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(REVISED)

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,  
Harlow Wilcox. The script is by Don Quinn and Phil  
Leslie - music by the King's Men and Billy Millie's  
Orchestra!  
"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

ORCH: THEME UP AND FADE FOR FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

APRIL 15th, 1947

NUMBER 29

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FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY

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

ORCH: THEME...FADE FOR: ...the furniture that's so popular today.

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, designed  
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: ...two clean, ... ingredients ... last

Fingerprints and scratches disappear. This isn't  
an exaggeration. - Wax, as you'll realize, the very first  
time you try it. CREAM-WAX is perfect for all furniture -  
for your dining room table and - depend - for kitchen  
cabinets and chairs and all kinds of white kitchen equipment.  
JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX leaves a hard, smooth wax film for  
protection - gives a rich, lustrous, non-oily polish.  
You probably already use JOHNSON'S PASTE and LIQUID WAX.  
Well, now try JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX. You'll like it.

ORCH: SWELL TO FINISH

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WILCOX: I've had quite a few questions lately about how to take care of the new blonde furniture that's so popular today. Well, I'd like to offer a word of advice. Four words to be exact---use JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX! CREAM WAX is JOHNSON'S newest wax polish and it was specially designed for your furniture and white woodwork. This remarkable wax is creamy white...easy to use, needs very little rubbing...and it cleans as it polishes. JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX actually contains two cleansing ingredients so that fingerprints and smudges disappear like magic. This isn't an exaggeration, either, as you'll realize the very first time you try it. CREAM WAX is perfect for all furniture-- for your dining room table and sideboard -- for kitchen tables and chairs and all kinds of white kitchen equipment. JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX leaves a hard, smooth wax film for protection -- gives a rich, lustrous, non-oily polish. You probably already use JOHNSON'S PASTE and LIQUID WAX. Well, now try JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX. You'll like it.

ORCH: SWELL TO FINISH

MOL: Now, now, now...Take a few deep breaths...you're too old for those short pants... (PAUSE) Now then, who's chasing you, and for what, and do I tell the police you've been here all day?

FIB: LOOK...THIS IS IMPORTANT!...I GOTTA HAVE MY COIN CATALOG... QUICK...GET ME MY COIN CATALOG...I GOTTA HAVE IT!

WILCOX: WHEN MRS. MCGEE, OF 79 WISTFUL VISTA LOOKS OUT THE WINDOW AND SEES HER NORMALLY SLOW-MOVING HUSBAND RUNNING LIKE A DEER TOWARD HOME, SHE NATURALLY THINKS -

FIB: A. HE'S PUT A LIGHTED CIGAR IN HIS PANTS POCKET AGAIN.  
B. SHE MUST BE DREAMING, OR,  
C. IT MUST BE SOMEBODY ELSE.

SCUND: BUT NO, IT'S HIMSELF ALL RIGHT, AND HERE HE COMES, AS WE JOIN --

MOL: -- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!!

(APPLAUSE)

SCUND: FAST RUNNING FEET ON SIDEWALK...SUSTAIN...UP ON PORCH...

DOOR OPEN AND SLAM, FAST.

FIB: HEY MOLLY...(PANTS) HEY, MOLLY...WHERE ARE YOU!...HEY MOLLY!! (PANTS)

MOL: I'm right here, dearie. And don't say another word till you get your breath...

FIB: (PANTING LOUDLY)

MOL: I haven't seen you run that fast since the bees took a fancy to your lilac hair tonic.

FIB: YEAH BUT...(PANTS)

MOL: Now, now, now...Take a few deep breaths...you're too old for those short pants... (PAUSE) Now then, who's chasing you, and for what, and do I tell the police you've been here all day?

FIB: LOOK...THIS IS IMPORTANT!...I GOTTA HAVE MY COIN CATALOG... QUICK...GET ME MY COIN CATALOG...I GOTTA HAVE IT!



MOL: All right. It's, right there on the book shelf. Between Tom Swift and His Electric Rifle, and the National Geographic, August, 1927.

FIB: HAND IT TO ME..QUICK!!!. THANKS.....AHHH...BABY, I GOTTA SMALL FORTUNE RIGHT HERE IN MY LITTLE FAT HANDS, THAT'S WHAT I GOTTA FORTUNE IN MY LITTLE FAT! Now lemme see...

SOUND: RIFFLING PAGES:

MOL: Had an offer for your coin catalog? You only paid thirty cents for it.

FIB: NO NO NO.!!!. I FOUND A RARE COIN.!!!

MOL: What other kind is there?

FIB: THIS IS AN 1880 QUARTER.!!! MUST BE WORTH....LEMME SEE... (FAST PAGE TURNING) 1880...1880...AHHHH HERE WE ARE.!!!

MOL: TEN BUCKS....IMAGINE THAT? THIS QUARTER IS WORTH A FAST SAWBUCK.!! FEAST YOUR BEAUTIFUL BLUE PEEPERE ON THAT, SNOOKY!!

MOL: What date did you say?

FIB: 1880.

MOL: You must have been carrying it a long time. It now says

MOL: 1916.

FIB: WHAT? LEMME SEE THAT.!!! OH MY GOSH...THIS IS THE WRONG

LENA: COIN..I KNOW WHAT I DID.!! I BOUGHT EIGHT CIGARS AT KREMER'S DRUG STORE AND GAVE HIM THE WRONG QUARTER.!!!

MOL: You mean he charges twenty-five cents for eight of those smudge-pots? I could make better cigars out of corn husks and old carpets.

FIB: THAT AIN'T THE POINT....THE POINT IS I LEFT MY TEN DOLLAR QUARTER DOWN THERE.!! COME ON..GET YOUR HAT...I GOTTA GO DOWN THERE AND GET IT BACK.

MOL: You go on, dearie. I can't go. I have so much work to do here that -

SOUND: DOOR OPEN:

LENA: Now don't you worry about the housework, Mrs. McGee, Honey! I'll take care of everything. I treat everything in this house just like it was my very own.

FIB: I know you do, Lena. That's some of my wife's Arpege perfume you got on, isn't it?

LENA: It sure is, Mr. McGee. I was cleaning her dressing table and happened to spill a little dab behind my ears.

MOL: That's all right, Lena. I hope you put the stopper back in the bottle.

LENA: Oh I did, Honey. I was very careful because you got the swellest-smelling perfume of any place I ever worked.

FIB: Mama always told me you can tell a lady by her perfume and a gentleman by the way he acts when he smells it. (LAUGHS)

MOL: Well, Mr. McGee is in a hurry to go Lena, because he left a valuable coin down at Kremer's Drug Store and -

LENA: WELL YOU JUST GO DOWN THERE AND GET IT, MR. MCGEE.!! Goodness, Me, I know exactly how you feel because I had an uncle once who collected coins.

FIB: Very interesting hobby, Lena. I always -



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LENA: Oh it was strictly business with him, Mr. McGee. He was a bus driver. Such a HANDY feller he was!! He could open and shut the door, make change, blow the horn, shift gears, scratch his neck and argue with passengers all at the same time.

MOL: I've seen them do it, Lena. I've always wondered how they-

LENA: He got SO tired of it, he quit and got married.

FIB: I don't blame him Lena. If I was a -

LENA: You ought to see him now. Sitting on the front porch, rocking the baby, reading the paper, sprinkling the lawn, peeling potatoes, scratching his neck and arguing with his wife. All at the same time!

MOL: Well, if you're going down to Kremer's, McGee, you'd better get started because somebody might get that quarter and -

FIB: OH YOUR SO RIGHT, KIDDO...COME ON..LET'S GO.

MOL: I don't think I should. The housework--

LENA: HONEY..YOU GO RIGHT ALONG NOW!! AND WHILE YOU'RE DOWN AT THE DRUG STORE YOU GET MR. MCGEE SOME NEW RAZOR BLADES...

FIB: I GOT PLENTY OF RAZOR BLADES. I JUST BOUGHT A NEW PACKAGE OF--

LENA: They're no good now, Mr. McGee..I used them all up splitting peas for the soup tonight. It's quite a job with those frozen peas. *Zippety Doo Da - Zippety Ay -*

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: COME ON, KID..LET'S GET GOING...

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MOL: I'm ready, McGee..

ORCH: BRIDGE

FIB: So you see, Kremer, when I bought those cigars, I gave you that 1880 quarter by mistake. You'll know it when you see it...very shiny one.

MOL: McGee says it's worth--

FIB: IT'S WORTH A LOT TO ME, KREMER...SENTIMENTAL VALUE, YOU KNOW. er...GRADUATION PRESENT.

KREMER: You got a quarter, as a graduation present?

MOL: It was a lot of money to him then. He was only six.

KREMER: You graduated when you were six, McGee?

FIB: From kindergarten. Class president, too. Made the best May baskets of any kid in school. COME ON, KREMER... LET'S GO THRU THE CASH REGISTER.

KREMER: All right, McGee..

SOUND: CASH REGISTER...CLINK OF COINS ON COUNTER



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KREMER: There....that's all the change in the store, McGee...take  
a! look thru those.

FIB: THANKS BOY!!!

SOUND: CLINK OF COINS

FIB: Nope...(CLINK)...NOPE...(CLINK) NOPE...(CLINK) Nope...  
(CLINK) NOPE. (CLINK) NOPE..(CLINK) (FADE) Nope...  
(CLINK) Nope..(CLINK)

ORCH: "I GOT A GIRL IN NORTH AND SOUTH DAKOTA"

(APPLAUSE)

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SECOND SPOT:

SOUND: (OUT OF APPLAUSE) ~~CLINK OF COINS~~

FIB: Nope. (CLINK) Nope. (CLINK) Nope. (CLINK) No-- OH HERE  
IT IS!! HERE'S THE - Oh no. That's 1889. (CLINK)  
Nope. (CLINK) Nope. (CLINK) Nope. DAD-RAT THE  
DAD-RATED LUCK!!! IT ISN'T HERE!

MOL: Looked at every one carefully did you, dearie?

FIB: I BEEN THRU THE WHOLE PILE THREE TIMES!! I'VE LOOKED  
AT MORE UNINTERESTING DATES THAN AN ARAB ON A DIET.  
HEY.. KREMER!! YOU GIVE THAT QUARTER TO SOMEBODY  
IN CHANGE, ~~KREMER?~~

KREM: I wouldn't be a bit surprised, McGee. This is a drug  
store, not a piggy bank. Money comes in; money goes out.  
To me a quarter is just a round, flat piece of metal  
worth about four cents after overhead and taxes.

MOL: Well, it hasn't been so very long since McGee was in  
here before, Mr. Kremer. Can you remember who got any  
quarters in change?

FIB: YEAH YEAH!!!.THINK, KREMER...THINK!! YOU'RE A COLLEGE  
MAN!

KREM: (MODESTLY) Just two years.

MOL: How many customers have you given change to in the  
last half hour, Mr. Kremer? As the cannibals said  
when they caught the fat missionary, "Let's boil it  
down and see what we've got!"

FIB: HEY, DRIVER...POLICE THAT MAN!

FIB: RIGHT!!!

SOUND: ~~BLAZING MOTOR BEARS UP...SIREN AND SIREN~~

FIB: Hey...Moo

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FIB: Yes?

DRIV: What man?

KREM: Well, let me see now...Ken Bartlett came in and bought an ice bag, but he gave me a check. Mr. Wimple bought a Rocket-Man Comic book, but that was only ten cents, so, WAIT A MINUTE..HE GOT FIVE DOLLARS CHANGED INTO QUARTERS!! THAT MUST BE WHERE IT WENT!! MR. WIMPLE!!

MOL: Heavenly days...MR. WIMPLE!!

FIB: WHAT'D HE WANT FIVE BUCKS IN QUARTERS FOR, KREMER?

KREM: Well, I don't like to gossip, Mr. McGee, but I think he was going to play the slot machine in the back of Joe's ~~Barber Shop~~

MOL: I thought slot machines were illegal in Wistful Vista.

KREM: They are. At least a Police Lieutenant told me they were.

FIB: Where'd you see him?

KREM: He was playing the slot machine in the back of Joe's ~~Barber Shop~~

MOL: How long ago did Mr. Wimple leave, Mr. Kremer?

KREM: He left just before you came in...he was walking, so possibly you can catch up with him...

FIB: I'LL SAY WE CAN...MUCH OBLIGED, KREMER!! COME ON, MOLLY!!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS: TRAFFIC NOISES

MOL: There's a taxicab, McGee....

FIB: SWELL...GET IN, KIDDO!!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN: DOOR SLAM

FIB: HEY, DRIVER...FOLLOW THAT MAN!!

DRIV: RIGHT!!!

SOUND: ~~DOOR~~ MOTOR ROARS UP...SUSTAIN AND FADE:

DRIV: Hey...Mac.

FIB: Yes?

DRIV: What man?

MOL: What? Oh...er...just go to Joe's Barber Shop Driver.

DRIV: Okay, Babe.

FIB: AND DON'T BE AFRAID TO GO THRU THE RED LIGHTS, BUD... I GOT INFLUENCE.

DRIV: Mac, I wouldn't push this heap over thirty miles an hour if you was J. Edgar Hoover. My tires are strictly pre-war bubblegum. And I got three cylinders which their mothers haven't heard from 'em since 1937.

MOL: Furthermore....

MOL: MCGEE...THERE'S MR. WIMPLE, CROSSING THE STREET! STOP, DRIVER!...STOP THE CAR!!!

SOUND: BRAKE SCREECH; DOOR OPEN

FIB: (CALLS) HEY WIMP...WAIT A MINUTE...I WANNA TALK TO YOU. How much, Driver?

DRIV: 35 cents, Mac. There's no cover charge on account of the top leaks a little. Mr. McGee...It's been expensive

MOL: Here driver. Here's fifty cents. Keep the change.

DRIV: Lady, you're a gentleman!

SOUND: GAR UP AND OUT:

FIB: Ahh, success is within my grasp....HIYAH, WIMP.

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wimple. IS?

WIMP: Hello, folks.

FIB: Kremer says he gave you five bucks in quarters, Wimp?

WIMP: Yes, he did, Mr. McGee.

FIB: Lemme see them, will you, Wimp? I got reason to believe my lucky pocket-piece is in there with 'em. An 1880 quarter.



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WIMP: Oh, isn't that too bad.!!!

MOL: WHAT?

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, TOO BAD?

WIMP: I put all those quarters in the slot machine, Mr. McGee.  
The whole five dollars worth.

FIB: (GROANS) Oh my gosh...

MOL: Wasn't that a little foolish, Mr. Wimple? You know  
you can't beat those slot machines. What do you get  
out of it?

WIMP: I was doing it for Sweetieface...that's my big old wife.

FIB: PLAYING THE SLOT MACHINE FOR SWEETIEFACE?

WIMP: Welllll (CHUCKLES) I am.. in a way. Feel my right arm,  
Mr. McGee.

FIB: My gosh...WIMP, YOU GOT MUSCLES LIKE A HANDFUL OF STEEL  
CABLES!

WIMP: You would too, if you'd yanked that slot machine handle  
down as often as I have, Mr. McGee...It's been expensive  
exercise, but I'm almost ready.

MOL: Almost ready for what, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: I'm almost ready for Sweetieface to start picking on  
me again. A week ago Sunday she said "WALLACE, YOU  
KNOW WHAT DAY THIS IS?". And I said, yes dear, it's  
Easter. And she said YES, AND HERE'S A LITTLE PRESENT  
FOR YOU! And then she gave me such a rabbit-punch, I  
couldn't eat anything but carrots all day long.

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FIB: LOOK, WIMP...that's all very interesting, but what about  
my 1880 quarters? YOU MEAN I GOTTA GO HANG AROUND JOE'S  
BARBER SHOP AND WAIT TILL SOMEBODY HITS THE JACKPOT?

WIMP: Oh, somebody already did, Mr. McGee.

FIB: WHAT?

MOL: THEY DID?

WIMP: Yes. After I put my five dollars in somebody came along  
with one quarter and hit the jackpot! My, was he lucky!

FIB: WELL GEE WHIZZ, WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO?

WIMP: I did.

MOL: WHO WAS IT?

WIMP: Harlow Wilcox. He said he was--

SOUND: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS FADE OUT FAST

WIMP: (TO HIMSELF) Well, my goodness...look at those two go!  
I wish I could drag MY wife around like that!

MUSIC: SHORT BRIDGE

MOL: So when Mr. Wimple told us you had hit the jackpot on  
the slot machine, Mr. Wilcox, we came right over to see  
you.

FIB: Dump those quarters out on the desk here, Junior, and  
I'll pick out my 1880 quarter.

WIL: Pal...look. I've got bad news for you.

MOL: Oh PLEASE, MR. WILCOX...YOU DIDN'T SPEND IT!!

FIB: YOU DIDN'T GIVE IT AWAY!!

MOL: YOU DIDN'T--

WIL: No no no...LET ME EXPLAIN. Here, sit down, Molly...you  
too, pal. Now look. See this folder? It tells all  
about Johnson's Car-Nu, the most popular car polish in  
America!



MOL: Yes, it's very pretty, but--

FIB: THE QUARTER, JUNIOR...MY 1880 QUARTER! YOU SAID--

WIL: Now don't rush me. LOOK AT THAT FOLDER...SEE WHERE IT TELLS ABOUT HOW CAR-NU IS A LIQUID CAR POLISH, THAT YOU JUST APPLY AND LET DRY TO A WHITE POWDER, AND WHEN YOU WIPE IT OFF, IT TAKES THE DIRT AND DUST AND ROAD GRIME WITH IT?

FIB: Yes, I know all that, Junior, but--

WIL: Well, I was showing this folder to some people in Joe's Barber Shop see? I explained that Car-nu, spelled C-A-R-N-U, is the easiest known method of cleaning and polishing a car - how it gives your car that showroom shine, THAT PRE-WAR GLITTER, THAT MIRROR-LIKE BEAUTY --

MOL: Yes, but--

WIL: JUST THEN, I SAW WALLACE WIMPLE WALKING AWAY FROM THE SLOT MACHINE...I dropped a quarter in it myself, and BINGO!.....THE JACKPOT!"

FIB: MY QUARTER, WAXEY....DOGGONE IT, GIMME MY QUARTER!

WIL: Well sir, the jackpot was thirty-one dollars and 25 cents, all in quarters, and naturally I didn't want to carry all that silver around, so Jo gave me folding money for it. I put the dough in an envelope and mailed it to the Society for Crippled Children.

(PAUSE)

MOL: You mean...?

FIB: You...you haven't got ANY of them quarters?

WIL: Nope.

FIB: (HOPELESSLY) Well..I guess that's that, then. I haven't had such a let-down since my suspenders busted at the Junior Prom.

MOL: Wait a minute, McGee. You say there was thirty-one dollars and 25 cents in the jackpot, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Yup.

MOL: That extra quarter, now...did you mail that to--

WIL: SAYYYY...I FORGOT THAT...THERE WAS ONE SHINY QUARTER LEFT OVER. AND BY GEORGE, I THINK IT WAS 1880...

FIB: WELL WHERE IS IT, WHERE IS IT? DON'T JUST DO THERE AND TALK...STAND SOMETHING!

WIL: Now what did I do with that quarter...I KNOW...I GAVE IT TO DOC GAMBLE! Bought a trout fly from him.

FIB: COME ON, MOLLY...LET'S GO SEE DOC. THANKS, WAXEY!

ORCH: MUSICAL BRIDGE

FIB: I'd like to see the doctor, nurse. How long's he gonna be busy?

NURSE: I couldn't say, Mr. McGee. He has a full schedule of appointments. I've told him you were waiting.

However, I must say---

DOOR OPEN:

DOC: (FADE IN) Take the medicine as prescribed, Miss Frantiscreep. And no matter what it says in magazine articles, DON'T EAT ANY MORE DRIED GRASS. Come in again Friday. Who's next, Miss Dillverprink?

FIB: CAN I SEE YOU A MINUTE, DOC, OLD MAN? VERY IMPORTANT MATTER.



DOC: Not if there's something more urgent. Is there, Miss Dillverprink?

NURSE: I don't believe so, Doctor, but -

DOC: All right, come on in, McGee...OH HELLO THERE MOLLY. NICE TO SEE YOU. YOU COME IN TOO.

MOL: Thank you, Doctor.

DOOR CLOSE:

DOC: Take the leather chair, Molly. It's the only one that isn't patient-sprung. You sit anywhere you like, McGee. Nature gave you cushions. Now then, what's on your mind?

FIB: Wilcox says you sold him a trout-fly for two bits, Doc.

DOC: Yes, and it's capital gain, too. Medicine is my real business.

MOL: He's not interested in your income, Doctor; But he has reason to believe that quarter is one he's been looking for.

FIB: Yeah...you see I gave it to Kremer by mistake for some cigars and -

DOC: Those cigars you buy are a mistake in the first place.

DOC: Those aren't exported from Cuba....they're EXILED.

MOL: But about this quarter, Doctor...We believe-

TELEPHONE:

DOC: Excuse me. (RECEIVER UP) HELLO. GAMBLE SPEAKING. WHO?

OH YES, MRS. KLADDERHATCH.

FIB: Her again!

MOL: Shh!

DOC: WHAT'S THAT, MRS. KLADDERHATCH? WILLIE SWALLOWED A CIGARETTE LIGHTER? DOES HE SEEM TO BE COMFORTABLE? (PAUSE)

MOL: WELL THEN, DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT, AND I'LL BE OVER AS SOON AS I CAN. WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THE MEANTIME? THAT'S RIGHT. GOODBYE, MRS. KLADDERHATCH. (CLICK)

MOL: What IS she doing in the meantime?

DOC: Using matches. Now then...what about this quarter, McGee?

FIB: I want it. What did you do with it?

DOC: Well, on the way back to my office I met Mayor La Trivia. I bet him a quarter I'd been out with Fifi Tremayne more times than he had last month. I lost.

MOL: Then the Mayor has it now?

DOC: No. I don't think so.

FIB: DAD RAT IT, DOC...QUIT TORTURING ME, WILLYA? I GOTTA HAVE THAT QUARTER!! WHAT DID LA TRIVIA DO WITH IT?

DOC: Well, he was on his way to buy some cigarettes when I left him.

MOL: And where does he usually buy his cigarettes, Doctor?

DOC: At Kremer's Drug store.

FIB: OH THIS IS PREPOSTEROUS!

ORCH: AND KING'S MEN - "I TIPPED MY HAT, ETC"  
(APPLAUSE)



THIRD SPOT

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MOL: My, it's good to be home again, isn't it, dearie?

FIB: You said it. It was a tough chase, kiddo...but brains and perseverance won out.

MOL: Lady Luck smeared a little lipstick on you, too.

FIB: Yeah...I was kinda lucky, at that. Look at this quarter, Snooky. 1880! WORTH A COOL TEN BUCKS!

MOL: Well, now that you got your quarter again...what are you going to do with it?

FIB: Gonna look up a coin dealer tomorrow and sell it.

MOL: I'll find one with a honest reputation and p--

SOUND: DOOR CHIME:

MOL: That's probably an honest coin dealer now. What's one more coincidence in a day like this?

FIB: COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh, Mayor La Trivia...do come in, Mr. Mayor.

GALE: Thank you.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: Hiya, La Triv. HEAVENLY DAYS...THAT MUST HAVE BEEN DIFFICULT. Did you chase it in an airplane, or something?

GALE: Chase what?

FIB: The wild goose? I knew a guy that lost a diamond stickpin when a crow flew down and picked it out of his necktie, but a goose stealing money is something I never expected.

GALE: A GOOSE HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH IT!!!

MOL: How far did you chase it before you found that out, Mr. Mayor?

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GALE: Hello, McGee. I hear you've been having quite a fancy time tracking down an 1880 quarter.

MOL: He certainly has, your honor. It was strictly E Pluribus Unum, to phrase a coin.

FIB: We were running around town like a couple o' dumb beagles after a wise rabbit. BUT...I GOT IT. SEE, LA TRIV? AN 1880 TWO BIT PIECE. WORTH TEN BUCKS. GAVE KREMER A 1916 QUARTER FOR IT AND HE NEVER KNEW THE DIFFERENCE!

GALE: I didn't know you were a numismatist, McGee!

MOL: Oh now let's not get into any religious discussions, Mr. Mayor.

~~FIB: You go to your church and we'll go to ours, La Triv.~~

GALE: I didn't say anything about reli...er....AHM. Never mind.

FIB: You know, McGee, I had a similar experience to yours one time. When I was in the Coast Guard in the South Pacific, I had a short-snorter bill, signed by MacArthur and Eisenhower and I missed it one day. That started a wild goose chase that lasted for

MOL: A WILD GOOSE CHASE! HEAVENLY DAYS...THAT MUST HAVE BEEN DIFFICULT. Did you chase it in an airplane, or something?

GALE: Chase what? Now...take it easy, your honor. It's just

FIB: The wild goose? I knew a guy that lost a diamond stickpin when a crow flew down and picked it out of his necktie, but a goose stealing money is something I never expected

GALE: to -- well...I started to say, that I had a short snorter

GALE: A <sup>WILD</sup>GOOSE HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH IT!!! signed by several

MOL: How far did you chase it before you found that out, Mr. Mayor?



GALE: I DIDN'T FIND IT OUT! I MEAN IT WAS NOT AN ACTUAL GOOSE CHASE. I MERELY USED "WILD GOOSE CHASE" AS A METAPHOR.

FIB: I learned to signal by metaphor in the army La Trivia, Had a little trouble with G and W, but -

MOL: That was SEMAPHOR, McGee.

FIB: Oh no it wasn't, kiddo. A semaphor is a kind of a Russian coffee pot.

GALE: That's a samovar, McGee.

FIB: DON'T KID ME, BOY!...I KNOW WHAT A SAMOVAR IS. IT'S A CODE WORD IN THE AIR FORCE. LIKE WHEN THEY SAY "SAMOVAR AIRCRAFT ARE MISSING."

MOL: In any case, dearie, a metaphor is just a literary comparison.

FIB: WHAT'S SO LITERARY ABOUT A WILD GOOSE? I SUPPOSE HE'S GONNA TRY AND TELL US IT READ THE NAMES ON THAT SHORT SNORTER BILL!

GALE: I DIDN'T CLAIM ANY SUCH THING, MCGEE. IN THE FIRST <sup>CHASE</sup> ~~CHASE~~.. I MEAN IN THE FIRST PLACE THERE WASN'T ANY WILD BILL. I MEAN THE BILL I LOST WAS NOT A...WHEN I SAID A CHILD GOOSE PACE -- I WAS ONLY -

MOL: Oh now, now now!...take it easy, Your honor. It's just a friendly conversation.

FIB: Relax, boy. Shucks, you fly off the handle like a two dollar fishing reel. Now start again...and take it slow.

GALE: Very well. I started to say, that I had a short snorter bill in the South Pacific that was signed by several famous military men. It was very valuable to me, and -

MOL: AND THEN A WILD GOOSE SWOOPED DOWN AND SWIPED IT!

FIB: ISN'T THAT FASCINATING!

GALE: A WILD GOOSE DID NOT SWIPE DOWN AND SWOOP IT....SNOOP IT! I SAID THAT THE SNORT GEESER....THE SHORT SNAPPER....THIS BILL I HAD IN THE SOUTH PAGOOSIC....PAFISSIC... ..WHEN I SAID I SHORT A SNORT GAPPER....SNAPPED A SHORT GARTER....PORTER....IN THE GOOSE PASOUTHIC....I WAS.... YOU SAID....IT....WE....(PANTS) (PAUSE) McGee.

FIB: Yes?

GALE: I used to collect coins myself.

MOL: Did you really, Mr. Mayor?

GALE: Yes. Did you say, McGee, that you gave Kremer a 1916 quarter for that 1880 quarter.

FIB: Sure. Why?

GALE: (LAUGHS) That's what I thought you said. (LAUGHS HEARTILY) If you'll excuse me, I must go downtown. I have some good news for Mr. Kremer. (LAUGHS) Good day.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN; LA TRIVIA EXIT LAUGHING TO DOOR SLAM

MOL: What did he mean, he had some good news for Mr. Kremer?

FIB: Aw he was just...(PAUSE) Wait a minute. HAND ME THAT COIN CATALOG AGAIN!

MOL: Here.

SOUND: RIFFLING PAGES

FIB: (FEVERISHLY) 1912...1914...1915...1916...HERE IT IS... OH MY GOSH...LOOK! LOOK WHAT IT SAYS...1916 QUARTER SIXTY DOLLARS...



(REVISED) -24-

MOL: WHAT?

FIB: QUICK! KREMER! HE'LL BE GOIN' TO THE BANK!

MOL: Here's your hat, dearie. This time you go alone.

ORCH: "BEWARE MY HEART"....FADE FOR:

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY  
4-15-47

-25-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WIL: Every now and again I hear of some homemaker who still takes care of her kitchen linoleum the hard way. Yes, actually scrubs it to keep it clean. What have I got against scrubbing? Well, it's plain hard work for one thing. And it's hard on linoleum--in time it breaks linoleum down and makes it look ugly. What a different story when you use JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. Then your linoleum not only has a smooth bright shine at all times--it keeps its youth and beauty many years longer. You see, GLO-COAT gives your floors a hard wax finish. This wax shield protects the surface, keeps dirt and moisture away from the actual ~~floor~~ linoleum. Constant harmful scrubbing is unnecessary because dirt and spilled things wipe right up with just a damp cloth. Why don't you try this easy GLO-COAT method of keeping your floors always looking nice? JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT is so easy to apply -- there's no rubbing or buffing because it shines as it dries. Ask your dealer for JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT -- the floor finish with the brighter shine!

ORCH: SWELL AND FADE FOR:

AC



homemaker who still  
 the hard way. Yes,  
 What have I got  
 hard work for one  
 n time it breaks  
 . What a different  
 LISHING GLO-COAT.  
 ooth bright shine  
 beauty many years  
 r floors a hard  
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 e actual *linoleum*  
 ssary because dirt  
 h just a damp  
 GLO-COAT method of  
 ice? JOHNSON'S  
 e's no rubbing or  
 s. Ask your dealer  
 T -- the floor

TAG

MOL: And did you catch Mr. Kremer before he went to the bank,  
 McGee?  
 FIB: Yup.  
 MOL: You don't seem very happy about it.  
 FIB: Nope.  
 MOL: Did he know a 1916 quarter is worth 60 dollars?  
 FIB: Yup.  
 MOL: Oh.  
 FIB: Goodnight!  
 MOL: Goodnight, all.  
 MUSIC: PLAYOFF AND SIGNOFF  
 WIL: This is Harlow Wilcox, speaking for the makers of  
 Johnson's Wax finishes 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

April 22, 1947