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#18
(REVISED)

WRITERS: DON QUINN
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"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"
FOR
JOHNSON'S WAX

FEBRUARY 3RD - 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:

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
OPENING COMMERCIAL
1-3-48

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WILCOX: Women who have been using Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat for years now like it even better than ever and here's why. Glo-Coat has been improved. The new Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat now shines nearly twice as bright as ever before. Try it. You'll see the difference in an instant. Glo-Coat will make your kitchen linoleum glow with a bright new beauty. That brighter Glo-Coat shine will make your linoleum and other floors look years younger -- and at the same time it will make them last years longer. That gleaming coat of tough wax takes the punishment and helps protect your linoleum from wear. It's mighty easy to use, too. You merely apply and let dry. There's no rubbing or buffing. A gleaming Glo-Coat surface is a surface easy to keep clean. Dust, dirt and spilled things can be whisked away with just a wipe of a damp cloth. Be sure to try the improved Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat. More than ever it's the better way 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

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WILCOX: WHEN A HOUSEWIFE LIKE MRS. MOLLY MCGEE STARTS GAZING THOUGHTFULLY AROUND THE LIVING ROOM WITH THAT " I-wonder-how-much-it-would-cost-to-redorcorate" LOOK IN HER EYES, IT'S HIGH TIME THAT A MAN LIKE MR. MCGEE, WHO HAS BEEN PINCHING THE BUDGET FOR A NEW BOWLING BALL, DID SOME FAST THINKING! LIKE RIGHT NOW, AS WE JOIN -----
-----"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!"

APPLAUSE:

MOL: (THOUGHTFULLY) Now let me see - if the walls were painted sort of a dusty green, and the ceiling an off white, this carpet would still be all right and -

FIB: HEY MOLLY....YOU KNOW WHAT MONTH THIS IS?

MOL: Yes February and we've got to get that old floor lamp out of here. It's been knocked over so many times it ducks whenever we come into the room. Now I've been thinking, that if we have the walls painted a dusty green --

FIB: YOU SAID IT, KIDDO!!! THAT FLOOR LAMP IS A NUISANCE.

MOL: It used to have 3 speeds.

FIB: Yeah - I know DIM, FLICKER AND OUT! LET'S GET RID OF IT!

MOL: Fine! That's a good start. Now I was thinking -

FIB: YOU WERE THINKING!!! WHAT DO YOU THINK I BEEN DOING. ^{MY HEAD OFF} I BEEN STUDYING THIS POPULAR MECHANICS MAGAZINE. I BEEN STUDYING HOW TO MAKE A BEAUTIFUL NEW LAMP OUT OF AN OLD SPITTOON! AIN'T THAT A COINCIDENCE FOR YOU?

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MOL: It's a coincidence, sweetheart, but not for me. In the first place, while cuspidors may have a certain historic charm, and look cute in the windows of antique shops, I want none of them in my living room!!

FIB: (UNBELIEVING) EVEN MADE INTO A LAMP, WITH FLOWERS CROWING OUT OF IT?

MOL: I wouldn't want one if it were made into a crystal chandelier with Sonny Tufts growing out of it! Now look McGee. This living room needs a -

FIB: NEEDS A NEW LAMP!! YOU BET IT DOES, BABY! AND I'M JUST THE GUY THAT CAN WHIP ONE UP FOR YOU! WHO WAS IT THAT MADE ALL THE BEST STUFF IN MY EIGHTH GRADE MANUAL TRAINING CLASS *BACK IN PEORIA?*

MOL: Little Charlie Correll.

FIB: Yes and he had the bench right next to me, and I saw how he did everything. THROW THAT OLD FLOOR LAMP OUT, SNOOKY! BEFORE THE SUN SETS TONIGHT, I'M GONNA MAKE YOU A NEW ONE! A NEW LAMP NOW, AND MAYBE NEXT YEAR WE CAN HAVE THE WHOLE ROOM REDORCORATED! EH?

MOL: We....er...we can't do it this year?

FIB: Don't see how, Baby. I'll know better after March 15th. And if you see me laughing while I pay our income tax, don't get alarmed. I'll be reaching so far down for the dough, I'll be tickling my own feet. Every year, it seems to -

DOOR CHIME:

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MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

FIB: Oh, Hiyah, Old Timer!!

MOL: Hello, Mr. Old Timer.

OLD T: Hello, there kids! Whatcha doin'?

FIB: I was just about to start making a new table lamp outa something, Old Timer. Know anything about handicraft?

OLD T: Nope. Only member of my fambly that took manuel training was my brother.

MOL: What was his name?

OLD T: Manuel. Manuel trained to be a blacksmith. Mighty good one, too! I kin close my eyes and see old Manuel yet, standin' in the barn basement, on a stepladder, reachin' up to shoe a horse!

FIB: ON A LADDER, IN THE BASEMENT?

MOL: REACHING UP TO SHOE A HORSE?

OLD T: Well, now kids, a horse don't jest set in a chair and stick his foot out and say: "that's very nice but have you got the same thing in alligator", like people do! A horse jest STANDS there.

FIB: Yes, but -

OLD T: So Manuel, he cut a hole in the barn floor, hired a kid to lead a hose over the hole till the proper hoof was showin', then he'd run downstairs, climb up the ladder and glue the shoe on!

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FIB: Look....Old Timer. In the first place, all that stuff isn't necessary...you just pick up one foot at a time and put the shoe on.

MOL: And you don't GLUE the shoe on. You NAIL it on.

OLD T: (SHOCKED) NAIL it on!!!....Oh, Daughter, I'm disappointed in you. Standin' there, so sweet and gentle lookin', and suggestin' somebody hammer nails into a dumb animal....man's best fr -----

FIB: BUT IT DON'T HURT 'EM!!!! THEY HAVEN'T GOT ANY FEELING IN THEIR HOOFS!

OLD T: How do you know, Johnny? You ever been a horse?

MOL: Of course he hasn't but -

OLD T: Well, I have! And I don't want anybody nailin' MY shoes on.

FIB: Whaddye mean, you were a horse?

OLD T: Well, I wasn't a COMPLETE, horse, Johnny. Jest the front end. Me and another feller we was a horse in a circus, once. But he got the heaves one summer and had to quit the act.

MOL: Well, I've always wanted to know a horse, personally, to speak to. Would you care for some nice fresh oatmeal cookies?

OLD T: HEH HEH HEH...THAT'S PRETTY GOOD, DAUGHTER!...BUT THAT AIN'T THE WAY I HEERED IT!

FIB: How did you hear it?

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OLD T: WELL, THE WAY I HEERED IT, JOHNNY....ONE FELLER SAYS TO TOTHER FELLER, "SAYYYYYYYYYY", he says, "I SEE WHERE RUSSIA'S JEST PASSED A LAW WHERE THEY AIN'T ALLOWED TO TALK TO FOREIGNERS." "THAT'S PRETTY SILLY", SAYS TOTHER FELLER, "THEY'RE ALL FOREIGNERS THEIRSELVES!" Heh heh heh WELL, GOOD LUCK SHOEIN' YOUR HORSE, JOHNNY. SO LONG DAUGHTER!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Now lemme see....first I get the shoe red hot and HEY, I'M NOT SHOING A HORSE! I'M GONNA MAKE A TABLE LAMP.

MOL: That's what you said, anyway. But out of what?

FIB: Oh, I'll find something.

MOL: Well, while you try to think of it, I'll run upstairs and vacuum the guest room. (FADE) Let me know what you decide to use...

FIB: (CALLS) OKAY, TOOTSIE! Ahh, ther' goes a good kid! What does she care if I'm not very handy at making things? As long as I'm kind and generous, and tactful, and sweet, and quiet and understanding and tolerant, and patient, and gentle, and unassuming, (PAUSE) - and modest? HEY, MY GOSH...HERE'S JUST THE THING TO MAKE A LAMP OUT OF....THIS OLD PEWTER TEAPOT! OH, THIS WILL BE A CINCH! ALL I GOTTA DO IS....

DOOR CHIME:

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FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

TEE: Hi, mister.

FIB: Oh. Hiyah, Teeny.

TEE: Where's Miz McGee? Hmm? Where is she?

FIB: Upstairs, sis. Vacuuming the guest room. Why?

TEE: Well, gee mister, she almost never seems to be here when I come in. I thought maybe she didn't like lit-tul child-drun, or something.

FIB: No, it's just a coincidence, I guess, Teeny. She's very fond of -

TEE: HEY, WHATCHA DOON WITH THE TEAPOT, MISTER? HMM? WHATCHA DOON WITH IT? HMM? WHATCHA? HMMMM?

FIB: SHHHHHHH!!! Not so loud, sis. I'm gonna make a lamp out of it and surprise my wife.

TEE: Oh boy...(GIGGLES) That'll be dandy, I betcha. That's a awful pretty teapot.

FIB: You think so?

TEE: Well, I was HMM?

FIB: I said you think so?

TEE: Think what?

FIB: That it's very pretty?

TEE: What is?

FIB: THIS TEAPOT!

TEE: What about it?

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FIB: ~~NO~~ THINK IT'S VERY PRETTY!

TEE: Gee, I do too, I betcha. That's one of the prettiest silver teapots I ever saw, mister.

FIB: It isn't silver sis. It's pewter.

TEE: Gee, honest? My brother used to raise pewter pigeons once but all the neighbors said

FIB: No No No...NOT POUTER. PEWTER! THIS TEAPOT IS MADE OF PEWTER. IT'S A METAL. AN ALLOY, RATHER. You know what an alloy is, sis?

TEE: (GIGGLES) Awww, everybody knows that, mister. An alloy is a little thin street that runs behind peoples garages. (GIGGLES) You're just kidding, I betcha.

FIB: Look, sis. I've always said that the day you don't learn at least one thing, is a day wasted. Now you take pewter....

TEE: Okay!

FIB: Pewter is an alloy, which in this case, is a combination of three metals, Silver, nickel and pewt. Pewt is a rare metal that is found only on the West Coast of Pewtagonia. Pewt has to be mined very quickly, because it spoils when exposed to the air. Thus we get the term pewtrify. If it spoils, it's no good except for fertilizer, which they spread on the fields to raise pewtunias and pewtatoes. See, sis? Isn't that interesting?

TEE: Gee, it sure is, mister. Thanks ever so much.

FIB: That's okay, Teeny. You'll learn more about it when you start studying botany and geometry and ~~hand~~ ^{stuff}.

~~TEE: What's coming?~~

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TEE: Oh, I know what geometry is, now. I betcha.
FIB: You do? What is it?
TEE: (GIGGLES)
FIB: Come on...tell me. What's geometry?
TEE: (GIGGLES) Geometry is...(GIGGLES) Well - Geometry is what the lil acorn said when it grew up; "GEE, I'M A TREE!" I guess we both learned something today, didn't we mister? G'bye!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Maybe we have, but I haven't learned to keep my big fat mouth shut in front that midget!

ORCH: "I'VE GOT A FEELING I'M FALLING"

APPLAUSE:

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SECOND SPOT

SOUND: TINKERING, METALLIC, UNDER AND BETWEEN

MOL: (OFF) OH MCGEE!..WHERE ARE YOU, MCGEE? YOO HOO....

DEARIE...!!

FIB: Oh oh...can't let her see this now! I'M IN THE DINING ROOM, MOLLY, BUT DON'T COME IN!! THIS IS CONFIDENTIAL... WAIT A MINUTE....I'LL COME OUT! (HASTY TINKERING) Ahhh, throw this table cloth over it. There! (~~FREE IN~~) You want me for something, Molly?

MOL: ^(FREE IN) Nothing in particular, McGee. What are you doing?

FIB: It's a surprise. Show it to you when I get it finished.

MOL: Is it the lamp?

FIB: YUP. AND IS IT EVER GONNA BE BEAUTIFUL!! THIS IS THE BEST THING I'VE MADE SINCE THAT SADDLE I HAND TOOLED FOR MAYOR MOORE.

MOL: You mean Mort Moore the Mayor of Miramar?

FIB: Yeah, remember the saddle I hand tooled for him, and that little mare of his named Mary?

MOL: Well, I vaguely remem-

FIB: SURE....you remember Mayor Mort Moore of Miramar and his little mare, Mary! The minute I seen Mort's mare, I says Moore, I says, that's a very merry little mare and he says yes, he says, the Mare the merrier, and furthermore, as the Mayor of Miramar, my Mare Mary is more than any mere mare in Miramar, and I says ---

DOOR CHIME

MOL: COME IN, POINT-KILLER!!

DOOR OPEN

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

GALE: Hello, Mrs. McGee. Hello, McGee.

FIB: Hiyah, Foggy. Where you been keeping yourself?

MOL: We haven't seen you since last Tuesday.

GALE: Well, I've been busy at the office all week. With some experiments.

FIB: No kidding, Foggy? Ever make any artificial lightning?

GALE: Wel-1-1. ..yes....once. But that was strictly inadvertant.

MOL: How on earth could you make lightning accidentally?

GALE: I dropped a nickle, it bounced into a wall plug, and I tried to pry it out with a hairpin.

FIB: My gosh, that was a pretty dumb maneuver, Foggy! What happened?

GALE: There was a sheet of blue flame, which burned my trousers off at the knees, and I was hurled violently backward into the lap of a very attractive young lady. Having made her so conspicuous, I felt it my duty to ask her to marry me.

MOL: ISN'T THAT THE MOST ROMANTIC THING YOU EVER HEARD, MCGEE? I'M GOING to get Mrs. Williams to tell me all about it!

GALE: Er...Please don't, Mrs. McGee. This was another girl.

FIB: You mean the one you fell over refused to marry you.

GALE: Yes. She said she wouldn't marry a man who was idiotic enough to stick hairpins into light sockets.

MOL: Well, you ought to tell Mrs. Williams, Mr. Williams. I imagine she'd get a big laugh out of it.

GALE: Yes, and when she stopped laughing, there would be a slight pause, and she would ask me how I happened to have a hairpin with me.

FIB: How did you?

GALE: That, is a long story which I haven't time to invent just now. Good day, propably!

DOOR SLAM

MOL: You know, that's rather sweet and old fashioned, McGee.

FIB: What, getting caught with a hair-pin in your pocket?

MOL: No, thinking you have to ask a girl to marry you just because you fell into her lap.

FIB: Yes, as the guy says when he sat on the phonograph needle, "This is positively mid-Victrolian!" (FADE OUT)
WELL, BACK TO WORK, KIDDO.

SOUND: TINKERING....

FIB: (OFF) Ohhh, I had a little doggie who was an awful fool, Half Spitz and half Retriever which resulted in a drool...OH, THE MONKEY AND THE COACONUTS...Now lemme see....
(TINKERS)

MOL: (ON MIKE) Bless his little heart! He'll save me seven dollars with his home-made table-lamp and it will cost us 75 dollars to put the dining room back together again.
Ah well ----

DOOR OPEN

WIL: HI, MOLLY. HI, P-.....Hey, where's Fibber?
MOL: He's in the dining room, Mr. Wilcox. Can't you hear him?
~~SOUND:~~ OFF .. TINKERING
WIL: (CALLS) HEY, PAL.....WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
FIB: (DROPS TOOLS) (FADE IN) Oh Hiyah, Junior. I'm workin' on a little surprise for Molly. I ~~making~~ a table lamp. But she don't know what outa.
WIL: (PAUSE) She what?
FIB: I said she don't know what outa.
WIL: (TO HIMSELF) She don't know what outa....
MOL: What he means, Mr. Wilcox, is that he is making me a table lamp, but I am totally ignorant of what particular properties he is utilizing in its construction.
FIB: That's what I says. She knows I'm makin' a lamp, but she don't know what outa. That's plain English ain't it?
WIL: Plain! It's positively homely! But what brought on this burst of creative construction Pal?
MOL: Well, we need some new things for this living ^{room,} Mr. Wilcox, but we're settling for a new table lamp, which himself here is dreaming up with a hunk of wire, the neighbors tools and some materials about which I remain in happy ignorance.
FIB: Yeah, she knows I'm makin' it, but she don't know what outa.

WIL: Personally, Molly, I have always thought this living room was completely charming. Your whole house is, for that matter.
MOL: How about that tall old floor lamp, Mr. Wilcox? That thing is more dated than a cigar-counter salesgirl.
WIL: Wel-l-l the lamp maybe - yes. But the rest of your things are in fine shape. Your whole house gleams with hospitality. I particularly love your kitchen.
MOL: Oh, now, Mr. Wilcox, you just ----
WIL: If every woman knew, as you know, that Johnson's Glocoat beautifies your linoleum as it protects, saves time and labor and makes spilled things so much easier to wipe up, they'd have a lot more time to watch their husbands make table lamps.
FIB: Lots of women haven't got husbands with enough talent to make --

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WIL: I'll bet when you first found out that Glocoat needs no rubbing or buffing and dries in 20 minutes or less to a handsome color-brightening finish ----

FIB: WAXEY!

WIL: Yes, Pal?

FIB: You gotta hurry away?

WIL: As a matter of fact, I have, yes. I'm cooking dinner for Spaniel Eyes tonight. My own recipe for stew.

MOL: Isn't that nice...you're going to cook a stew for your wife?

WIL: Yeah, but she dunno what outa...Well, see you later, folks!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Now then, ^{back to work -} where's my hacksaw-ah here it is. (TINKERING)
(SAWING METAL) Ohhhh, I had a little marmoset, a handy little sinner,
He'd help mamma set the table almost every night for dinner...

OH, THE MONKEY AND THE COCOANUTS-- (TINKERS) HEY,

MOLLY, we got any scotch tape?

MOL: No, Uncle Dennis used it all up when he was packing his bags to leave.

FIB: What'd he need all that scotch tape for?

MOL: He said his scotch was always ^{shaking} coming loose.

FIB: Oh. (TINKERING) Ohh, I had a little crocodile --

DOOR CHIME:

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(2ND REVISION) -18-

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Well, hello there, Mr. Wimple! Do come in.

FIB: (OFF) HI, THERE, WIMP! BE WITH YOU IN JUST A SEC!

WIMP: Hello, folks. My, this is a familiar scene. Husband in one room, wife in the other room, sitting with their backs to each other. (SNICKERS) Makes me kind of homesick!

MOL: He's making me a table lamp, Mr. Wimple. But he doesn't want me to see it until it's finished.

FIB: (FADING IN) She knows I'm making it, Wimp, but she dunno what outa. You ever do much handicraft work?

WIMP: Welllllll no, not much, Mr. McGee. I just watch birds and write greeting cards.

FIB: Oh. You still makin' a bum outa Longfellow? Have you written a Valentine to your wife yet?

WIMP: Two of them. Would you like to hear the one I'm sending her, anonymously?

MOL: Oh, I'd love to, Mr. Wimple. I've always been fond of poetry, anyway. Edgar Guest came to visit us once. The room he slept in we still refer to as the "Guest Room".

FIB: Go ahead, Wimp...let's hear the poem.

WIMP: All righty - It goes -

TO SWEETYFACE MY VALENTINE:

Here's to you, my sweet Valentine
With the heart and the lace and the familiar old line,
For year after year, I've been writing this stuff
If you had any sense, you would know it was guff.

But no, you just grab it with tears in your eyes
And read it like it was a tremendous surprise
I'm afraid it's the last you'll be getting from me
Because Cupid is stupid, do YOU have to be?

MOL: Not very sentimental, is it, Mr. Wimple?

FIB: Well, with Wimp's set up, I don't imagine he has very
many sentimental moments, do you, Wimp?

WIMP: Oh, I used to, Mr. McGee. I remember one summer when I
was first married to you know-who, we were out canoeing
one night. There wasn't any moon, and it was SOOOOO dark,
and I said, "Sweetieface", I said, "Let's just drift and
hold hands, and not say a word to each other."

MOL: Oh, wasn't that sweet!

WIMP: (SNICKERS) Yes...and then I filled one of my gloves with
wet sand...gave it to her to hold, slipped over the side,
swam ashore and played snooker till almost midnight!

(SNICKERS) Well, goodbye now.

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH: KING'S MEN: "SECRETARY SONG"

APPLAUSE:

THIRD SPOT

SOUND: TINKERING:

MOL: McGee...here's a package that just came special delivery
from the Bon Ton. Shall I open it for you, so --

FIB: NO NO NO!! I SHOULD SAY NOT, KIDDO. THANKS ANYWAY. JUST
HAND IT HERE...AND DON'T LOOK AT WHAT I'M DOING.

MOL: All right...I've got my head turned away.

FIB: Much obliged...now you go back and sit down, tootsie...

I'll have this lamp finished in nothin' flat. And believe
me, it's the best job I ever done. There's gonna be a lot
of scorched eyeballs around here, if people won't be able
to take their eyes off this lamp like I don't think they
will!

MOL: How was that again, dearie?

FIB: (TINKERING) I says if people won't be able to take their
eyes off this lamp like I don't think they will--

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Well, for goodness sakes...DOCTOR GAMBLE. Come right in,
Doctor.

DOOR CLOSE:

DOC: Thank you, my dear. And where is little Limberlip today?

MOL: Oh, he's just in the dining room there...

FIB: (OFF) HERE I AM, DOC. BE WITH YOU IN JUST A SEC.

(TINKERING SOUND OFF MIKE)

DOC: What's he doing in there?

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MOL: He's making me a table lamp, Doctor.
DOC: What outa?
MOL: I dunno what outa.
DOC: A table lamp. Hmm. I hope you won't be hurt, my dear,
if I get UNDER the table, the first time he turns it on.
MOL: Oh, no. Just make room for me, is all, because ---
FIB: (FADE IN, CHEERFULLY) HI THERE, OLD FEVER BLISTER! WHAT
MADE YOU RUN AWAY FROM THE HOSPITAL AT THIS TIME OF DAY?
SOMEBODY COME IN WITH A CONTAGIOUS DISEASE?
DOC: To me, Slackjaw, germs are far less repulsive than some
of the larger forms of animal life.
FIB: Anything personal in that remark?
DOC: What do you think?
FIB: I don't think so.
DOC: You're just modest.
FIB: Thank you!
DOC: Not at all.
MOL: Pardon me, Alphonse and Gaston, but I'd like to know how
you are getting along with my table lamp, McGee.
FIB: BABY, IT'S GONNA BE A LULU! BEST JOB I EVER DONE! I'm
makin' Molly a table lamp, Doc, but she dunno outa from
what.
DOC: When will the low-brow public be permitted to behold this
hand-soldered epic, Chisel-fizzle?
MOL: Yes, I'm getting very impatient, dearie. Remember, you
promised I'd have it today.

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DOC: He keeps promises like I keep a 29-inch waistline.
FIB: NEVERTHELESS, MEDICINE BALL, WHEN I MAKE A PROMISE, I
MAKE A PROMISE. MY MOTTO IS, "NEVER BREAK A PROMISE TO
A CHILD OR A WOMAN. GROWN MEN CAN LOOK AFTER THEMSELVES".
Give me five minutes, Molly.
MOL: Five minutes it is, McGee.
FIB: Come on, Doc...you can lend me a hand.
DOC: Oh, are you using hands on this? Everything you've built
up till now I thought you'd made with teeth and your
elbows.
MOL: You have four minutes and fifty seconds, dearie.
FIB: OH-OH!...COME ON, DOCKY...COME IN WHEN I CALL YOU,
TOOTSIE.
SOUND: STEPS FADE
FIB: Take a peek under the tablecloth, Doc. That's the lamp.
I filled it with cement to give it some weight. Then I
bored a hole thru the bottom, wired it up thru here, see,
and I bought this blue and silver lampshade at the Bon
Ton. Hand me that wire, willya?
DOC: Here you are. (TOOLS) And while it hurts me to say
this, my boy, that is really a beautiful lamp! A pewter
teapot with that blue and silver shade was pure
inspiration!
SOUND: WORKING
FIB: You said it! Now lemme turn it on, and see if it works..
SOUND: CLICK

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DOC: Perfect...here's the shade. And a handsome one it is, too!'

FIB: Thanks. It cost me three-seventy-nine, but when I get in a creative mood like this, cost means nothing. Hold 'er steady while I screw it on... (RATTLE) AHH, THERE WE ARE!

MOL: (OFF) TIME'S UP, McGEE!

FIB: AND IT'S ALL FINISHED!! (LOWERS VOICE) Throw that tablecloth over it again, Doc. We'll unveil it like the beautiful thing it is.

DOC: Okay. My dear, you have a great surprise in store for you.

MOL: (FADE IN) Heavenly days, I'm so excited! Don't keep me in suspense any longer, McGee. Let's see it!

FIB: Okay - you stand right over there, where you can get the best view of it. When I count to three, Doc, you yank the tablecloth off.

DOC: It will be a pleasure to yank the sheet off something that won't peer up at me and ask *how big the incision will be.* if I will ~~have to make a~~ *be.* ~~large incision. Ready?~~

FIB: ONE!

MOL: I was just going to say, McGee, it's a good thing you're finished with it, because I've got to run over to Mrs. William's.

FIB: Over to Foggy Williams's? What for?

MOL: Oh, just to return an antique pewter teapot she loaned me for my party last week.

FIB: A pew...a pew....

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MOL: She says it doesn't look very valuable, but it was made by Paul Revere himself back in 1768. ^{FIB: a few -} WELL, COME ON, BOYS, WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?

FIB: A pew...a pew...a pew... ~~pew~~

DOC: Better get his bed ready, my dear. ^{FIB: a few -} I think I've got a patient on my hands.

FIB: (INTO MUSIC) A pew...a pew...a pew...a pew...

ORCH: SELECTION - FADE FOR COMMERCIAL

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
2-3-48
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

(REVISED) -25-

ANNCR: Many times I've said that genuine Johnson's Paste Wax adds to the beauty of your home. Well, here's an easy way for you to see just how true that statement is. Choose two pieces of furniture or two sections of a floor. Polish one with Johnson's Wax. Compare the two. The one you've polished will have a new warm beauty that will make the other seem..well...rather dull and ordinary by comparison. You see, Johnson's Wax adds lustre...that makes your floors and furniture glow with a delightfully bright richness. That hard protective coat of shining wax makes all precious things so much more easy to keep clean, too. Dust and dirt won't stick to a surface gleaming with that tough protective coat of wax. The same shining coat that makes things easy to clean protects fine finishes from stains and scratches. Try Johnson's Paste Wax. Look at the gleaming glowing results which bring out the beauty of ^{your} ~~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:

dk

TAG

-26-

MOL: Well, I just talked to Mrs. Williams, McGee.
FIB: What did she say, kiddo...what did she say? Is she awful sore at me?
MOL: No, she thought it made a beautiful lamp. She just loved it.
FIB: (RELIEVED) Oh, boy...
MOL: But she says it depends on what Mr. Williams says.
FIB: AIN'T HE HOME YET?
MOL: No, it's raining something terrible and he's stuck down at the Weather Bureau without his umbrella or rubbers or raincoat. Isn't that ridiculous?
FIB: Yeah...(FORCED LAUGH) Goodnight.
MOL: Goodnight, all!

PLAYOFF AND SIGNOFF:

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