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(REVISED)

*File*

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR  
JOHNSON'S WAX

June 17, 1947

#53

Once more until the winter snows  
We blow a farewell kiss --  
The F. McGee and Molly Show's  
The only one we'll miss.

When you depart a light goes out --  
We really like you folks  
Because you send us just about  
The only script with jokes!

Far from rehearsals and V.P.'s  
We hope your rest is pleasin' --  
We'll wait right here in our deep freeze  
Till you return next season...

Have a good time!

B.

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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, ~~Frank Pittman~~ and me, Harlow Wilcox. The script is by Don Quinn and Phil Leslie - produced and directed by Frank Pittman with music by the King's Men and Billy Mill's Orchestra!

ORCH: THEME UP AND FADE FOR:



FIBBER MCGEE  
6-17-1947  
OPENING:  
~~CLOSING~~ COMMERCIAL

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ANNCR: Don't forget to send in for the beautiful personal car initials we're mailing to listeners who buy JOHNSON'S CARNU. You'll be doing yourself a good turn two ways when you take advantage of this unusual offer. You'll not only discover what a wonderful, easy-to-use car polish JOHNSON'S CARNU is -- it actually cleans and polishes your car in one application -- you'll also receive two sets of your own personal decal initials to set off your newly-polished car. Believe me, these car initials are really smart. They are tastefully designed and easy to apply. Each letter is half an inch high, and finished in a beautiful gold color that goes perfectly with any color car. And here's the only way you can get these specially designed car initials. It's easy -- just get some JOHNSON'S CARNU from your dealer. Then send the sales slip, or the name of the dealer from whom you bought your CARNU, together with a stamped self-addressed envelope to Fibber McGee and Molly, Racine, Wisconsin. If you live in Canada, address your request for initials to Fibber McGee and Molly, Brantford, Ontario. Here are the simple instructions again. Just buy some JOHNSON'S CARNU. Then send the sales slip, together with a stamped, self-addressed envelope, to Fibber McGee and Molly, Racine, Wisconsin.

ORCH: MUSIC UP TO FINISH

W

(2ND REVISION) -4-

WILCOX: IT'S A PRETTY EXCITING PROSPECT WHEN A FELLOW YOU LOANED MONEY TO YEARS AGO WANTS TO COME AND PAY YOU A VISIT. PARTICULARLY WHEN THE FELLOW YOU LOANED THE MONEY TO IS NOW A MILLIONAIRE, AND YOU ARE STILL JUST...

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

MOL: Who did you say this man was, dearie? That you got the letter from?

FIB: Homer Vickery. Ever hear of the Vickery Vacuum Cleaner Corporation?

MOL: Yes, any relation?

FIB: ANY RELATION! ...ARE YOU KIDDING? Homer owns it. Plug, nozzle and bag! He's got more dough than Senator Taft has got ambitions.

MOL: What does he want to see you about?

FIB: Oh, didn't I tell you? Well, years ago, I and Homer used to sell vacuum cleaners, door-to-door. One day I loaned Homer some money. He made a down payment on a correspondence course. Studied night and day. Now he owns the whole company.



MOL: How much did you loan him?

FIB: Three dollars.

MOL: THREE DOLLARS!

FIB: Yup. <sup>Oh</sup> ~~you see,~~ it wasn't so much the three bucks, as it was my faith in him. He figured if the tightest guy in Peoria had that much confidence in him he had to justify it.

MOL: Think he'll offer you a job?

FIB: I don't think so. Homer knows how I hate work. Probably wanna hand me a few thousand shares of stock. It's worth about ninety bucks a share, so ten thousand shares would be almost a million. *Boy, oh boy.*

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: Oh, oh! Maybe that's Homer now! Migosh, a million bucks! I hope he brought cash, because...

MOL: Relax, dearie. Let's not count our chickens till we lay a few more eggs. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

OLD T: HELLO THERE, KIDS!

MOL: Oh, it's the Old Timer, McGee. Do come in, Mr. Old Timer.

DOOR SHUT:

FIB: Hiyah, Old Timer...I thought you were somebody else.

OLD T: Who ~~do you think I was, Johnny? Clark Gable?~~

FIB: <sup>Well</sup> ~~No,~~ we were expecting an old friend of mine, Old Timer. He's at a hotel downtown right now and...

OLD T: I stayed at a hotel once. Back East. Didn't like it. Can't tell me it's healthy, sleepin' in a building with two thousand other people, all strangers. No hotels for me, kids! Too disturbing.

MOL: Disturbing. What happened? Couldn't you blow out the light?

OLD T: Didn't try, daughter. Threw a boot at it. Then I left a call for 6 A.M, so I could catch a ~~bus.~~ *train*

MOL: Did they call you at 6?

OLD T: Yep. Right on the nose, daughter. Well, sir, I leaps out from under the bed...

FIB: Out from UNDER the bed! Why didn't you sleep ON the bed?

OLD T: Thing had a fancy cover on it, and I didn't wanna muss it up. WELL SIR, I RUSHES ACROSS THE ROOM TO SHAVE, AND THEY HAD A BIG PITCHER OF GEORGE WASHINGTON HANGIN' ON THE WALL I THOUGHT IT WAS A LOOKIN' GLASS. I TOOK A LOOK AT THAT AND SAYS TO MYSELF, "CRIMINEE" I SAYS, "THEY WOKE UP THE WRONG MAN." Went back to sleep and missed my ~~bus.~~ *train*

MOL: Good thing it wasn't a picture of General Grant. You'd have had a terrible time with those whiskers.

OLD T: Heh heh heh...that's pretty good, daughter, but that aint the way I heered it! The way I heered it, one individual says to tother individual, "SAYYYYY", he says, "I SEE YOUR BROTHER GOT ELECTED DOG CATCHER. CONGRATULATIONS!" "WHAT ARE YOU TALKIN' ABOUT?" INTERROGATES THE SECOND INDIVIDUAL, "MY BROTHER WASN'T ELECTED ANYTHING!" "THAT'S PECULIAR," EJACULATES THE FIRST CHARACTER. "HE TOLD ME HE HAD TO GET UP EARLY TOMORROW AND CATCH A GREYHOUND!" Heh heh heh. Well, I just stopped in to do you kids a favor.



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FIB: What are you gonna do?  
OLD: Leave. See you in October, kids.  
DOOR SLAM:  
MOL: Rugged old character, isn't he?  
FIB: Yeah. Got some rugged old jokes, too. HEY, I WONDER IF I GOT ENOUGH CIGARS AROUND HERE, IN CASE OLD HOMER WANTS A SMOKE.  
MOL: If you are referring to your regular brand, I think one will be enough for Homer. Unless he's using vacuum-cleaner bags for lungs.  
FIB: Main thing is I wanna make a good impression on him. So if he feels like makin' me general manager of the vacuum cleaner company I can --  
DOOR CHIME:  
MOL: Heavenly days....you suppose that's your friend now, dearie?  
FIB: Definitely! I never heard our doorbell sound so much like a cash register. COME IN!  
DOOR OPEN: (CLOSE)  
FIB: HOMER!!!  
MAN: McGEE!!!  
FIB: WELL IF THIS ISN'T A TREAT, HOMER!!! LONG TIME NO SEE!!!  
MOL: Stop coining phrases, McGee, and introduce your friend.  
FIB: Eh? Oh! Oh yeah! Excuse me. ~~Homer, this is the little woman, little woman...I mean~~ Molly...This is Homer Vickery.  
MOL: How do you do, I'm sure.

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MAN: Mrs. McGee, this is a great pleasure. A great pleasure indeed. It's quite obvious that you two are happily married. I have a little motto on the wall of my office that says: "NOTHING IMPROVES A HORSE'S NECK LIKE PUTTING HIM IN DOUBLE HARNESS."

(PAUSE)

FIB: ...er...yeah. Yeah, that's a very wise observation, Homer. BY GEORGE, YOU HAVEN'T CHANGED A BIT, OLD MAN. A LITTLE GRAYER AROUND THE HEAD AND A LITTLE GREENER AROUND THE POCKETS, BUT THE SAME OLD HOMER!  
MOL: Sit down, Mr. Vickery. I'M sure you and McGee have a lot to talk about.  
MAN: Thank you. Rather a luxury for me to sit down. Always on the go, you know. It's the busy bee that gathers the honey. That's one of my mottos. Another one is: "IF YOU WANT TO KNOW WHETHER A MAN IS GOING PLACES, STUDY HIS MAP."  
FIB: Yeah yeah yeah...that's what I always say myself, Homer! I can see why you got to be a big shot. I never thought when I loaned you that three bucks that got you started, that you'd parlay it into a fortune. NOT THAT I NEVER WORRIED ABOUT THAT LOAN... NOT FOR A MINUTE!!



HOMER: Well, I appreciate your confidence, McGee. I've meant to get in touch with you for years, but somehow --

FIB: SHUCKS, HOMER, I KNEW YOU'D REMEMBER IT EVENTUALLY. Never gave it a thought, myself. Completely slipped my mind. Why, on that rainy afternoon of May 17th, 1927, when you stood there in your shiny blue serge suit with the brown shoes and the maroon necktie, in front of the vacuum cleaner office and put the sleeve on me at 3:16 P.M. for three bucks so you could sign up for that correspondence course that you read about on page 125 of Popular Mechanics and I forked over a one dollar bill and a two dollar bill, serial number A-34687234, I just considered it a friendly gesture. Put it completely outa my mind. I KNEW I'd get it back. With interest.

MOL: And THAT is from a man who can't even remember his own wedding anniversary! Did you boys really sell a lot of vacuum cleaners?

MAN: We'd have sold more if I had understood production and sales methods like I do now, Mrs. McGee. BUT, a man must start somewhere, you know. I have a motto on the wall of my office about that. It says: "PEOPLE DON'T LOOK UP TO A BALLOON, JUST BECAUSE IT'S FULL OF HOT AIR."

FIB: You said it, Homer! Remember how we canvassed the town with them vacuum cleaners?

MAN: Yes, you took the flats and apartments and I took the bungalows.

FIB: Yeah...and I'll bet I set foot in every flat in that town. FLAT FOOT McGEE, I WAS KNOWN AS IN THEM DAYS!

MOL: Oh dear...

FIB: FLAT FOOT McGEE, THE FOXIEST FELLOW WHO EVER FORCED HIS FEARLESS FLORSHEIMS IN THE FRONT DOOR OF A FIFTH FLOOR FLAT, AND FLUNG A FIST FULL O' FLOUR ON A FROZEN-FACED FEMALE'S FANCY FOURTEEN FOOT FLUFF RUG! FLATTERING FLUTTERING FRAILS AND FAWNING OVER THEIR FOOLISH FAMILIES, FEELING FINE AND FULL O' FORTITUDE --  
A SALESMAN DEVOID OF FRAUDULENT TRICKERY,  
FOUNDING A FORTUNE FOR HOMER P. VICKERY!

~~ORCH: PLEASE~~ APPLAUSE:

ORCH: "ACROSS THE ALLEY FROM THE ALAMO"

APPLAUSE:



MAN: ....and then, of course, during the war, the Vickery Vacuum Cleaner Corporation converted to war production. Our motto was "ON TO VICTORY WITH VICKERY". ...What did you do during the war, McGee?

FIB: Who, me? I was an air raid warden, Homer. And I saved fats.

MAN: Yes, I...er...I see you did.

FIB: Show Homer my air raid warden's helmet, Molly.

MOL: It's on the back porch, dearie. I'm growing geraniums in it. You know what Doctor Gamble said - he said that helmet was finally holding something sensible.

FIB: Yeah, I...er...WHAT DID YOUR PLANT MAKE DURING THE WAR, HOMER? MACHINE GUNS?

MAN: No, we made corset stays for elderly admirals. Got the Navy "E" for it, too. With a citation. The citation said "WITHOUT VICKERY CORSET STAYS WE COULD NOT HAVE HELD THE FRONT".

MOL: Yes, that's when the Navy took a lacing and liked it!  
~~My, it was nice of you to stop in Wistful Vista, just to see my husband, Mr. Vickery.~~

MAN: ~~Well, I had a double motive, Mrs. McGee. I also wanted to see my nephew. He lives here. He's an optometrist.~~

FIB: ~~ME TOO, HOMER! I always say, an optometrist gets a lot more outa life than a pessimitrist.~~ But gettin' back to us, Homer. Who'd ever of thought when we were sluggin' vacuum cleaners in the old days that we'd be settin' here now, the two of us...rich and happy. You rich, and me happy.

MAN: Yes, and I've often wondered how I could best repay you for that loan, McGee. I finally decided---

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: Oh, fer the-- what timing!

MOL: COME IN.

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

TEE: Hi, mister. (GIGGLES)

FIB: Oh, it's you, Teeny.

TEE: Sure, I was just-- 000000000h - COMPANY. Hi!

MAN: Hello, little girl.

FIB: Mr. Vickery, this is Teeny.

TEE: Hi, Mr. Dickery.

MAN: Vickery, little girl.



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TEE: Oh. (GIGGLES) I thought it was dickery like in hickory dickory dock the mouse ran up the clock the clock was on a sock and the man that was wearing it was kinda tickled about it. I know another one, too, Mary had a little lamb and then she had some more, the waiter charged her double <sup>that made</sup> and <sup>some</sup> Mary ~~really swore~~. Old King Cole was a merry old--

FIB: HEY HEY HEY...never mind all that, sis. I don't like to be rude, but Mrs. McGee and Mr. Vickery and I were talking.

TEE: Oh, that's okay, Mister, go right ahead. I like to hear people talk.

FIB: Oh, you do, eh?

TEE: Yes, I always-- HMM?

FIB: I SAYS YOU DO, EH?

TEE: DO WHAT?

FIB: LIKE TO HEAR PEOPLE!

TEE: LIKE TO HEAR PEOPLE WHAT?

FIB: TALK! TALK!

TEE: Okay. (FAST) MARY MARY QUITE CONTRARY, HOW DOES YOUR GARDEN LOOK? THE CATALOG SEEDS TURNED OUT TO BE WEEDS, SO I PLANTED THE DARNED OLD BOOK! (GIGGLES) Another one - FOUR AND TWENTY BLACKBIRDS --

MAN: er...Excuse me, little girl.

TEE: -- BAKED IN A PIE...HMM?

MAN: I find your rhymes quite amusing, but I do have business to discuss with Mr. McGee. Will you excuse us?

(2ND REVISION) -14-

TEE: Oh sure, Mr. Victory, go right ahead. FOUR AND TWENTY BLACKBIRDS, BAKED IN A..

FIB: TEENY!

TEE: Humm?

FIB: Look, sis, take a powder, willya? Scram. Here's 50 cents run down to Kremer's drug store and buy a soda.

TEE: <sup>ok</sup> Here's 25 cents change. You're spoiling me. So long, everybody.

DOOR SLAM:

MAN: Lovely child. Now what was I...

FIB: (EAGERLY) YOU WERE JUST SAYING YOU WONDERED HOW YOU COULD PAY BACK THAT LOAN, HOMER. Now, if I were you...

MOL: McGee.

FIB: Eh?

MOL: Why don't you just let Mr. Vickery handle this thing in his own way? I'M sure he is accustomed to making bigger decisions than that.

MAN: Absolutely. I never fumble for a decision. Right or wrong, I make one! Shoe-shine boy came into my office one day. "Light or dark polish, Mr. Vickery?" he asked. "DARK!" I said, instantly, never even looking up from my work. What if he did ruin a pair of white sport shoes? The fact remains....

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

WIL: Hello, folks! Oh, sorry - didn't know you had company.



FIB: Oh, - uh - hi, Junior.

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox. Come in. This is Mr. Vickery -  
Mr. Wilcox.

BOTH MEN HELLOS

FIB: Homer is president of the Vickery Vacuum Cleaner Company,  
Junior, and we were just talking a little busi -

WIL: Oh wonderful! I know your product very well, Mr. Vickery.  
You may have heard of my company too - everyone has -  
S.C. Johnson and Son, makers of Johnson's Self Polishing  
Glocoat and.....

MAN: Oh yes - you're with Glocoat are you?

~~FIB~~ MOL: You don't have to be here long to find that out.

WIL: You and I should know each other, Mr. Vickery. With your  
product keeping housewives' rugs nice and clean - and my  
product giving their linoleum floor coverings that bright  
gleaming shine that tells the world theirs is a well-kept  
house.

MAN: Yes - I have a motto on the wall of my office that says...

WIL: Glocoat shines as it dries - without any rubbing or buffing  
at all.

MAN: Well, I didn't mean....

WIL: That's what makes it so easy for the housewife - and so  
popular!

FIB: Yeah, but Junior...

WIL: You simply pour a little out - spread it around with a  
long handled applicator - and let it dry for 20 minutes or  
less to a handsome, glistening finish! That way -

FIB: Look, Waxey!

WIL: Yes, Pal.

FIB: Can you take this matter up later?

WIL: Sure! How much later?

MOL: About October 7th?

WIL: I'll make a note of it. See you then!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MAN: Nice chap. I know his company quite well.

FIB: Yeah. Great outfit. Wilcox is a little gabby - but the  
company's okay.

MAN: Yes, I know. By the way, McGee, I'm going to have to  
leave you pretty soon, but before I go, I've got an  
envelope in my pocket I want to give you.

FIB: (SIGHS) AHHH! It - uh - I mean - I hope you - well, I  
wouldn't want you to feel that you had to do anything big  
for me - but -

MAN: Well, I think this envelope will make you very -

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

FIB: Dadrat the - COME IN, COME IN, COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

MOL: Oh, it's His Honor, the Mayor! Do come in, Mr. Mayor!

FIB: Yeah, come in, La Triv.

GALE: Thank you both. Oh, am I -



(2ND REVISION) -17-

MOL: Not at all, Mr. Mayor - you're just in time for tea.  
This is Mr. Vickery - an old friend of McGee's, your  
honor. Mr. Vickery - His Honor, Mayor La Trivia!

BOTH MEN GREETINGS

GALE: Molly, did you say tea? I'd love it!  
MOL: Good. I was just about to make some.  
GALE: Fine! I've just come from a bit of squash at the  
athletic club, and I've got an appetite.  
MOL: From what at the athletic club, your honor?  
GALE: Squash, you know, I find a little squash in the afternoon  
gives me a great appetite for dinner.  
FIB: Boy, that's as horrible a thought as I ever heard!  
A little squash in the afternoon! I can't even stand  
the stuff at dinner!  
GALE: I don't know why. Squash is wonderful for the circulation,  
McGee - you ought to try it some time. Either singles or  
doubles.  
MOL: Doubles? He never had a second helping in his life. Or  
a first, either, if he could help it.  
GALE: I think I'm a little bit con --  
MAN: How do they fix squash at your athletic club, Mr. Mayor?  
Is it some special way?  
GALE: No, I think it's the same every place. Most of us have  
our own special racquet for it, of course.

(2ND REVISION) --18,19,20-

FIB: (CHUCKLES) You do, eh? I used to have a great little  
racket when I ate in cafeterias, La Triv. Used to butter  
a dill pickle and pass it off as a banana. Saved over  
90 cents in three months. What's your racket?  
GALE: There seems to be a slight misunderstanding here. I was  
referring to a squash racquet.  
MOL: Yes, we know. McGee had his banana and dill pickle racket  
-- and you have your squash racket. How do you work it?  
GALE: (SHARPLY) I DON'T WORK IT! IT'S A GAME!  
FIB: Only till they catch you at it, boy! The day they found  
me buttering a dill pickle was the most embarrassing half  
hour I ever --  
GALE: PLEASE! WAIT A MINUTE! WHAT IS THIS, ANYHOW? I SAID...  
MAN: Maybe I can help here, Mr. Mayor....There seems to be  
some mixup.  
GALE: Yes!  
MAN: Maybe if you explain how they serve squash at the club,  
it might...  
GALE: Serve it? Why, it's served exactly like tennis. You  
throw it up in the air and smash it with a forehand drive.  
FIB: That's for me, boy! Smash it right in the cooks' face!  
And if there's any left, I'd rub it in his hair!  
GALE: OH STOP IT! YOU VOE NERRY WELL, I MEAN KNOW VERY WELL,  
I AM TALKING ABOUT GOSH AS A SQUAME...NOT RACK AS A FOODIT!  
ER, FOOD AS A RACKET! WHEN I MENTIONED THE NAME OF GOSH...  
GAME OF SQUISH...  
MAN: Oh, now, now, Mr. Mayor! Don't get excited. Here, sit  
down here...  
MOL: He does this all the time, Mr. Vickery!  
FIB: Yeah, take it easy, La Triv. We're not crowding you,  
relax! Now, you were saying....



MOL: He was saying that squash is not a food - and while I disagree with him, he ---

GALE: I DIDNT SAY ANY THING A SUCH!! I MEAN I DIDNT MAKE ANY SUCH RISTAKULOUS DICKMENT....REDOUMENT STATEROOM...WHEN MCGEE SAID HE PICKLED A BANANA...ER...BUTTERED A SQUASHATERIA....CAFESQUISHERA.....I MEAN I NEVER SAID I ATE A SQUOOSH....ER...PLAYED SQUICK....SQUEEP....SCOOP...  
~~I...YOU YOU WERE THE ONE WHO....I DINT....WE....I...~~  
(PAUSE) McGee.

FIB: Yes?

GALE: Is it true that your broadcasting season is over until autumn?

MOL: Yes, it is, Mr. Mayor....Fred Waring comes on for Johnson's next week. Are you a music lover?

GALE: ~~NO, I'M A COMEDIAN HATER - AS OF NOW!!!~~ GOOD DAY.

DOOR SLAM:

MAN: Excitable chap, isn't he?

MOL: He didn't even stay for tea.

MAN: I'm afraid I cant stay either, Mrs. McGee. Thank you anyway.

FIB: HEY, DONT RUSH AWAY, HOMER...MY GOSH, WE GOT A LOT OF UNFINISHED BUSINESS.

MAN: Oh yes we have, haven't we? About that loan, you mean. Well, I'm not the man to leave details dangling in the air. I have a little memo on the wall of my office that says, "SEE MISTER KRIEGMYER THURSDAY AT FOUR." Know what that means?

MOL: I haven't the slightest idea.

FIB: Me either, Homer.

MAN: Me either. That memo has been there for three months and I can't remember what it was all about. NOW THEN, McGee...

FIB: Yes Homer? Yes? Yes? Yes, Homer.

MAN: Here is an envelope. You'll find your three dollars in there of course, AND a little something more.

FIB: Oh, Homer...my gosh, you shouldn't have done it!

MAN: Open this after I leave, McGee...I don't want to be embarrassed by gratitude....All I can say is that you helped me over a rough spot. I hope this will help you. Goodbye, my boy.

FIB: Goodbye, Homer....old friend!!!! KIND old friend!

MOL: Goodbye, Mr. Vickery.

MAN: Goodbye, Mrs. McGee.

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

FIB: Oh, baby ...call the Bon Ton and see how late you can buy a mink coat!

SOUND: TEARING PAPER:



MOL: McGee...he said not to open the envelope till he left!  
 FIB: Has he left?  
 MOL: A long time ago...OPEN IT, .. QUICK!

TEARING PAPER:

FIB: Well, here's my three bucks, all right....and here's a...

(PAUSE)

MOL: A bond?

(PAUSE)

MOL: A check?

(PAUSE)

MOL: MCGEE!!... PLEASE! WHAT IS IT?

FIB: It's a ...it's a wall motto. It says:

AS YOU GO ALONG THRU LIFE,  
NO MATTER WHAT YOUR GOAL,

KEEP YOUR EYE UPON THE DOUGHNUT,  
AND NOT UPON THE HOLE!

MOL: MmmHmmm. You were right, dearie.

FIB: Eh?

MOL: He shouldnt have done it!

~~ORCH: PLAYOFF~~

APPLAUSE:

ORCH: SELECTION: KING'S MEN "BY THE WATERMELON VINE"

APPLAUSE:

THIRD SPOT

FIB: Hey, Molly, did you put out the milk bottles and lock the windows?

MOL: Yes, dearie. And you seem to be pretty cheerful for a man who just lost a fortune a few hours ago.

FIB: Aw, I never really expected Old Homer to do much for me. Any guy that would --

DOOR CHIME

MOL: Oh dear -- who can that be? COME IN!

DOOR OPENS

MOL: Oh. Doctor Gamble...hello, Doctor. *FIB: Hey ya, Doc -*

DOC: Hello, my dear. Hello, McGee. *FIB: Hey ya, Doc -* May I use your phone?

FIB: Sure, boy, just take a nickel off our next bill. Or, I'll drop in your office some day and use the exray machine

DOC: A waste of time. You're very transparent as you are.

Excuse me a minute. (RECEIVER UP) HELLO, OPERATOR? WISTFUL VISTA 8965, PLEASE.

FIB: (MUTTERS) Trouble some people go to for a free phone call.

DOC: (IN PHONE) HELLO, MRS. KLADDERHATCH?

MOL: Oh, her again.

DOC: DOCTOR GAMBLE, MRS. KLADDERHATCH. WHAT'S THE LATEST? HE DID, EH? RELAPSE? HOW MUCH? A HUNDRED AND TWELVE? OH, THAT'S WONDERFUL, MRS. KLADDERHATCH! I'M VERY HAPPY ABOUT IT! GOOD NIGHT, MRS. KLADDERHATCH! (RECEIVER UP)

FIB: That's a fine attitude for a doctor! Glad he had a relapse! Very happy because the guy has a fever of a hundred and twelve!



(2nd REVISION) -25-26-27-

MOL: Is Mr. Kladderhatch ill again, Doctor?  
DOC: No, he had Relapse in the third race at Belmont and it paid a hundred and twelve dollars to place. Well, I don't suppose I'll be seeing so much of you two for a while. Isn't this the end of your season?  
FIB: Yes, Doc, next week Fred Waring takes over. Drop in and listen with us some Tuesday night.  
DOC: I'll do that, my boy. It'll be the first confidential conversation we've had in forty weeks. Goodnight.  
FIB: So long, Doc.  
MOL: Goodnight, Doctor.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: (YAWNS) Lock the door, Snooky. I'm going to bed.

SOUND: DOOR LOCK:

MOL: I'm pretty sleepy myself. <sup>lets go upstairs -</sup> It's been a strenuous day.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS UPSTAIRS, BEHIND:

(2nd REVISION) -25-26-27-

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DOOR SLAM:

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SOUND: DOOR LOCK:

MOL: I'm pretty sleepy myself. <sup>lets go upstairs -</sup> It's been a strenuous day.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS UPSTAIRS, BEHIND:



(REVISED) -28-

FIB: You said it! If I'da had to listen to one more of Homer's wall mottoes, I'd of scratched "A MAN WORTHWHILE IS A MAN WHO CAN SMILE" on the back of his big fat neck! (YAWNS)

SOUND: CREAK OF BEDSPRINGS

MOL: Oh, well, he - McGee, do you HAVE to sit on the edge of the bed to take off your shoes? There are three chairs in the room.

FIB: If I sit in a chair, I lean back, and if I lean back, I go to sleep.

SOUND: THUD:

MOL: ~~(YAWNS)~~ I wonder if people know they can hear Fibber McGee and Molly on phonograph records now?

FIB: You mean those Top Ten albums, sold every place? I dunno. Think we oughtta mention it?

MOL: Maybe not. ~~It might seem a little commercial.~~

FIB: ~~Yeah.~~ I wonder if Jack Benny and Eddie Cantor and Amos 'n Andy and Archie and Bergen and Burns and Allen ~~and~~ ~~all them folks~~ men ~~owned~~ theirs?

MOL: Yes, I think most of them did.

SOUND: THUD:

MOL: (YAWNS) Well, it's been a nice season, sweetheart.

FIB: Swell! (YAWNS) Wonder if we sold much Johnson's Wax this year.

MOL: Well, people still have floors, furniture, cars and linoleum. We haven't exactly DISCOURAGED them from buying Johnson's Wax.

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FIB: Hope not. Oh, I'll admit <sup>✓</sup> I may have made a few mistakes of course.

MOL: Everybody makes mistakes..that just proves we're human. In spite of what anybody says.

FIB: Sure we are. I may say the wrong thing once in a while, but -

MOL: Once in a while??

FIB: But any time I do, somebody tells me about it! ~~You should of saw some of those letters I got from people that~~

SOUND: THUD

MOL: McGee! YOU'VE DROPPED THREE SHOES!

FIB: I picked one up again to look at the heels. Kinda run down

MOL: Oh. Think we ought to write Mr. Johnson a letter and tell him thank you for another pleasant year?

FIB: I did. Yesterday.

SOUND: WINDING CLOCK  
MOL: (YAWNS) I wish there was some way to thank all the people who sent us the nice letters and the people who listen every week. I don't know what we'd do without them!

FIB: I do - but I don't like to think about it!

SOUND: WINDING CLOCK

ORCH: SNEAK UNDER WITH SLEEP MUSIC

MOL: What time are you setting the clock for?

FIB: October 7th.

MOL: Oh.

FIB: Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all.

ORCH: UP WITH APPLAUSE

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WIL: This is Harlow Wilcox, speaking for the makers  
of Johnson's Wax Products for home and industry, and  
inviting you to listen in next Tuesday night when  
you will hear Fred Waring and the Pennsylvanians.  
Goodnight.

ANNCR: THIS IS NBC - THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

(CHIMES)