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RW

file
#20
(REVISED)

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR
JOHNSON'S WAX

February 17th, 1948

6:30 - 7:00 PM PST

dk

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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
2/17/48
Opening Commercial

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WILCOX: Your kitchen linoleum probably gets more steady wear than any other floor in the house....and yet...it's so easy to keep it looking beautiful. Just use Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat. Your linoleum will be brighter and cleaner, and your kitchen will be a more cheerful place to work. The new Glo-Coat shines nearly twice as bright as ever before...andas you know-- the brighter the shine, the cleaner the kitchen. Glo-Coat makes floor cleaning problems simple, too. Dust, dirt and spilled things can be whisked off a Glo-Coat surface with just a wipe of a damp cloth. Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat protects your linoleum from wear and scuffing. That shining coat of hard, gleaming wax actually keeps your feet off the floor. You walk on Glo-Coat and not on the linoleum. No wonder it makes the linoleum last longer. Make your kitchen brighter, more cheerful. Use Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat 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."

ORCHES: BRIDGE

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WILCOX: DID YOU EVER GET A CIRCULAR IN THE MAIL THAT SAID, AND I PROBABLY MISQUOTE: "WE PAY BIG MONEY FOR OLD BOOKS!"? WELL, IT'S THAT SORT OF THING THAT HAS SENT OUR MISTER MCGEE, OF 79 WISTFUL VISTA, PURSUING MANY A WILD GOOSE. LISTEN TO HIM NOW, AS WE JOIN ---

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: Hey, Molly, did you see this circular that just come in the mail? It says "THERE IS A FORTUNE IN BOOKS!"

MOL: I don't believe it! Uncle Dennis ran one for several months and he spent all his profits bailing himself out of jail.

FIB: I DON'T MEAN HANDBOOKS. This guy ain't a BOOKIE. He's a collector.

MOL: So was Uncle Dennis. He'd collect a hundred dollars, and hand it right over to a bailiff. I told him a hundred times he'd ---

FIB: No no no...you don't understand, Kiddo. Look. This circular says "THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE WHO READ THIS CIRCULAR HAVE BOOKS IN THEIR ATTICS AND BASEMENTS WHICH ARE EAGERLY SOUGHT BY COLLECTORS."

MOL: Ohhhhhh, BOOKS!

FIB: Yeah....I wonder if we got any book in the attic which would be eagerly sought by a collector. It would have to be kinda rare, I suppose.

dk

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MOL: Well, we've got some up there by Mary Roberts Rhinestone and some by Erle Stanley Gander and -

FIB: GARDNER, Snooky. A gander is a buck duck. Besides, by RARE books, I mean books that are scarce. Old books that you can't buy any more. Them are the ones that are eagerly sought by collectors. For instance, this circular says that there is a great demand right now for Horatio Alger books and --

MOL: HORATIO ALGER!! (LAUGHS) Heavenly days, who'd want to read that stuff now? Phil the Fiddler, Paul the Peddler, Bill the Butcher, which reminds me, did you pay the butcher bill?

FIB: Yes, but listen. I got an idea

MOL: I found five dollars in an old sugar bowl today.

FIB: Good for you. Now my idea is

MOL: You can have it if you'll forget this idea you have.

FIB: BUT YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT IT IS!

MOL: No, but you never had one yet that cost us less than fifteen dollars, so we'll save ten.

FIB: BUT THIS WILL MAKE A WAD OF DOUGH, KIDDO! LISTEN!

The circular says that HORATIO ALGER BOOKS ARE EAGERLY SOUGHT BY COLLECTORS. See where it says that? Right here? "Eagerly sought by collectors" -

MOL: Yes, but -

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FIB: I know where I can lay my chubby little mitts on FIFTY of 'em! Today! In HALF AN HOUR!

MOL: What good is a project to us that lasts MORE than half an hour?

FIB: GET THIS, BABY! I happened to drop into the Book Nook, next to the Bon Ton, this morning, and on the shelf that says "ANY BOOK HERE FOR 25¢" there were DOZENS of Alger books!

MOL: Did he write that many?

FIB: My gosh, he musta wrote a hundred of 'em! All with the same plot, too, practically. There's always this poor but honest lad, disgustingly wholesome, who saves a banker's daughter from a runaway horse. He refuses to accept a gold watch as a reward, so the banker gives him a job as messenger boy at fifty cents a week, out of which Thrifty Joe saves 37¢. In a hundred and ten pages he saves up enough to marry the banker's daughter and gets the gold watch for a wedding present. The snide little twerp plays it smart all the way!

MOL: Sounds little dull, doesn't it? Didn't he ever write one where the boy saves a horse's daughter from a runaway banker? Or a banker's horse from a runaway daughter?

FIB: No, but in Tom The Bootblack, he -

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: OH OH!!! Not a word about this to anybody, Snooky! This is my private gold mine and I don't want any claim jumpers!

MOL: I'll be mum, chum. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh hello there Mr. Old Timer!

FIB: Hiyah, Old Timer, I'd ask you to sit down but we're on our way downtown. Gotta buy some books.

OLD: Good fer you, Johnny! Nothin' like readin' good books! I'll never fergit what one of my old teachers said about readin'.

MOL: What did she say, Mr. Old Timer?

OLD: Well sir, daughter, she jest stood there, with the sun streamin' in the schoolhouse window, castin' kind of a soft glow over her head, and says "~~BY GOD~~, YOU'LL FINISH ^{You little whipper-snapper} READING "A TALE OF TWO CITIES" OR YOU'LL BE IN THE SIXTH GRADE FOR THE NEXT TEN YEARS!"

FIB: Did you? Or were you?

OLD: I was. But sence then I done a lot of readin', kids. Just last night I was settin' in my room, readin' to myself in the dark, and all at once -

MOL: Wait a minute! How can you read in the dark?

OLD: Why that's simple, daughter. Jest turn on the light.

FIB: But if you turned on the light, you weren't in the dark.

OLD: Oh yes I was! The bulb was burned out, Johnny.

MOL: Well, if you turned on the light, and it was burned out, how could you still read?

OLD: Had a flashlight.

FIB: Oh. That's different.

OLD: Nope. The batteries was dead.

MOL: Oh this is nonsensical, Mr. Old Timer. Sitting there reading in a dark room. WHAT WERE YOU READING?

OLD M: A neon hosiery sign acrost the street, daughter. I LOVE neon! Ever stop to think what neon spells, backwards? It spells no-en. And NOEN loves neon like I do! ^{MOL: OK, dear!} Why some of them colors --

FIB: Well, if you'll excuse us, we got to go buy some books, Old Timer.

OLD M: Why certainly Johnny. And I'm proud of ye fer doin' it. Though I don't care much fer books, myself. Started one last week, and jest had to quit it.

MOL: Why?

OLD M: Too much printin' in it. The pages was all full o' words.

FIB: Some books are like that, Old Timer. You ought to try a book of cigarette papers.

OLD M: Well, this was the most mixed-up yarn I ever read, kids. Started out with a character named Aardvark, and a feller named Ab, and jest went no place from there.

MOL: Who wrote the book?

OLD M: Some feller name of Webster. He'll never git anyplace though. His plots don't hold up.

FIB: That was Noah Webster, Old Timer. He quit writing books after that and started a dance band.

OLD M: He did?

FIB: Yeah, you've heard of Noah's Orch?

MOL: Oh dear.....

OLD M: Noah's Orch! Heh, heh, heh.....THAT'S PRETTY GOOD,
JOHNNY, BUT THAT AIN'T THE WAY I HEERED IT!

FIB: No?

OLD M: No, the way I heered it, one feller says to tother
feller, "SAAAAAY," he says, "WHAT DO THEY MEAN WHEN THEY
SAY A MAN IS PRESIDENTIAL TIMBER?"....."WELL," says
tother feller, THEY MEAN HE CAN LOOK GREEN AND ACT
GROWN, HE AIN'T TOO SAPPY OR SHADY, HE DON'T MIND
GLITTIN' THE BIRD, HE KNOWS WHEN TO BOUGH AND LEAVE, HE
CAN BARK WHEN NECESSARY, SPENDS A LOT OF TIME ON THE
STUMP, KEEPS HIS TRUNK PACKED AND FALLS THE RIGHT WAY
WHEN THEY GIVE HIM THE AXE!!.....Weeell, so long, kids!

DOOR SLAM

ORCH: "NOW IS THE HOUR"

APPLAUSE

SECOND SPOT:

TRAFFIC SOUNDS: FADE FOR -

FIB: Now look, snooky [^]. We gotta play this kinda cagey.
When we get in the Book Nook, We ain't the least bit
interested in buying any old Horatio Alger Books, see.

MOL: Why we are, too! That's why we came down here; to buy
up all the old Alger books he had and-

FIB: YEAH YEAH YEAH.....SURE....THAT IS what we come down
here for. But we don't want the guy to know, see? He'll
hike the price on us. We gotta act like we're not
interested.

MOL: Wel-l-l-l.....all right, but it seems a little dishonest.
I'll probably blush every time he looks at me.

FIB: You do that. You look pretty when you blush. That'll
distract his attention offa me. Come on, let's go.

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

MOL: Heavenly days, look at all the books.!!! Who writes all
those things? We certainly haven't had that many
Secretarys of State.

FIB: (LOWERS VOICE) Let's just pretend we're browsing, kiddo.

MOL: Why pretend anything? The proprietor isn't paying any
attention to us.

FIB: Oh no? You slip a ten-buck book under your coat and
start to walk out. He don't know we're here like
MacArthur don't know he's being mentioned as a candidate.

(DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE, OFF)

These guys are all.....

MOL: Oh, McGee....look who just came in, Mr. Williams, the
Weather Man! Hello, Mr. Williams!

FIB: Hiyah, Foggy Old Man!

GALE: Hello, Mrs. McGee. Hello, McGee. If you'll pardon my saying so, it's lovely weather we're having, isn't it?

MOL: Yes, it is, Mr. Williams.

FIB: You a book lover, like us, Foggy?

GALE: Yes, in a way, McGee. I am also an author, of sorts.

MOL: Heavenly days.....an AUTHOR! You mean you wrote a book, Mr. Williams?

GALE: Yes, I did. It was about an expedition I made four years ago to the Interior of Africa, studying Equatorial weather. Very adventurous ~~some~~ trip too!

FIB: Any trouble with the natives, Fog?

GALE: One of our members was boiled and eaten by cannibals. We buried his sun helmet and put a simple little marker over it. Stewart Jones, that was.

MOL: How terrible! What did you write on the marker?

GALE: Just ^{one word} "STEW"

FIB: How about wild game, Foggy?

GALE: Oh we had some splendid ones, McGee! One night I was holding a full house, aces over kings, and - (PAUSE)
Ohhh you mean animals!

MOL: Yes.

GALE: Well, one day in the dense jungle, I was taking humidity recordings when I was charged by an enraged bull elephant. I fled for my life, but tripped over a pigmy, fell and fractured my hygrometer! As I lay there helpless I saw the huge ~~elephant~~ ^{bull} loom over me, ready to stamp out my life.

FIB: I'd of grabbed his tusks and tried to throw the bull.

GALE: I'm sure you would.

MOL: WELL MY GOODNESS, WHAT HAPPENED, MR. WILLIAMS? WHAT DID YOU DO?

GALE: Suddenly a strange look came into the elephant's eyes. Gently he wrapped his trunk about me and carried me tenderly back to camp. He put me lightly down on the grass, and before he left, he stood over me a moment, with tears in his eyes and with the soft tip of his trunk caressed a Dewey button I happened to be wearing.

FIB: It's a darn good thing for you, Foggy, they didn't have wild donkeys in Africa!

GALE: Er....Yes. Well, I must be getting along. Good day, probably.

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

FIB: I could of told that yarn a lot better. I'd of made it a laughing hyena instead of an elephant and -- Oh oh. Here comes the proprietor, Molly....play it cagey!

MOL: All right.

FIB: Hiyah, bud. Mind if we just browse around a little?

MAN: That's quite all right, mister. Look around all you like. You interested in fiction, or non-fiction?

MOL: Which ever Horatio Alger is, we're not interested in that. (ASIDE) Am I being cagey enough, McGee?

FIB: (FORCED LAUGH) She likes detective stories, Bud. But she always shuts her eyes when she comes to the murder part, so she never does find out who the -

TELEPHONE:

MAN: Excuse me, folks...there's my telephone.
FIB: Go ahead, Buster...we'll just browse around.
MAN: (RECEIVER UP) BOOK NOOK! Yup!.....YUP!.....
NO Ma'am. It ain't a cook book, and it ain't Crisco!
It's the Count of Monte Cristo, Don't mention it,
ma'am (RECEIVER UP) Sure get some dumb questions
from folks.
FIB: I'll bet you do at that, bud. Hey, are all these
books down on this table sellin' for two bits?
MAN: To tell the truth, they're not sellin' at all
but I'm askin two-bits for 'em. Well (FADING)
If you folks want anything, jest holler.
MOL: We will. (LOUDLY) OH LOOK, DEARIE, HERE'S A WHOLE
PILE OF OLD HORATIO ALGER BOOKS, BUT WHO'D WANT ANY
OF THOSE OLD THINGS? NOT US, I'LL BET!!
FIB: Nah - we just wanna ---
WIL: Well, hello there, Pal.....Hello, Molly. I thought
I recognized those voices.
FIB: Oh, hiyah, Omaha.
MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox...what are you reading?

WIL: It's a western story. It's called "Roaring Six-Guns",
by Ramrod Riggs. Ever read it?
FIB: (THOUGHTFULLY) N-n-o, I don't believe so, Junior. I
got a new one last week, but it wasn't what I wanted.
MOL: He bought a book called "LONGHORN STEERS", Mr. Wilcox,
and it turned out to be a book on how to play the
trombone.
WIL: Oh this Ramrod Riggs really knows the old West! I've
just got to where Tex Vanguard, the hero, knocks a man
down for insulting the new school teacher in front of
the Last Chance Saloon.
FIB: Yeah, they all start out like that. He'll marry her on
page 248.
WIL: I doubt it very much. This is a man teacher. The town
was too tough for ^{decent} women. Shall I read you some of it?
MOL: Wel-1-1-1, -
FIB: No thanks, Omaha, I don't think --
WIL: JUST LISTEN TO THIS. THIS IS REAL LITERATURE! (READS)
"The motley crowd cowered before Black Pete's menacing
guns, as he shot two faro dealers and leered at Klondike
Kate, the gambler's daughter. Suddenly a calm, grey-
eyed figure sauntered up to the bar, and a hush fell
over the room!"
MOL: I know...MARTHA GRAHAM!
WIL: "It was Tex Vanguard, U.S. Marshall, from Dodge City,
the terror of evildoers and bringer of law and order
to the raw frontier...."
FIB: That's Randolph Scott....I'd know him anyplace.

WIL: SUDDENLY BLACK PETE'S GUN BARREL ROSE, AND TEX VANGUARD FOUND HIMSELF STARING INTO THE SMALL, BLACK, DEADLY TUNNEL WHICH HAD SNUFFED OUT THE LIFE OF YOUR KITCHEN LINOLEUM CAN BE PRESERVED AND BEAUTIFIED SO EASILY WITH JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLOCOAT, AND ---

MOL: WHAT?

FIB: WAIT A MINUTE...IS THAT IN THERE?

WIL: Eh? Oh, ~~excuse me~~. I'm using a Johnson's Glocoat circular for a book-mark and I must have jumped over to that. Anyway, the book says, "THERE WAS A BLUR OF ACTION AS VANGUARD WENT FOR HIS GUN. FOUR SHOTS ROARED, AND THE LIFELESS FIGURE OF BLACK PETE SLUMPED TO THE FLOOR COVERINGS OF LINOLEUM WHICH ARE PROTECTED BY JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT ARE SO MUCH EASIER TO KEEP CLEAN, BECAUSE SPILLED THINGS ARE EASILY WIPED UP WITH A DAMP CLOTH AND --

MOL: Mr. Wilcox....the story!

WIL: Oh yes...."JUST AT THAT MOMENT, TEX VANGUARD FELT A GUN MUZZLE PRODDING HIM IN THE BACK, AND WITH NO RUBBING, AND NO BUFFING, GLOCOAT DIRES TO A HANDSOME, MIRROR LIKE POLISH IN 20 MINUTES OR LESS AND --

FIB: WAXEY!

WIL: Yes, Pal?

FIB: Just read quietly to yourself for a while, will you?

MOL: Yes, we may want to read that book ourselves sometime. And we want it to be a surprise when Tex Vanguard traps the rustlers in their hideaway and cleans them out with a damp cloth after shooting them full of Glocoat.

WIL: Oh, of course. Here, you take the book.

FIB: But you haven't finished it, Waxey.

WIL: I don't want to. I'd rather read the Johnson's Glocoat circular. To me, it's a lot more exciting. (FADE OUT)
See you later, folks.

DOOR SLAM: OFF:

FIB: Hey, Molly.....I got an idea...

MOL: Yes...

FIB: Look....you go to the other end of the store and start talking to the owner, see? Distract his attention, so I can look over these Alger books and -----

MOL: Too late dearie. Here he comes.

FIB: Hey Bub! These old Alger books are pretty junky lookin' How much are they? Nickel apiece?

MAN: Nope, ten cents, mister. Frankly, they ain't worth it, but I can't handle 'em for any less.

FIB: Hey, Molly....How about some of these old Alger books for a dime apiece?

MOL: Oh we wouldn't WANT them.

FIB: I should say not!

MAN: Who would?

FIB: Not me. But I'll take 'em just to give you more room on the shelves, bud.

MAN: Well now that's mighty neighborly of you mister! Lemme see...there's about a hundred 'n eight of 'em there. You can take the lot for ten dollars.

(2ND REVISION)
-17-18-19-20-

MOL: Eight dollars!
MAN: Nine dollars!
FIB: Nine fifty'
MAN: Ten!
MOL: Ten fifty!
FIB: ELEVEN! That's my last offer.
MAN: Okay....Eleven dollars. But you drive a hard bargain,
mister. (FADE) I'll go get some cord to bundle 'em
up and...
ORCH: AND KINGS MEN: "TWO THINGS TO WORRY ABOUT"
(APPLAUSE)

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(2ND REVISION) -21-

THIRD SPOT

CLATTER OF FILE OF BOOKS ON TABLE

MOL: Now that we're home with these books what have you got?
FIB: A sore arm, from lugging these babies around!
(CHUCKLES) You'll find out what I got though, when that
book collector gets here - I phoned him from the drug
store, and told him I had a collection of Alger books
that was a collector's dream.
MOL: I think you got your money's worth all right. The titles
alone are ----

DOOR CHIME

FIB: Oh - oh, stand back, kiddo - here comes opportunity;
COME IN!

DOOR OPENS

MOL: Oh, it's Doctor Gamble, McGee. Come in, Doctor.
DOC: Hello, Molly. And good day to you, Drumhead.
FIB: Hi, Pill Pitcher. Thought you were somebody important.
But - come on in, anyway.
DOC: If I were somebody important, why would I be calling on
you, Pop-Up?
MOL: We thought you were a book collector, Docotr - he was
expecting one.
DOC: And why not? He's had every other kind of collector
on his trail. He's ----Hey, where'd you get the pile of
penny-dreadfuls, Dreadful?

FIB: I bought them, Fatso - at the Book Nook, next to the Bon Ton. There's a guy coming over here to -

DOC: Let's see those! Horatio Alger! Great Scott, I haven't seen books like these since my kid days!

FIB: You never had any kid days, and you know it! You were born at the age of forty-two, with a gold probe in your mouth, and -

DOC: (IGNORES HIM) Aren't these titles wonderful, Molly? Look at this - "Do or Die" - "Paul Pearson's Pluck" - "Bootblack to Banke".

MOL: That's a great title . (CHUCKLES) All a boy had to do to get rich in those days was invest in a box of shoepolish and a brush, and wait!

FIB: What's so different about that? Doc Gamble started out with a dollar watch and a calomel tablet, and look at him!

MOL: Oh, McGee!

DOC: That's not true, and he knows it! I had a thermometer, too when I started out.

FIB: I'll say you had a thermometer, ~~you big Witch Doctor!~~ The ONLY thermometer I ever saw that had three degrees of fever painted right on it! You've got RICH with that thermometer!

MOL: Oh McGee - stop it now!...Doctor Gamble isn't rich.

DOC: Certainly not. Just handsome, talented, and -- Seay, look at this one, Molly - "Ned, the Newsboy!" There's the book that changed my whole career!

FIB: Changed your career? What happened - you cut your thumb turning the pages and decide to take up medicine?

DOC: No, I was working as a fire-watcher for the Forest Service and while I was reading this book, 300 acres of timber burned up!

MOL: Well, McGee expects these books to change his career, too, Doctor. We're going to be rich any minute now.

DOC: Oh I hope not. I like McGee just as he is.

FIB: Do you really, Doc?

DOC: Yes, I do. Dumb, flouridering, inconsistent, rude and uncouth. When I think what you'd be like if you had money, I shudder, and when I shudder, walls crack for miles around.

MOL: Oh, you wouldn't mind if we got wealthy, doctor. We'd still come to you with our troubles.

FIB: Yeah, and speaking of trouble, I never will forget the time I worked in a clothing store back in Peoria. I had more grief ---

MOL: You never told me you worked in a clothing store, McGee!

FIB: I never toldja about that?

MOL: You never did!

FIB: Well sir, I was a clerk in this clothing store, see - specializing in sweaters and sport coats. I sold a guy a cashmere sweater and a checked coat one day, and he gimme a check for the checked coat, but he paid me cash for the cashmere. Well sir, when I give the cash to the bank cashier and chucked this chap's check on the counter for cashing, the cashier checked the cash in his check-cashing account and double-checked the check against the check-stubs, and found the check-checker had failed to check the exchequer and there wasn't enough cash to cash the check I got for the checked coat, so the chump chucked the check back at me and checked out the -

DOOR CHIME

MOL: Hold it, dearie!

FIB: Oh - oh, this must be the guy!! Remember now, we don't want to part with these books, Molly. Make him bid it up and -

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MAN: Good day. I'm looking for a Mister Fibber McGee, incredibly enough.

FIB: Come right in, bud. I'm Fibber McGee.

DOOR CLOSE

MAN: Thank you.

FIB: And this is my wife, Mrs. McGee.

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

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FIB: And this is Doctor Gamble, bud, if you ever want your appendix taken out and a scar left on your tummy that looks like you'd been hit by a road-scraper.

DOC: How do you do, sir?

MAN: I've heard a lot about you, doctor. I am K. Stanley Flyleaf, the book collector.

DOC: Oh yes...I've heard of you, too. One of the country's leading bibliophiles.

FIB: Let him show you his bibs and files later, Fatso. We got business.

MAN: You are the gentleman who called me and said he had a selection of Algiers?

MOL: He's the one all right, sir. And there they are...right there on the table!

MAN: Ahhh...if you don't mind while I ...(PAUSE) BUT THESE ARE NOT FIRST EDITIONS (HANDLING BOOKS) None of them is!

FIB: What's that got to do with it? They're Horatio Alger books, aren't they?

MAN: Certainly....but I can pick Algiers like this up in any bookstore for three cents a piece! THESE ARE WORTHLESS!

MOL: But he thought -

MAN: ~~If you'll pardon me, madam.~~ I rather doubt it. And I'm sorry we wasted each other's time! Good day, sir. Good day, doctor!

DOC: Good day. It's been nice knowing you.

FIB: HEY, WATCH OUT FOR THAT DOOR STOP, BUD, IT'S RIGHT IN THE ---

SOUND: STUMBLE AND CRASHING FALL.....MAN GRUNTS

MOL: Heavenly days...I'm so sorry, Mr. Flyleaf!...are you hurt?

DOC: No, he isn't hurt. Are you, Fly-leaf? (PAUSE) ARE YOU HURT, FLYLEAF? (PAUSE) What's he staring at?

FIB: That old book we been using as a door-stop. What's wrong, bud?

MAN: I SAY...WHY DIDN'T YOU SHOW ME THIS?

MOL: Why?

MAN: THIS IS A FIRST EDITION OF "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN!"
HARRIET BEECHER STOWE! VERY RARE! WILL YOU SELL ME THIS?

FIB: Sell it? Of course not, bud - we need that book!
We lean it against the door to hold it open whenever we -

MAN: BUT IT'S WORTH TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS, MCGEE!

MOL: WHAT?

FIB: TWO HUN -- Just make out the check to "F. McGee," bud!
FOR THAT KIND OF DOUGH, I'LL LEAN AGAINST THE DOOR MYSELF!!

ORCH: "THE STARS WILL REMEMBER" FADE FOR:

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: I suppose I'm a little prejudiced, but I just don't understand how anyone could permit her kitchen linoleum or other floors to be anything but clean and bright and shining. It's so easy to make floors glow and gleam with Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat. There's no rubbing or buffing. All you have to do is apply and let dry. You'll be proud of that rich new floor beauty every time you walk across it. A shining coat of Glo-Coat makes your floors easy to keep clean, too. Dust, dirt and spilled things can be whisked away with just a wipe of a damp cloth. Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat also protects your floors from wear and scuffing. That glowing protective wax coat can take an awful beating, and still come up shining. Think about it for a minute, and then make up your mind to give your floors the added shining beauty that comes with Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat. Try Glo-Coat and enjoy the easy 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: BUMPER . . . FADE FOR:

(REVISED)

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TAG

MOL: ~~These~~ Alger books are wonderful, McGee! (CHUCKLES)

Here's one about a boy who rescued a millionaire's baby
from under the wheels of a horse car and -

FIB: Aww, that stuff's dated, Molly!

MOL: (AMUSED) You think so?

FIB: Certainly, that rescue stuff's no good any more! Migosh,
I yanked a guy out from under the wheels of a ten-ton
truck one time, and what did I get? A poke in the nose!

MOL: A poke in the -- Heavenly days - WHY??

FIB: He was tryin' to change a tire and I was the third guy
that rescued him!

MOL: Oh.

FIB: Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, All.

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.

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CHIMES

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"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

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