

Wood *file*
(REVISED)
#9

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

November 30, 1948

7:30 - 8 PM - PDST

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WILCOX: THE JOHNSON'S WAX PROGRAM - WITH FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!!!

ORCH: THEME MADE 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:

WILCOX: You spread a cheerful new glow ... when you apply Glo-Coat to your linoleum. You give your linoleum a warm, bright luster that makes your kitchen a prettier room to look at ... a cheerier room to work in.

That's because there's a new glow in Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat. A glow that makes your linoleum shine more brightly ... far more brightly than before. The time it takes to get that new glow is twenty minutes. The work it takes -- well, there really isn't any work. You just quickly spread Johnson's Glo-Coat over the floor and let it dry. Johnson's Glo-Coat shines itself without rubbing or buffing.

You know ... the pleasure you get from using Glo-Coat is doubled when you find that its beautiful finish ... is a tough finish. It resists dirt, grime and the liquids that naturally get spilled in a kitchen. And it's as easy to clean as a polished table top. A few strokes with a damp cloth, and your waxed linoleum is glossy again.

Your dealer now has Johnson's Glo-Coat with the new glow in the same familiar red and yellow container. Ask for this self polishing floor wax tomorrow. ~~Try it, and see that with Glo-Coat, you spread a new glow on your linoleum ... and a new cheer in your kitchen.~~

ORCH: BRIDGE TO OPENING

WILCOX: MAYBE IT'S TRUE THAT THERE'S A BROKEN HEART FOR EVERY LIGHT ON BROADWAY. WE WOULDN'T KNOW. BUT WE DO KNOW THAT THERE IS A CITIZEN BURNING ABOUT A BURNT-OUT STREET LIGHT IN FRONT OF 79 WISTFUL VISTA! LISTEN TO HIM SIZZLE, AS WE JOIN ---

--- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

(APPLAUSE)

FIB: - And by George, I ain't gonna go thru another night like *the sweet through* ~~the~~ last night, - with that street light out and our front yard as dark as a prospector's towel. I didn't sleep a wink all night!

MOL: You didn't?

FIB: No, ma'am. I didn't! Not a wink.

MOL: Well, if I'd known you were up and around, I'd have had you search the bedroom. Somebody was snoring in there and it wasn't me.

FIB: Oh, - I may have dropped off for a few minutes - from sheer exhaustion. I been fightin' the whole city singlehanded. Here I pay my taxes regular, vote the straight ticket, - no matter how many crooks are running on it, - and what happens? I CAN'T EVEN GET A STREET LIGHT REPAIRED IN FRONT OF MY OWN HOUSE!!

MOL: Don't shake your fist at me, sweetheart. I'm on your side.

FIB: I've called the city hall twenty times in the last two ^{hour} ~~days~~. If I don't get some action before tonight, I'm gonna take it to the Supreme Court. I'LL GO HIGHER'N THAT...I'LL TAKE IT RIGHT TO DREW PEARSON!

MOL: And what did the City say when you talked to it - or them?

FIB: Ahhh, they gimme the same old mahoola every time. "Thank you, Mr. McGee!" "Thank you for calling it to our attention, Mr. McGee!" Mealy-mouthed as a crow in a cornfield!

MOL: I think maybe you're a little impatient, McGee. You know very well Mayor La Trivia runs a very honest and efficient administration. They'll get around to fixing our street light.

FIB: YEAH - BUT WHEN? MY GOSH, EVEN TOMORROW NIGHT MAY BE TOO LATE.

MOL: Why?

FIB: Because suppose tonight I hear a suspicious noise out on the front lawn. I take my sawed-off billiard cue out from under the pillow and sneak downstairs- softly open the front door --- I hear a sound behind the bushes; I GIVE MY REBEL YELL, DASH DOWN THE STEPS IN THE DARK, TRIP OVER MORT TOOPS' SCHNAUZER...and bust my leg. Who pays my hospital expenses - the City? Not In OUR lifetime, blue eyes!

MOL: It's a good thing you don't need a co-signer when you borrow trouble, dearie. Because you certainly -

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: AHAAA, MAYBE THIS IS SOMEBODY FROM THE STREET DEPARTMENT! Listen to me blast his big fat ears off! COME IN - STUPID!!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

GALE: Come in - WHO?

MOL: McGee, it's His Honor, the Mayor.

FIB: Oh, hiyah, La Trivia! Excuse me for calling you stupid. I thought it was a city employe.

GALE: I am a city employe.. I am the Mayor -- fool that I am!

MOL: What he meant, Your Honor, was that he was expecting somebody from the street department.

FIB: Yeah..I got a beef with the city, La Triv.

GALE: Hasn't everybody?

MOL: This isn't a very -

GALE: Look - The City Treasurer has mislaid some bankbooks and we don't know which bank has four hundred thousand dollars of the city's money.

MOL: Heavenly days!!

GALE: The Oak Street station of the Fire Department just notified me that they found a run in their new hose about five blocks long that can't be fixed with nail polish.

FIB: My gosh, that's a pretty bad situ-

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GALE: The owner of the Bon Ton Department store's little boy's dime-store sailboat sank last week in the city reservoir and he is demanding that we drain out the 7 million gallons of water to find it.

MOL: That's a very unreasonable -

GALE: A water main on 14th street exploded yesterday and blew our new Safety Commissioner up on top of Walt's Malt Shop. The City Council is threatening to impeach me for seven political reasons, none of them valid. The Housewife's Protective League is going to lynch me if I don't get hamburger down to 33 cents a pound. I have an impacted wisdom tooth, my fire insurance lapsed last Friday and my ~~home~~ ^{garage} burned down Saturday. (PAUSE) Now then - what's your big problem, McGee.

FIB: (WEAKLY) Our street light is out.

MOL: Since.. ~~since~~ ..yesterday.

GALE: Molly, why I don't just hit your husband in the nose, and walk out of here will have to be explained by a better psychologist than I. May I just say that the city has had a great deal of trouble with vandals removing bulbs from the street lights - and we are making a strenuous effort to correct the situation.

FIB: La Trivia - I accept your apology.

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GALE: (YELLS) I AM NOT APOLOGIZING...!! SWEET GENEVIEVE IN A MARBLE SCOOTER!!..CAN'T YOU REALIZE I AM JUST ABOUT AT THE END OF MY -- (PAUSE). Pardon me! I'm a little upset today. A personal matter.

MOL: Concerning - Miss Tremayne, may I ask, Mr. Mayor?

GALE: Well - yes. I asked her to have dinner with me tonight, but it seems Doctor Gamble asked her first.

FIB: Look, boy ... the best thing you can do is let her see a lot of old Lard Bucket. He's got about as much social grace as a cub bear with forty foot of scotch tape. She'll get fed up with him awful fast.

MOL: Oh I don't know, McGee. The doctor's awfully good company.

FIB: However - gettin' back to something more important, La Trivia, see what you can do about gettin' our street light fixed, willya? We'll really appreciate it.

MOL: Yes, we will!

GALE: If you do, it'll be an interesting novelty. In my seven years in the office of Mayor of Wistful Vista, I have received exactly ONE letter of praise and approval. ONE letter crediting me with good intentions. JUST ONE LETTER OF COMMENDATION FROM A TAXPAYER! I have it framed over my desk with the taxpayer's photograph.

FIB: You mean he sent his picture?

~~MOL:~~ With the letter?

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GALE: I already had the picture. It way my mother. Good day!

DOOR SLAM

ORCH: "A SLOW BOAT TO CHINA"

APPLAUSE:

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SECOND SPOT

MOL: Have they been around to fix our street light yet, McGee?
FIB: Nope! And I been settin' here at the window, Jerry-at-the-rat-hole, watchin' for 'em, too.
MOL: That's strange.
FIB: Only sign of life around that light pole has been a wood woodpecker that didn't know it was iron and like to of drove his beak back thru this skull. He lit on the post lookin' like Jimmy Durante and flew away lookin' like Bob Hope! Hand me the phone, Tootsie.
MOL: But dearie, you just telephoned the City Hall ten minutes ago!
FIB: Yes, and I'M gonna show them monkeys that Fibber McGee ain't the type taxpayer they can horse around with because I can act just as dumb and unreasonable as they can, and more so, because I been doin' it longer. (RECEIVER UP) Hello, operator? Gimme the city hall again and don't ... EH? OH IS THAT YOU, MYRT?
MOL: Heavenly days...MYRT!!!
FIB: HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING, MYRT? TIS EH? WHAT SAY, MYRT? YOUR BROTHER? GOT THE SHAKES AND YOU HAD TO LAY OFF AND HELP HIM FOR A COUPLE OF DAYS?
MOL: Hangover, was it, McGee?
FIB: No, just puttin' a roof on his new house. Tried six lumber yards before he got the shakes. WHAT'SAY, MYRT? OKAY, I'LL CALL AGAIN LATER. (RECEIVER UP) Line's busy.

MOL: Well, Taxpayer, while you keep the city administration on its toes, I'll trot out in the kitchen and make some coffee...(FADE) Let me know if anything happens.

FIB: OKAY, LOVEBOAT! Ahh, there goes a good kid! Every time I start makin' a mugg of myself, what does she do? Treats me like I WAS a mugg and fills me full o' coffee! That's the kind of a wife for a guy to -

SOUND: DOOR CHIME:

FIB: COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN:

TEE: Hiyha, Mister!

FIB: Oh, hello, there Teeny. HEY, YOU SEEN A ^{Street Department} ~~CITY LIGHT AND~~ ~~POWER TRUCK~~ CRUISIN' AROUND THIS NEIGHBORHOOD?

TEE: No, but there was a dog catcher's truck around this afternoon, so I ran home and hid Margaret.

FIB: Who?

TEE: Margaret, He's my puppy. He's a cockel-spaniard.

FIB: (LAUGHS) He is, eh?

TEE: Sure he is, I betcha, and he's - HMM?

FIB: I just said he is, eh?

TEE: Is what?

FIB: A cockel spaniard.

TEE: Who?

FIB: Margaret.

TEE: My dog?

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FIB: YES YES YES ... YOUR DOG, MARGARET. HE'S A COCKEL SPANIARD...

TEE: I know it! He used to be a police dog, but he quit.

FIB: Eh?

TEE: Hmm?

FIB: He used to be a police dog, but he quit? Why?

TEE: Gee, I dunno. Papa said he was part bull and he looked so funny in his harness, papa said we didn't want any harness bulls sloeping in our kitchen, so he decided he was a cockel spaniard.

FIB: Very handy -

TEE: - HEY MISTER, WHY DO YOU KEEP PEEKING OUT THE WINDOW ALL THE TIME LIKE THAT? HMM? WHY DO YOU? HMM? LOOKIN' FOR SANTY CLAUS OR SOMETHING? HMM?

FIB: Watchin' for a street department truck, sis. The street light is out in front of our house.

TEE: There's one out in front of our house too, I betcha. And there's one out in front of Willie Toopses house and there's one out in -

FIB: NO NO NO I MEAN THE ONE OUT IN FRONT OF OUR HOUSE IS OUT. IT AIN'T LIT.

TEE: Gee, all the street lights are out in this block, Mister.

FIB: WHAT? THEY ARE? MY GOSH, I'M GLAD YOU TOLD ME, SIS,
BEFORE I MADE A COMPLETE CHUMP O' MYSELF. MUST OF
BEEN A POWER FAILURE.

TEE: Oh no...

FIB: Eh?

TEE: No, they turn 'em out every morning, mister. Then they
turn 'em on again when it gets dark. Just give 'em
another hour or two. (GIGGLES) So long, Mister.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: I wonder if that kid IS a midget. Nobody could ever....
HEY MOLLY - YOU KNOW WHAT I'M GONNA DO? HEY MOLLY.

MOL: (FADE IN) Coffee will be ready in a few minutes,
dearie. Were you calling me?

FIB: Yeah...YOU KNOW WHAT I'M GONNA DO IF I DON'T GET SOME
SERVICE. GONNA SUE THE CITY! THEY GOTTA SPECIAL
COURT JUST TO HANDLE LIGHT AND POWER CASES LIKE THIS.

MOL: They have? What court is that?

FIB: Circuit court. And I'll throw a short into it that'll
blow every fuse between here and -

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

WIL: Hello, Molly. Hi, Pal. What are you looking so
sour about?

FIB: I gotta quarrel with the city, Junior.

WIL: Oh not again!!! Gee whizz, pal, you're always
battling with either the city or the phone company
or the weather bureau or something. What are you
trying to do - get yourself an ulcer?

MOL: This is a legitimate complaint, Mr. Wilcox. The
street light in front of our house is out, and they
don't seem to be doing anything about it.

FIB: And it ain't because I ain't squawked about it,
either. I've registered so many beefs the Cattlemen's
Association is givin' me my own brand!

WIL: Well, why get so excited about a streetlight being
out? You're not out playing, Run, Sheep, Run very
late these nights, are you?

FIB: That ain't the point, Junior, The point is, I'm
a taxpayer, and I'm paying for streetlights. When
I don't get streetlights, I'm being gypped. And I
ain't the type guy to sit still when I know some
politician is lining his pockets at my expense!

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MOL: Yes, he must have salted away at least 15 or 20 cents, at least. Quite a nest egg, if he has a small nest.

WIL: Oh, don't think I'm not sympathizing with you. A dead street light can be very annoying. And I know!

FIB: Whaddye mean, Junior? And I got a nasty feeling I shouldn't of asked.

WIL: Well, that familiar glow in front of the house must be missed as much as if you didn't use Johnson's Glocoat and lost that glow INSIDE the house, because -

MOL: You're right, McGee! You're developing an instinct for these things.

FIB: I had a hunch that -

WIL: - because Johnson's Glocoat with the new Glow added, gives you much the same feeling of bright hospitality that a gleaming street light gives out in front.

MOL: The comparision is a little forced, but ---

WIL: And, with the holidays approaching, what better way is there to bring a glow of cheerful cleanliness to a home than Johnson's Self Polishing Glocoat on the linoleum - with it's added glow for shining attractiveness and it's better wearing qualities for those kitchen kibitzers that hang around on holidays when -

FIB: Hey...waxey!!!

WIL: Yes, Pal?

FIB: I don't wanna hurry you, but I got work to do. You're leaving, aren't you?

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MOL: McGee, that's a very rude way to -

WIL: It's all right, Molly. I've got to go anyway. I'm meeting my Cousin, Big Overdue Wilcox at the Wistful Vista Loans on Your Signature Only Plus a Pint of Blood Loan Company. I'M co-signing his promissory note.

MOL: Oh you men, and your big financial terms! What on earth does promissory mean?

WIL: It's a combination of two words, Molly. "PROMISE" and "SORRY". Because every time you do, you are! So long, now.

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS

FIB: That guy has more cousins than a frail millionaire. Sometimes I - HEY, I HOPE THE LIGHT COMPANY DIDN'T SNEAK UP AND STICK A BULB IN THAT STREET LIGHT WHILE I BEEN TALKIN'!

MOL: No, McGee. They didn't. All the street lights just want on - except ours. BUT WHY DIDN'T YOU WANT THEM TO PUT IN A NEW BULB? I thought that's what you were complaining about.

FIB: Because I wanna stand around while they do it, and make a few nasty observations, that's why. As a taxpayer, these city employes are workin' for me, see? Public servants. And I got a perfect right to bawl 'em out any time I -

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

FIB: Who's that?

MOL: I don't know. Shall I crawl out the back door and peek around the corner of the house? Or just say, COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN:

FIB: Oh. The Old Timer, HIYAH, OLD TIMER!

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OLD: Hello there, Johnny. Hello, Daughter.
MOL: Hello, Mr. Old Timer. Sayyyy, you're all dressed up!
OLD: Yep. Goin' to a square dance tonight. "Do se do, and whirl 'em aroun' - swing your pardners and all fall down; turn to the left, turn to the right, my garter just busted, third time tonight." Heh heh heh! Ever square dance, kids?
FIB: No, I always been the sophisticated type, Old Timer. Strictly a fox-trot, samba and lindy hop man, ~~with an occasional fling into the Continental.~~
MOL: Don't let him fool you, Mr. Old Timer. He's done more dancing in barns than a short-tailed mule in fly time!
OLD: Me too, daughter. Matter of fact, I used to fiddle fer 'em. Till I cracked my fiddle with a Turkey in the Straw.
FIB: You musta been playin' it pretty hot.
OLD: Wasn't playin' it at all, Johnny. This was a real turkey. He was there in the straw and when I set down fer a breather, he bit me acrost the withers, and I slammed him with the fiddle! I was pretty hot tempered in them days - and a few snorts o' applejack didn't calm me down none either.
MOL: I'll bet you were quite a lad with the ladies too, Old Timer.

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OLD: Heh heh heh! Daughter, I used to get my face slapped so often I wore a rubber mouthpiece on dates. Like a prizefighter. Why, one time near Elkhart, Indiana, on a hay ride to Mishawaka, with a cold supper and warm school teacher, I - (PAUSE) Am I boring you, Johnny?
FIB: Eh? Oh...oh no. But our street light is burnt out and I been squawkin' for 'em to replace it. HEY, YOU WANNA GIMME A HAND, OLD TIMER?
OLD: As the Injun says, when he seen the feller with the pivot tooth blowin' square smoke rings, - "HOW"?
MOL: Now, McGee, please don't....
FIB: I'm gonna make 'em look cheap by puttin' in a new bulb myself. AT MY OWN EXPENSE! WANNA HOLD THE LADDER FOR ME?
OLD: Johnny, I'm your boy!
MOL: Now lads--don't get into---
ORCH: MUSIC: BRIDGE:
OLD: (GRUNTING) Where you want the ladder, Johnny....
FIB: Right against this light pole, Old Timer...that's it....
SOUND: THUD OF LADDER
FIB: Thanks very much...(FADE) Now steady it while I climb up ...when I get to the top, I'll drop down the dead bulb and you toss me up this good one.
OLD: OKAY, JOHNNY...I'M jest the feller kin do it, too. Used to toss hot rivets to my brother when we was workin' on the Empire State building.
FIB: (GALLS DOWN) Which brother was that?
OLD: The one with the left ear burned off.
FIB: Oh. (OFF) READY?...HERE???CATCH THE OLD BULB...
OLD: Drop 'er down....

FIB: Here she comes!!!

SOUND: (SLIGHT PAUSE) GLASS CRASH

OLD: Woops!..missed 'er, Johnny. I guess I was -

SOUND: SIREN IN DISTANCE

OLD: HEY, JOHNNY....JIGGERS...THE COPS.!! .. I'M BEATIN' IT!!

SOUND: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS OUT

FIB: (OFF) What'd you say, Old Timer? Hey..Old Timer, where you going? HEY, THROW ME THAT BULB SO I CAN....

SOUND: SIREN AND CAR FADE IN FAST. OUT WITH BRAKE SCREECH, DOOR OPEN

COP: ALL RIGHT YOU!.....COME ON DOWN OUTA THAT....

FIB: (OFF) Eh? Oh hiyah, officer...look out for that broken glass. I dropped a light bulb down there.

COP: YEAH...I SEE THAT. SO YOU'RE THE VANDAL THAT'S BEEN STEALIN' ALL THE LIGHT BULBS...CAUGHT YE IN FRAGRANT DELECTIBEL, EH? COME ON DOWN, I TOLD YE!!!!

SOUND: DESCENDING LADDER

FIB: (FADE IN) Now look, officer, this is all a mistake...I wasn't stealing the bulb. I was putting a new bulb in!

COP: Sure. Let's see it.

FIB: Eh? Well, the fella that was holding it for me, ran away.

COP: Mmm-hmm! Get in the car, Wise guy....

FIB: Oh don't be silly. I tell you I was...

COP: (TOUGH) GET IN THE CAR AND BE QUIET.!!!

SOUND: SCUFFLE

~~COP: HEY, ED...IF HE MAKES ANY TROUBLE, SAP MEN.!!~~

FIB: NOW JUST A DARN MINUTE, YOU BIG...HEY MOLLY!!.....

SOUND: THUD: SLIGHT SOUND OF BODY IN CAR. DOOR SLAM..IN GEAR... MOTOR UP

OLD: Ahh, poor little Johnny! I walk under a ladder, and HE has the bad luck....It's a strange world!!!

SOUND: SIREN IN DISTANCE

ORCH: "STICK-TO-IT-LIVITY" KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE

FIB: NOW JUST A DARN MINUTE, YOU BIG...HEY MOLLY!!!!.....

SOUND: THUD: SLIGHT SOUND OF BODY IN CAR. DOOR SLAM..IN GEAR...

MOTOR UP

OLD: Ahh, poor little Johnny! I walk under a ladder, and HE has the bad luck....It's a strange world!!!

SOUND: SIREN IN DISTANCE

ORCH: "STICK-TO-IT-ITTY" KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE

MOL: So you see, Captain, everything is --

SARGE: I'm not a Captain, Mrs. McGee. I'm just a sergeant.

MOL: JUST A SERGEANT, WITH A FINE IRISH FACE LIKE THAT? WHAT HELD UP YOUR PROMOTION - DIRTY POLITICS?

SARGE: I'm not Irish, either - I'm an Albanian.

MOL: Ah, Albany is a fine city! Many's the time I've been through it on the train, but always at night, so I never saw it. BUT, as I was saying, Sergeant, this has all been a misunderstanding, hasn't it, Doctor Gamble?

DOC: She's right, Sergeant. McGee is not the man your boys were looking for. He's a vandal all right, but the wrong one in this case.

MOL: Thank you, Doctor.

SARGE: Okay, Doc - your word is good around here. (CALLS) HEY, JABLONSKI! TURN MCGEE LOOSE, HE'S THE WRONG VANDAL!

MOL: Thank you, Sergeant. If the Light and Power department was as efficient as the Police Department this would ever have-- Ahh, hello, Sweetheart! Do you get ten dollars and a suit of clothes, or weren't you in long enough?

FIB: (FADE IN) Hiya, Molly! Hiya, Doc! Am I sprung?

DOC: You are not only sprung, Bucketshape, but you are warped, twisted, bagged and sagging. Now get your pitiful little possessions together and I'll drive you home.

FIB: Okay, Mustard-Plasterer. But what took you so long gettin' here? You got no idea what I been through down here the last couple hours!

MOL: What were they doing to you, Sweetheart? If they've sunburned your back again, keeping you under those bright lights, I'll --

FIB: Oh no no no..nothin' like that, Molly. But I'm a dollar sixty ahead playin' gin rummy with the cops, and if Doc had took any longer gettin' here, I mighta lost it all back. I been nursin' my hands like every finger was running a fever. I was just--

DOC: LOOK, VACUUM TOP - DO YOU WANT TO GO HOME OR SHALL I ASK THE SERGEANT TO TOSS YOU BACK IN THE POKEY? COME ON... I'M A BUSY MAN!

SARGE: So am I. Beat it, McGee! Here's your hat.

MOL: Come on, dearie. For once, quit while you're ahead.

FIB: Okay. I'll-- HEY, JUST A DARN MINUTE THERE, SARGE! WHERE'S MY WRISTWATCH AND MY CIGAR LIGHTER AND MY FOUR STREETCAR TOKENS AND MY HONORARY FIRE CHIEF'S BADGE FROM LIMA, OHIO?

DOC: In your hat, Mopey!

FIB: YOU STAY OUTA THIS, GAMBLE, OR-- Oh. Here they are. In my hat. (CHUCKLES) Thought it felt kinda heavy, but it's kinda heavy felt anyway, so--

MOL: MCGEE...The Doctor is in a hurry.

FIB: What's HIS rush? It wasn't HIM they had locked up in a smelly old room with the thickest deck of cards I ever played with. You ever try to shuffle a stack of wheatcakes? My gosh...OH, YOU READY TO LEAVE, DOC? Come on, Molly, Doc wants to go.

MOL: Yes. Good evening, Sergeant.

SARGE: Good night, Mrs. McGee. 'Night, Doc.

DOC: So long, Sarge. Come on, Trusty.

ORCH: SHORT BRIDGE - FADE INTO:

SOUND: CAR MOTOR UNDER:

MOL: Awfully sweet of you to drive us home, Doctor. We could have taken a cab, you know.

FIB: Sure we could, Doc. In fact, I'd of suggested it, but I was afraid you'd let us.

DOC: You're so right!

MOL: Well, we certainly appreciate all your trouble, Doctor. Did we break up anything important?

DOC: Frankly..yes. I was at the movies with Fifi Tremaine. She's still waiting there for me, and I've got to stop on the way and buy her a box of Mars Bars.

FIB: MARS BARS - WHAT FOR?

DOC: Because the Doctor left his lady in the balcony. (SOUND: BRAKE SCREECH) And here's where you live, and good night, and don't think it hasn't been fun, because it hasn't.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

MOL: Good night, Doctor, and thank you again!

DOC: Good night, my dear. And you're quite welcome.

FIB: Thanks, Doc!

DOC: Oh, go away! No, you stay here, I'll go away!

SOUND: CAR UP AND FADE OUT

(2nd REVISION) -25-

MOL: Heavenly days, what an evening! But everything turned out all right after all. The streetlight is fixed and we can get some sleep.

FIB: Yeah....and look at the baby shine!

MOL: I'm tired...let's get to bed, dearie.

FIB: You go ahead, kiddo...I'll be in, in a minute. Got a little job o' paintin' to do.

MOL: At eleven o'clock at night? McGee, you'd better get to bed.

FIB: You know I can't sleep with that thing shining in my face - it glares right in our bedroom window! I'm gonna paint that dad-rat-rod streetlight black!

MOL: (GROANS)

FIB: I'll get the black paint and the paintbrush and you hold the ladder.

ORCH: "BOUQUET OF ROSES" - FADE FOR:

APPLAUSE:

McGee - 11/30/48

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Have you seen the glow (SLIGHT PAUSE) Have you seen the new glow that's been put into Johnson's Glo-Coat? Just apply this self polishing floor wax to your linoleum, and watch that glow come out! For Glo-Coat now shines more brightly...far more brightly than before. It makes your whole kitchen a brighter, happier room. And after you quickly apply it, there's nothing more you need to do...to bring out that beauty. Glo-Coat shines itself as it dries. Produces its own warm luster, without any buffing or rubbing. So it's easy to make linoleum shine...and easy to keep it shining, too. Johnson's Glo-Coat forms a protective coat over your linoleum. You can pick dirt off that smooth surface with a flick or two of a damp cloth. Your dealer now has this Glo-Coat with the new glow, in the same familiar red and yellow container. Ask for it tomorrow...that's G-I-O-C-O-A-T...Johnson's Glo-Coat, the self polishing floor wax that now brings a luster to your linoleum that's brighter...far brighter than before!

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC - FADE FOR:

McGee - 11/30/48

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Have you seen the glow (SLIGHT PAUSE) Have you seen the new glow that's been put into Johnson's Glo-Coat? Just apply this self polishing floor wax to your linoleum, and watch that glow come out! For Glo-Coat now shines more brightly...far more brightly than before. It makes your whole kitchen a brighter, happier room. And after you quickly apply it, there's nothing more you need to do...to bring out that beauty. Glo-Coat shines itself as it dries. Produces its own warm luster, without any buffing or rubbing. So it's easy to make linoleum shine...and easy to keep it shining, too. Johnson's Glo-Coat forms a protective coat over your linoleum. You can pick dirt off that smooth surface with a flick or two of a damp cloth. Your dealer now has this Glo-Coat with the new glow, in the same familiar red and yellow container. Ask for it tomorrow...that's G-L-O-C-O-A-T...Johnson's Glo-Coat, the self polishing floor wax that now brings a luster to your linoleum that's brighter...far brighter than before.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC - FADE FOR:

TAG

(2nd REVISION) -27-

FIB: (SNICKERS)
MOL: McGee...for goodness sakes, will you please be quiet and go to sleep? WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU GIGGLING ABOUT?
FIB: (SNICKERS) You know when I went out to paint that street light black, a while ago?
MOL: Yes....?
FIB: My paintbrush slipped and busted the bulb. It's out again! (LAUGHS) Goodnight.
MOL: Goodnight, all!

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.

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

(CHIMES)