

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

WRITERS: DON QUINN AND PHIL LESLIE

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 Mill's Orchestra

*Handwritten:* DCJ - radio (REVISED)  
*Handwritten:* Leslie

ORCH: TRUMP UP AND FADE OR  
"FIBBER McGEE AND MOLLY"  
FOR  
JOHNSON'S WAX

April 8th, 1947

Number 28

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ORCH: THEME...FADE FOR:

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ORCH: THEME UP AND FADE FOR:

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WIL: Now that the weather's warmer, naturally your doors and windows are apt to be open while you work in the kitchen.

APPLAUSE: That brings up a little cleaning problem because dirt and dampness do come in to soil your kitchen linoleum.

OF course, it isn't a problem if you have JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT on your floors. You just whisk away the dirt and moisture with a cloth and right away your linoleum comes up bright and beautiful. That's one of the many nice things about JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT. It not only gives linoleum a really bright shine, makes the colors clear and fresh - it also forms a tough protective wax film that wards off dirt and spilled things. Try it, ask for JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT, the floor finish that gives a really bright shine.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH

MOL: It's not terrible about your twisting that, but I stepped on one a couple of hours ago and twisted my ankle.  
 FIB: (LEAPING UP) WHAT? YOU DID? MY GOSH, BABY, WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO! THAT'S TERRIBLE...HERE!...LIE DOWN HERE AND GIVE IT A REST!!  
 MOL: Oh no...it's all right. I just mentioned it because--  
 FIB: COME ON, COME ON, COME ON!!...GET OFF THAT FOOT, SNOOKY!! A TWISTED ANKLE IS NOTHING TO MONKEY WITH....  
 MOL: But McGee, it isn't really any --

WILCOX: WHEN IT COMES TO SPRING CLEANING, MRS. MCGEE OF 79 WISTFUL VISTA HAS ENOUGH ENERGY FOR TWO PEOPLE. AND WE DO MEAN --

OF all the --FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE: LEAN PUT THIS FELLOW UNDER THE ANKLE...SUSTAIN FOR SIX COUNT AND CUT.

SOUND: VACUUM CLEANER...SUSTAIN FOR SIX COUNT AND CUT.

MOL: Raise your feet, dearie. I want to clean under the davenport.

FIB: It ain't dirty under there. I looked a minute ago when

SOUND: I dropped my cigar.

MOL: Well, dust accumulates, you know. Come on...UP WITH THE TOOTSIES!

FIB: Why don't you do the other side of the room first?

MOL: I HAVE done the other side. And incidentally...when you practice putting in the dining room, please don't leave your golf balls on the floor.

FIB: Don't worry about 'em, kiddo. I can find 'em again all

MOL: right, what do you mean? You say you can find 'em and it hurt

MOL: I'm not worried about your losing them, but I stepped on one a couple of hours ago and twisted my ankle.

FIB: (LEAPING UP) WHAT? YOU DID? MY GOSH, BABY, WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO! THAT'S TERRIBLE...HERE!...LIE DOWN HERE AND GIVE IT A REST!!

MOL: Oh no...it's all right. I just mentioned it because--

FIB: COME ON, COME ON, COME ON!!...GET OFF THAT FOOT, SNOOKY!! A TWISTED ANKLE IS NOTHING TO MONKEY WITH....

MOL: But McGee, it isn't really any --

FIB: DON'T ARGUE WITH OLD DOCTOR MCGEE, PRECIOUS! I DIDN'T GET A MERIT BADGE FOR FIRST AID JUST FOR PICKIN' CHIGGERS OFF THE SCOUTMASTER! HERE...LIE DOWN...

MOL: Of all the silly---

FIB: LEMME PUT THIS PILLOW UNDER THE ANKLE...WHICH ONE IS IT?

MOL: I don't remember now. It was just a temporary---

FIB: I'LL PUT A PILLOW UNDER EACH ONE OF 'EM! TAKE NO CHANCES.. THERE WE ARE...NOW THEN...WHERE'S THE HOT WATER BOTTLE...

MOL: WHERE'S THE ICE BAG...WHERE'S THE IODINE...WHERE'S LENA?

SOUND: DOOR OPEN:

LENA: Here I am Mr. McGee and I got a book right here that tells just what to do till the doctor gets here and finds out you done everything wrong.

MOL: This isn't serious Lena, It's just a -

LENA: Believe me, this little book come in awful handy the day my little brother sat on the hornet.

FIB: MY GOSH, LENA...YOU'RE KID BROTHER SAT ON A HORNET?

LENA: That's what he said, Mr. McGee and I ast him did it hurt much and he laughed and says ne, it was a dead hornet, and that's when this book come in so handy. I hit him so hard

ever the head with it, he has to part his hair between

Scion <sup>Shante</sup> and <sup>Deena</sup> (LAUGHS) got bit by a sow, and he:

MOL: But Lena, this isn't a -

FIB: LOOK UP SPRAINED ANKLES IN THERE QUICK, LENA...WE CAN'T

FIB: LET THIS THING GO NEGLECTED! GET ME THE HOT WATER BOTTLE

AND THE ICE PACK...WE CAN'T JUST STAND HERE AND DO

SOMETHING...WE GOTTA TALK! I MEAN WE GOTTA-

LENA: Well, I should say not! I remember one time my sister was going to pierce her ears for earrings and the doctor book says to be sure everything was sterilized so my sister boiled her ears for fifteen minutes and --

FIB: COME ON, LENA, COME ON! HERE, LEMME TAKE THAT BOOK - I'LL FIND IT!

LENA: All right, sir. You'll find it in there all right, because last year when Uncle William got the oldmonia -

MOL: Pneu - monia, Lena.

LENA: No, he'd had it before, honey. Uncle William was always -

FIB: HERE IT IS! "SPRAINS - WHAT TO DO!" ELEVATE THE INJURED JOINT IN A COMFORTABLE POSITION...

MOL: It IS comfortable, McGee. In fact, there isn't even any -

FIB: (READING) PLACE PILLOWS OR FOLDED COAT UNDER THE VICTIMS COLIC IN YOUNG BABIES IS SOMETIMES CAUSED BY SWALLOWING AIR WHILE NURSING AND - HEY, LENA!!! THERE'S 5 PAGES MISSING OUTTA HERE!!!

LENA: Oh, those must be the pages I tore out and mailed to cousin Herman, Mr. McGee. You see he had his eye on a styne once and --

MOL: You mean he had a styne on his eye.

LENA: No, he was buying a pig-pen and got bit by a sow, and he knew pigs were awful skeptic so he didn't want a cconfection to set in so I sent him some advice and -

FIB: NEVER MIND ALL THAT, LENA...GET ME THE HOT WATER BOTTLE AND THE ICE PACK...WE CAN'T JUST STAND HERE AND DO SOMETHING...WE GOTTA TALK! I MEAN WE GOTTA-

LENA: Yes sir...ain't that the truth? I'll get 'em right away.  
 Mr. McGee...just let's not get all excited..as the feller  
 in the French Revolution says when he seen 'em putting up  
 the guillotine..."let's all try to keep our heads"..(EXIT  
 SINGING TO)

SOUND: DOOR SLAM. (LAUGHS) But don't

FIB: How's it feel now, Molly. You in much pain? Can I get you  
 some aspirin? Drink of water? DON'T SHE

MOL: Please, dearie...I don't want a thing..my ankle doesn't hurt  
 a bit. Really!!!

FIB: AHHH, THAT'S A BAD SIGN, KIDDO...IT'S NUMB!! I BETTER CALL  
 DOC HAMBLE...

MOL: No no no...for goodness sakes...I tell you I'm perfectly  
 all right. And I have so much work to do, I simply can't  
 lie here and - (LAUGHS) BELL TINKLE...

FIB: RELAX, BABY..RELAX!!...I'LL DO THE WORK,..DON'T YOU STR  
 A MUSCLE..FIRST THING I'LL DO IS FINISH VACUUMING IN HERE...

MOL: No, McGee, I'd rather you --

SOUND: VACUUM CLEANER TURNS ON...SUSTAIN. SUDDEN CLANK..CLATTER

APPLAUSE: WHEEZE AND PING.

MOL: What was that?

FIB: Ran the vacuum over my key ring. Musta fell on the floor  
 while I was settin'on the sofa. Oh well...I'll fix that  
 later...WHAT'LL I DO NOW, SNOOKY? DUST A LITTLE?

MOL: No, never mind, Pet. I'll do it. Just let me get up and -

FIB: NO NO NO...YOU MUSTN'T MOVE...DON'T PUT ANY WEIGHT ON  
 THAT ANKLE...I'LL JUST DUST THE TABLE AND CHAIRS AND -

MOL: MCGEE...NOT WITH YOUR HANDKERCHIEF!!!

FIB: It ain't one of my good ones....My good ones are all -

SOUND: GLASS CRASH...

FIB: Woops!!..knocked the lamp over...(LAUGHS) But don't  
 you worry, baby. I'll get the hang of it...I'll - HEY,  
 WHERE'S LENA WITH THAT HOT WATER BOTTLE? DON'T SHE  
 KNOW WHERE WE KEEP IT?

MOL: Do you?

FIB: No, I don't think I..OH YES I DO TOO!!!..IT'S RIGHT HERE  
 IN THE HALL CLOSET.

MOL: NO MCGEE, THAT'S ONE OF THE THINGS I HAVE TO CLEAN OUT  
 WHEN --

SOUND: DOOR OPEN: AVALANCHE: BELL TINKLE....

PAUSE:

MOL: Get the doctor book again, dearie. I want to look up  
 what to do for frustration.

ORCH: "WALTZ IN SWINGTIME"

APPLAUSE:

MOL: That may be, sweetheart, but I still maintain the word  
 you need is sacro-illiac.

FIB: What did I say?

MOL: You said sacro-almanno. An Almanac is a book that tells  
 you the best time to plant your corn.

FIB: I don't need an almanac for that. It's every Tuesday  
 night at just about this time. NOW YOU GET PERFECTLY  
 QUIET WILL DOC HAMBLE GET HERE AND -

SECOND SPOT

(2ND REVISION) -9-

FIB: As soon as I finish wipin' these ashtrays, I'll take down the draperies and wash the curtains, Molly. Then I'll wax the picture frames and windowsills, Glo-Coat the kitchen linoleum, and how does your ankle feel now?

MOL: It feels fine. But I feel so silly lying here on the couch when there's absolutely nothing wrong with me. My goodness, I --

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, NOTHING WRONG?

MOL: I simply mean that my ankle is perfectly all right and ...

FIB: TAKE MY WORD FOR IT KIDDO, A SPRAINED ANKLE CAN BE PRETTY SERIOUS! I KNEW A GUY ONCE, SPRAINED HIS ANKLE AND

LIMPED SO BAD ON IT HE THREW HIS SACRO-ALMANAC OUTA JOINT!

MOL: You don't mean almanac .. you mean ILLIAC.

FIB: Oh no I don't! Illiac is an Island in Lake Superior. Good fishing up there too. I remember one time -

MOL: NO NO NO .. THAT'S MACKINAC!

FIB: You're mistaken, my dear. A mackinac is a guy that fixes motors, and it's pronounced MECHANIC. It's from the Indian word MEKKO-HANNICA, meaning "GREASE ALL OVER STEERING WHEEL."

MOL: That may be, sweetheart, but I still maintain the word you mean is sacro-illiac.

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FIB: I don't need an almanac for that. It's every Tuesday night at just about this time. NOW YOU STAY PERFECTLY QUIET TILL DOC GAMBLE GETS HERE AND -

MOL: OH MCGEE...YOU DIDN'T CALL DOCTOR GAMBLE!!!  
FIB: I SURE DID, BABY! I take no chances with things like this. He said he'd be here as soon as he could, and for you not to move around any.

MOL: BUT I'M NOT HURT!!! I MERELY TOLD YOU I'D STEPPED ON ONE OF YOUR GOLF BALLS AND ---

FIB: AH FORGET IT, SNOOKY! WHAT'S A 35¢ GOLF BALL WHEN YOUR ANKLE IS AT STAKE? Now you tell me what you want done around here, and I'll do it.

MOL: Well, I was going to darn some of your socks, and...

FIB: I'LL DARN THE SOCKS! I DID IT BEFORE I WAS MARRIED, BY GEORGE, AND I CAN STILL DO IT!!!

MOL: Yes and I knew how you did it, too. You puckered the cloth up around the hole, tied a string around it, and pounded the lump down with a hammer.

FIB: So what? After all, I was--

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: OH OH...THERE'S GOOD OLD DOC!!! PROBABLY LEFT SOME GUY IN AGONY ON THE OPERATING TABLE JUST SO HE COULD RUSH OVER HERE AND LOOK AT YOUR ANKLE. A REAL HUMANITARIAN!

MOL: Oh dear. If you'd only listen to -

FIB: COME IN!!

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE: Only, boys. Take your time.

WILCOX: (LOUD AND BREEZY) HIYAH, CHILLUN!! HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING?... What's on your mind, pal?

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox. ~~Will you use the kitchen~~

FIB: Lower your voice to a bellow, will you, Junior?

WIL: This is a sickroom.

WIL: (LOWERS VOICE) Oh.....I'm sorry..I didn't know. But now that you mention it, pal, you do look pretty horrible. Something you ate?

FIB: I AM NOT SICK. It's Molly.

WIL: Really? You'd never know it to look at her. Nothing serious, I hope, Molly.

MOL: I never felt better in my life, Mr. Wilcox. But you know how McGee is. He runs for an ambulance if your heels get run over.

FIB: Don't let her kid you, Junior. She sprained her ankle and she's just bein' brave about it.

MOL: Nonsense, I told you all along there wasn't any--

FIB: SO, I PUT HER RIGHT TO BED HERE ON THE DAVENPORT, CALLED DOC GAMBLE, AND TOOK OVER THE HOUSEWORK MYSELF.

WIL: That ought to put her on her feet again, if only in self-defense. Anything I can do to help?

MOL: No thank you, Mr. Wilcox. I'll be up and around in no time and if McGee--a kid. In one ear and out the other.

FIB: AS A MATTER OF FACT, JUNIOR, I DID HAVE ONE QUESTION. Step out here in the kitchen a minute, willya? That's

WIL: Sure. Excuse us, Molly.

MOL: Certainly, boys. Take your time. *begin*  
FIB: (FADE) This way, Harlow.  
WIL: (FADE IN) What's on your mind, Pal?  
FIB: It's about this stuff you use for kitchen linoleum,  
WIL: Juney...This...er..this... (SOUND: GURGLE) I just spread it  
WIL: Cement? *really*..like this...no work at all...  
FIB: No no no..you know..I've heard you mention it. I think.  
WIL: The stuff everybody uses to keep it shiny and clean, and  
FIB: new looking.  
WIL: Ohh, GLOCOAT!...JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLOCOAT.  
FIB: THAT'S IT!!...THAT'S THE STUFF!! Got any ~~wash~~ you?  
WIL: Sure...got a lot of it out in my car...be right back!  
FIB: This the back door?  
WIL: Yeah, just - *THAT BEAUTIFUL GLEAMING SURFACE...*  
DOOR OPEN: VERY FAST FOOTSTEPS FADE OUT, FADE BACK IN IMMEDIATELY.  
DOOR SHUT: *THERE.*  
WIL: Always keep it right where I can get at it. *'S ALL THERE IS*  
FIB: You're the first jet-propelled salesman I ever saw, boy.  
WIL: How do you use this er..Glockamorra?  
FIB: Glocoat. Johnson's self Polishing Glocoat.  
WIL: Yeah..how do you use it. I'M certainly glad I found you  
FIB: GEE, DIDN'T I EVER TELL YOU? I'd have sworn I'd mentioned  
WIL: it around here, and take care of Molly.  
FIB: Oh you know how I am, kid.. In one ear and out the other.  
WIL: You'er...just pour it out, do you? See you later, Pal.  
FIB: Yeah..like this..see? (SOUND: GURGLE, GURGLE) That's  
DOOR OPEN: about enough.

FIB: You mean you just make kind of a little puddle with it.  
WIL: NO NO NO..you spread it around with a long-handled applicer  
that -  
FIB: Here..here's one. Right here.  
WIL: Swell! Now watch..(FADE SLIGHTLY) I just spread it  
around evenly..like this...no work at all...  
FIB: I GET IT..THEN YOU WAIT A FEW HOURS FOR IT TO DRY...!!  
WIL: (OFF MIKE) NO, SILLY...IT DRIES IN 20 MINUTES OR LESS!!  
FIB: NO KIDDING!!  
WIL: Absolutely.  
FIB: THEN YOU GO TO WORK AND RUB IT AND BUFF IT, EH?  
WIL: OF COURSE NOT. NOT WITH JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT...IT SHINES AS  
IT DRIES...NO RUBBING...NO BUFFING...LOOK!..IT'S DRYING  
ALREADY..SEE THAT BEAUTIFUL GLEAMING SURFACE...  
FIB: Yeah that's a very..HEY, YOU MISSED ONE LITTLE PLACE UNDER  
THE STOVE THERE..  
WIL: Where? Oh yes...I got it. SEE, PAL? THAT'S ALL THERE IS  
TO IT. NOW THE LINOLEUM IS PROTECTED AGAINST DAMPNES AND  
FOOTPRINTS, AND YOU CAN WIPE SPILLED THINGS UP WITH A DAMP  
CLOTH.  
FIB: My gosh..that's wonderful. I'M certainly glad I found out  
about this stuff, Junior. Thanks for the demonstration.  
I got to get back and take care of Molly.  
WIL: I'll come with you..er..NO..I glocoated myself up against  
the back door. I'll go out this way. See you later, Pal.  
FIB: *cd* Okay, Waxey.  
DOOR OPEN:

WIL: (TO SELF) That's funny!...I felt sure I'd told him about  
Glo-coat before.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM:

FIB: (CHUCKLES)

MOL: (FADE IN) What's so amusing, McGoe? Has Mr. Wilcox gone?

FIB: Yeah...and you know what? I just Tom-Sawyered him into  
glo-coating the kitchen linoleum. Pretended I'd never  
heard of it. (LAUGHS) Ain't that a panic?

MOL: I'm just doubled up with laughter.

FIB: WELL DON'T DO THAT! YOU GOTTA STAY QUIET TILL DOC BAMBIE  
GETS HERE.

MOL: But this is so silly, McGoe...I've got too much to do!

FIB: WHATEVER IT IS, I'LL DO IT. NOW LEMME SEE...I'LL START  
TAKIN' DOWN THE DRAPERIES... I BETTER GET A LADDER SO --

SOUND: DOOR CHIME:

FIB: COME IN!!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN:

NICK: Hello, Fizzor...Hello Kewpie!

MOL: WELL HEAVENLY DAYS...MR. DEPOPOLIS!!

FIB: WELL NICK DEPOPOLIS!! HIYAH, NICK, OLD MAN...HAVEN'T SEEN  
YOU FOR A LONG TIME...COME ON IN!!

NICK: Thank you, quite a bit...

SOUND: DOOR CLOSE:

MOL: How are your wife and all the children, Mr. Depopolis?

FIB: You got a new baby, haven't you, Nick?

NICK: Oh everybody is in good shape, Kewpie...except my little  
girl Anastasia. She won't have a good shape till she  
stops eating so much ice cream and peanut brutal.

FIB: Brittle.

NICK: The way she eats, it's brutal.

MOL: I haven't seen your oldest boy around lately, Mr.  
Depopolis. The big handsome one.

NICK: OH DEMETRIOS! No, Demetrios, he is a Lieutenant in the  
Maroon Corpse. I am very proud of Demetrios. He is the  
best oldest son I ever had.

FIB: A lieutenant in the Marine Corps, eh? You gotta be pretty  
good to be a shavetail with that outfit, Nick.

NICK: You said so! Demetrios has got more muscles in his little  
finger than I ever had in my whole head. He is with  
flying machines. A bombardarling.

MOL: A bombardier?

NICK: Dear, darling...anyway, they love him.

FIB: How many children you got, Nick, old man?

NICK: Well, now let me see...starting with the ones in long  
pants, there is: Demetrios, Ananias, George, Ulysses,  
Hercules, Gus and <sup>Sophie</sup>~~Anastasia~~.

MOL: <sup>Sophie</sup>~~Anastasia~~! I thought you said you were starting with the  
ones in long -

NICK: She wears slacks.

MOL: Oh!

FIB: You got a new baby, haven't you, Nick?



THIRD SPOT:

(2ND REVISION) -16-

NICK: Sure...a cute little squeegee too! Last night I am  
MOL: sitting on the edge of his cribbage and telling him all  
FIB: about Snow White and the Seven Midgets.  
FIB: That's a good one. (FADE IN) That other  
NICK: OH, THAT KID, HE'S LOVING IT! WHEN I COME TO THE PART  
WHERE LITTLE RED RIDING BRITCHES CHOPS DOWN THE BEANSTALK  
SO JACK THE KILLER-DILLER CAN RESCUE CHINDERELLA AND  
MOL: SIMPLE SIMON HE'S ASLEEP LIKE A WINK!  
MOL: I'm afraid you have that story a little mixed up, Mr.  
Depopolis. I'm going to get up and finish the cleaning.  
NICK: Oh, what's the difference. He's just a little baby, and  
FIB: you know how little babies are. They like a change now  
and then. WELL, GOOD TO SEE ME BACK SOME MORE, FIZZER.  
MOL: SO LONG KEMPIE!

DOOR SLAM: You don't KNOW it's all right till Doc sees it. Now

ORCH.& KING'S MEN: "CASEY JONES"

DOOR CHIME: (APPLAUSE)

FIB: AH...THERE HE IS NOW...COME IN, SAWBONES!

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

GALE: What did you call me, McGee?

FIB: Eh. Oh hiyah, La Trivia.

MOL: He was expecting Doctor Gamble, Mr. Mayor.

FIB: Yeah, Molly's got a twisted ankle. I been tryin' to  
keep her from moving around on it.

GALE: A sprained ankle can be pretty bad. Are you sure you  
know how to take care of it till the doctor gets here?

THIRD SPOT:

(2ND REVISION) -17-

SOUND: VARIOUS THUDS. GLASS CRASH: ITY BAIT A GUY WITH

MOL: (CALLS) McGee...what on earth are you doing now?

FIB: (OFF MIKE) I was just cleaning the mirror in the hall,

GALE: kiddo...slipped outa my hand. (FADE IN) That other

FIB: noise you heard a minute ago was when I stuck the broom

MOL: handle through the wall plaster...I can fix that up with

FIB: some putty, so don't worry about it.

MOL: Dearie, I've been lying on this sofa for not more than  
twenty minutes and you've practically wrecked the house  
already. I'm going to get up and finish the cleaning  
myself.

FIB: OH NO..NO YOU DON'T, BABY...YOU GOTTA LIE STILL. DOC  
SAYS SO. He'll be here any minute.

MOL: BUT I DON'T NEED A DOCTOR. MY ANKLE IS ALL RIGHT. I'LL--

FIB: You don't KNOW it's all right till Doc sees it. Now  
you just...

DOOR CHIME:

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know how to take care of it till the doctor gets here?

FIB: DO I KNOW HOW TO TAKE CARE OF IT? HAH! A GUY WITH INDIAN BLOOD LIKE I'M A GUY WITH, CAN MAKE MEDICINE OUT OF ROOTS AND HERBS, IF NECESSARY!

GALE: I see. You have Indian blood?

FIB: Practically. One of my uncles was a Whatta Pottamie.

MOL: Potta-wattamie, McGee.

FIB: Oh, yeah? You shoulda seen the tummy on him! No Pottamatamie ever had a pot like my Whatta-Pottamie uncle!....Incidentally, La Triv, you ever have a bad sprain?

GALE: SHE WAS NOT BEING JUGGED, AS YOU SO VULGARLY PUT IT.

FIB: YOU KNOW YOU BEING PRESENTED AT COURT MEANS?

MOL: He certainly does, Mr. Mayor! Remember the time you got sued for refusing to pay for those encyclopaedias, McGee?

FIB: They were no good. I went all through the C's trying to find Kilocycle and all thru the K's looking for cucumber, and they weren't there. It was a gyp. BUT HOW'D YOUR MOTHER COME OUT, BOY? ACQUITTED, OF COURSE.

GALE: HOW COULD SHE BE ACQUITTED? SHE WASN'T CHARGED WITH ANYTHING. THIS WAS THE ROYAL COURT OF ENGLAND.

MOL: I hear that's the hardest place in the world to beat a rap, too. That's where the judges wear those long white wigs, isn't it?

GALE: Yes. But this was not that kind of a court. This was...

FIB: I HOPE YOU WEREN'T CHUMP ENOUGH TO ACT AS HER LAWYER, LA TRIV. THEM PROSECUTORS CAN TIE YOU UP LIKE A PECK OF GREEN APPLES. MY ADVICE WOULD OF BEEN TO -

~~MOL: That's what he said. You ever have a bad sprain, Mr. Mayor?~~ AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

GALE: Indeed I have! At a very inconvenient time, too! quarters.

FIB: Whaddye mean, kid?

GALE: It was several years ago, in England. I was to escort my mother who was to be presented at court, and -

MOL: Oh how terrible! On what charge, your honor?

GALE: I beg your pardon? THIS WAS NOT A LAWYER MATTER...

FIB: What was she being jugged for, boy? Nothing serious, I hope. I'll haven't told us what she was in court about.

GALE: SHE WAS NOT BEING JUGGED, AS YOU SO VULGARLY PUT IT. DON'T YOU KNOW WHAT BEING PRESENTED AT COURT MEANS?

MOL: He certainly does, Mr. Mayor! Remember the time you got sued for refusing to pay for those encyclopaedias, McGee?

GALE: They were no good. I went all through the C's trying to find Kilocycle and all thru the K's looking for cucumber, and they weren't there. It was a gyp. BUT HOW'D YOUR MOTHER COME OUT, BOY? ACQUITTED, OF COURSE.

GALE: HOW COULD SHE BE ACQUITTED? SHE WASN'T CHARGED WITH ANYTHING. THIS WAS THE ROYAL COURT OF ENGLAND.

MOL: I hear that's the hardest place in the world to beat a rap, too. That's where the judges wear those long white wigs, isn't it?

GALE: Yes. But this was not that kind of a court. This was...

FIB: I HOPE YOU WEREN'T CHUMP ENOUGH TO ACT AS HER LAWYER, LA TRIV. THEM PROSECUTORS CAN TIE YOU UP LIKE A PECK OF GREEN APPLES. MY ADVICE WOULD OF BEEN TO -

GALE: I DON'T NEED YOUR ADVICE. THIS WAS NOT A COURT OF LAW,  
 GALE: THIS WAS AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.  
 MOL: Heavenly days...they really took her right to headquarters,  
 FIB: didn't they?  
 FIB: Throw her into a dungeon, did they? Or lock her up in  
 the Tower?  
 GALE: THEY DIDN'T LOCK HER INTO ANY TONGEON OR THROW HER INTO  
 ANY <sup>POWER</sup> ~~POWER~~. I MEAN THIS WAS NOT A LEGAL MATTER...ER..  
 MOL: LATTER MEEGLE. IT WAS NOT A LEGAL MATTER.  
 MOL: You still haven't told us what she was in court about,  
 FIB: Mr. Mayor. My goodness, it may have been just parking  
 too long, or driving on the right hand side of the road.  
 In England you know, they drive...  
 GALE: YES. I KNOW. NOW LET'S GET THIS CLEAR. MY MOTHER WAS  
 NOT GUILTY OF ANY OFFENSE. SHE WAS IN COURT TO BE  
 INTRODUCED TO THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES, THE KING AND QUEEN.  
 FIB: Well good for her, La Triv...I'LL BET THAT IMPRESSED THE  
 FIB: JUDGE! It's hard to get character witnesses as big as  
 that. I'll bet he throw the case right out in the alley.  
 GALE: (BLOWS UP) I TELL YOU THERE CASEN'T ANY WAS...ER  
 SOUND: WASN'T ANY CUSS...CASE...THIS WAS MATTER OF MERELY MEETING  
 MOL: THE QUONG AND KEEN...THE QUING AND KONG OF ONNGLAND...  
 SOUND: I MEAN, THEIR HIYAL ROYNESSES WERE... WHEN YOU GO TO  
 BUCKINGPAL WHEELACE...ER...BUCKINGPASS WHEELBASE...  
 MOL: WHEENINGPUSS BACKINGHAM...BACKINGPUSS WHEEL...WICKING...  
 FIB: STOOKING...(PANES) McGee..  
 stalling around for? Sneak over to the public library  
 to look up the treatment for sprained ankles?

FIB: Yes?  
 GALE: Did you ever consider going into politics?  
 MOL: Yes he has, Mr. Mayor.  
 FIB: Often thought of being governor, La Triv. Then maybe a  
 Senator, and President. WHADDYE YOU THINK I OUGHTA RUN  
 DOC: FOR?  
 GALE: The next time I see you...your life! Good day.  
 SOUND: DOOR SLAM  
 MOL: You know...we never did find out how long a sentence  
 his mother got.  
 FIB: I'd ask him by he probably don't wanna talk about it.  
 FIB: WELL, I GOTTA GET BUSY, KIDDO. FIRST THING I'M GONNA DO  
 IS MOVE THIS PIANO SO I CAN CLEAN GOOD BEHIND IT.  
 MOL: Careful, dearie. One leg on it is a little -  
 SOUND: CRUNCHING SPLINTERING CRASH...PIANO JANGLE  
 FIB: A little what?  
 MOL: A little weak.  
 FIB: Oh.  
 MOL: Look, Pet...just let the cleaning go, will you, please.  
 As soon as Doctor Gamble sees my ankle he'll know --  
 SOUND: DOOR CHIME:  
 MOL: OH GOOD...THIS MUST BE HIM...COME IN!  
 SOUND: DOOR OPEN: (PAUSE) No tenderness here...or here?  
 DOC: Hello, Molly, Hello, Sonny Boy.  
 MOL: Hello, Doctor. Nice to see you.  
 FIB: It's about time you got here, Fatso. What you been  
 stalling around for? Sneak over to the public library  
 to look up the treatment for sprained ankles?  
 DOC: (PAUSE)  
 h

(REVISED) -21-

DOC: Calm yourself, my boy. You only called me a half an hour ago. I was... (PAUSE) What's been going on here anyway? Broken Glass... piano wrecked, lamp broken... Looks like Power's Elephants had been holding a square dance.

MOL: No, himself here was doing some housecleaning, Doctor.

DOC: CLEANING!

FIB: NEVER MIND THAT, DOCTOR. YOU GET BUSY AND TAKE A LOOK AT MY WIFE'S ANKLE.

DOC: All right. And I must say it's the pleasantest assignment I've had all week.

MOL: Oh, Doctor!

FIB: NEVER MIND THE SOFA-SIDE MANNER, ~~YOU HUG WATER~~ <sup>DR. HERSHOLT</sup> GET WITH THE TREATMENT. AND IF THIS DELAY HAS ANY ILL EFFECTS, BY GEORGE, I'LL SUE YOU TILL -

MOL: Hush, dearie.

FIB: - freezes over.

DOC: Where does it hurt, Molly?

MOL: It doesn't.

DOC: Which foot is it?

MOL: I haven't the slightest idea.

DOC: No pain at all?

MOL: None.

DOC: Mmmmmmm. (PAUSE) No tenderness here...or here?

MOL: No.

FIB: That bad, Doc? It says in What To Do Till The Doctor Comes that the absence of pain does not necessarily mean -

DOC: BE QUIET, YOU.

(PAUSE)

(2ND REVISION) -22-

FIBER TACKLE AND MOLLY  
1-5-47

DOC: My dear...this is worse than I thought.

FIB: AHA...YOU SEE? WHAT'D I TELL YOU?

MOL: What do you mean, Doctor?

DOC: Look.....there's only one answer for this, TWENTY FOUR HOURS IN BED...AND LOCK THE DOOR IF NECESSARY. 24 HOURS. NO LESS. This newest JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX especially made to

FIB: MY VERY WORDS, MOLLY. COME ON...I'LL HELP YOU UPSTAIRS AND...do an outstanding job. Take a cloth and rub a

DOC: NO! NO! Use of this creamy white liquid on the most called part

FIB: Eh? our woodwork -- preferably when there are dirty

DOC: NOT HER...YOU! GO TO BED AND STAY THERE FOR 24 HOURS. You

FIB: IT'S THE ONLY WAY THIS WOMAN CAN GET ANY PEACE AND QUIET.

FIB: Yeah, but...Okay, Doc. I am pretty tired at that.

ORCH: LOVE IS A RANDOM THING..FADE FOR: and with just a

light polishing JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX leaves a really beautiful lustre and finish. This hard smooth wax finish gives protection against future soiling. Makes dusting easy. JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX fills a real need -- not only to give your furniture and woodwork sparkling beauty, but also for your white kitchen equipment. Why not get some? You'll love it...JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC: FADE FOR:

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY  
4-8-47

-23-

CUE: <sup>Fibber + Molly return</sup>  
(WILCOX: ~~There will be more~~ in just a moment).

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

WILCOX: While you're struggling through your Spring cleaning, don't forget what a wonderful help JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX can be. This newest JOHNSON'S WAX was especially made to clean and polish your furniture and woodwork, and believe me, it does an outstanding job. Take a cloth and rub a little of this creamy white liquid on the most soiled part of your woodwork -- preferably where there are dirty fingerprints. You'll be delighted with what happens. You see, besides genuine JOHNSON'S WAX, CREAM WAX contains two effective cleansing ingredients. They whisk away those fingerprints and soiled spots instantly...and with just a light polishing JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX leaves a really beautiful lustrous wax finish. This hard smooth wax finish gives protection against future soiling..makes dusting easy. JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX fills a real need -- not only to give your furniture and woodwork sparkling beauty, but also for your white kitchen equipment. Why not get some? You'll love it...JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC: FADE FOR:

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FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY  
4-8-47

-23A-

CUE: <sup>Fibber + Molly return</sup>  
(WILCOX: ~~There will be more~~ in just a moment.)

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

WALD: Do you own a pre-war automobile? If you do, chances are you're getting a little tired of trying to keep up its appearance, but with new cars so scarce it's still the smart thing to do, isn't it? I guess that's the number one reason for using JOHNSON'S CARNU, the car polish that both cleans and polishes in one application. Believe me, you'd have to go a long, long way to find a better car polish than CARNU. It really rolls up its sleeves and goes to work on your car. With surprisingly little effort on your part, CARNU gets rid of every trace of ground-in dirt and road grime, and when you've finished, your old bus really shines. Perhaps you don't know that JOHNSON'S CARNU is a liquid car polish. You rub it on, then let it dry to a white powder, and off comes all the dirt and dullness when you wipe off that powder. Sounds like just the car polish you've been looking for, doesn't it? How about giving your old car a beauty treatment this week...with JOHNSON'S CARNU.

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

mc

in just a moment.)

Arizona, Fla.)

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Speaking for the makers of

for home and industry, and

us again next Tuesday night....

NAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

LOW QUOTE  
PHIL LESLIE

TAG:

FTB:

Ladies and gentlemen, the very alarming shortage of  
nurses that has forced the closing of whole floors in  
some of our hospitals at a time when every single bed  
is badly needed.

MOL:

In passing up a nursing career, young women are passing  
up one of the most satisfactory of all professions.  
Opportunities for advancement are good, salaries and  
working conditions are continually improving, and no  
other job offers so much downright self-satisfaction as  
a nursing career.

FIB:

You young women between 18 and 35 - give it some thought.  
Check with your nearest hospital for information on how  
to apply for entrance to a school of Nursing.

MOL:

A nurse has a professional status which the world  
respects and admires!

FIB:

Goodnight.

MOL:

Goodnight, all.

ORCH:

UP TO FINISH

WIL:

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

ANNCR:

THIS IS NBC...THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

WRITERS:

WILCOX:

ORCH:

WILCOX:

APRIL 15th, 1