

#6

(REVISED)

file

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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! "FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

ORCH: ~~THEME UP AND FADE FOR:~~ FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

November 11, 1947

6:30-7:00 PM PST

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
NOVEMBER 11, 1947

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ORCH: ~~THEME UP AND FADE FOR:~~

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

ORCH: ~~BRING UP~~

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
NOVEMBER 11, 1947

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(2ND REVISION)

WILCOX: How would you like to make your kitchen brighter and more cheerful, and at the same time make your housework very much easier? Well, both these things are easy enough to do. All you need ... a shining film of Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat on your Kitchen floor. Glo-Coat makes your kitchen a more cheerful place to work because the shine it gives is so wonderfully bright. In fact, the new Glo-Coat shine is nearly twice as bright as before. As for making your housework easier, Johnson's Glo-Coat is in a class by itself. There's no rubbing or buffing, so you save time right there. And the tough wax protection saves you hours of work in many other ways. Suppose you do spill something, or suppose the kids do track in dirt. Never mind, just wipe with a damp cloth and your kitchen and other floors are clean and nice as before. Yes, you'll like brighter-than-ever Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat. Try it see how wonderful it is to bring out the beauty of the home. Four weeks later I rode on the subway for

KINGS MEN: Look on the bright side - Supply and demand.

MOL: Shine up the right side -

FIB: Bring out the beauty of the home. These storm lanterns!

ORCH: BRIDGE Wonderful for storms. Only four dollars!

dk

(2ND REVISION)

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WILCOX: EVER SEE THOSE ADS, OFFERING TO SELL YOU FLINTLOCK MUSKETS FROM THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR? OR CAVALRY SABERS FROM THE CIVIL WAR? OR GATLING GUNS FROM THE SPANISH AMERICAN WAR? OR MACHINE-GUN TRIPODS, FROM WORLD WAR ONE? WELL, IF YOU THINK THEY HAD STUFF LEFT OVER FROM THOSE WARS, YOU SHOULD SEE THE STUFF THEY'VE GOT NOW! STEP INTO THE ARMY AND NAVY SURPLUS STORE AT 14TH AND OAK STREETS, WISTFUL VISTA, WITH ----

--FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!!

APPLAUSE

MOL: Heavenly days, McGee, just LOOK at all the things. And everything is so cheap!

FIB: That's right, Tootsie. Military supplies are the only goods in the world that ^{are} expensive wholesale and cheap retail. It all depends on the demand. I mind one time I was crossing a field and a bull took after me. I'd of given three hundred dollars for a subway entrance right then. Four weeks later I rode on the subway for a nickel. See what I mean? Supply and demand.

MOL: Well, I still don't understand ---

FIB: HEY...HERE'S A BARGAIN! Look at these storm lanterns! Wonderful for storms. Only four dollars!

MOL: What do they burn?

FIB: I'll find out. HEY, BUD .. YOU WITH THE TOOTHPICK OVER THERE!

MAN: Yes sir?

FIB: What kinda fuel do these storm lanterns take?

MAN: Those lanterns burn mazafrizzi, sir.

MOL: What on earth is mazafrizzi?

MAN: We don't know, madam. That's an Italian Army type lantern, now obsolete.

FIB: Won't they burn gasoline?

MAN: Yes sir. For a brief period. One of our former salesmen tried it.

MOL: What happened?

MAN: No one knows, madam. His widow is working here as cashier. Were you looking for anything in particular, sir?

FIB: Yeah, but I won't know what it is till I see it. I'M just kinda shopping around. You go back and lean against something. If I need you, I'll holler.

MAN: Yes sir. (FADE) I'll be around, someplace.

MOL: Here's a counter marked "SPECIAL, THIS WEEK ONLY", McGee. What are these iron things?

FIB: Caterpillar treads. That's what a tank runs on.

MOL: It is? Well no wonder Uncle Dennis used to make so much noise going upstairs when he... OH YOU MEAN ARMY TANKS.

FIB: Yeah. Hey, here's some paratrooper boots that I'll bet would -- I put that Christmas list. List list... AH.

MOL: Hold it, McGee... here comes Mr. Boomer.

FIB: You mean Horatio K. Boomer, the desk sergeant's delight? I wonder who he's doing here!

MOL: Be careful, dearie, he's -- OH HELLO THERE, MR. BOOMER.

BOOM: Ahh, there, my dear, if it isn't the Fair Juliet... and the Boy with the Balcony! Greetings. Greetings!

FIB: Hiyah, Boomer. Hey, all the buttons are tore off your ^{top} coat, did you know that? Indeed... AND WHAT'S THIS?

BOOM: Ah yes... rather embarrassing incident, it was, too. I am considering a bit of legal action against this emporium for that! Part of change. A black mask... (SOUND EFFECT)...

MOL: What happened, Mr. Boomer? Halloween night... playing

BOOM: It seems I inadvertantly buttoned my overcoat around a half-horsepower electric motor and started to walk away. Didn't notice the motor was bolted to the bench until I was brought up short by a rude jerk. That's him over there, with the crew haircut. Gross negligence plus insufferable rudeness! Gad, sir, I shall write a letter to the Gazette about this!

McGEE
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FIB: You just here to pick up a few items, Boomer or are you gonna buy something, too?

BOOM: My boy, I resent the implication - although I admire your perspicacity. Yes indeed..Matter of fact I am just getting an early start on my Christmas shoplift--er shopping..have a list here someplace. Now let me see.. where did I put that Christmas list. List list...AH, WHAT'S THIS? A letter from Deepfreeze Donegan. Got his moniker from spending so much time in the cooler. Here's a bobby pin, been trying for years to pin something on a bobby....small chunk of beeswax..in case I should ever want to wax a bee... bottle of nitroglycerine.

MOL: Good heavens...nitroglycerine!

BOOM: Cleaning fluid, I call it...clean out a small bank with this is no time at all..yes indeed....AND WHAT'S THIS? Ah yes...a receipt from the local hoosegow, for thirty days I served by mistake...entitles me to one petty larceny...free of charge. A black mask..(SNICKERS)... made eight hundred dollars Halloween night - playing trick or treat with filling stations...and a check for a short beer...WELL WELL...IMAGINE THAT, NO CHRISTMAS LIST!

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FIB: Maybe you lost it, someplace, Boomer.

BOOM: Clever deduction, Sherlock. Very clever. Well, if you'll excuse me. I must be getting along. Sending my brother a birthday cake and I must get these hacksaw blades to the baker. Farewell, Figface - Toodle-oo,

FIB: Toodles! Whaddya got for a guy that likes to hunt 'em?

MOL: Goodbye, Mr. Boomer! Look McGee, I have to run across the street to the Bon Ton before we go home. Why don't you come with me?

FIB: Nah, you go ahead, kiddo. Meet me at the car. I wanna look around here some more.

MOL: All right, but don't you go buying anything foolish.

FIB: Remember we don't really NEED three thousand feet of steel cable, or a demountable Quonset hut. Pretty as they are.

FIB: Don't worry about me, baby. I'll just confine myself to knickknacks. I don't buy anything that I can't carry in my pocket. See you at the car.

MOL: (FADE OUT) All right, sweetheart. I won't be more than fifteen or twenty...

MAN: Hey, Joe...the guy's wife has left. Shall we nail him?

MAN 2: Yeah. He looks like you could sell him those old torpedo tubes we got layin' around here. Or maybe the -

MAN: You sell the torpedo tubes yourself, boy. I'M gonna make myself a five buck bonus! Like the Boss said.

SECOND SPOT

(REVISED) -9-

MAN 2: BEHIND You mean --

MAN: Yeah..them 15-man life rafts! (FADE OUT AND IN) We haven't sold one since -- AHH THERE, MISTER! Made up your mind? Found anything you like? How about some nice hunting equipment? I told me what it is.

FIB: HUNTING? Whaddye got for a guy that likes to hunt, bud?

MAN: Mister, I'm glad you asked me that question! I'M quite a hunter myself.

FIB: Well, now we're gettin' someplace! What have you got

here for duck hunting, bud? You a duck hunter?

MAN: Wel-1-1-1 no, I go more after pigeons. But if you're a duck hunter, brother, I've got just the thing for you!

FIB: Nothin' big now! If it's too big to put in my pocket -

you're just wastin' your time, because I promised my wife

I'd stick to . . .

ORCH: "COME TO THE MARDI GRAS"

APPLAUSE: That's my question. WHAT IS IT?

FIB: WHAT IS IT!!! MY GOSH, WOMAN, YOU MEAN TO STAND THERE WITH YOUR BEAUTIFUL WHITE FOREHEAD WRINKLED UP LIKE A TAXICAB FENDER IN TIMES SQUARE, AND TELL ME YOU DON'T KNOW A 16-MAN LIFE RAFT WHEN YOU SEE ONE?

PAUSE

MOL: You'll pardon me if I sit down? I am a little overwhelmed by the pure ecstasy, the JOY of this occasion. A LIFE BOAT!!!

FIB: Glad you like it, kiddo. Main reason I bought it is so you could go duck hunting with me and Doc Gamble. Never been room in the boat for you before. Let's open 'er out and see what size it is.

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SECOND SPOT

FOOTSTEPS ON PORCH, BEHIND

FIB: Open the door, will you tootsie, while I lug this thing in the house?

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE..SCUFFLING MOVEMENTS

MOL: But darling, you haven't told me what it is.

FIB: (LAUGHS) Nope. Gonna be a surprise. (GRUNTS) Watch it. I'm gonna drop it.

HEAVY THUD

MOL: Heavenly days Mc Gee, WILL YOU TELL ME WHAT IT IS?

FIB: Sure, wait'll I take the paper off it. (PAPER RIPPING) THERE YOU ARE! AND ONLY 18 DOLLARS AND 65 CENTS!

PAUSE

MOL: I have one question.

FIB: What is it?

MOL: Yes.

FIB: Eh?

MOL: That's my question. WHAT IS IT?

FIB: WHAT IS IT!!! MY GOSH, WOMAN, YOU MEAN TO STAND THERE WITH YOUR BEAUTIFUL WHITE FOREHEAD WRINKLED UP LIKE A TAXICAB FENDER IN TIMES SQUARE, AND TELL ME YOU DON'T KNOW A 16-MAN LIFE RAFT WHEN YOU SEE ONE?

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(2ND REVISION) 11 & 12.

MOL: IN HERE? WHY IT WON'T EVEN FIT IN OUR LIVING ROOM .

FIB: Sure it will...I think...now lemme see. Move that little table against the wall, bcbv.

SOUND: FURNITURE MOVING

MOL: Shall I take the floor lamps out and bury them in the back yard?

FIB: NAH...we got plenty of room now..

MOL: How do you inflate it? With the pump you have in the car it will take until August of 1967/

FIB: Hah hah that's the beauty part of it, snooky. IT INFLATES ITSELF. SEE THIS LITTLE CYLINDER ATTACHED TO THE SIDE HERE? THAT'S FULL OF CARBONOCXUS..er.. OXODIAFRAM...er CARBON-INSIFRI...IT'S FULL OF GAS. All you gotta do is turn this gadget here...let's see now the guy told me to....

SOUND: SLIGHT POP...LOUD HISS...FLOP AND SLAP OF BOAT UNFOLDING...UNDER.

MOL: RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!!! IT'S FILLING THE ROOM!!!

SOUND: MORE FLOPS...CRASH OF LAMP...THUD OF FURNITURE...

PAUSE

MOL: MCGEE ..MCGEE..WHERE ARE YOU?

FIB: Under the piano..where are you?

MOL: Sitting in the beat...But I'll never knew how I got here.

SOUND: MCGEE STRUGGLING ACROSS ROOM

FIB: Sure don't leave much room to move around in here, does it? BOY AIN'T THAT A BEAUTY?

MOL: It's very handsome, I'm sure dearie. We ought to ask "House and Garden" to take a picture of the room.

FIB: Yeah, that might be a very.

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MOL: Can't you just read the caption?: "The interesting living room of the Fibber McGee's is predominantly nautical. The center of attraction is a 16 man life-raft, finished in chartreuse rubber and filthy canvas. It strikes a new note in interior decoration, combining the charm of Old Cape Cod and the more modern atmosphere of the Brooklyn Navy Yard."

FIB: Well, I HAD planned to use it for duck hunting, but if you really think it looks good in here, -

MOL: NO NO NO...HEAVENLY DAYS...GET IT OUT!!!

FIB: Eh?

MOL: I'm expecting some ladies in for tea at four-thirty, and if this

DOOR CHIME

MOL: Oh my goodness..I hope this isn't them! COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

FIB: Oh hiyah, Doc.

MOL: Hello, Doctor Gamble.

(PAUSE)

FIB: Well, say something, you big droop. Don't just stand there, with your eyeballs stickin' out like the last two shots on a pinball machine.

MOL: Give the man a chance, McGee. Maybe he isn't used to calling on people who keep life rafts in their living room.

MOL: The Armory, Doctor? This is Armistice Day, isn't it?

DOC: A life raft, eh? That's quite a relief. I was afraid for a minute that Little Boy Blow's bubble-gum had gotten out of control.

MOL: Won't you come in, Doctor?

DOC: How?

FIB: CLIMB OVER IT, YOU LAZY LINIMENT DRIPPER! Move over Molly..let Doc in over the starboard gunnel.

DOC: No, thanks. I'll just stand here in the doorway, with ~~one~~ one hand on the knob. One question, Jughead - how did you get that thing in here? You didn't slip that slabsided sloop through the window?

FIB: No, it's self-inflating, Doc. I didn't really intend to blow it up in here, but I guess I musta jiggled the valve and the first thing we knew it was flopping around the room like a dying walrus.

MOL: And me with company coming at four thirty! Come on, McGee. Maybe the Doctor will help you get it out of here.

DOC: That's easy. Just deflate it, and drag it out.

FIB: That...er...that brings up a rather interesting point, folks. I..er..I don't know HOW to deflate it.

DOC: Well, I'd like to stay and watch you get out of this one Fumble-Thumb, but I've got to be at the Armory in 15 minutes.

MOL: The Armory, Doctor? This is Armistice Day, isn't it?

DOC: Yes, I'm National Guard surgeon. It's too bad you're a little too antique for the National Guard, McGee. A little soldierly exercise and a little less bread might work some of that shortnin' off mammy's little baby.

FIB: Look who's talking! You carry enough lard yourself to french fry Fink's Mules.

MOL: I didn't know you were in the National Guard, Doctor. Are they recruiting now?

DOC: Yes, a man-a-minute is our goal for a couple of months. So if you know any young men who want to learn some new skills and make some extra income while working at their regular jobs, send 'em to the National Guard. Regular Army pay and Regular Army instruction.

FIB: What ages, Doc?

DOC: What do you care, Rear Admiral? But as a matter of general information, it's ages from 17 to 35.

MOL: I'll pass the word to my guests this afternoon, Doctor.

DOC: Thank you, my dear. And say, if you're not doing anything later, McGee, you might drop down to the Armory. I'd like the new recruits to get a look at your physique.

FIB: (PLEASED) Well, okay, Doc - sort of an example for the boys, eh?

DOC: Yes - I want to show them what they'll look like if they don't keep up their training! Well, bon voyage, children.

DOOR SLAM

(2ND REVISION) -16-

MOL: Come on, McGee...we've got to get this thing out of here so I can put the room back together again.

FIB: Yeah...Maybe I can drag it in the dining room and work on it there. (GRUNTS) Migosh, this thing weighs a ton, I can't budge it.

MOL: Try standing on the outside of it. You're standing on the boat.

FIB: Oh...even so, I don't think--

DOOR OPEN:

WIL: Hello, folks. My name is Wilcox and I-- (PAUSE) Hey, that's quite a boat you got there, Pal.

FIB: Yeah, you know anything about life rafts, Junior?

WIL: Just enough to stay away from them. What makes that other end so much higher?

FIB: The piano is under that. By the way, Omaha...

WIL: Yeah?

FIB: Look. I been wantin' to ask you something...About that radio show you do on Saturdays. You know, where you get four million dollars and a box of Duz if you let 'em squirt you in the face with a firehose and run over you with a streetcar.

MOL: Oh, you mean "RALPH EDWARDS OR CONSEQUENCES"!

FIB: Yeah, yeah...that's it!

WIL: What about it, Pal?

FIB: Tell me something..(LOWERS VOICE) WHO IS MISS HUSH?

MOL: MCGEE, YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO ASK HIM THAT!

WIL: Besides, I don't know, Pal. Honestly. Only two people know for sure, and I'm not one of them.

(2ND REVISION) -17 -18-

FIB: Come on, Juncy..don't be cagey with me. ONE GUESS AND YOU TELL ME IF I'M RIGHT OR WRONG. IS IT...JOHN'S OTHER WIFE? SHE'S GOT ~~THE~~ ^{a second} FOR SANTA CLAUS.

MOL: Don't be silly, McGee. In the first place, Mr. Wilcox doesn't know, and besides, it's MISS Hush.

WIL: They wouldn't dare tell ~~me~~ who it is before the contest is over, pal..you know how gabby I am.

FIB: Well, I just thought I'd try, Omaha. Hey, YOU SURE YOU DON'T KNOW HOW TO COLLAPSE ONE OF THESE LIFE RAFTS?

WIL: I don't know a darn thing about 'em, really. Except for my suggestion to the war department, years ago.

MOL: What did you suggest to the War Department, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: I suggested that they put a small container of Johnson's Wax in every life raft, along with the water and food and emergency stuff.

FIB: WHAT FOR?

WIL: Well, my idea was that all over the world these rafts would carry Johnson's Wax ..to the farthest corners of the globe. Because why? Because Johnson's Wax is the very symbol of civilization. Johnson's Wax stands for cleanliness and hospitality and labor saving. I just thought that Johnson's Wax was so THOROUGHLY AMERICAN and represented such a fine way of life, that it should be sent everywhere.

MOL: I'm afraid that idea is not basically sound, Mr. Wilcox, because ----

WIL: But you see what I mean. Johnson's Wax is so connected with home and family and good living, the way it protects and beautifies your possessions...floors, furniture, woodwork, enameled things, lampshades, window sills...and gives a shield of protection to which dust and dirt can't cling...

FIB: Yes yes yes...we've heard you say that, Waxey...but that don't help me get this dad ratted rubber schooner outa here. What would you suggest?

WIL: Pal, you've got me.

FIB: I either gotta deflate this thing or chop the floor out and take it out thru the basement.

WIL: Hmmm. Quite a problem. HEY...I GOT IT!

MOL: Yes?

FIB: Yes?

WIL: Look. Here's a terrific idea! BUILD ANOTHER FLOOR, ON TOP OF THE RAFT! NOBODY WILL EVER KNOW IT'S HERE. It'll make a very low ceiling, of course, but otherwise...

FIB: Waxey.

WIL: Eh?

FIB: Go home.

MOL: You're looking right at me, Mr. Old Timer.

OLD T: Wellllll, that's mighty welcome news, kids...when I come in the door I'd of swore I seen ye both settin' in a life raft.

FIB: A LIFE RAFT?

WIL: Okay. 'Bye, Molly.

MOL: 'Bye, Mr. Wilcox.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: He wasn't much help, was he?

FIB: He just wanted something new he could use wax on. Now lemme see...

MOL: McGEE, WHY DON'T YOU CALL THE SURPLUS STORE AND ASK THE MAN YOU BOUGHT THIS FROM? Ask HIM how to deflate it.

FIB: Can't. It's Armistice Day. The store closed at noon.

MOL: Oh. You mean I've got to have---

SOUND: DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN

OLD T: Hello there, kids. How's every little (PAUSE) Well... it looks like my old trouble is back...I'm seein' things again. Hey...Johnny...you there?

FIB: Sure...I'm here, Old Timer.

OLD T: You there, Daughter?

MOL: You're looking right at me, Mr. Old Timer.

OLD T: Wellllll, that's mighty welcome news, kids...when I come in the door I'd of swore I seen ye both settin' in a life raft.

FIB: A LIFE RAFT?

(2nd REVISION) -21-

MOL: In OUR LIVING ROOM?

OLD T: Yeh...(HEH HEH HEH) Big, long ugly thing, big enough for sixteen men. Sure gimme a start. (PAUSE) What ARE you sittin' on kids?

MOL: I'm over here on the sofa.

FIB: I'm at the piano, playing Rachmaninoff's Prelude in B Sharp Major for the Left Foot.

OLD T: You...er...you ain't both settin' in a big rubber boat?

MOL: How ridiculous.

FIB: Why'd you ask, Old Timer?

OLD T: The doctor TOLD me this would happen if I didn't quit worryin' about them long skirts! He TOLD me I'd throw my system all outa gear....and I done it!

FIB & MOL: BOTH LAUGH:

MOL: Well, don't worry about it, Mr. Old Timer. This IS a life raft.

OLD T: It is?

FIB: Got it at the army surplus store, Old Timer, inflated it semi-advertantly. Now I dunno how to un-flate it.

OLD T: Me neither Johnny. But I gotta cousin in the government. I could send him a wire.

MOL: Navy department?

OLD T: Nope. State Department, daughter. Quite a big feller down there, too. Started out as a farm boy, like me... went right to the top, utaherly.

FIB: Very interesting, Old Timer. Why should a farm boy be such a good diplomat?

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OLD T: Wellllll, the way I got it figgered, Johnny, is this way. The way I got it figgered, a farmer kid knows his onions; he avoids people that act reddish; he makes hay while the sun shines; he ain't out to make a lotta cabbage; and if he scores a beet he knows he'll be in a pickle if he spills the beans to some beautiful tomato!

FIB: Heh heh heh...WELL, I'LL WIRE HIM RIGHT AWAY, KIDS, LET YOU KNOW WHAT HE SAYS...SEE YOU LATER!

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH: KING'S MEN. "SAVE THE BONES FOR HENRY JONES"

APPLAUSE:

THIRD SPOT:

(2ND REVISION) - 23 -

MOL: (CALLS) McGee...OH MCGEE...WHERE DID YOU GO?
FIB: (MUFFLED) I'm right here, Molly,...under the stern...
(FADE IN) I been lookin' for a label of some kind that would tell how to dis-inflate this dadratted life raft.
MOL: Any luck?
FIB: Nope. I only found two labels. One of 'em said: "OTHER SIDE UP" and the other one said "KILROY WAS HERE". No help to me.
MOL: Well, something must be done, dearie. I'm not going to ask my guests to clamber --

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: If that's my ladies for tea, sweetheart, you'll have to help them up the gangplank.
FIB: Okay, kiddo. COME ABOARD!!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh, it's just Mr. Williams, the weather man, McGee.
Hello, Mr. Williams.
GALE: Good day, Mrs. McGee, up till now. Hello, Mr. McGee.
FIB: Hiyah, Foggy Old Man. I'd ask you into the living room, but we been invaded by a life raft...take a look.
GALE: Well, isn't that interesting?...Going rowing in your living room, are you?...Or are you?...But no, of course not. You could hardly go rowing in here...Could you?... Or could you?
FIB: Hardly, Foggy.

(2ND REVISION) - 24 -

GALE: No...I realize now what a foolish remark that was...
(CHUCKLES) You couldn't possibly row that big boat in here! .. You haven't any cars.....Or have you?
MOL: No, no, the whole thing was a mistake, Mr. Williams. It got inflated by accident, and we can't figure out how to collapse it again.
FIB: Got any foggy ideas? I mean, got any ideas, Foggy?
GALE: I..er..I'm afraid I'm very little help in such matters, Mr. McGee....Although if you got this craft for fear of excess humidity...or floods, in other words...may I assure you your fears are -- groundless, shall we say?
MOL: Yes, let's say that.
GALE: Thank you....Although if there WERE a flood we would ALL be groundless. Or would we? ... Well, what I dropped in for...And - uh - I don't want to impose, Mr. McGee, but - well, I wondered if I could borrow my pliers back for a while this afternoon...If you're not using them, of course.
FIB: Okay, Foggy, if you'll bring 'em right back. (GENEROUS)
And look, don't feel shy about asking to borrow things, you're perfectly welcome to anything I got. Of yours. Any time I ain't using it!
GALE: Well, I appreciate it, Mr. McGee. Really. It is so pleasant to live next door to a man who is so reminiscent of another neighbor I used to have.
MOL: Is that so, Mr. Williams? Who was that?
GALE: His name, as I remember it, and I do remember it, because he was also a chronic borrower of tools, like Mr. McGee, only more conservative, was Mr. Elmer Larsen.

(2ND REVISION) - 25 & 26 -

FIB: Hmm. Elmer Larson. Don't believe I know him, Foggy.
GALE: Probably not. But he is in the city directory. You'll find him listed under "LARSON." "E". Well, I must get home and feed my ground hog. Good day, probably!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: That was kind of a pointless comment. What do I care what the name of his next door neighbor was way back in...
HEY.....LARCENY!! WHY THAT INSULTING.....

DOOR OPEN:

FIB: HEY, WILLIAMS..COME BACK HERE...HEY....WILLIAMS...(I'LL catch him)

SOUND: (RUNNING FOOTSTEPS OFF PORCH..ON SIDEWALK)...(PAUSE)

FIB: No....what's the use of makin' an issue of this? Maybe he didn't even mean it that way. Besides, he's got tools in his garage I ain't even borrowed yet. I better go back and play in my boat.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON SIDEWALK....BACK UP STEPS...DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE .. HISSING SOUND

FIB: Well, I'll be aHEY MOLLY.....LOOK, THE LIFE RAFT IS DEFLATING.....

HISSING SOUND INCREASES....UNDER

(REVISED) - 27 -

ELMER MOORE AND MOLLY

MOL: Yes, I know, dearie. I solved the problem.

FIB: My gosh, that's wonderful, kiddo. It's flattening out like a bride's sponge cake. HOW'D YOU EVER DO IT?

MOL: I HAD to find a way, sweetheart. My guests are due any minute.....

SOUND: HISSING FADES TO STOP WITH SLIGHT FLOPPING SOUND

FIB: Yeah, but HOW? HOW'D YOU DO IT?

MOL: I'll explain it to you later. You roll it up and get it out of here, while I put this butcher knife back in the kitchen.

FIB: A butch-Oh. Oh! (LAUGHS) Well, I guess that was one way.

MOL: Yes....it may not have been the right way, but at least I made a stab at it. (INTO MUSIC) COME ON NOW, MOGEE....
HELP ME GET THIS LIVING ROOM PUT BACK TOGETHER SO MY GUESTS WILL.....

ORCH: "HOW SOON".....FADE FOR ---

KING'S MEN: "Look on the right side -

Shine up the right side -

Bring out the beauty of the home."

ORCH: BUMPER ... FADE OUT:

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
11/11/47

(REVISED) - 28 -

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: I guess I don't need to tell you that the easy way to have a really bright kitchen floor is to use Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat. You and all your friends are familiar with this old family favorite ... Glo-Coat is far and away the most popular floor polish. But here's something you may not know. The famous Glo-Coat shine is now brighter than ever. Without rubbing or buffing, Johnson's Glo-Coat now gives your kitchen floor nearly twice as much shine as before. Colors come gay and bright ... the pattern stands out clear and fresh. And listen to this: the same shining coat of wax that makes your floors so beautiful, saves you hours of housework. Dirt and spilled things wipe up just like that! Why, Johnson's Glo-Coat even saves you money because it keeps your linoleum good-looking many years longer. Try it and see ... Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat. There's nothing else like it 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 ... FADE FOR:

WILCOX: DON QUINN
PHIL IRELAND

(REVISED) - 29 -

(TAG)

MOL: You can come in now, McGee - my guests are all gone.
FIB: (FADING IN) Okay. I been workin' on the boat out in the garage, Molly. I put a tire patch on it where you knifed it and it's as good as new! I'm gonna blow it up again and -
MOL: Good! I'll help you this time.
FIB: You -- you will??
MOL: I'd love to! Let's take it out in the country, put some dynamite under it, and blow it up once and for all!
(PAUSE) Did you say something?
FIB: Yeah. Goodnight.
MOL: Oh. Goodnight, all.
ORCH: PLAYOFF AND SIGNOFF
WILCOX: This is Harlow Wilcox, speaking for the makers of Johnson's Wax ~~products~~ ^{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)