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(REVISED)

file
#4

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR
JOHNSON'S WAX

Tuesday, October 28, 1947

6:30 - 7:00 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 Hill 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:

ORCH: THEME:

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FIBBER MCGEE and MOLLY
October 28, 1947

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OPENING COMMERCIAL:

WILCOX: I have some bright news for you tonight. It's about Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat. Of course, you're familiar with Glo-Coat ... who isn't?...it's far and away the most popular of all floor polishes. But did you know this? Today Glo-Coat is brighter than ever. In fact, it now gives your kitchen linoleum and other floors nearly twice as much shine as ever before. Believe me, this bright, beautiful gloss is really something to see. Of course, Johnson's Glo-Coat still shines as it dries ... there's no rubbing or buffing. To get this wonderful new shine, you simply apply and let dry .. that's all there is to it. Your floors still get the same wonderful Glo-Coat protection... Spilled things wipe up in no time from the smooth, waxed surface. In fact, keeping a Glo-Coated floor sparkling clean is no bother at all. Try it, won't you? Brighter-than-ever Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat. There's nothing else like it 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:

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WILCOX: NOW THAT INDIAN SUMMER IS HERE, BIG MEDICINE IS BEING MADE IN TEPEE NUMBER 79 ON THE WISTFUL VISTA RESERVATION. MEET BIG CHIEF EAGER-BEAVER AND HIS SQUAW, PRINCESS GO-ALONG-WITH-GAG -BETTER KNOWN TO THE PALEFACE WORLD AS --

---- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!!!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: (CLICK CLICK CLICK) Hello!..hello!...hello!!

MOL: McGee, you've been on that telephone all morning! What on earth are you doing?

FIB: Just closing a deal, kiddo. This is the time of year I always get the - OPERATOR? HOW ABOUT MY CALL TO THE TIMOTHY HAYES FARM OUT ON ROUTE NUMBER TWO - OH IS THAT YOU MYRT?

MOL: Oh dear....

FIB: HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING, MYRT? TIS EH? WHAT SAY, MYRT? YOUR LITTLE BROTHER? OH THE POOR 'LITTLE GUY'.. WELL, KEEP HIM AWAY FROM HALOWEEN PARTIES THIS YEAR, MYRT.

MOL: Why? What happened to her little brother last year?

FIB: He got a prize for wearing the funniest false face and he wasn't even wearing one! WHAT SAY, MYRT? WELL GIMME A RING WHEN IT'S CLEAR. THANKS, MYRT! (RECEIVER UP)

MOL: Look, dearie.

FIB: Eh?

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MOL: Maybe I should be the kind of wife who stays out of her husband's business affairs and simply takes the limousines and diamond necklaces as they come, but I guess I'm just too snoopy. What's the big deal?

FIB: Oh it ain't too big. But every year about this time I get a terrific yen to--

SOUND: DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh, it's the Weather Man from next door, McGee! Hello, Mr. Williams.

FIB: Hiyah, Foggy, Old Man!

FOG: Good afternoon...in a way.

FIB: Have a cigar, Foggy?

FOG: Er..No, thank you. I have a cigar.

FIB: You got two? Thanks! I'll smoke it after dinner.

MOL: Won't you sit down, Mr. Williams?

FOG: Thank you, no. I just dropped in to...er, that is I didn't exactly DROP in - my visit is deliberate, or should I say premeditated?

FIB: Yeah...say that.

FOG: Very well. Premeditated. What I mean to say is, that while I don't wish to presume on the fact that I am now your next door neighbor, or you are MY next door neighbor -

MOL: Or both.

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FOG: Or both, yes. I do not wish to..no one could ever.. I mean... as I was...(PAUSE) Where was I?

FIB: You don't wanna presume on the fact that we're next door neighbors. Take it from there. And don't be too cautious. As a neighbor, I presume PLENTY!

FOG: Well, my wife is out of town and I am doing my own cooking, such as it is...and it isn't too bad, although I have had better - and a lot worse, for that matter, if you must know, and I don't know why you should. Do you?

MOL: Do we what?

FOG: Do you have an egg I could borrow? I need an egg.

FIB: Foggy...shake hands!

FOG: Certainly. But why?

MOL: I think he's congratulating you on making the first positive statement we have ever heard from you, Mr. Williams. Certainly you may have an egg. McGee, dearie... look on the bottom shelf of the refrig---

FOG: Excuse me. Never mind the egg. Come to think of it, I am going to make some rice pudding. Or maybe a custard pudding. Or maybe a BREAD custard pudding. I wish I liked it. Perhaps I had better make some raisin cook...or an upside down ca...or just buy some ice cream! THAT'S IT! ICE CREAM! I'LL GET IT AT KREMER'S DRUG STORE, I HAVE TO GO DOWNTOWN TO DINNER ANYWAY, so....

YOU'RE A BACHELOR. OKAY TIME. SEE YOU IN ABOUT 10 MINS.

(CLICK) Well, it looks like a real success!

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FIB: Wait a minute!...If you got a date downtown for dinner,
what are you cooking for?

(PAUSE)

FOG: Isn't that strange? I never thought of that. (CHUCKLES)
Well, *Well, I must go home + feed my friend dog -*
thank you anyway. Good afternoon. *Probably!*

SOUND: DOOR SLAM:

MOL: The poor man will starve to death before he makes up his
mind what to have for dinner.

FIB: Old Foggy is gonna be a good neighbor though.

MOL: What makes you think so?

FIB: I peeked into his garage yesterday and has he got the
stuff! A forty-buck lawn *150 feet of road -* mower, *Power tools.*

Everything!

AND DON'T FORGET.....HE WAS THE FIRST ONE TO WANNA
BORROW SOMETHING. HE MADE THE FIRST MOVE! SO DON'T
BLAME ME IF I --

TELEPHONE:

FIB: Excuse me. (RECEIVER UP) HELLO. WHO? YEAH..THIS IS MR.
MCGEE. MR. HAYES? HIYAH, TIM, OLD MAN. LOOK, ABOUT
THOSE APPLES...

MOL: Apples!

FIB: - YOU GOT A GOOD CROP THIS YEAR???? BEST SINCE 1939,
EH? GREAT, TIM, GREAT! GOT 'EM ALL PICKED? YOU HAVE?
WELL DON'T DISPOSE OF 'EM TILL YOU TALK TO ME. YEAH..
BE RIGHT OUT, TIM. BY THE WAY...HOW'S THE FAMILY? OH...
YOU'RE A BACHELOR. OKAY TIM. SEE YOU IN ABOUT AN HOUR.
(CLICK) Well, it looks like a deal, snooky!

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MOL: Mmm Hm. Am I old enough to be told now? I know about
the birds and the bees. I think I could understand about
the pears and the apples.

FIG: OH DIDN'T ^I TELL YOU?

MOL: Didn't he tell me, he says!!! Been dashing around here
all day making notes and phone calls like General Motors
re-tooling for waffle irons and now he says didn't he
tell me! No, lover. You've been as close-mouthed as a
discontented Russian.

FIB: I'm sorry, baby. WELL, A GUY GIMME A TIP ON THIS YEAR'S
APPLE CROP, SEE?

MOL: No.

FIB: SO, I SAYS TO MYSELF, AHA, I SAYS -- SO THE APPLE CROP
WAS GOOD THIS YEAR!!! IN THAT CASE, I SAYS TO MYSELF --

SOUND: DOOR CHIME:

MOL: Come in!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN:

OLD T: Hello, there kids. Great day, ain't it?

FIB: Sure is, Old Timer. In fact I and my wife are takin'
a little drive out into the country.

MOL: Would you care to ride along with us.

OLD T: No thanks, daughter. Don't care fer farm life myself.
Tried it once. Give it up. Not enough fresh air.

FIB: NOT ENOUGH FRESH AIR...ON A FARM?

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OLD T: Not fer me. I kept fallin' into the silo. Had a lot of other touble too, Johnny.

MOL: Such as what, Mr. Old Timer?

OLD T: Horse trouble. Had eight horses that I paid two dollars for and -

FIB: YOU PAID TWO DOLLARS FOR EIGHT HORSES?

OLD T: Yep. Standard price.

MOL: What kind of horses can you get four for a dollar?

OLD T: Quarter horses. WELL SIR, one day I throws my side-saddle on a horse en starts out to...

FIB: Wait a minute..you rode SIDE SADDLE?

OLD T: Had to, Johnny. ~~Had a ball under my pistol pocket.~~
~~Double~~, somebody had stole one o' my steerups. WELL SIR, NO SOONER DID I GIT INTO THE SADDLE THAN THE HORSE RARES UP. "GIT DOWN, YE OLE GOAT!" I says, AND THE HORSE SAYS "WHAT IF I DON'T?"

MOL: The HORSE said that?

OLD T: Yep. Jest then it come apert in the middle and two young fellers gits out. Seems it was a vaudeville team hidin' out from the sherriff. Funny thing too...The vet had looked at that horses teeth just the day before and ast me who made the lower plate, but I never give it another thought.

FIB: A very interesting experience, Old Timer. Very. Reminds me of the time I went Buffalo hunting.

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MOL: Tell us, McGee, as if anybody could stop you.

OLD T: Love to hear about it, Johnny. Was you afoot or hossback?

FIB: In a Buick. Left Cleveland at eight-thirty one night and hunted for Buffalo till daylight. Had an old map and kept getting off the road.

OLD T: HEH HEH HEH...THAT'S PRETTY GOOD, JOHNNY, BUT THAT AIN'T THE WAY I HEERED IT!! THE WAY I HEERED IT, ONE FELLER SAYS TO TOTHER FELLER..."SAYYYYYYYYYY, he says, "I SEE YOU GOT ONE O'THEM REAR-ENGINE AUTOMOBILES. "YEP", says tother feller, "BUT I DIDN'T FIND IT OUT TILL YESTERDAY. I BEEN BACKIN' UP FER TWELVE THOUSAND MILES!" Heh, heh...well, so long, kids.

SOUND: ~~DOOR SLAM~~

MUSIC: ORCH. SELECTION "A FEUDIN', A FIGHTIN' & A FUSSIN!"
(APPLAUSE)

SECOND SPOT:

(2ND REVISION) -11-

SOUND: CAR MOTOR; ESTABLISH AND FADE UNDER

MOL: My, isn't it beautiful out here in the country, McGee ?
I wonder why they don't build cities closer to all this!

FIB: That would take all the fun out of driving into town on
Saturday night. I always....WOOPS!!

SOUND: CAR MOTOR SLOWS

MOL: What's the matter...why are you slowing down ?

FIB: Burma Shave sign coming....I never miss 'em. There's the
first one.....

MOL: (READS) "THEY SAY THAT THE ANCIENT ROMAN....

FIB: "HAD HIS WHISKERS YANKED OUT BY A SLAVE.....

MOL: "BUT NO ONE HAS EVER TOLD US.....

FIB: "HOW THE PEOPLE IN BURMA...SHAVE!"

MOL: My, isn't that cute!! I wonder who writes all those poems ?

FIB: I know who wrote that one, and don't be surprised next
week he's workin' for Red Skelton! HEY....GET A WHIFF O'
THAT FRESH COUNTRY AIR, BABY....DON'T THAT MAKE YOU FEEL
WONDERFUL ?

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MOL: *Yes, billboard* I just love this season of the year...when all the
~~posters~~ start turning red and gold!

FIB: Yeah...me, too. I always know winter ain't far away when
Ringling Brothers three-sheets start curling at the edges
And them ads for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery on
the barns are --

MOL: AND SPEAKING OF GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERIES...LOOK WHO'S
WALKING ALONG THE ROAD, MCGEE!

FIB: EH? Well, I'll be a

SOUND: CAR SLOW TO STOP WITH BRAKE SCREECH

FIB: I gotta get them brakes fixed...HEY DOC!!! WHERE YOU
GOING?

DOC: (FADE IN) Well, hello there, Pigeon face! Hello, Molly!

MOL: Car break down, Doctor?

DOC: No. I'M taking a day off, my dear. Thought I'd take a
stroll thru the countryside and see what's keeping the
farmers so healthy. There hasn't been a pair of
calloused hands in my office since my nurse got stuck in
the elevator and had to shinny up the cable.

FIB: Well climb in, Vitamin Boy! Always glad to take a slum
kid like you out into the country and show him that all
the trees don't grow in Brooklyn.

MOL: Yes, do come along, Doctor. You'll get just as much
fresh air and exercise riding in this car as you would
walking.

DOC: Thanks. I believe I will.

SOUND: CAR DOOR OPEN AND SLAM..CAR MOTOR UP AND FADE UNDER

FIB: You're lucky we come along, Fatso.

DOC: That's one man's opinio, Leadfoot. Personally I'd rather ride with a bubble-gumming high school boy in a souped-up hot rod but I'm too tired to be choosy. Where are you bound, besides muscle?

MOL: Himself here has a deal on with a farmer named Hayes, Doctor.

FIB: Best apple crop in these parts since 1939, Docky. Goin' out and look it over.

DOC: Since when have you begun speculating in farm produce, McGee? I never thought you knew the difference between hen-fruit and eggplant.

MOL: Oh, he spent a lot of time on a farm when he was a lad, Doctor. Didn't you, dearie? Tell him the idea you had to plant soybeans in circles and raise steering wheels for the Ford Company.

DOC: Yes do. Sometime.

FIB: Don't worry your fat little head about my agricultural experience, Tummy Thumper. I invented an electric fence that all you had to do was press a button and it would shock all the corn. I had animated scarecrows that would throw rocks at chicken hawks. I designed a clipping machine, too. Just drive the sheep in one end and they'd come out the other end wearing turtle-neck sweaters and carrying from two to five wool blankets, depending on the side of the sheep. And in 1931, I invented a....

MOL: HOLD IT, MCGEE...STOP THE CAR!

SOUND: CAR MOTOR UP AND CUT WITH BRAKE SCREECH

FIB: What's the matter?

MOL: Nothing. We just passed Mr. Wilcox.

DOC: Seems to be a great day for familiar pedestrians. One of these days you'll be out driving and you won't see anybody you know, and the people you do talk to won't know any jokes. And there'll be a half hour open on Tuesday night.

FIB: When that day comes, Pillbox, I'll...OH HIYAH, JUNIOR...

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox. I thought that was you we passed.

DOC: Hello, Harlow.

WIL: (FADE IN) Hello, Pal...and Molly. Hello, Doc. Where's everybody going?

MOL: We're going out on Route 204 to the Hays's Farm, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Got a little business to transact, Junior. Old Doc here was hikin' along the pike like a homeless bum, so we picked him up too. Want a lift?

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WIL: No thanks. I enjoy walking.
DOC: You do? Well, imagine that! For twenty years I have been advising people to walk more. So I tried it myself today, and so help me, if I ever prescribe it again may somebody beat my brains out with a rubber heel! YOU REALLY LIKE WALKING, HARLOW?

WIL: Love it, Doc! Although I have a pretty tough time trying not to step on any leaves.

MOL: NOT TO STEP ON ANY LEAVES! WHY AT THIS TIME OF YEAR, MR. WILCOX, THAT'S ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE.

WIL: I know....but I try. I guess you don't know what leaves mean to me.

FIB: I thought I'd heard everything from this guy, but this is a new approach. TELL US, JUNIOR...WHAT DO LEAVES MEAN TO YOU?

MOL: Tell us, Mr. Wilcox. I really want to know.

WIL: Thanks, Molly. I'M glad your husband brought out the beauty of the home today. WELL, MAYBE YOU DON'T KNOW THAT JOHNSON'S WAX IS MADE FROM THE LEAVES OF THE CARNAUBA TREE WHICH IS FOUND MOSTLY IN BRAZIL. IF IT WEREN'T FOR THOSE LEAVES, THINK OF THE HOUSEHOLDS UNPROTECTED AGAINST DUST AND DIRT AND DAMPNESS WITH JOHNSON'S WAX.

FIB: ~~I can't think of it. It's too, too horrible, Junior.~~

~~You think I ever WANTED to be a mail carrier in Florida?~~

Yeah, but what that got to do with --

WIL: I was merely going to say that the carnauba leaf has made me a good living, and I won't mention any other names. Then you think that Johnson's wax does so much to lighten the burden of housekeeping, and emphasizes beauty and hospitality and when you recall the hundreds of uses for Johnson's Wax in the home, such as on floors furnitures, woodwork, enameled surfaces, luggage and so on, you can understand why I don't trample leaves underfoot.

MOL: Personally, I think it's a very proper attitude.

FIB: Look...er..WAXEY.

WIL: Yes, Pal?

FIB: Is this a new feeling you got about leaves..or you always been a little nature-happy?

WIL: Oh October and November have been my favorite months ever since I was a kid. Always used to take long walks in the autumn. In fact, all thru high school, I was known as "Autumn Boy".

FIB: "Autumn Boy!" My gosh..ain't that nauseating?

DOC: Was that the exact term, Harlow? "Autumn Boy?"

WIL: No, the exact term was "FALL GUY", but I think Autumn Boy is prettier. WELL, I DON'T WANT TO DELAY YOU FOLKS... I'LL SEE YOU LATER..

AD LIB GOODBYES

SOUND: MOTOR UP AND FADE UNDER

(2ND REVISION) -17-

FIB: Boyoboy, what a day, Docky! You know somethin - it was just about this time of year that I had my first date with Molly.

MOL: Yes it was, Doctor - I remember he brought me a big bouquet of red and gold ~~and~~ ^{autumn} leaves.

DOC: To press in the album?

FIB: No, to build a fire in the stove.

DOC: Very novel approach. I suppose it was love at first sight?

FIB: Matter of fact, Doc, it wasn't so much love with us at first, as it was geometry.

DOC: Geometry?

FIB: Yeah ... I was a guy with a lot of angles, and she was a girl with a lot of curves. So the minute I seen her I was -

MOL: HOLD IT, DEARIE!...HERE'S THE FARM...! TURN IN HERE.....!

SOUND: CAR MOTOR UP...OUT WITH BRAKE SCREECH

FIB: I gotta get them brakes fixed. Well, come on, Molly. Come on, Doc. I gotta see this guy about those apples.

CAR DOORS OPEN AND CLOSE:

DOC: Well, this is really a beautiful farm, isn't it? Looks like one of those country places run by a city man to confuse the Internal Revenue Department. I'll bet in a good year this farm doesn't lose more than fifty or sixty thousand.

(2ND REVISION) -18-

FIB: I wonder where the owner is. Tim Hayes his name is.
(CALLS) HEY TIM ...YOU HERE?

WIMP: No, but I am, folks.

MOL: Well, heavenly days...WALLACE WIMPLE!

DOC: Hello, Wally.

FIB: HIYAH, WIMP, OLD MAN!

WIMP: Hello, folks. If you want to see Mr. Hayes, he'll be here in a minute. He's my uncle.

FIB: Oh, Tim's your uncle, eh?

MOL: On whose side, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: Oh my side, Mrs. McGee. When Sweetface and I have an argument I often come out here and hide. Sweetface, that's my big old wife, Doctor.

DOC: Yes, I know, Wally. I treated her once for lacerated ankles. It seems somebody had carelessly put a bear trap in her shower bath.

WIMP: (SNICKERS) Oh I wouldn't say carelessly, Doctor. I put quite a bit of thought into that.

MOL: This is a beautiful farm, Mr. Wimple.

WIMP: Yes, it really is, Mrs. McGee, I have a simply marvelous time out here with my Bird Book.

FIB: With your what, Wimp?

WIMP: My Bird Book. I just bought a new one..see? "OUR FEATHERED FRIENDS OF THE NORTH AMERICAN CONTINENT."
I spend hour after hour in the fields and meadows here, with my Bird Book.

DOC: See many interesting birds around here, Wallace?

WIMP: Oh I do indeeedy. Just this morning I saw a Deckled-Edged Scarlet-Crested Wogglefinch.

FIB: A Wofflewhich?

WIMP: Wogglefinch, Mr. McGee. It's the only North American bird that can fly backward, except the hummingbird.

MOL: IT FLIES BACKWARDS?

WIMP: Yes..and jet propelled, too! They fly around the front doors of drug stores after school hours and pick up soda straws. Then they take a deep breath and blow thru the straw. Some of them can blow themselves backwards at thirty-two miles an hour. You can recognize them usually by crumpled tail feathers. (SNICKERS) They're always backing into things! Do you want to go in the house and wait for Uncle Tim?

MOL: No, we'll wait right here, Mr. Wimple. My goodness, isn't the farm beautiful this time of year, McGee- the leaves all turning color - shocks of corn stacked over there - pumpkins all around...

FIB: Yeah - and those four scarecrows leanin' up against the fence -

WIMP: Ohh, those scarecrows have been leaning there for years, they were here when Uncle Tim bought the farm from the Kings.

FIB: Ohhh, the King's Scarecrows, eh? Well, it takes a lot of scarecrows to watch over all this corn.

KING'S SCARECROWS: "HARVEST MOON"

MOY: This certainly is a beautiful farm you have here, Mister Hayes!

FIB: It sure is, Tim. How many hands do you have?

HAYES: Just two, Mr. McGee. But I have six fingers on one of them. By the way, Doctor, I believe you are the Doctor Gamble who took care of my niece, Eulaliah Frizzenheep.

DOC: Oh yes. I remember the case very well, Mister Hayes. As I recall, your niece got her apron caught in the windmill and was whirled around for three hours!

HAYES: That's just what happened, Doctor. And I must say, you fixed her up real good.

DOC: No after effects?

HAYES: No sir...except on windy days she keeps turnin' cartwheels. If we catch her in time we always strap an ice cream freezer onto her. Well, you said on the phone you wanted to look over the apple crop, Mr. McGee.

FIB: You betcha, Tim. They all been graded and sorted?

HAYES: Oh yes...we sent all the culls to the cider press. If you come back in about a month we'll give you some real nice hard cider. That is, if anybody kin stand up long enough to hand it to you.

DOC: You have some very handsome cattle over there, Mister Hayes. What's that big black and white cow?

HAYES: That's a Holstein, Doctor.

MOL: And what's the little one right beside her?

HAYES: That's a half-stein. Now if you folks'll step this way, thru the barn, here, I'll take you to the store-room where we got the apples all barreled. (LOTS FOOTSTEPS)

FIB: Very modern barn, too, Tim. How do you keep it so clean?

HAYES: Well for one thing, we don't allow no animals in here. They just kick hay all over the place.

DOC: You have any trouble keeping help around here, Mr. Hayes?

HAYES: Well, we lost a foreman last week. He fell in the hay baler.

MOL: How terrible!!

HAYES: Oh, I don't know, Mrs. McGee, it gave one of the other boys a chance for promotion.

DOC: I think that's very fair, Mr. Hayes. There's nothing like a hay baler to give a man a square shake.

FIB: Come on, Tim. About that little deal of ours. Let's get on with it?

HAYES: All right, Mr. McGee. I'll run in the house later and set the cook's leg.

DOC: SET THE COOK'S LEG! WELL...WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME! I'M THE DOCTOR.

HAYES: Wasn't no call to, Doctor. This was the cook's leg of lamb...she ask me to set it on the stove for her. Well, let's go into the store room, folks.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

MOL: And what's the little one right beside her?

HAYES: That's a half-stein. Now if you folks'll step this way, thru the barn, here, I'll take you to the store-room where we got the apples all barreled. (LOTS FOOTSTEPS)

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SOUND: DOOR OPEN

(2ND REVISION) -22, 23, & 24-

MOL: Heavenly days...doesn't that smell good? AND DID YOU
EVER SEE SUCH BEAUTIFUL APPLES? MILLIONS OF 'EM!

FIB: Nice lookin' crop, Tim. What's the latest market
quotation on apples?

HAYES: Well, now I couldn't rightly say as to that, Mr. McGee...
~~I could call the accounting department in Building 55,~~
~~but I busted a tube in my walkie talkie this morning.~~
How big an order was you considering?

FIB: I'm glad you asked me that Tim. Circumstances have
kinda altered my ~~plans~~ ^{circumstances} since I talked to you on the
phone. You see, we got a guest with us, now, kinda
unexpected...so I'm gonna need three apples instead
of two. You want an apple don't you, Doc?

Doc: (PAUSE)
MOL: OH, THIS IS RIDICULOUS!

ORCH: "NEAR YOU" FADE FOR

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
10-28-47

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Fibber and Molly return in just a moment---
If you're anything like me, you like to have your cake
and eat it, too. For instance, you want your kitchen
linoleum to have a really bright shine, but you don't
want to do any unnecessary work. Well, what you're
looking for is Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat.
It's so easy to have really bright floors with Glo-Coat.
There's no rubbing or buffing...just apply and let dry,
that's all. As for that Glo-Coat shine, believe me, it
really is bright. Why, the Johnson's Glo-Coat now on
your dealer's shelf gives nearly twice as much shine as
before. Glo-Coat dries so smooth and even, too... the
gleaming coat of wax never looks streaked. And Glo-
Coat's tough wax protection makes your housework so
much easier. Dirt and spilled things wipe up from
the shining surface quick as a flash...leaving your
floors spotlessly clean again. Ask your dealer for
brighter-than-ever Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat
tomorrow. There's nothing else like it 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
10-28-47

-25A-

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

ANNCR: Already we are beginning to get enthusiastic letters about DRAX ... the wonderful new product that gives all your washables a beautiful, soft-as-satin finish. Have you tried Johnson's DRAX yet? It's not a soap, not a starch, but a completely new washday time-saver. Simply add a little DRAX to your final rinse water or starch solution and your clothes and other washables are given invisible wax protection. Actually, tiny particles of wax ... so small that you can neither see nor feel them ... surround each thread of the fabric. Johnson's DRAX not only gives fabrics a soft, lovely finish -- but also makes them resistant to dirt and soil. Clothes stay clean longer. They are easier to wash because dirt does not readily penetrate the DRAX-treated surface. Even ironing is easier -- 20% by actual test! You'll want to DRAX all your washables ... clothes, curtains, tablecloths, slipcovers. 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. You'll find it at your neighborhood store.

(2ND REVISION)-26-

FIB: Ladies and gentlemen - we want to join everybody in the entertainment world in congratulating Fannie Brice on her birthday tomorrow, and her 43rd year in show business.

MOL: And we hope she goes on for another 43 years -

FIB: She can't. There ain't that many new jokes.

MOL: Dearie....did you ever go to a formal party...with people lined up behind that big glass bowl ?

FIB: Yeah....

MOL: Did you ever notice that the bowl held the same old stuff but the punch line kept changing.

FIB: Yeah...yeah----I see what you mean. Goodnight!

MOL: Goodnight, 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)