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#34

WRITERS: DON QUINN  
PHIL LESLIE

(REVISED)

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

May 25, 1948

6:30 - 7:00 PM PDST

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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  
5/25/48

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: (CUE LINE...."Fibber and Molly join us in a moment")  
The best way to bring out the beauty of your wood floors is to use Johnson's Paste Wax ... and the best way to polish Paste Wax is to use a Johnson Electric Floor Polisher. And, ladies, here's good news: You can now rent one from your neighborhood dealer by the day -- and at a very low cost. A Johnson Electric Polisher takes the hard work out of floor polishing. Its fast-spinning brush does all the buffing automatically as you guide the polisher across the floor. It's that simple. Yes, with a Johnson Electric Polisher, floor polishing is done in one-tenth the time it used to take. ~~Just think how many hours that will save.~~ And, of course, you know how easy a glowing coat of hard gleaming wax will be to keep clean. An occasional light dusting does the job. *So ask your dealer* ~~check with your dealer right away.~~ about renting a Johnson Electric Polisher by the day. Or, you can have one for your very own -- the price is \$44.50. Rent or buy ... either way ... you'll find a Johnson Electric Polisher and a can of genuine Johnson's Paste Wax are the perfect pair 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

(2ND REVISION) -4-

WILCOX: THE WORLD IS MADE UP OF TWO KINDS OF PEOPLE. MEN,  
AND WOMEN.  
HERE'S ONE OF EACH; --

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: - so this guy says to me, "Okay, Wise Guy", he says, "If you know so much about politics," he says, "Who's gonna be elected President?" he says...I takes a deep breath, looks him square in the eye, and says, kind of calm and deadly like, I says - "Who's runnin'?"...Well he could see I had him there - because by the time he named everybody that's runnin' it'd be way past supper time for both of us and - (PAUSE) Am I boring you, kiddo?

MOL: Oh, not at all, dearie. I love to hear men talk politics.

FIB: You do?

MOL: Yes. They always seem so childish it brings out my motherly instincts. But I don't feel too good, McGee. I have a slight toothache.

FIB: A TOOTHACHE? Well, gee whizz, baby, you can't just sit around here all evening and suffer. You know my policy - IF A TOOTH STARTS BOTHERING YOU, GO TO THE DENTIST AND HAVE IT YANKED!

MOL: If that's your policy, dearie, it must have lapsed right after we were married!

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FIB: Eh?

MOL: For a man who likes to sit down as much as you do, I've never seen anybody so frightened of an easy chair with a glass bowl on the arm of it.

FIB: Well, my teeth are particularly sensitive. Most people have a thick layer of enamel on their teeth. I was born with a thin coat of shellac!

MOL: Well, this isn't enough of a toothache to make a fuss about. It's more just a little touch of neuralgia. It'll go away. Let's change the subject.

FIB: GOOD IDEA! GET YOUR MIND OFF IT!

MOL: Yes.

FIB: Let's talk about something else entirely.

MOL: Good.

FIB: How long you had this toothache?

MOL: Oh, off and on, all day. Hardly felt it most of the time. And for a while this morning I lost it entirely. I was listening to Fred Waring on the radio. Isn't he wonderful?

FIB: You said it! BUT MY GOSH, SNOOKY...WE CAN'T GET WARING TO PLAY ALL DAY FOR YOU!

MOL: The Johnson's Wax people did better than that! They got him to play for them all summer while --

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: Now not a word to whoever this is about my toothache, McGee. I want to forget it.

FIB: It's a deal! COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh, it's Mr. Wimple, McGee. Hello, Mr. Wimple!

FIB: Hiyah, Wimp, Old Man!

WIMP: Hello, folks!

MOL: How's everything with you these days, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: Oh, just fine, Mrs. McGee. Just KIEN, if I may use a slang expression. Do you know that Sweetface --

FIB: Sweetface? You mean --

WIMP: My big, old wife...yes. You know, Sweetface hasn't said a cross word to me for a solid week!

MOL: Isn't that wonderful!

WIMP: Yes - she's been visiting her mother.



FIB: Oh.

MOL: My goodness, I hope you two haven't quarrelled!

WIMP: Oh no. (SADLY) I've HEARD of fellows whose wives get mad at them and go home to their mothers - and stay there (PAUSE) - but I guess I just don't know how to work it.

FIB: Oh, you know you'd miss her if she really left, Wimp!

WIMP: (CHUCKLES) Can't you EVER be serious, Mr. McGee?

MOL: What are your plans for the summer, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: Oh, we have the summer all mapped out. We've got enough money saved so that one of us can go to Honolulu, and the other can stay here and go to the movies twice a week.

FIB: I'll bet Sweetface takes the trip to Honolulu.

WIMP: Well, I must say she's very fair about things like that, Mr. McGee. We draw straws for it.

MOL: Which straw gets the trip to Honolulu? The long one, or the short one.

WIMP: Whichever one Sweetface draws.

FIB: Well, personally I'm glad to see summer coming on, Wimp.

MOL: I like summer, too. Picnics and long walks and wondering who has your umbrella.

WIMP: I like summer, too. Did you ever hear my poem about Summertime? I call it - "IT WAS NOT MY FAULT".

FIB: How's it go, Wimp?

WIMP: "IT WAS NOT MY FAULT.  
WHEN I WAS YOUNG, AND MY HEART WAS GAY  
I HAD A GIRL WHO'S NAME WAS MAY  
SHE LOVED TO PICNIC ON THE GRASS  
AMIDST THE TRASH AND BROKEN GLASS  
WITH HARDBOILED EGGS ON WHICH TO CHOKE  
AND ANTS AND THORNS AND POISON OAK  
ONE DAY MAY SAT UPON A BEE,  
AND LEAPED UP SCREAMING NAMES AT ME  
SO MY SUMMER FINISHED THERE THAT DAY  
-RIGHT AT THE VERY END OF MAY....

Well, goodbye, folks.

DOOR SLAM

MOL. (SMALL GROAN)

FIB: Oh, that poem...wasn't that bad?

MOL: No, but this tooth is!

FIB: COME ON SNOOKY, LET ME TAKE YOU DOWN TO THE DENTIST..  
IT'S TOO LATE FOR OFFICE HOURS, BUT I'LL CALL HIM UP  
AND HAVE HIM MEET US THERE.

MOL: Oh, we can't do that!



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FIB: WHY CAN'T WE? MY GOSH, I JUST PAID HIM FORTY-TWO BUCKS FOR FILLINGS! THAT'S QUITE AN OUTLAY FOR AN INLAY, AND IF I HADN'T BEEN AN UMP-CHAY, I'D OF PUT UP AN EEF-BAY, SO DON'T FEEL YOU CAN'T----

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: Oh, dear....it's Doctor Gamble, McGee.....

FIB: SWELL! HE'LL GIVE YOU SOMETHING FOR THAT TOOTH. HE'LL--

MOL: NO NO NO ... NOT A WORD TO HIM. PLEASE!!

FIB: But Molly --

MOL: It's too trivial. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

DOC: Hello, Molly.

MOL: Hello, Doctor Gamble. Nice to see you.

DOC: Hello, Gruesome.

FIB: Hello, Butcher Boy. How's your golf game?

DOC: I haven't had time to play golf since August of 1940, and you know it.

MOL: What made you think the doctor was playing golf, dearie?

FIB: I heard a couple of other doctors talkin' about him. They said he was developing a bad slice.

DOC: Professional jealousy, my boy. It is common knowledge in surgical circles that a Gamble incision is short and to the point. On an appendectomy, for instance, par for the course is 9 stitches - I do it in 7!

MOL: Really, Doctor? Seven stitches?

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FIB: Certainly he does! Have you ever seen his needlework? Migosh, he musta studied sewing under Omar the Tentmaker!

MOL: Now, McGee - don't talk like that to the good doctor!

FIB: Weelll, I can't stand a guy that brags! Geewhiz, I may not be absolutely and completely perfect in every possible way myself, but if I got faults, at least I'll admit it! I'll face it.

DOC: That I WILL say for you, my boy. Everyone at the Elks says that about you!

MOL: They do, Doctor? That McGee is not afraid to face his ~~faults~~?

DOC: I think that's what they mean - they always refer to him as "Old Faults Face".

MOL: (QUICKLY) Now, McGee!....Uh, look, Doctor - if you don't play golf, how do you keep so fit? You must get some kind of exercise.

FIB: Why shouldn't he be fit? He don't have to take those concoctions he dreams up - he just dishes 'em out!

DOC: Ignoring the feeble jibe from Little Bigmouth here, Molly, I usually manage to get out and play some softball on Saturday afternoons. In fact, I had agreed to catch for the Morticians' team this week, but I had to cancel it on account of the newspapers.

FIB: Yeah? What have the papers got to do with it?



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DOC: They ran a picture of me yesterday, with a caption that said "Local Doctor Agrees to Play Ball With the Undertakers." .....Say, I'd beter go explain that to the Medical Board! So long!

DOOR SLAM

ORCH: "TELL ME A STORY"

APPLAUSE:

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SECOND SPOT

FIB: That tooth give you any trouble since dinner, Molly?  
MOL: Oh, hardly any, McGee. I'm sure it's just a temporary little upset. I'll put a hot water bottle on it if it gets any worse.  
FIB: That's no good.  
MOL: Why isn't it?  
FIB: I've tried it. I had a terrible toothache once, and somebody told me to put a hot water bottle on it, and by the time I got the dad-ratted thing in my mouth I like to of strangled myself.  
MOL: YOU PUT THE HOT WATER BOTTLE IN YOUR MOUTH?  
FIB: Where else have I got teeth? I had to empty the water out of it to get it in my mouth, and then when I tried to fill it up again, it swelled up so much I---  
MOL: Look, can we change the subject? When we talk about it, it hurts and---

DOOR CHIME



(REVISED)

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FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPENS

MOL: Oh, it's the Old Timer, McGee. Hello, Mr. Old Timer.

OLD M: Hello there, kids.

FIB: Hi, Old Timer. Hey before you say anything, let's not talk about teeth, huh? Molly's got a toothache. We wanna keep off the subject.

OLD M: That's absolutely right, Johnny. Let her fergit it! Only way to let her fergit it is to git her mind off of it.

FIB: Right! So let's talk about -

OLD M: Yes, Sir, daughter, - if you sit around broodin' about that awful throbbin pain that keeps goin' through you like electricity - janglin' your nerves like the bell on a hook and ladder - and stabbin' at you like little hot needles - it'll hurt!

MOL: Thank you!

OLD M: I remember when I was a kid, kids, we didn't have no dentists in them days, kids! No sir, Poppa useta take care of us kidses' toothaches hisself.

FIB: Your father?

OLD M: Yep. Had a very simple system, Poppa did. Whenever we'd git a toothache he'd jist tie a string to the tooth, tie the other end to a brick, and heave the brick out the winds... I remember the last tooth he pulled for me that way, the Mayor sued him for 50 thousand dollars.

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FIB: The mayor? Migosh, what business was it of his?

OLD M: Well, it was this way, Johnny....Poppa tied the string to my tooth see, sat me down in the living room, tied a brick to the string, took it upstairs and flang it out the second story window.

MOL: Heavenly days. What happened.

OLD M: Well, the string yanked me halfway up the hall steps, jammed me into the turn at the landing and broke. The brick hit the mayor, who happened to be passin' and knocked him into the gutter--cold. Two ladies from the Temperance Club seen him layin' there in the gutter and called the police. The cops chucked the mayor into the pokey and the ladies got up a petition to throw him out of the City Hall, and when he come to and got his wind back, he sued Poppa..but Poppa got his wind back first and was over the border into Mexico...where he lived happily ever after con mucho gusto. Adios, Amigos.

DOOR SLAM



(2ND REVISION) -15-

MOL: My goodness, I'm glad he's gone. 00000000! The more he talked about toothaches, the more my tooth aches.

FIB: Sure...let's forget it now, kiddo. I won't say another word about teeth. Let's talk about the time I was in the seesaw business, back in Sioux City, for the---

MOL: You? In the seesaw business?

FIB: ~~You mean~~ I never toldja about when I sold seesaws for the Seesaw Company, that old man Seymour had in Sioux City.

MOL: YOU NEVER DID.

FIB: Well, baby I will. You see, I was a senior seesaw salesman for the Seymour Seesaw Company and I sold Saws on the side. And when I'd start out with a sample seesaw and a sack full of Saws, I'd sell the other saw salesman silly..because I was as saucy a seesaw salesman as the other saw salesman ever saw. I could sell you a two-buck bucksaw that would out-saw any bucksaw you ever saw a young buck saw with, and for six bucks I'd sell you a sawbuck to saw with the bucksaw on. I sold so many saws and seesaws that I got saw-sick from saw-sellin' and seasick for see-saw sellin' and between the saw-sellin' and the seesaws and the seasick seesaw sales and the saw-sick saw salesman and the bucksaws and the sawbucks and---

DOOR CHIME

(2ND REVISION) -16-

MOL: Saved by the bell...COME IN.

DOOR OPENS

WIL: Hello, Folks!

MOL: Oh, hello, Mr. Wilcox. Come in.

FIB: Hi, Junior.

WIL: Say, I'm awfully sorry I'm late, kids...but I just came from a sales meeting.



FIB: Well now, you didn't hafta rush over here all out of breath, Junior. We'd have made out someway, even if you didn't show up at all.

WIL: Oh, I didn't want to disappoint you, Pal.

FIB: Disappoint us, he says!

WIL: Gee, that was a great meeting tonight, kids! You see, our district manager always gives a short talk on some current event - some topic in the news - and tonight he really picked a subject!

FIB: Yeah? What'd he talk on, Junior? Politics? European Affairs? The Love Life of the Anchovy?

WIL: No, he selected as his subject - Johnson's Self Polishing Glocoat!

FIB: (WITH FEELING) Ohhh, McGee - you sucker! Will you ever learn to -

WIL: He started out by saying what pride most housewives take in the appearance of their kitchens, and how when they see their kitchen linoleum all covered with dirt and mud it makes any good housekeeper just GRIT HER TEETH!

MOL: Grit her tee----- OOOHHHHH!

WIL: And he went on to say how tracked-in dirt and dampness and spilled things can be a perfect PAIN IN THE NECK!

MOL: (GROANS LIGHTLY)

FIB: Yeah, we know, but -

WIL: Until of course, you discover how Johnson's Self Polishing Glocoat protects that linoleum against dirt and dampness - and makes spilled things so easy to wipe up!

FIB: Yeah, but ---

WIL: And because there is no rubbing or buffing with Glocoat, you find that more housewives use Glocoat than ANY other floor polish! Because you can bet your back teeth, he said --

MOL: Back teeth? (GROANS)

WIL: Yes, you can bet your back teeth that with the safe and simple protection Glocoat gives your linoleum floor coverings, you're gonna save a lot of the wear and tear on your nerves - that uncertainty about the appearance of your home that leaves a housewife's nerves raw at the end of the day --

MOL: (GROANS)

FIB: Yeah, but Junior, Molly --

WIL: And in conclusion, he pointed out one thing --

FIB: LOOK, WAXEY?

WIL: Yes, pal?

FIB: May I point out one thing in conclusion?

WIL: What, pal?

FIB: THE DOOR!

WIL: Oh. Goodnight.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: You know, much as I like Junior, sometimes he gets on my nerves a little.

MOL: Nerves. OOOHHHH!



FIB: Yeah, Hey, you didn't hardly open your mouth while Junior was here, Molly. You usually help me annoy him.

MOL: (IT HURTS) I was afraid if I did, I'd scream. No use kidding myself any longer, dearie - this tooth is killing me!

FIB: Aw, gee, kiddo, I wish you'd of let me took you to the dentist while he was still open. Look, you sit down here - I'll run upstairs and get some aspirin outta the medicine chest and --

MOL: I looked awhile ago - we haven't any aspirin.

FIB: Well, I'll call Kremer's Drug Store and - Oh, oh! Kremer closes at ten o'clock. What time is it?

MOL: Eleven-thirty. (SMALL GROAN)

FIB: Gimme the phone. I'll call Kremer at home and have him run down there, open up, grab some aspirin and run over here with it.

MOL: I tried that. There is no answer. (GROANS A LITTLE) I guess I'm stuck with it until morning, dearie!

FIB: OH NO YOU'RE NOT, BABY....LEAVE EVERYTHING TO ME! I'LL GET YOU SOME ASPIRIN!

MOL: Where?

FIB: AT KREMER'S DRUG STORE!

MOL: It's CLOSED!

FIB: I'LL OPEN IT! I CAN GET IN!

MOL: OH NO!

FIB: OH YES! I'LL SNEAK UP THE ALLEY! I'LL JIMMY THE DOOR!

MOL: OH NO! I DON'T NEED ASPIRIN! I FEEL BETTER! I -  
(SUDDEN GROAN) I'M GOING WITH YOU!

FIB: OH NO!

MOL: OH YES!

FIB: OKAY!

MOL: OHHHHHH!

ORCH. AND KING'S MEN: "PECOS BILL"

APPLAUSE



SOUND: CAR MOTOR IN, SUSTAIN...OUT WITH BRAKE SCREECH. CAR DOORS  
OPEN AND CLOSE...CRUNCH OF FOOTSTEPS ON GRAVEL

FIB: Right up the alley to the back door, kiddo.  
 MOL: McGee, I don't feel quite right about breaking into Mr. Krcmer's drug store. I was always taught that burglary was rude.  
 FIB: WELL MY GOSH, WE TRIED TO GET KREMER ON THE PHONE, DIDN'T WE? Why don't he stick to business?  
 MOL: Business!...my goodness, it's after 12:30 midnight.  
 FIB: Well, is that our fault, kiddo? Let's be logical about this thing, because -- OH-OH....HERE WE ARE! (FOOTSTEPS OUT)  
 MOL: Hadn't we oughtta ease the joint before we stick a shiv in the watchman and swag the hijack? Or hijack the heist? Or - (GROANS)  
 FIB: Take it easy, baby. First thing I gotta do is disconnect the burglar alarm. If that thing ever starts clangin', we'll be up to our clavicles in harness bulls.  
 MOL: How does it happen you know so much about disconnecting burglar alarms?

FIB: (LAUGHS) I sat right there on the top of that very trash can and watched the guy install it. I told him at the time that any thief that couldn't get past that alarm with a bobby pin and a burnt match wasn't worth his-- (CLICK) Ah, there we are...burglar alarm is off. Look on that nail to your left there, kiddo...under the window sill...that's where Kremer keeps his extra key.  
 MOL: (RATTLING SOUND) Here you are. With a key so handy and the alarm so easy to shut off, I don't know why Mr. Kremer even bothers to close the door, much less lock it! If he didn't, the place would be full of flies in the morning...(RATTLE OF KEY....DOOR OPEN) There we are, snooky. Go on in!  
 MOL: Mr. Kremer must have been expecting somebody to break in. He left a light on.  
 FIB: Yeah, now lemme see...where does Kremer keep the aspirin tablets?...Hmmm...make yourself an ice cream soda, kiddo, while I kinda snoop around a little...  
 MOL: ICE CREAM? ON THIS TOOTH? Ooooooh, McGee...how can you even suggest such a--  
 FIB: AHhhh, <sup>let's see</sup> ~~HERE WE ARE~~...(DRAWERS OPENING) ...RAZOR BLADES... TOOTHRUSHES, SODA MINTS, INNER TUBES..WARING BLENDORS... GLO-COAT...BICYCLE CLIPS...  
SOUND: BURGLAR ALARM, LOUD AND SUSTAIN



MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS...WHAT'S THAT?

FIB: BURGLAR ALARM!....COME ON!.....LET'S BEAT IT!"

MOL: I THOUGHT YOU SHUT IT OFF!

FIB: I DID! I TOLD YOU THAT GUY DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO INSTALL A BURGLAR ALARM! WON'T EVEN STAY TURNED OFF...HEY, WE BETTER SCRAM! AND I AIN'T EVEN FOUND THE ASPIRIN!

SOUND: SIREN OFF AND FADE IN FAST

MOL: Never mind the aspirin, let's take a powder!....MCGEE!  
I HEAR A SIREN!

FIB: SO DO I!

MOL: IT'S THE POLICE MCGEE! IT'S THE POLICE!

SOUND: SIREN UP LOUD...OUT WITH BRAKE SCREECH...POUNDING FOOTSTEPS

FADE IN

COP #1: HERE THEY ARE, NEEDHAM!....GO WATCH THE FRONT DOOR, LOUIS!...  
ALL RIGHT, YOU TWO...GET 'EM UP, AND KEEP 'EM UP! FRISK  
'EM, BRORBY!

MOL: (INDIGNANTLY) You lay a hand on me, ye big loogan and I'll take off me slipper and hammer your pointed little head full o' French heel prints! AND GIVE ME BACK ME POCKETBOOK!

FIB: NOW LOOK, BUSTER...ALL THREE OF YOU GUYS! I CAN EXPLAIN THIS...A GUY THAT'S A FRIEND OF MINE OWNS THIS DRUG STORE, SEE?

COP #1: Sure. And your wife had a toothache and you just busted in to get a couple of aspirin tablets!

FIB: EXACTLY!

MOL: How on earth did you guess that, Officer?

COP #1: Oh brother! How corny can they get? BRING 'EM ALONG, BRORBY!

SOUND: SCUFFLE

FIB: CUT THAT OUT...LEGGO...YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME! YOU CAN'T TAKE US ANYPLACE...YOU CAN'T -- (INTO BRIDGE)

ORCH: "PRISONER'S SONG"..FADE

CHIEF: Well, it looks bad for you, McGee. We've called everybody you suggested and so far we haven't found anybody home.

FIB: I dunno what this country is coming to when a guy's friends can't stay home to answer the phone when he gets in a jam!

MOL: Personally, I'm tired of the whole argument. Just show us to our rooms, officer, I'M sleepy!

FIB: DOGGONE IT, THIS IS RIDICULOUS!...THERE MUST BE SOMEBODY IN WISFUL VISTA THAT KNOWS ME AND WILL VOUCH FOR ME.

MOL: (IN SURPRISE) Both?

CHIEF: You'll have to admit this is a pretty silly story of yours, folks. If you only had some evidence that--

DOOR OPEN

COP #1: HERE'S SOMEBODY SAYS HE KNOWS THE DRUG STORE BURGLARS, CHIEF.

MOL: WE ARE NOT A DRUG STORE BURGLAR! WE NEVER STOLE A DRUG STORE IN ALL OUR...Well....heavenly days...it's Mr. Williams...the Weather Man.

FIB: FOGGY!..OLD MAN!..PAL!..MY FRIEND!!! LOOK...here's what happened, Foggy...Molly had a toothache, see, and --



GALE: Yes...I...er...I heard all about it, McGee. Chief, I'll take the responsibility for these people's release.

CHIEF: You mean this fella is an honest, decent, law-abiding citizen, Mr. Williams?

GALE: Am I under oath?

CHIEF: No.

GALE: Then, yes, he is.

MOL: May we go now, officer?

CHIEF: Please do!

FIB: Thanks bud! And if we never see you again...we can wait!

CHIEF: Likewise, citizen!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE...FOOTSTEPS ON SIDEWALK

MOL: You'll never know how we appreciate this, Mr. Williams. My goodness McGee had them call Doctor Gamble, Mr. Kremer, Mr. Wilcox, and simply EVERYBODY...

GALE: It's quite all right, Mrs. McGee. I had just got to bed, I was not yet asleep. I had been studying quite late.

FIB: Studying?

GALE: Yes...I am doing some research on the basic causes of typhoons, hurricanes and tornadoes. AND, I think I found the answer!

MOL: Heavenly days, Mr. Williams..that's marvelous...you'll be famous!

FIB: YOU MEAN YOU'VE DISCOVERED THE CAUSES FOR TORNADOES TYPHOONS AND HURRICANES?

GALE: I think so, yes.

MOL: What is it?

GALE: Wind...But I'll ask you to keep the information confidential until I check into it a little further, can I drop you some place?

FIB: No thanks, Foggy. They brung our car along to the station. Wanted to check the trunk compartment for hot merchandise and dead bodies. WELL, THANKS A LOT, KID!

GALE: Not at all. Goodnight, Probably.

MOL: Goodnight, Mr. Williams! Well, thank goodness that's over.

FIB: Yeah...get in, tootsie.

DOOR SLAMS..CAR STARTS...MOTOR UP AND SUSTAIN THRU GEAR SHIFTS....

UNDER:

FIB: How's the toothache?

MOL: It's all gone. Lost in the excitement, I guess.

FIB: I knew I could cure it, one way or another.

MOL: Well, you certainly...MCGEE! YOU TURNED THE WRONG WAY.

FIB: No I didn't. Kremer's Drug Store is on Oak Street. At 14th.



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MOL: BUT WHY KREMER'S DRUG STORE? MY TOOTHACHE IS GONE.

I DON'T NEED ANY ASPIRIN!

FIB: I do. I gotta headache. Keep an eye out for the cops,  
kiddo!

ORCH: "YOURS"

APPLAUSE

McGEE & MOLLY  
5/25/1948

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL -- Liquid Wax

WILCOX: There's a good way and a bad way to keep wood floors clean. If you have been scrubbing your wood floors with water, you've been doing them more harm than good. Water soaks wood ... raises the grain and dulls the surface. If you've been using Johnson's Liquid Cleaning and Polishing Wax, you've been doing it the best and the easiest way. Your floors are clean, shining and wax-protected. You see, Johnson's Liquid Cleaning and Polishing Wax makes water scrubbing unnecessary. It's a combination of effective cleaning ingredients and genuine wax. It dry cleans and waxes your floors at the same time. With just a little buffing, your wood floors are perfectly clean and sparkling with a bright, shining luster. Just think. No more constant back-breaking scrubbing. Johnson's Liquid Cleaning and Polishing Wax does away with all that. One easy application cleans, polishes and protects. Next time ask your wax dealer for Johnson's Liquid Cleaning and Polishing Wax and enjoy the easy modern way to clean and 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:



wood floors clean.  
 rs with water,  
 d. Water soaks  
 surface. If you've  
 Polishing Wax,  
 iest way. Your  
 ed. You see,  
 Wax mak's water  
 on of effective  
 t dry cleans and  
 n just a little  
 clean and sparkling  
 nk. No more  
 on's Liquid  
 n all that. One  
 tects. N-xt time  
 Cleaning and  
 way to clean and

TAG

(REVISED) -29-

MOL: Personally, dearie, I'm glad they had a policeman posted  
 at the back door of the drug store when you went back.

FIB: Me too...it took both of us to figure out how to shut off  
 the burglar alarm.

MOL: BOTH OF YOU! YOU MEAN THE POLICEMAN HELPED YOU GET BACK  
 IN THERE?

FIB: Sure.

MOL: But why?

FIB: He had an earache. Wanted me to get him an aspirin. Have  
 one?

MOL: Yes, thank you.

FIB: A pleasure. Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all!

PLAYOFF AND SIGNOFF

WILCOX: 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 NBC.....THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

CHIMES

WRITERS: DON QUINN  
 PHIL LESLIE

"FIBBER M

JOHN

June 1, 1948

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 As Johnson's Wa

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