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*File*  
(REVISED)

# 11

"FIBBER MCGEE and MOLLY"

for

Johnson's Wax

NEC - Tuesday

December 11, 1945

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(REVISED)

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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: "YOU HAVEN'T CHANGED AT ALL"....FADE FOR:

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WIL: ~~On the radio last night I heard two songs about springtime.~~  
~~And you know an idea suddenly came to me, that~~ right now,  
in December, you can bring a little springtime into your  
kitchen with JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT. Yessir, GLO-COAT will  
make your linoleum floors so bright and cheerful and  
downright beautiful that you'll think of the sunny days  
of April and May. And GLO-COAT will do that little job  
almost by itself -- because it is so easy to use. There's  
no rubbing or buffing with SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT -- you  
simply apply and let dry, and in 20 minutes your floors  
gleam with a beautiful, tough, longlasting polish.  
GLO-COAT protects linoleum and other floor surfaces  
against wear, dirt and moisture -- it actually adds  
greatly to their life. If you haven't yet tried JOHNSON'S  
SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT, get a package this week. Notice  
how smoothly and evenly it dries, without any streaking.  
You'll be delighted with its uniform high quality -- and  
you'll understand why millions of women everywhere give  
first choice to GLO-COAT.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH  
(APPLAUSE)

WILCOX: WHEN IT COMES TO POLITICS... (AND ALMOST EVERYBODY DOES)...  
THE REAL POWER IS SWUNG BY MYSTERIOUS LITTLE MEN WITH BIG  
FAT CIGARS WHO TALK OUT OF THE CORNERS OF THEIR HOTEL  
ROOMS. THE MEN BEHIND THE SCENES. WELL, HERE'S A SCENE:  
79 WISTFUL VISTA. AND HERE'S ONE OF THE LITTLE MEN:  
MR. MCGEE, OF --

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

FIB: Yes sir, it's just like I says, Molly -- when I throw  
my political savvy behind a candidate, he's as good as  
elected. Now you take the last election they had here  
in the state ...

MOL: The gubernatorial election?

FIB: No, the one for governor.

MOL: Oh, THAT one.

FIB: Yeah. They consulted me on tactics all thru the  
campaign. How to get the Veteran's vote. Up to what age  
can a candidate kiss a baby without gettin' his face  
slapped. And what happened? He was elected.

MOL: Who was?

FIB: The governor.

MOL: Well, nat rally ... but which candidate?

FIB: Mine, of course.

MOL: Which one was that?

FIB: WHY, THE ONE THAT WON! YOU DON'T THINK I'D GO TO WORK  
AND THROW MY WEIGHT BEHIND A LOSER, DO YOU?

MOL: WELL, WHAT WAS HIS NAME? I should know it, I suppose,  
but - Wait a minute - Isn't it Jones? Governor Jones?

FIB: JONES!...THAT'S IT! Governor Jones. I knew it was a foreign sounding name. Why I'll never forget the time --

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE

MOL: Oh hello, Doctor Gamble ... nice to see you.

DOC: Hello, Molly. You're looking well.

FIB: That's more than we can say for you, Arrowsmith. You got a longer face than John Carradine from a side seat at the Bijou. What's the matter? One of your patients get well before you could operate?

DOC: No, Supermouse ... I'm just in a bad mood. I've just been realizing how badly Nature has arranged things.

MOL: What do you mean, Doctor?

DOC: Well, by the time a man gets old enough to appreciate a two-inch New York cut steak, he has to eat it with store teeth. When he gets to the age where he can recognize good music and literature, he's into the bi-focal and ear-trumpet department. And by the time he's earned enough money to go places and do things, he's too tired to go and wouldn't be able to do 'em. I think people ought to be born at the age of 75 and live backwards.

FIB: Wouldn't work, Doc. When you got down to be a child of seven, it'd be too dangerous to have all them old razor blades layin' around.

MOL: Is that what's depressing you, Doctor?

DOC: No, it's about the proposed new wing on the hospital we need so badly. Looks like those tightwads in the legislature are going to fold up without making an appropriation.

MOL: Well, why don't you go see the Governor about it? Or ask McGee to.

FIB: WHY SURE, DOC! ANYTHING I CAN DO, BE GLAD TO! JUST WRITE ME A LETTER, STATING BRIEFLY WHAT YOU HAVE IN MIND, IF ANYTHING, WHICH I DOUBT, AND I'LL RAILROAD IT THRU FOR YOU.

DOC: Do you mean to stand there, Beavertooth, and tell me you are personally known to the Governor of this state?

FIB: AM I KNOWN TO HIM! HA, HA. THAT'S A LAUGH!! My gosh, I practically put him in office, single handed. SEE THESE TWO FINGERS, DOC? WELL, ME AND THE GOVERNOR ARE JUST LIKE THAT. THIS ONE'S ME AND THAT ONE'S THE GOVERNOR.

MOL: Grimy little chap, isn't he?

DOC: My boy, you and I are going to pay a visit to the Governor! You'll introduce me and I'll do the rest.

FIB: Be mighty happy to, Doc. But I haven't got time to go up to the state capitol. Too busy. I'll give you a note to him, telling him I think you're a ham-handed old iodine artist and the mortician's best friend, but a nice guy for all that.

DOC: I haven't got time to go to the State Capitol either, McGee. But we don't have to. The Governor will be here in town this afternoon ... at the Wistful Vista Biltmore.

MOL: ISN'T THAT WONDERFUL, MCGEE? YOUR OLD BUDDY...THE GOVERNOR!

FIB: Imagine that! ... He's gonna be right here in town and -- What! -- Oh my gosh!

DOC: What a break this is. Running into a friend of the Governors!... WHY, THIS IS DESTINY! I'LL PICK YOU AND MOLLY UP AT FOUR O'CLOCK! BE READY!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

FIB: Oh my gosh! Me and my big loud fat voice. Now I am in a spot!

ORCH: "IT'S ONLY A PAPER MOON"

APPLAUSE:

SECOND SPOT

FIB: My gosh, Molly, I'm in an awful spot, you know it? Gotta introduce Doc to the Governor and I don't know the Governor from John's Other Wife.

MOL: Well, dearie, when you claim to be the Governor's right hand, you mustn't be surprised if everybody wants to shake you.

FIB: Yeah, but what'll I do? I can't just --

DOOR OPEN:

ALICE: Hello, Mrs. McGee. Mr. McGee..... Creepers, are you ever the talk of the town!

MOL: He is?

FIB: I am?

ALICE: Everybody's talking about how you and the Governor are going to have a private consultation about appropriating enough money to build a wing on the hospital this afternoon in his hotel room.

MOL: I think a hospital wing in a hotel room would be rather unique. Imagine the house detective peeking over the transom at your fever chart!

FIB: SO! ... DOC GAMBLE'S BEEN BLABBING HIS HEAD OFF, HAS HE? That guy's got a bad habit of turning on his voice and leaving it running.

ALICE: Jeepers, I didn't know you were a big shot in politics, Mr. McGee. Wait 'till I tell the kids at the store that I've got a room at a boyhood friend of the Governor's house!

FIB: Yeah...well...

ALICE: As long as you are such a big politician, Mr. McGee...  
I wish you'd do something about that stoplight at 14th  
and Oak streets. It turned red again this morning just  
as I drove through it. And I almost hit a policeman.

FIB: AGAIN! That's the third time it's done that to you,  
isn't it Alice?

ALICE: Fourth, Mr. McGee.

MOL: I always say you can't trust a stoplight, or a salad with  
radishes in it.

FIB: I'll speak to the Governor about that, Alice. What this  
town needs is more red lights that stay green.

ALICE: If they'd only fix that one light so it wouldn't turn  
green when I wasn't looking, I'd be satisfied. It isn't  
that I want to butt into somebody who is more important  
than I am's business.

FIB: Hand me the phone, Alice. I'll fix this.

MOL: Here it is, dearie. Mention my name and get a cell with  
two windows. (CLICK)

FIB: Hello, Operator? Gimme the 4th Precinct Police - stay right  
where you are, Myrt.....I know you.

MOL: Oh dear.

FIB: HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING, MYRT? TIS EH? WHAT SAY, MYRT?  
YOUR GRANDMOTHER? GOT PINCHED IN THE BON TON DEPARTMENT  
STORE?

MOL: Heavenly days...for shoplifting, McGee?

FIB: No, she didn't go thru the revolving door fast enough.  
WHAT SAY, MYRT? OKAY, I'LL CALL LATER. (CLICK)  
Police department line's busy, Alice.

ALICE: Well, thank you anyway, Mr. McGee.

MOL: He'll keep after them, Alice.

FIB: Yes, I'll speak to the governor first chance I get,  
Alice.

ALICE: Gee, thanks very much, Mr. McGee. Tell him I appreciate  
it and any time he wants to be impeached, I'll be the  
first to vote for him.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: I don't think Alice quite knows what impeached means,  
does she?

FIB: I'm not worried about what Alice don't know. I'm  
worried about what I don't know, and I don't know the  
Governor, that's what I don't know.

MOL: Look, I've got an idea....

FIB: WELL, WHAT IS IT? WHAT IS IT?? DON'T JUST DO THERE!....  
STAND SOMETHING!

MOL: What about this....Go down to the hotel right now, and  
make an excuse to get acquainted with the Governor. Then  
when you get back with Doctor Gamble, you won't be a  
stranger to him.

FIB: SAYY, THAT'S A WONDERF -- er...no. It wouldn't work.  
My gosh, the Governor's got more bodyguards around him  
than the Shaw of Persia.

MOL: It isn't the Shaw of Persia. It's the SHAH.

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FIB: That's where you're wrong, baby. Shah is the guy who makes cubscribers for automobiles.

MOL: Cubscribers?

FIB: Yeah. You've heard of Shah Cupsorbers.

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

WIL: Hello, folks...am I intruding?

FIB: On the contrary, Junior....you were never welcomer.

MOL: How are you Mr. Wilcox?

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WIL: In the pink, Molly. HEY, HAVE YOU SEEN THE EARLY AFTERNOON PAPER? Got a big story about Fibber and the Governor. Look...here it is. (RUSTLE OF PAPER) Someplace here...

FIB: They spell my name right? LEMME SEE...

MOL: For goodness sakes...that news about McGee's being a pal of the governor's certainly spread like a cowboy's knees, didn't it? Let's see it, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: Let me see...what page was that on... (RUSTLE PAPER) I know it was near our Johnson's Wax advertisement... (PAPER RUSTLE) Incidentally, did you see our new ad?

FIB: NO, I DIDN'T, JUNIOR, AND I'M NOT THE SLIGHTEST BIT INTER--

MOL: AH HA HA!!! CAREFUL, DEARIE! Little Wisconsin's have big Racines, you know!

FIB: What I mean is, I'm more interested in seein' that story about me they're running. HURRY UP, JUNIOR!...HURRY UP!

WIL: (RATTLES PAPER) It's right here somewhere. But don't miss this Johnson Wax ad. Look at the gleam on that furniture!...<sup>LOOK AT</sup> You can almost smell the cleanliness of that living room, can't you? And get a load of the happy look on that housewife's face! Isn't she the most delighted-looking woman you ever--

MOL: PLEASE!...MR. WILCOX...GET TO THE STORY...

RATTLE OF PAPER:

WIL: Well, that beats me, kids...I'd have SWORN that story was in this edition. Because when I turned the page with the Johnson Wax ad on it-- Hey, did you notice the headline on this AD? It says, "IS YOUR LIVING ROOM REALLY LIVING? DO YOUR WINDOW SILLS, LAMPSHADES, FLOORS, FURNITURE AND WOODWORK SPARKLE WITH THAT JOHNSON WAX BEAUTY TREATMENT?" It goes on to say that Johnson's Wax is such a labor-saving product that--

FIB: Look. Waxey...

WIL: Eh?

FIB: You must realize that there is very little you can tell us about Johnson's wax. BUT THERE'S A LOT YOU CAN TELL US ABOUT WHAT IT SAYS ABOUT ME IN THAT PAPER AND WHY DON'T YOU DO IT?

MOL: Yes, I'M all of a twitter, myself!

RUSTLE OF PAPER:

WIL: Well, can you beat that? I can't find it. It must be in a later edition. Tell you what. As soon as it comes out, if that story is in it, I'll give you a buzz. So long now.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Imagine him taking all that trouble, McGee. Isn't he nice?

FIB: NICE!!...HE WAS RIBBING US!! HOW COULD HE OF READ A STORY IN AN EDITION THAT AIN'T OUT YET?

MOL: Heavenly days, I never thought of that!

FIB: Well, I'VE thought of it! He's heard about me claimin' to be a pal of the Governor's and it's his little way of needling me. AND THAT'S JUST A SAMPLE OF WHAT I'M GONNA GET IF I CAN'T WIGGLE MY WAY OUTA THIS DATE WITH DOC! Gee...can't you think of SOMETHING?

MOL: No Dearnie. You've bragged yourself into this mess. And you've got less chance of backing out than a lobster that's already on the menu.

FIB: Me and my big fat mouth! Why can't I ever--

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: I'll get it.

MOL: I'LL GET IT... COME IN!!

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

MOL: Oh my goodness...Mrs. Carstairs... Do come in, Mrs. Carstairs!

CARST: How do you do, my dear. Oh, I am SO glad to find Mr. McGee at home!

FIB: You...er...you are? What's on your mind, Carsty? Besides that hat, which looks like four-bits worth of material and ninety bucks worth of sales promotion?

MOL: I think that's a LOVELY hat, McGee. Who made it for you, Millicent?

CARST: It...er...was not made for me, my dear. It was an accident, you might say.

FIB: I might, and I do.

CARST: You see, when our wire hair terrier upset the hall table, everything simply flew into the air - some flowers, my gloves, my purse, and a handful of Mr. Carstairs' golf tees. They all came down on my head and I simply left them there.

MOL: Well, all I can say is, Millicent, if Hedda Hopper ever saw that hat, she'd never speak to John-Frederick again.

FIB: What was it you were so glad to see me about, Carsty?

CARST: What? Oh, yes...well, having heard that you were a dear friend of the Governor's --

FIB: That's putting it mildly, Carsty. We're old school chums. We used to sleep together, in geometry class.

MOL: Why, Mrs. Carstairs?

CARST: I had hoped that Mr. McGee would persuade him to come to a little buffet dinner party I am having tonight. It would be such an honor to entertain the Governor.

MOL: See what you can do about it, McGee.

FIB: Certainly. But frankly, Carsty, His Nibs ain't much for social gatherings. He'd much rather set in a game of poker with a bunch of close friends, like me.

CARST: That can be arranged, Mr. McGee. After the other guests have left, we five can settle down to a lovely evening of dealer's choice.

MOL: Heavenly days...are YOU a poker player, Millicent?

CARST: My dear, when I first met Mr. Carstairs I was dealing blackjack in a gambl-- er...WHAT AM I SAYING? I MEAN I WAS-- (SILLY LAUGH) WELL, DO WHAT YOU CAN ABOUT THE GOVERNOR, MR. MCGEE...ER...BLACK TIE, YOU KNOW. (LAUGHS) SEVEN-THIRTY, AND--

FIB: HEY, NOT OUT THAT DOOR, CARSTY!!

MOL: THAT'S THE HALL CLOS--

DOOR OPEN: AVALANCHE OF JUNK...BELL TINKLE...APPLAUSE:

(PAUSE)

CARST: Noisy little room, isn't it?

ORCH: "CHICKERY CHICK" - KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE:



FIB: (GRUNTS...GROANS)

SOUND: CREAK OF FURNITURE

FIB: OUCH!! Almost did it that time...try once more..  
(GROANS)

SOUND: WOOD BREAKING

FIB: Ah, fer the--

MOL: (FADE IN) McGEE...WHAT BROKE?

FIB: The arm broke off this chair.

MOL: How?

FIB: I was twisting my leg around it.

MOL: Why?

FIB: I was tryin' to bust it.

MOL: WELL WHY ON EARTH WERE YOU TRYING TO BREAK THE ARM  
OFF THE CHAIR, SILLY?

FIB: I wasn't. I was trying to break my leg. But it's no  
go. Hurts too much. I gotta think of something else.

MOL: It does seem a little drastic...breaking your leg to  
get out of an appointment. Why don't you just call  
Doctor Gamble and tell him--

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: I'll get it.

FIB: I'll get it. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

MOL: Oh, it's Mayor La Trivia.... good day, Your Honor.

FIB: Hiya, La Triv.

GALE: Hello, Molly. (WARMLY) McGEE, MY DEAR FELLOW. GLAD  
TO SEE YOU, OLD CHAP! HAVE A CIGAR...HOW ARE YOU  
FEELING?

FIB: I'm feeling a little suspicious at the jolly approach,  
to be strictly truthful. When I shake hands with a  
politician, I always count my fingers afterward.

GALE: (LAUGHS HEARTILY) That's very good, McGee...very  
good. Do you mind if I send that to Reader's Digest?

MOL: It would be only fair. That's probably where McGee  
got it.

FIB: What's on your mind, La Trivia? And don't tell me  
this is purely a social call. There's a gleam in  
your eye that I haven't seen since election time.

GALE: MY DEAR LAD....I ASSURE YOU I HAVE NO ULTERIOR MOTIVES.  
THAT IS, UNLESS YOU CONSIDER A REQUEST FOR A SMALL  
FAVOR ULTERIOR.

MOL: Considering that he doesn't know what ulterior means,  
Your Honor, you may proceed with whatever you have  
in mind.

FIB: Yeah....open up, kid. What's the small favor?  
City Treasurer get caught with his budget down, and  
you want me to go to prison for him for a few years,  
or what?

GALE: Just this, McGee. As it happens, <sup>Jones</sup> the Governor and I are on opposite sides of the political fence. But that does not keep me from admiring him for his integrity and decent administration. (GETTING ORATORICAL) WHY, SINCE THOSE HALLOWED DAYS WHEN OUR PIONEER ANCESTORS FIRST SET FOOT ON THE SHORES OF THIS GREAT COUNTRY...WITH INTOLERANCE BEHIND THEM AND THE WILD ELEMENTS...

MOL: Excuse me, Mr. Mayor....

GALE: SURROUNDED ON ALL SIDES BY FIERCE SAVAGES AND....er....  
did you speak to me, Mrs. McGee?

FIB: She's trying to hand you your hat, La Trivia.

MOL: You dropped it on the floor, Mr. Mayor.

GALE: Oh. Thank you. I guess that's what started me off. I always make a speech at the drop of a hat. I'M sorry. Look, McGee...just ask the Governor one thing for me, will you? Ask him if the new Racing Commissioners -

FIB: I'M sorry, La Trivia. You better ask him that stuff yourself.

GALE: BUT I CAN'T GET AN APPOINTMENT WITH HIM! I'VE BEEN TRYING ALL DAY! THEN WHEN I HEARD YOU WERE ONE OF HIS BOGOM FRIENDS,...

MOL: Throw out your chest, dearie, and show his honor what a bogom friend looks like.

FIB: Look La Triv. ONCE I GOT THE GOVERNOR ELECTED, HE'S ON HIS OWN. SEE? I DON'T TELL HIM HOW TO RUN THE STATE. WHEN HE COMES TO ME FOR ADVICE, THAT'S DIFFERENT. BUT I NEVER BUTT IN. YOU BETTER WRITE HIM A LETTER.

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GALE: Very well. If that's to be your attitude, McGee. But don't come to the city hall asking for favors. Because you strike me as being...

MOL: HE DIDN'T STRIKE YOU AT ALL, MR. MAYOR!

FIB: I never lifted a finger at you, you big baby.

GALE: I DIDN'T SAY YOU DID. I MERELY SAID YOU STRUCK ME AS BEI--

MOL: I WAS WATCHING YOU BOTH EVERY SECOND AND HE DIDN'T TOUCH YOU!

FIB: You're just whippin' up a case of false arrest for assault and battery, La Trivia. I'm onto your tactics. Just because I won't go to bat with the Governor for you--

GALE: I'M NOT WHIPPING UP A CASE OF ANYTHING!

MOL: That's perfectly all right, your honor. If we want a case of anything we'll buy it ourselves. Just because rootbeer is hard to get -

GALE: I WAS NOT REFERRING TO A CASE OF BEVERAGES...OF ANY KIND! I WAS JUST SAYING-

FIB: Why don't you wanna refer to beverages, La Trivia? What you trying to hush up? You workin' in with the liquor interests?

GALE: NO I AM NOT AND YOU KNOW IT. I'M A TEETOTALLER MYSELF AND --

MOL: How much tea do you total in a year?

GALE: I DON'T TEETAL TOE. er., TOTAL TEA....I MEANT THAT...

FIB: Don't get so excited, La Trivia. Take it easy.

GALE: I'M NOT EXCITED. IT'S MERELY THAT YOU IMPRESS ME AS --

MOL: Oh so now he impresses you!

FIB: Flattery will get you no place, La Trivia. I may impress you, but by George--

GALE: (SHOUTS) I DIDN'T INTEND TO FLATTER YOU! I MERELY STATED THAT I STRUCK YOU...ER...YOU STRUCK ME AS AN ASSAULT AND BAT-- ER...YOU SAID YOU HAD NO MOLTERIOR ULTIVE-- ER ... ULTERIOR MOTOR...ER... THAT WE...WHAT I...THAT THE GOV-- IT'S...I...I... I...(BREATHS HEAVILY) McGee.

FIB: Eh?

GALE: Come to see me at the City Hall tomorrow. Come up in my private elevator.

FIB: I thought your private elevator was out of order. Safely control busted, or something.

GALE: Well...I didn't know you knew that. Good day.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Great guy, La Trivia! Except he's always tryin' to get me into an argument.

MOL: And does very well at it, too!

FIB: Well, if he thinks I'm gonna talk to the Governor about-- (PAUSE) Hey! WHAT TIME IS IT?

MOL: Three minutes to four. And the doctor said he'd call for you at four, so you'd better--

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: OH-OH!

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

DOC: All ready, folks? COME ON...LET'S GO!

MOL: Be right with you, Doctor. Ready, McGee?

FIB: I'm as...ready as...I'll ever be...I...I guess.  
DOC: Watch yourselves on that front sidewalk, folks. It's pretty slippery. Don't want little Bluegill here to break his leg.

FIB: Break my-- WHERE? YOU SAY IT'S ICY OUT THERE...(FADE OUT WELL, COME ON...WHAT ARE WE WAITIN' FOR...(LAUGHS) LET'S GO!

MOL: MCGEE, NOT SO FAST!! WAIT A MINUTE...

DOC: TAKE IT EASY, BOY, YOU'LL--

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: OUT OF BRIDGE...MURMUR OF WELL-DRESSED PEOPLE IN HOTEL LOBBY

MOL: Look, Doctor, hadn't we...er...better call the Governor's suite and be sure he's much too busy to see anybody?

FIB: (EAGERLY) Yeah yeah yeah...we can't just go bustin' up there without bein' expected, Doc.

DOC: I've taken care of that. I just called his room and told him his old pal Fibber McGee was coming up to see him.

(PAUSE)

FIB: What...er...what did he say to that?

DOC: Well, I didn't actually speak to the Governor himself. A State Trooper answered the phone. He talked to the Governor and said to come right up!

FIB: (GROANS)

MOL: Tell me something, Doctor.

DOC: Yes?

MOL: If a woman bakes a cake with a steel file in it, what keeps the file from getting rusty?

DOC: What are you talking about? Good heavens, we--  
FIB: Look, Doc, you and Molly go on up. I...er...I...er...  
I'm gonna get a cigar. Don't wait for me...always  
takes me a long time to select a cigar, and --  
DOC: OH, NO YOU DON'T! YOU STAY WITH US, McGEE...WHO  
EVER SAW A GOVERNOR'S SUITE WITHOUT CIGARS IN IT.  
COME ON...GET IN THE ELEVATOR. Fourth floor, son.  
BOY: Yes, sir.  
SOUND: ELEVATOR DOOR CLOSE...WHEEZE OF ELEVATOR  
MOL: This is the slowest elevator I've ever ridden in.  
FIB: It seems like the fastest one I ever rode in.  
DOOR OPEN: ELEVATOR WHEEZE OUT:  
DOC: Where is Suite 32, son?  
BOY: Standing right beside you, I'd say, mister.  
MOL: You're very nice to say so, young man, but he meant  
Governor Jones's suite.  
BOY: Oh. Four doors to the left, madam.  
MOL: Thank you. Come on, McGee...(PAUSE) McGEE! COME ON!!  
WE'RE HERE.  
FIB: Eh? Oh...I...er...okay.  
ELEVATOR DOOR CLOSE: SOUND ELEVATOR FADE:  
DOC: ( ) This way, folks...AND STOP LEANING ON ME, McGEE! CAN'T  
YOU WALK BY YOURSELF? WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU?  
FIB: It's just the...the prospect of seeing an old friend  
again...I...I guess...  
MOL: Shall I knock, doctor?  
DOC: Go ahead.  
KNOCK AT DOOR: DOOR OPEN IMMEDIATELY:

DOC: Good day, Governor! Here's an old friend of yours.  
GOV: (LOUD AND HAPPY) WELL IF IT ISN'T OLD MONKEY-FACE MCGEE!  
HOW ARE YOU, BOY?  
FIB: WHY CHICKENWIRE JONES!!! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?  
(LAUGHS)  
MOL: What do you suppose he's doing here, dearie? He's the  
Governor!  
GOV: AND LITTLE MOLLY DRISCOLL...WHAT A WONDERFUL SURPRISE...  
MOLLY, I THOUGHT YOU'D MARRIED OTIS CADWALLADER AND A  
MILLION DOLLARS.  
MOL: No, Chickenwire, I married McGee...and a million laughs...  
FIB: (LAUGHS)  
MOL: By the way, Governor Jones...this is an old friend of  
ours, Doctor Gamble. He wants to talk to you.  
DOC: Hello, Governor. Don't let me interrupt the surprise  
party, which ~~it seems to be~~ to everybody.  
GOV: GLAD TO KNOW YOU DOCTOR. ANY FRIEND OF MONKEYFACE MCGEE'S  
IS A FRIEND OF MINE...HAVE A CHAIR!!...MY GOODNESS MCGEE  
IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME, HASN'T IT...  
FIB: (LAUGHS)  
GOV: REMEMBER THE TIME WE PLAYED HOOKEY AND WENT TO SEE UNCLE  
TOM'S CABIN?  
FIB: (LAUGHS)  
MOL: AND REMEMBER HOW YOU LET THE CAT LOOSE ON THE STAGE WHEN  
THE BLOODHOUNDS CAME ON?  
FIB: (LAUGHS)  
ALL: (LAUGH)  
ORCH: "YOU'RE NOBODY 'TILL SOMEBODY LOVES YOU." FADE FOR --

(2ND REVISION) -27 & 28-

DOC: Good day, Governor! Here's an old friend of yours.

GOV: (LOUD AND HAPPY) WELL IF IT ISN'T OLD MONKEY-FACE MCGEE!  
HOW ARE YOU, BOY?

FIB: WHY CHICKENWIRE JONES!!! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?  
(LAUGHS)

MOL: What do you suppose he's doing here, dearie? He's the  
Governor!

GOV: AND LITTLE MOLLY DRISCOLL...WHAT A WONDERFUL SURPRISE...  
MOLLY, I THOUGHT YOU'D MARRIED OTIS CADWALLADER AND A  
MILLION DOLLARS.

MOL: No, Chickenwire, I married McGee...and a million laughs...

FIB: (LAUGHS)

MOL: By the way, Governor Jones...this is an old friend of  
ours, Doctor Gamble. He wants to talk to you.

DOC: Hello, Governor. Don't let me interrupt the surprise  
party, which it seems to be to everybody.

GOV: GLAD TO KNOW YOU DOCTOR. ANY FRIEND OF MONKEYFACE MCGEE'S  
IS A FRIEND OF MINE...HAVE A CHAIR!!...MY GOODNESS MCGEE  
IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME, HASN'T IT...

FIB: (LAUGHS)

GOV: REMEMBER THE TIME WE PLAYED HOOKEY AND WENT TO SEE UNCLE  
TOM'S CABIN?

FIB: (LAUGHS)

MOL: AND REMEMBER HOW YOU LET THE CAT LOOSE ON THE STAGE WHEN  
THE BLOODHOUNDS CAME ON?

FIB: (LAUGHS)

ALL: (LAUGH)

ORCH: "YOU'RE NOBODY 'TILL SOMEBODY LOVES YOU." FADE FOR --

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
12-11-1945  
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

-29-

WILCOX: You know, there's something important I haven't mentioned  
lately, and that's the health advantage of a waxed home.  
Besides beauty and protection for your things, your home  
is cleaner, more sanitary, if you keep your floors,  
furniture and woodwork regularly polished with JOHNSON'S  
WAX. The wax seals the pores of the wood, guards against  
dirt and moisture. JOHNSON WAXED surfaces are easier to  
keep clean, because dust and dirt do not cling to them so  
readily. Areas that get extra heavy wear -- such as  
hallways or windowsills, can be touched up as often as  
necessary without re-waxing the entire surface. And  
after you've used JOHNSON'S WAX for awhile, you'll notice  
that with every application your floors and furniture take  
on greater beauty. That's why your favorite antique has  
such a soft mellow lustre...it's probably been protected  
with WAX for a long time. Whether your things are old or  
new it will pay you to polish them regularly with genuine  
JOHNSON'S WAX.

TAG

FIB: My gosh, Molly...imagine the Governor turning out to be  
old Chickenwire Jones!

MOL: It was a better break than you deserved, dearie. And  
look,..they say President Truman might come through  
Wistful Vista next month, so -

FIB: HARRY TRUMAN? WELL, WHADDYE KNOW!!! I GOTTA GO DOWN  
TO THE STATION AND SEE HIM...AH GOOD OLD HARRY!! WHY,  
HE AND I ARE....ARE,..ER--

MOL: Yes?

FIB: Perfect strangers, come to think of it.

Goodnight,

MOL: Goodnight, all!

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 LESLIE

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

for

Johnson's Wax

NBC - Tuesday