

File 808
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(REVISED)

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

NBC - TUESDAY

MARCH 5, 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" - with
Bill Thompson, Gale Gordon, Bea Benadaret,
Arthur Q. Bryan and me, Harlow Wilcox. The script
is by Don Quinn and Phil Leslie, and the music by
The King's Men and Billy Mills' orchestral

ORCH: "THE LAST TIME I SAW YOU" ... FADE FOR:

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WIL: "You've just about saved my life, Harlow", a friend tells me. "I came into the kitchen with wet muddy feet the other day. I looked at the muddy tracks on the floor, I looked at my wife, I waited for an explosion. To my amazement she hardly said a word! That's where you come in, Harlow," said my friend. "Apparently you've persuaded my wife to use your JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT. She says it's no trouble at all to keep her kitchen floor clean now." It's true, when you GLO-COAT your kitchen floor, it really is easy to keep it clean and sparkling. You see, JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT forms a tough protective wax film that keeps dirt and spilled things from penetrating the linoleum. You simply wipe this shining waxed surface with a damp mop and right away its bright colors and patterns are clean and beautiful again. As for applying this famous floor polish, you just spread it around on the floor and let it dry. There's no rubbing or buffing. GLO-COAT shines as it dries, doesn't streak. For a lovely floor that is easy to keep lovely, use JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH
(APPLAUSE)

WILCOX: THE MCGEES, OF 79 WISTFUL VISTA, HAVE WORKED OUT AN ARRANGEMENT WITH THE EVENING PAPER. WHOEVER HAS THE ENERGY AND AMBITION TO GO OUT AND BRING IT IN, IS ENTITLED TO FIRST CRACK AT THE NEWS SECTION. SO GUESS WHO'S READING THE WANT-ADS, AS WE MEET --
-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: RUSTLE OF PAPER

FIB: Here's an interesting ad, Molly.
MOL: (ABSENTLY) Hmmm.
FIB: It says: "FOR SALE: FINE SADDLE HORSE BY FARMER WHO IS MOVING TO TOWN WITH FIVE GAITS AND GENTLE MANNERS."
I'd like to answer that. I've never seen a five gaited farmer. And here's another ad that--

SOUND: VIOLENT RATTLE OF PAPER

FIB: Am I disturbing you?
MOL: What do you think?
FIB: I think I am. Anything in the news section, kiddo?
MOL: Quite a bit...and before I forget it, you'd better put plenty of water in the car before we go to the drugstore so it will stay cool.
FIB: STAY COOL! Why you worried about the car staying cool?
MOL: Look at this headline: "POLICE ROUNDING UP LARGE NUMBERS OF HOT CARS." My goodness, the way our car heats up, I--

FIB: Oh no no no no! That ain't what that means, Molly.
(CHUCKLES) A HOT car means a STOLEN car.

MOL: Oh.

FIB: How come there's being so many jaloppies swiped?

MOL: Too many people leaving their keys in the ignition,
according to the police.

FIB: AH, THE POLICE...PAH!! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THEM GUYS?
SITTIN' AROUND ON THEIR BIG FAT PRECINCT STATIONS, PLAYIN'
PINOCHLE, WHILE INNOCENT CITIZENS GET THEIR COOPS COPPED.
BY GEORGE, IF --

MOL: That's not fair, McGee!

FIB: WHY AIN'T IT? MY GOSH, IF THEM LAZY MUGS WOULD GET OUT
AND PATROL THE STREETS, YOU KNOW WHAT IT WOULD DO?

MOL: Certainly. It would make people like you grumble that
they ought to stay in their precinct stations and stop
hounding innocent citizens.

FIB: Well, gee whizz--

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN; CLOSE:

MOL: Oh, good afternoon, Mayor La Trivia, Nice to see you.

GALE: Thank you, Molly. Hello, McGee.

FIB: Hiya, La Trivia. You're just the guy I wanted to see.
Take a look at this newspaper! (RATTLE PAPER)

GALE: Yes...pretty crumpled, isn't it? Been sleeping on it?

FIB: NEVER MIND WHAT I BEEN SLEEPING ON! IT'S WHAT YOU BEEN
SLEEPING ON THAT'S GOT THIS TOWN IN A MESS.

MOL: And what has the Mayor been sleeping on, McGee?

FIB: THE JOB, THAT'S WHAT HE'S BEEN SLEEPING ON!

GALE: Just what is your current complaint, McGee? Has
the garbage collector been waking you in the
morning dropping egg shells?

MOL: He thinks the police department is falling down
on the job with this stolen car situation, Mr.
Mayor. Not that I agree with him.

FIB: WELL, WHY DON'T YOUR WHISTLE-BLOWING, TAVERN-TUMMIED
MOB OF KEYSTONE COPS GET BUSY, LA TRIVIA?

GALE: For your information, McGee, if you are capable
of assimilating it, our police department has
been greatly augmented to cope with the situation,
and --

FIB: AH, AUGMENTED MY CLAVICLE! WHY DON'T YOU HIRE
MORE COPPERS?

MOL: That's what augmented means, sweetheart.

FIB: ...er...it does?

GALE: Yes.

FIB: Well. What are you doing about it, La Trivia?

GALE: We have started a campaign to get car owners to remove their ignition keys from their cars. We call it the Car Key Club.

MOL: Do a lot of people leave their keys in their cars, Mr. Mayor?

GALE: More than sixty percent of the current crop of stolen cars have been taken by youngsters who wanted to go joy-riding, Mrs. McGee. And in 9 out of 10 of those cases, the keys left in the ignition were a standing invitation to them.

FIB: Well, any sap that's lemon-headed enough to leave his keys in his car deserves to have it stole!

GALE: I almost agree with you.

MOL: I notice you have your car keys in your hand, Mr. Mayor. You don't take chances yourself, do you?

GALE: These are not my car keys, Mrs. McGee.

FIB: Whose are they?

G

...your car.
 ...could better be more careful.
 ...GET THE CAR KEY CLUB... There ain't a
 ...would roll over a cigar butt without
 ...car does not interest me as much as the
 ...starts himself off as a thief by borrowing
 ...miss that car if you couldn't take it to go
 ...with this summer, dearie.
 ...Glad you mentioned fishing, Molly.
 ...to stop downtown and pick up some fishing tackle
 ...
 ...Well, Your Honor?
 ...is a fly fisherman.
 ...in Trivia? I'm a fish fisherman, myself.
 ...I mean that I fished for flies, McGee. I fish
 ...flies.
 ...flies with Doctor Lamble.
 ...flies for me, La Trivia. I don't wanna be distracted
 ...fish and a lotta flies buzzin' around would --
 ...ever mind, McGee. That's a pretty sorry attempt, and
 ...refuses to go along with it this time.
 ...Okay.
 ...where do you buy your flies, Mr. Mayor? Who catches them
 ...for you?
 ...McGee.
 ...Good buy, La Trivia.

(REVISED)

Mrs. McGee. I tie most of the

get away before you need 'er
 R GETTING AWAY, McGEE.

tie them up tight.

I TIE THEM LOOSE....I

TIE THEM. DIDN'T YOU
 ING TIES??...ER, TY

ate work, too. I t
 come within a mile
 , tie their hind

ATHERS --

I and my wife
 is just too

....ER...FE

FLYER....

A TRY...

...TROUT

.....

bought for ten dol

ORCH: "WE'LL ALWAYS GATHER LILIACS"

APPLAUSE: King Men "Bria"

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GALE: Yours. (KEY JANGLE) You left them in your car out in front. Here.

MOL: Oh, THANK YOU MR. MAYOR. You'd better be more careful, McGee.

FIB: AH PTAH! NOBODY'D GET FAR WITH MY CAR. There ain't a tire on it that would roll over a cigar butt without blowin' a tube.

GALE: The loss of your car does not interest me as much as the youngster who starts himself off as a thief by borrowing it, McGee.

MOL: You'd really miss that car if you couldn't take it to go on a fishing trip this summer, dearie.

GALE: OH MY GOODNESS....I'M GLAD YOU MENTIONED FISHING, MOLLY. I've got to stop downtown and pick up some fishing tackle I ordered.

MOL: Live bait, Your Honor?

GALE: No, I'M a fly fisherman.

FIB: Really, La Triv? I'm a fish fisherman, myself.

GALE: I didn't mean that I fished FOR flies, McGee. I fish with flies.

MOL: McGee fishes with Doctor Gamble.

FIB: No flies for me, La Trivia. I don't wanna be distracted when I fish and a lotta flies buzzin' around would --

GALE: Never mind, McGee. That's a pretty sorry attempt, and I refuse to go along with it this time.

FIB: Oh. Okay.

MOL: Where do you buy your flies, Mr. Mayor? Who catches them for you?

APPLAUSE: *Kings Men 1 scene*

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GALE: Nobody catches them, Mrs. McGee. I tie most of them myself.

FIB: You mean so they won't get away before you need 'em, eh?

GALE: IT ISN'T A MATTER OF THEIR GETTING AWAY, McGEE.

MOL: Of course not. Not if you tie them up tight.

GALE: I DON'T TIE THEM UP TIGHT. I TIE THEM LOOSE....I MEAN, I DON'T TIE THEM UP. I JUST TIE THEM. DIDN'T YOU EVER HEAR OF A TROUT FISHERMAN FLYING TIES??.....ER, TYING FLIES?

FIB: No, and it must be pretty delicate work, too. I tried to lasso a calf once, and couldn't come within a mile of it. But to tie a fly -- ! Whaddye do, tie their hind legs together?

GALE: NO, I DON'T... I MERELY TAKE THE FEATHERS --

MOL: Heavenly days...FEATHERS!

FIB: Now just a darn minute, La Trivia!! I and my wife may be pretty dumb, but feathers on a fly is just too --

GALE: (YELLS) I DIDN'T SAY FLIES HAD FATHERS....ER...FEATHERS. I SAID THAT A FLY TROUTERMAN...ER...FISH FLYER...WHEN A MAN FLIES TO TIE A TRY...ER...TIES TO FLY A TRY...ER..... YOU KNOW VERY WELL THAT FLISH-FYING....ER...TROUT FLASH... FLASH IRISH...FLY....I....YOU..... (PANTS.....McGee.

FIB: Eh?

GALE: Did I show you the new flyrod I bought for ten dollars?

FIB: Yes, and it was a good buy, La Trivia.

GALE: Goodbye, McGee.

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH: ~~"WE'LL ALWAYS GATHER LILACS"~~

APPLAUSE: *Kings Men "Baia"*

SOUND: CAR RUNNING.....OUT WITH BRAKE SCREECH:

FIB: I gotta get them brakes fixed. You said you wanted to stop here at Kremer's Drug Store, didn't you?

MOL: Yes, thank you. Where shall I meet you?

FIB: Oh, I'll come in with you.

CAR DOOR SLAMS: FOOTSTEPS ON PAVEMENT

FIB: While you're buying your Kleenex, you think, I'll see if I can get Kremer to break a box of paper clips for me.

I only need a half a dozen.

MOL: You can probably get a dozen, now that the steel strike is over.

FIB: WELL, HERE'S THE DOOR OF THE DRUG STORE, MOLLY, WHICH WE ARE ABOUT TO ENTER, FOR THE BENEFIT OF THOSE TUNING IN LATE. Kremer's Drug Store. After you, my dear.

MOL: Thank you.

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

MOL: (SNIFFS) Ahhhh, don't you just love the smell of a drug store, McGee? Peppermint, licorice, carbolic acid, mayonaisse, tobacco and wet umbrellas! Got two pennies, McGee? I want to weigh myself.

FIB: You can weigh yourself for one penny.

MOL: I always do it twice. I never believe it the first time.

Or maybe I'm just-- OH, FOR GOODNESS SAKES...HELLO THERE, MRS. CARSTAIRS!

CARST: How do you do, my dear. Good afternoon, Mr. McGee.

FIB: Hiya, Carsty. If you're waitin' for Kremer to fill a prescription for you, you better sit down. It takes him five minutes to fill the order and two hours to type the label.

MOL: Nobody ill at your house, I hope, Millicent?

CARST: Oh no, my dear. I just stopped in to get Mr. Carstairs a bottle of his favorite sham-pew.

FIB: You mean shamPOO, Carsty.

CARST: Not the kind he likes, Mr. McGee. He prefers a brand scented with tiger lilies. The formula, I believe, is in the proportion of twelve tigers to one lily.

MOL: Does your husband wash his own hair, Millicent?

CARST: Oh no, my dear. He sends it out. But he sends his own sham-pew with it.

FIB: Oh, he wears a skull rug, does he, Carsty?

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CARST: Yes, Mr. McGee. I think that is one reason I fell in love with him, years ago. I simply adored sitting in front of the fireplace, running my fingers thru his hair.. after he had gone home.

MOL: Your hair is getting a little thin in spots too, isn't it, McGee?

FIB: Yes, but it isn't baldness.

CARST: What is it then, Mr. McGee?

FIB: I used to wear a crew haircut and some of 'em deserted. (LAUGHS) Get it, girls? CREW - DESERTED? The humor of the remark lays--

CARST: Yes, doesn't it? Well, I see the clerk has my package ready. Good day!

MOL: Good day, Millicent.

FIB: Trouble with her is she's got no sense of humor. Stuffy. She's the kind that groans when you make a pun, and then uses the same pun the rest of her life.

MOL: Making a pun is like laying an egg, McGee. You do all the work on it, and then somebody grabs it and you never see it again.

FIB: Well, gee whizz, I-- OH MY GOSH...COME ON...LET'S GET OUTA HERE!

MOL: But why? My goodness, we just--

FIB: OVER THERE BY THE CIGAR COUNTER...IT'S MORT TOOPS. I DON'T WANT HIM TO SEE ME...

MOL: But he's one of your best friends. Why don't you--

FIB: I'LL EXPLAIN LATER!! HURRY UP...LET'S DUCK OUT THE SIDE DOOR...COME ON COME ON COME ON!!!!

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DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE: TRAFFIC UP AND FADE:

FIB: PHEW!...that was a close call! Let's drive around a while and--

MOL: McGee, I will not stir one step until you explain why you are avoiding an old friend. That is not like you.

FIB: The old friend doesn't like me, either.

MOL: Why not?

FIB: (LAUGHS) Well, a couple of us guys at the Elks Club saw Mort sleepin' in a chair tipped up against the wall and we stuck a couple of pool cues up his pant legs and then give him a hot foot. Mort give a scream like a wounded brake drum and caught a glimpse of me duckin' through the door.

MOL: Well, I always said there's nobody more impractical than a practical joker.

FIB: Now Mort wants me to pay for his torn pants and the Elks want me to replace two busted pool cues and (YELLS) OH MIGOSH!! MOLLY!!!

MOL: What's the matter - is he coming?

FIB: OUR CAR!! IT'S GONE!! SOMEBODY STOLE IT!! I REMEMBER LEAVING IT RIGHT HERE BY THIS FIRE PLUG, AND--

MOL: Now now now...calm yourself, dearie. Standing here yelling about it won't help. Get back in the drug store and call the police.

DOOR OPENS

FIB: I'LL SAY I'LL CALL THE POLICE...GUY CAN'T LEAVE HIS CAR FOR A MINUTE IN THIS TOWN WITHOUT-- Hey, did I take the keys out of it?

MOL: No.

FIB: Oh.

MOL: I did. And gave them to you...remember?
FIB: OH YEAH....WELL COME ON AND HELP ME TELEPHONE THE COPS....
MOL: How can I help you make a phone call?
FIB: YOU CAN TELL ME MY NAME WHEN I ASK YOU...I'M SO EXCITED
I PROBABLY WON'T REMEMBER WHAT....COME ON...WHERE'S THE
PHONE BOOTH?.....OH.

PHONE BOOTH DOOR OPEN, WITH PHONE NUMBERS SCRIBBLED ON WALL, GUM
WRAPPERS ON FLOOR AND SMELL OF STALE CIGARS

WIL: (IN PHONE) YOU SEE, MADAM, JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING
GLOCOAT -- Sorry, buddy -- this phone is in use --
JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT NOT ONLY PRESERVES AND
PROTECTS YOUR LINOLEUM, BUT IT ALSO HELPS BRING BACK ITS
ORIGINAL BEAUTY AND LUSTRE. IT REQUIRES NO RUBBING AND
NO BUFFING AND ---

FIB: OMIGOSH! LOOK, HARLOW, PLEASE LET ME USE THAT PHONE A
MINUTE BECAUSE --

WIL: GO AWAY, BROTHER. YOU BOTHER ME! GET YOUR HAND OUTA
THAT DOOR.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: You should know that bothering him in the middle of a
sales talk is like slapping a panther in the middle of
lunch.

FIB: Yeah, but he didn't realize who I was! Thought I was
some stranger.

MOL: Well, I've heard people say that you'd make a very nice
one.

FIB: I'll tell him who I am.

DOOR OPEN:

WIL: AND FURTHERMORE, MADAM, JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT IS EXTREMELY
SIMPLE TO USE. JUST POUR IT OUT SPREAD IT AROUND AND
LET IT DRY, AND IN 20 MINUTES OR LESS YOU CAN WALK
ACROSS A SPARKLING, GLEAMING LINOLEUM THAT --

FIB: HEY, WAXEY...LET ME USE THE PHONE WILL YOU? IT'S ME...
FIBBER MCGEE!

WILCOX: Glad to know you. My name's Wilcox. Now go away, will
you? (IN PHONE) YOU SEE MADAM, SPOTS AND SPILLED
THINGS ARE SO EASILY REMOVED FROM A GLOCOATED FLOOR THAT
HOUSEWORK IS GREATLY SIMPLIFIED. HOUSEWIVES WHO -

FIB: HEY. WAXEY...PLEASE...LISTEN ---

WILCOX: Look, mister, go send yourself a threatening letter,
will you? I'M busy. (IN PHONE) YOU SEE MADAM, WITH
JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLOCOAT --

DOOR SLAM CUTS HIM OFF:

MOL: You'll just have to let him finish, McGee. He's the
skyrocket type...won't come down to earth till he burns
himself out.

FIB: Yeah, but gee whizz, I --

DOOR OPEN:

WIL: You may have the phone now, sir. I'M very sorry I was..
OH HELLO, PAL. Hello, Molly. WHERE'S THE NOSEY PUP
THAT WAS TRYING TO CRASH THE PHONE BOOTH?
Fib: DON'T CALL ME, PAL

MOL: That was himself here, Mr. Wilcox. He's got to call
the police.

FIB: SOMEBODY STOLE MY CAR, JUNIOR! GOTTA REPORT IT!

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WIL: AND FURTHERMORE, MADAM, JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT IS EXTREMELY SIMPLE TO USE. JUST POUR IT OUT SPREAD IT AROUND AND LET IT DRY, AND IN 20 MINUTES OR LESS YOU CAN WALK ACROSS A SPARKLING, GLEAMING LINOLEUM THAT --

FIB: HEY, WAXEY...LEMME USE THE PHONE WILL YOU? IT'S ME... FIBBER MCGEE!

WILCOX: Glad to know you. My name's Wilcox. Now go away, will you? (IN PHONE) YOU SEE MADAM, SPOTS AND SPILLED THINGS ARE SO EASILY REMOVED FROM A GLOCOATED FLOOR THAT HOUSEWORK IS GREATLY SIMPLIFIED. HOUSEWIVES WHO --

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FIB: Yeah, but gee whizz, I --

DOOR OPEN:

WIL: You may have the phone now, sir. I'M very sorry I was...
FIB: DON'T CALL ME PAL
OH HELLO, PAL. Hello, Molly. WHERE'S THE NOSEY PUP THAT WAS TRYING TO CRASH THE PHONE BOOTH?

MOL: That was himself here, Mr. Wilcox. He's got to call the police.

FIB: SOMEBODY STOLE MY CAR, JUNIOR! GOTTA REPORT IT!

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WIL: Gee, that's tough, Pal! Look, when you get the police department ask for my cousin, Big FREDDIE WILCOX. He's a Lieutenant. Here...here's a handful of nickels.

MOL: It'll only cost one nickel, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: Not if you talk to Big Freddie. He doesn't catch on very quick. It usually costs me thirty-five cents to wish him a Merry Christmas. WELL GOOD LUCK WITH IT, PAL! SEE YOU LATER.

MOL: Go on, McGee...get with it!

FIB: Okay. (RECEIVER UP...NICKEL IN SLOT) HELLO, OPERATOR? GIMME THE POLICE DEPARTMENT! HELLO, POLICE DEPARTMENT? WANNA REPORT MY CAR STOLEN. YEAH...IT'S A BLUE SEDAN, WITH A CRACKED WINDSHIELD...A HALF A HERSHEY BAR IN THE GLOVE COMPARTMENT, A BATH MAT...ER...LAP ROBE THAT SAYS "HOTEL WALDORF" ON IT AND...eh? WAIT A MINUTE. (ASIDE) WHAT'S MY NAME, MOLLY?

MOL: Fibber McGee.

FIB: You sure?

MOL: Yes.

FIB: HELLO. FIBBER MCGEE. 79 WISTFUL VISTA. YEAH...OKAY, SARGE...HOP TO IT! (CLICK) He says they'll put it on the teletype right away. Molly! He says they...(PAUSE) What's the matter?

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MOL: Look, dearie. When we got out of the car, where were we?
FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, WHERE WERE WE? WE WERE RIGHT IN FRONT OF
KREMER'S DRUG STORE, NATURALLY!
MOL: And which way did we rush out when you saw Mr. Toops?
FIB: Out the side door, on 14th street. That was the nearest
.....Oh, my gosh...YOU MEAN...
MOL: I mean take a look out the front window. There's our car
...right where we left it. On Oak Street!
FIB: WELL I'LL BE A MONKEY'S FATHER'S BROTHER! (LAUGHS MERRILY)
Come on, really (steps)
Imagine that...all this excitement for nothing.
MOL: Well, almost for nothing. It cost you a nickel.
FIB: I'll pay a nickel anytime not to have that car stolen. I
wouldn't pay any more 'en a quarter, but --
OLD M: (FADE IN) WELL HELLO THERE KIDS....WHATCHA DOIN' ?
MOL: Oh hello, Old Timer. We thought somebody had stolen our
car but we were mistaken.
OLD M: EH?
FIB: She said we thought our car --
OLD M: WELL I'M GLAD YOU FOUND IT, KIDS. IT'S A DIRTY CRIME TO
STEAL ANYBODY'S CAR NOWDAYS. ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TO GIT A
GOOD ONE. HEH HEH.
FIB: What are you doing downtown Old Timer?
OLD M: EH?
(PAUSE)
OLD M: AHEM. WELL, JOHNNY, I COME DOWN HERE TO SEE DOC GAMBLE.
HAD A LITTLE CONSULTATION.
FIB: Nothin' serious, I hope, Old Timer.

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OLD M: Oh no. Ye see, kids, when I was in the See Bees, down
there in them beautiful, sun kissed, flowery, *God know*
fersaken South Sea Islands, I took so much atabrine, my
system feels like the back room of a drug store.
MOL: Atabrine? That's what they use to cure malaria, isn't
it, Old Timer?
OLD M: EH?
FIB: ISN'T THAT WHAT THEY USE TO CURE --
OLD M: Yeah...MALARIA.
MOL: What's the treatment, Old Timer? What's Dr. Gamble
giving you?
OLD M: THE RUNAROUND, DAUGHTER. HE SAYS I'M A SILLY OLD FOOL!
FIB: Why?
OLD M: SIMPLY BECAUSE I....EH?
MOL: Why does he think you're foolish?
OLD M: BECAUSE I ASKED HIM TO GIMME MALARIA TO GIT RID OF THE
ATABRINE. WELL...I'LL FIND SOMEBODY THAT'LL DO IT...SO
LONG, KIDS.

TRAFFIC UP AND FADE.

MOL: Let's get on home, McGee..this has completely worn me out.
FIB: Me too. You got the car keys?
MOL: No, you have.
FIB: Oh yes...(JINGLE OF KEYS) ..In you go, baby.
DOOR SLAM; STARTER..MOTOR IN AND DRIVE OFF ON MIKE..FADE DOWN
FIB: OH MY GOSH..YOU KNOW WHAT, MOLLY? (LAUGHS)
MOL: What, McGee?

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FIB: (LAUGHING) I forgot to call the cops and tell 'em we'd found the car! Remind me to do it when we get home...

MOL: It won't be necessary, dearie..you can tell 'em right now.

FIB: Eh?

SOUND: MOTORCYCLE AND SIREN FADE IN

COP: Pull over to the curb, mister.

SOUND: CAR AND MOTORCYCLE OUT:

MOL: What's the matter, officer? Did we go thru a stop light?

COP: No, lady. This car was reported stolen. Your keys, please.

FIB: (LAUGHS LIKE HELL) Forget it, officer. This is our own car. I thought somebody had swiped it, but -

COP: (QUIETLY) I realize it's a very amusing situation, mister but if you don't hand me those car keys you will acquire a bump that will not be of humor.

MOL: ARE YOU, PERCHANCE, THREATENING MY HUSBAND?

COP: Your husband? And how did a handsome, intelligent looking woman like yourself happen to marry a car thief? You look much too...

FIB: DON'T CALL ME A CAR THIEF, YOU TWO-WHEELED, PUTT-PUTTING TICKET WAVER, OR I'LL PULL YOU OFF THAT SCOOTER AND RAM YOUR SIREN SO FAR DOWN YOUR THROAT YOU'LL TALK WITH A WHINE TILL YOUR NINETY-TWO!

COP: Get out of that car.

FIB: NO!

MOL: He doesn't trust himself, officer. He has a terrible temper.

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COP: I don't trust him either. NOW LISTEN, YOU! START THIS CAR AND DRIVE STRAIGHT TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS. DRIVE SLOWLY. I'LL BE RIGHT BEHIND YOU, AND ONE WRONG MOVE WILL GET YOU A .38 SLUG RIGHT IN THE UPHOLSTERY. GET GOING!

MOL: But officer, if -

COP: GET!

SOUND: MOTOR START AND IDLE

MOL: Got your reading glasses with you, dearie?

FIB: No. Why?

MOL: I think they're going to throw the book at you.

SOUND: CAR AND MOTORCYCLE UP...FADE OUT WITH SIREN...INTO:

ORCH: BRIDGE

~~APPLAUSE~~

THIRD SPOT

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FIB: YEAH, BUT OFFICER...FOR THE NINE HUNDREDTH TIME, I TELL YOU IT'S MY OWN CAR.

MOL: He reported it stolen himself, sergeant.

SERG: I'm sorry. You two people were found driving a stolen car. You have not identified yourselves to our satisfaction.

FIB: WELL, CALL MAYOR LATRIVIA, I TELL YOU. HE'S A GOOD FRIEND OF OURS.

SERG: We did call him. His secretary says he's out shopping for flies, whatever that means.

MOL: LOOK, IS THERE AN OFFICER HERE NAMED BIG FREDDIE WILCOX? He's a cousin of a very good friend of ours. Harlow Wilcox, the Johnson Wax man.

SERG: Big Freddie Wilcox has retired.

FIB: WELL, WAKE HIM UP! MY GOSH, WHAT'S A FEW MINUTES SLEEP COMPARED TO -

SERG: He has retired from the police force.

MOL: DID YOU CALL ANY OF THE OTHER NAMES WE GAVE YOU?

FIB: MORT TOOPS?

SERG: Mr. Toops said you were a dangerous criminal, and hanging was too good for you.

FIB: WHY THAT DIRTY....

MOL: Did you call Doctor Gamble?

SERG: Couldn't locate him. We left word for him at his office and the hospitals.

FIB: MRS. CARSTAIRS?

SERG: We tried Mrs. Carstairs. Her maid said she couldn't be disturbed. She was *sham-pooing* her husband's hair.

MOL: Look, officer...be sensible. You can see we're--

SERG: Let me talk a minute, madam. Just as soon as you can identify yourselves, you may leave, and we'll all love it. But this stolen car epidemic is serious, and we can't take any chances. If you were a police officer, and saw your friends crippled and killed chasing hot cars at 80 miles an hour thru traffic, you'd be a lot tougher than I am.

FIB: I don't doubt that, bud, but--

SERG: If you'd seen as many young boys lifted out of wrecked cars they'd stolen for a thrill, you'd want to make leaving car keys in the ignition a criminal offense.

MOL: BUT WE DIDN'T LEAVE OUR KEYS IN THE IGNITION.

SERG: You say you reported the car stolen. A high percentage of stolen cars were taken simply by turning the ignition key.

FIB: DOGGONE IT, OUR CAR WAS NOT STOLEN. I MADE A MISTAKE AND--

SERG: Go sit down, both of you. I've got work to do, and - OH, GOOD EVENING, DOCTOR.

DOC: Hello, Ben. Did you call me?

MOL: MCGEE, IT'S DOCTOR GAMBLE!! OH, DOCTOR, ARE WE EVER GLAD TO SEE YOU!

FIB: TELL THIS GUY WHO WE ARE, WILL YOU, DOC.

DOC: I'm afraid you have the advantage of me, sir. I never saw you before in my life.

(PAUSE)

MOL: Well, of all the--

FIB: OH NOW DOC...CUT IT OUT!! THIS IS NO TIME FOR THAT STUFF!! WE WANNA GET OUTA HERE. - COME ON, ARROWSMITH! QUIT KIDDING.

SERG: This gentleman's name is not Arrowsmith. He is
 Doctor Gamble.

MOL: Oh, that's just a joke, sergeant. My husband always calls
 him Arrowsmith.

SERG: Why?

(PAUSE)

FIB: Well...I dunno. I just--

DOC: What are these two people charged with, sergeant?

SERG: They were picked up driving a stolen car, Doctor.

MOL: Please, Doctor Gamble, we--

DOC: If you want a professional opinion, Sergeant, from a
 student of human nature and a fine judge of character,
 if I do say so myself, I'd say the lady is a high type
 of woman. However, this man has definite criminal
 characteristics...

FIB: NOW JUST A DARN MINUTE, FATSO --

SERG: QUIET, YOU! Go on, Doctor.

DOC: Notice the lobes of his ears. Practically non existent.
 You'll remember what Lombroso said about that. And
 notice the low brow and the rather loose mouth..

MOL: PLEASE, DOCTOR GAMBLE...LET'S NOT CARRY THIS SILLY JOKE
 ANY FURTHER!! HEAVENLY DAYS --

FIB: Hey, Doc, did you hear what we done to Mort Toops?

DOC: (LAUGHS) You mean about the pool cues? (LAUGHS) Yes,
 I-- (PAUSE) Okay, McGee. You win. Turn 'em loose,
 Sarge. They're all right.

MOL: My goodness, Doctor, you really had me frightened.
 there for a minute!

SERG: You vouch for them, do you, Doctor?

FIB: He better vouch for us, buster! Or I'll break every pill
 in his big fat handbag!

DOC: Yes, they're all right, Ben. Mrs. McGee is one of the
 finest women I know.

MOL: Oh, doctor...I'll bet you tell that to all the lady
 car thieves!

DOC: But her husband can stand watching, Sarge. He's the type
 that ~~gooses~~ ^{nickels} coin telephones with pipe cleaners.

FIB: SO WHAT? I NEVER MADE A NICKEL AT IT!

MOL: Come on, McGee...let's get on home. Thank you for
 coming down, doctor. Goodbye, Sergeant.

SERG: Good night, Mrs. McGee. 'Night, Doctor.

DOC: So long now.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

MOL: My, doesn't that fresh air smell good? Do all police
 stations smell like that, Doctor?

DOC: Approximately, my dear. They bring in some pretty
 stale characters, there, sometimes.

FIB: Hey, you goin' home or back to the hospital, Doc?

DOC: The hospital. Why?

MOL: We'll drop you off on our way home, Doctor. If you'd
 like a lift.

DOC: In what?

FIB: In our car. That's it, right over-- (PAUSE) HEY...
 WHERE'S OUR CAR? MOLLY, AIN'T THIS WHERE WE LEFT OUR
 CAR? RIGHT IN FRONT OF THE POLICE STATION?

(REVISED) -25-

MOL: Why yes...certainly...did you take the keys out of it?

(PAUSE)

FIB: Take Molly home, will you, Doc? I'm goin' back in
and give myself up!

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

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC
MARCH 5, 1946

(2ND REVISION)

-26-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WIL: You know, it always seems to me there's a touch of magic in the way wax can turn an everyday object into a thing of lasting beauty. Take one of your tables, say. Rub a little wax on it, polish it, and right before your eyes that table becomes a handsome, shining treasure. That's because the wax brings out the natural grain of the wood and gives it a really gorgeous lustre. The whole surface seems to glow. All through your home you'll find that JOHNSON'S WAX performs other apparent miracles. Floors take on a gleaming mellow shine that adds enormously to their appearance. JOHNSON'S WAX is wonderful too, for your furniture, leather articles, ornaments and other household accessories. And they are not only beautiful...that lovely lustrous coat of protective JOHNSON'S WAX is constantly on duty to guard against dirt, wear and spilled things. If you've never seen how JOHNSON'S WAX can enrich the appearance of your home and save you hours of work in the bargain, put the name on your shopping list right now...JOHNSON'S WAX, paste, liquid or cream!

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC...FADE FOR:

(2ND REVISION) -27-

MOL: Where did you say you found the car, McGee?
FIB: In the police garage. I remember now....that motor-cop
took the keys when we got out.
MOL: (LAUGHS) and then to think of getting a ticket on the way
home for driving too slow!
FIB: (LAUGHS) Yeah....those policemen are really on the job,
aren't they? Great bunch of fellas! Honest, dependable,
loyal....courageous.....
MOL: When you do an about-face you really WHIRL, don't you,
dearie?
FIB: Eh? Oh. Yeah. (LAUGHS) Goodnight.
MOL: Goodnight, all!
ORCH: PLAYOFF
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.

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

(REVISED) #2

file *SCJ* *Rades*
"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

NBC - TUESDAY

MARCH 12, 1