

WRITERS: DON QUINN
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#21
(REVISED)

Fibber McGee

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

February 18, 1947

NBC - Hollywood

WILCOX: THE JOHNSON'S 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:

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
2-18-47

-3-

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WIL: If you have light painted woodwork in your home...and who doesn't these days....I'd like to offer you a little suggestion. Get a bottle of JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX...that's right, CREAM WAX. Take a cloth and rub a little of this creamy white polish on the most soiled part of the woodwork--preferably where there are dirty fingerprints. If you've never used this newest form of JOHNSON'S WAX, you'll be delighted with what it does. You see, CREAM WAX is made especially for furniture and light woodwork, and it contains, besides the wax, two effective cleansing agents. CREAM WAX removes those smudgy fingerprints and soiled spots instantly...and with only a light polishing it leaves a really beautiful, lustrous wax finish. Besides beauty, the wax gives protection against future soiling...makes dusting really easy. JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX fills a real need, not only for your furniture and woodwork, but for your white kitchen equipment, too. You probably use JOHNSON'S Paste and Liquid Wax already. Well, now try JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX...you'll love it!

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH:

FIBBER & MOLLY
2-18-47

(2ND REVISION) -4-

WILCOX: WE MAY SNICKER AT OUR STONE-AGE ANCESTORS WHO WROTE ON PIECES OF SOFT ROCK WITH PIECES OF HARD ROCK. BUT AT LEAST THEIR FOUNTAIN PENS DIDN'T DRIP ALL OVER THEIR TIGER SKINS. LIKE THE ONE BEING USED BY A FELLOW WHOSE WIFE HAS HER FINGERS IN HER EARS, AS WE JOIN--
-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: (VICIOUSLY) This blah-blah squirt gun! This blankety-dad blankety-ratted crabbety-blamed imitation of whip-sawed fly spray! THIS RAM-DAZZLED FRAUD!! THIS--
MOL: MCGEE...PLEASE...CONTROL YOURSELF!
FIB: How can anybody control myself when this double-dipped, frag-plastered, rim-fostered fountain pen throws its prim-hasseled ink all over my kluck-weaseled shirt?
MOL: Why, I never heard such language in all my life! I'm shocked. Or I'll bet I would be if I could understand it.
FIB: What I'm trying to say is, this pen is no good.
MOL: No?
FIB: No. I could write a cleaner signature with an atomizer.
MOL: Is that the fountain pen you won on the punch-board. The one that was guaranteed, not just for life....not just forever... but just for thirty days?
FIB: Yeah.

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(2ND REVISION) -5-

MOL: To whom are you writing to?

FIB: Makin' out a couple of checks. I'm strictly the type guy that likes to keep his credit good. And some of these bills are six months old.

MOL: What about the light bill?

FIB: What about it? We just got that bill a few days before Christmas. Besides, they got plenty of dough. I read in the paper last night where they'd just passed a dividend.

MOL: McGee, I simply don't know how you keep up with financial affairs like that. With all the things you have to do during -----

LENA: Yes, a dog bit me... It was an old dog and his teeth were loose. Two incisors and a bicuspid. The dog was a German Sheep-herder, I do believe.

(REVISED) -6-

LENA: (FADES IN - SINGING) My, isn't this a lovely day, everybody so cheerful and all! (LAUGHS)

MOL: Yes - are you getting along all right in the kitchen, Lena? Is there anything you need?

LENA: No - I'm right in the middle of washing those dishes and I thought I'd better see if you've got a dictionary. I just know you have - you both being so educated and all.

FIB: You wanta look up a word, Lena? I could probably tell you what it means, if -

LENA: Oh no, I don't want to look anything up, Mr. McGee! My gracious, I have trouble enough remembering all the words I know now, without taking on any new ones!

FIB: But why didja want to know about the dictionary, then?

LENA: The way I look at it, Mr. McGee, when a girl wants to get away from that kitchen sink for a few minutes - one excuse is as good as another.

MOL: I'll go along with that, Lena.

LENA: I'm real comfortable out there, though, with that stool to sit on, and all. I don't stand up any more than I have to lately, since Dr. Gamble pulled those three teeth.

MOL: Dr. Gamble pulled three teeth?

LENA: Out of my leg.

FIB: HE PULLED THREE TEETH OUT OF YOUR LEG?

LENA: Yes..a dog bit me...It was an old dog and his teeth were loose. Two incisors and a bicuspid. The dog was a German Sheep-herder, I do believe.

(2nd REVISION)-7--

MOL: My goodness, that can be dangerous! I hope the dog wasn't mad, Lena.

LENA: No - but I sure was! (LAUGHS) Although I shouldn't have been - he was just trying to be accomodating, really.

FIB: Accomodating?? Takin' a bite out of you??

LENA: Yes, I was giving myself a singing lesson and I was having a little trouble with some of the notes - but when he sunk his teeth in my leg I hit a high C that broke three windows in the dining room! (LAUGHS) Well, somebody has to finish those dishes - and I know who! (FADES, SINGING)

MOL: (FAUSE) She's awfully fond of music, isn't she, McGee?

FIB: She's awfully fond of her own singing - I'll go that far with you. But hey, I gotta get these checks signed - if I can get this dadratted fountain pen to stop leaking all over --

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

MOL: COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

MOL: Oh, it's Doctor Gamble, McGee. Hello, Doctor.

DOC: Hello, my dear. And how are you today Napoleon?

FIB: (PLEASED) Napoleon, eh? In a complimentary mood today, eh, Docky?

DOC: Not necessarily. Napoleon was just another little egomaniac who thought he was better than he was.

(2nd REVISION) -8-

MOL: Just the same, he almost beat Alexander the Great, at Waterloo.

FIB: That was Julius Caesar, Molly. Napoleon lost the Battle of Waterloo to Sigmund Romberg.

DOC: I'm sorry I mentioned it. When it comes to history -- (SHARPLY) WHAT ARE THOSE SPOTS ON YOUR FACE, MCGEE? STICK OUT YOUR TONGUE! TAKE OFF YOUR SHIRT!!!

FIB: This is just fountain pen ink, Butcher-boy. So you can take that hungry look off your face. The only guy that's gonna cut into me is the internal revenue collector.

DOC: That's too bad. I have a dull scalpel I was saving for you.

FIB: YOU MAKE ONE MOVE TOWARD MY SCALP, MALPRACTICE, AND --- BY THE WAY, FATSO, is it true, that the night before you passed the State Medical Board every one of the examiners got a mysterious case of bonded bourbon?

DOC: THAT'S AN OUTRAGEOUS FALSEHOOD!

MOL: Of course it is!

DOC: That was Scotch. But what's all this furore about writing letters, Snaredrum? Buttering up some rich relative?

FIB: If it's any of your business, Snooty, I am paying some bills.

DOC: Mine is seven dollars, when you get around to it. Which you probably won't. So few people do.

MOL: Got a lot of unpaid accounts, Doctor?

(2nd REVISION) -9-

DOC: My dear girl, if people paid what they owe me, I would have two Cadillacs, a new x-ray machine and a mild heart attack.

FIB: If you weren't such an impractical, soft-headed business man Dopey, you'd hand your bills over to a collection agency. For fifty percent of the take they'd -- (PAUSE) Hey...wait a minute. How much dough you figure you got coming?

DOC: Locally, I'd say about eleven thousand. About nine thousand two hundred of which is uncollectible, for various reasons.

MOL: That's still 18 hundred dollars. Why did you ask, McGee?

FIB: Because I'm gonna show old Slow-ball here how to collect his accounts. HOW ABOUT IT, WHISTLE-STOP? GIMME HALF IF I COLLECT IT?

DOC: Why not? What can I lose? If you only collect enough to pay your own bill, it'll be sheer velvet.

MOL: McGee...you mean you're actually going to go around town and try and collect the Old Doctor's bills - er, the Doctor's old bills?

FIB: Every nickle of 'em Shooky!

DOC: Don't be too optimistic, Dreamboat. You are up against the prize deadbeats of all time. They can take a hint like Hirohito took San Francisco.

MOL: Don't sell McGee short, Doctor. He's had a lot of experience in bill collecting. He's always been on the other end of it, of course, but he knows the technique.

(2nd REVISION) -10-

FIB: I'm full of angles. I got more dodges than Detroit, Michigan.

DOC: All right, Johnny Eager, you have the assignment. I'll have my secretary get the bills together as soon as I get back to the office.

FIB: Good.

DOC: You know, I treated a fellow just last week who got his foot in a bear trap in the dark.

FIB: Yeah? What's that got to do with me?

DOC: Nothing, only he didn't know what he was stepping into, either. So long.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: You've undertaken quite a chore, haven't you, dearie? Collecting all those dead bills?

FIB: Well, my gosh....I'm just doing it for sentimental reasons.

MOL: You are?

FIB: Yeah.....I love money!

ORCH: "GUILTY!"

APPLAUSE:

(2nd REVISION) -11-

SECOND SCENE:

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON SIDEWALK.....PAUSE:

FIB: Migosh, this is easy money, Molly! We've collected 29 bucks already. Here's the next one. O. EDWARD PRICE.

HOUSE CALL. FIVE BUCKS.

MOL: Got an argument ready, dearie?

FIB: I'M the type guy that's ALWAYS got an argument ready. One yap out of this patsy and I'll threaten him with a writ of Tremnis Mortamus.

MOL: Heavenly days....what an earth is Tremnis Mortamus.

FIB: I dunno. I made it up. But just mention the word "WRIT" to the average guy and he folds up like a carpenter's yardstick. Come on.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS UP ON PORCH, DOOR KNOCK:

MOL: What's that in your hand.

FIB: Honey police badge. Says "CHICKEN INSPECTOR" on it, but I only let 'em see the edge of it. They never ---

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

MAN: YES?

MOL: Get your writ ready, officer.

FIB: Hiya, bud. You Mr. Price?

MAN: Yes.

FIB: Well, I represent Dr. Gamble, and

MAN: DR. GAMBLE!.....SAY, IF YOU'RE A FRIEND OF HIS, WILL YOU GIVE HIM THIS FIVE DOLLARS? I WON'T HAVE A CHANCE TO SEE HIM, AND I'VE OWED HIM THIS FOR A LONG TIME.

MOL: Well!.....Thank you very much.

(2ND REVISION) -13-

MOL: We're not looking for rooms. We're collecting bills, for Doctor Gamble.

WOMAN: THAT QUACK!...I DON'T OWE HIM 12 DOLLARS AND HE KNOWS IT.

FIB: How'd you know the amount was 12 bucks if you don't owe it?

WOMAN: HE WAS PASSING BY WHEN MY TWINS WERE BORN IN A TAXICAB. I DIDN'T ASK HIM TO HELP. AND IF HE THINKS THEY'RE ONLY WORTH SIX DOLLARS APIECE I HATE HIM 24 HOURS A DAY.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

ORCH: WILLIAM TELL

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS UP ON PORCH

MOL: Now who do we dun, Mr. Bradstreet?

FIB: Lemme look at the list....this is the address right here. MY GOSH. THIS IS WHERE WILCOX LIVES!!

MOL: HARLOW Wilcox?

FIB: Yeah...He owes Gamble four bucks. This is gonna be a pleasure! Migosh. I wonder if Racine knows he's running head over heels into debt like this!

MOL: Oh. I'd hardly call four dollars head over heels.

FIB: It ain't the amount...it's the principle of the thing.

DOOR KNOCK: DOOR OPEN:

WIL: Good day. What can I ...OH...HELLO, MOLLY. HELLO PAL... COME ON IN!

FIB: Haven't got time, thanks.

MOL: This is business, Mr. Wilcox.

(2nd REVISION)-12-

MAN: Now then, did I hear something about a writ?
FIB: Yes, I just told my wife I bet you'd pay up and be writ
off the list. Much obliged!
MAN: Not at all.
SOUND: DOOR SIAM: FOOTSTEPS DOWN OFF PORCH,...ON SIDEWALK...
SUSTAIN
MOL: He took the wind out of your sails like lightning had
struck the mast.
FIB: If it's all gonna be this easy, it won't be any fun.
Thirty-four bucks collected already without a struggle.
MOL: Well, we still have to collect 17 hundred and 66. And
that, as the elephant said when he ate the snuff and
sneezed, aint hay fever. Where next?
FIB: Right here. I sorted the bills so the calls would
be close together.
SOUND: FOOTSTEPS UP ON PORCH: DOORBELL OFF:
FIB: (TO HIMSELF) MRS. AGATHA TRIBBY. 12 bucks. Office calls.
This --
SOUND: DOOR OPEN
WOMAN: HOW MANY TIMES I GOT TO TELL YOU I GOT NO ROOMS TO RENT?
I DON'T EVEN RENT ROOMS! I JUST PUT THAT AD IN THE PAPER
SO MY HUSBAND WOULD THINK I WAS MAKING SOME MONEY, AND
COME HOME. AND THE MINUTE HE STICKS HIS BEG RED NOSE IN
THIS DOOR, I'M GOING TO--
FIB: Hold it, sis. Don't get your housedress in a hassel.

(2ND REVISION) -13-

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Doctor Gamble.
WOMAN: THAT QUACK!!..I DON'T OWE HIM 12 DOLLARS AND HE KNOWS IT.
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WORTH SIX DOLLARS APIECE I HATE HIM 24 HOURS A DAY.
SOUND: DOOR SIAM
ORCH: WILLIAM TELL
SOUND: FOOTSTEPS UP ON PORCH
MOL: Now who do we dun, Mr. Bradstreet?
FIB: Lemme look at the list....this is the address right here.
MY GOSH. THIS IS WHERE WILCOX LIVES!!
MOL: HARLOW Wilcox?
FIB: Yeah...He owes Gamble four bucks. This is gonna be a
pleasure! Migosh, I wonder if Racine knows he's running
head over heels into debt like this!
MOL: Oh. I'd hardly call four dollars head over heels.
FIB: It ain't the amount...it's the principle of the thing.
DOOR KNOCK: DOOR OPEN:
WIL: Good day. What can I ...OH...HELLO, MOLLY. HELLO PAL...
COME ON IN!
FIB: Haven't got time, thanks.
MOL: This is business, Mr. Wilcox.

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FIB: Junior....this is a painful thing for me to say...But I hate to see a young man like you deceiving the company you work for. After all...they have confidence in you, and -

WIL: WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

MOL: Your debts, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: WHAT DEBTS?

FIB: Don't try to brazen it out, Junior. We're your friends. We want to help you. Every young man makes mistakes.

Maybe you just got in with fast company. Maybe it all started innocent...matching pennies, or something. Then you started putting a shot of lemon in your coke...nbt realizing that you were on the downward path. We realize that these things can -

WIL: OH, FOR PETE'S SAKE..WILL YOU TELL ME WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT? I DON'T OWE ANYBODY A NICKEL!

MOL: Please..Mr. Wilcox! How about your account with Doctor Gemble?

FIB: Four dollars, Junior. Last July 19th.

WIL: Let me see that.

MOL: Give it to him, dearie.

FIB: Her, Boy. Just give us a reasonable explanation and four dollars and we'll hush the matter up. We realize...!

WIL: THIS IS NOT A BILL!

MOL: WHAT?

WIL: LOOK AT IT. It says "MEMO: PAY HARLOW WILCOX FOUR DOLLARS, BALANCE ON GLOCOAT ORDER."

FIB: Well, I'll be a ..HOW'D THAT GET IN WITH THESE BILLS?

MOL: We apologize, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: Oh that's all right, folks. I remember the incident very well. I was in Doc's office one day, and I commented on how shabby his linoleum was getting. I told him to use some Johnson's Self-Polishing Glocoat on it. He said his office girl didn't have time. I told him it didn't take any time. Pour a little out, I said, and spread it around, and in 20 minutes or less it would --

FIB: Okay, son..okay...we know all about the --

WIL: AND IT WOULD MAKE HIS OFFICE LINOLEUM LOOK LIKE NEW AGAIN. MUCH MORE ATTRACTIVE AND SANITARY LOOKING TO HIS PATIENTS. SO I TOOK SOME JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT UP AND SHOWED HIM.....

MOL: Yes but -

WIL: OH HE LOVED IT!! THAT GLOCOAT MADE HIS OFFICE LOOK LIKE IT HAD BEEN REFURNISHED....FAIRLY SPARKLED....WELL, SIR DOC WAS SO TICKLED HE ORDERED A CASE OF GLOCOAT RIGHT AWAY. THIS MEMO WAS TO PAY THE BALANCE OF THE BILL.

FIB: Okay, Waxey. I'm sorry. Come on, Molly. We'd better go and -

WIL: WAIT A MINUTE!

MOL: What is it, Mr. Wilcox. What do you want?

WIL: Four bucks.

FIB: WHAT?

WIL: DOG OWES ME FOUR BUCKS. Says so right here. Come on. This is a painful thing for me to say, boy, but if the company knew you were holding out payments they'd -

(REVISED) -16-

MOL: GIVE IT TO HIM, MCGEE...FOR GOODNESS SAKES!
FIB: Okay. I know when I'm licked. Here, Waxey. Four dollars
WIL: Thankä. You know what I'm going to do now?
MOL: What?
WIL: Go home. OH..I AM HOME! So long.

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH: WILLIAM TELL

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS UP ON PORCH:

MOL: Who's this, McGee?
FIB: Bill says "WOLF WATSON." 35 bucks. Wow..this is a big
one! My cut of that is 17.50.

DOOR KNOCK: DOOR OPEN:

MAN: Yeah?
MOL: Good day, sir.
FIB: Collectors, bud. Got a bill against you for 35 bucks.
Account with Dr. Gamble. Gonna pay up or do I slap you
with a writ of Trammis Mortamus?
MAN: SHHH!!..take it easy, Mac. My wife's just inside.
MOL: (LOWERS VOICE) Don't you owe this bill, sir?
MAN: What's it for? I don't remember.
FIB: Office treatments, bud. For a lipstick allergy.
MAN: OH CRIMINY!!..HERE!...HERE'S FIFTY...BUY A CIGARI...GO ON?..
BEAT IT!

DOOR SLAM:

FOOTSTEPS DOWN OFF PORCH...ON SIDEWALK...SUSTAIN...

FIB: Not bad kiddo. Fifteen buck tip! Money talks, even if
it only says "HUSH".

(2ND REVISION) -17-

MOL: That bill just said "Office Treatments - 35 dollars."
How did you know it was for a lipstick allergy?
FIB: Made it up. He said his wife was just inside so I
thought that would get some fast action...now lemme see...
how much money we took in?
MOL: Eighty-four dollars, less the four you had to pay Mr.
Wilcox. That's an even eighty.
FIB: My end of that is forty bucks. Not bad! I could live
good on forty bucks a day. Well...here's the next victim,
baby.

FOOTSTEPS UP ON PORCH.....DOORBELL OFF BEHIND:

MOL: What's the name?
FIB: Lancelot Eishenhower Dempsey. Got him down for 22 dollars.
MOL: Well, we've only had one failure so far, so -
SOUND: DOOR OPEN
WIMP: Hello, folks.
FIB: MY GOSH...WIMP!!
MOL: Heavenly days...what are you doing here, Mr. Wimple?
WIMP: I own this house, Mrs. McGee. But don't tell Sweetface--
you know -- my big old wife.
FIB: But who's Lancelot Eishenhower Dempsey?
WIMP: (SNICKERS) That's me. I own this house under that name.
MOL: But what's the idea of this extra house, Mr. Wimple?
WIMP: Oh it's just sort of a hideaway, Mrs. McGee. There isn't
any furniture in it. But I come here almost every day,
and sit on the floor and read my Bird Book.

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FIB: Your what, Wimp?

WIMP: My Bird Book. Won't you come in? We can sit on the floor in the dining room. That's soft pine.

MOL: No thank you, Mr. Wimple. We're out collecting bills for Doctor Gamble.

FIB: Got Lancelot Eisenhower Dempsey down for 22 bucks, Wimp.

WIMP: Oh gracious...I forgot all about that. That was for setting my broken arm the time Sweatyface twisted it because I did something naughty.

FIB: Whatja do, kid?

WIMP: Well, she put on her slacks one day -- although why they call them slacks on her, I'll never know (CHUCKLES) but, anyhow, she had them on and she was doing her Yogi exercises and had her ankles crossed behind her head, and I taped them together with adhesive tape. Then I stood well back and made faces at her.

MOL: How on earth did she get loose again?

WIMP: She rolled across the room and knocked the telephone off the hook.

FIB: Called the police, eh?

WIMP: Yes. (LAUGHS) But they didn't answer. I'd cut the wires. An aluminum salesman cut her loose two days later, after he gave her a cooking demonstration first. I hid here for two whole weeks that time.

MOL: Mr. Wimple...I don't like to be inquisitive, but how did you happen to marry a woman like that?

WIMP: I didn't, she married me. She asked me one night, "CAN YOU COOK, WALLACE." And I said, "WELL, I CAN MAKE FUDGE", and she said, "I THINK I'LL MARRY YOU ANYWAY." And I said no, dear, I said... "BUT YOU CAN BE A SISTER TO ME". And she said, "YOU THINK SO, - BROTHER?!" and the next thing I knew we were on our honeymoon. You won't tell her I live here under another name will you?

MOL: Of course not, Mr. Wimple.

WIMP: Here - here's Dr. Gamble's 22 dollars, Mr. McGee.

FIB: Thanks. How'd you ever think up "LANCELOT EISENHOWER DEMPSEY?" Wimp?

WIMP: Oh it just appealed to me...somehow...it's such a BRAVE name. Remember now ...don't tell!

SOUND: DOOR SIAM

ORCH & KING'S MEN: "THE LEADER DOESN'T LIKE MUSIC"

APPLAUSE

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS

MOL: I'm getting tired, McGee. My calves feel old enough to have calves of their own.

FIB: Gettin' kinda bushed myself, tootsie. How much dough we got so far?

MOL: One hundred and 2 dollars. 51 of it is yours.

FIB: Not bad...not bad! You realize that's twenty thousand a year? Remind me to have ice cream on my pie for lunch. My standard of living has been too low.

MOL: Take it easy, pet. After all, this isn't....OH THERE'S MAYOR LA TRIVIA.....YOO HOO.....MR. MAYOR!!!

FIB: HIYAH, LA TRIV.

GALE: (FADE IN) Hello, there, what are you doing in this end of town?

MOL: Collecting old bills for Doctor Gamble, your honor.

GALE: Any success?

FIB: Well, the old bone-bender is still in the same tax bracket, La Triv. But we've said hello to some money he'd kissed goodbye.

MOL: Say, speaking of kisses, Mr. Mayor (COYLY) How is Miss Tremayne these days?

GALE: Fine, thank you. I just saw her a few minutes ago, bless her little red head.

FIB: RED head. I thought she was a brunette.

MOL: I thought she was a blonde.

GALE: She..er...she was. Both. But she has a chance to appear in a new play and she's been experimenting a little with her hair.

FIB: That's what I like...a convertible top.

MOL: Will she go to Hollywood, Mr. Mayor?

GALE: I hope not.

FIB: So does Doc Gamble. She still got both your pictures glaring at each other on top of the piano?

GALE: Well, I must say that Doctor's photo has a certain menacing expression, but mine is rather pleasant, I think. Mine is smiling..like Don Ameche.

MOL: Donna Who?

GALE: Don Ameche.

FIB: Who's she?

GALE: It isn't a she. It's a he. DON...AMECHE. He played Alexander Graham Bell.

MOL: Really? What did they play?....And who won?

GALE: THEY DIDN'T PLAY ANYTHING. AND NOBODY WON. THAT IS, IT WAS A MOVING PICTURE AND AMECHE PLAYED BELL!

FIB: You mean the telephone Bell?

GALE: YES. I mean he played the part of the man who invented the telephone.

MOL: Which part of the man did he play? The head and shoulders, I presume?

GALE: HE PLAYED ALL OF HIM!.....I MEAN THE CHARACTER WAS AMECHE IMPERSONATED THE....(PAUSE) Oh no.

FIB: Oh no what?

GALE: Not today. I'm much too busy. Believe me, McGee, this is so -- so -- I'm sure.

MOL: So silly?

GALE: No - SO LONG!

(REVISED) -23-

MOL: So long, your honor.

FIB: So long, kid. Next time, maybe. (PAUSE) Well, shall we make one more collection, Molly?

MOL: How far do we have to go?

FIB: It's right here. Come on.

FOOTSTEPS UP ON PORCH...DOOR KNOCK....DOOR OPEN

FIB: Hiyah, Bud. You Mr. Andrew White?

MAN: Yes, I am. Why?

MOL: We're collecting for Dr. Gamble, sir.

FIB: Got a bill against you for 19 dollars, bud. You gonna pony up or do I slap you with a writ of trammis mortamus?

MAN: There's no use making any threats, brother. If I owe the money I'll be glad to pay it. Must have been an oversight, because - (PAUSE) By the way, haven't we met before?

MOL: Personally, I don't know you from a load of hay, except a load of hay isn't parted on the side.

FIB: Your puss is kinda familiar, bud. You from Peoria?

MAN: No. What's your name?

FIB: McGee.

MOL: Fibber McGee..

MAN: FIBBER MCGEE...THATS IT!! LEGION CONVENTION IN CHICAGO, 1935.

FIB: OH MY GOSH...YES...YOU'RE THAT ANDY WHITE...WELL WHADDYE KNOW! This is my wife, Molly. Meet Andy White, Molly.

MOL: How do you do, I'm sure.

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(2ND REVISION) -24-

MAN: Glad to meet any wife of Fibber McGee's. You remember me, eh, McGee?

FIB: I'll say I do, Comrade! I and you had a room together at the convention. I filled the pillow cases with water and you threw 'em out the window of the Sherman Hotel. (BOTH LAUGH)

MOL: Well, men are boys grown tall....and silly.

FIB: Imagine meetin' old Andy White. Sure is good to see you, Comrade!

MAN: I'm especially happy to see you, too, Comrade.

FIB: Why, Comrade?

MAN: Because, Comrade.....you owe me a hundred bucks I loaned you to pay your hotel bill. I still got the I.O.U. right here. See? A hundred bucks. Got that much with you, Comrade?

(PAUSE)

MOL: Well....say something, Comrade.

FIB: (WEAKLY) Hello.

ORCH: "THRU A THOUSAND DREAMS". FADE FOR:

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(2ND REVISION) -24-

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FIB: I'll say I do, Comrade! I and you had a room together at the convention. I filled the pillow cases with water and you threw 'em out the window of the Sherman Hotel. (BOTH LAUGH)

MOL: Well, men are boys grown tall....and silly.

FIB: Imagine meetin' old Andy White. Sure is good to see you, Comrade!

MAN: I'm especially happy to see you, too, Comrade.

FIB: Why, Comrade?

MAN: Because, Comrade.....you owe me a hundred bucks I loaned you to pay your hotel bill. I still got the I.O.U. right here. See? A hundred bucks. Got that much with you, Comrade!

(PAUSE)

MOL: Well....say something, Comrade.

FIB: (WEAKLY) Hello.

ORCH: "THRU A THOUSAND DREAMS". FADE FOR:

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
2-18-47

(2ND REVISION) -25-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL (For all but So. Calif, Arizona, Fla.)

WIL: Fibber and Molly will be back in just a moment.

(PAUSE)

WIL: Here's something that may surprise you. Do you realize that when you brighten your kitchen floor with JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO-COAT you are using the most popular of all no-rubbing floor polishes? All over the country GLO-COAT way outsells all other self-polishing floor waxes. There are many reasons for this. Most important to you, perhaps, is the really bright shine you get with JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT, without any rubbing or buffing...a shine so bright you can always count on maximum beauty for your linoleum and other floors. With GLO-COAT you also get that wonderfully tough wax protection, which adds so greatly to the life of your linoleum...makes it so easy to keep it sparkling clean. And GLO-COAT is so perfectly blended that it never streaks, is always smooth and even. Its quality is completely uniform. Try it. Discover for yourself why more women buy JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT than any other floor polish!

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC: FADE FOR:

CUE: To be supplied by F. Pittman

CLOSING COMMERCIAL (for So. Calif; Arizona and Florida)

WALD: Have you noticed that in every block there's some car owner who keeps his automobile looking a little better than anyone else? Maybe it's you -- maybe yours is that shiny car that sits proudly in front of the house. In that case, you've probably discovered JOHNSON'S CARNU. It's easy with CARNU to keep your car clean and polished-looking all the time. .easy because CARNU really does two jobs at once...both cleans and polishes with one application. CARNU is a liquid. You simply apply it with a cloth, rubbing only hard enough to loosen the dirt. You let CARNU dry to a white powder, and then when you wipe this powder off you get the surprise of your life. All that old dirt and road grime have simply vanished and the finish has a polish to be proud of. With CARNU you'll find it easier to keep your car shining, too -- dirt can't readily get a foothold on the smooth, polished surface. In case you haven't discovered easy-to-use CARNU, why not try it this week? Your dealer has JOHNSON'S CARNU... spelled C-A-R-N-U.

TAG

MOL: Say, McGee, did you ever get straight on how much we owe Dr. Gamble out of those collections?

FIB: Yep. Forty-nine bucks of Doc's dough was in that hundred I paid off. Besides the bill for seven bucks he says we owe him.

MOL: Heavenly days - Now we owe him 56 dollars instead of 7.

FIB: Yep. (PAUSE) I wonder who is gonna try to collect that for him. Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all.

MUSIC: PLAYOFF AND SIGNOFF:

APPLAUSE:

WILCOX: This is Harlow Wilcox, speaking for the makers of Johnson's Wax Products for home and industry and reminding you that this is National Brotherhood Week - a week dedicated to the very foundation of Democracy - Tolerance! ... Goodnight.

ANNCR: THIS IS NBC - THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

(CHIMES)