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Wood

file

#7
(REVISED)

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

NOVEMBER 16, 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 and Johnson's Self Polishing
Glocoat 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 & MOLLY
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FIRST COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: When you're fixing up your house for the holidays ... be sure to remember the appearance of your floors. Polished floors -- floors that glisten with a mellow, waxed luster -- make your whole house more beautiful. And your floors are sure to have that glistening beauty ... when you use Johnson's Paste Wax.

With Johnson's Paste Wax it's easy to make your floors beautiful ... easy to keep them that way. Your floors stay beautiful because Johnson's Paste Wax forms a hard coat over the wood surface. A coat that protects your floor even if your house is crowded with guests from November to January. And, of course, that tough coat of wax makes floors easier to keep clean. A few strokes with a dry mop whisk dirt right off the surface. Leave it bright and spotless.

Be ready for the holidays ... and the guests they will bring to your house. Ask your dealer for Johnson's Paste Wax tomorrow. You'll save your floors. You'll save yourself tiresome work. And when people drop in ... they'll see floors that have the warm, rich, mellow glow ... that goes with the holiday season.

ORCH: BRIDGE TO OPENING

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WILCOX: QUESTION: IN WHAT SPORT CAN YOU GET SOME WONDERFUL EXERCISE IF YOU TAKE THREE QUICK STEPS, STOOP, SQUINT, TWITCH YOUR SHOULDERS, WALK BACK AND SIT DOWN FOR THREE MINUTES?

ANSWER: BOWLING.

COMMENT: THIS IS THE EXERCISE-WITHOUT-EXERTION WHICH WOULD APPEAL TO A MAN WHO HAS ALWAYS CONTENDED THAT IF NATURE HADN'T INTENDED MAN TO SIT DOWN A LOT, SHE WOULD NEVER HAVE DESIGNED HIM TO BEND IN JUST THE RIGHT PLACES TO FIT A CHAIR. AND WE DO MEAN HIMSELF, OF--

--FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

MOL: Dearie, isn't this the day you go bowling tonight?

FIB: MY GOSH, IS THIS FRIDAY?

MOL: No, this is Tuesday.

FIB: Oh. Gee, you scared me there for a minute. Our League bowls on Fridays.

MOL: I know, but as your social secretary, I must remind you that the bowling alley was closed last Friday, due to the fact that the management was treating the alleys to a coat of bread and butter, and your bowling was set for tonight. Remember?

FIB: Sayyy, it is tonight, at that! HEY, WHADDYE MEAN THEY WERE COATING THE BOWLING ALLEYS WITH BREAD AND BUTTER?

MOL: OUR bread and butter, sweetheart. Otherwise known as Johnson's Wax. That noble product to which you have given thirteen of the best years of your wife.

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FIB: Well baby, I'm sure glad you reminded it to my attention!
I and Wally Wimple and La Trivia and Wilcox are in third
place, ^{in our League} so far and I'd hate to miss out. I'm meetin' 'em
at Allen's Alleys -- at 8, having ate.

MOL: At 8 having what?

FIB: Having ate. Having ate dinner. If we meet downtown for
dinner, we get gabbing so much that we don't get to the
bowling alley till about nine - so now we meet at the
alley at 8, having ate. That way -

SOUND: TELEPHONE

MOL: Permit me.

FIB: Pray do.

SOUND: RECEIVER UP

MOL: 79 WISTFUL VISTA, MOLLY MCGEE SPEAKING. OH HELLO,
MR. WIMPLE.

FIB: Lemme speak to him, I wanna ask him if --

MOL: WHAT WAS THAT, MR. WIMPLE? YOU CAN'T? WELL, I'M SURE
HE'LL BE QUITE DISAPPOINTED

FIB: What did he ...

MOL: WELL, THANK YOU FOR CALLING, MR. WIMPLE. YES, I'M SURE
HE CAN FIND SOMEBODY ELSE.

FIB: What's the matter? Can't Wimp --

MOL: WHAT, MR. WIMPLE? YOUR WIFE IS EXPECTING? YES, I'LL
TELL HIM. GOODBYE, MR. WIMPLE.

SOUND: RECEIVER UP

FIB: Sweetface is EXPECTING?

MOL: Yes, she's expecting him to try to sneak out tonight -
so she has him locked up in his room.

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FIB: Ah, that Wimple!! A victim of the double ring
ceremony. One on her finger and one thru his nose.
Well, I gotta find somebody else to bowl with us, I
guess. Now lemme see....

MOL: I'm not doing anything tonight. Just sitting around the
house seeing the world thru the eye of a darnin'
needle.

FIB: You rather I stayed home, tootsie? I would if I wasn't
goin' out, but --

MOL: OH NO NO NO, I WANT YOU TO GO BOWLING. But what I
was timidly suggesting, dearie, was --

FIB: HEY, I WONDER IF DOC GAMBLE COULD BOWL TONIGHT? I'LL
GIVE HIM A BUZZ AND SEE IF...

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

MOL: COME IN!..

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

MOL: Well, for goodness sakes...here's the Doctor right now,
McGee, Hello, Doctor!

DOC: Hello, my dear. Hello, Muscle-bustle:

FIB: Well, if it isn't old Fever Chart in person. Doctor
George Gamble, F.C.

MOL: F.C.?

FIB: Fysician and surgeon.

DOC: That's F.S.

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FIB: That's what I meant, -F.S. HEY, DOC, YOU BUSY TONIGHT?

DOC: No, but I can always think of something urgent if you have anything to suggest which I don't want to do.

MOL: One of his bowling foursome had to back out tonight, Doctor. Do you bowl?

DOC: Yes, I bowl.

FIB: (SNICKERS) He bowls, he says!! You oughtta see him, Molly. He picks up the ball like it was a human head he'd found lyin' in a snake pit, takes a little run forward as if he was following a pretty nurse down the hall, and throws the ball with kind of a bent-elbow jerk that has every pin-boy in the joint duckin' for cover. And if he knocks over more'n three pins, he sits down lookin' as happy as if he'd just operated on Westbrook Pegler with a dull pocket-knife.

MOL: Oh, I don't believe he can be that bad, McGee. Are you, Doctor?

DOC: As a sports reporter, My dear, little Stumblebum here would make a great correspondent for the Mortician's Gazette. He's simply out of this world. Or he would be, if I had a loaded pistol with me.

FIB: Look, Sculptor of Human Flesh, all kiddin' aside, how's about bowling tonight. Me, and you and Wilcox and La Trivia?

MOL: Maybe the Doctor has cases which demand his attention, don't you, Doctor?

DOC: Well, --

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FIB: AAHH, POOEY ON HIS CASES!! Let the old bicarbonate-of-soda-jerk stay away from the hospital for one evening. Let the patients get one good night's sleep, without him bargin' in and wakin' 'em up to give 'em their sleeping pills. HOW'S ^{about} IT, DOC?

DOC: My boy, much as I would like to go bowling with you, just for laughs, and don't think your bowling form isn't good for a few merry chuckles, I must gladly decline the invitation. I have a tentative date.

MOL: A date, doctor?

FIB: (INCREDULOUS) WITH A GIRL?

DOC: What do you think I'd have a date with - a ground squirrel? CERTAINLY A GIRL. In fact, I think you know her. Fifi Tremayne.

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS...FIFI TREMAYNE. IS SHE BACK IN TOWN?

FIB: I thought she was La Trivia's girl friend, Docky.

DOC: That is a delusion which is shared by our esteemed Mayor. Well, sorry, my boy....I'll make it some other time. Good day, my dear.

MOL: Oh must you go, Doctor?

DOC: Yes, I have rather an unpleasant job to do this afternoon, -I have to can some tomatoes.

FIB: YOU - CANNING TOMATOES?

DOC: Yes, I've got to fire a couple of nurses. Bye now.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

ORCH: "BUTTONS AND BOWS"

APPLAUSE

SECOND SPOT

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FIB: (ON PHONE) HELLO HELLO ... (CLICK CLICK) HELLO
... IS THIS YOU MOO MOO? HEY MOO MOO, WE NEED ANOTHER
GUY TO GO BOWLING TONIGHT. HOW'S ABOUT IT, KID? EH?
YOU ARE, EH? YEAH I FORGOT ABOUT THAT. OKAY, MOO MOO,
TAKE CARE O' YOURSELF!

SOUND: RECEIVER UP

MOL: Who is Moo Moo?

FIB: Moo Moo Simpson. He's in bed with a busted leg. I
thought you knew.

MOL: Oh, that's right. He broke it at a jitterbug dance,
didn't he? Isn't he a little old for that sort of
thing?

FIB: He wasn't dancing. He was just crossing the floor to
get his daughter a drink of water, and he got hemmed in.
Next thing he knew he was down on the floor with a
busted leg, lower plate cracked and a shoe missing.
Nobody could reach him for five choruses of "Cow-Cow
Boogie".

MOL: Yes, and I just LOVED the newspaper story about it.
"COW-COW GORES MOO-MOO". Well, I'll try to think of
somebody while I'm upstairs sorting the laundry. (FADE)
It'll only take me five minutes or so.

mc

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FIB: Take your time, Kiddo!.....Ahhh, there goes a good kid!
Always after me to get more exercise! She says I'm
beginnin' to look like I'd dressed in the dark and
got my bustle on the wrong side. But my gosh---

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

FIB: COME IN, TEENY!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

TEE: Hi, mister! Gee, howja know it was me? Hm? Howja
know? Hm? Howja?

FIB: Experience, sis. Somehow you always show up the minute
my wife leaves the room, HEY, incidentally, Teeny--
does your father ever go bowling?

TEE: Sure he does, I betcha. He LOVES bowling!

FIB: Good! Is he doing anything tonight?

TEE: I dunno, mister.

FIB: Do you think your mother would mind if I asked him
to go bowling?

TEE: Oh no, she wouldn't care, I guess.

FIB: Think he'd go bowling with me and Wilcox and the
Mayor?

TEE: Gee, I betcha he'd like it a lot, I betcha.

FIB: Okay, I'll call him up.

TEE: Where?

FIB: Whatcha mean, where? WHERE IS HE?

TEE: We dunno. Up in Canada someplace. Hunting.

FIB: Oh fer the -- WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME THAT IN THE FIRST PLACE?

TEE: Because my daddy says when you go hunting you have to be very quiet about it. He's trying to get a mouse's head to hang over the fireplace.

FIB: Not a MOUSE'S HEAD, sis. A MOOSE'S head.

TEE: (GIGGLES) Awww, if he wanted a moose's head he wouldn't hafta go clear to Canada, I betcha. There's lots of 'em right here. My Uncle Charlie is a moose. Only his head wouldn't look good over our fireplace on account of he smokes a pipe.

FIB: Oh.

TEE: Hm?

FIB: I just said Oh.

TEE: Oh...HEY, MISTER, DO YOU KNOW WHAT SANTY CLAUS IS GONNA BRING ME IF HE READS MY LETTER? A SHETLUM PONY! Oboy!

FIB: Good!

TEE: (EAGERLY) Do you think he will, mister? Do you think Santy Claus will bring me a Shetlum Pony, really? Hm? Do you, mister? Do you?

FIB: Sis, I really couldn't say. All I know is this. If you want something bad enough, and concentrate on it hard enough and long enough, you're liable to get it,--UNLESS there's some reason why you shouldn't have it. In other words, sometimes we're not the best judges of what we oughtta have, so if you just keep in mind the fact that in this life we usually get, not so much what we WANT, as what we deserve, it eases up a lotta disappointments. ~~S...?~~

TEE: Oh boy...then I'M sure gonna get that shetlum pony, because I DESERVE IT! GEE, THANKS, MISTER. Oh boy, a real live shetlum pony! I'M GONNA TELL WILLIE TOOPS.... SO LONG, MISTER.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

FIB: Wait a minute, Sis--I didn't mean----

TEE: Hey, Willie...you know what Mr. McGee told me? He said I deserved a shetlum pony because in this life we never--

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: Well, that's what I get for being so dad-ratted philosophic! Why don't I leave that stuff to the morning programs? My gosh, I---

MOL: (FADE IN) Who was that I heard yelling, McGee?

FIB: Little girl from across the street. I thought for a minute her father was gonna bowl with us, but he's up in Canada, hunting. Like to do that myself--if they'd give an elk a license to shoot a moose. I always.....

SOUND; DOOR OPEN

WIL: Hiyah, Molly. Hello, Pal. Say, haven't we got a date to go bowling tonight?

FIB: Yup, at the alleys at 8, having ate.

MOL: Only Mr. Wimple can't get there, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: He can't? Who'll we get to fill in, Pal? We've got to have a four man team or we get aced out of the league. Can you think of anybody?

FIB: Well, you always seem to have a cousin someplace, Junior. Haven't you got a cousin that bowls?

WIL: Sure, - Big FOUL LINE Wilcox. He'd be delighted to -
(PAUSE) No, he can't make it either.

MOL: Why not, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: He took some shots yesterday and is laid up in bed.

FIB: What was he takin' shots for, Juney - bad cold?

WIL: No, he got hungry for some meat and couldn't afford it so he held up a meat market. The proprietor pulled a gun out of the cash register and got my cousin three times in the tenderloin. So - he can't bowl tonight.

MOL: Well, heavenly days, Mr. Wilcox, don't look so worried. It'll turn out all right, I'm sure.

WIL: Oh, I'm not worried about him. What's got me perturbed is we've been talking for three minutes and I haven't been able to work the dialog around to ~~the product~~ ^{"The Product"}.

FIB: ^{ah yes - "The Product"}
You coulda threw in something about your cousin finding a new glow at the end of a pistol, and go on from there.

WIL: But it isn't about Glocoat this week. It's about Johnson's Paste Wax.

MOL: My goodness, why do you always have to be so subtle and tricky with these things? Let's have it - Bang Bang - flat-footed - right off the cuff.

WIL: Gee, I never thought of that. FOLKS, TRY JOHNSON'S PASTE WAX. IT'S A WONDERFUL WAY TO PROTECT AND BEAUTIFY WOOD FLOORS, LINOLEUM, FURNITURE, WOODWORK AND ALL WOOD SURFACES, WHETHER LIGHT OR DARK. USE IT TO TOUCH UP WAXED FLOORS WHERE THE WEAR IS HEAVIEST. JOHNSON'S PASTE WAX IS LONG WEARING AND MAKES DUSTING A ONCE-OVER-LIGHT/SORT OF TASK. You mean like that, Molly?

MOL: Why certainly!

FIB: Sure, Waxey...you don't have to be so dad ratted ingenious all the time. Every once in a while you gotta get people's minds offa your technique and onto what your selling. Otherwise - BUT HEY..WE GOTTA FIND A BOWLING PARTNER!

WIL: Yeah..I'll try to think of somebody, Pal. LOOK! HOW ABOUT BILLY MILLS?

MOL: Wonderful Idea.!!

FIB: Hand me the phone and I'll-
WIL: Nope! No good!
MOL: Why not?
WIL: Threw his shoulder out of joint yesterday.
FIB: He did? How?
WIL: Well, you know Billy. Near sighted and too proud to wear glasses. He picked up a piano and tried to play it like an accordian. BUT KEEP TRYING, PAL! I'LL SEE YOU AT THE ALLEYS AT EIGHT!
MOL: Having ate?
WIL: Having ate!
SOUND: DOOR SLAM
FIB: Well, he was a big help. Looks like everybody in town is either laid up or busy.
MOL: Looks like!
FIB: Doggone it -- of all the rotten luck! Reminds me of the time I got some batter in my eye when I was beatin' up a batch in the bakery at Bakersfield.
MOL: Why Sweetheart - you never told me about working in a bakery!
FIB: I NEVER TOLDJA ABOUT THE TIME THE BATTER SPLATTERED, WHEN I WAS BEATIN' BATTER FOR THE BAKERY?
MOL: YOU NEVER DID!

FIB: Well, baby - stand well back! YOU SEE - THE BAKERSFIELD BAKERY USED BIG BATCHES OF BATTER FOR BAKIN', AND THEY LIKED THEIR BATTER BEAT WITH BUTTER...NOW, SOME OF THE BATTER - BEATERS BEAT SOME AWFUL BITTER BATTER - BUT THE BATTER I BEAT MADE BETTER -BEATEN BATCHES - AND BABY, I BEAT BATTER BY THE BARREL! ... WE HAD ABOUT AS BEAT-UP A BUNCH OF BAKERS AS EVER BALLED UP A BATCH OF BATTER, BUT THE REASON MY BATTER BAKED BETTER WAS BECAUSE I BEAT MY BATTER IN A PLATTER - WHICH MADE A BETTER BATTER, SPLATTERED THE PLATTER, SCATTERED THE BATTER, SPATTERED THE BUTTER, BUTTERED THE PLATTER, BEAT THE BEJUNIOR OUT OF THE BUTTER--

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: COME IN! COME IN! WHEW!!

DOOR OPENS:

OLD T: Hello, there kids! What's new?
MOL: Hello, there, Mr.Old Timer...McGee, maybe he's a bowler.
FIB: MY GOSH, I NEVER THOUGHT OF HIM!! HEY, OLD TIMER...YOU EVER BOWL?
OLD T: Did I ever bowl!! .. why Johnny...I've spent more time at the upper end of an alley than all the policemen who ever sneaked a smoke on duty.
MOL: Well, I guess that solves your problem, dearie.

FIB: I guess it does, at that! Look, Old Timer, we got a regular foursome that goes bowling every week, and one of our guys had to bow out tonight. How about it - wanna fill in?

OLD: Nope.

MOL: You don't?

FIB: Why not?

OLD: Listen, kids...Did you know I was in the Seabees, during the war? And do you know that I spent three years, four months, two weeks, five days, nine hours and thirty-two minutes on the loneliest island in the whole south seas and nothin' to do evenings but bowl on the beach with beer bottles and coconuts?

FIB: You mean, no MOVIES?

OLD: They sent us jest one movie short subject, Johnny. Made us Seabees so mad we bulldozed the projection booth into a lagoon.

MOL: My goodness, what movie was it?

OLD: The title was "BOWL YOUR WAY TO HEALTH AND HAPPINESS."

No kids. No bowling fer me. I'll play dominoes blindfolded, hide-and-go-soek near a gravel pit, or tiddley winks with the tiddleys wild, but NO BOWLING. Enough is enough. As Pavlova, once said to a stage manager, "Don't talk to me about Toe-dancing, Tovarich...I've had a ballet-full of it!" Sorry Johnny...so long, Daughter!!!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Well, I'm just as bad off as before. No fourth for bowling. AND MY GOSH...IT'S 7:45...I GOTTA GET GOING... HEY...WHAT'LL I DO?

MOL: You just run along, sweetheart. I'll get somebody to bowl with you.

FIB: Yeah, but my gosh, kiddo, we've tried all afternoon to think of somebody and -

MOL: I've really thought of somebody this time. Go on now... run along.

FIB: But who did -

MOL: Never mind...just leave everything to me! I'll make a phone call and have a fourth bowler at the alleys within 20 minutes. Here's your hat.

FIB: But But But....

MOL: Did I ever break a promise to you?

FIB: No, but -

MOL: All right. Get going and don't worry! Goodbye.

FIB: (FAST KISS) Goodbye!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

MOL: Ahh, bless his exclusive little masculine heart!...
(RECEIVER UP) HELLO, OPERATOR? GIVE ME TOOPSSES RESIDENCE, PLEASE. (PAUSE) HELLO, MRS. TOOPS? MOLLY MCGEE SPEAKIN'. I WON'T BE ABLE TO PLAY BRIDGE TONIGHT, CLARA. NO. I'M GOING BOWLING WITH THE BOYS!!!

ORCH: KING'S MEN: "BELLA BELLA MARIA"

(APPLAUSE)

SOUND: BOWLING ALLEY NOISES IN BG

FIB: ...and Molly said she'd have somebody ever here to bowl with us in plenty of time, La Triv. He oughta be here, whoever it is, and --

GALE: I hope he's good. We've got a chance to move into first place tonight, you know. If we're good.

WIL: Yes...I would have brought my wife along to bowl with us - but she couldn't make it.

FIB: Why not, Junior?

WIL: She doesn't bowl.

FIB: Well, I wish the guy would get here, whoever he is. I'm as nervous as a turtle trying to get into a people-necked sweater.

GALE: Yes. I might have hunted up another bowler myself, but I was tied up most of the afternoon.

FIB: (EAGERLY) You were what, La Triv?

GALE: I say I was tied up most of the afternoon.

FIB: Who did that to you, boy?

GALE: Uh...Who did WHAT to me?

WIL: Tied you up, he means. Don't you, Pal?

FIB: Yeah...What kind of a knot did they use, La Triv?

GALE: Just an ordinary square knot.

FIB: Huh?

GALE: It was my auditor. He was showing me some rope escape tricks and he had me tied up so tight that--

FIB: Skip it! Migosh, when you said "tied up" I naturally thought you meant you were in a conference and--

WIL: Here comes the manager of the alleys, fellows. Hello, Mr. Allen!

MGR: (FADING IN) Hello, Wilcox. Number 3 and 4 alleys will be vacant in a few minutes, Mayor. You fellows ready?

GALE: Just about, Fred - we're waiting for a substitute right now.

FIB: Yeah, a substitute, Fred.

WIL: He ought to be along any minute, though.

FIB: Yeah, any minute, though.

MGR: Okay, start when you're ready. (FADING) Good luck, Mayor.

GALE: Thanks, Fred.

WIL: Say, there's some pretty good scores up out there. How do you fellows feel - lucky?

FIB: I always feel lucky. Till I throw the first ball.

GALE: I hope the luck I had yesterday is a good sign. I don't mind telling you boys that I picked up a pretty penny in the stock market yesterday.

FIB: Yeah? Lincoln or Indian?

GALE: ...I beg your pardon?

WIL: He means the penny. Was it Lincoln or Indian Head?

FIB: Yeah - what is there about one penny that makes it any prettier than the next one, La Triv?

GALE: Look - when I said I picked up a pretty penny -

WIL: Yes, when you've seen one penny, you've seen them all, I always say. (How's that, Pal?)

FIB: Good, Junior. Good!

GALE: Evidently you fellows don't pay much attention to coins. Here, I've got the penny right here. See for yourself.

FIB: Huh?

GALE: See how bright and shiny? Isn't that a pretty penny? I picked it up in the stock market - lying under a desk.

FIB: HM!

WIL: (PAUSE) Hey - what were you doing lying under a desk?

FIB: (DISGUSTED) Skip it, Junior - Nice try, but let it go. It won't work without Molly, anyhow.

GALE: (CHUCKLES)

FIB: Migosh, La Trivia, if you don't cooperate any better than that tonight, we won't get enough score to win the booby prize!

WIL: Personally, I'd like to get started. Where's that guy Molly's - going to.....

FIB: Oh hey, look! Here comes Molly herself. Omigosh, the guy can't make it and she's come down here to tell us. Of all the rotten breaks -

MOL: (FADING IN) Hello Sweetheart. Hello, Your Honor -
Mr. Wilcox.

AD LIB GREETINGS

FIB: Geewhiz, kiddo, what happened? We're ready to start and--

MOL: I told you I'd get you another bowler, didn't I?

FIB: Yeah...where is he?

MOL: He's me! I mean SHE'S me! Or I'm it. You boys ready?

GALE: Well, this IS a surprise. BUT --

WIL: Yeah, you know us, Molly...we're ALWAYS glad to see you. Anyhow.

MOL: (DRILLY) Thanks, boys.

FIB: Look, tootsie - this - this is for dough. This is tournament stuff!

MOL: Good.

FIB: But - I mean these scores get added up. There's only two more weeks of the tournament left and --

MOL: Well, let's not spend all of it talking. I'll -- Oh, there's the manager, McGee! HELLO, MR. ALLEN!

MGR: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Hi, Champ! Good luck!

WIL: Well, let's get started, huh?

FIB: (RESIGNED) Okay. Maybe we can run up enough score between the three of us to carry Molly and -- Okay, grab a ball, Molly. Oh, you already got one. Now look, you hold it this way, and -- Oh, you know how to hold it. Okay, now stand with one foot forward like this and -- Oh, you know how to stand?

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MOL: Yes...you stand back, sweetheart. Watch it, here I go!
(GRUNTS)

SOUND: BALL ROLLS DOWN ALLEY...TERRIFIC CRASH OF PINS

GALE: A strike!

WIL: Great, Molly!

FIB: Hey, you knocked down all the pins, kiddo! That's called
a strike, see. That gives you ten, and -- (SUSPICIOUS)
Hey, how did you know the manager of this place?

MOL: Mr. Allen? Oh, he's the one who's been giving me ~~me~~
lessons.

FIB: Lessons?

MOL: Sure. Look, dearie, you're holding that ball all wrong!
If you hold it this way - and let it go with a reverse
twist into the one-two pocket you'll either get a strike,
or -- wait, I'll show you. SET 'EM UP IN THE OTHER ALLEY,
SON! You see, with this grip here and a little body
English...

ORCH: "LONESOME" - FADE FOR:

FIBBER AND MOLLY SHOW
11/16/48

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SECOND COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Right now, thousands of housewives are preparing their
floors for the holiday season. They're making sure those
floors will be glossy and bright during the next two
months, by using Johnson's Paste Wax. And they're doing
more. They're putting a protective coat over those floors.
For Johnson's Paste Wax forms a coat as strong and hard ...
as resistant to wear and scuffing ... as it is handsome
to look at.

And that tough coat of Johnson's Paste Wax is easy to
clean. ~~But can't cling...won't get into cracks and~~
~~cornices.~~ A few strokes with a dry mop ... or a flick
of a dust cloth ... keeps that waxed surface as bright
as a dollar.

Make a note to get Johnson's Paste Wax tomorrow. In the
long run you save yourself work. You save the fine surface
of your floors. And you're making sure that the floors
that your friends will see ... are floors that are bright
and beautiful.

(PAUSE) By the way ... your dealer has a special buffer
that quickly and easily gives your floors the highest
polish possible. It's Johnson's New Floor Polisher ...
the Beautiflor Electric Polisher. You can buy one from
your Johnson Dealer, or rent one at low cost, if you
prefer.

ORCH: MUSIC UP: FADE FOR:

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(2ND REVISION) -25-

FIB: Ladies and gentlemen, all of us are interested in financial security for ourselves and our families.

MOL: Money invested in U.S. Savings Bonds today will help make that future security possible. U.S. Savings Bonds are a cash reserve which combine a generous profit with the utmost safety.

FIB: So join that large and growing group of "BUY-A-BOND-A-MONTH" citizens and know that you are not only investing in your own future, but helping in the battle against inflation.

MOL: The future of the United States is up to you, so don't pass the buck; - save it and get interest on it!

FIB: Goodnight!

MOL: Goodnight, all.

ORCH: PLAYOFF AND SIGNOFF

WIL: The makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Self-Polishing Glocoat, Racine, Wisconsin, and Brantford, Canada, bring you Fibber McGee and Molly each week at this time... and Fred Waring on Monday and Wednesday mornings. Be with us again next Tuesday night, won't you? Goodnight.

ANNCR: THIS IS NBC - THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

(CHIME3)

Wood

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

November 23, 1948