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(REVISED)

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file log

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

NBC - TUESDAY

FEBRUARY 12, 1946

(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" - histrionically helped by Bill Thompson, Gale Gordon, Bea Benadaret, Arthur Q. Bryan, Jimmy Jordan, and the man with the stuff that polishes your things, ^{me} ~~you're~~ truly, Harlow Wilcox. The script can be blamed on Don Quinn and Phil Leslie, and the music department is managed by the King's Men and Billy Mills' ^{the} All-Boy-But-One Orchestra!

ORCH: "LOVE IS" - FADE FOR:

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WIL: Millions of housewives know that JOHNSON'S WAX is unbeatable for beautifying your floors, but I've heard that in some homes JOHNSON'S WAX is used on floors only. What about the rest of your home? Perhaps you have a table you're especially proud of. Try waxing that, too -- you'll be delighted to see how much more handsome it looks, how it glows with a smooth satiny sheen, how the wax brings out the beautiful natural grain. Notice how even the very first protective coat of JOHNSON'S WAX on your radio cabinet, your sideboard, your ornaments and picture frames, give them a wonderful richness, a mellow glow that adds immeasurably to their beauty. You'll find, of course, that these things grow even lovelier with each wax application. They become better and better protected, too, against dirt, wear and spilled things. So by all means JOHNSON WAX your floors for greater beauty and protection; but also make the rest of your home sparkling clean and beautiful with JOHNSON'S WAX....Paste, Liquid or Cream!

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH
(APPLAUSE)

WILCOX: IT'S ALL VERY WELL FOR A MAN TO LAUGH AT THE STUFF CUFF, AND DRAPE SHAPE AND THE REET PLEAT, BUT WHEN HE BEGINS TO LOOK LIKE HE'D DRESSED HIMSELF OUT OF THE WAR RELIEF CLOTHING BARREL AT THE FIREHOUSE, IT'S TIME SOMETHING WAS SAID ABOUT IT, ACCORDING TO MRS. MCGEE, OF --
-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: But what's the matter with the way I dress, Molly?
MOL: Frankly, pet, it's that tired old suit. Who made it, George Pullman?
FIB: Whaddye mean, George Pullman?
MOL: It looks like it had been slept in. That blue serge monstrosity has more bags in it than the Grand Central checkroom. The seat and elbows glitter like an acre of broken bottles. The fabric is so thin, it takes you ten minutes to sit down. And it fits like it had been made for a jockey and let out for Paul Whiteman.
FIB: Oh, it isn't so bad, Mommy. A blue serge suit always lasts a long time. Because they pick up so much lint. I've had as much wear outa the lint as I have outa the suit.
MOL: Well, you've simply got to buy a new one, McGee.
FIB: Oh, Molly, you know how I hate to--
MOL: And that's why I called this tailor. He said he'd be over with some samples.
FIB: I still say that this suit is-- WHO SAID WHO'D BE OVER WITH WHAT SAMPLES?

MOL: The tailor. He just opened a new shop next to the Bon Ton AND YOU NEED A NEW SUIT RIGHT NOW.

FIB: Oh, fer the--

MOL: I'm simply tired of walking around with a man whose suit looks like the back wall of a headlight. And this Mr. Gusset said--

FIB: WHO?

MOL: Mr. Gusset. The tailor. He said--

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: AND I'LL BET THAT'S HIM RIGHT NOW. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

MAN: Is this the residence of-- AH, HELLO THERE, MRS. MCGEE.

MOL: Good day, Mr. Gusset. McGee, this is Mr. Gusset.

This is the husband I was telling you about, Mr. Gusset.

FIB: NOW LOOK HERE, YOU TWO. I DUNNO WHAT YOU'VE COOKED UP BETWEEN YOU, BUT IF YOU THINK I'M GONNA BE JOCKEYED INTO BUYIN' A NEW SUIT THAT I DON'T WANT AND DON'T NEED, I'M--

GUSS: It's amazing, that's what it is. Amazing!

MOL: What's amazing, Mr. Gusset?

GUSS: The resemblance, Mrs. McGee. He has shoulders exactly like Herbert Marshall. It's going to be a distinct pleasure to fit him.

FIB: FLATTERY WILL GET YOU NO PLACE, BUD. THIS WHOLE THING IS A FRAME-UP AND I WON'T BE-- (PAUSE) Say, Herbert Marshall is taller'n I am, ain't he?

GUSS: Yes, slightly, Mr. McGee. But actual height is not important. It's the build that counts. You know, the athletic type. The military posture. Broad shoulders, tapering down to slim hips.

MOL: Who are we talking about now?

GUSS: At a guess, Mr. McGee, I'd say you had been...well... a Colonel? Military intelligence?

FIB: That's kinda hush-hush, bud. Let's see your samples, Gusset, old man. What have you got?

GUSS: I'll tell you what. Suppose I look over your entire wardrobe, Mr. McGee, and then I can tell you better what you need.

FIB: Good idea, bud. Take a look at it.

GUSS: Is it upstairs?

MOL: No, it's right here. He's wearing it.

GUSS: WHAT?

MOL: He never worried much about his clothes, Mr. Gusset.

Just as long as he can keep warm in the winter and not get arrested in the summer, he's contented.

GUSS: Well, then, I would suggest a good tweed suit, Mrs. McGee. He could wear the jacket with odd trousers for informal occasions.

FIB: Good idea, Guss. Have I got some odd trousers, Molly?

MOL: Odd is hardly the word, dearie. Terrifying; would be more accurate. Those green flannels you wear to take out the ashes are -

GUSS: HOW ABOUT THIS SAMPLE RIGHT HERE, MR. MCGEE? This is a genuine English tweed. I'd make it up in a single breasted patch pocketed style. Splendid utility garment.

MOL: We'll take that.

FIB: HEY NOW WAIT A MINUTE. I CAN MAKE MY OWN SELECTIONS,
KIDDO. I AIN'T GONNA BE RAILROADED INTO SOMETHING I -
GUSS: I understand that it is Mr. Herbert Marshall's favorite
material.
MOL: But he's taller, you said.
FIB: HE ALSO SAID THAT HEIGHT WASN'T IMPORTANT, MOLLY. IT'S
THE BUILD THAT COUNTS. YOU HEARD HIM SAY THAT. I'll
take this one, bud. You...er...you don't think Marshall
will mind?
GUSS: I won't mention it to him, Mr. McGee. And I'm sure you
and he never attend the same - BUT, NOW FOR THE
MEASUREMENTS. Where is my tape measure - ah, here we
are -- now. Chest, 35. Take a deep breath please,
Mr. McGee.
FIB: (GASPS)
GUSS: Chest, expanded...Hmm --35. Interesting. Waist, 41.
Take another deep breath please, Mr. McGee.
FIB: (GASPS)
GUSS: Waist, expanded, 46. Deep breather, aren't you, Mr. McGee
FIB: Yeah, I got low lungs. That's why I don't catch cold
when I leave my shirt collar open.
GUSS: Now then..shoulders....(MUTTERS) Arms...trousers length..
(MUTTERS)....that does it! Now then -- would you like
to make a deposit on this suit, Mr. McGee?
FIB: You want an honest answer?
GUSS: Yes.

FIB: No.
MOL: How much will it be, Mr. Gusset.
GUSS: One hundred and ten dollars, Mrs. McGee. My usual price
is One fifty, but inasmuch as you are my first customers
in Wistful Vista, I ---
FIB: WAIT A MINUTE, BUD! DID I HEAR YOU SAY A HUNDRED AND
TEN BUCKS?
GUSS: You did.
MOL: Seems a little high to me.
FIB: HIGH! WHY FOR A HUNDRED AND TEN BUCKS, I COULD BUY ME A
SET OF THREADS THAT WOULD MAKE ADOLPHE MENJOU LOOK LIKE
THE BOUNCER AT A BARN DANCE. A HUNDRED AND TEN BUCKS!
OF ALL THE DIRTY....

(REVISED)

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GUSS: May I make a suggestion, Mr. McGee?
MOL: Certainly, Mr. Gusset.
FIB: Better make one quick, bud, before I make one!
GUSS: As you know, I am new here in Wistful Vista....
FIB: Yeah, and at those prices you ain't gonna get very old, either.
MOL: Let the man talk, McGee. Go on, Mr. Gusset.
GUSS: I was about to suggest, that, should Mr. McGee, as my representative (unannounced of course) send me say...ten customers, I shall be glad to make his suit free of charge.
FIB: WHAT? IF I SEND YOU TEN CUSTOMERS FOR SUITS, YOU'LL....
IT'S A DEAL!
GUSS: GOOD!
FIB: SHAKE!
GUSS: RIGHT!
MOL: MUSIC!
ORCH: "PIN MARIN"
APPLAUSE:

SECOND SPOT

(REVISED)

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FIB: HEY, MOLLY....YOU KNOW WHAT?
MOL: No, what?
FIB: I ALREADY GOT FOUR CUSTOMERS FOR NEW SUITS! MORRIE NEEDHAM, JEFF LOUIS, MEL BRORBY AND WILLIE CONNOLLY!
MOL: I didn't know you knew that many people with a hundred and ten dollars.
FIB: Well, I been puttin' on quite a telephone campaign. I gotta sales talk worked up that----
DOOR CHIME:
MOL: Get out the breadcrumbs, McGee...here comes a pigeon!
FIB: Watch me sell 'em a suit. COME IN!
DOOR OPEN:
MOL: Oh hello there Doctor Gamble. Come right in.
DOOR CLOSE:
DOC: Hello, my dear. And good afternoon, Knuckle-noodle.
FIB: Hiyah, Medicine Chest. What's new on the germicide of the world?
DOC: Nothing startling, Beavernose. What's cooking in your dull little life?
MOL: I've just talked him into getting a new suit, Doctor.
DOC: NO!
FIB: Yes sir, and, if I may make a suggestion to our kindly old family physician, ain't it about time you shook yourself loose from that bundle of burlap you're wearing? You look like a delegate to the Hobo's Convention. I dunno where that suit hides during the branding season, but it shore ain't ever felt a hot iron!

MOL: Oh I don't think the doctor looks so bad, McGee. Not that ANY man couldn't use a new suit now and then.

DOC: Thanks, Molly, but who is little Jazzbo Brummel to talk? He always looks like an unmade bed in a 50¢ flophouse. That blue serge of his shines like a good deed in a naughty world.

FIB: WELL, I'M DOING SOMETHING ABOUT MY APPEARANCE, ETHER DRUM. I'M GETTIN' A NEW SUIT. But you'll go on wearing that sideshow canvas of yours for the next 18 years, I suppose.

MOL: Frankly, Doctor, I imagine you're so busy these days you haven't much time to give ^{to} your appearance.

DOC: I've got just as much time as this little bloater, my dear. And when I get a new suit, I won't get one of his 18-dollar walk-upstairs-and-gave-three-dollars, two-pants affairs with a Daisy air rifle premium. I'll go to a decent tailor and lay it on the line for a quality product.

FIB: Yeah? If you ever had to shell out a hundred and ten bucks for a suit, you couldn't see the checkbook thru your tears!

DOC: Wait a minute, Jughead. Are YOU getting a hundred and ten dollar suit?

MOL: Yes he is, Doctor. The tailor was just here, measuring him up.

FIB: Fella named Gusset, next to the Bon Ton, Doc.

DOC: I'M GOING RIGHT DOWN THERE AND ORDER TWO SUITS. ANYTHING YOU CAN DO, MCGEE, I CAN DO BETTER, QUICKER, OFTENER AND AT HIGHER PRICES. SEE YOU LATER, MOLLY.

MOL: Fine, Doctor. Remember the name. Gusset, next to the Bon Ton.

FIB: AND IF YOU WANT EXTRA PANTS, DOC, MENTION MY NAME AND GET A GOOD SEAT!

DOC: Your name wouldn't be good for credit for a hot rock in Death Valley, Pudgy, but it'll be interesting to see the reaction. So long now.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: HOT DOG...THAT'S FIVE CUSTOMERS!!! FIVE MORE AND I GET A SUIT FREE!

MOL: It's six, McGee. Doctor Gamble says he's getting two suits.

FIB: WONDERFUL!! SIX DOWN AND FOUR TO GO! Now lemme see.... who else could I talk to?

MOL: No use talking to Mr. Wilcox. He's got enough clothes now to take the Hart out of Shaffner and Marx.

FIB: THEN HE'S JUST THE GUY TO SELL A NEW SUIT TO! A dude like him won't be able to resist the -

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

OLD M: HELLO THERE KIDS!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Hiyah, Old Timer!

MOL: Hello, Mr. Blassingame. You look like you'd had a chill. You're shaking like a loose fender. Where have you been?

OLD M: EH?

FIB: She says where have you --

OLD M: BEEN DOWN UNDER THE RIVER KIDS. IN A DIVER'S HELMET.

MOL: Under the river!

OLD M: YEP. AND BELIEVE ME, IT'S COLDER 'N A WITCH'S
BROOM-HANDLE DOWN THERE!

FIB: What were you looking for under the river? Lose your
dentures off the bridge or something?

OLD M: EH?

MOL: He said did you lose your -

OLD M: NOPE. JUST WRITIN' A LETTER TO MY MOTHER, KIDS. SHE
LIVES BACK IN TURKEY RUN, INDIANA, AND -

FIB: WAIT A MINUTE...THAT DON'T MAKE SENSE, OLD TIMER. Divin'
into the river to write a letter.

OLD M: WHY DON'T IT, JOHNNY? I GOT ONE OF THEM PENS FOR
CHRISTMAS THAT WRITES UNDER WATER. THOUGHT I'D TRY IT
OUT.

MOL: You could have written a much longer letter, too. They
don't have to be refilled for two years. Did you do
any deep sea diving while you were in the C.B.'s, Mr.
Old Timer?

OLD M: EH?

FIB: Did you do any deep sea--

OLD M: LOTS OF IT, KIDS. SPENT SO MUCH TIME UNDER THE WATER
I GOT GILLS ON MY NECK.

MOL: GILLS ON YOUR NECK?

OLD M: YEP. GILLS. HE WAS OUR SKIPPER, OLD LIEUTENANT
COMMANDER GILLS. HE WAS ON MY NECK ALL THE TIME FOR
SPENDIN' SO MUCH TIME UNDER THE WATER. "WHADDYE WANNA
SPEND SO MUCH TIME DOWN THERE FOR, HE SAYS?" AND I
SAYS, "WELL SIR," I SAYS, "I BEEN PLAYIN' CRIBBAGE WITH
A MERMAID, AND JUST WON A COUPLE OF FINS!" Well, sir,
he laughs fit to bust and slaps me in the brig on bread
and water for insubadgi...fer insubooder...insidbido...
SAYS I WAS IMPUDENT!

FIB: Hey, you want to buy a swell suit of civvies?

OLD M: EH?

MOL: Would you like to buy a -

OLD M: SURE WOULD, KIDS. WHERE?

FIB: Gusset. Next to the Bon Ton. Hundred and ten bucks.
Tell him I sent you.

OLD M: Okay. After the way these clothes fit, it'll be nice
to get a miner's suit on again.

FIB: A miner's suit?

OLD M: Yep - one with a little slack in the pants. Heh heh,
s'long kids.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Well, there's seven, McGee. You only need three more.

FIB: I got Wilcox checked off. I can talk Wilcox into one.
Flattery. I'll butter him like a pre-war waffle. Then
if I can get La Trivia and Wimple, I'm all set.

MOL: Better make it MRS. Wimple. She wears the trousers in
that family. And besides --

DOOR OPENS:

WIL: Hello folks.

MOL: HELLO MR. WILCOX! DO COME IN!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: HIYAH, JUNIOR! I HAD A FEELING YOU'D DROP IN SOMETIME TODAY.

MOL: That's like having a hunch that Easter will come on a Sunday.

WIL: Want to see me about something, Pal?

FIB: Yeah. How you fixed for suits?

WIL: Gee, I'm glad you asked me that! I've noticed you were looking pretty seedy lately, but I didn't want to say anything. Come over sometime and pick out a couple, Pal! They can easily be cut down to fit you and --

MOL: OH NO NO NO, MR. WILCOX. HE DIDN'T MEAN FOR HIMSELF!

WIL: He didn't?

FIB: CERTAINLY NOT! I WANNA KNOW IF YOU NEED ANY.

WIL: That's a silly question. Yours wouldn't fit me.

MOL: LOOK, Mr. Wilcox. Nobody's talking about giving anybody any old clothes. McGee wants to know if you're thinking of buying any new suits.

WIL: Well, I'll tell you how it is, Molly. I'm always buying new clothes. Partly because I like 'em, and partly because I think it's good business to dress well.

FIB: Yeah, but the reason I asked was --

WIL: You see, when I go into people's homes and offices, as a representative of Johnson's Wax, I want especially to appear like I have a quality product to offer...which I do.

MOL: Yes, but we were --

WIL: You see, when the finest homes in America use Johnson's wax on their floors and furniture and woodwork, and window sills and luggage and a hundred other things, it doesn't behoove me to dress like an itinerant peddler.

FIB: Yeah but whatatgototodowith --

WIL: (WARMING UP) GEE WHIZZ, PAL, JOHNSON'S WAX IS KNOWN THE WORLD OVER AS THE ANSWER TO PROTECTIVE HOUSEKEEPING. A WAXED SURFACE IS A SURFACE PROTECTED AGAINST DAMPNES AND DUST AND WEAR. AND IT REPRESENTS FINE HOSPITALITY. TOO...THAT FILM OF JOHNSON'S WAX IS THE LARGEST WELCOME MAT IN THE WORLD.

MOL: Yes, we know but --

WIL: THAT'S WHY I ALWAYS WANT TO LOOK MY BEST. You judge a home by its appearance...and you judge a man by his appearance. That's why I'm always buying new clothes.

FIB: (AFTER SLIGHT PAUSE) If you think you've nailed down your paycheck for this week, Waxey...may I say a word?

WIL: Oh please do!

MOL: Look, Mr. Wilcox. There's a new tailor in town. Mr. Gusset. Next door to the Bon Ton. Makes wonderful mens suits for a hundred and ten dollars. And you're a wonderful man.

FIB: You go in there and mention my name, Junior, and you'll get treated right. How about it?

WIL: Just opened up, did he?

MOL: Just this week.

WIL: Right next to the Bon Ton, eh?
FIB: Right next door, Gusset's the name - you gonna go see him?
WIL: You bet I am, Pal! Be there in half an hour.
MOL: How many suits do you think you'll buy, Mr. Wilcox?
WIL: ~~Who, Mr?~~ Oh I don't need any suits. BUT HE'LL NEED SOME
JOHNSON'S WAX FOR THAT NEW SHOP OF HIS, THANKS FOR THE
TIP, PAL!

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Well, ring up one "NO SALE" McGee.
FIB: Oh I think Wilcox will buy one. He's an actor at heart,
and when he smells a bolt of flannel it'll be like smoke
to a firehorse. Did you hear about him wiring Hollywood?
MOL: No. About what?
FIB: He wanted to try out for that new picture, The Robe. He
thought it was gonna be called the WARDROBE, and wanted
the title role. But they said --

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN & CLOSE:

MOL: WELL FOR GOODNESS SAKES, IF IT ISN'T MRS. CARSTAIRS.
HELLO, MILLICENT!
CARST: How do you do, my dear. Good day, Mr. McGee.
FIB: Hiyah, Carsty. Understand you had the flu? Feel better
now?
CARST: Yes, thank you. My household has had quite a siege of
it, you know. First Marie, my upstairs maid, had it;
then Mr. Carstairs and then I.

MOL: Well, it's hard to keep germs on one floor of a house,
Millicent.
CARST: Yes, or Mr. Carstairs.
MOL: Who took care of you, Millicent? Dr. Gamble?
CARST: Yes, he is a splendid physician. He treated my husband
for a Horse Charley.
FIB: You mean a Charley Horse.
CARST: No, a horse Charley Adams gave him that had the heaves.
FIB: Wait a minute - who was sick, your husband, the horse,
or Charley Adams?
CARST: I was - of the whole thing!
~~MOL:~~ Speaking of the heaves, Millicent, were you awfully sick
with the flu?
CARST: Oh, indeed I was, Mrs. McGee. The first day
Mr. Carstairs took my temperature I knew I was ill.
~~FIB:~~ What did it read, Carsty? *Millicent*
CARST: Three degrees above freezing.
MOL: Three degrees above freezing?
CARST: Yes, Mr. Carstairs took my temperature, but he had to
walk down to Kremer's Drug Store to have the thermometer
read. Well, I must be going - good day!

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH: "ROCKIN' CHAIR" - ORCH AND KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE:

THIRD SPOT

MOL: How many more suits do you have to sell before you get one free for yourself, McGee?

FIB: Well, lemme look at my list. There's one, two, three, four five, six, seven, eight, eight and a half -

MOL: Eight and a half!!

FIB: Yeah. Mort Toops only wanted a pair of pants. So if I can only --

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: Who's that, man or woman?

MOL: Man.

FIB: BRING 'EM IN, QUICK!

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

MOL: Oh good day, Mayor La Trivia.

GALE: Good day, Mrs. McGee. Hello, McGee.

FIB: Hiyah, La Triv. You're just the guy I wanted to see.

GALE: If it's about our date to go bowling tonight, McGee....I can't make it. I just stopped by to tell you.

MOL: Pressure of business, Mr. Mayor?

GALE: You might call it that, Mrs. McGee. I am attending a Boy Scout meeting at the East Side High School tonight.

FIB: Tryin' for your merit badge in ballot box stuffing, La Triv?

GALE: McGee, it doesn't matter a jot nor a tittle to me what you think of my political activities, but I resent any inference that the Boy Scout movement tolerates anything unethical. I consider the Scout movement one of the greatest forces for good citizenship in the world today. And on this, their 36th anniversary, I think they are entitled to the respect and good will of everyone, as boys who will grow into our leaders of tomorrow.

MOL: *Make*
Oh he was just kidding, Mr. Mayor.

FIB: Sure. Great bunch of kids, La Trivia. You gonna make a speech to 'em, tonight?

GALE: I am giving them a little demonstration of the things I learned in the Coast Guard, McGee.

MOL: Such as what, Mr. Mayor?

GALE: Well, for instance, knot tying.

FIB: Not tying what?

GALE: Just knot tying.

MOL: Then what's the use of going at all, if you're not tying anything.

GALE: BUT I AM TYING ANYTHING. ER....SOMETHING.

FIB: What?

GALE: KNOTS!

MOL: Please, Mr Mayor.

FIB: You're addressing a lady, La Trivia.

MOL: Thank you.

GALE: I said nothing that would offend a lady, McGee. I merely stated that I was giving a demonstration of knot tying --

FIB: You mean you're not giving a demonstration of tying!

GALE: Yes...er...NO! Don't be silly. Look...in the Coast Guard I learned a great deal about tying knots. Square knots, bowlines, various hitches, sheepshanks, Turk's heads, Monkey fists, grannies --

MOL: Whose?

GALE: Grannies,

FIB: My gosh, was she in the Coast Guard, too? I should think that would be a pretty hard life for an old--

GALE: I WAS SPEAKING OF A GRANNY KNOT!

MOL: I see. Knott was your mother's maiden name.

GALE: IT WAS NOT!

FIB: That's what she said. It was Knott.

GALE: I MEAN IT WAS NOT KNOTT.

MOL: WHO'S THERE?

GALE: Arthur.

FIB: Arthur who?

GALE: Arthur any more routines like this coming up? If so, include me out!

DOOR SLAM, LOUD:

MOL: You forgot to ask him about getting fitted for a new suit, McGee.

FIB: The only fit he was ready for was to be tied. BUT... I CAN GET ANOTHER TWO CUSTOMERS. HAND ME THAT PHONE! I'LL RESUME MY CAMPAIGN.

MOL: Here.

FIB: Thanks. (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR? GIMME WISTFUL VISTA SEVEN SIX FIVE FOUR THE LOVE OF MIKE...IS THAT YOU, MYRT?

MOL: Oh dear....

FIB: HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING, MYRT? TIS EH? WHAT SAY, MYRT? HE DID? OH GEE, I'M SORRY, MYRT. CUT HIS TAIL RIGHT OFF, EH?

MOL: OH HOW AWFUL! HER DOG, MCGEE?

FIB: No, her Uncle. He was telling her a story over the phone and got disconnected. WHAT SAY, MYRT? OKAY CONNECT ME. (PAUSE) HELLO, IS THIS EDDIE? FIBBER MCGEE, EDDIE. LOOK, I GOTTA GREAT IDEA IF YOU NEED A NEW SUIT, EDDIE. (FADE) THERE'S A NEW TAILOR NAMED GUSSET...

ORCH: BRIDGE: FADE OUT:

FIB: (ON PHONE) OKAY, BERT. YOU JUST GO IN AND TELL GUSSET I SENT YOU. DON'T MENTION IT, BERT. BYE. (CLICK) Whew! Am I tired! I must have made 40 calls! But I done it, Molly! I got ten guys buyin' new suits.

MOL: That's fine, dearie. By why are you sitting around in your bathrobe?

FIB: Sent my old suit to the relief collection. It was lookin' so shabby I hated even to talk to people over the phone in it. I got nothin' to do for a couple of days anyway, and then I'll have my new one.

MOL: Will he deliver it?

FIB: MY GOSH, HE OUGHTA, AFTER ME SENDING HIM ALL THAT BUSINESS. I'll call him up and see.

MOL: I'll do it, McGee. You've been on that phone all afternoon. You just relax.

FIB: Okay. Thanks.

MOL: (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR? WISTFUL VISTA ONE TWO FOUR SEVEN.. PLEASE. (PAUSE) HELLO, MR GUSSET? MRS. MCGEE SPEAKING. MR. MCGEE WANTS TO KNOW HOW SOON HIS SUIT WILL BE READY. YES....WHAT? OH THAT'S ALL RIGHT, MR. GUSSET. HE WAS GLAD TO DO IT. (ASIDE) He said to thank you for sending him all those customers, McGee.

FIB: When did he say mine would be ready?

MOL: (IN PHONE) WHEN DID YOU SAY MR. MCGEE'S SUIT WOULD BE READY, MR. GUSSET? MARCH FIRST?

FIB: (ANGRY) MARCH FIRST!!!

MOL: Yes, he said you'd sent him so much business he was terribly busy. And naturally the paying customers come first.

FIB: Well...I guess that's reasonable, too. March first, eh?

MOL: Yes, 1947.

FIB: NINE TEEN FORTY SEV --- (PAUSE) Oh boy....a whole year! Now I can finish Anthony Adverse!

ORCH: "HERE COMES HEAVEN AGAIN". FADE FOR --

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
2/12/46

(2ND REVISION) -26-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WIL: You know you can think of many products you insist on using just because they are superior.....JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT, for example, More women use GLO-COAT on their kitchen linoleum floors than any other self-polishing wax. They agree that its extra toughness guards linoleum better against wear, dirt and spilled things, so that its bright colors and attractive patterns stay new looking longer. If you've never tried this most popular of all wax floor polishes, you'll find GLO-COAT astonishingly easy to use. There's no rubbing or buffing at all. Just spread it around on the floor, let it dry and your work is done. GLO-COAT shines as it dries....in only 20 minutes your floors are ready to use and amazingly clean and sparkling, never streaked or uneven. For greater floor beauty and greater floor protection, be sure to ask for GLO-COAT -- JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC....FADE FOR:

LY

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T.
MUSIC....FADE FOR:

TAG

SOUND: SIREN, OFF MIKE, FADE IN. OUT. FOOTSTEPS UP ON PORCH:

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: WHAT ON EARTH IS.....COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MAN: SOMEBODY HERE CALL FOR AN AMBULANCE?

FIB: Oh yes, I did, bud. Take me down to Gusset's tailor shop,
will you? Next door to the Bon Ton.

MOL: WHAT IS THIS, MCGEE? WHY THE AMBULANCE?

FIB: Well, all I got to wear is a bathrobe. Look kinda funny
on the street car.

MAN: I THOUGHT YOU SAID SOMEBODY WAS GOING TO THE HOSPITAL!

FIB: Somebody is. Fella named Gusset. See you later, Molly.
Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight all!

PLAYOFF, SIGNOFF:

WIL: 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 N.B.C. - THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

(CHIMES)