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20
(REVISED)

File in 309

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

NBC - HOLLYWOOD

February 11, 1947

(REVISED) -2-

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

ORCH: THEME...FADE FOR:

WILCOX: 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 Don Quinn and Phil Leslie - Music by the King's Men and Billy Mills' Orchestra.

ORCH: THEME UP AND FADE FOR:

WILCOX: Did you see the recent newspaper article on formality by Emily Post, the country's leading authority on etiquette? It was most interesting, but what caught my eye -- ~~you know me~~ -- was the paragraph where Emily Post said, ~~and I quote~~, I prefer to compare formality not with a veneer, but with a wax polish that brings out the beauty of the grain in the wood underneath and makes not only a pleasing but a durable finish. End of quote. ~~Of course, I liked that~~ -- you have often heard me describe the rich, smooth beauty that wax -- genuine JOHNSON'S WAX -- gives to all kinds of surfaces. Rub a little JOHNSON'S WAX on a table top, say. Polish it, and that table is completely transformed. You'd hardly know it, it glows and shines and sparkles so. All through your home there are other things that will respond to this magic touch of JOHNSON'S WAX. Its bright protective film adds beauty not only to your furniture, but to your floors, your radio and sideboard and a hundred other things. By all means, use this old favorite regularly. JOHNSON'S WAX comes in three forms -- Paste, Liquid and Cream. All three have a definite use in your home.

ORCH: MUSIC UP AND INTO:

WILCOX: THE HISTORY OF INVENTION IS REplete WITH STORIES OF MEN WHO WERE OBSESSED WITH ONE IDEA. STUBBORN MEN, TENACIOUS MEN. READ ABOUT FULTON AND THE STEAMBOAT, EDISON AND THE ELECTRIC LIGHT, WESTINGHOUSE AND THE AIRBRAKE. FIBBER MCGEE AND --

--MOLLY!!

APPLAUSE

FIB: Now lemme see again...if the wing-loading is equal to the drag, gravity plus lift will exceed the thrust. Yeah... yeah...yeah...that's it. So...if the forward speed --

MOL: Dearie.

FIB: If the forward speed is in excess of lateral stability--

MOL: (SHARPLY) MCGEE?

FIB: What? OH...OH...HIYA, MOLLY...TIME FOR DINNER?

MOL: We just had breakfast.

FIB: We did? (LAUGH) I guess I been so wrapped up in this invention of mine I didn't know what was going on.

MOL: Personally I STILL don't know what's going on. All I know is that three nights ago you suddenly sat up in bed and said EUREMIA!!!

FIB: That's a Greek word...means "I HAVE FOUND IT"!

MOL: That word is Eureka, not Eureka. Eureka is a disease.

FIB: So is inventing. AND, BABY.....I GOT AN IDEA THAT'S GONNA KNOCK THE THEORY OF AVIATION INTO A FLAT SPIN! I'm building a model airplane that'll have aircraft flying to Mars every hour on the hour. I have a theory--

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: OH OH...HAND ME THEM NOTES!....QUICK!...STICK THAT SLIDE
RULE UNDER A CUSION!!....BREAK THOSE PENCILS!!!

SOUND: CRACKLING OF WOOD

FIB: ATTA GIRL!!

MOL: Shall I swallow the eraser?

FIB: No...nobody can figger anything out from that. All clear?

MOL: Roger.

FIB: Okay. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN

MOL: It's just Mr. Wimple, McGee.

FIB: Whatdye mean....JUST? Even he could be a tool of the
interests. Hiya, Wimp.

WIMP: Hello, folks. (PAUSE) Tool of what interests, Mr. McGee?

MOL: You have any connection with aviation, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: Well,..just in a small way, Mrs. McGee.

FIB: See! What'd I tell you? What's your small interest in
in aviation, Wimp?

WIMP: Well....when I ride my bicycle on cold days...I wear a
flying helmet and goggles.

FIB: (SUSPICIOUSLY) Is that all?

WIMP: Oh my goodness no....(SNICKERS) I wear trousers, too.

MOL: Any other interest in aviation, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: Well, sometimes I wet my finger and hold it up to see
which way the wind is blowing. Like aviators do.

MOL: I always thought they threw a handful of grass up in the
air.

FIB: Nope. Real airplane pilots look for a herd of cows.
Cows always stand with their tails to the wind. Pilots
always look for that. They like a tail wind.

WIMP: Personally I've never flown in an airplane. (LAUGHS)
I get dizzy standing on a Sunday paper.

FIB: AHH, there's nothing to flying. When you understand the
laws of ario-dynamics, like I do. Wanna know the theory
of flight...briefly?

MOL: Very.

WIMP: What is it, Mr. McGee?

FIB: It's simple. As the plane moves thru the air, the air
hits the front end of the wing first, see? As it passes
across the wind, the friction heats the air. Hot air
always rises. That pulls the tail up. The pilot feels
the tail go up and raises the nose. Thus the whole
airplane goes up.

MOL: Then the way you'd explain, it, it's all a matter of hot
air.

FIB: Exactly. You've grasped it.

WIMP: I used to think that if I never flew in an airplane, I'd
never get airsick. But I do.

FIB: YOU DO? HOW CAN YOU GET AIRSICK IF YOU DON'T FLY?

WIMP: (PAUSE) Did your wife ever whirl you around her head
by your necktie fifty times and then tell you how funny
you look with that green face?

MOL: OF COURSE NOT, MR. WIMP! I'll have to admit there
have been times when the timpta----no. I mustn't say the

WIMP: Well, I've got to get home now - and I'd better slow down too, believe me! Coming over here I tore around a corner on two wheels!

MOL: My - it's a wonder you didn't get arrested!

WIMP: Oh - I was on my bicycle...Well, so long, folks.

DOOR SLAM

ORCH: ANNIVERSARY SONG

APPLAUSE

SECOND SPOT:

SOUND: TINKERING NOISES:

FIB: You know, Molly...I should of took up model plane building years ago. It's a great little hobby.

MOL: So are you. OH, you said HOBBY, I thought you said hubby. Incidentally aren't you making that model a little large?

FIB: Gotta be large. To hold the motor.

MOL: THE MOTOR!

FIB: Yup, see this? One cylinder gas motor. Thirty-one bucks! This airplane is not only gonna fly, it's gonna prove my new theory of flight.

MOL: May I ask a question?

FIB: Certainly, my dear. A thirst for knowledge is a very commendable thing. What's the question?

MOL: When you walked across the room just now to get that little tiny stick of wood...what was that?

FIB: That was a strut.

MOL: I know - and your pride is excusable - but what was the little piece of wood?

FIB: THAT was the strut.

MOL: Oh.

FIB: In engineering terms, my child, a strut is an external brace. You see...when we design airplanes, we must anticipate stresses. Thus, when a plane is caught in a sudden updraft, or thermidor, we must compensate by a rigid flexibility, or it results in a torque...or ground-loop. Very dangerous at high altitudes. Understand?

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MOL: No. Do you?
FIB: No. But neither did Kitty Hawk, when she first started building airplanes.
MOL: Kitty Hawk was not a person, dearie. It's a place in North Carolina where the Wright Brothers first flew.
FIB: That's a mere detail. I was only -
DOOR CHIME:
FIB: REMEMBER NOW!...NOT A WORD ABOUT MY PLANS!! THERE'S MILLIONS IN THIS THING...CAN'T TAKE CHANCES!
MOL: Relax, sweetheart. I'M as silent as a cottontail rabbit, sitting on a bolt of velvet.
FIB: Okay. COME IN!
DOOR OPEN
MOL: Oh it's Doctor Gamble. Do come in, Doctor!
DOOR CLOSE:
DOC: How do you do, my dear. Hello, Crumbum.
FIB: Hiyah, Revenue Cutter. This just a social call or did you hope to find somebody squirming in pain?
MOL: Oh stop it, McGee. You know how the Doctor drops in on his way to the hospital.
DOC: Certainly. I stop here for inspiration, Limber-Jaw. It sustains me during my work. I keep thinking, if you can live and be happy with a body like that, there's hope for everybody.
FIB: I was talking to a couple of your victims, Mugwump, and -
MOL: What's a Mugwump?

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DOC: That's a bird who sits in a fence with his mugg on one side and his ---
MOL: (HASTILY) Oh yes..I remember!
FIB: Olsen and Johnson told you --
DOC: As a matter of fact, Lack-wit, I always .. (PAUSE) What's that?
FIB: What's what, Nosey?
DOC: That pile of wood and all the tools? Going into the toothpick business?
MOL: It's a model airplane he's building, Doctor. He says ---
FIB: (WARNINGLY) AHH AH AHH!! NO LEAKS, MOLLY!!! ONE LITTLE HINT ABOUT WHAT I'M DOING AND OLD BLABBER-PUSS HERE WILL SPREAD IT AROUND LIKE IT WAS JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT.
DOC: That, I resent, Hyena Boy! I may cheat at crossword puzzles, I have been known to kick my golf ball from behind a tree. I have even had restaurants wrap the rest of my steak for my dog when everybody knows I haven't got a dog....BUT I DO NOT GOSSIP!
MOL: Of course he doesn't, McGee. Heavenly days...he won't even tell you your own temperature.
FIB: Well.....I guess I was wrong about that. You promise to keep it under your cheap brown hat, Bucketseat, and I'll tell you what I'm --
TELEPHONE:
MOL: Probably for you, Doctor.
DOC: I suppose so. Those switchboard operators trail me around like a piece of chain on a gasoline truck. (CLICK) HELLO....GAMBLE SPEAKING.

FIB: Somebody musta got Doc's bill and had a relapse.
MOL: SHHHH...Quiet!
DOC: (IN PHONE) WHAT WAS THAT AGAIN, MRS. KLADDERHATCH? I SEE. WELL TELL YOUR HUSBAND FOR ME ONCE MORE THAT IF HE HAS BUTTERFLIES ON HIS STOMACH IT'S HIS OWN FAULT. I CAN'T DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT. GOOD BYE. (CLICK)
FIB: Fine doctor! Can't you even give the poor guy some bicarbonate?
DOC: Not for these butterflies, he had them tattooed on when he was in the Navy, and wants me to remove them. Well.... see you later, Marblehead. Good day, my dear!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Well.....I guess I better get busy. Now lemme see---it says insert flap "A" into slot "G" (PAUSE) Where's slot, "G"? Hmmm. This must be it here. Seems a little snug, but....

SOUND: CRACKLING OF WOOD

FIB: Nope! Too tight. Good thing I got plenty of extra pieces. I bought 5 sets so I could ----

DOOR OPEN

WIL: Hello, folks. I was just going by and - Oh gee!...model airplanes!! WHEN DID YOU TAKE THAT UP, PAL?
MOL: A couple of days ago, Mr. Wilcox. Seems to be a wonderful hobby, if you like sawdust down your neck, nails in your thumb and glue on your skirt.

WIL: Hello, folks. I was just going by and - Oh gee!...model airplanes!! WHEN DID YOU TAKE THAT UP, PAL?
MOL: A couple of days ago, Mr. Wilcox. Seems to be a wonderful hobby, if you like sawdust down your neck, nails in your thumb and glue on your shirt.
FIB: DON'T KID YOURSELF, SNOOKY! IT'S THE MODEL BUILDERS LIKE ME THAT'LL DESIGN THE AIRPLANE OF THE FUTURE! AND WHEN I PROVE MY THEORY.. (PAUSE) Oh oh. Forget I said that, Junior.
WIL: Said what? About some theory you have about --
MOL: PLEASE...MR. WILCOX....THIS IS DYNAMITE!!
FIB: Strictly hush-hush, Junior. There ain't a airplane manufacturer in the world that wouldn't give his bicuspids to know what I'm working on! But I will tell you this. (LOWERS VOICE) The so - called modern airplane is obsolete as of this minute!
WIL: NO!!
MOL: That's what the man says, Mr. Wilcox. What was the telegram you sent Jimmy Doolittle this morning, McGee?
FIB: Just a friendly warning. I says "GET YOURSELF A DESK JOB, KID. YOU'RE THRU." Signed, A FRIEND.
WIL: SECRET, is it, Pal?
MOL: Secret! Heavenly days...he puts adhesive tape over his own mouth when he goes to bed.
FIB: Scared I'll talk in my sleep, Junior. You familiar with airplanes?

FIB: WHAT WAS IT?
WIL: Uncomfortable. So I got off the phone and got on a chair. Then I picked up the receiver. It was the home office. They said "GO TO THE AIRPORT, IMMEDIATELY, WILCOX...A TRUCK WILL MEET YOU WITH A LOAD OF JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT, THE SELF-POLISHING FLOOR BEAUTIFIER THAT SHINES AS IT DRIES, REQUIRES NO RUBBING OR BUFFING, AND DRIES TO A SPARKLING, BEAUTIFUL, PROTECTIVE FINISH IN TWENTY MINUTES OR LESS."
FIB: Then what'd you do, Junior?
WIL: I DASHED OUT OF THE HOUSE...DOWN TO THE CORNER...BACK TO THE HOUSE...TOOK OFF MY PAJAMAS..PUT ON MY CLOTHES...BACK TO THE CORNER, GRABBED A TAXI AND RACED TO THE AIRPORT.
MOL: Yes yes yes.....go on!!
WIL: THERE WAS AN AIRPLANE...ENGINES TURNING OVER.....PILOT WAITING...SUDDENLY A TRUCK ROARED UP...THEY LOADED THE AIRPLANE WITH GLOCOAT, THE SELF-SHINING WAX POLISH THAT MAKES A TIRED OLD LINOLEUM WINK AT THE COOK, MAKES YOU PROUD OF YOUR KITCHEN, AND MAKES HOUSEKEEPING SO MUCH EASIER THAT...
FIB: DAD RAT IT, GET WITH IT!!! WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT? WAXEY?
WIL: Well..the minute the airplane was loaded...I jumped in.. WE STARTED DOWN THE RUNWAY...THE ENGINES ROARED AND FIVE HOURS LATER WE WERE IN COLORADO SPRINGS!
FIB: I thought you were going to Cheyenne Wyoming?
WIL: We got lost. Well, by that time I wasn't feeling so good. all that flying on an empty stomach...so I told the pilot to fly the Glocoat on to Cheyenne and I took the train home.

MOL: BUT WHY DID CHEYENNE WANT ALL THAT GLOCOAT IN SUCH A RUSH?
(PAUSE)
WIL: Well, can you imagine that! I NEVER THOUGHT TO ASK THEM! But you know what I'm going to do?
FIB: What?
WIL: Go - home!
DOOR SLAM:
MOL: I wonder what Cheyenne wanted with all that Glocoat. Maybe they -

FIB: HEY...I'M ALMOST READY TO INSTALL THE ENGINE, TOOTSIE!
This is the big moment!!! Hold the plane ready while I -
Easy now...(SLIGHT RATTLES.....THUD...)

MOL: My goodness....it fits!!

FIB: Sure it fits! Now all I gotta do is bolt it in and Donald
Douglas goes quietly outa business. This idea of mine is--

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

LENA: Pardon me, folks, is this the domicile of Mr. and Mrs.
McGee?

MOL: Yes it is. What can we do for you?

LENA: I'm Lena.

FIB: Who sent you, sis? The aviation interests?

LENA: (LAUGHS MERRILY) Oh you go on, Mr. McGee...they told me
you'd start right off with something witty. Or something
you thought was witty...(LAUGHS) But I can take a joke,
Mr. McGee..Anybody from a large family learns to take a
joke and I came from a large family...just as soon as I
could afford it. (LAUGHS)

MOL: I..er..I beg your pardon, but who sent you..er...Lena?

LENA: The unemployment agency.

FIB: You mean the employment agency?

LENA: Well, maybe they have employment, but I don't Anyway,
they said you didn't have any help right now, and I'm
free on Tuesdays, and by free I don't mean for nothing
because I get a dollar an hour and transportation but
don't let the transportation worry you because I can
always flip a ride on a truck. (LAUGHS)

FIB: You..er..you mean you want to work for us, sis?

LENA: (LAUGH) I don't want to work for anybody, Mr. McGee...but
I've formed some expensive habits, like eating and wearing
clothes and they cost money, so I've got to work somewhere,
and you'll find me very neat and cheerful. My goodness,
I just sing all day long...Oh I see you have a piano...
isn't that wonderful!!!! You're just the nicest people!
So cultured!!

MOL: Well, er....we hadn't really considered engaging anyone
just now Lena, because there are just the two of us and..

LENA: OH THAT'S JUST SCRUMPTIGUS!! Just the two of you....
(SINGS) "JUST A LOVE NEST"...DA DA DE DADAADAA....Oh,
I'm going to like it here, all this singing and everything.
I'll be here early next Tuesday....Thank you so much..you
won't regret this... (EXIT SINGING TO)-

DOOR SIAM: (PAUSE)

FIB: Did we hire her?

MOL: She seems to think we did. Why?

FIB: I just wondered. I didn't know they had such a strong
union.

ORCH: KING'S MEN. "GAL IN CALICO"

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: PUTTERING

FIB: Well, I'm practically ready for the big moment, Molly. Any film in the Brownie?

MOL: Yes.

FIB: Good!

MOL: But the sticker on the film says "MUST BE DEVELOPED BEFORE APRIL, 1933."

FIB: Oh. Too bad! This is a historical moment and I wanted you to take my picture. I'd be--

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

FIB: Watch it, kiddo...don't volunteer anything!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh, it's just Mayor La Trivia, McGee...COME IN, YOUR HONOR!

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

DOOR SHUT:

FIB: Hiya, La Triv. Just the guy I wanted to see! You're a lawyer, aren't you?

GALE: Yes...although I haven't practised for some time. Who is suing you for how much and if you'll take my advice, you'll settle out of court, because if I know you...you were in the wrong.

MOL: No, I think this is something else. Your Honor. Is it about your idea, dearie?

FIB: Yep. This is a professional consultation. La Trivia. Look...you know what the next great step in aviation is?

GALE: Certainly. Supersonic speeds.

MOL: WHAT WAS THAT AGAIN?

GALE: Supersonic speeds. Speeds in excess of the speed of sound.

FIB: EXACTLY!! I GOT IT SOLVED, LA TRIVIA!!!

GALE: WHAT? YOU HAVE? GOOD HEAVENS...THIS IS...THIS IS AMAZING!

MOL: What is the speed of sound, by the way?

FIB: Well, it's about...er...in the neighborhood of...er...WHAT WOULD YOU SAY, LA TRIVIA? YOU'RE A LAWYER.

GALE: The speed of sound varies with the temperature. At zero degrees Centigrade, it travels approximately ten hundred and eighty feet per second. It increases about two feet per second for every degree rise in temperature. It travels faster thru solids than thru liquids or gases and does not travel at all thru a vacuum.

MOL: It does thru our vacuum! We have positively the NOISIEST vacuum that ever - Oh pardon me, gentlemen.

FIB: That's okay. Now here's the question, LaTrivia. ALL THE EXPERIMENTS UP TO DATE HAVE BEEN TRYING TO SPEED UP THE AIRPLANE TO EQUAL THE SPEED OF SOUND....RIGHT?

GALE: Right.

MOL: Right.

FIB: Right. SO....I DONE WHAT HAD NEVER OCCURED TO ANYBODY ELSE. I BUILT ME THIS LITTLE MODEL AIRPLANE, LA TRIVIA. AND WITH THIS AIRPLANE I'M GONNA SOLVE THE PROBLEM OF SOPERSOOPIC..ER...SNAPPERSIPPIC...

GALE: Supersonic.

FIB: SUPERSONIC SPEED.

GALE: I thought you said you HAD solved it.

FIB: I've solved the principle of it. All it needs is a little experimenting.

MOL: But dearie..this plane will not go faster than sound. I doubt if it will do thirty miles an hour.

FIB: AHAAA...THAT'S THE WHOLE CRUX OF THE IDEA!!! EVERYBODY'S BEEN TRYING TO SPEED UP THE AIRPLANE...WHAT I'M GONNA DO IS DEVELOP A SLOW SOUND...

(PAUSE)

B

GALE: A slow sound.

MOL: Heavenly days....what an idea!!!

FIB: DON'T THE SIMPLICITY OF IT KINDA GETCHA, LA TRIV? I WORK OUT A SLOW NOISE....FLY THE AIRPLANE THRU IT....AN PRESTO ...SUPERSONIC SPEEDS ARE HERE!! You ever do any flying, La Trivia?

GALE: Yes...yes a little. As a matter of fact, I am a member of the Caterpillar Club.

MOL: Of the what, your honor?

GALE: The caterpillar club.

FIB: My gosh..we know people with the strangest hobbies! Wallace Wimple watches Birds...Mayor La Trivia clubs caterpillars-

GALE: Pardon me..I do NOT club caterpillars.

MOL: Well if you belong to the club, your honor, you're just as guilty as the rest of them.

GALE: GUILTY OF WHAT, MAY I ASK?

FIB: CLUBBING CATERPILLARS! And why a grow man like you, La Trivia, should be so cruel and heartless as to hunt down them little fuzzy creatures and-

GALE: I DON'T HUNT DOWN ANY FUZZY LITTLE CREATURES...I SAID I BELONGED TO THE CATERPILLAR CLUB. DONT YOU KNOW WHAT THE CATERPILLAR CLUB IS?

MOL: No, and I dont want to. If I knew, I'd feel it my duty to report it to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to-

GALE: THERE IS NO CRUELTY!!..THE CATERPILLAR CLUB IS MADE UP OF PEOPLE WHO HAVE BEEN FORCED TO MAKE PARACHUTE JUMPS. THAT'S ALL!

FIB: Whaddye mean, that's all? That's the worst part of it! I can admire an honest hunter who stalks his game....

MOL: Yes..but a man who silently drops down in a parachute to club an innocent little caterpillar is the lowest form of-
GALE: I TELL YOU NOBODY CLUBS ANY CATERPILLARS! WE CALL IT THE CATERPILLAR CLUB BECAUSE PARACHUTES USED TO BE MADE OF SILK, WHICH WAS MADE BY CATERPILLARS. IT IS A TRIBUTE TO THEM.

FIB: Pretty hypocritical if you ask me, bby! Name the club after 'em and then drop down in parachutes and club the bejunior out of 'em. By George it makes my blood boil..
~~what some people do in the name of sport. Why my gosh.~~
I'd -

GALE: OH STOP IT FOR GOODNESS SAKES...NOBODY CLUBS ANY PARACHU..
ER..IT ISNT A CARE OF CATERWALING A ...ER...DROPPING IN ON A PARAPILLAR...

MOL: Well, dont get excited about it, Your Honor! Maybe you didnt know what you were getting into when you joined the club.

FIB: He should of quit after he found out. But to deliberately maintain his membership with a bunch of hoodlums who go around beating up worms is by George the worst --

GALE: (IN A RAGE) I TELL YOU WE DON'T BEAT ANY CATERWORMS...
ER..PILLERCHUTES...LOOK!! WHEN I SAID I BELONGED TO THE PATTTER KILLER DUB...ER..THE KITTER PALLER PUB...WE DON'T CAL ANY KITTERPILLOWS,..ER..NOBODY KALLERPITTERS ANY....
PUTTERFILES I MERELY SAID THE CLUBBER-PATTTER KILL....ER...
THE...YOU' WERE...I DIDN'T....IT WAS...I YOU...(PANTS)
McGee.

FIB: Yes?

GALE: Let me give you some advice. If you are ever forced to make a parachute jump..and I hope it doesn't happen before tomorrow...remember this: DON'T PULL THE RIPCORDER UNTIL YOU COUNT TO ONE THOUSAND.

MOL: My goodness. I always heard you were just supposed to count to ten.

FIB: Certainly. You just count to ten.

GALE: Hmm. I was hoping YOU didn't know that....Well, Good day!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Strange character, isn't he, McGee?

FIB: Oh well...it takes all kinds of....HEY...LET'S TRY THIS AIRPLANE...COME ON...DUT IN THE FRONT YARD!

MOL: Oh yes...let's...

SOUND: DOOR OPEN; FOOTSTEPS ON PORCH; DOWN STEPS...ON SIDEWALK.

PAUSE.

FIB: Here's the instruction sheet, Tootsie. You check me thru the operation.

MOL: All right. NUMBER ONE..."FILL THE GAS TANK WITH EYEDROPPER."

FIB: Rager! I've done that.

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MOL: TWO: "TURN ON THE SWITCH."
FIB: (SOUND; CLICK) Contact!
MOL: THREE: "HOLD PLANE IN LEFT HAND AND SPIN PROPELLOR WITH
RIGHT HAND."
FIB: All clear.!! (GRUNTS)
SOUND: SPUTTER OF LITTLE ENGINE...INCREASE TO ROAR
FIB: HOT DOG...LOOK AT HER GO!! SHE'S DOING SIXTY IF SHE'S
DOING FIVE! BOY CAN I BUILD AIRPLANES!! LOOK AT THAT
BABY CLIMB!!! (PLANE FADES OUT) LOOK AT IT!! ALMOST OUT
OF SIGHT ALREADY!!
MOL: NUMBER FOUR:
FIB: Eh?
MOL: "BEFORE RELEASING PLANE, ATTACH STOUT CORD OR WIRE TO
WING TIP TO CONTROL FLIGHT."
FIB: TO CONTROL FLI.....Oh yes. I see what you mean. Look
at it go - thirty-one bucks - clear out of sight....
ORCH: TAG: "LOVE IS A RANDOM THING" FADE FOR:

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
FEBRUARY 11, 1947
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

(REVISED) -25-

WILCOX: How would you like to bring a little Spring sunshine into
your kitchen? Yes, right now, in the middle of February.
OK, just follow these easy directions. Get some JOHNSON'S
SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. Apply it to your linoleum floor
with a cloth or long handled applicator--then sit back and
wait for the results. I'm not saying that you'll suddenly
find yourself in the middle of May, but in 20 minutes
GLO-COAT will dry to a bright beautiful wax polish that will
seem to bring the sun right into your kitchen. It's really
amazing how bright this GLO-COAT shine is. And there's no
rubbing or buffing with JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT.-- it shines as
it dries -- beautifying and protecting your linoleum and
other floors for a long time to come. With regular GLO-COAT
care your linoleum actually lasts years longer, and of
course, dirt and spilled things wipe up in no time, leaving
your floor sparkling clean, its colors bright and fresh as
ever. Try it, won't you? JOHNSON'S GLO COAT, the
self-polishing floor wax with the really bright shine.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC: FADE FOR:

(T.G)

SOUND: SHOTS (2)

FIB: Nope. Too, fast.

SOUND: GLASS CRASH:

FIB: Hmm. That's pretty fast, too.

SOUND: CORK PULLING:

FIB: Well..that's slower, but it's still too fast. HEY, MOLLY!

MOL: Yes?

FIB: I'm running into a little trouble, trying to develop a slow sound.

MOL: Oh I know just the thing, dearie.

FIB: WHAT? YOU DO? A SLOW SOUND? WHAT IS IT?

MOL: Go back into vaudeville and wait for the applause.

FIB: Eh? Oh. Yeah. Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all!

MUSIC: PLAYOFF AND SIGNOFF

WILCOX: This is Harlow Wilcox, speaking for the makers of Johnson's Wax Products for home and industry - and for all of us here tonight, offering our heartiest congratulations to the Boy Scouts of America on their 37th birthday anniversary. Many happy returns to the world's finest youth organization! Don't forget to be with us again next Tuesday night. Goodnight.

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

CHIMES

END
OF
REEL