..

SOUND: OFF MIKE: TELEPHONE

MAN: Excuse me a moment...I hear my telephone. (FADE) You just look around all you like folks, and...

MOL: Why do you suppose he doesn't want to sell us that green sedan, McGee.

FIB: That's easy. He's holdin' it for a friend. But by George, if he thinks for one minute that he -

MOL: Wait a minute, Dearie...there goes Mrs. Carstairs...YOO HOO, MRS. CARSTAIRS.....YOOO HOO!

FIB: Ah, why didn't you let her go on past? She gets under my skin like a tattooed dragon.

MOL: Well, my goodness, suppose she does act a little like a coquettish dray horse. She's a fine woman and....WELL IMAGINE MEETING YOU DOWN HERE, MRS. CARSTAIRS.

CARST: (FADING) How do you do, my dear. Are you alone? OH!.... well, I see you are approximately alone. Good day, Mr. McGee.

FIB: Hiyah, Carsty. I'm surprised to see you up and around today.

CARST: Why, Mr. McGee?

FIB: Well, judgin' by the newspapers, that musta been quite a wing ding you flung at your mansion last night.

CARST: The WING DING, as you so vulgarly express it, Mr. McGee was in honor of Sir Humphrey Ramsbottom, the British Consul, and his daughter, Lady Murgatroyd. The affair was notable for its complete dignity, and I regret that the newspapers reported it for the derision of the hoi polloi.

MOL: The what, Mrs. Carstairs?

CARST: The hoi polloi, my dear. A greek word, meaning the masses.

FIB: Oh you speak Greek, Carsty?

CARST: Yes.

MOL: Say something in Greek for us, Mrs. Carstairs.

CARST: Hoi Polloi.

FIB: Thanks.

CARST: Er....are you by any chance purchasing a car?

FIB: You betcha, Carsty. Why?

CARST: Then perhaps I might make a suggestion?

MOL: Of course, Mrs. Carstairs.

CARST: Then DO, BY ALL MEANS, get a motor car which has a sufficiently long speaking tube between the tonneau and the chauffeur's seat. I find it quite a strain to lean forward so much, telling Jeffers to look out for that truck!

FIB: Where?
MOL: What truck?
CARST: I was talking to Jeffers.
FIB: *oh oh I see* *Well* Carsty, I'M glad you mentioned that! However, maybe we can get a chauffeur with longer ears.
MOL: McGee will see that we get a good car all right, Mrs. Carstairs. He's a wonderful mechanic. Knows all about cars.
CARST: Really?
FIB: You betcha, Carsty. Take this little coupe right here. This kinda car has always had one definite weakness. Horn gets stuck. Nine times outa ten, you just touch it like this and...

SOUND: HORN: CONTINUES TO MUSIC...

FIB: See what I mean! *Sticks*
MOL: (OVER SOUND) PLEASE, MCGEE...DON'T DO THAT...SHUT IT OFF!
FIB: (YELLS) I CAN'T SHUT IT OFF...IT'S STUCK!!
CARST: I THINK I KNOW WHAT TO DO, MR. MCGEE.
FIB: WHAT, CARSTY? WHAT?
MOL: WHAT WOULD YOU DO, MRS. CARSTAIRS?
CARST: I WOULD GO AWAY. GOOD DAY, MY DEAR....

HORN BLOWING:

FIB: HEY, STUTZ!!...STUTZ!!...COME FIX THIS THING!...HEY
BEARCAT!!!...COME SHUT THIS DAD-RATTED HORN OFF!!

HORN BLOWS INTO

ORCH: KING'S MEN. "THERE, I'VE SAID IT AGAIN".

APPLAUSE:

THIRD SPOT

FIB: Now look here, Bearcat. Let's quit the stalling.
MAN: Stalling, sir?
MOL: He means why won't you sell us the green sedan in the back there?
MAN: I have tried to explain, madam. That car is not in a saleable condition. It is NOT for sale.
FIB: Holdin' it for a friend, eh Stutz?
MAN: I assure you sir, I would not sell that car to my best friend. LOOK, MR. MCGEE ...WILL YOU PLEASE CONSIDER THIS 1941 Chevrolet? It is in excellent condition and

TELEPHONE: (OFF MIKE)

MAN: OH, I'M sorry, folks...my telephone again. You will excuse me?
MOL: Certainly.
FIB: Well, natch. (CALLS) TAKE YOUR TIME, BEARCAT. WE GOT ALL DAY. You know, Molly there's something fishy about his not wantin' us to have that green sedan.
MOL: Maybe he DOES want us to have it. Maybe he's just trying to get us excited about it by pretending it's not for sale

FIB: SAYY, I'LL BET --

LA TRIV: (FADE IN) Well, my goodness, what are you folks doing here?

MOL: WELL, MAYOR LA TRIVIA!! HOW NICE!

FIB: Hiyah, La Trivia. How's it feel to be a week-old civilian?

LA TRIV: How did you mean that, McGee....A WEAK, OLD CIVILIAN.... OR A CIVILIAN OF A WEEK'S DURATION?

MOL: He meant how does it feel to be out of the Coast Guard, Mr. Mayor?

LA TRIV: I trust I won't be ~~considered disloyal~~, Molly, if I ever set foot on another deck it will be because I walked thru a pinochle game. And when I smell powder again, it will be on the swan-like neck of some lovely woman some lovely CIVILIAN woman on a dance floor which I have NOT scrubbed five times that day myself.

FIB: What was your rank, La Trivia?

LA TRIV: Chief Gunner's mate.

MOL: How wonderful. And who was the gunner?

LA TRIV: Who was what gunner, Mrs. McGee?

FIB: The gunner that you were the mate of?

LA TRIV: I was not the mate of a gunner. I, myself, was the gunner's mate.

MOL: Yes, but WHAT gunner's mate?

LA TRIV: (GETTING ANNOYED) ANY GUNNER'S MATE!

FIB: That's kind of a haphazard system, ain't it, La Trivia? If a gunner can pick any mate he wants --

LA TRIV: BUT HE CAN'T!

MOL: But you said --

LA TRIV: LOOK.! IN THE NAVY THE WORD "MATE" MEANS A SUBORDINATE OFFICER HAVING NO RANK, BUT TAKING PRECEDENCE OVER ENLISTED MEN.

FIB: I thought you enlisted, yourself.

LA TRIV: I did, but --

MOL: Then if you were a mate, you took precedence over yourself?

LA TRIV: OF COURSE I DID! I MEAN NO...CERTAINLY NOT!! THAT IS, I--

FIB: I can see why you never got to be an admiral, La Trivia. You're too easy confused.

LA TRIV: I AM NOT CONFUSED. LET ME EXPLAIN.

MOL: Please do.

LA TRIV: Very well. Now then...I joined the Coast Guard as an apprentice seaman. Then I was made a first class seaman. Then I was promoted to Gunner's Mate, third class.

FIB: Third class, eh? You skipped the first two classes?

LA TRIV: I DID NOT SKIP THE FIRST TWO CLASSES. SECOND CLASS AND FIRST CLASS COME AFTER THIRD CLASS.

MOL: Don't be silly, Mr. Mayor. When I was in school --

LA TRIV: THIS HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH SCHOOL, MRS. MCGEE. A PETTY OFFICER IN THE NAVY IS --

FIB: AH AH AHR...JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE A LITTLE IRRITATED, LA TRIVIA, DON'T GIVE YOU THE RIGHT TO DISPARAGE THE OFFICERS OF OUR NAVY. SOME OF 'EM MAY BE PETTY, BUT BY GEORGE --

LA TRIV: (GOES TO PIECES) (SCREAMS) I DIDN'T SAY THE OFFICERS WERE PETTY! I SAID THE PETTY OFFICERS...THE THIRD PET GLASSY OFFICERS... I MEAN THIRD CLASS PETTY MATES...ER.. GUNNERS RANK...NOW LOOK, A GUNNER'S MATE IS A...(STOPS TO PANT) (LAUGHS) Ahhhh, it's wonderful to be home again! And do you know what you've done for me?

MOL: What, Mr. Mayor?

LA TRIV: You have made me realize what it means to be Mayor of a city like Wistful Vista. Until now, the responsibility has really worried me. But no more.

FIB: Whatcha mean, kid?

LA TRIV: Why when I think that I am the civic leader of thousands and thousands of people who are probably just as dumb as you, or dumber, I realize my job isn't so tough. Thank you, citizen. Good day, Molly.

MOL: GOODBYE, MR. MAYOR.

FIB: So long, La Triv. (LAUGHS) Boy he sure gets worked up don't he, Molly. He was liver with rage.

MOL: You mean livid, dearie.

FIB: Go on..livid is a girl's name. Like Livid De Havilland.

MOL: That's Olivia.

FIB: Don't kid me, Snooky. Olivia is a country in South America

MOL: THAT'S BOLIVIA!

FIB: OH YEAH? THEN WHAT DOES --- Oh Hiyah, Bearcat. Ready to do business.

MAN: (FADE IN) Yes, Mr. McGee..and I think this Chevrolet here is just the -

MOL: Just a minute, Mr. Bearstutz. We want to know about this green sedan over here.

FIB: Yeah..why you so anxious to keep us from buyin' that? The best lookin' car in the place. Look at them perfect tires. Look at the finish and the upholstery. THAT'S THE CAR WE WANT, STUTZ.

MAN: Please, Mr. McGee. That car was the last model off the assembly line after war was declared. It is not complete.

MOL: We don't care. We want it.

MAN: But it ~~hasn't~~ ^{doesn't have} any -

FIB: Windshield wipers? So what? We can buy those ourselves.

MAN: I didn't mean that. I was referring to the -

MOL: I know! FOG LIGHTS! But we don't care anything about those details, Mr. Bearcat.

MAN: WILL YOU PLEASE LET ME TELL YOU? THAT CAR HASN'T EVEN GOT A --

FIB: REAR BUMPER? SO WHAT? I NEVER LEARNED HOW TO BACK UP ANYWAY. COME ON, BUD...HOW MUCH?

MAN: I'm warning you, Mr. McGee...

MCL: HOW MUCH?

MAN: It wouldn't be fair of me to -

FIB: QUIT STALLING, BUD. HOW MUCH?

MAN: ^{Here} Eight hundred and fifty dollars. BUT BELIEVE ME --

MOL: SOLD!!!

FIB: Here's the cash, Bearcat. Gimme a receipt before you back down again.

MAN: Very well.....(PAUSE) There you are...the bill of sale and the title certificate will take a little longer.

MOL: OH, ISN'T THIS A BEAUTIFUL CAR, MCGEE...AND ALL OURS!!! LET'S DRIVE IT AROUND THE BLOCK AND SEE HOW IT RUNS.

FIB: Okay. Where's the ignition keys, bud?
MAN: You won't need any. I told you this was the last car off
the assembly line ^{after} since Pearl Harbor.
MOL: So what?
MAN: So there's no motor in it!
FIB & MOL: NO MOTOR!
FIB: Oh this is ridiculous.
ORCH: "I WISH I KNEW" FADE FOR

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC
OCTOBER 9, 1945

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WIL: In nearly every field there's one product that stands out above all others as the accepted favorite - and usually with good reason. Among no-rubbing floor polishes that favorite is, of course, JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT. From coast to coast it way outsells all other no-rubbing polishes. That certainly is evidence of a product's superiority - the test of continued use on millions of floors. Yes, there are reasons. GLO-COAT not only saves you work because it is self polishing; it not only gives you maximum floor beauty, and adds greatly to the life of your linoleum, rubber, composition and finished wood floors - it is perfectly blended so that it never streaks, is never uneven. Its quality is completely uniform, and you can count on every single package giving you the same satisfaction. That's why the demand for JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT increases from year to year.

ORCH: ^{Bumper} THEME UP...FADE FOR:

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC
OCTOBER 9, 1945

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WIL: In nearly every field there's one product that stands out above all others as the accepted favorite - and usually with good reason. Among no-rubbing floor polishes that favorite is, of course, JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT. From coast to coast it way outsells all other no-rubbing polishes. That certainly is evidence of a product's superiority - the test of continued use on millions of floors. Yes, there are reasons. GLO-COAT not only saves you work because it is self polishing; it not only gives you maximum floor beauty, and adds greatly to the life of your linoleum, rubber, composition and finished wood floors - it is perfectly blended so that it never streaks, is never uneven. Its quality is completely uniform, and you can count on every single package giving you the same satisfaction. That's why the demand for JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT increases from year to year.

ORCH: Bumper
THEME UP...FADE FOR:

McGee - 10/9/45

(3RD REVISION) -28-

MOLLY: Ladies and gentlemen, the real test of patriotism comes after the bands have stopped playing and the guns have stopped shooting.

FIB: Well, the guns have stopped shooting, folks, but our men are still in there pitching until they are returned to civil life. It's to them we owe victory, and it's to them we owe the recreational care and maintenance of morale until they DO get home.

MOL: The agency which takes care of this is the NATIONAL WAR FUND. When you are called on to subscribe, give generously ~~to it~~. We gave our boys a warm hand when they left; let's not give them the cold shoulder now!

FIB: Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all!

ORCH: PLAYOFF: SEGUE "I WISH I KNEW" UNLESS THEME CUE IS GIVEN
FADE FOR:

WILCOX: This is Harlow Wilcox speaking for the makers of Johnson's Wax products for home and industry and inviting you to be with us again next Tuesday night. Good night.

NEC
ANNCR: THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

(CHIMES)