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(REVISED)

T.W.

#15

file

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

JANUARY 13, 1948

6:30 - 7:00 PM PST

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

ORCH: THEME.....FADE FOR

WILCOX: The makers of Johnson's Wax Products for home and industry, present Fibber McGee and Molly, with 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:

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FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
January 13, 1948

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat. It shines as it dries. It shines brighter than it's ever shone before-- actually nearly twice as bright. Just think what that means to you...and to your home. To you, it means a fast, easy way of waxing your linoleum and varnished floors. With Johnson's Glo-Coat, there's no rubbing or buffing. You merely apply and let dry. To your home it means added beauty. ~~It means~~ A rich, warm, glowing coat of tough wax that will protect floor surfaces and make them stay beautifully new years longer. Your cleaning chores will stop being chores, because dust, dirt and spilled things vanish with a wipe of a damp mop or cloth. Yes, ~~mean~~, that Glo-Coat beauty is just as easy to keep clean as it is to apply. ~~And...lady~~, once you've seen that shining glowing, gleaming protective coat, you'll realize just how lovely your home can be. Be easy on yourself. Be easy on your floors. Use Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat and really bring out the beauty of your home.

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

ORCHESTRA: BRIDGE

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WILCOX: MR. MCGEE OF 79 WISTFUL VISTA HAS HAD A LOT OF MILLION DOLLAR IDEAS IN HIS TIME. SOME OF THEM WERE NOT SO GOOD, OF COURSE, - BUT OTHERS WERE SIMPLY HORRIBLE! BUT HE'S GOT ONE NOW THAT LOOKS LIKE A WINNER. IN FACT, IT'S TERRIFFIC! IT'S SENSATIONAL! IT'S COLLOSSAL! IT'S --- WELL, IT'S ---

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE

FIB: - So when this idea hits me, in the middle of the night last night, I LEAPS outa bed, half asleep as I was, RUNS over to the dresser, GRABS a piece of paper and writes it all down.

MOL: Well, now that was very intelligent of you, dearie. Did you find the piece of paper this morning?

FIB: Yes, but it didn't have anything wrote on it. I was so sleepy I'd used a nail file to write with. BUT THIS TIME I REMEMBERED. AND THAT'S WHY I GOT THIS PACKAGE RIGHT HERE! THIS IS THE GREATEST LITTLE INVENTION SINCE ELI WHITNEY STARTED MAKIN' GIN OUTA COTTON!

MOL: Eli Whitney did not make gin out of cotton, sweetheart. He just invented a machine to take the seeds out of it.

FIB: They can leave the seeds in for all I care. I prefer rootbeer anyway. BUT LEMME TELL YOU ABOUT THIS IDEA, KIDDO. WELL SIR, I GOES DOWN TO THE WAR SURPLUS STORE ---

MOL: OH NO!!! NOT ANOTHER 16-MAN LIFE RAFT!!!.

FIB: Nope. That was a bargain all right, but this is better. Look. WHAT WOULD YOU SAY IF WE HAD A RADIO IN THE CAR --

MOL: We HAVE got a radio in the car. The kind that goes dead when you drive under a viaduct, alongside a street-car, near a power line, or past a policeman with a magnetic personality.

FIB: You didn't lemme finish....

MOL: Oh, I'm sorry.

FIB: WHAT WOULD YOU SAY IF WE HAD A CAR RADIO THAT WE COULD JUST LIFT OUT AND CARRY AWAY AND USE AS A PORTABLE RADIO? OR, JUST STICK IT BACK INTO THE DASH-BOARD OF THE CAR AGAIN?

(PAUSE)

MOL: Why..why...it sounds wonderful! Who's idea is that?

FIB: Mine.

MOL: Then tell me over again. There must be SOMETHING wrong with it.

FIB: Nope. This is it, kiddo. This is the gimmick that's gonna put us in a big, paid-for house on the sunny side of Easy Street. HERE...LOOK....

SOUND: UNWRAPPING PACKAGE. THUMP

MOL: What's that ugly looking thing?

FIB: That, my dear, is an army surplus radio. 6 Tubes. I'm gonna re-wire the ear, so I can just stick this radio in and use it as a car radio, or yank it out, switch over to battery--and use it as a portable. You are looking, Mrs. McGee, at the ORIGINAL MOGEE CARTABLE RADIO. Cartable, get it? Combination of car and portable.

MOL: Dearie, I take back everything I ever said about you and your inventions. Or I'd like to, if it wouldn't take so long.

FIB: Forget it, snooky. In every generation there's one outstanding genius that's had to endure the jeers of the hoi polloi. (LAUGHS HAPPILY) But you're lookin' at a guy that's gonna collect right off the bet. I'LL HAVE EVERY CAR OWNER IN THE COUNTRY SCREAMIN' FOR A MOGEE CARTABLE RADIO!

MOL: YOU WILL?

FIB: BOY, I CAN JUST SEE THE FORD PEOPLE TUGGIN' AT MY COAT SLEEVES, WAVIN' THOUSAND-DOLLAR BILLS AT ME.

MOL: YOU CAN?

FIB: BUT DO YOU THINK I'M GONNA GRAB THE FIRST 20-MILLION DOLLAR OFFER THEY THROW AT ME?

MOL: YOU BETTER!!

FIB: YOU SAID IT!

MOL: Well, what do you do now?

FIB: First I see if I can work this army radio...now lemme see.
I wonder how you turn it on.

MOL: Well, I never was much for electronics, pet, but just as
a suggestion how about that little switch there that says
"ON".

FIB: Hmmm. Well, it's worth a try, at least. And now,
madam, with the very finger that will soon be diggin'
bank presidents in the ribs, I turn on the first McGee
Cartable Radio!

SOUND: SNAP

MOL: What a moment in history! (PAUSE) Better make it two
moments. Nothing is happening.

FIB: YES IT IS! LISTEN!!!

SOUND: RADIO WHINES...UP FAST:

FILTER VOICE: WVPD!! WVPD!! CALLING CAR FIFTEEN. GO TO 14TH AND
OAK. A MAN CREATING A DISTURBANCE. THAT IS ALL!

SOUND: POWER WHINE AND OFF WITH SNAP

MOL: Isn't that wonderful! Every squad car in town will want
one of these radios!

FIB: I got a T.L. for you Snooky -- Every squad car in town
has got one of 'em. Oh, well -- I'll tune in some other
station and see what I ---

DOOR CHIME

FIB: Oh oh...not a word about this to anybody, tootsie!

MOL: Okay, chief! I'll keep it under my hairnet. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN

MOL: Oh Hello there Mr. Wimple.

FIB: Hiyah, Wimp!

WIMP: Hello, folks. Oh, for goodness sakes..what a cute
little radio, Mr. McGee! Does it work?

MOL: It certainly does, Mr. Wimple. All you have to do is
join the police foree, get assigned to a squad car---

FIB: Easy, Molly. Remember! WIMP: Old man, I ain't
dribbling this down Main Street yet, see? - but you
happen to be lookin' at the portable radio that's gonna
revolutionize the industry.

WIMP: You don't tell me!

FIB: I'll say I don't! Not till I get it perfected. All I
can say is, this is a car radio that is also a portable
radio. Use it in the car, OR lift it out and take it
with you.

MOL: He won't tell you any more than that, Mr. Wimple, for
fear you might catch onto the idea.

FIB: Yeah.

WIMP: Well, I wouldn't be in the market for one anyway, I'm
afraid. I've already GOT practically the same thing.

MOL: WHAT?

FIB: YOU HAVE?

WIMP: Yes. The loud speaker in my car usually gets right out
and walks along with me, still talking.

MOL: Oh, you mean --

WIMP: Yes...(CHUCKLES) Sweetface...my big old wife!

FIB: How are you two love-birds getting along these days, Si?

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WIMP: Oh, everything is just going along peachy, Mr. McGee. In fact, Sweetface hasn't said an unkind word to me since Christmas day.

MOL: (SWEETLY) Out of town, is she?

WIMP: No, she caught the mumps.

FIB: That's pretty tough, Wimp! The mumps is something I wouldn't even wish on Sweetface.

WIMP: (UNBELIEVINGLY) You wouldn't?

FIB: No.

WIMP: Well...(SIGHS) It wasn't exactly what I wished for either, but it's better than nothing, I guess. Well, I've got to get downtown, folks...I'm getting Sweetface a little sickbed present.

MOL: How thoughtful! What are you going to get, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: Oh, it isn't very much..really...(NASTY CHUCKLE) -I'm just going to get her a quart of the SOUREST, PUCKERIEST PICKLES I can find! So long, folks!

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Heavenly days...isn't that awful? Pickles for the mumps? She'll leap up and jam them all down Mr. Wimple's own throat!

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FIB: Well, that'll be a neat switch. A pickle in Wimp! Oh well, I got no time for other people's troubles right now. I gotta get busy and make us a few million bucks.

MOL: Wouldn't it be wonderful if you DID make a lot of money, dearie? I wonder if a mink coat is very warm?

FIB: If you get cold in a mink coat, kiddo - we'll buy you TWO mink coats. Lemme see now, this switch here turns it on -

CLICK OF SWITCH-WHINE

MOL: There's a mink coat in the window at the Bon Ton that I just love! The most beautiful mink coat I ever saw!

ANNCR: WYPD. WYPD! CALLING CAR FIFTEEN. GO TO FOURTEENTH AND OAK! A MAN CREATING A DISTURBANCE! THAT IS ALL!

CLICK

FIB: Hmm. Seems to get only one station.

MOL: ...Can you leave it turned off long enough for me to call my dressmaker, dearie?

FIB: Sure. What you gotta call her about?

MOL: A new lining in my old cloth coat.

ORCH: "PASS THAT PEACE PIPE"

APPLAUSE

SECOND SPOTSOUND: SMALL TINKERING NOISES:

FIB: Now then - if I put this here wire there, and that there wire here, then this here wire hooks onto that there wire, which puts this here wire there and that there wire here. There! That oughtta do it!

MOL: (FADE IN) WELL...HOW ARE YOU GETTING ALONG, DEARIE?

FIB: Just about got it re-wired, Molly. Wait just a sec!
(SLIGHT TAPPING) AHHH! Now listen to this!

SOUND: SNAP, WHINE:

FILTER VOICE: WVPD!...WVPD! CALLING CAR FIFTEEN. GO TO THE CORNER OF FOURTEENTH AND OAK. A MAN CREATING A DISTURBANCE! THAT IS ALL.

SOUND: POWER HUM OFF WITH SNAP:

FIB: AHHHH, THE DAD RATTED THING! THAT SURPLUS STORE GIMME A BUM SET, THAT'S WHAT THEY GIMME A BUM!

MOL: Well, if they sold you a set that can only get policemen, they should have come right out, flat-footed, and said so!

FIB: DON'T WORRY KIDDO, ^{you} I'LL GET IT - I'LL GET IT ~~I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING NOW!~~ Just gotta go by the diagram, that's all! Simple as ABC, if NBC will pardon the reference, and if they gimme hail Columbia, I'll give it right back to 'em, which will make it Mutual. I'll have this - -

SOUND: DOOR CHIME:MOL: COME IN!! (TINKERING SOUNDS)SOUND: DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh, it's Mr. Williams, the Weather Man, McGee. COME RIGHT IN, MR. WILLIAMS!

SOUND: DOOR CLOSE:

GALE: (FADE IN) Thank you, Mrs. McGee. Hello, McGee. AHHH, rewiring a radio, I see. May I help?

FIB: You know how to wire a radio, Foggy?

GALE: Yes, I do. In fact when I was in college, I built a wireless set with which I could get the British Broadcasting Company any time I liked.

MOL: Heavenly days! You got Britain? Where did you go to college, Mr. Williams?

GALE: Oxford.

FIB: I KNEW you had a streak of British in you, Foggy! I knew it just the other day. Remember when I was sorting a bunch of clothes we were sending to the church?

GALE: Er...yes?

MOL: How did you know he was British from that, McGee?

FIB: Maybe you didn't notice, kiddo, but I said something about "the church'll be glad to get this stuff," and the minute I says "CHURCH'LL," Foggy leaps up and salutes. Hey, incidentally, they really have some bad fogs over there, don't they, Foggy?

GALE: They do indeed! I was walking through Picadilly one night --

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FIB: WALKING through it! You mean that stuff they sprinkle on a hotdog? My gosh, - -

MOL: No, dearie. He said PICADILLY. Not picalilli. Picadilly is a district in London.

FIB: Oh.

GALE: Thank you, Mrs. McGee. Anyway, I was walking through Picadilly one night, (with some relish, I might add) and a sudden fog came up. In ten minutes, it was so thick that Big Ben did not sound nine o'clock until almost ten-thirty. The sound could not penetrate the fog until it cleared slightly.

MOL: MmmHMM!

FIB: (BRISKLY) WELL...what's the forecast for Wistful Vista, Foggy? Heard anything?

GALE: Yes, I just got word this morning that we may expect a cold wave here in July.

MOL: In JULY, Mr. Williams? A cold wave?

GALE: Yes. Mrs. Williams has a sister in the Navy. She is coming home from Alaska in July. According to her letters she is the coldest Wave that ever wore a white cap. Well, good day...probably.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Well, back to work, McGee! Every minute you waste is a hunk out of twenty million bucks. I gotta adjust the condenser. (TINKERING SOUNDS)

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(2ND REVISION) -15-

MOL: What in the world is a condenser, McGee?

FIB: Well, you see, when a radio shoots an electrical impulse or wave out through the chloroform---

MOL: Ether.

FIB: Yes, ether a wave or an impulse. It goes out into the form of a long wave, or super-heterodyne, see? SO, when it hits the receiving set, it passes through a condenser, which squeezes it into a short wave. THUS, a grid leak, which is---

DOOR OPEN:

WIL: Hello, Molly. Hi, pal!

MOL: Oh, hello, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Hiya, Junior...glad you came in, boy! See this little radio?

WIL: Yeah?

MOL: HE'S GOT A GREAT INVENTION, MR. WILCOX! Really!

FIB: "Great invention" is a pretty mild term, kiddo. This will be the greatest step forward in the automotive industry since a girl's knees were made safe by putting the gear-shift on the steering wheel.

WIL: Well, what is it, Pal? What is it?

MOL: Tell him, Dearie. I'M kind of excited about this myself, Mr. Wilcox.

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(2ND REVISION) -16-

FIB:Q Here's the gimmick, Juney. It's a car radio. BUT REMOVABLE! Yank it out of the car, turn it on to dry cell batteries, and ZINGO! You got a portable radio you can take anyplace. "THE MCGEE CARTABLE RADIO"! Slap it back into the car, lock it in place, and you got a car radio. If there's some programs you wanna miss, leave it home, and you got an extra glove compartment.

(PAUSE)

WIL: Pal...it's wonderful
FIB: Thank you. I think so.
WIL: I can just picture the day when I'm riding along, with my car radio on, and I hear a well-modulated voice say, "LADIES, DO YOU HAVE SPOTS BEFORE YOUR EYES? SPOTS THAT THE CHILDREN HAVE TRACKED IN ON YOUR KITCHEN FLOOR?"
MOL: But McGee means that you can--
WIL: Then I park my car, yank the radio out and the voice continues, as I carry it toward my office - "DO YOU SUFFER FROM WORN AND FADED LINOLEUM?"
FIB: Look, Junior, that ain't what I -
WIL: "TRY GLOCOAT", I can hear the voice saying, "JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLOCOAT!"
MOL: What other kind is there?

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WIL: "YES," the voice will be saying, as I carry my McGee Cartable Radio into my office, "JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLOCOAT WILL BANISH THAT SCUFFED AND SEEDY LOOK FROM YOUR FAITHFUL OLD LINOLEUM, AND HELP TO RESTORE ITS PRISTINE LUSTER AND LOVELINESS. NO RUBBING, NO BUFFING, POUR A LITTLE OUT, SPREAD IT AROUND AND IN 20 MINUTES OR LESS...."

FIB: WAXEY!!
WIL: Yes, Cartable? I mean, Pal?
FIB: I'm gonna make millions on this thing. How'd you like to be my private secretary? QUICK, JUNIOR...YES OR NO?... I GOT TO HAVE MEN AROUND ME WHO CAN MAKE DECISIONS!!
WIL: Okay. NO!
MOL: Oh, Mr. Wilcox...what an opportunity you have passed up!
FIB: I'll say.
WIL: Yeah? Look, Pal...when you've been in business as long as S.C.J. AND C., INK, OF RACINE, WIS. ASK ME AGAIN. AS THE AIR MAIL PILOT SAID WHEN HIS MOTOR CONKED OVER MOUNT WHITNEY AT THREE A.M., "NO MORE FLY-BY-NIGHT STUFF FOR ME!" Sorry, chum. So long, Molly.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Oh, so he thinks this is a fly-by-night proposition, does he? Hand me that pair of pliers, Molly! By George, if Fritz Chrysler don't order one of these for every one of his 1949 models, I'll be a --

MOL: Fritz Kreisler is a violinist, dearie.

FIB: Well, if he plays along with me, he can have his own orchestra! Now lemme see....(TINKERING NOISES)
AHHH, THERE I GOT IT! JUST LIKE THE DIAGRAM SAYS...!
TURN IT ON, KIDDO!

MOL: All right, (CLICK: POWER HUM) and don't think I don't appreciate the honor, McGee.

VOICE: (FILTER) WVPD! WVPD! CALLING CAR FIFTEEN! GO TO FOURTEENTH AND OAK! A MAN CREATING A DISTURBANCE!
THAT IS ALL!

FIB: NOW WHAT THE...

CLICK OF RADIO OFF:

FIB: (ANGRY) HAND ME THAT DIAGRAM AGAIN!

MOL: I can't. It's printed on the radio!

FIB: My gosh, it is, isn't it? THEN WHAT HAVE I BEEN USING FOR A DIAGRAM?

MOL: I don't know, unless...(PAUSE)...what's that paper under your elbow?

FIB: That's a sample of the wall paper I was gonna get for the - say, that DOES look kind of like a radio diagram at that, don't it? (LAUGHS MERRILY) Oh well...as I always said, "one set-back don't make a rockin' chair."
Ha hah. Now then, where's my screw driver...

(SOUND: DOOR CHIME)

MOL: Come in!

DOOR OPEN

MOL: Oh Hello, Mr. Old Timer!

OLD M: Hello there, kids!

FIB: Hi, Old Timer..If I hook the amplifier tube to the power output, and then-

OLD M: Whatcha doin' this time, Johnny? Breakin' up what?

MOL: He's rebuilding a radio, Mr. Old Timer.

FIB: Yep, I'm practically inventing a new radio, Old Timer. "McGee's Cartable Radio". Combination car and portable.

OLD M: Is that so, Johnny? -- I love radio's..I remember when I was just a young feller, my momma said she'd like to have a crystal set for her birthday. So I bought her one.

FIB: A crystal set?

OLD M: Yep. A necklace and four earrings!

MOL: FOUR earrings?

OLD M: Mama had awful big ears...We made quite a celebration out of mama's birthday that year, though. Papa said he was goin' right downtown and get her a big surprise!

MOL: I love surprises!

OLD M: Yessir - and sure enough, in a couple of hours her surprise come - addressed to mama, with a big tag on it! Took four men to carry it in the house!

FIB: What was it?

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OLD M: Papa!

FIB: Oh.

OLD M: Of course, I've watched radio grow up, kids. When I was a youngster radio hadn't been invented yet.

FIB: When you were a youngster, they hadn't even invented people!

OLD T: Heh heh heh, that's pretty good, Johnny, but that ain't the way I heered it. The way I heered it, a farmer says to his wife, "SAYYY", he says, "YOU WERE TALKIN' IN YOUR SLEEP LAST NIGHT ABOUT WALLACE STARTIN' A THIRD PARTY." "NO, I WASN'T", Says the farmer's wife, "I JEST HEARD THE CHICKENS RAISIN' A RUCKUS, SO I RIZ UP AND SAYS, 'WELL, I WONDER WHAT'S GOT INTO OUR HENNERY?'" Heh heh heh...well, so long kids!

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH. AND KING'S MEN: - "I'M COMIN' A'COURTIN' CORABELLE"

APPLAUSE:

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THIRD SPOT

(REVISED) -21-

SOUND: TINKERING

MOL: Well, how is the radio coming along, now, McGee? Got it rewired yet?

FIB: I was just about to try it out, kiddo, listen.

CLICK: POWER HUM:

FILTER VOICE: WVPD! WVPD! CALLING CAR FIF--

SOUND: CLICK:

FIB: Nope. That ain't quite it, yet. But I got an even greater idea than I had originally.

MOL: It doesn't seem possible.

FIB: It is, though. Look. I can already get short wave on this thing. On account of all police calls are on short wave.

MOL: I thought police calls were all on a crime wave.

FIB: No, that's just newspaper talk. Now then, it's a simple matter if we get local short wave to get FOREIGN short wave. Catch on? SO, WHEN I GET THIS BABY FINISHED WE'LL HAVE A PORTABLE CAR RADIO THAT'LL GET ANY BROADCAST IN THE WORLD! OVERSEAS, EVEN!!

MOL: Heavenly days!

FIB: Now then, lemme see this diagram again. As soon as I fix the frequency ---

MOL: How did you break that?

FIB: Break what?

MOL: The frequency.

FIB: I didn't break it.

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MOL: You must have. It was fixed when you got it. See what it says down in the corner here? "MODEL B FIXED FREQUENCY RECEIVER"? So if it was fixed when you got it, you must have --

FIB: NO NO NO NO! Lemme explain, kid.

MOL: All right.

FIB: A "fixed frequency" set means a set that the set frequency is fixed, see? Some of the fixed frequency sets are set so the frequency is frequently fixed for a freak frequency. OR, in other words, IF the freak frequency is too frequent, then the frequency you fix has to be fixed for an infrequent frequency, which is fixed.

MOL: Good! Now tell me about television.

FIB: Well, television is an entirely different *frequency* —

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh, it's Doctor Gamble, McGee. Hello, Doctor.

DOC: Hello, my dear. Hello, Dippermouth.

FIB: Hiya, Pullman.

MOL: Pullman, dearie?

FIB: Yeah...he's the guy people are always calling up for birth reservations.

DOC: You'll excuse me, Button-beezer, if I fail to explode with mirth. That is a very weary bit of whimsy, as far as I am concerned. But why are you taking your radio apart? A peanut tube is not edible, you know.

FIB: Don't try to tell me anything about radios, you lumpy old asafocetida bag! I was wiring up 20 tube super-hets when you were still tryin' to pick up your own pulse-beat on your cheap graduation stethoscope!

MOL: He really has a wonderful invention for radio, Doctor. Tell him about it, McGee! I'm sure the doctor can keep a secret.

DOC: If I can't, I'm in the wrong business, my dear. I've heard more confidential whispers in my time than a speakeasy ~~pop~~-hole.

FIB: Well, briefly, Doctor, I am about to go into the manufacturing business. McGee's Cartable Radio. Combination of car and portable. Radio for your car that you can unhook, lift out, and carry around with you.

DOC: It hurts me to say this, Buster, but for once I think you have a sensible idea. Better drop in and see me tomorrow. This is not normal..

FIB: Not only is it a combination car and portable radio, my fat friend, but the McGee Cartable will be able to get foreign broadcasts from overseas - just as soon as I make a few more adjustments. PLIERS!

MOL: PLIERS!

FIB: SCREW DRIVER!

MOL: SCREW DRIVER!

FIB: TIRE TAPE!

MOL: CAN'T FIND IT!

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FIB: DON'T NEED IT! (TINKERING SOUNDS) Ahhh....here we are.

MOL: Think you've found the trouble, dearie? You see, Doctor he had a little difficulty with it before. All he could get was the Wistful Vista police broadcast.

DOC: See if you can get Rumania, McGee. I want to see why King Michael quit.

FIB: I can tell you that, Fatso. They twisted his army, WELL, SHE'S ALL HOOKED UP, KIDS...WAIT 'LL YOU SEE WHAT I GET THIS TIME!

SOUND: CLICK....POWER HUM:

FILTER VOICE: (IN GOOD FRENCH) PREFECTURE DE PARIS! PREFECTURE DE PARIS! ICI DONNEZ-MOI BICYCLETTE QUINZE!

FIB: MY GOSH, DID YOU HEAR THAT? WE GOT SPAIN! THAT WAS SPANISH!

DOC: THAT WAS FRENCH, STUPID!...AND KEEP QUIET! I STUDIED MEDICINE AT THE SORBONNE IN PARIS AND I --

FILTER VOICE: ALERTE! ALERTE! ICI DONNEZ-MOI BICYCLETTE QUINZE! AU COIN DE LA RUE DE LA PAIX ET DE LA RUE/DUCHENE! IL YA A PERSONNE QUIIT FAIT DE SCANDALE! C'EST TOUT FINI!

SOUND: CLICK

FIB: WAS IT REALLY PARIS, DOC? WAS IT REALLY PARIS?

MOL: WHAT DID HE SAY, DOCTOR

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DOC: Yes, it was Paris, all right. And as near as I can translate it, he said "PARIS POLICE CALLING BICYCLE FIFTEEN! GO TO THE CORNER OF RUE DE LA PAIX AND OAK! A MAN IS CREATING A DISTURBANCE! THAT IS ALL!

MOL: That is enough.

FIB: That is too much!

SOUND: CRASH OF RADIO AND TINKLE OF PARTS

ORCH: "THE FIRST TIME I KISSED YOU"

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
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CLOSING COMMERCIAL

ANNCR: If you heard someone say: "My floors haven't been washed in seventeen years", you'd be surprised only if you don't know about Johnson's Liquid Cleaning and Polishing Wax. Bright, gleaming floors without tiresome scrubbing is the standard result, if you use Johnson's Liquid Wax. You see, Johnson's Liquid Wax is more than just a wax. It contains an effective dry cleaning ingredient which quickly removes dirt and leaves floors immaculately clean and thoroughly waxed. You merely apply, then buff lightly. No water, no brush, no hands-and-knees scrubbing. This simple cleaning method leaves your floors glowing and gleaming. After the first application, all you need do is touch up the heavy traffic spots whenever necessary. Your floors will stay perfectly beautiful longer. They'll never be exposed to water that cracks and warps wood flooring. Forget tiresome, messy scrubbing. Remember Johnson's Liquid Wax to bring out the beauty of your 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:

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TAG

FIB: Ladies and gentlemen - the United States Marines have announced the formation of a postwar reserve force - the Citizen Marine Corps!

MOL: These home-town Marines will remain civilians, and work at their civilian jobs - but in their spare time they'll wear Marine uniforms and learn to handle Marine equipment.

FIB: Men who enroll will be given Marine training at regular weekly meetings, and at two weeks of summer camp each year, and all of this on salary. So if you're between the ages of 17 and 32, contact your nearest Marine Corps office, or write to Division of Reserve, Marine Corps, Washington, D.C. Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all.

ORCH: PLAYOFF AND SIGNOFF

WIL: The makers of Johnson's Wax Products, Racine, Wisconsin, bring you Fibber McGee and Molly every Tuesday night. Be with us again next week, won't you?.....Goodnight.

ANNCR: THIS IS NBC - THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

(CHIMES)