

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

R.W.

#10
(REVISED)

file

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

DECEMBER 9, 1947

6:30 - 7:00PM PS1

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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:

dk

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
12/9/47

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WIL: Did you know that you can now buy a furniture polish that contains not one drop of dust-catching oil? It's called Johnson's Cream Wax, and it's made by the makers of famous Johnson's Wax specially for your furniture and light-colored woodwork. Believe me, you're going to like Johnson's Cream Wax ... it's quite different from any polish you've ever tried. You see, this creamy white liquid polishes with wax instead of oil. So it not only gives your furniture and light-colored woodwork rich, wax-polished beauty. It also leaves a hard, dry finish to which dust and dirt can't stick. Occasional dusting keeps your Cream Waxed furniture shining-clean. And, here's another nice thing you'll like about Johnson's Cream Wax. It has amazing cleaning power. Fingerprints and dirt completely vanish while you polish. Cream Wax will give sparkling beauty to your refrigerator and other white kitchen equipment, too. Try it. Johnson's Cream Wax 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

pr

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WILCOX: THE WISTFUL VISTA GAZETTE IS RUNNING A SERIES OF ARTICLES ON THE DAILY LIVES OF TYPICAL LOCAL CITIZENS. SO NATURALLY, THE FIRST ONE THEY'D INTERVIEW WOULD BE A MAN WHO IS SOCIAL AND CIVIC LEADER - A CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY - AND ONE OF THE CITY'S FAVORITE SONS!...YEP, THAT'S THE ONE THEY RAN LAST WEEK - THIS WEEK THEY'RE GOING WAY OUT IN LEFT FIELD TO INTERVIEW --

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE

MOL: (ON PHONE) That's right, Mrs. Toops - Clementine Clark's column in the Gazette...Yes, McGee and me...How's that? ..~~Oh, she just said shopping, cooking, whatever we do every day.~~ She wants to spend the day with us and write it up...Yes, any minute now. Be sure and read it tomorrow...Goodbye, Mrs. Toops. (HANGUP) (CHUCKLES) McGee, I think she's jealous!

FIB: Well, natch. The only time the Toopses ever made the papers was the time Mort stoped over to pick up a nickal at the Bon Ton and got his necktie caught in the escalator!

MOL: I don't remember that.

FIB: It tossed him right on his kisser in "Gents' Underwear"... You saw the headlines - "Escalator Throws Man on Osculator"Hey, what time is that what's-her-name from the Gazette due, Molly?

MOL: Clementine Clark. She didn't say exactly, dearie - just some time this morning. Oh my, I'm so excited! Imagine us getting written up in the papers!

FIB: Yeah - I wanta get this desk littered up good here - (RUSTLE OF PAPERS) - give it that ^{news} ~~busy~~ look.

dk

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
12-9-47

(2ND REVISION) -5-

MOL: Oh, I just cleaned that desk up, McGee.
FIB: That's okay. I got it messed up good now. Soon as the doorbell rings, you let her in, see. I'll be working on my novel here and I'll turn around -
MOL: Your novel??
FIB: You know my novel, Molly - the one I started in High School.
MOL: Oh now, McGee! The woman doesn't want us to do anything unusual. She wants a story of just an average day with us.
FIB: Migosh, you know me, Molly - I never had an average day in my life! There's always somethin'! I'll give her plenty to write about, though, don't you worry.
MOL: Well, I only hope you -

DOOR CHIME

FIB: OH OH, HERE SHE COMES! QUICK, WHERE'S MY NOVEL??
OH, HERE IT IS! MY PENCIL! WHERE'S MY PENCIL!?
GOTTA HAVE A PENCIL!

v

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MOL: *Behind*
Over your ear.
FIB: EAR? WHICH EAR? MIGOSH, SHE'S COMING! I WANTA LOOK LITERARY -- OH, HERE IT IS. OKAY, LET HER IN, KIDDO.
MOL: COME IN!
DOOR OPENS
OLD M: Hello there, kids!
FIB: Omigesh! Hi, Old Timer.
MOL: Hello, Mr. Old Timer. We thought you were somebody else.
OLD M: You did? It must be the way I get my hair combed different, daughter...You like it parted in the middle like this, kids?
MOL: Yes, very nice.
FIB: Yeah - that's a swell part you got there, all right. Must be six inches wide!
OLD M: Yes, it seems like I got more skin on my head than I used to, Johnny!
FIB: You ever stop to think maybe your hair is getting thinner?
OLD M: Hair gettin' thinner? (CHUCKLES) Who ever heard of hair gittin' fat!
FIB: No kidding, you oughta do something about it, Old Timer. You ever try bay rum?
OLD M: Yeah, it's no good, Johnny. I've tried it lots of times - but all it does is gimme the hiccups...Saay, you kids are expectin' somebody! Who?
MOL: A reporter from the Gazette, Mr. Old Timer - she's coming to interview us.

dk

(REVISED) - 7 -

OLD M: Is that so? I useta be in the newspaper racket myself, kids. Yep, I was the first girl reporter in Chicago!

FIB: Girl reporter?

OLD M: Yep - I reported a girl fer pickin' my pocket, Johnny.... A policeman come up and made her gimme back my Mickey Mouse Watch and all three wallets.

FIB: Three wallets? Migosh, you were lucky to get 'em all back!

OLD M: I sure was, Johnny. I'd always wanted a wallet, too....

FIB: Yeah? Well, I worked around a newspaper office myself at one time. Running errands and stuff.

MOL: I didn't know that, McGee. What were you - a printer's devil?

FIB: I guess so. They were always tellin' me to go straight to -

MOL: MCGEE!

FIB: Huh?

OLD M: HEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEH! THAT'S PRETTY GOOD, JOHNNY, BUT EVEN IF YOU'D OF FINISHED IT, THAT AIN'T THE WAY I HEERED IT!...WAY I HEERED IT, ONE FELLER SAYS TO T'OTHER FELLER..."SAAAYYY," HE SAYS, "I HEAR THEY GOT A NEW CUB REPORTER DOWN AT THE NEWSPAPER!" "IS THAT 'SO?" SAYS T'UTHER FELLER, "WONDERFUL WHAT THEY CAN TRAIN THEM BEARS TO DO, AIN'T IT?" (LAUGHS...FAUSE) Sorry, kids - I had a joke when I left the house..Musta mislaid it. So long!

ORCH: "PEGGY O'NEILL"

pr

SECOND SPOT

(2ND REVISION) -8-

MOL: How does my hair look, McGee? Miss Clark ought to be here pretty soon.

FIB: You look great, kiddo. I'm ready to be interviewed any time now, myself. I got my novel laid out here - a few old telegrams scattered around the desk.

MOL: No cablegrams?

FIB: No, I don't wanta exaggerate. Boyoboy, this town'll really sit up when they read the story she pries out of me! Just imagine the headline - "Fibber McGee - prominent author - sportsman - artist - sculptor - Oh hey, sculptor! Where's my modelling clay, Molly? I oughta have it out here on the desk and -

MOL: Oh, no McGee - please! I put that stuff up in the attic the last time I scraped it off the davenport.

FIB: Well, I can get it later. I hope you didn't muss it up though - I was workin' on a thing of Doc Gamble. Sort of a bust.

v

(REVISED) - 9 -

MOL: A brave confession!

FIB: Boy, will Doc ever be jealous when he sees all the publicity we're gettin' tomorrow! (CHUCKLES) He'll burn up like a bride's toast!

MOL: Well, when the lady interviews us now, dearie, let's be honest with her. Let's just be ourselves and -

FIB: What? And have the interview come out dull?? No sir, these newspapers want color, kiddo - and I'll give 'em color! ~~Interesting sidelights on the career of one of Wisluf Wiste's leading~~

DOOR CHIME

MOL: Oh - oh! It's her, McGee! My goodness, I'm so -- COME IN!

DOOR OPENS

WOMAN: How do you do? I'm Miss Clark, from the Gazette and -

MOL: Oh, come right in, Miss Clark! I'm Mrs. McGee, of course - and this is my husband - Mr. McGee! Dearie, here's Miss Clark.

FIB: (SLIGHTLY OFF..RUSHLING PAPERS) I beg your - ohh, I didn't hear someone come in. Excuse me. What was that name again?

WOMAN: Clark. Clementine Clark. I hope I'm not interrupting -

FIB: Oh, not at all, Miss Clark. Expecting you. Busy working on my novel and didn't hear you. You know how it is, working on a novel.

WOMAN: Oh, that's very interesting. What's the name of your book, Mr. McGee?

(2ND REVISION) -10-

MOL: That's the part he's working on. Let me have your things, Miss Clark.

WOMAN: Thank you.

FIB: You go right ahead and ask me questions, Miss Clark. I know you're anxious to know all about me, of course. Well, I was born in a little white house on the top of Kickapoo Hill, just outside Peoria, in the year -

WOMAN: Uh - if you don't mind, Mr. McGee - I'd like to just visit with you and Mrs. McGee for awhile. Just sort of get the atmosphere of your home.

MOL: It'll be better as soon as he gets through with that cigar, Miss Clark. Throw it out, McGee!

FIB: Huh? Oh, I'll lay it on the ash tray. It'll go out itself.

WOMAN: I hope you'll just go ahead with your regular routine - both of you - with whatever you usually do. I'll tag along, and write about it as I see it.

FIB: Okay - But don't be bashful about askin' questions now! I can talk to you on any subject!

MOL: And he will, too!

FIB: Betcha! Art, literature, politics, diplomatics, world affairs -

WOMAN: Well, we're always interested in our readers' reactions to the European situation, Mr. McGee. I'd like to jot yours down. How do you feel about the Marshall Plan?

(2ND REVISION) -11-

FIB: I'm glad you asked me that, sis! I'm in favor of it!
Yessir, the only way to buy things on credit is the
Marshall Plan. I wouldn't go to any other finance --

MOL: No, dearie - that's the Morris Plan!

FIB: Oh. Ohh, the Marshall Plan??

MOL: That's the plan for European relief.

WOMAN: Yes.

FIB: Oh, THAT Marshall Plan. Well, the way I look at it,
sis - if Marshall likes it, it's good enough for me!

MOL: Very nicely stated.

FIB: Yep, any guy that can make as much money in Wall Street
as J. P. Marshall, ought to know how to --

WOMAN: Uh - I think you're thinking of J. P. Morgan, Mr. McGee.

FIB: What did I say - "Marshall"? Meant to say Morgan.
Good man, Morgan! I'll vote for him! You can print
that, sis.

MOL: I hope you wrote all that down, Miss Clark. I doubt if
we could do it that way again. Say, would you like to ---

DOOR CHIME:

(REVISED) -12-

MOL: I think that's Mr. Williams, McGee. COME IN!

DOOR OPENS:

FIB: (TO WOMAN) The weather man, ^{Miss Clark.} Lives next door.

MOL: Hello, Mr. Williams.

FIB: Hiya, Foggy, old man.

GALE: Hello, Mrs. McGee - and Mr. McGee, and well! Miss Clark!

WOMAN: How are you, Mr. Williams?

MOL: Oh, you two know each other.

WOMAN: Yes, we see each other at the Gazette.

GALE: Quite a surprise, finding you here, though, Miss Clark.
I thought you only interviewed people of interes-- er,
I mean, I thought you were doing stories about important
peop-- (PAUSE) Hasn't the weather been lovely sometimes!

MOL: Miss Clark is going to do a story about us, Mr. Williams.

FIB: Yeah - did you ever make the headlines yourself, Foggy?

GALE: Oh yes, Mr. McGee - I remember it quite well...I
predicted rain three days in a row, and it rained
every day!

MOL: That's awfully good predicting, Mr. Williams. You must
have some wonderful instruments.

GALE: May I tell you a little secret? (CHUCKLES) My
instruments were broken that week - and I called my shots
from my uncle's rheumatism!

WOMAN: Nice running into you here, Mr. Williams. Have you lived next door to Mr. McGee very long?

GALE: Why, let me see now - the first week I moved here, he borrowed my hammer and some shingle nails...the next week, shingles...then there was the folding ruler and eight feet of gas pipe week -

FIB: Ten feet. I got another piece after you went to work.

GALE: Oh, pardon me. Then the snowshovel, lawn mover and beach umbrella - the weather was uncertain that week --

FIB: I never take any chances!

GALE: Then there was the week he borrowed the rug out of the front hall ---

MOL: Rug out of your hall? What on earth --?

GALE: I believe he wanted to get under his car to grease it, Mrs. McGee.

FIB: That's right. I had on a clean shirt. Of Foggy's.

GALE: And the leg off our card table to replace one he broke on his own. That makes ten weeks. GOOD HEAVENS, have I only been living next door for ten weeks? It seems like -- well, I must get home and check my groundhog. Good-day - probably.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Very nice chap. A little self-centered, of course, but quite nice. He keeps a groundhog. We've got a lot of friends.

WOMAN: Yes. Well, I'd like some information on Mrs. --

FIB: Take Doc Gamble, for instance. He's a doctor. Known me so long he can't stand me. Very jealous type of guy. When he sees this big story on me in the paper tomorrow, he'll blow a fuse! (LAUGHS)

WOMAN: Yes - uh, Mrs. McGee, suppose you tell me a little about YOURself, for a change. Just general information about --

MOL: (MODEST) Me? Oh, there isn't anything to tell about me, Miss Clark, really! I'm just a housewife. I don't --

FIB: (GENEROUSLY) Well, housewives are important too, kiddo! Yessir, if it wasn't for you, I couldn't of done lots of the things I've done! I mind one time -----

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: Excuse me, Miss Clark. COME IN!

DOOR OPENS:

WIL: Hello, Molly - hi, pal!

MOL: Come in, Mr. Wilcox. Miss Clark, this is Mr. Wilcox. Mr. Wilcox - Miss Clementine Clark.

BOTH: GREETINGS

FIB: Doing a story on us, Junior - for the Gazette, feature article.

WIL: Oh, I've been reading your current series, Miss Clark ...very interesting.

WOMAN: Thank you. I'm just trying to get Mrs. McGee to give me an angle for her side of the story here. The housewife's angle is pretty important, you know.

WIL: It certainly is! And I'm happy to see it eliminated!

WOMAN: Eliminated??

MOL: What's eliminated Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: The housewife's angle. You see, she used to be all bent over, scrubbing the kitchen linoleum - but now she just stands up straight, spreading Johnson's Self-Polishing Glocoat around - with a long handled applicator....

FIB: Awww....

WIL: And watching it dry in 20 minutes or less to a brilliant gleaming finish that keeps her linoleum much more beautiful with much less work and worry!

FIB: Aww, -

WIL: You've discovered in your interviews, Miss Clark, that a housewife's VERY FIRST INTEREST is her home, of course.

FIB: Her home? How about her husband?

WIL: He ought to be interested in it, too! He lives in it.

FIB: Awww....

WIL: And if a husband IS interested in his home - AND in his wife - he won't LET her keep house without Johnson's Self Polishing Glocoat! When he sees the handsome glistening finish of a Glocoated kitchen floor - and the bright happy sparkle it puts in the eyes of his wife - he'll insist she use Johnson's Self Polishing Glocoat always! He'd a be a heel if he didn't -

FIB: AWWW - Look, Omaha!!

WIL: Yes, Pal?

FIB: You've always been welcome here, haven't you?

WIL: Why yes, I think so, Pal.

FIB: Let's not take any chances with a beautiful friendship, son. Nice to have seen you.

WIL: Oh..I see what you mean..So long.

DOOR SIAM:

MOL: Isn't he nice, Miss Clark?

WOMAN: Yes. (PUZZLED) What was he talking about, anyhow?

FIB: Search me, sis. He comes in here every week and goes on like that.

MOL: We think he's a salesman of some kind.

FIB: Where were we now? Oh yes, I was saying that writing, sports, art and politics are just a few of my talents, sis I got what you might call many faucets to my personality!

MOL: You shouldn't let them all run at once, though, sweetheart You're drowning us with talent!

WOMAN: Yes.

FIB: I can spare it! You take the other side of my character - the hard-headed business man side! I'm known -

DOOR CHIME

WOMAN: Ah, recess, again!

FIB: Oh, we have so many friends! I hope you don't mind. Come in!

DOOR OPEN

MOL: Hello, Mr. Boomer.

BOOM: Greetings, my little Prairie Flower!! And good day to you, Fiddleface! AHFFF, who is this charming bit of fascinating femininity? Some woodland zephyr, fluttering in on a vagrant breeze, or -

MOL: No, this is Miss Clark, of the Gazette. Miss Clark, may I present Mr. Boomer.

WOMAN: How do you do ?

BOOM: HORATIO K. Boomer, my dear - at your service! I shall spread my cloak at your dainty feet and --

FIB: Aww, cut it out Boomer - she's a newspaper woman.

MOL: Miss Clark is writing a story about us for the Gazette, Mr. Boomer.

BOOM: Well.....very interesting....yes indeed. I broke into the Gazette myself last week with a rather large article.

FIB: No kidding? What was the article about ?

BOOM: About the size and shape of a cobblestone, my boy. In fact, it was a cobblestone, now that I think of it. Slipped out of my hand and through a back alley window of the paper. I went in after it, and was interviewed by three detectives....Never saw so many knuckles in one bunch.

WOMAN: Whut.....uh.....what business are you in, Mr. Boomer ?

FIB: He never answers that question without a flock of bright lights in his eyes and somebody shaking him.

BOOM: QUIET, YOU INSOLENT PUPPY! At the moment, my dear, I am the sole local representative of the Ajax Little Gem Guaranteed Fruit Jar Opener! Guaranteed to open any jar with a simple twist of the wrist or your half dollar back!

MOL: Really, Mr. Boomer? We always have trouble opening fruit jars.

BOOM: Happy to show you a sample, my dear. Fruit jar opener, fruit jar open--What did I do with that opener?...Here's an interesting photograph of my uncle Macintosh Boomer, A Scotch Hillbilly.

FIB: ~~Scotch Hillbilly?~~

BOOM: ~~Highlander, yes. Picture of him~~ playing the bagpipes with his trusty jug empty beside him....He was the original pie-eyed piper....Here's a turtleneck sweater, knit by a girl with tortoise shell glasses. Might have fit better if she'd used knitting needles....

FIB: The jar opener, Boomer? Remember?

BOOM: Yes, what did I do with that jar opener? Here's a fox choker, for choking foxes, and a check for a short beer! Well, well, what do you know! Here's the jar opener right here.

FIB: In that package? Let's see it - open it up.

BOOM: Sorry, it's sealed for sanitary purposes, my boy.
FIB: How does it work?
BOOM: Very simple, Simon. Inside this package, you'll find a brick bat. Simply take the jar, bat it with the brick, and it'll open up like a fractured vault. Ta-ta, Toodles..
..Cho-Chop, Chump! So long Sob Sister.
ORCH: KING'S MEN - "WITH A 'HEY' AND A 'HI' AND A 'HO' 'HO' 'HO'

FOOTSTEPS COMING DOWNSTAIRS:

MOL: ...and the wallpaper here in the hall ties in with the color scheme in our bedroom, you see, Miss Clark.
WOMAN: Oh, the whole house is so nicely done, Mrs. McGee.
MOL: (PLEASED) Thank you. McGee wanted to do our room in rawhide, with a moosehead over the bed, but I managed to talk him--
FIB: (FADING IN) Well, didja see everything upstairs, sis?
WOMAN: Well, I have quite a lot of notes, Mr. McGee.
FIB: Sit down here and I'll fill you in on my background while you're resting. You see, the way I figure, one's background is everything! I come from a very old family myself.
WOMAN: Really?
FIB: Yep - the last time I saw my family, there wasn't a one of 'em under 65! And a happier bunch of ^{hillbillys} kin-folks!

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPENS:

MOL: Oh, hello, Doctor Gamble. Nice to see you!
DOC: Hello, my dear. Hello, Stup-- Oh, excuse me. Didn't know you had a guest.
FIB: This is Miss Clark, from the Gazette, Doc. The Wistful Vista Gazette. Doc Gamble, Sis.
WOMAN: How do you do, Doctor. I've heard a lot about you.
DOC: And I've been reading your articles, Miss Clark. Nice writing.
MOL: She's doing one on us for tomorrow, Doctor.

(2ND REVISION) -21-

DOC: Well, if I can contribute anything to your notes about ~~him~~ ^{McGee} Miss Clark --

FIB: (HASTILY) Aw no, never mind, Fatso! She's got all the dope! Right from the feedbox! Just put your needle back in your satchel, Sawbones!

DOC: Why, my boy...

WOMAN: Some of my most interesting notes have come from your friends, Mr. McGee. Maybe Doctor Gamble --

FIB: You wouldn't be interested in Doc's cracks about me, sis. Probably couldn't print 'em, anyway. Or spell 'em, even!

MOL: They're SUCH close friends, Miss Clark. (CHUCKLES) Sometimes it's all I can do to separate them from each other's throats!

DOC: I'd be very happy to give you my impression of him, Miss Clark. I've known him since --

FIB: NOW, CUT IT OUT, DOC! SKIP IT! She's got all the stuff she needs - you keep your big fat prognosis out of it!

MOL: You mean his big fat proboscis, dearie.

FIB: Yeah - that too! Ignore him, sis - don't write anything down!

DOC: (CHUCKLES) Don't let his bluster frighten you, Miss Clark. That's just a cover-up. Undornoth it, he's really a swell little guy!

FIB: Who, me? (PLEASED) Well, geewhiz, Doc --

DOC: Oh, he makes a few mistakes - like we all do - but he tries hard and he does the very best he can with what he was to work with!

FIB: Thank you, Doctor. Didja write that down, sis?

WOMAN: I have it.

MOL: *That's nice, Doctor.*

(2ND REVISION) -22-

DOC: His biggest trouble, of course, is his modesty. It's just that he knows himself so well, that he can't believe anyone could possibly have a good opinion of him. But someone does.

FIB: Thank you, Doctor.

DOC: No matter how big a problem that boy is faced with, Miss Clark, he always solves it! Yes, you give him a crisis and he'll beat it every time!

FIB: Thank you, Doctor.

MOL: You're - uh - you're still talking about McGee, Doctor?

DOC: I am indeed, my dear. While I grant that his veracity may sometimes be questioned, I consider it attributable to an overabundance of enthusiasm, rather than to any inherent lack of fidelity to the truth, and his motivation is invariably above reproach.

FIB: Is that good, Molly?

MOL: It's wonderful!

FIB: Thank you, Doctor.

DOC: Did you write that down, Miss Clark?

WOMAN: Yes, thank you, Doctor.

MOL: Isn't that nice! I had no idea --

DOC: I've hardly touched the subject so far, but in closing, I'd just like to say that I like him! In spite of all that lead, he's got a heart of gold!

FIB: (PAUSE) Gee, Doc, that's swell! Migosh, I don't know what to say!

WOMAN: Say, I hate to break this up, but I really must get down to the paper, Mrs. McGee.

(2ND REVISION) -23-24-25-

MOL: Don't rush away, Miss Clark. It's been awfully nice having you.

WOMAN: I've enjoyed knowing you, Mrs. McGee. If you'd call me a cab --

DOC: Let me drop you off, Miss Clark. I'm driving downtown anyhow, and --

FIB: Yeah, yeah - let Doc drive you down, sis! He may think of a few things he forgot. Yeah, drive her, Doc!

DOOR OPENS:

WOMAN: See you again, Mrs. McGee. Goodbye.

MOL: Goodbye. Goodbye, Doctor.

FIB: Talk to her, Doc! Drive slow! So long, sis.

DOOR CLOSES:

FIB: Boyoboy, what a story that'll make. They'll really give us a writeup now! Good old Doc!

MOL: Wasn't he wonderful. I've always said he was a sweet--

FIB: Did he ever get in there and pitch! Boyoboy - I can hardly wait to see that paper.

ORCH: BRIDGE - OVERNIGHT

RUNNING FOOTSTEPS UP STEPS AND ACROSS PORCH...DOOR BURSTS OPEN:

FIB: HEY, MOLLY, I GOT IT! THE PAPER! HERE'S THE PAPER!
I RUN ALL THE WAY FROM KREMER'S DRUG STORE!

FIBBER MCGEE -- 12-9-47

(2ND REVISION) -26-

MOL: Well, quick --- open it up. (PAPER RUSTLE) What does it say? Have you found it? Let's see it!!

FIB: Yeah! Here it is-- "By Clementine Clark." It says, "During a routine interview with a local couple yesterday, I met a most unusual personality. This prominent writer, artist, scientist and physician is one of the - PHYSICIAN!"

MOL: Physician? Why - that's about Doctor Gamble!

FIB: WHY -- WHY, THE WHOLE THING'S ABOUT DOC GAMBLE! DON'T SAY A WORD ABOUT US!

MOL: Oh, dear.

FIB: WHY, THAT DIRTY -- AND I LET HIM TAKE HER DOWNTOWN! OH THAT DOUBLE-CROSSING, BACK STABBING, TRIPLE-DEALING LITTLE -- Wait till I get my hands on him. What's his phone number.

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

FIBBER Mc Gee and Molly
December 9, 1947

(2ND REVISION) -27-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WIL: If you have a nice table or radio or some other piece of furniture in your home that you're especially fond of, I'd like to make a helpful suggestion. Try polishing that piece of furniture with Johnson's Cream Wax. Believe me, you'll get a most pleasant surprise. It's easy -- just rub on a little Cream Wax, let dry for a few seconds, then polish lightly. Notice how clean the surface becomes -- how clear and lovely the grain of the wood is. That's because this creamy white liquid contains special cleansing ingredients which remove every trace of dirt and fingerprints, then quickly polishes to a beautiful luster. There's not a single drop of oil in Johnson's Cream Wax. This means that dust and dirt won't stick to your furniture and light-colored woodwork and just an occasional light dusting will keep them shining-clean. Johnson's Cream Wax is perfect for cleaning and wax-protecting your refrigerator and other white kitchen equipment too. You'll like it! Johnson's Cream Wax 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"

(2ND REVISION) -28-

TAG

FIB: Of all the dirty swindles! I'll get even with Doc Gamble if it's the last thing I do! Hey, I know what I'll do!

MOL: Don't do it, dearie!

FIB: You haven't even heard it yet! (CHUCKLES) I'm goin' down to the hospital tomorrow and tell Doc I want my tonsils out, see?

MOL: You had your tonsils out years ago, McGee.

FIB: Sure - and when he gets me on that table and under the ether, and looks down my neck and sees how I double-crossed him, will he burn!

MOL: NO, DEARIE!

FIB: Okay...Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all.

ORCH: PLAYOFF AND SIGN OFF

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