

WRITERS: DON QUINN  
PHIL LESLIE

(REVISED)

*File  
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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, Gene Carroll and me,

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

Harlow Wilcox. The script is by Don Quinn and

Phil Leslie... Music by the King's Men and Billy Mills'

FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

ORCH: THEME UP AND FADE FOR:

March 25, 1947

# 26

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

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WILCOX: The makers of Johnson's Wax Products for home and industry

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Orchestra!

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JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT gives all your floors such wonderfully lasting wax protection. When that late snowstorm comes, or when the first spring rains arrive, you can laugh at them as far as your GLO-COATED floors are concerned. One quick wipe with a damp cloth and dirt and wax stains completely disappear. You know, of course, that GLO-COAT is self polishing...there's no rubbing or buffing...it shines as it dries. So only one thing remains to do...ask your dealer tomorrow for JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT, the floor finish with the really bright shine.

ORCH: BRIDGE INFO:



FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY  
MARCH 25, 1947

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WIL: You know, Spring sunshine can be a mixed blessing when it first comes peeking into your kitchen. If your linoleum is dull and gloomy...oh, boy, old man sun sure shows it up. But if it's all polished and shining with JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT...Well, your floor just naturally seems part of Spring itself. Believe me, no other self-polishing floor wax is quite the same as GLO-COAT. You get such a really bright shine with this old favorite. It brings out the colors and pattern so beautifully, and gives your linoleum such a smooth even gloss. And JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT gives all your floors such wonderfully lasting wax protection. When that late snowstorm comes, or when the first Spring rains arrive, you can laugh at them as far as your GLO-COATED floors are concerned. One quick wipe with a damp cloth and dirt and mud stains completely disappear. You know, of course, that GLO-COAT is self polishing....there's no rubbing or buffing...it shines as it dries. So only one thing remains to do...ask your dealer tomorrow for JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT, the floor finish with the really bright shine.

ORCH: BRIDGE INTO:

MOL: Heavenly days!!

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WILCOX: THE WISTFUL VISTA POWER AND LIGHT COMPANY SERVES ITS CUSTOMERS WELL AND FAITHFULLY, NIGHT AND DAY. THE WISTFUL VISTA POWER AND LIGHT COMPANY MAINTAINS A RATE SCHEDULE LOWER THAN MOST CITIES OF COMPARATIVE SIZE. THE EMPLOYEES OF THE WISTFUL VISTA POWER AND LIGHT COMPANY ARE CHEERFUL, COURTEOUS AND HELPFUL. (PAUSE) THAT'S ONE SIDE OF THE DEBATE. FOR THE NEGATIVE, WE HAVE HIMSELF, OF --  
-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: SO I WENT DOWN THERE, AND I SHOWED THEM MONEY-MAD FUSE-BOXERS THEY COULDN'T PICK MY POCKET!

MOL: Yes, but when those delivery men drove up with that truck, I--

FIB: I CHALLENGED THEIR FIGURES!! "PROVE THAT I USED FOUR DOLLARS AND EIGHT CENTS WORTH OF ELECTRICITY IN SEPTEMBER", I SAYS...

MOL: ...and when those men started unloading a big--

FIB: SO YOU KNOW WHAT THEY DID, THE DIRTY SNEAKS? THEY SHOWED ME THE METER READINGS! HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT? THEY DON'T EVEN TRUST THEIR OWN CUSTOMERS, SO THEY PUT IN METERS TO CHECK UP ON 'EM!! PRETTY UNDERHANDED, I CALL IT!

MOL: What did they say when you threatened to install your own home lighting plant?

FIB: They told me where I could go.

MOL: Heavenly days!!



FIB: So I went there, and sure enough they had those little home power plants in the Bon Ton Basement. Army surplus. And I bought one. Last one they had, too. Oughtta be delivered almost any time now.

MOL: It was delivered. It's in the basement.

FIB: Well, my gosh, why didn't you tell me?

MOL: I've been trying to, for fifteen minutes. But you've been so busy telling me how you over-powered the power company you wouldn't listen.

FIB: Well, come on...let's go down in the basement and hook 'er up! BOY, I'VE GOT THAT BUNCH OF HIGH-TENSION HIGHBINDERS RIGHT WHERE I LIKE IT! (FADE) COME ON, SNOOKY...

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS TO DOOR...OPEN DOOR...CLATTER DOWN BASEMENT STEPS

MOL: There it is, Pet. Unwrapped, uncrated and unwieldy.

FIB: (WHISTLES) Ain't that a beauty, though? The Little

Vulcan Home Power Plant! SO LONG, LIGHT BILLS!...

MOL: HELLO, PROSPERITY! Do you have to whip it to get it

MOL: Well...more power to you, sweetheart.

FIB: I wind the rope around the fly-wheel and give it a yank.

Like an outboard motor. Now...lemme see...I better tune the motor up a little before I start wiring.

MOL: Well, let me know if I can help, McGee. I'm going upstairs and see how Lena is coming along with the housework.

FIB: AND WE'LL HAVE IT, TOO! Now lemme see...they don't shut off our lights till nine a.m. tomorrow, so I have plenty time to--

MOL: WHAT WAS THAT? THEY'RE SHUTTING OFF OUR LIGHTS TOMORROW?

FIB: If they don't, I'll go down there and blast them dollar-hungry parasites right outa their big fat offices!

MOL: But, McGee...suppose this thing doesn't work?

FIB: Doesn't work? DOESN'T WORK! Look...maybe you didn't understand me. I'm hooking this power plant up myself personal.

MOL: Oh.

FIB: All I gotta do is tie in this power plant with the house lighting system, start her going, and we'll have enough electricity to fry a cow on the waffle iron. Hand me that little piece of clothesline, willya?

MOL: Here.

FIB: Thanks.

MOL: What's that for? Do you have to whip it to get it started?

FIB: I wind the rope around the fly-wheel and give it a yank.

Like an outboard motor. Now...lemme see...I better tune the motor up a little before I start wiring.

MOL: Well, let me know if I can help, McGee. I'm going upstairs and see how Lena is coming along with the housework.



FIB: Tell her one thing for me, too. Tell her that cigar butts over two inches are NOT to be thrown out.. She always--

SOUND: CLATTERING FOOTSTEPS DOWN CELLAR STAIRS

LENA: (FADE IN) I have just one question about that, Mr. McGee.. does that mean two inches including the ashes?

MOL: No, Lena...knock the ashes off in an ashtray, and then use your tape measure.

LENA: All right, honey. Did you ever try smoking a pipe, Mr. McGee? I just LOVE to see a man smoke a pipe. My brother used to smoke a marshmallow, and it turned the LOVELIEST color.

FIB: That was a MEERSCHAUM, Lena.

LENA: Yes...that was it.. A meershamum.

FIB: Besides, I dont like a pipe. Gotta carry too much equipment Tobacco pouch, pipe cleaners, remer, six packs of matches and a sewing basket.

MOL: A sewing basket?

FIB: I keep burning holes in my coat. HEY, HOW DO YOU LIKE OUR NEW HOME POWER PLANT, LENA? WE'RE GONNA MANUFACTURE OUR OWN ELECTRICITY.

LENA: Oh, I'm sorry, Mr. McGee.

MOL: You're sorry! Why, Lena?

LENA: Well, we've been having the HANDSOMEST Meter reader coming here.. I hate to think I'll never see Pat again.

FIB: Is that his name....Pat?

LENA: No, but he gives me a little one every time he passes me. On the shoulder. Oh he's SO good looking..he's got a little mustache and sidewinders.

MOL: Sideburns.

LENA: No, they don't burn, honey, they just tickle..

FIB: Sideburns, Lena are the---

LENA: SAY, CAN MY BOY FRIEND HELP YOU ON THIS MOTOR, MR. MCGEE?

MOL: You mean the meter reader?

LENA: No, my boy friend that works in the garage. He's a grease monkey. About half and half, I think.

FIB: Half and half what?

LENA: Half grease and half monkey...the only thing clean about that boy is his mind...and that ought to be clean...he's never used it.

MOL: How'd you meet him Lena?

LENA: I drove in there to get my brakes fixed and when I left he followed me all the way home.

FIB: A conquest, eh?

LENA: No, (LAUGHS) He had his necktie caught in the brake drum. Well, I'll remember about the cigar butts, Mr. McGee. (CLATTER, UPSTAIRS, SINGING) Oh Zippety Doo Dah.. zippety ay....

FIB: Well, I gotta get busy....first I gotta prime the cylinders. Squirt a little gasoline into the cylinder heads...like this, see?

SOUND: SQUIRTS



FIB: There we are...now then...wind the rope around the fly wheel...give 'er a yank...(GRUNTS)

SOUND: MOTOR STARTS OFF SMOOTHLY...COUGHS AND DIES

MOL: How much electricity did that make?

FIB: I ain't hooked up yet, kiddo. I'm just tryin' 'er out... Here we go again...(GRUNTS)

SOUND: MOTOR STARTS...SUSTAIN

FIB: THERE WE ARE!!! SMOOTH AS SILK!!! I'LL SHOW THAT LIGHT COMPANY.

SOUND: MOTOR COUGHS AND DIES

FIB: Hmm. Needs a little carburetor adjustment. HEY, I THOUGHT YOU HAD TO GO UPSTAIRS?

MOL: I have.

FIB: Well, I can handle this. Run along, Tootsie.

MOL: I can't.

FIB: Why not?

MOL: My skirt's wound up in the flywheel.

FIB: EH. OH...SO THAT'S WHY IT STOPPED...HERE, LET ME UNTANGLE THE---

ORCH: "YOU CAN'T SEE THE SUN"

(APPLAUSE)

FIB: Well, my gosh, how do I know?...he didn't even give me a chance to look it over. BUT THAT SHOWS YOU HOW I WAS WITH GAS ENGINES WHEN I WAS ONLY SIX YEARS OLD.

MOL: HMMMMMM!

SOUND: CLANKS AND TINKERING

MOL: Think it's okay now, McGee?

FIB: Sure. Just needed a little adjustment, I gotta great

SOUND: knack with gasoline engines. I remember one day when I was just a little toddler, livin' up on Kickapoo hill in

SOUND: Peoria, a twelve-ton truck busted down right in front of our farm.

MOL: Shall I sit down, or is this a short one?

FIB: It's a quickie. Well, sir, the truck driver was

SOUND: completely baffled. He was just about to walk away when I rode up on my tricycle. I leaps off, draws my revolver- REVOLVER!

FIB: I was wearin' my little cowboy suit at the time. So I

FIB: walks up to the guy and says "WHAT'S THE MATTER, MISTER? and he says "BEAT IT, DIRTY-FACE!" So I did. Got on my tricycle and went back to where I was playin' cowboy and rustlers with old man Luncford's black cow.

MOL: What was the point?

FIB: The point is, if that truck driver hadn't been so nasty, I'd have FIXED his truck for him. Suit. Now, is it?

MOL: What was the matter with it? wearin' that sleeping bag.

FIB: Well, my gosh, how do I know?...he didn't even give me a chance to look it over. BUT THAT SHOWS YOU HOW I WAS WITH GAS ENGINES WHEN I WAS ONLY SIX YEARS OLD. the way,

MOL: HMMMMMM! rnal machine. Going to make your own squeaks?



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FIB: That's how I know all this thing needs is a little tinkering. I'm one of the greatest tinkers there is.

WELL...HERE WE GO...! (GRUNTS)

SOUND: ENGINE CATCHES.....SUSTAIN

FIB: (YELLS) SEE WHAT I MEAN? ALL IT NEEDED WAS A LITTLE...

SOUND: ENGINE SNAPS, SNARLS, WHINES AND DIES

MOL: Well, I will say it's a very well BALANCED engine. It stops just as often as it starts.

FIB: Maybe I'm priming it too much. It's a very delicate...

SOUND: DOOR OPEN OFF...CLATTERING FOOTSTEPS DOWN STAIRS....

DOC: (FADE IN) Hello, Molly. Hello, McGee. Lena told me you were down here.

MOL: Oh hello, Doctor Gamble.

FIB: Hiyah, Doc. Excuse me if I don't shake hands with you, but I'M kinda greasy, and with a slippery character like you, I'd be half-way up your sleeve.

DOC: That's all right, son. Handshaking is a primitive custom anyway. It's just a relay race for germs.

MOL: Careful about getting too close to this motor, Doctor. You'll get oil on that nice gray suit. New, is it?

FIB: WHATDYDE MEAN, NEW? He was wearin' that sleeping bag when Churchhill was smokin' cornsilk.

DOC: From a man who always looks like he'd been groomed by a hay-baler, Lumpy, that's a very...(PAUSE) By the way, what IS this infernal machine. Going to make your own sausage?

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(2ND REVISION) -12-

MOL: Has a hot enough hand? It, Doc?

DOC: Yes, but it's not hot enough. I can see from the exhaust

MOL: It's a home power plant, Doctor. Himself here had a slight glockamorra with the light company.

FIB: I'll say I did, kids, I really blasted 'em. When I got thru talkin', them boys looked like they'd got caught with their fingers three inches up a pay telephone.

DOC: YOU KNOW WHAT I'M GONNA DO, DOCTOR?

DOC: No, but I'm sure it's either illegal, impractical or repulsive.

FIB: I'M GONNA MAKE MY OWN LIGHT AND POWER, THAT'S WHAT

I'M GONNA MAKE MY. THEN WHEN I GET 'ER GOING PROPERLY, I CUT THE NEIGHBORS IN ON IT. FOR A SMALL FEE, OF COURSE.

DOC: Naturally. You wouldn't want to GIVE people anything.

It would undermine their characters.

MOL: Show the doctor how it works, dearie.

FIB: Okay. NOW WATCH THIS, FATSO...Just wind the rope around the flywheel...thus...and PULL...(GRUNTS)

SOUND: MOTOR CATCHES...RUNS...COUGHS OUT

FIB: Oh, I'll get it started...don't you worry. The fuel

line's probably clogged up, been shipped around so much.

SOUND: TINKERING

MOL: Are you going to have to come down here and twiddle it with that rope forty times a day?



MOL: Has a bad cough, hasn't it, Doctor?

DOC: Yes, but it's not serious. I can see from the exhaust that it's smoking too much.

FIB: Okay okay...scoff if you wanna...DERIDE ME! But wait till you wanna buy some cheap electricity from me, to run that mail-order x-ray machine of yours. You'll be sorry.

DOC: Look, Steinmetz...another one of my patients was an inventor, too. He was working on a time machine...one that would take him back to the Middle Ages. And you know something? It worked.

MOL: Heavenly days...did it really?

DOC: Indeed it did. The last time I saw him, he was the most middle-aged man I ever saw. A word to the wise, Livebait. Good day.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS FADE OUT UP CELLAR STAIRS..DOOR SLAM. OFF

FIB: What does he mean, inventor? I'm not inventing anything. These things have been proved successful. The army used 'em all over the world.

MOL: From the looks of your face and hands, they must have used this one in Greece.

FIB: Oh, I'll get it started...don't you worry. The feed line's probably clogged up, bein' shipped around so much.

SOUND: TINKERING

MOL: Are you going to have to come down here and whale it with that rope forty times a day?

FIB: NAH...That's just for now. Later on I'll rig up a remote control switch, so I can turn it on from upstairs. That's the--

SOUND: OFF MIKE...FOOTSTEPS CLATTERING DOWNSTAIRS

WIL: (OFF) HEY, MOLLY...PAL...YOU DOWN THERE?

MOL: Yes, Mr. Wilcox...come on down.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS FINISH DESCENT

FIB: Hiya, Junior. You're just in time to take a gander at our new power plant. It's a doozer, ain't it?

WIL: What did you say it was?

FIB: Power plant. I got fed up with the light and power company highjackin' me every month. So I told 'em off and bought my own plant. Last one in town. Army surplus.

MOL: They're turning off our lights at nine a.m. tomorrow, Mr. Wilcox. From there on, they'll just have to get along as best they can. And, they probably can!

FIB: Eventually, I'm gonna tap a few of the neighbors in on this, Juney. Sooner or later I'll be supplying lights for the whole neighborhood. Say, I better get busy, get at that...I'll put this feed line back together and start it going.

SOUND: CLANKS AND TINKERING

WIL: You've got a nice place to work on it down here, Pal. Most basements aren't as bright and clean as this one is.

MOL: Oh, Mr. Wilcox -- Glib-Coat, pal. They're big users! They asked me to stop by and pick-up their check. See you later.

FOOTSTEPS UP STAIRS



WIL: No, really. What I meant was, you being the good housekeeper you are, you'd naturally keep the linoleum down here shining and beautiful with Johnson's Self Polishing Glocoat.

FIB: AW, DONT TRY TO--

WIL: --because the way Glocoat keeps linoleum protected against dampness and makes dust and dirt and stains so easy to wipe off, it's the first thing Molly would think of.

MOL: In this case, Mr. Wilcox, I --

WIL: ANY HOUSEKEEPER OF MOLLY'S CALIBER KNOWS HOW LOVELY GLOCOAT MAKES LINOLEUM LOOK...AND HOW IT SAVES SO MUCH TIME AND EFFORT BECAUSE IT REQUIRES NO RUBBING OR BUFFING.

FIB: JUNIOR, IF YOU'D ONLY REALI--

WIL: And Glocoat makes linoleum LAST so much longer, too. And when you think of the hard wear a basement linoleum gets, you can readily understand why--

FIB: LOOK, WAXEY! I haven't got time to bat the fat with you now. I got trouble with the power company. I gotta get this --

WIL: POWER COMPANY? Say, that reminds me!! I've got to talk to those fellows about my bill this afternoon. \$68.00.

FIB: SIXTY EIGHT DOLLARS! For electricity? Why, those burglars! You oughta go down there an --

WIL: Oh no, this is for Glo-Coat, pal. They're big users! They asked me to stop by and pick up their check. See you later.

FOOTSTEPS UP STAIRS

FIB: Looks like I'm about set here now, snooky. Wait'll I prime this motor again.

SOUND: SQUIRTS

MOL: Here's the rope.

FIB: Thanks. Now that I got the feed line cleaned out, she oughtta run like a breeze..(GRUNTS)

SOUND: MOTOR CATCHES..RUNS...OUT WITH BACKFIRE EXPLOSION

MOL: MY GOODNESS..WHAT WAS THAT?

FIB: Just backfired a little. That shows it's about ready to go.

MOL: Thru the roof?

FIB: NO NO NO..Backfiring is a good sign. That indicates that the internal combustion is being equalized by the timing gears, so that the thrust bearings bypass the intake. You see, my dear--

SOUND: OFF..FOOTSTEPS CLATTERING DOWNSTAIRS

WIMP: Yes...Sweetface...the...big...  
Sweetface has thrown me downstairs so often, I've learned how to fall. I just let myself go like all over. (PAUSE)  
Do you think that's being deceitful?

FIB: What's been, deceitful? You think you oughta put a ice pack to make her feel good?

WIMP: Well, as to that, Mr. McKee, Sweetface CAN be pretty sympathetic. I'll never forget the time I fell off my bicycle and she came rushing out and gathered me up in her arms.



MOL: Just a minute, dearie..somebody's coming downstairs.

FIB: WHO IS IT? say, to you, Wimp?

WIMP: (OFF MIKE OVER FOOTSTEPS) It's just me, Mrs McGee... Wallace Wimple. precious all bruised? And I said, "No,

FIB: (CALLS) Take it easy, Wimp..then stairs are kinda steep and -  
 SOUND: STUMBLE AND CRASH. SERIES OF THUDS FADE IN AS WIMP FALLS DOWNSTAIRS.

WIMP: Hello, folks.

MOL: Are you all right, Mr. Wimple?

FIB: My gosh, Wimp, that was quite a nose dive you did there! Bust anything?

WIMP: Oh no...(CHUCKLES) I don't mind a little tumble like that. In fact when I consider that I did it all by myself, it's rather refreshing.

MOL: You mean you usually have help.

WIMP: Yes...Sweetieface...that's my big old wife, ee?

MOL: Sweetieface has thrown me downstairs so often, I've learned how to fall. I just let myself go limp all over. (PAUSE) Do you think that's being deceitful?

FIB: Whaddya mean, deceitful? You think you oughtta bust a leg just to make her feel good?

WIMP: Well, to be fair, Mr McGee, Sweetieface CAN be pretty sympathetic. I'll never forget the time I fell off my bicycle and she came rushing out and gathered me up in her arms.

MOL: Oh, how nice, Mr Wimple!

FIB: What'd she say, to you, Wimp?

WIMP: She just put her cheek against mine and murmured, "Is mummy's little precious all bruised?" And I said, "No, dear, I'm not hurt a bit." And she said, "YOU MEAN I RAN OUT HERE RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF 'PEOPLE ARE FUNNY' ON A FALSE ALARM, YOU NASTY LITTLE FRAUD?" And then she threw me up on the roof of the porch.

MOL: Good gracious. On the roof of the porch.!!

WIMP: Yes..and you know what? I found a baseball I'd been looking for for weeks and weeks. It just goes to show what - ...MMM WELL...WHAT'S THAT?

FIB: What's what, Wimp? Oh this? This is a home power unit. I'm gonna manufacture my own light and power. I been gettin' the old whammy from the light company so long I got my back up.

WIMP: Isn't that wonderful...does it run, Mr. McGee?

MOL: Show him, McGee....here's the rope.

WIMP: Rope? Do you have to pull it a little ways to get it started?

FIB: No, I use the rope to twist the flywheel, Wimp...I'll show you. Better prime it again, first....

SOUND: SQUIRT SQUIRT..

WIMP: Isn't this exciting? I feel just like Eddie A. Thomason.

MOL: You mean Thomas A. Edison.



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WIMP: No, Eddie A. Tommasson. He was a neighbor of ours who  
FIB: built his own light plant in the basement and burned down  
SOUND: every house in the block.. I THINK I'LL GET OUT OF HERE!  
FIB: GOODBYE NOW...  
SOUND: FOOTSTEPS RUNNING UP STAIRS FAST: DOOR SLAM.

ORCH & KING'S MEN: "I GOT A GAL IN NORTH AND SOUTH DAKOTA"

APPLAUSE:

FIB: Can't! My hands are so blistered from yankin' on this  
MOL: Oh well, now...  
FIB: I'm a patsy. I been gypped. I been took for a chump.  
MOL: Don't worry about it, Pet. Maybe you can sell it to  
FIB: WHO BESIDES ME WOULD LAY OUT MORE'N 60 CENTS FOR A PILE  
SOUND: (OFF) CLATTER OF FOOTSTEPS ON STAIRS, FADE IN...

(2D REVISION) -20-

THIRD SPOT

FIB: I'll try her once more... (GRUNT)  
SOUND: MOTOR CATCHES, DIES IMMEDIATELY  
FIB: Dad-rat the dad ratted...WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THIS  
GALE: HALF-SNAZZLED, TINK-BUTTONED, RAM-POODLED THING ANYWAY?  
MOL: Or didn't I twist it fast enough that time?  
FIB: Try it again, McGee.  
FIB: Can't! My hands are so blistered from yankin' on this  
MOL: Oh well, now...  
FIB: I'm a patsy. I been gypped. I been took for a chump.  
MOL: A HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-FIVE BUCKS FOR THIS MISBEGOTTEN  
FIB: FILE OF PIG-IRON!!! AND IT AIN'T RETURNABLE!!! I  
MOL: OUGHTTA TAKE IT OUT AND DUMP IT IN THE RESERVOIR! Oh  
MOL: what a pigeon I been!!!  
MOL: Don't worry about it, Pet. Maybe you can sell it to  
FIB: WHO BESIDES ME WOULD LAY OUT MORE'N 60 CENTS FOR A PILE  
GALE: OF SCRAP LIKE THAT? NOT A CHANCE....IF I THOUGHT THERE  
SOUND: WAS ONE MORE FALL GUY LIKE ME IN THIS TOWN, I'D ----  
SOUND: (OFF) CLATTER OF FOOTSTEPS ON STAIRS, FADE IN...  
FIB: Whya ask, La Triv?  
GALE: Because I've had the City engineers scouring the country  
for a power unit like that. We need one out at the  
reservoir.

(FAUSE)

dw



(2D REVISION) -21-  
(REVISED)

MOL: That's funny. McGee was just saying that the reservoir  
was just the place for this one.

MOL: Well, my goodness, McGee...it's Mayor La Trivia!

FIB: (LOW VOICE) I may ackinray about me bein' such an  
umpchay. HIYAH, LA TRIV, OLD MAN!!

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS IN AND OUT

GALE: Hello, Molly. Hello, McGee. Lena said you were down here  
on some mysterious business, so if you'll pardon the  
intrusion I..(PAUSE) Good heavens! ISN'T THAT A LITTLE  
VULCON HOME POWER PLANT?

MOL: It is indeed, your honor. Isn't it a beauty?

GALE: It really is! Where did you get it, McGee?

FIB: Basement of the Bon Ton, LaTriv. Army surplus. Forked  
over three hundred smackers for that, 25 dollars down and  
five bucks a month for six generations.

MOL: He got mad at the power and light company, your honor.  
He decided to make his own electricity.

FIB: Had it running a minute ago, La Triv. Sweetest sounding  
motor you ever listened to.

MOL: Personally, I never heard anything like it. And I can say  
that again!

GALE: Did the Bon Ton have any more of them, McGee?

MOL: Himself here said it was the last one in town, Mr. Mayor.

FIB: Whyja ask, La Triv?

GALE: Because I've had the City engineers scouring the country  
for a power unit like that. We need one out at the  
reservoir.

(PAUSE)

(2D REVISION) -22-

MOL: That's funny. McGee was just saying that the reservoir  
was just the place for this one.

GALE: YOU MEAN YOU'D BE WILLING TO LET THE CITY BUY IT FROM YOU,  
MCGEE?

FIB: I should say not, boy! I went to a lot of trouble to  
get this thing. Fine piece of machinery. Wouldn't part  
with it for anything. It's the best little....Molly,  
you're biting your nails!

MOL: Oh, pardon me.

GALE: Look, McGee....I appeal to you as a citizen. Would you  
be willing to part with this power plant? Isn't there  
anyway we could persuade you?

FIB: Well....

MOL: COME, DEARIE...IT'S FOR THE OLD HOME TOWN....

FIB: Okay, La Trivia...ON THAT BASIS....I'LL PART WITH IT TO  
YOU.

GALE: SPLENDID!! THANK YOU. ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS,  
SOLD...!! WRAP IT UP, MCGEE....

FIB: HEY WAIT A MINUTE, I PAID A HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-FIVE FOR  
IT. I'M TAKIN' A 35 BUCK LOSS...!!

MOL: DON'T QUIBBLE, SWEETHEART! AFTER ALL, IT'S A SECOND-HAND  
ONE, NOW.

GALE: Beautiful...I don't blame you for not wanting to part  
with it, McGee.

FIB: What the - HEY WHAT DID YOU DO JUST BEFORE YOU PULLED THE  
ROCK, LA TRIVIA?

GALE: What do you mean?

dw



(2D REVISION) -23-

GALE: AND ONE HUNDRED FIFTY IS ALL I AM EMPOWERED TO OFFER,  
Of course, if you don't want to part with it, I suppose  
we could....

FIB: (ALARMED) NO NO NO NO....YOU CAN HAVE IT, LA TRIV. My  
gosh, a 35 buck slug is nothing when I think what the city  
can do with this thing. What are you doing, La Triv?

GALE: WRITING YOU MY PERSONAL CHECK....(TEARING PAPER) There  
you are. One hundred and fifty. The city will re-imburse  
me.

MOL: Better call the light company dearie, and tell them you've  
made other arrangements.

FIB: I will. They'll be very....HEY DON'T TRY TO START THIS  
MOTOR, LA TRIVIA. IT'S NEW...AND STIFF...AND ER,,IT NEEDS  
A LITTLE....

MOL: The internal is not quite combusting the way it-

GALE: Nonsense! I've handled dozens of these things in the  
Coast Guard. Better stand back, Molly....I want to see  
how it runs.

FIB: Maybe you better wait till you get it out to the reservoir,  
La Trivia, because --

SOUND: MOTOR STARTS...SUSTAINS...THROTTLE DOWN...STEADY FURR.

GALE: Beautiful.. I don't blame you for not wanting to part  
with it, McGee.

FIB: What the - HEY WHAT DID YOU DO JUST BEFORE YOU PULLED THE  
ROPE, LA TRIVIA?

GALE: What do you mean?

dw

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY  
3-25-47

(REVISED) -24-

MOL: That little gadget you twisted, under the tank there.  
What was that?

GALE: Why you must know what that is, if you had it running.  
That permits the gasoline to flow from the tank into the  
carburetor. Otherwise it won't run for more than a few  
seconds.

MOL: Hear that, McGee? It was...MCGEE..WHERE ARE YOU?

GALE: He went over and lay down on the coal pile.

MOL: Well, it's soft coal, and he's pretty tired.

GALE: I see. (PAUSE) Does he always beat himself over the head  
with a lump of coal when he's tired?

MOL: He's never been this tired. WELL, SHALL WE GO UP AND HAVE  
A CUP OF TEA, YOUR HONOR?

ORCH: "WE COULD MAKE SUCH BEAUTIFUL MUSIC".....FADE FOR:

beautiful your house can look. The shining beauty and  
protection that JOHNSON'S WAX gives is available to  
everyone. It costs but a few cents, and takes very little  
time to apply...but the difference it makes in the  
appearance of your home is simply miraculous. Dusting is  
so easy, too...and the bright sparkling lustre lasts and  
lasts. Why not get some for your spring cleaning and  
polishing? Genuine JOHNSON'S WAX...Paste, Liquid or Cream.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC: FADE FOR:

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FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY  
3-25-47

-25-

CUE: TO BE SUPPLIED BY F. PITTMAN

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

WIL: Fibber and Molly return in just a moment...  
At a friend's house recently, I sat alongside the radio and you know, I couldn't help noticing that it was wax-protected and gleaming. I looked around the room and I bet I saw ten other places my hostess had waxed. I wish you could have seen this room -- it was such a shining example of the miracles you can work with wax...genuine JOHNSON'S WAX. The floors had a smooth wax-polished luster. JOHNSON'S WAX on the furniture and woodwork shone with a rich warm glow. Picture frames, ornaments and leather goods, too -- but look! The point is not how beautiful my friend's house looked with JOHNSON'S WAX, but how beautiful your house can look. The shining beauty and protection that JOHNSON'S WAX gives is available to everyone. It costs but a few cents, and takes very little time to apply...but the difference it makes in the appearance of your home is simply miraculous. Dusting is so easy, too...and the bright sparkling luster lasts and lasts. Why not get some for your spring cleaning and polishing? Genuine JOHNSON'S WAX...Paste, Liquid or Cream.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC: FADE FOR:

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY  
3-25-47

-25 A-

CUE: (WILCOX: "Fibber and Molly return in just a moment")

CLOSING COMMERCIAL (For So. Calif., Arizona & Fla.)

WALD: Have you noticed how some old cars shine as proudly as if they'd just left the showroom floor? There's probably one right in your block, a car that's all polished and gleaming. Well, I'm willing to bet the owner is one of the thousands of enthusiastic users of JOHNSON'S CARNU. Believe me, you'd have to go a long, long way to find a better car polish than CARNU. Don't get me wrong -- I'm not saying that JOHNSON'S CARNU will turn your faithful old prewar car into a 1947 model. But it honestly will make it look 100% better. You see, CARNU not only cleans your car thoroughly; it also gives it a bright, sparkling polish at the same time. JOHNSON'S CARNU sure is easy to use. It's in liquid form. You apply and let it dry to a white powder. When you wipe off this powder, you wipe off all the dirt and road grime, too, and your car shines like a -- well, like a million. Try it. CARNU is spelled C-A-R-N-U.

WIL: JOHNSON'S CARNU. 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.

ORCH: THIS IS NBC - THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

(CHIMES)



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makers of  
 inviting you to  
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TAG

FIB: ...and the Light Company said if I'd have the 4 dollars and 8 cents in there tomorrow morning, they'd leave our current turned on.

MOL: Thank goodness! I'll go down there with it myself.

FIB: Oh, I'll run down with it, kiddo - I wanta stop in at the Bon Ton on the way back, anyhow.

MOL: For what?

FIB: They got some automatic water pumps down there and -

MOL: Water Pumps???

FIB: Yeah - we could drill a well in the back yard, hook up a motor driven water pump -- connect up the pipes - and tell that Water Company to go jump in --

MOL: OH NOOOO, MCGEE! NO!

FIB: Okay. 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)

WRITERS: DON QUINN  
PHIL LESLIE

WILCOX:

ORCH:

WILCOX:

ORCH:

APRIL 1st 1947

COLLIER  
 The  
 industry  
 Thompson,  
 me, Harlow  
 Leslie - M  
 Orchestral