

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

(REVISED)

*File sec
radio*

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

April 22, 1947

Number 30

(2nd REVISION) -4-

WILCOX: FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY 4-22-47 (2ND REVISION) -3-

WILCOX: We were specially pleased recently when a listener who has kept house for 34 years told us how supremely satisfied she is with the way JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX both cleans and beautifies her furniture and woodwork. Of course, if you're one of the millions of enthusiastic women who use this newest JOHNSON'S WAX polish you know yourself that CREAM WAX really is in a class by itself. You see, besides protective JOHNSON'S WAX, CREAM WAX contains two very effective cleansing ingredients. When you apply it to your furniture and woodwork, it fairly whisks away dirt and fingerprints. Buff lightly -- and JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX gives a richly-polished wax luster that glows with beauty. After that, future cleaning is easy. Dust and dirt won't cling to a hard, smooth finish because CREAM WAX contains no oil. Just an occasional dusting keeps your wood surfaces and white kitchen equipment satin-smooth and sparkling. Take a tip from me and try JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX. It's wonderful!

ORCH: SWELL TO FINISH

*GARY MORE: I know the engine was...
this grille find a new crop of doughnuts...
that what don't you like about carnivals any more...
I DON'T LIKE ANYTHING ABOUT THEM. I can stand in front
of the Third National Bank and see more fat ladies, more
skeletons, wild men and two-headed vice-presidents in 15
minutes than a carnival could round up in forty years.*

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 Mills' Orchestra!

ORCH: THEME UP AND FADE FOR:

WILCOX: FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY 4-22-47 (2ND REVISION) -3-

WILCOX: We were specially pleased recently when a listener who has kept house for 34 years told us how supremely satisfied she is with the way JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX both cleans and beautifies her furniture and woodwork. Of course, if you're one of the millions of enthusiastic women who use this newest JOHNSON'S WAX polish you know yourself that CREAM WAX really is in a class by itself. You see, besides protective JOHNSON'S WAX, CREAM WAX contains two very effective cleansing ingredients. When you apply it to your furniture and woodwork, it fairly whisks away dirt and fingerprints. Buff lightly -- and JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX gives a richly-polished wax luster that glows with beauty. After that, future cleaning is easy. Dust and dirt won't cling to a hard, smooth finish because CREAM WAX contains no oil. Just an occasional dusting keeps your wood surfaces and white kitchen equipment satin-smooth and sparkling. Take a tip from me and try JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX. It's wonderful!

ORCH: SWELL TO FINISH

Let their gristles find a new crop of doughheads.
Just what don't you like about carnivals any more.
I DON'T LIKE ANYTHING ABOUT 'EM. I can stand in front of the Third National Bank and see more fat ladies, human skeletons, wild men and two-headed vice-presidents in 20 minutes than a carnival could round up in forty years.

WILCOX: MOLLY MCGEE, OF 79 WISTFUL VISTA, THINKS A CARNIVAL IS A LEGITIMATE SOURCE OF FUN AND FROLIC. MR. MCGEE THINKS A CARNIVAL IS STRICTLY A ONE-RING CIRCUS WHERE THE MONKEYS PAY TO GET IN AND THE ONLY RESERVATIONS YOU CAN MAKE ARE MENTAL. THE DEBATE IS STILL GOING ON, AS WE JOIN ----

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY

APPLAUSE:

FIB: Where is the carnival you wanna go to? This one-night yokel-trap?

MOL: It's at 14th and Oak. It's a vacant lot.

FIB: So are the people who go to it.

MOL: I don't care. I LOVE carnivals, and I want to go.

FIB: Ah, forget it, kiddo! That stuff is for rubes, not sophistacted people like I and you.

MOL: Nonsense! Heavely days, back in Peoria, you took me to ALL the carnivals, and nobpdy whooped and hollered any louder than you did.

FIB: Well, I was young and stupid in those days.

MOL: I see.

FIB: BUT I'M NOT YOUNG ANY MORE! I know the angles now. Let them gifters find a new crop of doughheads.

MOL: Just what don't you like about carnivals any more.

FIB: I DON'T LIKE ANYTHING ABOUT 'EM. I can stand in front of the Third National Bank and see more fat ladies, human skeletons, wild men and two-headed vice-presidents in 20 minutes than a carnival could round up in forty years.

MOL: Yes but -

FIB: I can hear better music listening to a flat wheeled streetcar hitting a switch.

MOL: Well, I -

FIB: I can make better pink lemonade outa faucet water and tomato juice, and I can dance a better hootchy-kootchy in hip boots than any Hawaiian girl from Milwaukee they got in their whole underpaid payroll.

MOL: Yes but -

FIB: I've popped sweeter corn in vaudeville than those muggs ever tasted, and got more interesting souvenirs falling into a coal-hole.

MOL: All right. Let's stay home.

FIB: No sir.

MOL: What?

FIB: Get your hat. I wouldn't miss this carnival for all the ham in Hollywood.

MOL: But I thought you didn't LIKE carnivals.

FIB: I hate 'em. But I'm not going to sit here and let those sharpshooters think they can keep ME from enjoying myself. Besides, I wanna prove something to you.

MOL: You already have.

FIB: Eh?

MOL: You have just proved that you can't win an argument even from yourself.

FIB: Just the same, I wanna prove to you what a racket them carnival comcessions are. Come on, let's go.

MOL: All right, but I'd better tell Lena we're going out, so she can spend the rest of the afternoon trying on my dresses. LENA...! OH, LENA...!

DOOR OPEN:

LENA: Here I am, Mrs. McGee and unless you bought some new clothes in the last week, I've tried 'em all on. That black taffeta of yours is simply GORGEOUS on me. If you see any lipstick on the mirror, it's because I just couldn't resist myself.

FIB: Look, Lena...we're going downtown to the carnival, so you're on your own for the afternoon.

MOL: We'll probably be out for dinner, Lena, so when you finish your work, and get thru reading my mail, you can go home.

LENA: Thank you, honey. I hope you have a good time. Carnivals are SUCH fun. I used to work in one. Snake charmer, you know.

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS...YOU WERE A SNAKE CHARMER, LENA?

LENA: Yes. I was called "ROBERTA, THE REPTILE RASTLER." I used to sing to the little fellers to keep them quiet. That's why I don't mind it when people hiss at me now.

FIB: Ever get bit, Lena?

LENA: Yes I did, Mr. McGee. I tied a rattlesnake into too hard a knot once and he got mad at me. Bit me right on the elbow.

MOL: My goodness, I thought a rattlesnake bite was fatal, Lena.

LENA: Oh it was, honey. He died in horrible agony. It was a valuable snake, so they put me in another side show as a bearded lady.

FIB: False beard, eh?

LENA: Well, hardly, Mr. McGee. You can hardly call a beard that cost twelve dollars and a half a false one.

MOL: You really take it on the chin in that work, don't you, Lena?

FIB: Why'd you give up your job as bearded lady, Lena?

LENA: Well, they moved the trained fleas into the same tent, Mr. McGee, and I guess I just had too much insects appeal. Now you go right down to the carnival, folks..Lena will get along..just as soon as you leave, practically.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: There's one thing about Lena, McGee..She's always cheerful.

FIB: Yeah...she's that all right.

MOL: I'd rather have somebody around who smiles and makes the beds badly than a marvel of efficiency who punches the clock with a left hook.

FIB: Speaking of left hooks, snooky, wait'll you see me take that big mallet and ring the gong at the carnival.

MOL: I thought you said it was rigged up so you couldn't win on it.

FIB: It's rigged against the yokels, baby. You can take 'em if you're hep to the gimmicks. COME ON..LET'S GET GOING...

MOL: Oh I don't know, dearie...maybe it's just too corny..

FIB: AW COME ON...CARNIVALS ARE FUN...YOU'LL ENJOY IT..!

MOL: Kind of a gyp, aren't they?

FIB: SO WHAT IF THEY ARE? MY GOSH IT'S ALL IN FUN!! WHAT MAKES YOU SO SUSPICIOUS?

FIB: False beard, eh?

LENA: Well, hardly, Mr. McGee. You can hardly call a beard that cost twelve dollars and a half a false one.

MOL: You really take it on the chin in that work, don't you, Lena?

FIB: Why'd you give up your job as bearded lady, Lena?

LENA: Well, they moved the trained fleas into the same tent, Mr. McGee, and I guess I just had too much insects appeal. Now you go right down to the carnival, folks..Lena will get along..just as soon as you leave, practically.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: There's one thing about Lena, McGee..She's always cheerful.

FIB: Yeah...she's that all right.

MOL: I'd rather have somebody around who smiles and makes the beds badly than a marvel of efficiency who punches the clock with a left hook.

FIB: Speaking of left hooks, snooky, wait'll you see me take that big mallet and ring the gong at the carnival.

MOL: I thought you said it was rigged up so you couldn't win on it.

FIB: It's rigged against the yokels, baby. You can take 'em if you're hep to the gimmicks. COME ON..LET'S GET GOING...

MOL: Oh I don't know, dearie...maybe it's just too corny..

FIB: AW COME ON...CARNIVALS ARE FUN...YOU'LL ENJOY IT..!

MOL: Kind of a gyp, aren't they?

FIB: SO WHAT IF THEY ARE? MY GOSH IT'S ALL IN FUN!! WHAT MAKES YOU SO SUSPICIOUS?

RETRD SECT:

COIN WING OF THE HALL CLOSET (2ND REVISION) -9-

MOL: I don't know, I guess I've just heard people talk.

FIB: AW THAT'S A LOTTA MARMALADE! I LOVE CARNIVALS!...HEY, I THINK I'LL WEAR A HAT. I MIGHT WIN A RIBBON THAT SAYS "23 SKIDDO" ON IT...WHERE'S MY HAT?

MOL: I don't know. The last I saw it -

FIB: I KNOW ... IT'S IN THE HALL CLOSET. (FADE) YOU GET YOUR COAT AND -

MOL: NO, McGEE, PLEASE - THE HALL CLOSET IS --

SOUND: DOOR OPEN - CLOSET EFFECT (CABINET EFFECT IN CANADA)

BELL TINKLE:

ORCH: "LITTLE ROCK GETAWAY"
(APPLAUSE)

MOL: I'll bet, sir.

MOL: GOOD FOR YOU, SIBBY. GOOD FOR YOU, SIR IF YOU CAN RING ONE OF THOSE GENUINE RIBBONS WITH A DELICATE LAPEL PINS, BE A REAL HAWK-DOO BLAZER.

FIB: That's my bad.

MOL: WE KNOW IT WAS A TRAVEL, BUT WE DON'T KNOW WHO...ALL RIGHT LADY.. HERE'S YOUR MAGIC WINGS. STEP BACK, FOLKS.. AND GIVE THE LITTLE LADY SOME P.B.W ROOM...

FIB: Take my advice, kiddo...and give it a little twist when you throw it.

MOL: I know better with my eyes shut, dearie...here it goes...

SOUND: CLANK: CHEERS FROM CROWD

SECOND SPOT:

SOUND: CARNY MUSIC SOFTLY IN B.G. CROWD MURMUR, FADE FOR --

MOL: McGee...don't eat that crackerjack so fast!

FIB: Tryin' to get down to the prize. Got a wonderful little police whistle in this stuff once when I was a kid. My dog swallowed it.

MOL: Oh, too bad.

FIB: Oh, he loved it. He used to direct traffic every noon hour at the corner of Main and Adams in Peoria.

MOL: Look, dearie...I want to play this game over here. Where you ring the canes and win a prize.

MAN #1: ALL RIGHT ALL RIGHT ALL RIGHT...STEP RIGHT UP AND THROW THE MAGIC RINGS FOR A BEAUTIFUL AND VALUABLE SOUVENIR... IT'S FAIR FOR ONE AND IT'S FAIR FOR ALL...ENTERTAINING INSTRUCTIVE AND PROFITABLE...ONLY TWENTY FIVE CENTS, THE FOURTH PART OF A DOLLAR!!!

MOL: I'll try it, sir.

MAN: GOOD FOR YOU, SISTER...GOOD FOR YOU...SEE IF YOU CAN RING ONE OF THOSE GENUINE SOUTH AMERICAN DIAMOND LAPEL PINS, OR A REAL NAVAHOO BLANKET.

FIB: Nava-HO, bud.

MAN: WE KNOW IT WAS A NAVAJO, BUT WE DON'T KNOW WHO...ALL RIGHT LADY...HERE'S YOUR MAGIC RINGS. STEP BACK, FOLKS.. AND GIVE THE LITTLE LADY SOME ELBOW ROOM....

FIB: Take my advice, kiddo...and give it a little twist when you throw it.

MOL: I throw better with my eyes shut, dearie...here it goes...

SOUND: CLUNK: CHEERS FROM CROWD

MAN: LOOKIT, LOOKIT, LOOKIT...THE LITTLE LADY DONE IT! WITH ONE GRACEFUL TOSS SHE WINS A HANDSOME, THREE-BLADED JACKKNIFE BEARING A LIKENESS OF LILLIAN RUSSELL IN GENUINE CELLULOID ON THE HANDLE...THROW AGAIN, LADY!

FIB: See if you can win the opera glasses, Molly. There's a new corset shop just went in across the street from the Elks Club and they need a

MAN: STEP BACK, POP...LET THE LADY THROW THE RINGS!

FIB: AND DON'T CALL ME POP!

MAN: OKAY, DAD...NO OFFENSE INTENDED..GO AHEAD, LADY!

MOL: Is it fair if I throw both these other rings at once?

MAN: MADAM, WITH THE HACKETT AND SACKETT COMBINED OUTDOOR SHOWS, THE CUSTOMER IS ALWAYS RIGHT...WE'RE JUST HERE TO HAND OUT THESE BEAUTIFUL GIFTS AND MAKE FRIENDS AMONG THE LOCAL GENTRY...THROW 'EM ANY WAY YOU LIKE!

MOL: Thank you...(GRUNTS)

SOUND: CLATTER: CHEERS:

FIB: My gosh...look what you did, kid!

MAN: THE LITTLE LADY DOES IT AGAIN...WITH ONE MAGNIFICENT THROW SHE BECOMES AUTO-MATICALLY ENTITLED TO A GENUINE NAVAJO BLANKET AND A LOVELY MOTHER-OF-PEARL PAPER KNIFE.. HERE YOU ARE, LADY...

MOL: Thank you very much...my goodness...this is wonderful.

(2nd REVISION) -12-

FIB: HEY BUD...WHADDYE MEAN MOTHER-OF-PEARL PAPER KNIFE....
THAT'S JUST MADE OF WHITE PINE!
MAN: YES SIR...GENUINE WHITE PINE, BROTHER...MADE BY MY WIFE'S
MOTHER. PEARL, TELL YOUR MOTHER TO STEP OUT HERE AND
SHOW THIS GENTLEMAN HOW SHE CARVES THESE GORGEOUS LITTLE
SOUVENIRS... (FADE) AND NOW, WHO ELSE WOULD LIKE TO STEP
UP AND

(2nd REVISION) -14-

(REVISED) -13-

MOL: This is not a bad start, dearie. 25 cents for a blanket,
a jackknife and a paper cutter.
FIB: Aw, they let you win just for bait. I saw the guy put his
foot on the gimmick. He was just using you for a shill.
MOL: What's a shill?
FIB: A come-on for the boobs. I know, because I used to be one.
MOL: A boob?
FIB: No, a shill. Guy was running a shell game and he hired me
to - HEY, THERE'S WIMPLE! HIYAH, WIMPLE!
MOL: Hello, Mr. Wimple!
WIMP: Hello, folks. (CHUCKLES) Say, isn't this fun, though!
Don't you just love carnivals?
FIB: They're okay if you can get yourself into a state of yokel
wonder, Wimp. Personally, I'm a little too intelligent for
this sort of thing.
MOL: Not me, Mr. Wimple. I'm just dumb enough to enjoy it!
WIMP: Me too, Mrs. McGee. I've just had the most exciting time
with the archery game this afternoon!
FIB: We haven't tried that one yet. How many arrows didja shoot
Wimp?
WIMP: Three. I put two arrows in the bull's-eye, and one in the
proprietor. (CHUCKLES) Did you two ever see a man jump
clear over a carnival tent from a standing start?
MOL: My goodness, did he jump that high when you hit him,
Mr. Wimple?

(2ND REVISION) -14-

WIMP: No....I did, Mrs. McGee...Fortunately, I didn't break my balloon.

FIB: You seem to be having quite a gay time, Wimp, jumping over tents and buying balloons. Full of helium, eh?

WIMP: (INDIGNANTLY) I BEG YOUR PARDON! I've only had three lemonades and a rootbeer. A short one.

MOL: He meant the balloon, Mr. Wimple.

FIB: Yeah.

WIMP: Oh! (CHUCKLES) Excuse me. I AM having a gay time, though, really - I guess I must just have sawdust in my blood!

FIB: Yeah? I always been bothered with corpuscles myself.

WIMP: ...Well, I must get over and see Sweetface - that's my big old wife. She's in that brown tent across the midway there.

FIB: Which brown tent?

WIMP: The one that says "FIFTY DOLLARS TO ANY PERSON WHO CAN LAST THREE ROUNDS WITH THE AMAZON STRANGLER".

MOL: Heavenly days, Mr. Wimple! You mean she's actually going into the ring with the Amazon strangler?

WIMP: No.....(CHUCKLES) You see....(SNICKERS) She IS the Amazon Strangler. Well, I've got to get over there and see if anybody has beaten her yet....I hope...so long, folks...

MOL: McGee, I'd like to see if I can win something on the raffle wheel.

FIB: Aw whaddye wanna play that game for? That thing is--

(2ND REVISION) -15&16-

MAN:#2: ALL RIGHT FOLKS...PLENTY OF NUMBERS LEFT..PICK YOUR LUCKY DIGIT AND WIN A BEAUTIFUL ABALONE LAMP OR A BOX OF LONEY'S CHOCOLATES. A PRIZE FOR EVERY NUMBER AND A NUMBER FOR EVERY CUSTOMER...AND IT'S ONLY TWENTY FIVE CENTS A CHANCE...WHAT'S YOUR LUCKY NUMBER, LADY?

MOL: Well, I've always liked number 13, because one and three are four and my husband used to sing in a quartet.

MAN #2: VERY LOGICAL REASONING, MADAM. ALL RIGHT, FOLKS...THE WHEEL IS ABOUT TO SPIN..AND HERE WE GO!!

SOUND: FAST SPIN RAFFLE WHEEL...SUSTAIN UNDER:

MAN#2: ROUND AND ROUND AND ROUND SHE WHIRLS..FOR THE HANDSOME MEN AND THE PRETTY GIRLS..AND THE ARROW POINTS TO NUMBER ----

SOUND: LAST FEW CLICKS OF WHEEL...OUT:

MAN #2: NUMBER THIRTEEN!!

CHEERS:

MOL: Well, heavenly days..I did it again!

FIB: What'd I tell you! - It's FIXED! He KNEW I was onto him, so he let you win..!

MOL: Well, if they keep on being as crooked as this, I'll win every prize in the place. WHAT DID I WIN, SIR?

MAN #2: GIRLIE, YOU ARE THE LUCKY WINNER OF A GENUINE ABALONE SHELL TABLE LAMP..WITH A TWO WAY BULB, ADJUSTABLE SHADE AND ONLY 13 INCHES OF CORD, FOR CONVENIENCE IN CARRYING... HERE YOU ARE...(FADE) NOW THEN, THE WHEEL IS ABOUT TO SPIN AGAIN, WHO WILL BE THE NEXT LUCKY INDIVIDUAL TO...

GARNY MUSIC UP AND FADE:

(REVISED) -17-

FIB: It's a lucky thing you're with a guy that knows the answers to this stuff, snooky. These birds aren't gonna try any monkey business with a wise guy like me around.

Begin
I'm strictly the type guy that ~~HEY LOOK..ISN'T THAT~~ WILCOX OVER THERE?

MOL: Where?

FIB: Over there, talking to the big guy in the ticket wagon. Come on. Hey, Junior - Hi!

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox!

WIL: Hello, Molly - Pal. Excuse me a minute, will you?

MOL: Go right ahead, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: And like I say, Mr. Hackett, you'll be amazed and delighted at the way Johnson's Self Polishing Glocoat works. At the way it brings out the colors and restores the original beauty to your worn and faded linoleum!

HACK: Linoleum?

WIL: Yes, Glocoat gives it a gleaming finish that -

HACK: Who's got linoleum?

WIL: Huh? Why - uh - well -

FIB: (CHUCKLES) Look at Wilcox gettin' slowed down, Molly.

WIL: Well, even if you don't have linoleum, Mr. Hackett - you'll find Glocoat the quickest and the most efficient method of keeping your floors bright and shining and sparkling.

HACK: Floors?

(REVISED) -18-

WIL: (PAUSE) Why yes - you see, one of the nice things about Johnson's Self Polishing Glocoat is the fact that it's so easy to apply. You simply pour a little out, spread it around with the long-handled applicator, and let it dry in 20 minutes or less to a handsome gleaming finish that any housekeeper will be proud of!

HACK: Sounds fine son, but I haven't got a housekeeper.-

MOL: My goodness, he IS having trouble, isn't he?

FIB: (LAUGHS) Yeah - watch him squirm, Molly.

WIL: Well - uh - naturally, Mr. Hackett - Glocoat doesn't have to be handled by your housekeeper. A child could apply it. I simply meant that it will be a wonderful aid in keeping your home clean and sparkling and beautiful!

End
HACK: Who's got a home?

WIL: Well, I -

HACK: I don't mean to be rude, Mr. Wilcox - and that - that stuff -

WIL: Glocoat. Johnson's Self Polishing Glocoat.

HACK: Yeh. It sounds great. But look - I live in a tent. Is it any good for tent floors?

WIL: What - uh - what kind of tent floors? Unless I

HACK: Dirt. And grass, if we're lucky. you very much Mr.

WIL: ..No...(BROKEN) Gee, I - I never thought I'd - well gosh, Racine can't expect me to sell it if -

(REVISED) -19-

HACK: Well, anyway, it sounds great, son. Must be a fine - product. Look...here's my card. Send some literature on it to my wife. She lives in East Orange, New Jersey. In a house. She's got linoleum. I think. Haven't seen her for two years. She don't like the road.

WIL: Okay, Mr. Hackett. Thanks very much. I'll write to her tonight. Hello, Molly. Hi, Fibber.

MOL: Fine carnival, isn't it, Mr. Wilcox?

FIB: Look what we won already, Waxey. A Navajo blanket, a jackknife, an abalone lamp and a paper cutter. One buck for the lot.

WIL: Great....I won one of those lamps, out here, yesterday.

FIB: Has it really got a two way light bulb in it, Junior?

WIL: Absolutely. It goes on, and it goes off. Well, I've got to get back to work, folks. See you later.

MOL: Look, Mr. Wilcox...if you're going this way, help me load some of this stuff in our car will you?

WIL: Sure sure sure..let me take it....

FIB: I'LL BE WAITIN' RIGHT HERE, MOLLY.

MOL: All right, McGee. Don't win anything else unless I approve of it first. (FADE) Thank you very much Mr. Wilcox...this is very....

(2ND REVISION) -20-

FIB: Ahh, there goes a good kid! I have more fun spending quarters on her out here than I'd have spending fifty bucks on anybody else...or her, either. HEY, she forgot to take this blanket. Oh well, maybe she--

TEE: Hi, mister.

FIB: EH? OH, HIYA, TEENY...FANCY MEETING YOU HERE...ISN'T IT?

TEE: (GIGGLES) Hmm?

FIB: Having fun, sis?

TEE: Sure I am, I betcha. I had some popcorn and some crackerjack and some peanuts and three ice cream combs and some cotton candy and some salt water taffy and two stummick aches.

FIB: You did, eh? (LAUGHS)

TEE: And I hadda-- Hmm?

FIB: I says you did, eh?

TEE: Did what?

FIB: YOU HAD TWO TUMMY ACHES.

TEE: I know it. Hey, mister, Lookit...Can you ring the bell with the big mallet, mister? Hmm? Can you? Jever try it, Mister? Hmm? Jever try it? Jever?

FIB: Sis, I've won more cigars on that thing than my wife could, and did, shake a stick at. Shall we try it? HEY, MAC...GIVE US TWO CHANCES ON A CIGAR.

(2ND REVISION) -21-22-

MAN #3: YES SIR, HERE YOU ARE, SIR! ONE FOR YOU AND ONE FOR THE LITTLE LADY... THE PRIZE FOR MEN IS A GENUINE PUNKATAWNEY PANATELLA IN THE ORIGINAL FLORIDA WRAPPER... AND IF THE LITTLE LADY RINGS THE GONG SHE GETS A BEAUTIFUL ONE-POUND BOX OF SIMULATED CHOCOLATE COATED CHERRIES. HERE'S THE HAMMER, BROTHER. AND MAY YOU BE THE ONE FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS.

FIB: Thanks, bud. I'll take it first, sis, and show you how it's done.

TEE: (GIGGLES) Sure.

FIB: Now watch this, Teeny. It's just a matter of muscular coordination. One...two...three...(GRUNTS)

SOUND: THUD, SHORT WIND WHISTLE, UP AND DOWN

TEE: Gee, it hardly moved at all, mister.

FIB: No use your trying it, sis. That weight is harder to get up than an actor on Sunday.

TEE: I betcha I can do it, I betcha. Watch!

SOUND: THUD, LONG RISING WIND WHISTLE, LOUD BONG:

FIB: My gosh...YOU DID IT, SIS!

TEE: Sure.

MAN: AND THE LITTLE LADY WINS A BOX OF SIMULATED CHOCOLATE TYPE, IMITATION CHERRY FLAVORED CHERRIES! HERE YOU ARE, KID,

TEE: Thanks, Uncle Fred.

FIB: Uncle Fred?

TEE: So long, Mister.

(APPLAUSE)

ORCH & KING'S MEN: "SAWING A WOMAN IN HALF"

APPLAUSE:

TILED SPOT

(2ND REVISION) -23-24-

SOUND: CROWD IN BG

MOL: Well, we seem to keep winning things, McGee. Five canes, two kewpie dolls, a basket of fruit and a bowl of goldfish.

FIB: Don't forget the Brownie camera. That's the biggest gyp prize we got.

MOL: Why is it?

FIB: Why, my gosh, you can't take pictures of Brownies. Everybody knows that.

MOL: Well, I've always-- OH, MCGEE, THERE'S DOCTOR GAMBLE. YOO HOO...DOCTOR!!

DOC: (FADE IN) Well, hello there, Molly. Hello, Droopwell.

FIB: Hiya, Arrowsmith. What are you doing here? Doctoring a sick horse on the merry-go-round?

DOC: No, this is strictly a non-professional visit, my boy. Just came down here for a little riotous living.

MOL: Oh, it's a lot of fun, Doctor. McGee has been showing me how crooked all these concessions are. They know he's doing it, too, because I win every time.

FIB: I'm wise to all these gimmicks - I'm no hayseed. Hey, did you throw the baseballs at them milk bottles, Doc?

DOC: I did, indeed. I spent four dollars and seventy-five cents, and all I got was a bursitis.

FIB: We got an abalone lamp.

MOL: We're going to ride on the Ferris Wheel, Doctor. Care to come along?

DOC: No thank you, my dear.

FIB: Scared, eh?

DOC: Yes.

(REVISED)

-25-

MOL: So am I Doctor. But I'm just fool-hardy I guess. I'm so frightened of admitting I'm scared that I get so brave I'm frightened of my own courage.

DOC: I'll straighten that out on the way home, if possible. Well, have fun, children, and don't eat too many hot dogs. But if you do, call some other doctor. I'm planning on being sick myself tonight. (FADE) See you later.

FIB: SO LONG, DOCKY. Come on, Tootsie...one ride on the Ferris wheel and let's go home.

MOL: You talked me into it, dearie.

SOUND: CARNY MUSIC UP FOR SHORT BRIDGE AND FADE FOR....
FERRIS WHEEL. GOT IT, MONTE?

MOL: (SQUEALS) Ooooooh!!! hold me, McGee!!!. I didn't realize it went this high.....

FIB: I hope it holds together till we get off. They put this thing together with burnt matches and rubber bands.

SOUND: SUDDEN CLANK AND FERRIS WHEEL EFFECT OUT. MUSIC FAINTLY
IN B. G.

MOL: Heavenly days!!... what was that?

FIB: I think one of the rubber bands busted. Well, at least we got stuck up at the top where we can see things.

MOL: I'm glad I don't walk in my sleep if we have to spend the night up here. Spread that Navajo blanket over us, dearie....it's getting cool.

FIB: Okay. How's that?

MOL: Very cozy. This is kind of fun, isn't it?

(2ND REVISION) 26 & 27

FIB: Yeah...very exclusive, too. Just us and a few clouds.
(LAUGHS) Remember the time this happened back in Peoria? We were marooned on the top of the Ferris Wheel for three hours.

MOL: I remember it very well, dearie. We must have taken a dozen rides on it, first...I'd begun to think that wheel never would break down!

FIB: Me, too. I was running out of money...

MOL: I know. (CHUCKLES) That was the...the first time you ever kissed me.....remember?

FIB: Yeah. I was nervous. Didn't know what I was doing.

MOL: Are you nervous now?

FIB: Not a bit, snookie.

MOL: Do you know what you're doing?

FIB: Yup.

MOL: Well?

FIB: Well, natch.
(LONG PAUSE)

VOICE: (WAY OFF MIKE) HEY, FOLKS! YOU UP ON TOP, THERE!

FIB: (CALLS) Whaddaye want, Point Killer?

VOICE: DON'T WORRY, WE'LL HAVE YOU DOWN PRETTY QUICK!

FIB: WHY DON'T YOU MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS, BUD?

MOL: That's telling him, lover!

MUSIC: SNEAK..BEAUTIFUL DOLL..4-6 BARS AND FADE
(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: SEGUE OVER APPLAUSE TO BUMPER

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
4-22-47

-28-

WILCOX: Have you noticed all the car owners these days, out polishing up the old bus for summer? You'll be doing yours soon, I imagine. Don't forget that JOHNSON'S CARNU will do a wonderful job for you in less time and also save you a lot of unnecessary work. CARNU not only makes even an old model car shine like new; it's really easy to use, too...it requires only a minimum of rubbing. You see, JOHNSON'S CARNU is a special liquid polish that does two jobs at once. It both cleans and polishes in just one application. You apply it, rubbing only hard enough to loosen the old surface dirt. Then you let it dry to a white powder. When you wipe off this powder, dull dirt and road grime go right along with it and man oh man! Your car really shines. Why don't you try CARNU? You and your family will get far more pleasure out of driving a clean, sparkling car...and when you do finally get that brand new model, you'll rate a better trade-in value. CARNU is spelled C-A-R-N-U - JOHNSON'S CARNU.

ORCH: SWELL AND FADE FOR:

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

(CHIMES)

(2ND REVISION) -29-

TAG

CREAKING OF FERRIS WHEEL TURNING: WHEEL STOPS:

MOL: (SIGHS)
MAN: Okay, folks, you can hop out now.
FIB: (CALLS) DON'T MIND US, BUD...WE LIKE IT UP HERE, AND --
(PAUSE) Oh, we're down! (SILLY LAUGH) Didja notice, Molly? We're down!
MOL: (FLUSTERED) Oh, dear! My lipstick is all -- I mean my hair is mussed...I'm ---
MAN: Relax, lady! So it's a spring evening and he looks handsome to you again! I've saw it happen before.
Goodnight, folks! --
FIB: Goodnight.
MOL: Goodnight, all.

ORCH: PLAYOFF

ANNCR: ANNOUNCEMENT:

WILCOX: 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. Remember! Daylight Saving Time goes into effect in certain areas next week. This may change the time at which "FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY" are heard in your community, so please check your local paper for the time at which this program will be heard next Tuesday night and each week thereafter. Goodnight.

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

(CHIMES)

STOPS:

at now.

...WE LIKE IT UP HERE, AND --

(BILLY LAUGH) Didja notice,

lipstick is all -- I mean my

ing evening and he looks

e saw it happen before.

king for the makers of

home and industry, and

again next Tuesday night.

Time goes into effect in

his may change the time at

LY" are heard in your

your local paper for the time

be heard next Tuesday night

tonight.

BROADCASTING COMPANY

WILCOX: This is Hallow 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. Remember! Daylight Saving Time goes into effect in certain areas next week. This may change the time at which "FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY" are heard in your community, so please check your local paper for the time at which this program will be heard next Tuesday night and each week thereafter. Goodnight.

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

(CHIMES)

WRITERS: DON QU
PHIL I

April 29th, 1947