

(REVISED)

WRITERS: DON QUINN
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*File - scd
radio*

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, Gene Carroll and me, Harlow Wilcox. The script is by Don Quinn and Phil Leslie - music by the King's Men and Billy Millie's Orchestra:

ORCH: "FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

MARCH 18, 1947

NUMBER 25

(REVISED) -2-

WILCOX: THE JOHNSON'S WAX PROGRAM...WITH FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!!

ORCH: THEME...FADE FOR:

WILCOX: You know, life is full of surprises and writes from Pennsylvania. The makers of Johnson's Wax Products for home and industry present Fibber McGee and Molly -- with Bill Thompson, Gale Gordon, Arthur Q. Bryan, Gene Carroll and me, Harlow Wilcox. The script is by Don Quinn and Phil Leslie - music by the King's Men and Billy Millie's Orchestra:

ORCH: THEME UP AND FADE FOR:

special. An... it had astonishing cleaning power... it really... fingerprints and dirt. And while... clean, JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX also gives furniture and walls kitchen cabinets a beautiful satin-smooth coat of protective wax... this Pennsylvania Wax to speak for CREAM WAX itself. She writes: "In the past I always had to wash my furniture with soap and water and then spend hours polishing. After using JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX on just one piece of furniture, I could hardly believe my eyes. It took off so much dirt. And the lovely, glossy finish has no greasiness whatever -- so it's really easy to keep clean!" If you haven't used JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX, how about giving it a trial? You'll like it!

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
3-18-47

-3-

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WIL: You know, life is full of surprises. A ^{Woman} lady writes from Pennsylvania to say that although she used JOHNSON'S WAX products for many years she has only just discovered JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX. Why, I thought everyone knew that the JOHNSON'S WAX people had developed this creamy white non-oily liquid polish for furniture. Believe me, CREAM WAX is something very special. ~~In the first place~~ It has astonishing cleaning power...it really chases fingerprints and dirt. And while it cleans, JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX also gives furniture and white kitchen equipment a beautiful, satin-smooth coat of protective wax. But look -- allow this Pennsylvania ^{Woman} lady to speak for CREAM WAX herself. She writes: "In the past I always had to wash my furniture with soap and water and then spend hours polishing. After using JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX on just one piece of furniture I could hardly believe my eyes, it took off so much dirt. And the lovely, glossy finish has no greasiness whatever -- so it's really easy to keep clean!" If you haven't used JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX, how about giving it a trial? You'll like it!

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH

MCGEE & MOLLY
3-18-47

(REVISED) -5-

(2ND REVISION) -4-30

WILCOX: A SONG THAT'S MADE THE HIT PARADE
WITH JUKE-BOX, BAND AND TRIO
IS A LOVELY DITTY OF A DRIPPING CITY
CALLED "A RAINY NIGHT IN RIO"
BUT BROTHER AND SISTA, IN WISITFUL VISTA
THE RAIN IS MORE WET THAN JOLLY!
AND OUT IN THE STREET, NEARLY DROWNED ON THEIR FEET
ARE --
FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:
SOUND: RAINFALL, VERY HEAVY...THUNDER AT INTERVALS AT BREAKS IN

DIALOG: FADE UNDER:
FIB: Your feet wet, Kiddo?
MOL: Well, as Bob Hope would say, "I wouldn't say my feet are WET, but the U.S.S. PENNSYLVANIA just sailed under my left instep."
FIB: You shouldn't oughtta stand out in the rain like this.
MOL: Nor you, either.
FIB: I have to. I gotta wait for a guy. I told him I'd meet him here and I'm gonna do it.
MOL: I'll wait, too. I'm curious to know which of your friends has web feet.
FIB: And speakin' of pneumonia...look who's slesin' in the street. Old Doc Gamble, the organ mover. BYES, BYES!
MOL: Hello, Doctor Gamble!

A

(REVISED) -5-

FIB: Well, he didnt know it was gonna rain like this. I agreed to meet him outside o' Kremer's drug store, and I got a reputation for doing things on time.

MOL: Also for BUYING things, on time.

FIB: MMMMMM. You better get inside the drug store and get some hot coffee, kiddo. You're watter'n a whale's tail.

MOL: No thanks. I dont like Mr. Kremer's coffee.

FIB: No?

MOL: No. If Brazil ever found out what Mr. Kremer does to a coffee bean, the Good Neighbor Polloy would be bloeey.

FIB: Too strong, or too weak?

MOL: It's blacker than the inside of a piccolo. They say some body dunked a doughnut in it last week, and lost two fingers.

SOUND: CRASH OF THUNDER

FIB: WOW!...did you see that lightning? I wish it would do that oftener, or quit. The flashes are too close together for comfort and too far apart to read by.

MOL: Just what IS this business, McGee? What's so important that you have to make like a mallard?

FIB: Confidential matter, Molly. Promised not to mention it to anybody. Why dont you grab a sab and go on homo?

MOL: Not a chance, dearie. If you can stand it, I can. Maybe we can get twin beds in the pneumonia ward.

FIB: And speakin' of pneumonia...look who's sloshin' up the street. Old Doc Gamble, the organ mover. HIYAH, DOC..!

MOL: Hello, Doctor Gamble!

(REVISED) -6-

DOC: (TAPE IN) Well, hello there, Molly. Hello, Drippy. Great night for ducks!

FIB: You oughtta know - bein' a quack.

MOL: Oh McGee....please!

FIB: Well, my gosh...that was a pretty trite remark. "Great night for ducks". Leave it to Doc to corn a phrase.

DOC: If I'd said it was a great night for fish, you'd have said I ought to know, being a physician and sturgeon.

FIB: I never joke about sturgeons, Fatso. They have a shad roe to hoe.

MOL: Boys, this is positively the dampest humor that ever dripped on 14th street. What brings you out in a storm like this, Doctor?

DOC: Hospital ran out of calcium wafers. The internes have been using them for poker chips.

FIB: So what? Does the staff surgeon have to wade to the drug store in a cloudburst every time that high-priced slaughter house of yours loses a handful of pills?

DOC: Well, as a matter of fact, I made a deal with Kremer on prescriptions, and I've -

SOUND: CRASH OF THUNDER RAIN HARD AND FAIR

FIB: OH, TAKIN' A CUT ON 'EM, EH, DOCKY? YOU CALL THAT ETHICAL? DOES MORRIS FISHEEIN KNOW YOU DO THAT? BETTER LEASE UP, OR THE MEDICAL ASSOCIATION WILL PADDLE YOUR BIG FAT BRITCHES WITH YOUR OWN SHINGLE!

(2ND (2ND REVISION) -7-

DOC: Oh don't be like that, Limberlip. I have a deal with Fifi
Kremer that everytime he can read my writing on a
prescription, he owes me two bits. HOWE, BABY....YOU'LL
MOL: How much does he owe you now, Doctor?
DOC: That's what worries me. I haven't made a nickle in three
weeks. I want to know what he's been giving my patients.
LENA: (BURST OF RAIN) Incidentally, do you two people HAVE to
stand out here in the rain?
FIB: Yes. We do. Or I do, anyway.
MOL: And I do too. I'm the kind of faithful wife you read
about, Doctor, and almost never meet. If my man has to
stand in the rain to meet somebody on a business matter,
there's little Molly....soggy but happy.
DOC: Well, love is a wonderful thing. Every time a ring goes
over a finger, somebody has to knuckle down the rest of
his life. Well, goodnight...see you both in an oxygen
tent!
FIB: (CALLS) SO LONG, PADDLE WHEEL!
MOL: Goodnight, Doctor!
SOUND: CRASH OF THUNDER....RAIN HARD AND FADE -

(REVISED) -9-
(2ND REVISION) -8-

FIB: He's pretty cynical about marriage, all of a sudden. Fifi
Tremayne must of turned him down like a Pullman blanket.
MOL: HEY, YOU BETTER GO ON IN THE DRUG STORE, BABY....YOU'LL
FIB: CATCH COLD STANDING IN THIS RAIN!!!
MOL: Well, I guess I will go in and dry off a little.
FIB: Fine, I'll call you soon as this guy shows up.
LENA: (FADE IN) Excuse me for interrupting, Mr. McGee...but can
I ask your wife a question?
MOL: LENA!!!
FIB: My gosh, Lena, I thought you were home, doing the
housework.
LENA: Well, I was dusting the living room furniture, Mr. McGee,
but something came up which I thought it would be
advisable to get Mrs. McGee's opinion about it.
MOL: Why certainly, Lena - what came up that was so important?
LENA: One of the springs in the sofa - came up right thru the
seat!
MOL: Oh my!
FIB: What did you want to know about it, Lena?
MOL: I should say so! Something with a Cuban heel would be
LENA: Oh, don't mention those things to me, Mrs. McGee! I had
a terrible experience with a pair of Cuban heels last
year!
MOL: Really? Did you take a fall, Lena?

(REVISED) -9-

LENA: Well, Mr. McGee, my question is: - should I dust the spring, too?

MOL: Oh, of course!

FIB: Why not? This is as good a time as any to start your spring cleaning! (CORNLY LAUGH) (PAUSE) Geewhiz, doncha get it, kids? Lena says "clean the spring" and I says "spring cleaning"! It's a very simple play on -

MOL: 'TAIN'T FUNNY, MCGEE!.

FIB: 'Taint?

LENA: Not in this weather, anyhow!...although personally, I jist love rainy weather, I go around jist - (SINGS) "SINGIN' IN THE RAIN - JUST SINGIN' IN THE - " Isn't that simply lovely? My music teacher says I sing with such a pear-shaped tone!

MOL: A pear-shaped tone??

LENA: He says it's shaped like a pair of old overshoes! (LAUGHS) I guess he gets a boot out of hearing me!...My goodness, these are the wettest puddles I ever stood in!

FIB: Well, no wonder your feet are wet in those satin slippers Lena. Migosh, you oughta wear something sensible in weather like this!

MOL: I should say so! Something with a Cuban heel would be more -

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MOL: Really? Did you take a fall, Lena?

A

(REVISED) -10-

LENA: Oh, did I ever fall! Something awful! And while I was tryin' to make up my mind which one to marry, they both went back to Cuba!

FIB: Well look, you better go back to the house, before you catch cold!

MOL: Yes, grab a bus, Lena and -

LENA: Oh, my boyfriend will drive me home in his truck, dear - he works right around the corner in the electric shop.

FIB: He must be your CURRENT boy friend.

LENA: Yes - (LAUGHS) he's alternating between me and the girl next door....Poor Ladislaus!

MOL: LADISLOUSE??

LENA: Ladislaus Chupowski. He's nine feet ten inches tall. IMAGINE! Only two inches between me and a joke about a ten-foot Pole!...Well, see you at the house, folks.

(FADING) "OH, MY, WHAT A WONDERFUL DAY!.....
(CRASH) OH, MY, WHAT A WONDERFUL DAY!.....

ORCH: "HEARTACHE"

APPLAUSE:

SECOND SPOT (REVISED) -11-

SOUND: BLAST OF THUNDER AND RAIN...FADE FOR--

FIB: Boy looka that rain! My feet are wet clear up to my shoulders. I hope Molly's gettin' dry in the drug store.
HI, LA TRIVIA!

GALE: (FADE IN) WELL, hello there, McGee. Let me stand in that doorway....thanks...quite a rain, isn't it?

FIB: Oh I donno. I see worse, La Triv. "hen I was over in France with the army in 19 ought 18 during the first world war...the Big War....I seen much worse rain than this.

GALE: Really. STAND INSIDE THE DOORWAY HERE, MCGEE! YOU'RE GETTING SOAKED.

FIB: Can't, La Triv. Gotta stand out here where I can be seen, I'm meetin' a guy here and I don't wanna miss him.
Business matter.

GALE: Must be very important business to make you expose yourself to this storm.

FIB: Confidential matter, La Triv. BUT, AS I WAS SAYING...one month over there in France, it rained day and night for

78 days. We drilled in rowboats. No officer would ride a horse unless it was a mudder. Mud up to our bayonets.

FIB: Ever notice my skin, La Trivia?

GALE: Not particularly. I've heard it said that it was thicker than most people's but I've made no personal observations.

GALE: and what was the laboratory analysis?

FIB: Dirt 2%, water 16% and cigarette butts 82%.

GALE: That's 82%. What was the other three percent?

(REVISED) -12-

FIB: Well next time you see me in the shower room at the Elk's Club, take a gender at my epidermis, boy. I got a complexion like a strawberry parfait. And you wanna know why?

GALE: Not badly enough to get insomnia about it.

FIB: WELL SIR...I'LL TELL YOU. THAT MUD IN FRANCE WAS A NATURAL BEAUTY CLAY! MY COMPANY WAS MADE UP OF THE TOUGHEST BUMS IN AMERICA, LA TRIVIA. HAM-AND-EGG PRIZE FIGHTERS, BOOTLEGGERS, YEGGS, BIND-ESTIFFS AND SLUM KIDS. AND AFTER SIX MONTHS OF WALLOWING IN THAT MUD, WE LOOKED LIKE CHORUS BOYS FROM THE STUDENT PRINCE!

GALE: You don't say!

FIB: Yes sir, if I ain't telling the truth, may lightning strike --

SOUND: TERRIFIC CRASH OF THUNDER

FIB: Well, maybe not chorus boys, exactly, but that mud was sure wonderful stuff. Made a lot of trouble for the cavalry. They rode thru that goo one day and all the brands healed up on their horses. Took 'em six months to sort 'em out again.

GALE: Very interesting. When I was in the Coast Guard in the Solomon Islands --

FIB: ONE BUDDY OF MINE TOOK A KNAPSACK FULL OF THAT MUD HOME WITH HIM AND HAD A CHEMIST ANALYZE IT. HE WAS GONNA MANUFACTURE IT SYNTHETICALLY, AND MAKE A FORTUNE,

GALE: And what was the laboratory analysis?

FIB: Dirt 72%, water 16% and cigarette butts 9%.

GALE: That's 97%. What was the other three percent?

(REVISED) -13-

FIB: A Shavetail named Plotnik that got lost in the mud a year before. Very hard to duplicate, so the experiment was a flop. What was you saying about the Solomon Islands?

GALE: Well, I was chief gunner on an L.S.T. and--

FIB: I'LL NEVER FORGET ONE GUY IN MY OUTFIT NAMED HERBERT. AT ROLL CALL, WE ALWAYS GAVE OUR LAST NAME FIRST, SEE? ADAMS, JOHN! BERKOWITZ, PETER! CLANAHAN, PATRICK!

SOUND: MCGEE, FIBBER - like that, see?

GALE: Yes, I'm quite familiar with--

FIB: WELL SIR, HERBERT'S FIRST NAME WAS MARSHALL. AND THE FIRST TIME HE SAYS HERBERT, MARSHALL!...THE CAPTAIN WALKS OVER, GETS HIS AUTOGRAPH, MAKES HIM A SERGEANT AND GIVES HIM A 72 HOUR PASS TO PARIS. Excuse me..you were saying?

GALE: I was saying that while I was on an L.S.T. off the Solomon Islands in 1943--

FIB: BOY, THE TIME SURE FLIES, DON'T IT, KID? I MET ONE OF THE GUYS FROM MY OUTFIT JUST THE OTHER DAY...FELLA NAMED GRANTWELL, OR HOBBLEPROSS, OR SOMETHING...AND HE...Oh, you gotta go, La Trivia?

GALE: Yes, I have. An appointment up the street.

FIB: Aw, stick around. Molly's inside the drug store here

WIL: OH. (PAUSE) How was that again?

FIB: gettin' dry, and I haven't got anybody to talk to. Tell me some more about when you were in the Solomon Islands on that L.S.M.F.T.

WIL: My wife was hungry for some candy, and Kremer was the kind

GALE: L.S.T.

FIB: she likes. Peanut clusters.

FIB: That's the one.

FIB: YOU MEAN SHE SENDS YOU OUT IN A STORM LIKE THIS FOR A

0 DAD RATTED SACK OF PEANUT CLUSTERS?

GALE: WELL, ONE DAY AS WE WERE PASSING THRU THE SUNDA STRAITS,
FIB: BOY THAT SURE MUSTA BEEN RUGGED! I REMEMBER ONE TIME I
FIB: WAS CORPORAL OF THE GUARD AND - Hey...were you in the
WIL: service, La Trivia?
GALE: No, no, McGee. I was home hoarding sugar. (FADE) Good
night.
SOUND: RAIN UP AND FADE WITH THUNDER
FIB: That La Trivia is sure full of interesting stories! I
WIL: could listen to him all night! DOGGONE IT, I WONDER WHEN
THAT GUY IS GONNA SHOW UP FOR THIS APPOINTMENT. HE WAS
DUE AN HOUR AGO AND --
WIL: (FADE IN) HELLO, PAL...WHAT'S THE IDEA, standing out here
FIB: in the rain?
FIB: Oh hiyah, Junior. I promised a friend of mine I'd meet
WIL: him here in front of the drug store, and I don't wanna
let him down.
WIL: Wouldn't he have sense enough to look INSIDE the drug
store.
FIB: I got that angle covered, Junior. Molly's in there. If
he comes in and asks for me, she'll tell him I'm out here.
WIL: OH. (PAUSE) How was that again?
FIB: Skip it son. Quite a rain we're getting, isn't it? What
you prowling around for in this mess?
WIL: My wife was hungry for some Sandy, and Kremer was the kind
she likes. Peanut clusters.
FIB: YOU MEAN SHE SENDS YOU OUT IN A STORM LIKE THIS FOR A
DAD RATTED SACK OF PEANUT CLUSTERS?

WIL: Certainly not. I insisted on going. She even tried to
hide my umbrella to keep me from going out.
FIB: She did, eh? Where'd she hide it?
WIL: In the sleeve of my raincoat.
FIB: Very clever of her. When you been married as long as I
have Juney, you'll learn one thing. The best way to let
a woman think she's getting her own way is to let her
have it.
WIL: Oh my wife is a great kid! Fine housekeeper, too.
Johnson's Wax on everything. Floors, furniture, woodwork,
lampshades, window sills...every surface that needs
protection against dust and dirt and dampness.
FIB: I'll bet you made her sign an agreement to that effect
before you married her.
WIL: I DID NOT!! HER MOTHER ALWAYS USED JOHNSON'S WAX TOO.
AND HER MOTHER'S MOTHER. THE FAMILY WAS NOTED FOR
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AND HER MOTHER'S MOTHER. THE FAMILY WAS NOTED FOR
HOSPITALITY.

FIB: Mine was too, Junior. Very sociable. My grand-dad made
WIL: Yes, but I wouldn't worry about it. Use a little cold
cream before you shave. That'll clear it up.
FIB: Mmmm.
WIL: What was that about the mud, in France?
FIB: Nothing, Junior. Just mud. That's all. What you
prowling around for in this mess?
WIL: My wife was hungry for some candy, and Kremer has the kind
she likes. Peanut clusters.
FIB: YOU MEAN SHE SENDS YOU OUT IN A STORM LIKE THIS FOR A
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AND HER MOTHER'S MOTHER. THE FAMILY WAS NOTED FOR
HOSPITALITY.

FIB: Mine was too, Junior. Very sociable. My grand-dad made
some elderberry wine that really broke the ice at parties.
Broke a wall out of the fruit cellar one night, too, but--
WIL: DID YOU KNOW THAT MY MOTHER-IN-LAW INSISTED THAT PART OF
MY WIFE'S HOPE CHEST WAS THREE CANS OF JOHNSON'S WAX?
FIB: No, but I could easily imag-- see you later, pal...
WIL: SHE CALLED THE GIRL ASIDE ONE DAY AND SAID, "MARI," SHE
SAID, "YOU'RE MARRYING A FINE YOUNG MAN..."
FIB: ...and then you came along and took her away from him!
Great work, boy! I always said--
WIL: SHE WAS TALKING ABOUT ME!
FIB: Oh.
WIL: SHE SAID, "MARI," SHE SAID..."YOU'RE MARRYING A FINE
YOUNG MAN..."
FIB: Look, Junior, never pin your medals in the same place
twice. Makes holes in your coat.
WIL: ANYWAY, she said, THERE'S NOTHING A MAN LOVES MORE THAN
A WELL-KEPT HOME...AND JOHNSON'S WAX IS ABSOLUTELY
ESSENTIAL FOR THAT. IT'S THE VERY SYMBOL OF SMART
HOUSEKEEPING AND HOSPITALITY. IT PROTECTS..IT PRESERVES,
IT BEAUTIFIES, AND--
FIB: HEY...WAXEY... LOCKED YOU OUT OF YOUR OWN HOUSE ON A NIGHT?
WIL: Yes?
FIB: Look...there's nobody here but me and you. I've heard
all that. You can relax. Go get your wife her candy.
WIL: Okay. I sure hope Kremer has some peanut clusters. The
justice of the peace gave us some the day we got married.
Remind me to tell you about that wedding sometime.
FIB: Yeah?

WIL: Yes, the justice had a dog that kept jumping up on us. We were probably the first newlyweds to have a pup stand up with the bridegroom.

FIB: Oh, I dunno. I know a guy in Peoria that--

WIL: AS MY WIFE ALWAYS SAYS, IT PROVED THE OLD SAYING, "A DOG IS FRIEND'S BEST MAN". Well, see you later, pal...

RAIN UP WITH THUNDER...FADE FOR:

FIB: My gosh...this is gettin' tiresome! I wonder if that guy understood I was meeting him on TUESDAY night. Maybe he thought I says Monday...or Wednesday. No...I distinctly remember saying Tuesday night. Well, I'll wait a while longer and-- OH, HIYA, WIMP, OLD MAN.

WIMP: Hello, folks.

FIB: Not "FOLKS" this time, Wimp. There's just me. Molly's inside the drug store, drying out.

WIMP: My goodness, I don't know WHEN I've seen it rain like this. I wish I could go home and get into some dry clothes.

FIB: Well, why don'tcha?

WIMP: Sweetyside locked me out. Sweetyside...that's my big old wife.

FIB: YOU MEAN SHE LOCKED YOU OUT OF YOUR OWN HOUSE ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS, WIMP? WHAT FOR?

WIMP: Because I made a teentsy weentsy little joke, is all.

FIB: What was the joke?

WIMP: Well...(CHUCKLES) I thought it was rather amusing, myself. Sweetyside told me to run to the grocery store and get some beets for dinner and I told her I hated to carry them home in all that rain.

FIB: Why?

WIMP: Because, (CHUCKLES) because it wasn't a fit night out for man or beets.

FIB: Well, I don't think it would get you more'n two hundred on the Colgate laugh-meter, Wimp, but it wasn't bad enough to get locked out for. Whaddye gonna do?

WIMP: I think I'll go to the public library and read a good bird book.

FIB: A what?

WIMP: A good bird book. Do you know any good bird books, Mr. McGee?

FIB: Well now lemme think...HEY, HOW ABOUT "ROBIN HOOD"?

WIMP: Robin Hood wasn't a bird, Mr. McGee....he was a bandit.

FIB: A Bold Bad Bandit.

FIB: Oh. Oh, yes. Well then...er...OH, I KNOW..."MOTHER GOOSE".

WIMP: I've read that. Oh, dear...and I had hoped to do some reading about birds tonight...YOU KNOW WHAT I'M GOING TO DO? (CHUCKLES)

FIB: What?

WIMP: I'll go in the drugstore, get some corn plasters, and look at the bluejays! Sweetyside can't keep me from my hobbies! ...GOODEYE, NOW!!

ORCH: KING'S MEN - "IT'S A GOOD DAY"

(APPLAUSE)

FIB: Oh no. It's a trio. They sing at McKally's Tavern.

THIRD SPOT

(2ND REVISION) -19-

SOUND: LOUD THUNDER AND VERY HARD RAIN..FADE SLIGHTLY...

FIB: Well, it sure ain't clearing up any. Three hours I been standing here and it's raining harder'n ever. I hope a lot of people have got them new pens. This whole town'll

MOL: be doin' business under water tomorrow.

DOOR OPEN AND SHUT: I don't like to be inquisitive about your private

MOL: (FADE IN) Have you seen anything of your friend, McGee?

FIB: Oh hiyah, Molly. Nope, he hasn't showed up yet. Boy am I drenched!

FIB: The next time I make an appointment to meet a guy someplace

FIB: I'll...HIYAH, EDDIE!

MAN: (SPLASHING PAST) HI, MCGEE. Fella named Fred Nitney, from

MOL: Who was that?

FIB: Eddie Ecktohoop. He's a singer. But as I was saying, next

FIB: time I make an appointment to meet a guy someplace I'll, HIYAH, NOKEY!

MAN: Hello, McGee. (SPLASHES PAST)

MOL: Who was that?

FIB: Nokey Drivenwall. Another singer, next time I make an appointment to meet a guy someplace, I'll ...HIYAH, BOOGIE!

MAN: (SPLASHING PAST) Hi, Fib!

MOL: Who's that? Another singer!

FIB: Yeah. Boogie Ballapprop. Next time I make an appointment to -

MOL: That was quite a coincidence, wasn't it? Three singers going past in a row?

FIB: Oh no. It's a trio. They sing at McNally's Tavern.

(REVISED) -21-

MOL: OF COURSE! YOU AND HE WERE I (2ND REVISION) -20-

MOL: Well, why don't they walk together?

FIB: My gosh, Kiddo, they got their arms around each other's shoulders all day long..this is a luxury for them...

THUNDER CLAP...RAIN

MOL: JUST WHAT IS IT YOU'RE STANDING HERE IN THE RAIN FOR,

MOL: MCGEE? I don't like to be inquisitive about your private business affairs, but what's all the mystery?

FIB: No mystery, snooky. Just a confidential matter. He didn't want it discussed.

MOL: Who didn't?

FIB: Friend of mine, passing through town. Wired me yesterday and made this appointment. Fella named Fred Nitney, from Starved Rock, Illinois.

MOL: OH HEAVENLY DAY...FRED NITNEY!!

FIB: You heard me speak of him before?

COP: AND WHAT WOULD HE BRINGIN' A DELICIOUS FLOWER LIKE YERSELF OUT ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS, MACUSHLA?

MOL: Himself there.

FIB: Yep. Gotta meet a guy, Mahoney. Confidential business. Important.

COP: OH, IMPORTANT, IS IT? AND AREN'T YE ASHAMED OF YERSELF DRAGGIN' THE LITTLE ONE OUT TO HER DEATH OF COLD? THE ONE WOMAN WHO LOVES YE - EXCUSIN' OF COURSE YER MOTHER - AND THE MORE I SEE OF YE, YE LITTLE BASSHEACH, THE LESS I'M EXCUSIN' YER MOTHER! LOOK AT THE LITTLE GOLLEEN STANDIN' THERE - HER WITH THE SOFT WINDS OFF THE LAKES OF KILJARNEY IN HER THROAT

MOL: And the water off Kremer's building down her neck.

COP: JUST SAY THE WORD, YE POOR CHILD, AND I'LL TAKE ME SHICK TO THE DIRTY LITTLE TYRANT AND BEAT THE --

(REVISED) -21-

MOL: WHY, OF COURSE! YOU AND HE WERE IN VAUDEVILLE TOGETHER!

FIB: That's the guy! MOGEE AND NITNEY. SONGS AND WITTY SAYINGS. CLEAN ENTERTAINMENT FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY.

MOL: I wish he'd come on. I've always wanted to meet Fred Nitney.

FIB: I wish he'd come on, too, and let me out of this rain! You got a piece of rubber hose with you?

MOL: For what?

FIB: Siphon out my inside pocket. Wallet's gettin' waterlogged. I got a floater policy on it, but it keeps goin' under and -

OH, HIYAH, MAHOONEY!

COP: WELL, PRAISE THE SAINTS IF IT ISN'T THE LITTLE SCUT HIMSELF AND THE MAVOURNEEN! 'TIS DIRRRTY WEATHER WE'RE HAVIN', IS IT NOT? THE LITTLE PEOPLE THEMSELVES WILL BE HIDIN' UNDER THEIR MUSHROOMS!

MOL: And if they've any room left, I'll get under there with them, Officer.

COP: AND WHAT WOULD BE BRINGIN' A DELICATE FLOWER LIKE YERESSELF OUT ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS, MACUSHLA?

MOL: Himself there.

FIB: Yep. Gotta meet a guy, Mahooney. Confidential business. Important.

COP: OH, IMPORTANT, IS IT? AND AREN'T YE ASHAMED OF YERSELF DRAGGIN' THE LITTLE ONE OUT TO HER DEATH OF COLD? THE ONE WOMAN WHO LOVES YE - EXCUSIN' OF COURSE YER MOTHER - AND THE MORE I SEE OF YE, YE LITTLE SASSEWACH, THE LESS I'M EXCUSIN' YER MOTHER! LOOK AT THE LITTLE COLLEEN STANDIN' THERE - HER WITH THE SOFT WINDS OFF THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY IN HER THROAT-

MOL: And the water off Kremer's building down her neck.

COP: JUST SAY THE WORD, YE POOR CHILD, AND I'LL TAKE ME STICK TO THE DIRRTY LITTLE TYRANT AND BEAT THE --

(2ND REVISION) -22-

FIB: AW, stop it, you soggy ticket salesman!

MOL: It's all right, Officer, I insisted on coming with him.

COP: Ahh, what a pity! Nothin' would give me more pleasure than to - BUT NEVER LET IT BE SAID THAT MAHOONEY BEAT UP A CITIZEN WITH A WITNESS STANDING BY. I'll be splashin' along now.

FIB: Yeah, do that.

MOL: Goodnight, Officer.

COP: Good night to ye both, and may yer corn survive the crows!

SOUND: TERRIFIC THUNDER..DOWNPOUR OF RAIN..SUSTAIN

MOL: McGee...you're shivering ... THIS IS A LOT OF NONSENSE!

FIB: Well, gee whiz, Molly. I made an appointment with Fred to meet him here and I'd hate to think he thought I'd -

MOL: WHAT TIME WAS THE APPOINTMENT FOR?

FIB: Seven thirty.

MOL: AND IT'S NINE FIFTEEN NOW!!! COME ON...LET'S GO HOME...

FIB: You go home, Molly. Get a cab and run along. I'll stick around a while. BUT I'LL PROMISE YOU ONE THING!

MOL: What's that?

FIB: IF THAT GUY DON'T SHOW UP BY ELEVEN O'CLOCK, HE CAN GO BORROW THE TWENTY BUCKS FROM SOMEBODY ELSE.

MOL: OH, this is preposterous!

SOUND: THUNDER CLAP AND RAIN

ORCH: "IT'S DREAM TIME"..FADE FOR:
(APPLAUSE)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL (FOR ALL BUT S. CALIF., ARIZ., & FLA.)

WIL: Fibber and Molly return in a moment -
Have you seen any of the full-page color advertisements on JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT now running in the magazines? You know ...the ones that show kitchen floors that are half dull and half shining? More than any words of mine, these photographs show you what a really bright shine you can look forward to when you use JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. It's no trouble at all to use GLO-COAT -- you simply apply and let dry -- but oh! Those results! Without rubbing or buffing GLO-COAT dries to a gleaming wax polish that makes linoleum look really beautiful. It brings out the colors, freshens up the pattern and leaves all your floors wonderfully smooth and even. And GLO-COAT is such a work saver. Dirt and spilled things wipe up so easily with a damp cloth. Regular use of self-polishing wax adds years to the life of linoleum, too. So why not make a note right now to get some JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT the very next time you shop. Remember, GLO-COAT is the floor finish that gives a brighter shine.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC....FADE FOR:

CLOSING COMMERCIAL (FOR SO. CALIF., ARIZ., FLA.)

CUE: TO BE SUPPLIED BY F. PITTMAN)
WALD: If you had the choice between driving a nice, shiny automobile and one that was dirty and grimy-looking, which one would you take? Why, the clean, polished one, of course. You not only get more pleasure -- you have more self-respect driving a car that has a good appearance. Well, you know you do have that choice. If your car is a little on the dull, gloomy side, there is a way to make it much more beautiful with very little work on your part. Yes, with JOHNSON'S CARNU, the popular auto polish that both cleans and polishes with one application -- it does two jobs at the same time. That's why there's so little work with CARNU. It's a liquid which you apply with a cloth, rubbing only hard enough to loosen the dirt. JOHNSON'S CARNU dries to a white powder. You simply wipe off this powder and there's your car, shining as it hasn't shone perhaps in months. Why not try it this week? JOHNSON'S CARNU is spelled C-A-R-N-U.

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(CONTINUED)

(REVISED)

-23A-

SO. CALIF., ARIZ., FLA.)

BY F. PITTMAN)

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one that was dirty and grimy-looking, which
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week? JOHNSON'S CARNU is spelled C-A-R-N-U.
For home use, and inviting you
ain next Tuesday night. Goodnight.

THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

(CHIMES)

(REVISED)

-24-

TAG

MOL: Well, I still think it was pretty silly, standing in the
rain all that time, just to lend the man money! And then
he doesn't show up.

FIB: Oh well, I owed Old Fred a favor, anyhow, Molly.

MOL: You did?

FIB: Sure - I ast HIM to lend ME some money one time - and it
was rainin' just about like tonight.

MOL: What happened?

FIB: I waited in the rain three hours -and he never showed up
that time, either. This makes us even and - (PAUSE) Hey,
wait a minute! That's not -

MOL: Dry yourself off and come to bed.

FIB: Oh Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all.

ORCH: PLAYOFF AND SIGNOFF

(APPLAUSE)

WIL: This 'is Harlow Wilcox, speaking for the makers of
Johnson's Wax for home and industry, and inviting you to
be with us again next Tuesday night. Goodnight.

ANNCR: THIS IS NBC -- THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

(CHIMES)

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