

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

file
(REVISED)

#17

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

NBC - TUESDAY

JANUARY 22, 1946

(REVISED) -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 - (aided and abetted by Bill Thompson, Gale Gordon, Arthur Q. Bryan, Bea Benadaret, and yours truly, Harlow Wilcox. The writing is by Don Quinn and Phil Leslie; with music by ~~The King's Men AND~~ Billy Mills' orchestra and the King's Men.

ORCH: "RIDING HIGH" ...FADE FOR:

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: I know for a fact that literally millions of women all over the country use JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT to give their linoleum floors that shining well-groomed look. But, seeing how easy it is to have lovely floors the GLO-COAT way, what beats me is why every woman doesn't take advantage of this easy-to-use wax floor polish. There's no rubbing or buffing with GLO-COAT, you simply apply, spread it around and let it dry. Come back in 20 minutes to find your floors beautifully wax-polished and fairly gleaming, never streaked or uneven. And that tough, shining coat of self-polishing GLO-COAT adds greatly to the life of your linoleum. It keeps its colors and patterns bright and new looking far longer. Linoleum manufacturers themselves and leading housekeeping authorities, recommend GLO-COAT for all your linoleum surfaces -- as well as for composition, rubber, tile, or finished wood floors. Why don't you find out what lovely floors you can have in a jiffy with JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH
(APPLAUSE)

WILCOX: WHEN CHILDREN RUN AROUND THE STREETS WITH TOY PISTOLS, YELLING "BANG BANG, YOU'RE DEAD!" THEY CALL IT COPS AND ROBBERS. . BUT WHEN GROWNUPS DO IT, IT'S PIONEER DAY IN WISTFUL VISTA. AND HERE, ALL DRESSED UP FOR THE CELEBRATION, WE FIND --

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

MOL: Do I look as silly as I feel in this calico dress and sunbonnet, McGee?

FIB: Matter of fact, kiddo, you look real pretty. Regular prairie flower. HEY! WHERE'S MY SHERIFF'S BADGE? I GOTTA HAVE MY SHER-- Oh, here it is.

MOL: I hope those horse-pistols aren't really loaded, McGee. You're nice to have hanging around. But I'd rather you did it with your feet on the ground.

FIB: Nah, I just got blank cartridges in 'em. Gotta do a lotta shootin' when they hold up the bank this afternoon.

MOL: WHEN WHO HOLDS UP THE BANK?

FIB: Oh, didn't I tell you? We're re-enacting the big bank holdup of 1897. When Bart Younger and his gang held up the Rancher's National and got away with 20 thousand in gold and kissed the banker's daughter on the way out.

MOL: Did they chase the robbers?

FIB: The banker's daughter did. Chased him all over the territory, caught him and made him marry her. After that he went around the country lecturing on how crime doesn't pay. You see, she was--

MOL: McGee.

FIB: Eh?

MOL: Why do you keep leaning over forward like that?

FIB: Can't help it. These high heel boots got me off balance. Have to swing my guns a little farther back, I guess.

MOL: Tell me more about this holdup. Who's doing it?

FIB: Mort Toops and Wallace Wimple are gonna play the parts of Bart Younger and his brother. I meet 'em in the street as they come out and shoot 'em down. You see...

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: (ROARS) COME IN, STRANGER! COME IN A-SHOOTIN', OR COME IN A-SMILIN'. THE WELCOME YE AST FER IS THE WELCOME YE GIT!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

MOL: W'al, rope me fer a dogie if it ain't ole Doc Gamble. Howdy, Doc.

FIB: Come in and set a spell, sawbones. Maw, shove that pile o' ba'r traps away from the fa'r place so's Doc kin hunker down and warm his britches.

DOC: Oh, stop it, you Saturday matinee cowhand. You're about as Western as the Fulton Fish Market. I'm willing to go along with this Pioneer Day malarkey for twenty-four hours, but I'm developing an allergy to blue jeans and bow legs. Even legitimate bow legs, like yours.

MOL: Did you know he was going to re-enact the bank holdup this afternoon, Doctor?

FIB: Mort Toops and Wally Wimple are gonna play Bart Younger and his brother, Doc. I meet 'em outside the bank and shoot 'em down. Gonna be newsreels took of it, and everything.

DOC: Oh fine! You'll be so busy mugging into the cameras, they could walk off with the whole bank. You've probably even fancied yourself getting a movie contract out of this.

MOL: Wal now that shore would be nice, wouldn't it, Paw? Might stick a big wad o' chawin' terbakka in yore face an' tell 'em yore Billy and Cud.

FIB: All I kin say is, you better have plenty .45 caliber cork plugs ready today, Sawbones. When Sheriff McGee starts throwin' lead, every boy scout compass in town is gonna be p'intin' straight at the cemetary!

DOC: I don't know who first thought up this crackpot idea of Pioneer Day, Rumdum, but it's paying off handsomely for me. I've treated three cases of spur-burns, two items of bar-stool bursitis, and right now I've got to sashay down to the hotel for a strange case of a man with two hearts.

MOL: Heavenly days...TWO HEARTS!

DOC: Two hearts, two clubs, and one diamond. Both the hearts were aces. And a thing like that can shorten a man's life considerably. So long now, Jimson-weed!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: I'm afraid Doc hasn't got any romance in his system. He thinks this Pioneer Day celebration is kinda childish.

MOL: I'm inclined to agree with him, dearie. I know I'll be glad to get out of this long calico skirt. Every time I look down and can't find my feet, I get panicky. When do we go downtown?

FIB: Any time now. The bank holdup is scheduled for--

DOOR KNOCK:

MOL: Git ready to crouch and draw, pardner, that knock ain't familiar!

FIB: Stand in front o' me, Maw, so's I kin draw a bead on the varmints over yore shoulder.

MOL: Use both guns then, Paw...always wanted my ears pierced fer earrings! COME IN!

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

FIB: Well whaddye know!!!

MOL: MR. OLD TIMER!

OLD T: HELLO THERE, KIDS!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: Glad to see you again, Old Timer. I hear you been in the Navy all this time.

OLD T: IN THE SEA BEES, JOHNNY....THAT'S THE MEN'S DEPARTMENT O' THE NAVY.

MOL: Well, you're just in time to celebrate Pioneer day in Wistful Vista, Mr. Old Timer.

OLD T: Pioneer day eh? Wondered why everybody was wearin' them high heel boots and somburros. Minds me of when I first come to this town, nigh onto fifty year ago. Come out with the Lewis and Clerk expedition.

FIB: Horsefeathers...the Lewis and Clark expedition was in 18 ought 3!

OLD T: I says LEWIS AND CLERK, Johnny. I come out with my brother Lewis to clerk in his grocery store.

MOL: I guess you were sort of a pioneer here at that, weren't you, Mr. Old Timer.

OLD T: Daughter, I was one of the founders o' the town. I'd o' been here even earlier but I caught the wrong schooner. Mine had a mickey in it. Hoh heh heh.

FIB: How'd you like the Navy, Old Timer? Frankly.

OLD T: Frankly, Johnny. I could take it or leave it. I could take it jest about as long as I did, and leave it with a glad cry. Had about all the bossin' around from gold braid I could stand.

MOL: You mean commissioned officers?

OLD: No, I mean them blonde gals around the dock. You know me, kids...I'm a man's man till a woman shows up, then I'm a girl's boy! ANY girl's boy! Heh heh!

FIB: By the way..whatever became of your girl, Bessie?

OLD: Bessie? (TRYING TO THINK) Bessie..Bessi-...was she the one with the big bay window..that she used to wave to the fellers outa? Or was Bessie the little one that always carried the bunch of flowers so's she could thumb her nosegay at ye when ye...SHUCKS, kids, I don't remember Bessie.

MOL: Well, you always were getting engaged and un-engaged to different ones, Mr. Old Timer. You've broken more hearts than the man who cuts the celery at the Why Pay More Cafeteria!

OLD: Heh heh heh...that's pretty good, daughter, but that ain't the way I heered it! The way I heered it, one feller says to tother feller..."SAYYYYY", he says, "IF THESE STRIKES KEEP UP IT'S GONNA BE A LONG TIME ^{BEFORE} FOR-YE GET A NEW CAR, AIN'T IT?" "YEP", says tother feller, "BUT IT'S A GREAT THING FER THE SHOE INDUSTRY...THE PEDESTRIANS LIVE SO MUCH LONGER!". Hehhehheh. Well, see you later, kids.

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH: "MY SHAWL"

APPLAUSE:

SECOND SPOT:

SOUND: STREET NOISES...FADE FOR:

MOL: My goodness, they certainly have got the town decorated, haven't they? It looks like a Roy Rogers movie set.

FIB: Yeah...and some of us characters are just as quick on the Trigger, too. OH BOY... GET A LOAD OF CARSTAIRS IN THE PIONEER COSTUME!...AIN'T SHE A DISH!

MOL: It makes her look a little stout, doesn't it? And if you make any remarks about a pig in a poke bonnet --

FIB: I never would of thought of makin' any such a --

MOL: WELL HELLO, THERE, MRS. CARSTAIRS!!

CARST: (FADE IN) How do you do, Mrs. McGee...and Mr. McGee...

FIB: Never mind the mister, ma'am I ain't no dude. Yore addressin' the sheriff o' this here town. Homesteadin' hereabouts, air ye?

MOL: Why shaw, Paw, the Carstairses was right early pioneers, hereabouts, wasn't they Miz Carstair?

CARST: Oh yes. Grandpappa was a favorite with the Indians. He wore toupees, you know, which made scalping him a very simple operation. In the Cherokee Indian language he was known as "OLD-CABIN-KEEP-GETTING-NEW-ROOF."

FIB: Never cottoned much to redskins myself, ma'am. Even now a coat o' sunburn makes me reach for my Remington.

MOL: Paw, tell Miz' Carstairs 'bout the time you and Kit Carson met the Apaches at Sidewinder Gulch.

FIB: I don't recollect any sich a story, ma.

MOL: Taint a matter o' mem'ry, Paw, it's a matter of imagination.

FIB: Oh shore it is. WELL, SIR, MA'AM, IT WAS JEST ABOUT SUNDOWN, IN THE FOOTHILLS O' THE SUPERSTISIONS. IN THE HEART OF THE APACHE COUNTRY. ME AND KIT CARSON WAS SETTIN' AROUND A WATERHOLE, WHEN ALL OF A SUDDEN, NOTHIN' HAPPENED. THAT MADE US SUSPICIOUS, SO WE LOOKED AROUND AND THERE SURROUNDIN' US ON ALL SIDES WAS TWO HUNDRED APACHES.

CARST: Good heavens, Mr. McGee. How interesting.

MOL: Whut did you do, Paw? Kill 'em off?

FIB: Nope. Kit started talkin' sign language to 'em.

CARST: Sign language?

FIB: Yup. First Kit says "THERE'S A FORD IN YOUR FUTURE," and the Indians whips back with "STANDARD STATIONS HAVE CLEAN REST ROOMS." So Kit says, "GRADE CROSSING AHEAD". and the Injuns says "EVER TRIED JOHNSONS WAX ON FLOORS AND FURNITURE?" Well sir, they had us there, on account o' we didn't have any floors or furniture, so we clumb onto our hosses and rid back to Fort Dodge.

CARST: I always wondered what was meant by sign language.

MOL: Paw was an expert at it, Miz Carstairs. Him and Wild Billboard Hickox. You got to be goin' now?

CARST: Yes, if you'll excuse me, I must be getting down to the tailor shop.

MOL: Having some clothes made, Millicent?

CARST: Not for myself, my dear. I am having a little pair of blue jeans made for my fox terrier.

FIB: BLUE JEANS FOR YOUR FOX TERRIER! What's the idea, Carsty?

CARST: It's just in the spirit of Pioneer Day, Mr. McGee. I thought it would be appropriate if his waggin' was covered. Well, nice to have seen you, Good day.

TRAFFIC UP AND FADE:

FIB: Oh brother! "If his waggin' was covered!" Did you ever hear a worse joke?

MOL: No, but I bet we will in the next three minutes. Incidentally, just where are we going, McGee?

FIB: Down to the Bon Ton Department Store. That's across the street from the bank. You see, in the old days, the Bon Ton was the Last Chance Saloon. Real rugged joint. Now when the bank holdup starts, I step out from the door and start throwin' lead. Then the bandits--

SOUND: OFF MIKE: BANJO PLAYING SOMETHING CORNY LIKE "PONY BOY"

FADE

MOL: Heavenly days....what's that?

FIB: (LAUGHS) It's across the street there, the fella in the frock coat and checkered vest in the back o' the buckboard.

MOL: Isn't that wonderful....he's probably selling Princess Mahoola's Marvelous Snake Oil for man and beast. Come on, let's go over there....

SOUND: BANJO UP AND OUT

(2ND REVISION) -13-

WILCOX: (PITCHMAN) ALL RIGHT, FOLKS...STEP RIGHT UP TO THE
TAILGATE...WHILE I EXPOUND THE WONDERS OF THIS MAGIC
PRODUCT...AB-SOLUTE-LY AND POSO-TIVE-LY THE GREATEST
DISCOVERY OF THE MODERN AGE!

FIB: Wilcox!

MOL: What on earth is he selling, as if I couldn't guess!

WIL: HURRY, HURRY, HURRY, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...STEP RIGHT UP
WITH YOUR MONEY IN YOUR HAND...EACH AND EVERY ONE OF YOU
WILL WANT A CONTAINER OF THIS MARVELOUS LABOR SAVING
PREPARATION...THE SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY THAT MAKES YOUR
LIFE WORTH LIVING AND YOUR HOME WORTH LIVING IN.

GALE: Go ahead and ask the man, Grammaw.

MOL: (OLD LADY) Is it good fer corns, son?

WIL: I'M GLAD YOU ASKED ME THAT, MOTHER! THIS ^{AMAZING} ~~WONDERFUL~~
PRODUCT IS WONDERFUL FOR CORNS, BUNNIONS, AND HOUSEMAID'S
KNEE. IT BRINGS SUCH RELIEF FROM HOUSEWORK THAT SUCH
SMALL AILMENTS ARE COMPLETELY FORGOTTEN IN THE JOY OF
LIVING. GET YOUR CONTAINER OF JOHNSON'S WAX BEFORE WE'RE
SOLD OUT, FOLKS...TRY IT ON YOUR FLOORS, FURNITURE,
WOODWORK, HARNESS AND SADDLES, RIFLE BUTTS AND LUGGAGE!
SEE HOW IT PROTECTS, PRESERVES,..AND SAVES YOU HOURS OF
HOUSEWORK. AND NOW, WHILE I PASS AMONG YOU WITH THIS
MARVELOUS INVENTION...LAND REMEMBER, (ONLY NINE CONTAINERS
TO A CUSTOMER TODAY) HAMBONE WILL PLAY A FEW MUSICAL GEMS
ON HIS OLD BANJO.... HAMBONE, IF YOU PLEASE!

CROWD HUBBA HUBBA AND BANJO....

(2ND REVISION) -14-

FIB: JUST A MINUTE THERE, SLICKER! HOLD ON THAR!

BANJO OUT:

WIL: Ahh, the Sheriff! (ASIDE) (Get the horses ready, Hambone)
What's the matter, Sheriff?

MOL: Paw wants to know effen you got yoreself a peddlin'
license fer this here medicine show, stranger?

WIL: LICENSE, MA'AM?

FIB: YOU HEARD CORRECT, STRANGER! Fallin' you gotta license,
I gotta take you to the calaboose. I represent the law,
hereabouts, and we don't aim to have no fly-by-night
drummers takin' trade from local merchants. We aim to
build a little church in this here valley. COME NOW, SON
.....DO I SEE YORE LICENSE OR DO YOU SEE OUR HOOSEGOW?
I'LL SEE YOU LATER, LET'S GO, HAMBONE!!!! HIT THE TRAIL!!

SOUND: GALLOPING HORSES RADE OUT FAST...TWO SHOTS..

MOL: You was aimin' kinda high, warn't you, Paw?

FIB: (LAUGHS) Yes, Maw....didn't wanna wing the young 'un.
Might grow up to be a useful citizen yet. What time ye
think it is?

MOL: Cain't tell, Paw. Cain't see the sun on account of this
hyar sunbonnet.

FIB: Often thought of gittin' me a pocket watch. But they're
all made back East and they got different time back thar.
Have to set ----

MOL: Oh, McGee, look! Here comes Mr. Wimple. HELLO, MR.
WIMPLE!

FIB: HIYAH, WIMP!

WIMP: Hello, folks. My, isn't this Pioneer day exciting?

P

FIB: You betcha. You all set to re-enact the bank holdup, Wimp?

WIMP: Oh yes, Mr. McGee. Mort Toops and I were going to dash up on our horses, but we're coming in his Buick instead, because horses always make me sneeze. We're both going to wear bananas over our faces, you know.

MOL: BANDANAS, Mr. Wimple.

WIMP: No, bananas, Mrs. McGee. We throw the skins down to foil pursuit.

FIB: Sweetface going to be watching the scene, Wimp?

WIMP: I'M SURE I DON'T KNOW, MR. MCGEE, SHE MAY BE TOO TIRED FROM HER DANCING TO COME DOWN TOWN.

MOL: Dancing, Mr. Wimple? She taking a dancing lesson?

WIMP: Well....(CHUCKLES) I suppose you might call it that, Mrs. McGee. One of the power lines fell down in that wind storm last night and Sweetface tried to pick it up this morning. When I left she was still hanging onto it and dancing around like everything.

FIB: MY GOSH, WIMP.....SHE MIGHT BE ELECTROCUTED THAT WAY!

WIMP: (LAUGH)Yes.

MOL: Is she still mistreating you, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: Oh we have our little moments, Mrs. McGee. She gets impulsive and I lose my temper, I'm afraid. Last night after one of our arguments I went downtown and bought five pounds of raw meat!

FIB: Good for you, Wimp! Did you eat it all?

WIMP: Oh no....I put it on my eye, Mr. McGee. Well....goodbye now...see you at the bank.

MOL: You know, McGee, one of these days Mr. Wimple is going to --

FIB: Hold it, Maw! LOOKA YONDER...HERE COMES PANAMINT PERRY BOTKIN AND HIS PITCH PIPE POSSE...MUST BE TRAILIN' SOMEBODY!

SOUND: HORSES HOOFS GALLOP IN...STOP...

VOICE: WHICH WAY'D THEY GO?

MOL: THEY WENT THATAWAY!

VOICE: WHICH WAY'D THEY GO?

FIB: She says they went thataway!

ORCH & CHORUS: "THEY WENT THATAWAY" - KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE:

~~CALL:~~ ~~Aw, which way'd they go?~~

~~OLD LADY:~~ ~~Why sen, they went thataway.~~

CROWD NOISES UP AND FADE-

MOL: Well, it's just about time for the gunplay to start, isn't it, McGee?

FIB: Yeah, and I hope them newsreel guys are on their toes. I told them to focus on my left profile. On account o'---
WA'ALL HOWDY, THAR, MISTER MAYOR. MA, CURTSEY TO THE MAYOR.

MOL: Howdy yore honor. Yore as welcome a sight as a unbranded steer.

GALE: Thank you, Mrs. McGee. Hello, McGee.

FIB: All set fer the bank holdup, La Trivia. Got my holsters tied down and my trigger finger's itchin!

GALE: You sound very authentic as a sheriff, McGee. Had any trouble so far today?

MOL: Nary a mite, Mr. Mayor. Folks been givin' old Two Gun McGee a wide berth. Needs one too, the way he rolls around in his sleep.

GALE: Incidentally, McGee.....how did you get appointed Sheriff for today, anyway?

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, HOW DID I GET APPOINTED? I THOUGHT UP THIS WHOLE BANK ROBBERY STUNT, DIDN'T I? WHO SHOULD OUGHT TO OF DESERVED IT BETTER'N ME?

GALE: Okay, okay, I was merely asking, McGee. I guess you were the one who remembered that the James boys once held-up this bank and -

MOL: Not the James boys, Mr. Mayor. Bart Younger it was. Bart Younger and his brother, Much.

FIB: Much was the older Younger.

GALE: How was that again, McGee?

FIB: I says Bart Younger was the younger Younger. Much was older.

MOL: Much, older?

FIB: Yes, Much.

GALE: You say that the older Younger was Much Younger?

FIB: Yes.

GALE: Well, if the older Younger was Much Younger, how could the younger Younger have been Much? I mean Older? I mean if the older....

MOL: It's like this, your honor. Bart, the younger Younger, was quite respectable at first. He was even an elder in the church.

FIB: Yes, just the younger Younger was an elder. The elder Younger--

GALE: WAIT A MINUTE, PLEASE! LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT.

MOL: Oh, of course. What don't you understand, Mr. Mayor?

GALE: Any of it. You say there were two Youngers, Bart and Much.

FIB: Exactly. Much was the older Younger. The younger Younger was the elder.

GALE: (GETTING EXASPERATED) WELL, IF THE YOUNGER YOUNGER WAS AN ELDER YOUNGER, HOW DID THE OLDER ELDER--ER...MUCH YOUNGER.... I MEAN IF BART WAS NOT AN ELDER, SIMPLY OLDER THAN THE YOUNGER YOUNGER, WHICH IS TO SAY THE ELDER --

MOL: You're getting it. Go on.

GALE: (ROARS) THIS DOESN'T MAKE SENSE!! JUST BECAUSE A MAN IS AN ELDER, DOESN'T MAKE AN OLDER YOUNGER A-- I MEAN THE YOUNGER BROTHER --

FIB: Much.

GALE: MUCH YOUNGER WAS OLDER...ER...YOUNGER THAN THE ELDER OF ...THE OLDER ELDER WAS...IT WAS...IT...I...YOU...THEY.. (UGH)...McGEE. Will you excuse me. I wish to make a telephone call.

MOL: Important, Mr. Mayor?

GALE: Yes, I want to call Abbott and Costello. (ROARS) I WANT TO KNOW WHO'S ON FIRST!! GOOD DAY.

CROWD AND TRAFFIC UP AND FADE:

MOL: I don't know how a man who gets as easily confused as he does ever got to be Mayor.

FIB: Well, La Trivia is a simple soul. He just doesn't-- OH MY GOSH...TIME FOR THE HOLDUP!...LOOK, THERE'S THE NEWSREEL CAMERAS...EVERYTHING IS SET...

MOL: Shall I wait here with you?

FIB: Sure...we're just usin' blank cartridges. ONE SIDE THERE, PLEASE, FOLKS...I'M PLAYIN' THE SHERIFF IN THIS HYAR DRAMA.

CROWD MURMUR: SOUND: AUTOMOBILE IN FAST, OUT WITH BRAKE SCREECH

VOICE: (EXCITEDLY) There goes the robbers into the bank!!

VOICE #2: They'll be lucky to get out with the money they got on 'em. You can't fill your fountain pen in there without three co-signers.

FIB: TAKE IT EASY, FOLKS!!..AND GIMME ELBOW ROOM...WHEN I COME OUT, I'M A-QOMIN' OUT A-SHOOTIN'...

MOL: GIT 'EM, PAW...HERE THEY COME. WHO'D YOU SAY THEM BANDITS WAS?

FIB: MORT TOOPS AND WALLY WIMPLE...

MOL: Don't look like either one of 'em was Mr. Wimple, to me. Too big in the--

SOUND: SHOTS

FIB: AH, HERE WE GO...DROP THEM SHOOTIN' ARNS, YE VARMINTS!... IT'S SHERIFF McGEE TALKIN' TO YE!!!

SHOTS:

FIB: DROP THEM WEEPINS, I TELL YE! I'M THE LAW IN THESE PARTS, AND--

SOUND: TWO SHOTS. GLASS CRASH AND TINKLE:

MOL: Heavenly days...that was a real bullet, McGee...they broke the BON TON WINDOW!!

CROWD HUBBA HUBBA UP...SOUND: CAR MOTOR UP & FADE OUT WITH ROAR

FIB: WALL, WHAT IN THE--
VOICES: REAL HOLDUP...TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS...NO LICENSE PLATES..
CLEAN GETAWAY...

CROWD EXCITEMENT UP:

VOICE: WHO THOUGHT UP THIS DUMB STUNT, ANYWAY?
VOICE: GUY NAME OF MCGEE...THE LITTLE TWERP THAT PLAYED THE
SHERIFF...
VOICE: Why, they oughtta lynch the--

CROWD UP:

FIB: Come on, Molly, let's get outa here...I'M gonna get home
and form a possum.

MOL: You mean a posse.

FIB: No, Possum. I'm gonna play dead for a few days!

CROWD UP INTO:

ORCH: "PIN MARIN" - FADE FOR:

FIBBER AND MOLLY
JANUARY 22, 1946

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WIL: I've been telling women about the wax method of
housekeeping for many years. So when I visit a home, I
naturally look to see if it's wax protected. It doesn't
take an expert to tell, either. There's an unusual charm,
a certain lustrous mellow beauty about a waxed home that
seems, the minute you enter it, to sing out, "I'm wax
polished, I'm sparkling and I'm proud of it." All through
the home, floors gleam with a shining cleanliness. Table
tops and chairs and woodwork when JOHNSON-waxed have a
lovely satin-smooth lustre that adds tremendously to their
natural beauty. Ornaments, picture frames and other
accessories are richer-looking. Fact is, that invisible
protective film of JOHNSON'S WAX, plus tasteful arranging,
can make the difference between a lovely, bright-and-
shining home and an ordinary run of the mill one. And
besides the beauty it gives, that tough shining film of
JOHNSON'S WAX is mighty important because it protects
lovely surfaces against wear, dirt and spilled things.
Make your home a lovelier place to live in with JOHNSON'S
WAX, Paste, Liquid or Cream.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC.....FADE FOR:

TAG

MOL: McGee, did you hear what happened after the robbery?

FIB: No, I been afraid to even stick my head out the door far enough to get the evening paper. What happened?

MOL: Sweetface found Mr. Wimple and Mr. Toops tied up in Wimple's garage. They told her what happened and she chased the robbers on her motorcycle and caught 'em at the county line!

FIB: Bring 'em back?

MOL: Yes, but not alive.

FIB: You mean Sweetface... (ALL EXCITED)... BUT THAT'S MURDER! SHE CAN'T DO THAT!!... TAKIN' THE LAW INTO HER OWN HANDS LIKE THAT!... WHY THAT'S TERRIB... THAT'S

MOL: (SHARPLY) McGee!

FIB: Eh?

MOL: Don't get so excited. It's just a radio show.

FIB: Oh. Oh yeah. Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all!

PLAYOFF AND SIGNOFF:

WIL: This is Harlow Wilcox speaking for the makers of JOHNSON'S WAX PRODUCTS for home and industry, and inviting you all to be with us again next Tuesday night. Goodnight.

ANNCR: THIS IS N.B.C., THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

(CHIMES)

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

" F I B B E R M C G E E A N D M O

FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

NBC - TUESDAY