

ew File
(REVISED) #28

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

APRIL 13, 1948

7:30 - 8:00 PM PDST

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

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
4/15/48

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

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

The old saying "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure" certainly is true when it comes to wood floors. Neglected floors soon become so shabby and unattractive that they have to be refinished. ~~If you have floor board~~ ^{did you probably} ~~refinish your floors, you~~ know how much trouble and how expensive ~~it~~ ^{that} is. But now that the Johnson Electric Floor Polisher is again available you can have far lovelier floors with far less work. You can forever eliminate the bother and expense of refinishing your floors. All you do is flick the switch of the Johnson Electric Floor Polisher and then just guide it around the room. Why, you can polish every floor in your home in a fraction of the usual time. So plan now to care for your floors the modern, inexpensive way with a Johnson Electric Floor Polisher. For \$44.50 you can have one of your own -- or you can rent one by the day from your neighborhood dealer. Remember, ~~won't you~~ -- Johnson's Paste Wax to save your floors and the Johnson Electric Floor Polisher to save you work -- They're the perfect combination 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) -4-

WILCOX: THE CITY IS INSTALLING A NEW FIRE ALARM BOX ON THE CORNER NEAR THE MCGEE RESIDENCE. MOST PEOPLE WOULD NOT CONSIDER THIS A PARTICULARLY THRILLING EVENT, BUT, AS THE OLD SAYING GOES, "SIMPLE PLEASURES FOR SIMPLE FOLKS" - AND HERE IS ONE OF WISTFUL VISTA'S SIMPLER FOLKS TELLING HIS WIFE ABOUT IT AS WE MEET ----

----FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: -- well sir, the minute I seen this guy installing this fire alarm box on our corner, I walks right up to him. Look, bud, I says, in a refined way, put that fire alarm box someplace else, I says. This is a quiet neighborhood, I says, and we don't want fire engines dashing thru here all hours o' the day and night!

MOL: Did he put up much of an argument?

FIB: Wel-l-l...yes. But just between you and me, kiddo, a guy walkin' toward you with a dirty look in his eye and twelve inches of hot soldering iron don't really need much of an argument. And, maybe a fire alarm box on our corner won't be so bad.

MOL: As a matter of fact, dearie, the only thing I object to about them is their color. That bright red is so conspicuous.

FIB: They have to paint 'em red. If they paint 'em green everybody tries to mail letters in 'em. No, the color don't bother me. It's the responsibility.

MOL: What responsibility?

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FIB: Well, my gosh, in case there's a fire in the neighborhood, who's the logical guy to run to the corner and pull the alarm? I am. Because who was the air raid warden in this block during the war and still has my arm band and helmet? Me!! And furthermore....(SNIFF SNIFF) You smell something burning?

MOL: Yes. You just put a lighted cigar in your pocket.

FIB: Eh? OH....thanks.

MOL: Now don't be in too much of a hurry to use the new alarm box, dearie. The police take a dim view of people turning in false alarms.

FIB: WHO'S TURNING IN ANY FALSE ALARMS? MY GOSH, I KNOW BETTERN THAT! WHAT DO YOU THINK I AM? AN ARSENIC OR SOMETHING?

MOL: The word is arsonist, dearie. Arson is the crime of setting fires.

FIB: I thought arson was turning in false alarms about an invasion from Mars.

MOL: No, that was Orson.

FIB: Oh yes. What did I say wrong in the first place?

MOL: You said arsenic. That's poison.

FIB: What do you think a firebug is - a tonic? Anyway, don't worry about me, kiddo. I got too much sense of responsibil----

DOOR CHIME

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN

MOL: Oh, hello there, Mr. Wimple. McGee, it's Mr. Wimple.

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FIB: Well, my gosh, in case there's a fire in the neighborhood, who's the logical guy to run to the corner and pull the alarm? I am. Because who was the air raid warden in this block during the war and still has my arm band and helmet? Me!! And furthermore...(SNIFF SNIFF) You smell something burning?

MOL: No.

FIB: Me either.

MOL: And don't you be in too much of a hurry to use the new alarm box, dearie. The police take a dim view of people turning in false alarms.

FIB: WHO'S TURNING IN ANY FALSE ALARMS? MY GOSH, I KNOW BETTERN THAT! WHAT DO YOU THINK I AM? AN ARSENIC OR SOMETHING?

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DOOR CHIME

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN

MOL: Oh, hello, there, Mr. Wimple. McGee, it's Mr. Wimple.

FIB: Yeah...HIYAH, Wimp, old man.

WIMP: Hello, folks.

MOL: Heard the good news, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: Yes...Isn't it wonderful! AND it's only costing me three hundred dollars!

FIB: THREE HUNDRED BUCKS? TO INSTALL A FIRE ALARM BOX?

WIMP: Fire alarm box? I don't know anything about a fire alarm box.

FIB: EH?

WIMP: Mrs. McGee asked me if I'd heard the wonderful news and I said yes because I thought she meant about Sweetface going to Indiana.

MOL: Ohhh, Sweetface. That's....

WIMP: My big old wife..yes.

FIB: So Sweetface is going away for a while, eh?

WIMP: Yes..I just took her down to the railroad station. See? Here's her tickets.

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS...DID YOU FORGET TO GIVE HER THE TICKETS?

WIMP: (CHUCKLES) Only her return tickets. It probably won't keep her from coming back, but every little delay helps.

FIB: Your wife got friends in Indiana, Wimp?

WIMP: No. Nor anywhere else that I know of.

MOL: Oh this is a business trip, then.

WIMP: Yes. She was invited to the Police Chief's convention in Indianapolis, to give a jiu jitsu demonstration. (LAUGHS) She thinks.

FIB: You mean...it was a phoney invitation?

WIMP: Yes...(SNICKERS) It just goes to show that I have friends in Indiana anyway!

MOL: My goodness, what will she do when she comes back and finds out what you did, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: Nothing.

FIB: NOTHING!

WIMP: No. The day she gets back, I start for Indiana.

FIB: Well, let's forget about Sweetface for a minute.

WIMP: Yes...let's.

FIB: I just wanted to tell you we got a new fire alarm box on our corner, Wimp; you hear about any fires you call me up. I'll rush down and pull the box. I'm the logical (PAUSE) (SNIFF SNIFF) You smell something burning?

MOL: No.

WIMP: No.

FIB: Me either. But, as I say, Wimp. Any time you have a little fire just trot over here and tell me. I'll turn it in for you.

WIMP: Ohh good! I'm dreadfully afraid of fire anyway.

MOL: Are you Mr. Wimple? Have a bad experience with fire, did you?

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WIMP: Yes. I met Sweetface at a fire. At the Boy Scout Show. I was a scoutmaster then and was showing my troop how to jump from a burning building into a net.

FIB: Pretty dangerous stuff, Wimp!

WIMP: Ohhh, you're SO right, Mr. McGee! The very first time I jumped, I bounced out of the net and Sweetface caught me. (SIGHS) I just didn't know how well off I was in that burning building! Well, I'll let you know if I have a fire, Mr. McGee. Goodbye now!

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH: "THAT FEATHERY FEELING"

APPLAUSE:

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SECOND SPOT

FIB: Well, I just been out on the porch again, Molly. Couldn't smell anything burning. But the minute I do I'll be down to that alarm box like a --'

MOL: Sweetheart, my mother used to tell me that no marriage was really a success until love ripened into friendship. Ours has, but don't strain it. Just keep your chubby little hands off that fire alarm box. Outside of that --

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN: (DO NOT CLOSE)

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

GALE: Hello, Mrs. McGee. Hello, McGee. Lovely weather we've been having, - if you'll pardon my mentioning it.

FIB: You guys at the weather bureau get pretty smug about a spell of good weather, Foggy. I'd like to inform you that THIS good weather is partly MY doing.

MOL: How do you figure that, McGee?

GALE: A good question!

FIB: Look. See that barometer on the wall there?

GALE: Yes.

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FIB: See the little brass knob in the middle of it - so you can set the moveable hand?

MOL: Yes?

FIB: Well, I've had that hand set to "FAIR AND WARMER" for three weeks.

GALE:Thank you.

FIB: Shucks, forget it! Glad to help, Foggy.

MOL: Wouldn't it be wonderful if EVERYBODY co-operated like that, Mr. Williams?

GALE:yes. It reminds me of a weather station I once helped to install near Petoskey, Michigan.

FIB: That's just south of Mackinac, ain't it?

GALE: Up there they call it Mackinaw.

MOL: Yes, we drove up there once with friends...in their Cadillac.

FIB: So what happened up there, Fog?

GALE: Well, we were compiling data on the weather in the Lake Superior region and had established a weather station in an abandoned lumber camp.

MOL: Yes.....?

GALE: And one day, Waters started coming into my tent.

FIB: Rain waters, or river waters?

GALE: Herman Waters, our cook. He came into the tent waving a cleaver. Immediately, I saw red.

MOL: Angry, hummmmm?

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GALE: No, I mean I saw Red Murphy, one of our construction men. He was feeling pretty rocky at the time, so --

MOL: Well, I should think he would, with all that excitement going on.

GALE: You should think he would what?

FIB: Feel kinda rocky.

GALE: It wasn't KINDA rocky.....it was PRETTY rocky. "Pretty Rocky" was our pet bull terrier. He used to feel him every morning to see if he had any foxtails in his ears. Well, as he was feeling Pretty Rocky, the cook went out again and left in a tizzy.

MOL: In a tizzy?

GALE: Yes. That's what we called our old Model T. The "Lin Tizzy", because it ran best backwards. Anyway, after he had left in the tizzy, I sat down to dinner and ate heartily...

FIB: I suppose Heartily was a rabbit you'd been saving for an emergency. (LAUGHS) I'M beginning to catch on to this.

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GALE: I beg your pardon?

MOL: You said you ate Heartily. What was Heartily, a rabbit or a chicken?

GALE: There must be some misunderstanding here. "Eating heartily" is an old expression meaning to dine well, or thoroughly.

(PAUSE)

FIB: Look, Foggy...as long as you're leaving, may I ask you one question?

GALE: Certainly.

FIB: Why is it that when you come in here, you never close the door?

MOL: Come to think of it, Mr. Williams, you never do. Why is that?

GALE: I am a weather man, Mrs. McGee - and a weather man always leaves himself a way out! This IS the way out, isn't it? Yes, of course! Good day - probably!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: My gosh, I forgot to tell Foggy about the new Fire Alarm Box.

MOL: Oh, he'll find it!

FIB: I don't want him to find it! If there's any alarms turned in around here, I'm the guy that ---

DOOR OPENS

WII: Hello, Molly!

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MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: Say, Pal, you free for luncheon tomorrow?

FIB: That all depends, Omaha. If it's one of them business men's barbecues where everybody is busy tying their shoe when the check comes around except me because I'm wearing moccasins, no, I ain't free.

MOL: What's the occasion, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Well, a few men around town are getting together in the interests of boys' clubs. You ever have any thoughts on clubs for boys?

FIB: Yes, and I'm against 'em. A hickory switch or a hairbrush now and then, maybe -- but CLUBS...NO!

WIL: That isn't what I meant, Pal. We're discussing membership clubs for boys...and clubhouses for them - recreational facilities and all that.

MOL: I think it's a wonderful idea, myself.

FIB: Yes, I'M interested in that, Junior. I'll go but I can't stay long. I'm responsible for all the fires in this neighborhood, you know.

(PAUSE)

WIL: How was that again?

FIB: I says I'm responsible for all the fires in this neighborhood. It's quite a responsibility.

WIL: Yeah...I can see how it would be. Can't you hide his matches, Molly?

MOL: He doesn't mean he SETS fires, Mr. Wilcox, but there's a new fire alarm box down on the corner and himself here has appointed himself Marshall.

FIB: Well, it's a job that requires alertness and integrity and (SNIFF SNIFF) You smell anything burning?

WIL: Nope.

MOL: No.

FIB: Me either. Anyway, you can see how I feel about this responsibility, Omaha.

WIL: Certainly, I'm in much the same position.

MOL: What do you mean, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: I mean it's my business to protect homes, too. But not against fire. I sell Johnson's Wax, which protects against scratches, fingerprints and mars; dust and dirt and dampness.

FIB: That ain't exactly what I ---

WIL: You see, good housekeepers are practically unanimous about Johnson's Wax. On account of the way it simplifies housekeeping and gives their homes that air of gleaming hospitality and shining cleanliness.

MOL: McGee thought that in case of an alarm ---

WIL: There isn't any cause for alarm when your precious things are guarded against the elements with Johnson's Wax. Your fine woodwork, floors, furniture, picture frames, luggage, lampshades, window sills --

FIB: WE WERE TALKIN' ABOUT FIRE AND --

WIL: AND if fire remember correctly, the number of smart housewives who use Johnson's Wax is --

MOL: WAXEY ...!!! er, excuse me - MR. WAXEY!!!

WIL: Yes?

FIB: Look, Junior. About this luncheon tomorrow. What's your interest in this Boy's Club stuff?

WIL: Oh, didn't you know? It's part of the Boys Clubs of America campaign against juvenile delinquency. I'm a volunteer deputy probation officer, and you could be one, too.

FIB: OH NO, NOT ME, BOY! I'M NO SNOOPER! YOU DON'T CATCH ME PEEKIN' IN WINDOWS AND SNIFFIN AROUND PEOPLE'S BASEMENTS.

WIL: What are you talking about, Pal? We don't do any thing like that!

MOL: I should say not. Probation Officers do splendid work.

FIB: Probation! Oh my gosh....I thought he said PROHIBITION! Hah hah. Well, I'll be there, Omaha!

WIL: Swell!...Just ask my cousin, Big Delinquent Wilcox, about your reservation. So long, Molly!

DOOR SLAM

MOL: I can just see Mr. Wilcox if his house ever catches fire -
gettin' his Johnson's Wax out of the house - and then
going back after his wife!

FIB: He reminds me of the way my Pop useta be about a job
he had - when me and him worked at the Popcorn Works
in Peoria.

MOL: McGee - you never told me about working at the Popcorn
works!

FIB: I never mentioned the job Pop and I had at the Peoria
Pop and Popcorn plant?

MOL: YOU NEVER DID!

FIB: Well, boy, I WILL!...You see Pop was head popcorn popper
at the Peoria Pop and Popcorn Plant, and I useta love to
watch Pop pop popcorn - because Pop was a pip with a
popcorn popper, and the popcorn he popped was popcorn
plus!! Now, I worked over in the pop department, see,
and every afternoon I'd pop into the popcorn department
with a pitcher full of pop for Pop!...We'd sit there
poppin' popcorn by the popper-full - pokin' it into our
puss - and push_n' it down with a pitcher of pop - till
Pop and I were almost pooped from the pop and the
popcorn, poppin' the popcorn, pourin' the pop pokin' the
popcorn, pushin' the pop, pokin' the pip -.

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: WHOA! HEY, HOLD IT! CUT! Company, dearie! COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

R

MOL: Oh, it's Doctor Gamble, McGee. Hello, Doctor! Come
right in.

DOC: Thank you, my dear. And good day to you, Marblehead.

FIB: Hiyah, Stork Chaser. How's everything down at the
swab shop these days?

DOC: Everything is status quo, thank you.

MOL: Status quo, Doctor?

DOC: Yes...that's a Latin expression, meaning "Leave the
patient lay there till we look it up in the book." We
always try to (PAUSE) WHAT ARE YOU PEEKING OUT THE
WINDOW, FOR, Crumbleskull? New neighbors moving in with
a better lawn mower than yours?

FIB: NO, AND FOGGY WILLIAMS LAWN MOWER IS STILL GOOD ENOUGH
FOR ME. I'm just keepin' an eye on that new fire alarm
box down on the corner, Doc. You see, in case a fire
starts. I'm the logical guy to turn in the alarm,
and ---

DOC: Listen, Butterfingers, --

FIB: Eh?

R

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DOC: During the past month I have taken care of four different firemen who were badly injured while answering false alarms.

FIB: Yeah, but --

DOC: IF I EVER HEAR OF YOU STICKING ONE GRIMY LITTLE KNUCKLE INTO AN ALARM BOX WITHOUT A FORTY-MILLION-DOLLAR BLAZE IN A DYNAMITE FACTORY WITHIN NINE FEET OF YOU, I'LL PERSONALLY LOOK YOU UP, LOCK YOU UP, AND EXPERIMENT WITH A FEW NEW SURGICAL TECHNIQUES I'VE WANTED TO TRY OUT. UNDERSTAND?

MOL: I think you made yourself quite clear, Doctor.

FIB: Listen, you barrelbottomed, cowtown Kildare, - before you start yammerin' at anybody for not havin' any responsibility, you better take a good look at your own conscience! ANY SUPPOSEDLY REPUTABLE PHYSICIAN WHO HAS TO OPERATE IN DISGUISE AIN'T TO BE TRUSTED.

DOC: In disguise?

FIB: YOU HEARD ME! I'VE SEEN YOU COMIN' OUTA THE OPERATIN' ROOM AT THE HOSPITAL WITH A MASK OVER YOUR FACE! YOU'RE NO FOOL, BOY! SIX DOCTORS STANDIN' AROUND AN UNCONSCIOUS PATIENT AND NOT EVEN THE NURSES KNOW WHICH ONE IS WHICH!

MOL: Oh don't be silly, McGee! They have to wear masks and gowns for antiseptic reasons.

DOC: Don't explain it to him, Molly. He's the type who cures warts with stump-water and braided horsehair.

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FIB: That shows what you know about medicine, you big phoney! Stump water's no good for warts - that's for curin' rheumatism! For takin' off warts -- Oh, you takin' off, Wart?

DOC: Yes, I have a tonsillectomy coming up. Looks like a difficult case.

MOL: I thought removing tonsils was a rather routine operation, Doctor.

DOC: It is, ordinarily. But this patient is just over here from Russia, and I can't convince him it's safe to open his mouth. So long, children!

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH: "FIREMAN'S BRIDE" - KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE:

R

THIRD SPOT

FIB: Hey, Molly, take a look out the window here, that little fire alarm box looks mighty solid sittin' there guardin' the neighborhood!

MOL: For goodness sakes get your mind off that alarm box. I don't want anything to do with it.

FIB: Oh, that's a wrong attitude, kiddo. Everybody oughta know about fire alarms. Here, come down to the corner with me, and lemme show you what to do in an emergency!

MOL: Oh, I don't think --

FIB: Come on! You oughta know these things!

DOOR OPENS...FOOTSTEPS OVER:

FIB: You're liable to get a call from somebody up the block some time that a fire has busted out! So you run down here to the corner, see, and --

MOL: Wait a minute, dearie, here comes the Old Timer. Hello, Mr. Old Timer!

OLD T: Hello there, kids!

FIB: Hi, Old Timer! Hey, have you seen it yet?

OLD M: (PAUSE) Johnny. These tired old eyes have saw everything! I've saw generals run fer president - and the president run fer the generals! I give Admiral Peary a boost when he shimmied up the North Pole. I unbuttoned Napoleon's coat when he got his hand caught in it. And I was right there when Livingstone was finally found by Jack Benny! I've saw pretty ankles gittin' on stage-coaches -- cotton stockings gittin' on horse cars - dimpled knees gittin' on busses - and jist yesterday a girl showed her ankle again climbin' into a Constellation! (PAUSE) Have I seen WHAT, Johnny?

FIB: This new fire alarm box right here on the corner. Any time you have a fire at your place just gimme a ring and I'll run right down here and turn in the alarm.

MOL: He's just appointed himself official fire-watcher for this block, Mr. Old Timer.

OLD M: Is that so? Well, that's a very interesting hobby. I useta love to watch fires myself when I was a kid, kids.

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FIB: Aww, when you were a kid, fire hadn't even been invented yet.

OLD M: Why, it had so, Johnny! I remember one night I was sleepin' and somebody hollered "Fire"! I lept out of bed, yanked a pair of pants on, dashed out the door and run clean down to the stockyards - bowlegged!

FIB: Migosh, why didja run bowlegged?

OLD M: The pants I had on was Poppa's coat, Johnny...and to top it all off, by the time I got to the fire, it was out!

MOL: Where was the fire?

OLD M: Our house. Poppa put it out with a bottle of seltzer, daughter.

FIB: Seltzer, eh? That's pretty quick thinking, all right.

OLD M: Yep. He woulda got it out sooner, too, only he kept stoppin' to throw a twist of lemon peel in it... The whole thing upset Momma pretty bad.

MOL: I should think it would upset her!

OLD M: Yep - in the excitement the foldin' bed slammed shut with her in it. Nobody missed her till time for breakfast, then we pulled the bed down and there was Momma sound asleep - standin' on her head!

FIB: No kidding? Your mother musta been a pretty headstrong woman! (CORNY CHUCKLE)

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OLD M: HEHEHEH! THAT'S PRETTY GOOD, JOHNNY - BUT THAT AIN'T THE WAY I HEERED IT! WAY I HEERED IT, ONE FELLER SAYS TO TOTHER FELLER, "SAAYYYY," HE SAYS, "DIDJA SEE WHERE DEWEY THREW HIS HAT IN THE RING IN WISCONSIN?"...."NOO," SAYS TOTHER FELLER, "WHAT HAPPENED?"....."WELL," SAYS THE FIRST FELLER, "THEY PICKED IT UP, DUSTED IT OFF, AND HANDED IT BACK TO HIM!" (CHUCKLES) I'll call you if my jokes get any hotter, Johnny. So long, kids.

(DOOR SLAM)

FIB: What's that door slam for - we're standing out here on the corner.

VOICE: (OFF) Oh, I'm sorry!

(DOOR OPEN)

MOL: That's better!

FIB: Now, what was I sayin' before...oh, yes. In case of a fire, here's all you do, Tootsie, you run down here to this little box - and yank this door open, see?

(METALLIC RATTLE)

MOL: Is that all?

FIB: No, then you reach in here where this little hook is - see - and yank it down - like this!

MOL: OH NO, DON'T!

(RATCHET SOUND)

FIB: Huh? Whatcha mean? I'm just showin' you how in case of an emerg - OMIGOSH! I DID IT!

MOL: Oh dear!

FIB: I TURNED IN AN ALARM! I DIDN'T MEAN IT! I WAS JUST SHOWIN' --- OHHH, MOLLY!

MOL: You'd better call the fire department on the phone!
Tell them it was a mistake! Tell them --

FIB: Yeah! That's what I'll-- Oh-oh, LISTEN!

SIRENS AWAY OFF

MOL: Fire engines. Well, now what?

FIB: Oh! brother, I'm in trouble! And after all Doc said
about it! If those guys get here after me turnin' in
that alarm, somethin' better be burnin'! (HOPEFULLY)
Hey, Molly - is - is our house on fire - by any
stroke of luck?!

MOL: Heavenly days, no! What a thought!

FIB: Well, there's just one thing to do, then! I got some
matches! Come on!

RUNNING FOOTSTEPS:

MUSIC: ~~BRIDGE (REPRISE FIREMAN'S BRIDE?)~~...OUT

SIRENS COMING CLOSER...BUT STILL FAIRLY FAR OFF

FIB: Quick, hand me another match, Molly! This doggone
thing don't wanna burn!

MOL: Oh, dear. I feel terribly guilty, McGee, and --

FIB: Whattaya mean, guilty? I got a right to set fire to
my own rubbish pile in my own back yard, haven't I?
Or get forty years in the pokey for accidentally
turning in a false alarm.

MOL: But can't you just explain to the firemen that it was
a mistake?

FIB: With the reputation I got around this town? Nobody'd
believe me in a million --- Ahhh, now she's started!!
It's burnin'!

SMALL CRACKLE OF FLAMES: SIRENS ALMOST ON:

MOL: Oh, here they come, McGee! Up the alley!

FIB: Well, let 'em come, kiddo. This is a fire. I'm legal!
They can't pin anything --

ENGINES STOP .. ON MIKE:

MOL: HERE IT IS, FIREMEN! HERE'S THE FIRE!

MAN: (OFF) Just a rubbish pile, Mike. Hit it with an
extinguisher! (FADING IN) Well, you got a
little blaze, have you, Mister? Lucky we happened
to be passing and saw the smoke.

MOL: Yes, we turned in the alarm and --

FIB: -- and it took you guys long enough to get here,
too. Migosh, if my house was --- (PAUSE)
Whattaya mean, happened to be passing? I
turned in the alarm right down at the corner!

~~REPRISE BRIDGE~~ .. FIRE OUT:

MAN: At the corner? You mean that box we just put in?

MOL: That's the one.

MAN: Ohh, that box isn't connected yet, ma'am.

FIB: ISN'T CONNECTED YET? You mean --

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MAN: No, Mike and I are just cruising around selling tickets
for the Fireman's Benefit Dance. Saturday night -
five bucks a couple. How many do you want?
FIB: How many you got with you?
MAN: Well --
MOL: We'll take 'em!!
ORCH: "FOOL THAT I AM"...FADE FOR:

McGee - 4/13/48

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NBC Hollywood to network (excluding Pacific Coast)
KHQ Spokane local
KOH Reno local
KGU Honolulu local
CBC Toronto to all Canadian stations

CLOSING COMMERCIAL (60 seconds)

WILCOX: (CUE LINE: Fibber and Molly return in a moment.)
Not many years ago tables were always covered with
table cloths or doilies. Old shawls were thrown over
pianos. People just didn't realize how beautiful a fine
wood surface could be. Today, most housewives do
everything they can to bring out the natural beauty of
fine wooden things, and they have learned that there is
no better way to do it than ~~to use~~ ^{with} genuine Johnson's
Paste Wax. There is no finer wax than Johnson's Paste
Wax. ~~With Johnson's Paste Wax~~ you can actually add to
the original beauty of any piece of furniture. ~~Nothing~~
~~adds so much luster and warmth.~~ Nothing makes wood
surfaces sparkle and shine more brightly. Window sills,
doors, picture frames and floors, they all look better
if they're waxed. That hard, protective wax film changes
the whole appearance of a room, making it richer and
more lovely. Then too, an occasional light dusting is
all that's necessary to keep things gleaming and bright.
Yes, friends, wood is beautiful when it glows and
shines...and genuine Johnson's Paste Wax will bring out
that beauty in 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:

McGee - 3/13/48

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NBC Hollywood to Pacific Coast Group

DRAX CUT-IN CLOSING (60 seconds)

(CUE LINE: Fibber and Molly return in a moment)

ANNCR: Doubtless you've been hearing about Johnson's Drax. D-R-A-X. The new washday product put out by the makers of Johnson's Wax. Drax gives your clothes a smooth, soft finish - actually makes them look like new. It's truly amazing! Drax is not a starch - not a soap - but a miraculous wax rinse. You just add Drax to your final rinse or starch solution. That's all you do - what does Drax do? Drax coats each thread of your fabric with tiny particles of dirt-resistant, stain resistant wax. Johnson's Drax makes your clothes stay clean longer - and you'll find that next time, your clothes are easier to wash. They're easier to iron, too. 20 percent easier by actual test. ~~And your clothes have such a fresh, smooth finish. They really look like new.~~ No wonder women are so excited about this new product. Try Johnson's Drax for blouses, shirts, dresses and curtains - anything you wash. Remember - Drax makes washed things look like new. Try it! D-R-A-X - made by the makers of Johnson's Wax. Ask for DRAX.

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- TAG -

WILCOX: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, NEXT THURSDAY FIBBER AND MOLLY WILL BE IN COLLEGEVILLE, INDIANA, TO RECEIVE HONORARY LL.D. DEGREES FROM SAINT JOSEPH'S COLLEGE. THIS IS IN RECOGNITION OF THE CONSISTENT ACCEPTABILITY OF THEIR RADIO MATERIAL IN YOUR HOMES, AS SHOWN BY THE NATION WIDE RADIO ACCEPTANCE POLL OF COLLEGE STUDENTS. MOLLY, I WOULD LIKE TO CONGRATULATE YOU ON YOUR SUCCESS! PAL, THE SAME TO YOU!

FIB: THANKS, JUNIOR. WE MAY NOT BE A COMPLETE SUCCESS, BUT WE'RE GETTING THERE --

MOL: BY DEGREES!

FIB: YEAH. GOODNIGHT!

MOL: GOODNIGHT, ALL!

PLAYOFF AND SIGNOFF:

WIL: The makers of Johnson's Wax Products, Racine, Wisconsin, bring you Fibber McGee and Molly each week at this 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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