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*file*  
#3  
(REVISED)

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

October 21, 1947

6:30 - 7 PM PST

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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, 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:

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY  
10-21-47

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Somewhere in your home you have a piece of furniture you're specially proud of ... a nice table or a sideboard or a radio-phonograph. Well, I want you to try polishing that piece of furniture with Johnson's newest Wax Polish Johnson's Cream Wax. Believe me, Johnson's Cream Wax is something very special ... quite different from any polish you've ever tried. First, Cream Wax has astonishing cleaning power. Special cleansing ingredients in this creamy white liquid instantly remove greasy dirt and fingerprints ... leave it absolutely spotless. Polish lightly and JOHNSON'S Cream Wax leaves a rich, wax polished luster that positively glows and sparkles with beauty. It's such a joy to find that your furniture and light-colored woodwork stay shining clean, too. You see, there's no oil in Johnson's Cream Wax to catch dirt or turn dull and smeary. Just a light dusting keeps Cream Wax surfaces beautifully bright. Yes, you'll love Johnson's Cream Wax ... it's wonderful.

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

ORCH: BRIDGE

*To bring out the  
beauty of the home.*

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WILCOX: MARK ANTONY GOT SCENTED PARCHMENTS FROM CLEOPATRA.  
NAPOLEON GOT TENDER MISSIVES FROM JOSEPHINE.  
CLARK GABLE GETS MASH NOTES FROM ALL OVER.  
BUT WHO GETS MORE LETTERS THAN ANYBODY FROM THE FINANCE COMPANY? Of course! Mr. McGee, of --  
---- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: The dirty high-binders! The pocket-pickin' panhandlers! The money-hungry bloodhounds! WHO DO THEY THINK THEY'RE INTIMIDATING? SOME PALOOKA WITHOUT ANY FRIENDS OR INFLUENCE? SOME HOMELESS VAGRANT? SOME TIMID CHARACTER THAT HE WON'T PUT UP A FIGHT? ANSWER ME THAT!

MOL: I can't. I don't know what you're talking about.

FIB: I'M TALKING ABOUT THIS LETTER FROM THE FINANCE COMPANY! PAY THE SEPTEMBER INSTALLMENT <sup>within</sup> 24 HOURS, they say! OR WE'LL START SUIT, THEY SAY! THEY'LL REPOSSESS THE CAR, THEY SAY!

MOL: You think they would?

FIB: I'll say! This is blackmail, that's what it is! By George, if---

MOL: Wait a minute, dearie.

FIB: Eh?

MOL: If you'll read me the letter, it will be easier for me to give you advice which you won't take.

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FIB: Okay. Listen to what they say, on their cheap stationery!  
Dear Sir, they say. (Dear Sir - the dirty hypocrites!)  
DEAR SIR: IF YOUR SEPTEMBER CAR PAYMENT OF 18 DOLLARS  
and 75 CENTS IS NOT IN OUR HANDS WITHIN 24 HOURS, WE WILL  
BE FORCED TO TAKE LEGAL ACTION AND INSTITUTE REPOSSESSION  
PROCEEDINGS. LET US ASSURE YOU THAT WE HAVE HAD  
SUFFICIENT EXPERIENCE WITH BUMS AND DEADBEATS TO KNOW OUR  
WAY WITH CROOKS AND THIEVES. WITH KINDEST PERSONAL  
REGARDS,

WISTFUL VISTA FINANCE COMPANY,  
(Signed) Karl Snarl, President

MOL: Well, my goodness, why don't you make the September  
payment?  
FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, WHY DON'T I? HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAVE TO  
PAY THAT SEPTENN-- HERE....LOOK AT THIS CHECK STUB! DATED  
SEPTEMBER THIRD AND ---- (PAUSE) Oh my gosh! Here's the  
check, too. I never mailed it! Never even tore it out.  
MOL: MmmmmHMMMM! Well, you still have 24 hours, dearie, so --  
FIB: No, I haven't. I got this letter yesterday morning.  
MOL: Why didn't you open it then?  
FIB: BECAUSE I WON'T BE PUSHED AROUND BY ANY FINANCE COMPANY.  
THEY CAN'T TELL ME WHEN TO OPEN MY MAIL!  
MOL: That's the spirit, my lad!  
FIB: It is?  
MOL: It is indeed! That's the spirit that will lose us the  
car, tie you up in a lawsuit and give you a credit rating  
of zero minus!

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FIB: You think they'll really take the car away from us?  
WHAT AM I SAYING? Them pirates'll snatch that puddle-  
jumper before I can even sprinkle tacks in the driveway!  
Hey, I better trot right down there and square this rap!  
MOL: Why don't you call them up first and explain the situation?  
FIB: A GREAT IDEA, KIDDO! I'll simply --

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: OH OH ... TOO LATE! HERE THEY ARE! HIDE THE CAR KEYS!!!  
DON'T ANSWER THE DOOR, AND TELL 'EM WE'RE NOT HOME! TELL  
'EM I DON'T --

DOOR OPEN:

OLD TI: Hello, there kids!  
MOL: Relax, McGee. It's just the Old Timer. Hello, Mr. Old  
Timer.  
OLD T: Hello, daughter.  
FIB: Hiyah, Old Timer. Glad to see you.  
OLD T: Hello, Johnny. Nobody answered the door, so I figgered  
you was out. Whenja git back?  
MOL: From where?  
OLD T: Where were ye?  
FIB: Right here.  
OLD T: Well, no wonder ye got back so quick. Glad I waited.  
Hope I ain't intruding, kids?  
MOL: As a matter of fact, Mr. Old Timer, we were just going  
downtown.....

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OLD T: Good! Me too. I'll drive ye down.  
FIB: Gee, thanks very much.  
OLD T: Don't mention it, Johnny. Glad to do it. Jest gimme  
the keys and tell me the gear shift, and I'll have ye  
downtown in no time.  
MOL: Oh....er....we're not taking our car, Mr. Old Timer.  
We're going to walk.  
OLD T: Rather walk myself, daughter. Hate to drive somebody  
else's car, anyway. Leastwise, till I learn how to  
drive. Whatcha gonna do downtown, kids?  
FIB: Gotta go down to the finance company and make a payment  
on the car, Old Timer.  
OLD T: Ohh, that's too bad, kids! I got a cousin makin'  
payments to that finance company. Bought hisself  
a brand new car through them fellers. Almost paid  
for now, too!  
MOL: Wonderful!  
FIB: Bought it new, eh? What kind is it?  
OLD T: Apperson Jackrabbitt, Johnny! Cost him \$700 in 1910 -  
plus interest, of course.  
FIB: 700 bucks? That's a lot of lettuce for one jackrabbitt!

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OLD T: (LAUGHS) HEH HEH HEH, THAT'S PRETTY GOOD, JOHNNY, BUT I  
FERRERD IT IN A SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT WAY! THE SLIGHTLY  
DIFFERENT WAY I HEERED IT IN, ONE FELLER SAYS TO TOTHER  
FELLER, "SAYYYYY", HE SAYS, "A FRIEND OF MINE'S COMIN'  
OUT WITH A GADGET NOW THAT'LL FRY AN EGG, MAKE COFFEE,  
AND WASH THE DISHES ALL IN 15 MINUTES!" "SOUNDS GOOD",  
SAYS TOTHER FELLER, "DID HE INVENT IT HISSELF?" ....  
"NOPE," SAYS THE FIRST FELLER, "HE MARRIED IT!"...Well,  
see you later, kids.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Well, come on, baby. I gotta get down to the Finance  
Company. Where's my hat??  
MOL: Where'd you leave it?  
FIB: I dunno - oh yes -- right here! In the hall closet!  
MOL: NO! NO! NO, MCGEE....THAT'S THE HALL CLOSET!  
SOUND: DOOR OPEN .. PAUSE .. DOOR CLOSE  
FIB: What about it? I keep my hat in there all the time.  
Shall we go?

ORCH: "KATE"  
(APPLAUSE)

SECOND SPOT

(2ND REVISION) -10-

SOUND: WALKING ON SIDEWALK .. FADE UNDER:

FIB: I wish I could think of something fancy to tell the finance company. About why I'm so late makin' this payment

MOL: Just tell them the truth. Tell them you forgot.

FIB: Oh no! It's not that simple, kiddo. That outfit has got five garages full o' cars that used to belong to guys with bad memories. No, I gotta whip up a yarn that'll make 'em cry. Now lemme see....

MOL: Well, tell 'em you've spent the last week at your grandmother's bedside. She cracked herself up flying her P-38 through a greenhouse.

FIB: Nope. Too coincidental. Last month I told 'em my grendmother was playing drums in a night club and got gored by a trombone. If I could only think up an excuse that would....

MOL: Hold it, McGee....here comes Mr. Williams, the weather man. Hello, Mr. Williams!

FIB: Hiyah, Foggy, old man! How are conditions?

FOG: I....er....I'd prefer you didn't ask me things like that, Mr. McGee. Conditions are so unsettled that any answer I might give would be so subject to revision that I..... well, unexpected changes, you know are likely to.....and then, on the other hand, there might be very little change. One never knows. For sure.

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MOL: Are you referring to weather conditions, Mr. Williams?

FOG: Oh, not necessarily, Mrs. McGee. That is not specifically. Although weather conditions are like any other conditions if you consider them by and large. You know - some times it's this, and sometimes it's that, or both. Usually one or the other. Although not definitely.

MOL: By the way, where do you live, Mr. Williams? It seems we're always meeting you.

FOG: Oh, didn't you know? No, of course you don't. Otherwise you wouldn't have inquired. I live next door to you. Both of you. As of last week. Friday, it seems. Afternoon, I think. Date. Sort of.

FIB: MY GOSH...YOU DO? I THOUGHT THAT HOUSE WAS VACANT!

FOG: Oh, it is. Some of the time. I work all day and my wife plays bridge at her club. During those times, the house is vacant. But it's usually occupied at night. When we're there.

MOL: Well, how nice! Next door neighbors to the weather man!

FIB: Yeah. Anytime I run outa ice cubes, Foggy, I'll pop in and borrow a handful o' hailstones.

FOG: You'll be quite welcome I'm sure. If we have them. Although I doubt if we ever have. My wife might know. Though maybe not. Well, I must go home and feed my groundhog. Good day, - probably!

TRAFFIC UP AND FADE

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MOL: I think he's very nice, McGee. Don't you?

FIB: Sure. And I'll bet five inches of rainfall to a bucket of slush he's some relation to Vera Vague! Hey, remind me, I gotta stop at the Bon Ton on the way down.

MOL: What fer?

FIB: I gotta buy some suspenders. The ones I got on are about shot. You know the ones you gimme for Christmas?

MOL: When did I ever give you suspenders for Christmas?

FIB: 1937, I think it was. No, 1936. Or was it? No, it was 19 -- THAT'S IT! 1935. Or, come to think of it, it was - now wait a minute..

MOL: All right.

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FIB: Now lemme see....I'm sure it was 1937 because that was the year Cousin Sylvester got kicked in the head by an ostrich. No, that was in '36. 1937 was the year Aunt Sarah sent us the four quarts of brandied cherries and Uncle Dennis passed out in the fruit cellar or was that in 1934? No, that must of been 1936. Because in 1935 I lost a silver dollar in the snow and tried to melt the snow off the lawn by using the garden hose as a flame-thrower and set the porch on fire and found the silver dollar in the cuff of my pants, so I know it was 1935 that you gimme the suspenders.

MOL: Dearie, I wish I could reason things out the way you do! Your mind works like a steel trap. And the things that get caught in it are nobody's - OH HELLO THERE, MR. WILCOX. McGee, here's Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Oh, HIYAH, JUNIOR!

WIL: (FADE IN) Hello, Pal. Hello, Molly. Where you going?

MOL: Down to the Wistful Vista Finance Company, Mr. Wilcox. Himself here forgot to make his September payment on the car.

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WIL: He did? Oh, you're in trouble, Pal! Those people are tougher than tripe! They're as heartless as night-club celery! AND I KNOW! My Uncle owns that outfit.

MOL: You mean...KARL SNARL IS YOUR UNCLE, MR. WILCOX?

WIL: Yes, but don't tell anybody. He's a very hateful guy. I tell you, that's a cold man.

MOL: Then it wouldn't do any good for you to put in a word for McGee?

WIL: Not a bit, Molly. Just make it worse.

FIB: This Karl Snarl seems to have rather an attractive personality. A certain charm of his own. Like a cobra with an impacted wisdom tooth.

WIL: Oh, he's really a brute! You know what he did to my aunt one day right after they were married?

MOL: Tell us!

WIL: Well, my aunt was a very meticulous woman....

FIB: So what? He should of found that out before he married her.

MOL: Meticulous means neat, dearie.

FIB: Oh.

WIL: Yeah. She was very meticulous....particularly with her housekeeping. (PAUSE)

FIB: Well, go on, Juney. Silence maybe be golden, but Racine don't think so in your case.

WIL: Okay. Anyway, My aunt took particular pride in her kitchen linoleum. It was always sparkling...immaculate... clean as a -

SOUND: (WHISTLE)

WIL: - as a whistle. I always carry this whistle with me. I like to dramatize my sales talks.

FIB: Why don't you carry a hound's tooth and say "SHE KEPT HER LINOLEUM AS CLEAN AS THIS" and then stab 'em with it? That'd get their attention.

WIL: No, I think the whistle is more --

MOL: BOYS, BOYS, PLEASE!! .... I WANT TO HEAR WHAT KARL SNARL DID TO MR. WILCOX' AUNT!

FIB: Silly girl!

WIL: Anyway, one day Uncle Karl walked into the kitchen and saw my aunt using Johnson's Self Polishing Glocoat, and singing happily. She LOVED using Glocoat because it was so easy and so effective. So there she was, pouring a little Glocoat out, spreading it around with the long - handled applicator knowing that it would dry within 20 minutes or less to a handsome, protective, color-restoring brilliance. She knew that with Johnson's Glocoat, it was a simple matter to keep linoleum clean.

FIB: Clean as a what?

WIL: What? Oh! Clean as a-

SOUND: WHISTLE

WIL: - as a whistle.

FIB: Thanks.

WIL: Don't mention it!

FIB: Decent of you to humor me Waxey old chap.

WIL: Not at all.

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS, WILL YOU PLEASE GET ON WITH IT? WHAT HAPPENED?

WIL: Well, Uncle Karl, being a heel, hated to see my aunt so happy. He enjoyed seeing her down on her knees.... scrubbing. And he knew that Glocoat eliminated all that old fashioned labor. So he picks up the can of Glocoat and throws it out the window, with a dirty laugh.

MOL: The brute! And what did your aunt do. Cry?

WIL: No, she picked Uncle Karl up and threw HIM out the window. He's been a different man ever since.

FIB: Better?

WIL: Only around home. Worse everyplace else. WELL, I JUST WANTED YOU TO KNOW WHAT YOU WERE UP AGAINST PAL. LET ME KNOW WHAT HAPPENS. So long now.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS FADE...TRAFFIC

FIB: Well, come on, Molly. Let's get down there and get it over with.

MOL: Wait just a minute while I step into Kremer's drug store I've got to get a new lipstick. Between you and me and Elizabeth Arden we ought to conquer Mr. Snarl. (FADE) You wait right here for me, dearie...I won't be but a minute...

FIB: Okay, tootsie. Ahh, there goes a good kid! If I had a wife like that I wouldn't be scared to face any....what am I saying? SHE IS MY WIFE. I guess I'm so nervous about Karl Snarl. I --

TEE: Hi, mister.

FIB: Eh? Oh, Hiyah, Teeny. How's tricks?

TEE: Fine thank you. She likes it, too.

FIB: Eh?



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TEE: Hmm?

FIB: What did you say?

TEE: About what?

FIB: You said she liked it.

TEE: She does. She loves it!

FIB: WHO DOES?

TEE: Trix. That's my bunny rabbit. Her real name is Trixie but her neckname is Trix.

FIB: Nickname, you mean.

TEE: No, that's her neckname. It's on a little tag around her neck.

FIB: Look, sis...let's get this straight. I said, "HOW'S TRICKS?" and you said "FINE, THANK YOU, AND SHE LIKES IT, TOO!" She likes WHAT?

TEE: Her house. Papa said she shouldn't be running around outside all winter and we'd have to house Trix, so we did, and papa built a little rabbit hatch out of a soap box and

FIB: HUTCH!

TEE: Well, I was just ..HMMMM?

FIB: HUTCH! HUTCH!

TEE: God Bless you!

FIB: Thanks. Look sis, it seems to me you're getting a little overloaded in the pet department.

TEE: I AM NOT, I' BETCHA! I DON'T EVEN LET WILLIE HOLD MY HAND!

FIB: No no no...I mean LIVE pets. Last week you had a kitten. And a dog named Margaret. Now you got a rabbit named Trixie.

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TEE: I gotta pet cuckoo too, I betcha.

FIB: A cuckoo, eh? That's interesting. Keep it in the clock?

TEE: No. In a little box with some dried leaves. I'm waiting for him to turn into a butterfly.

FIB: A BUTTERFL..oh you mean you got a cocoon!

TEE: Sure, and when he comes out of his cocoon I'm gonna have a birthday party for him. Dancing and everything.

FIB: Great sis. Great idea! Invite me over! I've always wanted to go to a moth ball. (LAUGHS) GET IT, SIS? BUTTERFLY DANCE? MOTH BALL?

TEE: (GIGGLES HEARTILY) No. Well, so long, mister.

ORCH: "KINGS MEN: "STANLEY STEAMER""

(APPLAUSE)

THIRD SPOT:

FOOTSTEPS ON PAVEMENT ..FADE UNDER

MOL: Just where is the Wistful Vista Finance Company, McGee?

FIB: Right in this block.

MOL: Got your story all ready?

FIB: No, but I can get one up on the spur of the moment. I only wish this moment didn't have such sharp spurs. If that Karl Snarl is as tough as he's supposed to be.

MOL: Wait a minute, McGee..here comes Dr. Gamble -- maybe he can help. Yoo hoo, Doctor.

DOC: (FADE IN) Hello, there, my dear. Hello, Repulsive.

FIB: Well, if it isn't the little round healer! Where you rolling, Medicine Ball?

DOC: If it's any of your business, Jump Seat, I just finished a major operation and I'm taking a walk to steady my nerves.

MOL: Something serious, Doctor?

DOC: Oh no. Army officer got in a fight and I had to take a few stitches in his ear.

FIB: You call that a major operation?

DOC: Yes. He was a Major in the artillery, and his language was very spectacular. If my ancestors were all he said they were, I come from a very colorful family.

MOL: I suppose he apologized afterward.

DOC: My dear girl, the Army never admits being wrong. The first thing an officer learns is to stand with shoulders back, chin in, and mind closed. I was a Captain in the Medical Corps once, and I ought to know. I was the worst of the lot!

FIB: No kidding, Doc. You in the army once? Tell us, was it really tough going that Winter at Valley Forge?

MOL: McGee...stop it. I'll bet Doctor Gamble was a fine officer.

FIB: Yeah..it took an Act of Congress to make him a gentleman and it'll take a miracle to make it stick.

HEY FATSO, BY THE WAY....

DOC: Yes, Buster?

FIB: Look, I'm in a little jam with the wistful Vista Finance Company. You know anybody down there?

DOC: I know Karl Snarl, the President.

MOL: Oh, wonderful! Hear that, dearie? He knows Karl Snarl!

FIB: That's great, Doc. Now look...if Karl Snarl is a friend of yours, I can -

DOC: He isn't.

FIB: Eh?

MOL: He isn't?

DOC: No. I merely said I knew him. I met him once at the home of one of my patients, who had just broken his hip.

FIB: Yeah? What was he doing there?

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DOC: He was repossessing a wheel-chair. That'll give you some idea of what you're up against. However, if you want, to give me as a character witness, please do so. And when I get through testifying, you won't be able to borrow forty cents on a fifty dollar bill. (LAUGHS)  
Ahh, the very thought makes me feel good! I think I'll go back to the hospital and order ~~some~~ <sup>barium dinners</sup> for everybody!  
See you later, children!

WALKS OFF WHISTLING:

FIB: You really think he'd put in a rap against me, Molly?

MOL: Certainly not. He was just kidding.

FIB: I don't -- he's got a pretty gruesome sense of humor!  
Well, here's the Finance Company, kiddo! Let's face it!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

MOL: Brrrr. Cold in here, isn't it?

FIB: It'll warm up in a minute - I'm afraid. Hey, where is everybody? Must be <sup>in</sup> another office, torturing a client!  
HEY, ANYBODY HERE?

SOUND: DOOR OPEN OFF:

KARL: I do wish you wouldn't yell like that, sir. What was it you wanted?

MOL: We want to see Mr. Karl Snarl. Although we'd much rather do business with somebody like you.

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FIB: Yeah, I understand this Snarl cookie is something special to carry around on Halloween. Just between you and me, Jackson, what goes with Snarl? Is he really the kind of a guy that would glue the leaves together on his starving mother's artichoke?

KARL: (CHUCKLES) Well, I'm afraid I'm a little prejudiced, my friend. You see, I am Karl Snarl.

(PAUSE)

FIB: You're Snarl Karl?

MOL: How do you do, I'm sure. We are Mr. McGee and his wife, which is me.

KARL: (GETS QUIET AND MENACING IN BUCCOLIC WAY) Oh. YOU'RE Fibber McGee...come into my office, Mr. McGee..I've..er.. been waiting for you!

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS INTO OFFICE. DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Nice..er..nice little office you got here, Mr. Snarl. But..er...what's the big whip for hangin' up over in the corner?

KARL: I don't think you're here to discuss my hobbies, Mr. McGee.

MOL: Oh no! No, Mr. ~~Karl~~ <sup>Snarl</sup>! No indeed! We came to discuss the September payment.

FIB: Yeah...you probably don't know the details of my account, Mr. Snarl, as busy a man as you are, but -

KARL: I know your case very well. 18 dollars and seventy five cents, a Month overdue.

MOL: He can explain the whole thing, Mr. Snarl.

FIB: Sure I can!

MOL: (SURPRISED) You CAN?

FIB: You see, Karl, old man, it was like this --

KARL: I don't believe it.

MOL: But he hasn't told you yet.

KARL: I wou'nt believe it when he does. NOW LOOK HERE, MY CHISELING FRIEND, YOU SEE THAT MOTTO, UP THERE ON THE WALL - JUST PAST THE WHIP?

FIB: You mean the one that says, "THE MAN WHO HOLDS HIS END UP WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT SITTING ON A TACK" - that one?

MOL: Yes, we see it.

KARL: WELL, YOU HAVEN'T HELD UP YOUR END OF THE CONTRACT, MCGEE! WE'RE REPOSSESSING YOUR CAR. TODAY!!!

MOL: But, Mr. Snarl --

KARL: YOU BE QUIET, SISTER!

FIB: DON'T TELL MY SISTER TO BE QUIET, YOU WORMY LITTLE SHYSTER! BESIDES, THAT'S MY WIFE. AND FURTHERMORE, I GOT A CHECK RIGHT HERE FOR \$18.75, SO--

KARL: Don't want it. Going to repossess. Rather have the car than the money? Got plenty of money. I'm tired of--

SOUND: DOOR OPEN:

MAN: (NERVOUS, BUT TOUGH) ALL RIGHT, THIS IS A STICKUP! GET YOUR HANDS UP, EVERYBODY!

MOL: (SQUEALS) Ohh! Get your hands up everybody!

KARL: I've got my hands up. Let's - let's not be hasty, now.

FIB: Go ahead and shoot him, bud. Justifiable homicide. There ain't a jury in the land that wouldn't -

MAN: PIPE DOWN YOU! AND GET OUTTA THAT CHAIR! GET OVER AGAINST THAT WALL, WHERE I CAN WATCH YOU!

FIB: (PAUSE) NO!

MAN: WHAT??

MOL: McGee darling - do what the man says. Get over against the wall, where he can watch you.

FIB: No sir!

KARL: McGee, be reasonable...you'll get us all murdered.... The - the money's in the safe, mister, behind McGee's chair.. ~~As soon as he gets~~ --

MAN: ALL RIGHT, GET OUTTA THAT CHAIR, MAC!

FIB: Me?

MAN: YES, YOU! I AIN'T GOT TIME TO ARGUE! THE COPS'LL BE HERE! GET UP!

FIB: NO!

MOL: Sweetheart, for goodness sake...

KARL: McGee, he's got a gun - he'll -

MAN: FOR THE LAST TIME MAC, ARE YOU GONNA GET OUTTA THAT CHAIR? IF I WASN'T AFRAID OF WAKIN' EVERY COP IN TOWN, I'D SHOOT YOU SO FAST YOU'D -- COME ON, GET UP!

FIB: I'm not budging!

MOL: (RESIGNED) Well, you heard what Mr. McGee said, burglar - he can be awfully stubborn when he makes up his mind to -

MAN: I OUGHTA BLOW HIS....AWW, OF ALL THE.....LEMME OUTTA HERE!

DOOR SLAM

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KARL: You may put your hands down now, Mrs. McGee. And I might add that your brave husband has saved this firm thousands of dollars!

MOL: McGee, you were wonderful! That man scared me to death!

FIB: Awww.....

MAN: KARL! You have great courage, Mr. McGee!

FIB: Aw, I just -

MAN: KARL! I'd like to shake the hand of a hero! Stand up, Mr. McGee!

FIB: I CAN'T STAND UP, DADRAT IT! ~~GET ME A SAFETY-BEN!~~ MY SUSPENDERS ARE BUSTED!

MOL: Oh dear.....

ORCH: "WHY SHOULD I CRY OVER YOU" .... FADE FOR:  
(APPLAUSE)

McGee - 10/21/47

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Fibber and Molly return in just a moment. Remember to try Johnson's Cream Wax, won't you? You'll love this newest Johnson's Wax Polish, Johnson's Cream Wax... in fact, I think you'll say it's the most wonderful furniture polish you've ever used. This creamy white liquid has many advantages over ordinary polishes. Cream Wax doesn't contain one drop of oil. This means your furniture won't turn dull and smeary...dust and dirt won't cling to it. You see, Johnson's Cream Wax polishes with wax instead of oil...leaves a rich, smooth protective luster that's really dry. Just a light dusting keeps your furniture sparkling clean. In addition to genuine wax, Johnson's Cream Wax contains special cleaning ingredients. It's astonishing how quickly it removes dirt and fingerprints - even greasy stains. You'll want to use it not only to clean and wax polish your furniture, but all your light-colored woodwork and white kitchen equipment. Johnson's Cream Wax - it's really superior! To bring out the beauty of the home!

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

ORCH: BUMPER

WEST COAST DRAX CUT-IN ANNOUNCEMENT

TO BE READ IN 60 SECONDS:

ANNCR: Have you ever wished you could restore that lovely, soft new look and feel to your washables? Well, you can! All you need is Johnson's DRAX, the wonderful new miracle wax rinse that is making a hit with women all over town. DRAX is not a soap, not a starch. It's a completely new and different product that you simply add to your final rinse water or starch solution. That's all ... just add Johnson's DRAX, then iron as usual. Easy enough ... but what a pleasant surprise you get! Washables iron smoothly, easily. Blouses, dresses, curtains -- all your washables have a soft, lustrous like-new look. When you wear them, you discover they stay clean longer ... don't wrinkle so much. Next washday you find that your DRAX-treated clothes are actually easier to wash. You see, DRAX puts tiny, invisible wax particles round each thread of the fabric. Look for the DRAX tag on garments you buy, too. And ask for DRAX service at your laundry and dry cleaner. That's DRAX -- D-R-A-X -- by the makers of Johnson's Wax. You'll find it at your neighborhood store.

TAG

FIB: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN - THE COMBINED COMMUNITY CHESTS OF AMERICA NEED 168 MILLION DOLLARS FOR 1948. THAT SEEMS LIKE A LOT OF MONEY, UNTIL YOU DIVIDE IT BY A HUNDRED AND FORTY MILLION PEOPLE. IF EVERYBODY GAVE JUST A DOLLAR, THEY'D COME VERY CLOSE TO THEIR GOAL.

MOL: We know that some people can't give a dollar. But other people can give hundreds. It simply boils down to "give to the limit of your ability"!

FIB: Your money will go to Red Feather services which benefit YOUR home town. They have cut down the administration costs of charities and services by combining a lot of welfare appeals into one group.

MOL: *So* please give generously this year. Tickle your conscience with a Red Feather! ~~Thank you, and good night.~~

FIB: *Goodnight!*

MOL: Good night, all!

ORCH: PLAYOFF 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 NBC - THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

(CHIMES)