

Wood

(REVISED) #8

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

November 23, 1948

7:30 - 8:00 PM PDST

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
Glo-Coat 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 AND MOLLY SHOW

NOVEMBER 23, 1948

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: You'll see something new in your kitchen...when you start using Johnson's Glo-Coat. You'll see linoleum that gleams with a higher polish....a brighter luster.. that brings new zest and sparkle to the whole room. Because there's a new glow in this self polishing floor wax. Glo-Coat's got a glow that's brighter....far brighter than before. And you'll double your pleasure when you use it....because Johnson's Glo-Coat shines itself. That's right. It goes right ahead and produces its own brilliant luster....without any help from you. Just pour a little Glo-Coat on your linoleum. Spread it out. Let it dry. That's all you do to get a gleaming finish in twenty minutes. And that Glo-Coat finish is more than beautiful to look at. It protects your linoleum against dirt and spilled things. Easy to clean, too. A few seconds with a damp cloth is all it takes to whisk away soiled spots. Tomorrow, get Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat. Enjoy a new glow in your kitchen. A finish that's brighter....far brighter than before. Your dealer has Glo-Coat with the new glow...in the same familiar red and yellow container.

ORCH: BRIDGE TO OPENING

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(2ND REVISION) -4-

WILCOX: WITH APPETITES AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA WHAT THEY ARE, AND MEAT PRICES WHAT THEY ARE, ANY FRIEND WHO DROPS IN WITH THREE PHEASANTS TO BE COOKED FOR DINNER RATES A 21-GUN SALUTE, THE GOOD NEIGHBOR MEDAL WITH BAY-LEAF CLUSTER, AND THE TENDER, LOVING REGARDS of....

---- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!!

APPLAUSE

MOL: You mean...these beautiful pheasants are for US, Doctor Gamble?

DOC: On one condition, my dear. That you have them for dinner tonight and invite me.

FIB: Docky, for once in your life, you're as welcome as four choruses of "A Tree In The Meadow" to a lonesome airedale.

DOC: Thank you. Well, Molly..is it a deal?

MOL: Doctor, it is that! Have you any suggestions about the menu?

FIB: I got a suggestion.

DOC: So have I!

MOL: First, what's your suggestion, Doctor?

DOC: My suggestion is that we ignore any suggestion coming from McGee. When it comes to food, he has the delicate taste of a starving cobra..and worse manners.

FIB: Is that so? The way you tear into a Caesar salad would explain the fall of Rome to anybody!

DOC: You don't say. At least I don't dunk my crumpets with so much vigor that the waitresses have to wear ponchos.

FIB: YEAH? WELL LOOK, BODY-WHITTLES, IF MOLLY EVER HEARD YOU COMIN' ASHORE THRU A BOWL OF OYSTER STEW....

MOL: Boys, boys, boys! For goodness sake, stop it. McGee, is that any way to talk to Doctor Gamble who just brought us these beautiful pheasants for dinner.

FIB: No...and I'm sorry Doctor. I DO appreciate you bringin' us these beautiful pheasants....

DOC: Thank you.

MOL: That's better.

FIB: I want you to know that my appreciation knows no bounds... and I also wanna know where you shot these birds, and when, and why you didn't have the decency to invite me along -- or were you afraid I'd get all the birds...which I would have!

MOL: Oh now, McGee...

DOC: Well, frankly, I didn't shoot these birds.

FIB: No? I suppose you slipped outa your arch supports and RAN 'em down. Or are those reports true....that you been seen hangin' around the zoo on dark nights with an empty sack.

MOL: Now, McGee, maybe the Doctor got these birds quite innocently. Maybe they flew thru his windshield, or something.

DOC: Just to clear up what was no mystery in the beginning, these pheasants were sent to me by some friends up in Woonsocket, South Dakota. Alf and Ida Feistner.

MOL: Gesundheit!

DOC: Thank you, but Alf and Ida Feistner are the people I used to hunt with in South Dakota. I couldn't get up there this year, so they sent me these pheasants.

FIB: I'll bet they're glad you couldn't get up there this year, Trigger-finger. You oughtta see him shoot, Molly. He couldn't hit a hamstrung heifer with a hatful of hay.

DOC: Look, who's pointing! You KNOW why I don't go hunting with YOU, Small Bore! I don't trust you behind me with a loaded gun...and when I'm behind you with a loaded gun, I don't trust myself...See you at seven, kids...so long.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOL: MY GOODNESS, AREN'T THESE BEAUTIFUL PHEASANTS, MCGEE? And all dressed and ready to cook.

FIB: That's gonna save me a lot of trouble too. I'm gonna use an old Indian recipe on these. You get the yams and salad and pie goin', snooky. Leave these birds to me.

MOL: Wait a minute. Did I understand you to say YOU were going to cook these pheasants?

FIB: Yup! There's a certain way of cooking game birds that's terrific if it comes out right. Just roll 'em in a thick ball of clay, bury 'em deep in a bed of glowing coals till done, then crack off the clay and --

MOL: (IN ANGUISH) Oh no, McGee...NO NO NO!!! ... PLEASE, LET ME COOK THESE BIRDS!!!

FIB: WHAT'S A MATTER? You'd think I didn't know anything about cookin'. HEY, WHERE'S MY MODELLING CLAY? I think I got enough to wrap up all three of these birds with two inches of clay. Then I'll build a deep fire in the fireplace -

MOL: (GROANS)

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

MOL: Come in!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

OLD: Hello, there kids. I was just - (PAUSE) Hey, where'ja git the pigeons?

FIB: Them aren't pigeons, Old Timer.

MOL: No, those are Phe-

OLD: I LOVE pigeons, kids! Used to race pigeons when I was a young man. Never could beat 'em, though. Flew too fast. I remember I had me a homing pigeon once...could find his way home from anyplace. EVER KNOW WHY ALL PIGEONS HAVE RED RIMS AROUND THEIR EYES, KIDS? IT'S FROM TRYIN' TO READ ROAD SIGNS FROM THREE THOUSAND FEET UP. WELL SIR --

FIB: Hey! Listen...

OLD: Eh?

MOL: These are not pigeons, Mr. Old Timer. These are Pheasants. Doctor Gamble got them from some friends in South Dakota.

OLD: Ohhh, that's great huntin' country out there, kids! They's so many birds out there it ain't considered sportin' to look where you're shootin'. Minute you hear a bird go up, you shut your eyes, point your gun up in the air, and pull the trigger.

FIB: You ever get any pheasants that way?

OLD: PHEASANTS!! Johnny, one day out there I got seven pheasants two ducks, four quail, and a Piper Cub.

MOL: Of course, I'm just an amateur, but I have a theory, that it's better to shoot with your eyes open.

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FIB: I think so, too. Of course, I've done a lot of trap shooting and I -

OLD: YOU'VE done a lot of it?? Why kids, when I was in the SeaBees, we useta rig us up a blanket on a bunk every night, turn on some flashlights, and shoot traps till daylight! I made sixteen passes one night and -

FIB: I was talkin' about TRAP-shooting - not CRAP-shooting. ALTHOUGH - you can get hurt either way, if you don't know they're loaded! (CHUCKLES)

OLD: Heh heh heh, that's pretty good Johnny, but that ain't the way I heered it! The way I heered it, one feller says to tother feller, "Saaay," he says, "I hear the beauty parlor gave your wife a mudpack for her complexion. Did it do her any good?" "Great!" says tother feller, "She looks so much better I hate to see her take it off!" Heh heh - well, so long kids!

SOUND: DOOR SIAM:

FIB: Well, I gotta get busy buildin' a fire in the fireplace - and whip me up a bed of hot coals. Then I gotta find my modeling clay and roll those pheasants in -

MOL: Please, McGee - let mother cook the pheasants! You can try your mudball method some other time.

FIB: There'll never be a better other time than this snooky! Look, you get some clean cheesecloth and wrap the birds up good for me, willya?

MOL: Oh dear....

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FIB: Then I'll cover 'em with thick clay - bury 'em in a bed of coals - and baste 'em every fifteen minutes with hot ashes till they - HEY, WHERE'D YOU SAY MY MODELING CLAY WAS?

MOL: I don't know and what's more -

FIB: OH, I KNOW! IT'S RIGHT HERE IN THE HALL CLOSET!

MOL: NO, DEARIE, DON'T OPEN THE -

SOUND: DOOR OPEN...CLOSET EFFECT...BELL TINKLE

FIB: AHH, HERE'S MY MODELING CLAY! YOU WRAP THE BIRDS IN CHEESECLOTH, KIDDO, AND I'LL BUILD A FIRE AND...

ORCH: "EVERY DAY I LOVE YOU"

(APPLAUSE)

SECOND SPOT

(2ND REVISION)

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SOUND: WET SLAPPING...REPEAT

FIB: Well, that does it, I guess...look at these three big balls of clay, kiddo! Who'd ever know there was three juicy little pheasants in there waitin' to be baked in a glowing bed of coals in our fireplace?

MOL: Not me.

FIB: Okay. Hold the screen away from the fireplace willya... while I drop 'em into the fire? Thanks...

SOUND: SCRAPE OF FIRE SCREEN...THREE THUDS..SCRAPE AGAIN

FIB: There we are....!! Now just watch those babies roast!

MOL: (FADE) You watch them, dearie---I've got to go get my pie started...

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FIB: OKAY, BABY! Ahh, there goes a good kid. She doesn't think I know what I'm doing, roasting these pheasant in balls of clay. (LAUGHS) And she is so right!! BUT, somebody had to eat the first oyster, so somebody has to experim----

SOUND: DOOR CHIME:

FIB: COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN:

TEE: Hi, mister!

FIB: Oh, hiyah, sis!

TEE: Watcha doon, mister? Hmm? Whatcha doon. Hmm? Whatcha?

FIB: Roastin' some pheasants, Teeny. Know what pheasants are?

TEE: Sure I do, I betcha. Our teacher told us all about the pheasants in history class.

FIB: She did, eh?

TEE: She said they...HMM?

FIB: I says she did, eh?

TEE: Who?

FIB: Your teacher.

TEE: Did what?

FIB: Told you all about 'em.

TEE: About what?

FIB: Pheasants.

TEE: Where?

FIB: IN YOUR HISTORY CLASS, ~~DAD RAT IT!!!~~

TEE: I know it. She showed us pitchers of the pheasants and they all had pitchforks and clubs and stuff and they were gonna storm the Bastille and let everybody outta jail and--

FIB: No, no, no - you're a little confused, Teeny. Those were PEASANTS, see? These are PHEASANTS. They're birds - sort of like a partridge, or a guinea hen.

TEE: Gee, they look more like a mud-hen. Whereja get 'em, Mister?

FIB: Somebody sent 'em to Doc Gamble from South Dakota. Great pheasant country.

TEE: I know it, I betcha. I've seen pitchers of 'em - with pitchforks and--

FIB: I'M TALKIN' ABOUT PHEASANTS...NOT PEASANTS! WE GOT NO PEASANTS IN THIS COUNTRY, TEENY...WE GOT POOR PEOPLE AND RICH PEOPLE AND COUNTRY PEOPLE AND CITY PEOPLE AND ALL KINDSA PEOPLE IN BETWEEN, AND ANYBODY CAN TRY FOR SOMETHIN' ELSE ANY TIME THEY WANNA, SEE?

TEE: I know it. My teacher said that, too, when she was tellin' us kids about the pilgurms.

FIB: She tell you about Captain Miles Standish and Priscilla and John Alden?

TEE: Were they pheasants?

FIB: NO, THEY WERE PILGRIMS!

TEE: Gee, tell me about 'em, Mister! Willya? Hm? Tell me about 'em!

FIB: Well, I'll give you the yarn, briefly. You see, this Miles Standish was totin' a torch for Priscilla, see, but he didn't have the moxie to ask the 64-dollar question, so he sends John Alden to ask her instead. This was like sending a doberman pinscher for a pound of hamburger, because the minute Priscilla sees John, she blows her hairnet. She fell for him like hot tears from a sad giraffe, and when he asks her why she don't middle-aisle it with Miles Standish, she says, "WHY DON'T YOU SPEAK FOR YOURSELF, JOHN?" You know what the moral of that little story is, sis?

TEE: Sure I do, I betcha. (GIGGLES)

FIB: You do?

TEE: Sure. The moral is: IF YOU GOT A SUGAR MAPLE, TAP IT YOURSELF - DON'T SEND AN EAGER BEAVER. (GIGGLES)

SO LONG, MISTER!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: Precocious child! Somebody oughtta-- OH, HIYA, MOLLY... GOT YOUR LEMON PIE ALL MADE?

MOL: Everything's under control, dearie...how are the mudballs doing?

FIB: Look at 'em...snug as three thugs in the jug! That's one of the best things about this method o' cookin'. You don't have to keep proddin' and pokin' at 'em. Just put 'em in the hot coals and let nature do the rest...Hand me that poker, willya? I'll nudge 'em around a little.

MOL: Here.

FIB: Thanks.

SOUND: STIRRING FIRE...CRACKLE OF FIRE...FADE DOWN:

MOL: I still think that's an odd way to cook wild fowl. Just what is the advantage over the old-fashioned electric oven?

FIB: This method of cookin' was invented by the Osage Indians, my dear. And where are the Osage Indians today, you ask? Well, I reply, with some dignity, they are settin' out there in Oklahoma, gettin' filthy rich offa their oil wells. AND HOW DID THEY DISCOVER THOSE OIL WELLS? By DIGGIN' FOR CLAY TO COOK WITH! AND YOU STAND THERE AND ASK ME WHAT IS THE ADVANTAGE OF THIS WAY OF COOKIN'?

WHY MY GOSH --

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

WIL: Hello, Molly...Hi, pal. What's cooking?

MOL: Just take a look in the fireplace, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: See the flames lappin' around them three big lumps, Junior?

WIL: Oh. Roasting some grapefruit are you, Pal?

FIB: No - no - no ---

MOL: That's just his way of cooking pheasants, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: An old Indian method, Junior - you wrap the birds in clay and put 'em in a bed of glowing coals, see? Then you --

WIL: SAAY, those coals really glow, too, don't they, Pal?

MOL: Oh oh - here it comes!

FIB: What does that glow remind you of, Junior, asked little Fibber with a sly expression on his freckled little face, because he knew darn well he was opening the barn door and letting the plug out!

WIL: I was just reminded of the beautiful new glo in Glocoat - Johnson's Self-Polishing Glocoat, the polish that shines as it dries and gives so much added luster to even worn and shabby looking linoleum. That ^{SAME} ~~old~~ familiar ^{RED + YELLOW} Glocoat container has a brand new glow inside these days, a glow that adds years to the life of your linoleum and brings --

FIB: HEY, WAXEY!

WIL: Yes, Pal?

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FIB: How about dinner tonight? Where you eatin?
MOL: Yes. Can you stay and have dinner with us, Mr. Wilcox?
Doctor Gamble's coming -- they're his pheasants.
FIB: Sure, Juney...there'll be plenty to go around, if we all
eat lightly.
WIL:er...no thanks. I'd like to, but I'm allergic to
feathers.
MOL: PHEASANT feathers?
WIL: No, horsefeathers. I couldn't sit thru a whole dinner
listening to Fibber and Doc lying about their hunting.
Thanks anyway.. So long now!
SOUND: DOOR SLAM
FIB: Who lies about who's hunting? My gosh, just because Doc
Gamble is inclined to prefabricate a little, is no sign...!
MOL: Inclined to WHAT?
FIB: Prefabricate. Tell falsehoods. Lie.
MOL: The word is PREVARICATE, dearie.
FIB: I thought prevaricate meant to rub out. Elinimate. Like
when they drop a bomb on something it's completely
prevaricated.
MOL: That's ERADICATED..
FIB: It is? You sure that don't mean piling up something in
front of you, like when the ^{posse} come after Uncle Sycamore
and he eradicated himself behind a stable door till they
got him thru the window with tear gas and they felt so bad
when they seen him weeping that they took up a collection
to pay for the horse he stole?
MOL: No, sweetheart....that's BARRICADED.

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FIB: Well, I must be completely confused. What did I say wrong
in the first place?
MOL: You said the Doctor was inclined to prefabricate.
"Prefabricated" means made up beforehand.
FIB: EXACTLY!!! HE COMES TO DINNER WITH HIS YARNS ALL
PREFABRICATED AND I GOTTA SIT HERE AND MAKE MINE UP AS I
GO ALONG! THAT'S WHAT I....
SOUND: DOOR CHIME
MOL: Come in.
SOUND: DOOR OPEN
MOL: Well, for goodness sakes, McGee, it's his Honor the
Mayor! Come in, Mr. Mayor!
GALE: Thank you, my dear. Hello, McGee.
FIB: Hiyah, La Triv, old man.
GALE: Pretty sharp wind outside. Goes thru you like a monkey
thru a trapeze. Mind if I hug the fire a little.
MOL: Pray do, Mr. Mayor. Stir it up a little, dearie.
GALE: Yes, it would draw a little better, if you took those
three big clinkers out of there, McGee.
FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, CLINKERS? THEM ARE THE THREE PHEASANTS
WE'RE HAVING FOR DINNER! I'M BAKIN' EM IN CLAY!
GALE: Where'd you ever get such a silly idea as this, anyhow,
McGee?
FIB: I read it in a book once. The name of it was "FRED
FEARLESS THE FORTUNE TELLER, BURNED AT THE STAKE BY
APACHES, or, MEDIUM AND CHARRED." It was a dime novel.

GALE: You were over-charged.

MOL: Didn't you ever read dime novels as a boy, Mr. Mayor?

GALE: Oh yes. I was always a great reader. Always had my nose in a book.

FIB: Nearsighted, eh?

GALE: I beg your pardon?

MOL: I notice you don't wear glasses now, Mr. Mayor. How did you strengthen your eyes so much? Optical exercises?

GALE: I'm sorry...I don't know what you're talking about.

FIB: Always having your nose in a book, La Triv. I've seen guys that had to read with a book held clear out to here, but to have your nose actually clear down on the page is -

MOL: Maybe he just liked the smell of printer's ink, McGee.
~~Although I've read a few books lately that smelled so bad, you couldn't get your ---~~

GALE: OH, STOP IT!!! YOU'RE DELIBERATELY MISCONSTATING MY STREWMENT. I MEAN I USED A PERFECTLY FRIMPLE SAZE... SIMPLE PHRASE FAMILIAR TO ANYBODY! YOU ALWAYS --

FIB: Hey! Hey! Hey!

MOL: Please, Mr. Mayor...Please! Let's keep our voices down. Heavenly days, can't we have a friendly literary discussion without flying off the handle?

FIB: Sure, take it easy, boy. My gosh, if you wanna keep your nose in a book, and take a chance on getting it caught in the binding it's your own business. It's your schnozzola, kid! We just thought ---

GALE: (BLOWUP) I TELL YOU I DO NOT BREED ROOKS..READ BROOKS... WITH MY BIND CAUGHT IN A BEARING - BURIED IN A BOOKING! I MERELY MADE A KIMPLE SOMMENT...A SKIMPLE CEMENT..WHEN I SAID MY BFAR WAS SOSIED..ER.. NOSE WAS BOOKIED IN A ... YOU WERE THE ONE WHO SAID MY NOSE -- I DIDN'T MEAN... YOU'RE ALWAYS TRYING TO ... I WASN'T...YOU...WE...(PANTS) (PAUSE) McGee.

FIB: Yes?

GALE: Next time you go hunting, stop by the City Hall. I have a present for you - something I'd like to pin on your hunting jacket.

FIB: Swell, La Triv! What is it, boy-a medal?

GALE: No - a target! GOOD DAY!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

ORCH: KING'S MEN....."I'VE GOT 160 ACRES"
(APPLAUSE)

THIRD SPOT

(2ND REVISION) -21-

SOUND: STIRRING NOISES WITH POKER

FIB: I hope Doc Gamble gets here on time, Molly - these pheasants will be ready to scrape out of the fire any minute now.

MOL: How can you tell when they're ready, anyhow? Does the clay turn purple like a man smoking a meerschaum pipe?

FIB: Nope - you just gotta have a natural knack for cookin' with clay, that's all. (STIRRING NOISES) Ahh, just look at those babies - don't they look beautiful? Wait'll you fling a fang in these fancy pheasants-baby, and---

SOUND: DOOR CHIME:

FIB: Hey, that's not Doc, ^{already} is it, because -

MOL: Come in!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

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

FIB: Hiyah, Wimp, old man.

WIMP: ...Hello, folks.

FIB: Hey, you're just the guy I was lookin' for, Wimp. You're a Bird Watcher, aren't you?

WIMP: Oh, indeed I am, Mr. McGee.

FIB: Well, watch these birds a minute, while I get some more wood off the back porch, willya?

MOL: There isn't any more wood, McGee. That's the last of it.

FIB: Okay, skip it, Wimp.

WIMP: (PAUSE) Watch WHAT birds, Mr. McGee?

MOL: In the fireplace there, Mr. Wimple.

FIB: I'm cookin' pheasant here, Wimp. I got 'em rolled in clay, roastin' 'em for dinner and -

WIMP: PLEASE, MR. MCGEE! PLEASE! Don't talk about roast pheasant to me! (WITH DIGNITY) I am a Bird Lover!

MOL: Well, so is McGee a bird lover, too, Mr. Wimple! He'll take a hot bird, a cold bottle of rootbeer and a copy of Zombie Comics anytime and let the rest of the world go by!

FIB: Yeah, and speakin' of Zombie Comics, how are you and Sweetiface getting along these days, Wimp?

WIMP: Oh about the same as usual, Mr. McGee.

FIB: That's tough, Wimp!

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(REVISED)

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WIMP: Yes, and yesterday she went a little too far! I caught her swiping the bulb out of my Mickey Mouse desk lamp - and I guess I just went berserk!

MOL: My goodness, Mr. Wimple, what did you do?

WIMP: I picked up the lamp and then drew myself up to my full height - including my new elevator shoes - and I looked her right in the belt buckle! "SWEETTYFACE!" I said, -- and when I said it, sparks shot out of my eyes!

FIB: Boy, you musta been mad!

WIMP: No - I had my thumb in the light socket! (CHUCKLES)

But you know me, I'm not one to hold a grudge.

MOL: Good for you!

WIMP: Not against anybody THAT big!...Besides we do have our tender moments, Mrs. McGee.

MOL: I'll bet you do.'

WIMP: Yes. (CHUCKLES) Just this morning she called me her "Little caveman"!

FIB: Caveman, eh? (CHUCKLES) How about that, Molly?

MOL: I think that's cute!

WIMP: She says she's going to dig me a little cave in the back yard. Three feet wide - six feet deep - with my name on a marble -- (PAUSE) OOOOOOOOO! SHE WOULDN'T DARE!!..... I better run home and hide the shovel!! 'EYE NOW!

SOUND: DOOR SIAM

FIB: And speakin' of shovels - hand me the coal scoop, Molly. These pheasants are ready to go! I'll take 'em out to the kitchen sink and bust 'em open.

(REVISED)

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MOL: The coal shovel is right there, dearie...help yourself.

FIB: Oh...thanks. (SCRAPE OF SHOVEL) (~~RATTLE OF CLAY BALLS~~)

MOL: I wash my hands of the whole thing. And before we eat dinner, be sure you wash yours, too.

FIB: Ahh, that's got 'em. (FOOTSTEPS BEHIND) Boy oboy! When I crack the clay offa these babies your taste buds will burst into full bloom.

CLATTER AS HE DUMPS THEM IN THE SINK

MOL: Heavenly days, what a dirty looking mess! Look why don't ---

FIB: Where's the hammer? I laid the hammer out so...Oh, here it is. Watch it, Molly. (CLANG OF HAMMER ON CLAY) Hm! That's really baked hard! That modeling clay must of---

CLANG OF HAMMER AGAIN

MOL: Didn't even chip it, did you. Don't break the sink, now!

FIB: Migosh, these things are harder to crack than "Who's Who". (CLANG - CLANG - CLANG) Ohh Criminy, Molly! They won't break.

MOL: Well, watch it now, dearie. I've got to take up the rest of my dinner and Doctor Gamble is due any---

FIB: Yeah, but I gotta crack this clay...the pheasants are *outside* (TREMENDOUS CLANK AND CLATTER OF HAMMER) OMIGOSH, I BUSTED THE HAMMER!

DOOR CHIME

FIB: OHH, THAT'S DOC! Help me bust this clay, Molly! That's Doc! He'll murder me if I can't get these pheasants out of here! You kow how unreasonable he is! Ohh, what am I---

MOL: (CALMLY) Go let the Doctor in, sweetheart. Never mind those petrified mudballs. Dinner is ready.

FIB: How can it be ready? These pheasants ain't....Oh--- Doc'll kill me! I can't bust open this mud. The pheasant....

MOL: The pheasants are in the oven, dearie..in the roasting pan. They look delicious.

FIB: WHAT?

DOOR CHIME

MOL: (SWEETLY) Now don't be angry, sweetheart. I just COULDN'T let you ruin those beautiful birds! Let him in.

FIB: Huh? Bu--but you wrapped 'em in cheesecloth for me your self, Molly!.....^{hey!} What didja wrap in that cloth you gimme?

MOL: Those three old basketball shoes I've been trying to get you to throw away.

FIB: Oh, my gosh!

MOL: Are you washed up, dearie?

FIB: Yeah...as a cook, I guess I am.

DOOR CHIME

MOL: Come in!

ORCH: "POWDER YOUR FACE".....FADE FOR

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Remember, please...the new glow in Glo-Coat means a new glow in your kitchen. Your linoleum takes on higher gloss...beautiful luster...that makes your whole kitchen a brisker, brighter, pleasanter place to be. And Johnson's Self Polishing Floor Wax - this Glo-Coat with the new glow - is as easy as ever to use. Spread it on your linoleum. Then just walk away and do something else. Glo-Coat does the rest for you. It produces its own brilliant finish, without any polishing or rubbing. It's a finish, by the way, that's tough. It resists dirt, dust, spilled things. So Glo-Coat protects your linoleum...and makes it easier to clean, too. A stroke or two with a damp cloth picks up surface soil. Get Johnson's Glo-Coat tomorrow. Your dealer now has this self polishing floor wax with the new-glow, in the same familiar red and yellow container. Apply Glo-Coat to your linoleum, and see if you don't stop, look, and admire the glow that greets your eyes...the new glow that's bright, far brighter than before.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC - FADE FOR:

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY SHOW
11-23-48

(2ND REVISION) -27-

TAG

FIB: Boy, I thought Doc Gamble would never go home, Molly.
MOL: He seemed to enjoy himself, didn't he?
FIB: He should of enjoyed himself, the way he shoveled in
that pheasant! Migosh, didja ever in your life see a guy
eat like he did.
MOL: Yes. Once.
FIB: When?
MOL: Tonight.
FIB: Who?.....Oh 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 Wering on Monday and Wednesday mornings.
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 MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

November 30, 1948

7:30 - 8 PM - PD