

*File
S. J. M. G.*

(REVISED)
SCRIPT #2

" FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY "

for

Johnson's Wax

Tuesday October 8th, 1946.

N. B. C.

(REVISED)

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, Arthur Q Bryan, Bea Benadarat, and me, Harlow Wilcox. The script is by Don Quinn and Phil Leslie, - music by the King's Men and Billy Mills' Orchestra!

ORCH: FINISH THEME:

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WIL: What's the most difficult part of your home to keep clean? Isn't it your kitchen floor? Every time you have it looking nice, what happens?...the delivery boy tracks it up, or you spill something, or the children bring in mud. But if you know the secret, it's no trouble at all to have a kitchen floor that's always clean and bright. Just get yourself some JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT. Believe me, that tough protective film of GLO-COAT makes all the difference in the world. When you spill something on your linoleum, or when someone gets it dirty, you simply wipe the shining surface with a damp cloth and right away it comes up smiling...right away its patterns are clean, its colors bright and fresh. I guess I don't have to tell you that Johnson's GLO-COAT is self polishing. There's no rubbing or buffing. GLO-COAT shines as it dries. In 20 minutes your linoleum and other floors are beautifully wax-polished and gleaming. Why not decide right now to have more beautiful floors and save yourself some work...with JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT?

ORCH: THEME UP...FADE FOR:

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
10/8/46

(2ND REVISION) -4-

WILCOX: OF ALL THE FAMOUS FACES IN HISTORY - "THE FACE THAT LAUNCHED A THOUSAND SHIPS", "THE FACE ON THE BARROOM FLOOR" AND SO ON, THE MOST FASCINATING ARE TO BE FOUND IN THE FAMILY PHOTO ALBUM. AND AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA, GOING OVER THEIR ALBUM AND WONDERING AT THE MARVELS OF BIOLOGY, WE FIND --

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: Get a load of this picture willya? Uncle Dennis! Got a collar like Hoover, a tummy like Taft and a mouth like Bilbo!

MOL: (LAUGHING) The photographer must have had a brace around his neck. He certainly looks stiff.

FIB: He probably was. Remember the time Doc Gamble gave him a blood test and it come out 97 proof?

MOL: Don't be intolerant, dearie. None of us is perfect.

FIB: I know....but I never knew a guy who worked so hard at bein' imperfect as Uncle Dennis. He's the most -- HEY, WHAT'S THIS PICTURE? Looks like a picket line at a screwball factory!

MOL: (LAUGHS) That, my pet, is our class picture. 7th grade....Peoria. You're in the middle of the front row, with the catcher's mitt on, and I'm the sweet looking child right behind you. Miss Fidditch is at the end there.

(2ND REVISION) -5-

FIB: WELL WHADDYE KNOW!!!! MISS FIDDITCH, OUR OLD SCHOOL
TEACHER!

MOL: And a very thrifty woman. She used to scrape up the
chalk dust and use it for face powder.

FIB: I used to hate all those teachers till I found out what
they were bein' paid. Now I know they weren't mean....
they were just hungry.

MOL: We were certainly a handsome group of kiddies, weren't
we? And isn't this a coincidence? That big Moran boy
next to you is -

FIB: BULL MORAN? THAT JUGHEAD! THAT MUSCLEBOUND BULLY! WE
WERE FRIENDS ALL THRU SCHOOL AND I HATED HIM EVERY
MINUTE OF IT!

MOL: But the coincidence is that I was just reading where --

FIB: Bull Moran! WHAT A STOOP! He had such a big charlie
horse between the ears he couldn't think up the right
answer to roll call!

MOL: Why did you hate him so, McGee? What did he do to you
that everybody else wanted to, and didn't?

FIB: He was a bully and I wasn't, that's why. I was just a
jolly, friendly, chubby little fellow and he used to
beat me up every day.

MOL: Oh dear....but why did he pick on you?

(2ND REVISION) -6 & 7-

FIB: He says I was easier on the knuckles than the skinny
kids. (LAUGHS) BUT I GOT EVEN WITH HIM, ALL RIGHT!
THE DAY HIM AND HIS FAMILY MOVED AWAY I PUT A SKUNK
IN HIS TRUNK! (LAUGHS) OH WAS HE MAD! HE SAYS HE'D
GET ME FOR IT IF IT TOOK A THOUSAND YEARS.

MOL: It won't take that long dearie, because -

FIB: He didn't scare me, though. I waited all day long for the
guy to show up, and when he didn't come, I went home.

MOL: Where were you waiting for him?

FIB: Down by the brewery - in a culvert....It was cooler under
there. What were you gonna say about him?

MOL: Oh nothing....except that I read in the paper last night
that he was here in Wistful Vista..on business and to look
up some old schoolmates.

FIB: Well, he needn't bother lookin' me up. I hate that guy
like.... WHAT WAS THAT? BULL MORAN HERE IN TOWN? OH
MY GOSH, MOLLY....HE'LL BEAT THE BEJU-....HE SAYS HE'D
GET ME IF IT TOOK ----

DOOR CHIME:

(2ND REVISION) -8-

FIB: Fif Tremayne! Hey, Molly...ain't that the filly that
Doc Gamble and La Trivia are whinnying at?

MOL: That's the one, all right. Say Elsie, is Miss Tremayne
a blonde or a brunette?

ELSIE: She is a decided blonde, Mrs. McGee.

FIB: She is, eh?

ELSIE: Yes...she decided a coupla months ago. Before that she
was dark as the inside of a horse.

MOL: Is she pretty glamorous, Elsie?

ELSIE: To a beauty operator such as I am one of, Mrs. McGee,
glamour is strickly something that comes out of a jar.
I've seen dames come in lookin' like they just got off
the broom, and in two hours they got fellas throwin'
diamond tararas at 'em.

FIB: Well, Doc Gamble and LaTrivia are both trailin' her
around like a busted garter. Doc's got her fever chart
on his desk in a gold frame and LaTrivia gives her a
motorcycle escort when she goes out to walk the dog.

MOL: It must be wonderful to have a doctor and a mayor in love
with you. One keeps you out of the hospital and the other
keeps you out of jail.

ELSIE: Incidentally, Mr. McGee...I heard some news about you
today, too.

FIB: You did, eh?

MOL: What was it, Elsie?

(2ND REVISION) -9 -

ELSIE: Well, I was givin' a lady a henna rench and she says she
come home from her vacation on a train on which she met
a very nice gentleman, which he used to go to school
with Mr. McGee in Peoria, and he's gonna be here in town
and the first thing he's gonna do is look you up.

FIB: YOU MEAN...BULL MORAN? DID HE SAY ANYTHING ELSE?

ELSIE: Oh yes, but just then my assistant slapped a mad pack on
the lady's face, which reminds me I gotta get back and
scrape her off. Goodbye.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: You hear that, Molly? BULL MORAN IS IN TOWN! AND HE'S
AFTER ME! THE BIG BULLY...MY GOSH, HE'LL--

MOL: Oh now calm yourself, McGee...My goodness, he won't--

FIB: WELL, IF HE WANTS TO SEE ME, BY GEORGE LET HIM HUNT FOR
ME...I AIN'T GONNA SET AROUND HERE IN THE HOUSE LIKE A
CLAY PIGEON! WHERE'S MY HAT?

MOL: On the hall table, but--

FIB: WHERE'S MY GLASSES? I GOTTA BE WEARIN' MY GLASSES...

MOL: I don't know, McGee. You haven't worn those glasses since

FIB: OH, I GOTTA HAVE MY GLASSES..IT'S A FEDERAL OFFENSE TO
HIT A GUY WITH GLASSES ON, AND -- Oh, I know where they
are. Right here in the hall clo-

DOOR OPEN: CLOSET EFFECT: (PAUSE)

MOL: You should have cleaned it out this summer...

ORCH: "BUTTERMILK SKY"
(APPLAUSE)

SECOND SPOT

(REVISED) -10-

SOUND: WALKING ALONG SIDEWALK:

MOL: My goodness, McGee...I'm tired of walking. Don't you know any streets where the sidewalks are softer?

FIB: You'll get your second wind in a minute, kiddo. I gotta keep circulating.

MOL: Why don't we go home - and then if Mr. Moran shows up--

FIB: OH, NO WE DON'T...HE'S JUST THE TYPE OF LINT-HEAD THAT'LL BE AFTER ME WITH A SAVED-OFF SHOTGUN. AND A MOVING TARGET IS HARDER TO HIT. I know alleys in this town where he'd never think of--

MOL: OH, MCGEE...THERE'S OFFICER CLANCY, WAVING TO YOU.

FIB: Where?

MOL: Right over there. Take those silly glasses off so you can see.

FIB: Okay, but if you spot Moran, lemme know...so I can put 'em on again. OH, HIYA, CLANCY!

COP: (BILL'S MICK) Faith, McGee, and if it isn't just the laddie I been after lookin' for. And how are you today, Machushla...the top of the mornin' to ye!

MOL: And the balance of the day to yourself, Mr. Clancy.

COP: Ah, Mavourneen, 'tis yourself that has the soft wind off the lakes of Killarney in yer little throat! Sure, and when I hear the likes of you speakin' with the voice of the little people, 'tis takin' me back to County Clare, it tis, with --

(2ND REVISION) -11-

FIB: AW, LAY OFF IT, YOU PHONEY BOG TROTTER! The closest you ever been to Cork was the last time you pulled one out with your teeth. What's on your mind, Clancy?

COP: Well now, me bucko--I've been assigned to this precinct to collect fees for dog licenses. Your dog is a male...or a female?

FIB: We haven't got a dog, Clancy.

COP: WHAT! YE HAVEN'T GOT A DOG? A FINE THING!! (SO YE DON'T LIKE DOGS?

FIB: SURE WE LIKE DOGS!! WE JUST DON'T HAPPEN TO--

COP: LISTEN TO THE MAN! HIM AND HIS WIFE LIVIN' IN A GREAT BIG HOUSE...AND NEVER THE ROOM IN IT FOR MAN'S BEST FRIEND... NEVER KNOWIN' THE FRIENDLY TOUCH OF A GOLD NOSE...THE HONEST LOVE AND DEVOTION OF A LOYAL ANIMAL LIKE A DOG! AH, THE SHAME OF IT...

MOL: Yes, but Mister Clancy, we --

COP: --AND WHO WOULD IT BE THAT WAITS AT THE DOOR FER YE, DAY AFTHUR DAY...NEVER COMPLAININ', NEVER CRITICISIN'... KNOWIN' ALL YER FAULTS AND FERGIN' YE FER EVERY WAN OF THEM? WHO IS IT?

MOL: Me.

FIB: Look, Clancy, I know you're--

COP: TIS DISAPPOINTED I AM IN YE, MCGEE!! THE DIRTY SELFISHNESS OF YE, YE SCUT! A MAN THAT CAN'T SPARE A WARM CORNER BY THE FIRE FER A FRIENDLY PUP!

MOL: Yes, but--

COP: BUT NEVER LET IT BE SAID THAT TERENCE JOSEPH CLANCY WAS WAN TO STAND FER SUCH THINGS IN HIS OWN PRECINCT! HOW MUCH CAN YE AFFORD TO PAY FER A DOG?

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, HOW MUCH CAN WE AFFORD TO--

COP: AS IT HAPPENS, ME OWN DOG, (AND A FINER HALF-DOBERMANN, HALF COCKER SPANIEL NEVER BIT A MILKMAN), SHE HAD PUPS THIS VERY DAY, AND TO GIVE HIM A HOME AND THE LOVE OF A GOOD MAN, I'M LETTIN' YE HAVE WAN FER THIRTY-FIVE DOLLARS...

MOL: YES, BUT WE DON'T--

COP: QUIET, MAVOURNEEN!...TIS NOT A CENT MORE WILL I TAKE!! TIS LIKE SELLIN' ME OWN CHILD, IT TIS...AND BREAKS THE HEART OF ME TO PART WITH IT. I'LL BE OVER TONIGHT.

FIB: NOW, WAIT A MIN--

COP: THAT'LL BE THIRTY-FIVE FER THE PUP AND THREE FER THE LICENSE. GOOD DAY TO YE, (FADE) AND IT'S PROUD I AM TO KNOW SUCH DOG LOVERS AS YERSELVES.

FIB: Well, I'll be a monkey's uncle!

MOL: To say nothing of a dobermann's stepfather! Look, McGee.. I'm going into Kremer's Drug store a minute. I've got to sit down a while.

FIB: Okay.. you go in first and look around. If Bull Moran is in there, gimme a signal.

MOL: All right. If you see me in the front window, turning cartwheels, he's in there. If I add a handspring and double back sommersault, it will mean --

FIB: AW CUT IT OUT!! I'M SERIOUS.

DOOR OPEN:

FIB: SEE HIM ANY PLACE?

MOL: No, I don't dearie...I think you're safe. My goodness you're as nervous as a cow in deer season!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Wait'll I look around. If Bull Moran knows I'm --

MOL: OH MCGEE...LOOK WHO'S RIGHT BEHIND YOU!

FIB: (YELPS) DROP THAT GUN, MORAN!! DON'T YOU LAY A FINGER... Oh. Oh hiyah, Junior...(LAUGHS) I..I thought you were somebody else.

WIL: Gee whiz, Pal, you're shaking like a jellied consomme! What's the matter with you?

MOL: An old school chum of McGee's is in town, Mr. Wilcox. He's looking for McGee and McGee doesn't want to see him.

FIB: If he catches up with me, Junior, he'll take me apart like a Sunday paper.

WIL: You mean this feud has lasted since your school days?

(REVISED)

-14-

MOL: Since the seventh grade in Peoria, Mr. Wilcox. When this boy moved away from town, himself here put a skunk in his trunk. A rather novel going-away present, you'll admit.

FIB: The dirty bully! It served him right after the way he used to beat me up on the way to school every day.

WIL: Want me to stick around with you, Pal? Between us we can lay this guy colder than an Eskimo's mukluks.

FIB: I dunno, Juney...he's awful big!

MOL: Oh I don't remember him as being so big, McGee.

FIB: You don't eh? You never looked at him with your eyes full of knuckles. He used to paste me so hard -

WIL: Oh speaking of paste, I've got to call the office. We're expecting a big shipment of Johnson's Paste Wax.

FIB: Okay. But as I was sayin', Junior, this guy used to hit me with -

WIL: The paste Wax is making a terrific hit around Wistful Vista. The way it protects and preserves and beautifies ^{floors} furniture and lampshades and luggage is so wonderful that --

MOL: Yes, we know, Mr. Wilcox, but this big bully that McGee is --

WIL: That's what I was saying. Johnson's Paste Wax does such a bully job of guarding wood and leather and enamel surfaces against dust and dampness, protecting it against --

FIB: (YELLS) YES YES YES...WE KNOW...WE KNOW!! BUT THAT DON'T PROTECT ME AGAINST BULL MORAN!

WIL: Against who, Pal.

(2ND REVISION) -15-

MOL: Bull Moran, Mr. Wilcox...that's the brute McGee is dodging.

WIL: Well, why didn't you say so! I was just talking to him about you.

FIB: WHAT? WHERE IS HE???...WHERE IS HE?

WIL: In the back of the store...in the phone booth. He'll be out in a minute I guess and --

MOL: MCGEE...COME BACK HERE...MCGEE...

ORCH: WILLIAM TELL....FADE FOR:

FOOTSTEPS - COMING OUT OF BRIDGE

MOL: Hold it, McGee...I can't run another block. (PANTS) Heavenly...days...let's sit on this park bench a minute...

FIB: Okay...you face that way and I'll face this way. I don't wanna get caught with my...caught unawares.

MOL: McGee...I'll do no more dodging. I'm worn out. We've covered this town like a January snow. If you keep this up, people will think you're afraid to face Bull Moran.

FIB: I know one guy who already thinks I'm afraid.

MOL: Who?

FIB: Me....Look, snooky... a guy like Moran don't swear revenge on a guy like me and then follow his trail for all these years just to show him pictures of the wife and kids. THIS IS A DANGEROUS SITUATION! IT'S FRAUGHT!

MOL: Yes, but -

DOC: (FADE IN) AH THERE, MCGEE...

(2ND REVISION) -16-

FIB: OH NO YOU DON'T, MORAN!!!...PUT THAT KNIFE DOWN!! YOU CAN'T...Oh..Oh Hello, Doc. Thought you were somebody else. Can't see very good with these glasses on.

DOC: They why do you wear them, you little ignoramus? Most people don't wear glasses when they should. It's even more stupid to wear them when you don't have to. But who am I to talk to an expert on stupidity?

MOL: It's for protection, Doctor. One of his old enemies is after him.

FIB: Yeah, he won't dare hit me when I got glasses on.

DOC: That's an interesting theory. Were you ever a railroad man, McGee?

MOL: No, he wasn't, Doctor.

FIB: Why, Arrowsmith? What made ya think I was a railroad man?

DOC: I just wondered. So many of your motives are loco.

MOL: I don't think it's very strange not to want to get your head kicked off, Doctor. Incidentally, you have a bit of a feud on yourself, haven't you?

DOC: Who me?

FIB: OH DON'T GIVE US THAT WHO ME ROUTINE, FATSO! YOU KNOW WHAT SHE'S TALKING ABOUT. La Trivia beatin' your time with Fifi Tremayne!

DOC: K, dear boy...when you speak the name of Miss Tremayne, I would advise you to keep a civil tongue in your tiny little head.

MOL: Oh he didn't mean any disrespect, Doctor, I'm sure.

(2ND REVISION) -17-

FIB: Certainly not Capsule-happy. And don't make any threats to me either! I could tie your oversize neck in a lovers' knot before you could say Robinson Crusoe.

MOL: You mean JACK ROBINSON, dearie.

FIB: I CAN SPOT HIM THREE SYLLABLES, AND STILL DO IT!

DOC: Relax, supermouse. Remember, I am familiar with every weary corpuscle in your weird little body, and you don't own a muscle that has the tensile strength of a poached egg. You have the reaction time of a leaking molasses jug, and the nervous system of a pinball machine...tilted.

FIB: YEAH, BUT --

DOC: Your co-ordination is that of a sack of potato chips and you haven't the stamina to hold your ticket stub thru the newsreel.

MOL: That sounds awful. I wonder who his doctor is.

(REVISED) -18-

DOC: AH...TOUCHE, MY DEAR..TOUCHE!

FIB: NOW THAT I RESENT! I DON'T WEAR A TOUCHE, AND YOU KNOW
IT! I GOT AS MUCH HAIR AS I HAD WHEN I WAS SIXTEEN,
AND BY GEORGE --

DOC: Skip it, Birdbrain. I haven't time to bandy words any
further. If your old friend catches up with you, maybe
we can all get together tonight. I'll make your
reservations.

MOL: Where, Doctor?

DOC: In the fracture ward. Good luck with it, Bellmouth!

ORCH: KING'S MEN "MY DARLING CLEMENTINE"

(APPLAUSE)

(2nd REVISION)-19

THIRD SPOT

FOOTSTEPS UP STEPS AND ACROSS PORCH:

FIB: Hurry up, Molly, let's get in the house and -- (PAUSE)
Whatcha got?

MOL: A note -- it was pinned to the door.

DOOR OPENS:

FIB: Bring it inside. That's it.

DOOR CLOSSES:

MOL: Oh, it's from Mr. Moran. Listen, it says "REMEMBER ME?
YOU WERE OUT, BUT I'LL BE BACK! Signed, Bull Moran."

FIB: (RESIGNED) Well, if it's gotta come, it's gotta come.
I'll fight him --

MOL: Good for you.

FIB: If I have to! I'll fight him square and fair...Where's
my ballbat? I gotta have ballbat--

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: It's Mayor La Trivia, dearie. COME IN!

DOOR OPENS:

MOL: Hello, Mr. Mayor. Come right in.

GALE: Thank you, Molly. Hello, McGee.

FIB: How you been, La Triv? Haven't seen you lately.

GALE: No, I've been extremely busy lately, McGee. Civic
meetings, things of that sort.

FIB: You were having a little argument with that Bar Association
of yours, weren't you? How did that come out?

GALE: Oh, I haven't seen her since I met Miss Tremayne. I stopped going to Joe's Place and-- OHHHH, THAT BAR ASSOCIATION!!

MOL: That's the one we meant - yes.

GALE: (NERVOUS CHUCKLE) Oh, we - uh - we reached an agreement.

MOL: That's good. And personally, I'm glad to hear you haven't been dating anyone else since you met Fifi.

GALE: Thank you. I wish I could say the same for her!

FIB: As the guy said when he saw the baby take a hammer to his watch - is somebody beatin' your time, La Triv?

GALE: I'd rather not discuss it, if you don't mind, McGee.

MOL: Of course not, McGee. Naturally, His Honor doesn't want to talk about it if Doctor Gamble's moving in on him.

FIB: Okay, but, I predicted this, you know. I predicted that when Gamble moved in, she'd drop La Triv like a hot Secretary of Commerce!

GALE: I HAVE NOT BEEN DROPPED LIKE A HOT ANYTHING! For your information, McGee, I have just advised Miss Tremayne to make up her mind between Doctor Gamble and myself!

FIB: Boy, is your neck out!

GALE: I have invited her to the football game tomorrow & I have tickets on the 50 yard line - but it now seems that she would prefer going with Doctor Gamble, because she can ride in the ambulance! Does that sound like sense?

MOL: No, but it sounds like a woman, Your Honor.

GALE: (WROUGHT UP) I CAN ONLY TAKE SO MUCH! I WOULDN'T TAKE HER TO THE FOOTBALL GAME NOW IF SHE CAME TO ME ON BENDED KNEES AND BESEECHEED ME TO PLEASE --

PHONE RINGS:

FIB: OH-OH! I'M NOT HERE, MOLLY! TELL THAT THUG I'M OUT OF TOWN!!

MOL: I won't tell the man a deliberate lie, McGee!

GALE: Shall I get it? (RECEIVER UP) Hello. (DELIGHTED) Yes, this is Chuckie. (GIGGLE) Oh, Fifi! What? You will go to the game with me? WONDERFUL! What?...Yes, of course we can ride out there on the fire engine! Yes, Fifi! SEE YOU TOMORROW!

HANG UP:

GALE: (CLEARS THROAT) (PAUSE) That was - uh - Miss Tremayne. Good day!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Boyoboyoboy, is he ever loopy. Look at that guy go up the sidewalk, Molly - his feet aren't even touching the pavement!

MOL: Ahh, love! You know-- What are you doing with the ballbat, McGee?

(REVISED) -21-

FIB: Boy, is your neck out!

GALE: I have invited her to the football game tomorrow & I have tickets on the 50 yard line - but it now seems that she would prefer going with Doctor Gamble, because she can ride in the ambulance! Does that sound like sense?

MOL: No, but it sounds like a woman, Your Honor.

GALE: (WROUGHT UP) I CAN ONLY TAKE SO MUCH! I WOULDN'T TAKE HER TO THE FOOTBALL GAME NOW IF SHE CAME TO ME ON BENDED KNEES AND BESEECHED ME TO PLEASE --

PHONE RINGS:

FIB: OH-OH! I'M NOT HERE, MOLLY! TELL THAT THUG I'M OUT OF TOWN!!

MOL: I won't tell the man a deliberate lie, McGee!

GALE: Shall I get it? (RECEIVER UP) Hello. (DELIGHTED) Yes, this is Chuckie. (GIGGLE) Oh, Fifi! What? You will go to the game with me? WONDERFUL! What?....Yes, of course we can ride out there on the fire engine! Yes, Fifi! SEE YOU TOMORROW!

HANG UP:

GALE: (CLEARS THROAT) (PAUSE) That was - uh - Miss Tremayne. Good day!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Boyoboyoboy, is he ever loopy. Look at that guy go up the sidewalk, Molly - his feet aren't even touching the pavement!

MOL: Ahh, love! You know-- What are you doing with the ballbat, McGee?

(2ND REVISION) -22-

FIB: Putting it away. I'm not gonna use it, Molly - fight or no fight.

MOL: Good for you!

FIB: I found a length of gas pipe.

MOL: Oh no! McGee, it's ridiculous for two grown men-----

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: Who is it? Can you see?

MOL: No, but - talk to him, McGee!

FIB: No.

MOL: I'll talk to him!

FIB: Yeah.

MOL: Surely he won't hit a woman, and ---

FIB: Sure, we'll both talk to him. Stand right up here! COME -- come in.

DOOR OPENS:

FIB: (PAUSE) As fer---WHATTA YOU WANT, BUD? WE DON'T NEED ANY MAGAZINES.

MAN: (VERY NICE LITTLE GUY - BILL'S HIGH VOICE) Oh, I'm not selling anything, sire, I'm looking for a Mr. McGee.

FIB: YEAH? I'M MCGEE.

MAN: I thought you were. I'm Richard Moran---(CHUCKLES) "Bull" Moran - remember?

MOL: My goodness.

FIB: WHAT? WELL, FOR ---

MAN: Nobody calls me "Bull" any more, of course. I must have been awfully big for my age in those days - because you know something? I never grew an inch after the seventh grade! (CHUCKLES)

FIB: You didn't, eh? WELL, WHATTAYA KNOW ABOUT THAT? AM I
GLAD TO SEE YOU!

MAN: Oh, thank you.

FIB: I BEEN LOOKING ALL OVER TOWN FOR YOU, MORAN. STEP RIGHT
OUT IN THE YARD HERE! (FOOTSTEPS OFF PORCH) YOU
REMEMBER THE TIME YOU PUT THAT MOUSE UP MY PANTS LEG AND
TIED THE CUFFS TOGETHER?

MOL: (OFF) McGee! Now don't--

FIB: AND THE TIME YOU NAILED MY SHOES TO THE FLOOR? WHYYYY --

MOL: Oh dear! McGEE!

FIB: And remember the time --

MOL: McGEE! DON'T! LET THE MAN UP, McGEE! OH NOOOO!!!

ORCH: PLAYOFF

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Do you own a pre-war automobile? If you do, chances are
you're getting a little tired of trying to keep up its
appearance, but with new cars so scarce it's still the
smart thing to do, isn't it? I guess that's the number
one reason for using JOHNSON'S GARNU, the car polish that
both cleans and polishes in one application. Believe me,
you'd have to go a long, long way to find a better car
polish than GARNU. It really rolls up its sleeves and
goes to work on your car. With surprisingly little effort
on your part, GARNU gets rid of every trace of ground-in
dirt and road grime, and when you've finished, your old
bus really shines. Perhaps you don't know that JOHNSON'S
GARNU is a liquid car polish. You rub it on, then let it
dry to a white powder, and off comes all the dirt and
dullness when you wipe off that powder. Sounds like just
the car polish you've been looking for, doesn't it? How
about giving your old car a beauty treatment this week...
with JOHNSON'S GARNU.

ORCH: SWELL MUSICL FADE FOR:

(2ND REVISION) -25-

TAG

MOL: Tell us, Mr. Moran, whatever happened with the skunk
himself here put in your trunk?

FIB: Yeah...(LAUGHS) I heard you were pretty sore about that,
Bull.

MAN: Oh yes...at first. But we collected five hundred dollars
damage from the moving company for that. Father invested
it and made his first million.

MOL: Heavenly days...and what are you doing for a living,
Mr. Moran?

MAN: Oh, nothing. For several years, I spent my time endowing
all my old schoolmates. One hundred thousand apiece. I
wrote to McGee several times, but he never answered.

FIB: Is it...is it too late, Bu--er...Richard?

MAN: I'm afraid so. What with taxes, you know....

MOL: MmmmmmmHmmmmmm!

FIB: Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all.

ORCH: THEME 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.

(CHIMES)

h

" F I B B E R M C G E E & M O L L Y "

for

Johnson's Wax

Tuesday October 15, 1946