

Writers: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

(REVISED) #9

"FIBBER McGEE and MOLLY"

for
Johnson's Wax

NBC - Tuesday

November 27, 1945

FIBBER McGEE AND MOLLY
11-27-1945

(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' orchestral

ORCH: "GREAT DAY COMIN' MANANA"...FADE FOR:

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
11/27/45

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: A beautiful piece of linoleum can do wonders in brightening up your kitchen, bathroom or front entrance. But what about keeping the linoleum itself beautiful? Well, that's an easy job for JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT, the preferred floor polish in millions of homes. And no wonder GLO-COAT, gets first choice. It gives your linoleum and other floors great beauty. It takes practically no work. And it protects the surface against dirt, wear and moisture -- actually adds greatly to the life of linoleum, as well as keeping its color and pattern fresh and new-looking. GLO-COAT is self polishing -- requires no rubbing or buffing. You just apply and let dry -- it's that easy. Spilled things are wiped up in a jiffy, and that eases your work, too. So, for Beauty, Convenience and Protection, join the millions of satisfied users of JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH

(APPLAUSE)

(REVISED) -4-

WILCOX: THIS IS A SAD MOMENT AT 79 WISLUF VISTA! A SAD MOMENT AND A TENSE MOMENT, BECAUSE, HERE IN THE LIVING ROOM, WAITING FOR THE VERDICT OF THE SURGEON...THE TREE SURGEON...ON THE FATE OF THE OLD OAK TREE IN THE FRONT YARD...WE FIND --

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

MOL: For goodness sakes, McGee...STOP RUSHING TO THE WINDOW AND PACING UP AND DOWN. There's nothing you can do about it.

FIB: I know, I know...but my gosh...I...well, gee whizz...I dunno why cartoonists get so much fun out of a guy walkin' up and down outside of a maternity ward. This suspense is AWFUL!!

MOL: Oh be calm, dearie...relax. Look at me...sewing away as though nothing at all were happening.

FIB: Yeah? You've tried to thread the tape measure thru the wrong end of a needle three times. You're gonna hate to lose that old oak tree as much as I'm gonna hate to.

MOL: Yes, I really am. I love that tree. It's always been--

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: Oh-oh...here's the bad news. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN: GLOSE:

DOC: Hello there, McGee. Hello, Molly.

FIB: (QUIETLY) Hiya, Doc.

MOL: (BROKEN VOICE) Hello...Doctor Gamble.

DOC: What's going on here, anyway? Molly...you've been crying. MCGEE, HAVE YOU BEEN BEATING YOUR WIFE? BECAUSE IF YOU'VE LAID ONE BADLY-MANICURED FINGER ON A HAIR OF HER WELL-SHAPED HEAD, SO HELP ME, I'LL --

MOL: No, Doctor...no...it's nothing like that.

FIB: It's just that we're expecting some bad news, Doc. The doctor is here.

MOL: Doctor Woodbury.

DOC: Doctor Woodbury? I don't believe I-- WAIT A MINUTE!
WHAT IS THIS? WHO'S DOCTOR WOODBURY? BY GEORGE, I MAY NOT BE UNDER A YEARLY RETAINER TO YOU PEOPLE, BUT I KNOW YOUR MEDICAL HISTORIES LIKE AMOS KNOWS ANDY, AND--
Where's this Doctor Woodbury?

FIB: Out in front, Doc.

MOL: Up in the tree.

DOC: UP IN THE TREE!!

FIB: Sure knows his business, too. Shinnied up that big trunk like a salmon up the Columbia.

MOL: (PROUDLY) He's been clear up to the top four times.

DOC: I...er...I see. Some emergency arose, so instead of calling old Doc Gamble, you consult some stranger...and he goes out and starts climbing trees...WELL, IT'S BEEN NICE KNOWING YOU FOLKS. GOOD DAY.

FIB: HEY, WAIT A MINUTE, ARROWSMITH. YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND!

MOL: He's a tree surgeon.

DOC: Oh. A tree surgeon. Oh...that's too bad.

FIB: What's too bad about it?

DOC: Well, much as I would have hated to terminate our relationship, in the event that you had found a physician who suited you better...

MOL: Oh, nonsense!

DOC: ...it would almost have been worth it to have another medico in this town who knew his sphygmomanometer from a hot rock. Tree surgeon, eh?

MOL: And the best in town, too, Doctor. He's the one who saved Toops horsechestnut tree from a serious case of Japanese beetles last year.

FIB: They say this guy can take one look at an acorn and tell you how many times the firemen are gonna have to come and rescue a cat out of it when it grows up.

DOC: I'd like to see this--

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: OH, DEAR...I HOPE HE SAYS HE CAN SAVE IT.

FIB: Cheer up, baby. There's still hope. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

WOODBURY: (SOLEMN) Well, I've finished my examination, Mr, McGee. It's-- Oh, am I intruding?

MOL: Not at all, Doctor Woodbury. We'd like to have you meet an old friend of ours. Doctor Woodbury, Doctor Gamble. Doctor Woodbury is a tree doctor, Doctor Gamble.

FIB: And Doctor Gamble is a people doctor, Doctor Woodbury.

WOOD: How do you do, Doctor.

DOC: Hello, Doctor. I take it all is not oke with the oak?

WOOD: It's a pretty serious case, I'm afraid. Tell me, Mrs. McGee...has this tree of yours any history of Dutch Moth? Any childhood diseases that you know of?

MOL: N-n-n-o...I don't think so, Doctor. Though as I remember, it had a bad attack of woodpeckers in 1929.

WOOD: Ahhhh...woodpeckers! Hmmm.

DOC: That's the first instance I ever heard where the patient got stuck with a bill before the doctor even arrived.

FIB: How about it, Doc...is it...will we have to...I mean...
MOL: Is there any hope, Doctor?
WOOD: If you good people would be so good as to leave the room
a moment, I should like to consult with Doctor Gamble.
Would you honor me, Doctor?
DOC: Delighted, I'm sure, Doctor. Although my arboreal
experience has been limited to a certain lady patient of
mine to whom we refer as the Weeping Willoughby. You'll
excuse us, Molly?
MOL: Certainly. Come on, McGee.
FIB: Okay. Do everything you can, men. Remember, expense is
no object, as long as it don't cost too much.

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

WOOD: Well, I see where Alabama is picked for the Rose Bowl,
Doctor.
DOC: Yes...I remember when Alabama played it in 1926 for the
first time. Beat Washington, 20-19.
WOOD: Yes. Well, How's business, Doctor?
DOC: Can't complain, Doctor. Though I sometimes envy you
tree surgeons.
WOOD: How so, Doctor?
DOC: Well, sometimes it seems so simple to slap a hundred
pounds of cement into a patient, paint him with tar and
brace him up with a few feet of wire cable.
WOOD: Yes, it has its points, Doctor. On the other hand,
you're in no danger of a patient falling over on you
and breaking your leg.

DOC: Incidentally Doctor, how about the oak tree out in front?
Look bad?
WOOD: That isn't a tree. That's a perpendicular stack of
firewood. It's been dead longer than Julius Caesar.
DOC: Well, why stall around, Doctor? Why don't you tell 'em?
WOOD: Looks better this way. More dignity. But...better call
'em in now, I guess. And try and look more serious,
Doctor. Remember, we've been consulting.
DOC: Oh, yes. Sometimes I'm inclined to forget I'm a doctor
and act like a human being. (FOOTSTEPS TO DOOR: DOOR
OPEN:) (CALLS) COME IN, MCGEE!
FIB: Well, Doc? What's the verdict?
WOOD: My boy...I'm afraid it's....bad news.
MOL: You mean....?
ORCH: HEARTS AND FLOWERS, SOFTLY....UNDER:
WOOD: Yes, Mrs. McGee...as it must to all trees...the end has
come to the old oak. It has battled its way thru life...
from tiny acorn to sturdy tree...it has stood between
your home and the fierce heat of the sun...it has been
a barrier between you and the tempest...but now...the
birds must seek another resting place...the whippoorwill
must shrill his plaintive call from elsewhere...and my
fee is seven dollars and a half.
MOL: (SOBS) Oh, and it was such a BEAUTIFUL tree!
FIB: Ah, forget it, Molly...with that thing chopped down
maybe the paper boy can hit the front porch now and then
...here's your dough, Doc.

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WOOD: Thank. You. Nice to have met you, Doctor.
DOC: Thank you, Doctor, See you up in a maple tree sometime.
WOOD: And now if I could remember where you put my hat, I'd --
MOL: NO NO, DOCTOR, NOT IN THERE!!!
FIB: THAT'S THE HALL CLOS---!!!
SOUND: CLOSET EFFECT .. BELL TINKLE;
FIB: I gotta straighten out that closet one of these days!
ORCH: "I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT YOU'RE IN LOVE WITH ME"
(APPLAUSE)

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(2ND REVISION) -10-11-12-

SECOND SPOT

SOUND: AXE CHUNKING INTO TREE
FIB: (GRUNTS)
SOUND: CHOP:
FIB: (GRUNTS)
SOUND: CHOP
FIB: (GRUNTS)
SOUND: CHOP
FIB: (GRUNTS) Boy, that sure is a tough old tree, ain't it,
Molly?
MOL: Yes...it certainly is.
SOUND: CHOP
FIB: (GRUNTS) You take fifty more whacks at it, then I'll
chop for a while.
MOL: You take the axe now, dearie. I don't want ALL the fun.
Besides, I've got a crick in my back that would float
the Queen Mary.
FIB: Well, we better rest a while anyway.
MOL: WHAT DO YOU MEAN, WE'D BETTER REST. All-you've done is
grunt.
FIB: Sure, but somebody's gotta see that the work gets
started right. There's a lotta science to felling a
tree, you know. Gimme that axe and I'll show you.
MOL: All right. Here. You chop and I'll grunt.
FIB: Thanks.

SOUND: CHOP, GRUNT, CHOP, GRUNT, CHOP, GRUNT, CHOP, GRUNT

MOL: McGee.

FIB: (PANTING) EH?

MOL: Why don't you keep chopping in the same place all the time? That tree looks like it was being chewed by some crosseyed beavers.

FIB: (LAUGHS CONDESCENDINGLY) It's easy to see you don't know much about lumberjackin', kiddo. Look...where do you suppose this tree is gonna fall, when it falls?

MOL: Well, I hadn't really considered that, dearie. But for a rough guess, I'd say onto the ground.

FIB: AHHH, BUT WHERE, ONTO THE GROUND? If it falls to the north, it will crash thru the roof o' the house...SOUTH, it'll fall into the street and block traffic. SOOO..I got to make it fall right straight down the center of our driveway...see?

MOL: How on earth can you make it do that?

FIB: (LAUGHS) That's the trick, baby! THAT'S WHERE SKILL AND EXPERIENCE COMES IN! You see you gotta make a deep cut into the trunk. Then right above it, you make a shallower cut. Then the tree falls to one side. SEE?

MOL: Are you sure you don't make a deep cut above and the shallower cut below?

FIB: (DUBIOUSLY) N-no, I don't think so. I always thought... Hey, here comes Wilcox...maybe he'll know! HEY, JUNIOR.. COME HERE A MINUTE!

WIB: (FADE IN) Hello, Molly. What's the matter, Pal?

MOL: Just a little matter of woodcraft, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: You ever a Boy Scout, Junior?

WIL: Sure. Eagle Scout, Owl Patrol. Merit badges for bricklaying, bookbinding, picture framing, leather-tooling and housework.

MOL: HOUSEWORK!

WIL: Yup. That's where I first heard about Johnson's Self-Polishing Glocoat.

FIB: Yeah, but what I wanted to ask you was -

WIL: That was one merit badge I won like a flash. I took some Johnson's Glocoat over to the scoutmaster's house, see, and showed his wife what it would do for her kitchen linoleum.

FIB: Yeah but look, Waxey. When you chop down a tree --

WIL: I SHOWED HER HOW SIMPLE GLOCOAT ¹⁵ ~~WAS~~ TO USE. HOW YOU JUST POUR A LITTLE OUT, SPREAD IT AROUND WITH THE LONG HANDLED APPLIER AND LET IT DRY 20 MINUTES OR LESS WITH NO RUBBING OR BUFFING. AND HOW IT HELPS RESTORE THE BEAUTY AND SPARKLE OF THE ORIGINAL PATTERN.

MOL: Yes, but himself here wants to know how to cut down a tree so it...

WIL: AND BOY, WHEN THE SCOUTMASTER CAME HOME THAT NIGHT AND WALKED INTO HIS KITCHEN, HE WAS ASTOUNDED! HE SAID, "WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THAT BEAUTIFUL, GLEAMING LINOLEUM?" And his wife patted me on the head and said "EAGLE SCOUT WILCOX, BENJAMIN." and the Scoutmaster said "WILCOX, I MUST ASK YOU TO RESIGN FROM THE BOY SCOUTS." So I did.

FIB: After fixin' up his kitchen linoleum so it would last so much longer and make his wife's housework so much easier?

MOL: That was a dirty trick!

WIL: No, he was right. He'd just found out I was 31 years old.

FIB: Gettin' to be a Bald Eagle Scout, eh? BUT LOOK, WAXIE... did you learn much about woodcraft?

WIL: Plenty, pal. Plenty. If you get lost in the woods, you simply wait till October and see which way the geese fly, and that's South.

MOL: BUT MISTER WILCOX....DO YOU KNOW HOW TO CHOP DOWN A TREE AND MAKE IT FALL WHERE YOU WANT TO?

WIL: No, I ~~didn't~~^{can't}. We didn't chop down trees. We were taught to LOVE trees.

FIB: DOGGONE IT, WE LOVE TREES TOO, WAXEY! BUT THIS IS A DEAD TREE. IT'S GOTTA BE CUT DOWN. IT'S DANGEROUS.

MOL: And besides, it will give us a lot of firewood for over the Holidays.

WIL: (LAUGHS HEARTILY)

FIB: Well, what's so funny about that, Junior?

WIL: (LAUGHING) I just thought of a great gag about "doing your Christmas Chopping Early!" I'M going to get along home and tell Spaniel Eyes before I forget it. See you later.... (EXIT LAUGHING)

MOL: SPANIEL EYES! If my husband ever called me Spaniel Eyes I'd give one sharp little bark and bite him in the garter!

FIB: He'll never get a Merit Badge for wit and humor, either. "Christmas Chopping!" AH WELL...I'M SURE I'M RIGHT ABOUT PUTTIN' THE DEEP CUT UNDER THE SHALLOW CUT. One side, snooky...I'M goin' back to work.

SOUND: CHOPING: SUSTAIN: OUT:

FIB: PHEW! That's strenuous work, Molly! Great stuff to develop the giftceps, though.

MOL: You mean the biceps, dearie.

FIB: You cant buy ceps like mine. They're a gift.

MOL: Look, Pet...wouldnt it be simpler to call some professional woodcutters and have them cut this tree down for you?

FIB: NO SIR...I DO THIS MYSELF! DID ABRAHAM LINCOLN SQUEAL FOR HELL WHEN HE WANTED TO CLEAR A TRAIL TO THE CORNER DRUG STORE? NO SIR! I COME FROM PIONEER STOCK AND I AINT SELLIN' IT SHORT! DID I EVER TELL YOU ABOUT MY FATHER BEIN' BORN IN A LOG CABIN?

MOL: No.

FIB: Well dont let me. Because it aint true.

MOL: All right. But I'M still doubtful about your ability to lay this tree down the center of the driveway.

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, DOUBTFUL? YOU LAY A WALNUT ON THAT DRIVEWAY AND I'LL CRACK IT WITH FOUR TONS OF OAK TREE! MY GOSH IF I --

MOL: Look, McGee...here comes Mrs. Carstairs!

FIB: That rhinestone rhinoceros! She's so aristocratic that when she blushes she looks like a blueprint of the Chase National Bank.

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MOL: I think she likes us because she knows we're not after her money.

FIB: What good would it do if we were? The way she handles a buck you'd think there was a game warden on every corner. Besides, she don't like me, And it's mutual.

MOL: Well, maybe she is a little uppity but OH HELLO THERE, MRS. CARSTAIRS..SO NICE TO SEE YOU!

CARST: (FADE IN) How do you do, my dear. Glad, for once, to find you without your husband. Not that I dislike him, particularly, although, with a little effort, I --

FIB: Hiyah, Carsty.

CARST: OOOOH! Is that you, Mr. McGee?

FIB: It ain't Clement Atlee. Though I am at present of the labor party till I get job done.

MOL: (LAUGHS) I guess you didn't recognize him with those lumberjack clothes on, did you, Mrs. Carstairs.

CARST: Er -- no. May I ask what you are doing with the long handled hatchet, Mr. McGee?

FIB: Choppin' this tree down, Carsty. Didn't know I was a woodsman, did you?

CARST: Yes. I did. My husband told me.

MOL: Your husband told you my husband was a woodsman?

CARST: Yes, indirectly. We passed Mr. McGee on the street one day and my husband said, "LUMBERING SORT OF FELLOW, ISN'T HE?"

FIB: Well, that sparring partner of yours is no Fred Astaire either, Carsty. He's about as graceful as a armful of coat-hangers.

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CARST: PLEASE, Mr. McGee. For your inform--

MOL: ER...A...TELL MRS. CARSTAIRS WHAT YOU PLAN TO DO ABOUT THIS TREE, MCGEE.

CARST: Er...yes, do, Mr. McGee.

FIB: Well, sir...the problem is this, Carsty. I gotta chop down this tree so it'll fall exactly down the driveway there. That's quite a trick of woodmanship, too.

MOL: BUT HE CAN DO, MRS. CARSTAIRS...HE CAN DO IT!

FIB: Sure I can do it. I'll drop this trunk like a nervous red cap.

CARST: I should never have selected you as the lumberman type, Mr. McGee.

MOL: Oh he knows his way around in the woods all right, Mrs. Carstairs. In fact, he's not out of the woods yet.

FIB: I'll say! Why, ^{up in Minnesota} I was not only the greatest woodsman ~~up there in Minnesota~~, Carsty but the greatest fisherman too. In fact, I caught so many of one species of bass, they named me after it. **BIG MOUTH MCGEE I WAS KNOWN AS IN THEM DAYS....**

MOL: Oh dear...

FIB: **BIG MOUTH MCGEE, THE BULLY BOY OF BIG BUNCHES OF BURLY, BEADY-EYED BRUISERS, BRINGIN' IN BIG BATCHES OF BEECH, BIRCH, AND BALSAM: BANDYIN' BRISK BANTER WITH THE BRAWNY BANDITS AND BOOTIN' THE BEJUNIOR OUTA THE BRAINLESS BRUTES THAT BUSTED THEIR BILL-HOOKS: BEWILDERIN' ~~THE~~ BIG BOSSES WITH MY BAFFLING BUSINESS OF BALANCING THE BOOKS AND BAGGIN' BIG BONUSES, BUT THERE'S TOO MANY WORDS BEGINNING WITH "B" - SO EXCUSE ME, FOLKS, WHILE I CHOP THIS TREE!**

ORCH: **"COME TO BABY, DO" KING'S MEN**
(APPLAUSE)

THIRD SPOT:

-20-

SOUND: CHOP (GRUNT) CHOP (GRUNT) CHOP (GRUNT) CHOP (GRUNT)

MOL: Better take it a little easy, dearie. That tree doesn't look very steady.

FIB: (BREATHING HARD) Which way does it look like it's gonna fall?

MOL: Search me, McGee. I thought you said you could positively lay it right straight down the driveway.

FIB: I POSITIVELY CAN! I think. If my calculations are right, AND I'M POSITIVE they are, I trust I can --

MOL: Wait a minute, McGee. Here comes that girl from next door. The prize fighter's cousin.

FIB: Her again? What do you suppose --

GIRL: (FADE IN) GOOD DAY MR. MCGEE. HELLO MRS. MCGEE.

MOL: Hello, there.

GIRL: When you get through using that axe, may I borrow it for Punchy McClatchie? He's my cousin, the prize fighter, you know.

FIB: Yes, we know, sis. Why do you wanna borrow the axe?

GIRL: Well, Punchy simply must get out and do some road work today.

MOL: You can't do road work with an axe, can you?

GIRL: No, but we have to threaten him with SOMETHING! I'll be back for it later. (FADE) Thank you.

MOL: Mr. McClatchie must be the phlegmatic type. They have to threaten him with an axe to get him out of the house.

FIB: He's the dumbest pork-and-beaner in the business. He uses up more seconds than a Fred Allen Ad Lib, Fred Allen, that is. They say McClatchie's bed liner is made of old circus tents; he can't sleep unless it's on the canvas.

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MOL: I take it your not one of Punchy McClatchie's greatest admirers?

FIB: You can not only take it, you can keep it. McClatchie is a victim of Fate. He's got a Sunday punch and all his fights are on Saturday. AH WELL...SO MUCH FOR THE MANLY ART OF ASSAULT AND BATTERY. You think I can take a few more wallops at that tree?

MOL: (DUBIOUSLY) Well-1-1....I don't know, dearie. It's getting awfully wobbly. A breath of Chanel No. 5 would bring it down now.

FIB: Well, if it does, it'll fall right down the driveway, mark my words. But mark 'em in pencil..I COULD be wrong.

GALE: (FADE IN) DO MY EARS DECEIVE ME, or did I hear the little man admit he could be wrong?

MOL: Oh hello there, Mr. Mayor.

FIB: Hiyah, La Trivia. Ever chop down a tree?

GALE: You must have me confused with George Washington, McGee. I'm just Mayor....not President.

MOL: No, he's serious, your honor. He has a slight problem.

FIB: Yeah...look. When you want a tree to fall in a certain direction, do you make a big cut under a small cut, or a small cut under a big cut, on ^{what} that side?

GALE: Well now that's quite the most interesting problem which has confronted me today, McGee. And I have had some little dandies!!

MOL: Such as what, your honor?

GALE: Such as the case we have in the corner lot at 117th street and Oak. A carnival there was exhibiting a dead whale on a flat-car. Night before last the carnival moved out. Leaving the whale. Now a white elephant is popularly supposed to represent the acme of indisposabilit.

...BUT WHAT DOES ONE DO WITH A DEAD WHALE?

MOL: You've got quite a problem there, Mr. Mayor. Can't you dig a hole and bury it?

GALE: And what would we do with the hundred tons of dirt that the whale replaced? Dig another hole and bury that? That approaches perpetual motion.

FIB: I got an idea, La Triv.

GALE: Yes?

FIB: Yup. That vacant lot ain't far from the county line, is it?

GALE: A few hundred yards, I believe.

MOL: What of it, McGee?

FIB: Suppose some dark night the flat car should break loose and run half a mile down the track. It would kinda be outa your hands, wouldn't it?

GALE: My boy, I thank you! You have solved the Case of the Fragrant Mammal!

FIB: Shucks, it's nothin' that any red-blooded American boy couldn't of done. Hey, you wanna stick around and help me saw up some firewood with that buck saw over there? I'M gonna chop down the old oak, and buck it, you might say.

(LAUGHS) GET IT, KIDS? IT'S A PARAPHRASE OF THE OLD MUSICAL --

MOL: TAIN'T FUNNY, MCGEE!

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GALE: And if I may make a suggestion, McGee...your tree is beginning to totter a bit. Hadn't you better bring it down?

FIB: I'm a little dubious, La Triv, about the method...like I said. Undercuttin' or overcuttin'. Don't wanna take any chances.

GALE: Well, being a politician at heart, I'll trade a favor for a favor. You got that whale out of my hands...so I'll call my city forester and get advice on felling this tree.

MOL: OH WONDERFUL!!..BUT YOU BOYS HAD BETTER HURRY...THIS MONARCH OF THE FOREST IS ABOUT TO ABDICATE.

FIB: Let's go in and do it right now...La Triv. Come on!

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON SIDEWALK FAST..UP ON PORCH; DOOR OPEN; PAUSE:

GALE: Get the city hall and ask for extension 42.

FIB: Okay. (CLICK) HELLO OPERATOR? GIMME THE CITY HALL!! EMERGENCY. HELLO, CITY HALL? EXTENSION FORTY TWO, PLEASE.

GALE: MR. Stanislavsky. He's the chief.

FIB: How do you spell it?

GALE: Ask for Jones. He's the assistant.

FIB: I was merely..HELLO, IS MR. JONES THERE? IT IS? WELL, THIS IS MR. MCGEE OF 79 WISTFUL VISTA AND I WANTED TO FIND OUT HOW TO CUT A TREE SO --

MOL: (OFF MIKE) TIM-BER-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-!!!!

SOUND: TERRIFIC CRACKLING OF WOOD..LOUD SWOOOSH AND CRASH

FIB: (IN PHONE) HELLO, MR. JONES? THANKS ANYWAY, GOODBYE.

(CLICK) COME ON, LA TRIV!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS ON PORCH DOWN STEPS, ON SIDEWALK

...PAUSE:

MOL: Well...you did it, McGee.

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GALE: Very efficient, McGee!...right down the driveway!

FIB: Well, natch! I told you I could do it. Now I'll drive downtown and get a few guys to help me trim the branches off it. Wanna ride downtown, La Triv?

GALE: Thank you, yes.

FIB: Okay. I gotta go past the.....HEY..WHERE'S MY CAR?

MOL: Right where you left it, McGee. ^{IN THE DRIVEWAY} Under the tree.

FIB: UNDER WHAT TREE?

MOL: The one ~~lying~~ in the driveway.

FIB: The one in the...OH MY GOSH...OHH THIS IS RIDICULOUS!

ORCH: "TELL IT TO THE STARS" FADE FOR:

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
11-27-45

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: If it did nothing more than make every room more beautiful you'd be grateful enough for JOHNSON'S WAX. But it does so much more. It protects all kinds of surfaces against wear and dirt -- wood, metal, leather. Its regular use does away with costly refinishing of floors, for example. It protects the finish of your table tops, brings out the beautiful grain of the wood. Then, besides Beauty and Protection, JOHNSON'S WAX saves you work all through the year. Waxed surfaces resist dirt and dust, are so easy to keep clean. When you walk into a neighbor's home, you can tell at a glance if it is a wax-protected home. If its floors, furniture and woodwork gleam with friendly, mellow beauty, the chances are ten to one you'll find JOHNSON'S WAX, Paste, Liquid or Cream, on the pantry shelf.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC: FADE FOR:

TAG

MOL: Was the car badly damaged, McGee?
FIB: That's exactly what La Trivia asked me.
MOL: He did?
FIB: Yes, he said, "DOES THIS MEAN A NEW CAR, OLD TOP?"
MOL: and you said?
FIB: and I said "NO, NEW TOP, OLD CAR."
MOL: and he said?
FIB: He said "GOODNIGHT".
MOL: I see. WELL, GOODNIGHT, ALL!
ORCH: PLAYOFF AND SIGNOFF

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. Goodnight.

ANNCR: THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.
(CHIMES)

Writers: DON QUINN
PHIL DESLIE

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File

"FIBBER MCGEE and MOLLY"

for
Johnson's Wax

NEC - Tuesday

December 4, 1945