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(REVISED)

file
#2

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR
JOHNSON'S WAX

OCTOBER 14, 1947

6:30 - 7:00 PM - PST

(REVISED) -2-

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, 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:

KING'S MEN: "Look on the bright side,
shine on the right side,
bring out the beauty of the home!"

ORCH: BRIDE

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
10/14/47

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Maybe you noticed in Time Magazine this week that Johnson's Wax is in the news again. Down at the Texas State Fair in Dallas a young 4-H Clubber was putting the finishing touches on his Hereford steer before parading him in the show ring. As a final thought he brought out a can of - you guessed it - Johnson's Wax and set to work polishing the steer's horns. Well, you probably don't have steer horns you want to polish, but the point is a smooth, protective coat of Johnson's Wax also works miracles on a hundred ~~other~~ ^{different} things in your home. Furniture and woodwork, radios, venetian blinds, leather goods and picture frames, to mention just a few accessories, shine with beauty when polished with Johnson's Wax are so easy to keep clean and bright. Try this wonderful wax method of house keeping yourself. Johnson's Wax, paste or liquid.. to bring out the beauty of the home.

KINGS MEN: "Look on the bright side,
Shine up the right side,
Bring out the beauty of the home".

ORCH: BRIDGE

(2ND REVISION) -4-

WILCOX: MAYBE STATFSMEN AND POLITICIANS WOULD LISTEN MORE TO THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE IF THE SMART PEOPLE SPOKE UP AND THE DUMB PEOPLE WEREN'T SO NOISY. FOR INSTANCE, LISTEN TO AN AVERAGE CITIZEN POPPING OFF, AS WE JOIN --

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: AND ANOTHER THING! IF THEM SO-CALLED EXPERTS AT THE UNITED NATIONS CONFERENCE TOOK MY ADVICE, I'D CLEAN UP THEIR TROUBLES IN TWO MINUTES FLAT! BUT NO - THEY DON'T EVEN ANSWER MY LETTERS! IS THAT GRATITUDE? IS THAT COURTESY?

MOL: What is your plan, sweetheart?

FIB: SEND ALL THE INTERPRETERS HOME! That's all.

MOL: And then?

FIB: Then when them delegates started callin' each other names, nobody would understand what they were saying. Take it from one who knows, kiddo, there's nothing more discouraging than losing an argument with yourself!

MOL: I think you may have something there, McGee. But maybe if you gargle and take some aspirin, it will go away.

FIB: DON'T SELL ME SHORT, BABY! It's a terrific idea. If they can't argue with each other then they got to agree. Simple ain't it?

MOL: There's just one thing - How would you keep them from shaking their heads?

FIB: TURN OUT THE LIGHTS!

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MOL: Mmm Hmm. Well, send them another letter, dearie. Send it registered mail. ~~You might get somebody's autograph and send it away.~~ (FADE) In the meantime, I've got to go up stairs and sort the laundry.....

FIB: Okay, tootsie! Ahh, there goes a good kid! Steady as a rock and solid as a boogie beat! Half the world in a turmoil and what does she do? Scrts the laundry! By George, if everybody was like her, there'd be more clean shirts and less dirty linen and -

DOOR CHIME: (NO CLOSE)

FIB: Ahhhh, maybe a special delivery from Lake Success! COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

TEE: Hi, mister.

FIB: Oh hello there, Teeny. To what do I owe the doubtful pleasure of this HEY, WHADDYE GOT THERE?

TEE: It's a kitty cat. Isn't he cute? I've always wanted a lil kitty cat, but my mamma says cats carry germs, but this one isn't carrying any because I held him over the garbage can and shook him, I betcha.

SOUND: MEOW....

FIB: Well, what's a few germs between friends, anyway. Personally I think it's a wonderful thing for children to have pets.

TEE: So does my mamma, too. But she says the trouble is when the pets start having children. (GIGGLES)

SOUND: MEOWW --

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FIB: Hey, he sounds like he's hungry.

TEE: Oh he can't be hungry, I betcha. I gave him a saucer of rootbeer and two chocklit marshmallows and half my bubble gum.

FIB: You did eh?

TEE: Yes he was so - Hmm?

FIB: I says you did eh?

TEE: Did what?

FIB: Gave him all that stuff to eat.

TEE: What stuff?

FIB: A SAUCER OF ROOTBEER, TWO CHOCOLATE MARSHMALLOWS AND HALF YOUR BUBBLE GUM!

TEE: You forgot the dill pickle. I gave him that the very first thing.

FIB: I'm sorry. I'll remember that in the future.

TEE: I'm not gonna give him any more in the future. It made him sick. (MEOWWWRR.) Don't cry, Raymond! I won't give you any more pickles.

FIB: Raymond, eh? That's cute name for a cat, Sis.

TEE: I don't like it. I think Raymond is a bum name for a cat, I betcha.

FIB: Then why call him Raymond?

TEE: I have to. That's his name.

FIB: Who named him?

TEE: I did.

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FIB: WELL IF YOU DON'T LIKE THE NAME RAYMOND FOR A CAT, WHY DID YOU NAME HIM RAYMOND?

TEE: (GIGGLES) Well, I named him before I found out he wasn't that kind of a cat. (GIGGLES)

FIB: I had a wonderful cat once when I was a kid, sis. Big striped fella. He was a bird-cat.

TEE: He was a HMMM?

FIB: He was a bird-cat. Always took him with me when I went hunting. Better'n any bird dog I ever owned. I called him Sun. S.U.N.

TEE: Gee...on account of he was so bright, I betcha.

FIB: No, on account of every night he'd disappear and wouldn't come back till morning. WELL SIR, I'll never forget one day -

SOUND: (MEOWWWRR)

TEE: Quiet, Raymond! I don't wanna hear it either, but we gotta be polite.

FIB: AHEM! WELL SIR, I'LL NEVER FORGET ONE DAY I WAS OUT AFTER SOME QUAIL.....

TEE: Willie Toops had a brother in the Navy and he says -

FIB: PLEASE!!!

TEE: Okay. Quiet, Raymond!

FIB: WELL SIR, THIS BIRDCAT OF MINE WAS SNEAKIN' ON AHEAD, SLIDIN' SILENTLY THRU THE BRUSH LIKE A LITTLE CLOUD OF GRAY SMOKE. SUDDENLY HE DISAPPEARS. I WAIT.! THEN I FEELS A TUG AT MY PANTS LEG. THERE WAS SUN. HE LOOKS UP AT ME AND JERKS HIS HEAD TOWARD A LITTLE PATCH OF WOODS. I TAKES THE SAFETY OFF MY SHOTGUN. THE CAT SHAKES HIS HEAD....I was puzzled.

TEE: Gee, me too, I betcha. (MEOWWWW) and Raymond!

FIB: Well, sir, the brainy little beast leads me to a little cabin in a clearing. There was a bench outside the door. On the bench was an almanac. The cat jumps up onto the bench, wets his paw with his tongue and starts turning the pages. He comes to a calendar and looks up at me.. I looks at the page. THEN I SEEN IT!

TEE: Seen what?

FIB: Not SEEN, Teeny. Saw.

TEE: Oh.

FIB: I SAW WHAT THE CAT MEANT. THE QUAIL SEASON DIDN'T OPEN TILL THE NEXT DAY. ~~I WAS THERE TOO EARLY!~~ THAT CAT HAD SAVED ME A TEN BUCK FINE AND MAYBE A WEEK IN THE POKEY!

TEE: Oh-boy! (GIGGLES) What ever became of him, mister? Whatever? Hmm? Whatever?

FIB: He ran away, sis, and I never saw him again....UNLESS.....

TEE: Hmm? Unless what?

FIB: Well, a few years later I passed a woman on the street wearin' a funny-lookin' striped fur coat just kinda flung across her shoulders and as I went past, one of the sleeves waved at me. But it may have been just a coincidence.

TEE: Gee, you think my kitty will ever be that smart, mister?

FIB: I rather doubt it, sis, but lemme have a look at him.

I been a judge at more cat shows than the chairwoman of a sewing-circle.

TEE: Okay....here, Raymond...let Mr. McGee look at you....

SOUND: MEOWRR OF PROTEST

FIB: Take it easy, Raymond...I'm only gonna...(SHARP YEOW AND MCGEE YELPS) HEY...HE SCRATCHED ME....COME BACK HERE, YOU LITTLE MONSTER...!!! GRAB HIM, TEENY.!!

TEE: He ran out the door....(FADE) HERE, RAYMOND...HERE RAYMOND....

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON PORCH RAPIDLY, DOWN STEPS

TEE: (OFF MIKE) (SOBBING) Here, Raymond...here, Raymond.... come on out, Raymond....(CRIES)

FIB: Where is he, sis? Where'd he go?

TEE: Under the porch....(SOBS) And it's all your fault.... and he was the only kitty I ever had except Margaret and he's a dog....(SOBS)

FIB: Oh now, now, now....take it easy, sis! I'll get Raymond outa there. IF I HAVE TO TEAR THE HOUSE DOWN'!.
L

TEE: (BAWLING) Ohhhhhh, my poor lil kitty....Poor lil Raymond....

FIB: Please, sis.....what'll the neighbors think?

TEE: (CRIES) If I only had something to take my mind off it....like maybe fifty cents or something..(SOBS)

FIB: HERE....FOR THE LOVE OF PETE....HERE'S FIFTY CENTS... NOW PIPE DOWN, I'LL GET RAYMOND BACK FOR YOU!!!!

TEE: (CALM AGAIN) Promise?

FIB: ABSOLUTELY. -

TEE: Okay. Then I'll go down to Kramer's Drug Store and get a couple of banana splits.....most women when they got trouble, they go out and buy a hat. I buy banana splits. (FADE) Thanks, mister....

FIB: HEY, WAIT A MINUTE.....HEY, TEENY....I (PAUSE) Why that little.....Oh well, Never break a promise to a child. HEY, RAYMOND.....HERE, RAYMOND....NICE KITTY....HERE, KITTY KITTY, KITTY.....Doggone it - or rather cat-gone it -- I better go in and get my flashlight!

ORCH: "I WONDER WHO'S KISSING HER NOW"

(APPLAUSE)
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SECOND SPOT

FIB: Now, right there's where he ran under the porch, ^{*Wolly, you see?*} ~~she?~~
Now you stand here and when I flush him out, you grab
him. Better put some gloves on. He scratches like a
1923 record of Isham Jones.

MOL: Well, all right but wait a minute, dearie!
Here comes that nice Mr. Williams. The weather
man.

FIB: We'll never get anyplace talking to him. He skirts
a subject like Hattie Carnegie with a stylish stout.
He's -----

MOL: Hush, dearie, he'll...OH HELLO THERE MR. WILLIAMS!
WILL: (FADE IN) Ahh, it's Mr. and Mrs. McGee. Good afternoon...
...in a way.

FIB: Hiyah, Williams! How's everything in the weather bureau?
Cloudy Tuesday, followed by Wednesday and Thursday?

WILL: Er...unsettled, rather. We have information of a cold
front moving in from the Pacific, which, if it meets
high temperatures over the Midwest, might result in
almost...er...anything. I would say, unofficially,
that conditions are general. Although they might change.
For the better. Or worse. It's difficult to say.

MOL: Yes, it seems to be.

FIB: By the way, Williams. What's your first name? In case
I wanna send the weather bureau a postcard. I find the
government gives better service if you pester 'em a little

WILL: My name is F. Ogden Williams.

MOL: F. Ogden Williams. What is the F. for, Mr. Williams?

WILL: That, was left indefinite, Mrs. McGee. My parents just
named me F. Ogden. I was to choose my own first name
when I came of age. But I have...er..been unable to
reach a definite..er.... conclusion.

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FIB: That I can believe! F. Ogden Williams, eh? You know, Foggy, you remind me of my brother, he was a stocking salesman, but was too bashful for the work. Couldn't stand gettin' himself out on a limb.

WILL: ~~How~~ Yes. I see. I think. Yes, I'M sure I do. Ha ha. Well, I'M sure you must be busy. At least you SEEM to be making preparations for something. Naturally, I wouldn't know...for sure. Well...Good day..probably.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS OFF

FIB: Mark my words, Loveboat - that guy is gonna be an important man in the government one of these days!

MOL: You think so?

FIB: Yes sir! Any guy that can avoid taking a stand on anything like he does, is going right to the top!! WELL, THIS ISN'T GETTIN' THAT CAT OUTA THERE! Here, Kitty, kitty kitty!! Here, Raymond!! Here Kitty!

SOUND: (OFF) (MEOWWWW)

MOL: He's under the porch all right. But maybe---

DOC: (FADE IN) Well, well, well...what goes on here? And can you use another player?

MOL: Hello, Doctor Gamble. There's a cat under the porch, and himself here is going in after it.

FIB: And never mind giving me some expert advice, Tummy-thumper. I've took more cats out from under more porches than you've took appendixes out of people with simple indigestion.

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MOL: He promised the little girl across the street he'd rescue her cat, and he's going to do it.

FIB: I never break a promise to a child, Doctor. Anybody that MAKES a promise to a child in the first place is a fat-head, but I did it, and I gotta make good. YOU STILL UNDER THERE, RAYMOND?

SOUND: MEOWWWW

DOC: You sure his name is Raymond? It sounds like an old girl friend of mine. Always hungry, and always complaining.

FIB: WELL DOGGONE IT, YOU'D BE PRETTY MISERABLE TOO, IF YOU WERE HIDDIN' IN THE DARK, UNDER A STRANGE PORCH, SCARED TO DEATH AND WITH A BUSTED LEG!

MOL: A broken leg!! McGee...you didn't tell me!! ... oh, the poor little thing! How terrible!!

DOC: WELL, DON'T STAND THERE LIKE A GOOP, YOU SADISTIC LITTLE BRUTE! WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME...WE CAN'T LET THAT KITTEN SUFFER...Here...hold my medicine kit...when I get under the porch, you hand it to me--

FIB: No, Doc...this is my job...let me do it...I'll--

DOC: ONE SIDE, MCGEE...I'VE NEVER DOCTORED A CAT BEFORE, BUT IT'LL BE NICE HAVING A PATIENT WHO WON'T TRY TO TELL ME MY BUSINESS.....

MOL: ~~Certainly, Doctor, and this is just wonderful of you!~~

FIB: I sure appreciate this, Doc!

DOC: Out of my way, Gabby. Now let me see..(FADE SLIGHTLY)
I'd better go in feet first, in case there's no room
to turn around..(GRUNTS)

MOL: My goodness, he'll ruin that suit!

FIB: He can't hurt that suit. He's sent it to the Greek Relief
three times and they always send it back.

HOW YOU DOING, DOC?

DOC: ^{ECHO}
~~(REPEATS)~~ I'm all right. Hand me that flashlight.
It's as dark as a peritoneum in here!

FIB: Whose?

MOL: (FADE) Here you are, Doctor. Do you see the cat?

SOUND: MEOWWW

DOC: I'm getting close to him...he just walked across my
back!

MOL: Good...good!!

FIB: That's a pretty long walk for a small kitten, Doc...
Can't you grab him?

DOC: Be quiet a minute and let me look around under here...

MOL: Isn't this terrible..has that poor little thing really a
broken leg?

FIB: (SOTTO VOICE) Nah. I never said he did. I just said
that Doc would be miserable too, if he was under a
strange porch with a broken leg. You know Doc. Always
jumping to conclusions.

MOL: (INDIGNANTLY) Why, Fibber McGee! You just said that
so he'd -

WIL: (FADEIN) Hello, Molly...Hello, Pal. What's going on?

FIB: Oh, Hiyah, Junior. There's a cat under the porch.

MOL: We're trying to get him out, Mr. Wilcox.

DOC: (ON FILTER) HEY HAVE YOU GOT ANYMORE BATTERIES FOR THIS
FLASHLIGHT, MCGEE? IT'S GETTING PRETTY DIM!

WIL: That's not a cat! That's Doc Gamblé!
What's he doing under the house?

FIB: He just bought a new foundation garment and he's trying
it out, Junior.

WIL: Say Molly..hold my coat, ~~tee~~, will you, please? I'm
going under that porch myself.

FIB: Go ahead, Junior. If you run across a fat little
animal in there with an intelligent look in his eye,
that's the cat. Doc is the ~~other~~ one *with the flashlight.*

WIL: Between us we ought to find the little blister. (FADE)
MOVE OVER DOC....I'M COMING IN....HEY DOC...WHERE ARE
YOU?

DOC: (WAY OFF) I'm way back here, Harlow..just follow the
buttons off my shirt!

WIL: (OFF) Okay... (GRUNTS).....Here Kitty...kitty,
kitty... (FADE)....Here, kitty, kitty kitty.....

MOL: I think you ought to be ashamed of yourself, McGee...
the idea of making those two men do your work for you....

FIB: I DIDN'T MAKE 'EM DO ANY SUCH A THING! Besides, this
will be good for Doc.

MOL: Why?

FIB: Work a little of that tummy off him. I was with Doc
at a Kiwanis meeting last week and they had a very good
speaker. When he got thru, Doc just sits there. I says,
why don't you clap your hands, Doc? I says, and he says,
I can't. My hands don't meet in front.

MOL: Well, just the same I... OH HERE COMES MR. WILCOX OUT
AGAIN...!!!! You didn't stay long, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: (OFF) I know-- Give me a lift, will you, pal? (GRUNTS)
Thanks...(FADE IN) Hey how far back does that porch
go, Molly?

MOL: Well, you can crawl back clear under the kitchen, Mr.
Wilcox.

FIB: Why, Junior?

WIL: BECAUSE THIS IS SOMETHING I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO DO!
THIS IS A GREAT DAY FOR ME, FOLKS.

MOL: What are you talking about?

WIL: Look...for year after year, I've been telling people
about Johnson's Self Polishing Glocoat. How it brings
out the beauty of the kitchen linoleum with such little
effort. How you just pour out a little Glocoat...spread
it around and let it dry for 20 minutes or less. No
rubbing. No buffing. How it beautifies and protects
the linoleum. How it makes housework so much easier,
and gives the little woman so much more free time to---

FIB: YES YES YES! WE KNOW ALL THAT! BUT WHAT THAT GOT
TO DO WITH A GREAT DAY?

WIL: Well, this is the first time I ever saw a kitchen floor
FROM UNDERNEATH! I wanted to find out if you could use
Glocoat on both sides of it. And you know something?
I'd like to try it. Just for fun.

(PAUSE)

FIB: Look Waxey --- You....er....you ever think of giving up
this work and going back into Catauqua?

WIL: Nope. I prefer radio.

MOL: You do?

WIL: Yes. I can get to more people - and fewer people can
get to me. Well, thanks for the look at the bottom
of the floor. Hope you find your cat. So long now!

MOL: That reminds me, McGee....we haven't heard a word from the Doctor for some time. (CALLS) Yooooo Hoooo, Doctor.....

FIB: Hey Doc --- are you all right?

DOC: Yes but I wish you'd keep quiet. This cat is frightened.

SOUND: MEOWWWWW.....

FIB: Yeah that's right cats are high strung animals, Molly. That's why they wind up as E-strings on violins. I knew a fiddler once, tried to play at a dog show. It was awful! Every time a pup would bark, his fiddle strings would raise up in the middle like a OH HIYAH, OLD TIMER!

MOL: Hello there, Mr. Old Timer.

OLD T: HELLO, THERE, KIDS.....! What'cha standin' out here for? Bein' evicted?

MOL: There's a cat under the porch, Mr. Old Timer

OLD T: Oh, shucks, kids, you don't have to run outa the house jest on account of a cat under the porch. They won't hurt ye. I mind one time, years ago, I lived in a swamp in Floridy. Had crocodiles under the house all the time. One night, the biggest croc' I ever seen come waddlin' right into my bedroom!

FIB: A big croc, eh?

OLD T: Yep. Know who it was? A cousin o' mine named Jess Fiddleford. Always crocked in them days, Jess was. I remember once ---

MOL: I have an Uncle with the same weakness, Mr. Old Timer. My Uncle Dennis.

FIB: He's weak all right. Can't even hold his foot up without a brass rail under it.

OLD T: He heh heh....that's pretty good, Johnny. BUT THAT AIN'T THE WAY I HEERED IT. THE WAY I HEERED IT -

SOUND: MEOWWWW

OLD T: What was that?

MOL: The cat.

OLD T: Oh. Well, the way I heered it, one feller says to tother feller, "SAYYYYYY" he says, "I HEAR THAT NEW ARMY PLANE - THE ONE THAT GOES FIFTEEN HUNDRED MILES AN HOUR - I HEAR IT KILLED A MAN THE OTHER DAY." "ZAT SO?" says tother feller. "Pilot, was he?" "Nope", says the first feller. "Jest a spectator. Tried to watch it go by and broke his neck!" SAYYYYYY, Johnny.!!!!

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FIB: Yeah?
OLD T: About that cat. Ever stop to think that motherhood is....
I mean maybe it was gonna have some....whaddye think?
MOL: It wouldn't matter. There's a doctor in attendance.
OLD T: Oh, that's good. Well, see you later, kids!
ORCH. & KINGS MEN: "TALLAHASSEE"

(APPLAUSE)

(2ND REVISION) -22-

THIRD SPOT

MOL: McGee, I do wish the Doctor would come out from under
the porch. He's been there a half an hour.
FIB: If I couldn't find a cat any quicker than that, I wouldn't
call myself a doctor. (CALLS) How you doin, Doc ?
DOC: Give me five more minutes, children. By that time, I'll
either have a cat or a collapse. Here, Raymond....Here
kitty --
MOL: You know, I think he's really enjoying this, McGee.
FIB: Sure he is. No telephone calls, No nurses rushin' in
and out with their starched uniforms scratching up the
interines. I wouldn't be surprised if Doc spent a little
time under our porch every afternoon.
MOL: Well, nobody would be more welcome under our porch, I'm
sure. The Doctor is so (RUNNING FOOTSTEPS FADE IN)
OH LOOK, MCGEE.....HERE COMES MR. WIMPLE....Hello there,
Mr. Wimple.
FIB: Hiyah, Wimp, Old man!
WIMP: (PANTING) Hello, folks.

EVERY ONE OF THEM!

MOL: What are you looking so perturbed about, Mr. Wimple?
WIMP: I'm looking for a place to hide....Sweetyface is after me again. Sweetyface...that's my big old wife.
FIB: Yes, we know, Wimp. What's she after you for this time?
WIMP: Well, it was just a misunderstanding, Mr. McGee. She objected to the way I was drying my fish line.
MOL: Isn't that ridiculous! What difference does it make how you dry your fishline?
WIMP: It make quite a difference to her, Mrs. McGee. You should have seen her tumbling down the stairs.
FIB: TUMBLING DOWN THE STAIRS!
WIMP: Yes...it seems I had my fishline sort of stretched across the top of the stairs, and she tripped over it.
(SNICKERS) She seemed to think I had done it deliberately.
MOL: Well, after all, she might have been seriously hurt, Mr. Wimple.
WIMP: Yes, she might have been, but the fishline broke and she didn't trip very hard. I have a stronger line someplace but I simply couldn't find it.
FIB: What'd she do, after she took the header, Wimp? Chase you out of the house?
WIMP: (CHUCKLES) No.....I ran up in the attic and hid in a trunk. Our attic is full of trunks and she knew I was in one of them. So you know what she did? SHE LOCKED EVERY ONE OF THEM!

MCL: Heavenly days...including the one you were in?
WIMP:.. Yes....(CHUCKLES) I almost died laughing. You see I had taken the bottom out of all the trunks long ago.
FIB: Smart work, kid!
WIMP: Yes....but I'd better get out of sight...May I hide under your porch?
MOL: I'M sorry, Mr. Wimple, but Doctor Gamble is under there now.
WIMP: He is! (CHUCKLES) My goodness I didn't even know he was married!! Well, I'll find some other place, then ...thanks any, folks....goodbye...
SOUND: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS OUT
FIB: Ah, poor little Wimp! The greatest living dodger after Cookie Lavagetto. I'll bet he...
SOUND: MEOWERRRRR, MEOWWWWWW.....MEOWWW....
DOC: (OFF) AHA....CAUGHT YOU DIDN'T I.....RAYMOND!!!
FIB: (SLIGHT FADE OFF) HERE, DOC...LEMMIE TAKE HIM...COME TO UNCLE FIBBER, KITTY...That's it...
SOUND: MEOWWWWWW.
DOC: (FADE IN) Give me a hand, somebody...(GRUNTS) Ahhh... thanks, Molly...Nice to be out of there. Next time the coal miners strike, I won't be so unsympathetic.
MOL: We certainly thank you for all your trouble, Doctor.
FIB: Now that's...I see a big leg.
SOUND: GRUNTS
MUSIC: GRUNTS... "WAY SHOULD I GET OVER YOU"

(2ND. REVISION) 25, 26, 27

FIB: Yeah.....Took you long enough, but it was great work.
DOC: Now about that broken leg, you little faker...
FIB: Now wait, Doc. I can explain...Oh hey! Here comes
Teeny! HEY, TEENY...HER'S YOUR CAT...COME AND GET HIM.
I TOLD you I'd get him for you, and we did.....
DOC: How do you like that "we"? Hello there Teeny. Here's
your cat.
TEE: Hi, Doctor Gamble, Hi Miz McGee. Hi Mr. McGee.
MOL: Well, here's your kitten, Teeny. Give it to her,
McGee.
FIB: Here, sis. Take it away.
TEE: Hmm?
FIB: TAKE IT! YOUR CAT! GET IT OUTA HERE.
TEE: Oh that isn't my cat, Mr. McGee. I was just playing
with it for a while this morning. I don't want the
dirty old thing. Well, I gotta go home now and feed
my doggie. G'bye, everybody. Thanks for the banana
splits, ~~Hi~~, Mr. McGee.
FIB: Why that little...(SOUND MEOW)
DOB: I...er...I say, Molly. May I use your bathtub.
FIB: Why sure, Doc. Help yourself.
MOL: You know where to find the soap and towels, Doctor.
DOC: I'm not going to need soap and towels. I just want to
drown your husband, after I break his leg.
FIB: Now look, Doc...I can explain. NOW WAIT A MINUTE...YOU
CAN'T STRIKE A MAN WITH A KITTEN IN HIS ARMS....
SOUND: BIG MEOW
MUSIC: ORCH... "WHY SHOULD I CRY OVER YOU"

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
10/14/47

(2ND REVISION) -28-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Fibber and Molly return in just a moment.

I don't know how you keep your furniture clean and polished,
but, I've heard that some women are still doing this job
the hard way. First they clean with soap and water or
some other cleaner, then they use a polish. Do two
operations, in fact. Obviously these women haven't heard
about Johnson's Cream wax. This newest Johnson's Wax
Polish both cleans and polishes furniture and light-colored
woodwork in just one application. Yes, wonderful Johnson's
Cream Wax combines two cleansing ingredients with genuine
quick-polishing wax. When you apply this creamy white
liquid, dirt and fingerprints seem to melt right away.
Furniture fairly glows and sparkles....stays bright longer.
And listen to this....Johnson's Cream Wax doesn't contain
one single drop of dust-catching oil. The protective finish
it gives your furniture and light woodwork is hard and
absolutely dry, so dusting is simple as could be. Try it.
Johnson's Cream Wax -- it's wonderful to bring out the beauty
of the home.

KINGS MEN: "Look on the bright side
Shine up the right side.
Bring out the beauty of the home."

ORCH: BUMPER

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
10/14/47

-29-

CUT-IN ANNOUNCEMENT (TO BE READ IN 60 SECONDS)

ANNCR: Tell me, have you tried wonderful DRAX yet? As you've probably heard, Johnson's DRAX -- D-R-A-X-- is the new miracle wax rinse for washables that gives them a soft, smooth finish ... makes clothes look fresh and sparkling.. actually makes them stay clean longer! All you do is add a little DRAX to your final rinse water or starch solution. DRAX surrounds each thread of the fabric with tiny particles of wax .. so small that you can neither see nor feel them. DRAX gives clothes a finish that's soft and smooth to touch, makes them look "like-new". And they keep their fresh look because DRAX protection makes them resist dirt and soil. They are easier to wash because dirt rinses gently away without hard scrubbing. Try Johnson's DRAX on all your washables -- you'll like it. Look for the DRAX tag on garments you buy, too. And ask for DRAX service at your laundry and dry cleaner. DRAX -- D-R-A-X -- by the makers of Johnson's Wax, is available now at your neighborhood store.

(2ND REVISION) -30-

TAG

MOL: McGee....where are you going now ?
FIB: Gotta run down to the Newsstand, Molly. Be right back!
MOL: But what's all the hurry ? Dinner's almost ready.
FIB: Gotta get a magazine! Somebody told me there's a article about us in this issue! Out today. Hey you got any change ?
MOL: No, I haven't.
FIB: Never mind. I'll charge it, as usual. The newstand guy don't like it, but he does it for me.
MOL: But what magazine has our pictures in it ?
FIB: "Look" Magazine. HEY, WHY DON'T YOU COME WITH ME ? WHILE HE GIVES ME A DIRTY LOOK, YOU CAN GRAB A CLEAN ONE!
(LAUGHS) Get it ? I says --
MOL: Tain't funny McGee.
FIB: IT aint ? Well it's hard to hold that terrific pace right up to the end. Good night.
MOL: Good night, all!

PLAY OFF AND SIGNOFF

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 N.B.C. -- THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.
(CHIMES)