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800  
File  
#27  
(REVISED)

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

APRIL 6TH, 1948

7:30 - 8:00 PM PST

MB

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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:

MB

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
Fibber McGee and Molly  
Opening Commercial  
Tuesday, April 6, 1948

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WILCOX: Not long ago, I described a floor that had been polished with Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat, as having a "happy shine." A friend of mine questioned the phrase, saying...floors are neither "happy" nor "sad," and therefore, the phrase wasn't a good one. I wonder! Think of it in terms of how the lady of the house feels. There was a time when tiresome scrubbing dulled linoleum and no one was happy about it...least of all, the person who did the work. Not so with Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat. No indeed. You just apply and let dry. There's no rubbing or buffing. No hard work at all. You'll be happy just looking at the bright, warm luster Johnson's Glo-Coat will quickly and easily give your linoleum and other floors. That shining, glossy coat will protect them...make them last years longer. And you'll be happy at how easy they are to keep clean and lovely. I really believe the phrase "happy shine" is one you will use after you 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."

ORCH: BRIDGE

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(REVISED) -4-

WILCOX: EVER DUCK DOWN A SIDE STREET BECAUSE YOU SAW A FELLOW APPROACHING WHOSE NAME YOU COULDN'T REMEMBER? AND WHEN YOU GOT HOME YOU REALIZED IT WAS YOUR BROTHER? WELL, A FRIEND OF OURS IS IN SOMETHING OF THE SAME PREDICAMENT. HE GOT UP THIS MORNING KNOWING THERE WAS SOMETHING HE HAD TO DO. AND CAN'T RECALL WHAT IT WAS. MAYBE HE'LL REMEMBER AS WE LISTEN TO-----

---FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE

MOL: WAS 'T Washing the windows?

FIB: Nope. That wasn't it. Lemme think now.

MOL: Fixing the vacuum cleaner?

FIB: What's the matter with the vacuum cleaner?

MOL: I think it's got sleeping sickness.

FIB: ~~Sleeping sickness~~.....the VACUUM CLEANER? ~~That's~~

MOL: It's always taking a little nap off the rug. What did you do, the last time you fixed it? Are you sure you didn't have the Vacuum Cleaner and the lawn mower apart at the same time?

FIB: Might of adjusted it a little low, maybe. Anyway, that wasn't what I had to do today....lemme think a minnit... OH ISN'T THIS EXASPERATING...I WAKE UP THIS MORNING DEFINITELY PLANNING TO (PAUSE)....I dunno. Aint that funny?

MOL: Well, I'M sorry I can't be more helpful, dearie. But you know what a psychologist would say about it.

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FIB: Sure I do. He'd ask me do I like catchup on fried eggs and I'd say yes and he's say AHAAAAA, a frustrated childhood and secretly in love with outboard motors. Ptah.....them guys can think up more deep reasons for more simple things than a Republican Qongressman in a Democratic Administration.

MOL: Well, in this case, a psychologist would say that you were forgetting because you didn't want to remember. Probably an unpleasant task that you are subconsciously trying to avoid.

FIB: I NEVER AVOIDED AN UNPLEASANT JOB IN MY WHOLE LIFE.

MOL: You never did?

FIB: I NEVER DID. IF IT'S AN UNPLEASANT JOB I NEVER THINK OF DOING IT IN THE FIRST PLACE. No, sir. Whatever it was I planned on doing is...

DOOR CHIME

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN

MOL: Oh hello, Doctor Gamble.

DOC: The top o' the mornin' to you, Macushla. And the ragged remnant of the day to you, Ye little Scut!

FIB: And bad cess to you, you vaudeville Hibernian! Why aren't you in the hospital this morning, with one hand on somebody's pulse and the other on their wallet?

DOC: I had performed three operations this morning before you got that odd-shaped cranium of yours off the pillow, Balderdash. I just stopped in to ask a small favor.

MOL: Why certainly Doctor...anything at all.

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DOC: I'd like to leave my car in your driveway for a while. The garageman will pick it up.

MOL: Of course, Doctor. Just leave your keys on the table there. Something wrong with it, is there?

DOC: Nothing in particular. The motor just needs a little tuning up.

FIB: Motor needs tuning - and you call a garageman just for that?

MOL: Who would you call, dearie - a paperhanger?

FIB: Well, my gosh, all the car needs is probably the carbon took out and the plugs cleaned. You could do that yourself, Fatso.

DOC: I could, Rumdum, but I have a little working agreement with the garage people. I don't tinker with automobiles, and they don't take out tonsils.

FIB: I ain't the type guy that shells out his hard earned mazuma to them brake-bandits. I'm strictly the type guy that when his car needs fixing, I fix it himself!

MOL: That's the spirit, McGee. That's the spirit that will get you a broken crankshaft eighty miles from home in a rainstorm.

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DOC: I might add, my dear, that he is also the type lad who acts as his own physician. And wonders why he winds up in a white nightie that ties in the back, if you can reach the strings, and they tell me it's possible, if you're double-jointed.

FIB: Well, you don't hear me screamin' for a fat friend with a little brown bag full o' sassafrass everytime I get sick. I just happen to be a guy that pain don't bother.

MOL: That's perfectly true, Doctor. You'd be surprised how much pain he can stand... Unless it's his own, of course.

DOC: He should have a lot of intestinal fortitude...he's equipped for it, architecturally.

FIB: Remember when you took my appendix out, Strychnine Boy? ~~You didn't hear me holler did you?~~ I didn't complain, did I? No sir! I steeled myself against the pain. ~~I~~ ~~didn't~~. I didn't suffer a bit.

DOC: Yes, the whole staff was talking about it.

MOL: Were they really, Doctor? About his not suffering?

DOC: Yes, they said he was probably the most insufferable patient they'd ever had.

FIB: (PLEASED) My gosh...did they really? You sure they weren't just saying that because they admired me, Doc?

DOC: You have my word for it, sonny. Well, the garageman knows what to do with my car, Molly, and thanks very much. I've got to get back to the hospital.

FIB: Trouble, boy?

DOC: Oh no. But my assistant and I have two babies due there today - one on the first floor and one on the second floor.

FIB: Which is your own case, Doc?

DOC: Well, as senior physician, I'll take the lower birth and give my assistant the upper. Bye, now!

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Well, have you remembered what it was you wanted to do, McGee?

FIB: No, and it don't matter anyway. I'M gonna do something else. I'M gonna save old Doc a garage bill. I'll tune his motor up myself.

MOL: (ALARMED) OH NO!...NO, MCGEE...YOU MUSTN'T!...HEAVENLY DAYS...OH NO!!

FIB: Now don't you worry, kiddo, I'll have that motor purring like a revenue collector over Looie B. Mayer's tax return.

MOL: But dearie...the Doctor's car is so...I mean you can't -

FIB: JUST WAIT'LL I GATHER UP A HANDFUL O' TOOLS, SNOCKY... OH, BOY DO I LOVE TO MONKEY WITH OTHER PEOPLE'S CARS.! NOW WHERE DID I PUT ALL THEM TOOLS I BORROWED FROM FOGGY WILLIAMS?

MOL: I'M sure I don't know and if I were you I wouldn't --

FIB: OH I KNOW...I PUT 'EM RIGHT HERE IN THE HALL CLOSET.

MOL: NO, MCGEE, PLEASE...DON'T OPEN THAT, BECAUSE --

DOOR OPEN; CRASH OF CLOSET EFFECT.. BELL TINKLES .. (PAUSE)

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FIB: THAT'S WHAT IT WAS! THAT'S WHAT I WAS GONNA DO, AND  
FORGOT! I WAS GONNA CLEAN OUT THE HALL CLOSET!! ~~Oh~~  
~~well, I gotta better job now...Foggy's tools and~~  
~~Gamble's car...what a combination!~~

ORCH: "HOOORAY FOR LOVE"

APPLAUSE:

(2nd REVISION) -10 & 11 =

SECOND SPOT

SOUND: CLATTERING AND CLANKING...CLANK OF PARTS ON DRIVEWAY

FIB: There...I finally got that thing loose..whatever it is.

MOL: How about these eight dirty little things, dearie? Are they any good or shall I throw them away?

FIB: NO NO NO! Them are the spark plugs, kiddo. I think... yeah - them are the spark plugs. I gotta clean them babies AND ADJUST THE POINTS. The points are these here little wires here, see?

MOL: How do you adjust them?

FIB: Well, ordinarily you spread the two wires till you can just squeeze a thin dime in between 'em.

MOL: Hmmmmmm.

FIB: But I haven't got a dime, so I'm using two nickles.

MOL: Ten pennies would give you a nice wide gap, too.

FIB: Phew...this is pretty hard work, kiddo. I better take a little rest before I start tunin 'er up and puttin' it back together.

MOL: Well, I hope Doctor Gamble appreciates what you're.... Oh here comes Mr. Williams, McGee. The weather man.

FIB: You entertain him, kiddo....I'm gonna lie down here on the grass and take a rest, I'm tired.

MOL: Well, all right but -- OH HELLO, MR. WILLIAMS.

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
4/6/48

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GALE: Hello, Mrs. McGee - where is that husband of yours?

MOL: That's him lying on the grass there, Mr. Williams.

Between the brake drum and the motor block. The one with the most grease on it is McGee.

FIB: Yeah, I'm a little busy here now, Foggy - so if there's anything you wanta see me about, drop over later willya?

GALE: (ANNOYED) Oh...You're busy, are you? Well, I won't disturb you at all, McGee. Not at all. (STARTS PICKING UP TOOLS)

FIB: (PAUSE) Foggy! Whatcha pickin' up the tools for? Foggy, old boy....Look, friend.)

GALE: Don't let me disturb you, McGee. I've been meaning to do this for a long time, is all.

CLINK OF TOOLS:

FIB: Yeah, but Foggy....old man....Is something wrong, boy?

GALE: NO, nothing is wrong, McGee. (STARTS TO RAISE VOICE) I'M JUST GETTING A LITTLE TIRED OF YOUR PETTY LARCENY IN MY TOOL SHED! I JUST ~~REACHED~~ <sup>WENT</sup> IN THERE FOR A WRENCH AND I'VE GOT NOTHING! ABSOLUTELY NOTHING!!

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MOL: But Mr. Williams...

FIB: Foggy, look...

GALE: ~~QUIET!!!~~ <sup>McGee.</sup> I'VE TAKEN ABOUT ALL I'M GOING TO FROM YOU AND YOU'VE TAKEN ABOUT ALL I'M GOING TO LET YOU <sup>TAKE</sup> FROM ME. LOOK AT THESE TOOLS...EVERYONE OF THEM IS MINE. MY CHRISTMAS SOCKET WRENCHES...MY BIRTHDAY HAMMER AND CHISEL...MY ANNIVERSARY PLIERS!!!! ALL BENT...AND DULL.. AND GREASY...

FIB: Yeah, but look, Kid, I was merely--

GALE: WHERE'S MY 12-DOLLAR JACK? AHFFF, HOLDING UP THE CAR... WELL I'LL SOON KICK THAT OUT FROM UNDER THERE.

SOUND: CRUNCH...CLATTER..LOUD CLANKING THUD

GALE: OWWWWWWWWW....OOOOOO, JACK IT UP AGAIN QUICK, MCGEE... THE WHEEL IS ON MY FOOT...HURRY!

MOL: Heavenly days...DON'T JUST STAND SOMETHING, MCGEE! DO THERE!!

FIB: I can't. That's Foggy's jack. He don't want me to use his tools.

GALE: YES I DO...I DO...HURRY UP...JACK THAT CAR OFF MY FOOT.

MOL: Come on, McGee...do something..the man is suffering.

FIB: No use my jackin' the car up unless I have tools to work on it with...and Foggy says he--

GALE: I TAKE IT ALL BACK..USE MY TOOLS ALL YOU WANT TO...KEEP THEM AS LONG AS YOU LIKE...BUT JACK THIS CAR UP PLEASE. Ooooooooooh, my foot.

FIB: Well, okay.

SOUND: RATCHET OF CAR BEING JACKED UP

GALE: Ohhh, thank you...ohhhh.

MOL: Don't you want to sit down on the running board a minute, Mr. Williams...that must have been very painful.

FIB: Mighty generous of you to let me use these tools, Foggy. Sure appreciate it. Let me know if there is something I can do for you sometime, boy. Mighty decent of you.

GALE: Think nothing of it, McGee. I'm going home now and try to think of something I can do for you.

MOL: Oh now you don't have to do that, Mr. Williams.

GALE: I WANT to.

FIB: Well, gee...thanks, Foggy.

GALE: Don't speak of it. EVER. Good day...probably!

SOUND: LIMPING FOOTSTEPS OUT

FIB: Decent sort of chap, generous, good neighbor.

MOL: Didn't you...er...sort of blackmail h'im into letting you use his tools, McGee?

FIB: WHO, ME? Why my gosh, kiddo, that was about as spontaneous a offer as I ever heard. Why you heard him stand right there with his foot under the car and BEG me to use these tools.

SOUND: CLANK OF TOOLS

FIB: Lemme see now...where did this thing come off of? MMM. Must be part of the fan assembly.

MOL: That isn't important in this cool weather anyway. He won't be using the fan for another couple of months.

FIB: (LAUGHS TOLERANTLY) I guess you don't understand much about motors, snooky. The fan ain't just for hot weather. Its main purpose is to draw insects into the radiator. Butterflies, grasshoppers, june bugs and all stuff like that there. You see, the OH HIYAH, JUNIOR!!!

MOL: Oh hello, Mr. Wilcox. Pull up a running board and sit down. McGee is fixing Dr. Gamble's car.

WIL: (FADE IN) Is this Doc's car? What happened to it? Caught between two streetcars or something?

FIB: No, June, I'M just givin' it a going over and saving old Doc a big garage bill, that's all. I'd do the same for any of my friends.

WIL: Not for me, you won't, Pal. When the inside of my car is haywire, I send for a mechanic. When the outside needs attention, I handle it myself.

MOL: How, Mr. Wilcox?

FIB: (LAUGHS) For once I guess that's a safe question, Molly. Unless he's got his car covered with linoleum.

WIL: No, I use Johnson's Carnu. Johnson't Wax-fortified Carnu.

FIB: Oh my gosh...CARNU....I'D ALMOST FORGOT ABOUT CARNU!!!!

WIL: You must be kidding, Pal, because no car owner who's ever tried it ever forgets it. Look, why don't you use some Carnu on Doc's car here, and give it back to him with a show-room shine on it?

MOL: That's a very good idea, McGee. I've done it to our car lots of times.

WIL: Sure, it's a very simple job. Just apply Johnson's Carnu, let it dry to a white powder, and wipe it off to get a glossy, production-line polish that makes your car feel so proud it will jump over puddles.

FIB: Will it take dents outa the fender, Omaha? Like this one here where Foggy's monkey wrench slipped outa my hand?

WIL: Frankly, pal, I've never tried Carnu for dents, but I think I can safely say, without fear of contradiction - no.

MOL: That seems a fairly conservative statement.

WIL: But who cares about dents in the fenders...lots of people have those. But do lots of people have cars that shine like the day they bought them? They do if they use Johnson's Wax-fortified Carnu - spelled C-A-R-N-U. Because in just one application, Carnu removes all the grime and dirt and road film from your car, and gives you that happy-owner look. And another thing --

FIB: Ohhhhhh, for-- Look, Waxey!!

WIL: Yes, Pal?

FIB: You like to leave on a laugh, don't you?

WIL: Doesn't everybody?

FIB: Okay. (BIG CORNY LAUGH)

WIL: Thanks, Pal. So long, Molly!

MOL: Goodbye, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Now if people will just leave me alone awhile, I'll put this baby back together and have it humming like Jack Benny's Quartet. Now, lemme see...

CLATTER OF TOOLS:

MOL: By the way, McGee.. did you ever telephone the garage not to send for the Doctor's car?

FIB: OH MY GOSH...I NEVER DID...!! LOOK..DO THAT FOR ME, WILLYA, KIDDO?

MOL: All right, McGee..I'll call right away..(FADE) I've got to call the grocery, too, so I'll just...

FIB: Okay, tootsie. Ahh, there goes a good kid! (CLANK OF PARTS) She don't wanna watch me do this because she's afraid I'll get some part back in the wrong place..What do I mean, SHE'S afraid? If I don't have enough parts left over to make me a motorcycle, I'll be very much surprisi-

Hi, mister.!!

FIB: Eh? Oh, hiyah, Teeny! Where'd you come from?

TEE: Well, there's been a lotta discussion about that, mister.

FIB: Whaddye mean? About what?

TEE: About where I came from. Mamma says the angels brought me; my daddy says the stork brought me and my teacher gives me a big song-and-dance about some birds and some bees. (GIGGLES) I guess I'm just a Woman of Mystery, Mister.

FIB: (LAUGHS) You are, eh?

TEE: Yes, I guess I - Hmmm?

FIB: I says you are, eh?

TEE: Are what?

FIB: What you just said.

TEE: When?

FIB: Just now.

TEE: What did I say?

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FIB: YOU SAID YOU THOUGHT YOU MUST BE JUST A WOMAN OF MYSTERY!

TEE: I know it. Hey, whatcha doon with Doctor Gamble's car, mister? Hmm? Whatcha doon with it? Hmm? Makin' a hot-rod out of it?

FIB: No no no....I'm just tuning it up a little, is all, Teeny.

SOUND: TINKERING

TEE: Oh, what's that thing you're putting on there, mister? Hmm.? What's that?

FIB: (A LITTLE OFF) This? This is the distributor, Teeny.

TEE: (UNBELIEVING) Awwwwww, it is not, I betcha! (GIGGLES) That thing can't be the distributor.

FIB: Why can't it?

TEE: Because my Uncle Harold is the distributor for those cars and he wears glasses!

FIB: Well, this is a different kind of a distributor, sis. Doesn't your daddy tinker with his car now and then?

TEE: Nope.

FIB: He doesn't, eh?

TEE: No. He hasn't got time now, mister. He's too busy. He's Chairman of the Democratic party in this state.

FIB: Yeah...I see what you mean. What does he say about the prospects?

TEE: He says he doesn't know why they call it a "party". He says a party is where everybody sings and dances and plays pin the tail on the donkey.

FIB: And it isn't like that this year, <sup>2</sup> eh?

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TEE: No. (GIGGLES) He says now everybody just stands around and tries to pin EVERYTHING on the donkey. (GIGGLES) Well, so long, mister!

ORCH: "LOVE IS SO TERRIFIC" KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE

PR

(REVISED)

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THIRD SPOT

SOUND: TINKERING

FIB: Doggone it, this thing must fit on here someplace....  
(HAMMERING) Nope. That ain't it...maybe it's....nope...  
Hmmm...(TINKERING) (SINGS) "OHHHHH, I HAD A LITTLE  
BEAVER THAT I TIED UP WITH A CORD ----  
BUT I LET HIM GO, 'CAUSE I CAN'T STAND, TO SEE A BEAVER  
BORED" .....OHHHH the monkey and the cocoanuts - Oh  
hiyah, Molly.

MOL: How are you getting along, dearie? Have you got the  
Doctor's car back together yet?

FIB: Just about. As soon as I knock the skin off of one more  
knuckle I'll be ready to start the engine and see how she  
sounds. This thing was more trouble than - OH HIYAH, WIMP  
OLD MAN!

MOL: Oh hello there, Mister Wimple.

WIMP: Hello, folks!

FIB: Make yourself comfortable, Wimp! I'm tuning up Doc  
Gamble's car for him. (TINKERING)

WIMP: My it must be wonderful to be able ~~to know how~~ to do  
things like that. Sweetface...that's my big old wife,  
~~you know -~~

MOL: Yes....we know.

WIMP: Sweetface won't even let me wind the clock or put in a  
new light bulb. She says I'm too unhandy. (LAUGHS) And I  
guess I am, too.

FIB: How so, Wimp? (TINKERS)

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WIMP: Well, she has a bar across a closet door that she uses  
to chin herself on. When I put it up for her I must have  
been careless because it was sawed halfway thru and the  
first time she used it, she fell right on her Policewoman's  
Manual. (SNICKERS)

MOL: Say, I saw your wife in the Bon Ton yesterday, Mr. Wimple.  
She was buying a new dress.

WIMP: Yes - she tried it on for me this morning and she said to  
me, "Wallace", she said, "How do I look?"....Ohhhh, was  
that ever a LOADED question!!

MOL: What did you tell her?

WIMP: Well, I looked her right straight in the flowered  
crotone and I said, "You look just like a magazine cover,  
dear"..... And she said "Photoplay or Harper's Bazaar?"  
.....And I said "Zombie Comics!"

FIB: Oh brother! What did she say to that, Wimp?

WIMP: I didn't wait to see, Mr. McGee! (CHUCKLES) But if anybody  
ever tells you that a man can't travel faster than sound  
~~without a jet engine~~, you just laugh right in his face!

MOL: My goodness - at least life is never dull at your house,  
is it, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: No - but I wouldn't want you to get a wrong impression,  
though, Mrs. McGee. Sweetface is a very unusual woman,  
really. She's suffered for years from an impediment,  
you know.

FIB: Suffers, eh? What kind of an impediment, Wimp?

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WIMP: Me!.....but - we do have our romantic moments now and then, Mr. McGee. Just last night, for instance, we were out for a stroll and the moon was just beautiful, and all of a sudden she said to me, she said, "Wallace, I'm going to do something nice for you."

MOL: (COY) Ohhhhh! What did she do, Mr. Wimple? Kiss you?

WIMP: Nooooo. She took off my leash!

FIB: Wow....took off your leash, eh? What did you do?

WIMP: Took off. Like this.

SOUND: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS (FADE OUT)

SOUND: TINKERING

FIB: Well, I'm just about done, Kiddo. Boy, was this ever a job! Whew! Start gathering up Foggy's tools, willya?

MOL: Yes. And I certainly hope it runs, dearie.

FIB: Don't worry, tootsie, with all the work I've put into this baby, it's gotta run! And besides I've took plenty of cars apart in my day. Why, way back when I was a reporter for the Peoria Daily News, on the Zoo beat, I useta always -

MOL: WHY, MCGEE - YOU NEVER TOLD ME YOU WERE A NEWSPAPER REPORTER!

FIB: I NEVER MENTIONED ABOUT COVERIN' THE NEWS FROM THE ZOO FOR THE DAILY NEWS?

MOL: YOU NEVER DID!

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FIB: IMAGINE ME OVERLOOKIN' THAT? Well sir, they had a brand new Zoo there in those days, and I useta run a column called "Who's Who at the New Zoo" because I knew the Zoo news inside out! I remember they had two old Gnus at the Zoo - a he-Gnu and a she-Gnu - and those old Gnus made the News one day with the news that the she-Gnu had had two new little Gnus, see? Well sir, I knew the news about the Zoo's little new Gnus at the same time the she-Gnu knew it - and even before the he-Gnu knew that he was the new Gnus' father - and the other papers had no news about the two new Gnus at all; so I broke the news of the Zoo's two new Gnus, and the old Gnu knew their new Gnu were news, and the news of the Gnu with their new Gnu was news to the Daily News --

MOL: Hold it, dearie! Hold it! Cut! ... Here comes Doctor Gamble!

FIB: Oh. OH! Quick, slam the hood. I'm all set!

BANGS HOOD DOWN:

MOL: OH, HELLO, DOCTOR GAMBLE!

FIB: Ye-yeah...Hi, Doc, old man.

DOC: Hi, kids. Well, I see they got the car back okay. You got the keys?

MOL: They're in it, Doctor.

FIB: Yeah, as a matter of fact, Doc, I've got a little surprise for you. I decided I wasn't gonna let you get took for a bunch of dough, so I tuned up your car myself!

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DOC: YOU WHAT?? WHY, OF ALL THE -- McGee, if you've ruined the only car I own, I'll tear your knobby little legs off your pudgy little body and throw them in your dirty little face!!!

FIB: Now, now, take it easy, Doc. Migosh, that's a great way to treat a guy that's saved you a bunch of dough.

CAR DOOR OPENS

DOC: If this car won't run, you'd better! You -

STARTER GRINDS AND MOTOR CATCHES .... SMOOTH IDLING

MOL: Well, heavenly days - that sounds wonderful! Doesn't it doctor?

DOC: (CFE ) It certainly does...it hasn't run as smoothly as this since I made the last payment on it in 1939.

FIB: Whew!! Rev 'er up again, Doc....I wanna hear it.

SOUND: RACE MOTOR...FADE TO IDLE

DOC: By George, that's great, McGee. I apologize. What do I owe you? Anything you say will be -

MOL: Oh he didn't do it for money, Doctor, he just -

FIB: Molly! PLEASE!!!! You interrupted the doctor. You were saying, Doctor?

DOC: I was just saying that you did a splendid job. Name your own price.

FIB: Well, this was more for friendship's sake than anything else, boy. Just gimme half o' what the garage would o' charged you.

DOC: You're sure that will be satisfactory?

FIB: Sure sure sure.....What would they of soaked you, Doc?

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DOC: Well, the way I figure it, on that basis you owe me twelve dollars and fifty cents.

FIB: WHAT?

MOL: HE OWES YOU?

DOC: Yes. The garage-man owed me 25 dollars, so I told him to fix my car instead. Half of that is 12 dollars and a half. No hurry about it though....send me a check whenever it's convenient. SEE YOU LATER, CHILDREN.....

CAR ROARS UP AND FADES OUT: HORN IN DISTANCE

FIB: Well, I'll be a -----

MOL: You always were, dearie. And I rather like you that way. Now come on in and get degreased.

ORCH: "MY SIN" FADE FOR --

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FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY  
APRIL 6, 1948  
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

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WILCOX: If you have been scrubbing your wood floors with brush and water, you have been harming them. . . . .yes actually making them less beautiful than they should be. On the other hand. . .if you have been using Johnson's Liquid Cleaning and Polishing Wax, your floors are just as clean and handsome as they can be. Johnson's Liquid Wax makes scrubbing unnecessary. It's a combination of effective dry cleaning ingredients and genuine wax. Johnson's Liquid Wax cleans and waxes your floors at the same time and it's so simple to use. You pour a little on the floor . . . rub a bit to loosen dirt and grime, wipe up and then buff lightly. Your floors are sparkling clean and shining with a rich, warm luster. No more fooling around with water that soaks the wood and raises the grain. No more back-breaking scrubbing. Johnson's Liquid Cleaning and Polishing Wax is the modern method of cleaning and polishing floors. There's no better way to bring out the beauty of your home.

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

ORCH: BUMPER: FADE FOR

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(REVISED) -27-

TAG

FIB: Hey, Molly...Doc just called up...He was kidding about that 12 bucks and a half.

MOL: He was?

FIB: Yeah...he's sending you flowers and me some cigars and he's coming to take us both out to dinner tonight.

MCL: Oh, how nice!

FIB: And look...when he gets here.....keep him occupied for ten or fifteen minutes, willya?

MOL: Why?

FIB: Gimme a chance to get that new battery out of my car and put it back in his.

MOL: YOU MEAN YOU --

FIB: Yeah....goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all!

ORCH: PLAYOFF AND SIGNOFF

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

ANNCR: THIS IS N.B.C. .... THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

(CHIMES)

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