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(REVISED)

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"FIBBER MCGEE and MOLLY"

for  
JOHNSON'S WAX

November 12th, 1946

N.B.C.

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(REVISED)

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WIL: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM - WITH FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

ORCH: THEME...FADE FOR:

WIL: The makers of Johnson's Wax Products for home and industry present Fibber McGee and Molly, with Bill Thompson, Gale Gordon, Arthur Q. Bryan, and me, Harlow Wilcox. The script is by Donn Quinn and Phil Leslie - music by the King's Men and Billy Mills' Orchestra!

ORCH: FINISH THEME

(COMMERCIAL, PAGE 3)



OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: I see by the papers that more than a million newlyweds are setting up homes this year. Besides wishing you luck, may I say this? Whether you live in an eight room house, a small apartment or even one room, the regular use of Johnson's Wax will make your new home a much more beautiful place. If you've never waxed a floor, say, you'll be delighted with its shining wax-polished beauty. And remember, floors grow lovelier with every application of Johnson's Wax, besides being easy to keep clean and sparkling. But don't stop with your floors. Perhaps you have an antique china cabinet or an old sideboard or bookcase you picked up somewhere. These pieces may look dull now, but a protective coat of Johnson's Wax will give them a bright glowing sparkle you'll be proud of. All through your home there are other things that need waxing with Johnson's Wax. Your new furniture, of course, not to mention a hundred other things like window sills, table tops, radios and leather goods ... whose smooth, richly polished appearance all adds up to shining beauty for your home. Use it regularly, won't you? Ask for Johnson's Wax -- Paste Liquid or Cream.

ORCH: THEME SWELL TO FINISH.

WILCOX: WHEN A WOMAN SEES HER SO-CALLED BETTER HALF COME DASHING UP THE FRONT WALK, HATLESS AND WILD-EYED, A NEWSPAPER IN HIS HAND, SHE CAN BE SAFE IN ASSUMING THAT SOMETHING HAS POPPED, OR IS ABOUT TO. THAT'S THE SITUATION RIGHT NOW AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA AS WE JOIN --

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

MOL: Heavenly days, look at the lad run! He hasn't moved that fast since he got his muffler caught in the taxicab door. I wonder what--

SOUND: (OFF MIKE) FOOTSTEPS RUNNING UP STEPS...ON PORCH...DOOR OPEN AND SLAM, FAST

FIB: (OUT OF BREATH) HEY, MOLLY!...GIMME A DOLLAR...QUICK!... THIS IS THE LAST DAY!! HURRY UP, KIDDO...GIMME A BUCK! GET ME AN ENVELOPE! HERRY!! I CAN'T--

MOL: Calm down, McGee...take it easy. This is the last day for what? Or is it just the last day?

FIB: IT'S THE LAST DAY TO SEND IN A DOLLAR...HURRY UP...GIMME A DOLLAR BILL!...GET ME AN ENVELOPE!!...I GOTTA SEND A--

MOL: Now, wait a minute...stop hopping around! Count to ten, and then tell mother.

FIB: (FAST) TWO FOUR SIX EIGHT TEN, LOOK!! WHEN I SAW THIS AD IN THE GAZETTE--

MOL: (SHARPLY) MCGEE!!

FIB: Eh?

MOL: You are approaching the age, dearie, when your blood pressure is entitled to some consideration.



FIB: Yahbut--  
MOL: You must learn to take things a little easier.  
FIB: Yahbut--  
MOL: Now, relax...nothing is this important. So you saw an ad in the Gazette. You have to send somebody a dollar for something. Now then...for what?  
FIB: Look...we gotta quit stalling around. WE'RE WASTING TIME! THIS IS THE LAST DAY...THIS AD SAYS...WAIT A MINUTE...I'LL SHOW YOU...(RATTLE OF NEWSPAPER) HERE IT IS...LOOK!! It says, "ATTENTION! LAST DAY! SEND ONE DOLLAR TO BOX 217, WISTFUL VISTA GAZETTE".  
MOL: Yes?  
FIB: WELL, DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? THIS IS THE LAST DAY!! IT SAYS SO!  
MOL: But what do you get for your dollar?  
FIB: WHY, YOU GET A...IT SAYS IT'S THE LAST DAY TO...I MEAN, IF WE DON'T SEND...ER...(PAUSE) Hey, that's funny... it don't say what it's for!!  
MOL: Sweetheart, I never thought I'd have to explain the facts of life to you after all these years. That's a racket.  
FIB: WHAT? IT IS?  
MOL: Certainly. Didn't you read where they arrested a man for that? He just puts this ad in and waits for the gullible to send in their money.  
FIB: Well, whaddye know! That's pretty clever, ain't it? I wish I'd thought of that. That's my trouble...I'm always on the wrong end of a promotion!

MOL: And I'm glad of it. As it is, the shadiest thing you've ever been in was a picnic grove. Now that we've taken care of that, and saved a dollar, is there anything else new in the paper?  
FIB: Nah, just the usual stuff. Election news, labor trouble, and football scores. Politics, pickets and punts.  
MOL: Whose picture is that on page three?  
FIB: Eh, where? Oh! Ronald Colman.  
MOL: Oh, my favorite actor! You know, I went to see "Arrowsmith" so many times, I started using ether for perfume. What's the news about him?  
FIB: Nothing much. Says he's gonna get away from Hollywood for a rest. It says he--  
DOORBELL:  
MOL: COME IN!  
DOOR OPEN:  
BOY: Mr. McGee here?  
FIB: I'm Mr. McGee, bud. State your business briefly. I'm a busy man.  
BOY: Telegram.  
MOL: I'll take it. Thank you!  
BOY: Sign here.  
FIB: Okay. (PAUSE) There you are. (PAUSE) Well, whaddya waitin' for?  
BOY: I realize, sir, that the custom of offering gratuities for services rendered is considered undemocratic, and inclined to undermine the spirit of free enterprise, but who am I to fly in the face of established tradition?



FIB: What's this little mugg talkin' about?  
MOL: A tip.  
FIB: EH? OH! (LAUGHS) I get it. Here, bud. Here's a dime.  
BOY: A dime!! Gee, won't Mother be pleased! Now I can get her that string of polo ponies!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: (LAUGHS) Ten cents sure looks big to kids his age, don't it? He thinks he can buy horses with it! (LAUGHS) I remember when I was a boy, I--  
MOL: Who's the telegram from, McGee? Open it up.  
FIB: I can't open it. It ain't addressed to me. It just says (PAUSE) OH MY GOSH...IF THIS AIN'T A COINCIDENCE!! It says RONALD COLMAN...CARE OF MR. AND MRS. FIBBER MCGEE... 79 WISTFUL VISTA...HOLD FOR ARRIVAL!  
MOL: HOLD FOR ARRIV-- WHAT'S THAT? RONALD COLMAN COMING HERE?  
FIB: Looks like it!  
MOL: BUT WHY? HE DOESN'T EVEN KNOW US.  
FIB: He knows me. I got his autograph once at the Union Station, and told him if he ever wanted to get away for a good rest, to drop in for a week or so. I say, this is jolly good of him, old girl...what? Be rousing sport, won't it, showing the old chap about the village?  
MOL: You've been playing too much pool, dearie. Some of the English has come off on you. But what I don't understand is just why--

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: Blimey!! That must be the blighter now! Put on a pot of tea, old thing, and have the charwoman tidy up the digs!!

MOL: I'll believe this when I see it. COME IN!

DOOR OPENS:

MOL: You can 'urry back from 'Ampstead 'Eath now, M'lordship. It's Doctor Gamble.  
FIB: Reahllly? The physician chap? Good day, old boy. Glad you could pip in, pop-pop! I mean - glad you could pop in, pip-pip!  
DOC: What goes on here? You been giving him English muffins for breakfast, Molly? Or did the dentist sell him a London Bridge?  
MOL: No, he's expecting a visit from Ronald Colman, Doctor. Apparently this Bond Street brogue is his idea of hospitality.  
FIB: I say, old cumquat, have a chair. We'll have a spot of pekoe and a jolly old beano, what?  
DOC: ISN'T THIS NAUSEATING? MY DEAR, WHEN YOU PICK A FELLOW WITH A BRITISH ACCENT, YOU REALLY PICK A DILLY!  
FIB: BY JOVE, OLD BOY, THAT WAS A RIPPER! PICK A DILLY, HE SAYS! (PHONEY BRITISH LAUGH) BLAWST ME, I SHALL HAVE TO WRITE A LETTER TO THE TIMES!!  
MOL: Dearie, you have no idea how awful you sound. Why can't you just be your old, corny self?  
DOC: In the first place, Bagbritch, you have about as much chance of a visit from Mr. Colman as I have from the stork. What am I saying? I meet the stork every day!



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FIB: And if you'll mind your manners, <sup>Gambler</sup> ~~Slim~~ Child, you can meet Ronald Colman in person right here, right today! A wire came here for him a while ago.

MOL: Strangely enough, it really did, Doctor. Addressed to him, care of us. Saying "Hold for Arrival". If you're not too busy, drop in later.

DOC: I'm afraid I will be, my dear. As I told Miss Tremay--er, as I told one of my patients --

FIB: WE HEARD YOU, YOU BIG ROMEO. Neglecting your practice to shilly-shally around with Fifi! You ever stop to think you might wind up with a ring in your nose, Lover Boy?

DOC: WHY, YOU LITTLE GUTTERSNAKE! I OUGHT TO--

MOL: NOW NOW NOW! BOYS, BOYS! Remember Santa Claus might be listening.

FIB: But I think Ducky oughta know what La Trivia is saying about him.

DOC: I HAVEN'T THE SLIGHTEST INTEREST IN WHAT-- (PAUSE) Yes?

FIB: He says the best way he can sell himself to Fifi is to let her go out with you a few times. He says you're groomed like a country road, smell like a fracture ward, and act like an underprivileged Zulu.

MOL: Why, McGee, I don't believe he ever--

DOC: SO HE SAID THAT, DID HE? BY GEORGE, IF I--

TELEPHONE:

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DOC: Probably for me, my dear - I'll get it. (RECEIVER UP)  
Hello, Gambler speaking. Yes? (PAUSE) Well, offhand I'd say your trouble was circulatory. Better drop in my office in the morning. - Yes - You say you feel warm when you stand up, but get cold when you sit down? Mmm-hmmm. Well, see you in the morning, Mr. Winterbottom.

HANG UP:

FIB: Oh, I say, old rutabaga, must you toddle along?

DOC: Rawther! Have a jolly visit from the cinema chap, won't you? Tally-ho, my dear...and I'll see you next Noel, Coward.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: It sounds worse on him than it does on you, dearie.

FIB: He don't see enough movies. Can't stay awake in 'em. Every picture he's seen for the last fifteen years has been The Big Sleep.

MOL: Look, McGee. This is a lot of nonsense.

FIB: What is?

MOL: This business of Donald Colman coming here. There's about as much chance of his coming to see you as there is of getting the Democrats out of office.

FIB: Well?

MOL: Hmm. That wasn't a very good metaphor, was it?

ORCH: "WHY DOES IT GET SO LATE SO EARLY?"

APPLAUSE



SECOND SPOT

(2ND REVISION)

-11-

SOUND: GRINDING NOISE: REPEAT:

FIB: (SINGS) Ohhhh, I had a Belgian rabbit,  
and I named him Little Clare --  
He was very introspective -  
what you'd call an ingrown hare.  
Oh de da de da da...

SOUND: GRINDING REPEAT

MOL: McGee.

FIB: Eh?

MOL: What are you doing with my meat grinder?

FIB: Grinding up some old cigars to make pipe tobacco,  
for when Ronnie Colman gets here. I got enough  
now to take care of Ronnie for quite a while.

MOL: If it's your own cigars you ground up, it'll  
take care of him permanently. And by the way...

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FIB: Yes?

MOL: Are you going to call Mr. Colman "RONNIE"? Isn't that a  
little presumptuous?

FIB: Look, Kiddo...for the dough I've shoved thru box-office  
windows to see that guy fly to Shangri-la, I can call  
him Ignatz. If he resents --

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: HEY! MAYBE THAT'S HIM !! .. HAND ME THAT COPY OF DICKENS  
CHRISTMAS CAROL....Thanks..HERE! .. YOU TAKE THIS!! IT'S  
PUNCH!

MOL: Thanks, but I'M not thirsty.

FIB: IT AIN'T A DRINK..IT'S A MAGAZINE..IT'S ENGLISH. WE WANT  
RONNIE TO KNOW WE -

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!!!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh hello, Mayor La Trivia. Come right in.

GALE: Thank you, Molly. Good day, McGee.

FIB: I say, old chap, this is a bit of all right, having you  
barge in like this.

GALE: (STARTLED) I - I BEG YOUR PARDON?

MOL: He says he's glad to see you, Mr. Mayor.

FIB: Yes, do have a chair, old pumpkin. I hope the mater and  
pater are well, and that you're getting along handsomely  
with that bit of fluff from the cheatah. Uh-Fifi? Right?



GALE: I don't quite know what's going on here, Mrs. McGee, but I think your husband is confused. He doesn't want to see me -with those adenoids he/wants Doctor Gamble.

MOL: McGee's expecting Ronald Colman this afternoon, Your Honor. He's just practising up to talk Mr. Colman's language - he thinks.

GALE: Really? Ronald Colman a friend of yours, McGee?

FIB: Oh, quite, quite! Old school tie, you know.

MOL: You'd better loosen it, dearie, I think your old school tie is strangling you.

FIB: Coming up to spend the fortnit, Ronnie is. We of the English colony, you know -

GALE: By Jove, this is interesting! I didn't know you were English, McGee!

MOL: That makes two of us. I didn't know it, either.

GALE: I AM, you know - though I find it deucedly difficult to talk intelligently with the City Hall crowd.

FIB: Rawther! Of course, one can always discuss lit'ry matters with one's secket'ry.

GALE: My Secketry's absent today, old chap. Her boyfriend's runabout ran out of petrol last night.

MOL: My goodness, you two sound just like Reginald Gardiner and Arthur Treacher.

FIB: (EAGERLY) We do?

MOL: As done by Abbott and Costello.

FIB: (PHONEY LAUGH) Oh, I say, that's most amusing! But how about scrounging up a bit of refreshment, old gel? Give the Lord Mayor a spot of oolong and a lumpet.

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MOL: The word is CRUMPET, dearie.  
FIB: It is? I thought crumpet is what you do to your partner's  
ace.  
GALE: That's TRUMP IT, McGee!  
FIB: GO ON! A TRUMPET IS A BUGLE WITH KNOBS ON IT! WHY  
SHOULD I ASK MY WIFE TO GIVE YOU SOME TEA AND A BUGLE?  
THAT'S RIDICULOUS!  
GALE: I quite agree! Let's drop the whole thing, McGee!  
FIB: Okay. How's tricks down at City Hall, La Triv? You  
stealing much?  
GALE: WHAT??  
FIB: Time from your work to see Fifi, I mean. I figured you'd  
be with her a lot after what Doc Gamble said. You know  
what he said??  
MOL: Oh now, McGee, don't start -  
GALE: I AM NOT THE LEAST BIT INTERESTED IN WHAT DOCTOR GAMBLE  
SAYS ABOUT MISS TREMAYNE AND MYSELF!  
MOL: Of course not!  
GALE: What did he say?  
FIB: Doc says the best way he can sell himself to Fifi is to  
let you go out with her a few times. He says you're  
about as well groomed as an alley cat, got an air about  
you like a livery stable, and act like an underprivileged  
buffalo!  
GALE: OH, HE SAID THAT, DID HE? BY JOVE, I'LL - (PAUSE) McGee,  
were there any monkeys in your family tree?  
FIB: Not that I know of, La Triv? Why?  
GALE: THEN WHY DO PEOPLE LIKE YOU ALWAYS CARRY TALES?? GOOD DAY!

DOOR SLAM

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MOL: My goodness, dearie, if you don't stop needling those  
men you're going to wind up in more jams than an ant  
at a picnic!  
FIB: Aw, they need a little needlin' to keep 'em on their toes.  
HEY, I WISH I KNEW WHAT TIME RONNIE'S GONNA GET HERE! You  
think I got time to grow a mustache?  
MOL: Frankly, no. But I have an eyebrow pencil that --  
DOOR OPEN:  
WIL: Hello, folks....am I intruding?  
FIB: Greetings, old stringbean.  
MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox.....certainly you're not intruding.  
Come right in.  
DOOR CLOSE:  
FIB: Jolly good to see you, old tomato.  
MOL: If we have many more visitors, sweetheart, you're going  
to run out of vegetables.  
WIL: What are you rehearsing for, Pal? A bundle for Britain?  
MOL: We're expecting a visit from Ronald Colman, Mr. Wilcox.  
WIL: No kidding? That's great. I've met him. Nice guy  
and a fine actor.  
FIB: Oh top hole, old boy!!....upper half, top drawer, bit  
of all right, what?  
MOL: I don't know how much more of this I can stand.  
I'm beginning to think we were on the wrong side  
at Valley Forge.  
WIL: What's the paper under your arm, Pal? Racing form  
for Epsom Downs?

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FIB: This? Copy of Punch, old buffer. Published in London, you know. Rather an old copy, but I thought it might amuse Ron

MOL: RON!! Oh, dear...

WIL: Let me take a look at it, pal...I love old magazines. Interesting back cover on this one.

MOL: What is it, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Picture of an English kitchen. Bright shining linoleum floor. It says "BENSONBY, PONSONBY, TATTERSAL AND WHEELDEE TAKE GREAT PRIDE IN RECOMMENDING TO THEIR VALUED TRADE THE REGULAR USE OF JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLOCOAT FOR THE PRESERVATION OF THEIR LINOLEUM".

FIB: Not what I'd call flashy, kid, but it--

WIL: It says, "BENSONBY, PONSONBY, TATTERSAL AND WHEELDEE, RESPECTFULLY SUBMIT THAT JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT DOES A MOST MERITORIOUS SERVICE IN PROTECTING ONE'S LINOLEUM AGAINST SCRATCHES, ABRASIONS, DAMPNES, DIRT, SPILLED PORRIDGE...

MOL: Heavenly days, Mr. Wilcox --

FIB: Aw, he's makin' that up...

WIL: (STILL QUOTING) "IN ADDITION, GLOCOAT HAS THE VERY EXCELLENT CAPABILITY OF DRYING COMPLETELY IN 20 MINUTES OR LESS, THUS IMPARTING, WITHOUT NECESSITY OF RUBBING OR BUFFING, A BRIGHT, GLEAMING FINISH, OPTICALLY QUITE PLEASING. SIGNED, BENSONBY, PONSONBY, TATTERSAL AND WHEELDEE, LIMITED, POLISH PURVEYORS BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY, RICHARD THE LION-HEARTED".

MOL: My goodness...old firm, isn't it?

WIL: Yeah, well, look, pal, if you do see Ronnie, remember me to him

MOL: Where did you meet him, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: We were going around with the same girl.

FIB: MY GOSH, WAXEY!.....REALLY?

WIL: Yes, his wife, Benita. We were in a revolving door at the Waldorf. Well, see you later.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: He musta been BORN in a revolving door - he tells the dizziest - OH HEY, MOLLY, WHAT'S GONNA BE FOR DINNER WHEN OLD RONNIE GETS HERE? How about some skittles? Englishmen love skittles.

MOL: I never cooked a skittle in my life, McGee. I've got some wonderful steaks in the icebox, though, and -- (FADING) I'll go call the grocer now and order a few things we need.

FIB: Okay, tootsie....AHHHH, THERE GOES A GOOD KID! She knows I'm about as English as the Dublin City Hall. But does she complain? No sir! She just thanks her lucky stars I'm not expecting the Chinese Ambassador for diner. I can't do Chinese -- I'd be -

DOOR CHIME

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPENS

TEE: Hi, mister.

FIB: Oh, it's you, Teeny.



TEE: No, it isn't, I betcha.  
FIB: It isn't, eh?  
TEE: Hmm?  
FIB: I say it isn't eh?  
TEE: Isn't what?  
FIB: Dadrat it, it isn't you!  
TEE: I know it...My Daddy says I haven't been myself all week.  
FIB: Who've you been?  
TEE: Fine, thanks - who've you been?  
FIB: Hey, hey, hey, wait a minute! Let's start this thing all over.  
TEE: Okay. Hi, mister.  
FIB: Hi, sis. I'd ask you to stay a while, but I'm awfully busy right now. We're expecting Ronald Coman this afternoon.  
TEE: Oboy, Ronald Colman! I love Ronald Colman! Gee, he sends me! When I saw him downtown awhile ago I almost swallowed my bubble gum!  
FIB: Well, you oughtn't to -- HEY, you say you saw him downtown??  
TEE: Sure I did, I betcha. Willie Toops and I were downtown and we went in the Bon Ton Department store and I had a lollipop in the osculator and --  
FIB: No, no, no, you mean the escalator, sis. Osculate means "kiss".  
TEE: Sure - I had a lollipop in my osculator and I was ridin' on the escalator and all at once, there he was! And he spoke to me!

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FIB: Ronald Colman?  
TEE: No, the floorwalker - told me to get off the escalator with my sticky hands.  
FIB: Aw, for the -- Look, sis, you said you saw Ronny Coman. Where did you see him?  
TEE: (PAUSE) My memory is pretty bad, mister - sometimes it takes a quarter to help me think and -  
FIB: Okay, okay, okay - here's a quarter!  
TEE: Oboy, thanks, mister! Now I can see him again! He's down at the Bijou in "Lost Horizon". So long, mister!

DOOR SLAM:  
FIB: I still think that kid is a midget!  
ORCH: KING'S MEN: "SOONER OR LATER"

THIRD SPOT

MOL: Any word from Mr. Colman yet, McGee?  
FIB: Not a word --- Hey, Molly, you know where my old basketball shoes are? Geewhiz, I shoulda thought of that before!  
MOL: Your basketball shoes?  
FIB: Yeah, I can cut the tops offa my basketball shoes and make a swell pair of spats. Englishmen always wear spats. I gotta be -  
MOL: No, McGee! No! If you start wearing spats, we'll start having 'em! And they'll rock the neighborhood!  
FIB: Okay. Okay. I just wanted to - - -

DOOR CHIME

FIB: Who is it, Molly? Who is it? If that's Ronnie I wanta -  
MOL: Relax, dearie, relax. It's only Officer O'Shea. Come in!

DOOR OPENS

MOL: Hello, Officer. Do come in.  
COP: AHH, THE TOP OF THE MARNIN TO YEZ BOTH!  
FIB: Hi, O'Shea. We'd ask you to sit down, but we're expecting company. Important company.  
MOL: The famous movie star, Mr. Ronald Colman, is coming to visit us, Officer. We think.  
COP: Ronald? Ronald Colman? Ye wouldn't be meanin' Ronald Reagan, now - him with the devilish glint in his eye that has the colleens standin' in line at the -  
FIB: No no no, not Ronald Reagan!  
COP: OH NO? AND WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH A FINE IRISH LAD LIKE RONALD REAGAN??



MOL: Oh nothing, Officer, nothing at all. We think he's wonderful.

FIB: Sure we do. He just don't happen to be coming to see me, that's all.

COP: AND AN INTELLIGENT MOVE IT IS, TOO.

FIB: Ronald Colman is on his way over here. One of the greatest actors in the business. Good-lookin' English fellow --

COP: ENGLISH IS HE NOW??? THE SHAME OF YERSELF, YE SCUT, PATRONIZIN' THE OPPOSITION - WITH ALL THE FINE IRISH BOYS MAKIN' PITCHERS FER YEZ TO SEE!

MOL: Yes, but Officer, you see we -

COP: DON'T INTERRUPT, MACHSHLA -- and you with the soft little winds of the lakes in yer throat fair meltin me rage at yer Sassenach of a husband! LOOK AT THE CUT OF HIM, THE SPALPEEN, BETRAYIN' SUCH LOYAL SONS AND DAUGHTERS AS PATRICK O'BRIEN, MAUREEN O'HARA, DENNIS O'KEEFE, AND THAT FINE BROTH OF A LAD, PAUL MOOHOONEY.

FIB: Aw, get the shamrocks out of your teeth and quit fakin' names, you big blarney-bait! Ronald Colman was a great actor when you were still tryin' to learn that phoney Irish brogue of yours!

COP: Ahh, tis breakin' me heart he is, Mavourneen, turnin' his back on such stalwart sons of Erin as Charley O'Boyer. Ignorin' that fine young singer - him with the blood of the Black Irish in him, and the young girls kickin' each other in the bobby-sox and tearin' the buttons off his coat.

MOL: Which one is that, Officer?

COP: That brawny broth of a baritone - Francis O'Sinatra!

FIB: Look, O'SHEA, I'M GETTIN' -

COP: STAND OUT OF ME WAY, YE DIRTY INFORMER! I'M GOING DOWN TO A MOVIE TO APOLOGIZE FOR YE TO THE PRETTIEST IRISH COLLEEN THAT EVER TRIPPED OVER A TRIPOD!

MOL: Oh, who're you going to see, Officer?

COP: That little fair one - her with the gold of a Tullamore sunset in her hair and the blue of the lakes of Killarney in her eyes! That pretty little colleen - Ingreed O'Bergman!

FIB: INGREED O'BERGMAN??

COP: The same. Give me regards to yer Ronald Patrick O'Colman, Macushla, and may yer cows never go dry!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Next time that guy rings the bell, make him show a search warrant before he gets in here! Migosh, it'll take two hours to get the mush out of my ears!

MOL: He certainly is loyal, isn't he? He thinks the - what are you looking for?

FIB: That telegram. Oh here it is. I don't see why Ronnie don't come on. Dadrat it, it's almost --

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: Oh - oh, here he comes, Molly. Get ready he's --

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPENS



(2ND REVISION) -24 & 25-

MAN: Mr. McGee? Acme Coal and Coke Company.  
FIB: What's on your mind, bub?  
MAN: I got that load of coal you ordered here.  
FIB: Load of coal? Oh, yeah, I'll show you where to put it.  
MAN: And by the way, did a telegram come here for me?  
MOL: Telegram? No, not that --  
MAN: Oh sure, there it is right on the table -- addressed  
to me. Ronald!  
  
FIB &  
MOL : RONALD????  
MAN: Sure -- "Ronald, the Coalman". The company always  
send it to --  
MOL: RONALD THE COALMAN????  
FIB: OHHHH, THIS IS DISGUSTING!!!!  
  
ORCH: "WHOLE WORLD IS SINGING MY SONG"  
  
APPLAUSE:

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY  
11-12,46

-26-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: While you were doing the dishes tonight, did you happen  
to notice your kitchen linoleum? Is it beginning to look  
a little faded and dull? You know, there's a very simple  
remedy for that trouble...Johnson's Self-Polishing  
Glo-Coat. Glo-Coat requires no rubbing or buffing and  
very little work on your part --- yet this fine floor  
polish quickly gives faded linoleum surprising new life  
and sparkle. You apply it, let it dry ... and right  
away Glo-Coat restores almost all of your floors'  
original beauty. It brings out the pattern ... makes the  
colors sharp and fresh ... and gives the surface a  
clean, shining wax polish. You'll especially like this  
tough wax-protection now that winter's here. Muddy  
footsteps and dirt and moisture wipe up with a damp cloth  
in no time at all, so your linoleum and other floors  
always look clean and nicely polished. But - for a  
really lasting shine - be sure to ask for Johnson's  
SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC: FADE FOR:



TAG

MOL: It was really his telegram, was it, dearie?  
FIB: Yeah. He lemme read it.  
MOL: That was nice. What did it say?  
FIB: Said "Don't dump that coal this time till McGee pays  
for it."  
MOL: Oh.  
FIB: Yep. Goodnight.  
MOL: Goodnight, all.  
ORCH: PLAYOFF AND 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)

TAG

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