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#23  
(REVISED)

WRITERS: DON QUINN  
PHIL LESLIE

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR  
JOHNSON'S WAX

MARCH 9th 1948

6:30 - 7 PM PST

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

ORCH: THEME.....FADE FOR:

WILCOX: The makers of Johnson's Wax Products for home and industry, present Fibber McGee and Molly, with Bill Thompson, Gale Gordon, Arthur Q. Bryan, 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  
3/9/1948

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: I've heard women say that putting Johnson's Glo-Coat on kitchen linoleum is just like letting a little more sunshine in. And that's true, too. Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat makes a kitchen brighter and more cheerful. That hard gleaming Glo-Coat surface reflects the light ... makes linoleum colors brighter ... adds sparkle and shine. Glo-Coat is so easy to use, too. You merely apply and let dry. There's no rubbing or tuffing. Dust, dirt and spilled things can be wiped up with just a whisk or two of a damp cloth. Your linoleum will stay new looking if you use Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat. Hard shoes can't scuff or wear linoleum if you keep a gleaming, tough protective film of wax on your floors. Let Glo-Coat take the punishment and make your kitchen bright, clean and shining at the same time. Use Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat to protect and 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: BRIDGE

(REVISED)

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WILCOX: THE NEWSREELS WON'T COVER IT. THE SOCIETY REPORTERS WILL IGNORE IT. ~~THE PRINCIPAL MEMBERS ARE NOT PHOTOGENIC ENOUGH FOR TELEVISION.~~ SO YOU'D NEVER HEAR ABOUT IT IF WE DIDN'T TELL YOU THAT THIS IS THE NIGHT THAT THE NO-HOLDS-BARRED ROOTBEER, CHECKER AND INSULT CLUB HOLDS ITS REGULAR MEETING AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA WITH DR. GEORGE GAMBLE AND MR. FIBBER MCGEE IN ATTENDANCE. AND HERE, GETTING READY TO CALL THE MEETING TO DISORDER ARE -- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: Now lemme see.....I got ashtrays..checkerboard <sup>and checkers</sup> --- glasses for the rootbeer...salted peanuts, scorecard, towel ---

MOL: What do you need the towel for?

FIB: Mop up with. Doc always starts arguin', and bangin' his fist on the table. The rootbeer slops around like Lake Erie in a high wind and I have to mop up. Very touchy guy, Doc is.

MOL: I have always considered Doctor Gamble a very even tempered man.

FIB: HIM? EVEN-TEMPERED? Hah!! He goes to pieces like a club sandwich with a loose toothpick. Hey, what else do we need here?

~~MOL: Checkers?~~

FIB: ~~Right here in the box.~~

MOL: Card table?

FIB: CARD TABLE!! I KNEW there was something I -

MOL: I put it out for you this afternoon. It's behind the big chair there. I tried to put it up but one leg sticks a little.

FIB: Thanks, kiddo...but I can handle it.

SOUND: CARD TABLE DRAGGED OUT....CREAK OF TABLE LEGS OPENING

FIB: This one leg always did stick a little, if I remember correct. COME ON, BABY...~~DON'T BE SO MODEST...STICK THAT OTHER LEG OUT!!~~ <sup>OPEN UP!</sup> (RATTLE OF WOOD...LOUD SPLINTERING)

Oh oh! Busted 'er off - clean as a whistle. There goes the old card table, snooky!

MOL: Too bad it isn't a little lower and round, - then, if we lived in the country and had a cow, we could use it for a milking stool...if we knew how to milk.

FIB: Well, there's no use tryin' to fit a new leg onto it tonight. I'll fix it tomorrow. Maybe I can catch Doc Gamble before he leaves home and ask him to bring his card table with him.

MOL: Sweetheart.....

FIB: Eh?

MOL: I've got a T.L. for you. This IS Doctor Gambles card table. You borrowed it for our last bridge party, remember?

FIB: Oh, my gosh, it is at that!!! Ooooooh, and you know how unreasonable Doc is about stuff of his that I borrow and bust. I better get this dad-ratted thing fixed before he gets here.....he's liable to - (DOOR CHIME) Oh migosh, is that Doc? DON'T LET HIM IN!!! I told him to be here at eight o'clock and it ain't eight yet! Tell him to go away. He's got no right to trap me like this and -

MOL: Relax, dearie - it's only Mr. Wimple. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh hello, Mr. Wimple.

FIB: Hiyah, Wimp.

WIMP: Hello, folks.

FIB: I'd invite you to stick around and bat the fat, kid, but I'm expectin' Doc Gamble for our regular checker game.

MOL: ~~Well,~~ How are things at your house, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: Oh, about as usual, Mrs. McGee. I had a little - incident--Yesterday with Sweetiface -

FIB: You mean-----

WIMP: Yes...my big old wife. You see, Sweetiface was practicing her weight-lifting, and I said, what are you doing, honey, and she said I'm practicing my weight lifting, and I said my godness, I said, you do that everytime you get out of a chair.

MOL: Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.....

WIMP: Yes...and then when I regained consciousness again she had left the room, so I (CHUCKLES) I bolted her two-hundred pound bar bell to the floor!

FIB: A situation fraught with peril, if I ever heard o' one! What ensued, Wimp?

WIMP: Well, it was very interesting, Mr. McGee. Sweetyface came in, flexed her biceps, adjusted her gym bloomers and tried to pick up the bar bell. She tugged and tugged and tugged, and couldn't raise it an inch. Then she took a deep breath, gave it a terrific heave, and suddenly, with a horrible snapping sound - it gave way!

MOL: The bar bell - or the floor?

WIMP: Her girdle.

FIB: My gosh.....

WIMP: Yes...(LAUGHS) Sweetyface hasn't been let out so fast since the Girl Scouts found her smoking Cubebs in her pup tent. Well, I've got to be going now....goodbye.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Ahh, good old Wimp. I'll bet he dreams up half of them gags with Sweetyface.

MOL: Did you ever meet her, McGee? They say she's really a fine figure of a woman.

FIB: Fine figure is right! She looks like a square root. DOGGONE IT, WHAT AM I GONNA DO ABOUT THIS CARD TABLE, MOLLY? IF DOC FINDS OUT IT'S BUSTED -- OH HEY, I KNOW!

MOL: Yes?

FIB: Yeah...Look! I'll be sittind at the table when Doc comes in, see? I can hold the busted side up with my lap, see? He'll never know the leg is gone off it!

MOL: BUT HEAVENLY DAYS, MCGEE...YOU TWO SOMETIMES PLAY CHECKERS FOR THREE OR FOUR HOURS! You can't prop that table up with your lap for that long!

FIB: Maybe not, but I gotta try...I gotta bluff it thru someway.

(2ND REVISION) -9-

MOL: Listen...why don't you just tell him you broke it, and offer to pay for it? Why do you always have to do everything the hard way?

FIB: ADMIT TO DOC THAT I BUSTED HIS PRECIOUS CARD TABLE? I ain't that big a fool, tootsie! He'll tell us--he paid a *fortune* ~~lots~~---

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: Well, decide on your story, dearie. That must be him.

FIB: Lemme get set down...okay...shove the table over onto my lap...

SOUND: SCRAPE OF TABLE

FIB: No, the other way!...so I'm holdin' up the bum corner!... that's it! Okay...let him in!!

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh, hello, Doctor Gamble.

DOC: Hello, my dear.

DOOR CLOSE:

FIB: HIYA, DOC, OLD MAN...ALL SET UP AND WAITIN' FOR YOU. COME ON OVER AND SET DOWN! ATTA BOY. HOW'S EVERYTHING, DOC? EVERYTHING COPPASETTICK AT THE OLD SPLINT FOUNDRY? EH?

(PAUSE)

DOC: Are you sure you feel like playing checkers tonight, my boy? You appear a bit feverish.

(REVISED) -10-  
*Save yourself a beating?*  
~~Think up some excuse~~

FIB: WHADDYE TRYING TO DO, SNIDE-WIDE? ~~to get out of a beating? If you're trying to back out to save your fat hide---~~

DOC: That does it, Musclebustle. ~~You asked for it--~~ And, I'm going to pin your ears so far back you can hear your spinal cord unravelling!

MOL: May I take your hat, Doctor?

DOC: What? Oh. Oh, yes...thank you, Molly. It is usually the host who leaps up and greets his guest for the evening at the door, but not sonny boy. He thinks politeness is effeminate. Is it true, Tallowbottom, that the citizens of Peoria got together and burned down the barn you were brought up in?

FIB: NO IT ISN'T, AND IF YOU WANNA PLAY CHECKERS, GET WITH IT. COME ON...PLAY CHECKERS!

DOC: That's a strangely sensible suggestion, coming from you. Let's go!

FIB: Which color you want, red or black? I'll take black.

MOL: McGee, the visiting player has the first choice of color.

FIB: SINCE WHEN?

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(2ND REVISION) -11-

DOC: Since the game was first invented by the ancient Egyptians, some two thousand years ago.

FIB: Oh, you play the OLD rules! Okay, Fatso...lay 'em out.

SOUND: CHECKERS BEING DUMPED ON TABLE - CLICKS AS SET OUT:

DOC: All right, Pigeon. Your first move. AND LOOK - SIT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE TABLE, WILL YOU? YOU MAKE ME NERVOUS, ALL TWISTED OVER AT THE CORNER LIKE THAT!

MOL: (HASTILY) Well, you see, Doctor --

FIB: (HASTILY) Well, you see, Doc-- I'll tell him, Molly.

MOL: All right.

DOC: Tell me what?

MOL: That's what I want to know.

FIB: Well, the fact is, Docky, I gotta sit this way. I...er... accidentally sat on the ice pick this afternoon. Molly told me to watch out for it, but I didn't get the point till later. Hah hah. WELL, HERE WE GO, FATSO. I MOVE HERE! (CLICK)

DOC: ...and I move here! (CLICK)

FIB: RIGHT! I MOVE...(CLICK)

DOC: I MOVE...(CLICK)

FIB: I MOVE...(ETC, INTO:)

ORCH: "WHAT'LL I DO?"

APPLAUSE:

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SECOND SPOT

(2ND REVISION) -12-

SOUND: RATTLE OF CHECKERS: (END OF GAME)

MOL: Finish another game, boys?

FIB: Yup. That's seven games, Molly. Four for me and three for Doc.

DOC: WHAT DO YOU MEAN, THREE FOR ME? IT'S FOUR FOR ME. I WON THAT LAST GAME!

FIB: You did? Oh my gosh...of course you did. Ha.hah. I put it down in the wrong column. Sorry, old man.

DOC: Quite all right, old man. I wouldn't have mentioned it, except that you're as crooked as a crankshaft and I wouldn't trust you any further than----

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: Somebody at the door, Molly. Get it willya?

DOC: WHY DON'T YOU GET UP AND ANSWER IT, YOU LAZY RUMDUM? ARE YOU GLUED TO THAT CHAIR? FOR TWO HOURS YOU'VE SAT THERE LIKE A SPIDER WITH THE CRAMPS, LETTING MOLLY RUN ERRANDS FOR YOU.

MOL: Oh neither of us ever goes to the door, Doctor. We always just holler COME IN! \

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh, it's Mr. Williams, the Weather Man, Boys. Do come in, Mr. Williams!

GALE: Thank you, Mrs. McGee.

DOOR CLOSE:

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FIB: Hiyah, Foggy, old man. You know Doc Gamble, I think.  
GALE: Yes...indeed! Good evening Doctor.  
DOC: Hello, Williams. You'll excuse our genial host for not  
rising to greet you? He comes from an old family of  
squatters. ~~He~~ *he knows his rights*

FIB:

*Oh, yeah -*

MOL: (HASTILY) Er...my hasn't it been a nice day, though!  
You're certainly doing a wonderful job on the weather  
lately, Mr. Williams. It's been simply delightful.  
GALE: Glad you like it - personally, I'm getting a little bored  
(SIGHS) I sometimes wish I were back with my crew,  
charting weather conditions in the Brazilian jungle.  
FIB: Brazilian jungles, eh? Never been in Australia, myself.  
DOC: You've never been in a geography class either,  
apparently. Run into any trouble down there, Williams?  
GALE: Well, yes, a bit. Headhunters, you know.  
MOL: Heavenly days...weather charting must be pretty  
dangerous. I'm glad McGee doesn't do that kind of work.  
DOC: What would head-hunters want with him? They'd take one  
look at that silly looking cranium and start seeking  
honest employment. They get any of your crew, Williams?  
GALE: Yes they did. They captured a lad named Botkin, who  
worked with us and marched him into the jungle. They  
were Jivaro Indians - the ones who shrink human heads.  
MOL: Goodness....how horrible!  
GALE: We found him 18 days later, unharmed, except that his  
head was shrunk to the size of an apple. Not a Baldwin-  
he still had his hair. When we returned to the States,  
he made so much money in sideshows and movies that he  
became quite wealthy.

mb

FIB: What's money, when you got a head like an apple?  
DOC: Look who's asking.  
GALE: But it didn't stay such a small size, strangely enough.  
He went to Hollywood, and they made such a fuss over him  
that his head swelled to even larger than it's original  
dimensions. OH, BY THE WAY, DOCTOR...  
DOC: Yes?  
GALE: I do dislike to break up your checker game, but would you  
come over to my house next door for just a few moments?  
FIB: Can't it wait, Foggy? We were just startin' a game.  
GALE: I'm afraid not, McGee. I have several guests waiting  
for me to carve the turkey for dinner. And I don't know  
where to make the incision.  
DOC: Where's my medicine bag?.....Oh here it is...I'll be back  
shortly McGee...come on, Williams.  
GALE: Your usual fee of course, Doctor. Goodnight!  
DOOR SLAM:  
FIB: Oh brother am I glad to get Doc outa here for a minute...  
my legs are so sound asleep, my calves are snoring!  
MOL: Here, let me hold this table while you get out and  
stretch a little.  
SOUND: TABLE MOVING:  
FIB: Ahhh, thanks, that's better. Oh, boy...what a relief!!...  
by tomorrow I'm gonna have a couple o' charley horses so  
bad, I'll have to use blinkers and a whip to get myself  
down to the Elks club.

DOOR OPEN:

WIL: Hello folks. I was just ... Hey, what are you looking so  
startled for? It's just me Wilcox..the kid with the  
product.

MOL: We thought it was Doctor Gamble, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: He went next door a minute to open up a turkey.

(SLIGHT PAUSE)

WIL: The best straight line I ever had in my life and I don't  
know what to do with it! You're not bowling tonight,  
Pal?

FIB: Nope?

MOL: This is his checker playing night, with Doctor Gamble,  
Mr. Wilcox. They've just...

TELEPHONE:

FIB: Get the phone will you, Harlow? It's right behind you.

WIL: Okay pal! (RECEIVER UP) MCGEE'S RESIDENCE...WHO?  
DOCTOR GAMBLE? NO, BUT HE'LL BE BACK VERY SHORTLY.

MOL: Get the number, Mr. Wilcox, and we'll have him call back.

WIL: WHO'S CALLING, PLEASE? WHO? MRS. KLADDERHATCH?



(REVISED)

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MOL: Oh, her again!

FIB: Tell her Doc Gamble will call her just as soon as --

WIL: SHHHH!!!! (I CAN'T HEAR!) WHAT WAS THAT, MRS. KLADDERHATCH? BACK ----ACHE AND GENERAL WEARINESS? WELL, I'M NOT A DOCTOR, MRS. KLADDERHATCH, BUT I KNOW WHAT A LOT OF WOMEN DO FOR THAT. THEY ELIMINATE THAT OLD-FASHIONED, DOWN-ON-THE KNEES FLOOR SCRUBBING! WHAT DO YOU MEAN, HOW? DON'T YOU KNOW ABOUT JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLOCOAT?

FIB: This is malpractice!!!

MOL: Well, if the sales figures are any criterion, Dr. Wilcox has a pretty large practice. The company told me they --

WIL: WELL, HERE'S HOW IT WORKS, MRS. KLADDERHATCH. WITH GLOCOAT, YOU JUST POUR A LITTLE OUT ON YOUR LINOLEUM, SPREAD IT ROUND WITH THE LONG-HANDLED APPLIER AND LET IT DRY 20 MINUTES OR LESS TO A BEAUTIFUL, GLITTERING, SHEET OF PROTECTION. NO RUBBING, NO BUFFING. WHY CERTAINLY, MRS. KLADDERHATCH...IT'S JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT..... G.L.O.C.O.A.T. THAT'S RIGHT. AND ANOTHER THING, MRS. KLADDERHATCH IT HELPS RESTORE THE COLOR AND --

FIB: WAXEY...HANG UP!!!

WIL: OX, I'LL HAVE THE DOCTOR CALL YOU, MRS. KLADDERHATCH! WHAT? OH, YOU'RE QUITE WELCOME. GOODBYE. (RECEIVER UP)  
Gee, imagine a housewife not knowing about Glocoat these days?

(REVISED) -18-

MOL: Mr. Wilcox, aren't you getting on dangerous ground, prescribing for backaches over the telephone?

WIL: Nope...I've not only prescribed, - I've CURED 'em. Thousands of 'em. ~~Over the phone. In person, and by mail.~~

FIB: ~~Better take it easy Omine.~~ I knew a guy had a back-ache that you couldn't of cured.. It was organic.

WIL: Organic, eh?

FIB: Yeah. He was a organ-grinder and carryin' that thing for fifteen miles every day give him such a crick in the back he had to wear pontoons on his suspenders.

WIL: Reminds me of my uncle, Big Steinway, Wilcox. He was a piano mover. A grand, upright character!

MOL: What happened to him, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Well, he took the job because he loved music. Had a wonderful voice. As good as Carmen Lombardo any day of the week. Then he had his accident. A piano fell on him from a 13th floor window.

MOL: Heavenly days!

FIB: That's an unlucky number of floors to have a piano fall on you from, I hear.

WIL: And you know what? Ever since then, he sings flat!  
Well, I better get back to the office. See you later, folks.

DOOR SIAM:

(2ND REVISION) -19-

MOL: Hadn't you better get that table back in your lap, dearie? Doctor Gamble may be back before -

FIB: Yeah, but I'd like to stretch my legs as long as I can...I'm stiffer than a neck at a fennis match. I must of--

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: OH MY GOSH...HERE HE COMES!

DOOR OPEN

FIB: WAIT DOC!! DON'T COME IN YET!

TEE: Hi, mister.

FIB: Well, I'll be a monkey's - - - HIYAH, TEENY!

MOL: Hello, Teeny.

TEE: Hi, Miz McGee.

FIB: I thought you were Doctor Gamble, Teeny.

TEE: Gee, I dunno why. He's lots fattern'n me.

FIB: He isn't half as cute, though. Hey, where you going, Molly?

MOL: I'm going out and make you boys some sandwiches. (FADE)  
Make yourself at home, Teeny.

TEE: Thanks, Miz McGee. ~~Gee~~, there goes a good kid!.. Hey, whatcha doon, mister, hm? Whatcha?

FIB: I and Doc Gamble are playin' checkers, Sis. You know checkers, of course.

TEE: Sure, I do, I betcha. Willie Toops went horseback riding in the woods last summer and he came home just COVERED with checkers.

FIB: Covered with checkers?

(2ND REVISION) -20 & 21-

TEE: Sure. Gee, they put twerpentine on 'em and alkumhall and everything. Willie says they dig right into your skin.

FIB: Those are CHIGGERS, sis.

TEE: Hmm - -

FIB: Chiggers.

TEE: Why? Who's coming?

FIB: No, I mean, what Willie had was CHIGGERS. THESE ARE DIFFERENT....THESE ARE JUST LITTLE ROUND PIECES OF WOOD. PAINTED RED AND BLACK. HERE....TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT ONE OF 'EM!

(PAUSE)

TEE: Gee....no legs! (GIGGLES) Aw, these things wouldn't bite anybody, I betcha.

FIB: Certainly not. Perfectly harmless.

TEE: (GIGGLES LIKE EVERYTHING) Oh boy, have I ever got the goods on Willie! He thinks he got bit all over with little round pieces of wood. (GIGGLES) He'll buy my sodas all spring, or I'll tell everybody in the Third Grade! And it won't be long, either - Spring is almost here.

FIB: You think so, eh?

TEE: Sure - I was passin' your house this morning, and right out on your front lawn - with its little head bobbin' up and down, what do you think I saw?

FIB: A robin?

TEE: No - Willie Toopses dog. He was burying your morning paper. So long, mister.

DOOR SLAM

ORCH AND KING'S MEN: "YOU DON'T HAVE TO KNOW THE LANGUAGE."

FIB: Your move, Fatso. -Come on, quit stalling!  
DOC: I'm not stalling, Snaredrum! I'm thinking!  
FIB: Oh yeah? What with? Just because I've got you practically cornered, you start stallin'!  
DOC: Who's got who cornered? (HAPPILY) There! (CLICK) and there! (CLICK) AND THERE! KING ME, PIGEON!  
FIB: Ooooooooooooo, three men!  
MOL: That was good, Doctor!  
DOC: When he plays checkers with me he's a little over his head, that's all. I feel like Bobby Riggs playing tennis against a fat lady with tight slacks and high heels. Go on, move, stupid.  
FIB: Okay, Chowderhead - I'll move here!  
DOC: So I'll move here!  
FIB: I'll move here - and here-and here - and -  
DOC: OH NO YOU DON'T.....YOU CAN'T MOVE THAT MAN BACKWARDS!! PUT IT BACK!  
FIB: PUT WHAT MAN BACK?  
DOC: THAT ONE RIGHT THERE!!  
FIB: Okay, but I already took two men.  
DOC: PUT 'EM BACK!  
FIB: Okay, Hard Loser. (RATTLE OF CHECKERS) I just wanted to see if you were on your toes. Your move --

DOOR CHIME:

dk

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPENS:

MOL: Oh it's the Old Timer. Hello, Mr. Old Timer.  
DOC: There! (CLICK) Your move, McGee.  
FIB: I know it. I'll move here! (CLICK)  
OLD T: Hello there kids. Whatcha playin' - Dominoes? Never see any round dominioes before....must be a new kind.  
MOL: They're playing checkers, Mr. Old Timer.  
OLD T: Oh now don't go pulling my leg, daughter. I've played plenty of checkers ~~in my day and you don't use them shiny red and black things. You use beer bottle caps.~~ Why back in my FBI days -  
MOL: Your FBI days!!!  
DOC: I moved!  
MOL: Were you FBI, Mr. Old Timer?  
OLD T: Yup. Farm Boy from Indiana. I-used to set around the firehouse all day long and play checkers with the firemen. But we didn't have no fancy equipment, <sup>like that.</sup> Played it with beer bottle caps. Had two teams. Budweisers verseus the Pabsts. I was so good at it they elected me Pabst Grand Master two years runnin'.  
MOL: That was a good move, Doctor.  
DOC: Thanks. I think I've got him now.  
FIB: Oh, you think so, do you? Well, try this on for size, smart boy!

CLICK OF CHECKERS

dk

OLD T: That was before I got restless and set out to see the world kids. I was gone thirty-two years and when I come back I'd see everything they was to see between Terre Haute and Indianapolis!

FIB: I think I got him now, Molly!

MOL: What do you think, Doctor?

DOC: Let me consider the situation a minute....Now let me see... if I move here...he moves there....HMMmmmm.....

OLD T: Never fergit one time I was bummin' my way on a freight train and got locked into a car full o' sheep and goats. No sooner got out than the cops picks me up and I got thirty days in the sneezer, charged with Fragrancy.

DOC: This is a bad situation.

OLD T: I'll say it was, Doctor. There I was forty mile from home --

FIB: Can't move, eh?

OLD T: Oh, I could move around a little, Johnny, but them jail cells ain't very big, you know. You gotta inhale to turn around.

MOL: It looks to me like the game was about over.

OLD T: That's the way it looked to me, daughter. Then I happened to remember, had a little bottle of soup with me I'd bought from a bank robber fer jest such an emergency. I poured it into the lock of the door, made a fuse outa my shirt tail, lit 'er up and crawled under my cot...half an hour went by an nothin' happened.

MOL: Nitroglycerine no good?

OLD T: When the feller told me it was soup I naturally thought it was nitro too, but it wasn't. I tasted it and it was just plain soup. Chicken noodle!

MOL: Too bad it wasn't alphabet soup. You might have gotten out after a spell.

OLD T: After a spell! HEH HEH HEH. THAT'S PRETTY GOOD, KIDS, BUT IT AIN'T THE WAY I HEERED IT. THE WAY I HEERED IT, ONE FELLER SAYS TO TOTHER FELLER, "SAYYYY", he says, "YOU KNOW WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN LANA TURNER AND A TRIP TO PARIS?" "NOPE" says tother feller "AND WHO CARES? NOBODY'S LISTENIN' ANYWAY!" So long, daughter! (TO SELF) Them dudes and their dumb domnoes!!!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Who was that, just went out?

MOL: The Old Timer.

DOC: Oh, was he here? What did he-want? I move here. AND HERE, AND HERE AND HERE...AND THAT'S THE GAME, CHUMPWELL!

FIB: Well, I'll be a-- I never saw that one comin', Doc. I was -- (GROANS) Ooooooo ...

DOC: What's the matter? Do you find losing that painful?

FIB: No...just got a little cramp in my leg, is all. Be okay in a minute.

(2ND REVISION) -26 & 27-

DOC: I'm not surprised. You've been sitting at the table  
like you had sand in your bearings. Get up and stamp  
around on it. I'll hold the busted card-table for you.

FIB: Why, that's nice of....WHAT!! You knew? Why I -- you --

DOC: Certainly. That table's been falling apart for years.

FIB: (GROANS) Ohhhhh ....

DOC: It's been fun, kids. Thanks for everything, Molly.  
Goodnight!

FIB: Why, you big fat s- of all the dirty --

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: How much root beer did he drink?

MOL: If I were you dearie, I'd refuse to pay him for those  
last X-rays. If you're as transparent as all that, they  
weren't necessary.

FIB: Yeah....

ORCH: "HOW SOON".....FADE FOR:

3/9/48

-28-

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

Please read in 60 seconds

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY  
MARCH 9, 1948  
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: (CUE LINE: FIBBER AND MOLLY RETURN IN A MOMENT ---)

Don't let anyone tell you that you can't do two things'  
at once, friends. You can ... and easily. You can clean  
your furniture and at the same time polish it, with new  
Johnson's Cream Wax. Here's how it works. Johnson's Cream  
Wax contains highly effective cleaning ingredients that  
quickly remove all smudges and stains. It leaves a fine  
film of tough wax that buffs so easily to a shining luster.  
Not only does Cream Wax remove fingerprints and smudges,  
but it also protects furniture from the stains and smudges  
of tomorrow. After you use Johnson's Cream Wax, a light  
dusting will keep your furniture bright and glowing.  
There just isn't any reason why you should let dust-  
catching oily polish make your lovely things dull and  
drab. Remember, there's not one single drop of oil in  
Johnson's Cream Wax. Try it on light-colored woodwork  
and kitchen equipment, too. It's the modern method of  
keeping all furniture clean and sparkling ... You'll be  
delighted when you see how Johnson's Cream Wax brings 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:

NBC Hollywood to Pacific Coast Group

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Cut-in over closing commercial

Please read in 60 seconds.

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
Fibber McGee & Molly  
DRAX Cut-in for Closing  
MARCH 9, 1948

ANNCR: Have you heard about the new DRAX? D-R-A-X -- made by the Johnson's Wax people? DRAX is the completely new, completely different washday product that gives your clothes a soft, smooth finish. DRAX actually makes clothes look like-new. Not a starch -- not a soap -- Johnson's DRAX is a miraculous new wax rinse. It's easy to use, too. You just add a little to your final rinse or starch solution. And here's what happens! DRAX coats each thread of your fabric with invisible particles of dirt-resistant, stain-resistant wax. You'll find that your clothes have a soft, fresh, smooth finish. They actually look like-new. Your clothes stay cleaner longer and besides they're easier to wash the next time. Easier to iron, too. 20% easier to iron by actual test. Try Johnson's DRAX for blouses, shirts, dresses, curtains -- everything you wash. Remember -- DRAX makes washed things look like-new. Gives them a soft, smooth, fresh finish. Try DRAX - D-R-A-X -- made by the makers of Johnson's Wax. Ask for DRAX.

(2ND REVISION)

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TAG

FIB: Boy, it feels good to stand up and stretch awhile!  
MOL: I'll bet.  
FIB: Am I ever glad to get up offa that chair! If I'd of sat on it any longer, I'd have grew there!!  
MOL: As a matter of fact - you have grown there..  
FIB: Huh?  
MOL: I had to let out your slacks again this afternoon.  
FIB: Yeah, but whatthatgottodowith -- Oh. Goodnight.  
MOL: Goodnight, all.

PLAYOFF AND SIGNOFF

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

ANNCR: THIS IS NBC ... THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

CHIMES