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*rw* *file*  
(REVISED) #22

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

March 2, 1948

6:30 - 7:00 PM PST

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 & MOLLY  
3/2/1948

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

Wilcox from Hollywood to network  
WJDX, Jackson, Miss. local cut-ins  
WISE, Asheville " "  
KRCV, Weslaco " "  
KGNC, Amarillo " "

WILCOX: Fibber and Molly join us in a moment - -

Ladies, have you ever thought of what scrubbing does to wood floors? It really is harmful. It warps the wood. It raises the grain and makes the finish dull and drab ... shabby looking. Now, Johnson's Liquid Cleaning and Polishing Wax makes scrubbing absolutely unnecessary. Use it and you'll never have to wash your floors again. Here's why. Johnson's Liquid Cleaning and Polishing Wax is more than wax -- it's a combination of genuine wax and highly effective dry cleaning ingredients. It's amazingly simple to use. You merely apply a little, rub a bit, wipe off the loosened dirt and grime, and then buff to a rich, shining luster. That tough glowing film of protective wax will make your floors look their gleaming best. And an occasional dusting will keep them shining. Yes, friends, use Johnson's Liquid Cleaning and Polishing Wax and you'll know you've found the perfect way to clean, polish and bring out the beauty of your floors.

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

ORCH: BRIDGE

w

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
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OPENING CUT-IN COMMERCIAL

Charlotte Sectional  
NBC, Denver  
KDYÉ, Salt Lake City - local  
NBC Hollywood sectional (to include KGH recording)

(CUE: Fibber and Molly join us in a moment - )

ANNCR: Say, men, take advantage of this surprising offer. Buy a can of Johnson's Carnu at the regular price, and get a soft, fleecy-woolen car dusting mit, at no extra cost. The mit fits right over your hand like a glove. It keeps your hands clean as you wipe off road dust. It makes it easy for you to maintain the Carnu shine. Here's all you do to get this forty-nine-cent value mit. Just buy a can of Johnson's Carnu ... the amazing liquid car polish that cleans and shines your car in one easy operation. The mit is attached to the can. There's nothing to send in. Nothing extra to pay. Just ask your dealer for Johnson's Carnu, and get your mit. Better keep it in the car, though. Wives find it the perfect dusting mit for home use. Remember, a washable, fleecy soft car dusting mit ... it's yours with a can of Johnson's Carnu.

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WILCOX: NOBODY CAN BE MORE NAUSEATINGLY PIOUS ABOUT BEING A GOOD CITIZEN THAN THE FELLOW WHO SPENDS HIS LIFE GETTING TRAFFIC CITATIONS FIXED, DODGING JURY DUTY AND FORGETTING TO VOTE. LIKE THE FELLOW AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA SOUNDING OFF TO HIS WIFE, RIGHT NOW, AS WE JOIN --

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: - and, as I have always said, my dear, any chap who refuses to do jury duty is simply not a good citizen!

MOL: That isn't what I remember your always saying.

FIB: It isn't?

MOL: No. As nearly as I can remember, you have always said that any peasant who got stuck for jury duty was a lint-head and a yokel with no connections. And that if you ever got a jury summons you had more ways of getting out of it than a bookworm in a loose-leaf diary.

FIB: (UNBELIEVING) I SAID THAT? I must have been joking. Oh, I can understand why a citizen like me hesitates to take his valuable time for cases of no consequence. No sensible judge is gonna waste a guy's like me time - er...waste a guy like me's time - I mean waste a guys' time like me...WHAT I MEAN IS, I AM ALWAYS READY TO SERVE MY COMMUNITY AS A JUROR WHEN A CASE COMES UP WORTHY OF MY BEST JUDGMENT.

MOL: Um - humm!

FIB: I see by tonight's Gazette that the bus company is suing the City of Wistful Vista for 500,000 dollars damages.

MOL: I read that, too. The bus company says their equipment is being ruined by the bad paving. And I believe it. I got on a bus last week and when I handed the conductor my fare he gave me a crash helmet and four bandaids.

FIB: Yeah. There's a chuck hole full o' water on 14th street that's gettin' so big the City don't know whether to fill it in, or stock it with big-mouth bass. Anyway, a lawsuit like that is big enough to need men like me on the jury. AND I'VE DECIDED TO SERVE.

MOL: When did you get your summons?

FIB: I didn't get any. I'M volunteering.

(PAUSE)

MOL: Is there a ventriloquist in the room? I recognize the voice but the words are so strange!

FIB: I says, I'M VOLUNTEERING. A case involving half a million bucks needs men of my caliber. Besides, six bucks a day, and meals is --

MOL: McGee.

FIB: Eh?

MOL: Remember the last time you volunteered for something?

FIB: When was that?

MOL: The time the magician at the Bijou asked for a volunteer and you stepped on the stage, tripped over the footlights and fell into the bass drum?

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FIB: I'll say I remember it! The orchestra was sleeping thru the magician's act, and when I hit the drum they thought it was a downbeat and started the overture again. The stage-hand heard it and opened the curtains and when the electrician saw the curtains open he turned on the house lights, and that was the cue for the acrobats. The Ten Tumbling Turks came cartwheeling across the stage - rabbits and pigeons and ducks flew in all directions - and the magician sat right down in the middle of the stage and cried like a baby!

MOL: And you said you'd never volunteer for anything again.

FIB: This is different, kiddo. This is a big case! In a case like this they need twelve good men and true men with judgment and discretion. Men of honor and distinction.

MOL: Oh, not men of distinction!! A hung jury is bad enough, but a hung OVER jury would be just too-----

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh, hello there, Mr. Old Timer.

OLD: Hello there, kids.

FIB: Hiyah, Old Timer. Hey, you ever had any jury experience?

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OLD: Jest how do you mean, Johnny? Experience in what? Pickin' 'em, servin' on 'em, arguin' before 'em or bribin' 'em?

MOL: Have you ever served on one?

OLD: Yup. Long time ago, I was on a jury out west, kids. City of Tackleberry, Wyoming, Verseus Hackamore Huggins. Charged with Croolty to animals.

MOL: What kind of cruelty to what kind of animal?

OLD: He rid his horse into a movie theayter and made it stand there right thru two Western pictures. With SINGIN' COWBOYS!

FIB: Hanging is too good for a man like that. Did he have a fair trial?

OLD: He sure did, Johnny. Judge asks him does he plead guilty or not guilty? Hackamore tells him to go fry a packmule. His lawyer demands a writ o' marvis trabnls and the persecutin' attorney leaps up and yells that he's guilty of incitin' to somnolence and malfeasance aforethought. The judge bangs his gavel down and says fer everybody to shut up or he'll charge 'em all with dilatory repugnance, citin' the old Statute of 1897 which pervides fer injunctive discipline in cases o' cröminary arson and separate reluctance.

MOL: Sounds like quite a case! What was the verdict?

OLD: Well, daughter, in the confusion, the court clerk got the papers all mixed up. The judge was convicted of bootleggin', the persecutin' attorney got forty years in the pokey fer uttering, and the prisoner was awarded 12 dollars a month alimony and custody of the bailiff.. why'd you ask, Johnny?

FIB: I just wondered how to get on a jury, is all. There's a big case coming up downtown that needs guys like me on the jury. Why don't you come along?

OLD: Not me, Johnny. I don't like courtrooms. I guess I'm jest allergic to policemen.

FIB: Cops make you nervous?

OLD: Nope. But all that blue serge makes me sneeze. I remember one time papa was bein' tried in court....

MOL: YOUR FATHER BEING TRIED? For what?

OLD: Reckless drivin'. Drove a golf ball thru the Mayor's dining room window.

FIB: What did he get?

OLD: 28 days. Two under par.

MOL: I think legal work is so fascinating! My Uncle Dennis studied law, you know. But he just couldn't make the grade.

OLD: Well, it's a pretty tough course, daughter.

FIB: He didn't mind the course. But every time he tried to pass the bar he got hit with a swingin' door.

OLD: HEH HEH HEH...THAT'S PRETTY GOOD, JOHNNY...BUT THAT AIN'T THE WAY I HEERD IT.

MOL: No?

OLD: No, the way I heerd it, one feller says to tother feller, "SAYYY", he says, "WAS THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY AMUSED WHEN THEY HEARD HENRY WALLACE WAS GONNA START A THIRD PARTY?" "AMUSED"! says tother feller, "SHUCKS, THEY THOUGHT THEY'D SPLIT!" Heh heh. So long, kids!

DOOR SLAM

ORCH: "I BEG YOUR PARDON"

(APPLAUSE)

SECOND SPOT

WALKING ALONG STREET

MOL: What if they don't want you to serve on <sup>this</sup> the jury, dearie?

FIB: Whattaye mean, what if they don't want me? Of course they'll want me! I'm a shrewd judge of character - got the kind of mind that can weigh evidence - and I play a smart game of contract bridge!

MOL: What good is knowing how to play bridge?

FIB: (LAUGHS) Don't be nave, tootsie. With 12 jurors locked up together for weeks and weeks?? Whattaye think they do all that time - discuss the case? Why, I knew a guy once that -

MOL: Wait a minute, McGee - here comes Mr. Williams, the weather man.

FIB: Huh? Where? Oh! Hiyah, Foggy, old man!

MOL: Hello, Mr. Williams.

GALE: Hello, Mrs. McGee. Hello, McGee. Nice day, isn't it, if I do say so on behalf of my entire department, which strives, from day to day, to correlate and disseminate pertinent information from our meteorological instruments for one and all.

FIB: Take it again, from NICE DAY, Foggy. I got my foot caught in a dangling participle. No, never mind.

MOL: Say, I'll bet you do have some mighty valuable instruments in your office, Mr. Williams!

GALE: Oh indeed we do, Mrs. McGee! Take our anemometer, for instance - that's the instrument which measures the velocity of the wind.

MOL: Yes? Is that delicate?

GALE: It is so delicate that it once registered a man practicing a trumpet solo in the back room of a Harlem night club. With a derby hat over it.

FIB: Hmmm. How about humidity, Foggy? I suppose you can register the perspiration on a horsefly walkin' up a slippery horse on a hot day?

GALE: We do better than that, McGee. Our instruments have indicated the approach of our District Inspector at a distance of three thousand miles.

MOL: What has your District Inspector got to do with the humidity?

GALE: He is a drip.

MOL: Oh!

GALE: Of course, the barometer is really the basic weather instrument.

MOL: Accurate is it, Mr. Williams?

GALE: Almost too accurate, Mrs. McGee. It reacted very oddly every afternoon about five o'clock for a long time, until we discovered what caused it.

FIB: What was that?

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GALE: The janitor always came thru about that time, whistling "Stormy Weather". BUT, for delicate instruments, you should see our seismograph!

MOL: Size-mograph? Does that tell what size a storm is going to be?

GALE: No, that registers disturbances of the earth's crust. Temblors, and earthquakes.

FIB: How far away can it register an earthquake, Si?

GALE: It is not so much the distance, McGee, but the intensity. Our seismograph is SO delicate that it registers the quiver on the back of the cigar store Indian at 14th and Oak Streets. Come over and see it sometime.. Good day, probably!

FIB: Great little guy, Foggy, but I'm afraid he's inclined to exaggerate..OH OH..HERE'S THE CITY HALL, KIDDO...LET'S GO.

SOUND: WALKING UP STEPS....DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

MOL: My, I don't like public buildings! They always look like somebody had just moved out, leaving a lot of stuff they didn't want.

FIB: Well, they gotta have plenty of room for the red tape, snooky. But the law didn't work like that when I and my brother Russ was deputy sheriffs out in Nevada with Uncle Sycamore.

MOL: MCGEE, YOU NEVER TOLD ME YOU WERE A DEPUTY SHERIFF!

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FIB: WHAT. I NEVER TOLD YOU ABOUT WHEN RUSS AND I WERE -

MOL: YOU NEVER DID!!

FIB: Why, I thought I - well sir, me and my brother Russell used to love to wrestle. And the place we used to love to wrestle was on a railroad trestle. First I'd wrestle Russell onto his bustle on the trestle, and then Russell would throw me on my bustle on the trestle. So, when Russell joined the posse to round up rustlers, I joined old Russell in a hustle. And the first place we started rastlin' rustlers was on that same trestle. But Russell got shot in the hassel, tryin' to muscle a rustler on the trestle. Everybody made such a fuss over Russ with his truss that the cuss -

MOL: Hold it, dearie....here comes Mr. Wilcox. YOO-HOO, MR. WILCOX.!!

FIB: Hiyah, Junior!

WIL: (FADE IN) Hello, folks. What are you doing down here in these marble halls? The marble season doesn't open for a couple of weeks yet.

MOL: Himself's down here for jury duty, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Yeah, that big bus company suit against the city is coming up, Junior, and they'll need the brainiest guys they can find on that jury, so naturally --

WIL: Oh, don't feel self-conscious, Pal. You go right ahead - they won't ALL be smarter than you are.

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MOL: No - Mr. Wilcox, he means -  
FIB: Skip it! He wouldn't understand. You ever been on a jury yourself, Junior?  
WIL: Once, Pal - years ago - and I've never forgotten it! Fellow had been arrested for manslaughter, but when I sat in that jury box and looked around - I could see right away it was murder!  
FIB: No kidding? Murder, eh?  
WIL: Absolutely murder, the way the fine woodwork in that jury box had been neglected and allowed to become scratched and marred, when Johnson's Wax would have protected and preserved and beautified it!  
MOL: Oh, for goodness sake!  
WIL: So I stood up! "Your Honor," I said, "May I ask a question?" "You may," he said. So I said, "Your Honor, do you realize that a liberal coat of Johnson's Wax on the fine woodwork in here will give it a luster and a beauty that will add good taste and dignity to your court?"  
FIB: Ohhhhhh....malfeasance!  
WIL: "Do you realize," I said, "That just as a housewife uses Johnson's Wax to protect and beautify her most treasured possessions - her fine furniture and woodwork and picture frames - so can you use Johnson's Wax to bring out the beauty of your desk and your gavel and the frame around your Law School diploma?" There was a babble of voices and the judge pounded his gavel on the desk!

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FIB: Lucky it wasn't on your head, Omaha!  
WIL: "Order!" he shouted. "Order!" "I'll be glad to take your order, your honor," I replied, graciously, taking out a pencil and a book of blanks, and --  
FIB: OHH, LOOK, WAXEY!  
WIL: Yes, pal?  
FIB: Get to the point, willya? You were trying a case when this started. How did it come out?  
WIL: Wonderful, pal! When the judge saw how Johnson's wax worked on the woodwork, he was so happy, he dismissed the case! So long, folks.  
FIB: So long.  
MOL: Doesn't he think up the cutest -- Say, McGee! You should have asked Mr. Wilcox where to go! If he's been on a jury --  
FIB: I should have TOLD Mr. Wilcox where to go! He's been in a rut so long he - Oh hey, I wonder if that's the guy to see's office right there! Where it says, "Jury Commissioner".  
MOL: Sounds logical.  
FIB: Come on! (DOOR OPENS.) Boy, these jury pickers'll be so glad to have a man of my caliber in the box, they'll -- Oh - you in charge here, Sis?  
GIRL: Yes. Sit down there at the desk, please, and fill out a blank!  
FIB: Well, look sis, I come down here to --



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GIRL: Just write out the reasons why you can't serve on the jury! Mr. O'Halloran will see you and give you an argument in a moment.

MOL: But you see, Miss, he came here to -

GIRL: I am not allowed to discuss the matter orally, Madam. I TOLD him to put his reasons for asking to be excused in writing!

FIB: Dadrat it, sis, I don't wanta be excused! I came here to-

O'HALL: (FADING IN) All right, Miss Bagel, who's next?

FIB: I'm next, ~~bud!~~ <sup>bud!</sup> I'm Fibber McGee and this is my wife, Mrs. McGee.

O'HALL: How do you do? I'm Mr. O'Halloran.

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

O'HALL: All right, McGee, why CAN'T you serve on the jury? Business matters are no excuse, you know. If you're sound of wind and limb - have a third ~~grade~~ education - and can sign your name you'll have to serve! Unless you've got connections down here, of course!

FIB: Dadrat it, I'M TRYIN' to serve! I come down here to volunteer! I WANT to serve on the jury!!

O'HALL: (PAUSE - SUSPICIOUS) Who sent you down here, McGee? If those punks on the South Side are trying to discredit the administration again -

MOL: OH NO, Mr. O'Halloran! Nobody sent him. He hasn't even got a jury summons. That's why -

O'HALL: WHAT? You mean to tell me we haven't even called you?

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FIB: Nope. I just happen to be a civic-minded guy and -

MAN: This is outrageous, McGee! Absolutely out of order! I wouldn't touch this thing with a ten-foot pole! We NEVER let anybody off who hasn't been called!

FIB: But I don't - I mean -

O'HALL: No rules for this sort of thing at all! Never heard of such a thing! Sorry! Miss Bagel, I'm going in my office and lie down awhile. Confusing, having a man come in here and -

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Yeah but - Hey, wait a minute, bud! COME BACK HERE!

GIRL: Please, Mr. McGee! Mr. O'Halloran's decision is final! He's lying down! Good day!

FIB: Oh yeah? Well, I'm not lying down on this thing! By George - come on, Molly!

DOOR SLAM....WALKING DOWN CORRIDOR, BEHIND:

MOL: My, what a rude man. And him the Jury Commissioner! Why, I wouldn't pay him a commission to get me on a jury to try a robin for stealing worms! What do we do now?

FIB: Don't worry, this thing's got my back up now! I'll drag this thing right through the Soopreme Court - that's what I'll drag this thing right through the Soop! I'll try every door in this building till I find somebody that - Hey, what's <sup>IT</sup> ~~the sign~~ say? ON THAT DOOR?

MOL: "Women!"

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FIB: Oh...Well, I'll try every OTHER door then! I'm gonna take this thing right to the Oh-oh, look who's coming.

MOL: Who?

FIB: Doc Gamble. HI, DOC!

DOC: (FADING IN) Hello, Petty Cash. Hello, Molly.

MOL: Hello, Doctor Gamble - nice to see you!

FIB: What brings you down here Satchel-tummy....your medical license been revoked again?

DOC: Not this time, my boy. Although they warned me that I'm violating my sacred duty to humanity by continuing to keep you alive. I promised to think it over.

FIB: Oh yeah? The only way you keep anybody alive, you big fake, is because I pour everything you give me out the kitchen window as soon as you leave!

DOC: Really? No wonder you can't grow any geraniums in that window box, my boy.

FIB: You said it! The only medicine you ever prescribed for me that was any help is those green pills you gimme for a cold! They're terrific for openin' up the drain in the kitchen sink!

MOL: Oh, McGee - now stop it!

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DOC: Let him alone, my dear - this is very informative. I've wondered for years what those green pills were good for.. Incidentally, what brings you down here? You get another traffic ticket, Bumper bumper?

FIB: No, I didn't get another traffic ticket! And look who's makin' snide remarks. The way you weave thru traffic, Lead-Foot, looks like you were drivin' a sewing machine!

MOL: (SHARPLY) Oh McGee, now stop it! (PAUSE) Just stop it this minute!

FIB: Welllllllll...

MOL: He's been mistreated, Doctor.

DOC: Is that possible?

MOL: He came down here full of enthusiasm, to volunteer for jury duty. Just to help out. And all he's gotten is insulted. They've given him a bad time, Doctor.

FIB: I'll say they've given me a bad time! Migosh, all I'm trying to do is be a good citizen for six bucks a day and transportation.

DOC: And to make a good citizen out of you, that's cheap enough!

FIB: Betcha! By George, I come down here to be on a jury, and I'm gonna be on a jury if I hafta stand the whole fiduciary system on its ears!

DOC: A very worthy project, my boy!

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FIB: (SORE) Why do these guys hafta look at me like I was a crook? Try to be a good citizen and everybody thinks you've got an angle!

DOC: I know how you feel. It's ridiculous.

MOL: Of course it is. He's trying his best to help.

DOC: Well, look, McGee - Why don't you drop down and see the D.A.? He's a friend of mine and -

MOL: Oh, Mr. D.A.! I've heard of him!

FIB: Yeah, what time does he go on?

DOC: 8:30 Eastern Standard - er no! Our District Attorney - right down the hall here. Tell him I sent you - and just explain the whole thing to him, like you did to me.

FIB: Swell, Doc!

DOC: Tell him you have no angle - you just want to be a good citizen.

MOL: That's right.

FIB: Swell, Doc - thanks a lot - I'll go see him and -

DOC: And McGee -

FIB: Yeah?

DOC: Before you go - just between us, old boy - (SOTTO VOCE) What IS your angle?

FIB: WHAT? WHY - WHY YOU-

ORCH: - AND KING'S MEN: "BETTY BLUE"

APPLAUSE:

LS

THIRD SPOT

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FIB: Well, thanks a lot, D.A. - you call the judge and tell him we'll be right over there. Come on, Molly!

MOL: Thank you, sir.

DOOR SLAM...FOOTSTEPS ALONG CORRIDOR

MOL: My, wasn't he nice, McGee? Now I think we're getting someplace at last! Where was it he said to go, dearie? Judge who?

FIB: Judge Barton - he's the one tryin' the bus company case, and that's the jury I want to be on, kiddo! Boyoboy, six bucks a day for just-- Hey, here's the courtroom! Come on, kiddo!

DOOR OPENS:

MOL: Success at last!

FIB: I'll say! Boy, what this town needs is more jurymen like me! When I get up there --

MOL: Watch it, dearie! There's the Judge.

FIB: Oh, yeah.

JUDGE: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Come right down here, please. Are you Mr. McGee?

FIB: That's right, bu-- er, Your Honor. And this is my wife, Mrs. McGee.

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

JUDGE: Mrs. McGee. The district attorney just called me about you, Mr. McGee - and I want to congratulate you! Yours is a splendid attitude!

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FIB: Aww, it's nothin' any red-blooded American boy wouldn't do, Judge - if he was the type guy I am. I been all over this joint, tryin' to--

JUDGE: This is the first time in my legal experience, Mr. McGee, that I have had a citizen come in here voluntarily and offer to discharge his duty to his fellow-men by serving on a jury!

FIB: Well, I just seen my duty as a citizen, and I done it, Judge.

JUDGE: Well, your appearance here is unprecedented in the annals of this court! I wish we had more men in this town like you!

MOL: Isn't that nice!

JUDGE: I'd like you to meet Mr. McCue, the City Attorney - and Mr. Ward, representing the Transit Company. Gentlemen, shake hands with a public-spirited citizen!

AD LIB GREETINGS

FIB: I figure a guy's gotta do his duty now and then, fellows. Just because a juror gets six bucks a day don't mean a thing to me - I figure it's my duty on a big case like this--

McCUE: Uhh - if you don't mind, Mr. McGee - we'll examine you now.

FIB: Huh? Oh, sure, go right ahead and examine me, bud. Want me to take off my shirt? I had the measles when I was six and I broke my left--

MOL: Oh no, McGee!

JUDGE: The attorneys just want to ask you a few questions, Mr. McGee. They'll want to know a few things about you.

FIB: Oh. Well, go right ahead, fellows - I got nothin' to hide.

McCUE: Now, I believe we have your name and address here. You were born...?

~~MOL: Oh, indeed he was!~~

FIB: ~~Yes~~, In a little white house on the top of Kickapoo Hill, in Peoria, bud, in the year--

JUDGE: Never mind the details of your birth, Mr. McGee. You may assume he is a citizen, Mr. McCue.

McCUE: All right, now you are aware that the case to be tried in this court, Mr. McGee, involves the Transit Company as plaintiff and the City of Wistful Vista as defendant?

FIB: So help me!

McCUE: Er - yes. Now...have you read anything about this case in the newspapers that you feel might prejudice you in listening to the evidence and rendering a fair verdict?

FIB: HAVE I READ ANYTHING IN THE PAPERS? I'VE READ EVERY WORD OF THIS CASE IN THE PAPERS - AND AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, THE CITY HASN'T GOT A PRAYER! THEY'RE AS GUILTY AS A CAT WITH FEATHERS ON ITS CHIN!

COMMOTION - GAVEL POUNDING

JUDGE: *ORDER! ORDER!*

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FIB: I WOULDN'T OF VOLUNTEERED FOR THIS JOB IF I HADN'T  
MADE A THOROUGH STUDY OF THE CASE! MY MIND'S BEEN  
MADE UP FOR DAYS, AND I'M GONNA VOTE GUILTY ON THE FIRST  
BALLOT AND KEEP ON VOTING --

MORE GAVEL AND COMMOTION

JUDGE: MCGEE! STEP DOWN! YOU'RE EXCUSED!

FIB: Huh? Did I say something?

MOL: Come on, Citizen. Let's go home.

ORCH: "FOOL THAT I AM" - FADE FOR:

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
3/2/48 -

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL - (Please read in 60 secs.)

Cue and timing to be forwarded by Needham, Louis and Brorby, Hollywood

Wilcox from Hollywood to network  
KHQ, Spokane local cut-ins  
KOH, Reno "  
KGU, Honolulu "

WILCOX: Fibber and Molly return in a moment --

Years ago women had to scrub their floors. The water warped the wood, raised the grain and left the floors looking pretty shabby. Strangely enough, some women still use that old fashioned scrubbing method. Guess they don't know about Johnson's Liquid Cleaning and Polishing Wax. Johnson's Liquid Wax makes scrubbing unnecessary. You see, Johnson's Liquid Wax is a combination of fine wax and effective dry cleaning ingredients. Quickly and easily it cleans your floors and leaves them gleaming with a film of tough shining wax. You merely spread a little liquid wax, rub lightly, wipe off the loosened dirt and grime and then buff to a gleaming, mellow luster. An occasional light dusting will keep that clean, sparkling beauty bright as a new penny. Just think, you'll never have to scrub your floors again. You'll never have to expose them to water that soaks, warps, and deadens the wood. Begin now to clean your floors the modern way. Use Johnson's Liquid Cleaning and Polishing Wax, to bring out the beauty of your floors.

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

ORCH: RIMPER FADE FOR:

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
3/2/48

-25A-

OUT-IN FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL - (DRAX)

NBC Hollywood, sectional to Pacific Coast Group  
(CUE:- Fibber and Molly return in a moment.)

STORM: The new Johnson's DRAX -- D-R-A-X -- will do wonders for your clothes. It's a completely new, completely different washday aid. DRAX actually makes clothes look like new. Gives them a soft, smooth finish. Not a starch, not a soap -- DRAX is a miraculous wax rinse made only by the Johnson's Wax people. It's easy to use, too. You merely add a little DRAX to your final rinse or starch solution. What happens? DRAX coats the fabric with invisible particles of stain-resistant, dirt-resistant wax. The result? Your clothes have that like-new look -- have a soft, smooth finish. Clothes stay clean longer, too, and are easier to wash next time. They're loads easier to iron. 20% easier by actual test. Try DRAX for shirts, dresses, blouses, bed-spreads -- anything you wash. Ask for DRAX service at your laundry and dry cleaners. You'll be amazed by the smooth, like-new look your clothes have. Remember -- that's DRAX. D R A X -- made by the makers of Johnson's Wax. Ask for DRAX.

3/1/48  
-26-  
TAG

SOUND: TYPEWRITER, HUNT AND PECK, SUSTAIN:

MOL: I'll bet I know what you're doing, McGee.

FIB: Eh?

MOL: I'll bet you're sending a check to the Society for Crippled Children and Adults in Chicago, for those Easter Seals.

FIB: Nope. I done that last week. This is an article I'm writing. All about the stupid way people are selected for jury duty. I think I can sell it to the Literary Digest.

MOL: Why, that's the most wonderful thing I ever heard of!

FIB: Thank you.

MOL: Particularly when you consider the Literary Digest hasn't been published for about ten years.

FIB: Eh? Oh. Goodnight.

MOL: ...and we hope all of you listening will remember that every Easter Seal you buy helps a crippled child. Goodnight, all!

PLAYOFF & SIGNOFF:

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

ANNCR: THIS IS NBC - THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

(CHIMES)