

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

#7

(REVISED) (REVISED)

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"

FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

November 18, 1947

6:30 - 7:00 PM PST

dk

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
November 18, 1947

(REVISED)

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ORCH: THEME UP AND FADE FOR:

...our kitchen floors. Let's a fact
that Johnson's Self-Polishing Glo-Coat does make the
...color...it's even more surprisingly bright and fresh
...than you'd expect since you get WILD Glo-Coat to work
...with such a brilliant result. That's because
Johnson's Glo-Coat now gives nearly every surface shine
...at a stroke. Of course you can cheer up your kitchen with
Johnson's Glo-Coat quite easily. Glo-Coat dries to a
beautiful finish without rubbing or buffing...even
your floors of wood because dirt and spilled things wipe
up so quickly. Try it...brighter-than-ever Johnson's
Self-Polishing Glo-Coat...to bring out the beauty of the
home...

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

ORCH: BRIDGE

dk

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: I read in a magazine the other day that color plays a more important part in our lives than we realize. For instance, this article said that bright, gay colors make us feel happier, more cheerful. Come to think of it, that's quite true. And I guess that's still another reason why so many women tell me they couldn't do without Glo-Coat on their kitchen floors. It's a fact that Johnson's Self-Polishing Glo-Coat does make the colors in linoleum seem surprisingly bright and fresh. Then again, the shine you get with Glo-Coat is so much brighter...has such a brilliant sparkle. That's because Johnson's Glo-Coat now gives nearly twice as much shine as before. Of course you can cheer up your kitchen with Johnson's Glo-Coat quite easily. Glo-Coat dries to a beautiful wax finish without rubbing or buffing...saves you hours of work because dirt and spilled things wipe up so quickly. Try it...brighter-than-ever Johnson's Self-Polishing Glo-Coat...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: BRIDGE

WILCOX: THE MAJORITY OF PEOPLE HAIL THE TELEPHONE AS A MIRACLE OF CONVENIENT COMMUNICATION. BUT THERE ARE SOME WHO BELIEVE THAT ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL SHOULD HAVE TAKEN UP SOME OTHER LINE OF WORK, LIKE MAYBE GETTING SAWED IN HALF BY A MAGICIAN. FOR INSTANCE, A PHONE CAN BE A CONFOUNDED NUISANCE (RINGS) WHEN IT STARTS RINGING ITS FOOL HEAD OFF (RINGS) WHILE FOLKS ARE TRYING TO EAT BREAKFAST (RINGS) SUCH AS AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA, THE HOME OF --- (BESS)

*** FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY

APPLAUSE

SOUND: PHONE RINGING: COFFEE CUP SET DOWN VIOLENTLY

FIB: - dad-rat the dad-ratted - WHY DON'T SOMEBODY LEAVE PEOPLE ALONE WHILE WE'RE TRYING TO EAT BREAKFAST ? (SCRAPE OF CHAIR) THAT'S FOUR TIMES SOMEBODY HAS CALLED US UP BETWEEN THE ORANGE JUICE AND THE WAFFLES!

PHONE RINGS

MOL: Calm yourself sweetheart. Anger is bad for the digestion. And after seven waffles, you're crowding the bicarbonate department.

RING:

FIB: I'M COMING!!!! HELLO.....OUCH!! WHAT THE ----

MOL: You stuck your fork in your ear -- put it down and pick up the receiver.

McGEE 11/18/47

(2ND REVISION) - 5 -

FIB: Oh.. (CLICK) HELLO...YES THIS IS McGEE...WHO? OH, MORT
TOOPS? CERTAINLY I KNOW TONIGHT IS THE NIGHT WE GO
BOWLING! MY GOSH, WE BEEN BOWLING EVERY TUESDAY NIGHT
SINCE TIME IMMORAL, AND YOU THINK YOU GOTTA SPEND A
NICKEL TO TELL ME ABOUT IT?

MOL: Your breakfast is getting cold.

FIB: Be right there, Molly (IN PHONE) AND LOCK, MORT..QUIT
CALLIN' ME UP IN THE MIDDLE OF BREAKFAST..USE YOUR BRAINS
IF YOU GOT ANY. OH YEAH? I'D LIKE TO HEAR YOU SAY THAT
TO MY FACE, YOU BIG LEMONHEAD!!! AHH, PIPE DOWN, YOU
BIG BLABBERMOUTH..

RECEIVER UP

FIB: Mort Toops. Fal of mine.

SOUND: CHAIR SCRAPE; CLINK OF DISHES

MOL: Another waffle, dearie?

FIB: How many I had?

MOL: Seven. There's enough batter left for one more.

(2ND REVISION) - 6 -

FIB: Anybody here besides us?

MOL: No.

FIB: You had enough?

MOL: Yes.

FIB: Okay I'll take it. Didn't wanna be a pig.

SOUND: STIRRING...POURING...CLANK OF WAFFLE IRON

MOL: Be done in a minute. And as soon as the coffee gets --

SOUND: TELEPHONE:

MOL: I'll answer it this time, McGee - maybe it's --

FIB: NO SIR!!!! YOU SIT RIGHT WHERE YOU DOGGONE ARE,
LOVEBOAT!!!! LET IT RING!!!!

SOUND: RING

MOL: But what if -

FIB: I'M PAYIN' FOR THE USE OF THAT TELEPHONE...THAT TELEPHONE
AIN'T PAYING FOR THE USE OF ME!!!

RINGS

(2ND REVISION)

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FIB: Yes, I think I've taught it a lesson now. (PAUSE) My gosh, I wish they WOULD call back...whoever it was. I know a guy lost eight thousand dollars because he didn't answer the phone when the Pot O'Gold program called him and -

DOOR CHIME

FIB: (YELLS) I'LL GET IT!!! THAT'S THEM! THEY'RE CALLING BACK! (RECEIVER UP) HELLO...HELLO..HELLO...

MOL: (CALMLY) It was the doorbell, dearie.

FIB: Eh? Oh. (RECEIVER DOWN) Come in.

DOOR OPEN

MOL: Oh Hello there, Mr. Old Timer.

FIB: Hiyah, Old Timer.

OLD T: HELLO, THERE KIDS...I SEE YOU'RE JEST ABOUT THROUGH BREAKFAST. I'LL COME BACK LATER. WHAT TIME YOU HAVE LUNCH? 12? I'LL BE BACK AT 11:45, SO DON'T ---

FIB: HEY!!!! OLD TIMER!

OLD T: What say, Johnny?

FIB: You didn't by any chance try to get me on the phone a few minutes ago did you?

OLD T: NOT ME, KIDS. Don't ketch me squanderin' my hard-earned nickels jist to hear somebody hollerin' down a piece o' wire. I guess I got that from mama.. Mama hated telephones. Couldn't hear a thing on 'em.

FIB: Why not?

OLD T: We didn't have one. DON'T TRUST TELEPHONES MYSELF. My brother had a bad experience with one jist last summer.

(REVISED)

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FIB: Go ahead! Ring! See if I care! Ish ka bibble! I wouldn't lift a pinkie to answer that phone if it was Ralph Edwards himself tipping me off to the ---

RING: (CUT OFF SHORT)

MOL: YOU DID IT..SWEETHEART!!..YOU OUT-WAITED THEM!

FIB: You said it! Any time a handful of hard rubber and copper wire thinks it's gonna run MY life for me (PAUSE) I wonder who that could of been, calling?

MOL: Well, if it was important, they'll call again. (RATTLE OF CUPS) And I MUST say I admire your fortitude. Just to sit there and let it ring.

FIB: It took character, all right.

MOL: It certainly did. Particularly when it might have been something really important. Like maybe you won a prize on the Irish Sweepstakes. Or maybe somebody offering you a big job in Washington. Or maybe you got elected Grand Exalted Double Malted High Chief of the Inner Mysteries of the Outer Gates of the Purple Circle of the B.P.O.E.

FIB: Oh the Elks haven't got any such silly thing as that. (THOUGHTFULLY) Although my name WAS mentioned rather prominently for Oh no. It was probably just a wrong number. (PAUSE) Don't you think?

MOL: No, frankly it sounded like a legitimate call to me. Going to answer it, if it rings again?

FIB: Yes, I think I've taught it a lesson now. (PAUSE) My gosh, I wish they WOULD call back...whoever it was. I know a guy lost eight thousand dollars because he didn't answer the phone when the Pot O'Gold program called him and -

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DOOR OPEN

MOL: Oh Hello there, Mr. Old Timer.

FIB: Hiyah, Old Timer.

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FIB: Why not?

OLD T: We didn't have one. DON'T TRUST TELEPHONES MYSELF. My brother had a bad experience with one jist last summer.

MOL: What happened to your brother, Mr. Old Timer? Get his knuckle jammed in a return slot?

OLD T: Nope. Got a wrong number. Tryin' to call a tall red-headed number name of Gladys, and got a little sweet-talkin' peroxide number name of Lizabeth. Got to talkin', made a date, kept it up, got married and look at my brother now...tied up fer life with a wife and five healthy boys.

FIB: HEY WAIT A MINUTE!!!! FIVE BOYS!!!..HE JUST MET HER LAST SUMMER!

OLD T: Yes, and a lazler bunch o' brother's-in-law you never seen, Johnny. No sir..no telephones fer me!!

MOL: Personally I think we owe a great deal to the telephone, Mr. Old Timer. Culturally. Think of our thousands of artists and sculptors who got their starts, carving their initials on the insides of telephone booths. What's a yankee, if he can't doodle?

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OLD T: Heh heh heh...THAT'S PRETTY GOOD, DAUGHTER, BUT THAT AIN'T
THE WAY I HEERED IT. THE WAY I HEERED IT. ONE FELLER
SAYS TO TOTHER FELLER, (LOWERS VOICE) "Say," he said,
"I just come from a meetin' of a bunch o' fellers plannin'
to take over the government!" "Zat so?" says tother
feller, "Subversives..?" "No," says the first feller,
"Republicans." Heh heh heh...Well, see you later, kids!

DOOR SLAM

ORCH: "ON THE AVENUE"

APPLAUSE:

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
11/18/47

(2ND REVISION)-11-

SECOND SPOT:

FIB: Doggone it, I wish I knew who called me up. Might of
been something pretty important. Might of been from some
old friend..somebody who needs me...

MOL: Name one, besides me.

FIB: Well-1-,.Hey..I WONDER IF IT COULD OF BEEN OLD FRED NITNEY!

MOL: Who?

FIB: Fred Nitney from Starved Rock, Illinois. The guy that
I and he had a vaudeville act together once. I must of told
you about--Fred Nitney.

DOOR CHIME

MOL: COME IN!!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh, it's Mr. Williams, the Weather Man. Hello Mr. Williams.

FIB: Hiyah, Foggy, old man.

GALE: Good day, Mrs. McGee. Presumably. Good day, Mr. McGee,
slightly cooler.

MOL: Did you phone us about nine fifteen this morning, Mr. Williams ?

GALE: No...no, I didn't. At nine fifteen....now let me see, what was I doing at nine fifteen?...Oh yes, I was -- No, I wasn't, either. That was later. That was nine twenty-five.

FIB: What was ?

GALE: What I thought I was doing at nine-fifteen. No, I didn't call you, Mr. McGee.

MOL: Well, that eliminates Mr. Williams, McGee.

FIB: Thanks, Foggy. I'll bet you get a lot of phone calls in your racket.

GALE: Yes. I do. My telephone calls fall into two distinct categories. One kind starts out: "WILL IT BE OKAY IF WE PLAN A LITTLE OUTING FOR TODAY?" and the other one goes "WELL, YOU LOUSED UP OUR PICNIC AGAIN, YOU RAT!"

MOL: Anyway, Mr. Williams, it must be nice to be a weather man and know whether or not to take an umbrella when you go out. Personally, I haven't guessed right, in years!

FIB: Me neither.

GALE: (CHUCKLES) May I tell you a little trade secret ? Neither have I. (CHUCKLES) I have umbrellas scattered all over town. Well, I must get home and feed my ground hog. Good day, probably!

DOOR SLAM

FIB: I wonder if he does keep a ground hog ?

MOL: You know, McGee, I wonder if Lloyd's of London insures Princess Elizabeth against bad weather on her Wedding day.

FIB: I doubt it, kiddo. Besides, there'll be so much excitement they wouldn't even notice a tornado. That wedding is sure gonna liven things up in Buckingham Palace.

MOL: Well, "Into each reign some life must fall". That's an old saying I just made up and ---

DOOR CHIME

FIB: OH, DOORBELLS, DOORBELLS, DOORBELLS!...WHY DON'T THE TELEPHONE RING ?

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

WIL: Hello, Molly. Hi, Pal. SAY, WHY DON'T YOU ANSWER YOUR TELEPHONE WHEN SOMEBODY CALLS UP ?

MOL: (BIG SIGH OF RELIEF) Ahhhhhhh...

FIB: (HAPPILY) So it was you, was it ? Gee whizz, Omaha, I been worrying my curly little head about frantic. You see, we were having breakfast and --

MOL: BREAKFAST! AT TEN O'CLOCK LAST NIGHT ?

(PAUSE)

MOL: You...your call was at ten last night ?

FIB: You...er..you didn't call at 9:15 this morning ?

(2ND REVISION) -14-

WIL: No, did somebody ?
(GROANS)
FIB: Say, you know this is getting serious ? That phone call could have been from anybody in the world...I might be missing out on something big. DOGGONE IT, WHY DIDN'T I ANSWER IT!! OH, WHAT A FOOL I AM!
WIL: Look pal...lots of changes are being made in radio. Comics are being dropped like dry ice over the dust bowl. Fred Allen is changing sponsors, television is sneaking up on us...maybe Racine was calling...whadye think ?
FIB: Ra-racine ? You mean they -- After all these years ?
MOL: Thirteen years, to be more or less exact. And thirteen is not what I would call a promising number.
WIL: I'll tell you how we can find out, pal. After all, I'm in this as deep as you. Hand me the phone, Molly.
MOL: Here, Mr. Wilcox.
WIL: Thanks. (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR ? LONG DISTANCE, PLEASE.
FIB: Tell 'em we--
WIL: LONG DISTANCE ? I WANT THE PRESIDENT OF JOHNSON'S WAX, RACINE, WISCONSIN. YEAH, AND I-- Eh ? WHO ? MYRT WHO ?

(REVISED) -15-

FIB: That's for me, Juney...I'll take it.
MOL: Oh, dear...
FIB: Hello, Myrt? HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING, MYRT? WHAT SAY, MYRT? YOUR UNCLE? OH, THAT'S TOO BAD, MYRT. PROBABLY JUST SENSITIVE. YEAH. A PEN-POINT BALL, EH?
MOL: Don't you mean a ball-point pen, dearie?
FIB: No, he just got outa the pen, and if anybody points at him, he bawls. WHAT SAY, MYRT? OH, MUCH OBLIGED...Hey, Juney. They got Racine for you...
WIL: Thanks, pal. HELLO, RACINE...IS THIS MR. JOHNSON, THE ADVERTISING MANAGER? THIS IS WILCOX, CHIEF.
FIB: Chief! They sure got the Indian sign on Junior, haven't they?
MOL: Shhh!
WIL: LOOK, CHIEF, McGEE GOT A CALL ABOUT 9:15 THIS MORNING AND-- (PAUSE) SURE...I ALWAYS STRESS THE FACT THAT JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT IS SELF-POLISHING. YOU THINK I OUGHT TO HIT IT A LITTLE HARDER, EH?
MOL: If he hits it any harder, he'll go right through to the basement.
FIB: Hey, Juney, ask 'em if they--

WIL: WHAT SAY, CHIEF? OH, YEAH...I ALWAYS SAY THAT JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT SIMPLIFIES HOUSEKEEPING, BY PROTECTING THE LINOLEUM AGAINST DUST AND DIRT AND DAMPNES AND MAKING SPILLED THINGS SO MUCH EASIER TO WIPE UP, WITH A DAMP CLOTH. BUT LOOK, CHIEF, ABOUT NINE-FIFTEEN THIS MORN-- EH? YES, I KNOW...JUST POUR A LITTLE OUT, SPREAD IT AROUND WITH THE LONG-HANDLED APPLIER...AND IN 20 MINUTES OR LESS IT DRIES TO A SPARKLING PROTECTIVE FINISH THAT PROTECTS THE LINOLEUM, WITH NO RUBBING AND NO BUFFING AND--

FIB: GIMME THAT PHONE...HEY, CHIEF...MCGEE SPEAKING...DID YOU CALL ME THIS MORNING AT-- Eh? YES, CHIEF, HE ALWAYS STRESSES THAT GLO-COAT IS THE FINEST PROTEC-- OH SURE, CHIEF, WE ALL DO! WE'RE PITCHIN' EVERY MINUTE!...RIGHT, CHIEF! OKAY, CHIEF. So long. (CLICK) Well, it wasn't Racine that called me.

MOL: I will say that you boys solved the problem with the least satisfaction and the greatest expense possible.

FIB: You'll have the charges transferred to your office phone, I presume, Junior?

WIL: Why, certainly not. My office phone is for business calls only. This was personal.

(PAUSE)

MOL: Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm

FIB: Look. Waxey.

WIL: Yes, Fal?

FIB: I'm beginning to understand how you lasted this long as a Johnson salesman. But I'm puzzled as to how you lasted this long as a friend. May I make a suggestion.

WIL: Pray do.

FIB: Go home.

WIL: Okay. See you later, folks.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOL: Well, he was a big help. Like a strong wind at a prairie fire.

FIB: Well now lemme see...if the Elks club didn't call...or Foggy Williams...or Harlow...or Racine...THE WORST OF IT IS I GOT A HORRIBLE FEELING THAT WAS A VERY IMPORTANT TELEPHONE CALL. MAYBE WASHINGTON, WITH A -

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

MOL: COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

FIB: Oh, hiyah, Boomer!

MOL: Hello, Mr. Boomer. Do come in!

BOOM: Thank you my dear, thank you. And good day to you, Flatw puss...Nice to walk into a lovely home like this.. through the door..getting a little old for window sills, I find...hard on the knees.

FIB: Hey Boomer, you didn't happen to call me this morning for any reason didja? I got a phone call and -

(2nd REVISION)

-18 & 19-

BOOM: Banish the thought, Plowboy. Can't think of a more wasteful use for a nickel! No indeed! Did you know that a nickle will buy five copper pennies which properly flattened, and glued in pairs, will serve as quarters in slot machines?

FIB: Yeah? Well, I got news for you, Boomer...there aren't any slot machines in Wistful Vista. It's illegal.

BOOM: (CHUCKLES) HE has news for ME! (LAUGHS) You continue to keep the boy at home my dear ... you're doing a good job with him...

MOL: Thank you, Mr. Boomer.

BOOM: I ve got a pair of those copper pennies here someplace, if I can just...pennies, pennies, where did I put those pennies? Here's my autograph book...all millionaires' signatures...

MOL: You collect autographs, Mr. Boomer?

BOOM: Yes, I do, my dear. Gives me many a pleasant hour in the long winter evenings, practising my penmanship...Must keep busy, you know. Always forging ahead...Here's a handy little cigarette lighter - opens up into an acetylenetorchand a fan belt that belongs to a crooner friend of mine. Uses it to belt his fans with...AHHH, WHAT HAVE WE HERE!!! Oh yes, a jar of vanishing cream. Very handy when one is playing cops and robbers with cops!

FIB: You're not gonna tell us you rub it on yourself and vanish, Boomer?

(2nd REVISION) -20 & 21-

BOOM: Not at all, my boy. You merely round a corner and swiftly drop a gob of the vanishing cream over the sidewalk in front of the pursuer...Ever see a 200-pound harness bull do a half-gainer into a trash can in full uniform?...Very impressive sight! Yes, indeed!...Well, whattaya know - no copper pennies! I've been robbed - victimized!

MOL: Oh, dear.

BOOM: Must get right downtown and report this to the police! Yes indeed. Horatio K. Boomer has had his pocked picked! (CHUCKLES) How ironic can life be?...Don't get up, my dear - I'll open the door -

FIB NO, BOOMER, NOT THAT DOOR!

MOL: NO, THAT'S THE HALL CLOS--

DOOR OPENS...CLOSET EFFECT

PAUSE:

BOOM: My word! I must clean out this treasure trove for you one of these days! Or nights.

ORCH: AND KING'S MEN "SIPPING CIDER BY THE ZUYDER ZEE"

APPLAUSE

(2ND REVISION) -22-

FIB: Doggone it, why didn't I answer that phone this mornin'?
No tellin' what I mighta passed up for...Hey, I know
what I'll do!

MOL: What now?

FIB: Goin' down to the phone company. I'll get right at the
source of this thing! I'll find out! Grab your hat!
Where's my muffler...where's my overshoes...I'll...

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: Hold everything, Impulsive. Company...COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh, hello there, Doctor Gamble.

DOC: Good day, my dear.

FIB: Hiya, band-aid.

DOC: And how are you today, tall, blond and handsome?

FIB: Who, me? I'M tall, blond and handsome?

DOC: Yes, in a short, dark and repulsive sort of way.

MOL: I'm glad you stopped in, Doctor. Did you, by any chance,
call us on the telephone at about nine-fifteen this
morning?

DOC: No. I did not.

FIB: Positive, Ducky? I wanna know for sure. I simply GOT
to find out what that call was.

DOC: How do you know your telephone rang?

MOL: We sat right there and listened to it.

DOC: Why didn't you answer it? Or am I too inclined to
simplify things?

(2ND REVISION) -23-

FIB: I didn't wanna answer it, because I had already
answered the dad-ratted thing four times and I was
getting tired of it. You're sure you didn't call me,
Doc?

DOC: Look, Trowel-nose, from seven thirty-five this morning
until the hour of eight twenty-two, I was engaged in
removing the appendix from a wealthy industrialist
who will pay, unwittingly, for removing the tonsils from
a newsboy which took until nine twenty-one, at which
time I went to breakfast. Does that answer your question?

MOL: Yes, I guess it...

TELEPHONE RINGS:

FIB: AHAHA! AT LAST!! THERE'S MY CALL...THEY CALLED ME BACK.
NOW I'LL KNOW! (RECEIVER UP) HELLO, THIS IS MCGEE
SPEAKING, AND THE REASON I DIDN'T ANSWER THE PHONE BEFORE
WAS THAT-- Eh? Oh. Okay. For you, Doc.

DOC: Thank you. HELLO...GAMBLE SPEAKING. OH YES, MRS.
KLADDERHATCH.

MOL: Her, again!

DOC: WHAT WAS THAT, MRS. KLADDERHATCH? WELL, I'VE TOLD HIM
A DOZEN TIMES WHAT TO DO FOR THAT SKIN IRRITATION. CUT
OUT THE STARCHES. OKAY, MRS. KLADDERHATCH. GOODBYE.

(CLICK)

FIB: Starches, huh? In his diet?

DOC: No, in his laundry. His neck is all scratched up. WELL,
I HOPE YOU SOLVE YOUR CHILDISH PROBLEM, PROBLEM CHILD.
GOOD DAY, MY DEAR.

MOL: Good day, Doctor.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Well, that eliminates another possibility. Now, I GOT
to go downtown and see if the phone company has got a
record of that call. GET YOUR HAT, KIDDO...LET'S GO!

MOL: All right, McGee. (FADE) I'll be right with you. Be
sure all the windows are closed and the doors....

FIB: OKAY...I WILL. AHHH, THERE GOES A GOOD KID! GREATEST
THING THAT EVER HAPPENED TO ME WAS THE DAY SHE DECIDED TO
IGNORE EVERYBODY'S ADVICE AND MARRY ME, ANYHOW. FLYIN'
IN THE FACE OF PUBLIC OPINION LIKE THAT, ^{NOT} SHE WAS--

DOOF CHIME:

FIB: How who in the-- COME IN!!

DOOR OPEN:

TEE: Hi, Mister.

FIB: Oh, Hiya, Sis. Look, I wanna ask you a question. Did
you, or did you not, call me on the telephone at 9:15
this morning?

TEE: Yes.

FIB: YOU DID?

TEE: No.

FIB: You didn't?

TEE: Yes.

FIB: WAIT A MINUTE...CAN'T YOU ANSWER A STRAIGHT QUESTION, YES
OR NO?

TEE: Not if you can't ask one, I betcha. You asked me if I
did, or did not, yes or no. You can't ANSWER that
question yes or no.

FIB: Let's start over.

TEE: Okay. HI, MISTER!!

FIB: Hello, Teeny. Say, did you call me up this morning
at 9:15?

TEE: (PAUSE) Why?

FIB: DOGGONE IT, WHY DO YOU HAVE TO BE SO EXASPER -- Look...
sis...this is very important to me. Please...did you
call me up this morning?

(2ND REVISION) -26-

TEE: No...No, I didn't call you up, Mister. I was in school at 9:15 this morning.

FIB: Oh.

TEE: I got a prize today for being tardy.

FIB: A prize? For being tardy?

TEE: Sure, I had the neatest desk in the whole school.

FIB: Oh, you mean tidy.

TEE: That's what I said. I always keep my desk tardy.

FIB: Well, that's a very good trait, sis. How do you keep your desk so neat?

TEE: I got a system, Mister. I worked it out. I just take all my books and crayolas and pen wipers and comics and dolls and stuff --

FIB: And pile 'em up neatly?

TEE: No! I shove 'em in Willie Toopses desk. (GIGGLES) Boy, is HIS desk a mess! So long, Mister.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: (CHUCKLES) She's cute. HEY, MOLLY, HURRY UP - I WANNA GET DOWNTOWN TO THE PHONE COMPANY!

ORCH: BRIDGE

FOOTSTEPS ALONG SIDEWALK:

MOL: Here's the phone company, dearie. Come on.

FIB: Boyoboy, I hope they got a record of that call. Migosh, I shoulda thought of this early this morning, Molly! I mighta been in touch with Washington or whoever it was by now and--

DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES:

(2ND REVISION) -27-

MOL: Yes. Let's see, now...I wonder which window we go to to ask about--

GIRL: (FADING IN) Good afternoon. Can I help you?

FIB: That all depends, sis.

MOL: We don't know just what department we want, you see...

GIRL: I am Miss Eager, in Customer Relations. I'll be very happy to direct you.

FIB: glad to know you, sis. We're Mr. and Mrs. Fibber McGee. I'm Mr. McGee...and my wife here is Mrs. McGee.

MOL: How do you do, I'm sure.

FIB: Look, sis, we live at 79 Wistful Vista and I got a phone call this morning...something important...and it stopped ringing before I could anxwer it.

MOL: And we were wondering if your office might have a record of the call, or something. I realize it's pretty unusual, but --

GIRL: Just sit down here a moment, please - and I'll see what I can find out for you. (RUSTLE OF PAPER) What time was the call?

FIB: 9:15, sis. I marked down the time, because --

GIRL: And your phone number is...?

FIB: Wistful Vista 1-0-7-3. You see, we always --

GIRL: (HAPPILY) Mr. McGee, I'm delighted to say that I have that call right here on this list!

FIB: You have?

MOL: Wonderful!

FIB: MY GOSH, SIS!...WHAT WAS IT? WHO CALLED? WHAT ABOUT?

(2ND REVISION) 28 & 29

GIRL: I called you myself.

FIB: What? You did?

GIRL: We're conducting a survey of our subscribers, Mr. McGee, and at exactly 9:15 this morning I called to ask you if your telephone service has been completely satisfactory. Has it?

FIB: (THOUGHTFULLY) Uh - yes, the service has been splendid. Thank you for inquiring...very courteous gesture. Thank you, and may we wish you a very merry Christmas and a happy to get out of here. Come, Mrs. McGee.

ORCH: "SINCERELY YOURS" - FADE FOR:

WIL: Fibber and Molly return in a moment. (CUT-IN CUE)

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
11-18-47

-30-ED -31-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

FIBBER + MOLLY RETURN IN A MOMENT
WILCOX: / You know, when you enter a home where the floors,

furniture and woodwork are wax protected, the first thing you notice is how beautiful it all is. Well, it's a fact.. nothing adds quite the same beauty as wax. Think about it for a moment and you'll realize that that package of Johnson's Wax on your shelf is not just a product. Why, it's a method of housekeeping... a means of protecting all kinds of surfaces in your home. It's a way to save yourself hours of tedious housework all year long -- and still have a clean, shining home that your friends will envy. You see, when you apply Johnson's Wax, you add an invisible film of tough protection -- a film that wards off dirt and spilled things, and is easy to dust because it's hard and dry. When you polish that wax film your floors and furniture glow with rich, mellow beauty. Add to that the hundred extra uses for this wax throughout your home and you'll understand what I mean by Wax housekeeping with Johnson's Wax, Paste or Liquid. 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:

TAG

MOL: You know, McGee, I'm awfully glad that phone call wasn't from Washington, with a big job for you.

FIB: Oh, I wouldn't mind being an Ambassador or something, in the diplomatic service.

MOL: Oh, you'd be fine, dearie, with all those diplomats. But I'd get pretty tired having teas every day for the diplomat-esses...er, the diplomas...er - say, what DO you call a diplomat's wife, anyhow?

FIB: Mrs.

MOL: Oh.

FIB: Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all.

PLAYOFF AND SIGNOFF

WILCOX: This is Harlow Wilcox, speaking for the makers of Johnson's Wax finishes 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:

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
November 18, 1947

To be read in 60 seconds

(CUT-IN CUE) Fibber and Molly return in a moment. (PAUSE)

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 DEAX, 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.