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R.W. *file*  
(REVISED)  
#14

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"  
FOR  
JOHNSON'S WAX

JANUARY 6th, 1948

6:30 - 7 PM PST

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WILCOX: THE JOHNSON'S WAX PROGRAM - WITH FIBBER MCGEE AND  
MOLLY!

ORCH: THEME - FADE FOR:

WILCOX: The makers of Johnson's Wax Products for home and  
industry present Fibber McGee and Molly, with  
Bill Thompson, Gale Gordon, Arthur Q. Bryan,  
Jess Kirkpatrick, 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:



McGee - 1/6/48

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Ladies, here's the best way to keep your floors beautiful. Don't walk on them. Now, that doesn't mean move into the garage. Simply polish your floors with genuine Johnson's Paste Wax. Instead of walking on your floors, you will be walking on a shining, glowing film of wax. Between your hard shoes and the floors, there will be a gleaming coat of tough wax. Your floors will be more beautiful... they'll last longer...they'll be so easy to keep clean. Your furniture, too, will take on a new warm beauty, if you polish it with genuine Johnson's Paste Wax. Tables, chairs, lamps, things made of leather...they'll all glow with a warm luster so beautiful, you'll want to touch them every time you walk by. Believe me, there's no better way to make your floors and furniture more lovely, and to protect them...than to polish them with Johnson's Paste Wax. There's no better way, because there's no finer wax than genuine Johnson's Wax 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

(2nd REVISION) -4-

WILCOX: JUST TO INVENT A STATISTIC, THERE ARE TWO MILLION, SEVEN HUNDRED AND FOUR THOUSAND, SIX HUNDRED AND THIRTEEN MEN AND BOYS IN THE UNITED STATES WHO DO PARLOR MAGIC. AND THE NUMBER IS INCREASING BY THE HOUR. WANNA HEAR IT INCREASE BY ONE? THEN STEP INTO THE WISTFUL VISTA MAGIC SHOP AND JOIN --

--FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: Hiya, Chet. Remember me? I'm Fibber McGee. This is my wife, Molly.

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

FIB: I was in here last October and bought a set of rubber rabbits, for a dollar.

MAN: Oh, yes. The multiplying rabbits.

MOL: What other kind is there?

FIB: Well, here's the thing, Chet. The Elk's Club is holding a smoker see?

MAN: They are? What did he do - burn one of the chairs?

MOL: He means they're putting on entertainment, Mr. Morse.

FIB: Yeah...next week. Local talent, entirely, and I wanna surprise 'em. I wanna work up some tricks. A few card tricks. Couple of illusions. And wind up with something terrific.. Like maybe being handcuffed and roped and sealed into a trunk full of battery acid and lowered into the river or something like that.



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MAN: Oh. Do you know any rope tricks?  
MOL: Does he? Why he can make a 5-cent cigar last practically all day .  
MAN: Well, I'll work up a routine you can handle. A few card tricks, vanishing a lighted cigarette, tricks with silk scarves and one good rope escape trick.  
FIB: GREAT, GREAT, GREAT! You're my man, Chet!  
MAN: All right, if you'll just wait here a few minutes, I'll get some stuff together and go over it with you. (FADE)  
Excuse me, Mrs. McGee.  
MOL: Certainly, Mr. Morse. Oh, I think you're going to have a lot of fun with this, McGee!  
FIB: Yeah, I do too. I'm such a show-off, anyway. Boy, I can just see them Elk's faces---

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

MOL: Well, for goodness sakes, McGee..look who just came in.  
FIB: Hiya, Doc.  
MOL: Hello, Doctor Gamble!  
DOC: Hello, my dear. And what are you doing in the magic shop, Fumble-Thumb? If you're trying to find out how to make yourself disappear, please do so and have them send me the bill.

(2ND REVISION)

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FIB: Look, you stuffy old stand-in for a tired stork, just because I have the energy and initiative to learn something new to entertain with at the Elk's Club smoker next week, whereas you'll probably get up there and make an annual fool of yourself pullin' the wings offa "Poor Butterfly" with your wheezy old concertina that you got for three bucks in a hock shop in 19 ought eleven, don't think I -- I mean, why don't you--er...what'd I start out to say?  
MOL: No one will ever know, sweetheart. And let's keep it that way. May I ask what you are doing in here, Doctor? Are you a magician?  
FIB: IS HE A MAGICIAN!! Ever see his wizard thermometer? He sticks it under your tongue and pulls three hundred bucks out of your pocket.  
DOC: Look, Wobble jaw. I'm an even-tempered man and I dislike to brawl in public, but a few more of your snide comments and I shall be forced to throw a few knuckles into your unpaid-for teeth.  
FIB: WHO'S GONNA THROW WHOSE KNUCKLES INTO WHOSE WHAT? WHY YOU CREAKY OLD HASBEEN, THAT NEVER WAS, YOU MAKE ONE MOVE TOWARD ME, AND I'LL STOMP YOUR MUSHY OLD FRAME INTO THE WOODWORK!



DOC: Yes? Don't forget I've seen your muscles, such as they are, and I happen to know you couldn't go two rounds with Margaret O'Brien. You are softer than the obligato to Mother Machree, and you couldn't punch your way out of a snowbank.

FIB: OH NO? WELL FOR YOUR INFORMATION, I GOT OUT OF A SNOWBANK ONCE.....

MOL: Boys Boys Boys!! My goodness ---after all -

MAN: (FADE IN) Well, Mr. McGee, I have a few tricks that I think will do. And all the instructions...and some books.....Oh hello, Doctor...

DOC: Hello, Chet.

FIB: Do you know Doc Gamble, Chet? That's great! Doc's one of my best and oldest friends. How about it, Ducky old pal?

DOC: Yes, ours is a very strong friendship, Chet. On a warm day you can smell it for fifty miles. Did you get me a Berg Deck?

MAN: Yes, right here, Doctor. I'll put it on the account.

DOC: Thanks, very much. Good day my dear. So long, McGee. dear old boy.

FIB: So long, lovely old man.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Ahh good old Doc. I'd cut my right arm off for him and he knows it, only he'd wanna do it himself and charge me a hundred and fifty bucks for it. Well thanks Chet! This is wonderful. Come on Molly.

MOL: Goodbye, Mr. Morse.

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE: TRAFFIC SOUNDS FOOTSTEPS ON PAVEMENT..FADE FOR

FIB: Oh boy, this is just what I wanted, Molly. You know, this might start me on a whole new career.

MOL: Yes, as the farmer said when he bought the plough, "This will open up an entirely new field for me!"

FIB: I can call myself "MYSTERIOUS MCGEE...THE MENTAL MARVEL... MASTER OF MILLIONS OF MAGNIFICENT MYSTERIES AND MAKING MONKEYS OF MANY MINOR MANIPULATORS FROM MICHIGAN TO MEXICO AS HE...."

MOL: Hold it, Mysterious! Here comes Mr. Wimple. HELLO THERE MR. WIMPLE!

FOOTSTEPS OUT:

FIB: HIYAH, WIMP!

WIMP: Hello, folks!

MOL: Taking a little stroll, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: Yes, in a way Mrs. McGee. But mostly I'm sort of a refugee. Sweetface..that's my big old wife, you know.

MOL: Yes, we know...

WIMP: She's giving a bridge party for a lot of matrons, and--

FIB: Whaddye mean, matrons--older women?

WIMP: No, I mean matrons--from the county jail. Sweetface used to be a guard in the women's section down there, you know.

MOL: Isn't that nice.



(2ND REVISION) -9 & 10-

WIMP: Yes....But when she wanted me to put on an apron and serve the tea, I just stamped my foot and refused!

FIB: Good boy, Wimp. That's the old spirit. What was her reaction to that?

WIMP: Well it was rather surprising, Mr. McGee. She got down on her knees and pleaded with me.

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MOL: But you just stood there, with courage and determination.

WIMP: Well...no...(SNICKERS) you see she was kneeling on my neck.

FIB: Wimp, I predict that one of these days you gotta have a showdown with that woman. Show her who wears the... I mean, let her know who's boss around there.

WIMP: She already knows that, Mr. McGee. She is.

MOL: You mean you never really put up a strong protest, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: Well, yes...I did once. (SNICKERS) I really told her off! I stared right at her and said look here, Sweetface I said, (and I didn't even raise my voice)--look here, you old fright wig, I said, from now on I'M running this house. From now on you do what I say. You lay a hand on me once more, I said, and I'll..I'll pulverize you!

FIB: Wow! And what did she say?

WIMP: She didn't say a word. But she twitched a little and I was so afraid she'd wake up that I ran into the bathroom locked the door and shinnied out the window. Well, I've got to be going now, folks...goodbye now...

ORCH: "HOW SOON"

APPLAUSE:



SECOND SPOT

(2ND REVISION) -12-

FIB: Hand me that other book there, will you, Molly?  
No, the other one..."CLEVER CONJURING WITH COINS  
AND CARDS". Thanks. (PAGES TURNING) Now,  
lemme see...HEY, HERE'S A WONDERFUL TRICK WITH  
A BANANA! You let the audience examine it,  
then ask somebody to peel it over an open dish.  
They peel it, and the banana is ALREADY SLICED!  
MOL: Heavenly days...that IS clever! How do you do  
that?  
FIB: With a needle. Puncture the skin, work the  
needle in an arc, thus slicing the banana  
without apparently busting the skin. There's  
some clever patter that goes with that trick,  
too.  
MOL: I can just imagine.

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FIB: Yeah ...it's all given right here in the book...as I  
pick up the banana. I say, kinda casual, "a friend of  
mine named Abe and his sister Anna were walking down the  
street the other day and somebody said, here comes  
Abe'n Anna!" (LAUGHS) Don't you get it, kiddo? ABE  
AND ANNA? It's a pun. If you say ABE and ANNA fast, it  
sounds like A BANANA. (LAUGHS) Personally I think...  
MOL: TAIN'T FUNNY, MCGEE!  
FIB: Well, I've spoiled you snooky. You've heard me pull so  
many GOOD jokes around here, a gag has gotta be  
dynamite to make you smile. But the guys at the Elks  
Club, for whom I'm gonna -  
DOOR CHIME:  
MOL: COME IN!  
DOOR OPEN:.  
MOL: Oh, it's the weather man, McGee. Mr. Williams. COME  
IN, MR. WILLIAMS.  
DOOR CLOSE:  
GALE: Hello, Mrs. McGee. Hello, McGee. Am I interrupting  
a game of gin rummy or something?  
FIB: Gin rum...OH YOU MEAN THE DECK O' CARDS? No, I'm just  
practicing a few card tricks, Foggy, - ever do any  
slight-of-hand yourself - like pulling stuff out of a  
hat?  
GALE: Where do you think we get our weather forecasts?  
MOL: Show Mr. Williams a card trick, dearie. Show him the  
one where you let him pick a card out of the deck. Show  
him that one.



FIB: Okay, here Foggy----

SOUND: RIFLE OF CARDS.

FIB: Take a card...ANY CARD!....I don't care which one...  
just any card...go on....take one!

GALE: I'm sorry. I can't.

MOL: Why not, Mr. Williams?

GALE: I promised my mother I wouldn't touch tobacco or  
playing cards until I was twenty-one.

FIB: YOU MEAN YOU'RE NOT TWENTY-ONE YET?

GALE: I don't know. The courthouse in my home town burned  
down with all the birth records. For all I know, I  
haven't even been born yet. It worries me sometimes, too.  
Because when I am born...what if I'm a Shetland pony?

FIB: That would really be a horse on you, Foggy.

GALE: Yes...well, if you'll excuse me I must get home and call  
our county observation station.

MOL: Checking up on something, Mr. Williams?

GALE: Yes. I had a very lengthy argument with our man out  
there yesterday Mrs. McGee. My observations indicated  
a violent tornado headed that way, but he insisted it  
was impossible. Very stubborn fellow.

MOL: Did you finally convince him you were right?

GALE: I'm afraid not. He was seen passing over Western  
Arkansas this morning, still shaking his head. Well,  
....good day, probably.

DOOR SIAM:

FIB: I wish I'd had my rope trick worked up so I could of  
showed him that. That's a lulu, snooky! You see,  
I get some member of the audience to come up on the  
stage, see, and truss me up like a bale o' hay.  
Then they put a screen in front of me, the orchestra  
plays the Billboard March, and in about ten seconds  
OUT I COME, ABSOLUTELY FREE, AND SHOW THEM THE ROPES  
WITH THE KNOTS STILL TIED.

MOL: Heavenly days. How do you do it?

FIB: I dunno. I haven't read the instructions yet.  
BUT I GOT THE ROPE RIGHT HERE...SEE? This  
rope trick is gonna be--

DOOR OPEN:

WIL: Hello, folks.

MOL: Oh, hello, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Hiya, Junior! Just in time for a bit of mystification.  
Have a chair.

WIL: Okay.

FIB: Now then, in my left hand I have a silver half dollar...  
right?

WIL: Right!

MOL: Right!



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FIB: I swing my arm upwards, and ALA-KAZAMMM! The coin has disappeared.

(PAUSE)

FIB: Know where it went, Junior?

WIL: Sure. It's on the floor right behind you.

MOL: RIGHT!

FIB: Hmm. I musta held it wrong. There's a little hook on it that's supposed to catch in the back of my pants leg, and hang there. Oh well, that's childish stuff, anyway. I'M gonna specialize on the escape tricks.

MOL: He's working up a magic act for the Elks smoker, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Interested in legerdemain, Junior? Legerdemain, that means magic.

WIL: Yes, I know. And yes, I am. In a way. I sell it.

MOL: YOU SELL MAGIC? WHAT DO YOU MEAN, MR. WILCOX?

FIB: (GROANS) Oh, Molly...won't you EVER learn not to ask questions like that?

WIL: I mean selling Johnson's Self-Polishing Glo-coat IS selling magic, Molly. The way Glo-coat brings out the beauty and color of a tired linoleum and eliminates old-fashioned rubbing, buffing and scrubbing is nothing else than sheer magic.

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FIB: Yeah, but slight-of-hand is a different -

WIL: - and even a housewife who is slight of hand and slender of figure can apply Johnson's glocoat because it's so easy....just pour a little out, spread it around with the long-handled applier and -

MOL: I think McGee means that certain tricks are more -

WIL: As I was saying - there are certain tricks that smart housewives learn that save them hours and hours of time and trouble. And Glocoat is one of them. It makes linoleum sparkle with a protective gloss with such a minimum of time and effort --

FIB: WAXEY!!!

WIL: Yes, Pal?

FIB: Is it possible to hold a conversation with you, without you ringing in a commercial?

WIL: Well, now let me think....(PAUSE) No, I guess not.

MOL: How did you ever talk to your wife long enough to ask her to marry you?

WIL: Oh, I just said, Honey, I said, stick out the third finger of your left hand and close your eyes. And she did.

FIB: And you slipped a <sup>cheap</sup> ~~budget plan~~ diamond ring on <sup>it</sup> and that was it, eh?



WIL: No, I tied a little string around it. That was to remind her to get some more Glocoat. She was all out of it. Her eyes filled with tears, on account of how I was so thoughtful. Then I said, look, baby, I said, why don't you marry me and let ME take care of the Glocoat.

MOL: And what did she say?

WIL: She said "OKAY, GO HOME."

FIB: Me too.

WIL: Okay. So long.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Hand me that rope, will ya, kiddo? Thanks. Now lemme see the book. Thanks..(RUFFLE PAGES) Hey, when I do this act at the Elks Club next week, you'll be my assistant, won't you? Hand me stuff and stuff.

MOL: Well, I -- why, if you want me to, dearie -- but --

FIB: Certainly I want you! Right up there beside me, tootsie! You're cute and pretty - you'll give the act class!

MOL: (PLEASED) Aren't you sweet! I'll be glad to help, dearie!

FIB: Good! Lemme see now - (RIFFLES PAGES) "How to Saw a Woman in Half. Take a large saw and a small woman and --"

MOL: WHAT? Heavenly days! No, McGee, NO! Your assistant just resigned!

FIB: Huh? Yeah, but --

MOL: Look, you go ahead and practice your magic, dearie. I'll go upstairs and sort the laundry. (FADING)  
"Sawing a woman in half - for goodness sakes..."

FIB: Okay, baby....Ahhh, there goes a good kid! It's a wise woman that knows when to give her husband enough rope. But I doubt if this is one of the times -- because if I don't get things all fouled up at the Elks Smoker --

DOOR CHIME

FIB: Come in!

DOOR OPENS

TEE: Hi, mister. (GIGGLES)

FIB: Well, hello, Teeny. Come in.

TEE: Okay. Hey, whatcha doon, mister, hmmm. Whatcha doon, hm? What?

FIB: I'm doing some magic, sis. Don't touch any of my equipment there now, I'm working up an act. You like magic?

TEE: Oh boy, I love magic! My uncle is a magician, too, I betcha.



FIB: He is, eh?  
TEE: Yeah, he -HM?  
FIB: I says he is, eh?  
TEE: Is what?  
FIB: A magician.  
TEE: Who?  
FIB: Your uncle!  
TEE: Which one - I got lots of uncles.  
FIB: How do I know?  
TEE: I just told you.  
FIB: Told me what?  
TEE: That I got lots of uncles!  
FIB: Who has?  
TEE: I have!  
FIB: I know it! And one of 'em is a magician.  
TEE: Sure. That's my Uncle Elmer. He's a farmer.  
FIB: He's a - wait a minute. He's a magician - and a farmer?  
What can he do?  
TEE: ~~Oh, he can plow corn, and feed pigs, and milk cows and -~~  
FIB: ~~No, no no - I mean what kind of magic can he do?~~ Can he  
wave his hands over a white handkerchief and turn it into  
a rabbit?  
TEE: No - but he can wave a stick at three cows and turn 'em  
into a pasture..(GIGGLES) Hey, do something, mister, go  
on - do some magic. Go on.

FIB: Well, lemme see -- I've got a great watch trick, but  
I can't show you that one, because I have to have ~~some~~  
somebody from the audience hand me a wristwatch and you  
wouldn't have  
TEE: Oh well, here, mister - Here's a wrist-watch. Take  
this one.  
FIB: Oh swell. Hey, that's pretty! You musta had a good  
Christmas sis!  
TEE: Wonnerful, mister. I got all kinds of nice presents  
and -  
FIB: Okay, okay, wait'll I get the book open to the watch  
trick here. (RIFFLES PAGES) Now lemme see - I merely  
take my pocket handkerchief - thus - and wrap the watch  
in it - thus!  
TEE: Oh. Gee --  
FIB: Now I take this hammer...(HESITANT) It says "take  
the hammer and pound the watch out flat." (BANGING AND  
SMALL CLINKING)  
TEE: Oh boy, what happens now, mister?  
FIB: Just a minute now - lemme finish reading it. It says,  
"Before using the hammer, be sure you have safely palmed  
the watch, and slipped the dummy watch into the  
handkerchief! OMIGOSH! Dummy watch?"  
TEE: (WORRIED) Gee, mister - did something go wrong?



FIB: Oh, Teeny this is awful! I -- I don't know what to say - the watch is ruined! It's a mess! (GROANS) Was - Was it a very expensive watch, sis?

TEE: Gee, I dunno. I just picked it up off the table for you when you asked me to hand you a watch. It's not my watch, mister. ~~I'm no chump.~~

FIB: WHAT? MY WRIST WATCH! (~~GLINK OF PARTS~~) THIS IS WORSE THAN I THOUGHT!

TEE: Gee - you're a wonderful magician, mister. You can just wave a hammer and make a monkey of yourself. (GIGGLES) So long, now!

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH: AND KING'S MEN "EVALINA"

APPLAUSE

FIB: I got all my tricks worked out now except the rope escape, Molly. And I'm workin' on that. Hey, help me tie this clothesline around me, willya?

MOL: My goodness, with all that clothesline tangled around your neck, you look like an amateur cowboy tryin' to rope a cow against the wind. You'd better...

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: Wait a minute. COME IN!

DOOR OPENS:

FIB: Oh, hi, Old Timer.

MOL: Hello, Mr. Old Timer.

OLD M: Hello there, kids! (SUDDEN ALARM) Hey, whatcha doin' with the rope around your neck, Johnny?

FIB: Oh, I was just getting ready to--

OLD M: (PLEADING) Oh, don't DO it, Johnny! Things can't be that bad, boy!

MOL: Oh, he's just going to--



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OLD M: (EARNESTLY) Ree-consider, Johnny! Don't be hasty! What if you ARE a dismal failure in life??

FIB: Huh?

OLD M: What if you HAVE made a mess of your life? What if everything you touch DOES turn to mud? What if everybody DOES say you're just the sand in the crankcase of life??

FIB: Oh now, wait a minute--

OLD M: IT'S not too late, Johnny! You're just a kid!

MOL: Just a big kid!

OLD M: When I was your age, Johnny, I was a failure too! Not as bad as you are - but a failure! And now look at me!

(PAUSE) No - that ain't gonna sell him, is it?

FIB: Nossir! If I'm gonna turn out like you, I'll--

OLD M: (EARNESTLY) The world ain't so bad, son! It jist looks bad! Of course, Europe is in a mess..food prices are gittin' higher here every day...I got no money. BUT MONEY AIN'T EVERYTHING, JOHNNY! ...I can't think of anything it ain't, though..BUT WE ALWAYS GOT OUR FRIENDS! I can't think of any offhand, but we must have some...AND AS LONG AS WE GOT A HOME OF OUR OWN-- Come to think of it, Who's got a home? I got throwed out of my room this afternoon..

(PAUSE) Say, Johnny.

FIB: Yeah?

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OLD M: (SADLY) Tie me a loop in the other end of that rope, willya? Size fourteen and a half! Things are worse'n I thought.

MOL: Oh no, Mr. Old Timer. You're all mixed up.

FIB: Sure. (CHUCKLES) I'm just getting ready to do some rope escape tricks, here, Old Timer. As soon as I can get somebody to tie me up good, I'll bounce off these ropes like Jersey Joe Walcott!

OLD M: 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, "SAYYYYY", he says, "I SEE WHERE A BUNCH OF GOVERNMENT FELLERS ARE IN TROUBLE FER SPECULATIN' IN WHEAT". "ZAT SO?", says tother feller. "I SUPPOSE THE RADIO COMEDIANS WILL HOP ON THAT PRETTY QUICK". "THEY'RE SCARED TO", says the first feller, "THEY ALL BEEN SPECULATIN' IN CORN"! Heh heh heh...Well, so long, kids!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Well, I better get busy and practice escaping from this rope so-- HEY, WHERE YOU GOING? AREN'T YOU GONNA STAY AND TIE ME UP?

MOL: I'll have to do it when I get back, dearie. I almost forgot, I have to run down to the grocery store.

FIB: Yeah, but Molly --

MOL: I'll be back in a half hour or so...

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:



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FIB: Well, this is a fine state of how do you do. Nobody to tie me up! ~~I wonder if Doc Gamble would come over and oh no. It would take me three weeks to get the stitches out!~~ Maybe if I go out on the porch some neighbor will gimme a hand...

DOOR OPEN: FOOTSTEPS ON PORCH. (PAUSE)

FIB: Oh oh... there comes Foggy Williams. I'll..oh no, that ain't Foggy. But he looks like a good guy. HEY BUD.... GOT A MINUTE TO SPARE?

SOUND:FOOTSTEPS FADE IN UP STEPS:

BUD: (VERY PLEASANT) I'm in rather a hurry, mister- but what's on your mind?

FIB: Look, bud, I wonder if you'd mind doing me a favor? This may sound a little silly to you, but - Come on in.

DOOR CLOSE

BUD: Go ahead. What's on your mind?

FIB: Well, I'm practising a little magic here, see - some rope escape tricks - like Houdini and those guys useta do, see.

BUD: Yes?

FIB: So, I wonder if you'd mind tying me up with this clothesline. My wife is out and I wanta practise getting loose before she gets back.

BUD: You want me to - tie you up?

FIB: Yeah -- just wrap this rope around me good - tie my feet and ankles and -

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BUD: (CHUCKLES) Well, this IS a new one, but give me the rope... I'll take a loop around your wrists - like this..then run it around -

FIB: Lemme lay down here on the davenport.

BUD: Yeah - now across your chest and a half-hitch around both ears...then I'll loop it around your ankles...

FIB: Not too tight now, bud - you're stranglin' my ankles!

BUD: Oh, I'm sorry. I'll loosen it a little...then around your knees a few times and - there! That tight enough?

FIB: (GRUNTS A LITTLE) Yeah, that's swell, bud! (ADMIRINGLY) Boy, you got some dandy knots in there!

BUD: (MODESTLY) I took a course in knot-tying. Some of those knots I invented myself.

FIB: (GRUNTING) Yeah, this may take quite awhile to get loose. These knots don't seem to slip.

BUD: No, they won't slip! I appreciate all this cooperation - this is my business, you know.

FIB: Your business? Tying people up?

BUD: No - robbery. I'm a burglar by trade. Raise up a little- you're lying on your wallet. That's it.

FIB: WHAT? PUT THAT BACK! WHY YOU - YOU - GIMME THE PHONE! CALL THE COPS! CALL MY WIFE!

BUD: (PLEASANTLY) Now, now, just relax, Dad - this won't hurt a bit. Where do you keep your silver - in the sideboard?



FIB: The silver? Why - no - the silver is - right through that door, bud! That door there.

BUD: Thanks. (SLIGHT FADE) This one?

FIB: That's the door. Just yank it open, bud, and--

DOOR OPENS AND HALL CLOSET EFFECT:

BUD: WHAT TH-- HELP! Get me out from under-- Ohhhhhh...

FIB: (CHUCKLING HAPPILY) Boyoboy, he thinks HE put some knots on ME! (GRUNTS) If I can just get hold of that book of instructions before he comes to, I'll phone the cops and...

ORCH: "SINCERELY YOURS"

APPLAUSE:

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: The other day a little boy came up to me on the street and said, "Shine, Mister?" That started me thinking. I wonder what would happen if a little boy came up to your door and said, "Shine, lady? .. your floors, I mean." Now, a bright young fellow would be armed with a can of Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat. With it, he could leave your kitchen linoleum and other floors shining and gleaming in just two shakes. You probably wouldn't hire him, though. With Johnson's Glo-Coat, you can do the job in two shakes, yourself. It certainly is easy. You merely apply and let dry. There's no rubbing or buffing. Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat shines as it dries. It gives your floors and linoleum a new look... a rich, lustrous new beauty. They're so easy to keep clean, too. A wipe with a damp cloth and dust, dirt and spilled things vanish. Better not wait for a smart little boy, however. Get some Glo-Coat. In a few minutes and with very little effort, Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat will protect and bring out the beauty of your floors.

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

FIB: And when the cops did get here, Molly, it took 'em ten minutes to find the guy under that pile of stuff!

MOL: I can imagine.

FIB: (CHUCKLES) You should have seen 'em tryin' to identify him, with that moosehead down over his shoulders!

MOL: They probably thought he was an Elk.

FIB: Yeah, just look at that pile of junk! Boy, that closet is dynamite!

MOL: Yes, and some day I'm going to dynamite that closet!

FIB: Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all.

ORCH: PLAYOFF AND SIGNOFF

WILCOX: 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 N.B.C. - THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.  
(CHIMES)

v

WRITERS: DON QUINN  
PHIL LESLIE

(REVISED)

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR  
JOHNSON'S WAX

JANUARY 13, 1948

6:30

dk